Dramatic and Lyric.

The Home Dramatic Club will Render The Magistrate.—Nye and Burbank.—The Minstrels.—Foy's Death.—DeMille Passed Beyond.—Amusement Notes.

The local Home Dramatic Club with its notable record of Confusion, Pique, The Banker's Daughter, Saratoga, Young Mrs. Winthrop, Storm Beaten, etc., was fast becoming little more than a memory, and it will be pleasant news to its many friends to know that it is to experience a revival during the approaching Conference. The club has secured permission from Augustin Daly to render his comedy of the Magistrate on a very stiff royalty, but the members were glad to secure the manuscript on any terms and will put it in immediate rehearsal. The old time strength of the club will be represented in the cast; Mr. Wells will play the Magistrate, John T. Raymond and James Lewis' old character; Mr. Spencer will come down from Boise to assume the part of the terrible infant, and Mr. Young and the other members have parts suited to their abilities.

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The most uncertain thing in life is the theatre going public; some time ago when Bill Nye appeared in Salt Lake, he hardly drew a corporal's guard, and last night, as much to his surprise as any one else, when he and Burbank stepped out on the stage, the house was crowded. The receipts were $750.00 and the Congregationalists, under whose auspices the entertainment was given, will be benefitted very handsomely.

Like Dickens, Bill Nye first made a bushel of fame and money as a writer, then he made another bushel as a reader of his writings. The hour and a half which he and Mr. Burbank use in narrating telling yarns, and imitating odd homely characters, are most delightfully spent, and the audience last evening nearly convulsed itself with merriment. Nearly every subject was touched. Mr. Nye, in all the stereotyped eloquence made so familiar through the press, read a number of old selections and a number new ones, giving the old ones as he said, because he came to Salt Lake before in such strict confidence, that he thought few of his present audience had heard him; his rich Scandinavian story showed him to be an excellent dialect artist, and his inimitable burlesque talents shone in the reading lesson depicting the meeting between George Oswald and his father. His effort throughout bristled with humor and will and were reminescent of Nye in his best days, before his ken began to show the signs of weariness that it now very often shows. Burbank is a genius in another line, and his clear, magnetic but eccentric style of narration is immensely taking. His "Second Trial" was his best effort.

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The news of the death of Eddie Foy, the comedian, who as recently appeared here in Ala Baba, will be a genuine surprise to the general public. To those who knew Foy and the desperately dissolute life he has always lived, it will be no surprise at all. He represented pretty nearly everything that is disreputable in Bohemianism of the lowest sort, but the thousands who applauded his undoubted talents, only seeing him on the boards, hoisted him to a pinnacle and a new nothing of him as a man. He received an enormous salary, but was always impecunious, and Manager Henderson never knew at what moment he was liable to turn up missing altogether. His place will be extremely difficult to fill, for all his shortcomings.

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The Deseret Minstrels tried their entertainment on the Provo dog the other night, and from all accounts the animal took to it very kindly. The committee in charge of the concert is about to take up the work of awarding the prizes for the best, and the winds will be "sprung" on a Salt Lake audience Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. Following is the program in full:

PART I.

Instrumental Overture, full orchestra ..... H. S. Kinner, director.
Medley Overture ..... The Company
The Wilow Tree in the tree ..... John Rowlands
Merry a Matter of Fact, composed by Sam C. Park ..... W. Midgley.
Down Deep Within the Cellar ..... Willard Squires.
Yes He Did (composed by Sam C. Park) ..... F. J. Bryant.
Nightingale's Song ..... Alfred Thornton.
It's a Freak of Human Nature (composed by Sam C. Park) ..... Pat Dooley
Three Little Sue, (new City) ..... N. H. Brigham
FINALE—The Vanishing Lady.
Vanishing lady ..... Bryant
Hot Mac ..... Holmes

PART II.

Deseret Ticket to Darkey Minstrels ..... Messrs. Ashworth, Wilcox, Haynie, Dryden, Hamblin, Sessions, Paterson and Young
Drum Major Exercise...High Springs and Stars Samples.
Hide and Seek ..... J. Carpenter, accompanied by the Neapolitan Quintette Club.
Elegy in Lager-beer ..... Frank Elliston, Assistant.
Joe Bresnan's Trip to California with the Salt Lake Excursion ..... Pat Dooley
To conclude with the musical extravaganza entitled, America Discovered in Twenty Minutes
Words and music by Sam C. Park.
Eliot (a Medicine Man) ..... F. J. Bryant
Orland (Love Sick Spooney) ..... Grant Hampton
Francisco (An Angelic Musician) ..... Sam Common (Thinking Part) ..... W. W. Bailey
Peter (Francisco's Book) ..... W. Midgley
Intruders, courtiers, etc. Contest from Wards.

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"It is rather a serious circumstance that the name of the play upon which Mr. DeMille was at work at the time of his death was The Promised Land. Let us hope that he has found it."

This brief paragraph in the New York *Recorder*, will be the first intelligence many people will have had of the death of one of America's most gifted dramatists. He was well known to Salt Lakers from The Wife, The Charity Ball, Men and Women, and The Lost Paradise, in all of which he undoubtedly has the principal hand. He was a thorough scholar, and he will be immensely missed by the dramatic world.

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Evan Stephens' unique photographic advertisements are seen in the prominent places of the city, and there is little doubt that the Tabernacle on Wednesday afternoon and evening will be well filled. The spectacle of so many children dressed in the costumes of the various nationalities of the world, the national airs they will render, and more than all, the troop of young Stevensons who will hold up the redman's end of the musical pageant—will excite a great amount of attention, particularly among the young. There is only enthusiasm and the keenest of our managers might take lessons from him.

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The pleasant news is given out that Frank G. Carpenter, the noted correspondent, whose graphic letters are now appearing in the Saturday edition of the NEWS, is soon to visit this city, and that he will lecture one night in the theatre, Mr. H. G. Whitney was asked by Mr. Carpenter to name some local institution under whose auspices the lecture might be given, and he at once indicated the Press club. There is every probability that that club will take hold of the affair, and make of it the signal success achieved by their smoke fest.

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Francis Lincoln, who was once popular a leader in Salt Lake musical circles—is the first soprano of the Chicago Ladies quartette, which has just made a successful tour through Canada. The quartette will sing in Denver in April. Miss Lincoln contributes an article this week to the Denver *Events*, the bright little magazine of which R. J. Jessup, formerly of this city, is now the musical editor.

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The following paragraph in the New York *Herald* bears out the intimation made by the NEWS a few weeks back: A rumor has been afloat in theatrical circles for several days that Mrs. Miana Gale-Haynes would retire from the stage at the end of her present season. It is reported that Mr. Haynes has told an intimate friend that he has positively decided upon this; that he has not yet spoken to his wife of the matter. But then he thinks when he shows her the state of his bank book and lets her know exactly how unprofitable her present season has been, she will acquiesce in the wisdom of his decision and give up her histrionic ambition. Mr. Haynes said yesterday afternoon that his wife will fulfil all the engagements she has made for this season and then she will do what she pleases next season.

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The immortal Verdi has had his heart's wishgranted—he has lived to see the production of his opera of Falstaff. This work, which in all probability will be his last, was brought out in Milan on the evening of the 9th, and the following dispatch thus describes the event: La Scala Theatre was to night filled with a brilliant audience, who assembled to hear the new opera, Falstaff, composed by Verdi. Among those present was Princess Letitia Bonaparte, widow of the Duke of Aosta. The work was accorded a most hearty reception. The quarrel scene in the second act received an encore, and the aged composer was called three times before the curtain, and each time he was given an ovation. In the second act Maurel was obliged to repeat Falstaff's air, and when he had finished he was greeted with deafening applause. The most intense enthusiasm prevailed. At the close of the act Verdi was called before the curtain five times. The last time he appeared with Signor Bolfi, the librettist, and Signor Maschetoni, the leader of the orchestra.

At the close of the opera Verdi was given seven more recalls and was greeted with cheers, hand clapping and the waving of handkerchiefs.

Eminent critics say that the opera, both in its poetry and music, surpasses the highest expectations and that it is a masterpiece of the first order. King Humbert sent a telegram to Verdi, extoling the absence of himself and Queen Margarita. In the telegram the monarch said he desired to participate the applause that would greet the fresh proof of Verdi's inexhaustible genius, and to express the great admiration he felt for the maestro's power. The telegram concluded—"May you be present at the many years to honor art, to enjoy our affections and the recognition of Italy, which in her saddest days found patriotic comfort in your triumphs."

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One cannot help thinking as he reads occurrences like this and notes a few young Mascagni's first effort, Cavaleria Rusticana, brought him fame and fortune in a single night—of the immense contrast between the recognition accorded modest genius in these days and that bestowed on talents greater still only a hundred years ago. The great masters of the last century who knew anything but grinding poverty were the exception, not the rule. The immortal Mozart, buried during the illness of his wife, was so specially forgot that his grave was never found. Schubert suffered from poverty trouble birth to his death; Haydn, composer of the Creation, tramped the streets of Vienna and secreaded under the windows of the rich for a chance contribution; Beethoven, the Shakespeare of music, was harassed nearly all his life by financial cares; the great Handel had at one time to work his way in London, and instances might be multiplied of the hard path musicians had to tread in "the good old days of yore."

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Droll, unctious, funny Frank Daniels and his big comedy company of twenty-four players come to the Salt Lake Theater for two performances next Thursday and Friday, Feb. 23 and 24, presenting for the first time to a Salt Lake audience the new laugh provoking success, Dr. Cupid. So many farce comedies have been offered to the amusement loving public in the past few years, that it would seem that the subject for plays of this order had been exhausted. But Frank Daniels' new farce is an exception; in it the comedian is said to have uncovered a new vehicle for the display of his unquestionable ability, as an eccentric actor, and to offer a new phase of character, which will be recognized by thousands of theater goers, as absolutely new and original to the comedy stage. Theophile Mudge, (Mr. Daniels,) is the proprietor of a small house at Bucks Landon, Pa., and a member in good standing with every secret society in the country. He is a good Mason, a Knight Templar, a member of the Royal Arcanum, Red Men, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, Golden Eagle, American Mechanics, Sons of Malta, and a dozen or more orders; he is always on parade at lodge meetings, installations or banquets, and as check full of secret signs, grips and password as a sponge is of holes.

Daniels has a great part and it is unnecessary to say that he makes the most of it, and offers a piece of character that most men have met. Mr. Mudge is afflicted, moreover, with a wen on the side of his neck, the "only one thing that prevents him from being an exceedingly handsome man." In his desire to have this removed, he submits to an operation known as skin-grafting. The wen is cut off and a piece of skin from another man's face is patched over the excorated outside, but as the infant nature is permeated by the influence of the mother's cream; so the infusion of another man's blood affects Mr. Mudge's character, and when it is ascertained that the gentleman from whom the skin-graft was made was a retired pirate, wife-poisoner and highwayman, Mr. Mudge's endearment and the change to his disposition will be understood. Miss Bessie Sisson, who will be remembered for her clever work in "Little Puck" which Frank Daniels was seen in here last season, is still included in the long list of comedy players, supporting the comedian during his present tour.

BEFORE AND BEHIND THE SCENES.

A. M. Palmer's company in Lady Windermere's Fan seems to have been fairly successful.

Madame Modjeska is a grandmother, and, stranger still, she glories in the fact.

The Chicago Carleton club's offer of a prize of $500 for an original play brought nearly eighty manuscripts.

The hit of Geo. Clark, who is playing Petruchi to Ada Rehan's Katherine, is one of the triples of the hour in New York.

David Belasco has signed a contract with Charles Frohman to write a society play for the Empire Theater, to be ready Oct. 1.

Lillian Russell's Opera company will sing all summer in Chicago. At the close of the World's Fair Miss Russell will take a vacation abroad.

The second, or properly speaking, the third trial of M. B. Curtis, for the murder of Policeman Grant, has been set for February 20th.

Charles Overton has bought the English rights of Belasco and Fyles's "The Girl I Left Behind Me," which was given a copyright performance in London before its production here.

Nell Warner has resigned from Augustin Daly's company and joined Charles Fecunson's forces to play the part in Rosemary originally sustained by W. H. Thompson, who has gone to the Empire theater.

The New York Trip to Chinatown company recently gave a performance before the inmates of Bloomingdale Insane asylum. Among the auditors were Scanlan and Harry Kernel, but neither of them was moved to the least degree of merriment.

The Prince of Wales, it seems, did not play Tony Lumpkin or anything else in the amen taken of court performance of She Stoops to Conquer. His two sisters, Beatrice and Louise, were in the cast, as was the Marquis of Lorne, but Tony was done by Arthur Ponsonby.

The son of Osmond Tearle attained his majority the other day, and the members of his father's company made the young man a handsome present upon the stage. Tearle is playing Shakespearian and other parts in Scotland, and it is noted that in twelve nights at Aberdeen the company appeared in no less than eleven plays and two farces.

Few people here know, probably, that before Courtenay Thorpe joined Rosina Vokes eight years ago, he was beginning to make his mark in England in romantic drama. He has left Miss Vokes now for reasons which have deprived her of many another good player, and word comes by way of London that he means to return to his old love, and would be particular like to play Romeo, a part, it is to be thought, for which nature has well graced him.

The death of talented young leading men is getting to be a serious question with managers. Promising women there are in plenty, but the leading premier, possessing the requisites of good looks, native ability and intelligence, is a rare gem. When one stock company managers are compelled to turn to the Kelseys, the Barrymores and the William Marriges to fill the roles of the young lovers of modern drama, because no better material is at hand, surely things are in a bad way.—*Mirror.*

Francis Wilson is producing his new opera, the Lion Tamer, in the East, and pretty Lulu Glaser is still sweetly singing, "If you love me nothing, tell me with your eyes." His manager, Al Canty, has contracted with the Chicago Opera house for the four weeks just preceding the opening of the World's Fair. Mr. Wilson's next production will be given in New York at the Broadway Theater, on Oct. 1. Its title has not yet been announced, but the libretto is by J. Cheever Goodwin and the music by John Philip Sousa.—*Events.*

Frank Weston informed the *Mirror* yesterday that Effie Ritcher with procures a new play by Robert Drouet on Feb. 23, in Detroit. It is entitled Doris, and Miss Ritcher's part is said to be remarkably grandiose and emotional. Mr. W. Conlaeh will play an old clergyman and Mr. Western will have a part that combines the quiet power of Squire Rolney with the lightness of Princess Green. Miss Ritcher is a lightsome lassie, and to achieve the success she is expected for it consequents in the best theaters will follow. Miss Ritcher's season has been prosperous.

Gillette's Ninety Days revolves the following severe text by the *Dramatic News*: After last night the question of the hour will be, "Who wrote Held by the Enemy?" It is pretty evident that the author of Ninety Days and the author of the former play are two very different persons. And if the Gillette who wrote Held by the Enemy is identical with the Gillette who wrote Ninety Days—why, anybody can tell what the nature of the man is. He has lost the gifted gentleman to retirement so long. If the Mr. Gillette who wrote Ninety Days can induce the distinctly other Mr. Gillette—who wrote Held by the Enemy—to rewrite his "book" for him, sustained by its present magnificent scenery, properties and effects, the play will run two years.

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