



First Night.

BIG NEW IDEA SCINTILLATES.

Los Angeles in Front As a
Producing Center.

Finest Thespian Temple Is
Fairly Launched.

Society Out Early for the
Morosco Opening.

The Magic Touch.

Oliver Morosco pressing the button and raising the curtain the first time in his new playhouse last night.

The Morosco Theater, brilliant in its conception, satisfying in execution; restful, rich, seductive in completion; palpating life, light and color in realization, threw wide its hospitable doors last evening and looked destiny full in the face. Thespians, peering down through the ages from the day his child was born of Greece, beheld a receptive and delighted public acclaiming its acceptance of the latest and most beautiful addition to Los Angeles' list of temples erected to his name, and all that is good in histrionic art, takes its rightful place amid the myriad lights in the Rialto of the Western World.

The opening of the Morosco in its half-million-dollar environment on Broadway near Eighth street, marks an epoch in the theatrical history of the city. Other theaters have been dedicated; other first-night audiences have scintillated in jewels and fair array before other virginal footlights, but in giving the magnificent theater which bears his name to the amusement-seeking public of this big town, Oliver Morosco has built with a deeper foundation than managerial insight has ever built before.

PLAYHOUSE WITH MISSION.

Besides the stir and bustle, and excitement, and gaiety of a first night; beside the honk of outside auto horn, and the swish of silk through the marble-paved lobby; besides all the usual scenes of such an occasion, the premier of the Morosco Theater means above all else that Los Angeles is placed once and for all, definitely and actively upon the universal theatrical map, and as the brilliant initial audience assembled to pay its homage where homego is due, art whispered across the softly-lighted proscenium to music, and music passed the word along to literature, that from this house are to go out many great successes of the future. The Morosco is primarily America's first producing theater, the home of America's greatest stock company; the place of beginning for many a fame-touched genius in the

years that are to come. It is a playhouse with a mission.

Aside from the significance of the event itself—the formal opening of a new theater—the affair took on the added dignity of a function, for society was there; buds, debutantes and dowagers filled box and stall, and the business and professional world contributed of its great, while from the Milky Way in New York to Kearney street in San Francisco came messages of cheer from men whose names are household words wherever drama is recognized.

BRILLIANT AFFAIR.

The theater has been described in its technique, and the story of the actors upon the stage is for another column, but the actors, the house, the audience, the possibilities, and above all, the idea, make a composite picture of cause and effect which must be reckoned with en banc.

The lobby was a tournament of roses; the garnerings of the city's hot-houses were there in choicest perfection, awaiting the auspicious moment when they should be transferred across the footlights to do their part in making the history of the night.

In spite of the fact that the house was "sold out" days and days ago, the audience came early, and found no one napping. The ushers, red-clad and competent, were at their posts; the theater was perfectly heated in spite of the chilling out-of-door advances of Jack Frost; in a word, there was no indication save in the rose-scented atmosphere, and just a little undercurrent of excitement, that this sort of thing has not been going on indefinitely. The theater is a finished product on the night of its announced opening; a feat in itself almost without parallel, for it has come to be an axiom that theaters and world's fairs are rarely ready when the bell rings.

VALE ORCHESTRA.

The rich French gray dress of the theater, with its gold and bronze trimmings; the entire absence of the garish; the reflected lighting arrangement; the soft carpets between every

row of seats; the seats themselves, as comfortable and as roomy as grandmother's old chair; the intimate proximity to the performers—there are only seventeen rows of orchestra chairs; the perfectly-equipped stage, and the series of asbestos, silken and velour curtains made deep impression upon the audience, but the feature which attracted the most attention was the lovely bank of eye-ensuing green covering the place where we have become accustomed to look for the orchestra.

There is no orchestra in the Morosco, which points the way to the day of emancipation from this time-honored adjunct to pieces of amusement. Prof. Von Rinkenspell no longer pokes his talented head through a mysterious submerged aperture at twelve minutes after 8 and gazes fearfully around the building, after which he either retreats for reinforcements or boldly comes forth and emits notes of preliminary anguish upon a "brass." No longer a blare, and a trump and a roll of drum as the first curtain flies to permit the entranced beholder to learn that oysters are at their chummiest in Blank's cafe, which is thoughtfully open after the "show."

Gone, these old, familiar friends, and in their stead a graceful bank of green, conducive alike to conversation or thought, or programme perusal until, almost at the appointed hour, a premonitory hush falls upon that congregation of 1400 souls—a telepathic something has told them that back of that curtained woodland the stage is set, the actors are ready—and then, without fuss or grinding gears machinery, the first act of Winchell Smith's "Fortune Hunter" is revealed, the players step into the picture; the dialogue begins; the story unravels, and the Morosco Theater is open.

SOCIETY THERE.

Keen interest was manifested by society and maids and matrons appeared in the most fetching creations. Many box parties were given and among the hosts and hostesses were Mr. and Mrs. William A. Innes of No. 933 West Thirtieth street, who had as guests Mr. and Mrs. Guy Barham, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Perry Story and Mr. and Mrs. Willard J. Doran. Following the performance supper was served at the Alexandria.

Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Christopher of No. 816 South Union avenue complimented Mr. and Mrs. D. K. Trask, Mr. and Mrs. M. K. Young and Mrs. A. Fuzenot.

Oliver Morosco was seen with Capt. and Mrs. Albert Carlos Jones, Miss Helen Jones, Mrs. Morosco, and Mr. and Mrs. James Neil.

Another genial host was K. A. Hamburger, who shared his box with Mr. and Mrs. Otto Sweet, Mrs. Jennie H. Marx, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Leonard, and their daughter, Miss Clara Leonard.

A merry party was that presided over by Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Young and their son, Frank Wilson Young, who included Mrs. Mary Young Moore and Miss Josephine McAlester, a charming young visitor from New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Grover Garland and a party of their young friends filled another box while in the orchestra Mr. and Mrs. John Kahn of Hobart boulevard were entertaining Mrs. I. K. Zeimer of Oakland, Mrs. Leo Barnett, Monroe Marx and Edward Patton.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sumner Kent delightfully entertained with a box party, later taking their guests to the Alexandria, where cards bore the names of Dr. and Mrs. Frank C. MacPherson, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rupersbery, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Hardacre and Mrs. Frank Reaso.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred L. Altes of Westlake avenue asked as their guests their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Greaves, Mrs. Boetcher and Miss Cora Boetcher.

AMONG THE MANY.

Others noticed were: John Schumacher, ex-Judge and Mrs. William Rhodes Hervey, Mr. and Mrs. Motley H. Flint, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Behrendt, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Brunton, Dr. and Mrs. L. H. Hardin, R. B. More-

head, William Schneider, Mr. Sloane, Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Hosterhoff, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Herbert L. Cornish, Don Carlton, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Stiebold, Sidney Dixon, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Mullen, F. G. McCoy, Mr. and Mrs. Roland Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. Hurton E. Green, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Bentle, Miss Margaret Bentle, Mrs. H. C. Millap, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Mullen, Mr. and Mrs. G. Allan Hancock, Miss Katherine Mullen, Miss Marie Rose Mullen, Miss Thompson, Miss Boland, Dr. Hollera, Mr. Phelps, W. D. Woolvine, Mr. and Mrs. Woods, Rayburn Woolvine, Mrs. Hugh Graham Miller of New York, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Martin, Clare Woolvine, Miss Eva Park, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Frankel, Miss Davis of New York, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Tatum, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Fryman, Mr. and Mrs. Don Leo, Theodore Simpson, Joseph Barman, Miss Maybelle Tower, Mr. and Mrs. George M. Derby, Mrs. George Roberts, I. W. Flanew, Mrs. F. H. Haskell, Mrs. A. C. Hupp, Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Wood, Mrs. Forrest Stanley, Mr. and Mrs. E. Gerson, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Hutchinson, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. Claude Holman, Miss Grace Stoermer, Col. Lankershim, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Mitchell, Miss Dorothy Parry-Jones, Mrs. Graham of London, Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Ramish, Miss Elizabeth Bishop, William Thomas, B. J. Reilly, Dr. and Mrs. R. J. McAduy, Miss Irene McDonald, Mrs. M. McDonald, F. H. Kamps, Dr. and Mrs. Andrew Stewart Lobingier, Mr. and Mrs. R. Clifford Durant of Detroit, Mich.; Miss Lottie Stark, Mrs. Albert E. Colburn, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Ames, Jr. and Mrs. T. C. Gurnet, Mr. and Mrs. William Fenn, Miss Erma Polaski, Miss Lucille Polaski, Miss Francis Newmark, Milton Baruch, Mr. Lowe, Julius Jacoby, Mrs. J. K. McAllister, Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Vickrey and Frank Young.