

4 Lakeside Bldg., Chicage

JULIA ARTHUR'S OWN STORY OF HER CAREER (Continued from page 29)

life is that of a magnificent drove of wild horses, led by a white stallion, flying before a sand-storm, tails and manes straight out on the wind. They were not as gloriously happy as they looked, but our well-broken horses were mad to join them, and our drivers had all they could do to keep them under control keep them under control.

We usually started for California in October and returned in December, going out again in February or March and get-ting back in May in time to open "The Moorings" before the warm days came. Moorings" before the warm days came. It was an interesting life and extremely comfortable, and I accepted it without question and without curiosity. One day one of my sisters said to me: "Julia, what is Ben's income?" The question made me stop and think. I suddenly realized that I did not know. "Why," I said slowly, "I—I—think he has a good income. I suppose it must be ten or twelve thousand dollars a year!"

has a good income. I suppose it must be ten or twelve thousand dollars a year!" "Ten or twelve thousand a year!" echoed my sister. "Well, all I can say is that if that's all he's got, you and Ben are living away beyond your income!" Later I repeated the conversation to Ma Chemer and he conversation to

Mr. Cheney, and he smilingly reassured my sister.

THE story of my "come-back"-of my THE story of my come-back —or my return to the stage last year, after so many years of absence—has its beginning in the supreme tragedy of to-day—the European War. Mr. Cheney's business ventures were seriously affected by the War, as were those of so many others. When I felt the surge of the great national impulse to help the victims of the War, I suddenly realized that I could not offer help in the big way in which I longed to do it. My friends were appealing to me from every side. Every mail brought requests for donations. It would have taken a small fortune to respond to them all—and I could not go to my husband at that time and ask him for the thousands I wanted.

Suddenly my inspiration came. I would get up a great "benefit." I would return to the stage in one performance of, say, my beloved "Mercedes," and get my old friends in the theatrical world to help me. The whole plan shaped itself in my

old friends in the theatrical world to help me. The whole plan shaped itself in my mind within a few minutes of the original idea, and the thrill that came at the thought of getting back to the footlights taught me something. I had always missed them, but I had not realized it. I was in the Parker House in Boston when the inspiration came. Within half an hour I was talking to Mrs. T. B. Aldrich through the telephone. I wanted to give a special performance of "Mercedes," I explained, for the benefit of the European Actors' Relief Fund and the American Ambulance in Paris. An hour later she Actors' Relief Fund and the American Ambulance in Paris. An hour later she and I were lunching at the Chilton Club, and I were lunching at the Chilton Club, enthusiastically going over the details of the project. That same afternoon I secured from Mr. Tyler the use of the Plymouth Theatre for the performance, saw my dressmaker and ordered a copy of my original "Mercedes" costume. When Miss Downing learned for what purpose I was getting this, she insisted on making the costume without charge. "That will be my donation to the fund," she said firmly.

the costume without charge. "That will be my donation to the fund," she said firmly. Later, when Mrs. Aldrich saw me in the costume, she lent me a beautiful and very valuable Spanish comb to add the last picturesque touch. Knowing that it was an heirloom in the Aldrich family, I pro-tested, though faintly, against wearing it. "Something may happen to it, you know," I warned her. "I never know what I am doing in certain scenes in Mer-cedes.' It may get broken." "If it does," smiled Mrs. Aldrich, "it will perish in a good cause." So I wore the comb and, fortunately, it survived the experience. But I am anticipating. That night at dinner, for which I was a bit late owing to my interviews with Mrs. Aldrich, Mr. Tyler and the dressmaker, I mentioned my project to Mr. Cheney. When he learned that most of the details were already settled, he gave it an approval which I am afraid he did not really feel. Indeed, he looked as though he saw something that resembled the hand-writing on the wall. THE plan grew like a rolling snowball.

THE plan grew like a rolling snowball. The stage friends to whom I wrote im-mediately promised their services, and oth-ers who heard of the project wrote offering to help. Lawrence M. Clarty was the stage-manager. Never shall I forget the help given me by "the boys" of the Boston press. One and all they stood by me, with the result that we had to give the benefit in a larger house. Madame Mathilde Cottrelly volunteered for the role of Ursula, Ernest Glendinning con-sented to play Captain Linnois, William Courtleigh and Forrest Robinson took the roles of Lavoissiere and Padre Josef, and Edmund Breese handsomely accepted the small part of the Sergeant. The stage friends to whom I wrote im-

small part of the Sergeant. "I'd carry a spear for you," he said, when I apologized for the only role left. When the cast of "Mercedes" was filled, offers of special acts and turns (Continued on page 37)



IN February last, Mrs. J. P. J. Wedge, of East Street, Sommer-side, P. E. I., wrote to a friend in Toronto, and among other things said, "Gin Pills are the greatest of all Kidney Remedies and a medicine that is at present doing me a world of good. They are worth their weight in gold to any sufferer." We asked permission through a mutual friend, to publish the above extract and received the following testimonial to the great efficacy of Gin Pills:

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