GRACE GEORGE Believes in the Sardou Cure for DIVORCE

"A Woman Likes Attention and if She Doesn't Get It from Her Husband She May Look for It Elsewhere."

By Charles Darnton.

Grace George

TO BE or not to be divorced—that was the question I asked Miss Grace George in the name of Cyprienne and all that's holy in "Divorcons."

"It seems to me a perfectly simple question," she said, quite matter-of-factly. "If husband and wife can't get along together the only thing for them to do is to get along separately. They should get a divorce, especially if there are children."

This was a new point of view, and it interested me. I had always supposed it to be the proper caper for Mr. and Mrs. Jangle, when there were little Jangles, to say through their teeth: "For the sake of our children we'll fight it out."

"What could be worse for the children?" asked Miss George. I really couldn't say. But she said: "Nothing. They are brought up in an unsympathetic atmosphere that is bound to affect them and perhaps to influence their lives. How much better it would be for them to be taken out of that atmosphere, to be spared the conflict inevitable in a home that is everything but a home! And why should a man and a woman continue an existence that is distasteful to both of them? It seems folly to me. Why waste one's life? But I was thinking only of a hopeless case. It is often possible, I believe, to remedy domestic ills if one will only go to a little pains in looking about and finding a way."

"Do you believe in the Sardou cure for divorce?"

American vs. French Husbands.

"Yes, I do," she laughed, "now that I come to think of it. It's a pleasant cure, to say the least. By interesting themselves in each other a man and his wife may make the discovery that they are really very charming after all and that it is the easiest thing in the world for them to enjoy themselves together. It is loss of mutual interest, I imagine, that usually leads to more serious differences. Indifference is the one thing of all others that a woman cannot endure. She likes a little attention, and if she doesn't get it from her husband she is quite apt to look for it elsewhere. It's a very good idea, too, for a husband to take his wife out to dinner or something now and then, just as Henri does in 'Divorcons.' It helps to keep them lovers. And there should be a frank understanding between them."

I was thinking of Cyprienne's confession—the kiss on the neck, the bite on the arm—suffering alimony! Would Miss George advise the American wife to reveal her innocent little amours, even as chatty Cyprienne?

"N—no," hesitated Miss George, tapping the table in her dressing-room at Wallack's. "I should hardly advise that. It might prove a bit disastrous. The American husband might not be so amiable about it as the French husband, who is more inclined to take such things as a matter of course. The American husband might make a row and discourage future confidences. And, anyway, why should a wife tell her husband every little thing? Does he tell her everything?"

Answer for yourselves, husbands, or forever hold your peace. Manhattan, I've been told, is a place of many mysteries.

"Do you think," I asked, freeing myself from her coiling question, "that New York is particularly interested in the subject of divorce?"

"It's hard to say," answered Miss George, "in what New York is interested. I'm sure I don't know. Perhaps it is. At any rate, it seemed to like 'The New York Idea,' and I'm glad to say it is showing a lively interest in 'Divorcons.' But, personally, I am not interested in divorce. I have no friends who are divorced or who are thinking of getting divorced, so far as I know. Yet I did have a glimpse at the workings of the institution a few evenings ago. I was at a dinner party in a restaurant, when I noticed one of the men turn chalky white as he stared at a woman across the room. Excusing himself for a moment, he got up and went over to the table to speak to the woman. Our host explained that she was his divorced wife. She had gone out West somewhere and got a divorce on the ground of incompatibility only two weeks before. Since then they have been seen dining out together, apparently on the best of terms. An interesting situation, isn't it? Their friends have advised them to see 'Divorcons' in the hope of bringing about a reconciliation, but I don't know whether they've been to the play. I hope they have."

"You think they might learn a lesson from the supper scene?"

Triumph of High-Necked Drama.

"Possibly they might. I know that I learned a lesson from it. I realized that it required careful treatment, particularly one incident in which Sardou has Cyprienne complain that the room is warm after taking her second glass of champagne and then pull open her dress at the neck. I was a bit uncertain about doing that in this country, and when I spoke to Mr. Brady about the advisability of opening the dress only an inch or two, he said: 'Do it, or don't do it. If you stop half-way, they'll say you're afraid of the scene.' That decided me to play it as it was written when we put on the piece in Cincinnati. I remained in ignorance of the effect of this scene until I picked up a New York paper several days later. I never read my notices, so I didn't know what the Cincinnati critics had said of the performance. I stopped reading my notices after 'The Marriage of William Ash.' The criticisms of that first performance at the Garrick bruised and cut me until I vowed I'd never read another notice. Mr. Brady does it for me now. After a first performance he's up at daylight to see the papers. I believe he thinks I read them on the sly, but I don't. It was by

"Not a Bad Idea for a Husband to Take His Wife Out to Dinner or Something Now and Then."

accident that I came across the Cincinnati criticism. It had been reprinted in the New York paper, and once I saw it my curiosity was too much for me. That nasty man in Cincinnati had said that I opened my dress in a way that was almost indecent. You may imagine my feelings. On the first night in New York I approached the scene with fear and trembling and merely opened the collar at the top. But at a matinee a week or so later I used too much strength in pulling at the dress and it opened further than I had bargained for. Instantly I felt the little shock that the women in the audience experienced, and I determined then and there that I'd never do it again. And yet it wasn't a button to what I had seen Rejane do. Her performance may have been vulgar from our point of view, but oh! it was delightful. One can forgive vulgarity in her, because there is never any offense in it. She always reminds me of a mischievous, dirty-faced boy."

"You have seen other performances of 'Divorcons?'"

"No, only Rejane's. I did see Mrs. Fiske in one act of the play at a benefit performance, but my only distinct recollection of it is the waiter who hovered over the supper scene. There is very little for Cyprienne in the last act. About all she has to do is to eat, drink and listen. The other characters, especially the waiter, almost monopolize the attention of an audience."

"Do you find that 'Divorcons' interests women more than men?"

"Curiously enough, I find that the women laugh most at the men in the play, and that the men in the audience laugh at me. Nearly all the merriment at matinees is caused by Henri and Adhemar, while at the evening performances Cyprienne is responsible for most of the amusement. The most laughter I have heard at any performance greeted Adhemar at a matinee the other afternoon, when he came in with a bunch of flowers for Cyprienne after she had hurried off with Henri."

Perhaps artful woman delights in seeing blundering man get fooled. Perhaps she has fooled him herself. Perhaps all women are Cypriennes at heart, if not in practice. What man can say? Full many a flower is bought to waste its sweetness on the deserted flat. You ring the bell to find that Cyprienne has gone out with an older and a wealthier man.

"Do you think," I asked Miss George, "that Henri wins back Cyprienne because he has more money than Adhemar?"

Money Has Nothing to Do with the Case.

"Perhaps I emphasize that point too much," she said, reflectively. "If I do, it's a mistake, for I certainly do not believe it's a matter of money that brings about the change in Cyprienne's affections. It is the fact that Henri gives her a chance to see Adhemar as much as she likes. She promptly discovers he is merely a stupid, ordinary man, instead of a romantic lover, and she is bored before she has talked with him for five minutes under the new conditions. Give the average woman her freedom and she no longer cares for it. That is the case with Ellida in Ibsen's 'Lady From the Sea,' which I shall play next season. The only trouble with her was that she had too much 'artistic temperament' to live in a quiet little village by the sea. But when her husband gave her permission to go away with her sailor man she found that she didn't want to go. She was quite content to stay at home. It is restriction that makes women restless. Ellida, like Cyprienne, is very human. I shall play the role at matinees next season, and I am sure women will find it easy to understand Ellida. The nights of the week I shall divide between 'Divorcons' and 'Clothes,' so you see I'm to be a repertoire actress after all."

She smiled a reminiscent, wistful smile, then brightened at a reference to the success of "Divorcons."

"I had not dreamed of a long run in Sardou's play," she said. "I was first attracted to the role because I liked the name of Cyprienne. Then I grew to like the play very much and began whiling away the time on the road by making the translation. We had planned to put it on for only a few special matinees during our tour, and the preparation for the production was largely a labor of love. All the members of the company liked their parts, and we put on the play after only two weeks of rehearsal. The production has cost less money and trouble than any we have ever made, yet it has been the most gratifying in results. Playing Cyprienne isn't work, it's pleasure. For the first time in my life I have realized the true joy of acting."

The Practical Housekeeper

$10 a Day in Prizes.

The names and addresses of To-Day's Ten Prize Winners are given below with the Prize-Winning Suggestions.

GOOD THINGS TO EAT.

Tomatoes and Rice—$1 Prize.

Soak half a cup of rice about an hour. Have two tablespoonfuls of butter over the fire in a frying pan, and when very hot stir the rice in it. Stir it continuously until it is a golden brown, when add to it a cupful of tomatoes. Stir it well, cover and let it cook gently about twenty minutes. Add salt and a little pepper.

MRS. J. STEVENSON,
No. 1344 7th street, Brooklyn.

Virginia Corn Cakes—$1 Prize.

White corn meal, sifted, two cups; one cup of flour, one-fourth cake of yeast broken through meal, two eggs, milk or water. Beat well, cover for night. Add tablespoonful of salt and two of molasses in the morning. Beat well, thin with milk and bake on very hot greased griddle. LILY FRIELLE,
No. 24 West Forty-fourth street.

HOME DRESSMAKING.

To Hem Chiffon—$1 Prize.

Cut a strip from a newspaper and put under the goods, sewing through the paper. The needle cuts the paper, and it is easily torn off, leaving the seam perfectly smooth.

MRS. J. W. BARBER,
Tarrytown, N. Y.

Hooks for Shirt Waists—$1 Prize.

To keep a shirt waist in place, sew three small hooks to the inside of your skirt belt pointing upward—one where the belt is closed and one each side of it, five inches apart. Have the shirt waist made with a shirrstring and fasten three eyelets made of cotton to the back of your shirt waist, which then has no chance to slip out.

MRS HENRY EISE,
Box 157, Flemington, N. J.

CARING FOR THE BABY.

When Baby Is Thirsty—$1 Prize.

Babies are often rendered restless and fretful by thirst, and should be given fresh, cold water several times a day (not ice water). A teaspoonful at a time is sufficient during the first six weeks. The little one's mouth and throat often become parched and dry, and milk will not satisfy it.

CHRISTINA FRISCHKNECHT,
South Amboy, N. J.

Olive Oil's Use—$1 Prize.

If mothers realized what a blessing olive oil is, when used to promote strength and nourishment in a weakly child, more of it would be used in every home. My twin babies were very delicate. The doctor said they could not live. They were covered with olive oil and not disturbed for four days. Then each night until they were eight months old the following routine was adhered to: Each baby was stripped and half a pint of warm olive oil well rubbed into his body, then wrapped in a small blanket without any garment. Band and shirt were discarded every night. A bottle of weak sage tea soothed and satisfied for about six hours. In morning warm bath, oil massaged over body, day clothing put on. Half teaspoonful oil internally, occasionally, kept liver active and gave additional nourishment.

C. M. PRICE,
Huguenot Park, Staten Island, N.Y.

MENDING AND MAKING OVER.

Old Lace Curtains—$1 Prize.

Here is a suggestion for making over old lace curtains into a handsome lace bed set. Have lace curtains clean and stiff and cut out all the heavy designs, take 7 yards of net 1 1-2 yards wide and cut 2 1-2 for spread, around which put net ruffle 20 inches wide, and next make bolster or pillow shams. When all is ready place your old lace curtain designs to make a centrepiece and you can place a smaller spray around where the ruffle joins, which will look very pretty. Trim bolster or shams to match.

K. S. M.

Shortening Slips—$1 Prize.

When shortening the baby's long-gored slips do not cut them at the bottom and turn a hem. Place the six-month pattern on the slip so that the bottom of the pattern is over the hem of the slip. This gives you an opportunity to make a larger armhole and larger neckband.

AGNES C. BRACKEN,
No. 139 Third st., Elmhurst, L. I.

WASHDAY SUGGESTIONS.

To Freshen a Fabric—$1 Prize.

When the color of a fabric has been destroyed by acid, ammonia is applied to neutralize the acid, after which an application of chloroform will, in almost all cases, restore the original color.

ANNA TEWES,
No. 223 East Twenty-ninth street.

For Fast Colors—$1 Prize.

Colored percales, lawns and other washable goods are frequently made unsightly by the colors running into the white ground, due to careless washing. The most delicate fabric can be washed without injury by boiling one-half of a cake of white soap in enough water to dissolve it and adding a lump of alum the size of a hickory nut. Put this into enough warm water to wash the garment and rub with the hands until clean, rubbing no soap upon the goods. Rinse quickly and wring dry. Hang wrong side out in the shade and open air.

MRS SADA BALLARD.

THE LION AND THE MOUSE

Novelized from CHARLES KLEIN'S Great Play,

By Arthur Hornblow

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

John Barrett Ryder, the magnate and money-manipulator, is seeking to crush Judge Rossmore, who has blocked some of the former's crooked deals. Ryder has certain papers which fully vindicate Rossmore. To secure these, the Judge's daughter, Shirley, becomes a temporary member of the Ryder household under her pen name of "Shirley Green." Ryder, not knowing her identity, is interested in a book she has written about himself and employs her to write his biography. She is engaged to his son, Jefferson. Ryder knows Jefferson loves Miss Rossmore. Without connecting her with "Shirley Green," he is trying to break off the match. The time draws near for Congress to act in the Rossmore case. Jefferson appeals to his father to save the Judge. Ryder angrily refuses and begs Jefferson to abandon all idea of marrying "the Rossmore girl." Failing to change his son's purpose, Ryder urges Shirley to win Jefferson from "Miss Rossmore," and to marry him herself. She confesses her identity and the object of her stay at the magnate's home. Ryder, in fury, orders her from the house. She fiercely denounces him and refuses to marry the son of such a man. The maid who comes to make her next morning finds Shirley packing her trunks.

CHAPTER XVI.

(Continued.)

Ryder's Ultimatum

"WHY you haven't been to bed, Miss!" exclaimed the girl, looking at the bed in the inner room, which seemed scarcely disturbed.

"No, Theresa I—I couldn't sleep." Hastily pouring out a cup of tea, she added, "I must catch that nine o'clock train to Washington. I didn't finish packing until nearly three."

"Can I do anything for you, Miss?" inquired the maid. Shirley was as popular with the servants as with the rest of the household.

"No," answered Shirley, "there are only a few things to go in my suit case. Will you please have a cab here in half an hour?"

The maid was about to go when she suddenly thought of something she had forgotten. She held out an envelope which she had left lying on the tray.

"Oh, Miss, Mr. Jorkins said to give you this and master wanted to see you as soon as you had finished your breakfast."

Shirley tore open the envelope and took out the contents. It was a check payable to her order for $5,000 and signed "John Burkett Ryder."

A deep flush covered the girl's face as she saw the money—a flush of annoyance rather than of pleasure. This man who had insulted her, who had wronged her father, who had driven her from his home, thought he could throw his gold at her and insolently send her her pay as one settles haughtily with a servant discharged for impertinence. She would have none of his money—the work she had done she would make him a present of. She replaced the check in the envelope and passed it back to Theresa.

"Give this to Mr. Ryder and tell him I cannot see him."

"But Mr. Ryder said"—— insisted the girl.

"Please deliver my message as I give it," commanded Shirley with authority. "I cannot see Mr. Ryder."

The maid withdrew, but she had barely closed the door when it was opened again and Mrs. Ryder rushed in, without knocking. She was all flustered with excitement and in such a hurry that she had not even stopped to arrange her toilet.

"My dear Miss Green," she gasped; "what's this I hear—going away suddenly?"

"Did they tell you who I am—the daughter of Judge Rossmore?" demanded Shirley.

It had been a shock to Mrs. Ryder that morning when Jefferson burst into his mother's room before she was up and acquainted her with the events of the previous evening. The news that the Miss Green whom she had grown to love was really the Miss Rossmore of whose relations with Jefferson her husband had stood in such dread was far from affecting the financier's wife as it had Ryder himself.

To the mother's simple and ingenuous mind, free from prejudice and ulterior motive, the girl's character was more important than her name, and certainly she could not blame her son for loving such a woman as Shirley. Of course, it was unfortunate for Jefferson that his father felt this bitterness toward Judge Rossmore, for she herself could hardly have wished for a more sympathetic daughter-in-law. She had not seen her husband since the previous evening at dinner, so was in complete ignorance as to what he thought of this new development, but the mother sighed as she thought how happy it would make her to see Jefferson happily married to the girl of his own choice, and in her heart she still entertained the hope that her husband would see it that way and thus prevent their son from leaving them as he threatened.

"That's not your fault, my dear," she replied, answering Shirley's question. "You are yourself—that's the main thing. You mustn't mind what Mr. Ryder says. Business and worry make him irritable at times. If you must go, of course you must—you are the best judge of that, but Jefferson wants to see you before you leave." She kissed Shirley in motherly fashion, and added: "He has told me everything, dear. Nothing would make me happier than to see you become his wife. He's downstairs now waiting for me to tell him to come up."

"It's better that I should not see him," replied Shirley slowly and gravely. "I can only tell him what I have already told him. My father comes first. I have still a duty to perform."

"That's right, dear," answered Mrs. Ryder. "You're a good, noble girl and I admire you all the more for it. I'll let Jefferson be his own advocate. You'll see him for my sake?"

She gave Shirley another affectionate embrace and left the room while the girl proceeded with her final preparations for departure. Presently there was a quick, heavy step in the corridor outside and Jefferson appeared in the doorway. He stood there waiting for her to invite him in. She looked up and greeted him cordially, yet it was hardly the kind of reception he looked for or that he considered he had a right to expect. He advanced sulkily into the room.

"Mother said she had put everything right," he began. "I guess she was mistaken."

"Your mother does not understand, neither do you," she replied seriously. "Nothing can be put right until my father is restored to honor and position."

"But why should you punish me because my father fails to regard the matter as we do?" demanded Jefferson rebelliously.

"Why should I punish myself—why should we punish those nearest and dearest?" answered Shirley gently. "The victims of human injustice always suffer where their loved ones are tortured. Why things are as they are—I don't know. I know they are—that's all."

The young man strode nervously up and down the room while she gazed listlessly out of the window, looking for the cab that was to carry her away from this house of disappointment. He pleaded with her:

"I have tried honorably and failed—you have tried honorably and failed. Isn't the sting of impotent failure enough to meet without striving against a hopeless love?" He approached her and said softly: "I love you Shirley—don't drive me to desperation. Must I be punished because you have failed? It's unfair. The sins of the fathers should not be visited upon the children."

"But they are—it's the law," said Shirley with resignation.

"The law?" he echoed.

"Yes, the law," insisted the girl; "man's law, not God's, the same unjust law that punishes my father—man's law which is put into the hands of the powerful of the earth to strike at the weak."

She sank into a chair and, covering up her face, wept bitterly. Between her sobs she cried brokenly:

"I believed in the power of love to soften your father's heart. I believed that with God's help I could bring him to see the truth. I believed that truth and love would make him see the light, but it hasn't. I stayed on and on, hoping against hope, until the time has gone by and it's too late to save him, too late! What can I do now? My going to Washington is a forlorn hope, a last, miserable, forlorn hope, and in this hour, the darkest of all, you ask me to think of myself—my love, your love, your happiness, your future, my future! Ah, wouldn't it be sublime selfishness?"

Jefferson kneeled down beside the chair, and taking her hand in his, tried to reason with her and comfort her.

"Listen, Shirley," he said, "do not do something you will surely regret. You are punishing me not only because I have failed, but because you have failed too. It seems to me that if you believed it possible to accomplish so much, if you had so much faith—that you have lost your faith rather quickly. I believed in nothing. I had no faith and yet I have not lost hope."

She shook her head and gently withdrew her hand.

"It is useless to insist, Jefferson—until my father is cleared of this stain our lives—yours and mine—must lie apart."

(To Be Continued.)

Calamity Jane

By W. J. Steinigans

May Manton's Daily Fashions

THE jumper dress is one of the very latest decrees of fashion and suits young girls so admirably that it is being met with enthusiastic welcome. Here is one that is worn over an entirely separate guimpe, and which consequently becomes adapted to the whole range of childish figures. In the illustration it is made of a pretty checked linen trimmed with banding, while the guimpe is of white muslin, with the yoke of embroidery. But there are a great many washable materials which are appropriate for the dress, and it also makes a very satisfactory model for challis, veiling and such simple silks as are worn for girls of twelve and under. For the guimpe every pretty muslin is correct.

The quantity of material required for the medium sizes (ten years) is 5 yards 27, 4 1-2 yards 32 or 3 1-4 yards 44 inches wide, with 1 5-8 yards 36 inches wide for guimpe and 1-2 yard 18 inches wide for the yoke.

Pattern No. 5669 is cut in sizes for girls of 6, 8, 10 and 12 years.

Girl's Jumper Dress.
Pattern No. 5669.

How to Obtain These Patterns: Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 21 West Twenty-third street, New York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered. IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always specify size wanted.