



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

A "ROLLICKING, BUSTLING, GORGEOUSLY MOUNTED MUSICAL COMEDY": "THE PEARL GIRL."

Pearls, Pearls,
Pearls.

"The Pearl Girl"—quite a ripping title, for lots of people are keen on pearls. By-the-bye, once upon a time there was a clever play by Messrs. Cecil Raleigh and R. C. Carton called "The Great Pink Pearl." I wonder that they don't think of revising it and

having another shot. And what an unbeautiful thing a pink pearl is—nobody would think of giving half-a-crown for one as big as a nut if he did not know that it would sell for pots of money. Ordinary pearls too, pearly pearls (of course, I don't mean pebbles) are not very beautiful. The really jolly ones are the straggly, bad-shaped ones; the most costly, the "perfect,"

a lot of real thefts of jewellery there have been! If the French are correct in their phrase, *L'occasion fait le larron*, the cult of gewgaws has caused half the crime in the world. As for advertisement of actresses and others by the theft of their jewellery, well, it has been quite over-done, is now utterly *view jew*, to use the pronunciation of the un-tongued—indeed, to such an extent, that if I were to lose my jewellery, which is rare, very rare, I should not venture to send a paragraph to the papers about the loss; even the theft of my rolled-gold— However, I am not writing about my jewellery, but about "The Pearl Girl." Captain Basil Hood's book has an excellent plot, with all sorts of complications, though, like the plot in most works of its kind, it reminds me of the immortal melancholy epitaph: "If so early I was done for, what on earth was I begun for?" Nevertheless, it serves as a peg for charming, sensuous music by Herr Hugo Felix, and bright numbers by Mr. Howard Talbot, and for plenty of jokes—some of them clever—by the author, and scenery as remarkable as that in "The Arcadians" (did I mention that "The Pearl Girl" is to be found at the Shaftesbury Theatre?); also for gloomy, mirth-moving comicalities by Mr. Alfred Lester, a servant in the pearl establishment, who is devoted to the lady typist. Small wonder, for she is Miss Iris Hoey.

Perhaps he was melancholy (in a funny way) because he had forebodings that she was not for him—and, indeed, she became engaged to marry somebody of a higher station: no less than a duke, and much more, for he was Mr. Harry Welchman; there are not many dukes like him. It was a poor duke financially, but think of him physically and vocally, ruined, I understand, by the infernal machinations of Mr. Lxxxx Gxxxxx! Unlike the Censor, my Editor permits no political references; but I gather that everybody is being ruined by the person in question, though when I said something about this to my tailor in answer to gentle pressure for his "little account," he seemed incredulous. However, I am not writing about my tailor, but about "The Pearl Girl."

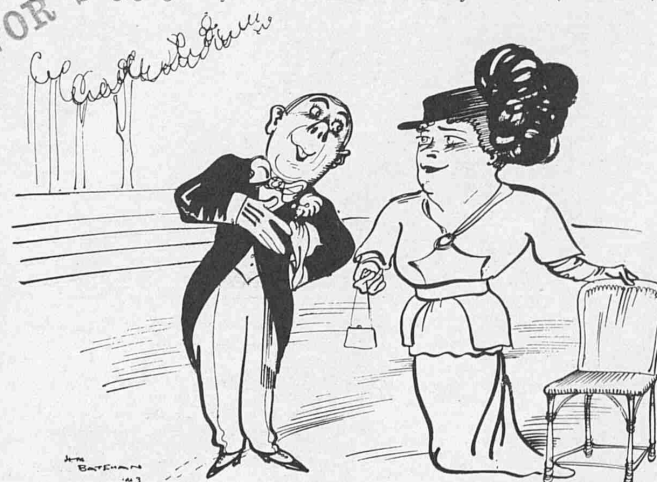
The Show. "The Pearl Girl" is just about what we expect such things to be—including even its surprises—tunes that we hum afterwards, as well as we can; jokes that we laugh at, as well as we can; genuine comicalities by Mr. de Frece and Mr. Lester; gorgeous gowns that we copy, or our wives do, as well as they can; wonderful scenery, including a picture of Hurlingham—or was it Ranelagh?—at which I play golf, as well as I can. You ask our Artist about my golf—he will say nice things about it, as well as he can; why, last time I was at Ranelagh I scored one flamingo, and a gentleman with a silk hat and frock coat— However, I am not writing about my golf, but about "The Pearl Girl," and I have forgotten to mention the bright singing and lively dancing of Miss Cicely Courtneidge, the broad humours of Miss Ada Blanche, and, perhaps, have failed to give a general idea of this rollicking, bustling, gorgeously mounted musical comedy.—E.F.S. (MONOCLE.)



UNUSUAL BEHAVIOUR OF THE HEAD ASSISTANT AT THE SHOP! MR. HARRY RAY, AS MR. HOPKINS, DANCES.
CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

are uninteresting and easily imitated. You and I do not know the real from the false, or the false from the real; we think we do, but we don't. In the old days you could tell the imitation by their weight, or the lack of it: that was when they were little blown-glass spheres, coated with "essence d'orient" made from the scales of the bleak, and filled with wax. They were very light and rather fragile; somebody I once knew proceeded to try to divorce her husband because she tested some gift pearls from him with her teeth and broke them—the pearls, not the teeth! I do not know whether this has anything to do with looking a gift-horse in the mouth. In our days the bleak—a pretty little fish—has almost a holiday, and is no longer exported from the Thames, or the "Pactolus" at Oxford, by the million; and still we whip for him in the springtime in order to use him to catch that *rara avis*, the Thames trout—rather an Irishism. Oh, the joys and sorrows of fishing for the fascinating Thames trout—the fastest, most wary, the hardest fighting, the most capricious of our *salmonidae*. You spend weeks and cool fivers, and don't get him, though you see him every day feeding punctually. However, I'm not writing about Thames trout, but about "The Pearl Girl," which has a capital scheme for a plot. It is centred on the Palmyra Pearl Company, artificial-pearl-manufacturers who have Mr. Lauri de Frece as their manager. What a manager! Full of energy, enterprise, impudence, and swank, determined to push his pearls till the whole world is wearing them, confident that they are just as beautiful as the natural pearl—no doubt they are. That is the weak spot about pearls, and precious stones too, the cult of which is a survival of pure barbarism. Yet the ladies who wear them laugh at the savage's crude adornments, and often wear shams for safety. There's the humour: the apparent value of the jewellery is no evidence of the wealth of the wearer, for it may be sham; but the known wealth of the wearer is regarded as a guarantee of the value of the jewellery, though it is often false. However, I am not writing about jewellery, but about "The Pearl Girl."

ANOTHER STRANGE DANCE: MR. LAURI DE FRECE AS MR. JECKS.
CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



SIMPLY MADE FOR EACH OTHER: MR. JECKS (MR. LAURI DE FRECE) AND MRS. BAXTER-BROWNE (MISS ADA BLANCHE).
CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

The Sham Robbery. The establishment managed by Mr. de Frece decided to get a big advertisement by organising a theft of the famous pearls of Mme. Alvarez, which should prove to be pearls manufactured by it. What

BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: "THE PEARL GIRL."



FOR SALE.

AT THE SHAFTESBURY: CHARACTERS OF THE NEW MUSICAL COMEDY CARICATURED.

"The Pearl Girl" is running successfully at the Shaftesbury Theatre.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.