

Home Life of Iowa's New Governor

THE happy domestic life of Governor and Mrs. Albert B. Cummins commenced in Michigan some twenty-eight years ago. Nothing had as yet developed in the career of the young man to indicate that he was cut out for great political honors. Mr. Cummins was a surveyor and engineer. He was assistant to the chief engineer of a little railroad company engaged in laying out a line of railroad which has since become a part of the Michigan Southern. He had not deliberately chosen engineering as a profession, but he rather had drifted into it as a makeshift, all the time hoping and expecting that some way would be opened for a different career. Of necessity his stay in Michigan was regarded by him as temporary. He had come over from Indiana, where he had been engaged in railroad work. It was to this young civil engineer that Miss Ida L. Gallery gave her heart and hand and they were married.

But already Mr. Cummins had showed himself to be versatile and aggressive, and it was later that he found a way to secure a law education and to enter the practice of his chosen profession in Iowa. It goes without saying that these early days were trying ones, for to him, as to others, success came only after days of hard work and strenuous effort. But for twenty years Mr. Cummins has been one of the growing men in the law in Iowa, and while he has grown into the law, both Mr. and Mrs. Cummins have grown into the hearts of Des Moines

people until they are among the best known and most popular of residents of the capital city, personally, socially and in all good works.

The home of Governor and Mrs. Cummins is on Grand avenue, the fashionable residence avenue of Des Moines, a spacious, comfortable residence, surrounded by great trees and a pretty lawn. It is here that Mrs. Cummins makes life pleasant for many friends. With the opening of the social season Mrs. Cummins inaugurated the custom of receptions at her home every Tuesday afternoon. Des Moines during the legislative session is a city of gaiety. The wives of members are numerous, and they add to the social circle. At these afternoon receptions by the wife of the governor she has to assist her some of the ladies of the city and some of the ladies of the official circle. In this way there is an opportunity for the temporary residents of Des Moines to get better acquainted with the Des Moines people. Mrs. Cummins' receptions are proving popular and have added greatly to the pleasure of the season in the capital city of Iowa.

Mrs. Cummins has been active in social affairs at all times. She has been a liberal entertainer and a charming hostess. She is even better known in club work. Some years ago she was president of the Des Moines Woman's club, the leading organization of that kind in Des Moines. She was a most enthusiastic head for the club and to her work is attributed much of the

success which it has attained. Her enthusiasm in the work did not cease with the expiration of her office, but she has remained a good worker in the ranks and her counsel is much prized by the women. Mrs. Cummins is also at the present time president of the Des Moines Children's Home society, which has built and maintains a fine home for friendless children in Des Moines.

Mrs. Cummins has been a great reader and the private library to which both Governor and Mrs. Cummins refer in their own home, is filled with choice books which bear evidence of having been more than mere ornaments on the shelves. Mrs. Cummins has traveled in Europe and widened her knowledge by observation. She was one of a party of Iowa women making an extensive tour a few years ago which proved pleasant to all. She has traveled in Alaska in recent years.

Governor and Mrs. Cummins have one daughter, and her son, a bright little boy, is the joy of the Cummins home, where he spends much of his time.

To Governor and Mrs. Albert B. Cummins official life has only added opportunities for doing good in the world, for broadening their acquaintance with others, and increased their social duties. Iowa has never had as chief executive one who was more capable of fulfilling all the expectations of his friends and of the people, nor with a wife so ready to meet all the requirements of her position.



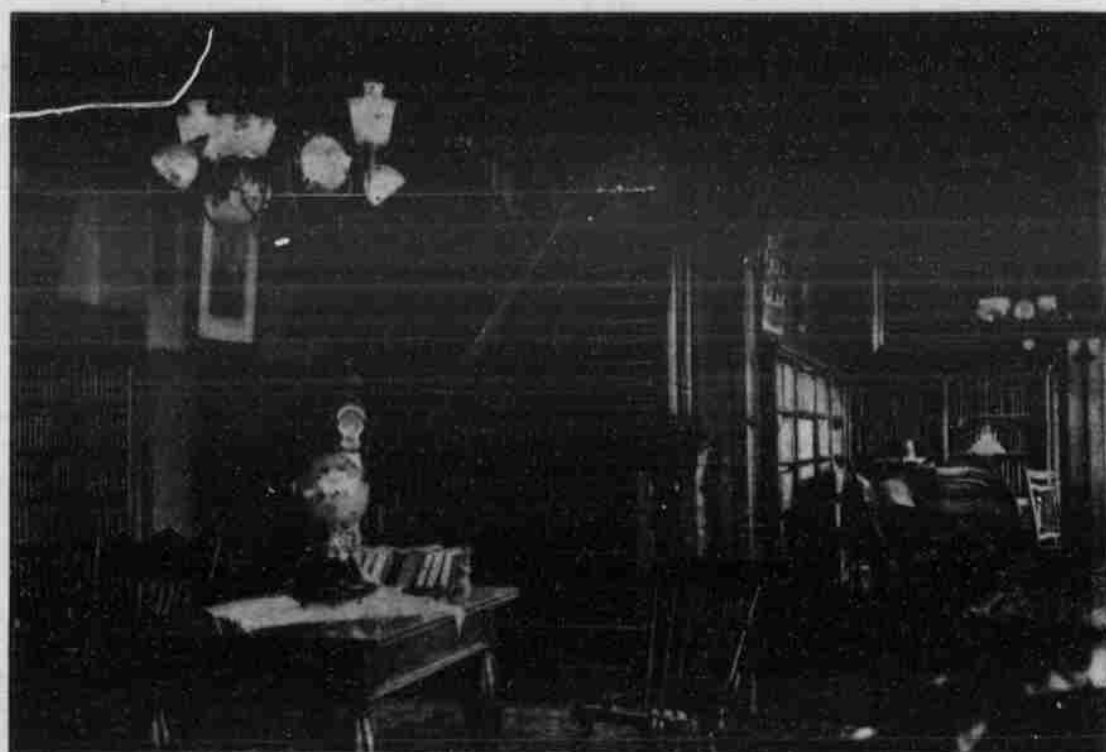
MRS. CUMMINS IN HER FAVORITE CORNER—Photo by a Staff Artist.



GOVERNOR CUMMINS IN STREET ATTIRE—Photo by a Staff Artist.



GOVERNOR CUMMINS' HOME AT DES MOINES—Photo by a Staff Artist.



RECEPTION HALL AND CORNER OF LIBRARY IN GOVERNOR CUMMINS' HOME—Photo by a Staff Artist.

Gleanings from the Story Tellers' Pack

AN AMERICAN naval officer, now engaged in ordnance duty on a home station, was given to talking in his sleep. The story is told of him that one night recently he awakened his wife by exclaiming in accents of piteous distress: "She must have a new jacket. I must manage to get one for her!" The wife, knowing that her lord's slumber had never been disturbed by the requirements of her wardrobe, became vastly agitated. "William! William!" she breathed earnestly into his ear. "Who is she?" "My three-inch gun!" sighed the overtaxed ordnance man.

It was 2 a. m. and the man sat on his own doctype with his head in his hands, reports the New York Herald. Presently a policeman came leisurely by.

"Hey, you," he said to the sitter, "what are you doing there?"

"Thinking," replied the man thickly, but not as bad as it might have been.

"This is no time for thinking," said the guardian. "You go in the house if you live here."

"I've got to think awhile first," the man insisted.

"What the dickens you got to think about?"

"Well," explained the man, looking wearily up at the officer standing over him now, "I've got to think whether I'd better go in and let my wife murder me or just sit here and freeze to death. The average would be the same, but I'd like to do it the way that would please her best. See?"

The policeman saw and, much against the kindly disposed man's protest, he called the woman up and submitted the question to her. She took the man in.

"I have only one last request to make."

"And what is that?" asked the presiding officer.

"That you will all give me your photographs to remember you by."

With this parting shot he dodged out of the door, which he had taken pains to stand near. The professors lay back in their chairs and laughed loud and long. Then they took the vote that severed the official connection between themselves and their tender young friend.

The following anecdote of Lincoln is related by Alfred Matthews in the Era:

"Speaking of gray hairs puts me in mind of Bates—Attorney General Bates, you know—and of one of Lincoln's remarks. We were all going one day out from Washington to Tennallytown—the president, Secretary Chase, Mr. Bates and myself—to see General McClellan review the Pennsylvania reserves. Bates' hair, I noticed, had retained its original dark color in perfect freshness, while his beard was almost as

white as mine is now. It was an exception to the usual law and I asked Mr. Bates, after he had spoken of the peculiarity, if he knew any special reason for it. He said he didn't, but the president exclaimed, laughing: 'Why, don't you know? It's because he uses his chin more than he does his head.'

"Well," mused the auctioneer, "that's a good old name for a dago; come, that's not yours, though."

"You beta it isa nota mine," was the quick reply, "buta lia is agooda as Peanuta. You maka da fun witha 'taliano name; I maka fun wida Irish."

Cornell university has its fair quota of harum-scarum youths who, after pyrotechnic careers, suddenly disappear from the university's ken. A wasteful genius was recently hailed before the faculty, reports the New York Tribune, to answer charges of such violent fractures of discipline that even in his most optimistic moments he had not hoped to explain or disprove them satisfactorily. However, he faced the music and even stood with a considerable degree of composure while proof after proof of misconduct was presented. Finally, when the evidence was all in and the hush fell on the assembly that preceded sentence, the prodigal raised his downcast eyes and, in a voice full of emotion, said:

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"God bless you, gentlemen," she said, holding forth her hand. Her voice was irresistibly pathetic.

Unbuttoning his coat, Mr. Carnegie drew a coin from his waistcoat pocket and, without glancing at it, handed it to the woman. The carriage door was opened and Mr. Carnegie placed one foot on the step. Then he drew back—in deep thought apparently. He turned quickly to the woman.

"Here, my good woman," he said, fumbling in another pocket, "let me have the money I just gave you."

For a moment the woman regarded him with eyes anything but pathetic. Then, opening her hand, she glanced at the coin which he had given to her.

"Oh, it's a keepsake, is it!" she exclaimed boldly.

"Yes. It is nothing to you."

"It's nothing to me, but it's everything to you. What'll you give me for it?"

Mr. Carnegie surrendered to his undignified predicament. "Very well," he answered, though visibly annoyed. So, handing the woman a bill, he received the keepsake in exchange.

"I've had a good many rebuffs in my line of business, but I struck the limit the other day down on Tasker street," said a collector to the Philadelphia Record man. "I had been after a man for several months to collect a bill of \$4, but had always been put

off with excuses and promises. This day his wife came to the door and I stated my business to her, although I guess she knew all about it."

"My husband is asleep," she said. "He works at night and never gets up till noon. He won't be up for two hours."

"Very well," I said, "I'll be back in two hours."

"It won't be worth your while," she said; "I'm sure he hasn't got \$4, and even if he had, I shall see him before you will. If he has any money in his clothes you can just bet your life I'm going to get it myself. I don't think you stand much chance around here."

"After that I didn't think it worth while to go back."

There is a certain young man in the old city hall who never nowadays allows his temper to get ruffled while at the telephone.

A few days ago, relates the St. Louis Post, he could not get the number he desired.

"See here, central, I'll report you," he shouted.

"You don't know who I am," was the composed reply.

"Well, I'll find out, and that blamed quick, too."

"I know you, though," came in soft, easy tones. "I've seen your picture. You're at the old city hall."

The young man plunged headlong into the trap.

"You have?" he exclaimed delightedly, "where, in the newspapers?"

"No," was the merry reply, "on a lobster can."

When the late Walter Q. Gresham was holding his first cabinet position, that of postmaster general under the administration of President Arthur, relates the New York Times, he received a call one day from an old schoolmate whom he had not seen since their school days together a quarter of a century before. Judge Gresham welcomed his old friend very cordially and the caller having no axe to grind, they had a long and jolly chat while the office seekers kicked their heels together in the antechamber. On learning that his friend was

now a resident of New Jersey the postmaster general remarked with a sarcastic grin that this was the first caller he had from New Jersey that was not an earnest pusher for office either for himself or for some friend, and that there was no state in the union whose citizens were such determined besiegers of a cabinet officer who had anything to give as the people of New Jersey were.

"That may be true," said the caller, suddenly changing his manner, "and I don't want to deceive you, Mr. Postmaster General, for I have something to ask myself. What I have to ask of you is not for myself or for any one person; it is for a whole community, a whole state, in fact, and I want you to consider it very carefully, for I am offering you a chance to endear yourself forever to the people of a whole state, and make your name memorable and beloved among them and among their descendants. Beware how you turn down my request, sir."

"What in the world is it?" asked the postmaster general, his manner changing too at this portentous exordium.

"I want you, sir," said the Jerseyman, "to favor the muclage on your postage stamps with New Jersey applejack."

Two picturesque characters were lost to New York when death claimed them—Recorder Smyth and "Barrister" Tom Nolan, relates the Brooklyn Eagle. This anecdote, told at a recent dinner, will be appreciated by all who knew them. One day toward the close of the term of service in the criminal court of Judge Smyth, the Barrister dropped in on a legal friend.

"I've been before Judge Smyth trying a case today," said the Barrister in that rich brogue that made his speech so musical.

"Indeed," said his friend. "How did you come out?"

"Oh," replied the Barrister with an expressive shrug of his shoulder, "my client went up the river for a prolonged stay."

He was thoughtful a moment and then added:

"Judge Smyth is a great man—a great lawyer and a profound jurist, but he has one weakness. He thinks every citizen ought to serve, at least, one term in the state's prison."