

humorous comedians—so very engaging that they are rendered only slightly less so by the fact that their verses are generally tawdry and sometimes discolored. Indeed, there is a tendency of much of the "Follies" to be verbally rough this season, and there was no time last night when it helped in the least.

Brandon Tynan is particularly good as Mr. Balfour at the peace conference; the generally amusing Lulu McConnell is not amusing at all this time; an English knockabout team named Nervo and Knox, left over from "Pins and Needles," are entertaining; there is about what you might expect in the way of a radio song, and apparently the song hit of the proceedings is "South Sea Moon."

Mr. Ziegfeld has so accustomed his audiences to beauty that they are beginning to accept it without making much ado about it. But that should not conceal the fact that his new production is one more excellent revue, and that it will probably be even better than that by the time he has made a few revisions.

NEW "FOLLIES" IS PRODIGAL

Ballet "Lace-Land" One of the Startling Effects of Ziegfeld Show.

ZIEGFELD FOLLIES OF 1922, a revue in two acts. Dialogue by Ring Lardner and Ralph Spence. Lyrics by Gene Buck. Music by Victor Herbert, Louis Hirsch and Dave Stamper. At the New Amsterdam Theatre.

Principals: Will Rogers, Gallagher & Shean, Mary Eaton, Gilda Gray, Lulu McConnell, Martha Lorber, Mary Lewis, Muriel Stryker, Connor Twins, Evelyn Law, Rita Owen, Andrew Tombes, Brandon Tynan, Nervo & Knox, Thomas Spencer, Grant Simpson, Alexander Gray, Jack Whiting, Serge Pirnikoff, Simeon Karavaeff, John Scott, Bernard Randall, Follies Quartette and Tiller Girls.

The "Follies" of Florenz Ziegfeld, blue-blood among the revues, was presented last night at the New Amsterdam Theatre with all of the pomp and most of the circumstance that have attended the premieres of its predecessors, including a very hot evening. It is, as usual, a "Follies" staged with a prodigal, but in the main discriminating hand—so extremely prodigal, in fact, that it was approaching 1 o'clock before the rising curtains revealed the stage door of the New Amsterdam, or a replica thereof, and the company filed out by way of bidding adieu.

It is customary when the "Follies" comes to town to utter loud rejoicings over its beauties, which nearly always manage to be more striking than ever before, and to lament just a little the paucity of the extremely humorous. This year something of the same chorus must be sung, although Mr. Ziegfeld has made a splendid departure by persuading Ring Lardner to contribute two comedy scenes. One of them, which brings the bushier to life, is excellent, and the other is at least good.

As for the more showy portion of the entertainment—and this is always some 75 per cent. of it—no pains have been spared to achieve startling effects. There is one number, for example, that will give the onlooker a real thrill—something certainly rare in a musical show. This is a ballet entitled "Lace-Land," in which luminous paint is used upon lace with striking success. The finale of the first act, a thing of golden stairs and golden gates and an Urban blue background, against which move the Ziegfeldian beauties, is almost equally effective.

Michel Fokine and the youthful James Reynolds have collaborated on two scenes—one a scene within a Greek museum, with the whitened figures of the gods disporting themselves, and the other a colorful Sicilian ballet, a thing of magnificent shawls and impressionistic background. For this Victor Herbert has composed the setting.

Those scenes, in the main, comprise the chief beauties of the "Follies" this season, although at almost any minute a succession of dazzling costumes is likely to burst forth. As for the players, they seem to be more numerous this time than ever before. They range from Gilda Gray to Brandon Tynan, and if this be not variety Mr. Ziegfeld will probably engage Robert B. Mantell next season.

So here is Will Rogers again, doing what was frankly a first-night monologue with the aid of his lariat, then appearing as Secretary Hughes in a moderately amusing peace conference scene (left over from the late revue that Mr. Rogers carried on tour), and finally playing a veteran pitcher in Mr. Lardner's baseball scene. In this scene, incidentally, Andrew Tombes gives an uncannily perfect performance as the bushier.

The dancing is done mainly by Evelyn Law and Mary Eaton—unless a hasty perusal of a complicated program leads one into error. Gilda Gray is there, and those who want her may have her. And there is one of those troupes of English ballet girls—trained by John Tiller this time, and seeming even a little better than the sixteen who danced with Fred Stone a few years ago.

Another addition are the Messrs. Gallagher and Shean, who have lately been achieving huge popularity on the vaudeville stage. They are engaging and