

# ONCE TALK OF PARIS, ACTRESS IS RECLUSE

Eve Lavalliere, Until 1915 One  
of the Gayest at Montmartre,  
Is Found in the Vosges.

## MODEST HOME A CLOISTER

In White House With a Green Door  
She Lives Apart From the World  
Except for Village Poor.

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PARIS, Aug. 16.—In a white house with a green door on the outskirts of a village in the Vosges is living, almost as retiringly as a hermit, a woman who only a few years ago was one of the best known, gayest and most talked-of actresses in Paris.

Eve Lavalliere is her name. As recently as 1915 she was singing, in the slang of the Montmartre, patriotic songs with a kick in them in the variety theatres of the capital. The characters she acted and the songs she sang were all of the very personal kind. She was the embodiment of singing and acting and she was everything that the name Montmartroise conveys to a Frenchman.

Now she is living like a hermit in a white house with a green door at the foot of a quiet valley in the Vosges and the only time she sings is at mass every day in the village church.

It was in 1917 that the news suddenly burst on Paris that Eve Lavalliere was going to leave the stage and enter a Carmelite convent. To reporters and even to her friends she refused to give any explanation. Rumor had it that she had discarded all her jewels and clothes, that were the wonder even of the Paris stage, and that she was wearing only coarse sackcloth garments. Soon people forgot her, and quietly and completely she disappeared.

Down in the Vosges she was found again by a *Matin* correspondent who, while stopping in the village, asked casually who lived in the white house with the ikon over the door. When he learned the name he waited at the church door until she came out. The woman who used to be the best dressed actress in Paris was wearing a neat black frock and under her umbrella she walked with a peasant girl who had accompanied her to mass.

Her blue eyes, the correspondent writes, are more lovely than ever and her hands and feet are fine and small, such as are rarely found in the country.

With a quick step she passed him and entered her house. But not daunted he demanded an audience. The peasant girl, who had been to church, opened the door. No, she informed him, Mademoiselle never received. All friends from Paris especially were forbidden entry.

"This house," said the maid, "is not an ordinary house. It is a cloister."

Her health, it seems, prevented the reception of the would-be nun into a religious order and so she has chosen to seclude herself in the country where she spends her time between the church and her walled-in garden, receiving only the poor people of the village who come to her for help.

Only twice in these years has she left her home, once to go on a pilgrimage to Lourdes and once to go to the quiet resort of Vittel. But when she returned from there, her maid said, she was very melancholy.

"Does she ever think and talk about the past?" the *Matin* correspondent asked.

"Never," was the maid's answer. "When she gets letters from her old friends she sometimes smiles, for she has no bitterness about the past, but she doesn't think about it. She thinks only of the present and the future."