

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Mr. Frank Daniels seems to grow younger and jollier as the years go by, and it is almost to be feared that he will grow into Billy so completely that he will have to get another man to wear the whiskers and be papa. His work and that of his company at the Lansing this month was up to the best standard of comic acting, and Mr. Canfield as Jinks Hoodoo was unique. The play itself is getting a little stale and, good as it is, we are tired of it. People begin to wonder if Mr. Daniels cannot play anything but "Little Puck." It is the duty of some playwright or other to sit down and make Mr. Daniels a new play. Puck was good enough in its day, but now the boys in Mr. Savage's Academy are outgrowing their knickerbockers, and co-ed's gowns look as though they ought to graduate soon, and Slugger has few hairs left that are worth pulling.

* *

They say that genius comes to us unexpected, and it certainly did last week as the "Old Musician." All of us who had seen Mr. Morris with Rosina Volks some years ago knew that he was a good actor, but he went far beyond the highest expectations. It is seldom that we have time to weep in these days. Of course theoretical tears, and metaphorical tears, and hyperbolic tears are plentiful enough, but the genuine briny ones manufactured by the only and original lachrymal gland are scarce articles. Most of us had forgotten what they were till Mr. Morris found them for us the other night. The first play, "The Old Musician," is translated from the French by Mr. Morris himself. It was exquisite in its purity and simplicity. If they can make such beautiful things in France, one wonders why the Frenchmen glorify Dumas *filis* and make him their model. Mr. Morris handled his French accent in a very effective way, and his impersonation of the musician who was exiled from France and went to England and waited, watching the Channel twenty

years for the ship that should bring his wife, was masterly, artistic and perfect. His acting when Crotchet attempted to take away his piano will not soon be forgotten.

In "De Boots," the entire company came out strongly, but the major's red side whiskers, perfectly as they fit, seemed almost too trivial on the strong face that had been Monsieur Jaques.' It is doubtful if any other man can play Monsieur Jaques so perfectly; it seems to be all his own, as "Rip Van Winkle" is Jefferson's.

* *

The much enduring public registered one more disappointment at the presentation of De Koven and Smith's "Robin Hood" Monday night. Perhaps it was not so unsatisfactory to those who saw the play for the first time, but to those of us who had seen the "Bostonians" in the "Robin Hood" two years ago it certainly was. Robin was a large, awkward man with a very small voice, and though his efforts were heroic, he effected very little. Maid Marian's voice was very sharp and thin and her stage faint was one of the poorest on record. Worst of all was Sir Guy, who was very, very thin, literally thin. A slender Guy is as much of an absurdity as a slender Falstaff. Allan-A-Dale was played perfectly, and Dame Durden and Friar Tuck were both admirable. On the whole, the play was so great that not even a very indifferent hero and heroine could spoil it.

"Robin Hood" is one of the best first class comic operas on the stage today, and after such flat and sickly attempts as the "Isle of Champagne" it is indeed a sweet relief. There is no particular reason why a comic opera should not be as pure in tone and legitimate in its situations as a tragedy in which the hero expires in blood and tenor solos in the fifth act. "Robin Hood" embodies much of the same freedom and spirit that makes Peacock's "Maid Marian" so readable. Above all it is thoroughly consistent and has perfect unity of plot. It has the one great qualification of a good