

# Dramatic

"Dramatic students admitted to the private rehearsals of the Miller-Anglin company. For terms apply at the Salt Lake theater."

The yearning dramatic aspirant need not jump at the conclusion that this is an authorized advertisement. It is merely set down as a suggestion to Mr. Miller of something he might adopt if there ever came a necessity for keeping the wolf from the stage door. Certain it is that if Mr. Miller ever saw fit to open his rehearsals to the hordes of stage-struck people who crowd the so-called dramatic schools, he would turn a good many pretty pennies, and equally certain it is that if these students sat through a rehearsal as conducted by Mr. Miller, they would gain an insight into the art of acting such as they might attend a whole course in their schools, without obtaining.

It amounts to a liberal education in acting, to see how Mr. Miller handles his big company of players as he did the other night on the stage of the Salt Lake theater. It was the second act of "The Taming of Helen," and the evening from 8 o'clock to near 11 was devoted to that, and nothing else. The big staircase scene had been set up by the stage carpenters during the day, and the word was given out that that act must be done as thoroughly as it was to be done before the public Monday night. Mr. Miller seats himself in a corner on the stage, the prompter holding the type-written manuscript is signaled to go ahead, and the act begins. It opens in silence with several people coming down the elevated staircase, evidently the breaking up of a swell party. Then outside the prompter's voice is heard "The duke of Westchester's carriage." Another voice, supposedly a footman in the distance, repeats "The duke of Westchester's carriage." Still another farther away, makes the same call, "The duke of Westchester's carriage." It took just 15 minutes before that much of the play was accomplished to suit Mr. Miller's fancy. Twenty times did the invisible footmen have to repeat their calls before they produced just the proper idea of distance. All the time the repetitions were going on, the ladies and gentlemen impersonating the departing nobility, were made to truck, heel and forth, up and down the stairs. One of them, a rather fleshy dowager began to show signs of rebellion, when Mr. Miller finally said, "That'll do," and the play was allowed to proceed.

People who have been accustomed for years to see Henry Miller only in one light, that of the tenderly, romantic stage lover, would rub their eyes a good deal before they brought themselves to realize that this bustling, bustling, matter of fact, precise, often severe, sometimes biting, stage manager, was the Henry of their dreams. He is in fact, transformed for the time being, but he shows, to one who watches him closely, that his charm as an actor is only one side of his character, and that in all the years he has been learning to acquire his undoubted mastery over the female heart, he has been absorbing all the arts, the technique, the tricks if you will, of what is required to make an actor, and now he is in a position to tell others just what he wants of them, and to mould them into his way of thinking and doing things. They all recognize his ability to teach, as well as his right to dictate—for no czar was ever more absolute than your stage manager—and they are all wonderfully docile and quick to follow his insistent suggestions. The number of times he made one poor girl repeat an excited speech, leading up to a climax, was almost appalling. At last she gasped, "I'm nervous, that's all the matter!" and she really looked as though she might collapse. "My dear Miss," I'm nervous, too," was the response. "Do you think I would stand here taking up all the valuable time of these ladies and gentlemen, if I didn't know you could do what I want you to. You can do it, and I know it; now try

again," and the girl takes another big breath, rattles through the speech again, gets the pauses and the accents just where Miller wants them, and is told that she's got it at last—praise that is manna to her lips.

It is evident that the stage director is no respecter of persons. When pretty Miss Anglin comes on in her part of Marion—contrary to expectation, she is not the Helen who is to be famed—Mr. Miller gives her almost as many hints and suggestions as he does the others. Only it is all done sotto voce, and it is easy to see that almost before the idea is out of his mouth, she has grasped it, and acted it out. Her ability to seize a suggestion, clothe it with action, and to improve upon it, is wonderful to observe, and at such mo-

ment, distinctness in speech, accent, pauses in utterance and variations of key—that is, pitch of the voice. One lady galloped through a long speech, and Miller simply sat down and looked at her in speechless silence. When at last he spoke, he said: "How many, many times have I told you to break that speech up? You'll never make the climax in the world. Break it up—give the audience time to catch up with you. Don't mumble, mumble, mumble. Now repeat it word for word after me"—and every line of the speech was gone over, he first, she following, till just the adequate speed and pitch were obtained. "Don't speak while you're walking!" "Don't put your head down in turning, and mumble something I can't hear, to say nothing of the audience."



MISS MARGARET ANGLIN.

Late leading woman of the Empire theater stock, New York, who makes her bow as a star Monday night at the Salt Lake theater. The main success of this gifted actress in the past have been in "Cyrano de Bergerac" (with Mansfield) "Brother Officers," "The Wilderness," "Mrs. Dane's Defense," "The Unforeseen," and last, but not least, "Camille." Her own version of this famous play was to have been seen Tuesday night, but unfortunately it has been postponed.

ments, Miller's face approached the nearest to a smile at any time during the evening. It is almost as if he said, "Here is where I rest." The next moment a footman comes on and makes some unimportant announcement. The soul of the stage manager is up in arms on the instant. "No, no, no!" he exclaims, "don't come on as though you were shot out of a cannon. Why should you! There's no need of it. Be natural. Do it this way. Now, please." At the next cue, a lady starts down the staircase, "You're 10 hours late!" he cries. "But, Mr. Miller," she answers pleadingly, "I took the cue." "Then take an earlier one," he rejoins. "You must see that if you're way up there at the head of the stairs, you can't see what's going on down here on the stage, now, can you?" So it is gone over with again, and the lady smilingly arrives on time. If there are any several things more than others on which he insists, it is

"Don't stand so close together"—this to a group of four—"Don't look so afraid of each other"—this to a group of two. "Take his lordship's right arm, not his left." "We're all rushing this scene, we must proceed with more deliberation"—these were some of the admonitions and appeals he would send out from his chair in the corner as the action went along. When it had all been concluded, and the end of the act had been reached, which was after nearly two hours' toil, he took out his watch and said: "It's now about 10 o'clock. This act should last just 25 minutes. We'll now go right through it again from first to last, and see if we can't do it in that time."

When he is acting his own part in the play—and his admirers will be pleased to know that he is on the stage a goodly part of the time—Mr. Miller goes at it hammer and tongs—he never wastes a moment. It is in the privacy of his room that he studies out his effects, and at rehearsals, he preserves his voice, skips the long speeches, and only does as much of his own part as is necessary to help the others. Indeed, were he to give all his own lines at rehearsal, and work with the others as he did in this instance, no set of vocal organs in the world could stand the strain.

Two rehearsals a day, one from 11 to 5, with half an hour for lunch, the other from 8 till midnight—this has been the rule all the week in Salt Lake. Nearly every member of the company is new in his or her part in "The Taming of Helen," even Miss Anglin will make her bow in it Monday night. "The Devil's Disciple," in which they open in San Francisco on the 15th, is new ground to all of them. Some of them have played in "Camille," but not all—and these three plays are being constantly gone over. In San Francisco they will add a new version of "The Foremaster," with several others, and while they are performing one play at night, during the next 10 or 12 weeks, they will be expected to repeat promptly at 11 each morning, their parts learned, to put in the day rehearsing another play for the week following.

And yet the theme of the conversation of these children of Thespis during the waits the other night was "What a dog's life these circus employees must pass."



MR. HENRY MILLER.

Co-star with Miss Anglin, who produces his new play by Richard Harding Davis, entitled "The Taming of Helen," Monday night, Mr. Miller's individual successes in Salt Lake have been so numerous as almost to defy enumeration. They reach back to "The Wife," "Held by the Enemy," "Rheingold," "All the Comforts of Home," "Sowing the Wind," "The Liars," "Heartsease," "The Only Way" and a small host of others. The opportunity of seeing Miller enact Armand to Miss Anglin's Camille will unfortunately be denied us, but we shall see him in another new play, "The Devil's Disciple."

## THEATER GOSSIP.

Charles Frohman has secured Rose Coghlan for an important role in the production of Stephen Phillips' "Ulysses," which he will make at the Garden theater, New York, in September.

During her San Francisco engagement, at the Alhambra, Florence Roberts will give a series of midweek matinees of D'Annunzio's powerful play "La Gioconda," in which the Italian actress Duse excelled so much discussion.

A letter from Australia states that the Crawley company, headed by Mr. Frawley and Miss Van Buren, had extended its engagement in Melbourne and that their stay would be indefinite. Our old friend, Hugh J. Ward, is with the company.

Nance O'Neill's open air presentation of "As You Like It" last week in San Francisco attracted a huge amount of attention, but threatening weather kept the attendance below the figures which had been hoped for. The chronicle says that Miss O'Neill looked very fascinating in her dublet and hose, and that Rosalind ought to be given a permanent place in her repertoire.

When David Warfield puts aside "The Auctioneer," along toward midwinter, he will impersonate a character differing widely from the East Side Hebrew he has pictured so long and faithfully. In this new piece he will be seen as an Italian of the type familiar to all New Yorkers. The play and part were both suggested by David Belasco, and the writing is being accomplished by Charles Klein, one of the authors of "The Auctioneer."

The opening of the Grand theater for the coming season takes place a week from Monday, the attraction being the Wiedemann company in the following repertoire: Monday and Tuesday, the four-act story of life in southern Illinois, entitled "Down in Egypt," Wed-

nesday and Thursday, "The Old Lime Kiln," once presented here by Katie Putnam, and Friday and Saturday the farce comedy, entitled "The Steam Laundry." The company consists of twenty-five people.

Both offerings by the Miller-Anglin company next week will be entirely new to Salt Lake theatergoers. "The Taming of Helen" is a high class English comedy, full of heart interest, laid on similar lines to "Heartsease," only in the new play the hero is a playwright, while in the other he was the composer of an opera. "The Devil's Disciple," Tuesday's bill, is written by the famous George Bernard Shaw, poet, playwright, critic, wit and socialist. It is quite unique to find an Englishman of his standing, taking the American side of the Revolutionary controversy, and his play is laid around the time of Burgoyne's surrender at Saratoga. It is said to be full of a distinct charm, and so highly does Mr. Miller think of it, that he has selected it for his opening bill in San Francisco on the night of Monday, the 15th.

Four nights next week, commencing Wednesday, with a Saturday matinee, the theater will be open for the new amateur organization known as Joe's minstrels. Everyone knows Joe (pronounced Hozary), the 300-pound tenor singer, but only a few people know that he now heads a company of his own. He has an exquisitely sweet voice, and as leading singer of half a dozen minstrel companies which have visited Salt Lake, he always made himself a principal feature. He was first brought out by Denham Thompson, singing such songs as "The Old Oaken Bucket," "Where is My Wandering Boy Tonight?" and in the church scene rendering "The Palms." Mr. Joe is sure of royal reception from his many Salt Lake friends.

## SHARPS AND FLATS

Roy Williams, the violinist, has gone to Berkeley to enter the University of California, where he will study chamber music. He was a pupil while here of Prof. Careless.

Virginia Earle, Marguerite Slyva and Jesse Bartlett Davis will support Francis Wilson in the revival of "Erminie," which will be presented at the Casino in the fall.

There will be a big musical entertainment at Salt Lake tomorrow afternoon and evening. The program, which will be divided into two sections, contains some notable numbers and they are sure to be appreciated.

The Apollo club took a carriage on Wednesday night and made the "sounds of the city," visiting their friends and wooing them from summer with the sweet strains of a zephyrus. The boys are doing some charming work, and show steady improvement.

The private box belonging to the late Prof. Azine del Orme was opened the other day. It was thought some clue to his early history would be learned from its possible contents, but all that was found was a dead rat and a valuable box over Jordan, and few memories of no importance whatever.

But few of the music teachers remain at work during the heated term, as "everybody" is off to the mountains, or at the coast until the month of August. It is then that the music teachers are taking a rest, as they are of summering somewhere and enjoying a change of scene and climate.

The Musical Times has an interesting article regarding Beethoven's visit to London in 1817, when he was called upon to conduct operas by Donizetti and Balfe. Of course he suffered the torments of Prometheus. A very queer thing he did (probably for his own satisfaction) was to play Beethoven's Leonora overture as a prelude to one of the Donizetti operas.

Professor J. J. McClellan is back from his Colorado vacation. While away he met Mr. Smith, who is writing a libretto which Professor McClellan hopes some day to set to music. The librettist, however, like the composer, is so busy a man that he only obtains a chance to work occasionally on the opera, and progress thus far has been slow.

Mrs. Don Coray. With such an aggregation of musical talent there ought to be no doubt of success.

The Denver Post, under the head of "Santa Fe officials on a tour," gives an account of the trip through four fine cities of a number of Santa Fe officials on a private car, and says: "The gentlemen were returning in their various duties from a week of pleasure at Salt Lake City, and were escorted east by Prof. John J. McClellan, organist of the great Mormon Tabernacle at Salt Lake, who served as the conductor of the party." Prof. McClellan had a very enjoyable time visiting the great mining camps of the Grizzly Creek country, and wound up by taking in Denver, where he visited with his friend, Prof. Howard. The professor thinks that traveling in a private car is a particularly nice way of getting around the country.

Mrs. C. V. Anderson, father of Miss Judith Anderson, is in receipt of several interesting letters from the young lady written after her arrival in Europe. One of them contained a copy of an elaborately printed musical program rendered on board the steamship Mayflower, on Tuesday, July 21, in the middle of the Atlantic. There were a good many musical passengers on route, and the program was a decidedly cosmopolitan one. Miss Anderson and her mother were given first place in the duet, "Whispering Hope," and were accorded an ovation while the applause that followed Miss Anderson's rendition of "A Dream," by Bartlett, was most generous. Mrs. Anderson was also given a hearty welcome for her work in a Norwegian duet with Mr. A. Erickson. The program was in aid of the Seamen's Charities of Liverpool and Boston.

There was a large and very appreciative crowd yesterday afternoon, in the Tabernacle, where Prof. McClellan gave an excellent program. Miss Sallie Fisher was the vocalist, and her sweet, ringing voice gave much pleasure to her friends, who were out in force to hear her. She was heartily cheered. Miss Fisher will always be a popular singer. There were two numbers on the program that certainly marked the organist as an artist. "The Cradle Song," by Debnueck, and the "Wilder Tocatta." The former calls for special powers of interpretation and sympathy with the spirit of the subject, and the beautiful registration and expression of the organist, as well as his natural presentation of the theme, made his audience oblivious to everything else. The Tocatta demands unusual technical ability, with the feet as well as with the hands, and rapid and accurate reading is imperative. The performer was

equal to all the requirements of the occasion, to the delight of his big audience.

Sousa has returned with his band to America from his third European tour, after an absence from this country since Christmas last. This last tour covered every city and town of importance in the United Kingdom, and the leading cities of northern and central Europe, with a total of 332 concerts in 133 different towns and in 13 different countries. Of these concerts 27 were given in Great Britain and Ireland, and in 112 different towns. In London alone, Mr. Sousa gave 52 concerts in five months. The continental tour extended from Paris to St. Petersburg, and from Vienna to Copenhagen, without break or accident, and lasting but two days of travel in and out of Russia. Concerts were given in France, Belgium, Germany, Russia, Poland, Austria, Bohemia, Denmark and Holland, and everywhere the band's success was instantaneous and emphatic. On Jan. 31 Mr. Sousa had the honor of appearing for the second time before the king and queen of England, and the other members of the royal family. The concert took place in the noble Waterloo chamber at Windsor Castle, and was attended by a notable company of guests, and at its conclusion Mr. Sousa received the personal thanks and compliments of King Edward. Three nights later, Mr. Sousa gave another similar concert before the viceroy of Ireland at the historic St. Patrick's hall in Dublin Castle. During February the American musician was the guest of a civic luncheon given in his honor by the lord mayor of Liverpool at the Town hall.

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## Musicians' Directory.

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| <b>MRS. EFFIE DEAN KNAPPEN WHITEHEAD,</b><br>Voice Builder.<br>The Italian method. Studio at 457 East 1st South St.  | <b>MRS. H. E. MELTON,</b><br>Teacher of Piano.<br>50 E. Fourth South.<br>Phone No. 1722. Recommended by J. J. McClellan.   |
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