

Woman's Section

Maeterlinck is More Physical Than Spiritual After All His "Blue Birds"

Prominent Women Incensed Over Poet Who Gave Great Hope to the World and Then Shattered Their Dreams by His Departure From Ideals.

By GABBY DETAYLS.

EXCITEMENT has feigned in Gabby's office this past week because of an article which appeared in one of our contemporaries, headlined, "Famous Belgian Poet Who Has Solved Problem of the Eternal Triangle is Coming." The article reads in part:

Last spring the married Mlle. Renee Dahon, 19 years old, who took the part of "Tytyl" in the original cast of "The Bluebird." He was assisted in the wooing of this child-bride by his wife, Madame Georgette Leblanc Maeterlinck, well known actress and authoress, to whom he had been married 18 years.

After the success of "The Bluebird" Mlle. Dahon was invited to visit at the ancient Abbey of St. Wandence, the favorite residence of Maeterlinck. Shortly after the visit she realized that her husband had fallen in love with the child actress. Instead of causing a tempest in a "teapot," she arranged to be divorced so that Maeterlinck could marry little Renee.

There was no ill feeling, not a bit of jealousy, and all were entirely satisfied and thoroughly happy. The success of this happy triangle is largely due to the broad-minded philosophy of Georgette, the divorced wife, who is a remarkable woman.

In explaining his philosophy to a friend, she remarked that she married Maeterlinck because he was the one man for her, the greatest genius in the world. Her only ambition in life was to make that great man happy, and to that end she would be true, no matter what conceivable sacrifices must be made. Does it make him happy to keep him from the girl he loves? No! Therefore, the wife must help him to marry the girl he loves. Every man contains two persons, the intellectual and the physical, says Madame Georgette Maeterlinck.

The physical man is necessarily attracted to the younger and fresher woman. The intellectual man may be as devoted to the intellectual side of his old companion as in other days, nay even more so, but the physical man yearns for a younger companion.

"Maeterlinck is intellectually true to me," says Madame Georgette, "but physically he is devoted to Renee." Therefore, according to Madame Georgette, it is a loving wife's duty to see her husband free to do as he pleases and to help him to find happiness. Georgette still serves as the inspiration of Maeterlinck's plays which were first made, commercially, and successful through her talents and which need her expert assistance. She may even play in them whenever a role requires her personality or she will train the girl-wife for the foremost role when it is best suited for her.

The following conversation was at white heat, between members of the society office at 10:30 Monday morning:

"Maeterlinck is a great poet, novelist, playwright, and philosopher," said the club editor, "but the fact that he divorced a fine, admirable wife, Madame Georgette Leblanc Maeterlinck, to marry Mlle. Renee Dahon, 19 years old, is no more to be excused in him than in a man of lesser attainments. In fact, it is more disappointing. For what is the purpose of high ideals, profound philosophy, lofty verse, and mighty theme, if they are not reflected in our own living? It's a poor doctor indeed, who cannot take his own medicine. Maeterlinck, in his marriage last spring to the actress who played "Tytyl" in "The Bluebird," has done just what he advises against in the play—gone outside his own home to find happiness, when all the while it was there.

Quoting from the article, we read "The physical man is naturally attracted to the younger and fresher woman.... According to Georgette, it is a loving wife's duty to see her husband free to do as he pleases and to help him to find happiness." We all agreed that we would be better without great men if our blind worship of them brings us to ideals which are contrary to all the teachings of marriage as a sacred institution, fidelity as a cardinal virtue and superiority of the spiritual over the physical. The great man who subordinates the happiness of the bride of his youth to the obsessions of his dotage has lost something of his greatness. If high-minded, strong characters cannot grow closer and dearer to each other during the passing years, then there is no argument for breadth and beauty of thought."

Into the conversation walked Mrs. George Doane, who stamped her foot, flashed her eyes and said in a most emphatic tone: "I think it's horrid. I'm too old-fashioned to understand the triangle. No, it's deeper than that. I think the principle is wrong."

Mrs. Edwin T. Swobe has very decided opinions on Maeterlinck and his physical attraction. "Oh, to give us such precious new hope as he did in 'The Blue Bird' and then take away that hope by his own conduct, leaves us more destitute of light than we were before."

It is better never to have given a prop than to take it away without a stronger substitute. For a man of Maeterlinck's marvelous mental attainments, to put ahead of that, his physical side, proves his insincerity. I shall have no desire to read his books in the future—they could hold no possible ideals for me."

"The very idea of such a thing!" exclaimed Mrs. Victor Rosewater. "Had I known that Maeterlinck was this kind of a man I should never have voted to bring him here. And it is he who says the Bluebird of Happiness is right in everybody's home! Yet he has gone outside for his happiness—at 57—the disgusting thing. If marriage and beautiful companionship is to end like this, in solving the eternal triangles, where are the homes and the children and the incentive for women to become more noble? Why, I think that is dreadful—19 and 57—and Georgette has been his inspiration, his helpmate, given him all the glory! I'd never go back and help him to be more famous, as she has done. Never, I'd shoot him."

Mrs. Rosewater has such company in her protest against such behavior. Women whose aim it is to perfect civilization and make the marriage relation and the home a beautiful place rise up in indignation against such examples.

Mrs. Lucien Stephens was pained for a moment. "Why, how dreadful. How can anyone read and love his beautiful stories knowing how the physical man is more to him than the spiritual? His books seem like lies—they must be lies—I know they are lies. Isn't he base? Georgette may be a broad-minded woman—much broader than a woman can be who loves her husband. But I doubt this broad-mindedness. There must be some other reason."

While the protest comes mostly from women, a few men have wandered into the argument. Said one man, 35, and very much alive to life: "Don't worry, girls, he will get his. We can make all the laws for right and wrong doing—all the excuses and scrape together all the philosophy we can find, and we have not changed 'The Law of Life' which operates justly and accurately despite our schemes and legislation."

Heart Beats

By A. K.

Long years he walked
The throbbing earth—
Partook of its sustenance—
And air—
And water.
He moped along
Day after day—
Night after night
He was dumb with sleep—
As the years went by—
Slipped out of sight—
Only gray hair
And wrinkles
Marked their flight—
For he never ventured,
So he never gained—
The poor he noticed
Without a pang—
Rich folks passed him,
But he gave no sign
Of any desire
For added wealth—
To progress he never
Furnished a thought—
To wasted years
No regret.
He noticed no little child
On the street—
No baby's smile
Ever won him.
His heart was not cold—
Just dumb to life's
Vivid realities—
He never worked hard
And knew not fatigue—
No pangs of poverty
Nor lust nor greed.
When the world
Went wrong
And the solons erred—
He worried not
Nor even cared.
He knew no love—
He bore no hate—
Thought not of Heaven
Nor his Fate
In another life.
He suffered no pain
And knew no joy—
But trudged along
Day after day—
In the same old rut,
In the same old way.
He never suspected
That he was dead
(Long years before he died)
As ever he would be
Hereafter—
Dead for the want
Of joy and pain—
Dead for the want
Of grief and laughter—
Dead for the lack
Of chaos and strife.
His permanent sleep
Is but breathless rest—
How could he die
When he had not lived!

SELAH.



Gladys Putnam

Rinehart-Marsden Press

Miss Putnam Engaged

Mr. and Mrs. T. O. Putnam announce the engagement of their daughter, Gladys, to Mr. Joseph Adams, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Adams, Miss Putnam attended Ferry Hall. Mr. Adams is a Creighton graduate and a member of Beta Phi Sigma. The marriage will take place Tuesday, February 3, at the home of the bride's parents. Miss Mary Parker of Lincoln and Miss Alice Huntington will be bridesmaids and Mr. Gerald Styker will act as best man. Myrtle Van Duzer and Mary Louise Dodds will be the flower girls. Assisting at the reception following the ceremony will be the Misses Englemann. Mrs. Leo Ismert will sing during the ceremony and Mrs. Mort issues Lucile Dodder, Virginia White, Phyllis Waterman and Clea Harrington. Miss Dodder will entertain at a tea at the Blackstone Friday afternoon, December 26, for Miss Putnam. Mr. Adams and his bride will be at home at the Dartmoor apartments after March 1.

many who profess nothing. The only difference is that he is a poet, so when he wishes to commit a crime of any sort, or to step outside the realm of propriety and decency, he waddered on into either of philosophy for an excuse. He wants to make of his lapses something more than common vagaries, so he

clothes them in fine words and a philosophy befitting one of his standing. If you've been thinking Maeterlinck a spiritual being, or something more than mortal man, come on down to earth with me and don't waste your grief nor indulge too deeply in disappointment. He has given her talents, her labor and makes his living writing. Don't forget that.

beseech the newspapers to print columns about him, to attend his lectures and laud him, besides pouring money into his pocket, is countenancing his selfishness and his lack of ideals. His example is extremely bad and should not be encouraged. However, back of the apparent reason is always the real reason. I am wondering if Georgette Maeterlinck had not divorced him to save some scandal. I cannot imagine her as "broad-minded" on this subject. She is either broken-hearted and too proud to let the world know, or she did not love Maeterlinck and cared little about whom he married.

"Hum-m-m!" smiled a tall, beautiful, silver-locks matron who made her grand entrance in moleskin as

Washington Is Charitable This Year

Mrs. Wilson Shops Alone in Moleskins While President Rolls in a Wheel Chair at Home.

Bee Bureau, Washington, Dec. 20. THE Christmas spirit is very strong this year in Washington. More is being done for charity than ever before. There has never been such a record for charity balls as this early season has had, and the start is only just being made. The seriousness about the White House is being brightened as the president improves, and Mrs. Wilson may be seen almost any afternoon doing a round of shopping in the downtown shops. She has been doing much of this alone this year.

The president sadly misses his personal Christmas shopping. It has always been his custom in Washington to make several trips to the shops entirely alone, and he has even evaded the watchful guards, who are supposed never to let him get out of their sight, and gone down F street and through Pennsylvania avenue absolutely alone and unprotected, a week or so before Christmas. This year the nearest he can come to it is to be wheeled around the back yard of the White House.

Mrs. Wilson has eschewed all public affairs so far this season, even the concerts of the great artists of which she is a constant patron, the White House box having been occupied by Miss Wilson and her friends, or Mrs. McAdoo and some of the cabinet or supreme court circle.

Mrs. Wilson has been seen during this very cold weather in her shopping trips, wearing some of her distinctively good looking clothes, strongly saving of a Paris atmosphere. Last week she wore the smartest and most stunning of moleskin capes, a long, full gracefully flowing one with a big soft broad collar. It had the full effect with the smart straight lines too, which only the skilled Parisian fitter can succeed in making. With this she wore a sort of queen of the Belgians' turban of duvetyne exactly the shade of moleskin, with a band and a pom-pom of moleskin. It was a most becoming costume.

Miss Margaret Wilson had a distinguished company in the presidential box at the concert of the Walter Damrosch Orchestra with Fritz Kreisler as soloist, on Tuesday afternoon of this week. Mrs. Baker just returned from her recent trip with the secretary of Panama was in the party with Mrs. Burleson, wife of the postmaster general; Mrs. A. Mitchell Palmer, wife of the attorney general; Mrs. Joshua Alexander, wife of the new secretary of commerce and Miss Agnes Hart Wilson, daughter of the secretary of labor. Mrs. Walter Damrosch had, as usual, a box party composed of her sister, who lives in Washington, Mrs. Harriet Blaine Beale, Mrs. Robert Shaw Oliver and Mrs. and Miss Boardman.

Mr. Kreisler had an ovation such as has never been accorded an artist in Washington. He was plainly affected by it and played as he never played before. Few artists of any kind were ever greeted with such a packed house as that was. Men and women cheered him, and women waved their handkerchiefs. It was a wonderful occasion for Washington.

Christmas in Washington. The secretary of state and Mrs. Lansing will spend Christmas in their home in Watertown, N. Y., leaving Washington early next week while the vice president and Mrs. Marshall left today for their home in Indianapolis to remain over Christmas day. Secretary of State Lane are having a particularly gay Yuletide with a debutante daughter at home with so many engagements that there is hardly time enough for her to catch the needed winks of sleep between balls and morning engagements. Miss Lane is very good looking, not a slender, willowy type, but pleasantly plump, with a round, smiling face. She had a lovely tea party on Wednesday afternoon, a small one but of very distinguished guests, for Nancy's parents are extremely popular people.

Quite the most beautiful charity of all the affairs this year is the ball. (Continued on Page Two, This Section.)

the others were making their graceful exits. She scanned, again, the contents of the article in which Mme. Georgette Maeterlinck was lauded as being a broad-minded and unselfish woman. "It is pure license on his part—he is a rotter." She chuckled as the veil lifted from her inner sight, or, sixth sense, or whatever you wish to call it. "Georgette was just dead tired of him and was not interested in who claimed his affection. She realized, perhaps, that he was moody and temperamental, so she threw this girl into the fire of his imagination with the hope of fanning a flame—a lack of ideals. His example is extremely bad and should not be encouraged. However, back of the apparent reason is always the real reason. I am wondering if Georgette Maeterlinck had not divorced him to save some scandal. I cannot imagine her as "broad-minded" on this subject. She is either broken-hearted and too proud to let the world know, or she did not love Maeterlinck and cared little about whom he married."

And so Gabby cannot help but wonder if he will exit from the life of his child bride when she finds a "younger and fresher man" as Georgette has made her graceful exit from the life they led together.