

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

GENERAL NICOLAI BOBRKOFF, governor general of Finland, who was shot and mortally wounded while entering the door of the senate house at Helsingfors, was some years ago one of "Skobelev's men." He won a reputation at that time as an able commander, but a man of extreme harshness and even cruelty. In his administration of Finland this reputation was rather enhanced than diminished. Indeed, his appointment as governor general was made on the ground that, being so stern a disciplinarian, he would be the man to carry out the imperial order that "Finland must be Russified."



GENERAL BOBRKOFF.

Miss Susan B. Anthony was one of the conspicuous figures at the recent international council of women in Berlin, Germany, and despite her advanced years she holds her wonted grasp on the affairs of the time with remarkable success. As one of the pioneers of the movement for broadening the opportunities of women she can look back over a life given up to unselfish effort to advance the condition of her sex. At eighty-four she is not only vigorous, but beloved, and it is now almost impossible to realize that in earlier years her name was so often hoisted and jeered. She has grown old gracefully.



Her voice is still strong and clear, and she retains wonderful command of her faculties. An incident in Miss Anthony's childhood shows how much ideas in regard to woman's rights have changed since she was a girl, largely as a result of her labors. When she was six years old and living at Battenville, N. Y., she was sent to a district school taught by a man in winter and by a woman in summer. No teacher appointed to the school could teach Susan long division or understand why a girl should need to learn such a subject. Before Susan was much older her father built a new house, and one room in it was devoted to school purposes. Better teachers followed, and little Susan was thus enabled to learn all about long division. An interesting episode in connection with Miss Anthony's appearance before the international council of women was the presentation of the venerable champion of woman's rights to the large audience by Count von Bulow, who chivalrously kissed her hand as he led her forward. The German societies have done much to create conditions favorable to the advancement of the women of that country. The change in public sentiment is most notable in the matter of higher education for women, gymnasium courses for them having recently been established in many cities of the empire. Even the universities have begun to open their doors to the gentle sex.

J. Frank Hanly, who has been nominated for governor of Indiana by the Republicans, had a hard struggle as a young man to get his start on the road to professional prosperity and political preferment. Mr. Hanly was born in 1833 at St. Joseph, Ill., in a log cabin. The nearest neighbors lived four miles away, and educational privileges were limited. When young Hanly was six years of age his father purchased a history of the civil war, and from this the lad learned to read. He conned the book so faithfully that he soon became familiar with every page of it, and, indeed, almost knew the story of the war by heart. In 1870, when Hanly was thirteen years of age, there was a Fourth of July celebration at Champaign, Ill., and the eloquent Will Cunniff of Indiana was the orator. The speech so impressed the ambitious boy that he was filled with an ardent desire to become educated and take a part in public affairs. But young Hanly's father was an invalid, and the burden of providing for the younger children fell on him. To add to the misfortunes of the family the mother, in 1875, became



J. FRANK HANLY.

blind. The future gubernatorial honoree had then obtained about six months' schooling all told and could not think of securing further education then. At sixteen he went to Indiana, where he dug ditches, sawed wood and worked as a farm hand, in the latter capacity receiving \$15 per month. In the winter he was able to attend school for six weeks. In this way and by devoting spare time to reading he acquired enough education to teach the rudimentary branches in the district schools. He married at eighteen. While teaching school he studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1880. His rise in his profession and in politics has been rapid.

John Sharp Williams, Democratic leader of the house, is one of the best story tellers in congress. He said the other day that he went to Texas a few years ago with a party of prospective English land investors. They stopped at a small town, and the mayor took them to the leading saloon and introduced them to the bartender, saying: "Jack, these gentlemen are earls, dukes and lords from England. What do you think of that?" "Well, Bill," said the bartender to the mayor, "they ain't but two classes of men in this here place. One class takes sugar in their and the others ain't so blanked particular. What 'll you have, gents?"

Williams and Judge Tate of Georgia used to have adjoining rooms at a hotel. One night Williams was hurriedly dressing to go to a dinner. He had a hard wrestle with his collar and another with his tie. Finally he had the one buttoned and the other tied, and he threw on his coat and went into Tate's room.

"Judge," said Williams, "how do I look?" "Really, John," he said finally, "I think you would look much better if you would put your trousers on."

Mrs. Sarah Platt Decker of Colorado, who was recently elected president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, once declined an election to the same office under interesting circumstances. It was at the convention four years ago at Milwaukee, and Mrs. Decker, then Miss Platt, was the choice of the majority of the delegates for presiding officer of the federation. But she would not accept an election, and it appeared afterward that she was about to be married and would not let even the honor of election to such a position of influence among women interfere with what she thought to be her duty to her future husband. After several years of marriage Mrs. Decker now feels that she can properly assume the duties of presiding officer of this influential body of women. Her experience as a wife has not lessened her interest in the welfare of woman in general or changed her belief that in the matter of political status woman should be on an equality with man. At home she has taken an active part in public affairs, for in Colorado women enjoy the privilege of the ballot. She delivered an address at the recent convention of the General Federation of Women's Clubs in St. Louis on the subject of the results of woman suffrage in Colorado. Her election as president of the federation was opposed by antisuffragist members, but the progressive element was successful.



SARAH PLATT DECKER.

Colonel William C. Greene, the multimillionaire "copper king," who has bought the San Rafael de la Zanja ranch in southeastern Arizona, is now said to be the greatest landowner on the American continent. The ranch embraces 300,000 acres and, with the cattle upon it, cost him \$1,200,000. Before the purchase of this ranch he already owned to the eastward of it 200,000 acres in Arizona, and over the border in Mexico, in the state of Sonora, he has fully a million acres of land, secured through direct deed from the Mexican government or in form of Spanish land grants. All this is one grand cattle range, and in the Mexican part of the domain lies the Cana chain of mountains, where the copper mines from which his princely fortune has mainly been derived are located. Colonel Greene went through all kinds of narrow escapes from death on the Mexican border in the days when he was known as "Broncho Bill," but he never had greater occasion to display his nerve than one day last spring on Broadway in New York. He was accosted by a man with whom at one time he had had business dealings and who was the representative of a Mexican mining company. The man claimed that money was owed him and threatened to kill the colonel. He



COLONEL W. C. GREENE.

emphasized the threat by showing the muzzle of two revolvers which he held in his pocket in such a way that he could press them against Colonel Greene's stomach. "We'd better talk it over first," coolly remarked the colonel. "I'm on my way to my office, and I'll talk with you there." Later in Greene's office a demand for \$500,000 was made, but the "copper king" completely outwitted his assailant and without giving up any money landed the man who had threatened his life in the hands of the police.

"SPIRIT WRESTLERS" DOUKHOBORS OF THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST GOOD FARMERS.

They Are Forgetting Their Extreme Ideas and Working to Build Up Their Colony—Quaint Customs Remain.

It is now about five years since the peculiar religious sect known as the Doukhobors left Russia owing to the persecution received there and settled in the Canadian northwest. For three years the Doukhobors made progress in the establishment of their communities, and then the fanatical character of their belief led many of them to abandon work, and the colony received a setback. Recently conditions among the immigrants have been improving. Last year the Doukhobors at Yorkton, N. W. T., raised 100,000 bushels of wheat. They have purchased large quantities of farm machinery, including eight steam plows, which are moved about from place to place as needed by different members of the commune. The extensive railway construction which is going on in that part of the Canadian northwest has given opportunity for the employment of many members of the sect, and those for whom they have worked speak well of their character and capacity as laborers. The men employed on railroad work are said to have earned last year about \$110,000, which they turned into the general treasury of the commune.

CAPTAIN VAN SCHAICK.

Career of the Commander of the Ill Fated General Slocum.

It is not uncommon for a commander to lose his ship, but happily it is a rare occurrence when a captain loses both his ship and hundreds of the lives committed to his care. Captain W. H. Van Schaick of the ill fated excursion steamer General Slocum, the burning of which in the East river on June 15 entailed the loss of about 900 lives, stuck to his post until the flames drove him from the pilot house. He is an old seaman and claims to have done the best he could in the handling of the burning steamer. Captain Van Schaick is sixty-one years of age. He was a possible sight as he sat in the police station in the borough of Bronx, New York, where he was taken by the officers who arrested him soon after the occurrence of the disaster. His feet were blistered by the flames before he left the pilot house. He was dripping wet, for he had jumped overboard and swam ashore on North Brother Island when the boat grounded. His sufferings and the shock of the horrible calamity, for which he knew the public would hold him in some sense responsible, seemed to have unnerfed him completely.



CAPTAIN W. H. VAN SCHAICK.

When he started out on the morning of June 15 with the party of merry excursionists from St. Mark's Lutheran church, New York, he supposed his vessel was in good order for the trip. There were probably between 1,400 and 1,500 persons on board, the large majority women and children. He was glad when he got by Hell Gate without an accident, but almost at that very moment the fire broke out in the forward part of the vessel and in scarcely five minutes the ship was aflame from bow to stern. Captain Van Schaick has been criticised for not running his boat ashore the moment the fire was discovered. Instead of doing so he steamed for North Brother Island, about half a mile away. He claims that this was the only place he could reach her safely. The captain was taken from the police station to a hospital, where it was found that his foot was broken and he had been burned severely.

Canals in England. Canals in England date back to an early period, for the Romans built two in Lincolnshire—the Foss dike, forty miles long and still navigable, and the Caer dike. The first British made canal was constructed in 1134 by Henry I. and joined the Trent to the Witham. It was toward the end of the eighteenth century that the greatest amount of energy was expended in the building of canals, mainly due to the Duke of Bridgewater and the skill of his engineer, James Brindley. In the last decade of that century a canal mania reigned.

Rebeking an Emperor. Once, so the story goes, Emperor Nicholas of Russia asked Liszt to play in his presence. The musician complied, but during the performance of a zar started a conversation with an aide-camp. Liszt stopped playing at once. The czar asked what was the matter. "When the emperor speaks," said Liszt, "every one must be silent." The czar smilingly took the hint, and the playing proceeded.

Purely Business. "Are you sure," asked the captain of industry, "that you love my daughter?" "Come, I say," replied the duke. "You're not going to be sentimental at your time of life, are you?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Their Haste. "Their marriage was a hasty affair, I understand." "Yes, indeed. They told the minister to hurry, as they had engaged a cabman by the hour."—Judge.

Custom may lead a man into many errors, but it justifies none.—Fielding.

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The pilgrims of the Doukhobors two years ago in search of Jesus Christ, whom they believed to be alive again upon the earth, was attended by incidents strange and grotesque as well as pathetic. The propensity of the pilgrims for discarding their clothing when they went on the search for the returned Redeemer subjected them to suffering and hardship of extreme character, for the climate of Manitoba and its vicinity in the fall and early winter is not adapted to pilgrimages in which warm clothing is cast aside and the body exposed to the tender mercies of the elements. The Can-



A DOUKHOBOR FAMILY GROUP.

adian authorities at that time were compelled to resort to force in suppressing the demonstrations of the Doukhobors, and the northwest mounted police arrested many of the leaders, who in some cases were treated by the courts as lunatics. But the Doukhobor men who go among their Canadian neighbors have through contact with them gradually come to drop the more fanatical of the practices of the sect.

The members of the sect are, as a rule, very ignorant, though the extent of this illiteracy will diminish now that their home is in the new world instead of the old. Some of their ideas are harmless and some quite praiseworthy, while their communal life is in many respects unique. The Doukhobors are all vegetarians, but are capable of the hardest kind of labor. The villages of the sect contain from 100 and 125 families each, and each village is a commune by itself. At first a common purse existed, village storehouses and granaries and bathhouses were provided, and other communal features were adhered to, but these conditions have changed.

The immigrants brought with them from faraway Russia many of the most down-trodden portions of the czar's empire. The women, even after reaching Canada, worked in the field and were sometimes harnessed to the plow. The houses were thatched with straw or turf, and the floors were of clay. All lived and slept in one room. These conditions are changing, for with their habits of frugality, their industry and their simple vegetarian diet these former European peasants are becoming well off as a class and are gradually adopting many American ideas. They never taste strong drink. They go about their work with songs of praise and before they eat always ask a blessing on their food. A quaint custom still kept up is that of arousing the villagers in the early morning by the singing of a choir which patrols the streets and which sings again in the evening to lull the toilers to sleep.

Many of the changes which have been introduced recently in the colony have been due to the influence of Peter Verigin, a Doukhobor leader, who seems possessed of much shrewdness and good sense. He has discarded his native costume, has cut off the long, sweeping beard he formerly wore and

in place of Russian blouse and trousers now wears clothes of the ordinary American type, including starched linen and neat cravat. He uses his influence to introduce among the farmers the improvements of an up to date American agricultural community.

MARCONI'S LATEST HIT.

The Wireless Daily Newspaper in Midcoast a Complete Success. Signor Guglielmo Marconi, whose success in the application of the principles of wireless telegraphy is one of the marvels of the twentieth century, has scored a hit from all points of view in his latest project, the publication of daily newspapers in midcoast on board the great Atlantic liners. Hitherto transatlantic passengers on reaching land have been very anxious to get the news. They could scarcely wait for the steamer to reach her dock to



SIGNOR GUGLIELMO MARCONI.

learn what had happened on shore while they were on the ocean. But hereafter on ships which have wireless daily newspapers for the pleasure and convenience of their patrons no such eagerness to learn the news is likely to be manifested when the steamers arrive in port.

The Cunard Daily Bulletin is the name of the first daily newspaper to be published in midcoast by the aid of wireless telegraphy. The Cunard liner Campania had the honor of witnessing the birth of this new venture in journalism. During a recent trip from Liverpool to New York the paper was printed every morning and gave in brief form all the important news of the world as well as "local news"—that is, reports of doings on shipboard. The newspaper was set up and printed at night and delivered to passengers at breakfast time. Signor Marconi himself assisted the wireless telegraph operators in the receipt of wireless messages for the various editions. The latest movements of the Russian and Japanese armies, the introduction of the budget in the Canadian parliament, the tests of submarine torpedo boats in American waters, the playing of Travis in the golf tournament in England and the landing of American marines at Tangier were among the events chronicled. In one issue news was published from Cape Breton, 2,000 miles distant, of the passing of icebergs by various vessels.

Marconi predicts that such journals will soon be regular features of ocean voyages on all important steamship lines.

FORGIVEN BY THE CZAR.

Romance of Grand Duke Michael and Beautiful Countess Torby. The Grand Duke Michael of Russia met beautiful Countess Torby in 1891 and fell violently in love with her. She at first discouraged his advances, but finally married him. For this alliance he was disgraced by the late czar, disowned by his father and deprived of his military rank. For love of a woman who is finely educated, accomplished and in every way charming, but not his equal in rank, he sacrificed his chances of succession to imperial



COUNTESS TORBY.

power. But he gained domestic happiness, which few imperial families seem to possess. The countess is said to be more cultured and well bred than the average daughter of a European royal house. She has the warm friendship of King Edward VII. of England, and his pow-

PRESIDENTIAL AGE.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT THE YOUNGEST MAN HONORED.

He Succeeded Mr. McKinley at the Age of Forty-two—President Grant Was Forty-six—William Henry Harrison President at Sixty-eight.

When Theodore Roosevelt took the oath of office as president of the United States in the Wilcox mansion, Buffalo, Sept. 14, 1901, he lacked forty-three days of being forty-three years of age. The death of William McKinley thrust the responsibilities of the nation upon young shoulders. Since the foundation of the republic no man had assumed the office of president at so early an age. If Mr. Roosevelt should be elected as the result of the presidential contest next November, he would be, when inaugurated on March 4, 1905, but forty-six years and four months old.

Ulysses S. Grant approached nearest to Theodore Roosevelt in the matter of comparative youth on attaining the presidency. General Grant was born April 27, 1822, and was therefore forty-six years and about ten months old when inaugurated.

William Henry Harrison was the oldest of any of the presidents on taking the oath of office, being sixty-eight when he was inaugurated on March 4, 1841. He died one month after his inauguration and was the first president of the United States to pass away while the occupant of the executive mansion. James Buchanan came next to President William H. Harrison in respect to age on taking the chair of chief executive. He was sixty-six lacking only about a month at the time of his inauguration. General Zachary Taylor was sixty-five when he took the reins of power. Washington was only fifty-seven, though even at that time regarded as the Father of His Country. His successor, John Adams, was sixty-two. Curiously enough, the next four presidents were just about the same age on taking office, Jefferson, Madison and John Quincy Adams being fifty-eight and Monroe fifty-nine.

Theodore Roosevelt is the twenty-sixth president of the United States, and he belongs to the number of those who saw military service before occupying the White House. Of the

READING IN BED.

A Custom That Has Been Followed by Many Writers.

Johnson told Boswell once in the course of a conversation, in which he praised the "Anatomy," that a man, if inclined to melancholy, should have a lamp constantly burning in his bed-chamber during the night "and if wakefully disturbed take a book and read and compose himself to rest." There can be little doubt that in thus indicating an appropriate course for one afflicted with "constitutional melancholy"—his own trouble—he was stating his own practice. Many a book the wakeful doctor must have turned over in the silences of the night, and this increases the wonder that a desire to read any particular work should take him out of bed unusually early.

Gray must surely have been a reader in bed. A man who wished to be forever lying on sofas, reading "eternal new novels of Crebillon and Marivaux," must have been familiar with the faces of his favorites in the night hours. Elijah Tilton, a now forgotten conditor of Pope, was accustomed to lie in bed at his lodgings, we are told, and be fed with a spoon, but Gray's love of ease was not of this type. Gray was a bookman, and most bookmen probably have indulged in the habit of reading in bed. Lamb apostrophized his folios as "my midnight darlings," but those "huge armfuls," as he calls them, were not bedside books. They were the companions of the long hours of candlelight in the back room of the quiet little "gambogish colored" house beside the Chase at Enfield. Wycherley, one of the "artificial" dramatists for whom Lamb wrote a quaint defense, made a habit of reading himself to sleep. Nightly he shared his pillow with his favorite authors—Seneca, Montaigne and Rochefoucauld—and in the mornings made a practice of writing on those subjects which had caught his attention during the previous night's reading, with the curious though not unnatural result, as Pope has testified, that his writing was unconsciously a mere echo of his reading.

Somewhat later, when Gray street flourished, if so inappropriate a verb may be allowed, many a poor wretch of a hack author was glad to write as well as to read in bed for the all sufficient reason that seemly clothes were lacking for going abroad.—London Globe.

EPIGRAMS OF NOVELISTS.

One crawls into friendship, one occasionally drifts into matrimony, but in love one falls.—Frankfort Moore.

There is no place like the top, especially when it is narrow and will not hold many at a time.—Anthony Hope.

Love and friendship are stronger than charity and politeness, and those who trade upon the latter are rarely accorded the former.—Seton Merriman.

It is the American's regret that at present he can do nothing with his feet while he is listening at the telephone, but doubtless some employment will be found for them in the coming age.—Ian Maclaren.

There are two unpardonable sins in this world, success and failure. Those who succeed can't forgive a fellow for being a failure and those who fail can't forgive him for being a success.—G. H. Lorimer.

There are two classes of people in the world, the people who are clever and the people who are keen, and you must never mix the two. They meet and touch, they are necessary to each other, but they never, never blend.—Katherine Cecil Thurston.

Her Coats of Arms. Concerning a very modish woman the late Julian Rix, painter and critic, had this story to tell: "Mr. Rix, I've come to ask you a great favor," she said as she fairly burst into his studio one fall day. "Everything I have is at your command, madam."

"I want to show you some coats of arms and ask your advice about making a choice." "Which side of the family do you wish to follow, maternal or paternal?" "Oh, neither! The herald says I can choose any of those. I want something that will look well on what counters?" "Yes, Well, what about this?" "That will do nicely. But don't you think I ought to have more than one? I do tire so quickly of things, you know."—New York Times.

Unique Advertising. Some of the Japanese tradesmen in the smaller towns of Nippon have a curious way of advertising their business. On their right forearms they tattoo figures—the shoemaker a shoe, the woodcutter an ax, the butcher a cleaver. Underneath these emblems are such inscriptions as, "I do my work modestly and cheaply," or "I am as good as my trade as most of my fellows." When they are hunting work they bare their arms and walk about the streets.

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