

# Alice Lloyd Comes to The Orpheum; New Eastern Productions

## Amusements Tonight

ALHAMBRA—"Mr. Hopkinson."  
ORPHEUM—Advanced Vaudeville.  
MOORE—"The Vinegar Buyer."  
GRAND—"A Girl at the Helm."  
MAJESTIC—Vaudeville.  
SEATTLE—"Queen of the Highway."  
PANTAGES—Vaudeville.  
LOIS—"Zira."

NOT a bit of doubt about the new Orpheum bill.

Transferring this, it reads the vaudeville served over the footlights this week is the sort that sends you home glad you spent both time and money. All of which is good enough for most anybody.

Last night the variety teams arrived from Spokane came down the house stretch at a trot clip, and the finish was made before a pin-fall night dance, in a burst of glee and merriment.

Some program as Harry Fox would say.

And why shouldn't it be?

Alice Lloyd is with us. Like the advertisement for a social you know, maybe, there's a reason. As a matter of fact, there are three reasons for good, wholesome enjoyment the next six days of the bill.

Here they are, placed so you cannot design them.

Alice Lloyd.

The McNaughtons.

Cross and Josephine.

Two who have been trotting out to see vaudeville for days now gone by, but succeeded by a little more of the same, know the first two English variety celebrities. They have never been here before, or for that matter east of Chicago; but their reputations drifted across country many months ago.

The next question is: Are they as clear as people say?

The answer is quite (if not more so).

Anyhow, the cleverness is all in the same family now, for Miss Lloyd in polo into life is Miss Joan McNaughton. The remark is superfluous that a combination of their salaries permits them to drag along, one imagines. Cross and Josephine young and elegant, are now, and they are going over the circuit for the first time.

\*\*\*

To my mind Alice Lloyd is just the same delightful little coquette who, by her pretty songs and charming manner, has made herself the idol of Europe first, and then America. After her came her sister, Marie, who has accomplished the same unqualified triumph. Alice looks as if she had just stepped from the streets of the old of Europe on Broadway, where I saw her last, except that she has taken on a little flesh.

Except, also, if you please, that she has a completely new wardrobe—gowns that are real good to look upon, a smile that seems to have grown wider, sweeter in the practice. Then, too, there is that cheery little voice, with the English lilt, that strikes the ear of Europe and sweetly. Miss Vanda Victoria—if you have ever heard her, you can understand every word Miss Lloyd sings. Surely this is a cheering quality to itself.

Last night she won her fair evidence a little more than twenty minutes. Every number was warmly applauded, and when the last had been rendered, those before the footlights planned for more. Alice, however, saying she was not prepared, but would sing more later in the week. In spite of the fact there was much enthusiasm in evidence, the applause she received must have meant a great deal to her. For the moment it may be declared with truth, who has stirred talk into a new plot. Perhaps she will, in Seattle, before her engagement comes to an end.

Like all great artists, Alice has sought the different cities and places with a swing and enthusiasm eminently pleasing. Her acts are English, of course, and are all protected by foreign and American copyright. New York has come to know her for herself. Among those who enjoy evening parties were widely popular than the others are "Who Are You Getting At, Eh?" "Solace Me" and "Never Introduce Your Mother to Your Best Friend." In coming for a concert to the impression of Broadway the numbers that pleased local enthusiasts were the first two mentioned. New York just about the last.

Next night, word about Miss Lloyd's artistry and in that place like the secret why her popular career does not appeal so strongly as she passes over the country. This little comedienne may be called a perfect artist, and other words she is beloved in everything she does. She acts so naturally, sings so easily, trips across the stage so gracefully, that she doesn't seem to be making much of an effort. You go to the theatre, know these conditions in mind and see if you don't believe Miss Lloyd has advanced to all that is highest and best in the work of her art. Today she stands on the leading comedienne in vaudeville. Take notice for yourself.

\*\*\*



Alice Lloyd.

## Moore Comedy Called to Halt

"The Vinegar Buyer" Taken  
Ill With Chills and Fever.

"W BATHUR BRATHUR HENSON" and "Easy Downen" met up with their old friend, "The Vinegar Buyer" while the latter was making his final rounds lying in his sickbed, a supply of stock in trade. The result was that they stood around in the drought so much reminiscing and comparing notes that the vinegar buyer, Frank Kendall, caught such a cold he was incapacitated from appearing at the "Opportunity" last evening.

At any rate, that is the natural supposition to be drawn from the statement made by the buyer's manager, Walter Turner, during the middle of the first act at The Moore. While a small audience was waiting for the buyer to exhibit his wares, Mr. Turner announced the vendor of stunts and suddenly been seized with chills and fever and was feeling so badly that it was considered injudicious for him to appear.

He explained incidentally that Mr. Kendall was then in the theatre ready to go on. He relieved the anxiety of the audience, however, by pointing out the buyer would be in condition to see the show with some performance this evening. By way of compensation, those who had braved the elements had their money refunded.

\*\*\*

"It Is to Laugh"—Lots, at  
The Majestic This Week.

Obey, just a plain, ordinary male, in the great big scream of a bill bristling with comedy of all kinds, at The Majestic this week. Obey's mimicry production is of the kind that gets the big, hearty laugh, and such a lot of it was crowded into the ten minutes of his appearance at the first performance last night that the audience was weak when he got through.

Obey is a part of Colonel Billee's miniature circus. Two beautiful trained ponies perform as a sort of a curtain-raiser and then Obey is introduced as a male that cannot be ridden. Any one desiring to see the scene of the

## Another Funny Comedy for Broadway

"The Lottery Man" Begins  
Operation at The Bijou.

The Times Bureau,  
Herald Square, N. Y.  
Tuesday, Dec. 7.

IF laughing makes people fat, there'll be money in peddling something to make you thin in the lobby of the Bijou Theatre from now on. The "Lottery Man" started in business there last night and the comedy by Mrs. M. J. Johnson, young man, sent the audience away in great good humor.

It's a story of a newspaper man who originated the scheme of a lottery with himself as prize. His paper prints the offer with a social biography, and there is a coupon attached. With this coupon and one dollar the reader is entitled to a vote.

No less than three hundred thousand women send as many dollars. The hero of the play, at first heart-free, falls in love with a girl. All friends buy coupons for her, but the winning number is held by an old maid.

"She's the kind that, if your friends saw you with her, they'd think you paying an election bid" is the way she is described. But they disagree that she stole the coupon from "Nora," the cook, and "Nora" is brought on, on the lottery man gets the girl he loves.

The play is delightfully acted. Cyril Scott was charming as the lotteryman. Janet Beecher, as the girl he loves, was winsome, and added some pretty touches of sentiment that marked the play.

\*\*\*  
Washington Sees Belasco's  
Production of "The Lily."

The Times Bureau,  
Herald Square, N. Y.  
Tuesday, Dec. 7.

A SPECIAL from Washington says: In the Belasco Theatre last night David Belasco made his second production of the season in "The Lily," a dramatization from the French original by Pierre Wolff and Guston Leroux. Representatives in Congress and others in official life were seen in the