

An Attic.... Salt-Shaker

CHATTY WEEKLY BUDGET OF STORIES ABOUT FAMOUS PEOPLE

— BY — W. ORTON TEWSON

ONE of the best known of many stories about Dr. Jowett, celebrated Master of Balliol, has it that when he was engaged on his famous "Plato," C. S. Calverley, acting as a guide, came with a bevy of tourists and standing under the little bow window on "the Broad," exclaimed "This, ladies and gentlemen, is Balliol College, reckoned to be the second oldest in Oxford. The head of this College is called "The Master." The present Master is the celebrated Professor Jowett. That is Professor Jowett's study."

THEN, stooping down, picking up some gravel and throwing it up, disturb the great man at his studies, brought him red with fury to the window. "And that, ladies and gentlemen," went on Calverley, "is Professor Jowett."

THEY are telling a somewhat similar story about Rudyard Kipling. The famous author of "If" was broken in upon by a sight-seer accompanied by his two sons. The visitors sighted the author in his work room.

"You are Rudyard Kipling?" "Yes." "Boys, this is Rudyard Kipling." "And this is where you write?" "Yes." "Yes." "Boys, this is where he writes." And with that the trio dashed off to do the remaining sights of Sussex.

A PEEP at those two great soldiers, Marshal Foch and Field Marshal Sir Henry Wilson—boon companions—including in schoolboy pranks, such as changing headgear, when they were alone together, is given us by Major-General Sir George G. Aston in his biography of Foch. On one of Foch's visits to London after the war he and Wilson were found sitting together in Foch's private room at the hotel.

NOW Foch, who was dressed in uniform, was wearing Wilson's "billycock" (Derby) hat—Wilson being in multi-while Wilson had on the Marshal's kepi. The fact that Wilson's derby was far too big for Foch and came down over his ears, whereas Wilson was doing his best to balance Foch's kepi on his head added to the predicament when there came a knock at the door.

In response to the summons to enter, a stalwart Grenadier Guardsman marched in and presented a letter from Buckingham Palace to Foch. He accepted the letter and the Grenadier, with imperturbable stolidity, saluted and marched out again. He found something to tell his comrades

the barrack-room when he got back. AND that reminds me of a story they tell about the late Lord Haldane who was British War Secretary at the outbreak of the World War in 1914. In the early days of the war he visited the front accompanied by a military secretary and a guide. Arriving at the front line trenches the guide whispered to the secretary "Now we are at the front-line trenches." And the secretary whispered the information to Haldane.

THEY went on in silence for a while longer until the guide whispered to the secretary: "Now we're at the third-line trenches." And the secretary in turn whispered conversations until the secretary whispered to the guide: "How far are we from the Germans?" The guide whispered back: "Four miles." Upon this information being whispered to Haldane, he whispered to his secretary? then why are we whispering? And the secretary whispered to the guide: Then why are we whispering and the guide whispered back: "Because I've a cold."

WHEN former Governor Alfred E. Smith was a member of the Legislature at Albany he was once engaged in a rather heated debate with three other members when another legislator arose and asked permission to interrupt. That being granted, he said: Mr. Speaker, I have just heard that Cornell won the boat race.

"That doesn't mean anything to me," said one of the four debaters "I'm a Yale man."

The second and third men of the quartet said ditto only naming different universities. That left Al Smith standing alone. Quick as a flash he said

"It doesn't mean anything to me because I am an F. F. M. man."

"What's that, Al?" shouted a legislator.

"Fulton Fish Market," said Al. "Let's proceed with the debate."

The future Governor was referred to the days of his youth when he worked in Fulton Fish Market, New York City.

During his first campaign for the New York Governorship, Al Smith visited a rural section of the State where he encountered considerable opposition. At a country fair he was introduced to a farmer who had just won a blue ribbon for his dairy herd, as the "Democratic candidate for governor."

The farmer was arrayed in a brand-new suit of overalls, chuckles Mr. Smith (in "Up to Now"), and he stepped back about six foot "looked me over from head to foot," and said:

"Well, you look pretty good, but you can't get any comfort from me."

What Sir Edward Marshall Hall—eminent lawyer who appeared in nearly every famous murder trial in England during the last forty years—said was the best joke he had ever heard in a law court, was perpetrated by witty Justice Darling during the hearing of a celebrated turf case in which Marshall Hall was engaged. A little jockey of seventeen, who had run off after a race without weighing-in, after being cross-examined severely as to this delinquency almost ran out of the box.

But F. E. Smith (now Lord Birkenhead) had risen to re-examine.

"Wait a minute," said the learned judge, his Voltairean features illuminated by an expression indescribably mischievous; "Mr. Smith has

not weighed-in yet."

"You have not forgotten to weigh-in again?" asked Lawyer Smith.

"No sir," said the jockey.

Whereupon Judge Darling said: "He nearly forgot again just now. In a libel case arising out of a political campaign in which Tariff Reform figured largely, a certain conversation in a "pub" (saloon) between the litigants was brought out by Marshall Hall at the trial. Here it is. Said the Tariff Reformer:

"If a ten-per cent tariff were put on, it would pay half the nation's taxes."

"Then why not put on a tariff of twenty per cent and save all taxation?" argued the Free Trader.

"That won't do," came back the other. "That's like the advertisement above stoves. 'Buy Smith's Stoves and save half your fuel.' If your argument is good, why not buy two stoves and save all your fuel?"

In his younger days Marshall Hall was a first-class cricketer. Once in Australia he played for a team called the Bohemians—one of the first, if not the very first, English cricket elevens to tour Australia, says Edward Marjoribanks (pronounced Marshbanks) in "For the Defence," a biography of the famous lawyer. One match, in some remote corner of the continent, was brought to a premature conclusion because a large collie dog intervened and ran away with the ball. It was the only cricket ball within five hundred miles, and so the game ingloriously ended.

Did you know that the French Academy holds the sum of 400,000 francs in trust for the first person to establish communication with the planet Mars? Also that the Gottingen Society of Science holds 100,000 marks for any one who can solve a problem known to mathematicians as the Theorem of Themat, after Pierre de Fermat, seventeenth century mathematician?

The line forms on the right.

The coming visit of General Smuts reminds me of a story which he tells against himself. It was during the World War when both he and his fellow South African, General Botha, were much in the public eye. One day in London, at a public function, Smuts was approached by two young damsels one of whom asked for his autograph.

"I haven't a fountain pen," said the general much flattered. "Will pencil do?"

"Yes," said the girl, proffering the book.

"So I took out my pencil," chuckles Smuts, "and signed my name in the daintily bound little book that she had given me."

The girl studied the signature with a frown. Then she looked up, and said:

"Aren't you General Botha?"

"No, I'm General Smuts."

Turning to her friend and with a withering look she said: "Lend me your india-rubber, May."

During one of her visits to Rome, Marie Dressler, the actress, went for a walk with Richard Washburn Child, then American Ambassador to Italy. Presently they came upon some gates in the baths of Caracalla. They were locked. Whereupon the influence of Mr. Child reenacted "Open Sesame," and the two wandered throughout ancient hanging gardens and amid Roman ruins until they were tired.

As they were leaving, Mr. Child said to an attendant:

"Why do they try to keep people out of that nice restful spot?"

"Because," was the respectful answer, "we are expecting them to come in at any moment."

Which recalls the story about a party of ministers attending a Presbyterian conference in Scotland. Having a spare afternoon several of them set off to explore the district. Presently they came to a river spanned by a temporary bridge. Not observing a notice that the structure was unsafe, they started to cross it. Thereupon the bridgekeeper ran after them in protest.

"It's all right," declared the spokesman. "We're Presbyterians."

"I'm no caring about that," was the reply, "but if ye dinna get off the bridge ye'll soon be Baptists."

Lady Jersey relates in "Fifty-one years of Victorian Life," how when in Samoa an interpreter, bidding farewell to a native audience, concluded by saying:

"Partings must always occur on earth: there is but one place where there will be no more partings, and that is the Kingdom of Heaven, where Lady Jersey will be very pleased to see all present!"

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The Brothers

Continued from page 22

La Verendrye and his sons had not found the Western Sea, but they had opened up to French trade a territory. The merchants of Montreal who had backed the enterprise had taken whatever profits were earned. But La Verendrye was poorer than ever. Burdened with debts and harassed by unjust and untrue reports, he asked to be relieved of his undertaking. He returned to Montreal, and another officer was put in charge of the western posts. The new man did nothing towards exploration, and two years later the Governor turned

again to La Verendrye and restored him to his command. Some recompense was given him for his years of effort: two of his sons were made ensigns in the colonial troops, he himself was promoted to the rank of Captain, and in 1749 he was awarded the Cross of St. Louis, the coveted military distinction of his day. He lived only a few months to carry the honor. Before the end of the year, death took him in the midst of preparations to start in the spring on a new search by way of the Saskatchewan. His sons expected to be allowed to carry on his work, in which they had shared for so many years. But rival claims got the ear of the Governor, the old false stories were circulated again, and though they pleaded their cause strongly, others were given the western trade which they had established. Poor and neglected, they continued to serve as junior officers in the colony troops until the end of the French rule in Canada. When and where the eldest, Pierre, died we know not. Louis Joseph, on his way to France, was drowned in the wreck of the ship L'Auguste off the coast of Cape Breton in 1761. Francois apparently remained in Canada after the British conquest. Though descendants of the elder La Verendrye's brothers and sisters are living to-day in Quebec, of his own family none are known to exist. He and his sons live only in the story of a great purpose followed with steadfast courage and devotion. (Copyright by C. W. Jefferys, R. C. A.)

E. R. BROW

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