

"LITTLE NEMO"

A BIG FROLIC

Glittering Spectacle with Plenty
of Incidental Fun at the New
Amsterdam Theatre.

THREE NATURE FAKERS HIT

Latest Klaw & Erlanger Extravaganza
a Lavish and Amusing Pop-
ular Entertainment.

LITTLE NEMO, a musical comedy founded
on Winsor McKay's cartoons in The Her-
ald. Book and lyrics by Harry B. Smith.
Music by Victor Herbert. New Amsterdam
Theatre.

Dr. Pill.....Joseph Cawthorn
Flip.....Billy B. Van
The Missionary.....Harry Kelly
Little Nemo.....Master Gabriel
Morpheus.....W. W. Black
An Officer of the Continentals.....A. H. Hendricks
Gladys, Teddy, Nutty.....Dave Abrams
M. Roma.....Louis Hart
M. Graeso.....Sim Collins
Aid to Officer of the Continentals.....
Edward B. Kramer
Ruler of the Isle of Table d'Hote.....
Louis F. Barnes
The Candy Kid.....Florence Tempest
The Little Princess.....Aimee Ehrlich
The Valentine Fairy, the Barometer Girl..
Albertine Benson
The Weather Vane.....Elphye Snowden
Mrs. Nemo.....Rose Beaumont
Sally.....Madeline Marshall
Tilly.....Mildred Manning
Betty.....Sunshine Ijames

Little Nemo awoke from being a comic
section hero last night to find himself the
centre of a glittering gorgeous spectacle
at the New Amsterdam Theatre, where,
accompanied by Flip and Dr. Pill, the
missionary, and the Candy Kid, not to
speak of troops upon troops of fairies,
cannibals, soldiers, and wild animals, he
made his way through all the known ad-
ventures, and a few specially prepared
for the occasion. Little Nemo is in fact a
great big frolic.

When you first saw the cartoon hero he
was playing games in a wonderful chil-
dren's playground, where Dr. Pill, in the
guise of a fairy policeman, arrested the
rain and prevented it from spoiling sport.
And you followed him later to his bed-
room, where Gladys, the cat, saved him
from a plot of Flip's, who had appeared
on the scene in the guise of a burglar in
order to be taken to Slumberland in his
place, where he might have married the
Princess and lived happily ever after, if
she hadn't told him he looked like a
monkey and spurned his proffered hand.
Also, you accompanied him to the beau-
tiful land of Valentine, where there were
more lovely ladies still, who sang about
Cupid the Postman and asked you,
"Won't you be my Valentine?" which
seemed a silly question, as anybody would
without the asking.

Things got bad when Flip happened into
the weather factory in the clouds and
turned on all kinds of weather at once,
but in the meantime you had seen the
beautiful Sunbeams and Snowflakes, and
heard the patter of the Raindrops, one of
the prettiest and most original ideas in
a dancing number that has been pro-
duced for a long time. And you subse-
quently saw Nemo and his party on a
Cannibal island, where they were obliged
to entertain the Cannibal King, which
they did to his complete satisfaction and
your own as well. Finally, at the end of
the second act, you saw "A Boy's Dream
of the Fourth of July," a stunning spec-
tacular effect with flowering bouquets of
rockets and Roman candles and brilliant
fire, that made you glad to be a boy
again, whether you really were one or
not.

It must not be understood that Little
Nemo is essentially an entertainment for
children, though it will surely please
them, for it has all the elements the little
ones love, from impossible wild animals
to beautiful fairies and Princesses from
the story books. But it will take a grown-
up sense of humor to get all the fun out
of it, especially the remarkable hunting
experiences related by the three nature-
faker comedians, Messrs. Van, Caw-
thorne, and Kelly, who are genuinely
funny from the first to the last of the
show. In fact, after you have about de-
cided that they have squeezed the laugh-
making organs until there is not a squeak
left they are on hand with a zouave drill
that for absurdly nonsensical fooling is
one of the funniest things in the show.

The hunting incident, however, is the
comic hit. Van has shot a "Mondo-
maniac," which he describes as "a pe-
culiar animal with bushy eyebrows that
spins a web the same as a zebra." Kelly
says "that's nothing." He has shot a
"Peninsula," which is the only bird
known that lays a square egg. The way
you catch it is to sprinkle a powder puff
with ice and hold it to the Peninsula's
nose until it sneezes itself to death.

That puts it up to Cawthorne.

"I am the greatest hunter in the
world," he says.

"Prove it," says one of the others.

"I don't have to—I admit it," he replies.

Moreover, he insists that he is the only
man who has ever captured a "Wiffen-
poof." The Wiffenpoof, according to this
nature faker, has a long neck like a fish,
a face like a worm, with no expression
to it. "You can't shoot them because they
are covered with Armour. They live on
canned meats, and are very Swift. To
catch them you bore a hole in a lake,
and lay a piece of cheese on the edge
of the hole. The Wiffenpoof comes up,
eats the cheese, and swells up, so that
he can't get back through the hole. Then
you sit and laugh at him until he dies."

With three low comedians like these the
comedy element of the entertainment
would be well taken care of even if Mas-
ter Gabriel himself were not on hand as
Little Nemo. But he is there in all his
cuteness to fulfill every requirement of
this nursery hero. He sings and dances
capitally, has none of the grotesque un-
pleasantness of the average dwarf, and
is in fact just what one would imagine
Little Nemo to be if Nemo were a very
good little actor, with a lot of actor ac-
complishments.

Mr. Herbert has written some pleasant
music, and though it is of the lightest
sort it serves its purpose well. Several
of the numbers promise to become popu-
lar favorites quickly. A particularly
stunning ballet showing a regiment of
girls in the rich Continental uniforms
leads up to a splendid ensemble, "The
Chime of the Old Liberty Bell," and there
is a soothing lullaby, "Slumberland."

In addition to the principals already men-
tioned, a number of specialists are in-
troduced, who add the spice of variety.
Elphye Snowden dances prettily, Collins
and Hart do their amusing acrobatic bur-
lesque. Albertine Benson provides the
central statuesqueness and enough voice
for several song numbers, and Mildred
Manning and Sunshine Ijames are two
prettily little travelers through the plot.
This, by the way, is neatly outlined by
Harry B. Smith, whose book is adequate
to all needs.

New York has seen nothing bigger or
better in extravaganza than "Little
Nemo." It has been a long time, in fact,
since it has seen anything nearly as good
of its kind.