

SOME OF THE PLAYER FOLK WHO WILL BE SEEN IN THE VARIOUS THEATRES DURING THE COMING WEEK



Ellen Terry Is Here for The Last Time

By Charles Darnton.

After all, there's a great deal in saying goodbye to the most illustrious actress of the English-speaking stage, isn't there? You are seeing Ellen Terry for the last time. Do you realize that? It doesn't matter how much or how little you know about the stage and its people. Ellen Terry could step off a train anywhere in America and find herself quite as much at home as she would be in her own England. I saw London stretch out its arms to her on the unforgettable occasion of her jubilee at Drury Lane, and I honestly believe that this same feeling runs through all of us who have seen her on this side of the water. But don't take this too seriously, unless you wish to get me into trouble. There was no hail-and-farewell business about Miss Terry at her hotel as she interrupted her luncheon by spooning the air and remarking: "Rice pudding—so virtuous!"

Miss Terry was comfortably and frankly human. Can you picture that other grand old woman of the stage, Sarah Bernhardt, dipping into rice pudding for publication? Somehow, it seemed just the right thing for Ellen Terry to do. Propped up with pillows, she gazed serenely down upon rice pudding and Shakespeare. Just beyond her dessert lay the poet—and it is only fair to say she did justice to both.

"Yes," she said, "I suppose I am taking leave of America, saying goodbye, if I must put it so. But I am not doing it consciously—please remember that. I shall never give a farewell either to America or to England. But once I have finished my present little tour I don't imagine I shall ever return to this splendid, big-hearted country, which has always been so good to me. I don't want to talk about it, simply because I can't without a tightening of the throat. But this much I will say—I shall never again appear in a play here. There you have it!"

She punched her pillow with an elbow and renewed her attack upon the rice pudding, only to bring out a flag of truce that went straight to her eyes.

"That's the worst of it!" she sputtered. "I say I won't say goodbye and then I will, what did I say? Of course, there's no use in beating about the bush or the pillow. Something tells me I'm here for the last time. But let's put it this way: I'm simply making a week-end visit. Why say goodbye to any one or any country? It's so much better to take a friend by the hand and say nothing. Heaven knows what may become of any of us these days!"

"Meanwhile you look back upon your career with satisfaction?" I suggested.

"Indeed I don't!" protested Miss Terry, driving her fingers through the gray of her hair and sitting bolt upright. "It is enough for me to say that I look back upon it happily. I have never given a performance that satisfied me. There was always something lacking—something that I might have done better. I have never gone to sleep without first saying to myself, 'You failed to do all you might have done to-night.' No, I have never given a performance that satisfied me. But I have tried to do my best—I have worked hard on the stage—I will say that."

For a moment it was a matter between her and her rice pudding. Then she held her spoon in the air and mused:

"Work means so much to all of us! Often young women, discouraged and unhappy, have come to me for advice, and always I have told them to find some work to do. That is the great thing—work. To keep sane we need an occupation. By the same means we keep young, mentally at least. It is the person with nothing to keep his mind active who suddenly finds him-

self grown old. To me the stage has always meant work and enthusiasm—and Shakespeare.

Her eyes fell on her own peculiar volumes of Shakespeare which she uses in her public discourse, books printed in large letters and compiled with so little recognition of form that they suggest a Chinese 1,500.

"This is enough for me," she said, letting her hand rest upon the opened page. "Since I was a kid I've had what I wanted—Shakespeare. And Shakespeare has been my inspiration from the time I was seven. Looking back, I see the shining period of my life in the time I was associated with that great, gentle spirit, Sir Henry Irving. As a girl it was my wish to play Shakespeare, and, thank heaven, I've had my wish. When I went to Sir Henry I had placed a market value on services, but I cut the price right in two for the blessed privilege of appearing with him in Shakespeare. From Sir Henry I learned more of Shakespeare than I had ever dreamed of comprehending. His Hamlet alone was a revelation to me. I used to stand in the wings and watch him night after night, scarcely daring to breathe. His fondness for Shakespeare was nothing less than a passion. He knew every character word for word, mood for mood. This was brought back to me one day when I heard an English sailor say, 'I know Shakespeare by heart.' It meant by heart—and I blessed him for it."

"But what am I talking about?" broke off Miss Terry in her abrupt way. "I've really nothing to say for myself except that I shall probably never appear in a play again. I should take part in a Shakespearean festival in England. I don't suppose I shall ever make another trip to America. The chance is that I'll settle down in the country and live with my flowers. Yes, that's the way it will be, I dare say, when I go back. And it will be very good company—flowers and flowers. But I shall never give a farewell mind you. I could never bring myself to say goodbye."

"MARRIAGE OF KITTY."

Marie Tempest Revives Her Greatest Comedy Success.

If you have never seen Marie Tempest in "The Marriage of Kitty" don't miss the opportunity afforded at the Comedy Theatre, where she last night revived her greatest comedy success. Once again Miss Tempest threw vanity to the winds and her pitiful to the breeze, and delighted her audience. W. Graham Brown was capital as the young husband who found himself in possession of a much more attractive wife than he had bargained for, but Miss Katharine Keeler was only fairly successful as the other lady in the case. The comedy was given a farcical touch that made it seem more entertaining than in former days. A certain-raiser there was a realistic bit of low life, called "The Dumb and the Blind," by Harold Chapin, who wrote "The Marriage of Columbine." Its characters suggested a W. W. Jacobs story, but it took a serious turn when a clumsy, ineffectual bargainer, blind to his wife's devotion, surprised her that prayer of gratitude because of a change in his fortunes which enabled him to get home regularly. Mr. Keeler made the rough bargainer a real character, and Miss Nellie Moore was true to type as the patient, drooping wife, though she failed to indicate clearly the emotional change in "Liz."

SAY DISTRESS IS GROWING.

St. Vincent de Paul Society Makes an Appeal for the Poor.

The Society of St. Vincent de Paul has issued an appeal to the charitable, stating that the distress coming to its notice is deeper this season than ever before. The chief work of the society is visiting the needy at their homes, bringing them by advice and example and with offerings of food, fuel, clothing or the visiting is done by members of the society, who go in pairs. It is truly sad that the dollar sent to the Society of St. Vincent de Paul is a dollar given entire to the poor. Checks should be sent to George J. Gilroy, Treasurer, No. 35 Lafayette Street, New York.

Newsboys Bump Down the Hay. The steamship Bratara, bound for Rio Janeiro, collided with the Greek steamer Theonistocles, lying at anchor off Quarantine, to-day. Both vessels heeled perceptibly. The Theonistocles was listing to starboard, and the Bratara was smashed, but she proceeded on her way.

Plays for the Coming Week

"THE SONG OF SONGS," a play by Edward Sheldon, based upon Sudermann's novel of that name, will be brought out at the Eltinge Theatre on Tuesday night. The story has been changed to one of New York life, which deals with the experiences of a young girl forced to go out into the world. She has various lovers and in the end finds what happiness and honor as are left to her in a second marriage. In the cast will be John Mason, Dorothy Donnelly, Irene Fenwick, Thomas A. Wise, Cyril Keightley, Ernest Glendinning and Forrest Winant.

The Bandbox Theatre, in East Fifty-seventh Street, opens on Tuesday night with Jerome K. Jerome's comedy, "Poor Little Thing." The play turns upon the adventures of a struggling young painter who finds heretofore and because the wife of her tutor becomes jealous of his attentions to her. The company includes Eric Blind, Frances Garson, Anita Clarendon, Janet Dunbar, Beverly Sitgreaves and Douglas J. Wood, the director. The aim is to give plays which do not lend themselves particularly to the larger theatres.

Lydia Lopokova, the little Russian dancer, will come forward as an actress at the Playhouse on Wednesday night in "Just Herself," a comedy by Ethel Watts Mumford. The play tells the story of an unconventional girl who, amid a group of sham society people and social climbers, is just herself. Incidentally Miss Lopokova will display her terrific dancing skill. Among the stars in the supporting company will be Eleanor Gordon, Kate Mayhew, Olive Temple, Malcolm Duncan and Frederic Thomas.

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ETHEL BARRYMORE AT PALACE THEATRE; OTHER KEITH BILLS.

Ethel Barrymore, with Charles Dalton as her leading man, will present the one-act English domestic drama, "Drifting Apart," at the Palace Theatre. Others on the bill will be Jack Wilson, in his "Impromptu Revue"; Manuel Quiroga, Spanish violinist; Coby Claude, in "La Petite Revue"; W. H. Murphy and Blanche Nichols, in "A Quiet Room," and Rochez's "A Night in a Monkey Music Hall."

At the Colonial will be Emma Carus, with Carl Randall, in songs and dances; George Whiting and Sadie Burt, in "Songsaysings"; Little Billy, the tiny singer and dancing comedian; Brandon Hurst, presenting "The Girl"; Hoey and Lee, Bert Erroll in songs, and Flanagan and Edwards in "Off and On."

The Alhambra will offer Annette Kellerman, "The Diving Venus"; James Hussey and Jack Boyle, in "The New Chauffeur"; Harry Carroll, song writer; the Okabe Jays, gymnasts; Lady Alice's Pets, and John and Winnie Hennings, "The Kill Kare Kouples."

The bill at the Royal Theatre will include Joseph Howard and Mabel McCann in new songs, Bickel and Watson in their musical absurdities, Havenam's Animals, Harry Linton and Anita Lawrence in "Bits of Our Hiss" and John R. Gordons and company in "Knight & Day."

"MILLION DOLLAR" DOLLS FOR CHRISTMAS WEEK AT COLUMBIA THEATRE.

"The Million Dollar Dolls" will be seen for the first time at the Columbia Theatre on Monday afternoon, when a new two-act travesty called "The Phoney Detectives" will be presented. Lively comedy and spirited musical features, with attractive vaudeville specialties, constitute the performance. The comedians are Sam Lewis and Sam Doby, both of whom have come into burlesque after success in the vaudeville field. Others are Eddy Nelson, Florence Belmont, Florence Talbot, Cliff Worman and Talcott Kenny.

BOHEMIAN BURLESQUERS WITH OLIO FEATURES FOR OLYMPIC THEATRE.

Tom Miner's "Bohemian Burlesquers" will be the attraction at the Olympic Theatre. There will be two burlesques, "The Belle of the Boarding House" and "The Golden Palace Hotel." The comedians are Billy McIntyre and Felix Rush. Marcelino Montague is the principal singer, Anna Brages the soubrette, Josephine Knoll the ingenue and Ralph Watson the tenor. The vaudeville features will include Pierce and Knoll in "The Firefly," the Cycling Herlins, the Bohemian Quartet and La Bolla Helene, Oriental dancer.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS.—A special holiday bill has been arranged for the Vitagraph Theatre Christmas week, beginning Sunday, when pictures embodying the spirit of Yuletide will be the feature. The main picture, a four-part comedy, entitled "How Cissy Made Good," will bring into the story the entire personnel of Vitagraph stars, directors and stock members, headed by Cissy Fitz-Gerald and Flora Finch, and introduce glimpses of the various departments and a bird's-eye view of the Vitagraph Studios at Brooklyn. Sidney Drew and his associate players will begin their third week on Sunday night in S. Rankin Drew's dramatic playlet, "What the Moon Saw."

The Strand Theatre will offer "The Sign of the Cross," with William Farnum in the leading role, that of Marcus Superbus. The latest European war pictures will also be shown, together with a new Keystone comedy and scenes of travel.

The photo-spectacle "Damon and Pythias" enters upon its last week at the New York Theatre. Belgian war pictures will be seen for another week at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre.

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VITAGRAPH

LAST TIMES TO-DAY UNDERNEATH THE PAINT. XMAS WEEK COM. TO-MORROW.

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