

'FOLLIES' BEGIN SUMMER CAPERS

Ziegfeld Show of 1914 Short of
the Mark Set in the Past,
but Is a Success.

BOOK AND MUSIC LACKING

But Real Comedians and Dancers
and Girls and Girls Make It Go
—Anna Pennington a Hit.

ZIEGFELD FOLLIES OF 1914. In two acts.
Book and lyrics by George V. Hobart,
with additional lyrics by Gene Buck.
Music by Raymond Hubbell. At the New
Amsterdam Theatre.

Satan	Vera Michelena
Benzina	Anna Pennington
Izrafel	Gertrude Vanderbilt
Salamander	George McKay
September Morn.....	Kay Laurell
I. Holduppe.....	Addison Young
Officer Keegan.....	J. Bernard Dyllin
Jennings B. Ryan.....	Arthur Deagon
Peter Peroxide.....	Henry Lutz
Sal Hepatica.....	Dorothy Newell
Geraldine	May Leslie
The Spirit of the Tango.....	Gladys Feldman
The Chicken.....	Anna Pennington
Joe King.....	Ed Wynne
The Executioner.....	William Greenlaw
Satan's Royal Chef.....	Arthur Deagon
Joe King.....	Ed Wynne
I. Bragg.....	J. Bernard Dyllin
A. Bunn.....	Leon Errol
A. Nutt.....	George McKay
Capt. Coldsaw.....	Leon Errol
MacTavish	Bert Williams
The Governor of Texas.....	J. Bernard Dyllin
Lieut. Turkey.....	Anna Pennington
Capt. Ragtime.....	George McKay
Miss Minus.....	Miss Meyers
Tessie Easygo.....	Miss Newell
Gladys Kanbee.....	Miss Vernon
Slim	Leon Errol
Henry Onyx.....	Bert Williams
Mrs. Gotrox.....	Vera Michelena
D. J. Braydaydy.....	Arthur Deagon
Charlie Champney.....	George McKay
Lord Fizzington.....	R. Merton Horne
Miss Plus.....	Miss Meyers

"The Ziegfeld Follies of 1914," which ushered in the Summer theatrical season at the New Amsterdam Theatre last night, are a success. They were what is technically, speaking theatrically, a "sure fire" success, even before the curtain went up, just as the Follies of the last seven years have been. The New York Summer theatregoers, which include Mr. and Mrs. Tired Business Man in large numbers, have come to look upon Mr. Ziegfeld's undraped form of entertainment in the light of an institution—or is it just a habit? For that reason as much as any other large crowds will flock to the New Amsterdam for several months to come and, viewed through the eyes of the box office, there is nothing left to be hoped for in the 1914 edition.

And yet the Follies of this year fall far short of the mark Mr. Ziegfeld has set in the past. There are reasons, of course. To begin with, Mr. Ziegfeld is a bridegroom of only a few months. While that is not exactly a novelty in the life of this young manager, still it came this year after considerable of a lull in the marriage market, and his show has suffered as a result.

Then, too, George V. Hobart, who supplied the book, so called, and most of the lyrics, has been busy for some time writing the greater part of the recent Lambs' Gambol, and evidently turned his attention to the Follies only at odd moments.

The private life of Raymond Hubbell, who wrote the music, is a closed book, so it is impossible to tell why he failed to come up to the Ziegfeld standard, but fail he did, and there is not a really good song or a really catchy bit of music in the entire show.

The book, what little there is that might be called a book, is dangerously close to the border line of stupidity, but there are girls and girls and girls and plenty of real comedians and many more real dancers, and when the show begins to lag somebody dances or tells a story, or the Ziegfeld chorus comes skipping on, and all is forgiven.

Bert Williams is in the piece in spots, but he has less to do than usual, although he makes the most of his opportunities. Leon Errol was as funny as ever, and he and Stella Chatelaine did an exaggerated tango that scored one of the big successes of the evening. There was plenty of other talent—vaudeville having been drawn on for quite a bit of it—and a "Star-Spangled Banner" finale to the first act which brought the audience to their feet, but the real hit of the night was a dance by Anna Pennington, a slip of a girl in a striking costume considerably shorter than the young woman herself. Little Miss Pennington appeared in the Tango Palace scene, but her dance was of the "buck and wing" variety, quite a novelty in this age of the maxixe and other modern efforts.

The first act was a lid, according to the programme, in Hade, with Vera Michelena singing the rôle of Satan, and a lot of scantily clad little chorus devils dancing around her. Ed Wynne introduced his jester act, which got none too much applause when it was seen at Hammerstein's some time ago, but Arthur Deagon, made up to look like William Jennings Bryan and carrying a dove of peace, came on with a company of Swiss yodlers and woke things up.

After that first scene the changes came thick and fast. Rita Gould sang "I Love That Man" before a splendidly painted curtain showing Broadway and Forty-second Street, and then Fifth Avenue, after five days of snow, came into view. It was then that Bert Williams made his first appearance and sang "I'm Cured," after telling of his troubles with his wife and his efforts to dodge Ludlow Street Jail.

Next was the Tango Palace scene, and several others which finally worked around to a spot on the border line between Texas and Mexico, where Bert Williams as a caddy attempted to teach Leon Errol the game of golf. The end of the act came here with a splendid mechanical effect, which showed thousands of soldiers apparently marching out of the back drop, which was the cue for "The Star-Spangled Banner" and the singing by the audience.

There were innumerable scenes in the second act, about one to every song, but finally Williams and Errol appeared as workmen on the one thousand three hundred and thirteenth story of a skyscraper in course of construction. It wound up, after much funny dialogue, by Errol falling off during an electrical storm which was novel and striking.

The last scene of all was laid at Palm Beach, with the inevitable dancing contest winding up the performance. After it was all over, somewhere around midnight, the audience took a trip to the roof of the New Amsterdam, where Mr. Ziegfeld has constructed a very modern and pleasant dancing resort where everybody, including most of the Ziegfeld chorus, danced to their heart's content while Mr. Ziegfeld and his bride, Billie Burke that was, beamed upon them.

THANKS FROM RIIS FAMILY.

Formal Acknowledgment of Many Tributes to the Late Author.

Edward V. Riis, son of the late Jacob A. Riis, issued the following statement last night:

Will you permit me to express my deep thanks and that of all the family for the many touching and beautiful tributes to my father, Jacob A. Riis, which have appeared in the columns of the press of the United States, as well as for the letters of sympathy which have come from hundreds and are too many to answer personally.

I assure you we are all deeply touched by the heartfelt expressions of sorrow, and I wish I could thank individually all who have written so beautifully of him. It gives a sense of peculiar pride to know that the high esteem in which he was held was so universal.