



INTEREST will center at the Salt Lake Theater Thursday evening when Miss Ethel Barrymore will open a three nights' engagement in her new and most successful play "Lady Frederick," a comedy in three acts by W. Somerset Maugham, the author of "Jack Straw" and other plays. In the new play Miss Barrymore will appear as an attractive Irish widow of uncertain age, with many suitors during her sojourn at Monte Carlo. As Lady Frederick, who lives upon an extravagant style, but at the same time is deeply in debt, Miss Barrymore has a part that gives her splendid opportunity for her talents. Briefly this is the story of the play: Lady Frederick is an attractive widow, neither young nor old, who is hard pressed for money. She has many suitors, the boyish Lord Mereston, is particularly impetuous. The youth finds his suit opposed by his mother, who, in seeking to prevent the marriage, deals in anything but a pleasant manner with Lady Frederick. The latter, even when smarting under the harshest criticism, controls herself, and although she has it in her power to make tender memories scorch like fire, she says her persecutor from the unhappiness she might visit upon her. Later she makes her refusal to the boy's plea for her hand as easy as possible by firmly and completely disliking him. Then comes the man who has fought her fairly, the boy's uncle, the man with whom she has remained in earlier days, who sees beneath the rough, the woman. Thus Lady Frederick puts her trials and debts behind her, for happiness has come at last. Charles Frohman makes a particularly attractive production of the Maugham play and has surrounded Miss Barrymore with a notable company including Bruce McVie, again Miss Barrymore's leading man; Norman Tharp, Charles Hammond, Arthur Elliott, Orlando Daly, Jessie Millward, Anita Rothe, Vera Stowe and others. The only matinee of Miss Barrymore's engagement will be given Saturday.

One week tonight the Orpheum will give the last performance of the vaudeville season, after which the house will be closed for the summer. A casual glance over the offerings indicate that the popular house will close in a blaze of glory. S. Miller Kent and his players in the comedy playlet, "Married in a Motor Car," head the bill. Mr. Kent last season starred in this section in Eugene Presbury's "Raffles," and this season has been identified with leading American dramatic organizations. In "Almost," the Whittier-Harries company have a dramatic incident. The story deals with an actress, and the old stage "murder will out." Joly Violette, a celebrated Parisian beauty, assisted by M. Arnaud, a Brazilian artist, is well known abroad although this is her first American tour. She presents her act in two sections, the first a series of parodies and the second characteristic Brazilian dances. The Sandwinas present a novelty in the way of Herculean acrobats. It is said to be a marvelous exhibition of strength and skill. Dorothy Drew, the jolly singing comedienne, just returned from a successful South African trip, is another strong feature. Wells and Sells, comedy acrobats, are due to furnish a number of new and startling acrobatic stunts. Jarrold is the name of a unique humorist-magician. He is an uncanny foreigner who seems to take great delight in his exhibition of legerdemain and laughs at his own jokes, and seems to enjoy his own feats of trickery as much as the audience. The orchestra and the kindred both promise new and striking features.

More romantic and stirring than even "By Right of Sword" is the offering of Ralph Stuart and the Willard Mack company during the coming week. Moreover, the play "At the Rainbow's End" is too big a production for the small stage of the Bungalow and it will be presented in the Colonial with elaborate effects in scenery, lighting and costumes.

"At the Rainbow's End" is the love story of Kit Carson, one of the great names of early American history. The play is new and will receive its New York presentation next fall when Mr. Stuart believes it will be a genuine success. At Minneapolis, where Mr. Stuart gave a production of the play it was hailed as the greatest of western dramas. Mr. Stuart has a role in Kit



CHARLES FROHMAN PRESENTS ETHEL BARRYMORE.
At the Theatre, Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

Carson that is in keeping with his vigorous physique and dashing manner. He should be the ideal of the brave frontiersman just as Mary Hall is a charming and sympathetic Marion Kent. The cast contains about 25 people and makes use of five horses. There is a wealth of color in the settings. The gorgeous dress of the Mexicans, the buckskins of the frontiersmen, the Indians, cowboys and soldiers with the background of Mexican adobe houses, the Indian tipis and the mountain fastnesses furnish pictures in which the scene painter revels. The play will run all the week at the Colonial with the usual matinees. At its conclusion Mr. Stuart intends to give "The Christian," with himself as John Storm, one of his best roles, and Mary Hall as Glory Quayle.

The attraction at the Grand theater for the coming week will be the great Li Vidas and Madame La France in acts of hypnotism and mind reading. Madame La France gave a private demonstration of her power as a mind reader to a number of local newspaper men a few days ago that convinced them that her claim of being one of the best in her line that has visited this city was well taken. Some of the tests which she was put to by the newspaper men and which she successfully stood was little short of remarkable. Li Vidas is said to be the greatest hypnotist that has ever visited this city. He has announced that he will place a man under the hypnotic spell after which he will place a large rock on his chest and break the rock with a sledge hammer. This is but one of the many feats which are announced to be given at every performance. The engagement will run for the week with the usual Wednesday and Saturday matinees.

THEATER GOSSIP

James K. Hackett, after a brief summer plunge into vaudeville, will star next season under the direction of Charles Frohman.

When Billie Burke closes her London season in "Love Watches," in July, she will bring her company straight to San Francisco, a "jump" of 6,300 miles.

Miss Helena Collier Garrick, sister of William Collier, will retire from the stage at the end of her brother's engagement in "The Man From Mexico."

James K. Hackett, having gone into bankruptcy, has also gone into vaude-

ville. He is using a playlet, "The Bishop's Candlesticks," from "Les Misérables."

A new play, said to be a genuine posthumous work of Ibsen, has been produced in Berlin. The play is called "The King," and is a political satire.

W. Somerset Maugham's new play, "The Noble Spaniard," now being produced in London, threatens to revive the early Victorian fashions of women's dress in the English smart set.

Americans have invaded the German vaudeville stage and there is scarcely a vaudeville theater of prominence in the Fatherland that does not feature the names of performers from the states in its weekly bills.

"When the Urban club gave its annual Shakespeare dinner in London on April 23 there were on the table in front of the chairman the punch bowl belonging to David Garrick and the second folio edition of "Shakespeare," brought out in 1832.

Miss May Robson has played for 30 consecutive weeks in "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary," and has made a comfortable fortune out of the play on the road, despite the fact that when the production was disclosed originally in New York the critics to a man deemed it a hopeless failure.

From Yokohama, George Ade, who is traveling around the world, cables to Charles Dillingham that he will arrive in New York June 10. "I'll bring the new play for Messrs. Montgomery and Stone," he added. Mr. Ade has been at work for some time on a new vehicle to take the place of "The Red Mill," in which the comedians have been appearing for two seasons.

Henry Miller is passing the recess term at his farm in the east. In September he will take "The Great Divide" to London, where Miss Edith Wynne Matthison will play opposite to him in the role of Ruth Jordan. Mr. Miller's other plans for next season include the presentation of "The Servant in the House" in London and the introduction of "The Family" and the new Moody play, "The Faith Healer," to New York audiences. All these enterprises are to be put forward under the joint direction of Mr. Miller and Charles Frohman.

John Drew, Ethel Barrymore, Otis Skinner, Francis Wilson and Marie Doro are the Charles Frohman stars

that have traveled, or will have traveled, by the end of the season from Boston to San Francisco, a tour of at least 3,500 miles, but much more than that in the zig-zag route of an ordinary theatrical company. These players, because of the length of their seasons, will, with the exception of Miss Barrymore, consequently spend their coming vacation in America, accustomed as each may be to visit Europe for the summer. As he generally visits San Francisco in alternate seasons, John Drew also usually takes his vacation abroad in the summers that do not oblige him to play upon the Pacific coast.

"In his sketch 'At the Gymnasium,' 'Jim' Jeffries speaks in resonant tones,

WHERE "THE DEVIL" IS A FROST

London Dramatic Letter

(Special Correspondence.)
LONDON, May 8.—Among the week's arrivals from the other side are Billie Burke and Fannie Ward, both of whom appear to be in the highest spirits and the best of health. This morning I looked in at the Haymarket theater to find the former busily rehearsing "Love Watches" under the guiding influence of Charles Frohman. Evidently America agrees with her—after all, it is her native country for I have never seen her to better advantage. She is a general favorite here and will assuredly have a host of well-wishers in front when she makes her London reappearance. Her stay, however, is necessarily limited as she is due in San Francisco at the end of August, and naturally wants a little bit of a holiday before resuming work.

I have just had a chat, also, with Fannie Ward, who is simply one little mass of exultation over the way in which America has received her. In her own words she had "a great time of it" and altogether is bubbling over with gratitude for the kindness shown her. I am not sure that Jerome K. Jerome's "The Noble Spaniard," made an unqualified hit in the states, but Fannie Ward is manifestly entirely satisfied with her own personal success. She tells me that she introduced the comedy a song and dance—it would be interesting to have Jerome's views upon this innovation.

TALENT VS GEMS.

Fannie Ward begins her London campaign at Terry's theater on the 1st of June with a new play, now definitely christened "Vera," which has been specially written for her by Lee Arthur and Forest Halsey. She told me the story and as she related it there could be no question that it contained a good, strong, if somewhat melodramatic interest. Fannie Ward, of course, plays the leading part, John Deane appears in that of her boy lover, and Charles Cartwright as an old family servant who in the end proves to be the heroine's father.

"For once," exclaimed Miss Ward with an air of triumph, "I shan't have to depend on gowns or jewels, but on my power of acting." She is introduced in the piece next September and will be seen in it later in New York.

Marc Klaw, who it is understood, is responsible for the making of the picture, is due on this side next week, but he goes straight to Paris. He can hardly arrive in London before the middle of the month.

SOME THEATRICAL FROSTS.

The theatrical season goes from bad to worse and failure follows failure with anything but gratifying regularity. Henry Davies's latest comedy, "Boris," has gone the way of all things—a matter of fact, it never contained any enduring element of success. After the night of production the author endeavored to patch it up and even wrote a new last act, but all the tinkering in the world could not save so thin and unsatisfactory a play. "The Devil," also, is in frost to speak paradoxically, in the piece next September and will be seen in it later in New York.

Lucien Guilty comes over from Paris about the middle of next month to the Adelphi and will appear in, among other things, "L'Assommoir," "Le Voleur" and "Somson," with, presumably, Simone Le Bargy as his leading lady. In September the Adelphi passes, temporarily at any rate, into the hands of the ubiquitous Charles Frohman, who thus adds another theatrical scalp to his belt. I believe it is Frohman's intention to present Henry Miller there in "The Great Divide," a play of which we have heard so much good that we are all looking forward with the greatest curiosity to its production.

SAVAGE ONLY SMILED.

Lunching at the Savory hotel the other day I ran across Henry W. Savage. I could not resist asking him why it was he had missed the American rights of "The Arcadians," the new musical play just produced by Robert Courtneidge at the Shaftesbury and the undoubted success of the spring season. Savage was partner with Courtneidge in the failure of "The Devil" and one naturally expected that he would be given

two lines that are violently applauded for their eloquence, if not for their stentorian delivery. One of the expressions heard here, but volleys of applause always follow it. The reason is that his associate, "Sam" Berger, has just finished telling how sad it is for a champion to hear the referee count the fatal ten over his prostrate and dizzy head. Then comes the line, "I don't know, I never heard it." When Berger asks the champion for advice on how to get over his prostrate and dizzy head, he just looks at the questioner's meager locks and says: "I couldn't make a champion out of you, Buddy, but I can give you a prescription for an awful good hair tonic."

the canoe of recouping himself by acquiring "The Arcadians" for America. But Savage smiled in his amiable way. "Oh," he said, "it was just a little comedy of errors." The "little comedy" will doubtless cost him many thousands, if not hundreds of thousands of dollars.

FROHMAN IN GERMANY.

Charles Frohman is still further enhancing the range of his operations. He showed me yesterday a list of over two hundred theaters in Germany and Austria which he is going to supply with his productions of successful English plays. The German versions are to be made in London, and before being sent out will receive the imprimatur of the original author to whom Frohman will be personally responsible for all royalties. "Peter Pan," also, after its midsummer production at the Paris Vaudeville, is to be turned into French and sent on tour through France, Spain and Italy. My sole fear is that with these rapidly increasing interests all over the world Frohman may be tempted to neglect that one little spot called America which has served him so well as a point of departure.

PINERO'S NEW PIECE.

It is rather a startling bit of news that George Alexander has decided not to play Piner's new piece, which is to be the autumn attraction at the St. James's. The reason seems to be that the part designed for Alexander has not panned out exactly as was originally expected—anyhow, Alexander considers either that it is not suited to him or that he is not suited to it. Irene Vanburgh, however, remains as leading lady and that capital comedian, C. M. Lowrie, who so immensely enhanced his reputation by his performance in "Lady Frederick," will have an important part. Alexander, meanwhile, will go on a six weeks' provincial tour, starting in September. By the time that comes to a close he will be able to judge how far Piner's piece is likely to carry him, and whether to produce the new Hubert Henry Davies comedy which he has in his possession at another West End theater or to hold it over until the St. James's is ready for his return.

It was currently reported last week that Sir Charles Wyndham had at last been persuaded to appear on the vaudeville stage. There were good grounds, too, for one Alfred Butt tried very hard to get him for the Palace. But, at the last, negotiations fell through and Sir Charles now tells me that in about ten days' time he will be crossing the Atlantic. He wants, he says, to have a look at "The Blue Mouse," which he has bought for this country, and which he proposes to present at the Criterion in the fall of the year. My own idea, however, is that he has the roving mood strong upon him and that he is by no means inclined to shake the London dust from off his feet for a while. He is largely interested, too, in ranch and mining property in Colorado, as well as in South Africa.

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LOCATING THE LION'S LAIR IN AFRICA

One will soon forget his first, impressive view of Kilimanjaro, the highest mountain in all Africa; so high that although it is only three miles or so off the line of the equator, its greatest peak, Kibo, is capped with everlasting snow. It stands out clearcut against the tropic sky nearly 15,000 feet above the level of the Red sea—two mighty peaks, some five miles apart, one flat and snow-crowned, the other, somewhat lower, rearing itself in a broken and pointed mass, and the two connected by a broad and undulating saddle. From its summit it seems as though one might almost overlook all Africa, across her dusky forests and her dry and burning plains, into the innermost hidden heart of her. Even from its lower levels there is a wonderful panoramic view of endless stretches of rolling country, shadowed with dark patches of woods, and dotted here and there with the strange, whispering seas of tawny bush which in places extend for many square miles, and through which one must wade before reaching the forests that skirt the mountain's foot.

It is in these brush areas that the best lion hunting will be found. The lion is not a forest animal; he prefers the plains and the dry, dusty jungles, where his yellow hide is less conspicuous. And, speaking of lions, there lies on the floor of a certain home in Virginia, a mammoth skin, 11 feet from nose to tip of tail, tawny, and

maned, with huge head and open, yellow-fanged jaws. Save for its size it is much like any other good lion skin, except that upon a second glance it is seen that the left forepaw is missing. It is difficult to get a lion's skin in perfect condition, for the reason that they are generally many and scarred with the marks of encounters with other beasts; often, too, they are so badly torn by bullets that it is hard to mount them. But this one, barring a long scar down the flank, is unusually good.—C. B. Taylor, in Everybody's.

THE CONSULTATION.

One of two sisters who lived together was suddenly taken, with a lung attack she feared was serious, says the London Telegraph. She therefore sent for a specialist and asked her doctor to meet him. Talking over his coming with her sister, she said: "Mona, I wish I could know Sir Henry B's real opinion. Neither he nor Dr. M. will tell us if there is anything really wrong, but I would much rather know."

Her sister replied: "Do not worry, dearest. You shall know everything, for I will go down to the dining room and stand behind the big oak screen and listen to every word they say."

"And will you be sure to tell me, Mona?"

"You may rely on me, dearest. I will tell you every word."

"Even if I am not to get well?"

"Even then, dearest," promised the loyal Mona.

The hour for the consultation arrived, and the sister went to the dining room, and standing behind the great oak screen, ensconced herself and prepared to listen.

By and by the two doctors were heard descending the stairs, and a moment later they came into the room. Walking over to the fireplace, the specialist sank into an easy chair and the local doctor sank into another. Then followed moment's silence, broken by the specialist, who leaned a little forward.

"My dear M," he said slowly as he looked across at his colleague, "of all the ugly women that's the very

ugliest woman I've ever seen in my life."

"Is she?" replied the local doctor. "You wait until you've seen her sister."

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