

'Can't Take It with You' Is Gleeeful Roar

'American City Life Done in Mood of Dickens.

"YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU."

A farcical comedy by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman; given in the Harris theater Feb. 7, 1937, under the management of Sam H. Harris.

THE CAST.

Penelope Sycamore.....	Daisy Atherton
Essie.....	Bolibe Arnst
Rheba.....	Frances E. Williams
Paul Sycamore.....	Frederick Forrester
Mr. De Pinna.....	Walter Vonnegut
Ed.....	Boss Hertz
Donald.....	Ham Tree Harrington
Martin Vanderhof.....	Aldrich Bowker
Alice.....	Margaret Callahan
Henderson.....	Bert Gardner
Tony Kirby.....	Henry Richards
Boris Kolenkhov.....	Ed Conrad
Gay Wellington.....	Emma Bunting
Mr. Kirby.....	Reginald Mason
Mrs. Kirby.....	Charlotte Walker
Oiga.....	Ulla Kazanova

BY CHARLES COLLINS.

The spirit of farce, irresponsible and impish, returns to the stage, which has been overburdened of late with solemnities and serious social meanings, in a light minded romp called "You Can't Take It With You." This curious and refreshing example of frenzied humor is Broadway's favorite entertainment at present, and it comes to the Harris theater in a duplicate production, probably as well acted as in its original interpretation. Last night's premiere was an occasion of almost constant laughter.

One may refrain from believing this play's fantastic story, but one cannot help chuckling or roaring over it in uncritical glee. It has only one fault as a farce—its effort to achieve eccentricity is somewhat strained. Its authors are not genuine creators of humorous monsters, like Dickens, whom they have imitated, perhaps unconsciously; they are merely smart fellows of the playwriting trade who have tried to see how crazy they could be without getting put into a hospital. They have attempted the Dickensy mood, in terms of American city life, in a self-conscious way. The result can hardly be called a work of literary art, but its chief purpose has been achieved. This amiable nightmare is constantly funny.

"You Can't Take It with You" deals with a large household of minor eccentrics, practicing numerous hobbies, who refuse to worry about life and conventional manners. The serious business of earning a livelihood is not in their philosophy; a grandfather who has a small income pays the bills and the others just fool around, doing whatever amuses them—peddling candy from door to door, making fireworks, playing with gadgets, collecting snakes. The authors have given their madcap mood free rein on the subject of these hobbies. The catalog also includes play writing by the mother, ballet dancing by the daughter, and amateur printing by the son-in-law—all housed in one living room, somewhere near Columbia university, New York.

This diverting collection of comic strip characters contains one sane member—the pretty daughter, who has a regular job. She is wooed and won by her employer's son, whose stuffed shirt parents are invited to dinner in celebration of the betrothal. This situation gives the play a conventional plot as a farcical comedy of social contretemps, and the device is cleverly manipulated.

The performance is alert and effective in every scene, and there seem to have been no mistakes in casting any of the eccentric characters. The grandfather, as acted by Aldrich Bowker, is a rare old fellow of the "So what?" school of thought. Daisy Atherton's portrait of the playwrighting mother is gay satire of the culture hunting type of woman-kind. Margaret Callahan is exactly right as the pretty girl of the crazy tribe.

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