

TITLES AND STRIPES.

SCIONS OF EUROPEAN ARISTOCRACY NOW IN PRISON.

A Sorry List of Unfortunate Victims of the Inevitable Consequences of Idle Ancestry—Two Italian Princes Suffer for a Shocking Murder.



HE sentence of Lady Scott in London for circulating libels concerning her son-in-law, Earl Russell, calls attention to the fact that there are at present in Europe quite a number of other people of title and rank undergoing more or less lengthy terms of imprisonment.

Lady Gunning, widow of Sir Henry Gunning and granddaughter of the second Lord Churchill, is serving a term of several years' penal servitude for having forged the name of her father to a number of notes, on which she subsequently raised money from London note discounters and tradesmen. She might have escaped with a punishment less severe had the fact not been brought to light during the trial that her frauds had extended over a number of years, and that the financial necessities which had prompted her to resort to this means of obtaining money had been caused by her recklessness in betting on the races.

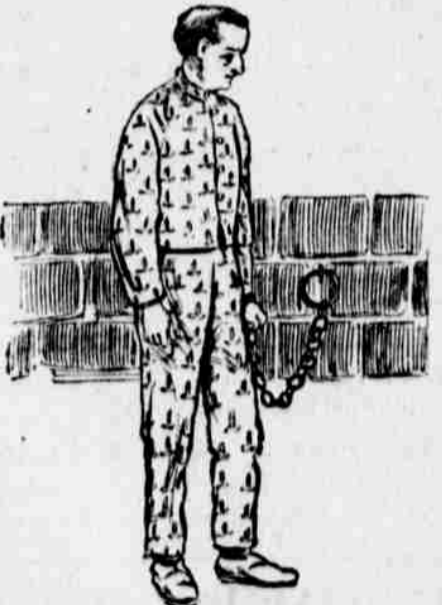
Another lady of high social standing who was recently called upon to undergo imprisonment with hard labor was the wife of Captain Osborne, of the crack cavalry regiment of Scots Greys. Mrs. Osborne, who belonged by birth to the aristocratic house of Elliott, and who had inherited in her own right a little fortune of about \$8,000 a year, had purloined the pearl necklace of her dearest friend, Mrs. Hargreave, while staying at the latter's castle, and had then sold it to a London jeweler in order to pay some pressing liabilities.

Equal severity was extended to Gwynnett Maude, granddaughter of the Earl of Montal, who was sentenced to a couple of years' imprisonment with hard labor for obtaining goods under false pretenses.

The Dowager Duchess of Sutherland, more fortunate, was exempted from hard labor and convict garb during the six months' imprisonment that she recently underwent. She was convicted of destroying, in the presence of lawyers and judges, a document which had been impounded by the court and which was stated to contain evidence that would have doomed her to defeat in a suit against her son-in-law, the present Duke. She completed her term in Holloway prison, where Lady Scott is now undergoing her punishment, and, like the latter, was permitted many little luxuries beyond the reach of ordinary every-day prisoners.

Mrs. Montague, daughter of Lord Robert Montague, was convicted a year or two ago of the most shocking cruelty to her children, one of whom succumbed thereto. The popular feeling was that she deserved hanging. But owing to the tremendous influence exercised in her behalf by all the relations of the ducal house of Manchester, to which she belongs, she was let off with a term of two years' imprisonment without hard labor.

In times gone by an English duchess, namely, Her Grace of Kingston, underwent imprisonment for bigamy and forgery. At the present moment there are actually relatives of the Queen who are "doing time." They bear the name of Count and Countess Leiningen and belong to the princely and sovereign house of that name. The first husband of Queen Victoria's mother was a Prince of Leiningen. While



PRINCE VALLARDA.

the Count is wearing stripes in an English penitentiary, the Countess is in jail at Vienna for a long series of crimes, including forgery, blackmailing and swindling.

The Marchioness of Donegal, a peeress of Great Britain, has time and again been sent to jail, generally for brief periods, following her arrest in the streets of London for drunkenness and disorderly conduct.

American visitors to Baden-Baden, a couple of years ago were brought into contact with a Baroness von Gleisenberg and her very pretty daughter. The latter was in great demand owing to her magnificent contralto voice. She took part in many of the charitable entertainments during the season. Both of these ladies are now serving a sentence of four years' imprisonment for larceny and fraud. During the course of the trial it was shown that although they belong to one of the oldest families of Prussia, yet for four years previous to their conviction they had been living almost exclusively on the proceeds of crime. Among their fellow inmates in prison is Countess

Waldeck, a member of the reigning family of that name, and first cousin of that Princess Waldeck who married Queen Victoria's youngest son. She is undergoing punishment for perjury and forgery of so aggravated a character that not all the influence brought to bear by her princely relatives was able to exempt her from penalty.

It enjoys the distinction of possessing two convict dukes. They are the chiefs of the grand old Sicilian princely house of Villarosa, and are undergoing a term of penal servitude in the great penitentiary of Maddelena, near Naples, for the cowardly murder of a young infantry lieutenant named Leone, who was betrothed to their sister, the Princess Catarini. The assassination took place at Palermo, in the magnificent Villarosa palace, which they own there. They had invited the young officer to dine with them in the most friendly manner. After dinner the two princes took his life by stabbing him as he was about to leave the palace.

In the same prison is the Prince Caracciolo, sentenced to ten years' hard labor for the murder of his wife. A very beautiful woman, she notoriously deserted him, and when one day she was found poisoned with arsenic purchased by him, and leaving a will in which her immense property was bequeathed to him, he was very naturally arrested as her murderer.

Powerful Devil Fish.

The Sportsmen's Review tells of the strength of the devil fish, which are caught regularly as a pastime at only one point on the gulf. The fishermen of Naples on the Gulf of Mexico fish



PRINCE CHARICOLA.

for devil fish and get them. "Col. Bob Holloway," according to the Review, "was fishing for the monsters with a party of friends, from a naphtha launch, when they had a strike. The launch was twenty-five feet long and contained ten persons. This the fish towed around for an hour, attaining a speed of six knots at times, in spite of the fact that the propeller of the launch was backing. The whole fight was in sight of the hotel guests, who had assembled to see the battle between fin and propeller. When the animal was finally tired out and towed ashore it required six men to drag it out. On propping its mouth open, a salt barrel could have been rolled into it. It measured twenty-two feet from wing tip to wing tip."

Another Naples fish story follows: "Mrs. Hugh McDonald was fishing for sharks. She had a bite. On pulling in, the head of a shark that had been at least four feet long was found. Some shark had bitten the first capture in two. Later the big fellow was hooked by Mrs. McDonald and was pulled in. The second shark was more than fifteen feet long."

Craze for Stealing Horses.

One of the most peculiar prisoners in the Georgia penal camps is Gyp South, a twelve-year-old white boy, the son of respectable parents, who has been sentenced to five years for horse stealing. It is shown that up to ten years of age he was an exemplary boy. At that period he had an attack of brain fever. After this attack he seemed to have a mania for horses, and his father bought him a horse and buggy. Within three days Gyp drove to a wagon yard, and gave the rig away. The next day he went down to a coal yard and stole a mule and wagon. Strange to say he is normal for three weeks, and in the fourth he is uncontrollable. In the penal camp he carries this peculiarity, and each fourth week goes about stealing the prison horses just as if he were free.

Dangers of Golf.

How easily a fatal accident may occur at golf was recently shown in England. It is pretty certain that a ball driven hard will kill a man, but in this case death was caused merely by the raising of the club preparatory to striking. The report says that an inquest was held at the Neptune hotel, Old Hunstanton, on the body of Hubert Coker Ridgers, 16, who died on the golf links, having been accidentally struck on the back of the head by a fellow caddy named Beverley, the deceased being behind him when he raised the club preparing to strike the ball. He died in a few minutes from concussion of the brain.—San Francisco Examiner.

Much Better.

Nervous Prisoner—"Had I better get hold of a lawyer, do you think? It's three years if they convict me." Friendly Constable—"Humph! In that case you'd better get hold of a jurymen."—Truth.

Insurance companies claim that bicycling is more dangerous than traveling either by rail or ship.

THEATRICAL LETTER.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF THE PLAYERFOLK.

New York Correspondent Tells of the New Plays and Players of the Past Month—Mary Mannering and Louise Baudet—John Hare Again.



HE new productions of the month in New York include "Castle Sombra," by Richard Mansfield, at the Garden Theater; "The Rogue's Comedy," by E. S. Willard; "The Girl from Paris," at the Herald Square Theater, by Edward E. Rice's company; "An American Beauty," at the Casino, by Lillian Russell; "The Seats of the Mighty," at the Knickerbocker, by Herbert Beerbohm Tree; the opening drama of the Empire stock season; two new plays by the Lyceum Theater Stock Company; the production of "The Hobby Horse," by John Hare; and the first New York performances of Charles Hoyt's "A Contented Woman." The New York public certainly has no reason to complain of either the quality or the quantity of the material brought to its consideration in the theaters. There has not been a season within the writer's recollection when the stage offerings have been so rich or so widely varied as they have been thus far during the

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MARY MANNERING.

winter term until surprise is felt that the supply has not been exhausted.

A Pronounced Failure.

The most undoubted failure of the season since the production of "The Liar" at Hoyt's Theater early in September, was "The Seats of the Mighty," with which Mr. Tree opened his New York season at the Knickerbocker. The play was announced as a dramatization of Gilbert Parker's novel of the same name, but proved to possess very few if any of the good qualities of that tale, demonstrating either that the book was not suited to dramatization—as is often the case with really interesting examples of current fiction



LOUISE BAUDET.

—or that it was very imperfectly treated in its transfer from the library to the stage. Its conversations were long drawn out, and at times there was an evident and undisguisable effort at epigram which proved to be anything but diverting. The action was slow and halting, and the character assumed by Mr. Tree fell short of expectations. So also, we may add, did Mr. Tree's assumption of it. The play was placed upon the stage in an elaborate and lavish way, and only the most complete weakness in the drama itself could have occasioned the failure. It was abandoned, after a single week, in favor of "The Dancing Girl," and other pieces in Mr. Tree's repertoire. These served to fill out the New York engagement. Mr. Tree's company this year is not brilliant. The only members commanding praise are Kate Rorke and Lionel Brough.

"The Rogue's Comedy."

The offering made by Mr. E. S. Willard upon his return to New York, at

Wallack's (formerly Palmer's) Theater on the evening of Dec. 7, was a new play from the pen of Henry Arthur Jones, called "The Rogue's Comedy." The drama had already been played in England with considerable success, and had also been presented in Boston prior to Mr. Willard's New York engagement. This actor first won his spurs in London as an interpreter of what are known to the people of the theater as "heavy parts"—otherwise, villains. In the melodramas produced by Wilson Barrett at the Princess Theater, Mr. Willard was for several seasons observed in various phases of rascality, and he played these parts so well that he won the cordial approbation of the critics and the corresponding and more vociferous hostility of the occupants of pit and gallery. He acquired in that line of acting a certain immobility of countenance and repression of the emotions which he was never able to entirely shake off in his subsequent interpretations of more sympathetic roles after he became a star.

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MARY MANNERING.

Mansfield (Beatrice Cameron) have continually grown, not alone in personal favor, but in artistic range. Mr. Mansfield is easily at the head of the dramatic profession in America, with no apparent danger of receding in favor of other players.

The Girl from Paris.

In lighter vein is the imported musical comedy called "The Girl from Paris," which had its initial American performance at the Herald Square Theater, Tuesday evening, Dec. 8. This piece has enjoyed an extended and prosperous career through the English provinces under the title, "The Gay Parisienne," but its name was changed for America owing to its similarity to "The Gay Parisians," which ran the better part of last winter at Hoyt's Theater. The cast contains Josephine Hall, Joseph Herbert, Clara Lipman, Louis Mann, and other comedy players of note.

John Hare's Return.

Mr. John Hare's return to American soil has not been marked by any new production of great import. His repertoire for this season consists principally of such time-worn but always charming plays as "School," "Ours," and the other Robertson comedies. His only new piece, at the Knickerbocker Theater January 4, was "The Hobby Horse," by A. W. Pinero. The piece is noticeable principally for its literary merit, which is of the high order always to be expected from this author. Mr. Hare as an actor grows upon his audiences. When he first came to this country he did not seem likely to win success, but as his engagement progressed his popularity increased, and he found a warm welcome awaiting him upon his return the other night.

The Countess Leonie.

"The Courtship of Leonie," the first play of the regular season at the Lyceum Theater, was somewhat more melodramatic in tone than the patrons of that establishment had been accustomed to, but was received with decided favor and ran for several weeks to large attendance. In addition to its own merits, it introduced to New York Miss Mary Mannering, who had not previously played in this city.

The Rich.

Panfy Pete frowned heavily. "See here, tendertoot," he said, "that brogue of yours is too rich. It'll get you into trouble. Our people are powerfully down on plutocracy."—Detroit Journal.

ARM MADE OF GLASS.

A NEW YORK MAN HAS A VALUABLE MEMBER.

Reasons for the Unusual Material—Marvelous Mechanism in the Interior—Small Switchboard with Electric Buttons.



HE use that glass is being put to nowadays are truly legion. Houses have even been built of that fragile material, statues have been cast in it, furniture of all kinds, from beds to tables and chairs have been fashioned from it, while for a long time past all sorts of surgical instruments and appliances have been made of it, says the New York Recorder. Without glass Sir Joseph Lister's principles of antiseptics and the present system of aseptic surgery would be well-nigh impossible. Nothing can be so easily kept clean as glass, and as cleanliness is the key-note of the marvelously successful surgery of today the modern operating room is a veritable crystal palace. The operating tables, the instrument cases and often even the ceiling and walls of these rooms are all of purest polished plate glass.

Glass eyes have long replaced the lost organs of vision and can be made so cleverly as to almost defy detection. Glass noses are even made, and if we go far back in history, even to the history of fairyland, we would probably discover that the existing impetus to the glass industry dates back to Cinderella's slippers of fabled fame. But these are fin de siecle days, and the most recent and at the same time most marvelous use glass has been put to is in the making of artificial limbs.

There is a man in New York today—a prominent downtown business man at that—who, so far as his friends, or, at least, all but his most intimate and confidential friends, know, has two arms as good and as serviceable as any one's else, whose left arm is made of glass.

The only thing, so far as appearances are concerned, that would indicate that anything is the matter with his arm is the fact that he invariably carries his left hand in his pocket. When questioned about it he settles all doubt by simply answering: "Rheumatism. I'm subject to it. If I don't keep my hand warm it gets chilled and I suffer in consequence, so I keep it my pocket—that's all." And the questioner usually goes away perfectly satisfied. But the story of this wonderful glass arm—the only one in existence—is well worth being told. Some years ago Mr. B—y, the gentleman in question, was out shooting. Somehow or other the muzzle of the weapon became clogged up with sand and exploded when discharged, lacerating Mr. B—y's left arm in the most frightful manner. He was taken to his uptown home and the most skillful surgeons summoned, but to no avail; the arm had to be amputated to save the man's life, for symptoms of blood-poisoning speedily developed.

To be maimed and an object of pity for the rest of one's life is anything but pleasant, and so soon as he was able to be about Mr. B—y set sail for Europe, "for his health." It was said, but in reality it was in search of an arm. A huge ulster and bandages innumerable concealed the fact of his loss from his fellow-passengers until he had once reached his state-room and there he remained until the end of the voyage.

The only persons who accompanied him were his young daughter, a beautiful girl then 17 years old, but now one of the pets of the exclusive society set of Murray Hill, and one man. This man is an inventor of national reputation and, so far as the public was concerned, went to Europe simply for a holiday. His name is as familiar to the public as that of Edison and his marvelous laboratories are in the heart of New York.

He had little to do with either Mr. or Miss B—y during the course of the voyage, but a week after the arrival of the French liner at Havre the trio met at Venice and the most skillful glassblower in that Italian city was taken into their confidence.

The result was that some three months later Mr. B—y returned to New York, hale and hearty, with two arms. The hand of his left arm is never gloved unless its mate is also gloved, and the closest scrutiny fails to reveal any difference between it and the natural hand, and yet it is nothing but glass to within five inches of the elbow.

Some time ago it was discovered that if a small quantity of oil were poured into molten glass it would greatly lessen its friability and make it very elastic, and of this peculiar elastic glass is the arm made. It has a dull finish, giving an exact appearance of natural skin, and the coloring is the work of an artist and burned in. The nails are of separate pieces of transparent glass, fused into place, and have to be kept clean like ordinary finger nails. The arm itself is hollow and the hidden parts, above the wrist, are colorless, transparent glass. It is made in three pieces—the one reaching to the elbow, the center piece to the wrist, and the third the hand.

Escape.

"Aren't you late in getting home from Sunday school, Bobby?" "Well, I guess! There was a man there who made an all-day speech and I thought he would never get out." "Who was he?" "Aw, I forgot his name, but he was an escaped missionary."—Judge.

USE OF SLANG.

Delicate Application of It Made Skillful Adepts.

The really amusing feature of slang, says a writer in the Illustrated American, is not the expression itself so much as the delicate and fanciful application of it made by skillful hands. "Don'tcher know" has been established so extensively and generally that the listener's ear takes no more notice of it than of a punctuation mark. Nevertheless, it is an irritation to hear it constantly repeated. "You understand me, you see what I mean?" thrown in at the end of every sentence, even though the conversation may be about the simplest matter, causes a nervously intelligent auditor to feel that he is being mistaken for an imbecile. To ask a man with special emphasis if he understands, when the subject before him could be understood by a child of 2, borders on insult. The good-humored, pachydermatous speaker has no appreciation of the irritation he is causing nor of the keen sarcasm of the occasional reply he elicits. Slang seems to be the natural mode of expression for the boy at school and college. From him it spreads to his sisters and not to know the meaning of all the complicated and arbitrary terms argues one's self out of the world of youth. To be in sympathy with it one must have at least a bowing acquaintance with this strange and ephemeral language.

Answered.

James T. Fields, the Boston publisher, had a good memory, and his knowledge of English literature was well known to be both accurate and extensive. An exchange relates an amusing story of a would-be wit who once tried to entrap him. The incident occurred at a dinner party. Before Mr. Fields' arrival one of the gentlemen informed the other guests that he had written some lines which he intended to submit to Mr. Fields as Southey's, and to ask in which of that author's works they could be found. At a lull in the conversation after the dinner was in progress the would-be wit began:

"Mr. Fields, I have been somewhat puzzled of late in searching out in Southey's poems his well-known lines running thus," repeating the lines he had composed. "Can you tell me when he wrote them and where they are to be found?"

"I do not remember to have met with them before," replied the publisher; "and there were only two periods in Southey's life when such lines could possibly have been written by him."

"When were those?"

"Somewhere," said Mr. Fields, "about that early period of his existence when he was having the measles or cutting his first teeth, or near the close of his life when his brain was softened. The versification belongs to the measles period, but the ideas betray the idiotic one."

The company roared.

Bullets Deflected by Electricity.

At a recent rifle meeting in Switzerland it was discovered, according to a Geneva Journal's report, that the steel-jacketed bullets of the marksmen were swerved from their course by the influence of telegraph and telephone wires running alongside the range. Experiments were then made at Thun by placing four steel cables parallel with the range, and about 40 yards distant from it, and sending a current of 8,000 volts through them. The effect, it is said, was to turn the bullets so far from their course that the deviation amounted to 24 yards on a range of 260 yards. The bullets on being taken from the targets were found to be magnetized. Next, on an artillery range of 3,000 yards, the electro-magnetic influence was generated 200 yards in front of the targets and 40 yards to one side. The projectiles were swerved 14 degrees from a straight line.

Birds Strangely Concealed.

Mr. A. H. Thayer, an artist, believes he has discovered that the light color of the under parts of birds and small mammals serves to conceal them from their enemies. At a recent meeting of the American Ornithologists' Union he proved by experiments that an object nearly of the color of the ground, like a potato, is very conspicuous when placed a few inches above the soil and viewed from a little distance. But when the under side is painted white, and gradually shaded into the color of the upper part, the object disappears by blending with the ground; the whiteness beneath counteracts the effect of the shadow of the body.

White Slaves of Old England.

Eight hundred years ago all of the large cities of England had regular slave markets for the sale of white slaves from all parts of the kingdom. In the "Life of Bishop Wulfstand" the writer says: "It was a moving sight to see in the public market rows of young people of both sexes tied together and sold like cattle—men, unmindful of their obligations, delivering into slavery their relatives, and even their own children." In another part of this work it is noted that among these slaves were "particularly young women, of fine proportions and of great beauty."

Don't Like Poorhouses.

There is such a deep-rooted dislike among paupers in Ireland to enter the workhouse that in the county of Antrim, for instance, there are only 1,000 persons in six workhouses that have room for 5,000.

In the Vernacular.

Teacher—Will some little boy kindly give a modern version of the saying that there is no rose without a thorn? Fidday—Dey is no push without a knocker.—Indianapolis Journal.