

And when her aunt, Lady Darby opines that "men are men and they are led away, and the rest of it," rebellious Lady Susan retorts: "Very well. I'm going to be indiscreet, and infatuated, and—the rest of it."

To her uncle, Sir Richard Kato, she remarks in the same hysterical manner:

"I want somebody to show me some way of paying him back without—without—"

"Without losing your place in society and your self respect. Ah, that's the difficulty. There's an immense reputation to be made as a moralist by any man who will show you ladies the way to break the Seventh Commandment without leaving any ill effects upon society." Thus the wise Sir Richard, who has not been practicing a quarter of a century in the divorce court for nothing.

A splendid pendant to Lady Sue is the picture of Sir Harabin, the unfaithful spouse. He is truly contrite, confesses that he has been foolish and blackguardly. But that alone does not satisfy the irate wife. She wants some reason for his conduct, one single little reason. Is her company unpleasant, her temper bad, does she flirt with anybody or give him badly cooked dinners? she asks. And he can only give an explanation that makes matters a thousand times worse.

"Married life," he says, "even with the best and sweetest of wives, does grow confoundedly unromantic at times."

What an idiot to say it! Of course Lady Susan is beside herself with rage now.

"Unromantic!" she screams. "If it comes to a romance I think I'm rather a more romantic person to live with than you. Unromantic! Married life isn't very romantic with you, Jim."

Even the diplomatic Sir Richard puts his foot in it by observing to the bickering couple:

"You ought to have finished with romance long ago, both of you."

Whereupon Lady Sue gets back at him by shouting—the remark caused unbounded merriment—the first night:

"Jim is twelve years older than I, so if he hasn't finished with it, I'm twelve years to the good."

It is plainly evident that Lady Susan means to have her fling. The husband offers to take for her that villa at Cannes that she liked last year, and asks her to go to the jeweler's and choose something—doesn't mind really what he does to show his regret. But what she wants is his word of honor as a gentleman that it shall never happen again—his sacred word of honor as a soldier—his parole. He is about to promise, but checks himself.

"After giving my word of honor as a gentlemen, I should have felt so jolly uncomfortable if it had happened again," he says to Sir Richard.

And Lady Susan, snapping her fingers in his face, leaves him with the pleasant assurance "that she is going to find a little romance and introduce it into their married life."

She goes to Egypt with her friend, Mrs. Quesnel, and there she finds her romance in the person of young Edensor. How "close to actual guilt" she was in this instance may be inferred from the lines where Lady Susan says to him:

"Oh, I should kill myself if anyone knew. You have never spoken

of me—boasted to any of your men friends—"

To please the American Mrs. Grundy, however, these lines have been expurgated, I believe. Their omission does not make "The Case of Rebellious Susan" a whit better or worse. She has had her fling and then becomes reconciled to her husband.

And what she did while away in Cairo nobody seems to care a rap about. In London Lady Susan is the most capricious, exuberant, delightful, unconventional of women, and for this reason the spectators took her to their hearts at once and will keep her there longer, it is hoped, than did young Edensor.

The satire is exquisitely enacted by Messrs. Kelcey, Le Moynes, Walcott and Fritz Williams and Isabel Irving, Bessie Tyree, Rhoda Cameron and Mrs. Walcott.

### IN NEW YORK SOCIETY.

Judging from the following, from the *New York World*, a death is a matter of very little importance in the routine of New York society:

"Mr. and Mrs. John Jacob Astor gave a dinner tonight in their splendid new residence at Fifth Avenue and Sixty fifth street.

Mrs. William Astor has cards out for a banquet to be given at her residence, Fifth avenue and Fifty fourth street.

The body of Mrs. William Waldorf Astor lies in Trinity Chapel awaiting the funeral service, and Mr. William Waldorf Astor is expected to reach here tomorrow on the Teutonic.

Society people have put all these facts together, and the result is a wondering interrogation as to what is the matter with the Astors. Those who discuss it say John Jacob Astor and William Astor were almost inseparable, and when each had a son born to him he named it for the other, so that William W. Astor is the son of John Jacob Astor, while John Jacob Astor is the son of William Astor. Then why, they ask, should these receptions be held when death casts its pall over one side of the house?

Mrs. William Astor and Mr. and Mrs. John Jacob Astor appeared at the opera on the night of the day the news of Mrs. William Waldorf Astor's death was cabled. Mrs. Astor and her daughter-in-law were arrayed on that occasion with unusual splendor. Moreover, they have not assumed mourning since.

Mrs. John Jacob Astor was one of the reception committee at the first assembly of the season last week. She surprised every one immensely by appearing there in gorgeous array. It is related that when a prominent man asked Mrs. Astor politely as to the health of the family there was a nervous titter along the line."

### ENCOURAGING.

Consumptive (in Colorado)—Is this room well situated for an invalid?

Landlady—It couldn't be better. I've had three consumptives here the past year, and they liked it so well that not one left until he died.



"I'sh feeling bad. Rain makes feeling worse. Hic! I'll put down my umbrella, and—"



"Hic! what's thish crawlin on th' floor?"



"Snakes!! Snakes!!"