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# THE MATINEE GIRL

By MARGARET BELL

### America's Elfin Actress.

A BEAUTIFUL English butterfly went humming through the intricacies of modern society, one time, till her wings became seared by the ugly pollen which fell from that society's lips. And so, she was caught in the meshes of a divorce court and subjected to rigid torture by the British counsels.

In America, Marie Doro was chosen to enact the part of the fitting butterfly, and we all agree that the choice was a wise one. I chanced to wander back into her dressing-room, one night, during her stay in Toronto. All the epithets I had heard describing her came rushing to my memory, and then some more which were coined right there on the spot. The word which describes her best perhaps, is



MISS MARIE DORO  
Appearing in "A Butterfly on the Wheel."

elfin. She reminds one of nothing so much as a dear, pouting child, with a store of foresight and wisdom sometimes found in grown-up children, sometimes sadly lacking. Perhaps it is her eyes which impress one most, large brown eyes, suggesting a whole world of imaginativeness, eyes which could send daggers into the hearts of men, and green poinard pricks into the desire organs of women. Seldom has it been my good fortune to meet such an interesting personality. Clever to the degree of uncanniness almost, inconsistent, slightly cynical, all this interwoven with a magnetism at once alluring and at the same time reticent—there, did you ever hear of such a combination?

Now it was the child which thrust her pretty nothingness toward one, now the observer of humanity, wondering, quizzical. She jumped up from her place before the mirror and chose a large American Beauty from a vaseful, came over and stuck it carelessly through my buttonhole. Then she stood off a little distance, as a child might survey her first effort at dressing a big doll. "Yes, they just suit you. You should wear them all the time. I knew they would. Here's another bud. Put that on, too." It was amusing, to say the least, to be the model for Miss Marie Doro, and her American Beauties.

"Do you know, I've given up thinking," was the next outburst. "I've thought enough in the last year or two, to do me all the rest of my life. I'm past the Ibsen stage and all that. Now, when I get a chance to go to the theatre, I'm going to see something like the "Pink Lady." At one time, I was a highbrow, you know. Oh, nothing but Ibsen for me, but not any more. From now on, I'm going to laugh and not think a serious thought, when I visit a theatre."

And all the time, the little imps of quizzicality were a-dancing around her eyes, and away below all the surface unthinkingness was a whole spurt of philosophy, waiting to burst forth without warning. Then, the

child interest evinced itself again, as she asked, "How do you like my gowns?" I replied that I liked her negligé particularly.

"That is my weakness," she answered. "And it is so hard to get any originality into them."

We talked of everything from theatricals to boiled milk, and by the time we had discussed the monotony of the former, the non-substance of the latter, it was time for the butterfly to fly back to her bower before the lights.

"Be sure and send me what you write," I replied that I'd be sure.

"Oh, don't write anything."

Thus my last bit of conversation with Marie Doro revealed her inconsistency.

### An Interpreter of Ibsen.

CANADA was recently visited by one of the cleverest interpreters of the drama that we have seen in a long time. This was Madame Harriet Labadie, who has made an especial study of Ibsen, and maintains that he is more appropriate for monologue interpretation than for a large theatrical cast. In fact, Ibsen himself once expressed the same preference for his plays. However, I hope the royalties that Mr. Ibsen has secured from his plays have not proven a burden.

Madame Labadie appeared in Toronto in "A Doll's House," "Hedda Gabbler," and "Gossip," the latter adapted from the Spanish "El Gran Galeoto," and produced by the Favershams, a few seasons ago, under the name "The World and His Wife." At all three performances she was greeted by large audiences, who were spell-bound by her art. Seldom, if ever, have we seen an interpreter who can bring to mind each of the characters represented, with such realism that one looks involuntarily to see them appear in the flesh. As Nora, in "A



MADAME HARRIET LABADIE  
The well-known interpreter of Ibsen, who recently appeared in the leading Canadian cities.

"Doll's House," Madame Labadie was a delight. The unthinking, unselfish child-wife, whose great love for her husband brought about her unhappiness, then the tortured, despairing woman, were portrayed with such realism that one forgot everything but the power of the woman who stood telling the story.

Hedda Gabbler was no less a revelation.

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