

# Lake County Examiner

MAGAZINE SECTION.

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## BERNHARDT'S ART IN DRESS

### GREAT SPLENDOR OF WARDROBE OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST ACTRESS.

Much Study Given to Make Each Gown Adaptable to the Part Presented. Artist's Taste and Genius Very Evident.

What does Madame Bernhardt wear? During her engagement in this country, this question about the famous actress was asked by every woman unable to judge by seeing for herself, and the reply is the acclimated exclamation:

"Her gowns are simply gorgeous—they are a part of her."

In the many plays presented, Bernhardt has a oppo unity of displaying a great variety of dresses, and thousands of women who have packed the large theatres at every performance wherever she appeared, have stared at them in wonder, recognizing not only their perfect adaptation to the part presented, but also how much of Bernhardt's own taste and genius there was in them.

#### HER GENIUS FOR "SIGN."

What is it? The gift displayed in this particular, is as characteristic of the woman as any other of the countless details which go to make her the public idol of all lands. Even those who did not understand the spoken language of the play, were full well able to comprehend that of the silk, satin and lace facing them over the flaming footlights. This artist has demonstrated to thousands, that a gown may be superior in lines and construction to the flimsy models sent over each year from Paris for our slavish following. Street clothes, of course, demand a certain amount of conventionality, in order not to make the wearer conspicuous, but since the Bernhardt engagement in their respective fashion centers, not a few devious of costumes have declared their intention of taking indoor styles more seriously.

#### HER EXAMPLE FOLLOWED.

For those women whose incomes admit of certain and extravagant expenditure for clothes, it is just now considered wonderfully "smart" to furnish their own dressmakers and tailors with water-color sketches of models, specially drawn for them by famous artists, these sketches being used solely for their own particular gowns. With the stage for a precedent, these fashionable dames have found it convenient to adopt its methods. For those who cannot indulge in this bad, theater-going

nature knows to be its proper setting for prolonged activity.

To demonstrate how Mme. Bernhardt manages to make this audacious deviation from fashion's dictates attractive, it is well to say that she had specially designed a corsage over which she has her maid wind yards of soft ribbon which is finally tied in front with an ornamental bow and long streamer ends. This style is especially adapted to her, as it makes her appear taller, a point well worthy of imitation! On this particular gown the hip swathing ends in puffed stole ends, dripping with gold fringe. Her tiny feet are encased in marvellously fitting slippers of cloth of gold.

#### WONDERFUL BREAKFAST ROBE.

The robe worn in the breakfast scene in "Magda" is worthy of study. It is a silver-encrusted lace creation over pastel blue, set up with wide shoulders and a swathing of pale blue ribbon, ending in large rosettes with stole ends in front. A unique but character-lending touch is a miniature Empire stole—merely a patted line of priceless sable, which gives the frock, in its Empire draping, the much needed long straight lines from neck to hem. The sleeves, too, which are lace puffs, with forearms of transparent lace, show pale blue bracelets at their divisions, made visible only by the artist's gestures, a subtle touch, but very pleasing.

#### COSTUMES WORN IN "CAMILLE."

Ravishing, indeed, are her "Camille" dresses! The first mystery is in silver strewn gauze, wrought with a lattice work of pink ribbon embroidery over the flame at the foot, this outer work of art being fashioned over lettuce green satin soubie. The hip swathing and stole ends are in the same tone, and she wears with extraordinary grace a frosty pelerine of pale green chiffon, decorated with fetching clusters of blush roses.

Another of the "Camille" frocks reveals the French dressmaker's power of detail. The material is lustrous white satin, with raised embroidery in variegated pink flowers with green foliage—the corsage resplendent with well set gems.

Another change to which she treats her audience in "Camille" is a gorgeous half-fitting robe of white lace—semi-fitting princess is this model, the lace flecked with reddish gold figures, seemingly woven into the texture. Pale pink is the foundation, as is also the hip lining.

#### HER "ANGELO" COSTUME.

In "Angelo," Mme. Bernhardt's dress, an Italian princess costume, is fashioned from gorgeous gold brocade. It is set up on short-waisted, half-fitted

## JULY SECOND THE DAY

### GOVERNMENT HISTORIAN SAYS REAL INDEPENDENCE IS NOT THE FOURTH.

Colonies Made Declaration Against England Previous to Drawing Historical Paper.—Final Signing of Document on August Second.

According to the opinions of the latest historical authorities both the school children of bygone days and those of the present time have been taught incorrectly as to the proper Independence day of the nation. No one date seems to develop such excitable emotions as does the mention of the Fourth of July, but how unattractive would it seem if we were to state that the second of July is the day of firecrackers, bombs and Roman candles. And yet, according to Mr. William H. Michael, Chief Clerk and Historian of the Department of State, "The real Independence Day is the second of July."

Since we bent over our childhood histories we have always had an idea that our fathers severed the ties with Great Britain on the Fourth of July, 1776, and we have had word of no less an authority than Thomas Jefferson, author of that hallowed instrument, that the Declaration was signed on that date, on whose anniversary the great father of democracy died. But Mr. Michael says no, and for years he has been toiled for his country beneath the same roof which shelters the sacred document, has had the nation's archives at his fingers' ends.

#### INDEPENDENCE ON JULY 2.

"The independence of the United States was declared by resolution on the 2d of July, and the adoption of the form of Declaration on the 4th of July was a secondary matter," says Mr. Michael. "It is a little strange that more importance was not attached to the 2d of July in connection with the Declaration of Independence. The resolution introduced by Richard Henry Lee, was passed on that day (July 2, 1776). This was really the vital point—the crucial juncture."

The real act of independence, which Mr. Michael has had reproduced in facsimile, was then the Lee resolution declaring:

"That these United colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved."

#### SIGNED AUGUST 2.

Concerning the actual date of the Declaration's signing, Mr. Michael says: "Mr. Jefferson in his account states that all the members present except Mr. Dickinson, signed the Declaration in the evening of the Fourth of July. The journal shows that no one signed it that evening except Mr. Hancock and Mr. Thomson. The journal entry is: 'Signed, John Hancock, President, Attest, Charles Thomson, Secretary.' \* \* \* On August 2, the Declaration, as engrossed under the order of Congress, was signed by all of the members of Congress present."

What really did happen on July 4, of that year of years was the final adoption of a draft of the "form of announcing the fact to the world" that independence had been decreed two days before. Jefferson had written this draft in his Philadelphia apartments, consisting of a ready-furnished parlor and bedroom in the new brick house of Hyman Gratz, at the southwest corner of 7th and Market streets, "on the outskirts of the city." The Penn National Bank now occupying the site of this dwelling, is in the very business heart of Philadelphia.

#### WRITTEN LATE IN JULY.

But the "original Declaration" which all pilgrims to Washington formerly gazed upon in awe and reverence, was not ordered written for more than two weeks after that long but unjustly hallowed July 4. On July 19, Congress ordered that the Declaration be "fairly engrossed on parchment," and that "the same, when engrossed, be signed by every member of Congress." Some time within the next two weeks the beautiful pen work which thousands of Americans have since marveled at and admired was executed upon the great strip of sheepskin now locked away in the Department of State at Washington.

On August 2, 1776, just a month after the real stroke of independence this great sheepskin was unrolled in the presence of the Continental Congress, in Independence Hall, with the wording of the corrected draft it was carefully "compared at the table." This formally gone through with, it was spread out upon a desk and signed by all of the members of Congress present. Fifty of these fathers of the republic signed on that day. Six of the revered "signers," did not affix their signatures until later dates. George Wythe of Virginia signed August 27, Richard Henry Lee, Virginia; Eldridge Gerry, Massachusetts; and Oliver Wolcott, Connecticut did not sign until some time in September. Matthy Thornton, of New Hampshire, did not add his name until November, and Thomas McKean of Delaware, probably did not affix his, the final signature, until five years later, or 1781. Matthew Thornton, by the way, was not appointed to Congress until September and did not take his seat until November—four months after the adoption of the Declaration. Other signers who were not members of Congress on July 2 or 4, were allowed to sign on August

2, the general signing day. These were Benjamin Rush, James Wilson, George Ross, George Clymer and George Taylor.

#### JULY FOURTH.

The Day of Days Among Uncle Sam's Sailor Boys.

Uncle Sam makes the Fourth of July a greater day among his sailors than even Christmas. Indeed, it is the greatest day for relaxation and pleasure for Jackie in the whole year. The early Secretaries of the navy established the custom and it has been almost religiously maintained inviolate through the long line of officials who have succeeded them.

Independence day belongs to the Jackie. His superiors recognize that his life is in some respects a hard one. To him is denied the ties of family, the friendships and all the other interests and diversions of life that make up the landsman's existence, so for this reason Uncle Sam believes that his sailors should have as many holidays as possible.

To make Independence Day the biggest day of all is to give the day a special significance which cannot fail in some degree at least to carry its lesson of patriotic duty to those who serve the republic on the seas.

Hence commodores and captains always plan to remain in port on July 4. Then, after dressing ship, firing the national salute, and brief patriotic services, the day is given to the men to enjoy as they see fit, discipline being almost entirely relaxed. The sports that attend the sailors on the Fourth of July are of a varied character.



Synopsis of preceding chapters at end of this installment.

At early dawn the country inn was all alive. The archer was as merry as a grig, and having kissed the matron and chased the maid up the ladder once more, he went out to the brook and came back with the water dripping from his face and hair.

"Holla my man of peace," he cried to Alleyn, "whither are you bent this morning?"

"To Minstead. My brother Simon Edricson is sojourning there, and I go to bid with him for a while."

"The archer and Hordie John placed a hand upon either shoulder and led the boy off to the board, where some smocking fish, a dish of spinach, and a jug of milk were laid out for their breakfast."

"I should not be surprised to learn, mon camarade," said the soldier, as he heaped a slice of the fish upon Alleyn's trencher of bread, "that you could read written things."

"You pines I if 'nough to say you can say I my books, 'passant you."

"It would be shame to the good their clerk this ten years."

The Bowman looked at him with great respect. "Think of that!" said he. "And you with not a hair to your face and a skin like a girl. I can shoot three hundred and fifty paces



INDEPENDENCE HALL AT PHILADELPHIA.

Our naval service has, of course, become affected to a considerable extent by the great outdoor movement that has converted Independence Day into the greatest sporting carnival of the year.

The Navy Department has wisely encouraged this tendency, and where ever an open field is available, the piece de resistance is a baseball game, sometimes between rival nines picked from members of the same ship, oftener between teams representing different ships and in some extreme cases between nines from separate squadrons who happen to be in rendezvous near each other.

Then there are track and field events. The fleet-footed wearers of the blue show how fast they can sprint. Now just what good this does them in their developments as fighters is not clear, for even had they the instinct to flee and get over ground faster than a Duffy it would do them no good at the moment when the prow of the ship was heading for a moist trip to Davy Jones' Locker. However, they run and throw weights, jump and pole vault.

If no athletic field is available, then the rivalry must be confined to aquatic events, swimming and rowing races. In extreme cases where it is not possible to get ashore or the water conditions preclude rowing or swimming, the Jackies test their prowess at boxing, wrestling, fencing, dancing and singing.

Then the ship's larder is drawn on for such extra delicacies as transforms the regula' meal into a banquet, and Mr. Jackie crawls into his hammock with the comfortable feeling that July Fourth is pretty big day after all, and that he is glad to be able to pass it in Uncle Sam's service.

#### Black Hair the Strongest.

Black hair is stronger than golden tresses, and will sustain almost double the weight. Recently a scientist found, by experiment, that it is possible to suspend a weight of four ounces by a single hair, provided the hair be black. Blond hair will give way at weights varying according to the tint. A yellow hair will scarce support two ounces, a brown will hold up three without breaking while one of a very dark brown will sustain an additional half ounce.

"Prettily said, mon garcon! Touching that same slaying of the Redeemer, it was a bad business. A good padre in France read to us from a scroll the whole truth of the matter. The soldiers came upon Him in the Garden. In truth, these Apostles of His may have been holy men, but they were of no great account as men-at-arms. There was one, indeed, Sir Peter, who smote out like a true man; but, unless he is belied, he did but clip a varlet's ear, which was no very knightly deed. By these ten finger-bones! had I been there, with Black Simon of Norwich, and but one score of picked men of the Company, we had held them in play. Could we do more, we had at least killed the false knight, Sir Judas, a full of English rows that he would curse the day that ever he came on such an errand."

The young clerk smiled at his companion's earnestness. "Had He wicked help," he said, "He would have summoned legions of archangels from heaven, so what need had He of your poor bow and arrow? Besides, bethink you of His own words—that those who live by the sword shall perish by the sword."

"Now, youngster, let things be plain and plain between us. I am a man who shoots straight at his mark. You saw the things I had with me at yonder hostel; name which you will, save the box of rose-colored sugar which I take to the Lady Loring, and you shall have them if you will but come with me to France."

"Nay," said Alleyn, "I would gladly come with ye to France, but I balance ye will, just to list to your talk, and because ye are the only two friends that I have in the whole wide world outside of the cloisters; but indeed it may not be, for my duty is toward my brother, seeing that father and mother are dead, and he my elder. Besides, when ye talk of taking me to France, ye do not conceive how useless I should be to you, seeing that neither by training nor by nature am I fitted for the wars, and there seems to be naught but strife in those parts."

"Bethink you again, mon ami! quoth Aylward, "that you might do much good yonder, since there are three hundred men in the Company, and none who has ever a word of grace for them, and yet the Virgin knows that there was never a set of men who were in more need of it. Sickerly the one duty may balance the other. Your brother hath done without you this many a year, and, as I gather, he hath never walked as far as Beaulieu to see you during all that time, so he cannot be in any great need of you."

"Besides," said John, "the Soman of Minstead is a byword through the forest, from Bramshaw Hill to Holmesley Walk. He is a drunken, brawling, perilous churl, as you may find to your cost."

"The more reason that I should strive to mend him," quoth Alleyn. "There is no need to urge me, friends, for my own wishes would draw me to France, and it would be a joy to me could I go with you. But indeed and indeed it cannot be, so here I take my leave of you, for yonder square tower amongst the trees upon the right must surely be the church of Minstead, and I may reach it by this path through the woods."

"Well, God be with thee, lad!" cried the archer, pressing Alleyn to his heart. "I am quick to love, and quick to hate, and fore God I am loath to part. Yet it may be as well that you should know whither we go. We shall now journey south through the woods until we come upon the Christchurch road, and so onward, hoping tonight to reach the castle of Sir William Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, of which Sir Nigel Loring is constable. There we shall bide, and it is like enough that for a month or more you may find us there, ere we are ready for our voyage back to France."

"It was hard indeed for Alleyn to break away from these two new but hearty friends, and so strong was the combat between his conscience and his inclinations that he dared not look round, lest his resolution should slip away from him."

The path which the young clerk had now to follow lay through a magnificent forest of the very heaviest timber, where the giant boles of oak and of beech formed long aisles in every direction, shooting up their huge branches to build the majestic arches of Nature's own cathedral. It was very still there in the heart of the woodlands. The gentle rustle of the branches and the distant cooing of pigeons were the only sounds which broke in upon the silence, save that once Alleyn heard afar off a merry call upon a hunting bugle and the shrill yapping of the hounds. He pushed on the quicker, twirling his staff merrily, and looking out at every turn of the path for some sign of the old Saxon residence. He was suddenly arrested, however, by the appearance of a wild-looking fellow armed with a club, who sprang out from behind a tree and barred his passage. He was a rough, powerful peasant, with cap and tunic of untanned sheepskin, leather breeches, and gaiters round his legs and feet.

"Stand!" he shouted, raising his heavy cudgel to enforce the order. "Who are you who walk so freely through the wood? Whither would you go, and what is your errand?"

"Why should I answer your questions, my friend?" said Alleyn, standing on his guard.

"Because your tongue may save your mate. What hast in the scrip?"

"Nought of any price."

"How can I tell that, clerk? Let me see."

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