

OLD SALT LAKERS.



THE OLD THEATRE ORCHESTRA.

If ever the history of the Salt Lake Theater comes to be written—and the historian might search a long time without finding a more interesting theme—few chapters of it would be more entertaining than that devoted to the Theater orchestra. The accompanying picture shows the organization as it stood during the halcyon days of the old Deseret Dramatic association, the period from about 1865 to 1873, when President Young himself took an interest in the drama here that almost amounted to a personal supervision. The house had been opened in 1862, Prof. C. J. Thomas being leader of the orchestra, which at times comprised as many as twenty men, all volunteer talent. He was succeeded by Prof. George Careless, who came to Utah in 1864, and who took charge of the orchestra in 1865, remaining as leader for about eight years. One of his first tasks was to cut the body of performers down to seven men, himself included, and to put it on a professional basis by securing pay for his services. Three dollars a night was the sum allowed each player. The picture above shows Prof. Careless and his six men in the days when the little orchestra was in its prime. Julia Dean Hayne used to say that for its size there was none better in the whole country. The names of the members in the picture, beginning on the left, are: Joshua Midgley, who played the double bass, though he has a cello in the illustration; E. Beesley, second violin; David W. Evans, first violin; George Careless, leader; Mark Croxall, cornet; H. K. Whitney, flute; Orson Pratt, piano. Of these, Messrs. Midgley, Beesley, Careless, and Pratt still survive. Mr. Beesley, however, being the only one now to be found in the orchestra. Mr. Evans was for a long time on the Deseret News staff, and was well known as an expert stenographer. Prof. Careless says he made surprising progress as a violinist, under his tuition in the orchestra, and came to be an excellent performer. He was born January 6th, 1833, in England, and died here July 6th, 1876. His son, J. A. Evans, is cashier of the Deseret News. Mark Croxall was a thoroughly accomplished cornetist, having been taught by his father in England, when a boy. He was for years a bookkeeper in Z. C. M. I., later went into the music business with Prof. Careless, then moved to Butte, where he died some years ago. Dr. Croxall of London in his son, H. K. Whitney, was one of the original pioneers, and occasionally acted with the old Dramatic association, as well as playing in the orchestra. He died in 1884.

No man has done more for music in Utah than Geo. Careless. His hymns are sung wherever there is a congregation of Latter-day Saints; as leader of the Tabernacle choir, when his wonderfully gifted wife used to sing the soprano solos, he brought that organization up to a high degree of efficiency; as organist and director of the famous Careless orchestra he gave Salt Lake the only instrumental organization that was over a big money maker here; as director of the Handel and Haydn society he produced "The Messiah" in Salt Lake before the present younger generation of singers was born, and as conductor of the old Philharmonic he gave our city its first taste of light opera in "Pinafore." While he was leading the theater orchestra he wrote nearly all the incidental music used by the house, and when Mrs. Hayne brought out plays like Aladdin, requiring full choruses as well as incidental music, Prof. Careless' fertile brain turned out all the parts needed, his compositions always drawing from the gifted actress the warmest commendation. President Young, too, was one of his warm friends, and Mr. Careless loves to relate how the great leader of men used to insist on triple recalls for Mrs. Careless when she sang some of her ballads with violin obligato by himself, and piano accompaniment by Orson Pratt. President Young, Mr. Careless says, loved simple, sympathetic music, and he used to beg him to steer the orchestra boys away from the noisy, difficult class of music that no one but the learned could understand. Professor Careless is still teaching the violin, piano, organ and vocal music in this city. Though he is now 62 years old, having been born in London in 1833, he is as active as ever, and says that he feels he could do all his work over again if the necessity arose.

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THE GREAT SALT LAKE
PRESENT AND PAST.

By James E. Talmage, PH. D. F. R. S. E. F. G. S., professor of geology, University of Utah, a book of 116 pages, beautifully illustrated. The first complete and authentic work on the renowned saline sea. Price 25 cents, postage prepaid. For sale by the Deseret News and all news dealers.

LIFE OF A PIONEER.

Autobiography of Capt. James S. Brown, 120 pages, bound in cloth. Price \$2.00; for sale at the Deseret News. Special terms to agents.

urday's Philadelphia item. She is announced as being cast for the contralto role.

The inevitable has occurred with Alice Neilson. Rumors have been flying about for a long time to the effect that the young lady's head had developed to an abnormal extent since she was taken out of the Bostonians by Mr. Frank L. Perley and turned into one of the big successful stars of the day. The news now comes that Mr. Perley and Miss Neilson have agreed to part and the best authenticated accounts say that it is all because, while Miss Neilson wants a manager, she absolute declines to be managed. The entire company sails for London tomorrow, and at the end of the engagement, the company will disband. Mr. Perley will in all probability continue in the operatic field, organizing a company under his own name, but what Miss Neilson's plans will be, is as yet unknown. Eugene Cowles, Cavertown, and Viola Pratt, Gillette make the London trip and it is also announced that Victor Herbert, the composer, will form one of the party. The three operas which he has written "The Fortune Teller," "The Singing Girl" and "The Serenade" will all be put in readiness for presentation, though the expectation is that only "The Fortune Teller" will be presented to the British public.

MY GENIAL FRIEND "DAVID HARUM."

William H. Crane, in the Metropolitan Magazine.

"David Harum" is not an individual, but a type—a type dear to the American heart and one distinctly American; that of the shrewd, kindly, prosperous, self-made man with a keen appreciation of the ludicrous, a ready wit, and a quick sense of justice, shown in his capacity to enjoy a joke turned against himself equally as well as one turned against his neighbor. "David Harum," beyond all else, is a story of humanity, and who is not acquainted with him?—always recognized as a man whose tender heart and curious sentimental turn of nature tempers his faults and eccentricities into a sort of robust lovableness.

When I was called upon to interpret the title role in the dramatized version of the book, I of course felt it necessary to seek every available source of information that could possibly give a clue to the conception, foundation, and inspiration of the character. If David Harum had been a photographic copy of any one person of the author's acquaintance, it would have been a simple matter to have made a study of the designated individual and to have reproduced his idiosyncrasies as correctly as it lay in the power of my art; but I soon discovered that so numerous and so varied were the original David Harums that I reached the conclusion that the genius of Mr. Edward Noyes Westcott had not confined itself to a single man, but had created a composite—a type big enough and broad enough to embrace humanity in all times and all places.

It has been repeatedly asserted that a David Harum, of Homer, N. Y., resembled in many points the author's creation. Undoubtedly he helped to make the portrait; but it is related that when Mr. Westcott was a young man living in Syracuse, he would spend much of his time in a little depot eating-house, listening, with the quiet and intense enjoyment that was one of his most striking characteristics, to the never-ending stream of vulgar and garrulous innkeeper regaled his customers. This man was perhaps one of the many who suggested the future creation. Years later, in Homer, when the story had taken root and was in the process of forming, it was a matter of surprise to the townspeople that the gentle, ultra-refined poet-author spent the greater part of his leisure in the presumably ungenial atmosphere of his neighborhood saloon, where proprietors had the reputation of spinning yarns and dealing in horse-flesh.

Personally, I never play the role of David Harum without being possessed of the feeling that I am bringing back, in the body and spirit, an old uncle of mine, a dim memory of my childhood. He was a country deacon, very irascible, but looked upon as a model of religious propriety; the people of his neighborhood, I remember following him to the barn one day, at a respectful distance, as might be expected from a troublesome boy apt to be ordered away at any moment. Suddenly he remembered that "David Harum" is the record of a common-place country life as seen through the eyes of a jolly, laughing old man, at once tender and obdurate, a sort of human paradox. The situations are now dramatic or stirring. They are simply the lights and shadows of an ordinary day passing over the quiet by-ways of a little village.

I was not satisfied with the results of my work upon the company, and I began to feel that I could not imagine where the fault lay, but I was oppressed by the knowledge that the key-note had not been found. Suddenly the idea came to me, in one of those midnight visions so familiar to the actor studying a new role, that one should not laugh at David Harum, but with him. At the next rehearsal I changed my tactics and made David Harum chuckle unctuously over his own jokes. The effect was encouraging; in a short time I found the company beaming in irresistible sympathy. This decided and modified my entire presentation of the role.

Many and enigmatical are the influences brought to bear upon an actor's final rendition of any character he is called upon to interpret. The first week before the audience is one of continual revision and absorption of new lights and impressions. It is, indeed, the audience who gives the artist his final interpretation.

I remember that my ultimate decision of the impression "David Harum," transplanted from the page to the footlights, should make upon the public, was that the play must call for neither great movement, boisterous applause, nor frenzied weeping. Its allotted sphere being one of homely environment, and its aim to create a ripple of quiet enjoyment, a sub-rosa murmur of laughter, startled every now and then into unobtrusive tears. During the first week of the performance there was the closest of my interview with Widow Cullum I produced the ten-cent piece, saying: "The same one that Billy P. Cullum gin me that day." This disturbed and disappointed me. The effect I wished to produce was one of pathos, and not of noisy appreciation. I knew the fault somehow lay with me, and I worked over the part night after night, changing the modulation of my voice, until one evening, instead of the usual clapping of hands, I was rewarded by a moment of suspended, breathless silence. I knew then the exquisite pleasure of the artist who has struggled and achieved.

I found some difficulty, too, in catching and retaining the quick sharp accent characteristic of the countryman from central New York. It is almost a dialect to a man who has the habit of speaking with the broad Bostonian "a." It was quite enough to remember the difference of pronunciation in the more deliberate speeches, but once my emotions got the better of me, I would fall back into the familiar "can't" for "can't." It was just one of those details that had to be taken into account for the perfection of the whole, and I acknowledge

edge, it was one of my most difficult troubles to overcome.

This reminds me of a period in my life when, after a series of successes in a number of new plays, it became the habit to speak of "Crane's luck." Mr. Joseph Jefferson, my old-time friend, with the deepening wisdom of his own experience, retailed one day, when the phrase was repeated in his hearing: "Fudge! fudge! young men; don't talk of Crane's luck, but of Crane's hard work."

One of the most pleasant and unforgettable memories of my performances of David Harum, clusters around the presentations given at Syracuse, the adjacent city of Homer, and at one time the home of Mr. Westcott. I keep among my treasures the letter written to me by his sister, Mrs. Muzzy, who, after seeing the performance, also sent me a beautiful and characteristic portrait of her brother.

During my stay in Syracuse I went by invitation to Homer, the guest of the president of the First National Bank, who, through a strange coincidence, bore the name of William H. Crane. I was surprised when, after passing "Crane's Hotel," at the entrance of the town, and coming into the private office of the banker, to see framed upon the wall my own picture with an inscription in his handwriting, dated ten years ago: "To Wm. H. Crane, the Banker, from Wm. H. Crane, the Senator."

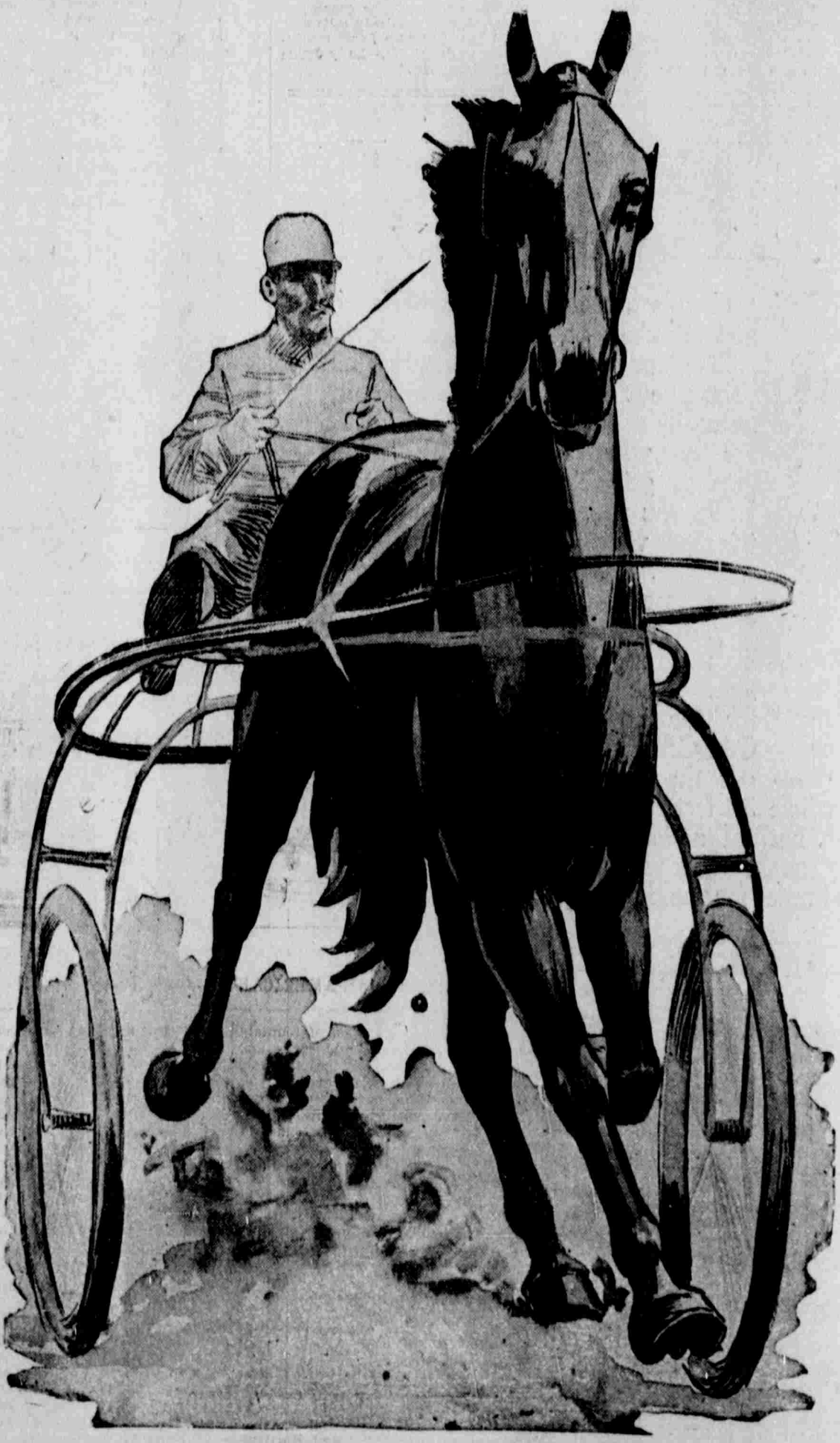
When I saw the portrait I recalled the circumstances of the little gift made after a performance of "The Senator," and my prior meeting with my namesake.

Memorable was the day I spent at Thordien, the beautiful country home of Mrs. Caroline M. Davis, the life-long and devoted friend of Edward Noyes Westcott. She watched over and cherished the young author with the affection of a mother. It was at her villa in Italy, in the neighborhood of Naples, that Mr. Westcott went in a vain effort to regain his health when first stricken with the disease that ultimately caused his death, and it was to her loving care that he read "David Harum," chapter by chapter, as he wrote it.

While we were seated at luncheon at Thordien, inspired by the circle of congenial and sympathetic friends, and above all, by the noble, attic face of my hostess, I broke into an enthusiastic eulogy of the book, the author, and my delight in interpreting what I considered a work of genius. To my astonishment I noticed that the regal countenance of Mrs. Davis was bathed in tears. I stopped at once, embarrassed and perplexed. "Have I wounded you, madam?" I asked. "Have I unwittingly offended you?" "No, no," she answered, "I am weeping for joy. I am recalling the old days when Mr. Westcott sat in that very chair where you are now and unfolded his hopes and plans for his new book. I loved him as my son," she continued, "and as you were speaking it seemed to me that his spirit came among us, and I could almost see him standing beside his old place, smiling in his old way. I am convinced that he knows all about the great triumph of 'David Harum' and is happy in its success."

MATCHED FOR GREAT TROTTING RACE.

Scannell, Owner of "The Abbot," Will Accept Lawson's Defi to Run Boralma, the Wonder, for \$10,000 or More—Says Abbot Will Beat His Own Record of 2:03 1-4.



The coming race between Thomas W. Lawson's gelding Boralma, and John Scannell's "Abbot" the champion trotter of the world, will be one of the most exciting contests in the history of the turf. The entire turf world is eagerly looking forward to this great contest of the speediest trotting horses ever trained and it is certain that an immense amount of money will change hands over the event.

MUSIC
AND
DRAMA

The almost work that the Tabernacle has undergone in preparing for the "Zust" performance, should be a case of "Love's Labor Lost." Not only the members of the choir, but every one of the members of the whole organization, from the youngest to the oldest, has been called upon to do something. The Tabernacle, however, has been so busy that it has not been able to accept of any of these things always liable to be postponed by Sembrich's illness, but if it were possible, it would be a case of "Love's Labor Lost."

There is no need that all the labor should be wasted? We understand that Sembrich's manager, who he desired to keep faith with the public here, was willing to accept of his return from the coast a week before, and give the program as advertised. Why could it not have been done? A very few rehearsals would have been sufficient, and the choir would only be found to have served to advertise the event. When the keenest of us all is to be hoped Prof. Sembrich would be to reconsider his decision to "have done with Sembrich for good and all."

Looking backward over the highly successful week which has attended Sembrich's engagement, one is inclined to the belief that it is the ensemble, instead of the star, which makes the real success. Very keen observers are that young theatrical managers, Messrs. Wagnheim and Kemper, they took Modjeska's well established reputation as a nucleus, added to it McLean and Odette Tyler, both of them stars, threw in Barry Johnson, and then by way of good presentation, added a superb stage presentation in scenery, costumes and all the accessories. Any one of them alone would not have sufficed, together they were pretty nearly irresistible.

Madame Modjeska is an actress of feeling, force and dignity, schooled in the old traditions and graces, but no longer possessing the youth necessary for an ideal rendition of her old-time roles. For that reason "King John" in which her character is overshadowed by the male part, was doubtless chosen as the leading play in the repertoire. Lady Macbeth, can be played either as a young or middle aged woman, strong as Modjeska's disposition, she is confessed to a preference for the former.

As for Mary Stuart, while we are accustomed to think of the "Queen of Scots" as a young and lovely woman, Modjeska has history on her side in playing her with but little, if any alteration from the actress' own age. Modjeska, in his history of England, sheds this much light on the appearance of the lifted queen at the time of her death:

"Some say her head was struck off in two blows, some say three. However that be, when it was held up, streaming with blood, the real hair beneath the false hair she had long worn was seen to be as gray as that of a woman of seventy, though she was in that time only in her forty-sixth year. All her beauty was gone. Then he said one of those simply pathetic speeches so natural to his pen."

"But she was beautiful enough to her little dog, who covered under her dress, frightened, when she went upon the scaffold, and who lay down beside her headless body when all her earthly sorrows were over."

THEATRE GOSSIP.

The comedian, Dan Sully, is one of the coming attractions of the theater. His play is "The Sully Priest."

Everyone about the Grand will take a week's rest for the next seven days, the house being dark every night next week.

"Way Down East" is said to have come to Denver to the handsomest assembly which ever assembled there, the single exception of that which was drawn out by the Grau Opera company.

Business at the Theater last night showed the first signs of a falling off, but the turnout was still very satisfactory to the management. "Macbeth" was the engagement. "King Lear" was given for the last time this afternoon.

Acquaintance Thomas' new play "Colorado" will be brought out in the fall by being for dramatic to be quite the new play. Clyde Fitch almost always writes the case of "Colorado" Mr. Thomas should be happy.

Many people in Salt Lake who had been expected to see Mr. James A. Rolfe in his play "The Sign of the Cross" have been disappointed to learn that the noted actor has been compelled to close his tour through Utah. All dates have been cancelled. Mr. Rolfe was last seen here in his famous play of "Shore Acres."

Bambi Wald will again be seen at the theater just before conference. Her sisters here will not be sorry to see her, but she has cut loose from the management. McDowell, who seems to be making a great success this year in the play in which Julia Arthur won her first fame, "More than Queen."

William Gillette will enjoy a rest of several months before he sets sail for London with his "Sherlock Holmes." He spent most of that time at his home in Hartford, and there will work hard to succeed Holmes on his return to the States. Practically the company will go abroad, and a new production will be called for "The Sign of the Cross," on the stage of the London.

The theater will be closed after this week, when the boards will be removed by a company sailing under the name of Russo & Holland's Big special street and the street party and free concert given at 2:30 p. m. on Monday. Billy Kernahan—he of the famous head of the company.

The following is the cast with which the Grand will present "The Merchant of Venice" next month:

Shylock.....Mr. N. C. Goodwin
Portia.....Miss Maxine Elliott
Antonio.....Miss Annie Irish

Jessie.....Miss Effie Ellsler
Bassanio.....Mr. Aubrey Boncavitt
Gratiano.....Mr. Vincent Sorzano
Launcelot Gobbo.....Mr. J. E. Dodson
Father Gobbo.....Mr. W. J. Lemoyne
Antonio.....Mr. Maclyn Arbuckle
Prince of Morocco.....Mr. William Courtleigh
Doge of Venice.....Mr. Frank Weston
Lorenzo.....Mr. Harry Woodruff

The generous manner in which Wagnheim and Kemper handle their attractions, is well illustrated in the engagement of the talented actress, Miss Odette Tyler, who off the stage is Mrs. R. D. McLean. Miss Tyler's weekly salary must amount to a tidy sum, but she is only used in one of the plays of the Modjeska repertoire, "King John." When the other plays are on the boards, she rests easily at her hotel, or enjoys the performance from one of the boxes in front. Miss Tyler left a very charming impression in Salt Lake some years ago, first for her work as a comedienne, and later for her delineation of the heroine in "The Lost Paradise." She visited Salt Lake with Maude Adams on the latter occasion.

"PRICE OF PEACE"

Is Now Nearly Ready.



Arthur Collins, managing director of Drury Lane Theater is seeing about the production of his new play, "The Price of Peace," which will shortly appear in New York. It will be the most spectacular play ever seen in this country.

MUSIC NOTES.

It is rumored that one of the city's best known pianists will shortly become a "benefit."

Prof. Radcliffe, accompanied Clarence Eddy to Ogden last Wednesday, where the renowned organist gave a recital in the Methodist church.

Hugh Douglass, the popular baritone, is in Pittsburgh studying with Mehan, and reports that he is delighted with his master and his methods.

Prof. Hoffman is conducting the German Singing Society, which meets each Thursday. He has a noted addition to Salt Lake's musical forces.

The opera of "The Highwayman," in which Lote Fuller, the dancer, is introduced, comes to the Theater immediately after Conference.

Sembrich is due at the Grand Opera house, San Francisco, Monday night in "The Barber of Seville." Whether or not she will appear is another question.

Miss Emma Ramsey writes encouragingly of her work in Berlin with von Senft. She also speaks kindly of Miss Agnes Dahlquist, of this city, who is now in the German capital studying with a leading piano pedagogue.

Jean De Reszke has recovered his voice and had a royal reception last night in the opera of "The Huguenots" in New York. His brother Edouard, the basso, is now off the boards, owing to illness.

Harold Orlob has just published a very clever song, the first copies of which have been received in the city. The youthful composer is a Salt Lake boy of talent with a future decidedly bright if he keeps on striving. He is a pupil of Prof. McClellan.

Dr. Walters, organist of the Temple, Washington, D. C. has stated that he will come on to Salt Lake when our organ is completed. The instrument he plays represents the acme of organ building and is the largest one in America today.

Professor McClellan will push the rehearsals of "Fetichita" from now on to Conference. The first performance will be for Saturday, April 8th. Ogden will be visited the week following, and the opera will be repeated here April 20th, it being impossible to secure earlier dates.

Jean de Reszke is going to take a trotting stable to Poland when he bids us adieu. He and his brother are noted horsemen, but they have felt the lack of American trotting stock. An agent is now buying for the singers on a lavish scale.

The only adverse comment heard on the music of the Modjeska engagement has been on the character of the work in "King John." The music was of a poor sort, generally harsh and unmelodious, but Mr. Welhe's men played it just as it was furnished them by the company.

Mr. Wiener, who is voicing the old and new pipes for the great organ in the Tabernacle, is the head voicer of the Kimball company, and is considered the greatest artist in his line in the country. He is a native of Germany, and received his musical education in that country.

"It is quite noticeable to the orchestra," says Director Welhe, "that there is a decided difference between matinee and night audiences at the theater. As far as the orchestra is concerned, we get much more recognition from matinee, that is as a rule, than at night. I suppose it is due to the fact that matinee patrons are largely made up of ladies, many of whom are teachers or students of music."

A letter from Jennie Hawley states that rehearsal on "William Tell" is now on. "Miss Bob White," have already begun. In the company will be Mr. Philp, former tenor of the Bostonians, and Mr. Slavin, the comedian played the part of the "Singing Girl" brother with Alice Nielsen. Miss Hawley's picture appears in last Saturday's Philadelphia item.