

RIGHT OF OTHER DAYS MEN PROMINENT IN HALLS OF CONGRESS.

By GEORGE C. HENNING. When the late Senator Elbridge Gerry Lapham, of New York, entered the Senate of the United States, the standing committees were all made up.

Mr. Vest remarked one day about a certain Senator's indisposition to pay his debts. I said he reminded me of one of his predecessors from the same State, long since dead, who would invite you in, ask after you and your family's health, but would never pay your little bill.

On one occasion, several ladies being present, he said to me abruptly: "Can you give me a good reason why women shouldn't vote?"

"Really, Senator," I replied, "you will have to excuse me. I cannot be so un- gallant as to enter into an argument of this sort in the presence of ladies."

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REAL ESTATE IN BRAZIL.

Some Odd Laws and Customs Down There. There is no business in Brazil which corresponds with that known as the real estate business in the United States.

In Brazil there are but two classes of people, the rich and the poor. There is no middle class like that which forms the mass of people in the United States, and property is held by lease, the owners holding it for investment, the lessors having no interest in it other than that of temporary occupancy.

Taxes on real estate are mostly upon a rental basis, and in Rio de Janeiro 30 per cent of rents go to the municipality. Unoccupied property is not taxed. Property occupied by owners is taxed one-tenth of what its annual rent would amount to, the sum being based upon the actual rental of similar property.

CLAIMANT OF MILLIONS DIES.

Descendant of Sir Francis Drake Expires in Illinois. Dr. Austin A. Drake, claiming to be a direct descendant of Sir Francis Drake and heir to millions in England, died recently in Springfield, Ill., in his eighty-first year.

Dr. Drake spent his entire life in an effort to recover the vast fortune which he claimed. He was a practicing physician, but spent all his professional earnings organizing members of the Drake family throughout the world for the prosecution of the claim, which involved many acres of real estate in the heart of the city of London, which, it was contended, had been seized from the estate of Sir Francis Drake.

Two years ago a representative was sent to New York in an attempt to revive the claim, but he was unsuccessful.

ESPERANTO NEXT

President's Attention Will Be Called to Language. M. Privat to Call at White House Soon—Will Instruct President in the Use of the International Tongue—Esperantists Hope to Make Him Champion of Cause.

President Roosevelt is to be asked to voice his approval of the proposed "world language," Esperanto, to stimulate the study of it by a formal indorsement, such as he gave to the "simplified spelling" movement.

Because the Chief Executive has signified his willingness to become acquainted with the principles of the "international tongue," high hopes are held by the Esperantists that he will be brought to see its utility and the power to bind the world in brotherhood which they feel it possesses, says the Philadelphia Record.

One week from to-morrow—on March 1st—the President will meet one of the leaders of the Esperanto army, who will attempt to familiarize him with the rules for its employment—and its initiator, M. Privat, is believed, will decide whether or not Mr. Roosevelt will come forth in the role of an Esperantist.

The task of proselytizing the President has fallen to the lot of a youthful native of Switzerland, Edmond Privat. Although he is only eighteen years of age, he is rated as the foremost among teachers of Esperanto—his mastery of the language making him the idol of all who speak or write it.

Privat is Ambassador. Mr. Privat, who is now in Philadelphia, was sent to this country by the European advocates of the Zamenhof tongue, as it is called sometimes in honor of its creator. It was decided to send an "ambassador" to the United States to spread the propaganda, and Mr. Privat was the president of the committee for teaching Esperanto to young people he was selected.

About a month and a half ago he arrived in America, and two weeks ago he lectured and organized clubs in New York and New England. He came to Philadelphia. Here he will make his headquarters until the time comes for him to go to Washington and unfold the work through the medium of Esperanto.

While he is very youthful in appearance, it is doubtful whether the Esperantists could have chosen a person better fitted to do the job. He speaks several languages. His capacity as a linguist is such that he makes a deep impression.

Capacity as Linguist. What he has done in learning the English language can be taken as an illustration of his ability to master tongues. Last August, when he left his home in Geneva, Switzerland, and started for Cambridge, England, to attend a gathering of Esperantists from all parts of the globe, he knew not a word of the tongue of the Anglo-Saxons. But since then he has made such progress in its study that he now might believe readily that he had lived for many years either in England or America. While he has a pronounced accent, according to Mine Host Berger, and also a deep scholar, an orator in the Magyar Parliament, and a swordsman without a peer in Europe. But—yes, Count Alexander Szechenyi also confessed, not pitifully so, but just sort of forgetful.

It wasn't a great deal, either—merely a matter of something like \$10,000 apiece for each of the excited trio—but Count Hadik's memory is so good that he refuses absolutely to recall the benevolence of Carl.

Boy Voted Leader. And in 1895, when he went to Boulogne to attend the first universal congress of the Esperantists, his delivery of an address in the Zamenhof tongue enthused the thousand delegates so much that he was elected president of the congress. Since then his fame has almost eclipsed that of the founder of the language and it was chiefly because of this fact that he was invited to this country to arouse interest in the movement.

"America can make Esperanto what it is sure to become eventually, the language of all mankind," said Mr. Privat, in discussing his own work. "I have seen it," and I hope after I have seen President Roosevelt that its work in that direction will be soon started on a large scale.

In round numbers, the people throughout the world who speak Esperanto are known to number at least half a million. These are the figures, so far as they are recorded, and it is quite possible that a few days hence the million mark. But once the United States comes to see what Esperanto really means millions of new Esperantists will be added year by year, and it will not be long—some things go before the whole world will unite in giving Esperanto its rightful place.

May Be Accomplished. "Of course, I feel that this will come ultimately, whether or not there is a wave of Esperantist sentiment in this country, as I feel that energetic people were to put the stamp of approval upon it now it would be accomplished with a great deal more rapidity.

President Roosevelt has shown himself a president who is willing to follow movements as this and therefore we owe to him for word that will start the public schools and the colleges teaching our language. At the present time there are about 100 persons who speak Esperanto in America and for five societies were organized for the purpose of spreading it. I think both the number of societies and the total number of Esperantists would take a big jump were the country to show that he recognizes the language as of value.

"That it is of tremendous value to the world has already been demonstrated. Does it not mean something when the representatives of thirty nations can be assembled together and enabled to understand each other by the use of Esperanto? Without this Zamenhof language they would be utterly unable to speak to each other."

All Can Be Understood. "Esperanto congresses are the only bodies drawn from all parts of the world where the addresses delivered are intelligible to everybody. Take the Peace Congress at The Hague. Its members have shown that they believe in their deliberations would be more fruitful if they could speak Esperanto. While one of our congresses was in session we received a telegram expressing this feeling.

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At an Evening Party. Take, for instance, the Germans and the French. The naturally hostile feelings down even among the children. Their histories are responsible for this. But we find that since Esperanto clubs were started among the young in these countries and the school children have been corresponding there has been a de-

didedly better feeling. This is because the Esperanto movement is particularly strong in those countries.

Esperanto a Proved Tongue. I have never been able to find any one ready to combat this idea. The only thing that is against Esperanto is not simply a fad, whether it is not a much room growth which will soon wither. How silly such a thought is. Esperanto is now twenty-one years old, there are 75 societies which were formed by those who speak it. It has found a place in every known country, and thousands and thousands of letters written in it are exchanged annually.

"Those who speak it are chiefly poor people, people who find it useful because it is simple and is as useful as three or four other languages. When you have such folks interested, it proves that the thing is not a fad. They are not of the kind who can afford to be wrong."

"Then it has a literature of its own, which is another sure indication. Half of Shakespeare has been printed in Esperanto, Moliere's works, too, and many of the great classics. It has found a place in every known country, and thousands and thousands of letters written in it are exchanged annually.

"If there ever is to be a universal language, Esperanto undoubtedly is the one, and I hope that I shall be able to convince President Roosevelt of that fact."

There is no other language whose grammar is so simple. There are no exceptions to its rules. The usage in one case always holds good in all others. The Greek and Latin custom of using flexives with root words is the basic idea, but Zamenhof has allowed no irregularities to creep in.

From all languages these root words have been drawn, always with an idea of utility, so that it is as much the tongue of one race as it is of another.

Finance Matrimonial Deal. But Unless Cards Come Out Right, Effort Is Worse Than Wasted. Carl Berger Does Wish that Count Hadik Would Veto Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt.

New York, Feb. 22.—It's eminently proper to finance a young nobleman in his search for an American heiress if the cards come out right. If they don't, frantically matrimonial financing is a thankless and profitless pastime. Just ask Carl Berger, of the Hotel Gotham, in Fifth avenue.

Years ago, Berger, on the occasion of the never-to-be-forgotten visit of three counts to Newport in search of American dollars in exchange for titles more or less desirable, advanced the money to make these entries in the matrimonial stakes eligible to start. Two of the stable "ran in the money" and repaid the confidence of their backers. The third has still to earn matrimonial brackets, and therefore—

This little memento has to do with the one who failed in Berger's Newport campaign—Count Hadik de Futak, as gallant a Magyar as ever crossed from Budapest, according to Mine Host Berger, and also a deep scholar, an orator in the Magyar Parliament, and a swordsman without a peer in Europe. But—yes, Count Alexander Szechenyi also confessed, not pitifully so, but just sort of forgetful.

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But with all his faults, Carl Berger loves him far better than he does Count Laszlo Szechenyi, and he terms an ingrate and saucy "class."

When Szechenyi's marriage to Gladys Vanderbilt was followed by the report that the mother of the new countess was engaged to Hadik, Carl, knowing the Vanderbilts, merely requested him to remind his very dear Hadik of a little personal matter when he reached his castle near Budapest. What did Szechenyi do but turn over his letters to an American lawyer. Now Berger is willing to forget Hadik's little debt if Hadik will only bring Szechenyi somewhere near, adding that once he was a champion heavy-weight boxer.

Drugging the Enemy. Carl M. Wheaton, an inventor of considerable note, who makes his home at Newtonville, Mass., has produced, after nine years' experimentation, a submarine gun which will fire through the hull of a battleship at a short range, a drug which will cause all those who come under its sway to fall asleep. Wheaton claims that this gun will revolutionize naval warfare entirely, and he has found a number of high-ranking officers of the American service who agree with him. So far, though, the United States government has shown no disposition to take up his scheme, and it is said that a foreign power is now negotiating for it.

FUNERALS OF SWISS APROPOS OF BERNESE CUSTOMS.

By EVEL THERESA HUGLI-CAMP. The bare limbs of the forest were clothed in frost as I passed through on my way to the funeral. Frost cracked under my feet in the forest path, and flew in little, sharp flakes from the branches as the wind disturbed the graceful drapery of the trees. The sky was leaden and the cold piercing. Alice, the only daughter of a prominent Bernese family, was dead.

The costume prescribed by Bernese custom for people attending a funeral is black, uncompromising and unrelieved. The ladies, otherwise well dressed, are unrecognizable in hats and coats that, though black, belong usually to an earlier style. The men are unhappy and stiff in their black frock coats and silk hats, garments almost exclusively used for funerals, and therefore of austere and forbidding aspect, besides very much out of fashion.

My long, black skirt was hard to manage in the forest, and the fur on my upturned collar froze to my cheek. The river was low and brown, instead of buoyant and indigo, and my footstep rang hollow as I crossed the bridge and mounted the hill road. From there I looked back at the forest. The trees stretched up, not bare and dead arms, but arms loaded with silvery powder, only waiting for a ray of sun to make them glisten and glitter with winter cheer. But the sky was leaden.

The hill road was at an end. Only a few steps along the high road by the stone fence and I would be at the front gate. I wondered how the immense cheerful drawing-room, with its yellow brocade chairs and draperies would look under the circumstances. I knew the woman in charge of the funeral, with her stry, stry, stry, and her professional smile and voice (she makes me shudder every time I see her, but she seems an indispensable adjunct to a Bernese funeral) would have done her best to make the place look like a mortuary. She had a pair of black veils, covering the pictures and mirrors were thin, black draperies. Over the piano a black cloth, around the plant stand and over all the brocade the same, and in front of the semi-circle of chairs, whose yellow brocade was powerless to enliven the black, a black cloth. The friends on entering, were greeted by the stricken father and his son. We sat around in silence. Some ladies sobbed.

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pushing before her an ancient baby carriage filled with swags she had gathered painfully in the forest. Two steps forward and one back seemed to be her progress on the steep icy road. Her fingers, clasped spasmodically around the handlebars, were gnarled and blue. Her breasts came in little steamy puffs. But beside her, his hand, too, on the handle, his back also bent, his feet, too, slipping and sliding from his efforts to push and climb at the same time, toiled a black figure, his high silk hat set a little back from his exertions. I looked again and brushed the tears away. It was the pastor.

For a moment I could not reconcile the two scenes, one so cruel, the other so full of compassion. Then in a flash I comprehended—Bernese custom! The slave of custom, he preached what he was expected to preach just as we had noticed with uncomfortable clarity, after all, he had resented his address. I had not written especially, least of all, the mother. I was suddenly convinced that she would have resented the contrary. The "real heart" probably would go the next day as a man and brother, would mourn with them and speak words of comfort and healing. He would lead their minds to the crystal heights, to the dazzling white throne, helping them to forget the white of the darkness and the shadow and the ache of the present.

Up and up they toiled, and finally reached the top. I looked across the river at the frosty wood, and as I looked, the sun burst through the clouds and set every frost flake aglitter. Afar off the Jungfrau gleamed pure and white. The bitterness and pain grew less in my heart, their great grief, after all, is to understand, and understanding, even the darkest of the Bernese customs becomes illuminated and shines like their far-off mountains.

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AIN'T IT AWFUL, MABEL?

Origin of a New Bit of Theatrical Slang.

A writer in the New York Evening Sun explains a new theatrical slang phrase, "Ain't it awful, Mabel?" The words from the refrain of a song written by John E. Hazzard, an English actor, and he thus tells how they were evolved.

"Ain't it awful, Mabel?" he had rather a queer history," explains Mr. Hazzard. "I got the idea from a conversation of two chorus girls which I couldn't help overhearing, as they occupied the next dressing room to mine when I was playing in a musical comedy. I jotted the verses down that night and recited them at a supper party two or three days later. It