

MARGOT ASQUITH SCORES PERSONAL TRIUMPH IN CANADA AND FINDS PREMIER KING TO BE STRAIGHT AND MODEST

Leaders of Opposing Political Parties Meet Each Other at Luncheon in Honor of Visiting Englishwoman, Who Finds "Apathy and Breeding" Distinguishing Features of Dominion Lectures, Though Ovation at Toronto Nearly Ends in Riot.



Margot Asquith As Lecturer in America

Met Arthur Meighen, ex-prime minister of Canada, and the present premier, Mackenzie King, at the same lunch in Ottawa, where I was entertained by Sir George and Lady Perley. In inviting the defeated minister and Mr. King, my hostess reminded me of the early days when, in my father's house, Mr. Gladstone, Randolph Churchill and other cabinet ministers of rival parties met and conversed together.

I was grateful to Mr. Meighen for the cordiality with which he greeted me, as the thoughtful Canadian press had added impromptu reflections of their own to what I had said of him. I sat next to Mr. King, but as we had no opportunity of private conversation, he invited me to go to his home for supper that night after my lecture.

It does not take a long sojourn in Canada to see that Prime Minister King will need all his courage and independence to stand up to the hostility of his conservative opponents. But if he is able to make himself known to thinking men his administration ought to be successful.

The Canadian premier is a man after my own heart—shrewd, straight, modest and cultured. I was surprised to find how much he knew, not only of the political situation in England, but of the chief characters concerned in it.

After discussing Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Churchill, Lord Birkenhead, and Mr. Bonar Law's Canadian friend, Lord Beaverbrook, we talked of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, President Harding and Mr. Hughes.

Mr. King spoke with genuine admiration of the Washington conference and agreed with me in condemnation of the many foolish and futile confabulations that had preceded it.

He asked me about labor conditions in England and the Irish free state. As he had settled many Canadian strikes he was interested in unemployment. I said "the land fit for heroes to live in" was a less fashionable resort than was generally supposed, and that thanks to the policy of "official repression" the ground had not been prepared in a manner to encourage either Craig or Collins to place implicit confidence in the coalition.

He told me that reprisals had come as a great shock to all thoughtful people and, pointing to a fine Italian picture of Our Lord hanging on the wall, asked me if his life had captivated me as much as it had him. I said that following it appeared to me the only chance we could ever have of acquiring that purity of heart which would enable us to see God; and walked up to examine the picture.

The next day I dined with the premier and met one of the two sitting members for Ottawa, Hal McGivern, and the Hon. Dr. Henri Beaudet, minister of soldiers' civil re-education, who was a distinguished physician in Belgium when the war broke out and was taken prisoner by the Germans and confined for more than three years.

During Dr. Beaudet's incarceration his wife died in Belgium and he was not permitted to attend her death or her funeral. He wrote "A Thousand and One Days in Prison in Berlin."



Mackenzie King, Canada's Premier "A Man After My Own Heart, Shrewd, Straight, Modest and Cultured."

The capital of the dominion is a beautiful town, wonderfully situated and in spite of being covered with snow was dancing and radiant with shanties and sunshine. A greater contrast to the audiences of New York, Boston, Chicago, Rochester and Toronto than the one I addressed in Ottawa could hardly be imagined, and I recognized some of the apathy and "breeding" which had characterized my listeners in Montreal.

I was introduced to several select and fashionable people and one generation gave me an inventory of our British aristocracy, most of whom he had known and stayed with. I felt like putting my arm on his shoulder and saying with sympathy, "Never mind, but restrain."

In Montreal I was introduced at his majesty's theater by Mrs. Huntley Drummond, a very delightful woman, a relative of the well-known Lady Drummond, and spoke to a lady-like assemblage in a blizzard of draughts. I was surprised to find which I thought the audience shared—when the lecture was over, and whether from the fatigue of a night journey, or refinement of my female listeners, I found an unfortunate impression of the intellectual manners and vitality of Montreal.

Oswald Balfour, military secretary to the governor-general, an old man with a huge bag of golf clubs, and several other friendly people, visited me in the green room later. The old man showed me a photograph of my father, given to him on the links at Carnoustie, which touched me deeply.

When Lady Drummond said that I had a beautiful smile and the papers said I had a golden voice, I felt less ashamed as I resumed my journey. No one who has not been on tour in America can imagine the fatigue of crowded elevators, shabby trains and perpetual traveling.

At Toronto I limited my address to an hour and 15 minutes, longer than which no one can be expected to endure, and as we still had time before catching a midnight train, I invited my enthusiastic audience onto the stage.

At this platform was stormed and I was seized by hands and arms, showered with compliments and never until a robust figure, so crowded and crushed that I felt suffocated. My chairman did his best, but it was not until the secretary, in a voice of thunder, begged them not to mob me as I had to catch a train, that I was allowed to move. They all rushed to the stage door shouting:

"We think you are wonderful!" "Why can't you stay with us?" "You must come back!" "You're perfectly lovely!" We had to lock one of the doors of the green room, but while I was given brandy and congratulated by my chairman and his family, a very old charwoman peeped in at another door, saying with emotional timidity:

"Excuse me, but though I am only a poor old woman who sweeps the stage, I would like to shake hands with you. The last famous person that I spoke to was Mrs. Calve, over whom we were all crazy. I may say she let me kiss her hand."

I turned and kissed the old lady on both cheeks, and she wept, which she blessed me and burst into tears. I felt like doing the same, but was staid by the presence of my jolly chairman and his relations. It was with a feeling of tense gratitude that I heard our motor announced.

lulled to sleep by the old love songs you used to sing. I have tried faithfully to reconcile myself to your roving; tried to be happy in dreaming of your return—but always comes that doleful whisper in my ear: "Maybe he won't come back. And it seems as though 'the whole wide world is painted gray on gray, and wonderland forever is gone back to us." Now the shadows have fallen and the moon is coming up behind the trees. I shall go wearily back down through the shadows and the moonlight to the old home—and there, until life's sorrows are ended, I will wait for you. Yours of the old days—always and always. JOAN.

It was early in May of our last year at boarding school, and we were all excited about the annual masque carnival. My chum and I had rented costumes; she was to be Marie Antoinette, while I was Mary Queen of Scots.

We looked regal when we dressed that evening, with our crowns and sweeping trains, so we obtained permission to slip over to the hotel located at the end of our grounds to show ourselves to my mother, who had come for the festivities. This hotel, a rendezvous for hunters and sportsmen in season, was rather deserted now.

It was just dusk when we stepped in the side door, and we noticed two young men sitting in the lobby with their backs to us. We stopped to take a second look and heard one exclaim: "This is the most deserted place in America—we'll get out of here in the morning." I had a happy thought, and taking the housekeeper into confidence, told her we would try to give them some excitement.

A few minutes later the young men, speechless with surprise, saw two queens descending the stairs talking earnestly in French. I might say that our fluent French consisted of about five phrases, so if the boys had any knowledge of our plans would have fallen through. We approached them, curtsied deeply, and both started to talk at the same time. They explained by gesture that they didn't understand so we walked slowly away.

As we neared a door at the end of the corridor the housekeeper, by arrangement, came out and passed us without a look. We only waited to hear the boys ask her who the two queens she passed in the hall were. She told them they were seeing things, as no one had passed her. They must have concluded the place was haunted, for they left that night.

A year later one of the class had a house party to which my chum and I were invited. On the second night we were all sitting around the fire telling funny stories. We told ours and every one had a good laugh. From that time on one of the men became quite attentive to my chum, and after the house party broke up a lively correspondence was kept up. He seemed to have business which took him to her city frequently, and finally their engagement was announced. Not until after they were married did he tell her that he was one of the boys at the hotel, and though her face was familiar, he hadn't recognized her without the crown. He said they never mentioned the incident to any one and it had always mystified them.

Now she is an untamed queen with several loyal little subjects. J. C. M.

Wife of the vice-president, officially designated the Second Lady of the Land, surrounded by the wealth and fashion of Washington, sought after and brilliantly entertained, yet she misses New England, and the friends she leaves behind.

MRS. COOLIDGE "PLAYS GAME"; MISSES NEW ENGLAND HOME

Wife of Vice-President, Surrounded by Wealth and Fashion of Washington and Brilliantly Entertained, Yet Somewhat Lonely.



Mrs. Coolidge, Popular Wife of Vice President, and Friend Mrs. Frank W. Stearns of Boston.

problems of catering. I can give a tea or have a few friends for dinner or for luncheon simply by telling the hotel officials, and I need trouble no more. The hotels in Washington have learned the art of official entertaining through long experience. "Home-like atmosphere and no trouble to the hostess" is their motto," she finished, with a laugh.

"But," Mrs. Coolidge glanced out at the hurrying throngs just released from the daily grind of the government clerk, "I would like to have a real home in Washington in the prettiest part, but then we would have to have more servants and a housekeeper, which would mean very large expenditures."

The day with Mrs. Coolidge begins with breakfast with her husband usually in the public dining room of the hotel. After breakfast they return to their apartment to discuss any plans for the day. Before 2:30 the vice-president leaves for the capitol, then business hours begin for Mrs. Coolidge.

Many Have "Axes to Grind." Callers on legitimate business and others with "axes to grind" who try to see her, occupy the interim between 10:30 and luncheon, while consultations with her secretary and the reading and answering of a huge mail take up any spare moments here and there.

These letters come virtually by the hundreds, mostly from people with whom Mrs. Coolidge has no personal acquaintance. They are assorted in piles, appeals, inquiries, requests for interviews, personal correspondence, each has its separate file. Mrs. Coolidge makes a valiant effort to read every piece of it.

The bulk of the mail contains appeals for aid in charitable endeavors and organization work, while requests by the hundreds pile up for articles to be auctioned for this or that benefit.

There are very few personal appeals for money, although Mrs. Coolidge receives the usual collection of hand-made wallets, handkerchiefs, fancy work of all descriptions, offered upon official women to be paid for at the senders' prices.

Chats Letters Ignored. No matter how willing the spirit may be, it is not possible for any one save a multi-millionaire to respond to these appeals, so Mrs. Coolidge has had to make a rule returning all such articles with a courteous note of regret to their owners. The expenditure of stamps for this purpose is not small, for these amateur parcel post and mail-order merchants never seem to consider the possibility of their goods being returned and rarely in aid of charity.

Numberless chain letters also appear in the mail. To these she says all manner of charity affairs.

Smile Is Infectious. "It is just the same merry-go-round day after day and never first thing," said Mrs. Coolidge with an infectious smile and sparkling eyes that made me know that in every truth she did regard it as a "merry-go-round." "Dored?" the vivacious little woman seemed surprised at my question, "why, never! I enjoy it all. Every time I go out in Washington I meet interesting people and learn something new or am made happy by a story that has pleased me." "Perhaps," she acknowledged, "I would fit bored if I permitted myself to lose interest in people. But my husband has always been my favorite official life. This meant all the carrying out of this program means that there are very few days in which she can lunch alone or with members of her family, and a daily round of teas, meetings, dinners practically every night and an attendance all manner of charity affairs."

BIG GROWTH PREDICTED

Speaker Says Portland Will Have 500,000 People in 1937.

A population of half a million in 1937 was predicted for Portland by H. M. Burston of the Pacific Telephone & Telegraph company in an address at the luncheon of the Portland Realty club at the Multnomah hotel yesterday noon.

Mr. Burston based his prediction on the city's development in the past and pointed out predictions made in a survey of the city by the telephone company in 1916, which have been wholly or partially fulfilled. He said that among the things foreseen in this survey was that the city would reach the half million mark in 30 years' time.

Music was furnished by the telephone male quartet, a mixed quartet and a sextet. W. B. Shively spoke on a phase of the mechanics' lien law.

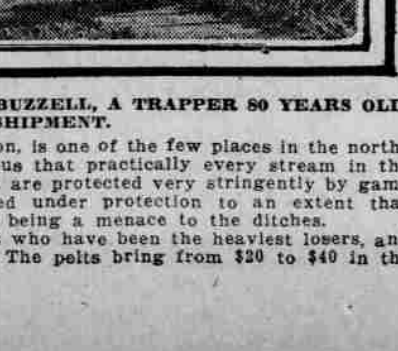
BLUE SKY LAW OPPOSED

Mining Men and Brokers Behind Fight Against Legislation.

SPOKANE, Wash., May 20.—The Northwest Mining association, composed principally of mining men and brokers of this vicinity, has taken steps for the collection of a fund of \$1000 to fight so-called "blue sky" legislation. One of the first moves to be made in the campaign will be to hold at Denver, June 20 and 21, to discuss means of combating such legislation. Sidney Norman has been selected to represent the northwest association at the Denver meeting.

Other activities will include circulation of some 10,000 pamphlets containing correspondence between Mr. Norman, who is editor of a mining journal published here, and Representative Dammann, author of a bill in congress to regulate issuance of securities.

BEAVER TRAPPED TO PROTECT RANCHERS IN KITTITAS COUNTY, WASHINGTON.



COUNTY GAME WARDEN WILSON, ONE OF HIS DEPUTIES AND MR. BUZZELL, A TRAPPER 80 YEARS OLD, WITH MORE THAN 75 PELTS READY FOR SHIPMENT.

Real Love Stories

MY DEAREST: This evening I have come away from cares of the world to our old lookout. I want to watch the sun go to rest behind the purple hills and I am remembering the last time we watched the sunset—you and I. With the poignant, bitter-sweet pain of that memory comes a sadness and a longing for you that will no longer be denied. Perhaps you will never see this letter; perhaps when you have returned from your wanderings for

me I will have gone on my last, long journey, but I will know, dear one, when you come, and I shall wait for you on the further shore. Now the sun is almost gone and the world seems quietly and beautifully at peace, but my dear! the dull throbbing, aching sadness of the twilight brings me no peace. I shall know peace once more only when I can feel your arms about me and your kisses on my lips; when I can rest my weary head on the dear roughness of your shoulder and be

lic duty could ever be found to fill these honorable positions. (Copyright, 1922, by the Bell Syndicate, Inc. Copyright in Great Britain by Thornton Butterworth, Ltd.) American men and women from the personal side are discussed in Mrs. Asquith's next article, which appears next Sunday in The Oregonian.

ELLENBURG, Wash., May 20.—(Special.)—Kittitas county, Washington, is one of the few places in the northwest still having too many beaver. The little animals, once so numerous that practically every stream in the county was protected very stringently by game laws in every state and county. In Kittitas county they have multiplied under protection to an extent that makes them a nuisance to irrigators, their industry in building dams being a menace to the ditches. During the last winter seasons have been taken to protect the ranchers who have been the heaviest losers, and the county game commission authorized the game wardens to trap them. The pelts bring from 125 to 140 in the

attention, for to do so would take the entire time of a secretary, and the forwarding of them by Mrs. Coolidge would mean an infringement of their aims which she frequently would not feel she could thus incur. Mrs. Coolidge's New England experience has stood her in good stead in answering her mail. She has compiled a series of letters couched in polite terms. These are usually forms for the various types of letters and resulted in having her correspondence answered in about one-third of the time it would otherwise occupy.

The persistence of humanity, especially "one idea persons," is seen in the fact that return appeals to these polite regrets are very often received. The great invader of privacy, the telephone, rings at intervals during Mrs. Coolidge's mornings.

It is answered by a trim young person with fluffy bobbed hair, who is part maid, assistant secretary and general factotum of the apartment. This important cog in Mrs. Coolidge's domestic wheel takes the caller's name. Sometimes she can take the message. At other times Mrs. Coolidge goes in person to the telephone to talk to a senator's wife or one of the local society editors, or social writers for out-of-town papers or special writers Mrs. Coolidge has endeavored herself to the newspaper fraternity of the capital, for she is always most considerate and helpful. Eventually prominent visitors to Washington and those who come to further national movements or private enterprises find their way to Mrs. Coolidge. Each applicant for an interview receives special attention, and those who have real business and just claims can ever gain her sympathetic ear.

Mrs. Coolidge is a college woman and shows the result of that training in her common sense view of matters and her ability to temper justice with mercy and leniency. She also has a keen sense of humor which is often a saving grace in her day. She avoids entering into controversial matters.

Boys Get Their Letters. The busy morning is nearly ended and she has only had time to dictate a few personal messages and letters. But she has written her weekly letters to her boys at Mercersburg academy, Pennsylvania, a pleasant duty she never permits anything to delay or interrupt. She writes to them on Tuesday Mrs. Coolidge meets with the wives of the senators at the Capitol for the regular weekly luncheon of the ladies of the senate, of which she is president, an outgrowth of war activities. Mrs. Harding has frequently been a guest of honor, as have Mrs. Taft and other distinguished women. This organization of representative women is ready for service at any time.

On other days Mrs. Coolidge is apt to be guest of honor at diplomatic, official and social luncheons here. It is an open secret that Mrs. Coolidge's presence always makes a "party go," she is always so radiant and smiling and amiable. The afternoon program is open secret, but she is exempt from attendance, but often good naturedly honors her friends at these functions and other social entertainments, including a dining room the spring days here.

Mrs. Coolidge really loves to shake hands and shake hands she does. Her first Wednesday of each month finds many repeaters in line. Even after she has greeted hundreds of persons Mrs. Coolidge looks fresh and is still smiling. She has been credited with a memory course, for people are often startled by the ease with which she can recall names and the place where they had previously met her.

The vice-president and Mrs. Coolidge find one advantage in being the ranking guests at dinner parties—save when the president and Mrs. Harding are there—that they can go home early. This is also true of all gatherings, for they seldom stay after 12 o'clock. Thus winds up their long day of strenuous and faithful service to others. (Copyright by the Twenty-First Century Press.)

THOUSANDS HAVE STOMACH CATARRH

And Call It Indigestion—A Dangerous Disease Frequently Neglected—How to Tell.

Gas and a sour, burning stomach with coated tongue and bad breath are set certain symptoms of simple indigestion. In thousands of cases, where they frequently occur, the trouble really is due to a chronic gastric catarrh of the stomach—an exceedingly dangerous condition.

The membrane lining of the stomach is thickened and a coating of mucus covers the surface so that the digestive fluids cannot mix with the food and digest them. Gastric ulcers are apt to form and frequently an ulcer is the first sign of deadly cancer.

To neglect such a condition or to treat it as indigestion and dose the stomach with artificial digestants like pepsin pills is a serious mistake as you have learned to your sorrow. A simple and highly effective treatment is to get from any good store a few ounces of pure Bismarck Magnesia and take before meals a teaspoonful or two below in a cup of water as hot as you can drink it. The hot water washes the mucus from the stomach walls and draws the bile to the stomach inducing better circulation while the Bismarck Magnesia acts as a soothing agent neutralizes any excess hydrochloric acid that may be present, cleans and sweetens the stomach and acts as a soothing healing agent on the irritated stomach walls. Noticeable benefit is felt almost immediately, and continued use for a reasonable time should put the stomach in fine shape and permit normal painless digestion at all times.

If your stomach bothers you be sure to make this test, using only the pure Bismarck Magnesia especially prepared for this purpose.—Adv.



MOTHER, WATCH BABY'S BOWELS GIVE "CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP"

Harmless Laxative to Clean Little Bowels and Sweeten Sour, Colic Stomach—Babies Love It

Millions of mothers depend upon genuine California Fig Syrup to clean and freshen baby's stomach and bowels. When the little one is constipated, has wind, colic, feverish breath, coated tongue, or diarrhea, a half teaspoonful promptly moves the poison, gases, bile, souring food and waste right out. Never cramps or overacts. Contains no narcotics or soothing drugs. Babies love its delicious taste. Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup," which has full directions for infants in arms and children of all ages plainly printed on bottle. Mother, you must not let I have service of every kind at hand, and never have to face the