



**MUSIC AND DRAMA**

The season is on the wane, and after a season of attractions—fortunately none have been seen in this city which have passed altogether. That the hunger for amusement is still unsatisfied, however, the prodigious business done by "The Evil Eye" amply illustrates, and if the four events which are yet to come are fortunate in the weather, all will undoubtedly do business equally gratifying. Three of the four, at least, belong to the class which can defy ordinary bad weather and other adverse conditions, namely, Drew, Goodwin and Miller. The three foreign musicians who visit us next week will appeal to much the same class as the four, and their success will depend entirely on the way their visit sits up our musicians. The other three will draw from all sorts and conditions of society, and the regret will be general that their stay is to be so short. John Drew puts in only one night, May 19th, in "The Tyranny of Stars," while Nat Goodwin and Maxine Elliott can likewise give us but a single evening of "When We Were Twenty-one," on the 25th. We shall be more fortunate with Henry Miller, who gives us June 18th, 19th, 20th and 21st. We are promised "The Only Way" and "Mistaken" of a certainty, with a possibility of "Brother Officers." Who is Miller's leading lady will be as yet uncertain. Delightful Margaret Argus has been ordered off the stage into a hospital by her doctor, and she is not likely to come. Rumor speaks of Fanchette Bates as her substitute, and while this is uncertain, it gains some probability from the fact that Frank Worthing is Miller's right hand man, and "where thou goest, there will I go," seems to have been a sentiment that controlled these two players unthinkably in the past.

As for what is ahead, it is too early, as yet, to speculate. The house will be crowded all summer, and what fall attractions have been booked is not known until the last of June. Nance O'Neill, The James Neill company, and Frank Daniels are positively booked, but the actual opening of the season is undetermined on and will be, till the booking magazines in New York are sent from. There is much talk of Mr. Palmer's being secured more than ever at the Grand Opera, due to the daily reception some of his pets in "Because She Loved Him So" were rendered there, but the fact that that company did a specially good business at Salt Lake, added to the records made by Nance O'Neill, the Bostonians, and Macdowell and James, Kidder and Hanford, induces the hope that Salt Lake will be left on the map of Palmer's calculations. No one need be surprised to see the marking out of a new route in the near future, one which will take the big eastern success to Portland and the booming northwest—where the least venture that bears the dramatic stamp coins money—and back home by way of Seattle, Ogden, Salt Lake and Denver, putting San Francisco out altogether. Several managers have already pioneered their way over this route, and it is said to have yielded results so satisfactory that many others are thinking of following it.

The three big musicians who visit Salt Lake next week, were not originally booked here, but several of our musicians learning of their coming in San Francisco, urged Mr. Palmer to negotiate with them for a visit here. Their standing in the East and Europe is of the highest. The violinist, and Hammett, the pianist, are both Russians. Lachauume is a pianist, is, we believe, a Frenchman. He, however, is a minor member of the trio. Petchnikoff and Hambourg are the twin stars of the tour, and have been exciting such the same success everywhere that Paderewski's has done. Like the Polish pianist, Hambourg is a pupil of Franz Liszt, and he is only a year older. Although he has never played in America before, he is a great favorite in Vienna, Berlin, London and Paris, and is especially noted for his interpretations of Beethoven. His repertoire is a full of Russian music and he produces in his concerts many celebrated compositions by Slavic composers.

Petchnikoff was a rough young Slav, who was a diamond when in early youth graduated from the Conservatory of Music at Moscow and went to Paris, where he was taught and pursued his studies, but his life soon became an unending struggle for existence, and just as he was on the point of deciding that he would leave the city, he met the Princess, an enthusiastic art patron, and a wealthy Russian, then visiting Paris. She was a pupil of Rubinstein and a pianist of rare ability. Her father practically adopted Petchnikoff, and gave him every opportunity for the development of his genius, and the German critics, than whom there are now more exacting, said that "he plays more like a god than man."

The visit of these three musicians is a unique event to music lovers and as ordinary prices of admission are charged, they should be given a royal welcome.

Chicago and St. Louis are to be disappointed next season for their lack of interest in the performances given there last winter by the Maurice Grau Opera Company, and no other opera will be given in either city, for some time to come. During the season of opera recently attempted in Chicago by the Maurice Grau Opera Company, which had been all winter in New Orleans, nine persons presented themselves one night at the audience. Naturally no performance was given. On the other hand, the performances given by the Maurice Grau Opera Company meet with the greatest success everywhere.

Appreciation of "Erminie" in a little chat with Francis Wilson recently, he told me that the opera's success, says the Philadelphia Bulletin, "Many persons who had heard of the opera, but thought that the music was commonplace. In the other opera the libretto was distinctly bad, but she

music was melodious and catchy. And so she sent for Jacobowski and asked him if he could't write 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.**

Eugenie Blair is going to play "The Dancing Girl."

Nella McHenry is going to star in "Miles" next season.

Washington, D. C., is to be promoted to a two-week's stand for the best theatrical attractions.

The writer of that bewildering mass of miscellany known as "The Evil Eye" is a grandson of Sidney Rigdon. His

name is Sidney Rigdon Ellis, and he had a very enjoyable time on his recent visit to this city. He was spectally accompanied with the Tabernacle and the great organ.

The return of Mme. Bernhardt to the United States next winter, says a New York writer, depends entirely on the popularity of her new play, "The Eagle," which she expects to bring here. If that shows in the late summer any signs of continuous and profitable popularity in Paris, Mme. Bernhardt will not interrupt its run, but will remain in Paris, as she feels that her American tour will be as profitable as the one she has just given in Europe. It is possible to resume the performance of "The Eagle" with equal success after her return to Paris. So it is not possible to say just now whether she will be seen next year in this country. Maurice Grau's admission that she has already asked for funds to be paid out of the proceeds of this uncertain tour is highly characteristic of Mme. Bernhardt. Her financial operations are wonderful. They are indeed so complicated that she is a poor woman to follow, after having made several fortunes. During her last visit to this country she carried off 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 \$5,000. This represented the profits of her last week and she was expected to carry that over in the steamer. Two weeks 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.

**MUSIC NOTES.**

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

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

Strauss and his famous Vienna orchestra of fifty will visit San Francisco 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 array of empty benches. One might have imagined that he was an unknown pianist 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 enthusiasm 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 were directly 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 Martin's Men,' etc.

"J. R. Drake—'The American Flag,'

"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, earnest, beautiful, poetic history of the country, to which, as an apothecia, stands the conclusion of 'The Ship of State.'

"Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea! Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee. Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears, Our faith triumphant o'er our fears, Are all with thee, are all with thee."

"The ringing, swinging, Yankee Doodle" is hardly perfect poetry. Moreover, we borrowed it, probably from Mr. Fitzgerald calls it the typical American song. Its origin is another 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.

"In striking contrast to the American poem of patriotism, majestic, perhaps at times a trifle florid; a poem of old-fashioned eloquence and devotion.

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R. W. Emerson—The Concord Hymn.  
Bret Harte—Caldwell of Springfield.  
Henry Morford—The Spur of Monticello.  
O. W. Holmes—The Flower of Liberty.  
The Hudson.  
Bayard Taylor—Rio Sacramento.  
Joaquin Miller—The Plains.  
John Howard Paine—Home, Sweet Home.

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After several police-call whistles from the "guard" (conductor, at home) little "puffing Billy" sounded its little pipy whistle, and away we started for London, 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 alike 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 be all joined together in long rows with a string 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 the middle ages, and then petrified. Suddenly there was no "let up" to them, we realized that we were in "London" and stopping under another vast shed we soon crowded out from under canals to a "hansom," a one horse cab with a driver 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 London and seemed quite handsome and large on paper. Crossing the Thames we passed the noted Abbey, a wonderful pile of rocks, pointed gables, stained glass and soot. Our hotel reached, we entered through great black iron gates, and with liveried waiters to receive us and carry our "luggage" in, a nice little lady showed us rooms, and we chose one that cost only 14 shillings a day without fire. It was large enough, cold enough, sombre enough, and afterwards dirty enough to suit the most aristocratic. We looked at it awhile, shut the door and ordered a fire made, then

## EVAN STEPHENS ON LONDON.

London, April 5, 1900.

Tabernacle Choir:  
My Most Dear Chattering Singers:  
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 I relate my journeyings.

**AN ENGLISH "SPECIAL."**

Rising at 5:30 Thursday morn, March 22nd, I hastened on deck to have a peep at the land of my birth. The dear fog was there like a mantle from fairy-land 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, under which I could dimly discern what seemed to be an old dilapidated train of ancient railway cars. Lots of men stood around, or walked, or ran. After this glimpse I hastened back to the dining room of our palace ship, and we had a nice breakfast as a "send off." Then we gripped our "luggage" (never "baggage" here) and went down the gangway into the shed. After declaring to a tall, rather shabby looking officer that we had nothing to pay "duty" upon, we looked around for the "Grand Special" that we had been seriously told would take us to London, and were soon assured that the afore mentioned set of cars were "it." We were "two pounds two" for a first class carriage, 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 lounges, ranged on each side, two facing 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 passenger in that car to actually rub against every other. English exclusiveness was entirely set aside. Presently a little man entered and set a roll of iron at my feet—it was a foot warmer, the only heat in the carriage. I felt quite like an invalid, and a look of disgust depended on Willis's face. The roof of the car seemed very low so that when we got started we seemed to slide along very near the ground.

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