

### Some Notables Of the Hour



**GERARD A. GUSTUS LOWTHER**, British minister to Morocco, who has figured in the efforts for the release of the Kaid Sir Hatry MacLean from captivity by Raisull, has been much praised for his tactful conduct during the troubles in the country of Sultan Abdul Aziz. He is of special interest to Americans on account of his former residence here and because he married an American. He was born in 1858 and is the second son of the Hon. William Lowther, brother of the third Earl of Lonsdale. He was educated at Harrow and, entering the diplomatic service in 1879, served at Madrid, Paris, Constantinople, Vienna, Sofia, Bucharest, Tokyo, Budapest and Washington, where he was secretary of embassy, and at Chile, where he was minister from 1901 to 1904, being appointed to the Morocco mission in the latter year. He once told guests of a London dinner party about waiters at mining towns in western states of America. He said:

"You should see the waiter of Dead Gulch, of Busted Boom, of Snake and of a hundred other American mining towns. The waiter serves you in his shirt sleeves; with a cigar in his mouth. One day an Englishman ordered quail of such a person.

"'Quail?' said the waiter. 'All right, friend, quail it is. Quail goes.'

"And he disappeared in the kitchen and in a moment returned with a dish of pig's feet.

"'What's this?' said the Englishman. 'I ordered quail.'

"'Well,' said the waiter, 'you've got quail.'

"'But quail's a bird,' the Englishman exclaimed.

"The barrel of the waiter's revolver gleamed as he said in a low tense voice:

"'Not here.'"

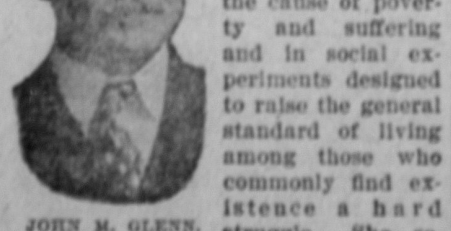
Mrs. Lowther was Miss Alice Blight, daughter of Atherton Blight of Philadelphia and Newport, and one of the handsomest girls in America's "smart set." Her marriage to Mr. Lowther was one of the leading matrimonial events of 1905. The wedding took place in All Saints' church, London. She is tall and has light hair and blue eyes and is fond of outdoor sports, having won fame as a whip and in



Mrs. Gerard A. Lowther.

sailing yachts. She met her husband while he was secretary to the British embassy at Washington. She made quite a social success when in London. When her husband went to Morocco she risked capture by bandits by accompanying him on the dangerous journey to Fez. Mrs. Lowther is a granddaughter of the sculptor Greenough, who modeled the statue of Washington at the capital.

When Mrs. Russell Sage determined to use \$10,000,000 of the money her husband left her in establishing a fund "for the improvement of social and living conditions in the United States" she realized that her plan would depend largely for its success on the character of those placed in charge of the expenditure of this splendid sum. Her idea is that the income of the fund should be expended in efforts to determine the cause of poverty and suffering and in social experiments designed to raise the general standard of living among those who commonly find existence a hard struggle. She selected several men and women eminent as philanthropists and educators and sociologists to aid her in making good use of the fund and placed in immediate charge of it John M. Glenn of Baltimore, who is known throughout the country for his intelligent and scientific philanthropic work.

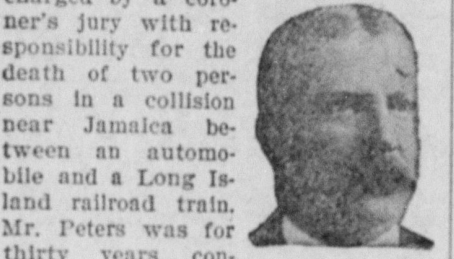


John M. Glenn.

As an instance of his record in this field it may be related that when Mr. Glenn, who himself comes of a wealthy and aristocratic family, married Miss Mary Wilcox Brown, daughter of a leading Baltimore banker, they left their fashionable friends after the wed-

ding ceremony and spent the remainder of the day entertaining a company at a social settlement in which they were interested. After a honeymoon abroad they settled down in a home in the factory district. Mr. and Mrs. Glenn have studied the problems of poverty and misery in all their phases. She has become the leader of the women workers among the poor in Maryland, and he has taken part in many movements of a charitable character. He is forty-nine years old, a graduate of Washington and Lee university and of the law department of the University of Maryland, is president of the state conference of charities, lecturer at Johns Hopkins university, vestryman of St. Paul's Episcopal church and president of the neighborhood settlement known as St. Paul's guild.

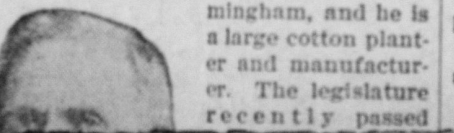
It is rather unusual for a railway president to be placed under arrest, and it was a new experience to President Ralph Peters of the Long Island railroad when he was recently arraigned and held in \$10,000 bail, charged by a coroner's jury with responsibility for the death of two persons in a collision near Jamaica between an automobile and a Long Island railroad train. Mr. Peters was for thirty years connected with the Pennsylvania lines west of Pittsburgh and two years ago succeeded the late W. F. Potter as president of the Long Island. He is fifty-four years old and graduated from the University of Georgia in the class of '72. His son has played on the Princeton golf team, but the young man has to work hard to beat his father in the game. President Peters lives at Garden City, and the day after his residence was established in that beautiful New York suburb he surprised the employees of the Garden City Golf club by appearing on the links at 5 o'clock in the morning. Sometimes he finds it difficult to get a caddy to accompany him at that hour in spite of his generous tips. His usual programme is a round of the course, a plunge and rub down, breakfast and an express to Long Island City, where he is at his desk by 9 o'clock.



Ralph Peters.

Governor B. B. Comer of Alabama, who has been mentioned much in the dispatches by reason of the controversy over the railway rate law of the state, was elected to his present office last fall as the Democratic candidate, carrying sixty out of the sixty-seven counties of the commonwealth. He will serve until 1909. His home is in Birmingham, and he is a large cotton planter and manufacturer. The legislature recently passed laws making two and one-half cents per mile the maximum rate for passenger fares, fixing freight rates on 110 commodities and requiring nonresident corporations to take out licenses and forbidding them to remove civil suits from state to federal courts. When the Southern railway did not put in effect new rates in accordance with the new laws the state revoked the license, it being alleged that the road had violated the provision of the new laws pertaining to removal of suits from state to federal courts. Conferences were held between railway and state officials, and an agreement was finally reached in which the railroad promised to put the new rates in effect temporarily pending determination of the constitutionality of the laws by the United States supreme court. The license was then restored.

Since Vice President Fairbanks saved a pretty hotel waitress from drowning it is considered suspicious for a man in public office to be the hero of a sensational exploit. It is generally taken to mean that he has designs on the presidency. Friends of Mayor Sherburn M. Becker of Milwaukee are wondering if he does not aspire to be governor, at least, since the papers came out with a story about how he was held up by highwaymen and got the best of them through his quick wits. According to the narrative told of his adventures the mayor and his chauffeur were speeding along near Milwaukee, intent on reaching the Country club, where the mayor had an engagement. Suddenly, a short distance ahead, a light was swung back and forth across the road.



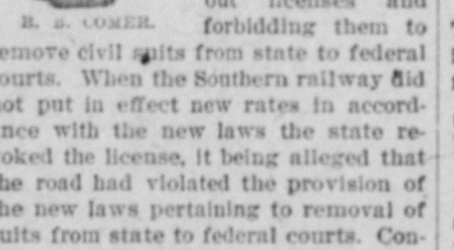
The mayor, who was driving, shut off the power and put on the brakes, thinking that some accident had happened or that there was a break in the road. When he had brought his automobile to a halt and was ready to jump out to see what the matter was, he found himself looking into the muzzle of a revolver. A voice from the darkness said:

"Now, then, turn over whatever you have with you, and do it quick."

Mayor Becker, though startled at the sudden demand, pulled back his coat, showing his star and saying:

"This is all I have with me now."

The highwaymen took a glance at the gold star, and, evidently thinking they had held up a police official, shut off their light and made a jump for the fence on the side of the road, disappearing quickly. Mayor Becker proceeded to the Country club and from there telephoned the police.



S. M. Becker.

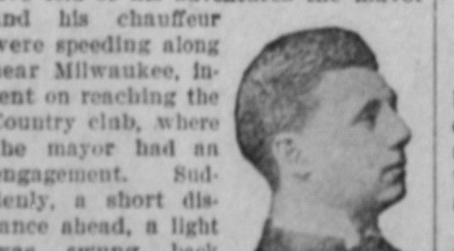
Richard Mansfield, whose nervous breakdown has occasioned widespread comment, is by many considered the foremost living American actor. He is not a native of this country, as he was born fifty years ago in Heligoland, an island in the North sea, but he came here as a young man, and his career is chiefly identified with America.

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His shereefan majesty Abdul Aziz, sultan of Morocco, is a ruler with troubles on his hands most of the time. The powerful tribesmen of his realm, who are continually defying his authority, manage to keep him in hot water with the civilized powers by carrying into captivity rich or influential foreigners who chance to be in the sultan's domains. Most powerful of



Raisull, the bandit chief.

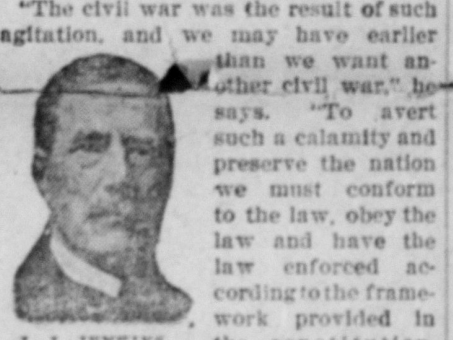
these tribesmen is Raisull, who took Ion Perdicaris captive several years ago and who has recently added to his renown as a kidnaper by carrying off Kaid MacLean, the canny Scotchman who was adviser to Abdul Aziz and chief of his military staff. Brigandage is a profession which is held in considerable honor in Morocco; hence Raisull, whose adventurous exploits would make him a most entertaining figure in comic opera, enjoys a prestige quite unique in its way. He has a grudge against Abdul Aziz, since it was this monarch who was responsible for his being chained to a wall for three years. Raisull is the Robin Hood of Morocco, is a devout follower of Mohammed, is tall and wears immaculate white robes.

Congressman John James Jenkins, chairman of the judiciary committee of the house of representatives, takes a serious view of the railroad rate controversy in North Carolina and other southern states. He says there has been no event since the civil war that calls for so severe condemnation as what he terms senseless trade on behalf of states against the nation.

"The civil war was the result of such agitation, and we may have earlier than we want another civil war," he says. "To avert such a calamity and preserve the nation we must conform to the law and have the law enforced according to the framework provided in the constitution.

This continual talk about state authorities resisting federal power by armed force will sooner or later end in bloodshed, possibly in the disruption of the Union."

Mr. Jenkins was born in England in 1843, but has been a good American since he was nine years of age, at which time he became a resident of Baraboo, Wis. During the civil war he served three years with the Sixth Wisconsin volunteer infantry.



J. J. Jenkins.

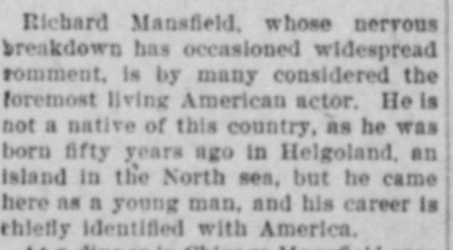
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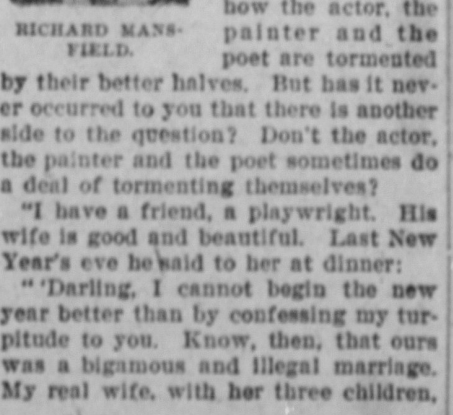


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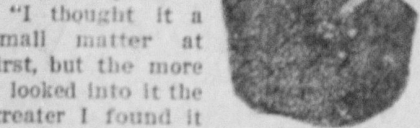
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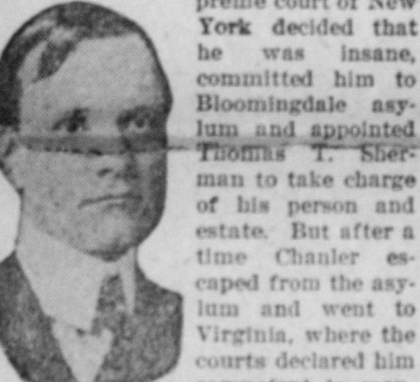
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**A Clever Pastor.**  
A congregation in Connecticut had lost their pastor. Their last minister had been self taught, and the deacons stipulated that the new minister should have a classical education.

They agreed to let applicants preach a sermon on trial. A Welshman asked for a trial, and on the appointed day the candidate mounted into the pulpit. He got well on in his sermon, when he suddenly recollected that he was expected to show his learning.

"My friends," he said, "I will now quote you a passage in Greek."

With a solemn look he repeated a verse in his native tongue. Approving nods and smiles were exchanged among the deacons. Thus encouraged, he followed up his advantage by saying, "Perhaps you would like to hear it in Latin."

He then repeated another passage in Welsh. This was even more successful than before.

Unfortunately there was also a Welshman in the congregation. He sat at the back and almost choked in his efforts to stifle his laughter. The

minister's eye fell on him, and he took in the situation at a glance. "I will also repeat it in Hebrew."

He then sang out in his broadest Welsh, "My dear fellow, stop laughing or they will find it out."

The other understood, stifled his laughter and afterward dined with his successful countryman.

**She Said It.**  
A visitor of noble birth was expected to arrive at a large country house in the north of England, and the daughter of the house, aged seven, was receiving final instructions from her mother.

"And now, dear," she said, "when the duke speaks to you do not forget always to say 'your grace.'"

Presently the great man arrived, and after greeting his host and hostess he said to the child, "Well, my dear, and what is your name?"

The little girl solemnly closed her eyes and, with clasped hands, exclaimed: "For what we are about to receive may we be truly thankful. Amen."

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