

## DEATH OF VICTORIEN SARDOU.

Victorien Sardou, whose death occurred in Paris on Sunday last, was conceded to be the greatest dramatic writer of France during the past half century, and a most prolific writer of plays of modern times.

At the time of his death he was very rich and had received the highest honors, though at the beginning of his career he had a hard struggle, and, in fact, his first play was hissed from the stage. In the beginning a student of medicine, he later was obliged to become a tutor in history and philosophy, and also dabbled in journalism. He was obliged to practically give up his medical studies and assist in gathering the family income through the usual financial embarrassments of his father, Leandre Sardou.

His first play, "La Taverne des Etudiants," was an absolute failure. Six years later his comedy, "Les Pattes de Mouche," proved more successful, being translated into English and produced in England and later in America under the name of "A Scrap of Paper." Salt Lakers will remember the first production of this play here, when the Kendalls, touring America, included it in their repertoire. The last thing Sardou wrote was "L'Affaire des Person." The drama was seen for the first time last December and is still being witnessed by large audiences at the Porte St. Martin theater, where it was first put on.

Writing of his early youth, the elder Sardou said:

"My son Victorien was born on September 6, 1831, in the Rue Beautriellis, Paris. I myself was his first tutor in our home. Peace, order and work were ever before his eyes. When 9 years old we nearly lost him through scarlet fever. He recovered, however, and I then took him to Le Cannet, in the south of France, to my old father's, to let him breathe the invigorating air of the country and regain his strength.

"The child found some odd volumes of Moliere at Le Cannet, which he eagerly devoured, learning whole passages by heart and reciting them, to the great joy of his grandfather. It was marvelous to see the boy actor playing entire scenes from 'Tartufe,' 'L'Avare' or the 'Misanthrope' in the market place, surrounded by an appreciative audience of villagers and residents."

After several years of fruitless work, Sardou was commissioned by Mlle. Dajazet to write "Les Premieres Arme de Figaro," the scenario of which had been prepared. Sardou wrote the play in eight days. Of this play Sardou the elder wrote:

"The production proved, however, more a literary than a financial success; but from that moment Victorien took his place among dramatic authors. The play 'Les Gens Nerveux,' first written for the Gymnase theater, and subsequently arranged by Theodore Barriere for the Palais Royal, only obtained a success d'estime. But 'Monsieur Garat,' played at the Dejaset theater, April 30, 1860, and 'Les Pattes de Mouche' ('A Scrap of Paper'), produced on May 15, 1860, brought the name of Victorien Sardou in the full light of publicity and secured the good graces of all theatrical managers to the young author, now on the high road to fame."

Among the plays written for Sarah Bernhardt by Sardou, the English versions of which were given in America by Fanny Davenport, were "La Tosca," "Gismonde," "Theodora," "Fedora" and "La Sorciere." His two plays which have proven more popular than any others among American theater-goers are "Madame Sans-Gene" and "Divorcons," the latter revived and successfully played by Grace George during the past two or three years.

Knicker—"You know that speech is given to man to conceal his thoughts."

Broker—"Well, penmanship does it even better."—New York Sun.

## FATLET'S SOLILOQUY.

Hips must go.—Fashion Note.

Mrs. White adjusted the corset with a few deft movements, and presto!—the model was hipless.—News Item.

To lace or not to lace, that is the question: Whether 'tis nobler in the flesh to suffer The pinch and squeezing of outrageous fashion Or sit down upon this dire announcement, And, by opposing, end it? To gasp, to pant, No more, and being fat, to say we end The heartache and the thousand natural shocks The flesh is heir to—'tis a consummation Devoutly to be wished. To tug, to pull, To squeeze, perchance to pinch! Aye, there's the rub!

For in this chase of style what frets must come 'Ere we may nullify this mortal flesh Must give us pause. There's the tight sleeves That make calamity of reaching up; For who would bear the grip of bone and steel, The stifling steam within the Turkish bath, The rubbing of masseurs, the gulping down Of powders and of pills of anti-fat, The shunning sweets and farinaceous food, When she herself might her contentment make In a loose wrapper? Who would corsets wear That neither let her walk nor stand nor sit, But that the dread of being out of style, That bridge-whistless existence, from whose bourne

No traveler returns, puzzles the will And makes us rather bear the ills we must Than fly to others that we know not of? Thus fashion doth make cowards of us all And thus the native girth and size and plumpness Is skinned o'er with bands of crushing grip, And lose the name of fatness. Easy, now, My good dressmaker! Nymph, in my diretoire Be all my fat forgotten!

—Life.



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