

VANDERBILT'S MAJOR DOMO.

His Theory of Dining as a Fine Art—The Advantage He Claims.

Joseph Dugniol, the cook to whom it is said Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt is to give \$10,000 a year, is a well built little man only about five feet tall. He was born in Birmingham, England. He looks like an Englishman, and speaks the language with a strong cockney accent, and he has an Englishman's love for boxing, and uses the slang of the ring. His parents, he says, were French.

"If I were rich enough not to have to work," he said, "I should still do my business for the love of it. I am an artist, and I have invented a new school of dining. Because a man is rich he cannot eat more than a poor man, and yet the idea of a fine dinner has been to give a great number of courses. It is a mistake. When a man has eaten his oysters, his soup, his entrees, his fish, what chance has he to enjoy his mutton or fowl? When he has eaten all, his stomach is so full and he raised his hat with both hands slowly above his head to indicate the effect of the dinner he has just eaten."

"I make him want to eat. First he must be hungry, and then I put things before him so that he wants them. If I want him to eat oranges, for instance, I offer them to his neighbor. He sees them and asks for them."

He comes from the Malson, Pallard, in the Chaussee d'Antin. "It is only a little place," he said, "with only sixteen tables. When I went there the business was all run down. I built it up by treating each person as if he were my guest, and studying his tastes."

The little director is an antecote at the table. He does not let his guests have whatever they like, for fear it may clog their appetites. "I make them ask for things and keep them waiting. Suppose I have served a dinner like this today: A soup, some fish, and a woodcock, with coffee and fruit. To-morrow my customer asks for woodcock. 'I am sorry, sir, but I cannot prepare it. But in a day or two he will ask for it again, and then I let him have it. If I let him tire of anything, then my art would be gone.'"

A great advantage which Mr. Dugniol claims for his system is that it leaves him so much greater variety of food to offer on different days. "Suppose," he said, "I cook everything that is to be had for one great dinner, what is there for to-morrow?"

It is not to be supposed from this language that Joseph is going to cook anything with his own hands. He does not even profess to be able to do this, although his father was a restaurateur and Joseph grew up in the business.

"I can cook many things," he said, "and I can carve as few men can, but I can tell the cook how to prepare his food and warn him if he has failed to secure the proper flavor."

It may be interesting to know how Joseph will serve a woodcock to Mr. Vanderbilt. It will be cooked only ten minutes before it is brought on the table. "I will bring it on while the fish is being eaten, and I have an alcohol burner on the table. It has a sauce of red wine and gravy in it. I carve the bird and put all the bones and back into the sauce. The odor and appearance of the bird excites the appetite. It takes twenty-five minutes to cook a woodcock. The bird has only been cooked ten minutes when I carve it. Now I send the meat back to the oven for fifteen minutes, and the back and the bones, in which the richest flavor is found, are left to stew. When the meat comes back it is on a hot plate, and I strain the rich sauce over it."—New York Sun.

Following a Slight Mistake.

It is surprising to know that a great failure of a business house will sometimes follow the very slight mistake of a clerk. Only a short time ago I feared we would have to record an unpleasant occurrence of this kind in St. Louis. Two young men are doing a prosperous wholesale business here, in whose house a small error happened recently, which might have caused a collapse of the firm. According to custom a list of notes falling due at foreign banks each month is given to the bookkeeper or some proper person around the office, who is expected to go to the home bank with which the firm deals and have all the notes paid. The bookkeeper of this particular house was given a list of the notes for one month, but inadvertently failed to report one of the bills due in New York, and the error was not noticed by the home bank. The note went to protest before the firm knew that it had not been paid, but when the error was discovered a settlement promptly followed. Suppose that the creditors of the firm had heard that the note had gone to protest, they would have jumped to the conclusion that the firm was financially embarrassed. All the creditors would have rushed in at once, probably, and under the immense pressure a disastrous failure might have been precipitated. The penalty of a successful mercantile man lies in his accurate knowledge and careful supervision of the details of his business.—J. B. Young in Globe-Democrat.

Forests and Rainfall.

Forests are known to diminish evaporation and preserve moisture, and this has been explained by the lower temperature and greater humidity which exists under their shadows. The most important factor in the production of this state of affairs is, however, the resistance which is offered to the winds by the woods. The force of the winds being greatly reduced under the trees, the air is changed more slowly, and the moisture less readily carried away. The quantity of rain increases in the vicinity of a forest. During the rainy season the moss and herbage of woods store up the moisture for consumption during the dry season, and it is in this way that luxuriant forest growths are permitted to flourish in regions where it never rains except in the fall and winter, as is the case on the coast of the Caspian sea.—Globe-Democrat.

Stonewall Jackson and the Priest.

Dr. J. William Jones, the gallant Confederate veteran, was standing with some friends on Broad street bridge waiting for the procession on Decoration day. "I wonder," someone asked, "if any body of troops ever moved exactly on time?"

"Never," replied the doctor quietly, "I imagine, since Stonewall Jackson died."

This seemed to set the reminiscence mood and the doctor continued:

"By the way, did you ever hear the close of the prayer made by Father Dubert, the brave Catholic priest who was chaplain of Hay's brigade? It was in New Orleans, on a big Confederate day, and Father Dubert was praying. He had eulogized the Confederate soldier in Gen. Stonewall Jackson in particular—when he closed with these words: 'And now, Almighty God our Father, thou knowest that when thou madest up thy mind that the Confederacy should be defeated in war thou found it necessary to remove thy servant, Stonewall Jackson, before this could accomplish thy purpose!'

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Modern Civilization in France.

The personal effects of Marie Reznault, the murdered mistress of Pranzini, have been sold at public auction at the Hotel Drouot. There was a terrible crowd, including many ladies of fashion and aristocratic rank. All the effects of the dead woman were sold, including her clothing, and almost fabulous prices were paid. For example, a pair of blue silk corsets brought \$47. A trashy novel which she was reading just before she was killed brought \$25. The publisher's price of it is 75 cents. The blue silk stockings which she had on when she was killed were purchased by a Russian countess for \$43. A basin in which Pranzini was said to have washed the blood from his hands after the murder brought \$15. A chandelier, on which are to be seen the marks of his bloody fingers, brought \$85. A heavy coat of waterproof transparent varnish has been put over the finger marks to prevent them from being obliterated. A pair of common silk garters brought \$5 each.

One lady, a rich banker's wife, paid \$32 for a pink silk undershirt, considerably worn, and at once stripped off the half dozen buttons and sold them for \$3 apiece. A tooth brush brought \$4 and a shoe button \$3, though neither cost over 50 cents new. A wife of a deputy wears a brooch containing a tiny gilded noose made of Pranzini's hair, and another lady, a duchess, has set in a ring one of the handsome teeth for which the murderer was famous. She bribed the executioner to knock it out of his jaw for her, as soon as he was dead. As is well known, the corpse of Pranzini was completely skinned, and the tanned hide made up into pocket books, card cases and other souvenirs, which are highly prized.—The Argonaut.

Oscar and His Magazine.

I met Mr. O. While not long since in London. He stood on the corner of Bond street and proudly delivering a series of deep guttural and heart felt reflections on the mud and particularly at a large and lavish display of it that had been spread over his attire by the wind of a passing lamson.

A social change has come over the erstwhile apostle of asceticism. Where a waist once existed there is now a billowy, bagging and complacent protuberance that with not of sunflowers and lilies, nor yearns for sickly yellows and pallid greens. It indicates instead a rampant, clamorous and passion tossed yearning for beer that has been met by a generous hand. Mr. Wilde's outline would do credit to an alderman. His reddish hair was clipped close and topped by a beaver hat in a cocky sort of way, and his trousers were rolled up in a fashion that allowed the server's eye free play over a pair of sturdy walking boots. As a matter of detail it may be added that the trousers (the pet aversion of the former aesthete's life) were ill fitting and bagged at the knee. Mr. Wilde's increasing corpulence has destroyed the strong lines of his face, but added an element of rubicund good nature. He was ruddy and comfortable looking.

"I suppose," he said, before we separated, "that you remember some of the remarks I used to make about journalism?"

"I have a vivid recollection of a speech you made one night at the Lotus club in New York, in which you denounced 'the ink stained creatures of the press.'"

"Ah, yes. Well, I'm one of them now. My magazine is my only aim."

He is making a success of it, too. It is one of the few instances where a man of violent enthusiasms becomes a money maker.—Bakely Hall in New York Sun.

Professional Artists a Terror.

Art stores and the dealers in artists' supplies are not supported to any degree by professional talent, as in fact no dealer cares to cater to that class of trade. Professional artists are a terror to business men, for they seem to have no ideas of ways and means of transacting business, and think it all the same whether they pay in a day or a year. Then the successful men want you to loan to them and submit to insult and reduction on the contracted lines of all engaged in trade. They will force their pictures on the public whether the execution is good, bad or indifferent, and when the dealer remonstrates they turn a scornful nose and caustically comment on the terrible lack of art culture among the uneducated.

There are men in the art supply business who have informed me that their most sincere wish was that a real professional would never cross the threshold of their stores. The artists who have had sense enough to forego the ambition to become famous and turned their pencils and brushes into commercial work have found a reward commensurate with the cost of early training. There are a dozen commercial artists in St. Louis who today claim incomes ranging from \$3,000 to \$6,000, that lift them from the penury and uncertainty of a Bohemian whose life is devoted to catching the public fancy. The public is too whimsical, and although you may captivate it, the taste of fashion will lead the crowds away from yesterday's favorite.—Charles E. Ault in Globe-Democrat.

An Expert Bee Catcher.

There is a wonderful brown and golden bird in Mexico, a species of bee martin, that is a remarkably expert bee catcher. He has a way of ruffling up the feathers on top of his head so that his crest looks exactly like a beautiful flower. When a bee comes along to sip honey from this delicious blossom it is snatched up and devoured.—Chicago Herald.

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