

BRITON'S RAPID RISE

Sir Rufus Isaacs' Failure as Broker Made Him Lawyer

Spectacular Career of Man Who Is Now Lord Chief Justice of England—Able Advocate but Not Much on Debate.

London—Sir Rufus Isaacs, the new lord chief justice, is a surprising man, says a London writer. To start one's career by making a sad hash of things on the stock exchange and to finish as lord chief justice of England—every generation a few people achieve careers as remarkable and there is nothing out of the way in a man's becoming a lord chief justice if his inclinations are of that kind. But of those who rise to eminence few have pursued so incalculable a path. Less than a year ago there was a quite considerable demand for his expulsion from public life; today he sits supreme over Britain judges.

Sir Rufus' early experiences on the stock exchange before he embraced the more lucrative profession of politics and the bar, were entirely to his credit as a man. If unflattering to his abilities as a stock broker. He might have taken that first essay as proof that he was never meant for success as a financier and so avoided his recent misfortunes. His original inclination was to become a sailor, and once, I believe, he was on the point of running away to sea in quite the grand manner of romance. But wiser counsels prevailed and he went by way of the stock exchange to the bar. I will remember him as a practicing barrister. There was something birdlike about his aspect in wig and gown, an agile alertness, a swift, clean keenness that made him stand out from the row of barristers in court like a bold pen drawing against a background of gray wash. Commerce was his specialty. Vanity Fair once cartooned him in the typical attitude of a draper's assistant, with a pile of black bundles on the counter in front of him.

Unmoved patience, astonishing grasp of detail and great ingenuity in cross-examination were his assets at the bar. His formidable rival, Sir Edward Carson, succeeds by crushing the opposition witnesses and by the vigor of the speeches to the jury. The method of Sir Rufus was more suave. His appeal was always to the intelligence of the jury rather than to its emotions. He accumulated a great



Sir Rufus Isaacs.

number of very small points and combined them in a telling total. His parliamentary record is known. He got in for Reading in 1904, achieved in rapid succession the positions of solicitor general and attorney general, and in 1912 was promoted to the cabinet—an honor very rarely bestowed on an attorney general. It may seem paradoxical to call a man with such a tally of political successes a parliamentary failure, yet that is what Sir Rufus most distinctly is—or was.

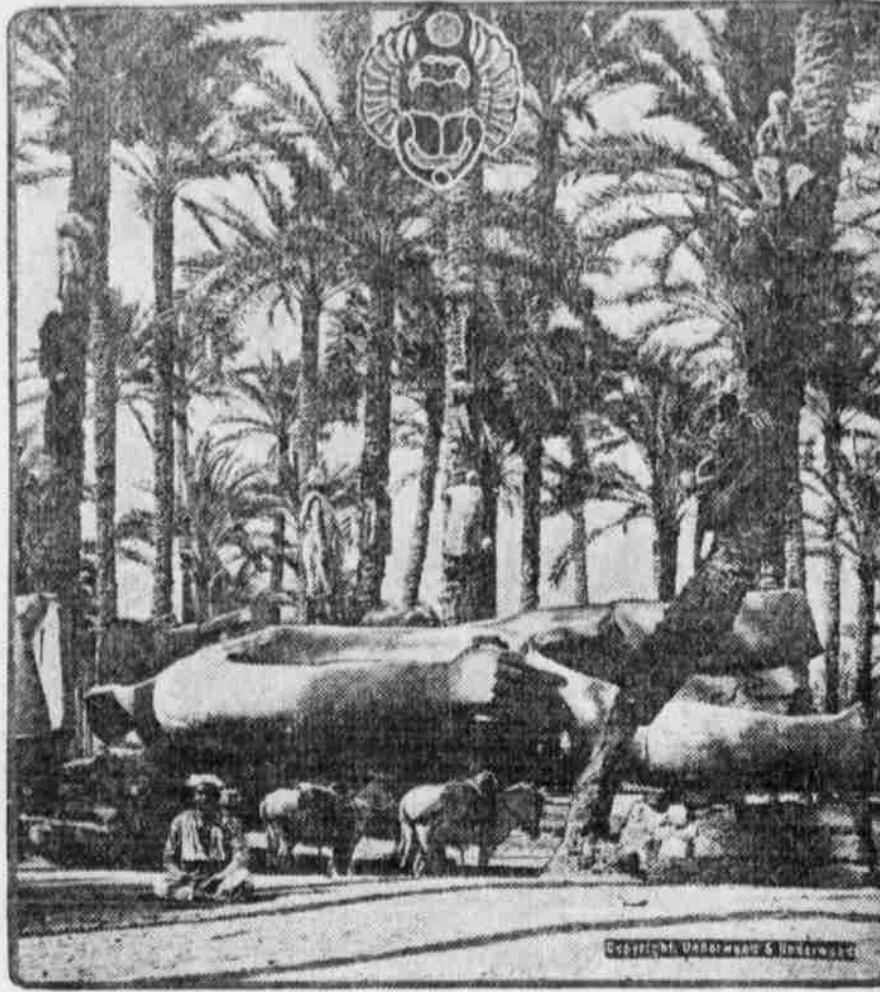
GREAT MANY USE HEROIN

Taking of Narcotic Spreading Among Drug Fiends.

Laws Against Sale of Morphine and Cocaine Leading Those With Habit to Take Up Even More Dangerous Substances.

Washington—According to information gathered by the United States department of agriculture, there has been a sudden and very significant increase in the use by persons with a drug habit of the little-known but very dangerous drug called "heroin." The sales of this drug have recently increased greatly, particularly in those states which have rigid laws preventing the indiscriminate sale of morphine and cocaine. Investigation of the subject establishes the fact that many drug victims who formerly used morphine and cocaine and who under the new laws find it difficult to obtain these substances have begun using heroin, the sale of which is not as yet as carefully restricted under state laws. The drug is said to be fully as dangerous as morphine and by many is held to be much worse, for the reason that it occasionally kills the victim outright and its habit is far harder to overcome than the use of the other drugs. The department, pending further action, specially warns all people who are unfamiliar with the drug to avoid all preparations containing the substance and to

CAIRO TO GET GREAT STATUE OF RAMESSES



The great statue of Remeses II., now lying on its back in a palm grove near Bedrashin, a few miles south of Cairo, is at last to be moved and set up in the center of the new square outside the Cairo railway station. The statue weighs over 100 tons and cannot be transported over any bridge in or near Cairo. The place where it lays is about two miles from Bedrashin station and special rails will be laid to the main line of the railway. It will then be conveyed over the railway line on the left bank of the Nile to Tel-el-Baroud, and from there over the main Alexandria-Cairo line to Cairo, passing over the new railway bridges at Kaf-el-Zayal and Beuha.

Everybody is weary of the affair Marconi, but it is impossible, in a review of the life of the man who is now lord chief justice, to ignore it altogether. Sir Rufus Isaacs' speech a year ago, when he denied the stories of his dealings in the shares of the company that was contracting with the government, undoubtedly made a very deep impression on the house. After hearing it I personally went away prepared to swear that he had never had any sort of dealings in any sort of Marconi shares.

Of course, he did not say that. Looking the speech up in Hansard, after the rest of the story came out, it was possible to see with what careful lawyer-like precision he had not said it. But the unfortunate fact was that while saying nothing that was not entirely true, he had left his hearers with the erroneous impression that he had bought no Marconi shares. And the wrath of the members when the whole facts became public caused the cabinet of which he was a member a great deal of anxiety.

It blew over. He and his colleague, the chancellor, had acted carelessly, heedlessly, mistakenly," as Mr. Lloyd George put it, but not criminally, and by passing no vote of censure the house accepted their explanation. While the transaction was innocent enough, whether it exhibited in Sir Rufus that clear sighted, well balanced judgment expected of a lord chief justice is a matter for personal opinion.

Though unimposing in style, Sir Rufus is distinguished in appearance. His fine, ascetic face has an almost classical beauty. Photographs do him no justice. It is the face of a fighter, a man not to be daunted, a man who would extract some sporting zest from the fight against even the bitterest adversary. He does not waste this advantage of appearance. He is well set up, a good athlete, who knows how to carry himself, and he was always one of the neatest dressed men in the house. His bodily constitution is as strong as his head. He knows how to keep himself in good hard condition. Golf, tennis, cycling, riding and rowing are recreations.

GOVERNOR FINDS WILD MAN

Fur Clothes and Wooden Leg of His Own Make and He Carries Bees With Him.

Moberly, Mo.—In the famous annual Missouri coon hunt here, attended by Gov. Elliott W. Major, National Committeeman Edward Goltra of St. Louis and the majority of the state officials, a wild man was captured who had lived in the woods since 1890. He had a wooden leg which he had carved from a tree limb and a hole in the leg he carried bees which he had captured. He also had bees in a curious old fashioned stove pipe hat which he wore.

Goltra captured the coon, which is the prize of the hunt, its teeth having



Gov. Elliott W. Major.

been filled with gold by a dentist. The hunter capturing the coon is conceded the best hunter.

Nearly seven hundred persons participated in the events at the camp of the Randolph County Coon club. Five squads of hunters with more than one hundred hounds left camp at 10 o'clock at night and plunged into the sycamore forest on Elk Fork Creek.

Goltra had the distinction of bringing down the first coon. He, with Judge Charles Clark and Judge Thomas J. Seehorn, also had the unenviable distinction of remaining in the dense woods all night, losing their way and forcing the party to walk to Evansville.

A party headed by Mayor Rolla Rothwell of Moberly drove a wild man from the brush. He finally was surrounded and captured by the party and brought to camp. After he had been fed and given liquid refreshments he told the hunters his name was Thomas Stebler.

He had lived in the woods on the hunting preserves since 1890, following a disappointment in love. His clothes are of fur from rabbits, foxes, coons and possums. He had made but one trip to a large city in his life, that being in 1889, when he went to St. Louis to buy a wooden leg.

NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

Tells About Recent Wedding at the White House

WASHINGTON—A story of how the "Cousins club," as the many relatives of the President and Mrs. Wilson are beginning to call themselves, organized into a little reception committee and did their best to make the diplomats "feel at home" at the wedding at the White House the other day, was told by Mrs. George Howe of New York, one of the cousins.



Mrs. Howe is the wife of George Howe, who lived for a long while with the president before he went into the White House, and whose education was superintended by the president.

"I was principally impressed at the wedding by the ease at which every one seemed to feel, notwithstanding the 'grandness' of the occasion. There was nothing solemn about it, except the wedding procession and the forming of the line for the reception in the blue room.

"We kept the fun up until 9 o'clock at night. It was just like a great, big family party in the south. I was somewhat surprised that the dignified Marine band should play turkey trotting music for us to dance with in the east room, but they did, and Lieutenant Santelmann and his musicians seemed to enjoy it as much as we did. They laughed and played on and on.

"You know, 'Nell,' as we call Eleanor Wilson, is just crazy about dancing, and she is a very fine dancer, too, one of the best I ever saw. When the music had been stopped for good she waved her hand appealingly to Lieutenant Santelmann, and he laughed and led the band again for us.

"We all danced, including the bridesmaids, who were showing every one the dull gold-chased bracelets they had been given by the bride. A great many of the diplomats danced with Margaret Wilson, several of them ambassadors, and she was greatly teased by a few of us when she was lucky enough to catch the bride's bouquet. You know, it is a superstition that the girl who catches the bride's bouquet at a wedding will be the next one to be married among those present.

"There was a lot of simple fun like that and mischief, in which all the young folks joined, the older people sitting around and chatting, just as would be done at a party at home. The president didn't dance, but he stood in one of the doorways of the east room for a long while, watching the fun and laughing and joking with every one.

"Most of us had supper and dinner and lunch combined at the wedding breakfast. That kept up a long time. There wasn't wine, but we had fruit punch instead.

Visitors Are Attracted by Squirrels in Parks

"SOME day," said a visitor in the capitol grounds the other day, "the famous pigeons of Venice which flock in so great numbers around the Cathedral of St. Mark will have to look to their laurels. These widely known birds may divide the honors of the admiration of tourists with the little gray squirrels which are fast becoming an interesting and picturesque feature of Washington's many fine green spaces."

As far as tourists are concerned, here in Washington, many of them are beginning to take photographs of the little animals. Just as nearly every man and woman who visits Venice brings away snapshots showing some member of the party tossing bread crumbs or something else to the great flocks of birds, so are the tourists who stroll through the capitol grounds, the Smithsonian grounds and other parks taking photographs of some one stooping over and holding out a peanut to the snappy little gray animals which are fast losing their extreme timidity.

In his native lair the gray squirrel is about as wild as any animal alive. Hunters who depend upon a gray squirrel or two for breakfast know very well that they will run to cover at the slight sound of a snapping twig; and for that reason a wet day is much better for hunting them than a dry day, as the cracking leaves scare a squirrel into his hole in the tree. However, Washington's squirrels are becoming as friendly as house pets, and the sight of one of them eating from the hand of a tourist is a revelation to the Virginia or Maryland mountaineer, who has to stay as quiet as a stone statue in order to get within shooting distance of one.

The gray squirrels are looked upon by the park authorities here as wards of the nation, and a comfortable sum of money is spent every winter in order to obtain food to keep the little pets from dying in the snows. Old weather sharps look upon the squirrels as indicating the coming of a hard winter the way they hide nuts. Just at this time the squirrels are showing unusual activity in making caches of peanuts, which is looked upon by the woodwise as a sure sign that there will be long-continued snows.

Club Formed for the Interior Department Employees

FOR some months Secretary of the Interior Lane has been working on the organization of a club for the interior department employees. He believes that a closer association one with another of the workers of the great interior department would redound to the benefit of all concerned. Secretary Lane met with a good deal of opposition at first, because there are so many kinds of people drawing so many kinds of salaries in this big department, and the social lines are drawn very closely about certain salary grades in all departments in Washington. You could hardly expect a \$900 clerk to associate on terms of intimacy in a social life with a \$1,200 clerk, and so on. Secretary Lane asked one little old lady, who belongs to the Cliff Dwellers class of Washington—or, in other words, a "befo' the war" society woman who now works in government employ and takes in boarders for company—if she would assist in organizing this social club of the interior department. The aristocratic old lady very snappily informed him that she would not; that she was in the interior department for the purpose of earning money, and that she was socially superior to most of the employees. The secretary met up with a good many setbacks of this kind, but in his genial way has been able to smooth out the difference between those social sets and has rounded them into a homogeneous body, and the Home club is now an assured fact.

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Felines Are Vain? Prize Winners Flee Publicity

PRIZE-WINNING cats on exhibition at the show of the Washington Cat club object to having their pictures taken. The appearance of a newspaper photographer with his little black camera was the signal the other day for a general exodus of the high-priced felines, who are now roaming the streets of the capital.

The next day nearly the entire police force was out searching for the animals, while physicians were busy treating bites and scratches on hands and arms as a result of the scramble that was made for the cats as they gained their freedom. Several persons were severely bitten.

Champion Lady Sonia, a high-priced Persian cat owned by Mrs. F. Y. Mathis of Greenwich, Conn., is one of the missing animals. She was valued at \$500 and around her bushy neck was a \$1,000 collar of turquoise, sell and gold. Four felines were lined up in front of the camera, and as the photographer said "Hold still, now," the cats jumped. The last seen of them was when they disappeared through the door.

Miss G. Taylor of Syracuse, N. Y., was the most seriously hurt in the attempt to hold the cats. She was bitten and scratched about the hands and arms and had to be treated at a hospital.

LOOK PLEASANT



"WHY I EMIGRATED"

THE NOTES OF A PROMINENT JOURNALIST WHO MADE A TRIP THROUGH WESTERN CANADA.

A prominent journalist from Chicago, some time ago, made a journey through Canada obtaining a thorough knowledge of the land and people and of the "boundless possibilities" that Canada, the virgin land, affords. In an American Sunday newspaper he published after his return the interesting account which we print as follows. He writes:

"Why did you emigrate from the United States?" I asked a farmer in Western Canada.

"I believe that for a poor man Western Canada is the most favorable land," was the reply, "and I have now found that it is the Paradise of the Poor."

The farmer, a pioneer of the west, had five years earlier left Iowa for Canada to secure a new home there. After traversing the country for some time, he started his home on the open prairie and with steady industry devoted himself to the working of the virgin soil. Now he is the well-to-do owner of that endless sea of waving wheat ears that goes on for miles before my eyes. His strong, unburned figure finds the best background in his farm itself, which is the outcome of his ceaseless activity—a pretty two-storied dwelling house, a large clean stable, in the midst of a hamlet of barns, sheds and outbuildings, a useful garden overflowing with products; horses, cattle, sheep and swine on the rich pastures, and around to the horizon wheat, golden wheat.

"In Iowa?" the farmer continued, "I farmed on rented land, for at the price of \$100 per acre I did not possess money enough to buy. I might farm, I might farm as I could, more than the living for myself and family, I could not attain. Sometimes the harvest turned out good, sometimes bad, but the grand total was a bitter combat to keep want from the door. It was impossible to lay by for bad times and in spite of all trouble and work an old age free of care was not to be thought of. My death would have brought bitter poverty to my wife and children.

"I decided to break-up and go to Canada, where at least I could fight out the struggle for existence on my own land. I started out with a mule team, all my earthly possessions were in the prairie-schooner with my wife and children. Then I took up a homestead of 160 acres to which I added by purchase gradually; now as a whole I count about 3,000 acres as my own. The whole property is free of debt. I do not owe a cent to anyone. I bought my land for \$2-310 per acre, now I would not give it up for \$50."

"Do you mean to say that you paid for the whole land in the five years?" I interrupted.

"In a much shorter time," replied the farmer. "The land paid for itself, some already by the first harvest, and at longest in 3 years each field had brought in its purchase price. If you doubt that land in Western Canada pays for itself within 3 years you can easily convince yourself of the truth of my assertion. Let us assume that a farmer buys a farm of 160 A. at \$15 per A. for \$2,400. Farm machines, seed, ploughs, mowing and threshing might bring up the outlay to about \$10 per acre. If the farmer sows the 160 A. for 3 years in succession with wheat and harvests 20 bus. per acre, then the product of an A. at the average price of 75c per bu. is exactly \$15 per acre. If you deduct the \$10 outlay, you will retain a clear return of \$5.00. For 160 A. the annual excess amounts to \$800, consequently the farm has after the third harvest brought in the purchase price of \$2,400.

"Sometimes—and not rarely—the land pays for itself by the first harvest of 35 bus. of wheat bring in more than the purchase price of \$15 per acre. As in some years I harvested more than 35 bus., you can reckon for yourself how quickly I paid for my farm."

"Would you not prefer your own farm in Iowa?" I asked.

"No," replied the farmer, "never will I go back, in general very few American settlers return to the old home. In Iowa a 160 A. farm costs \$100 per A., \$16,000; in Western Canada \$15, only \$2,400. For the same money that you require to buy a 160 A. farm in Iowa, you can buy here in Western Canada a farm of 1,000 acres. I have money enough to buy a farm in Iowa, if I wished. But there my yearly income would be a small one, whereas here I work for a great gain. There I would only be a small farmer, here I am a large landed proprietor."

In a corner of the farmyard I had during our conversation noticed a mound of earth overgrown with grasses and wild flowers. To my inquiry as to what it was, I received the reply: "That is the ruin of the wooden shack covered with sods, which I called my home when I settled here five years ago."

I gathered a wild aster from the ruin and flung it into the air. In a purple-glittering line the wind drove the flower towards the fine, modern-equipped farmhouse. What a contrast between the lowly earthy hut of yesterday and charming palace of today! This contrast says enough to the unbounded possibilities, which this new land offers to the willing worker. How the poor emigrant on the open prairie, through energy and activity, within 5 years worked his way up to being a well-to-do farmer and esteemed citizen! More, the farmer did not require to say. Why did he emigrate? WHY? Why I saw the answer with my own eyes.—Advertisement.

