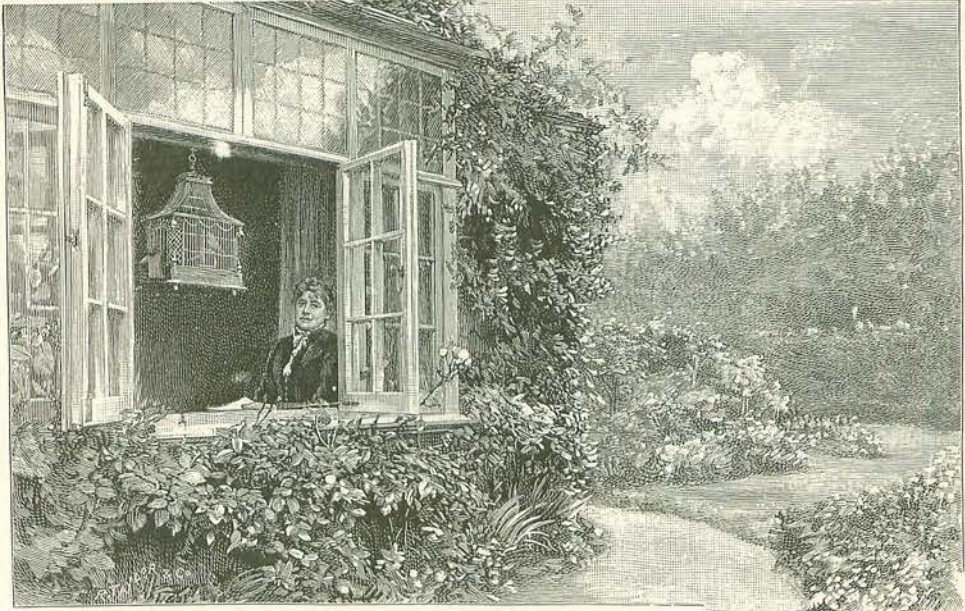


## Illustrated Interviews.

No. XVII.—MISS ELLEN TERRY.



From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.]

TOWER COTTAGE—"PRINCE" AND HIS MISTRESS.

**I**N the course of my chat with Mr. Irving, which appeared in the September number of this Magazine, I casually hinted at a little something which practically amounted to a promise. It was a note from Miss Ellen Terry. That note has been honoured, and it is a pleasurable effort to sit down and endeavour to recollect all that happened during nearly a couple of days spent with her at London and Winchelsea. Eminent people who are homely are positive blessings—and that is just what Ellen Terry is. The first word she said to me when I reached Winchelsea, as she sat holding the reins behind Tommy, the pony, whilst Punch, her dog, seemed to be barking an invitation to take my seat by its mistress's side, was "Welcome!" I shall always remember that greeting and what came of it.

But Winchelsea must wait for a few pages—there is the house in Barkston Gardens to be visited first, and then away to "Holiday Home." If you walked round the square of great red brick houses at Earl's Court which constitutes Barkston Gardens, in the summer

time, you would have no difficulty in finding Miss Terry's house. Its number is—flowers—flowers—flowers! They fill the window-sills and block the balcony of the drawing-room. A man may be known by the pictures he hangs on his walls—so may a woman by the flowers she puts in her vases and windows. Here at Barkston Gardens they are of the simplest and homeliest kind, the tiny blue-bell, marguerite, and the cottage nasturtium. Within this floral exterior I met Miss Terry. She wore a long black gown, which to me suggested *Portia*. She is tall, handsome, with a mouth that has a struggle on the stage to keep away the smiles which refuse to be overcome, and eyes that look at you and twinkle with heart-born merriment. Yet against all this there is a stately grace which indicates what falls to the lot of few women—a merry mood at all times, and gifted genius ever shining through it.

Dear old Mrs. Rumball—her friend of twenty years—sat there watching her every movement.

"My little home!" said Miss Terry, as I entered—"only full of twopenny-halfpenny



From a Photo. by]

THE DINING-ROOM—BARKSTON GARDENS.

[Elliott &amp; Fry.

things ; but I love them all for dear associations' sake."

Here are a very few of the things of which Miss Terry so wrongly under-estimated the worth. The entrance-hall contains a proof etching of Forbes Robertson's picture of the church scene in "Much Ado About Nothing." To the right is the dining-room—a delightful apartment. The walls are of green, pink, and embossed gold, and harmonize to perfection. A bust of Henry Irving is over a little book-case, the volumes on the shelves—Shakespeare, Thackeray, Dickens—being hidden by art curtains ; drawings by Mrs. Hastings of Mr. and Mrs. Terry—the father and mother of the gifted actress—hang on the wall, together with those of her two children—Mr. Gordon and Miss Ailsa Craig. Over the quaint oaken sideboard is a reproduction of the Venus of Milo. Her table is in the

recess of the window. On this there is yet another portrait of Mr. Gordon Craig—indeed, her two children are in every room of the house.

Next to the dining-room, separated from the hall by great tapestry curtains, is the smallest sitting-room imaginable. I never saw so many chairs in so small a space. This is in every sense of the word a study. In a corner of this apartment is a great resting ottoman, with many pillows thrown negligently

upon it. It is here that Ellen Terry rests and reads, living with the genius of the man who first conceived and penned the lines in that little row of books on the wall, which bear his name in golden letters—Shakespeare. The nick-nacks in this room are countless. A picture of Sheridan is reputed to be by Gainsborough ; there are numerous original studies for costume—principally Shakespearean—and a very small



From a Photo. by]

THE SITTING-ROOM AND STUDY.

[Elliott &amp; Fry.



THE ALCOVE.

bust of Fechter is under a glass shade on the mantel-board. A screen of Sir Walter Scott's is noticeable.

The Alcove is the most delightful arrangement in miniature rooms conceivable. It was really a bit of spare landing space—now it is one of the prettiest corners in the whole house. It is of white enamel. As a specimen of artistic furnishing, this little alcove may be opened out as a perfect model. It won't let one get away. How cosy are the cushions under the canopy of the window—how quaint the oaken table and chairs, which are an exact model of those used by Shakespeare himself!

Over the mantel-board are many portraits, all of them autographed and accompanied by kindly messages: Madame Nordica, Miss Julia Neilson—who married Miss Terry's brother Fred—Miss Mary Anderson, Sarasate, and Salvini. Signor Tosti has sent his photo. and surrounded it with words and music—"Good-

bye, Summer, good-bye, good-bye!" Tosti, one day, specially sang this beautiful song for Miss Terry at a friend's house. Very shortly afterwards this pleasant memento came. There is an old picture of Mrs. Cowley, who wrote "The Belle's Stratagem." Where there are not books there are pictures, such as an admirable likeness of Roger Kemble, father of J. P. Kemble; Mrs. Siddons, Sarah Bernhardt, Forbes Robertson, and Miss Terry and Henry Irving in various characters. Fred Barnard, the artist, is well represented with etchings of Mr. Irving as *Digby Grant* in "The Two Roses." An original study as *Hamlet* is striking. There

is also an excellent pencil sketch of Miss Terry as *Portia*, whilst Sidney L. Smith is responsible for Miss Terry as *Beatrice*.

A spinning-wheel is near the window.

"No, you are wrong," said Miss Terry; "that is not the one I used to sit down to as *Marguerite* in 'Faust.' I bought this in Nuremberg and meant to use it, but, believe me, I found that an old 'property' one looked much better on the stage."

Just then a tiny little piping note was heard. It was as sweet and as true as the note of a flute. It seemed to come from upstairs, and was apparently the gentle whistling of some old German air by an unknown and invisible personage. My inquisitive surprise delighted Miss Terry. She beckoned me. We went tip-toe up the stairs, and as I drew aside the amber silk curtains of the drawing-room, the whistle became louder and sweeter still. Ah, there was the culprit, caged up in the window!



From a Photo. by MISS ELLEN TERRY. [Window &amp; Grove.

"Prince—my bull-

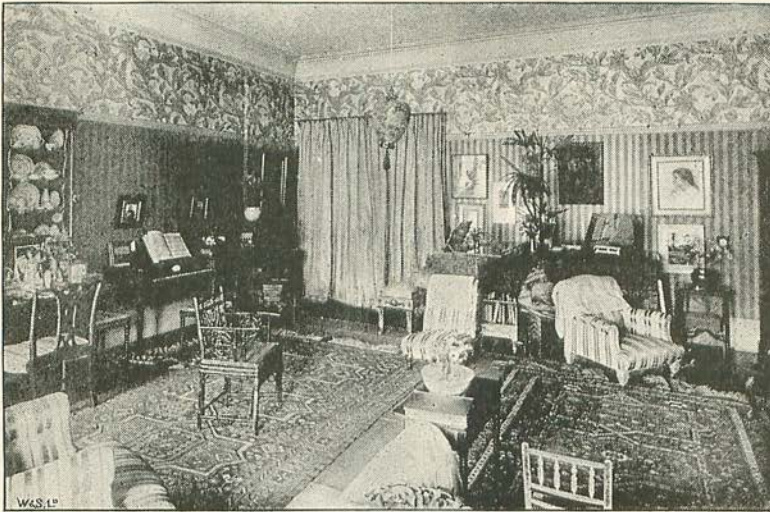
finch!" cried Miss Terry. How that little creature whistled, to be sure! Just as though its very life depended on the number and purity of its notes.

"He pipes all day," Prince's mistress said, running her fingers along the brass wires of the cage, "and we don't quite know what the tune is. When I bought him he was in a little wooden cage, and on it were written in pencil the names of two songs—'Du bist wie eine Blume,' and—what do you think?—Poli Perkins! But he's never whistled of 'My Pretty Polly Perkins of Paddington Green' to this day."

The drawing-room overlooks the gardens, and is fragrant with the perfume of the roses which fill the china bowls on the

of-date, square piano is here, but still delightful in tone, it having recently been completely restored by Messrs. Broadwood. It bears the name of Longman and Broderip—the latter name being very similar to that of Mr. Irving's birth name. It was picked up at Deal. The old firm of Longman and Broderip has been continued through Clementi to Messrs. Collard, who still retain the old Cheapside premises, whence this pretty old piano came nearly a hundred years ago.

The case of curios must not be forgotten. Amongst other things, it contains a pair of old gold buckles which belonged to a Cavalier who was hidden in the oak tree with Charles II.; Mrs. Siddons's Bible, with a letter in



From a Photo. by]

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

tables. A huge bouquet of carnations is just beginning to fade—a few fallen petals are strewn on the carpet. But it will rest there till it drops. It was a gift from Sarah Bernhardt. Tables are set out with silver trinkets, and a cabinet is crowded with blue china. The music of "Henry the Eighth" is open on the piano—on top of which is an oil painting of a corner of the kitchen of the "Audrey" Arms, at Uxbridge. Miss Terry saw this quaint, old-fashioned little place, and wanted it. A difficulty had to be overcome, for it was an inn. The place was bought, and an old woman was employed to sell the beer, and for some time Miss Terry spent her holidays in the rooms pertaining to the old "Audrey" Arms, previous to her settling at Winchelsea.

A beautiful specimen of the original, out-

her own handwriting; a tiara which was once owned by the famous Lady Blessington; a little blue china cup of Sir Walter Scott's; and surely the daintiest and tiniest of lace handkerchiefs—Sarah Bernhardt's. But what gave rise to most curiosity were a number of pairs of eye-glasses. I was holding in my hand a pair with the name of "Henry" written on one glass and "Irving" on the other. Then I learnt that Miss Terry has a rare collection of famous men's glasses, amongst them being Mr. Whistler's, Dr. Mackenzie's, Sir Arthur Sullivan's, and others.

From the time I laid down these eye-glasses and bade Miss Terry "Good-bye," to the day I arrived at the little Sussex village of Winchelsea and heard her "Welcome," was just two months. It was on one of the days just before her return to town and



From a Photo. by]

OFF FOR A DRIVE.

[Elliott &amp; Fry.

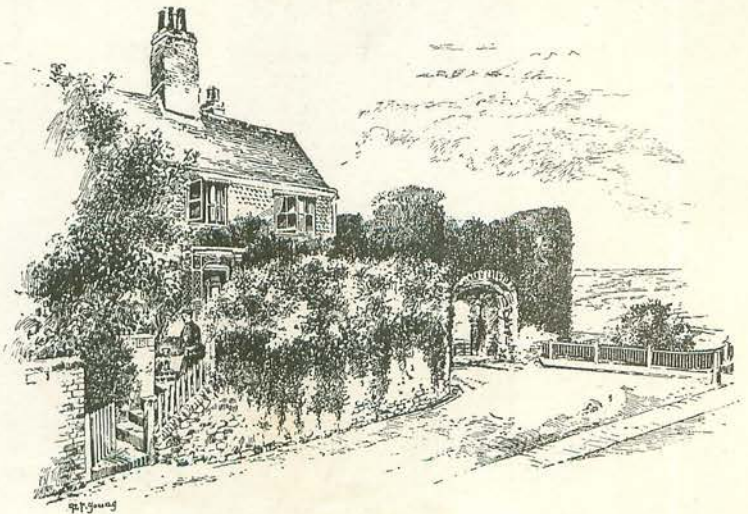
reminds me of a little story, and I thought perhaps you might like to hear it, because some of the people in it have appeared in your Magazine.

"We were stopping about a year ago at the Forest of Dean. There were

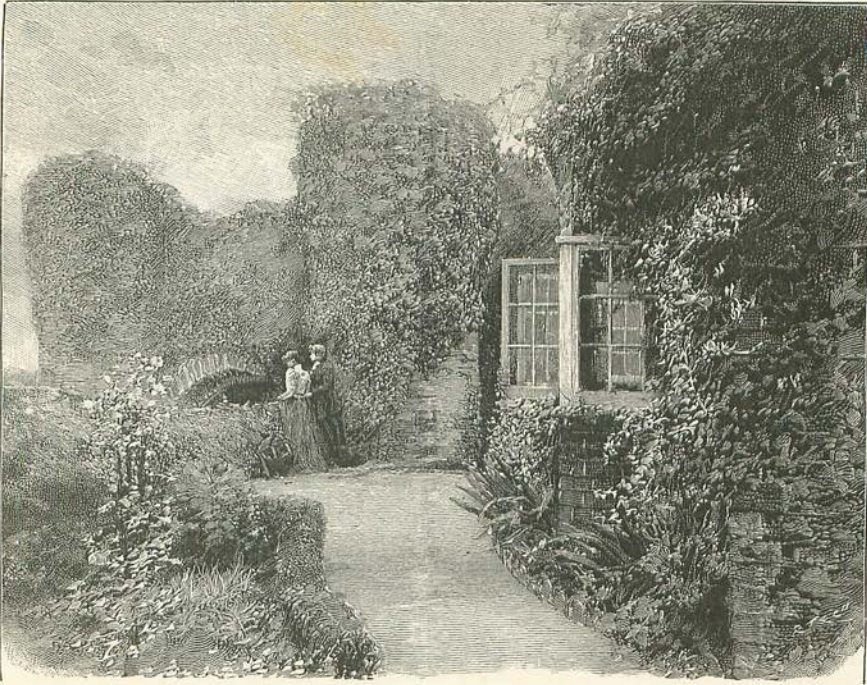
work again. I jumped up in the dog-cart—to which Tommy was harnessed—and Tower Cottage was quickly reached.

"Tommy carried us all the way from London to Winchelsea," said Miss Terry, enthusiastically, "and he'll take us back again. We put our luggage on board—Punch, this young rascal of a terrier, who seems to live only to bark, and Prince. You'll see Prince—yes, and hear him, too, in a few minutes—for he's at the cottage. At a pretty roadside inn we found a wee kitten—it seemed to like me. It came running out to us and appeared lost. It gave such a funny little whine, which seemed to say 'Me-ne-e,' so I christened it Minnie on the spot. Isn't this country glorious? Isn't it the place for a rest? But, wait a little! Have I been ill? Yes, indeed. But we won't talk about that; still, it

a good many of us, among whom was Sir Morell Mackenzie. We made an excursion one day to Tintern. On the road my maid called out that something had got into her eye, and that she was in great pain. We stopped at the next village, but the chemist's shop was shut, the chemist being at church, for it was Sunday; but Sir Morell was bent on healing, and rang at the door, got down the different bottles himself, and with his own



TOWER COTTAGE—FRONT VIEW.



From a Photo. by]

TOWER COTTAGE—MISS TERRY AND HER DAUGHTER IN THE GARDEN.

[Elliott &amp; Fry.

hands prepared a lotion for my poor maid's eye. I need scarcely tell you how much astonished Mrs. —, the chemist's wife, was upon learning the name of her distinguished dispenser, and on our way back the whole village turned out to look at the dear man whose fame for good deeds, great and small, cannot be increased by any words which I could speak, or I would try to grow eloquent and perhaps become inspired by the noble theme."

We had reached the top of



From a Photo. by]

THE HAMMOCKS UNDER THE APPLE-TREES.

[Elliott &amp; Fry.

the hill, drove beneath the old stone gate, curiously enough known as the "Strand Gate," a great pile of ragstone, with towers at each angle, and partially covered with ivy, and stopped at the little white wicket gate. And, true enough, there was Prince, singing away with a heart as free as though he were in the open air instead of in his cage by the window—the same sweet tune. At sight of his mistress he hopped about in mad delight, stretched his little neck and lifted his



From a Photo. by AS "OPHELIA." [Window & Grove.  
(Hamlet.)

head, anxious to pipe his richest notes as an assurance of perfect happiness. And here was the tortoise on the grass and Minnie cuddled up in the doorway, blinking her tiny blue eyes at the sunbeams which were playfully striving to drive the peacefully disposed kitten out of her chosen corner. Whoever built Tower Cottage is hereby publicly thanked—its bricks and latticed windows form the prettiest little piece of architecture of its kind, and its site almost amounts to a paradise. Just look at its walls, up which the honeysuckle is creeping and the roses growing, the great blooming crimson fuchsias, and the paths edged with the greenest of box!—the blackberry bushes, and the hammocks hung in the shade between the boughs of the apple trees! You walk along the gravel paths of the garden, and every blossom on the branches peeping out from the grassy beds appears just to have come there of its own free will. You look around for the sign of a trowel or spade in vain. Nature seems to have been her own gardener, and planned and planted this floral nook. Then come a little farther to this turret built over the stables—the turret top with its alternate green boxes of cloves and nasturtiums, on which a swing seat has been put up. There you get the view.

"I have seen it many times before," said

Miss Terry, "but I always find something more to look upon. Isn't it fair? I love space, and surely it is here. Look, right away across the fields—with the lambs playing about by the side of the winding rivulets—is the sea dotted with tiny vessels. To the left is Rye—it looks like a little hillock of houses, doesn't it?—Rye with its windmills—and every one of them is working. You remember Thackeray's unfinished 'Dennis Duval'? Dennis had a grandfather who was a barber and perruquier, and elder of the French Protestant Church at Winchelsea. Dennis himself often used to walk from this little town into Rye, perhaps past this very cottage! To my mind there is no more restful or more romantic spot anywhere than this. You can't even remember there exists such a thing as a theatre here! But I'll take you round the village this afternoon."

Inside the house was all that was suggested by the outside—all was dainty and in miniature. One thing struck me—there was not a single picture of the great actress herself on the walls. Here were her friends, her two



From a Photo. by AS "BEATRICE." [Window & Grove.  
(Much Ado about Nothing.)

children, but not one of herself. "I don't like seeing myself about the place," she said. "I have a friend who gets every photo. of me published, and puts them in her rooms. I haven't been to see her for some time. It made me quite wretched when I last called; there was I 'weeping' in her bedroom, 'mad' in her dining-room, whilst in the front parlour I was positively 'dying' in three different positions!" Still, it is to be hoped that Miss Terry will not be reduced to despair when she opens these pages, and beholds herself in all the most famous characters in which she has appeared at the Lyceum.

Our luncheon party comprised Miss Ailsa Craig, two friends, Miss Terry, and myself. Punch and Minnie were also present. Luncheon over, we hurried away to the apple trees, and Miss Terry brought out her camera—for she is a wonderfully adept photographer—and insisted on my giving her a sitting. I wonder if Miss Terry knows what happened whilst this was going on? Probably she does ere this; but one member of this very



From a Photo. by] AS "LETTITIA HARDY." [Window & Grose.  
(The Belle's Stratagem.)



From a Photo. by] AS "CATHERINE DUVAL." [Window & Grose.  
(The Dead Heart.)

happy party hastily procured another camera, and, whilst Miss Terry was photographing me, she was "taken" herself. Then we started out for Winchelsea, and what a delightful guide I had! We visited the old prison and judgment house, now used as a public reading-room, and my kindly guide remembered a little entertainment she once gave there, when, together with her daughter and a friend, they made their first and only appearance as "The Three Old Maids of Lee."

We looked in at the old church, and every one of the great square pews seemed to suggest—sleep, sleep, beautiful sleep! We saw the tree under which John Wesley made his last open-air address; the Friary, a fine old specimen of architecture, and the wonderful old gates and cellars of the town, which make Winchelsea a rarity amongst rare picturesque places.

For half an hour—whilst Miss Terry rested a little—I was left alone with a cigar. So I walked and talked with the village children. And I found out that Miss Terry's loving kindness to the little ones is





AS "IOLANTHE."  
(Iolanthe.)  
From a Photo. by Window & Grove.

known in Winchelsea, as everywhere else. One bright, sunburnt little maid, whom I met in one of the lanes, told me she was going to Miss Terry's to tea "next Wednesday," and, added the child, with eyes as big as stars and twinkling as brightly, "Miss Terry says poetry to us!" I was glad the child told me that, because it made assurance doubly sure of my estimate of the woman's character. I thought of the packed theatre, and the people who had paid half-a-guinea for their stalls; then of the handful of little ones who had an unpurchasable entertainment for nothing—listening to Miss Terry "saying poetry."

I returned to Tower Cottage.

We met again on the turret top, and then I listened to the story of her life. How earnestly she spoke of everything associated with her brilliant career. She has always been in the best circle—theatrically speaking—ever since she began. But she

referred to all this very quietly. If Ellen Terry impresses one on the stage as an actress, how much more does she do so when sitting surrounded by one of the fairest of Nature's scenes, as a woman! When she remembers an incident it is indeed remembered. All the circumstances connected with it crowd into her memory, the place, the people—everything, and she lives through it once again, even though it may belong to her very youngest years.

Miss Ellen Alice Terry was born at Coventry in St. Valentine's month. St. Valentine's month has seen the natal day of many of the great—Wordsworth, Ruskin, Charles Dickens, Abraham Lincoln, Rossini, Joseph Jefferson, Victor Hugo, Handel, Longfellow, J. R. Lowell, George Washington, Cardinal Newman, and Henry Irving.



From a Photo. by] AS "PORTIA."  
(The Merchant of Venice.) [Window & Grove.

"My father and mother," said Miss Terry, "were acting from place to place. Then I came to them at Coventry. There is no trace of the house where I was born—it may have been at an inn or in lodgings. It is

not generally known that my mother, when eighteen years of age, played the *Queen* to Macready's *Hamlet*. Macready liked playing with my mother; he gave a curious reason for it—'because she wouldn't stick her hair all over with pins!' My own particular first appearance was made on the stage somewhere between the ages of seven and eight, at the Princess's Theatre, under the management of Mrs. Charles Kean. Now, here's an interesting little fact: When I was playing *Puck* at the Theatre Royal, Manchester—and quite an experienced little actress by that time—Mr. Irving, although he is ten years older than myself, was at that time just making his first appearance. But, something more. It is very possible that on the very night he made his first bow, I was having my toes nearly squeezed off! I will tell you the little story.

"I was playing *Puck* in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' and had come up through a trap at the end of the last act to give the final speech. My sister Kate was



From a Photo. by]

AS "JULIET."  
(Romeo and Juliet.)

[Window &amp; Grove.



From a Photo. by]

AS "MARGUERITE."  
(Faust.)

[Window &amp; Grove.

playing *Titania*. Up I came—but not quite up, for the man shut the trap-door too soon, and caught my toe. I screamed, Kate rushed to me, and banged her foot on the stage; but the man closed the trap tighter, mistaking the signal. 'Oh! Katie! Katie!' I cried.

"'Oh! Nelly, Nelly!' returned my sister.

"Mrs. Kean came rushing on, and made them open the trap, and so I released my foot.

"'Finish the play, dear,' she whispered, excitedly, 'and I'll double your salary!'

"There was Kate holding me up on one side and Mrs. Kean on the other. Well, I did finish the play; it was something like this:—

"If we shadows have offended ('Oh! Katie! Katie!')

Think but this, and all is mended, ('I hope my poor toe will!')

That you have but slumbered here While these visions did appear. ('I can't! I can't!')

And this weak and idle theme, No more yielding but a dream; ('Oh! dear! Oh! dear!' and a big sob.)

Gentles, do not reprehend; If you pardon, we will mend. ('Oh! Mrs. Kean!')

"And so I got through it. My salary was doubled, and Mr. Skey, President of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, who chanced to be in a stall that very evening, came round behind the scenes and put my toe right. He remained my friend for life. I can well

heartrending was the scream, that it electrified the audience.

After leaving the Keans, Miss Terry appeared at the Royalty and Haymarket Theatres. Already her work was being closely followed by the critics. Then came the first playing with Mr. Irving. It was at the old Queen's Theatre, in "The Taming of the Shrew." Miss Terry said that it was such a foggy night that you could scarcely see across the stage. The usual forebodings predicted by such a dark night, however, have not been realized, for surely no work could have been brighter or more brilliant than that which was subsequently—and is to-day—associated with the names of Miss Terry and Mr. Irving.

After an absence of seven years from the stage, she played a short engagement at the



AS "QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA."  
(Charles I.)  
From a Photo. by Window & Grove.

remember Charles Kean—he was so charming and lovable; Mrs. Kean was more alert and admirable. He was very fond of children. He had a rare way of amusing us little ones at the theatre. He had a tiny ballet skirt made. This he put round his hand, and placing his third and fourth fingers out and folding up the others, it looked just like a little woman dancing. Oh! how we used to scream with laughter, and the louder we laughed the higher the lady kicked."

Everybody saw in the child Nelly an actress; but this was strongly substantiated one night in a remarkable way. It happened through a scream. She was playing in a piece in which she had to put a snake round her neck and scream. Of course, the snake was not real, but so intense and



From a Photo. by

AS "CAMMA."  
(The Cup.)

[Window & Grove.

last-named theatre, followed by engagements at the Prince of Wales's and the Court. Then came a memorable night: her first appearance with Mr. Irving, at the Lyceum, as *Ophelia*, on December 30th, 1878—nearly fourteen years ago. Since then, as effort succeeded effort, creation succeeded creation, so has she advanced in the favour of the



AS "LUCY ASIHTON."  
(Ravenswood.)  
From a Photo. by Window & Grove.

public, and made good her claim to rank amongst the greatest actresses our country has given us. *Pauline, Portia, Desdemona, Juliet, Lady Macbeth*, and many more; how well we know them all!

Miss Terry well remembered that memorable night of December 30th, 1878.

"You ask me if I know what nervousness means," she said. "Why, I am so high-strung at the Lyceum, on a first night, that if I realized that there was an audience in front, staring at me, I should fly off and be down at Winchelsea in two two's! I shall never forget my first appearance at the Lyceum as *Ophelia*. Dear old Mrs. Rumball—you remember meeting her at Barkston Gardens?—was waiting for me in my dressing-room. I finish my part at the end of the fourth act—I couldn't wait to see the fifth. I rushed upstairs to my room and threw myself into her arms.

"I've failed—I've failed!" I cried, in despair.

"No, no!"

"But I have—I have. Come along," and we hurried away from the theatre, I in my

*Ophelia* dress, with a big cloak thrown around me, and drove up and down the Embankment a dozen times before I dared go home."

"And when you saw the papers in the morning, how did you feel then?" I asked.

And as Punch, the terrier, came rushing down the path towards its mistress, the reply to my question told everything.



From a Photo. by]

AS "NANCE OLDFIELD."  
(Nance Oldfield.)

[Window & Grove.

She simply answered—and with all her heart—"Very happy."

"Dead! Dead, sir! Dead little doggy. Why won't you die? I really think this dog is as mad as a hatter. If he doesn't alter, I shall certainly call him 'The Hatter.' Die doggy, die!"

Punch did die eventually. He lay on his side, with his legs as stiff as those of a mahogany table. Then at the words "One—two—three!"—equivalent to the tolling of the bell—up he jumped, fully decided that it was downright ridiculous to die when he could live and be happy at Winchelsea.

Then tea was brought out, and over a refreshing cup, accompanied by delicious bread and butter and sultana cake—real sul-



AS "LADY MACBETH."  
(Macbeth.)

From a Photo. by Window & Grove.

books. Its leaves were interspersed with almost as many notes as there was type—notes on the character of the woman, period, costume, surroundings, influences. One little note reads: "Character—Undemonstrative—Singing voice—About twenty-five;—She ought to be nice-looking, for the King of France took her without any dower; every servant in the Court loves her—indeed, the Court Fool pines away when she goes to France." Some half-dozen books, all for the same character, are full of notes of this kind. She loves *Beatrice* and *Ophelia* the best, and the shortest and smallest part she ever played was only a year or two ago, when she went on at an amateur performance, and the applause which greeted her would scarcely allow her to give her one and only line: "Please, ma'am, are you hin or are you hout?"

tana cake, with plenty of plums in it! —I learnt much of the greatest interest. Dress is a very important matter with Miss Terry. She, with Mrs. Comyns Carr, designs her own costumes. Miss Terry thinks—and rightly too—that a dress should do much to indicate the character of the woman who is wearing it, as witness the dress she wears as *Lady Macbeth*, which looks like a coiling snake. "I could have gone mad," she said, "as *Ophelia*, much more comfortably in black than in white. But, oh! the little ins and outs of which the public know nothing. *Hamlet* and *Othello* must be black, then *Ophelia* and *Desdemona* must be white." Then on the question of studying a part. Any school-girl can *learn* the words of a part, but that is a very different thing to knowing and growing up, as it were, with the character you are called upon to conceive and create. To study means to *know*, to know means to *be*. I saw one of her



AS "VIOLA."  
(Twelfth Night.)

From a Photo. by

[Window & Grove.]

"I feel very strongly about girls going on to the stage," said Miss Terry, quietly. "They talk so glibly about it—but they don't understand it a bit. I look upon going on the stage as a divine mission—a mission intended for the few and not the many. You can't *teach* acting. It is the same as everything else—acting is a gift, a precious gift, which must be highly cultivated, and those who possess it can't go and tie their talent up in a napkin and bury it in the ground. It must—it *will* come out. I examine lots of girls in elocution—how few of them possess the one thing needful."

But the contents of the little silver teapot were all gone, the cream in the jug at a premium, and the sultana cake a thing of the past. So we went into the house, and a pile of letters

a clergyman's son. Will you lend me £8?" Here is another:—

"Dear Madam,—I have just been offered a position of clerk in Manchester. I cannot afford a ticket from London. I should like to go on a bicycle. Will you, dear madam, give me one, and, if you will, will you do a



From a Photo. by] AS "OLIVIA." [Window & Grove.  
(The Vicar of Wakefield.)



From a Photo. by] AS "ELLALINE." [Window & Grove.  
(The Amber Heart.)

double-barrelled kindness and buy it at my brother's shop?"

"Then," said Miss Terry, "I have any number of letters from people who want to dress me at the theatre for nothing. Poor creatures! They little know what is in store for them. 'Lizzie'—her name is Julia, so I suppose that's why I call her Lizzie—Lizzie has been my maid at the theatre for fourteen years, and I haven't quite killed her yet!"

Birthday presents! On her birthday flowers are arriving at Barkston Gardens all day long; yes, and fruit and vegetables, too. Many old market women know her, and with reason; and when the 27th of Valentine's month comes round they like to send their little presents. Miss Terry might have read,

was brought out. These are some of the missives which fall to the lot of a great and popular actress:—

"Madam,—I am a gentleman, although

"Because you have been kind to me," written in large letters on the sack, which contained a bushel of potatoes, sent from an old woman last birthday.

Yet, a very precious present was given to her once. She was playing *Frou-Frou* in the provinces. One of the actors got to know that it was her birthday. In the last act of this play, when *Frou-Frou* is dying, she asks for her locket, in which rests the portrait of her little child. The locket was brought. *Frou-Frou* opened it, and there was a picture of her own two children. Needless to say, the acting at this moment did not lose in its intensity.

Together we looked through her album. A portrait of the Queen comes first, then follows a view of Hampton Court, where Miss Terry's first cottage was situated. The album is full of friends, and by the side of views of places visited are tiny flowers, bits of grasses and ivy gathered there. Both her children always give her a present on the first night of a play. Here is a faded rose from her daughter on the first night of "The Dead Heart," and next to it the original of a piece of music which her boy composed in honour of the event.

As we shut the album, Miss Terry cried out merrily:—

"Now let's go and see the hop-pickers. There will be plenty of time before dinner. Come along."

It was quite dark when we—Miss Terry, her daughter, and myself—got into the carriage. As we drove along the lanes of Kent, what merry stories we listened to!

"People think they see everything on the stage," Miss Terry said. "Nothing of the sort. Acting is an art which can show what you want to show, and hide what you want to hide. I remember years ago playing with a well-known actor. He was full of tricks, and was the possessor of a false tooth. In a certain play he was on the stage with me, and I had to sit with my face in full view of the

audience. Suddenly—in a most serious part—he pulled out his handkerchief and put it to his mouth. I knew what was coming—I knew it—the false tooth! He dropped something from his handkerchief on the ground at my feet! I trembled—I could scarcely go on. The manager noticed it and at the conclusion of the scene came up.

"Why, what has upset you, Miss Terry?"

"I expect I did," said the culprit, who was standing by; "but I think it very hard on me that Miss Terry should be upset only because I let fall—an acid drop!"

We had reached the hop-pickers, and our carriage drew up by the side of the hedge in the dark lane. It was a most impressive scene—the tents of the pickers standing out like phantoms, the whole thing being made all the more weird by the light of the fires over which the hoppers were bending, cooking their evening meal. It was all so silent, save for the voice of a hop-picker who would suddenly shout out some command, or the cry of a child; for the tiniest of workers may be found "helping mother" in the fields by day. I can see Miss Terry now, as she stood up in the carriage and looked upon this striking picture.

"If that could only be reproduced on the stage!" she said. "Look at it now. Wait a

moment—until it is very still. Now. Now what does it look like? Why, the finest idea of a battle-field by night it is possible to have."

As we drove back again we stopped for a moment to hear the owls hissing amongst the ivy which covers the walls of the old church. How they hissed—a positive warfare in hissing!

Miss Terry leant across to me, just as an extra strong noise came from the ivy, and said merrily:—

"I don't think I have ever been hissed, but in future I shall come here and study my parts. Then I shan't get vain!"

HARRY HOW.



AS "QUEEN KATHARINE."  
(Henry VIII.)

From a Photo. by Window & Grove.