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BETTER BECAUSE IT'S CANADIAN

DUMFRIES, Russia, Oct. 10—With responsibility for the 114 lives in a fire in a movie house at the village of . . . near here last March, Ivan

Vazoroff, cinema operator was sentenced to three years' imprisonment. The evidence disclosed that Vazoroff was intoxicated, while projecting the pictures.

there a skeleton your asset?

Probably not, but there may be a shameful old ghost of a furnace in your cellar. Ugly, old fashioned heaters are replaced in modern homes by a **FAWCETT FURNACE** which is the result of over sixty years of study, of experiment, of engineering investigation.

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An Attic.... Salt-Shaker

CHATTER WEEKLY
BUDGET OF
STORIES ABOUT
FAMOUS PEOPLE

BY
W. ORTON
TEWSON

The hum of conversation—everybody talking at once, to be blunt—at many social receptions these days, is often so great that it is next to impossible to catch a person's name correctly upon being introduced, unless it happens to be Smith, Jones or Brown.

Which recalls a literary tea at which I presented Arthur Guiterman, the poet, to a "Mrs. Zimmerman"—to whom I had just been introduced—only to discover that "Mrs. Zimmerman" was none other than Mrs. Guiterman!

Then Arthur told us this story: A certain naughty man made a bet with another naughty man that he could say anything he liked to his hostess at a reception both were attending, and "get away with it." When it came to his turn to be presented he said:

"I murdered my wife this morning."
With a gracious smile the hostess murmured:
"How charming of you!"

Lothrop Stoddard tells an amusing story about Don Marquis—you recall "The Old Soak"?—and his adventure with supposed card-sharps during an Atlantic crossing. Don had heard so much about the slickness of these gentry that he determined to invest some of his hard-earned wealth in investigating their methods. On the second night out, in the smoking saloon, he was giving his best imitation of a green-horn, when a slick-looking gentleman approached and asked him if he would not take a hand at poker. Don, feeling confident that the man was a card-sharp, accepted.

They played for very small stakes, and Marquis won a few dollars, chuckles Stoddard (in "Luck Your Silent Frater?") He decided that this was just to inspire him with confidence, and he was therefore not surprised when the next evening they asked him to play again and suggested that the limit be doubled. He won again, but was even more certain that they were still inspiring him with confidence and that the great game would fall soon.

But each night Marquis left off playing a considerable winner. Then on the last night out, the strangers proposed that the stakes be raised to quite a high figure in celebration of their journey's end. Don was absolutely sure that the hour of his trimming had come. What was his amazement when he retired from the table that night a heavy winner!

Next morning, he was about to go down the gangplank at Cherbourg when he noticed two women evidently talking about him. One of them he recognized as the wife of the slick-looking man who had first asked him to sit into the game. And as Marquis passed within earshot, she was saying to her friend:

"You see that man there?"—indicating Marquis—"well, that's the dirty poker-sharp who trimmed my husband of \$200 on this trip!"

Violet Hunt, the novelist, called one day at the office of William Heinemann, noted London publisher, to find him away and his partner, Sydney Pawling, in charge. She had with her the M.S. of the first novel of her friend—D. H. Lawrence. Pawling languidly promised to read it. Three days later he summoned her, and "grabbing the M.S. with a grip that masked an eagerness that my eye was not practised enough to discern

through his casual manner," says Mrs. Hunt (in the Heinemann biography by Frederic Whyte) "offered—'Take it or leave it—An almost desultory sum down. Bad was the best: I had been given full powers by the humble young schoolmaster. I accepted the terms and 'The White Peacock' appeared and took the town."

The appearance of a new book—"Thirty Tales and Sketches"—by R. B. Cunningham Graham reminds me that George Bernard Shaw, who based a play on Cunningham Graham's adventures in Morocco, once said of him:

"He is, I regret to say, an impatient and unashamed dandy: such boots, such a hat, would have damed d'Orsay. With that hat he once saluted me in Regent street, where I was walking with my mother. Her interest was instantly kindled."
"Who is that?" she asked.
"Cunningham Graham."
"Nonsense! Cunningham Graham is one of your Socialists. That man is a gentleman!"

Recalling a rehearsal at the Haymarket Theatre, London, of one of George Bernard Shaw's plays, Eva Moore recorded (in "Edith and Entrances") that Shaw "used to sit at rehearsals with his back to the footlights, tilting his chair so far on his hind legs that it was only by the intervention of heaven that he did not fall into the orchestra."
"There he sat, always wearing kid gloves, firing off short, terse comments on the acting, and arousing everybody's ire to such an extent that the fat was in the fire, and finally the production was abandoned, after five weeks' rehearsal!"

Which recalls a story about Mrs. Pat Campbell and Shaw—who have always been the best of friends. During the rehearsal of "Pygmalion" Shaw rather annoyed Mrs. Pat by making her repeat a certain speech.

"No, no, no!" he exclaimed, "say it this way."
Mrs. Pat listened and then caused a roar of laughter by mimicking Shaw with his Irish brogue to a nicety. That made G. B. S. mad and he let the actress know it. When he had finished she said, with mock solemnity:

"Lord, Mr. Shaw! What a mercy it is for us women, that you don't eat meat. What a time we should have!"
Another roar of laughter followed with Shaw—a vegetarian—himself leading it.

Mrs. Pat Campbell has disclosed (in her memoirs) that Shaw is called "Joey" by his intimates. She let the cat slip out of the bag in this way: "One day two lovely American girls came to see me," she chuckles, "Joey called at the same time. I was out. When I returned all three were lying face downward on the floor. G. B. S. was explaining the beauty and profit of some Swedish exercises."

Speaking of rehearsals, Israel Zangwill was another playwright who took them very seriously. During rehearsals of his play "The War Gods," which Beerbohm Tree produced, Tree became a little wearied over Zangwill's many interruptions and arguments.

"Thank God, Shakespeare is dead," he finally exclaimed, referring, of course, to the many Shakespearean plays he had produced.

"And Mr. Zangwill will be dead soon, too," retorted Mrs. Zangwill, who was watching the rehearsal from the wings.

And there was the super who had a tiny but important part in the great mob scene in "Julius Caesar," who entirely failed to appreciate Beerbohm Tree's method of suggestion at a rehearsal. Three times Tree as Anthony gave the cue as which the super was to act his piece. Three times the cue was missed. The stage manager raved, and a patient far-away look stole over Tree's face, pipes J. B. Booth telling the story in "Master and Men."

Yet a fourth time, and again complete failure. Then Anthony descended from the rostrum and proceeded to take charge.
"No, no," he interposed, nipping his manager's frenzy in the bud, "the man has a beautiful soul—somewhere. Let us find it." And linking his arm in that of the super's, he paced him slowly up and down the stage.
"This play," he expounded, laboriously, "was written by Shakespeare. He wrote 'Hamlet'—this isn't 'Hamlet' but you must see 'Hamlet' one day. You'd like it, and Shakespeare is dead. That's a pity. You would have liked Shakespeare. Now—"
The super, wrenched himself free, and purple-faced, made for the

wings, muttering coarse and vulgar words.
"Where are you going?" cried Tree.
"Come," snorted the super—and he went.

By the way, an original reason for the dropping of the aspirate by certain Englishmen is put forward by Pett Ridge—sometimes called the modern Dickens because of his wide and varied knowledge of London life in his reminiscences he says:
"Being rather pressed for time, we agreed that the eighth letter of the English alphabet was not always TAKE THREE—AN ATTIC SALT worth troubling about. But the superfluous aspirate is a luxury of county folk rather than the Londoner."

The Londoner will occasionally take it up and use it remorselessly when speaking to anyone of a higher station in life, and it is intended then to hint, without making an affidavit to the effect, that he, too, has not escaped a University training. And looked at squarely, you know, and with impartiality it is much easier to say:

"The 'orn' of the 'unter' is 'eard on the 'ill' than to blow out."
"The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill" or for another example:
"Ammer, ammer, ammer, on the 'ard 'igh road" than to say: "Hammer, hammer, hammer, on the hard high road!"

Though H. G. Wells pokes fun at cricket enthusiasts in some of his novels—notably in "Marriage"—he is proud of being the son of an eminent cricketer, as Lewis Hind points out. Wells senior was at one time a prominent member of the Kent County eleven, and a memorable feat of taking four successive wickets with four successive balls stands to his credit in the records of the game. H. G. kept framed in a place of honor in his study, a cricket card showing the prowess of Papa Wells with the cricket ball.

Motoring With Mary

BY MARY JANE MOORE
"A very revelation of the engine 'grinds out wisdom' for the woman who drives a car, one of them has discovered."

A PROFITABLE PUN

The worst thing about the serious-minded young man is his punning. He dropped in the other morning when I was counselling Junior to play with a toy less noisy than his drum. "You remind me of some modern automobile brakes," commented the serious-minded young man. "You're always scoring the drum."
"You are fortunate that I'm a lady," I replied, but sensing that I might learn something about the car, let the matter rest there.

"That was pretty bad," admitted the young man, "but no worse than the puns I've heard college profs use to start their lectures. Now, I'll go on with my lecture. It should be particularly interesting to you woman who abhor discordant noises."

"Self-energizing brakes, those that help apply themselves, are a great idea. Every great idea, though, starts off with limitations, it seems. Well, the limitation of the modern brake system was that it had the habit of applying itself with too much vigor for the best interests of the drum around which it wrapped itself. That has been quite a problem for the engineers."

"What do you want me to do—feel sorry for them?" I cut in. "At the moment I'm feeling rather sorry for myself. I have to have the brakes on my car re-lined."
"That is just the point I'm coming to," said the serious-minded young man. "The average car owner thinks in terms of having the brakes re-lined when they get noisy and inefficient. Unless he thinks more deeply on the subject he may find, after the re-lining, that they still are noisy and inefficient."

"When the drums are scored, worn out of round, or otherwise in bad shape (no pun intended) re-lining the brakes is not enough. A really efficient set of brakes is that in which the lining surface and drum surface meet all the way around and all the way across."

"If the drum is worn or scored, the lining will not meet it in that fashion. It will touch in one spot and miss in another. Where it touches, it will grab that much harder. That is the time when it sets up that ear-splitting vibration which makes you envious of a deaf man. Do you follow me?"
"I'm sorry, professor, but I don't," I replied.

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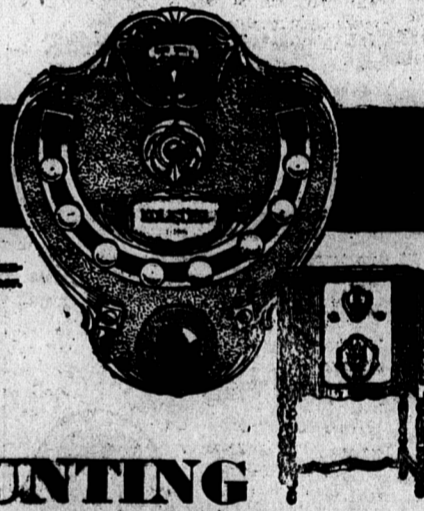
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THE CANADIAN-BUILT DE SOTO FOR CANADIANS

"Well, take that mirror there beside you. Push your finger across it. I did as advised. Nothing happened. Now, wet the end of your finger, press hard, and push it across the mirror again."
"That time produced results in the form of a series of squeals and squeaks."
"That is what happens when your brakes squeak. When you wet your

finger, you could not push it across the face of the mirror evenly. It bounced across, so to speak. Every bounce was a squeak. It is the same when the lining comes into contact with the brake drum, if the latter is scored. The lining bounces over the face of the drum."
"And that means—" I interrupted. "That it will not be enough to order new shoes for your brakes when

to the shop. It may also be necessary to have the drum ground back into proper shape with all the ridges, valleys, and bumps removed. Don't think the service station is trying to kid you when they tell you this."
"I won't if you promise to start your next lecture without a pun," I agreed.



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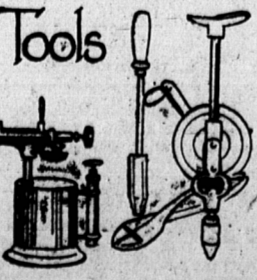
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