

Theatres

AT THE ORPHEUM

"The Other Man's Wife," a three-act play with one set of scenery and a cast of five people, attracted a small audience to the Orpheum theatre last night. All that held the crowd to finish was curiosity, not as to how the affair would end, but as to the manner in which the villain would meet his doom. When, about 10:30 o'clock, he was shot by an Italian "through two walls and the drawing room"—meaning that the revolver was fired from the right side of the stage while the Italian was supposedly "planted" behind a tree on the left side—the auditors enjoyed the only real laugh of the evening.

A lame attempt had been previously made by the playwright—name unknown—to inject some humor into the play by having a travestied English butler repeatedly say "That's just what I was going to do" and to review his troublous courtship with the cook to the heads of the household and the visitors.

In its subject matter, "The Other Man's Wife" proved fairly nauseating, being a melodramatic problem play of the "absinthe" type, wherein the outside member of the eternal triangle did his "dirty" work before the other two members became acquainted. A character part is padded into the leading role and Ann Hamilton, an excellent impersonator of the "bawdy" type, made the most of it. Her best line was the question, "Why should a man live two lives, when a woman must rise or fall with one?" George Sharp did the only acting that was genuinely appreciated, in the role of an Italian laborer. Ed Vail, the "heavy," impersonated a parasite, who was seen, in this instance, much oftener than he should have been, with due regard to the real ethics of the drama.

AT THE UTAH

Only the rich, in metropolitan centers, can afford to see the Russian Royal Ballet, but the finest ever staged, perhaps, is offered at the Utah and opened last night to a crowded house. Alice Brady is the star, playing the double role of mother and daughter. This ingenious development of photographic art is seen at its best in this great play and Miss Brady, as the grand duchess, is tremendously efficient.

The royal ballet, the peculiar Russian dance, in which power and grace combine to produce a wonderful and pleasing effect, the portrayal of court intrigue, in which the Grand Duke Alexis plays the role of morganatic husband, but yields and banishes his wife at the command of the Tsar, are features of gripping intensity and unusual interest in this time, when the common people of Russia are busy at their gigantic task of abolishing autocracy and establishing a constitutional government.

In this play the grand duke, for a wonder, shows himself a man and claims the honor of slaying the beast that assailed his daughter's honor. The grand duchess had, in fact, accomplished this splendid act.

The scenario includes a glimpse of real Russian life and winter scenery. The power of the Tsar is depicted vividly, contrasting strangely with the facts of today, in which the telegraph tells of the dethronement of the Tsar and the suppression of the grand ducal clique.

The ballet is gorgeous. The costumes doubtless cost a fortune. None finer has been seen, perhaps, on the American stage. And the ballet girls are beauties, every one of them.

The music last night, accompanying the picture, is unusually fine, especially the number in which the banjo plays a part.

The comedy feature of this program is good. A number of festive hoodlums are seen at work, under direction of a typical boss, who is a veritable Simon Legree, and the harder they work the more they seem to him like lazy loafers. Finally they declare a strike, which is ended when the first man gets a rap on the noodle with a brick.

The comedy teaches a subtle industrial lesson, the relation between master and slave, and reveals the reason why the mighty mammoth known as Labor remains in subjection to the inherently weak Mammon, and this reason is that they do not think. Like dumb, driven cattle they are scourged to their tasks, and, like Russian peasants, they seem to rejoice in having a cruel and remorseless master. It is comedy, however, evoking a continuous laugh. The lesson, deftly wrought, lies behind the surface, the bricks and the boss.

There's another comedy in which a bomb plays a part, which on being opened, is found to contain a delightful little poodle-dog.

This program is designed solely to please. The only moral lesson is the emphasized fact that freedom is found only in America and that woman's honor is priceless and dearer than life.

AT THE ALHAMBRA

Watching with breathless interest, burning with shame and indignation, in realization of the fact that a thoroughly depraved society has reached the point where a libertine is a social favorite, while his innocent victim pays the extreme penalty, an audience of hundreds of men, women and young folk last night sat spellbound while the film revealed the great moral lesson and the artistic beauties of "The Libertine," which will be repeated today and tomorrow at the Alhambra.

Alma Hanlon, ingenue, whose beauty and superb acting win all hearts, plays the stellar role to perfection. She knows life in the fine and the rough, else she could not play with such power this difficult part.

John Mason, a movie favorite, interprets the unwelcome role of the libertine in a manner true to nature. The villain is hanged, drawn and quartered a thousand times in the minds of the beholders.

Why Audience Laughs. At the grand climax, when the monster's victim, hopeless and despairing, ends her life, strange laughter is heard throughout the audience. Why do they laugh at this agonizing spectacle? That's why—to relieve the pent-up feelings. For the same psychological reason, the stricken people of Galveston laughed, confronting their calamity, the morning after the storm of September 8, 1900, after death had taken its toll of ten thousand. In such crises some laugh, some weep, some curse and others pray.

This great play reveals the horrifying fact that commercial conditions and inequality of wealth and educa-

NORRIS REPLIES TO JONES' PERSONAL ATTACK

Editor Standard: Miles L. Jones, whom I helped to elect as city commissioner, has been quoted as referring to me in an complimentary manner in connection with the formation of the Taxpayers' league.

Instead of pondering my alleged imperfections, Mr. Jones would do well to keep to his pantomimes, or else devote his whole attention to the coal famine, which still endures, and, incidentally, let the public know whether coal weights are as correct today as they were about a year ago, when the fact was published that the weights were short, but the names of the short-weight artists were withheld.

Since the coal question still is a vital issue, will Mr. Jones revert to the weighing of that time and explain why the names were withheld? The public wants to know.

In the empty Whiskey Flask a festive serialist also has been making free with the names of the promoters of the Taxpayers' league. The individual also would do well to keep to his pantomimes, else he will find himself under the spotlight. This judicial, loutish Sampson (referring to Romeo and Juliet), ill-mannered servant to the peevish Capulet, who, in his bout with Gregory, shows himself a "weak slave," boasts himself a tyrant among women and "bites his thumb" at men, only to deny it when challenged, swallowing the lie direct from the anvil, sneakily playing the role of the anonymous coward, stirring up civic strife by scurrilous whispering to gratify his cankered envy, and slinks away to hide himself while the Capulets and Montagues decide the fray and brave the fury of the Prince. This court knave is, as he boasts, like the lady-killer, Jack Falstaff in the play, "a pretty piece of flesh," "bearless hind," whose name, pronounced and identified, would cause the public to "hiss him in scorn."

In conclusion, I voice the hope and the general prediction that the Whiskey Flask will "bust" and dissolve about the first of August.

(Signed) R. A. NORRIS.

tion have produced such unspeakable monsters as the professional libertine. Working girls are the victims, invariably, of the delusive enchantments of wealth and luxury are used by these fiends to lure girls to destruction.

The play teaches that the wages of sin are oft times worse than death, and that grief is keenest which mingles with remorse.

"Vile Opportunity," created by poverty and inexperience, is revealed as it is used by a class of infamous employers and evil-minded men, caring naught for woman's priceless honor, who are fit to associate with the most loathsome reptiles that writhe and crawl in the bottomless pit.

In "The Libertine" the devil in human form is revealed, "fondling the screaming things his fiends have flayed."

The wretched, dying victim finally escapes for an hour and finds her way back to home and mother, and this mother is the typical, lovable American matron. The house is dark, placarded to let the girl crawl through a basement window. The rooms are bare. Poverty and sorrow reign supreme, the sacred realities gone forever. The dying girl is seen, overwhelmed with anguish and remorse, in the penance chamber haunted by ghosts of the past—a soiled, crushed flower—the discarded plaything of the jaded libertine—and, instead of mother, truest friend on earth, she finds a jeering enemy and her mother cold in death in her coffin. This is a terrible, heart-stirring scene.

Deaths and Funerals

MOORE—The infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Moore died at the Dece hospital Saturday night. The baby was buried this morning in the city cemetery, following a private funeral service at the Lindquist chapel.

KAMMEYER—Funeral services for Mrs. Alida Bouman Kammeeyer were held yesterday afternoon in the Ninth ward meeting house, with Elder Herman Van Braak conducting. The chapel was filled mainly with local Hollanders, friends and relatives of the decedent and many placed floral tributes upon her bier. The speakers were: J. W. F. Volker, Evart Neuteboom, J. Schipper, H. Nyveld and Herman Van Braak. A trio composed of Joseph P. Fernelius, Thomas Van Dremelin and William Kouw sang "O My Father"; Thomas Van Dremelin and William Kouw sang "A Heart Known to the People," in the Dutch language, and Mrs. Wangsgaard sang "O Dry Those Tears." Interment was in the City cemetery, the grave being dedicated by Elder Van Braak.

STEWART—The funeral of William L. Stewart was held yesterday afternoon in the Twelfth ward chapel, with Bishop T. B. Wheelwright presiding. Friends and relatives of the decedent filled the chapel and the bier was covered with floral tributes. The speakers who eulogized the life of the pioneer were President James Wetherpoon, President Lewis W. Shurtliff, President John Watson, Dr. E. G. Gowans, Peter Folkman, Henry T. McCune and Bishop Wheelwright. Special music was furnished as follows: "O My Father" and "Face to Face," Mrs. Mary Farley; "Hill Crest," Robert Greenwell; "O Dry Those Tears," Miss Ennis Williams, and a violin solo, W. C. Clive. Interment was in the City cemetery.

STRATTON—Max Childs Stratton died yesterday morning at a local hospital of meningitis. He was brought to Ogden for medical treatment from Echo, where he had been employed as a telegraph operator. The decedent was born in Indianapolis, Ind., 28 years ago and is survived by his parents, wife and one child. He was a member of the Masonic lodge. The body was taken to the Larkin mortuary and may be viewed there today and tomorrow morning. It will be shipped to Indianapolis for interment tomorrow afternoon.

WRIGHTS' Easter Showings of New Spring Fashions

SPRING must come soon and with it the joyous trinity of sunshine, flowers and the first songs of birds—they are, indeed, the epitome of spring.

The store, too, is full of springtime life and sunshine—hearts are light, eyes are bright, voices swell with the very joy of living—even the merchandise with which this great store is filled today, fresh, new, bright, beautiful, takes up the strains of this spring song of the world. We are proud—justly so, you'll agree—with the knowledge of having prepared so well for our growing clientele. Never was merchandise so well selected—never so moderately priced. Come pay us a visit tomorrow—the store is a goodly sight in its spring decorations.

- Spring Corsets** Here's an unusually important message—from this time on the new Gossard Corsets will be shown at this store exclusively in Ogden—nowhere else can you see the splendid spring models. And before selecting spring suits, etc., one should have the corsetiere properly fit the spring corset over which the garment is to be worn.
- Mina Taylor Dresses** Although we knew that Mina Taylor dresses would be very popular once they were seen—we still underestimated the demand. So that the first few days took out all of the handsomest two-piece dresses. The stocks have been replenished now, and if you are among those waiting for these pretty spring styles, you'll find your size here tomorrow.
- Afternoon Dresses** Smart frocks of silk and of serge and of silk and serge combinations are here—the jaunty styles that will be wanted for afternoon wear and for street wear when the first warm days are here. Those who have seen them are impressed with the exceptional values—really we've marked them at prices much less than usual—\$15 and upward.
- Juvenile Millinery** The time has passed when just any hat would do for the small girl. Now she must have millinery as distinctive in fashion as her mother's. And we have prepared accordingly. You may see hats here tomorrow which are distinctly 1917 styles, for the girls of two years and up. Prices moderately begin at 85c. (2nd Floor)

Spring Suits

If there is one feature more impressive than another about these spring suits, it is the manner in which they have been priced. Style, of course, is paramount, but the prices are the wonder of all who have seen them.

- suits at \$15
- suits at \$20
- suits at \$25
- suits at \$35



Millinery Service Exceptional

By Millinery Service we mean that not only do we offer you the most wonderful assortment of spring millinery to be seen in Ogden, but that in addition you find here designers who are capable to design, or to make needed changes which are always wanted.

The artists you find here today—for artists they are indeed—come to us direct from the greatest fashion centers of the east.

Should you therefore not find in the great showing of ready-to-wear spring hats which we have provided, styles suited to your taste, there are those here who will be of service in helping you plan exclusive creations.

Come tomorrow, the great millinery tables on Second Floor are filled now with moderately priced hats for early spring wear.

Spring Coats

If you would know how fully the sport style idea has influenced spring fashions, see these wonderful spring coats. And having seen them, you must agree with us that there is something very winning in the vogue.

- coats at \$10
- coats at \$12.50
- coats at \$15
- coats at \$20

Spring Blouses Moderately Priced

There is a little department on this busy Second Floor where most of the blouses worn in Ogden are sold. And if you will come tomorrow we will be pleased to show you how strongly the "Sport Style" idea has influenced the designers of waists. Many of them are printed in unusual patterns—printed crepe de chines, printed Georgette crepes, many two-tone effects—and in spite of labor troubles among the waist workers of New York, we have managed to arrange a most unusual showing. A visit to the little Blouse Department on Second Floor will result in pleasure and profit.

Skirts in Sport Styles

Separate skirts this year run very largely to the brilliant patterns used in other sport garments. Some authorities predict a great wave of popularity for separate skirts and blouses—and anticipating a demand for these garments, we've planned a most comprehensive assortment

—Silks, serges, sport plaids and stripes. Come spend an hour on

Second Floor tomorrow, if for no other purpose than to look around.

