DRAMATIC

CHARLES FROHMAN said in Paris last week of his plans for Maude Adams and Ethel Barrymore:

"I consider this Paris season the most productive in plays for other markets of any I have ever known in all my years of experience here. The leading Boulevard theaters have had plays that have made long runs straight through the season, as it has been impossible for me to obtain a theater to present 'Peter Pan' with an English company.

"I feel sure, however, I shall be able to do so before next spring and when Miss Maude Adams makes her tour of England and the continental cities, she will appear in Paris under conditions that will be agreeable and of more than usual interest to the Paris public.

"I am delighted with the arrangements I have made with one of the chief French writers, who will prepare a play for Miss Ethel Barrymore, which she is to have for all countries, and to the writing of which the author will give a year of his time."

* * *

At the Theater Monday evening, Salt Lake will have its first and only opportunity of hearing the famous German violinist, Carl F. Steckelberg. He will be accompanied by the Chicago pianist, Stevens, and some specially fine numbers will be rendered by the two. Mr. Fred Graham, who is introducing these artists to Salt Lake, reports much interest being manifested by our music lovers. He is now making seat reservations prior to the opening of the Theater box office for the general sale.

* * *

The strong war play entitled "Cumberland 61" will be produced by the Orpheum Stock company next week. This is one of the few plays dealing with the late war, which has not been worn threadbare in Salt Lake. It is full of fire, action and excitement, and in the hands of the Orpheum players, it should prove a strong winner with Orpheum audiences. The play deals with a vendetta between two Kentucky families, and follows the career of a young West Point officer, whose family is in the feud, and who enlists with the Union army. A young Indian is one of the strong dramatic figures in the play. There is also a touch of comedy running through the action, furnished by Mrs. Victor, a Missouri widow, her daughter Pink, Mr. Lenox of New York, and his son Adolphus.

* * *

The Grand bill announced for next week is the stirring and emotional old temperance play, entitled, "Ten Nights in a Bar Room." It has been sometime since this popular drama was presented here, and it ought to draw well. It not only preaches a big sermon, but its story is a thrilling one, and in the hands of the Grand company it ought to receive adequate presentation.

THEATER GOSSIP

Dorothy Tennant, whose original success was scored in "The College Widow," is announced as one of the new stars to twinkle next season.

Ethel Barrymore has decided to offer a repertoire of her greatest successes during her coming engagement at the called "The So;'EConcourseadisehinitest, Van Ness Theater, San Francisco. Her latest play, called "The Silver Box," will be one of the productions.

The engagement of Miss Julia Marlowe and Mr. E. H. Sothern at the Academy of Music ended last Saturday with a final performance of "Twelfth Night." This will be the last occasion on which these two performers will act together for a long time to come.

William Gillette it was who invented the machine which makes it possible to simulate with great accuracy the noise of a horse galloping down the road or up the road, or across the road, as the case may be. Gillette's invention has been used in many plays with which he himself had nothing to do.

Blanche Bates' closing night in Brooklyn caused the stage to look like a conservatory. Every member of her company had contributed large tremendous bouquets of roses, but most prominent was an enormous bunch of American beauties, as tall as the star herself and significant of the esteem in which her manager holds her talents.

Helene Lackaye, sister of Wilton Lackaye, who last season played the role of the widow in "The Heir to the Hoorah," has been re-engaged by the Kirke Lashelle company for the same role next season. Miss Lackaye has just refused an offer from the Colonial Theater company in Cleveland, to play leading roles in summer stock and has gone to Washington to spend the vacation with relatives.

AL. PHILLIPS,
Of the Orpheum Stock Company.

ANOTHER POPULAR STAR.

Adelaide Keim, now playing a summer engagement in New York under the management of Hurtig & Seamon is a discovery of which they may well be proud. Her acting of "Glory" in "The Christian," "Camile" and other similar characters, stamps her as the possessor of great dramatic ability in addition to which she has a voice of much strength and beauty of intonation and a physical presnce of great attractiveness. During her engagement at the Metropolis Theater the house has been packed at every perfromance and from five to 10 curtain calls are the rule.

THE PLAY IN NEW YORK.

Special Correspondence.

NEW YORK, June 24.—"I take no interest in my past plays," said Henry Arthur Jones lately. "It's my next play that occupies my full attention." Clyde Fitch said the same thing not long ago in almost the same words. When the two leading exponents of English and American drama thus express themselves it behooves us, perhaps, to reflect on what the future year holds in store rather than to discuss the progress or decay of the American stage during the past season. What's done is done, and 'twere well to know what's coming. A little later in the summer the press agent—he ought always to be capitalized—oils his type-writer and produces fervid dreams of his employer's plans, but to realize just how overly sanguine these dramatic fancies are one has only to refer to last August's newspapers. Like Peter Pan, they never grew up. It's a little early in the theatrical day for dreams, so before the press agent is fully awake it may be worth while to peep behind the curtains and get a glimpse of what's really going to happen.

Maude Adams, for example, is temporarily to forsake "Peter Pan" and will appear in an English version of a French play, "Les Buffons"—the buffoons playing the part of a boy as created this season in Paris by the ever youthful Sarah Bernhardt. John Drew, too, will appear in a new play from the French, "His Wife," opening the Empire theater the first Monday in September. With him, among others, will be Miss Billie Burke and Mr. Ferdinand Gottschalk. Some far-seeing person some day, let it be recorded, will realize Mr. Gottschalk's versatility and popularity, and through his perspicacity will make a tidy income by starring him in a David Warfield part.

Maxine Elliott, who is not only the most beautiful woman on the American stage, but one of the most intelligent, shrewdest and at the same time most charming, is to appear in a new play by Henry V. Esmond, who wrote "When We Were Twenty-one." After a London production in September she will come to New York.

Miss Ethel Barrymore's play for next season is not yet decided, but it will be chosen from among three now being written. It is a prize worth winning to write for Miss Barrymore, for among the actresses who are in their twenties, none has Miss Barrymore's popularity and fascination.

Margaret Illington will star early in the season in an English play, "Dr. Wake's Patient;" Virginia Harned in an adaptation from the French of Tolstoy's "Anna Karenina;" Marie Doro in William J. Locke's "The Morals of Marcus;" Lillian Russell in a new piece by George Broadhurst; Lulu Glaser in a new comedy by John McNally; Lawrence D'Orsay and Cecilia Loftus jointly in a German military comedy; Grace Elliston in "The Movers," by Martha Morton; Dallas Welford in R. C. Carton's farce, "Public Opinion;" Mabel Taliaferro in Margaret Mayo's "Polly of the Circus;" Robert Edeson in a new play by William C. DeMille, Wilton Lackaye in a dramatization of "Bruvver Jim's Baby," and William H. Crane in a modern George Ade play.

Bertha Galland and Annie Russell are to be presented in new plays by Paul Kester. Mary Mannering will appear in New York in "Glorious Betsy," by Rida Johnson Young, a young woman who has made much money and some success by writing "Brown of Harvard" and "The Boys of Company B," but who ought to lie awake of nights conscience stricken at the thought of how many real college men and national guardsmen her two plays have driven to drink.

James K. Hackett will appear in Alfred Sutro's "John Glayde's Honor," one of the current London successes, and also in Louis Parker's "Mr. George." Arnold Daly at the Berkeley lyceum will try the Paris scheme of offering nightly bills of one-act plays. Robert Loraine, by the way, has just made a great personal hit in London as John Tanner in "Man and Superman," despite the fact that the part was originally created by one of London's favorites. Granville Barker will probably follow "Man and Superman" with "The Philanderer," and perhaps one other of Shaw's later plays. Francis Wilson will be seen in an English satirical success, "When Knights Were Bold," especially suited to his personality. Guy Standing is to have the leading part in Presbrey's dramatization of Sir Gilbert Parker's "The Right of Way." William Faversham, in conjunction with "The Squaw Man," is to present a version of the famous "El Gran Galeoto," which he calls "The World and His Wife." "Nat" Goodwin will add to his repertoire a modern play by George Broadhurst, and E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe will star separately in plays selected, but not yet announced. Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon are to present Mrs. de la Pasture's "Peter's Mother," which has run all the year in London.

Bertha Kalisch will be seen in a new poetical drama by Percy Mackaye, author of "Joan of Arc." Clara Bloodgood will continue to star in one of Clyde Fitch's best plays, "The Truth," which will be running in London and Paris simultaneously with its American appearance.

Elsie Janis, by all odds the most popular, as well as the youngest of our musical comedy misses, will be starred by Charles Dillingham in a new opera now being written, which, it is to be hoped, will give ample scope for her good looks, youth, magnetism and wonderful mimicry. Raymond Hitchcock opens in Astor theater in August in a musical play, "A Yankee Tourist," the libretto by Richard Harding Davis, the music by Alfred Robyn and the lyrics by Wallace Irwin. This is Mr. Irwin's debut as a lyricist, but those who know his work believe it will demonstrate that not since Gilbert has there been a lyric writer so lilting, so rhyming and yet one, too, with real ideas. "Lew" Fields will be at the head of a company presenting a London musical comedy, "The Girl Behind the Counter." Other English musical plays that we are to see are "The Dairymaids," "Miss Hook of Holland," "The Girls of Gutenberg," George Edwardes' latest success, and "Nelly Neil," in which Edna May made her recent farewell to the stage. Fritzi Scheff will star in a new opera by Henry Blossom and Victor Herbert, entitled "The Captain of the Troop."

Then, too, we shall have Henry Arthur Jones' play, "The Galilean's Victory," and a new piece by Hubert Henry Davies, the author of "Cousin Kate." Clyde Fitch has just completed a new play about which he has made no announcement. Mr. Fitch will probably produce only one original play this season, despite the many offers he has had, though his adaptation from the French presented as "Toddles" for 300 consecutive performances this year in London with Cyril Maude will be seen here. Mr. Frohman is also endeavoring to persuade him to write the libretto of a new musical play for Miss Hattie Williams. We shall have Hall Caine's big melodrama, "The Bondman," also, and the new Drury Lane play, "The Sins of Society," by Henry Hamilton and Cecil Raleigh. There will also be two new plays from the pen of Austin Strong, the grandson of Robert Louis Stevenson, who, with his one-act plays, has already made an extraordinary success in London. Miss Rachel Crothers, who wrote "The Three of Us," will have two new productions, "The Coming of Mrs. Patrick," under the management of Walter N. Lawrence, and an unnamed play, to be presented by Mr. Frohman. George Ade and Augustus Thomas are also both writing plays for Mr. Frohman.

Charles Klein, having covered high finance and capital and labor in "The Lion and the Mouse" and "The Daughters of Men," will in his new play, "The Stepdaughter," devote himself to a simple love story. Theodore Burt Sayre has written his third successive Irish play for Chauncey Olcott, a field of drama in which he has been particularly successful. This season two modern plays by him will also be seen, and by reason of the ability he has already shown in his more serious work.

David Belasco has written a play for David Warfield which will open his new Stuyvesant Theater, and is at work on another drama in which Frank Keenan and Charlotte Walker will have the leading parts. Channing Pollock will have an original play presented under the management of James K. Hackett, and has made two dramatizations, one of "The Secret Orchard" and the other of "Frances Baird Detective." Other dramatizations will be those of "The House of a Thousand Candles," by George Middleton; "The Port of Missing Men" and "The Brass Bowl," both by Edward E. Rose, and "Conjuror's House," by George Broadhurst.

Then, too—but enough, there will be many more productions and many more stars, and plays will come and plays will go, but enough has been indicated to afford a pretty adequate idea of the important courses on our next dramatic menu. Let's hope they give none of us mental indigestion.

SALT LAKERS IN GOTHAM.

Special Correspondence.

NEW YORK, June 23.—Not that the mission house is gossipy, because it isn't. Only that "after a long and tedious ride in a stage coach," stages do occasionally arrive "at last at the beautiful village of Cedarville," and register at 33 W. One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street. And so—

"Is there any news?"
"Not a bit," is the answer.
"No parties?"
"Never a party!"
"What! Hasn't anybody had anything?" the case is desperate.
President McQuarrie brightens.
"Why, yes," he says, "Sister Sims has had a baby!"

As no cards are out, the news is given now to many who, having met the other little Simmses, through visiting, preaching and sometimes praying, will be interested. As far as we can see, little Sims has as good a right to be announced as any other baby. Long may it wave! Let us hope it grows up strong and well enough to go to meetin', and lucky enough to get its fair share of this beautiful world.

* * *

Elder German E. Ellsworth, president of the Northern States mission, is taking a little vacation. He has been to Boston and Vermont, and leaves for the Jamestown Exposition via Washington tomorrow. Elder Ellsworth has spent four years in Chicago. His districts are in six states and part of Canada; just now perhaps he wishes one of them included Coney Island.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. L. Z. Hughes will reach home about the middle of July. They are now in Indianapolis and will stay for some time in Chicago.

* * *

Miss Ida Mae Savage has just come in from Philadelphia. She attended the Westchester commencement exercises, and will visit here with friends for some time.

* * *

Mrs. David Eccles and Miss Vida Eccles reached this city Friday. They will spend a few days here, then go to Boston, returning to Ogden as near the glorious Fourth as possible.

* * *

Apostle George A. Smith says, "Who comes oftener than I?" He may come often, but he certainly doesn't stay long. It is like "twenty minutes for refreshments"—drop in, give the sermon, drop out. However, this trip is more for pleasure, since Mrs. Smith is with him, and the goal is Jamestown. They came here from Kirtland, Vermont, and Boston. And at the monument they had a second honeymoon, for the people there were looking out for a bride and groom and judging that Mr. and Mrs. Smith were the couple eyed them and smirked accordingly. When the real bride and groom arrived there were no sidelong glances left and no nice puddings for dessert.

* * *

Although he is not in town, the friends of Elder Wm. F. Read, in the West Virginia district, who was ill of typhoid and had a very serious setback, will be glad to know that he is growing better rapidly.

* * *

Miss Lila McQuarrie was the victor in a recitation contest of her class. She has been chosen to compete with 10 girls representing other classes. The prize is a gold medal.

* * *

There is a joyful expectancy in the air, all because Mr. and Mrs. Nephi L. Morris come to town fresh from home on Tuesday or Wednesday. Their journey has been a very pleasant and a gradual one toward Gotham, via Chicago, Niagara, Toronto, Montreal, the "enchanting" Thousand islands, Sharon, Boston. Mrs. Morris (nee Hattie Young) has many friends in Gotham who wish her all the happiness that must belong of rights to a bride, and a little more. As for the groom—well, more than one bachelor maid in the Utah colony sighs as she thinks of another vanished opportunity, but all will be on hand to wish him and his bride the best good luck along life's pathway.

* * *

Messrs. Scowcroft and Patrick leave for home Tuesday.

* * *

N. B.—Mr. H. S. Tanner's grips have arrived. They were lost about a year ago.

* * *

Miss Blanche Kendall left this week for Columbus, O., to join the J. Rosenthal Stock company. The opening play is "The Climbers," with Miss Amelia Bingham in her usual part. Misses Kate and Rose Thomas have moved to 216 West One Hundred and Thirty-fifth street, with Mrs. King.

* * *

Mrs. Herrick will be here two weeks longer. She will stop over in Chicago for a few special lessons with Mr. Antriche, who, though German by birth, is one of the best china painters in the United States.

* * *

Mr. Junius F. Wells has come from Vermont for a few days on a business trip. He reports the Joseph Smith memorial much improved by the shrubs and trees planted, and says that the place has already proved attractive to the White and Green mountain people.

JANET.

"WHILE there's youth in the heart we can never grow old." Could Oliver Wendell Holmes have stepped into the midst of one of our Old Folks' reunions, during his jovial lifetime, and especially after he had reached 80 years—for it was after this time of life that he contributed some of his best efforts—what poems he could have written; what toasts he could have given; what laughter he could have enjoyed. Even the "wintry products of his freezing wits," as he terms the work of his old age, would fairly have sparkled with humor, fine spirit, and pathos, such would have been his inspiration from a vision of all that is beautiful and lovely, loyal and true, queer and grotesque, among our old folks. From such a vision would his golden treasury of stories and poems of human nature have been enriched.

He was ever holding his sides in merriment over some poor old fellow, declaring at the same time, that "the smile meant no disrespect to an honored fellow-citizen whose costume was out of date, but whose patriotism never changed with years." The appearance of a venerable "relic of the Revolution," as he terms the old gentleman with the cocked hat and knee breeches, was sufficient inspiration for his "The Last Leaf," the two last stanzas making up for any fun-poking throughout the poem:

"I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling."

What suggestions for poems—not verses, but poems—would have been his among that rare collection of withered boughs, sere and yellow leaves, ashes of roses, closing flowers, and fading lights, gathered together at the Lagoon last Tuesday. And we think we hear him saying, as upon one occasion, after he had passed the point entitling him to a blue badge: "New sympathies, new sources of encouragement, if not inspiration, have opened themselves before me, and cheated the least promising season of life of much that seemed to render it dreary and depressing."

Could he have seen those dear old faces bent over the teacups, line upon line, table upon table, hundreds upon hundreds, joyous, happy, glowing with reminiscence, he would have said, again: "I have something left to say. I have found an occupation to encourage me with the assurance that I am not yet in my second childhood." And the old tree would have put forth fresh green leaves expressed in new "Poems Over the Teacups."

* * *

An old man entitled to the badge of blue, entered that house of business on north Main, where the kindly originator of the old folks' excursion had held forth from pioneer days, and asked for two tickets, one for himself and one for his wife.

"Good morning, Job," said the kindly gentleman in question, "after tickets are you? Here, So-and-So, give this boy two tickets for himself and his girl."

Boy! The very word caused the withered bough to straighten up and put forth a new shoot in the form of a radiant smile, and the bystander was minded of that beautiful poem of dear old Dr. Holmes, that makes glad the hearts of all who read, "The Boys," and read to his Harvard class of 1829. A few stanzas of which run as follows:

"Has there any old fellow got mixed
wit the boys?
If there has, put him out without making a noise,
Hang the Almanac's cheat and the
Catalogue's spite!
Old Time is a liar! We're twenty tonight!

"We're twenty! We're twenty! Who
says we are more?
He's tipsy—young jackanapes!—show
him the door!
'Gray temples at twenty?'—Yes! white
if we please,
Where the snow-flakes fall thickest
there's nothing can freeze!

"Was it sonwing I spoke of? Excuse
the mistake!
Look close—you will see not a sign of
a flake!
We want some new garlands for those
we have shed—
And these are white roses in place of
the red.

. . . . . .

"You hear that boy laughing?—You
think he's all fun;
But the Angels laugh, too, at the good
he had done;
The children laugh loud as they troop
to his call,
And the poor man that knows him
laughs loudest of all.

"Yes, we're boys—always playing with
tongue or with pen—
And I sometimes have asked—Shall we
ever be men?
Shall we always be youthful, and
laughing, and gay,
Till the last dear companion drops
smiling away?

"Then here's to our boyhood, its gold
and its gray!
The stars of its winter, the dews of
its May!
And when we have done with our life-
lasting toys,
Dear Father, take care of Thy children, the boys!"

As the long train pulled out with its precious cargo of trusting old hearts, beating with the joy and excitement of youth, beneath badges of red, blue and white, what wonder age seemed to have forgotten his cane, and his spectacles; while gray hairs seemed to take on the dark luster of childhood! What wonder

"With ears grown dull, and eyes
grown dim,
They greet the joyous day
That calls them to the fountain's brim
To wash their years away."

All of one age they seemed—the age of youth—laughing, talking, joking, all at once.

"I was mightily afeared I'd miss my train," said one old man, "looking for my badge. An' when I found him, I tucked him away under my coat, for he was old, too."

"I've been up these many hours," said another; "I feared I'd oversleep; never been known to do that trick, neither."

"I sat up half the night, for the same reason," from an old lady, whose bright eyes had every appearance of a full night's rest.

Still another had gone without breakfast; the same fear of missing the train. And thus they rattled on like a picnic party of girls and boys, which they really were, flushed with the joys of the coming day. "When you and I were young," and "Where you and I were born," were the only expressions that took away from, now is the sunny springtime and heyday of our youth. Yet it took not away after all, but touched, like a nip of frost, the falling leaves, turning them into gold.

What a day it was! A day in June for the old folks, and roses everywhere! Petals were falling, of course, here and there; petals that would softly sink beneath the warm earth to sleep quietly before the dawning of another June. Falling petals, but still rose-hued, paling petals, but still fragrant, to the end. Yet not the end, but blowing away to the meadows of another beautiful world, to bloom forever and ever.

LADY BABBIE.

Virginia Marshall

RUMORED MARRIAGE OF MILLIONAIRE.

If persistent rumor is true, another chorus girl is to become the wife of a millionaire, the victims of cupid's machinations this time being Montgomery Ward, son of the Chicago merchant, and Miss Virginia Marshall, well known to the first-row frequenters of Broadway. It is said, also, that not even threats of disinheritance will have any effect upon the young man and Miss Marshall seems equally determined to quit the glories of a stage career for the allurements of domestic bliss.

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