

How Mrs. Sheffield "Got Even" WITH HER Husband

At One Stroke She Solved the Problem of Living Apart, Supporting Herself and Humiliating Mr. Sheffield

WHEN a husband is behaving badly it is not always easy for a wife to punish him. If the wife does not happen to have independent means of her own it is not convenient to leave him—or if she sees a way to take care of herself it may be a satisfaction to him rather than a punishment if she leaves him. It has remained for Mrs. Justus Sheffield, of New York, to find a way to solve all three problems at one stroke—to leave her husband's uncongenial presence, to support herself and little daughter and to "get even" with Mr. Sheffield in a way he doesn't relish. This she accomplished by writing a novel, the sale of which is paying her living expenses, and her portrayal of her own husband as a conspicuous character in the book has made him furious.

"THE Golden Hollow" is the name of a little novel which has accomplished three results—it has enabled the writer to live apart from an uncongenial husband, its sales have paid her living expenses, and the characterization of one of the personages in the book has extremely annoyed the husband. Mrs. Justus P. Sheffield, the wife of a New York lawyer, is the author of the book. She is now living in Short Hills, N. J., with her child.

"I might as well tell you," said Mrs. Sheffield, "what brought about the final separation between Mr. Sheffield and me. He sent a telegram up to New London, the day before Christmas, three years ago, saying that he was coming on Christmas Day, but would bring no money and make no provision for the children's Christmas. At the time he had money for taxicabs and seats at the opera. We had two children then.

"In spite of his non-provision for the kiddies' Christmas I had a tree, which my women friends fixed for us, with gifts on it for Mr. Sheffield, which the children had made, and one of my own verses framed, which read:

LIFE'S AUTOMOBILE.
When the world is out of kilter,
And the running gear's askew,
Tighten up your grit a little,
And you'll surely buck it through.

—RENA CARY SHEFFIELD.

"Mr. Sheffield arrived Christmas Day, not armed with good holiday cheer or wishes, but with a legal paper drawn by himself, which he spent the entire day trying to force me to sign.

"When I refused to sign this paper he tormented me, and threatened to turn me out into the streets unprovided for, with my two children. As a clincher, hoping to force my hand, he said he had decided to put Barbara on the stage in child parts to earn money for him. Barbara was not four at the time."

Mrs. Sheffield's book takes the form of a series of imaginary letters written by "Babs" to a sympathetic friend and confidant, "Captain Calderwood." In this series of heart-exposing letters is frequent mention of a character named Mac. It is in this character of Mac that Mr. Sheffield declares he sees a mirror of himself, though distorted, and he has asked the publishers of the book to stop printing it.

Early in the book Babs writes in one of her letters: "Why am I unhappy? A case of diametrical opposition. Mac's mind is unusual and brilliant, but, somehow, he does not understand. He cannot understand anything that is not built upon geometrical lines and backed by logic. Life to him is a simple and pleasurable adjustment of facts, not necessarily correlated—just facts. Life to me is an algebraic problem, X equalling the unknown mystery of things. I stand in awe of logic and I never was good at questions, so I don't get any further than the doorstep of Mac's mind, and I sit there like a child who has been locked out all unknowingly. It is the lonely little spirit of me waiting in

the darkness—and I am afraid!"

Not a promising outlook for permanence in marriage, and we are not surprised to come in a later letter upon this in the book:

"To-night there is a dinner and I am hostess. Long ago Cornelia gave me that honor, as she does not like to preside. At the last dinner party Mac slipped into the dining room and changed the place cards. He thought I might find the man on my left too interesting. Mac guards me from what he considers temptations. I am always put with the chauffeur on any motor trip if there happens to be a good-looking man along. Just how

he reconciles it with his manners I don't see. People attribute it to his eccentricities.

Things are moving backward with Babs and Mac, according to a speedily following letter:

"It is a sombre me who is writing you to-night. Mac's last sally into stocks went up like a rocket, with an alluring spray of gold that vanished, and the stick, when it fell, struck home. He is game to the end, though, and goes about as usual. One could not help admiring him, if it were in a worther cause. The children go about on tiptoe and ask innumerable questions.

"I have begun sorting over the household things. Mac won't tell me just how far he is involved, but I surmise it is more than a little. I wish I could care for him, for I want to stand by him now, but I don't care. He is such a bully. He takes so much for granted. He is unsympathetic and unreasonable. He has shown for months that we are going to the wall, yet he hasn't drawn in on his extravagances nor changed his mode of living. He seems almost to have dared the gods to do their worst."

In a letter written by Babs to this:

"I am caught up with the storm. No suggestions of mine are tolerated. It's his affair, he says, and he intends to run it to the last. He is like a drunken captain that knows his channel, but cannot keep it, yet refuses to give up the command. I am waiting breathlessly for the crash. It is nearly upon us.

"The Japanese butler still opens the door with much ceremony to the casual visitor, and a chef turns out marvels of epicurean art from almost nothing, and a French maid buttons and unbuttons my frocks that are beginning to grow a little shabby. But yesterday the gas was turned off. To-day they discontinued the telephone service. The circle is narrowing. Soon I shall be like the boy that stood on the burning deck, whence all but him had fled."

The story of growing poverty and a side light on Mac's personality is shown in these words:

"His library has increased amazingly in the past years. Its hundreds of volumes that filled the shelves when I first came now run into thousands, most of them de luxe and very charming. The editions retain their worth intact, and, I might add, appreciate in value, as he seldom takes them down except to exhibit them to some admiring or inquiring connoisseur, and the pages are still, nearly all of them, uncut.

"There was a rap at the door. The servants stood there an angry, righteous mob. 'We want our money,' they demanded.

"Mac smoothed the backs of his thin hands. He calmly looked the servants over.

"I have no money," he said, finally. "I don't see that you are so badly off. Haven't I fed you for months and provided a roof over your heads? You are

unreasonable. I have no money. How can I give it to you if I haven't any?"

"Sell the rich things in the house and pay us off," rejoined the butler. "If you don't we'll stay right on till you do."

"Mac shifted his position.

"You are welcome to remain if you like," he said. "To-morrow we leave for the country. I shut up the house. If you stay you starve."

"I took up Kipling's ballads. Mac resumed his study of the book catalogues.

"Are your hands clean?" he questioned me, glancing out over the pages he was perusing. "Yes," I answered. "I try to keep them so!"

"Did you wash them before or after dinner?"

"Before dinner."

"Well, go and wash them again, if you are going to read that book."

"I complied with good-humored tolerance."

Toward the end of the book the author gives a snapshot of Mac's personal appearance. "His light hair hung very flat across his forehead."

That, the residents of Short Hills remember, was characteristic of the vanished Justus Sheffield. He was very tall and thin and pale, even to his hair, which



Mrs. Justus P. Sheffield, Who Wrote a Book to Punish Her Husband and Replace His Support.



Above—Miss Barbara Sheffield, Whose Parents Quarrelled About Her Going on the Stage. To the Left—Mr. Justus Sheffield, Who Reminds the Resemblance of "Mac" to Himself.



quenter admits no denial. "I didn't dislike music, but I did not care enough for opera to go with him to hear it six times a week," is his wife's retrospect.

In the novel Mac and Barbara split upon the rock of her charge that he had lived for years upon her money. That Mrs. Sheffield says is mere novelist's license, a needed climax. The climax came in the affairs of the Sheffield, so the author-wife will state in court, when her husband proposed to place their six-year-old daughter, Barbara, on the stage to increase the family income. Indignant, Mrs. Sheffield left her home.

In the book Babs says it in this way: "I am saying to the man on my left, 'Yes, we have seats for the opera as usual this Winter. Mac adores it and I always go because I want to please him. I don't care as much for music as he does. I get so tired hearing over and over a lot of people I don't know screaming about a lot of things I don't care about in a language I don't understand.' That sounds raw, doesn't it?"

Mrs. Sheffield, as all her friends know, is essentially domestic. She craves the simple life, and even in these days of feminine unrest finds it eminently satisfying. She makes Babs, her other self, say: "How I long to live a plain life, with my folderol sewing, and my books, and bother my head over menus, and a dally husband. Mac would be an intermittent one. Good night to you. I want to cry."

Her mood is a purple one in a succeeding letter, for she writes: "I pictured myself dead, and the earth being shovelled down upon me, and I hoped they would arrange my hair becomingly and not ask a lot of people. I hoped Mac would not wear black. He is so tall and fair, and black is unsuited to him."

Nor does she share "Mac's" liking for golf, nor his method of playing it.

"Mac is so carefully consistent in his score that I don't even dare think a shot without counting it. No golf for me. I always seem to be holding up every one and never getting anywhere—just standing around while they shout themselves hoarse yelling 'Fore' at me. No golf for me. It makes me feel like a country without any boundaries. Jacques says that's exactly what I am, 'a country without any boundaries.' Babs refused her suitor twice, but accepted him the third time. For this she gives her reason, shedding some light on the continually recurring question, Why does a woman say 'No' when she means 'Yes'?"

"A man should have three chances, I think. The first time he asks you to marry him he is carried away by his own ardor. The second time he feels he must make good. But if he asks the third time it's safe."

Some Very New and Curious Fashion Novelties to Be Seen in Paris

Paris, Nov. 24.

IT'S the silhouette that counts now—a-days. The outline is the main point, and if the sleeves are not just right how can you get anything that looks correct? How can you carry out the idea of skirt and over-skirt unless you study the sleeves, and what sleeves there are? They are kimonoesque, and yet there is a different touch. The sleeve is loose and yet it is caught up in various ways, making the task of the dressmaker more difficult. But the effect is far better than has been seen for years.

But the most interesting and novel features of the latest creations are the collars and vests. These exquisite combinations are charming, and what is far more to the point—new. The edict has been issued: "You must go with neck exposed. No more high collars under any pretext!" Some of the collars lie far back from the neck. Japanese style. The head looks like a blossom issuing from its calyx, and this calyx is made up of tulle and embroidered laces. But styles are sometimes contradictory, and we see also some Median collars of very fine lace rising behind the neck.

The vests are all colors, all embroidered and of greater variety than ever. They are slipped into the robes,

or appear under the rears, reaching down even to the waist.

The cuffs are very long, even falling over the hands, but some are made with rows of tulle or fine lace in concentric rows.

But the greatest attention is being given now to the details and the fobles of the toilette, especially in connection with afternoon and evening gowns.

The Persian tunics are not kept stiff any more with metal, but they have been made more beautiful and practical by adding a simple border of fur. When these tunics are made of different colored tulle, embroidered in silver or gold, over a black and white skirt, or even white tulle over a skirt of violet tint, they are wonderful in effect and quite in perfect taste.

For the theatre and dinner in a restaurant the English style has won a real victory, for even in the most modest music hall a stylish woman may show herself fully décolleté and without a hat. This means considerable progress from the point of view of elegance; in a stylish restaurant or at a private reception, there is a kind of homogeneity now which did not exist fifteen years ago.

Jewels will play a leading role this season in evening toilettes. At the opera or even when attending receptions we shall wear diadems, dog-collars and sunbursts without stopping to inquire whether the occasion permits them or not. Magnificence is to be the rule all Winter.

The leading jewellers have found ways and means to design diadems for every head, making them so graceful that no woman can withstand them, even

for a family dinner. But do not think that gems are any cheaper. But every one must have jewels, no matter whether they can be afforded or not. How they get them and what they are no one knows—but they have them.

As to pearls, as every one cannot wear them on account of their fabulous cost, it is now admissible to use good imitations, not too large, giving very fine effects on dark gowns. But no one wears false diamonds—that is the law. They may be replaced by rhine-stones which light up a gown splendidly, but are not intended to impose upon any one.

As to rings and chains, it seems impossible to wear too many and the fan has its chain as well as the lognettes. Even the rings have fine chains running up to the bracelet, giving a very odd effect.

Veils and bandeaus are worn in tremendous variety, and almost any way that suits the wearer. Head-dresses are more fantastic than ever before, possibly because of the banishment of the hat.

The cloak and shawl are to play leading parts in the boxes of the opera and theatre this season. It is quite the thing to sit against the background of a magnificent velvet coat, or even a silk one. The latest thing this year is the shawl. It is the latest "cry" with the sticklers for "chic" to wear a shawl, falling to a point on the back and running down low, with the ends short in front, crossing and pinned at the waist, or falling to the fingertips.

These shawls are made of the most magnificent materials—damask, velvet, gold and silver brocade, and

even broad-tail, in all materials, even the heaviest. All are bordered with broad bands of fur, either of sable or skunk.

Otter, being a little flat, is used only for square collars, falling over the shoulders and making a seeming sleeve.

A small scarf, shaped and made of ermine, bordered with white moire, is a masterpiece of arch coquetry, worthy of the shoulders of a capricious Du Barry.

The extremely high price of furs explains this tendency. A cloak of ermine does not cost less than four thousand dollars, a mink coat costs three thousand, a chinchilla two thousand and a fine coat of sable, the queen of furs, twenty thousand dollars. Last year Ida Rubinstein ordered one at this price.

The materials out of which the gowns are made are sumptuous, indeed almost royal in their magnificence. They are embroidered and decked with splendor, but are not stiff as formerly. On the contrary, they are marvels of modern workmanship, being soft and clinging, as if they were muslin. Draped and redraped, they are truly Oriental in style, but more delicate than before.

We shall not see the high girdles of a few months past, but more draping over the hips, with straight girdles, made of metallic materials, ribbon wound into ropes, or even garlands of flowers, one below the other.

The skirts are formed of folds of China crepe or very light silk, with sometimes a rose in full blossom embroidered on it.

