

## DIVINE SARAH COMING AGAIN

Bernhardt Makes Another American Trip --- Clara Morris in Battle with Death --- Notes of the Player.

The greatest actress in the world, one of its most fascinating personalities, will begin a 35 weeks tour of America at Chicago, Oct. 31.

Wm. F. Connor, Mm. Sarah Bernhardt's manager, says it is a farewell tour. But it's her seventh visit to America, and nobody believes Sarah will quit coming until she has no more breath to gasp in her nightly dying act.

For Sarah is eternally young. The



same optimism and strength of mind has drawn to her everything she desired, audiences, money, luxury, honor, friends and fame, and which compels the members of her company literally to stoop and kiss the hem of her garment, refuses to grow decrepit.

"It is because I live," she says. "It is because I never worry. It is because for me the past does not exist."

The visit of Bernhardt, it is expected, will start a movement for a national conservatory, like that of France, which young girls enter at the age of 14 or 15 to be trained for the stage. Since her last visit here, Bernhardt has advocated such a school for America. She says many promising American girls fall as actresses because they do not begin training early enough, or because they break or wear their voices by the improper training of the theatre.

Bernhardt will appear in these plays, all in the French language: Rostand's "L'Aiglon," "Le Bois Sacre," "Les Romanesques" and "La Princesse Lointaine" and Moreau's "Jeanne d'Arc," Zannacchi's "Les Bouteons," "Sapho," Dumas "La Dame aux Camellias," Sardou's "La Tosca" and "La Sorciere"; Batallie's adaptation of "Resurrection," "Hamlet" and "Monna Vanna," "Le Passe" by G. D. Porto-Riche, "La Befana," "Phedre" and "La Rance."

M. Le Barge, the famous French actor, will be her leading man.



CLARA MORRIS DYING.

Clara Morris, in private life Mrs. F. C. Harriott, has been stricken with blindness, and this, the owner of the inflections which have tortured the once prominent actress for years is feared will hasten her death. Not so many years ago Clara Morris was regarded as the best emotional actress on the American stage. Her last appearance was about ten or fifteen years ago, when she appeared in the all star cast in a revival of "The Two Or-

## IN THE WORLD OF BOOKS AND LETTERS

Jas. Whitcomb Riley the Poet Laureate of Canada--Mrs. Humphrey Ward Failed to Catch Real Spirit of Canada in "Lady Merton"---How Thomas Hardy Spends His Days.

In a review of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's latest book, "Lady Merton," the New York Tribune says: Mrs. Ward has discovered Canada, and writes of it and its commonwealth builders with truly feminine enthusiasm. Strangely enough, she does not see a continuation there of the stupendous virility of nineteenth century England, a younger growth of a wider, more liberal Anglo-Saxonism, but a contrast, not at all favorable to the men of the mother country. Mrs. Ward has never grasped the wider historic meaning of the English of the Victorian era. The proud significance of the great achievement of a privileged state, of governing amateurs has proved to be beyond her vision; she has never been able to rise above her adulation of the social side of this aristocracy. Out of her own love of culture she has drawn a Victorian society at play, not at its work, a society that talks, not at its influence, alliance, appointment and preference, of great titles to be done and accomplished and rewarded, but of Dantes and the Renaissance of Horace and excavated Roman villas. There lies her interest, not in the affairs of kingdom and empire which she so humbly attempts to employ as part of her material. The Englishman whom she chooses to contrast with the Canadian in "Lady Merton, Colonel," is not a typical representative of his race, but a dawdling, indolent dilettante, with his heart in Italy and his handkerchief to his fastidious nose amid the sweat of the giant energy of empire building by rough, uncouth colonials. The book may serve to dispel a certain condescension toward colonials which still rules strong in England, but one would like to have some representative Canadian opinion of it--Miss Agnes Laut's for instance, or that of the author of "The Imperialist," the best picture of Canadian life and conditions yet written--the opinion of Mrs. Everard Cotes.

Writes Horace Traubel of David Graham Phillips' latest novel, "White Magic," in the current issue of The Conservator: "That's all there is to the plot. And it is well done. But it does not seem to be all done. Something is wanting. A little touch of dirt. A little kicking in the traces. The book is too orderly. Too respectable. There's no use lying about it. Pretending to see what is not there. Some of Phillips' dialogues are vigorous, to the point. His study of the conflict between the two like temperaments--the parent and the child--is momentous and loyal."

There are certain things in Phillips which make me feel there is more and better to come from him. But he's got to first get rid of that little girl in Massachusetts. Or at least leave her in Massachusetts. She has spoiled many a good book. And she will spoil every book she is invited to fix her gaze on. Phillips goes deeper than the average. But there are still depths to sound. This social turmoil. This clash of sex. This weighing of ethical virtues. This commercial industrial set of vast cruel ameliorating forces. All this must be put in literature. And it must be put there by brave men. By men who are willing to sell smaller editions of better books. No one has more chance than the story teller to possess himself of this inspiration and produce along severe and inexorable lines. But he's got to be big enough and uncompromising enough to grapple with the situation without attempting to dodge its unpleasant collateral. There's a lot of mud in existing conditions. Fifth. You'll soil your fingers in handling it. It's better to soil your fingers by handling it than to soil your soul by ignoring it.

When Harold McGrath was asked recently how he goes to work with one of his novels he answered: "I usually begin a story as a dramatist begins a play, with the end. The characters work out the plot themselves. I have very little to do with it after they have started." Before he starts to write Mr. McGrath goes around for a time with the theme of the plot in his head, but he doesn't outline the plot. He believes that the plot is naturally foremost, but "after it assumes body on paper," he said, "it has many devious twists of which I had no definite prior idea. The anatomy of a motive force is a complex thing," he continued. "Out of a practical joke 'The Man on the Box' was evolved."

"A young man disguised as coachman drove his motor to my house one night. This happened in my native town, and it amused me greatly when critics said the exploit was highly improbable."

"Out of the Italian State and Church marriage came the plot of 'The Lure of the Mask.' The most trivial thing sometimes will suggest a plot. I found the ten of hearts one right on the sidewalk. It became the motive of 'Hearts and Masks.' Once in Indianapolis I chanced to see an old Italian selling plaster images. It gave me a starting point for 'A Splendid Hazard,' my latest book."

"The one definite idea I have in mind in writing stories is to afford an agreeable, pleasant hour or two for my readers. I wish to amuse them, to make them wish that they too might have lived as this or that hero, in this or that land, probable or improbable."

encounters, never fails to be uninteresting. I have always tried to place human people in absurd or unlikely situations and to let them extricate themselves as you or I if so placed."

He has found it a good idea to rewrite the last two or three pages of a chapter when it seems hard to connect one chapter with another. It seems to give him a swing, he says, in beginning the next.

"I always begin a story with a paragraph or sentence vital to the plot," he declares; "something to grip the reader's attention from the very start. To accomplish this the first page is always to me the hardest bit of writing in the whole book."

If poets laureate were in fashion in America there is no doubt at all who would now wear the laurel in the United States--at least if the laureate were chosen by popular vote. The poet laureate would be an old bachelor named Jas. Whitcomb Riley, who lives in Indianapolis.

No other poet who has ever written in the new world can rival Riley in playing the oaten pipe. He is the real American Theocritus. His Hoosier dialect verse has already passed



JAS. WHITCOMB RILEY.

into the classic realm, and "When the Frost is on the Pumpkin" is a phrase that is now a fixed quantity in American parlance.

Riley has done what few other rhymers have ever done. He has made poetry pay, in actual hard cash, not merely in glory, but in money. His standard books, with a steady sale throughout the country.

The rattle of early London motor omnibuses awoke Mr. Thomas Hardy the other day upon his seventieth birthday. He lay down to rest in the falling even tide with the din sounding through open windows. For he spent the day in the heart of London. Instead of the garden that is the pride of his Dorchester house, he looked out from his flat in Bloomsbury across the up-and-down traffic of Malta Vale and Edgware road.

In the mid-morning Mr. Hardy set forth for his flat alone, passing the time of day with the hall porter, and hurrying on nervously before the man could add his words of well-wishing. But in the afternoon he was back to sit with friends, Hardy and receive a few friends, who came just in, and see how they brew tea in "Casterbridge." The callers found the door opened to them by the little serving-maid, whose cheeks show that London is not home to her, and that she may have played in the meadows, the "Tess" knew. When the party met the merry conversation of the visitors echoed through the flat, and only now and then came a softer, lower tone, words from the guest.

His Simple Tales.

Before seven the callers had gone, and then it was that Mr. Hardy sought rest in his bedroom, for birthdays are tiring happenings when they mark life's long span. For several weeks now Mr. Hardy has lived in the flat at Bloomsbury, where there are lifts and telephones and electric lights, all the modern conveniences of London residence, so different from Max Gate and dear Dorset. Already the staff at the house have a sense of the retired glory that Mr. Hardy brings to them. "He writes books," says porters who watch his exits and entrances. They can tell you that on such a night he has played in the meadows, the "Tess" knew. When the party met the merry conversation of the visitors echoed through the flat, and only now and then came a softer, lower tone, words from the guest.

Owing to Mr. Hardy's absence, no attempt was made to celebrate his birthday in Dorchester. Truth to tell, the country folk of Wessex, who have become famous the world over by the types which Mr. Hardy immortalized in his novels, are indifferent to their fame. They do not know that they have been put in books, and thousands of them never heard of Mr. Hardy. He does nothing to make himself known locally. Gossip, though he is, is not his way. He is a recluse. He lives at his house, Max Gate, a mile or so outside the town, amid the daisies and the song birds, and seldom visits Dorchester except on market day, when he walks to the County Museum to see the newspapers, and to chat with his brother or some old friend in the market-place. He has none of the affectations of the artist. His rough tweed suit and his not hat suggest the gentleman farmer, rather than the illustrious man of letters. He strolls quietly about as if absorbed in his own thoughts.

Recently an old friend said to him that all literary England was eager for another novel from his pen. "Yes, I know, I know," he replied in a musing fashion, and was silent for a long time. "But I have some back to poetry, my first love," he added after a while, and then he said no more.

London, June 24.--At Bansha Castle his home in gallant Tipperary, there has just passed away in the person of Sir William Butler one of the most gifted soldiers of our time. Sir William Butler was born in 1838 in Tipperary, that fair county which Cromwell once thought of reserving for himself. The Butlers were an ancient Catholic family, and had suffered a good deal in the bad old days. Sir William went to Sandhurst in 1856, and two years later joined the 68th Regiment. Promotion came slowly, and for a time his career seemed hopeless. Those were the days of purchase in the army, and this was the position of the general, as he himself has described it:

"One day I received from a distinguished military functionary an intimation to the effect that a company in her Majesty's service would be at my disposal, provided I could produce a recommendation from some one of rank and position. I had no such recommendation, but I had a letter from the British army, and by the slow process of existence had reached a position among the subalterns of the regiment."

By good chance almost at that moment Sir Gerald (now Lord Wolseley) was about to start on the Red River expedition, and Butler telegraphed: "To Colonel Wolseley, Winnipeg Expedition.--Please remember me to the general, and say that the young soldier took his passage to Boston. Arriving at Toronto, he found out Sir Garnet, who, however, held out no hope. This colloquy took place."

"My dear fellow, there's not a vacant berth for you," he said. "I got your telegram, but the whole army in Canada wanted to get on the expedition."

"I think, sir, there is one berth still vacant."

"What is it?"

"You will want to know what they are doing in Minnesota and along the bank of your march, and you will have no one to tell you."

"You are right; we do want a man out there. Start for Montreal by first train, and by tonight's mail I will write to the general, recommending your appointment. If you see him as soon as possible it may be all right."

Butler's resource passed the colonel, and from that time the young lieutenant became one of Gen. Wolseley's "Indispensable men." Such a man, he said.

Could Not Be Kept Down.

The expedition was a success, and so was Butler, who, when the trouble was over, was sent out as a special commissioner to the Saskatchewan country, 1878-79, which he has looked familiar to thousands of readers of his "Great Lone Land" and "The Wild West Land." Then came the Ashantee War of 1878-79 when General Wolseley expelled Captain Butler and his "Indispensable" from the Ashantee.

They were useless allies and fled incontinently, but Butler's services were acknowledged by Sir Garnet in despatches, and by the Duke of Cambridge in the House of Lords, and he was appointed C. B. with the rank of major. In 1879 came the Zulu War, and Major Butler rendered good service as an quartermaster general at Durban. To this followed the more important work in Egypt in 1882. Butler was present at Kassassin and Tel-el-Kebir. He had proved to be a splendid administrator, and two years later General Wolseley entrusted him with the organization of the Nile Expedition--despatched, alas, too late to rescue Gordon.

Butler got together a fottilla of 400 boats, manned by 4,000 picked men, who passed the cataracts and reached Dongola without a hitch. To cheer his men Sir William wrote a song for them, "Row, my boys, row away. It's rolling strong, and with a cheery chorus, 'Row, my boys, row away.' When General Wolseley, sick at heart on the failure of the effort to save the Nile valley, led back his troops, Col. Butler covered the retreat from Merawi to Wadi Halfa, and brilliantly distinguished himself in command of the cavalry at Ghazal.

Appreciated by Commander.

Lord Wolseley described him as an officer whose "clear head, cool judgment, quick intelligence, and intimate knowledge of his duties qualify him for high command." He was in command of the troops at Alexandria. For the next three years he held command of the Second Infantry Brigade at Aldershot; then he was stationed at Dover, as commander of the South-Eastern district; and to this succeeded, in 1898, the chief command in South Africa. Shortly after Sir William Butler's arrival at the Cape, Sir Alfred Milner, the High Commissioner (now Lord Milner), left for England.

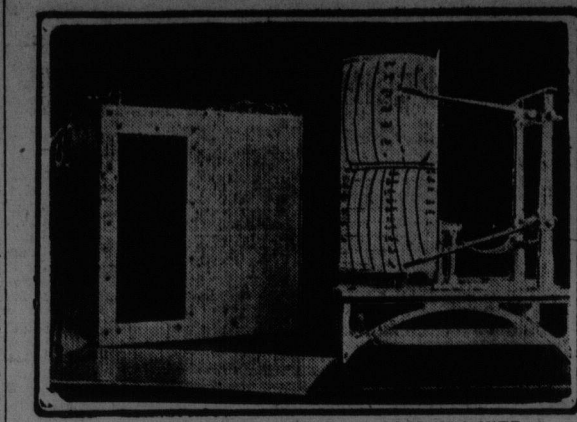
Asked to forward the first of the series of Outlander papers ground being the opinion of the South African League, adding that "it is necessary to receive with caution, and even with a large measure of suspicion, statements emanating from officers of the regular army. I have deprecated all kinds of disturbance, all manner of political agitation, and all manner of political agitation."

Continued on Page 9

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Irish Soldier Recently Deceased First Saw Active Service in Canada---Always Made Himself Indispensable.

## DISTINGUISHED CAREER OF GEN. BUTLER FORCAST WEATHER 16 DAYS AHEAD



THE INSTRUMENT THAT GOES IN A KITE.

This is the United States weather bureau registering apparatus which registers the temperature, altitude and humidity in the form of red lines traced on a chart. The box is used as a cover for the mechanism.

Mt. Weather, Vt., June 24.--The fun a boy would call it fun, at any rate--is all over at the Mt. Weather observatory when the kites and balloons come down to earth. After that it's work.

The weather instruments are taken from the sky visitors and the charts with the recorded readings are removed. Then follow the long evenings of setting down the figures for comparison, and the drawing of unintelligible red, green and blue curved lines on charts.

The red and green lines mean a great many things to the 12 scientists who live together on the mountain top and to the weather bureau in Washington, where the readings are mailed every day. For from them is likely to be worked out the science of absolute weather predictions for long periods in advance.

For instance, what would it be worth to this country to read some morning, say June 1, the following authoritative prediction: guaranteed work out to a dot, with telegraphed warnings to come of any unforeseen disturbances?

"A general warm wave will continue about eight days in the central valley, followed by a colder, rainy period of seven days terminating in killing frosts as far south as Memphis, Tenn."

Daily prediction: June 1, fair and warm; June 2, 3, and 4, warm, partly cloudy; June 5, warmest day of prediction week; June 6 and 7, cooler, brisk north winds; June 8, warmer, becoming sultry; June 9, heavy thunderstorms by evening; June 10, cool and fair; June 11, cloudy, high north winds on great lakes; June 12, cold, clearing, diminishing winds, at night light frosts in north; June 13, unsettled; June 14, cold, high west winds, rain; June 15, clearing, much sun.

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## STORIES THE PRINCES

How The King's Children are Taught Reading Writing and Arithmetic---Story for Little Folk's Playtime.

Not many little boys and girls begin school when they are only four years old, but that is the age at which the children of King George V. begin their lessons in reading and writing, and not only in English, but in German and French, too.

Theirs is a busy day. The schoolroom is a large, bright room on the first floor of their home, Marlborough House, with a large, round table in the centre, bookshelves filled with school books on one side and a massive oak bureau on the other in which are kept exercise books, drawing portfolios, paints and brushes, pencils and rubbers, and pens and ink. Here their study begins at eight o'clock on winter mornings and half-past seven in summer. Next to the schoolroom is a big morning room, in which the children breakfast at nine o'clock, and then returning to the schoolroom they resume their study until twelve o'clock. Later in the day, between four and six, there is a further period of work, but only for those of the little princes that are over seven years of age.

Just now there are only three of the King's children in the schoolroom: the Princess Mary, and her two brothers, Prince Henry and Prince George. The baby of the royal household, Prince John, will soon be big enough to take his place with the rest of them.

Besides English history, and reading and writing, and languages, the children are taught from their earliest years to observe a great many customs and formalities. For instance, they must be very careful about returning military salutes. A royal prince, even when he is a baby, is saluted by every soldier who knows who he is, and at four years old all the royal princes were carefully instructed to return this salute in the proper manner.

Adjoining the schoolroom at Marlborough House there is a large playroom, which contains a big chest of toys, several of them of historical interest. Some have been played with by more than one King of England. There is a model stage coach, for example, made for George IV. when he was a plaything of William IV. and King Edward.

The playroom is used chiefly by the young princes on wet days, where they indulge in various forms of indoor sports, such as chess, draughts, and a strict rule of the royal schoolroom is that all books, pencils, rubbers, etc., must be put back in their proper places by the princes at the end of their lessons, and a like rule prevails with regard to the toys used in the playroom. Any violation of schoolroom discipline is followed by punishment, the severity of which is measured by the gravity of the offence. Punishments, however, are not often incurred by the royal pupils.

(A True Story)

"You get out, this is my corner." And the older neway slung his bag at the newcomer.

The newcomer, a slender undersized boy, didn't want to get in on any other boy's territory, and yet what could he do? Leaning back against the building and blinking back to keep the tears back, he was accosted by a passing gentleman.

"Why don't you go home for your own rights?" he asked the lad.

The boy's chin quivered as he made reply: "You see, mother was took to the hospital yesterday and she asked me to promise not to fight, anyway till she comes home again. You see, it's this way: The kids call me names 'cause I help her with the washings, and I fight 'em, and ma

to an equal quantity of pure silver; again my supply of silver was doubled. Over and over and over again I tried the experiment. The base metal was always turned to silver. Finally I had to believe."

"One day I found traces of gold in describe my astonishment. Again I repeated all my experiments; the gold in small quantities appeared very often."

"The death of Mr. Dickinson was an act of God that brought my experiments into public notice. I had dreaded publicity. I knew that a storm of doubt would rise in the minds of others, as it had in mine. But Fate had put the truth into my hands. To me it has fallen to prove to science that atoms, in all elements, are alike. I have to carry the torch--to blaze the trail. The publicity from which I shrink has come upon me."

"What does your experiment prove about atoms?" I asked, referring to his previous statement.

"It proves that all atoms are alike. The atoms that make up a piece of wood are the same as the atoms that compose a piece of iron. The only difference is that the atoms in the iron vibrate more, or perhaps, less rapidly than the atoms in the wood. The atoms in silver vibrate the same as the atoms in lead, or tin, or gold. The only difference is that the vibration is different. The atoms of your flesh are exactly the same, in size and material, as the atoms in metal. If the atoms of which you are composed were to be vibrated with the same degree of activity as the atoms of gold, your body would be turned into gold."

"In turning base metals into silver and gold I only change the activity of the atoms in the base metal to equal the activity of the atoms in the silver and gold."

"The making of the silver and gold is nothing, though it may have its commercial advantages. The proving of the theory of atomic vibration is everything."

Dr. Lange took me into the laboratory in the cellar of his home. It entered through a sliding door--the kid's sliding kind--from outside. The floor is of earth. Sunk into it is a huge sheet iron casing, which surrounds the furnace. The latter was made in Germany; it sustains a heat of 4,000 degrees. A huge electric motor stands in one corner.

I took two silver dollars from my pocket.

"What could you make of these?" I asked him.

"Enough silver to make four silver dollars," he replied, "and a tiny bit of gold left over, perhaps."

The doctor, in his experiments, takes eight ounces of silver and boils it with a small quantity of powder. Then he puts into the boiling silver eight ounces of what he calls a "base metal."

"This base metal," he says, "is not silver. If I told what it was it would be giving away my secret. It is a very cheap metal."

He applies a heat of 2,800 degrees to the mixture. The nuggets that



don't like it. Now that I didn't have to help her I thought maybe I could earn money selling papers to buy flowers for her."

"Well, boy, I'm going to lunch at the club, and you come with me. We will sell those papers," said the man.

Sell them they did, and the following morning the boy was ordered to report at the man's large mercantile house, where he was given a position.

Some years have gone by, and we find this boy, now grown, the junior partner of the firm. He has risen, the man says, because he can always be depended upon. If he says he will, he will. If he gives a promise, one may rest assured he will keep it.

come out of the pot are fifteen-sixteenths pure silver. There is not the slightest doubt about the purity of the silver. The only doubt is about the so-called base metal.

If this base metal is not silver, then the doctor works a miracle of chemistry; he is an alchemist. In all the senses in which that word was taken, back in the middle ages when chemistry and witchcraft went hand in hand. But if it is silver--but the sincere, sad-faced, gentle doctor assures you that it is not.

You can take it from me that the doctor is not trying to deliberately fool anybody. If the public is being fooled the doctor is being fooled, too. Time will tell.