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THE INEVITABLE END OF "GENIUS" GORKY'S SCANDALOUS "ROMANCE"

"No vow is of any use for the people who stand at the top. I have sacrificed myself enough for my romantic sentiments." Mme. Andreyeva's Cynical Farewell to Gorky.

The Brilliant Mme. Andreyeva Who Took Him from His Wife and Child Explains That She Has Had to "Abandon" the Russian Novelist Because She Is a "Genius" Herself

St. Petersburg, April 30.

THE inevitable consequences have followed, and ended, the scandalous romance of the celebrated Russian novelist, Maxim Gorky. The beautiful actress, Mme. Andreyeva, who took him from his wife and child seven years ago and accompanied him to America, has left him exiled in Italy and returned to Moscow and her former life of the stage.

Gorky's appearance in America, accompanied by the actress, it will be remembered, barred him from American society, and caused him and his companion to be ejected from a New York hotel. The novelist could not get a divorce from his wife, and could not return to Russia. Accompanied by Mme. Andreyeva he went to Italy. They isolated themselves in a cottage on the island of Capri, where they remained together until a few weeks ago when, as is ordained in all such cases, the irregular bond, at last over-strained, snapped, and she abandoned him.

Interviewed in Moscow, the actress brazenly declares that laws governing the relations of the sexes are doubtless good for the masses, for ordinary plodders, but not for "genius." Being a genius herself, and not caring longer to sink her "art personality" in that of Gorky, she decided to resume her independent career.

And this inevitable climax has come in spite of circumstances which enabled Gorky to obtain a divorce and to marry Mme. Andreyeva. This attempt to fight a wrong made no difference. And the moral is further pointed by the contrast offered by the two women involved. While Mme. Andreyeva plays her part of the heartless "genius," the first Madame Gorky is all sympathy for the abandoned novelist and frankly declares her wish to befriend him.

From the first Gorky's real friends in Russia discerned that his genius would be fettered instead of inspired by his irregular relationship with Mme. Andreyeva. What they have learned of their life together in the cottage on Capri bears out all their forebodings. Gorky wrote novels and plays, and his companion attempted to assist him in the capacity of a critic and adviser. But none of his works of this period held the appeal so characteristic of his former spontaneous productions. Instead of continuing in his successful field of vagabond and outcast life, he dealt more and more with that of the middle class and its special problems—which he was not fitted to discuss. It seems that Mme. Andreyeva, with her woman's perverseness, strove to make another Maeterlinck of him.

This woman who selfishly abandoned Gorky in his exile, and admits it, at present is stopping with friends in Moscow. She expects shortly to resume her interrupted stage career. At first she avoided representatives of the press, but finally to one whom she had known in the old days she gave an interview, of which the following are the significant portions.

"My explanation is that I could not any longer resist the call of the stage. It grew louder and louder. A phantom of my glorious past haunted me night and day. I feared that I would commit suicide if I shut my ears to it any longer. I simply yielded."

"But how about your husband? Did he share your feelings?"

Madame Andreyeva blushed and seemed confused. "I am sorry to say, no. We are intimate friends, that is all. He could not understand me. That is the painful feature of our relations. The question is, why should I sacrifice my art for the art of my husband? Why should I give up my art for the sake of my romantic attachment to him? Can the husband's laurels be also the laurels of his wife? Will she be happy in decorating herself with what she has not earned? Why should I bury my art on that small island for the sake of remaining a true companion of my husband. I don't see why."

"It's a serious problem, indeed, especially since your husband could not follow you in your career. But is there no chance of a compromise?"

"Well, let me tell you," answered Mme. Andreyeva. "I have come to the conclusion that marriage is only a necessary regulation for mediocrities and the masses, but it has no meaning for geniuses or degenerates. No vow is of any use for the people who stand at the top. It is a nice knot for the average mind. I have undergone many deprivations for the sake of my romantic vow and would undergo more still, but I am an artist myself, like my husband, and must accomplish more than I could as merely his cheering companion. I am not only a woman, but also a factor in a bigger sense



Mme. Andreyeva (in Fancy Russian Dress) Whom He Married Finally After Abandoning His First Wife for her. Now, in His Turn, He Has Been Abandoned by Her.



Maxim Gorky, the Celebrated Russian Novelist, Who Has Been Abandoned by the Actress for Whom He Deserted His Wife and Child.

I have sacrificed myself enough for my romantic sentiments. Now I have higher ideals, like my husband has, and for that reason I cannot go any further.

"You see that I have my own reputation almost in the same degree that my husband has. If this were not the case, I certainly would be satisfied in finding contentment within the frame of my family. I would remain the wife—the woman. But I feel that society—the art-loving world—has bigger claims upon me. I am a member of the universal family. In order to serve humanity, I am justified in forsaking my husband, even if it should displease him. If I could meet a starving man and was unable to help him, I would be justified in taking from whomever I could, taking by violence if the one I asked refused to give deliberately. I am not a criminal if I do that, but an executioner of higher ideals. The same is the case when I leave my family in order to live for a thousand other families. I am perfectly justified in sinning against my family if I can do good for humanity. All that I have done at present is that I have sacrificed my personal self for a bigger self."

"Any man who marries a woman with high ideals should know that he sits in the saddle of a wild horse. He should be prepared from the first touch of her lips to see the romantic flame die out any day. She is a double personality; real and ideal, physical and spiritual. Whenever a woman who has a message marries a man and says she will be true to him till death, she is untrue to herself. She does not know that she will ever be able to keep that vow. There are no written laws for a genius, except those of his or her own conscience."

"She should not marry at all, if she thinks she has a message to humanity besides being a woman. But the conventional views of society urge her to follow the old and regular channels. She never takes the family seriously, and that is the reason why a modern highly educated woman grows so easily tired of strict family life and makes love to another man, if she has

nothing higher to occupy her mind? The divorces in more civilized countries are perfectly natural facts and should never be condemned.

"Only a half-educated and entirely feminine woman is perfectly happy within her family and strictly loyal to her husband. An educated and highly intellectual woman has no time to fuss with housekeeping, the education of her children and keeping the affection of her husband. She has bigger problems to solve and employs others to take care of her family duties. The American woman, for instance, has reached the highest degree of general education, and is interested in higher questions of life, therefore she is a poor mother and an unreliable wife. But I don't blame her."

"But isn't motherhood the supremest of all ideals of a woman?"

"Not when a woman can be the mother of a spiritual creation—art, or an ideal of any spiritual nature. That is the great philosophic point in woman's life. The higher a woman ascends intellectually, the more she loses of her physical motherhood. She becomes the mother of the spiritual child, just the same as the husband becomes the father of the creation of his mind, instead of that of his body. That is the very reason why the children of nearly all great men remain mediocrities. Their parents neglect them, being concerned only with their intellectual children. Rousseau and Browning are the best examples in support of my argument."

"Did your husband acquiesce with your leaving him to his fate? Are you expected to return to him after the theatrical season is over?"

"We are friends just the same, and may be much more friends than before. But his opinion is that the glory of the husband is also the glory of the wife, in which I disagree, in case of the wife being able to get her own glory. Even if my departure should mean the death of his inspiration, I shall remain firm in my own ambition. Whether I will return to him or not is a matter for the disposition of my sentiments in the future."

But what is the explanation of Gorky himself of this new turn in his family affairs? He forsook his first wife and their child for Andreyeva. Now this wife forsakes him. So far so one knows whether he ever will explain it in any other way than in his memoirs. But of great interest is the short opinion of his first wife on the matter, which she expressed to a Russian journalist.

"A man should never fall in love with a woman who has her own ambition in social life. He will never be happy. Much more, if she is superior to him intellectually she will exploit his creative power for her own use and when she has nothing more to get from him she will leave him without any sympathy, as was the case with Gorky's marriage to Andreyeva. I am very sorry for him."

"Andreyeva is a very clever woman, and intellectually superior to him. He fell in love with her because of her great talent while she was playing the role of the heroine of his drama. He is a simple, uneducated man of the people. He was greatly fascinated by her brilliance. He probably thought or felt that she would inspire him more than I did, and that is the reason he left me and the boy whom he loved so affectionately. But soon he realized that it was only an illusion."

"Andreyeva urged him to imitate Ibsen and Maeterlinck, and he did so. That was the worst he could do. I, of course, felt sorry about it; yet I thought, if he can accomplish more with her, heaven bless him! But she polished him to such an extent that she killed all his originality. However, if he should feel forsaken by all the world, I am certainly the first and last of his most devoted friends to stay with him. I am really ready to sacrifice everything for his success."



"Which will Gorky choose—to pursue the wife who so coolly abandons him or to return, broken, to the wife who offers him again her love and devotion?"

NOW Is the Time to Kill the Filthy Fly

By Dr. Leonard K. Herschberg.

(Of Johns Hopkins Medical College)

THE Summer about to dawn is the tenth anniversary of our conclusive conviction and tangible proof that the common nuisance and ubiquitous plague, the pestiferous housefly, produces many dangerous maladies, such as typhoid, cholera, dysentery, infantile ailments, and the like. True enough, ever since the Government report about the typhoid fever among American soldiers in the Spanish war, the housefly was fairly well known to be responsible for the spread of that infection. It was not, however, until the researches of the ensuing years had accumulated that the fly's guilt was established beyond the cavil of a doubt.

The proboscis, or what you might call the tongue of the housefly, is a most pernicious organ. Because the common fly cannot chew or bite or suck or pierce the skin, food must be sucked up to the fly in liquid form. In other words, a fly is always on a soft, liquid or "fever" diet.

As a fly alights upon food, it sticks out its tongue or proboscis by means of a pair of air-sacs or vacuum cleaners, which blow out the proboscis just as you blow into a glove to expand the fingers. Another pump of the fly's mouth sucks in the liquid food mixed with the insect's saliva. The food passes through the alimentary canal and the undesirable parts are shot forth as flecks of dust and moistened dirt from the under surface of the fly's body.

It has been abundantly confirmed by experiments that the fly not only stores up food for days and weeks at a time in its crop, but it also regurgitates fresh as well as old food very often. A fly will thus regurgitate food out through its mouth and proboscis mixed with saliva, in order to dissolve and liquefy food that is too solid for it to take. Indeed, flies are so filthy in their habits that they regurgitate and re-swallow the same food many times. These regurgitation spots may be seen on white surfaces of window panes, and are easily distinguished from spots of waste matter discharged by the fly, because they are much lighter in color than the latter.

You may thus readily picture to yourself what takes place when a fly gorges with a liquefied diet of typhoid material, tuberculosis sputum, or microbe-rich milk, hops gaily here and there on your berries, butter, sugar bowl and kitchen utensils. The apparently clean and harmless fly that idly glides into your kitchen from the passing garbage cart in order to have a bit of your bread, your sugar, your meat, or your butter, regurgitates a few times here and there wherever it alights. Briefly, if a fly wishes to sip some nourishment from your table it must regurgitate several times at least upon the food it craves. Some of its ejected saliva and food may be the remnants of fetid repasts obtained

some days previously from the filthiest places.

Moreover, the sticky, gluey cushions upon a fly's feet are literally alive and swarming with bacteria and other disease-spreading filth. The much-admired and graceful act of a fly walking upside down is due to this mucilaginous material present upon the insect's feet. The footpads of a fly are so glutinous that they take up part of anything with which they come in contact. Every known disease germ and contagion has been recovered from the sole of a fly's foot.

Since the abiding places of the musca domestica are stables, barns, manure heaps, rubbish boxes, outhouses and any decaying animal or vegetable matter, you may well imagine what varieties of germs are encountered upon a fly's feet and inside its hollow tongue and mouth. Such delectable places are the breeding spot of the mother fly. She lays her eggs, in a series of from 100 to 200 eggs at a time. She usually lives long enough to rear many thousands of progeny, half of which in turn also become aggressive, egg-laying mothers. I have, however, seen female flies during the Winter deposit eggs in a warm cellar, upon moist mud, in which there was no nourishment.

One fly killed in April is equal to the combined onslaught and destruction of billions of flies by thousands of persons in July and August. The boy or girl who destroys the early flies of April and May can carve himself or herself a belt with the motto on it of "A Million at One Blow!" For potentially, every mother fly to-day will be responsible for billions upon billions in August.

All of the mighty milk crusades with their aims for a pure, undefiled and germ-free milk will go for naught if a "Swat the Fly" campaign is not vigorously waged beforehand as well as simultaneously. You may have a milk so perfect that not a bacteria is in it, yet if there be a fly about ready to pounce upon an infant's lips, on its bottle, nipple or tiny hands, then all the other anticipated precautions will have been absolutely nullified.

The rapid substitution of the garage for the stables, cowbarns and barnyards has gone a long way to reduce the number of flies in American cities. The new city ordinances which require all garbage cans to be kept under cover, the dissemination of knowledge among the public as to the injury from flies, the use of fly traps, and the inoculation by the Government experts of parasites of flies in order to destroy the insects by epidemics fatal to them, all of these schemes in conjunction with anti-fly crusades by civic organizations should materially lengthen the life of the human race by a reduction of the number of flies.

Flies die off,
And men survive;
The more flies you kill
The longer you're alive.