

Billie Burke's Wardrobe Niot of Color and Shoes

says
Antoinette Donnelly



PHOTO © 1915 BY GEORGE KLEIN

MISS BILLIE BURKE IN HER \$12,000 ERMINE COAT

FOUR THOUSAND A WEEK! Think of it! Thousands like a "Brewster's Millions" fable, doesn't it? It isn't, though. It's real money which once every seven days passes into the perfectly manicured and exquisitely shaped hands of Miss Billie Burke for her services as star in the gripping serial now in the making and soon to be released to the public.

But when I arrived at the studio in New York, away up in One Hundred and Seventy-fifth street, my first glimpse of her made me glad I had not seen her before. Otherwise I should not have known at that moment the thrill of admiration which a first view of an exquisite picture evokes.

I knew she was pretty—exquisitely pretty! Several years ago in my Christ-mas gifts was included a handsome photograph frame. I looked about for a picture to fill it. I was browsing around the morgue one day (the morgue being the newspaper application for the room where photographs and information are filed systematically and orderly) and I lighted upon a photograph of Miss Burke. It wasn't

full meaning as applied to her. In addition to her wondrous head of burrished gold hair and deep blue eyes fringed with long, dark lashes, and a mouth of laughing curves closing over perfect teeth, and as perfect features as one can see, she has a poise and charm and a kindness really hypnotizing.

At a first meeting we had not much time to talk due to an interruption by the director of the movie pictures calling for the little star to start work. So an interview was planned for the following evening at her lovely home up on the Hudson, about 20 miles away from New York. Of this fairyland

place I shall tell you more in a later article.

"How does it feel to be the highest-priced movie star in the world?" was the first question put to the little lady with golden locks, inwardly marveling at how so tiny and so feminine a little creature could handle such a responsibility as \$1000. (I have a way of thinking huge salaries are horrible responsibilities just to keep myself good natured, you know.)

But modesty being one of her best assets, Miss Burke brushed the question aside with a becoming little laugh. There is far too much gray matter under those frivolous curls and too much kindness back of her deep blue eyes to harbor egotism in the face of any salary, no matter how fabulous.

So, finding her reluctant to talk about herself in so far as her success in the movies is concerned, and my mission being other than that, I veered the conversation around to the universal woman's topic—dress. And there I found her just like any other woman in her willingness to talk on dress, and just like any other woman in her love of dress, but possessing far more knowledge than any other woman I ever knew.

She was wearing a sapphire blue velvet dinner dress cut on straight Grecian lines, with gathered semi-high waist line and flowing sleeves of palest yellow chiffon. Her hair was done into a fountain of curls piled high on her well-shaped head. She was a picture that will remain in my memory for some time. The day before I had seen her in a blue frock.

"You are partial to blue," I said. "There are shades of blue that are most becoming to women of my coloring, for day wear especially. I know it is a popular theory that other colors are happier choices for red-haired people, but if discretion be used and the right shade of blue struck I think there is no better color."

And certainly the gown she wore of sapphire blue proved conclusively that the right tone of blue brings out the gold in red hair and adds depths of color to blue eyes and whiteness to the skin.

"You do not favor blues for evening dress, then?" I suggested. "There are other colors I find more becoming. I am especially fond of saffron shades. I might say that my favorite colors, if I may repeat myself, are saffrons for evening wear and blues for day. Pale yellows I include, with the deep orange or saffrons. Pale greens, too, I'm very fond of, and, of course, white and black are standard colors for us red-haired women."

"Do you feel the color restriction that is generally felt by red-haired girls?" I asked her.

I realized that was a foolish question a few minutes later when Miss Burke took me upstairs and showed me her wardrobe.

"Of course, I think greater discretion has to be used regarding colors by the red-haired woman than by others. But I thoroughly believe the eyes have to be studied more than the hair. If one's eyes are pale blue, for instance, a shade of blue should be chosen to give depth of coloring. Very pale blues or blues of definite colorings are not flattering to such eyes, whereas eyes of dark blue need not be nearly so discriminating as to the shades of blue to adopt. And so it is with other colors."

"There are shades of saffron worn in the daytime that will rob hair, eyes, and skin of color," she continued. "And these same shades may be worn becomingly at night."

I was surprised to see in Miss Burke's wardrobe a decided partiality for corals. I commented upon it to her.

"I am very partial to coral," she said, throwing a coral evening coat over her pretty shoulders.

To be sure she could wear it, but I cannot imagine many other women of her coloring showing to advantage in it. A wide white fur collar separated the coral from her hair, but I was a little sorry that she is so fond of this color, for while it gave her complexion a pretty pink glow it did rob her hair of some of its glory. But then, she's pretty, and, therefore, pardonable. And one so pretty could not commit a very serious indiscretion in a matter of choice of color. I should not recommend this color for wear by red-haired girls unless they were owners of as milkwhite skins and young, girlish complexions as Miss Billie Burke. It is a color of youth. For this reason she can wear it!

I really don't believe that there is a color manufactured that this little star could not wear attractively.

"I believe that the rule of wearing the color that flatters the eyes most is the rule that every woman should adopt, no matter what her coloring or type," said Miss Burke, summing up the color situation regarding dress.

I noticed an absence of the hooped skirts in Miss Burke's wardrobe. Just three or four of her dresses are made that way.

"I prefer the straight lines," said Miss Burke. "They are more youthful, I think."

"I suppose you have shoes for every dress," I ventured.

"Yes," answered Miss Burke, opening a closet door and I laughed outright at the sight of so many shoes. I laughed with an unrestrained, childish glee. Here was a dream of mine made a reality. It didn't matter that the reality was some one else's. That shoe closet was a joy!

Burke if she raised shoe trees in her big back yard.

"I have all my shoes made by— (naming a bootmaker who will not make a shoe less than \$25), said Miss Burke. "I guess I'm what you call a crank on shoes. I give as much care and thought to the shoes I wear with a gown as to the article of dress itself. If economy were necessary I should economize on my dress rather than on my shoes, for a smartly dressed foot nowadays will excuse any number of shortcomings."

"That last remark was not meant to be facetious," she laughed. "I don't believe economy on dress will be early future trouble of this golden-haired star."

Would you feel that "necessity" were shadowing you if your clothes closet to commonplace name, indeed, for so large and pretentious a wardrobe as Miss Burke's could show a \$15,000 Russian sable coat; a \$12,000 ermine coat; and a \$9,000 chinchilla coat; a blue and gold metal embroidered evening coat trimmed with silver fox valued at \$2500—and these only four of 29 other coats for best wear? Or, if you had two dozen dinner gowns and as many evening dresses, one with diamond shoulder straps and satins and chiffons enough to allow a change every afternoon for two weeks?

And lingerie! Lingerie enough for five average girls to pick a bride's supply from and still leave Miss Billie Burke supplied for years to come.

Seventy-five dollars for one "nightie." The "nightie" Miss Burke wears in one of the scenes in the picture. And a negligee she throws about her shapely shoulders in the same scene costing the modest little sum of \$275. I saw the bill. The negligee was a brilliant peacock blue embroidered in gold and trimmed with orchid satin—the loveliest thing of the kind I ever saw.

Does it pay to be a movie star?

Well, next week I shall tell you some more things about Miss Burke and you can draw your own conclusions.

In the meantime let us be glad that Miss Burke was the chosen one, for she is young and beautiful and kind and has brains enough to always keep herself busy.

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LEGAL SIDELIGHTS FOR LAWYERS AND LAYMEN

BY REYNOLDE G. E. CORNISH, OF PORTLAND, OREGON.

A DANGEROUS PLAYTOY—The contents of a boy's pockets have long been a mystery to his elders, and the number and variety of disassociated objects which he gathers together in the inner recesses of his treasure chest and reserves for some unknown reason are legion. And the boy in the case of *Mathis vs. Granger Brick & Tile Company*, 143 Pac. 3 (Wash.), was no exception to the general rule.

In this case two boys attending public school found a partly filled box of dynamite caps in a pit of the Granger brickyard, where they had been carelessly left by the workmen. They took them to school with them, and while playing on the school grounds they lost one, which was picked up by Jesse Mathis, a youngster about 11 years old. Jesse did not know what it was, but boy like, he put it in his pocket and carried it around with him. On Saturday his mother washed his overalls, and before doing so took all his trinkets, including the dynamite cap, whose character she was ignorant of, out of his pockets and placed them on the bureau. Jesse, finding it there later, undertook to investigate its inner secrets with the result that an explosion which resulted in the loss of a part of one hand and the permanent impairment of his hearing.

The brick company was sued for negligence, and defended on the ground that the real or "proximate" cause of the injury was not their negligence in leaving the dynamite where children might find it, but the negligent act of the mother in putting the cap on the bureau, where the boy could obtain it again.

The court held that where negligence is charged in the use or care of extremely dangerous agencies, such as high explosives, and the disastrous results anticipated, courts do not look too narrowly for independent intervening causes, and that where the plaintiff's mother in taking a dynamite cap from his pocket and laying it aside, where he later secured it again, had no knowledge of its dangerous character, her act in so doing was not an independent intelligent cause, intervening between the explosion and the negligent act of defendant, such as would relieve the defendant of liability.

Something just as good—the corner grocer who cheerfully insists on filling every order he receives with a satisfactory substitute, "something just as good as, or even a little better than the original," finds his counterpart in the enterprising tenant in the case of *Covey vs. Struve*, et al., 143 Pac. 48 (Cal.). The plaintiff had leased farm land to the defendant with the agreement that the plaintiff should have the right to all best tops grown on the land, and that the tenant would plow them under as fertilizer. The tenant sold the tops to be used in feeding cattle kept on the land, and the plaintiff sued them for the value of the tops. The court held that the tenants had possession of the best tops for only a limited purpose, and that they could not defeat an action for the value of the tops, on the ground that the manure from the cattle, kept on the land, fertilized it as much as the tops would have, but being special trustees, having only a limited right in the tops, and having wrongfully disposed of them, they were bound to compensate the owner.

PHONSE! is a good motto for a streetcar motorman to remember when crossing a railroad track, for the courts have held that the steam railroad has the precedence; and that while the employees of steam railroads are not required to stop a train at such crossings, but only to give proper signals, to keep a lookout and to use due care, the motorman and conductor of an electric streetcar, are bound, in crossing a railroad track, to stop before crossing if the place is more than ordinarily dangerous and to go forward and look and listen for an approaching train. *Vincennes Traction Company et al vs. Curry*, 107 N. E. 72 (Ind.).

BAGGAGE PLEASE!—The stipulation in a mileage ticket, that a passenger must travel on the train on which his baggage is checked is valid and binding. In the case of *Crotz vs. Yazoo M. & V. R. Co.*, 176 S. W. 1937, a salesman, traveling on mileage, checked his trunk to Cruger, the day before he intended to make the trip. His trunk arrived at Cruger, and was destroyed by fire in the depot, the next morning. It was held that the stipulation in the ticket would not have released the railroad from liability to a passenger, who by accident did not accompany his baggage, or who lost his baggage in the ordinary incidents of travel, or in cases where there were regular baggage trains, or where the railroad chose not to forward the baggage on the passenger train; but that in this case, where the passenger himself chose to send his baggage on a train on which he did not intend to travel and did not travel, the railroad was released from its liability as a carrier and the passenger could not recover where the depot burned down without any fault on the part of the railroad.

STAR GAZING—Star gazing is not usually classed among the lucrative employments, but in the case of the City of Bloomington vs. Moon, 109 N. E. 43 (Ind.) it proved to have a financial value. It seemed that the city had granted the right to a committee to the use of the streets for a Labor day celebration and for a fireworks display at night. A skyrocket hit the plaintiff in the eye while she was watching the performance. She sued the city for the accident and recovered damages against it. (Copyright, 1915, by Reynolde G. E. Cornish, Portland, Ore.)

Pneumonia Most Malignant Disease.

MADISON, Wis., Feb. 5.—Pneumonia, which causes 10 per cent of the deaths in the United States, led all diseases in Wisconsin mortality the last quarter of 1915, as well as throughout the year, showing a large excess over tuberculosis and cancer, its rivals in destructiveness. Pneumonia caused 713 deaths in the three months, cancer 455 and tuberculosis 492. Deaths for 1915 were: Pneumonia, 3657; tuberculosis, 2288; cancer, 1793. Seventy per cent of all cases of pneumonia occur between December and May.

Andrew A. Stewart has been postmaster at Waverly, N. J., for 46 years.

Famous Movie Star Condemns Curling Iron

Little Mary Pickford, whose pretty curly locks have been so much admired, writes that she has never used the curling iron, she fails to see the wisdom of burning the life out of the hair.

The heated iron is ruinous to the hair, being more and more appreciated. Many are discarding this instrument of torture in favor of plain liquid salvers. This is not only harmless, but is really beneficial to the hair. Instead of using creases a burnt-out, lifeless appearance, it gives the hair a soft, natural look. It is a simple thing to preserve a few ounces of liquid salver, on a slight, in a small, and apply a little at night with a clean toothbrush. The hair should be washed the following morning, from root to tip. The beautiful wave effect upon arising is agreeably surprising.—A.S.