

# THE PLAY

By Alexander Woolcott

**MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE**, an operetta in a prologue and three acts. Based on the story by Booth Tarkington; book by Frederick Lonsdale; lyrics by Adrian Ross; music by Andre Messager. At the New Amsterdam Theatre.

Monsieur Beaucaire.....Marlon Green  
Philip Molyneux.....John Clarke  
Frederick Banilson.....Lennox Pawle  
Rakell.....Spencer Trevor  
Francols.....Yvan Servais  
Duke of Winterset.....Robert Parker  
Beau Nash.....Robert Cunningham  
Townbrake.....Andre Brouard  
Captain Badger.....Percy Carr  
Joliffe.....Harry Frankiss  
Bickelt.....Eric Snowden  
Marquis de Mirepolx.....Yvan Servais  
Lucy.....Marjorie Burgess  
Countess of Greenbury.....Barbara Esme  
A Girl.....Ellen Grubb  
Lady Mary Carlisle.....Blanche Tomlin

## "Monsieur Beaucaire" Is Captivating.

When word went forth that Gilbert Miller would transport from London his shining overseas success, the Messenger opera based upon Booth Tarkington's Bath comedy, great things were expected. Those expectations were justified last evening when "Monsieur Beaucaire" arrived at the New Amsterdam Theatre, for it is brimful of gayety and charm and has quite the loveliest score we have had since the days of "The Chocolate Soldier." "Monsieur Beaucaire" was always engaging as a play, both in its first American production and later when the late Lewis Waller played it at Daly's, but in its new form it seems too good to be true.

The original story has been considerably denatured for the purposes of the librettist, whose work is ordinary enough. The lyrics by Adrian Ross are considerably better than ordinary, but best of all are the many Messenger melodies from the "Wan Little Rose" song with which the score gets under way to the tenor's Lovelace lyrics, which were more rapturously applauded last evening than any other part of the score. It is the music of "Monsieur Beaucaire" which lends its latest advent its distinction.

The new operetta at the New Amsterdam is the initial production in America by Gilbert Miller, the son of our own Henry Miller, who, by his recent adventures in the English theatres, has been by way of becoming the foremost London producer, or something rather like that.

It is a substantial and open-handed production he has given to the Messenger opera, and for the singing of it he has assembled a company rich, or at least comfortably well off, in good voices. It is the same company as the one employed for the London engagement, save for the loss of Maggie Teyte. The outstanding figures are Marlon Green as Beaucaire, Blanche Tomlin as the Lady Mary Carlisle, John Clarke as Molyneux's friend, and our own round, gaspy Lennox Pawle, back after too long an absence.

Mr. Green is an American barytone, who came from Chicago by way of London, a roundabout but agreeable route, and one that sometimes assures the more gratifying reception. He can sing well enough, and he plays the part uncommonly well. Miss Tomlin, suffering somewhat as the known substitute for Miss Teyte, has a powerful soprano that chills and grates every once in a

while, but which is, for the most part, sweet and pleasing.

But it was neither of these who made off with the most evident approval of last night's audience. That was Mr. Clark. Very seldom does a miscellaneous group of first-nighters go out of its way so pointedly to honor and applaud some one not in the leading rôle. Any one could have seen it was Mr. Clarke they were clamoring for after the second act curtain had fallen, and, lest there should be any doubt in his mind about it, they lay in wait for him and greeted his third act entrance with a renewal of the hubbub, which must have delighted him. He has a pleasing voice and plays with a certain sparkle, but probably the extra enthusiasm could be traced to the delight always manifested by an American audience when it is presented with a pretty good tenor who is also masculine.

As for Mr. Pawle, quite a gust of applause swept the house when he came tripping fatly on. Memories of "Pomander Walk"—"Yes, Selina, my treasure, I hear you"—crowded thick upon us at the sight of him. He is very amusing as the threatening but cautious rival for Lady Mary's favor, and he looks so exactly like a Georgian caricature of Arthur Hopkins that you keep expecting to see him halt the play and use the stage for a rehearsal of "The Jest."

There should also be a word for a telling performance in a minor rôle by Spencer Trevor, and of course the audience took great interest in the Assembly Room scene at Bath, for there Beau Nash presided most conspicuously. Now his Royal Highness the Duc d'Orleans may mean nothing in the lives of the average New York theatregoer, but he certainly knows Beau Nash as the man who, season in and season out, has told him what the men will wear.