Edmond Rostand-"The Master."

P RIS. July 28.—(Special correspond-ence.)—Ever since Mrs. Ava Wil-ling Astor, in her dual role as mis-tress of many millions and lover of all things artistic, evinced an interest in the Rostands, father and son, and the products of their genius, all Paris has been wondering whether there was not __he has been here." Another shrug. romance somewhere concealed. For this one even more expressive than the all Paris—in which, perhaps, it is no other.

different from the rest of the world dearly loves a romance, and it has set about to discover it.

"But which Rostand will Mrs. Astor marry?" ask the gossips.

Edmond Rostand, the distinguished poet and playwright, author of "Chantecler," "Cyrano" and a host of other modern French classics, is already wed and must obtain a divorce from his bril-liant and artistic spouse, Mme. Rose-liant and artistic spouse, Mme. Rose-Great—is in Paris. Let us interview

WHAT will you?" they ask. "For months Madame has been at -he has been here." Another shrug,

fairy castle at Cambo, in the Basque country. Moreover, she has flooded the estate with detectives, whose orders are

Heloisé Comtesse D'Alencourt

A tand's wife, Rosemonde, was unselfishness and graciousness personified when she helped build up the poet's fame. "Les Pipeux," her rhymed answers to Edmund's famous series of love poems, "Les Musardises," written shortly before and during their honeymoon, were as fine as the "Master's" best. Yet she elected to stay in the background.

If she was Edmund's Muse, as surmised by many, she suppressed the fact, a case of complete self-effacement. Indeed, for a decade and a hulf Edmond and Rosemonde typified the "perennial lovers"; no more contented and unselfish and happy couple dwelt in wedlock! But it happened that the eldest of their two boyb—Maurice—was possessed of a restless ambition. He posed successively as "Child Poet," "Student Poet," and at last established himself a full-fledged poet and dramatist, succeeding with the aid of his mother's genius.

Then Rosemonde grew as enthusastic about her boy, as formerly she had been about Edmond, her husband. She appointed herself Maurice's press agent; she became his literary partner; she trebled the Rostand fame.

Nowadays, when the name Rostand comes up in talk, people ask: "Whom

this one even more expressive than the other.

Let us interview Maurice.

Doubtless the young man would be delighted, for he would rather sit in the limelight than in the best Paris restaurant with a 20-course dinner prepald. Unfortunately, however, Mamma Rosemonde has abducted Maurice to her fairy castle at Cambo, in the Basque country. Moreover, she has flooded the

and Rosemonde no longer get along together.

"I am tired of my noisy family," he said, "sick and tired of their self-advertising. Why, there isn't a Rostand any more—there are three of them."

And there's the rub. Edmund Rostand's wife, Rosemonde, was unselfishness and graciousness personi
selfishness and graciousness personi-

Nowadays, when the name Rostand comes up in talk, people ask: "Whom she is today Maurice's inspiration and do you mean, Rosemonde, Maurice or Edmond?"

Whether Rosemonde was more than a skillful amanuensis to Edmond, even as she is today Maurice's inspiration and technical helpment, the collaboratrix that lends form and substance to his Which is more than any poet can stand.

Accordingly, the family once famous for its perfect unity, became disrupted.

Mother and son drew to one side: Edmond, the father to the other. Relations between them became strained. Perfect while he was staring "Chante-

No wonder that Mrs. Ava Astor thing as "absurd" and a baid fabrication. Mrs. Astor is a woman of great good sense, and gossin account.

Mrs. Ava Willing Astor.

Wery well. Edmond Rostand—the monde Gerard Rostand, if he is to marmore Gerard Rostand, if he is to marmore deared Rostand, eldest son of his great father, is just 20. Like his father, he is a peet and a genius cos asystem of the first rank. But Murice—thouse of the property reading her great father, is just 20. Like his father, he is a peet and a genius cos asystem of the first rank. But Murice—thouse of the property reading her great father, is just 20. Like his father, he is a peet and a genius cos asystem of the first rank. But Murice—thouse of the property reading her great father, is just 20. Like his father, he is a peet and a genius cos asystem of the first rank. But Murice—thouse of the property reading her great father, is just 20. Like his father, he is not married to the latter of the property reading her great father, is just 20. Like his father, he is not married to the latter of the property reading her great father, is just 20. Like his father, he is not married to the latter of the property reading her great father, is just 20. Like his father, he is not married to the latter of the property reading her great father, is just 20. Like his father will have a dear the property reading her great father, is just 20. Like his father will have a dear the property reading her great father, is just 20. Like his father will have a dear the property read a latter deared his an an analytic her great father, is just 20. Like his father will have a deared the property reading her great father, is just 20. Like his father will have a deared Rostand and Murice, and the property read the property reading her great father, is just 20. Like his father will have a deared the property will have a

660 H, Jimmy dear, is this the cot-tage we rented? Isn't it per-and in the dining-room too!" feetly wonderful to think we're going to have a house of our own in-

stead of staying at an old hotel?" "And think of all the company can have, and the perfectly beautiful art last Winter? Now, there's a study

time we can give them! Did you only have to pay that lady a hundred dollars for it?"

"One hundred, yes, but don't forget one always calls for two! Before the deal's over I'll be several hundred dollars in the hole How many have you you you it at a pastel, water-color, or local-color travelling agent, painted while you wait!"

"Well, it's nothing to joke about. Jimmy, you'll have to take it down and those dreadful crocheted things off the chairs and tables and those frightful yases." lars in the hole How many have you vases-

invited here, anyway?" "Well, the Brockhursts, you know. They've had us out twice to their

bungalow-"

You said you had a business deal on with him-" "Darn him, yes! Who else?" "Well, you asked the Swifts yourself because they've taken us out in

their motor car all this Spring, so of course I had to ask the Spongers, or

Oh, we'll all take turns cooking;

it'll be simply adorable to see wao can make the most delicious things!" Adorable disposition to eat 'em, too, Il bet my stack!"

"Come, let's decide who shall have at the beach. That's the change we're I'll bet my stack!

the different bedrooms now, Jimmy, Here's a nice big closet, I wonder where the bedroom to that is?"

"Closet? That's a bedroom! Just tains it is to be the bedroom to that is?"

theirs, and—"
"You're in wrong! All you want is a middy blouse and short skirt. We're going to dig clams and go fishing and cut out this society game for awhile."
"Maybe the big bedrooms are upstairs, Jimmy. Let's look up there."
"That's right, buck up, little one! Come on."
"Oh, Jimmy, what is that dreadful "And if a Choctaw lady met a Swede lady, even off in Timbutoto, they'd give the signs and open up the game with the celling for limit!"
"Jimmy, you don't understand! Oh, there's another grocery boy!—Yes, I want some eggs and a roll of butter. I mean—well, I mean, she doesn't know the same set I do. You can't gosslp about people unless you know them!"

Come on."

"Oh. Jimmy, what is that dreadful picture on the wall there with that sea-shell frame? Is it a a a a "

"Gad, that's the Mona Lisa that rent-Always understood the less you knew about people unless you know them?"

"H'm! I see I'm not wise to this gossip game! 1912 rules, I suppose. Always understood the less you knew about people the more gossip you could

"Oh, Jimmy, that's perfectly terrible, "Can't eat much with that face look-

"It doesn't look like a face exactly,

"Thought your Woman's Club took up

'Not little Willie! The old lady

"Not little Willie: The old lady gave special instructions to handle her junk with care! She calls that pic-ture her likeness,' and I guess it is. I remember she had two eyes and a nose, and that seems to have tenden-

"And the Sharpes and their cousin.
ou said you had a business deal on the him—"
"There him yes! Who else?"
"Don't dearle me! She weighs 200 pounds and looks like a lady of strong convictions. Do you want to be left

"No, but we we can't "
"Come on; let's see what treasures

they'd feel slighted, and then Marie and—"
"Great Scott! You've got crowd enough for a hotel and annex! Who's going to cook? You know I told you I couldn't pay for a cook if I rented bedrooms off, and there are the beds, you see."

"Come on; lets see what treasures we can find upstairs."
"Why, Jimmy, how queer! It's—it's all one big room."
"No, see, here are iron rods with curtains on them. That partitions the bedrooms off, and there are the beds, you see." "Oh, dear, I could just cry! Why,

it's simply awful. We can't ask our friends here!"
"Well, we could, if you wanted to!

"Oh, Jimmy, I simply couldn't do it!

Here's a nice big closet, I wonder where the bedroom to that is?"

"Closet? That's a bedroom! Just room enough to stand stiff-legged by the side of the bed, drop your clothes in a heap on the floor and jump in!"

"Oh, Jimmy, how perfectly dreadful! Is that the—the mattress hanging on the wall?"

"I forgot you'd never seen such a beach cottage before. Yes, that's to keep it dry while the house is shut up in the Winter. Then in Summer you use the same nails to hang your clothes on, see? No closet needed!"

"Why, Jimmy, I simply couldn't do it! Why, they'd be so shocked to see curtains instead of walls—"

"Curtains for our merry guests, then! Gad, that's the best way to ring 'em off, and it'll be lots easier for you. When you want someone to talk to, there's Mrs. Taylor next door."

"But, Jimmy, she—she doesn't know my—my kind of gossip, and—"

"Well, I'm shot! Your kind of gossip! Is there more than one brand? Thought gossip was gossip anywhere in the world and knew neither law nor language—"

"Jimmy!"

"Jimmy!"

"And if a Choctaw lady met a Swede lady, even off in Timbuctoo, they'd

ed me the cottage and took my hun-dred bones! Some locker, isn't she?" produce! How about it?"

dent Taft before he got half way down in the world is the matter with youl

'Oh, dear, everything goes wrong to-

talking about that girl with the towel hat walking on the beach?"

"No, no, no! I'm talking about the ocean, Nature, wild waves—don't drag me down to the level of a towel hat! Jove! Old Columbus played the game all right when he raked that ocean in out of the discard, didn't he?"

"Why, I always thought Columbus discovered America, not the Pacific Ocean."

"Did you now? Well, for once you thought right, but don't you know this ocean belongs right along with America and we've got the Panama Cana; to prove it and—"

"Jimmy, don't get excited and talk politics."

"Guess it was that chap Balbea who cilmbed up over the high board fence or else squinted through a knothole

"Jimmy, throw away that cigar and derstood crabs!"
come in here."
"Don't Jimmy!

"Oh, dear, everything goes wrong today! There's another grocery man at
the front door! Oh, yes. Yes. A roll
of butter and some eggs, yes, some
sait, yes, that's ail."

"By George, come out on the porch,
Ethel! There's the ocean! Gee whiz,
she's looking bully today, isn't she?
I'd forgotten what a whale she is!"

"What did you say, Jimmy? Are you
talking about that girl with the towel
hat walking on the beach?"

"Come in here."

"By the length of the document and
the document and
the document and
she is in the way the jobbie'll be chasing him
self along the burning sands. I'll probably mutter—'Last month's grocery
bill! Tracked again! But you, like a
true wife, will rise to the oceasion and
say:

"Don't be so foolish, Jimmy, and come
and help me work! I can't find any
water to wash dishes, there are no fautonight isn't the only cracked thing
about the place!"

to the water! Gad, I'm more of your of saint of

"Don't Jimmy! Let's-let's turn them

about the place!"
"What else, Jimmy? That pitcher?"

Not the pitcher. "What do you mean then Jimmy?"
"Nothing. Come on and help herd
these confounded crabs."

"Yes, you do too. Tell me!"
"Ha, ha! Was just thinking what a "Ha, ha! keen guy old Kipling was when he wrote:

'And the pity of all is now we know

Isolation of Individual.

"Guess it was that chap Balboa who climbed up over the high board fence or else squinted through a knothole and got the first hunch about this busy old ocean. Come and look at her, "Yes, Jimmy, dear, it's perfectly beautiful. I wonder who that girl is." "Three clams won't make very much are a regular finx for Brocky?" "Three clams! The de-deuce! I told you by whom whose towel hats are a regular finx for Brocky?" "Why, you know Brocky's sort of absent-minded anyway, and every time he sees one, which is about ten to the block, he rushes into the nearest store and buys a bar of soap. Says he thinks As a matter of fact we do not know "Why, you know Brocky's sort of absent-minded anyway, and every time block, he rushes into the nearest store and buys a bar of soap. Says he thinks it's Saturday night and time for his bath!"

"Jimmy, don't tell such stories."

"Gad, ask Brocky's wife to show you the soap!"

"Well, if it would make those dirty men sitting around the park blocks."

"Well, if it would make those dirty men sitting around the park blocks."

"By George, I believe I'll save up and buy this beach cottage and go in for politics! You can't be a Presidential candidate these days unless you."

"And our crabs have all crowled over lockled to say. If we could exchange bodies we might know; but even then it is quite probable, if such a thing could be, that we would be and clean two dozen crabs, I'd like to anyone else we are unable to say. If we could exchange bodies we might know; but even then it is quite probable, if such a thing could be, that we would be and clean two dozen crabs, I'd like to a thing could be, that we would be compelled to learn the simplest facts all over again, and to readjust the relationships between the phenomena and the poor things over, they were so terribly uncomfortable with their claws and legs all squirming in the air."

"And the three clams I suppose you put up in yases in the window so they could look out and see the ocean!"

"Did you buy two dozen crabs?"

"On the dedvil! Who's going to cook a thing could be, that we would be even then it is quite probable, if such a thing could be, that we would be and clean two dozen crabs."

"And the Joer Holling of the put would make those dirty in the lart."

"And the three clams I suppose you brain by the beautiful blending of coil
"And the three clams."

