

NEW PLAY "A Woman's Way" Is Tother Way Round "Divorcons."

BY CHARLES DARNTON.

SHOULD old "Divorcons" be forgot? Not while Miss Grace George knows what is good for her and imitation remains the sincerest form of flattery.

Miss George won fair "notices" and foxy London in "Divorcons," and with the shrewdness of her sex she probably concluded that there could not be too much of a good thing.

Whereupon one Thompson Buchanan, unknown and unabashed, seized the ghostly coattails of Sardou and cleverly swung himself into the shining street of Theatreland known as Success.

All this was as clear as Washington's Birthday at the Hackett Theatre yesterday afternoon, when Miss George, "assisted by Frank Worthing," according to the circuspect programme, gave a new twist to an old play.

Tradition wasn't wrenched, it was merely turned to good account and started in another direction. For two acts the play ran along the fairly straight road of comedy and tumbled into the ditch of farce only for a moment or so in the last act.

For this single mishap Miss George was partly to blame, but her performance as a whole was so well poised that it was a treat to tired eyes.

While "A Woman's Way" may be contrary to what every woman knows about herself, it sets a merry example. It is more than likely that the women at the Hackett Theatre yesterday afternoon said things to themselves when they saw Marion Stanton bring a popular widow into her home after the husband and the widow had been mixed up in something more than an automobile accident.

Automobiles may be innocent at times, but widows—read the newspapers that almost bury the first act.

The author, himself a newspaper reporter, it is said, got out several alibion papers in time to catch his first act, and news brought by Stanton's man, faithfully played by Mr. Reginald Carrington, assisted the injured husband with the damaged reputation that the street was filled with reporters and photographers.

There were slightings—mostly yellow—on newspapers, and one reporter, with ex-aggeration, finally got into the house with a "City News" man, finally got into the house with a "City News" man, finally got into the house with a "City News" man.

What absurd creatures reporters are! There was a capital situation in which the rival mothers-in-law were left together, but Miss Evelyn Carrington and Miss Ruth Benson scarcely did justice to it.

Miss George took matters into her own hands with the ability of an actress who has learned to be sure of herself. At times she appeared a bit too sure, and her humor seemed to have been subjected to the acid test, but she scored an unmistakable success.

She could not have been more beautifully groomed if she had been playing an engagement in the divorce court, and she was so pretty and altogether charming that there was never the slightest doubt as to the outcome of the struggle between Marion and the widow for the disabled husband.

Miss Dorothy Tennant, who played the widow, seemed Middle Western, rather than Southern, and "Puss," as she was called, was so ready to show her claws at all times that she was enough to scare any man into his domestic corner.

This, of course, only served to make Miss George all the more charming and robbed the risks that Marion took of any possible danger. So she herself tied her husband's tie so that he might look his best when the widow arrived. She was most amiable and obliging.

Perhaps wives in "society" do these things. Perhaps not. But it doesn't matter when a play is bright with a new idea and sparkling in humor. "A Woman's Way," with Miss George so direct it, can afford to take liberties with conventional domesticity.

The widow, hidden to a feast, soon found herself obliged to eat crow. She was no match for a woman who knew her own husband. And there really was no occasion for Marion's farcical love-making scene with the seasoned bachelor.

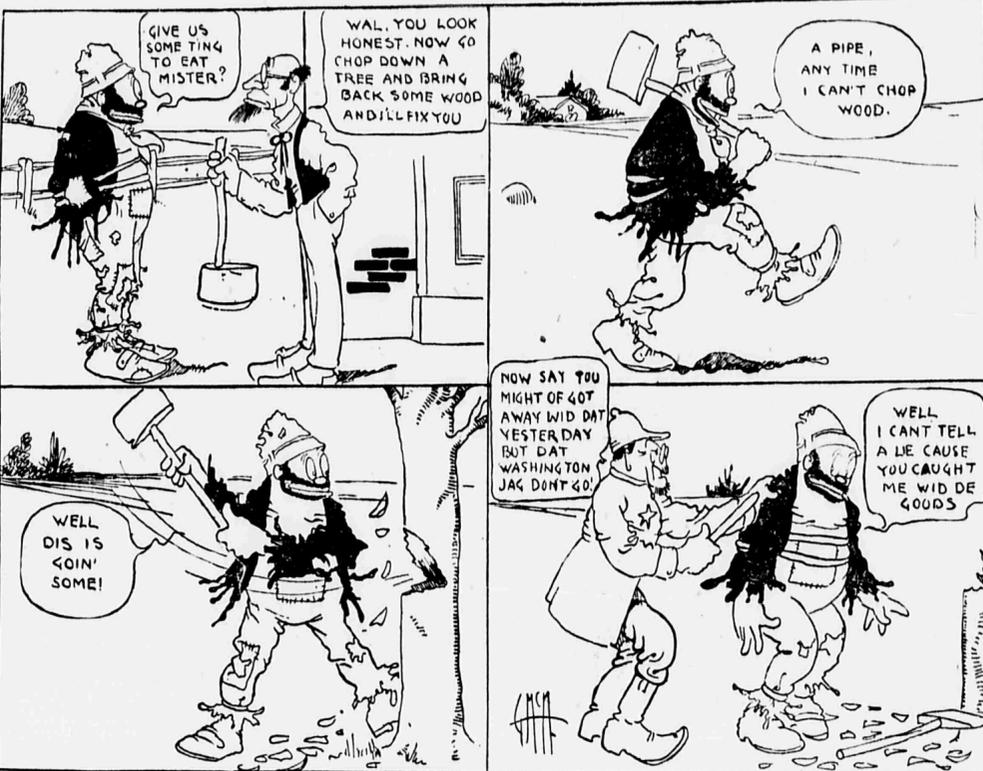
In the last act in order to arouse her husband's jealousy, Mr. Robert Warwick was so crudely obvious in everything he did that she agreed with the gentleman who said, "I can't understand that man Whitney." Miss George should aid in toning down the scene that further weakens the weakest act of the play.

Mr. Worthing almost repeated his capital performance of the husband in "Divorcons." His anguished humor made it a delight to see him suffer. But he was unnecessarily explosive at times. If he doesn't break himself of the habit of lurching on emotional bombs we may find ourselves picking up the pieces of a very good actor one of these days. Like Marion, we prefer to have him remind us of "a tall, hollow vase."

CHAPTER IV. (Continued.) A Proposal. Pictures of you don't come just when I want them to come, especially in the dark.

"Why, how funny!" "In the dark sometimes they form like the views from a magic lantern. They glow strong and vivid, and then fade into the black, and then when I lie down at night that effect sometimes repeats and repeats until I've had to light the gas in order to go to sleep."

Panhandle Pete By George McManus



The Last Chance.

DORANDÒ PIETRI, defending at an Italian banquet his canny course in wearing a cigarette advertisement in the race with Hayes, told an opposite story of an Italian grave digger.

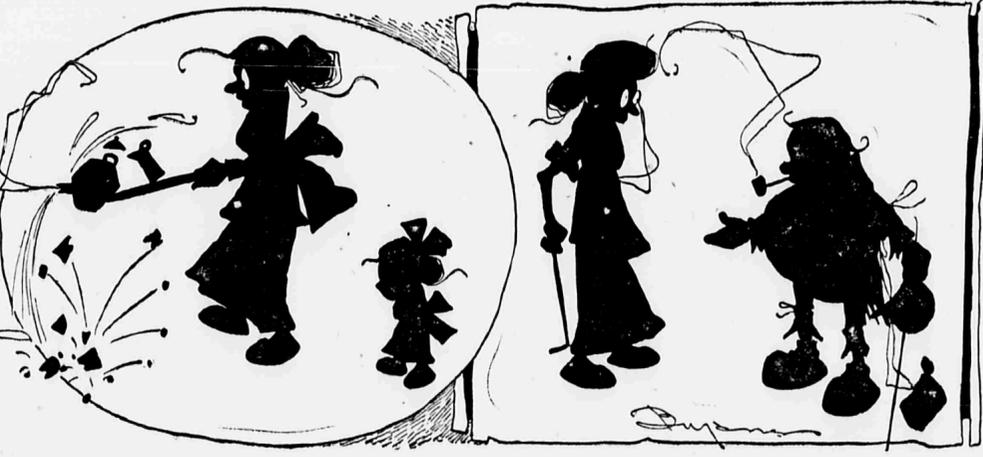
The Jingle of the Jest.

FATHER (angrily)—If my son marries that actress I shall cut him off absolutely, and you can tell him so. Legal adviser—I know a better plan than that—tell the girl—Boston Transcript.

They Meant Business.

A CHICAGO stage manager was telling of amusing incidents of blunders and errors caused by stage fright. In a romantic play, recently revived, one of the minor characters, a dairy maid, comes forward at the end of the recital of a love romance and comments as follows:

Little Things to Laugh At By J. K. Bryans



"Oh mamma, don't you wish you was rich, an' could afford to hire a servant to break your dishes?" "Lady, would youse mind givin' er poor feller a bite?" "Well, biting's not in my line, but if you wait a minute I'll call the dog!"

Augustus Thomas's Great Play, "The Witching Hour," Turned by the Playwright Into a Great Serial Story

The Witching Hour By Augustus Thomas.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. Jack Brookfield, a Louisville, Ky., man, gives a box party at the opera. His guests are his sister, Mrs. Campbell, his niece, a rich spinster, comes to the house for a game of poker. Brookfield explains that women guests are present and there can be no gambling. The ladies, left together, talk of a semi-hypnotic which he had used to use because his friends made fun of it. Clay, finding him really along with Viola, proposes and is accepted. They discuss plans for their future.

CHAPTER IV. (Continued.) A Proposal.

"Pictures of you don't come just when I want them to come, especially in the dark." "Why, how funny!" "In the dark sometimes they form like the views from a magic lantern. They glow strong and vivid, and then fade into the black, and then when I lie down at night that effect sometimes repeats and repeats until I've had to light the gas in order to go to sleep."

that's been in my mind a good deal during the day, and sometimes pictures of things that I can't remember having seen before." "Why, I never heard of anything like that." "Well, it happens to me often." The boy was silent for a moment, as though searching his memory for an example; and then, as his eye caught the draped hangings of the room, he said, "Now, I designed this room for your uncle Jack, but before I'd put a brush in my color-box I saw this very Genoese velvet."

"I've asked her," Clay said, addressing his mother, and still retaining hold of Viola's hand. Mrs. Campbell turned accusingly to her guest. "Helen, you knew?" "Yes." Mrs. Campbell looked back to the young couple for further explanation, and in response to her gaze Clay said: "And I've asked Jack, too." "What?" "We're engaged if you say it's all right." "And you, Viola?" "Yes," the girl nodded. "Well, if Jack's been consulted, and you all know of it," said Alice, making a blanket distribution of the blame. "I should be a very hopeless minority." "Why any minority?" Clay asked. "Then the necessary considerations"—then turning to the boy's mother—"Clay's prospects, his youth's."

for his firm now," Viola urged, in a wish to eliminate what she apprehended as the principal objection attaching to his youth. "That is, dwellings," Clay modestly amended. "I should advise waiting myself until Clay is in the firm," Helen said, consolingly addressing her speech more to the boy than to the others; "and I did advise delay in speaking to Viola."

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The boy and girl left their mothers together. "I supposed you had guessed it," Helen said to Alice, who was still maintaining her injured pose. The latter made one or two ineffectual gasps at response, and, finding that her delay was adding to the uncertainty of the things she had in mind to say, she made a virtue of surrender to complete frankness.

"I had, but when the moment arrives, after all, it's such a surprise that a mother can't act naturally." "Clay is really very trustworthy for his age," said Helen. "There's only one thing to discuss. I haven't mentioned it because—well, because I've seen so little of you since I began, my dear Helen, and because the fault is in my own family."

that is, as much more as a sister depending on a brother for support could do." Mrs. Campbell paused as she passed in reminiscence various interviews with her brother; then resolutely going back to the beginning of the trouble, she continued, "You know, Jack really built this place for me and Viola."

"Now, that's something, Helen, that I wouldn't tell a soul but you—Viola doesn't know it, but Jack's card-playing came between you and him years ago, and so you may know it—you may even have some influence with Jack." Helen sighed and smiled pathetically. "Oh no."

"I don't quite get used to the word," Mrs. Campbell winced—"though we've had a lifetime of it—gambling." "I shouldn't have thought Jack would do that with my boy."

"Jack hasn't our feminine point of view—and, besides, Jack is caloused to it." Clay said. "You should have talked to Jack yourself." Helen nodded in reassuring sympathy. "Talked to him? I did much more—"

Give Gray Souls the Go-By! Cotton to the Crimson Ones! By Lillian Bell.

FEAR is gray. Courage is crimson. Fear is pallid. Courage and hope are rose-hued. The man who approaches a famous specialist with a deadly fear clutching at his heart that he may have a fatal disease, surrounded by this doctor's diagnosis is the color of clay. The doctor, who realizes the power of mind over matter, and who knows that courage and hope have saved many a doomed life, lays aside his knowledge that similar diseases have generally proved fatal and chooses his patient with what are almost if not quite lies. But they are rose-tinted lies—lies of courage, hopefulness, cheer and a belief in life and health for every man.

Even while he speaks the gray is leaving the patient's face. Thoughts of his neglected business crowd his mind. His old pursuits return to grip him with the fascination of life. His wife and family are once more in his charge. Responsibility rehabilitates him, and with these helpful visions peopling his once despairing mind the color returns to his cheek, the red to his heart and soul, and the crimson-souled physician has saved another life by imparting the color of health to a dying heart. In days of pants and hard times fear is especially contagious. Many a man has failed unnecessarily, many a man has died causelessly from seeing the cowardice of a spineless neighbor, whose soul was gray to begin with, whose emblem was the raven and whose voice was always a croak of coming ill.

Keep away from gray-souled people, you whose soul color is weak and whose emblem is the raven. Watch for the crimson-souled and bask in the radiance they shed. The crimson-souled are always generous enough to be willing to share their warmth and glory with souls which can boast but pastel shades at best.

My Wants. By Cora M. W. Greenleaf.

MY wants are few and quickly told; Perhaps you think it funny, But each could be fulfilled with gold. Or any kind of money. Friends, food and shelter, money buys; Amusement, fame and raiment; All that we prize beneath the skies Is ours for spot cash payment. My wants are few, my wishes mild, Enough is all I'm pleading. For, as I'm not greedy, no, nor wild, And I know how much I'm needing. Oh, several millions; aye, a score Or so (I am not greedy). "That all!" Throw a couple more, I'd like to help the needy.

My "Cycle of Readings," By Count Tolstoy.

DO NOT think that your manhood consists only in bravery and strength. If you can rise above anger and forgive you are priceless.—Perran Wisdom.

CRITICISE your deeds, and when you have done so do not despair.—Epictetus.

WHAT I tell you in darkness, that speak ye in light, and what ye hear in the ear, that preach ye upon the housetops, but fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul, but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body.—St. Matthew, x., 27-28.

COURAGE is to know what should be done and not to do it.—Confucius.

GRIEF is so great as the fear of grief.—Hokke.

IF some one offends me it is his affair; such is his inclination, such his disposition. I have my own disposition given me by nature, and I will remain true to my nature in my behavior.—Marcus Aurelius.

DO NOT corrode your heart," say the wise; "do not bewail the past, the buried past." Do that which should be done, be strong, courageous and, like a star, do not rest nor yet hasten.—Khadji Abdul Heedli.

IT is necessary to fear death when out of danger, but not while in danger.—Pascal.

THE more you put your life into your body the more are you afraid. Transfer the consciousness of your life into your spiritual being and your fear will disappear.

May Manton's Daily Fashions.

COMBINATION under garments are growing in favor, and this one is simple to make. Both the corset cover and the drawers are designed to be made from flouncing, and consequently the edge requires no finish, the only work being found in the finish of the seams. The corset cover is full enough to wear beneath the fashionable blouses and can be made either with or without narrow circular sleeves. It embraces brodered flouncing is not liked, plain material can be utilized with the edges trimmed in any manner preferred. The quantity of material required for the medium size is 17-8 yards of flouncing 18 inches wide, 3 yards 22 and 1-2 yard of plain material 36; or 3 3-8 yards of plain material 36, 3 yards 44, 1 yard of narrow heading, 11-2 yards of edging to trim as illustrated.

Pattern No. 6253 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 40 inch bust measure.

Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 112 East Twenty-third Street, New York. Send 10 cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered. IMPORTANT: Write your name and address plainly, and always specify size wanted.