

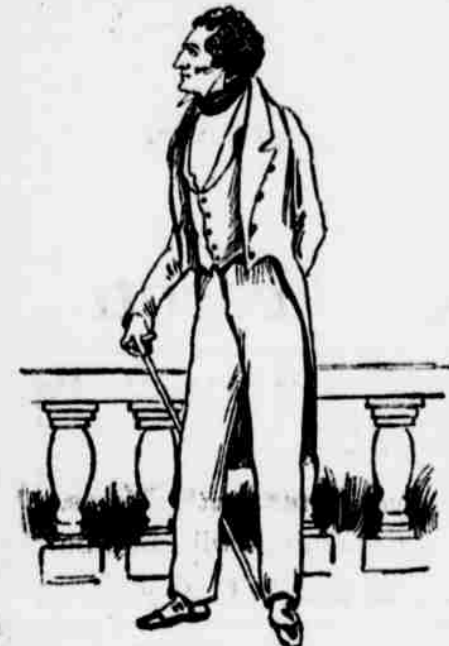
ABOUT LORD BYRON.

HARD TO GET A LIKENESS OF HIM.

One of the Latest Was Drawn by Count D'Orsay, and Here Is a Copy of It—Rather Queer Among Today's Pictures.



ORTRAITS of Byron are numerous, writes Mr. F. B. Sanborn in Scribner's Magazine, but few of them seem to have been good likenesses. One of the latest was drawn by Count D'Orsay at Genoa and declared by him to be an exact likeness, a full-length, which was engraved for the New Monthly Magazine not long after Byron's death.



LORD BYRON. (From a sketch made by Count D'Orsay at Genoa.)

He flows from one subject to another, and during an hour and a half talked upon at least two hundred subjects—sometimes with great humor, laughing very heartily; at length, looking around, he asked, with a quizzical air, which of us was from "Old Virginia."

The other account is by an English clergyman, in the autumn of 1822, also at Genoa: "The first impression made upon me was this—that Byron bore the least possible resemblance to any bust, portrait, or profile that I had ever seen. That of Mr. Murray's, from which most of the prints seem taken, is not one in which the original can be recognized at first sight—perhaps owing to the affected position and studied air when he sat for it. I never saw a countenance more composed and still, or more sweet and prepossessing than his appeared. His hair was beginning to lose its glossiness, of which, it is said, he was once so proud; and several gray hairs were seen in spite of his anxiety to remove them.

flexible quality." Such was the memorable Englishman who died for Greece.

DICKENS AND HIS CAT.

She Put Out the Candle Because She Was Lonesome.

Charles Dickens was a lover of animals, and, like all true lovers, he was likely to become the slave of his pets. Williamina, a little white cat, was a favorite with the entire household, but showed an especial devotion to its master. She selected a corner of his study for her kittens, and "ought them in from the kitchen one by one. Mr. Dickens had them taken away again, but Williamina only brought them back. Again they were removed, but the third time of their return she did not leave them in the corner. Instead she placed them at her masters feet, and taking her stand beside them looked imploringly up at him. That settled the question. Thenceforth the kittens belonged to the study, and they made themselves royally at home, swarming up the curtains, playing about the writing table and scampering behind the book shelves. Most of the family were given away; one only remained, entirely deaf, and known, from her devotion to Dickens, as "the master's cat." The little creature followed him about like a dog, and sat behind him while he wrote. One evening Dickens was reading by a small table whereupon sat a lighted candle. As usual, the cat was at his elbow. Suddenly the light went out. Dickens was much interested in his book and he relighted the candle, giving the cat a stroke as he did so. Afterward he remembered that puss had looked at him somewhat reproachfully while she received the caress. It was only when the light again became dim that he guessed at the reason of her melancholy. Turning suddenly, he found her deliberately putting out the candle with her paw, and again she looked at him appealingly. She was lonesome; she wanted to be petted, and this was her device for bringing it about.

BARONESS DE HIRSCH.

She Is Carrying Out Her Husband's Plans of Philanthropy.

Baroness de Hirsch's magnificent gift to the Russian Hebrews of America has taken concrete shape in the way of the plans of the committee that has the funds in charge. The baroness has already given \$2,000,000, and also a promise to give more. Indeed, she has placed no limit to her prospective gifts. The money will be expended in the building and maintenance of a home for working girls and a great building for the operation of trade schools in which Hebrew boys may be taught useful and scientific trades and professions. Work on the working girls' home will be begun at once, and it is believed that it will be ready for opening next August. It is to be nonsectarian, but Jewish girls, of course, will be given the preference. It is to be educational in no sense of the word. It will be purely a home. Girls going there out of work will be expected to help in the labors of the house, and girls who work will find there a comfortable home for less money than they can secure elsewhere. The trade schools building will cost \$150,000. The new building will have every advantage and all equipments necessary for the purpose for which it was created. The third branch of Baroness de Hirsch's work is the amelioration of the condition of the Jews in the tenement districts, and is really the most far-reaching of the directions in which the Hirsch fund is to be expended. It is proposed to handle matters so that the people of the Ghetto will naturally move away into fresh air suburban residences. It is also proposed to build model tenement houses, with necessary sanitary construction. The work is to be extended



BARONESS DE HIRSCH. to other cities in the United States, and the poor Jews over all the country are promised aid by the men who have the rich woman's millions at their disposal. Baroness de Hirsch is carrying out her dead husband's ideas in these benefactions.

An Astonished Scot. Recently a parachutist gave several exhibitions of his daring skill at Glasgow. One afternoon a strong wind carried his balloon rapidly away, and it was some time before he could make a descent. He touched mother earth at a moorland spot near a farmhouse, and an old man stood close by staring in blank amazement. He had seen the gaudily-dressed being drop down from the clouds. "What place is this?" asked the parachutist, in an authoritative tone. The old man reverently knelt down and clasped his hands together, and his voice trembled with fervent emotion as he answered: "Good Lord, this is the parish o' Carnwath."—Harper's Round Table.

THEATRICAL TOPICS.

CURRENT NEWS AND GOSSIP OF THE STAGE.

Actors and Long Runs—Most Theatians Like It Even When There Is No Profit—Provincialism in New York—For Rising Stars.



FANCY that most actors like to boast of a long run," says Frank L. Perley, manager of the Bostonians and "The Sporting Duchess." "He doesn't care whether it is a financially successful run or not. If it is not successful financially, it always is artistically, and so on a long run the success is bound to come in one way or the other. You had quite a run, didn't you?" I heard one actor ask another. The actor of whom this question had been asked had done the "leads" in a melodrama on a one-night stand route for several weeks. Everybody in the club had said that the show would only stay out for a week. They were mistaken, for it did stay out nearly four weeks. "Oh, yes," replied the "lead," "it was a pretty long run—about a mile and a half. We would have done the town easily cross lots, as we intended, but the sheriff was onto that game, and had a deputy in the field, so we had to stick to the road and sprint. We caught the last car of the train, and I hope that Indiana officer caught pneumonia. There was no reason why he shouldn't have done so. We gave him violent exercise on a cold night."

It is well known among people of the theaters that an imitation of moonlight is difficult. The electric light is even less like the genuine thing than is the calcium. "One night," says Francis Wilson, "we were playing an opera that required moonlight effect on a part of a dark stage. I heard our stage manager rushing about. He declared angrily that somebody in the fly gallery was to blame for lighting a gas jet, or else a window had been left open, and we were getting the reflection from the street electric lamps suspended at the side of the theater. Word was sent upstairs to correct all this. The reply came that every window shutter was closed and no gas jet was lighted. When the act was over I walked on the stage under the objectionable light, and looking upward saw that a particularly bright moon was pouring its rays through our skylight. The comment of the stage manager was: 'I've been about the theater twenty-three years and have "faked" stage moonlights in floods, yet I can't tell the real thing when I see it!'"

Aurie Dagwell was born in Utica, N. Y., June 26, 1875. As a child she displayed musical talent, making her appearance as a singer, in concert, at the age of twelve years. In 1893 she appeared in a series of operatic performances given in her native city, and



AURIE DAGWELL.

sustained difficult roles so successfully as to win the approval of all the critics. Following their advice she decided to enter the profession, and with that end in view she went to New York in the following year, and studied under several of the best vocal teachers. Her ambition, however, led her to study too hard, and she succumbed to a severe illness, from which she did not recover for over a year. In the fall of 1896 she returned to this city and, failing to obtain such engagement as would give scope to her ability as a singer, she began her professional career upon the dramatic stage, and has since played minor roles in several dramatic companies. Her last engagement was with "Nature," during its recent run at the Academy of Music, New York. In that production she assumed the role of Alice Woodfern, in which her singing evoked most favorable comment. Miss Dagwell has a fine stage presence, and is endowed with a mezzo soprano voice of excellent quality. She shows the effect of careful vocal training, and sings with remarkable ease. She is studious and ambitious, and is full of promise for the future.

dramatic critics," says the cruel Boston Transcript, "is little less than appalling. We do not expect them to know what happens beyond the confines of their little isle, but we have been foolishly enough to think they might remember their own insular 'metropolitan' events for a few years. Here is the Commercial-Advertiser referring to the 'new play from the French,' in which 'Mrs. Potter has evidently failed in London,' when in point of fact this 'new play from the French' has been acted all over the United States, not even excepting New York city. It is Dumas' 'Francillon,' and the very version recently brought out by Mrs. Potter was originally acted in this country nearly five years ago, with the author's full consent and approval," as the programs were explicit enough to state. It was acted in Boston, Chicago, Kansas City, Denver, Minneapolis, New York, and many other cities, and on its production at the Fourteenth Street theater was reviewed by the critic of this, very Commercial-Advertiser to the extent of half a column. And later Mrs. Potter returned to New York and gave the same play again at the Herald Square theater in April, 1895. Verily, could there be anything more insular than the insularity of these New Yorkers?"

An interesting feature in connection with the production of "The Sporting Duchess" is the appearance of Marie Chapman, who in the role of Marie Aylmer is having her first stage appearance. Miss Chapman was "discovered" by Frank Perley in one of the New York schools of acting, and the leading artists of the company have since then taken the deepest interest in her work, and all unite in the opinion that hers is a name to keep



MARIE CHAPMAN. well in mind as one certain to be heard of in connection with great things before many years.

Dramatists who write about famous Frenchmen are sure to have their troubles unless they stick to facts. Their descendants shy at poetic license. The present representatives of the families of Alfred de Musset, according to the Paris correspondent of the New York Sun, prevented the performance of a play which concerned

A BRITISH PAINTER.

ONE GOOD EXAMPLE FOR AMERICANS.

The Duke of Devonshire Throws Off the Dual Robes in Order to Serve His Municipality as Its Mayor—Not All Black Sheep.



THE Duke of Devonshire has been a busy man ever since he entered English public life, and he has great landed estates which require constant attention. When he was recently asked to stand for mayor of Eastbourne, there was no lack of excellent excuses for declining the nomination. He was lord president of the council in the ministry of the day and the leader of the liberal unionists, who had seceded from Mr. Gladstone's home rule party, and in addition to his political duties he was overwhelmed with private business and with social engagements. Instead of refusing the nomination he accepted it, although Eastbourne was not a great English town like Birmingham, where Mr. Chamberlain worked out as mayor new principles of municipal policy; nor like Sheffield, where another titled landowner and mayor, the Duke of Norfolk, received and entertained the queen during the Jubilee year. No reputation was to be made in that seaside resort, as there was in London when Lord Rosebery accepted the chairmanship of the county council, and plunged into municipal politics. The mayoralty was merely another tax upon the time and patience of a busy man. The Duke of Devonshire regarded it as a public duty to take the office when the corporation urged him to become mayor. He was willing to sacrifice his leisure and convenience in



order to fulfill a public obligation. Americans of wealth and social position are sometimes reproached for imitating English dress and manners, and becoming dudes. If they would copy a small portion of the English nobility in willingness to devote their time and energy to local government, they would follow an example that is worthy of high commendation.

There are a great many (alas, nearly all are) black sheep among the lords, but there is a titled class in England noted for intelligence, industry and public spirit. The dukes and lords take their full share in the drudgery of local government. As mayors of cities and members of town and county councils they give up many hours in the week to public work, and their service is always without financial reward. They set an example which rich merchants and active business men are ashamed to disregard. Engrossed as they may be with their private business, they find time for attending council and committee meetings and for promoting the ends of good government. This is the secret of the efficiency and success of local government in England and Scotland, where the municipalities are gradually acquiring all the public monopolies. The men of education, wealth and influence, instead of leaving politicians to govern their towns and counties badly, look after this public business themselves. They regard it as a public duty, and discharge it at serious inconvenience and from high motives. In America this duty is shirked and local government is not what it ought to be. It seems galling that we should have to look to England, the country above all others whose jealousy has been excited by our great progress in other directions, but truth is truth and we must take our medicine.

Russians in Manchuria. According to the latest advices the position of the Russian subjects who have gone to Manchuria in connection with the construction of the Chinese Eastern railroad, is seriously threatened, not only by the Hunghus brigands, but by a certain number of Chinese who are irreconcilable adversaries of all civilizing innovations, and who regard the Russians as enemies. The Russian military authorities have consequently sent a strong detachment composed of a battalion of 600 Cossacks with artillery to the station of Poutavkaya in order that this force may defend the entry into Siberian territory against all aggressors, and may even enter Manchuria if it becomes necessary to protect Russian subjects in that region.

Hungry German Doctors. German doctors at the Moscow congress made themselves noticed and unpopular by getting together at receptions and making an organized rush for the buffet, where they stayed, not allowing any one else to get at the refreshments.

HOW TO EXAMINE A WATCH.

The Way to Appreciate Its Fine Mechanism.

To one who has never studied the mechanism of a watch, its mainspring or the balance wheel is a mere piece of metal. He may have looked at the face of the watch and while he admires the motions of its hands and the time it keeps he may have wondered in idle amazement as to the character of the machinery which is concealed within, says Harper's Round Table. Take it to pieces, and show him each part separately—he will recognize neither design nor adaptation nor relation between them; but put them together, set them to work, point out the offices of each spring, wheel and cog, explain their movements, and then show him the result. Now he perceives that it is all one design—that notwithstanding the number of parts, their diverse forms and various offices and the agents concerned, the whole piece is of one thought, the expression of one idea. He now rightly concludes that when the mainspring was fastened and tempered its relation to all the other parts must have been considered, that the cogs on this wheel are cut and regulated—adapted—to the ratchets on that; and his final conclusion will be that such a fine of mechanism could not have been produced by chance; for the adaptation of the parts is such as to show it to be according to design and obedient to the will of one intelligence.

FROM CLEVER TO PULPIT.

London's Butcher Orator Aroused Enthusiasm in the East.

So much success was won in New York by Henry Varley, one of London's most noted evangelists, that when the time came for him to return to his native land he was induced to postpone his departure for a few days. On his arrival in the east he was received with only a moderate degree of warmth, but his first public appearance showed clearly that no ordinary man was the ex-butcher. After that every meeting was crowded to the doors. It was hard to associate the simple, earnest man in black—a man with a massive head and face and a resonant voice not unlike that of Dr. Chaucey M. Depew—with the white apron and block of a butcher's shop. But Mr. Varley is not ashamed of his trade, and boasts that when he cut roasts and steaks and chops he cut them honestly and earned a competence through fair dealing.

After his conversion Mr. Varley felt a call to preach, and finding himself successful in moving men, he built a handsome church, and since then he has been active in evangelistic work in England and Australia. Mr. Varley's charm as an orator is that of directness and simplicity. He possesses a fluency of speech quite un-English, like Spurgeon, with whom he worked for many years, and Gladstone and a few, very few, other English orators. His words come without the drawl which makes so many English speakers tedious. He indulges in no "hifalutin" and wins men by the power of his logic, for to him religion is logic rather than sentiment.

Here is a sample of his talk: "When I was in Liverpool," he said, "a workingman said to me: 'Oh, sir, you put down the bread of life so that a workingman can easily pick it up again.' And that is what I want to do tonight."

"Steam was not an invention. It was a discovery. Steam was always in the world, only our forefathers did not know it. Take your railroad depots. The carriages stand idly in the depot and they will stand there if your magnificent engine is not backed in and connection is made with the cars. When that connection is made you can enter the car and go as far as the engine. If men stay in the depot and do not identify themselves with the engine and the train they will never reach the place which they say they are bound to. And they have



only themselves to blame. God does not condemn you because you are a sinner—we are all sinners. He does condemn you because you are an unbeliever. Some people talk about their moral excellence. Think of a morally excellent sinner. What nonsense! If I am a sinner I cannot be morally excellent. God does not want a great company of improved sinners in heaven. They would begin to sin as soon as they got there."

A Bullet Set in Gold. Perhaps one of the most peculiar presents ever made by a bridegroom to his bride, says London Sketch, was that of Maurice Gifford to Miss Thorold on the occasion of their marriage last week. It was the bullet which was extracted from the wound in his shoulder which caused the loss of his arm. The gold in which the bullet was set was dug from a graveyard in Matabeleland, and was fashioned in the shape of a cobra-headed serpent, the heads supporting a "missile, the whole making a very unique armlet.