

BERNHARDT AT HOME.

An Hour in the Salon of the Wonderful Frenchwoman.

SHE IS CHARMING AT FIFTY-FIVE.

The Most Distinguished Person in Paris—She Admires Shakespeare Above All.

PARIS, July 25.—Sarah Bernhardt is the most wonderful thing in Paris, and there are many wonderful things in Paris. Forget that she is an actress, if you please (as I did yesterday when I saw her, and I remember only that she is a woman. When you meet Gladstone and Bismarck you will forget that they are statesmen, and remember only that they are men. You will say "Amen!" to the populace which has nicknamed them "Grand Old Men," and then, after you have met Bernhardt, you will nickname her "Grand Old Woman."

She has no beautiful home now, I am told, as her old hotel was, but it is

York. I am going to New York again. I feel as if I must see New York once in a while, as it is so new and fresh. It inspires me. This may or may not have been sincere. But no one who heard her say it could at that moment have doubted its sincerity. For a moment she stood before the fire chatting with indescribable vivacity. Then she sank down among the cushions of the big divan ready to answer questions. It was with a gesture of the most engaging abandonment that she placed herself at the mercy of the American newspaper man. With her spreading outstretched hands, she said very plainly: "Here I am—do what you like. I desire to talk to an American above all other things on earth. I would readily forego any other pleasure in the whole world in order to secure this one!"

The woman who sat there is probably nearly 60 years old. She became an actress because there was nothing else for her to do. She stood small chance of making a good marriage, because she had no dot, and a dot is an essential of a good marriage in France. Her mother's good fortune as the Duke of Morny, a cousin of Napoleon III, and the brilliant diplomat of his reign, despite his dissolute character. When the duke's power began to wane, and some believe that this was because of the Duke of Morny's death. This friendship made it possible for Sarah's mother to place the girl in the conservatory. It was the only thing which was possible, so to the conservatory she went. It was there that she met Marie Colombe, who afterwards wrote the "Memoirs of Sarah Bernhardt," a book which made a horribly vicious attack upon Bernhardt, and caused three duels before it was suppressed, besides gaining for the authoress a horsewhipping from Sarah herself. Colombe and Bernhardt had divided the second prize for elocution at the conservatory, but no one believed that Sarah could

possibly keep pace with the other girl. Colombe was considered to be by far the more promising of the pair. Bernhardt's vastly greater success may have been what really caused the scurrilous book to be written. Frenchwomen have been known to be jealous. Bernhardt was born about 1810. Her father was an attorney of Havre, and her mother a Dutch Jewess of Amsterdam. Her early youth was passed in the latter city, where, after the death of her father, she lived with her grandfather. From this home she was sent into the convent of the Grand Champ at Versailles, where she was educated in the Catholic faith. At the life of the convent was exchanged for the life of the conservatory. "I have never thought that I was born to be an actress. I have always known that I was born to be a painter and nothing else. If I had had my way I should have been a painter. Of all things in this world I love painting the best, and did love it best then, and always shall love it best. But circumstances made an actress of me, and at first a very bad actress, for all the critics could not have been mistaken, and there was not one who did not join in my condemnation. I sank into complete obscurity, but I worked. What was before me I did not like, but I would not consent to being a failure. I was forced to do something which I did not want to do, but I made up my mind to do it well. I played minor parts at the Gymnase, sang in the chorus at the Porte St. Martin, and did general drudge work. But I never stopped my study for a moment. At last I got another chance. It was the night of January 14, 1867. I played Arhale in "Les Femmes Savantes." He may be would have made them his shoes been in character. But they were heavy and coarse. They cluttered. They were not consistent.

It took the time to remove the unhappy effect of the little boy's shoes. It is a glorious room—long and high, with one stained glass side, and with the light from its peaked stained glass roof tempered by curtains which may be manipulated from below. Its furnishings are gorgeous and unique. At one end is a great fire place, with a large spattered screen, calculated to confine the sparks, but to release the warmth. The day was chilly. Over in the corner opposite the fire place is a pile of cushions divided by a splendid canopy and making a haven of great elegance. An incomparable cabinet, full of the mementos of Sarah's wide traveling, stands near by. There are three pictures of importance on the walls. One is of Sarah's son, Maurice, when he was a boy of about 10 and showing him accompanied by a magnificent hound. The other two are of herself, and she is seated in a window opposite the picture of little Maurice. It is a big cage occupied by a splendid ape and a parrot of gorgeous plumage. They apparently dwell together in peace and harmony. This side of the room is cut into alcoves by the cabinets and other big pieces of furniture. In one of these alcoves is a pedestal upon which is displayed one of Sarah's own work as a sculptor. A great chunk of pure white marble she has cut into the semblance of a human head, freshly decapitated. Her long white eddy. But it chimes in with the popular conception of Sarah's eccentricity. While I waited for more homage than did the breakfast room. They were very merry. It was about 1 o'clock in the afternoon, and she was entertaining a breakfast party.

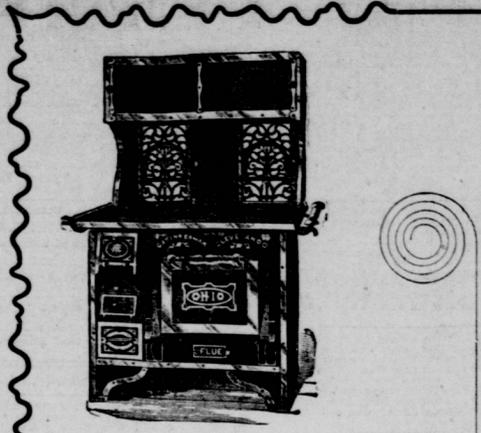
By and by she came, the little apartment in black holding aside the curtains for her she passed down the three or four broad steps which led into the room. She might have been a woman of 25, as she walked down the length of the stilet with that splendid grace which seems to be hers alone. Her long white dress, covered by a white robe, fringed and still longer, swept behind her across the rug. She advanced with a little cry of praise for America and all who come from there. That is a part of her finesse. It is probable that there is no other person in the world who can talk so rapidly as Bernhardt habitually does, and still makes every syllable distinct and crisp. Her French is comforting to the person who has learned the language, and she is a person in France whose French is so easy to understand. "Ah!" she cried. "You are from New

has written nothing without considering her needs. She has been so long, she has placed himself and his pen at her service absolutely. She is considered first. All other genius comes second in his mind. That is a tribute worth the gaining. Bernhardt's greatest triumph is unique. She has triumphed over time in all the world today there is no woman actively in the public view so much during the years that she has lived. She may be 50, she may be 55, yet she looks 30, and that not only on the stage, where she has all the accessories of arranged lights and hidden paints to gloss the ravages of time, but in her own reception room at midday, with the light of the sun shining brightly in her eyes, she looks so close to her that powder and rouge could ill deceive him. There is in her wonderful mobile face not one wrinkle. Her hands are so soft and as smooth as any young miss could wish her own to be. It is only in her wrists—those remorseless clocks of the human frame—that the tale of her years is told. And she has a way of looking about them, which conceals them except when her gestures, free and graceful as the flying of a bird, disturb their folds and reveal the little tracks upon her flesh. Her voice has not in it one of the cracked high notes which one expects in a woman who has passed the meridian of life, and journeyed well along the road which leads to the sun must set, and along a rough and rocky road, at that, but is as full of the round, full, wonderful tones, the rich, penetrating, mesmerizing cadences which have charmed audiences and intimates from the day when she first swept the public to her feet with her performance of Zerkette in Coppere's "Passant." When I told her how America admires her her laughter came out rippling and musical—it was the laughter of a young girl, not that of an old woman. When she learned forward and told me how she admires America, the pretty words were spoken in the voice of a maiden—a maiden who hesitates and aims at being before she gives rein to her impetuous enthusiasm. And if she is acting, I could not dream of it until after I had left her.

"If you were to name the very greatest part that has ever been written for presentation on the stage, what would you answer?" I asked, after she had told all our merits as a nation, and refused to acknowledge that I ought to be mentioned. She hesitated for a long time, toying with the fur of her wrap and twisting a big tassel which hung down from it. Finally she said, reflectively: "For men, unquestionably the greatest part is Hamlet. I am anxious to hear what America has to say about it. It is in America soon, will do with it. For women the greatest part is that of Lady Macbeth. If you turn to comedy, the greatest part is in 'As You Like It.' I do not think that one I rank Moliere with Shakespeare as a writer of comedy. Look at the 'School of the Women,' 'The School of the Husbands,' and 'Amphitryon,' all grand! If I had to give my preference among Moliere's comedies, it would be for 'Tartuffe' or 'The Wise Women.'" "And the greatest single emotional situation?" I persisted. "Oh, there are so many! So many!" she exclaimed. "There is the last act in 'Camille.' There is the third act in 'La Tosca.' There is the act in 'Werther's Foyer Paternal.' But from them all I shall select the great scene in 'Olivio' as the very greatest."

"I have actually made any scene anybody to call the 'best moments'—the moments when one would ordinarily waste one's mind on trivialities, the moments in my carriage, the moments when I am walking from one part of my house to another, the moments when I am going to sleep or waking up. There is so much time which one can save by doing something important to think about. But as for the parrot trick of learning the lines, it is nothing! After that is accomplished, one must spend so much time in learning how to live the life of the character—in becoming actually married to one's part—that one has none to waste on the mere committing of the lines to memory. "What would you say to young playwrights, madame? What advice would you give them?" "I would advise them against naturalism and realism in theater. Those are the besetting sins of the drama of these years. The stuff for plays should be drawn from imagination, which lifts, not from real life, which drags down. The great fault of our modern dramatists—many of them—is that they try to split a hair into four parts, they try to get something out of nothing."

After Mme. Bernhardt had thus given her ideas of her own profession, I tried to find out what she thought of the many other arts and professions in which she has been said to take so great an interest. I remembered that I had been told about her great abilities as a painter, as a sculptor, as a writer, as a mathematician, as a huntress—as almost anything and everything under the sun. I remembered reading how she had taken the instant movements away from the captain of a Pacific steamship as she was crossing from Japan, and made the day's observations as well as he could have made them himself, showing a thorough knowledge of navigation. I remembered that she had painted statues and exhibited in the Salon. I remembered the moose skin hanging down in the entry way. She laughed merrily and mustily when I told her what I was thinking about. "Oh, I have been credited with so many things that I have never done!" said she. "People think me so very much cleverer than I am. I watch, I observe; I cannot help it, and because I show a little general knowledge of things which are not in the routine round of my life, they raise their hands and praise me as if I knew everything. But I do not. Oh, I know very little. I have watched the captain of that steamship as he took his observations for many days and I had questioned him and others about it. Finally, when we had nearly reached our journey's end, was it surprising that I had learned something? Would I not have been incredibly stupid if I had not? And the



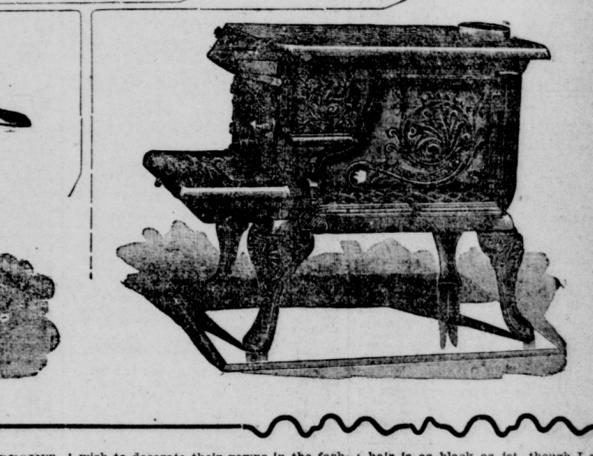
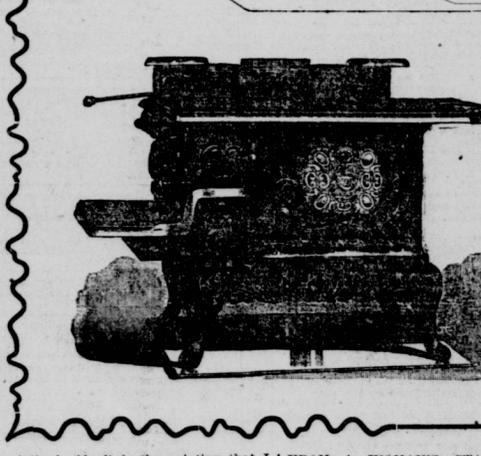
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painting! Ah, it is the painting that I love better than I do anything else in this world—better than acting, better than studying. In painting I could have done something really worth while, I think. But I have never studied it. I have simply painted a little now and then, because I love it so and cannot help it. Have I done very wrong in yielding to the temptation? Sculpture is the only thing that I have actually made any scene anybody to call the 'best moments'—the moments when one would ordinarily waste one's mind on trivialities, the moments in my carriage, the moments when I am walking from one part of my house to another, the moments when I am going to sleep or waking up. There is so much time which one can save by doing something important to think about. But as for the parrot trick of learning the lines, it is nothing! After that is accomplished, one must spend so much time in learning how to live the life of the character—in becoming actually married to one's part—that one has none to waste on the mere committing of the lines to memory. "What would you say to young playwrights, madame? What advice would you give them?" "I would advise them against naturalism and realism in theater. Those are the besetting sins of the drama of these years. The stuff for plays should be drawn from imagination, which lifts, not from real life, which drags down. The great fault of our modern dramatists—many of them—is that they try to split a hair into four parts, they try to get something out of nothing."

FROM A WOMAN'S STANDPOINT.

The purest treasure mortal times afford Is spotless reputation; that away, Men are as rubies; but all other things, As flowers, as fashions, as the world, are changeable. It is really very funny what curious and altogether erroneous ideas those people who are not in the swim, but whose end and aim is to be as much as possible like the, to them, favored mortals within the charmed circle, have regarding society. To them the ultra fashionable set is the best society; the sham aristocracy with its mushroom manners is what they ape, and they know as little about true American society as the majority of foreigners who come to our shores and assert with a sneer that America has no "best" society. The best society is not necessarily a wealthy one, neither is it fashionable nor gay. Its members are well born, well bred and cultured. Culture is its raison d'être. Culture of the mind and morals. It is like the old-fashioned society of colonial days, distinguished for its courtesy of manners and speech. Social gossip, backbiting and criticism find no place among people who are aiming to improve their minds and find their interest in the world of art, literature and science. American society is not what in the very nature of things it ought to be, democratic. Rank no more than riches ought to be a requisite of good society. Birth is to a great extent an accident, and those who are the best born are oftentimes the most objectionable members of society. As some one has written, "Unless the son of a gentleman be a gentleman, he is no more entitled to the name suggesting refinement than the son of a general whose father before him was a general." Of course, it would be absurd to argue that all men are equal, and that therefore there should be no grades of society. Different tastes and desires necessitate different stations, but the one essential feature of high morals which will bring all other requirements in its train.

Young and old, man and woman, came to do homage to Sarah the Divine. There she sat, unburdened by the weight of years, happy, exhilarated by the pleasure of seeing her friends, shaking her red bush of hair merrily with one, bowing it slowly in response to the compliments of another, always saying the right thing in the right place, never hurrying, never hesitating. Bernhardt in the salon is as wonderful as Bernhardt on the stage. One man, as he passed out, paused on the little stairs, and turning, held up his hat, and said to a group near by: "Ah, Madame, the incomparable! She has hypnotized us all. She has hypnotized the whole world."

THE LAPP MAIDEN'S SONG.

My lover he comes on the skee, on the skee, And his staff o'er his head he is swinging. The hawk in the air is no deeter than he, As he scoude o'er the snow on the skee, on the skee, And the wind in his wake is singing. My lover he comes, the merry brown lad, From the mountains he speeds to our meeting. I hear from the heights his shouts so glad, And a-heigh and oh comes my merry brown lad. An' the mountain peaks ring with his greetings. Oh, his thee, my love, to the tryst, to the tryst, Like an antlered deer dost thou cleave through the mist, Oh, his thee to me, to the tryst, to the tryst. For I love thee, I love thee, I love thee! —Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.

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wish to decorate their gowns in the fashionable a four trimming. Simply copy them in whatever material is desired and stitch by machine to the foundation. Miss Wheelock, the queen of American whist players, who won her title from the great Cavendish himself, refuses the assertion that women cannot become as good whist players as men. Miss Wheelock has had classes in the game in many places, and it is her experience that women are more conscientious students, and eventually become more scientific players than their brothers of the other sex. The smart set have established a code for bicycling that will have to be inexorably observed by every woman who wishes to ride a la mode. The fin de siècle rider must sit erect, dress daintily and inconspicuously, keep an even pace, with no attempt at fast riding, and, above all things, never touch the bell unless it is absolutely necessary so to do. The groom on a wheel follows at a short distance, as he did on horseback, and it is probably only a question of time when mildly's maid will have to include wheeling among her necessary accomplishments. Pascal says: "All men naturally hate each other, I am certain that if they knew accurately what they occasionally said of one another there would not be four persons in the world who could long preserve their friendship for each other."

Tomorrow's Menu.

- BREAKFAST. Berries. Cream. Lamb's Kidneys Broiled. Coffee. LUNCHEON. Cold Ham. Oysters. Saratoga Chips. Cherry Pudding. Tea. DINNER. Black Bean Soup. Boiled Lamb, Capers Sauce. Potatoes in Jacket. Green Peas. Spinach. Egg Sauce. Salad. Whipped Cream. Cheese. Coffee.

CORN OYSTERS.

One pint of grated sweet corn, one egg, well beaten, one half a teaspoon of flour; mix together and drop a teaspoonful at a time in boiling hot butter. This is a very good dish to serve with boiled ham.

PUDDING.

Eight eggs, one scant cupful butter, one quart milk, flour to make thick batter, one pound steved cherries, steam and serve with a rich brandy sauce.

The following extract from the diary of Elizabeth Woodbury afterward Lady Gray, and finally the wife of Edward IV., shows that the girl of the fifteenth century was a very all-round sort of person. It is doubtful even if our up-to-date nineteenth century maiden could equal her 400-year-back sister in the number and variety of her house-keeping accomplishments. "Monday morning—Rose at 4 o'clock and helped Catherine to milk the cows, Rachel, the dairy maid having scalded her hand in a bad manner the night before, made a poultice and gave Robin a penny to get something from the apothecary.

"Six o'clock—The buttock of beef, too much boiled and beer a little stale. Mean to talk to the cook about the first and mend the other myself by tapping a fresh barrel immediately.

"Eight o'clock—Went into the paddock behind the house with my maid, Dorothy, caught Thump, the little pony, myself, made a matter of ten miles without saddle of bridle. I improved rapidly and am now a well man, completely cured. I can bearly suffer from this painful disease." —W. J. DALRY.

hair is as black as jet, though I say it, and John Grey, if I mistake not, is of the same opinion. "11 o'clock—Rose from the table, the company all desirous of walking in the field. John Grey lifted me over every stile, and twice squeezed my hand with much vehemence. "4 o'clock—Went to prayer. "6 o'clock—Fed hogs and poultry." Tafteta sticks in the beautiful Chameleon shades will be the fashionable material for waists this fall. Inlaid, enamel and gold buckles, long enough to reach quite across the front of the waist are the latest fads to be worn with narrow belts. A fetching new sleeve of Worth's is slashed with the middle, around the sleeve and tied with narrow satin ribbon showing a sleeve of batiste and lace beneath. Sweet peas and white dried clover make a deliciously fragrant pillow for the summer couch, and is said to be a great sleep inducer. A black lisse fan, spangled with gold stars, is very effective with a black evening gown; a fan of black velvet, with black satin, with sticks of black ebony inlaid with gold. When embroidering small pannels, it is best not to employ too many colors on one flower. For working the two back petals use dark rich purple shades, and the three lower ones a light yellow with veining of purple shade; a rich deep magenta for the purple in another tone, which will give quite a different effect to the flower. In fashionable feminine penmanship it must now be the "DOROTHY DEAN."

The French Navy.

The French minister of marine, in a statement as to the present condition of the navy to be annexed to his budget of 1896, points out the modifications made in the navy since 1891, when M. Barbey, then minister of marine, made a similar statement. In 1891 the active naval forces of France constituted an expenditure of 255,699 francs, or 17.9 per cent. of the entire budget. For 1896 the expenditure amounts to 322,115 francs, or 24.4 per cent. of the whole budget. From 1891 to 1896 fifty-seven vessels have disappeared from the list of the fleet. Their places will be taken by thirty-one ships already finished and twenty-seven now in course of construction. The fifty-seven vessels which have disappeared cost 94,731,000 francs, the fifty-eight which take their places will have cost 322,000 francs. The average value of the new ships is \$250,000 from the Italian hand, of those which have disappeared was 1,663,000 francs. In ships now being built preference is given to a smaller caliber of armament in order to obtain guns more easily worked and capable of firing with greater rapidity. The use of shells loaded with new explosives has been extended from the heavy to the medium calibers. The figures show that the policy of building fewer, but larger, more costly and more powerful ships still prevails, in spite of the frequent talk about the folly of putting so many eyes into one basket.

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