

With the First Nighters

ORPHEUM.

You've got to hand it to Miss Julia Kingsley and also to her company. Anyone who could get this far west with "Supper for Two," a beautiful drama of the broken home, woven around a well-plumed bunch of celery and a tin coffee pot, is entitled to all the medals that can be pinned on them, and that's saying a good deal, for there is sufficient room for a lot of medals on Miss Kingsley, though it would take a hero to make the presentation speeches. But it isn't the fault of Miss Kingsley and the company half so much as the sketch itself, which is simply inexcusable, an awful conglomeration of hodge-podge, inane in every line and past redemption. Of course, there are other things leading up to "A Supper for Two." There is Frank McCrea and company, in which Mr. McCrea is the star and the company is the hero. Theirs is a great act, but it would be much better if Mr. McCrea would miss the mark occasionally if they could substitute Tommy Barry for the company. Tommy, with Madge Hughes, tells a "Story of the Street," and the title is all right, for that is the only place the story should be told—that is, in a place where a fellow could get away from it easily.

"A Modern Pocahontas" has splendid possibilities. With a little more attention to detail and a little more practice before it starts on the road, it will be a winning act. Its first presentation here was along the lines of testing it on the canine, and he got along with it better every night. When the Indians, who are splendid specimens, have a little more time to grasp the idea, they will unquestionably be a great feature. Frederick Seaton and Emma Rainey have a good deal of room for improvement. One of the details which needs quick attention is the entrance of the cavalry officer in the hostile camp. He dashes into the midst of the tepees with a clatter of horse's hoofs that could come only from an asphalt pavement, but he gets on the scene without any of the savages knowing of his presence. But these are little defects, and can all be eliminated to the ultimate success of the well-planned feature. But keep that horsey outside the stage door, Lieutenant.

Harry Kline and Pearl Clifton, in "The Dummies' Holiday," redeem a fringey act by their clever dancing. They would add greatly to the enjoyment of the audience if they would stick to their terpsichorean art and remain real dummies, so far as any dialogue is concerned.

The four Baltus, headliners of the bill, are real headliners in every sense of the word. Their work is marvelous and they are four athletes as clean-cut and entertaining as have ever been seen on the circuit.

For Sunday night and the week the management announces another Lasky spectacle, "The Military Octette;" Felice Morris in the sketch, "The Old, Old Story;" the Tom Davies trio in a cycling novelty, motoring in midair; the Basque quartette, French operatic vocalists; Arthur Deming, the minstrel man, and Rice and Elmer in "A Rube's Visit to Chinatown," all of which sounds good to those who know.

The great musical event announced for next week is the Orpheus club concert at the First Methodist church on Monday night. With such artists as Madame Rappold, Madame Jacoby, Signor Martin and Signor Campanari, all Metropolitan opera stars, appearing during the evening, it is small wonder that the Salt Lake musical public is on the qui vive of excitement, for the concert promises to be one of the most artistic musical events that has ever taken place here. The Orpheus club is to be congratulated upon securing

such an array of talent of international renown, and it is to be hoped that the treat they have provided for the public will be a great success.

Just watch that Choral society this winter. It is going to create a distinct impression before the season is over, as evinced by the plans which are now maturing.

Unquestionably the only attraction of the week that was really worth while was the Gogorza concert on Monday evening, and the pity was that he was greeted by such a small audience.

Salt Lake is supposed to be one of the greatest musical centers in the west and the absence of

"Roi de Lahore," the Air de Thoas from the opera "Iphigénie en Traulde," the German songs, and "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes," were all rendered with a beauty and charm as is possessed only by Emilio de Gogorza.

THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE.

That peculiar spectacular effect, usually billed as a trick show, is not the kind that appeals to the average first nighter, but just as a manifestation of the starving condition of the theatre-going public for any kind of a show, a fine audience battled with the wind and waves on Thursday evening in a successful effort to see The Cat and the



Messengers of Ku Klux Klan in "The Clanman"

hundreds who pose as lovers of good music needs an explanation. There was something radically wrong somewhere, though those who did seize the opportunity of hearing this remarkable baritone were so enchanted that their appreciation must have been gratifying to the gifted artist, even if many a chair was empty in the auditorium.

He is complete master of a voice marvelously trained and in turn so sweet or powerful that any description would be inadequate—it must be heard for one to realize the capabilities of this man.

Henry C. Whittemore is the most brilliant accompanist, we believe, who has ever been heard with a singer in this city, his work being of such a high order as to almost give him a place beside the singer himself.

Possibly the song which appealed to the audience more than any of the beautiful numbers on the programme was Kipling's "Mother of Mine," which Gogorza graciously repeated; but everything in his programme was so delightful that among the different renditions it is difficult to make particular distinction. The Arioso from

"Fiddle," which proved to be rather an agreeable surprise.

The paper and advance stuff that came ahead of the show were not calculated to set the world on fire, and many who went were dubious.

The El More sisters and Charles A. Sellon are the show. Without them, the comedy would be hopeless, but they made up for a lot of the tiresome efforts of the others. Sellon has a quiet, subtle way of passing over some beautiful ones and the El Mores in their specialty entitled "Nearly Grand Opera," are a whole lot more than clever, and would be star performers even in better environments.

One feature of the spectacle which was not brought out from anything done on the stage, was the beauty of half a dozen of the musical numbers which run through the score. In the hands of a first class company that could handle these airs, the lyrics and music of Carleton Colby who wrote them, might gain great popularity.

The company was small—in numbers—but managed to help several of the scenic effects to