

# THE MATINEE GIRL

By MARGARET BELL

## A Friend of the Animals

A MEDIUM-SIZED woman, wearing a black suit and drooping hat sat in the woman's reception room of a certain hotel, nervously fingering some manuscript and curbing her impatience by repeatedappings on the arm of her chair. Little strands of hair played around her face and the observer went away, saying, "Why, Mrs. Fiske is a real blonde. I never knew it!"

She jumped up as I came in, and led the way toward the door, before which stood a carriage waiting to convey her to the stage door. It was in this carriage that our interview was to take place. How glad I was that Mrs. Fiske was in a talkative mood, and of her own natural enthusiasm. My whole work was simply to sit back and listen to her low voice.

We passed a window where were displayed all the delicacies which tempt the most epicurean palate. Live lobsters were there, and fish of all kinds, and deer, horns and all, hanging in the doorway. Mrs. Fiske's enthusiasm redoubled itself, also her anger.

"Now just look at that. That is a shame to civilization.

Such display of slaughter! Poor dumb brutes. That is one thing to which I strongly object, that and wearing furs. Perhaps if I lived up here in Canada all year round, I'd change my mind about the furs, but never about the other. I remember once we were out in Washington, there was a poor, starved dog hanging around the station. Nobody was the least bit interested in him, nobody gave him a passing thought." Mrs. Fiske's voice trailed off into a subdued whisper of sympathy. The gabbling Becky was nowhere visible, at that moment. "I inquired about him, and found out that he had been loitering around there for some days, without food, remember. Now how long would a human animal sneak around any place without asking for food? I just took him right into my carriage, up to the hotel, telephoned the Humane Society and found a home for him, inside of an hour. Yes, that is what I am most interested in, outside of my work. There are plenty of places for neglected children. It is the poor dumb brutes that have to suffer, and very often they are more deserving of sympathy than lots of human creatures, who go around soliciting it."

We had reached the stage door, inside of which a whole army of workmen were busy preparing the first scene in Becky's home. The immortal Becky, the friend of all the dumb brutes, walked blithely in, to assume the complex and dress of the stage Becky, and I walked slowly back home, thinking that the great minds always have time to give some attention to the small things of the world.

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## Some Appropriate Vacations

IF we who see the players as they appear to us from the other side of the dazzling lights could have the shaping of their vacations, what a will-o-the-wisp time they would spend, during those few weeks when the grease paint and powder are replaced by sea breezes and country air! Julia Marlowe would hie her to the river Wye, walk impatiently up and down the bank till Dr. Owen all mud-stained and exultant, came to the shore, bearing a precious box in his hand. This she would demand that he open, but the Duke of Beaufort, stepping up at that moment, most psychological of course, would bear the box

and its contents away, before their eyes.

Mary Mannering, embarking on a second honeymoon, would lean leisurely back in some secluded hammock, and wrestle with the problem as to whether this world, even if it be a mere man's, is such a wretched place after all.

And she of the pinkish tinted hair, Billie Burke, the coy, imagine her starting off on a world-wide tour, to set at ease the thoughts that infest her cunning head, thoughts of the wisdom of a brewer's daughter casting her lot with a foreign noble.

Julie Opp, we can see her, monocle on eye, with manish stride, demanding her rights, on the grounds that she is a person, rightly balanced, of sane mind and perfectly capable of putting the x opposite the proper name.

And Maude Adams, the sweetest of them all, the most petite and dainty, think of her with her meagre baggage, a-touring the land, in search of a truly wise rooster who is able to appreciate all the epigrams of Edmond Rostand! From the midnight lights on Broadway to the fields of sunny France, she would wander, calling in her mellow treble, to see if there would not come some answering cry to respond to her own.

Maxine Elliott, the passe beauty, accompanied by her faithful aly Sport, would go whining across the blue, berating any wandering woman-hater, who preferred a quiet night with his brandy and soda to any fascinating novel written by one of the inferior sex.

We would give the kiddies a treat, if we could induce dear Edith Wynne Mathison to bring her magic pipe to the streets of Toronto or Montreal or Winnipeg, and show them a wonderful land full of flowers and sweets.

The coquettish Grace George, might have a very strenuous vacation, could she carry out all the suggestions of an interested public. All the obstinate husbands would receive a lesson, each one would take a sufficient amount of Grace's "sauce" to enable the poor, downtrodden wives a few days' relaxation from the role of slave and ornament.

Margaret Anglin—but all such suggestions would be *de trop* now—for she has found her Colonel Smith. Let us not wish her any more ideal vacation than a trip to Simoliand with a wreath of faded orange

blossoms, and the charred remains of an army list.

But, fortunately, all the players choose their own vacations, and our suggestions are all useless. Let them enjoy the summer to the fullest, to be ready to "play the fool" for our amusement, in the autumn.

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## Under the Snowball Tree

OUT in the dearest old-fashioned garden is a blooming snowball tree, which drops little bits of flakey fragments down on a rustic seat. All around floats the fragrance of spring blossoms, apple and pear trees stand offering shade and shelter to any wandering stroller, and from the lilac bushes which form a hedge comes the faintest perfume of mauve and white sweetness. It is a dear old place, like the gardens you read about, as you lie in your summer hammock, and yawn the summer moments away. There is a little arbor, too, all over-grown with grapevine, and purple clematis, and a tangle of branches overhead. Brilliant red peonies nod at you from one side of the path, and from the other, an indiscriminate growth of tall gladioli stems proclaim a cluster of brighter bloom, soon to come. This garden is in Toronto, where the



MRS. FISKE,

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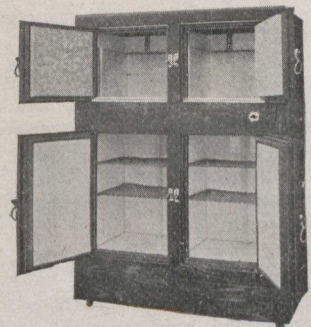
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