

MEN OF THE YEAR IN MINIATURE

Little Cartoons on some of the celebrities who have marked the mile-posts of 1909

IN the roll call of men of the year 1909, the King—God bless him! He is a gentleman. Of all Teddies in the world he is the best. Let no man try to define the King to us Canadians. We know the King; neither do we make him cheap; nor hold him on a pedestal. He has had his good time. He could have a fairly good time yet with most any of us. Monarch, emperor, diplomat and gentleman—he is yet a simple, plain man to whom four hundred millions of subjects extend the happiest of New Years; white men and black men and brown men and yellow men; gathered by all seas; sweltering under tropic suns and freezing in the Yukon; men in the ships and in lands where all languages are spoken—but none so plain as that which says—The King, God bless him!

Taft—shift the eyeglass; this is a different breed; a gentleman no less, and a diplomat and a statesman. But we do not know Taft. He has not yet jarred on our sensibilities; seems like a common man played very large; a humorous, humanist sort with the smile that beams like a rising sun; a man of no fads and no great particular preachments, but a sterling, sensible plain man after the manner of the late Grover Cleveland. He won his recognition down in the Philippines and in the Panama zone. Plain, big Bill—for a common man

For Lieutenant Shackleton is the man for that—unless Lieutenant Scott should head him off. We believe in the South Pole for the British. Shackle-

name becomes pronounceable. It is a fashion of German Emperors to make and unmake Chancellors. The new prince's fate will be awaited with interest.

Cornering the world's wheat and forcing the price up to a price and a half does not fall to the lot of many men. James Patten did it in 1909. He was for a time more talked of than the Kaiser and the King and the flying-machiners. He struck humanity hard—in a very practical place. His achievements in the Chicago wheat-pit made even Wall Street look tame and Sunday-School. But he squared the account by selling a pile of wheat at a large personal loss; not, however, putting himself in any danger of the county poorhouse and without in the least detracting from his brilliant and sensational reputation.

Carnegie, the richest of all money-givers; the man whose main occupation in life now is to give away money—now what would that feel like, do you think? If you and I could wake every morning to the strains of a pipe organ and do nothing but go over the list of libraries we were to endow that day and the pipe organs to install; knowing that the law of interest on money was running us such a race that unless we should get nervous prostration giving away the money we should die some day richer than when we started in at the game. That is an awful consideration; and it seems to have



King Edward.



President Taft.



Commander Peary.



Lieut. Shackleton.

ton has done his share. His proximity to the antipodes of the North Pole gave him about as much mysterious eminence as the North gave to Peary. Most of us used to dream that the South Pole was just an imaginary bubble in a warm summer sea; that there would be dolphins playing and gulls of brilliant summer plumage flitting over the water. Whereas the voyage of Shackleton proves that the South Pole is about as far north as the North Pole; for the north after all is the inaccessible.

Next to the monarchs and the polar discoverers—surely the flying men deserve attention. They have brought the unattainable as near as the Pearys and the Shackletons have brought the inaccessible. 1909 has been the year of flying-machines; more airships in that year than in all the years of the world's history. The Zeppelins and the Bleriot and the Wrights and the Farmans have put us in touch with the infinite in a very practical way. They have come as near as possible to realising the epical illusions of Jules Verne. They have all but taken us on the trip to Mars. By this time next year—



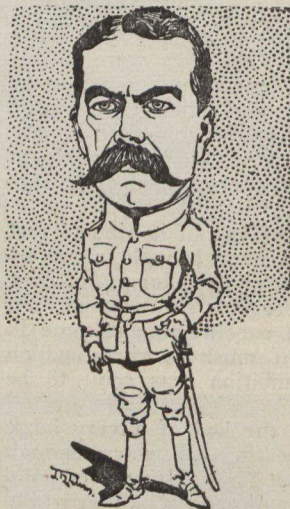
Count Zeppelin.



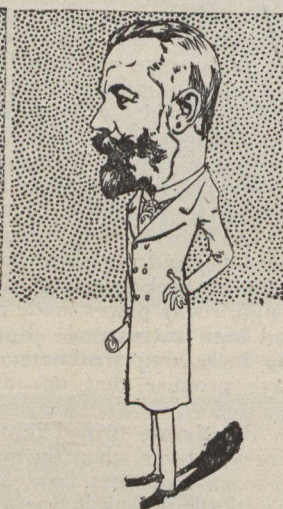
M. Bleriot.

he wields a huge power. George the Third wouldn't know such a man, for he had no notion that the Thirteen Colonies ever could produce so unostentatious and homely a ruler.

Of all men of the year, Peary has become most unusual. If he has found the North Pole he has done what no other man ever will do. To stand on top of the world's roof and look down in imagination on the millions of mankind that crawl half up its bulge and a little beyond—that is a subject for an artist of Dorean calibre. Of course Peary did nothing of the sort; he simply hauled a toboggan and when he got over the hummocks to the exact spot by his sextant and compass, he stayed just long enough to do what science required of him and came away. He has succeeded in becoming a hero; but that is a dangerous thing. Besides, there have been so many cheap funnygrams gotten off about Peary and the Pole that there should be a New Year's resolution—to leave Peary alone and pray to heaven that he do not hanker too hard after the South Pole.



Viscount Kitchener.



German Chancellor.

airships to rent or hire, perhaps. Count Zeppelin electrified Germany with his airship. Bleriot got across the English Channel and threw the German scare afresh into England. God keep these airship men of peaceful mind!

Solid on the ground, however, is the great Lord Kitchener, who, having conquered most of the peoples of the earth before he was fifty, has now gone to the Mediterranean for a polite official rest, nominally in command of something but no longer appealing to the imagination as he did in the Soudan and South Africa and in India. The War Office wanted him not. He was too much Kitchener. Once the world of wagging tongues had him about to be married; but he is still the single and singular Lord Kitchener, the man of iron who was never really beaten at the game of war.

The new German Chancellor is an unknown quantity; conspicuous chiefly because he has succeeded Von Buelow, who fell foul of the Kaiser, as Dr. Von Bethmann-Hollweg may do—when his

fallen upon no other man in the world's history but Andrew Carnegie.

Lord Lansdowne has come into the limelight. He is the only Canadian ex-Governor-General who ever had the opportunity to precipitate a budget crisis in Great Britain. 1909 and Lansdowne are well linked together. 1910 and the British election are still in the balance; the most sensational and all-absorbing British election that ever was. The whole world knows about the House of Lords and all of Canada knows vastly more about the issues at stake in the coming election across the water than at any other time since we became a people.

One of the memorable events of the year was the Imperial Press Conference in London, at which editors from all parts of the Empire met. It was natural that Lord Burnham, the proprietor of the *Daily Telegraph*, and one of the moving spirits in bringing about the Conference, should be its president. Wielding great journalistic influence, Lord Burnham has been one of the most prominent opponents of the Budget.



Mr. James Patten.



Mr. Andrew Carnegie.



Lord Lansdowne.



Lord Burnham.