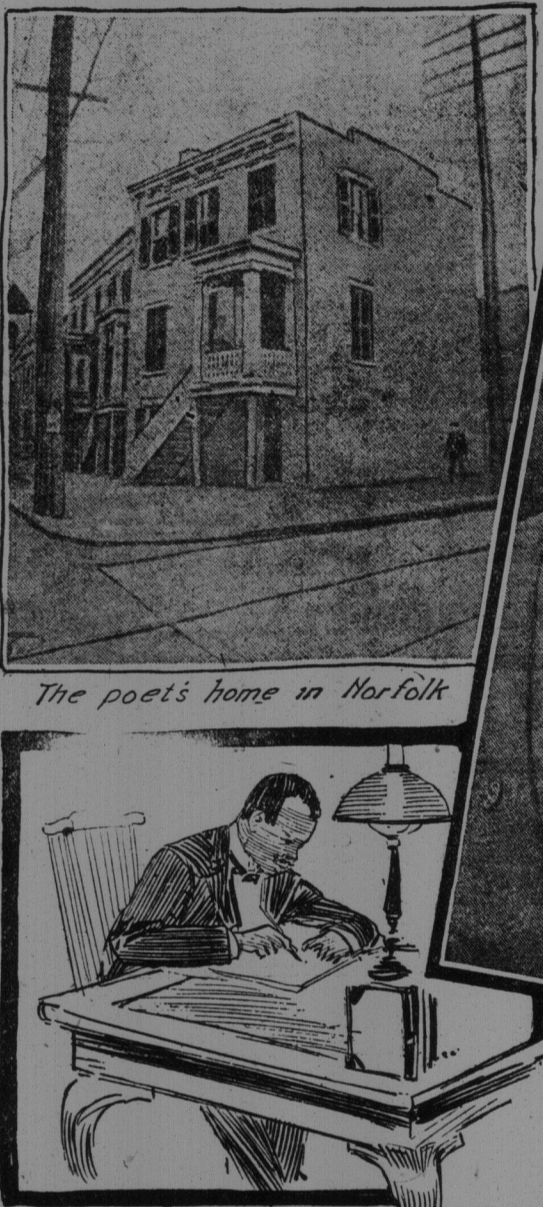


THE NEW NEGRO POET LAUREATE. IS HE JOHN FRANCIS LEE?

The Great Great Grand Daughter of Franklin who is now an L.L.D.



The poet's home in Norfolk

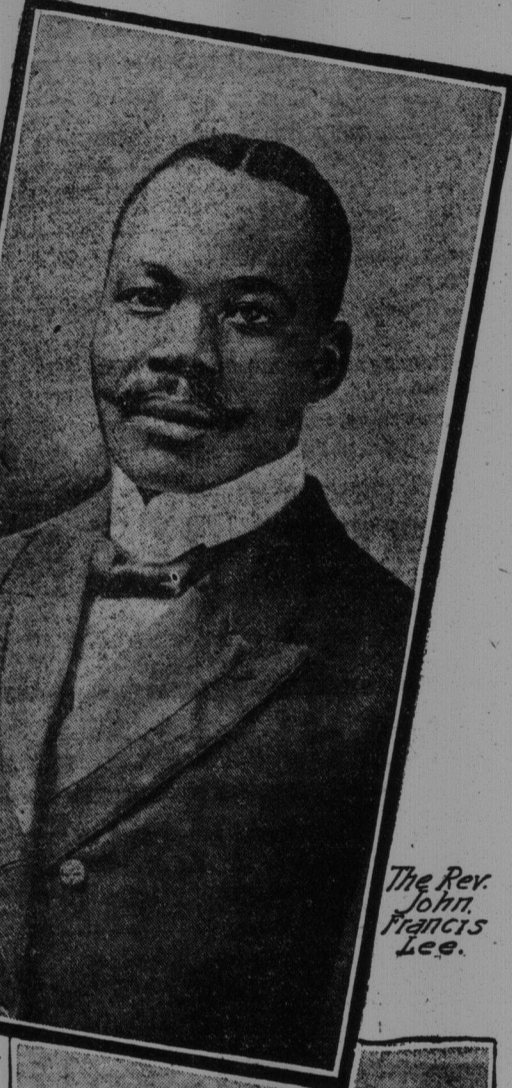
Is the Rev. John Francis Lee the coming negro poet of America? Will he take up the minstrel harp that was dropped by the late Paul Laurence Dunbar?

Throughout the South, especially, many admirers of Lee are convinced that in time the laureate crown of his race will be accorded him.

Of purest African blood, Lee's mind responds in music to those subtle wickeries of imagination that appeal so strongly to many of his people.

Only 34 years of age, his career as a poet has been, as yet, comparatively brief. He sings his songs as the Muses inspired; sometimes twice a week, and again a year or two apart.

He has the familiar life under the great disadvantages that confront the poor negro boy. John Francis Lee has persistently and untiringly carved his own destiny.



The Rev. John Francis Lee



Metropolitan A.M.E. Church of which Mr. Lee is pastor

After discussing the question at some length in dialect verse, the poem concludes: Now Ham don set himself to stay; And dat's all right, you see; To git de cash, build stores and banks.

Rock Hamites on his knee, We's gwine to hab no fuss 'bout dis, But pile our goods like yam; Ain't no lution reached us yet; What you gwine to do wid Ham?

Since reaching a position where wearisome and continued manual labor was no longer necessary, the Norfolk pastor has been an extensive reader, a careful student of books, of men and of nature.

Let each man do his duty Toward our Master's will, That great will be our future, For we are human still.

Lee has written poetry since 1888. Sometimes two years elapsed between his productions; at other times, under the spur of inspiration, he has written verses twice a week.

His father was more modest than the conqueror who retreats; Myriads hasten to her altars, Lavish trophies at his feet.



Photo. by Gulekurst.

Miss Agnes Irwin, Recently made an L.L.D.

Fully able to shine by the light of her own intellect and accomplishments is Miss Agnes Irwin, dean of Radcliffe College, Cambridge, Mass.

Although a great-great-granddaughter of Benjamin Franklin, she has no need to depend upon the hereditary of her distinguished ancestor to bring honors to herself.

This fact was emphasized by Andrew Carnegie, when, representing St. Andrew's College, of Scotland at the recent Franklin celebration in Philadelphia, he conferred upon her the degree of L.L.D.

It was a rare honor, too; only three women had ever received it. Mr. Carnegie made it plain that the honor was never given except in recognition of personal achievement.

Miss Irwin might have descended from plain William Brown, although she is justly proud of holding in her veins the blood of America's great printer-philosopher-statesman.

Since its organization in 1884 Miss Irwin has been dean of Radcliffe College. Previous to her service there she had distinguished herself in educational work in Philadelphia.

That the good sense and ponderous mental force of Benjamin Franklin are alive to-day in another brain is evident from a study of his descendants.

A kindly, retiring woman, 65 years of age, Miss Irwin in features strongly resembles her distinguished ancestor. But it is her remarkable memory and philosophical trend of mind that most forcibly associate her with Benjamin Franklin.

Naturally, one looks for some transcendent mark of genius in the residence of an honor which the great seat of learning in Scotland, jealous of its favors, has never been offered to any American.

Placid as a woodland pool is her large head face, her expression, however, being constantly enlivened by dartings from sharp, bright eyes, as some might glimpse through foliage on a brook.

Her hair, once black, now partly gray, is parted in the middle and brushed plainly back. She wears a plain black dress, with no jewelry, save a little gold watch, indispensable to a teacher, and nose glasses, which she shifts frequently in conversation.

When seen recently at the home of her sister, Miss Sophie Irwin, 2027 De Lancey Place, she had just returned from a call, and although she had removed her hat, was holding her gloves absent-mindedly in her hands.

"There is very little interest in the profession of a school teacher," she said. "I have done nothing but teach and give advice to students. Such a life, you understand, must be prosaic, no matter how valuable it may be."

She sat and toyed with her eyes, and the ridge between her eyebrows showed how hard she was trying to think of some incident in her career which would interest the public.

"How St. Andrew's camp to the conclusion that my knowledge of literature and education was sufficient to entitle me to a degree I do not know. Although I had received the degree of doctor of laws from the University of Pennsylvania, this honor quite overcame me, and I trembled like a girl graduate when Mr. Carnegie, at the recent bicentennial of Franklin's birth, handed me the red hood of St. Andrew's."

Miss Irwin was born in Washington, D. C., in 1841, when her father was a member of Congress from Pennsylvania, residing at Pittsburgh. The following year her father was appointed by President Polk as United States Minister to Denmark.



As a teacher in Miss Hoffman's school in New York, the young descendant of Franklin acquired practical training, to which she added by omnivorous reading in the Astor Library. She grew into a thoughtful, earnest woman. Her memory was mentioned as being marvelous.

The death of Mrs. Mitchell in Philadelphia, in 1869, left a prominent day school for girls without a principal, and Miss Irwin succeeded to the position.

During some of her holidays she traveled extensively in Europe, familiarizing herself with educational methods and meeting prominent people.

After twenty-five years spent in Philadelphia, all in the same position, Miss Irwin was elected, in May, 1894, the first dean of Radcliffe College, a section of Harvard at that time but recently incorporated, and she was admitted to the privilege of giving a degree, countermanded by the president and faculty of Harvard.

Her sister, Miss S. D. Irwin, has carried on the Philadelphia school ever since. The lectures at Radcliffe are delivered by the professors of Harvard, so that Miss Irwin's mission there has been, not to teach, but to influence and guide young women in their choice of studies; to be to them an example of rare scholarship, compacted with womanly charm.

The degree of LL. D. was conferred upon Miss Irwin in Witherspoon Hall, Philadelphia, on the night of April 17 last, at a meeting of the American Philosophical Society, held to celebrate the Franklin bicentennial.

In 1769 the same college conferred the same degree upon Benjamin Franklin. At that time Franklin was in British subject, so that, strictly speaking, the degree given to Miss Irwin is the first that St. Andrew's has awarded an American.

Irwin became a rear-admiral in the United States Navy; another brother, Robert, for a long time served the Japanese Government in a mission to the Sandwich Islands; and her eldest brother, the late Colonel Richard Biddle Irwin, of the editorial staff of the New York Tribune, was author of a valuable army book.

Association from early youth with men of mark, combined with her inherited mental power, had much to do with the formation of Miss Irwin's character and the drift of her studies.

Returning with her family from Copenhagen in early girlhood, she grew up in Washington in a political and educational atmosphere.

NEW CIVIL WAR HEROES. She knew the principal actors in the Civil War. Those trying times so wrought upon the nerves of her mother and the rest of the family that, deprived of male protection, they thought it advisable to remove from Washington to New York.

Agnes Irwin's half-brother, John Asa, daughter of the eminent statesman, Alexander James Dallas, a man of good Scotch descent, who became Secretary of the Treasury and later Secretary of War, under President Madison.

Sophia A. Bache, daughter of Richard Bache, 2d, became Mrs. W. W. Irwin, and was the mother of Agnes Irwin. Thus Miss Irwin is the great-great-granddaughter of Benjamin Franklin.

Great-uncles of Miss Irwin were Commodore Dallas, of the navy, and George Mifflin Dallas, who was Minister to England under President Tyler, and again Vice-President of the United States.

Mrs. Irwin was a sister of Alexander Dallas Bache, a Superintendent of the United States Coast Survey and the inventor of the triangulation method of seaboard measurements.

WORKED HARD WHILE A BOY. Then came years of grind, of hardship and continued labor; all lightened, however, by the vision of the end in view. The boy worked at whatever came his way, his endeavors made in various places were always with the same object.

Later he managed to attend the public schools of Philadelphia, and afterward the Institute for Colored Youth there, then followed courses at the Princess Anne, Md., Academy, Bennett College, N.C., Anneville College, Tenn., and, finally, a theological course at Livingstone College, Salisbury, N. C., the denominational

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SOME PECULIARITIES OF THE WORLD AND ITS PEOPLE

The Sultan of Turkey's income is enormous. Besides deriving \$2,000,000 from the State taxes, he is said to draw two or three times as much from crown property. He owns a very large number of palaces on the Bosphorus, and many of the best villas on its northern banks, which he grants during his pleasure to Ministers and favorites, or to persons who have married members of his family.

There has existed in Japan for many years a curious law to the effect that whenever the Emperor or Empress appeared in public no other person should seem to occupy a higher place than this member of the royal family; therefore, on such occasions, the shutters of all upper stories were drawn, and the upper parts of the houses past which the royal party moved were seemingly deserted. This law is still in effect.

Kansas is all right as a State—none better," said the Chicago drummer, "but there are certain neighborhoods one has to get acquainted with before things can run along smoothly. For instance, on my last trip I struck a town called Robinsonville. A street car drawn by a mule ran from the depot to the town. The fare was seven cents.

There are in London, and elsewhere, perhaps, many professional diners-out who help successful the social affairs of parvenus and others who seek aid from all sources in their efforts to break into the social field.

three merchants in the town, and they wanted my goods, but they were carry my grip. Too much Robinson. The conductor refused to let me on the car. Same old Robinson. I was making for the train and carrying my luggage when I met a smiling man, and stopped to say to him: "You don't look like a Robinson."

"Well, no, I'm not," he replied. "Then I want you to listen while I tell the whole caboodle of it. I never saw such a blamed town in my life. Why, air."

Because I'm Jones—the only Jones in town—and if the Robinsons heard that I was agin' 'em they'd put the price of kerosene up to thirty cents and butter to fifty, and the only Jones would have to eat dry bread and sit in darkness. I'm or fifteen years hence, when the Joneses got a foothold—"

And he smiled and bowed and waved his hand and passed on.

PROFESSIONAL DINERS OUT.

An advertisement in the London Times recently quite frankly places before the public an avocation followed by aristocratic persons of limited means, but which, heretofore, has not been blazoned to the notice of the world. This particular avocation is: