

With the First Nighters

ORPHEUM.

A hundred and fifty minutes of perfect vaudeville without a single chance for a good comfy yawn—the one best bet of the new year at Marty Heck's emporium—a bill so happily arranged that even the Farrel-Taylor smoke act couldn't cast a shadow on it—that's the story of the Orpheum for the week.

Rather, it is a roundabout way of saying that anyone who sees the show could go a considerable distance and not collide with anything so satisfying in the line of vaudeville.

Flo Adler and her cunning youngster take about ten seconds to captivate the audience, and W. E. Whittle, who follows with an impersonation of the modern Tartarin of Tarascon, does about a little bit the best ventriloquist act that has been seen on State street.

There is a wonderful artist there in the person of Leo Filler—an exotic, picturesque, dreamy sort of a chap who is a master of the violin. He is a stranger to most of those who are familiar with the usual scintillators on the circuit, but he has received a welcome that ought to make him feel homelike even if he is several leagues removed from the empire of the Tsar to whom it is purported he claims allegiance.

Breaking in on the placidity after this, is Zangwill's "The Never, Never Land," a weird and startling thing, though virile and dramatic in the extreme. Without recourse to any usual or unusual adjectives it suffices to say that Helen Grantly is fully equal to the difficult task Mr. Zangwill has given to any woman who essays the part of the Duchess of Maldon, and with such finished actors as Harry Hilliard and James M. Colville to aid her, the production is intensely interesting.

After too long a wait, George Austin Moore is here again and the joy of his performance is enhanced this year through an innovation in the shape of some well told character stories between his songs. There's a something in his enunciation and the inflection in the voice attached to this young man that makes him the best singer of coon songs on the Beck bills, and it will be hard for the smoky warbles to die while he sticks around.

Farrel and Taylor contribute a hilarious minstrel act including plenty of fun music, and—oh, yes—Blanche Davenport billed as May Flower.



Josephine Amoros, at the Orpheum

Blanche resembles more a night blooming cereus, and she's a big help to the act.

The Diedrich brothers put a strong finish on a program that a professional grouch couldn't find a flaw in.

For the coming week the management announces the appearance of the Amoros Sisters, Surazall and Razall, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Clarke, Will Rogers, Wilson and Heloise, Imro Fox, and Tom Wilson and Company in a sketch labeled "At the Sound of the Gong."

NAZIMOVA.

Theatre goers will, indeed, be disappointed if the coming week at the Theatre doesn't furnish a very fine and exceptionally high-class dramatic treat in the engagement of Madame Nazimova. The artiste has been pretty thoroughly announced, and her repertoire is such that it should appeal to every class of theatre goers in town, and certainly it is varied and strong enough to warrant her appearance for the entire week. Conference crowds may swell her audiences out of curiosity. The order of presentation of the plays in her repertoire, beginning Monday evening, will be "A Doll's House," Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday evenings and Wednesday matinee; Thursday evening, "Hedda Gabler," and Friday and Saturday evenings and Saturday matinee, "Comtesse Coquette."

Nazimova is undoubtedly one of the most remarkable foreign artistes who has appeared before the American public in a good many years.

Scarcely three years ago she came to America with Paul Orloff's Russian players, who presented plays in their native tongue. The poor financial results of the venture sent Orloff and most of his players home, but it inspired Nazimova with a determination to remain in America, and she undertook the prodigious contract to learn the English language in six months. How well she succeeded is recorded in the written accounts of that first matinee in Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler." Even in this new tongue she unfolded the complex character of Hedda and dispelled its mystery.

After the first triumph Nazimova turned to another of Ibsen's plays, and by the time her clientele was established she was ready to give them Nora in "A Doll's House."

Subsequently Nazimova showed a new phase of her powers by presenting the graceful and elegant "Comtesse Coquette," followed soon after by the awkward free-striding country girl in "The Master Builder." Her last New York offering was "The Comet," in which she disclosed an en-

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