

stone of the new bill at the Rex theatre beginning with the matinee on Sunday. On the same program will be a drama "Wasted Lives," featuring Julia Swayne Gordon, and a comedy, "The Faith of Sonny Jim." The bill will continue for the first three days of the week.

"The Road to Paradise" has J. Warren Kerrigan as its star, playing the role of the Irish-American adventurer who gets into all manner of intrigues through the pure love of excitement.

The drama "Wasted Lives" is a production of a Vitagraph company and deals with the greed of a woman who seeks to obtain the fortune of a man whose home she has wrecked and to divert the money from his infant daughter to herself. While the story is in but three reels it is crammed with action.

The Sunny Jim pictures, one of which forms the comedy attraction at the Rex, have made thousands laugh in Salt Lake. The present film illustrates another of the many laughable comedies of errors in which the lovable character becomes emeshed.

"ALOHA OE"

Willard Mack, the Salt Lake favorite, and Enid Markey have attracted crowds at the American this week with the great Triangle feature picture production, "Aloha Oe." As a picture it is a splendid piece of work, and as a play, merely a combination of two or three others with ideas borrowed from "The Right of Way"; "Shanghai," and "The Bird of Paradise." The striking resemblance between the character assumed by Mack after he arrives in Hawaii to that of "Ten Thousand Dollar Dean" in Tully's play and the sacrifice of the fair daughter of the tribe to Pele, is very marked, but the picture is interesting and Mack is particularly good in the opening scenes.

LOEB INTERNES

In a recent communication Sam Loeb mentioned that hundreds of prominent people "ranging all the way from thirty to sixty years old" were attending his performances nightly with their wives and families, and intimated that he was making so much money through their appreciation of his chaste performances that he didn't know what to do with it. We are grieved therefore to note the announcement that he will discontinue his shows at the Utah tonight, and that motion pictures will probably take their place. We are at a loss to understand why, with such appreciation of his artistic efforts there should be any reason for making the change.

PANTAGES

I'm mad at you.
And I'm mad at you.

Girls, they're in again; two female impersonators and another that looks the part, arrived with the new show at Pantages. Ain't it awful, Muriel? Why can't the hussy arrange her bookings so she won't be on the same bill with me—I think it is awful, and men so scarce.

The bill is headlined by "Brazee's Broadway Revue," featuring Billy Batchelor, who convulsed the greater part of the intelligent audience by leaning over in one of the wings, after having kissed the German comedian by mistake, and going through a series of paroxysms for almost a minute, during which he pretended to vomit. Great comedy that! Hazel Vert in the cast wears some good looking clothes and Don Adams as Augustus Klutz displays some real ability as a comedian. He ought to be in better company. Falsetto was the keynote of the whole thing as sounded by the gentleman who would a woman be. Wills and Hassan open the bill in a clever

acrobatic novelty, Prince and Deerie have some songs and patter that don't mean much in the lives of those who enjoy real vaudeville, Bessie Harvey has a good horse and some well trained doves, but there is no occasion for her to sing, and Alexander and Scott in their same old stuff work hard enough but to little effect. One of them is another of those ladylike persons.

Joe Whitehead, the nut comedian, relieves the situation a little with some good stuff mixed with more that is not so good and he is another performer who seems to think it necessary to revive a coarse parody on "The Vampire," which has been worked to death.

"IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE"

"It Pays to Advertise," which Cohan and Harris will bring to the Salt Lake theatre Monday and Tuesday nights and Tuesday matinee, January 3 and 4, is a rip-roaring farce.

Rodney Martin is the son of a soap trust magnate. He fills the bill well, for he is very clean-looking, and has never done a stroke of work. About the time his dad is getting ready to throw him out for not working, he falls in with a press agent christened Ambrose Peale, who has a most astounding knowledge of the psychology of advertising for a man who has not taken the course of extension. He overwhelms Rodney with statistics. "Who do we eat hen's eggs instead of duck's eggs?" he asks. "Hen's eggs are no better than duck's eggs. But when a duck lays an egg, you never know it. Now when a hen lays an egg, she sets up an awful racket, and everybody knows it. Advertising, my boy, advertising."

After several amusing complications, they form a partnership, and decide to go into the soap business, to fight the trust, which is controlled by Rodney's father.

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