

Bottomly, London Money Wizard Now in Prison, Once Poor Youth

Started Life as Clerk in Musty Law Offices—Became Great National Figure—Was Powerful Factor in English War Times.

LONDON, July 11. (By Mail to the United Press)—A lad of 10 years, short pugnacious, persuasive, Horatio Bottomley presented himself 52 years ago for his first day's work with a Parisian manufacturer's agent in a narrow street off Cheapside.

In later years, Bottomley was to give "Mason's College," Birmingham, as his alma mater, when he furnished his autobiography to "Who's Who." It is probable, however, that other reports say that he graduated from a sort of semi-orphanage founded by a wealthy philanthropist named Mason were more correct, as from his tent he was self-educated.

Bottomley soon showed his independence of convention. His duty in his first job, was to take samples of fings and such about to the smart West-end shops. He was asked, one day, to move his employer's office furniture in a hand cart, bit by bit, to new premises. He took aboard the first load, pushed it up the street a short distance, abandoned it and went to look for more congenial employment. The cart was found later, and Bottomley we find already starting to work in a lawyer's office.

Here it was that the germ of real ambition was born, and Bottomley began boyish browsing through the dusty books in the musty office. He had hardly started when his employer died from midriff tremors and his chief clerk was sent to the penitentiary for having collected taxes unfairly from people of the district.

Obtains Real Post.

His job having died a natural, under the circumstances, death, Bottomley obtained a new post—his first real one—with a solid, unimpeachable firm of lawyers off the Strand. They were Bottomley's solicitors at his recent trial and helped him with his defense. He had become their chief client, and paid them a fortune during a career whose years—almost weeks—were marked with lawsuits; lawsuits for libel, fraud, misrepresentation, debts, in which he was sometimes defendant, sometimes complainant, but always the dominant figure.

It was while Bottomley was with these solicitors that he prepared to launch himself properly on England and make it his oyster.

Whenever he could, Bottomley studied law, and with it studied stenography so well that throughout his later life he was able to make his notes in almost perfect shorthand. At 18 Bottomley had learned shorthand sufficiently to become a court reporter. Here he added to his legal knowledge. At the end of five years he was a finished, though uncleaned and unbrieded lawyer. Incidentally, he had, as he afterward frequently said, formed a contempt for the stodginess, complication and red-tape—sometimes injustice—of the law.

Married at 20.

Bottomley married at 20—happily and permanently. His wife, still as devoted to him as a bride, went out to the prison hospital the other day, the only personal visitor he will be permitted for four months; and they made love together as they did when as a youth and girl they went to a cottage near Clapham Common, and in the evening she chatted and mended his clothes while he studied and planned his—and their future.

They were very happy together always, and the young wife would have been contented to continue as they did the first three years of their marriage—he as a shorthand reporter and she a very proud young housewife. To Bottomley, this was only a step.

With England at war, its nights hideous with the roar of aerial bombs, its days grey with fasting and casualty lists and the steady march of only sons and last sons to the front, Horatio Bottomley melted into the role he really liked—Horatio Bottomley, patriot.

Helped in War.

When more men were wanted, it was Bottomley the government obtained to tour the country and plead for recruits.

Bottomley, in John Bull, was looked to each week for "another powerful article" as they were advertised on walls and signboards all over England in 10-foot letters.

His voice retained its silver, and his pen all its eloquence. There were few men, in army, navy or government, who did more to win the war.

"Do you believe, mothers," he asked in one of the articles, "that a thing as beautiful as was your son, with a soul so pure, a heart so good, a courage so great, can die?"

At the recruiting meetings he was superb. His little figure, his pugnacious face would be seen as he rose to speak, not pugnaciously or pompously, but quietly, almost without gesture, in a rich, persuasive voice, his lion-like head with its silvery, silky hair shaking to emphasize his climaxes. He would move his audience to tears, laughter, enthusiasm, hate, as he wished.

Five minutes later, backstage, he would be laughing cynically at the credulity of his hearers with a jocular "that's the stuff to give 'em."

The end of the war saw Bottomley

American and his attacks on the United States were both frequent and violent.

He became, too, Horatio Bottomley, the banker. He opened John Bull banks. And as Horatio Bottomley, manufacturer, he opened chain shops for his John Bull fountain pens.

He was now the Bottomley England remembers as a super-man. When he addressed a public meeting, the standing room only sign was hung out early. He had made his exit. He had gone into bankruptcy during one of his bad periods and automatically resigned his seat, under British custom.

The war clouds gathered over Europe, and Bottomley in John Bull, took a whirl at dictating the British policy.

"To hell with Serbia!" he cried. "We are not interested in the affairs of these little countries. Not one of them is worth a drop of British blood."

Before the next issue came out, England had gone to war in defense of one of the little countries. Bottomley was on top of the situation. He wrote a stirring appeal for enlistment. Belgium must be saved and Germany crushed, and Horatio Bottomley would be back of the British government.

(To be continued.)

Paralysis Caused By Dive Into Shallow Water

CONNERSVILLE, Ind., July 11.—Paralysis, caused by striking on a shallow bottom when he dived into the river Sunday afternoon, may terminate in death for Orvest Watson, 21, of this city. A specialist has been called and an operation performed Monday afternoon in the effort to save his life.

On a swimming party with relatives, Watson persisted in diving into water which they warned him was too shallow. Coming up after the dive, the others at once saw something was wrong and went to his assistance. He was gasping, but unconscious.

Watson was carried to building nearby and a physician called. Examination showed paralysis from the shoulders down, the spine having suffered a blow just below the neck. He is still able to talk, but has lost control of all muscular action.

Bottomley's legal knowledge, his eloquence and his adroitness in cross-examination had long been the wonder of the courts. He was always a mouth around the lamp of litigation. Always pleading his own cause if the cause were important, sometimes with half-a-dozen lawyers helping him to keep his papers straight, he sued and was sued frequently.

His companies had been formed all through England and the little islands around England, with their own corporation laws. Most of the companies had lived briefly but gloriously, and had died suddenly and ingloriously, the mourners often without even a corpse to weep over.

His Enterprises

Now Bottomley could look back upon the distant days when he had branched out from his financial interests and become a public speaker of note. He had started a racing stable at the little dream-cottage, the Dicker, now a huge, luxurious mansion in the center of an estate of a thousand acres. His horses ran on all the principal tracks, and whenever they ran Bottomley had money on them—real money. No one ever accused him of dishonesty as a racing man. A trainer's plea that a horse was not in condition to win made no difference to Bottomley. He won a lot of money. He didn't care what the odds were.

"What difference does it make," he said, "if I get 2 to 1 or 20 to 1 as long as the horse wins?"

He liked to play at the Continental casinos; and the croupiers smiled when he entered and laughed when he left.

Now Bottomley became also Horatio Bottomley, the big newspaper proprietor. He had founded the Financial Times, at present, long under other ownership, one of the leading financial papers of London. He founded John Bull, a weekly magazine which under his editorship, and by virtue mainly of his personality and the articles he wrote in it, secured the largest circulation of any periodical of its kind in Great Britain. It still holds both circulation and prestige among the working classes.

Both in John Bull and in parliament, Bottomley was always bitterly anti-

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