

## LONDON DRAMATIC LETTER.

LONDON, Aug. 10.—Since the immense success of "Mrs. Dane's Defence" some three years ago, play after play by Henry Arthur Jones has been produced in London, but American theatergoers may have been struck by the fact that so far not one of these pieces has reached the United States. This season, it seems, Mr. Frohman is going to see what "Whitewashing Julia" will do in America, but the comedy in question is the only one of the playwright's recent efforts that would have the slightest chance of success at home. In the old days, when Jones was producing pieces like "The Liars," "The Manoeuvres of Jare" and "The Double Shop," it would have been safe to prophesy that the new play from his pen with which Arthur Bourchier is to reopen the Garrick would be seen in the United States soon afterward—today it is another matter. However, though it is long since Jones had a real success enough, this most prolific of British dramatists has been on the up grade recently. In

"Chance the Idol," with which he followed "Mrs. Dane's Defence" he came an awful cropper, but "The Princess's Nose" was better though too slight for success as a three-act play. "Joseph Entangled," written just before "Whitewashing Julia," was admirable half-way through and Cyril Maude gave it at the Haymarket for over 100 nights, but it is not likely that the capacity of that play-house was taxed at any point in the run. Counting "The Lackey's Carnival" and "Mrs. Dane's Defence," Jones has produced during the last three years no less than six plays. During the same period his great rival, Pinero, has put forth two only, "Iris" and "Letty," but, oh, how different! Perhaps, however, Jones will score again with his new piece at the Garrick. The name has not yet been revealed.

Londoners who have not yet had the opportunity of seeing a really worthy play by Israel Zangwill, are waiting with much curiosity for "Merely Mary Ann," which, with Eleanor Robson, Mr. Frohman now announces for the Duke of York's "Early in September." Not much good fortune attended this play-house during the past season. It was

opened with Pinero's "Letty," after which was given "Captain Dimpie," which proved so flat a failure that a revival of Marshall's "His Excellency the Governor" had to be put on hurriedly. "The Rich Mrs. Repton," R. C. Carton's much heralded play, also proved a failure, so Mr. Frohman turned his theater over to Forbes Robertson, who wanted it for his new production, "The Edge of the Storm." But this was another frost. A revival of "Mice and Men" also failed to attract, so the management gave it up, and the play house was closed for the season.

Michael Marton, the American adapter of "Resurrection," who is now Deseret News' right hand man, is responsible for the English version of "La Montserrat," in which Lena Ashwell is to star. This is the French play in which Huguette and Coquelin appeared together. Much was expected of it, and I fancy that Miss Ashwell must have secured the English rights before the play's production, for only the popularity of the two stars saved it in Paris, and the London critics found it indifferent when the French company gave it here. It was at this time that A. R. Walkley, the "finest" dramatic authority, wrote, "One hears that there is to be an English version of this piece, but there is no need of meeting trouble half-way."

John Hare will not be seen in London for a while, but is off on a long provincial tour with "Little Mary."

## Mrs. Maybrick First Sang "The Holy City"

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!  
Hear the angels sing:  
Hosanna in the highest,  
Hosanna to our King.

It is not difficult to imagine Mrs. Florence Maybrick, once sentenced to death for the murder of her husband and now released, after spending many years in an English prison, singing the refrain of Stephen Adams' popular sacred song, "The Holy City." But it is not generally known that hers was the voice which first gave utterance to the strains which were destined to become world famous as those of Sir Arthur Sullivan's "The Lost Chord" or "The Palms," by Fauré, says the New York Sun.

The song was the work of the younger brother of the man Mrs. Maybrick was convicted of poisoning. Its composer was her most relentless enemy, and was mainly instrumental in securing her conviction.

Her husband owned a fine yacht, a feature of which was a music saloon. There many of the well known singers of the day had been jotted down. The accompaniment had still to be filled in.

Sitting at the piano, he vamped an introduction and asked his sister-in-law, Mrs. Maybrick, to sing "The Holy City" from the voice part. She was an excellent musician and readily did this, he filling in an extemporized accompaniment.

Thus it was her voice which, for the first time, stirred the air with strains destined to become almost classic. It was some years after the trial of Mrs. Maybrick and while she was shut off from the world, buried within prison walls, that "The Holy City" was published and became popular. Publishers to whom it was submitted shook their heads and declared it too somber in character and tone.

"Bring us another 'Nancy Lee,'" they said, "and name your own price. Another waits song with the swing of 'The Blue Alsatian Mountains' would be a sure winner. This is very fine, but it isn't in the Stephen Adams style, and the public would not stand for it."

again. Let's start right now. Let's be married."

A sympathetic hotel clerk summoned Deputy County Clerk Baker, who accompanied the groom-to-be to the county clerk's office, where the license was made out. The Rev. John Rich of the First Presbyterian church of Oakland was summoned, and within two hours after their meeting this lover and sweetheart of an old romance were made man and wife. Mrs. Glassell became Mrs. Burslem, and the delighted couple set out for St. Louis, whence they will go to New York, returning to the western coast to make their home in San Francisco.

"I did not know that she had been married, and she did not know that I had," explains Mr. Burslem—Jim Burslem, the multi-millionaire of the world. "I had never forgotten her, and my own failures and disappointments had brought her memory back with renewed affection and regret. Her story was so like mine; we met so unexpectedly, we sympathized so readily and so sincerely that there seemed to be something fatefully happy in our reunion. I proposed marriage five minutes after I knew her story. She accepted me promptly, and we were married within the hour. It was the happiest hour of my life. I was a boy again. I know that I am the luckiest man in the world. Suffering seldom works to the end that its victims shall be doubly happy. But that's what it did for me."

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Pupil of Alberto Jones and A. A. Stante; Teacher of Piano, Organ and Har-

mony. Studio, Room 23, Marx Bldg., 24 E. South Temple Street.



MARY MAGDALENE.

Beautiful Painting from the Deseret News World's Fair Portfolio.

Now there stood by the cross of Jesus His mother and His mother's sister, Mary and Mary Magdalene. St. John alone gives these women place near the cross. Saint Matthew says the women were "beholding afar off." After the crucifixion, when the rich man of Arimathea had begged the body and placed it in the sepulchre, Mary Magdalene and the other Mary were watchers at the tomb. Mary Magdalene, by all accounts, was the most devoted in her attendance during the crucifixion and following it. She discovered that the body was missing from the sepulchre. To her appeared the angel in shining garments to tell of the resurrection. Now when Jesus had risen early the first day of the week, He appeared first to Mary Magdalene, out of whom he had cast seven devils. With the scenes following the crucifixion and attending the resurrection, no other person is so closely associated by the writers of the Gospel as Mary Magdalene. The painting by Ferdinand Humbert, Chevalier of the Legion of Honor in the French section, does no violence to the imagination or to the known occurrences, in that it places Mary Magdalene with anguish and adoration mingled on her upturned face, kneeling at the foot of the cross, her arms upstretched, her hands caressing the feet of her Savior.

## LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.



A GROUP OF UTAHNS WHO WERE IN NEW YORK A GENERATION AGO.

One of the rarest of pictures recently published by the Deseret News under the heading of "Leaves From Old Albums," is the above, which is a valuable moment of other days to Mr. S. H. Harrow, from whom it was obtained for publication. It will be seen at a glance that it is composed of men who have been prominent in the affairs of the state. Reading from left to right they are Henry W. Naisbitt, of this city; David M. Stewart of Ogden, Judge Dusenberry, of Provo, Fred Orson Pratt, who was in New York superintending the publication of his famous "Deseret Alphabet" at the time; W. H. Miles, then a resident of the metropolis, but who subsequently came to Utah to make his home where he died not long since, and Joseph A. Young, father of Major Richard W. Young, who "was east" on railroad business when he fell in with the "missionaries from Zion" and sat for his photograph with them. The picture was taken more than thirty years ago, but is as clear and striking as though it had been made but yesterday.

## IDAHO AT ST. LOUIS.

Picturesque Bungalow from the Deseret News World's Fair Portfolio.

A bungalow is the style of architecture chosen by Idaho. The building is one story, the outer walls of cream color staff and the roof of Spanish tiling. The ten rooms are arranged on the four sides of an open porch or patio, suggesting the Mexican hacienda. The outer walls are plain, thus carrying out the impression of Mexican architecture. By reason of the contrast in color of walls and roof, the building creates a pleasing impression as it is approached. The interior arrangement is interesting. Entrance is through the center of the main facade. From the passage way doors open into the various rooms. The north side of the building is given to the use of the women of Idaho. It includes a reception room, treated in various shades of sage brush colors. Beyond the ladies' parlor and retiring and dressing rooms and in the rear is a kitchen with a complete outfit of range and utensils. On the south side of the passageway and court are the reception room for men, a smoking room and the offices of the commission. What is described as the largest piece of silver ever taken from the ground is one exhibit of Idaho's mineral resources. This nugget weighs more than a ton. It contains sixty per cent pure silver. Opals in the rough, as they are found in the ravines of Idaho, furnish the raw material for an interesting process. They are cut and polished and transformed into gems full of color and fire.

A fortunate out of royalties as he. It has been stated that "Nancy Lee" alone netted him a quarter of a million dollars. His "Warrior Bold," "Midshipmite" and "Blue Alsatian Mountains" were scarcely less successful. He is now extremely wealthy, a justice of the peace and a member of the Victoria Yacht club, and he has served two terms as mayor of Ryde, Isle of Wight, in which capacity he has frequently entertained the king of England.

"Stephen Adams" is merely the name under which Michael Maybrick pub-

lished his songs. Mr. Maybrick began his musical career as a baritone singer at local concerts around Liverpool. He is the son of a well to do shipping agent at Liverpool.

He and his brother were widely dissimilar in tastes, character and physique. The elder was a weakling, feeble of mind and body, a hypochondriac, addicted to the use of drugs and with a mind fixed upon commercial enterprises.

The younger, Michael, was a magnificent specimen of humanity, tall, broad and athletic. Of artistic temperament, he quit the counting house and studied music in Milan and Leipzig. The elder remained at home, always ailing, always scheming to secure more wealth.

The brothers had only one trait in common. They were both enthusiastic yachtmen.

Mrs. Maybrick was a good musician, had a great liking for music, an excellent voice and a love of conviviality. Thus she drew together to some extent the brothers who had drifted apart.

Her husband owned a fine yacht, a feature of which was a music saloon. There many of the well known singers of the day had been jotted down. The accompaniment had still to be filled in.

Sitting at the piano, he vamped an introduction and asked his sister-in-law, Mrs. Maybrick, to sing "The Holy City" from the voice part. She was an excellent musician and readily did this, he filling in an extemporized accompaniment.

Thus it was her voice which, for the first time, stirred the air with strains destined to become almost classic. It was some years after the trial of Mrs. Maybrick and while she was shut off from the world, buried within prison walls, that "The Holy City" was published and became popular. Publishers to whom it was submitted shook their heads and declared it too somber in character and tone.

"Bring us another 'Nancy Lee,'" they said, "and name your own price. Another waits song with the swing of 'The Blue Alsatian Mountains' would be a sure winner. This is very fine, but it isn't in the Stephen Adams style, and the public would not stand for it."

How erroneous was the judgment of those gentlemen has been proved by the popularity of the song. Before a year had passed they were clamoring for more of similar character. "The Star of Bethlehem," "The Valley of the Sea" and "Children of the City" followed, but none of them equalled the success attained by the song which was first sung by Mrs. Maybrick, whose tragic history has at length been

brought to a peaceful conclusion, and who may with special meaning hereafter sing:

Hosanna in the highest,  
Hosanna to our King.

## BIG FOUR

Excursion to Ogden.

Via Oregon Short Line, Sunday, Aug. 21st. Round trip only \$1.00. Leave Salt Lake 10 a. m., returning leave Ogden 8 p. m. Grand trout and chicken dinner at the Hermit, and said in Ogden Canyon. An enjoyable time for all.

## ABOUT THE CHURCH AND THE STAGE

Under the heading "A Good Deal of Humbug," a writer in the last issue of the King, has this to say on the old theme of church and stage:

"I am inclined to agree for once with 'Carados' of 'The Referee.' He said on Sunday that he could not help thinking there was 'a good deal of humbug in the church and stage' to which Sir Charles Wyndham tried to give a little push last week.

"We never hear of church and bar guilds, or church and medicine associations, Solicitors and grocers and journalists are quite content, if they go to church, to go without waiting to have the fact announced in the newspapers.

"It is rather an insult to the stage, it seems to me, for bishops and such to make a tremendous fuss because half a dozen players openly call themselves church people. As if there weren't thousands who belong to the church without making any fuss about it!

"The whole thing is a method of advertisement, and it isn't one that straightforward people care much about."

But David Higgins, a good actor and the author of several plays of some merit, spoke along very different lines at the recent church service of the Chicago chapter of the Actors' Church alliance. He said:

"When I was a young man and choosing a profession it happened that I numbered among my friends one of the most eloquent Methodist ministers on the Pacific coast. To him I went for advice, and said: 'I am undecided whether I shall become an actor or a preacher.' 'Become what you are best fitted for,' he answered, 'I think you had better become an actor.' He was wiser than I. I have never regretted my choice. Since then I have written plays. Some time I hope to write many good plays. One good play is worth many poor sermons. Every sincere effort is the brother of another sincere effort. There is a spirituality in the calling of the actor as much as there is in the calling of the minister. Edwin Booth's work showed this, particularly in King Lear. I heartily commend the alliance, for it is the crystallization of sympathy between preacher and actor. If this movement will draw the people of the stage toward a higher moral and spiritual life we shall have better plays and better actors."

## OLD SWEETHEARTS MEET AND WED TWO HOURS LATER.

THEY met on the sands of the beach near the Cliff house in San Francisco last Monday. As children they had been sweethearts in America. He drifted to South Africa and became a Kaffir king, a miner of fabulous wealth, and, incidentally, a husband. But he never forgot Anita Mallory, his California child sweetheart. He accumulated millions in the Rand, but he was not happy. His wife and he could not agree. She drifted away from him, and he got a divorce. In the far land of the nether realms of Africa, with all his wealth, with all his power, Jim Burslem could neither buy nor summon happiness. His dreams were of an American sweetheart, and last spring he came to America.

In New York he learned that his Anita had married a Los Angeles banker, Hugh Glassell, and in an aimless and yearning frame of mind the rich young widower set out for the Pacific coast. He had made up his mind that he would not seek out his old sweet-

heart of childhood, but he could not resist the temptation to revisit the scenes of the early happiness of his boyish dreams. He went to San Francisco, got a room in the Cliff house, and, after a day, from his lonely window watched the seals sporting on the rocks far out in the harbor.

One day in the dining room he saw a young woman who recalled his childhood. She was beautiful, dainty, lonely, and—she knew him. She smiled upon him, and in five minutes he was exchanging the experiences of a decade with the girl whose heart had been his for all that time, but whose life had been not less adventurous than his own. He learned that she, too, was alone in the world, her husband having crossed the great divide, and left her a widow a year previously. She had not forgotten the old, simple, guileless days of their childhood, nor had the years effaced or diminished the tender regard in which she held him. For half an hour they talked over the intervening years, and then he said:

"Anita, we have both made our mistakes. We are sorry, are we not? But let us quit grieving and start it all over