

With The First Nighters

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DARK horse upset the dope that Schmidty, the Orpheum press agent, peddled out to the first nighters, but then a vaudeville bill is just as uncertain as a horse race, for you never can tell what will happen until you see the finish. Lottie Horner's name appears in the smallest type in the ads and on the posters announcing this week's bill, whereas it ought to be flashing nightly on the biggest electric signboard in the city. This charming little lady simply captivates the audience with her delightful originality, and mimicry. In what she essays, she is a finished artist. And if she did nothing but sing "Oh, Oä, O'Brien," she would still deserve first honors.

At that, a boy who hails from Idaho makes Miss Horner step some to keep out in front. Thomas Patricolla is in a class by himself as a grotesque dancer. His equal has yet to appear on the Orpheum or any other local stage. Ruby Myer makes a desirable partner for this extraordinary funmaker and dancer, and the skit these two offer would make a rattling good headliner anywhere and in any company.

"Rubeville," a melange of high class mirth and melody, furnishes Harry B. Watson and Jere Delaney a splendid opportunity to display their exceptional talents. The quartette in this number strikes a responsive chord in the audience and the cello solo by Thomas Westbury is particularly pleasing. Walter De Leon and Mary Davis appear in the clever military sketch, "Behind the Front," and do some snappy acting. Miss Davis is charming in her work and her gowns create many a stir among the female contingent.

Tom McRae's pleasing voice and personality prove to be the saving grace in "Motor Boating," and John Johnson and Bob Harty get a number of laughs out of the comedy sketch, "On the Shrewsbury." Those who care for Italian street music will enjoy the offering of the Three Vagrants who open the bill.

Next week's bill will offer Kathleen Clifford, the dainty English comedienne, and Elsa Ruegger, cellist, and her company of musicians, as headliners.

PANTAGES

LITTLE men and women who range in weight from 37 to 100 pounds are the attraction at Pantages this week and they are so popular that extra performances are being given to care for the great throngs

that are being attracted to the playhouse. Singer's Midgets, and there are a lot of them, are a whole show in themselves. They please the old, the young, the middle aged and the kiddies, and their act is augmented with ponies and elephants. There are ten features in the act offered by these little people and every one seems better than the one that preceded it. Perhaps the most attractive were the miniature Sandow, the great Hawaiian song, dance and instrumental number; the presentation by the smallest animal trainer of a giant and midget elephant and the grand finale, when the Spirit of '76 is presented in striking fashion.

The Midgets, however, are not the whole show, for there is a surfeit of good things on the bill. "The Boy Paderekski" performs upon the piano in a manner that is not excelled by many who are older in years and who have achieved fame as masters. He is assisted by a girl soprano, who carries her role most creditably. Then there is Harry Antrim and Betsy Vale in their stunt of "Things You've Heard and Things You Haven't," which is more than clever and induces many hearty laughs. In the dancing trio, the Romanoff sisters present a graceful act. Gerrard's Monkeys open the bill with a unique animal exhibition.

While there are no reserved seats in the house during the engagement, there is an advance in price in the first several rows in the orchestra

circle—an advance that patrons would have been glad to pay, had mention of the fact been made at the box office. As it was, many of the old stand-bys were surprised—and disappointed, of course—when they found themselves suddenly confronted with a chain across the aisle and were obliged to take a back seat.

THE SALT LAKE

AL JOLSON is coming next week to open the season at the Salt Lake with his latest hit, "Robinson Crusoe, Jr." This is a typical Jolson production and will be presented by the New York Winter Garden Company. Al is said to be in fine fettle and the company well up to the Jolson standard. Three night performances will be given, beginning Tuesday, and a Wednesday matinee.

They are telling a good story about Jolson back east which has to do with his craze for golf. He is said to be the best golfer in the theatrical profession, ready to take on all comers, but his enthusiasm for the game came near to getting his goat. It all happened this way. He was playing an engagement in Providence, R. I., several months ago. His fame as a golf player had preceded him, and during the opening performance the president of the leading local golf club arose in the stage box and presented the "black-face nightingale" with a bag of sticks in behalf of his organization.

Jolson was surprised, of course, and totally at a loss what to do with the present. He laid down the bag and extracted the driver, looking at it while thinking of something to say. Then his eye fell on one of the balls of yarn, dropped there during the "Spinning a Yarn" song, and stepping to it, he addressed it in his best golf style.

The club described a whizzing circle through the air, leaving the ball undisturbed and Jolson almost faint from stage fright. With a comedy grimace to cover his embarrassment he again addressed the ball, this time with the greatest of his life. It spun from the stage, directly over the heads of the audience, clearing them by a margin of an inch, and struck the back wall—one of the prettiest shots imaginable.

Jolson was cheered to the echo and bowed his way off the stage. A few moments later he was found in his dressing room in a condition close to a nervous collapse, and a dozen anxious members of the company demanded a reason.

"Ah have been a thinkin," replied Jolson, "what an awful chance ah jes took in drivin' that ball the second time. If ah had a missed it everyone would have thought ah wuz a 'cuckoo,' an' my puffedly good reputashun was gone bla-a-h! An' on the other han', if ah hadn't hit it jest right, the ball would have landed in some nice cash customer's map, an' ah would have been sued foh damages. Ah doan want no moah presents that ah have to demonstrate befoh the donators."

LIBERTY

IT is well worth the price of admission to hear Henry Rudolph, the vagrant tenor, sing the old-time favorites at the Liberty. He sings naturally and without affectation, and is particularly pleasing to those who love the sentimental songs of former days. Mr. Rudolph is very obliging also, and delights to sing the selections that his audience requests. Bessie Lester can sing, too, and her character impersonations are clever. Her change of costumes are appropriate and she is at her best in the Italian number.

The song and dance revue essayed by the Dellar Sisters gets by, as does the offering of the three Billings, although it should be said that the latter do some good eccentric dancing. Their act would be better if they cut out a lot of the chatter. The Tietjens fill in with an athletic act that is claimed to be "different. It is. Lonesome Luke, as usual, proves to be the best funmaker on the bill.



AL JOLSON AND TWO GIRLIES IN THE BIG WINTER GARDEN SHOW
"ROBINSON CRUSOE, JR. COMING TO THE SALT LAKE
THEATRE SEPTEMBER 4-5-6.