



WINTER GARDEN.

"Walk This Way."

By Archie Pitt.

Miss Fields is not one of those timorous stars who dread to have any comic lustre close at hand for fear of possible outshinings. Mr. Morris Harvey is always a notable pillar—or series of pillars—in any show of this kind. Mr. Douglas Wakefield and Mr. Billy Nelson are not terrific in the rough stuff only; Mr. Wakefield has a grand comic mask and can use it. Their motor-car act is the ecstasy of crashing calamity. Not an inch behind in clownship's race is Mr. Chuck O'Neil, who spiders about the stage like a member of the seedier intellectuals, then is suddenly wrapt, becomes a fawn, and leaps in don's clothing. Mr. Tommy Fields is better in the motley than in fashion-plate wear; let him be the musical son of the house (with Mr. Harvey for neighbour and Miss Gracie for his musical instigator) and he is as rare a clown as any in this grand assembly of the drolls. Here is horse-play (see the horse), here is lusty, lavish fun with no tiresome pretences, here is value for money. Walk this way!—*Observer*.

Indubitably great comic artist as she is, the return of Miss Gracie Fields to London is in itself an event that gives this Christmas season a distinction of its own.

In all her songs Miss Fields is, of course, inimitable. She burlesques the concert-hall ballad, as ever, with a voice and sincerity which would be seriously remarkable, and then brings in a "Gawblimey!" which startles the audience into hardly-believing laughter and puts even the orchestra off its stroke.

But it is the little sketches which show her at her greatest—as the wife of a night-fireman welcoming an attractive lodger, or as a Lancashire mother teaching her boy to play "Home, Sweet Home" on Sunday

morning to the distress of the other inhabitants of the row.

Nor is she by any means alone. There are four first-rate comic men in the company. There is Mr. Morris Harvey, a pillar of comfortable Philistinism, whether as a Lancashire husband, a London coster, a French cabaret-proprietor, or—best of all—a German officer, rescued in the trenches, who becomes a managing director.

There is Mr. Chuck O'Neil, with a brilliant comic dance, and Mr. Douglas Wakefield and Mr. Billy Nelson, whose garage-skit makes even Mr. Harry Tate and Mr. George Clarke seem strangely distant.—*Morning Post*.

Miss Gracie Fields is in excellent form. She does many of the things that have won her a great following in the music halls, and she gives some delightfully comic sketches of character. She is at her best as the *coloratura* soprano who yields to the temptation to break into a ribald laugh when the pathos of her song has become unbearable, but whether inspiring a pet Pekinese dog to howl or leading a Cockney or a Lancashire chorus, she does precisely what she sets out to do. She gets upon intimate terms with her audience, beguiling them into the belief that they are collaborating with her, but always she is in complete charge of the audience. *Revue* has been out of fashion during the past year. "Walk This Way!" may not be good enough to re-establish the fashion, but it is a delightful entertainment.—*Times*.

Whether she was dancing a clog dance or singing a sentimental song, with her own characteristic embellishments, her vitality and finished art created an atmosphere of joyous vitality.

Of course, she had to sing some of her famous songs and appeared in all kinds of characters in her husband's sketches.

She stands quite in a class by herself, for she is capable of introducing

touches of pathos and realistic character even into her burlesques.

But "Walk This Way" is not all Gracie Fields. Most of the sketches are above the average, and all have the note of exuberance of which the family has the secret.

We all laughed once again at the garage scene, which was played at the Command Performance, and a cabaret scene in Paris, in which Gracie Fields does not appear, is more comic than such scenes generally are.

The eccentric dancing here of Chuck O'Neil reduced the audience to tears from excessive laughter.

With Morris Harvey, Billy Nelson and Douglas Wakefield as comedians and the well-trained chorus, "Walk This Way!" is an invitation which must be accepted.—*News Chronicle*.

Whatever may be the case elsewhere, it is certain that in revue the "star system" is still in favour. And I imagine that no one who went to the Winter Garden Theatre to welcome Gracie Fields back to London was really curious to discover whether the revue itself in which she made her reappearance was to be a good one. All that mattered to them was whether the entertainment was going to be "good Gracie Fields."

As it happens, she does not monopolise the stage, for there are some scenes and sketches in which she is not seen at all. But whenever, and in whatever capacity, she puts in an appearance, her vivid, radiant personality dominates the show, just as her unerring sense of fun as of character, and her powers of burlesque—which are never forced—lift every scene of which she is the central figure on to a plane far removed from the general rough-and-tumble of her surroundings. In a word, the real art—I had almost written genius—and compelling individuality of Miss Fields would carry to success a revue infinitely less cheery and spirited than this one.