

natural victims into a desperate mess, and the only solution of the difficulty that occurs to them is to translate their portoges to "the Revolving Realms of Radiant Rehabilitation." Up to this point we have had pantomime scenes, with a pretty ballet and goblin manoeuvres, and slabs of highly diverting farcical comedy, but the two dramatic elements have been kept more or less separate. Now, however, the two are blended in a parody of pantomime, which, although it proved a little tame before the final curtain was reached, evoked shrieks of uproarious merriment.

The demure clergyman is changed, under protest, into a harlequin, and murmurs bewilderingly as he surveys his spangled, glittering form, "I don't remember putting on this underclothing this morning." Lady Angela is transformed at a wave of the fairy's wand into a columbine, and the dismay with which she attempts to disguise the immodest paucity of her skirts was almost too much for the audience, who seemed at times to be threatened with convulsions. The judge, whose strong point is judicial humour, takes very kindly to the role of pantaloone, and admits that he does not find it so great a change as he should have supposed, and the baronet becomes a clown. While they are under the magic spell they manage fairly well to sustain the parts allotted to them, but directly Rosebud relaxes her vigilance they relapse into their former selves, and are seized with the most comic remorse for their unseemly gallivantings.

In the last act they return to the vicarage in their pantomime habiliments, and are afraid to stir out for fear of being recognised. One of the characters finds a highly favourable notice of their performance in the "Times," and the discovery, to the huge amusement of the audience, amazes them even more than the unusualness of their own transformation. This was the last topical jest that Mr Gilbert allowed himself—one of a long number that ranged over every subject, from officers' uniforms to the fiscal policy, and from judicial humour to conscientious objectors. It is all, as I have said, irresponsible fooling, and if you go to the Garrick prepared to be amused by this form of entertainment you will have a splendid time. If, on the other hand, you are not in the mood for madcap extravaganza you will probably find the performance very little to your liking.

But the fault will lie with yourself, not with the author or his accomplices, the players. The way in which such serious artists as Miss Violet Vanburgh, Mr Arthur Bourchier, Mr Jerrold Robertshaw, Mr Sydney Valentine, and Mr O. B. Clarence throw themselves into the spirit of the thing, and rollick in their unusual environment, is something to wonder at. Mr Bourchier's clown is an astonishing example of his versatility, and Miss Vanburgh's columbine is a sight to remember. Miss Dorothy Grimston played with much more than her customary



MIDDLE. LUCY GERARD, a popular Parisian Actress.

ease and deftness, and Mr Clarence, both as parson and harlequin, was always in the picture. There were some boos at the fall of the curtain, but there are always some people in an audience, who, having laughed themselves hoarse for two hours, have sufficient pluck and gratitude left to euy a manager or an author.

MR J. K. HACKETT ON "THE ACTOR-MANAGER."

(New York "Sunday Telegraph.")

James K. Hackett, being an actor-manager, approaches the English side of this branch of the profession nearer than any one else on the tapis. He might—in fact has been and will very often in the future—be taken for an Englishman, and he confesses he is not at all ashamed of the

mistake; which is objective and not expressively subjective. Mr Hackett is eminently in earnest, whether on the stage or off, and is imbued with that nervous restlessness which is so characteristic of all big actors and actresses. He is emphatic in his views, with a due regard to not having them looked on as savouring of too much self-consciousness, and he is eminently domestic.

You will find him in a dapper house somewhere in the Thirties, and while he talks to you he will take a delight in showing you the ins and outs of this room and that and explaining his newest inventions, of which there are not a few lying around. For example:

"Here is a dining-room table," says he, "which is somewhat of a curiosity. You have often, no doubt, seen what they call fairy lamps, which are placed at the cor-

ner and in the centre of the table. Well, this contrivance is an improvement on those charming illuminations. An illustration of what I mean will lead us up to the subject of stage management. I have here four or five, maybe half-a-dozen, buttons. Now turn the electric light down and press one button, and you will notice that the whole surface becomes red. It is lighted from below. There are other colours, and you can blend them as you may wish. Over the 'walnuts and the wine' it is pleasant, especially on a summer's night, to sit around and smoke with only this dim religious light as an illumination.

"What am I driving at? Well, this light always seems to me to give an incentive to better things and thoughts than when you are sitting in the glare of an electric galaxy, and so it is with the

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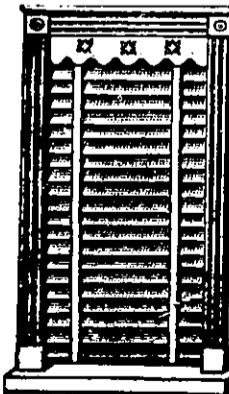
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