

## AMUSEMENTS

Salt Lake Theatre—"The Vanderbilt Cup." Matinee this afternoon; last performance tonight.

Orpheum—Vaudeville. Matinee today; performance tonight.

Lyric—Vaudeville. Matinee today; performance tonight.

### COMING ATTRACTIONS.

Salt Lake Theatre—"The Alaskan," all next week, with Wednesday and Saturday matinees.

Orpheum—"Advanced" vaudeville.

Lyric—"International" vaudeville.

There is plenty of fun and excitement, some remarkably good dancing and a bevy of fairly good looking girls in "The Vanderbilt Cup," which has been presented at the Salt Lake theatre every night this week for the entertainment of the Conference and Fair visitors, and which will be presented again this afternoon and tonight for the last time. But we suspect that none of the principals are of the real genuine article commonly called stars. The music is catchy and pleasing, and no doubt with a more capable company, "The Vanderbilt Cup" would rank with the best of musical comedies on the road. The much advertised auto race is not half as exciting as dodging the autos on the corner of Second South and Main, or watching a race between Gussie Lawson and Samuelson at the Saucer track, but to make up for this the Pendleton sisters are dancers of the whirlwind order, while Edgar Nelson, in his Rube get up is a mirth provoker of no mean ability, and Miss Genevieve Victoria's impersonations and songs are well worth while.

Fair and Conference visitors will doubtless long remember, with pleasure and gratification, the antics of Leona Thurber and her pickaninnies and the "Chest rfieldian," Lew Hawkins as they saw these artistic fun makers at the Orpheum this week. Other members of the troupe of vaudeville artists who have helped to fill out a program of unusual merit at the Orpheum this week will be remembered with pleasure and a longing for a reception of their performance, but those first mentioned undoubtedly were the favorites. The bill was one of the best of a season that thus far has been filled with good things, there being no "back-numbers" or "dead ones" in the "bunch." Scott and Wilson, in their comic acrobatic stunt, and the Balzars, in their acrobatic feats of a more serious order, give a clever performance, while the little playlet "Between the Acts," by Julia Herne, has only one advantage, it is all too short, and we were longing for more of the same kind. The en-

tire show is of the first class order, and if you have not seen it, go this afternoon or tonight, your last chance for this week.

"One of the best bills of the season" seems to be the unanimous verdict of the patrons of the Lyric this week, and the patronage has been of the record-breaking order, doubtless due to the attendance of the Conference and Fair visitors. Each one of the acts presented are of the meritorious order, the racing skit presented by Miss Nellie Etlinge and company and the dancing of Gilmore and Castle being the best numbers, the four Schades in "Mistakes Will Happen" and James and Bonnie Farley in the singing and dancing sketch being close seconds for the honors as the leading fun makers. A new bill will be inaugurated at the matinee today.

"The Labyrinth," as presented by Olga Nethersole and her admirable company at the closing performance of their engagement at the Salt Lake theatre, Saturday night, is a well constructed play, beautifully staged, portraying the evils of divorce, but is rather of the talky order and most dissatisfying in the ending. Miss Nethersole's portrayal of the deserted wife, who loved her first love and husband, despite his brutal betrayal and desertion, and her devotion to their son, was all that could be desired, and the work of Frank Mills as Max de Porgis, as well as that of Lawrence Grant as George Le Breuil was of the first class order, as was, in fact, that of the entire company. "The Labyrinth," we imagine, would be intolerably tiresome in the hands of an inferior company, as it is not a play that is calculated to enliven the feelings of the average seeker for surcease from the cares and sorrows of every day life.

Rehearsals are now in progress for the initial concert of the season of a series to be given by the Salt Lake Symphony orchestra. October 18 has been selected as the date for the first concert, and, of course, the Salt Lake theatre is the place selected for the rendition of a program which Professor Shepard announces will appeal to all lovers of high class music.

Charles B. Hanford began his season's work at Richmond, Va., on September 30, in "Antony and Cleopatra." Mr. Hanford appearing as Antony and Miss Marie Drofna portraying the character of Cleopatra. The tour will extend to the Pacific slope, and Salt Lakers will have an opportunity of again witnessing the work of these old-time favorites.

"The Yankee Regent," one of the most talked of attractions of the season, will be presented for the approval of Salt Lakers in the near future.

"The Alaskan," the new comic opera which will be at the Salt Lake theatre all next week, was written by a newspaper man, and the composer of the opera score was formerly an actor, the two meeting in Alaska, where the material for the opera was gathered. With such a combination "The Alaskan" should be a good thing.

### A HIGH GRADE SHOW.

After the record breaking business of last week the Orpheum announces that this week's bill will be one of the highest grade shows on the road and the advance notices seem to verify that promise.

As headliners, Fred Ray and Company appear in a "Shakespearian Travesty." Here is what one dramatic critic said of this sketch: "It may seem like sacrilege to persons of the old school to burlesque Shakespeare or the 'noble' Romans, but if these supersensitive critics will visit the Orpheum theatre this week and listen for a few minutes to Fred Ray and his two assistants 'In Roman Travesty' the laughs they are bound to enjoy will dispel any lurking suspicion of misguided talent. Ray, as Sentus Limbergus, Roman senator, just up after a bad night, is laughable enough before he speaks, and to look at Lou Benton, as Archibald Blatz, gladiator, is enough to shoo away the cares of a week. The gladiator is seven feet tall at a guess, and surely not more than eight inches wide. His personality is so unusual that when the senator asks, 'What was thy father's business' and the gladiator answers solemnly, 'To make beautiful things' the house cachimaded freely. It is Simon pure nonsense, but the foolishness is so absurdly funny that it performs the same service that picking up a book of nonsense rhymes does for a tired man.

Second on the bill are the O'Meers sisters, graceful and daring wire artists. These performers are said to be, as nimblefooted on a thin strand of wire as ordinary individuals on terra firma, performing difficult feats with grace and ease.

Chris Richards is billed as "The Famous English Comedian, and it is claimed that with his wit he produces a record number of laughs from any audience in the limited time.

Next comes The Farrell-Taylor Trio, introducing "That Minstrel Man" who comes recommended as being an especially original and entertaining sketch.

"A Newsboy's Appeal" is the name of the skit contributed by William H. Sullivan and Clarice Pasquelena. Miss Pasquelena's part of the performance consists of comedy of an eccentric sort, generally amusing and Mr. Sullivan's specialty is tenor singing.

Kollins & Lifton, are America's premier banjoists and their act is reputed to be in a class far and high above the ordinary musical tone.

New animation features on the Kinodrome and selections by the popular Orpheum orchestra complete the bill.

### LONGING.

After the dusk, the stars,  
After the night, the day.  
My tir'd soul longs for strength,  
To soar the endless way.

After earth-life, His face,  
Sublime e'en in misery.  
Endow me with that loving grace,  
Faith, patience and constancy.

DOLORES WATTS.

### CHARITY.

O Muse! Sweet Muse! lend me thine art,  
That I may appeal to the heart.  
Of all who listen to my lay,  
To rule with just and tender sway.  
Minciva, bestow some of thy store  
Of wisdom, known since days of yore,  
When Jove ruled with his sword of fire,  
And Venus posed in scant attire.

At Holy Cross, as you all know,  
The modest Sisters come and go;  
Each day to help bear the load.  
Of a pilgrim fainting on the road.  
They smooth the brow and quench the thirst,  
Of fever patients, cared for and nursed,  
Nor dream how many hopeless sighs,  
Are caused by their madonna eyes.  
There are Sisters gay and Sisters sad  
All in their somber habit clad;  
Each day they say their beads and prayers

While going up and down the stairs.  
Now some there are shy and demure,  
Whose very meekness would assure,  
When they were on dangerous ground  
If an interview were ever found.  
But stolen glances are so sweet,  
Stolen words are dear and fleet,  
All things stolen or that we utter  
Are sweetest—even bread and butter.

The doctors who relieve the pain,  
Of all who enter this domain,  
Are young and handsome, just like boys,  
Who have their sorrows and their joys.

To tell a Sister of their woes,  
Relieves the heart as one well knows  
And gives them strength to take again,  
Other's burdens, cares and pain.

My earnest plea is for their joy,  
We have enough to cause annoy.  
So let them talk, and talk, and talk,  
And in the moonlight take a walk.

My brain with fire seems to burn,  
I can scarcely bend or turn,  
My very eyelids have grown tired,  
From the inspiration I've inspired.

DOLORES WATTS.

Holy Cross, August 26, 1907.