

The NEW PLAY Maude Adams Makes You Believe "What Every Woman Knows."

BY CHARLES DARNTON.

THAT uncanny Scot, Mr. J. M. Barrie, does not spare the rib and spoil the woman. On the contrary, he takes the funny bone out of the masculine sleeve and gives woman, clever woman, the sense of humor so long denied her by the shaving sex.

When Miss Adelaide Adams, as Maggie Wylie, announced at the end of the play at the Empire Theatre last night that "Every woman knows that Eve wasn't made out of Adam's rib, she was made out of his funny bone," she told all about the Barrie play itself. For "What Every Woman Knows" is made out of the Barrie funny bone, and, oddly enough, it is full of the feminine charm that Maggie believed she didn't possess. In fact, it is feminine to the last curl, old-fashioned feminine, that is, not suffragette feminine. To be quite up to date, Mr. Barrie introduces a few "new women" of the political pattern at a committee meeting, but it's the "old hen" who writes the speeches of the man, who champions the petticoated cause in Parliament. Mr. Barrie's play might almost be called a brief for the man-supporting woman—and the Suffragettes will catch him if he doesn't watch out!

The scenes may be in Scotland and England, but the rest is Barrieand, our new name for Fairyland. Mr. Barrie's mind works like a boy's when it doesn't work like a woman's, and his latest play is a curious mixture of both. That it becomes a bit tedious at times isn't owing to the boy nor the woman element, but to the Scotch, which may not be as familiar nor as endearing to us as the author might wish.

In this Barrieand, you learn that once upon a time there was a poor Scotch student who tried to steal an education by breaking into his neighbor's ornamental library, and that when he was caught in the act he sold his future for £300, not to the devil, but to a "remarkable woman," who, like most remarkable women, kept it dark how remarkable she was.

Mr. Richard Bennett, in the rough corduroys of John Shand, the railway porter who believed that books should be read as well as seen, made any extraordinary future seem impossible except in Barrieand, where you can't keep an educated Scotchman down, specially when he goes among the English.

But it's the education, or progress, of Mr. Bennett as an actor that interests you most of all here. In one step last night he reached the position of the best young actor on our stage. He was as Scotch as the cap he pulled from his shock of untrained hair that tumbled over his weather-stained face, and as he turned his staring blue eyes on Maggie and her three brothers you realized that he had swallowed his part, burr and all.

Miss Adams seemed to have mixed a little Irish with her Scotch, and for the first time she betrayed mannerisms somewhat out of keeping with her role. These mannerisms left her, however, as she went from act to act, and her peculiar charm exerted its old spell. Her evident desire to make the most of every word counted against the shyness that was supposed to place Maggie apart from the world, especially when she "played up" above the three brothers in the first act. With Alice and James setting their watches by the authoritative word of David, you were prepared to see Maggie somewhat in awe of all three. But perhaps Peter Pan had a hand in the game so admirably played by Messrs. E. Peyton Carter, David Torrence and Fred Tyler.

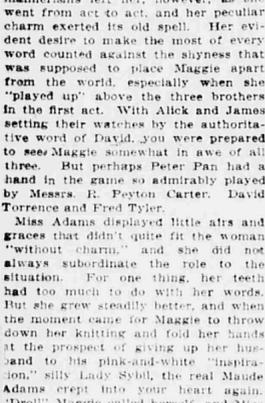
Miss Adams displayed little airs and graces that didn't quite fit the woman "without charm," and she did not always subordinate the role to the situation. For one thing, her teeth had too much to do with her words. But she grew exceedingly better when the moment came for Maggie to throw down her knitting and fold her hands at the prospect of giving up her husband to his pink-and-white "inspiration," silly Lady Sybil, the real Maude Adams crept into your heart again. "Droll" Maggie called herself—and Miss Adams was best in suggesting this mingling of shyness and pudence.

It takes Barrie to save a scandal. He has Maggie agree to a separation, and a less the loveless sense of each other that Lady Sybil is soon bored to death by the fatuous egotism of Shand. Although Barrie was never harder on than he is here, you can't help liking the ambitious egotist, for Shand is as pleasurable to himself as he is about everything else in life. It's a blow to his pride, of course, when he discovers that Maggie, with her "Shandisms," John's laugh saves him in the end, and you are convinced that Maggie has "little boy" for keeps. Miss Adams makes you believe "What Every Woman Knows."

Through the Scotch mist of this erratic comedy you see that Barrie has merely read a corner of "Quality Street," but you also see that he knows more about men than he did eight years ago. He has written a clever play for clever men and at the same time shown self-satisfied men how really funny they are.

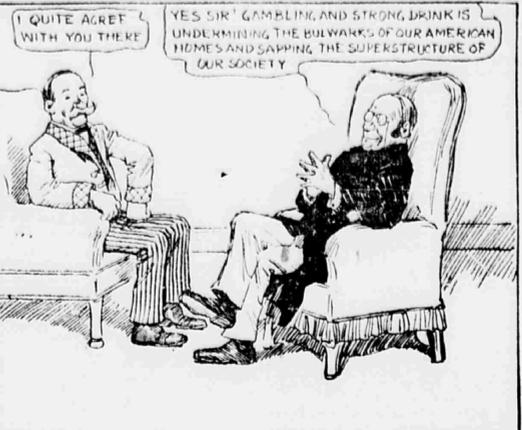


Richard Bennett as John Shand.



Maude Adams as Maggie.

A Victim of Innocence By C. W. Kahles



The Color of a Woman's Soul Is Pink Like Her Lies By Lilian Bell.

WHEN a woman deliberately chooses to be present in this world, it generally means that she must do Truth good-by with a sweet kiss, and take refuge in delicately tinted lies of a variety which will be swallowed gladly by the victims, her best friends.

The color of such a woman's soul is pink, like her lies. And who dares complain? Would you, rather be told, plain out, that "treckles" always go with red hair and nothing can cure them, or to have the pink-souled woman say, "Women with auburn hair have skins of such delicate texture that they need extra precautions. But yours is as clear as a baby's to-day!"

Would you prefer to have the "truthful" woman say to you, "Good heavens! Do you dare eat candy with your shape?" Or is it pleasanter to have the pink-souled woman say, "You are certainly growing thinner, or else you must tell me the name of your stay maker. Black is so becoming to a blonde!"

Would you rather have a woman say (if you are a man), "Your conceit fairly makes you ridiculous! Everybody makes fun of you behind your back. Why don't you stop blowing your own horn long enough to hear what people really think of you? Then you'd be modest enough!"

Or is the same result accomplished more painlessly when the pink-souled woman says: "I overheard some people talking about you at Sherry's Sunday night, and they all agreed that, no matter how fine your work, the best part of being your friend lay in the fact of your modesty, and that you never would talk about yourself or your achievements. They said you were foxy, too, for by so doing you compelled other people to express their opinion about your work, and that it was always complimentary!"

For my own part, I love the pink-souled woman. Let her juggle with my shortcomings and my lack of physical perfection if she will. I am greedy of the sugared half-truths, the pink-tinted capsules containing bitter, black verities, which I swallow as candy. I can take a hint. It is not necessary for an editor who rejects my stuff to write a note saying: "Rotten bad work. Nobody but a fool would have ended a story like this!"

I know what he means. When a long envelope is in my mail it is a song without words—something like a dirge, in fact. But when he says: "If I had only my own taste to consult, I would jump at this. But, unfortunately, it does not fit the policy of the magazine. Won't you send me something more?" I smile a smile only ten degrees less than when the small envelope reveals the words of Bible beauty and comfort, "Inclosed please find check!"

Pink-souled men and women are needed in this world. And those who quarrel with the kindness of their methods are those who would quarrel with the excellent used in packing china, as giving a false idea of the bulk of the articles inclosed. They would have you put china and cut glass in a box, loose, just in order to be truthful and quite regardless of the inevitable smash which would occur if we got "the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth" on any subject whatsoever.

The pink-souled woman disseminates happiness, and that's what all the world's a-seeking. —Elizabeth C. Webb in Success Magazine.

A Romance of Mystery, Love and Adventure.

CHAPTER XII. Despair. The captain began to shovel food into his face. The author very much regrets that he has at his command no more delicate expression that is literal and illustrative. Kirkwood watched him, fascinated with suspense; it seemed impossible that the man could continue so to employ his knife without cutting his throat from the inside. But years of such manipulation had made him expert, and his guest, keenly disappointed at length ceased to hope.

Between gobbles Stryker eyed him furtively. "Treat you all right?" he demanded abruptly. Kirkwood started out of a brown study. "What? Who? Why, I suppose I ought to be—inclined, I am grateful," he asserted. "Certainly you saved my life."

"Ow, I don't mean that," Stryker gathered the imputation into his paw and flung it disdainfully to the four winds of Heaven. "Bless yer' art, you're welcome! I wouldn't let no dog drown if I could 'elp it. No," he declared, "nor a loonatic, neither."

"Ow? Stryker 'ow we 'it it off, eh?" "You myke me think of 'im, Young chib," he was the first sp'it-'ithing of you. It don't happen, does it, you're the same man?" "Oh, go to the devil!" "Naughty!" said the captain serenely, winking a reproving forefinger. "Bad, naughty word. You'll be sorry when you find out wot it means." Only 'e was ails plainly to run away and drowned 'isself."

Wind and sea alike had gone down wonderfully since daybreak—a circumstance undoubtedly in great part due to the fact that they had won in under the lee of the mainland and were traversing shallower water. On either hand, like mist upon the horizon, lay a streak of gray, a shade darker than the gray of the water. The Alethea was within the wide jaws of the Western Scheldt. As for the wind, it had shifted several points to the northward; the brigantine had it abeam and was lying down to it and racing to port with slanting deck and ringing cordage.

Kirkwood approached the captain, who, acting as his own pilot, was standing by the wheel and barking sharp orders to the helmsman. "Have you a Bradshaw on board?" asked the young man. "Steady!" This to the man at the wheel; then to Kirkwood: "Wot's that, me lad?" Kirkwood repeated his question. Stryker eyed him suspiciously for a thought. "Wot d'you want it for?" "I want to see when I can get a boat back to England."

Meditations of a Married Man By Clarence L. Cullen.

HER version of that "perfect candor" which should exist between man and wife is that you should tell her all you know while she merely should be required to tell you whatever, in her opinion, it won't disturb or excite you to know.

She denounces as a humorous fiction the notion that women put on their prettiest hostility on rainy or muggy days. But she's kept to ascertain what the weather is going to be before she chooses her footgear for a shopping trip.

Did you ever notice how she sort of preens herself and exhibits a kind of furtive twinkle of the eye whilst she's telling you about that distant looking masher downtown who stared and stared and just stared at her?

Why is it that, when she puts before you a decidedly messy "picked-up dinner," she must add insult to injury by insisting that such a scrap-heap food is "good for you?"

Why is it that, when there are a lot of folks present with whom you desire to make a hit, that she will insist upon how you should have dressed for the last week when she plastered a red flannel cloth, soaked in rose geranium, around your neck for your sore throat, and how funny you looked in bed with that unspeakable thing on you?

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