

why? Why a prince, Beppo? They are very dull, as a rule, and they are selfish often, and not always handsome—or amusing—or even charming of manner—or any of those things. While you—you are much better than any prince I have ever seen—for you are never dull, and never selfish, and you are always handsome, and generally amusing, and you have the most charming manner. Oh, Beppo! There is no smallest reason in your wishing to be a prince!”

“There is one reason,” he answered, still tossing the bauble.

“Then what is it?” she asked. “Why not tell me?”

“If I were a prince, he explained, “I could ride to the Palace Hall and ask the king for the hand of his daughter in marriage.”

“Oh, Beppo!” she said, with a little soft cry, “Oh, Beppo!”

Suddenly she touched one of his red and yellow sleeves with her small hand. “The king,” she said, in so low a voice the jester had to lean down to hear it—“the king has many titles in his gift. I—I will ask him to make you a prince, Beppo.” And having said so much, she hid her eyes against his motley shoulder.

But the jester lifted her rose-bright face, and made her look up into his eyes.

“Little princess! Little princess!” he said. “Do you know what you would do?”

“Truly, dear jester,” she answered, “I do know. I leave joking to you. For me—I am in earnest.”

Then he caught her fast in his arms, and the bells on all points of his pied tunic chimed together.

“The butterfly led us into the country of love, sweetheart,” he cried, softly, “into the country where no one is ever wearied of the days or nights, but always desires the morrow.”

The princess glanced up through her lashes, and smiled at him.

“He has also brought us into the country of the poor—to judge by the loaf of black bread, and the jug of milk that were what you brought for breakfast; and the poor—did you not tell me yourself, Beppo—the poor never lack for interest in their lives?”

“So I told you,” he nodded, smiling back.

“Then I will surely ask the king to make you a prince over this very country,” she asserted, and we two will learn of the poor, how it is they never know that unspeakable sensation you called ‘Ennui’—that word my god-mother cut out of the French dictionary.

The jester stooped, and kissed a curl of her yellow hair.

“Yes, sweetheart, we will learn of the poor,” he answered, “I like that idea of yours very much.”

The Matinee Girl

By MARGARET BELL

A Clever Australian.

ENGLAND'S best known matinee idol, Lewis Waller, appeared recently in Canada, with Madge Titheradge, until last season a stranger to America. And now all America is wagging its tongue in praise of the clever young girl who created such a furore when she took up “The Butterfly on the Wheel” when Marie Doro left it off.

I met Miss Titheradge in her dressing room after a matinee performance. Her attention was divided between her maid and her make-up, the former who dodged

ness,” she said, between rubs of the cheesecloth. “Toronto reminds me of some of the provincial towns in England, of Newcastle, for example. But New York! Ye gods! and the New York women! They seem so hard, so superficial and so utterly worldly. I do not think there is an ounce of imagination in the whole of New York. I’ve had fun since coming to Canada, and when I next come, in nine more weeks, one of your society leaders has promised to give a dance for me.”

Gaby Arrives.

THE woman who is billed as being the most chatted about in two continents has been in Canada. Naturally, I speak of Gaby Deslys.

I met Mlle. Deslys just forty minutes after her arrival. Her hair was very becomingly awry and her costume, a pale blue satin negligee, edged with white marabout. Around her neck was a string of the most exquisite pearls it has ever been my pleasure to look at. Each pearl was about the size of a hazelnut, and of a most brilliant sheen. Gaby fingered them caressingly as she talked. There were a couple of pets dangling from the curtains and uttering a series of chattering such as one is accustomed to hear at the Zoo on Sunday afternoons. They were called Fifi and Teddy, and scrambled down from their playground on the curtains every two or three minutes to receive Malaga grapes from a sour-faced maid called Rosine. These were Gaby's two fame marmosets. She also had a huge doll who occupied a distinguished place on one of the most comfortable chairs.

“Montreal il etait terrible! Zey were—what you say—zey roasted me. I have such a nervousness about Toronto to-morrow night. Here in America, ze people who go to ze theatre, go for—ze reputation of ze artiste. Zey do not sink of ze art. In Paris eet is not so. Ah, Paris! Tout le monde aime Paris. And here in America everyone chew gum. Ze reporters, zey come to see me—ils mangent toujours—always, always chewing gum. Why do zey do zat? Eet is not pretty, eet is not—ah—gentil, so why do zey always do eet?”

Which, of course, is a question that nobody has ever attempted to answer. Mademoiselle Gaby is by no means the first visitor who has commented on this extraordinary habit. I asked her about her first appearance before the lights.

“I was—what you say—dix-huit ans—yes, zat is eet, eighteen; I had just come from ze convent—mon pere send for me to take ze part. But, Mon Dieu! I was much shocked, for I had to wear ze tights. Eet was very funny to mon pere. And I learned to forget ze tights when my bread and butter was—what is it—depend on zem.”



Miss Madge Titheradge, Who Ably Succeeded Miss Marie Doro in “The Butterfly on the Wheel.”

here and there, picking up discarded slippers, stockings and general stage habit, and the latter which was hastily being removed, by means of cream and a huge piece of cheesecloth. She is about five feet two, and slim in proportion, and of the extremest gracefulness of bearing. It was a long, long time since I had seen anyone on the stage who could compare with her in delicacy, wit and charm. We shall certainly hear more of her before many moons.

“I thanked heaven to come to Canada, where there is some spirit of British-

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