

'WATCH YOUR STEP'

IS HILARIOUS FUN

Irving Berlin's Revue at the
New Amsterdam Is Festivity Syncopated.

TINNEY AND THE CASTLES

They Are Only Three of the Lights
of a Lavish and Lively
Entertainment.

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WATCH YOUR STEP. A musical show in three acts. Music and lyrics by Irving Berlin. Plot by H. B. Smith. At the New Amsterdam Theatre.

Willie Steele.....	Sam Burbank
Silas Flint.....	William J. Halligan
Estelle.....	Justine Johnstone
Ebenezer Hardacre.....	Harry Kelly
Howe Strange.....	Al. Holbrock
Birdie O'Brien.....	Elizabeth Murray
Ernesta Hardacre.....	Sallie Fisher
Joseph Lilyburn.....	Vernon Castle
Algy Cuffs.....	Charles King
Iona Ford.....	Dama Sykes
Stella Spark.....	Elizabeth Brice
Mrs. Vernon Castle.....	Mrs. Vernon Castle
Anne Marshall.....	Harriet Leidy
The Ghost of Verdi.....	Harry Ellis
A Carriage Caller at the Opera.....	} Frank Tinney
A Pullman Porter.....	
A Coat Room Boy.....	
Denny.....	Irving J. Carpenter
Josiah Jay.....	Gus Minton
Samantha Jay.....	Dorothy Morosco
The Man in Box 51.....	C. L. Kelley

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Charles Dillingham has done it again.

Not content to stage "Chin Chin" and call it a season's work, he went down from the Globe to the New Amsterdam Theatre last evening and there presented as gay, extravagant, and festive an offering as this city could possibly hope to see. For no particular reason this new piece is called "Watch Your Step." It is one which the London dailies would describe in accents of horror as a "big, noisy, typically American entertainment," and which the London public would witness clamorously and with every evidence of high approval. As large a portion of the New York public as could be packed into the New Amsterdam last evening seemed uncommonly pleased, and with reason.

"Watch Your Step" is no end of fun.

So many things have been called musical comedies that "Watch Your Step" might as well be called one. The programme sees fit to describe it as "a syncopated musical show." It is really vaudeville done handsomely. It is a large and expensive variety show, with Mr. Dillingham doing the booking in a prodigal mood and Irving Berlin called upon to do his best for all the acts. Mr. Berlin did his best and the result is highly entertaining. Also Mr. Dillingham did his best. Most of the chiefs of the assembled company could command the choicest position on a vaudeville bill and many of them have.

More than to any one else, "Watch Your Step" belongs to Irving Berlin. He is the young master of syncopation, the gifted and industrious writer of words and music for songs that have made him rich and envied. This is the first time that the author of "Alexander's Ragtime Band" and the like has turned his attention to providing the music for an entire evening's entertainment. For it, he has written a score of his mad melodies, nearly all of them of the tickling sort, born to be caught up and whistled at every street corner, and warranted to set any roomful a-dancing.

Berlin has always enjoyed capturing a strain of fine, operatic music and twisting it to suit his own ragtime measures, and so in this, his first musical comedy, it is altogether fitting and proper that he should escort the rest of the entertainers to the Metropolitan, where the ghost of Verdi might chant a protest against an irreverent chorus of syncopated classics, and where, as part of the fun, a mock Caruso can be seen singing against the unmannerly patter chorus in the boxes.

"Watch Your Step" affords this song writer a rare opportunity. He has availed himself of it. In this new attack Berlin has found New York defenseless and captured it.

Of the entertainers, the happiest is surely Frank Tinney, one of the funniest men treading the boards today. He has come back from Europe with all his tricks and his manners unimpaired. Most of his jokes are new and all of them are funny. He was never more hugely amusing than he is in "Watch Your Step."

Then there are the Castles, appearing largely as themselves in that cheerfully personal way that is part of the vaudeville touch. Mr. Castle, on his return to musical comedy, has a name of some sort attached to the character that he is supposed to play, but Tinney will keep calling him "Vern," and he himself sings a self-introductory song about one who "knows how it feels to use automobiles, for he's a dancing teacher now."

Mr. Castle is so variously competent that besides taking a stage fall that would make even Maude Eburne pale, he plays the traps and generally adds to the impression that "Watch Your Step" is not only as rapid, but just about as noisy as the Twentieth Century Limited. He dances several numbers with Mrs. Castle whose work is a delight.

These three entertain in their own fashion, and probably with many inventions of their own. The programme has it that the plot, (if any,) is by Harry B. Smith. He was in good form when he did his part, and he was careful not to get in anybody's way. For besides the Castles and the dark Mr. Tinney, the stage is crowded with such folk as Elizabeth Murray, who sings some dark-key songs with great gusto; Harry Kelly, who is funny and whose dog is one of the best entertainers in these parts; Sallie Fisher, and the most engaging Charles King and Elizabeth Brice.

And then there is the chorus, spirited, multitudinous, and possessed of good looks in abundance. They sing and dance as if they knew in their hearts that all was quite well with "Watch Your Step."