

Billie Burke's Philosophy of Life Reflected In Her Sunny Home Surroundings

GRANTED you are an average woman, with an average woman's income, and you suddenly fell heir to an income of \$4000 a week. Do you think you would be just about 4000 times happier than you are now? Would you spend a day or two dreaming dreams of foreign travel, luxurious wardrobes, a garage stocked from limousine to runabout—all the while visualizing yourself as the central figure and the happiest person in the world, with nothing to do but spend your money and saturate yourself with the joys which money can buy?

Well, if you apply a reasonable amount of your own common sense and at the same time give an ear to the words of one who knows what it is to have \$4000 a week to spend, you'll spend no more than a day or two dreaming. Then you'll pick up your work where you left off and send up prayers of gratitude that you have been hountfully supplied with the greatest health and happiness blessing in the world—work.

"Money has nothing whatever to do with happiness," says Miss Billie Burke, whose services as movie star are rewarded every week with \$4000 of real money.

"Work—a definite and fixed occupation—is the only thing that keeps a woman young, keeps her happy and keeps her beautiful," she continued.

"Money, with nothing definite to do, is the deadliest disease in the world."

Though you and I, beloved reader, might be perfectly willing to become infected to the extent of a thousand or two now and then, the fact that Miss Billie Burke, who owns a fairyland country home, a town house, and money enough in which and with which to while away day after day if she so chose, finds more joy in work than out of it—well, it behooves us to remain contented with our jobs and to view them in a "laubird" frame of mind, don't you think?

I want to say right here that if the youthfulness of Miss Burke's figure and face indicates the value of keeping occupied, let us pray for more work! For she is nothing if not youthful looking. She says she has left her teens behind her. But you couldn't prove it by looking at her.

"Of course, you don't believe in all work and no play," I protested, the proverbial "all work dullness" being

shoulders and that there was joy in life, after all."

Miss Burke's dressing-room at the studio impressed me. In other hands, or with one whose work meant less to her than does Miss Burke's, it might have remained an uninteresting specimen of a room in an office building, with its cold background of tan walls and its equally colorless floor covering. But the garnishings of gay chintz, as applied by the little movie star, the billowed chaise longue, the dainty dressing-table accessories, and a huge bowl of soft pink roses transformed the room into enticing arms for a tired little redhead to snuggle into after hours of strenuous work before the camera.

Not expensive was this charming effect—quite the contrary! But O, such a nice, cheery place to run to if you felt the blues after you!

Perhaps this is why Miss Burke looks as if she never had met that unpopular gentleman, Mr. Blues. But, of course, she has! No one who amounted to anything ever grew up without a visit or two, at least, from him. But she certainly knows how to hang out the unwelcome sign on him and how to keep him from planting any little lines on her pretty face by surrounding herself with sunshine, happy colors.

Throughout her entire lovely country home in Westchester, 30 miles away from the noise and hurry of New York, in which I spent a happy evening with her and her mother and her charming little ward, the thing which made me feel most as if I were on a childhood jaunt through fairyland was the delightful color scheme. The fairy princess, who was my hostess, of course, made more complete the illusion with her own lovely coloring.

Up an ivory tinted winding staircase, carpeted in pearl gray velvet, my hostess led me, on my arrival, to the "room of honor" at the head of the stairs, where she introduced me to her dear mother. Of the devotion between



so noticeably absent from her makeup. "Oh, no, indeed!" she replied. "I have my playtime. I hope I shall never get so tangled up with work that I will not have time to play. Otherwise I will not be able to work well."

Then she told me just how she spends her playtime. But of this I shall tell you in a later story. In the meantime I want to tell you of the thing that impressed me more forcibly about Miss Burke than even her glorious sun-kissed hair, her exquisite daintiness, her adorable smile, or any other of her charms. And in it there is a beauty philosophy which so many, many women fail to realize.

It is the influence of warm, "sunshiny" color, which I shall always associate with her. In her studio and in her home there is that tonic-giving, warming, sunshiny color scheme which rarely fails to reflect its influence generously in one who surrounds herself with it.

"Dull, ugly colors affect me terribly," Miss Burke said. "I remember a season or two ago on the road I was assigned to an ugly room in what was supposed to be the best hotel in the town in which I was playing. Never have I seen such ugly, drab paper and furnishings so consistently depressing. I stood it for a couple of days because no other room was available. When I changed to a cheerier room I felt as though the great load had rolled off my

mother and daughter it was not my intention to speak, except to say that it made Miss Billie Burke a much lovelier little lady, in my eyes, so genuinely kind and tender was she to her mother. And the mother—well, she called my attention to the pictures on the walls of her room. Upon every available inch of space hung a picture of "Billie," from when she was a very teeny-weeny little "Billie" to her most recent photograph. There must have been 100 of them, at least. "I wouldn't have any but her pictures in my room," the mother said most affectionately.

Then, down a long, winding hallway—one of those fascinating hallways where all of a sudden you go down a couple of steps and then in another all of a sudden you go up a couple of steps again—where the walls were covered with etchings and autographed photographs and water colors, my charming hostess led me to her own private boudoir, off of which opened her bedroom and bathroom.

Two adorable, little, white woolly dogs were carrying on a heated argument when we went in. One of them, Ziggy, by name, was being chastised by the French maid for his soiled face and soiled coat. The other one probably was acting as interpreter. They stayed long enough to get a little further chastisement and a couple of generous hugs from Miss Burke, and away they ran, presumably to "wash up." The quintessence of daintiness and

ravishing color was this boudoir. Again a bowl of lovely roses played a leading role in cheering color. It stood upon the baby grand piano, over which was thrown a rug of delicate shades. Of softest peach pink satin were the draperies and the window seat and the pillows banking it. The same tone of pink, combined with rich creams, was repeated in the Oriental rug; and again this color appeared in the little French sewing basket and tete coverings and in the dress of the statuesque Mme. Pompadour, whose duty it was to hide the telephone under her ample skirts. In the fireplace of ivory wood, a fire burned brightly, and on the mantel over it were two exquisitely wrought gold leaf bric-a-brac and a clock. Across the room was a high, triple mirrored dressing table, with soft pink curtained glass doors, and a writing desk of the same ivory tinted wood, above which a long quill pen rose brilliantly. A fireside chair, covered in daintiest chintz, and reproductions of favorite art pictures completed this exquisitely lovely room.

In the bedroom just off the same peach satin was again repeated in the large bay window, and in the half-canopied bed draperies, and in the lining for the gorgeous lace bedspread, and behind the glass doors of the alphas cabinet, which ran the full length of the room and which was surmounted

by a mantel covered with photos of interesting celebrities.

"It would be rather hard," I thought to myself, "to open your eyes on such a pretty scene and not begin the day right."

The bathroom, too, with which one does not generally associate possibilities of dainty color schemes, was a revelation, with its shower bath curtained in the peach pink satin; its bath rugs of the same exquisite shade, towels to match, and a row of glass bottles containing every manner of toilet requisite, upon which were stamped floral designs in pink.

Her own big library was just a door away from her boudoir. Down a couple of steps you went to reach it—a softly lighted reading lamp on a huge table, a couple of large reading chairs by its side and in front of a fine old fireplace, the walls lined with books and interesting pictures all about—an ideal place for you and the book you love to be found.

Downstairs, through the spacious hall, as you first come in, you catch a glimpse of the great, big honey living-room to the left and the wonderfully appointed dining-room at the end. In both these rooms logs crackled merrily in their great, big, beautiful fireplaces.

A great pillow-laden, cushion-seated davenport was drawn up in front of the fire in the living-room. Instead of being covered with the usual heavy, dark velour or tapestry here, again, was the philosophy of cheerful color carried out in the imported cretonne covering used in the davenport and pillows—a black background printed in certain designs of variable size. The window curtains were of the same material, and throughout the long room, in the center left of which stood a grand piano covered with a brilliant Oriental rug, there was repeated here and there this most effective color trimming. The large Oriental rug on the floor was toned to a tremendously harmonious warmth of color. The big sun parlor, which ran parallel to this long living-room, was done in wicker and gay chintz, with "comfy" rockers and lounge chairs and swing seats and Indian rugs and artistic little tables.

would put the taboo on them instantly, of sunshine. She doesn't theorize about Miss Burke certainly knows the value it, however. She practices it, and her

KAISER'S GRANDSON IS STURDY YOUNGSTER



PRINCE ALEXANDER FERDINAND, SON OF PRINCE AUGUST WILLIAM OF GERMANY, AND HIS MOTHER.

ALEXANDER FERDINAND, the son known to the outside world, was born of Princess Victoria and Prince in 1913, and he is one of the healthiest fourth sons, although he comes of a royal family. Since his father has gone to the front, Alexander's training has been put altogether likeable a youngster as ever most wholly into the hands of the romped in a playroom or nursery, according to visitors who have recently been admitted to the royal household, of Schleswig-Holstein, a cousin of her Prince Alexander Ferdinand, as he is husband.

happy blue eyes and the merry little upturned corners of her mouth bear testimony to the fact.

Why Not?

Centry.

It is awkward to be caught on a Fifth-avenue bus with only a 5-cent piece and a \$10 bill, for neither is acceptable ammunition for the shiny little gun the conductor points at you. The other day the writer found himself in this predicament and was politely told he would have to get off, and it was not the man in front, but the young woman on the seat behind him who came to his rescue.

"Please let me," she said cheerfully. "It's a nuisance having to get off!"

And the writer found himself accepting the aid in the same spirit he would have met it coming from a man. To have insisted on means of repaying it, or to have been over-offensive, would have spoiled what was a novel and rather refreshing incident. It was only when the brisk young figure in a tailor-made suit alighted a few blocks farther on that he glanced over the bus to look gratefully and admiringly after her. He rather hoped she was for woman suffrage, because somehow in her carriage and her pleasantly impersonal manner she seemed to typify the cause's best intentions. And the only concession he made to sex was when he raised his hat.

The Furnace Fire.

Boston Daily Globe.

Consider the furnace fire. Its season has begun and continues, barring mishap, until some time next Spring. It smokes, sulks, catches cold, goes on sprees, leaves without notice and is addicted to most of the vices to which flesh is heir.

It demands almost as much attention as a small child and is far less grateful. It becomes the ruin of many a good smoking jacket and many more poor tempers. It passes more persistently than a German offensive on the western front, with an effect only a little less deadly.

In patriotic verses and the like citizens, all and sundry, are exhorted to perish, if need be, for their altars and their fires, or their hearts. What is exactly meant is that citizens should be willing to perish for their furnace fires. Could anyone imagine asking us to perish for anything more unworthy of a blow?

More likely we perish by our furnace fires.

And perhaps find it a happy release from the serfdom of tending them.