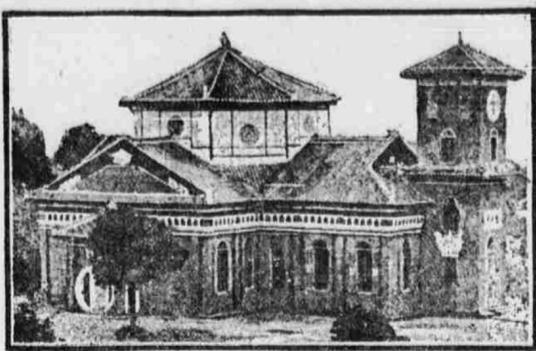


## AMERICAN MISSIONARIES GIVE THEIR LIVES FOR THE FAITH



LIANCHOW PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

大美車以繪女醫生寓  
南湖王發明敬送



DR. ELEANOR E. CHESNUT

The murder of American missionaries in Lianchow, China, has stirred the various mission boards greatly, and appeals to the United States government for protection for such occurrences in future are hourly being made. In the above pictures the fine church belonging to the mission is shown and also the murdered missionary and physician, who helped to build it.

### HOW MISSIONARIES MET DEATH.

Their Zeal in Religious Matters Angered Native Populace.

Advices have been received at Hongkong confirming the news of the massacre of American missionaries at Lianchow and giving the following particulars:

Dr. Machle requested the removal of a street theater near the hospital on account of the noise. This request incensed the Chinese, who, becoming violent, attacked the hospital.

Becoming frenzied, the crowd burned the hospital, the girls' school, and the residences of the missionaries.

Dr. Machle, Mrs. Machle, their 10-year-old daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Pearle, Dr. Chesnut, and Miss Patterson took refuge in a cave. The mob pursued them and killed all except Dr. Machle and Miss Patterson, who escaped to the Yamen. Dr. Machle was badly wounded.

Another account says the Lianchow massacre was due to the unhappy action of Mrs. Machle, who, on the refusal of some of the members of a native procession to desist from worshipping the idols they carried, seized the idols and declined to restore them to their owners. Thereupon the infuriated processionists surrounded and destroyed the mission and assaulted the inmates. They then murdered them and threw their bodies into the river.

Prompt action has been taken by the American authorities in China to secure full reparation for the massacre of American missionaries at Lianchow.

### Mosquito an Electoral Issue.

John Martin, candidate for borough president in Richmond, Staten Island, dragged the mosquito into his campaign. In a manifesto he said: "Scientific methods for exterminating mosquitoes are known. They require only energy, money and official backing to make them effective. We could considerably reduce the discomfort from mosquitoes if our borough president would take up the campaign energetically. I pledge myself, if elected, to use all my power and to devote at least one-fifth of my salary to rid the island of the mosquito pest. A successful campaign would double real estate values."

### Wear Imitation Crowns.

Some eastern society leaders have adopted the vogue of having their diamonds set, not as ordinary tiaras or coronets, but in imitation of the royal crowns worn by the sovereigns of Europe. Mrs. John Jacob Astor and Mrs. Clarence Mackay have had their coronets made in the shape of the English crown. Mrs. Howard Gould possesses one exactly like that of Queen Helen of Italy. Mrs. Charles Yerkes wears on her brow a facsimile of the Spanish queen's diadem, while Mrs. Bradley Martin has had the historic crown of Empress Josephine copied for her personal use.

### Insurance Postcard.

"Commercial de Rouen," a photographic institute at Zurich, has conceived the idea of an insurance postcard. This card, which costs only twenty centimes (four cents), will insure the person to whom it is sent against accident or death during a period of thirty days. Moreover, it is permissible to address the card to one's self. In case of death \$200 is paid the next of kin, and in case of non-fatal accidents \$2.25 per week during such time as the holder may be unable to work.

### YOUTH IN DIPLOMATIC RANKS.

English Ambassadors at Present All Comparatively Young.

A very noticeable feature in the diplomatic world is the way in which younger men are superseding the older diplomatists who ruled the roost a generation ago. Seniority is not now the main cause of promotion to the higher posts, and the fact is much resented by those who find themselves passed over or shelved. An examination of the ages of our Ambassadors will show that Sir Francis Bertie (France) has nine more years of utility before he will be obliged by the rules of the service to retire, Sir Edwin Egerton (Italy) six, Sir Edward Goschen (Austria) about sixteen, Sir Francis Lascelles (Germany) eight, Sir Mortimer Durand (United States) fifteen, Sir Nicholas O'Connor (Turkey) eight, Sir Arthur Nicolson (Spain) fourteen, and Sir Charles Hardinge, at the important post of St. Petersburg, no less than twenty-three years.—Vanity Fair.

### WOMEN STUDENTS TOO FORMAL.

Why Professor Has Changed His Views as to Coeducation.

An objection to coeducational colleges which has not been much heard of in public is stated by a professor in one of them. He has taught there a dozen years and at first was a strong advocate of the system. Now he says he would like to see women banished from the university or would like to receive a call to a man's university. And the reason he gives is what he calls the American woman's passion for turning everything into a social affair. This professor describes in detail the social functions of the women's side of the college, the development of the taste for formal society, the dress parade, as he regards it, and closes with the declaration that the few who can take high rank as students will before long go abroad, where women students really apply themselves to study and do not think about society at the same time.—Hartford, Conn., Times.

### Niagara May Yet Be Saved.

What shall Niagara do to be saved from withering into extinction? As the children of Israel crossed dry shod over the Red Sea, so every American now living may some day expect to walk on dry rocks from shore to shore where now flows the most famous falls of the continent. Dr. Clark, New York's state geologist, calculates that when 80,000 cubic feet have been subtracted from the river the American falls will have dried away. Power hunters have already located sites for the plants that will drain away 88,400 feet of the river, thus providing certain doom for the American splendor, unless swift action be taken to save it from harness and humiliation and from advertising to the world that "we are ready to coin into dollars every good and beautiful thing earth affords."

### Stamp-Collecting Statistics.

Somebody interested in such matters has compiled an interesting table of statistics of the number of stamps of all countries issued during the past sixty years. From this statement it appears that the collector who would have an absolutely perfect collection must possess 19,242 different stamps. Of these, the Republic of San Salvador has more issues to its credit than any other country. The number up to June 30th was 452. Oceania has 1,425 varieties, Asia 3,628, Africa 4,005, Europe, 4,089, and America 6,095.

### ADMIRAL OF BRITAIN'S FLEET.

Prince Louis of Battenberg in Command of Visiting Squadron.

Prince Louis of Battenberg, who is in command of the British squadron which arrived at Annapolis on a visit of courtesy, and will call at New York, is a nephew of King Edward. He is the son of Prince Alexander of Hesse and Princess Alice, King Ed-



PRINCE LOUIS OF BATTENBERG

ward's sister. He is a naturalized British subject, and entered the British navy in 1868 as a cadet.

### WORK OF Y. M. C. A. INCREASING.

Year Book Just Issued Makes a Gratifying Showing.

The Y. M. C. A. year book, just issued, stated that the number of associations in North America has increased to 1,826, with a membership of 381,982. They own 617 buildings and other property of an estimated value of more than \$32,000,000—an increase of \$2,400,000 during the year—and \$2,733,000 has been pledged for 143 new buildings. Last year the association paid \$4,800,000 for supervision and other current expenses, increased their force of employees to 2,013 and yet have 255 temporary vacancies.

The Y. M. C. A. railroad departments number 203, with 356 secretaries. The 709 college associations have 50,419 members, and the army and navy department had an attendance of 500,000. The educational classes had an enrollment of 33,210 students.

### Will Devote Life to Good Deeds.

Mrs. Newman K. Perry of Pittsfield, Mass., wife of Lieut. Perry, who was killed by the blowing up of the Bennington in San Diego harbor last summer, says she will devote the remainder of her life to nursing sick sailors and soldiers. She is to enter St. Luke's training school for nurses in connection with the hospital in New York and after graduating will offer her services to the government. Mrs. Perry is only 20 years old. She is intensely patriotic. When the body of Lieut. Perry was sent east Mrs. Perry would allow no one to have any part in the funeral who was not a sailor or a soldier, and the lieutenant was buried with full military honors.

### GREAT WRITER NEAR DEATH.

Dispatches from Copenhagen announce that Henrik Ibsen, the Nor-



Henrik Ibsen.

wegian dramatist, is pronounced to be suffering from arterial sclerosis. He is unable to move, but is mentally bright.

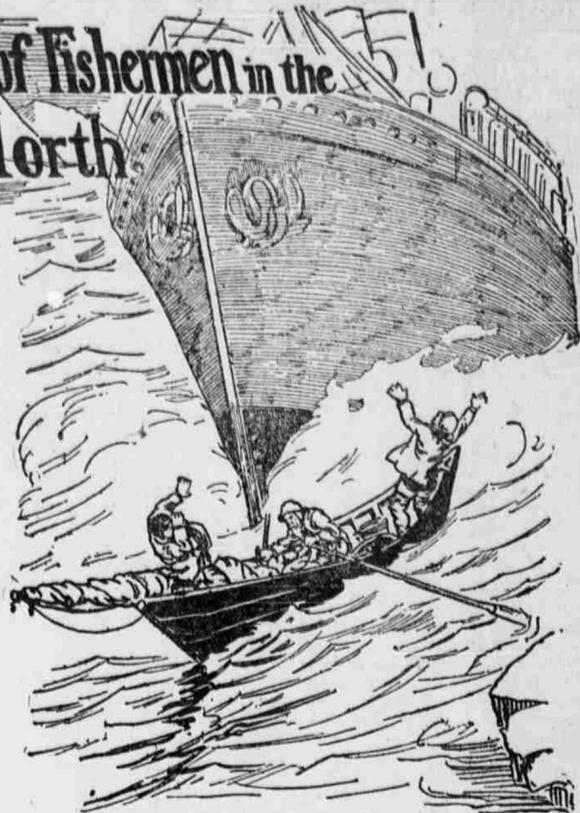
### New Maps of Railroads.

E. H. Harriman, who has introduced many new things into railroading, has found time to devise still another. He has ordered his passenger departments to print hereafter maps of the various Harriman roads, showing the exact course of the rails. Up to this time all railroad maps have printed the right of way as the shortest distance between two points. Mr. Harriman's maps will show circles and zigzags as they occur on his lines. This important step probably will force other roads to abolish the maps showing their routes as the "crow flies."

### Russian Woman Poet Dies.

The "poet's corner" in the cemetery of the Alexander Newski cloister in St. Petersburg has been augmented by the grave of Myrrha Lochwizkaya (Yibert), one of the few Russian women who have attained eminence for their poetry. She was the daughter of a prominent lawyer in St. Petersburg, where she was born in 1869. In 1896 her first volume of poems was issued; three other volumes followed. Her verse is characterized by Oriental touches, and her favorite theme is love.

## Deadly Perils of Fishermen in the Frozen North



For daring and enterprise, for boldness in the face of danger, the hardy fishermen who wrest a livelihood from the perilous Arctic seas are not surpassed by any on the globe.

At this moment hundreds of these men are battling with storm and ice, fog and treacherous currents in the frigid waters of Labrador, Greenland and Iceland.

Setting out from home ports sometimes as early as April, by August they reach the northern limits of their fishing grounds and, perhaps, have already encountered extraordinary hardships and perils.

The cargoes of codfish and halibut they bring back to stock the markets of the United States are often secured at great cost in suffering, and even life.

Innumerable are the dangers of the fishing fields. Work must be done oftentimes amid icebergs and drift packs; treacherous fogs descend, and many fishing vessels are cut down by some rushing liner and sent to the bottom with all hands.

A greater percentage of these men are lost than in any other calling, not excepting that of arms. It has long been said that the history of the Gloucester fisheries is written in tears.

Gloucester, Mass., is the recognized and time-honored home port of this fishing fleet. At times its harbor is crowded with staunch schooners that have known many a battle with the wind, wave and threatening ice.

Were it not for the skill and daring of these hardy men, the fish markets of the United States would be lacking a large percentage of a staple that has become almost indispensable.

As early as April the "captains courageous" of Gloucester start out. They make their way northward, fishing all along the Newfoundland coast, battling with fogs and bergs, dodging passing steamers, watching for disaster amid fogs, but busily fishing all the while.

Straight into the teeth of the ice that is coming southward they press, until they reach the halibut banks about the mouth of Hudson bay, or the fishing grounds along the shores of Greenland.

One July morning an American schooner was setting out her fishing lines in Arctic waters when the white wall of an advancing ice floe was seen coming swiftly along on the bosom of the relentless Labrador current. It was a lone, terrifying barrier, bristling with jagged points and blocks of ice twenty feet high.

In this massive grip the ship was caught, her rudder was smashed and her seams opened. Ice closed around her like some giant hand of destiny and immense blocks crashed upon her deck.

By setting all her canvas, at the risk of having her spars torn out, the vessel finally worked clear. For six days the weary crew toiled without ceasing at the pumps, until they made St. John's harbor.

Very fortunate they felt in escaping so easily. Hundreds of vessels had been caught in similar ice packs and crushed to pieces.

This instance is cited as illustrating a common danger of the fishing grounds. Hundreds of vessels have had similar experiences, while many unfortunates have never returned to tell the tale.

It is a danger that swoops down with startling swiftness. One hour may see the ocean comparatively free of obstructions, and a number of vessels busy with their fishing lines; the next, all may be encircled by an ice

floe and some of them sent to a watery grave.

Fishing is done from small boats, or dories, of which each sailing vessel carries eight or a dozen. Each dory is manned by two fishermen.

It is from these little craft, frail enough at best, but helpless in the ice, that most of the fishermen are lost.

Crowding on sail, the schooner may escape from the threatening mass, but the dories caught in it are in a desperate plight.

The men may crawl upon the moving ice, but that does not always mean safety. Borne swiftly on the south-bound current, they are often carried far beyond the reach of help.

When their schooners finally sail back into Gloucester, flags are at half mast and more names are added to the list of the sea's victims, to be read at the next annual memorial services.

Often far south of the fishing banks will be seen mute evidences of a tragedy upon some floating cake of ice. It may be a lot of seamen's gear, a few tin cans, perhaps, or even a dory, but no sign of life.

The sight of a vessel coming into harbor with her ensign at half-mast is all too frequent at Gloucester. And many a fine craft sails jauntily away to the North, never to be heard from again.

Overwhelmed by a floe or berg, perhaps, or run down in a fog by a liner, the vessel vanishes with all hands on board, leaving not a trace of the manner in which death overtook them.

A number of vessels are lost by dragging their anchors in a sudden storm. One unmanageable craft will crash into another, and the two, locked in deadly embrace, may plunge upon a third, and all go to the bottom.

Fishermen always keep their ears open for the sound of an approaching steamer. When the fog is so thick that one can scarcely see the end of the bowsprit, there is especial danger from these steam-driven giants, with their sharp iron bows that crush down the little wooden fishing vessels as though it were a floating house of cards.

For steamers do not always follow the law and slow down during a fog.

Many a fishing crew, sleeping soundly in their bunks, have been awakened by the crash of collision, only to find themselves borne downward beneath the icy waters before they can reach the deck.

When disaster comes there is less chance of rescue in those Arctic regions than there would be further south. The fishing fleets are widely scattered, and few other vessels are in those seas, except an occasional patrolling warship or a clumsy whaler blown out of her course.

Time after time dory fishermen, separated from their vessels by ice floes or during fogs, have managed to work their way to the bleak Labrador coast. It is then a toss-up whether they can drag themselves to some station of human beings or must perish along the shore.

Lines of dread or sorrow are deeply graven upon the faces of the women of Gloucester. The girl who, in her early twenties, marries a fisherman takes more than an even chance of being a widow in her thirties.

This terrible tax upon human life has resulted in the establishment of a memorial day.

Upon a certain morning in mid-winter children cast flowers upon the waters of the harbor—one flower for each victim of the sea during the preceding year. Then the fishermen and their families gather in the city hall for memorial services. The roll of the dead is called, prayers are said and there are addresses.

Why do men follow such a hazardous calling? There are mouths ashore to be fed, and bread must be got from the sea.

Naturally the fishermen get better wages than other sailors, having a share in the proceeds of the catch, as a general thing. Most of them are fairly prosperous, owning their own homes and possessing snug bank accounts.

No Gloucester fisherman ever sails away to the Northern banks, however, with anything like assurance that he will see his home again.

In the truest sense they are "men unafraid," and their very daring casts a halo of romance about the icy death traps of the Arctic seas.—Montreal Herald.

### "Father" Ballou's Religion.

At one time, many years ago, the Universalist Society of Methuen, Mass., was without a pastor, and the pulpit was supplied from Sunday to Sunday by different clergymen who were "put up" by one of the deacons.

On a certain Sunday when "Father" Ballou was engaged to preach the deacon was called out of town, so he arranged with Mrs. Brown, a neighbor, and a straight-laced orthodox, to entertain Mr. Ballou. As the hostess and her eminent guest sat at the supper table there seemed to be a dearth of sociability. Finally Mrs. B., who always felt solicitous about "those deluded Universalists," broke the silence with: "Mr. Ballou, do you think you've got religion?"

"None to boast of, madam," was the curt reply.

It is needless to say that the learned divine's epigrammatic answer completely disarmed his interlocutor.

### Not "Mike" Donahue's Picture.

Col. "Mike" Donahue of the Tenth New Hampshire was somewhat fond of drink. After the war, the Tenth, wishing his picture, commissioned an artist to do the job. After the painting was finished, the artist, seeing one of the veterans of the Tenth, an Irishman, called him in to ask his opinion of the picture.

The old Irishman walked up to the easel, scrutinized the picture, and was about to put his hand on the canvas, when the artist cried out: "Don't touch it! Don't touch it! It's not dry!"

"Not dry! Not dry!" shouted Pat. "Then, be jabers, it's not Mike Donahue."

### Necessity for Persistence.

Mayor Weaver of Philadelphia was the guest of honor at a dinner given by A. J. Drexel Biddle. In the course of the dinner the reform mayor said: "This great cleansing movement now at work in our city will only succeed by being persistently kept up. We must not grow weary in well-doing. Our enthusiasm must not cool. Above all, we must not expect our friends to do the work. We must do the work ourselves."

"A wise old man said wisely to me yesterday: 'Too many of the reforms I have seen remind me of the way my father used to weed the kitchen garden. Father would rush me into the garden with him and weed like a madman for about two minutes. 'There,' he would say, 'now you see how easy it is.' Then he would go off and sit down in the shade with his pipe and the weekly paper and leave me to keep at it all the afternoon.'"

### Unbrotherly Comment.

Chief Baron O'Grady, a British jurist, was a humorist of the first water, as the following stories will prove. One day a brother judge, who owed his promotion rather to interest than to brains, was boasting to O'Grady of the summary way in which he disposed of matters in his court.

"I say to the fellows who are bothering me with foolish arguments that there's no use in wasting my time and their breath, for that all their talk only just goes in at one ear and out at the other."

"And no wonder," quietly answered O'Grady, "seeing that there's so little in between to stop it!"

### Tried It on the Horse.

A boss plasterer, approaching a building in course of construction one hot day last summer, met one of his laborers with a tin pail.

"Where are you going, Rooney?" he asked.

"I'm going for a can of beer, sir, as it's a hot day, and we are all thirsty on the job," replied Rooney.

"That is not necessary. If you would put a pebble in your mouth you would never be thirsty."

The next day the boss came to the building in a buggy. Seeing Rooney, he ordered him to water the horse and went into the building. When he came out he asked:

"Rooney, did you give that horse a drink?"

"Sure, he don't need a drink, sir; I put a handful of pebbles in his mouth," replied Rooney.

### His Greatest Loss.

John D. Crimmins tells of a party that hired a boat owned by a man at Atlantic City who takes out sailing parties for a consideration. A number of young ladies were of the party.

About a mile and a half out from the inlet the wind freshened most unexpectedly and there was trouble. For a while it looked as if the dinky little catboat would capsize. The girls were considerably wrought up and gave expression to their fears in no uncertain manner.

"See here, young ladies, said the owner of the craft, just as one of the passengers let out an awful shriek, 'you seem to forget that if she goes down I'm the chap that loses most. She's my boat.'—New York Times.