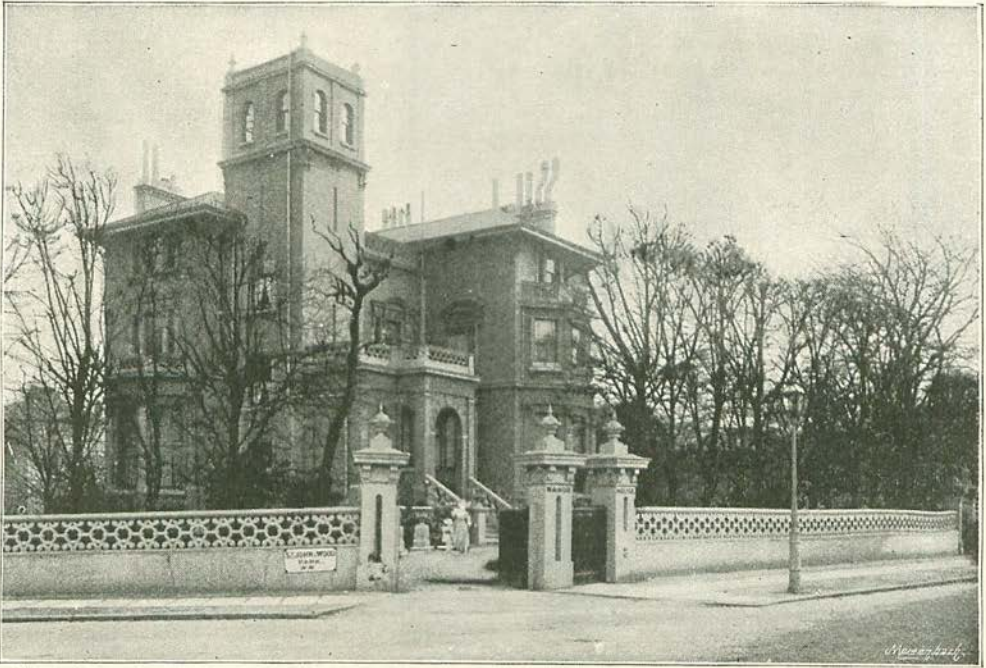


*Illustrated Interviews.*

No. XXXIII.—MR. CHARLES WYNDHAM.



From a Photo. by]

MANOR HOUSE, ST. JOHN'S WOOD.

[Elliott & Fry.

AT ST. JOHN'S WOOD. TIME—PRESENT DAY.

CHARACTERS :

The Modern Mathews ... .. MR. CHARLES WYNDHAM.  
Interviewer... .. HARRY HOW.  
Coachman, Parrot, Dogs, etc.

SCENE I. — *Entrance-hall leading to corridor. Stained glass windows. Grandfather's clock ticking away in the corner. Autographed portrait of Prince of Wales. Pictures of Corney Grain and George Grossmith. Millais' "Widow's Mite." Liston as "Moll Flannagan" and "Maw-worm." Numerous fine oils, including a sea piece by Weber. David Garrick by Vander-gucht. Fred Barnard's "Garrick." Old armour picturesquely arranged. Bronzes in cosy niches, etc.*

THE MODERN MATHEWS enters by rushing downstairs. He is tall and strongly built, character is written on every feature of his face, his curly hair has not a single silver streak in it, his appearance suggests all that is genial, good-natured, frank, and thorough. Speaks deliberately and very rapidly, says much in as few words as possible—in short, a

man who trips through life with a light step, a happy disposition, and a pleasant way of doing and saying all things.

THE MODERN MATHEWS (taking last three steps at a bound and "discovering" INTERVIEWER): Ah! there you are! What a foolish remark. Of course you're there. Have a cigarette? Now, where's my case? M.C.—my case! Capital way of remembering anything that, eh? See? M.C.—my case, my cigar, my canary, Master of Ceremonies! I find it infallible. I've got a shocking memory, so must have some system to go upon. Where is that cigarette case? Bad memory for simple little things like that, but I never forget my parts. Now, that's curious. Can remember a long part, but can't remember where I put that confounded cigarette case. Will find it yet. Come into the dining-room.



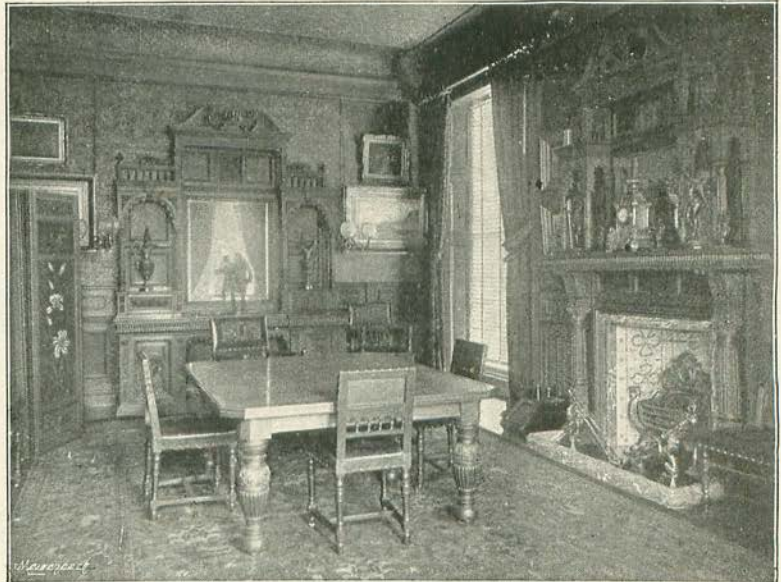
From a Photo. by]

THE ENTRANCE-HALL.

[Elliott &amp; Fry

By a special journalistic contrivance—a contrivance which for rapidity of change of scene has never been approached on the stage—

SCENE II.—  
*Dining-room.*  
Massive and substantial oak furniture. Birch's statuette of THE MODERN MATHEWS as David Garrick near the window. The walls are covered with exquisite examples of Reamore, Toulmonche, Ethoper, &c., views of Spain, Venice, and all places suggestive of sunshine and dark-eyed maidens, having for companion canvases pictures of English rural life,



From a Photo. by]

THE DINING-ROOM.

[Elliott &amp; Fry.

*Scotch cattle, Welsh valleys, and Irish lakes.*

THE MODERN MATHEWS (*aside*):  
M.C. ! M.C. ! M.C. !

INTERVIEWER: And you never forget your parts?

THE MODERN MATHEWS: Oh! I beg your pardon. Now, if you hadn't spoken I should have found that case in another minute! No, I've never forgotten a part since I was dismissed by Mrs. John Wood in New York in 1864. It was the first time I ever played an important part, and I had a very long speech to make. This speech always frightened me—it was a perpetual nightmare. I used to dream about it, breakfast with it, lunch, tea, dine, and sup with it. When the eventful night came I found myself only thinking of the words instead of their meaning. I had to give a glowing description of a young girl's beauty, crying out: "Drunk with enthusiasm, I exclaimed," etc., etc., etc. I had reached the word "Drunk," when all became a blank. I repeated the word two or three times, and finally went for it with "Drunk—I exclaimed—happy the being," etc. ! I was dismissed.

(*Barking heard off. Dogs rush on.*)

THE MODERN MATHEWS: My dogs! Call them after the characters I play.



From a Photo. by

THE SITTING-ROOM.

[Elliott &amp; Fry.]

(INTERVIEWER is not prepared to "gag" back.)

INTERVIEWER: You were born—

THE MODERN MATHEWS: Oh! I see. Certainly, certainly—but—it's a long speech—a speech, however, I don't think I shall ever forget. We always remember ourselves, eh? and forget O.P., which means other people, or opposite prompter. (*Sits in arm-chair L. of fireplace.*) I was born in Liverpool on the 23rd of March, 1841. My father was a doctor—

Come here Davy—that's Garrick. I adopt the same plan with my horses. I've got a parrot upstairs—Cockie. You should see Davy and Cockie fight. Cockie's got a prize-fighter's nose—Davy broke it for him. Come upstairs.

Again by the same arrangement we are transported to—

SCENE III.—*Sitting-room. Full of pictures of friends, presents, and pleasant memories. COCKIE is in cage on table. Here a most scientific onslaught between parrot and dog takes place—of course, only playfully and purely in innocent fun—and owing to the favour with which it is received, the proper action of a little life-drama is delayed for a quarter of an hour.*

THE MODERN MATHEWS (*suddenly jumping up*): Ha! there it is! there it is!

INTERVIEWER: Good gracious! Anything wrong?

THE MODERN MATHEWS: Wrong, no—everything's right. My cigarette case (*holds it up gleefully*). Now, then—have a cigarette?

(*Lights up!*)

INTERVIEWER (*suggestively*): M.L.! M.L.! M.L.!

THE MODERN MATHEWS: No, I've nothing as I can remember associated with M.L.

INTERVIEWER: M.L.—my life!

THE MODERN MATHEWS: All right, tell us all about it!

he only died a year or two ago. My mother gave me my first lessons, until at ten years of age I was sent to school at Sandgate. There I took a great liking for drawing—particularly for building castles in the air! I imbibed a love for the stage before I knew the value of words, and used to revel in acting to myself before a looking-glass. I left Sandgate when I was about twelve and went to St. Andrews, and there I was the cause of public censure, as it was said I was demoralizing all the boys on account of my strong theatrical tastes. Major Playfair—the grandfather of Arthur Playfair, the actor—had a private theatre near my school, and I need hardly say how I used to revel in being permitted to attend there. But it came to an end at last. I used to write very bloodthirsty dramas, and myself and companions used to play them in our bedrooms by candle-light. We were, however, discovered, and the curtain fell with a thud. I was at St. Andrews for two years. I took a prize for Latin, and always those for elocution. I ran away from St. Andrews once, but having no money in my pocket I went back the next day. I remained there until I was fifteen, when I was sent to Germany—to Neuwied first, and Bonn afterwards. You would scarcely credit it, but there I became a very dreamy fellow.

INTERVIEWER: Dreamy?

THE MODERN MATHEWS: Yes, I

became quite a religious enthusiast, and founded a Church.

(INTERVIEWER *surprised—but he must save his energies to be more so later.*)

THE MODERN MATHEWS (*solemnly*): Whilst I used to play with my companions, I was always much impressed by a long-legged, lanky-looking fellow, who used to walk up and down the playground with his eyes on his boots. I got in with him, found he belonged to a well-known Wesleyan family, and we founded a Church to reform the boys. The masters lent us a room, and starting with half-a-dozen we ultimately got twenty-five lads. When my Wesleyan friend left I became head of the Church. In the college was the son of a celebrated divine in London—whom we will call B. He was a very bad lot, using very bad language. One day he asked me to let him join the Church. I hesitated. Told him I'd take a fortnight to decide. I did. It came to my turn to preach. B. was present. My sermon was directed to him. After it was all over he came to me and assured me he was a changed man. I was delighted. He grasped me by the hand and said he should like to preach on the following Sunday! I assured him that it was the rule for only four or five of us to preach. He thought an exception ought to be made in his case. I would not hear of it. "Look here," he said, "won't you let me preach?" "No, I could not." "Do you mean it?" he asked. "I do." "Without a doubt, Wyndham?" "I am immovable." "Then," he said, go to—!" (*Quick Curtain!*)

SCENE IV.—  
*Drawing-room. A beautiful set. By the door is a fine bear's skin, the animal having been shot by the actor's son on his ranch in Colorado. The china and articles of vertu are as rare as they are valuable. The pictures tell of the artistic discrimination of their possessor. The mementos are many—a harp of roses and forget-me-nots, with a gold*

*plate inscribed: "Au grand Comédien Charles Wyndham, Hommage d'Admiration un Parisien, 1889," is given a prominent place. An exquisite silver sledge was from friends in St. Petersburg, and a massive silver cup bears the inscription: "To Charles Wyndham, from Albert Edward Prince of Wales, in remembrance of 'David Garrick,' at Sandringham, 7th January, 1887."*

THE MODERN MATHEWS (*handling cup*): The Prince is one of the most perfect stage managers conceivable. He made all the arrangements for the production of "Davy" at Sandringham. (*Takes up an inkstand in the shape of horse's hoof.*) One of my mares—poor thing! I always kill my horses when it has come to their last trot, and never sell them when they are past all work.

INTERVIEWER *inwardly—on behalf of the public—votes* THE MODERN MATHEWS *a thoughtful man in all things.*

INTERVIEWER (*insinuatingly*): And you—

THE MODERN MATHEWS: Oh! yes. Germany fifteen months; then to Paris. Occasional theatre. Had to be home by eight! Locked out one night—one sou left. Put it on a gingerbread board gamble. My sou on biggest piece. Round went the spinner—stopped at my piece. Won! Only gamble I ever won in my life. Walked that night till six in the morning; managed to get into the school. Met head master whilst creeping upstairs. He commended me for my early rising! From Paris to King's College as a medical student. Ha! no sooner there, than able to go to



From a Photo. by

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.]

theatre. Got to Cabinet Theatre, King's Cross, in amateur performances. There I first met William Blakeley, an admirable comedian, who in those days was a slim, thin, dashing young fellow. I was not long in making up my mind. I would go in for tragedy, I was so impressed with Barry Sullivan; though I fancy on looking back that Charles Mathews attracted me most, although I never dreamed of becoming a light comedian. What a voice Charley had, how perfect his every movement! The marvellous charm of that man was his extreme naturalness. How well I remember waiting for him at the stage door to watch him come out! No one who ever saw Charley could forget him. Dear old Mathews!

INTERVIEWER (*noting down the great similarity between the actor's description of Mathews and himself*): And your first real appearance?

THE MODERN MATHEWS: At one of the Ash Wednesday performances by Cole at the Haymarket Theatre. I played *Captain Murphy Macguire* in "The Serious Family,"

and John Clayton was the *Charles Tarcus*. I often played with Clayton. He and I were in the cast of "Dearer Than Life," at the Queen's Theatre, in 1868, together with Toole, Irving, Lionel Brough, and Henrietta Hodson (Mrs. Labouchere). I paid a guinea to play Macguire, and it was worth more to me, for I was soon after playing with Buckstone, and then made my first dash on at the Royalty at £1 a week, when Ellen Terry and I used to play lovers. But one of my great desires was to play *Rover* in "Wild Oats." I made up my mind to do it as soon as I saw Phelps in the part at Sadler's Wells. I had £30, and meeting another young fellow with a similar sum, we began to negotiate for the Strand Theatre, then under the management of Mr. Payne. But our hopes were crushed, as a slight barrier cropped up in the way of rent. Payne wanted £60 a week rent, and three months in advance. By this time I was ashamed of myself, although I had an offer of twelve shillings a week at the Theatre Royal, Preston—which, probably, I never should have got! I wrote to my father. He was

"CHARLEY GARNER"  
(Mr. Chas. Wyndham).

"MRS. GARNER"  
(Mrs. Dyas).

"MR. KEDGELY"  
(Mr. John Clayton).

"LUCY"  
(Miss H. Hodson, Mrs. Labouchere)



From a

A CAST OF "DEARER THAN LIFE."

[Photograph.

"MRS. PELLET"  
(Miss Everard).

"MICHAEL GARNER"  
(Mr. J. L. Toole).

"UNCLE BEN"  
(Mr. Lionel Brough).

"BOB GASSITT"  
(Mr. Henry Irving).

somewhat wroth when I told him my theatrical desires. He said: "Well, take your diploma, and I won't interfere." I accepted the bargain, finished my medical studentship, went to Dublin—took my diploma. I had almost abandoned the idea of going on to the stage, and 1863 found me on my way to America to the war. I left with £9 in my pocket! It was the dad's suggestion I should

go, but I believe he did it with a breaking heart. Look at that! (*Takes a massive gold ring set with a single diamond, and passes it to*

INTERVIEWER.) Why, the old fellow came over to America whilst I was there. When he was leaving the docks, he threw this, wrapped up in a piece of paper, on to the quay. My eyes were fixed on my father. There was he, making frantic gesticulations and pointing. I thought the piece of paper a green-back, and refused to pick it up. At last he became almost frantic in his anxiety. I picked up the paper, and there was that ring in it. The old fellow went away happy. This diamond and sapphire ring was given to me by the Czar. Not a bad ring, eh? Look at it. (INTERVIEWER does so, and unconsciously puts it on finger!)

(INTERVIEWER is busy for the next ten minutes in noting small "asides," thrown in between whiffs of cigarette: "£250 a year as medical officer." "In several engagements." "Did fairly well." "Have a cigarette?" "Appeared with Mrs. John Wood in New

York." "Six weeks." "£4 12s. a week." "Dismissed for incompetency." "Came home." "Met amateur friends again." "Engaged at Royalty." "£4 a week." "Leading light comedy and stage management." "Offer from Miss Herbert to go to St. James's. Went. Miss Herbert, Irving, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mathews, Stoye, Ada Cavendish there, and—Oh! that first night.")



MR. WYNDHAM AS "ROVER."  
(Wild Oats.)  
From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Co.

THE MODERN MATHEWS crosses to table L, and taking up an édition de luxe of a commemorative volume of the Clover Club, reads the story which he told ten years ago of that first night. His back is to the fireplace (CENTRE), the book in one hand leaves the other free for action. He reads and remembers.

"The piece was an adaptation of Ouida's 'Idalia.' I was playing the hero, Hugh Stoneleigh; a young actor named Charles was Victor Vane; Miss Herbert (long since retired) was *Idalia*; and Henry Irving was the villain of the play, *Count Falcon*. In those days, by-the-bye, managers would insist upon casting me for the virtuous heroes, and Irving for

the vicious ones, although our proclivities in no way justified the selection. But what a charming villain Irving was: the only actor I have ever seen who has been able to make villainy on the stage appear as it should appear—lovable. But to resume: The opening scene was a rocky defile, in which I was suddenly attacked by Irving, and left for dead. The stage-manager had

outshone himself in the production of a grandly impressive scene, in which the demands of realism were observed by the introduction of a natural waterfall: descending from the flies at the side, passing under a massive bridge, and rushing wildly and obliquely across the stage. It was certainly a gorgeous scene; an inspiring one, bound to elicit uproarious approval. Well, on the first night it did, and during the rest of the evening that waterfall was never forgotten. I told you it was supposed to dash under a massive bridge (which, by-the-bye, sloped down towards the footlights, in full view of the audience); but stage-managers propose, and waterfalls dispose. It was its first appearance on any stage, and, like most beginners, it wanted to do too much: it not only dashed under the bridge, but it trickled over the bridge; and, on its passage across the stage, it oozed from its proper channel, in several independent little rivulets, down towards the footlights. Wherever that in-

experienced water went, it left the stage slippery. Thunders of applause greeted the enthusiastic débutant, and all the time the traitor was preparing for the annihilation of his brother artists. Gracefully down the bridge came F. Charles. He touched the slippery part of the bridge, threw his arms out wildly, away went his cloak into the torrent, and—well, he sat down. With dramatic instinct in every nerve of his body, firmly entered, half a minute afterwards, Henry Irving; looked about him warily; then strode down the bridge—you know the stride—till he also reached the fatal spot, threw his arms wildly round, and—well, he sat down. Need I tell you that the awe of the situation was fading? Now came my turn. Standing on a platform behind the scene from the commencement, I had seen what had happened to my two friends; so, stepping gingerly down the bridge, I arrived on the stage without sitting down, had my encounter with the two ruffians, escaped

from them, had run wildly up the bridge again to receive the shot from *Falcon's* pistol, and had fallen, according to stage-manager's instructions, a foot or so below the treacherous spot. On came *Idalia*—she had heard the shot. 'Ah! a body on the bridge!' She runs down, recognises me—'Great heavens, 'tis he!'—rushes further down, reaches the fatal place, away go her arms, and—well, she sat down: the folds of her dress falling over me and completely hiding me from the view of the audience. That was the end of the act—it was a powerful one. We had all done our level best, but the waterfall had scored the most.

"The next scene



From a)

MR. WYNDHAM AS "PEREGRINE PORTER."

(Fourteen Days.)

[Photograph.]

was a simple drawing-room. The waterfall was gone, thank Heaven, and we could rely upon ourselves. The act began. It was interesting and dramatic: a powerful scene between Miss Herbert and Irving—accusation of murder, defiance, vengeance for my death—all very startling; sufficiently so to drive for the time the slippery knave from everybody's mind. A great scene, well acted and well received; everything going splendidly, and an effect in store bound to please the audience.

"The hero is not dead, for he suddenly appears; appears, as a hero always does, at the back of the stage; great applause at his resuscitation; Miss Herbert backs with joy and surprise right to the footlights, and I prepare to rush towards her; success is in our grasp; the audience are in splendid humour; spite of all difficulties, we have triumphed. Alas, the vanity of human hopes! The waterfall was lying in wait for me. I told you the scene was a drawing-room; but I did not tell you that it was an Italian one—consequently, that the carpet covered only the centre of the stage. Across it I madly rushed towards my faithful love. 'Idalia,' I exclaimed, 'I never expected to see you again!'—reached one of those rivulets, that had trickled in exactly the same direction I was going—reached it unknowingly—slipped, and—well, I sat down.

"Never in the whole course of my life have I heard such a roar as went up from that auditorium.

"Need I go on? Need I tell you how, in

the next scene, when she and I were supposed to be escaping from the Austrian soldiery, those brave heroes came on, and, as the first slipped over our general enemy, the others came tumbling after? How massive rocks were knocked over by the falling bodies, and how the second act terminated in convulsions on the part of the audience? Need I tell you that, in the last act, the actors had become through sheer helplessness as demoralized as the audience—that I assured my love, in a voice smothered by laughter,

that nothing would shake my firmness of belief in her—that she chuckled out she believed me—or that Irving came on to die in a white shirt, a blood-red spot on his breast, and his face all grins, dying the most facetious death actor ever died? Oh, that night—that night of horrors!"

(Curtain.)

SCENE V.—

*The street. A very, very desirable residence, with well-laid-out grounds in rear. Brougham waiting. (It is not intended to attempt to describe the extraordinary mechanical methods employed to bring about this sensational change of scene, seeing that a journey is*

*about to be made from St. John's Wood to the Criterion Theatre, Piccadilly. It is unnecessary and useless, for no theatrical manager, be he professional or amateur, would attempt it.)*

THE MODERN MATHEWS *leads the way, down steps followed by* INTERVIEWER.

THE MODERN MATHEWS (*aside to INTERVIEWER*): Have a good look at the coachman on the quiet. (*INTERVIEWER does so. Both enter brougham.*)



From a Photo. by MR. WYNDHAM AS "BOB SACKETT." [Falk, New York. (Brighton.)]





From a Photo. by]

"THE GREAT DIVORCE CASE."

[Falk, New York.

"MR. PILKIE"  
(Mr. William Blakeley).

"GEOFFREY GORDON"  
(Mr. Chas. Wyndham).

THE MODERN MATHEWS: Whom do you think he was coachman to? —(*whispers*)—Byron!

INTERVIEWER: What—Henry—Henry J.?

THE MODERN MATHEWS: Yes, dear old "Our Boys" Byron. He was with him for seven years. I've had him since. Poor old Byron! What a wit he was. He joked to the last—almost his last breath was a joke. He wrote "Fourteen Days" for me. He was very bad—had a consumptive cough when the play was finished. He would persist in reading it to me. It was heart-breaking. When he was dying we used to drop in and sit with him, and take him little delicacies. Just before he had been doing work for Hare and Kendal at the St. James's. I went in one day, and there was a fine hare by his side. "Hare sent it to me," he said. "It's so big that I thought Kendal was inside!" Dear old Byron!

(*A pause.*)

THE MODERN MATHEWS (*with gaiety a trifle forced*): Let me see—where were we when we left the house? Paradoxical that, eh? Oh! yes—I remember—of course.

Vol. vii.—68.



From a Photo. by]

"THE GREAT DIVORCE CASE."

[Falk, New York.

"PARKER"  
(Miss Kate Rorke).

"G. GORDON"  
(Mr. Wyndham).

Well, after playing about for some years, at last came a moment when I seemed to be on the horns of a dilemma. I had just advanced beyond the position of a stock actor, and hadn't achieved any particular individual reputation—that is, I felt unless I adopted some special line managers wouldn't offer me engagements. One morning—I was playing at Brighton—at breakfast I had three telegrams in succession. One read: "Would you accept an engagement at a West-end theatre to manage it yourself?" A second—from T. E. Smale: "Would you like a theatre in London? I can find money for it." And a third from Alexander Henderson: "Could you open at Criterion in 'Brighton' next Monday?" This seemed direct. I rushed to town. Henderson said: "Rare chance. If open next Monday—can have theatre rent free!"

INTERVIEWER: Of course——?

THE MODERN MATHEWS: Yes—I went! Played a month. Went to Paris. Returned at Easter. Opened in "The Great Divorce Case," and I started with the principle of making it a farcical comedy theatre. Made a contract with Henderson for seven years. This was in 1-8-7-6. Always a good memory for dates of that kind. "Pink Dominos!" Forced on me—absolutely forced on me. "The Great Divorce Case" was free to anybody to use, and when I produced it I wrote to the authors in Paris telling them I was prepared to pay them. A week or two after they sent their agent to me, saying that the same authors had just pro-

duced a piece in Paris and would like me to have it. It very much resembled "The Great Divorce Case," you know; and, on this basis, I refused it. They sent three or four times. At last I bought it for a mere song—I didn't want it—£40 down and £1 a night for a hundred nights!

(INTERVIEWER excited. *More so when THE MODERN MATHEWS encourages him to take to playwriting as a profession by remarking, with a glorious twinkle in both eyes: My half share of the profits was £15,000!* INTERVIEWER accepts another much-needed cigarette!)

INTERVIEWER (*breaking the silence*): "Where's the Cat"?"

THE MODERN MATHEWS: Very decent spec. Gave £25 for it!

INTERVIEWER: Why, it's all profit!

THE MODERN MATHEWS (*wisely*): But, I have given thousands for plays, and all turned out no good!

INTERVIEWER: And "David Garrick"?

THE MODERN MATHEWS (*merrily, for he revels in talking about his favourite character*):

Ah! "Davy"! I produced "Davy" in '86. I was about to produce a farcical comedy, and, as a matter of fact, had got within two days of the advertised first night—indeed, it came to within forty-eight hours of the time—when I became convinced that it was no use. On the Friday I frankly issued an announcement stating that I had no confidence in the piece. It was a toss-up between "Brighton" and "Wild Oats." Eventual decision—"Wild Oats." A great success—Miss Mary Moore and David James secured a big triumph.

INTERVIEWER: And yourself?



MR. WYNDHAM AS "DAVID GARRICK."

From a Painting by John Pettie, R.A.

(By kind permission of Mr. T. McLean, 7, Haymarket, S.W.)

THE MODERN MATHEWS: Well, I played *Rover*. Up to this moment I had made up my mind never to play any part of Sotheran's or Charles Mathews', and when Mr. Calmour suggested my playing "David Garrick," I told him this. Others suggested "Davy," too, and finally Clement Scott, one night at supper, talked me into it. I was very nervous of "D.G." on the first night, because I had altered the intention of the dramatist in the second act by taking it more seriously. At one time I began to rehearse it with all the nonsense out of it, but finally decided to curtail the original "business" so as not to disappoint lovers of the old version. It ran from November, 1886, to August, 1887. I have revived it every year since, and so far as paying business goes, "Pink Dominos" is not in it. Ah! here we are. Come into my cabin.

*Brougham stops at theatre.* THE MODERN MATHEWS and INTERVIEWER ascend a somewhat steep flight of stairs leading to—

SCENE VI.—*A cabin. It is really an apartment fitted up exactly like a cabin on a wealthy man's yacht. Not a detail is missing. Even the portholes are there, and you peep out on to a sea of carriages, cabs, vans, and pedestrians. Luxuriously furnished. Table centre: papers scattered about, designs and estimates for scenes—one at a trifle above £1,000—huge pile of letters.*

THE MODERN MATHEWS (*very busy—here, there, and everywhere*): Excuse me—M.L.! No, no—not my life—finished with that; my letters! (*Opens one—reads.*) Look at that. (*Hands letter.*) Fellow wants two for the

dress circle. Has no claim on the theatre save his "great love for the drama!" (*Opens another letter.*) Ah! nicely scented envelope. (*Reads*): "Dear sir, will you send us two seats

for the matinée on Saturday? A gentleman friend told us you *always* give seats away. We want to come to the afternoon performance, because ma hates theatres, and won't let us go if she can help it!"

INTERVIEWER: Encouraging!

THE MODERN MATHEWS: D.C., my boy, D.C.!

INTERVIEWER: So you're going to send them?

THE MODERN MATHEWS: Send what?

INTERVIEWER: The seats—D.C.—dress circle?

THE MODERN MATHEWS: D.C.—D.C. in this instance is to remind me that it's deuced cheek! Oh! I give them occasionally. I

remember once a couple of seats I gave to a policeman. When I am studying a part I like to take long walks in the country—down the lanes. On one occasion I was learning up my character in Gilbert's play of "Foggerty's Fairy." In the last act I am supposed to be mad. On the other hand, I maintain that the keepers appointed over me are mad and not I. I have to describe a murder I am supposed to have committed, and to go through all the details of the crime. This I did once in a secluded nook in the Hampstead Woods—giving it forth at the top of my voice, thoroughly entering into the spirit of the business. A policeman caught sight of me. He had evidently been watching me for some time. Suddenly he made for me, seized me by the collar, and said he should charge me at the station on my own confession! It took a long time to explain



MR. WYNDHAM AS "DAVID GARRICK."  
From a Photo. by Barraud, London.



SCENE FROM "DAVID GARRICK."  
 MISS MARY MOORE. MR. WYNDHAM. MR. GIDDENS.  
 Taken on the stage of Criterion Theatre at night by Mr. John F. Roberts.

—but I succeeded eventually in putting matters straight with the aid of a sovereign and a couple of seats for the first night of "Foggerty"!

*Enter CLERK with more letters. INTERVIEWER suggests he shall return in the evening. Mutual consent. A wait of three hours till—*

SCENE VII.—THE MODERN MATHEWS'S dressing-room at the Criterion Theatre. A comfortable little apartment, with speaking-tubes connecting with all parts and all officials of the theatre. A small window—with a blind—opens on to the stage, so that its occupant can see exactly what is going on on the boards, and knows when to prepare to enter.

THE MODERN MATHEWS discovered.

*Enter INTERVIEWER.*

THE MODERN MATHEWS: Ah! there you are! Foolish again. Made the same remark this morning when we met—didn't I? Mustn't say it again. (*Pencils memory initials on shirt-cuff to this effect.*) I've only just got here. That confounded cigarette case—couldn't find it again. M.C. stands for too many things: shall have to invent another plan. I've got it. Always smoke! Eh?—then I shan't have to worry about it! I'm never here till it's time to walk on. Wigs? Never wear 'em. Never so good as your own hair. I never wore a wig for "D.G.,"

always had my hair dressed. Much better. Excuse me—I'm on.

*(Rushes on to stage. The scenery needed here is somewhat elaborate, but it is journalistically adjusted particularly for this occasion. Shouts of laughter. Laughter ceases. THE MODERN MATHEWS comes in at the same rate as he departed.)*

THE MODERN MATHEWS: America! Yes, been there professionally three times. Wonderfully patient people. One night I was timed to appear at a certain theatre at eight o'clock. Breakdown on the line. Didn't get to playhouse until half-past nine. Expected to find the theatre empty. Audience had waited until nine o'clock without showing a sign of being fidgety. Manager went before the curtain saying he had received a telegram from me explaining the circumstances, and stating I should shortly arrive. So the sufferers held on another half-hour, when they began to file out of the theatre. We met them all coming out. "Here we are. Here we are again. Go back! We've arrived!" and go back they did! Ten minutes afterwards the curtain had gone up on the first act of the play. Excuse me! M.P. my part!

*(Rapid exit. Rattles off M.P. and returns as merrily as before.)*



MR. WYNDHAM AS "JOHN MILDMAI."  
(Still Waters Run Deep.)  
From a Photo. by Barraud, London.

THE MODERN MATHEWS: Americans never grumble. They kept a train waiting for four hours and a quarter for us one night, and the passengers as well! But the passengers only grumbled in the right direction. They thought it a bit too bad, because if they had known the cause of the long wait, they might have gone to the theatre!

Then their double E's—enormous enterprise. Once we had to wait for four-and-twenty hours to catch a train. A manager came to see me, and pressed for a performance, at which the prominent citizens of the town would be present. I consented. No time to post bills—they sent out runners. I went down to see the hall. Not a seat in the place! "Don't you worry about that, you'll find all the chairs there

to-night." And so I did, sure enough. When I arrived in the evening the hall was half full of chairs of all shapes and sizes. Camp stools, piano stools, three-legged stools, drawing-room, dining-room, kitchen chairs—in fact, anything on which one might sit down. I couldn't understand it. I was informed that it was a rule of the theatre that everybody who purchased a seat should provide his own! The place at night was packed—the approaches to the theatre being crowded with contingents of families entering the place, followed by negro servants carrying half-a-dozen chairs on their shoulders. I'm wanted on again. What, are you off?

(INTERVIEWER takes off his finger the Czar's ring shown to him a few hours before, and in shaking hands with the actor artfully slips it into his open palm.)

THE MODERN MATHEWS: Halloo, what's this? Good gracious—my ring! M.R.; M.R.! I must remember that in future! I thought at first it was a tip for the interview!

*Curtain.*



MR. WYNDHAM AS "CHARLES SURFACE."  
(School for Scandal.)  
From a Photo. by Barraud, London.