

Good Acting at the Vaudevilles This Week

Amusements Tonight

MOORE—"The Girl Question."
GRAND—Florence Gear in "Marrying Mary."
ORPHEUM—Advanced Vaudeville.
LOIS—"Tennessee's Pardner."
SEATTLE—"From Tramp to Millionaire."
PANTAGES—Vaudeville.
STAR—Vaudeville.
LYCEUM—Vaudeville.

THERE are not many women, especially on the vaudeville stage, who will play a part that makes them unpopular with the audience to a point which in a popular-priced melodramatic house would be roundly hissed. But Adeline Dunlap, at the Orpheum this week, is an actress, and the one-act playlet in which she appears with Frank McCormack and a little child, *Viola Flurath*, is a vividly illustrated page out of life. It's an ordinary Irish story: "Dan Egan," a truckman and his little girl live in a New York tenement, and across the hall lives "Mrs. Nora Derwin," a buxom Irish widow who keeps house for them. "Dan's" wife, has been dead three years, but her memory is keenly dear to him. He is to marry "Mrs. Derwin" however, and he thinks she'll be a kind and good mother to his little girl. On the night of the wedding "Mrs. Derwin" is getting supper ready for "Dan," and giving free rein to her feelings concerning the first "Mrs. Egan" and her little girl. The child is afraid of her, and afraid to tell her father of the difference in her prospective mother's behavior when he is present and when he is absent. The little story proceeds rapidly and with almost tragic intensity until its end.

Miss Dunlap, as the Irish widow, gives a splendid interpretation of the type. Blarney and cruelty crudeness and cunning, fear and passion succeed each other in her stormy nature, and she was entirely equal to every occasion. Her performance was a piece of real acting and she was ably supported by Mr. McCormack and by little Miss Flurath, who is an excellent little child, quite out of the plaintive "Little Eva" class. The sketch is not pleasant but it is unusually interesting and very well acted.

There is another sketch on the program, "Wireless," adapted from a recent magazine short story, which tells how some wire tappers get possession by strategy of a wireless telegraph station of the workers. He must have been right on the edge of nervous prostration, for when he reads it he flies into a thousand pieces. Grief is expressed by growling, "My God," and gestures, anxiety by anatomical contortions, and hysteria. It's a shrieking melodrama, aided and abetted by the hissing, spluttering wireless apparatus (which one suspects is the real reason for its being on the bill). It's a good one.

The other numbers on this week's program are Lotta Gladstone, a girl with a farmer laugh who gives a country girl monologue all about what happens on the farm; the Sandwichee, a small man and an amazon of a woman who wear circus costumes and give an exhibition of Madame's superwomanly strength; and Gordon and Marx in a Weber and Fields make-up, and follow up those comedians' laughter making efforts with good success. Their finish put the house last night into a condition of helpless laughter. Then there is the merry minstrel Harry L. Webb, who begins with a funny song about all restaurants having one cook and different names, proceeds with remarks and stories which only once in a while cross the borderline of good taste, and finishes with a well said recitation. The program is opened by the Misses Welch, one of whom sings and the other plays the violin. The violinist is a real musician, playing with dignity, understanding and much talent. She does no faking with her very good instrument, no cheap appeal to a vaudeville audience; she plays in a way that impresses the critical as well as the popular mind, and her time on the bill seems only too short.



Lotta Gladstone, "the Country Girl," at The Orpheum.

Sirronie simply can't be confined with iron. Brindamour goes his competitors one better; he takes his committee right into the cabinet with him so they can see he's all right. He also makes a picturesque escape from a steel cage to the bars of which he is handcuffed with arms outspread. He gets away, though, and appears at the front of the house, much to everybody's surprise. Tomorrow at half past twelve, noon, he will, while securely handcuffed, jump into the bay at the foot of Madison Street.

The other Star attractions this week are Norton and Russell in a series of good character changes, Eddie Koesch, singing "Gee, I Wish I Had a Girl," Duff and Walsh, two light and clever wooden sole shoe dancers, the Meek Trio of hand balancers, who have some novel and very skillful feats of physical culture, and the moving pictures.

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"Dear Mr. Oppen:

"In Seattle they do things, and not the least of these is riding mules named Maud."

Blake's mule, termed the "original hee-haw Maud," is kicking and bucking her way to everlasting glory at Pantages Theatre this week, and at the performance last night she created more enthusiasm than the deciding series between the Cubs and the White Sox. Everyone who has seen the act has gone home with a sore throat.

Maud's only accomplishments are her ability to kick like one of Teddy's elephant and to buck like a Harney County broncho. But she came just about as near meeting her master last night as she can expect to on the Pantages circuit.

Maud's trainer asked for volunteers to ride the little animal, who stood meekly in one corner of the stage minus saddle and bridle. "Hee! Ah is, hee!" said a sable gent from the balcony as he made a rush for the stage followed by a little young Caucasian. Well, to make an exciting story short the negro stayed almost a minute, but finally Maud bumped him on the shins and he quit. Then the fair-haired lad had his turn and he stayed long enough to get a large silver dollar from the mule's trainer. Maud bucked some, too, but it is a safe wager that if the trainer had been off the stage for

The great Chiyo is a nimble Japanese acrobat appearing at The Lyceum. He has some difficult feats which he performs with the usual grace of the little brown man. It's a queer thing to see a Japanese lying on his back and juggling a barrel to the tune of "Yankee Doodle."

A feature of the show is the singing of "Hip, Hip, Hurrah for Seattle!" This is an Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Fair bogel. The song is well illustrated with exposition views and A. G. Seattle has an excellent voice.

Miss Gaynell Everett does some good jig dancing.

Bill and Bang have a real old-fashioned slap stick act that pleased the audience.

The Sadium Trio perform on the Roman rings.

Ben Davis is a monologist and dancer.

He's just fair and his doctor and his

Graham and Norton do a singing and dancing turn.

There are some good motion pictures.

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The Newlyweds Arrive in New York.

The Times Bureau.
Herald Square, New York.
Tuesday, March 31.

MR. AND MRS. NEWLYWED and their baby held their first reception in this city last evening at the Majestic Theatre, and if there had been any doubt as to how many would greet them the first ten minutes settled it. New York, at least as much of it as could crowd into the Majestic's big auditorium liked the "Newlyweds and their baby," and little "Napoleon's" nurse and his doctor and his auntie, and his would-be uncle, all the small army of retainers of the Newlywed household and even the cruel abductor of the baby, and especially the abductor's weakly intoxicated brother. Certainly there were enough persons concerned in the authorship of the comedy to warrant good results, for the book is credited to Aaron Hoffman and Paul West, the lyric to Paul West and Seymour Brown and the music to Ned D. Ayer and John W. Bratton. That