

# MME. BERNHARDT'S LETTERS ON LIFE TO AMERICAN WOMEN

Celebrated French Actress Writes on Blessings of Dreams, Grandeur of Music, Condemns French Marriage System, Declares American Women Are Happiest, and Says Men Are Good and Brave.

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BY MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT.

**H**ERE is madness! madness! In England and America there are people who think that sleep is a robbery of one's life, and that our brain should remain in the same wakeful state as our eyes.

**Condemns French Marriage**

This is folly! I lately saw a poor youth who was one of this persuasion. He is 29 years of age, but one would think him 50. He went 45 days without sleeping; his nerves are in a state of collapse. He shakes at the least noise, and one fears that his brain must give way. What is the first rule of this abominable sect? Never to sleep! But sleep is beneficial!

**Exists in High and Low Ranks.**

**Bernhardt Believes in Dreams.** Life proceeds less actively as far as the limbs are concerned, but just as actively as regards the circulation of the blood. And the brain, less occupied with surrounding events, reposes; fortifies itself and gives to us dreams sometimes, good counsel, or gives us necessary warning of some approaching trouble.

One sad feature in our old civilization is the marriage system. A French girl has no hope of getting married if she has no "Dot" or marriage portion, and the first thing the parents of a possible future husband do is to inquire how much money the girl's family possesses, and they also find out if the girl has a "Dot" and how much it is. With monstrous bad taste they find out if she has other numerous or brilliant prospects; that is to say, if she will inherit more money at the death of her father, mother or other relations, and how much is likely to be coming to her.

To sleep is to dream, and to dream is to live; to live another life for which one is not responsible, meeting people one may never see again, taking part in heroic actions, flying in the air with the wings of a bird, descending wide stairs without touching the steps; then to find one's self in a forest where all the trees are singing, to hear the music which sounds divine; on horseback to fly over obstacles six metres high without falling off; to sink to the depth of the sea, and then, walking on the ocean bed, to gather coral and pearls that resemble flowers.

The practice exists whether it be in the case of the simple clerk, or of the greatest millionaire. In America, in England, in Germany one does not trouble about the marriage portion, and a pretty girl, who has been well brought up, does not remain single simply because she is poor. About two years ago Monsieur de G— died in despair after having lost a large fortune in a dreadful financial crash. His daughter, Valentine, a pretty girl, 17 years old, was surrounded by admirers, impatient for her to reach the age of 18 before asking her hand. It was well known that the family was immensely rich.

**The Charm of Dreams.** Finally, to enjoy a thousand delicious sensations and live a hundred other lives outside our own—that is the charm of dreams! and our dreams come from sleep!

The girl was much taken with a young sportsman who was more attentive and prepossessing than any of the others, but the day after the crash he had not the decency to wait 48 hours, but sent a telegram saying that he had been away to the bedside of a sick relative in Austria. He never made another visit, nor did the other late admirers call again, even if they showed a little more tact and courtesy.

And then, do we really know that what we do see in our sleep is not reality? If our thoughts do not quit our bodies in order to wander around the world? Who shall ever be able to say? One must sleep, because sleep gives one a glimpse of other worlds.

**Young Englishman Won Her.** But there was one exception—a young Englishman who had been Monsieur de G—'s secretary, and who, loving the girl in secret, now came forward and offered all his savings to the widow. He then went to live near the abandoned couple so that he might be of help and see them daily. The girl gave lessons in drawing, but her life was very sad in the midst of her poverty.

### "If I Were Millionaire"

ONE need not be a musician to adore music. Such is at least my case. I play the piano a little, and also the mandolin—both of them very badly, but I adore music.

**Loves the Music of Nature.** And this last music is far from being the least. Ah! the music of the breeze in the tamarind trees, with their fronds light as plumes. The music of the sea in the orment of its tempests and the rhythm of the ripples in calm weather. The song of the skylark at the rising of the sun, the cooing of the crowing cock. The mournful hoo-hoo-ing of the night owls. The little sharp notes of the hurrying swallows when the weather turns to rain. And the thunder, resembling the big drum, and the crackling explosions of lightning; all this divine combination replaces the orchestra in my mind, and with the assistance of the imagination I hear other invisible instruments everywhere.

Quite unexpected, however, six months ago, so romantically as it is said, Mademoiselle de G—'s godmother, an old and miserly woman, died suddenly leaving two millions of francs to her daughter.

**Wishes to Have a Son.** The young Englishman came to take his farewell, thinking that they no longer required his assistance, and doubtless he did not wish to witness the triumph of a rival, but the girl said: "Remain with us; my mother wants to have a son near her." Two months ago they were married. The act on the part of the young girl was charming. I much regret that the graceful actions of the young man were not those of a Frenchman!

**Should Be Music Everywhere.** There should be in all the states of the world, in all the towns of those states, and in all the quarters of the towns, organized orchestras playing all day; sad airs and gay airs, attracting and charming. The busy crowd, as it passes, might thus catch a breath of poetry or of gaiety, a second of calm to soothe perhaps some pain, a minute of forgetfulness of some disappointment.

### American Women Happiest

The road-makers would more speedily repair the broken roads. The townsfolk would feel the influence of the caressing wave of sound. There would be fewer assassins, fewer robbers, fewer bad people altogether. The poor would eat their frugal meal with greater pleasure.

**There is no happier woman than the American woman.** Her life is one of perpetual enchantment. From the time the little child becomes a young woman the doors of Paradise are wide open for her.

**Work for a Philanthropist.** Ah! if a philanthropic millionaire would but try this in but one town, all the other towns would follow the example, and work, sickness and death would seem all the easier to bear.

Fine colleges take the place of the dull prisons of poor girls in the Old World. The holidays pass by with cheerful picnics, and in magnificent parks she plays her favorite games, having for her companions young men who play with her at tennis, at golf or at croquet. They at once learn responsibility as a habit.

**Never Alone With France.** The French young girl, when engaged to be married, is never left alone with her future husband. He has the right to come every day and pay his court, but in the presence of the family. The two persons who should spend all their life together never really know each



MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT.

noise; it is not becoming. You must laugh softly.

**Poor Girls Lose Spirit.** And so the poor girl gets the habit of playing without spirit, never running for fear of getting too hot. They stifle laughter; that merry laugh of young girls which sounds like a quiver of harp-strings. A young girl in France never goes out alone, not even to walk 100 paces. I know one unhappy girl of 18 years whose father and mother are divorced. She was assigned to the care of her mother, who takes no care of her and put her in the charge of an insupportable chaperone, a lay sister in some religious order, who never leaves her for a second. The girl has permission to see her father one day each week, but she has never been able, during two years, to say a single word unless within hearing of that glacial woman.

### All Men Not Sybarites

On one occasion Count de X—, the father of the young girl, led her to a room, under the pretense of showing her a new picture, and he then shut the door in order to talk more freely with the poor child. However, the governess made such a noise that a scandal was the consequence, and the Countess began an action against her ex-husband for this act. The Countess is empty-headed, and everybody hopes the case will not come to the courts. But the girl is extremely miserable meantime!

**I HAVE read in an English review an article written by a woman who declared that all men were sybarites, egotists and heartless.** Now, there is a truly unfortunate woman, if she never met any other than men of this description.

**Wholly to the contrary.** I think that man is the intellectual and physical complement of woman. What would you say of a country where there were only women? For my own part, I would fly away from it as though it were ravished by an epidemic.

**Men love luxury to an outrageous extent.** I wrote the lady mentioned, but that is as it should be; since, appreciating luxury, they share it with women. Generally speaking, men work much harder for their women than they do for themselves, especially in America, the paradise of women.

**This lady, it is true, is English, but Englishmen are kind, devoted and courteous.** Most of the men are good, as a rule.

**Selfish Without Doubt Men are a little, but the women are a hundred times more so.** Women have but one superiority over men, speaking in a general way, and that is their devotion.

### Aviation Field for Women

**Nevertheless, consider the appalling tragedy of the Titanic,** how many were the men who showed tenderness for the women, taking them by force to put them in the lifeboats and throw-

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ing their own cloaks around them so that they should not catch cold, silently switching the boats pull away—those boats which carried away their wives, their children, whilst they stood patiently there, wondering what their fate would be. I do not mention Bruce Lemay; there are cowards everywhere, in all conditions of life, and in every country.

**Contempt for Men Stupid.** The contempt that some women have for men is utterly stupid. They are as necessary to our existence as the air and our sleep. It is they who founded the nation and the home. It is they who defend them. They are wrong in appropriating too many rights to themselves, but that is the weakness of strength; it is a whim, not a crime.

**The authoress mentioned reproaches men for their love of luxury, but if they desire it for themselves, they desire it even more for our sakes, and if we allow ourselves to be just, they might well enjoy the good things they toil for and which they share generously and ungrudgingly with women.**

**Not Madame English writer—you are mistaken; acknowledge it! Men are good, brave and generous; without them the existence of women would be painfully monotonous and sad.**

**Man was the creator of the quiver-**

ing but lifeless bird, flying without wings; of the marvelous bird which makes other birds marvel, and woman may now hope to render their country service by one day risking their lives.

**In this case it is not a matter of using brute force; one must be possessed of dexterity, of courage and of coolness.** The latter is certainly not a feminine quality but it will be acquired by persistence, and before very long, here in France, one will be able to enumerate as many heroines as heroes. And profoundly I rejoice at this new impetus toward glorious achievements. Our country has use for heroic hearts.

**Should Be Schools for Women.** There should be schools of aviation for women. They would, I am certain, be able to render the greatest service in time of war, and this is the aviator's cherished hope.

**And alas! all nations are arming themselves more than ever—to assure peace, they say—women without children and with husbands away have the right to consider what they might do best when their native land is troubled; and that is something not very far off.** Approaching us, be it by dirigible, rapid and light, such as I saw at Rheims, an admirable type, but it had not yet been tested; it was so dangerous that they hesitated to attempt a flight.

**"Oh!" I cried, "but this little bird is a woman's toy," and the inventor replied: "Yes, it is for my sister; she was not joking. He had made that machine, which was so much more dangerous than the others, for his sister, at which he carried planning, all his inventive genius, he had employed in order to render this bird he was making for his sister smaller and more rapid."**

**Noticing the astonishment I could not repress, he said: "Oh! my sister and I are orphans; we are alone in the world; we have the same ideals and the same fearlessness of death. "But here she comes toward us. Allow me to present her to you."** Approaching us, there came a slight and fair young girl about 20 years of age, dressed in deepest mourning; although her brother was not in the picture, what sorrow was that which had dedicated the bright young life to be some future day, a victim of the air?

### Plays That Girls May See

**I AM of the opinion that once a girl has passed the age of 16 she might see plays, whether they be held, sort-of psychological or philosophical. Certainly, they should never see plays by Georges Fayleau, who, although a delicious and fantastic author, is not only impossible for young women. I do not refer to other than those pieces which are works of thought, of love, and of sketches of life.**

**I consider that young girls having passed 17 years of age might enjoy a great variety of entertainments at the theatre. In the matter of drama, I must say that the English and Americans have made great progress in the education of young girls; that when I went to England for the first time with the Comedie Francaise "La Dame aux Camelias" was forbidden there, but Queen Victoria, at the demand of the Prince of Wales, afterward Edward VII, authorized me to give the piece as it was written by Alexandre Dumas the younger, without changing either words or situations.**

**Queen's Relatives Present.** It was in 1882 that I played for the first time in London "La Dame aux Camelias." But one did not then bring any young girls to see it. Ten years later in the royal box two young relations of Queen Alexandra were present.

**Queen Alexandra was present, and since that time all young girls who had come "out" witnessed "La Dame aux Camelias." But it was really very odd that they had been allowed to see "Romeo and Juliet," "La Traviata," "Faust," and yet they were not allowed to see "La Dame aux Camelias" any longer.**

**All very well, but I think that music adds a suggestive atmosphere to those forbidden pieces; the grief and death of Marguerite Gautier carry a moral that escapes one in the musical rendering.**

**Modern Writers, Teachers of High Purpose.** Among all our great modern writers, Paul Hervieu, Maurice Donnay, Portier, Rene, Henry Bataille and a host of

others, there is always food for thought, and teaching of high purpose. It is not the unpleasant details of an action which unfolds itself that one must recollect, but rather the consequences of the details and the reasons which lead up to the consequences.

### ART CRITICS CLAIM "FIND"

**Small Work in Gallery Tosio May Be Part of Rare Altar Piece.**

**ROME, Oct. 26.**—(Special.)—Certain art critics have for some time held the view that a small work preserved in the Gallery Tosio at Brescia might be a portion of an altar piece painted by Raphael at Civita di Castro, in Umbria, and portraying the coronation of Saint Nicholas of Tolentino.

Recently Commendatore Ricci, director-general of fine arts, Professor Cavagnoli, the restorer of the Cenacolo of Leonardo, and Commendatore Modigliani, director of the Brera Art Museum at Milan, examined the picture, which is attributed to Timoteo Viti, with a view of determining whether it is a Raphael or not. The picture represented an angel with a mass of blond hair falling on the shoulders, robed in white, and bearing a mantle embroidered with gold. On either side of the head there were evidences of traces of superposition of colors, which appeared to alter the details of the black background, particularly on the right side of the face, where one could perceive the faint outline of the face of another angel.

**DOGS CLAIM BIG ESTATE**  
**Legacy Left to Terrier by Princess**  
**Wanted for Former's Offspring.**

**ST. PETERSBURG, Oct. 26.**—(Special.)—The society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been interested in a lawsuit arising from the death of a Russian Princess who died early this year.

Among her bequests was one of \$20,000 to a toy terrier, Gipsy, with the proviso that her pet should be entrusted to the charge of a certain very old friend, whom she named. Within six months Gipsy followed her mistress to the grave; and, as even the most daintily-fed and luxuriously-clothed and beloved of toy terriers cannot run through money at the rate of \$40,000 a year, the legacy was practically inoperative. The woman who had tended Gipsy to the last took it for granted that on the dog's death she would succeed to the property; but she has not been allowed to remain in possession of it undisturbed. A claim has been formulated on behalf of an offspring of Gipsy's, who, being a puppy of high degree, was duly registered at birth.

### BACHELOR IS ACCOUCHEUR

**Women on Ship Afraid to Act and Sailor Plays Physician.**

**BERGEN, Norway, Oct. 26.**—(Special.)—A singular instance of the adaptability of the sailor has just occurred here. A young married woman gave birth to twins on board a steamer going to Tromsøen.

She was taken ill about midnight, and as there was no doctor on board and the female members of the crew were afraid to act, the mate, a bachelor, was compelled, after a hasty perusal of a chapter of the ship's medical book, to perform the duties of accoucheur.

Everything was done so skillfully that although a doctor was fetched when the ship arrived at Christiansund, he declared that his services were unnecessary, and the mother and her babies were able to proceed to their destination.



# Overworked Women

Fatigue is the natural result of hard work, but exhaustion results from organic weakness. If you were offered sure aid in time of trouble, would you put it aside and accept something of doubtful efficiency? If you saw before you a strong and safe bridge leading to your goal, would you ignore it and try some insecure and tottering structure? You would, of course, choose without hesitation that which all evidence showed to be the safest and best for you. Why, then, do some women risk their most precious possession—their health—because of some unwarranted prejudice against an advertised medicine?

You know, or should know, that for nearly forty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for woman's special ills. No medicine without great merit could have stood the test all these years and attained the largest sale and greatest success of any medicine in the world for this particular purpose.

Therefore, is it fair for you or anyone to say, without giving this great medicine a trial, "I don't believe it will help me." Read the following genuine and truthful letters—only two of many thousands from grateful women:—

**Letter from Miss Grace Dodds, Bethlehem, N.H.**—"By working very hard, sweeping carpets, washing, ironing, lifting heavy baskets of clothes, etc., I got all run down. I was sick in bed every month. This last Spring my mother got Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for me, and already I feel like another girl. I am regular and do not have the pains that I did, and do not have to go to bed. I will tell all my friends what the Compound is doing for me."—Miss GRACE B. DODDS, Box 133, Bethlehem, N.H.

**Letter from Mrs. Etta Donovan, Willimantic, Conn.**—"For five years I suffered untold agony, backache, irregularities, dizziness, and nervous prostration. It was impossible for me to walk up stairs without stopping on the way. I was all run down in every way. I tried three doctors and each told me something different. I received no benefit from any of them but seemed to suffer more. The last doctor said it was no use for me to take anything as nothing would restore me to health again. I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to see what it would do, and by taking seven bottles of the Compound and other treatment you advised, I am restored to my natural health."—Mrs. ETTA DONOVAN, 762 Main Street, Willimantic, Conn.

**A HANDSOME REWARD WILL BE GIVEN**  
to any person who will prove that any of our testimonial letters constantly being published in the daily newspapers are not genuine and truthful, or that any of these women were paid in any way to give their testimonials or that the letters were published without their permission or that all the original letters did not come to us entirely unsolicited. THE LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO., Lynn, Mass.