

With the First Nighters

ORPHEUM.

Even an optimist who has gone through the present local theatrical season in the belief that the elevation of the stage is about to be accomplished, must admit that the bill at the Orpheum this week is commonplace—worse than that in spots, and that the only real novelties in the list are Mabelle Adams and the headliner, "The Operator," produced by Lyster Chambers and Clara Knott.

It isn't the way Mab Adams plays the fiddle—though she does it very well—but the way she looks while she plays it that makes her the first center of attraction on the bill, for her costumes, or rather what there is of them, gives a dare to those in front that holds them until she finishes.

In "The Operator", Lyster Chambers has twenty minutes of work so different from the usual that any ultra-melodramatic features may be overlooked in the tenseness of the immediate situation that grips one from the rise of the curtain and holds until it falls again. "The Operator" might be shattered by an analytical criticism, but it is not expected that one who is fascinated by the anticipation of two trains crashing together in the event of the warning failing to connect, will be wondering how it could possibly happen when both trains had odd numbers "3" and "5", and on the Nevada desert, or anywhere else in the railroad world, trains numbered that way run in the same direction. Suffice to say that Mr. Chambers has developed into a good deal of an actor and if he continues as he is headed, it will be a very easy matter for those who write the stories of the theaters to say fine things of him along the way.

Hallen and Hayes do a little dancing that isn't bad; there is an elevator in "A Deal On Change" that makes a hit every time it alights, even if its supporting company is a drop or two below the average; Black and Jones would drive one to drink without the aid of a taxicab, and—lest we forget—there is Mlle. Toona. Mlle. Toona is with us again in her illustrated lecture of the great Southwest, and again and again with the aid of her time-worn series of cracked films enlightens us on the Hoki-Moki Indians, the Hoki-Moki-Pokies and the Moki-Hoki-Pokies, and those among her auditors who have traveled some and have a fine sense of discernment, can now and then distinguish the Hoki-Moki-Pokies from Mlle. Toona. It would be more in order if Toona would explain the secret process of keeping the desert cacti from wilting, the rivers from drying up, the jaded horses from expiring and the Hoki-Moki-Pokies from dropping dead after listening to that lecture as long as they have. It would be a lot more interesting to those who have experienced none of the disadvantages of travel among the Hoppi-Dippi-Wipples of our western climes.

For the week to come the Orpheum management announces, Hope Booth, the distinguished comedienne, with her associates, in George M. Cohan's "The Little Blonde Lady." The headliner will be followed by Valadon, the magician, the Kinsons in their musical oddity, Burt Earle, the banjoist and monologist, Amy Stanley and her



piecaninnies in a singing and dancing specialty, Leo Donnelly, comedian and Alexis & Schall, in their dancy sketch, "The Happy Pair."

"THE HONEYMOONERS."

The next time it is announced that a George M. Cohan show is coming to town, playgoers will be a little careful about rushing to the box office, unless possibly they think of doing it after the potpourri is over and they want their money back as badly as they did on Tuesday night.

Some theatrical impositions are not easy to detect, but when anything is so flagrant as the duping of the public with this song show, a protest is in order. Possibly it is not the Cohan fault and probably he wouldn't grieve, like the whangdoodle for its first born, if it were, but it is safe to say that the majority of those who went to see this revision of Cohan's early sketch, "Running For Office," arrived at the theatre under the impression that it was a fair Cohan road company under the Cohan management. But the program revealed the deception in the announcement, "Hope & Welch present," etc.

What they presented is a long way removed from the best of Cohan contributions, and the way they presented it, principally through the medium of a score or two of legs, which tried the seams of their cotton encasements and flashed through unwashed lingerie, which must have seen long service (both legs and lange) was enough to prove their courage, if nothing else.

In the music and words, and general action, there's the Cohan go—not so very faulty, as the frank pretension is of nothing more than a song show, but the company was an awful conglomeration, with the exception of Wille Dunlay and Anna Wheaton, though any medals they may ever get will never weight them down.

Under different circumstances, there could have been a lot of song hits—as it was, there were one or two, but as a whole the production

(heaven save the term) acted as a soporific, beside which the black smoke from the flaming poppy would pale to insignificance.

"ON PAROLE."

There is a refreshingly good presentation of a thoroughly interesting play at the Colonial this week in the production of "On Parole," by Willard Mack, Miss Maude Leone and a capable presenting company.

In fact, the show ranks with pretty nearly anything in the dramatic line we have had this season and if Mr. Mack and his associate players can maintain the standard they have set throughout the coming week and the productions they attempt upon their return to the Colonial in two months or so, they may rest assured that local playgoers will very quickly demonstrate that a stock company of this sort may find a home here for several weeks each season.

With one or two exceptions the members of Mr. Mack's company are players of decided ability. As Major Dale in "On Parole" this week, Mr. Mack presents a strong characterization of a rather difficult role and the same is even more true of Miss Leone's Constance Pickney. Henry Hick's Captain Frazer is capitally handled. Mr. Quigley's aged General Pickney is splendid and the same may be said of Mr. Farnum as Tom Cress. A noticeably weak spot in the cast is Miss Blial's work.

A review of the play is scarcely necessary. It is one of the best of the stirring dramas written of the Civil War, freer, possibly, than many of its fellows from overdoses of melodramatic features and yet of sustaining interest. From the scenic equipment with which Mr. Mack and Miss Leone are presenting it at the Colonial, it is evident that the company is equipped for staging the productions in a pretentious manner.

Mr. Mack's announcement between the third and fourth acts of the play of his company's fu-

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