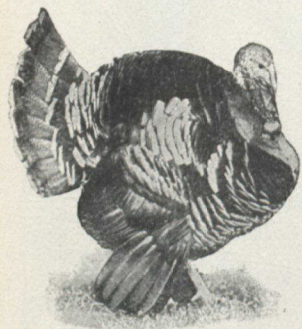


# AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

A DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

## Vaudeville By Choice.



**S**TRANGE it is how the human tastes vary. Most people with stage ambition aim to do serious work in concert, opera or drama. Miss Flora Chalue is an exception, though perhaps the exception is more apparent than real. She has adopted vaudeville as a training ground, rather than a per-

manent vocation, and so far has been fairly successful. Because she is a Canadian and because of this peculiar ambition the CANADIAN COURIER thought it advisable to interview her.

"I started with the hackneyed schoolgirl stagginess, fond parents objecting to real or imagined histrionic talents, persistency on my part. In Toronto, you know, an amateur has every opportunity to try herself out—"

"Toronto Press Club plays?"

"Exactly—I took part in them. And then Mr. Schuch's operas. So much for my amateur work. My first professional engagement was with Mr. E. S. Willard—the dear old gentleman! I did small parts in his company, and finished the season as his ingenue lead—very, very proud you may be sure. That summer I got some fine training in stock in Toronto, under such players as Robert Connors, Mr. McKay and Ida Conquest.

Here is where the remarkable part of Miss Chalue's experience comes in. She got away with that extremely difficult and pivotal role of Adeline in "The Climax." Managers will tell a recruit that if she can handle Adeline she can play almost anything. Miss Chalue faced New York in this part; later drifting to the southern circuit. Because of her success in "The Climax" Miss Chalue was cast as the prima donna in the musicalisation of the Rida Johnson Young play, "Brown of Harvard," which shows that she has also a singing voice. It is a lyric soprano, not matured—and there is promise in it.

Now Miss Chalue has jumped the "legit" for variety. There's a reason. She aims at versatility.



The King, the Queen and Princess Mary, and His Majesty's little dog "Happy."

Then she is going to specialise—at what she does not as yet know. Vaudeville so far has held out many allurements. The *vivas* of applause have come spontaneously. There are some rather interesting features about Miss Chalue's vaudeville work. For instance, she writes her own songs and character stunts. She is not a mere piper of other people's tunes. In this originality of hers is an argument for her to stay in vaudeville—remember

George M. Cohan! Also another tip—Miss Chalue has tucked away down in one of her trunks a three years' contract for vaudeville work on two continents!

But I rather think that Miss Flora Chalue is old-fashioned in her stage ideals:

"Such prosperity, of course you are going to stick to it?"

"What, prosperity?"

"Oh, yes, prosperity, certainly—and, well, vaudeville?"

Miss Chalue jumped down from the trunk top and she smiled.

"Tentatively only. I don't think there's much future in vaudeville. Such a hard climb to be a headliner, too. It's great experience, though. A girl learns to depend on herself. On the vaudeville stage you alone are the cynosure of all eyes—good phrase isn't it? In the "legit" you are not the whole caste, and the other members may cover up a multitude of your sins. No, vaudeville is only a training school for me, whatever I do. I have still my eyes on the opera or the drama—in spite of that three years' contract. Silly? I know you think so!"

## The Royal Family A-Holidaying.

**T**HE King and Queen and the Royal children have lately been spending holidays at His Majesty's beautiful Highland seat, Balmoral Castle, entertaining a few guests, and taking such enjoyment as is peculiar to their various dispositions. The young people especially, devoted themselves in a very whole-hearted manner to the important matter of having a good time. The Prince of Wales spent most of his days in fishing or grouse shooting, and proved himself a very promising shot. Princess Mary found great entertainment on her bicycle investigating the numerous shady paths which wind about the castle, and the three younger princes had no difficulty in amusing themselves at cricket and other sports to their great satisfaction.

The picture of their Majesties and Princess Mary which appears on this page, was taken shortly before their return to England. The king's little terrier "Happy," appears to consider himself quite one of a family group.

## The Harvest Moon.

**I**T is the harvest moon! On gilded vanes  
And roofs of villages, on woodland crests  
And their aerial neighbourhoods of nests  
Deserted, on the curtained window panes  
Of rooms where children sleep, on country lanes  
And harvest fields, its mystic splendour rests!  
Gone are the birds that were our summer guests;  
With the last sheaves return the labouring wains!

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

## A Progressive Organisation.

**T**HE reassembling of the different organisations for the season of 1910-1911 reminds us of the many avenues in which men and women find outlet for their talents and energies, while at the same time doing their mite or more towards carrying on the work of the world's civilisation.

A society which works quietly and along leisurely, yet none the less progressive and telling lines, is the Women's Canadian Historical Society of Toronto. As in most organisations of this class, the bulk of the work is done by a few, the majority benefiting by their efforts and enjoying in a recreative yet profitable way the results of the endeavours of the working minority.

This society has been happy in its choice of presidents. In the sixteen years of its existence it has had several women who made a notable success in presiding over its destinies. The first president was the gentle and capable Mrs. Curson. Mrs. Curson was followed by Lady Edgar, whose literary work in the way of historic research, combined with much executive ability and a gracious personality, made her a distinguished presiding officer in many circles of women. At present and for some years past the chair has been ably filled by Mrs. Forsyth Grant, the dainty and vivacious lady under whose deft and clever handling no meeting could be dull.

A strong factor in the work of the historical is Miss Fitz-Gibbon, the corresponding secretary, who like the president, Mrs. Forsyth Grant, is of a family whose members did much of themselves to make Canadian history.

On the roll of honorary members, past and pre-

sent, are such names as Rev. Dr. Scadding, Rev. Dr. Withrow, F.R.S.C., O. A. Howland, C.M.G., Very Rev. Dean Harris, Col. G. T. Denison, David Boyle, and other men well known for their interest in matters historical and patriotic. Besides, the society has a corresponding clientele in many parts of Canada.

The records and articles of interest collected and preserved by the Women's Historical Society of Toronto are every day gaining in value, a fact to which the many applications for information concerning them from many parts of the globe testify.



Miss Flora Chalue, who is doing good work on the vaudeville stage.

While giving themselves many a social and pleasant hour, the ladies of the Historical Society have the gratification of knowing that they are lending a helping hand and in some measure making easy the ways of others travelling in a path similar to their own.

## The Lavender Sellers.

**O**VER in England the drawing-in of the evenings already heralds the approach of autumn, but in the London streets there is one other intimation that the dreary season is near at hand. It is the appearance of the lavender sellers with their tanned faces and quaint familiar cries, which are among the oldest of the London street cries still surviving from time immemorial. The old English couplet in which the itinerant vendors of the fragrant herb advertise their wares has been handed down since the time of the Tudors. "Who'll buy my lavender, there's sixteen blue branches for a penny?" There was once quite a long verse setting forth its excellences, but the rest of the ditty is seldom heard. Although a great deal of lavender is imported from France earlier in the season, it is more than mere sentiment that makes all discriminating housewives wait till "Sweet September" to purchase the sweet-smelling flower in its prime.

## An Exhibition of Children's Portraits.

**M**ANY people will remember the charming canvas entitled "Fine Feathers Make Fine Birds," which hung this year in the Art Gallery of the Canadian National Exhibition, and which now hangs in the Arts and Letters Club of Toronto. The artist, Miss I. Lovering, has lately opened her studio in Toronto to her friends, and interested individuals, and is exhibiting a very beautiful collection of children's portraits in pastel, water colour and oils. The dainty faces of the little ones of many Toronto people smile down from their places on the wall.

Miss Lovering is an Englishwoman who came to Canada about a year ago in search of new ideas. Before taking up her residence in Toronto she spent some months at the Capital City, where her crayon sketches of prominent people became very well known and much admired. Although Miss Lovering's work is not altogether confined to portrait painting, her idea of specialising in her exhibit is a very happy one, for even in these days when exhibitions of art in Canadian cities are sufficiently rare as to attract general attention, there is a desire for something "different" from the general run, and this Miss Lovering seems to have provided.