

"Peter Pan" at the Lois.

At last we have a production of "Peter Pan"—that mysterious, much-discussed fairy play to which New York thronged for two solid seasons—right here in Seattle. Those of us who have read about it and heard about it and argued about it—without seeing it—may now go to the little Lois Theatre and either confirm our opinions or have them scattered on the winds along with the fairies and the "lost boys."

For this opportunity we have to thank Alexander Pantages for his willingness to incur a certain financial loss, to say nothing of sacrificing all thought of profit; we have to thank T. Daniel Frawley for his willingness to undertake in a few weeks' time a venture at which all of the other directors of stock companies in the country have balked; we have to thank Miss Aileen May for being willing to undertake a role written to fit the personality of the most elusive little actress in the world.

It is certainly due these three and also due the actors and mechanics—most of whom have actually nibbled their sandwiches and snatched their naps in the theatre for the last week—that their efforts should be appreciated. It is very improbable that we shall ever see a better production of "Peter Pan"—doubtful if we see another one as good, and therefore it will be well worth the while even of those who never go to the Lois to make the venture to see this production.



"Peter Pan" is one of the queerest fantasies ever conceived. It is the dream of a child, dreamed by a man who laughs at it as he dreams. It is a fairy story; a boy's dime novel; a burlesque; a comic opera; a poetic tragedy—it is everything imaginable all jumbled together and hung at one's head like a note-book full of disconnected ideas.

The connecting link of all these ideas and incidents is "Peter Pan," the boy who ran away from home the day he was born because he did not want to grow up and be President.

Miss May in this role was a delightful little boy, but she was too human. "Peter Pan," according to the lines, belongs only a little, tiny bit to this earth. He had an experience of only one day upon it. The rest of the time he spent with the fairies on the tree tops and the "lost boys" underneath the ground, below a wonderful forest inhabited by pirates, Indians, crocodiles, lions and ostriches.

Besides that he could fly, and a boy who can fly must be more fairy than boy.

Miss May was more boy than fairy. She played the character as a pouting, mischievous child rather than as a sprite dressed in autumn leaves with a little, invisible fairy for a sweetheart.

Aside from "Peter," the success of the play in an acting sense must depend upon the children. Unfortunately—or fortunately, as you choose—the supply of such in Seattle is limited and outside of little Edith Raynore, the children who could act at all had to be rejuvenated members of the Lois company, with rather unusual effect.

Really the greatest credit for this production belongs to the stage carpenters and scene shifters, who have performed wonders in constructing elaborate settings and who perform miracles at every performance in spite of the long waits between the acts. The stage of the Lois is so small that it seems almost impossible that more than one of these heavy sets could be put together in an evening.



Mr. Frawley, aside from his hard work in rehearsing and designing the production, has found time to make a lot out