

'THE PINK LADY'

GAY AND AMUSING

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Out of Its Situations and
So Are Its Songs.

THE LYRICS ARE BRIGHT

Much of Mr. Caryl's Music Has a
Breezy Swing—Some of Cast Very
Good, and the Staging Masterly.

THE PINK LADY, a musical comedy in three acts; book and lyrics by C. M. S. McLellan; music by Ivan Caryl. New Amsterdam Theatre.

Seapolette Pochet	Alma Francis
Desiree	Ida M. Adams
A Photographer	Dudley Oatman
Pochet	F. Newton Lindo
The Hungry Man.....	Joseph Carey
Annette	Ida Gabrielle
Gilberte	Olive Depp
Gabrielle	Eunice Mackey
Raymonde	Trixie Whitford
Minette	Florence Walton
Sophie	Erminie Clark
Benevol	Fred Wright, Jr.
Lucien Gardel	William Elliott
Julie	Ruby Lewis
Nini	Teddy Hudson
Suzanne	May Hennessey
Angelo	Alice Dovey
Maurice D'Uzac	Craufurd Kent
Bebe Guingolph	John E. Young
Claudine, The Pink Lady.....	Hazel Dawn
Crapote	Harry Depp
Madame Dondidier	Alice Hegemann
Phillippe Dondidier	Frank Lalor
Theodore Lebec	A. A. Humerton
Le Comtesse de Montanvert.....	Louise Kelley
Rouget	Dudley Oatman
Dr. Mazou	Maurice Hegemann
Pan	Joseph Carey
Ywaxy	Benjamin Lissitt

When Messrs. Georges Berr and Marcel Guillemaud evolved "Le Satyr" they wrote a farce which amused Paris for some little time, but it is not likely that their efforts met with more really deserved laughter and applause than C. M. S. McLellan's adaptation of that farce, with music by Ivan Caryl, which was produced at the New Amsterdam Theatre last evening under the name of "The Pink Lady." At last it can be said truthfully that a farce with music has arrived.

"The Pink Lady" is not a musical comedy of either the English or the American brand. Its fun is developed logically out of its situations, and so are its songs.

In the second act, for instance, not a musical number occurs which does not carry the plot along further, instead of halting it, and yet no songs in the piece were more persistently applauded than these. However, the ensemble "Donny Did, Donny Didn't," which was really an ensemble, musically and dramatically, very nearly stopped the action of the piece for all time, it was so enthusiastically received by the audience.

It seems kinder not to tell the story of "The Pink Lady" for many reasons. In the first place, there is a story which could not be outlined in the paragraph which newspaper space allots to musical comedy plots, and, in the second place, you will enjoy "The Pink Lady" more if the surprises of its plot are not revealed to you in advance.

But it should be said that although Mr. McLellan, or his French predecessors, have followed the unity of time by having all the action take place in one day, that so much happens during that day that an ordinary—or for that matter an extraordinary—audience hasn't time to make plans for the following day while following the play. Undoubtedly the producers, Herbert Gresham and Julian Mitchell, are responsible for a great deal of this dash, for the stage management was superb, but it should be stated that Mr. McLellan has gotten nearer to the real French vaudeville than many dramatic writers who have made literal translations of the success of the Nouveautés and the Palais Royal.

Commencing gayly enough with a scene in the woods at Compeigne with a real blonde beauty posed on the steps of a restaurant we are led in the second act to a furniture shop in the Rue St. Honore. This, perhaps, does not read like an act at Maxim's or L'Abbaye, but it should be stated it is the most amusing of the three. In the third act we are taken to the Ball of the Nymphs and Satyrs; even a person who did not go to the theatre would recognize gayety in that description.

Mr. Caryl's contribution to the piece is not nearly so great as Mr. McLellan's. He has written music which has a breezy swing, and much of it is musicianly; just as much of it is commonplace, but the songs all mean something in the progress of the piece, and as Mr. McLellan has provided them all with very clever lyrics, and as the principals get the words over the footlights this does not matter so much.

Perhaps the most popular song in the piece, speaking for those who whistle, will be "The Girl by the Saskatchewan," which has really a "haunting" refrain. "Beautiful Lady" in the last act has a waltz, played by a violinist on the stage, a Paris café violinist in type, which also may prove worthy of attention from these sources. The rest of the music does not offend, and it often helps in its bustle and breeziness, but little more can be said for it.

However, in spite of this fact, it is probable—and this was certainly the case last night—that scarcely a number will go by without several repetitions. This is owing not only to Mr. McLellan's words and to the way they are sung but to the stage business provided for them by Julian Mitchell. The finale of the first act, for instance, has been staged in a masterly fashion, with an amount of bustle and excitement which would wake up any audience.

As for "The Kiss Waltz" in the second act in which Claudine teaches Dondidier how to kiss, the action is so delicious that it wouldn't matter if there were no music at all. This is repeated several times afterward with effect. There should also be a word of praise for the ensemble "Donny Did, Donny Didn't."

As for the cast, it is perhaps only fair to first chronicle the successful musical comedy appearance of William Elliott, who last season had Mme. X. weeping over him as her long-lost son at every performance. Mr. Elliott has a light comedy touch which fitted excellently into the scheme of things. Mr. McLellan, as has been suggested, has written a play which calls for players. The music was mostly written for other parts, but what singing Mr. Elliott had to do in the ensembles he managed very well indeed.

In speaking of the rest of the cast it is hard to know where to begin or end, as almost everybody was more or less adequate, and some were very good indeed. It is doubtful if Alice Hegemann has ever been funnier than she was last night in the rôle of Mme. Dondidier, the old furniture dealer's wife. She added materially to the amusement of the second act, and it would be unfair, and quite impossible, to describe her in the third. She must be seen.

Frank Lalor as Dondidier was also quite happily cast. Fred Wright, Jr., did some very neat dancing in the first act, after which he pretty much dropped out of sight. Craufurd Kent and John E. Young played well, and Maurice Hegemann looked a French physician to the life.

Miss Hazel Dawn was a very good choice for Claudine, the pink lady, and, after she had sung and danced and done all other things she was called upon to do by the book with ease, she played the violin in the last act better than the man who preceded her. Miss Alice Dovey was very nice indeed, and there should be two words at the end for Alma Francis, previously referred to as a blonde beauty, and Ida M. Adams.

THEATRICAL NOTES.

"Baby Mine" moved back to Daly's Theatre last night after several weeks spent at Nazimova's Thirty-ninth Street Theatre.

Mrs. Bertha Kunz Baker will give a series of three interpretive recitals from modern poetic drama at the Hotel Astor on the afternoons of March 21 and 30, and April 6. The plays will be "Pelleas and Melisande" and "Chantecler," and excerpts from the works of other modern poetic dramatists besides Maeterlinck and Rostand.

Daniel Frohman will present a new psychological drama called "Lola" at the Lyceum Theatre this afternoon for the benefit of the Lenox Hill House Settlement. The play is by Owen Davis, and Laurette Taylor will head the cast. It will be repeated to-morrow afternoon.

The Poe Club will have a theatre party at the Hackett Theatre to-night, which will be followed by an informal dinner at Murray's restaurant. Alexander Weinstein, President of the club, will preside. Commissioner of Accounts Fosdick, Howard Bradstreet, and Warren Eberle, all of whom are members of the club, will speak.

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