

MME. BERNHARDT'S LETTERS ON LIFE TO AMERICAN WOMEN

Injection of Perfumes Under the Skin Is Condemned—Isadora Duncan's Resolution to Become a Nurse Is Lauded—Care and Grief Enemies of Vigor—Plan Given to Reduce Stoutness.

BY MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT.
Translation by Le Marquis de Castelholand.
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THE philosophy of the moment in England is to make injections of perfumes, and I do not think it at all judicious.

In the first place it does not produce the effects which one expects from it, and it is quite sure that if women do make subcutaneous injections it is to exalt the odor, but that end is not always fulfilled.

The much-regretted Grand Duchesse of Leuchtenberg obtained extraordinary results in the abundant use of perfumes, but it was only at first. She made punctures of verveine, and all her person was replete with verveine. Then she began to eat the prepared root of the iris, until finally the unfortunate Duchess became intoxicated by her perfumes and she often turned her head.

One afternoon about 5 o'clock, in St. Petersburg, my troika passed hers and she signaled for me to stop, which I did. She invited me to get into her troika and took me to her palace. On the way the charming woman said: "I have found a perfume which I believe will revolutionize the world. Now you can do me a great service. If I inject this perfume I cannot tell the effects, because I am already imbued with perfumes and have great difficulty in judging them now. But I will make a puncture on you and tomorrow morning you must come and see me early; we will see what effect it has had. But," added the delightful woman, "do not take a bath before seeing me."

Kicked a Little, But Submitted.
I kicked a little. This idea of an injection filled me with horror, but how was it possible to resist charm itself? She punctured me above the knee, I went home dined quickly and then went to the theater. I played the "Dame aux Camellias." Between the acts I asked my leading man: "Do you notice any particular scent about me?"

"No," he replied, "you seem as sweet as usual, but quite suddenly, during the last act of the 'Dame,' at the moment of her death, I noticed him sniff with astonishment. I even noticed a slight smile in his eyes.

The moment the curtain fell I asked the poor boy what the matter was. He shook with laughter, "Madame, I beg your pardon, but it is horrible; you smell terribly of onions, and that all over your body. Your hands, your neck, your hair, all smell of onions."

I laughed when I saw him laughing, but I was a bit cross, all the same. I sent a line immediately to the Grand Duchesse. Here is what I said: "Madame, madame, I am most unhappy. I must have a bath; I reek of onions."

Ten minutes later the most intimate friend of the Grand Duchesse, the Grand Duke Alexis, came to call for me.

"The Duchess wants to see you before you bathe," and as he bent over my hand, he, too, burst out laughing. "Yes, yes," he said, "onions, indeed!"

At the palace the charming great lady scented my hands, my hair, my neck. I had put on a ball gown to accompany the Grand Duke Alexis. "Ah," she said in her voice of crystal, "it is horrible, horrible, and he laughed with that pretty mouth, which is now closed forever."
"Will you take supper with me?" she asked.

"Ah, madame, I must go back and take my bath," I said.
Had Supper With Them.
"No, you must take it here; the Grand Duke and I will wait for you. During supper the talk was all about

new perfumes. The one mentioned was condemned, but what dreams were indulged in about the others!"
Well, now, I warn my friends, the English, that they must take great care, because perfumes produce abscesses.

The best perfumes to put under the skin are rose and verveine. They never do any harm and they give a delightful scent to the body in general.

On the Secrets of Youth

I RETURNED to New York yesterday, after a six-months' tour, and it was with joy that I saw once more the friends who came to see me.

Among them was a woman who embraced me effusively. I was a little cold in replying to this display, because I did not recollect the lady. At least I thought so.

Then she suddenly drew back and said: "In what way have I offended you, my dear friend?" Then suddenly her personality flashed upon me. She was an American actress with whom I was very intimate, but she had changed so greatly in five months that I could not recall her on the spur of the moment.

I rebuke myself for my forgetfulness and invited her to lunch next day. I wanted to know the reason for her dreadful change of appearance.

When she arrived I made her enter my boudoir, where I embraced her tenderly and I then learned that she had suffered a great deal in consequence of unjust things said about her by the newspapers, who had criticised her at the instigation of a young actress who was jealous of her. I remained speechless at the recital of such idiotic trifles, but I guessed she must also have another reason.

I asked for news of the man to whom she was engaged to be married. She burst into tears and I pressed her to my heart, thinking he was dead. "No!" she said, "he is not dead; he has lost all his money."

This time I jumped out of my chair and questioned her angrily.

"What is it for this you have changed so much as to be unrecognizable?" Because a little goose makes an attack on your talent and against your person, you collapse, and have not the energy to shrug your shoulders and laugh?
"But I think you are silly beyond anything I can put a name to."

"What?" because your fiance loses all his money, you fall to weeping over it?
"But the day you heard your poor Dick was ruined you should have married him if you loved him still; he is going to be a handsome, young and full of intelligence."

Great Left Her Very Angry.
As I feel strongly about things I let myself indulge in all the reproaches which the weakness and cowardice of the young woman stirred within me. She went away very angry.

"So much the worse for her; but I will take the opportunity of saying this to my young readers:
You should never waste life in futile emotions. The secret of youth and health is to give no more importance to things than they really merit. If one worries over trifles no room is left for a great and true sorrow. One should not love too many people. One can have but one great, immense love, whether it be for a husband or for a child. Consequently one can have but one great and immense grief, which breaks up all one's life."

People who are martyrs to everything that happens become aged before their time. Those who think they are always being persecuted are cowardly.

One must march bravely through

life; must march bravely onward to the grave, which is open for us all. One should not fear difficulties; they are always to be overcome. One should not lose time lamenting; lost days will never come back, never, never!

Care and Grief Youth's Enemies.
Every care, every grief leaves a line on the face. It is really too stupid to allow oneself to look old and to get ugly because of trifles.

It is worth while dying for a great passion, but it is also worth while to live so as to enjoy the beauty of the sunshine, the splendor of nature and the achievements of human genius.

Praises American Nurses

THE dreadful calamity which has befallen Isadora Duncan by the death of her children, when an auto plunged into the Seine, has made her resolve to become a nurse.

I quite understand the desire of the poor actress and approve her despairing intention, which will not be sterile of good.

I must say that I can quite imagine Isadora Duncan throwing herself heart and soul into the task of succoring those who suffer even more than those who are cloistered, and vow themselves to eternal contemplation.

The renunciation of nuns is egotistical, the renunciation of Isadora Duncan is from motives of humanity, and she will surely find more consolation for her terrible grief in being a nurse than by going into a cloister.

Likes American Nurses.
It is reported that she will come and establish herself in America, and I regret it, for she should try to introduce into France the excellent administration of American nurses.

With us, those who fill the functions of sick nurses are women of very inferior condition.

Here the system is admirable, and if I should happen to be ill in America, I would take one of these nurses about with me. I met her the daughter of one of my old school companions. Her family, which is of the rich bourgeoisie, had money; losses and the unfortunate young woman lost her husband and child one after the other.

She gave herself up to soothing the sufferings of others, and it is from her that I was able to learn all the workings of this magnificent method.

She had to study three years before being able to practice as a nurse.

Hopes Isadora Duncan Will Study.
Would Isadora Duncan have the patience to give herself up, during three years, to studies which are wanting in intellectual? I hope so, because, might certainly render great service in the career she has chosen.

In England nurses are of a class somewhat superior to those in France. They make very serious studies in giving newly-born babies all the best of care, and these studies—which I investigated on three occasions in London—are of deep interest to young mothers. It is a course which all young mothers should follow; it is as simple as it is absolutely necessary.

All young couples cannot go to the expense of a nurse for their child. If it is necessary, therefore, to prepare young mothers for a hundred little troubles which may befall their newborn baby.

I will do everything in order to take my friend's daughter to France, and I

hope, with her help, to start there a branch of the American methods of nursing.

How to Grow Thin

A YOUNG woman, very young, writes to ask me what she must do to combat stoutness. She says, "I walk a great deal and restrain my appetite, but still I get fatter, and it causes me great unhappiness."

I will tell you, madam, with great pleasure, all that I know upon the subject. You are quite right to walk, but you must not overdo it, because it sharpens the appetite. You must, therefore, walk less, but give yourself up, as much as possible and without sitting down, to the hundred and one little needs of your household and of yourself personally.

Never Eat Bread or Soup.
The first thing forbidden by the leading specialist is bread. Never, never eat bread; never eat soup.

A grilled beefsteak, without sauce, is sufficient for the day. You can divide it and eat it at two meals. In the morning, for breakfast, take two glasses of water, as hot as you possibly can. You may add a few grains of gray salt to render it more agreeable to the taste.

Take another glass one hour before each of your meals, and two big glasses at night before going to bed, three hours after your last meal.

Choose one day a week to go all day without food, taking nothing but your hot water. If this seems too severe, take a finger's depth of red Bordeaux wine, with a morsel of sugar.

Take a very hot bath, remaining in it no longer than brief 15 minutes.

Massage will also render you immense service; but this is rather an expensive means, and if you are not very well-to-do you must not try it, because one should never allow oneself to be massaged except by the best masseuses, who ask two, three and even four dollars for their treatment.

But it is undeniable that a general massage all over the body by a woman who knows the right treatment, gives results which are surprising.

Trying Programme, but Good.
This is a trying programme for a young woman, but if you follow my advice, I promise you that in three months you will write me a letter of thanks and that would give me great pleasure, charming madame.

Memory of Joan of Arc

IN FRANCE a national festival has been held at Paris in honor of the sweet Joan of Arc.

When one thinks that it is hardly four years since a professor of the Sorbonne, M. Thalamas, insulted the virgin martyr from the open pulpit before 3000 people.

When one thinks that certain members of the city council ordered the removal from the pedestal of all the religious offerings that were put there with so much love and devotion by thousands of young men and young women.

When one thinks that Anatole France, the wonderful author, wrote a pamphlet of absurdities against the heroic peasant maid.

When one reflects that all these maligners had their followers and that four years later the whole of France is uplifted by the sentiment of enthusiastic gratitude toward the young heroine.

When one thinks of all this, one has

to turn toward Germany and cry "thanks," because it is her unqualified hatred of France which has awakened our slumbering patriotism, or at least our patriotism inspired by the weight of grief!

This festival was wonderful. The country's youth vibrated with patriotic emotion. The voluntary enlistment under the three years' law, though not yet put into force, was filled on the very same day by more than 7000 men.

The municipal council, by an enormous majority, voted for a national festival to be held annually in honor of Jeanne d'Arc.

Around her two statues lilies were scattered, making a carpet such as is spread about the feet of Mary, the mother of Jesus.

From all sides one saw the maidens of Paris coming down the grand avenues, carrying flowers in their arms. Young boys with lilies of the valley in their buttonholes carried banners embroidered by women of France. During the evening the whole of Paris was illuminated, and hymns in honor of the "Pucelle" were sung in every place imaginable.

A friend of mine, who is most intelligent, wrote the following lines for me, which I reproduce because I think them beautiful:

"Over the whole of Paris fell a luminous trail of love, which enveloped every soul. A fervent respect for the past; a juvenile ardor in those present pointing as with a finger to the future. It was very beautiful, very impressive. I regretted your absence."

I, too, had my heart wrung, but nevertheless, I arranged my room in the hotel like a flowery chapel in honor of the holy child. Ah, poor little Jeanne d'Arc! So betrayed, so cruelly abandoned by King Charles VII and by the French people.

Poor, sweet little peasant, so brave in the face of the enemy, so much a child among the flames of the stake.

What cruel tears must have flowed from her big eyes. How much despair must have been seen in her arms extended in their appeal for justice. And what an overflowing grief there must have been in her loyal soul when she heard the sentence passed by all those wretched men wearing the holy mitre.

If anything survives in us, what must she think?

Millionaires Are Miserly

I READ an article which surprised me. In it the writer railed at the extravagant folly of those very rich American women who spent \$100,000 for a reception.

I find the argument of the writer false. I detest and despise people who hoard up wealth.

I quite understand that one might make millions of money, but I want to see them spend it, or at least spend a large part of it.

Again, I think that when one invites friends and acquaintances to one's house, it is in order to offer them hours of joy and beauty. Hence nothing, in my opinion, is too dear.

The signer of the article says that it is a want of good taste to parade one's riches. But not but not! It is avarice to leave it accumulating in the banks. Just think how many people one could bring happiness to in giving one of those splendid festivals which are only too rare in America.

Does Good All Around.
In the first place, the 600 individuals invited were enchanted. The dressmakers and tailors of those 600 also benefited, and so did the shoemakers who made 600 pairs of shoes; the hosiery who sold stockings, the glove-

makers, jewelers, the hairdressers who supplied hair or dressed it, the florists who decked the women invited and also the home of the hostess. (It was at a ball in London where 60,000 francs were spent on orchids alone. They fell in garlands from the roof to the entrance door.)

Then there were the confectioners and the fruit sellers, the carpet layers, the cabmen, etc. They all benefited. Do you think the money they got is lost?

Quite to the contrary, to a great number of people it is most welcome. It is money spent in making people happy, and it is received joyfully.

I think that the rich people of America are, for the most part, very miserly. They give scarcely anything towards fetes. Well, now, two or three multi-millionaires should join together to give the people two splendid festivals every year—festivals in which every one, rich and poor, could take part; commerce in every way.

With us, in France, there are some beautiful festivals, which put all the country in a state of effervescence eight days before they are held and eight days afterwards. Everybody goes to them joyfully.

In France there are no multi-millionaires, but there are some millionaires, though not many. But they are enough and they set their wits to work trying to devise how best to make the people happy.

Here in New York there is a multi-millionaire's theater, which does bad business, and in this fact comedy reaches its very highest pinnacle. The reason for its failure is to be found in the avarice of its proprietors. And so their theater is closed, closed, closed—

It is abominable!
But shall not enlarge upon the subject. My Latin blood begins to boil—I might say what I should not like to say.

Advices Getting Divorce

MON DIEU, MADAME, your letter embarrasses me very much. You ask me if you should get a divorce. Your husband is 20 years younger than yourself. He is unfaithful to you and you say he beats you.

I think you must be gentle and good. But permit me to say that I think you are a little silly. As your husband is 20 years younger than you I conclude that you are 45 or 50. This age, which ought to be the age of reason, seems to be the age of folly with you.

If he is false to you you must expect it, madame. The difference of age gives him a certain right, which he abuses, it would seem. That is not his greatest fault, in my opinion. But he beats you. And you ask if you should get a divorce.

For my part, I could never understand how a man could ever beat his wife a second time.

If my husband had ever raised his hand against me I would have broken everything that came to hand upon his head.

But as you are a peaceable creature, you could never have recourse to the same means as I would. Thus I advise you to get a divorce. And that as soon as possible. At least do not do as Lady Churchill did, who applied to the judge to oblige her husband to share her apartment, which he had deserted for some time.

I do not counsel you to proceed in this way. Although nothing to me, it seems to be more absurd than the legal request of Lady Churchill.

What can you possibly expect by it but grief?
Her husband loved her. He loves her

no longer. It was the same as in your husband's case, only he did not beat her. That might have been, however, because he was indifferent. And perhaps, madame, your husband still has some affection for you. Only you yourself can judge.

I advise you to get a divorce without making a noise about it; without scandal and dragging confidences to light which make divorce proceedings lessons in immorality.

Sees Auto Kill and Maim

REALLY, in New York the automobiles have a mania for going at high speed.

Within the last five days I have witnessed two frightful accidents and was the victim of an accident which was, very fortunately, merely stupid, not harmful. But I am becoming really nerve-shaken by this odious mania for speed.

It is much more dangerous in places where modern inventions all around are ringing bells which add to the clamor of traffic.

At the junction of Thirty-sixth street the elevated railway passes with a terrific thunder, whilst immediately beneath it two trams come along from opposite directions, sounding their bells in a state of effervescence, which cross the line blowing their horns.

The crowd, as it surges along to the station, contributed still further to the internal noise at that point. There are policemen there, but they are insufficient in numbers.

Yesterday I returned to my hotel and was roused behind other carriages beneath that abominable elevated railway.

A group of children played in the middle of the street not far from me. "But send away those children," I cried to the policeman. He raised his brows and, turning his back to me, he lifted his staff to stop an auto wagon. But its driver tried in vain to stop the machine and it ran into the group of children.

Ah, the cries of those poor little souls! Three of them fell to the ground. One child, 12 years old, had its head mashed and died on the spot. A little girl, 8 years old, had both her legs crushed and one little thing of 6 years fell under the wagon. By a veritable miracle this child sustained absolutely no injury. But the spectacle haunts me always. I hear the cries of those children in my ears at all times. A second before an auto just missed being cut in two by the tramcar. Really, the autos should be forbidden to go at such speed in cities.

Two days before this accident my carriage pulled up to allow the chief of the fire department to pass in his motor as he rushed to a fire. An unfortunate woman had not the time to get out of the way and was thrown into the air like a shuttlecock and fell to the ground some meters away. But the chauffeur of the fire department has no right, it seems, to stop, and the auto crushed her poor body.

No, no, I think humanity should be the first principle in great nations, and young America should, more than any other country, show that it is merciful. When she came into being all the arms used by civilization were put into her hands. She had not to fight. She should, therefore, practice love in all things.

She puts too much stress upon "Each one for himself, God for us all."

A maxim such as that begets indifference, followed by cruelty.

The American people, which is the happiest, the richest among nations, should take this motto:

"Everyone for his neighbor."

NEW EMBROIDERY DESIGNS FOR PRETTY BLOUSE AND SKIRT

These designs for blouse and skirt are quite easy to work and very effective. Detail drawings show methods of working.

There are two ways to apply the designs to the material upon which you wish to work them.

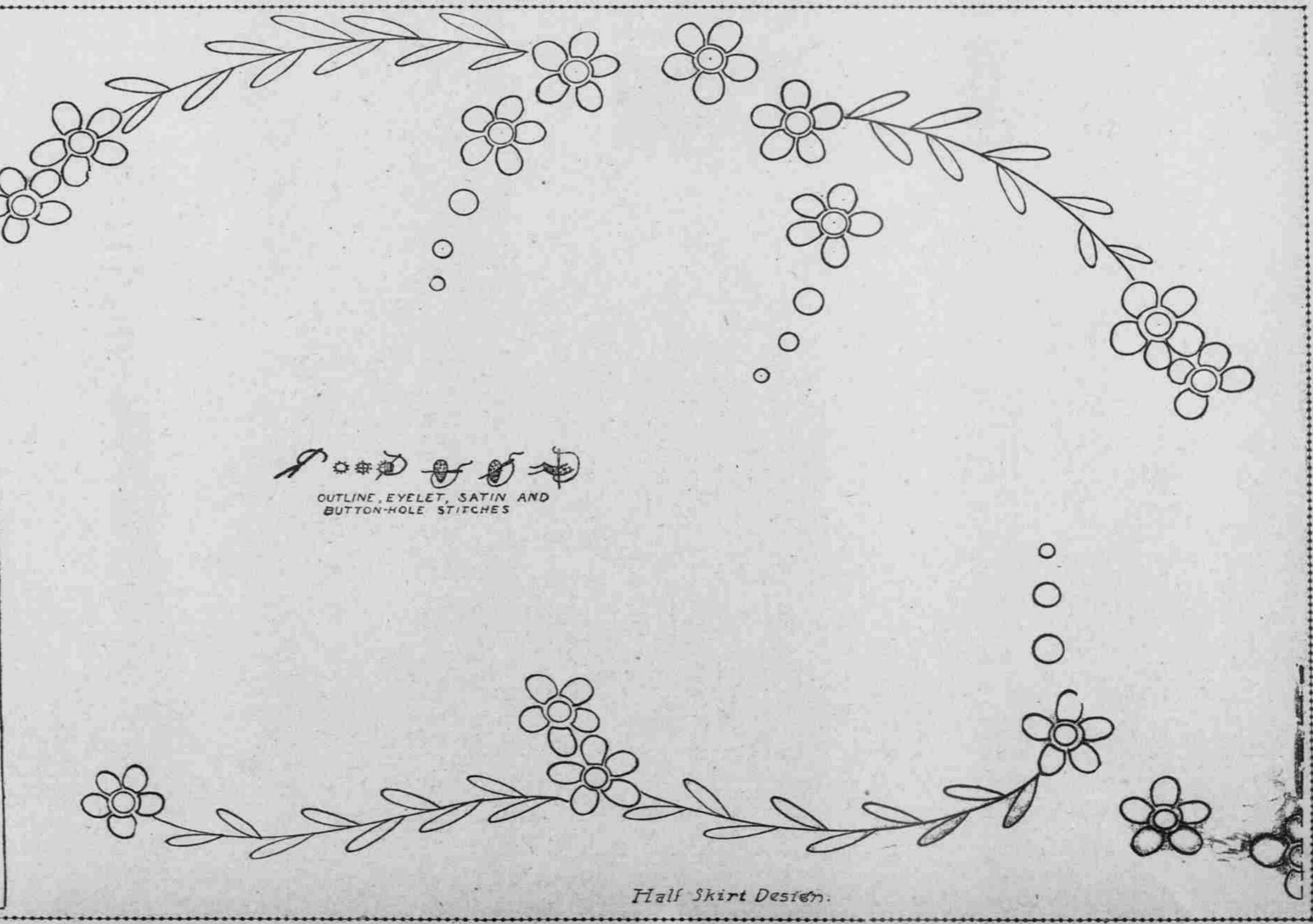
If your material is sheer—such as handkerchief linen, lawn, batiste, and the like—the simplest method is to lay the material over the design and with a well pointed pencil draw over each line.

If your material is heavy secure a piece of transfer impression paper, lay it face down upon this, then draw over each line of the paper design with a hard pencil or the point of a steel knitting needle. Upon lifting the pattern and the transfer paper you will find a neat and accurate impression of the design upon your material.

There are two points to observe in this simple process. One is to see that your material is level—cut and folded by a thread—and that your design is placed upon it evenly at every point.


The second is, when placed accurately secure the design to the material with thumb tacks or pins so it cannot slip during the operation.

Do not rest your hand or fingers upon any part of the design you are transferring, else the print of your finger will be as distinct upon the material as the drawn lines of the design.



The designs include a blouse with a large floral pattern and a skirt with a vertical floral pattern and a series of eyelets and button-holes along the side.

OUTLINE, EYELET, SATIN AND BUTTON-HOLE STITCHES



Half Skirt Design.