

The Matinee Girl

By MARGARET BELL

A Canadian to the Fore.

CANADA has no national drama, but bit by bit, she is building a national hall and filling it with exponents of the drama. One of the newest members to be enrolled is Kathlene Macdonell, for some years with Mrs. Fiske, this season appearing in Brady's production of "Bought and Paid For."

Barrie was Miss Macdonell's home at the time when the birds and bees were her only audience, and the woods and sky her stage and background. That was ten or twelve years ago. About five years later she walked into Henry W. Savage's office in New York, and received the offer of a walking-on part in "The County Chairman."

Of all the members of the profession it has ever been my pleasure to meet, Kathlene Macdonell it is who showed me that sincerity and frankness of opinion are not necessarily unknown characteristics in stardom.

"Some day, when I am great enough, I am going to give an interview which will open the public's eyes to the real things that exist in the theatrical world," she said one day, just before putting her teeth into a bit of cinnamon toast.

Naturally enough, my journalistic ears opened wide. "I shall tell that I have yet to see a stage door Johnnie; that I have never once been insulted by a manager, nor made this my excuse for having left a company; that it is impossible for an ambitious actress to succeed to any degree, in the company, of which the star is a woman."

After sitting out about three hours of misery, through an equal number of idiotic acts, one's optimism is likely to sneak away through the side ally, for a while. But after a two and a half hour performance such as Miss Macdonell gave in "Bought and Paid For," and half that time in conversation with her that same little truant comes creeping back penitent and apologetic for having disappeared.

"They may fashion wondrous stories as to the cost of an actress' jewels, may tell of her gifts to charity, but in the long run, it's merit that counts."

And we go away thinking that such idealism is truly beautiful, but—will it stand the test, in the vortex of commercialism?

A friend of Miss Macdonell's gave her some sound advice the other day. She is inclined to be retiring, and does not "play to the gallery."

"You should go down into the hotel lobbies more," he said. "Wear beautiful clothes, and take all your meals in the public dining room. People will notice you, and you will advertise your play. That's the way they all do."

Which may be excellent for advancing one's financial interests, but not so good to keep that little god of idealism sitting perched on his pedestal.

Of Mormon Origin.

I HAD stood a few moments in the door of the grill room, for the man in the office had told me she whom I sought was there. And as I contemplated a fruitless search, she came bursting upon me, in five feet four of blonde-tipped buoyancy, saying she had been waiting for some minutes. I speak of Hazel Dawn, the Pink Lady star, sprung from nowhere into everywhere, just three years ago.

"And she so young," I kept repeating to myself. "How did she ever do it?" Which question, doubtless, has a legitimate answer.

Hazel didn't like Toronto very much. At least that part of Toronto bounded by the hotel and theatrical district. The rest she had yet to explore. "It seems so spread out and dirty, don't you know," was her reason. Which was rather unthinkable, considering the fact that the one-time flower-dotted Government grounds are fast being converted into artistic freighthouse sites.

Despite her meagreness of years, she has a whole century of experience crowded into the space hidden by her bunch of blonde curls. And she has learned that to be blase is infinitely

more commendatory than cattiness, for which the Thespian Fates be praised. Pythagoras once conceived the idea that the former structure of woman contained four claws and an equal number of velvet pads. Hazel has studied Pythagoras, and has decided to annihilate his theory. She is a good fellow with all her company, so it would seem, and was about to make a tour of the not-so-comfortable hotels to see how the chorus was fixed up. A couple of them came upon us, so we sat interviewing each other in the gallery of the Prince George. They had been out shopping for



Miss Hazel Dawn, "The Pink Lady," Who Originated the Role.

a mother back East somewhere, and had to show their purchases to Hazel, likewise size up her tormentor.

"I want to go right to the top, and have no ambitions to leave the musical comedy field," she said. Which is refreshing, after the many stories one hears about musical comedites wishing to appear in Shakespeare and Ibsen.

She is all right, is Hazel, as pretty as a new doll, as big of heart as all Thespians are usually credited with being, and as full of enthusiasm as one should be who hopes to succeed.

The Siftings.

THE theatrical nabobs of New York—the producing axle from which radiate all lesser spokes of activity—by this time have a fair idea what plays are to stand the test of public approval. What with "fixing" the critics and concocting wonderful stories about this or that star, things look as if the present season were going to hand out quite a number of "stayers."

The newest dramatist comes gilded with hope after a couple of months' tryout in Chicago last season. His name is Bayard Vielliers, and he has given the footlight gazers something strong and gripping in his peep into police conditions, "Within the Law." With a cast of which J. M. Cowl is the head this play looks like one of the best bits of wheat sifted from the straw.

For the last two seasons Graham Moffat, until then one of the many unknowns, has been accumulating a steady pile of roubles and success in his Hootsmaun-on-with-your-Hieland-plaidie Bunty. This year he has brought another play to the fore, called "A Scrape o' the Pen," which bids fair to add more of the aforementioned desirables to the author's catalogue of good things.

"The Daughter of Heaven" strangely enough seems to find New York pleasant, and has decided to stay a while. One wonders, naturally enough, how such environment can possibly make an appeal to such a character, but inconsistencies seem to rule the day. Pierre Loti, the French author, is now in New York, looking after the staging of his drama-child.

Whether by the attractive names of its authors, or the real charm of its lines, "Milestones," that quaint comedy of simplicity, by Arnold Bennett and Edward Knoblauch, has settled down for a long run.

John Mason, best remembered for his excellent work in "The Witching Hour," is a Frohman star, this season, and is likely to wear the stage costumes and

make-up of "The Attack" for some time. His role in this Bernstein drama is varied and trying, but Mason is quite able to get the best out of every situation.

Billie Burke once told me that she liked to get away from the gay lights of New York now and then, they shed such a lustre of blarney over their theatre patrons. But Billie will be quite willing to remain there, just as long as she continues to pack the Lyceum, as she is now doing, in the "Mind-the-Paint Girl."

We saw Frances Starr last season in her premiere of "The Case of Becky," and we considered it very much worth while. New York evidently agrees with us, for the Belasco Theatre is nightly filled.

And so we take a more optimistic view of stage things in general, and say that there is much cleverness in the world if we but knew where to find it.

The Franchise Corner

For Dignity in "The Cause."

By Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald.

NEVER, till The Courier started this department, have I wished to be put in the corner! But I am not only willing but anxious to be stood in the "Franchise Corner," since it is an excellent vantage-point from which to, now and again, speak one's mind on the question of Equal Suffrage.

It should have been all settled long ere this, and we should be now getting down to work and doing a few of the things we ought to do, instead of having to repeat, and repeat, and repeat the 30 obvious arguments, in the hope that constant reiteration will somehow drive them into the heads of whoever or whatever it is that withholds freedom to vote from women!

Perhaps right here (since I have spoken of heads, and of driving things into them) would be a good place for me to enter my earnest protest against the so-called militant methods. Not for a moment do I presume to criticize the motives of the militant suffragettes; but I believe that their methods are utterly unworthy of civilized beings, and sure to damage our cause with the unthinking majority.

To "do evil that good may come" is a dangerous course of procedure under any circumstances, and to waste in foolish destructiveness the energies which we hope to use in wise constructive and humanitarian work, seems to me a grave mistake.

Of course, the people who are narrow-minded and illogical enough to judge a cause by the actions of a small section of its supporters, may not be worth considering. As well might they condemn Christianity because it has, time and again, been introduced and enforced with horrible violence and persecution. But it would surely be well that we Canadian women should uphold the Equal Suffrage cause, not only with all the vim and determination which our Anglo-Saxon ancestry has given us, but also with the courtesy and dignity of gentlewomen.

Suffrage Notes.

THE critical toward the Canadian Suffrage Association were disarmed by the bearing of the deputation which recently waited on the Premier of the Dominion, in Toronto. The address of Mrs. Flora MacDonald Denison, President of the League, fully supported Mr. Borden's statement in England, that Canadians can attend to their own affairs—said politely. Dignity was conspicuous in the conduct.

Discrimination against militant measures on the part of suffragettes is strong among English teachers' organizations, in London, at least. A Canadian press cable states that the referendum of the London Teachers' Association (three-quarters of whom are women) regarding woman's suffrage, shows that two thousand are for and ten thousand are against another militant campaign, as threatened there.

Miss Wylie, the English woman's suffrage agitator, is in Canada to strengthen and extend the union. She is a sister of a member of the Saskatchewan Provincial Legislature.

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