

Wichita Daily Eagle

PERSONALS.

S. F. Bacon, of Lyons, is in the city. D. T. McIntire, of Coldwater, is in the city. R. A. McCormick, of Cadiz, O., is at the Metropole yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Madison Allen will deliver two more of their interesting lectures upon spiritualism today at Justice Tucker's court room, 309 N. Main. Meeting at 11 o'clock a. m. and 8 p. m.

for you to go on in your sins and deceive God, and it is impossible for you to go on in your sins and deceive your neighbor. Many people who are real nice, that is they appear so, can deceive their neighbor.

THE TEACHERS' MEETING. Dr. Stevenson, the Superintendent of the Public Schools, Talks Entertainingly of His Trip. Dr. Stevenson, the superintendent of the public schools of Wichita, has returned from a trip to the eastern states and Toronto, Canada, where the gentleman attended the national teachers' meeting, and was honored by that body in being chosen the secretary of the National Educational Association.

NYE TALKS PORCELAIN. HE SHOWS HOW TO REACH SEVRES AND SAN CLOO. Be Careful When You Drop in Not to Step on a Vase—A Trip to San Cloo. Some Interesting Information About Mme. Pompadour.

What is CASTORIA? Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrup, and Castor Oil.

Mr. J. P. Moore, assistant postmaster of this city, went down to his farm in Sumner county last evening.

Miss Edna Stillwell left Friday night for Pleasanton, Kan., where she will spend a few weeks visiting.

Mrs. Emma Wall, of Grenola, state president of the Ladies' Aid Society, was in the city last evening.

Miss Mary Remble, who has been on an extended trip to her home at Sturgis, Mich., returned a few days ago.

Miss Epsa Rogers, of Corning, O., and Fanny Rogers, of Hartsville, Pa., are visiting Mrs. A. H. Ward, 613 South Main.

Miss Hattie Sullivan, of Omaha, Neb., is visiting the city for several months, the guest of Mrs. Ben. Deffenbaugh and Mrs. L. W. Miner.

R. Q. Snyder and Equine Braden, of Derby, prominent farmers, were in town yesterday. They report everything prospering in Rockford township.

Miss May Lawrence, of Rock Rapids, Ia., is in the city, the guest of her brother, J. H. Lawrence. She will attend the Normal which is in session next week in this city.

Miss Etta Jewett, of Iowa City, Ia., is in the city visiting with friends.

Mr. Alex. Nathan, of Kingman, was visiting friends in the city Monday.

Mrs. M. B. Cohn left yesterday evening on a visit to her parents at Kansas City.

The Misses Feuchelmer dispensed hospitality to a few friends Friday afternoon.

Roy Niederlander went to Council Grove yesterday for a few days' visit with friends.

Mrs. Stewart, from the east, is in the city visiting her sister, Mrs. Felilo, on College Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. Ewen and party go to Fisher's grove, nine miles north of town, for a day's outing.

Harry Sheppard is at Anthony today on a short visit with friends and expects to be back in a day or two.

Garfield Post G. A. R. of this city in their excursion to Detroit will take one of Wichita's hands with it.

Col. James R. Hallowell will return from a business trip to Springfield, Mo., and other points this morning.

Another suburban had two horses stolen from his pasture Friday night, and at the same time a set of harness.

The informal hop that was to have been given at Riverside last Wednesday evening will be given Monday evening, July 22.

E. B. Rowland, of Chicago, traveling passenger agent of the Grand Trunk road, was in the city yesterday visiting friends.

Wednesday evening Misses Gertrude and Millie Hays entertained a number of friends, complimentary to Miss Haas, of St. Louis.

Mr. and Mrs. Green of this city will leave in a day or two for a visit at Chicago. Mr. Green is the head cutter in the Wichita Overalls factory.

A. Katz, of the Philadelphia store, has gone to New York to make his fall purchase—which he says will be larger than ever before for this market.

Deputy United States Marshal James McMurray was in the city yesterday serving summons and doing some civil work. He reports criminal business very poor at present.

Major N. F. Neiderlander spent the day at El Dorado on business yesterday. He reports the town and people over there resting themselves, while the farmers are busy on their farms.

W. P. Shall returned yesterday from Topeka, Kan., on business yesterday. He reports a reduction of the state tax. He feels confident that he will get it.

Dr. H. H. Johnson, of St. Clare, Kan., is in the city, the guest of Dr. Minnwell and family. Dr. Johnson is coroner of Pottawatomie county and a live Republican. He is well pleased with the "Peenies Princess."

T. C. Mossman brought to the Board of Trade rooms yesterday some of the largest apples which have been brought into town this year. Mr. Mossman lives on his fine farm northeast of town, and is one of the old settlers of this county.

Veterans will be pleased to learn that the Rock Island has extended the time on their G. A. R. excursion tickets to Detroit, giving those holding round trip excursion tickets until September 30 to return.

The time for the excursion only eight days, which was too short a time to make the trip comfortably.

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The Palais at San Cloo since it was burned presents a rather dejected appearance and the scorched walls are bare save where here and there a warped and wilted water pipe festoons the blackened and blistered wreck of what was once so grand and so gay.

San Cloo has a normal school for the training of male teachers only. I visited it, but did not make a bit in my address to the pupils for some cause until I began to speak in their own national tongue. Then the closest attention was paid to what I said, and the keenest delight was manifested on every radiant face.

St. Cloud is seven miles west of the center of Paris and most ten miles by rail on the road to Versailles—pronounced Vairsi. St. Cloud belongs to the Canton of Sevres and the arrondissement of Versailles. An arrondissement is not anything like a county. It is all right. You can't belong to an arrondissement if you live in France.

St. Cloud is on a beautiful hill slope, looking down the valley of the Seine, with Paris in the distance. It is peaceful and quiet and beautiful. Everything is peaceful in Paris, when there is no revolution on the carpet. The steam cars run safely and do not make so much noise as ours do. The steam whistle does not have such a hold on people as it does here. The adjutant general at the depot blows a little tin bugle, the admiral of the train returns the salute, the adjutant general says "Allons!" and the train starts off like a somewhat leisurely young man who is going to the depot to meet his wife's mother.

One does not realize what a Fourth of July racket we live in and employ in our business, Lillian, till he has been the guest of a monarchy of Europe between whose toes the timothy and clover have sprung up to a great height. And yet it is a pleasing change, and I shall be glad when we have passed the ear splitting steam whistle, settled down to good, permanent institutions and take on a peaceful, soothing, Boston air which comes with time and the quiet self congratulation that one is born in a Bible land and Gospel privileges, and where the right to worship in a strictly high church manner is open to all.

The Palace of St. Cloud was at one time the residence of Napoleon I in summer time. He used to go out there in the heated train, and folding his arms across his stomach have thought after thought regarding the future of France. Yet he very likely never had an idea that some day it would be a thrifty republic, engaged in growing green peas or pulling a soiled dove out of the Seine now and then to add to the attractions of her justly celebrated morgue.

Louis XVIII also put up at the Palace in St. Cloud several summers. He spelled it "palais," which shows that he had very poor early English advantages, or that he was, as I have always suspected, a native of Quebec. Charles X also occupied the building somewhat, and moved in during his reign. He also added a new iron sink and a place in the barn for washing buggies. Louis Philippe spent his summers here for a number of years, and wrote weekly letters to the Paris papers, signed "Uno," in which he urged the taxpayers to show more veneration for their royal nibbs. Napoleon III occupied the Palais in summer during his lifetime, availing himself finally of the use of Mr. Bright's justly celebrated disease and dying at the dawn of better institutions for beautiful but unhappy France.

I visited the Palais, which was burned by the Prussians in 1870. The grounds occupy 900 acres, which I offered to buy and fit up, but probably I did not deal with responsible parties. This part of France reminds me very much of North Carolina. I mean, of course, the natural features. Man has done more for France, it seems to me, than for the Tar Heel state, and the cities of Asheville and Paris are widely different. The people of Paris rarely get together in front of the court house to pitch horseshoes or dwell on the outlook for the cooler crops.

And yet the same blue, oceanic sky, if I may be allowed to coin a word, the same soft, restful, dolce frumendi air of gentile, genial health, and of care de-



THE LITTLE STEAMER.

St. Cloud. You go to St. Cloud by rail or river and then drive over to Sevres by diligence or voiture. Some do one way and some do the other. I rode up on the Seine, aboard a little, noiseless, low pressure steamer about the size of a sewing machine. It was called the Silvo-Play, I think.

The fare was thirty centimes, or, say, three cents. After paying my fare, and finding that I still had money left, I lunched at St. Cloud in the open air at a trifling expense. I then took a bottle of milk from my pocket and quenched my thirst. Traveling through France one finds that the water is especially bad, tasting of the Dauphin at times and dangerous in the extreme. I advise those therefore who wish to be well whilst doing the Continent to carry especially in France, as I did, a large, thickset bottle of milk or kumiss with which to take the wire edge off one's whistle whilst being yanked through the Louvre.

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The president, who spoke some English, shook hands with me as we parted, and I asked him how the students took my remarks. He said: "They shall all the time keep the recollection—what you shall call the recollection—of monsieur's speech in preserves, so that they shall forget it not continually. We shall all the time say we have not witnessed something like it since the time we came here, and have not so much enjoy ourselves since."

As San Cloo I hired of a quiet young fellow about thirty-five years of age, who kept a very neat livery stable there, a sort of victoria and a big Purcheron horse, with felloe whisks that reminded me of the Sutherland sisters. As I was in no hurry I sat on an iron settee in the cool court of the livery stable, and with my arm resting on the shoulder of the proprietor I spoke of the crops and asked if generally people about there regarded the farmer movement as in any way threatening to the other two grand parties. He did not seem to know. I watched the coachman who was to drive me as he changed his clothes, so as to give me my money's worth in grandeur.

One thing I liked about France was that the people were willing, at a slight advance on the regular price, to treat a very ordinary man with unusual respect and esteem. This surprised and delighted me beyond measure, and I often told people there that I did not begrudge the additional expense. The coachman was also loiterer, and when the carriage was ready he changed his clothes by removing a coarse, gray shirt or tunic and putting on a long, olive green coachman's coat, with erect linen collar and cuffs sewed into the collar and sleeves. He wore a high hat that was much better than mine, as is frequently the case with coachmen and their employers. My coachman gives me his silk hat when he gets through with it in the spring and fall. So I am better dressed than I used to be.

But we were going to say a word regarding the porcelain works at Sevres. It is a modern building and is under the government now. The museum is filled with the most beautiful china dishes and funny business that one could well imagine. Besides, the pottery ever since its construction has retained its model, and they of course are worthy of a day's study. The "Sevres blue" is said to be a little bit bluer than anything else in the known world except the man who starts the nonpareil paper in the plea town.

I was careful not to break any of these vases and things, and thus endeavored myself to the foreman of the place. All employees are uniformed and extremely deferential to recognized ability. Practically, for half a day I owned the place.

A cattle friend of mine who was looking for a dynasty whose tail he could twist while in Europe, and who used often to say over his glass of vin ordinaire (which I have since learned is not the best brand at all), that nothing would tickle him more than "to have a little deal with a crowned head and get him in the door," accidentally broke a blue crock out there at Sevres which would hold out for a gallon, and it took the best part of a car load of cows to pay for it, he told me.

The process of making the Sevres ware is not yet published in book form, Lillian, especially the method of coloring and enameling. It is a secret possessed by duly authorized artists. The name of the town is pronounced Sava.

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CONVERSING WITH THE LIVERY STABLE KEEPER.

MINETTE POISSON LE NORMANT D'ETIENNE MARQUISE DE POMPADOUR, and her name is yet used by the authorities of Versailles as a fire escape, so I am told.

She was the mistress of Louis XV, who never allowed her to put her hands in dishwater during the entire time she visited at his home. D'ETIENNE was her first husband, but she left him for a gay but rather reprehensible life at court, where she was terribly talked about, though she said not to have cared a cent. Louis XV told her never to worry, for while he had a tickle she should have a home.

She developed into a marvelous politician, and early seeing that the French people were largely governed by the literary lights of that time, she began to cultivate the acquaintance of the magazine writers and tried to join the authors' club.

She now became prominent by originating a method of doing up the hair, which has since become popular among people whose hair like my own had not been already "done up."

This style of Madame Pompadour's was at once popular with young men who ran the throats of the soda fountains of the time and is still well spoken of. A young friend of mine pushed his hair up from his forehead in that way once and could not get it down again. During his funeral his hair, which had been gined down by the undertaker, became surprised at something said by the clergyman and pushed out the end of his casket.

The King died in a few years of Madame Pompadour and wished that he had not encouraged her to run away from her husband. She, however, retained her hold upon the blue and alcoholic monarch by her wonderful versatility and genius.

When all her talents as an artist and politician paled upon his old run soiled brain, and ceased like a mighty caulk to teach us that no matter how gifted we are, or how high we may wear our hair, our ambitions must be tempered by honor and integrity, also that pride grows before destruction and a haughty spirit before a pluck.

Billings

Extra Professional Advice. Doctor—Eat sparingly, drink no beer, stay at home in the evening, don't smoke, take plenty of exercise in the way of gymnastics and long walks.

Patience—What are you dreaming of, Doctor? Why, if I were to do as you tell me I should require no medical advice—U.K.