

## AN AD FOR MISS LEWIS.

She Is Cute and So Is Marston, and They Deserve It.

There are many ways to advertise. Here is one of them:

A telephone message received at THE TIMES office at 12:15 this morning announced that Lillian Lewis, who is the star of the street Opera house this week, wanted to see a reporter. There was trouble in the company, it was announced. In answer to the call a reporter went to the Centropolis, where Miss Lewis is stopping. He was shown to parlor G. A rap on the door brought a query as to who was there. Then the door was slightly opened and Miss Lewis pecked forth:

"Wait just a minute until I get some clothes and my slippers on," she said. "I want to see you badly."

The reporter waited for about two minutes and then heard: "You can come in."

Miss Lewis was found with a large fur cloak wrapped about her. The dress she wore trailed the ground.

"I didn't bother about my slippers," she said. "It doesn't make much difference."

As the actress took a seat a bare foot peeped out from under her dress, but was quickly withdrawn. The \$30,000 diamond garter lay on the floor near the bed.

"I'm in a peck of trouble," she began. "Marston says I can not play 'Therese' Friday night. 'Lady Lil' has caught on and now he says I must play it during the engagement. Isn't it horrid? I am going to play 'Therese,' however, or shut up the house. 'Therese' is a grand play and just suits me. All the company like it. But I have to undress in one scene and Mr. Marston says he doesn't like that."

"But isn't Marston manager of the company?" asked the reporter.

"He is; he is," answered Miss Lewis. "He's my husband, too. It's awful! He must let me play 'Therese.' While he objects he can not occupy these apartments. Marston is jealous. Yes, he is jealous of Emile Zola. That's the trouble with him. Here is a horrid note he sent me a while ago."

Following is a copy of the note:

'Therese Raquin' will not be played Friday night. 'Lady Lil' will be the play. Make arrangements accordingly. L. MARSTON.

"What do you think of that?" asked Miss Lewis. "It makes me mad. When I got it I sent a message to him that he won't like. I tell you I sent him an answer such as he deserved. I am going to be seen in 'Therese' Friday night, and that's all there is of it."

Calling a bell-boy, Miss Lewis had him open a bottle of beer in her room. She drank a glass of this with apparent relish. For ten minutes she told of how well she had been treated by newspaper men—how Colonel Alden J. Blethen of Minneapolis had devoted considerable space to telling of her abilities, and how Major Bittinger of St. Joseph had given her an editorial, interview, criticism and free ad all in the same issue of his paper.

"How long have you been in the business, young man?" she asked, and without waiting for a reply she went on: "I have never met you before. I have so many friends among the newspaper men."

As the reporter went away Miss Lewis called after him: "Be sure now and state that I will play 'Therese.' Get it in if there is only one line of it."

Inquiry at the office of the hotel as to who sent the telephone message was answered by the statement that it was done by direction of Manager Marston. He sat in the corridor while the reporter interviewed Miss Lewis.

All of which goes to show that actors and actresses are devilish sly.