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"Dominion Maid"

STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE

2 teaspoons Dominion Crystal sugar, 2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 4 teaspoons baking powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter, 1 cup milk. After mixing and sifting ingredients, add butter and then milk. Divide batter into 2 parts. Roll out and bake in 2 round tins. Split each layer and spread with fruit or preserves.

**Dominion
Maid
Recipes**

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flocked by themselves, leaving the stage-director and me in splendid isolation. One day I was annoyed by something and approached a group of them to utter a heartfelt wail.

"What do you think that nut of a maid I've got has done now?" I moaned. "She has given me two gloves for the same hand."

The faces of the company lit up as though a spotlight had been turned on the group. In the most friendly and human way they consoled with me—their reserve dropping like a garment that is cast aside. Suddenly I realized what had reassured them. They had feared that after my years away from the stage I would be aloof and would "put on airs!" My spontaneous, slangy, old-time cry for sympathy had dispelled the idea.

I need hardly add that from the first the moving picture firms have kept me busy reading their letters and telegrams. They sent me all sorts of propositions, and the terms they offered would have made a captain of finance dizzy. But I had no wish to make my reappearance on the stage in a film drama, so I was able to resist them. Purely as an experiment, however, and to see for myself whether I were a good "movie subject," I went to the studio of one of the companies and posed for an hour or two. I think the directors exhausted all the human emotions that morning. Certainly they exhausted me! They expected me to hurl myself into big scenes with no lines, no preliminary inspiration, and almost no rehearsal.

"Now, cry," remarked one of them blithely. "Shed some real tears—"

"But I can't," I protested. "Good heavens, I can't work up an emotional scene with nothing to go on."

"You could cry if your mother had died, couldn't you?" he asked light heartedly. "Well, she has!"

As it happened, my beloved and wonderful mother had indeed died, and very recently, though this well meaning young man did not know it. He merely saw in the sudden tears that gushed from my eyes the dramatic response to his suggestion. With an exclamation of delight, he signalled to the photographer to "go ahead," and before I could explain or turn away I had "registered grief" on several yards of film in the most complete and, to him, most satisfying fashion.

I WAS positive that all the pictures taken of me that day would be utter failures, but they turned out very well indeed—so well that some time I may yield to the lure of the picture drama and put on a film play. It is a strange sensation to see one's self for the first time in moving pictures—to see how one really looks and walks and acts. As I explained in a previous chapter, I have never rehearsed before a mirror, so it was my initial experience of the kind, and it gave me an uncanny, almost a creepy sensation.

We began rehearsing "The Eternal Magdalen" in August, 1915, and we opened in Wilmington, Delaware, in September. The opening was as nerve-wrecking as openings always are, and we had an unusual amount of trouble with the lights which—it may be remembered—are an especially important feature of the play. Our stage-director was Byron Ongley; and he, like the rest of us, had worn himself out in the inevitable strain of a new production. That night in Wilmington, after our first performance, he fell from a window of his room and was killed instantly. His death, when we heard of it in the morning, was an appalling shock to the company, and we were not in the best condition to withstand this. But we had to give a matinee in the afternoon, nevertheless, and I have always wondered by what miracle we got through that surprisingly smooth performance.

When I returned to the hotel, I saw a strange little distraught figure wandering vaguely through the corridor. It was Mrs. Ongley, fresh from the train, not yet wholly conscious of what had happened to her—a woman in a nightmare from which she was still hoping to awake.

WE played a week in Baltimore after the Wilmington opening, and there I had a visit with His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons. A mutual friend brought us together. It was a most interesting meeting—and, incidentally, as perfectly staged as any scene in which I have ever taken part in a drama. My friend and I arrived exactly on the stroke of the appointed hour, and the Cardinal did not keep us waiting an instant. Almost before we were seated he entered the room, and as we rose we watched his progress toward us across the long apartment which he seemed to illuminate with his charming, understanding smile. He was a striking figure in his black gown and scarlet cap, and he offered me his hand with a twinkle in his eye, as though he were not quite sure that I would know what to do with it. I did, however, having been carefully coached, and bending, I kissed his ring with the deep respect I felt.

The next thing he did must have brought a twinkle to my eye, for it amused me immensely. He went to the windows, drew down certain shades and pushed up

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