In the second act it so falls out that she is left in an empty house, making tea together over an open fire, during a thunderstorm; and in a prettily-woven atmosphere of tragic scenes, mixed with graceful, high-class brogue and in caintly graceful fairy tale, their deep flirtation burgeons into love, and a prophecy of marriage. But in another way it is not at all like Romeo and Juliet, for no sooner has the new and untircutting-shockng Cousin Kate with her eight-tinety and her nine-and-twenty years and her past experience, unrequited love asserts itself, and has been more than evidenced of subtle cynicism and distrust, in which she doubts the sincerity of her lover-at-first-sight; and in a succession of emotions that should sound the depths of a maturely passionate yet misgiving heart she vibrates from the extremes of trepidous womanly shame at her facilt capitation and no less extreme womanly belief and long ing.

There are compensations in being old! exclaimed Miss Ethel Barrymore, as Cousin Kate last night at the beautiful new Hudson Theatre. Her hair was streaked in a coket about the top of her head, in a way that was positively middle-aged, though she was only meant to be twenty-nine, but the spirit of girlish well-being was so flush and obvious in her that that shamelessly and admirably friendly first-night audience did nothing but laugh and applaud, and ended by quite breaking up the dialogue, just as they had done at the first night of "Her Own Way." (Miss Barrymore assisting.) when George Lawrence, coming out as Maxim Elliot's hair, paid her that pretty compliment about her peculiar good looks.

It was pretty and cheerful as could be, but when the green and orange and old ivory curtain rang down on the play the saying came back to mind with a new connotation. There are compensations in being old, and when Miss Barrymore has come into them she will give a fuller, more rounded, and far deeper interpretation to such roles as Cousin Kate. And let us hope—indeed, we know!—she will only be the more beautiful.

Cousin Kate is a novelist. Some people have loved her, and she has loved some people; but, as she whimsically and sadly puts it, "they have never been the same." She has, in consequence, become topsy-turvy in her mood, and her novels—witty, worldly novels—are so cynical as to make the curate burning with horror like a Bishop's. But on the train coming up to the first act she had had a semi-Bohemian third-class (as to the train) flirtation with a first-class Irishman, (first-class as to the Irishman,) over her basket lunch, which she shared with him between their knees. It seems to be a sort of fourth love at first sight, and as the Irishman seemed to convert to reciprocity, Cousin Kate is changed in a moment from the cynical lady novelist who shocked the curate into a truly sympathetic exponent of womanhood, who realizes the shallowness of social vogue, and especially of her curate-shocking novels, and wants nothing so much as to love and be beloved.