

Amusements Tonight

(Prices Include War Tax.)

METROPOLITAN—Dark.
MOORE—Vaudeville. (85c to 11c.)
WILKES—Wilkes Players in "The Country Boy." (55c to 22c.)
PANTAGES—Vaudeville. (35c to 25c.)
OAK—Musical Comedy. (30c to 10c.)
PALACE HIP—Vaudeville. (20c.)
GLENNER, LIBERTY, MISSION, COLISEUM, REX, STRAND, LITTLE, COLONIAL, ORPHEUM—Motion pictures.

Matinees Tomorrow

All vaudeville and motion picture theatres.

THOSE wise folks who went to The Moore yesterday to see Sarah Bernhardt as a wonderful memory came away with the conviction that she is a lively reality. Right today it would be the fortune of any young actress to fall heir to Sarah's 1918 talents. She has had an incomparable past, a present that is worth anyone's while and a future that no one who saw her yesterday would dream of denying.

She is deathless, changeless, ageless, a modern miracle-worker who has eclipsed Joshua's record by making time and tide as well as the sun and the stars stand still. When she was first seen here, in her forties, she was in her prime—Series A. She had more bodily vigor of course on that night when she walked out on the stage of Cordray's in "Fedora," but when, yesterday, speaking a strange tongue at machine-gun velocity, she brought out handkerchiefs all over the house by the very caress of her tones, the drama in her hands and eyes, the pathos that spoke the universal language of the heart, what else can it be called beside great acting.

The acting of the Bernhardt sketch, "From the Theatre to the Field of Honor," is preceded by a screened synopsis—in English. That synopsis and the art of the actress make the playlet easy to follow. Her description of the saving of the flag sends thrills through the house, her recital of the verses of Deroulade is as vivid as the tricolor itself and her one English expression, "God Bless America," aroused her hearers to a patriotic frenzy.

Brings Her Own Company.

Again she brings her own company from Paris, capable players who include, as the American major, M. Deneubourg, who was here with her in vaudeville five years ago. All speak in French, giving the audience renewed sympathy for the trials of the American soldiers on the West Front. The setting is beautifully contrived.

Many a person will go to The Moore this week just to say he has seen Bernhardt. While that is a big idea in itself, it does not cover the situation. He will, at the same time, see a bit of acting that still is beyond compare.

Five other acts complete the bill. Mayo and Lynn, well known here, bring back their good comedy persiflage and Mayo's fine baritone voice. Florence Baird is a scream with her facial expressions; Marion Weeks is a petite and dainty coloratura soprano who gets encores for her fine singing; Albert Donnelly pleases with shadowgraphs and Lew Madden and Gene Ford introduce a pianist and a soprano of quality.

No final review of the Moore Theatre's season should omit a reference to the treat which has been supplied the audiences all season by Charles Burnett and his highly efficient orchestra of ten men.