

AMUSEMENTS TONIGHT

METROPOLITAN—Maude Adams in "Chantecler." (\$2 to 50c.)

ORPHEUM — Vaudeville. (75c to 25c.)

MOORE—Thurlow Bergen's Players in "Allas Jimmy Valentine." (50c, 25c.)

EMPRESS—Vaudeville. (20c, 10c.)

PANTAGES—Vaudeville. (20c, 10c.)

DREAM, CLASS A, MELBOURNE, CLEMMER, ALHAMBRA — Motion pictures and vaudeville.

MATINEES TOMORROW

All vaudeville and picture houses.

By J. WILLIS SAYRE.

THERE will be enough difference of local opinion about "Chantecler" to make several horse races.

There are many angles at which the Rostand drama, in which Maude Adams opened at The Metropolitan last night before a packed house, may be viewed. About the massiveness of the production, its pictorial beauty, its novel staging and its careful and clever acting there can be no difference of opinion. It is also true that to anyone who cares for the finer things of the stage this unique dramatic phantasy will prove an excellent two and a half hour entertainment. Where opinions will honestly vary will be on the questions of whether or not Miss Adams is doing the part justice, or herself justice, by appearing as Chantecler.

Where other women are the eternal feminine, Miss Adams is the ideal feminine. Her personality seems little short of a divine gift. It has seemed her mission, at any rate her fortune, to be loved by everyone. Her conquest has been weightier than that of a Morgan—the conquest of the universal heart of her countrymen. She has seemed a thing apart from the grossness of the world. On the stage of life she has ever been the ingenue, a sweet, girlish figure, a Peter Pan who could never grow up into the promises of maturity.

Her Ineffaceable Personality.

This very quality which others might in vain offer worlds to possess, has set for Miss Adams an acting limitation which, with all her skill, she cannot compass. She has always appealed to her audiences as herself, and never as an actress. With this handicap, therefore, she has been set down to play the cock, a role utterly foreign to her nature and at variance with her previous stage achievements. Her present performance is a battle between Maude Adams, the actress, and Maude Adams, the woman, and while the result is of course a victory for Maude Adams, there have been many and will be more of her old admirers, who will think the contest very one-sidedly in favor of the woman.

Miss Adams, in other words, has an unsinkable personality, one that cannot be and should not be obscured. She cannot by taking up one new and different role obliterate the impression of her qualities that for thirty years has been forming. To see Miss Adams as an adventuress or in a character role would affect an audience as would a blow in the face. And so it is with her portrayal of Chantecler. What is the particular scene that appeals the most? Is it her calling of the morning or her ringing defiance of the fighting cock, both splendidly done? Not at all. Her finest bit is the mothering of the three little orphaned chicks from the storm. That is the Maude Adams of old, the Maude Adams that goes straight to the heart.

The Sex of Chantecler.

The idea has been repeatedly advanced that Chantecler in the Rostand play is not so essentially masculine as he would seem at first glance, that the sex idea is obtrusive and misleading, that it is the pride and the fall of humanity in general that is typified in the role of the cock. The promoters of this view naively overlook two important facts. The first is that since the flight of years began it has always been the males of the animal kingdom who have admitted that they were the salt of the earth and the owners thereof; second, that though Chantecler be sexless, it is in this distinctly feminine touches that she gives the role that Miss Adams is the most successful.

Certainly Chantecler in her hands has a delicate charm with which no male actor in the world could invest it. Her Chantecler is worth seeing because Maude Adams would be worth seeing in any part, though it might be a sacrifice of her best-loved qualities. It is a failure that she scores, but a glorious one, and there isn't a soul among all her well-wishers but is secretly glad of the proof that the old Maude Adams is not and never can be lost to us, that she cannot so unsex herself as to triumph in a role that would tax the superb virility of William Faversham or Otis Skinner.

Her Enunciation Indistinct.

Of her increasingly indistinct diction Miss Adams must be careful as the seasons roll by. She has now a pronounced tendency, not at all present in her Lady Pabbie days, but noticeable in "What Every Woman Knows," of talking through half-clenched teeth, of changing s's to k's and f's to v's. Such simple monosyllables as "yes" and "last" can assuredly admit of but one correct pronunciation.

With comparatively little to do, adequate supporting actors have been provided for Miss Adams. William Lewers portrays the airy insincerity of the blackbird to a nicety. Josephine Victor, as the hen pheasant, plays opposite the star with fairly good effect, and Marion Abbott, Ada Boshell and others are convincing in character roles. George Henry Trader made much of the role of the faithful dog.

Wonderful Staging.

The staging comes next after the star in point of general interest. The role of bird impersonation has already been sounded here in "Woodland," and of the flying creatures of the night in the Annie Russell production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," but "Chantecler," in its variety of subjects and wealth of detail, goes farther than either. David Belasco, absolute master of the obvious in stage presentation, has gone no further at any time than has Charles Frohman in this series of alluring pictures.

LINES FROM CURRENT PLAYS

"It's because he keeps his eye closed and buried in the sand that the ostrich has preserved his famous digestion."—"Chantecler," Metropolitan.

"The only thing I enjoy at the seaside is the fish men. I always bet on the suffragette, the catfish."—Renaissance & Ward, Orpheum.

"I had this suit made in Paris. Do you like it?"
"No, I don't like French dressing except on potato salad."—"High Life in Jail," Empress.

"Before she was a suffragette she darned socks—now she darns 'em."—Clark & Verdi, Pantages.

*William Lewers,
As the Blackbird*



As the bird-about-town in "Chantecler" this actor renders excellent support to Maude Adams.

In which clever light plots and music plots enhance the value of settings which for solidity or boldness of design have never been equaled on The Metropolitan stage.

The lines of "Chantecler" are beautiful. If, indeed, it be studied as a poem, the play will possess an added charm for those yet to see it during its too brief stay in this city.