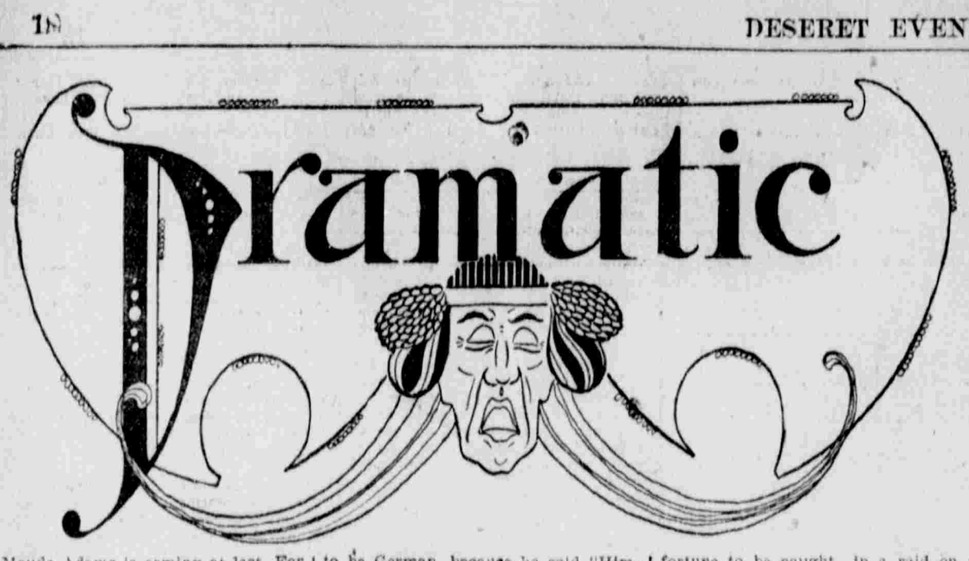

Maude Adams is coming at last. For several years the Salt Lake Theater has been endeavoring to induce Mr. Frohman to extend her tours to the west, but the demand for her in the east has been so great that the coast could not be accommodated. A year from now, however, she will take a tour through the west, and Salt Lake being the city of her birth, Mr. Frohman has booked her here for a full week, Manager Pyper having received the contracts to that effect. What her play or plays will be is as yet uncertain, but very probably they will include 'The Pretty Sister of Jose," in which she is now starring, and possibly the new play which she will bring out next season. It goes without saying that she will have a royal welcome here, where she and her mother before her, have so often appeared on the stage. Mr. Pyper, in fact, will endeavor to make it a sort of "Ben Hur" event as far as public interest is concerned, and as Salt Lake will be the only city in Utah in which Miss Adams will play, there will be excursions from all directions during her week.

* * *

Judging from letters and telegrams received from Sallie Fisher by her parents in this city, she has been the most excited girl during the past 10 days that the city of Chicago contained. First, came the sudden death of Mr. Sykes and the end of "The Billionaire" company's tour. Second was the narrow escape, she sustained from being one of the Iroquois theater victims, narrated below. Last, while she was resting with friends in Chicago, preliminary to resuming her tour, came a message summoning her to New York to fill the place of leading lady with Frank Daniels in his successful operatic comedy, "The Office Boy." This is a big promotion for Miss Fisher, but one that her manager, Mr. Perley, has had in his eye for her, for a long time past. Louise Gunning, Daniels' leading woman, was sometime ago announced to be married, and her husband insisted that she should leave the stage. Mr. Daniels' manager would only release her from her contract in case he found a soprano who could fill her place. He knew of Miss Fisher's voice by having heard her in "The Billionaire," and as Mr. Perley, her manager, was anxious to advance her, negotiations ensued, and Miss Fisher is now on her way to New York to begin rehearsals with Daniels. As she plays almost entirely with that comedian, and has three big solos in "The Office Boy," she is full of hopes that her chance has at last arrived. Daniels is not due in Salt Lake till next September.

* * *

Miss Fisher writes her parents that she came very near being in the Iroquois theater on the day of the terrible disaster. "The Billionaire" company played no Wednesday matinee that week, and Miss Fisher, Miss Nellie Follis, the leading lady, and several other members of the company had decided to take an up-stairs box in the Iroquois that afternoon to see the widely advertised "Bluebeard." The box had been engaged and the party formed, but on Tuesday came Mr. Sykes' sudden death. This threw "The Billionare" company into mourning, and the box party was cancelled at the last moment. Two little boys who belonged to the company, however, were in the audience, and both were among those who lost their lives.

Miss Fisher writes that on Wednesday night, when "The Billionaire" company assembled for the performance, (an understudy having taken Mr. Sykes' place,) the stage manager anxiously called the roll of the entire company to see if any were missing, as it was known that several had intended to visit the "Bluebeard" matinee that afternoon. Miss Fisher herself missed her street car and did not arrive on the stage till after the roll was called, and there was intense consternation when she and the two little boys failed to answer to their names. When she came in a few minutes later, there was a general rejoicing, and she had a regular ovation. The two little boys, however, were among the lost.

Miss Fisher writes very feelingly of the sad scenes behind the curtain in "The Billionaire" company over the death of Mr. Sykes. The company attempted to go on with an understudy in his part for several nights, but she says there was hardly a dry eye in the whole chorus as they stood in the wings and heard the cue which for so many months had brought the popular Sykes upon the stage. The attempt to fill his place was soon abandoned, and the entire company was ordered back to New York to await the time when a suitable comedian could be found and the tour resumed. Miss Fisher, herself, remained with friends in Chicago and was waiting for a summons to join the company in New York, when she received the news of her promotion to Frank Daniels' forces.

* * *

The New York papers just at hand tell unmistakably of the news of Eleanor Robson's success in "Merely Mary Ann." The Evening Sun says she does her most artistic work since her Bonita in "Arizona." The same paper features the success of Miss Ada Dwyer in the part of the cockney landlady. Miss Dwyer writes her friends here that the success of the piece is undoubted. She also adds the news that Julia Dean is in the cast, assuming a small part, till something turns up that suits her better. Miss Dwyer adds that her own part is a character one, and that she is a "sight" to behold.

* * *

Alan Dale, the severest of all New York critics, says this of three of the leading players in "Merely Mary Ann."

"Miss Eleanor Robson gave a pleasing performance. She is a very pleasing young actress, and an artist, although not yet quite ripe. Miss Annie Russel might have given deftor touches; Maude Adams, the personification of exquisite wistfulness, with all its artistic touches, would also have excelled. Miss Robson is newer and less experienced than those actresses. She was charming, but one never forgot that she was acting, and she never absolutely lost the consciousness of impersonation. Her personality is most agreeable, and she promises great things. Unless she listens o the overpraise of foolish people these promises will all be fulfilled. There is no doubt at all that Eleanor Robsons are rare. The accent she wore as the slavery was so remarkable that it defies analysis. Assuredly, the county that produces Yorkshire puddings would scarcely recognize her.

Edwin Arden, as the composer, was out of his element. He was supposed to be German, because he said "Himmel!" but he was Chicago, and as hard as rocks. As he sat in the throes of music he seemed to be balancing a ledger and meditating on commerce. He was the sort of composer who might perchance turn out a score for some of our so-called musical plays. He could have set a Chicago star on tra-la-la.

"It was Miss Ada Dwyer who, to my mind, gave a faultless performance, full of rich humor, clever, self-detached, free from exaggeration—wholly admirable. Hers was a piece of acting that I shan't for get in a hurry. It was so true, and so amusing; it was a gem. It was an excellent cast."

MISS SALLIE FISHER,

Who has just been promoted to the position of leading lady with Frank Daniels.

There will be nothing more at the Theater for some time yet, the first attraction being one of Ibsen's cheerful offerings entitled "Ghosts," rendered by a company with the well known actress Miss Alberta Gallatin at its head. The Grand, therefore, has a clear field for some time, and will open next week with a production of the hilarious comedy "Maloney's Wedding." This play is said to have undergone a thorough change since its last visit, and little remains of the old play except the title. It is said to be crowded with musical numbers and handsome scenery, but of that our playgoers can judge for themselves on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday evenings next. The usual Wednesday matinee will be given at 3 p. m.

* * *

The latter half of next week, the Grand's offering will be the successful farce entitled "Hello Bill," a well known work by the well known author, Willis Maxwell Goodhue. This farce has been seen in Salt Lake before, but it left a pleasant impression. As everyone remembers, it details the adventures of a frisky gentleman who on the eve of his marriage, had the ill fortune to be caught in a raid on a gambling house. He had to serve a sentence of 60 days in jail; keeping his bride in ignorance he pretended that he had been ordered immediately to join the United States forces engaged in the Spanish American war. All sorts of complications follow, many laughable episodes resulting. "Hello Bill" runs Thursday, Friday, and Saturday with a Saturday matinee.

THEATRE GOSSIP.

Nance O'Neil, in a letter to a friend in San Francisco, thus resents the report that she had gone into vaudeville:

Recently Charles Peyton, of this city, sent clippings to Miss O'Neill, telling of her debut in vaudeville. Miss O'Neil returned the following letter: "This afternoon I received your letter with the enclosed items, and I am amazed and angered beyond measure that any one should have dared to even suggest the idea of my going into vaudeville. How such a report could have got to the newspapers I am quite at loss to know. And I can only think that it emanated from some one who is nothing short of a fool, or else it was done with deliberate malice. However, I am greatly obliged to you for sending me the item, for I was perfectly unaware that such a report was in circulation and I now have an opportunity of contradicting it before too many people can think that I have suddenly taken leave of my senses. Believe me, sincercly, Nance O'Neil."

T. Henry French left an estate valued at only $3,000, it was found, when his will was filed for probate in the Surrogate's office in New York. Among his creditors is Bronson Howard, to whom he owed $6,000. This will be paid with interest out of the Samuel French enterprises.

It is only natural that David Belasco should be much elated over the success that "The Darling of the Gods" has made in London, where it was produced on Monday night by Beerbohm Tree. Yesterday Mr. Belasco received many congratulatory cablegrams, among them being one from Mr. Tree.

"Congratulate you on triumphant success. Accept my acknowledgements for this beautiful play and for your own masterly stagecraft to which so much of tonight's success is due."

Henry Miller and Charles Froman yesterday signed contracts by which the actor will be starred by Mr. Frohman for a period of five years, beginning this winter.

New plays are to be produced twice each season; an annual engagement it to be played in one of Mr. Frohman's New York theatres; Mr. Miller with a special company, will appear each summer in San Francisco in some of the Frohman successes of the winter, and each summer will also play under Mr. Frohman's direction in London. From there he will visit Paris, Vienna and other Continental cities in the interest of Mr. Frohman's stage work.

Manager Pyper has received contracts for Maxine Elliott, who in her new play, "Her Own Way," will be one of the big features next season.

Leander Richardson's Letter

Special Correspondence.

New York, Jan. 4.—A. L. Erlanger, senior member of the firm of Klaw & Erlanger, is not a giant in the matter of physical inches, but he possesses the courage of his convictions, together with a keen sense of what constitutes an inexcusable impertinence. The other evening, while the newspapers were still devoting pages of space to the Chicago fire horror, Mr. Erlanger was chatting with some friends in the lobby of the New Amsterdam theater, when a young man stepped briskly up to the party and said:

"I represent the Morning ——. We've been told that you have been disposing of all your property interests in order to evade financial responsibility in connection with the Iroquois theater catastrophe. Is it true?"

Mr. Erlanger gazed at the reporter for an instant with quickly dilating eyes and replied:

"You can tell the person who said such a thing to you that he's a d—d liar."

"Very good, sir," chirped the young chap. "And I'll also tell him you're a blackguard."

Erlanger straightened up and exclaimed:

"While you're at it, tell him this also!"

The manager's fist swung out in a short half circle, landing flush upon the jaw of the youth from the newspaper office, sending him to the floor in a heap. Subsequently referring to the episode, Erlanger remarked that while he had no objection to answering civil questions of general interest to the public, he didn't feel compelled to be pilloried and made to appear like a malefactor by persons who exercised their utmost ingenuity to place him in a false position before the community.

* * *

The New York managers have been considerably wrought up over the attitude of former fire commissioner Sturgis, who, as about the final act of his official career before his decapitation on New Year's day, made a statement to the effect that an accident similar to that in Chicago might take place in almost any metropolitan theater. There are reasons why the men interested in providing stage amusements for New Yorkers should regard this attack as inspired by vindictiveness rather than a sense of duty. Throughout Sturgis' term of office his conduct toward the playhouses was bitter and prejudiced. He brought no less than 17 suits against one manager for alleged violation of the law against the occupation of standing room, and wherever one of these actions was decided adversely to him, he took an appeal to the higher court. Sturgis wasn't satisfied with any other construction of the law than his own, but entered into the battle and remained in it with the fierce tenacity of a litigous zealot. Under all these circumstances, it looks very much as though, perceiving an opportunity to fire one last volley at his self-made enemies, he launched a declaration, the only foundation for which can be found in the fact that there are two or three antique theaters in New York which are no more open to criticism now than thy were when it first became a part of Sturgis' duty, under his oath of office to see that they were made safe for public occupation or else close them up.

* * *

J. M. Barrie's "Little Mary," at the Empire theater, is a source of unmixed delight to the audiences assembled for its observation. The basic principle of the comedy is the satirization of gluttony as the author conceives that condition to exist in England—and perhaps this feature of the entertainment will also strike home in America. But whether the effect is produced or not, the frame and fabric of Dr. Barrie's work is so infinitely charming, so delicately graceful, so brilliantly shimmering, that it cannot possibly fail to enchant all who follow its development. Persons who individually distinguish themselves in the cast are Henry E. Dixey as the Earl of Carlton, Jessie Busley as Moira, the heroine, and Fritz Williams, Arthur Elliott, Marie Dore, M. A. Kennedy, Ida Waterman and others. Very likely "Little Mary" will finish the season at the Empire.

"The Virginian," dramatized by Kirke LaShelle and Owen Wister, is the attraction at the Manhattan theater, where it will hardly stir the public pulse to any extent threatening apoplexy. To tell the plain truth, Mr. Wister's book doesn't particularly fit the stage, but is rather dull and commonplace in this form.

* * *

Mary Mannering's new play by Leo Dietrichstein, called "Harriet's Honeymoon," is the feature of the Garrick theater, where it has apparently made a very good hit, as much due to the charming personality of the star and the admirable acting of Arthur Byron as to the work of the author. Miss Mannering's personal beauty and winsomeness of manner fit well into the comedy provided for her use and the production in all its essential detail is worthy of praise.

* * *

There are rumbles of dissatisfaction from the subscribers of the Metropolitan Opera House. The complaint is that Herr Conreid has "spread himself" on "Parsifal" to the detriment of other productions and that as the subscriptions do not include "Parsifal" they (the subscribers) derive no benefit from this source. It is pointed out that Conreid has given four repetitions of "Traviata" and has otherwise neglected his duties to his supporters. Thus far the "kick" has not been made public, but it is assuming such proportions that there isn't much chance of keeping it quiet for any considerable length of time.

* * *

"Merely Mary Ann," in which Eleanor Robson is the star feature, seems to have taken hold in earnest at the Garden theater, where the audiences have grown steadily in size since the opening night last week. This has been the history of Mr. Zangwill's play wherever it has been performed for more than a single time. The result of Miss Robson's New York engagement will undoubtedly place her firmly in the position of an individual attraction of the highest worth.

"Joe" Ullman, who, after following the bookmaking business for many years, has recently turned up as a backer of amusement enterprises, now surprises the public by appearing in the role of an author. Ullman, whose fund of anecdotes derived from racetrack experiences, is apparently inexhaustible, has collected a large number of amusing stories which are just published in illustrated form under the title, "What's the Odds." There are lots of hearty laughs stored between the covers of this volume.

* * *

"My Lady Molly," with Vesta Tilley as a special feature, has commanded a farewell reception at Daly's Theater, where it will remain for a limited engagement only, owing to the fact that other arrangements for the playhouse, as well as the musical comedy, were completed some time ago. Miss Tilley has fully repeated the striking success she made in this country some years back with her boy impersonations. R. F. Carroll and other members of the supporting cast are well placed, and there is a great deal in the entertainment that is of a highly diverting nature.

* * *

David Belasco has reason to view with unruffled composure his position as a promoter of the best type of dramatic entertainment. Between "Sweet Kitty Bellairs" at the Belasco theater, Mrs. Leslie Carter's "DuBarry," Blanche Bates' "The Darling of the Gods," David Warfield's "The Auctioneer" and the earnings of those of Mr. Belasco's older plays in the popular price and stock theaters, his individual profit often runs as high as nine or ten thousand dollars a week. This may be fairly described as coining money, but it hasnt been accomplished without many years of hard, tireless and intelligent application. Belasco is undoubtedly a genius, but he is also a worker of the most persistent and energetic type.

* * *

"Raffles, the Amateur Cracksman," with Kyrle Bellew in the role of the gentlemanly burglar, runs along with undeviating prosperity at the Princess theater. In "The Sacrament of Judas" Mr. Bellew tumbles down the staircase when he is shot, with quite as much effect as formerly, but without taking unnecessary chances of physical injury. As a fact, following his recent mishap in this scene, Bellew took a dozen lessons from a professional acrobat and he will sustain no more burises from the projecting edges of the steps.

* * *

Chauncey Olcott's new play "Terence," at the New York theater is a conventional but effective Irish drama and it seems to meet with the complete approval of Mr. Olcott's large clientele. The star's songs, which are as usual tuneful and well executed, are enthusiastically applauded.

* * *

Dockstader's minstrels are drawing crowds to Mr. Hammerstein's Victoria theater, where they are to remain for a month or possibly longer. This is the only minstrel organization that plays on Broadway nowadays and there's evidently a sharp appetite for entertainments of the kind here presented.

LEANDER RICHARDSON.

GLOOMY PLAYS IN PARIS.

Paul Hervieu's New Drama, "The Maze," is the Most Harrowing of All, but it is an Uncommonly Powerful Work.

Special Correspondence.

Paris, Dec. 26.—In Paris, theater goers are exclaiming over the lugubrious tone which has characterized practically every play of the first importance that has been produced this season. It has been remarked that the anti-Semitic drama, "The Return from Jerusalem," by which so much discussion has been aroused, is a mixture of sociology and unhappy love, that "Maternity" is a lecture on individual selfishness, that "Germinie Lacerteux" is heart-rending, while Sardou's "Sorceres" is unrelieved tragedy. It seems to be agreed, however, that Paul Hervieu has surpassed all recent efforts at harrowing the feelings of audiences with his new play, "Le Dedale," which, in English, would be called, "The Maze." No one denies, however, that this work by the author of "The Enigma" is far above the average modern drama, and it seems likely to prove one of the big Parisian successes of the present year, though whether it can be put into English satisfactorily is less certain.

* * *

"The Maze" is a sort of object lesson of the advantage of being off with the old love before one is on with the new. At the beginning, the heroine, Marianne de Pogis, is living apart from her husband, Max, whom she has divorced on account of infidelity on his part. She has a little son, of whom the courts have given her the charge. And she also has a suitor in the person of an excellent man named Gillaume who is anxious to make her his wife. This offer Marianne is inclined to accept, chiefly because she finds her position as a divorced woman unpleasant, secondly because she rather likes Guillaume and believes he will make her a good husband. Marianne's resolute mother opposes her on the ground that remarriage would be a sin, and the first strong emotional note is sounded in the play, when its heroine, disregarding her parents' entreaties, leaves her to marry Guillaume.

At the commencement of the second act, Marianne has been married to Guillaume for some time. Max de Pogis, her first husband calls upon her. He is honestly regretful for what has happened in the past, and his only object in seeing Marianne now is to ask permission to have some part in the bringing up of his son, for whom he feels all a father's love. In fact, he wants permission to take the boy away at once for a visit at his country house, and pleads his cause so well that Marianne yields, and the boy goes away with de Pogis. All through this act, by the way, it is indicated clearly that, though neither the man nor the woman is willing to reveal it by a single sign, coming in contact with each other has filled them both with thoughts of their former relationship. And now destiny takes a hand in the game. Marianne's little son falls dangerously ill at de Pogis' house, and the mother hurries there to be at his side. For whole days the two parents meet constantly at the child's bed, with the result that might have been expected. One evening, after a day of agony and nervous strain, the woman falls into her first husband's arms. On her boy's recovery, Marianne seeks Guillaume, to whom she confesses what has happened, and the betrayed man vows vengeance upon Pogis. A duel results, but neither of the men is injured, for the author has a better plan of getting rid of them. His last scene is laid in the country, just by the edge of a dangerous precipice, near which Marianne is to have an interview with de Pogis. But Guillaume, who has learned of the rendezvous, arrives first, and, by a trick, attracts his rival to the spot. A fierce struggle fellows, and Guillaume and de Pogis go over the precipice, like Sherlock Holmes and Doctor Moriarty, wrapped in each other's arms. The curtain falls as Marianne enters, and, unconscious of the tragedy that has occurred, passes by the precipice, looking for her child and calling him plaintively.

* * *

In persuading J. M. Barrie to be the guest of honor at its forthcoming banquet in March, the Playgoers' club has scored uncommonly, for Barrie's appearances in public are most rare, and besides he is just as present the man of all men from whom London theatergoers would prefer to hear by word of mouth. Up to the era of his "Admirable Crichton" Americans, of course, knew quite as much about this humorist and his doings as Britishers—possibly more—but no one who has not been in London for the last few months can have any idea of the extent to which Mr. Barrie has set tongues wagging with the remarkable hoax which he embodied in his latest play, "Little Mary," and by which he provided a name for an organ formerly not to be mentioned in polite society. And who can tell all the changes that have been rung on Mr. Barrie's quaint nick-name for the stomach? Ever since the morning after the production of the humorist's play, the query, "Good day, how's Little Mary," has been a favorite one both in and out of society. The best song in the new Gaiety play, "The Orchid," is all about "Little Mary," and nearly every one of the Christmas pantomimes will have a ditty on the same subject, the Drury Lane librettist having delivered himself of one called, "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary." Verses innumerable have been printed about Little Mary to advertise different patent pills, as many comic sketches have illustrated variations of the same jest. In good sooth, the phrase seems simply to have passed into the language for good and all. Meanwhile, how is Mr. Barrie pleased with the way in which his catch-word has caught on? Perhaps he will say in his speech to the Playgoers' club. As a matter of fact, he has promised to give his views on the subject of how far it is permissible for a dramatist to delude his audience, and these will be awaited with interest at least by those who were present at Wyndham's on that historic first night of "Little Mary," and were the earliest victims of Mr. Barrie's gigantic hoax. Meanwhile the play is doing big business, having just passed its 100th performance.

CURTIS BROWN.

UTAH ARTISTS IN PARIS.

Paris, Dec. 25.—The autumn salon, which has just closed, had on exhibition seven pictures painted by four Utah artists. Lee Richards had three on exhibition, Mr. Harwood exhibited two, Alma Wright and Louise Richards each exhibited one.

Mr. Harwood's oil painting "Blowing Soap Bubbles," was a picture of his little girl. The other, in water colors, was a scene from his window.

Alma Wright's picture was an excellent portrait of Mrs. Dr. H. J. Richards. The tone and feeling were admired much by those who know good art.

Two of Lee Richards' pictures were painted at Concarneau in Bretagne, where he spent the summer. The other was a portrait of his cousin, Blanche Richards.

Miss Louise Richards' picture was a potrait of an old woman knitting. It is painted in a quiet gray tone.

Besides the four artists already named there are five others from Utah studying in Paris, namely: Rose Hartwell, Mira Sawyer, M. M. Young, J. Leo Fairbanks and Caroline S. Yardley (now of St. Paul). Miss Hartwell has been studying in Paris nine years but will return to Salt Lake next fall. At present she is taking the day and night courses at the academy de la Grand-Chaumiere. After the holiday season she hopes to copy pictures in the Louvre and Luxenbourg galleries. During her stay here she has exhibited three times in the salon. The following quotations are from French and English papers:

"We are held by the beauty of the color of a portrait of a lady by Mlle. Hartwell."—Paris Echo.

"The painters of flowers are legion but only one merits mention; Hartwell, who gives us excellent interpretation of roses."—Latin Quarter Gazette.

"This year's salon is particularly rich in portraits. It is in this branch of the pictorial art that the exhibition displays most frankly a fearless indifference to everything else but such expression as is meant to appeal to the educated eye. Among those to be mentioned in this line are Morat, Roybet, Miss Hartwell and others."—London Times. (Address 1499 Boulevard Montparnasse.

Alma B. Wright, who is art instructor in the B. Y. college, has received favorable recognition from his teachers. For the first few months at the Beaux-Arts he avoided meeting the professor because he realized wherein his work was weak. Finally he made a drawing that he liked, so he showed it to Bonnat, (the professor) who took him by the hand and encouraged him. All the boys in the class were surprised to see Bonnat do such a thing for they had never seen him do it before. At another time the professor pointed to the back of the figure in his painting and said to the fellows who were standing around, "That is the way to paint."

Mr. Wright hopes to make a specialty of portrait painting for which he seems especially gifted. He will return to Utah in the summer. (Address 1 bis rue, Brown Sequard.)

M. M. Young is back again and is at work in earnest. During the day he is working in his studio and at night is modeling at the Academie de la Grande-Chaumiere. He is especially fond of sculpture and etching and is getting good results in both lines. (Address 1 bis rue Brown Sequard).

Miss Mira Sawyer is spending all of her time at drawing in the Academie de la Grande-Chaumiere. One of her fellow-students says that she is doing very good work. Last summer she spent her time in sketching. (Address 149 Boulevard Montparnasse.

Miss Louise Richards has been attending the Academie del a Grande-Chaumiere but is now painting portraits. Last summer was spent on the coast of the Bay of Biscay at Concarneau where she made some excellent studies. (Address 2 bis rue Brown Sequard.)

J. Leo Fairbanks, who is on leave of absence from the L. D. S. university, is working in the famous Academie Julien. Half of each day is spent at modeling under M. R. Verlet and the other half day at painting under Jean Paul Laurens. At night he is drawing at the Academie de la Grande-Chaumiere. (Address 15 rue du Dragon.)

Lee Richards has just finished an excellent portrait of Mrs. H. J. Richards. His work is decidedly artistic and is well drawn. He hopes to follow portraiture when he returns to Utah. (Address 95 rue Vaugirard.)

Mr. Harwood is copying in the Louvre and Luxembourg galleries. He already has quite a few copies. His collection of copies from the masters will be very interesting. He is also attending the Julien Academie where many of his esquisses have received favorable places. One of them has been placed on the wall and a few weeks ago one received first place. Next spring he will return home. (Address Boulevard Vaugirard.)

Miss Yardley's people moved to St. Paul last summer but the removal was so recent that we still feel to claim her as coming from Salt Lake. Before coming to Paris Miss Yardley spent three years in study in Philadelphia and three years in New York. She is spending night and day in the Academie de la Grande-Chaumiere. Miniature painting is her specialty. Before coming to Paris she finished a miniature portrait for Cornelius Vanderbilt. (Address 149 Boulevard Montparnasse.)

We are all very enthusiastic over our work and are devoting ourselves to it with earnestness. Like thirsty men at a fountain we seem to drink and drink but can not get satisfied and regret that we have to leave so soon.

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