

Presbyterian Missionary Women

Photographs Taken by a Staff Artist During Omaha Convention



Mrs. C. C. Hanson,
Lakalon, Laos.



Mrs. L. C. Van Hoak,
Persia.



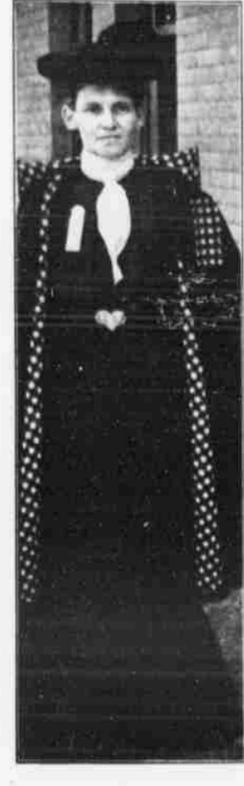
Mrs. Abbie M. Stebbins,
Debra Dum, India.



Mrs. H. C. Haworth,
Tokio, Japan.



Mrs. N. W. Campbell.



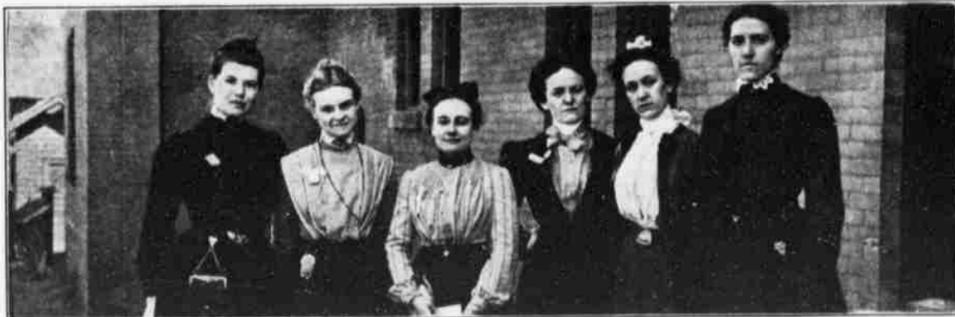
Mrs. F. G. Knauer,
Batanga, Africa.



Mrs. J. W. McKeen,
Chiang Mai, Laos.



Miss E. M. Settlemyer,
Kyoto, Japan.



Daisy E. Patterson, Bertha G. Johnson, Annie L. A. Foster, Daisy C. Rohrer, Mabel N. Craft, L. H. Keator, M. D.
YOUNG WOMEN WHO ARE GOING OUT.



GOVERNING BOARD OF THE SOCIETY.



MISS MARY JEWETT, TABRIZ, PERSIA.

Episodes and Incidents in the Lives of Noted People

THE late Dr. Emil Holub, who headed two South African exploring expeditions under the auspices of the Austrian government, made a fortune by his discoveries, but lost it and spent the last years of his life in poverty. On January 1, 1902, the government granted him a pension of 5,000 crowns, but he lived only two months to enjoy it.

Ex-Governor George S. Boutwell of Massachusetts, who, as governor of that state, attached his signature to the document incorporating Tufts college, assisted in the celebration of its fiftieth anniversary on Monday and also had conferred upon him the degree of honorary doctor of laws.

In "Scottish Men of Letters" Mr. Graham, the author, relates a story showing that though David Hume was popular among the upper classes in spite of his skepticism and supposed atheism, he was not tolerated by the orthodox of the lower class. "One dark night, as he walked along a footpath over a boggy ground, his ponderous frame fell and stuck fast in the mud. His calls brought a woman to the spot, who sympathetically asked, 'Are you Hume, the infidel?' 'Well, well, good woman, Christian charity bids us help our enemies,' he pleaded. 'I'll dae naething for ye if ye dinna say the Lord's prayer and the belief, but leave ye where I fand ye.' The philosopher readily obeyed, and the body of the deist was laboriously extracted from the mire by the Christian."

Emperor William is master of four languages and fairly proficient in two more.

but they say that when he is thoroughly angry he talks in them all by turns, indulging in polyglot profanity that makes it sound as if he were speaking in two dozen different tongues.

Last summer Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Bentley of Wichita, Kan., had an outing in the vicinity of Colorado Springs. They were coming down the mountains one day, when they met two men who looked like tramps. Bentley started a conversation with the men, but pretty soon Mrs. Bentley called him away, saying somewhat testily:

"What are you talking with those tramps for? You are always joking with tramps."

"Well, I happen to know them," replied Bentley.

"I don't believe any such thing," said Mrs. Bentley. "Who are they?"

"One," said Bentley, chuckling mightily, "is General Archie Williams, chief attorney for the Union Pacific, and the other is his brother."

Among the stories being told of the late Cecil Rhodes is this: When taking leave of the German emperor after several interviews in relation to Africa his majesty said: "I wish you were a German, Mr. Rhodes, for then I would ask you to become my minister of foreign affairs." The kaiser was somewhat startled at this characteristically blunt reply: "If your majesty were only an Englishman I would have suggested that you come to South Africa with me and become my business manager."

For the first time in the parliamentary history of Italy an avowed anarchist, Pietro Calceagno, is a candidate for a seat in the

Chamber of Deputies. He lives on a small island in the Mediterranean and must not leave there without government consent. Signor Calceagno has been imprisoned several times because of his anarchistic utterances, was released only a short time ago on account of ill health and has fled to this country and to England more than once to escape the police.

The Italian poet Giosue Carducci, who is in poor health and who, like many other authors, has found literature in Italy not to be a lucrative profession, was troubled by the thought that at his death the library which he has collected with so much care would be dispersed and sold piecemeal. Queen Margherita, to whose personal influence the conversion of Carducci from republicanism to monarchism is due, had saved him from worry by buying his library for 45,000 francs, on the condition that he retain the use of it during his lifetime. The queen's act has been much applauded, and it is practically certain that Carducci's library will eventually be handed over to the municipality of Bologna, where Carducci has always lived.

General Schofield, speaking in favor of the new army bill before a committee in Washington the other day, gave the following illustration: "Von Moltke is probably the best illustration in modern times of what the military chief of staff may be and should be. He was the chief of staff of the German emperor. A report would come in, for example, from the crown prince. He had had a terrific fight and he would say: 'Such and such is the military situation; what are the orders?' Then von

Moltke would read that dispatch to the emperor and after reflecting for a few moments—or, rather, giving the emperor a few moments in which he might seem to reflect—he would turn to him and say: 'In view of what the crown prince reports, your majesty will doubtless order so and so.' The emperor would say, 'Ya ya,' and von Moltke's order went out at once and was delivered and executed as the order of the emperor, the commander-in-chief of the German army. Everybody knew that it was von Moltke. Otherwise they would have been very anxious. But he had all that power of the German emperor behind the order and it was von Moltke's order, and he was the best soldier in the world."

Prof. Felix Adler regards Booker Washington as a greater benefactor of mankind than Cecil Rhodes. In his address before the Society for Ethical Culture, Prof. Adler in New York City said: "Rhodes was visionary, with a theatrical imagination. He was no vulgar money grubber for money's sake. He dreamed of empire making and British domination of the world. He was big, large, vast, but not great. Greatness depends upon quality and not upon quantity. His startling and remarkable will following his vast ideas of uniting all the English-speaking races deserves the attention of all. On the other hand, the scheme for the union of all English-speaking people for world domination is as immoral as impossible, and a delusion. In the mind of Cecil Rhodes, as I see it, there was too close connection between civilization and commercialism. Civilization with him meant increased trade. I am not disposed to discuss at much length the char-

acteristics of Mr. Washington, who is yet with us. Contrasted with Cecil Rhodes, he seems of very small stature. He is much magnified when we think of his life work, the real benefit he has conferred and his influence on the moral character of his race. He has taught them no dream of conquest, no theory of perfect equality with the whites. He found the two chief faults of his race to be a desire for social equality and indolence. He has taught them that recognition would come if they deserved it, and has shown them how to deserve it. To my own knowledge, he declined an engagement to lecture fifty nights at \$1,000 a night, because he could not spare the time from his work. And his work is the welfare of his race."

Young Cornelius Vanderbilt is becoming quite a favorite with other workmen in the Mott Haven shops of the New York Central railroad. It is not uncommon to see him lying on his back among coal dust and cinders inspecting the construction of a locomotive firebox. Grimy-faced engineers and firemen like to chat with the young millionaire, not so much because he is his father's son, but because he is a good mechanic and understands the topics they like to discuss.

An old gentleman who had got lost wandering around the capitol building in Washington stepped up to a quiet-looking man and asked to be shown to Senator Quay's room. The stranger conducted him thither and asked whom he wished to see. "Senator Quay," was the response. "I am senator Quay," said the quiet-looking man, and the old gentleman collapsed.