

A Debut With Bernhardt Adventures of a Young Woman at Her First Appearance as a Supernumerary

After an early luncheon I started out on the merciless trail for Christmas presents and soon found myself waiting impatiently before a saleswoman who was engaged in listening to the animated monologue of a friend across the counter.

Why could not I be an extra and see at close range the Divine Sarah I had long worshipped across the footlights? What did Christmas presents, a dinner engagement and a few other things, including my ignorance of the play and how to get a place—what did all of these matter?



"WITH PROFESSIONAL INDIFFERENCE TO EXPRESSIONS OF PAIN."

and I'm supposed to be there at 1, but instead it's me for Newark and six weeks exile. Good-by, I'll send you a card."

trance. I am sure I would never have found it without some kind of a guide; and there the superhuman strength that is always provided for adventurers aided me in opening a door that seemed to be made for the sole purpose of keeping me out.

LAND OF THE BIG RED APPLES THINGS IN WASHINGTON STATE ODD TO THE EASTERNER.

Profits of the Orchards—Results of Scientific Farming—Well to Do People Who Can Get No Servants—Women Who Succeed in Various Lines of Business.

Spokane is probably the only city in the country where they have big red apples in the windows of the real estate offices. Fruit and truck ranches thereabout approach the value of city real estate and form a permanent portion of the real estate man's business.

Some of them laid side by side on a foot long rule filling it from end to end is a favorite arrangement, and below will be a box of the actual soil on which they grew, laid out in miniature ten acre plots, perhaps with gold dollars laid through the furrows to show what the soil produces.

"But those apples are not real, you know," said a Spokane woman to a feminine visitor from the East, "they are just wax apples for sham."

The Eastern woman accepted this as a reasonable explanation of the impossible size and perfection of the fruit until on a subsequent passing she saw a hand reach over from within the office, seize one of the wax apples and convey it to a mouth which removed a large section from the apple's side.

Near Dayton, in southern Washington, the crop was sold from an apple orchard of eight acres for \$15,000 a few weeks ago. It was sold on the trees, the purchaser harvesting the crop.

Some and daughters of very good families will go into the harvest orchards. Almost everybody has picked or packed apples some time or other. The boys do the picking, the nimble fingers of the girls make short work of the packing. The packing is piece work, 5 cents a box.

All the people who do odd jobs or poorly paid work the rest of the year turn into the orchards for harvest. Not a soul can be seen to clean a house, mow a lawn or do seamstress work in a tree town while the harvest is on.

In the wheat and hay country wages are higher. Harvest hands on the timothy ranches get \$3 to \$3.50 a day, and on the wheat ranches from \$2.50 to \$5 or \$6 a day, the last for especially skilled work.

land of high prices. Spokane, with a hundred thousand inhabitants, pays New York prices for everything except goods manufactured in the East, and for those it pays more.

There are tree towns in Washington, as there are cow towns or mining towns in other places. In these towns even the women all talk trees, as some women in New York talk stocks. They know how many trees are planted to the acre, how many dollars of annual income each tree is worth on the average.

North Yakima, for instance, a famous tree town in southern Washington, looks exactly like some small, staid, old New England city. Wide streets, arched over with line shade trees, block after block of pretty homes, set back amid great lawns and gardens, bewilder one with the feeling that many generations must have come and gone, yet the pioneers are still in middle age.

There is no mass of unemployed labor to call to the fruit harvesting in Washington, so the apples are picked and packed largely by people who are busy the rest of the year at something less remunerative, or are not really working people. These latter include the miners, busy the rest of the year in their own homes, or the school boys and girls.

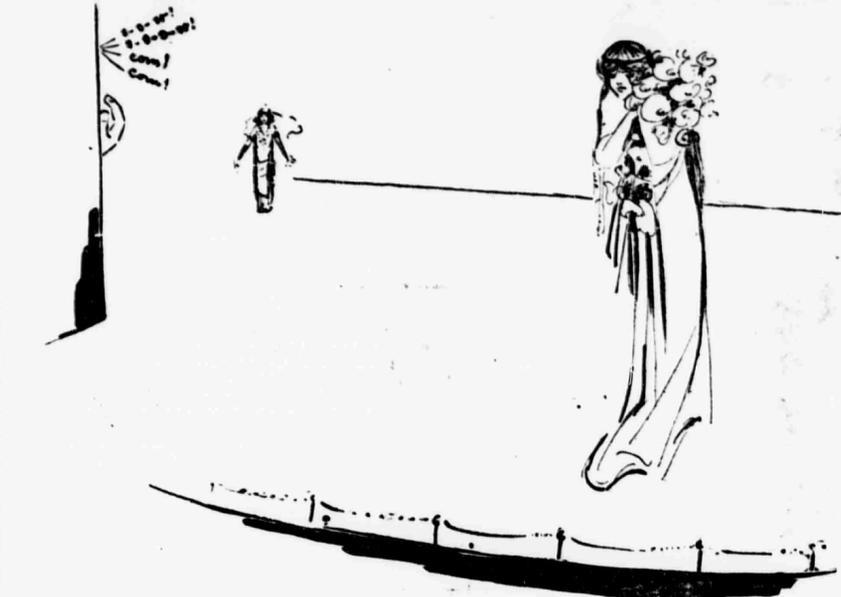
Sons and daughters of very good families will go into the harvest orchards. Almost everybody has picked or packed apples some time or other. The boys do the picking, the nimble fingers of the girls make short work of the packing. The packing is piece work, 5 cents a box.

An ordinarily handy girl will pack forty boxes on her fourth day at work, and go home with two large round silver dollars in her pocket.

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Some features in the social life of Washington seem curious to an Easterner owing to the almost total absence of domestic help. There is no mass of foreign and colored women to supply kitchen help and the American girls go into the schools, stores and offices. The olive tanned girls exist only in the cities. She is not to be found in the country and rarely in the villages.



"I SHARED AN ENTHUSIASTIC ENCORE WITH THE GREATEST ACTRESS IN THE WORLD."

Like a shuttle I was shoved to the end of a dark, narrow hall blocked with men and boys. There were doors on every hand and just as I was deciding by the approved method of "Eeny, meeny, miny, mo," which one to try a deep voice out of the shadow shouted: "Montez, Montez!" and I fed up the only stairs in sight, springing over trunks and boxes at each landing and catching glimpses along the way of dressing rooms and members of the company in various stages of makeup.

Like Jack and the enchanted beanstalk I kept climbing, but never seemed to reach the end. Suddenly a door opened and as I was gathered into a riot of costumes and cosmetics, a confusion of rosy cheeks, red lips and pencilled eyebrows I caught a large bundle that was thrown into my arms. A roomful of girls were dressing like mad.

What was the play? Who were we? What were we to do? No one knew any more about it than I did. There seemed to be only need of the greatest expedition. I lost no time in doing as I saw my neighbors doing, donning the contents of my bundle, which proved to be flesh colored tights with real toes, sandals, a Roman tunic and many other accessories.

When the last bit had been adjusted long gray draperies were thrown over us and we were instantly transformed into a company of ghosts.

whose ghost I was, but after all, what did it matter? Mme. Bernhardt in all her radiance was standing in the wings nodding and smiling as we filed by. And the music of that golden voice cheered us as we began the Mont Blanc ascent to the dressing room.

On my way home I learned that I had assisted Mme. Bernhardt in a presentation of Rostand's play "La Samaritaine." But I have yet to buy those Christmas presents!



"IT WAS LIKE THIS I MADE MY METROPOLITAN DEBUT."

As one consequence women who live in homes which possess every comfort and many luxuries and who wear clothes of fine material and fashionable make do all their own work, even for a large family. Another result is that on the big wheat ranches when the harvest gang is so large that it is physically impossible for one woman to cook for them, if there are no grown daughters in the family the husband has to turn in and help. Often the curious spectacle may be seen of a man who owns from 1,000 to 1,500 acres of wheat and has perhaps \$50,000 in the bank meekly peeling potatoes, washing dishes and setting tables, while his wife attends to the more esoteric mysteries of the craft over the cook stove.

Another curiosity is the woman who lives a life of leisure nine months in the year in one of the smaller towns. She dresses well, attends card parties and literary clubs, takes in the plays, perhaps takes a trip to Seattle or San Francisco. And when summer comes she goes to a ranch house and lives the life of a slave to the cook stove till harvest is over, once more.

Another feature peculiar to Eastern eyes is the way people will live while paying for city real estate. On the fine residence streets of Spokane are many beautiful lots on which the family is living in a mere shack at the extreme rear. When it is not the kitchen, it is more like a hen house.

THE LATE DUKE DE CHARTRES AND HIS WIFE IN HUNTING COSTUMES.

After His Retirement From Public Life the Duke Devoted Himself to Hunting, Which He Followed in Old Fashioned Royal Style. His Wife Always Attended the Hunt.



THE DUCHESS DE CHARTRES. THE DUKE DE CHARTRES.

ON THE STAGE FOR 68 YEARS

ROBERT EBERLE BEGAN AT TWO AND HE'S 70 NOW.

For Most of His Life a Stage Manager, Now He Looks After Gillette's Business Affairs—Was With Booth and Barrett for Years—Latter's Sad Death.

Standing nightly at the entrance of the Empire Theatre watching the passing playgoers is a man who has been connected with the player folk for almost sixty-eight years. As a baby held in his mother's arms and just able to lip one sentence in the old Walnut Street Theatre in Philadelphia, the oldest in the profession at the age of 2 and he is now 70. He has been acting or directing actors continuously since then and is probably the oldest living active theatrical manager.

A large part of Broadway dropped into the Empire to shake hands with this veteran a few weeks ago when he celebrated his three score years and ten. If you have seen a man with silvery hair, a mustache that matches it and a kindly face standing there at the entrance you've seen Robert Eberle, or Bob, as they call

him, stage director for Booth and Barrett and a host of other old times.

"Of course," said Mr. Eberle the other day, "I don't quite remember my first part. My mother had to tell me about it. It was in a play called 'The Hunter of the Alps,' produced at the Walnut Street Theatre in the early '30s. I was 2 1/2 years old. Every night mother brought me to the theatre, where she was playing herself, and at a certain part of the play she would pick me out of my carriage and walk out on the stage with me, while I said 'I'm a stout little fellow.' Those were my lines and I guess I must have made a hit. I've been associated with many who have followed the stage all their life, but I have never met any one who had had a speaking part any earlier than that."

Mr. Eberle's father and mother were both in the play in which he made his first appearance. His father had six brothers and two sisters and all were on the stage so that it isn't to be wondered at that he began early himself. There was no law in those days prohibiting children from acting. Families such as his brought their children up on the stage. "And it didn't do them any harm that I can see," he said. "I often have remarked at times when they were after stage children, that I'd be a pretty good exhibit for the defence, for I can't see that it hurt me. I took regular parts when I was 4 years old. I was a call boy when I was too old for children's parts, and act as stage manager for Booth and Barrett."

"It was practically a life contract, and I remember my delight at being associated with two such men," said Mr. Eberle. "Mr. Booth had a delightful nature and was considerate of everybody. I remember well when Mme. Modjeska joined him for a season. She spoke English, but with a strong foreign accent, and Mr. Booth was afraid she would find it hard to adjust herself to things here. At the first rehearsal he turned to her and said with much gallantry: 'Madame, I have been playing these parts for many years, so that if there's any stage business that you would prefer just let me know and I will accommodate myself to you.' But that, of course, he meant that she could take whatever positions she was used to on the stage and he would change his to suit. They got along nicely and it was a most delightful season."

"Mr. Barrett had much more business capacity than Booth. He was a martinet at rehearsals, but while very exacting he was very just. He did a whole lot of good for the stage, for he was a producer like Mansfield, and like him was anxious after something new. You know the last thing he had in preparation was Sir Henry Irving's 'Thomas a Becket.' Barrett's death made a great impression upon me, for I was directing things at the Broadway Theatre the night he was stricken."

"Mr. Booth came along and saw him in his dressing room just before the performance began. You don't know who Larry," he said, Barrett said that he seemed to have a slight chill, but although Mr. Booth and I both protested at his going on, he insisted upon it and went through two acts, when he had to quit. The play was 'Richeieu.' I don't know whether he would have given up then, but Mr. Booth, who had been watching him anxiously, went up to him and made him go to his hotel. He waved his hands to us as he left the theatre, and that was the last we saw of him. He was dead in twenty-four hours, of pneumonia. Never shall I forget the effect it had on Mr. Booth. He never was the same man again. We closed the theatre for a couple of weeks while he tried to pull himself together. One day he came round and said that he thought he would try to resume, and he did finish out a couple of weeks in New York, and then went over to Brooklyn, where he ended his theatrical career."

"While much has been said of Booth as a drawing card, it is a real fact that his Shakespearean productions in New York in the last few years of his career were not profitable. New York had grown tired then of Shakespeare, but on the road he did wonderfully well until the end, playing frequently to \$3,000 houses. Though his much has been said about it, he was a man who was always giving away money in charity. I knew him to send a check for as much as \$1,000 to some actor in trouble."

Mr. Eberle was stage manager for Katharine Clemmons and also for Olga Noods when the latter first came to this country. Then he joined Henry McDowell's theatre of arts and letters.

"It was the forerunner of the New Theatre," said Mr. Eberle. "Mr. McDowell wanted to give American authors a chance to have their productions staged in a most wonderful manner on a subscription basis. I was at the first performance. It began well but it quickly proved to be a financial failure. To-day we have many wealthy men ready to back artistic performances even at a loss sometimes, but fifteen years ago this was not so."

During the last fifteen years Mr. Eberle has been Mr. Gillette's business manager and has caused to direct things behind the footlights. Nevertheless he makes it a rule generally to attend rehearsals and give advice.

There's hardly an old time actor or actress who haven't met some time in my life, Forrest, Charlotteushman and all of them, but it's a long list to remember and I sometimes get tired trying to recall the old faces."



ROBERT EBERLE.