

The Romance of the Real "Little Lord Fauntleroy" Himself.

Little Lord Fauntleroy and the Ever-Present Dog "Dougal"



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This is Vivian Burnett, the Original of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's Famous "Little Lord Fauntleroy"—He is Now 40 Years Old and His Lovely Curly Are Pretty Well Gone.



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After 25 Years of Torment as "Dearest's" Boy Angel, Vivian Burnett at Last Finds Compensation in a Grown Man's Reward of Love and Marriage

If there is such a thing as a law of compensation, can you think of any one more justly entitled to a real romance of his very own than the man who, from the age of ten to his present age of thirty-eight has had to bear the tag of "Little Lord Fauntleroy"?

Was ever a sturdy urchin playing in the streets, a schoolboy, a college undergraduate, a mature man jealous of his manly attributes and rights, cursed by a heavier handicap than this—never to be permitted to forget that he was the original, the very living image, the inspiration of the sweetest, most perfect little boy angel in velvet and lace, with love locks sweeping his pink, round cheeks that was ever taken out of real

life and put into a book? Such has been the cruel burden borne by Vivian Burnett for at least a quarter of a century, in fact ever since the book about him, namely, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," became the rage of this country and choice sections of the British Isles.

"Vivian," too! But in justice to Frances Hodgson Burnett, one should not forget that her only son was christened some years before his love locks and velvet and lace perfections were merged into "Little Lord Fauntleroy." And it seems that nobody ever thought to take off part of the curse by having the innocent victim rechristened Sam, or Pete, or even Jock—at least something with enough punch in it to gain the respect of fellow school boys or college mates.

How could any one named "Vivian" and invariably addressed as "Little Lord Fauntleroy," summon up sufficient courage to tell his tormentors: "Oh, go jump off the dock!" or some rude retort like that?

What other boy would have had the courage to grin and bear it—as Vivian Burnett did?

And now comes his reward—a romance of his own, love and marriage; he's grown up; he's turned the tables on his tormentors at last. For as everybody knows, it's a grown man's job to win a lovely, fine, sensible woman to be your wife, and stand for you through thick and thin "so long as you both do live." You bet it is. No "Little Lord Fauntleroy" ever did it!

The lovely, fine, sensible—and brave—woman who has taken the "Little Lord" curse off the life of Vivian Burnett was Miss Constance Buel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Constance Buel—a family of consequence

in the best social circles of New York City. The town residence of the Buels is No. 130 East Sixty-seventh street—right in that choice residential section east of Fifth avenue and Central Park.

Nobody with any social aspirations will ever again "Little Lord" Vivian Burnett—though this does not mean that the Buets ever lacked social recognition, for they never did. Frances Hodgson's fascinating literary gifts and performances made her a social favorite even before she married the socially popular Dr. Burnett, back in 1876, and the book and play of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" made of her a social, as well as a literary lioness on both sides of the Atlantic.

Of course, being his mother's only son, and the model for "Little Lord Fauntleroy," Vivian Burnett inherited his mother's literary and artistic tendencies. It was in such circles that he was safe from the tormentors who pursued him in the rude world of school and college. There were thus two reasons why, when school days and college days were over, he should apply himself more and more to the arts and accomplishments of the social cult, which incline toward the more refined ideals of life.

While in Harvard Vivian Burnett wrote the libretto of a light opera called, "Fools' Gold," which was produced by the students with great success. It was of a higher degree of literary merit than is usually provided for college dramatics. It caused the students to apply the soft pedal just a little bit from that time on when they rubbed in "Dear Cedric," or, "Vivian, love," or, "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

Better than that, when young Burnett had graduated with honors, he found himself pleasantly received in New York literary society. As it was not necessary for him to grab along at money-making, he devoted himself more and more to art and letters. He studied drawing, painting and architecture. While he did not produce very much, he became a capable connoisseur, whose opinions were received with respect.

One fine architectural work he did produce, however—the big Italian villa at Plandome, Long Island. The shining lights of American art and letters know that villa very well.

It is not on the public records where, or in what circumstances, Vivian Burnett first met Miss Constance Buel. The undertaking could not have been difficult, for she was a young woman of pronounced artistic and literary tastes, and her father had been editor of the Century Magazine—that gild-edged literary medium founded by the late Richard Watson Gilder, which, to this day, is

How Little Lord Fauntleroy Would Look To-day in Just the Same Clothes Mamma Loved to See Him In, 30 Years Ago.

the choicest goal of poets and dabblers in *belles lettres*.

Until Vivian Burnett had passed through college he still possessed the fine head of hair—though without the love locks—which distinguished "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Also, like "Cedric Errol," who first won the stern old English Earl's heart by showing no fear of the great mastiff of "Dorincourt" named "Dougal," he liked dogs and dogs liked him.

Alas! those thick brown ringlets have disappeared long since. On the date of his marriage two weeks ago, Vivian Burnett owned a dome as polished as the best of them. Was it his hidden grief over that terrible "Little Lord" handicap?

Undoubtedly the years which Vivian Burnett found it hardest to live through were the years at college. He was most unmercifully "hazed." That cute velvet suit with turned up cuffs and turned down lace collar was always in readiness, and "Little Lord Fauntleroy" had always to be ready to do his "Cedric, love" stunts!

Once when his mother went to Harvard to visit him and celebrate his twenty-first birthday, he had a heart-to-heart talk with her about it. He said:

"The fellows are always asking me if I was the original of 'Little Lord Fauntleroy.' They rub it in anyway, and, believe me, it's no joke." As he concealed from his mother the real depth of his misery on that account, and as she had no grievance against the critics or the public on account of their reception of her masterpiece, she answered:

"Just tell them that it is true—that I had you in mind always when I wrote it."

After that Vivian Burnett was always loyal. He never denied it—and the fellows were keener than ever to make "the punishment fit the crime."

Quite naturally young Burnett desired to be elected a member of the aristocratic Harvard Pi Eta Society. He knew what the penalty would be, but that never daunted him. "He was ordered to go forth and secure 'Fauntleroy' clothes to fit his now well developed figure, and to wear them until further notice—and to be exceedingly careful to omit no detail."

and giving his oiler to the highest priced tailor in Boston. The finished result would have made Elsie Leslie—the famous stage "Little Lord," wild with envy. Short velvet breeches, there were, long black silk hose, fine lace for collar and cuffs—and an intelligent wig-maker outside the book's hero in the way of golden love locks.

Burnett never "hedged" but swallowed his penalty whole. He appeared on the campus in broad daylight, the veritable "Little Lord" himself—though much outgrown, which made the travesty all the more "killing" as the students agreed. Then the fun began. A college poet expressed it thus:

"Everywhere that Cedric went the cry was sure to go— It made the students laugh and play to see him dressed up so."

In immaculate misery he went about his student affairs, and when the senior students smothered his shining locks, he forbore to "upper-cut" them or land a "left hook" on the jaw, as he yearned to do.

It lasted for two whole days, and then the Pi Etas relented.

When in a hurry his tormentors usually called him "Dearest" for that was the way "Little Lord Fauntleroy" always addressed, or spoke of, his mother. They forbade him to have his hair cut, for that "would break 'Dearest's' heart." When the down began to thicken on his cheeks and upper lip they affected the most heart-rending grief. What a blow to "Dearest!" In Harvard they confiscated his shaving tools.

"Drive 'em back in," they commanded. "Just fancy 'Little Lord Fauntleroy' with whiskers!"

Talk about lying in flooded German trenches in Flanders for months under the guns of the French and British! Mere child's play to what Vivian Burnett had to endure from most of his boy companions and intimates of his own sex from the time "Little Lord Fauntleroy" appeared until he became bald-headed and was rescued by the girl who was brave enough, as well as loving enough, to marry him.

Not in all the history of literature is there such a horrible example of the fact of being the real-life prototype of a fiction characterization. But it is all over now—and Vivian Burnett, with love and marriage for compensation, has squared his score with "Little Lord Fauntleroy."



Mrs. Vivian Burnett, Who Was Miss Constance Buel.

Real African Scenery for Roosevelt's Hunt Trophies

IN connection with the rearranging of the scenic effect of one of the Roosevelt animal groups in the National Museum at Washington, actual African plants and grasses are to be filled with plaster and preserved in their natural state to give the animal specimens local color.

For many years past the National Museum has been employing natural scenery—real grass, foliage and soil—in its biologic and ethnographic groups, much as in theatrical effects, to create a natural atmosphere. Now-a-days, museums do not simply mount individual animals on a platform and place them in a case. They are mounted in natural attitudes, and ground work, suitable to both the environment and the posture of the figures, is prepared. The animals are often arranged in family or social groups so that the student or spectator can glean something more than an impression of how an isolated specimen looks, says a writer in Popular Science

Monthly. Physical geography, geology, botany and other studies thus enter the field of taxidermy.

In preparing a new setting for the African buffalo group, built in the National Museum about a year ago, the three animals are to be left in their original positions, which indicate alarm, just as they were first discovered by the hunters. In addition they are to be represented as standing on the edge of an African papyrus swamp. The groundwork of the group will present the effect of the marshland where the buffalo live, the grasses and plants being added to make a complete picture of the African swamp.

Since nearly all grasses and foliage are subject to decay, shrinkage and loss of original form and color, they, like the skins of the animals, are especially prepared. Few grasses, as a rule, can be dried or preserved in anything like their natural form, but, fortunately, to this end the

papyrus lends itself very well. The plants having thick stems are opened, and the pithy inner part removed; they are then bent or curved and secured in the position desired, wired and filled with plaster. When the plaster is set, the plants are painted to represent their colors in life, and grouped with other grasses to form a setting for the animals.

When the African buffalo group was first assembled, as no African material was yet at hand, it was decided to use temporarily foliage which was to be found here as well as in Africa. Although the artistic effect proved very satisfactory, the museum officials determined to have this group as technically correct in every detail as the lion, the heartbeast, and the rhinoceros groups already on exhibition, and finally arrangements were made whereby several cases of papyrus plants arundo grass and other native African material was obtained.