

With the First Nighters

ORPHEUM.

"Chums," an American farce, with all the comforts of France, is only one of the electrifiers at the Orpheum this week. Abounding in drolleries, full of action, with a sequence of situations which stamps its builder as a master of technique, it is a real delight worthy of all the praise that has been bestowed upon it. It shines all the brighter, too, because preceded by a sketch called "The Morning After," which is an inanely stupid thing, accentuated in its crudity by the gyrations of a certain Mr. Charles Wayne, who is about as funny as one of the spankings mother used to make—one of those where the kind lady gave complete assurance that it hurt her more than it did you.

Miss Eva Taylor, Mr. Louis Albion, Miss Eleanor Pierson and Mr. Lawrence Grattan have only about twenty minutes' time to make their impression, but they don't waste a minute of it, and distinguish themselves in a way that leaves no opening for fault finding. Of course, there aren't many sketches that are so amusing as "Chums," but bad actors might spoil it. The people who are playing it at the Orpheum only add to its worth, and Miss Taylor, who heads the little company, has chic, vivacity and charm enough to lead at least the male portion of the first nighters into gentle captivity.

An asset of the Trapnell family that stands it in good stead is youth. The Trapnells are not of the bulky, bulgey variety of old folks who play the circuses in the summer and the circuit in the winter. They are young, and lithe, and graceful, and wonderful. Their strength is not the kind that fights for an opening through their tights, but it is there in abundance, and their feats are the more marvelous, for it

does not seem possible that such slender bodies can endure the strain without snapping.

As a Hebrew, Ben Welch relieves himself of a few remarks in his characteristic manner that result in joy unalloyed. Every word he utters is a part of a brand new line of East Side stuff so absurd in its construction and so true in accent as to send you home wondering how long it will take you to get the matzos out of your teeth. His Italian impersonation was not so finished, but clever enough.

Charles De Haven and Jack Sydney, pleasantly remembered, dance a little better than the usual teams; in fact, their foot work is perfect, and apparently they could keep it up all night.

Le Clair and Sampson, in their burlesque of the strong men, are hardly strong enough, but their act is passably good.

The bill as a whole is the realization of hope deferred, and well worth the time and money it takes to see it.

"THE MAN OF THE HOUR."

George Broadhurst's play of love and politics, "The Man of the Hour," will be the attraction at the Salt Lake Theatre next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday matinee and night. The play was seen here last year, and was then well received. The company is almost identical as that seen here upon its first presentation, including William Lamp, Felix Haney, Louis Hendricks, Neil Moran, Everett Butterfield, Arthur C. Hull, S. F. Cairns, William Lloyd, Ruby Bridges, Evelyn Moore and Ethel Brandon.

"The Man of the Hour" is thoroughly vigorous, sturdy and pat upon the crying political and social needs of the day, and fearlessly written. It has to do with a man placed in office who is fighting to do what he sees to be his duty, and even when his course means the loss of all he prizes most in life—even the loss of the woman he loves.

Election returns will be read between each act on (Tuesday) election night.

Beginning tomorrow night, the Orpheum will inaugurate a new order of things, which will surely meet with the approval of its patrons. Another act will be added to the regular bill, and this will continue throughout the season, making seven new vaudeville acts each week, besides the orchestra and kinodrome features.

Charmon, styled "The Perfect Woman," who has created a sensation everywhere, is the headliner for Sunday night. Charles W. Bowser and Edith Hinkle will present "Superstition," a one-act sketch by Olver White, which is pronounced to be one of the best on the circuit. The Four Rianos will also be here with their comedy acrobatic act, and Rogers and Deeley, singers and dancers, will be seen in their specialty, "The Singer and His Valet." Dick Lynch, with songs, parodies and burlesques, will be another feature. Byers and Hermann are contortionists and wire performers, and it is said that the trick scenery and properties in their act are among the best features on the bill. The three dancing Mitchells, formerly of Williams & Walker, will sing and dance some, and from a casual glance it would seem that we are to be treated with another fine bill at this house the coming week.

Jim Lackaye, brother of Wilton, has been engaged to play a big, fat gambler, the pal of "Comeo" Kirby, the title role which Nat Goodwin will play in the new piece by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson. Maud Fealy is to play the leading part for Mr. Goodwin.

"THE CLANSMAN."

"The Clansman" as a play, is a revolting, nasty mess. Decent people ought to keep away from it, and do their utmost to prevent young people from seeing the thing. Inexcusably faulty in construction, cheaply sensational throughout, and played by people who for the most part are not even near-mummers—these things would be bad enough to keep the average playgoer away—but these are the least.

Look at it any way you may, an unspeakable crime, which leads to another hideous misdeed, is the theme upon which hinges the action of the play, and there ought to be a law against such exhibitions. If the man who will accept money for such scenes has a streak of decency in him it must be a very slender one, and its existence is doubtful.



Miss Ruby Bridges with "The Man of the Hour"

Touted under full press pressure, people imagined that they were to see something good, but even those who went to the theatre in fear did not anticipate the fierceness of this abhorrent production.

Calculated to incite bitter feeling and prejudices and open old sores, there is not one redeeming feature in the entire play—not one real line, and the comedy—oh the harrowing comedy! Often that came closer in resemblance to the second part of a bad minstrel show than anything else. It's just about time to forget the old feuds and prejudices that existed just after the war, and even were it not, no set of men have any right to be brazen enough to put such a thing as "The Clansman" on the stage.

In the shoddy company, Charles J. Wilson as Silas Lynch, the negro lieutenant governor, made a very good impression, and Eugenie Hayden as Elsie Stoneham seemed fair enough.

Anyone who has missed "The Clansman" is in pretty good luck, and if he doesn't exert his influence to keep at least the younger members of the family away he is careless in his duty.