

# BERNHARDT ATTACKS DESTROYERS OF RELIGIOUS BELIEF

Faith, Hope, Ideals and Confidence in Future Existence Should Not Be Killed—France Now Has Boy Scouts—Wide Use of Celluloid Highly Dangerous—Immodest Fashions Prevail in France.

BY MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT.  
Translated by Le Marquis de Castellion.  
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**STRONG-MINDED** people, or those who represent themselves as such, declare that religious traditions should be abolished, and they prove to children from even their earliest years the absurdities of the mysteries. Such people, in my opinion, are either fools or they are dishonest. Their only ambition is to create an atmosphere of discussion in which their names will be prominent, and they care little whether they gain a good or a bad reputation, so long as their names are mentioned.

Such people are very glib. They want to destroy faith, and they are powerless to give anything in its place. And faith is a powerful curative, resisting the shock of troubles when they assail living people.

**Ferventers of Youth Most Feared.**  
The ferventers of youth minds are more to be feared than professional rogues. They attack by plausible arguments, well reasoned, the traditional virtues, and they give birth to unbelief in some of the simple mysteries. Young people, who are too much inclined to believe in the mysteries, are over-ready to adopt the doctrine of unbelief, and in this unbelief are the germs of doubt, of cynicism and of crime.

Since it is that latter-day assassin, always of 16 and 20 years of age, "criticism is easy, but the art of building up is difficult," wrote Boileau.

One could apply this saying to those who destroy so easily and are incapable of finding an idea to fill the void which they leave behind them. Thus it is that weak characters and people without balance fall into the void and find no other means to get out of it except by crime.

But why abolish the mysterious? All people should have ideals, and mysteries always lead one upwards.

**Religion Consoles Many.**  
How many people there are who are consoled by religion! The life beyond! How many poor mothers there are who hope to join their little ones.

Oh, do not hinder hope from floating in the soul! Leave human beings their faith. It adds to their lives the great things which astonish the world. It sustains courageous spirits.

Faith is the sister of Hope.

**France Has Boy Scouts**

**IMITATING** the great English nation which created the Boy Scout movement some years ago, and America, which also has Boy Scouts, France has organized a little battalion of "Les Eclaireurs de France."

Do not imagine that there is any military tendency in it, however. It is a battalion of young people of 11 to 18 years which has as its end, honor, self-esteem, respect for others, bravery under every moral and active form, love of country and the love of peace.

It was the newspaper *Le Martin* which took the initiative in this great movement and already more than 30 battalions have been formed throughout France, Algeria and Tunisia.

I give here the code adopted by the Eclaireurs. I think they are excellent. In the first place the youths take the following oath:

"I promise on my honor to act in every circumstance like a man who is conscious of his duties. To be loyal and generous. To love my country and serve it faithfully in peace as well as in war. To obey the rules of an Eclaireur."

The following is the text of the rules:

1. The word of an Eclaireur is sacred.

2. An Eclaireur knows how to obey. He knows that discipline is a necessity to the general good.

3. An Eclaireur is a man of initiative.

4. An Eclaireur takes responsibility for his acts on all occasions.

5. An Eclaireur is courteous and loyal to everybody.

6. An Eclaireur considers all other Eclaireurs as his brothers, without distinction of social class.

7. An Eclaireur is generous and courageous, always ready to lend assistance to the feeble, even to the peril of his life.

8. An Eclaireur does some good action every day. He matters not how modest the act may be.

9. An Eclaireur loves animals and opposes all cruelty in their treatment.

10. An Eclaireur is always gay, enthusiastic and looks upon the bright side of things.

11. An Eclaireur is economical and respects the goods of others.

12. An Eclaireur has the thought of his dignity and self-respect always before him.

If the boys who are enrolled among the Eclaireurs practice but half of their rules, it gives fair promise of a new generation which will make the splendid virtues flourish again in France and the germs of virtue exist in every French heart, but political evolutions have stifled them by their violent upheavals.

**Women Actors Grateful**

**AT** the moment when I left my hotel in New York two months ago to go and catch my steamer, which was to take me to France, I was stopped at the door by a very, very old woman. She was led by a child of about 16 years.

"Will you do me a great service, madame?" he asked.

"Yes, if it is in my power," I replied. Then she took from the boy's arms a packet which she opened.

"Here," she said, "is a bed quilt at which I have worked for four years. The bed cover, which she spread on the steps of the hotel, was made of hundreds of pieces of different colored silks arranged with great taste.

I expressed my delight politely at the beauty of her work, intending to pay the poor woman for the fruit of her toil.

She seemed to understand my thought and suddenly raised her thin and bony hand.

"No, no," she said. "This bed cover is for Mr. Henri Cain, the celebrated French literary man."

This time I gave more attention to her.

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**Find the Old Woman.**

The sailor told me as well as he could the name and address of the woman, but it was principally the address of the apartment which was to serve as the captain's guide.

We collected, furthermore, a little sum of 600 francs, to which he added 50 francs himself and promised to hand over the money and the money to the poor woman if he had to knock at all the poor tenements in New York, one by one.

He told me later that he had found this poor woman, who had kissed his hands in delight.

"I must thank you," he said, "for having allowed me to join you in that kind act. The woman was very interesting and her poverty was appalling."

"That is the story," added Cain, and he handed over the bed-quilt to Julie Cain, his wife.

It is true that actors have many faults, many follies, but it is in the heart of actors that the most generous inspirations often exist, and it is they who know how to show it with most tact.

**Celluloid Highly Dangerous**

**IT** is incomprehensible why all the municipalities of civilized countries do not revolt against the dangers of celluloid. They make combs, brushes, hairpins, imitation flowers, false collars, cuffs and a thousand other objects of celluloid. And no one seems to occupy himself with the danger that is so apparent from fire. For example:

A New York friend sent me a magnificent pot of jacinthes of all colors. It was placed on a table in the cabin of my steamer and was greatly admired by the passengers who thought they were natural flowers. I had then sent

something from a sailor. "Ah, see the pretty little monkey," cried a young singer. "I so much want to buy it."

I satisfied the amiable girl's desire by immediately buying the monkey and giving it to her. She took it in her arms and covered it with kisses.

"Oh," said the sailor, turning at the door out of which he was just going. "Oh, that is simple enough. She lived in the same lodgings where I did and one morning I heard her sobbing so hard that I knocked at her door."

"Why do you cry?" I asked.

"Because the landlord is putting me out into the street."

"Because I cannot pay my rent."

"How much do you owe him?"

"Thirty francs."

"And why?"

"I am not rich enough to give them to you," I said. "I have only 60 francs altogether, but if you give me that monkey on your shoulder for 50 francs I am sure to sell it for the same amount and it leaves me with 10 francs to spend on a pretty girl."

"She hugged the pretty animal in her arms as she wept in the fashion of Madame Madeline, the tragedienne."

Then the same idea took root in the minds of all the actors present. The monkey would have to go back to the poor woman. O, what kind hearts in the breasts of those foolish young people. I went down to the boat, followed by the whole band.

Captain Polrot came up to us and I told him the little drama and I handed him the monkey in a pretty cage I had bought for him.

**Fashions in France Alarming**

**FASHIONS** at the present moment are taking a turn that is altogether disturbing. At the Grand-Prix de Paris the women of the underworld have openly advertised their nakedness, which they barely hid by transparent and light folds of material.

One young woman from a little comic theater excited general indignation and was very politely taken up by the police and conducted to her house.

New dresses designed by small dressmakers who hope to become celebrated by creating a scandal, have been turned out which are open at the sides as high as the hip and allow the leg to be seen at intervals in its whole length.

Tights, the same color as the gown, cover the limb.

**Corsets Are Very Decollete.**

The waist is short. The corset is very decollete and has long sleeves covering the arms, which descend to the hand. Falling straight from the corset in front and behind is a mass of small, close pleats, then those little pleats become wider at the hip, where the material becomes wider, without pleats and clings to the shape of the body.

In the middle of the back, the same pleats re-commence in very close order following, absolutely, the same lines as the pleats in front.

This is very pretty for a statue, but it is of a dreadful inconvenience for women when the material is transparent and with flowers figuring as a decoration.

The public has revolted and I do not think this new fashion will have success. It is altogether odious.

But one fashion which I think is charming is the perruque. At the Grand Prix there were a number of young women wearing white perruques. Others were very powdered when not wearing perruques. On their heads were Greek hats covered with flowers, or little three-cornered silk hats carrying a tall bunch of feathers. The effect was charming.

The success of the white perruques was complete, and particularly in the case of young women, fashionable women and young actresses, who were dressed with great elegance, but without the least immodesty.

**Doesn't Like Dress Regulated.**

For my part I do not understand the new laws by which certain states in America pretend to regulate the fashion by forbidding the bare-necked dress. Nothing is more chaste than the bare neck of a young girl. This law should also order that the petals of flowers should be covered up! One should keep proportions in all things.

I think that beauty should do everything to preserve itself. It should have the character of allowing itself to be felt, but never the imprudence of thrusting itself forward.

er of a family should want to jump over obstacles with her legs tied together. It might, indeed, be very harmful for future motherhood and it is to be feared that these frequent jumps would spoil the muscular fibers and the tendons of the chest.

I do not wish to see muscular women, but I want to see them esthetic, and I think there is nothing so abominable as the hand-shake of a sportsman.

**Intellectually Man's Equal.**

The brains of woman can and should be adorned with the same science as the brains of men, but they should keep their grace.

How many girls perform hygienic gymnastics, playing golf, tennis or canoeing with precaution? All that is perfectly right. But that they should become foot-racers and compete against professional runners is ridiculous.

When a woman is married, what good to her is fitness of foot, unless it is to be run away from her husband? What occasion would she ever have to make prodigious leaps in the air? No, a hundred times no. A woman should never try to become masculine. It is enough that men should be what they are.

**Simple Seasickness Remedy**

The solar plexus and great sympathetic nerve here, one thinks, the two amiable personages which cause seasickness so grievous and, at times, so dangerous.

These two organs are buried in the peritoneum, but the grand sympathetic runs as high as the neck by numberless ganglions.

In the question of fighting or submitting to these two organs lies the prevention of odious seasickness.

Dr. Marot, with whom I traveled in America, is one of our greatest chemists, and he has admirably diagnosed suffering by seasickness which seems so puerile and yet makes one suffer so atrociously.

On board my steamer a young woman was made so sick by the perpetual rolling of the sea, that one was really alarmed for her life. Dr. Marot went to her and wrapped her stomach around with a Velpeau band in such a way as to compress and prevent every movement of the Plexus-Solaire.

For the first few moments the young woman felt oppressed, but the doctor did not leave her for some hours, encouraging her to keep on the bandage. Every hour he gave her a spoonful of bromine.

**Became Better at Once.**

Vomiting became rare and four hours later the poor creature was able to take the beaten yolk of an egg in Madeira wine, and 10 drops of elixir of paragon.

The next day the patient made her first appearance on board, to the great surprise of all the passengers. Until the end of the voyage she kept on her bandages, which had been renewed two or three times by my amiable and intelligent friend, Dr. Marot.

On leaving the ship the grateful husband asked the doctor to be the godfather of her child, which he consented to do with his habitual good grace. Here, then, is a sufficient remedy and one that also is sure and I counsel its use to all sick travelers.

The doctor says the bandages would be excellent to prevent even the least appearance of sickness and that they triumph over the solar-plexus and its neighbor, the great sympathetic nerve.

**Girls' Sports Too Strenuous**

**THERE** is a new fashion which would seem to have taken its origin in America and Wellesley College deserves the credit for the innovation. It is a question of sport.

The young women in that college want to develop their muscles like young men. They go in for foot races, they jump obstacles with their feet tied and they row boats with ardor.

Now I think these exercises are useless and too violent for women.

American women who were formerly grace itself have already lost something of their womanliness. And the young generation of women walk like men, which is very ugly.

I see no reason why the future mother of a family should want to jump over obstacles with her legs tied together. It might, indeed, be very harmful for future motherhood and it is to be feared that these frequent jumps would spoil the muscular fibers and the tendons of the chest.

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