

# THE GASTONIA GAZETTE.

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## ON INTERESTING PEOPLE.

### BAB INTERVIEWS BEERBORN TREE AND YVETTE GUILBERT.

The English Strength of the Estimate of Voltaire and Moliere—The French Singer as the Nineteenth Century Siren—What She Would Have Accomplished in Cleopatra's Time.

St. Louis Republic.

I can always sympathize with the little girl who said: "I do like the world—not the skies and grass and furniture and houses, but the people in the world." That small woman and I are in harmony to the last degree. Studies in art life, whether they are done by artists in oil or water, or anything else, or even by nature are to me intensely, irrevocably, I imagine that I am smiling myself down a grin of fool. But I never could get up any wild enthusiasm about scenery. I enjoy, in an even, quiet sort of a way, a beautiful outlook, but I like better an effective outlook, when it means a glowing fire, a properly furnished room, with plenty of books, and the best of all, plenty of interesting people. Interesting people make life worth living. Of course, the people the interest may seem stupid to you, but then we can fall back on the blanket of falsehoods—the Declaration of Independence—declare that we are all "born free and equal" and that each has a right to decide as to the interesting man. It goes almost without saying that each has the right, but then, we are not born free and equal. Just now two people are interesting me. So imagine yourself in front of the open fire upon which I look whenever I do abide—imagine yourself in a comfortable chair—imagine having had a good dinner, which is the right of every human being—and imagine that feeling as comfortably as a man should feel under these circumstances, I am telling you of two interesting people I met to-day. Being a man, you look at me in a patronizing way and permit yourself, as has man from the beginning, and as will be until the end of the world, to be entertained by woman.

### ACTOR BEERBORN TREE.

First thing then I say, "I had the pleasure of meeting that well-bred gentleman and artistic actor, Herbert Beerborn Tree. His personality? He is tall and fair. He has the peculiar shyness which belongs to well-bred Englishmen, and which, I confess to you, is rather fascinating. I said to him: "Mr. Tree, what do you think of Voltaire?" "I don't know," he said. "Voltaire is no better and no worse than the men of this time. He was only a little cleverer than the average courtier; he realized all that his wit meant to him; he knew that he was laughed at because he was the son of a peasant mother, and approved of because he was the son of a King. At that court illegitimacy was made a subject for boomer, but it was not counted a disgrace provided there was royal blood on one side. Like all bad men, he was not entirely used. There were times when he absolutely longed to do right; there were times when he did kind acts, was ashamed and furious if they were discovered. He belonged to an artificial era; missed in their steps as they did in the morals. They took short steps for fear of shaking off the powder from their hair, and they laughed at goodness and virtue to excuse their own shortcomings.

"You see, I am taking it for granted that you have read the 'Seas of the Mighty,' but if you haven't, don't do it. Instead, go to see the play; for the play introduces you to some fascinating people, and then it makes you understand, as we are all trying to realize these days, the cause of revolution, socialism, or whatever you choose to call the fiery outbreak of the people. You wave your hand at me—you say don't get excited; but that's where women find more pleasure in life than men do; you are enthusiastic."

### AS TO HAMLET.

"There was a polite little smile about the actor's lips, as if I had asked him to tell me about everything that had happened since the world began. Woman invariably runs in where anything is interesting or divine, and then it makes you understand, as we are all trying to realize these days, the cause of revolution, socialism, or whatever you choose to call the fiery outbreak of the people. You wave your hand at me—you say don't get excited; but that's where women find more pleasure in life than men do; you are enthusiastic."

"Following the story, one is forced to acknowledge that Hamlet is dignified in playing upon the people around him; he analyzes everybody, including himself, and is always an artist—the literary man who makes copy out of his own emotions for his own edification. It is true, he seizes, at times.

## TO FORGET HIS LOVE FOR OPHELIA.

but can you blame him? To him all womanhood seems smothered by the act of his mother. His mother's love for him was a great deal more than a great many people who had the works of Shakespeare forget that before anything else he was an actor-manager, and that his plays were primarily designed for the stage; that he was an experienced actor, and that the prompt copies of his own plays must have been originally filled with stage busts and that thoroughly illustrated the text and the greatest part of which had been lost forever.

"I interrupt Mr. Tree—somebody was once unkind enough to say that I would interrupt his Saratoga Majesty if I felt like it; probably I would; it would be a godly deed—and I say: 'Saratoga!' You Mr. Tree and I look at each other, and we talk a little about it, and I tell him what I am going to tell you.

"Saratoga as shown to us in the beginning was a dirty, filthy brute, utterly lacking in imagination, and with no suggestion in his appearance of the genius possessed by the man. Saratoga was dirty, he was weird-looking, but he was a genius, and even if you never paid the least attention to any of the other actors on the stage, even if you know 'Tribby' by heart, it's worth your while seeing the Saratoga of Mr. Tree.

He is a dirty, filthy Jew; offensively familiar; a brute who could beat a woman, but an actor who had a touch of genius; no, more than a touch of genius—a genius so superb, a personal magnetism so strong that he could bend to his will the girl whom he wished to his tool. This Saratoga was not an ignorant man. He is a musician to the tips of his fingers—especially in the tips of his fingers—and yet he is a coward. With bragging he has a lack of belief; has an attack of the heart, and faints and while he is semiconscious, calls upon the God of Israel to help him, and says the Hebrew prayer learned in his childhood. All this is done in such a way that you are certain that this was the Saratoga that Dr. Maurier drew, and not the one that has been shown to us. See it, my friend, and you will see the difference between what is known as a mere character study, which is too often entirely dependent on make-up, and a thorough study of the character, and of its possibilities.

### YVETTE GUILBERT.

Now I am thinking of that other interesting personage—an artist, too. But artist with an added to it. You are too lazy to get up and look at Yvette Guilbert, my friend. The woman is well worth a bow as a woman and as an artist. The woman is delightfully healthy to look upon; eyes as clear, skin as fair as possible, and hair of that burnished copper shade that harmonizes with the skin.

"What color are the eyes? Once, when she was talking about somebody she didn't like, she thought they were gray; but when she said to me 'I love you' I was sure that they were amber, and then, when she said good-by to me, and we laughed at this and at that and she became brown, that warm-brown shade that suggests hospitality and it kindred virtues. Yet I have a vague idea that someone told me they were blue.

### THE NINETEENTH CENTURY SIREN.

You never think whether her voice is sweet or not, but you listen, and as you hear the tragedies of life told you, you realize that it is more than the voice of a woman—it is the voice of the human heart. I do not know by what art this woman manages to convey this impression—but she does. You forget the commonplace world—you are living in that world where a lover is suffering; where a mother is dying for her child's sake; or where some wicked brute is harrying a poor out to him the punishment which he deserves. You see it all—you are horrified, and you are sure that no preacher ever made vice seem so dreadful. Then the song changes and the voice carries you away to the gay festival times, and everybody is merry and everybody is glad, and the heart of the world is beating with quickness and is full of joy. What a power to be able to control not only the lights and shadows of life, but the audience's mind and the bitter darkness! This is what Yvette's voice does.

## WAS HIS 70TH BEAR.

### OLAY COOPER, A FAMOUS NEW MEXICAN HUNTER, TELLS OF A FIGHT WITH A GRIZZLY.

Brought to Bay by Dogs—He Had to Take Refuge in a Juniper Tree From Which He Was Only Rescued by His Dogs.

New York Tribune.

Olay Cooper, whose home is in the western part of Socorro county, N. M., is a great bear hunter. The region in which he lives is wild and rugged, broken by vast mountains and terrible cañons, and very thinly settled. On a recent visit of a friend into that district, the two sat under a majestic pine in the doorway at McGrath's ranch, and Mr. Cooper was asked for a bear story. Mr. Cooper, who is one of the most pleasant and genial of men, readily acquiesced.

"In the first place I must tell you," he said, "that to hunt bears successfully one must have dogs trained to the business. While the bear is a heavy, clumsy looking brute, there is no more cunning and cautious animal living; one might hunt bear for months without dogs and never catch sight of one, and even if one did it would be by the merest accident. They feed in the early morning or late in the evening. During the day they lie concealed in the dense thickets which may be found high up on the sides of the mountains. They feed on pine nuts, juniper berries and acorns. They usually make their bedding ground two or three miles from the feeding places.

"On the 30th of last September I passed my burro—six in all—maddened by bear horns, Spanish Black, and rode over into Wilson cañon, about five miles from my home, where I went into camp at a spring about three miles from the mouth of this cañon, which opens out upon the valley of the Rio Tularosa.

"I had been over there a day or two before, and had located the feeding ground of several bears near a little above where I was camped. My camp was an ideal spot; there was a clearing of wood, a clear, cool spring and good grass for my stock. In hunting bear I do not think it best to make a very early start. This gives the bear plenty of time to get back to his bed and go to sleep before he is routed out by the dogs.

### STRIKING TERRIBLE.

"When we reached the pine wood I saw the dogs in, and it was only a few moments before old Bock struck the trail. It was probably four hours off, they having been in early for their bedding ground high up on the mountain.

"I added up the next morning about 8:30 o'clock, got my dogs—Bock, Short, Ringwood and Bess—together, mounted Spanish Black, who could travel the roughest country, and keep his feet, and with my forty-five slugs Winchester and six short-barreled start-dogs for the feeding ground of the bears.

"I crossed the head of a cañon that ran down to Apache Creek, another branch of the Tularosa, the dogs ran so close upon them that one of the cubs left its mother and took off down this cañon. Two of the dogs followed the cub, but Bock and Short kept on after the others. The riding here was terrible, but Spanish Black took bowlers, fallen trees and rock slides all alike, and fairly outdid himself in trying to keep up with them. By the way, old Spanish Black enjoys the sport almost as keenly as I do myself.

"On coming to a deep cañon, I found the dogs had stopped the game on the opposite side, high up among the brush and bowlers. They were having a terrible fight in the low, scrubby life oak bushes, and the cañon fairly echoed again to the growling and barking of dogs, the trumpeting of the bear and the crashing of the rocks. The dogs had the old one backed up against a huge rock with the cub behind her. They were about one hundred and fifty yards away.

## DO WOMEN HATE WOMEN.

### A MAN SAYS THEY DO, BUT THREE WOMEN SAY NOT.

It is a Question of Temperament, Says Elizabeth Cady Stanton—Dr. Hall-Brown and Mrs. Burns Emphatic.

New York Times.

"How do you women hate each other?" said a man to the woman who was objecting to having the feminine half of the work put off always in a corner and marked "This corner of the world reserved for women." The meaning of Goethe's Eternal Feminine should be revised with the times. The eternal feminine has come to mean the eternal twaddle about things pertaining to the feminine half of the workaday world. There is a good deal of the twaddle which comes from the woman side even to have made a discovery. "I am a woman," she says. "Behold me! I am thus and so." But there is also a good deal of talk which comes from the man side. He makes a discovery. "Behold her," he says. "She is a woman. She is thus and so."

And she is right and he is right. Behold them all, they are men and women, they are all thus and so. It is in the way they were born. They grew more thus and more so, and so on carelessly.

But the particular thus and so peculiar to about women is said to be that she is jealous—jealous of every other woman, and she hates her. It has been a joke paraded years ago. If it has not been discovered among the hieroglyphics of ancient Egypt it is because there have not been unlimited discoveries in that country, and it has not yet been ascertained. But if it has been ascertained, women do not believe it. It is like saying a red dog before an angry bull to suggest it to them.

"Do women hate each other?" Who said such a thing? she asked quickly. "I have known fifty years of my life for women. I have done all I could to do for women, and I have never seen them fight. Do I have done that if I have done that? Men and women are associated too closely together. You cannot hate one without hating the other. I have sons and daughters. Don't I love them both?"

"I think all women are proud of successful women and glory in her work. I think women are very loyal to each other. Look at the beautiful birthday celebration that was given me. It touched me to the very soul. Does that look as if women hated each other? It is not a question of sex; it is a question of temperament. Men are jealous of each other.

"These two doctors in a country town. Frequently they will not speak to each other. It comes because we are not elevated yet to the plane where we can realize that every man who is successful in something, such as a well as himself. I glory in the good work of every woman, from a reporter to a Queen on her throne. When a woman does anything degrading, does it not reflect on us? And when a woman does anything well, it reflects upon the rest of us also. Every woman must feel that. Look at the women's clubs. They are a step in the right direction. They talk about things, not about themselves.

"You find jealousy everywhere. Cats and dogs are jealous. We had a beautiful dog, Bruno. I took a little child into my lap when he was near one day and he came up and bit it on the leg. Animals and children are jealous. Monkeys are very jealous. 'Yes,' and Mrs. Stanton laughed a little as if she were hitting back at the man who said women hated each other. 'You will find them all jealous, from man to ape.'

"Do women hate each other?" "No," said Dr. Lucy Hall-Brown of Brooklyn. She said it almost emphatically.

Dr. Hall-Brown is one of the prominent physicians of Brooklyn and, incidentally it may be said that she is a member of the Brooklyn Women's Club.

Some of the most ennobling friendships I have ever had have been with women. I have known other healthy people have been pouring maledictions upon Mr. Hicks' creation, while they wiped the perspiration from their brows.

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## Woman's Disease.

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Bradfield's Female Regulator

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