

# NEW ORIENTAL THEATER OPEN

## Hindu Motif Gives C. H. Miles' Latest House Distinctive- ness All Its Own.

With the opening of the Oriental yesterday Detroit's steadily mounting list of handsome theaters received an outstanding accession. The house that C. H. Miles, long-time figure in the local amusement field, erected in West Adams avenue, and which was started off on its career with proper eclat on the part of those who thronged it at every performance, is commodious, and incorporates about everything that could be devised to promote comfort.

Both in architecture and appointments, it is a distinct departure so far as Detroit is concerned. A Hindu motif is skillfully employed with results that are pleasing to the eye, and give it a distinctiveness all its own. The skyline vista that rims the auditorium is obtained by a blending of minarets, temple walls and snow capped mountains, with a ceiling where stars twinkle, and clouds move lazily along, with their ever changing coloring. An ingenious arrangement of lights gives the impression of night or midday, as best befits the moment.

### Colorful Decorations.

Seats are wide, with deep upholstery, and there is no place in the vast auditorium from which every part of the stage is not plainly visible. The decorative scheme is

rich in coloring without being too bizarre. The concert organ revealed new wonders under the deft manipulation of Charles Boomhower, and a large orchestra, directed by Frank Musial, furnished the accompaniment for vaudeville.

The opening program proved a happy selection of established vaudeville favorites, and some who, while not so well-known, proved to be no less welcome. Joe Cook, the one-man show, of revue and vaudeville acquaintance, has elaborated his act until it calls for a trio of "dumb" assistants and an acrobatically inclined slip of a girl. Joe plays a variety of instruments, tells all about his youthful days as a ball player on the spot where the theater now stands, with wilder flights of fancy than ever before, and does so many other amusing things that all count is lost.

### Revue Is Elaborate.

Jack DeSylvia's Ladies of Fashion present a revue that suggests it might have been lifted from a "Follies" or the "Music Box," so elaborate are the settings and costumes. It introduces a half dozen young women who sing and dance and wear gorgeous apparel, a youth whose stepping is speedy, and concludes with a nursery version of the Apache dance which lacks nothing in its rough-and-tumble aspects.

Aileen Bronson, blonde and pert as ever, and Jack Gordon, with some lively patter; Lera and Spencer, instrumentalists and close harmonists, with one of the team clowning amusingly; the Rickards, who do bits of magic, sleight-of-hand and other things surprisingly well, and the Hungarian troupe, a mixed group whose balancing is of the breath taking variety, complete the vaudeville. The screen feature is "Blood Money," a tale laid aboard a clipper ship, with a shanghaied crew, that gives Hobart Bosworth, Jacqueline Logan and Richard Arlen plenty of opportunity in the roles in which they excel.

At the evening performance, Mayor John W. Smith briefly complimented C. H. Miles on his enterprise, and felicitated Detroit on its newest amusement institution.