

# SOPHIE TUCKER AND HER "KINGS" PLEASE

*Demonstrates Her Syncopation Abilities at Orpheum,  
Topping a Good Bill.*

**M**ANY vaudeville women are gifted with temperament—whatever that may be—and very little else. Sophie Tucker is not one of those women, as the capacity audiences at the Orpheum yesterday will agree readily.

Headlining an entertaining bill, Miss Tucker and her five aides—styled "kings" of syncopation—offer a diverting lot of music and rhythm. There is little better in vaudeville than Sophie Tucker's broad A's and silent I's, unless it is her ability to be just a little ahead of the snappiest ragtime that our contemporary music-writers offer.

It is only just that she should be accorded top position on the playbill, but she would be given that by popular approval even if the program did not state the fact.

Ruth Budd is the lady of the skies.

From the height of a rope she hangs by her feet and sings unconcernedly several favorite selections. Silhouetted by the spotlight against a curtain of royal purple she presents a striking figure.

"Cranberries" is a one-act rural comedy of love and business that does not strain—either mental energy or conventionality.

Bert Fitzgibbon, needlessly characterized as the "original daffy-dill," is laughter in himself. What he doesn't know by memory he invents, and both he and the audience enjoy it.

Svengali, presented by Art Browning, gives an unusual demonstration of canine intelligence. Beeman and Anderson are skaters of conceded ability, and Riche and Burke, with a singing and dancing act, are entertaining.

The Orpheum Travel Weekly shows Italian scenes. The bill will be presented all week, with daily matinees.