POOR DOCUMENT

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CAR COMMISSION ARE AMIABLE MEN

Nominees for the Control of the Toronto Street Railway Have Distinguished Records.

DOLLAR-A-YEAR MAN

Was Fred Miller, Who Directed Munition Output Without Any Salary.

OF the three men nominated by the Board of Control for Toronto's Transportation Commission, to be chosen soon, Mr. Fred Miller is the youngest and the newest of the three to the public eye. P. W. Ellis and George Wright, the other two, have served in various public capacities for many years.

Mr. Miller is just 42 years of age, but has for several years past been recognized in the Dominion's most influential circles as one of Canada's outstanding business executives.

He was born in St. Catharines in 1878, went to Ingersoll Public and High schools and graduated from the School of Science as an engineer.

"I see," said Mr. Miller when The Star Weekly asked him to check its information, "that the papers described me as an honor graduate of S.P.S. If I had been I would have dropped dead!"

Like many others, Mr. Miller has taken his honors after leaving school—taken them in the world of action.

For, after entering his father's engineering contractor's business (Roger Miller & Sons) and serving with it for many years, notably on the great Toronto harbor development, Mr. Miller was appointed shortly after the outbreak of war to take charge of the District Production Office for the Imperial Munitions Board—that is, he directed the output of shells for the whole Province. And in 1917 he became vice-president and general manager of British Forgings, Ltd., that immense munitions plant at the mouth of the Don.

G.K.C. as Tony Weller

THE famous English writer, Gilbert K. Chesterton, as "Tony Weller," the immortal Dickens character, at a recent old English play in London.

Mr. Wright announced that he welcomed it and set out, as few of his fellow proprietors did, to make his hotels successes.

He has been a member of the Toronto Hydro-Electric Association since 1918. He was a member of the Royal Commission in 1918 to settle disputes between Toronto and its civic employes. And he was a member of the Food Control Board for Ontario during the war.

His wide experience of men has enriched rather than embittered his affection for mankind. He has thousands of friends in the city, and is known as a hospitable and warmly genial man.

What do these three men know of street cars? Possibly nothing special. They will not be required to manage the railway. They will have competent executives to do that. These gentlemen will control the policy of the railway, and will be in the relation to it that the Board of Control is to a department of the city government.

MR. FRED MILLER MR. GEO. WRIGHT MR. P.W. ELLIS

THE three prominent Toronto citizens who are practically certain to be appointed as Toronto city's Transportation Commission.

He was described in the papers last week as a "munitions maker." Nothing of the sort. He served in these two important capacities for the Government without salary. He was less than a "dollar-a-year man."

His colleagues in munitions production state that without Mr. Miller's direction the British Forgings plant would never have got under way in the phenomenal manner it did.

He is described as one of the quiet, unruffled and shrewd type of men. In appearance he is youthful, above middle height and dark. But if he is nominated to the street car commission, Toronto will not find in him an unapproachable brahmin. For in sporting circles, where he is well known as the city's foremost speedboat exponent, he is described as a mighty amiable man and a splendid mixer. His speed boat, "Heldena II.," holds and refuses to let go of the Canadian International Gold Challenge Trophy and the C.N.E. Challenge Cup. Thousands of people have seen Mr. Miller racing his fast craft at the Exhibition.

Mr. Ellis Is Prominent

MR. ELLIS, the head of the P. W. Ellis wholesale jewelry establishment, has been a prominent figure in Toronto's affairs for many years. He has been chairman of the Toronto Hydro-Electric Commission since 1911. He is a past president of the Canadian Manufacturers Association. He is loved and trusted by the city as a successful man, who voluntarily has devoted many of his best years to serving the city in vital departments.

Mr. George Wright, proprietor of the Walker House and Carls-Rite Hotel, is a democratic man just cut out for such a job as helping govern a publicly-owned street railway badly decomposed. If anybody can wheedle patience out of a public whose patience has been exhausted, it is George Wright, who knows and loves his fellow man.

Mr. Wright has had a career that has acquainted him with all grades and fashions of mankind. He was born in Glasgow (which one could almost guess from his short, sturdy figure, and his shrewd, twinkling Scot eyes), and when a boy set forth as a sailor in the navy to see the wide world. He served at sea as a seaman for many years, and rose to be steward of ocean-going vessels. He came to Canada from Japan in 1889, and was in Vancouver and Winnipeg during their romantic days. He engaged in the hotel business in the West, and finally came to Toronto and bought the Walker House in 1905. The most striking item in his recent career was his attitude on prohibition. When it came,

KNEW WHAT HE WANTED

"THE Spanish are the most polite people on earth," recently remarked Mr. Lasky, the cinema king.

"Once, while I was traveling in that country in connection with a film picture I had in view, I was accosted by a beggar.

"'In heaven's name, give me alms!' he ejaculated, using the regular formula of the Spanish professional mendicant.

"I was not feeling in the best of humor just then, so instead of complying with his request, I said, 'Aren't you ashamed to beg, a strong, healthy man like you? Go and seek work.'

"The beggar showed no resentment at my brusqueness, but merely doffed his tattered hat, bowed profoundly and remarked in a quiet, matter-of-fact tone: 'Senor, I asked you for alms, not for advice!'"

His Guide Book

"I MUST look in the book to see where I'll go on my vacation."

"You mean a resort directory?"

"No, my bank-book."—Buffalo Express.

Bad Risks

THE insurance-rate on Mexican Presidents is likely to go through the roof this time.—Indianapolis News.

A PAGE ABOUT PEOPLE YOU KNOW

Sidelights on Men and Women in the Public Eye

HARDING'S WIFE WAS DIVORCEE

The Possible First Lady of U.S. Had a Tragic Youthful Episode.

FATHER OBJECTED

To Remarriage to Poor Newspaperman, Who Has Risen to the Top.

By DAVID LAWRENCE.

MARION, Ohio, July 31.

IT'S from the home folks and neighbors that one learns of the true character and personality of a candidate for the Presidency.

And after spending a week in Marion mingling with the folks who have known Warren G. Harding all their lives, those who call him "Warren," and his wife "Florence," without the slightest exaggeration of their familiarity with both, the visiting correspondent encountered reminiscences of every side of the struggle of the Hardings, for in a small town most everybody knows all about most everybody else's trials and tribulations.

The home folks talk frankly and sincerely and with an honesty in their eyes that convinces the enquirer they would have made the same comment even if their most distinguished citizen were not a candidate for the highest office in the land.

The story really starts with the unhappy marriage of Florence Kling to Peter DeWolf, a railroad employe, whose errant ways made life miserable for Mrs. DeWolf. It was one of those youthful marriages which never would have occurred in later years. She bore the ordeal for many years, but finally the dominating personality of old Ames Kling, her father, persuaded her to obtain a divorce.

The aged Mr. Kling is still spoken of as a self-made man, who made a big business success, and who felt that his daughter was worthy of a better husband. And so did everybody else who recognized in Mrs. De Wolf a woman of extraordinary talents and lovable qualities.

When the separation came, Mr. Kling was inclined to draw his daughter to his side and persuade her to enjoy the fruits of his wealth—either in extended travel or an exalted social position.

She Picked the Right Man

BUT Mrs. Ames fell in love with Warren Harding. He was then a poor young newspaperman, struggling for a foothold. Mr. Kling wouldn't listen to the idea of a marriage between his daughter and Warren Harding. He had higher aspirations and ambitions for her. But his daughter shunned the opportunities which her father seemed to see before her and married Warren Harding.

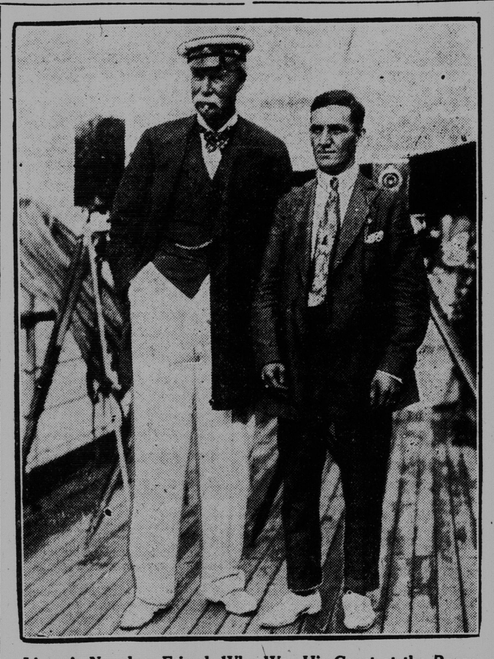
Old Amos Kling didn't think young Harding would make good in the world, but Florence Harding thought otherwise. She set to work beside her husband with an earnestness and determination which was heroism itself. Instead of the comforts and luxuries which her father might have given her she took her place beside her husband in the tiny newspaper office and while he devoted himself to the editorial side, she organized the circulation department. She hired the newsboys and kept them on their toes all the time.

There are bankers and real estate and professional men to this day who owe their first knowledge of salesmanship to the instructions given them as newsboys for Florence Harding.

Indeed, there has been organized here a sort of Florence Harding Alumni Association, the members being the same newsboys who in their youth sold the Marion Star for the Hardings. Slowly the Harding couple forged ahead but still the elder Kling was not reconciled to the choice of his daughter. He lived to see Warren Harding elected Lieutenant-Governor and then U. S. Senator, and finally did become reconciled to the marriage.

For Warren Harding had "made good" after all. And many a man and woman who remembers old Amos Kling wishes he were alive to-day to see Warren Harding, Republican candidate for the presidency and with a good chance to be the chief executive of the nation. The character of the Senator and Mrs. Harding is such that nowhere in the town is there the slightest mention of a grievance.

The Hardings are known as generous and kindly people whose success has not gone to their heads, whose hearts are still with their friends and neighbors and whose lives have been a heroic struggle against odds of every kind, but who in typical American fashion, have won out and stand unimpeachable before their neighbors and their friends—the best testimonial that can be offered in public life, more persuasive than the plaudits of orators, politicians, or the flattery of party associates.



Lipton's Newsboy Friend, Who Was His Guest at the Races

GEO. KESSLER of Philadelphia, and Sir Thomas Lipton on the yacht, "Victoria." Kessler was a newspaper boy 17 years ago in Philadelphia, when he sold papers to Sir Thomas Lipton, who gave him a dollar and refused to take any change. They have always kept in touch. Kessler is now the coal hoist foreman of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, and was a guest of Sir Thomas Lipton during the yacht races.

Englishman Buys Entire Town With Manors, Castles and Wonderful Harbor

Major Thomas for $1,250,000 Becomes Owner of Historic Milford Haven—Castle Was Home of Lady Hamilton and Visited by Nelson.

By H. THOMAS.

MILFORD HAVEN, a town of considerable antiquity, in Pembrokeshire, in Wales, has just been purchased by Major Hugh J. P Thomas, a well known land owner for $1,250,000.

This big estate comprises 1,000 houses, a lordship of three manors, a fine castle, a mansion house and the market tolls of the town, in addition to the finest land-locked harbor in the world.

Commercially the port is in its infancy, but with the development of the plans and schemes contemplated, it may some day rival Liverpool and Southampton in the trade from the Americas.

The site of the town formed part of the possessions of Sir William Hamilton who built the mansion of Castle Hall a hundred and twenty years ago; Castle Hall, as the home of the beautiful Emma Hamilton, was often visited by Lord Nelson.

The church near the haven was consecrated in 1808 and the font with the Hamilton arms was given by Lady Hamilton. In those days the mail coach from London brought the mails for Ireland to Milford.

All this district is rich in history; there's a letter in existence, from the Earl of Pembroke to Queen Elizabeth, dated February 11th, 1592, about the necessity of fortifying Milford Haven

Back in 1485, the Earl of Richmond, afterwards the Henry the Seventh, landed at Milford Haven, on the way to his victory at Bosworth Field.

Earlier still is the period of the Priory, founded in the 12th century and the Via Julia, one of the Roman Roads, forms part of the mountain road to-day.

So Major Thomas has certainly made a unique purchase when he bought Milford Haven.

CHAMPION OPTIMIST

IT is said of M. Sacha Guitry, the famous French playwright and theatrical manager, that nothing can ever damp his cheery optimism, and many are the stories told concerning this trait in his character.

One is to the effect that he was once discovered in his private office at his Paris theatre chuckling because he had broken a mirror, and in reply to an astonished query as to why he was merry about it, replied: "Why, don't you see it limits my bad luck to seven years?"

Another story is that a friend of his, a well-known dramatic critic, once summed him up as follows:

"Guitry," he said, "is the world's champion optimist. If he failed in business, he'd thank Providence he had his health; if he failed in health he'd thank Providence he had his business; and if he failed in both, he'd give a cheery, optimistic laugh and say: 'Oh well, what use is the one without the other?'"

Letting It Ride

IRISH Porter (who has been shifted from Killaloo to Ballyhooly): Killaloo! Killaloo! Killaloo!

Station master: This isn't Killaloo—its Ballyhooly.

Porter: Well, phwat does it matter anyhow? Nobody's getting out.—London Opinion.

Worse Than Pining

"IS the rich young widow pining for her husband?"

"Not exactly, but from the way she is making his money fly, it might be said she is wasting away."—Baltimore American.

For Bachelors Only

IT is a safe guess that the man who pokes fun at a woman for shopping all day and not buying anything isn't married.—Boston Transcript.

NEW LIGHT ON A GREAT INVENTOR

When Edison Got First Big Check He Didn't Know What to Do With It.

HAS MADE ODD DEALS

Yet He's Big Business Success—As Boy He Burned Barn to Hatch Eggs.

ONE of the biggest of big business men in America who, in defiance of the proverb to the contrary, happens to be an inventive genius, was once asked by the head of a great corporation what he would consider a reasonable price for a certain patent. He tried to summon courage to say $5,000, but was still fumbling mentally over the words when the other inquired: "How would $40,000 strike you?" Being hard of hearing, the inventor could not believe his ears, but the check was forthcoming and—he didn't know what to do with it. Finally he went to the bank it was drawn on, laid it down unendorsed and waited to see what would happen. He suspected that the sum written in the check was a joke. Of course the teller would not cash the check because he did not know the inventor, but word was gotten to the corporation and a clerk was sent to the bank to identify him. The teller meanwhile had been "instructed," and paid over the $40,000 in small bills. The inventor trundled home with his young fortune, nervous as to what might happen, for he had no safe. Next day, however, they took compassion on him and showed him how to open a bank account. Since then, as Earl E. Whitehorne records in "Electrical Merchandising," Thomas A. Edison has developed many different commercial enterprises in many different industries, with almost unfailing success.

It is told for the first time by B. C. Forbes, in Forbes Magazine, that for his famous carbon telephone transmitter Edison was offered a lump sum of $100,000 from the Western Union, then in a death-grapple with the Bell company. Edison, realizing his weakness as a steward of money, stipulated that the sum be paid him at the rate of $6,000 annually for seventeen years, an arrangement perfectly satisfactory to the other side, for it was virtually six per cent interest on the money.

Tried to Make Chum Fly

HE repeated this extraordinarily poor business arrangement some time later when the Western Union offered him $100,000 for his electromotograph. The company lost nothing by these deals, since it sold out to the Bell interests for a big figure, including a substantial royalty on the use of certain of its patents. At about the same time English interests cabled Edison an offer of "30,000" for another apparatus and he promptly accepted, well pleased with the proposal. When the money arrived he received not the $30,000 he had expected, but £30,000—$150,000. Truly, as the writer for "Electrical Merchandising" remarks, the story of Edison as a business man is most appealing.

It dates back to 1853 when, at the age of six, he was missing from home for a while and was found sitting on goose eggs trying to hatch them. He built a fire in a barn, watched it go up in flames and was publicly whipped in an Ohio (Milan) village square as a warning to other boys. He had part of a finger chopped off, was nearly drowned, and, becoming interested in chemistry when about ten, gorged another boy with seidlitz powders, confident that the gas generated would cause the boy to fly. Then, with a juvenile partner, he ran a truck garden in a corner of his father's farm near Port Huron, Michigan, and presently turned over $600 to his mother as his share of the profits. That was shrewd business because there were so many things he wanted to find out and do. He was experimenting with chemicals down in the cellar and was always needing money to buy more. We read of him presently selling newspapers on the train running between Port Huron and Detroit. It was war time. There was a big demand. The day of the battle of Shiloh people were clamoring for news from the front. It was reported that sixty thousand men were killed and the battle undecided.

Shrewd Contract in Lamps

EDISON laid in an extra supply of papers and telegraphed ahead to the station agent in the next town to post a bulletin. When the train arrived a great crowd was waiting. They took every paper he had in stock. The same operation was repeated from town to town, with the price for the papers steadily advancing, until he had made what seemed to him a fortune that day.

As another instance of his business foresight, we are told that at a time when incandescent lamps cost $1.25 to manufacture Edison offered to furnish them to the Edison Light Company at forty cents apiece if he were given a contract to cover the life of the patents. The offer was accepted. During the first year of the contract the lamps cost Edison an average of $1.10 and there were about thirty thousand sold. The next year they cost seventy cents, the next fifty cents and each year he lost more because the demand was constantly increasing. But the fourth year he got the cost down to thirty-seven cents and made all the money in one year that he had lost previously. The cost was finally reduced to twenty-two cents and they began to be sold by the millions. For a time the lamp company paid a dividend every Saturday night.

The Empire's Youngest Premier

PREMIER ERNEST THEODORE, of Queensland, who has the distinction of being the youngest of the twenty odd premiers accredited to the British Crown. He is only thirty-five years' old. Premier Theodore has been in London endeavoring to raise a loan of fifteen million dollars to establish steel mills in his dominion.

MAKING GOOD

THAT rarest of rare things, a new golfing story, has been started on its rounds by Field Marshal Haig.

It appears that one day on the links he casually asked his caddie whether he had seen service during the war.

The caddie hedged. "One of my brothers was a 'Lifey,' one was a 'Tower Hamlet,' and one was a 'First Royal,'" he explained.

"But you?" interposed Earl Haig.

"Well, I didn't do anyfink," replied the caddie. "But I'm going to make good. I'm going to carry your bloomin' clubs for nuffink!"

The Wife and Children of Mexico's Provisional President

SENORA ADOLFO DE LA HUERTA, wife of Mexico's Provisional President, with their two children, Adolfo, Jr., aged 11, and Arturo, aged 9; in San Antonio, Texas, while on their way to Mexico City from their home in Hermosillo, Sonora. She is heralded as the most beautiful woman to preside over the historic Chapultepec Palace. She is an accomplished pianist and a lover of opera and is a composer herself.

Britain Sends First Roman Catholic Envoy to Spain

SIR ESME HOWARD, the new British Ambassador at Madrid here shown with Lady Mabel Howard, is the first Roman Catholic to represent Great Britain as envoy to Spain. Sir Esme was one time Charge d' Affairs at the British Embassy in Washington.

A Sonnet by Ex-Premier Asquith

BRITISH statesmen have ever been apt in the ways of pure literature; so this sonnet, which the London Spectator receives from the ex-Prime Minister and present leader of the Opposition, shows the versatility in which, it is feared, our politicians fail:

MOMENTS

By Herbert Asquith

If we could save our moments, store them deep
In cellars of the mind to choose at will,
Not as the dream that drowns into a sleep,
But as the taste of wine, laid cool and still;
Could groping fingers hold the grains of ore
And set the scattered jewels in a crown,
Comb out the beach of Time, and from the shore
Net all the tangled treasure floating down:

Then living so with heaven at our hand
We'd fly at death, like laden bees, to beat
That heaven captive to the heaven there!
Longer than any bronze these would abide,
These, that are now as writing on the sand
Beneath the wave of each oncoming tide.