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**RISE OF A REPORTER**

WADE H. ELLIS, ATTORNEY GENERAL OF OHIO.

Man Who Wrote Most of Republican Platform May Be Made Head of Government Law Department If Taft Is Elected.

Washington.—Faring forth from his old Kentucky home a youth of the name of Wade H. Ellis appeared on the Cincinnati horizon in the early eighties. He soon engaged himself in chasing the elusive local item for a newspaper there. In the little journalistic world of that Ohio city they still tell what a hard time young Ellis had. He frequently found himself in the awful presence of the local editor, trying to explain how the item had eluded him.

Time passed and a few months ago Ellis, still comparatively a young man, began to loom on the horizon of Washington. If he had indifferent success in hunting news, he had done better in hunting the octopus. President Roosevelt wanted to know about him. Ellis came to Washington for a consultation at the White House about federal trust busting, and soon thereafter President Roosevelt and Presidential Candidate Taft were in need of an apostle of terse and pleasing sentences. Such a one could be utilized in national platform building.

They sent for Ellis. They came, joined in the consultations, and hiked away to the sad sea waves of Virginia Beach. There he composed the more important portion of the platform. During a lull in the stressful days of the Chicago convention he confided to a friend that he wrote his best after a plunge into old ocean.

And now after his name has been much featured for a few weeks in the political headlines, the erstwhile Cincinnati reporter from Covington, Ky., is discussed as the attorney general for the next administration. It



Wade H. Ellis.

is even whispered that he may come into his own in advance of numerous Ohio faithfuls and may not have to wait for the new president to review the inaugural parade on Pennsylvania avenue. That is probably untrue. No one in Washington is ready to believe that Attorney General Bonaparte will relinquish an office of which he is very much enamored. But Ellis may be, some say will be, Bonaparte's successor.

In 1902, when he was near the end of six years' service as assistant corporation counsel of the Queen city, some one was wanted to draft the municipal code which the Buckeye legislature was to enact. Ellis, with his reputation for balancing words splendidly, was chosen. He did the work admirably. There were many personal liberty advocates in Cincinnati whom the Republicans did not want to offend, but the convictions of other populous classes of the community had to be considered. Ellis, holding the office that President Hayes had once held in Cincinnati, dressed the code up in the most attractive verbiage. He was widely applauded by the Republicans.

He left Cincinnati for a time, but returned and interested himself in politics. At first he was very independent. He did not like George Cox, the Cincinnati boss, who, according to the orthodox Republican idea in that town, can do no wrong. The while he dabbled in politics, however, Ellis got back into newspaper work. Clients were not coming to him in such numbers, bearing fat retainers, that he was unwilling to accept the editorship of the Cincinnati Tribune. He filled the editorial chair for two years—till 1897—when he was elected corporation counsel. Then he began to embark on a promising career. He was so successful in drafting the Cincinnati municipal code that the Republicans made him attorney general of the state in 1904 and he is still holding that job.

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**IS GREAT MOUNTAIN CLIMBER.**

Prof. Hobbs Has Earned Title of "The Crazy American."

Worcester, Mass.—This city, the home of the famous woman mountain climber, Mrs. Fannie Bullock Workman, can now lay claim to the distinction of also producing a man mountain climber who has won fame abroad this summer.

William H. Hobbs, professor of geology at the University of Michigan and a son of the late Capt. Horace Hobbs, for many years one of the oldest title examiners in the state,



recently broke all previous records for climbing Mont Blanc by making the trip to the top and back from Grands Mulets in 7 1/2 hours.

Prof. Hobbs has performed many other mountain climbing feats, but regards the Mont Blanc ascension his proudest effort.

He has made several trips abroad in the last dozen years or more for the especial purpose of studying the geological formation of mountains, and was present at Mt. Vesuvius at the time of its last eruption, two years ago. At that time he earned the title of "the crazy American" because of the lack of fear he showed in going as near to the crater of the volcano as possible, even before the eruptions had ceased.

Prof. Hobbs was graduated from the Worcester Polytechnic institute with the class of 1883, and immediately after graduation entered the Johns Hopkins university in Baltimore, where he pursued a four years' course and received the degree of Ph. D. He then entered Harvard college for a post-graduate course, and after completing his studies there studied in German universities for several years. He has been professor of geology at Ann Arbor for two years previous to which he was connected with the University of Wisconsin.

**A CYCLONE FREAK.**  
Surprising Trick Played by a Twister in Nebraska.  
New York City.—On June 4 last the inhabitants of Buffalo county, Nebraska, and particularly of the town of Kearney, were besieged by no less than seven tornadoes. We are indebted to Edward C. Bricker for the accompanying photograph of one of



Caster Driven Through Tree Limb.

the curious effects produced by one of these, and for the following brief information, says Scientific American. That a number of houses should have been wholly and in part destroyed is naturally to be expected of any cyclone that is at all violent. But that it should pick up a caster from a table, twist off the handle and drive the splindle through the branch of a walnut tree is surely no common occurrence. Mr. Bricker assures us that before the storm the caster found a place on the table of Mr. G. F. Franks, that it was intact with the bottles in their intended positions; yet after the tornado the base was found in a walnut tree limb, exactly as it is shown in the accompanying photograph. The wind had unscrewed the top and taken off the turntable. One of the bottles was found with twigs densely packed into its neck, without a leaf stripped. The bottle, however, was broken.

**An Essential Point.**

Frank Hitchcock, the Republican campaign manager, is fond of taking long walks in the country. On the occasion of a recent visit to the south he started one day for a tramp out of Nashville to a town called Parker. When he had gone some miles he encountered a man who was weeding a patch of ground near the road. "Am I on the road to Parker?" asked Hitchcock. "You are," answered the man, surveying Hitchcock with mild curiosity. "Well, am I half-way there?" inquired the traveler. "Why, as to that," responded the man in the patch, "it would seem as if 'twould make a difference where you started from."—Harper's Weekly.

**Faithless.**

Mrs. Bacon—Is your husband a faith-finder?  
Mrs. Egbert—No, I can't say that he is. He's always looking for some faults in me, but I can't say he ever finds 'em.—Yonkers Statesman.

**A GREAT DELIVERANCE**

Story of Isaiah the Prophet and Hezekiah the King.  
BY THE "HIGHWAY AND BYWAY" PREACHER  
(Copyright, 1908, by the Author, W. B. Edson.)

Scripture Authority—The Book of Isaiah, esp. chapters 36 and 37.

Outline of the Book of Isaiah.—Part I.—General prophecies, 1-25; Part 2.—Historical parenthetical, 26-38; Part 3.—Discourses chiefly Millennial, 39-66; Part 4.—Discourses in six divisions, as follows: 1. Discourses concerning Judah, 1-5; 2. Prophecy's call, 6; 3. Discourse concerning Judah and Assyria in Ahas' reign, 7-9; 4. Discourses concerning the nations, 10-27; 5. Discourses concerning Israel, 28; 6. Discourses concerning Judah and Egypt, Part 3 has for its theme, Comfort (40:1, 2), with the following divisions: 1. Divine care over them while scattered, 40 and 43:1-7; 2. Ultimate triumph over enemies, 44, 45 and 53; 3. Work of Messiah for them, 42-49, 50, 53, 54, 55; 4. Work of Holy Spirit on them, 44, 45; 5. Return from Babylon, 46-48; 6. Punishment of Babylon, 49-52; 7. Ultimate restoration, 49-54, 55-60, 62, 65, 66.

**SERMONETTE.**

How different the manner of Hezekiah when desperate conditions faced the nation from that of Ahas. The latter turned farther from God. The other drew nearer to God.  
Trouble works curse or blessing to the life. It either drives from God or links up closer to God.  
As soon as the evil tidings reached the king he laid aside his kingly robes and "went into the house of the Lord." An excellent thing to do.

He might have called a council of the chief men of his nation and sought by the wisdom of men to solve the problems that faced him. But no. He knew God well enough to want to get near Him in his trouble. Blessed and fortunate indeed is the man who thus meets his troubles.

But not only did he seek to get right with God himself and to lay his cause in His hands, but he sent at once and enlisted the sympathy and help of God's prophet and in honoring God's prophet by his confidences and his plea for help he was honoring himself.

We fail sometimes in our efforts to meet trying situations because we do not give God a chance to speak to us through His chosen messengers.

Hezekiah's messengers found the prophet prepared to receive them and send them back with a message of encouragement. God had been there before them enlightening the understanding of the prophet so that he was able to return the answer which the king sought.

Is it not wonderful to think how God goes before us to prepare the way? We go perhaps with trembling heart to seek the help we need, and lo, we find God's spirit has been there before us and has prepared the friend to speak the word of which we are so much in need.

Again a little later when Hezekiah received a profane and threatening letter from the hand of the foe which was encamped against Jerusalem he ventured no reply until he had taken it and spread it before the Lord in the temple and had made the matter a subject of earnest prayer. Oh, that we might manifest the same simple, childlike spirit and spread before the Lord all the knotty problems of life. God would not fail us, but would give us the wisdom which would confound the mighty.

**THE STORY.**

CONDITIONS in Jerusalem were reaching a desperate state. The words of Rabshakeh, the general of the great Assyrian army which was encamped against the city, had struck terror into the hearts of everyone, and only a few staunch followers of King Hezekiah sustained him in his determination to make no sort of compromise with the enemy. In fact, there was rising throughout the city an undercurrent of sentiment in favor of accepting the offer of Rabshakeh. It were better, they reasoned, to yield while yet they might obtain mercy than to be put to the sword after the hosts of the Assyrians had swept over the city.

It was all well enough to talk about deliverance which God would send, but who was there that could not see that their case was hopeless and that the forces of Rabshakeh were drawing in closer upon the city every day?

Were not the words of this great Assyrian general true? Had not Hamath and Arpad and Sepharvaim been crushed by his mighty arm? Had not Samaria felt the force of his wrath? How then could Jerusalem hope to escape? Rabshakeh had challenged the city to provide warriors for 2,000 horses which he would furnish. Why, there were not half that number able to carry spear and ride upon the back of a charger. There was grim humor in the challenge of Rabshakeh, and it drove home more keenly than ever the hopeless weakness of the city.

It is not at all strange therefore in the presence of that powerful Assyrian army and the known helplessness of the city, that the words of the king and the encouragement of the prophet Isaiah did not carry much weight, and that there sprang up here and there all over the city smoldering fires which threatened to break out in open insurrection, which could have but one end, the throwing open of the gates of the city to the enemy.

In the palace itself the disaffection was strong and it was not long before a conspiracy was on foot to betray the city into the hands of Rabshakeh. "What good this sackcloth, these vain prostrations and pleadings in the temple, this sending to the Prophet Isaiah?" they impatiently inquired. "Is not every moment in which we stand out against the demands of Rab-

shakeh, but adding to the weight of penalty which he will exact of the city when at last he shall succeed in breaking down the walls?"

And so they plotted together and sought opportunity to open negotiations with Rabshakeh, and the opportunity came when the messengers came with the final letter from the Assyrian general demanding the surrender of the city. One of their number succeeded in slipping out of the gate unobserved during the excitement and confusion attending the departure of the Assyrian messengers, and returned with them to the camp, a hint of the plan having been given to the messengers while they were at the palace. It was arranged that after making terms with Rabshakeh for the surrender of the city, they should return and at a signal agreed upon the city's gates should be thrown open, and the secreted bands of Rabshakeh's army should rush into the city and take possession.

When Hezekiah had received Rabshakeh's letter, a feeling almost of despair came over him and yet conscious that God alone could help in the desperate extremity which faced the city, Hezekiah took the letter and went alone into the house of the Lord and there gave himself to earnest prayer. Had not Isaiah the prophet sent him a message of encouragement weeks before when the peril first threatened the city, and had he not said that the city should be delivered from the hand of the Assyrian king. But with the coming of this last message and the continued strengthening of the position of the enemy before the city, a shadow of doubt began to creep into the heart of the king. Could God and would God deliver?

He read the letter over again aloud. How blasphemous it sounded. Surely he will not suffer such reproach against his name? And then as though he needed to reassure his own soul of the majesty and power of the God of his nation, he poured out his soul in adoration, exclaiming:

"O, Lord of Hosts, God of Israel, that dwellest between the cherubims, thou art the God, even thou alone, of all the kingdoms of the earth: thou hast made heaven and earth. Incline thine ear, O Lord, and hear; open thine eyes, O Lord, and see; and hear all the words of Sennacherib, which hath sent to reproach the living God."

As he prayed a new assurance came to his heart and when word came to him from Isaiah saying that the Lord would surely hear and deliver he felt more hopeful and cheerful than he had for weeks past.

The men who were in the conspiracy against the city wondered as they looked upon the calm face of the king, and felt not a little disconcerted, but they went ahead with their plans and that night everything was in readiness to carry out the surrender of the city in the morning.

But morning came and no sign came to open the gates. As the watchers on the wall looked toward the Assyrian camp they noted the deathlike stillness. Fear took possession of their hearts, and, forgetful of their plot, they fled to take the king word.

What could it mean? Where the day before had been activity now all was silent as the grave.

"It is God's hand who would send deliverance according to his word," exclaimed Hezekiah, confidently. "Thou shalt go and see," he added, turning to the group of men who had brought him word.

They had plotted to betray the city and now were they to be driven into the very jaws of death itself? And they wondered what had become of their comrade in the conspiracy who had gone out to the Assyrian camp the night before and who was to have given them the signal that morning.

As though by way of answer as they reached the outskirts of the camp, they almost stumbled over the form of one whose garb told only too plainly that he was a Hebrew.

"It is he," they exclaimed together, a shudder passing over them. And a hasty look about revealed heaps of dead bodies on every hand.  
"God has sent deliverance, indeed. And our brother would be alive to-day had we not doubted the king and the word which the Prophet Isaiah spoke."

**WENT TO THE FRONT TO DIE.**

Pathetic Farewell Made by Loyal Subjects of the Mikado.

During the China-Japanese war the members of one of the missionary families were living in the part of Chemulpo near the barracks where the Japanese were quartered until they could be sent by sea to the front. "In Korea with Marquis Ito," by Dr. George Trumbull Ladd, contains a pathetic little story in connection with this family.

One day a petty officer came up on the porch of the house, uninvited, but after accepting gratefully the cup of tea offered him, being unable to speak any English, he went away, leaving the object of his apparent intrusion unexplained.  
Soon afterward he returned with some 20 of his comrades, mostly petty officers, accompanying him. And when the hostess was becoming somewhat alarmed at the number for whom she might be expected to furnish tea and cakes, one of the company explained in broken English that they had come to see the baby, a girl about two years old.

The little one was brought out by the mother and placed in the arms of the speaker, who carried her along the line formed of his comrades and gave each one a chance to see her, to smile at her, and to say a few words to her in an unknown tongue.

On going away, after this somewhat formal paying of respects to "the baby," the Japanese officer still further explained.  
"Madam," said he, "to-morrow morning we are going to the front, and we do not expect ever to return. But before we go to die, we wanted to bid good-by to the baby."

The number of the regiment to which these soldiers belonged was taken note of by the mother. Their expectation came true; they did not return.—Youth's Companion.

Accounting for it.  
He—Miss Mabel colors so prettily. She—Of course she does. Mabel never gets anything but the best.

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