

# POLAIRE, FRANCE'S HOMELIEST STAR, AIDS WOUNDED



AT THE LEFT—POLAIRE IN ONE OF HER STRIKING COSTUMES.

POLAIRE IN STREET COSTUME DOES NOT BETRAY HER BOASTED UGLINESS.

POLAIRE WITH ONE OF HER EXTRAVAGANT HAIR DRESSINGS, A LA CIRCASSIAN BEAUTY.

AT THE RIGHT—THE FAMOUS WAIST HIDDEN UNDER A CHILD'S SMOCK.

POLAIRE is now in Paris knitting socks for soldiers in much the same fashion that Sister Sue did. It is thought that she may come to this country later, but Morris Gest, who has been her manager on her recent visits here, said the other day that nothing had been definitely settled as to a return engagement. Evidently she does not feel like knitting socks for herself since she appears, at least in one of the pictures, without any more suggestion of hostelry than little Rosey Quinn used to have at the Winter Garden before the powers swooped down and decreed that she must cover up a little more.

How Polaire has changed in other respects the loose black silk frock shows. She used to

boast of possessing the smallest waist in the world and she never ceased to show it. Indeed, so closely drawn did her stays appear that it was rather uncomfortable to watch her, especially if one had heard the story which originated in Paris to the effect that two ribs were removed to make this extreme slimmness possible. But there is no visible suggestion of this abnormal waist in the latest photographs of the accomplished person.

Polaire's latest photographs are most striking in their appearance of youth. It was in 1895 that she came first to this country to appear on the programme at the opening of the Proctor Pleasure Palace in East Fifty-eighth street. So, however young Polaire may be, she is not so youthful as the photographs, which may explain why she has ceased to describe herself as the ugliest woman in Paris.

When Polaire came to this country first it was to follow in the steps of Eugene Fougers, then the most popular couplet singer of the time, who in a short skirt which could easily be hitched up behind when the singer desired to emphasize a point and in an enormous hat chanted raucously ditties of the Boulevard to audiences which had no idea what they meant beyond the fact that whatever it was it was bad. Then Mlle. Polaire showed none of the artistic conscience which she showed later.

When she came over here five years ago to act at the Victoria Theatre she played in "Le Visiteur," in which she did a remarkable pantomime supposed to show a robbery and murder by an Apache, although the whole thing was a farce, since the dagger with which she stabbed the thief, in reality her lover, was a false one with the blade sinking into the handle

at the impact of the steel. But it was all very creepy and Parisian and chic, although New York audiences never cared so much as those of Paris about her art. Otherwise she would have been made a star here just as she was in Paris when "Montmartre" was written for her and she acted it with great success. It is a species of "Camille" in a Montmartre setting and A. E. Thomas has made an English version of it for Jane Cowl, who has not, however, as yet appeared in it. She is more popular in London than she ever was in New York.

The last time that Polaire was here she had an unhappy time. Morris Gest, her manager, conceived the brilliant idea of uniting Mlle. Polaire, Gertrude Hoffmann and Lady Constance Stewart Richardson, but the three stars did not agree. Not only was not a single sleeping car large enough to hold them but not even a

theatre. So the trinity of beauties soon separated.

After she got back to Paris Polaire told her opinions about America. She said:

"New York theatres both before and back of the stage are superb. Belasco's is a marvel. Mr. Belasco told me that he had a play on hand for eight years that he did not produce simply because he had not been able to find the right woman to fill the leading part. He added that if I could speak English he would engage me at once.

"American women are charming, but they certainly have a sense of modesty that is purely their own. I like the American man immensely. He is always well groomed, smart and elegant. Everything about him suggests that he has a daily bath. In dealing with women he may not have the Frenchman's esprit,

charm and delicate little ways, but he is all right."

In answer to a question as to what she thought of the appearance of the American woman she replied:

"She is too slack in her appearance. She does not make as good an impression as the American man. She dresses horribly. She copies the Parisienne, but does it badly. She sticks an immense hat on her head without knowing whether it will suit her or not. It is a fine hat, she thinks, so long as it is adorned with immense feathers. They are mad for feathers over there. If they were not afraid of stepping on them they would have them sweeping to their feet.

"I am speaking of the American woman now solely as a woman. As audiences both men and women in America are charming."

## BILLIE BURKE JOINS THE MOVIE STARS AS PEGGY IN A SCOTCH COMEDY



PEGGY'S FAIRY STORY THAT SHE TELLS TO THE CHILDREN OF THE LITTLE SCOTCH VILLAGE.

BILLIE BURKE'S first excursion into the world of the movies has so satisfied her that she has now determined to devote the rest of her season to playing before the camera. But it was with the Triangle Film Corporation that she first learned to love the highly profitable occupation. She lived in a bungalow on Catalina Island, went backward and forward to Inceville in a special steam yacht which had been provided for her. It was "Peggy" in which she first tried the screen pantomime, and in that she will be seen.

"Peggy" was written by C. Gardner Sullivan, the clever Ince playwright, expressly for Miss Burke. The story has a Scotch atmosphere and is said to offer the famous star more and greater opportunities than she has ever had in her career behind the footlights. She has the role of an American hoyden, who upsets the staid and dignified inhabitants of a little Scotch village, but she ends by winning all their affections, particularly the young minister.

There will be some expensive settings shown, such as have rarely been constructed in motion picture making. One street scene is nearly a quarter of a mile in length and embraces thirty-five buildings. It will reproduce faithfully an actual street from a Scotch village.

When Peggy came dashing through the little mountain hamlet of Woodkirk in her automobile one Sunday morning she created a sensation among the churchgoers, who were just emerging from services. Her uncle, Andrew Cameron, very seriously disapproved of Peggy and her auto. He directed her to his home, but refused to ride, thinking it was a desecration of the holy day to enter the machine. Peggy was an orphan heiress and had left America, her birthplace, for Scotland and her uncle's home there in accordance with her dying father's request.

Andrew and the Rev. Donald Bruce, a young minister, came upon Peggy the next day while she was under her machine making repairs. Ordered out by her uncle, the girl was seen to be wearing overalls. Andrew was shocked and sent the girl to the house, with a stern injunction never to don masculine garb again. She winked at the minister, which almost took his breath away, but he couldn't help liking the freshness and beauty of the girl.

On another occasion Peggy again donned male attire. This time she entered the village inn and whisked away glasses of liquor while the village drunkard was looking elsewhere. He was convinced that an evil spirit was spitting away the spirits and left the place in haste. Again the minister saw the girl, and as soon as he recognized her he gave her a strong rebuke, but Peggy laughed at him. Both were to pass through many more, and moving, adventures before Cupid netted them.



BILLIE BURKE, AS PEGGY, SHOCKS THE STAID SCOTCH WITH HER AUTOMOBILE.