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ENTER REAL MA! EXIT HIRED MA! AND IT JUST SERVED

Mlle Mistinguette RIGHT!



"Tnette, Ma Petite Albertine!" Shrieks the Wash Lady. . . . They All Fall in a Faint!

How the Careless Moving Pictures Stripped One of the Cleverest French Actresses of All Her "Ancestors" and Made the Boulevards Laugh for Three Days.

"Oh, ma belle fille!" exclaim the poor Countess, falling into the arms of the rich and beautiful Mistinguette. "Tres bien. Make ready the portraits of my ancestors," says Mistinguette. "Immediately we go home to Paris and have made the crest for the cigarette, the papier de lettre and the door of the carriage. When all is made ready I give a petit souper for the honor of my mother no long lost."

"Mals attendes," Mistinguette say to her noble mother. "It is that you shall be most careful to keep the secret between us."

"Certainment," responds the enraptured Countess. And, being a lady of education, she quote from Machiavelli:

"Molto solitario e segreto." Which is to say, do it alone and keep it to yourself.

Enfin. Behold everything accomplish according to the programme of Mistinguette. All Paris know that her career is now complete, for have she not a noble ancestress and a crest for her cigarette?

Never before such success for LA Mistinguette, to whom shall descend the title of Comtesse de Tournelles. On her knees come the cinema to make of her one grand cinematographique—what you call the "movies."

Mistinguette play only in Paris, but the Mistinguette cinematographique go everywhere. All France see him.

Now come the finish of the contretemps, the finish most horrible. In the small village of Moulins, Mere Bergerolles do her wash-lady work quickly one day and go to the "movies."

She see her little Albertine just the same as life, and fall back kicking with her respectable feet in the air, exclaiming with terrific shrieks: "Ma petite 'Tnette'—my little, lost Albertine!"

And she shriek and she kick so loud the manager come and take her to the bureau de theatre—the office—and say to her, with the vinegrette at her nose to make her quiet:

"But, madame, it is not possible. The lady of the cinematographique is the famous Mistinguette, who has already a noble mother, the Comtesse de Tournelles, living with her in Paris."

"Cochon! Chien!"—pig, dog of a manager—shrieks Mere Bergerolles. "Observe, I, Mere Bergerolles, blanchisseuse of Moulins, am the only noble mother of my daughter. Allez-vous en—va't'en!"

And Mere Bergerolles lock up her wash-lady establishment and go quickly to Paris and kick fiercely on the door of Mistinguette so that it open in a manner most hurried and admit her. Mistinguette, who hear the kicking, come to see what is wrong, with the Comtesse at her elbow.

"Tnette, ma petite Albertine!" shriek the wash-lady, and try to throw herself on the bosom of LA Mistinguette.

Mistinguette, so sudden is this apparition, falls half over in half of a real faint. But she catch herself and say politely:

"A thousand regrets, Madame, but already I have a mother—the Comtesse de Tournelles whom you see at my side."

"Comtesse, the mother of my 'Tnette!' exclaim Mere

Bergerolles. And she fall on the floor kicking and laughing so-for some time she cannot speak.

"Ingrate!" she say when she get up. "I shall go tell all Paris that the little smutty-faced 'Tnette Bergerolles, daughter of Mere Bergerolles, blanchisseuse of Moulins, needing an ancestress more than a mother, has bought a comtesse. Au revoir, 'Tnette. Ha, ha! Oh, la, la, la!" Pretty soon come to Mistinguette the manager of the Varieties and say to her:

"Alors! Ma petite, it is deplorable to permit a mother



"Mistinguette, with Her Hired Mother, Would Contemplate Those Ancestors for Hours."



Mlle Mistinguette, Who Lost Her Hired Ancestors by Way of the Moving Pictures.

Paris, May 24.

BEHOLD! for all Americans of the disposition joyous who are about to attain their hearts' desire of a visit to Paris, a word of caution. It is the fraternal Spirit-of the Boulevards who gives the warning most kindly.

Mes amis, it is dangerous, it is forbidden, to remark certain matters in the presence of the actress most charming, most spirituelle, Mlle. Mistinguette. For example: "Ancestry"—ah, non, nevalr, jamais de votre vie! A misfortune most horrible has befallen the noble ancestress of Mlle. Mistinguette.

"Mother"—that name adorable, but not concerning the mother, Mistinguette herself suffers a misfortune most ludicrous.

"Cinema—cinematographique," what in America you call "movies." But name it not in the presence of Mistinguette. It is herself whom those "movies" have betrayed. Monsieur Dupin, Arsene Lupin, Sherlock Holmes, could not have betrayed her with more finished cruelty.

Mes amis d'Amérique, on arriving in Paris you will yourselves repair directly to the Varieties—naturelement. Upon the stage you will see one figure adorable—LA Mistinguette. Entre nous, you will make the haste to present yourselves a la porte du stage—at the door of the stage—with your respects personal for the charming actress. Oh, oui—cela va sans dire—it goes without saying—everybody's doin' it. Bien. But remember, silence on those matters now mentioned—for those reasons now to be explicated:

By all the world is comprehended the reputation of Mlle. Mistinguette. The beauty, the gowns, the jewels, the automobiles, the royalty and the nobility at her feet—all these triumphs most agreeable are with LA Mistinguette fall accomplish—as you say in America, "she's got there."

But in her heart most secret to "get there" was to Mlle. Mistinguette no more than nothing. C'est vrai. Without the crest, the coat of arms, the noble name—without the ancestry, all the triumph of Mlle. Mistinguette were no more as a puff of the wind—pouf!

Attendez! The ancestry of Mlle. Mistinguette was no more distinguished than that of any other gamine of the alleys in the small French village of Moulins, the truth of which you will comprehend in the name that is her own—Albertine Bergerolles—and in the occupation of Mere Bergerolles—une blanchisseuse—what you call the wash-lady. And when the little Albertine run away

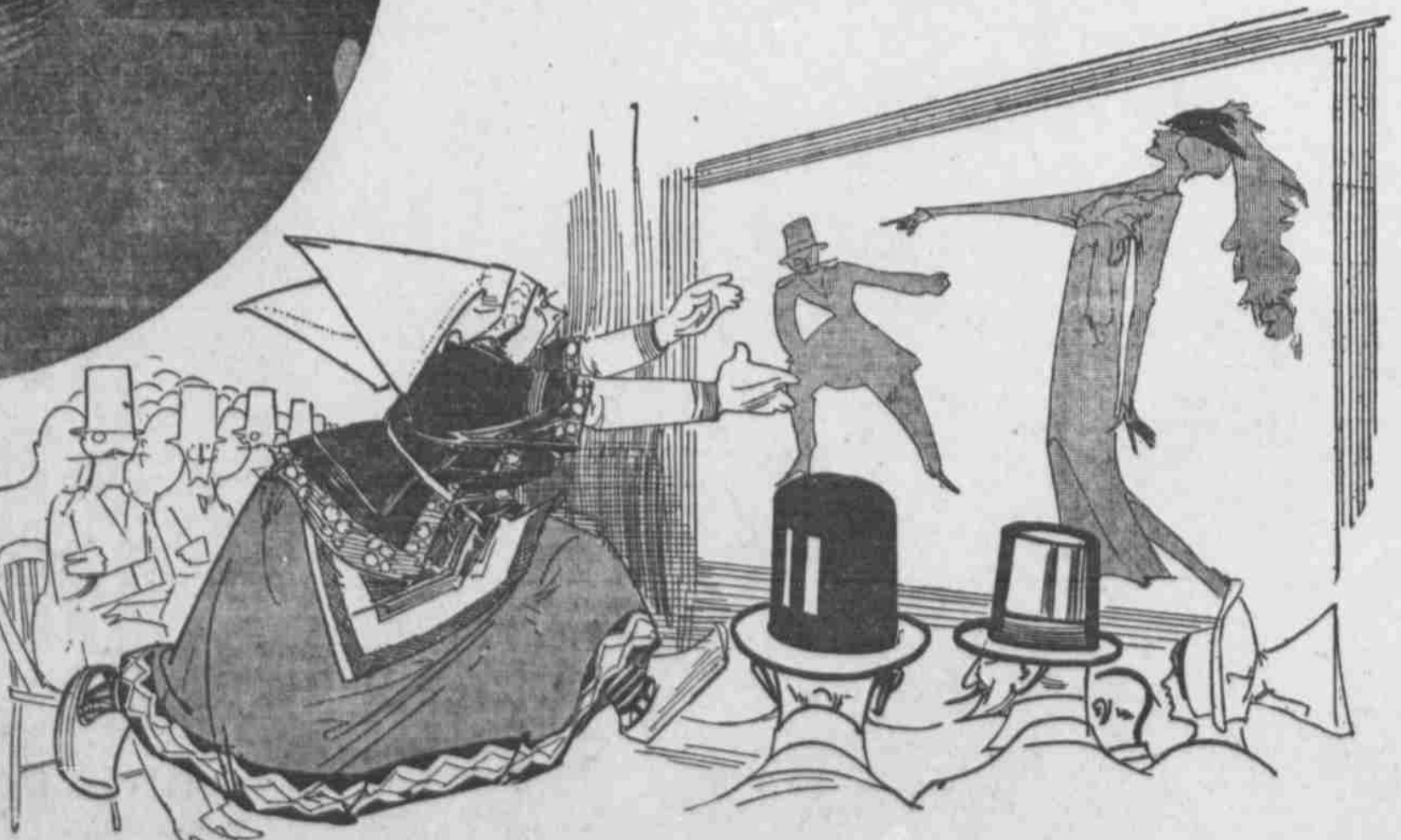
to Paris to be a gamine on the stage and make the fortune and the grand reputation, she leave no address for Mere Bergerolles, who weep a little—but have not so much to wash any more.

Enfin, in effect, Mere Bergerolles had no daughter, and the gamine of Moulins, in six, nine, ten years, the Mistinguette most famous of the ladies of the Paris stage, had no mother.

So Mistinguette, having everything else so much to be desired, say to herself: "Viola! now will I have the success most grand. I will have the ancestry. I will have the crest for the door of my carriage and the papers of my cigarettes. La, la, tout de suite I am une grande dame—la, la, la!"

For, figure to yourself, Mlle. Mistinguette have already discover in Nimes a poor lady living all alone in the world with her title of Comtesse de Tournelles, and nothing to eat but consomme jardiniere, and the pot au feu on Sunday. So the rich, the famous Paris actress come to the poor Countess and say to her:

"Is it that you will come to Paris and live with me, and be my mother—my noble ancestress?"



"In Mistinguette on the 'Movies' She Sees Her Little Albertine as Real as Life, and Cries, 'My Little Albertine!'"



And This Is Mlle. Mistinguette's Unwanted Real Mother.