

MURRAY OF N.S. IS MODEST OLIGARCH

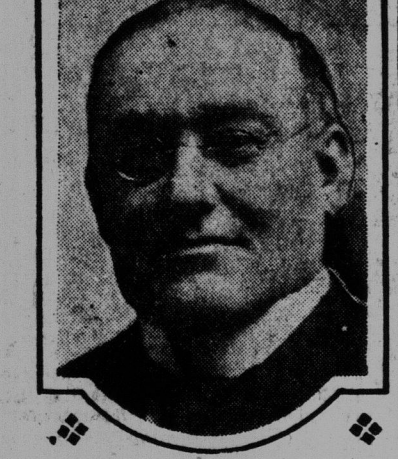
Has Ruled Nova Scotia for a Quarter-Century With Increasing Support.

GENIAL PERSONALITY

Makes No Pretensions to Higher Statesmanship — Is Just Loved and Trusted.

By M. GRATTAN O'LEARY.
THE HONORABLE GEORGE H. MURRAY, whose quarter-of-a-century old government has weathered its sixth test of strength at the polls, is an old-fashioned Liberal of the Whig school whose political temperament and outlook are the very antithesis of upper Canadian and Western radicalism. Ontario progressives, one imagines would scornfully challenge his liberalism, while the West, with its still more radical outlook, would write him down as more of a Tory than say Sir James Loughheed. Nor would Mr. Murray feel much inclined to repudiate the impeachment. He has frequently declared that he is a frequent visitor of the Gladstone school, but one feels that he would shrink in terror from the more militant radicalism of a David Lloyd George. His Liberalism is rather of the mid-Victorian era, the type of political mind which is unwilling to push things to extremes, which believes in religious toleration, democracy, free speech, free press and, to a limited extent, free trade, but which recoils from hasty ventures into uncharted political streams and is antagonistic to anything approaching bureaucratic state socialism.

Mr. Murray, in fact, is a typical political product of the politics of his



Premier Murray of Nova Scotia.

Province. Outside of Quebec, Nova Scotia has been, perhaps, the most conservative Province in Confederation. Until comparatively recent years, when radicalism first made its appearance in the labor districts of Cape Breton, the average Nova Scotian was either a Liberal or a Conservative, oblivious to new and strange political movements and theories, and suspicious of leaders displaying the slightest disposition to depart from the beaten paths. The people were either Liberals or Conservatives, just as they were either Protestants or Catholics, and to be a turncoat in the one case was regarded as much of a disgrace as being an apostate in the other. In such an ultra-orthodox atmosphere, new modes of political thought were exotic plants. The old creeds and formulas and shibboleths were the things that counted most, and, as a consequence, there was no great need for a Liberal party to be radical or progressive. Mr. Fielding, who was Premier of the Province from 1884 to 1894, realized this; and when Mr. Murray succeeded him he merely perpetuated a tradition.

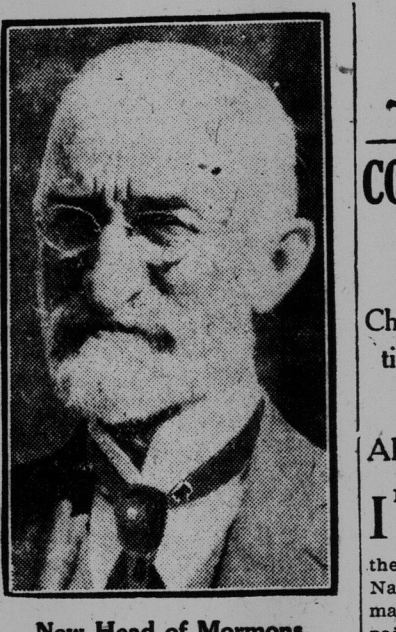
Not a Wrecker

"Do you want me to begin my regime by wrecking my Government?" he is said to have asked a friend who, upon his accession to the Premiership, urged him to give the Province more progressive action. "The people," he is quoted as saying, "want to be led alone. They do not want to be led here and there, to be told to do this, that, or the other thing, or to have their mode of living controlled. The thing they most desire in a Government is honest, careful administration."

And such has been the character of Murray's lengthy regime. He has not given Nova Scotia progressive government. He has not given it brilliant leadership. But, beyond question, he has given honest, efficient administration. In twenty-four years, during a time, too, when demonstrated corruption felled many another Government, not even a breath of scandal was heard against the Murray Ministry. And this in a Province where political strife is bitter and election passions run high.

This reputation for integrity, rather than brilliant gifts of leadership or progressivism, or a striking personality, has been the foundation of Mr. Murray's success. Of oratorical gifts, he has none. He has not the picturesque eloquence of a Joseph Howe and is without the ponderous diligence of a Sir Robert Borden, the legal learning of a Sir John Thompson and the acute mentality of a W. S. Fielding. His gifts are more of the heart than of the mind; gifts of gentleness and good-fellowship and of a philosophic, optimistic outlook upon life.

Mr. Murray, there is reason to believe, will shortly take his departure from the political stage. In his six-



New Head of Mormons

HEBER J. GRANT, the new president of the Mormon Church, who succeeded President Joseph Fielding Smith, who died in December, 1918. This is the first and especially posed photo of Dr. Grant.

Prince Albert Not Brilliant But Solid

New Duke of York a Hard Worker and Interested in Industrial Affairs.

By LOUIS J. McQUILLAND.
PRINCE ALBERT FREDERICK GEORGE OF WINDSOR, who has been created Duke of York, Earl of Inverness and Baron Killarney, is one of the busiest members of the most democratic royal household in Europe, and he plays as hard as he works.

His present passion is for lawn tennis and squash rackets. He plays an almost professional game, and puts in two hours of hard practice daily. As a boy he had a great devotion for cricket. There is a private ground in Windsor Castle where he once did the "bat trick," taking the wicket of the King, Prince Arthur of Connaught and the Prince of Wales.

Prince Albert is a fine shot, a fair angler, and has a good seat in the saddle, but prefers motorizing to riding. His vitality seems inexhaustible. He is an early riser, and often before breakfast at Cambridge he goes out for a three-mile hike on foot with his querry-in-waiting, Col. Clive Wigram, who shares in all his sports. The Prince's favorite indoor amusement is dancing.

Flying has been as much a profession for Prince Albert as an amusement. He is a pilot by capacity and courage. The Air Service held as much attraction for him as the sea. In connection with the Prince's naval record, many people have forgotten that he was in the Collingwood at the battle of Jutland.

EAST END HISTORY

AMONGST the many amusing stories of Mr. Pett Ridge, the well-known author of lower-class London life, is one that he is especially fond of relating.

It concerns three lads of the coast type who, at a working lads' institute down Whitechapel way, were discussing a lecture they had attended.

"Who was this Nero we was 'earin' abah, Bill?" inquired one of them.

"Oh," replied Bill, "he was the culliy wot was always cold."

"Cold?" put in the third. "Nero cold?" Not him. He knew how to keep himself warm, and don't you forget it. You're thinking of Nero, another bloke altogether."

HE SHOULD PUBLISH IT.

If a man does wrong he thinks he is doing right to keep it a secret.

THE GLASS.

When two women fall in love with the same man they cut each other by looking daggers.

COX'S ORGANIZER OLD KLONDYKER

Chairman of Democratic National Committee Is a Willing Fighter Against Odds.

ALASKA PETE WON

IN Congress half a dozen years ago they called him "Alaska Pete," but today he is George White, the new chairman of the Democratic National Committee, and as such is manager of the Presidential campaign of Governor Cox. The name "Alaska Pete" came from the fact that White, just out of Princeton, joined the rush for gold twenty years ago in the Klondike, says The Sun and New York Tribune.

White got gold, too, more than \$100,000 worth of it, for that was the prize he set out for to win a girl with whom he had fallen in love, and who, by chance, happened to have a father who insisted that the man who married his daughter should be fully able to support her in the life to which she had been accustomed.

"How much money have you got?" the father asked White, when he called around to discuss his matrimonial chances.

"None," said White, "but I can support her all right."

"I don't know about that," replied the father. "My daughter isn't going to marry any man until he has at least \$100,000. When you get it, you come around and I'll talk with you."

White went back to his room somewhat dejected, but he bought a paper on the way and read of the death of the Klondike Gold. The paper said, was to be found all over Alaska. It would be easy, White figured, to pick up \$100,000 and hurry back to the father. He packed up his grip and departed.

Gold, however, wasn't that easy to find. It took him two and a half years, beginning in 1898, to gather a pile sufficient to meet the requirements. It was two and a half years of hardship, of insufficient food, of frozen North of sickness. White wears the marks of it today, and although he is only forty-eight, he looks much older.

Strong on Concentration

THERE is a slight stoop in his shoulders, much of his hair is gone, there are premature lines in his face and his complexion is weatherbeaten. With it all, however, there is a certain personal attractiveness about him, a sort of determined air and much earnestness. His ability to concentrate is marked.

White is six feet in height and weighs about 150 and is rambored and rangy. His eyes are bluish gray. He wears low collars, which give full play to a pronounced Adam's apple, and he has a heavy beard which he has to shave off morning and evening if he is not to be noticeable. His friends joke about his "Alaska whiskers."

On his way back from San Francisco, White went around by Seattle to look over the ground he had traveled twenty years before on the way to and from the Klondike. He didn't have a very good time. The city had changed considerably, and besides he lost his eyelids. The porter got away with it in some manner at the station, and White had to content himself with buying a collar and shirt occasionally when the train stopped on the way back. He returned to Columbus to report to Governor Cox, considerably frayed and soiled, but grinning.

"Bad luck," was all he said, "but it might have been worse."

Born in Elmira, N.Y., reared at Titusville, Pa., educated at Princeton, N.J., residing at Marietta, Ohio, White's chief business interests are in Oklahoma. He's in the oil business, drilling his own wells. Sometimes he strikes oil; sometimes he does not, but on the whole, he makes it pay.

In politics as well as in business White is a firm believer in luck. "At San Francisco," says he, "we got the breaks. Hard work and breaks, and pledges in writing—that's what nominated Cox. I hope we'll get the breaks in November."

WHAT HE DESERVES.

When a man gets to itching for office he should get a place on the ticket and then be scratched.



These are Mr. Dooley's Kiddies

THE two children of Mr. and Mrs. Finley Peter Dunne, originator of the famous "Mr. Dooley," Master David Dunne, and his sister, "Peggy" Dunne, in the Circus Fete, for charity, at Southampton, Long Island.

The Vice-Presidency is Coming to the Fore in the Coming U.S. Election

Both Parties Have Broken With Tradition by Picking Men Who are Qualified for High Office.

THERE is a good deal more interest in the United States Vice-Presidential candidates this year than usual, as both Coolidge and Roosevelt are bigger men than those ordinarily nominated for an office which ought to be important but which has never been permitted to be.

If either should succeed to the Presidency, that office will be filled by a man of independent proclivities who thinks for himself. Coolidge showed this in Boston last year, and Roosevelt has a record longer than that of the Republican convention delegates saw that an all-Senate ticket from the Middle West was not likely to be a vote getter. So they looked around for a Yankee, and without the slightest regard for the feelings of the United States Senate they picked Coolidge.

In San Francisco the delegates, with similar desires, wanted not only an Easterner but a New Yorker, provided he was not a member of Tammany Hall. The Tammany men themselves accepted that view, if indeed, they were not the first to suggest it. Roosevelt filled the bill, because he had been actually the anti-Tammany leader when there was such a thing as a fight against Tammany within the State organization. And that was so long ago that rank-and-file Tammany men had had time to get over any bitterness they may have felt.

AKnighthood Hoax On English Farmer

Nine Others Thought They Were Created O.B.E.'s

A New literary hoax on well-known South Lincolnshire agriculturists and public men in connection with the award of honors was exposed recently by a telegram from Lord Stamfordham, the King's private secretary.

"According to," tersely embodied the Royal Arms, headed "Buckingham Palace" and purporting to be signed by Lord Stamfordham, a knighthood had been conferred on a farmer and the O. B. E. on nine other local men.

The letter received the former was: "Buckingham Palace, Monday, March 15, 1920. 'Sir,' I am commanded by the King to inform you that his Majesty has been pleased to approve of the award to

you of the honor of Knighthood in recognition of your services to agriculture during the late war. 'Further particulars will be forwarded. 'I have the honor to be, sir, 'Your obedient servant, 'STAMFORDHAM.'"

Congratulations were showered on the supposed recipients. Later, however, doubt was thrown on the authenticity of the letters owing to the wording, and in reply to a request for confirmation of the awards the following telegram was received from Lord Stamfordham: "Have no knowledge of the matter referred to in your telegram. No letters with regard to honors have been signed by me—STAMFORDHAM."

This Is Not Armenia

PROF. What is the meaning of verbiage? (Exclaimed): Oh, I know—it's the extra cent on ice cream and movies—Lehigh Burr.

HER FLATTERING FRIENDS.

A RICH girl may be lovely, but she will never know it by herself.

The Human Bird at Last a Reality

MR. H. S. DIXON, of England, the first human bird to become a reality. The Ornithopter, by which he is able to fly through the air with ease, and of which he is the inventor, is propelled by the man himself. There is no engine. The power is generated solely by the flapping of the gigantic wings, which measure from tip to tip 23 ft. 6 inches. The weight of the machine is 47 pounds. It attains a speed of 20 miles an hour.

REAL "UNCLE TOM" LIVED IN KENT

In Village in England are Descendants of Escaped Negro Slaves.

LEGIONS PRESERVED

By T. R. ELLIOTT.

IT is a fact little known in this generation that in the town of Dresden, Kent County, there is a colony of negroes whose forebears were escaped slaves from the United States, and that among them are descendants of Josiah Henson, the undisputed original of "Uncle Tom," who gained immortality in Harriet Beecher Stowe's book "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The lot of the negroes at Dresden for a century and more has been vastly different from that of their forefathers, but many traditions and legends are still preserved of the early arrivals at the fugitive colony in Kent, and the grave of Uncle Tom may still be seen in the colored colony's cemetery.

Grandchildren and great-grandchildren of Josiah Henson have records in their possession from which it may be learned that Josiah himself was born in Maryland in 1787, a slave son of slave parents. He was first sold into service when a very small child. Apparently he grew up a great little heathen, and caused his owners more worry of one kind or another than he was worth. But at a camp-meeting, the great religious convulsion of the negro, the lad was converted.

Finally it came to his turn to be sold "down river," the negro's great despair. His young master took him along with others on the river trip and on this journey Henson made up his mind to kill his master, and make his escape. He had actually lifted an axe for the fatal stroke when he remembered his religious teaching and determined to endure his lot with fortitude. Then the young master fell ill, and instead of getting advantage of this situation to make his escape, Henson nursed him tenderly and assisted him back to their old home up river. For this kindness he received no thanks whatever, but in fact was treated more like a dog than before. He made up his mind to escape, and made the colony with great care.

Accompanied by his wife and two sons, Henson made the perilous trip to the Canadian border and managed to get safely across to the fugitive colony at Dresden. There he found a happier lot and became a reverend ministering to the spiritual needs of the colony for many years. He died in 1883 at the age of 96. Before he died he published memoirs, and it was from this volume that Harriet Beecher Stowe got the information which resulted in the creation of the world famous character of Uncle Tom. Indeed the information provided by Henson helped a great deal to bring about the emancipation of the slave.

Some time before his death "Uncle Tom" went with his wife to Freetown and was received by Queen Victoria. He wrote his name in her autograph album and in return was presented with an autographed photo of the Queen. The city of Glasgow presented the aged negro with a watch and chain. The autographed photo of the Queen finally got into the possession of Mrs. J. T. McKinley, of Ridgeway, who also became the possessor of an autographed prayer book presented to Henson by Harriet Beecher Stowe.



The "Dry" Candidate for President

AARON S. WATKINS, the prohibition party's nominee for President of the United States, showing that he isn't afraid of water at his home at Germantown, Ohio, where he is professor of literature at a military college. Ohio's third Presidential candidate often aids with the family washing. He was the U. S. prohibition party's candidate for Vice-President in 1912, and was admitted to the bar in 1898. He entered the Methodist Episcopal Ministry in 1893.

Fifty Years on the Hamilton Spectator

And Mr. Jas. R. Allan, Advertising Manager, Is Still Going Strong.

(By HAMILTON OLD BOY.)

WHY not decorations for long service in newspaperdom? There's James R. Allan, of the Hamilton Spectator. He has completed fifty years with the "great family journal"—the name applied to it by the late John Robson Cameron. Think of it—fifty years, useful, profitable years, and continuous, too. Mr. Allan has been blessed with rare good health, which has enabled him to do his best for the paper he joined half a century ago, during the Lawton-McCullough regime, as message boy.

Some of the old inhabitants are credited with saying that bashfulness, or some such form of masochism, reluctance, almost kept him from entering the field in which he has been so successful. After learning the job printer's art and taking a sally into the newsroom, he essayed the role of reporter for a brief period. Then came the turning point. He was offered the position of advertising solicitor. He hesitated; misgivings as to his ability to fill the bill almost overcame his desire to try, but he accepted, stuck to his guns and made good, building up an advertising patronage which to-day fairly gorges the "Spec's" paper.

He has always been quiet and unassuming; he is no thrasher of the jungle in stalking his quarry; and no man in the newspaper business is more highly respected than the Spectator's advertising manager. Best of all, he looks good for many years yet, and his friends are confidently looking to see him celebrate his diamond year of service.

Might Be Worse

"I'm having trouble in supper my wife."

"You don't know what trouble a try not supporting her"—Kansas City Journal.

Mixed Identity

JAMISON: "You didn't know who I was this morning did you?"

HARRISON: "No. Who were you?"—Orange Peel.



Beatty as a Poloist

ADMIRAL LORD BEATTY, photographed during a polo match yesterday.

THEIR AWFUL TALKS.

THERE would be fewer old lache motives if single men were not allowed to associate with married men.