

## A Great Victorian

By Arthur S. Dwyer

Time is best measured by those events which leave a lasting impression, and one of these was a luncheon in the London home of Arthur J. Balfour, then First Lord of the Admiralty, almost fourteen years ago. At the table were two sisters of the First Lord, his brother-in-law, Austen Chamberlain, then Colonial Secretary, and the writer. Just how I happened to be Mr. Balfour's guest is of no importance, although the topic we discussed after the meal was of much interest to me and to the other American correspondents in London, and perhaps of some little importance to Mr. Balfour and the British Empire.

In the early spring of 1916 Great Britain had come to realize that it was to be a long war; that business could not be carried on as usual; that voluntary enlistment would not suffice; that it might be a good thing to acquaint the rest of the world, particularly America, with the fact that she intended to fight until the bitter end, and that neutrals were bound to have an unpleasant time of it. In other words, British propaganda, to use a word which hit the ear harshly at that time, was not satisfactorily organized. Sir Gilbert Parker, the later Mr. Masterman and their associates were doing a big job, but the special articles they were getting from Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, Arnold Bennett, John Galsworthy, Hall Caine and a host of others were not considered sufficient.

Mr. Balfour enjoyed the reputation of not reading "The Times," not to mention the other organs of British public opinion. In fact, the First Lord was reputed to be entirely indifferent to anything which appeared in the public prints—so indifferent that he ignored the editorials when he became Prime Minister. He did not hate newspapers, he was completely indifferent to them.

Most of the talk at the luncheon had to do with some fifty motorcars the First Lord had in Egypt or Mesopotamia or somewhere else in that part of the world which was not attracting nearly so much attention as the region around Arras, Amiens and Ypres. Mr. Chamberlain would adjust his monocle, present an argument and Mr. Balfour would say "No" with apparently as much interest and feeling as he would show in declining a second helping of roast chicken. Mr. Chamberlain was persistent. He wanted those cars; he wanted them for transports—and he got them, when Mr. Balfour seemed to have grown tired of refusing.

Sir Douglas Brownrigg, the Chief Naval Censor, "Cappy" (Admiral Sir Reginald) Hall, the head of the British Naval Intelligence, and Mr. Masterman-Smith often found Mr. Balfour in the same mood—indifferent to subjects of vital interest to them, a perfect genius in solving problems once he was interested, contemptuous of details, but childlike in his enthusiasm when he appreciated that he was expected to

untangle some diplomatic problem or write a note which would reflect the views of his countrymen. Looking back over the files I find I wrote this paragraph after that luncheon four years ago.

"I should say that war is the last game that Mr. Balfour would select for enjoyment or recreation. He is the antithesis of Von Trippitz (who died the other day). For forty years, Mr. Balfour has been in the service of his country. He was Prime Minister from 1902 to 1905, and First Lord of the Treasury and leader of the House of Commons from 1891 to 1906. Unquestionably he enjoys much more the preparing of his Gifford lectures or a round on the famous course of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club at St. Andrews, of which he was at one time the captain, than he does the planning of how to increase the efficiency of the already efficient fleet under his control. Mr. Balfour is not a sailor. But whatever he does he does well. Now he is in charge of the British Navy."

Then followed a few statements regarding the problem of the blockade and the feeling of Americans (it was a year before we came into the war) and then this paragraph:

"All this is preliminary to the statement that Mr. Balfour is one of the best friends and admirers of the United States has in the British government. He is a generous and honorable enemy and loves and is proud of all Britain's naval tradition. He fights as a gentleman and regrets that his enemy resorts to gouging and throttling."

It was not until the luncheon was over and he had taken me into his study that a word was said regarding the reason for my presence in his home. Whatever his views about newspapers he plunged into the subject of the American press, the work of the American correspondents in London, the possibility of extending news facilities. As he stood with his back to the open fire he asked questions after question, inviting the frankest criticism and showing instant appreciation whenever I hesitated to give the whole truth as I saw it. One understood why he was known as "Prince Arthur." He made his guest feel that he was doing him a real favor. He saw it as a new problem—something interesting, something well worth while doing and he tackled it as he did a ball on the base line at an age when most men would have been satisfied to applaud from the stands.

Then he invited me to walk from his home to the House of Commons. At a normal gait the trip should be made in ten minutes, but it took us almost an hour because Mr. Balfour was expounding his view that the most important development of the war was trench fighting, much more important than the submarine, the aeroplane or gun range. He wore a frock coat, a soft black hat and a pair of glasses attached to a black ribbon. He stopped at the Admiralty to "chit" to make a point; he stopped at the Horse Guards and acknowledged salutes and greetings, but he was plain he recognized no one; he stopped half a dozen times more and that despite the fact that his secretary had found him and was politely suggesting that he would be late for questions in the House.

Before tackling the story that day I saw Sir Douglas Brownrigg and told him what I had obtained and that Mr. Balfour had given me permission to use anything I considered of interest to American readers. The naval censor and I reached a compromise and remained firm friends, but suffice it to say that wartime correspondence would have been a simple affair with Mr. Balfour as censor. His frankness was staggering; he took one into his confidence and one was afraid of one's self. It was Mr. Balfour who was chiefly responsible for the framing of the first communique on the Battle of Jutland, which dumfounded the British people and made the rest of the world feel that Germany had won an overwhelming naval victory. Mr. Balfour was never afraid to face the truth; he had the deepest faith in his own countrymen, their courage and determination, and regardless of their political views they admired him in a way they did no other contemporary statesman.

As the war went on Mr. Balfour came more and more in contact with the press. He was "A. J." in those days—sympathetic, calm, the Gibraltar of the Cabinet. Some of those who worked with him at the time were fearful that he would either say too much or be contemptuous. Instead there were few better spokesmen and none that enjoyed these conferences more—the leading, tricky questions, the matching of wits, the fencing in which words alone score.

There is the story of the Cabinet meeting after the German attack in 1918, the drive which almost ended in a decisive victory for Ludendorff—a battle which depressed Lloyd George and unsettled Douglas Haig, though both knew where and when the German spearhead would hit. Most everyone was excited; many had their "wind-up," but "A. J." was content to say "How annoying." It leaked out—and Germany was beaten, though "Britannia had her back to the wall," to use Haig's words. Some people are always striving for effect, coining smart words and phrases, but Balfour gave voice to his normal feelings, and the reactions of a great Victorian heartened a people who had grown tired, exhausted, doubtful, disillusioned. A strong man spoke as his ancestors would have spoken and a whole nation breathed again.

a challenge: they was only one man who understood democracy, democracy, the thing that was the background of civilization.

## What New York Is Wearing

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A printed crepe silk in Patou tan printed in balloon motifs in chartreuse green whose extreme femininity makes it a popular choice for Spring as well as for immediate wear.

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It shows directoire influence through swathed effect of waistline, created by shirred sides.

The flared cap sleeves are chic. Style No. 3424 comes in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 26, 28, 30 and 42 inches bust.

Chiffon, sheer cottons and georgette suitable.



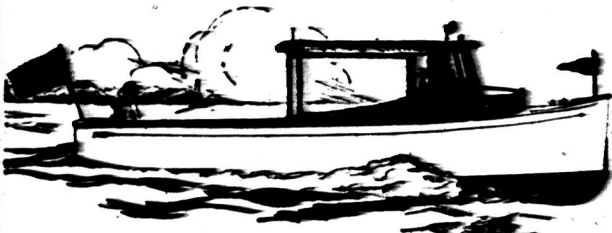
"A chink flapper wearing longer skirts demonstrates the smartness of the shy knees."

## BLESSINGS

God has been good to me. To tell in part demands new words. His gracious power in so many ways has blessed me through long years of happy days. I have not eloquence to voice His praise; I can but say with grateful heart "God has been good to me!"

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## Jade of Many Hues

Peiping—To-day, as for centuries past, Peiping is the most famous jade market in the world, although there is no record in history of the jade gem ever having been mined in this vicinity. Jade can, very, however, have lived here for untold generations and the work of these skilled craftsmen still attracts the stone itself to this city, accompanied by merchants from Europe and America who come here to buy the delicate carvings.

The vogue for jade ornaments in the United States is comparatively new but there is every indication that it will grow steadily, for jade has a charm which has long made it the most precious jewel in the Orient.

Besides the carvings, which are the handicraft of men, the qualities in jade which are prized in China are its color, its smooth coolness and its resonant tone, which is music to the ear.

Light green, mottled with white, is the color of jade most commonly seen in Canada because it is both inexpensive and becoming to wear, and thus most useful as a costume accessory. But jade in its natural state has shades from glistening white to deep dull black, including gray, yellow, brown, dark red, pink, orange, and every tone of green from the palest to the most brilliant emerald.

## Rare Colors

Emerald-green jade, when clear and translucent, is the most expensive color, and a small well-shaped stone suitable for a ring may cost many thousands of dollars. All green jade is valued by comparison to these ideal jewels, and the faintest shading too light or too dark detracts from the price of the gems, as does also every degree of opaqueness and every flaw in texture.

The rarest color in jade is a flesh-pink hue. No example of this is to be found in Peiping to-day, but the seal of the Nationalist Government of China has been carved from a slab of this color, which was recently discovered in one of the southern provinces.

Black jade, which is also uncommon, is prized more as a curiosity than for its intrinsic beauty, for it is neither as translucent as black crystal nor as opaque as onyx, and thus falls into an indifferent, grayish class. However, when a carving is made from a piece of jade which combines both black and white sections in one stone, the result is often very artistic.

The most valuable white jade is absolutely white and absolutely pure. It does not have the grain of marble, or the fine lines of ivory, or the cloudiness of white agate, and it cannot be compared to snow or any other thing in the world, except fine white jade. It does not glitter but it does shine and it is particularly suitable for the sheerest carving.

A very noteworthy collection of the so-called "mutton-fat jade" has been made by Queen Mary of England. Good jade of this quality is clean in color but it does not glister like the purest white jade and its general effect is much more solid. Great pieces of "mutton-fat" jade are to be found occasionally and these are carved into vases, bowls, flat or bas-relief pictures and other art objects.

## Buried for Ages

Jade in yellow and red tones is exceptional in nature, but thousands of polished pieces, which have been buried in China through the centuries have been dug up in recent years and many of these have become reddish with age. The discoloration is believed due to minerals in the soil which have seeped into the jade. Sometimes this very ancient jade reveals beautiful shades of brown and orange, merging into the original green, and as these archaeological specimens are not expensive, they

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may make unique and attractive pendants, paper weights, or other curios. Although jade is always colder than the temperature that surrounds it, and thus is a particularly suitable gem to wear in summer, it does absorb heat and its coldness cannot be tested fairly if held for long in a warm hand.

The sound of jade cannot be tested by a small bit of carved jewelry, of course, but jade bells are made for no other purpose than to create music. The clear ringing tone of a jade gong is considered by Chinese musicians to be the loveliest sound on earth.—The Christian Science Monitor.

"I must congratulate those women who have announced their intention to resist a return to long skirts."—Sir William Arguthnot Lane.

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## Beatty Evolved Hat Tilt To Escape His Headache

London.—It is not a striving after notoriety or a love of the bizarre that prompts Admiral of the Fleet Beatty to wear his hats and caps at a jaunty angle.

The famous tilt which the titled sailor favors is due to a cranial conformation which makes the wearing of a hat "on the level" most painful. This fact is revealed by Lieutenant Commander Geoffrey Rawson in his unofficial biography, "Earl Beatty: Admiral of the Fleet."

Efforts to wear his cap in an orthodox manner caused severe headaches, and he finally evolved the "Beatty tilt," which is known all over the world.

"Animals do nearly all the things man does and generally more perfectly."—Clarence Darrow.

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