

Diplomats and Their Records

The New Minister to Argentina, Huntington Wilson, and His Japanese Romance—Minister Russell.

The Family of the New German Ambassador, the Count Johann von Bernstorff—The Countess an American.

DIPLOMACY is becoming more and more of a profession. This is true of the United States as well as other countries. It is less and less customary to appoint to important posts in the foreign service of the government men who have done no previous work of a diplomatic character and who have little or no knowl-



MR. AND MRS. HUNTINGTON WILSON.

edge of international law and foreign usages. There is a strong sentiment at Washington in favor of promotion from lesser to more important posts in the diplomatic service of men who show capacity for such work. Among the promising young men among our representatives in other countries is Huntington Wilson, who has been appointed United States minister to the Argentine Republic and who has for the past three years been third assistant secretary of state. He is in consequence quite familiar with the policies of the late head of the department, Elihu Root, in respect to cultivating close relations with Latin American states. Argentina has become in recent years a very enterprising, progressive and well governed country. It is a long time since there has been any serious rupture of the peace. The last time that this was threatened, in the case of the boundary dispute between Chile and Argentina, hostilities were averted through the successful efforts as an arbitrator of William I. Buchanan, then minister from the United States to Argentina. The only war cloud that hovers in the sky in that quarter now is the one caused by the rivalry between Argentina and Brazil over naval armaments. The trade of Argentina is very valuable, and it is considered extremely important that the United States should get a fair share of it. Altogether the man who assumes the post once held by Mr. Buchanan has tasks of no small consequence on his hands. The Argentine people have the best of feelings toward the United States and look to citizens of the great North American republic for help in their solution of the many problems of self government. Mr. Wilson was born in Chicago in 1875 and is a son of Benjamin M. Wilson and a grandson of Alonzo Huntington, one of Chicago's first settlers and long United States district attorney.



MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM W. RUSSELL.

ney for the western Illinois district. He was graduated from Yale in 1897 and the same year entered the diplomatic service, being appointed second secretary of the legation at Tokyo, Japan. In 1900 he was promoted to be secretary of the embassy, and it was while serving in this capacity a few years later that he met Miss Lu-

James of Baltimore, who was traveling in Japan with her family. The diplomat and the handsome American girl fell in love, and their marriage was announced for the following spring. The outbreak of war between Japan and Russia kept Mr. Wilson at his post and delayed the marriage, but the nuptials were duly performed in good time. After his appointment to a post in the state department by Secretary Root he was put in charge of the newly organized bureau of Asiatic affairs, to which so much importance has been attached because of increase in relations with the orient.

With the prospects so much improved for better relations between Venezuela and the United States since the downfall of Castro, the attractions of the post of minister at Caracas are considerably enhanced. When the envoy and plenipotentiary from the United States, William W. Russell, left there in consequence of the dictatorial methods of the executive now in exile the prospects for his return to his post seemed exceedingly dismal. But events moved rapidly. With the diplomatic efforts which William I. Buchanan has been making in his mission to straighten out the entanglements caused by Castro's domineering and grafting policies, the Venezuelan post may yet prove one much sought after. Mr. Russell was appointed to his present post in 1905 and previous to that was for about two years minister of the United States to the republic of Colombia, so that he has considerable knowledge of South American affairs.

The high rank as a diplomat enjoyed by Count Johann Heinrich von Bernstorff, the new ambassador from



COUNTESS JOHANN VON BERNSTORFF AND DAUGHTER ALEXANDRA.

Germany, makes his family the object of many social attentions at Washington. It is an interesting coincidence that both the count and his immediate predecessor in the ambassadorship, the late Baron Speck von Sternberg, married American women. The former ambassador, whose untimely death was so deeply deplored at Washington, was a great favorite with President Roosevelt, and the occupant of the White House has taken a strong liking to his successor. The count is a man of versatile talents and wide knowledge of affairs, as was shown recently when he was the guest of honor at a banquet of business and professional men at the Manhattan club, New York, which was attended by many leading German Americans. Herman Ridder of the New Yorker Staats-Zeitung presided, and among the speakers were President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia, Joseph H. Choate, former ambassador to England, and Philip Dodge, president of the Engineers' club. The countess accompanied her husband to New York, her former home, and was entertained by leading society women. She was formerly Miss Jeanne Luckemeyer and was born in New York in 1867.

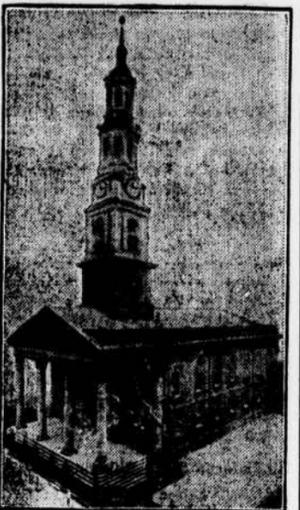
The Countess Jeanne is a woman of imposing appearance and carriage. The German authoress, Ida Boy-Ed, writing about her in one of the magazines of the fatherland, calls her a "princess of the blood republican." She is a niece of Matilda Wesendonck, the friend and counselor of Richard Wagner, whose correspondence with the maestro, published in 1906, created such a furore in the musical world. Like her aunt, Countess Jeanne is a musical enthusiast and a fine performer, and her summer home, a small but beautiful villa in Starnberg, is a veritable museum of objects of art.

The diplomat and his wife have two children, a son, Christian, now seventeen, and Alexandra, twenty, who made her debut two years ago in Cairo, Egypt, where her father represented Germany prior to coming to America.

The Saving of Old St. John's.

What a Poem and a Petition Did the Successful Efforts to Prevent the Closing of One of the Historic Chapels of Trinity Parish, New York.

NATIONAL attention has been excited over the threatened abandonment of the old St. John's chapel of Trinity parish, New York. In the course of events the region in which this historic edifice is located has changed from being a center of fashion and respectability to a section of warehouses and stores doing a business in produce and supplies of various sorts. Comparatively few English speaking people now live in the vicinity. For residents who attend St. John's, Trinity parish proposes to make provision at another of its chapels, St. Luke's, only about a mile away. The vestry of Trinity has finally decided not to close St. John's altogether, however, but to maintain evangelistic services during the week and other forms of work for the benefit of the people employed in factories and ware-



ST. JOHN'S CHAPEL, NEW YORK.

houses in the vicinity and having homes elsewhere. Rev. Dr. William Wilkinson, known as "the bishop of Wall street," will be in charge of these week day services.

Meantime the parishioners have brought suit in the courts to prevent the contemplated closing of the chapel even temporarily on Sundays.

It is now 102 years since St. John's was built. The church edifice is almost a replica of old St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, London.

On account of the historic character of the quaint church and its associations with old New York many protests have been made against closing up St. John's. A petition which was drawn up against it was signed by many eminent men, including President Roosevelt, and occasioned the writing by Richard Watson Gilder, editor of the Century Magazine, of a poem holding up to criticism the contemplated procedure. Among the lines were these:

Fling to earth these sacred stones!
Give the altar to the dust!
Here the poor and friendless come,
Desolate the templed home
Of the friendless and the poor
That your laurels may be sure!
Here beside the frowning walls,
Where no more the wood bird calls,
Where once the little children played,
Whose paradise you have betrayed,
Here let the temple low be laid,
Here bring the altar to the dust,
Guardians of a holy trust!

Dr. Wilkinson is about sixty years old, an Englishman by birth and education. One day he appeared in a haberdashery on Broadway, announced



REV. DR. WILKINSON, "BISHOP OF WALL STREET," SPEAKING.

that he was going to preach and asked if he could put on his cassock there and if he could have a dry goods box. With his box in hand and little skullcap imperfectly covering his thin gray hair, he marched to the middle of Wall street and began to tell a story. A crowd collected, of course, and when it found that the story was good it stayed to listen. He preaches every day at 12:15 o'clock and has one of the strangest audiences in the world.

CHOICE MISCELLANY

What Turks May Not Say.
As for the fate of his subjects, the decadence of Turkey, the future of the country—what does Abdul Hamid care about that? The empire is his private property by the right of birth. It is the patrimony which he has inherited and which he squanders like a prodigal son. Turkey—it is himself! And so he has forbidden in his estates words such as "country," "nation," "people," "liberty," "revolution," to be spoken or printed, more especially "liberty" and "revolution."

A Turkish friend of mine, an old scholar of the Mulkie school, which is a kind of political science school, says a writer in the American Magazine, told me the following little anecdote: In the French lesson, the professor being a Turk, they were translating a page of some French anthology. They came to a passage where it was said that "the butterfly flies with freedom." The professor was perturbed. Doubtless he was afraid of being denounced by spies (who were plentiful in the schools) for allowing the use of so guilty a word as "freedom." "Stop," said he to the scholar who was reading aloud, and as the pupil he had addressed stopped the teacher hastened to translate himself, "The butterfly flies with ease."

Hygiene and Aeroplanes.
Top floors are healthiest. On the same principle to nest like birds among the trees is a sound practice hygienically and one that is indulged in every summer by princess Marie of Roumania, who owns an airy habitation that was erected for her by the king. This consists of a small two roomed simply furnished cottage, with a kitchen, and has for its support four big fir trees. The idea is not original, but it suggests the most convenient form of abode for an aeronaut, as it facilitates the process of launching. Thus a man could step out of his dining room into the car. A possibility of the near future is the aerostation treatment of invalids. Instead of sending his patient to a health resort a doctor will prescribe some hours a day in a balloon at an altitude adapted to the case in hand. In this respect there has already been considered a perfected system of balloon car with a library, a recreation hall and a portable laboratory complete.—Harper's.

Putting by For the "Rainy."
The light of victory in his eye, counsel for the defense rose to his feet and wittingly surveyed the sweet and twenty damsel who was suing for breach of promise of marriage.

"The lady talks," said he sneeringly, "about honorable dealings. Well, gentlemen, I say let her look to herself. My client tells me that she gave him her solemn promise to burn every letter she received from him as soon as she had read it. What have you to reply to this, madam?"
The attractive damsel was in nowise disturbed.

"It is quite true," she answered calmly; "but, as I thought the letters might be useful some day or other, and as I didn't want to break my word, I never read them!"
Pointless Punctuation.
Massachusetts has a law, known as the "semicolon law," under which a misplaced semicolon regulates the liquor traffic in the city of Boston. But this is not a circumstance to an omitted comma, as instanced in the following act of the last legislature of Massachusetts: "Whoever operates an automobile or a motor cycle on any public way or private way laid out under the authority of law recklessly or while under the influence of liquor or so as to endanger the lives or safety of the public," etc. It is now asserted that the reckless motorist can go as he pleases on highways which have not been "laid out under the influence of liquor."—Albany Argus.

Frozen Clouds.
The weather man as he put on his skates pointed to the feathery white clouds high up in the blue sky. "They mean fine and cold," he said. "They are cirrus clouds. They are frozen—frozen water dust. Their height is 40,000 feet, and their temperature, by actual kite thermometer test, is 75 degrees below zero. "Some clouds are snow capped, the same as mountains. These are the cumuli, white and cottony fellows that heap themselves up like mountains. From top to bottom they often measure 20,000 feet, and when the top of them is a dazzling white it's a sign there is snow there."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Last Civil War Survivor.
The "last surviving soldier of the civil war" was depicted by George F. Bassett at the meeting of Old Glory post 708 in the Masonic temple. Mr. Bassett, who is past commander of Wayman post 521, based his prophetic vision on insurance acturaries and presented a word painting of the last living veteran of the northern army and the attention that would be accorded him in the year 1950. "According to insurance acturaries," said Mr. Bassett, "there will be 347 veterans living in 1930, in 1940 there will be twenty-three and in 1950 there will be one."—Chicago Tribune.

Begging Letters.
As nearly as can be determined, the wealthy persons of New York city receive 35,000 begging letters a day from strangers, and the writers stand a better chance of finding money than in getting it from them, for even the most liberal of philanthropists do not dispense their charity excepting according to careful plans and after investigation.—New York Herald.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

It is hard to make some people understand that your time is not all their own and still keep any semblance of politeness.



Sometimes wisdom comes with years and sometimes with tears.

They are really and truly our friends who will smile and look interested the tenth time we tell our stock of anecdotes to them.

A woman does hate to pay for fancy groceries when she has her eye on a swell bit of millinery down street.

The greatest compliment that you can pay your friends is to assume that they need no defense.

Something of a Snap.
Now come to think the matter over, it really was too bad. For Grandpa Adam didn't know how large a snap he had. He never did in all his years. Know just what he was worth in real estate and other things. For Adam owned the earth.

No rival offered to dispute Possession of the ball Or made a threat to jump his claim— His title covered all— For every ample continent And island of the sea. With lakes and rivers in between, Was his in simple fee.

No tax collector came around To say to him: "I fear That you are getting off too cheap. We'll raise the rate next year." And no surveyor kicked about The fences on his line And said he'd have to move them in Or there would be a fine.

The gentlemen who toll and strive To own the earth today, Although they partially succeed, Don't have things all their way. How they would toss their caps in air, Turn handspindles and be glad If they could just be guaranteed The snap that Adam had!

Poor Woman.
"How is your wife?"
"On the mend."
"Why, I heard she was worse."
"So she is, but she said the stockings just had to be darned, anyway, if she died for it!"

Too True.
"There are lots of women lecturers."
"Now, I wonder why you said it that way."
"How else?"
"There are lots of women."

The Modern Way.
"I suppose they killed the fatted calf on his return?"
"No; they just opened a new can of breakfast food."

Casting Shadows.
The weather's acting very queer; Some days are dark and some are fair; Sometimes the atmosphere is clear; Sometimes the fog fills up the air. Today's a smile, the next's a frown. It's hard to tell what to expect. The mercury plays up and down Until its tube is almost wrecked.

Perhaps the woodchuck might explain And tell us why the weather changes. No doubt his dreams are full of pain As in and out his fancy ranges. And, soundly sleeping, "Shade or shine, Which shall it be?" his visions vary. "Which, shade or shine? What position's mine. Oh, fateful day of February!"

That Perplexed Look.



The perplexed look so often seen upon the faces of women is undoubtedly due to their struggles to keep up their dignity and to clinch a bargain at the same time.

At Her Trade.
"I had to fire the nurse."
"What for?"
"General incompetence."
"What is she doing now?"
"Nursing a grievance."

THREE TO ONE.

SIGNOR, remember yesterday, How mad I am because you say Dat nearly all Le allan Ees good for nothings, lazy man? Ah, leese'n, please, an' you weell be Ashame' for wat you say to me. W'en I have tal you wat I see, Eef you no think I speaka true I got som' weetness here for you. Here ees not o'ly wan, but three— Antonio, Gregorio An' me.

I speak for all an' tal of eet. Today ees com' een deesa street Beeg, stronga man for deeg da franch. You theenk ees mebbe Dootch or Franch. Dees granda, beega, stronga man? Ah, no; eet ees Etallan! He no can speaka 'Merican. But, oh, da way he drive da peeck An' squeek da spade, so strong, so queek, Eet mak' us proud as we can be— Antonio, Gregorio An' me.

You theenk ees lazy man dat weel So work from earla morn' onteell Da stars ees shina from da sky. He pile seex hondra spafeful high Bayside da franch w'en he ees through— Eh? How I know dat dees ees true? Ha, now is where I catcha you! All day right here een deesa street We seet an' watch heem doin' eet! Wan weetness? No; here eesa three— Antonio, Gregorio An' me. —T. A. Daly in American Magazine.

Her Fatal Error.
He was supposed to be a poor but otherwise honest young man, while she was admittedly a thing of beauty. "Will you marry me?" he asked. "No," she answered. "You are very short," he muttered. "Ditto," she replied. "That's why there is nothing doing in the matrimonial line." "Oh, I don't know!" he sneered as he extracted an obese bill book from an inside pocket and displayed a number of \$1,000 bills. "I'm not so short." Whereupon the unwary maid tried to fall upon his neck, but he gracefully sidestepped, and she fell to the floor in a faint.—Chicago News.

The New Farm Hand.



Grumpy Farmer (engaging a man)— Well, you'll do. Start right away. Farm Hand—I think I'll please ye, sir. I've had a lot to do with pigs.

Again Those Immigrants.
Little Eleanor's mother was an American, while her father was a German. One day after Eleanor had been subjected to rather severe disciplinary measures at the hands of her paternal ancestor she called her mother into another room, closed the door significantly and said, "Mother, I don't want to meddle in your business, but I wish you'd send that husband of yours back to Germany."—New York Life.

Hurried Call to Arms.
Like a flash of lightning from a clear sky came the proposal. "You take me by surprise," she exclaimed, sparring for time. "It doesn't matter how I take you," he rejoined, "just so I get you." He was a man of dollars, and she proved that she was a maid of sense by letting it go at that.—Detroit Tribune.

The Saddest Words.
Said a poet to an unfortunate speculator, "Don't you think that the opening lines of Tennyson's little poem, 'Break, break, break,' are plaintive and sad?" "Yes," was the melancholy reply, "but I think that 'broke, broke, broke,' is a good deal sadder."—Current Literature.

Not Explicit.
"Remember," wrote the instructor of the correspondence school of journalism, "to write only on one side of the paper." And by return mail came the following inquiry from the new pupil: "Which side shall I write on?"—Judge.

A Doubtful Epigram.
"Kind hearts are more than coronets," said the young man who quotes poetry. "Perhaps," answered Miss Cayenne, "but you don't find kind hearts figuring in the same class with coronets in the matrimonial news."—Washington Star.

Facts in the Case.
Her Mother—Mabel, dear, do you ever feel timid about asking your husband for money? The Bride—No, indeed, mamma, but he seems to be rather timid about giving it to me.—Chicago News.

So Careless of Him.
"Barker and his wife never got along well together. He had no sense of the proprieties." "I should say not. When he came to die he did it in the living room."—Browning's Magazine.