

many Salt Lake friends for all kinds of success in his new capacity. And the Palace is to be congratulated on acquiring the clever chap.

Miss Mary Howell of Logan was the guest of honor Wednesday at a kensington given by Mrs. C. R. Bradford.

Mrs. James Ivers, Jr., entertained at a pretty bridge tea at her home on East Firth South street on Wednesday in honor of Miss Frances McChrystal.

Mrs. Lewis T. Cannon and Mrs. C. Clarence Neslen were the hostesses at a reception and tea given on Tuesday for Miss Mary Howell, a sister of Mrs. Cannon.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Prosser and children have arrived from California and will be at Idlewild, their home in Cottonwood during the summer. They went to California by way of the Panama Canal from their winter home in New York.

Among those who entertained the Jackling party during the week were Mrs. C. W. Whitley, Mrs. J. Frank Judge, Mrs. Fred Cowans, and Mrs. Walker Salisbury.

On Tuesday evening, Miss Margaret McMahon and Miss Grace McMahon entertained at their apartments in the Fairmont in honor of Miss Frances McChrystal and Miss Georgia Kaufman of Boise.

Mrs. Lewis B. McCornick has gone to San Francisco where she was called by the illness of her mother, Mrs. Margaret Blaine Salisbury. Mrs. Salisbury has been quite ill, and for that reason it is possible that Mr. and Mrs. Walker Salisbury will not accompany the Jackling party to Alaska.

Paul Keyser is in New York where he will remain until the latter part of the month.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Bamberger have taken the Paul Keyser residence on East First South where they will be at home shortly.

Miss Helen MacVichie who has been at Mount Vernon Seminary during the winter, has returned to her home.

WORDS OUT OF WAKING

By Helen Hoyt.

In the warm, fragrant darkness
We lay,
Side by side,
Straight;
And your voice
That had been silent
Came to me through the dark
Asking, Do you smell the lilacs?
You, half in sleep,
Speaking softly,—
Indistinctly,
Then it seemed to me,
A sudden moment,
As if we lay in our graves,
And you were speaking across
From your mound to mine:
In the springtime,
Speaking of lilacs,—
With muffled voice through the grass.
—From The Little Review.

Once in a while a tramp who loudly proclaims himself a newspaper man lights in a town, and registering at the best hotel, proceeds to disgust everyone not "in the know" with the profession in general.

Such a one, burly and black, swaggering and swearing is at a red brick palace here, insulting the young lady attendants, and making a general nuisance of himself whenever any of these having something to do with the management are out of sight.

If the paper with which he is connected in some capacity knew how much harm he is doing it, possibly the next cheque they pass him would be the last.

"DANCING AROUND" WITH AL JOLSON

"Dancing Around" with Al Jolson, the Winter Garden's supreme and daring achievement in extravaganza, with one hundred and twenty-five people, and a trainload of scenery will be the attraction at the Salt Lake theatre next Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

In this musical extravaganza, Al Jolson will be seen in the celebrated role of "Gus." Jolson has appeared in five Winter Garden shows. In the first of these he was Rastus Sparkler, but in the last four, he has been simply Gus,—the drollest and the most amusing Senegambian personality known to our stage. In "Dancing Around," he appears as Gus disguised as a Hindoo prince, and he appears as a Swiss guide, presently he bobs up as a barber, and subsequently he comes forth in skirts as Magnesia the maid. To top it all he finally appears as himself in white face. No matter what the costume, the genius of Jolson dominates the role.

There is no other comedian who has appeared on the American stage who has made popular so many songs as the inimitable Jolson. Some of the songs which he has popularized are: "Get Out and Get Under," "You Made Me Love You," "When Grown Up Ladies Act Like Babies," and "I'm Glad My Wife's In Europe." He will sing at least a dozen songs in "Dancing Around;" but much depends, of course, on his audience. Some of the new songs he has made popular in "Dancing Around" are "Sister Susie's Sewing Shirts for Soldiers," "Tennessee, I Hear You Calling," "I'm Seeking for Siegfried" and "The Shuffling Shiverer."

With Al Jolson rampaging through the play, the plot has a hard time making itself evident; but such as it is, it concerns a gay young lieutenant of the Hussars, who has begun a flirtation with a mysterious unknown whom he is to know by a beauty mark on her shoulder. Numerous complications ensue, owing to his brother officers mixing in, and the recognition comes only after the course of true love has received many a hard jolt. Jolson is assisted in these revelries by a long list of principals and by a chorus which is said to be the best singing, dancing, and looking collection of femininity on the stage.

"Dancing Around" does not belie its title, for it is said to be "a torrid temptest of terpsichorean triumphs." There is a swirl of dances, ranging from the classic to the modern fox trot; and from the silhouette ballet to hesitation waltzes. In "Dancing Around" the entire gamut of sartorial realism is run. One of the most striking features of the second act is a fashion parade in which fifty young women appear on the elevated runway, attired in gowns of every fashion, dating from ante-bellum days to the present moment. The changes of costumes are, however, endless with the result that they have been referred to as "an uproarious upheaval of lingerie."

WAR: A SONNET SEQUENCE

(Continued from page 3.)

Are on the world, and the grim legions haste
On the old war-roads that the Caesars knew.
Still gleams the dreadful stain of Waterloo,
On Time's accusing record unerased;
But these the heavens where their eagles flew.

Beneath the bleak and slowly shifting stars,
Man turns him in his madness, to reveal
His ancient folly and his ancient crime,
And on the tragic breast austere with scars
Re-girds the mail, and draws the hilted steel,
Cold from the twilight battlefields of Time.

THE DEATH-CHORDS

What antiphon is this, with Earth to Hell
Rendering moan for moan? Alas the cries
That from red mouths of many wounds arise
Above the bass of cannon and the knell
Of tolling mortal and infernal shell!
Far upon Europe's overshadowed skies
The deep vibration of that anthem dies,
When falls the night with Death for sentinel.

This is the music of thy traitor kings,
O world betrayed, and this the cruel song
Thou singest in the heavens of love and
light!
Fold, fold across the lands thy mighty wings
Of dawn and sunset; thou hast sung too long!
Draw round thy breast the everlasting Night!

THE HOUSE OF WAR

Whose heart is fed on vision, and whose mind
With portent of a Golden Age to be?
Let him look forth on Europe and the sea,
As eagles of destruction ride the wind;
But higher must his soul ascend to find
What star of peace the future may decree:
Her ray is deep in night's infinity,
And men deny her, and the heavens are blind.

Seek not her pathway where the airship flies
And Death hath station on the nearer skies,
Smiling on empires that his feet trod,
Where shone the sword and now the cannon
shines,
As the slow Fates, from gulfs without a God,
Swing up the sun of murder on the Signs.

BOMBARDMENT

The womb of steel, with thunder and a moan,
Released its burden, and the screaming shell
Swung up in flame above the heavens' Hell.
Remote, on sounding skies till then unknown,
Where once the vulture circled, high and lone,
Or Alpine eagles had their citadel,

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Matinees 25c to \$1.50

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DANCING AROUND

A Twelve-Hour Show Squeezed Into Three, With the 42-Centimeter Comedian,

AL JOLSON The Mangler of Melancholy and Bouncer of the Blues.
An Uproarious Upheaval of Lingerie and Laughter.

With Frank Carter, Helen Lee, Kitty Doner, Harry Clark, Mary Robson, Fred Leslie, Eileen Molyneux,
Rae Bowdin, Mae Dealy, Earl Foxe, Harry Wilcox, Ted Doner and on the runway

ONE HUNDRED DAIN'TY DIMPLED DIVINITIES