

JANE HADING'S EYES.

Would Not Exchange Them for Beauty of Face or Figure.

Mme. Jane Hading is a great woman. She has a pair of greenish red-brown eyes that can be as eloquent as love one moment and burn holes in an offender the next. If she didn't have a tongue in her head she could talk—rave, coax, woo, supplicate, command, conquer—with those eyes.

Mme. Hading sat in a corner of her hotel parlor writing. Her chair was be-



JANE HADING.

tween two windows. Beyond was a console mirror, and leaning over, she looked in, and her eyes, running the gamut of expression, reflected a dozen different archetypes, each a model for a mask. Even her brother, who is her slave and companion, was fascinated by the changing faces.

"Beauty?" she says. "Bah! what is mere complexion that women fret about till they are tired and it is too late to do something, to be somebody? Frosting on the plum cake, that cracks and falls to pieces before the loaf can be made ready for service. What is beauty to the dunce? Nothing. What is it to genius—to talent, if you like? The same thing. Hands, hair, complexion, figure and all I would yield up if they were the price of my eyes."

She wears a black satin skirt, with the toes of patent leather shoes showing below the hem. Her waist is an easy fitting gracefully draped blouse of magenta silk. It is the dress of a lady, but it is worn with the air of a great woman.

Her voice is music. She has the kind of health that makes animal existence glorious. On one of her white hands she wears a turquoise—for luck—and on the other two coils of gold rope—"for love, my mother's gift." Her manner is intense and her talk interesting. It is a compendium of current events. She means and feels what she says.

"When I don't I keep still."

"It is odd, too," she thinks, that, with so much "popularity of poverty," so little is done for the poor. The State should be doing something. She holds that the salvation of mankind lies in the right to work.

"How does she work?" the brother is asked, and with an explanatory "Oh," he replies, "Like nothing human. Do you know what she does when she has had her supper and gone to bed? Wait

till the whole family is fast asleep and then begins to rehearse! We can't get used to it, for each character has a scream, a laugh, a temper of its own. She needs a hotel when she has work to do—not an apartment.

"Well, dear," the actress says, "you always tell me I do not disturb you. And though I do, I am sure your affliction could not lessen." Only the scribbler's presence restrains the brother's impulse to kiss her.

"No. Let us be serious. I do make many sleepers hate me when I am away from home. But I must work, and at night time only am I sure of not being disturbed. Some way I get more inspiration from midnight than midday study. Many persons are able to study quietly, I am not. If I read I do so aloud, in whatever tone of voice the words require; the very sounds in a word are suggestive of the author's idea, and I must have the privilege of hearing myself."

She talks about the mirrow, which she considers "the best thing a woman can have at the beginning of her career to know herself. Bad habits are ugly; show a girl the disfiguring frown, lop shoulder or restless motion for a few months, and one day she will cure herself."

"With the divine assurance of ability in any direction is infinite capacity for study. The true artist, even in embryo, is untiring. Work is not duty, it is delight."

"The hardest part she ever attempted was 'Fedora.' For eight weeks she worked at the single scene where she receives the confession from the hero whose love and confidence she wins to avenge the death of her husband.

Where did she go for ideas?

"Everywhere—to the author, to the theatre, to her friends, to the Louvre, anywhere a suggestion reflecting on the work could be had."

"About study," Mme. Hading volunteers, "there is something valuable to be learned at every performance. The very errors and absurdities of the stage in music, drama and farce-comedy are lessons in acting."

She "likes very much English actresses. Ellen Terry is always charming, always instructive. I like her personally. Her greatest charm is simplicity, the first element of art. I like, too, Ada Rehan. She has ideals—always inspiring."

Mme. Hading was three years of age when her mother took her to the theatre. "The vision of that day's happiness is still with me. When I cannot recall the dream I shall know I am near the end of the play. My father was an actor, and I suppose the love of art was my heritage. The first lesson he taught me was individuality. The first thing I learned to scorn was imitation. At the age of 10 years I was playing the role of mistress with my father, and at 13 years I had old woman characters to take. I got my book and was sent off to study, to find out the author's meaning. That was good training."

"Do I go to the opera? Much. Music is the queen of arts," and she mentions Scalchi, Albani, Melba, Eames, the De Reszkes and others who have delighted her senses. She deplores the exaction of the public and the cruelty of criticism. Not a work should be said against the acting of a man or woman who can sing. It is unfair, base. "For," says Hading, "to act well the smallest part leaves no time for cultivation in other directions."

THEO. HOLLAND.

A correspondent in the east writes THE HOME JOURNAL that Nat Goodwin, the actor, is seriously ill at Terre Haute, Ohio.

Jenny Lind's Candor.

Jenny Lind's judgment of books, though undirected by anything like literary training, always showed independence and penetration. She was a devoted lover of Carlyle's writings, and the last book she read before her death was Mr. Norton's volume of the correspondence between Carlyle and Emerson. No doubt her admiration for the great denouncer of shams was largely due to the intense sincerity of her own character, which made it impossible for her to tolerate even those slight deviations from strict truthfulness which are seldom taken seriously, but are looked upon as the accepted formula of society. "I am so glad to see you," would hardly have been her greeting to a visitor whose call was inconvenient or ill-timed. But, on the other hand, her downrightness of speech had nothing in common with that of Mrs. Candour; it carried no discourtesy with it, as is shown by the following anecdote, which is characteristic. One day—it was many years after her marriage—when she was staying with a relative of mine in Peterborough, she attended a service in the cathedral. The dean, who, probably without much critical musical judgment, thought the singing very perfect, was rash enough to ask Madame Goldschmidt how she liked his choir. She looked at him with a quiet smile, and replied with an emphasis which could not be mistaken, "Oh, Mr. Dean, your cathedral is indeed most beautiful!"

Medical Don'ts.

No not forget that the laxative fruits are figs, oranges, nectarines, tamarinds, prunes, plums, mulberries and dates.

Do not forget that the word disinfect means simply "to purify or to cleanse," and that disinfectants can never occupy the place properly filled by fresh air, perfect cleanliness and sunshine; they can only give additional security after every possible care has been taken in all other respects.

Do not forget that straining may burst a blood vessel of the retina—that part of the eye which is connected with the optic nerve—and cause temporary blindness. If obliged to strain under any circumstances, close the eye, as this gives a little support or pressure to all the soft tissues of the eye, and will help prevent an unfortunate occurrence.

Do not forget that veal, pork, turkey, goose and duck should be excluded from the children's bill of fare, and that no fried, hashed, stewed, or twice-cooked meats should be given to them. Children's meat should be either broiled, roasted or boiled.

In Memory of Soldiers.

The monument which has been erected upon the battlefield of Solferino is one of the largest, if not the largest, of its kind in Europe. It consists of a tower seventy-four meters high, surmounted by an electric lamp, and rises in seven stories, each representing a campaign in the struggle for the independence of Italy. Each separate story contains all the names of the generals and other officers, as well as the men who fought in that campaign. No fewer than 700,000 names are thus inscribed on the inner walls of the monument. On the ground floor are the busts and portraits of all the leading generals and the chief ornament in the centre of the ground floor is the colossal monument in bronze of Victor Emmanuel, by the Venetian sculptor Dal Zotto. The tower stands in grounds beautifully laid out, and constitutes a magnificent memorial of Italian unity. Beneath the structure repose 2,000 skulls and other remains of soldiers of the three nations who fell on the field of Solferino.

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