

MRS. BERNARD BEERE.

A Gossipy Interview With the Latest Theatrical Importation.

The English Bernhardt Talks Entertainingly Regarding Gowns and Things.

She Never Wore Corsets and the Results are Satisfactory.

How She Danced a Jig on the Stage Sans Shoes.

Mrs. Bernard Beere, the English Bernhardt, has arrived in New York. So has her wardrobe. The wardrobe fills thirty-seven trunks, but there isn't a single corset in the entire outfit.

Mrs. Bernard Beere doesn't wear them. She never has. And she says that she never will.

She had on a loose loose robe the other day when the world woman was admitted to her apartments at the Windsor hotel, and despite the fact that the room was intensely warm, she wore a long bearskin too around her neck.



MRS. BERNARD BEERE AS FEDORA.

"In the first place, what an I to call you?" the writer asked. "Mrs. Beere or Mrs. Bernard Beere?"

"People who know me call me Mrs. Beere," said the lady in question.

"That is very nice for the people who know you, but to others you are—"

"Mrs. Bernard Beere or anything, so you don't split my name 'Bern.' That is too funny."

"And is it really true that you do not wear corsets?"

"Yes, indeed."

"And never have?"

"I never had a pair on in my life. You see, it was all due to my father's prejudices. He would never allow me to put them on. My mother often rebelled, but it was of no use."

"And didn't you ever rebel, too?"

"Why, no," said Mrs. Beere, "as if it were the first time the idea had ever occurred to her. 'I had never known anything else, and so I was always perfectly satisfied.'"

Then Mrs. Bernard Beere laughed and settled herself comfortably in a luxuriant chair under the tall light of the chandelier. She is not pretty. Her mouth is irregular and so are her teeth. She has a good nose, straight and slender. Her eyes are gray, with dark eyelashes and eyebrows a shade lighter. The lower lid forms a straight line across the eye, encroaching slightly upon the iris, and it is this feature which gives the face a rather unusual expression. The cheek bones are high and the cheeks a trifle hollow. It may be from recent illness, Mrs. Beere's hair is perhaps more golden than nature designed it should be. It seems a confused arrangement of short curls and a loose knot. One cannot follow the design out clearly, but the result is quite fetching. As she threw back the dark hair she displayed a throat that was white and slender.

When Mrs. Beere forsook the shelter of the table her corsetless condition was very evident. The writer showed her what she beheld was the result of a total abstinence from corsets she would have been told a fair-sized story of the honesty Mrs. Beere's figure was not correct one. This defective style of progression largely owes its existence to the awkward manner in which girls put down their feet.

The subject may at first sight seem a frivolous one, but, sir, I assure you that it is a matter which should receive earnest consideration from many of your lady readers.

In order to illustrate my meaning we will take a seat commanding any promenade or any place where a number of women and girls pass. Here comes No. 1, her toes at an angle of 45 deg, and an almost infinitesimal sash apparent.

She is closely followed by No. 2, whose toes gravitate inward, and whose heels consequently take the reverse direction; then another, with the heels of her boots turned over to such an extent that you wonder she can get along at all.

Then we meet just one girl who knows how to walk properly. Her feet are neatly clad, her shoulders are thrown slightly back, and altogether she presents an appearance of health and gracefulness.

But contrast her with the others, and the source of the former's beauty is accentuated. Most women do not walk properly; and it is not because they do not know how, but because they will not exert sufficient energy.

CLEAN AND DIRTY PAPERS. How the Newsboys Get Rid of Their Soiled Wares. Chicago Herald.

It was raining. She asked him for an evening paper. He drew his coat-sleeve across his face and said:

"Will you have a clean one or a dirty one?"

"Clean one of dirty one? Why a clean one, of course."

"All right," he says, some folks don't care, but a kid can't keep paper clean when it sozzles all over, an' he can't sell dirty ones as quick as he can clean ones, so I sell clean."

He had folded the paper carefully, and he took the pennies with "Thank you."

Another newsboy standing near said: "Hi! kids, did you hear de style Hlokey is signin'? Clean papers an' dirty ones, that's what it is. You fold de dirty ones de clean side out an' sell 'em first."

"Hold on dere! Don't you go to gettin' de news, I know you about." She went on, and mused over the fact that even dirty-faced and ragged and self-brought-up newsboys seemed to pick up a sense of honor, and knew intuitively the principles that make a success of business. When she arrived home and opened the paper she discovered that the newsboy did know exactly what he was about. The paper was clean only on the outside.

A Remarkable Rug. Chicago News Record. A rug 10x15 feet, made up of the fur of thirteen wild animals, is now in the possession of W. H. Wallenber. Mr. Wallenber says his rug, which cost him \$1,500, looked up in the vault in his

office, and takes it out only occasionally to exhibit it to particular friends. The rug was made in Moscow, and took one man two years to put the pieces together. Finished, the rug is the appearance of a rich mosaic, the deep yellow of the tiger woven into the coal black of the South sea seal in diamond-shaped blocks. The center is made up of three rings of a diameter of twenty inches, the patch-like diamond pieces radiating from a circular tuft of monkey skin and bordered by a rim of otter. The groundwork of the entire piece is in monkey skin. Outside the large center pieces are two rows of circles. The outside contains fourteen circles six inches in diameter, made of mink, Angora and otter. The inner rows contain sixteen circles of Russian sable and monkey skin. At either end and on the sides is a six-inch selvaige of Russian silver fox hide and twenty silver-gray fox tails adorn the ends. In the make-up pieces of the fur from the Russian silver fox, Persian lamb, silver goat, China goat, mink, otter, South Sea seals, mink, Thibet lamb, muskrat, weasel, leopard and the Russia silver-gray fox are used.



WOULD NOT THIS BE AN IMPROVEMENT?

goes. Over her arm she carried a wonderful pale pink gown, with a separate skirt over it of watered crepe. The sleeves had enormous puffs of rose-colored shot velvet, from which tulle-crepe sleeves extended to the wrist.

"What I like about this dress," said Mrs. Beere, "is that it's dripping-looking, and that looks so yellow and so—so—dirty."

It certainly did.

Another dress to be worn in "Fedora" is of pale blue crepe de Chine, with great puff sleeves reaching to the elbow, from which a tulle cuff of Venetian point extends to the wrist. There is a sort of jacket of heavy gold embroidery with turquoise settings. Another stunning gown is of black crepe de Chine, with a gold-embroidered yoke jacket, jeweled with pink. It has a girde of rose crepe, with great lily-ends ends. This gown is elaborately trimmed with black point de Venise, and is lined throughout with pink silk.

"My dressmakers all say I am daff on the inside of a dress, I want it to be just as pretty as the outside. But I want you to see this gown. I shall wear it in the first act of 'As in a Looking Glass.'"

It was a magnificent red and gold brocade, a most brilliant color. The front was of red crepe and the breast was honeycombed with gold lines. The sleeves, which were immense ones, gathered at the wrist, were of red crepe de Chine, with a gold-embroidered yoke, and cape, of red velvet, with a deep gold-embroidered border, completed a most gorgeous and artistic costume.

Another dress consisted of a mouse-colored velvet Directoire coat, lined with pale yellow silk and yellow silk skirt with a great twist of red velvet and silk around the bottom. The features of this gown, however, were the Dresden buttons with ezel-steel borders, like the most exquisite of miniatures.

"The way women walk. I am a woman, writes one of them to the Boston Globe, and it is a constant source of annoyance to me to see so many young as well as elderly women walking in all sorts of fashions but the

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"ARE WOMEN LIARS?" The Learned Prof. Lombroso Has Written an Article to Prove That They Are. Woman.

Prof. Lombroso is upon the warpath once more; or, rather, he may say that he has never been off it. Last week the Revue has published in extenso an article containing certain of his opinions, which have already been before the public and commented upon by the press. This learned gentleman devotes four pages to proving that "all women are liars."

He first states his case with calm authority, then he props it up with quotations from writers and proverbial sayings from various climes; and, finally, he marshals in a whole host of causes to prove conclusively the reasons why we lie, or why, if we don't, we are false, not only to tradition—and to Prof. Lombroso's deductions—but also to the feminine armor provided by nature for defensive purposes.

The effect of the article upon logical people is to make them, however sober-minded they have hitherto been, come to the conclusion that, according to the writer's reasoning, in an immediate settlement of the "woman's rights" question lies the only hope of our rescue from the slough of untruthfulness where we are at present wallowing. The weakness is the first cause adduced; that may be overcome by training, as witness the women warriors of the Amazon. Modesty is the second; that may also be eradicated, if Prof. Lombroso would wish so see such an achievement. Love of men's admiration is the third; while the fourth, the desire to appear interesting, may be included in the same category, but equal rights with men, and similar clothing, would no doubt entirely kill any such feminine weaknesses. Quick but unreliable apprehensions, and a tendency to exaggerate with vivid imagination. No doubt a course of Mills' logic would be beneficial, but I could not possibly invent anything more universal than that logician's assertions concerning a race with a tortoise. The duties of maternity conclude Prof. Lombroso's case, for he declares that lies on the part of the mother are absolutely necessary if she would train up a child in the way it should go.

Now, we are not going to assert that women do not lie, but we do content that Prof. Lombroso's case, for it means proved his case. The first reason he adduces—that of physical weakness—is of no count among civilized people. Modesty will forever have its social and cultural adjuncts, and the chivalrous of the professor's own sex. Love of men's admiration is, thanks to our noble training, developing into love of men's respect, and is thus conducive to moral uprightness and truth. Our quick retorts, and our ready wit, are the result of the same being turned to good account. And any sensible mother will tell the professor that, even in the preservation of his innocence, no child has ever told a lie. We want stronger arguments than he has given us before we admit that women are liars. The fact that a woman is either necessary, natural or ineradicable.

Highest of all in Leavening Power. Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

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Better to Be Slandered Than Damned With Faint Praise.

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Some of the Newest Creations of This Much-Abused Firm.

New York, Nov. 3.—Every day is proving that it is far better to be noticed unfavorably than to be noticed at all. Better to be slandered than "damned with faint praise." Redfern is finding this out just at present.

The New York press have denounced an analyzed, slandered and satirized him. They have discussed him as a smugger owing to the late event that has made such an excitement in the trade, and indeed throughout the city. But not satisfied with condemning him as a smugger, they go on to christen him in their picturesque journalistic language as an extortionist and goodness knows what else besides: columns and columns, leaded, with the most striking sensational headings—leaders showing imaginative power and a wide knowledge of the English language—have appeared in all the leading New York papers. In these columns and leaders the American newspaper man has spared himself no toil to interest his readers in the noted smugger of Fifth avenue; he has had no abridgment of his pen, and he has not spared either from reliable or unreliable sources, concerning him, the most interesting and valuable life of his hero. He has fished up all sorts of dim, romantic stories from the shady recesses of the past, to round out his article and give more intense interest to it than the facts of the case alone can give. Nowadays anything is considered palatable to the newspaper reader's appetite—anything is seized for "copy."

A man by some accident of circumstances is drawn suddenly into publicity, and immediately his biography is published. There is no more happy obscurity for him, the public is his possessor, and his facts connected with his whole life and a good many that never had any connection with it at all. Redfern has no reason to complain, however, of the temporary position of publicity that has been thrust upon him. Some have greatness thrust upon them, and this greatness is such an advertisement for the English firm as if they paid the usual advertising rates. The breath of scandal may destroy private happiness, but it has not the same effect on business enterprises.

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Mrs. Langry, despite the impression made by her elegance of dress, sometimes makes ridiculous and unpartisan errors in her strong desire to display her jewelry. In a play called "The Sorcerer of Wexford," occasioned in London a week or so ago, she played the part of a rustic maid, the chief work of whom was to eat bread and butter and unconsciously see the melancholy Mr. Wexford borne before her on a stretcher. The surprise of the audience, particularly of one caustic dramatic critic, was great when the actress, instead of appearing in the simple garb naturally expected of such a character, came forth and donned resplendent diamonds and jewelry, not leaving out a single gorgeous dress. Of course, the critics "slaughtered" the play.

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With the fashionable craze for tailor-made suits, shirts, waistcoats and scarfs, there is nevertheless, says the New York Sun, an occasional girl who cannot master a four-in-hand, or tie a black satin scarf as it should be. One of these went into a haberdasher's the other day to buy a scarf, and wearing a her boyish costume. After she had looked at them she said: "Oh, dear me, I shall never be able to tie this! Why can't I have one that is already tied with books behind?" "But madam, no gentlemen would think of wearing a ready-tied scarf," "Oh, but," said she, "I am afraid I shall never be a perfect gentleman."

The Proof of Her Charms. New York Press. "So she's handsome?" "Handsome! Why, I've seen two politicians tumbling over each other in their eagerness to get to her side to escort her across the crossing."

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