

Gramatic



Mr. Sothen bids us farewell tonight. He had another enormous audience last evening, and one that went away singing his praises as ardently as the first. Almost the last word has been said that could be uttered in laudation of Mr. Sothen, and it only needs to be added that those of our theatergoers who allow this opportunity to pass of seeing him, will miss one of the rarest dramatic treats offered in this or any other season.

Mr. Sothen's new discovery, his leading lady, Miss Cecelia Loftus, deserves a few more words than she has received thus far, though her work has been very highly praised. A few years ago Miss Loftus earned \$1,000 a week in England, and later \$1,200 a week in America in vaudeville, her specialty being the imitation of actresses of the day. Her gift of mimicry is said to be wonderful, but in spite of the royal salary she was earning, she always felt aspirations for something higher, and picking up a paper one day and reading that Mr. Sothen's wife, Virginia Harned, was about to become a star upon her own account, she sent an application to Mr. Sothen through the mail.

Her letter was very short, very concise and very modest. It was to the effect: "I am receiving a salary of \$1,200 a week. I would join your company for \$200 a week. I am sure my efforts would be congenial."

The next day a letter from Mr. Sothen's business manager, Mr. Kennedy, reached her, making an appointment for her to call on Mr. Sothen.

A few minutes after Mr. Sothen met her in the office. She was dressed in a simple, plain dress, and she was very nervous.

"But Mr. Sothen," said the ambitious woman in surprise, "you do not know what I can do. You have never seen me act."

"I know this," said Mr. Sothen, "that any woman willing to make so great a pecuniary sacrifice is an artist. She is the woman I want. I will esteem it an honor to teach you."

Cecelia Loftus, the mimic, became Cecelia Loftus, the actress, leading woman to one of the most ambitious and popular male stars in America.

How well Miss Loftus succeeded is well known. As the heroine of "Richard and Lovelace," as Katherine de Vauclles in "If I Were a King," as Ophelia in "Hamlet," she gave an interesting collection of sweet, feminine portraits to the stage.

This is the outside part of the story which our public now knows for the first time. There is another side, that is perhaps only known to Mr. Sothen and his stage manager—the incessant work, the hard, long hours, the toll, the nervous strain of many rehearsals under the watchful care of Mr. Sothen.

Mr. Sothen, his stage manager, Seldom has Miss Loftus left the theater till 2 in the morning, as she always rehearsed after each performance.

How she succeeded is a matter of story history. She played in London, and her first season, returning later to Mr. Sothen, she has refused many offers to return to vaudeville, one as high as \$1,800 a week, but all such offers she has steadily declined. She receives from Mr. Sothen \$400 a week, her salary having been advanced \$100 a week without her requesting it. In a recent interview Miss Loftus said: "I would not go to imitation. I am content for twice \$1,800 a week. Not because I think vaudeville is lowering but because I do not wish to become an automaton. I am only commencing in a serious line of work in which I am endeavoring to keep on playing any and every length of time. This is what I am working for."

Daniel Frohman, the manager of E. H. Sothen, is a man of the most cultivated tastes. If he were anything else, he could not be responsible for the artistic completeness of the Sothen production. Following paragraphs, taken from a recent number of the New York Herald, indicates that Mr. Frohman is a man of equally good taste when it comes to choosing a partner for life.

It was reported yesterday in theatrical circles that Daniel Frohman, who was looked upon by his friends as a confirmed bachelor, is engaged to marry Miss Margaret, a young woman, taken from a recent number of the New York Herald, indicates that Mr. Frohman is a man of equally good taste when it comes to choosing a partner for life.

Miss Illington, who is appearing with Mr. Sothen's company in Denver, Col., refused last night to either affirm or deny the report, and said that "information on the subject must be obtained from Mr. Frohman."

Miss Illington made her debut in Mr. Frohman's stock company in "Procks and Phills" at Daly's theater, playing cleverly the part of a maid. She is at present playing the role of Huguenot, the part Miss Susan Sheldon created, in "If I Were King."

The only attraction at the theater next week, aside from the school entertainments, will be the appearance of Dean Southwick in two dramatic recitals. He gives "Richard III" Monday evening, and "Richard III" Tuesday night. Mr. Southwick is one of the strong factors in the educational world, and our students especially should greet him by a big outburst. The general admission is fixed at 15 cents, so that every one can afford to hear the rich and scholarly entertainment he offers.

Tonight the Grand winds up its week of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and Monday night the Ward company will present another popular production in "Hazel Keli." It has been a long time since this famous play was rendered here, but its popularity and the good cast the Ward company can give it should insure good business.

The two leading parts will be in the hands of Miss Anna Roberts, who should make an attractive Hazel, the heroine of the story. Coultcock's famous old part of the miller will be played by Mr. Patterson. Miss Davis, the "Mormon" girl, Mr. Sothen's regular Fall Lake girl, who now has a regular

place with the company, will play the two characters, Mercy Kiri and Lady Travers. The comedy roles of Pittacus Green and Dolly Dutton will be in the hands of William Foster and Miss Mary Holmes, while Lord Travers will be played by Mr. Tyrrel. The management announces that they will pay particular attention to the scenic part of the production.

The Press club of Salt Lake advises everybody here and now to make Tuesday, June 9, what is known in the theatrical profession as an open date. On the evening of that day the finest performance that has been seen in this city of late years will be put on the stage of the Salt Lake theater. It is unnecessary to say that this allusion is to the "Tom Show."

Can you imagine John S. Critchlow in the part of dear, sweet, pretty little Eva? Of course you can't. Some things are beyond the reach of the best of us. But Mr. Critchlow is going to play the part of Little Eva; he is going to tell, in his passionate, throbbing, 60-horsepower way, about the spirits bright and the new Jerusalem, and cry a little. This summer, she hopes to lecture before several Chautauquethers.

Several kindhearted souls in Riverside, Cal., have offered to give "Cora Morris" ten acres of fruit land and a cottage if she will come there and make her home. Miss Morris is slowly recovering from her attack of nervous prostration, and has been obliged to "go on paper" for some time. She hopes to lecture before several Chautauquethers.

New Yorkers ought to be able to find some amusement in the next winter. There will be 65 theaters devoted to drama, musical comedy, vaudeville and burlesque. This includes only theaters that are really in the business of the theater. There is the Metropolitan Opera House for grand opera, the Madison Square Garden for the horse show, circuses and other big exhibits, and innumerable other big museums and music halls.

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LITTLE MILLIE WILLIAMS.

No local child singer since the days of "Charlie" Pike has attracted as much favorable attention as the sweet voiced Little Millie, whose portrait is printed above. As yet, but nine years of age, she is as well known in the community as any little entertainer we own, possessing a voice of good power and great purity. She uses it with an intelligence seldom exhibited by an adult, her expression of the music being careful and comprehensive. She articulates her text with a clearness and meaning that suggests nothing immature, yet retains the sweet simplicity of the child in all she does. Like "Charlie" Pike, Judith Anderson, and indeed, like many of the budding vocalists we have had for the last 20 years, she is carefully and tenderly watched over by Prof. Evan Stephens, whose only anxiety as to her future is that she will not be allowed to do too much public work, while the voice is young. "Spared from this and continued in proper studies," he says, "there is no doubt that Little Millie Williams will be a source of pride to Utah in the coming years."

foremost organists in the world, the other being Mons. Guilmant of Paris who has had so many American students under his tutelage. Prof. E. H. Lemare is en route to Australia to give a series of organ concerts, and fortunately arrangements have been made to have him stop over for the day and resume his trip at midnight. Prof. and Madame Lemare will be entertained while in this city by Mrs. and Mrs. L. C. Miller. There is a treat in store for those who attend the concert; it was feared that the celebrated organist, Mons. Guilmant, who is Mr. Frohman's chief of staff, knows nothing about it.

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ing the excitement incident to the capture of Cavite, and they had left their loving marks on every thing they touched.

Right outside the theater a plank had been stretched at the height of a man's elbow and an assortment of liquors and tobacco displayed. The chief of police, a Filipino, was directing the arrangement of the improvised bar. He spoke some English and proved a nice chap on acquaintance.

He became much interested in a search for "props." "Props" are those vague accessories to stage settings, the presence of which may go almost unnoticed, but the absence of which may disrupt an entire play. When the villain forgets the letter he must at least have an inkstand and penholder, even if there is no ink and if the pen won't write.

In every well-regulated drawing-room there must be a sofa, some chairs, perhaps a pier glass and a few pictures. Stuffed furniture is considered de rigueur for stage drawing-rooms, but in all Cavite there was not one piece of that description. So they had to be content with plain, yellow bamboo, and what was spoken of by the actors as "a luxurious interior" was furnished only with a half-dozen bamboo chairs, a bamboo table and the barber's mirror.

The barber was a discharged Tennessean and for a ticket to the performance he offered even his operating chair. A wash bowl and pitcher were borrowed from the Army Officers' Club and several saloons loaned glasses and gay-looking decanters.

The sergeant and his squad were told off to get chairs for the audience, as except for the remnants of the stage and a row of circus benches at the entrance, the auditorium was empty. Perhaps the sandy uniform of the sergeant and his aids carried a certain command, and perhaps there were recollections of the late days when the householders were used to seeing such uniforms in khaki, with their eyes screwed to the sights of rifles. Anyhow, there was a floor chair advanced, and when the Grand Opera House was filled with them they were decorated with numbers to aid the ushers.

The curtain was advertised to rise at 8 o'clock and about 6 o'clock the cast arrived from Manila. The half-dozen American women in the company looked very dainty in pretty, light frocks, and all the population of Cavite seemed to be there. Some wore hundreds of natives in gala attire, their gauze shirts hanging outside their drill trousers and their vivid plush slippers almost as "lamps to their feet." When in his best the Filipino played over the tails of his upper garment over his trousers. It is a cool fashion, the shirts being of pink or just, much like a silken net.

"Mercy! Is this it?" said the leading lady.

"Like a big corner," said the comedian.

In five minutes a hundred complaints had been registered. The play and the stage manager. The leading lady refused positively to share her dressing-room with all the other women. Even in "one-night stands in Oklahoma and Kansas" she had never been so badly treated, she said.

The leading juvenile came with whippersnappers to let it be known that he would rather resign than and there than doff and don his clothes on the stage. But they all had to make the best of the facts, for there was but one dressing-room for each sex, and "make-ups" were daubed on by candle light. The electric lights only stroked over the stage and grease, paint and wigs went on with a low murmuring like the hoarse muttering of the mob in "Julius Caesar."

About 8 o'clock the audience began to come in. The first arrivals were natives. The women were the largest and stiffest of panoplies and had their hair highly polished with coconut oil and ornamented with silver shackles. Some had stockings, but most of them were content with their own dark skins and shuffed in with naked ankles. All of old-fashioned honor the show by its presence. The governor, the president, a half dozen others had front seats. The box office was managed by a former "Chronicle" reporter, and was jammed with ticket-buyers. Opposite to the reserved places, late and soldiers fraternized over glasses of a fluid which is claimed to have made Milwaukee famous.

Many of the men had no money to pay day and passed a fortnight, but so obliging and anxious to repay the actors and actresses for their journey were the officers of the army and navy that they had been furnished with hastily made scrips, and their notes were taken by the theater treasurer. These amounts were held out of each man's pay at the next disbursement.

The officers and a handful of American women, natives and sisters, strolled in leisurely from their quarters about the time set for the curtain, and the orchestra tuned up. A dozen musicians all Filipino, stuck pretty closely to American national airs with a sprinkling of Spanish and an occasional Filipino piece. "The Aguinaldo March" is a decided favorite with the natives and is a lively conceit. Aguinaldo used to teach school near Cavite, and it was in this province that the revolution began in 1896. The bumptious little Tagal was not at the show, but one of his most noted generals sat in the orchestra circle and pretended to understand the stage dolans.

It was half-past 9 o'clock before the curtain was carefully handed up by two men to a third, who nailed it to a rafter. It was too big for the proscenium arch, and between acts it fell with a thud when the aerial artist pulled out the spike.

Just before the first act began there

was a series of shrieks from behind the curtain. Several of the ladies rushed frantically onto the stage—not in view of the audience though—and Mary Van Lure, the female star of the company, protested that an alligator had come through a hole in the floor of her dressing room, and had attacked them. Frayley and I armed ourselves with some property rooms and flaming torches, but only a gigantic iguana, a reptile which is not considered harmful by the natives. He was about four feet long, though as by the indistinct light of candles looked ferocious enough to scare women unused to his kind.

The floor of all the dressing rooms, and the stage, too, was of sliced bamboo laid a quarter of an inch apart, and in some places two or three slats were missing, so that one had to be careful not to slip into the holes. The quickest of this odd party, however, was one who moved quickly across it to bounce as if on a spring board, and a tragedy would have been impossible of enactment on account of the missing slats. He was a native, and the slats were simply made of bamboo poles sliced in quarters and put down with the round surfaces upward.

"All the Comforts of Home" began hardly enough after the alligator incident, and was greatly enjoyed by all. The Grand Opera House was packed to the saloon at its portal, and all the players were wildly applauded. The waits between the acts were rather long, because the scene-shifting presented a new problem each time. Everybody beheld the stage took a hand, and as the audience was not out of the settings, the play went merrily.

It was after midnight when the curtain fell for the last time. The soldiers and sailors hurried out to try the bottled lights along the row, the officers and their ladies sauntered back to their homes, and the stage manager and his helpers attacked the scenery. It was easier to take it down than to have it put up, and it was not necessary to keep intact the theater after the play was over, the weary men did not hesitate to knock out a section of roof or wall. Toward 11 o'clock in the morning the special boat, which had been chartered whistled furiously for belated Manilaans and started for the city.

I missed it, for after the strenuous night the luxury of the officers' club made one forgetful. When at 2 we ran to the wharf, we found only the chief of police and provisors in the shadows. For \$10 (Mexican) the chief thought he could get a bunch and paddlers to take us to Manila. We knew the stories of men never reaching their destination, of white men's corpses in the bay, and the other legends of murder done by the natives. The chief said he would answer for our safety with his life, and told the paddlers if we were not landed at the Bridge of Spain he would have them shot. We gave it up, and after the handful of pesos, and lying down in the bottom of the shabby craft, woke up at 6 o'clock glistening up the Pasig, and were soon safe and sound at our hotel in Manila.

\$10 TO HONOLULU AND RETURN \$10 with membership fee of \$2.00 added, with annual meeting of National Educational Association. Tickets will be on sale via the Nickel Plate road July 2nd to 5th, inclusive, good returning from July 5th to 10th, inclusive, without being provided with joint agent. Additional limit to return not later than September 1st can be obtained by depositing return portion of ticket with John Agard and company, 412 E. 2nd South. Superior train service and excellent dining-car meals, on American Club train, ranging in price from \$5. to \$10.00; also a car service. Write to J. C. Agard, General Agent, 111 Adams St., room 25, Chicago, for time of departure of trains from Chicago and other detailed information.

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