

LIVELY PARIS EVENT.

THE SELECTION OF THE QUEEN OF WASHERWOMEN.

Is a Yearly Festivity in Paris—Quite an Honor, and Is Much Desired by the Aspirants—Concludes With a Grand Ball.

(Paris Letter.)



ONE of the most interesting events in the Parisian world is the election of the queen of washerwomen. Such an affair occurred about two weeks ago in Paris and was a noteworthy event. To be chosen queen of washer-

women is an honor much sought after by the soap-suds artists. This year there were seventy-two candidates, of whom the committee rejected forty-two on sight. In this connection it might be stated that a pretty face is not the only point necessary. The aspirant to the throne of soap-suds must give substantial proof of her practical qualifications to represent her honorable craft. The initiatory examination of the competitors for this exalted position is very amusing. A jury composed, as a rule, of one or two experts in the mysteries of washing, a student, an artist and a newspaper man generally constitute the judges. This body decides on what amount of work each applicant must perform and also passes on the merits of the work done. The jury gives judgment on the excellence of the results of the trial.

For several weeks before the election there is a great hubbub in all the laundries, each of which possess some particular star whom her fellow workers deem worthy of the crown. It must be understood that an establishment that can boast of having in its employ the charming queen of the wash tub receives a tremendous boom in its business. Among the twenty-three available candidates who were selected out of the seventy-two applicants for this year's crown there was a strong rivalry. All the girls were remarkably pretty and each one was a skilled exponent of her trade. The large hall in Rue de Savoie, where the elections were held, was filled with friends of the aspirants, and the scenes were as amusing as exciting. After considerable deliberation the choice of the jury for queen of queens fell upon Mlle. Henrietta Defoulloy, from a famous establishment known as Jouye-Rouye.

The young woman is more piquant looking than pretty; her features have a sort of undefinable sanctity that is very interesting. She is a pronounced brunette, tall, with a splendidly modeled figure. Possessing far more gracefulness than is found among real queens, she is also the very picture of animation and gracefulness. The two maids of honor, who are second in importance only to the queen of queens, and are called queens without any additional adjective, were also chosen. Mlle. Marie Francois, from the Saint Victor laundry, received the first place, and Mlle. Eugenie Tallois, from the Caufourniers establishment was declared second. Each of these girls is a perfect type of Parisian womanhood and both are immensely popular.

The king on these festive occasions is a man of no particular importance. The office is generally filled by some favorite of the queen, and his principal duty consists in dancing attendance on her majesty, and looking as well as he knows how.

No expense is spared to make the costumes of the queen of queens and her two satellites as magnificent as consistent with the occasion. The students of the Latin quarter, by invitation extended to them by their friends, the washerwomen, join forces with them in the festivities. After the election of the queen of queens a ball was given by the students at Bullier's famous resort. The girls from the laundries were bright and coquettish in their chic dresses and snow-white petticoats. They were all fresh-looking and vivacious and the ball was unhampered by petty conventionalities.

To relieve the monotony which there ever could be any in such a place—a fancy dance was introduced for the amusement of the rest of the crowd. The music becomes livelier and the crowd grows more and more enthusiastic, until the frolicsome young woman turns a backward handsping with the



MLE. HENRIETTA DEFOULLOY, ease and grace of a fairy. The thing is done like a flash, and the spectator has but an impression of a vision of filmy lingerie, with the outline of a shapely black silk stocking against its background. Suddenly the air changed to a tarantelle. On the instant the crowd has gone mad; everybody and everything is dancing, or seems to be. Your hands are seized and you find yourself whirling, too. Can't dance? Then just

jump, and when you catch your breath let out a yell. In ending the affair the queen of queens calls her maids and everybody departs.

A TITLED CONVICT.

Baron von Hammerstein of Germany Could Not Endure Honest Prosperity. (Berlin Letter.)

Baron von Hammerstein, formerly the editor of Kreuz Zeitung and a leader of the conservative party in Germany, was sentenced the other day to three years' penal servitude, to be deprived of his civil rights and to pay a fine of 1,500 marks for forgery, fraud and breach of trust. The baron's disgrace is almost as much of a sensation in Germany as was the downfall of Bacon in England. For twenty years he was the all-powerful leader of the conservative party in German politics. He was discovered by Bismarck, who was the first to recognize his energy, courage, persistence and his magnetic power over men in his own station of life. Originally an impoverished nobleman, Bismarck put wealth and power into his hands by placing him at the head of the Kreuz Zeitung with an annual salary of 50,000 marks. This paper was the organ and mouthpiece of the conservative party. The baron became an eloquent speaker and his words were applauded even by his political enemies. Even last year, when many knew of his financial troubles, he retained his control of the conservatives and was vociferously applauded in the reichstag as the spokesman of his party. At last came public disgrace. The affairs of the Kreuz Zeitung were investigated and it was found that the baron had flung away 1,000,000 marks. He had stolen the pension fund of the paper, forged drafts for immense sums in the name of Count von Keirstein and was literally overwhelmed with all manner of bad debts. This money, it was ascertained, had been squandered in a wild, dissolute life, in which figured champagne orgies, high betting and desperate gaming. Just before the storm burst he fled to Switzerland. The sentence of Hammerstein ends



BARON VON HAMMERSTEIN, one of the most peculiar stories of European political life.

WANDERINGS IN JAVA.

Climbing the Mountains to Get a View of a Crater.

Long before sunrise we were in our cart, drawn by three ponies, and howling clouds in the cool night air under a bright moon and cloudless sky, says the Westminster Review. The early start was necessary in order that we might make the ascent and reach the crater before the great heat of the day. As we drove along we passed crowds of natives, toiling along under their heavy loads or resting under the old covered-in bridges, by which we crossed streams. All along the valley our driver cracked his whip and made his little ponies fly along between the shady palms lining the way side, so that we arrived at a small bungalow, situated at the foot of the mountain, just when the first silver streaks of dawn crept into the eastern sky. Here we were to take our breakfast of cheese, sandwiches and cold tea before commencing the ascent of the volcano. We got off at 6:15, accompanied by two coolies, who acted as guides and carried our provisions and my camera.

For the first two hours we followed a beautiful path which, at the commencement, led us through avenues of banana trees and tall scarlet crotons, then diverging round a shoulder of the mountain, we entered a wide, tangled jungle, where the feathery fronds of the tree ferns and the delicate green leaves of the plantain formed a lovely contrast to the dark vistas of the forest. Here orchids nestle in the thick, mossy undergrowth and clematises shed their delicate blossoms on a carpet of tiny ferns. The last half-hour was stiff climbing, very trying to the eyes on account of the sun striking on the white, volcanic soil, and terribly hot, as the sun was already high in the heavens.

The crater consisted of an arena of yellow sulphurous lava, while a huge blowhole occupied the center, emitting clouds of steam and causing the whole summit to quiver. The surface of this lava mound was honeycombed with small steam holes and dangerous-looking hollows, which suggested prudence in its exploration. Indeed, the earth, literally trembling beneath one's feet, gave little confidence of security from the risk of suddenly breaking through the thin crust that lay between the soles of one's feet and the infernal regions. Higher mountains and peaks surrounded the crater, which gave one the idea that the mountain must itself have once possessed a peak, which has been blown off, probably in some great eruption.

Maybe He Was Crazy.

John Carter, a wealthy farmer, aged 64, went to Peru, Ind., recently and asked to have a commission of lunacy appointed for himself as he feared he was going crazy, on account of his ill health. It was not done, however, and a few days after he ended his life by shooting himself through the neck.

MONSTERS OF JUPITER

SOME WONDERS OF LIFE ON THE GREAT PLANET.

Men Sixty Feet Tall and Heavy in Proportion—Garrett P. Serviss, the Famous Astronomer on the Scientific Phenomena.



WHENEVER lifts up his eyes to the starry heavens these evenings must be struck by the appearance of the great planet Jupiter, outshining all the fixed stars, and glowing with a rich yellow light, high in the southwest, near the twin stars Castor and Pollux, of the constellation Gemini. Happy the man who has a telescope with which to view the giant planet and to behold its immense belts of alternate rosy and golden clouds, and its broad polar regions, shading to the color of blue steel.

Put the earth up there in the place of Jupiter and the naked eye would with difficulty be able to see it. Jupiter is 1,300 times larger than the earth in bulk or volume, and its surface area exceeds that of the earth about 120 times.

It would seem as if the ancients must have had some inkling of the fact that that planet is the largest of all the worlds that revolve around the sun when they bestowed upon it the name of the greatest of the gods.

We have almost no evidence whatever touching of the nature of the materials of Jupiter. The spectroscopic cannot aid us, because Jupiter does not shine by its own light, and the sunlight reflected from it comes from the upper surface of its dense clouds, and consequently makes no revelations concerning what lies beneath.

But the telescope shows that Jupiter is covered with wonderful clouds continually changing in shape, and more or less in color; that these clouds float in an atmosphere of great depth, and that they form perhaps successive lay-

clear spaces glimpses are obtained of other cloudlands deep beneath, filled with other strange hurrying shapes, all whirling madly on as if racing for a goal. Whatever else may or may not be said of Jupiter, at any rate, it is pre-eminently the world of clouds and winds and tempests.

Can we, then, imagine inhabitants in such a world of turmoil and unrest as Jupiter is? It depends entirely upon what we mean by inhabitants. It is evident that such beings as we are could not live there, unless it is true that deep beneath Jupiter's world of clouds and cyclones is hidden another globe resembling the earth. On such a globe, so placed, inhabitants more or less like those of this earth could live.

The great many-storied dome of clouds above them would, perhaps, be just what they needed in order to obtain a comfortable degree of heat in their far-away planet. For we must remember that Jupiter is about five times as far from the sun as the earth is, and that, consequently, the sunlight and the sunbeats on Jupiter are twenty-five times less effective than on the earth.

This is because the intensities of light and heat vary inversely as the square of the distance.

With a comparatively open and cloudless atmosphere like ours the heat from the sun would quickly be lost by being radiated away into space, and the inhabitants of Jupiter would shiver and freeze in a worse than Arctic climate.

But with such an atmosphere as they have surrounding them it is not improbable that the effect of the greater distance of the sun may be compensated by the capacity of the atmosphere itself to retain and, so to speak, entrap the heat for the benefit of the inhabitants.

But all this argument proceeds upon the assumption that such inhabitants must be framed of just such materials, possessing just such density as compose our bodies. Manifestly that assumption is purely gratuitous. As we have already seen, the average density of things in Jupiter is much less than upon the earth, and we are not certain that its constituent materials may not be as widely variant in nature from those of our planet.

We have perfect justification, then,



THE STRANGE MONSTERS THAT PEOPLE JUPITER AS THEY WOULD LOOK TO THE EARTH PEOPLE IN THE LEFT-HAND CORNER—LONG ARMS TO OVERCOME GRAVITY—SEE JUPITER'S FOUR MOONS IN VARIOUS PHASES.

ers of varying density, which may be separated by comparatively clear spaces. Appearances have been noticed on Jupiter such as would be produced by the shadows of great clouds, as broad as some of our continents, falling upon other clouds floating hundreds of miles beneath them.

If these appearances are not deceptive Jupiter's clouds evidently float at, proportionally, a far greater elevation than those of the earth. The highest of our clouds are, perhaps, ten miles above the earth; the loftiest clouds on Jupiter may be a thousand miles high.

And these tremendous clouds are swept along by belts of wind that are no less wonderful. Jupiter turns very fast on its axis, notwithstanding its enormous size. It takes less than ten hours to make a complete rotation, while the little earth requires twenty-four hours. On the equator of Jupiter everything is flying around at the rate of 450 miles in a minute! The resulting centrifugal strain is so great that the equatorial parts of the vast planet bulge and swell out thousands of miles. Jupiter is more than 5,000 miles broader through its equator than through its poles!

All things must therefore experience a powerful and resistless tendency urging them toward the equator. If the planet turned about three times faster than it does, objects would weigh nothing at all along the equator.

The effect of this fearful velocity of rotation is shown by the streaks and lines of clouds that the telescope reveals surrounding Jupiter. At one place in the southern hemisphere there is an immense, mysterious, fiery-looking mass, as large in extent as the whole surface of the earth, which during the past eighteen years has been thrust up among the rushing and tumbling clouds in one of the great trade-wind belts of Jupiter. By actual observation the clouds are hurled against the western end of that mysterious obstacle until they pile up there in vast glowing masses, and are swept past it in gyrating currents and eddies infinitely wilder and grander than the leaping waters in the Niagara whirlpool gorge.

Swifter and swifter fly the streaming clouds as the equator of the planet is approached. Great globe-shaped masses, gleaming in the sunlight, roll and pitch in the mighty onward currents. Through the comparatively

for assuming, if we choose, that the inhabitants of Jupiter are shaped from substances very different from, and much more ethereal than, those that compose our bodies. That argument would not in any manner affect the spiritual or intellectual side of their nature. There is no demonstrable reason why an intelligent being might not be made out of something else than the water and carbon and other elements comprised in the human frame.

If we accept the view that the spirit of man, which is the real essence of his being, is of a nature and composition so fine as to transcend all the coarser laws that govern the visible world, then is there any reason why upon a planet like Jupiter such a spirit may not be enclosed in a body as tenuous as vapor even, or as light as cork?

Grant that, and it is easy to see that, no matter how much greater the force of gravity may be upon Jupiter than upon the earth, mortal beings could be formed, even out of the range of natural elements known to us, who might be suitably proportioned to gravitation, even though they should attain a comparative stature as gigantic in relation to ours as the stature of Jupiter himself is when placed side by side with the little earth.

Not only is there something far more satisfactory to the imagination in conceiving of gigantic inhabitants dwelling upon so stupendous a world, rather than in thinking of them as mere pigmies, but in thus considering them as giants amid gigantic surroundings, we do less violence to the general order of nature.

Let me, as a kind of apology for thus venturing into the fields of imagination that lie glittering just beyond the farthest outposts of science, quote what one of the founders of modern science has said about the possible inhabitants of another great world, only less in size than Jupiter, and which now also adorns our evening skies, Saturn. These are the words of Sir Humphrey Davy, in the chapter called "The Violation" in his beautiful "Consolation in Travel, or the Last Days of a Philosopher." Conducted by a guiding Genius he is hovering above the planet Saturn: "I saw moving on the surface below me immense masses, the forms of which I find it impossible to describe. They had systems for locomotion similar to those of the morse or sea-horse, but I

saw with great surprise that they moved from place to place by six extremely thin membranes, which they used as wings. Their colors were varied and beautiful, but principally azure and rose color.

"I saw numerous convolutions of tubes more analogous to the trunk of an elephant than to anything else I can imagine, occupying what I supposed to be the upper parts of the body, and my feeling of astonishment almost became one of disgust from the peculiar character of the organs of these singular beings, and it was with a species of terror that I saw one of them mounting upward, apparently flying towards those opaque clouds which I have before mentioned. I know what your feelings are," said the Genius. "You want analogies and all the elements of knowledge to comprehend the scene before you. * * * But those beings who appear to you almost as imperfect in their functions as the zoophytes of the polar sea have a sphere of sensibility and intellectual enjoyment far superior to that of the inhabitants of your earth. Each of those tubes which appear like the trunk of an elephant is an organ of peculiar motion or sensation. They have many modes of perception of which you are wholly ignorant and at the same time their sphere of vision is infinitely more extended than yours and their organs of touch far more perfect and exquisite. * * * Their sources of pleasure are of the highest intellectual nature. * * * As I cannot describe to you the organs of these wonderful beings, so neither can I show you their modes of life. But as their highest pleasures depend upon intellectual pursuits, so you may conclude that these modes of life bear the strictest analogy to that which on the earth you would call exalted virtue. * * *

If I were to show you the different parts of the surface of this planet you would see marvelous results of the powers possessed by those highly intellectual beings and of the wonderful manner in which they have applied and modified matter."

Inspired by the enthusiasm of Sir Humphrey may we not imagine that the inhabitants of Jupiter might surpass even those of Saturn on their intellectual side, shedding a spiritual illumination among their aerial man-

THIS GLORIOUS INDEPENDENCE

Should Be Appreciated by American Fathers and Mothers.

"Hello! Yes, it's I. I've just this minute waked up," said the girl in negligence, according to the San Francisco Examiner.

"You lazy thing," said the girl in street clothes, at the other end of the wire. "I tried to call you up half an hour ago, but I couldn't get any answer."

"I was dreadfully sleepy," with an audible yawn. "We were up till daylight."

"I'm all upset about our thing to-night," went on the girl in street clothes. "Maizie's mother won't let her go, so that gives us a man too many."

"Won't let her go!" with symptoms of waking up. "How perfectly funny! Why not?"

"Oh, she's got some crazy idea about it's not being a respectable place."

"The theater or the cafe?"

"Both, I imagine."

"How absurd!" said the girl in negligence. "Why, everybody goes now. You see half the people you know."

"Of course, and you don't need to have anything to do with the others," answered the girl in street clothes. "I think it's rather fun to go among real Bohemians once in a while. You get so narrow, always moving in one little set."

"Yes, it really is broadening," said the other, seriously; then both laughed a little at some afterthought. "But imagine your mother not letting you go," she added. "Why, I simply say I'm going and that's all there is about it."

"As long as we have a chaperon and don't forget the latchkey that's all my mother cares," said the girl who had been dressed some time.

"Maizie wants to get her parents in training if she is going to have any fun," said the girl who was just up. "I wouldn't stand being treated like a child, anyway."

"We are old enough to judge for ourselves," said the veteran of 21. "Now then then mother says, 'I'd rather you wouldn't,' and if it is something I don't care anything about I often don't."

"Oh, of course, if it isn't any fun," said the sage in the bath-wrapper. "And sometimes when I want to get out of things I say that mother isn't willing. It sounds well and people are too polite to say: 'Fother your mother!' By the way, you don't suppose Maizie is trying that, do you?"

"Oh, dear no! She is simply wild about it. She almost wept when she told me. You know she was going to have Will, and he'll be so disgusted, I'm afraid he will back out of going."

"I suppose we can ask somebody else," the girl in negligence said, disconsolately, "but it won't be the same. I don't know what I'd do if I had a mother like that."

"I wouldn't have," said the other decidedly. "I'd begin with her young. I suppose the little simpleton said: 'May I go?'"

"That's fatal," said the girl in negligence. "You'd never go anywhere in this world if you tried to get permission first. Say, I'm freezing. I must go and dress."

"Wait—Tom wants to speak to you a minute," said the girl who was dressed to go out.

"Tell him he can't," said the girl who most decidedly wasn't. "I'm not receiving this morning."

"He says he will shut his eyes," "Don't you dare let him," crowching away from the telephone. "Do what you can about to-night. We'll go, anyway."

"Indeed we will. Let's start a society for the suppression of unruly mothers."

"And fathers, too," said the girl in negligence. "Dot's father gives her an allowance and expects her to pay her own bills with it. She is in debt that she doesn't dare go down-town—she makes me do all her errands for her—and her father won't help her out."

"Beast!" said the girl in street clothes. "I know; he's the kind that always thinks things will be a lesson to you. Still, parents here are pretty good on the whole. They don't need much suppression."

"That's so," admitted the girl in negligence. "Thank heaven, I was born in America."

NOMS DE PLUME.

Bab was the pen name of W. S. Gilbert, who first came to prominence as the author of "Bab Ballads."

Hans Breitman, whose dialect narratives are even now popular, was the name chosen by Charles G. Leland.

The "Slingsby Papers," by John F. Waller, first came out with the pen name of Jonathan Freke Slingsby.

The Eitrick Shepherd was no other than James Hogg, whose business and place of residence supplied the name.

J. Fenimore Cooper began to write under the pen name of A Traveling Bachelor. His travels and social condition probably inspired the selection.

John Ruskin published his early writings under the pen name Graduate of Oxford, the selection being obviously influenced by his place of education.

Francis Mahoney was long known among his acquaintances as Father Prout, his best known book having been entitled "Reliques of Father Prout."

Edmund Falconer was the name chosen by Edmund O'Rourke to be placed on the title pages of his dramas. It is said that the name was that of an old gentleman he had known when a boy.

James Redpath wrote "The John Brown Invasion" under the name Berkeley. It is said that it was suggested to him by an acquaintance when Redpath was "sitting about his signature."