



"The Bonnie Brier Bush" is having a wonderful reception at the Theater. Last night the house was again packed, the receipts running far in excess of those of the opening night. Everything about the beautiful delineation was applauded more vociferously than before and the immense reception tendered Mr. Stoddart and the favorite singer, Mr. Easton, was not less pronounced than on the first night. The playing of Mr. Stoddart is one of the strongest and most touching instances of fine acting that will be afforded for many seasons to come, and no one should miss the opportunity to see it. The engagement closes this afternoon and evening.

After last night's performance Mr. Stoddart and most of the members of his company accepted an invitation from Mrs. R. C. Easton to assemble at her home, nearly opposite the Theater. An hour or two was spent in social conversation and discussing refreshments, the players being introduced by Mr. and Mrs. Easton to a number of their intimate friends.

Mr. Easton received a handsome tribute yesterday afternoon at the Tabernacle, when 600 or 700 people assembled in his honor. A rarely beautiful program was offered, Mr. Easton himself singing six or eight Scotch songs in his most charming style, and being handsomely applauded for each. One of the features of the afternoon was his duet from "The Bohemian Girl" with Miss Gates, a difficult number, which Mr. Easton had not sung since appeared in the opera here with Mrs. Fuglesby many years ago. Such old time favorites as "Bonnie Prince Charlie," "Annie Laurie," "Bonnie Doon," and others, rendered in the singer's most beautiful style, were also sung. His rendition of the "Linden Tree," accompanied by the Pyper, Whitney, Patrick, Spencer quartet, was recalled, although it was the closing number. After the concert Mr. Easton rendered "O my Father" by special request.

Other numbers on the program were "The Pearl of Brazil" by Miss Gates, and "O Ye Mountains High" for an encore. Prof. McClellan gave "The William Tell" overture on the organ, and was so vociferously applauded that he rendered "The Old Kentucky Home" for an encore. The choir sang a number, "The Spring Time," in excellent fashion. The receipts of the afternoon were divided between the choir and Mr. Easton.

At the conclusion of the recital Mr. Easton was surrounded by the members of "The Bonnie Brier Bush" company, who fairly swamped him with their congratulations. Mr. Stoddart specially saying that he never knew before what kind of a tenor he had in his company.

Miss Emma Lucy Gates, and her father and mother, all of whom were to have left for New York on Friday morning, deferred their departure till last night, in order that Miss Gates might sing at the Eastern recital. The company, after rendering her three numbers, Miss Gates jumped into a hack and was whisked to the R. G. W. depot. She met her father and mother at the depot and the three took the train for New York last night. Miss Gates will stop over in Indianapolis Tuesday evening, where she will be the guest of Mrs. May Wright Sewall, at whose house a reception will be tendered her. On arriving in New York she will once again work under the distinguished teacher, Madame Ashforth.

Louis James and Frederick Warde have tried starting alone and starting together. In their individual careers they have made successes which ranked them from fair to good. As joint stars they have always been among the heaviest money makers traveling. This fact has brought them together again, and this time, under the management of that enterprising firm, Wagonhals & Kemper, and in Salt Lake Monday evening they open another engagement in Shakespeare's, "The Tempest." The play is so rarely seen that it will attract a positive novelty. The two actors are surrounded by a big company, and the whole production is said to be a fascinating spectacle, in which music, dancing, and scenic pictures are wedded to the entertaining verse of the immortal master. The big feature, however, after the two stars, will be the scenery and the mechanical arrangements, which are said to be the most startling of anything produced in recent years.

The scene which puts the ingenuity of Managers Wagonhals and Kemper to the greatest test is the stage picture of the storm and shipwreck which occurs at the opening of the play. Every known device has been used to make this scene realistic, and at the same time to maintain an atmosphere of the supernatural. A multiplicity of noises is used to effect the gradual change from darkness to dawn, the most intricate color scheme has been evolved, that hues of sunshine and shade in forest, dell and ocean wave, may assume actual shades of color, and every other instrument of tone were used to mimic the sounds heard in the woods, the roar of the waters and swish of the winds. Costumes were made from the most artistic contrasts both in color and design so as to keep the fairies and elves and goblins of the enchanted island a separate and distinct from that of the worldly courtiers and rough sailors who make it their temporary home. In fact every one concerned in the production from the man who makes the imitation flow, the loads and birds of the forest, the carpenter, scenic painters, musical composers, every one up to the actors who speak the lines, each and all were instructed to study well the lines of the play itself for their inspiration. The scenic effect of the spectacular scenes will be enhanced by the assistance of a competent ballet and a well trained chorus.

Bob Fitzsimmons, the famous heavy weight, has abandoned the ring and taken up with the theater. A play has been written for him, entitled "The Honest Blacksmith," and a novelty is introduced in the shape of a smithy in which the redoubtable Bob makes a horse shoe and shoes a horse. Needless to say the playwright finds means to introduce a pugilistic scene in which Bob and his partner spar four rounds, and their son Robert Fitzsimmons, Jr., the engagement opens at the Grand Monday night.

The latter part of next week the Grand announces "Down the Mobile," a date offering. It is announced as a romantic comedy drama of southern life and the two special features on which Mr. Carter relies for his sensation are

a reproduction of the "Diogenes Swamp," and the burning of an old cotton mill. "Down the Mobile" will run three nights and a Saturday matinee.

THEATER GOSSIP.

Joseph Jefferson began his 43rd season in Boston lately and is as well and hearty as ever.

Kyrle Bellver had a big opening in Newark in "A Gentleman of France." Eleanor Robson as the heroine.

The widow of Jack Haverly has lost her suit to enjoy W. N. Nankerville from using the name and Haverly Minors in connection with the show of this kind that he has on tour in the west.

At the opening of the Belasco Theater in New York, Charles Warner, the English actor, sat in a box. The orches-



LOUIS JAMES AND FREDERICK WARDE.

tra played "My country 'tis of thee," which Mr. Warner supported was "God save the King." He rose, and stood, and a few more rising, the whole house finally stood.

A dramatization of A. C. Custer's "Mr. Barnes of New York" will be given by the Fifth Avenue Theater stock company next week, with Minnie Seligman and James Wilson in the principal roles. George Evans is the principal feature of the vaudeville.

Prof. L'Ouella, the ballet master whose training of the dancing girls in "Coriolan" has been so widely commented on, has returned to Salt Lake with the intention of settling down here. Prof. L'Ouella has leased the Ladies' Literary club room and will open a dancing academy there.

Charles Warner, the English actor, is to star in this country next season, appearing first in his well-known character of Cyprien in "The Tempest." This is the part on which his reputation chiefly depends. His performance of it is said to be powerfully realistic, but it is rather an old story now.

David Belasco has announced the name of the new play in which Blanche Bruce will star the season. It is "The Darling of the Gods," and is written by Belasco and John Luther Long. Belasco expects it to make as great a hit as the one-act "Madam Butterfly." In which Blanche Bruce was so successful. Robert T. Haines will be leading man in the new play, and the veterans, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Walcott, will have good parts.

Miss Maude Adams's engagement in New York, which was to have been played at the Empire Theater, having been postponed, her place will be taken by William Faversham, who will appear in the middle of November, under Charles Frohman's management. John Drew's engagement will continue until then. For Mr. Faversham Mr. Frohman has selected a new comedy by H. V. Esmond. It is in three acts and is a play of today. The manuscript has arrived, and rehearsals will begin at once.

MUSIC NOTES.

Marguerita Sylva was handsomely received in San Francisco in "The Strangers."

Sousa gives six concerts in San Francisco, but does not call at Salt Lake this year.

The Eugene Cowles Concert company gave its first performance of the season in Springfield with success.

James H. Love the well known Pacific coast manager died in San Francisco last week. Mr. Love was local manager of the Tabernacle choir on its first visit to San Francisco.

Director Stephens of the Tabernacle choir celebrated his twelfth anniversary as leader of that organization on Thursday. His friends all hope he may be waving the baton over the choir at the end of the next twelve years.

The First Regimental band under Prof. Christensen has been engaged for the coming week at the Boise state fair. Mrs. Rosemary G. Whitney will accompany the band as vocal soloist, and appear in a series of concerts in Boise during the week.

The Boston Handel and Haydn society announces the first American performance of Dubois' "Paradise Lost," on February 8. This work requires, at least, seven soloists, five of the parts being important. Schirmer is issuing an edition of the work, with English text, especially for this production.

Misses Mabel Cooper, Ruth Wilson, Anna Rogers and the other ladies of the Corianton company who remained behind in Kansas City, have returned home. They stayed over to form an offer made by them to form a chorus for Melbourne McDowell's performances in Kansas City, but the terms were not satisfactory, and the

young ladies wisely decided to return home. The Johnson-Parr male quartet is still in Kansas City.

No other movement in musical circles has caused the comment occasioned by the success which seems to be attending the work of the Salt Lake Symphony orchestra, under Mr. Shepherd's direction. There are a number of people in Salt Lake who would like

to hear something other than "rag time" music, and the work of the Salt Lake Symphony orchestra will no doubt lift the general taste to a higher level. It is a pity that all the popular music, rag time occasionally, but there are times when something better and more uplifting is required in our musical meals, and this seems to be a good time to change the direction of the orchestra to Mr. Shepherd's new organization.

STODDART AS ACTOR, RACONTEUR, MANAGER, MAN

An acquaintance of 20 years or more, with Mr. Stoddart, has made Salt Lake feel almost a proprietary interest in him, and everything that concerns him, whether as an actor, a writer of books, his reminiscences are being published by the Century company this month—or as an individual, is read with an affectionate regard that is very far from being merely curiosity.

An admirable article lately published in the San Francisco Examiner, gives so much information regarding the grand old actor's aims, his reminiscences and his views of the beautiful play he is now presenting in this city, that we reproduce it entire.

have long since passed over the river, but their names are as familiar today as mine. Are all the companies, too, were great. Year after year we banded together in New York to play the works of Shakespeare and Sheridan, and out of that close association we grew to the understanding of one another. The performances sparkled; they were informed, charming. Verisimilitude and ensemble were words of full meaning.

"Yet even in those days, Mr. Stoddart, I must have had opportunities to go out on my own and star."

"But I preferred the association and atmosphere of the big companies. It was always my ambition not to fall well, and any consideration of the fact that he was the prominent one in some provincial place, I preferred to stay among those people that stood for the truest and the best; doing my most for any part, big or little, that came my way."

"And now, in the absence of such good company, you've been driven to the center of the stage in a play written for that purpose?"

"No," he laughed. "I shouldn't put it that way. For 20 years I played with Palmer's companies and considered it an honor. The last time you saw me, I was with Henry Miller's company. I am an actor-manager with the true spirit; he knows the value of harmonizing every part. No; I became the featured one of this company because of the part of Lachlan Campbell in 'The Bonnie Brier Bush' (and I assure you we had to promise a good job all hands round to get the clergyman's consent) because the part of Lachlan Campbell made a strong appeal to me; and because, between you and me, I was tired of studying new parts, and I fancied that in this one I could spend the balance of my working days. I've tackled everything from vaudeville to—"

"Tell me about the vaudeville," I interrupted.

"There's not much to tell. I jumped into it for a brief season about four years ago, when Barrymore and Rose Coghlan and a number of good people succumbed to the high sums offered. I played a condensed version of 'The Long Strike,' and liked it very well, all except the dancing bear."

"I don't remember a dancing bear in 'The Long Strike,'" I interrupted.

"No; he gave a little performance by himself at Keith's in Boston. I followed him in the bill, and every night of the engagement the stage manager used to knock on my door and shout, 'Now, Mr. Stoddart, your turn after the bear!'"

He chuckled at the recollection, and went on:

"Otherwise vaudeville at Keith's is not at all unpleasant; you are delightfully treated, and my engagement of five or six weeks was just short enough to give me the novelty of the experience."

He chatted for an hour, and I am now culling from that conversation a comparatively few things he said about himself. He talked of actors, from Macready to Nat Goodwin. The latter he recognized as one of the foremost of the day. "Goodwin brings with 'monisms' was one of our chief objects of admiration. He was a man who would occupy a page. And he talked of writers, especially of William Winter, the dean of the dramatic critics, "a man that can be both poet and critic." He told me how, when the "Century" magazine some time ago were suggested to him, he asked Winter to write them.

"I offered Winter my notes and any further information I could give him," he said. "I told him I was not a literary man, and that the articles would look much better if written and signed by him, but he said, 'No, Stoddart; you do your own writing; just sit down and imagine you are writing a letter to a friend; commence with your first appearance in Glasgow at the age of five and talk on the way you have talked to me, and the people who read it.' So I me, and the people who read it, and he paused an instant before continuing, with almost boy-like modesty—"the articles will come out in book form in a few months, and there's one part I'd like to have you read."

"You don't find a part, sir, I haven't read already," said I.

"Oh, yes, I can," said he, "the introduction by William Winter, in which he analyzes the old school and the modern way of doing things."

"Mr. Stoddart, if Winter puts you in the old school you ought to see him for libel. All that that term, old school, means for the present generation is 'bad acting,' acting that is inhuman and devoid of feeling. Night-have-been like some I could name are apostles of the old school, and any man that puts you—as modern and straight-away and honest an artist as ever lived to be 75 years old to repudiate the 'actors' that would make us believe Booth and his predecessors chewed soap and ate scenery—any man that puts the libelous label of 'old school' on you, sir, should be sued."

Stoddart was amused by my earnestness. "He said," he said, "through a good-natured smile, 'Mr. Winter does not mean to do me an unkindness.'"

"Not intentionally, of course not; but I'm equally sure that you are one of the most modern of players; that your method is the method of today; sharp, concise, unaffected; and that for all your seventy-five years you would hate to be reckoned as six months behind the legitimate development of your art."

"Well, I have had to move on with the times," he said, "and seriously, 'I've had to tackle almost everything in the way of a part, and I've always tried to be natural. People sometimes say I'm not audible and emphatic enough in Lachlan Campbell's pathetic scenes—but I can't shout pathos. I simply can't do it. I isn't natural.'"

"But you are; so is your friend, Joseph Jefferson. That's why you and he can succeed today in plays whose value lies solely in the explications of your natural personalities."

"I've always been a believer in a personality, even when people have said, 'The only trouble with Old Man Stoddart is that he's always the same man.' I've never completely sank their personalities, no matter what the parts. Henry Irving has the same choppy manner of speech that marked Macready. Mansfield has something of the same. I'm not putting a premium on mannerisms, but on originality, out of which mannerisms possibly may spring. I had the pleasure of acting for two years with Edwin Booth, a great and very modest actor, and in all the variety of character that he portrayed there was in each one an unmistakable something of himself."

"That something is what marks the difference between mimicry and creativeness."

"Most assuredly. In even the minor detail of make-up I've held to my natural self as far as I consistently could. I remember how Dion Boucicault used to preach to me to metamorphose myself. My son, too, talked in the same strain when I was about to be played. I used to make up at home in those days; and on the opening night he insisted so strongly on a mustache for the old southerner that I put it on. Gus Thomas, who wrote the play, came into my dressing room before the curtain was raised and wanted to know what I was doing with all that fur on my upper lip. I told him I was only trying to metamorphose myself, and he said, 'Take it off. Why, God bless you, it's just your old face we want to see.' So I took it off. Thomas is a wonderfully persuasive fellow, and wonderfully clever. It was he who put the final touches on 'The Bonnie Brier Bush' after we had tried out the first edition with indifferent success."

"The play may have its faults," said I, "but certainly the metamorphose myself has given you no other part so thoroughly characteristic of your best work."

"I like the part of Lachlan Campbell and it seems to like me a bit," said he, with a twinkle. "It has been given out as my last part, and if the play lasts the season or two that is left of my stage life it shall be the last."

"And if it should not last?"

"And if it should not last, I am sure I shall die out of his eye, and I was sorry I had asked."

"Then I must find me another—although it will be hard work finding and harder work learning it," he said quietly. "Like most actors, I ought to be, but am not in the best of financial condition. I had saved a decent competency—I was always liberally paid as a stock actor—but I did what many another actor has done, speculated in things of which I knew nothing and—"

He broke off abruptly, and bracing himself and me with a smile, went on cheerfully:

"But I have every confidence in the piece. It will last long enough. They say that that big situation is 'Hazel Kirke'—again, that this is not the first daughter to be driven out into the night—what of that? The heart interest of that situation is eternal. Good poetry loses none of its charm through being old."

"Nor a good actor his power to please."

"You are kind to say it. England has always been loyal to her old players. I've seen Helen Faucet and Mrs. Keely play the youngest parts long after they were—shall I say a bit past? I've seen Charles Matthews at seventy playing Dazzle, the role that he created in 'London Assurance.' In England there is an old saying. 'Once a favorite always a favorite,' but in the United States, where I have spent the greater part of my life, the cry is for beauty to depict beauty, and youth to depict youth. I suppose the English are sentimental and the Americans are sensible."

He mused a moment and then said, half to himself:

"I did you ever hear Mario sing?"

I did not answer. I was trying to recall those lines by Owen Meredith.

"Mario sang as no other man ever sang," mused Stoddart; "and acted—I shall never forget his death scene in 'Lucia,' fifty—how many years ago?—I was a young man then and he was in his prime. I never heard him after that, but when I was old and he was older, and I was off in Springfield with a company that was doing very badly, I must have been in the country seventeen—the manager said to me one night, 'Our house isn't much, but you ought to see the actor's; not enough money at the concert to pay for the lights.' The actor was Mario."

I had the stanza now, from Aus Italian, and I gave it to Stoddart:

Of all the operas that Verdi wrote
The best to my taste, is the "Tro
vatore."
And Mario can soothe with a tenor note
The souls in purgatory.

"My dear boy, if you had heard Mario you would know all that those lines mean, and all that it meant to me to know that he, who had had the world at his feet, was just a poor old man, a beggar. But perhaps he could no longer sing; perhaps sense after all was better than sentiment. Surely no man would like to feel that he is only a peon under public favor. In the country he would rather earn, he must earn."

At the door I said, "I hope that the 'Bonnie Brier Bush' lasts and that your farewells may be as numerous and as profitable as Adelina Patti's, and 'Old Man' Stoddart smiled."

They don't make finer actors, they don't make finer gentlemen, than "Old Man" Stoddart.

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