

MAYOR WALKER OF N. Y. LIKENS THE MARKET TO HORSE RACE REFUSED TO FEED SWANS

Boston, Nov. 16—James J. (Jimmy) Walker, the gladhand mayor of New York took his nose out of "a package case full of reports" yesterday and cut loose in all his wisecracking glory for the edification and enlightenment of a group of cameramen and all the curios that could crowd around him in the lobby of the Ritz Carlton Hotel.

The dapper Jimmy surrendered to the requests of the photographing gentry after wise cracking them dizzy and walked across the street to the Public Garden to pose for a picture, while he notified them in emphatic tones that he'd stand for anything except that he wouldn't pose while feeding the swans.

"And I won't jump the fence either," he added.

Considerably rested after the campaign in New York and happy because he "wasn't among those present" when the stock market crashed, Jimmy was willing to talk on a variety of subjects and to tell how hard he had been working on administration plans while in Boston as the guest of Daniel Mulowney, president of the Federal National Bank.

"I'd tell you all about the plans," he explained, "but you see I am going to give them all in a speech before the Merchants Association of New York later in the month. If I gave them to you now the speech would be a flop."

He still thinks the country's greatest need is a 5 cent cigar that the business of the nation is on a sound basis in spite of the fact that Wall Street "rattles figures up and down a board," that preparedness is all right in its way, that everything is all right with the land, and three cheers for the flag and a couple of tigers.

He knows nothing of the political situation in the country because he had a hard enough time trying to follow the situation in New York. And he has no presidential aspirations

which "shows how smart a guy I am."

When he appeared in the lobby of the hotel, he caught sight of a news photographer and immediately said "I know you. You're the guy who made me pitch a load of hay onto a wagon for a picture a couple of years ago. And not only that, but you insisted that I unload it again. I'll never forget you. Now what do you want?"

"A picture, Jimmy" said the cameraman.

"Pictures! That's all I do is pose. My next picture will be for the rogues gallery. It's getting so a fellow can't get away with anything now, with pictures of him all over."

Enter a woman reporter. "My city editor wants to know what you think is the country's greatest need," she said.

Jimmy smiled. "My dear girl, I haven't seen any 5 cent cigars around lately."

"Now I've been down in the country about 40 miles from here," he continued, "and I've been working for two or three days where no telephone or telegraph calls can reach me. If you spent a day in New York with me you'd appreciate what that means. I brought along a packing case full of reports but haven't been able to get at more than 10 per cent. of them."

"How's your health?" some one asked. "Did you make too many speeches during the campaign?"

"Not too many for me" he snapped back, "although there are people who probably think I made too many. I feel all right now and I may go to a play opening tonight. You know if I don't go to the opening night, I never get there at all. I'll attend any opening anytime. But seriously if you want me to talk. I want to say something about the stock market situation."

"Whatever appears to be irregular is due entirely to speculation. It doesn't affect industry. Now if a

horse wins three races in a row at Pimlico, and then finishes a miserable fifth in the fourth race, that wouldn't have anything to do with the industry of the country. It's the same with the stock market. I don't care what they rattle up and down on a board. It doesn't affect the industry of the country. I see no difference between the horse race and the stock market. Personally I don't speculate. I might be a speculator if I could be but I'm not."

Before leaving he explained that much of his study was not being devoted to the traffic report furnished the city of New York by a firm of traffic and planning experts. "A big proposition involving billions" he explained.

"Is that the one they say is only a rehash of previous suggestions?" he was asked.

"Oh that's the bunk" he replied. "There's good stuff in this report and it takes a lot of study to grasp the thing. It's doing things in a big way."

"Well I'll be leaving you. I'm going back tonight"

"Why don't you fly back?" he was asked.

"Say listen" he came back "I flew once. On Friday the 13th when some one said I was superstitious. I got away with it. I got a 100 per cent flying record and boy, that's one record I'm going to hold. See you later."

HOT CREAMED CABBAGE

Cut the cabbage as desired, cover with cold water for thirty minutes, drain, cover with boiling water and boil until tender without cover. Drain, put into shallow tureen and cover with the cream sauce made as follows:

1 tablespoon butter
1 tablespoon flour
1 cup milk
1 teaspoon salt
Dash pepper

Put the butter into saucepan. When melted remove from fire and add the flour, stir until smooth; return to fire and add the cold milk slowly, stirring until smooth and creamy; add seasoning. A little grated nutmeg may be added if desired.

BRITISH M. P. WRITES ABOUT PEOPLE WHO INTEREST HIM; SOME WORLD PERSONALITIES

I have been reading what seems to me one of the fullest and richest records of a man's life that I have ever met with—Mr. Stephen Gwynn's "Letters and Friendships of Sir Cecil Spring Rice," and I have been asking myself what makes a man or a woman interesting? For the power to engage our interest is not the same thing as the power to attract our admiration or our affection, writes John Buchan, M. P., in the London Sunday Chronicle.

Spring Rice was a great ambassador of Britain, and admired and loved by all who knew him, but to me he was above all things, interesting—one of the most interesting men I have ever known. I always felt that there was more in him than the world, or even his friends, would ever understand.

One often hears it said of someone, "I don't like him—or I don't especially admire him—but he interests me." What are the traits which evoke this sense of curiosity and expectation?

I think they are two. A man may give to his friends an impression of unelicited and indefinable powers, so that to watch his career is like being at a good play where you do not know the ending. That kind of interest belongs especially to the young and the untried.

But you may get the same feeling about an eminent person who has been long before the world and whose powers are amply proved. For in such a one there may be a perpetual disparity between his performance and his personality. If we feel that the figure which he presents to the world is not the real man, or not all of the real man, we are bound to be interested in him.

Both appeals are based on the eternal human liking for the unexpected. An exact correspondence between endowments and achievements is to be admired, but it is dull. Human nature likes a margin for speculation, and its interest will be roused by a hint of the unpredictable or the unreconcilable.

I remember a don of my time at Oxford, whose name was unknown to the public, but who seemed to me the most interesting person I had ever met. I found out afterwards that this was the impression he had made on others, and that he had been the private consultant of many men who had risen to fame at critical moments in their careers.

I remember, too, an undergraduate contemporary, who died soon after leaving college. It would have been absurd to say that he was the ablest man of our time, but he seemed to me to be by far the most interesting, just because it was impossible to predict what he might do. Long afterwards I heard his name mentioned by one who became Prime Minister, and who said that of all the people he had known this man had left on him the impression of the greatest talents. So I had done well to be interested.

This article, I fear, must be egotistical, for interest is a personal thing. As a very young man I had the privilege of the acquaintance of three great men. I saw something of Cecil Rhodes during the last few years of his life. I admired him enormously, and was deeply impressed by the sight of one so fiercely absorbed in life facing the creeping shadow of death. But he did not interest me, since I felt that whatever was in him had been abundantly revealed in his achievements.

In those days I was a devout admirer of George Meredith's novels, and was taken several times by friends to see him. I found myself completely uninterested in the man, for I believed that I had already got the whole of him in his books. I felt much the same thing about Thomas Hardy. It was a joy to meet that kind and noble being, the noblest figure in the history of modern letters, but he had wholly realized himself in his work.

Take an altogether different figure, the late Lord Rosebery. I have no hesitation in calling Lord Rosebery the most interesting human being I have ever known. He had been Prime Minister, had twice won the Derby, was a supreme master of oratory, and by general repute the best talker.

Test Of Greatness

But these things in no way exhausted him. He was full of surprises. One had hints of gifts of mind and character which had never been called into play.

I often felt that the figure which he presented to the world was oddly at variance with the true man, that his public achievements were not only inadequate to his powers, but slightly irrelevant. He had the interest of both the unpredictable and irreconcilable.

And very strongly I felt this about Lord Curzon. He, too, was a compact and clean-cut figure to the world, built to impress if not to attract. But I had always the feeling that there was a different man hidden away behind the purple. Today we know something of that other man from Lord Zealand's life—a man essentially humble and different and unhappy.

What figures of the Great War had this kind of interest? My answer—perhaps because I knew him best—is, without hesitation, Lord Haig. The common impression was of a man of good commonplace brains, great tenacity, and a high sense of duty—no more. And yet there seems to me to have been indefinitely more.

As we know now, a large part of the final strategy, which won the war was due to him, and it was his heroic courage, when he decided to attack the Hindenburg Line, which brought victory in 1918. If this power to decide on a fateful issue alone, and then to stake everything on the decision, is not greatness, I do not know what is.

It is to men of affairs that we look especially for the kind of interest I am talking about, the careers where achievement does not seem to be explained by the personality of the achiever. For this reason Lenin seems to me the most interesting figure in modern history. How did that little beetle-browed dogmatist achieve such stupendous results?

PETITCODIAC MAN HAS BIG TURKEY FARM

Has Made it Clear That
This Toothsome Bird
Can be Raised in N.
B. on a Large Scale.

(Moncton Times)

Mr. William Ogilvie, hotel and restaurant proprietor, of Petitcodiac, is demonstrating to this section of New Brunswick that business in raising turkeys is good. Starting this year on his present turkey farm, situated at Graves' Settlement a few miles back of Petitcodiac, Mr. Ogilvie has at the present time a flock of about a thousand and birds and he claims that he has the biggest stock of turkeys for their age to be found in Canada.

For his industry the Petitcodiac man picked out an abandoned farm in a somewhat remote district and he finds that the venture of raising turkeys in such large numbers is going to pay him a good dividend in the first year he has gone into the business extensively.

When seen by a Times representative recently, at his turkey farm, busily engaged in feeding the impressive looking flock of birds, ranging in weight from eight to twenty-five pounds (live weight), Mr. Ogilvie took considerable pride in telling of what he has been able to accomplish by perseverance and quite a lot of work. He did not have to tuck shop for the purpose of selling the birds, as they are already sold, as they stand to the Swift Canadian Company in Moncton and Mr. Ogilvie expects to clean up about \$2,500 from his turkey farm this season. Next season Mr. Ogilvie states, he expects to raise several thousand turkeys and for the purpose he expects to winter about 400 turkey hens.

In his fine looking flock of government inspected birds, Mr. Ogilvie said he had five months old gobblers that would weigh twenty five pounds while some of the hens would weigh fourteen pounds (live weight). He believes this cannot be excelled in Can-

FARMER'S WIFE GETS STRENGTH

By Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Wilton, Ont.—"I am taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound through the Change of Life. It helps me and I cannot praise it too highly. I was troubled with heat flashes and my limbs were heavy so I could hardly walk to do my farm work. I saw in the newspapers your ad about the Vegetable Compound and thought to give it a trial. The first bottle gave me relief and I have told others what it does for me. I am willing for you to use my letter if you choose."—MRS. D. B. PETERS, Wilton, Ontario.

Ask Your Neighbor

ada. Stating that feed was the main thing in raising turkeys, Mr. Ogilvie said that turkeys were not the only thing that could be raised in this province at a good profit. He believed there was a great opportunity for farmers in the raising of sheep, beef cattle and swine. There were the greatest opportunities in the Maritime Provinces for stock raising at remunerative prices, if the people would work and apply themselves to the task, he declared. Much greater returns for his labor, he said, was assured the man who worked as hard on the land as he had to work in the factories of the United States.

Quebec, Nov. 14—The holding of a new hydro-electric power conference in which he Dominion, Quebec and Ontario governments will participate, shortly after Premier King's return from Western Canada was announced today by Premier Tashereau.

"The question of a new power development at Carillon which has been on the carpet for some years will be brought up at a conference which we hope to hold on Premier King's return to Ottawa," the Premier said.

Sandy was fishing. Donald passing asked, "how are the fish today, Sandy?"

"I dinna ken" said Sandy, "I've dropped 'em a line, but so far they've made nae reply."

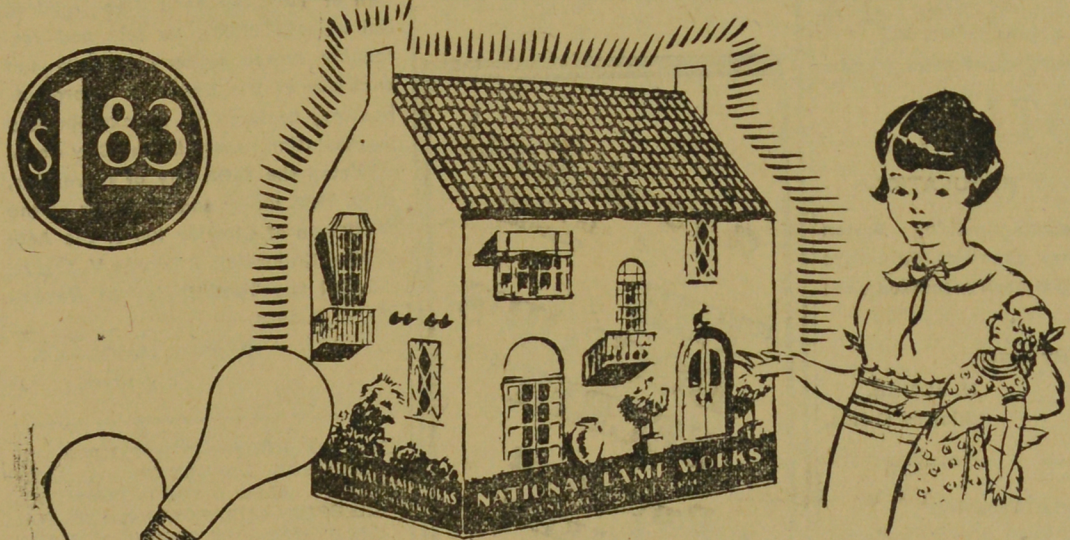
A rather extraordinary thing occurred in St. Louis the other day. The winner of a beauty contest was found in her photographs to be beautiful.

Dean Inge says great men are "depressed and anxious beyond what the circumstances justify," but doesn't name any others like that.

FIRE ALARM LOCATION IN THE CITY

- 6 Argyle and York Sts.
- 7 Victoria Public Hospital.
- 8 Children's Home, Woodstock Rd.
- 12 Westmorland and Aberdeen Sts.
- 13 Northumberland and Saunders Sts.
- 14 Brunswick and Smythe Sts.
- 15 Charlotte and Smythe Sts.
- 16 George and Northumberland Sts.
- 17 King and Northumberland Sts.
- 21 York and Queen Sts.
- 23 York and George Sts.
- 24 Queen and Westmorland Sts.
- 25 Brunswick and Westmorland Sts.
- 26 Charlotte and Westmorland Sts.
- 27 King and York Sts.
- 28 Saunders and York Sts.
- 31 Queen and Regent Sts.
- 32 Needham and Regent Sts.
- 34 Queen and Carleton Sts.
- 35 Brunswick and Carleton Sts.
- 36 Charlotte and Carleton Sts.
- 37 George and Regent Sts.
- 38 King and Regent Sts.
- 43 Aberdeen and St. John Sts.
- 44 Queen and St. John Sts.
- 45 Brunswick and St. John Sts.
- 46 Charlotte and St. John Sts.
- 51 King and Church Sts.
- 52 George and Church Sts.
- 53 Union and Church Sts.
- 54 Shore Street and Waterloo Row.
- 55 George St. and University Ave.
- 56 Lansdowne St. and Waterloo Row.
- 57 Grey St. and University Ave.
- 112 Aberdeen and Smythe Sts.
- 113 Northumberland and Argyle Sts.
- 121 Victoria and Westmorland Sts.

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