

People of Note Who Are In the News

HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW'S friends are making a strong fight in favor of his candidacy for a new term in the United States senate. Ex-Governor Frank S. Black of New York is his only opponent. Senator Depew tells a story about a gardener on his estate on the Hudson who owes his position to a clever retort. The man had been employed in a menial position. One day he approached the senator and asked for a recommendation. Mr. Depew good naturedly consented, had a note prepared and signed it. The man took the letter and read it without a word.

"Don't you think it favorable enough?" asked his employer. "Oh, it couldn't be better than you made it," said the man, "but"— "But what?" said Mr. Depew, surprised at the man's audacity. "Well, sir," said the man in a deprecating tone, "it seems so good, sir, that I thought that you might want to give me something better to do on the strength of a recommendation like that."

The members of the international commission which has assembled in Paris to investigate the Dogger bank affair are all men of exceptional knowledge of maritime law as well as naval affairs in general. The Russian member of the commission, Admiral Nicholas Kaznakoff, has held important commissions in the naval service of Russia and is regarded as one of the ablest officers in that branch of the czar's fighting forces. He is of judicial temperament and conciliatory manners and disposition.

Admiral Kaznakoff is remembered with pleasure in America, to which he paid a visit at the time of the Columbian exposition. Particularly good feeling between Russia and the United States existed at that time. Admiral Kaznakoff was in command of the squadron which was sent to America in honor of the Columbian anniversary. He acquitted himself in such a manner as to enhance the good feeling between the two nations. When the Russian warships were anchored in the Hudson river at New York the Far-nut Association of Naval Veterans of the port of New York paid Admiral Kaznakoff a visit on his flagship, the Dimitri Donaskol, and made him a member of the society, presenting him with the handsome gold medal of the association. Rear Admiral B. S. Osborne was master of ceremonies for the Americans, and in responding to his remarks Admiral Kaznakoff was much affected. He embraced Admiral Osborne and kissed him, according to the Russian custom, on both cheeks and on the forehead. "I cannot kiss you all," he said, "but I do so in feeling." He touched his hand to his cap and gave an order. A gun was fired, the Russian flag fluttered from the mast, the American veterans uncovered their heads and the Russian sailors cheered. The ceremonies over, the Americans were royally entertained in the cabin of the flagship.

Artists are proverbially poor, but here and there is an artist whose professional success has made him very rich. One of these fortunate few is John S. Sargent, upon whom the world's fair at St. Louis recently bestowed high honors. Some of the greatest artists have lived and died poor men. Jean Francois Millet, for instance, could paint great pictures, but he hadn't the capacity for getting rich. Sargent is said to make from the sale of his paintings about twice as large an income as that of the president of the United States. Yet he is not mercenary. He could make more than \$100,000 a year if he would take more commissions. But there comes a time every year when he refuses to open any more letters from persons who want their portraits painted, fees from his admirers and remains away from his studio for months. He does not push himself.

In fact, he is modest to the point of bashfulness. Some time ago the papers published an item to the effect that Sargent's "little son" was to be page to the queen at the coronation ceremonies. This caused him much embarrassment, as he has no son and is a bachelor and, though much admired by the fair sex, is too bashful, his friends say, ever to make a proposal of marriage. Sargent is spoken of as an American



JOHN S. SARGENT. much embarrassment, as he has no son and is a bachelor and, though much admired by the fair sex, is too bashful, his friends say, ever to make a proposal of marriage. Sargent is spoken of as an American

artist. As a matter of fact very little of his life has been spent in America. He was born in 1856 in Florence. As a fellow artist once wrote, "His fairy godmothers seem to have divined that he was to become a great artist and saw to it that his eyes should get their first glimpse of the world in one of the most beautiful of the shrines of art." His parents were Americans, tracing their ancestry back to the earliest colonists. He was educated in France, and his studio has been for many years in

London. Yet there is an American atmosphere about his work that is held to justify his classification as an American artist. Sargent is passionately fond of music. He turns from his easel to his piano, and his command of musical art seems almost equal to his mastery of that of the painter.

Representative John James Jenkins of Wisconsin is one of the Republican members of the committee from the house of representatives which is to conduct the prosecution of Judge Charles Swayne in the impeachment proceedings in the senate. Mr. Jenkins was a laborer in the pine woods of Wisconsin about thirty years ago. He was born in Weymouth, England, in 1843, and in 1853 his family came to the United States and settled in Wisconsin. His educational opportunities were limited, but he studied law and was admitted to the bar, was elected to the Wisconsin legislature, served as a county judge and also as United States attorney in Wyoming, then a territory. He is now serving his fifth term as representative of the Eleventh Wisconsin district in congress. Representative Jenkins served in the Union army in the civil war and made a fine record. When General Fitzhugh Lee was at the capitol one day not long since he was introduced to the Wisconsin legislator by a friend.



"I saw you once a good many years ago," said Mr. Jenkins, General Lee remarked that he did not recall the event.

"It was near Brandy Station," continued Mr. Jenkins. "You were riding at the head of a column of men, mounted on a gray horse and wearing a black plume in your hat."

"You didn't see us," added Mr. Jenkins. "You didn't even know the Yankees were near. We were posted out in the woods, and as I saw you riding by I aimed my musket as carefully as I could and fired. I was much chagrined then to note that you rode on, your black plume still waving, but I am very glad now that the bullet missed its mark."

General Lee, too, expressed his gratification that Jenkins on that occasion proved a poor marksman, and the two adjourned to the senate restaurant, where the battle of Brandy Station was fought over again.

Henry H. Rogers, the Standard Oil magnate who has been discussed so much since Thomas W. Lawson "wrote him up" in a magazine, is a man who rules other financial kings with ease. Speaking of his habits at meetings of corporations with which he is connected, Mr. Lawson writes:

"Surrounded though he be by the elite of all financialdom, the very flower of the business brains of America, you will surely hear his sharp, incisive, steel clicking 'Gentlemen, are we ready for the vote? For I regret to say that I have another important and unavoidable meeting at —.'"

"You look at your watch. The time he mentions is twelve or at the most fifteen minutes away. There is no chance for discussion. Cut and dried resolutions are promptly put to the vote, and off goes the master to his other engagement, which will be disposed of in the same peremptory fashion."

Serious business man though he is, Mr. Rogers now and then indulges in a joke. The New York Times relates that some time ago he was visited by one of his friends, who had been under the weather for months. Mr. Rogers inquired after the health of his caller.

"I have been staying down at Lake-wood, N. J., for six months," was the reply, "and I've been pretty low—in fact, I never was in so bad a state before."

The big financier, thinking of his travels in copper mine districts, smiled and asked quietly, "You've never been in Montana, have you?"

The Hon. William E. Chandler, secretary of the navy under President Arthur, relates this incident of Assistant Surgeon Ver Mullen. The story, as printed in Harper's Weekly, runs as follows:

"That officer was six feet four inches in height, a fact that occasioned him much discomfort when he was serving on the old Penobscot, the height of the vessel between decks



W. E. CHANDLER.

being only five feet eight inches. As Surgeon Ver Mullen considered the matter he remembered that long letters to the navy department were not always given that prompt attention he thought should be afforded in the present instance, so he determined to approach the authorities in a manner novel enough to impress them with the gravity of the situation. So he addressed his superior officer in this wise:

The Honorable the Secretary of the Navy: Sir—Length of surgeon, six feet four; height of wardrobe, five feet eight. Respectfully, E. C. VER MULLEN, Assistant Surgeon, U. S. N.

Shortly after the navy department detached Ver Mullen "until such time as a more suitable ship could be found for his assignment."

The Blameless One.

Mrs. Colburn removed her outer garments and seated herself with a thud in her rocking chair in the front window. "I declare, I never saw such a gadder as that young woman the minister married in all my life!" she said jerkily as she ran her darning ball down into the heel of Mr. Colburn's gray stocking.

"I can't go over to Mrs. Deacon Graves' of an afternoon or down to the store in the morning that I don't either find her there or see her, coming or going, three times out o' five!"

"She's an awful starrer, too," continued Mrs. Colburn, pulling at a knot in her darning cotton till it broke and her elbow flew back against the sharp edge of the table. "I can't look over at her front window but what she turns her eyes this way inside o' five minutes. Don't sit there looking so numb, William! Can't you see I've half killed myself? Fetch me the liniment, quick!" —Youth's Companion.

Not Humility of Spirit.

A young preacher in an uptown church was much struck one Sunday by the seeming effect his sermon was having upon one of his congregation, a shabby genteel man with white hair who throughout the entire discourse sat with head bowed in deeply reverent attitude. After the service the minister pushed his way to the man and proudly said:

"I am glad to note that my sermon affected you. Did it make you see the error of your ways?"

"Oh, it wasn't that," said the man sheepishly. "You see, my waistcoat is too short, and I had to bend over to hide my shirt."—Cleveland Leader.

A Tramp's Problem.

A tramp having found a hen's feather in his travels about the city kept it until night, when he carefully placed it on the pavement in a back alley and slept upon it. Awakening next morning and looking scornfully upon the bit of down, he exclaimed: "Gee whiz! If one feather is as hard to sleep on as that, what must a whole bedful be?"

What's In a Name.

"Maybe I have an ugly color, as you say," said the carrot to the beet, "but when I am gone I hope some one may say a good word for me. It seems to me a dead carrot has a better chance for respect than a dead beet." And the beet turned even redder in the face and had nothing more to say.

A man is never happy until he has ceased to care whether he is or not.—Chicago Tribune.

How Men Die.

More men die from worry than from overwork; more stuff themselves to death than die of starvation; more break their necks falling down the cellar stairs than climbing mountains.—G. H. Lorimer.

He Subsidized.

Husband—Did you ever notice, my dear, that a loud talker is generally an ignorant person? Wife—Well, you needn't talk so loud. I'm not deaf.

The Curious Banyan Tree.

Botanists long ago voted the banyan tree of India a place in the catalogue of wonderful vegetable production. In its infancy it resembles other trees in having a single stem or trunk and a dense head of foliage. As the tree increases in size, however, the branches spread out horizontally to such a wondrous extent that they would be unable to support themselves had not nature come to the rescue with a remarkable provision. To supply the necessary support the branches of the parent stem throw out here and there small fibrous shoots, which immediately begin growing downward toward the earth. In a surprisingly short time they reach the ground and take root and gradually increase in size until they sometimes rival the original trunk itself.

This new trunk, with its numerous fibrous roots, renews the whole life of the tree. Other new limbs and shoots are rapidly thrown out until finally what was originally a single tree trunk becomes a considerable forest, each limb and shoot of which are curiously connected.

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