

ALWAYS timing her visits in June, just as David Warfield invariably comes here in January, Maude Adams last night at The Metropolitan began her ninth local engagement before a capacity audience. Her play this time is "Quality Street," the third J. M. Barrie comedy in which she has been seen here and one which, though it has been in her repertoire for many seasons, never before has been given in Seattle.

Any appreciation of a Maude Adams performance properly should begin, continue and end with a realization of the potency of the actress herself, for she is the entertainer of a generation, a woman of personality incomparable, the dearest girl on the stage by the unanimous consent of the millions whom she has charmed during the lifetime that has intervened between the night that she was carried out on a Salt Lake stage and her Metropolitan debut of last evening.

Endless Curtain Calls.

The play last night brought the same delight that attaches to every Maude Adams performance. The appreciation of her auditors found expression in the numerous calls which greeted each curtain fall and the finish of the play. The entr'acte musical program was as atmospheric as the costumes and settings themselves, being made up largely of old English ballads. Not an element was lacking to make the evening one of the most beautiful adventures in the life of everyone present.

"Quality Street" appeals now as a play of rare old fragrance, like "Rosemary," old-fashioned in theme, in sentiment and in its homely, heart-reaching effectiveness. Miss Adams has every chance in the world in her role of the school teacher—and meets every chance a hundred per cent more than half way. In her pathetic realization of her dowdy maturity in the second act there were tears in many eyes besides her own, while nothing more delicious upon the English-speaking stage could be imagined than her light comedy touches in the scene at the Ball, when she is told—and at the same time isn't told—that the man of her heart really loves her.

She Won't Grow Up.

Miss Adams is the artist supreme in the depiction of emotion. She is more like Peter Pan than that individual himself in her refusal to grow up—she has now a hold upon her roles, her audiences and herself that is even surer than it was in that season many years ago when Charles Frohman advanced her from the position of John Drew's leading woman to stardom.

Charles P. Hammond is a leading man of easy and attractive stage manners and a good speaking voice. Angela Ogden as Susan proves a character actress of excellence. Robert Peyton Carter, who has been with Miss Adams on her last three visits, is cast in the minor role of the recruiting sergeant.

One capable old-timer in the cast is Morton Sellen, who came here twenty-two years ago with E. H. Sothorn in "Captain Lettarblair." Since then he has always been identified here with good companies, like those of Miller and Anglin, Eleanor Robson and John Drew, and his ripe experience shows to

advantage in the role of Major Link-water.

All of the lesser characters are acceptably handled. The settings call for nothing elaborate and are adequate.