

NOT A DULL MINUTE IN NEW LEHAR OPERA

**"Count of Luxembourg," After
Some Delay, Comes to Our Stage
and Wins Prompt Success.**

ANN SWINBURNE REVELATION

**Not Only Sings Beautifully, but Acts
Superbly—Generally Fine Cast
—Some Good Fun.**

THE COUNT OF LUXEMBOURG, a musical romance, in two acts. Music by Franz Lehar; lyrics by Adrian Ross and Basil Hood; American libretto by Glen Macdonough. Staged by Herbert Gresham. Musical numbers staged by Julian Mitchell. New Amsterdam.

Juliette	Frances Cameron
Pierre	A. Percy Woodley
Raymond	William L. Hobart
Brissard	Fred Walton
Foyot	Russell Simpson
Nicholai	Harold J. Rehill
Sidonie	Ida Van Tine
Coralle	Evelyn Westbrook
Count Rene of Luxembourg	George L. Moore
Pelegrin	F. S. Humphrey
Mentschikoff	William C. Reid
Paulovitch	Harry W. Smith
Grand Duke Rutzinoff	Frank Moulan
Angele Didier	Ann Swinburne
Registrar	Fred Bishop
M. Valmont	A. P. Woodley
M. de Tressac	Harry Johnson
Minette	Bessie Gross
Lisette	Eleanor Scott
Eleurette	Dottie Wang
Clairette	Beth Harrison
Princess Kokozeff	Gladys Homfrey

With one delicious wave of melody following another, with a book that provides just enough opportunity for really clever people to be funny, with a chorus that both satisfies the eye and delights the ear, and with Miss Ann Swinburn, a comparative newcomer among prima donnas, but who is little short of a revelation for this type of entertainment, "The Count of Luxembourg" very promptly and satisfyingly duplicated its foreign success at the New Amsterdam Theatre last night.

For once one does not say that its music WILL be whistled and sung all over town; its music HAS already been whistled and sung and cabareted for considerably more than a year. But the present production will merely increase its already great popularity—give it a new lease of life, so to speak.

Certainly Franz Lehar has done his part most charmingly, and one number after another in the score is of the sort that moves the encore fiend to beat his hands. Happily, in this case, he has reason on his side.

Though he is a little late in arriving on our shores, "The Count of Luxembourg" is not exactly a stranger. And most everybody must know by now, how, in order to save a Quartier Latin student friend from jail, he consents to a marriage to the beautiful Angele Didier, opera singer, which is to give him money and her the title necessary to make possible her subsequent marriage to a Grand Duke.

The marriage is a sort of "car ahead" arrangement, which, you may be sure, has a happier and more romantic ending than is at first apparent. The ceremony, conducted by a loquacious Registrar, who sounds like "Down East," and with the principals hidden from one another on either side of a screen, provides some very funny moments. It is about this time that the Grand Duke warns Angele that she has never met her husband and is, therefore, "not to consider the marriage as an introduction." And it is this same person who announces that "when a man's in love he makes his own dictionary," a fact which may be generally conceded.

Two richly decorated scenes, each full of life and color and go, and peopled with a richly dressed and well-trained chorus, provide the place of action, which begins in the studio and passes to the reception hall of the Grand Duke's palace. It is in the latter place that one gets the waltz song—a most seductive number—with the Count and his bride, who thus far does not know that she is his bride, waltzing up and down a long flight of stairs. The thing is very gracefully done and, of course, creates a mild sensation.

To name the numbers that pleased last night would be merely to catalogue the whole list. There is variety in the writing and scoring to give each a special claim to favor. Of the more or less sentimental sort the solo "Day Dreams," sung most beautifully by Miss Swinburne; the duet, "Love Breaks Every Bond," charmingly given by her and Mr. Moore, and the delicious duo during the wedding ceremony, may be specially mentioned. Then, for those who like comedy with their music, there are the songs, "I am In Love," capitally done by Mr. Moulan; "Rootsie Pootsie," in which the same singer again scores, and the duo "In Society," given with some highly amusing burlesque business by Mr. Walton and Miss Cameron.

There are dash and spirit to commend the Count's entrance song, and a good, resonant blare of brass to the "Carnival of Life" number, while the "Cousins of the Czar" provides plenty of excuse for enthusiasm. In fact there are no dull moments in "The Count of Luxembourg," which, as musical comedies go, is the rarest thing imaginable.

It has been some time since any one has come along who justifies comparison with Miss Ann Swinburne, the surprise prima donna of the occasion. With a peculiarly rich, fresh, well-trained voice, Miss Swinburne has an unusual share of the indefinable thing called magnetism; she has passion and power, and she acts as well as she sings. That, too, is saying a very great deal. Her diction, both in the spoken passages and in song, is exceptionally fine; she is comely and graceful—in fact, is in every sense most delightful.

There is occasion, too, for satisfaction in the presence of George Leon Moore as the Count, for he sings splendidly. Though he has no great distinction of presence, and still shows something of a stage manager's rather than his own method in acting, he is a pleasant change from the common or garden tenor.

Frances Cameron dances surprisingly well for a woman who sings well, and she has much vivacity to commend her, while Mr. Walton was legitimately and consistently funny throughout. Mr. Moulan, too, contributed to the general merriment to which, in a brief rôle, Fred Bishop added something.

One girl carried aloft during the student revels, "with vine leaves in her hair," gladdened the eye by her sprightliness, as did various others of that anonymous but by no means mute assemblage known as chorus.

"The Count of Luxembourg" will certainly prove popular.

A word is due Herbert Gresham for his stage management and Julian Mitchell for his handling of the musical numbers.

Knickerbocker Grill Opens for Winter

Armenoville, the Summer restaurant of the Hotel Knickerbocker, was closed yesterday, and the main restaurant and grill room opened for the Fall and Winter. Both have been redecorated, and in the main restaurant another costly tapestry has been hung at the south end. Among those who dined in the main restaurant last night were Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., W. O. Scheide, Edgar S. Birbas, W. O. Boints, Frank Lazarus, Peter Cooper Hewitt, Charles Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Parker Sloane, J. D. Waterbury, R. C. Vanderbilt, Clarence F. Westin, and Robert Maxwell. Among the guests at dinner in the grill room were M. Sloan, F. B. Howell, G. Chatillion, C. D. Wood, Jr., J. C. King, Judge Peter Hendricks, S. B. Jaquette, H. A. Auerbach, William M. Talbot, Vicomte de Sibar, and J. B. Madenwold.