Dramatic and Lyric.

The Kendal's Great Success—The Sermon of Mrs. Tanqueray—Something of the Kendal's Home Life—Tom Keene Next Week.

Last night will always be remembered as a memorable one in the history of the Salt Lake stage. It is not too much to say that the Kendals' visit, and especially their rendition of The Second Mrs. Tanqueray will live in the memory of theater goers as long as such events as the engagement of Julia Dean Hayne in the old stock days, and of the Booth and Barrett or Mary Anderson engagement to later years. Few such scenes of enthusiasm have ever been witnessed in our Theater as those which were occasioned by Mr. Kendal's acting last night; she cast a literal spell over all her hearers, and swayed them at her will as completely as ever any hypnotist swayed one under his control. The wailing cry she utters when her husband scoffs to her mind her innocent youth, was, in its deep stirring effects, something almost terrible; such a cry we have heard Sara Bernhardt utter in Fedora, and Jannotsch give vent to in Mary Stuart, but no other actress that we recall could have so moved an audience by the simulation of grief and despair. We can think of nothing more striking; like the way it touched last night's audience than the spectacle sometimes seen on our mountains, when a gust of wind sweeps over a grove of quaking-aspens, and the trees thrill and bend as if they had been struck by some giant hand; even so, the audience bent under the influence of the actress' compelling cry. The effect was so deep-reaching the whole evening that the audience did not come itself to give the usual applause; it was rather like a person who has been stupefied by some music-drought.

Mr. Kendal was admirable as Lord Tanqueray and he too had some very affecting scenes; Mrs. Lea played the daughter most excellently; Mr. Graham suffered from indistinctness in the role of Cayley. Mr. Fothe is not in to the least the ideal Captain Ardale, and while he is a good looker his personal appearance is such that he has no possible chance to win any sympathy.

The play ought to be spoken of as a thing apart. It is a masterpiece in the way, and it places Pinero at once upon a par with the best of English playwrights as unmistakably as Darwin is at the head of the playwrights of the world. As between the two conflicting ideas as to whether The Second Mrs. Tanqueray is a moral or an immoral play, we give our opinion unhesitatingly to the former. If the play does anything at all, it preaches in tones of thunder, "PUNCH EVIL," and how anyone can leave it with any other idea than that of aversion for the vice it depicts, it is hard to imagine. Tanqueray finds in a Mrs. Jarman, a person of the graces of manner that are the requisites of the highbred woman of his station in life, and added to these essentials he finds that congeniality that was lacking in his first marriage. He is fully aware of the fact that the woman's life, half known to him, is open to comment, but his reasoning is that she deserves all the security and comfort that he can give her with a home, and she shines a diamond in his room, sanctioned to his friends his approaching marriage, without giving the name of the lady. An intimate friend remains after the departure of the others, and to him he reveals her name. The friend at once sees the mistake that Tanqueray is about to commit, but determines to help him make his stand against society. During the conversation between the two men, a servant announces the arrival of a Visitor. Tanqueray dismisses his friend, and receives Paula, the tainted, who is unconventional enough to come to his rooms at this late hour of the night. Her motive is to give him a letter in which she makes confession of passages in her life that she had kept from him. Tanqueray believes that marriage will make good the mistakes of both of them, and he declares his firmness of purpose by burning the letter without opening it. A letter from his religiously trained daughter admonishes her not to join him. The second act shows these three living in the country home where passed the years of the first marriage; the second Mrs. Tanqueray misses the excitement of the city life to which she is accustomed; the daughter finds no congeniality in the companionship of her step-mother, and is instinctively distrustful of her; Tanqueray is fond of his wife, and she is fond of the daughter. No trouble from without is apparent. The wife shows signs of her habitual savagery, longing for the love of the girl and all the marks of social honor, when the step-daughter is permitted to make a visit to Paris in company of certain friends. In page she leaving to the house a friend of her mother's, and the woman she knew in the old days. The increase of the story in the house of the couple are of a lively character, the wife not showing a desire, it is true, to return to her old life of uncontrollable, but nevertheless a nature that is whole unsympathetic for that domestic tranquility of which the husband and daughter. In the meanwhile the daughter had received an eligible offer in Paris. She returns home, and a touch of passion is given to the tone of the scene between stepmother and daughter, the one ashamed in her ruling dream and consequently full of love for everybody, the other feeling the consciousness of being a participant in the joy and purity of a young heart. The escapade lover of the daughter, it is soon discovered, is the man to whom the turned letter related. The sequel is the suicide of the second Mrs. Tanqueray.

It will not be surprising to many to learn that the Second Mrs. Tanqueray has allusted the English public a bit. It is some telling sermon. One noted preacher, the Rev. Mr. Lord of Liverpool devoted an elaborate sermon to the lesson taught by the play. Here are some of his views:

"And it was but good to have our eyes, with a warning to make us pure and turn from darkness to light, it pays there in that wrecked image of a woman, as she staggers to her death."

"It is a character and a catastrophe to make everyone go home and pray; to be kind and keep themselves from whatever might lead to such a thing."

"The most awful sentence in the piece we are considering is that 'He has only had a man's life.'

"Whatever one's 'man's life' ought to be, it ought to be conspicuous for Christ-like virtue in the world—its personal respect towards the sex, which gives wives and mothers to our race."

"But, to our eternal disgrace, 'a man's life' has come to mean just the opposite; a life where has laid aside all the reverence and chivalry which made it manly."

"And, after all, society is responsible. Do you ask how? I reply: Wives, sisters and mothers, we deny to our children the knowledge which alone can arm them for the dangers and difficulties of life."

"Would you send your child into the jungle and not warn her of snake or tiger?"

"Again, society is responsible when we are so just to our noting out of punishment. The erring woman is outcast; the erring man, especially if an eligible bachelor for a nice daughter, is forgiven and received."

"He fair to both. Punish both equally, or find ways of forgiveness to both."

A White Lie, in which the Kendals close their all too brief engagement tonight, is a coarse comedy by Sidney Grundy, sinner of Sowing the Wind.

The Kendals unquestionally owe their remarkable success in England, as in America, not to their histrionic talent alone, but probably as much to the fact that their personal respectability is in consistent and that they are personally dear everywhere.

Mrs. Kendal is the incarnation of all that is proper and orthodox in British womanhood. Never that she is very affecting scenes; Mrs. Lea played the daughter most excellently; Mr. Graham suffered from indistinctness in the role of Cayley. Mr. Fothe is not in to the least the ideal Captain Ardale, and while he is a good looker his personal appearance is such that he has no possible chance to win any sympathy.

The play ought to be spoken of as a thing apart. It is a masterpiece in the way, and it places Pinero at once upon a par with the best of English playwrights as unmistakably as Darwin is at the head of the playwrights of the world. As between the two conflicting ideas as to whether The Second Mrs. Tanqueray is a moral or an immoral play, we give our opinion unhesitatingly to the former. If the play does anything at all, it preaches in tones of thunder, "PUNCH EVIL," and how anyone can leave it with any other idea than that of aversion for the vice it depicts, it is hard to imagine. Tanqueray finds in a Mrs. Jarman, a person of the graces of manner that are the requisites of the highbred woman of his station in life, and added to these essentials he finds that congeniality that was lacking in his first marriage. He is fully aware of the fact that the woman's life, half known to him, is open to comment, but his reasoning is that she deserves all the security and comfort that he can give her with a home, and she shines a diamond in his room, sanctioned to his friends his approaching marriage, without giving the name of the lady. An intimate friend remains after the departure of the others, and to him he reveals her name. The friend at once sees the mistake that Tanqueray is about to commit, but determines to help him make his stand against society. During the conversation between the two men, a servant announces the arrival of a Visitor. Tanqueray dismisses his friend, and receives Paula, the tainted, who is unconventional enough to come to his rooms at this late hour of the night. Her motive is to give him a letter in which she makes confession of passages in her life that she had kept from him. Tanqueray believes that marriage will make good the mistakes of both of them, and he declares his firmness of purpose by burning the letter without opening it. A letter from his religiously trained daughter admonishes her not to join him. The second act shows these three living in the country home where passed the years of the first marriage; the second Mrs. Tanqueray misses the excitement of the city life to which she is accustomed; the daughter finds no congeniality in the companionship of her step-mother, and is instinctively distrustful of her; Tanqueray is fond of his wife, and she is fond of the daughter. No trouble from without is apparent. The wife shows signs of her habitual savagery, longing for the love of the girl and all the marks of social honor, when the step-daughter is permitted to make a visit to Paris in company of certain friends. In page she leaving to the house a friend of her mother's, and the woman she knew in the old days. The increase of the story in the house of the couple are of a lively character, the wife not showing a desire, it is true, to return to her old life of uncontrollable, but nevertheless a nature that is whole unsympathetic for that domestic tranquility of which the husband and daughter. In the meanwhile the daughter had received an eligible offer in Paris. She returns home, and a touch of passion is given to the tone of the scene between stepmother and daughter, the one ashamed in her ruling dream and consequently full of love for everybody, the other feeling the consciousness of being a participant in the joy and purity of a young heart. The escapade lover of the daughter, it is soon discovered, is the man to whom the turned letter related. The sequel is the suicide of the second Mrs. Tanqueray.

It will not be surprising to many to learn that the Second Mrs. Tanqueray has allusted the English public a bit. It is some telling sermon. One noted preacher, the Rev. Mr. Lord of Liverpool devoted an elaborate sermon to the lesson taught by the play. Here are some of his views:

"And it was but good to have our eyes, with a warning to make us pure and turn from darkness to light, it pays there in that wrecked image of a woman, as she staggers to her death."

"It is a character and a catastrophe a You Like It," and the one would be Rosalind, and the other Jaques. Rosalind, dad, the wedding was performed with an Thursday morning, gaily as happily, and in the evening Rosalind and Jaques were seen on the stage in the Forest of Arden. There, with Celia as the priest, amid the leafy trees and sunny pathways, Orlando listens to the merry Celia, and pleading to the lot, as happiness Rosalind, cries out:

"Why then, marry me?"

"Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?"

"I will."

"Then," Rosalind pretty remarks, "you must say, 'I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.'" "I take thee, Rosalind, for wife," said Orlando, earnestly. Then Rosalind asks: "Now tell me how long you would have her after you have possessed her?"

And Orlando replies—both in the words of Shakespeare and in the language of his own the time—"for ever and a day."

That is the true story of the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal. It was a natural desire at such time to pay court from the other, and from that day they have never separated.

In the closing five years Mrs. Kendal appeared at the Haymarket Theater, London, as Julina Vavasour in New Men and Old Acres, as Lydia Languish in The Rivals, as Princess Zoliska in The Power of Truth, as Galatea in Pygmalion and Galatea, as Helene in Two Without Wedding, and Mrs. Van Brugh in Charity. Her brilliant impersonation of Julina Vavasour gave her a prominent position among the leading commedienne of the day. Her reputation increases steadily in the roles of Pauline, Rosalind and Miss Hardcastle, and by her creations of the leading parts in Charles Coghlan's Lady Flora, Hamilton Aide's Nine Days Wonder, W. S. Gilbert's Broken Hearts and Catarina Simpson's Scrap of Paper. Her chief triumph, however, was won in the character of Dora in Diplomacy, in the adaptation from M. Sardou.

All these successes were won prior to 1875. Since that time at the Court Theater in the Ladies' Battle and The Queen's Shilling at the St. James Theater, under the joint management of Mr. Kendal and Mr. Hare, in Impulse, The Wife's Sacrifice, The Hobby Horse, The Money Spinner, The Squire—Pinero's play, of which some one has written that it "heated the scent of new-mown hay across the footlights"—and in the drama which now has generated to her American tour, Mrs. Kendal has displayed all the art, intelligence, power, insight and dramatic force which are the attributes of a great actress and has built up the high reputation she now enjoys as "the mistress of the drama."

Mrs. Kendal is a thoroughly happy woman. Her face, familiar to all lovers of the play and all readers of dramatic prints, tells the story of a happy, true womanly nature, sympathetic and sincere. Her views of theatrical life are strong, even severe, one is not afraid to speak her entire conviction. Her counsel to all and high-hearted. There can be no mistake as to the earnestness of her interest in the welfare of her brethren. She plays Paula in The Second Mrs. Tanqueray with so firm a conviction of the moral tendency of the role as when she played in earlier days Shakespeare's fair Rosalind. Nor has the feminine humanity of a segment of the eastern press shaded—not a jot or tittle of such conviction. She is a strong, resolute character, with a deal of temper and a prize like Lucifer's when her art or her motives are criticised unfavorably or unjustly.

The home of the Kendals in London is the center of all that is best in the world of English histrionism. For many years they lived at 12 Portland Square, W., but as their five children grew up and scattered it became too small for Mrs. Kendal and they removed a year ago to a roomy mansion in Portland place. "Sweetheart on the stage and lovers at home" was the happy phrase once applied to them by Charles Wyndham when toasting them in a few years old champagne. At night the lamplight of my home and children. Everything of the house speaks of the artistic taste of its lady and lady. Mr. Kendal is a patron of an small skill, and has a Raphael from a student, the money is to select pictures, and there is not an engine spot in the house—not excepting the kitchen—were he can not hang a canvas, adorning or an engraving. The entrance hall is gladdened with thirteenth century furniture, bronzes and Venetian ware. A fine bust of Macready looms on the view, given by the great actor to Mr. Kendal's father. Hovers two huge masks with mighty tusks, representing "The King of the Devils" and "The King of the Winds;" they come from California. Along the staircase are etchings after Alma Tadema; the bedroom is given up to Dore's strange work, though near the window is a bust of Mary Anderson. The drawing room is a mass of curios—prominent among them tomahawks of fearful gaps and uncouth shape, and other weapons of Indian warfare. A table in the corner, crowded with silver ornaments, is devoted to the memory of American friends.

Mrs. Kendal has a penchant for tiny things, the smaller the better. If her London friends come across a curio which is especially choice and particularly small, off it goes to Mrs. Kendal. A lucky money, for instance, the size of half a dozen pins' heads, hand-wrought, an inch square, once with corners no bigger than a pin's point. A striking object is a bust of Mrs. Kendal as Galatea, done when she was seventeen. Near by it is a photograph of Dr. Paulmer, a celebrated American physician who saved Mrs. Kendal's life when her mind accidentally administered a poisonous drug to her medicine. Rare old Chinese, an ebony, which is a veritable house of sorrow, reflecting all misfortunes, sorrowing, sighing and tearing to be seen volumes, fancy as air the story of the bibliophile, bound manuscript copies of all the plays Mr. Kendal has produced, with the original sketches for the scenery—these and an infinite variety and profusion of ornaments, rich and serene, attract the eye and stimulate the imagination of the visitor to the London home of the Kendals.

Mr. Kendal rises and works quietly and temperately. He enjoys laughter—yet is to the most modest of men with not a shade worse of the manner which distinguishes his many consummate actors. Off the stage he smokes a few cigars. Among the best stories he is said to be given to repeating is an hour from the back window of his hotel in Cleveland, Ohio.

He was a building contract, municipal committee, or a syndicate. He draws everything that particularly impresses him—his painting memory is remarkable. As a comedian—on the humorous side of theatrical life—he is not excelled by Mr. Irving himself. His songfroid is superb. He has a equanimity of soul, the bearing of a soldier and was never seen out of temper by any one who remembers it.

Following Mr. and Mrs. Kendal at the Salt Lake Theater will be a dramatic event of importance, the appearance of Mr. Thomas Keene the eminent tragedian and his celebrated supporting company. Mr. Keene has not been in Salt Lake City for some four years, a fact which is to be regretted. He is not only an accomplished actor in this country but is the leading classic American tragedian, wearing his high honors worthily and gracefully. Mr. Keene's success during his engagement here succeeds Richelieu, Louis XI., Othello, The Merchant of Venice and Richard III.

There is, perhaps, no more of clearly of Shakespeare's production which more so strongly the difference between a dead presentation and that of the bard's own day, or even of comparatively recent years, as the scenic setting with which the plays are presented. There were then, and still are, philosophical king Richards and royal king Richards, quiet, unobtrusively Hamlets and animated melodramatic Hamlets, frank, tender and affectionate Othellos and sneaky Othellos (Coghlan) but the Richards, Hamlets and Othello of today have the advantage over their predecessors of moving amid scenes that create an atmosphere of reality about them, and add the impression by presenting counterparts of the glorious days when the scene of the supposed tragedies. Such will be the several productions to be presented during the coming week by Mr. Keene at the Salt Lake Theater, when the stage will be filled with a series of the breathing historic pictures so charming famous creations, though which will move a score of richly costumed nobles, fair women and glittering scenes.

The trial balance sheet of Charles Frohman's last season's business which was sent in last week is an extremely interesting document. In spite of the fact that he had several failures last year, and that the season was very bad theatrically, the gross receipts for Charles Frohman's productions for the season amounted to more than two million dollars. Of this sum, the managers at which his company played received, as their share, six hundred thousand dollars. Mr. Frohman is liberal with the managers whose plays he produces, and they more have received from Frohman, during the year, two hundred thousand dollars. The entire list was over five hundred thousand dollars, printers and railroads swallowed one hundred and ten thousand and the incidental expenses are figured at about twenty thousand. This leaves four hundred thousand profit for Charles Frohman and his associates—certainly a remarkable good showing. What should Mr. Frohman make this season with no failures on his hands and everything coming his way?

New Bicycle Track at Berk's.

The running of survey lines and other work for a new bicycle track at Berk's hot springs is now well under way. It is proposed to make a very fine wheel race course at that point. A stock company is soon to be organized.

A Very Narrow Escape.

John Rockwell had a very narrow escape from injury and death one day last week while out driving with his family and some friends, says the Tooele Transcript. He had taken his wife and three children, and Clara Anderson and three children, to Point Lookout for a drive. Just before dark, as they were coming down the side of the pass the hill was a little steep and they did not have any brake, so the wagon crowded the team a little. The horses became frightened and ran down the canyon at a breakneck speed. After running about a quarter of a mile the wagon upset and tipped the whole crowd into a wash and the wagon came in on top of them. The conductors broke and away went the team. As it happened, the wagon fell on the side of the washout and no one was hurt. Mr. Rockwell had to walk to Wright's ranch for a team, which made them very late getting home. He found his team next day at Stevens'.

Right Arm Paralyzed!

Saved from St. Vitus Dance.

"Our daughter, Lorene, now 15 years of age, had been terribly afflicted with St. Vitus dance, and for two years the entire use of her right arm. We feared St. Vitus dance and tried the best physicians with no benefit. She has taken three bottles of Dr. Miles' Nervine and is gained 21 pounds. Her nervousness and irritability are entirely gone, she sleeps regularly, and has received complete use of her arm, for which we are rejoicing." MRS. E. E. BULLIET, Brighton, N. Y.

Dr. Miles' Nervine Cures.

Dr. Miles' Nervine is sold on a positive guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. All druggists sell it, or address for it. It will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of price by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

Sold by all druggists.

EXTRAY FOUND NOTICE.

ON SUNDAY, NOV. 18TH, LIGHT THICK yoke and one yoke, with horns four feet wide, and with one ring in the nose, weight 1,400 pounds, branded on the hip and shoulder and on the hip, and branded on the hip, and branded on the hip, and branded