

MME. BERNHARDT'S LETTERS ON LIFE TO AMERICAN WOMEN

Young Men Must Choose Own Career—Names Great Historians, Novelists and Poets of France—Star of Napoleon Is Unsullied, She Declares—Cost of Living Low in France—How to Tour France.

BY MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT.
Translation by Le Marquis de Castelmonod.
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A YOUNG reader writes to me, complaining that his father refuses to support him because he wishes to go upon the stage.

He has the vocation and he feels sure he will become a great actor.

This is possible, but it is very difficult for me to reply, knowing nothing of the young man personally, nor of his family, nor of his ability.

I will, therefore, take several cases I know of and put these before my young reader. He will perhaps find a solution among them.

One day I received a visit from a very young lad who asked me to listen to him. I submitted to his wish and after having listened I told him he had a pleasant voice, good diction and great and real talent for the stage.

"Well, then, madame, this is the difficult position in which I find myself," he said. "My father wishes me to be a doctor. I desire to be an actor, and he declares that he will never give me another cent if I choose that career."

"I love my father and respect his wishes, although I long to follow the career I like best—the theater. If you would engage me at a modest salary I should be able to continue my medical studies to satisfy my father's wish, but I shall refuse the money he has hitherto given me, because I will go against him by playing in comedy."

I engaged him. He won success and I increased his salary after three months. He continued his studies and passed his examinations brilliantly, and 15 months later he got his degree, to the great joy of his father, who was pleased at the effort he had made to prove his filial attachment.

He is decidedly one of the best actors in Paris.

A second example: A young man of very good family wished to take up a theatrical career, to the despair of his father, who wished him to be a lawyer—he himself being a magistrate.

Notwithstanding his passion for the drama, the young man closed his books of poems and threw himself into the study of processes, Roman law, international law and the like.

He became a lawyer after 10 months of intensely hard study. Never had one seen before so young a lawyer.

The evening of his triumph he said to his father:

"I have done what you wanted. I have become an advocate. That was to please you, father. But this evening I appear for the first time on the stage in Racine's 'Andromaque,' at the Theater Sarah Bernhardt—that will be to please myself."

Great Literateurs

I FIND it somewhat difficult to reply to these questions which I am asked:

"Say which you think is the best French historian; the best French novelist; the best French poet?"

"It is quite certain that Dureau is a remarkable historian, especially the education of girls, and it is herein that the difficulty for me to reply to these questions arises. Michelet is a great historian, but he is liable to warp the judgment of a young mind. Michelet might well be read when one has a knowledge of science and the experience to know what one should accept or leave in the writings of a great historian.

Another celebrated historian is Lavisse. He has written a history of France which is at once clear, concise and honest, perhaps more searching than that of Dureau. So, for a girl, I recommend Lavisse and Dureau; Michelet and Thiers for a boy.

As for the novelists the question is

still more delicate. I must say I do not know a novelist of any talent that a girl might read with the exception of Alexander Dumas pere and Jules Verne, which might be freely put into their hands; as well as the delicious, touching stories of Pierre Loti and the historical tales of Lenotre.

Oh, how many novelists, men and women, there are without talent who might be read. I could cite you 10, 15, 20—but I think it quite useless to stuff one's head with mediocre literature.

As for poets, that is another matter. There is Lamartine, charming, elegant whose rhythmic elegance is perfect. Victor Hugo, vibrating, enthusiastic, marvelous. Leconte de Lisle, classic and pure.

Lauds Rostand's Works.

Among the modern writers of verses are: Abel Bonnard, a young and thrilling poet; the Countess de Noailles, whose muse is full of love-flame; Francis Coppet and the admirable and unique Edmond Rostand, who may be read by all young people, who is read and re-read by men and women of every age. What he writes is noble, touching and bright. His genius is electric. He touches all subjects with faith, ardor and his verse sings both to the heart and to the head.

(The following vehement article from Madame Sarah Bernhardt's pen was elicited by a question sent her by an advocate of universal peace who asked her if the majority of Frenchmen are Royalists at heart and how she regards the assertions of many students of history and opponents of war that Napoleon was a murderer—a man who sacrificed thousands of lives to his personal ambitions and for self-aggrandizement.)

Star Is Unsullied

SOME unkind spirits, disappointed and envious, try to make people believe that the star of Napoleon is sullied.

This is folly. Never before has the recollection of that great man been more scintillating, because, even if he occasioned the death of many men, he gave France an aureole which even the dreadful war of 1870-71 has been unable to efface.

Beaten, But Winners Still.

We were beaten, but we were, if not the winners, still among the winners. Although it was a Napoleon who gave up his sword instead of breaking it, the Great Napoleon towers above, sheltering with his immense shadow France mutilated and besieged by misfortunes, but more warlike than ever, notwithstanding her great love of peace.

We are a republic, but the majority of Frenchmen make a jest of that form of government and await the man, the hero who must come and will come.

Napoleon's Transcendent Anarchists.

But be sure that those who belittle Napoleon I and call him a murderer find no echo except in the hearts of anarchists, who hate all that which is noble and who do not dream—those who speak of the great murderer think of naught but massacres and boy-cottings.

They would destroy everything—pictures, books, sculptures, monuments—and put in the place of masterpieces the emptiness of their own ideas.

Living Cheap in France

A YOUNG couple, thinking of marriage, ask me if \$20 a week is enough for a bride and bridegroom who wished to live in France. Twenty dollars a week are equivalent to an income of 433 francs a month, which is to say \$200 a year.

Why yes! you could live in France with that little income and live even very happily.

I know a couple in Paris who live upon 300 francs a month in a way



Mme Sarah Bernhardt

which might almost be called elegant. M. de V— is a very distinguished man, whose aristocratic birth does not allow him, he thinks, to do anything. He married a young woman of noble but poor family and between them they have 300 francs a month income. Very fortunately for them they have no children.

They live in a boarding-house patronized by very good people. They go into society. Madame de V— carries her indignance proudly. She wears the same robe during two winters, going in it to the most fashionable dinners and balls.

How She Manages Her Clothes. Her robe has two corsages, one for dinner, with an open collar and half sleeves, and a corsage for balls, cut low and having short sleeves. She is pretty and has not a single jewel. One pair of white gloves lasts all one winter. She cleans them herself and takes

the greatest care of her modest wardrobe.

Monsieur de V—, it is said, has worn the same coat for 10 years and he is one of the finest looking men I know.

This couple are perfectly happy. Now then, you see, my young friends, you are more fortunate than those two elegant society people and, not being aristocrats, you do not think that you are obliged to forego work and since you are youthful you might each augment your income by doing something interesting.

I know quite well that American women do not always care about work, but there are so many things a woman might do amusing, while not tiring herself.

When I was quite a young girl my mother gave me 50 francs a month for pins and ribbons, but as I was even then very fond of spending money, I got the idea of dressing dolls and that

brought me in nearly 200 francs a month.

My mother heard of it by accident and forbade me to continue this traffic, in which there was nothing dishonorable.

A young actress in the Theater Francaise, in Paris, who only earned 300 francs a month, but had a mother who kept and two little brothers to bring up, knitted during rehearsals little blue and rose-colored socks and delicious little wool caps for quite tiny babies. This moved us so much that Sophie Croizette, Marie Lloyd and I set to work to help her.

Earned Over 1200 Francs.

In the month of December she earned, with our assistance, over 1200 francs. She wept as she embraced us with joy. Now she is married to a rich corn merchant and is very happy.

So you see, my young couple, you can

get married and live very happily on your little income.

How to Tour France

A YOUNG man who has reached his majority and is in possession of a large fortune wishes to make a journey in France and he asks me for a short itinerary.

With all my heart; here it is:

My young traveler disembarks at Havre, gets into his automobile and begins his tour of France. He runs through the town of Havre, which offers little of interest, and then goes on toward Rouen, where he arrives an hour and a half later.

There he visits the cathedral, which is magnificent, one of the best specimens of Gothic art; also the famous Palais of Justice, dating from the 13th century, a marvel of the middle ages; then there is the old market place, where the pure and glorious Joan of Arc was burned.

This auto takes him rapidly along the banks of the Seine, but he pulls up at different picturesque and sympathetic spots. Mantes, the beautiful, will charm him.

A Day in Versailles.

He will cross Versailles remaining a whole day to admire the palace and the magnificent fountains. Here he will call up recollections of the great King, Louis XIV, and his sumptuous court.

He will visit the museum, which contains masterpieces, and then go on to Trignon, where the martyred Queen Marie Antoinette will appear in vision—bewitching and coquettish—surrounded by her ladies, seductively arrayed.

From Versailles he continues to Paris. Here my young traveler will without doubt go to the Hotel Ritz, in the Place Vendome, where he will be installed in the heart of the city. Awakening in the morning, he will see the column in the Place Vendome, on the summit of which stands the figure of Napoleon.

After breakfast his first visit will be to Notre Dame, the most wonderful church of medieval times. He will enter the courtyard of the Palace of Justice and visit the Sainte Chapelle, the most perfect piece of Gothic architecture, built in the time of Saint Louis. He will be shown the Conciergerie, the dungeon where Marie Antoinette was martyred. Then he goes on to Cluny Palace, where there is a museum holding the antiquities of the City of Paris. Alongside the palace the ruins of the baths of the Roman Emperor Julian rise up boldly. Leaving the museum he stops before the adorable Church of St. Severin.

The Louvre will hold his attention for several hours, because it is full of masterpieces.

Prettiest Spot in the Whole World.

To rest awhile he goes to the Champs-Elysees, and will admire the Place de la Concorde, the prettiest spot of its kind in the whole world. The Petit-Palais will make him marvel. The Grand Palais, beside it, is less interesting. Later he will acknowledge the charm of our Paris when he goes up the avenue of the Champs Elysees. Rising in the distance he will notice the Eiffel tower, graceful and airy, and he will stop to examine the Arc-de-Triomphe. He passes on to the Bois de Boulogne in the midst of carriages filled with handsome women and men and women on horseback, and he will then understand why Paris is the most attractive city in the civilized world.

The next day he will go to the Luxembourg to see the palace and the museum of pictures by living artists. I advise him not to go to the Jardin des Plantes, for it is the ugliest of all gardens.

A Visit to the Pantheon.

He will stop at the Pantheon, where he will see the tombs of great men and admire the wall paintings by Puvis de Chavanne.

The Church of St. Etienne-des-Monts which contains the relics of St. Gene-

vieve the patron of Paris, will claim his attention. In it he will notice the gallery where the mysteries were performed.

The Invalides will keep him more than an hour and he will admire the Army Museum and bare his head before the tomb of Napoleon I.

Then before quitting Paris he will visit the Madeleine, the great boulevard, the opera, the Cemetery of Pere Lachaise, where he will see with much astonishment the tomb of Heloise and Abelard, and at the Cemetery of Montmartre, the tomb of Marie Duplessis, the real Lady of Camille, both tombs covered with fresh flowers placed by lovers on the poetic graves of love.

My traveler will leave Paris with eyes dimmed by tears and with a heart full and grateful as the automobile carries him on to Orleans.

Tomorrow I will give the itinerary he should follow.

My young traveler now comes to Orleans, a city celebrated for the energetic defense it made under Joan of Arc, against the English.

Then he stops at Chartres to see the Cathedral and now he comes into the garden of France—Touraine. He visits several castles, among others the Castle of Chenonceaux, the marvelous castle of Blois and the frowning castle of Chambord, which some people think beautiful and which I think ugly. The banks of the Loire are delightful to run along in an automobile.

At Nantes our traveler alights to see the castle of the Duchesse Anne of Brittany; the Cathedral and the public gardens which are of great beauty and the Paulettie with its Renaissance architecture.

Makes Tour of Brittany.

He makes a circuit in Brittany and notices the charm of the little villages. The Breton houses with their white tiles and little gardens will delight him. The costumes of the women and men have kept their character.

He will visit Carnac, the town of Druidical stones and monuments, altogether a curious little place. He will be shown the field of martyrs where he will take the boat to Belle-Ile where he will be told that at the end of the tale lives the white lady—Sarah Bernhardt.

He climbs down to the apothecary's grotto and loses himself in the labyrinth of rocks around Port-Donan.

He leaves behind delicious and stern Brittany and arrives at Angouleme, where he will admire the walk along the ramparts, the Roman Cathedral and the tower in which Margaret of Valois, the sister of Francis I, was born.

The auto stops at Bordeaux in front of the Hotel de France, celebrated for its kitchen and its wines. He visits the pretty town but it is without particular interest. Nevertheless, the Grand Theater arrests his attention because it is one of the finest theaters in France, and dates from the Eighteenth century.

To Bayonne and Biarritz.

From Bayonne he goes to Bayonne where he will find the mixture of French and Spanish architecture. Then he stops at Biarritz, a ravishing town with a wonderful beach beaten by an angry sea.

Leaving Biarritz he crosses St. Jean de Luz and enters the great Bay of Biscay. He visits the town of Biarritz, where he will see the remains of Louis XIV and Marie Therese was celebrated.

At Cambo-les-Bains he will ask permission to see the great French poet, Edmond Rostand, and in the ideal spot, all the elegance of French taste is scattered in profusion.

He goes from Cambo toward Pan, one of the most delightful corners in France. He visits the Castle of the Kings of Navarre where Henry IV was born and where he arrives at Lourdes after having traversed beautiful valleys.

That evening there is a great religious festival being held, and the Basilica is lighted up. The faithful sing their canticles beneath the starry heaven.

The scene is fairly-like and almost divine. He goes in to see the miraculous Holy Grotto and leaves it with a heart deeply moved by the beauty of the spectacle he has witnessed.

Arrived at Carcassonne, he sees with pleasure the Saracen ramparts and passing through Narbonne and Montpellier he stops at Nimes for a day to see the splendid circus dating from Roman times, Diana and the Square House.

tomobiles in the United States in 1912, and that there will be at least 500,000 new ones in 1913. Word has been heard from 109 car manufacturers, and the conservative estimate on the information received is that 500,000 new pleasure cars will be disposed of during the coming year. It is estimated that the output of one firm alone will be 200,000 for the year, that another factory will produce 50,000, another 40,000, another 30,000, another 25,000, and 25 others from 3000 to 15,000 each. The market for low-priced cars scarcely has a

supply equal to the demand, few of which will be found for second-hand sale. It will never do for a country that has the ability or courage to demand 500,000 new pleasure cars in a year to have much about hard times or the high cost of living.

The Reason.

"Why do they call his 'the fighting person'?"

"Because he has to fight his parishioners to get his salary."

PORTLAND'S SCHOOL GROWTH SHOWN BY PICTURE

Many Children in Photograph Are Now Well-Known Portland Residents—Captain Archie Pease, Member of Port Commission, William McGuire, Albert Berni, Valentine Brown and Others May Be Recognized.



PORTLAND SCHOOL CHILDREN IN 1872.

GROWTH of Portland's public school system in the last 40 years is strikingly shown in the photograph here reproduced, which was taken of the children attending the East Portland public school in 1872. The schoolhouse was situated at East Tenth and East Alder streets and at that time was the only one on the East Side. Many of

the children in the picture today are well-known Portland residents. When the photograph was taken Professor McLaren was principal and Mrs. Calla Charlton teacher. Mrs. Charlton now is living in Estacada. For many years she was a practicing physician of Portland. In the picture she is standing to the right of Professor McLaren. In the back row, Captain Archie Pease, member of the

Port of Portland Commission, is standing sixth from the left of the picture. William McGuire, who published the Portland Vindicator in the '80s and now is a realty dealer in Seattle, is standing fifth from the left. Albert Berni, now a Portland druggist, is seated in the front row, third from the left. Valentine Brown, a Portland attorney, is seated in the front row, sixth from the left.

Others in the photograph are: John Daly, John Burns, William Fairchild, John Pape, James Burns, Paul Cullen, Harry Smiley, Edward Gray, George Tillman, Richard Tillman, Walter Conley, Allen Irvin, Harland McGuire, Charles Duvall, Leonidas VanCleve, Charles Williams, John Black, Harry Austin, Marcus VanCleve, Frank Hosmer, Carrie Cullen, Annie Cullen, Mary Austin, Rosie Burns, Helen VanCleve,

Alice Cornelius, Emma Chase, Clara Gray, Valiella Brown, Annie Conley, Mary VanCleve, Belle Hall, Carrie Pape, Lola Kerns, Viola Burk, Nellie Kerns, Jennie Tillman, Mamie Swenson, Annie Gray and Frankie Roberts.

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Christian Herald.
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