

POOR DOCUMENT

EVENING TIMES-STAR, ST. JOHN, N.B.

MR. HUME CRONYN HATES SPOTLIGHT

New Chairman of Toronto Railway Arbitration Board Is a Sphinx.

ONE HOBBY'S BUSINESS

And His One Personal Interest Is His Home, Say His Friends.

By J. L. R. HUME CRONYN, M.P., recently appointed chairman of the Toronto Street Railway board of arbitration, is one of the most elusive of Canadian public men.

This is the deliberate opinion of a painting interviewer who has spent a week trying to round him up. Mr. Cronyn's genius for avoiding who he considers the spotlight is unrivalled. Not only is he elusive in person, but somehow he has managed to frustrate the reporter when questioned concerning his person, habits, manners and customs.

"Do you know Hume Cronyn?" one of his most intimate business acquaintances was asked.

"Know him?" was the slow response, and the speaker's face beamed with a one hundred per cent smile of fondest reminiscence. "Do I know myself?"

The immensely gratified interviewer whipped out notebook and pencil.

"Go to it!" he invited. "Tell me something about him."

"Well, now—it's funny—"

"How long have you known Mr. Cronyn?"

"Oh, about twelve years. But—"

"Ever spend a holiday with him, or be in his company on a trip of any kind?"

"Yes. Once I had a business trip with him."

"Tell me about it."

"Oh, it was just a trip!"

"Did nothing happen? No incidents? Did Mr. Cronyn say or do anything that fixed itself in your memory? Did he tell a story, or miss a train or forget a bag?"

"Well, you see, Mr. Cronyn isn't that kind of man. He's a prince of good fellows, a man you cotton to like his, but he's quiet and uncommunicative and not given to waste energy in unnecessary conversation. He does things quietly and efficiently, but he's no publicity agent for himself. I'll tell you what—you see, I know him. He's known Mr. Cronyn longer than I have and can tell you some crackjack stories about him."

Off went the interviewer on the trail of the crackjack story, but he found, unaccountably, a flat-top desk in a downtown financial office.

"Yes, I guess I know Hume all right!" was the answer, five with the same kind of expansive smile as the first interview.

FIGURES IN NO ANECDOTES

WE have known around this office for years that Hume Cronyn was one of the biggest men in Canada. Now the news is beginning to leak out.

"Fini!" cried the interviewer. "Tell me something about him. What are his hobbies? Does he play golf? Collect pictures or books? Anything?"

"Mr. Cronyn is essentially a home-bird and his main interests center in his home and family. I believe he shoots a little and fishes a little, but outside business his main activities are domestic. His interest in politics is not increasing, but rather the reverse."

"What big business deals has he pulled off?"

"Mr. Cronyn has never failed to put across any business enterprise he has been associated with."

"Why, why don't you see Blank?"

"He's a relative and knew Hume at the old swimming hole. He must be full of the kind of stories you want!"

Straightway to Mr. Blank fled the hopeful scribbler.

"Mr. Cronyn hates interviews and interviews, if anything worse than I do," said Mr. Blank in tones that sent the scribbler stamping down in his chair.

"I shall tell you nothing about him," continued Mr. Blank, fixing the scribbler through his eyes. "He would say the same about me if you were to ask him to unboast himself about his 'recolletions.'"

"He would. I know him better than you do!" came the hot-shot answer, paced with devastating effect.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Mr. Blank, venturing one half of one per cent. "I'll write Hume, and if he says he has no objection to being interviewed by me, I'll let you know. Good day!"

The interviewer retreated, sideways, and rushed out into the comparative coolness of the necessary sun. Two days later he learned that the required permission had come from Ottawa.

"He wants to see Somebody before I talk and get my facts straight," came the crisp tones over the wire. "I'll phone you when you can come—two more days later, and Somebody had better materialize. So as time and the press wait for no man—here goes!"

A PAGE ABOUT PEOPLE YOU KNOW

Sidelight on Men and Women in the Public Eye

NEW HEAD OF C.M.A. A MAN OF CULTURE

Mr. W. S. Fisher, an Eastern Manufacturer, Widely-Travelled and Well-Known.

QUIET AND SOLID

A Broad-Gauged Canadian Who Has Been Identified With Many Semi-Public Bodies.

By WILLIAM LEWIS EDMONDS.

MR. WILLIAM SHIVES FISHER, the new president of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, is a Maritime province man to occupy the position.

Among the business men of the Maritime Provinces, Mr. Fisher is one of the most outstanding. He is president of the Enterprise Foundry Co. of St. John's, N.B., vice-president of the Maritime Manufacturers' Association, and has an interest in other industrial enterprises.

With movements for the development of the Maritime Provinces, he has for many years been actively connected. In the movement for the improvement of the harbor of St. John's, he has been a leading figure.

Always ready to sing the praises of his country, he has been identified with many semi-public bodies.

W. S. Fisher was born in St. John's, N.B., and has spent most of his life in that city. He is a quiet, solid and sincere type of man, and is widely known in the Maritime Provinces.

He is a member of the St. John's Rotary Club, and has been a member of the St. John's Yacht Club for many years.

He is a member of the St. John's Golf and Country Club, and has been a member of the St. John's Cricket Club for many years.

He is a member of the St. John's Tennis Club, and has been a member of the St. John's Lawn Tennis Club for many years.

He is a member of the St. John's Hockey Club, and has been a member of the St. John's Ice Hockey Club for many years.

He is a member of the St. John's Football Club, and has been a member of the St. John's Soccer Club for many years.

He is a member of the St. John's Basketball Club, and has been a member of the St. John's Basketball Club for many years.

He is a member of the St. John's Badminton Club, and has been a member of the St. John's Badminton Club for many years.

He is a member of the St. John's Table Tennis Club, and has been a member of the St. John's Table Tennis Club for many years.

He is a member of the St. John's Chess Club, and has been a member of the St. John's Chess Club for many years.

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He is a member of the St. John's Darts Club, and has been a member of the St. John's Darts Club for many years.

He is a member of the St. John's Snooker Club, and has been a member of the St. John's Snooker Club for many years.

He is a member of the St. John's Pool Club, and has been a member of the St. John's Pool Club for many years.

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DRANK FOR THEIR SAKES

CHARLES COBORN, the veteran English comedian, who has started out in his seventeenth year from London to Penance, has many good stories to tell of his early experience on "the halls," before he sang himself into fame with "The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo."

Made Him Fed-Up

THREE doctors were operating on a man for appendicitis. After the operation was completed one of the doctors missed a small sponge. The patient was opened, the sponge was found, and the man served up again. Immediately the second doctor missed a needle. Again the patient was opened, and the man served up again. The third doctor missed a pair of scissors. "Gentlemen," said the victim, as they were about to operate again, "for heaven's sake, if you're going to keep this up, put buttons on me!"

22 Years at Ridley

Because endeavoring institutions of this kind are few in number, it is not a question of geography nor finance—successful schools are built on something high.

Mr. Griffith, the second principal of Ridley College, is himself an "old boy" of the school—the first graduate of a boys' school in Canada to become principal of the same institution.

He was at Ridley for his first three years in cricket and football as well as his first hints towards scholarship. He was head boy and senior prefect. Later he graduated from Trinity University with honors in science, languages, and with a good scholastic record. He returned to Ridley immediately as modern languages teacher, but later went back to Trinity as professor in French. Except for this four years at his alma mater, he has spent his 22 years of educational activity at Ridley.

ORPEN WAS BLOTTO!

"A WAY they have in the army!" is an amusingly illustrated by a personal experience described by Sir William Orpen, the famous painter, in "An Outlook in France."

Sir William went to France as a correspondent for the "Oxford and Cambridge Magazine." "I regret," he writes, "that one night while I was staying at G. H. Q. Tanks I got 'blotted' in the kitchen. There were a few people who were so hospitable. I left Tanks on a bitterly cold evening, and called at the Canadian chateau at Hesdin. It was tea-time. The colonel, who saw that I was cold, gave me a whiskey-and-soda, which he repeated when I left."

"I then went to see Major Sir Francis Sturgeson, a whiskey-and-soda for Major Orpen," said he. When I got through half of it, his telephone rang. "Run upstairs, Orpen, and see Allen he's laid up in bed." So off I went. "Whiskey-and-soda," said he. "When I was half-way through it, there were footsteps on the stairs. 'That's the chief coming,' said he. 'Go back to bed, Orpen, and see Allen he's laid up in bed.'"

"In 'came the C-in-C. 'Hello, little fellow,' he said. 'You look cold; here, don't seem to be very hospitable here either. Here he rang the bell. The orderly came. 'Bring Major Orpen a whiskey-and-soda,' he said. That did it. He talked for about ten minutes and then he said: 'You're a good fellow. Then in came Philip with my half-bottle of drink. 'I've been standing on those stairs with Orpen for the last half-hour, waiting for the chief to leave.' So, of course, I had to finish it. I went on to see General Davidson, and he had a nice cocktail ready for me, and a good bottle for dinner—after which I don't remember anything. But it was a bit of bad luck, one thing happening after another like that."

IN HIS MAKE-UP

A GOOD story of Sir Herbert Tree was told the other day by Mr. Joseph Harter, the well known scenic artist.

Sir Herbert was once buttonholed in the corridor of the theatre by a young man who was particularly anxious to avoid. The actor was in the make-up of Caliban at the time.

"Surely you know me, Sir Herbert," said the young man.

"I don't think so," replied the actor.

"I'm Mr. So-and-so," persisted the other. "I was introduced to you a few days ago."

"I hadn't got it quite as definitely as that," Mr. Lawrence remarked. "I'm a scenic artist. What do you do?"

"I'm a scenic artist," replied Tree. "I did not recognize you in my make-up."

"All have it."

"Isn't it wonderful to think of the achievements of science. So many things have been brought within the reach of the masses."

"Yes, indeed. Some years ago golden hair was the boast of a favored few, now anybody can have it."

H. C. Griffith, Noted Footballer, New Headmaster of Ridley

The First Graduate of a Boys' School in Canada to Become Its Principal—Has an Inspiring Personality—Mr. H. S. Williams Principal of Lower School—Dr. Miller, Founder, Retires.



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HAMILTON'S JAPANESE

THE visit of the crown prince of Japan to London recalls a story Sir Ian Hamilton tells against himself.

During a visit to Japan he wished to compliment a geisha girl whose name in English would have been Miss Sparrow.

Rather proud of his Japanese, he endeavored to convey to her that he would like to keep her always with him in a cage to sing to him.

What he had really said to her was: "My good Sparrow, I wish you would shut yourself in a box."

Always Ready to Sing

WELL, there's one thing about the man who sings his own praises.

"And what's that?" "He never has to give the excuse that he has left his music home and can't play without his notes."—Florida Times-Union.

Sons and Mothers

BERGOLD would have been a great man had he shown toward his country the same devotedness his own toward him.—Washington Star.

Making It Cryptic

IF anybody in this generation wishes to outdo Roger Bacon in stamping out future generations, all he need do is dictate a questionnaire on the Eutenein theory to an amateur stenographer and have the result revised by the office boy.—New York Evening Post.

THE CONFESSORIAL

No. 40—EX-SPEAKER LOWTHER

By Emil Longue-Beau.

THE coincidences of this mortal life are a puzzle to find. Months ago I fell in with Chesterton on the train. The next morning I was in London, and also encountered while traveling, and turns out to be one of the most candid companions I have ever known.

Mr. Lowther—for it was the former speaker of the British House of Commons—was in London at the time of the war. He is a little to the right of the center, and as it is twenty-five years since Mr. Lowther's resignation, he is now a distinguished figure. The trust mark of distinction is that it should be a mark of distinction.

As we crossed the Doon, and then the Rouge he asked for the names of the various bubbling streams, and enquired about how long it was since the original timber was first cut out of the bank. He remarked upon the difference between these little valleys and the river courses of the Maritimes and the valleys as being beyond all comparison with anything we have to see.

"We have no Howtowns and Paterfords," I added. "So you may be disappointed with some characteristics of our farming country."

It was a lucky observer, for he replied, laughingly adapting Chesterton's great saying, now over a hundred years old. "But, as I was remarking, I found the passion for speeches consistently strong all the way across the continent and back. Do you listen to one another as cheerfully as you listen to me?"

"Oh, I suppose it is an unconscious reflection of the general anxiety that besets us. Possibly your people here do not give much attention to India."

"Not much," I replied, "except when our Indian fellow subjects want to settle in British Columbia, and then you can hear British Columbia's hold the clear across the Selkies."

"Ah! the very point. To be quite frank, we are much concerned about India. You know, always hoped for the day when we should have a complete self-government, but we have never developed till now after we are free. I suppose it is an unconscious reflection of the general anxiety that besets us. Possibly your people here do not give much attention to India."

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THE MARRIAGE SETTLEMENT

A MARKED out who dares his gift of repudiate at the expense of his wife is not a admired, however telling his ally. This story of Lord Sherbrooke is to the point. He remarked that it was absurd for a man to say "With all my worldly goods I thee endow," was a bad one. For instance, when I married I had not a shilling with which to endow my wife. "But you had your brains, Bob," said his wife from across the table. "That nobody, my dear, could say that I endowed, if you with those," he replied.—Outlook.

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