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THEY ALL WANT WHAT THEY WANT WHEN THEY WANT IT!

*Distracting Exhibitions of Artistic Temperament
That Follow the Effort to Harness
the Eccentric Polaire with Two Even More
Erratic Stars--*

What Next?



Polaire and Her Crippled
Dogs Whose Rights Are
Fully Protected in
Her Contract.

Lady Constance Stewart Richardson at One
of the Most Temperamental Moments
of Her Classic Dances.

POLAIRE—once known to fame as the ugliest woman on the stage, now by her own admission one of the most beautiful—is sitting at her writing desk in her Paris apartment. Before her are spread out the 100 closely typewritten sheets, which compose the contract binding her to a tour of America with Lady Constance Stewart Richardson and Gertrude Hoffman. Beside her sits Morris Gest, of New York, the man who has been careless enough of his own peace of mind to undertake harnessing together three of the most tempestuous temperaments that ever drove a manager insane by their efforts to get what they want when they want it.

In the background stand a half dozen French, English and American lawyers. They look weary, these lawyers, and why not? For two solid weeks they have been trying to reduce to legal contract form all the feminine fads and follies the scenic notions and artistic jealousies which make this temperamental French woman what she is. Is Polaire really going to sign at

it—no, not for ten million francs—unless you provide in it the protection for my pauvres petites, my precious pets." At this moment the door opens and the pinkest of snouts appears, followed by the famous pig. Pearls, rubies and diamonds sparkle on his plump form wherever they can find lodging, for it is Polaire's newest pleasure to adorn piglets with her jewels instead of wearing them herself. Behind the redoubtable Napoleon come his inseparable comrades, Dodo and Fil, the crippled little puppies which Polaire rescued from death on the road to Versailles after one of her motor cars had crushed them.

With a scream of delight Polaire rushes toward her pets, gathers them one after another in her serpentine arms, and fairly smothers them with ardent embraces. It is an effective

half suspects, simply because Miss Hoffman is known to be fond of such pets. Polaire signed the contract the following day without any further trouble. It is written in duplicate in French and English, covers 108 closely typewritten pages of legal foolscap and is beyond doubt the most complicated agreement of the kind in the history of the law.

last? One can feel the tenseness of the situation in the very atmosphere of the room. Not a word is spoken—there is not a sound save the nervous tap-tap-tap of Polaire's slipped foot, and with puckered brow, she scans the last paragraphs of this long, complicated agreement.

A dozen times within the past few days Polaire has been on the point of signing, only to discover some fancied slight to her art or some imagined favoritism to Lady Constance or Miss Hoffman, which made her angrily tear the laboriously prepared document into shreds and demand that an entirely new one be drawn up.

It really looks, however, as if American enterprise this time has found the solution to this perplexing problem of Gallic femininity. Polaire has read the contract, through twice without voicing a single objection. And now, she takes up her favorite gold pen, dips it in the jeweled well of purple ink, which she affects and gives her slender wrist a little preliminary flourish to impart the necessary boldness to her signature.

But she does not sign her name—not yet. Instead, Polaire flings down her pen, scatters the sheets of the contract on the floor with an impetuous sweep of her hand and starts pacing up and down the room like a mad woman. Any one not accustomed to her strange moods might actually fear for his safety at sight of the sudden violence of her passion.

With a wisdom born of long experience with temperamental artists and feminine, Mr. Gest says nothing. And really there is nothing he can say, for he has not even a suspicion of the real cause of his prospective star's latest outburst.

Now she pauses, her bosom heaving with emotion, cheeks flushed, eyes flashing fire. She faces the little group of astonished men like a tigress and starts talking. But she is so agitated, her words pour forth in such torrent, and she emphasizes them with such violent gestures that it is several minutes before her hearers know what she is getting at. "Jamais de ma vie! Ne jamais!" "Sir!!!" she cries, calling alternately on French, English and German to express herself. "This contract what you make—it says nothing, not one word about Napoleon, my pig, Dodo and Fil, my pauvres little lame dogs. Ne jamais will I sign

tableau—just how effective no one knows better than Polaire, who stages even the most trivial details of her daily life with the skill of an expert.

"Oh, mes pauvres enfants," she murmurs, smiling delightfully through a real, hope-may-die mist of tears, "my precious babies! Is it not adorable the way they love me? And wicked Polaire—what is it that she has done for her pets? Nothing! She has forgotten them, neglected them, never mentioned them once in her contract. Ciel, how I have shame for myself when I think of it! And it is for this that I shall not go to your Etats-Unis—no, not one step, instead I shall enter some convent and bury myself under an ugly black veil to do penance for my sins."

Manager Gest tried hard to conceal his relief. He had already made so many concessions to this artistic temperament that he could have well afforded to supply valets and trained nurses for her pets. But he had supposed her objection concerned something more serious and more difficult to adjust than two lame dogs and a fat, waddling pig.

A brand new contract was accordingly drafted, with clauses added providing for the welfare of the three animals which are to be Polaire's constant companions on her American tour. Stripped of their complicated Anglo-Franco-American legal phraseology, these clauses provide as follows:

That neither Miss Hoffman, Lady Richardson nor any other person connected with the company shall enjoy the possession of any animal pets during the tour. Fil, Dodo and Napoleon are to enjoy the undisputed freedom of the stage, dressing rooms and auditorium of every theatre where the company appears, and proper precautions are to be taken to prevent "any parrot, cat, snake or any other bird that flies, beast that winks or reptile that crawls from entering the building while Polaire and her pets are there."

Polaire is delighted with it. "It is my Magna Charta," she declares, "just the sort of agreement which every great artist should insist upon for the protection of her art, her person and her temperament."

"It is no contract at all," says an eminent New York lawyer who has seen it, "but an attempt to describe in legal terms an eccentric woman's senseless fancies and to surround the gratification of her whims with all sorts of impossible and preposterous conditions."

"You'll never be able to fulfill your part of the agreement," say Mr. Gest's friends.

"Oh, yes, I shall," he replies confidently, but he admits he has his doubts on the matter when he compares the provisions of the Polaire agreement with those of the similar contracts he has made with Gertrude Hoffman, the temperamental American, and Lady Constance Stewart Richardson, the equally temperamental Englishwoman.

This is where the difficulty lies—in this triple alliance of antagonistic temperaments, each hoping to rise to success on the failures of the other two. Each of the three stars has not been content with ensuring herself getting what she wants when she wants it, down to the most inconsequential things, but she has tried to prevent the other two from gratifying just as many of their pet desires as she could. Many men of experience in theatrical affairs maintain that in signing three contracts which conflict so violently in so many respects, Mr. Gest has sown the seeds for a crop of dissensions which will take the courts years to thresh out.

Each of the stars insists, for example, on a third floor corner room with southern exposure in the best hotel. This requirement can easily be met in the large cities where there are several hotels of the highest standing; but what will happen in the small one-night stands where there is only one good hotel?

Manager Gest also scents serious trouble over the matter of perfumes. Polaire's contract explicitly states that "no one but herself shall use any sort of perfume on the stage, in the dressing rooms or in the railway trains during the tour." She declares that she is possessed of the exclusive rights to a "certain perfume of such a delicate and peculiar nature

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that none of her rights is infringed upon by either of the others.

The stars demand that their names shall be printed in type of the same size in all posters, and each of them insists that her name shall be the only one to appear in the theatre's electric sign. Mr. Gest will doubtless be able to get around this latter difficulty by having the artists arrive and leave the theatre at different hours and by providing three separate signs, each bearing the name of one of the stars. Thus with a little careful planning it will be possible to have each artist see her name flashing by itself in electric lights when she passes the front of the theatre.

None of the temperaments must be given the slightest precedence over the others. If their motor cars should chance to reach the stage door at the same time, they must be drawn up at the curb in such a way that the distance from the door to each of the cars, will be precisely the same.

Another point on which all three contracts agree is that art cannot flourish without a reasonably sympathetic atmosphere. To provide the proper amount of sympathy, each star demands twenty of the best seats for every performance to be distributed among her countrymen. Polaire, of course, will give her seats to Parisians of the boulevard type; Lady Richardson will distribute hers among monocled Englishmen, and Miss Hoffman will endeavor to find in every city a score of typical Broadway first-nighters to be her guests.

"But these contracts all seem very one-sided," one of Mr. Gest's friends remarked. "What do these exacting ladies condescend to do for you in return for all the attentions you are going to lavish on them?"

"Oh," replied Mr. Gest, "they are willing to sing and dance and act a little occasionally, and they graciously allow me to charge admission to hear and see them. What more could I expect?"

If tact is able to keep this tantalizing trio of temperaments working harmoniously together for even part of a season, it will indeed be a triumph. But many husbands and theatrical managers, who have failed dimly in their efforts to gratify the whims of only one artistic woman, declare that Mr. Gest might as well try to bring the moon to Broadway.



"The boxing kangaroo frightened Polaire's pig half to death."



"Lilies-of-the-valley always drive Miss Hoffman into a fury."



"Lady Constance cannot tolerate the sight of an alarm clock."

"The mere presence of lilies-of-the-valley in my vicinity drives me into a fury," says Miss Hoffman. "A stupid friend of mine once sent me a box of them, and they excited me so that I seized a revolver and drove the messenger boy from the room."

The sight or sound of an alarm clock irritates Lady Richardson's sensibilities even more than lilies-of-the-valley do Miss Hoffman's. Her contract becomes null and void if by any chance she find an alarm clock in her dressing room or at her hotel. In London once she became so enraged at the sight of one of the hated things that she hurled it through a costly plate-glass window.

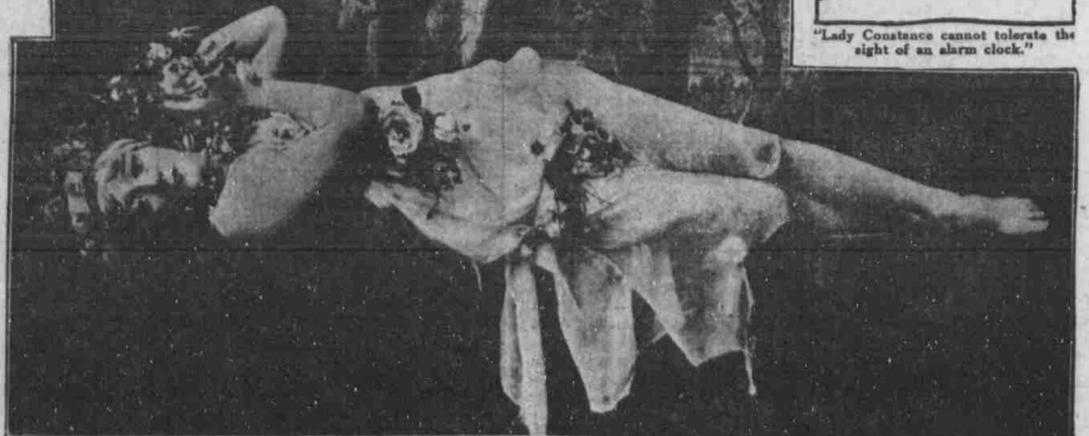
It narrowly missed killing a prominent English nobleman who chanced to be passing in the street below. Polaire's contract provides that her dressing room shall be draped from floor to ceiling with purple hangings, and that unless no consideration shall any other member of the company be allowed to wear purple at any time. At the close of her act a butler in purple livery must be on hand to serve her with champagne of a vintage and at a temperature carefully specified in the contract.

How jealous Polaire is of her fellow stars is shown by the clause which provides for a trusted servant of hers to ring the curtain up and down for her act. This is done for fear the theatre's regular curtain man might be bribed to deprive her of her proper share of applause by lowering the curtain too soon.

Each of the stars demands a manager, press representative and musical conductor of her own—all at Mr. Gest's expense. And each will have, in addition, the exclusive services of a private detective to see

that the presence of any other perfume would tend to destroy its fragrance and thereby interfere with her own happiness and pleasure.

Polaire will not tolerate gardenias, which happen to be Miss Hoffman's favorite flowers, and Miss Hoffman bars lilies-of-the-valley, of which Lady Richardson is passionately fond.



Miss Gertrude Hoffman Who is Barred from Using Perfume and Wearing Purple by the Terms of Polaire's Contract.