

# Dramatic



THE following are the main characters in Edwin Milton Royle's new play entitled "The Squawman," produced for the first time on any stage in Buffalo on the night of April 24:

Henry Wynnegate, Earl of Kerhill  
Diana, his wife, Countess of Kerhill  
Lady Elizabeth Wynnegate, his mother  
Mrs. H. S. Deffenbaugh, his mother  
Malcolm Petrie, his solicitor  
Sir John Appleton, W. W. Monney  
Sir John Appleton, Diana's cousin  
Cecil Ward  
Big Bill, foreman  
Haco White, horse wrangler and interpreter  
Tobywans, peace chief of the Utes  
Nat-uritch, his daughter  
Theodore Roberts  
Little Hal, her son  
Viola Plurath  
"Cash" Hawkins, rustler and bad man  
W. S. Hart  
Nick, the barkeeper, Frederick Watson

Mr. Royle himself has just got back to New York and writes his friends here that he is worn out, but gratified at the reception his play met with. He was especially pleased to receive telegrams of good wishes from his old associates of the Home Dramatic club in Salt Lake. His own idea as to the success of his play is illustrated by the fact that he says Mr. Tyler of Leiber & Company called Charles Frohman in London after the production just one word—"Immense." The five Buffalo papers give the performance reviews of from half a column to a column and a half, and all sound the same note—success. The Express account opened as follows:

"Success in big capital letters is written all over William Faversham's new play, 'The Squawman,' and success, too, is assured 'The Squawman' author, Edwin Milton Royle, for the piece was given its first production at the New York theater last night and to the delighted audience evinced its approval by a demonstration which must have gratified managers, authors, and company. 'The Squawman' was put on this night for the purpose of getting the verdict of the public. If successful, it is to be Mr. Faversham's play for his New York engagement, and when last night's performance was over, George C. Tyler, Leiber & Company's manager, stopped shaking hands with himself long enough to express the conviction that Mr. Faversham and 'The Squawman' are in for an indefinitely long run at the Herald Square theater, New York, next season. Current calls were frequent and the audience was not content until it had wrung a short speech from Mr. Faversham and a word from Mr. Royle, who was dragged protesting to the stage.

"The Buffalo Evening Times says: 'If Mr. Faversham had any misgivings as to what the result of the presentation of 'The Squawman' would be, he must have been gratified to see them made swiftly away as the drama was unfolded to his audience. Not only was the pleasure of the audience manifested by curtain calls, but during the act, between the acts and at the close of the play there were many exchanges of expressions of gratification. It was a distinct triumph.

"The account of the Evening News was as follows: 'There is no doubt that in 'The Squawman,' however enigmatical the title may be to the general public, Edwin Milton Royle has achieved a new and interesting feat in melodrama. This play was first dignified last night at the star theater before a crowded house, the enthusiasm of which was as largely genuine as the clappers' crowd, though on hand in numbers, merely helped sound the general sentiment of approval.'

"Speaking of the real Indian employed in the cast, the Courier says: 'A character of exceptional interest is that of Haco White, well played by himself, for Haco is a genuine Indian. As Nat-uritch, Mabel Morrison was clever and Seaside Johnson, as Diana, was sweet and attractive. Mr. Ratcliffe, as the Earl of Kerhill, Mr. Widdiecomb as the Rev. Mr. Chiswick, Mr. Ward, as Sir John, and Mr. Hart, as Sir John Appleton, all gave commendation for their intelligent interpretation of their respective parts. A large assortment of odd characters are offered by the general playwright. 'The Squawman' is likely to be warmly received by the theatergoing public.'

"The Mack Swain company opens another week Monday night, presenting a rural drama, entitled 'Down on the Farm.' This will run the first half of the week, and for the second half the company will present 'A Brother's Crime.' The first, as its title indicates, is a play laid amid the farms, which revolves around the life of a country youth and his sweetheart, plotting villain, and a hard hearted squire, the comedy being furnished by a country bumpkin, and the whole being filled with a heart interest which is said to be vastly taking for those who like that sort of thing.

Next week is the last but one at the Grand by the Mack Swain company. It will be followed by the Pollard Juvenile Opera company, which opens on Monday, May 22, with 'The Belle of New York.'

A friend in San Francisco writes: 'It is interesting to read the criticism of the "News" on the various attractions that appear in the Salt Lake amusement houses, for the most of these companies play in San Francisco after the Salt Lake verdict has been rendered. The "News" stated that "Red Feather" was a disappointment and that it fell far short of the standard

De Koven created in "Robin Hood." The San Francisco Bulletin of April 26 says: "By actual poll of the audience at the Columbia last night it was ascertained that there were just 150 on the lower floor, 50 in the first balcony and 40 in the gallery. This numeration includes the person who did the counting, and also the deadheads, of whom there were doubtless a large number, for Manager Gottlieb, in order to conceal the failure of "Red Feather," has been very liberal with passes. Among the 150 persons on the lower floor were at least eight who had been admitted on newspaper passes, without counting the deadheads and those by the subsidized weeklies and those who presented free tickets given away by a minor publication as prizes in an advertising contest."

The count of the audience at the Columbia proves that the public agrees with the Bulletin's opinion that "Red Feather" is a mediocre opera presented by a cheap company, and that a person who pays \$1.50 for a seat gets only about 30 cents' worth of entertainment.

but it will be one in which several members of the company will share. "Red Feather" probably sang at the performance, and Julia Marlowe and E. H. Southern have been asked to contribute a scene from Shakespeare.

Tim Murphy of "Texas Steel" fame, is thinking of making up a company composed exclusively of the descendants of unknown actors. Some of these he has in view are John Barrymore, son of Maurice Barrymore, a grandson of Joseph Jerrold, Mildred Morris, daughter of the late Felix Morris; Charles Dillden Pitt, son of Harry and Fanny Addison Pitt; Gilbert Miller, son of Henry Miller, one of Edwin Booth's nephews; Alfred Mandeloff, and Vera Brewster, a niece of Julia Marlowe.

To Miss Nancy O'Neill belongs the credit of taking the first practical and effective step toward the raising of an endowment fund for the New England Conservatory. Her home, soon to be opened in New York, she conceived the idea, as soon as the purpose



EDNA MAY TO QUIT SINGING  
Owing to an Affection of the Throat, the Popular Singer Will Hereafter Devote Herself Purely to Dramatic Work.

## THEATRE GOSSIP

The dramatization of "The Bonnie Briar Bush," which J. H. Stoddard has been acting for three years in this country, was recently produced for the first time in England.

Mrs. Stuart Robson is soon to prepare a biography of her late husband. The life of Stuart Robson was one of the most interesting stage careers of the popular comedian's time.

The 10th of May will witness the revival of an all star performance of "Tribby" in New York, headed by Wilton Lackaye, manager of the Lyceum, and Virginia Harned as Tribby.

Sarah Truax, who declined the leading role in "You Never Can Tell," now being played by Arnold Daly's company, will star next season in a new play from the pen of J. I. C. Clark, author of "Lady Godiva."

Israel Zangwill gave \$4,000, the other day, toward a playhouse for the performance of the works of young and comparatively unknown dramatists. Alfred Sutro pledged another \$1,000.

George T. Richardson's latest book, "On Satan's Mount," has been dramatized by Mrs. B. Goodrich, Jr., of Boston. The presentation will probably be made at one of the Rich-Frohman theaters in May. Guy Standing or Edward Morgan may have the leading role.

The new comedy by George V. Hobart and Milton Royle, in which Miss Marie Cahill will star next season, contains a very serious love story. The theme is an unusual one, and Miss Cahill's part will give her an opportunity of displaying the superior dramatic abilities which her friends claim for her.

Cecilia Loftus, who has gone back to vaudeville, has added an imitation of Ethel Barrymore to her repertoire, which is said to be the best bit of mimicry she has ever done. She also imitates Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Edna May, Fay Templeton, Marie Dressler, Mabel Harrison and Sarah Bernhardt.

Henry W. Savage has arranged to produce a comedy of American life, entitled "The Stolen Story," founded on a tale bearing the same name by Jesse Lynch Williams and published in 1897. One of the scenes will show the interior of a metropolitan newspaper office at the hour of going to press.

The famous line in "Cheekers," "Gee, ain't it — to be poor!" recently served as a motto, who, strangely enough, maintained the truth of the sentiment, and held it was almost as much a man's duty to escape living in such a place on earth as to avoid such a habitation in the next world.

Margaret Anglin will act for charity at a benefit matinee to be given in the California theater next week for the San Francisco Maternity hospital. Miss Anglin has not named her contribution,

of the home was explained to her by Dr. W. Irving Blanchard, the originator of the idea of a convenient rest, of created a warm spot in the theater performance to be given at the Boston theater on the afternoon of Tuesday, May 9. In this affair she has the earnest and cordial co-operation of Mr. McKee Rankin and other prominent theatrical lights, who promise that the entertainment itself shall prove one of the best ever provided by professionals in Boston. Already a dozen or more theatrical managers have volunteered to furnish talent, and the list of people who will take part in the performance will include some of the best of the various companies playing in Boston during the week of May 8, but also a number of others from New York City and points on the New England circuit, and Virginia Harned as Tribby.

Concerning a former Salt Lake actress, one who played for several seasons the Cleveland Plain Dealer of last Sunday says: Laura Nelson Hall closes her Cleveland engagement with the coming week's production of "The Musketeer" at the Colonial theater. No actress has ever before played such a long engagement in this city, and the record of 60 consecutive weeks is indeed one to be proud of. Miss Hall leaves Cleveland one week before the close of the Vaughan Glaser Stock company's engagement in order to make all necessary preparations for her summer engagement in Columbus. Miss Hall, by her acting and charming personality, has created a warm spot in the hearts of Cleveland theatergoers. She has played more than 50 distinct roles since the opening of the stock season at the Colonial over a year ago, and as a character actress, she has been very successful in displaying the many phases of her artistic talent. The public has found in her work strength, vivacity, intelligence, emotional powers and dainty comedy traits, and enjoyed them all. Should Miss Hall ever return to Cleveland she will undoubtedly be accorded a hearty welcome, and her picture will occupy a prominent position in the mental gallery of Cleveland's favorite actresses.

ANTHONY OF THE SPRING FESTIVAL

From earliest times mankind has celebrated a joyous festival at this season of the year. Parian nations made merry at the return of the sun to the northland when the sleeping earth awakened after the death of winter and all nature had a new birth. The rude Saxon tribes read meanings in the blossoming flowers and the fresh beginnings of natural life. In the south the Romans made feasts, the Persians regarded the occasion with gifts of eggs, typifying a resurrection of the body, and, taking all the festivals and their meaning, the thoughtful mind can readily trace their leading to the great Christian festival teaching of the eternal life of the soul and the resurrection of man from the dead.



RUBIN GOLDMARK,  
The Famous Lecturer, Who Appears at Unity Hall Next Week.

## Leander Richardson's Letter

NEW YORK, May 2.—There has been nothing more significant in the history of amusements in this country than the tremendous growth of vaudeville in the esteem of the public from one end of the continent to the other. Not so many years ago it was considered distinctly "out of line" for individuals pretending to anything of position to visit a variety theater excepting as a sort of slumming expedition to be spoken of privately as an escapade that one could not be induced to acknowledge in public. At the present time places of amusement given over to entertainments of the specialty description are crowded twice a day and this applies not only to New York but to almost every large city in America and a great many of the smaller ones. In England the music halls have made such extraordinary inroads upon the income of the "legitimate" theaters that the managers of the latter class are practically stumped and are moving heaven and earth to do something to make it operative against the music halls. The performance of what we in America describe as vaudeville sketches or little one-act plays in which a number of performers take part, is considered by the British managers of "straight" theaters to be an infringement upon their rights and a violation of music hall laws. The battle, however, does not seem thus far to have brought any good to its projectors and the vaudeville houses continue to be packed to the doors while many of the regular theaters are practically vacant. In New York it seems quite possible that a similar condition of affairs may arise in the course of events. Where once upon a time Tony Pastor had the field almost to himself, there are now very many playhouses devoted to vaudeville performances and more are springing up with a rapidity that must cause some sense of apprehension to the managers of the "legitimate" theaters who give careful consideration to the causes which benefit or injure their business. New York is giving liberal support to Mr. Keith with one theater, Mr. Proctor with four in three of which vaudeville is mixed with drama, Mr. Pastor with one, Hurlst & Seamon with one, Percy Williams with five—and he is going to open a sixth, and Mr. Haverly with three, William T. Grover with one and almost no end of minor theaters devoted to this same sort of thing. The Grover establishment, served as a clinching illustration of the strangely fascinating hold that has been taken by the variety shows upon the fancy of the present period. Up a few months back the Amphion-Academy in the Williamsburg district had been employed as a combination theater with results that were in no sense satisfactory to the management or the visiting attractions. The structure is owned by Hyde & Behman, but it never occurred to them that there was a future for it as a vaudeville establishment. So that when Mr. Grover came along with a proposition to lease the premises he was snatched up in a jiffy, the owners quickly unloading to him what was technically described as a "dead end." But from the moment the doors of the Amphion were thrown open to a vaudeville entertainment upon the stage crowds began to swarm into the house, although the place is two blocks away from the nearest streetcar line and the chances are that Grover will make a fortune. At Mr. Hammerstein's Victoria, where the vaudeville experiment started in rather vaguely, there is no such thing as a thin audience day or night, and the unusual spectacle of long lines of private carriages is witnessed outside the theater every evening. Indeed, so great is the pressure upon Mr. Hammerstein's resources that he has fully determined to materially enlarge the Victoria for next season. In addition to all this, Sunday night concerts, some of them very good, and others quite commonplace, are given at a great number of metropolitan theaters, and they are invariably thronged. In truth, the big city is vaudeville mad, and there is no telling at present how far the streak of mania will extend. It is a condition worth thinking about, though.

It may be said of the revival of Henrik Ibsen's "A Doll's House" at the Lyceum theater that the daily charm of Miss Barrymore's personality lends something of a new aspect to a most successful and in many respects a most original cast including Wilton Lackaye, Lee Dittichstein, Mathilde Connelly, Rosa Rand and Virginia Harned. A few weeks further along at the Lyceum Miss Brady will revive scenes from the Boer war, with Gen. Cronje and the large detachment of South Africans who took part in the St. Louis exposition. For this show Brady is building an amphitheater that will seat 15,000 persons, and the battle scenes will follow one another day and night as often as the crowds gather to witness them. Brady, who took things pretty easily during the early part of last season, has certainly come out of his shell with a rush.

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Clara Morris and James O'Neill in vaudeville in two different theaters served to make quite a diversion this week. It is likely that both these players are rapidly approaching their final performances in public. Miss Morris has given a most successful performance as "The Professor's Love Story" and "The Middleman" are immensely effective in his hands. Still, he will change the bill very night, presenting in addition to the dramatic already named "Tom Pinch," "David Garrick" and "The Brighter Side." Mr. Willard will come back to America early next fall with several American actors and actresses in his support, some of whom were with him two years ago in this country.

Thompson & Dundy have their troubles at the Hippodrome, principally with the spectators. There are from 25 to 30 every night blocking the sidewalk, annoying the thousands of patrons of the house, and harassing the management. Many of these men, not satisfied with a reasonable profit, expect from \$1 to \$2.50 from the buyers of 50 tickets, and in order to minimize their depredations it has been decided to place no more of these seats on sale at the boxoffice in advance. Mr. Thompson with much indignation said yesterday: "I am going to have a series of assaults on the Hippodrome, and I am showing these fellows in the act of obstructing the sidewalks and armed with these pictures I am going to see if I can't get them out of the Hippodrome. The public and the Hippodrome are being made for themselves from \$250 to \$350 a week apiece since the biggest of the world's amusement edifices were opened."

Mrs. Leslie Carter in "Adrea" at the Belasco theater and David Warfield in "The Music Master" at the Bijou, will evidently be the last of the season's attractions in New York—that is to say, the attractions that have been running right along. Mrs. Carter's attractions continue to be large and brilliant, reflecting the highest type of metropolitan society life. As for Mr. Warfield, it is categorically true that at no time since he made his first appearance in "The Music Master" has he failed to turn away large numbers of persons clamoring for admission. The house is invariably sold out solidly before the curtain goes up.

This is the last week of "The Education of Mr. Pipp" and "The Prince of Posen." Following the piece last mentioned, George Coburn will make his fourth return engagement to New York this season. In "Little Johnny Jones" Coburn has not been approached by any other performer within the same length of time.

Charles Hawtry's Monday matinee production of "The Splendid Life" at the Criterion theater, did not dazzle with its splendor. In fact, "The Splendid Life" in spite of the services of not a few of whom are actors as Mr. Hawtry, was not splendid at all. It was just dull mediocrity.

Mrs. LeMayne's matinee revivals of "The Blot on the Scutcheon" at the Hudson theater, are poetic but uninteresting. Mrs. LeMayne reads with rare melody and intellectual grasp, but there is no action in the Browning play, and plays without action are soon without stock; otherwise disaster.

George Ada's "The College Widow" under the Savage management (at the Savoy) by the by will be back in New York this week from Europe, in its thirty-third consecutive week at the

Garden and will remain until the end of the season. When Mr. Savage took the Garden theater, many persons of profound wisdom observed that he had a Jonah on his hands. But there has been no change of bill since the opening night and it would appear that if ever there was a Jonah in the Garden he has taken to the back trail since confronting the impetuous and relentless Mr. Savage. LEANDER RICHARDSON.

## PARIS THEATERS CLOSE EARLY.

Special Correspondence.

PARIS, April 22.—Practically every important Paris theater has decided to bring its spring season to a close soon after the first of June. Instead of keeping open until the middle or end of July, as is customary. Upon making inquiries as to the reason for this departure, I was informed that it is due entirely to the presence of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, which is camped on the Champs de Mars. The directors of the Paris theaters know from bitter experience that they will have no chance against Buffalo Bill once the warm weather begins. The manager of a theatrical bureau with whom I talked today declared that Colonel Cody's last summer visit to Paris cost the theaters in the gay city over a million francs (\$200,000), and said that having to close up early this year would mean a loss to the play houses of an even greater sum.

Henry Arthur Jones, the English playwright, is in Paris on his way to London from the Riviera, where, like his brother dramatist, Haddon Chambers, he has been working on a play. It has been stated on the other side of the channel that Mr. Jones intended to blossom out in London as an "author" manager by producing his new work personally at Terry's theater, and many speculations have been made as to his reasons for doing so. The dramatist says, however, that there is nothing whatever in the report. His new play, which he will return to Nice to finish soon, is being written for Charles Frohman and will be produced in New York next autumn.

Sooner or later an English adaptation of M. Henri Levedan's "Le Duel" is sure to be presented in America. Not for years has any play produced at the "Comedie-Francaise" achieved such an immediate triumph. So rapid has been the development of the author's genius that it is difficult to realize that it is by the same hand that drew Don Juan in the person of the Marquis de Priola. Levedan's new play is both subtle and strong and contains situations of intense power. There is no blood and thunder about it. The duel is a mere one, fought out between priest and free-thinker for a woman's soul. Dr. Morey and the Abbe Daniel are brothers. Beginning life as a mystic the former has

passed through the religious phase and come out of it an atheist. The latter, like St. Augustine, lived the life before he renounced it and became an ascetic and a fervid son of the church. For 10 years they had been separated.

The Doctor keeps a private asylum and among his patients is the Duke de Chaillos, a degenerate morphomaniac. He has a wife, young, charming, intellectual and of good principles, she feels bitterly the wretchedness of her marriage. In her own room she has a portrait of her mother, a woman who she soon gives way to a stronger passion. She, conscious of her life, even though it is but nominal, resists his advances, but still she loves him and he sees it.

To the clerical brother, who, without being aware of the relationship she has made her father's confessor, she reveals the situation: the horror of a marriage which is no marriage; the unlawful love which she resists but cannot conquer. In her own temptation she has sought strength from the faith which she had well nigh abandoned. The priest prays that he may win this stumbling soul. The doctor enters the house having divine where the duchess had gone. Summoned to a death bed the Abbe leaves the two together for a while. While the doctor is striving to batter down the walls of opposition he returns. Priest and lover stand face to face in the duel for a woman. The priest's passionate faith is winning till the lover uses his deadliest thrust. "This is no priest, no savior, a soul," he shouts, "this is a man in love." The priest seeks to repel the taunt by high words, but his eloquence fails him. He is overwhelmed by the discovery, thus brutally thrust upon him, of the reason why he burns to save the Duchess de Chaillos.

The next act reveals the sore trial of the priest while fate works kindred on the other side. The priest resolves to leave the parish for a foreign clime, but the bishop sets him a harder penance. He must exhaust the duchess's marriage to the doctor when she is free. He does it. The earthly passion is again transmutated into the spiritual passion—the passion for her soul. The duke hastens the solution of the problem for the doctor by conveniently falling out of a window.

Throughout the play is magnificently acted. M. Le Bargy as the Abbe Daniel is superb and his triumph should console him for the sacrifice he has made to attain it by shaving off his moustache. CURTIS BROWN.

## SOCIETY MANNERS.

She was plainly irritated about something and sat putting as she ate in a downtown restaurant, and not saying a word to the man with her, evidently her husband. Before the luncheon was finished another man came in. The husband knew him and immediately left his table and introduced him. The woman was then all smiles and smiles. Her anger disappeared completely, and she even included her husband in her sunny views of life.

"That's society manners all right," said a girl at another table; "but did you ever see anything so foolish? It's a good guess she wants a hat or more to buy something of the sort from her husband and is going to put till she gets it, but what a contrast her manner is to the man's! He's been here before and isn't likely to see again. It must look as absurd to the husband as it does to us. If ever I have a husband I'll not get about it that way when I try to get something out of him." Philadelphia Record.

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