MUSIC AND DRAMA

'Tis now the happy Christmas tide and amusements of every kind are crowding in upon all classes of people. In addition to the attractions at the theaters, innumerable parties and social gatherings are claiming the time and presence of all classes of society. Joy and pleasure usually hold high carnival at this season of the year, while the mistletoe decks the chandelier and seeks to lure the blushing maiden under its twining sprays for the kiss which some sighing swain is waiting to give.

The capable company at the Grand have been doing The Western to good business and though the play has not created a sensation, it has been enjoyed by the patrons of the house. It is romantic, rurely, and it gave Miss Valeska a chance to display some very pretty gowns and look sweet in them, and we hope that she will soon thaw out enough, to make her acting more enjoyable, enough to make Walter Edwards think, in his role, that he is not wasting his ardent glances upon some fairy from the frozen North, or talking to a beautiful statue that bears him out. It was an ill stroke that took Mr. Simpson out of the Grand Stock company, unless his place can be more suitably filled than it has been this week. Mr. Pearsse deserves great credit for several clever character bits, that he has given us of late, but the role of Matthew Lawton, the old man, in this week's bill, is entirely too heavy for him and he does not do himself justice as a consequence. The Monday night attendance for the first performance of the Westerner, was the largest that the Grand has known for some time and it is pleasing to note that the public evinces a greater spirit of interest in the efforts of the management of this house, who are providing first-class entertainments for their patrons.

At the Lyceum things are running along smoothly and the National Stock company is presenting plays that are apparently pleasing the people. The mysteries and blood curdling scenes common to melodrama have a great fascination for a large part of the theater-going public, who consider society dramas tame and uninteresting. The pistol or the knife in the hands of the low down villain, whose murderous laugh causes a chill to chase up and down the spinal column, is considered by many to be the very string to the line of theatrical amusement, and for these, the company now at the Lyceum are putting forth plays that exactly touch the spot. It is a capable company, too, and the plays given are well dressed and put on. The fame of the Lyceum, as a popular priced house, has gone out, with surprising rapidity, and the management are almost daily in receipt of correspondence in regard to dates. There are already a number of good attractions billed for the near future.

The dramatic scribbler for this paper is generally conceded to be a mild-mannered man, who seldom if ever allows himself to be disturbed, but when he took his accustomed seat at the Grand, to witness the first performance of The Westerner last Monday night, he found himself behind a hat, worn by a most fashionably dressed lady in the seat immediately ahead. The style of hat is what is known as the "total eclipse." It was a nice looking hat, too, and the writer had plenty of time to examine it, for he could see nothing else. There was a pretty bird on one side with outstretched wings, while on the other was a beautiful ostrich tip; standing straight up on top, were feathers of other kinds gracefully tipped with with dangling beads, which shed brilliant rays as the light fell upon them. While all this was interesting to look upon for a time, it did not suffice when the strong scenes in the play were being enacted, and an effort was made by the man behind the hat to see the stage, but it was not to be, if he turned on one side the beautiful bird with outstretched wings was there, if he turned the other, a beautiful feathery tip, met his gaze, an idea struck him that if he rolled his overcoat upon the seat and sat upon it, he could see over, but no, the dangling beadlets, with their effulgent ray, made him feel as though the spray of a waterfall in the sunlight was dancing before his eyes. Finally, exhausted and worn out, he bore adieu to his lady companion, and with the aid of the gentlemanly usher, sought another seat where a view of the stage could be obtained. If I could have taken the lady into my confidence, have told her that her shapely head was disfigured by such head gear, and have pointed out the evils of it, I know she would have coincided with my opinion, but being of a bashful turn I suffered rather than complain. Let every lady remember, when she attends the theatre with a high hat on, that perhaps some bashful young man is behind her who would give a good deal to be able to see the stage occasionally.

Next week the Grand will produce Augustus Thomas's play The Burglar. The management of the house is paying a large royalty for its use and the patrons of the house may rest assured that a first class production will be given. The Burglar was given here some time ago by the Grismers and it was well received. It will afford another opportunity to see Tiny Burton who made such a pleasing impression last week in Fanfinsy. Below is the cast:

William Lewis, the burglar ... Walter Edwards
Paul Benton, an editor ... Charles Wyngate
[illegible] ... W. [illegible]
John Hamilton, a retired merchant ... George E. [illegible]
James, a servant ... Hugh [illegible]
Alice, Mrs. Lewis ... Marie Valeska
Fannie, her younger sister ... [illegible]
[illegible] ... Margaret Marshall
Editha ... Tiny Burton

SYNOPSIS.

Act I—Sitting room in Lewis' home at Cleveland, Ohio.
[illegible]
Act II—Drawing room in Benton's home, New York City.
Act III—Library in Benton's house.
Act IV—Same as act III.

Next week at the Lyceum will witness the production of two more plays by the National Stock company, they having decided to remain over another week. For the first half of the week Monte Cristo will be given the closing play of the week and the engagement being The Fugitive. Next week should be a good one for the Lyceum considering the fact that Monte Cristo will be given. It will not perhaps be the O'Neill version but should be presented by this company.

Louis James will be seen here next Monday evening in a most elaborate and complete production of the great version of Spartacus, made famous by Forrest and McCullough in former days. Messrs. Wagenhals & Kemper, the managers of Mr. James, in looking about for a play for their star, which should be the best suited to his capabilities finally fixed upon Spartacus as being the character of all others which would be an adequate vehicle for his great talents.

The magnificent physique and fine sonorous voice of the actor required a part filled with such coarse artistic qualities, and in the grand figure of the old Thracian warrior who nearly succeeded in overthrowing the might of the Roman empire when at its height, appeared a worthy instrument for America's greatest tragedian to show his power.

Mr. James is by personal characteristics, by acting maturity, by natural gifts and by thorough schooling, in every respect fitted to make his impersonation of Spartacus wonderfully impressive, and there is no doubt that this role is universally regarded as the one affording him his greatest opportunity.

Mr. James plays a three nights engagement at the Salt Lake Theater and will repeat Spartacus on Tuesday evening, Wednesday night Mr. James will end his engagement with a change of bill.

Spartacus should not be confounded with Sammel's play The Gladiator which has often been done in this country, Spartacus has never been played here. It is the old prize play written for Edwin Forrest by the late Robert M. Bird of Philadelphia.

The new opera company organized fully at Calder's Hall on Wednesday evening, and took the name of The Salt Lake Opera Co. Willard E. Weihe is director, Prof. McClellan, accompanist and H. G. Whitney, manager. "The Mascot" will be the first opera produced, and Miss Savage, Mr. Goddard, Mr. Spencer, Mr. B. S. Young, Mr. Shearman, Mr. Woolervelt and others not yet decided on will be in the cast. An innovation of a novel nature will be the playing at popular prices, the same rates as those charged at the Grand. How strong the company is can be seen from the following list of those who make up the list.

Soprano—Louise Savage, Dolla Dayner, Miss Derr, Lucy Dean, Iza Pitt, Bessie Eammons, Miss [illegible] Arzelle Cummings, Katy Clawson, Miss Patten, Rose Romney.

Alto—Hermia Tyler, Elna Dwyer, Miss Baker, Anna S. Hughes, Miss Holliday, Ethel Saville, Elsie Barrow, Hila Naylor, Emma Jorgensen.

Tenor—Harry Shearman, R. J. Thomas, R. Pyper, Alex Pyper, Fred. Graham, H. H. Sidaway, R. E. Grayson, Robert Edmonds, George W. Sherrell, Frank Foster.

Basso—H. S. Goddard, John D. Spencer, John Robinson, Hugh Dougall, W. G. Patrick, Geo. Lawrence, John Sharp, Winslow Smith, Chas. Lambourne, Andrew Peterson, John James, Jos. Sauer, W. Christophersen.

The news that Ellen Beach Yaw is coming and that she will sing with the Tabernacle choir here on January 15th, has set all the musical society aflame with anticipation. Yaw and her company including Maximilian Dick, the great violinist, are having a triumphal tour in this country, as they did in Europe. A Kansas City paper says of Yaw's concert there:

"If there was any skepticism in the audience at the Auditorium last night as to the superlative range of Miss Ellen Beach Yaw's voice, it must have been dispelled long before the fair young singer had completed her program. Those who attended this concert had an experience they shall probably never have again except through the same medium. While Miss Yaw did not put herself to the test of singing to her record, she came close to it and approached it so easily that it would be hazardous to dispute her ability to reach E above high E under the most favorable circumstances. She sustained F above with surprising strength, trilled like a bird on the high D above high C and took B above high C with a certainty and a purity of tone that was nothing less than amazing.

The production of Uncle Tom's Cabin, which will be presented at the Theater on Saturday afternoon and night, January 9th. The Cook Twin Sisters company gives a most powerful and intelligent interpretation of this touching masterpiece of dramatic fiction. Among the scenic effects used (all of which were painted by Seeman & Landis from authentic designs) is the gorgeous Apotheosis, and the last scene, the ascent of Eva to the realms of bliss, borne by angels; the pearly gates and stairway to the house beyond the skies; the Ohio river in midwinter by moonlight; a Southern paradise at sunset; allegorical scene, typical of the birth of liberty and blessing of little children, the weird rocky pass; the realistic cotton plantation; all of which are positively the most magnificent displays of scenic art and mechanical effects ever witnessed. This is the first time that every scene has been produced in this great play.

On the Rialto.

Wang has been played over fifteen hundred times.

There will be a concert given at the Grand Opera House on Sunday evening January 3rd, by the Twenty-fourth Infantry band.

An English syndicate has made a magnificent offer to Fanny Davenport to appear in London next summer in Cleopatra and Gismonda.

Marie Jansen has been engaged by Hoyt & McKee for A Stranger in New York, Hoyt's new comedy, in which Harry Conor is to star.

Wilson Barrett is to give a few trial performances of his version of The Manxman, in London. He will not produce his new play, The Daughter of Babylon, before the spring.

There is some talk of Henry Miller assuming the role [illegible] in the forthcoming production of Under the Red Robe, at the Empire theater. Wm. Faversham, who was to have played the part, is dangerously ill and will scarcely be able to recover in time for the first performance.

Miss May Kelly, a young woman prominent in musical and social circles of Duluth, died suddenly last week of heart failure. She had volunteered her assistance at a concert given at a church fair, and she had sung the opening lines of "He Giveth His Beloved Sleep," when she fell backward dead.

AT THE CHURCH DOOR

When he started west from New York he said he was glad he was going to get home in the autumn.

That involved a radical change of sentiment. During his five years sojourn abroad he had frequently pictured his home coming, and these charming pictures and petals were invariably tinged with the brightness of the springtime. His was an imaginative temperament, and he had revelled in dreams of triumphal marches through avenues and drives where tender leaf and opening bud and fragile flowers, all radiant with the promise of a newly awakened earth, nodded and smiled at him from either side, while admiring friends thronged round him with adulation and praise in recognition of the fame and honor he had won. It was in that season of the year that he had gone away, and his fancy had evolved [illegible] of a reunion with old friends in whose company his genius would shine forth resplendent in accord with their ambitious attainments. They had been inspired by no such heaven born ambitions as he, and it was only fair to presume that they had not passed the halfway point of the ladder on whose topmost rung he was securely poised. That was the way he reasoned. He had intended to come back the spring after his pictures met with such a decided success in those European capitals, but his [illegible] frustrated his plans.

"I am going to California for several months," she wrote. "Don't come until fall."

The long anticipated home coming was gloomy enough to suit even his tastes, which delighted in those extremes of life that unite in form a harmonious whole. There had been blinding flashes and flurries of snow during the morning. By noontime these [illegible] outbursts of the storm had been succeeded by a strong, steady wind that chucked and whistled up and down streets and alleys and whipped into the faces of pedestrians the millions of sharp pointed tiny needles that lashed and tore and then from the leaden sky. Then he had left New York two days sooner than he had planned, and his chum, who made all her arrangements according to schedule time, had gone out of town for a few days. Consequently the telegram which he had sent prior to his departure had failed to reach its mission. There was no carriage awaiting him at the depot, and the hired cab deposited him before a house whose pretty mistress had fled and taken the spirit of hospitality with her.

At six o'clock he found himself in the room of a young man who had been his boon companion in days gone by. This gentleman had been laid up with rheumatism for several weeks, and having been in no condition to read or to receive visitors he had but little to tell, but he was more than anxious to listen to a recital of the achievements and plans of the other.

The young artist was reticent at first. Presently the chimes of St. Andrews pealed out once more, and with their music came a desire to break through the barrier of reserve he had built round him after going abroad and to talk freely with some one.

"Ah, the chimes!" he said, stepping to the window, which commanded a view of the church near by. "They do my heart good. Somehow their notes seem vibrant with sadness today, and for all that they are welcoming me home. And what memories they awaken! Do you ever see Mary Conover? I wonder if she is organist there now?"

"I think she is," said the rheumatic sufferer feebly.

"You asked me a moment ago," said the artist, "what was my main object in coming home. I'll tell you. I have never acknowledged it to myself before. In fact, I don't know that it has ever been clearly defined. I think the playing of the chimes must have stirred my brain of subconscious just now and brought out my objects and desires clear cut as a cameo. I came home to marry Mary Conover."

"To marry Mary Conover," repeated the rheumatic blankly. "Why, I didn't know you were engaged."

"We're not, and never were. But I'm going to marry her." And the artist smiled. "You see, it was just like this. I had always admired Mary, and before going away I was on the point of proposing marriage, but after due consideration I decided that it was wiser to remain untrammeled. I looked at it in this way: I knew that with proper study and application my future would be a creditable one. In other words, I knew that I had it in me to reach the summit of success and that wealth, fame and power would be mine. And I didn't know whether Mary Conover would be a fit mate for me when I attained all that. She was always the dearest, best and sweetest girl that ever lived, but she was such a simple, quiet little thing that I thought I might find it policy to choose somebody better qualified to do honor to my station. It has taken me years to find out, but at last I realize that there is no other woman like Mary Conover. It makes no difference what else I may have, without her life will be incomplete. The probation must have been pretty hard for her, loved as she has been to conceal her emotions, but I won't keep her in suspense much longer. Hello! There's something going on over at the church. I think I'll go over and slip inside and see how the old place looks."

When he reached the streets, the chimes rang out the opening strains of "Lohengrin" and through the windows of the carriage that had been driven up close to the curb he could see that the bride had come. The uninvited guests still retained their places waiting to catch one glimpse of the bride.

And presently she came.

Half an hour later he went up to his friend's room.

"I staid away too long," he said. "I made a mistake. A woman can't wait forever."—Chicago News.

A Scotchman's Idea of Drunkenness.

"Bell and I bid young Bannister an Calder to dinner at Radley's. They'll have no laughin an singin there, but we took a private room—like yacht owners fra' Cowes."

McPhee grinned all over and lay back to think.

"And then?" said I.

"We were no drunk in any present sense o' the word, but Radley's allowed me the dead men. There were six magnums o' dry champagne an maybe a bottle o' whisky."

"Do you mean to tell me that you four got away with a magnum and a half a piece, besides whisky?" I demanded.

McPhee looked down upon me from between his shoulders with toleration.

"Man, we were not settin down to drink," he said. "They are more than tumblers wetty. To be sure, young Bannister laid his head on the table an grunted like a bairn, an Calder was all for cutting on [illegible] at 2 in the morn an paintin him pelley green, but they'd been drinkin the afternoon."—Rudyard Kipling in McClure's.

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