

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1892.

CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA

WHAT SORT OF A HOUSE LILLIAN RUSSELL LIVES IN.

Its Atmosphere is of the Now—Palms Are Seen Everywhere—A Picture That is in Every Room—She Did Not Remember the Donor's Name.

To know a woman one must know her in her own home.

As a subtle flavor of character pervades even a business letter, so in that envelope of daily life—the house—there is sure to lurk a betrayed personality. Like Balzac's Madame Firmiani, Lillian Russell has been credited with as many personalities as a chameleon. She has been this—she "was" been that—and has taken her color



"WHILE I HAVE YOU, SWEETHEART, BE-SIDE ME."

from the surroundings newspaper traditions were pleased to give her. In a word there have been as many fluctuations in Lillian Russell's life as in stocks—or even philanthropy. But until now, not a word has ever been written of her house.

Never mind its street—and never mind its number—or the color of its awnings. Its hall is small, and attracts no attention to itself, merely in a "Simon says thumbs up" manner inviting you to pass on. In this it does as the majority of conventional New York halls do. The drawing room, on the contrary, is not conventional. It snaps its fingers at a Past—and ignores the Future. Its atmosphere is of the Now. An antiquarian would feel hurt by the attitude it takes.

All here is of pristine freshness. All seems new, light, and full of sunshine. In winter it allows dull shades of rose and



WHERE THE SONG BIRD SLUMBERS.

blue to each other in a truly French fashion, but today—in August—its easy chair and divan are habited in what might be termed their summer clothes. The house does not compel attention by rare hangings, gorgeous upholstery, or elaborate ceiling effects. But there are other things within it which so hold attention by the lapel of its coat, that one would find it difficult to recall those other attractions after leaving it. As much of a compliment probably as one can pay this little house so like a bit of amber in coloring, and which imprisons a bee with so sweet and popular a hum.

The large picture upon the floor beneath the mantel has just been forwarded to Miss Russell from Paris. It is La Cigale reproduced from the original by Bissou, and a favorite of the Salon of 1890. This pic-



"DEJEUNER A LA FOURCHETTE."

ture in some style you will find in every room, as the Prima Donna's mind is just now much occupied with the anticipated production of the opera of that name at the Garden theatre in October.

"Worry over it! I should think I did! I have a sleepless week before the bringing out of every new opera. Every detail—every item is fixed in my mind, and the reality needs must accommodate itself to the dream."

As she spoke she paused beside a palm, which reached feathery fingers far above her head. Palms are everywhere disposed in huge pots, while a table of writing brass dragons makes itself useful by following their example. The furniture here is all of gilded or carved white wood.

hinting of nothing more ancient than the year 1891—with the exception of a little Verne Martin chair, which is accompanied by some very pretty marquetry and lacquer work. As for lamps they are more numerous than applicants for the chair now occupied by the hat. Lamps sentimentally drooping beneath shades of violets, or rioting in the embrace of roses, lamps to read by—lamps to dream and chat by—lamps demure and vestal like—and lamps as alluring as any Spanish beauty. Cabinets and etageres are loaded with the usual collection of Clos-sonne, Onyx, Doulton, Satsuma, Hungarian ware, Crown Derby and Royal Worcester. But no bibelots are as interesting as those entangled with the life of the singer.

So leaving the greater part of the faience to ceramic cranks we will interest ourselves in a Dresden violin which lies on its satin cushion upon a glass shelf within a cabinet.

"And this?"

"That—was presented to me by a musical society upon the one hundredth night of Poor Jonathan." It was an elaborate wreath of laurels wrought silver and gold and resting complacently upon a blue velvet cushion. A third shelf displayed a chateleine of silver with three pendants—a French horn, a guitar, and a mandolin.

"It was given me as a dinner favor at Saratoga, see! It is for cigarettes, matches or whatever you may wish."

"And this?" pointing to another souvenir.

"Perhaps I had better not give the donors name—without permission."

"No, indeed! Most certainly not."

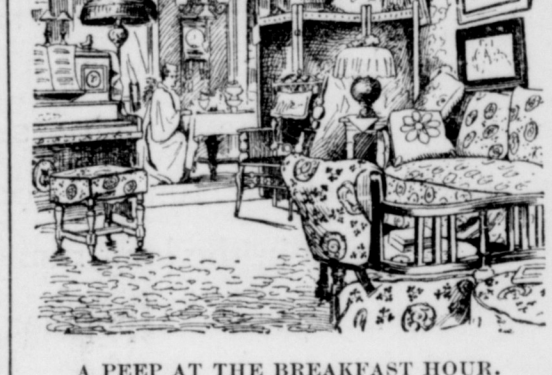
"And besides—I have forgotten it."

This was conclusive—and like a woman—was it not?

Miss Russell's favorite song lies open upon the rest, and she passes the piano she strikes a few cords lightly and hums the words:

"I want no star in heaven to guide me,
I want no moon—no sun to shine
While I have you, sweetheart, beside me,
While I know that you are mine."

By the piano is a mammoth screen, which frames some rare tapestry repre-



A PEEP AT THE BREAKFAST HOUR.

senting the seasons. It is a souvenir of Paris. Upon a low table near it lie a couple of books. One is covered with brocade, which may be a bit of a priest's vestment, an altar cloth, or a piece of a First Empire Gown—or may not. The other book is bound in dark leather.

Perhaps there is in this home nothing more unusual in design, or more valued by their owner, than the pieces of superb carved ivory. A large bas-relief shows great strength and some very fine lines, while a nude figure in tinted marble is remarkable for grace and delicacy as well as for its fantastic conception.

The walls of the dining room are devoted to etchings—re-marked prois. Perhaps none is more pleasing than the "Venice" by Farrar and "Derby Day," which Miss Russell brought from England. The gem of the room, however, is an ink affair by Henner.

Lounging chairs, and divans, a table covered with a lavish supply of artist's mater-



"PERHAPS I HAD BETTER NOT GIVE THE DONOR'S NAME."

ials do not crowd the large room. Upon an *escritoire* lies an open letter.

"A love letter?"

"Read it." And here it is.

YONKERS, August —.

My DEAR MAMA:
I am happy and having a nice time. I am well. I went out driving this morning and drove all the way home. I have a nice little broom to play with. I never cry to go home because I am so happy—so good by.

I am

DAUGHTIE RUSSELL.

The boudoir is not a boudoir in the ordinary sense. It is more properly a work room. In it is a second piano, and in it Lillian Russell lives up to her reputation of hard work. In the bath room, of which we catch a glimpse in passing, the stained glass of the window repeats itself in a mirror, and a faint odor of violets reminds one of the adjuncts of the toilette.

I said "a mirror" did I not? And as I write it occurs to me that perhaps as striking a thing as any about the house is this—that so beautiful a woman should be content with so few mirrors.

Queer—is it not?

JOHANNA STAATS.

AMONG RUSSIA'S POOR.

How Count Tolstoi Relieves Want and Heals the Sick.

The correspondent of a contemporary in Russia describes a visit paid with Count Tolstoi to the village of Mouravlianka. On our arrival there (he writes) we drew up at the starosta's cottage. On entering the hut the Count took off his cap. I followed his example. Hitherto I had never seen any member of the upper classes in Russia take off his hat on entering a peasant's abode, and I must acknowledge that on my part I had always kept my cap on. To-day, however, I did as the count did. Tolstoi's every action is characteristic of the man. His politeness to the peasant women might be termed almost Quixotic, while his grave courtesy to all alike inspires every one who approaches him with feelings of love and respect. All the peasantry adore the great philosopher, the Carlyle of Russia, and to them his slightest wish is law.

Our drive of twenty-five versts through the sharp, bracing atmosphere had whetted our appetites, and the sight of a luncheon-basket produced from one of the sledges was by no means displeasing. For the moment I forgot that simplicity in life is the watchword of the Tolstoi family, and my hopes were raised when the basket was brought into the hut. I was hungry. Yesterday black bread and tea had been the sole articles of my diet. This morning, before starting out on drive, I had had tea and bread and butter. But now, thought I, we should have a good lunch. The basket was opened, and the young Countess Marie took out a bottle of milk, a loaf of bread, a piece of cheese, and three eggs. I must have eaten quite a pound of bread at that luncheon.

The eggs, I discovered, were for the great man himself. They were broken and beaten up in a cup, and placed before the count, who was busy talking to the village elders, and hardly seemed to notice that it was lunch time. "I like these village elders," said Tolstoi, turning to me, and handing me the glass and the bottle of milk; "they are so simple in their thoughts, and in the manner of expressing their thoughts, while at the same time they are as full of common sense as this egg is of nourishment," and the count finished off his beaten-up eggs.

"Now, Edward Andreyevitch," said the count, addressing me in the Russian fashion, "we will sit here and draw up a plan of action for the relief of this village." "I am ready," I replied, drawing out paper and pencil, while Count Tolstoi produced a catalogue of names which proved to be the Zemstvo list. As he called out each name, the starosta made some comment, such as "Very poor, requires assistance," or "He is rich enough, he can last till June," and so on. I made a note of these comments, and then, when the list was exhausted, we started off to personally see each individual cottage and verify the list. We entered seven cottages. As there are two doors to each cottage, and as in the majority of cases the doors were about four feet six inches or four feet nine inches high, we had to stoop twice on entering and again on coming out of every hut. Two hundred and eighty times did Tolstoi stoop, and at the end of the afternoon's work seemed as fresh as when he started.

We came to a wretched hut where a man lay groaning on the stove, doubled up with pain. The wife and the three little girls were crying. "What is the matter with him?" asked the count. "We don't know," the woman replied. "He is too weak to be moved. He has no food and no fuel. I have been out begging for food for many days, but we get very little." "Your children can attend the soup kitchen," said the count, "and you can bring your bowl and fetch home your dinner every day. Make a note of that, please, Edward Andreyevitch." I did so, and then the count proceeded in the orthodox way to feel the man's pulse and look at his tongue. "Hum, I must make an examination here," said Tolstoi, as he took the woman's hand, and then, turning to the half-dozen elders who were accompanying us, he added, "Will you please go out of the cottage and prevent any one from entering for ten minutes?" They went out, and the medical examination was made. A few simple directions were given, and the wife was told that medicine would be sent. We then went on to the next cottage. While we had been doing this at one end of the village, the Countess Marie Tolstoi and Boris Nicolaievitch had been verifying the lists at the other end. About four o'clock we all assembled at the starosta's house to count up the number of persons requiring relief, and to arrange how many soup kitchens were to be opened, and who were to be the people at whose cottages these kitchens were to be established.

By this time it was becoming dark. We had already been obliged to light the lamp which hung over the table. The count looked at his watch, and said it was time for us to start homewards. We thereupon pulled on our fur coats, and went to our sledges and started off, the count and I, as before, in one sledge, and the Countess Marie and Boris Nicolaievitch in the second. Count Tolstoi talked to his horse, telling the animal to go home quickly. He held the reins in his hands, certainly, but there seemed to be very little use for them. As we jogged along quietly under the star-studded sky the count asked many questions about English literature and journalism. He, however, disclaimed having done any good work till he was over forty. "No man can do good work, work that will be read by posterity, till he is forty-five," and the philosopher emphasized his remarks by sundry jerks at the reins, a course of proceeding to which the horse was not accustomed, and to which that intelligent animal objected by stopping short. The Count said that we might as well have a little run again, and was about to get out of the sledge when the horses started off; the Count lost his balance and rolled over into the snow, the sledge tipped over a bit, and I very nearly fell out on top of the Count. "Are you hurt, Lef Nicolaievitch?" "Oh, dear no," he responded; "it is great fun to have a little mishap like this, when no one is

New York Fashions

Now in Stock, April 30, 1892.

Point to the use of **JACKETS** by young Ladies and slight figures for Spring wear. Some of the New Styles are entirely open in the front, fastening by one button at the waist, others fasten at the bust by single or several loops and can be worn open at pleasure, having the inside fronts faced with silk or embroidered. Also the Reefer Style which buttons all the way down front, and a Coat (tight-fitting) shape with braded fronts and the new Mushroom Collar. We have a large assortment of the above in Black. Sizes 30 to 38 inch Bust measure, prices \$5.25 to \$10.75. Handsome Fawn Jackets 30 to 36 inch Bust, at \$7.00 to \$16.00. Navy Blue Jackets 30 to 38 inch Bust, at \$4.00 to \$16.00. Also Extreme Novelties in Paris Fashion Cloth Capes in Fawn, Havana Brown, Crimson and Black, prices \$19.00 to \$55.00.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON, SCOVIL, FRASER & CO. Onward March!

In our endeavor to gain trade we recognise the fact that we must give something in exchange for Patronage. What we propose giving and what we are giving is VALUE. We do not want one dollar unless we can give one dollar's worth of value for it. We are building our business upon this foundation, and believe in it. Just now we are trying to make our **CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT ATTRACTIVE**, not only in quality and variety, but in price. We have added to our already large stock an assortment of Children's Knit Suits suitable for Boys from 3 to 5 years of age, which only require to be seen to be admired, price \$3.25 to \$4.75.

OAK HALL SCOVIL, FRASER & CO. St. John, N. B. OAK HALL

SOME CURIOUS CLUBS.

Red Haired, Funeral, Liars', Beer and Giants' Among the Number.

The Red Haired club of Dublin was a society which barred out all whose hirsute covering was not of the most pronounced auburn. In order that no man could gain admission by false pretenses, it was required at the initiation of each member that the applicant wash his hair and whiskers in hot soda and water. This effectually took out any dye that might have been used. The funeral club of Paris was a ghastly organization. Its object was to attend in body all public funerals, and private ones where it was allowed. Its meetings were always held in cemeteries, and members invariably dressed in sombre black with crape sashes on their hats. The only music they had was a hand organ, and this played nothing but the death march in "Saul." No smile was ever seen upon the face of a member in public. All kinds of gaieties, theatres, dances and parties, the members were strictly forbidden to participate in at any time; indeed, it is difficult to imagine what on earth the men composing the Funeral club had to live for anyhow.

The Liars' club still exists in London and flourishes in an inn situated in one of the dingy courts of Fleet street. The initiation fee is five shillings, half of which is remitted should the new member be able to outlie any member present. The tallest stories are told at this tavern at every weekly meeting, and the best exaggerator carries off the honors of the evening. But if a man is known to lie outside the precincts of the clubrooms he is liable to expulsion. The Thirteen club in America has not been a success, taking into consideration its fundamental principles, especially that one which teaches us that the number "13" is fatal and always unlucky. The club always sits down with thirteen at table, always on Friday, the supposed unluckiest day of the week, knives are crossed, salt is spilled, and everything is done to tempt ill luck, but it does not come. On the other hand, neither does the popular belief that "13" is unlucky disappear.

There was, and probably still is, in Heidelberg, in connection with the famous university there, a Beer club, to which access could only be gained by one's tested capacity for drinking large quantities of beer. No person was eligible for membership who could not drink a gallon of beer at one sitting. Vienna has its Lazy club, no member of which does anything for a living, and London possesses a Bald Headed club, where bright and shining craniums alone are seen.—Home Journal.

Worth Abolishes the Trailing Skirt.

The famous Paris milliner Worth, of whom every queen in Europe, except the queen of England, has ordered gowns, has conferred a lasting benefit on the human race in introducing short skirts to street gowns, and consigning to deserved oblivion the crinoline which had for centuries, under various names, disfigured woman-kind. It is true we have slightly fallen from grace in the matter of scavenger trails, but even now the reaction is becoming apparent, and again the reform comes from Paris, where trailing street gowns are little worn. Worth's best customers are the empress of Russia and the queens of Portugal and Italy.

Toilet of the Cat.

Cats, large and small, make the most careful toilet of any class of animals, excepting some of the opossums. The lions and tigers wash themselves in exactly the same manner as the cat, wetting the dark, India rubber-like ball of the forehead and inner toe, and passing it over the face and behind the ears. The foot is thus at the same time a face sponge and brush, and the rough tongue combs the rest of the body. Hares also use their feet to wash their faces, and the hare's foot is so suitable for a brush that it is always used to apply the "paint" to the face for the stage.

HE CUT TOO DEEP.

Abraham Lincoln is Given as the Author of the Following Story.

In some small town west, the story runs, a young man knocked at the door of a barber's house late one night and called to the barber to get up, saying that he was going to take his sweetheart to a ball that night and he could not do so unless the barber would get up and shave him. The knight of the razor demurred strongly at first and declared that he would not get up and shave anyone. The young man was persistent, however, and threatened to kick the door down if his request was not complied with, and he proceeded to execute his threat by pounding on the door vigorously. The barber, seeing that the best way out of the difficulty would be, probably to go down and shave the fellow, proceeded to dress, vowing vengeance at the same time. He began his work by taking the dulllest razor which he possessed and carefully carving off the tops of any moles or such projections which he found, but the only response which the customer made to this operation was:

"Waal, I see you're takin' it off like a mowin' machine, makin' everything level." The barber went ahead and made no reply. He found that the customer's cheeks were somewhat sunken and that he could not get the razor down in the "valleys" conveniently, so he put his lathered finger in the fellow's mouth and pressed out the cheek. He proceeded so carelessly that the razor went through the customer's cheek and also out the barber's finger. He pulled the bloody finger out of the customer's mouth and snapping the blood off it blurted out:

"There, you lop-sided, lantern-jawed son of a sea-cook, you made me cut my finger."

The Language of Postage Stamps.

When a stamp is inverted on the right-hand upper corner, it means the person written to is to write no more. If the stamp be placed on the left-hand upper corner inverted, then the writer declares his affection for the receiver of the letter. When the stamp is in the centre at the top it signifies an affirmative answer to a question or the questions, as the case may be; and when it is at the bottom it is a negative. Should the stamp be on the right-hand corner at a right angle, it asks the question if the receiver of the letter loves the sender; while in the left-hand corner means that the writer hates the other. There is a shade of difference between desiring one's acquaintance and friendship. For example, the stamp at the upper corner at the right expresses the former, and on the lower left-hand corner means the latter. The stamp on a line with the surname is an offer of love; in the same place, only reversed, signifies that the writer is engaged. To say farewell the stamp is placed straight up and down in the left-hand corner.

Boys Who Use Tobacco.

A man who has, during all his business career, been a manufacturer of and dealer in tobacco, tells me that it is a fact that a large majority of those men who chew tobacco, passed their boyhood and youth in villages and small cities. He says he has no theory to advance as to the cause of that fact. It is easily explained; the boy raised on a farm, going to town once a week or less frequently, is not influenced constantly by the example of a score or more of men, young and old, who chew tobacco chiefly for the looks of the thing, while those who live in the larger cities are constantly reminded that it is horribly bad form to chew tobacco. On the other hand, the boys who are raised in villages and small cities, not knowing exactly just what is *au fait* in the cities, and determined to be a trifle more distinctive than their farm-raised cousins, guess at the thing, and so take up tobacco chewing, profanity and vulgarity as desirable practices under the mistaken notion that thus they become metropolitan as to habits.