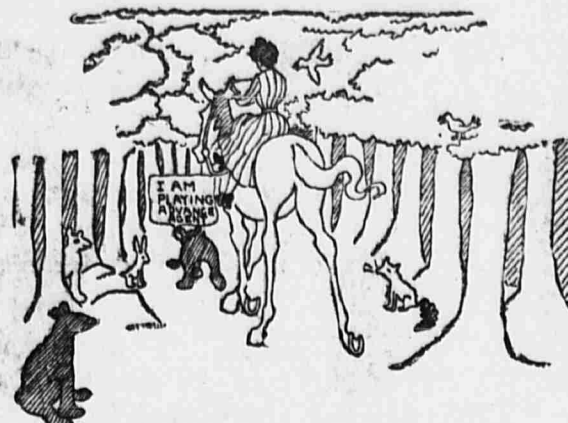


ANNIE RUSSELL TELLS OF AN ACTRESS'S HARD WORK.

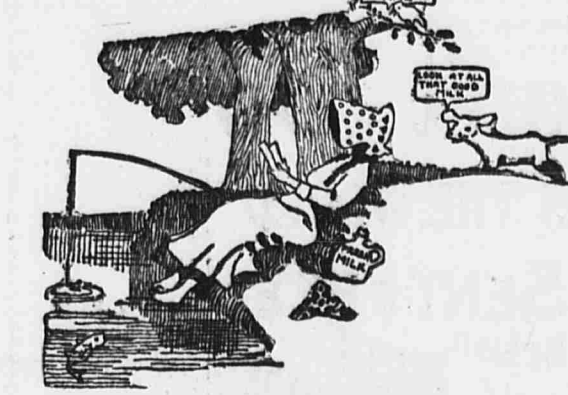
She Says the Girl Who Works in a Shop Has Far More Happiness and Leisure than Has a Stage Queen.



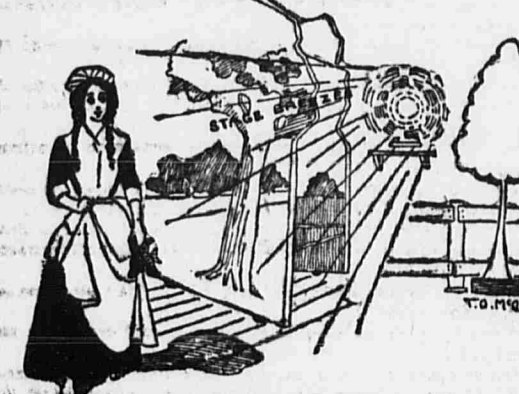
The star who envies the easy life of the working girl.



"I love to ride through the Maine woods."



"Fishing, with no thought of the stage."



Stage breezes make her homesick.



She wants to join the gallery-rush.

ANNIE RUSSELL has ideas of her own on the subject of the hard work of actresses. To an Evening World reporter and artist who interviewed her in her dressing-room at the Garrick Theatre she said: "Going through the emotions of a difficult role eight times a week makes one feel as stale as old bread at the end of a season. I have a place up in the Maine woods whither I hurry as soon as I can get away from town after the season. The painted woods and electric-fan breezes of the theatre at this time of the year make me hungry for the scent of the Maine pines. There I like to give myself up to fishing and reading in some quiet spot and forget the theatre entirely. One of my greatest diversions is to ride horseback through the woods and study the roles I have to keep in mind. "Dear me, the average girl who works in a shop has a much better time all the year 'round than I do. You must remember that I have absolutely no recreation from the time the season opens until the season ends. It is a routine of sleep, get ready for the theatre, and then act. The same old story day after day except Sunday. And decorum makes it necessary to stay in the house on that day. So, you see, if you care to look at it from my viewpoint you'll agree with me that I am really the one to be pitied. "Why, do you know, I haven't been at the opera for—how long—well, all of four years, any way. And I love the opera so much! Why, sometimes I feel as though I'd be willing to go up in the gallery and struggle for a place to see with the enthusiasts on finds there on matinee days. "An expression of real envy came over her face as she continued: "The average woman who works may go to parties and dinners and theatres and meet new faces and people on new ground. She may go to the theatre to be amused, and needn't go if she doesn't want to. "The monotony of her work may be broken by the many holidays. "On holidays I work harder. Even if the average girl doesn't have a vacation, what with the shore resorts at hand and the many delightful places to go to by trolley, the missed vacation is a very inconsiderable matter, indeed. "Did you ever try spending a summer vacation in New York?" she was asked. She laughed as she answered: "No; but those who have tell me it is not at all bad. Some of my friends say it is the only way to escape one's acquaintances for a time. But then maybe those same friends of mine were trying to solace themselves."

THE GREAT MISUNDERSTOOD. I. THE PRESS AGENT.



WHAT a beautiful thing life is, and how sweet to all of us, even if we are misunderstood half of the time. Think of the wondrous mechanism, the marvellous brain, the impressionable heart and all the thousand and one soul-like qualities that go to the making of the human being. While you ponder over this mystery, is not your mind filled with respect for those who interpret the human? Don't you think the stage a grand institution? And is not the much misunderstood press agent a dear friend in need when he goes between you and the stars in the heaven of thespians? He unearths wonderful stories about actors and actresses. Does a chorus girl—hush! she will be a star some day—have a photo printed on her fair skin, it is the joy of our dear press agent to convey the news to us poor outsiders, with illustrations condescendingly granted by the chorus girl. Don't smile, for remember she is an exponent of the sacred human heart. It is hardly to be expected that we outsiders, who have not the weird artistic temperament, can fathom the emotion which prompted the divine exponent to wear that face tattooed on her skin. We should only remember with gratitude that the dear press agent—bless him!—has permitted us to know this fact. Yet, ah! how the dear press agent is misunderstood. The suspicious eye of the public follows him wherever he goes. He has unearthed a tremendous story. Rumor has it that Mr. Charles Moutin and his leading lady, Miss Screamin, were married behind the scenes after the show was over. Everybody was sworn to secrecy—except our dear press agent. He alone—hear him gloat!—has unearthed the whole story. Ever alive to the interests of the poor, we poor outsiders, with illustrations condescendingly granted by the chorus girl. Don't smile, for remember she is an exponent of the sacred human heart. It is hardly to be expected that we outsiders, who have not the weird artistic temperament, can fathom the emotion which prompted the divine exponent to wear that face tattooed on her skin. We should only remember with gratitude that the dear press agent—bless him!—has permitted us to know this fact. Yet, ah! how the dear press agent is misunderstood. The suspicious eye of the public follows him wherever he goes. He has unearthed a tremendous story. Rumor has it that Mr. Charles Moutin and his leading lady, Miss Screamin, were married behind the scenes after the show was over. Everybody was sworn to secrecy—except our dear press agent. He alone—hear him gloat!—has unearthed the whole story. Ever alive to the interests of the poor, we poor outsiders, with illustrations condescendingly granted by the chorus girl.

MAXIMS FOR THE MARRIED. A MORGANATIC ODE.

Don't both be cross at the same time. Wait your turn. Never cease to be lovers. If you cease some one else may begin. Keep yourself at your best. It is a compliment to your partner. Keep your ideal high. You may miss it, but it is better to miss a high one than to hit a low one. A blind love is a foolish love. Encourage the best. Permanent mutual respect is necessary. A permanent mutual love, says the

A Celestial Comedy, by W. H. Osborne. The Story of Wun Lung, His Sweetheart and His Rival.

(Copyright, 1903, by Daily Story Pub. Co.) Wun Lung only to kowtow before Sun Joy. But one day he too went—went in the daytime, with the good will of his neighbors in the Street of the Six Hundred Roses. He went to make his fortune in the new land favored of all lands. But he went, as he said, but to return. In a little side street in San Francisco Wun Lung set up the inevitable laundry. And as he washed and ironed he thought of little Sun Joy and his sprits rose and he sang in his mild, quavering Oriental voice the songs of his home land. And many came to look upon him, for he had one interesting peculiarity which others of his race did not have. For if Wun Lung was on one side of his ironing board and desired to stretch the other side he merely vaulted high in the air—and there he was. He made quick little side steps over to the stove, and he whirled round and round on the ball of one foot, like a top. And he laughed as he did it. One day a scowling, skulking Chinaman, attracted by the crowd, stuck his head inside and uttered a guttural exclamation. Wun Lung responded with a smile and a kind word. His visitor was Fow Kee. Fow Kee watched some of Wun Lung's antics about the laundry with considerable interest. In the gathering dusk he whispered in Wun Lung's ear. Wun Lung grew wide-eyed in surprise. The next day Wun Lung shut up shop. In the Imperial Theatre in the metropolis the headliners were the Kee-Lung troupe—the Chinese (not Japanese, mind, but Chinese) grotesque acrobats. They had been running for four weeks and were still popular. The troupe consisted only of Wun Lung and Fow Kee. The stage was rigged up like a Chinese laundry and what they did was done there—even to the mild quavering songs of the inimitable Wun Lung. When they had first started Fow Kee, whose evil mind strayed back to the Street of the Roses, again whispered in the ear of Wun Lung. Again Wun Lung had acquiesced and he had done more. He had placed in the hands of one of the Chinese

A NEW YORK SUBWAY PLAN OF HALF A CENTURY AGO.



THIS reproduction of a fifty-year-old lithograph shows that tunnels for Broadway were considered a necessity many decades ago. The hoop skirts, odd-shaped hats, antique locomotives and the buildings of the day—for the picture represents the present skyscraper zone at Broadway and Wall street—are also of interest, as revealing New York local color in the early fifties. The antique subway scheme, besides giving proper ventilation and light for the underground system, throws new light on the tunnel problem. The idea of having the sub-ways, staircases and store entrances below, as then planned, might solve the problem of clearing the sidewalks of coal, ash and general shipping congestion. The local trains, also, would be accessible at every block, the passenger trains running on the central tracks, while the de-

NEW YORK PLAYS IN A NUTSHELL. II.—"THE POINT OF VIEW."

Many people have not time to attend all the plays that come to New York, but at the same time, like to know what plays are about. For the benefit of such readers The Evening World will publish the salient points of a few of these plays "in a nutshell." Today's play is: Name—"The Point of View." Playwright—Edith Ellis Baker. Theatre—Mrs. Osborne's Play-House. Place of Action—New York City and vicinity. Time—Present day. Plot—Marjory Thorncroft, a son of an aristocratic family in straitened circumstances, marries James Stiles, a Westerner, in order that she may educate her musical brother abroad and otherwise help her family. She relinquishes her love for Dallas Henley, a young artist, and it is only after the latter's return from Paris that Stiles learns his wife married him for his money. He decides to go to Alaska. Marjory's love for her husband's true character has asserted itself in spite of family pride, and she prevents his going at the last moment. Principal Characters—Marjory, Edith Ellis Baker; James Stiles, Alphonse Ether. Best Lines in Play—"Kansas proves that the world was really made in six days. Kansas was left until late Saturday night." "Your sex are born gamblers, my dear, and will fight as desperately over a souvenir spoon as over a titled husband." "You know a heap about your own family pride, but you don't understand any other brand." "I don't recall a Thorncroft ever committing the vulgarity of ingratitude." "I couldn't help lovin' you after seein' the women of Skagway and Dawson." "It's in America and the twentieth century, and family traditions are luxuries only to be enjoyed by the money kings." "Oh, it's well enough to know who you are and what you are and take a decent pride in it, but it won't go down with the world when you have to ask it for your bread and butter." "There's no use being a gentleman when we live in a bum flat." "He was a publisher for horses." "Isn't that it? Oh, no, a bookmaker." "It's delightful to do all those things we ought not to do, almost as much as leaving undone all those things we ought to do." "The instant the man feels he's got to take his feet off his desk and throw away his cigar in deference to a woman's presence he resorts to an intrusion on his sacred rights."

A Bath Robe That Is Easy to Make.



Every woman recognizes the need for a comfortable wrapper that can be slipped on for an hour's rest or worn en route to the bath. This very excellent model is simplicity itself, yet is stylish and becoming. As shown it is made of figured flannel with bands of wash silk, and is held by cord and tassels; but Goussierette, Turkish towel, terry cloth and lighter weight summer fabrics are all appropriate. The wrapper consists of fronts and backs which are seamed at the centre and finished with a big collar that falls over the shoulders most effectively. The sleeves are in the comfortable bell shape that allows of slipping on and off with ease. The quantity of material required for the medium size is 2 1/2 yards of 44 inch wide fabric. The pattern is cut in sizes for 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inch bust measure. It will be mailed for 10 cents. If in a hurry for your patterns send an extra two-cent stamp for each pattern and they will be promptly mailed by letter post in sealed envelope. Send money to "Cashier, The World, Pulitzer Building, New York City."

Advertisement for various theatrical performances including: Why Not Proctor's To-Day, To-Night, To-Morrow; Madison Square Garden; Bar, Num & Bailey; Empire Theatre; Princess; Evans; Hopper; Sultan of Sulu; Victoria; Pastor's Resurrection; Grand Primrose & Grand Brockstader; Broadway Theatre; Prince of Pilsen; Daly's; Biou, Marie Cahill; Manhattan; The Earl of Pawtucket; Park; Montauk; Frank Daniels; Metropolitan.