



With The First Nighters



"UNDER COVER"

Surrounded by withered, retouched scenery of the Selwyn stamp, that excellent actor H. B. Warner and his company are doing their best to make something of "Under Cover," a four-act melodrama of upper tandom by Roi Cooper Magrue. The author, who we believe is comparatively new in the business, has wasted no end of clever lines on a vehicle the construction of which has little to commend it, as it falls far short of most of the crook plays high and low that have been presented. The chase for the necklace is very much on the order of "give me them papers" of other years, and even in the most dramatic situations in the play there isn't anything to thrill, or hold the interest at an intensity. The denouement is cleverly arranged, but it takes a long time to get to it, and it is really too bad that an author with the ability to make his lines sparkle as does Magrue should have put them "Under Cover." That's a rotten pun.

Mr. Warner, fine actor and worthy son of his father, has a personal charm which combined with his natural ability always makes his performance a treat, but in "Under Cover" he descended, and he probably knows it. But then one cannot find a real play every season, those things being almost as scarce as real actors.

Isabel Irving, who may always be depended upon, possessing fine poise and the art of an older school blended with grace, charm, exceptional intelligence and a complete understanding together with histrionic ability that has always been splendid, gives a perfect performance. Another actress (visible, unfortunately, only in the first act) whose work created a nice impression, is Frances Stamford.

Rita Stanwood in the lead as Ethel Cartwright, the girl coerced by the secret service agent and in love with Steven Denby played by Mr. Warner, is apparently not so much at home in plays of this character as she was in "Excuse Me," and "My Best Girl," though in the scene in Denby's room, she rose to the occasion splendidly in her erotic ferocity. Her entire performance was very good.

Except for a certain insulance, there was nothing to commend the work of Ruth Donnelly as Nora Rutledge. She hardly has a line in the play that isn't full of fat, but she slurs and slights her reading and loses most of the effect. We fear it will take much tutoring to make an actress of Miss Donnelly.

Of the men T. J. McGrane as the deputy surveyor of customs did fairly well, though he could not get away from the tendency to overdo, which seemingly overtakes most actors who essay the roles of third degree coppers. The Monty Vaughn of William Courtleigh, Jr., was played to a nicety and he brought out everything that was in the part. Old friend Frank Kingdon with his usual polish in a part eminently suited to him was all anyone could be and the inspectors played by E. M. Dresser and J. Wilson didn't do anything to mar the performance.

But "Under Cover" is not an "Alias Jimmy Valentine," "Deep Purple," "Within the Law," or any crook play of quality that has lasted over a season.

PANTAGES

There is a girl over at Pantages this week with a illt in her throat that is winning every audi-

ence. She is Agnes Von Bracht, a Dane, possessing a wonderfully sweet voice with which she sings in English and in her native tongue. Her work is especially appealing after listening to the usual blat of near operatic soloists. There are some other good acts on the bill, notably the Tai Plen troupe of Chinese wonder workers, jugglers and contortionists. The greatest novelty of their performance is the feat performed by two of them in which swinging from their queues in midair, they enjoy a little libation seated at a table supported by them.

Charles King, Virginia Thornton and Erman Searey are presenting "The Stranger" during the second week of their engagement at Pantages, and aside from having been seen here before, it falls far short of their playlet last week, "The Village Priest." The character work of Searey is the one noticeable thing in the sketch. Fred Duprez has a monologue and an after act containing considerable humor, though he gets his audience in the beginning with smut stuff and they apparently like it. Another act is that of Izetta who plays an accordeon fairly well, isn't much of a singer and wears a costume that is a scream. It isn't meant to be funny but the expanse of pink incasing Izetta's nether extremities makes it so. A good picture and some good music round out the bill.

ORPHEUM

There is a lot that is good in the bill seen at the Orpheum this week, but many of the acts are so long drawn out that they detract from the impression they create at first and become tiresome. However there are enough novelties and clever performers in the offering to make it enjoyable most of the time, though the precedent of the week before set a pace that was hard to follow.

Following the pictures, showing scenes in Sumatra and the Valley of Waitaki in New Zealand, pictures by the way that add to the interesting and educational scenes with which the Orpheum people have scored during the season, Eadie and Ramsden open the show in something called "Charles Visit," which is an excuse for the songs of one and the clever contortions and eccentricities of the other.

Then Brent Hayes takes a long time to show what he can do with the a banjo. True enough he is master of it, but the banjo act in vaudeville is somewhat passe. Tom Brown, Louis Fletcher and Tom Driscoll have a peculiar act called "Christmas Eve," giving them various opportunities to prove that their voices are good. Interspersed with the music is a littel story containing humor and sob stuff.

Mme. Jeanne Jomelli, formerly of the Metropolitan, has created considerable interest in musical circles, though as was to have been expected, the selections from her grand opera repertoire did not meet with the response from the masses that her singing of "Home Sweet Home," brought forth. She is a gifted and finished artist of pleasing personality, and big enough to go to work.

Victor Moore, Emma Littlefield and company in "Change Your Act or Back to the Woods, get a lot of laughs out of their burlesque with the assistance of some stage hand slapstick work. They could improve their act immensely however, by a little careful work during the spring time

so that the novelty of it would not wear off owing to its length.

Anna Chandler with some new ideas regarding the way songs should be sung and some chatter, humorous if not uplifting, scored a big hit. She is one of those don't care ragtime artistes who always seem to ingratiate themselves immediately with vaudeville audiences. The "Dance of the Temptress," as produced by Alice Eis and Bert French, is a weirdly beautiful performance in which the stage effects play an important part, with great billows of sparkling foam in the background which move and whelm everything within reach much as the surf and settling spindrift in the wake of a liner at sea. The dance is original and somewhat exciting finishing with the immersion of the whole damn family in the suds.

WHAT'S THIS? PEG O'NEILL AND TIM FRAWLEY.

Peggy O'Neill, the star of Peg O' My Heart, who made Lorette Taylor (Mrs. Hartley Manners) so jealous professionally a year ago is now Mrs. Timothy David Frawley, that inveterate bachelor of the stage and the fascinating Peg having been married secretly in San Francisco a few days ago by a Catholic priest. It is said that the devotion of Frawley to Miss O'Neill has been noticeable for many months. It certainly was here during the recent engagement of the little actress at the Salt Lake theatre, but no one who knew Frawley thought that he was starring in a romance.

In the old days of the Frawley stock company at the Grand theatre here when such stars in the embryo as Blanche Bates, Madge CanCooke, Julia Dean and others were playing, Frawley was personally well liked and quite a popular stage hero. Since those days he has been seen here once or twice and has been about the country with varying degrees of success making his headquarters in the east most of the time.

"POTASH AND PERLMUTTER"

Most of the big popular successes on the American stage came unexpectedly. Some of them have gone begging for managerial recognition, while others were thought of so poorly in advance, that it was hard to find who wrote them. Among the latter is "Potash and Perlmutter," the comedy founded on the "Montague Glass" stories in the Saturday Evening Post, which A. H. Woods will present at the Salt Lake theatre for five nights and Wednesday and Saturday matinees beginning Tuesday, March 16th, with the same identical cast that played at the George M. Cohan theatre, New York, for fifty-six weeks.

The company includes Alexander Carr and Barney Bernard who created the famous parts of "Abe" and "Mawruss." Charles Klein, the well known author, was invited to make the dramatization of "Potash and Perlmutter." He drew the ground plan, so to speak, and then begged to be excused. He said that the material of the "Glass" stores was so disjointed that it did not promise well for the stage. Other hints were to the effect that he had been requested by prominent New York Hebrews not to lend himself to the caricature of their race. Jules Eckert Goodman and a number of others were asked to take up the work, but for some reason or other, de-