Local performances went in pairs last week, there being two of everything good in the line of amusement. The Lafayette and the Grand produced drama, of a more or less mellow variety; the National and Academy presented musical comedy, and, as usual, the Bijou and Kernan's were given over to vaudeville. The Columbia was dark, so far as theatrical entertainment is concerned. Nearly everything in the line of amusement did exceptionally well, the reduced competition making up for a slight decrease in attendance, caused by the weather and the Maine disaster. Probably the best business of the week was done at the National, where George Edwardes and Charles Frohman's "Circus Girl" held forth to audiences that kept Treasurer Smith busy every hour of the day, and many at night. Next in the order of profits came the Lafayette, with "Under the Red Robe" as the attraction, and dainty Mary Marble won consistently large houses to the Academy of Music, where "A Milk White Flag" waved triumphantly. "The Last Stroke" did fairly well at the Grand Opera House; the Bijou was packed at every performance, and a partially inferior performance at Kernan's drew in excess of its merits.

While this week will not prove as good as last in many ways, a number of excellent combinations are announced. Frank Daniels is to bring his latest success, "The Idol's Eye," to the Columbia; Digby and Laura Joyce Bell are on the book of the National where they will present for the second time in the city Augustus Thomas' play, "The Hoosier Doctor," and E. E. Rice's jovial frivolity, "The Girl from Paris," returns to the Lafayette. The Grand will be dark to theatricals, and the Academy is to present Isham's Octoroons, a colored show of some merit. A good vaudeville will be given at the Bijou, and the list is finished by the engagement of the Rose Hill Company. With only six theaters open and attractions nearly even, business should be good. Here's to it!

Columbia—"The Idol's Eye."

"The Idol's Eye," the opera in which Frank Daniels will be seen at the Columbia this week, has India for a locale and the story is of the present time. It is that of an adventurous aeronaut, who drops down in India among the tigers, British soldiers, Nautch girls, fierce old Brahmins and Hindoo priests, and proceeds to get himself into a very comical kettle of fish.

Following the approved recipe for farce writing, the author has managed to get Mr. Daniels into trouble in the first act; worse trouble in the second; and in the third act brings him out again. The detail of the story is spoken of as fully as clever and amusing as was "The Wizard of the Nile," while the other features are even stronger.

Mr. Daniels will have as a supporting company Alf C. Wheelan and Will Danforth, in comedy roles; Maurice Darcy, as a young American novelist in search of literary material; Helen Redmond, as a fair Cuban girl; Nora Kopp, as a Nautch maiden, and Claudia Carlstedt, as a young lieutenant, and as the chief priestess of a sect of Hindoo idol worshipers. The chorus has been selected with unusual care, and, besides being superior

Frank Daniels.

vocally, is surprisingly good to look at.

Ernest Albert has provided special scenery, one set of which represents the interior of a Hindoo temple. The costumes were made by E. Castel-Bert, from designs by Mrs. C. F. Seidle, and are exceedingly showy. Edward Seidle provided the properties. Frank Palma directed the musical portion of the production, and Julian Mitchell devised the stage effects.

Mr. Daniels is unusually well provided with attractive songs, which have already become popular in New York. His entrance song, when he drops from a balloon, entitled, "I Just Dropped In," and his "Captain Charley Chumley of the Guards," "The Tatooed Man," "The Rabbit's Foot," and "Fair Tales," are among the number.

The engagement here is for one week only, with matinees on Washington's Birthday and Saturday.

National—"The Hoosier Doctor."

One of the most popular American comedians will be the attraction at the New National Theater, commencing tomorrow night. This is no less a person than Digby Bell, who has forsaken the ranks of comic opera for the more ambitious roles of romantic comedy. His success last season in "The Hoosier Doctor," Augustus Thomas' delightfully quaint play, warranted a special return engagement this season, and from all accounts we will see even a better production this year than last. Both play and players have added that improvement which only experience could give.

Even in those exquisite plays, "Alabama," and "In Mizzoura," Augustus Thomas has not surpassed the artistic beauty and dramatic charm nor the rare types of character study of "The Hoosier Doctor." There is Doctor Willow, gentle, lovable and self-sacrificing, who makes fun of his poverty and brings the ready tears to the eye; "Grandma," shrewish and vinegar tempered, who keeps the house in an uproar and in constant fear; Higgins, a typical country grocer, mild voiced, red whiskered, and a ready gossip; Parson Moss, a type of the hard working country preacher; Tom Bunce, a jolly young printer, so heartily in love that he wants to get married the day he proposes; and Fred Dalrymple, a type of the country boy—good in heart, but, from frequent visits to the village tavern, well on his way to become an habitual drunkard. Sergeant O'Neill, the big, good-natured policeman; Mrs. Bunce, the gentle widow; Martha, Harriet and Alvira, three distinct types of the country girl, the gentle, the stern and the slovenly, all furnish amusement, and the character studies are so clear cut and pronounced as to win instantaneous applause from all those who have had the experience of a residence in the country. On Tuesday a special holiday matinee will be given in honor of Washington's Birthday. The regular Wednesday and Saturday matinees will also be in the order of things.

Lafayette—"The Girl From Paris."

The success achieved by "The Girl From Paris" during its engagment at the Lafayette Square Opera House earlier in the season, prompted Manager Albaugh in securing this attraction for a return engagement, beginning tomorrow evening. The presentation here will be of particular interest, from the fact that Mr. Rice has consolidated the company that was seen here last with that organized for Boston, which remained there for seventeen weeks, and which also concluded an engagment of four weeks last Saturday at Wallack's Theater, in New York city. The organization that will interpret the musical comedy next week comprises some of the most talented players in this class of entertainment.

The French Quadrille in "The Girl from Paris."

They include Georgia Caine, Anna Buckley, Rose Beaudet, Cheridah Simpson, Hattie Williams, Mabel Clark, the solo dancer; Fred. Lennox, William Broderick, Nick Long, D. L. Don, Wallace W. Black, Harry Earl and others of note. "The Girl From Paris" has everything to delight the theatergoer who seeks for lively entertainment in merry jest and song, fine scenery and pretty dances.

"It is to laugh," is a phrase which is frequently in evidence throughout the piece, and certainly the aim of the comedy to create incessant laughter has been very successful. The story, which concerns the charms of a gay Parisienne, who fascinates and ensnares every man she meets, produces most surprising and laughable complications. The merriment of the play is well kept up by the exceeding brightness of the dialouge. The music is of the tuneful character that becomes popular at a single hearing. Numbers that have become famous are: "I'm All the Way From Gay Paree," "The Battersen Butterfly Shooters," "Tweedledum and Tweedledee," "The Festive Continong," "Sister Mary Jane's Top Note," and "Tootle, Tootle." A feature of the performance will be an augmented orchestra, under the direction of Mr. John Graham. The usual matinees will be given, with a special one on Washington's Birthday.

Academy—Isham's Octoroons.

The stage at the Academy tomorrow night will be occupied by John W. Isham's "Octoroons," with a varied program, interpreted by some of the best talent of the colored race. Mr. Isham is a firm believer in the drawing powers of negro talent, and backs his belief by engaging the best for his organization. Heading his company are Madame Flower, whose voice is sufficiently good to allow of her appellation of the "Bronze Melba," and Fred. J. Piper. These two—soprano and high baritone, respectively—participate in the afterpiece, which is known as "Thirty Minutes Around the Operas," and is a delightful medley of favorite numbers from the best-known light and classic operas. The company is a large one, consisting of fifty comedians, dancers, musicians and singers, all of whom have talent above the ordinary minstrel. The performance opens with an absurdity, entitled "Darktown Outing at Blackville Park," which introduces the entire company in a sketch full of mirth, merriment, dialogue, singing and dancing, and closes with a burlesque football match, causing much laughter.

The olio is replete with good things, by good people, among whom are Madah Hyer, who has a well-trained voice of pleasant quality, and sings with much feeling and expression, and the Mallory Brothers and Maxy Brooks, in their clever musical act. Smart and Williams, comedians, who give an act that is funny, original, lively and up to date. "La Dance la Pasquerelle" is gracefully presented by a number of ladies of the company. A chic and daring dancer is Kitty Carter, who wins great admiration in her buck dancing and winging. Those who enjoy good music and real humor should avail themselves of the opportunity to see this company of artists.

Bijou—Vaudeville.

The headliner for the Bijou this week will be the European sensation, the beautiful Parisienne, "La Chamleon Diana," presenting bewildering spectacular dances with a prismatic melange of electric effects. This artist comes to the Bijou direct from a successful six months' engagement at Koster and Bial's Music Hall in New York. A genuine treat is promised in this act. Jules and Ella Garrison, the well-known travesty people, have a good place on the bill. The Hyland sisters, two of the highest class entertainers before the public, are to produce a vocal and dancing act that is promised to be a revelation to Washington theatergoers, and "The Phenomenal Aherne" will be seen in a daring and wonderful ladder act. These acrobats and equilibrists have lately been seen at Hammerstein's Olympia. "The Musical Ravens," a novelty in its way, and Collins and Ray, a sketch team of merit, are also to be in evidence. The retention of the Misses Bigger and Dreher, together with chic Gertie Gilson, will undoubtedly prove a popular move for the Bijou's clientele. A production of the "Mikado," locally burlesqued, by Sam J. Adams, Billy Madden, Clara Adams, the Brilliant Quartet, and a large and well dressed chorus of twenty, will make up the closing feature of this long and en-

The Great DIANA.

tertaining bill. The Bijou's popular matinee prices, 10, 20, and 30 cents, with 10, 20, 30 and 50 cents as the charges at evening performances, should be small enough to fill the cozy little theater daily.

Lyceum—Rose Hill Company.

Rice & Barton's Rose Hill English Folly Company will make its annual bow at the Lyceum Theater tomorrow evening. The Rose Hill Folly Company has always given satisfaction here, never failing to keep up with the times and introducing new and original novelties every season. They will present this week for the first time in this city, the beautiful "Chameleon," who comes direct from the principal music halls of the Metropolis. "Chameleon" will appear in her novel and startling act, entitled "Gay Grass Widows," introducing a bevy of handsome women in new and taking specialties. The Living Art Studies, the Zoo Zoo Dance, and the Great Parisian Quadrille will also be given. The olio will consist of such well-known people as Cain and Hack, in their original specialty; the Casino Comedy Four, Doust, Mitchell, Halmer and Mitchell, one of the strongest acts of its kind in America; Blanche Newcombe, the petite songstress; Hickey and Nelson, in Europe's latest novelty, "Twisted and Tangled," introducing grotesque and acrobatic eccentricities, and Willard and Gebhardt, the original "Ginger Girls," who will present their new and original idea of a cake walk.

National—Benefit Concert.

The program which will be presented by Haley's Military Concert Band at the benefit to be tendered the Morton Cadets at the National Theater this evening, will be attractive in the extreme. It will include both the light and the classic in music. Mr. Haley, the popular and efficient leader of the band, is as well versed in the art of knowing what the public wants and expects as is John Philip Sousa himself. Therefore, there is no doubt that the program will be attractive and that it will be enjoyed to the utmost by everyone who attends the performance. The soloists of the evening will be Miss Pearl Lynch, a soprano of much more than the ordinary amount of merit, even for a concert singer; Mr. Joseph Haina, cornetist, and Mr. William Haley, who will play a solo on the flute.

Aside from the fact that the concert is to be enjoyable and the program varied, it should attract attention, since it is for the purpose of helping the boys who constitute the representative military company of the Capital City in the field of competition. The Cadets are a credit to Washington, and every Washingtonian should do everything in his power to release them from the debt incurred while defending their position as representatives of this city.

THE PASSING SHOW.

Now that the air is filled with wars and rumors of wars it might be well for someone to ask, gently but firmly, who told Charles Frohman that Washington was a city of decidedly bucolic propensities and could easily be beguiled into taking anything from a gold brick to a padded pocketbook.

That the Metropolitan manager has, in one way or another, gotten such an idea can only be disputed by those who fancy that, through some mistake or other, his "Under the Red Robe" company mistook the depot here for that of Hackensack or Squashville and so drifted into the wrong town. Such errors have been made before, and the most charitable thing to say for Mr. Frohman is that the performance at the Lafayette Square Opera House last week was by accident rather than design.

When, ten days ago, the innocent and child-like press agent of "Under the Red Robe" came to town and announced his attraction with a seraphic smile, no one in newspaper circles guessed that anything was not what it should be. True, this gentle creature did deceive himself in regard to the degree of our ignorance sufficiently to declare, without fear of discovery, that his play had run 200 nights in New York, while everyone in the country connected with theatrical affairs know to the contrary; but one makes due allowance for the veracity of a press agent and nothing was said to contradict the statements of this one. Between his advent and the day on which the programs of the piece were printed the performance lengthened its Metropolitan run considerably and put the word "over" before the 200 nights the advance man had told us of.

As a matter of fact "Under the Red Robe" was given just 210 times in New York, counting matinees and special performances.

After one had seen the company presenting the play at the Lafayette he was tempted to wonder why in creation the cast did not run out of New York instead of in it. With one or two exceptions the principal parts were taken by people wholly and grossly incompetent—ladies and gentlemen who strutted around the stage and screamed at the tops of their voices with perfect ignorance of any such fabled thing as dramatic art. The smaller roles were in the hands of players who either are students in schools of acting or should be. The many beauties of the play were hidden by the cheapness of the stage business and the lack of understanding exhibited by the interpreting cast. This was the case from the first entrance of Olive Crompton, who has the distinction of knowing less about acting than any single person ever seen here, until the final curtain fell on the deep-toned voice of William Morris.

But the surprise that such an organization should exist in the Metropolis died out when it was discovered, by a look at the program that the company was never seen in New York city. The people who made the many beauties of the production famous are at present either heading other attractions or are playing with the Empire Theater Stock Company in "The Conquerors." William Faversham, an actor of marked ability and intellect, who was the original de Berault, is now with that piece and has been for some time. Viola Allen, Ida Conquest, Charles McGlynn, J. L. Finney, and E. T. Backus, all artists of recognized ability, at least two of whom could make a play in themselves and all of whom were in the original cast of "Under the Red Robe," are also with the Empire Company. Robert Edeson, who was the Lieutenant in New York, was seen here over five months ago as leading man for Maude Adams. Others of the cast that made a successful production possible are scattered around the country with other attractions. In the organization seen last week at the Lafayette there was not a single member of the original troupe and, with four exceptions, not a performer who was clever enough to deserve anything more important than a small part in a cheap melodrama.

These four were Giles Shine, whose Richelieu was an improvement on that of J. E. Dodson; William Farnum, an excellent character actor; Frank McGlynn, who made Clon sufficiently grewsome to be attractive, and Mary Hampton, a clever woman much handicapped by poor support. The scenery used here was frayed and ily painted, far inferior to that seen in "The Last Stroke," at the Grand Opera House.

To be asked to admire a play under such conditions is not unlike being supposed to find castor oil palatable, simply because the glass in which it is handed to one once held some pleasing beverage. Nothing can be more dishonorable than sending out a cheapened organization under the same title and with the same prices of the larger and better one. If Mr. Frohman continues so to presume on his good name he will soon find himself without any to presume on.

Washington is not a country town, and will not put up with attractions sent under false pretenses. If Charles Frohman cannot give us the best we want nothing at all from him. There is no reason why meritorious combinations should be confined to one city, or, if they must be, why the plays should be sent out with poor companies. Neither Mr. Frohman nor anyone else can expect us to take his cast-off plays, done by inferior people, and next time such a thing is tried here the great metropolitan manager is likely to have taught him the very lesson he taught us last week—and at greater expense.

As if to show us what he could do by trying hard, Manager Frohman sent last week, besides "Under the Red Robe," a performance in strong contrast with that faulty production. This excellent entertainment was known as "The Circus Girl," and it—perhaps one should say she—was a near relative to "The Gaiety Girl," "The Telephone Girl," and a dozen other "Girls" who have been given to visiting us in the last year or so. Only that this little lady was far more charming than all the rest put together, not so much on account of the way her authors arranged her as through the able manner in which she was represented. True, her music was charming, notably a little waltz song in the first act; that catchy circus chorus, and, last, but not least, the air put to words about "A Little Piece of String," but there were faults that, unseeable in the hands of the company presenting her here, would have been gross but for that company. There was plenty of humor, but it was not especially well put together. The one thing that carried the first scene in the second act was anticipation of the coming fight between Biggs and the giant, together with a certain interest in the supposed performers continually passing through the dressing tent into the ring. This was a phase of life we had seen only from the outside, and so, even in exaggerated form, it could be nothing but attractive. The courtroom portion, however, had absolutely nothing to recommend it, beyond the implied excuse that it filled in time while the stage hands were setting the next scene.

And with all this "The Circus Girl" was thoroughly delightful. She affected one like a mint julep on a hot day or a hot scotch on a cold one. The reason was with the people presenting her, and it is simple of explanation. In the first place, with one exception, E. H. Van Vechten, every member in the cast was not only competent but irreproachable. Beginning with John Slavin, down past our friend of the Columbia Stock Company, Bert Thayer; by Samuel Edwards and Mary Young to Mabella Baker and charming, winsome, little Gladys Wallis, not a player in the company but was more than worthy of the part intrusted to him.

But a still greater factor was in the stage management. Some years ago E. E. Rice discovered that a little black hosiery, with some lingerie and a small amount of leg was far more pleasing than the usual blatant display, and he made a fortune out of it. George Edwardes, the sponsor of "The Circus Girl," has evidently found that this is true, for the idea is carried out in his comedies to an extent that lends no end of daintiness and charm to his performances. Then, Mr. Edwardes has evinced the fact that he knows something of feminine beauty and has invariably sent the most petite, graceful and charming specimens in England to our shores. The Rice ideal of pounds and prettiness does not find a disciple in the London manager and consequently his chorus does not resemble a line of applicants for the position of fat woman in some dime museum or other.

Further these women seem to be drawn from a higher class than our own chorus girls, for, not only is their work more refined, but they certainly show intelligence totally lacking in American choruses. So precise and so graceful are their movements—so different from the straggling ones too often seen, that one cannot believe that stage direction has all to do with it.

Still another thing is the detail observed in the performance. During the circus scene, in the comedy, a line of performers walked across the stage every few minutes—presumably on their way to the ring, really to vanish from the public eye until the next chords. And yet the types represented were as varied as they would have been in a Barnum and Bailey show, and as carefully costumed.

These are all small matters, but it was the close attention that was given them that made "The Circus Girl" pleasing. We have had better comedies, we have had as good companies, but, for these trifling reasons, seldom so delightful and exhilarating a production.

The fearful disaster to the Maine last week had a greater effect on the theaters than one would suppose. Most people seemed to feel that, in so national a matter, it was unbecoming to attend any place of amusement and, after Wednesday, receipts fell off considerably. At the Grand, where Cuban melodrama was being given, the effect was almost the opposite, enthusiasm doubling after the "accident" was known.

A new order was issued by the Commissioners about ten days ago concerning the exits and fire escapes at the local theaters. The usual precautions had come to be sadly neglected within the last year and it finally became necessary to force compliance with the laws of preservation of human life. It was ordered that every theater have a certain number of outlets; that such doors or windows be plainly marked, that a diagram of their positions be printed on the house programs and that a red light be continually burning at each. None of these improvements cost more than a few dollars and they will prove of great value, should any accident occur during a performance.

There is a general feeling of pleasure at Frank Daniels' approaching visit to the Columbia. The versatile comedian has been playing at this house since its opening and the combination is an excellent one for the public. The Columbia is better suited to farce or opera of the lighter variety than any house in the city, its size and shape alone making it specially valuable for this class of performance. Mr. Daniels should have a big week there.

A novelty in advertising is noticed on the dead walls of the city this week, and one that is as absurd as it is reprehensible. This is a one-sheet lithograph gotten out for Hi Henry's minstrels, and labeled in big letters across the top, "Hi Henry's War Record." The pictures show a brightly-colored man, presumably the great Henry, leading several armies into the very teeth of the enemy, while all the space otherwise unoccupied is filled with dying men. The next picture represents the minstrel in the same place two years ago. His train is about pulling out, with himself on the platform, waving a red handkerchief to the enthusiastic thousands gathered to do honor to the hero, who, as bugler thirty-five years ago, saved the great country known today, because of his bravery, as the United States of America. We have seen—on posters—other minstrels escorted out of town by the cheering populace, but this pictured war record, "for revenue only," is something even a little more audacious than usual.

The same rebuke applies to a woman billed here as "Chalmeon, the Parisian Sensation." Of course, the public are supposed to believe this person the much-talked-of Charmion, and, of course, she is no such thing. False pretenses are bad for any profession, and it does not harm the right portion of a great business to expose them.

FRIENDS OF LAST WEEK.

A strange disease became epidemic among local critics last week and, within a short space of time, spread marvelously. At first the newness of the trouble baffled the doctors but finally, after much worry, it was decided to be an odd irritation, at the base of a critic's brain, generally called "similarity of opinion." The specialists present had no hesitation in declaring that the symptoms—saying just what was meant—could not be mistaken and that the cause of the trouble was Mary Marble, a dainty soubrette, playing with "A Milk White Flag," at the Academy at that time.

This belief was strengthened by the fact that no paper in town devoted less than a paragraph of praise to this little woman on last Tuesday morning and that even the physicians in attendance were forced to admit that it was deserved. Miss Marble has the enviable distinction of being the brightest and most winsome little woman in the business. She has more chic and daintiness than nine out of ten of the famous foreigners who visit our shores. Of a theatrical family, Washington had heard very little of her until last year, when she put in an appearance with Eddie Foy, in "Off the Earth" and made the most emphatic kind of a hit. Her neatness, her intelligence and her general deportment when singing were voted remarkable, while her rendering of a certain "coon" song and Vesta Tilley's celebrated, "By the Sad Sea Waves," showed her to be an artist in every sense of the word.

Last Monday Miss Marble returned as the orphan, Pony Luce, in "A Milk White Flag," having just won San Francisco and the Pacific coast to her standard. It is needless to say that she fairly doubled her reputation. Never has that difficult role been half so well played in this city—or any other, for that matter. Her baby song was infinitely better than that of Lydia Yeamans Titus, her male impersonations as good as those of Vesta Tilley, and her singing quite up to the mark drawn by Kitty Mitchell. There is a warm welcome in store for Miss Marble next time she visits Washington. And the critics are not getting better.

William Farnum, who was the lieutenant in "Under the Red Robe," last week at the Lafayette, is an actor of no small degree of cleverness. A role like that given by him does not play itself, and, even after it has been intelligently thought out, requires great stage experience and many phys. perfections to carry it. As the bluff, gruff, old war horse Mr. Farnum was without many rivals in the cast, either in this or the original company. The part stood out with the prominence that it won only through the ability of the actor, and Mr. Farnum deserves great credit for his faithful portrayal.

A rather novel and decidedly difficult bit of shooting was done last week at the Bijou by Hadj Lessik, an Arab. This consisted of nothing less than a moving shot under three feet high. The Arab picked up a heavy gun, and, getting it in motion, twirled it swiftly around his wrist, firing rapidly with a revolver in that hand. Four shots were given at about twenty feet, three of which struck the mark. Nothing more remarkable in that line has been seen here recently.

Next to a very good show nothing in the world is more enjoyable than a very bad one. The Moulin Rouge Extravaganza was one of the most pleasing—in the last named way—that the season has brought forth. Clever people were as rare as grapes in January and the worse the players were the longer their turns lasted. Cooper and Steward—"comedians"—had an act that retained the stage for half an hour. They sung parodies composed of old jokes couched in bad grammar and worse verse. The "comedians" themselves were about the only ones who laughed at these jests and the best thing they did was the quickness with which they returned to the stage for an encore before the ripple of applause, that followed their exit, had died out.

I. N. Morris, author of "The Last Stroke," which was seen last week at the Grand Opera House, is a Washington boy. In his work as a playwright he has been most successful, this last example of his skill, abounding in situations far above the average of the ordinary melodrama. This applies particularly to a bit of pantomime in the second act of the piece, executed by Frank Rolleston, Albert Sackett and Otis Turner. The entire performance was creditable, and we shall undoubtedly hear of Mr. Morris again.

There were several clever people in "The Circus Girl" and if a few were not quite up to the mark, these made up for the lapse. Of course it was not to be expected that a company sent on the road as an acknowledged "Number 2" should quite equal that seen at Daly's but, on the whole, the leading people gave remarkable imitations of the originals, while the chorus effects and scenery were as good as those first heard and seen. There was little, if any, of the second class order that marked "Under the Red Robe." One of the brightest bits of work possible was the theater hat pantomime, executed by John C. Slavin and Mary Young. Nothing half so good has been seen here since "In Town," introduced Mr. Bradfield to us. Gladys Wallis is another charming personage, her magnetism being remarkable.

And speaking of stage effects, no one is more deserving of praise for these than Hans Robert, who claims Washington for his home, and was seen here with the Columbia Stock Company last summer. Mr. Robert was assistant stage manager with the Daly production, and to his earnest work is due much of the success of the piece.

A marvelous bit of make-up was that noticed in the William Farnum portrayal of the part of an old lieutenant, in "Under the Red Robe." To those watching closely, the consistency and clearness of the acting; the characteristic appearance of the man—tall, grim and hard-visaged—did not appeal strongly simply because so much in keeping that one could hardly help accepting all the details as a matter of course. But Mr. Farnum himself is so much the opposite of the role, in nature as well as looks, that one knowing him could hardly see how his round, boyish face could be transformed into the long, stern one of the experienced officer, or how his rather short self could be made as gaunt as that of the lieutenant. After seeing the trick done it seems even more simple than the hours of patient study on every detail would warrant.

The face is first covered with what is technically known as a "clean make-up," and really lends a glow of youth to the features. This is covered with a coat of brown, both over cold cream, the combination working a great deal in making the visage look weather-beaten. A bit of dark paint on each side of the nose gives that organ a long, sharp appearance and a coat each of red and brown in lines accentuated the wrinkles in the forehead and created lines of care on the cheek, of sharpness under the eyes and of firmness from the lips. These same colors, with a little blue, make the neck gaunt and bony, while a touch of the last hue to the cheeks makes them present an unshaven appearance.

The eyes are most difficult to change, but heavy lines of black under and around them, with a judicious blending of color sets them far back in the head. Then the brows are pushed back and blacked the same way, giving them a ferocious look that is nothing if not startling. A careful touch of white here and there makes them stronger or weaker at will and a bristling moustache completes the angry glare. The face is lengthened by means of lines from the nose, a goatee, and a wig that adds two inches of forehead. This blended, the whole is softened with a pink powder and the carefully selected and characteristic armor finishes a make-up that is none the less remarkable because a deep voice, an assumed glare and an excellent conception of the part are needed to make it perfect.

TINY TALKS.

Anna Held threw herself languidly into a big chair as The Times man asked her for a scrap of conversation, ten days ago. "Zere iss not much to say," she said lazily, "I like zis contrie—zis cetie—all ov it. American audiences need more to pleas zem zan our wecked ones in Paree. What you call 'Frenchy' is not French at all. It may be 'cause you do not understand ze language, but I mus' be more vulgare here. In Paree I wear long skirts and zing nice songs. Here I mus' lif' my dress an' shake my shouldairs. Paree is not so naughty ez America. Au Revoir."

Said a local critic yesterday, "There are virtues of omission as well as of commission, and so one should be given credit for some things he does not do. A case in point is that of Miss Lansing Rowan, who is the widow in "A Milk White Flag." Her mother is a sister of Mrs. Lyman J. Gage, wife of the Secretary of the Treasury, yet the advance notices of the piece contained no reference to the relationship. Thus, although Miss Rowan failed to secure the social patronage which might have been had for the asking, she retains, instead, her dignity and self-respect. She deserves credit for refusing to shine in a reflected light."

"In my opinion Washington has the most cosmopolitan audiences of any city in the country, outside of Gotham," said Giles Shine, "and I am always proud to claim this as my home. Washingtonians are quick to condemn that which is bad and to praise that which is good. Then, too, I think the dramatic critics here far less partial and more talented than anywhere else. On the whole a good attraction is always certain of a fair hearing and that is the general impression among the profession. I certainly prize the notices I have gotten here."

"Of late there has ben a continued and marked increase in the number of nice people entering high class musical comedy," said Gladys Wallis the other evening. "The standing of this branch of the profession has improved greatly. Formerly it was nearly a reproach to be in this line of work. There is no more wrong in musical comedy than in the legitimate and no one need give in to temptation in either unless he or she desires to do so. There is no more labor and better salaries, so we are satisfied."

PRESS AGENTS' ROUND TABLE.

Tom Myers, the genial press agent for Digby Bell, drifted up to the round table yesterday and began to expostulate on the merits of his star. "Why," said he, "do you know that Mr. Bell's work in the title role of 'The Hoosier Doctor' is so natural that a greater part of the people present find it impossible to separate the character of the gentle, kindly, unsophisticated fellow from that of the actor and, while the part is not that of a countryman, from the very rusticity of manner affected by the comedian, many forget that the action of the play takes place in Indianapolis and confound Digby Bell with a mud-stained son of the soil. Sometimes the result of this is funny. While playing in Chicago recently I noticed a man watching the performance even more closely than people usually do, and, by paying some attention, discovered that this chap and a friend were holding long, whispered conversations between every act. After the performance they separated and the fellow I had first noticed went to the stage door and waited until Mr. Bell came out. Then he stopped him and, with a very cordial manner, grasped his hand and said, 'Digby Bell, if I am not mistaken, I thought I recognized you. But who would ever have thought that a son of my old friend'—— Well, of course, he was a confidence man and very much chagrined when he found his mistake. You see he had so lost himself in watching the part that he never thought of the actor. New to the business? I suppose so. Doubtful? Well, I admit it does sound a little like a press agent's yarn but I'm a press agent—and that's what you asked for." And Mr. Myers bowed himself out with the air of one who had done a good deed.

Georgia Caine, of "The Girl From Paris" company, had much the same experience one day in New York during the recent run of the piece at Wallack's Theater. Miss Caine was playing the title role in which, it will be remembered, a great deal of the "Girl's" supposed wickedness is brought out. The third day in the metropolis, as the actress was going to her matinee, she was halted in the street by an old lady of the most Puritanical type. "You are that French girl, aren't you?" she said. "I saw you last night. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. If I had anything to say about it, I'd have you in jail in a minute! The idea of carrying on so with a minister of the Gospel! I'm really ashamed of you. What is our youth coming to?" and before Miss Caine could say a word she had gone.

Frank Daniels has many friends in the vicinity of New York and it was in the home of one of these that he spent the last week of his vacation—at least so says his press agent. Upon rising, after his first night in the house, the comedian found that, in his haste to get ready for his visit, he had left his tooth powder out of his satchel. He looked around the room for a substitute and was presently rewarded by finding some in a little gold jar on the mantelpiece. This he used and, at breakfast that morning, made due apologies to his hostess for making free with her toilet articles. "I forgot my own tooth powder," he explained, "and so was forced to use yours." The lady seemed astonished. "Why," she said, "I had none in my room." "Oh, yes, you did," replied Daniels, "some in a little, gold jar on the mantel——" he stopped to smile benignantly, but somehow it did not seem to take. The lady appeared stunned. "Did you use that?" she screamed. "Why—why—I—yes," replied the comedian now thoroughly alarmed, and rising to catch his hostess, who began to show signs of fainting, "what's the matter?"

He did not have to wait long. "Matter," she wept, "why, Mr. Daniels, you have washed your teeth with my husband!" Hubby had been cremated and the "tooth powder" was his ashes.

The Bicycle Girls in "The Girl from Paris."

COMING TO THE THEATERS.

E. E. Rice's production of "The French Maid," which has just closed a successful run of 175 nights at the Herald Square Theater, New York, comes to the National on the 28th of this month. It is a characteristic Rice diversion, peopled with pretty women, clever comedians, and graceful dancers, and is given with picturesque adornment of scenery and costume. The book is by Capt. Basil Hood, and the music by Walter Slaughter. The piece is nearing its 400th performance in London—and the end is not yet. "The French Maid" will come here with the entire New York cast, which includes Ollie Redpath, Eva Davenport, Yolande Wallace, Lucille Flaven, Saharet, the Australian dancer, and the merriest sextet of comedians Mr. Rice has ever combined in a single company—Charles A. Bigelow, Hallen Mostyn, George Honey, Henry Norman, William Armstrong, and Ed. Redway.

Amusement patrons are promised one of the very best, up-to-date minstral attractions of the day at the Grand during the week of February 28, when Hi Henry's Minstrels will hold the boards. If indorsements from the best journals of the leading cities go for anything, this organization must be among the foremost in its line. Mr. Hi Henry is one of the most successful minstrel managers of the day. He has had extensive experience and means for successfully carrying out any project he undertakes. His present combination was specially organized for the larger cities, and is composed of the best lights of minstrelsy. The tally-ho parade and military band is said to eclipse anything yet offered in the minstrel line.

Prominent among the attractions booked for a speedy appearance at the Lafayette Square is Henry E. Dixey, who will be seen there next week with his spectacular production of magic, mirth, mystery, and mimicry. Dixey has many admirers in this city, who will undoubtedly greet him with crowded houses. He is still a comedian, according to the criticisms of his performance by the New York and Chicago papers, although dealing in the mysteries of the black art, and there is as much cause for laughter as there is for wonder in his entertainment.

The attraction following Frak Daniels at the Columbia will be Mr. and Mrs. Russ Wythal, and their romantic drama of war times in the Old Dominion, entitled "For Fair Virginia." It is a story of life in the South during "the late unpleasantness," but is not a war play, in the ordinary acceptance of that term. Mr. Wythal has written a domestic drama containing two delightful love stories, the progress of which is