

Will Mrs. Astor Wed a Rostand?

by
Heloise Comtesse
D'Alencourt



Mrs. Ava Willing Astor.



Edmond Rostand—"The Master."

PARIS, July 25.—(Special correspondence.)—Ever since Mrs. Ava Willing Astor, in her dual role as mistress 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 a romance somewhere concealed. For all Paris—in which, perhaps, it is no different from the rest of the world—dearly loves a romance, and it has set about to discover it.

More, they will narrate to you scraps and fragments of the domestic strife that have crept into the public prints. Then they will shrug their shoulders.

"WHAT will you?" they ask. "For months Madame has been at her country place, and the 'Master' he—has been here." Another shrug, this one even more expressive than the other.

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

poetic Rosemonde Gerard would not last has long been predicted by the intimate friends of both. Their love was too fervent, their devotion to each other and to each other's interests too exclusively personal. In their married life no one and nothing counted but Edmond's glory and Rosemonde's adoration for Edmond.

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 brilliant and artistic spouse, Mme. Rosemonde Gerard Rostand, if he is to marry again. Yet to the average Parisian a simple matter like a divorce is nothing, provided always that sufficient motive exists.

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And Rosemonde no longer get along together. "I am tired of my noisy family," he said, "tired of their self-advertising. Why, there isn't a Rostand any more—there are three of them."

And, to prove his genius, he ran off with a little actress named Guilty. The young lady happened to be married, and her husband naturally objected. He had taken the part meant for Casquette in "Chantecler." For this Monsieur Guilty was sternly rebuked by the press.

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der pressure of a literary inquiry, he had to confess that Madame Rosemonde always corrected his manuscript, sometimes re-writing it entirely. "Three geniuses in one family," cried the Paris newspapers.

And Rosemonde made haste to endorse this wild statement. Again she glorified her son in long stanzas, even as the son glorified Madame. Rosemonde and Maurice occasionally also paid glowing tributes to Edmond, but far more often they sang of the "family life of the three Rostands"—Edmond, Rosemonde and Maurice. Sometimes the names were put in other order, Rosemonde or Maurice leading.

This made Rostand pere nervous. He had made Rostand proud himself upon being the only Rostand. He didn't care to have the public bow to taretzto. He said so to his friends. He said it at home, and afterward he managed to be always in another place than Rosemonde and Maurice.

ETHEL AND JIMMY RENT A BEACH COTTAGE.

BY MAY KELLY.

"Oh, Jimmy, that's perfectly terrible, and in the dining-room too!"

"Can't eat much with that face looking at us, can we?"

"It doesn't look like a face exactly, it—"

"Jimmy! I'm going downstairs! You can do anything you want to!"

"Don't get flustered, little one! Say, old lady certainly did throw it into us about these three bedrooms, didn't she?"

You go over to the club all the time to swim and love it so, and—"

"Confound it all, the tank at the club's warm! The water's warm! The air is warm! Can't you see the difference and quit talking about it?"

to the neighbors! That's why he put them on their backs so they couldn't get any more!"

"Oh, do—do crabs crawl?"

"Do—do fish swim? For foolish remarks, Ethel, you've got professional after-dinner speakers backed off the map!"

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Gad, that's the Mona Lisa that rented me the cottage.