We feel sure that readers of the "News" will require no apology that the greater part of those columns are this week given up to Maude Adams. Salt Lake from a sort of proprietary interest in this young lady, since it was here she was born, here that she made some of her earliest appearances on the stage, and here that her mother, years before her gifted daughter's birth, reigned as a sort of queen in the old stock company. Maude Adams' appearance as Juliet has been the theme of the hour in New York for the past two weeks, and the enthusiastic scenes at the New York closed tonight, after which the entire company goes for a brief tour to the adjoining big cities, closing before the heated term. The papers have devoted pages to the production of Romeo and Juliet, and the overwhelming verdict is one of rare and distinguished success, though Wilson Winslow of the New York Tribune and the critic of the Mirror are lone notes in their praises than the other writers. The new York Herald and the World each devotes an illustrated page on an article from Miss Adams' own pen, and the Herald article is copied entire herewith:

What the Stage Door Keeper Thinks of Miss Maude Adams as Juliet.

Miss Maude Adams as Juliet last Monday night was one of the important events in theatrical circles. However opinions may vary as to whether or not Miss Adams' Juliet is Shakespearian, or in accordance with the theory of her impersonation, it is also a remarkable popular success. No one seems to have doubted for that matter nobody knows—whether Shakespeare wanted the role acted that way or not. There was general comment on the natural but excitable nervousness displayed by Miss Adams on her Shakespearian debut, and the Herald has asked her to describe just what are the feelings of a debutante before a New York public.

To the Editor of the Herald:

I was so nervous on the night of my debut at the Empire as Juliet that it is a wonder to me that I was able to go through the performance. It must have affected my acting.

There were present there who professed to be pleased, or made allowance for, the drawback in my first Shakespearian effort and who gave me boundless encouragement and overwhelming applause, for which I am deeply grateful. There were others, too, who were very severe and critical, and I know what I did on that first evening, but what I ought do to the role on the occasion of its fiftieth. And to those my I say that I trust they have especially qualified their judgment by having me in later performances, when, I was perhaps, of that terrible nervousness inseparable from a New York first night.

Nervous? Oh sister I was nervous. Everything calculated to make a wreck of a novice seemed to gather around me as a nerve destructive center on Monday night.

The very thought that I was to appear for the first time before a great audience in a Shakespearian role, in which many great actresses had previously won strength, but no laurels all on side. Mr. Charles Frohman said to me, in reply, I suppose, to prepare me for a possible disappointment: "You won't be like Ellen Mintster. You must face the situation as it is; you must not expect to find that the public are not anxious to see Shakespearian plays. You must face the chilly indifference on the part of the audience to see you in a new role and in a Shakespearian play. The public have seen Romeo and Juliet over and over again. If there is anything wrong in our production of it you will know it. We will get their decision promptly on Monday night."

The day after the performance I went into Mr. Frohman's office, and he asked him: "Well, Mr. Frohman, did we get their decision?" "Yes," he answered, "and we'll try it and live up to their generous verdict."

AFRAID OF THE AUDIENCE.

But to go back to the days before the performance. There was a great advance sale. In order not to let me get too frightened everything was done to keep me in ignorance of the great and deep interest which the public was taking in my coming appearance as Juliet, that, of course, I read the newspapers, and friends kept coming in and telling me of the long queues that were at the first night. So I knew days before hand that I would have to face a crowded house. I knew that it would be the severest critical New York first night audience. We actors and actresses are not afraid of the ordeal of a first night audience in New York. I felt that unless I could satisfy the audience that would be severely critical, and that there would be many who would say: "There! I told you so; you can't play a modern role like Lady Gilder, but Shakespeare—never!"

Well, as the ordeal approached I grew more and more nervous, and by four o'clock Monday afternoon I was nothing but a bundle of nerves and I dreaded to see supper coming.

I wanted to keep as quiet and composed as possible till seven o'clock, time to go to the theater, and make up, but for the life of me I couldn't keep mind or self still. Nervous? Nervous? It doesn't express a tithe of it.

At last I couldn't stand it any longer, so at seven o'clock I left my own things, ran my house, in Thirty-ninth street, and went off to Mr. Frohman's office, to the theater. "Well, what are you doing here?" said he. "I thought you were home, taking it quietly—resting." "Resting? Quiet?" said I, "I can't keep still or quiet. I can't rest. I have come to get you to tell me how to kill time between now and eight o'clock or I shall be no Juliet at all at all. Come, now, help me out! Tell me what to do between now and six. I'm going to kill as much time as I can in making up, between six and half past seven. Just suggest something for me to do between now and six."

"Take a cab," said Mr. Frohman, "and go driving in Central Park."

"Horses aren't fast enough," I said. "Then take an electric cab."

I did this and I guess I was a cab rushing up 10th avenue that was me. Mr. Frohman had told me the next day that he almost got an ambulance that he took a cab at a quarter past six and rode up to a restaurant in Central Park, where he had dinner and smoked three cigars all by himself.

FLOWERS AND GOOD WISHES.

Well, at 6 o'clock I got to my dressing room, and found it stacked with boxes of flowers, which people had sent me, and it was also full of letters, telegrams and cables all expressing generous wishes for my success.

I suppose all of this caused have been reassuring, but it really made me feel all the more how much was expected of me. After I had tushed myself as long as anyone can up I began taking off my Juliet gown, ready to put them by putting them on again.

I was alone in this when Mr. Frohman called at my door. He was wearing the remains of the rapturous. He had been to see Mr. Beerbohm Tree, Hackett and the other members, evening pleasant, encouraging words to each. He stopped an instant and composed that as one would have said that he was resting for his first Shakespearian production—a most important step for any manager—and he was in the least in doubt regarding the result.

DIDN'T WANT "MOTHER" TO SEE HER.

By the way, let me tell you a queer thing that occurred.

About all things, I didn't want my mother in the audience. I knew just like balm to my nerves. After the performance she came back and kissed me as sweetly and as tenderly, and said so many sweet things which I felt came from her heart, that I gained confidence in the result of my efforts. She had wrong me not to go on and take more certain cuts, which I finally did. I only wish I could have persuaded her to go out with me. I tried to hard enough!

A great many of my professional friends, including Mr. Daniel Frohman and Mr. Gillette, came back to congratulate me, and when it was all over I drove home with my mother. She had been crying as I received a letter from Mr. Frohman, saying: "The unexpected has happened. The press has not spoiled the audience. We are all right. Let us think about your next role."

When I went to bed that night, or rather, to lie down and laughing as soon as I entered the room. "Well, to sell, what a night! A curtain-raiser, a champagne supper and a far-famed one!" You see I was in such a state that I had only put on the first things I found handy.

I would like to say something in regard to the manner in which we are treated by the "first nights." In doing this I will largely repeat views which Mr. Frohman expressed to us while we were rehearsing Romeo and Juliet. In doing this I will simply repeat views which Mr. Frohman expressed to us while we were rehearsing Romeo and Juliet. In doing this I will largely