EVA TANGUAY

Says She's Not What She Seems On the Stage

She Does Care---My, Yes!

BY CHARLES DARNTON

EVA TANGUAY does care—oh, my, yes!

"Of course," admitted the greatest living example of "I Don't Care," as she sat in sober brown in her dressing-room at Hammerstein's, "people who see me on the stage have some reason to think that I don't care about anything. But they're awfully mistaken. You'd be surprised if you knew how seriously I take things. I worry and stew over everything, and when I don't get as much applause as usual I cry and bawl something awful. I do care—oh, my, yes!"

She brushed her hair out of her eyes to let me see that she meant what she said.

"I once heard a man over in Newark say: 'Eva Tanguay's the cleverest crazy woman on the stage.' And he was in earnest, too," she added.

"But also in Newark," I reminded her.

"Yes, I know," she reflected, "but that opinion isn't confined to Newark. It's the same everywhere. People who see me on the stage think I'm crazy. They believe I'm like that in real life. They are convinced that I'm a wild, drawing creature. I'm really very domesticated, but people don't know that. They see me on the stage and say, 'Oh, my God, she's crazy!'"

"But surely you don't care?"

A Romping Child.

"Yes, I do," insisted Miss Tanguay, crowding back a tear. "So far as I'm concerned, 'I Don't Care' is all a mistake. When I sing it I try to give 'em the idea of a romping child. I don't want 'em to think I'm daffy. I throw it to 'em differently. I want 'em to see my happy side. But they take it in their own way and call me crazy. It's awfully discouraging to have people misunderstand you all the time. You see, when I first sang 'I Don't Care' I was playing a frivolous character, a girl who didn't care. In 'The Sambo Girl.' But since I've gone into vaudeville people have got it all wrong. I didn't care at first, but I'm getting along in years now, and I want people to understand, so that when I die they will say nice things about me. Sometimes I get so blue that I feel like giving it all up."

My sympathetic nature was touched and I did my best to fish out a few well-chosen words of sympathy and comfort. What were passing shadows to the brightness of the stage—what, indeed?

Doesn't Care for the Stage.

"But I don't like the stage," declared the embittered headliner. "I detest everything about it. I never go to the theatre except to work. I don't like my work. I hate to walk out of my home and come here. When I am not working do I go to Hammerstein's Victoria? No, I go to Hammerstein's Manhattan. I love oper., and hate the theatre. I haven't any friends in the theatrical profession. You won't find any theatrical people among the callers at my home. I don't want to have anything to do with them. They're never sincere, and they're all selfish. They don't want any one to succeed but themselves. I've helped a lot of 'em, and always got the worst of it. Now I look out for myself. I won't have an imitator on the bill with me. I don't fear any one, but I have to protect my own material. I'm not going to follow some one who has given an imitation of Eva Tanguay. I once wrote an article on 'Success,' in which I said that to win success it was necessary to remove all obstacle Napoleon didn't turn back w crossed the Alps—quoted little things like that you see, to show how people have won success."

In the next breath Miss Tanguay told how she had got a strangle-hold on success.

Strangle-Hold on Success.

"I licked a girl," she said simply. "Nobody had ever heard of Eva Tanguay up to that time. That was about ten years ago in this very house. I had a small part in 'My Lady,' with a song or two. But the moment I got out in front the chorus girls would spoil my chance of making good by attracting the attention of the audience. One night a college student threw a biscuit to Frances Belmont on a bet and she threw it back. But she wasn't the girl I licked. I stood things as long as I could, and then, a night or two later, I grabbed Jessie Jordan and choked her until her tongue hung out as far as that."

The distance between Miss Tanguay's hands went to show that, even for a woman, Miss Jordan had an extraordinarily long tongue.

"Jessie was unconscious for three hours," she went on, sweetly. "I at once gained a reputation as an awful fiend. Everybody said, 'Don't go near her, she's crazy.' The papers were full of me, my part was rewritten, my salary went up, and the place was jammed every night. I was a great success, just because I had given a chorus girl what she deserved. Ever since then the stage hands, the leader of the orchestra and other people around the theatre have been afraid of me. As a matter of fact, I try to make myself as sweet as possible. I really feel that I won't be on the stage very long."

With these strange, mysterious words Miss Tanguay proceeded to open a new chapter.

"A Hundred Loves."

"My stage work is hard," she continued, "but I can sit down with an old stubby pencil and never stop. I wish you could see my writing room. It has a fourteen-foot tiger skin on the floor, and in the centre of the room there's a fountain with lights that make the water red and blue and amber and violet and other lovely colors. It's an awfully inspiring place. You know, I've written a book, don't you? No? Well, it's called 'A Hundred Loves.' Everybody thinks it's a history of my life, but it isn't. It starts with a happy love—a mother's love for her child. The child goes to a convent, and then goes astray, and there's a little moral—girls, keep away from the men—all that stuff, you know. It's made up like a pocket dictionary, and wherever you open it there's something about love. Of course, it isn't exactly like a pocket dictionary, but that gives you the idea."

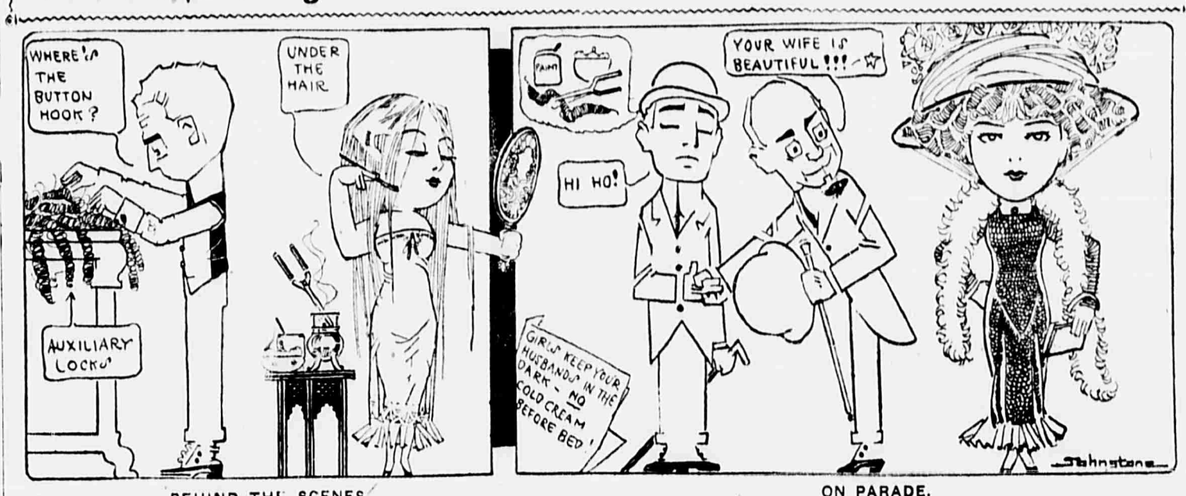
Miss Tanguay waited for me to get the lovely idea, and then informed me:

"There's a streak of me in it. I'm going to call my next book 'A Confession.' I've got two big trunks filled with the most heavenly love letters you ever read, and I'm sure they will make an interesting book. They're different from the ordinary love letters. The style is different, I mean."

As for herself Miss Tanguay declared she had never tried to be "different."

What Every Husband Knows

By Wm. B. Johnstone.



BEHIND THE SCENES. ON PARADE.

Love Letters of a Cynic

By Helen Rowland.

HELEN ROWLAND

In Which She Defines and Defends a Flirt.

MY DEAR JACK—So you have come to the bitter conclusion that I am a "flirt"—and am trying to "dangle" you.

Thanks—awfully! I consider it a distinct compliment to be called a flirt. A flirt—a really artistic one—is a genuine benefactor to the world. She affords society its greatest joy, its favorite pastime, its spice, its impetus! She introduces the comedy role into the tragedy of life, the romance into the story of everyday existence. She spends her youth training men to be good husbands—for other women. She may make them cynical—but she amuses them. She may spoil their illusions—but she gives them something to think about. She may destroy their faith—but she also destroys their conceit. It's the flirts who have transformed all the prigs into men, all the green and salad youth into responsible human beings, all the foolish young things into endurable escorts.

YOU'VE had a beautiful training, my dear boy, and you ought to be deeply grateful to all the girls who have wasted time on you in the endeavor to complete your education. Suppose every girl to whom you have made love had taken you seriously! Where would you have been? In Utah, Turkey—or Sing Sing?

I am sorry you were so deceived in me. But, of course, you did not KNOW that I was—this awful thing. A real flirt doesn't go round with a label tacked to her She is too subtle and artistic; but a man always hands you a written recipe of his emotions so that there will be no misunderstanding, I suppose, and you won't mistake near-love or mock sentiment for the real thing. It may be safer, but it takes all the spice and tang out of things. The woman who is "dangerous," as you call it, never hangs out a danger signal. You can't detect a real flirt by her waist line or her front hair any more than you can detect a real artist by his soft tie and his back hair. Genius is born not made, dear Jack—and so is a flirt. The Lorelei didn't wear a straight-front corset and Cleopatra didn't wave a red flag as a warning to Marc Antony when she started out to turn the Roman Empire topsy-turvy—just for fun.

Heavens! Don't ask me WHY I have flirted with you. Flirting is just like gambling—an obsession. Once you get the fever, you simply can't stop. You keep saying to yourself, "Just one more game! Just one more fling of the dice—and then I'll take my winnings and depart." But you never do depart until your winnings are all gone and the lights are out and the game is up, and even the beauty specialist can't smooth out your wrinkles nor make your hair look thick over the temples.

The flirt flirts for the pure love of flirting. She does not consider her acts as a means toward an end. If all women looked at men merely as the short cut to a home and a weekly income, half the spice of life would be lost. Give the poor thing her dues, then! It is entirely owing to her that men now seek their wives figuratively on bended knee, instead of with a club as they did in the days of the cave-dweller, that courtship has been turned into a pastime instead of a business and that matrimony has been transformed from a duty to a privilege. And yet all she gets is calumny—calumny and ingratitude!

There! I hope I have defined and defended myself—and I am sorry, honestly and deeply and sincerely sorry, if I have wounded you—and yet if it WAS you that I fancied I glimpsed going into Sherry's DIRECTLY behind a butter-colored blonde in a flower toque yesterday evening, the suddenness with which you have recovered from the wound is almost a shock! I suppose pink and yellow blondes ARE a good antidote for love. There MUST be something soothing about them, since men so often taken them as a salve for broken hearts; yet, somehow, it would have seemed so much more artistic if you had just remained wounded a little longer. But there! you can't be taking the blonde merely as an antidote or a pastime. You MUST be taking her seriously, since you aren't a flirt. And, of course, you have told her all about ME!

Every Man Is a Poet in Some Degree or Other

By John K. Le Baron

POETRY is a thing of every day.

The poetic temperament gets much more out of life than the one which is wholly prosaic.

But is there a temperament totally devoid of the poetic?

Nero, the embodiment of sensual grossness, loved music.

The story is told of the murderer whose hand was arrested in its fatal blow by the strains of "Home, Sweet Home."

The meanest homes are generally graced by some little flower on the windowsill

Every mortal has, in some degree, a love of the beautiful—the poetic side of life.

Go into the children's wards in hospitals and watch the eager faces of the little waifs as their eyes devour some picture.

It is helping to develop the poetic side of the child's nature; to awaken his appreciation of life's beauties.

It is not necessary to appreciate Tasso or Dante in order to be poetic.

When Dante passed the children pointed to him, not as the "canonized poet," but as "the man that was in hell."

Their poetic sense had not been cultivated to the key of "The Divine Comedy," but those same urchins would have eagerly grasped a rosebud or a violet had one been offered them.

In every soul there is the poetic instinct.

The greater its development, the greater one's outlook on life.

"A man may be a poet and yet write no verse," says the "Sage of Kent."

It was the poetic insight in Raphael's nature that produced the greatest of the Madonnas.

Had Bach been a wholly prosy man, looking only upon "the practical and sordid side," music would not have been enriched by his sublime compositions.

By cultivating and encouraging the poetic, man is lifting himself in the scale of human existence.

There is no surer way of elevating the general condition than by cultivating the finer tastes.

Nature is the greatest exponent of the poetic.

The man who lives "near to Nature's heart" frequently surprises himself by discovering new beauties in the humblest things.

The beauties are not new, the poetic nature of the man is awakening.

"We are all poets," says Carlyle.

The great movements now on foot to encourage the love for the beautiful and the response from the humbler walks of life, prove Carlyle to be correct.

We can make life a good deal more of a poem if we will emphasize the poetic.

George Peabody's life was a poem. He devoted himself to doing good.

There was much of the poetic harmony in the life of Queen Victoria.

The poetry of life finds notable exponents in the philanthropies of Clara Barton, Jane Addams and Helen Gould.

Poetry is not a rhyme in morocco, it is a thing of life. It should be a part of our every-day existence.

Sauerkraut Lunch.

THE sauerkraut luncheon need not be dreaded if the kraut has an onion cooked with it. This seems to keep the odor from going through the house, probably on the homeopathic principle that one bad smell kills another.

Sauerkraut should have as accompaniments nothing but roast pork, mashed potatoes, thin bread and butter and a cup of weak tea. Never serve it with several courses. If there be a dessert, it should be something in keeping.

Baked apples and cream make a digestible dessert after sauerkraut. Too simple for company? The devotees of kraut don't care whether they eat a dessert at all, and guests who do not like the cabbage delicacy should never be invited to a sauerkraut festa.

May Manton's Daily Fashions.

SUCH simple dresses as this make the standbys of the girl's wardrobe. They can be made from linen, from pique, from the lighter weight ginghams and chambrays and the simpler, inexpensive printed wash fabrics. This one is box plaited, and gives becoming long lines, while it is absolutely simple and childlike in effect. In the illustration white linen is combined with blue, but dresses of one color throughout are much worn, and the collar made of the same, with the edges scalloped, will be exceedingly smart without involving any great amount of labor.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (ten years) is 6 3-8 yards 24, 4 3-4 yards 32, or 4 yards 44 inches wide, 1 1-8 yards 32 inches wide for collar and belt.

Pattern No. 6282 is cut in sizes for girls of 6, 8, 10 and 12 years of age.

Girl's Box Pleated Dress—Pattern No. 6282.

How to Obtain These Patterns. Call at THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 132 East Twenty-third street, or send by mail to No. 132 West Twenty-seventh street. Send 10 cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered.

IMPORTANT—Write your address plainly and always specify size wanted. Add two cents for letter postage if in a hurry.

The Brave and the Fair

By J. K. Bryans

"Lady, I'll lend youse me umbrella for a dime!"

"But it isn't raining."

"I know. But ain't you afraid de sun will spoil yer beautiful complexion?"

"What! Are you here begging again?"

"No, lady. I have just called as er delegate from de Tramping Toms' Association, ter notify youse dat if youse don't improve yer cookin' de Association will have ter cut youse off its route!"

Booth Tarkington and Harry L. Wilson's Great Love Romance of an American Knight.

The Man From Home

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Daniel Pike, a shrewd Kokomo (Indiana) lawyer is guardian to two rich orphans, Ethel and Horace Simpson, who are living in Europe. Pike has always dumbly loved Ethel. She writes him that she is about to marry the Hon. Aimeric St. Aubyn, son of the Earl of Hawcastle. Father and son are needy fortune-hunters who covet Ethel's wealth. The Earl's sister, Lady Creech, is Ethel's paid chaperon. The whole party are at Sorrento, Italy. Pike resolves to go thither and see if Aimeric is worthy of Ethel. Meantime a Russian Grand Duke comes to the Sorrento hotel, incognito, calling himself Herr von Grollernhagen. Hawcastle breakfasts on the hotel terrace with the Countess of Champigny, an adventuress whom Horace loves. Aimeric and Ethel become formally engaged. The marriage settlement agreed on is $750,000. Pike arrives, unrecognized by Ethel and Horace, and sits down to breakfast with the incognito Grand Duke who has taken a fancy to him. Their talk annoys the English guests and humiliates the two Simpsons. Pike accosts Horace, asking if he is American.

CHAPTER IX.

(Continued.)

Recognized!

"I HAPPEN to have been born in the States," replied Horace, aggressively, and Pike smile quizzically.

"Well, that was luck," he commented, and as Horace turned again to go he said: "Hold on a minute! I'm looking for some Americans here and I expect you know 'em—boy and girl named Simpson."

Horace flushed deeply to the roots of his hair.

"Is there any possibility you mean Granger-Simpson?" he asked with elaborate sarcasm, but this was lost on Daniel.

"No, sir. Just plain Simpson. Granger's their middle name. That's for old Jed Granger, grandfather on their mother's side. I want to see 'em both, but it's the girl I'm really lookin' for."

"Will you be good enough to state any possible reason why Miss Granger-Simpson should see you?" and Pike started in genuine astonishment.

"Reason!" he reiterated. "Why, yes. I'm her guardian!"

The effect of this simple statement was terrifying. Ethel reeled dizzily and was supported by Mme. de Champigny. The Earl rose to his feet and Horace staggered back.

"What!" he cried.

"Yes, sir," went on Pike. "Daniel Voorhees Pike, attorney-at-law, Kokomo, Ind."

Horace fell back from him in horrified amazement.

"I shall ask her," he began weakly and shamefacedly, "if she will consent to an interview."

Pike looked at him in amazement in his turn.

"Interview!" he said. "Why, I want to talk to her!"

Hawcastle, with some of his finer feelings aroused, picked up his sister-in-law with his eyes, much as a clever hostess picks up her feminine guests at dinner, and arose, turning to Ethel.

"This shall make no difference to us, my child," he said, and, turning sharply, took Lady Creech by the arm and left the terrace. Pike looked at Horace pityingly.

"Don't you understand?" he said. "I'm her guardian!"

For a fleeting instant Horace stared at him and then dropped his chin and walked away.

"I shall never hold up my head again," he said.

CHAPTER X.

The Humiliation.

THE sudden horror of the revelation that Horace had drawn forth bore down upon Ethel's mind with a crushing weight.

To her artificialized understanding the disgrace was more than she could ever hope to bear, and Horace's expressed thought that he should never be able to hold up his head again was but a vivification of her own.

Surely it would have been bad enough, she told herself, if this fearful thing had come upon them privately, but to have it appear in the full light of day, and in the very hearing of the family of the man she was about to marry, was too cruel.

And with an inward groan she leaned for a moment against the terrace wall where the Countess had left her. When the first astonishment had passed and she had time to realize what had occurred, events that had seemed but fleeting impressions rose up before hr in all their vivid nakedness. Madame de Champigny had looked at her with astute contempt, she was sure, and she dimly remembered seeing the look of horrified amazement upon the patrician features of the Earl of Hawcastle.

Then, with an awakened resentment, the fighting blood of the sturdy plebeian Simpson stock, the stock that had upheld its end in the battle against oppression in several wars, came back to her with a rush, and she decided to see this awful man and give him to understand that he must go away at once and never insult her again by his uncouth and vulgar presence. Such business as had to be transacted could be done through an intermediary.

With a bracing of her spirit she stepped forward resolutely and came up close behind Pike as he stood with drooping jaw gazing in perplexity after the retreating Horace. Ethel cast a look of loathing upon the straight back of the guardian of her peace, and ground her little bootheel into the stone flagging. She glanced up and saw that the common German was looking at Pike with grave sympathy and even understanding, and instantly she hated him for it. Then she saw him take his cap from the obsequious Mariano and turn away. When he had gone she said in a low voice:

"I am Miss Granger-Simpson."

Instantly he turned with a lithe twist of his lank body, and half lifted his hand as if he expected a blow. Then his arm dropped again, and he stood looking at her in calm and interested fashion. As he stared his expression changed to one of mingled tenderness and pride, and when he spoke there was a world of pathos in his voice.

"Why," he said in a low, astonished tone; "why, I knew your pa from the time I was a little boy till he died, and I looked up to him more'n I ever looked up to anybody in my life, but I never thought he'd have a girl like you. He'd be mighty proud if he could see you now."

She turned from him in a smothered rage, and then faced him again with cold disapproval in her tone.

"Perhaps it will be as well if we avoid personal allusions," she said resentfully. This man should have no opportunity for bringing up those vulgar, half-forgotten family reminiscences if she could help it. He smiled a trifle wanly.

"I don't just see how that's possible," he answered, and she waved her hand indignantly.

"Will you please sit down?" she said, and Pike made an awkward bow.

"Yes, ma'am," he replied meekly, with the faintest accent on the last word, and obediently took the chair that Horace had vacated so precipitously. She shuddered at the word he had used and glanced nervously at the hat he was holding in his hands.

"Are—are you really my guardian?" she asked at last, with a trace of heated unbelief in her tones. Pike smiled at her.

"Well," he said. "I've got the papers in my grip. I expect that"——

"Oh, I know it!" she interrupted explosively. "It's only that we didn't fancy—we didn't expect"——

(To Be Continued.)