

## JOHN BARRYMORE IN PETER IBBETSON

THE vicissitudes of the young boy along the vague, precarious way, the longing to find the reality of the dream—the heart that knew him best—a study in sentimentality, the pathetic wanderings of a “little boy lost” in the dream of childhood, and the “little boy found” in the arms of his loved mother, with all those touches that are painful and all that are exquisite and poignant in their beauty—such is the picture presented by John Barrymore, as nearly perfect as any artist can be, in “Peter Ibbetson.” Certainly it is as finished a creation in its sense of form, and of color, replete with a finesse of rare loveliness, as gratifying a performance, to my notion, as has been seen on our stage for many years. Perhaps if the author, recalling vain pasts, could realize the scum of saccharinity in which the play is utterly submerged, and that it struggles with great difficulty to survive the nesselrodelike sweetness with which it is surfeited, he would recognize the real distinction that Barrymore lends to a rôle so clogged by the honeyed sentimentality covering most of the scenes. Barrymore gives us that “quickened sense” of the life of the young man, a portrayal which takes the eye by “its fine edge of