



MISS FLORENCE EASTON.

The famous coloratura singer, from Covent Garden, London, as "Madam Butterfly" and Francis Maclean, the famous "Parsifal" tenor, as "Lohengrin" in Mr. Savage's great production of Puccini's Japanese grand opera, "Madam Butterfly."

clever comedian, who is making the biggest hit of his career in "The School for Scandal," which he began business life as a bootblack in Chicago.

In addition to her present Shakespearean repertoire, Viola Allen may appear as Constance in "King John" next season. Her further plans contemplate a revival of "The School for Scandal."

Macklyn Arbuckle, after appearing for four seasons in "The County Chairman," will terminate his tour in about a week, and will shortly play an important part in a new production. Later he will resume his starring tour in a new play now being written for him.

Maurice Maeterlinck has purchased the Abbey of St. Wandrille, in Normandy, which dates back to the seventh century, for a summer home. It is now only a ruin, but Mr. Maeterlinck will have it restored to a habitable state.

Edward Knoblauch, who dramatized "The Shulamite" for Miss Lena Ashwell, returned to London a few weeks ago and has since completed and submitted to Mr. Fiske the scenario of a drama designed for Miss Bertha Kalich.

According to Lee Shubert, the independent movement in theatrical circles has resulted in a lavish expenditure of money on productions. It is also, he thinks, responsible for the recognition of the work of playwrights before unknown.

An anti cheap theater league has been started at Brooklyn with the object of driving out the low-priced vaudeville houses, which he said, exercise a demoralizing influence on the children by prompting them to steal money to pay for admission.

Two new volumes in the Literary Lives series are to be brought out in the early spring, the life of Henrik Ibsen by the late George, who is an authoritative biography of the Norwegian dramatist, and Dowden's life of Goethe, which includes a criticism of his work.

William A. Brady has just concluded arrangements with Frank McKee whereby "The Man of the Hour" will enter upon an indefinite run at the Savoy theater, New York. In Chicago an additional company will play, with Eugene O'Rourke as Alderman Phelan.

Paul Potter has dramatized the novel "Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son." The play has been secured for the Lyric theater, New York, and is seen as Old Gorkan Graham, following the present revival of "She Stoops to Conquer," which he played here recently.

Walker Whiteside has signed a contract to appear under the management of the Lyric theater, New York, beginning next season. He has been presenting Shakespearean plays in the southern cities for several seasons, but

THE PLAY IN NEW YORK.

BY CHANNING POLLOCK.

NEW YORK, March 4.—All honor to "Peer Gynt!" Its production by Richard Mansfield at the Lyric theater, New York, is the only event of the past five weeks that has really captured the public interest with the Thaw trial!

Our newspapers, with which trifles

will emerge in modern drama next October under the new auspices.

The suit brought against James K. Hackett several months ago by Thomas Q. Seabrooke growing out of their disagreement over "The Alcibiade," in which Mr. Seabrooke starred for a brief time, has been withdrawn. The trouble originated in Chicago. Mr. Seabrooke's unconventional playing of a part on the stage of the Grand Opera House being the cause.

Lawrence D'Orsay has begun rehearsals of his next play, which is by Cecil Raleigh, and will be called "Lord Doncaster." His company will include Josephine Drake, Helen Robertson, Ida M. Darling, Margaret Dale, Howard Percy, Thomas Walsh, Sydney Mather, Harry Dodd, Emerson Mack, Lyster Chambers and Harold Heaton.

Maggie Mitchell attended a performance of "The Road to Yesterday" at the Herald Square theater, New York, recently. She looked as if the years had been kind to her, and to an interviewer she said, "I'm glad to be on the stage and now it is my favorite interest to watch what the others are doing."

Miss Rachel Crothers, the author of "The Three of Us," is a native of Bloomington, Ill. She went to New York several years ago and became an instructor in a school for acting, where she wrote several short plays for the students. Two of her plays, "The Coming of Mrs. Patrick" and "The Afterglow," will have production this season and a new play to be written.

Maxine Elliott is to have a new play by H. V. Esmond, the author of "When We Were Twenty-one." At the close of her present season Miss Elliott will go to London for the preliminary reading of the play, and will remain for a visit to her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Forbes Robertson. Later she will join her husband, Nat Goodwin, at one of the continental summer resorts.

Many prominent theatrical managers are preparing to raise a testimonial fund for Mrs. McKee Rankin, for many years a well-known actress, and who is now very ill at Mont' Kleck from Bright's disease. Mrs. Rankin's last important engagement was with Miss Clara Bloodgood three seasons ago in "The Girl With the Green Eyes." Her friends hope by subscription to raise a substantial sum to aid the actress.

To help people of small means to seats at the best theaters in the city, the People's Institute in New York has made a plan by which the seats at the Lyric theater, New York, for the production of "Peer Gynt," will be sold at a reduced price. This is an enterprise which may be commended to the notice of the Twentieth Century Club of Boston.

bored and to gathering only the vaguest notion "as to what it was about." "I am quite too glibly and too readily deceived," is the conviction of Mr. Dale, who, being person non grata at the New Amsterdam, went to Philadelphia to see "Peer Gynt." He adds that in his opinion he has witnessed in Chinese, Hebrew, Russian, Italian and Spanish were as open books beside this "phantasmagoria." All honor to the actor who caught the habit of acclamation—the critic who really did find poetry and symbolism in the play, and all honor to those who had the sense to see it as a learned, and so very hard to confess ignorance!

As for me, I stand "between the two stools" of schools—prayerfully hoping that I shall not fall to the ground. I flatter myself that I understand "Peer Gynt," but I can't confess myself that I enjoyed it. Nobody realizes more than I the odium that attaches to this statement, but I feel that I must be frank about the matter. Honesty or dishonesty are inborn, like a tendency toward measles, and I am absolutely honest. I don't say this to boast. I wish I were not so taken everything for it, including two positions as press agent. I would give a great deal to be able to be honest and keep my friends and my popularity with the people who pay me a salary. The most congenial post I ever occupied was lost to me because I could bring myself to proclaim the loveliness of "Chris and the Wonderful Lamp." I've simply got to risk the scorn of John Corbin, and insist that I didn't enjoy "Peer Gynt." When I go to the theater I go to see a play, and all the jumbles of fiftal folk and fragmentary fairy tales ever came out of the north leave me still unsatisfied.

Most of our reviewers continue to show that "Peer Gynt" symbolizes the opposition of youth to love, or the attraction of love for youth, or something of the sort. I then myself wrote of the critics and his poem. "They have discovered much more in it than was intended by me," but a trifle like an author's intention never disturbs your habitual symbolism. To the end he "Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, Sermons in stones."

And symbols in everything. John Poleson, in his interesting little volume, "Sammy med Isben," tells such a funny story of these seekers for hidden meanings. Isben had chosen "Makrila" as the name of a female character in "Emperor and Galilee." He had happened upon this name in an old book, and used it because of its unusual foreign sound. Then the scribes found that "Makrila" was Greek and meant "the far-seeing." How pregnant and profound! "Only an Isben could be so foolish of such a thing!" And Isben laughed!

What folly is the idea of symbolism in the theater, where the depiction of everyday life conveys a much more vivid a lesson. In "Peer Gynt" we are told that an ugly creature with horns and a tail was created to typify "consequences," when he was able to show them so much more terribly and intelligibly in that poor mad boy, the victim of heredity, in "Ghosts."

"Peer Gynt" is a combination of boastful Bl. Berge and modest Rip. an. A. Norwegian peasant, and does nothing. In the first act we hear him telling his mother, Asa, of his brilliant career with his buck. Asa recognizes the tale as an old folk yarn. She tells her son of the forthcoming marriage of a wealthy girl, Ingrid, whom he must have taken to spouse. Peer goes to the wedding, is greeted with jeers, gets quite drunk and carries off the bride.

Once safe in the mountains, however, he wearies of the adventure, and sends Ingrid back to her people. Then he meets the hobgoblin daughter of the sea, who will be the cause of his doom of that name, where he falls in with falsetto-voiced supernatural, comically suggestive of "The Dreams of the Barbed Play." Making his escape, the lad builds a hut in the mountains, whither comes a young girl, Solveig, who has fallen in love with him. They are to spend the rest of their days together, but the Dove King's daughter arrives with the bride we are told is the typification of "consequences." Peer feels himself too much contaminated to go near Solveig, so he wanders away and leaves her waiting. Next we see him back in the city of Asa, who is dying. The "little ugly dear old mother" lies on her hard bed, thinking of the days when Peer and she pretended that they were riding in a magnificent carriage, so Peer mounts the footboard, hitches up a chair and drives Asa straight to the gates of Paradise.

Thirty years elapse. Solveig is still waiting. We see her doing it, and hear her singing. When she sings we know why Peer stayed away so long. The dreamer is now a man of wealth and power. He is in a palm grove over the coast of Morocco. False friends steal his yacht to sail away from him, but he has had the word. Then a sort of Greek chorus of very plain dancing girls tells us what happens to him up to the time when we see him again, impoverished, and going home. He arrives there and is met by death. The unbidden guest, Nature, to take away Peer, finds Solveig, realizes that while he sought



PATRICE.

Headliner at the Orpheum Next Week.

an empire of dreams his real empire lies in a woman's heart, and with his head on her lap, he goes to sleep.

You see, "Peer Gynt" really is a great poem, but about as well fitted for stage representation as is the "Maid." One person has been able to make me forget that he is an actor. While he acts I am everlastingly remembering that he does it properly, that he can force, can sing and speak French and German. Perhaps that is merely because I have been told it so often. Mr. Mansfield has made me admit him a hundred times, but he never has made me laugh or cry. I do either of both at the will of David Warfield; wherefore my own preference is for Warfield. But it's all a matter of taste—purely and simply. A great many will differ from me. I am agreed that the performance at the New Amsterdam is one long, luscious, unalloyed delight, and they may be right.

Only it makes me shiver to think what John Corbin would have said of the play if I had been the author of "Peer Gynt."

An extremely pleasant little play is Louis Evan Shipman's "On Parole," a drama of 1865, presented under the direction of Henry Miller on Monday at the Majestic. Had Mr. Shipman written as simply and as agreeably of anything in the world but our internal combat it is certain that he would have been successful in his endeavor. The subject is as good as another in the making of plays, and war may always be counted upon for vital situations. "On Parole" is a play of a few old moments, this is the achievement of "On Parole." The few old moments come when the Northern hero and the Southern heroine hand into long discourse regarding the justice of this side or that. Even the utilitarian, Mr. Shipman, can't make bearable extended argument of a question settled half a century ago.

The convention that a play is never produced until it reaches New York is as old as the "first night" week at the Grand, where "The Bishop's Carriage" was offered by a company including Jessie Busley, already seen in Salt Lake. This adaptation of Marjann Michelson's story has been acted in England, Australia and most of the United States during the past two years, and can be a novelty only in Broadway. It is a plain, unvarnished melodrama, crude in spots, rarely graceful and never subtle, but broadly powerful, rather witty, more or less ingenious and decidedly interesting. I wrote it.

Miss Michelson's story has been followed with a fair degree of fidelity, excepting in that Mr. Laidner is made the sweetheart of Nana Olden, instead of Frederick Obermuller.

Miss Busley gives a charming and affecting performance of Nana, and her supporting company numbers several actors of unusual ability. The local press treated the performance kindly, and it did an excellent business at the Grand.

During the week new stock companies inaugurated their seasons at the Fifth Avenue theater and the Harlem Opera House. "Ben Hur" was revived at the Academy, and "Charley's Aunt" at the Lincoln Square, and "Brewster's Millions" crowded out of the New Amsterdam, continued its prosperous run at the Hudson. The scenic equipment of "Ben Hur" has been considerably increased for the Academy, and the performance of Brandon Thomas' old farce is still as much a novelty as the excellent work of Nina Herbert and Frank Hollins.

LONDON STAGE NEWS.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Feb. 21.—If there is one person in the British Isles who has reason to be good and "pre" at present, it is the author of "Peer Gynt," a romantic play which was put on in the provinces by Edward Compton some three years ago, and which scored so emphatically that its original producer has played it on tour ever since.

Such a trump card has "Tomorrow" proved on the road, in fact, that it has been produced in the provinces, and given it a London production, and if only he had done so there seems quite a fair chance not only that the piece would have "caught on" here, but that the American rights would have been snapped up, too. That, needless to say, would have been extremely good business for the author, but it seems that every time that Compton was ready to give "Tomorrow" in London, some difficulty or other prevented him from putting it on a London stage. Now it is too late, for, oddly enough, the really good idea that underlies the "Peer Gynt" has been discovered and used by two other dramatists on different sides of the Atlantic. According to all indications, too, both of the recent plays have been successful, and even had they not it is likely that the prominence they have been given would make "Tomorrow" seem too

much like an old story to be successful, even if produced now either in London or the United States.

The two other pieces in question are "The Road to Yesterday" which Sothe is at present in the provinces in the United States, and "When Knights Were Bold," which James Welch has just produced with large success at Wyndham's, London. On the question of priority in inspiration the authors of these pieces and the playwright responsible for "Tomorrow" are in a back-and-forth tug-of-war, and may dispute among themselves, but certain it is that here we have what has latterly been known as a case of "unconscious plagiarism." For in each of these pieces does a modern character fall asleep in the first act and in the following one finds himself back in the middle ages. Most of "The Message from Mars" was a dream, it may be remembered, and, of course, the idea of a moral lesson being learned in sleep is hackneyed enough not only on the stage but in fiction. But it is singular that in each of three plays which, likely enough, may all have been written at the same time, the action should have been popped back into the middle ages, after beginning at the present time. Of the three, "Tomorrow" and "The Road to Yesterday" are more or less alike, both being apparently serious or romantic, but "When

Knights Were Bold" is pure farce. In it Sir Guy de Vere (James Welch) takes a stiff "horn" of punch to cure a cold. He does, and on waking finds himself among his ancestors of the twelfth century, who are busy with the teach him quite a lot. One of the things he learns is how to court a lady and how, incidentally, to deal with angry rivals, and in act four the farce is nicely patched little nobleman puts his newly acquired knowledge into practice with eminently satisfactory results.

Harriett Jay, who wrote "When Knights Were Bold," is an authoress who has been silent for many years after having at the outset made a success that one really can describe as "phenomenal." Her first novel, which she published anonymously at 20, was, in fact, attributed to Charles Reade, who did not consider this a disgrace, and thereafter Miss Jay published several successful books. It is likely enough, too, that her new farce will succeed in the United States, as well as in London. It being so funny that American playgoers would overlook the resemblance of its general scheme to that of "The Road to Yesterday."

For "Tomorrow," however, one fears there is little chance, either in London or the United States, so it is author is not very angry indeed with Compton for delaying his promised London production so long, then that author must be a decidedly forbearing person. Presumably, the next time he gets hold of as good an idea as that underlying "To-

orrow," he will not suffer three years to pass before it is utilized to the best advantage.

It is proposed to start a public subscription in France for the purchase and preservation of the log house in Rouen in which Corneille lived, and where he composed most of his plays. It is now in the market and the price asked for it is \$8,000. Towards that amount the Corneille society has raised \$1,400. Though most of the houses around it have been rebuilt, it remains in practically the same condition as when it sheltered France's most famous playwright. The two rooms on the ground floor are still used as a drink shop, as they were in the time of Pierre and Thomas Corneille. The brothers were both "avocats" at the Norman parliament, and had married two sisters. Pierre, it is said, wrote most of his plays in the room adjoining the bar, and actually found an inspiration in the revels of the lively roysterers.

During the last hundred years many attempts have been made to secure the house for the state, but though Frenchmen are intensely proud of Corneille's fame—many of them rating him above Shakespeare—somehow they could never be persuaded to subscribe money enough to turn the resort of gay tipplers into a sober and staid museum. The great Napoleon himself took an interest in one of these projects and urged the mayor of the city to find the means to acquire the property. The mayor was unable to do it, and the task has since proved too great for all of his successors.

CURTIS BROWN.

Savage Prints a Paper in Butte For One Consecutive Issue.

HENRY W. SAVAGE started a newspaper called "The Butterfly" in Butte, Mont., the other day. Although the life of the publication was limited to a single issue, it created a big sensation in the western mining city and sold on the streets for 10 cents a copy and reached an edition of 22,000. Thursday Mr. Savage received a telegram from Steve O'Grady, one of the American Impresario's agents in advance of the English Grand Opera company, now playing "Madam Butterfly," on a cruise-continue tour. The telegram read as follows:

Henry W. Savage, 144 West 43rd St., New York City. Pressman's strike has caused suspension of all daily newspapers here. I will publish for some time. What shall I do. O'GRADY.

Mr. Savage immediately wired the following reply: Steve O'Grady, Broadway, New York. Publish a newspaper yourself. Charge it to me. I hereby appoint you editor in chief. HENRY W. SAVAGE.

With the assistance of a few newspaper friends in Butte, Mr. O'Grady got busy without delay. He found a Butte printing firm unaffected by the strike and prepared a four sheet newspaper containing the important happenings in Butte, interspersed with numerous announcements sent to the editor of "Madam Butterfly." "Price, One Cent," was printed on the title page, but the newsboys found such a demand for the Butterflies when they read their wares on the streets that they quickly raised the price to five and then 10 cents a copy.

Mr. Savage and Steve O'Grady were announced respectively as publisher and editor of the Butterfly, while the following statement printed on the editorial page, explained to the people of Butte the unexpected advance of the little journalistic stranger on the streets:

This special edition of the Butterfly is issued by Henry W. Savage through the representative of "Madam Butterfly," Steve O'Grady. The Butterfly is issued at this time because of the fact that every newspaper in Butte has suspended publication, following the strike of the union pressmen. Mr. Savage is desirous of setting before the people of Butte a paper of interest in regard to his production of "Madam

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THEATER GOSSIP

Mrs. Patrick Campbell is soon to appear in London as Hedra Gabier.

Faustine Chase is playing Peter Pan at the Duke of York theater, London, succeeding Cecelia Loftus.

Gordon Craig has been engaged by Florence Duse to design the future for her scenery and costumes.

It is expected that Ethel Barrymore will appear in London next spring as Kiky Maccheney in the "Three of Us."

There are now four state-aided theaters in Paris. One of these, the Comedie Francaise, enjoys a subsidy of £4,000 a year.

Dixie Bell will close his season in "The Education of Mr. Phipps" and will begin at once rehearsals of a new comedy by Augustus Thomas.

Ed. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe gave a matinee performance of "Romeo and Juliet" in Boston at which the receipts were over \$4,000.

Henri Bataille, the French dramatist, is preparing a new version of "Faust," in which Mme. Bernhardt is to have the role of Mephistopheles.

Lillian Russell's tour has been extended to the Pacific coast, and her engagements in "The Butterfly" will keep her busy until the middle of July.

"Gracifixus," a four-act religious drama by Francis H. Robinson, has begun a tour of the eastern states, being tried on the Pacific coast last season.

Mme. Otero, in denying the rumor that she is about to be married, said: "I have attempted many foolish things, except matrimony, and I have no intention of trying the experiment now."

The anniversary of David Garrick's birth was celebrated at the Garrick theater, New York, last Monday by the hanging of a superb old print of the famous actor in the picture gallery of the house.

Chas. J. Ross, the handsome and