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The Guide-Advocate

Viscount Jellicoe Looks

Mild, But He is Mighty

Pays Visit to Dominion

ADMIRAL VISCOUNT JELICOE, the great little British seaman who commanded the British fleet in the Battle of Jutland, arrived in Victoria on the battle-cruiser New Zealand, to pay us a visit.

When the war broke out practically nobody outside the navy had ever heard of Jellicoe. Everybody now could write a nice little essay about his record in the big conflict; but as to Jellicoe, the man, about all the average Canadian knows about him is that he short, clean-shaven and has a peculiar, close-lipped mouth, which he keeps severely shut. Jellicoe has nothing of the look of a popular hero like Beatty and Berrford and "Jacky" Fisher. His appearance suggests that his management of a fleet would be on the lines of efficiency only—no picturesque stunts, simply business done in a businesslike manner. Physically he is the smallest man in the navy, they say, barring the midshipman.

An American newspaperman who saw a good deal of the admiral during the war describes Jellicoe this way: "If he were not an admiral a stranger would think him a rather successful lawyer—the sort of a lawyer who would handle the real estate business for maiden aunts and handle it well. If he were a doctor he would be the kind to which rich and fashionable families would gravitate. He certainly doesn't look the part of 'Hell-Fire Jack,' as he has been called in the British navy. He



VISCOUNT JELICOE.

doesn't talk like it either. He doesn't raise his voice no matter what happens. He doesn't swear—or at least he only swears as much as is necessary. He never places emphasis anywhere. But he apparently gets there anyhow. In fact, he's a whale on doing things."

From another pretty good observer we are told: "Jellicoe is English to his heels. His father was a naval officer and the family is of Hampshire stock. The admiral is always cool and serene. Nothing ever furries him. He never bullies anyone, and no one ever tries to bully him. He sways about in a command of the situation as if he were a doctor at a dinner table or a quarter-deck."

Three times Jellicoe has dodged death by a miracle, and the stories of these escapes throw more light on the little admiral than a couple of columns of character study. Away back in 1880 he was a lieutenant on H. M. S. Monarch near Gibraltar. One day in a heavy storm a Glasgow steamer, the Ettrickdale, was stranded near the Monarch, which had gone out for target practice. All the boats but one small one had been left behind. When volunteers were called to try a rescue of the crew of the wrecked vessel Lieut. Jellicoe was the first to jump forward. With seven seamen in the small boat they struck out. After a desperate struggle their boat went down and they were washed ashore more dead than alive. They had done their best, and they received medals from the British Board of Trade.

On his next narrow shave he lost this medal. This was in 1893, when he was in command of the Victoria, which was sunk by the Campedown during manoeuvres in the Mediterranean. Jellicoe was in his bunk with a sharp attack of fever. When the crash came he staggered on deck in his pyjamas. He stood on the bridge with flags in his hands ready to signal when he was flung into the whirling waves. Too weak to do much for himself, he would have quickly sank but for a midshipman who helped him. Admiral Jellicoe's medal went down, with the rest of his property, and when the Board of Trade was informed of the loss he was told that he could have another medal by paying for it.

Admiral Jellicoe's third brush with death occurred on land when he accompanied Admiral Seymour on his attempt to relieve the Pekin Legations during the Boxer rebellion. Finding themselves in a hopeless position, they decided to retreat to Tientsin. They encountered cavalry, and Captain Jellicoe, as he was then, was shot through the lung while leading his men in attack. But though his wounds were dangerous his grit pulled him through five terrible days before they reach Tientsin.

The private life of Admiral Jellicoe is a happy one. He is married to a very rich woman, the daughter of Sir Charles Gayer, head of the Clan line of steamers.

Mustie Along the Jordan.

There is unaccustomed activity along the River Jordan. Experts from the technical department of the government at Cairo are prospecting for coal, oil, and minerals; engineers are making the surveys that foretell the reclamation of waste land by irrigation; and British energy is extending in this historic but long-abandoned region the modernization that began when Jerusalem was taken and the inhabitants as well as the army of occupation immediately supplied with a twentieth century water system that restored and made useful the ancient reservoirs south of Bethlehem. The Jordan valley, as the signs now point, will become a very different place. The river, the most important in Palestine, before the war was regarded as the Sultan's property. No vessel could sail it without his permission, nor could any bridge be built over it, and the permission had been withheld from tourist companies wishing to establish steamboat service. Much of the immediate country was waste land, and still is for that matter, except that now the British engineers have looked at it and said that a system of irrigation canals could use the river and make some 250,000 acres of alluvial soil available for the agriculture of a semi-tropical climate. At the same time the examination of the Dead Sea Basin predicts that here Palestine has a source of natural wealth comparable to the Klondike. Coal, oil, bitumen, and sulphur undoubtedly wait for development; copper was mined there when Byzantium stood on part of the site of Constantinople; marble, porphyry, and other valuable kinds of stone add to the natural wealth, to say nothing of salt and phosphates.

Lawyers In Print.

An article was the other day printed in the Observer of London which may suggest to somebody a reasonably stout little book on the same subject. Lawyers in literature engrossed the writer, not as makers of literature but as represented by those who make it. Beginning with the Man of Law in the "Canterbury Tales," a considerable procession of lawyers can be discovered in print; particularly in the work of Dickens, who is credited with having described thirty-five, in addition to two law-stations, two law-writers, and a law-student. Fielding and Smollett each wrote about lawyers; Trollope pictured them; Scott, George Eliot, and Balzac added to the gallery. A largely forgotten book, "Ten Thousand a Year," is referred to as containing pen pictures of a number of lawyers who were once more or less distinguished. Very likely the lawyers who have made literature also would turn out to be a sizable company; and, of course, there are people who insist that a lawyer wrote "Hamlet" and a number of other well-known and lasting plays.

Photographs of women are very rarely taken in China.

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Grand Duke Nicholas Is

Leading Very Quiet Life

In a New Home in Italy

AT Sant Margherita in Italy is living Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholavitch, former commander-in-chief of the Russian army, and his brother, Grand Duke Peter, and their wives.

To a correspondent of the Associated Press the grand duchess said: "We desire on our past life, on our experiences, on all we have left, that silence should reign. This is our dearest wish; our most fervent request."

"We have come to Italy," Grand Duke Nicholas said, "in this fairy-like corner of the world, on the beautiful, smiling Gulf of Sant Margherita, seeking only peace and repose for our spirits and our nerves. We have determined not to talk with anybody on past sad events. All the tortures we endured must, for the outside world, be hidden in our own breasts. The only request we make is that our silence and our address be respected.

"For this reason we lead most retired lives in this villa of Spicola, half hidden in the woods."



GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS.

part of the day on the delightful shore of the gulf and the remainder with my brother Peter and his wife Miliza, who live nearby at a place known as Due Pini (Two Pines). Our whole life is circumscribed within these narrow limits."

Replying to an inquiry whether they would remain long in Italy, the grand duchess said:

"We have rented this villa until 1920, but between now and then many things may happen to decide us either to prolong or to shorten our stay here."

The Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Nicholas take their meals in their own villa and in the evening generally receive a visit from Grand Duke Peter and his wife. Every day Anastasia either drives with her husband or walks to the nearby village of San Michele, which is celebrated for hand-made lace.

The correspondence of Grand Duke Nicholas is attended to by Baron Steel, who acts both as private secretary and master of ceremonies.

The visit of King Victor Emmanuel with the Russian grand dukes appears to clear up the mystery of the whereabouts of Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholavitch. He has been at one time or another reported dead, in captivity of the Bolsheviks, and living incognito in various places. The last report had him residing on Prinkipo Island in the Sea of Marmora, between Asiatic and European Turkey.

The Lucky Horseshoe.

The superstitious use of horseshoes as emblems of good luck originated about the middle of the seventeenth century. They were at first deemed a protection against witches and evil spirits, and were nailed on doors of houses with the curve uppermost. It was the belief that no witch or evil spirit could enter a house thus guarded. The custom of nailing horseshoes to ships and other sailing craft is still in vogue in many English-speaking countries. To find a horse shoe with an odd number of nails attached to it is considered the forerunner of good luck, and the more nails the greater the good fortune that is likely to attend the finder.

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