DESERET EVENING NEWS SATURDAY JANUARY 25 1908

in several of his old plays.

Arrangements are being made to have the Ivanowski painting of Maude Adams as "Peter Pan" hung in the Metropolitan Art Museum, Centrai park, New York, So great hus been the desire to see the painting, that Miss Adams has decided that this will best be met by its exhibition in the art museum, Accordingly she has preferred the loan of it indefinitely to the curator, Sir Purdon Clarke.

The new work on the American theater which Francis Wilson will soon give to his publishers, will consist of a give to his publishers, will consist of a series of essays on the life and art of the leading actors and actresses of a generation or two ago. Mr. Wilson has long had such a work in contemplation, his reading having shown him the need of collating and preserving in compre-nensive form the salient facts in the lives and public careers of America's great players. William Gillette will soon sail for Paris, and will probably appear, for several performances, in "Sherlock Holmes," which is now running at the Theater Antoine. Mr. Gillette expects to return with an adaptation of Henry Bernstein's play, "Samson." great players.

Frank Worthing was taken ill in Da-troit last Wednesday, and William A. Brady, who chanced to be visiting his production there, took his place in "Divorcons" for a single performance. Mr. Worthing's sickness developed into pneumonia, and for several days his life was despaired of. Mr. and Mrs. Brady remained with him all Thursday night and on Friday he had improved enough to permit them to go on to the next date. Mr. Brady will continue to play Mr. Worthing's role in "Divor-cons," probably, until the actor is well enough to rejoin the company. enough to permit them to go on to the next date. Mr. Brady will continue to play Mr. Worthing's role in "Divor-cons." probably, until the actor is well enough to rejoin the company. "I abominate bachelors," said Thom-

THEATER GOSSIP

as Jefferson to a group of Yale juniors "The elder they grow the more concett-ed they grow. I took one down a peg, though, the other day. He was talk-ing about this woman he had known, and and that woman he had known, and all these women, it seemed, had mar-ried. ried.

ried. "Why, you," I said, 'are in danger of getting left. Why don't you, too, get maried before it is too late?" "'Oh.' said the bachelor, with a chuckle, 'there are still plenty of good fish in the sea." "But the bait,' said I-'isn't there danger of the bait becoming stale?"

Neil O'Brien is gathering material for a book on "Does the Englishman Know a Joke? What!" In the English com-panies which Nat Goodwin has formed the habit of gathering about him, and Neil O'Brien has been prime minister to King Nat for 10 years, the author has had limitless opportunities for study of the subject. Mr. O'Brien occa-slonily gives the "Matinee Girl" a peep at the manuscript. This is his last im-pression: pression:

pression: "A nice young Englishman in the company showed Mr. Goodwin one of the green trading stamps that an en-terprising company gives as a premium to encourse.

to smokers. "If you save enough of these stamps you get a piano,' said the man from the little island.

Neil O'Brien is gathering material for



pany of Mrs. Bernard Beere, who made a spectacular failure when she came over from London in 1892-3. He pro-ceeded with her to Australia and had been there before we met him. That year had been passed in stock in Los Angeles. We explained to him our fear that his English stamp was too strong for the role of the Irish-Ameri-can, a type indigenous to our large cities and not to be "caught" by any actor who had not made a study of it in the life. n the life.

actor who had not made a study of it in the life. "I am not a bad actor, gentlemen." replied McVicars, with neither exces-sive modesty nor the other thing. "I should be if I could not make my ac-cent suit the character I undertake. Let me know what the author wants and what you want. I can play the role if it be within my scope. I've acted 71 roles in Shakespeare, six in Ibsen and more than 200 in modern plays. I wish a trial in the cast, and I know how to do as I'm told." "He's either a real actor or a very bad one!" muttered Mr. Brady. I agreed with him. We handed McVle-ars the role. He came to the second rehearsal letter perfect and asked not fewer than 500 questions of us and Mr. Broadhurst. We sent him to a mass meeting in Tammany hall to study general types on the platform; this was in the height of the Hughes-Hearst campaign. He returned to tell us he

was in the height of the Hugnes-Hears campaign. He returned to tell us he had seen a score of men, any one of whom might be a Horrigan. So, with the spirit and will to work on, it was an easy matter perfecting him. He accepted every suggestion made to him, submitted for our ominon every bit submitted for our opinion every bit of "business" and pantomime that sug-gested itself to him as possibly ap-propriate, and, as is generally known, stirred critics and public to enthusi-asm on the first night.

TERMED A "CREATION."

As is always so, there were writers who spoke of the new actor's "crea-tion." The creation was Mr. Broad-hurst's. He knew what he wanted as author, but needed a medium to de-velop it. That medium was Mr. Brady and I as stage managers. Now, in McVicars we had a rood exemplar of the actor who obeys. Other actors there are in plenty who do the same thing, of course; but not

other actors there are in picity who do the same thing, of course; but not many of the good ones do so willingly or graciously, and nearly all of them when they get results like McVicars got, deny having obeyed at all, but, au contraire, tell how they overrode author and stage director and in-sized on putting forward their own

anthor and stage director and in-sisted on putting forward their own "creation." We got this sort of piffle from a dozen well known high salaried play-ers we rehearsed in the part after Mc-Vicars' untimely death. The protest of one against our discipline symbol-izes, the attitude of most of them. "That may be Broadhurst's idea," he said, "but I do not agree with hlm. I prefer my conception of the character." That Broadhurst could possibly have a clear idea of his own about the role clear idea of his own about the role never, seemingly, occurred to the actor, who withdrew with the lofty observa-tion that, as a man who had always





SCENE IN ACT I "THE MAN OF THE HOUR," SALT LAKE THEATER, WEEK MONDAY, JAN. 27TH.

Ar. Ben Hendricks, will reproduce his popular old play of "Yon Yonson." There have been many essaylsts of the genial Swede, but none have remained with the character so long as Mr. Hen-dricks. It is now 10 years since he at-tempted any other line of work, which is a sufficient indication of success, and the numerous contingent in Salt Lake to whom he and his play appeal, will be sure to be out in force to greet him. The customray matinees will be given Wednesday and Saturday. The customray matinees will be given Wednesday and Saturday. A big production of "Camilie" is next promised by the Utahna Stock company at the Lyric theater. "Camilie" is too well known to need an introduction, but a few words to freshen up a bit will do no harfn. The version used is an adaptation by "Miss Matilda Heron." who appeared in the title role at the old National theater. Cincinnati, in 1856. news that something really big is coming to the theater soon spreads, and attractions like "The Lion and the Mouse" and "The Man of the Hour," whose New York reputations preceded them, do much of their own advertising.

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This fact is again demonstrated by the advance sale for "The Man of the Hour," which Manager Pyper has booked for eight performances next week, and which will be presented at prices ranging from \$2 downward. The management will be disappointed if the record of "The Lion and the Mouse" is

record of "The Lion and the Mouse" is not equalled, because "The Man of the Hour" and that play run a friendly race with each other in all the cilies where they appear, and usually the box office records of the latter run ahead of the former. As most people who keep posted on New York successes are aware. "The Man of the Hour" is by George H. Broadhurst, who has written his story on the theme of the machine "boss" in politics, and many of the types are depicted from actual contact with life in and uround Tammany hall. The com-pany is a big one and Messrs. Brady and Grismer, who own the production entire, are sending us such well known people as Lionel Adams, Ruby Bridges, Phoenix Hazey, Ethel Brandon, J. R. Armstrong, Jane Aubrey and many oth-ers.

erg. A souvenir album of scenes from the play will be given to each lody attend-ing the Wednesday matinee.

It is with no little interest that the forthcoming appearance of Herbert Kelcey and Miss Shannon, who will be seen in "The Walls of Jericho" at the Salt Lake theater, Feb. 6 and 7, is being

Salt Lake theater, Feb. and the followed. One need not go so very far back to revive pleasant memories of the times where Herbert Kelcey and Effle Shan-non were bright and shining lights in Daniel Frohman's old Lyceum Stock company, which first gave us "The Wife" and "The Charity Ball."

Wife" and "The the main features of next week's bill at the Orpheam; Eddle Girard and Jesse Gardiner, in the farce "Dooley and the Diamond," are said to have a lively and amusing sketch, full of comedy work and high class dancing. A novel musical act is what Pelching Bros, promise to produce in their "Garden of Flowers," These performers are said to be among the very best European musical comedians. George Bean & Co, have an up fordate offfering of advanced vaudeville that is said to be a pleasant surprise. A man well and favorably known here is James H, Cullen, who is styled "The Man From the West." Mr. Cullen's work here a year ago is well remembered and he has lost nothing of the fun or humor that made him a lavthe fun or humor that made him a lavorite.

The Howard Bros, are expert banjo artists, who not only render the high-est class of operatic music on banjos, but make music while juggling.

It is a long time since a contortlonist appeared at the Orpheum and Carlet-in should receive a warm reception dt half of what is said of her work is



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"THE JESTERS" AT THE EMPIRE.

Miss Maude Adams, writes our New York correspondent, the witchery of whose personality never fails to work its spell upon the public, has just appeared in a new play, "The Jester," at the Empire theater, and, as perhaps it is scarcely necessary to say, her performance was accompanied by all those outward demonstrations of enthusiastic admiration which are supposed to be the heralds of triumphant success. The applause, indeed. could not have been much louder, or more prolonged, if it hall been tendered as a tribute to the combined genlus of a Salvini, Booth, and Garrick, The actress was called before the curtain again and again and again, and each time was greeted with renewed fervor.

Whirlwind of Success for "Squaw Man

Overwhelmed by London's Reception of His Play, the Author, Mr. Royle' Declares That an Idol, the Old Formal Englishman of Tradition, No Longer Exists, for He Has Shown That He Can Be Aroused.

SPECIAL cable to the N. Y.) Herald of Sunday last says: To say that Edwin Milton Royle's play, "The Squaw Man," or, rather, "The White Man, as it is called here, has swept over London like a whirlwind of success would be no exaggeration. The emphatic approval which I told you it met with on the opening night continues unabated. The author looked on the opening night as though he had a

the opening night as though he had a speech he would like to get out of his system, but he did not avail himself of the opportunity. I met him just be-fore he left for Paris and inquired if it was so. He modesily admitted that he would like to unburden himself. "The reception of the play," said he, "has resulted in another petrified su-perstition being shattered. The cold, formal Englishman, with narrow in-sular mind-how often have I heard it said they don't like us, they don't want us. And this by the amiable, they hate America and Americans play, no American player has a chance in London. "How often we have said these

in London. "How often we have said these things to each other or have permitted them to be said? I must be frank, I am guiltily conscious of having said it. It doesn't amount to the dignity of hate: It is colossal, impenetrable and inaccessible, indifferent, It doesn't seem rescribe for me ever to have thought peasible for me ever to have thought that, but, like others. I have been un-consciously breathing the soot blow-ing in the atmosphere.

THE AUTHOR'S ASTONISHMENT.

THE AUTHOR'S ASTONISHMENT. "This was my impression of that Lon-don first night: The curtain has fallen on the last act of "The Squaw Man." Il never get used to "The White Man." It is mayhem to me, malicious mutila-tion. Well, the curtain is down. Is it a dream? Is this the cold, formal Eng-ishman, this well dressed mob of roar-ing, cheering, delirious people? Is this the same Englishman I beard at the criterion theater a few nights before say of a most charming play. "By the way, it is not bad, not had." But I didn't let it deceive me. I knew Mr. Waller was a British idol, a blown in the bottle favorite, and that this inge demonstration was for him by his sym-mather overwhelm him with pitless ridi-cule and catenda, those awful and his-toric boos. The curtain kept going up and down, no one knows how aften, to indescribable tumult, and so far as my aching brain could discover there were n boos or derision. HIS HOUR HAD COME.

its," "Waller tried to make a speech, but they wouldn't listen to him, 'Faweltt' Faweitt! We want Faweltt! The huge animal roared, and then 'Big Bill' ambled on to the stage-well, George has become a British institution. Oh, don't they like our actors! The slow London reporters woke George up the next morning chategraphed him in his London reporters woke George up the next morning, photographed him in his room, dragged him to the Embank-ment and photographed him again under Cleopatra's Needle feeding the guilts and next day these photographs of London's new actors appeared in a daily paper. Not so slow, eh?

LONDON'S MATINEE IDOL. "George is a matinee idol now, and

al people. I have never beheld a scene in a theater like this and not a boo, not a dissenting word. "Mr. Waller tells me that even with his greatest successes there have always been a few malcontints, 'agin' the government on orinciple.' I went on again later alone and then, at Mr. Waller's request, with all the American boys, and then several other times, it don't know how many. I saw I could get on and off with perfect impunity and I began to like it. "At last I got reckless, Fd tried to make a speech, but fortunately, Mr. Waller discouraged me. They'll stand for most anything, but there are lime. "Waller tried to make a mach have

So forth. "The audience would have them all. Fully half an hour after the curtain fell on the last act Mr. Waller liter-ally turned the audience out of the theater and they went protesting. The crowd at the stage door told us who we were as we came out and bade us good night in a most intimate, friend-ly way. It was a unique experience. "I am sure I will wake up later Ore."

ly way. It was a unique experience. "I am sure I will wake up later. One thing is certain. We must invent an-other explanation for our British com-in. He not only has a normal stand-ing capacity, but has on occasion a pair of hind legs as well. One of the pleasantest memoriesinconnection with the opening night was a most charm-ing message of good will cabled to Mr. Waller, Mr. Faweitt and myself from Mr. William Faversham and his company in America, now playing the same plece, from which it may be gath-erican actors feel about as joyous as if they held four aces and everybody were in."



Mr. Grismer, well known in Salt Lake, is William A. Brady's co-producer of "The Mau of the Hour," "Way Down East," "As Ye Sow," and other plays. He translated and adapted "Mile, Fri," "The Turtle," "The Manicure," and other farces from the French, was co-author with Clay M. Green of "The New South." by which he formerly started Miss Phoebe Davies, and has for many year even established in New York city as a consulting stage director).

F all the cant that is become Opart of the special and par-ticular vernacular of the singe-the most violently absurd is that which has to do with the

quantity called the "creative actor." .There is such a thing as a "creative actor," but his manifestations have noth-



Inguita with cheers and applause and then overwhelm him with pitliess ridi-cule and cutcalls, those awful and his-torte boos. The curtain kept going up and down, no one knows how often, to no boos or derision. HIS HOUR HAD COME. "But walt, they liked the acting, yes, surely, but the author? They were save are supposed to be a volatile, emotion-

