



The usually calm surface of our musical waters is just now in a state of extreme agitation. That huge bark known as the Metropolitan Opera company is ploughing its way towards us, and all the smaller craft in sight are skurrying to get out of its path. Even as strong an attraction as Primrose and Dock-steaders minstrels have telegraphed Mr. Pyper to the effect that they think it will be the part of caution for them not to come in the week that the opera concert occurs, and they have accordingly canceled their dates, much to the general regret. Anything else that ventures into Salt Lake just before or just after that event, may well tremble for the business it will do.

Mr. Kronberg, Grau's representative, will come to Salt Lake to personally superintend the sale, and he will bend all his energies to see that the receipts go as far as possible over the \$5,000 necessary for the expenses. How big the attraction really is can best be seen by a perusal of the fine description of the opening night in San Francisco, published on this page. Mrs. Stephens states that the "Stabat Mater," which will be the feature of the concert, will require about one hour in delivering. It will call for the full company, including the chorus, the orchestra and the principal stars. Aside from that, there will doubtless be a miscellaneous program, which will bring out others who do not appear in the oratorio. The advance sale opens at Daynes on Monday morning. The house will be divided into sections, the center rows of seats down stairs and in the east end of the gallery being reserved at \$2.50 each; the three front rows on the side galleries will be sold at \$2, the back rows at \$1.50 and the seats under the gallery at \$1.

Ever since she appeared here as prima donna with the Bostonians, Alice Neilson has been a prominent figure in the recollection of Salt Lake theater-goers, and since she struck out for herself to star of the day has been kept more prominently before the public than she. The man who managed the "Bostonians," Frank Perley, engaged Miss Neilson as a star, on her retirement from that company, and two of the brightest comic operas written by Victor Herbert, the "Singing Girl" and the "Fortune Teller," have been composed especially for her. Both operas will be given in this city, the "Singing Girl" on next Thursday and Saturday evenings and the "Fortune Teller" on Friday night and at the matinee on Saturday afternoon. Miss Neilson is surrounded by a splendid supporting company. Eugene Cowles, the famous basso of the Bostonians, heads the list, Richie Link is the tenor, and Joe Cawthorne, the well known comedian, holds up the humorous end. The chorus and orchestra are both large and the leader is the well known musical director, Paul Steindorff.

Monday evening, at the Grand, a new comedy by John Fowler, "A Hindoo Hoo-doo," will be seen for the first time in this city. The company will be headed by Miss Annie Boyd, the original widow in "A Trip to Chinatown," and George Lawson, the late star of a "Man About Town." The "Hindoo Hoo-doo" is based on a ridiculous incident in which a Hindoo theosophist projects the souls of two chums into space, leaving their bodies in a trance. An unfortunate accident occurs and the Hindoo is able to recall only one of the wandering spirits. This one is the soul of a doctor, and by mischance it enters the body of the wrong person, a business man. It is said that a host of laughable situations grow out of this complication.

The welcome that awaits Viola Pratt Gillette in Salt Lake will be scarcely less warm than that accorded Alice Neilson herself. She is the only one of Salt Lake's favorite daughters who has adopted the profession, who has not appeared before her home public since she went upon the stage. She has

been singing in the East for some time, and as the readers of the "News" will remember, she made a decided success in Australia, where she appeared as Allan Dale in "Robin Hood." On her return she was offered the position of leading contralto in Miss Neilson's company, and reports say that her work in

traordinary business ever known in Cincinnati and Milwaukee the past two weeks. In the former city, the gross receipts are said to have been a trifle over \$9,000, while Milwaukee, which is regarded by theater managers as one of the poorest theatrical cities in this country, gave close to \$7,000.

Manager Pyper has taken off Manager Mulvey's hands, several important attractions in January, February and March. Harry Corson Clarke is one of them, and that popular comedian will put in a full week at popular prices. The Grau (dues-not Maurice) Opera company is another. Minnie Madden Pike will hardly be another, for, much as Mr. Pyper would like to entertain "Becky Sharp" at his house, the powers that be in New York would not consent.

The veteran actor, Phil Margetts, whose friends are working up a monster benefit for him in the near future, to celebrate his fiftieth year on the stage, has received a letter from Mrs. Annie Adams, enclosing a check for two stalls for the benefit, which she



VIOLA PRATT GILLETTE,  
Contralto with the Alice Neilson Opera Company.

thoroughly up to the standard of her associates. Mrs. Gillette's parents are Mr. and Mrs. Milando Pratt of this city. Her husband, Mr. Gillette, lives in New York.

#### THEATER GOSSIP.

Leon Hermann, nephew and successor of the great Hermann, will appear at the Theater soon.

Ada Rohan is to be seen in New York again after Christmas. Her play will be "Nell of Old Drury."

E. H. Sothern has not recovered from the wound in his foot and has not yet resumed his tour of Hamlet.

How little one can judge of the success of an eastern production by the eastern newspaper reports! It turns out that Dixey's "Adventures of Francis," in spite of all its booming, was an utter flop, and it is to be speedily withdrawn from the stage.

Wm. A. Brady's production "Way Down East" was given the most ex-

booked for herself and her daughter, Maude Adams. She added, however, that as it would be impossible for her to be present, she wished the stalls put up again and sold to the highest bidder. Mr. Margetts was naturally very much gratified over this kindly mark of remembrance from his companion player of more than thirty years ago.

On Monday last the company presenting "Lost River" at the Fourteenth Street Theater, New York, of which Ada Dwyer is a member, went to Boston to fill the Park Theater stage for one night only, while the Boston "Lost River" company came to the Fourteenth Street Theater. In other words, the companies now presenting Joseph Arthur's latest play, changed places for one night by way of variety. Both companies started Sunday on their flying excursion. The object of the excursion is to give the players a little variation from the routine of a long run at the same theater, and at the same time prove to the public that the organizations are equally good, the productions being exactly duplicates, only the actors will be transposed.

#### MUSIC NOTES.

B. B. Young's recital at the Theater occurs on December 17th. His friends are sure to give him a royal welcome.

Lulu Glaser made her debut as a star at Albany, N. Y., Nov. 12th, in the new comic opera, "Sweet Anne Page," by Louis De Lange and Edgar Smith.

Tracy Y. Cannon, the young organist and pianist, made an excellent impression as organist at Wednesday's organ recital, when he assisted organist McClellan by playing Balista's "Communion," in E minor.

The bill boards put out by the Alice Neilson company are the handsomest which have been seen in Salt Lake for many a day. The stands are filled in with gold leaf by hand and must have cost a pretty sum.

Prof. H. S. Goddard was heartily complimented for two beautiful solos rendered at the special recital given Governor Yates yesterday afternoon at 4:30 in the Tabernacle. Prof. McClellan officiated at the organ and gave six numbers.

M. Jean de Reske will sail from Europe for this country on December 15th. Mr. Grau announces that the great tenor's new role will be M. Massenet's "Herodade," "Le Cid," by the same author, will be revived during the season.

Mr. Light, an organist from St. Louis, came specially from Ogden last Wednesday, for the Tabernacle recital, but arrived several hours after the program had been rendered. He tried the fine instrument, however, and was delighted with its tone and the wonderful acoustics of the Tabernacle.

Frank Daniels opened in San Francisco last Monday night and despite



ALICE NEILSON.

## OPERA NIGHT IN SAN FRANCISCO

From all accounts, San Francisco rose to the occasion last Monday night, when the great Metropolitan Opera company made its first appearance there. The newspapers certainly outdid themselves in reporting the event, which all agree was the greatest in all San Francisco's musical history.

The following fine account is taken from Tuesday's Chronicle: There is something "toward," as William Shakespeare would say, in San

Francisco. The sidewalks on Mission street are crowded, and patient men and women are all gazing at the foyers of the Grand Opera-house, bright in its simplicity with lights, and atmospheric with something indefinable of the quiver of the best music. We have seen this many times before. As a rule that foyers, always attractive, is coldly suggestive of unappreciated elegance. Tonight it seems to glow with a certain satisfaction, and if it knew that the company it is to shelter, will be worthy of it, and the cigarette and cigar smoke that will fill it between the acts will be of the most expensive quality.

And the crowd that lines the curbstone looks steadily over at it and watches the free part of the show. Behind the scenes they know that some of the greatest living artists are assembled preparing for their reception by a brilliant audience. Here are Melba and Edouard de Reszke, and Saleza and Pol Plancon, all more or less excited, perhaps, for Melba is the only one of them who knows the temper and enthusiasm of the San Francisco people. And she, too, feels that she must repeat her triumph and sing for it. The chattering of the chorus, the jumble of tongues may not reach their ears, but they imagine it, and envy the other crowd pressing into the family circle and the gallery.

It is not as superbly dressed a crowd there, but there are innumerable pretty women, who are all chattering and laughing and answering one against the other to be first upstairs. There is a new, showy dress and fashion of its own kind, the fashion of those who have plenty of good taste, but not so much money to spend as they might like. They are going to the opera, though they are going to hear "Romeo and Juliette" sung as they have never heard it, as they want to hear it, and through all the years they will remember the singers and the opera and the night, as many of them recall Patti and the great ones who have sung before.

They are early birds, hopping up the family-circle stairs. The gallery people are before them, consciously proud of them. Whatever cares may weigh upon them have been lifted—have folded their wings and are away—before the delight of an opera season.

The throng grows greater every moment. The carriages roll up incessantly and there are yelling of hankymen and that of the opera, though the foot of the crowd is out and the center of everything in town is the Grand Opera-house.

#### OPERA PARADE.

Let us look around. There comes a couple. He is decked with her favorite

the big counter attraction in the Metropolitan Opera company, he had a brilliant house. He sang all his numbers except "In old Ben Franklin's Days," which was rendered by Mr. Corliss, the "fool."

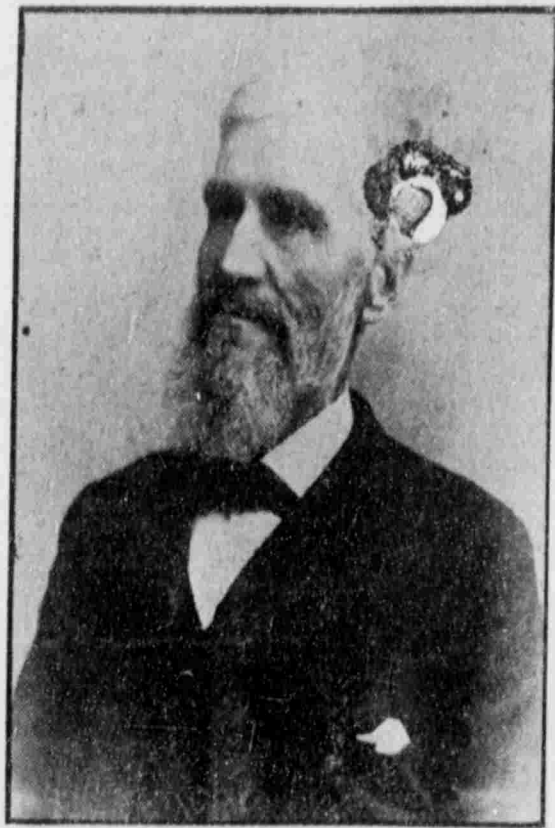
Willard Welhe's rendition of the "Holy City" during the "Quo Vadis" performance on Wednesday evening was truly thrilling. Had the pianist sustained the artist, as he should have been sustained, it would have been a flawless performance. As it was, it went home to every heart that was musical.

Miss Patti does not often embark on voyages of discovery, but the other day she sang in London, for the first time, Solveig's Song by Grieg, and sang it, as the World's critic said, "distinctly." Now that she has discovered Grieg, she may possibly find out that among his songs there are many that deserve her attention.

Leoncavallo has been invited to compose a requiem to be performed at the anniversary of the assassination of the king of Italy. His new opera "Zaza" is to be performed this month at Milan, and he hopes to complete his "Renald of Berlin" next year. Some good friends ought to inform Leoncavallo that in music, as in other things, quality is more important than quantity.

Verdi passed his eighty-seventh birthday last month in his San' Anna villa. He is honored by his countrymen almost like a saint or a monarch. Whenever he visits the baths at Montecatini, the people make way for him, the women nodding and the men taking off their hats. The Italian minister of education, Signor Gallo, sent him on his birthday, a congratulatory message, in which he referred to him as having been for more than half a century the pride and glory of Italy.

## OLD SALT LAKERS.



WILLIAM WILLES.

Last Saturday the "News" published a sketch of a notable Sunday school worker, Samuel L. Evans. A figure equally important in the Sunday school cause was that of William Willes, whose labors, in conjunction with those of Elder George Goddard, are well remembered by everyone who followed the progress of the Sunday schools for ten or fifteen years prior to 1890. It was in that year, on Nov. 2nd, that William Willes died, but almost up to the time of his death, he was an arduous toiler in the Sabbath schools throughout the Church. He was particularly fitted to labor among children because of his taste for music; in his time also he had been a very good singer. He was an enthusiastic writer of songs as well, one of his favorite productions being, "The City I Love So Well." In conjunction with George Goddard, he sang before thousands of Sunday schools in Utah and the adjoining States and Territories. He was born in England on July 5th, 1814. During his life he filled two missions to the East Indies, the last one being in 1884. He was a vigorous missionary abroad, and while preaching in Europe was often subjected to mob violence, but persecution only seemed to increase his determination, and his powerful voice could often be heard above the shouts of his disturbers. His funeral took place in the Assembly Hall in this city on Nov. 5, 1890, and was attended by a large body of Sunday school workers.

flower in his buttonhole; she is pretty as a picture and happy. They are just engaged and this is their first opera season-together. It was so lovely of him to buy seats, the very best seats in the house. Perhaps they are not, for there are many best seats but she thinks so and he feels that he is living up to the love he bears her and all that sort of thing. He knows she is pretty; and he does not believe that any girl in the place is more beautiful or any fellow more to be envied. He bows, he raises his hat to his friends and acquaintances, he turns and looks at her. How tenderly he passes her in through the wicket, and with what delightful pride he hands the doorkeeper the tickets. And he does not know that anybody sees all this. He is not far out. Everybody is interested in much the same way on his or her own account, and really there are so many pretty women crowding in now, such a glorious display of color, so many beautiful gowns; such superb opera cloaks, half thrown back to show the white shoulder just enough not to despoil the picture when they are tenderly removed by delighted escorts and all the grace is shown.

There are family parties worth studying. The old gentleman with the white hair and his buxom handsome wife coming in with their two daughters, for instance. He is walking on the outside gravely, but quite aware that the graceful girls are daughters to be proud of. The mother, once a belle, you can tell, has a certain amount of personal vanity, which she has a perfect right to; and a motherly pride in the blonde and brunette walking beside her. She turns, you see, to straighten some fluffy content; everything is right and she dress and her appearance, and she swings along with the aplomb of a thoroughly satisfied woman who has gone through all kinds of admiration and is a little bit vain. The youngest is not so sure of herself. She is a trifle uneasy, and those pretty shoulders have not so often been shown that she is perfectly comfortable. But she looks around her at a group of just such necks and diamonds and gowns, and like a girl, takes heart of grace and controls her emotions. And presently she is calmly surveying the veteran of society and all the rival youth around her.

And this white bearded, sober old fellow, who comes along with a genial, comfortable wife on his arm, dressed as frivoly. They have come to the opera because they are Californians, and they believe that San Francisco can appreciate the greatest art and should appreciate it. He looks at the crowd, the indescribable glow of color, of all shades, and he thinks of the old days, when he laid the foundation of it all. He does not look as if he knew anything about music, but if you could read his thoughts, he is thinking back to the old days when an opera season was a different thing, and he will tell you, if you care to hear it, about Biscaccianti, a score of prima donnas whom he has lived and died before a prima donna singing about a night. He remembers the time when there were not so many ladies, but they dressed even more richly than these, if the fashion was not as dress coats then, and it was dandy and unorthodox of pioneers to wear patent leather boots and carry crush hats. He will give you recollections of operas that are sung no more, of composers that are forgotten, of companies of artists who found as much appreciation in years gone by as the songbirds of Grau do now. And what he does not know about opera is not worth knowing. Nor is he the only one there.

#### THE HOUSE FILLS.

Still the crush goes on. The house is filling up inside; there are buzz and talk and from everywhere. There comes a group of girls and their mothers, with their old friend of whom they take no notice. It is their first opera season and they have taken seats altogether. What would the old eyes give but a gleam of light, what would the complexion and the feverish anticipation that makes it almost impossible for them to keep still a moment?

And in the foyer the young and old unattached stand and gaze. They are bewildered, for there is so much beauty, there are so many charming girls, and such a restless moving picture that they

cannot concentrate on one pretty face and graceful figure before another draws their eyes away from it. The sophisticated man about town, who has been to Europe and "done" Covent Garden, the Grand Opera in Paris, and the Metropolitan in New York, is just a little out of it. His sophistication does not give him a bit of consequence, which he feels he ought to have. Those people don't care about his strict "en regle" opera outfit. They are just as good as anybody else, know a good deal more about opera, after all, than most of these foreign and metropolitan auditors, and they are not going to be surprised at anything. So the traveled man of the world stands in the corner just of as little importance as he would be in Covent Garden or anywhere else.

There are lots of young men. The eldest son from college has not come with his sisters. He is with his chums, and he wears his first dress suit with the nonchalance of a veteran. They are all watching the girls, and "lent" she stunning" and other such remarks break from their excited lips every moment. Then you can see the ambitious young gentleman who aspires to social recognition. It has cost him a great deal to get himself up, but he is "in the swim" for once. Everybody is in the swim.

There is the popular bachelor who is known to be a marrying man. But he is in danger, for a woman ever leaves a man really cannot be "brought down," however confirmed in celibacy. And the temptation is great at the opera-house on an opera night. Moving through the crowd you can catch glimpses of the man who is not altogether comfortable. It is a new experience for him, for he has been hard at work all his life, and perhaps, let us say, he has struck it rich in Nome and is making his first splash in San Francisco. Once the patron, the miner is now the tenderfoot of the opera.

But most largely in evidence are the people who have seen and known the best of everything, the placid people to whom an opera season means only what they are perfectly familiar with, and who have gathered as they would at a function in which they had his leading place. Hasn't Patti been here five times?

#### THE LATE COMERS.

But the crowd is disappearing; the foyer is emptying; the orchestra is in; the foyer is empty; the opera is finished; the curtain goes up. Tardy San Francisco! Long, long after the big house should have been hushed to the pinfall point of silence late comers are straggling in. This sort of thing may do for everyday affairs, but not for opera which is easily grand. It is a question which pays the most—the properly punctual ones, who must catch what they can of the music above the chatter and bustle of sailing the late ones, or the singers whose annoyance is obvious. It is well along in the first act before the house is still as it should be and ears and eyes may see and hear undisturbed. But the hush comes at last, and in a few minutes the audience has forgotten the trial of the tardy people—has forgotten everything but the music and the artists. And so it goes till the curtain falls, and then the whole house becomes animated with chatter and with everybody looking at everybody else, noting the dresses, the shoulders, the coiffures and the jewels, and the foyer is filled with smoke from cigarettes, while the kaleidoscope moves up stairs, where groups are walking about or standing by the railings, looking down to pick out the men they know best.

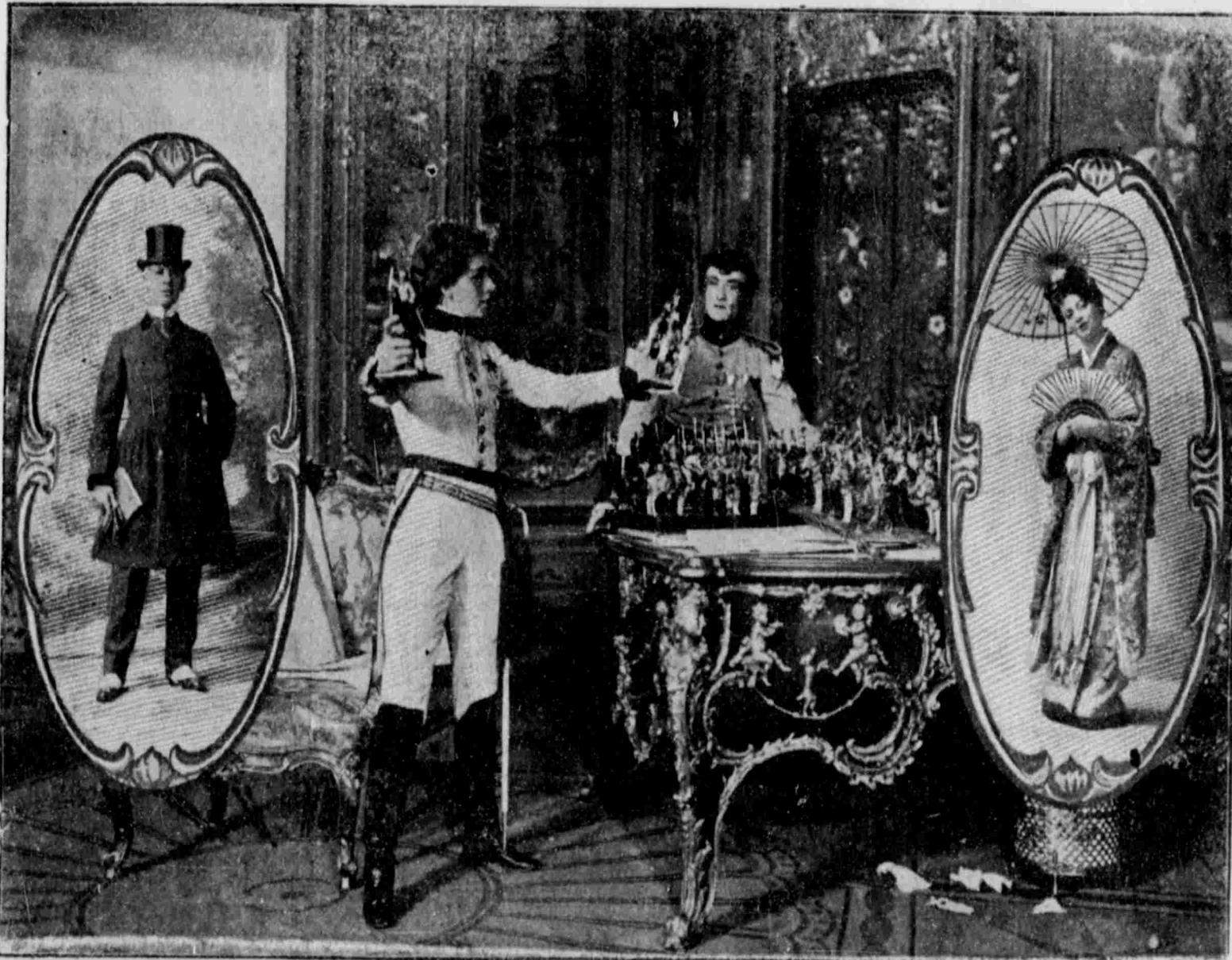
And they are discussing the music, and the artists, for they know the opera backward; and Maurice Grau walks around proud of his performance, proud of his enterprise, for the San Francisco people are as frank in their praise as in everything else. Here and there you can see the artists who are not in the cast. They are more excited than the audience, and those who are strangers who have come out with primitive ideas of the roughness of the wild West, are open-eyed at the gathering of handsome women and handsome men, too, the display of luxury and the brilliant flash of colors, the enthusiasm, the appreciation, and are wondering if the applause that has rung out for those who have just been singing will ring out for them when their turn comes. And they are impatient to sing, for they believe it will.

And Mr. Grau is supremely happy, for his grand opera season is a success.

#### ABOUT THE OPERA AND THE SINGERS.

The first act of "Romeo et Juliette" was almost at an end before the carriage people all reached their places. Most of the principals had made their

DRAMATIC SUCCESSES NOW IN THE PUBLIC EYE.  
Miss Maude Adams in Rostand's New Masterpiece "L'Aiglon" is the Newest American Sensation—Evans in "Naughty Antony"—Miss Bergere in "Mine Butterfly."



These are the plays and players now making the running in America's world. Each production is a masterpiece in its line. All are earning big money in the metropolis.