

# MISS MARIE TEMPEST.

DELIGHTFUL ACTING  
IN NEW COMEDY.

By THE DRAMATIC CRITIC.

A very light and a very bright farcical comedy was produced at the Criterion Theatre last night—"Passing Brompton Road," by Mr. Jevan Brandon-Thomas, son of the author of "Charley's Aunt."

Among its other qualities the piece contains a character which suits Miss Marie Tempest to perfection.

She has had parts more subtle to play in her time, but the joy of her acting, her vivacity, her powers to wheedle men and to charm an audience have seldom been more delightfully seen than was the case last night.

How many years is it since her personality first held a stage? The reference books will tell you. But with her, age seems to have stood still.

This time she plays the part of a woman, rich, moral, and married for more than twenty years. But she declares that not only do most of the tube trains pass their nearest station, Brompton Road, but also that life passes Brompton Road.

And she conceives the idea of faking up a divorce, with herself given notoriety as the guilty party. This, she thinks, would be the shortest cut to Society.

The husband—rather tired of playing second fiddle in his home—agrees to the plan. An old friend consents, under pressure, to be the co-respondent, without anything really happening. A firm of solicitors provide a woman secretary who is to give evidence.

But the husband devotes himself to the secretary and the friend takes out to dinner a woman who had pretended to be a prude, thoroughly mid-Victorian, who suddenly reveals herself as thoroughly up to date to the extent of drinking cocktails. And the wife becomes jealous.

**ALL VERY FUNNY.**

It is all very funny, and although divorce is the theme, the play is entirely clean. Perhaps for this reason some people described it as old-fashioned.

Although Miss Tempest held the lead easily, there were other parts capitally played—especially that of Miss Louise Hampton as the girl who pretended to be a prude.

Mr. Graham Browne was delicious as the husband, while Miss Ursula Jeans and Mr. Evelyn Roberts, Mr. Robert Andrews, Miss Betty Moore, and the author himself had a big hand in pleasing a delighted house.