

# The Romances of Margaret Anglin

By MARGARET BELL

THERE was a little girl who used to spend her time wandering about the corridors of the great Dominion Parliament Buildings at Ottawa. Parliamentary affairs had little interest for her, and she would ramble off through the park and listen to the river tumbling over the stones. A sprite of the special Thespian order appeared to her one day and she never forgot the



The Actress From Parliament Hill as "Helena Ritchie."

words whispered in her ear. But she went obediently off to school at Loretto Abbey in Toronto, and later to the Sacred Heart Convent in Montreal. And always before her she could hear the voice of the sprite, whose policy of caprice toppled over suddenly into a maze of real sincerity in her case.

Social life at the Capital did not very strongly appeal, yet the girl made her bow in the regulation way, and was called a successful debutante.

Suitors were many, frequent and persistent, but the young girl from Parliament Hill slipped away from them all—slipped down to her favourite nook by the river and told her sprite she had decided to follow him. Her parents were displeased at the decision, firmly declared, but listened, as wise parents should, to the young girl's plans.

In a very short time the drama and all its adjuncts constituted the young girl's study course in the Nelson Wheatcroft School, New York. Then she sought out a hall bedroom and real work began.

Now a hall bedroom is not a particularly inviting place of abode after a life in the gay capital. But the student was happy in spite of her surroundings. She would sit at her desk, before a bit of worn manuscript, looking out now and then across the rows of smoky buildings, in fancy seeing her name blaze before some theatre entrance. And the sprite would appear from behind the desk and whisper words of cheer. So she studied, hoped and waited.

And then, one day, she walked right in through

the doors of Opportunity. She took a small part in "Shenandoah." And that night in dreams she saw a long, rough road, circuitous, too, in places, but leading to a goal where Fame stood waiting with the laurel in her hand, to proclaim Margaret Anglin the greatest Canadian actress living and one of the greatest actresses of the world. For the young girl was Margaret Anglin.

After the hall bedroom, the first floor front and then a room—and a maid—in a new apartment. She was happy, but not content. One night, she drove along Broadway to the theatre, the invisible sprite, still constant, by her side. Suddenly her secret musings were interrupted. She felt prompted to look up at the great white light above her head. And her heart seemed to leap into her throat. She read above her the legend, "Margaret Anglin in Zira." She had arrived, by the route of the hall bedroom and the first floor front, at the great, wide banquet-hall of achievement.

Then came the tour of the country; and the actress saw, on Tuesday mornings, extravagant epithets and phrases in bold type. She was glad, but still unsatisfied. She had a long run at the Garrick Theatre in Chicago, where she spent her spare time in reading manuscripts. One roll sent her looked more interesting than the rest. After the play, one night, she four times read it over, during the cold, dark hours of early morning. The name of the play was "The Sabine Woman." It contained great parts for Miss Anglin, and for her producing manager, Henry Miller. Mr. Miller was wired for, but unable to come; so Miss Anglin rehearsed the play, herself, with her own company, and put it on in three days—three sleepless nights and days of steady work. The title of the play was changed to "The Great Divide," the most typical American play yet written. It provided a wonderful vehicle to express emotional powers and the part of Ruth Jordan, which this actress originated, has taken an honoured place in theatrical annals. The one-time child of the Dominion Parliament corridors had become now a factor in artistic interpretation. And the sprite who had first whispered walked exultantly by her side.

It was just at this time that there stirred within Miss Anglin the desire to wander the earth. Egypt, Australia and the tourist-tramped countries of Europe saw her in the role of traveller, and Sydney saw her in the name part of "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie." Another season of tears and sighs in America, in this new play. But the young actress had a desire trump up her sleeve. She had run the whole gamut of tragedy and serious drama, she had wept gallons of tears for the pleasure of matinee girls, she had satisfied, and more, the most critical highbrows. So she went to the other extreme, namely, the comic.

BUT here comes in the greatest of all Miss Anglin's romances. She was chosen to act the part of Antigone in the Greek Theatre, San Francisco. The producing manager was a stranger to her. They spent many hours together, constructing parts and slaughtering manuscripts. The moonlights in California are alluring and the motor drives are most fascinating. So the Thespian sprite, somehow, slipped away unheeded and another young god, arrayed in a meagre bow and quiver, tiptoed in and took his place. And all the artist's fine views on single blessedness were scattered to the seventeen winds of Nowhere. That season, she appeared in a new play, "Green Stockings," with touches by the manager she had met in the sunny south. She showed her American audiences the real meaning of humour and scored successes in comedy as great as in her previous serious work. The close of the season in "Green Stockings" brought a binding ceremony in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, and a motor honeymoon through the beauties of sunny France. The motor had been responsible for a great deal. The whimsical sprite and Dan Cupid had made a compromise and the world had laughed with the happiness of the lovers.

Nowadays, one thinks things over, repeats the name two or three times. "Mrs. Howard Hull," then finally decides, "I don't know her by that name, even if she has been married a whole year. I much prefer Margaret Anglin."

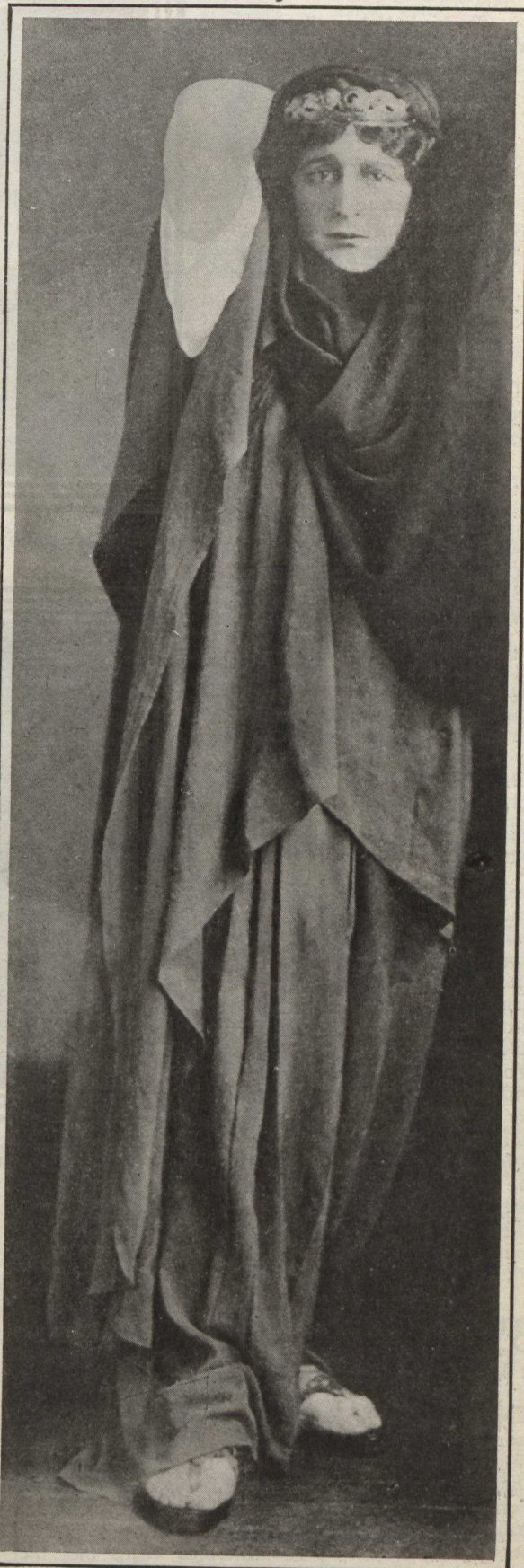
This year, the favourite has said "Au Revoir" to comedy, for a time, and is starring in the serious play called "Egypt." Nor is the saying applicable

in this case, "Laugh and the world laughs with you; weep and you weep alone." The world will weep if Miss Anglin weeps—and be glad; such, it would seem, is whim of her humorous sprite.

## Brutus' Portia

I HAD seen her the night before, Miss Julie Opp, when the whole exceptional galaxy of William Faversham's players was so brilliant that no star outdid the others. But that night I peeped at her through the doors, just a moment, and it was then that her beauty and talent most impressed. It was the street scene which presents Portia and Lucius. "Fair as a star when only one is shining in the sky." So did appear the white-robed, chestnut-haired woman. But the greatest pleasure in beholding the apparition was that brains imparted to the beauty, significance. Mrs. Faversham did not seem to be acting; she simply was, for the moment, Brutus' Portia.

M. J. T.



As Sarony, Often Called the Maker of Actresses, Depicted This Favourite Artist in a Favourite Role.

The Always Truthful Photographer and the Occasionally Truthful Critics Are Agreed in Their Records of Miss Anglin's Consummate Art in the Impersonation of the Classic "Antigone."