The Limit of Life.

The most eminent medical scientists are unanimous in the conclusion that the generally accepted limitation of human life is many years below that attainment possible with the advanced knowledge of which the race is now possessed. The critical period, that detemines its duration, seems to be between 50 and 60; the proper care of the body during this decade cannot be too strongly urged; carelessness then being fatal to longevity. Nature's best helper after 50 is Electric Bitters, the scientific tonic medicine that revitalizes every organ of the body. Guaranteed by O. M. Olsen, Druggist. 50c.

Richard Mansfield, The "King Richard Of the Stage"

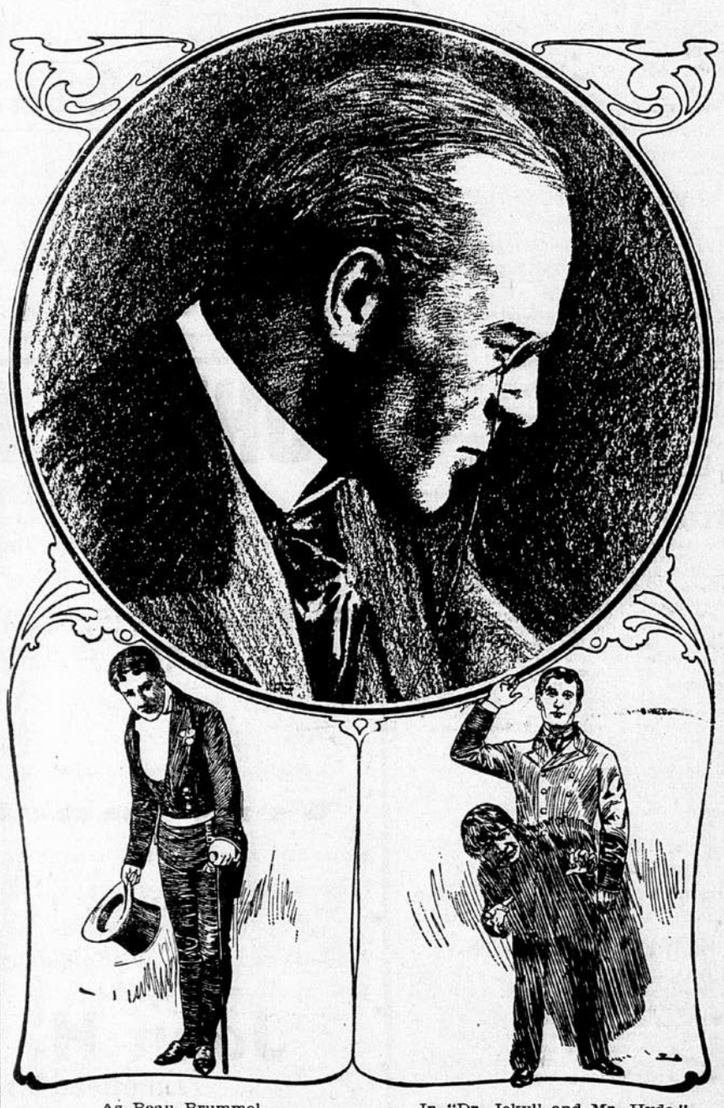
HOW THE GREAT TRAGEDIAN, NOW SERIOUSLY ILL, ROSE FROM DIREST POVERTY TO FAME AND WEALTH.

Deprived of His Mother's Riches Because He Was Determined to Be an Actor, He Was a London Starveling For Years, but Never Whimpered—A Genius Whose Ideal Has Always Been Perfection In His Chosen Art. Sample of His Powerful Pathos.

By ROBERTUS LOVE.

RICHARD MANSFIELD is a prodigy. The word prodigy has two definitions. By one meaning it is a person so extraordinary as to excite wonder or astonishment. By the other meaning it is a monster. According to some of his enemies, Richard Mansfield perhaps fits the latter definition, but in truth he does not. That he is an extraordinary person who has excited both wonder and astonishment for years is strictly true. When the news was sent out a few days ago from the great north woods of New York state that the famous actor was lying seriously ill in a little cottage, broken in body and mind, pathetically calling for his stage costumes and mumbling over some of the lines of his chief triumphs, the thought occurred to more than one person that the life of a successful tragedian may be in itself a tragedy. In the world of artistic endeavor triumph and tragedy lie very close together. Very frequently, toward the final curtain, they overlap.

Since the death of Henry Irving, Mansfield has been recognized as the greatest living actor that speaks his lines in the English tongue. For a score of years he has been mounting steadily and surely toward that proud position. He was born to climb to the last, for his ideal always has been perfection in his chosen art.



As Beau Brummel. In "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

RICHARD MANSFIELD.

Traveled Like a Monarch.

Among the laity it may have been popular of late years to envy Richard Mansfield. There he was, at the head of his profession, traveling in his own private car luxuriously furnished, occupying special suits at the finest hotels, owning a splendid home on Riverside drive in New York and another at New London, Conn. No monarch ever journeyed in more magnificent style than Richard Mansfield. No monarch ever appeared more haughty than he in his attitude toward the ordinary people. Europe has half a dozen kings more easy to approach than this King Richard of the stage.

That is one picture. Now for the other.

Less than thirty years ago a young man, this same Richard Mansfield, existed in London in the most pitiful poverty.

"For years and years," says Mansfield, "I went home to my little room, if I fortunately had one, and perhaps a tallow dip was stuck in the neck of a bottle, and I was fortunate if I had something to cook for myself over a fire. That was my life. For years and years when night came I have wandered about the streets of London, and if I had a penny I invested it in baked potatoes from the baked potato man on the corner. I would put those hot potatoes in my pocket, and after I had warmed my hands I would swallow the potatoes. That is the truth."

But Richard Mansfield did not use hot potatoes both for heat and food because he had to. He did it because he wanted to be an actor—perhaps because he had to be an actor. His mother, the noted singer Mme. Rudersdorff, desired him to be a painter. The youth tried painting, with fair success artistically. His mother was wealthy. She had gold in abundance for Richard the artist, but not a cent for Richard the actor. When the young man determined to be an actor the madame cut him off as to finances; hence the hot potatoes.

Starveling For Years.

Millions of men may live on baked potatoes and restaurant smells without any particular privation. But it was different with young Richard Mansfield. He had been gently reared. His mother adored him, and he idolized his mother. She brought him with her to Boston when he was a boy and put him in school. She took him to various European countries and put him in school. He grew up in an artistic atmosphere. He played the piano like an adept. He spoke several languages. He painted well. He had the key of admission to the politest social circles. Yet because he was determined to become an actor, and a great actor, he was a London starveling for years and years, and nobody ever heard him whimper.

You may not like Richard Mansfield. Many persons who do not know him dislike him. He seems to have cultivated the art of making enemies of strangers to the ultimate limit. But you must admire his nerve, his pluck, his British bulldog tenacity of purpose. He was going to get there, and he got there. After years and years he got there—got so far that instead of continuing to eat potatoes after using them for pocket stoves he was living in his own New York home by the time he reached the age of thirty-five and eating in a dining room furnished altogether with tables, chairs and sideboards from the royal palace at Versailles.

Truly, it was no primrose path of dalliance that Richard Mansfield traveled. After long struggling and many rebuffs he finally secured a comic opera job. W. S. Gilbert, that beloved librettist whose works gave delight to millions, became interested in young Mansfield and got him a place in "Pinafore." Mansfield played with the troupe in the British provinces for three years at $15 a week. Then he determined to go up to London, for he felt himself fit for something better.

Richard Mansfield is practically an American actor, and America is proud to claim him. He was born, however, on the little island of Helgoland fifty years ago. His father was a British army officer and his mother a Russian opera singer.

How He "Made Good."

Mansfield came to America to remain permanently about twenty-five years ago. He had achieved fair success on the London stage. He appeared here first in comic operas and comedies and won a considerable reputation. It was in his part of Prince Karl, in the play written by A. C. Gunter, who died only a few months ago, that Mansfield "made good" and started fairly on the road to his great reputation. But he had to struggle. "I am as determined as the tides of the ocean and as patient as the Catholic church," he once remarked when adverse criticism was encountered.

Mansfield's breakdown in his prime is due to overwork. That determination which has possessed him from the first has undermined his health. He reached the private palace car and the Versailles dining room furniture only by the severest sort of labor—incessant, nerve destroying, plugging toil at the tasks he set for himself. Some men may spend their summers in idleness. Mansfield used to retire to his New London home and spend the warm months studying furiously. When he reached the rehearsals he was always letter perfect. He knew his lines. He knew his characters. And they were such characters—Shakespeare's, Schiller's, Moliere's, Ibsen's and those of lesser tragedians and comedians. Not only did he know his characters, but he became them for the time. "When I play Richard the king," he has said, "I am Richard the king."

Sample of His Pathos.

There is a powerful pathos in the letter which Mansfield wrote to the St. Louis Republic in reply to an attack upon him by that paper some years ago, when the actor, at the old Hagan Opera House in St. Louis, appeared before the footlights and berated his audience, declaring that that city could not appreciate art and otherwise expressing severe opinions against the Missouri metropolis:

"It is especially concerning the paragraph which suggests that an actor would be more successful if he enjoyed the reputation of being a good fellow that I write. It all depends upon what the definition of the words may me. I haven't the time or the inclination to be a good fellow in the sense in which it is generally accepted in this country, but I trust that I have at all times been a good friend and a hospitable host. * * * Possibly few are aware that when I have played one of my trying roles I am utterly, totally exhausted. I ought then and there to be wrapped up in blankets and put to bed after having been fed. That's what they do for a good race horse after a race. If I hem and haw it is because I am exhausted and not because I am an idiot, as the polite gentleman on an afternoon paper is good enough to suggest. I give my whole life and soul to my work. * * * The power for evil in this world is far greater than the power for good. Yet some day there will be a few violets blooming on the grave of your faithful servant, Richard Mansfield."

This was before he became the famous actor of his later years. Since then many newspapers have enjoyed remarks derogatory to Mansfield because of the actor's ebullitions of temper. Various and sundry have been the unkind cuts from the American press. There can be no question that a super or a common plug actor, having been guilty of outbreaks such as mar Mansfield's record, would have deserved severe censure. At least nine of Mansfield's leading women have quit his company in disgust because of his temper. Isabel Irving stayed in his support just two days. Lucille Flaven lasted one day. Katherine Grey, Margaret Anglin, Lettie Fairfax, Florence Kahn, Eleanor Barry and Roselle Knott were among the others who could not "stand for" the Mansfield manner—or manners.

Forgets Self When Acting.

"I suppose, sir," said an enthusiastic woman to the actor, "that when in the spirit of those great roles you forget your real self for days."

"Yes, madam," Mansfield replied, "for days as well as nights. It is then I do those dreadful things—trample on the upturned features of my leading lady and hurl tenderloin steaks at waiters."

"And you do not know it at all?"

"Not a solitary thing, madam, until I read the papers next day."

One of his leading women, at any rate, Mansfield did not dismiss. Miss Beatrice Cameron, who was his support early in his career and a charming actress, is Mrs. Richard Mansfield. She is at her husband's bedside in the great north woods.

Let us now forget that a Philadelphia super sued Mansfield for assault and battery because the actor struck the super over the head with a spear when he got out of line. Let us refuse to remember the mutton chop which Mansfield threw at the waiter in the Auditorium hotel at Chicago because the chop was frizzled. Let us remember rather the hot potato of the London days, the determination, the toil, the life and soul devotion to the art that overmastered the man—and the triumph he has achieved.

DENTIST'S FINE GIFTS.

American Who Filled Moroccan Sultan's Molars Makes a Hit.

Bringing royal gifts of great value and the title of "dentist to his shereefian majesty the sultan of Morocco" with him, Dr. Frank C. Bostwick recently arrived in Plainfield, N. J., to begin a three months' vacation after a busy professional season in the sultan's court, says a Plainfield special to the New York Times. Summoned last spring to attend to the molars of his majesty, his wives, his father, brothers and other members of the royal household, he has been granted leave of absence after the busiest "season" he has ever had.

The Yankee methods he applied in easing toothaches among his gracious patients were profitable far above his expectations, and, besides the title, he will be one of the few men permitted to wear the sultan's colors.

Dr. Bostwick is an American and the son-in-law of Charles W. Eoff of Plainfield, but has been practicing in Gibraltar for many years. He was retained by Spanish royalty to practice in the court, and he was brought to the attention of the sultan in this way. The science of teeth treatment is in an embryonic state in Morocco, and he was requested to proceed to that country and attend to long felt wants in the sultan's household. Dr. Bostwick accepted the offer, and his experience was one that has seldom fallen to the lot of an American.

In speaking of his stay at the court the doctor declared he was accorded exceptionally kind treatment and that for the most part he had little trouble in doing his work. He found that the men in that country are cowards when it comes to enduring the pain that accompanies an extraction or a filling, but the women undergo the ordeal in a matter of fact way. The sultan himself has a splendid set of teeth, but what little was done to them was accomplished while the owner winced and fidgeted about like a schoolboy.

As a mark of esteem the sultan conferred the official title upon Dr. Bostwick and also presented him with a magnificent Moorish saddle of excellent workmanship. It is gold mounted and beautifully carved, the stirrups and bit being of solid gold. With it were presented a gold mounted breastplate and a heavy gold collar, part of the accouterments of the royal Moor when riding, and a handsomely embroidered saddlecloth of the sultan's own court colors.

CLAIRVOYANT'S EXPLOIT.

Extraordinary Powers of Floettum, a Norwegian Boy.

Further information received in London recently of the remarkable achievements of John Floettum, the boy clairvoyant of Christiania, in Norway, has increased interest in the case, says a London cable dispatch to the New York Times.

Floettum discovered the other day the body of a man who disappeared a few days ago, leaving no trace of his whereabouts.

A photograph of the missing man was shown to the boy. He examined it closely and then seated himself at a table. Covering his eyes, he drew a diagram of the course the man had taken into the woods. At a point indicated the man's handkerchief was found.

The day afterward the boy himself was taken over the course, followed by 1,000 curious sightseers. Floettum suddenly stopped and said he could see quite plainly where the body lay. He asked that a boat be rowed to a point in the river and said, "Here he is."

The body was found at the bottom of the river at the exact place indicated.

The Camera as a Referee.

The camera, which serves so many useful and interesting purposes, has now been promoted to the dignified office of referee in athletic contests, says Youth's Companion. At a recent meeting of the Southwestern Amateur Rowing association it was voted that henceforth at contests held by the association a competent photographer, with the most modern and efficient camera, should photograph the finish of each event. There have been so many close finishes and unsatisfactory decisions in the past that it is hoped in this way to provide referees with indisputable evidence.

More Brides Than Cottages In Panama.

According to Edwin H. Weeks and his wife, who arrived at New York recently from Colon, Panama, by the steamer Colon and who have been on the isthmus of Panama entertaining the canal employees, the government has promised to every man who brings a bride to the canal zone or marries there a detached cottage, says the New York Sun. The result has been, Mr. Weeks says, that there has been a boom in cottage building and marrying. The brides and bridegrooms are ahead of the cottages by several laps, but the government builders are hustling to even things up.

Onions Yield 400 Bushels to Acre.

The onion harvest on Missouri Point, across the river from Alton, began in earnest recently and will be in progress several weeks, says the St. Louis Republic. Fifty or seventy-five acres are planted in onions, and farmers say they have been offered $1.25 a bushel for their crop. The yield will be 400 bushels to the acre. H. I. Mintert, who has the largest onion "patch" on the point, says that no farmer has more than seven or eight acres, because of the labor that attaches to the cultivation of onions, although they are the best paying crop he can plant.