

THEIR ROMANCE TURNED INTO A NOVEL

The Story of Tourgenieff's Love for Pauline Viardot, Showing Her Frailty, Is to Be Published in Ten Years

JUST how far the prerogatives of genius can go without merging into open immorality is a problem for the ethically inclined. Just how much impropriety we can tolerate on the part of a genius without regarding his works as the product of a perverted mind is another problem of a similar nature.

Both of these may suggest themselves in the course of the narrative; but there is still



Tourgenieff, The Author, Who May Have Immortalized Viardot



Sophie Arnould, an Irish Singer of a Former Generation



Pauline Viardot-Garcia, Whom Tourgenieff Loved

another which will appeal to every one who loves romance better than ethics.

To what extent may a man and a woman shatter the bonds of propriety in the name of love?

Tourgenieff would have said that all things done in the name of love are sacred. He believed that there was nothing holier—no other true inspiration, in fact—than love. And doubtless Pauline Garcia Viardot would have voiced the same opinion.

It is their opinion on this very subject, their own side of their own love story, that the vast army of Tourgenieff's readers are awaiting.

Fifty years ago the Russian wrote a book, a love story, which he gave to Mme. Viardot, exacting at the same time the promise that it would not be published until ten years after they were both dead. This story is now in the hands of its editors and all the world believes that it is the true story of the Tourgenieff-Viardot romance as they saw it.

As a mere matter of history, it will be interesting enough, for we know so little of their strange relationship, that one of the world's real mysteries of romance awaits solution in full.

PAULINE GARCIA VIARDOT started on her career almost as soon as she was able to walk and talk, and her education may even be said to have begun before her birth, for her family were famous musicians for generations. Tourgenieff, on the other hand, came before the world when he had seen and loved Viardot, in the full bloom of his magnificent manhood, and not before.

Miguel Garcia the eleventh was her father, and a distinguished musician, Miguel Garcia the twelfth, was her brother, known the world over as a musician. Her sister, Mme. Malbran, was no less famous, and even her mother had won some little favor on the stage before the time of Pauline's advent into the world.

Pauline was born in Paris in 1821, and while still a child was taken on a tour of England, the United States and Mexico. She is said to have appeared in a child's part before she was 7 years of age. Upon their return to Paris her musical education was begun at the piano, and subsequently continued under no less a master than Liszt himself. When she was 11 years old her father died, and she was taken to Brussels by her mother. About this time she appeared at her sister's concerts, and very shortly after made a tour of Germany with the violinist Beriot.

FIRST MARRIAGE, THEN ROMANCE

At the age of 18 she sang in the London music halls and immediately leaped into public favor. She was so unaffected, so naive and had such promise in her voice that she was a most captivating little star. Desdemona was her first part. Then came Cenerentola and a whole host of difficult roles, sung in half the big capitals of Europe. In 1840 she was married to her manager, Louis Viardot—a purely business arrangement—and shortly afterward was taken by him on a tour which embraced Vienna, Berlin, Madrid, London, Dublin, Edinburgh, Moscow and St. Petersburg. Here enters Tourgenieff.

The young Russian was just being introduced into a social career by his mother, and it was generally expected that he would take up some civic or diplomatic work. But Viardot, a Russian of a diplomat and now the world one of its greatest modern novelists. When the singer appeared in St. Petersburg, in



Madame Dugazon, Who Cared Little for Convention

1846, the handsome young fellow was one of the men who visited her in her apartments at the theater, according to the custom in those days, when a prima donna's husband was forced to tolerate a host of admirers about his talented wife.

There is a tradition that she set her company to

telling stories in rivalry, and that Tourgenieff so far outshone all competitors in this field that he at once excited her interest and won her favor. One thing is certain: he fell violently in love with Pauline, however she may have regarded him, and when she left Russia he followed her, never returning to his native land except for brief visits.

This was the commencement of a most unique and peculiar relationship. No one knows what Louis Viardot thought of it, Pauline is never known to have expressed herself, and the Russian always spoke of it in the most naive fashion as a simple friendship.

Russians are all more or less reticent, and Tourgenieff was no exception to the rule. For forty years he was a regular visitor at the Viardot household in Paris. In fact, he fairly lived in the company of his beloved, and yet he is never known to have spoken more than casually of his visits to her home.

During the first thirty years, Madame Viardot's children grew up, and the novelist displayed the same devotion to the daughters that he had to the mother. His whole life was shaped about this family. He left his home for them; he made Paris his residence because it was theirs; and he would doubtless have

followed them to the ends of the earth without question.

There is something so childish about it. We cannot conceive of Viardot reconciling himself to these attentions bestowed upon his wife, and yet it is certain that he and the handsome Russian never quarreled. One would think, too, that Madame Viardot would have done one of two things in the matter: Either she would have gone with the Russian, if she loved him sufficiently to fairly take him into the family, where his presence was a constant rebuke to her; or she would have turned him off and refused to see him.

Strange mortals are these men and women of genius. Do they not have the same emotions as other mortals? Are they not impelled to action by the same motives of love, jealousy and the like?

Tourgenieff was satisfied to live in the vicinity of his love and see her the wife of another man in all respects, he writing for his living as a mere side issue, his whole existence bound up in the daily life of the singer. Viardot was content to have this huge, magnificent Russian in his house day after day, openly in love with his wife, avowedly her slave,



Mme. Raucourt, Who Was Noted for Her Amours

writing with her, collaborating with her in music and paying her the attentions of a lover before all the literary and cultured folk that infested the place. And Pauline herself seemed resigned to the fact that she had under one roof a legal husband and a secondary mate, between whom she was to divide her affections.

Meantime the novelist was writing the books that brought him wealth and fame. He said that his whole inspiration was love. Evidently he regarded his Pauline as the sacred fire from which the torch of his genius had to be daily relighted. His life ran smoothly enough because no one opposed him.

It seems almost silly to think that so great a mind was so entirely dependent upon the whim and fancy of a singer; and yet it is more than likely that if Madame Viardot had turned him off Tourgenieff would have thrown down his pen and returned to Russia, to live the colorless life that his family had marked out for him. In his letters to Pauline he implores her to take up her composing again, so that he would have the inspiration to go on with his writing.

LOVE DEARER THAN ART

After he had lived thirty years in the Viardot family, he told Russian friends they were such important factors in his life that, if any power were to offer him the choice between being the greatest writer of all ages and the friendship of the great singer, he would certainly accept the latter without hesitation or thought.

The peculiar situation in which Pauline allowed the public to find her was not altogether uncommon among the women of the French stage. They had husbands and lovers as well, but in the careers of most there were storms and vicissitudes. Lovers and husbands nursed jealousies. There were violent tragedies galore.

For Tourgenieff, however, the placid flow of his three-cornered existence never seemed to strike upon the rocks, and when Madame Viardot died a few weeks ago, at the age of eighty-nine, the world was still as ignorant of the theories that had maintained the balance in the minds of these strange people as they were when Tourgenieff first left Russia with the object of his infatuation.

Mademoiselle Raucourt, who flourished in the latter part of the eighteenth century, was more openly and frankly scandalized for her amours than ever was Pauline Viardot. She was a beautiful woman of the common people whose talent brought her in contact with the nobles of France and princes of royal blood. Her reputation finally became so besmirched that her most powerful friends were unable to shield her from public ignominy. She continued to act under Napoleon's patronage, and to a certain extent regained her prestige with the public before her death.

Mademoiselle Dugazon was another public favorite, in vogue in the time of the elder Garcia, who was engaged in innumerable scandals and intrigues. But Dugazon, her husband, was a bitter assailant of all of his wife's favorites, and her career was marked with as many family turmoils as escapades.

AN EARLIER ANALOGY

A very pretty woman, queen of the French stage a hundred years before Viardot's time, had a liaison with a literary man quite unlike Pauline's in some respects, and yet very like it in others. The parties were Sophie Arnould and La Fontaine, chiefly famous for his conceits. In this case he was the married one and she the single; but they were happy in each other's company for many long years, and the writer maintained his family in all affluence and respect at the same time.

It is not often that we know enough of these peculiar affinities to wholly condemn or excuse them. That is one reason why the public is waiting so eagerly to see just what is in this secret writing of Tourgenieff's. They want to know just what the relationship was in the first place, and then just what the romantic parties concerned thought of it themselves.

In all of Tourgenieff's works there is no reference which may be said to refer to his own affair. It is only fitting that the romances, which he avowed was the basis of all his inspiration, should have some more immortal monument than a fitting rumor to mark it. When two great souls, or at least a great mind and a great genius, come together, we have a right to expect some result from the mere contact of unusual forces.

This book, now in the hands of two members of the French Academy, will be at the same time the only acknowledged offspring and the immortal monument to a historic love affair, if it is what all the world expects.

A Fly-Eating Plant

IN ENGLAND there grows a little reddish-leaved odd-looking plant known as sundew. It is but an inconspicuous weed, and yet literary and scientific honors have been heaped upon it.

The leaf is round and flat, and is covered by a number of small red glands, which act as the attractive advertisement to the misguided insects. Their knobby ends are covered with a glutinous secretion, which glistens like honey in the sunlight, and so gains for the plant its common English name. But the moment a hapless fly, attracted by hopes of meat or nectar, settles quietly in its midst, on hospitable thoughts intent, the viscid liquid holds him tight immediately, and clogs his legs and wings, so that he is snared exactly as a sparrow is snared with birdlime.

Then the leaf closes over him slowly but surely, and crushes him by folding its edges inward gradually toward the center. The fly often lingers long with intellectual struggles, while the cruel, crawling juice pours forth a digestive fluid—a vegetable gastric juice, as it were—and dissolves him alive piecemeal in its hundred clutched suckers.

Worse than the Lazy Bug is the Grouch Germ

GROUCH is a word that is in the dictionary, but, though the word has not been in existence long enough to work itself out of the "slang" class, they have already discovered a grouch germ.

This is certainly an era of germs. No one is appalled when he is told nowadays that this or that disease is due to bacteria in his system; but when it comes down to regulating temperaments by these infinitesimal vermin, one is inclined to believe that there is no use combating fate—let's blame it on the germs.

If there is a germ for the grouch there is perhaps a joy germ, a laughing germ, a happy germ, and—who knows!—there may even be a booze germ, which would forever exonerate the devotees of Bacchus from their personal responsibilities. It is truly a pleasant theory.

When a grand opera star cuffs her maid, breaks the china, unshuts the impresario and kicks the electric light bulbs on the plea of temperament, she will be free to protest that the temper germ has got into her system all unawares and that the manager is cruel and heartless to scold or even restrain one so afflicted.

So much for germs in general.

THERE are nearly as many kinds of grouches as there are germs. There is the born grouch, the affected grouch, the disgruntled grouch, the grouch dyspeptic and the grouch par sa.

Just how the grouch germ gets into the systems of some people at such an early age is hard to determine, especially since the racially bacillus has not yet been very thoroughly studied, though his manifestations are patent to all.

We are familiar with the sullen small boy who screams when others smile, and kicks his fond parents on his shins when they attempt to coax him. You have certainly felt that burning, gnawing passion to kick the worthy manifestation of the same germ into infinity on a score of occasions, and would have done so had it not been for the parental extension of the little dear.



How mysterious are the ways of parenthood, and how just! They know that the poor little fellow is not responsible; that it is only the frightful germ that has crept into his system. Some say it is due to his having pie when he should have had corned beef and cabbage; others blame it upon the ministrations of an indulgent grandma. And there are authorities who aver that a good piece of hickory, say, half an inch in diameter, applied at the right spot in time will check the growth of the germs as quickly as anything.

The born grouch is to be pitied. The germ has such a hold upon him that it is practically incurable; but for the affected grouch, germ or no germ, there can be

little sympathy. The man who thinks for any reason that he is more impressive, more a man for an assumed air of cynicism, pessimism and all the other unfortunate items that go to make up the grouch, could be hobbled and set to feed on culpe at a safe distance from polite society to prevent further contagion.

The dyspeptic grouch is truly a victim of misfortune, and of all the grouches is most deserving of a share of sympathy and a large allowance of coaxing. But the disgruntled grouch, the man who pouts and shows the same symptoms as the born grouch in his earliest stages, could be remedied with a full and vigorous allowance of the same medicine, the stout hickory—only let it be a club.

We hear so much about the blessed sunshine, and there are so many dear little books published in holiday season to gather dust on the tables of one's inoffensive friends which have that sweet, optimistic tone, that if there is any virtue in them, the mother of a grouch household should have no difficulty in allaying the family complaint. She could buy them by the gross about Christmas and serve them with the meals for a full year at a trifling cost.

THE GROUCH GERM'S TRAITS

The grouch germ itself was discovered in Kansas City by an enterprising man, Dr. E. L. Machida. The doctor has observed that the germ is fond of torrid weather. More than this, he is fully persuaded that the germ attacks none but man. Beyond this the diet, appearance, habits and mannerisms of the germ are unknown and offer a wide and profitable field of research to the enterprising investigator. In this matter a little advice might not be considered impertinent, inasmuch as no one has adopted the germ for his private property, as yet.

First, catch a grouch. They are numerous in all latitudes, and it matters little which species you begin with; only, as a matter of mercy spare the dyspeptic grouch, because he is least responsible. Having secured the grouch fairly in a recumbent position, face down, elevate a broad, stout stick above his person and proceed as instinct dictates. As the germ escapes, bottle them for future investigation. If they do not come keep on with the treatment, for a grouch the less in the interests of science is a small loss.

It might be well to add that there are psychic treatments which are just as effective in ridding a subject of the grouch germ, but they presuppose such qualities in the operator as patience, forbearance, tact and no little determination. After all, if one can afford to dispense with dignity, the physical treatment is quickest and most certain of lasting results.