

Maude Adams

"THE king is dead, long live the king!" While Wednesday night's audience was shaking the walls of the old theater with its plaudits of Maude Adams, the bill posters were busily at work on the outside of the same walls setting in place the huge streamers for E. H. Sothern.

Mr. Pyper had no more than shaken hands with Mr. Richards, Maude Adams' manager, than he turned to salute Mr. Freedman, who has Sothern's destinies in charge. And so it goes, season after season. The theater is a huge panorama of constantly moving, constantly changing effects, and our minds have no sooner taken on the impress of one performance than another comes to sponge away the first. Well it is said of the actor that his name is written in the sands, where the first rise of the tide may wash it away forever.

The last of Mr. Pyper's "Big Four" spring attractions, and the final one of the season, comes in E. H. Sothern next week. The expectation is that Sothern's business will maintain the pace set by Anna Held, Mansfield, and Maude Adams. The theater management will be vastly disappointed if it does not, for these big headliners have been relied on to ground out what has been one of the lightest seasons in the history of the house.

The vivid impression Sothern left in "If I Were King" is so well remembered that it only needs to be said that his new play, "The Proud Prince," is written by the same author, Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy, and that the production will be made on even a more lavish scale than the last year's play. The company is larger, the scenery heavier, and the musical features play so important a part, that a specially augmented orchestra has been engaged, and Mr. Sothern will bring his own leader.

The play of "The Proud Prince" is based on the old story of Robert of Sicily, the character which falls to Mr. Sothern's hands. The role is said to be a long one, and he is far from the most difficult of any that Sothern has ever played. From the time he enters the stage until he leaves it, the "make up" of his face and form is constantly being altered. In the first act, the evil hearted king is seen superbly handsome. Through a miracle he is transformed into a being as evil without, as he has been within. From then on all the changes for better or worse are shown in his exterior, until his regeneration in the last act, when he has become purified and his former handsome self is given back to him through another miracle.

Sothern's changes are made with such rapidity that he employs three dressers constantly at work to assist him. He has in all nine changes of costume, he wears four different wigs and he utilizes every known adjunct of the actor's art from spirit gum in the placing on of the beard, to every tint that is known in facial cosmetics.

The scene of the miracle is Mr. Sothern's most difficult transformation, because he is allowed but three minutes' time to change in the full view of the audience from the royal gown of the smooth-faced king, into the fantastic flaring of the bearded and revolting court fool. To tell of how this remarkable change is accomplished would be to lose perhaps some of the glamour of its mystifying surprise. As can be understood, however, Mr. Sothern and his three dressers are busily at work during the three minutes that he lies prostrate upon the ground, with the moonlight full upon him, and the lightning playing around him, and the archangel with flaming sword brandishing the curse of heaven upon him.

The last act is even a greater strain upon Mr. Sothern than the others, as he changes in the course of the act four different costumes, revealing the scenes in a way four different personages. In this act he employs the services of four men to assist him. He is first seen as a white-robed friar, then appears in a full suit of armor. This is stripped from him and he is in a fool's motley, in which he ascends the stake. He makes his re-entrance without having left the stage by appearing in the full regalia of the brilliant, smooth-faced king again. As an example showing the care with which Mr. Sothern has thought how to make these changes in the quickest possible manner, it might be interesting to note that he has his four assistants placed at different points of the stage. As he makes his exit as the white-clad friar, one assistant stands at the wings and in the twinkling of an eye divests him of his robe and friar accessories. Sothern then rushes through the rear of the stage to the extreme opposite side where two men stand ready with his armor. This is quickly placed upon him, and his dressers rush behind him to the stake where each one has an allotted part of the costume of the king to place upon him. His transformation to the king is made while the populace shield him from the view of the audience.

Sothern found this new role to be such a constant tax upon his strength that he has been forced to give up his literary work, in which he has been indulging as a pastime for the last few years. When asked recently if he did not regret this, he is quoted as saying: "I consider an actor's day to come performance when the curtain for the evening performance rises, and his first duty is to save himself for his performance to his public."

It will be a long time before the enthusiasm awakened by Maude Adams' visit, die away from the Salt Lake Theatre. As already stated by the "News," the receipts were among the most prodigious of any in the history of the house, and they broke all records in Mr. Pyper's experience with the role exception of those of "Ben Hur." They would have equaled or surpassed even the record of that success, Mr. Pyper thinks, had not the seating capacity of the house been materially reduced by the recently adopted fire regulations.

It was most pleasant for Miss Adams to know that her decided success in her home city was due as much to her intrinsic merits as an artist, as to the public desire to give her a welcome in the place of her birth. Had she been an absolute stranger to us, she would have won her way by the force of her genius, which is shown by the fact that the receipts of the closing night were more than those of the opening.

The attaches of the theater are among the most enthusiastic of all the singers of Miss Adams' praises. During her engagement, she sent out to old

friends and acquaintances here, especially to those who might be unable to afford the price of admission, a large number of tickets, paying the bill out of her own pocket, and on the last night of the engagement, her manager handed each one of the stage hands a handsome remembrance, with the compliments of the star.

The announcement of the engagement of Mrs. Leslie Carter, scheduled to occur in the Grand Theater two weeks hence, has aroused more than ordinary interest among local theater goers. Mrs. Carter has not been seen in this city since she played "Zaza" and while reports of her triumphs in "Du Barry" have reached here, on account of the tremendous success of the artist's seasons in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago, Mrs. Carter has continued her presentations of the Belasco piece to these four cities. This season, however, Mr. Belasco has determined that her tour shall be more comprehensive than ever before, and prior to her departure for London next spring, Mrs. Carter will visit the principal cities of this country, using "Du Barry" for her offering.

The bankruptcy of Frederick Warde is one of the themes of the hour in eastern dramatic circles. It had been generally supposed that Mr. Warde was in receipt of an enormous salary last year during his starring tour with Mr. James, but from the showing the actor makes, which puts his assets at \$1,000 and his liabilities at more than \$40,000, it is evident that his salary was either not what it was estimated to be, or it was poured into the mass of his creditors. The New York Herald ascribes Mr. Warde's bankruptcy to his endeavor to force Shakespeare upon an unwilling public. He will start afresh next season in an endeavor to recoup himself by a series of legitimate plays, with Kathryn Kidder as a joint star.

THEATRE GOSSIP.

J. E. Dodson has been engaged to play Pierre in the all-star cast of "The Two Orphans" next autumn. He will take the place of James O'Neill, who will be the Chevalier instead of Kyrie Bellew.

A Boston notice has written a play in which Grace George will star next season. The same minister has finished a play called "Cape Cod Folks," in which W. A. Brady will star Robert Lorraine.

The dramatic agencies in New York are under municipal control in the law just passed which regulates all employment agencies. These agencies must now furnish a bond and secure a license from the mayor.

A combination between Frederick Warde and Katherine Kidder has been arranged for next season. Stanley Strange's play, "The Daughter of Hamelin," produced last fall by Blanche Walsh, has been secured for them.

Louis James and his wife, Aphie James, are now in Dallas, Tex., pursuing a \$20,000 suit for slander against the proprietor of the Oriental hotel. The latter, it is claimed, accused the actor and his wife of calling two pillows from the hotel in December, 1902.

It is said that E. S. Willard is meeting with so much success in his English tour that he has given up the idea of coming over here next fall, and arrangements are being made for another English tour the coming season. He will probably be seen in American cities in 1906 in new plays.

Alexander Dumas the younger, was in a way, to France what Ibsen is to Norway. His plays exposed social conditions and are merciless in their truth. Dumas showed French society its immorality and depravity, and he made no effort to gloss over the wickedness of French civilization. He, too, was a master of technique and an apostle of realism.

Readers of Miss Rives' stirring book, "Hearts Courageous," will be interested to know that it has been put into a play, and that Orin Johnson will star in it next year. Mr. Johnson once played "The Little Minister" with Maude Adams, and before that time had many admirers in Salt Lake. Miss Rives herself will appear in the part of the leading lady of the play.

A Boston paper is authority for the announcement that Nance O'Neill is letter perfect not only in the lines of the part of Lady Macbeth in the Shakespearean tragedy, but also in those of Macbeth as well, and that she intends at some future date to play the latter role. Is there absolutely no limit to Nance's ambition? She'll be doing it next, or perhaps "doubling" as Puck and Bottom.

Shakespeare still goes up in price. The other day at auction in London \$5,675 was paid for a first edition of the second part of "Henry IV," printed in 1600. This exceeds by \$4,500 the highest price previously paid for a copy of this quarto. The former record price for a quarto was established in 1901, when a copy of "Titus Andronicus" fetched \$3,100.

Mrs. Robert Osborn, who built her own playhouse in New York and made

a failure of the venture with a musical piece called "Tommy Hot," last week brought suit for a divorce from her husband. She says they were married 16 years ago, but that trouble has existed between them ever since the Osborn playhouse was built and that they have been separated for some time. The co-respondent named in the suit is not mentioned.

London is to have a series of performances of Greek drama, done in Greek by Greek players. Kyria Smith and a company of Athenian actors, who have recently been presenting some of the old Greek tragedies in connection with the Olympic games in the ancient capital of Greece, are to come to London next month and will begin a season at the Court theater with the "Electra" of Sophocles. "Antigone" will be the second production of the undertaking.

The following is from a San Francisco paper: "David Belasco and Henry DeWitt collaborated once on a play in which they used the line from the Psalms of David, 'Lord, how long shall the wicked, how long shall the wicked triumph?' The actor to whom this line fell expressed his dissatisfaction over it, and confided his feelings to De Mille. 'Are you stuck on it?' the actor asked him. 'Yes,' said De Mille, 'I must confess I am. You see, the line isn't of mine. It's David's for thought so,' said the actor; 'any one could tell that was some of David Belasco's bad English.'"

"The Streets of New York," a popular melodrama, got a hard hit in a Connecticut town recently. It was advertised that 40,000 gallons of water would be used in the tank scene. The water commissioner decided that this was enough to be paid for, so he swooped down on the manager and demanded a settlement. The manager went to the mayor, but couldn't get off until he had convinced the authorities that the scene actually called for about a pint of water. Thus are art illusions rudely dispelled by the iconoclasm of municipal authorities who know nothing of true dramatic art.

Mrs. Ida McGee Gibson was not long ago a guest of De Wolf Hopper and his wife, Nella Bergen, at Mr. Hopper's country place on Long Island. Every now and then Mr. Hopper would be addressing his guest, say, "Idah, I beg your pardon, Mrs. Gibson." At length, tired of this, the comedian declared: "I simply got to call you Idah. My third wife—no, my second wife's name was Idah, you know."

Mrs. Gibson looked curiously at Mrs. Hopper.

"Oh," said the latter, with a laugh, "I don't mind. You cannot expect Mr. Hopper to forget all his wives completely."

Herr Heinrich Conrad's scheme to take deadheads at all theatrical and operatic performances a dime per head for the benefit of the actors' fund is something great. By way of further augmenting the fund, we suggest that a dime of a dime be added to the list of all theatrical and operatic managers and press agents who persistently pester the newspapers with ready-made reading matter, setting forth in passionate language the matchless quality of their shows, the charms of their artists, and the absolute recklessness with which money has been lavished upon their productions. All of which they deny a newspaper to publish in full at deadhead rates. This would fill the actors' fund clear up to the brim.

Victorin Sardou, the most noted of living French playwrights, is now nearly 73 years old, having been born Sept. 7, 1831. He began his career as a student of medicine, but soon gave this up for literature. His first efforts were very unsuccessful, and it was not until after his marriage to a young actress who had influence with the famous Mme. de Jazet, that the tide turned in his favor. From the production of his first play in 1854 until the present time Sardou has seen about 100 of his works staged.

Of these the most familiar to American theater-goers are "Diplomacy," "Le Peche," "Fédra," "Théodora," "Gismonda," "Mme. Fana Gene," "Robespierre," "Dante" and "Divorces."

A rumor has it that there was a little account of \$15,000 given by Mr. Goodwin in markers after a night's flirtation with Dame Chance in Louisville during the actor's recent western tour. When the last of the cash was paid, Mr. Goodwin's credit had been exhausted and he found himself owing \$15,000, not counting the cash he had lost. Mr. Goodwin, with a party of friends, was at the Broadway theatre on Friday night, Ky., when his card in and they met after the performance. They had a long talk and gradually seemed to come to an understanding. When seen by a reporter after the conference was over Mr. Goodwin said: "I intended sailing for Europe today, but urgent business reasons have intervened to delay my start one day." Mr. Goodwin and I have reached an understanding, said Gray, a mail carrier. He is a good fellow and so am I. He overplayed himself a trifle, but it is all right. I believe he sails for Europe under certain circumstances on Thursday." The "circumstances" were to have been favorable, for Nathaniel sailed.

Leander Richardson's Letter

Special Correspondence.

NEW YORK, May 23.—George W. Lederer is the boy after all to whom we must return for our summer shows. Mr. Lederer has been at this sort of entertainment for years past, and it is rarely that Broadway has failed at the present time of year to respond with generosity when he has made his offering. He is back in town this season at the New York theater with a brand new piece admirably suited to the period and presented under the title "The Southeners." This work was received with tumultuous enthusiasm upon its first night by a crowd that filled the grand auditorium very nearly to its capacity and that seemed to feel from the outset in the very spirit of the occasion. On the program the names of Mercer and Grant are given as the

librettists of the piece, but in reality much of the literary work was contributed by Harry B. Smith, from whose versatile and graceful pen, many of our most successful comic operas and musical comedies have come. The score of "The Southeners" is the composition of Will Marion Cook, a colored musician whom the late Dr. Dvorak designated a positive genius. In the first scene Col. Preston, an old southerner, and his ancient darky servant, become reminiscent of times "befo' the war," and the colored drops off to sleep in his armchair. He has now drifted in dreamland, back on the old plantation, is told up to the time when he awakens to sentimentally reflect upon the children of his retrospective vision. The general scheme in the writing of "The Southeners" obviously was to feignously blend the talents of white and colored performers, and this has been accomplished in a manner that cannot possibly give offense to even the most rabid drawer of racial distinctions. The



E. H. SOTHERN
As King Robert of Sicily in "The Proud Prince."

negroes are the slaves of antebellum surroundings and the white personages are their masters, the background of black humanity serving well to set off the rest of the picture. The water commissioner decided that this was enough to be paid for, so he swooped down on the manager and demanded a settlement. The manager went to the mayor, but couldn't get off until he had convinced the authorities that the scene actually called for about a pint of water. Thus are art illusions rudely dispelled by the iconoclasm of municipal authorities who know nothing of true dramatic art.

The success of the revival of "Wang" with DeWolf Hopper in his original role, and Nella Bergen Hopper as the heroine, has very materially lessened the large Lyric theater full to the doors. It was thought at the outset that the piece might move along comfortably for four or five weeks of the spring season here, but the rapidity of the spring season here, and the large cities, but it is now apparent that the engagement will be extended for fully twice that period. This outcome has a tendency to smother into another one of the most cherished traditions of the theatrical calling. It used to be said with wise emphasis that a star actor or actress who left his or her field and went into any sort of stock company work was doomed to a brief individual attraction. Hopper gave up starring some seasons ago and played in the Weber & Fields' company, as is well known. After this experience the Shubert brothers, who are now the managers of prominence in the United States with nerve enough to consider the idea of restoring him to his old position at the head of the Lyric, in all other directions, is peculiarly and very amply satisfied that there's a new situation in amusement affairs since the formation of the Lyric tradition to which I have referred.

At the Belasco theater, "Sweet Kitty Bellairs" is outlasting the period allotted to it at the time of its production. It has been supported by the Lyric engagement would come to an end on the evening of June 4, but the farewell has been postponed to a time dependent entirely upon weather conditions, a situation due to the Lyric engagement. This is disturbing to at least one member of the company—Edwin Stevens, who devotes his summers to engagements in the vaudeville theaters upon a bona fide basis. The manager and great satisfaction to his audiences, Mr. Stevens had arranged to begin his summer tour at Keith's theater on Monday evening, June 6, supposing he would be free at that time. He has now found it necessary to cancel the engagement in order to continue in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs" but Mr. Belasco has considerably assured him that in case the season should extend beyond the Lyric engagement he would let Mr. Stevens off and put another actor in his place. Managers are not often as thoughtful as this in dealing with players—which makes the present episode worthy of record.

Julia Marlowe is finishing her Empire theater engagement. William Collier is running along to large receipts at the Criterion in "The Dictator" and Elizabeth Tyree is to bring her "Tit for Tat" run to a close at the Savoy.

LEANDER RICHARDSON.

PASSING OF THE STRAND PLAYHOUSE.

N. FORD, the London correspondent of the New York Tribune, writes of the Strand. He says: The historic Strand has lost nearly all its landmarks as the street of playhouses and the natural center of the modern drama, but for two centuries the great figures of the English stage have known and loved it, and have associated it with their joys and sorrows, their successes and failure, their romances, their comic byplay, and even their tragedies, beyond the glare of the footlights. Honest John Coleman, who knew every turn in the old Strand, is now one of the benignant ghosts with which the storied quarter is haunted. As he began acting as a small boy and lived to great age after writing, singing, in collaboration, as many as 100 plays, he was one of the familiar figures and famous characters of the Strand. He had been with Macready, Charles Kean, Charles Mathews, Charlotte Cushman, Helen Faucet and Phelps; he had introduced Salvini to London, and sunk a fortune in a few disastrous weeks; he had worked with Charles Reade, Tom Taylor and Robert Buchanan, and he had adapted

My adroit legal friend, A. H. Hummel, is very much and very naturally elated over the reception of the cabal information that the American prima donna, Ellen Nielsen, has scored a distinct hit in London in "Nozze di Figaro." Mr. Hummel is not alone the adviser and American representative of Miss Nielsen, but is about the only one of her early friends who didn't shake his head in solemn deprecation when she concluded to quit comic opera for good and all, and devote herself to the higher branch of singing. "I always knew little Alice would make good," commented Mr. Hummel a day or two ago, "for she possesses, in addition to the necessary artistic qualifications, an indomitable determination to accomplish anything she may undertake. And when I saw that she had placed herself in the training of the eminent Charles Russell, my assurance was doubly sure. She is coming to America in the autumn, and I know beforehand that she will greatly astonish even the most ardent of her admirers with the progress she has made."

The death of Joseph Humphreys, general stage manager for Charles Frohman, will probably have the effect of placing William Seymour at the head of the stage department of the Frohman establishment. Mr. Seymour has been in the employ of this management for the past two seasons, having charge of a large number of productions and holding everything but the title of general stage manager. In this line of work he is recognized as one of the best in America.

"A Little of Everything" is the title of a bit of summer frivolity put together by John J. McNally for the Aerial Gardens over the New Amsterdam theater. This piece, which is now almost ready, is to be interpreted by Fay Tempson, Peter F. Bailey, Leo McIntyre, John M. Sparks, Sabel Johnson, Harry Kelly, Susie Fisher, George Schiller and a very large crowd of others. Sabel Johnson is expected to make something of a sensation with her singing, a possession which is the "phenom" order in the matter of range, calculated to make "Sister Mary Jane's Top Note" sound by comparison like a mere guttural growl. The new place of amusement which is to shelter the McNally force isn't a roof garden in the accepted sense, but is really a completely equipped and beautiful theater which may be opened on all sides to let in the air, or closed up to let out the rain. It may be operated the year around if the Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger consider such a course desirable.

The John R. Rogers testimonial has been the talk of New York during the past week or 10 days. The "call" for this event was signed by nearly 300 of the most prominent men in all walks of life, and the list of volunteers for the testimonial included an altogether astonishing array of the very best talent. Many of Rogers' friends voluntarily took up the sale of tickets among their acquaintances and the income from this source was a very large sum. Rogers is "on his feet" again in good earnest and with a very comfortable surplus.

Raymond Hitchcock, in "The Yankee Consul" is in his fourteenth week at the Broadway theater and likely to stay there for a considerable time to come.

Julia Marlowe is finishing her Empire theater engagement. William Collier is running along to large receipts at the Criterion in "The Dictator" and Elizabeth Tyree is to bring her "Tit for Tat" run to a close at the Savoy.

LEANDER RICHARDSON.

Hoodlumism in London Theaters.

Uproar in Wyndham's London Theater Starts Amusing Discussion on This Peculiarly English Method of "Knocking" a Play.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, May 14.—Since Sir Charles Wyndham was practically "boomed" off his own stage the other evening, it is being declared on every hand that something must be done to check this peculiarly British means of expressing disapproval in a theater. Probably nothing actually will be done. The "pit-queue" has been threatened many times with abolition, likewise the custom of charging for programs—not to mention the censorship and the theater dinner that results in fashionable folk arriving in the middle of the first act, yet all these drawbacks to play-going in London we still have with us. However, it is rather amusing to compare the various opinions that have been offered on this portentous subject since the affair at Wyndham's. What is the origin of the "boo" as an uncompensated manifestation, no one seems to know, but it is a rare thing for the final curtain to fall on a London production without some boos being heard. And when the pit and gallery are really on the war-path, the bovine sounds that come from them are absolutely deafening. The "boo," however, may mean anything. Some of the boosers are seated at Sir Charles Wyndham's playhouse the other night declared that although they disliked Arthur Law's new play, "The Bride and Bridgroom," most heartily, they made a row because an actress who had pleased immensely in Wyndham's previous production, was not re-engaged. The fact that it is boomed doesn't necessarily mean, either, that a play is doomed. William Gillette had a lot of this sort of thing to face on the first night of "Sherlock Holmes" in London, but he played it at the Lyceum for nearly twelve months. Perhaps it should be observed that some boosers boo as a matter of conscience. It is a London first night custom to "dead-head" all of the house except the pit and gallery. The "earnest students of the drama" seated in these parts declare that the stalls and dress circle are in duty bound to applaud a piece whether it be good or bad, so if the pit and galleries deem a play to be the latter, they believe in venting their opinion as loudly as possible in order that the dramatic critics may not be able to write that the piece was favorable received.

By the way, the writers on theatrical matters are largely to blame for the abuse, greater even than boeing, that has sprung up in London lately. For some time mixed up with the boos there have been expressions of opinion shouted from the gallery, and these some of the critics have been foolish enough to quote. As a consequence there is reason to believe that the kind of jibes with which Wyndham was literally deluged, the other night, are now delivered by their authors for the simple purpose of "getting into the papers." A tendency which the following skit, published the other day, hits off amusingly:

IN THE PLAYBOOERS' CLUB.
Tom—It was epoch-making, I tell yer. What'll yer 'ave to drink?
Dick—Small Bass, please. I say, the papers 'ave done me proud, eh?

Harry—Ow d'yer mean?
Dick—Why, don't yer remember me callin' out, "Ow about organised applause?" They've all got that. Tom—And I yelled out, "We want ter get ter bed." It's in all the papers. Harry—Of course you did, an' so did I.

Tom—You did?
Dick—How do I know? I 'eld me 'ands like that 'n' offered for all 't was worth.

Dick—Come off. You didn't 'ave a line in the papers after Alexander's show?

Tom—Didn't I? 'Oo said, "Keep yer 'air on," then?

Dick—I dunno.

Tom—They 'ad it in the Telegraph, anyway.

Managers, however, have the remedy for this sort of thing in their own hands. They could snuff it out by the simple American expedient of numbering the seats in the gallery and selling tickets for them just as they do for the other parts of the house. Then it would be simple enough to identify "boosers" and other noisy ruffians and refuse to admit them after one offense. And this would also do away with the queues of people waiting in all weather for the gallery and the pit. Herein the boosers, the proprietors of London theaters have been too penurious to inaugurate such a reform.

Belasco and Long's "Darling of the Gods" is about to be withdrawn at His Majesty's theater, where it will have been played for about 150 nights. It will follow it with several Shakespearean revivals, by means of which he expects to finish up the season.

At one of the chief London music halls, a king's protegee is to appear, next week. This is Yvonne Lamor, the Paris Conservatoire, and then to see her frequently at her father's house at Madrid, but never allowed her to suspect his true rank. Finally, with her father's consent he sent her to the Paris Conservatoire, and then to the Frankfort and Vienna. But never until in company with her father she paid a visit to Belgrade a few months before his death, did Mlle. Lamor know that her father was really a king. After he died, she appeared successfully in Vienna and other European capitals. She spent her early years in Ireland, speaks English perfectly and expects to make a success in London.

The management of the Royal Bavarian Court theaters finds me an announcement that the Richard Wagner and Mozart Festivals in Munich will run from the 12th of August to the 11th of September and from the 1st to the 11th of August respectively. Among the artists already engaged are Madame Milka Ternina and R. Van Rooy of New York. CURTIS BROWN.

Broke Into His House.
S. Le Quinn of Cavendish, Vt., was robbed of his customary habit by invasion of Chronie Constipation. When Dr. Kline's New Life Pills broke into his house, his trouble was arrested and now he's entirely cured. They're guaranteed to cure, 25c at Z. C. M. I. Drug Store.

SALT LAKE THEATRE,
GEO. D. PYPER,
Manager.

LAST OF THE SEASON!
THURSDAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY NEXT.
Saturday Matinee.
E. H.
SOTHERN
MANAGEMENT DANIEL FROHMAN, in the Miracle Play
THE PROUD PRINCE
BY JUSTIN HUNTLY MCCARTHY, Author of "If I Were King."
THE ENTIRE PRODUCTION INTACT AS PRESENTED AT
NEW LYCEUM THEATRE, NEW YORK
CURTAIN RISES AT 8 O'CLOCK SHARP.
PRICES—Parquette and Dress Circle, \$2.00 and \$1.50; First Circle, \$1.00 and \$1.00; Family Circle \$1.00 and 50c; Gallery, 50c. SEATS ON SALE
TUESDAY NEXT AT 9 a.m.

BY REQUEST
From Many Prominent People of the Stake,
THE EIGHTEENTH WARD
MINSTRELS
Have Consented to Play a Return Engagement at
GRANITE STAKE TABERNACLE,
Friday, June 3rd, 1904.
PRESIDENT FRANK Y. TAYLOR SAYS
"Mr. J. D. Giles, Business Manager Eighteenth Ward Minstrels:
"Dear Sir—Allow me to congratulate you on the splendid show your company furnished us in our Amusement Hall on the evening of May 12th. It is a performance full of merit and is well worthy of the patronage of the people."
Respectfully,
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