

charming owner has taken a house for the summer. This owner is none other than Miss Percy Haswell, who has inaugurated her second season at the Royal Alexandra. What an ideal place she has chosen for a home!

And there is another garden beyond the snowball tree and the



MISS PERCY HASWELL

peonies and the Gladiolis. Here may be seen a bed of crisp lettuce, a smattering of spinach and onions, and a few potato stems promise a substantial item for Miss Haswell's menu, later on.

Perhaps the quaintest touch of all is the vision of a chickenless chicken coop, which stands in the midst of the potato patch. As yet there are no feathery phantoms flitting around, but one can never tell, how soon the present owner of it all may assume the responsibilities of a real incubator enthusiast. She might glance up, now and then, as she studied her part, out in the quaintest spot of the other garden, just to watch the care free happiness of a score or two of fluffy, yellow chicklets.

"Here is where the actress studies her lines," she exclaimed, as we paused beside the snowball tree. "This is the seat, right here, underneath the little flakes which drop on my pages as I read. Is it not an inspiration to any role? Why, this place might be my ideal cottage in the air."

Yes, truly, Miss Haswell has found her Toronto cottage in the air, garden and all, the quaintest spot being the seat under the snowball tree.

* * *

A Real Matinee Idol

If there is a girl suffering from an acute attack of stage strike, the best possible remedy for her ailment is a visit to a rehearsal before the company are familiar with the lines. All disillusionments will force themselves on her, with such rapidity that she will wonder how the illusion ever happened.

A big, bare stage, with members of the company dotted here and there, evincing their boredom by repeated yawnings, a manager, hatless, coatless and with sleeves uprolled, a group of foreign-looking individuals peeping in from the door leading to the dressing-rooms—thus was the setting arranged for my first scene with Miss Adelaide Keim, of whom I had often read, and whom I wished so much to meet. If the other members of the cast appeared more or less bored and tired on the hot June afternoon, Miss Keim's enthusiasm probably made up for their lack of it. The dusty floor of

the stage, the remnants of scenery standing, sentinel-like about, the waving drops, hanging suspended in mid-air, the curious members of Bernhard's company who watched from the dressing-room doorway, all these were unnoticed by Miss Keim, who was Glory Quayle, and Glory Quayle only, for the rest of the afternoon.

I learned for myself that Miss Keim is indeed a conscientious actress, one not afraid of work, one whom work has rounded into a charming woman before she has left her twenties.

We sat on a stage platform and chatted between acts. Incidentally I asked Miss Keim if all the stories were true, about the matinee girls' gifts, which found their way to her dressing-room.

"Yes, the girls send me all kinds of things," she said. "Pickles and jams, and pies and cakes, besides flowers and candy and books. They write to me, asking me what I like to eat, they flock to my dressing-room to ask my advice as to what books they should read. They invite me out to teas, and bring their troubles to me, and I love them for it. I love to meet them in my dressing-room, and to listen to their little secrets. I do hope they like me in Toronto."

And I should say they will. For be it said of Toronto as a theatre-going city, that she is always on the lookout for a "good thing," and is very ready to recognize one when she sees it, and if one were to judge from the reception Miss Keim has received at the Princess, Toronto already not only likes her, but has turned matinee girl and evinces her



MISS ADELAIDE KEIM

love in repeated rounds of applause till Miss Keim is obliged to step before the curtain and voice her approval of it all, in the neatest, half-embarrassed little curtain speech you ever heard. And already there are whisperings which speak of her as "Our Miss Keim."

So Miss Keim may prepare herself for new conquests, not only at her afternoon performances, but at those at night.

Manager: "What's the leading lady in such a tantrum about?"

Press Agent: "She only got nine bouquets over the footlights to-night."

Manager: "Great Scott! Ain't that enough?"

Press Agent: "Nope—she paid for ten."—Cleveland Leader.

* * *

"In the days of the ancient drama," said the pedantic person, "performances were given in the open air."

"What a discouragement that must have been," replied Miss Cayenne, "to the man who insists on going out of the theatre to get a breath of fresh air."—Washington Star.



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