

nal story of the piece. Helen Broderick, who almost "stole the show" when the comedy was offered in New York, is a little too subtle in the movies to be fully effective; her smartest bits were often lost to the audience who received them through the medium of studio mechanics. Claudie Dell, very lovely, played the part of the American girl who was being pursued.

The musical numbers that featured "Fifty Million Frenchmen" when it was a stage show have been eliminated in the screen version except for a few strains, here and there, of the "hit" number of the original comedy.

"Masquerade," the human story of a cabaret girl who had become tired of her playgirl role, and who won real love in the end, was effectively played by Vivienne Osburn and Rod D'Arcy. "Hitting the High Spot," a musical act, was included in the program of short subjects.

H. W. C.

Palace Theater

Pleasant foolery of the kind that provides twinkling entertainment has the spotlight at the Palace Theater this week, where Eva Puck and Sam White have a headline act, and an amusing film exacts what box office tribute it may from the title "Bachelor Apartment."

The vaudeville bill is well above the mythical average of honorable comparison, including as it does the Spanish clown, Pepito; three small showmen, Furman Sharkey and Lorraine; and a good curtain raiser, "Eight Feet of Rhythm." Miss Puck and Mr. White have snatched a cheerful bit from the pages of old melodrama, which with Miss Puck's wig, her grand opera manner, and a rubber water pitcher do much to banish blues. They also do some lively bits from New York musical shows, which give both ample opportunity to prove their versatility.

Pepito has a good act which should prove a treat to all the youngsters in town, abounding in all the young nonsense which one has to learn to laugh at when one is 4 if one laughs at all. His costumes are, as always, striking. His impersonation of the famous pianist with which he concludes the show is familiar and popular, but last night did not seem as funny as of old. He has, however, an excellent specialty dancer in his company.

As usual, all of the songs of Furman, Sharkey and Lorraine are jolly and amusing, and one is pretty vulgar. These young men work hard at their stuff, and if a song ends only in a whimper of applause, it is usually the fault of the song. There is some smart dancing in "Eight Feet of Rhythm" featuring Starr and Castle.

"Bachelor Apartment" owes its direction to Lowell Sherman, who also appears in its leading role. It is a little tale of the philanderer who finds true romance in the last foot of film in the arms of a pretty stenographer of unimpeachable habits. But "Bachelor Apartment" was directed by a man with a sense of humor, which appears to function at least 80 per cent. of the time, and the result is a sparkling farce, which gets off to a slow start but happily gains speed and interest.

Irene Dunne, who will be remembered as the Sabra of "Cimarron," has the leading role and Mae Murray contributes her always attractive figure and an unholly laugh to the characterization of one of the habitues of this particular bachelor's apartment. There are also two other blondes in the cast, Kitty Kelly and Noel Francis, neither of whom are at all hard to look at.

New reels, a Johnny Farrell solo film, and organ-specialty numbers complete the bill.

Pepito Admits His First Choice Is Angling for Sea's Game Fish



Pepito, noted clown

Candidly admitting that he would rather do deep sea fishing than anything else in the world, Pepito, internationally known clown, holds forth as one of the feature attractions on the R. K. O. Palace Theater stage this week.

Pepito loves nothing better than to feel the weight of a tarpon, sword fish, or what have you on the end of his line. He is such a devotee of the sport that a special pole made of one piece whale bone and hammer is the product of his design and will shortly be placed on the market. He also confided that his best love was a 34-foot speed boat, "The Phantom," which takes him on many of his fishing excursions.

Pepito, whose family name is Escobar, claims that he is technically not a clown. "You see," he said, "I am not a clown in the genuine meaning of the word. I am what is known as an 'eccentric.' He is supposed to be dumb. I do not whiten my entire face. I speak a good deal and my costume is not of an old design, but of my own making, and there are other even more technical differences between my work and that of the real clown."

Pepito makes all his own costumes, scenery, and stage effects, due perhaps to the fact that he originally studied to be an artist, back in his home country, Spain. Then he took up clowning, the only member of his family connected with the theater but he has never lost his love of art and makes use of it in his work.

Pepito came to this country nine years ago and has previously and since then demonstrated his talent for making people laugh in almost every country of Europe, in Mexico and Australia.

He still wears a little diamond and jeweled stick pin which was given him by former King Alfonso of Spain as a memento when Pepito decided to try his fortune as a clown in this country.

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