

ACTORS AND ACTRESSES WHO ARE FILLING NEW-YORK THEATRES.

son, talk and think as this person. My school friends, those that were Sentimental Tommyish, too, I would pretend were other people, out of story books, perhaps, and often we would get together in a corner and talk with the mouths of our grand other selves hours at a time. I know once for weeks I was a certain lovely lady and my school friend was an equally engaging count, and we exchanged mysterious notes, signing them 'Becky' and 'The Count.' All this I remember vividly, so that I know Sara Crewe's 'pretending' in 'The Little Princess' is true to life, and there need be no forced note in playing it."

"Is it easy, then, to put yourself daily back into the moods of childhood?" he asked.

"Quite easy for me," Miss James answered. "Those of us who had the pretending mind when we were little never, I think, wholly get over our childishness; certainly never lose sympathy with the child mind and the child point of view. When I began playing a child part—Simplicity, in 'Lovers' Lane—I was at first astonished at how completely I fooled the real children in the company. We would move on to a new city, and a new set of children who had never seen me at all would be rehearsing and waiting. As they seldom saw me come in and out of the theatre they always regarded me as a real child, and some of them bossed me about in great shape. Some of the boys used to bring me little presents, gift rings and the like, and once there were two boys who would have nothing to do with me because I was 'nawhtin' but a girl.' I had to fight on the stage with one of them, and before the week was up he had a better opinion of one 'mere girl.' Again, a child actress who had at one time travelled on the road came to me proudly and said she used to get \$10 a week; did I ever get as much as that?"

"But the most astonishing thing happened in a Western town, where we had an undress rehearsal in the afternoon to break in the new children. In the evening a small boy came up to me and asked, 'Who was that lady that read your lines this afternoon?' Not thinking, I answered truthfully, 'I read them myself.' 'Oh, no,' said he, 'it was a grown up woman; but she did look like you. Was she your mother?'"

"I wonder," Miss James laughed, "if anybody else was ever able to be her own mother?"

"Probably not," he answered, duly impressed,



SCENE FROM THE EARL OF PAWTUCKET.
Madison Square Theatre.

gathering seriousness, "I sometimes dare to hope that the production of 'The Little Princess' may always prove for somebody in the audience a little more than an afternoon's entertainment? Too many of us, even if we were born with an imagination, get it knocked out of us before we are half grown up. We forget there is another world than the dust dry one we live in—the child's world. And this child's world is sweeter and cleaner and lovelier than ours, I'm sure. If people have forgotten about it, there can be no harm in reminding them of it again. If they never go into it, even in their kiddy days, I hope the little play can teach them something about it. And to arouse sympathy for the common, unimagined joys and sorrows of childhood, as I hope Sara and her companions do, is alone worth doing, isn't it? I sometimes think there's more that is really deep in the child mind than most people suppose, though where it goes to so often when the child grows up I admit I cannot tell."

And so Miss James ended her little speech with a laugh, as is right and proper.

And he laughed, too. Then: "Some of it sometimes goes into the person of a dainty actress who loves children to portray them"—so the words shaped themselves—"and becomes skill and insight and charm, perhaps, even, has a little to do in making a fair face fairer."

So the words shaped themselves. What he said was, "Goodby; it's cleared off, hasn't it?"

But afterward he wrote them down.

NOTES OF THE STAGE.

To-night at Wallack's Theatre a benefit will be given for Thomas Evans, late of the "Mrs. Jack" company, who has been forced to retire from the stage by illness.

Augustus Thomas's play, "The Earl of Pawtucket," which is a farce very frankly written as a vehicle for Lawrence D'Orsay, has accomplished its purpose, and is bringing to the Madison Square Theatre the first good audiences that

house has enjoyed this season. This is the play which dramatizes the Waldorf. In the second act D'Orsay is discovered in his private suite, likewise in his shirt sleeves.

The cowardly lion in "The Wizard of Oz," at the Majestic, is certainly a very fine lion, indeed, in every respect but courage. Even when Arthur Hill, the English pantomimist, who gives him the breath of life, is out of him, his head and skin remain of marvellous proportions.

To-morrow at the Bijou Theatre "Nancy Brown" will come to town, and she is Miss Marie Cahill, who will sing songs by Cole and Johnson and also by Henry K. Hadley.

FASCINATION OF BRIDGE WHIST.

Horace C. Du Val, the author of the popular little book, "Bridge Rules in Rhyme," in speaking of the fascinations of the game the other day, told the following story:

"One morning last summer we arrived at Geneva from Paris, with plans for a three days' visit. On reaching the hotel we met a friend, who suggested 'just a couple of rubbers before dinner.' Well, we agreed and played right through until late that night, with short intermissions for meals. The next day we repeated the programme, and the day after that also, so that when we started for Aix-les-Bains we had seen nothing of Geneva but the hotel. I know that there is a beautiful lake there; I hear that Chillon, with its 'dungeon cell,' is worth visiting, and that Geneva and its surroundings are chock full of 'sights,' but we saw nothing, and didn't care much, for we had a great time at bridge."

THE WALK OVER THE RED SEA.

The Children of Israel were crossing the Red Sea.

"Say, boys," exclaimed one of their number, "how do you like the job?"

"Easy," they replied; "it's a regular walk-over."

Deciding that the whole affair was more like a pink tea than a Red Sea, anyhow, they hastened on.



MISS MARIE CAHILL.
As Nancy Brown, Bijou, Monday.

but itching to get in a possibly irrelevant remark himself. "However, you say you forgot yourself, and told the truth, or words to that effect. Weren't you rather more like my fibbing hero Tommy than your truthful Sara in failing, as a rule, to undecieve these little children?"

"What was the use of undecieving them?" asked Miss James, blandly. "Besides, it was heaps of fun!"

Thus easily does the proverb about geese, ganders and sauce go by the board!

"May I ask," he said severely, "if you have thus deceived the children in 'The Little Princess'?"

"I couldn't," said Miss James. "They all saw me at rehearsals."

After this climactic reply, Miss James immediately rose and went into the next room.

She returned, bringing a photograph in an old-fashioned plush frame. "This," said she, "represents Miss Amelia James at the age of twelve, just the age of Sara Crewe, with a pug nose of which she was not proud and a pigtail of which she was very proud indeed, so that, as you may observe, she stuck it over her right shoulder into view of the camera. All in all, she was a very happy little girl, even when she did not pretend that she was a grand lady living in a marble palace with princely suitors by the score. I knew her pretty well. I hope I may never forget her, for as long as I remember her I shall understand other children, shall sympathize with their joys and sorrows, enter into their moods and fancies.

"Do you know," Miss James went on with



THOMAS EVANS.
He has a benefit at Wallack's to-day.



FRANK MOULAN.
As the Sultan of Sulu, at Wallack's.

FOR AMERICANS IN BERLIN

FUNDS SOUGHT FOR CHURCH OF WHICH DR. DICKIE IS THE HEAD.

The Rev. Dr. J. F. Dickie, who for nine years has been at the head of the American Church in Berlin, which is supported by all Protestant denominations, is in this city on a vacation, and at the same time looking for subscriptions toward the fund which is necessary to complete the church. The edifice is the first American public building in the German capital, and before its doors can be opened \$10,000 is required to finish and furnish it. In an appeal for the cause, Dr. Dickie says:

"The new building possesses an audience room for worship, a library and reading room, a lecture room and a tearoom. If our generous friends enable us to finish and furnish the church, they will enable the church to carry on its work with all the advantage that comes from its own building, and thus provide a church home for our own young people. We desire to have its doors open the whole week through. Help us into that larger life and work for the students to which as a church we feel called."

One of Dr. Dickie's staunch friends in the early days of the church, and whose interest has never grown less, is Ambassador Andrew D. White, of whom he tells the following story: "One day there was a discussion among the members of the American Church Committee as to whether they should accept money from people who were to some extent objectionable. Dr. White argued in favor of taking the money, saying: 'The Good Book tells us to redeem the time, and that, to my notion, is synonymous to redeeming money, for time is money. You need faith,' he added, 'that's all. There's a man walking about in the United States who is just waiting to give the amount you need. Why don't you go and find him?'"

"I have found several men who were willing to give a part of the amount needed," says Dr. Dickie, "but I have not yet come across the man of whom my friend, Dr. White, spoke."

Dr. Dickie also tells this story of the ex-ambassador: "When Mr. White went to Germany for the first time, he was introduced to Von Moltke. The man who made the presentation



THE COWARDLY LION OUT OF HIS SKIN.
"Wizard of Oz."

said to the old soldier: 'Dr. White was born at Homer, reared at Syracuse, and occupied an important place at Ithaca.' Von Moltke thought for a moment, and then perpetrated one of the few jokes that stand to his credit, by saying: 'I regret exceedingly that I am unable to speak Greek.'

"When Mr. White came back to Germany in 1897, he met the Empress, to whom he said: 'Your majesty does not remember me, but I was at your marriage.'

"Certainly, I remember you," said the Empress, "and what you said to me at that time. You said: 'Now, Princess Wilhelm, if you had been married in America, you would soon be on your way to Niagara Falls.' I remembered it, because it has been one of the dreams of my life to visit that spot."

Here is another Andrew D. White anecdote related by Dr. Dickie: "When Mr. White was at St. Petersburg on one occasion, he came from the imperial palace late at night, and in leaving the grounds had to pass between the two Ethiopian sentinels who are stationed at the entrance to the palace. One of the black men leaned forward and said:

"Your excellency had better go this way; it's shorter."

"Mr. White looked hard at the man, wondering at his perfect English, but he was not left in doubt long, for the man said:

"The Ethiopian is sick. I'm a substitute, and I come from Baltimore."

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