



WITH tonight's performance of "Captain Jinks," the regular theater season will be closed and only a few scattering events of a local character remain before the house will go into the hands of the renovators and cleaners. The season now closing will be long remembered, it has been a great one artistically and financially and it had brought him nothing else but had brought Adams, Savare's Opera company, "The Virginian," Olga Nethersole, the San Carlo company, Annie Russell, Maxine Elliott and Ethel Barrymore, manager Payer would still have good reason to exult over it.

No one should miss seeing Miss Barrymore's beautiful rendition of the actress in "Captain Jinks." As "Laughing Water" would express it, "It is a lump of delight, and her adroitly and her playfulness, and her pleasure to greet her. Memory number one must always be the picture of her father, Maurice Barrymore, whose perfect work in "As You Like It" with Modjeska, "Jim, the Penman," "Captain Swift," "Alabama" and other plays remains among the most vivid of old times. Memory number two, equally luminous, is her mother, George Drew, a comedienne whose finished methods have descended to her daughter. Memory number three, and not least distinct, is the thought of her grand mother, Miss John Drew, who played "Mrs. Malaprop" with Joe Jefferson in a way that put her ahead of the star herself. Finally comes the memory of John Drew, her uncle, who still visits us at regular intervals, in whose company Miss Barrymore made her first appearance here years ago. All reports say that she is now visiting us for the last time under her own name, and that she is soon to be home again, leaving a son to be one of England's leading families; his gain is a distinct loss to the American stage, but let us all unite in the hope that it may be but a temporary one.

John \$399,994 since Oct. 1. The receipts of The Music Master at the Academy of Music, New York, for the recent engagement here, it is remembered, broke all records.

Mr. Wardell in this play represents, perhaps, the richest pecuniary reward yet given to an actor, and the most notable in that sense that artistic work has yet achieved. Compare these returns with those realized by artists of the remote past, in the so-called "penny days," when even the better players sometimes took to money in their purses, and the conclusion must be reached that these really are "the penny days" of the theater.

Following is the program for the coming week at the Red Theater, opening tomorrow afternoon at 3 p. m.: (1) "I Dreamed My Mother Was a Queen," (2) "Exodus in Italy," (3) the Gondola in Venice, (4) The Bridge of Sighs, (5) Vesuvius near Naples, (6) Modern and Ancient Rome, (7) song, "My Old Louisiana Home," (8) the bewitched dungeon, (9) big fountain at Versailles, (10) the zoological garden, (11) an impracticable journey.



MISS LUCIA MOORE.  
As Mildred Page, in "Alabama" at the Orpheum Next Week.

**THEATER GOSSIP**

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones will attend the performance of his play "Mrs. Dane's Defense," as given by Miss Edna May Spooner in the new theater, Friday evening of next week.

Daniel Frohman stated last week that the net receipts of the Actor's Fund Fair amounted to about \$67,000. The expenses were in the neighborhood of \$23,000. The balance, it is said, would not be given for publication.

George Broadhurst, the author of "The Man of the Hour," is under contract to William A. Brady to provide a play for Miss Grace George, and to Brady & Grismer for a play dealing with an international intrigue in the diplomatic activities at Washington, D. C.

By accident the discovery was made the other night that a majority of the ushers in the Belasco theater, New York, are pupils of Columbia university. It is one of Mr. Belasco's art-

icles of faith to preserve a whole-some tone about his theaters and to confine theatricalism to the realm behind the curtain.

George Ade is writing the play in which Charles Frohman will present William H. Crane next week. The author is now at Hazelton Farm, Brook, Indiana, part at work on the manuscript, which is to be delivered to Mr. Frohman on his return from Europe. The new play will be produced in Chicago next October.

John Drew has just closed the greatest season of his great career. Pinner's "The Girl of the Golden West" proved a wonderful vehicle for the actor and gave him an ideal part in which he outshone his former numerous successes. No play produced last season attracted so much thoughtful consideration or aroused such a discussion as this masterpiece of Pinner's.

May Irwin and Kurt Elstfeld, her manager, were married at Irwin Island, in the St. Lawrence river, on May 24. The bride, Kurt Elstfeld, is a native of New York, N. Y. An intended wedding journey through New England has been abandoned, and Mr. and Mrs. Elstfeld will remain at Irwin Island until September.

Two weeks ago Miss Blanche Bates, who has been too busy playing in the "Girl of the Golden West" to attend many performances, saw Miss Frances Starr in "The Rose of the Rancho" at the Belasco theater. It is the story of the strange things in the lives of actors and actresses that though they are playing engagements within a stone's throw of the city, they are denied a pleasure which other people can procure for the price of a gallery seat. Of course, Miss Starr had ample opportunity to see Miss Bates play before her own season opened.

The coming season will be the twelfth of "Way Down East," which has had more performances to date than any other play of rural life yet produced. Although not made known until many years after the Old Homestead, it has become a popular favorite. Representations of "Way Down East" have been the greater because of the duplication of companies. For a time, three companies played in various sections of the country. Two will tour in it the coming season. William A. Brady, its producer, is said to have netted up to this time a profit of more than \$300,000 from the play.

Joseph R. Grismer, William A. Brady's partner in "The Man of the Hour" and other ventures, is the author of an interesting magazine article called "The Actor Who Obeys." It is a touching, affecting, and logical study of the player who talks about "creating" roles. Mr. Grismer's argument is that the best actor is the one who obeys. He says that the actor who obeys is the one who is not only a good actor, but a good man. He says that the actor who obeys is the one who is not only a good actor, but a good man. He says that the actor who obeys is the one who is not only a good actor, but a good man.

Miss Olga Nethersole has received a flattering offer to repeat the series of special parties which she gave in Paris this summer, in Mexico City next September. Many Mexicans saw her during her first tour through Texas last fall, and she is now being offered the same treatment in Mexico City next September. Many Mexicans saw her during her first tour through Texas last fall, and she is now being offered the same treatment in Mexico City next September.

**George Pauncefort's Son Revives Father's Memory.**

THE presence in the Ethel Barrymore company of Mr. George Pauncefort, who plays the only role in "Captain Jinks" that in all respects resembles a villain, is a well-brings back to the memory of theatrical pioneers the brilliant career of his father on the Salt Lake stage. George Pauncefort the elder, was one of the very first outside stars to fill an engagement with the stock company here, after the completion of the Salt Lake theater. He came soon after T. A. Lyne, his first appearance being on July 20, 1864, and the opening bill being "The Romance of a Poor Young Man." Pauncefort was a polished English actor, and during the time he remained in Salt Lake, his acting and his instructions to the other members of the company proved of rare value.

He gave Salt Lake its first introduction to "Hamlet" and "Macbeth," and also brought out "The Bachelor of Arts," and "Black Eyed Susan." Such old plays as "The Merchant of Venice," "The Taming of the Shrew," and "The Merry Wives of Windsor" were revived by him. He also brought out "The Merchant of Venice," "The Taming of the Shrew," and "The Merry Wives of Windsor." He also brought out "The Merchant of Venice," "The Taming of the Shrew," and "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

**THE PLAY IN NEW YORK.**

Special Correspondence.  
NEW YORK, June 17.—Miss Julia Marlowe and Mr. E. H. Sothern must have been mightily pleased at the extremely cordial reception given them at the Academy of Music last Monday night when they presented "Romeo and Juliet" for the first time since their recent London success. The fact that it is the very first of a very active theatrical season apparently had no effect on New York's theater-going public, for the big academy had not an empty seat, and everyone seemed to be there for the express purpose of contributing his individual welcome. When you have 2,000 people all bent on saying "Glad to see you back," there is bound to be a good deal of enthusiasm and cordiality. Then, too, Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe have recently announced that this two weeks' engagement is their last, and that they will be touring separately. The play was one Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet," and that may also have been instrumental in attracting the huge audience, for in no other play of their varied repertoire are these two exponents of the poetic drama more successful than in this beautiful and tragic love story. All last week they presented this play and the present week they are offering "Hamlet" and "Twelfth Night." It is not so long ago that Mr. Sothern and

tion. We produced seven plays in six weeks.

"Somebody has reproached us for not making more money under the circumstances. There are some things that are worth more than money. If you have heard the cheers which greeted our performances, especially our performances of Shakespeare's plays, you would have felt that such golden opinions are as good as gold."

It is interesting to note that "The Truth" by our foremost American playwright, Clyde Fitch, continues uninterrupted success in London with Marie Tempest. Apart from the arrangements already completed for the production of a French version of "The Truth" in Paris next season, Mr. Fitch is at present in Italy, where he is arranging for the presentation of this play in Rome. Applications have already been made to him for the German rights, and these will probably be arranged for on his arrival in Berlin next month.

William Archer, the well-known London critic, said in an interview recently that he is particularly interested in the plays of Mr. Fitch and cited Mr. Fitch as an example of the great strides made by American dramatists of late years. Mr. Archer said that Mr. Fitch's later plays are remarkable while there has been no development of the English drama within the last two years.

The critic of Le Gaulois, a leading Paris paper, also praises "The Truth" very highly and speaks of Marie Tempest's fine performance in the most enthusiastic terms. "Such an actress," he says, "would make a play of it not already made by the hand of a master, Mr. Clyde Fitch. 'The Truth' will be a joy to Parisians."

Hammerstein the Great has his Vic-

**IN LONDON THEATERS.**

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, June 8.—What would English theatrical managers do without the American girl? That is the query that occurs to one on learning that still another daughter of the Stars and Stripes has been engaged for a prominent part in an important "West End" production. This time the girl is Miss Marion Ashworth, who is said to have done good work in the United States, and the piece is "Tomorrow," which Edward Compton is going to produce at the Strand Theatre next month when George Alexander closes his London season and takes "John Gay's Honor" on tour.

"Tomorrow," by the way, has been the biggest success in the English provinces, but it at first was thought unlikely that Compton would bring it to London. The reason for this belief was that it was a play about a girl, and that of "When Knights Were Bold," which now is running at Wyndham's, not to mention "The Road to Rome," which is being produced at the Shuberts and announced for speedy production at the Waldorf. In each of these plays—as was mentioned in this column at the time—the "period" of the action is the time of the American Civil War, and it is thought that "Tomorrow" would stand a bad chance if it came after the others.

Now we have "The Road to Rome," which is a play about a girl, and it is thought that "Tomorrow" would stand a bad chance if it came after the others. Now we have "The Road to Rome," which is a play about a girl, and it is thought that "Tomorrow" would stand a bad chance if it came after the others.

Other damsels from the United States who are going particularly strong on London at present are Miss George and Claudia Lasell, both of whom are playing in the successful "Lady Tatters" at the Shaftesbury, while at the York and still later in the "The Girl of the Golden West" at the Gaiety Theatre. The "Koenigskind" piece which is the biggest hit of the hour, of Pauline Chase, also, there is news to be chronicled, namely that her appearance in the mysterious Joan of Arc piece and Charles Frohman has acquired a fixed definiteness for the beginning of next season. After that, moreover, she will be seen again in the name part of Barrie's "Peter Pan" at the Duke of York's and still later in a new comedy, "The Man of the Hour," which is also a Frohman production.

**SALT LAKERS IN GOTHAM.**

Special Correspondence.

NEW YORK, June 17.—At last Wednesday's matinee of "The Orchid," Knute Erickson, a young Salt Laker who under studies Eddie Roy, was given a chance to appear, and did creditable work. Mr. Erickson was featured in his previous engagement, "The Seminary."

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Hughes spent a pleasant evening as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Enright, Miss Nora Edson and Hazel Taylor and Messrs. Squires and Barrett were also present. Mrs. Hughes (nee Miss Rosalie Lawson) came to meet her husband who has been in Europe the past three months. They will stay in the east two or three weeks, then return.

Harold Orlow goes on illustrating the beautiful diffy, "You Can't Keep a Good Man Down." This week he began directing rehearsals at the Madison Square garden.

Miss Emily Dodd, who made friends in Zion during her engagement at the Grand, will be visiting at her home in back again in her Brooklyn home. She reports a pleasant journey.

The three Utahns at Mrs. King's moved on Wednesday, Mr. Howard to Philadelphia and Dr. and Mrs. Hughes towards Albany and Niagara Falls and Laing, who is going to make a rather longer stay with Mrs. Hughes' relatives. Dr. Hughes is from Spanish Fork, Mr. Howard a son-in-law of Mr. A. Milton Mason.

Mr. Richard Smith of the Salt Lake Kitting factory, visiting at his home in back again in her Brooklyn home. She reports a pleasant journey.

The J. Reuben Clark family at Washington, have had some very strenuous times these last weeks, or rather months, after losing little Louise safely over a severe pneumonia illness and fearing for another child, also very ill,

torin Gardens and elevated vaudeville in active operation, and that is a sure sign that summer is really here. It is extraordinarily good, vaudeville, too, the elevated kind, and judging from the thronged roof, there must be extraordinarily good profits attached to its presentation.

The star of the program is decidedly an Irish terrier, who plays the part of a gentleman who has not only looked upon the wine but watched its frequent disappearance with much personal satisfaction. The drama is a one-act play, "A Hot Time in Dogville," presented entirely by dogs with only human intervention. They are wonderfully intelligent and never miss a single cue or mix their entrances or exits. The inebriated canine is the Richard Mansfield of the dog world; he makes his appearance, staggering out from the corner saloon to the tune of "We Won't Go Home Till Morning." He pauses, yawns, totters a few steps, stops, and then decides to have just one more drink and goes back into the cafe. He soon emerges, yawns again, and then calmly falls down and rolls over in the very depths of avowed intoxication. He finally gets to his hind feet and zigzags across the stage, at last lurching against a lamp post and plunging to it fondly. The audience here, justly yelled with laughter. Suddenly a police patrol appears, pulled by a dog horse and driven by a monkey policeman; it dashes at the drunken canine, captures Mr. Jag and lugs him off to the station. We hope Mr. Jag there, in his private capacity, was given a generous benefit as a worthy reward for his abilities as an actor and mimic.

There are some other excellent numbers on the program. Cremation, an English illusion, apparently reduces a young woman to ashes. She is put in a box, a fuse is touched off and smoke fills the stage. It is quite ingeniously done and very effective. Rice and Pryor are filling their sixth summer engagement with Hammerstein, and are as funny as ever in Bumpy Bumps.

Writing of American actresses reminds me of rather an odd little incident of which I was told the other day by Eleanor Robson, Miss Robson's mother, Madge Carr Cooke, is, of course, now playing "Mrs. Tarrers" at Terry's theater, and her daughter is spending a few weeks with her. The other day, while staying with some friends at Taplow-on-Thames, Miss Robson made an expedition over to the town of Bray, to see the church there that is associated with the immortal Vear. On entering the church the American actress beheld a man, obviously an American, engaged in "doing" the venerable building, and something familiar in his appearance made her look at him a second time. When the man faced about, their eyes met, and both laughed. The man was Robert Edson. He and Miss Robson are quite well known to each other, though both players have been in London for some time, Edson having been appearing in "Strongheart" at the Aldwych, they had never met. That they should encounter each other in Bray church, buried away in the heart of England, struck both as out of the common.

Are American audiences more patient than those in this country? There is an impression here that they are, and if so, greater fortune attends the production at home of the famous "third act" of Bernard Shaw's "Man and Superman," than has been met with here. The excerpt consists, of course, of the much discussed interview in Hades between Don Juan, the devil, the Statue and Dona Ana de Uliva and its lover, the prodigious, at the Court theater has been dealt with much interest by Londoners. Unhappily, however, Mr. Shaw's "dream," as he calls it, is not a very good one, and proves a truly frightening thing when delivered on the stage, where it "plays" for nearly two hours. At least, that is the judgment of the Londoners, who have visited the Court and in this case the dramatic critics are with the man in the street. Unfortunately, too, Mr. Shaw's "Man of Destiny," which is given at the Court after "Don Juan in Hell," proves almost as unactable as its forerunner, so the series of matinees at which these "fragments" are being given does not seem likely to be prolonged to any extent. "The Man of Destiny," by the way, has not been staged before in this country, and is held by the critics to show even more signs of immaturity than Shaw's other early play, "The Philanderer," which recently was tried at the Court. Perhaps the reason for this is that these Londoners have done, but one rather doubts it. It really is high time that Shaw gave us a new play, and one not written in the style of "Man of Destiny."

Other Washington people we have heard of are Alexander J. Nelson, of Salt Lake who was graduated with honors from the George Washington university where he has been studying medicine for the past four years. He and Mrs. Nelson, with their two boys, will return home in July.

Mr. and Mrs. Weller and sister, Miss Maria Morris, are leaving at once.

Mr. and Mrs. Jardine left for Logan a week ago, but will return in the fall. Mr. Jardine will spend the summer with her sisters on Bear Lake while Mr. Jardine travels throughout the western states in the interest of the government's agricultural department.

The month of June has been so queer that it is apt to enter the catalogue as one of the mysterious. However, part of this week has been glorious, particularly Columbia commencement day. The sun came out specially in honor of Mrs. J. W. Kingsbury, B. S. University of Utah, who is now at the Hotel Utah, and Mrs. R. E. Little were the only members of the Utah crowd fortunate enough to be present. In the evening there was a small and select celebration at 233 West 12th street, where the "Little party" has been staying. Miss Kingsbury presided at the head of the table. Miss Lena Moore and Vivian Little left with the three next-door neighbors, the Thomases, all bundled together. The distinguished guest stood up humbly at the southeast corner drawing corals. After much discussion, he health was divided into nine equal portions, which the singer ate and fastened down by tuff fruit and jelly.



**PRIMA DONNA IN VAUDEVILLE.**

Camille d'Arville, long popular as comic opera prima donna, has made a hit on the Keith and Proctor vaudeville circuit. By special arrangement with the composer, Gus Edwards, she has sung several of the best numbers from her operatic success, "The Belle of London Town," and has received enthusiastic welcome at the hands of the vaudeville players. This is not, however, Miss d'Arville's first appearance in vaudeville.

roll. It was long life and happiness for all his days.

Mr. Kingsbury is going the way of all flesh these days, via Washington and the exposition. He will be home a day or so before his sister, who, with the others, left Sunday, the first hot day of what suddenly promises to be an intensely hot summer.

Messrs. Clyde Squires and George Barrett also left Sunday. They go straight home. Miss Elision leaves about the 20th, and Miss Taylor follows some days later. Next Wednesday (19th) both girls will sing at their teacher—Prof. Carson's—closing recital. Miss Taylor sings the waltz song from "La Boheme" and the aria from "Traviata." Miss Elision sings Gounod's "Ave Maria" and the "Faust" aria.

Elders Floyd Rose and Clarence Davis have been assigned to Virginia. Elder Arthur V. Watkins remains here.

Two Thirty-first warders were at church Sunday, viz: "Ted" Sheets, who made an excellent little "few remarks," and Elder Jones. Both gentlemen have visited the exposition.

The two parties of the week were given by Mrs. Helene Davies, Tuesday night at her apartment on the Arden, and Saturday afternoon by Mrs. Pryor, who gave a decidedly pleasant picnic luncheon at Edgewater to about 20 people. The feature of the occasion was the orange tree under which the picnicers sat. Mrs. Pryor tied the oranges on herself, with Mr. Fairbanks to help. Later in the afternoon the whole thing was finished up with a game of "Six Sticks." As usual, in all merely physical contests, brute force won and brains got beaten. Cecil Gates was the noblest Roman of them all. Like Horatius at the bridge, he stood alone facing an army, and like Horatius, he had to get out and swim for it the best he could.

Mrs. Pryor and her daughter will pass the summer at Saratoga Springs, JANET.

She Attended to the Gas.  
An ancient couple, from one of the back counties of New Jersey, pulled up at a New York hotel for the night. They had not shaken out all the hayseed, and the clerk gave the old maid a few precautionary tips as to the gas. He did this on the side, so as not to jar the wife's feelings, seeing that she was a woman of spirit. She preceded her husband to the room, and when he got in she had retired.

"What did that clerk want with you, Hiram?" she inquired naturally.

"He told me I mustn't blow out the gas," Hiram replied with considerable importance.

"Did he, indeed?" she exclaimed.

"He didn't say I mustn't blow it out, did he?"

"N-o, he didn't Hiram hesitated.

"Then you left it on?" she commanded, as she sat down on the side to wait for him, "and I attend to that myself. I don't propose to sleep in no room where it's lit as day."

When the watchman came around later he discovered something and got the door open in time.

Janitor's Good Memory.  
Of the late genial and kindly-hearted Henry Burch it is told that a good many years ago while he held the position of Janitor of Trinity Methodist Episcopal church, the minister one summer Sunday morning delivered a sermon which, it appears, had been given by him once before, perhaps two or three years previous.

On the Sunday in question, and during the progress of the sermon, a violent thunderstorm came up which created some little nervousness among the congregation.

After the services were over, and as the minister was about to leave the building, he met the janitor.

"Aren't you the man who once delivered a sermon while I was preaching this morning?"

"Y-e-s," replied Henry, "and the singular thing about it is that there was a thunderstorm the last time you preached that sermon."—Oil City Blitzard.

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