A talk with Mr. John Dunne, the manager of Mathews & Bulger, is like opening a door between the present and the past, and letting a whole gust of old time memories blow in upon the scene.

Mr. Dunne was one of the actors in the famous dramatic company which held the boards in Salt Lake in the early seventies, his own experience dating from '71 to '73. He was a young man, a struggling actor in California, when he received word from George B. Waldron, one of the traveling stars of that period, that he was in Salt Lake, that there was a capital field here, and that Dunne should lose no time in coming to join him. He at once set out and arrived early in 1871. He recalls, with a smile, that the stock company was then rehearsing "Under the Gas Light," Phil Margetts being the "Byke," and Waldron the Snorkey. He himself stepped in and played Ray Trafford on a few hours' notice. From that time on he remained a member of the company, playing off and on for several seasons, making his home with the well known actress of those times, Mrs. M. Bowring, who, he says, was almost a mother to him. He relates an interesting incident of a trip he took to Pioche in the winter of 1873, going with several other theatrical people by stage from Sandy. The leading star, he says, was Mrs. F. M. Bates, and for five days and nights they had to travel in a stage coach, in deep snow, he holding Mrs. Bates' baby on his knees most of the time. That baby today is the well-known actress Blanche Bates.

Mr. Dunne says the drama in those days had no warmer friend than President Young, and he was many times invited to call on him at the Lion house. He spent an hour during his recent visit here walking through the old halls of the historic residence, and recalling the many pleasant hours he had spent there. He remembers very well the dramatic experiences he had with Miss Annie Adams, Jim Hardy, John Lindsay, David McKenzie, Phil Margetts, J. C. Graham, Mark Wilton, E. B. Marden, and other pioneer players, and he says the actors nowadays who think they have to work hard at their profession, simply don't know what they are talking about. In those days they put on two or three new plays every week and it was simply a life of rehearsing by day and playing by night.

The distinction of having known Maude Adams earliest in her career, which has been a subject of some controversy among various old timers, undoubtedly belongs to Mr. Dunne. He says that her mother, Annie Adams (Mrs. Kiskadden) was to have gone on his tour to Pioche, but her husband, Mr. Kiskadden, informed him at the last moment that her health was too delicate to allow her to take the trip. A few months later Mr. Dunne learned that Maude Adams had been given to the world, her birthplace being the old Schofield home, which stood opposite the old City hall, north. This was in 1872, so that Maude is at present just past her 27th birthday.

He recalls how he arrived at the end of the season with very little money in his pocket, and now the management, then Clawson and Caine, Jimmy Harris being stage manager, tendered him a benefit. He had but little confidence in his ability to attract a paying audience and he went to Jim Hardy, who had been absent for quite a period filling an engagement in California, and who was then at home paying a visit to his mother, and offered him $100 if he would appear at the benefit, allowing him to choose his own play. Hardy consented and chose "The Corsican Brothers." Mr. Dunne, the beneficiare, taking a minor role. The result was that the house was jammed from top to bottom and Mr. Dunne left Salt Lake with his pockets bursting and his spirits rejoicing. He took with him on that trip, the well known scenic artist, Joe Ursenbach, who is now settled down in Brooklyn, where he makes his living by painting scenes for Hyde & Beeman.

Mr. Dunne was married to a Salt Lake girl, Miss Alice Decker, but they separated when he left the State. She is now Mrs. Jos. Pitt and lives in Sugar. He has been twice married since, Patti Rosa, the successful little actress, having been his wife. She died several years ago, and he is now married to Miss Marble, the petite actress of the Mathews & Bulger Co.

Time and fortune have been very generous to Mr. Dunne since those old days. He is now 59, but he does not look 40. He and his partner, Mr. Ryley, have offices in the Knickerbocker Theater, New York, where they direct half a dozen prosperous companies, Mathews & Bulger and Hoyt's "A Milk White Flag," being only two of the number.

* * *

After a pleasant but all too brief summer vacation, Harold Russell and his wife Ada Dwyer Russell leave today for New York to take up their regular season's work. Mrs. Russell has been engaged by her former managers, Leibler & Co., for the production of Joseph Arthur's new play "Lost River," in which she will have a strong character part. Mr. Russell has not closed with any offer yet, though he has been in correspondence with Liebler & Co. and may also go out with one of their numerous attractions. Bon voyage!

* * *

Henry Miller brought out his new play "The Only Way" in San Francisco last Monday night. He created a sensation and it will be kept on all next week. The notable bits of the performances were made by Mr. Miller as Sydney Carton, Mr. Morgan as De Farge and Mr. Stoddart as Dr. Lorry, the last named having been brought out from New York specially for this production. He will be assured a great reception in Salt Lake. The Salt Lake dates are set for Friday and Saturday, September 7th and 8th, and Mr. Pyper is now trying to arrange for a matinee as well.

HENRY MILLER, IN "THE ONLY WAY."

THEATER GOSSIP.

Ed. H. Felt, an old Salt Lake boy, who left us years ago to go on the stage, returns as a member of the Clay Clement, Stockwell Co.

Salt Lake will probably have the chance of seeing "The Christian" next year, Julia Stewart having been engaged to head a western company.

John Marble, well remembered in Salt Lake as the undertaker, Graves, in Hoyt's "A Milk White Flag" Co., was shot last week in New York in a quarrel with a musician. He is now recovering. Marble is the uncle of Miss Marble, soubrette of the Mathews & Bulger Co.

Charles Stevenson, husband of Kate Claxton, is the latest actor to apply for a divorce. He has been playing leading man to Mrs. Leslie Carter in London and he has frankly acknowledged that his purpose in seeking a divorce is to enable him to marry the heroine of "Zaza."

Liebler & Co. have engaged Marian Lea as leading lady with Henry E. Dixey, to create the principal feminine role of Rene in "The Adventures of Francois." In private life Miss Lea is the wife of Langdon Mitchell, who made the dramatization of his father's popular novel for Mr. Dixey.

Sir Henry Irving is said to have abandoned the production of the drama dealing with the "Massacre of St. Bartholomew" on account of the difficulty of protecting his rights to it. One English version is already in existence, and anybody is at liberty to translate and produce the German piece. Mr. Irving's next character may be Gustavus Adolphus in an historical tragedy based on the life of that king.

Alan Dale writes in the following strain from Paris to the New York Journal:

"Sarah, who was once but who is no longer divine (alas! for the divinity of things theatrical!) is quite one of the "outside" exposition features of Paris. She is looked upon as a sort of Eiffel Tower, or Globe Celeste—a histrionic Jumbo. The French provincials rush to see her at the "Theater Sarah Bernhardt" in "L'Aiglon," but the Parisians are not so eager. Paris nowadays regards Sarah merely as a "tour de forces." People dare to discover that her "golden voice" has grown monotonous, that she is absurdly "maniered," and that when she appears in the scene she does so with the air of saying: "Here I am. I'm Sarah. I'm the only one." In fact, I heard a coquettish dame in the foyer, between the acts of "L'Aiglon," peevishly remark: "They never know when to retire! Theatrical artists act until they drop by the wayside."

In spite of which I herewith declare that Sarah is still a wonder. I hate her in these masculine roles. Her Duc de Reichstadt is only a shade more tolerable than her Hamlet. It may be high art—very high art—to see a lady with the shape of five-and-twenty and the face of five-and-fifty masquerading as a stripling and making love to petticoats, but all the king's horses and all the king's men couldn't make me like it. If it be high art, give me a position a few steps lower on the ladder, if you please. I like my burlesque at Weber & Field's, and don't care for it in the name of Shakespeare, or even of Edmond Rostand. This may be due to my natural cussedness, but I shan't shelve that cussedness just at present. When I'm sixty I promise to rave over everything, but that won't be for a few decades.

For the life of me, I can't imagine little Maude Adams playing the Duc de Reichstadt, although she will look the part more acutely than does Sarah. Still, Miss Adams has surprised us so gorgeously, and so often, that she may be able to do it again. It is rather a winsome role. There is something very fascinating about this young Duc. His "dissipations" are not harped upon very persistently, although his mistress, Fanny Easler, is introduced sitting cutely on a table. Still it wouldn't do to paint Reichstadt as too much of a rowdy. That he was a "lively person" and that his end was hastened by the luminous irregularity of his life, we may know very well, but it is not for poetry and "dramatic license" to make too much of this young man's moral peccadilloes.

How odd it is when you come to reflect that the actress of the age has ripened past the feminine into the masculine! How odder it is to think that a pretty little American actress who hasn't ripened past the feminine is going to emulate her example. I suppose if, later on, Sarah took it into her head to appear as a horse, or an elephant, or a Newfoundland dog (and she'll probably do it) there would be some one in America who, without her logic, would follow suit. Be assured of one thing, and it is that Sarah plays "L'Aiglon" because she thinks that there is nothing else left. And, looked upon in that light, her new interpretation can be set down as a marvelous feat. For people go to see her—just for the mere curiosity of the thing, and the Theater Sarah Bernhardt does a rattling business.

MUSIC NOTES.

A private letter from Evan Stephens states that he will set sail from Liverpool for home, September 15th.

Signor Leoncavallo, composer of "Pagliacci," has just completed an opera on the subject of "Zaza." It is in four acts, and will be produced at the Lyrico Theater, Milan.

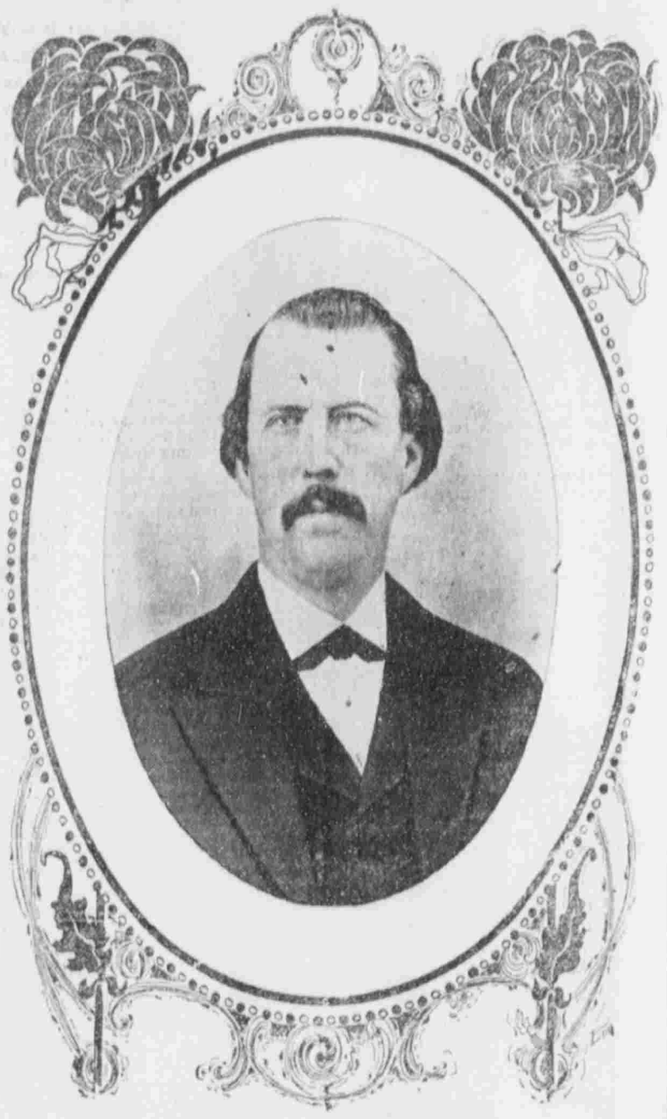
Francis Wilson has relieved a bit of his pressing woes, and has dropped the title of his new opera, substituting for the same the name "The Monks of Malabar." There is some chance for the piece now.

The chorus of the Salt Lake Opera Company will meet on the stage of the Theater next Tuesday evening for the purpose of rehearsing "The Mandarin." Mr. Goddard, who has organized the chorus for the coming season, says that it was never so strong as now.

W. H. MacDonald of the Bostonians became totally blind last week at San Francisco as a result of a severe attack of grip. It is hoped, however, that it is only temporary, and that he may regain his eyesight. He will probably be unable to rejoin the Bostonians this year.

Frank T. Perley sends out a bulletin announcing the engagement of Miss Viola Gillette for leading contralto roles with the Alice Nielson Co. This refers to Miss Viola Pratt of this city who is now singing with a summer opera company in the suburbs of Cincinnati. She will have important parts to sustain with Miss Nielson and will be seen here with the company in November.

OLD SALT LAKERS.



JOSEPH M. SIMMONS.

Who is there of the old-timers who does not remember "Joe" Simmons? No name was more familiar to Theater goers of 35 years ago than his. He was a member of the famous old stock company which played at the Social Hall and the Salt Lake Theater during the 60's, and he had the distinction of having taken part in one of the first dramatic performances—if not the very first—given in the Social Hall on the evening of Monday, January 19th, 1853, when he assumed the role of "Alonzo" in the play of "Pizarro," James Ferguson being the Rolla, John Kay the Pizarro, and Mrs. M. G. Clawson the Cora of the occasion. Mr. Simmons assumed many other parts during his long connection with the Dramatic company. He took an active part in public life and was a member of the relief corps which was sent out to meet the suffering hand cart companies in the fall of 1856; in the next year he was in the Echo Canyon war, having been closely associated with Col. Robert T. Burton; he was also a member of the staff of Major General George D. Grant. He held several public positions of importance, once being assistant internal revenue collector. Mr. Simmons lived for years opposite the old City Hall, where St. Mark's school house now stands. His death occurred on Feb. 14th, 1872. His full name was Joseph Marcellus Simmons, and he was born Sept. 3rd, 1824, in Cheshire, Berkshire Co., Mass. He was on his way to California in 1850, when he stopped at Salt Lake City, joined the Church and took a position as bookkeeper in President Young's office in that year, where he remained for a long period.

THE NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

Music in America has shared the fate of Cinderella. There was a continent to clear, to plough, and to sow; cities and railroads and factories and fleets to build; before the fine arts could be seriously thought of. The passion of our forefathers for education, which has filled the land with colleges and developed our public school system, did not extend to music, which was under the ban of Puritanism. Thus it has happened that, while in Europe princes and prelates, since the day of Palestrina, have vied with each other in encouraging musicians and in developing great schools at every capital; in rich and generous America, music has sat in the chimney corner awaiting the arrival of the prince and the fairy godmother to lead her to the throne her beauty deserves.

That day is not distant. Twenty years may well witness the change. Wealth is the fairy godmother beneath whose wand vast universities have arisen in the commercial metropolis and on the prairie. Some stream of this river of gold, which is flowing into our educational world, must very soon find its way into the channels of art and provide means for developing the latent gifts of our people.

This golden age of art on which we are entering will owe its splendor to the pioneers whose heroic work has made it possible. As Chaucer moulded the English language against the coming of Shakespeare; as Giotto paved the way for Raphael and Michel Angelo, so great men have been giving their lives to the cause of musical education in America, and the glory that follows will be due to these master-spirits who first brought order and beauty out of chaos.

Among these Eben Tourjee, the father of the conservatory or class-system in America and the founder of the largest musical college in the world, will hold a foremost place. The New England conservatory at Boston, Mass., is a monument to the ability and untiring devotion of this man, of whom America may well be proud.—From the Modern Culture Magazine for September.

It Saved His Baby.

"My baby was terribly sick with the diarrhoea, we were unable to cure him with the doctor's assistance, and as a last resort we tried Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy," says Mr J. H. Doak, of Williams, Ore, "I am happy to say it gave immediate relief and a complete cure."

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TO SALAMANCA VIA AVILA.

The Oldest City of Old Castile, Said to Have Been Founded by Hercules, B. C. 1660—Saints and Sinners of Central Spain.

Special Correspondence.

Avila, Spain, July 19.—From Segovia to Salamanca, via Avila, is indeed "a long way around;" but as no direct route takes in those three important cities and we cannot afford to miss either of them, we are again compelled to test the old saw concerning "the surest way home." By stage from Segovia, you reach the Central railway, which in its short journey through the mountains traverses forty-four tunnels in a distance of four thousand yards—and seeing the weary, dust-begrimed passengers, you bless the lucky stars that led you in another direction.

Avila de los Caballeros, ("of the gentleman") as goes the high-sounding title of this small city, is much frequented in summer by refugees from the heated capital. Lying about 2,400 feet above the sea, within sight of the snow-capped sierra, surrounded by fertile plains from which narrow green valleys lead up into the foothills, all plentifully watered by trout-streams, it is an ideal resort at this time of year. And to the sportsman it is no less attractive at other seasons, sedgy lakes and downs abounding with wild fowl in autumn, and in winter with game, including wolves from the neighboring sierra.

To the antiquarian, the artist, the lover of the quaint and picturesque, Avila has not its equal in Spain, if indeed in the world. The granite walls that encompass it, built in the eleventh century, are yet perfect. They are forty feet high and twelve feet thick, with

EIGHTY-SIX TOWERS,

and ten enormous gateways. Each gateway is formed by setting two towers nearer together, carrying them up higher and connecting them by an overhanging arch, curiously carved with armorial bearings. Before the use of siege artillery, the city must have been impregnable, for every point of the hill upon which it stands commands the plain below, over which small gray boulders are scattered, like flocks of sheep. Spaniards assert that the original name was Abula, bestowed in honor of his mother, by Hercules, who built the first city B. C. 1660. Whoever may have been responsible for its pre-historic foundation, the Avila of today was rebuilt about the year 1090, by Don Ramon, of Burgundy, a son-in-law of Alonso VI.

In the modern city, of perhaps 10,000 inhabitants, there are several hotels and pensions—all tolerable, as Spanish hostelries go. The largest, called "Dos de Mayo," (second of May,) being kept by an Englishman, is generally patronized by the comparatively few Anglo-Saxons who find their way here. Every street and lane and corner of Avila, both within the walls and outside their narrow circuit, abounds in mediæval buildings, pillars, arches, buttresses, escutcheons and antiquarian relics worth a journey around the world to see. Many of the curious old houses have remained entirely unchanged since

THE MIDDLE AGES.

A few are richly decorated and very magnificent, but their general arrangement is the same. Over the entrance is a huge sculptured shield of arms, weather-stained and lichen-covered. Above it projects a stone balcony, always occupied by a number of pet quails, called "reclamos," which are such favorite pets throughout northern Spain. They make the air resound with their strange incessant cries, and sportsmen take them out on hunting expeditions because their voices attract other birds of the same breed. Passing under the weather-stained coat of arms, you enter a vast, dark hall, damp and smelly as a tomb, in which the melancholy cries of the reclamos echo like the voices of lost souls. Midway, on either side of this entrance hall, is an immense door, elaborately carved and black with age, opening into rooms which are never used except in the greatest events of human life—a birth, a marriage or a burial. At the farther end, another ponderous door communicates with the body of the house, (cuerpo de casa); and straight ahead of it, another door leads to the patio, a spacious inner yard, surrounded by a gallery and containing all the domestic offices, including bake-house, oven, store rooms and hayloft. On either side of the cuerpo de casa are two enormous chambers, one the dining hall of the masters, the other the kitchen of the servants. The most prominent object in the former is a cavernous chimney, whose opening occupies the whole face of one wall. Here, in winter, a huge fire is kept burning, in which whole trees are consumed, emitting smoke in plenty, but little heat. What a chance for the yule log and the wassail bowl of Christmas tide! The whole place is baronial, even to the blackened rafters overhead, the low wooden benches on either side, the

YAWNING FIRE PLACE,

the niches in the walls, called vasares, each holding a large earthen vase of water; while all around are shelves displaying collections of bucares, the peculiar drinking jug of the country, in endless variety of shapes and sizes. In the tiled kitchen opposite, the work of the house is done by an extraordinary number of servants. In proportion to the size of the family—not according to American ideas, but in perfect keeping with the patriarchal system that yet prevails in Spain, and the eternal high-pitched jabber of these dependents drowns even the shrill cries of the quails outside calling to their mates in the woods. The dwelling rooms of the house, placed as remote from the street as possible, overlook a garden in which a great many medicinal herbs flourish, amid a few flowers and vegetables. Strange to say, these inner rooms usually have glass windows, while those facing the street are protected only by wooden shutters. In the court-yard of one or two of these houses you may see specimens of those unexplained relics of antiquity know as Toras de Guisando, carved in granite to represent wild boars, or some other huge animal. Once they were very numerous in this part of Spain, but are now so nearly extinct that Gil de Avila, writing three hundred years ago, said that only sixty-three Toras were left in Castile. Some authors believe them to have been the gods of the primitive inhabitants, placed, like the sphinxes, near Asiatic temples; while others contend that they served merely as landmarks. The Roman inscriptions on most of them are probably of much later date than the original chiseling, and

OWING TO MUTILATIONS

by time and man, it requires a lively imagination to trace in them a likeness to anything in the animal kingdom.

The most interesting objects in Avila are its mediæval churches, beginning with San Vicente, founded in the year 313. It contains a thirteenth century shrine of Saint Vincent—not the famous deacon of Zaragoza, but another of the same name, who was also martyred under Dacien, because he stamped upon an altar of Jupiter and left thereon the marks of his feet. Tradition says that his body was guarded by a serpent, which attacked a rich Jew who came to mock at it, and never let go the Hebrew until he had vowed to build this church if he escaped with his life. Soon as the vow was made, the serpent glided quietly back to the corpse and stretched himself alongside; and here stands the church, to this day a living proof of the story—so the Spanish guide will tell you. Near by is a singular hole in the ground out of which the snake is said to have come. Until within the last half century, this hole, like the celebrated Bacca della Verita, at Rome, was a sacred spot of adjuration; he who took an oath putting his hand into it, instead of on a Bible, so that the immortal snake might bite him if he swore falsely.

The great cathedral, dedicated to San Sebastian, as late as the year 1107, is exceedingly curious, being more than half a fortress. Its eastern apse, projecting over the city wall, is machicolated and fortified like a castle. In its high tower storks have nested since time out of mind. Looking up at any time of day, you see them standing silent and motionless on top of its pinnacles, their white plumage glittering against the dark blue sky; and imagining them to be

CARVED ORNAMENTS,

you are as startled to see one move as if the tower itself were taking flight. The cathedral interior is very solemn and impressive, with tall, dark gothic arches and very large windows, of which the upper lights only are glazed. The Retablo of the high altar (of the time of Ferdinand and Isabella), is the oddest thing I have ever seen. It is divided into three panels, three stages in height, painted by master-artists who returned to dust many centuries ago. The lowest stage represents St. Peter and St. Paul, surrounded by eight evangelists. The second stage sets forth the transfiguration, the annunciation, the nativity, the adoration of the Magi, and the presentation in the temple; while the third stage is gruesome with the crucifixion, the scourging, the agony, the descent into hell, and the transfiguration. These pictures are among the oldest and most venerated in Spain, and all are framed in richly carved woodwork. The choir is equally quaint, with reliefs of saints and scenes of martyrdoms, all beautifully carved and adorned with delicate arabesques. Two iron-gilt pulpits are wonderful specimens of Spanish metal-work in the 5th century, and others are of alabaster and marble, covered with carvings. The whole vast building is crowded with statues, big and little as to size, good, bad and indifferent as works of art. At the entrance you are confronted by two tipsy-looking mace-bearers, in granite; and other disreputable figures are perched insecurely in the jamb of each doorway. Saints are everywhere,

LIFE SIZE AND COLOSSAL,

standing on the altars and in hundreds of plateresque niches. In the tympanum a magnificent Ecce Homo appears, in the midst of sculptures and terra cotta figures setting forth the betrayal, the last supper, the cross bearing, the crucifixion, the coronation of the virgin, the flight into Egypt, and scriptural scenes without number. You might spend days in this old sanctuary, constantly finding new objects of interest—old paintings in dark corners, curious church plate, from the eleventh century down, and ancient tombs in shadowy chapels. Among the most beautiful sepulchres is that of the learned Alfonso Tostado de Madrigal, who was bishop of Arvila in 1450 and considered the Solomon of this day. His effigy, carved in alabaster, represents the prelate in the act of writing, which was the joy and business of his earthly existence; and it is gravely related that he wrote as many as three sheets a day, for every day of his life!

Outside the walls, on the river side, is a tiny Romanesque church, standing in a little weedy inclosure with three tall stone crosses. Nowadays it is always closed and locked; but though the Cerebus who guards it, charges outrageously for producing the keys, you must submit to extortion for the sake of seeing the beautiful monument of its patron, the bishop of San Segundo. He is said to have pushed a Moor over the battlements of the neighboring tower with his own hands, a deed of prowess which will always render him popular as a Spanish saint, although it does not seem consistent with the angelic expression of the kneeling figure rapt in an ecstasy of prayer.

In Santo Tomas another glorious figure is found, that of Prince Juan, the only son of Ferdinand and Isabella, whose death, in his twentieth year, broke his mother's heart, though history records that she replied to the fatal tidings only in the words of Scripture, "The Lord hath given, the Lord hath taken away." Beautiful in person, a brilliant scholar,

AN ACCOMPLISHED LINGUIST

and musician, with the most amiable and winning characters, he was the delight of his parents and the idol of the people. Within a few days after his marriage, in March of 1497, at Burgos, to Margaret, daughter of the Emperor Maximilian, he was seized with a terrible illness. His parents had gone to Valencia, to witness the marriage of their daughter to the king of Portugal; and when the news came, they hastened with all possible speed to the bedside of their son. But they arrived to find their boy cold in death, and to learn that his last words were a prayer that his parents might be able to feel the same resignation that he himself experienced. The exquisite sleeping figure of Prince Juan, the most touching of effigies, with folded hands, smiling features, lies upon a marble altar-tomb. The coro of the church, placed above an elliptical arch at the western entrance, still retains two splendidly carved stalls, which Ferdinand and Isabella soon afterwards occupied at mass, close to the gallery rail, where they might look down meanwhile upon the image of their boy. They were dressed in sackcloth, which in this great calamity was substituted for the white serge hitherto worn as royal mourning; and an historian of the day vividly describes how, as they sat, the eyes of one would seek the eyes of the other and cause a fresh outburst of grief. So kings and queens have their sorrows, like commoner clay, when relentless death steps in and snatches the best beloved.

It is a pity to have only a few days for Avila. One might profitably spend weeks here, and then find himself sorry to depart.

FANNIE B. WARD.

Good Medicine for Children.

If you have a baby in the house you will wish to know the best way to check any unusual looseness of the bowels, or diarrhoea so common to small children. O. P. M. Holliday, of Deming, Ind., who has an eleven months' old child, says: "Through the months of June and July our baby was teething and took a running off of the bowels and sickness of the stomach. His bowels would move from five to eight times a day. I had a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy in the house and gave him four drops in a teaspoonful of water and he got better at once."

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