

Famous Folk

Governor John A. Johnson of Minnesota and Milton D. Purdy—Mrs. Johnson's Social Graces—The Rev. Dr. Richard D. Harlan and the Diplomatic School.



DR. RICHARD D. HARLAN.

MUCH attention is now being given by the federal government to the development of the diplomatic and consular service and the establishment of high standards of fitness for those entering this service. A new profession has been created in this country with the rise of this movement, that of diplomacy, and many young men are now educating themselves for it.

Dr. Harlan was born at Evansville, Ind., in 1859 and graduated from Princeton, from which he has since received the honorary degree of D. D. He received that of LL. D. from Union. He has been pastor of several leading churches of the Presbyterian denomination.

The newspaper men who go to Denver to attend the Democratic national convention in July will receive special attention from W. F. R. Mills, secretary of the chamber of commerce and of the Convention league of Denver. It is expected that there will be at least 500 newspaper writers at the convention, and Mr. Mills will see to it that each and every one goes away with pleasant impressions of the city. He was formerly a newspaper man himself and understands how valuable the right kind of publicity is for the business interests and general welfare of a city.

A few years ago the citizens of Denver formed a league the purpose of which was to attract to the city large numbers of important national conventions. Mr. Mills was employed as secretary and chief executive officer of the league. He has traveled upward of 15,000 miles to visit conventions and persuade them to select Denver as their next meeting place, and the league under his management has secured, all told, 180 conventions for that city, the chief of these being the Democratic national convention. Mr. Mills was engaged as secretary of the chamber of commerce at the beginning of the present year.

The disturbances in Kentucky and Tennessee in connection with the fight between the tobacco trust, independent growers and other warring elements of the tobacco industry have brought into the limelight Clarence Le Bus, president of the Association of Light Tobacco Growers, who has been a leading factor in the movement to resist the influences of the trust. There is also an association of planters of the dark tobacco district, and it is in the region where this variety of tobacco is grown that the most of the operations of the now famous Night Riders have been conducted. Responsibility for the work of the Night Riders is disclaimed by the regular associations of tobacco planters, however.

It is believed that the case of the federal government against the combination known as the tobacco trust is so strong that this institution will be compelled to disband or seek refuge under some other corporate form than that now existing.

Mrs. William H. Taft had several adventures while globe girdling with her husband. One was due to the fact that before crossing the Atlantic on the voyage home she wished to visit Paris. The "secretary of peace and war" could not stop in France without England feeling slighted, and to visit both countries would have taken more time than he could spare. So Mrs. Taft diverged from her husband's route to the extent of taking in the Parisian capital and rejoined him at Cherbourg. It

chanced that a storm came up in the night, and the launch in which she and other passengers were conveyed to her husband's steamer, the President Grant, became disabled and was tossed about in a high sea. Mrs. Taft had an exciting experience and her husband a few anxious hours before they were reunited.

On the subject of race antipathy Booker T. Washington said not long ago:

A man is not free when he is compelled for any reason to hate this man and love that one simply because of some difference in the tincture of the skin or peculiar shape of the nose or curl of the hair. There are thousands of white men and black men, too, in America whom I want to help set free. I want to help make them free to love the world. Show me a man that dislikes another human being on account of his race or color and I will show you a man who is weak, who is holding back his own growth, his own development, who is repressing and cramping the best that is in him. Let the soul loose. Do not make it a slave. Let it grow. No one can realize the happiness that comes from such growth out of race narrowness into a love of humanity till he has made the experiment on himself.

Governor John A. Johnson of Minnesota was the cynosure of many eyes at the meeting of state executives at the White House owing to the talk



GOVERNOR JOHNSON IN REALITY AND IN CARTOON.

about him as a candidate for the presidential nomination at the Democratic national convention at Denver. The governor had a good time among his fellow executives and made friends without respect to party lines. Tall, angular, lean of face and figure, but with a clean cut expression and no lack of vigor, the governor met all comers. It was owing to his being proclaimed as a Swede that an unusual incident occurred when he was presented to the leading "trust buster" of the federal law department, Assistant Attorney General Milton D. Purdy, also a Minnesota man.

"Purdy—are you Mitt Purdy?" asked Governor Johnson.

"Yes," said Purdy. "Stand out there," said the governor, showing Purdy to one side and eyeing him critically and then adding, "Well, you don't look like a Swede."

Purdy seemed to be mystified. Johnson laughed and said: "Well, you see, it is this way. I met a man up in Minnesota who said to me, 'Governor, I always heard you were a Swede, and, by gum, you don't look any more like a Swede than Mitt Purdy.' I have always wanted to see what you looked like."

Governor Johnson is a man who puts on no frills. He confesses that he has a great esteem for his wife's good sense. He is inclined to regard her judgment as infallible. This does not mean that he is "henpecked" in any sense of the word. Whenever anything of importance arises he consults her about it, just as he would consult a partner if he were engaged in business with him. For instance, it was suggested that he ought to make a speaking campaign for the presidential nomination. But, as he himself frankly states, he talked over the matter with his wife.

"She and I came to the conclusion," he continued, "that I had no right to



MRS. JOHN A. JOHNSON.

go about the country in behalf of personal ambition when I was paid by the people of the state of Minnesota to transact their business."

Both Mr. and Mrs. Johnson like society—not the vapid, breathless kind, but those gatherings in which intelligent, genial people figure. The friends they see most often are those who are clever and entertaining and who think of things that the ordinary Americans think of. And their friends like to be with them, for they forget that they are talking with the chief executive of Minnesota and his wife and meet them as a cultured man and woman who are interested in the things they are interested in.

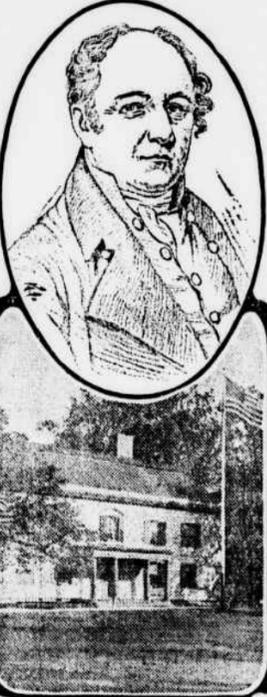
The centiped leaves a little trail of white blisters wherever it crawls over any one, and each of these blisters develops into a painful ulcer. Its bite is extremely painful, but rarely is ever fatal since the discovery of iodoforn and similar remedies, although, if the traditions of old timers are to be believed, it used to be considered a serious matter.

King Manor

Historic Home Which Figures in Long Island Subway Celebration at Jamaica, N. Y.—The Eminent Services of Various Members of a Noted Family.

THE Long Island subway celebration at Jamaica, Queens borough, New York city, calls to mind important events in Revolutionary times that transpired in the vicinity of the place where the victories of peace in the form of extensions to great rapid transit systems are soon to be signalized. Long Island has enjoyed an eventful history. The celebration at Jamaica beginning on June 4 and lasting three days is in honor of the establishment of subway connection between old New York, now called Manhattan borough, and Long Island, especially those parts included in or lying contiguous to the Greater New York. With the completion of the so called Battery tunnel under the East river and the extension of New York's subway system to the Long Island railway station at Flatbush and Atlantic avenues, Brooklyn borough, one may travel by electric trains over the tracks of the subway and the Long Island road away out into the environs of the metropolis, to the Rockaways and to Hempstead and to other suburbs, some within, some just without, the lines of the enlarged city. All this represents in a way a sociological and economic evolution, because it signifies the breaking away from the congested conditions of the past and more healthful distribution of population.

With present transit facilities one may travel from Jamaica to the Battery in twenty-five minutes; hence the watchword "Twenty-five minutes to Broadway." It was very different from this when in 1790 Washington journeyed from New York to Jamaica or when dispatches were sent back and forth during that momentous period in the early days of the Revolution when the British were threatening Long Is-



KING MANOR, JAMAICA, AND RUFUS KING, land and planning the seizure of New York. To get from the Battery to Jamaica was then a half day's journey by ordinary methods of travel.

King park, where the chief ceremonies of the subway celebration take place, is associated with numerous characters and events famous in the early history of the country. King Manor, which stands in the center of the park, is believed to date back to about 1650, making it one of the oldest structures on Long Island or in New York state.

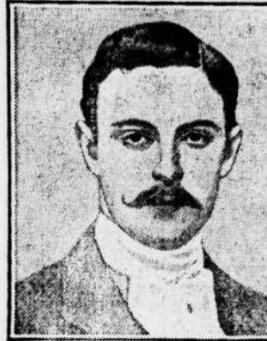
It came into possession of the King family about the beginning of the last century. This family has taken a leading place in the history of the nation. Rufus King was one of the great men of the Revolutionary era and that immediately succeeding. He was born in Maine in 1755 and died in 1827. He served in the Revolution, was twice minister to England (first under Washington and a second time under John Quincy Adams), was offered the post of secretary of state by Washington, was the Federalist candidate for president in 1816 and was prominent in the Continental congress, introducing the resolution prohibiting slavery in the northern territories and being an ardent advocate of the federal constitution. He sat in the United States senate from New York for about twenty years altogether. It was on his return from his first sojourn in England as minister to the court of St. James that the now historic place at Jamaica came into the family. After his time it descended to his son, John Alsop King, born in 1788, died in 1867. He served in the war of 1812, was prominent in congress in Clay's time as a Whig and was governor of New York from 1857 to 1859. Another of Rufus King's sons, Charles King, 1789-1867, was president of Columbia college. The latter's son, General Rufus King, 1811-1876, won distinction in the civil war as commander of the famous "Iron brigade."

Benedict Arnold is said to have plotted to betray his country at King Manor.

MISS REID'S CHOICE.

John Hubert Ward, Who Weds an American Ambassador's Daughter.

On several occasions the newspapers have had Miss Jean Templeton Reid, daughter of Whitelaw Reid, American ambassador to England, engaged to members of the British aristocracy, but each time the reports of an impending matrimonial event of interest to two nations proved premature. This time, however, there is an engagement sure enough, for the date for the wedding has been fixed, June 23, and all the preparations for the function are in progress. The lucky man is the Hon. John Hubert Ward, and he will not bring the daughter of the American ambassador a title, although he is



THE HON. JOHN HUBERT WARD.

the son of a nobleman and brother of the present Earl of Dudley. He is not likely to inherit the latter's rank, but he received from his father's estate \$1,500,000, so that with the millions in the Reid family the couple is not in danger of coming to want. Miss Reid had the Viscount Acheson, Lord Brooke and other sprigs of English nobility at her feet, but for some reason none won her hand. Perhaps paternal advice had something to do with it. One time when Miss Reid was connected in print with one of these noblemen Mr. Reid declared:

"The story that my daughter is engaged to marry a foreigner with a title is untrue. I hope when the time comes for her to marry she will choose an honest young American for a husband."

Mr. Ward has a good record in the British military service. He was born in 1870 and educated at Eton. During the war in South Africa he served in the imperial yeomanry, and he has since had the benefit of experience in the British war office. He is equerry in waiting to King Edward, with whom he is said to be quite popular.

KNOWS HIS SUBJECT.

O. Henry, the Popular Short Story Writer and His Travels.

Sydney Porter, better known by his pen name of O. Henry, whose short stories have recently attained so wide a popularity, is a native of Texas and knows the scenes which appear so often in his writings about the west and southwest as only one who has lived the life of the plains and mining camps can know them. The author is conversant not only with the great west of the United States, but with Latin America and many other parts of the world. He has been cowboy, sheep herder, merchant, miner and druggist as well as contributor to magazines and daily and Sunday papers. He can make his readers laugh or cry at his will, and few short story writers of today have so large and enthusiastic a following. Among the best known of his books are "Cabbages and Kings," "The Four Million," "The Trimmed Lamp" and "The Heart of the West."

Mr. Porter once told how he encountered what he described as unfair competition in the literary field. He was in the office of a big magazine and witnessed the return to a dejected looking young fellow of a couple of manuscripts. "I am sorry for



O. HENRY.

that fellow," said the editor. "He came to New York from New Orleans a year ago and regularly brings some stories to our office. We can never use them. He doesn't make a dollar by his pen, and he is getting shabby and pale." A month or so later O. Henry saw the same writer in the same office, and the editor was talking to him earnestly. "You had better go back to New Orleans," said that gentleman. "Why?" asked the young man. "Some day I may write a story you may want. But you can do that just as well in New Orleans," said the editor, "and you can save board bills." "Board bills?" ejaculated the young man. "What do I care about board bills? I have an income of \$20,000 a year from my father's estate!"

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

A NEGLECTED PARENT.

Remember your mother! How often the plea is made to the youth When from home restraint free, But who comes around With a word to the lad To ask him to also Be kind to his dad?

The mother is praying He will not go wrong, Rejoicing to hear He is getting along. It seems that the father, From what we can learn, Is never supposed To be yearning a yearn.

Remember your father! With pangs of delight Who spanked you so kindly To train you up right, Who always allowed you To toy with the hoe When boys who were neighbors Went off to the show.

Remember your father! Though far, far away, Don't send him too often The bills you can't pay. Write home to the pater— Respect should be shown— Forgetting to ask him Sometimes for a loan.

Save Expense.

"They are going to give him X ray treatment." "What for?" "Heswallowed a nail." "What is the use going to all that bother? His wife can see through him."

Another Sign of the Times.

Another gentleman who is doing some ground and lofty trembling not only for his throne, but also for his head and his harem, is none other than our delightful friend the sultan of Turkey.

Western ideas are loading around Constantinople trying to look disinterested, but the sublime one appears to feel instinctively that they have designs on his plush seat. Indeed, a number of Turks have hinted that the government ought to be more like the nice new one they have in Oklahoma. Some who have ventured to make remarks of this sort are still wearing their heads. Others are not.

However, though everything seems calm, the sult, old boy, should be looking around for a nice soft finish for himself before his subjects get real busy and hand him one of the regulation kind made for despots and warranted to wear in any climate.

Art in Labor.

To the ordinary and superficial observer the life of a tramp would be regarded as one that would smother all flickering gleams of art and refinement in the breast of those who pursued that calling, avocation or trade.

It is wrong to make this hasty judgment, for art and refinement may spring forth from the most unexpected places. In return for a substantial breakfast a husky wanderer had agreed to demolish quite a large section of the wood pile. After he had eaten bountifully and been turned into the back lot to fulfill his contract the lady of the house noticed that he started to walk away. "Here," she cried, "I thought you were going to saw wood!" "Madam," he replied, with evident pain, "how could I violate my artistic sensibilities? I find you have no Queen Anne sawbuck and Louis XIV. saw."

Sometimes Both.

"One thing or another." "What is it?" "Either to get pleasure or experience."

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

It is a mighty uncomfortable rule that has no exceptions.

The man who has a problem to solve should practice until he becomes a steady reckoner.

There is a great deal of manifest destiny contained in a ten dollar bill.

Most of us are so blind that we cannot see to our neighbor's advantage—merely to our own.

If every goose were a swan, some of our friends would be wonderful swimmers.

Even if we knew the why of everything we probably would be as careless and indifferent as we are now.

You have to chloroform some people before you can give them advice.

The man who gets out and makes a noise like a fool need not be surprised if his brethren flock around him.

Lots of people who give the address of Easy street are really very hard up.

The trouble with a woman's last word is that it won't stay last.

HE WAS COLLECTING.

But His Smooth Scheme Didn't Work With Her.

"You'd better get away from here or I'll call the dog!" exclaimed the woman who came to the kitchen door when he knocked. "We haven't anything for tramps."

"Ma'am," said the hobo, giving a fair imitation of a Chesterfieldian bow, "you sadly misjudge me. I am not a tramp, but a collector."

"Well, we don't owe anybody but the grocer, and he wouldn't send a man like you to collect," she answered sharply. "Again you are in error," asserted the hobo, with extreme courtesy. "I am not a bill collector, but only a man who has taken up the prevailing fad. Surely my language ought to convince you that I am not a common man. Everybody is collecting something or other these days. Some people collect stamps, some prefer coins that are rare, some seek books, some costly cups, some steins, some gems, some colonial furniture, and so on. My friend the emperor of Germany, I am informed, has a mania for collecting shoes worn by distinguished historical personages."

"And what do you collect?" demanded the woman.

"Ma'am," replied the hobo, with another bow, "I have been carried away by the fad to such an extent that I am collecting samples of cooking. If you have—" "I haven't," she broke in abruptly. "As a side line," went on the hobo, with unruffled temper, "I collect old clothes. If you happen to have—" "I haven't," she said again. "Very well, ma'am; very well," he returned, backing away. "No harm done. We collectors have to accustom ourselves to disappointments. We frequently have difficulty getting the treasure that we seek, and we learn to be patient."—Chicago Post.

How He Took It.

"Yes; I refused him. I did it as kindly as I could. I told him that I would always cherish his friendship as a sacred thing."

"What did he say?" "He said he was glad I took it that way. He was afraid, he said, that I expected him to propose, and for a minute or two his heart stood still for fear I would take him up. Then he added that in refusing his heart and hand I couldn't have done anything that would fill him with a stronger sense of gratitude."

"The wretch!"—Kansas City Times.

When the Moon Was Full.

They were sitting on the porch. "It seems to me," he said, "that if ever a man was inclined to propose to a girl it would be when the moon was full."

"Like this?" she asked. "Yes."

"But, then, that's all nonsense," she said. "You've known me at least thirty-six full moons."

There being no other way out of it, he proposed.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Not to His Liking.



"X-as; it's got lots of style, but it makes me look so deuced tall!"—Harper's Weekly.

Then He Knew.

Newpop (entering room)—What in the world makes the baby cry so? Mrs. Newpop—I'm sure I don't know. I have been trying to sing him to sleep for an hour or more.

Newpop—Oh!—Chicago News.

Smilage.

Nervous Traveler (to seat companion)—How fast should you say you were traveling? Companion (who has been flirting with the girl across the way)—About a smile a minute.—New York Life.

Equal to an Emergency.

She—You spelled hammock with a "u" in your letter. He—Well, I always prefer to have you in a hammock.—Yonkers Statesman.

Lem Hawkins' Scheme.

If skies were bright or hills were dim, It made no difference to him. Lem Hawkins was a thoughtful man And lived his life upon a plan.

Lem says he noticed anyway That troubles mark the length of day. And when he thinks he has his share He quits his day right then and there.

Suppose the sun is shining bright, That's Sol's mistake; for Lem it's night. Lem peels his duds and goes to bed And doesn't fret, but sleeps instead.

There's nothing more can get him then. No blows of fate nor works of men. And folks find it is good for them, For they are also rid of Lem.

Lem says he reckons it is best To make this rule a kind of test: If twenty things go wrong by noon, A man can't get to bed too soon. —McLanburgh Wilson in New York Sun.