

flishetc, which the scene-painter must selve and generally at very short notice. Hels often as it were, in the midst of

THE BOHEMIAN TRYON.

I worked with Tryon about seven I worked with Tryon about seven weaks. Not on the paint gallery of the Salt Lake theater, but in one of our southern towns, where we had taken a contract, jointly, for furnishing a set of stock scenery, Those seven weeks were among the most exciting, and, from the art standpoint, most profitable of my life. Tryon arrived in Salt Lake City after a long and successful sea-set of scene-painting, in Chicago, and at the Tabor Grand, in Denver, absoragged and penniless. Who at knew the man, could ever forget that walk, that shock of unkempt, red hair, that shrewd, ingratiating smile hair, that shrewd, instatus, or flash of the fun, the enthusiasm, or flash of anger, in those steel-gray Irish eyes? How distinctly I remember the low, suppressed tones of his voice and the sparkle of those same eyes, as he once sparkle of those same eyes, as he once confronted me and uttered these words: "I have never yet met the man whose combativeness I could not overcome with my own." However that may have heen us the second second second second second the second s been, we became fast friends, and with-out surrender on either side. Side by side, for those seven weeks, ran the course of our lives, nor once did they mix. Debate, debate-ever debating were we! From our beds, one on each side of the room, talk, talk talk! Art, science, war, religion the tender or (whom he adored but spoke of with scene, war, religion, the tender sex (whom he adored but spoke of with scora) these were the themes. This was kept up until, from sheer the other of the state of the weariness, weariness, would fall

wearheas, one or the other would fall asleep. And so it continued, work by day, debate at night, until the end of the chapter. I have dwelt upon this, not to talk about myself but to tell of Tryon. "Never be mean," this was his code. I thought that the theatrical public of" Salt Lake might like to hear a few facts about the man who painted the drop-curtain now in use—"RETURN OF A VICTORIOUS FLEET." curtain now in use-"" VICTORIOUS FLEET.

But one word more; the last that I heard of the artist, except a rumor that he had died, was that he was mar-ried. In one of the New England towns with his usual originality, and contrary to custom, he had changed his name for that of a Yankee school-marmiz for that of a Yankee school-marm's. Indeed 1 should have liked to visit the artist in his home, and to have seen him caught and tamed to the domestic yoke. Bright and tamed to the domestic yoke, Brigham Young was once styled, cy the late Edward Tullidge, "The Last of the Puritans." If so, he was dif-ferent from all other Puritans in this-his attitude toward the stage. He built attitude toward the Sale ferent formall other Puritans in this-his attitude toward the stage. He built, as everybody knows, the Salt Lake Theater. It was on the scene painter's gallery that I first met Brig-ham Young. This was on an autumn afternoon; the paint brushes were moving rapidly and the scene painter though himself alone. Anon, he heard a sound of footsteps on the gallery stairs. It was those of the great Mormon leader. Unheralded and un-teen, the president was on a tour of hose. He broke, with the end of his pane, the crusts that had crystalized fiver the barriels of sait. I saw him thake his head and compress his lips. I have always felt that during the bandeak always felt that during the batter, the Moses of the west sized me p physically mentally and morally. "Uncle Brigham," so we sometimes Uncle Brigham," so we sometimes styled him around the theater-occu-pied one of the boxes on the east side of the stage. I mean during such per-formances as he wished to see the ac-tors at close range. On the presenta-

And besides the actors and actresse of fame, I recall the silvery voice of the Hon, Mrs. Yelverton; the younge

the Hon. Mrs. Telverton; the younger Charles Dickens, reading from the works of the wonderful father; Oscar Wilde, in his mediaeval suit. Petro-leum V. Nasbey, Stephen Massett, George Francis Train, Victoria C. Woodhull of free love fame, and the rich tenor tones of that marvelous de-claimer, the unfortunate Walter Mont-gomery. But some of these are almost forgotten forgotten. "Life's but a walking shadow, a poo

player That struts and frets his hours upon

amid

brave.

amid he old theater walls. The un-used paint gallery was a vory still place, deserted and shadowy, too, when the writer sat there a few days ago. The sun was low in the west. One could well imagine that he saw there, the indistinct forms of scene-painters that once were. On that gal-lery worked the older Morris, Methua, Tirrell De la Harpe, Kirkham, Tryon, and others. It was easy too leaning

and others. It was easy, too, leaning over the gallery edge, to imagine a long procession. The stage was dim, the side wings dark with the coming night.

There seemed to pass, from gloom to gloom, a motley crowd. What shades of genius! Macbeth, as he strode along, mouthed out the words:

'And all our yesterdays have lighted

Yes, but there, also, were the good; here, also, were the gentle and the

THE HOME OF GHOSTS.

Ghosts? Yes, there were a few ghosts going around loose in the early days. A theater is as good as a castle for ghosts? Those back stairs, those galleries—both above and below the stage—the green room, all those were good places for ghosts. Of a Sunday night—if the poor scene-painter was

good places for ghosts. Of a Sunday night—if the poor scene-painter was compelled to work, to be ready for a first presentation on the following Monday, of some scenic production— how still and gloomy was that hollow building! What strange shadows were thrown by the suspended, coal-oil lamps! No street cars passed by in those days, the theater was quite lone-ly. What strange noises were made by the mice! One could not think that the little, scampering feet would make

little, scampering feet would make such echoes as they did. The night watchmen, who first guarded the build

watchmen, who first guarded the build-ing, told me strange tales. They had heard ghostly players on the stage; the moving of scenery, and the sounds of a phantom prompter's whistle. Jokes, say you? Very well, But I was young and the solitude made one half believe. It was by that plilar, there, in the cen-ter of the first balcony that an appari-tion was seen. The whiteheaded man who told me about it—I have never knewn him to toll me a lie. He was the one who saw it and called out from the deserted stage, and saw it melt away, Anyhow it was down those winding

Anyhow it was down those windin stairs that old gentleman, Prof. Tul lidge, the music arranger and copyls fell headlong and was killed. He ha peculiar ways, had Prof. Tullidge, an

man could be quite nervou night in a place like that.

The road to dusty death."

learns the power of ideas over facts, how facts may become ideas. Wander through a theater by daylight-there you shall see the sham scenes, shorn of their glamor. In the property-room what an accumulation of snams! Shams of every kind. There

the stage, And then is heard no more!"

There are strange echoes that linge mid he old theater walls. The un

shams: Shams or every kind. There are the sham thrones, set with glass jewels. There are the sham crowns and sceptres of make-believe kings and queens. There is the 'great sword which Richtieu shall try in vain to wield. There are the sham coffin and the flowers for poor Oghelia. And yet all this make-believe moves to-ward the making of a year offset ward the making of a real effect. For a thousand years the stage has been a teacher for good or for bad.

A HAPPY FAMILY.

In the early days the actors and ac-tresses, (of the Deseret Dramatic as-sociation, I mean.) and the attaches of the theater, the stage carpenters, property men, scene painters, etc., formed one family. Never in the period biotors. I may repeat was world's history, I may repeat, was there such another theater. That is, one existing under like conditions. A Puritan playbuse, if that combina-tion be possible, and conducted under religious censorship. What would Shakespeare Massinger Ban Longan religious censorship. What would Shakespeare, Massinger, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and all the Beaumont and Fletcher, and all the other old dramatists, whose plays were presented on the boards, have thought of it? O what jolly times! The writ-er lives them over again as he pens these lines. There was the fun of the rehearsals, the benefit nights; there was the wit and repartee of the Green Room and the barber shop, the proper-ty room and the banker without the lights.

Room and the barber shop, the proper-ty room and the paint gallery. Then came the lighting up, the warning cry of the bell-boy—the half hour! —The half hour! The half hour! The ov-crture, and lastly, the fun in the side-wings as the play progressed. Every-body knew everybody. Fun certainly did not play a second part in our temple of the drame in those days

of the drama in those days. Druda, the Ice Witch, Under the Gas Light, the Lost Ship, After Dark, Cherry and Fair Star, Lottery of Life, No Thoroughfare, Bee and the Orninge Tree—these were among the plays, Yes, money was scarce then. When the writer was first employed in the theater, all actors and actresses and attaches received ona-third of their pay in tithing scrip, one-third in store pay and the remaining one-third in cash. The scene paint-er was quite proud, for he was then a boy, to send home the first hundred weight of flour that he had earned. Laugh, if you will, but be was very, very proud, when he knew that there were 10 sacks of flour in the cellar,--the grasshopper war writer was first employed in the the cellar .- the grasshopper

ad taught one what easily could be But these things have been told be-fore, and I wish now to tell some spe chal little reminiscences about the Salt Lake theater.

SOME REMINISCENCES.

I once had the temerity to collect, in person, a small bill which was due me from the great Janauschek. It was before the rise of the curtain, and, horrors! Could one believe it?-there was a "poor house." "For vat is dis?!!!" Never did the terrible tragedienne append her name to any stage document with more tragic ac-tion. With what fur, she dashed her wonderful and masculine autograph to peculiar ways, had Prof. Tullidge, and would have made a capital ghost. With what measured steps he would come up the gallery stairs, advance slowly and offer the scene-painter a pluch of snuff. If his shade, now, should come along and offer one again, a pluch from that quaint, old box-what would one do? You see a young man could be quite nervous, alone at night in a place like that. wonderful and masculine autograph to that bill of mine! Yet in the action, there was wonder, too, and pathos and virtuous indignation. How mean it seemed of me to have collected that money! It was rightly mine, yet

played so beautifully in the domestic drama, was a past grand master in the art of expletives. Not the Ana-crican article of profanity, for in the terrible ire of Couldock there was no blasphemy. It was just a picturesque and rich exuberance, just the opening of a safety valve to a wonderfully full and active nature. And yet is was and active nature. And yet it was blood-curdling at times. Couldock was a very loveable man, notwith-standing, a grand, old man. And I say this after having once fallen under his ban and being "called down," as And yet it was imes. Couldock we now say, in every concelvable tone of voice—sarcasm, derision, admoni-tion, a masterly running up and down of the full scale of vituperation. Yes, but I have looked, too, into his smil-

ing eyes. Have I not eaten bread and cheese have 1 not lrank beer at Couldock's expense? The quality of Lucille Western's an-

The quality of Lucilie Western's an-ger and of Mrs. Horace Lingard's, was of another kind (Stand from under-danger') So the enraged Cleopatra, Semiramis or even the goddess Juno might have been. "Owing to the in-disposition of Miss Western, there will be no performance at the theater to-night." Owing to the "ungovernable temper" of Miss Western, the placard should Lave said. But, gently, gently, there have always been those who have been mere sinned against than sinning. It was in a dressingroom of the Salt Lake Theater that the beautiful Mrs. Lingard "lashed out that gold-embossed, be-jeweled, little revolver of hers. Horace, the inimitable Horace, he who had made callons laugh, found a more ide of the sline

side of the state. Are all great actors and actresses lions and she-dragons? No. They are not all like Sarah Bernhardt, who, it is removed threat the fitten that had not all like Sarah Bernhardt, whe, it is reported, threw the kitten that had scratched her into the fire. There are others. The stage has its saints and martyrs, I recall one now. Behind the blazing footlights the actress was all winsome, grace and smiles. But, O how wad was that face when the woman had left the boards! How gently she spoke to the husband, condemned by conto the husband, condemned by con-sumption to an early death! Then there were such dear, old ladies as Mrs. Ray,

Miss De Bar and others. The writer painted the special scen-ery-London housetops by night; St. Paul's in the background-for that one, and only one, terrible presentation of Oliver Twist. That was the play-as played that night, that the "Big Chief" set bis foot upon James A. Herne payed that night, that the "Big Chief" set his foot upon. James A. Herne was cast for the part of Bill Sykes, Lucille Western for that of his mis-tress, Nancy and Vinson for the part of Fagin. Were any of my readers in the theater that night? If so, they certainly remember that performance. It was the horrible made terribly real. A lady in the audience fainted, several A lady in the audience fainted, severa became hysterical, and nervous of bodies, in the words of our friend bodies, in the words of our friend, Jerome K. Jerome, "began to cry and had to be led out."

"The mountain wooded to the peak, the lawns

And winding glades high up like waves to heaven: The glories of the broad belt of the world."

The scene-painter was busy trying to place upon the great drop, something of the beauty of a tropic isle when oc-curred the memorable explosion of giant powder upon Arsenal Hill, A huge rock passed over the theater, plunged through a building on the opposite side

went through the part of Enoch Ar-If Mrs. Langtry was the Helen of the

modern stage, then George Rignold was the Achilles. When Mrs. Langtry made her initial appearance here she was, in deed, worthy to be called the Jersey deed, worthy to be called the Jersey Lilly. And George Rignold? Well, he was surely a handsome man. Mrs. Langtry received, it is said, some 50 impassioned letters a day, and George Rignold received about the same. "Once more in to the breach, dear frinds!" As the man stood in the limelight, the year ideal of the in the limelight, the very ideal of the young and warlike Harry V, he played havoc among susceptible female hearts. His pretty and gentle-eyed wife, howfound much merriment in reading the letters. At last she said: "O there is no use in reading any more, they are all so much alike. 'Little Maud," words and music by

Joseph K. Emmet. How immensely popular was that song. It was sung by popular was that song. It was sung by millions. Go where one would, from the eastern to the western coast, one was sure to hear "Little Maud." The pretty rhymelets of that song were set to the pretty linglets upon the ponder-ous plano that used to stand in the theater orchestra. Emmet was a prince among dialect comedians. He was a composer of music and the words to go with it. Like Joseph Jefferson, who once illustrated the play of Rip. Van Winkle, with his own sketches, Emmet Winkle, with his own sketches, Emmet was also a lover of the scene-painter's art. He was too tensely strung, and it was reported that soon after leaving Salt Lake, his mind gave way. He subsequently recovered, however.

JOHN MCCULLOUGH'S MADNESS.

This brings to my mind a fact. It was on the stage of our theater that John McCullough gave indication of that aberration of mind which ended in the ravings of total madness. It was in the rayings of total manness. It was simply the mixing of the lines of Ham-let and Othello, but with such a man as McCullough that was enough. "Alas! what a noble mind is here o'erthrown." what a noble mind is here bernfrown. Mad Ophelia on the minic stage, is a moving sight, but nothing to compare in terrible pathos to what I once saw in the Green Room. That was true in the Green Room. That was true madness. Any one 'who is curious enough to desire to see it may look upon the headstone which covers the actress, in the Salt Lake cemetery. In the words of Duncan: "After life's fitful fever, she sleeps well"

well.

This reminds me to say that the This reminds me to say that the sweet, saintly Miss Couldock now sleeps in Mount Olivet and not in the city cemetery as has been told. But these are rather morbid remin-iscences and I gludy leave them. One of the nights which made an erach the Salt Luke was surely that on

One of the nights which made an epoch in Sail Lake, was surely that on which appeared, in the thealer. Emily and Betty Reel. These were two won-derful and beautiful bullet dancers from the Boyal Opera of Vienna, There had been ballet dancing on the local stage before, but not like that. Never had been seen such scant and diaphan-ious drapery as that worn by those exponents of the poetry of motion. Am I going to moralize now? O no. It was just a bit of giddy Vienna, very quick-ly transplanted into stail Sail Lake. by transplanted into staid Sait Lake. Emily and Betty curved and leaped, they pirouetted all in blissful ignor-ance of the truth. They made fantastic and graceful motions to the music of the violins and flutes. But there did not come the expected applause. They were ahead of the times in Sait Lake. That was all That was all.

Nymph of the Lurleyberg" was "The Nymph of the Lurleyberg" was one of the most successful of the home,

son, then stage manager), and the scene-painters. But let me whisper this. Vivian was a very unhappy man, that special afternoon. He was do-ing "the funny" in defiance of fate.

A STANLEY EPISODE.

Poor Annie Ward! Everybody around the theater loved Annie Ward. Foor foolish, little butterfly, how she could sing, and laugh, and dance! Who would have thought that such a petite, sunny-eyed, little creature could almost have wrecked the life of such a man as Henry M. Stanley? But it was whispered that she did. It was also whispered that Stanley,

then unknown and poor, had sat in one of the circles in the theater and glow-ered upon the girl as, in gauze and tinset, she went through one of her bur-lesque parts. When, in after years, Stanley gave his lecture, "How I Found Livingstone," at the theater he stood on the selfsame spot as that on which the little daneause covered and on the selfsame spot as that on which the little danseuse capered and sang. As, in his almost stern, measured voice the great explorer told of "Darkest Africa," his perils and tolls in the in-terior, how he had been compelled to abandon his luggage, piece by piece, carrying at last, besides absolute neces-stries only three books. Shekeenees Carlyle's Sartor Resartus and the Bi-ble-I thought time and again, wonder if the poor, dead and gone, little girl was in bis mind?

was in his mind?

THE DAY OF THE LEGITIMATE.

Thenter-going was theater-going from the 60's to the 80's, which was the time of the legitimate, of great actors and actresses. Even the people isolated in Uath became connoiseurs. When a new star came along he was expected to show his quality in the Sinakespearto show his quality in the Sinakespear-ian or other legitimate drama, "Ingo-mar," "Lady of Lyons," "New Way to Pay Old Debts," "Richelieu," "Louis XI," "Damon and Pythias," and the like pieces were those in which he was put to the test. The man who went up the canyon after a load of wood, during the day, became a critic at night. "Hamlet" was played over and over again. On the bill boards, by the Council house corner, the Eagle Gate. Council house corner, the Eagle Gate, the Tithinghouse, the meat market and the wood yard, how many times did the wood yard, how many times did they announce the presentation of Shakespeare's masterpiece? People would go to the theater, not to see a new play, but to see a new actor in an old part. How many times did the writer see "Hamlet" played? I recall Paunceforte. Edwin Adams, McCul-lough, Davenport, the dainty Miss Evans, (and she played "Hamlet" bacutifully), Barrett, Kean, Lyne, Chaplin, and lastly the greatest of all. Edwin Booth. I am not writing these reminiscences to give my personal opinreminiscences to give my personal opin-ion on the merits of actors, but only one actor whom I have seen seemed actually to live his parts. In all other actually to have his parts. In an other actors I could detect the care and study, scholarly though it may have been, but Edwin Booth seemed to be the living reality. And O, what a princely man he was! It was worth while to hear him in private conversa-tion, and to see him schooling a young tion, and to see him schooling a young actor was a lesson indeed. I have for-gotten who it was who played the part

f Marc Antony to Booth's Brutus, but watched the great actor between the while he would scho and ambitious actor. cenes while younger There next scene that would come on. was one Edwin Booth and one Take him for all in all, we shall not Dien Boucicault has not been men-

HARD WORK.

"The Season" of 1872-3 is memorable to the writer from the fact that during that season, he did not enjoy a sin-gie holiday. It was work on Christmas and New Year's and every Sunday, and and New Year's and every Sunday, and during every performance, too. That was a busy season indeed on the paint gallery. Sunday work was against the general orders, but Mr. Tirreil, who was then head scene-painter, was an imported article, and made laws of his own. The writer was assistant scene-painter. The assistant was paid for his services by the hour; double pay for holidwas and Sundays, so there was for holidays and Sundays, so there was not much complaint. After that sea-son he took a ten months' vacation. "Across the Continent, or from Ocean to Ocean," a series of 60 pictures of American scenery was a panorama painted immediately after that vaca-tion. The writer and his partner af-terwards sold that panorama to Mr. Viviah, and the actor took it I know not where. Five years after, however, it was advertised to be shown in Mel-bourne. Australia, So it had arrived in for holidays and Sundays, so there was bourne, Australia, So it had arrived in that part of the world. Probably it finally brought up in Van Dieman's land.

HARD TIMES.

Apropos of our late financila stress may be mentioned that of 1873-4. It put the Salt Lake Theater corporation in rather a tight box. It became neces-sary for all connected with the theater to tender a week's benefit to the house. It was nothing but fails to tender a week's benefit to the house. It was nothing but fair. There had been large expenditures and the crisis came so suddenly that the management was almost at their wits' end. The plays presented, for that week's bene-fit were "Othello," "Game of Specu-lation" (very fitting), "Lancashiro Lass," "Rip Van Winkle," and "Mac-beth." beth

Lass," "Thip Van Winkle," and "Mac-beth." "Elizabeth, Queen of England," "Cromwell," and "Rachel Ben Israel," were plays written by Edward Tullidge and produced locally. The great Julla Dean played in the last named plece. "Oil Titles" was also a local produc-tion. It was from the pen of the Hon. Thomas Filtch, but was presented for only one night. "Stage and Steam" was a western play, written by Ed-ward L. Sloan, and as the title would suggest, dealt with the old stage coach days and the coming of the Union Pa-clift. For some red on ar other, the plece was put on the boards ane week earlier than had been intended. This made it necessary for the scene-paint-er to produce two drop-scenes in one day. While the audience was looking at one scene-a mountain pass-in the second act, he was still working on the other-a western mining camp-which ther-a western mining camp-which vas to be used in the third act.

THE MORMON THESPIANS.

Is there nothing to say about the old, Is there nothing to say about the old, local stack company? What of those men and women who were all, or with few exceptions, members of the Mor-mon Church? Much might be said. But that which is of general interest has al-ready been told. The few members of the Deseret Dramatic association who are still living, can tell some capital anecdotes. When a community is so compact as those isolated out in this wilderness were, there was, I believe, much rivalry existing among the thea-ter profession (they were profeser profession (they were a donals although they offen for the time being, valks of life to take were profes taeir walks

(Continued on page fourteen.)