

SOCIETY GIRLS LEARNING TO SWIM.

Interesting Morning Scenes in the Swimming Tank at the Berkeley Lyceum,

While the Professor Shouts "One, Two, Kick with Your Legs and Keep Your Arms Moving!"

TEACHING THE TIMID BEGINNERS.

In Their Close-Fitting, Natty Bathing Suits the Young Women Make Attractive Pictures of Athletic Womanhood.

Silvery laughter, intermingled with a plaintive scream or two, then a splash, a troop of girls sitting on the edge of the tank, with their feet hanging gracefully over its sides and the instructions of the muscular, deep-chested professor, as he calls out "One, two, kick with your legs and keep your arms moving"—these are the sights and sounds to be witnessed and heard three mornings and afternoons a week at the swimming school for swell young women in the Berkeley Lyceum, in West Forty-fourth street.

Altogether it is a sight to witness and admire, for since the days of physical culture have come in the young women of the classes have become daintily healthy, strong-limbed and vigorous, and here, disporting themselves in the water with keen, sturdy strokes, clad only in close-fitting bathing garments of a single piece, waist and trousers, they make attractive pictures of splendidly athletic young womanhood.

There is no class, in the strict sense of the word, for each of the girls takes her lesson separately, the tank not being a very large one at the best. But so popular is the amusement that the same girls keep on coming on the same days, long after they have learned to swim perfectly, just for the sake of the exercise.

Monday, Wednesday and Friday are the days set apart for women, and by the hour of 11 on each of these days a dozen or more girls are always on hand. Though others come and go, and new recruits are being constantly added, there are thirteen girls who have made a sort of club of this swimming school all the winter, and seldom miss their three mornings a week in the water. No man, of course, is ever permitted to gaze upon their revels here, though many would like to be chosen to get a glimpse of the natty bathing suits, which are constructed on hygienic principles, and with hardly an exception are minus skirts. There is the instructor, of course—Professor Wilson, formerly of the Manhattan Athletic Club—but the girls do not mind him, and laugh and chatter precisely the same as if he were not around. They are very charming young ladies, all of them, and all belong to the Madison Avenue or Fifth Avenue set. Miss Helen Gould heads the list, being one of the most enthusiastic of this little coterie of water nymphs, and she is a splendid swimmer. Her costume in the water is one of the naggiest in the little club, but at the same time one of the least ostentatious. It consists of a dainty fitted waist and knickers all in one, fashioned of navy blue flannel, edged with white braid and supplemented with long black silk stockings. The waist is cut moderately low in the neck and is very short-sleeved.

The suits of the other young women resemble this, though stockings are not absolutely de rigueur, fully half of the club not wearing them at all. But all wear the sleeveless waists and close-fitting trousers. Among the other fair swimmers are Miss Emma Davis, Mrs. Isaac Lawrence, who is one of the best of the women bowlers of New York; Miss Rush, a wonderfully expert swimmer; Miss Bohanna; Miss Morgan, of Madison Avenue; the four Misses Jackson, of Madison Avenue; Mrs. Montrose, the cleverest diver of the club; Mrs. Moore and Mrs. E. J. Bloodgood.

After an hour in the pool, as they come out all aglow with their exercise, they are met by their maids, who give them a thorough rubbing down and then dress them. Once in their street clothes, they repair to the parlors above for a rest and a chat, or to wait for their carriages to carry them home.

The tank is thirty-five feet in length, by nine feet in width, and has a depth of five feet six inches to six feet at one end and 2 1/2 feet at the other. It is kept constantly filled with water at a temperature of 76 degrees. This makes the swimming during the winter months quite as pleasant as that to be had in the open air during the summer. Yet, so strong is the popular impression that the water in any tank must be cold during cold weather that the school does not get its full number of pupils until Spring is pretty well advanced.

In teaching the beginners the instructor does not go into the water with them, but stands on the edge of the tank calling out his instructions, and, however, in full bathing regiments, and nearly to jump in on the instant that he sees that he is needed. The neophyte is held up in a very ingenious way. Overhead, from one end of the tank to the other, a heavy wire is stretched, and on this a wheel runs, a wire attached to it hanging down to the surface of the pool. This wire is attached to a leather belt, which the girl who does not know how to swim puts on. Held up in this way even the most timid of novices feels perfectly safe. The wheel runs along the wire so easily that she can move ahead with very little effort, and in this way she is able to acquire the positions and the strokes rapidly.

THE NEW ROLLER SKATES.

It is Possible to Make Great Speed on a Good Road With the Skates Recently Shown in London.

At the Stanley show in London were exhibited improved roller skates, which, it is predicted, will soon compete with the bicycle for public favor—at least in those of the European countries which have good roads. They are shaped like a runner's ordinary skates; but instead of a runner each skate has two wheels, one behind the other, of about the size of a saucer and provided with rubber tires. They weigh about six pounds. On a good road a practiced skater can make astonishing speed, and this can easily be increased and checked by simply leaning one foot squarely behind the other. If roller skates practising the sport on the most crowded streets in London.

HERO OF THE HUDSON.

Newburg's Brave Fisherman, Thomas J. Simpson, Has Saved Twenty-seven Lives.

Twenty-seven people owe their lives to Thomas J. Simpson, a fisherman, who lives in a neat little cottage down on the river front at Newburg. Twenty-seven people he has rescued from watery graves, and almost twenty-seven times he has placed his life in peril, yet he wears no medal and his heroism is scarcely known beyond the borders of Newburg.

Simpson is fifty-eight years old, and is strong, robust and hearty. Few fishermen on the river pull a stronger oar. He is as most as he is heroic, and it requires considerable urging to get him to talk about the rescues he has made. He finally consented to-day, however, to tell some of his thrilling experiences.

"Oh, yes," said Simpson, "I've had some exciting experiences along this river, and I've saved some lives—twenty-seven in all—but I've never said much about it. I remember one night when nine clergymen were out in the river in a rowboat. They were visitors to Newburg to attend a Methodist conference. I heard them calling for help, and I rowed my big fish boat out into the darkness. Six of those dominies weighed over 200 pounds each, and they had sunk the boat until she had half filled with water. I got those six big fellows in my boat, and towed the balance ashore. I told you they were pretty well frightened, and a few minutes more would have sunk the boat, and all would have been drowned. "One winter night a few years ago I was out in the boat-house when I heard several voices yelling for help. The river was full of big cakes of ice, and the fog was so thick you could scarcely see a boat length ahead. I pushed out in the darkness alone.

WILL W. W. ASTOR BE LORD ASTOR?

Signs that Indicate that He Has an Eye on the Peerage.

Nothing to Prevent His Doing So, Provided the Queen is Willing.

HE IS CULTIVATING THE PRINCE.

Would Stand a Better Chance if Victoria's Eldest Son Occupied the Throne—His Case Not Hopeless, However, as It Stands.

Should Mr. W. W. Astor fulfill the expectations of his friends and secure English naturalization after marrying Lady Randolph Churchill, it is unlikely in the extreme that he would content himself with any mere knighthood such as that conferred upon the Brooklyn-born New Englander now known as Sir Ashmead Bartlett, or even with a baronetcy like that granted to the New York banker, Sir Curtis Lamson, as an acknowledgment for his services in connection with the laying of the Atlantic cable. The least thing with which so rich a man as Mr. Astor could be content is a peerage, with a seat in the House of Lords, which would place him, socially speaking, above all those shopkeepers both in and out of business who have received the privilege of prefixing the word "Sir" to their Christian

name. Certain it is that there is nothing whatsoever in Mr. Astor's antecedents and family connections to prevent him blossoming forth into a member of the British aristocracy, for the father of Lord Brassey commenced life as a day laborer, while his wife—that is to say, Lord Brassey's mother—peddled matches in the streets of Liverpool. The father of the late Earl Cairns was nothing but a village cobbler; and in point of ancestry neither of the two peers in question is in any way superior to "Lord" Astor.

This being the case, and Mr. W. W. Astor having sufficiently shown by his extensive investments in English land, as well as by the transfer of the management of his great American estates from New York to London, that he proposes to make his home altogether in the dominion of Queen Victoria, a report which is still further confirmed by the fact that his children have received their entire education in England, it only remains to consider and prefer the best means for transforming his very unsatisfactory title of "Mister" into that of "Lord."

SIGNIFICANT STRAWS.

It cannot be denied that Mr. Astor has already taken several very big and important steps in this direction. In the first place, he has subscribed so very largely to the Tory campaign fund that the leaders of the party have conferred upon him the only distinction that is within their power as long as he does not by process of law relinquit his American citizenship, an alien (that is, a citizen of the United States) into a full-fledged Briton—namely, they have elected him by special ballot and without going through the regular routine to a membership "honoris causa" of the Carlton Club. The latter is the great stronghold of the English Conservative party, and Mr. Astor at the present moment enjoys the distinction of being the only foreigner who is member of this exclusively political organization, where Lord Salisbury and other shining lights of the present administration are wont to resort for the purpose of holding council with the leaders of the Conservative army.

Another step taken by Mr. Astor, and which has yet to receive recognition from the present Administration, is the purchase and maintenance at an immense cost of an extremely influential evening paper, namely, the Pall Mall Gazette. The latter, developed by Mr. Astor to such an extent as to still further increase the potency of its utterances, is run by him regardless of expense, and not only did great service in helping the present administration into office, but likewise has gone on supporting it in a manner as to cast into the shade the services to the party on the part of all the other Tory journals. These are services which in England invariably receive recog-

nition in the shape of a title, and the city merchant, Mr. Hicks Gibby, who has just been transformed by the Queen into a Lord Altonham, has not received his peerage for restoring some twenty years ago, entirely at his own expense, the ancient and exquisitely beautiful Cathedral of St. Albans, nor yet for his eminence in mercantile life, but solely for having during a period of six or seven years devoted very large sums to financially backing the Tory organ, the St. James's Gazette, now entirely dwarfed by Mr. Astor's Pall Mall Gazette.

THE PRICE OF A PEERAGE. Both the great Mr. Pitt, who for so many years ruled Great Britain with a rod of iron as Prime Minister, and at a later date Lord Palmerston, expressed the opinion that every Englishman who could show that his antecedents were respectable and that he possessed an income from English land to the tune of \$100,000 a year, was entitled to claim a peerage from the Crown. No one can deny that Mr. Astor possesses all the qualifications for such a peerage, and the only opposition that would be likely to be raised to his elevation to the peerage, when once he has become an Englishman, would come from the Crown, or rather from the Queen herself, who, it is notorious in English court circles, is not partial to American, socially speaking. Yet there are means of getting around this difficulty if only Mr. Astor will take a leaf out of the book of Lord Glenconner, the proprietor of the conservative paper, the London Morning Post. Mr. Borthwick, as he was formerly, would have been made a peer years ago had he not shown too much independence and backbone to please Lord Salisbury. Realizing that he had nothing to hope from the Marquis, he determined to attain his aim through the Queen. Accordingly he made a point for two or three years of invariably hiring castles and villas in the neighborhood of the Queen's villa at

Balmoral. When the Queen was at Florence or Nice he would have a villa in the immediate neighborhood, while for several consecutive seasons he leased the nearest possible castle to her Highland home at Balmoral. Then he invited to stay with him people whom he knew to be in good odor at Court, and likewise a sprinkling of celebrated friends. On one occasion it would be Sarraute, on another Federwaki, or yet another Christine Nilsson, or one of the De Rozes. The Queen, whose existence at Balmoral is extremely monotonous and who

is passionately fond of music, would no sooner learn of the presence of these distinguished artists in the vicinity than, with the object of hearing them play or sing, she would send either her gentlemen or ladies in waiting, or else her children, to call at the Borthwick Castle. The Queen's household, and possibly even Her Majesty's children, would thereupon accept invitations to musical evenings at the Borthwicks, and the upshot of the whole matter would be that the artists would be invited to give a performance at Balmoral before Her Majesty, who, of course, could not do otherwise than invite the Borthwicks to attend it. These musicales, repeated for several years in succession, have had the result of ingratiating the Borthwicks with the Queen to a very marked degree, and when a year ago, Borthwick took advantage of the fact that the Queen's fourth daughter, Princess Louise, endeavored to relinquit her British citizenship, and a marble statue of Her Majesty at a cost of \$15,000, which statue he presented to the town hall at Kensington. It was at once apparent that the climax had been reached, and that Borthwick was within sight of his anxiously longed-for peerage.

THE PRINCE'S FRIEND.

Perhaps the future Lord Astor deems it wiser to pin his hopes upon the Prince of Wales rather than upon the Queen, sagaciously reasoning that Her Majesty's health is so frail that she might die at any moment, in which case, of course, all his manoeuvres, as far as she is concerned, would have to be recommenced afresh. What tends to confirm this impression that Mr. Astor is looking to the Prince rather than to the Queen is the fact that the millionaire has been purchasing horses on a very large scale and at proportionately big prices from the Prince of Wales. The latter, among his many hobbies, has developed the most insatiable passion for such poor results that until last summer he had never been able to make the venture pay. Last year, however, Mr. Astor appeared on the scene as a purchaser, manifestly pursuing the same tactics as those used by the new Lord Glenconner with regard to Princess Louise and the Queen. And since then Mr. Astor has made his way so rapidly in the financial good graces of His Royal Highness that he has not only been honored with invitations to Sandringham, but has also been specially chosen by the Prince to accompany him on his annual winter guest to several English country houses.

Should the Prince ascend the throne he could, of his own accord, convert Mr. Astor into a peer of the realm tomorrow, always providing that Mr. Astor has become naturalized, which many people on the other side of the Atlantic declare that he is already in process of accomplishing.

decorated and the already highly picturesque city will look even more wonderful by day and by night when the young Czar comes into it for the crown of his ancestors. Perhaps the most interesting features of this coronation are the preparations being made outside of Russian territory. The kings of Europe are deep in thought to send articles worthy of being sent on as presents. France, for example, has given her Ambassador, Count Montebello, an unlimited credit. This diplomat engaged fully six months ago a stately edifice in the finest quarter of Moscow and has fitted it up superbly. During the coronation he will give there, in the name of the republic, a series of brilliant fetes.

Montebello is now flying across the Continent to personally arrange for the bric-a-brac that is to be sent on to adorn his official home—hundreds of yards of Gobelin tapestry, canvases of priceless value, exquisite marbles, bronzes, furniture of the most elaborate description and curios that originally saw the light in many a corner of the world, for all France has been ransacked for these, that the republic's seat of government in the Russian Empire may be the most magnificent of any land. Germany, likewise, is putting her very best foot foremost, and Prince Radolin, the personal representative of the Kaiser, has been supplied with unlimited funds to make a finer showing than France, if possible. Austria has set aside 20,000 florins, or about \$15,000, to hire and furnish a suitable palace in Moscow.

Great Britain is making adequate preparations also, and the probability is that she will outstrip the Continental nations in gorgeousness, though such provisions as have been made are looked in the breasts of the Foreign Office and the Embassy, England will have to do this, for the reason that the Czarina is the own granddaughter of Her Majesty Victoria.

CROWNING THE GREAT WHITE CZAR.

Wonderful Splendor Will Attend the Coronation of Russia's Ruler.

Each Nation Will Try to Excel the Others in the Splendor of the Gifts.

ALL EUROPE IS STIRRED TO EFFORT.

The Display Will Far Surpass That of Any Similar Event in the History of the World.

It will be with ceremonies more magnificent than have ever taken place that Nicholas II. will be crowned Emperor of all the Russias in the Kremlin of Moscow, early in May. For months past the work of preparation has been going on under the charge of Nicholas's most experienced officers, with the collaboration of the entire Greek Church and hundreds of artists and master artisans.

The coronation will be divided into two parts—the great religious ceremony by which the Czar is actually crowned, and then the train of fetes and balls, at which all diplomatic Europe will be present. Each of these will be more imposing than those which have preceded it. In addition to this the city of Moscow itself will be well worth the attention of even the most jaded sightseers, for every building will be

sanctuary of St. Vladimir. Many of the fronts of the houses are in gay colors, too, and the shops are adorned with pictorial sign boards, showing the character of the business done within, all fairly good art, and lavish in the amount of paint and the high, rich tints that are put upon them.

Moscow in holiday garb will be another thing. From Riga to Vladivostok, and from Archangel to Kars, deputations of peasants and nobles will come laden with costly gifts. The Russian visitors alone will have to be numbered by the thousands, and, in addition to these, there will be hundreds of titled personages and nobilities from all over Europe. A special museum is to be set apart for the coronation gifts that will be received.

It is interesting to know that the reason of the selection of Moscow for the coronation is because it is the holy city of the Russias and the abiding place of the Greek Church. The primate of this stupendous religious organization will place the crown upon the young Czar's head, himself the head of the holy Russian Church as well as ruler of the Russias. This one ceremony in the great cathedral of Moscow will be marvellously imposing. Only nobility and the priesthood will be allowed to witness it, for these alone will be sufficient to fill the whole vast edifice.

A RAY THAT SHOCKS.

It is a Curious Fish of Strange Habits, and Makes Its Home in the Mediterranean.

Many people know of the electric eel of South America, but there are comparatively few who have heard of the torpedo or electric ray of the Mediterranean Sea. This curious fish is about the size and shape of a large frying pan with a short and exceedingly broad handle. It is flat and swims horizontally in the water. The torpedo, which is found principally in the Bay of Biscay and the shores of the Mediterranean Sea, is so called because

THE PRINCE AND THE MONEY LENDER.

Wales Has Recently Taken to Dining with Strange Guests.

Hints that His Highness is Following the Example of His Royal Grandfather.

SAM LEWIS, THE SHYLOCK, HIS FRIEND.

Jovial Ways of the King of the London Money Sharks—Evil Doings of Aristocracy Revealed.

It is possible to be a usurer, loaning money at the minimum rate of 60 per cent per annum, and yet to be considered as "safe," which is the German official expression used to designate a percentage of sufficient social importance to sit at table with royalty. For, following the example of his grand uncle, King George IV., who, while his apparent, frequently dined and supped in the company of old Manasseh Lopes, the West Indian Hebrew money lender, the Prince of Wales has now broken bread with Sam Lewis, the king of the cent per cent fraternity in London, who enjoys the doubtful distinction of having caused the financial ruin of a greater number of scions of the British aristocracy than any other Shylock in London.

The dinner in question was given by the Prince's intimate friend and college chum, Sir Frederick Johnstone, twice a winner of the Derby and a fellow co-responder of the Prince of Wales in the celebrated Mordant divorce case. Inasmuch as etiquette requires that whoever is accorded the honor of entertaining royalty shall, first of all, submit to his illustrious guest a list of the other people to be invited, for his sanction or disapproval, it must be taken for granted that the Prince was both ready and anxious to dine with the notorious Sam Lewis.

The dinner, which was given just before Sir Frederick Johnstone left London for the South of France, and especially the presence of the Prince of Wales at the same table with the usurer, has served to revive the rumors according to which the capital at the disposal of Sam Lewis for his money lending business is, or rather was, put up by a couple of men, one of whom is a peer, while the other one is alleged to be Sir Frederick Johnstone himself. Of course, it is difficult to give any positive assurance upon the subject, and one can only content one's self with recalling the persistent rumors current about the matter, and likewise the fact that at least one young peer has publicly charged Sir Frederick with the association, and has held him up to social obloquy in connection therewith. Although Lord Willoughby was unable to furnish sufficient proofs to carry his accusations home, yet the mere fact that Sir Frederick should have failed to have resented them in a court of law lends considerable color and foundation to the rumors current on the subject. It is easy to see how valuable the co-operation of such a man as Sir Frederick Johnstone, possessed of special information and knowledge concerning the financial position and prospects of men in society, would be to a usurer such as Sam Lewis.

Sam Lewis has social aspirations of no small order, and taking his predecessor, Manasseh Lopes, for an example, sees no reason why he should not, like the latter, develop into a member of the territorial aristocracy of Great Britain. He is to be found, like the remainder of the English world of fashion, on the Riviera every Spring, and is, of course, a frequent visitor to the lovely villa, or rather chateau, which Sir Frederick Johnstone owns there, and which is rented over by a very charming lady of title, not Sir Frederick's wife, and with whom the Baronet eloped years ago, but who, in spite of her invidious position, frequently acts as hostess there to the Prince of Wales, the old Duke of Cambridge, and other royal guests of Sir Frederick.

This king of money lenders has also lately developed into a landed magnate, having become the possessor of the beautiful seaside estate and country seat near Maldenhead on the Thames, recently owned and inhabited by the Dowager Countess of Cowley, who is believed to have been forced to surrender her lovely home to him in consequence of her having become involved in his financial toils. Possibly when the Prince ascends the throne Sam may blossom forth into a baronet in the same way as Sir Manasseh Lopes. The latter, who used to follow about King George IV. while Prince of Wales with dirty rolls of hundred pound Bank of England notes, and charge his royal client 100 per cent for three month notes, received a baronetcy by way of part repayment as soon as ever George became Prince Regent. He was succeeded in the baronetcy by his grandnephew, who has transformed his former name of Manasseh into Massey, and who is known as Sir Massey Lopes.

Sir Massey, who is a Christian, has become a regularly recognized member of the English aristocracy. Marrying a daughter of Lord Mansfield, he entered Parliament and has held office as Civil Lord of the Admiralty, on retiring from which office he was created a member of the Queen's Privy Council, and as such has a right to preface the words "Right Honourable" to his name. His eldest son is married to a daughter of the Earl of Mount-Edgcumbe. She is a godchild of the Queen, and her father, who is exceedingly proud of his family, of his rank and ancestry, has on several occasions held office as Lord Steward of the royal household. One of Sir Massey's brothers is a Privy Councillor like himself, and one of the Lords Justices of Appeal. "Sir Massey is a great character in his way, and innumerable stories are current about him, not only in London, but also in Devonshire. Here he was the beautiful estate of Marlston. He is the hero of the sketch published by the celebrated caricaturist, John Leech, in Punch years ago. The picture represents a carriage driving along with a coachman and footman on the box dressed in new liveries and in the act of being drenched by a sudden shower of rain. The occupant of the vehicle is popping his head out of the window, and exclaiming: "Good gracious, how it rains! Here, you fellows, hand me those new topcoats and hats inside!"

It may be added that the motto chosen by old Manasseh Lopes when he was granted a baronet's bearing, on being created a baronet was "Quid tibi id est," which may be interpreted as "Do unto others as thou wouldst be done to." Certainly a strange motto for one who owed his wealth and fortune to professional usury. It remains to be seen what device will be adopted by the Prince of Wales's friend when he blossoms forth into Sir Samuel Lewis.

IS THE SULTAN A MADMAN?

He Has Attacks of Insane Rage and Excessive Merriment, and the Lives of His Officials Are Often in Danger.

The Appenzeller Zeitung says the Sultan is not quite in his right mind; that he often has attacks of insane rage, and then shows a frenzied hatred against the Armenians. His attendants are very much afraid of him, often not venturing to enter his cabinet. He rushes from hall to hall, talking to himself. A short time ago he shot an adjutant who happened to make a motion with his right hand which the sovereign considered suspicious. Again, he has fits of excessive merriment—particularly when he has reason to believe that the five Powers are in accord. But whenever the Sultan's domination would be so deplorable and his position so critical, if he knew the Powers to be in accord. But whenever some pretext or another, thus deferring active interference by the others. It is this diplomatic game which makes the Sultan, always some glaring, brilliant color—and the cupolas of the numberless churches are in hue, picked out with gold and silver stars, or else they are one shining hideous mass of gold, as is the enormous



Swimming Glass of the "400" at the Berkeley Lyceum.