AMUSEMENTS.

Miss Marlowe as Beatrice.

Last night witnessed the dramatic opening of the new theater, and the dedication was worthy of the beautiful house and the magnificent audience there gathered. Miss Julia Marlowe, the youngest star playing the legitimate on the English speaking stage, supported by a strong company, presented "Much Ado About Nothing" in a manner that evoked round after round of applause and several loud curtain calls, which, however, for some reason or other, met with no response. One point about Miss Marlowe's acting that met with particular favor with the audience was her unusual departure from stage traditions in not reading her lines as though she were declaiming blank verse. She divides her words by sense and punctuation, just as she would in prose. One does not have to know the lines to appreciate the meaning of every expression that falls from her lips. She throws the glow of life into the picture she "holds up to nature." It is true that this young girl, with the delicacy and refinement of her art, has developed a new school and one that will give her a marvellous career. The San Francisco *Argonaut*, in an able and rather candid critique of Miss Marlowe's Beatrice, calls attention to her marked originality and says one notices it in her elocution, or, rather, her absence of elocution. She is natural to a singular degree. If she would speak more distinctly she would have one of the most charming voices on the stage. It has the enchanting "break" in certain of its tones which is called "the heart-beat in the voice," and which lends to the most clumsily worded sentences pathos, and passion, and tenderness. Where almost all Beatrices laugh loud and gayly on all possible occasions, Miss Marlowe rarely does. She smiles often—a thoroughly amused and somewhat mocking smile; and often suppressed laughter, at the effect of her own witticisms, breaks out between her words in little broken gushes. This is delightfully suggestive of a person who is too well-bred to laugh at her own jokes, but who really would give anything to be able to go off into peals of merriment, especially when she scores one against Benedick. Her whole performance is distinguished by an air of refinement and good breeding that is, unfortunately, rare on the stage. The company is strong throughout. The Benedick of Mr. Tabor deserves special mention, for he made his prototype a splendid, manly fellow, notwithstanding his bragging. The cold snap found the management unprepared, and the house was uncomfortable at times. A warm house is promised for tonight. The newness of the stage was also made evident by unfortunate hitches and during one scene in noises behind the drop which were anything but pleasant to the audience. The orchestra leader also went to sleep just before the minuet, and by his unfortunate delay spoiled the effect of that very pretty scene. Otherwise the work of the orchestra was excellent.

Tonight Miss Marlowe closes her too brief engagement here in "Twelfth Night." The freshness and spontaneity of Miss Marlowe's Viola more than anything else has given her her title to fame. She should have the finest audience that Seattle can furnish.