

# With the First Nighters

## THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

With the exception of the representatives of a local paper whose attack on the work of the Symphony Orchestra was both unwarranted and unreasonable, those who heard the music at the Colonial Theater on Sunday afternoon were delighted with the rendition of the different numbers under the leadership of Professor J. J. McClellan, and the new arrangement proved so successful that it is earnestly hoped that the orchestra may be heard more often this winter than during preceding seasons.

There is little question that the musical ear in front, especially when the ear is prejudiced, can detect some trivial faults, but that is scarcely an excuse for an attack on those musicians who are giving Salt Lake music lovers more for their money than they have ever received from a local musical organization, and that for the slightest recompense. Even if the efforts of the splendid orchestra were not up to their present standard, it would not be sufficient reason for disparagement, but with their work so near perfection as it is, there can be no excuse for not lending all possible encouragement to the men and women who are devoting their time and talents to the task. It is true that the orchestra showed plainly the result of the change of directors for there was none of that cold, unsympathetic and seeming distant feeling between the leader and the men as heretofore, but on the contrary a warmth that was reflected in the effort of every single musician and which found its echo in the attitude of an appreciative audience.

Adding very materially to the pleasure of those present, was the work of Spencer Clawson, Jr., who is a pianist of rare ability. The ease and expression in his interpretations of the most difficult selections with which he was wont to delight his friends before studying abroad, have been but accentuated by the experience, until he has come dangerously close to perfection. One of the most notable numbers of the excellent program was the Beethoven Concerto, which, with the orchestra, he executed with rare skill.

Among the selections played by the orchestra that from Puccini's "Madam Butterfly" was perhaps the most enjoyable, but in the prelude to "Lohengrin," Bertholdy's "Italian" Symphony and Schumann's "Traumerel" their work was of finished excellence.

Sunday afternoon seems to meet with popular approval and with the Colonial Theater at the disposal of the management, the struggle of those who love art for art's sake would seem to be over, so far as any financial difficulties are concerned.

## ORPHEUM.

The bill at the Orpheum this week was not altogether a cause for thanksgiving, though fair enough for anyone. What with turkeys selling at thirty-one cents the pound, and the food trust flourishing under the oleaginous smile of the gentle attorney general who is still on the job, we could stand some smoother specialties at the show shop.

Pertina, perk and possibly pretty, came first, and did her darndest to please in her tip-toe dancing. She succeeded exceptionally well.

Frank White and Lew Simmons, both Misters, so the program says, need have no fear that anyone will dispute their authorship of the skit "On the Band Wagon." It was dull and dismal, likewise distressing but some of their jokes have not been heard here lately.

The Pictorial Post Card Album was a series

of tableaux by Mrs. or Miss A-Ba-Be. She was a unique card, sure, and not half bad.

Miss Julie Herne, sweet, pretty, and winsome, made a decided hit in a clever one-act play written by herself and called "A Mountain Cinderella." She has inherited an ability to act and with the good support of Charles Martin and William Pinkham, this number proved itself to be by far the best one on the bill.

The Juniper Brothers in their original Oklahoma Cowboy Cabinet act have Anna Eva Fay beaten to a frazzle. Just why the cowboy cos-

as refined as a mutton-chop—a woman giving an imitation of intoxication on the stage is hardly a sight for even the gallery-gods and she does it at the matinees, too. Break away from it, Bertie, before Anthony Comstock beats you to it.

Gennaro, the human piston-rod, with his Gondolier band, gave us some classy brassy music. He is enthusiastic, eccentric and he beats the band all right, though it doesn't deserve it. There are more piston-rods concealed in his make-up than can be found in a new locomotive.

The bill closed with a selection of nervous



Miss Maude Leone, at the Colonial

tumes, it is difficult to tell unless they think the first cowboys in the land will be less likely to dub them llars or nature faktirs. One of them couldn't be made to stay hitched in the dark and the speechifying of the other was the most unnatural thing you ever heard. They were ably assisted by a committee of representative citizens from the peanut gallery who evidently had failed to note the ringing of the curfew. Strange, but the committee was as completely mystified as the audience.

Miss Bertie Fowler's monologue was about

pictures which should have been relegated to the place where Moses was when the dynamo stopped.

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With the return of Teddy Webb every season or so in this, that or the other musical show, those who have watched the progress of this clever comedian are wondering why he has never been given a show of his own really worth while. Of the better known comedians who are starring the country with plays especially written for them, very few, if any, are more talented and