HIRSCH'S UNIQUE NATURE.

THE MAGIC CHANGE WROUGHT IN IT BY HIS SON'S DEATH.

Once a Hard-fisted Money Maker, He Was Turned in a Twinkling Into the Most Open-handed Philanthropist—His Sympathy With a Socialist—Anecdotes.

Neither history nor fiction presents any counterpart of the remarkable character of Baron Hirsch, whose sudden death surprised all Europe. He held the record as a philanthropist—if an expression more applicable to his well-known hobby of racing may be applied to his charitable performances—and at the same time no man was more cordially hated for his alleged cruelty and unscrupulousness in financial dealings. A man who has given away in charities no less than $15,000,000 in a single year, and yet who is accused of vendictive, relentless proceedings, which have ruined his more generous rivals, is a personality which commands the world's attention and furnishes a fascinating subject to the student of human nature.

The fact which above all others distinguished him among the rich men of this and all other ages is that he was almost the only possessor of an immense self-acquired fortune who deliberately undertook to distribute the bulk of his wealth among the needy while he yet lived. Baron Hirsch left property amounting, according to the most reliable estimates, to about $105,000,000. When about eight years ago, he became a distributor instead of an accumulator of wealth, he was probably worth $150,000,000. He himself said that if he lived long enough he would die a pauper.

The cause of the sudden change in him, the transformation from a hard inexorable, greedy money maker to a generous, kind, but cynical philanthropist, was the

DEATH OF HIS ONLY SON,

a grief from which he never recovered. The father's love for money died with the death of his boy. He became known as the "Millionaire Moses" of the oppressed Jews of the present day. Before he entered upon his great colonization scheme for the relief of Russian Jews, Baron Hirsch had offered $500,000 to the Russian Government for the education of the Jews in that country. M. Pobiedonostzeff, the Minister of the Interior, received the money, but it was diverted to the purpose of teaching young priests the beauty of orthodoxy and the horrors of the Mosaic law. Hirsch made no complaint, but bided his time. When he had perfected his plans for the colonization scheme, he sent an agent to Russia for the purpose of obtaining the Emperor's consent to the necessary measures. The only credential furnished to this gentleman by the late Baron was a letter to M. Pobiedonostzeff, in which the latter was gently reminded of the former transaction,and a hint given that some compensation was due. The effect of this letter was magical. Pobiedonostzeff sat down and wrote with his own hand a long, open eltter of recommendation and introduction to every Governor and official in Russia. The Minister of the Interior telegraphed to all provinces in which the Jews were congregated that every facility was to be given to Baron Hirsch's agent to investigate matters on the spot, the only condition made being that the report of the Baron should be shown to the Procurator of the Holy Synod before being transmitted to Paris. The final report was shown to the Emperor by Count Voronstoff Dashkoff, much against Pobiedonostzeff's will. But Baron Hirsch knew his man, and although the letter of introduction had virtually cost him £100,000 he always said he had had

VALUE FOR HIS MONEY

in the extraordinary support given by the Russian court and Ministry to his project.

A close friend of the Baron's writes thus about his Jewish colonization project:

"His great scheme of Jewish colonization was not a success—a fact he recognized during the last few years of his life. M. Blowitz, whose hereditary faith in the Cross is a matter of European fame, once carried his anti-Semitism so far as to hint that the new exodus was nothing but blague. I have had the opportunity of reading some of Hirsch's letters to his agent in Russia while the negotiations were being carried on for the administrative release of the poor Jews from the passport and prison regulations which prevented their emigration. These letters showed the most extraordinary grasp of a most complicated situation, and at the same time revealed a force of character and a tenderness of heart with which the majority of the Newmarket world would not have credited him. No detail was too small for his attention, and yet at the same time he knew whom to trust. Naturally suspicious, his distrust was increased by the harpies in high places by whom he was surrounded; but when he trusted he gave his whole confidence. The secret history of his dealings with Russia in connection with the emancipation of the Jews cannot yet be written, but he had hard words for coreligionists who denounced Russia on paper for persecuting the Hebrews, but nevertheless guaranteed the last Russian loan."

The same intimate friend says of the Baron's social and political ideas: "Hirsch was no student, except of men. He never read a book except a French novel. In politics he was a Radical, and in some things an advanced Collectivist. He believed that the key to our English character was our extravagance and idleness. He was never tired of inveighing against the

BRITISH LAND SYSTEM.

and often declared that unless a system for the subdivision of property were carried out promptly and successfully we should have revolutionary times over here. He regarded with amazement the patience and docility of our wage earners in allowing so small a class to absorb the majority of the land. On one occasion I accompanied him to one of those vast meetings in Hyde Park, where 80,000 or 100,000 people demanded the abolition of the Lords, or some other equally simple political boon. After marvelling at the absence of troops or police, we drew up to listen to one of the Socialist orators who was addressing the crowd in a really able manner. After listening for some time Hirsch turned to me and said: "I agree with every word that man has said. I will talk to him." And so he did, and an excellent thing it was to see the Not-Have and the Have colloquing over the wrongs of the people."

Baron Hirsch was personally almost an ascetic. He used to say with pride that he could live on $2.50 a day. Although "upon the indulgences of the idle rich he was bitterly satirical," he maintained a striking style of hospitality. He had numerous residences,among which may be mentioned Bath House, Picadilly, London; a beautiful mansion in the Champs Elysees, Paris; a residence at Budapesth and another at Eichhorn, near Brunn. At his estate in Hungary he has been visited by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Orleans, the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Randolph Churchill, and many others of the English nobility. Fabulous hospitality was displayed at those gatherings, from which, however the Austrian aristocracy held aloof.

Some forms of the Baron's generosity were rather embarrassing. He was fond of

PLAYING CARDS

with the ladies he met at country houses, and losing money to them; not a few sixpences, but ten, twenty, fifty pounds at a sitting. At first sight there may not seem anything very embarrassing in this. But the fact is that the Baron would take pains to lose, and it was a common thing for onlookers to say that such and such a lady with whom he was playing bezique, or whatever the game might be, would be richer that evening by fifty pounds or so. Fairly won, no lady would object perhaps. But the Baron would carefully stop,or play badly,just so as to leave his opponent the victor; and then what he really enjoyed was pulling out a few bank notes and passing them over. Not a very vicious taste in a multi-millionaire; still it is not every lady in society who can take what is practically a present of money, without feeling uncomfortable. The worst of it was that the Baron was such a bad hand at deception. Everybody knew his little game.

We shall know more before long, probably, about the financial assistance which the Baron gave to the members of more than one royal house in Europe. At one time he gave millions of francs to Queen Isabella and her late son to restore the monarchy. He once poured money into a fund created by the Comte de Paris to upset the republic gambling debt of an Orleans prince of £28,000, refused a receipt for the money but said he would like to be a member of the Club of the Rue Royale. Though every Orleans prince was for him, he was blackballed. In return he purchased the house which the club holds on a lease that was soon to expire. Sooner than go elsewhere those who blackballed the Baron yielded.

AMUSING REPLIES.

Anecdotes in Connection With the British Post-Office.

When Sir Rowland Hill revolutionized the British post-office by introducing cheap postage, one of his devices for facilitating the operation of his scheme was the prepayment of letters and other mailable matter by means of small adhesive paper labels, representing a duty of a penny and two-pence. Now two billions six hundred and thirty-two millions of bits of paper are stamped, gummed and sent annually to the post-offices of the United Kingdom. Mr. Baines, a former inspector-general of mailes, tells this anecdote about the indirect usefulness of postage-stamps.

It is known that the blank margin of postage-stamps is useful in many ways. Once, at a Midland post-office, a little girl came to the counter and asked for some "plaister" form the postage-stamps.

"What do you want it for?" the postmaster asked.

"Please, sir, we want it for mending feyther's nose," the girl replied.

Mr. Anthony Trollope, the novelist, was a post-office surveyor, and once being at an Irish post-office on a Sunday wished to inspect the official books. The postmaster suggested that as the day was not one on which he transacted business the inspection be deferred till Monday.

"I'll sit where I am until the books are produced," said the irritated surveyor.

"Then, sir," answered the postmaster, "you'll just sit there till you die." Exit Mr. Trollope.

Mr. Baines also tells of an Irishman who applied to a postmaster for a money-order. When the applicant gave his name, the clerk, not catching it, asked:

"How do you spell it?"

"Sure," answered the Irishman, "and if a fine clerk like you can't spell it, how d'ye think a poor man like me can?"

CARRIER PIGEONS.

A great interest has always been manifested in these faithful birds, probably because they have been, and are, trusted with messages of the greatest importance in times of war and peace. It is seldom that the messages are not delivered, and then not because the pigeon has been unfaithful in its trust, but because some mishap has befallen it. It is reported that, during one of the late great wars in Europe, numbers of these pigeons were employed as messengers with success. Tissue paper in sheets four inches wide and ten inches long is used to write upon, so a considerable amount of correspondence can be carried at a time. Sometimes this is wrapped around the leg of the pigeon like a bandage; again, it may be secured with a piece of twine, or it may be folded up tightly and placed in a little drum-shaped pellet and tied to the bird's leg. Occassionally it may be attached to the wings or tail, but this method has not been followed with best results. We have seen pictures on valentines of white doves carrying huge envelopes secured about the necks with a yard or two of blue ribbon. This is probably responsible for the belief that messages are carried by pigeons in such a manner, but it is only true in pictures.

HOUSEHOLD.

JUST BEYOND.

On the threshold baby stands,
Holding out her little hands
To the great world just beyond,
Just beyond the open door.
Ah, that door! It shuts her in
From the pleasures she would win.
And within her baby heart
She is saying o'er and o'er
That some day she'll ope it wide,
And step forth to see in pride
That great world she longs to see
More and more.

Ah! my baby, in your eyes
I can see the longing rise,
That I in my heart have seen
Once before,
Only this: To step outside,
Join the hurrying human tide
That goes marching daily by,
Just beyond the door.
May you find it just as grand
When with them you really stand,
As you think it is, my child,
Looking o'er.
May you never wish to be
Just a little child, to see,
Not to do; just to gaze with longing eyes,
Just beyond the door.

SOME WAYS OF SERVING EGGS.

During the spring and summer there is a constant demand for eggs, many families always have them on the breakfast table, and they are also a favorite lunch dish. The following recipes give directions for cooking them in different ways.

Chopped Eggs.—Boil six eggs hard, set them away to cool, and then take off the shells. Rub the yolks through a colander and chop the whites. Set one half pint of cream or milk in a double kettle over the fire. Thicken slightly with corn starch and season with salt, pepper, and a pinch of cayenne. If milk is used, add a piece of butter as large as an egg. Stir the chopped whites into the cream. Toast half slices of bread, spread on them a thick layer of the hop mixture, and sprinkle thickly with the pulverized yolks. Serve hot.

Stuffed Eggs—Boil eight eggs hard, set them away to cool and remove the shells. Soak two ounces of stale bread in tepid water for five minutes, and wring it dry in a towel. Put one ounce of grated cheese in a saucepan, with one saltspoonful of salt, one-half saltspoonful of pepper, a tiny pinch of cayenne, a teaspoonful of lemon juice, two ounces of butter, and a gill of cream-sauce. Cut the eggs carefully in halves lengthwise. Rub the yolks through a colander, and add them with the bread to the sauce. Stir until the mixture cleaves from the sides of the saucepan. Put on a hot platter a layer of cream sauce, fill the whites with the force-meat, rounding it up high, and heat in a moderate oven.

Omelet—Beat six eggs, the yolks and whites separately. Beat the whites to a stiff froth, and beat the yolks thoroughly, adding to them one small teacupful of thick, sweet cream, with salt and pepper. Then add the beaten whites, stirring together quickly and thoroughly. Pour the mixture into a frying pan, in which a good-sized piece of butter has been melted. Set the frying pan in a cooler place on the stove and, when the mixture begins to set, take off the pan and place in the oven for a minute or two. When the omelet rises and is nearly stiff, it is done, and should be doubled dexterously and turned out on a hot platter. Serve immediately before it falls.

Baked Eggs—Break eggs upon a buttered platter gently, without breaking the yolks. Sprinkle over them salt, pepper, and a dusting of fine break crumbs. Set the platter in the oven and bake two or three minutes, or until the whites have stiffened, but not the yolks.

SIX GOOD RECIPES.

Chestnut Pudding.—Cook two quarts of French chestnuts till quite soft; then press them through a sieve. Add two tablespoonfuls of sugar and flavor slightly with vanilla. Surround with wreath of whipped cream slightly sweetened.

Ham Timbale.—One cup chopped ham (chopped very, very fine). Half a pint of cream thickened with flour. Three eggs. Stir altogether and bake in oven one-half hour. Then turn out on flat dish and pour a cream sauce over it.

Eggs—Convent Fashion.—Take two or three large onions, slice them very thin and fry till a nice brown. Have ready a half dozen hard boiled eggs cut in slices, and a cupful of nice soup stock with a little flour mixed in it; add the eggs to the onions, then pour in the gravy and stir all till the gravy has thickened. Serve very hot.

Lobster Timbale.—Take three pounds of lobster (cooked). Pick meat out of the shell and chop very fine. Add a little thickened cream and heat all to scalding point. Then line a rice ring mold with soft cooked rice and put the prepared lobster in. Turn all out on a dish and pour over all a white cream sauce.

Bologna Sausage.—Boil bologna from one hour and a half to two hours. Serve with a wall of mashed potatoes and thick brown gravy outside of the potatoes.

Macaroons.—Blanch and beat half a pound of sweet almonds in a mortar with a tablespoonful of water, till quite fine, gradually adding the whites of eight eggs, whipped to a froth; then mix in half a pound of loaf sugar, finely powdered. Spread sheets of white paper on your baking tin and over that the proper wafer papers; lay the paste on it, in pieces the size of a walnut,and sift fine sugar over it. Bake in a moderately hot oven.

BABY'S CLOTHES.

Making dainty garments for the little one is a work that every mother enjoys, and many a hope and aspiration for their future have been woven in with the stitches. The one requisite of all his belongings is exquisite neatness, and delicacy and softness of material. Think how tender his flesh is, and do all that is possible to prevent irritation or undue pressure upon any part of the body. Colored flannel is no warmer than white, and not half as nice, so let all his flannels be white. I have found one shirt with sleeves, a sleeveless skirt, cut princess shape, measuring thirty inches from the neck to the bottom of the hem, a white slip of the same length, soft woolen stockings that are long enough to come up over the knees, a band and a diaper all that was necessary for my babies, if they were kept in a comfortable room. Have at least four changes of flannels, seven or eight dresses and two dozen diapers. For the latter, there is nothing better than squares of soft, cotton flannel. The skirts may have a small tuck on each side of the opening in the back, and two in front extending from the neck to the waist. These can be let out if he outgrows the skirt.

In making the flannels, press all the seams open and cat-stitch them down on either side. Finish the bottom with three-inch hems, and work a row of feather-stitching with twisted embroidery-silk in white or colors all around it. One or two skirts intended for dress occasions may have scallops embroidered at the lower edge, and a design of leaves and flowers embroidered above it. Finish the neck and sleeves of the skirt with narrow crocheted scallops of silk.

The dresses may be of any fine, white goods, dimity, nainsook or Indian linen, with yokes of various shapes, full sleeves, finished at the lower edge with embroidery or lace to match the yoke. Make the lower part of the sleeves almost as wide as the upper, with a drawstring of white wash-silk ribbon run in. The babies grow so fast that a dress is often discarded, because the sleeves are outgrown, but when they are made in this way, they will fit as long as he needs long dresses.

One dress that belongs to a very handsome layette has a yoke made of rows of finishing-braid and Hamburg insertion alternating. This was pointed in shape, and outlined with a ruffle of embroidery. The skirt was finished with a deep hem, hemstitched. Another has a round yoke of fine Smyrna and Irish point insertion, and the edge finished with a frill of lace. Another, which was intended for Sunday wear, has a square yoke of ideal Honiton embroidery in a pretty openwork pattern, for the working of which Honiton lace thread was used. A narrow ruffle of linen, having an edge of Honiton, finished the neck, wrists and edge of the yoke. A yoke composed of hemstitched tucks, slightly pointed in front and reaching to the sleeves, is pretty. The back of the dress was plain.

The mother will find it easier to dress and undress the baby if his shirt, skirt and dress are made to open in the back. Use small, flat buttons on all his clothing. The shirt-sleeves can be put through the armholes of the skirt, then through the dress-sleeves; put there garments over his head, draw his arms through the sleeves, fasten a few buttons, and baby is dressed.—E. C.

AS IN A LOOKING GLASS.

An ingenious woman has hit' upon a clever plan for seeing herself and her new gown as "ithers" see her.

She has recently moved into a flat, which, although spacious and handsome, does not possess among its furnishings a long mirror or pier glass. One was absolutely indispensable to the unalloyed happiness and peace of mind of the fair mistress, so she found it necessary to put her wits to work temporarily.

The result is charming to a degree, and satisfactory in every way. In the first place a looking-glass about three and a half feet long by two and a half feet wide was purchased, set in a plain frame of pine wood about four inches wide. This frame was entirely covered with blue and white cretonne, which also forms the wall covering in the pretty bedroom for which the mirror was designed.

The next step was to procure two large, strong hinges and fasten the mirror to the wall, just as shutters or blinds are put up to windows.

The spot chosen for this home-made pier glass is near a window and with the mirror easily adjusted to any angle and all the daylight there is upon it one can take in the details that go to make up the back of one's gown and the rear of one's bodice, to say nothing of back hair.

Then when not in use, the mirror swings back upon its hinges, where it looks like a staid, respectable bit of furniture against the wall.

Another useful contrivance in the looking glass line is a hand mirror, which is fastened to the back of one toilet chair. Every woman nowadays sits before her mirror while arranging coiffeur, and the low toilet table with oval looking glass and toilet chair are adjuncts of every well appointed dressing room. The advantage of the glass fastened to the chair, is that it leaves both hands free to arrange the hair. The glass can be turned to any angle and in any position; indeed it is almost as useful as a lady's maid and much less bother.

A $17,000 WATCH.

"While in Geneva some months ago," writes a gentleman, "I visited the principal watch works there and as a matter of curiosity asked the manager what was the highest price watch that was made in Geneva. He said that the most expensive watch turned out in Switzerland was worth $700. This watch had a split second hand and struck the hours if needed. It also had in it a tiny musical box, which played, three distinct tunes. This watch, he said, was the finest that could be made, but that ornaments, diamonds, etc., could be worked into the case which would run the price up into as many thousands as the purchaser desired. He said there had been one watch made in his establishment the cases of which had been studded with diamonds and which had cost $17,000 but as far as the watch itself was concerned it was a $700 watch."

NEITHER SUITED.

Angry Husband—"What I wanted was a wife who would be a helpmeet."

Angry Wife—"Huh! What I wanted was a husband who would supply meat to help."

ALL MUST BE SOLDIERS.

CONSCRIPTION IN EVERY COUNTRY OF EUROPE EXCEPT BRITAIN.

The Terrible Sense of Bondage to Which Every Man Is Subjected—The Noble and the Peasant Alike Must Serve in the Ranks—The Peasant as Good as the Noble in That Position.

Conscription is the curse of the Old World. It is a system that has carried ruin and desolation into many a home, and that is responsible not only for the enormous national debt, but also for the appalling burden of taxation beneath which most European nations are staggering; taxation so heavy that it is forcing thousands upon thousands of useful citizens whose remaining at home would have constituted a source of strength to their native country to expatriate themselves. Conscription converts into a mere fallacy the doctrine of freedom, and, curiously enough, it dates from that very French revolution of 1794, which is generally supposed to have begun an era of liberty, equality, and enlightenment for the people of the Old World. Prior to the last decade of the eighteenth century, military service in every part of Europe was voluntary, and armies were raised by means of enlistment. It was the revolutionary Government which preceded the first empire at Paris that begun the method of compulsory military service for every citizen, and to-day there is not a single one of the European powers which has not adopted conscription in a more or less drastic form as part and parcel of its military system.

In Germany, France, Spain, Russia, and particularly in Italy, conscription is in vogue, and conscription, too, of the most severe and stringent character. From the very moment that a young fellow attains manhood, unless he happened to be the only son and support of a widow, he becomes liable to compulsory military service. The latter extends over a number of years, the average term being three years with colours, and four years with the reserve, which entails an

ANNUAL MILITARY TRAINING

of some one or two months. There are no exemptions, and in France, as well as in Germany and Italy, those who are declared by the medical authorities to be enrolled in line regiments, are now utilized for service in the hospital, commissariat and paymaster's department. So stringent are the laws of conscription that even the young theological students studying for the Church are taken from their cells, their mass-books and their beads, to do their turn of military service. No excuse is accepted save in the case of the widows' sons, and any young man who leaves his native country for the purpose of avoiding these three years of military slavery is placed upon the police record as a deserter, and liable to be imprisoned as such the very moment that he returns to his native land.

In spite of the heavy legal penalty prescribed by the laws of the various countries of Europe for those young men who expatriate themselves for the purpose of avoiding conscription, the number of these so-called deserters in increases each year. There are few men except those eager for military glory who relish the idea of giving up the finest three years of their entire lief to the service of the State, a service which is little better than slavery, since it derives a man of every vestige of liberty, renders him subject to all kinds of petty tyranny, and tends to unfit him for every other occupation. European soldiers, at any rate those on the Continent, are treated with a considerable

AMOUNT OF BRUTALITY

by their officers, and when it is taken into consideration that military service in France and Italy entails service in tropical climates, such as those of Western Africa and Cochin-China in the case of the French, and Abyssinia in the case of the Italians, it will be readily understood why they are so eager at all cost to avoid conscription, even at the risk of disgrace and imprisonment. At the present moment thousands upon thousands of Italians are flocking to the Western hemisphere solely for the purpose of avoiding compulsory military service. It is not so much the dread of the service itself that causes them to take to flight, but the horror at the idea of their being sent to Abyssinia, whence so many of their comrades have returned mutilated and tortured by the fierce natives in the most hideous fashion. Of course, compulsory service possesses certain advantages, among others that of imparting not only elementary instruction, but also notions of order, morality, and of discipline to a class of people who would otherwise pass through life without any knowledge of these qualities. It, moreover, tends to knock the conceit out of a man, and to render him democratic, since, once in the ranks as a simple soldier, the peasant is every bit as good, and subjected to identically the same treatment as the nobleman. It brings classes of society into a contact eventually useful which would otherwise never have known one another. But there its benefits may be said to end, and they scarcely constitute a compensation for the horrible sense of bondage to which each citizen of the Old World feels himself subjected by the laws of conscription.

DOG, NOT MAN, WAS BLIND.

In a well-known street in London a beggar was often seen plodding about with a small dog. The dog was held by a piece of chain and had round his neck a placard with "Pity the Blind" in large red letters. Mr. T—, passing one day, dropped a sixpence into the man's outstretched hand. Halloo! he cried as he was turning away, was that a half-sovereign I gave you?

No, sir—no, answered the beggar; only sixpence.

So, said Mr. T—, you are not blind, then, after all?

Bless you, sir, no! he replied. You see, the placard refers to the dog. He's blind—not me!