## DESERET EVENING NEWS: SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1900.



The season is on the wane, and after quartet of attractions-fortunately notable ones has been seen it have passed altogether. That the hunger for amusement still unsatisfied, however, the proditus business done by "The Evil Eye" ply illustrates, and if the four events ich are yet to come are fortunate in weather, all will undoubtedly do siness equally gratifying. Three the four, at least, belong to the class tich can defy ordinarily bad weather d most other adverse conditions, nely, Drew, Goodwin and Miller, The ee foreign musicians who visit us t week will appeal to much the same ass that Paderewski did, and their was will depend entirely on the way er visit stirs up our musicians. The bet three will draw from all sorts and ditions of society, and the regres il be general that their stay is to be short. John Drew puts in only one it. May 19th, in "The Tyranny of " while Nat Goodwin and Maxine eti can likewise give us but a single using of "When We Were Twentythe," on the 26th. We shall be more nate with Henry Miller, who gives June 18th, 19th, 20th and 21st, We promised "The Only Way" and risease" of a certainty, with a bility of "Brother Officers." Who My Miller's leading lady will be is as uncertain, Delightful Margaret urin has been ordered off the stage a hospital by her doctor, and she is likely to come. Rumor speaks of the Bates as her substitute, and is this is uncertain, it gains some ar of probability from the fact that mask Worthing is Miller's right hand ris and "where thou goest, there will malso," seems to have been a sentlt that controlled these two players siderably in the past.

As for what is ahead, it is too early, et to speculate. The house will be ad all summer, and what fall ations have been booked is not us-Ir known till the last of June. Nance Mill The James Neill company, and sk Daniels are positively booked, the actual opening of the season is mined on and will be, till the sking magnates in New York are from. There is much talk of Mr. man's being soured more than ever San Francisco, due to the ly reception some of his pets ""Because She Loved Him So" were ed there, but the fact that that may did a specially good business sa Lake, added to the records made ter by Nance O'Neill, the Bostonlans, and McDowell and James, Kid. lead Hanford, induces the hope that at lake will be left on the map of hman's calculations. No one need emprised to see the marking out of lew route in the near future, one which will take the big eastern sucis to Portland and the booming thwest-where the least venture tat bears the dramatic stamp coins er-and back home by way of latte Ogden, Salt Lake and Denver, ing San Francisco out altogether. eral managers have already plored their way over this route, and it staid to have yielded results so satismy that many others are thinking following it. he three big musicians who visit lake next week, were not origin booked here, but several of our clans learning of their In San Francisco, urged Mr. begotiate with them for a here. Their standing in the d Europe is of the highest. the violinist, and Hamso a planist, is, we be-chman. He, however, is suber of the trio. Pet-Hambourg are the twin r tour has been exciting de supration events. sensation everywhere " has done. Like the Hambourg is a pupil of chetizky, and he is only Aithough he has never rica before he is a great hina. Berlin, London and especially noted for his of Besthourg His never Beethoven. His repor Russian music and he

music was melodious and catchy. And so she sent for Jacobowski and asked him if he couldn't weld the good libretto and the good music together and make one clever opera out of two mediocre ones. Jacobowski took her advice, and "Erminie" was the resultant." THEATER GOSSIP.

Late finging, swinging, fankee Dodle' is hardly perfect poetry. More-over, we borrowed it probably from England, although for some unexplained reason, Mr. Fitzgerald calls it the typi-Eugenie Blair is going to play "The Dancing Girl." Nellie McHenry is going to star in "M'llss" next season. cal American song. Its origin is an-other disputed question. It is said that it was once sung in Holland, but the weight of evidence goes back of that, to Oliver Cromwell, for whom, it seems, it was used as a taunt.

Washington, D. C., is to be promoted

to a two-week's stand for the best theatrical attractions. The writer of that bewildering mass

"In striking contrast is the American poem of patriotism, majestic, perhaps of miscellany known as "The Evil Eye" at times a triffe florid; a poem of old-ls a grandson of Sidney Rigdon. His fashioned eloquence and devotion,



Hymn.'

field.

Home.

"Then comes Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, a descendant of a Pilgrim father, who is peculiarly the American poet. In fact, this scholarly man has given us a history, a fine, simple, earn-

est, beautiful, poetic history of the country, to which, as an apotheosis,

stands the conclusion of "The Ship of

"Sall on, nor fear to breast the sea! Our hearts, our hopes, are all with

Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers,

our tears, Gur faith triumphant o'er our fears,

ringing, swinging, 'Yankee

Are all with thee are all with thee.



LACHAUME. PETSCHNIKOFF. HAMBOURG, 

name is Sidney Rigdon Ellis, and he | called "The American Flag," written by had a very enjoyable time on his re-cent visit to this city. He was speci-ally enceptured with the Tabernacle and the great organ The return of Mme. Bernhardt to the Juited States next winter, says a New York writer, depends entirely on the popularity of her new play. "The Eapopularity of her new play. "The Ea-glet," which she expects to bring here. If that shows in the late summer any signs of continuous and profitable pop ularity in Paris, Mme. Bernhardt wil interrupt its run, but will remain in Paris, as she feels that her American tour will be as profitable in one year as in another, while it would not be nearbill to be as a state of the s possible to resume the performance of "The Eaglet" with equal success after per return to Paris. So it is not possible to say just now whether she will be seen next year in this country. Mauwill of the grau's admission that she has al-ready asked for funds to be paid out of the proceeds of this uncertain tour is highly characteristic of Mme. Bern-Her financial operations are ul. They are indeed so comhardt. onderful. plicated that she is a poor woman to day,after having made several fortunes During her last visit to this country bie cabled all her earnings to Europe at the end of every week wherever she happened to be. All that she took back to Europe with her was about \$8,000. This represented the profits of her last week and she was extended. week ,and she was contented to carry that over in the steamer. Two week after her arrival in Paris her jewels, which had been taken out of pawn for her American tour, were again pledged as she had managed in one way or another to spend all the profits of her American visit.

"'When fredom from her mountain height, Unfuried her standard to the air,

'Bret Harte-'Caldwell of Spring-EVAN STEPHENS ON LONDON. 'Henry Morford-"The Spur of Monmouth." "O. W. Holmes-"The Flower of Libery, 'The Hudson.' 'Bayard Taylor-'Rio Sacramento.' 'Joaquin Miller-'The Plains.' 'John Howard Paine-'Home, Sweet

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| rushed off to find our missionary house London, April 5, 1900. at Penton street. Tabernacle Choir: My Most Dear Chattering Singers;

WITH THE ELDERS.

It is imperative for the welfare of "Her Majesty's" majesty, my peace of mind and your curiosity, I hope, that I at once pass judgment upon the ancient village of London. Having now diligently investigated it for a week, and possibly noted one out of every thousand of its streets, and one out of every ten thousand of its so-called "attractions." I feel quite capable of telling you all about it and pass my unerring judgment upon It-England and the English; I will do so as 1 relate my journeyings. through. AN ENGLISH "SPECIAL." Rising at 5:30 Thursday morn, March

22nd, I hastened on deck to have a peop at the land of my birth. The dear for was there like a mantie from fairyland to envelope it, and I could only see the dock, a couple of beautiful white American ships and a lot of old wooden sheds on the opposite side, up der which I could dimig absern seemed to by an old disapidated train of uncient railway cars. Lots of men this glimpse I hastened back to the dlhing room of our palace ship, and we had a nice breakfast as a "send off." Then we gripped our "luggage" (never "bargage" here) and wert down the gangway into the shed. After declaring to a tall, rather shabby looking off cer that we had nothing to pay "duty" upon, we looked around for the "Grand Special<sup>o</sup> that we had been seriously speciar that we had been seriously told would take us to London, and were soon assured that the afore men-tioned set of cars were "It." We paid "two pounds two" for a first class car-We pald riage, and were soon ushered into the most luxurious American-like carriage in the train, entering at a side door in the middle of the car. We saw what seemed like a caboose filled with a set of rather worn carpet chairs, or of rather worn carpet chairs, or lounges, ranged on each side, two fac-ing each other, by each window, and a small aisle up the center of the car; that was the American part of it; and wonderful for England it was, as it made it possible for every pas-senger in that car to actually rub against every other. English exclu-siveness was entirely set aside. Pres-ently a little man entered and set a rol ently a little man entered and set a roll of iron at my feet—it was a foot warm-er, the only heat in the carriage. I felt guite like an invalid, and a look of disgust deepened on Willie's face. The roof of the cur seemed very low so that when we got started we seemed to slide along very near the ground.

#### REACHING LONDON.

After several police-call whistles from the "guard" (conductor, at home) little "puffing Billy" sounded its little pipy vhistle, and away we started for Lo don, seventy miles away. It was not long before we were out in the fields and were really enthusiastically admiring the landscape, although the trees were bare and remarkably black, the green stretches of hillsides dotted with magnificent trees, the winding country roads (every one a macadamized drive) and here and there a house, then a stable and a hay stack, all roofed and shingled alke with straw, so neat, so trim, you would never know what it was. Everything looked very wet, but the streams are clear as crystal. So we passed: gradually the buildings began to thicken, and at last to joined together in long rows be all



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OLD SALT LAKERS.

#### FERAMORZ LITTLE.

Although nearly thirteen years have passed since Feramorz Little departed this life, he is still widely and affectionately remembered in business and Church circles. He was elected Mayor of Salt Lake City in 1876, a position which he held for three terms, and prior to that time he had gained a wide reputation as a financier and railroad man. He was one of the first contractors to carry the mails across the plains, having entered upon that career in 1850. For many years after he continued to be connected with the mail service. In 1854-55 he superintended the construction of a wagon road and five saw mills in Big Cottonwood Canyon, and afterwards engaged extensively in the manufacture of lumber. In 1863, as Church Emigration Agent, he superintended the fitting out at Florence, Missouri, of 500 wagons and 4,000 Saints. In 1868-9 he took a big contract for the construction of a part of the Union Pacific railroad, later becoming one of the chief promoters of the Utah Central. He was at one time superintendent, and was a director of that company at the time of his death. He was also one of the board of the Deseret National Bank. He was one of the most charitable of men and showed his concern for the poor by building in the rear of the Thirteenth Ward assembly rooms, a tenement house for the permanent use' of the poor of the ward. He was counselor to Bishop E. D. Woolley, of the Thirteenth ward at the time of the latter's death. Mr. Little was born in Aurellus, Cayuga Co., N. Y., Juna 14th, 1830, and died in this city Sunday. August 14th, 1857,

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World's Fair. ruly one. It will take some good work in Wales to place either my country people or their Eisteddfod back on the art pedestal I have hitherto imagined them. On this occasion they were as far below us at home as the English society was above us. Some of the soloists, though it is claimed they are London's favorites, were on the same the context of the solution of t It will take some good work its old self. level as the choir singing. Tuesday Lake a girl just entering her teens at the Art galleries. I like the modern London prides berself on her stability best. Some of the famous old master, works to me, appear as expressive as Chinese art, on fans and screens, utterly fail to see character depicted in the countenances of either their "Ma-donna" or "Child;" I think some of the French, English and Italian modern paintings glorious.

ir. The audience, | and suggests to me that the best thing enthusiastic enough, | London could do it that the best thing too, though enthusiastic enough, London could do, if it wanted to "do," especially when they had little cause in the way dt building up, would to be, proved a very bolsterous and un- be to build itself anew on top of be to build itself anew on top of

trouble to shelter its travelers and you must make the best of it. The streets wind about so that it often takes an hour to reach a point three miles, or less, on these airy house carriages; nevertheless, I rather like them. They give one time to gaze around. Nothing hurrles unduly in London. We passed, on this errand, neores of historic places, places that all the world have read about. Of course, they do differ in size, appearance, etc., so do Chinamen, but they "all look alike to me." as yet. After a week's ramto me," as yet. After a week's ram-bling about so far as outward appear-ances go.I would as soon select one good ordinary block, and walk or drive around all day, as to spend the same time in going over miles of the city, so similar is the architecture to the cosmal observer. Plain solidity, yar, casual observer. Plain solidity nished over with age and smoke. Plain solidity, yar-

## buildings seem as old as the old, even before they are finished. HIAWATHA SET TO MUSIC.

As our lucky star would have it, the Royal Choral society, 600 members and 100 orchestra, were to give, on this our first night in London, Colridge Taylor's musit to Longfellow's "Hiawatha," one of the most, if not the most beautiful of the most, if not the most beautiful musical works of modern times. We were thred completely out but could not miss it, so guided by Brother Hindley, we hastened to the great Albert hall-even without supper; 4 shillings each gave us comfortable seats, high in the heavens, about 200 feet from the per-formers. The hall has about the di-mensions of the Tabernacle, but is high-er. with raised side seats all around er, with raised side scats all around the lower floor-like a bicycle track-and three entire surrounding galleries. It seats nearly twice as many as our building. Not so resonant, yet perhaps more evenly distributing the tone. The Morris and archestics scaladed for the chorus and orchestra sounded fine, but the soloists seemed very far away, and our Americans, Blauvelt and Mockridge were much too week to be effective. Mr. a very spirited and decided, but quite awkward manner, nearly shaking his right arm off. But he kept them well in time and they were trained by their regular constring of earthen pots or long jars on the roofs for chimneys. The houses looked old enough and black enough to have grown there, like mushrooms in ductor, Dr. Bridge, in shading and expression, so that without signals rom the composer they interpreted the beautiful music gloriously, apparently feasting on it themselves. Smooth, rich and finely balanced with a certain the middle ages, and then petrified. Suddenly there was no "let up' to them, carnosiness and refinement, they far exwe realized that we were in "London" and stopping under another vast shed elled any chorus singing I ever heard In America, and even the orchestra and we soon crowded our way between cabs blets were far below them in finish o a "hansom," a one horse cab with a The English, so vilely spoken here, was charmingly good and correct in singing. The orchestra was far behind the Metropolitan of New York, to say nothdriver on top, and drove to the hotel we had chosen from a railway folder. It was near Westminster Abbey, the parks, and many of the grand sights of ing of the Thomas' orchestra, or the still more perfect "Boston Symphony." The work itself, and the chorus were, London and seemed quite handsome and large-on paper. Crossing the Thames we passed the noted Abbey, with the composer director, the stars a wonderful pile of rocks, pointed gables, stained glass and soot of the evening, and it was refreshing still to see that the English could ap-preciate a good thing with their pres-Our hotel reached, we entered through great black iron gates, and with livence, applause and cheers, when it is to be had. Eight thousand people at least cheered and applauded until there was a turnult in the vast building at the ord of each work associated by a second se cried walters to receive us and carry our "luggage" in, a nice little lady showed us rooms, and we chose one that fire. It was large enough, cold enough, sombre enough, and afterwards dirty enough to suit the most aristo-cratic. We looked at it awhile, shudend of each part, especially at the end of the second part, "Minnehaha's Death," and well did the composer and dered and ordered a fire made, then instrumentalists, and the backing of the people, we might, before many years, bring such things within our reach, but we do not know what such a feast means yet, nor how to produce it.

Black, the baritone, fared better and Black, the baritone, fared better and was heard well. Half the people in the galleries had copies of the music, new as it is. The young composer-a mulatto, I believe, born in America, and schooled in England, conducted in a very spirited and decided but oute Death," and well did the composer and interpreters deserve it. It was worth coming thousands of miles to hear, if one couldn't have had it at home. So far as Salt Lake is concerned, the thing is much as it wills. With earnest per-severance on the part of the singers, interpreter and the heading of the

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ons by Slavic composiff was a rough young Slav, from the Conservatory of scow and went to Paris, sht and pursued his own life soon became an ggle for existence, and just the point of deciding that as lost he met the Princess anthusiastic art patron. Russian, then visiting ly Russian, then visiting of rare ability. Her y adopted Petschniher home in St. Petershim every opportunity pment of his genius. life has been devoted to ie German critics, than none more exacting, plays more like a god than

his concerts many cele-

isit of these three musicians is a they should be given a royal

o and St. Louis are to be dison for their lack of ormances given there Maurice Grau Opera o other opera will be by him, for some time of the season of opera and in Chicago by the which had been all Original program. Orieans, nine persons cives one night at the ils was the extent of Naturally no performes given by the cheap-companies meet with uccess everywhere,

arminie" in a little chat Vilson recently, he told the opera's success, says his Bullotin, "Many Violet Melnotte ra, and Jacobowski sent liked the libretto of one thought that the music he libreito was distinctly bad, but the MUSIC NOTES.

"The Wizard of the Nile" is running successfully in San Francisco at the

All his old friends will be interested reading Prof. Stephens' letter on London, which appears on this page.

Strauss and his famous Vienna orchestra of fifty will visit San Francis-co this summer. They would meet with a great welcome here.

What is the matter with Chicago? The Grau Opera company had a frost there and the Times-Herald says of Paderewski's visit last week: Paderewski played his farewell recital at the Auditorium yesterday afternoon to a beggarly aray of empty benches. One might have imagined that he was an unknow planist from St. Louis, instead of the most noted performer in the world. The vast auditorium seemed almost deserted, so small was the number of those scattered about the main floor, and the chilly atmosphere of the place prevented any great show of enthuslasm on the part either of player or audience.

# AMERICAN PATRIOTIC LYRICS.

"American patriotic literature is local solely, rather than local and general, Without doubt there is a historical hint in this fact. The people grew into a nation so quickly and under such conditions that the intensely personal element in the patriotism was naturally reflected in the national literature. Some of the American poets translated from other tongues, but few wrote dlrectly of the patriotism of another people. Bayard Taylor, the traveled poet, is an interesting exception in his sympathetic treatment of the Crimean incident in his poem, 'The Song of the Camp.' He also added to the literature of American patriotism:

"Let us consider some American poets on American patriotism;

"William Cullen Bryant-'America, O Mother of a Mighty Race," 'The Song of Marion's Men,' etc. "J. R. Drake-"The American Flag.'

the azure robe of nigh And set the stars of glory there,' "'Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," by D. T. Shaw, comes in for popular affection, as does also 'Hall Columbia,'

by Joseph Hopkinson. "The much disputed national song 'America' is the heritage of the nation. The Rev. Samuel Smith wrote the song when young, and one critic says hastily. It however shows few signs of haste, and the youth of the author finds expression in its freshness and enthusiasm." - From "Patriotism In Lyrics," by Margaret Virginia Jenkins, in Werner's Magazine for April. 

AT SEA. So pass our lives-what name as fame

we make-Like to the foam-wraith in our vanishing wake;

Yet are we not dismayed, for still are we Integral parts o' the everlasting sea! -Charles Warren Stoddard, in Harper's Bazar.

## BRITISH BLOODS IN ACTIVE RIVALRY FOR THE HAND OF THE ONLY EDNA.



Edna May is back in London with the promise of an early release from the yoke of matrimony. A growing aggregation of British peers, baronets, blue-booded men-about-town and padded dandles of Piccadilly are striving to win the heart of the popular actress with a view to stepping into the divorced husband's shoes as soon as the courts lift him out of them. Edna, so far, has expressed no preference for any of them.

LONDON'S DARK SIDE.

Reluctantly we move our weary limbs to leave this taste of paradise, and out into the night through drizzling fogs around beautiful "Hyde Park." up Picadilly street, where apparently hundreds and thousands of preity (and otherwise) English girls, of all aget, walk the streets for unmentional is walk the streets for unmentional le purposes. When I saw them I could not but think of the street walk-ing habits our own young people are forming, and what it may lead to, and what strangers at least must think of it now. I shuddered, and won-dered what parates are thinking about dered what parents are thinking about to allow it, and why in enlightened England did so many mothers bring children into the world only for this? Near our own quarters we see hundreds of ragged, coarse, miserable and some drunken women. At the restaurant where we had to get our neglected supwhere we had to get our neglected sup-per, there were women at the tables drinking and one especially hideously drunken. Her idlotic laugh jangles horribly in discordant contrast with that heavenly music. How much bet-ter to die as the savage but loving Min-nehaha, than live like that half human civilized creature.

LONDON'S BRIGHTER SIDE.

A fair taste of London in one-half of a day! I have given it to you rather incompletely as it impressed me. Friincompletely as it impressed mc. Fri-day, Saturday and Sunday we took in a park each day, and the Thames em-bankment. The grass is green and fresh, but the flowers behind; only the Crocus is fully in bloom and there are many great bright patches of these in the grass in all the parks like hosts of little cherubs heralding the coming of spring. The botanical gardens were a distinct disappointment. Plenty of specimens but no artistic arrangement whatever. The zoological gardens on specimens but no artistic arrangement whatever. The zoological gardens on the contrary were fine. The Kensington end of Hyde Park and that near the Albert Memorial is ideal and charming even now. The music on Sunday morn-ing at "High Mass" was what I de-scribed feebly in my last letter. No jus-tice could be done to it. I can only say it was marvelous. I have heard similar masses given when they were really a bore, but sung here it was divine. Monday eve we went to "Queen's Hall" to hear a "grand Welsh concert," Dan Davies, the most celebrated conductor of South Wales, with a choir of 250 volces from Wales, was announced with several favorite London soloists. It proved a severe disappointment to us. proved a severe disappointment to us. Only 140 in the chorus, and they sang rather mechanically and were no better than our competitors at the our competitors at the

LONDON TYPES.

Shop windows in London are generally uninteresting, and not well arranged. Flower windows are horrid, while in New York they were dreams. Restaur-ants that are not high priced are generally filthy. You can live cheap if you can live poorly, but its costs if you want to live fairly well. I both like and dislike the English, so far as I both I have yet met them here at home, There is a sincere, honest and accommodating gentle type of humanity here that I have seldom met in America, but side by side with them strut the nasty little creatures that know it all and know nothing. I suppose they are all the world over, but to me the types are more distinct and noticeable here than at home. One of the finest streets I have yet seen here is "High Holborn." It is built over and level with the tops

American cities on their progress. The center of the wheel never moves at the apparent speed of the outside, but "it gets there just the same." And so do gets there just the same." And so do London and England. We note differ-ences keenly just yet. No one "caters" here. They are civil, obliging and in-dependent. One gets a ticket for this and that. They are taken up as you leave the train, and on busses not at all. One can ride fifty miles without a ticket, but he has to show one as he gets out of her taction. gets out of last station. I cannot tell what they would do if one had none, whether they would make him pay from the nearest or farthest possible station. Parks are free, but not so the "attractions" in them. The "Kensington Palace," where Queen Victoria was born and raised, is plainer inside and out than many a Utahan's home. The "Crystal Palace" is one of the places that came quite up to our expectation, It is every way gloriously satisfactory, I shall begin my next lotter there, sun has shone six times, very di for a few minutes in seven days. I wear glasses!

wear glasses! This letter will cost "sevenpence ha' penny" to say nothing of valuable space in the "News." so farewell-and "singwell"--until the next. E. STEPHENS.

