

THE LIGHTS OF EGYPT PHENOMENA IN WALES

Effects and Incidents of the Revival—A Woman Sees Angels—Remarkable Services in a Lonely Village.

Mrs. Mary Jones, the wife of a farmer at Egryn, is rapidly becoming one of the most noteworthy personages in the Welsh religious revival.

She roused the countryside early in January by her simple and earnest appeals, and she touched the superstitious side of her countrymen's nature by the visions which she saw and the lights in the sky which hovered over houses and guided her to the salvation of souls during the past two months.

The "Lights of Egryn" have become a household word in the principality and they are regarded as a "divine seal" set upon the mission of Mrs. Jones.

Mrs. Jones is a slim, gentle-looking woman. She has the light hair and expressive eyes of the true Celt, but her voice and her manner give the impression of unnatural reserve.

A Vision of Angels.

She claims to have seen visions. Six angels, she said, came into her bedroom. They were fair and shapely in form. They knelt, prayed and vanished.

The following account of the mysterious lights which have so astonished the district during the last weeks is told by an Express representative who was taken to see the phenomena by one of the converts of the revival.

It was nearly eight when we set out. The convert led the way by a few paces and when a couple of miles were passed he began to scan the flanking hills with feverish, eager, expectant gaze.

"That," he said, pointing to a high brick structure which faced the road, "is Egryn's Chapel, where the revival started, and where already some fifty converts have been added to the church. 'I hope we may see the lights,' he said, and added, half apologetically, half pityingly: 'It is not given to every one to see them. Spiritual things are not discernible of all men.'"

The road now rose quickly, and at the summit the farmer suddenly stopped, excitedly seized my arm, and shouted triumphantly: "Yonder are the lights!"

He pointed with outstretched arm and shaking fingers to the spot where, among the uncertain shadows, the dark outline of the chapel appeared to rest upon the hills. Beyond I saw some half-dozen lights. They gleamed, scintillated, jumped and then vanished, to reappear at brief intervals.

Miraculous Light.

"Now you will believe," said my guide, who seemed to take it for granted that I should at once accept the phenomena as miraculous.

A still more remarkable light appeared after the farmer and I had parted company. Faint at first, it rapidly gained dazzling intensity, when from a globe-like centre it flung out nine long, distinct radiations. It lingered for a full sixty seconds and expired.

A similar display occurred on the roadway some three hundred yards behind, while once a curious gleam shot across my path and circled around me.

There were several visitors around Mrs. Jones' door when it reached it on Sunday evening. She gave a cordial welcome to each. "I hope you have seen the lights," she said, adding immediately, "they are the visible sign of my work, and I want every one to believe in them."

I thought that she looked anxious, and again and again she endeavored to impress upon me the divine character of her mission. She insisted, among other things, that a star—her star, she styled it—settled over the chapel at Egryn, where she preached on Saturday night and that mysterious lights accompanied her on her journey home.

"One of them flashed into my carriage," she said. "It was a glowing ball of fire of exceeding brightness, but perfectly harmless."

Strange Vision.

Some of her visions are most extraordinary. She is probably not acquainted with the story of Goethe's "Faust," but she insists that she has seen the devil, who, reversing the Mephistophelean method, changed from human form into a dog.

"I saw some one coming," she said "I thought it was my brother. Then it shrank into a small, snarling, ferocious hound, which ran yelping in the darkness."

Nothing will shake her conviction, which is credited by the countryside. "It would not matter so much," said a well-known resident at Barmouth, "if Mrs. Jones would manage to preserve a monopoly of these dangerous symptoms, but other people, unfortunately, have caught something of her spirit, and they too are dreaming dreams and seeing visions."

"One man told me quite seriously yesterday that he had resisted the devil, altho he was proffered a bottle of elixir of life and renewed youth and vigor.

"In so far as the revival is rational good is being done, but it certainly seems as if the border-line were passed."

Mrs. Mary Jones went last night to Arthog, a thinly populated hamlet at the foot of the bold and striking summit of Cader Idris. She journeyed there by train, and, owing to a slight hoarseness, did not return home the same night.

It was a dark, damp, desolate night. Thick mists veiled the hills and overhung the sky, while a steady downpour of rain intensified the prevailing gloom. Undismayed by the weather, the villagers proceeded to the chapel in large numbers, while visitors at Barmouth, who have been attracted there by Mrs.

Jones' growing fame, willingly trudged the two weary miles along the deserted hillsides.

Welsh Glory Song.

The proceedings at the chapel bore a striking resemblance to those in the Rhonda Valley, "Dioch Iddo," the "Glory Song" of the Welsh revival, seemed to lay hold of the congregation, who sang themselves into a sort of religious frenzy.

Mrs. Jones' entrance was quiet and undramatic. She appeared perfectly calm and self-possessed, but it was noticeable that a bright, feverish light gleamed fitfully in her eyes, and that a brooding melancholy at times settled upon her face.

There was no star over the chapel; there were no guiding lights to lead the way there.

Mrs. Jones occupied the pulpit alone, but, as in Evan Roberts' meetings there was no attempt to arrange the order of the service. Now and again she broke into loud and earnest exhortations, or swayed rhythmically to the stirring singing of the congregation.

"Tell mother I'll be there" has reached even these out-of-the-way Welsh villages, and it was sung last night with all the touching power of the huge crowds in the Albert Hall.

Mrs. Jones speaks fluently and with emphasis. The hearers hung upon her words in a silence that was almost painful. The fact is that they regard her as an inspired woman set divinely apart for a sacred mission.

Large crowds awaited her return from the chapel, and whiled away the hours by singing "Dioch Iddo." They expected to see the lights, but no glory light appeared to relieve the unpierced blackness of the hills. Only the shifting gleams from some cattle-driver's lamp shone occasionally from the wide-spreading meadows.

It would seem that atmospheric conditions have something to do with the appearance of the lights. This, of course, would at once deprive them of any claims to the supernatural.

THE CHILD SLAVES OF NEW YORK

Famous Melodrama and Detective Story Coming to the Majestic Theatre This Week.

With a strong cast of 35 people and a carload of special scenery, Charles E. Blaney's big detective play, "The Child Slaves of New York," will be presented at the Majestic Theatre this week with a matinee every day. The play is the joint work of Messrs. Charles E. Blaney and Howard Hall, and will be produced under the direction of J. B. Isaac, who will present the drama in an elaborate and original manner. Many well-known and popular character performers are in the cast, and for realism and sensational features and originality.

"The Child Slaves of New York" will equal any melodrama that has been presented in the leading melodrama houses this season. The action of the play takes place in the gold regions of Alaska and in New York City, and deals with the adventurous people who risk their lives seeking fortunes in the far northwest, as well as the many casualties and crimes of the great metropolis. The play is in four acts and a prolog. The prolog shows the mountains and ice fields of Alaska, and presents one of the most magnificent pictures ever introduced in a melodrama. It is in this scene that the villain (John Foster) shows his greed for lucre and attempts the life of his chum (Charles Potter), feeling safe from the eye of mortal man, confiscates his immense fortune, but the hideous crime was witnessed by Hex-him, the Eskimo, who after giving help to the injured man, falls to his knees and swears to be revenged. Imagine such a beautiful picture and not a word spoken in the dealing. All in pantomime. The effect is simply marvelous on the audience, and they look forward to the unraveling of the plot of this sterling drama, which has its inception in this crime.

The second act shows the interior of Sherwood's Detective Bureau and John Foster's bucket shop, New York City. In this act many clever complications are so skillfully manipulated, that the audience really think they are part and parcel of the story and quietly sit under the hypnotic spell of Sherwood, the detective, who to the wonder and amazement of all, so coolly and calmly unravels the apparent mysteries.

Act third opens in that thickly populated and crime-stained district known as "Mulberry Bend," showing the crowded and compact part of New York and the struggle for existence of the wife and child of Charles Foster, who thru the machinations and villainy of Foster have been forced to the lowest ebbs of poverty.

Act four, shows the abandoned grain elevator on the banks of the noble Hudson, which is the home of the child slaves, where is taught and instilled into the minds of the youths that to beg and to steal is an honorable position. In this act is also the explosion and the slide for life thru the grain chutes into the river below, only to be rescued by the harbor police patrol, after they had used their rapid firing gattling gun, to

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scatter the building of bricks and mortar, to reach the inmates. There is no question but this scene for realism has never been surpassed on any stage, as it shows the interior of the thieves' den on the river front and changes to the exterior, showing the harbor at night, where the villain attempts to make way with the wife and child of the man whose life he so deliberately attempted.

THE SIGN OF THE CROSS

Wilson Barrett's Strong Play to Be Presented at the Grand.

"The Sign of the Cross," Wilson Barrett's intensely strong play in four acts, which will be presented at the Grand next week, deals reverentially, yet with great dramatic power, with the devotion, personal sacrifices and sublime heroism of the first Christians whose zeal compelled the attention of the pagans of luxurious Rome in the despotic rule of Nero.

For many seasons "The Sign of the Cross" has been the most successful of plays, carrying with it religious traits that have commended it peculiarly to priests and clergy of all denominations, and others who may have had prejudices against the playhouse before the advent of "The Sign of the Cross." In many notable instances the influence of this deeply impressive drama has closed the breach that existed between the church and the stage. The persecution of the Christians and the many scenes of Rome in its darkest days are combined in a story of stirring incidents and marvelous climaxes. Messrs. Fred G. Berger and R. G. Craer, who control and direct the only production of this play in the United States and Canada this season, give the gorgeous scenes of Rome, its palaces and its people withers, including many famous members of the richest possible scenery and costumes. The excellent cast of forty players, William Greet's London company, is headed by that sterling actor, George Flood, who will bring splendid physical and dramatic qualities to a powerful portrayal of the leading part of Marcus Superbus.

ENGLAND WORSE THAN RUSSIA.

A Friend of Tolstol Testifies to that Effect.

London Daily Mail.

"It is not a whit better in England," declared Count Tolstol, comparing in a recent interview the conditions of life in Russia with those in this country.

"Why," exclaimed the famous novelist-philosopher, "my friend Tchertkoff, who lives outside the town of Christchurch, is compelled to pay a tax for the maintenance of a band which plays inside the town, and which he himself would much rather never hear at all!"

The Russian victim of British bureaucracy thus referred to is M. Vladimir Tchertkoff, who seven years ago was banished from the liberty-rejoicing country of the east, and now resides in a handsome house surrounded by picturesque grounds near the quaint and pretty town of Christchurch. Unfortunately the band towards the upkeep of which M. Tchertkoff has to contribute compulsorily performs at Bourne-mouth—a pleasant walk of about five miles from the Russian's house. When visited by a representative of The Daily Mail, M. Tchertkoff did not manifest excessive resentment against this tyrannical treatment of English-governing authorities. Time, indeed, has begotten a cheerful resignation to his fate; and the collector of the band-rate no longer calls in vain.

England Not Self-Governed.

M. Tchertkoff instanced the unemployed and slum life, as examples of these evils. Another was the exploitation of our colonies and dependencies by British commerce. "Thousands of natives in India hunger," he declared, "because the food they produce is exported to the United Kingdom."

"One great illusion," added the Russian exile, "is that England is self-governed. That is not the case at all. Members of the house of commons are not the representatives of the people, but of the moneyed classes. The voting of workpeople is influenced by their employers. A man cannot venture to become a parliamentary candidate unless he is prepared to spend several thousands of pounds on his election."

"The favorable impression at first made upon a Russian who comes to reside in England is not maintained when the foundations of things are examined. In matters of detail, so it would appear from M. Tchertkoff, "more liberty" of action and choice is afforded in Russia than in England. For instance, Eng-

lish people are afraid to shock their neighbors by manifesting any little originality in dress, and I find doctors who are atheists attending places of worship in order to keep their practice.

In fashionable circles in St. Petersburg the interests, especially of the women, take a more serious form than their prototypes in the west end of London. I would affirm, in fact, that women in Russian high society are more cultured than women of like position in England. For example, these intelligent fashionable ladies in St. Petersburg do not, and could not, read the "trashy," superficial literature devoured in the drawing-rooms of London."

World's Supply of Radium.

Some time ago it was suggested that in attempting to explain the temperature of the interior of the earth, the various radioactive constituents should be taken into account. Working on this idea, says Harper's Weekly, Prof. C. Liebenow has recently made an interesting calculation in which he shows that all the heat emitted by the earth may be explained by the presence of radioactive matter in its interior. He first computed the amount of heat given off in each second by the earth which he found to be 10,000,000,000,000 gram-calories, a gram-calorie being the quantity required to raise the temperature of one gram of water one degree centigrade. Then taking the results already computed by Paschen, that to generate one gram-calorie per second 26 grams of radium would be required. It was found that the earth must contain only about 200,000,000,000 grams, or somewhat more than 200,000 tons, of radium, otherwise its temperature would be constantly increasing.

Now if this quantity of radium were to be distributed uniformly thru the earth, each cubic metre would only contain 1/5000th of a milligram of radium, but since certain sands found around hot mineral springs contain a thousand times as much radium as this, it is quite evident that the distribution of radium is not uniform and must be confined rather to the strata of the earth nearest its surface.

Peculiarities of Orators.

Some men get white while they are making great speeches and some get red. Others are nervous and fidgety. Others swing their arms and hop about from one foot to the other. Senator Foraker of Ohio has his own peculiarity. When he is talking his face grows very white, but his ears get as red as tomatoes. All the blood seems to settle there.

Laws for the Rich.

"And yet," observed M. Tchertkoff, "I do not find in general that the state of England is very much better than the state of Russia. There is the same combination of oppressors and exploiters on the one hand, and the oppressed and exploited on the other. The laws in this country, as in Russia, protect the wealth of one man while allowing another to die of hunger."

"Indeed, I believe there is a disadvantage in a government like that of England in comparison with a state of crude autocracy such as exists in Russia. Whereas in Russia the evils produced by the government are self-evident, and the government are opposed by people enlightened in the least degree, in England, on the contrary, while the government supports and encourages the same evils, they are not so obvious, and consequently not combated by the people. There is a kind of a show of justice."

"In Russia the evil is wrought with bare hands; in England, with kid gloves. Therefore, there is less hope of the evil being recognized and dealt with."

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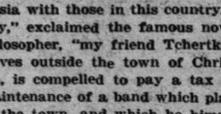
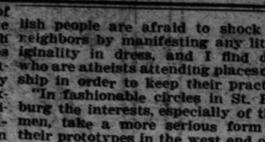
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