BERNHARDT'S LIFE AND ART

Interesting Facts as to Her Parentage and the Early Years of Her Career.

From a Convent to the Parisian Stage—Her Life in the French Capital, Her Personal Characteristics and Her Talent.

Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

A great many people are talking about Bernhardt nowadays, and one of those people was a Democrat and Chronicle reporter who last evening had a long chat with Prof. A. Muzzarelli, who knows Bernhardt personally, about the divine Sarah, her art and her life.

"There are two sides to the life of every actress," said Mr. Muzzarelli, "and especially is this true of Madame Bernhardt. Of her public life it is perfectly proper to speak, for she belongs to the people; but her private life, although much about it that would be highly interesting might be said, I do not think it proper for me or any one else to dwell upon. What she does is her own affair, and that being the case, it would be manifestly unjust for me or any one else to go into details about it.

"It is a fact, although it is not generally known, that Sarah Bernhardt's name is not Sarah at all, but Rosine. Her mother was a Jewess who came from Berlin to Paris, and whose name was Bernhardt. She fell in with some one in Paris and lived with him as his wife. Rosine, or Sarah, was born, and then her father deserted the mother, and the child was forced to take her mother's name. Her father had been baptized in the Roman Catholic faith, and, although she was and is partially Jewess by race, she is by religion a Catholic. Her mother placed her in a convent and there she remained until she was sixteen years of age. In the convent her ungovernable temper and many eccentricities early displayed themselves, and she made life miserable for the sisters. In 1861 she would stay no longer and left the convent and decided to fit herself for the stage. She entered the National Conservatory and studied under such masters as Provost and Samson, and a year or two later took the first prize in tragedy. This gave her admission to the Comedie Francaise, and there she made her debut. Her appearance was not marked by any particular manifestation of genius, but she remained on the stage, all the time growing in power and rising in the estimation of the people and the critics. In 1867 in one of her unaccountable freaks she disappeared, and for some time nobody knew where she was or what she was doing. When she returned to the stage she quit the Comedie Francaise and went to the Odeon. There she appeared in a long succession of different characters, such as Anna Damby, Cordelia, Zannetto, and others of a like nature, and by 1869 her fame had begun to spread and she was looked upon as a worthy successor of the great Rachel. People were awed by the intensity of her genius, and Victor Hugo, Dumas fils and the great Sarcey chanted her praises. She was known throughout France as a great actress, but her reputation had not spread abroad as it did when she dazzled the world by some of her subsequent performances.

"During the war and the siege of Paris she left the stage. Indeed, all the great theaters and all public buildings were turned into hospitals. She left the stage only to don the dress of the nurse, and she devoted herself to caring for the sick and wounded. Here she displayed some of those qualities of heart for which the French people like her and which the outside world does not know she possesses.

CLIMBING THE LADDER OF FAME.

"In 1872 she was given the part of Marie de Neuburg in 'Ruy Blas,' by Victor Hugo, and then she made the triumph that gave her an unapproachable position among the great tragediennes of the world. Her performance was a wonderful one, a magnificent one, and she returned to the Theater Francaise. She was made an associate, that is to say she shared in the profits of the institution. Here she was cast in parts that enabled her to show the unrivaled scope of her genius and to develop all her latent power. In the great play, 'The Sphinx,' she did wonderful work, and it was then that by everybody she was assigned to a place in the front rank among the great tragediennes of the century. She ranks with Adrienne Lecouvreur and Rachel. As Phedre she played a part in which Rachel made one of her greatest successes. In speaking of this impersonation Victor Hugo said: 'Rachel gives the fourth act with more energy than did Bernhardt, but in the first three acts she is incomparable—greater than Rachel — wonderful, magnificent.' She played at the Comedie Francaise all the plays of Sardou and many of those of Dumas fils. During her reign at the theater her ungovernable temper and her many eccentricities made things very unpleasant for everybody. She was haughty and overbearing to those beneath her, and absolutely indifferent to those equal with her. She could not be controlled, and finally in 1879 she grew tired of and quit the Francaise, and since that time has not played there. She was sued and compelled to pay $20,000, but did not care for this, for money to her has no value, and she has made and spent enormous sums. In 1880 she made an American tour, and since that time has produced Sardou's plays and some of Dumas's at other theaters, principally the Porte St. Martin.

"Bernhardt has made millions in her life and spent them with a lavish hand. She gave and still gives her money to whomsoever applies for aid. She does not know the value of it. In Paris she possesses the most costly diamonds, the finest residence, the handsomest equipages and the most costly toilets. Her generosity is well known and the people like her for it. She is a wonderful woman, a bundle of nerves, and when she plays a part she vests herself with the spirit of woman she is portraying and lives her life. She is so passionately in earnest, so intensely real that in some of her roles she rises to the sublime. When she goes off the stage she is feverish and excited, overcome by the passion of her acting. With Coquelin, for instance, it is different. No matter how his acting may affect or excite you, he is always the same cool, calm, imperturbable Coquelin. In this passion and self-abandonment her genius has its fullest sway and by it she won for herself her present proud place in her art.

OTHER ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

"Aside from being an actress she is much else. She is an accomplished sculptor, and several of her works have been exhibited with honor in the Salon. She has painted many pictures and won much praise. It may be noted that both in her pictures and her sculpture she always chooses melancholy subjects.

"She is an accomplished musician, being a fine harpist and a brilliant pianist. She was a great favorite of Victor Hugo's, and is a good writer. She has done some admirable art criticism for the Globe, and has written some absorbingly interesting impressions after making an ascent in a balloon. Her magnificent villa, in Paris, was built after her own designs and plans, and above all she is the most brilliant conversationalist that I ever listened to.

"I remember I was once at a gathering of the celebrities of Paris in the salon of Victor Hugo. Meissonier was there and many famous painters, the leading literary men, actors, actresses, and all in all it was a very brilliant gathering. At midnight Bernhardt came. The subject of conversation at the time at which she arrived, was the practice of vegeterianism. Somebody said: 'Is it true, Madame Bernhardt, that you are a vegetarian?' 'My dear sir,' she answered, 'although from my appearance it would seem that I subsist on the lightest of food, such as the webs of spiders, I must in truth acknowledge that I eat the best of beefsteak and other meat,' and then she went on for half an hour combating the theories of the vegetarian, and the discourse was so brilliant, so logical, that at its conclusion she was loudly applauded. She made an exceedingly clever speech, with no preparation, and it is so on any occasion. There is no subject which she cannot discuss, and discuss brilliantly. She is keen and quick at repartee, and can be cuttingly sarcastic when she chooses. I remember once, at a gathering at which we both were one evening, she was talking to a young man and, fishing gracefully for a compliment, she complained that she was no longer young. 'Ah, madame,' said the young fellow, stupidly, 'you cannot help it. You know one cannot be and have been.' Quick as a flash Bernhardt replied: 'Excuse me, my young friend; your logic does not hold good. One can be a fool and have been a fool also.'

"Nature has not done much for Bernhardt externally, for she is not a handsome woman by any means. But her genius overshadows all else. It is God-given, and atones for every lack."

A WOMAN'S ANGLING.

It Filled the Soul of a Scientific Fisherman with Profound Gloom.

Forest and Stream.

I arrived at the hotel in time for dinner, and having gone through with that formality, I at once prepared for a trial angling trip. Mrs. Izaak, jr., concluded to accompany me, and retired to her room to put on her fishing attire. When she returned, she was attired in a rubber ulster, and carried a parasol. I mildly argued against the propriety of raising an umbrella in a boat while fishing, but to no avail. And then she wanted to know if she had not better take her knitting along, in case the fish did not bite. I replied, "Certainly, by all means," and kindly volunteered to send for the family sewing-machine. I think my satire was useful, for the knitting was left behind.

We finally got safe into the boat, and in the delight of the moment my spirits rose visibly as I rowed away toward the fishing grounds, and I actually smiled to myself at the pretty figure of Mrs. Izaak, jr., and her parasol as she reclined comfortably in the stern of the boat. Reaching the spot where I thought we might take fish I "heaved" the anchor overboard and prepared the tackle for business. First I had to put the minnow on Mrs. Izaak, jr.'s, hook, which operation she watched with great anxiety. "Don't it hurt the minnow to put a hook in it that way?" But I answered that it was no time to moralize when one was on a fishing excursion, and that if a man had a fish on the end of his line and stopped to argue about the hook hurting the fish he would lose the fish, and deservedly, too. No, when one goes a-fishing he must leave his society for the prevention of cruelty to animals at home.

By this time our lines were cast, and I settled down to the glorious expectancy of getting a bite. I had my back to Mrs. Izaak, jr., when suddenly I heard her pole splash in the water, and my heart came into my mouth at the thought that she had the first bite. I turned my head and, shades of Izaak, sr.! must I say it, she had let her pole fall into the water while attempting to raise her parasol. I groaned inwardly, and fixed a stony glare at my bobber, which obstinately refused to be pulled under the water. With the stubbornness born of disgust, I sat and sat; the sun was well down in the western sky, the bell at the hotel was ringing for supper, a big frog set up a croak in the bushes by the shore, the—"I've got a bite!" came thrillingly to my ears. The parasol tumbled into the lake, there was a struggle with the pole, a splash by the side of the boat, and Mrs. Izaak, jr., landed a bass at my feet to be unhooked. She looked at me with one of her old-time glances, and asked if I didn't want to borrow her parasol; maybe I might get a bite then. "Parasol be ribbed!" I ungraciously murmured, as I impaled another minnow on the hook. But why prolong the story? My score was a goose-egg: Mrs. Izaak's was two bass. We were both tired, and I was told that I might go alone in the morning; she "had enough of fishing."

A good supper at the hotel restored our spirits, and as we were strolling on the beach afterward, Mrs. Izaak, jr., remarked to me, in her sweetest manner: "My dear, I had a delightful time fishing this afternoon, and I think I will go along with you in the morning." But I determinedly protested against such a course. The morning air was full of malarious vapor, and it was a very rash thing for a woman to go out fishing on an empty stomach at 5 A. M. She retorted that she didn't propose to fish on an empty stomach; she was going to fish from the boat." I saw it was useless to philosophically discuss the matter, so I dropped it.

A RACE OF GIANT CANNIBALS.

Strange Men and Women Populating a Mexican Island.

San Francisco Examiner.

A man staying for a time at a hotel in San Francisco thus spoke recently to a reporter: "There are 147 giant cannibals, men and women, living on Seri island, in the Gulf of California, and not sixty miles from the mainland of Mexico.

"What I say might seem ridiculous, but it is nevertheless a fact, for I have seen some of them during my travels in Mexico. Who their ancestors were or how long they have occupied the island is not known, but they are now becoming extinct.

"I saw three women and one man, and their appearance and manner gave me the impression that they are brutes by nature and brutes in heart and soul. It was just by chance that I saw them, as few of them venture away from the island, except to sell the mats and shawls which they make from the skins and feathers of the albatross. They are cunning thieves, but otherwise their minds are dull—in fact, they seem stupefied. They have a vacant stare in their eyes, and, when not serious, an idiotic smile spreads over their faces.

"The Island of Seri is about twenty miles long and at places ten miles wide, and I was told no Mexican or white man ever ventures near or attempts to land on it, as they claim the island is their domain, and shoot the intruders with poisoned arrows or capture and eat them. They exist on fish and goat meat, which are plentiful. Low houses, built of shrubbery, are their abode. Some live in 'dugouts,' or caves cut into banks. They roam about the island and lead the laziest life of any people that I have ever heard of. No one can really tell what their daily routine of living is, but it is a fact that the tribe is dying out and it will not be many years before they will become extinct.

"Their mode of burial is not known, but it was estimated that where there are now a handful there were several thousand not ten years ago, and if they bury the dead and do not burn the bodies, as cannibals do, the bones of their enormous frames will cover a large area of the island.

"The man I photographed is over seven feet in height. His face was a study when he saw the lense pointed at him, and he could not understand what was being done. He, as is all his race, was superstitious, but we overcame that obstacle by giving him a present of an old pair of trousers, which he immediately tied around his neck. The gentleman standing next to him is about six feet tall, and he had to hold the Indian's hand. An old rag encircled the upper portion of the Indian's limbs, and it was tied around the waist. The blanket is made of albatross skin and feathers. The bow and arrows which he holds are the only weapon they know of or use. His legs from the knee down are not covered. The hat he wears is of straw, and he, as he stands there, is the typical Seri Indian.

"The women wear patched dresses made of cloth which they receive for albatross mats and shawls. They are wrinkled and old, very few girls being among the tribe. The bowls on their heads contain broken vessels made of clay.

"They are a wonderful people, and no doubt their past history, if revealed, will bring to light facts that relate to the magnificent reign of the Montezumas, or even far beyond the time of Cortez."

Piano Pitch.

Philadelphia Record.

Piano manufacturers are greatly in favor of lowering the pitch of the piano, claiming that the present tone, which for years has been gradually getting higher, is injurious to the voice. They desire to adopt a uniform pitch for all American pianos, and thus remedy the difficulties arising from the employment of the three kinds, viz., the high American, the New York philharmonic and the French pitch, which is about half a tone lower than the American. According to the present state of things, when an orchestra plays with a piano the latter has to be tuned to this French pitch, thus necessitating an outlay of time and money. The tighter the piano is strung the more brilliant its tone becomes, the pitch, of course, getting higher. The obstacle to the change is the universal tuning of wooden wind instruments to the American pitch. All such would be useless should the pitch be lowered.

The Children of the Poor.

The Rev. Dr. W. S. Rainsford, in the Forum.

The children who are old enough to go to school are in a sad way. They must not play base-ball or any other athletic game; to do so is to make themselves liable to arrest. They have no playgrounds, but gambling with pennies in a corner can be managed easily, and on almost every block there is some house where they can learn the nobler games of chance, and things worse even than gambling. There are houses that specially cater to childish vice—stores having partitions in the rear, behind which children practice prostitution. So long as the street is the only playground for the children, the evil spirits among their number—those who rule in these hells—must exercise a powerful influence on companions who, if they were granted better surroundings, would escape contamination. I am prepared to say that our chief work to-day should be done among the children. Our strength and our time are limited; we want to plant our blows where they will tell most, to sow our seeds where they will have the best chance to grow. A man or a woman who has pursued an evil course from childhood is almost always past help at twenty-five, speaking generally, but the children can be saved. They cannot, however, be saved by public schools, nor yet by Sunday-schools. They are not being saved; they are passing from bad to worse, and nothing can rescue them but an awakened Christian sentiment that will not pause till their surroundings are such as will give the divinity within them some chance to grow.

COLD-BLOODED GENERALS.

Instances in Which Famous Frenchmen Have Displayed Very Rare Qualities.

Youth's Companion.

The great general should have a double nature. In order that he may make prompt and well-reasoned decisions, he should be calm and incapable of excitement in great and sudden emergencies. But, in order to animate his soldiers and keep them up to a high moral pitch, he should be capable of enthusiasm and high spirits. It is needless to say that the two qualities are not often perfectly united, and that when they are found so joined the result is a military genius.

General Grant was one of the coolest men in the world, but his splendid confidence and cheerfulness often partook of the nature of enthusiasm, and inspired his soldiers, as well as in after years his civilian fellow-citizens, with ardent admiration and sympathy.

It is a somewhat strange thing that France, the nation of hot blood, should have produced a long line of generals who showed the completest sang froid on the field of battle. Napoleon sometimes assumed a certain ardor, but nothing could excite him if he did not choose to be excited. Murat, Napoleon's dashing chief of cavalry, whose splendid enthusiasm won many desperate charges, could be as cool as his master upon occasion.

At the taking of Moscow, while the troops sat in their saddles under a murderous fire, Murat received a dispatch to which an answer was required. Though his mettlesome horse was trembling, Murat laid the reins upon the horn of the saddle, took his note-book in one hand and a pencil in the other and began to write a response.

Suddenly a shell fell and exploded on the ground close by. The horse leaped into the air and swung wildly around. Murat simply transferred the pencil to the hand that held the note-book, calmed the horse with the other hand, and then went on writing his dispatch as if nothing had happened.

A shout of admiration went up along the line. Murat saw that the enthusiasm aroused by his trifling act had created a favorable moment for a charge. He gave the order, and his men swept clear through the enemy's line.

It is said that General Reynier once saved the French army in Calabria, in 1806, from a complete rout simply by the manner in which he smoked a cigar. The English infantry fire had compelled the French to retreat. Reynier, fearing a panic, remained to the last and brought up the rear. Though the English fire was murderous, he had lighted a cigar, and his retreating men noticed that the puffs of smoke went up, as his horse moved slowly on, with absolute regularity.

Puff! A wait. Puff! Another wait. Puff! The enemy were pouring on, firing vigorously as they advanced, but nothing could accelerate Reynier's smoking. His soldiers rallied under the inspiration of the queer spectacle, and got off in good order.

Perhaps the most cold-blooded commander who ever lived was the French general Saint-Cyr. He was a great tactician, but totally neglected the morale of his men. He was never seen on horseback, and never showed himself before the lines. On one occasion, when he was simply a general of division, the impetuous Marshal Oudinot, puzzled to know what to do in an emergency, asked Saint-Cyr's advice, frankly telling him he was "nonplussed."

"You, monseigneur," said Saint-Cyr, "are a marshal of the empire, and I am a general of division. I shall faithfully carry out your orders, but it would not be becoming for me to advise you."

Later on Saint-Cyr succeeded to the command of the army, and then adopted a peculiar method of generalship. He formed his plan of battle clearly, precisely and with admirable foresight. Then he sent his orders to his subordinates, and shut himself up in his quarters, absolutely forbidding entrance to a single soul. Then he took out his violin and went to studying a hard piece of music as tranquilly as if he had been in the midst of profound peace.

The battle which won Saint-Cyr his baton as a marshal of the empire was fought while he was fiddling in his tent. He had, apparently, foreseen everything, and the carrying out of his plans completely crushed the enemy.

THE WESTERN SILVER CRAZE.

A Democrat Says Farmers Do Not Want Free Coinage—Presidential Candidates.

New York Recorder.

Ex-Congressman J. Sterling Morton, a prominent Democrat of Nebraska, and for years one of the leaders in Democratic thought in the Northwest, discussed the political situation at the Hotel Brunswick last night. "Politics are in a very mixed condition in the Northwest," he said. "The free-coinage craze has taken possession of the people, and some very excellent Democrats, who ought to know better, have fallen victims to it. Our Republican brethren are adding to this condition of affairs, as they hope that by doing so they will be able to make the tariff a minor issue in 1892. The free-coinage question should be handled now so that the folly of it can be demonstrated before 1892, when the tariff should be the sole issue. The farmers have an idea that free coinage would enable them to pay off the mortgages on their farms. They must be made to see that the money which the world over has the most unvarying purchasing power is the best money for the farmers to get in exchange for grain, hogs and cattle. No farmer can enrich himself by paying 100 cents in good coin for eighty cents' worth of silver, and no individual can amass wealth by purchasing silver worth 80 cents for $1. Then it must follow that the aggregation of individuals called a government cannot get rich by the same process. These things are very plain, and if we go to work now the farmer will change his opinion about free coinage, and he will look to tariff reform for the relief that he needs.

"The Farmers' Alliance movement is very strong now in every section, but an organization with such vagaries cannot last. Besides it is a secret society, and that itself is hostile to our system of government. Then its government warehouse scheme is ridiculous. In one breath that party opposes special legislation and in the other declares for it. No party founded upon such principles can last, and I do not expect to see it cut much of a figure in the campaign of 1892.

"Harrison is almost sure to be renominated, for he will have practically no opposition. Blaine does not expect the nomination, for, if he did, he would not remain in the Cabinet. While I do not like many things in Mr. Cleveland, I must say he has a wonderful hold upon his party. He is sound upon the money question and he has had the courage to give his views upon the subject, and the people cannot help but admire him for it. But I am strongly of the opinion that it would be better for the party to go outside of New York for its candidate. If Cleveland is nominated the Hill men will be mad, and if Hill should be the candidate the followers of Cleveland would sulk. Ex-Secretary Whitney is the most available man we have. Senator Gray, of Delaware, would make an admirable candidate. He is sound to the core upon all the great questions. The fact that he lives in a little State I regard as of little consequence. The personal popularity of a presidential candidate in any one State has but little weight in determining the result. Unless the next House of Representatives makes a fool of itself the Democrats will have a walk-over in 1892."

A Literal Translation.

Boston Transcript.

And this is the way they talk in Germany: "Right just there above me, at the in the Light of through a by the yelling Wind opened Crack in the black Clouds downlooking Moon shining Window, saw I the lovely Maiden. My God, she was wonderbeautiful!"

Artificial Teeth Without a Plate
Or bridge-work. A. J. Morris, 36½ E. Washington St., opposite New York Store, Indianapolis.

THE FAIR SEX IN POLITICS

How the Campaign of Mrs. David Parsons, of Detroit, Is Being Conducted.

Her "Workers" Go from House to House Soliciting Votes, but No Particular Effort Is Put Forth to Secure the Support of Men.

Detroit Tribune.

"How do women conduct a political campaign?"

This is a question which has excited a great deal of interest in Detroit since women school inspectors have been in fashion. The great, coarse men have not been able to get a clear understanding of the situation up to date. Feminine political activity in Detroit is comparatively new, and something about the methods employed in "landing" the candidates cannot fail to be of public interest. If the woman champions of gentle candidates run the men up against the nearest bar, and fill them chock full of beer in return for leery promises of support, it is only fair that the general public should be made acquainted with the fact. If, on the other hand, Detroit women politicians are gentle and refined, abhorring all that is evil and working with womanly dignity for the supremacy of all that is pure and elevating, all who are interested are entitled to a clear knowledge of the real situation. There is something of a disposition on the part of the uninitiated to regard politics on the part of women in the light of the latest popular fad. It is not generally believed that they are in the field "to stay." There is a disposition on the part of the press to treat the subject of woman in politics something after the following fashion:

"Oh, good morning, Mrs. Smith. You are looking just perfectly lovely. By the way, did you notice the horrid manner in which Mrs. Fetchum ogled young Mashem at the reception last night? er—excuse me, I mean, will you come out to the polls next Tuesday and help us to secure the election of Mrs. Fastpace for school inspector? The new spring dresses are cut considerably higher in the neck than was the prevailing fashion last season. That doesn't prevent Mrs. Jones from displaying what she thinks is a lovely throat to the best possible advantage, however. And, say, Johnnie's got a new tooth—positively the third since Christmas. Did you know that Mr. Tooloose was about to fail in business? No? Well, he can thank that scraggy, old cat of a wife of his for his troubles. She's just too extravagant for anything. Oh, yes! Mrs. Fastpace—you will come out to the polls and help us to elect her, won't you? The prevailing evils in our political system must be remedied, and she's got the loveliest new pale green spring silk that you ever set eyes upon. I'm going to wear my violet satin—loveliest shade you ever saw—and we must elect her. The safety of our public school system demands it. If I were you I would wear that charming thing in mauve that you wore to the concert the other night."

"School inspector?" replied Mrs. Smith, meditatively. "Oh, yes! those are the people who decide what the girls shall wear when they read those lovely essays on graduating day. I believe in pure white—like the lily, you know. Last graduating day I noticed that several of the girls positively wore black. Horrid idea. Yes, as you say, these terrible political evils must be remedied, and I will come to the polls and vote for Mrs. Fastpace. She can inspect as well as anybody. I think she has charming taste. She always dresses so becomingly. But I'll not wear the mauve, I think. I've worn that before, and there are likely to be a lot of big, horrid men around the polls, aren't there?"

THE FACTS IN THE CASE.

The above is a sample of the way many leading newspapers are disposed to treat the important question of women in politics. How nearly does such a view approach the true facts in the case?

"Yes," said Mrs. E. C. Skinner, coming gracefully into the handsome parlor of her Bagg-street residence, fronting Cass Park, yesterday afternoon, "I have taken rather an active part in endeavoring to secure the re-election of Mrs. Lucy Parsons for the important position of school inspector in the Fourth ward. I have no apologies to make for having done so, and I can assure you that my efforts will not wane until after the close of the polls on Tuesday next. I am earnest and active in this matter, because I am convinced that the success of Mrs. Parsons will be for the public good."

"Will you give the general public some information regarding the campaigning methods employed by women?" Mrs. Skinner was asked.

Her dark, handsome eyes twinkled mischievously.

"Campaigning methods?" she said. "I don't know that I am fully aware of just what you mean by that term. I have heard some queer stories regarding the way you men conduct political campaigns, but you surely do not expect to find the same state of affairs prevailing where women are concerned?"

"That is just why the course pursued by the women will be of public interest," was suggested.

Mrs. Skinner reflected for a moment.

"Well," she said, "in the first place, our efforts to secure the re-election of Mrs. Parsons in the present instance were preceded by the circulation of a petition. She would not allow her name to be presented for nomination unless it appeared that such action would meet with general public approbation. We secured the names of most of the respectable voters of the Fourth ward to this petition, making a through house-to-house canvass. This, I believe, is not just just the way you gentlemen do things, but we expect it to be effective."

"What was your next move?"

"Our next move was to get the ladies of the ward to register. This necessitated more canvassing, but we succeeded in more than doubling the number of women who registered two years ago."

WOMEN READ THE NEWS.

"Do you find the women generally pretty intelligent in a political way?"

Mrs. Skinner smiled.

"That remark has rather an ungallant sound," she said, "but I think I know what you mean. I am happy to be able to state that I found—and find—more political intelligence among my sisters than I had anticipated. Women read the current news pretty closely nowadays. They are also beginning to do a good deal of independent thinking on political subjects. In the matter of the election of school inspectors the women of Detroit are peculiarly interested, for schools approach very near to the home, and involve the future of our children. Anything which pertains to the home is especially a woman's province. Although I am not a school inspector, I always manage to keep thoroughly posted regarding the details of the school which my children attend. I want to know that the room is properly ventilated, and that my children are not compelled to sit in dangerous draughts."

"Do women, as a rule, vote as their husband's dictate?"

"On the contrary," was the emphatic reply, "I think the wives manage very largely to influence the votes of their husbands, where differences of political opinion exist. We have seen many instances of this kind in our campaigning work."

"How were you received by the women, as a whole?"

"I generally found them ready to meet me half way—at least among the more intelligent classes. I never allowed my business to be known until I had gained admission to the house. My previous experience had taught me that strategic methods were the best in that regard. Occasionally a frivolous woman is encountered whose interest cannot be excited, but, in a general way, I find that Detroit women keep themselves pretty well posted on current events. The other day, when I was passing along Ledyard street with a bundle of circulars in my hand, a bright little boy ran up to me and said:

"I know what you want. My mamma votes, too!"

"I encountered ladies from Minneapolis and Indianapolis, who have lately settled in Detroit, who expressed great satisfaction on finding that Detroit women were awaking to a sense of their political responsibilities. In those cities the women have long been politically active."

"Is it true, as is so generally believed, that when a woman becomes active in public matters of this sort, she is prone to neglect her home duties and lose her domesticity?"

Mrs. Skinner glanced around her well appointed and elegant home with an air of pardonable pride.

"My experience has taught me that this idea is erroneous and unjust," she said. "The women who participate in public matters are those who are best fitted for maintaining orderly and happy homes. It is the thoughtless and frivolous woman who neglects her home duties. Earnest, thoughtful wives and daughters are apt to realize the importance of the home responsibilities which devolve upon them."

DON'T TROUBLE THE MEN MUCH.

"Do you endeavor to influence the votes of the men, by personal solicitation or otherwise, in your campaigning efforts?"

"We bother the gentlemen very little," replied Mrs. Skinner with a smile. "Of course, where they come within legitimate range of our influence we do what we can to make them see things our way, but we don't go out and work very much among them."

"Will you use carriages to carry voters to the polls on Tuesday next?"

"That is our present intention. I wish to say, too, that we have always been treated with courtesy and respect on such occasions."

"I think I have discovered the source of the opposition to Mrs. Parsons in certain portions of the ward," said Mrs. A. A. Boutell, as she came rather wearily into the parlors of her handsome Second-avenue residence from an extended campaigning tour. "Mrs. Jenkins and myself have ferreted it out this afternoon. It grows out of Mrs. Parsons's advocacy of the Smead heating and ventilating system. There is a plumber over here somewhere who is interested in having the system knocked out, so that he can get a foothold, and he is working against our candidate, tooth-and-nail."

"That's so," said Mrs. Helen P. Jenkins, of Fourth avenue, who was present, "and yet the only interest that Mrs. Parsons takes in the Smead system is because she thinks it is the best."

"Then there is Health Officer Duffield's wonderful map," went on Mrs. Boutell, her pleasant tones full of disgust. "By that he shows the alleged terrible condition of the Jefferson school, where the Smead system is in use, and lays it all on the shoulders of Mrs. Parsons—by inference."

"Every teacher in the Detroit public schools believes in Mrs. Parsons, and is working to secure her re-election," said Mrs. Jenkins. "She looks after the school buildings with such motherly care. Why, she even goes into the back yards and down into the basements to see that everything is healthful and all right. That's where the instincts of a woman come in to good advantage."

"I wonder," soliloquized Mrs. Boutell, as an idea struck her, "I wonder whether there isn't a preconcerted scheme in all this. Lillibridge resigned, Chaney defeated for renomination, a scheme to defeat Mrs. Parsons—all the strongest members of the board gone—then somebody can have things all his own way."

Her eyes snapped with true campaign enthusiasm.

"There's a lot of cowardice on the part of Republicans and decent men generally," she said, "but we're going to make a fight for it. We're working every day—working harder than men work in political campaigns—and I believe we will re-elect Mrs. Parsons. The intelligent and educated women of the ward are all with us, and that means a great deal."

100-TON GUNS.

Italy's Great Battery—But They Are Condemned in England.

New York Sun.

The present attitude of Italy toward the United States adds great interest to the recent discussion in England on the monster 100-ton guns on war-ships.

Italy has more of these giants afloat than any other power. The Duilio and Dandolo have each four 101-tonners. The Andrea Doria, Francesco Morosini and Ruggiero di Lauria have each four of 103 tons. And the Lepanto and Italia also have each four 103-ton guns. This makes twenty-eight 100-tonners, mounted and ready.

No point in Lord Brassey's important paper on "The Future Policy of War-ship Building," read a few days ago before the Institution of Naval Architects, is more striking than the one relating to the 110-ton guns. These monsters, he says, will not be used in the ships of the future. The objections to them have been found too many and too great. They are of very limited endurance, and, in fact, some of them have shown grave defects after a very few rounds. They are also difficult to manufacture and very costly. The scoring or interior wearing is naturally greater in the larger calibres, as the same quality of material is subject to much heavier powder charges and chamber pressure. With the original cost of a 110-ton gun so great, every discharge very expensive and its life at best much less than that of small calibres, it has already ceased to be popular on shipboard.

Again, as Lord Brassey points out, the 110-ton gun is very slow in firing. It is also a very long gun, and more liable on that account to be struck and disabled. Then it depends on hydraulic loading-gear, which may be damaged by hostile shot, so that the big gun itself will then become utterly useless.

Finally, there is no need of these huge guns. Lord Brassey says the naval authorities consulted by the admiralty have concluded that the heaviest ordnance for battle-ships should not exceed fifty tons in weight, which is a reduction of more than one-half from the monsters of the Benbow, the Sans Pareil and the Victoria. Admiral Scott now places the limit of maximum weight at thirty tons, and Lord Brassey also declares that since such a gun can penetrate twenty-one inches of armor at one thousand yards, it is "sufficient for all practical purposes." Reducing the size of the heaviest guns will allow an effective auxiliary battery of rapid-fire pieces, which pour a hail of shot upon conning-towers and into open ports, and may disable a big gun before it gets to working. Lord George Hamilton, the First Lord of the Admiralty, recently defended the 110-ton guns, declaring, even, that the one which sagged down and bent on the Victoria was perfectly safe; and he also commended the hydraulic loading-gear, on the ground that "hydraulic power has no nerves, is very compact, and can be easily protected." He compared the prejudice in favor of the manual management of guns to that in favor of retaining sail-power on war ships when steam had superseded it. But Lord Brassey holds that no gun too ponderous to be worked by manual power should be mounted on ships.

In the discussion which followed the reading of Lord Brassey's paper, Admiral Colomb said that the navy would support the policy of the smaller guns, and that in building up to 110 tons they had gone too far; while Admiral Hopkins, controller of the navy, admitted that the difficulty about monster guns was their limited endurance, and added that "they had all made up their minds to agree with Admiral Colomb as to the 110-ton gun being too large." This gun, he said, had been a disappointing one from the first.

We may therefore conclude that the day of monster guns is over in the British navy. This fact is of importance to our own service, which has been satisfied to have foreign nations make the experiments at their own expense, and now profit by their experience. That our Navy Department has already looked doubtfully upon the 110-ton gun is evident from the fact that for its three great battle-ships, Massachusetts, Indiana and Oregon, which have a displacement equal to that of the Benbow, it has adopted as its highest calibres the thirteen-inch gun, which will weigh only a little more than half as much as the monster pieces of the Benbow. It has also been decided to substitute the twelve-inch guns for the sixteen-inch at first proposed for the Monterey.

Indeed, the British appear now to be swinging to the other extreme in their dissatisfaction with monster guns. In proposing to limit the maximum to fifty tons, they come down to the twelve-inch calibre, or a fraction above it, and Admiral Scott would even come down to the ten-inch. This leaves out the thirteen-and-a-half-inch guns of sixty-seven tons carried by the Trafalgar and the Nile, as well as by the Anson, Camperdown and others. But our navy will undoubtedly use the thirteen-inch gun. The army will keep on, presumably, to the sixteen-inch, since many of the naval objections to this calibre do not apply to its use in forts; but the limit of the work of the navy, so far as maximum calibre is concerned, seems to be already in sight.

The "M" on the Dollar.

Philadelphia Record.

There is a popular idea prevalent that the minute letter "M" to be seen at the base of the head of Liberty, on the face of the present issue of silver dollars, stands for "mint," and is an evidence of the genuineness of the coin bearing it. This a mistake. The "M" stands for Morgan, George T. Morgan, who is the originator of the design. Upon the same side there is another "M," also the initial of the designer. This is to be found in the waving locks of the fair goddess, and is so cleverly concealed in the lines of the design that it can only be seen after a long scrutiny. A prominent mint official, in speaking of this other initial, said that he had had it shown to him scores of times, but could never find it unassisted.

BARRETT'S DOMESTIC LIFE.

A Brother Actor Pays High Tribute to Characteristics of the Dead Tragedian.

Stuart Robson, in Kansas City Times.

"The loss of the American stage through the death of Mr. Barrett is immeasurable," said Mr. Robson. "I do not mean as an intellectual, moral and progressive force alone; all accord him that honor; but I mean also as an actor. I think Mr. Barrett was the most unjustly abused public man of his time. It may be true—it is true—that he did not have the ingratiating ways of many of his fellow-actors, but men of his mental activity, high ambition and conscientiousness rarely carry their best graces into general intercourse; they are kept for the few. But somehow it became the fashion soon after the first efforts of Mr. Barrett as a star to belittle him as an actor. It started with little weight of authority, but somehow it gained force in conjunction with the stories that he was not an affable man. There seemed to be something in his approach that created a desire to censure rather than praise. And yet Mr. Barrett was a great actor.

"I will undertake to prove that he was a great actor according to a definition by Edwin Forrest that a great actor is one who can enact as many as three great roles better than any other actor. All agree that Mr. Barrett was incomparable as Cassius. I think there never has been an actor who could equal him in Harebell and Yorick. His Lanciotto and his Richelieu were truly great."

"Will you tell me something about Mr. Barrett's domestic life?"

"I should not want to speak of him at all without speaking of him at his best, and his best was in his own home, where, away from the responsibilities of business, the prejudices of the world and the presence of strangers, he threw off his austere exterior and became a prince of grace and entertainment. Without any exception, Mr. Barrett, in his own home, was the most charming conversationalist, the most gracious and unaffected host that I have ever known. He was almost child-like in his pleasures. When he first came to live near my own home my youngest daughter was only about ten years of age, and a most affectionate attachment sprang up between him and the child. He used to romp with her and laugh at her pranks as men seldom laugh. He was a man who, though oppositely adjudged by the world, longed for affection and love. No one appreciated a courtesy more than he. I remember one day, when we were walking down Broadway, New York, he turned to me and said: 'Everybody seems to be glad to see you, and, while everybody treats me with respect, no one seems to be glad to see me. Why is it?' 'I don't know,' I returned, 'unless it is because I am glad to see them. Why don't you learn to shake hands like John McCullough?' I continued. 'And how does John McCullough shake hands?' said he. Then he laughingly allowed me to give him an imitation of the great-hearted McCullough's handshake.

"Mr. Barrett always met any emergency with credit to himself and gratification to his friends. I remember an incident that McCullough related to me with pride. When McCullough was in London, he was feted and lionized by Mr. Irving, and club men in particular, on account of his great good nature and his many other attractive personal qualities. He used, however, to feel that he was unable to cope intellectually with a very superior class of actors and other public men with whom he came in contact, and he frequently turned the conversation on his friend Lawrence Barrett, who was soon to appear in London. He took particular pains to interest Mr. Irving in Mr. Barrett, telling him of his rare accomplishments as an actor and as a man. At McCullough's suggestion Mr. Irving was one of Mr. Barrett's first callers. A few evenings later Mr. Irving gave a banquet in honor of Mr. Barrett, at which the latter was called upon for a speech. McCullough often said afterward that he should never forget that address. The patriotism, the genuine feeling and eloquent expression of the man carried all before him, and from that time forth Mr. Barrett had a happy time in London."

The conversation turned upon dramatists of the day, and Mr. Robson expressed the belief that Sardou is the greatest constructive dramatist that ever lived, and that Bronson Howard is the greatest American playwright.

"I cannot understand why there are not more writers of great plays," said Mr. Robson. "I know of many minds that could create some of the greatest dramatic works the world has ever known if they knew anything about the construction of the play; in short, if they would only make a study of the stage. The present comparative low estate of the American stage is easily accounted for in the fact that so many write for the stage at a venture, just as many would write a first narrative or contribute a first newspaper article. Mr. Howard, with all his experience, will not undertake to write a play in less than two years, and yet we have writers who advertise to write plays to order in an astonishingly short time. I do not understand why dramatic writing is not recognized as one of the professions for which special preparation is necessary."

MISS EDWARDS'S MISTAKE.

Her Learning at Fault in Describing the Sex of a Three-Thousand-Year-Old Mummy.

New York Continent.

The bump of veneration is not properly developed in the Western cranium. If there was a proper respect for antiquity in that glorious section of the country, certain citizens of Minneapolis would not have laid sacrilegious hands, as they did the other day, upon a three-thousand-year-old mummy, and torn it open just to see what was inside its moldering wrappings. And, sad to say, this insult to the dead was followed by impoliteness to the living, in what manner shall be explained.

During the recent American tour of Miss Amelia B. Edwards the accomplished lady visited Minneapolis, where she was introduced to a distinguished-looking mummy, then domiciled in the household of Mr. Thos. Lowry. The visitor from ancient Egypt had been embalmed in the style fashionable at the time of its demise, and bore an inscription which the united efforts of the Minneapolitan savants had failed to decipher. Miss Edwards focused her gold-rimmed spectacles on the interesting object and at once read the inscription, which, she said, revealed the fact that the deceased was a princess, euphoniously named Amenhotop. The English lady's learning was duly admired, and she went on her way.

Her dictum ought to have satisfied any reasonable person; but the Minneapolitans are not reasonable. They are as restlessly inquisitive as the boy who ripped open his new drum to see where the noise came from. A few nights ago they got hold of that mummified princess, unwound her wrappings, and discovered that she was "a man of above the average size, with powerful hands and a wonderful frame."

The laugh would appear to be on Miss Edwards. But, after all, what can she be expected to know about men?

General Sherman as a Banker.

Col. W. C. Little, in April Overland.

He was very safe, and considered slow in those days. His prudence was doubtless the more striking, because those were such reckless times. It is hard to realize it now. It seems a dream to me, when I look back and remember the rush and cheerful riskiness of everything, and the kind of securities that floated. Everybody expected to come out all right, anyway; if he lost to-day, better luck to-morrow. There was the Meiggs affair—one of the most amazing occurrences in commercial history. Every Californian knows the story: That Harry Meiggs was city treasurer, and issued city scrip with his signature to any extent that he wished, and passed it on the banks; then he bought a schooner, fitted and loaded her, took his plunder aboard and went off to Peru, where he became a money king.

But Sherman kept clear of all such things. He would not touch doubtful paper. He got a little of Meiggs's, but not much, and some things that caught others he kept entirely out of. His sense of integrity had a good deal to do with this, perhaps. He was a manager, in charge of the interests of others, and had no right to be careless with them. But he was out of sympathy with reckless, impulsive ways of doing business, anyway.

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ROBERT G. ECCLES, M.D., 191 Dean Street, BROOKLYN, Jan. 28, 1891.

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HUMOR OF THE DAY.

She Liked That.

The Epoch.

He—You are N. G., Maria.
She—What do you mean?
He—Nice girl.
She—Oh.

Deferred Settlement.

Puck.

Highwayman—Your money or your life!

Mr. Slowpay—Aw—I'm sorry to say I'm out of funds just now; but can't we compromise matters? Suppose I give you a little thirty-day note!

Caws and Effect.

Puck.

"By jove, old man, that is a nice crocheted necktie you have on!"

"No such thing; it's simply an ordinary black silk one."

"Well, that's crow-shade, isn't it?"

After the Arrival of the New Baby.

Puck.

Mamma—Johnny, why don't you come in to see mamma when she's sick? Don't you love me any more?

Johnny—Oh, yes, mammy; but I didn't know perhaps that it might be catching.

Not a Good Identification.

Puck.

St. Peter—So you are a bank cashier, are you?

Applicant—Yes; allow me to present my card and a letter of introduction.

St. Peter—That's all right, but we don't do business that way. Step aside, please!

He Meant It Well.

The Epoch.

"Fo' de Lawd, missus, but dat chile hab got a fine voice."

"You think so?"

"I do, fo' suah, ef it was only plowed."

"Plowed, Uncle Ned! I guess you mean cultivated."

"Yes, dat's it. I knowed it had somet'ing to do wid a farm."

Heroic Measures.

Puck.

Mr. G. Washington (tenderly)—I knows I'se unworthy to kiss de hem of yoah gahment, Miss Johnsing; but still hope lif's me up.

Miss Johnsing—You'd better lif' yo'self up, yo' low-down niggah! Ef yo' wants me to be yoah wife, don't kneel there like a dress-maker befo' a job o' pleating!"

Letting the Cat Out.

Clothier and Furnisher.

Featherstone—Is your sister in?

Little Willie—Yes; but she's sewing a button on a coat, and you may have a long time to wait.

Featherstone — I don't see why? It shouldn't take long to sew a button on a coat.

Little Willie—It does when there's a man in it.

Poor Little Dog.

The Epoch.

A tramp who had a dog, being asked what he wanted a dog for, replied that the animal was the only friend he had and that he was very dear to him.

"Then why don't you take better care of him? He's so thin he can hardly walk."

Tramp—Yes, 'taint my fault; poor fellow, he can't eat the kind o' grub people gives me.

Left All Around.

Clothier and Furnisher.

Dashaway—I stood on the corner this morning for five minutes, debating whether I should buy a bunch of roses for Miss Peterkin or a necktie for myself, when Travers came along and said he had bought her the roses.

Cleverton—So you got the necktie?

Dashaway—No, I had to lend the money to Travers.

"Baby" Did.

Puck.

Mamma (to three-year-old daughter)—Frances, pick up your playthings and put them all away.

Frances—In a minute, mamma. Oh, let's play you's baby and I's mamma!

"All right, Frances; now I'm baby and you are mamma."

"Well, now baby can pick up her playfings and put 'em away."

HOW THREAD IS NUMBERED.

The Process That Gives the Seamstress Exactly What She Wants.

Dry Goods Review.

The seamstress, whether she wants No. 30, or 40, or 120 thread, knows from the number just what kind of sewing it can be used for. When 840 yards of yarn weigh 7,000 grains, a pound of cotton, the thread-makers mark it No. 1. If 1,680 yards weigh a pound it is marked No. 2. For No. 50 yarn it would take fifty multiplied by 480 to weigh a pound. This is the whole explanation of the yard measurement as used by the spool manufacturer. The early manufactured thread was of three cord, the number being derived from the number of yards to the pound, just as it is to-day. No. 60 yarn made No. 60 thread, though in point of fact the actual caliber of No. 60 thread would equal No. 20 yarn, being made of three No. 20 brand twisted together.

When the sewing-machine came into the market as a great thread-consumer, unreasoning in its work and inexorable in its demands for mechanical accuracy, six-cord cotton had to be made in place of the old and rougher three-cord, it being much smoother. As thread numbers were already established they were not altered for the new article, and No. 60 six-cord and No. 60 three-cord were left identical in both size and number. To effect this the six-cord had to be made of yarn twice as fine as that demanded in making the three-cord variety. The No. 60 cord is made of six strands of No. 120 yarn. The three-cord spool cotton is of the same number as the yarn is made of. Six-cord spool cotton is always made from double its number. Thread is a simple thing, but, simple as it is, there are two thousand kinds of it, and each kind goes through hundreds of different processes.

Intoxicated with Joy.

Spare Moments.

Mrs. Newbride—Oh, doctor, tell me what is the matter with my husband.

Dr. Sensible—Um—er—he is suffering with a severe, but only temporary, paralysis of the muscles, induced by an exaggerated internal application of stimulants.

Mrs. Newbride—And the horrid cab-driver who brought him home said he was drunk.