MUSIC AND DRAMA

The change in the class of amusements which the summer season brings rather takes the wind out of the sails of the dramatic reporter and the weekly summary is necessarily scant in point of news.

The Theater opened its doors on Monday evening of the present week with the Swanson-Pedrsen revival as the attraction but things seemed to turn rather unfortunately for these worthy teachers in a number of ways the silliest being the alarm of fire which practically destroyed all interest in the balance of the program that followed. An audience composed for the most part of ladies could not be supposed to regain their wonted equilibrium in one hour sufficiently to enable them to sit quietly and enjoy any kind of a program, be it ever so good. But the large attendance of musically inclined people at this recital should be a sufficient endorsement of the efforts of the givers and those who took part.

The performances of Black America that were given for the benefit of the Jubilee fund shared the fate of all benefit entertainments and the fund will be augmented but slightly by the receipts over and above actual expenses. It would almost seem that if people were anxious to contribute to the fund that will be necessary to make the coming Jubilee a success, they would turn out en masse and patronize an entertainment where they get their money's worth in amusement and at the same time contribute something towards making the Pioneer Jubilee a shining mark in the history of this State when it shall be completed by coming generations. When we think of the coming here of the President of the United States to participate in our Jubilee it should stir up the patriotism in every heart and the committees who have the matter in hand should be flooded with offers of assistance and funds and there is no question but when the time approaches the subscriptions will roll in and the desired amount more than covered, but in the meantime all laudable enterprises for the raising of funds for present needs should be liberally sustained by the people.

The treat to be offered our playgoers by Manager Burton of the Theater, for the first three nights of next week will be a fitting close of the season, and after this engagement the house will be dark until September, barring entertainments that will be given Jubilee week. But what a pleasant thing to anticipate the coming of the New York Lyceum Theater company is, even though we are compelled to have them when it is pretty hard to tear away from the cooling breezes of the beach resorts, but it is certain that a last rally will be given to the already dying theatrical season during the three night's engagement of this splendid company. Salt Lake will witness no inconsiderable part of the phenomenal or summer season of the company, as they come here direct from New York and go to the coast from here.

There were many disappointed people in this city when The Prisoner of Zenda was given last year because of the fact that James K. Hackett had been substituted by his understudy Howard Gould though the latter gentleman found much favor here. This time we are to have the entire company including Mr. Hackett who is the son of the celebrated James H. Hackett, one of the most famous actors of his time. The elder Hackett was married twice, his first wife also being a well known stage favorite. The present Mr. Hackett, who is a step-brother, James H. Hackett, was well known as a lawyer and jurist, and for many years recorder of the city of New York, is a graduate of the New York college. During his college days, young Hackett was prominent in private theatricals, and on leaving his studies took up the stage as a profession. His progress has been rapid and today he occupies a conspicuous position in the dramatic process. His first notable success in New York was as "Rudolf" in "The Prisoner of Zenda" since which time he has become New York's favorite on the stage. As George, prince of Wales, in "The First Gentleman of Europe," Mr. Hackett has a part suitable to him from every stand point.

Miss Mary Mannering though a comparatively new accession to the company is spoken of in the highest of terms and is said to be an ideal Princess Flavia in the play of The Prisoner of Zenda, a special interest will attach to the love-making scenes in the plays to be produced in-a-smuch as Mr. Hackett and Miss Mannering are soon to be married.

The First Gentleman of Europe will be the second night's bill. This play receives its name from the title given by society to the Prince Regent afterwards George IV of England, who was a great dandy and a gilded and accomplished man, and the situations of the play afford the company splendid opportunities for good work. The costumes are pretty and of the court style of the period.

The Mayflower will be the closing bill of the engagement. It is a play founded upon incidents in the experiences of the Pilgrim Fathers, though it is not historically written. Both of the last named plays have been Metropolitan successes of the past season. The scenery, properties, costumes and furniture used at the Lyceum Theater was brought direct at the company which includes, besides Mr. Hackett and Miss Mannering, who head it, Mr. Charles Walcott, Mr. E. J. Morgan, Mr. Frank R. Mills, Mr. Joseph Wheelock Jr., Mr. William C Urtleigh, Miss Maud Odell, Miss Elizabeth Tyler, Mrs. Charles Walcot and Mrs. Thomas Whiffen.

It is possible that the American run of William Gillette's great war play, Secret Service, which is to begin early in the fall, may be interfered with by the extraordinary success which the drama has met with in London. It was produced there at the Adelphi Theater, May 15th, for an engagement of four weeks, but it at once took the English capital by storm so it captured New York last September, and there is so much enthusiasm over it and such tremendous business, that Manager Charles Frohman who is in London, sends word that he is trying to secure another theater there in which to continue its run through the all and winter. No American play ever produced in London, and indeed few modern English plays, have crowded the more which Secret Service have lived up.

The Lyceum Tal grash on the morning after the first performance of Secret Service at the Adelphi had a long criticism by Clement Scott, praising the play and players. This paragraph was included in it. "There they sat some time after the curtain had finally fallen, not exactly speechless, but quite fascinated with an American story admirably told and American acting distinctly and emphatically excellent. The effect of both play and acting on the audience was a strange and novel one. Nobody appear d to have had enough of it. How Americans drama, and many would have liked to encore some of the dramatic episodes that had passed before their eyes.

All the other London papers spoke with the same fervor and considerable enthusiasm and before the London run was only one week old it was known all over the English-speaking world that an American play had made a greater sensation in the English capital than any native drama had effected in years. Inside of a week it had all the attention of theater-goers and the Adelphi since the advent of Secret Service, has been playing to crowded house, while the other theaters have been doing comparatively no business. The Prince and Princess of Wales, the duke and duchess of York, witnessed a performance of Mr. Gillette's play during its second week and were delighted. The Prince of Wales was accompanied Mr. Gillette and Charles Frohman to the royal box and complimented the former upon his play and his acting. As he was leaving the theater the prince said:

"Tell the company how much we have all enjoyed the performance; and (addressing Mr. Gillette) I hope you will write more plays as good as this one and bring them all to London."

It is an element of the tremendous hit which Secret Service made that Charles Frohman is anxious to keep it in London all summer and through the coming autumn and winter. He has written to the managers of theaters here with whom he made contracts some time ago, requesting relief from the obligations, and it is probable that Secret Service will not be seen here again for another season.

The London triumph of Gillette's war play made it the talk of its great success in New York, later in Boston. Secret Service was one of the great sensations of the '96-'97 New York season. The others were Two Little Vagrants and Under the Red Robe. Charles Frohman produced all three. Under the Red Robe, the most charming love play seen in New York in years and in which gay cavaliers and noble ladies mingle in sentiments both fine and not yet run its course, although it has been at the Empire theater for almost 250 performances. Twice Mr. Frohman had his mind made up to send the Empire company to the demand for Under the Red Robe was so strong and persistent that each time he had to extend its term. Now it has concluded to stay until fall and so the Empire will remain open and Under the Red Robe will continue to fill its accustomed stage. Frankly made no reference to this pretty little passage in his reply. She thought this was due to his absorption in his cares and tried not to be pained by the omission.

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Her "little sister," grown into a wondrously pretty young woman, and Frank were at the station to meet her. Ruby's greeting was warmly affectionate. The proprieties did not admit of Frank's being so, she knew, and she scolded herself for the dull little pain at her heart because he was so. She was glad to see on what friendly terms Frank and Ruby were. She was so glad they liked each other. But she had been sure they would.

"I found it out that evening," she sobbed. "It was only a little accident that told me they loved each other. But a woman's heart is clever, if her brain isn't. I had a good excuse for going to bed early, for I was tired from the journey. I never slept at all. Mrs. Brown, I could see how well Frank and Ruby looked together. The picture of them standing under the gaslight drove me nearly crazy. I knew she was a wife Frank could be proud of, and I wasn't. But my life was so empty without him. My love for him and plans for a little home of our own were the only bright things in it. I knew why his letters had been so few and short when I saw him look at her that evening. I thought I would go mad that night. I believe I should have. But toward morning peace came to me—that kind of peace, you know, that comes after a storm on the ocean, that leaves the shore strewn with wrecks. Still it was peace. That came after I made up my mind to give him up.

"Oh, Mrs. Brown, it was so easy for him. He just said, 'I'm sorry, Mary,' but he looked as though he would have said, 'I am ashamed, Mary,' and he didn't ask me why. He knew I knew all about it, but she never did. Dear heart! I'm going to make the white dress over to fit her, and the other things too. Oh, yes, I will. You know, Mrs. Brown, I'm not used to it yet, and it breaks my heart to look at them. They will be married next month."

"Thar 's," Mary, the little seamstress, still lives in the village, but she has changed much. The blue of her eyes has faded into the gray, and we think sometimes her cheeks are taking on that sahm hue, or is it a reflection of her gown?

She is as patient as ever, but not as strong. Poor little Mary!—Ada Patterson in St. Louis Republic.

MARY'S ROMANCE.

She was the neighborhood seamstress, a small, pale girl of quiet manners and infinite patience.

Mary was her name, and we all deemed it fitting. Her eyes were, as the village gossips put it, her only beauty. They were large and blue gray. There was a wistful sweetness to them that won the hearts of such of her patrons as occasionally let a thought stray from darts and legs of mutton and sevrers to the silent fashioner of the same.

Mary's unobtrusive personality was reflected in the gray gowns and hats which she always wore. Some of her employers, angular of line and figure and unlovely of character, might have found cause for complaint in their hireling's predilection for the sunshine and color and joy of life. So Mary adhered to humble shades and her remarks were confined to inquiries about the comfort giving qualities of the garments she manufactured.

She had come from the nearest city five years before. At that time, lonely and poor, and those who peddled sensations in their own "sets" found her humble little affairs of no concern. One or two would be gallants found she had a remarkable talent for aloofness. It was the same with the few young women who might have become her society. The one person whom she served regarded her as a cheap and skillful machine, and there their interest ended. Here was a lonely life, and it was some unknown influence that kept her so well poised and quietly cheerful.

Mary had a romance. When asked about it, she responded with blushes and happy silence.

It was not very different from that of other girls as poor and patient as Mary. They had grown up together—that phrase that embraces so much of youthful hope and sympathy! Their parents had lived side by side. Hers died first. She had learned the trade from a city dressmaker and had come to the village because there were so many of her vocation in the big town. That was all, except that Frank, too, became an orphan and his task of getting through the law school had been doubly hard for that reason. He had just completed the task and was going to locate in the capital of the adjoining state. She could not see him as often now, but if all went well they would be together in a year. Then her little sister lived there with her aunt. Frank had never seen her, but they would soon be friends because of her.

"Is your sister like you, Mary?" asked the merchant's wife as she hemmed a ruffle overhand.

"Oh, no!" said the little seamstress. "I have not seen her since she was a child, but she was beautiful then. Frank cannot help liking her."

Mary told the rest of the story a year later as with her head pillowed on her friend's broad bosom and her slender, gray figure shaken by the storm of a woman's great grief.

"Don't mind me, Mrs. Brown," she said when she felt big tears falling upon her hair. "It was probably for the best. She is a very suitable wife for Frank. I couldn't keep pace with him when I had to sew all day and in the evening, too, and she is so young and bright and lovely. She didn't know and he couldn't help loving her. Don't blame them."

The neighborhood seamstress, worn from her close companionship with the bright, slender needle that won for her bread, had yielded to her aunt's and sister's invitation and gone to the capital for a fortnight.

Besides, as she wrote Frank, it was high time she did some shopping in the city, for she "needed some of the things for her modest little trousseau." Then Frankly made no reference to this pretty little passage in his reply. She thought this was due to his absorption in his cares and tried not to be pained by the omission.

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KITCHEN UTENSILS.

How to Select and Care For Them—Glazed Earthenware the Best.

The woman whose kitchen is a delight is not the being who is content to cook as her grandmother did. She is, on the contrary, an alert person who has theories concerning the receptacles for food which she puts into practice. She has, for instance, a distrust of tin, and she has doubts about copper kettles.

She keeps dry bread ready to serve as croutons in soup or to stuff the Yuletide bird in covered jars where neither air nor moisture can reach it. Any meat which has to be kept she puts in a glazed earthenware jar and keeps in a cold place. Salt also finds its permanent abiding place in a glazed stone jar and is kept in a dry place. Sugar is kept in a wooden bucket with a cover. Vinegar is also kept in wood or glass, never in any vessel which is of metal. Tea and coffee are kept in glass or glazed pottery and in a dry place.

All sorts of preserved and potted goods the careful housewife prefers to buy in glass or earthen jars. She knows that there is sometimes danger of poisoning from the fruits or vegetables which are put up in metal, the acid of the goods setting upon the metal in a way disastrous to the person who eats the resulting compound.

If she is so far advanced in favor of the china utensils as some housekeepers, she even prefers to do so much of her cooking as possible in them. She will maintain that coffee which has been cooked in a tin coffeepot is as inferior to coffee made in porcelain as tea made in metal is to tea made in china. Her pots and skillets are porcelain lined, although porcelain linings mean that the woman owning them lives in constant dread of having them scorched. If she has enough money, she indulges in aluminium, which does not corrode and is superior to scorching.

The more highly glazed earthenware used for kitchen work or cooking is the better. It lasts longer, does not absorb grease and is not corroded by acids.

Reminiscences of Dickens.

It was at the juvenile birthday parties that Dickens seemed in all his glory. At the supper table, in helping some little miss to "turkey," he would assure her with all possible gravity that it was no trifle at all. When the writer, urged to make a little speech on the occasion of Charlie's birthday, came to a full stop at the words "I am sure," Dickens at once came to his assistance and enabled him to retire from the platform, however ungracefully, with the remark, among others, "Always be sure, my dear boy, and you'll get along all right."

At the little theatrical entertainments Dickens was the alpha and the omega of the proceedings. He was sometimes author, adapter, conductor, musical director, manager, prompter, and even stage carpenter. He overflowed with energy.

Dickens, doubtless remembering his own acute sensitiveness as a child, could not wittingly wound a child's feelings. He made fun with, not of, us. No party ever came off at Dickens' without "Sir Roger de Coverley" being introduced. Dickens shouted with laughter as some novice got badly mixed up in "all hands down the middle." Off he darted after the last couple, generally an awkward boy—and turned his blushes to smiles by saying, "What a dancer this boy will make when he's tackled a little more roast beef!" or, "Isn't Tommy a nice young man for a small party?"

There was nothing of the pedagogue about him—no vulgar attempt to pose as the brilliant Boz. He was simply a big boy, and he came down the ladder of his fame to the level of his own and their ordinary platform—to be one of them in their own simple way for a time.—Harper's Round Table.

Treatment of Pain.

In discussing this subject Dr. Goldscheider of Berlin thinks that narcotics, and especially morphine, should be avoided, particularly in chronic diseases. Bromides do not suffice of themselves to allay pain, but are very useful when pain is due to increased excitability of the nervous system; the permanent use of antineuralgic agents is to be avoided; the local application of cold for the relief of pain is often useful, especially in affections not deeply seated, and the value of the anode in allaying pain is not clear. Dr. Goldscheider's opinion of counterirritants is that they are among the most useful means in dealing with pain not only in neurasthenia, but likewise in genuine pain. The question of alteration in vascular supply is hypothetical, but vensection, cool or warm applications and other hydrotherapeutic measures are certainly useful, and the effect may be in some measure due to suggestion. In regard to massage and treatment by movement, he thinks that the value of passive and active motion is still much underestimated, and that in some cases of sciatica and painful joints after injuries there is no better treatment.

Practice In Diphtheria.

The results of the practice of various Paris physicians with their diphtheritic patients have been made to appear in a published summary of much interest. According to this, tannin, applied locally, seems to have been moderately successful, while salicylic acid and salicylate of soda are stated to have failed entirely. Carbolic camphor—that is, camphor 25, alcohol 1, carbolic acid 9 —applied either pure or with oil of almonds, operated quite favorably. Carbolic and eupatin were administered to a slight extent, also tincture of eucalyptus, but not so as to form a criterion. Chlorate of potash proved by far the most successful remedy, as it was also the most extensively administered. Its action is believed by some to be due in part to the oxygen with which it supplies the blood, and which, it is assumed, the diphtheritic bacteria have abstracted. Some other physicians, however, are of the opinion that the cases should be attributed rather to its local effects.

A Hypnotic For the Insane.

An article which appeared some time ago in The Semaine Medicale on this subject has been widely quoted. It seems that two Prussian physicians, M. Oldeegge and M. Jurman, made a series of careful experiments with the hydrobromide of scopolamine and found that the drug possessed a true value as a hypnotic in the treatment of the insane. Administered hypodermically, in doses varying from 0.003 to 0.015 of a grain, they found that it induced in the majority of subjects a sleep which lasted from three to ten hours, and on awakening the patients appeared much calmer than before the administration of the substance. This effect was especially pronounced in the case of maniacs, but was not so marked in those of acute hypemania. In chronic insanity the hypnotic action was also manifest to a degree. In delirium tremens, however, the tendency of the drug was only to weaken the patient and there was no hypnotic action whatever.

Hints to Young Authors.

There is but one way for an author to get his wares before the editors, and that is to send his manuscript to the periodical to which he believes it to be best suited. If he deals with the principal publications, he can always feel certain of courteous treatment and honest dealings. Prices vary and depend entirely on the value of the material to the periodical. Editors are always glad to examine manuscripts sent to them, and all talk to the contrary notwithstanding, are anxious to discover unknown talent.—Edward W. Bok in Ladies' Home Journal.

Sarcasm.

Greene — Whom are your children said to take after, Mr. Enpeck?

Enpeck (with a mental reservation) —The younger, with a sweet smile and angelic temper, takes after his mother. The elder, that cross eyed young viper, takes after me, I'm informed.—London Fun.

Gold In the United Kingdom.

About 865 tons of gold are estimated to be in actual circulation as money in the United Kingdom, that being approximately the weight of £110,000,000.

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