

LATE EDGAR WALLACE WAS A MOST PROLIFIC WRITER — WAS AUTHOR OF MANY NOVELS

Edgar Wallace, British novelist, most prolific writer of modern times and frequently likened to Alexandre Dumas, pere, because of the rapidity with which he could turn out books, plays, short stories and newspaper articles, who died at Hollywood, Cal., last week, was born in 1875 in Deptford. Left an orphan immediately after birth, he was adopted by George Freeman, a Billingsgate fish porter. After a brief interval of school, young Wallace began his career by selling newspapers.

Other odd jobs helped him earn his living until he joined the Royal West Kent Regiment, later transferring to the Medical Staff Corps.

His medical duties left him free to develop his writing bent and he began to scribble verse and prose on the back of medical supply order blanks. The Boers began to get unruly, war broke out and Wallace was sent to Cape Town where he met Kipling, Cecil Rhodes and other colorful figures of Britain's overseas empire.

Becomes War Correspondent

There he began to contribute to Cape Colony newspapers and before the actual fighting opened, he resigned his army post to become correspondent for the London Morning Post and Reuter's news agency. His dispatches won him a post as war correspondent on the Daily Mail for which he obtained a three-day "beat" on the report of peace, obtained by a handkerchief signed from a friendly soldier and sent to London in code.

After the war Wallace started and edited the Rand Daily Mail, now the largest South African newspaper, but in a year returned to England. There he worked for various Northcliffe papers until 1906, when he began to write fiction.

During the World War he suspended his fiction-writing to serve the Government in its intelligence work, interviewing escaped British prisoners and serving as a special guard to the royal family.

Wallace was one playwright to whom the "boos" of dissatisfied first night audiences in London meant little. When his play, "The Mouthpiece," brought this expression of disapproval late in 1930, he remarked:

"What do I care? I have plenty more."

To vary his activity he tried politics, standing as a Liberal candidate

for Parliament in 1931. But he was defeated in the Conservative landslide.

Thrillers Arrived at Right Time
He developed his flair for thrilling readers or theatre audiences just as the fad for such stories was at its height in both England and America, and sailed along on a high wave of popularity in both countries.

Mr. Wallace's latest story, a thrilling mystery in his best style, "The Mystery of Mary Grier," will begin serially in the Evening Ledger on Monday. It has just been published in book form under the title, "The Man at the Carlton."

Wallace's last book was "Man at the Carlton." Other late works included "Mr. Commissioner Sanders," "Again Sanders," "Sanders of the River," "On the Spot," "Law of the Three Just Men," "White Face" and "Ringer Returns."

Through his knowledge of crime and criminals, gained from his early days and his work with the London police during the war, he was able to give his characters a verisimilitude most crime authors lacked. But his crook or murderer heroes were never glorified; an awful nemesis claimed them in the end.

Puzzle to Colleagues

Arriving in Hollywood on a Friday Wallace conferred with studio officials at once, learned their immediate needs and told them he would return Monday. He did—with a bulky manuscript of 60,000 words—turned out over the week-end.

"If you don't like that one," he said with a smile, "I'll have another tomorrow."

The writer was a puzzle to the Hollywood craftsmen, who could not understand how he was able to write so much in such a short time and "always ring the bell," they said.

Wallace believed that mystery stories could be shown on the screen just as the plots are shown in books and had he lived would have been permitted to attempt to demonstrate his plan. Last Friday he conferred with David O. Selznick, in charge of productions at Radio Pictures, and it was decided the writer would direct some of his plays.

Wallace could not say exactly how many books he had turned out. He told friends here that he had counted "up to 150 but I have thought of sev-

eral since then I didn't count." It is a matter of record that millions of his books have been sold.

Soon after he came to Hollywood a newspaper reporter called him by telephone and asked for an interview. "Come right out," was the invitation.

Prepares Own Interview

The reported motored to Wallace's Beverly Hills home in twenty minutes. The author met him at the door with two sheets of typewritten copy. "What is this?" asked the reporter. "That's the interview," said the Briton.

"But I wish to ask you about your impression of Hollywood."

"That's what that is."

Admirer of Kipling

Rudyard Kipling was his fellow Briton's hero although their style and methods of work were radically different.

Wallace told friends here of his early admiration of Kipling which grew when he learned to know the older man. There was no hurried slurring by Wallace of his start of life under inauspicious circumstances. He told without reservation of his boyhood days in an unpretentious section of London and cheerfully confessed that his knowledge of the niceties of manners was of necessity learned when he was approaching manhood.

He wrote twenty plays, his last, "The Green Pack," being produced in London by Sir Gerald Dumaier, the night before he died.

Memorial is Planned

Wallace was gray-haired, portly and claimed to be as lazy as he looked. He smoked continuously, four full packages of cigarettes a day, and said he had kept up that rate for thirty years.

"I write about eight novels a year," he said. "If I weren't the laziest man in the world I would make it twelve, besides the other stuff I do."

"When I'm working, sixteen hours a day isn't unusual. The difficult thing is to get started. I sit and think about work for an hour or so, then plunge in. When I get started, I can't stop."

His most profitable piece of labor was the play "On the Spot." He wrote it in two days and received \$100,000 for it, a rate of \$50,000 a day.

A Swedish clock maker has invented a device which rings an alarm, turns on the heat and starts a percolator. Nothing is said of an accessory to scrape the toast, at a slight extra charge.

WAS THE LAST SQUARE RIGGER BUILT IN CANADA

Oil Painting of the Bark Edna M. Smith Recently Exhibited in Moncton—Bark Was Owned by Father of Hon. Lewis Smith.

A citizen of Moncton, writing to the Daily Times in describing an exhibit of paintings by members of the Maritime Society of Artists, which he lately inspected, has this to say:

"Hastily I went from one room to another, just getting a glimpse of the various exhibits and much to my regret I had to hasten to catch my train. Two days later I again found myself the guest of the Society of Artists and with more time at my disposal I took full advantage of the various subjects and display and I wish in the beginning to relate a peculiar experience—or shall I say co-incidence—regarding one of the oil paintings, No. 18, Barque Edna M. Smith, by Mr. Wm. Douglass. My eye caught this painting at once and immediately I thought of this vessel built at Harvey Bank, Albert Co., by my father for the late Mr. J. Nelson Smith of Coverdale, which I understood is the last square-rigged vessel built in Canada. On mentioning the fact I was introduced to Miss Laura Smith, daughter of the owner.

My grandfather, the late Chas. F. Dow, designed the model and laid this vessel off in the loft at Harvey Bank and had complete oversight of her building from the laying of the keel till the day she slipped so gracefully down the ways in Shepody River with a large number of people aboard, one of whom was the writer.

The late J. Nelson Smith, the owner of the Barque Edna M. Smith, was the father of Hon. Lewis Smith, Minister of Agriculture. He gave the vessel the name of one of his daughters. The Edna M. Smith was launched at Harvey Bank in 1897, and was the last of New Brunswick's once great fleet of square riggers. Her builder was the late Harding Graves of Harvey Bank, the father of Mrs. W. R. Fraser of this city. For a number of years while she was engaged in the South American trade the Edna M. Smith was commanded by the late Capt. J. A. Read of this city. Just before the outbreak of the great war the bark was sold by Mr. Smith to American parties and was wrecked near Cuba a year later, while carrying a cargo of lumber.

SEVEN FINANCE MINISTERS FROM THE MARITIMES

(Toronto Star)

The first three finance ministers of Canada were, respectively, English, Scotch and Irish born: Sir A. T. Galt, Sir John Rose and Sir Francis Hincks. Of the dozens who have since held that office, the Maritime Provinces have furnished seven. More remarkable still, these seven men have held the portfolio during a total of practically forty years out of Canada's sixty five, with Mr. Rhodes term still stretching ahead. Sir Leonard Tilley, Sir George Foster and Mr. R. B. Bennett have been New Brunswick's representatives Nova Scotia's sons holding the finance portfolio have been Mr. A. W. McLellan, Sir Charles Tupper, Mr. W. S. Fielding, and now Mr. E. N. Rhodes, who, like Tupper, was born at Amherst. An Ontario city, Kingston, has also given the country two finance ministers. Sir Richard Cartwright and Sir Henry Drayton. Sir Thomas White was another Ontario man to hold the office. Quebec has had one native son, Mr. Robb, in the finance portfolio. Mr. Dunning is English born and, like Mr. Bennett, sat for a western seat. But the country west of Ontario has yet to yield a finance minister from among its native born.

In our resourceful but illogical English language it means precisely the same thing whether you say an event is "going on" or is "coming off."

It may never occur to the crooner that the lack of progress in his love affair, as deplored in his song, could be traced to the crooning.

Rich In Flavour—Always

"SALADA" TEA

"Fresh from the Gardens"

New York State man is accused of China threatens to break off diplo- having thrown his sweetie out of a limatic relations with Japan. The car and then deliberately running over reasons seem obscure, but there may her. And some people say the women have been something personed in one like this cave-man stuff. of Tokio's remarks.

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