# REAL GHOST WALKS IN 'BACK TO EARTH'

## Broadway Confronted by Novel Idea at Henry Miller's Theatre.

## SOUL TAKES A HOLIDAY

## Celestial Visitor Makes Alarming Hit With Girl His Host Admires.

**"Back to Earth"—At Henry Miller's Theatre.**

John Baker.....Charles Cherry
George Carr.....Harold Hendee
Harry Kennedy.....James Dyrenforth
Ambrose Strange.....Wallace Eddinger
Parsons.....James Kearney
O'Neil.....Jay Wilson
The old man.....Fred W. Peters
Emily Carr.....Ruth Shepley
Marjorie Haddon.....Paula Sterling
Grace Carr.....Minna Gombel
Anna.....Kirby Davis

It is to be hoped that the angel who started the "Back to Earth" movement at Henry Miller's Theatre last night will not have a large following. This does not mean at the theatre, quite the contrary, and nobody should jump at the conclusion that he wasn't a very decent sort of spook in his way. It would be rather embarrassing, however, if all departed souls who find themselves bored in their celestial surroundings should get a leave of absence and come here to observe the new Babylon on the subway and borrow our money.

William Le Baron, who revealed this particular reincarnation, used the word "angel" loosely in the sense of an immortal soul. The spirit who came back to earth in *John Baker's* apartment in Gramercy Park had lost all memory of mortal life and, indeed, as represented by Wallace Eddinger, was a perfect embodiment of innocence. It really seemed as if he must have forgotten a great deal even before he died. This put him in the way of being something of a malaprop, and he found much difficulty in learning that social intercourse forbids the telling of the unvarnished truth.

The spirit having forgotten his name he took that of Ambrose Strange out of a newspaper. Of course this was bound to produce more or less complications, and it was perhaps unfortunate that it did not produce more, but be that as it may, John Baker fell in agreeably with the idea of entertaining his angelic visitor as he was an advanced spiritualist and had just sustained a miserable failure in attempting a "seance." His feelings underwent an unpleasant readjustment when Ambrose made a "dead hit" as it were with Emily Carr, but he deserved little sympathy.

In spite of the novelty of the idea on Broadway the theme of rivalry between a mortal and an immortal was a favorite one with the ancient Hindus and Chinese. Byron used it in "Heaven and Earth" and Anatole France in "The Revolt of the Angels." The fact that the mortal always is the loser is another reason why they should be satisfied to have the immortals stay where they have been put.

**Short Leave of Absence.**

The impressionable spectator doubtless enjoyed moments of some illusion, but there were intervals when Ambrose Strange was obdurately materialistic. It must be said in his favor, nevertheless, that certain aspects of his character were much more angelic than Monsieur France's Gallic conception, and there was still a good deal of innocence about him as his two weeks leave of absence drew to a close. He had won Emily, but it was impossible for him to remain and enjoy earthly love.

The dialogue is amusing and several twinkles of plot wit are observable, yet the play is not what the book reviewers would describe as gripping. There is a dramatic element in the ignorance of most of the characters as to the nature of Strange's mystery, but the author was concerned more with quips than with dramaturgy. The liveliest moments come at the end, which reserves some surprises. The "angel" makes his entrance to the mundane sphere and exit therefrom by means of an armchair, the back of which is turned toward the audience, but we have the word of the butler for it that the front door was locked all the time.

The casting of the play is successful. Charles Cherry, as *John Baker*, makes a striking contrast to his naive visitor. Harold Hendee is amusing as *George Carr*, Emily's brother, and Ruth Shepley vastly engaging as *Emily* herself.

## 'THE VELVET LADY' PRODUCED.

**Klaw & Erlanger Musical Comedy Coming Here Soon.**

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 23.—Klaw & Erlanger made their second big musical comedy production for this season in the Forrest Theatre here to-night. The piece is "The Velvet Lady" which is destined for presentation at a Broadway theatre early in the new year. The music is by Victor Herbert and the book is an adaptation by Henry Blossom from a farce by Fred Jackson. Mr. Blossom has also provided the lyrics.

Georgia O'Ramey has the principal comedy role. Others in the cast are Ernest Torrence, Marie Flynn, Eleanor Gordon, Al. Gerard, Ray Raymond, Howard Langford, Eddie Dowling, Daniel Sullivan, Fay Marbe and Edith Von Buelow. An "all show girl" chorus is a feature.

## LILLIAN RUSSELL AT PALACE.

**Besides Giving Song Recital, Talks on Current Topics.**

Lillian Russell made her appearance at the Palace Theatre yesterday afternoon as the Christmas headliner of vaudeville, and besides giving a song recital of old and new hits talked on current topics and displayed several new winter gowns. Homer D. Mason and Marguerite Keeler presented "A Travesty on the Eternal Triangle," by Porter Emerson Brown.

George MacFarlane, the favorite barytone, revealed some of the best material of his career in a new act, and the Avon Comedy Four returned with their funny "Hungarian Rhapsody." Other performers deserving of special notice were the Mosconi Brothers, Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Larry, Johnny Burke and Frank Crumit.

"Hello, America," the spirited burlesque that held the stage of the Columbia Theatre all last summer, came back last night for a week's engagement.

## WITH THE ONE WEEK STANDS.

In the Theatre du Vieux Colombier last night Director Copeau presented Rostand's "Les Romanesques" and Moliere's "La Jalousie de Barbouille."

The Klaw & Erlanger production, "The Riviera Girl," by Guy Bolton and P. G. Wodehouse, is the Christmas week attraction at the Standard.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew in their spoken play, "Keep Her Smiling," last night began a week's engagement at the Shubert-Riviera Theatre.

William Faversham and Maxine Elliott begin a transcontinental tour in "Lord and Lady Algy" by playing this week in Loew's Seventh Avenue Theatre.

After celebrating her hundred and twenty-fifth performance at the Central Theatre, Alice Brady moved last night to the Playhouse to continue her run in "Forever After."

"The Riddle: Woman," with Bertha Kalich in the leading role, which began its run in the Harris Theatre, moved last night to the Fulton.

"Little Simplicity," the musical comedy success by Rida Johnson Young, was moved from the Astor to the Forty-fourth Street Theatre.

**Sophie Tucker at Reisenweber's.**

Sophie Tucker opened an engagement at the "Four Hundred Club Room" at Reisenweber's last night. She was assisted by an orchestra of five pieces, which furnished music for her numbers and for dancing by the guests. Miss Tucker acts as hostess as well as entertainer, and a spirit of friendly hospitality will be made a feature of her nightly programme.

## DR. PAGE'S FUNERAL TO-DAY.

**State Department to Be Represented by Lansing's Aid.**

*Special Despatch to* THE SUN.

PINEHURST, N. C., Dec. 23.—In the absence of Secretary Lansing, William Phillips, Assistant Secretary of State, has been appointed to represent the State Department at the funeral service for Walter Hines Page, formerly Ambassador to Great Britain, to be held in the Page Memorial Church, Aberdeen, N. C., to-morrow.

The interment will take place in the cemetery of the old Bethesda Church, near Aberdeen. Eight nephews, sons of Dr. Page's four surviving brothers, will be pallbearers.

# 'DEAR BRUTUS' IS A BARRIE FANTASY

## William Gillette and Other Well Known Players Appear at the Empire.

## WORLD WEARY REVIVED

## Atmosphere of 'Midsummer Night's Dream' in Dramatist's Latest Effort.

**"Dear Brutus"—At the Empire Theatre.**

Mr. Dearth.....William Gillette
Mrs. Dearth.....Hilda Spong
Mr. Purdie.....Sam Sothern
Mrs. Purdie.....Myrtle Tannehill
Mr. Coade.....Grant Stewart
Mrs. Coade.....Marie Wainwright
Lob.....Louis Calvert
Joanna Trout.....Elisabeth Risdon
Lady Caroline Lancy, Violet Kemble Cooper
Margaret.....Helen Hayes

Everybody interested in the new play by J. M. Barrie, "Dear Brutus," must by this time know that it was inspired by the lines from Shakespeare:

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

And they appeared on the programme of the Empire Theatre last night. Mr. Barrie developed his idea in a play that was Barrie-ish to the nth. And there was rather an attentive audience there to welcome the new work, since a play with Sir James Barrie's name is one of the few things worth while that the British theatre can send us to-day.

Perhaps expectation is not always fulfilled in complete measure. But the voice of a child has not yet called out "The king is naked!" although more than once that proclamation from a youthful seer might have been expected. Indeed it seemed last night uneasily near.

In order to show that we are not the victims of any other fate than our own characters the playwright calls into existence *Lob*, who is no longer Lob-Sit-by-the-Fire, and he invites to his house a party of more or less world weary and disappointed men and women. It is when they wander in the wood—an enchanted wood not unlike that in which the characters of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" moved in their slumbers—that their real natures are revealed and the philosophy of Shakespeare justified to the world. These were the adventures of the second act following an introduction which was only odd in its revelation of the Barrie quality and rather discouraging.

**In the Land of Delusions.**

It was in the mysterious grove on Midsummer's Eve that the artist, drinking himself to his destruction and longing for a daughter, finds himself with this dream child and brings into the play one of the most prolonged of all Barrie's studies of youth; his wife, once regretful that she had not married a certain man of title, is a beggar in this fairy wood; the simpering aristocrat does not disdain on the Midsummer Eve the suit of the pilfering butler who has now grown into a captain of finance and has only in the process exaggerated his dishonesty; the philanderer in pursuit of a beauty finds himself her husband, while a gentleman of no regrets is one of the few persons entirely satisfied with matters as they stand. It is in the magic wood that life is thus revealed as it exists.

The third act finds this group "come to" as it were, after the delusions of the preceding night. Only the daughter of the painter is absent since she was a creature of the imagination. But she is more easily remembered than any of the other figures not only because she is sensitively and poetically embodied by charming young Helen Hayes, but because the author has made the scene between the painter and the imaginary daughter the predominating episode of the act.

**Dialogue Witty and Fanciful.**

This dialogue is indeed stretched to incredible lengths. Much of it is witty and fanciful just as much of the rest of the play is whimsical and fantastic in the familiar Barrie manner. But the extent to which this liberal allowance of the Barrie talk will interest the spectator will altogether depend on the degree to which he reacts to the present Barrie formula.

Certainly the sort of fun contained in "Dear Brutus" is not for all markets. None of the fantasy is more successful than the survival of *Lob* as the guest of the country party that undergoes these adventures in the mystic wood. On the other extreme is the man of middle age so well satisfied in real life that he goes capering through the second act to the music of a pipe with nothing in his past life to change.

The representation last night was in every respect admirable. William Gillette is such a popular actor that his portrayal of the artist may delight his admirers, although there will always be those to whom it seemed hopelessly far from the ideal of the character as Barrie must have conceived it.

The other roles were unlike those which fall to players in the usual productions, but they were equal to visualizing them quite as effectively as if they were. Sam Sothern's easy and graceful acting as the philandering husband was an agreeable feature of the representation.

## TO OPEN NEW HOSTESS HOUSE.

**Y. W. C. A. Provides Place for Relatives to Meet Soldiers.**

The Young Women's Christian Association announced last night that the association's new hostess house at Lexington avenue and Forty-first street, which will afford a place for women relatives and friends to meet soldiers and sailors returning from overseas, will be opened formally tomorrow afternoon at 4 o'clock.

The foreign born division of the association will conduct a costume pageant on Friday evening in the Washington Irving High School, and the central branch of the association, at 610 Lexington avenue, will hold open house all day Christmas for men in uniform. There will be motion pictures, refreshments and music.

# 'LISTEN, LESTER' IS A MUSICAL EARFUL

## Lots of Pretty Girls and Songs but Nothing at All About the War.

## DANCING A PLENTY TOO

## Gertrude Vanderbilt, Ada Lewis, Johnny Dooley and Eddie Garvie in the Cast.

**"Listen, Lester"—At the Knickerbocker Theatre.**

Col. Rufus Dodge.....Eddie Garvie
Miss Pink.....Ruth Mabee
William Penn, Jr.....Johnny Dooley
Jack Griffin.....Clifton Webb
Miss Mary Dodge.....Ada Mae Weeks
Mrs. Tillie Mumm.....Ada Lewis
Lester Lite.....Hansford Wilson
Miss Arbutus Quilty.Gertrude Vanderbilt

Any ardent student of the drama who for the sake of the eternal verities attempted to discover at the Knickerbocker Theatre last night the connection of the title, "Listen, Lester," with the musical entertainment compounded—but not feloniously—by Harry L. Cort, George E. Stoddard and Harold Orlob had a brain dizzying job. His mind was too distracted by the scenery, the music, the girls and the thought that here he was viewing Palm Beach at its wildest from a front seat. The show was an earful.

In presenting it for the first time John Cort, mindful of the armistice, seemed to have carefully instructed his son and George E. Stoddard in writing the book to call a truce with the war jokes and deal the hardest blow conceivable to the Kaiser and the Crown Prince by ignoring them entirely. Consequently the production was refreshingly free from war time quips that only a Col. Repington could appreciate, which was one of the reasons why the young men in olive drab, who were sprinkled through the audience, joined so heartily with the first nighters in applause and enjoyed themselves to the full limit of the regulations.

**Trenches Are at Palm Beach.**

The war having been ruled out, the only other logical place to lay the scene of the musical comedy was Palm Beach. Accordingly it was so laid. The audience were given a view in the first act of the gold room at the Ritz Hotel, resplendent with soft lights, elevators, telephone booths, telephone girls and with the well known suit prominently in evidence, singly and in flocks. In the second act the show went out for air on the supper porch. Naturally such a setting called for a dizzy waiter, and Hansford Wilson supplied the demand most acceptably, performing an acrobatic dance more entertaining and complicated than any undertaken by a real waiter skidding on a marble floor with a trayful.

This reviewer endeavored to get a good grip on the story, but finally gave it up because, like the themes of most musical comedies, it was too subtle. The most that could be learned up to a late hour last night from a stage hand who had seen the show in rehearsal and pretended to know something about it was that it concerned the attempts of one Col. Rufus Dodge, apparently very wealthy from the way he ordered drinks, to escape a siren and regain the incriminating letters he had written to her in impassioned moments when breach of promise suits weren't listed in his Paradise.

**Miss Vanderbilt and Dooley Lead.**

But who honestly cares about the plot when Gertrude Vanderbilt is the siren who doesn't even need to whistle to have all eyes turned on her? Miss Vanderbilt's smile was enough to make any easy business man part with his reason and his bank roll. She danced and sang two of the hits of the evening, "A Very Good Baby in the Daytime," and "I'd Love To," the latter serving to demonstrate that Johnny Dooley is very much on the active list.

Dooley, in fact, with his eccentric dancing, trick tumbles that disregarded his facial beauty, and neat style of pinning a joke to the mat, carried off the honors of the evening and scarcely rumpled his pompadour. Eddie Garvie wheezed about as *Col. Dodge* with asthmatic artistry. Ada Lewis was overpowering as an invariable widow. Ada Mae Weeks danced charmingly with Clifton Webb and presented an attractive picture of a girl who is even willing to go the length of taking dictation from a man—as a typewriter—in order to dictate to him as a wife. Harold Orlob's music was consistently pleasing and in "Waiting For You" revealed a melody that Wilfred might very well whistle as he stands wondering what the deuce is keeping Mary so late.

## PUCCINI TRIPTICH IS HEARD BY REGULARS

### *Three One Act Lyric Dramas at Metropolitan.*

Subscribers to the season of grand opera had their first opportunity at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening to study Puccini in his new form. The three one act operas "Il Tabarro," "Suor Angelica" and "Gianni Schicchi" had their second performance. The first, it may be recalled, was given on a Saturday evening, which is not in the subscription.

Whether these new works will win permanent places in the repertory cannot of course be predicted at this time, nor is it essential that any prophecy should be made. They have dramatic qualities and musical atmosphere, but they leave an impression of tenuity. And it must be confessed that some things miss their point by reason of ineffective treatment.

This is assuredly true of the duet for *Giorgetta* and *Michele* near the close of "Il Tabarro" and the solo of *Michele* which follows. Neither number is of Puccini's best inspiration, but the dry, tremulous tones of Mr. Montesanto do not add to their value.

**Lieut. Haen's Body Sent to Home.**

The body of Lieut. Arthur G. Haen, pilot in the First Provisional Wing at Mitchel Field, who died of pneumonia Sunday night, was shipped to his home in Rhinebeck, N. Y., yesterday after a military funeral.

## NOTES OF THE SOCIAL WORLD

Mrs. John Sanford will give a dance to-night at her new home 9 East Seventy-second street.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Suffern Tailer have gone to Baltimore to pass Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Steele will pass the holidays at Sunridge Hall, their country place in Westbury, L. I.

Mr. and Mrs. Walden Pell are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter on Saturday at their home, 125 West Fifty-ninth street. Mrs. Pell was Miss Gladys Mumford.

Mrs. Stanley Mortimer and her son Ensign Stanley Mortimer have returned to Newport after passing some time at the White Sulphur Springs, W. Va.

Mr. and Mrs. Orme Wilson have returned to 3 East Sixty-fourth street after a visit South.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Fortune Ryan have returned from Washington, D. C., to 858 Fifth avenue for the winter.

Mrs. H. Victor Newcomb has come from Louisville to the Hotel Savoy where she will be for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Edson Bradley will give a dinner dance to-morrow evening at their home, 998 Fifth avenue.

The first meeting of the Friday Junior Dances was held last night at the Plaza Hotel. The patronesses for these dances, which were organized by Miss Georgiana H. Owen, are Mrs. Donn Barber, Mrs. Willard S. Brown, Mrs. Ellwood Hendrick, Mrs. Cleveland H. Moffett, Mrs. John McKesson Camp, Mrs. Justus Ruperti, Mrs. B. Ogden Chisholm, Mrs. Sheppard Gandy Schermerhorn, Mrs. G. Howard Davison, Mrs. Percy H. Stewart, Mrs. Oliver Harriman and Mrs. William H. Wadhams. The members are young people home for the holidays. Another dance will be given on Friday evening.

Charles Hayden gave a dinner last evening at the Ritz-Carlton for Mrs. Edward Van Ingen and her debutante daughter, Miss Katherine Van Ingen, afterward taking his guests to the Princess Theatre to see "Oh My Dear."

# AVIATION OFFICER WEDS MISS OSBORNE

## Lieut. Frederick Tillinghast of U. S. Air Service Takes Newark Bride.

Miss Elizabeth Kathlyn Osborne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Osborne of this city, Newark and the Thousand Islands, was married to Lieut. Frederick Tillinghast, Air Service, U. S. A., son of the late Frederick Tillinghast, Albany, N. Y., yesterday afternoon in the chapel of St. Bartholomew's Church. The Rev. Dr. Leighton Parks, rector, performed the marriage ceremony.

The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a gown of embroidered white taffeta trimmed with silver lace, and her veil of tulle was held with a wreath of orange blossoms. She carried a bouquet of white orchids and lilies of the valley.

Her sister, Mrs. Osborne Washington, acted as matron of honor and only bridal attendant. She wore a costume of orchid colored taffeta veiled with blue chiffon and a hat of brown tulle, carrying a bouquet of mauve orchids and sweet peas.

Robert A. Osborne, a nephew of the bride, wearing a picture costume of old blue velvet, was the page. Lieut. Winthrop Stevens, U. S. A., was best man. Lieut. Pardee Erdman, chaplain Flying Corps, U. S. A., and Nell Gray, Air Service, U. S. A., were ushers. A reception followed in the President's suite of the Biltmore.

After their wedding trip Lieut. Tillinghast and his bride will go to Rockwell aviation field, Coronado Beach, Cal.

## MURATORE ON WAY TO RIVIERA

**Tenor Suffering From Nervous Prostration and Ordered to Rest.**

Now that the Germans have surrendered, Lucien Muratore, the great French tenor, who went to the trenches to fight them, who did everything in his power by singing the Marseillaise at Liberty Loan rallies and in other ways to make life unbearable for them, has had to capitulate also. He surrendered yesterday to the mandate of his physicians that he must go abroad to rest and recover his health.

Within a week or ten days the singer, accompanied by his wife, Lina Cavalieri, will sail for France. They will proceed immediately to the singer's estate adjoining President Poincare's residence on the Riviera. They are now at the Hotel Majestic.

**Funeral of D. M. Donegan To-day.**

Funeral services will be held this morning for Daniel M. Donegan, who died Saturday in his home, 5 Henderson place. Mr. Donegan was for years the "Wiskinkie" of the Tammany Society and a close friend of Richard Croker, John C. Sheehan and Lewis Nixon. For years Mr. Donegan was employed in the County Clerk's office and later entered the Government service. At the time of his death he was a deputy in the office of William H. Edwards, Internal Revenue Collector.


**Christmas**

Gifts for Everybody

*Books* — Library Sets in Fine Bindings. Old and Rare Volumes, in English, French, Italian, etc. *Periodicals* — Yearly subscriptions with Engraved Gift Certificate. *Stationery Novelties*—Desk Sets, Book Ends, Engagement Books, etc.

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# NEW MUSIC COMEDY FULL OF LAUGHTER

## "Somebody's Sweetheart," at Central, Introduces Wm. Kent, Fun's Rara Avis.

## PLAY TUNEFUL, WITTY

## Flirtation in Spanish Setting Affords Basis for Plot Full of Quick Action.

**"Somebody's Sweetheart"—At the Central Theatre.**

A troubador.....Rose de Granada
Andrews.....Bernard Gorcey
Col. Williams, U. S. Consul to Seville.....Albert Sackett
Harry Edwards.....Walter Scanlan
Helen Williams.....Eva Fallon
Roderic, Spanish Prince....Arthur Klein
Bessie Williams.....Louise Allen
Sam Benton.....William Kent
Machaquito, a matador..Chester Brown
Dolores, a water girl..Carmen Granada
Zaida.....Nonette
Ben Hud.....John Dunsmure
Scipio.....Basil Stratti
Oriental dancer.....Veronica

What, oh Pan, is so rare as a laugh in tune? Especially in this town of furious merriment not always kin to laughter. Therefore salaam and twice salaam to young Mr. William Kent of the cast of "Somebody's Sweetheart," which, by grace of the Shuberts, opened itself and the new Central Theatre at Broadway and Forty-seventh street last night.

Mr. Kent, to a soul thirsty for nice nonsense, is like a drink of sweet aqua in the Bad Lands. More, oh much more! He or his comedian's art, indeed, is what a mint julep will be when the Black Coats have their will and the forty-eight States become as arid as most of them are now. He is a find—pure gold in the gravel. Mr. Kent is a genius because Mr. Kent knows how to be a perfect nut. They say that this constitutes the very apotheosis of all genius. Be this true or nay, one is ready to believe it when the little man, after no end of monkeyshines, no end of quick and eccentric patter in his twangy tones, zilters from the stage in a dance like nothing on earth except the quavering and quivering of the uneasy light upon a motion picture screen.

The part assigned to him in "Somebody's Sweetheart," which is a musical play presented by Arthur Hammerstein, the book and lyrics being by Alonzo Price, and the music by Antonio Bafunno, gives fluent opportunity to this agile person. He is the deus ex machina, the fall guy, the goat and the half portion hero of a plot which fox trots from first to last of two brisk acts. He isn't the whole show by any means, but he is a laughmaker—a real one—and for such Allah be praised! He alone could "carry" the show, but he doesn't have to.

"Somebody's Sweetheart" is a little, tuneful, brightly colored, cleanly conceived, workmanly acted musical comedy. There is not one disagreeable thing to say about it or anybody in it. That fact might just as well be stated at the outset in case the reader is peering for that hammer which reviewers are mistakenly supposed never to be without. It could not be described as "a notable production" or "a thrilling success" or anything of that sort. It is simply a modest bit of fun and action and color and it ought to run a long, long time. It would be hard, indeed, to imagine a piece more calculated to make war weary or wounded soldier boys forget the ugliness and dreariness and suffering of their service over there. It's good medicine for anybody who is not a perpetual grouch.

The story is laid in Seville and every artful opportunity is taken by scene painter and costumer of the Spanish setting. It is enacted upon a tiny stage by a small company, all of which serves to create between audience and players an unusual intimacy for a production of this character. The action has to do with a scrape into which a young American knocking about Spain gets himself by flirting with a gypsy girl just before he engages himself to marry the daughter of the American Consul at Seville. That's enough of the story. If you want the rest go to the Central Theatre to laugh with William Kent, the ubiquitous *Sam Benton*, the Mr. Fixit and Do It George of the jolly plot. The only other word necessary perhaps is that every person in the cast does his or her work with something more than good will.

Particular mention might be made of Eva Fallon, who sang beautifully in spite of a bad attack of first night nervousness; of Louise Allen, who was an attractive blue eyed ingenue, and who danced like a fairy in the glades; of Nonette, well known in vaudeville, who was a most attractive gypsy girl, though she was at rather a loss without her violin, and of John Dunsmure, who was a most horrendous gypsy chief. The piece is charmingly staged and costumed and the music is tuneful though light.

# 'ATTA BOY' IS BIG, RECKLESS FROLIC

## Capt. Frank Tinney Slays Many Germans With 'Razzor' at the Lexington.

## PONY CHORUS A FEATURE

## Each Was at Least 160 Pounds of First Class U. S. Fighting Man.

**"Atta Boy"—At the Lexington Theatre.**

Madame Sherri..Pvt. Geo. L. Gaunder
Andre Sherri..Pvt. Thomas Fairclough
Nanette.....Corp. George Gunn
Hiram Hicks.....Pvt. N. Maley
Florizell Flushing Hicks, Sgt. Wm. K. Means
Pierre Peux Peux.....Pvt. B. Grinnel
Mr. Marshall.....Corp. J. M. Cohen
Babette.....Sgt. Oliver Hunter
Annie.....Sgt. Earl W. Spencer
Right Reverend Tweedledum, Pvt. Sam Celia
Himself.....Captain Frank Tinney
The Music Masters,
Sgt. James Duffy and Pvt. Fred Sweeney

One of the soldier boys from the Aberdeen Proving Grounds, Maryland, who are presenting "Atta Boy" at the Lexington this week, confided to the audience last night that the show was a whole lot funnier behind the scenes than in front of them. "Ever see a doughboy try to get into a girl's skirt?" he asked. "It sure is a circus getting that pony chorus dressed."

The show was funny enough from the front to set the house into peals of laughter. Frank Tinney was the same old Frank, just as if he hadn't ever left the stage to be a Captain in Uncle Sam's army and been kidded nearly to death by the Lambs and the Friars and the Great White Way in the process. And anybody who says Frank isn't a brave soldier, though losing none of his W. K. power over the risibles of an audience, is circulating some pro-German slanders, for he proved his courage and initiative last night.

Didn't he—the coal black private stationed with one Captain at a listening post—didn't he, when he discovered that the telephone wire was cut and 1,000 Germans were swarming into the trench where he and his Captain were, cast away his gun, pull out two enormous razzers and set out to open a barber shop in Berlin?

Did he succeed? He did. Such a bloody engagement ensued that in pity for the audience a merciful stage manager ordered the lights out, and when the curtain of darkness was lifted there stood Frank and his Captain with the ground and the embankments and a lonely tree in the distance simply littered with dead Germans. And Frank, not at all proud, merely wiped his dripping razzers on his uniform and said:

**Mad and Merry Show.**

"Cap, let's go away from hyar to where it's lively."

It was a good show, a mad and merry show, and Tinney wasn't all of it, by any means. There was the pony chorus of corporals and privates and sergeants and cooks from the proving camp, a mighty and brawny lot, and the quick changes they made from costume to costume caused one really truly chorine in the audience to wonder how they did it. "I couldn't do it quicker myself," she said.

Perhaps the best dance was the finale of Act 2. In this the sixteen brawny warriors, none of whom could have weighed less than a hundred and sixty, appeared in cunning fluffy pink and white skirts, very short, with little puffed white satin breeches and long, very long white tights. Also decollete, very, as to bodice, and carrying chains of pink and white roses, with which they wove a maze around Nanette, the premiere danseuse, whose high kicking and graceful twirling were such as to evoke disquieting speculations as to whether Uncle Sam is wasting money maintaining a ballet school at Aberdeen.

The ballet also lived up to the best Broadway traditions by hopping right down into the midst of the audience and prancing up and down the aisles, and one particularly naughty chorus girl (?) mortified nearly to death a nice modest baldheaded man who was sitting there with his wife by tickling him under his chin.

**Contains Clever Songs.**

The book, which was written by Andre Sherri (the additional musical numbers were by Lieut. Ballard MacDonald and Nat Osborne) is the merest framework of nonsense turning on the tale of a man who is driven by his sweetheart's mad desire for hats to steal from his mother, a milliner. It affords an excuse for some very clever songs and a funny ragtime wedding, and also for some good acting on the part of Private Grinnel, the "detective." Grinnel's mimicry of an old school actor in his final recitation brings one of the heartiest rounds of applause in the whole evening.

Another feature that pleased the audience hugely was the act by the two music masters, Sergeant Duffy and Private Sweeny. As "Jackie and Jimmie," dressed in absurd old tight fitting uniforms and armed with two nondescript musical instruments, they sang songs about people in the audience, made up on the spur of the moment, so they declared, and made themselves so popular that Frank Tinney, who was due for the next act, was kept twiddling on one leg for five minutes in the wings while the audience clapped Jackie and Jimmie.

"Not Will Rogers, but Corp. Alfred Harris," did some work with a rope, accompanied by a monologue by himself, in which he had been coached by the real Will Rogers of the Follies, he confessed.

He was followed by some Salvation Army girls—the same old pony ballet, in poke bonnets, and then they pirouetted down among the audience and shook their tambourines at everybody. This was followed by Frank Tinney as a coal black Captain in the army putting his squad through a drill, and it would have gone off beautifully only one of the privates somehow got himself reversed so he was going one way when the others marched in the opposite direction, and collisions ensued and Captain Frank didn't know what to do about it.

The grand finale brought in President Wilson—that is to say his double, who was Ralph Faulkner, and looked the Chief Executive to the life. Surrounded by soldiers and sailors and the flags of the Allies and Stars and Stripes he made the final picture to a very good musical entertainment.

The proceeds of the comedy, which is staged by Jack Mason, will be used to erect an auditorium and gymnasium at the Aberdeen Proving Grounds, which is a permanent army post. The comedy is given through the courtesy of Col. W. A. Phillips. Capt. W. S. S. Rodgers is chairman of the committee, First Lieut. P. J. Degnon is business manager, and First Lieut. A. J. Drexel—the boys all called him Tony—is treasurer. Speaking of treasurers, he and the business manager went down to Wall Street the other day and sold so many boxes there that last night was Stock Exchange night, with millions of dollars lining the theatre. Some of the boxholders were Mrs. George Gould, J. Pierpont Morgan, Stuyvesant Fish, Major-Gen. Franklin Bell, Henry Content, H. T. B. Jacquelin and J. McCall. Mrs. Gould will give an after the performance supper to the entire cast Thursday night at her home.

## OBITUARIES.

### DUDLEY GREGORY GAUTIER.

Dudley Gregory Gautier, head of the wire and steel manufacturing firm of D. G. Gautier & Co. of 50 Church street, died of pneumonia yesterday in his apartment at the Carlton House, 22 East Forty-seventh street.

Mr. Gautier began his career as a steelmaker in the Gautier department of the Cambria Steel Company and some years later formed the firm which bears his name. He also incorporated and was president of the Tacony Steel Company of Tacony, Pa., and was vice-president of J. H. Gautier & Co. of Jersey City, also a steel concern. Mr. Gautier was unmarried. He leaves two sisters. His home for many years was in 32 Fifth avenue, long known as the Gautier mansion. He was a member of the Union, Metropolitan, Downtown and New York Yacht clubs and of the Huguenot Society.

### MISS DOROTHY C. COSTIGAN.

Miss Dorothy C. Costigan, daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. William J. Costigan, 364 Eighty-seventh street, Brooklyn, died of pneumonia Sunday morning after a brief illness. A requiem mass will be celebrated this morning at 10 o'clock in the Convent of the Visitation Monastery, Eighty-ninth street and Bay Ridge Boulevard, Brooklyn. Col. J. I. Phelan of the Sixty-ninth Regiment, New York Guard, and staff will attend the funeral in a body.

### ALBION GILBERT BARTER.

Albion Gilbert Barter, collector of the Borough of Verona, N. J., died of influenza yesterday in his home, Lakeside avenue, Montclair, N. J. He was chief underwriter of the Newark Fire Insurance Company. He is survived by a brother, Councilman William P. barter, of Verona, and a sister, Mrs. Caroline Augusta Cavanaugh, of Newark.

## MARRIED

BEWITT — BRUGUIERE.—On December 21, 1918, at the Third Presbyterian Church, Paterson, N. J., by the Rev. O. M. Demcott, Peter Cooper Hewitt of Ringwood Manor, N. J., to Maryon J. Bruguiere, daughter of the late Tunstall T. Andrews of Virginia.

## DIED.

ALLISON.—On December 23, Edith Kelby, wife of Harry V. Allison, 281 Park place, Brooklyn.
Notice of funeral later.

DAVEY.—Louis, on December 21. Services "THE FUNERAL CHURCH," Broadway and Sixty-sixth street (Frank E. Campbell's), Tuesday, 2 P. M.

GAUTIER.—On Monday, December 23, at 22 East Forty-seventh street, Dudley Gregory Gautier, in his seventy-second year.
Funeral service at the Chapel of St. Bartholomew's Church, at Park avenue and Fifty-first street, on Thursday morning, 10 o'clock. Kindly omit flowers.

HADDEN.—Of pneumonia, at his residence, 1190 Madison avenue, on December 21, 1918, Kenneth Hadden, in the twenty-seventh year of his age, beloved husband of Frances H. and son of Valerie and the late Harold F. Hadden.
Funeral service at St. James's Church, Madison avenue and Seventy-first street, on Tuesday, December 24, at 10 A. M.

LEVERICH.—Suddenly, on Friday morning, December 20, 1918, at her residence, Throggs Neck, Westchester, Annie F., wife of the late Edward Leverich and daughter of the late Frederick and Catharine A. Schuchardt.
Funeral services at the Church of the Ascension, Fifth avenue at Tenth street, on Tuesday, December 24, at 11 o'clock. Please omit flowers.

LOCHMAN.—Louis, on December 22. Services "THE FUNERAL CHURCH," Broadway and Sixty-sixth street (Frank E. Campbell's), Tuesday, 5 P. M.

MATTHEWS.—December 22, 1918, in the service of his country, of pneumonia, at Fortress Monroe, Harold Nixon Matthews, Lieutenant in Coast Artillery, in the twenty-eighth year of his age, husband of Irma Small and only son of Edwin and Agnes Rounds Matthews.
Notice of funeral later.

TAYLOR.—Sunday, December 22, 1918, at Oradell, N. J., William Jackson Taylor, formerly of Philadelphia, Pa., beloved son of Virginia S. and the late William Jesse Taylor of Norfolk, Va., and husband of Helen Mary Taylor.
Funeral Tuesday, December 24, at the P. E. Church of the Annunciation, Oradell, N. J., at 2:30 P. M. Masonic services follow. Burial at Norfolk, Va., on arrival of the N. Y. P. N. train Christmas morning. Elmwood Cemetery. Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Norfolk papers please copy.

TOMBY.—On December 23, Borgfeldt Tomby, in his forty-fourth year.
Funeral services at 10:30 A. M. Thursday morning, December 26, at his late residence, Woodlawn avenue, Bronxville, N. Y. Conveyances will meet the 9:35 train on the New York Central Railroad. Kindly omit flowers.


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RELIGIOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL.

CHAPEL OF THE INTERCESSION, Broadway and 155th Street. Christmas Eve, four p. m., "Feast of Lights" and procession to decorate graves of Clement C. Moore and Alfred Tennyson Dickens. Christmas Day, 7 a. m., Communion with carols, full choir. 8:45 a. m., Holy Communion. 10:30 a. m., Festival Service and Holy Communion. Dr. Gates preaches 7:00 and 10:30 a. m. All seats free. Seats reserved for soldiers and sailors. Special invitation to officers and men of the Grand Fleet.

**ST. ANDREW'S, 127th St. & 5th Ave.**
Rev. Geo. R. Van De Water, D. D.
RECTOR.
Christmas Day Services, 8 A.M. & 10.30 A.M.
NEXT SUNDAY AT 11 A. M.
Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady, D. D.
4 P.M. Sunday School, Vesper Service.

**St. Stephen's, 69th, near B'way**
Rev. NATHAN A. SEAGLE, D. D., Rector.
Christmas Day Services, 8 and 10.30 A. M.
BISHOP GREER, preaches at 10:30.
Special Music, Cornet, Violin, Cello.

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8 (Rector); 11 (Rector).



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