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CHARLES F. BRUSH

A VISIT TO THE INVENTOR OF THE ELECTRIC LIGHT AT HIS HOME.

FUTURE OF ELECTRICITY

DISCUSSED BY THE INVENTOR IN A MOST ENTERTAINING MANNER.

HOW BRUSH LOOKS AND ACTS.

His Boyhood—How He Invented the Electric Light—His Laboratory and Work.

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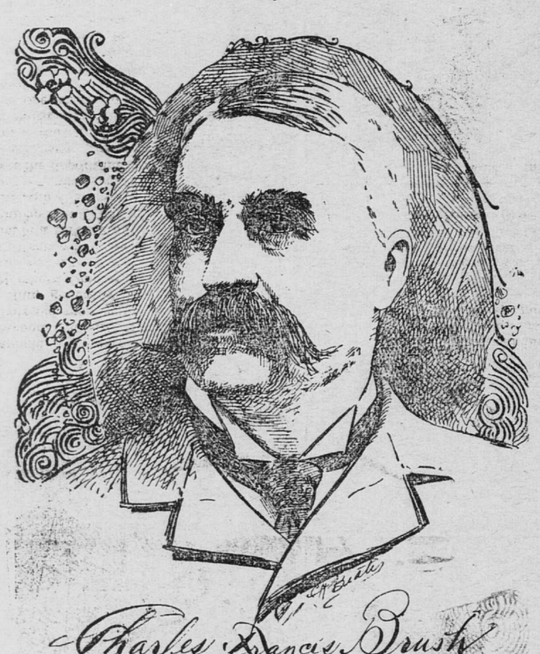
WASHINGTON, June 14.—"That, man, is the light of the future!

"That is electricity!'

"I am going to light the world with it!"

These were the words of a big, broad-shouldered young fellow of twenty-eight. They were uttered about eighteen years ago to an old man who stood in front of a shop on one of the side streets of the city of Cleveland, and looked with wonder on a glass globe, in which blazed a ball of fire,



upheld, as it were, between two black carbons the size of your little finger. This old man was A. C. Baldwin, of Tiffin, generally known throughout Northern Ohio as old Uncle Baldwin, and noted for his great common sense and shrewd business ability. He had made a fortune out of manufacturing churns, and he was now passing through Cleveland on his way to visit one of his relatives there. He had left the depot and was walking through the streets. It was in the early evening, and the gas lamps cast their flickering rays upon the pavement. In one spot, however, there was a glare of light which came from this ball of fire in the glass globe. It was before the days of electric lighting, and old Uncle Baldwin stopped and gazed at it in open-mouthed wonder. As he did so, this big, broad-shouldered young man came to the door. His brawny arms were bare to the elbow. A leathern apron covered his chest and fell to his knees. His hands were blackened and his face was smudged with dirt. But his eye was bright, and his athletic form was the personification of vigor and force. As Uncle Baldwin saw him, he said:

"That is a wonderful light. I don't understand it. What is it! There is no pipe for gas! Where is the wick and where is the oil? Say, what is it, anyhow?"

Then came the reply:

"That is the light of the future. That is electricity! I am going to light the world with it!"

The old man, for a very sharp old man he was, became interested at once. He inquired how the light was produced. He asked many questions as to its cost, and before he left he had told the young man that he would take $500 worth of stock in his company, which had been organized to push the invention. He rather hugged himself over his investment, as he left the young man and his ball of fire, and when a half hour later he found himself in the home of his friends, surrounded by some of the most prominent people of Cleveland, he could not rest until he had told of the wonder he had seen and of the stock which he had secured. As he spoke the crowd burst into laughter, and Uncle Baldwin's relative, then and now one of the most influential men of Cleveland, said:

"Well! well! well! And so you have been taken in by that young fellow Brush and his crazy ideas about electricity. I have had dozens of chances to buy his stock, but I wouldn't give a cent for a thousand shares. Why, uncle, the man is crazy. His ideas are impracticable and impossible of execution, and you might as well put your $500 into Lake Erie as to give it to him." And so the Cleveland man went on. He cited the noted capitalists of Cleveland who would have nothing to do with Brush's invention, and he finally persuaded Uncle Baldwin that he had made a mistake. The result was he withdrew his offer. As he came to the door the young man looked up from his bench and said:

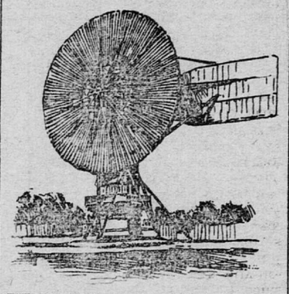
"I suppose you have come to back out of your proposition as to that stock. That is the way they all do. But I tell you you are making a great mistake and you are losing a fortune."

THE MILLIONS IN ELECTRICITY

It was not many years before Uncle Baldwin realized how great a fortune he had lost. Within twelve months after his refusal the name of Charles F. Brush, the great Cleveland electrician, was on every one's tongue. His light had been shown at the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia. It had surprised the scientists of the world in the great electrical exposition at Paris, and the French government had decorated him a chevalier of the Legion of Honor for his achievement. A great company had been organized to operate his inventions. The Brush stock had doubled and quadrubled over and over again until Uncle Baldwin's $500 worth was of more value than all the savings and speculations of his lifetime. The prophecy of the young man had been fulfilled. His light of the future had become the light of the present, and today he has lighted the world with it. The streets of the biggest cities of every continent glaze at midnight through the genius of Charles F. Brush. I have stood under his arc lights in Tokio and Osaka, Japan. I have seen them cast their shadows over the pig-tailed Chinamen of Shanghai and Hong Kong, and I have threaded my way through some of the streets of Calcutta, Cairo and Constantinople by the Brush light of electricity. The same light illuminates the big cities of South America and Australia, and Europe and the United States have turned night into day through the genius of this man. His inventions in electric lighting alone are held by many companies the world over, are now represented by an aggregate capital of $500,000,000, and his inventions in other electrical lines have created a capital of many millions more. There are today more than $1,000,000,000 invested in electrical industries outside of the telegraph and telephone, and the electric railways of the world have assets amounting to more than $600,000,000. Mr. Brush is the inventor of the storage battery, and all electric roads which are run in this way pay him a royalty. He received half a million dollars in a single sale of some patents in London, and the rubbing of his electric lamp has caused the genii of electricity to bring him a greater fortune than that represented by the wildest dreams of Aladdin. The poor young man is poor no more. The capitalists of Cleveland no longer talk about his crazy ideas of electricity. He lives among them, one of the greatest capitalists of them all. His genius has made his city noted, and the great electric light company which he founded gives employment to hundreds of families, and its influence reaches to the ends of the earth.

MR. BRUSH'S EUCLID AVENUE PALACE.

Still, with all this, the world knows but little about Charles F. Brush. With all his genius, he is modest in the extreme. He early adopted the policy of keeping out of print. I do not know of a single interview which he has hitherto given to the public. He has contributed little to the scientific journals, and the world knows him only through his work. It has no idea of the man, and there are few who appreciate his wonderful character and the wide extent of his achievements. I spent an evening with him not long since at his big mansion on Euclid avenue. He has one of the finest houses in the United States, and one of the most comfortable homes. It is located in the best part of Euclid avenue, which is, you know, one of the finest streets in the world, and is surrounded by seven acres of magnificent lawn where the land is so valuable you have to carpet it with greenbacks to buy it. Looking into the grounds from the street makes you think of one of the old English estates. Immense forest trees shade the velvety green and a winding walk leads through these up to the house. This is a massive structure of Berea sandstone, the whole front of which is covered with carvings, save where, here and there, magnificent windows of stained glass show out. It is an immense building of three stories, with many turrets and towers. Heavy stone columns uphold the wide portico in the front, and easy stone steps lead you to the wide front door. The portico is lighted by an opalescent globe which hangs over you as you pass in, and the mahogany-walled vestibule contains another diamond globe, whose rays bring out the contrast between the polished wood of San Domingo and the mosaic floor of a Roman pattern, which might have been transplanted from the famed baths of Caracalla at Rome. As you look into the rooms beyond you note that, though it is night, everything is bright as day. Mr. Brush has not invented the electric light to live in darkness, and his house is perhaps the best lighted palace in the world, and there is certainly no other which is lighted in such a curious way. It is provided with nearly 400 incandescent and a number of arc lights, and the electricity for these is furnished by storage batteries.



WINDMILL AND ITS DYNAMO.

There are, so he told me, ten tons of storage batteries in the house, and the power which charges these with electricity is an enormous windmill, which he has erected in the rear. Every breeze that blows produces light for this house, and the batteries are so large that if there should be a dead calm for a whole week they would still contain enough electricity to run all the lights. The windmill itself is in large part the invention of Mr. Brush. It is the biggest windmill in the world, and it is operated by a wheel which has a sail surface of about 1,800 square feet. The tower of this windmill is as high as a six-story house. It is set in heavy masonry, and so made that it can turn with every wind that blows. Within it there is an enormous dynamo, connected with the tower by a system of belts and pulleys, and the whole machine is so automatic in its make-up that it needs only a little oil now and then to keep it perpetually at motion with the wind. It has been in operation now for more than seven years, but it is so made that it works as well as when it was built. It produces enough electricity to charge the hundreds of cells of these ten tons of storage batteries, and it furnishes the light for the house and gives power to run the machinery of Mr. Brush's laboratory, which is located in the basement. It costs him, Mr. Brush told me, much more than if he used the electric light furnished by the city, but he prefers to be independent, and the machinery is a pet invention of his own.

NEW FEATURES IN ELECTRIC LIGHTING.

The arrangement of the electric lights in the house is after the plan of Mr. Brush and his wife. Some of the rooms are lighted from the ceilings. Others have lights so shaded by opalescent globes and reflectors that only the softest rays surround you, and of the magnificent paintings which cover the walls, each has an electric flame in front of it, so covered by a green reflector that you do not see it, and you know of its existence only through the rays which are thrown back by the work of art behind. In the top of the building there is a great hall in which Mr. Brush has one of the finest magic lanterns in existence, and this he operates through an electric light of 3,000 candle power. The average calcium light, or that produced by oxygen-hydrogen gas for magic lantern use, is, he tells me, 500 candle power. His electric light for this purpose is six times as strong, and he has a dissolving apparatus of his own invention in which all his slides are registered. During my talk with him he referred to the wonderful work which the Jappanese have been doing in coloring lantern slides, having seen some which I used in a lecture recently delivered in Cleveland on Japan, and I told him I could give him an address where he could get his slides colored. He replied, "I do not want any one else to color my slides. I would prefer to color them myself, and I hope to have time to experiment in this way later on. I think there might be as much art shown in coloring slides as in painting pictures, and the artistic effects of the best lantern work are yet to come."

CHARLES F. BRUSH IN 1895.

But before I give you our conversation let me tell you how Mr. Brush looks. I met him in one of the large parlors on the ground floor of his house. He is a physical giant, but so well proportioned that his form commands your admiration. When Gambetta saw him at the Paris exposition in 1881, he said: "I don't know which to admire most in Mr. Brush, his mental attainments or his magnificent physique." Mr. Brush is about six feet two in his stockings. He is broad-shouldered and big-boned. His head is large, and it is fastened to his frame by a strong, well-shaped neck. He stands straight, with his shoulders well thrown back, and his chest is deep and full. He has a dark complexion and dark eyes, which show out from under heavy brows. His forehead is high and full; his mouth strong and characteristic, and his under jaw firm and indicative of strength. He is now forty-six years of age, and is in his intellectual and physical prime. He retired from active business several years ago, and at that time expected to devote five days out of every week to his laboratory work and one to his business. The demands of his large property, however, are so great that he has almost reversed the order, and is now devoting about five days to business, and one to his laboratory. He is working to get away from business, and he hopes in the future to devote more of his time to scientific investigation and experiment. The day of his laboring hard for the dollar has long since gone by, and while in the future his good business brains will lead him to get all the money possible out of his future inventions, still his work will be more that of scientic experiment than money grubbing for new patents.

A BOY INVENTOR.

During my talk with him I asked him a number of questions about himself and his first experiments in the field of invention. He has been an experimenter all his life. His father was a farmer who lived near Cleveland, and he gave his boy a good education. He showed a wonderful aptitude for chemistry, physics and engineering Said he to me the other night: "I can't remember when I was not interested in physics. I began to study them when I was about twelve years old, long before I had reached them in my course of studies at school.

"I was always experimenting with something, and while I was in the high school at Cleveland I made microscopes and telescopes, grinding the lenses and turning out some very fair instruments."

HIS FIRST ELECTRIC MACHINE.

"When did you first become interested in electricity?"

"I can't tell when I was not," replied Mr. Brush. "When I was thirteen years old I had made a frictional machine to generate electricity. It was made out of a bottle, and I had it so fixed that I could charge a Leyden jar with it. I wish I had it today. I don't know what became of it. About this time I made some electro-magnets and had an electric battery or so. This was before I was in the high school, and I suppose my interest in electricity could be said to date as far back as the age of twelve."

"Had you any idea when you were a boy that you would be an inventor, and did you ever think at that time of being able to make money out of your inventions?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Brush, "I did. While I was in the high school I got up a plan for turning the gas off and on in the street lamps, and of lighting it by electricity. The whole was to be done with an electrical machine, and it was to dispense with the lamplighters. I thought for a time that I might make some money out of it, but, though it might operate today, at that time it was hardly commercially practical, and I gave it up."

PROPHESIES ELECTRIC LIGHT.

"What was your next electrical experiment?"

"I can't say as to that," replied Mr. Brush. "I was always working at electricity. I read all that I could find, and I watched the reports of experiments as they were given in the newspapers. While I was still in the high school I produced an electric arc light, with a lamp and a battery of my own construction, and when I graduated from there it was a curious thing that my oration was on electric lighting, and I prophesied that electric lighting would be the light of the world, and that it would be generated by means of dynamos.

"Have you a copy of that oration?" I asked.

"I don't know," replied Mr. Brush. "I have looked for it, but I can't find it. You see, I delivered it twenty-eight years ago, and that is a long time."

"Where did you go to school after that?"

"I went to Ann Arbor to the University of Michigan, and graduated there with the degree of mining engineer in 1869. I then came back to Cleveland and established a laboratory here, doing the work of an analytical chemist, but still experimenting on electricity. I kept working on my dynamo and the electric light, but it was more as a toy and to amuse myself than with any idea of accomplishing anything of a commercial value."

THE SERIES ARC LIGHT.

"When did you first appreciate that your electric light might have a commercial value?"

"I think it was about 1876," replied Mr. Brush. "It was at this time that I completed my first dynamo-electric machine. I showed this at Philadelphia the next year at the Franklin Institute, and it is a curious thing that Mr. Thompson and Mr. Houston, afterward of the Thompson-Houston electric system, were present at the time. The first arc-lighting machines had to have one dynamo to each light. My invention was the first that proposed a series of arc lights working from one dynamo, and it was upon this that all the street lighting and all the arc-lighting systems of the present are based. We first made two-light machines. Then we ran four lamps from a single dynamo, and this was considered a wonderful achievement. We soon had ten lights in a series. Then we found we could run sixteen, and it was not long before forty lights were supplied by one dynamo. At the present there are a number of dynamos which supply 120 arc lights, and, though the electric current requisite for such a result is immense, the safeguards placed about the machinery are such that they are no more dangerous than a much less number of lights was in the past with the old machinery. It was in 1878 that I invented this, the modern series arc lamp with the shunt coil. This was the invention that really made arc lighting practicable and commercially possible."

"Where was it first used?" I asked.

"Some were first used for the lighting of stores and shops, and among those first to introduce the arc light was John Wanamaker, of Philadelphia. One of the first instances of street lighting was here in Cleveland. We put up twelve lights in the park and the people came out in force to see them the first night. They had no idea of what the electric light was, and many of them wore smoked glasses for fear that they might be blinded by its rays. The street lighting soon spread, and our lights are now to be found, as you know, in nearly every great city of the world."

ELECTRICITY DIRECTLY FROM COAL.

"Is there not a great loss in the production of electricity from coal for electric lights?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Brush. "We only get about 10 per cent of the force from the coal in the production of the mechanical energy. In the conversion of the mechanical energy into electrical energy by means of the dynamo only from 5 to 10 per cent is lost, and the modern dynamo is probably the most perfect machine that the world has ever produced."

"Will we ever get electricity directly from coal?"

"I think so," replied Mr. Brush. "In fact, I have already gotten it, but not in such a way as to make the invention commercially profitable. It is now twenty years since I succeeded in getting electricity directly from coal. It was 1874. I used carbon as the combustible element in a voltaic battery, the electrolyte being a fused salt, or oxide, capable of fusing the oxygen for the combustion of the carbon. I tried fused caustic soda, bicarbonate of potash and oxide of lead and got a good electric current in each case. I have not pursued my experiments in this line of work because I thought I saw other lines which promised better and more immediate results. The fields of the invention are vast. We stand just on the threshold, and there will be new inventions as long as man has mind to create and the will to investigate the great forces of nature and the possibilities of their combination."

THE POSSIBILITY OF NEW INVENTIONS.

"Do you anticipate many new inventions in electricity in the future?"

"Who can tell?" was the reply. "The electric force is still to a large extent a secret from us all. Of late years there have been few new fundamental inventions in electric lighting. There have been many improvements and modifications of the old ones. The light is steadily being made better, but it is the same light, just as, for instance, we have had locomotives drawing trains ever since we were born, but the locomotive of today is a far different machine from that of forty years ago. Still it embodies the same fundamental principles."

"Where is the chief work being done in electricity today?"

"It is in the field of thermo-electricity or heat electricity. It is now though, you know, that all light and heat are produced by electrical force, and it is in these branches that the best work is now being done."

PATENTS AND HOW BRUSH PROTECTS THEM.

"How about patents, Mr. Brush? I once had an interview with Mr. Thomas Edison in which he said that he had spent $600,000 in defending his inventions, but that he had not had one minute's protection. You have had considerable experience with the patent office. Does Uncle Sam run his business on the square?"

"Uncle Sam may be all right," was the reply. "I have no doubt that the heads of the patent office are honest, but I have had a number of experiences which led me to believe that the subordinates sometimes allow important information to leak out. I have applied for patents again and again, only to find interferences filed before they were granted, and it is only through my great care in keeping records of my work that I have been able to secure a number of my inventions. Take the arc light. While I was working upon it and attempting to make it commercially profitable I kept a very full journal of all my experiments. I recorded everything from day to day, and dated it and had witnesses called in to sign the records. This I found of immense value to me in my patent suits. I had two hundred of them, and gained all except one. This I did not care to win, as there was little in it, and I practically let it go by default. I am very sorry now that I did so, as it broke the record."

THE STORAGE BATTERY.

"How about the storage battery?"

"I had a great fight in the patent office over it," said Mr. Brush. "The invention was fought over for four years in the United States courts, and it was finally decided in my favor. I was working on the storage battery and had completed my experiments at the time that Faure invented his storage battery in Europe. As soon as I heard of it I filed patent applications for everything I had in order to get my rights in America, before he could apply for American patents. In some way or other my patents were held back and Faure's interferences kept me out of them for four years, but I finally conquered and showed that I was the first inventor. Now I get a royalty on all forms of storage batteries, and the storage battery of today is founded on my invention."

"Will storage batteries be the street car equipment of the future?"

"I don't know as to that," replied Mr. Brush. "I doubt it. You cannot run cars so cheaply by them as the trolley. I should rather think it would be the underground trolley."

A VIEW OF DEEPDENE.

I next asked Mr. Brush as to his present experiments, but further than that he was working along scientific lines he preferred not to say. He is a man of great intellectual activity, and his chief pleasure is in his work. During our talk he told me he thought the greatest enjoyment a man could have came with the moment of making some new discovery in science or mechanics, and there is no doubt but that his experiments will be continued to the end of his life. He has done wonders in the past. What will he not do in the future?

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

Kicking Against Pricks.

New York Sun.

The blacksmiths, horseshoers, harnessmakers and hackdrivers of Quebec have made an energetic protest against the granting of a permit to build an electric street railway in the city, for the reason that it will interfere with their means of earning a living. We suppose it is bound to do that for a time, while it will surely furnish other work to a good many of them. Above all, it will enable the rest of the people of the city to reduce their current expenses, for horse travel is far more costly than electric travel. There is no use in trying to resist the introduction of the natural agencies of power or the new inventions in mechanics. Such attempts can never be successful anywhere.

Sound and Progressive.

Faribault Pilot.

It is a real pleasure and satisfaction in these days of quibbling and degenerate political journalism for a zealous, hopeful, immutable Democrat to read the St. Paul Daily Globe. Its editorials on political subjects are clean, bold and vigorous, rich in the logic and fundamental principles of sound and progressive Democracy. If its present high standard of excellence is maintained it will prove a powerful factor to a militant, and eventually triumph Democracy in Minnesota.

Money Is Mighty

We had the cash, and last week bought from the Insurance Co. the former stock of the

SEVEN CORNERS FURNITURE CO.

At a very low figure. We have placed it in our store and intend selling it,

Commencing Tuesday Morning, June 18th,

In small lots at the same proportionately low price that we paid, thus giving our patrons fine Household Goods at way below wholesale prices. THESE LOW PRICES will be made on

Bedroom Suits, Parlor Suits, Carpets, Crockery, Stoves, Cooking Utensils

AND, IN FACT, EVERY ARTICLE THAT CAN BE USED IN THE HOME OF TODAY.

☞Customers of the Seven Corners Furniture Company were surprised at the low prices goods were bringing, but if they visit our store they will be astonished at how much below those prices we can make.

The People's Furniture Co.

165 WEST SEVENTH ST., SEVEN CORNERS.

OUR TITLED GIRLS

NIECES OF UNCLE SAM AT THE HEADS OF ANCIENT HOUSEHOLDS.

HOMES IN FOREIGN LANDS.

COUNTESS OF CRAVEN MISTRESS OF ONE OF ENGLAND'S FINEST ESTATES.

LUCK OF THE JEROME GIRLS.

Countess of Castellane the Latest to Enter the Charmed Circle.

Special Correspondence of the Globe.

LONDON, June 8.—No. 5 Carleton House Terrace is Mrs. George N. Curzon's London address for the season. This beautiful young matron, who was Miss Leiter, of Chicago and Washington, was the toast of two continents, has chosen a splendid establishment in the most fashionable part of London. It is one of a row of magnificent houses facing the horse guards' parade, and divided by the Duke of York column at the bottom of Waterloo place. The neighbors are Americans, some of them, who have decided that London is the best place in all the world for them to spend thir American dollars.

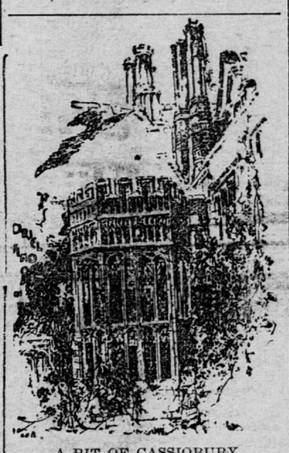
Mrs. John Mackay makes her home at No. 6, and the Duchess of Marlborough, now Lady William Beresford, has a magnificently appointed establishment at No. 3 on the same terrace. Buckingham and St. James palaces and Marlborough house are not a stone's throw away, and all of the leading clubs are within easy reach. It is an ideal residence, for Carleton House Terrace is a part of London always associated with magnificence and luxury. There is talk already of a splendid country seat which Mr. Leiter, the proud father, will be very glad to pay for with some of the fifteen or twenty million dollars he has made with his immense dry goods store in Chicago. There are plenty of magnificent country seats for sale, thanks to the very liberal way in which the heirs spend their money in advance and pile up debts which amount to their entire fortunes.

Mrs. John W. Mackay is a close neighbor of Mrs. Curzon's. For a great many years Mrs. Mackay lived in Paris, where her royal entertainments are well remembered by those fortunate enough to partake of her boundless hospitality. When she first went to London she rented a house in Buckingham gate, but finally, to the great delight of all of her English friends, she made No. 6 Carleton House Terrace her home.

All that exquisite taste and unlimited money combined could attain of luxury and beauty has been bestowed upon this palatial home, which is considered the most beautiful house in London. Her two sons divide their time between London and New York and San Francisco. But the great house does not lack for occupants. There is no limit to the entertaining, and Princess Colonna, Mrs. Mackay's only daughter, often comes with her little ones, Andrea, Bianca and the baby Colonna, to make the stately house gay with children's voices and laughter.

COUNTESS OF CRAVEN'S GREAT HOME.

The largest castle in bonny England belongs to the little Countess of Craven, who was Cornelia Bradley-Martin, and who has just passed her eighteenth birthday, though she has been a lady of high degree for more than a year. Just think of such a dimpled bit of girlhood assuming the housewifely cares of a place like Coombe abbey, where there are fifty guest bedrooms,



A BIT OF CASSIOBURY.

with canopied-top couches, and polished oak rafters dark with age. Not to speak of balls, drawing, morning, dining and living rooms.

The Countess of Essex, who was Miss Adele Grant, a daughter of the late Beach Grant, of New York, owns one of the grandest country seats in all of England. She had no fortune but her beautiful face when she became the second wife of the rich earl. Her favorite residence is Cassiobury, in Hertfordshire, with its beautiful deer parks, and twenty miles and more of walks and drives. The Earls of Essex are descended from Sir William Capell, lord mayor of London in 1503. Mrs. Bradley-Martin, who is a close friend of the countess, recently brought over some charming pictures of this fair American, some taken in the deer park, surrounded by the picturesque animals, and one very fetching photograph of the countess on her bicycle.

LADY BERESFORD'S HOME.

The "American Duchess," as the Dowager Duchess of Marlborough was commonly known in England and America, can no longer lay claim to the title which she loved so well and bore so proudly. Upon her marriage with Sir William Beresford, the queen insisted upon her forfeiting the higher title, and she was presented at court as Lady William Beresford.

Lady Beresford is established in England at Deepdene, in Surrey, which she has leased from Lord Francis Hope, who married some time ago the American burlesque actress May Yohe. Her London house is No. 3 Carleton House terrace. Blenheim palace, upon which as the Duchess of Marlborough she spent more than $1,000,000, has gone to her step-son, the present Duke of Marlborough.

ENTRANCE PORCH TO COOMBE ABBEY.

The Duchess of Manchester was Consuelo Yznaga, of New York, when she married the Viscount Mandeville. Her son is now Duke of Manchester. Rimbolton castle, in Ireland, is the favorite estate, but the Dowager duchess and her son and daughter spend part of each year in London, Paris and Berlin. The Manchesters are reckoned the poorest dukes in England, but they have an enviable position socially, as the beautiful duchess is one of the favored friends of the Princess of Wales. Since the divorce of the Vanderbilts, the old story of Willie K's boyhood devotion to the Duchess of Manchester, for whom he named his only daughter, has been revived, and it is admitted by some of the close friends of both that their marriage would not come as a surprise.

THE PRETTY JEROME GIRLS.

"The three pretty Jerome girls," as they were called, have lived so much in England that they have almost forgotten that they were born in New York. The loveliest of the three, Jennie, married, in 1874, the late Lord Randolph Churchill, brother of the eighth duke of Marlborough.

Her ladyship's very comfortable London house is No. 2 Connaught Place, and many grand entertainments have been given there, not merely to the social set, but to further the political aims and interests of her late husband. Her interest in that powerful organization, the Primrose league, has always been most keen, and as one of the dames she is known to most of the women of England. She is a very great favorite with the queen, and when her husband was under secretary of state for India, her majesty invested her with the order of the Crown of India.

In Paris, the Princess de Sagan is the leader of the smart set, so it goes without saying that when Mrs. Charles A. Livermore married Raymond, Baron de Seillière, a brother of the princess, she entered a circle in the French capital which is opened to very few foreigners. Both bride and groom were plentifully endowed with wealth, and they have a magnificent establishment, No. 23 Rue de Constantine.

It is this set that the Countess of Castellane, otherwise Anna Gould, wishes to enter. The real aristocrats of France, however, it is said, are not disposed to receive her, and, in fact, there is some talk among the social leaders of the French capital of forming a league which will ostracize Frenchmen who marry foreigners for money and their wives who marry only for position.

FLANNEL SHIRT.

Now that the season for flannel suits is upon us, it will be interesting to learn how the most fastidious mountaineers, who wear flannel shirts the year around, preserve them from the abuses of the laundryman. The information comes from a gentlemen who spent years in Colorado, and whose shirts cost $5 and $6 apiece.

"Never wash your flannels," said he. "In Colorado it is regarded as sacrilege to wash a flannel shirt, no matter how long it's worn. All that is necessary to keep it perfectly clean and up to sanitary regulations is to give it plenty of fresh air. When a flannel shirt is taken off it's hung on a line where the sun and the night air can dally with it for forty-eight hours. Then it is carefully dusted and brushed, especially about the collar and cuffs, and is ready once more to be put on to wear. Of course, you can't do this with a white flannel shirt, but you can with flannel of any other color, and it is the only approved way in which garments of such material should be treated."

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