

ramatic

Within 10 days Henry Miller, Margaret Anglin, and their complete New York company are expected here to take possession of the stage of the Salt Lake theater for their rehearsals. Everything around the house is in readiness for them, and they will be given the keys of both the front and the back doors, so that they may have entire privacy for their work. The San Francisco papers announce that in addition to "The Taming of Shrew," "The Lady of Lyons," "Camille," and "The Forgiveness," will be included in the repertoire for that city, but Salt Lake will probably not have the chance of seeing more than the play first named.

The brilliant but evanescent Stevens, the vanishing star of the "Little Christopher" company is being anxiously sought after in New York. Arthur W. Tans, owner of the music, parts and orchestration of the opera, has written Manager Myers for information concerning his property, which he says was merely rented Stevens for the sum he paid. Mr. Tans has also written the management of the Salt Lake Opera company informing them that Stevens used their name in conducting his negotiations, which was the reason he was trusted. Mr. Tans was, of course, notified that Stevens had no right whatever to use the name of the Salt Lake Opera company, and he was advised that he would probably have to charge his claim to profit and loss account. Mr. Tans adds that in addition to the music of "Little Christopher" he sent Stevens the opera of "Lost Strayed or Stolen," which shows that that gentleman was not without a sense of humor in the choice of his works.

A postscript to Mr. Tans' letter would indicate that the trade mark of the Salt Lake Opera company has a value in the eyes of others than Stevens. He says he had had a call from a Mr. Al Stewart, representing the Salt Lake Opera company, and requesting to be furnished with the music of "Lost Strayed or Stolen." Mr. Tans was notified that he would be consulting his own interests if he put Mr. Stewart also on his "cash only" list, and that in future he would do better to take the trouble the Witmark did, and demand reference, before opening accounts with unknown.

Next week is expected to be the biggest one in the history of the Salt Palace theater. Manager Myers will run the vaudeville bill as usual, with a number of changes, but his big sensation, which is relied on to draw the crowds will be the famous bicycle feat of "Looping the loop." This has been a drawing card in the big eastern circuit to "shooting the chutes." The engagement here is limited to one week and extraordinary preparations are being made to take care of the crowds which will be sure to attend.

THEATER GOSSIP.

Maudie Pealy is to be Orrin Johnson's leading lady in "Hearts Courageous."

It is now reported that Maxine Elliott will star in "Lady Paramount" as announced in "Her Own Way."

William H. Crane, it is announced, will next season be seen in a dramatic role in "The Spenders." Mr. Crane is at Carlsbad.

Florence Roberts opens her summer engagement at the Alcazar in San Francisco on August 31. Already there are many inquiries concerning her appearance.

E. H. Sothern closed his season in Philadelphia on Thursday evening with a performance of "If I Were King." Mr. Sothern with Daniel Frohman, his manager, will soon go to Lake Hopatcong, N. J., to spend a few days at the home of Alexander Lambert.

Mr. Stuart Robson, who was known several years back as May Waldron, has decided to accept a contract from David Belasco covering next season. It is not known whether he will be started or go into the support of one of Mr. Belasco's companies.

Liebler & Company announce the opening of their attractions as follows: Ezra Kendall, at San Francisco, Aug. 3; The Christian at the New York Academy of Music on Aug. 9; Edward Harrigan, at Boston on Aug. 31; The Electric City, at Detroit on Sept. 21; Miss Wiggs of the Cabaret Patch, at Louisville, Ky., on Oct. 5; Kyrle Hellev, in the Amateur Crackman, at Philadelphia on Oct. 12; Vesta Tilly, in Chicago on Oct. 13; Eleanor Robson, at Baltimore on Oct. 19, and Ada Rohan and Otis Skinner, at Trenton on Oct. 24.

Nance O'Neil has deferred her departure for New York, says the Review, and will give four performances of the play in the open air at Sutter Heights, San Francisco, August 1 and 2. L. R. Stockwell has the affair in charge and will personally arrange everything for the first performance. Mr. Stockwell has secured the consent of Mrs. Dr. Merritt and W. R. A. Adanson, executors of Shakespeare's "As You Like It" the Sutter estate, to give these performances. A fine cast will interpret the play and it is expected the performances will be notable events. Following this event, Miss O'Neil will play a few days in California.

A movement has been started in Denmark to commemorate the three hundredth anniversary of the production of Hamlet by erecting a statue of Shakespeare at the little town of Elsinore. The ancient castle of Cronborg, on the ramparts of which Hamlet held converse with the ghost of his father, forms the central point of the town. The plan has met with enthusiastic response throughout Denmark. The general committee having the matter in charge includes a number of the country's foremost men. The statue has already been modeled. It is the work of the Danish sculptor, Louis Hasselriis, now living at Rome.

A few weeks ago the formation of a theatrical association in London for the production of the dramatization of the works of Charles Dickens was noted in this journal. Apparently it has been at work energetically. At all events, no less than five versions of "David Copperfield" are about to be played in different parts of England. The first of them will be seen in the London Adelphi, early in August. Mr. Charles Cartwright is to be Peggoty, F. Cooper Ham, and Harry Nichols Micawber. A good deal is to be made of the character



MISS NANNIE TOUT.

A Young Utah Singer of Great Promise, Now in London.

This is one of the late pictures of the Odeon soprano now in London, concerning whom so much has been written and printed. She has won a scholarship in the Royal College of Music, and will sing the role of Gretel in the production of "Hansel and Gretel" at His Majesty's Theater in November. Her teacher, the renowned Visetti, recently presented her with a photograph of himself with this inscription over his autograph, "To my future great 'Nannie'."

of Mrs. Gummidge. One of the other Copperfield plays is by Wilson Barrett. No doubt some of them will find their way over here before long.

Harold Stevenson, son of Kate Claxton, has entered the theatrical profession, and is at present playing in support of his mother in "The Two Orphans."

At the state dinner given to King Edward at the Palais Ellysées, Victorian Sardou was introduced to the king, who expressed his delight at meeting the celebrated playwright. Sardou, who was charmed with King Edward's kindness, told his majesty that, although the king had probably forgotten, it was not

the first time they had met, and added: "But the last time we met your majesty was Prince of Wales and trying your luck as an actor." Sardou then recalled to the memory of the king how they had met years ago in the Theater Vaudeville, at a night when "Fedora" was played. The Prince of Wales, who had gone into the wings, suddenly got the idea that he wanted to play a part himself, and, without hesitating, replaced the member of the chorus who represented the corpse of Fedora's fiancé. Sardou was not a little surprised to find his royal highness on the deathbed. The king laughed heartily at the story of this prank of his youth, and asked Sardou to forgive him for his poor memory.

Probably the largest audience which has yet attended Prof. McClellan's organ recitals gathered yesterday afternoon, in the Tabernacle. The program was an unusually fine one and as far as the organist was able to carry out his share, the performance was very gratifying. But just as Mr. Kent was beginning his encore to the Cambrian War Song, the electricity failed, and the singer went through the number without organ accompaniment. Hurred attempts were made to rectify matters, but they were unsuccessful, and the recital had to be brought to a close, leaving out the Overture to Oberon, which every one was anxious to hear.

The first number given, the concert overture in C by Holms, was admirably performed. It is pure organ music, massive and majestic, full of great chords fairly piled up on one another "mountain high," and calling for about all of the executive's technical resources. Rapid reading is a necessity, and the registration makes demands that call for quick and accurate interpretation and good conception of instruments. The organist was equal to the task, heavy as it was, and the audience was profoundly impressed. The lighter numbers were also appreciated, particularly "An Old Melody," the organist's treatment of the composition, noticeably in his artistic and varied registration, winning many complimentary remarks. An announcement was made cautioning recital audiences against whispering, as the acoustic properties of the building are such that even a very moderate conversation may be heard all over the house; and a somewhat strenuous prohibition was placed on the admission—not only of babies, but of children under six years of age, who are difficult to manage, particularly in hot weather. It is hoped that the trouble with the electric light company may be straightened out, and further interruptions avoided.

Madam Swenson attended her first Tabernacle organ recital in a year yesterday afternoon and was greatly delighted with the work done.

Harold Orlow, composer of "The Prince and the Peasant," is home for the summer, after a year's hard study with Jonas at Detroit, Mich. The young man is now engaged in operatic composition.

Miss Ramsey gave her last concert at Heber City last night and is expected to arrive in Salt Lake today.

Alice Nielsen's refusal of a large offer

made to her by Weber & Fields for their New York company, which, as heretofore, will be made up mainly of star performers, has aroused quite a lot of surprised comment. The fact about Miss Nielsen is that she has fully made up her mind to fritter away the time as fancy strikes her. In the course of a letter to a friend in New York, written not long ago, the young prima donna said in effect: "I don't have to do any more hard work, and I don't propose to try. I am well fixed and comfortable, and that is all I want." Miss Nielsen did not say that an aged aunt had died and left her a legacy, nor did she make any other statement as to the source of her affluence, but the report is that she had a sum of money left to her.

There were 20,000 people at the opening concert of the Sæmgerfest at St. Louis. The big chorus contained 5,000 voices and at one concert there were 3,000 women chorus singers.

"In the new 'King Dodo' next season, in place of Raymond Hitchcock, will be Richard Golden, seen here in 'Old Jed Prouty'."

Arthur Nevin, the composer, has been to the Blackfoot Indian reservation in Montana to witness the sun dance and incidentally to make a study of Indian music. He is under contract to write incidental music of an Indian character for a new comedy by Randolph Hartley, entitled "The Suitors of a Sioux," which will be presented early next spring.

Mme. Fritz Scheff has settled upon an opera by Harry B. Smith and Victor Herbert as the production in which she will appear next winter, selecting it after having heard several offerings by authors and composers on the other side. Mme. Scheff will go to Germany when the Covent Garden season is over and rest until she comes to America, in September.

The idea which commonly prevails in this country that the German cities are very liberal in their appropriations for the local orchestras is much exaggerated. It is only that in Munich public opinion in favor of municipal support for the Zalm orchestra has prevailed and an annual sum has been voted. The municipal grant for the Leipzig orchestra is but 17,000 marks. Düsseldorf gives 55,617 marks and Mayence 32,532. Berlin, on the other hand, spends no money on this worthy object.

Referring to the recent celebration of Edward Grieg's sixtieth birthday, Die Zeit of Vienna says that when his music first became known in that city



THOMAS E. GILES.
Tabernacle Organ Mechanical Expert.

The occupation of organ-building and mechanical repair work has become a real science in the field of music. More than that, it is a profitable calling, and the demand for such talent is generally in excess of the supply. A gifted young man, in this direction, is Thomas E. Giles, mechanical expert of the Tabernacle organ, and a musical student under Prof. McClellan. Mr. Giles is a son of Prof. Henry E. Giles, an organist himself of some note. The younger Giles knows every inch and part of the big Tabernacle instrument thoroughly. He was closely associated with Mr. Hegeland in its reconstruction, since which time he has kept it in condition. Recently he installed the electric motors of the Provo Tabernacle and Sixteenth ward organs, and in addition to caring for the Tabernacle instrument in this city has the custody of the organ in St. Paul's Episcopal church. Mr. Giles is more than a mechanic. He is a talented youth and gives promise of becoming an organ player of ability. The predominating characteristic of his work is "feeling" and "sympathy." While he likes the lighter airs he is much more interested in the heavier compositions, and being a hard student he should some day be heard from. He is in constant attendance upon Mr. McClellan at all organ recitals and renders him valuable assistance.

It impressed the hearers as the work of a reformer. Previously the only Scandinavian whose music had become familiar there was Gade, and he, a follower of Mendelssohn, fell from grace with his master. In Grieg everything was new and original. There is in his best songs and instrumental pieces a specific individuality distinct from that of all other musicians. Hans von Bülow, aptly called him the Norwegian Chopin, others have compared him with Schumann, and an English musician recently pointed out "unmistakable analogy" between the harmonic particularities of Grieg and those of Richard Strauss. So far as these exist, Grieg, of course, is the originator and Strauss the imitator. Grieg, it may be added, is also infinitely more serious, yet the Nordic critic traced Strauss as the greater man of the two, simply because his works are bigger, Jumbolism in music, and always Jumbolism! Grieg is now passing through that stage of experience in which Chopin was twenty years ago when the Evening Post took up the cudgels in his behalf, even as it does now in behalf of Grieg, to the "amazement" of those who were equally amazed twenty years ago.

The Twelfth Infantry band is securing a number of city jobs. With Field's band, the Fort Douglas band and the Infantry band and Haurbach's band of this city, to call on, there is no lack of musicians for concert, parade and street work.

Local church choirs have thinned out during the hot weather, and many singers are off on their vacations.

Piano tuners are "rushed to death" with business, and like the manufacturers, are "falling behind on their orders."

Miss Emily C. Jessup and Miss Edna Duncan will sing tomorrow in the First Presbyterian church.

Prof. McClellan has sent east for Beethoven's overture to Coriolanus. Many believe this great work has never been given in any of the great organs of this city, and its production is a massive and magnificent one, rich with the best and noblest thoughts of the great master, and an unusually large house ought to be present when Prof. McClellan plays it on the Tabernacle organ. The professor also proposes to produce the famous Leonore overture No. 3, by the same composer, at an early day, and in general will make an effort to introduce the Salt Lake public to the great organ compositions of the famous masters. With such

TRAGIC STORY OF POE'S "BELLS"

Poe's "Bells," in the original manuscript, was the other day sold at auction in Philadelphia for \$1,145. This was \$2,100 more than Poe received for the manuscript and the publication rights half a century ago.

A striking instance of the sarcasm of destiny! If Poe in his life had received as many hundreds of dollars for the poem as the owners of the manuscript received thousands for the mere autograph, that life would have been comforted in its closing days, or might even have been prolonged to a green and useful old age. For the dissipation which ended in Poe's fatal debauch at Baltimore, in June, 1849, was prompted by despair, and that despair resulted partly from domestic and partly from financial troubles.

Poe had lost his wife, Virginia Clemm, on Jan. 30, 1847. Thereafter he was as one distraught.

"Deprived of the companionship and sympathy of his child wife," writes a friendly biographer (Mr. W. F. Gill), "the poet suffered what was to him the agony of utter loneliness. Night after night he would arise from his sleepless pillow, and, dressing himself, wander to the grave of his lost one, and, throwing himself down on the cold ground, weep bitterly for hours at a time. He found it impossible to sleep without the presence of some friend by his bedside. For a long time after Virginia's death he seems to have been desperately ill and unweary. To deaden his grief he had recourse to liquor and opium, but Dr. Mott warned his friend, Mrs. Marie Louise Shew, that the invalid had a lesion on one side of the brain which would not permit him to use stimulants or tonics without grave danger of insanity."

Sick as he was, necessity forced him to take up his pen, and it was during these last years that he wrote his prose

silver, golden, brazen and iron of sleigh-bells, wedding bells, steeple bells and alarm bells.

It went through no less than three transformations, however, before it reached the public in the final form published in Sartain's Union Magazine, in November, 1849, one month after Poe's death. In a note accompanying the poem in this magazine Mr. Sartain gave the following account of its evolution:

"There is a curious piece of literary history connected with this poem. It illustrates the gradual development of an idea in the mind of a man of original genius. This poem came into our possession about a year since (consequently about December, 1848). It then consisted of 17 lines. About six months after we received the poem enlarged and altered nearly to its present size and form, and about three months since the author sent another alteration and enlargement in which condition the poem was left at the time of his death."

The original version of the poem contained only 17 lines, divided into two stanzas, as follows:

THIS BELLS—A SONG.

I.
The bells! Hear the bells!
The merry wedding bells,
How fustlike a melody there dwells
The little silver bells
From the silver tinkling cells
Of the bells.

Poe's enemies have charged that he sold the poem three times over to different magazines. The charge is entirely false. Mr. Sartain has explained that it was he who paid Poe three times for three versions of "The Bells," himself insisting on no doing because the poems were substantially distinct pieces.

"In the form he first submitted it," says Mr. Sartain in his reminiscences, "consisted of 17 lines of small merit, he revised it, but after he had rewritten and improved it to 113 lines he was paid \$30 more."—New York Herald.

"The territory of New Mexico is knocking at the door of the United States senate for admission to statehood," said James V. Allen of Albuquerque at the Brown hotel.

"With its resources and the millions of capital interested there today it is certainly entitled to have the yoke of a carpet-bag government thrown off, especially when it was ready for statehood as far back as 1876."

"Why, do you know it was simply a handshake that cost us our statehood in the United States senate Stephen H. Elkins of West Virginia was delegated from New Mexico at the time and worked hard, early and late on the statehood question. He finally succeeded in having a bill passed in the lower house, which was subsequently passed in the senate, but an amendment which required a second passage in the lower house."

"I seriously doubt whether America will ever become a great music loving country," said a well known local musician, "for musical events here are not well patronized, except those of which some celebrated artist is the feature, which leads me to doubt whether the public goes to hear great music so much as to see and hear a great musician. Now, this may come from an over-refined taste, which prevents enjoyment of anything but the very best, which is noticeable in the fact that in social life, while he or she who merely sings or plays is tolerated and listened to patronizingly, there seems to be no real enjoyment of the effort made. The German is the genuine music lover who enjoys music fairly rendered, and though no one appreciates more greatly the great artist, he does not care for the greatest or nothing. Therefore he listens patiently to the first sonnet. It was execrable. The writer of such doggerel could not but be hopeless."

"The second sonnet is the better of the two," Mr. Howells said firmly, and he refused to listen to it. Pleading an engagement, he asked the young man to excuse him. "The second sonnet is the better of the two, I assure you," he repeated.

AN AFFECTIONATE LIONESS.
The Dublin correspondent of the London Chronicle has had the following story from an official at the Dublin Zoological Gardens: One of the little raccoons—a female—apparently not feeling perfectly safe or comfortable among her own companions, scaled a wire fence about three weeks ago and penetrated through the roof of the new Roberts house to seek refuge with the lions. She hid herself there so effectually that in spite of the most diligent search by the keepers she could not be discovered.

"Where?" he asked.
"At the Columbia," I replied.
"Who?"

"Oh, a young violinist," said I, and seeing that he was not aware of Kubelik's arrival, I could not to conceal my enigma, but to get his unbiased judgment.

"A little persuasion succeeded, and we were soon seated and listening to the young artist's marvellous search. I had previously neglected to get a program, and, remarking my apparent forgetfulness, said I knew the numbers, anyway. My friend listened patiently, not, perhaps, enjoying it so much himself, as sympathizing with my enthusiasm, and after it was over and as we walked down the street, he said:

"He's a pretty fair fiddler—not an artist, but a good fiddler—scarcely interesting to one who had heard Ole Bull, Vieuxtemps, Wilhelmj, Remenyi and I say, I suppose you know him and feel interested in him, and he does play well for a boy, but he does not measure

up. Now, when Kubelik comes—"
That was Kubelik, said I.—Washington Post.

THE BETTER SONNET.
William Dean Howells has lifted so many young men from total obscurity into fame that his time is often treasured up by persons quite unworthy of his attention—persons without talent, who, nevertheless, think that he should write of them essays as appreciative as those, say, wherein he pointed out the genius of Stephen Crane.

At the Franklin Inn club of Philadelphia, a poet told the other day of a young man who once called on Mr. Howells without so much as a letter of introduction. "This young man thought himself a sonneteer. He had two sonnets with him, and he said he would read them both, and then he would ask Mr. Howells to tell him which of them was the better."

Mr. Howells is always gracious, and always particularly gracious to young men who love letters. Therefore he listened patiently to the first sonnet. It was execrable. The writer of such doggerel could not but be hopeless."

The merry wedding bells,
How fustlike a melody there dwells
The little silver bells
From the silver tinkling cells
Of the bells.

The bells! Ah, the bells!
The heavy iron bells!
Hear the tolling of the bells!
Hear the tolling of the bells!
How horrible monody there floats
From their throats—
From their deep-toned throats!
How I shudder at the notes
From the melancholy throats
Of the bells, bells, bells!

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How a Handshake Cost New Mexico Statehood in 1876.

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A JUDGE OF FIDDLERS.

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