

With The First Nighters

If gorgeous scenery, serpentine dances, vampiric movements, displays of anatomy au naturel and in tight and abbreviated skirts and bodices, trapeze performances and diving acts where the female form divine can be shown, with the weird fantastic music and dances of the Sengales, the wild abandon of the Cafe Montmartre in the Apache dance, in the Can Can dance and in the suggestive dance of the Hawaiian tango to which is added (what to many people is most revolting) the handling of serpents by a woman—if all these are considered in their entirety then the Gertrude Hoffman Revu at the Orpheum this week may be said to be the top-notch.

But there are other acts on the bill that are likewise top-notchers. Notable among these is an original oddity, "The Squarer," in which J. C. Nugent and Miss Jule York are the principals. For clever, clean-cut comedy which is not overdone in any way, it is one of the best comedy sketches that has been seen in Salt Lake in years.

Joe Galvin as the Italian in "The Actor and the Italian" presents a character that would be difficult to excel. The act as a laugh producer and a sure cure for the blues, is one of the best ever. It cannot be described; it must be seen.

Leo Beers is billed as "Vaudeville's Distinctive Entertainers." The appellation is not misplaced for with his manipulation of the keys of the piano, his whistling accompaniment, his charming voice and pleasing personality, he has a most refreshing and appealing act.

While the two Stantons do a clever turn in their acting and patter, they tell some jokes that have long since passed to the discard. These are even worse than chestnuts and must have been told in the days of old Rameses.

With most elaborate stage settings depicting a scene in the Flowery Kingdom, the Katamura Trios present an amazing assortment of acrobatic and balancing feats such as only the Nipponese can accomplish. Add to these acts the Pathe News film pictures and you have the best bill, perhaps, that has been presented at the Orpheum this season.

PANTAGES

OLD King Zizaboo, who rules over the African Jungle at Pantages this week, has a number of subjects who, like himself, have good voices, and they do a vocal stunt both in solo, chorus and quartet, particularly the latter, which is away above the

average. Likewise he has several female subjects who do several terpsichorean feats, including the "Zulu Rag," all extraordinary. Handsome stage settings add to his "Exploits in Africa."

Those wonderful disciples of Terpsichore, Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn, present original dance creations which are the personification of grace. There are Greek nature dances, ancient Egyptian dances, beautiful poses and tableaux presented by this capable company, and while the au naturel is most apparent nevertheless the dances are most beautiful because the suggestive is eliminated. It is the real headliner on the bill.

Pretty as a picture is Countess Verona and the music which she produces on the Gypsy Cymbalom is delightful as it is charming. Her numbers include echoes from famous operas, waltzes from Dixie Land, patriotic song successes and her own composition, "Forward Boys, Your Country Calls." The Cymbalom, it might be remarked, is a novelty stringed instrument, and there is a wonderful charm in its music.

There is a smart little couple from Broadway in the persons of Owen and Moore, who have a stunt breezy and new and they made a decided hit. Their chatter is most entertaining. In their comedy bar novelty The Steiner Duo present several thrillers in acrobatics. Lawrence Johnson has a ventriloquial act and manages to get many a laugh with his mankin. Screen pictures present the current news stories and the music by the orchestra added to the six acts make up a most attractive bill.

STAGE GOSSIP

GERTRUDE HOFFMAN, now playing at the Orpheum, received word last week that the severe April storm suffered in the east nearly wrecked her home at Seagate, L. I. The porch and kitchen were washed away by the turbulent Atlantic. It so happens that Miss Hoffman recently bought a model bungalow which was built within the Grand Central terminal in New York and it is being rebuilt on her Seagate estate for her summer occupation, so she will not be without a home. The sea did not reach the site of the new house.

BLANCHE RING, the exuberant comedienne, will shortly begin a tour of the Orpheum circuit for the remainder of the season. Miss Ring, whose popularity is as undiminished as the sea, will offer a repertoire of songs—"some new, some old"—which she knows so well how to sing. She is scheduled to start her tour at St.

Paul, and she will swing round the circuit to the coast, where she made such a pronounced hit last season in "What Next?"

HOW TO GROW THIN—WHILE YOU WAIT

By Fatty (Roscoe) Arbuckle.

IT IS estimated that fat people have rolled billions of miles in the last year in their frantic efforts to grow thin, with but very little real success. The practical jokers in the medical profession are simply having their own laugh at the expense of the gullible public.

Take up tumbling is my advice.

Tumbling will cause you to roll off more than does rolling. When I was young and inexperienced, I did not revel in the buoyant grace and debutant figure of my manhood. That was because I rolled. I can assure you that after rolling all about town, I actually gained weight, and yet my vitality suffered. I couldn't sleep nights, and for a while it looked as if I would never attain that perfection of form which has been my fortune in motion pictures.

If you must roll, be a low roller, because high rollers only reduce their pocketbooks. Do not attach too much importance to the old proverbs. That "A rolling stone gathers no moss" or "A setting hen never gets fat" is a sad mistake, except when taken in a literal sense. I have seen lots of rollers gathering everything in sight and lots of fat hens that never did anything else but sit.

I've tumbled to a whole lot of things and I can solemnly aver there was a big reduction every time. Of course, tumbling is hard on fat people; it makes light of their dignity.

Since becoming a motion picture comedian, I have had letters from all over the world, asking how tumbling is done. Here are a few recent samples:

My dear Fat Boy:

Honestly, I tried your horseback riding every day, and I've only fallen off a little bit. My weight still hovers around the 300 mark. What shall I do to fall off more?

Bess Downing.

Answer:

My dear Bess:

Try tumbling from a stepladder, and you will fall off more.

Dear Doc Arbuckle:

Is there any kind of food that I can get to assist me in reducing by rolling.

Rollin Stone.

Answer:

Dear Rollin:

Try rolled oats.

Sweet Fatty:

How can I ever tumble in the movies?

Dramatic Harold.

Answer:

Dear Dram:

Get fresh with your director.

My dear Professor:

Do you approve of tumbling on a full stomach?

Fannie Fallin.

Answer:

Dear Fannie:

Yes, but be careful on whose stomach you tumble.

Dear Fatty:

I weigh 420 pounds and do not get any chance to try your tumbling exercise at home. What form of tumbling would you suggest for a traveling salesman?

Sam Pell.

Answer:

Dear Sam:

Travel fifty miles with the tumbling homes in a Kansas cyclone.

My dear Benefactor:

A friend of a friend of mine who knows your chauffeur's cousin told me that you reduced by dodging pies. How do you do it?

Susie Meringue.

Answer:

My dear Susie:

After you have dodged 120 pies, stop about eighty with your face, and you will tumble to how it is done.

Friend Fat:

Would it be improper for a debutante of 36, weighing 350 pounds, to take tumbling exercises?

Babe De Butte.

Answer:

My dear Baby:

Nothing could harm a person such as you describe.

I sincerely hope my readers will tumble to everything I have revealed. Tumble in love, and you will worry yourself thin. Getting married will worry you even thinner. Of course, there are exceptions to this rule.

Film Fun.

Alexander Dumas once cracked a joke on Sarah Bernhardt when that famous lady was somewhat noted for her lack of adipose tissue. During a visit to an art gallery his attention was called to a superb portrait of the tennously built Sarah, as L'Etrangere, with her pet, a huge grey-hound crouched at her feet. "Ah," remarked Dumas seriously, "a dog guarding a bone!"

"What's going on here, tonight?" queried a timid farmer of the man at the box office. "The Forty Thieves," was the reply. "How much to get in?" "Dollar and a half." "Well, I guess I don't care to see the other thirty-nine."