condition of the public purse, the length of theater goers' purses are well indicated by the re- of the month of January at the Lake theater. The programs of these show that the Theater was for 27 performances during that as follows: "A Trip to China- two, "Haverly's Minstrels" James & Ward four; "Corianton" Richard Carvel" one, "Shore three, "The Man from Sweden" "The Amazons" one, Gordan Shay Co. four, Florence Roberts and "Princess Chic," four. Near- attraction played to good bust- and when it is remembered that tion, the Grand was going near- night with matinees Wednes- and Saturdays, it is evident that Lake has recovered her old repu- of being the best show town whole west.

* * *

one interested in music is talk- the astonishing success—artistic, ancial—of Mr. Shepherd's Sym- orchestra. While public interest organization is growing, and the attendance at the second con- was much better than at the first, ultimate success of the venture es as yet very much of a prob- At the same time Mr. Shepherd Mr. Pyper are far from discour- and they will keep on putting shoulders to the wheel. The plan at is to induce a number of wealthy people to subscribe for the purpose of forming a which shall guarantee the con- against actual loss, until after have established themselves so in the favor of the public that will pay their own way. After concert some one went down pocket for several hundred The second concert probably repetition of that disagreeable the amount was less. The tion idea should by all means up and carried out. It is that three public spirited Mrs. Col. Holmes, Mrs. David and Mr. Sam Newhouse have al- headed a subscription list, and such a start it ought not to be to obtain the remainder of the guarantee.

more concerts of the high char- those already given, cannot give the organization such a the public that it will be able alone and become a fixed local tion.

* * *

clever performance of "The" by the University club, got so much advertising after all over and done with, is to be again, this time on the afternoon evening of Saturday next, when have very generously ten-

D. Thomas, Harold Goff and Jonasson, in "The Amazons."

their services in aid of the fund raised for the famine sufferers in The Theater has been given the occasion. Every expendi- be kept down to the minimum, all who patronize the enter- may know that their offer- go to the aid of a noble cause pacity of the house ought to be both performances.

* * *

week's bills at the Grand will repetition of "The Peddler's the play which opens there noon and evening. Mr. Sam is the principal actor and in of the Hebrew peddler, is said a role which entirely fits his style of ability. If the play the success expected for it this and evening, the next three will take care of themselves.

* * *

cing on Thursday next the will reintroduce our old friend "White Slave," Bartley Campbell's southern drama. It has been the public for 20 years now, and mains one of the best money on the road. In the old days Monthly Magazine later he dal reporter of the house of representatives in Louisiana, and no one was better qualified than he for writing a play devoted to southern life and manners. "The White Slave" will no doubt do the same prosperous business that it has always done in this city.

* * *

A private letter from H. N. Whitney who is in advance of the "Foxy Quiller" company, says that the organization is doing good business throughout Illinois. Mr. Whitney says he has visited many interesting places in his travels, one of them being Hannibal, Mo., the birthplace of Mark Twain, where the scenes of "Huck Finn" are laid; another being Springfield, Ill., the home of Abraham Lincoln. Mr. Whitney was interviewed in Chicago by several newspaper representatives, who learning that he was a nephew of Hon. Reed Smoot, gave extended mention of what he had to say of his uncle. He states that he was surprised to note that Hearst's "American," which is

Mr. Goff and Miss Tibbitts, in "The Amazons."

very bitter towards the new senator, printed a half column interview, all of a friendly nature.

* * *

Salt Lake has been handsomely honored by the invitation to Prof. McClellan to take part in the big musical festival in Denver on April 17 and 18. The ambitious musicians of Denver have started out to give a series of annual festivals, after the fashion of the Birmingham festivals of England, the Worcester of New England and the Cincinnati gatherings in Ohio. The plan is to include all the talent of the surrounding states, and how notable the first affair will be is evinced in the fact that the Theodore Thomas orchestra of Chicago has been engaged. In addition, Mendelssohn's "Elijah" will be given by the Denver vocal society of 250 voices. Prof. McClellan's part will be that of giving an organ recital; the soloists of the occasion will be Jennie Osborne, soprano, Mabel Crawford, contralto; Glen Hall, tenor, and Alfred Williams, bass. The man at the head of the festival undertaking is Mr. Wardner Williams. The list of patrons includes Gov. Wells of Salt Lake, and without doubt this city will furnish a good contingent of spectators for the notable event.

* * *

Joseph Haworth evidently does not share the prevailing impression regarding Richard Mansfield. In a recent number of the Mirror is found the following:

At the end of next week Joseph Haworth will retire from the role of Cassius in Richard Mansfield's production of Julius Cæsar, now in Boston, and on Feb. 18 he will originate in America the principal male role of Prince Nekledorf in a dramatization of Tolstoi's "Resurrection," at the Victoria theater, supporting Blanche Walsh.

In speaking to a Mirror reporter last week of this important change in his affairs, Mr. Haworth said: "I leave Mr. Mansfield with the greatest reluctance. He gave me the opportunity to play in New York a Shakespearean role, and I am devoted to Shakespearean roles. The critics were kind to my Cassius, but, despite their generous words, I was not, and am not, satisfied with it. One must be perfect, it seems to me, in a character created by the master dramatist, before he may be satisfied with himself. But I want to speak of Mr. Mansfield. I consider him one of the most misunderstood and most abused men in public life. As I said, I leave him reluctantly—reluctantly because my experience in his company has been one of the pleasanest of my whole career. It may seem indelicate to praise the personal qualities of a living man, yet when that man has been much maligned, one may surely be forgiven for saying a word or two in his favor.

"Mr. Mansfield is one of the most genuine artists that I have ever known. His art is absolutely a part of himself, and when anyone does an inartistic thing, whether advertently or inadvertently, it is to Mr. Mansfield a personal affront. I feel that I have been fortunate, indeed, in knowing and understanding so true an artist and so splendid a man, and I leave the delightful atmosphere that he creates about him in the theater and in his home with genuine regret.

"The new role in "Resurrection" appeals to me strongly, and I feel that playing it will advance me considerably in my profession. Otherwise I should not think of leaving Mr. Mansfield. The character is unlike any that I have played before. It offers splendid possibilities—splendid opportunities for the broadening and deepening of whatsoever art is mine. Therefore I am looking forward to the production with enthusiasm, which is tempered only with my regret over leaving Mr. Mansfield."

MISS JENNIE ELIASEN OF LOGAN.

Miss Eliasen is a young Logan pianist of considerable promise. For the past year or two she has been studying in Boston and at a recent public recital there acquitted herself with marked credit. Prior to going east Miss Eliasen was a member of the Thatcher orchestra and was known as a devoted musical student.

THEATER GOSSIP.

Signora Eleanor Duse sailed last Friday for Europe, and, it is claimed, that she will never again appear in America.

The Theater will be dark all next week except Saturday, but the following week will more than make up for the rest. "Arizona," one of last year's big successes, comes then, and puts in the entire week.

Owing to Mr. A. M. Palmer's illness and to his consequent deprivation from business concerns, a number of his personal and professional friends have written to Mr. Charles Frohman, with a view to securing general managerial interests towards a great testimonial to be tendered to this veteran manager.

One of David Warfield's best-liked stories he is telling in the west, where, by the way, he is meeting with considerable favor in "The Auctioneer," it being his first trip to the coast since he achieved fame as a character comedian. Some years ago he left San Francisco unknown; now he goes back a Belasco star. But the story, as he tells it, goes this way:

"Isaacstein was sent to a New York hospital, where he was found to be suffering with appendicitis. After the doctors had made their diagnosis they operated as usual in such cases. A friend of Isaacstein's met another acquaintance of his in Hester street and asked:

"'Haf you heard aboudt Isaacstein?'

"'No. Vass dss it?'

"'He was sick. The take him by der hospital, und vat you tink they do to him?'

"'Vell, Vell. Vat iss it?'

"'They put him in a room all by himself and take his appendix away from him.'

"'Na! Na! Na! Vat a pity, ain't it, he didn't have it in his wife's name.'"

MUSIC NOTES.

Kocian, the famous violinist, opens in San Francisco on March 2. Whether or not he will visit Salt Lake, seems to be a question.

A strong rumor is current in New York that there is a movement among the Metropolitan Opera House directors to secure Jean de Reszke as the successor to Maurice Grau.

An invitation is out for Elks to either bring a book or its equivalent, as the price of admission to the Orpheus club concert, to be given on the night of the 24th inst., in Elks hall, for the benefit of the library fund.

The Imperial male quartet is hard at work practicing, and will be able shortly to favor the public with a pleasing repertoire of chorals. The quartet is composed of Messrs. Ashworth and Best, tenors, and Squires and Kent bassos.

Unless those long delayed band instruments ordered by John Held early in the 16th century, arrive before the expiration of the present century, there is danger of that astute band leader's falling into an early and untimely grave. His hair is already becoming a pronounced white.

Bandmaster Robinson of the "Kilties" had something of an experience the other day in Colorado. He was coming down from Victor on a burro, when the Rocky Mountain "ship of the desert" rolled over, and Mr. Robinson reached the bottom of the mountain first. He is suffering in consequence from a lacerated knee, and much to his disgust is obliged to wear full length trousers, to protect the injured limb from climatic incompatibilities.

Bandmaster Sousa, now in England with his band, has written to the principal English newspapers complaining that pirated editions of his songs are sold by hawkers in the London streets. He states that as he complied with the International Copyright law he expected the English government to assume the responsibility of protecting his property. "Apparently," he concludes, "no such responsibility exists."

Chauncé Olcott recalls a story that Maurice Barrymore once told him with much unction. It bore on Barrymore's earlier historic experiences and on an occasion when he was barnstorming through the west. The hotels were of a character that left much to be desired, and one house in particular, he considered the limit. In the morning when the men of the company met in the hotel office after breakfast, one of them said to Barrymore: "How did you sleep last night?"

"I didn't sleep at all," was the reply. "I was kept awake by insomnia."

Then the landlord spoke up and wrathfully said: "I'll bet ye five there ain't one in the house!"

There were no takers.

Anna Held's studies in the nude were exhibited for the last time at the Theater last night before another monster audience. Before the overwhelming endorsement Salt Lake has given this attraction, criticism is almost compelled to be silent. The two performances probably yielded to the box office the greatest sum the house ever received for two consecutive nights by the same performance. Yet, in spite of that, in spite of the individual cleverness of some of the players, in spite of the general gorgeousness of the production, the honest reviewer of theatrical events cannot conscientiously set the stamp of approval upon the attraction. Its whole tone is loud, and the effect upon its auditors, especially upon the young, cannot be anything but bad.

The president of the "Kilties" organization is Sir Cameron Brown, son-in-law of the premier of Ontario. The men are selected from the bands of the five crack militia regiments of the Dominion, and have permission to absent themselves from their commands in order to travel as the "Kilties" Band. The value of the three sets of uniforms owned by the band is $7,000. The management carries eight programs of music for regular performance, also, two big trunks with selections for special performance. While the band was in Washington, the men were given a reception by the U. S. Marine band which attended afterwards in their full dress uniform, a concert given by the "Kilties" in Washington. The Canadians appreciated this compliment very highly.

THE LITTLE COUNTRY PAPER.

It's no sixteen-page edition that expresses big men's views,
And it's not filled up with pictures, nor with telegraphic news;
It isn't printed daily, with an "extra" every hour,
And the editor's not bragging of his influence and power.
It may have faults and errors, but all these I will forgive,
For it's printed in the country, 'way back where I used to live.

It is only issued weekly, and it's not made up for style,
But when it arrives I gladly put the daily by awhile,
I don't read in its pages what the wise and great men say,
But I see that "Silas Jiggers brought some wood to town today;"
And that "Grandpa Parks is better," or that "Old Bill Jones is dead,"
And it tells just what the parson in his Sunday sermon said.

I see again the faces of the friends I used to know,
In the dim and distant fancies of the happy Long Ago;
And I read up in one corner that the fall winds howl and blow,
And that "Uncle Nathan Smith predicts an early fall of snow;"
Or that "our debating club will give a sociable next week,
At which our fellow-townsman, Abner Brotherton will speak."

There are never learned essays on the questions of the day,
But it says that "folks are looking for another rise in hay;"
I can see no glaring headlines of the last election fight,
But it says that "Tom Shaw marries Ella Edgerton tonight;"
And my thoughts somehow grow fonder, when the old folks' names I see,
Telling that "Reverend Tompkins was invited there to tea."

It may be crude and homely—that same little country sheet,
And the make-up of its pages may be rather obsolete,
It is dusty when I unfold it, and the print is somewhat blurred;
Yet it's always more than welcome and I read it every word,
And no reading to a city man a greater joy can give,
Than the little country weekly, printed "where he used to live."

—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

Hillary Bell's Letter.

A Dull Monday Night in New York—Short's Unique Experiment Comes to Grief—Daly's Estate—The Famous Old Union Square.

New York, Feb. 4, 1903.—Once more a Monday night in New York without any change of program at the theaters. This is a strange town. When high art exists in the drama we are in a continual state of unrest; when low art reigns we are placid as kittens that have a saucer of milk. Let Mrs. Patrick Campbell open with a serious play by Sudermann, or Sothern attempt "Hamlet," or Mansfield put forth his extraordinary ideas of "Julius Caesar," and critics and audiences alike become uneasy. But with a dozen of our principal theaters devoted to sheer nonsense entertainments and their patrons purr prosperously in a chorus of content. In this particular New York is coming to resemble London, where the guinea shares of Irving's Lyceum theater are selling for seven pence ha'penny, while for the 15 shilling shares of the Alhambra three pounds are offered with no sellers. The only plays of serious purpose, poetic and artistic fancy in the metropolis at present are Mrs. Fiske's "Mary of Magdala" and Belasco's "Darling of the Gods," unless, indeed, in the limited list be included the queer performance of Shakespeare at Mrs. Osborn's playhouse. Our other places of entertainment are filled with foolish things in the song and dance line. Give the average New Yorker a show made up of comic songs, pretty ballet girls, soubrettes, jokes, acrobatic comedians, doggerel rhymes and rag time melody, and he is happy. On frequent occasions we have eloquent arguments concerning the beauty and healthfulness of art and how very yearning and tender are the classics. Yet if Herr Conried puts on Schiller's "Robbers" at the German theater, or if one of our chief actors revives Shakespeare the critics fall into contention over the demerits of the performance, and the public, crying like Mercutio, "A plague o' both your houses," flees to farce, burlesque and music comedy.

SHORT'S UNIQUE EXPERIMENT.

In this connection it may be said that last week a manager with the unfortunate name of Short, but otherwise felicitous in his experience of such artistic matters, engaged Mrs. Osborn's playhouse for a series of revivals of the classics under the original condition of their production. It was caviare to the general, and the manner in which the newspapers slashed it next morning was interesting to everybody except the entrepreneur and his company. William Winter, of all writers, was expected to approve the production, but by some grievous mistake at the boxoffice the venerable critic of the Tribune was clapped into a side aisle chair near the door. Rankin Towse, of the Evening Post, also a valetudinarian, also a friend of Shakespeare, was treated with similar indignity—and the way in which these old codgers attacked "Romeo and Juliet" in their papers was amusing to those who knew the cause of their wrath. These ancient journals have no circulation worth speaking of—Horace Greeley's paper having fallen to 40,000 a day, William Cullen Bryant's paper to 25,000—and their unexpected assault on the production did no great harm except to their critics, who naively declared in effect that, without modern luxury in setting, Shakespeare is a bore. Unfortunately for Mr. Short's venture the afternoon paper critics, who are always being changed, and are always youthful, hold Mr. Winter in devout esteem and they took his cue after reading his opinion. Therefore, with one or two exceptions the Elizabethian revival of "Romeo and Juliet" was assaulted all along the line. Yet it was an extremely interesting performance. The stage was set in the exact manner employed at the Swan theatre, London, nearly 400 years ago, by William Shakespeare in the first performance of his tragedy. There was neither scenery nor furniture. Two posts were erected on the stage, over them an awning, between them a sliding green curtain. When the scene ended the curtain was closed; before a new scene was played an ancient apprentice, or as we call him in these days, a supernumerary, affixed a placard on one of the posts announcing "A Street, "Capulet's Garden," "The Friar's Cell," "Juliet's Tomb," or what was to be represented. As in Shakespeare's day everything was left to the imagination of the spectators. Printed cards informed the audience that they must believe that the action of the play took place in a forest, a valley or a ballroom. It was before the area of the scenic artist, the stage machinist, the electric light man. Without drops, side pieces or furniture the Capulet palace became Friar Lawrence's cell, and Tybalt was killed, Juliet wooed and the lovers died amid the same environment. Surrounding the primitive stage, boxes were built and occupied by the rich people of the period, while the front rows of the orchestra were filled by the common people of the pit, dressed in Elizabethan costume and conducting themselves in precisely the way history ascribes to the original Shakespearean audiences. It was all very interesting and so far as possible, archaeologically correct; although during the reign of Elizabeth no women were permitted to act on the stage, while in this curious revival feminine players assumed the roles of Juliet, Lady Capulet and the Nurse. The actors in this case were probably more proficient than those employed in the first performance of the tragedy, for with the exception of Burbadge, Shakespeare found no player to suit him; and in despair over the difficulty of its performance he had to act the ghost in "Hamlet" himself. In this almost exact reproduction of the original method of "Romeo and Juliet," Manager Short and his actors did so well that the audience remained until Romeo killed himself, and followed the performance by frequent outbursts of applause. It was a quaint and curious revival and one of extraordinary interest to Shakespearean scholars; yet because he had a bad seat William Winter fell on the play tooth and nail.

(A wire from Mr. Bell to the "News" this morning says Mr. Short's experiment lasted but a few nights, and then the doors had to be closed for lack of patronage.—Ed.)

DALY'S ESTATE.

In this connection, also, it is interesting to note that the appraisal of Augustin Daly's estate, just finished, shows that his debts exceeded his assets. Throughout his long experience in theatric management Daly devoted himself to the best art of the drama, yet he died $38,000 short of a balance. In detail, the findings of the executors declare that Daly's furniture, books, pictures and jewelry, sold at auction after his death, brought $155,000, his equity in Daly's theater was worth $70,000; in Daly's theater London, $70,000, scenery and theatric properties, $20,000; copyrights on plays, $20,000, other items bringing the total value of his estate up to $332,936. His debts amounted to $370,000, of which Mr. Daly owed $226,000 in America, and $93,000 in England. Among his creditors the most notable is his leading actress, by the appraiser's accounting it seems that Ada Rehan not only could not collect all her salary, but that she also lent $15,000 cash to Augustin Daly out of her savings. There may be a lawsuit over her claims against the estate, in which case some interesting revelations are promised. There is no tragedy without its comic relief; and now when it is established that his debts exceed his assets, Mr. Daly's numerous bequests to charity and to his actors have an amusing complexion. However, that is not the matter so much as his failure to make good art as remunerative as bad art is to his competitors and successors in management. High art is pleasing but illusive. Edwin Booth and Lester Wallack fell into bankruptcy. Sir Henry Irving was a bankrupt. Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau went through bankruptcy, and A. M. Palmer's financial condition is so melancholy at present that his friends are organizing a benefit performance for the relief of his necessities. Meanwhile, the farce comedy man, the farce men, the extravaganza and burlesque men all have rings on their fingers, bells on their toes, and a coach and six wherever they goes.

PALMER'S GREAT CAREER.

Mr. Palmer's misfortunes illustrate the ups and downs of the drama. Originally he was a clerk in the mercantile library, a handsome man of considerable dignity in presence. He used to take luncheon at the Morton House, next door to the Union Square Theater, then directed by Sheridan Shook. One day, the manager, standing at his door, observed the good looking young clerk passing as usual. "Hey!" cried Shook, "What's your hurry? Stop a minute, I want to have a talk with you. What's your name and what d'ye do for a living?" Mr. Palmer modestly explained himself and his duties. "Say," said Shook, "That's nothing. Join me in the theatrical business. I like your looks. I'll make your fortune." No sooner said than done. Sheridan Shook, a great politician in his day, wanted to devote most of his time to problems of government. He needed an industrious, modest, unassuming partner. Albert M. Palmer was such an assistant. Mr. Shook was not young, romantic, dignified or sentimental; Mr. Palmer was. Mrs. Shook was youthful, full of fire and ambition. Nobody ever knew how it came about—for Sheridan Shook was a politician and powerful with the newspapers—but the end was that Mr. Palmer married Mrs. Shook and assumed entire authority over the Union Square. Under his management that house spread itself like a green bay tree. He had a great play adapter in Cazauran, he had a great company headed by Chrles H. Thorne, Kate Claxton and old Stoddart. At that time the Union Square was in competition only with Daly's and Wallack's. The Frohmans were clerks in the business departments of a newspaper. The theatrical business was small. Palmer, finding Daly conservative and Wallack easy-going in old comedy, speedily came to the front. He inaugurated the system of sending out road companies, he discovered new actors, he produced French plays, he startled the town, he made a fortune.

DISCOVERS MANSFIELD.

One of his pupils was Richard Mansfield. That young actor, originally a dry goods drummer for the Boston firm of Jordan, Marsh and Co., had a desire to go on the stage. He was poor. He lived in one room over a shop in Sixth Avenue, and on occasions his comrades of Bohemia, finding him absent from the table d'hote, at which he dined for fifty cents, hunted him up and, knowing his poverty, insisted on his dining with them lest he should go hungry. Such is the amiable spirit of artists. One night at his humble repast Mansfield cried, "Boys, I am going to make my name. Palmer has given me a chance in a new play called 'A Parisian Romance.' Stint yourselves in dinners and cigars and buy tickets in the gallery to see Dick Mansfield." Next night he was not to be found in either his room or the restaurant. Kelly, the subsequently famous sculptor, and Abbey, the now celebrated painter, set out in search of him. "Anyway," said they, "we have enough money for a dinner, and poor Dick mustn't starve." It was a winter night. They found Mansfield pacing up and down Sixth avenue. "Away, varlets," he cried, "Mansfield eats no food this evening, for tomorrow is the night when the world will begin to talk of him." "That's all right, Dick," said Abbey, "but a full stomach is better. Think of tripe and mutton stew. We have the money for the dinner and a pot of ale, too." So Mansfield finally consented to come down from the heights of Parnassus and accept the hospitality of his friends. Next evening they climbed to the gallery of the Union Square. Their chum was cast for a small character part, that of Baron Chevrial. He made good his promise. Mr Palmer always allowed his actors to develop their own conception of the characters which he had assigned to them. Knowing this, Richard Mansfield decided to cast all his fortune on the die of Chevrial. It was not an important role and nobody thought anything of the insignificant part of the unknown actor. Mansfield took the center of the stage with his decrepit old roue, and by the realism of his death scene brought down the house. Next morning he awoke to find himself famous. In later years, his enterprises, bowled over by younger rivals, his fortune gone, and cuffed by fate in every grievous fashion, Mr. Palmer was employed as road manager at $5,000 a year by Mansfield, to whom, originally, he paid $25 a week. Now Mansfield is rich as Croesus and Palmer has not even the income which he once drew from a clerkship in the Mercantile Library. Our greatest managers, Wallack, Daly and Abbey, died bankrupt, and a similarly unhappy ending seems to await Palmer. At the projected benefit to his first manager and the author of his fame, Richard Mansfield should pay $5,000 for a single chair.

TYREE FAILS.

Poor Bessie Tyree has failed again in her stellar aspirations and "Gretna Green" is withdrawn from the Madison Square. This week she abandons the center of the stage and takes a humbler position in the company engaged to produce Augustus Thomas' new comedy, "The Earl of Pawtucket." The premiere will occur on Thursday night of this week, and as Thomas is a writer of ability, it is anticipated that Miss Tyree, who has had uncommon hard luck this season, may be able to earn a salary.

THE OPERA OUTLOOK.

At the opera there are no new developments. Maurice Grau insists on taking the holiday which his physicians order, and no inducements will tempt him to engage a company for next season. In his absence, it is now decided, we shall have no opera. Nobody understands singers and the requirements of audiences as Mr. Grau does, and although the directorate of the Metropolitan has been offered to several managers none of them has the courage to face its enormous financial responsibility. It is said that no man is so indispensable that his place cannot be filled, but there are exceptions to every rule, and Maurice Grau seems to be one of them. As matters look at present it appears that operatic singers must lose their salaries and operatic audiences their enjoyment while Mr. Grau is taking his vacation.

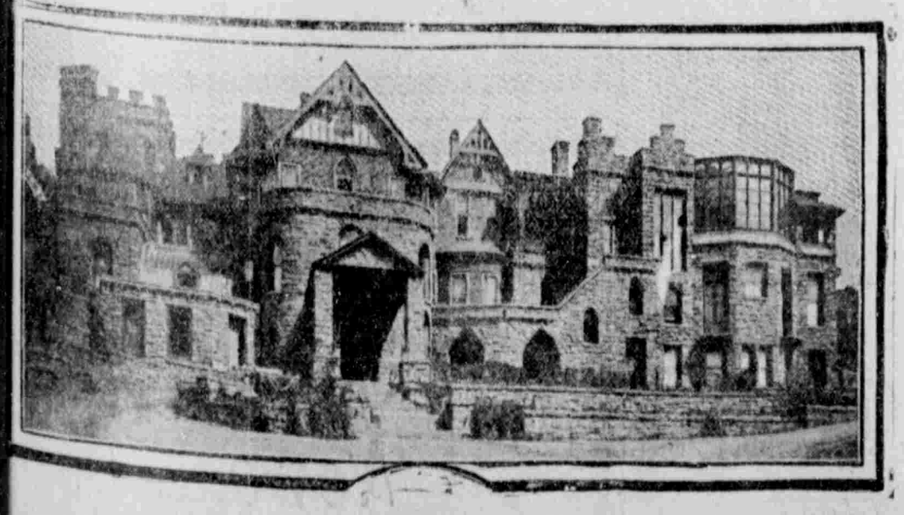
HILLARY BELL.

JACKSON THE FRONTIERSMAN.

Of this frontier democracy Andrew Jackson was the very personification. He was born in the backwoods of the Carolinas in the midst of the turbulent democracy that preceded the revolution, and he grew up in the frontier state of Tennessee. In the midst of this region of personal feuds and frontier ideas of law, he quickly rose to leadership. The appearance of this frontiersman on the floor of Congress was an omen full of significance. He reached Philadelphia at the close of Washington's administration, having ridden on horseback nearly 800 miles to his destination. Gallatin, himself a western man, describes Jackson as he entered the halls of Congress: "A tall, lank, uncouth-looking personage, with long locks of hair hanging over his face a clue down his back tied in an eel skin; his dress singular; his manners those of a rough backwoodsman." And Jefferson testified: "When I was president of the senate he was a senator, and he could never speak on account of the rashness of his feelings. I have seen him attempt it repeatedly and as often choke with rage." At length the frontier in the person of its typical man had found a place in the government. This six-foot backwoodsman, with blue eyes that could blaze on occasion, this choleric, impetuous, self-willed Scotch-Irish leader of men, this expert duelist, and ready fighter, this embodiment of the tenacious, vehement, personal west was in politics to stay. The frontier democracy of that time had the instincts of the clansmen in the days of Scotch border warfare. . . . It was a frontier free from the influence of European ideas and institutions. The men of the western world turned their backs upon the Atlantic ocean, and with grim energy and self-reliance began to build up a society free from the dominance of ancient forms.—Frederick J. Turner in the Atlantic.

(Musician's Directory on Page Five.)

CONSUMPTIVE THESPIANS TO HAVE NATIONAL HOME.



United States are prominently engaged in a movement to found a home for consumptive thespians. The is to purchase Miramont Castle at Manton, and turn it into a free sanitarium for actors and actresses. Out- of the individuals active in this worthy movement, every theatrical organization in the country has pledged support. The promoters hope soon to realize the sum of $100,000.

SALT LAKE THEATRE,

GEORGE D. PYPER, Manager.

Return of Last Season's Immense Success.

AN ENTIRE WEEK, BEGINNING MONDAY, FEBRUARY 16.

Matinees Wednesday at 3 and Saturday at 2:15.

Kirke La Shelle Presents America's Greatest Play,

ARIZONA

By Augustus Thomas.

SAME GREAT COMPANY.

PRICES—25c to $1.50. MATINEES—25c to $1.00.