

Here and There

G. K. Chesterton and Sam Johnson.—It is strange that with the success of that remarkably clever play of his, "Magic," Mr. G. K. Chesterton did not follow it up with something else—so we have all been thinking for some years now. The hoped-for has now happened, and we are soon to see a new G. K. C. play, this time written round Sam Johnson, LL.D., the lexicographer, whose physical proportions seem to have run very much on the same lines as those of Mr. Chesterton himself. Perhaps that is the attraction. From G. K. C.'s pen it is bound, or nearly so, to be good. It is rumored that he is also writing a play based on incidents from the famous detective stories of Father Brown.

Henderson and Sons.—In connection with the British elections Mr. Arthur Henderson must find a certain amount of consolation for his own defeat by the fact that two of his sons have been elected. His eldest son, Mr. William Watson Henderson, who got in at Enfield, is aged 32, and has for some time been head of the Publicity Department of the Labor Party. His second son, Arthur, who won in South Cardiff, is a full-blown barrister, who rose to the rank of captain in the army during the war. It is expected that the Labor Party will make an effort to secure a seat for Mr. Arthur Henderson at an early date. If so, it would be difficult to find a precedent for the spectacle of a father and two sons occupying seats in the House of Commons at the same time.

An Irish Genius of the English Stage.—December 6 was the anniversary of the death in 1785 of Kitty Clive, for forty-one years the female Comic Genius of the stage, friend of Joshua Reynolds and Goldsmith and their set, the more than friend of Horace Walpole, and indispensable to Garrick, though they hated or seemed to hate each other venomously. "I am sorry to lose you, Kitty," said he on the night of her farewell to the stage. "You lie, Davie! you lie!" she retorted; "and you know you do. You would light up for joy only the candles would cost you sixpence." Of fiery temper and bitter tongue, there must have been something very lovable about this Irish genius of the English stage, the "Bundle of Combustibles," as she was called, for Walpole's affection was not easily gained. One likes to think of the great Samuel Johnson in the Greenroom at Drury Lane, conversing more with Clive than with any of them. "Clive, sir, is a good thing to sit by; she always understands what you say." And she said of him, "I love to sit by Dr. Johnson; he always entertains me." Kitty was one of the very few of the day whom scandal never touched. What would Dublin theatre-goers give now to see Garrick and Peg Woffington at the one theatre (Smock Alley) and Mrs. Clive and Quin at the other (Aungier Street)? It was perhaps Dublin's greatest season.

An Irish Centenarian in Canada.—Ireland will take special pride in a remarkable centenarian who has just celebrated that interesting record at the home of his son, in Calgary, Alberta. He is Mr. Andrew Cloakey, who was born in November, 1823, at the village of Ballynahinch, 12 miles from Belfast, and was taken by his parents to Canada at the age of 14, in the year that Queen Victoria came to the throne. The family settled first in the bush, in Huron County (Ontario), and endured all those hardships and privations associated with early pioneer life. In later years, however, the fates were kind to them. Mr. Cloakey started farming, in which industry he prospered. Always a man of great vigor, he, when nearly 80, moved West and took up a homestead in the Prosher district of Alberta, where he still has his land. A son tells how, round about the age of 90, Mr. Cloakey would hook up two teams of four-year-old colts, drive 47 miles with a waggon-load of produce, and by 10 o'clock the following morning would be 27 miles on the road back home. He no longer takes an active part in the work of the farm, but more than one morning a week walks from the residence of his son (Mr. George Cloakey, who is Inspector of Ranches), well out of town, to his office. He still possesses, indeed, all his mental and physical characteristics, and is a living example of what an active life in the Canadian West can do for a

man. Mr. Cloakey will occasionally recall the time in Old Ontario when it took him three days to make the return journey of 14 miles, with a grist for the mill. He recalls, too, the days when the advent of simple steam power machinery caused riot and panic. To-day, he himself rides in a motor-car capable of doing 60 miles an hour; he sees men flying as birds through the air, and as fish under the water. A man of sturdy, upright figure, keen eye, excellent hearing, a fine head of white hair, and no wrinkles to cloud his brow, he would never convey the impression of having lived out a whole century.

Tribute to Dr. Maurice F. Egan.—Forty years ago some verses sent to the old New York *Sun* by a young professor at Notre Dame attracted Dr. Dana's interest (says the New York *Times*). He was one of the first and kindest encouragers of the poet, whose work was praised by another competent critic, Mr. E. C. Stedman. At Notre Dame, as afterward at the Catholic university, Mr. Egan taught his pupils that the way to learn to write good English prose was to write a lot of verse—and then tear it up. He would sometimes write over his own sonnets 40 or 50 times, seeking perfection. In time honors rained upon him. He came to wear "a titled trail" of degrees and orders. Perhaps none was more grateful to him than the Lactare medal which Notre Dame gave him for his services to Catholic literature and education. Mr. Egan's varied and fruitful achievements deserved and received the praise of thoughtful men and women. Himself an author of distinction, he was one of our most widely read, accomplished, penetrating and yet tolerant critics, both of books and of men. His mind was saturated with the best literature. He knew intimately the history and politics of foreign countries. No gloom of old age ever came over him. He thought the present as good as, or better than the past. Without previous diplomatic experience, Mr. Egan had an extraordinary personal and diplomatic success as minister at Copenhagen. His tact, engaging social qualities, polite firmness and quiet courage won him the respect and liking of the Danes. The friendly hands of Mr. Taft and Mr. Wilson would have promoted him to an ambassadorship, but that he couldn't afford. Seldom has one of our literary diplomatists so succeeded in satisfying both the country he was sent to and his own.

Irish Railway Stationmaster Becomes a Baronet.—From the comparatively humble status of an Irish railway stationmaster to that of a baronet, is a picturesque social transition which one would only expect to read in a novel. Nevertheless, Mr. A. H. Echlin has just undergone such a change in rank. This has come about by the death of his uncle, Sir Henry Echlin, eighth baronet of the name at Haddenham, Oxfordshire. The late baronet, it is furthermore interesting to relate, made his living up to 1913 as a publican. Up to then he was the proprietor of a public house called "The Seven Stars" at Bledlow, Buckinghamshire. He had also been landlord of "The Cider House," Haddenham. At Bledlow both Lady Echlin and Sir Henry were accustomed to serve the villagers with drinks over the counter in the ordinary way. The baronetcy was created in 1721, when the Echlins held large estates in Ireland and Scotland. The family tradition was, however, very chequered, and the fifth and sixth baronets worked as agricultural laborers, the former at one time being so indigent as to be obliged to receive parish relief. Sir Thomas Echlin, the 7th baronet, served in the 2nd Life Guards. John Fenton Echlin third son of the sixth baronet, born in 1847 and died in 1917, married Harriet, daughter of the late George Kennedy, of Westport, Co. Mayo. It is their son, Alfred Henry, who has now become the 9th baronet. Sir Henry Echlin, knight, a baron of the Court of Exchequer in Ireland, was created first baronet in 1721. The second baronet sat as M.P. for Newry, and the third dissipated the family estates. *Debrett* says Hamilton Rowan knelt before the fourth baronet in the Court of King's Bench to beg to King's pardon, and adds the sorrowful fact that the fourth, fifth, and sixth baronets dissipated the family's Kildare estates.

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