

With The First Nighters

MRS. ANNIE ADAMS KISKADDEN

THIS would not be the right column for a few words we desire to say except that —

"All the world's a stage
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances;
Until there comes the last scene of all."

A great-hearted woman was she. She faced a hard life from childhood; she met a world of care at an age when all should be joy—met it cheerfully and bravely; fought it through without a spoken lament; she wanted everyone about her to be happy; she was an accomplished actress, but always gave the impression that she was never able to quite give expression to all that her mind and soul were capable of; she made a brave essay and tried to make her life a blessing to those around her and with frank, unfaltering faith toiled on until the signal came and the curtain was rung down. The heavy, long drama was over and we doubt not "she sleeps well."

ORPHEUM

As soon as one's eyesight returns after the interesting motion pictures at the Orpheum, the first thing to be seen is a figure on the orchestra leader's stand reminiscent of the old-time marionettes, only instead of being pulled by a string, this one is a self-starter. Eugene Santo is the name and he cuts as grotesque a figure as has been seen outside of the collection of Mr. Ditar's at the Bronx. Incidentally he plays the violin and leads the orchestra in such a way that the attention of the audience is so divided that much of the beauty of the dancing of Olga and Mishka is missed. Santo is a novelty, however, especially in his hirsute adornment, but far be it from him to cut it; that would make him too short. But to revert to Olga and Mishka, they have some very pretty dances. Notably the one to the strains of "Tales of Hoffman," and the dainty minuet.

Hugh McCormack and Grace Wallace present the "Theatrical Agent," an act in which both, who are ventriloquists, start some fun, though the ventriloquism is a little below par. They are followed by the musical impersonator Lamberti, who would be just as pleasing if he didn't impersonate. The impersonations are really an excuse to play various instruments, which he does with great artistry, though there is no occasion to play everything the old masters composed simply because they are decomposed. Most of Lamberti's impersonations are clever, though that of Paderewski is fearfully overdone, and is a caricature rather than a study.

Eddie Cantor and Al Lee, one in white and the other in black, cheer things up considerably, and Cantor's imitation of Al Jolson is a fairly good approach.

"Straight" is the name of a crook sketch by Aaron Hoffman, the lines of which sound very much as if poor Paul Armstrong might have written them. It is cleverly played by Arthur Sullivan, Lew Krause and Mercedes Clark. It is well worth seeing, and the denouement is a complete surprise.

The Five Kitamuras have lost none of their cleverness since seen here previously, and their handsomely embellished act, together with their remarkable work make a splendid finish for a very fair bill.

Have we forgotten Frank Fogarty? We never can. The Dublin Minstrel with his inexhaustible fund of stories, his songs and little touches of pathos is all alone in his specialty, and the only



TAMAKI MIURA, THE JAPANESE LYRIC SOPRANO, WHO WILL SING BUTTERFLY HERE WITH THE BOSTON GRAND OPERA COMPANY.

complaint we have to make about him is that he has absented himself too long. If we must stay so far from the center of things theatrical it is up to him to relieve the situation and come here every year. He has received a great welcome from old friends, and made hundreds of new ones, and is the same splendid headliner he has always been. More power to him till the very last day of his "big time."

Of unusual interest to Orpheum patrons should be "The Girl," a playlet which will be presented there next week, starting tomorrow afternoon. This playlet was first viewed by critical audiences at a recent gambol of the Lamb's club, where it was played by the identical cast which will be seen at the Orpheum. The sketch and the players were so successful that they were immediately booked for an Orpheum tour, and other acts will be Billy McDermott, a popular and successful vaudeville comedian; Tom Smith and Ralph Austin, all fun; Mary Gray, "The Waltz Girl;" Sam Barton, silent tramp comedian; and Ed Correll and Charles Gillette, the odd pair.

PANTAGES

We have with us this week at the Pantages theatre a couple of acrobats who deserve the Victoria Cross. They have rescued the acrobatic number of the vaudeville bill from an opener which everyone hopes will soon be over so the interesting acts can begin, to something which is as good as the best and better than most. It isn't so much that Mr. Hanlon and Mr. Clifton—yes, that is the kind of an act they have, the Mr. kind—are clever at their tricks, but it is the way they have of showing it. They have worked up something which is truly unexpected, as advertised on the program, and the first nighters clapped heartily in acknowledgement of the achievement.

Greenlee and Drayton are a couple of dancers, singers and exponents of humor of whom rumor has it that they have to "make down" instead of "making up." They are sure-enough "colo'd gen'lemen" of plantation atmosphere, toned down to a golden mulatto color. It is pretty hard to tell which are arms and which legs in some of their

dance creations, but they always come out right in the end.

A nice clean little skit, "Locked Out" is offered by Raymond and Bain, who put considerable artistry into their work. The man part of the pair sings very well and for a while the pretty miss gives the impression that as a singer she is a good gesticulator for she will not even join in on the last line except to open wide her arms as illustrating Uncle Sam's welcome to the war driven folks. By and by, however, she gets warmed up and warbles quite musically.

One of the Valerie sisters is a scream. She goes a gait which carries the house with it and her ability to adjust her tight-fitting skirt without the aid of her hands, making it any desired length to conform to the vagaries of fashion or for convenience of dancing and walking shows "some skill."

The most pretentious number of the bill is "From Coney Island to the North Pole," featuring Arthur Lavine and company, the latter including wee "Tiny," and some other pretty girls. The whole is evidently built just for fun, and fun it registers.

TAMAKI MIURA

Just a wee little slip of a woman and almost hidden in folds of silk and lace, wearing a kimono of shaded pink crepe thickly incrustated with embroideries of unique, oriental design—two tiny feet clad in black silk peeped out beneath the folds of the kimono now and then as she walked—a great mass of heavy black hair topped a pink, animated little face—a smiling face. This was Tamaki Miura of Tokio, but whose talents as the only Japanese prima donna of note the world has known, has made her a globe-wide traveler.

"Thank you, please you sit down. It is verree nice. You like Madama Butterfly? You like me be Madama Butterfly" she said.

It was a sweet, precisely correct little voice struggling with the tangles of the English language.

And she had come all the way to sing to an American audience in grand opera. Her little eyes opened wide as possible as she told what a triumph that meant to her. Remembrance of all the marvelous stories of Japanese powers of diplomacy flashed over the mind as tiny Miura San explained, quietly for the most part but with occasional flashes of joyous animation, what her visit to America and the privilege of singing to them meant.

"When I sang at a great concert in London and the king and queen and all the court came, it was a time of glory. The queen sent for me to be presented. Madama Adelina Patti came to the artists' room and she kissed me here and here (touching both cheeks with a dainty finger) and said she would look in some papers for my success in America. It was then a glory for I was—what you say—already come—yes? But America—all artists, all singers dream of."

Then she told how her life in Japan—her religious training like that of all other Japanese girls and her surroundings—had made the role of Cho-Cho-San in "Madama Butterfly" look to her. How she undertook to learn Italian, French, and German besides English; of her studies and appearances in Germany, her call to England—and then the longed for invitation to sing for Americans.

"It is a long way to America. On the great steamship I lose my appetite. I had no idea it was such a nice place and the people—they are much kindness. In New York everybody like me and is most nice. Everybody must like me. I give all my best. Because the tragedy in 'Madama