

BILLIE BURKE IN TWO MOODS

IN ONE SHE CHATTED IN THE OTHER SHE WOULDN'T.

A glimpse of the actress in her dressing room at the theatre and the sudden interruption of an interview—Samson's Latest Feat of Destruction.

The interview with "pretty little Billie," as her admirers call her, would have gone along all right, right as rain, as they say in London, but for Samson.

Samson, called William Gillette for long—oh, a long time—is bitterly opposed to interviews, and some untoward fate led him to the door of Miss Burke's dressing room, which as every one knows who knows anything about the location of stage entrances is situated very near the Criterion, where nightly Samson pulls down the pillars of a rotten social system recently imported from Paris.

Before Samson arrived on the fateful night of the interview, Miss Burke had come bustling in. She had apologized for being late. Oh, she is so sorry; but what can you do when you live in Yonkers and go in and out in an automobile and have a dinner engagement besides with some dear friends at the Hotel Knickerbocker?

Not that she dines as other people do; oh dear no; not really dining, you know; she just has a few oysters, a bit of celery, maybe, or a small snack of something like that. The oysters take time, you know, and she has to take time, you know, nearly an hour.

But she just can't understand why anybody lives in New York who can live in the country. Yonkers is the dearest place when you know it well, as she does, every bit of it, and there are, indeed, lovely bits and drives. Oh, yes, perfectly lovely places out there, and they all have it. It really pleases her.

Miss Burke was this "fitting" herself into the interview very deftly. So far she had not said anything that would make the immortal William turn in his grave reproachfully or lead Bernard Shaw to join another diatribe against the ingenuus as an incident in the field of epigram, but she was holding her own in the preliminary bout.

She leaves the subject of Yonkers for a while with visible regret. You feel that it is rather cruel to drag her away from a topic fraught with such interest and excitement, but it must be done; yes, it must be. Life is hard and one only develops by suffering, and you hate, simply hate, to be the one to inflict suffering, especially on an ingenuus, a real ingenuus, who lives in Yonkers. But you do it, lowering your voice and leaning forward protectively, and she waits to answer you while she nods approval at the white moulin gown the maid is preparing for her first act.

"The gown is spick and span, and on the minutes slip into hours and the hours into weeks and the weeks into seasons; at least it seems so. You have heard that Mr. Gillette had a way with him. You begin to scent disaster as well as perfume.

Then you recall some more of Miss Burke's judgments of men and things that go to make up the great world of success and endeavor.

You have time to recall them, also to write them down, for still she does not return—she does not return.

Was it pretty little Billie, as she is known in the world of the footlights, who said that the English method of acting was so much more natural than that demanded by the American audiences, that she fine shades and nuances of reserve and reserve?

Then comes one of those silences that get on one's nerves. Outside in the theatre there is a rumbling of scenery as the workmen move the flies; there is a shuffle of busy feet and a low toned word of command. In the street are the honks of autos, street car bells jangling out of tune, all the mechanism of Broadway at its nth power. Men and women in the great world are loving, hating, eating, drinking and are merry together. Only in the dressing room of Miss Burke is a great change—Mr. Gillette disapproves.

An idea comes to you. You will turn your smile on him. It has worked admirably in Miss Burke's case. Who knows what it may do with Mr. Gillette? Perhaps he too will admit that musical comedy is the greatest of all schools and may even go so far as to suggest Yonkers as the paradisaical abode of talent and that the law of life is insistent and genius cannot be downed by the lack of training in a dramatic school. Who knows?

Who, indeed! When the smile reaches the door there is nothing there. Disapproval has departed. You have a dim, started remembrance that a glance was cast to you. It was the faint smile of the actress that Samson gives his rival in the room at the Hotel Ritz. Before he throws himself on his throat and nearly chokes him to death. In the same dim, wireless way you are conscious that he has intimated to you that your sex has protected you.

Miss Burke notices the exit just as quickly as you do. She follows it with a little scream of protest. Her exit remembers his closely in its suddenness, only where his expressed disgust hers suggests forgetfulness.

Her absence gives you opportunity to observe that the dressing room of the ingenuus is as complex in its assumption of simplicity as the gown which hangs abundantly in the wardrobe near by.

It is spick and span as the dresses and is covered wherever possible with baby blue, the true ingenuus color, not one of the fashionable shades popular in Paris, the dead blues, decadent and dreary. The nest is heavily scented and there are quantities of mirrors and lights.

When time to cook the waffles gets it hotter. Dip a brush in some fat not containing salt and apply it lightly to the interior of the iron. A vegetable cooking oil is always desirable for this work, and nothing browns so prettily without scorching the fat as olive oil, but of course it seems expensive. A mixture of olive oil and lard is very good. Lard makes an erid smoke for a few moments that usually soon separates the cook from her appetite for a while.

The first fat put on the new iron is instantly absorbed by the metal, which must continue to be fed quickly until it is longer drier than the fat oil. The iron must be very hot when the batter is put in.

It is at this point much of the success in cooking both sides alike is secured. Be sure to have the very hot side of the iron raised. That which receives the batter will heat while being filled and that side should be cooked about a quarter of a minute before turning the iron.

A waffle will make a very desirable substitute for a griddle cake and is far more wholesome for the children if properly made and cooked. It can be used for breakfast, tea, supper, family or special informal dinners, and a pity this the waffle hasn't yet taken its proper place in the Northern household.



"LOVE WATCHES"

she answers your question dreamily with a slight lip.

Of course she was dreadfully frightened when she first came over here to play. Naturally she wanted to play in America, but she didn't want to play until she could come in something worth while, certainly not in musical comedy, where she made her first hit.

Didn't you hear about it? She was in "The Belle of Mayfair" and afterward had the part of Edna May in "The School Girl." Her song "The Little Canon" simply took London by storm, you know. Of course, she realizes perfectly that when you are singing night after night to tumultuous London audiences a song like that which you really are not getting down into the real depths of life, which every one knows exist, knows only too well, but that instead of sounding those chasms you are rather drifting—drifting on the surface; but it is a pleasant surface and if you are not striking rocks you are at least escaping shipwreck.

And musical comedy is a great school. You learn a great deal in it. No training could be better, for of course you know she was never taught to play; she never went to any school as some actresses do, nor did she have any teacher. What is in you, you know, must eventually make itself felt. That is the law of life.

She looks at you for approval. She certainly has done well and you smile engagingly with a smile which you hope will lead her to other entertaining and important disclosures.

It does. One has not a trained smile for nothing.

"Louie Parker, the author of 'Rosemary,' saw me in 'The School Girl' and he said

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Then I played in 'Mrs. Ponderbury's Past,' where I took the part of an actress who had money left her by her husband. There was a tiny loophole in my contract and it was by way of that loophole I came to New York to take the part of leading woman with 'Drew in My Wife.' Then I was made a star—not a very long time after I commenced to play. Yes, I suppose I am the youngest star. It is a great responsibility."

Miss Burke leaves you to draw your own conclusion as to which of the states specified is the responsible one and it is at that moment that you hear a strange sound.

It is merely tapping on wood, as if some one was in fear of bad luck, but Miss Burke recognizes and calls out: "Oh, that you, Mr. Gillette?" and the face of Samson appears smiling, enthusiastic and welcoming at the door.

He has his mouth open to speak, when some "strange, subtle, psychic current" warns him of danger, or if not danger at least a condition unexpected and unfriendly. It is imagination or does he really shiver?

At any rate he closes his mouth on a chopped off word and looks about to discover the cause of his mental disturbance.

The cause is not far off. Half of it is pondering on Miss Burke's last remark, wondering if she intended to convey the idea that it is a great responsibility to be young or to be a star, and the other half is sketching rapidly.

The temperature of the dressing room falls suddenly. It has been at summer heat; now it is at freezing point.

"You are busy, I see," Mr. Gillette says sternly, icily. He is Samson at his most indignant.

"Not really busy," Miss Burke stammers, "only being interviewed."

"Being what?"

If Mr. Gillette's antipathy to interviews were not already well known to the unpromising severity of his pose would have shown it. For if Miss Burke had said that she was being inoculated for smallpox; that she had married leprosy; and was being divorced in haste, that she was being examined for possible hydrophobic symptoms, Samson could not have exhibited in the gamut of expressions that chased themselves all over his face more reproach, dismay, anxiety, grief and disappointment.

But the emotion passes. Miss Burke may be weak, but he will not be. It is the duty of the strong to protect. One is not Samson for nothing. His lips move slightly. He is not saying his prayers, you may be sure.

Miss Burke tries to be sprightly. It is pretty hard work and even her brand of vivacity is not able to withstand entirely the blast of such disapproval.

"Yes, it's an interview for THE SUN, you know, and I was just telling them that you see, musical comedy is the greatest school that you can have to perfect yourself in the art of acting. Don't you think that it is the greatest?"

Samson turns his eyes away from Miss Burke. It is a hard thing to do when you once get them fixed there, and she is quite certain that only the very unusual could enable him to accomplish it. You don't blame him for his hesitation, you really don't, but when he turns them on the corner seat where you are huddled you try to think of some good reason why you were ever born. You know there must have been one, if you could recall it quickly. The artist meanwhile writes feverish reasons for her cumbering the earth in the perfectly outrageous and unnecessary way of which she is guilty, instead of making thumbnail sketches of Miss Burke, as she had been doing innocently up to that moment.

"Be that interviewed?"

Then comes one of those silences that get on one's nerves. Outside in the theatre there is a rumbling of scenery as the workmen move the flies; there is a shuffle of busy feet and a low toned word of command. In the street are the honks of autos, street car bells jangling out of tune, all the mechanism of Broadway at its nth power. Men and women in the great world are loving, hating, eating, drinking and are merry together. Only in the dressing room of Miss Burke is a great change—Mr. Gillette disapproves.

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MISS BILLIE BURKE. (Drawn From Photo. by Searcy.)

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WOMEN ARE WISE.

They Know a Joke When They See It, and So Suggesters Become Humbugs.

"Any man who thinks a woman is un-
derstanding about the worth of her own
possessions," declares one of our wisest
women, "is a bald-headed man on the inside as
sure as the women don't know a joke
when they see it; deserves to be well-
son, by gracious, he deserves to be married,
and that's all there is to it."

"Did you see this? Did you read this
in the paper? By gum, it's a corker.
Just listen here—
"A young idiot goes and enlists in the
navy. They give him some blue clothes
and a black eye, a sloop bucket and a light
breakfast, and set him to work improving
the complexion of the 'arboard' watch
ahoy. Say, he was sore all over."

"Had a girl ashore too. Fact is, she
put him up to it. Well, sir, he was in and
he couldn't get out. So he manufactured the
idea, who he leaned to say 'Yessir' and
'No sir,' and click his heels and salute
every time any gold braid came along,
and after a while his time was up."

"Then listen. 'No more discipline,'
he says. 'No more bowing and scraping,'
he says. 'No more being afraid to call your
soul your own,' he says. 'Not with the
girl on shore ready to marry me,'
he says. 'I'm through with discipline
and 'bucking water for life,' he says,
and he skidded right out of the navy
like he was almost human."

"Then, by gracious, what did he do?
Well, sir, by gum, he goes right off and
marries the girl. Think it over, sonny;
that's it easy and yet the next day he
says 'That's right, go ahead and laugh. Honest,
now, can you beat it?'"

"Goes right home, he does, right out
of the navy, and marries the girl. Never
waited to get the cork out of his back even.
Tired of discipline, he was, and he goes
right off and gets married! Wanted a
chance to call his soul his own, he did,
and as soon as he gets a living shore he
beats it right out and becomes a husband.
Regular husband, by gracious, and before
that he was only a sailor."

"But the girl, son, the girl! Wasn't
she the goods? Can you see it? Does it
get to you, the whole business?"

"There she was, just an ordinary sort of
a female woman, a plain person, nothing
extra, understand, like, or though she was
bigger than he was, or could throw
straight or anything. No, sir, regular
ordinary average girl."

"And there he was. High and mighty
sort of a male man. Used to go out with
the boys and come back with the katz-
enjammer. Stood up straight and looked
'em over. Regular unmarried man sort
of a guy. Wouldn't never take nothing
from nobody, nobody."

"Now, see. Pipe the foxy flossie.
She was over seven. 'What chance would
she stand with him?' 'Nix.' So what does
she do? She pumps him full of salt water
literature. She hands him over to the
myrmidons of the quarterdeck and lets
them beat the fear that cometh with
understanding into him with a 16 inch
gun. Say, son, it was grand. It was a
regular Theodore Kremer second got."

"Then she waits for him to come out.
Gins as he plunges over to her little
cottage door, and when he says, 'Will
you?' she gets red in the face trying to
frame up 'You betcher life!' in some more
modest and retiring sort of language."

"Would she? Would she be his?
Would she? Holy hopping hoopskate,
what in the name of goodness had she been
training him for? Would she be his?
In a minute, if she had not already decided
that he was going to be hers. Now, say,
son, what chance has a man got against
a good girl like that?"

"By gracious, you got to give her credit.
You got to give 'em all credit. They're
wise, son; they're wise. They go out to
tea fights and bargain makes an
afternoon and there like butter
wouldn't melt in their mouths. Along
comes one of us mere men with a pair
of squeaky patent leathers and a week's
pay in his kick, and he looks at 'em
and he says to himself, 'There's a nice,
quiet, tame, innocent looking bunch.
For two cents, I'd go in and give 'em a
look, I would.'"

"And all the time the girl nearest the
window is saying to the petite lamb along-
side, 'There's a big hunk of nothing with
a face like a pair of stale piping us
through the window. She's waiting for
him to come in and tie a few knots in him'
'No,' says mother's ownest lamb, putting
on a sly look in a thunder storm ex-
pression. 'Let's wait until the cannibals
are gone, and then we'll go out and throw
the books into a couple of live ones.'"

"Honest, son, what chance in this wide
world has a poor, uneducated
critter like a man in until somebody
wakes him up from his dream, got with
a frameup like that? Say, he hasn't
got any more show than I have when my
wife gets going. Only I know enough
to beat it before it begins to thunder.
That's experience, that's what that is, and
experience don't come in a box like
crackers, pipe that."

"Well, that's why I say any man who
thinks a woman has no sense of humor
is liable to have some girl come along
any day and marry him up, and then
where he'll be? He knows more, but it
don't do him any good."

"Yes, indeed, son, there's no doubt
about it, a woman knows a joke when
she sees it. Of course you tell her a joke
and she won't laugh nor nothing; but
that's because she don't see it."

"Am I putting up money? In the time
I've been here I have put in bank \$197.
While my wages are only \$14 a month,
there are always some tips. They are
not large here because this is not one of
the fancy hotels, but they are big enough
to keep me from spending my wages
while giving me a few extra dollars each
month to spend for comfort."

"I've been reading in the papers that
lobsters are soon to be plentiful and
cheap," said the man who fancies himself
an epicure. "But even a cut in half of the
price wouldn't be doing as well as I did
a few months ago on a trip which took
me much further east than Maine."

"I got lobsters for 45 cents a dozen.
Yes, sir, that was the price. Big fat lobsters
they were too, much better eating than
any you can get in this town except in
places where lobsters are a specialty."

"This remarkable deal was up on the
Nova Scotia coast of the Bay of Fundy.
It wasn't a chance bargain, but the
regular price, and as that you could get
the lobsters cooked and served for the
same price. Not cooked fancy, mind
you, but baked in seaweed, which to my
taste is one of the best ways to make a
lobster ready for eating."

"Why, the hotels in Yarmouth and
Digby and other Nova Scotia towns give
you a lobster for 25 cents, dinner and
supper, cooked any way you like, and
for the asking. They're as common as
eggs and as cheap."

"This was sharp as the fall. Later in
the season, they told me when the Maine
supply runs short, and New York, Boston
and other great centres of lobster con-
sumption incessantly call for more, the
price goes up and up. Not very much higher
for home consumption, of course, but
for export. These Bluebonnet fishermen
aren't missing any chances and they
demand and get New York prices."

"A Sixty Pound Catfish.
From the Frankfort News.
The biggest catfish caught in the Ken-
tucky River for a long time was caught
last night by Sanford Carter at Polsgrove's
dam. It weighed sixty pounds, and
when tied to a rail on the bank, it
began to roll over the dam. Mr.
Carter's dog, the dog, was on the bank
this morning and a catfish weighing 115
pounds was caught. It was a record
but the one caught last night holds the
record for recent fishing."

BETTER THAN A FACTORY JOB

ANNE CHANGED TO HOTEL WORK AND LIKES IT.

Advantages of Domestic Service as They Appear to Working Girls—No Strikes, Shorter Hours and Better Living Accommodations Are Here.

"Why did I give up factory work to become a chambermaid? Anne shook her head as she repeated the reporter's question. "For the same reason that I took up factory work—to make a living."

"Up to five years ago I did make a living working in a factory. I lived in a comfortable room with another girl, wore comfortable clothes and in two years put \$300 in the bank. I didn't have any cause to complain and I didn't complain. I was doing fine."

"Then I got to mixing up with these unions. People told me it was the right thing for every worker, man, woman and child, to join a union. Well, I joined and in less than a year I was out of work."

"I never had been out of work a day before, so when the order came for us to strike I thought it would be fine. Experience and was one of the leaders in getting the others to walk out. What was the trouble? Oh, there wasn't any trouble, that is, in our factory. It was what they call sympathy for another factory."

"When the time came for us all to go back the factory boss wouldn't take me. He gave another excuse, but we all knew it was because I had been one of the leaders in the movement for the strike."

"Of course I got another job pretty soon, because I was a skilled worker in my line. In less than three months another strike was called and again I took a lead in leading the workers out. You see, I had got to believe myself a heroine. I thought I was working in a great cause, was doing what the walking delegates call putting the general good above self."

"I held to this idea for about two years, until I had been forced to draw the last dollar of my savings out of the bank. That made me think perhaps I had better let somebody else play the heroine, at least until I could get on my feet again."

"Because I was on my last dollar I was forced to take the first work that I could get and at lower wages than I had received any time during my strike. I had worked in a factory for years, and was looking forward to getting a few much needed garments for the coming winter when in comes an order from the union for a strike."

"Did I help them out? Not much. It took a good many weeks to convince me that it was my duty to give up my bed and board, poor as it was, because a lot of men and women I'd never clasped eyes on had decided they wanted more wages."

"I had got down to filling up on bananas because they were three for a penny and to wearing shoes I had fished out of an ash can. The \$5 I had managed to get in bank looked as big as a million to me in the factory. I had to get myself where I'd be forced to draw it out."

"They finally persuaded me that it was my duty to go out. I was not willing and instead of leading I was the very last to walk out of the door of that factory."

"That night I thought over the whole situation. I had heard that there was always a demand for servants. The prospect of working out didn't seem so bad to me, judging by what had been heard, but it was better than being forced to draw out that precious \$5 I had saved in bank. The next morning I registered at an uptown employment bureau and within half an hour had been engaged as chambermaid in this hotel."

"That was a long time ago. Don't I want to go back to factory work? Not while the unions can order me out and make me spend my hard earned savings. I got \$15 a month here, a good deal more than I was getting in the factory. I have a warm room, which I share with two other chambermaids, and good food."

"Oh, yes, I've heard plenty of complaint of the poor food furnished the help in hotels, but my own good Irish stew with white potatoes, coffee or tea and plenty of bread and butter is much better than bananas or cold food from a pastry shop. Besides, we have three meals a day in comfortable room, with an hour to eat. That is better than I ever had the whole time I was doing factory work."

"We have a nice bathroom and clothes to hang our clothes in. I never was able to pay for such quarters when I was working in the factory. Here I'm living in one of the finest parts of the city instead of in a tenement in the poorest and most crowded quarter."

"Yes, there is