

BERNHARDT AGAIN SEEN AS CAMILLE

Brilliant Frenchwoman Has
Moore Audience in Tears—
"Oh, Boy" Scores Hit.

ONCE again Seattle is enjoying the greatest Camille in the world—Sarah Bernhardt. The veteran French star was seen here in the entire play of the same name out at the lake twelve years ago, and at The Orpheum five years ago gave the same excerpt—the death scene—in which she enthralled audiences yesterday at The Moore. Her conception now is the same as then, with perhaps a bit less activity now than on the first occasion but with better voice than on her second visit.

Once there were as many Camilles as there were ambitious actresses on the stage. Essaying the weepy Dumas heroine was like taking a histrionic degree, of some sort—no footlight lady's career was complete unless she had a Camille in her collection. So Seattle has seen Camilles who made the death scene almost entirely an analysis of tuberculosis, who went to pieces noisily, like a small used automobile that was misrepresented to its new owner.

Others there have been who gave the audiences their pictorial money's worth, who achieved a motion picture finish, who perished all over the stage; on the bed, in a chair, by the window or in the combined arms of Nanine and Armand.

It is therefore worth while for any ambitious young actress in town this week to go to The Moore and see how easily the incomparable Sarah achieves everything that is necessary, how she lets mentality do the work. Just a few gestures that mean everything, just the dumb agony of dissolution in her wonderful eyes, just the delicate nuances of a voice, never unnecessarily raised, that vitalizes every great emotion of the heart, and the thing is done and the audience, realizing it is seeing a world-famed woman it likely will never see again, realizing it has witnessed a bit of acting to be handed down to the children's children, is in tears.