



**M**ANAGER PYPER must feel pleased to realize that one of the biggest attractions of his season—if not the very biggest from a dramatic standpoint—has been reserved to mark its finish. "The Lion and the Mouse," on which the curtain will ring down the season, is interesting from half a dozen standpoints. First, it is an American play and has been so successful that Daniel Frohman has two companies, producing it—one in New York headed by Edmund Breese and Grace Elliston, and one on the road with Arthur Byron and Gertrude Coghlan in the leading parts. Second, the company until recently included Margaret Ellington, wife of Frohman himself, but she was taken from the cast to go to London, where the play is to be seen next month with Mr. Breese of the New York cast as leading man, and with Charles Klein, the author, to conduct the rehearsals. Third, the central figure in the play, that of "Ready Money" Ryder, is said to have been suggested by, and probably aimed at, the life of J. Pierpont Morgan and John D. Rockefeller. Fourth, Gertrude Coghlan, who heads the company here, is the daughter of the late Charles Coghlan, and niece of Rose Coghlan. Her father was a most polished actor, and the young woman is said to have inherited much of his genius.

"The Lion and the Mouse" will run at prices ranging from \$2 down, for five nights and a matinee, commencing Tuesday.

The writer had the pleasure of seeing the drama in New York recently, and if the presentation here is as strong as there, Salt Lake may count on a dramatic feast.

The "News" is pleased to note that the billboarders of the country are vigorously following up the question of objectionable billboards and signs. A committee called on Stair & Haylin, heads of the popular priced syndicate, and received their assurance that they would not book any company in their circuit which indulged in sensational or objectionable printing. The local billboarders take an equally firm ground and say that nothing next season will be posted in Salt Lake that has a tinge of the yellow or salacious about it.

The "News" commends the local firm on its stand, and cheerfully enters in the work of improving our billboard literature. In future any citizen who notices theatrical printing of an objectionable character on the walls or billboards of the city will confer a favor by sending a notice of it to this paper.

A writer in one of the cities where "Sara, the Divine" lately appeared, says of the famous actress:

"Sarah Bernhardt! Balzac once said that the grandest monument is often in a single name, like Napoleon Bonaparte, William Shakespeare or Victor Hugo, because the one name has more power to stir the imagination than any lengthy inscription or high columns could have. So there is much expressed in that one name—Sarah Bernhardt."

Sarah Bernhardt may have been born a Jewess, and become a Christian, but not one considers such matters in connection with her. She is a world character—without doubt the most remarkable woman of her time. It would be both unfair and ungallant to speak of how long she has acted, as on the stage her wonderful art and magnetic force makes her the age of the woman she is impersonating.

Bernhardt has not lost her fire and her grace, although she is beginning to grow stout—only beginning, for such a consuming creature as she could never become really fat.

That is one great point. Her thinness was once the remark of the world. Cartoonsists drew her in the age of pictures of her as an anorectic, and one humorist drew a picture in which she showed a sailor on deck mistaking Sarah for a coil of rope.

Is there not philosophical reason for the recent loss of this extreme thinness? It is probably to be found in the fact that while this great actress was making herself, her genius consumed her flesh, and she died electrically which flashes in the globe slowly consumes the wires, over which it travels. When she was burning with ambition to distinguish herself, she was naturally thin, like all those ambitious natures. But now that she has obtained her ambition, she permits her body to put on a little flesh. Caesar remarked upon the thinness of the scheming Cassius, but had Cassius attained his ambition, he might have become a fat host at merry feasts.

Wonderful indeed is this woman. She has not lost any of her power to enthral an audience. Her voice is liquid or harsh as she pleases. In "La Tosca" she is an entirely different woman from her oriental sorceress, or the poor love-lorn and sinful Camille.

Miss Ethel Tucker and her company have made a good impression on the Grand boards, and the announcement of a change of bill next week will be greeted with interest. Two plays are to be given, the first part of the week being devoted to "Across the Desert," the latter part to "The Parisian Princess."

The first named play, while it is a "thriller" does not belong on the blood and thunder order, but is laid in the camps of the west, and revolves around a bovery boy and girl, an Indian, a Chinaman, a negro, and a sister of charity, surely a combination varied enough to make any sort of a play.

"The Parisian Princess" is a comedy drama which is said to have plenty of excitement along with the comedy work, so that it is relied on to please patrons both up and down stairs.

While Florence Roberts' success in New York is undoubted, all the critics do not agree in singing her praises. The following rather discordant note is from the World:

"She is an actress of more than the average native talent. Evidently she

has had a good deal of experience of a not over-valuable kind. Her face and figure are attractive; she possesses considerable volubility and capacity to express direct emotions; her speech and gestures, even to the mannerism of gnawing at her lips, suggest, though they may not necessarily imitate, Mrs. Fiske. The latter—omitting her execrable enunciation—is a good model to follow, but only if the imitator also have Mrs. Fiske's cerebral capacity.

To sum up Broadway's new acquisition dispassionately, she ranks in the Nance O'Neill class. She is a little too good for the second rank of actresses, but not good enough for the first. Any of a dozen women now appearing in the current plays could accomplish as much as she if they were given a chance.

O'Neill in "Monte Christo," acted the subordinate role with E. H. Southern in "Lord Chumley," and later had her first opportunity when, on Virginia Barnes' being taken ill, she appeared in the title role of "The Adventure of Lady Utrush."

Daniel Frohman says that Fay Templeton has written a play, presumably for herself. Just whether Miss Templeton intends to appear in it after she is through with "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway" is an interesting speculation. "What particularly impressed me about the work," Mr. Frohman added, "was the leading comedy role, which the author had evidently written for herself. It is in an original vein and should prove an excellent vehicle for Miss Templeton's unusual

## IN NEW YORK'S THEATERS

(By Acton Davies.)

### Special Correspondence.

**N**EW YORK, May 1.—It is a long time since Mrs. Fiske has played a role which showed in so fine a comedy light as John Luther Long's "Dolce," a one-act play which she produced for the first time in New York at the benefit performance at the Manhattan yesterday.

"Shandon" is an American artist living in Florence, poor and unsuccessful. The one picture which has attracted buyers is the one in which he will not part. It is a full-length portrait of a little girl of 12, a native of little Italy in Philadelphia, which he had painted 15 years before.

Her name was Dolce and she used to look his food, and his studio and make herself generally useful when she was not posing. Then, all of a sudden, just after the picture was completed, Dolce disappeared. There was a rumor among the artists that rich relatives had claimed her and taken her to her native land, but that was all he knew. When the play opens the Contessa de Casati calls upon Shandon. She has

omelette for herself. But as she helps him prepare the breakfast she keeps bringing the conversation back to the original of his portrait which he will not sell.

Who was she, this Dolce? The countess, who, of course, the audience knows by this time is Dolce herself, grown and restored to the family from which she had been kidnapped as a child. Her one desire now is to find out whether this man, whom she has always loved, is married or single. It is the clever way in which she angles for this information and the clumsy manner in which the artist unwittingly keeps her in suspense which makes the comedy.

The situation, of course, is as obvious as the fact that eventually they will marry and perhaps not be happy ever after. But the dialogue is crisp and witty and the delicious little accent with which Mrs. Fiske spoke her lines and the tenderness and charm with which John Mason played the role of Shandon made "Dolce" a really delightful half-hour of quaint drolery.

And by the way, curiously enough, that Italian accent had a wonderfully fine effect upon Mrs. Fiske's enunciation. If she would only speak English

the audience did her play.

Her make-up was atrocious. She wore a "ratty" looking black wig, which was frightfully unbecoming, and her coloring reminded one vividly of a brilliant Italian sunset. But exteriorly did not matter yesterday, for Mrs. Fiske was really acting.

"Dolce," when she has invested in a new wig will be so completely cheering that she should be made permanently to Mrs. Fiske's repertoire.

"The Eye of the Heart" and that tense little tragedy, "The Light of St. Agnes," which plays from Mrs. Fiske's pen, completed yesterday's delightful bill.

Dallas Welford, the English actor, has parted company with Manager James K. Hackett. This was a denouement which has been expected for some time. The fact that Messrs. Hackett and Curzon had given Mr. Welford a chance to score the only hit of his life in "Mr. Hopkinson" does not seem to have carried any weight with Mr. Welford, who had received so many dazzling offers to appear under other management that before appearing in vaudeville, which he now announces in his ultimate destination, Mr. Welford will return to England on Saturday and re-engage himself with a sketch.

Mr. Welford claims that Mr. Hackett broke his contract with him by firing him \$10 because he refused to attend a rehearsal. Mr. Hackett, who doesn't seem in the least cast down by the loss of his star, refuses to discuss the matter. This much is known for a certainty, however.

There were some very interesting developments behind the scenes at Fields' on Tuesday night. In anticipation of some such emergency as occurred Mr. Hackett has had another English actor, Mr. Denham Davis, in the role of Hopkinson for some time. He played the part for the first time most successfully yesterday afternoon.

There is a young actress in town just now who is boasting about having recently taken an unofficial ride in the Black Maria. It happened this way. Some months ago the actress was taken ill and had to call in a trained nurse. When she recovered, the nurse and the actress's solitary diamond ring made their exit on the same day. Advertisements, rewards and threats of exposure proved of no avail. The nurse and ring seemed to have vanished into thin air.

Months went by and finally one morning the actress read a paragraph in her morning newspaper which made her sit up and take immediate notice. A trained nurse of the same name as she who had eluded with her diamond ring had robbed another patient of pearls and money and was to have a preliminary examination in the police court that day.

The actress dressed hurriedly and made a bee line for the prison where the trained nurse was confined. Just as she reached there the prisoners were being hustled out of the building into the Black Maria. Sure enough, without any difficulty the actress stopped the nurse. She hurried over to her and made an immediate demand for the ring.

The nurse drew herself up haughtily with a sort of "Who is this person?" manner, but seeing that the actress was not to be trifled with she was just about to relax when a policeman seized the actress by the arm and exclaimed kindly enough:

"Say, you can't stand here talking. If this woman is your sister, get into the wagon with her and talk it out on the way to court." "She isn't my sister," blurted out the actress determinedly. "But I want to talk to her just the same. She stole my diamond ring."

Once inside the "hurry-up wagon," the nurse turned to the actress with mingled disappointment and astonishment. Her feelings seemed to be distinctly hurt.

"Do you mean to say that you came all the way down here to talk to me at a time like this about a little thing like that? And me in such trouble, too. Why I'm surprised at you, Miss — I always thought you was a lady, even though you was upon the stage." For answer the actress kept repeating, while she thumped her clinched hand on her knee to lend her emphasis "Give me my ring. You give me my ring."

Drawing herself as far away from the actress as the middle of the seat would allow, the nurse surveyed her again even more haughtily. Do you mean to tell me that you would appear in court against me—me, who used to be so good to you and let you eat all sorts of things you hadn't ought to when you had the typhoid fever?"

"I most certainly do."

"Oh, very well, then, in that case," continued the nurse, still in a superior tone, as she began unbuckling her glove. "I guess I'll have to give it to you." She handed the ring to the actress just as they reached the police court. "There it is," she exclaimed still more leily. "But when I get out of this don't you never forget to tell the nurse you again, because I should certainly decline."

Nearly \$12,000 was added to the San Francisco relief fund by the two performances at the Hippodrome and Casino on Saturday night.

After all, it took a New York ticket speculator to sleep through the San Francisco earthquake. Mr. Fred Fullman, who accompanied the Cornell company on its tour to that city, was quartered in one of the big hotels, and never woke up until 8 o'clock on the fatal morning. Just in time to make a perfectly calm and dignified exit before the hoistery began to burn.

At the other theaters the attractions are as follows: Empire, "The American Lord;" Lyceum theater, "The Lion and the Mouse;" Knickerbocker, Fritz Scheff in "Mlle. Modiste;" Be-

lasco, Blanche Bates, in "The Girl of the Golden West;" Bijou, David Warfield, in "The Music Master;" Casino, "The Social Whirl;" Majestic, Margaret Anglin, in "Zira;" Princess, Henry Woodruff, in "Brown of Harvard;" Lyric, Arnold Daly's in "Arms and the Man;" Academy of Music, Wilton Lackaye in "The Pit;" New Amsterdam, "The Free Lance;" Liberty, Florence Roberts, in "The Strength of the Weak;" Broadway, Elsie Janis in "The Vanderbilt Cup;" New York, Sam Bernhardt in "The Rollovering Girl;" Hippodrome, "A Society Circus;" Manhattan, "Charley's Aunt;" Joe Weber's "Twiddle-Twaddle," and the "Squaw Man's Girl from the Golden West;" Field's, "Mr. Hopkinson."

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SCENE FROM ACT 2 OF "THE LION AND THE MOUSE."

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## THEATRE GOSSIP

Although Mr. Barrie's whimsical political satire, "Josephine," at the London Comedy, seems to be pleasing the public, it has not been hailed with a chorus of universal praise by the critics.

There is a possibility that Mr. Mich. ael Morton's play, "Col. Newcome," will be produced in His Majesty's theater, London, before the end of the present season, although "Nero" continues to draw very large houses.

Julia Marlowe has written for the Ladies' Home Journal an article about her home which is to appear in the July number of that periodical. Miss Marlowe is what plain folk describe as a home body, and is very proud of it. She has a charming place in New York and a summer house in Connecticut.

A London dispatch says: Londoners are getting tired of hearing that Miss Maude Adams, America's greatest actress, is "nostalgically coming over this season." Charles Frohman absolutely contradicts the report that he has engaged Miss Adams to appear here in Dr. Barrie's "Peter Pan." Miss Adams will only come here when she has a play that will suit her to perfection and will show her talents off to a London audience.

Mme. Agathe Barescu, the Roumanian actress, has contracted to appear in next season in the United States. She will play exclusively in English, a language that she speaks fluently and with but a very slight accent. Her company will be composed entirely of American actors, and she will make her debut here in an elaborate production of Wilbrandt's tragedy, "Messalina," which the German playwright wrote expressly for her.

Margaret Anglin, who is now playing "Zira," a "matinee" her professional debut in "Shenandoah." Following the engagement, she appeared with a repertoire company which lived only two weeks. She supported James

qualities. I was sorry that it was impossible for me to consider its production.

The case of Mrs. Louise Allen Collier against her husband, William Collier, the actor, came up in a New York court a few days ago. Mrs. Collier testified regarding an agreement signed by her husband and herself when they separated in December last. This provides that the parties to it are to live apart. Collier, according to the agreement, to pay his wife monthly a sum of \$100 a week, and he agrees to give her a bill of sale of all personal property on his country place at St. James, L. I. Mrs. Collier testified that her husband had refused to sell the real estate and account for the rents received from it. She asks for the appointment of a receiver for the property.

Miss Leitia Stevenson, daughter of ex-Vice President Stevenson, has written a play which was produced in Chicago for the first time on Thursday evening, May 3. The production was made in music hall under the direction of Hart Conway, and the characters assumed by Mr. Conway's pupils. The play, which is in four acts, is called "The Maid of Honor." The scenes are laid in New York in the present day. Miss Stevenson has delayed a trip to Europe to be present at the performance, and she will be accompanied to Chicago by a large delegation of Bloomington people.

Before Mme. Bernhardt returns to Paris in June she will be seen in a farewell performance in New York in a bill including one act of "Frou Frou," which she has not played in New York in many years; one act of "L'Aiglon," one act of "Francesca di Rimini" and one act of "Hamlet." Mme. Bernhardt has sent to Paris for her scenery and costumes of some of these plays. She will also appear one night in Chicago on June 1 in a program consisting of an act from each of four plays. It is planned to have her single performance in the Metropolitan opera house. If the present arrangement is completed Mrs. Bernhardt will give single farewell performances in several of the large cities in the east before she sails for home.

come to buy a picture for her rich aunt. She sees the "Dolce" picture and chooses it. But Shandon refuses to sell. When Contessa arrives she finds Shandon making an omelette. In a very few minutes' time she has taken possession of the saucepan to make an

one-half as distinctly as she does her English-Italian there would be never any more demand for "books of the opera" at her performances. She threw herself into the role yesterday with enthusiasm and seemed to be really enjoying the part quite as much as

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