

WOULD REFORM PARIS

AND THEREFORE BERENGER IS VERY UNPOPULAR.

Wants Nothing That Will Saver of the Chicago Midway in the Paris Exposition Grounds Next Year—A French Puritan.

Although the Dreyfus affair is over, France continues to furnish sensational developments. Senator René Berenger, who has recently stirred up Paris by issuing a protest against some of the proposed attractions of the music halls during the exposition in 1900, poses as the latest figure of interest on the stage of French dramatic affairs. Senator Berenger is credited with being one of the foremost lawyers and philanthropists of France. He is seventy years old, and is something of a puritan in appearance as well as in character. He was made a senator for life in 1873 after retiring from the cabinet of President Thiers,



SENATOR RENE BERENGER.

in which he held the position of minister of public works. He took part in the Franco-Prussian war as a volunteer soldier, being wounded in one of the fiercest battles of that struggle. He is a member of the Academy of Science, Morals and Politics, and is president of the Society for the Prevention of License in Street Exhibitions. He contributes liberally to many charities, but what specially interests him is the reformation of criminals. Since he is bent upon overhauling Paris it is not surprising to hear that Senator Berenger is not overly popular.

FLOATING RAILROAD TUNNEL.

To Be Placed in the Bosphorus and Weighted Down with Chains.

What may interest American engineers is the fact that the porte has a scheme on foot to tunnel under the Bosphorus. There is an enormous traffic between the two sides of the Bosphorus, and the delay caused by the opening and shutting of the bridge of boats, which forms now the only means of communication, is very troublesome. A railroad company is now constructing its lines on both sides, but little real profit is expected until the lines can be connected. Hitherto this has been impossible, as the existing bridges are scarcely large enough for the ordinary passenger, to say nothing of the constant interruption. Tunneling by the ordinary way is not to be thought of, as the water is extremely deep, with 20 or 30 feet of mud at the bottom. Engineers of this age are not to be lightly baffled, however. The chief engineer of the porte has suggested a means of solving the problem. He proposes to suspend or float tunnel at about 35 feet below the surface of the water, allowing uninterrupted passage to vessels of the largest tonnage. The Golden Horn has no tide. The tunnel is to be a wrought iron tube about 10 feet in diameter and 1,200 feet long. The gradient at each end would be 50. It would weigh about 600 tons; maximum weight of any train, 400 tons; concrete and lining, to overcome the buoyancy of the tube, 1,700 tons; water displacement, 2,700 tons. Holding down chains of great strength will neutralize the upward strain when the train is not passing. It is reported that a Russian firm will furnish the structure. What the firm has received as a guarantee of payment is not stated.—New York Times.

Mount Rainier's Shadows.

A recent visitor from the east to Puget sound observes with enthusiasm the wonderful shadow effects produced by and upon the gigantic snowy cone of Mount Rainier. It sometimes happens that the sky, as seen from the city of Tacoma just before sunrise, is covered with a dome of cloud 15,000 feet or more in height, while behind the peak, toward the east, the sky is clear. In such circumstances the rising sun casts the shadow of the great mountain upon the cloud curtain overhead in the form of a vast blue triangle, the point of which rests upon the apex of the peak. At other times the shadow of the earth can be seen creeping up the cone in a distinct curve, while the flush of sunset stains the snow above the line of shadow to a deep pink.

Sticks to the Old Style.

The queen has a great dislike to typewritten communications, and does not allow any documents that are supposed to emanate from the sovereign to be sent out typewritten. The czarina, on the other hand, has taken a great fancy to the typewriter, and is the owner of a machine of type bars of gold and frame set with pearls.

In Balta, Shetland Isles, a baby has just been born, the first event of the kind to occur there for at least 200 years.

BERNHARDT AND PATTI.

Why Dressmakers Who Love Peace Like Women of No Taste.

"When a woman is amiable, sweet tempered and easily pleased, as far as her dressmaker is concerned, you can make up your mind that she has no taste and depends entirely upon her couturiere for advice and guidance," said a very well-known gown-builder recently to a New York Commercial Advertiser man. "I have been making gowns for women of all tastes and positions and dispositions for many years, and I have never known it to fail that the woman of unusual taste, who has an artistic temperament and a sense of beauty, is not an easy person to work for, nor do her dressmakers delight to work for her, as one is often told. Bernhardt and Patti are illustrations of this peculiarity. The divine Sara has driven more dressmakers to suicide than the world will ever know. She is untiring, tyrannical and tempestuous. She knows what she wants and will brook no interference. She will tear a gown off and stamp on it if a belt is a trifle askew or a frill a thought too wide or too full or too narrow. She will keep one working until 3 o'clock in the morning to make an alteration, and I have seen her slash a gown to ribbons in a fury because she said the velvet was the wrong shade and could not be worn with the cloak made for it. On the other hand, Mme. Patti is always pleased. She is patient and amiable and the fitters and sewing girls adore her. She pays little attention to her frock when she is being fitted, but laughs and talks with the dressmakers. She has no very rigid likes or dislikes in colors or fabrics, and she is always satisfied if her gowns please her eye and feel comfortable. Mme. Bernhardt's taste is absolutely perfect. Her sense of color, harmony, grace and fitness is faultless. She has never been seen in an unbecoming gown, and her simplest frocks are miracles of elegance and taste. Patti? Oh, poor Patti's taste is atrocious. In fact, she has none. She would wear purple and red were one to tell her it would be becoming. Her peculiar taste is shown even in her note paper, which is glaring and garish and emblazoned with crests and monograms and addresses in gold and bronze and silver. Mme. Eames is always beautifully dressed because she goes to one of the finest costumers in Paris for her clothes. She is not exacting or fastidious. But Mr. Story, her husband, designs her stage costumes and then comes the tug-of-war for the wearer and the maker! But they are exquisite creations of the costumer's art. No other grand opera singer dresses so well."

PASSION PLAY.

Leads List of Mammoth Productions with 700 Speaking Parts.

The "Passion Play," as performed every tenth year since 1633 at Oberammergau, which is intended to present a lifelike picture of the last days of our Savior upon earth, heads the list of mammoth dramas in the number of speaking parts. Seven hundred actors are required, ranging from the child actor, Joseph Mayer, who has on three occasions played the part of Christ, to the little boys and girls who are grouped in the Scriptural tableau. The play takes place in a large open-air theater capable of accommodating 6,000 spectators. The villagers of Oberammergau regard the "Passion Play" as a solemn act of religious worship, and the performances are characterized by the greatest reverence. The proceeds are devoted to the good of the community, after defrayment of the cost of producing the play, including a moderate remuneration of the actors. The principal parts are usually hereditary in certain families, and are assigned with regard to moral character as well as dramatic ability, and the part of Christ is looked upon as one of the highest honors attainable. The performance, which lasts nine hours, is attended by many thousands of European and American visitors.

A LUCKY VOLUNTEER.

One of the luckiest of the volunteer soldiers who have seen service in the Philippines is Lieutenant Horatio L. Lawrence, of the Colorado regiment. Lieutenant Lawrence has won two promotions during his year's service in the Philippines and has come home just in time to take possession of a fortune of \$4,000,000, which is said to be waiting him in New York. He entered the class of '96 at West Point, but left the



LIEUT. HORATIO L. LAWRENCE, academy before graduating. When the war broke out he enlisted as a private in the Colorado regiment. Before the regiment sailed he was made a non-commissioned officer. He took part in the battle of Manila, and two months later was made a lieutenant. While in the field he received a letter from a New York attorney, advising him of his good fortune. He is now on his way to New York to take possession of his estate.

A SON OF JUPITER.

ALFRED VANDERBILT INHERITS \$62,500,000.

Never Did a Hard Day's Work in His Life, But Managed to Please His Father—His Brother Gets Only a Palty \$12,500,000.

Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt inherits the bulk of the property left by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Sr. Alfred Gwynne will inherit one-half of the paternal millions, while his mother and his four brothers and sisters will share equally what remains. Estimating the value of the estate at \$125,000,000, Alfred Gwynne will get \$62,500,000. Poor Cornelius, Jr., will get only \$12,500,000. This seems big enough to the eyes of ordinary mortals, but many things tend to make it small in the eyes of Cornelius, Jr. Prior to his rupture with his father some two years ago, when cupid led him captive by the forelock and made him indifferent to consequences, Cornelius, Jr., was looked upon as his father's legitimate successor in charge of the vast estate. Indeed he was specially trained to meet this responsibility. But fate decreed otherwise. However, he will not

strenuously. One day he heard some one speak of "her majesty." "I know who 'her majesty' is," said he; "it's just granny!" "And who was the naughty little prince who would not kiss granny's hand?" "That was me," said Prince Edward, unabashed; "and I'm not going to kiss granny's hand." But when he had arrived at the age of 5, he felt himself quite a man, and began to do as other men did—kissed the queen's hand and always doffed his cap in her presence.

UNDERTAKER'S RHYMES.

Novel Feature Introduced by a Man in Pennsylvania.

"The nicest part of my business," a Manayunk undertaker said the other day, according to the Philadelphia Record, "is the writing of poems for my patrons—dirges, don't you know, lamenting the death of the departed. Maybe you have seen some of my stuff in the obituary columns. I charge \$1 per stanza of four lines if the first and third and the second and fourth lines all rhyme. Besides appearing in the papers, my works are printed usually on sheets of paper about the size of concert programmes, with broad mourning lines inclosing the print, and copies are sent to all the friends of the family. The recipients, if they are truly



ALFRED GWYNNE VANDERBILT.

starve on \$12,500,000. This will easily support him until he can get something to do. Alfred Gwynne is the second son of Cornelius, Sr. He graduated from Yale college in June last. Speaking of him one of the most intimate friends of the family says: "Alfred Gwynne never gave his father one single moment of serious uneasiness. He has been an average boy of the best sort. Throughout his college career at Yale he was universally popular. He spent money freely, but he was never ostentatious. He was not trained like Cornelius, Jr., to assume the responsibility of managing the estate. Very likely Mr. Vanderbilt refrained purposely from imposing this burden upon his light-hearted son whose spirits seemed at variance with business restraints, while those of Cornelius, Jr., seemed to invite them. Alfred Gwynne is thoroughly democratic. In personal appearance he is tall, dark and slender. He has a graceful, easy manner and charming brown eyes. He likes to enjoy himself. Those who know him say that he would much rather that his brother, to whom he is very devoted, should receive the greatest part of the millions, with the responsibility they entail. But there is no telling how responsibility may develop him. There is wonderful stuff in the Vanderbilts."

Besides the original will there are said to be two copies. One is in the hands of Mrs. Vanderbilt and the other Cornelius Vanderbilt has. Henry B. Anderson, the lawyer, has the original. The war revenue tax on the estate will be about \$2,000,000. All estate above \$1,000,000 must pay a revenue of 2½ per cent. Comptroller Coler of New York will collect the state inheritance tax, which amounts to \$1,000,000. This is the largest tax ever paid by any estate. The surrogate will appoint an appraiser, as in the case of Jay Gould's fortune. There can be no division of the estate until the taxes are paid.

A Prince's Education.

The present idol of the British public is Prince Edward of York, eldest son of the duke of York, grandson of the prince of Wales, great-grandson of Queen Victoria, and heir in the direct line of the crown of Great Britain. Prince Edward, having been born on June 23, 1894, is now well into his sixth year, and regards himself as quite a big boy. His brother Albert is a year younger, and the two princes have had, perhaps, their share, but no more, of brotherly "scraps." The duke of York is said not to have interfered with their small wars, saying to "let them fight it out will make them better men." But he has interfered successfully with another weakness of Prince Edward. It is customary for the royal children, meeting the queen, to kiss her hand and not her cheek; but Prince Edward did not like to do this, and objected

appreciative people, frame the poems and hang them in their parlors. It is strange how practice makes perfect. Before I went into this undertaking business I thought it was very difficult to write poetry. Now I can write an eight-stanza poem of the dollar grade in two hours. First I get my rhymes—grieve, dove, bemoan, love—something like that, you know, and then all I have to do is to fill in. If business ever gets slack I'll take to writing poetry for the magazines, but I guess they don't pay as much as I'm accustomed to getting."

SAMPSON'S SUCCESSOR.

Rear Admiral Farguhar has succeeded Rear Admiral Sampson in command of the North Atlantic squadron. On account of his years, which though not greatly advanced are verging upon that period when men naturally desire to withdraw from the busy turmoils of life and to enjoy what time remains before them in comparative quietude, Admiral Sampson asked to be assigned to duty on shore; and in deference to his wishes, backed by his service in the late war, this request has been granted by the naval authorities. Admiral Farguhar, who is scheduled to succeed Admiral Sampson, comes of good fighting stock and if the past is any indication of the future, he will prove himself abundantly worthy of the promotion. He entered the navy some thirty-odd years ago and served with distinction in the war between



REAR ADMIRAL FARGUHAR. the states. Since that time he has advanced rapidly from one post of honor to another. In 1896 he was commander of the Newark. His shore assignments have included stations at the Boston navy yard, the League Island navy yard and the Norfolk navy yard. "He was commissioned rear admiral on March 3 last.

In the scales of bigotry, the greatest of men have weighed but little.

CAN SPELL ANY WORD.

JUDGE KELLY THE PREMIER SPELLER OF AMERICA.

He Resides at St. Joseph, Missouri, and Has Had a Varied Career as Farmer, Lawyer and Jurist—Recalls the Indiana Spelling Matches.

Judge Henry M. Kelly of St. Joseph, Mo., is credited with being the best speller in the United States. Judge Kelly is the author of three important law books, which are widely used by attorneys throughout the state of Missouri. When his law books were being put in type the printers watched his copy day after day striving to discover mistakes in the orthography, as it was whispered around the office that the judge would pay \$10 for every mistake of that kind the printers could find. Every man would bring his dictionary around when the judge's copy came in, but never a mistake did they find. Three law books without one mistake in spelling is a rarity, in fact, it is unique, but the judge can spell any word in the English language. Speaking of himself some time ago Judge



JUDGE HENRY S. KELLY.

Kelly said: "I was born in Hamilton county, Ohio, near Cincinnati, on the 18th day of December, 1837. In 1837 I moved to Henry county, Indiana, and settled on a farm about ten miles north of New Castle and engaged in farming. I entered a district school in the fall of 1838, going to school in the winter time and working on the farm the balance of the time, until 1850, when I left the farm and took up my residence in Marion, Grant county, where I had better school advantages, my father having moved to that county in 1846. Soon after going to Marion I studied law, was admitted to the bar and commenced practicing law in 1873, and I have been engaged in the law either upon the circuit bench or at the bar all of my manhood life. In 1866 I settled in Savannah, in Andrew county, Missouri, where I lived until 1887, when I removed to St. Joseph, where I now live. Incidentally I have given some attention occasionally to other things. I have edited newspapers, lectured in the Missouri State University from 1873 to 1899 upon criminal law and practice and pleading and practice. When I was a schoolboy going to school in Henry county, Indiana, a great deal of attention was given to spelling. Spelling matches, spelling bees and polemics or debating contests were engaged in frequently and extensively throughout the neighborhood and country round about, for edification, amusement and instruction. One district school would challenge another for a spelling match and the challenge was always accepted. Then both schools would put in most of their time and do their best in preparing for the contest, and the schools and scholars for miles around would go in wagons, on horseback and on foot. Some of the best spellers in our school have gone eight and ten miles to a spelling match and the spelling would begin about 7 p.m. and last until 2 or 3 a.m. Those matches were usually on Friday night. Frequently it would happen that some of our spellers did not miss a word during the whole evening. On one or two occasions the contest was a draw, perhaps for want of time, neither side being able to win. When preparing for a spelling match everything else was pushed aside and the whole attention of those who were to participate in the contest was given to spelling. Our teachers were infected with the mania and eagerly participated. They were generally selected to pronounce the words to the spelling match and they were closely watched and sharply criticized for any mistakes they might make. We used Webster's school dictionary and sometimes the spelling book."

Dreyfus Case Loses a Charwoman.

One of the people who have been seriously affected by the Dreyfus case is old Mme. Bastien, who for years was the charwoman at the German embassy at Paris. It was her custom to enter the embassy at 6 o'clock each morning for the purpose of emptying the waste paper baskets. The old woman was in the employ of the French secret service, and, it is said, in addition to the scraps from the baskets she was accustomed to gather up such papers as she could find in coat pockets and such drawers as were left unlocked. All the material so collected was carefully put into a receptacle and delivered to another agent of the secret service. The old woman could not read or write, and consequently was never suspected by the Germans. As a result of the Dreyfus case she has, of course, lost her position, and has, in fact, disappeared from Paris.

Wise Father.
Tommy—Pop, why do people call death the grim reaper? Tommy's Pop—Doesn't the Bible say that all flesh is grass? Run away and play.—San Francisco Bulletin.

THAT "TWANG" OF OURS

An English Critic with a Sensible View of the Matter.

It is not to be expected that an extremely English intonation should ever be agreeable to Americans, or an extremely American intonation to Englishmen. We ourselves laugh at a "haw-haw" intonation in English; why, then, should we forbid Americans to do so. If "an accent like a banjo" is recognized as undesirable in America (and assuredly it is), there is no reason why we in England should pretend to admire it. But a vulgar or affected intonation is clearly distinguishable, and ought to be clearly distinguished, from a national habit in the pronunciation of a given letter, or accentuation of a particular word, or class of words. For instance, take the pronunciation of the indefinite article. The American habitually says "a man" (as in "game"); the Englishman, unless he wants to be emphatic, says "a man." Neither is right, neither wrong—it is purely a matter of habit; and to consider either habit ridiculous is merely to exhibit that childishness or provincialism of mind which is moved to laughter by whatever is unfamiliar. Again, when I first read the works of the sagacious Mr. Dooley, I thought it a curiously far-fetched idea on the part of that philosopher to talk of Admiral Dewey as his "Cousin George," and assert that "Dewey" and "Dooley" were practically the same name. I had not then noticed that the American pronunciation of "Dewey" is "Dooney," and that the liquid "yo" is very seldom heard in America. In the course of the five minutes I spent in the supreme court at Washington I heard the chief justice of the United States make this one remark: "That, sir, is not constitutional." To our ears this "oo" has an old-fashioned ring, like that of the "ee" in "oh-geed"; but to call it wrong is absurd, and to find it ridiculous is provincial.—William Archer, in Pall Mall Magazine.

A BRIGHT DOG.

He Buried the First Note, but Delivered the Second.

The most intelligent dog in Phoenix is a brown spaniel owned by the Chinese proprietor of the Garden City restaurant. One of the dog's duties is to make a daily trip to Chinatown with a basket containing a note. On the last day it rained he was dispatched on his usual errand, and his owner noticed an unwillingness to go out into the wet. But the dog started, walked slowly up the street, now and then stopping and turning around. At last he went on without looking back. The Chinaman watched to see him cross the street to the city hall plaza, but he didn't cross. His owner started after the dog and saw him stand in a state of indecision under the awning in front of Goldberg Bros.' store. Finally the dog set the basket down, took the note out, carried it into the street and covered it with mud. He buried it with great care. The Chinaman returned to the restaurant and got a club, for a Chinaman has neither a sense of humor nor appreciation of brute intelligence. Pretty soon the dog returned wagging his tail as if his conscience were easy. The Chinaman seized him by the collar and pounded the hair off him in spots. Then he wrote another note and put it into the basket. The dog picked it up and bounded out of the door. Mud and rain were nothing to him now. He started for Chinatown by the most direct route, and ten minutes later returned with an honest wag of the tail, which really merited approbation.—Arizona Republican.

OLDEST IN AMERICA.

If he should live until Feb. 18, 1900, the Rev. John Naille of Trappe, Pa., will be 99 years of age, yet in spite of his years he is still preaching occasionally to the members of his congregation in the Little German Reformed Church of the village. Mr. Naille did not enter the ministry until he was 40 years of age, so there are many preachers who have been in the pulpit for a longer term of years. He has retired from the active work of his pastorate, but when he does preach the little church is crowded with the descendants of those to whom he first preached.

Hard to Convince.
From the Chicago Record: "Young man," said the mother of the family, confronting him in the parlor, "you have been coming to see my daughter for more than a year. Have you any reason to think she would ever accept you as a lover?" "Why, I will confess to you, Mrs. Glass