STRATHCONA HAD ROMANTIC LIFE

His Ninety-four Years Were Busy and Stirring Ones.

MARRIED INDIAN WOMAN

"Grand Old Man of Canada," Scotch Immigrant, Rose to Be British Knight.

From the Kansas City Star.

No romance of fiction ever written was more romantic than the career of Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, high commissioner of Canada, who has just died in London at the age of ninety-four. And one of the most romantic things of his strange life was his undying love and loyalty for his Indian wife.

The Indian bride came to him when he was plain Donald Smith, twenty-five years old, a post trader for the Hudson Bay Company in the wilds of Labrador. There was no pastor or church within 1,000 miles. Their marriage was a simple contract between a man, a woman, and their God.

Sixty-nine years they lived together, and their devotion to each other was beautiful. The first years of their married life were lean years of poverty and hard struggling. Then came great riches, and high honors, and when Queen Victoria sent for the "Grand old man of Canada," the year of her jubilee, to knight him and give him a new name, he took his Indian wife with him across the ocean.

Married in London.

When the royal circle in the Capital of the world learned that the marriage of old Donald Smith and Isabella had never been solemnized nor blessed by bell nor book a great cry of horror went up and Queen Victoria commanded that Donald come to see her privately. He went and took his Indian wife with him into the royal presence. The good Queen talked with them and a few days later Donald and Isabella, he eighty-one and she seventy years old, were married with the full ritual of the Church of England, and later, by order of the Queen, the civil bond of marriage of the Labrador forest was ratified by a special act of Parliament.

Then Donald Smith was knighted by the queen and his Indian wife was raised to the peerage with him and became Lady Strathcona. Thereafter they lived in a grand old mansion in fashionable London, yet as devoted to each as they were in the wilds of Labrador.

She was with him at the coronation of King Edward and Queen Alexandria and at the coronation of King George and Queen Mary in June, 1911. She died in their London mansion just two months ago.

Those who knew this fine old couple intimately predicted that Lord Strathcona would not long survive her; and they were right in that. Active and constant in his work up to the day of her sudden death by pneumonia, he began to pine and lose strength then.

Goes to Canada at Eighteen.

Donald Alexander Smith was born in Scotland in 1820. In his parental home he laid the foundation stones of his successful career—integrity, thoroughness and diligence. This last word he had engraved on his seal and the crest which was given him when he became a peer of the British realm.

When he was eighteen years old Smith went to Canada in the service of the Hudson Bay Company. He was a trader, he tramped the mighty North from end to end, bargaining, planning, bartering. Year after year he traversed the wastes where the great Mackenzie River tumbles across the Arctic Circle. It was a terrible country in those days, this outland of the British empire.

Many years afterward, when he had become a great world figure and immensely rich, he was asked for some words of advice to young men, and he gave this:

"Do not despise what you are. Be satisfied for the time, not grumbling and finding fault. Do the work yourself; don't wait for friends to use their influence on your behalf; don't depend on the help of others. Apart from what we call genius, I believe one man is able to do as well as any other provided the opportunity presents itself. Much of what I would advise young men to do is contained in the old counsel, 'Trust in God and keep your powder dry.'"

Receives a Promotion.

After ten years of this life in the north Smith was promoted to be an agent for the company on the bleak coast of Labrador. Little of hope there was in that. It is the most dreadful place on the whole continent, this forbidden land of Labrador.

Soon after he went there he was stricken with snow blindness. Only once a year came the company's ship, up through the Strait of Belle Isle. To wait for it meant that forever he should go through life blind—meant the end of all things for him. He took two Indians of his people, in the dead hush of midwinter, and set out upon a tramp of 1,000 miles to Montreal. Struggling through, almost dead, he came at last before the resident governor of the company in the comfort of the city. Sir George Simpson, the governor, looked at him, heard the tale, then thundered at him:

"Who gave you leave to quit your post?"

"Who could," replied Smith, "since no man lives within 1,000 miles of me?"

"If it be, but a choice between your eyes and the service of the company get back to your post as quickly as you can."

The agent obeyed. The terror of that journey no man may write. Once, in recent years, Lord Strathcona was asked to describe it.

"No, no—I can't, it's too terrible to think about," he said.

He stumbled back into his post alone, after many days and many nights in the great silence. Two hundred miles back in the depths he had left his two Indians, dead of exhaustion, fear and hunger.

That was the service of the Hudson's Bay Company in the days when it ruled the north.

Made Chief Executive.

In 1868 Smith, then forty-eight years old, reached the top of the Hudson Bay Company's ladder. He was appointed chief executive, with offices at Montreal. His reward had come.

He was a man of middle stature, rather slight in build. The snow tan of the north had made him dark as an Indian. He wore a full beard, black and wiry. Black, bushy brows met above his eyes. He looked what he was, a commander of men and of forces.

He was not then a rich man. He had saved some money, but he had invested it in lands thousands of miles to the west, then a barren wilderness, supposedly profitless. But his far-seeing eyes had glimpsed the wonders of the future and he believed that in time he would reap a harvest from the opening of that vast plains country, now the golden wheat belt of Western Canada.

And now he entered upon his career as railroad maker and empire builder. There was an abandoned railroad, the St. Paul and Pacific, that stretched northward from St. Paul to the Canadian border. It had fallen into helpless bankruptcy and it was merely "two streaks of rust." Up beyond the end of those rails, rusting in the sun, lay Donald Smith's prairie land. He and James J. Hill, Canadian born, got together, bought the road, and in their hands it speedily became a railroad again and extended far up into Manitoba. So Donald Smith gave to the Canadian Northwest its first railroad, and at the same time made a shrewd financial stroke for himself.

Railroad Is Completed.

Canada had been trying for years to get a railroad through to the Pacific Coast. Project after project had failed. One government had been wrecked by the question. Sir John Macdonald, premier of Canada, saw that to hold together the widely separated provinces of Canada it was necessary to have the trans-continental line. He entered into a contract with Donald Smith to build it. It was opposed bitterly by the opponents of Macdonald's government. Very wise men thought the project foredoomed a failure. It would ruin the country. It would never "pay for its axle grease."

But the lean Scotchman, Donald Smith, had faith in it, and he went ahead and built it. It was a struggle of giants and he had the fight of his life to get the money. He sank every dollar of his own in it.

At 9:30 o'clock the morning of November 7, 1885, at Craigellachie, B. C., an old man, whose hair was snowy white, drove a golden spike into the cedar tie upon which the rails met from East and West. That spike completed the Canadian Pacific. In the five years he was building it Smith changed from the strong, black-bearded, sturdy man to a white-haired veteran. But the railroad proved all he said it would. It became, and is today, one of the most solidly prosperous transportation enterprises in the world. And it made Donald Smith a very wealthy man.

The record of his life from the day he drove that golden spike onward was a bewildering alternation of magnificent gifts and magnificent honors. A million dollars at various times to McGill University, Montreal; a million to the Royal Victoria College for the higher education of women; a million for the foundation and endowment of the Royal Victoria Hospital; with countless acts of private benevolence to poor but talented young Canadians of every class—these are but a few examples of the disposition of his fortune.

He was appointed high commissioner of Canada in London in 1896 and since then lived in London with only flying trips to Canada. He crossed the Atlantic 150 times. He had residences in Glencoe, Scotland; Winnipeg, Pictou, Nova Scotia, and his great house in Montreal, where he had a magnificent collection of art.

Motion Picture News

A Daily Feature In The Herald

This daily news feature of The Washington Herald is for the benefit of everybody interested in motion pictures.

Suggestions, comments, criticisms, inquiries, and questions invited. Address communications to Motion Picture Editor, Washington Herald.

Although Ysaye, the noted violinist, thinks very well of New York women, his wife does not agree with him. On the contrary, she told Our Mutual Girl, between scenes in which her distinguished husband posed for the "Our Mutual Girl" series, that she considers New York women the most poorly dressed, from the standpoint of good taste, of any women in the civilized world.

Ysaye did his utmost to come gallantly to the rescue of the New York ladies, and came as near as he dared to saying that they were the most beautiful women in the world, and as handsomely and correctly dressed as even the ladies of Paris.

The great violinist was introduced to Our Mutual Girl at the stage entrance of Carnegie Hall, where she previously had the pleasure of meeting the world's greatest pianist. Ysaye was enthusiastic about motion pictures and allowed himself to be photographed on over 200 feet of film. He even consented to several scenes being taken at the main entrance of Carnegie Hall in which his wife also appeared.

Our Mutual Girl was greatly impressed by the pleasing personality of both Ysaye and his wife, and was enthusiastic about the great musician's perfect command of the English language. She is now planning to meet Pavlowa, the famous Russian dancer, who has consented to be one of the many celebrities to appear in the "Our Mutual Girl" series at an early date.

"The Woman Pays," 3-reel Thanhouser feature today; Colonial Theater. —Adv.

Lois Weber, actress, director, and scenario writer of the Rex Company, narrowly escaped serious and possible fatal injury when a fragment of brass from a blank cartridge passed through her clothing and imbedded itself an inch deep in a wooden railing. Had Miss Weber's instructions been followed implicitly, serious injury could not have been averted as she instructed the actor holding the revolver to fire directly at her breast.

The accident took place during the production of a war story, entitled, "An Old Locket." The action in the scene between a Union and a Confederate officer demanded that, as the Union officer attempted to escape, the Confederate officer should raise his revolver, and as he fired, Lois Weber was to throw her body between, and herself take the bullet intended for the man she loved.

"Shoot directly at my breast," she instructed Brown.

When the moment for shooting came he aimed the weapon slightly to the right. Instead of the usual wadding which is ejected from blank cartridge, a circle of brass, broken from the cartridge shell, tore its way through the sleeve of her dress, passed through a number of pieces of scenery and imbedded itself an inch deep in a wooden railing.

Under ordinary conditions and at a distance of a dozen feet, there is little danger from blank cartridge. However, in this case a 38 caliber cartridge had been placed in a 44-caliber revolver, with the result that the shell burst when exploded, and it was a fragment of the brass casing which did the damage.

A Fourth of July play under the title of "A Blowout at Santa Banana" furnished a multitude of experiences incident to Western life. A wagon load of fireworks are accidentally set off, a Western hold-up, busting "bronchos, catching a greased pig, and similar sports are depicted in a most amusing manner.

Three of the characters are given their choice of marrying three old maids or being lynched. They heroically chose to die.

This play, "The False Bride," will mark a new departure for Miss Florence Lawrence, the magnetic genius of the screen. Miss Lawrence plays a double role, that of a young wife, wholesome and high-spirited, and Amy St. Clair, a creature of the underworld. One is supposed to be an exact duplicate of the other, except in temperament and morals.

State government annually costs New York $8.57 per capita.

GOETHALS EXPECTED TO TAKE POLICE JOB

Canal Builder Wants to Leave Zone When Work Is Completed, It Is Pointed Out.

WILL NOT GO TO ALASKA

New York, Jan. 25.—Mayor Mitchel's belief that he ultimately will obtain the services of Col. George W. Goethals as police commissioner of New York remains unshaken.

Col. Goethals' message declaring that the offer of the Canal Zone governorship does not change his attitude toward the commissionership has served to strengthen Mr. Mitchel in his belief.

Definite action will be taken this week toward the enlargement of the powers of the police commissioner along the lines suggested by Col. Goethals as a necessary condition to his acceptance of the offer. One of these suggestions is that the power of removal in case of unsatisfactory service shall be vested in the commissioner.

It is well known by friends of Col. Goethals that he has no desire to remain in the Canal Zone in any capacity after the completion of the canal. He feels that he then will have discharged his full duty to the government.

Will Not Go to Alaska.

The formal opening of the waterway is set for January 1, 1915, but it must be remembered that Col. Goethals exacted a promise from President Roosevelt that he would not be obliged to remain for the formal opening ceremony, and it is said he has informed his superiors in Washington that he feels he must insist upon this promise being kept.

With regard to the suggestion that Col. Goethals may be sent to Alaska to superintend the construction of the government railroad there after he has completed his work on the Isthmus, it is regarded as improbable that a man who has spent seven years in the tropics would be sent or consent to go to arctic regions.

What is said to have finally won Col. Goethals over to the idea of accepting the police commissionership was the appeal to his patriotism when he was informed that the only way to end the power of the Tammany organization in New York politics was to take the police department out of politics and that he was the only man properly equipped for the task.

Pocketbook Stops Bullet.

Atchison, Kan., Jan. 25.—While standing in the doorway of his residence A. J. Taylor, an elderly man, heard the report of a firearm and a bullet passed through his overcoat, coat and vest, struck the metallic clasp of a pocketbook in one of his vest pockets, and was deflected. The bullet was found. It was from a revolver of large caliber. Mr. Taylor believes that the bullet was a stray one and not intended for him.

Daily Short Story

A BUSHEL OF PEARS.

BY MARTHA M'C. WILLIAMS.

(Copyright, 1914.)

"If only I had a bushel of pears! Just one bushel!" Flora moaned, looking almost angrily at the big tree a little way off the back piazza.

Commonly it was loaded with fruit to the breaking point—this season a May frost had left it almost wholly barren. Here or there an abortive pear peeped out from the thickest of leafage. Flora shook a tiny fist at the most obtrusive one, running on: "To think! You are there tantalizing me—this year of all years!"

"Why so tragic, Flo?" Dr. Eden asked, looking up from the Medical Journal, in which he had been buried. She made a grimace at him. He did not see it—before answering. "Why? You see—for cause. Mother's rich stepsister in the city has suddenly remembered her existence to the extent at least of writing, recalling all the good things to eat we ever had. Pears especially—not fresh and ripe—but all done up in sugar—preserved with ginger—and dried after preserving—chips are mighty good—and all but asking outright if we wouldn't send her some. I'd love to—but——"

"Pears may hit—next year," Dr. Eden said, philosophically.

"And rich aunts may change their minds, their yearnings—forget all about us by next year," Flora flung back at him. "Then—it's good-by to—any hope of an invitation to visit her. Oh, wouldn't I love it! Think of going to a really truly theater, with really truly acting inside it—not to the fly-by-night companies that are down here in Jonesville."

"I've seen both—give me Jonesville," Dr. Eden commented. "Depend on it, Flo, an uncloyed appetite flavors its own food. In the city you get so sated——"

"Shut up!" Flora cried, stamping, but not angrily. "I know by heart already all the consolations for poverty."

"Hope you value them—as they deserve," Eden retorted briskly.

Flora went on, her chin in her hand: "I'm like the milkmaid in the spelling book—a bushel of pears would make two jars of preserves, a nice fancy box of chips—and a jar of brandy fruit. Could any mortal rich aunt pining for home cooking do less than respond to them? And you know as well as I—my great chance must come that way—or not at all."

"What chance?" Eden demanded, smiling whimsically.

Flora stared at him, flushed and stammered, "Why—to—to—see things—and—and—meet people—the right people you know——"

"H—m. People to be translated a rich husband?" Eden asked, still smiling, but with quickened breath.

Flora blushed hotly. "You needn't put it that way," she said. "Not baldly. But—a girl can't marry well unless she has chances—and who gets any fit chances here?"

"Oh, several people seem to—Jonesville averages pretty high matrimonially, and way above par as to its baby crop," Eden laughed. Then he stuffed the "Medical Journal" disrespectfully in his pocket, walked over to her, put his hand on her shoulder and said gayly with yet a tremor underneath: "If the worst happens you can depend on me. Certainly I won't see you an old maid."

"Go away, hateful!" Flora said saucily. "Who cares for even a half proposal that has to be drawn out with a corkscrew? You'd starve if you dared get married—at least for twenty years yet. I know women—they dread the doctor's wife as much as they adore the doctor himself."

"I'll risk it, though—in the name of friendship, not to say Christian charity," Eden returned, bending over and kissing her.

As she sprang up he fell back suppressing a whistle, for out through the hall walked an imposing person, who put up her glass, surveyed the pair and said stolidly: "I came to see my sister, Mrs. Trainor. Has she moved? It seems impossible you can be her daughter!"

"Aunt Margaret!" Flora cried ready to sink with shame.

Eden smiled faintly bowed and said quietly: "I hope madam you will let me also say Aunt Margaret—it may explain—what you saw."

"It does," the lady said, thawing visibly.

Flora fetched a fan for her, took her bonnet, set her in the easiest chair. She sank into it meditatively, sat still a minute, then roused saying: "O I'm forgetting—my son Henry is waiting in the car—I told him I would come in and ask——"

"I'll fetch him in," Eden said, falling gracefully into his role of fiance.

Aunt Margaret, otherwise rich Mrs. Lessing, looked approvingly after him. "So—your market is made," she said beaming at Flora. "Well made it appears. I am delighted—to know you are to marry in your own sphere."

Henry proved to be mighty handsome—the type young women gushingly term "killing." He agreed with them—wholeheartedly. No woman he felt could really resist his charms. Because they were so susceptible, because also he had an anxiously critical mother, holding the power of the purse, he had come to almost thirty, not merely single, but unattached. Perhaps through the antiseptic quality of his conceit—loving himself so well, he had felt no need to love anybody else.

That is to say, until the dawning of Flora. All in a flash he got hot and cold by turns; wanted to run away; wanted to stay forever near her. In short, had as bad a case of emotional insanity as ever near-bachelor suffered. This in spite of enlightenment by his mother as to Eden's pretensions. The pretensions, indeed, added fuel to the flame. Too crafty though to let his mother see truly, he insisted upon staying a month, vowing that never before had he found a spot so nearly ideal as the big, rambling Trainor homestead, set in wide lawns, and convenient to everything, albeit remote enough for perfect quiet. Further, he needed rest; had just ended a strenuous financial campaign. His mother said "in the street." If Henry had been inconveniently veracious he would have said "in the street"—one full of houses so dark and quiet. Well-shuttered to harbor gentlemen fond of high risk—and other gentlemen quite willing to accommodate them. Henry had hushed the tiger without mercy—at such cost he had found it wise to stop payment upon certain checks. Hence his yearning for the peace and quiet of Jonesville. Hence also, in a measure, his infatuation. He had to taper off on falling in love from the intoxication of gambling.

Furtively he made advances. Flora at first recoiled. Later she fell into muses. Eden noted them with clouding brows. He had taken Henry's measure almost at first blush—knew him to be shallow, selfish, self-indulgent and vain. Against that—he had money, position, a culture of sorts. He could take his wife all the world over—and would do it if she but knew how to play her cards. Pompous and self-conceited, he was still the sort to be led by the nose. If Flora wanted him—let her take him—though as he said so to himself, Eden sighed.

He told her so, sotly and without sighing. "I won't stand in your way," he said. "But you'll have the devil's own time explaining to your mother-in-law aunt."

Flora only smiled oddly. But later she said slowly, "You needn't have said anything. I knew you were not in earnest, and meant only to make fair weather for me with Aunt Margaret."

Before he could answer Henry called her to go to the hill top, and thence watch the sunset. Eden smiled, but some timber in the caller's voice made him follow the pair—not close enough for overhearing, but near enough for plain view.

Not the sunset, but the eyes of Eve's daughter. Henry had a mind to watch. Indeed, he turned squarely from the riot of gold and crimson and purple to stare down at Flora, until pettishly she put a hand before her face. He caught it, flung it away—caught her tight in his arms, crying huskily, "I want you! I must have you! Unless you say you love me—I shall be tempted to strangle you."

"Let me go! I don't love you. I—I hate you—now," Flora panted. "I will never love you—you are—all hollow—a shaman. The man I love must be real——"

"His name, I suppose, is Eden," Henry sneered, holding her tighter.

She pushed him away strongly—but was as a child in his hold. "His name is Eden," she said clearly. "Now—will you let me go?"

"No!" Henry answered.

But before he could say more he was most beautifully, most scientifically pummelled—by a man who knew all the fine points of anatomy. That job out of hand, Eden turned to Flora a face fairly seraphic, saying: "We won't wait twenty years, darling—hardly more than twenty days."

MOYER TO FACE TRIAL.

Will Return to Calumet Without Extradition.

Calumet, Mich., Jan. 25.—Special Prosecutor George E. Nicholls, in charge of the grand jury investigation, announced tonight the receipt of a communication from Judge O. N. Hilton, at Denver, Colo., chief of the Western Federation of Miners counsel, stating that President C. H. Moyer and other federation officials indicted will return to Calumet without extradition.

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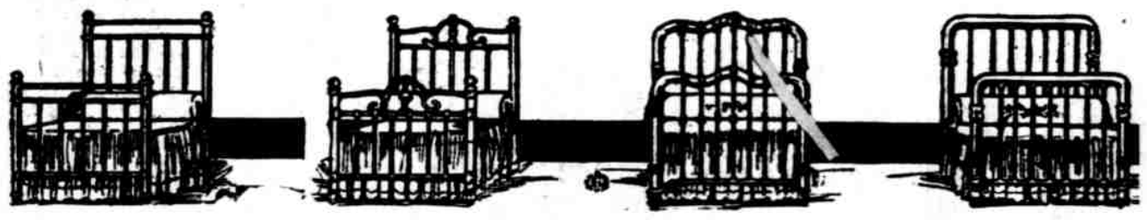

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