PROPOSED MONUMENTS.

IN MEMORY OF EDWIN FORREST AND E. L. DAVENPORT.

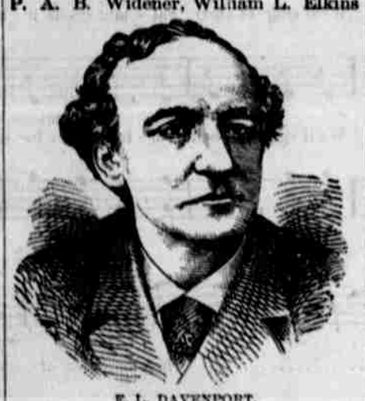
Plans Now Going Forward for This Purpose—A Theatrical Reminiscence of the Days when Aldrich and Davenport Were on the Road Together.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, May 15.—There is a renewal of the movement towards having a statue erected in Central park in memory of and in enduring perpetuation of the greatest tragedian America has produced, Edwin Forrest. With the exception of the John McCullough memorial in Mount Moriah cemetery, in Philadelphia, the dramatic profession has raised no tribute to its great dead. Some ten years ago Gabriel Harrison, of Brooklyn, who has been actor, teacher of dramatic art, painter and newspaper writer, and who is the author of an interesting volume entitled "The Life and Labors of Edwin Forrest," endeavored to create a fund for the erection of a statue to the great tragedian. He collected no money, as his intention was to call for none of the sums promised until the full amount was guaranteed. From $8,000 to $10,000 were subscribed, and that was the end of it all.

EDWIN FORREST.

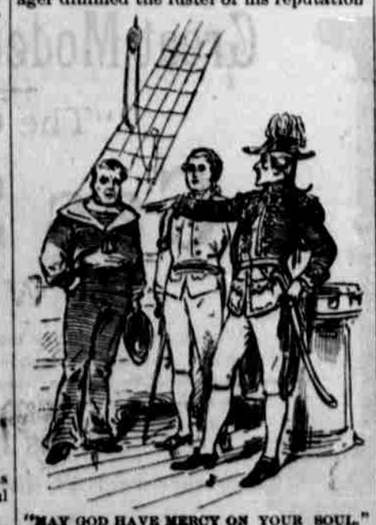
Recently Idaho's ex-governor, William M. Bunn, of Philadelphia, became aroused to the injustice done the memory of the actor who so long made his home in the Quaker City, whose private theatre is now its School of Design and within whose county limits there is still supported by the fortune of the dead Spartacus the only asylum in this country for the aged and indigent members of his profession. Philadelphia having no actor colony, Mr. Bunn successfully sought the financial assistance of the railway magnates who largely control the street car lines of Philadelphia, New York, Chicago and other cities—Messrs. P. A. B. Widener, William L. Elkins and William H. Kemble. These gentlemen agreed that if the actors of the country displayed sufficient interest in the scheme they would contribute liberally towards the fund.



E. L. DAVENPORT.

Whatever is the outcome of the matter it promises an interesting degree of the esteem in which Forrest is held by the actors of this day. It is somewhat singular that at the time of the resurrection of the Forrest statue scheme, John W. Norton the St. Louis theatrical manager, and the man who gave Mary Anderson to the stage and was her leading support for several seasons, came to New York, inflamed with the desire to fire the breath of his theatrical brethren with the belief that they can best do honor to their great profession and to their art by placing in enduring bronze or glistening marble an effigy of one whom he described as "the greatest all around actor this country has produced, E. L. Davenport."

It is certainly true that Davenport was equally great as Romeo, as Damon, as Coriolanus, as Sir Giles Overreach, as William in "Black Eyed Susan," and so on through the gamut of his art, and only his unfortunate ventures as a manager dimmed the luster of his reputation and ended his life in failure. It will be interesting to learn whether the thorough beauty of his art or the thunder of Forrest's tones are best treasured and remembered by the members of the profession in which both men were leaders.



"MAY GOD HAVE MERCY ON YOUR SOUL."

Norton is very enthusiastic about his project, and in conversation recently with Louis Aldrich indulged in many reminiscences of his hero. One mutual recollection which they had I will reproduce here:

Many years ago, when Davenport was a member of one of the Boston stock companies, at the close of the season he joined with a number of his fellow actors and actresses (who were engaged in other organizations playing at the Hub) in what was then known as a "snap" company, meaning thereby a sort of co-operative dramatic organization which during the idle summer season traveled from town to town and divided whatever profits might accrue. This particular company included, besides Davenport, such now famous people as Frank Mayo, Agnes Perry—she is now Mrs. Agnes Booth and the leading lady of the justly famous Madison Square Theatre company—Louis Aldrich and John W. Norton. They played through the eastern towns, but, the tour being decidedly unsuccessful, decided to disband after filling an engagement of three nights in a certain Massachusetts town.

When they reached that city they were quartered at a hotel which adjoined the small theatre in which they were to appear, both being owned by the same man and both being equally dirty. This hotel, however, lured traveling players to its embrace by the ensnaring suggestion that they could walk directly from their hotel apartment through a private passageway into the theatre dressing room. After the members of the "snap" company had attempted to partake of their first meal in the hotel they waited upon the landlord in a body and demanded that they be given edible food, to which the boniface independently responded that if they did not like what was furnished them they could go elsewhere. Aldrich, Davenport and Norton acted upon this delicate hint, and with carpet sacks in hand walked down the street to the opposition house several blocks away.

The last night of the Lowell engagement the bill comprised "The Stranger," in which Agnes Perry took the part of Mrs. Haller, and Frank Mayo essayed the role of the somber Stranger. This was to be followed by the farcical "Black Eyed Susan," in which Louis Aldrich was cast for the Admiral, John W. Norton for Capt. Crosstree, and Mr. Davenport, of course, for William. In the latter play, as every one who has seen it will remember, William is found guilty of striking Crosstree, and the Admiral sentences him to be hanged from the yard arm, concluding with the solemn words, "and may God have mercy on your soul." Upon this particular occasion Louis Aldrich spied sitting in the front row of the theatre the landlord of the hotel, accompanied by his three buxom daughters, all evidently pleased with the play and with themselves.

Aldrich's soul thirsted for revenge. When the sentence of poor William had to be pronounced the words of the play were subjected to a most remarkable change. "I sentence you," said the Admiral, "to board at the —— house for two weeks, and may God have mercy on you." Davenport at first looked stunned, and then gave one wild, delirious shriek of laughter; the landlord and his daughters sprang to their feet and rushed from the place, while the entire audience held its sides and ached with laughter.

L. N. MEGARGEE.

Phil Armour and the Reporters.

CHICAGO, May 15.—When you have paid your respects to the wheat pit from the gallery of the board of trade—which no properly constructed visitor to the big city by the lake neglects to do—and have strolled up the west side of La Salle street to a point opposite the main entrance of the big insurance building, your attention suddenly becomes fixed on another of the recognized "sights" of Chicago. What first catches your eye is an immense bouquet of brilliant hot house flowers resting on the center of a large flat topped desk in plain view behind the biggest plate glass window in the building.

Then you observe that this desk, the flowers and a heavy built man, whose broad, pleasant, smooth shaven face is almost buried in the fragrant blossoms as he examines pages of memoranda that clerks are constantly placing before him, are a sort of a vortex into which are being drawn business operations of almost incalculable magnitude. The intense yet orderly activity of the scores of bookkeepers, clerks, telegraph operators, typewriters and messengers, who are also in plain view from where you stand, impress you with the certainty that some much more vital, tangible interest than the collection of "margins" or the buying and selling of "futures" is controlled by the heavy built man who works as with his face buried in a bower of roses.

And you are right, for the man is Philip D. Armour, who may almost be said to hold in the hollow of his hand the provision trade of the two continents. Armour's canned beef is eaten by British soldiers in Egypt and Russian soldiers in Siberia. His dressed meats are sold in every town in America and in most of the cities of Europe. The names on his pay roll, and of those who live by his industry, would fill one of the largest city directories published. Everybody has heard how his gifts to his employes and to charitable concerns amount to a snug fortune every year.

Now if you have business with the house of Armour & Co.—if you want to buy 10,000 barrels of pork—don't flatter yourself that he is going to spend the day talking it over with you. While you are placing your small item with one of the clerks Mr. Armour, with his nose among the flowers, is reading a cable message from Berlin asking whether he will feed the German army this year on the same terms as last year. But if you are a newspaper man—even quite an humble reporter—you may march right up to his desk and smell of the flowers, and it is more than likely that he will shake hands and address you as "Mr. Medill" or "Mr. Scott," according to whether you come from The Tribune or The Herald.

CURTIS DUNHAM.

They Were Mostly "Baptisses."

When the western troops first entered that peculiar region northeast of Cumberland Gap they found in the scanty population many a family so isolated that it had seen no neighbors for months, and had even "lost the run of the days of the week." A very curious fact (and it is a fact duly vouched for) was that in some narrow valleys the few families had guessed that something unusual was going on because they had seen no strange hunters or tourists for a long time, but did not know of the war. An officer in the first cavalry company to penetrate that region relates that after a long ride over rocks and through forests his company came to a tolerably well built house in a circular hollow, where there were perhaps five acres of arable land. An old woman rushed out and, catching sight of the uniform, exclaimed:

"WE SORT O' LEANS THAT WAY."

"Laws a massy me—ef h'yar ain't one o' Gineral Jackson's men. Why, mister, I 'lowed all his men was dead years and years agone."

"And so they are, ma'am."

"An' who be you'uns?"

"Union soldiers, ma'am—fighting for Old Abe, as your folks say."

"Old Abe! Who's he?"

"Why, Abraham Lincoln, president of the United States."

"Lawd sakes! An' what's you'uns in h'yar fur? To fight? Is the British cum in agin?"

This brought an explanation and account of the war, at which the old woman was almost paralyzed with astonishment; and then followed this colloquy:

"Ma'am, are you Union?"

"Naw."

"Are you secesh?"

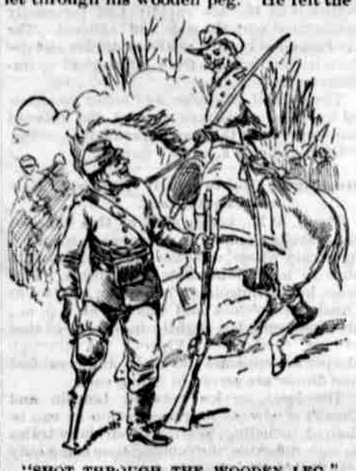
"Naw."

"Well, what are you, then?"

"Well, I hain't never jined nothin' yit, but most of the folks around h'yar is Baptisses, and so me and my old man sort o' leans that way."

The Wrong Leg.

A soldier of the First North Carolina regiment (Union), who had lost a leg in an engagement in North Carolina, and who had supplied its place with an artificial member, consisting of a stout oaken peg, was present at the battle at Olustee, Fla., and while the battle was as warm as one would care to experience it a Confederate sharpshooter put a bullet through his wooden peg. He felt the blow, but escaped the twinge of pain that generally accompanies the passage of a bullet through genuine flesh and muscle: and enjoying a keen sense of the ludicrous he forgot the battle and its dangers and gave way to the heartiest and most explosive laughter.



"SHOT THROUGH THE WOODEN LEG."

He pushed along the line, and approached the colonel, to whom, after a severe effort, he was able to communicate the cause of his mirth. Almost convulsed with laughter, he exclaimed: "Colonel, by George! the d——d rebels have shot me through the wooden leg! Ha! ha! Devilish good joke on the fellows!" And he hobbled back to his position in the line.—Thrilling Stories of the Great Rebellion.

The New Scholar.

Schoolmaster—Where is Georgia?

Tommy—Last time I saw her she was milking Aunt Rebecca's cow.—New York Sun.

A Low Cost Laundry.

Nothing is more troublesome in connection with housekeeping than the laundry problem. In a large house where plenty of money is provided an immunity from its cares may be purchased, but in the low cost houses in which the large number of people live, its cares and annoyances are always present. The complication of doing the washing in a kitchen where other work is being done is disagreeable beyond description. Hence the graphic expression "blue Monday." A laundry may very readily be arranged in the basement at a very low cost. All that is needed is a slop sink connected with an outside vault, a flue for a cheap laundry stove and light from the outside. This is not as satisfactory as set tubs, but where a pump is provided next to a cast iron sink there is water at hand which may be heated on the stove and a place to pour water from the tubs when it has been used. It runs through a trapped drain to a vault or sewer as the case may be. If the cellar is large enough, most of the drying of the clothes may be done therein. For the most part a cellar is a cool place in summer and a warm one in winter. Where the foundation work does not extend a sufficient distance above ground to give good light, small areas may be provided.

Col. John C. New, the consul general, has recently secured a genuine treasure in a medallion portrait of George Washington painted in 1786 by a Frenchman temporarily living in America. The portrait was for many years in the possession of a creole family in New Orleans. It was brought to London during the civil war.