

THE TROUBLES OF TWO WORKING GIRLS

By HELEN GREEN.

Scene—The telephone switchboard in the lobby of a New York hotel.

Characters—Annabelle, the telephone girl, and Myrtle, "in the business."

Annabelle—Yunno I been thinkin' about Lillian Russell marryin' again, dearie, an' I feel like she oughta be spoke to plain as to the grave chanct she's takin'. Ef mawr wasn't on the road with the Broadway Grues Widows I'd git her to plead with Lillian, an' after mawr's told any goll of her own saddenin' trials at sweet domesticity the Hester's Bible to flag the guy like she would a rattlesnake. Still the wisest of us gits that yu fur a Bronx dat an' opportunity to stand up a hour on the subway gittin' to it, and all because of Him.

MYRTLE—Why should us wimenz not foller our natural instincts, Bella, which is to snare one of 'em an' let the fruitful days begin? Here I am still dubbin' along, tryin' to decide whether to stick with the troupe when it leaves N'Yark—we'd only play the big burrs, an' I know a lovely lot of wine buyers in the entire list; also old Mista Einstein says if his fam'ly comes home an' lives in their own house 'stead of gaddin' through Yurp he kin afford to put me out in a musical show, an' satten members of the hammer throwers' union may yet come vringin' to the box office an' ast my personal manager fur two down front.

My other trouble is my finger, Bella. While I never was no human lath an' them that is has neither the high spirit or compellin' charm of a goll of my build, yet I allus kep' to the walter-weight limit, an' now I could be matched with Jim Flynn. Rein' a trifle meaty's safe enough with a doll who kin toll round' home in kimonos takin' it easy, but laetn' like I gotta fur the stage makes it turble hard.

Why, why must a pore workn' goll be constantly surrounded by sech irritations?

ANNABELLE—Ain't I a sufferer likewise? Here a guy come in here last week, wearin' a nobby fur overcoat an' drivin' a big red-wheeled sixty, an' hein' as he was sent in to me as an intimate fren of the key clerk I s'posed he had cumpl'n', and when he'd

dated me an' mawr up an' took us through Westchester fur a spin Sunday he gits ketcht on the wire at a roadhouse an' then ast would we excuse him, 'cause his boss insisted on the car bein' hrang back. Think of our feelin's, dearie! It's jest like Gaby Deslys says, us golls shouldn't descend to parties beneath us. Which it's true fur one. I went to a show with a Brooklyn folla, an' his idee of surroundin' a lady with comfort was kittle' a dozen fried oysters an' a nickef's worth of pickles an' settin' on the front steps to eat 'em. All the refinement of my nature revolts agin these horrors, yet the doggone world's arranged so it comes like one in a un-protected position must bear hardship that'd make Peary weaken. Have yuh win a bet yet, dearie?

MYRTLE—I could do grand if I had a handroll, but them Southern races'd buffalo any one. I set up a whole night dallyn' a couple what oughta cop of they don't fall down, an' next day they're scratched, an' bein' as yuh want some action fur yer money a'course I lose my bean an' blow a salary what I hadda do a hull week's marchin' to git.

ANNABELLE—Did I tell yuh it's all righ' with Abie agin? At that I s'pose I'm goin' to regret it, but they's a couple bills nearly due, an' he's allus there with a box. Yunno I give Abie a razor fur his birthday, an' he breezed in here lookin' like he shaved with a barwire fence, an' sayin' what a lonely town this kin be. Ain't love a beautiful thing, dearie? He gimmo a swell bracelet, an' so I took him back.

MYRTLE—Beware of acceptin' joolry, Bella, fur how precious is a character knowed by all as anustere. An' people is prone to invidious comment, a'course if it's diamonds or sumpin' that looks like money the bars kin be lowered accordin'ly, but allus refuse any them department store gauds, 'cause they're only gold outside.

ANNABELLE—Don't talk like a fish, dearie! Don't yuh s'pose I was Joe to the price? Yunno in a way I was kinda glad to see Abie, fur mawr's letters makes me that upset I kind

hardly do my trick here. Bhe's been accused by Dave Montgomery of tellin' our hull city that he's a Swede, which mawr done nothing more'n con- thine a scandal began by his partner, Mista Stone, nur my mawr ain't one to trade on nobody's worries, though I will observe private to yuh that he suttently looks the part, an' to pick on a woman as sensitive as mawr fur meerly crackin' thoughtless like, kin that be called good taste, dearie?

MYRTLE—An' do yuh fur a seekin' expect reason from a male, Bella? Here Arthur, my gellmun fren who's a locomotive engineer, he says of wed we gotta live near the tracks, 'cause he gits nervous of he kinnot hear the cars. An' where is they a single protectin' reflection fur her who would be leavin' the foots an' the glitter fur him? I been us myself to stickin' at a table in Jack's till the gray dawn pales the lights, an' I ain't said nothing of the dretful gone feelin' I'm goin' to get every mornin' about two, which has been ham an' alg time since I first went into the purfession. Does it pay to sink yer individuality dearie?

Fur they don't appreciate it. Also before our engagement's rully ratified he's gotta switch his present ways, fur while it's a pleasure to observe how he kin stage manage a few pannikins of liker, yet last evenin' he bumped the road pres-dent's machine as it was crossin' a grade, an' that's no plug fur our future.

ANNABELLE—Them railroad gooks are allus slamm'n' doors all over the house, too, dearie. Yuh kin pull down a better guy than Arthur. Ain't yuh bought enough bricks? I know I—hello?

Yup, 4-11-44. Who? Oh, hello, Abie. Whadda yuh want? Yuh jest rang me a few minutes ago. Saw my former fren, the Captain, comin' in here, an' gotta insist I don't s'much as regerize him? Listen here, Abie. Yuh wants put a copper on that tranny ideer yuh got! Him an' me had no trouble. Wha-at? Suttently I care fur yer opinion, but I ain't a-goin' to be a perfect mark, yunno, I—wha-at? Swore to never deceive yuh? I did not swear, but I will if you don't git offa the wire. Kin'y depar' fur I got my work. Hello? As yuh please, Abie. I ain't to be intimidated.

Go'-by. Oh, ain't he ornery, dearie? An' it's sumpin' all the time to a gell whose entire heart is his, an'—gee, there's the Captain now! I betcha he's comin' to ast me out. Gimme yer powder puff, quick. They ain't no place like Broadway!

(Curtain.)

REAL AGES OF PLAYERS AND OTHER STAGE SECRETS

(By James S. Metcalf in Chicago Daily News)

NEW YORK, March 6.—The presence of Lillian Russell in the cast of the Weber and Fields show at the Broadway provokes frequent reference to her continued and un fading beauty. In conversation this usually brings on discussion and disagreement about her actual age. She, like other professionals, suffers from the tendency of the public to exaggerate, unintentionally, to be sure, the ages of those whose names have appeared repeatedly on the billboards and in the programs. In the case of Lillian Russell there are too many of the present generation who remember her appearance at Tony Pastor's, when she was a mere chit of a girl, to admit of any doubt of the fact that she has only just turned fifty, having been born in December, 1861.

To illustrate this general tendency to overrate the ages of professional people, it may not be amiss to have a glance at the years of some of the best known. Among the veterans is Sir Charles Wyndham, of course, with his almost seventy-eight years. In spite of her long and not yet completed career, Ellen Terry has only just now celebrated her sixty-fourth birthday. Julia Marlowe admits to forty-one and Mary Manning to almost thirty-six. Dustin Farnum is also thirty-six and William Faversham six years older. Robert Mantell and George Fawcett are a little further along, the former fifty-eight, and the latter fifty-one. In the Weber and Fields partnership the junior is really the senior, for, although both are forty-five, Lew Fields was born on New Year's day. Mrs. Fiske is one year older than the dialect comedians. Maxine Elliott is forty-one, and her brother-in-law, Forbes Robertson, fifty-nine.

More Age Secrets Divulged. Nazimove is thirty-two, Olga Nethercole, forty-nine. Olcott's voice is still sweet at fifty-one, and John Drew finds no difference in making love at fifty-eight. Marie Dressler has just turned forty, and Maude Adams thirty-seven. Viola Allen, who is thinking of leaving the stage, certainly hasn't any excuse in her forty-two years, and, of course, Margaret Anglin has a long time to go with only thirty-five behind her. Arnold Daly is thirty-six, George Arliss forty-three and Henry Dixey ten years old-

er. Ethel Barrymore and Dorothy Donnelly are comparatively kids, each being thirty-two. Eleanor Duse and Jane Hading are also of the same age, fifty-two. Wilton Lackaye has just gained his half century. Lulu Glaser is thirty-seven and Nat Goodwin is fifty-four. James H. Hackett owns up to forty-two and Sir John Hare is sixty-seven. De Wolf Hopper is fifty-three, Margaret Hington thirty and May Irwin forty-nine. Bruce McRae is forty-five and Louis Mann two years younger. Henry Miller and E. H. Sothern are each fifty-two, two years younger than John Mason. Jessie Millward is just fifty and Clara Morris sixty-five. Cyril Scott is forty-six, Julia Sanderson twenty-seven, Annie Russell forty-six, Blanche Ring thirty-five, Eva Tanguary thirty-three, Fay Templeton forty-six, Sir H. Beerholm Tree fifty-eight, Irene Vanbrugh thirty-nine, Charlotte Walker thirty-three, Lewis Waller fifty-one, Blanche Walsh thirty-three, Helen Ware thirty-four, William Collier forty-three, and David Warfield the same.

Actors Gain Fame Early. Although Lotta Crabtree has long since retired, she is still active at sixty-four. Constance Collier is thirty-three. Mrs. Patrick Campbell forty-seven. Billy Burke twenty-five, May Buckley thirty-six, Holbrook Blinn forty, Frances Starr twenty-five, Otis Skinner fifty-eight, Eben Plympton fifty-nine, Mme. Rejane fifty-three, Julia Opp forty-one and Nance O'Neill thirty-eight.

Take an equal number of persons in any other profession or calling, and those who have gained anything like equal prominence in the minds of the public will be found to be considerably older. It is the constant reiteration of the name in print which gives the actor and, unfortunately for her, the actress an undeserved reputation for age.

Things in Brief. In connection with the production of "Oliver Twist" there is an exhibition of Dickens' theatrical material in the lobby, including the costumes worn by Fanny Davenport as Nancy Sikes and Joseph Jefferson as Caleb Plummer.

Mme. Bernhardt received \$20,000 for acting Camille before the moving picture camera. This is probably the largest amount ever paid to any artist for a single performance. When she

saw the reel run off she is said to have yielded to the curious effect that every one experiences on first seeing his or her own individuality displayed in a moving picture. To her emotions she gave expression in the ways possible only to a French woman and of all French women to Sarah Bernhardt.

The only break in the season's run of "Bought and Sold For" will come with the closing of the playhouse on Good Friday. The play has been booked for London next season.

Even the dark cloud of a presidential year has its silver lining and the country is safe. Gaby Deslys is coming back in the autumn.

The New York ministers have taken up the matter of the increasing laxity in the enforcement of the Sunday theater law. They are going to move on Mayor Gaynor to compel a stricter regard for its provisions.

Lee Shubert has just returned from Europe and brings with him in addition to a lot of other new things the American rights to "Fanny's First Play," the biggest success Bernard Shaw has ever had in London.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

(Continued from page nine.)

raphies by her enemies, her friends, and those without personal interest, are available everywhere to all who care to read them. Her truest biography, however, is in the lives of the thousands who have through her teachings been almost literally raised from the grave, and from the slough of despair and the miry pits of sickness and sin. That she "put herself on a level with Christ," is utterly false, and the allegation is without a shadow of proof. Her injunction to Christian Scientists was to follow her only in so far as she followed Christ, and anyone, whether enemy or friend, who claims otherwise, is without shadow of excuse for so doing.

In conclusion I will say that I fail to understand why the Bishop should have selected the Lenten season for the indulgence of the medieval pastime of anathematizing those whom he imagines to be pursuing some other road than that traversed by himself. Some nineteen hundred years ago, when the Master Christian was teaching and demonstrating among the villages of Galilee the things of the Kingdom of God, he nipped in the bud a little weed of pharisaism which had begun to take root in the heart of one of his disciples. This is the story,

as related in the ninth chapter of Mark's Gospel:

"And John answered him, saying, Master, we saw one casting out devils in thy name, and he followed not us, and we forbade him, because he followeth not us. But Jesus said, Forbid him not, for there is no man which shall do a miracle in my name that can lightly speak evil of me."

W. N. SMITH, Christian Science Committee on Publications for Hawaii, Hilo, Hawaii, March 19, 1912.

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