

With the First Nighters

BECK'S BOLUS AT THE ORPHEUM.

(By T. G.)

The wafting of the sweetness from a clover field, through the pickets of a public abattoir, could be no more refreshing to those within the enclosure than the appearance of Martinette and Sylvester and Hilarion and Rosalie Ceballos after the slaughter of the innocents by the other performers at the Orpheum this week.

Outside of the people mentioned above, whose work is everything that could be desired, the show is not only an insult to an intelligent audience, but it is variously inane, stupid, and in spots extremely vulgar. It is the worst imposition of the season, and a repetition of the old Martin Beck trick of now and then slipping to the town he thinks will stand for it such an aggregation as that at the vaudeville house now. But more for Martin anon.

With the chestnuts falling so thick and fast, it is easy to become impatient while roasting them, for a lot have been stored so long that they are wormy and hardly fit to stand the heat.

The Musical Craigs start things with a few instrumental selections, among others the new and novel idea of accompanying the orchestra on a bunch of sleigh-bells. Then—whisper it softly—we have "Out Loud Junction," with a couple named Carr and Fentelle to pain the patrons. Mr. Carr is kind enough to sing "I'm the Kid," which appealed to everybody, as it has not been sung more than half a dozen times at the house each year since the Orpheum opened.

Alfred Kelcy is here again with "A Tale of a Turkey," which proves the persistency of Kelcy, and also that the tale is indestructible, for it has whisked around the circuit about as long as there has been a circuit, and if the present Orpheum policy is maintained, will not suffer any change for twenty or thirty years to come.

It must have been a sad blow to the "Bella Union" when Beck secured the services of John W. World and Mindell Kingston, for unquestionably they would have made an awful hit at the former place had they ever appeared there. Long moss grown whiskers hang raggedly from their act, their comedy puts the audience into a carotic state, and their songs and burlesque rouse it only long enough to gasp for help.

But the piece de resistance was reserved for the last. It happened through the kinodrome, but it would be unjust to blame the poor machine, for it has done good and faithful service in the past. It pictured lovers, he the son of toil who couldn't get a job because he didn't have a union card, and she—ah, she was rich and beautiful, of the type whom the paper in the other town always says belongs to a prominent and respectable family.

Well, Myrtle is out riding, and some one gives the ponies a hunch to beat it, and the honest workingman, hearing his opportunity as the horses rush madly toward him, does a catch-as-catch-can and Myrtle with the home folks is saved. But Honest Tim has collided with a couple of ringbines on the horses of the Count de Varville, Myrtle's father, and goes out for the full ten seconds.

The Count comes to the bedside of the Carnegie candidate, and after relieving himself of the usual soft stuff in a few well chosen words, offers Honest Tim a bundle of bank notes as big as a steam roller. But Tim, who is too poor to even raise the bed clothes, spur-r-r-rs the offer, and as soon as he is well goes to the castle of the Count looking for the girl, and finds, like many another poor man, trouble. Pa Count re-

fuses to stand and deliver Myrtle's hand, and then she goes into the garden and plucks a bunch of young roses, takes a quick draught of Joco-Cola, and sprinkling the roses over her make-up, falls on the counterpane—DEAD.

In answer to her thoughtful note which tells what she has done in words no artist could paint, Tim makes a mile in nothing, and, placing a ladder against the sill of her boudoir, which he seems to know fairly well, presses her lace insertion to his bosom, gives the alarm, she comes out of the Coca-Cola, enter Count and Countess, and Tim has a life job.

The pictures are not only edifying and instructive, but go to show how easy it is for a man

ment, clipped from the San Francisco Chronicle:

Trapnell Family, including Europe's Leading Lady Gymnasts; Amelia Summerville; Three Mosher; Le Claire and Sampson; The Grassys; Wilson Brothers; Carter and Blufford; New Orpheum Motion Pictures. Last week of Edna Phillips & Co., in "Lost a Kiss in Central Park."

Evening Prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, \$1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c. Phone West 6000.

That for San Francisco, and this week for Salt Lake—the Beck bolus. But nobody should



DUSTIN FARNUM, IN "THE SQUAW MAN."

to live if he is fortunate enough not to find work.

Seriously, Mr. Martin Beck is not doing the square thing for Salt Lake theatre-goers. The local management cannot be blamed—what comes must be taken, whether those who pay like it or not, and whether the local stockholders make or lose money. Mr. Beck and his associates get theirs every week to the tune of about \$2,000 of Salt Lake money each month. It is time for him to wake up to the fact that this is not a jay town theatrically, and that his crowds may tire of the imposition.

What San Francisco got at the Orpheum last week is best shown by the following advertise-

ment, for the road show will be with us before the year is gone.

THE LOCAL THEATRICAL SITUATION.

Among those who have been closely watching the daily developments in the local theatrical situation, the belief is prevalent that it will not be many months until John Cort will practically have control of the amusement houses of this city, and any others of importance elsewhere in the state.

In the first place, it is known that more high class attractions will be seen at the new Colonial than was at first anticipated when the project