

MR. MORGAN ABROAD

HOW A PLAIN AMERICAN CITIZEN MADE A TRIUMPHAL TOUR.

Was Received by Emperors, Kings and Statesmen With Honors Usually Reserved For Royal Personages. A Notable Vacation.

J. Pierpont Morgan, who has just returned to his native land after a tour of Europe beginning last April, has demonstrated during his trip abroad that commerce is now the sovereign ruler of the world.

Mr. Morgan's tour of Europe may truly be said to have been triumphal. Wherever he went he was received with honors usually accorded only to royalty.

During his brief stay in London Mr. Morgan had a private audience with King Edward, met Lord Salisbury, then premier of England, and held a conference with the first lord of the admiralty and the head of the board of trade.

Crossing the Alps to Paris, Mr. Morgan found that he was still an important personage. He was waited on by the then French premier, M. Waldeck-Rousseau, who was more than anxious to know if the "steel king" had designs on the commerce of France.

Sojourning for a time at Aix-les-Bains, the American steel king was summoned again to London, Ambassador White having informed him that his majesty of England earnestly desired to meet him at dinner.

On this occasion King Edward took Mr. Morgan aside, and for half an hour they were engaged in earnest conversation.

The next day Mr. Morgan boarded his yacht, the Corsair, and proceeded to Trieste.

Steaming thence to Kiel in response to an imperial invitation from the kaiser, Mr. Morgan dined and dined aboard the imperial yacht Hohenzollern and had two long conferences with the German emperor.

After having been feted by the imperial chancellor, Count von Bibow, at Berlin, he again returned to London, where he spent the time quietly, King Edward being ill.

Just previous to his sailing for this country Mr. Morgan was bidden to a dinner at the house of Countess to meet the Hon. Arthur Barton, the new premier of England.

Such was the summer vacation of J. Pierpont Morgan, a plain American citizen, but who nevertheless is considered by the anointed kings of Europe as great a man as themselves.

Editorial—This joke dates from the time of Pharaoh. Humorist—How careless I was to submit it to you when I might have known you would remember it.

of royal blood and is a decoration which he has bestowed on many of the crowned heads of Europe.

When Miss Barton was presented to the czar, she bent to kiss the monarch's hand, as is the custom, but the great white czar drew back and said, "No, not you, Miss Barton," and shook her hand instead.

It is a pity that some of this praise of the way mother used to do things which men throw at their wives was never given mother when she would have most appreciated it.

A VANDERBILT'S WOOING.

Cupid Again Proved Stronger Than Parental Objection.

The engagement of Miss Cathleen Neilson and Reginald Vanderbilt, recently announced, marks the happy culmination of a pretty love story in which Cupid had to contend with parental disapproval, it is said, but in which the merry little god came out, as he usually does, victorious.

For more than a year young Vanderbilt has been worshipping at the shrine of the fair Cathleen, and their engagement was frequently rumored and as often denied. In fact, there has been



MISS CATHELEEN NEILSON.

some opposition, not on the part of Mrs. Vanderbilt alone, nor again on that of Mrs. Neilson, but a concerted action by both mothers, for the simple reason that they thought their children too young to wed.

The story that Mrs. Vanderbilt objected to Miss Neilson on account of her religion—she is a Roman Catholic—has been denied by both families. Youth, and that alone, was the only bar. Mrs. Vanderbilt has been opposed to her son marrying so early in life.

Probably they will be married in the late fall or early winter, with much pomp and circumstance, for it means an unwritten family law exacts that no Vanderbilt shall enter quietly into matrimony.

Reginald C. Vanderbilt is just twenty-one years old and is the youngest son of the late Cornelius Vanderbilt. In appearance he resembles the Gwynnes, his mother's family, more than the Vanderbilts.

Miss Cathleen Neilson is of the famous Scotland family. Only moderately tall, she is slim, plump, with charming dimples and a superb complexion. Her hair is golden brown, almost blond. She has a sweet disposition, an exquisite voice and is a girl of a great deal of character and decision.

How the monarch of the Russians greeted Miss Clara Barton.

Miss Clara Barton, president of the American Red Cross society, who recently returned from St. Petersburg, where she had been in attendance on the seventh conference of the International Red Cross association, was personally decorated by the czar while in his dominions.

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JOHN BROWN'S HOMES

MOVEMENTS TO PRESERVE THEM AS HISTORIC MEMORIALS.

How Connecticut is Looking After a Homestead Once Owned by the Antislavery Hero—Adirondack Home Needs Attention.

A movement which might be described as a John Brown revival seems to be well under way. Efforts are being made to preserve as historical monuments the various houses where the pioneer abolitionist lived during his varied career.

In Connecticut there has been organized the John Brown association. Its special object is to maintain the old Brown homestead in West Torrington, Conn. The association is hunting for a caretaker who will occupy the hundred acres of farm rent free and keep off relic hunters.

The Adirondack homestead of John Brown, near North Elba, N. Y., where he spent his last days and where his ashes lie at rest, is also sadly in need of attention.

The present caretaker of the place is Mr. Reuben Lawrence, and residents of the locality, who have known him for years as a thrifty, industrious man, know that whatever blame for the present condition of the John Brown farm may rightly exist none can attach to him.

Another matter which should receive prompt attention is the proper marking of the graves of John Brown's two sons, Oliver and Watson, buried beside their father. These graves are now simply marked by plain wooden stakes bearing no inscriptions whatever.

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JOHN BROWN'S HOMESTEAD, NEAR NORTH ELBA, N. Y.

portion of the house, causing the roof to sag. In addition the old shingles have started up so that the roof leaks badly. It is asserted that the total repairs needed on all the buildings would not cost over \$1,000.

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SPANISH WAR VETERANS.

President Roosevelt to Attend Their Encampment at Detroit.

It is expected that 50,000 members of the Society of Spanish War Veterans will attend the annual encampment to be held at Detroit Sept. 22 to 25, inclusive. The programme as partially announced is as follows:

Monday morning, Sept. 22, opening of convention; address by President Roosevelt; afternoon 2 p. m., big parade of all military, semimilitary and civic bodies. The president will head the parade to the reviewing stand, where the parade will be reviewed by the president and invited guests.

Tuesday morning, Sept. 23, time taken up with the session of the convention; Tuesday afternoon, boat ride and lunch for invited guests, national officers of Spanish war veterans and delegates.

Wednesday morning, time occupied by the session of the convention; evening, camp fire, entertainment, lunch and general good time at Light Guard armory.

Thursday morning, the closing session of the convention. President Roosevelt will arrive in Detroit Sunday morning and after attending church he will lunch with General R. A. Alger, ex-secretary of war.

Friday morning, time taken up with the session of the convention; Tuesday afternoon, boat ride and lunch for invited guests, national officers of Spanish war veterans and delegates.

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WIFE PRO TEM.

By E. W. SARGENT

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"My wife pro tem, I believe," said Crawford, as, hat in hand, he regarded curiously the young woman whose features were clearly the original of the photograph he held.

"I guess I must be, if your name is Crawford," she assented, with a nervous laugh. "Mine is Vaneceton—Eunice Vaneceton. Mr. Sholt told me you would be looking for me."

Three months before Eunice had graduated from the Wheatcroft Dramatic school, and her playing in the one act comedy which marked her contribution to the graduation exercises had attracted the attention of a famous stage manager and dramatist.

"Well, you see," he began awkwardly, "Crawford is not the worst part of the job. He's a great boy, big hearted, tender as a woman and as as decent as actors ever come, but it's this Crawford has friends in the railroad offices in Chicago, and he's got passes clear through to the coast for himself and wife."

"I'll think you so much for your kindness, Mr. Crawford," she said in her ordinary tones. "I have had such a pleasant time, and I hope that when I am married to a man back east I will be as happy a real wife as I was when a wife pro tem. Here is your divorce!"

"I'll think you so much for your kindness, Mr. Crawford," she said in her ordinary tones. "I have had such a pleasant time, and I hope that when I am married to a man back east I will be as happy a real wife as I was when a wife pro tem. Here is your divorce!"

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was his greeting, and, noting her start, he continued: "I will have to call you Eunice and you must call me Guy to keep the conductors from taking up that pass. The C. and N. W. man came to me last night after you had retired and made me prove identity, because, for one thing, you had no ring on. He was a bit suspicious. I had letters that fixed me up all right, and I explained that actresses seldom wore their rings—that sort. At the same time, to save the pass, would you mind wearing this? It was my mother's."

She slipped it on her hand, wondering what Jack would say, but the moment after she had forgotten young Hamilton in the charm of Crawford's conversation.

Like most actors of the better sort, Crawford was a capital talker, ever ready to amuse and careful to use the personal pronoun sparingly. The long, dusty trip, ordinarily so tedious, passed rapidly, and by the time Ogden was reached Hamilton was forgotten, and that night more than once Eunice caught herself looking at the wedding ring with more interest than she had a right to feel.

The next morning the spell was completed. They were in the snowsheds, and her first glimpses of the Sierras strongly moved this city bred girl. There was a grandeur in the scenery that the Catskills lacked, and when the sheds were passed she sat on the steps of a passenger coach with Crawford at her side to explain everything until her somewhat hysterical temperament was thrilled by a strange sense of exaltation, in which the Sierras and her companion were sadly jumbled.

Even when dusk closed in and Crawford led her back to their own car she was strangely silent and at dinner answered his laughing remarks in monosyllables.

At last it did end. The train pulled on to the wharf at Oakland, late, as Southern Pacific trains usually are, and they boarded the ferry for San Francisco. It was a perfect California night, the blue sky studded with stars. From Alcatraz a few lights were reflected on the water, while to the west Mount Tamamplais loomed above the foothills—a very night for romance, and as Eunice leaned over the rail she sighed softly. Guy looked down on her. "Well, it's over," he said gently, "but I shall always remember this trip. Usually it's so dull across the desert. Has it been there to you?"

"No," she cried; "anything but that! At first I was afraid of my—my—husband, but you were so good that I soon forgot that part. It was almost real. I never supposed marriage was so happy."

"It isn't," he replied harshly; "it's all right pro tem, but the quarrels will creep in. My wife and I always look in different companies because we always fuss when we're together, and at that we get along better than most."

"His wife?" Eunice hid her head on the rail, and for a moment she forgot everything. Then the auto suggestion, the unconscious influence of the man and the mountains passed away, and she was hers-elf again.

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