

A REAL THRILLER AT THE NEW AMSTERDAM

"The Round-Up" Is Full of Gun-Play, Indians, Fight, and Excitement.

SPLENDID SCENE PICTURE

Maclyn Arbuckle Heads Excellent Cast with a Capital Comedy Performance.

"Slim" Hoover	Maclyn Arbuckle
Jack Payson	Orme Caldara
Dick Lane	Wright Kramer
Bud Lane	Joseph M. Lothian
Jim Allen	Eimer Grandin
Sage Brush Charlie	H. S. Northrup
Fresno	Charles Abbe
Show Low	S. L. Richardson
Parenthesis	Jacques Martin
Buck McKee	Harold Hartsell
Peruna	John J. Pierson
Timber Wiggins	"Texas" Cooper
The Rev. Samuel Price	Fulton Russell
Echo Allen	Florence Rockwell
Josephine	Marie Taylor
Polly Hope	Julia Dean

"The Round Up" is big, broad, vigorous melodrama, very skillfully carpentered and decorated. It is very effective, especially in its big scene—a carefully prepared and realistically staged battle between Indians and soldiers, who meet in a mountain pass, and have it out in good old border-play fashion, until there isn't a single redskin left to bite the dust. It is not exactly "the great American drama" which Chicago termed it, but it does not differ in that respect from several which have gone to glory under the same caption as applied by enthusiasts "in our midst." And persons who are looking for excitement will certainly find it to their liking.

There are half a dozen situations in which only a hair-trigger stands between somebody or other and eternity, and these are the moments for which the writer of this kind of play has to struggle hard. Very often the struggle is barren of result, and the spectator sits back listlessly. Mr. Day, however, makes his audience sit up and take notice. Having done that, he may be said to have solved the first principle of melodramatic writing.

Then he casts his theatric net for the laugh and lands that also. Which, as Slim Hoover would express it, is "going some." It is in fact going quite enough to make a play which will probably crowd the New Amsterdam for several months to come.

If one sees in "The Round Up" more of theatrical dexterity than of any actual dramatic quality, that is only what is to be expected under the circumstances. Why, one might ask, did Dick Lane go all the way to the Arizona desert to die, when he could have ended his troubles so much more comfortably and less expensively at home? Why, indeed! Make things as easy as that and where do you get your romance? Where your stage pictures?

It must be confessed that something of plausibility is worth sacrificing for such a slight as that of the Indians in war paint and feathers, bareback on mustangs, picking their way down a narrow mountain path from the lofty fly gallery of the New Amsterdam to the level of the stage. It is a splendid picture, and one holds one's breath, wondering what would happen if a pony took fright and made a sudden leap from his lofty perch into the orchestra.

Some people may call it hippodrama, but what of that? What's in a name? It's the thrill that tells.

If Enoch Arden had lived in the wild and wooley West he would have been the original Round-Up hero. As it is, Dick Lane, a mining engineer, is the young man who gets cheated out of a wife by Jack Payson, the friend he has trusted, and who only confesses to the deception when he is facing quick justice at the hands of cowboys who believe him to have been implicated in a murder. He atones for his treachery by going into the desert to look for the man he has wronged. When he finds him he attempts to make a heroic self-sacrifice, but is prevented by the arrival of a band of warring Apaches. The two men fight side by side against the common enemy, but are being overpowered when troops arrive. Lane, however, is killed, so Jack can now go back to the woman he loves with his conscience cleared.

Mr. Day has lightened his tale of love and hate with occasional touches of humor in speech and character, most often expressed through the medium of "Slim" Hoover, the Sheriff, who learns when it is too late that "nobody can love a fat man." Macklyn Arbuckle, presenting the character to the life, acts in a vein of natural, mellow humor, with those occasional touches of genuine sentiment which no such disappointed wooer is ever supposed to lack. It is a pleasure to hear lines read naturally, as Mr. Arbuckle reads them, and the humor is doubly effective since there is never any straining for it.

Of the others, Harold Hartsell deserves credit for a strong sketch of a bad man who reforms in time to save the hero, and the hero himself is played in straightforward, manly fashion by Orme Caldara. Wright Kramer handles difficult "melodramatics" discreetly, and Charles Abbe elaborates a character bit nicely. The others are generally competent, Julia Dean providing an especially charming portrait of a lighthearted Kentucky girl.

"THE DAIRY MAIDS."

An Agreeable Musical Farce of the Familiar English Type.

Lady Brudenell.....	Ruby Ray
Sam Brudenell.....	George Gregory
Lieut. Brudenell.....	Langford Kirby
Captain Fred Leverton.....	Donald Hall
Dr. O'Byrne, R. N.....	Eugene O'Rourke
Tim Capus.....	Clarence Lutz
Lieut. Brereton.....	John Laughlin
Peggy.....	Julia Sanderson
Winifred.....	Bessie De Voie
Helene.....	Thelma Raye
Miss Penelope Pychase.....	Emily Francis
Eliza.....	Flossie Hope
Joe Mivens.....	Huntley Wright

"The Dairy Maids," a musical farce of the long familiar London brand, with some taking songs by Paul Rubens and F. A. Tours, and a fragmentary, elusive story put into words by A. M. Thompson and Robert Courtneidge, had its first performance in this country last evening at the Criterion. It is good of its kind and will run well. We may, in time, get another kind that we like better, but "The Dairy Maids" is not tiresome. If it is not exactly brilliant, it is really tuneful, its pictures are pretty and tasteful, while its fun, generally of an old-fashioned, obvious kind, is wholesome and plentiful.

The performance is especially noteworthy, as it serves to introduce to New York Mr. Huntley Wright, a comedian who has long been the idol of musical comedy audiences in London, a nimble little man, with flexible features, a good voice for patter or for song, and a taking personality. Mr. Wright evidently came across the Atlantic determined to win. He worked with boundless energy and made no secret of his anxiety. Perhaps when he is less anxious he will be even more entertaining. But he was liked from the first, though, and taken right into the heart of his first American audience long before he had finished singing about his fondness for plenty of nice little girls.

Mr. Wright is a sailorman in "The Dairy Maids," and he is concerned in the accustomed amatory plots with two sweethearts of the aristocracy and their sweethearts, which involve droll proceedings in an amateur dairy farm and the gymnasium of a girl's school. He is disguised, for a time as a schoolgirl and, briefly, as a tiger. He has a song about Barcelona that will be whistled all over town, and other songs that are quite good enough for the occasion.

Julia Sanderson, an exceedingly pretty young woman with vocal and histrionic gifts above the level of musical comedy; Bessie de Voie, a new type of infantile soubrette; George Gregory, another hard-working comedian who knows all the

tricks of his craft, and Flossie Hope, who has an effective song about Mary, who keeps a dairy on New Bond Street, are Mr. Wright's principal aids and abettors. This song made a great hit, as did a duet of Miss Sanderson and Mr. Gregory, "I'd Like to Know Your Father," and Miss De Voie's song and dance, "Hullo, Little Stranger." The girls are comely, and the ensemble is excellent.