Dramatic and Lyric.

Tabernacle Choir during Conference.—Attractions next week.—Katie Emmett's play.—Irving and Terry—Friends.

The opportunity of the country people to greet the Tabernacle choir and hear it render the famous World's Fair music, will occur next Saturday evening, October 7th, the second night of conference. The Church authorities have given the free use of the Tabernacle, and whatever funds are derived from the concert will go to help the deficiency resulting from the great tour. The 250 singers who won the $1000 prize, as well as the soloists who went on the tour, including Mr. Webbe, Mr. Easton, Mrs. Pugsley, Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. Edwards, Mr. Lewis and the others will all take part.

There was a five hundred dollar audience at the theater despite the rain last evening, which shows that things are getting back to their normal condition again, and that Salt Lake may be relied on to uphold her old reputation as a show town through thick and thin. Katie Emmett was here once before with a third rate drama called the Waif of New York, and then she did not impress Salt Lake as being the possessor of any unusual amount of ability, either as an actress or a singer. Her new play, Kilarney, gives her much better opportunity than the otherone, to display dialect acting, but her absence of voice is as defined as ever it was. The chief merit lies in the Irish coloring, the scenery and the costumes. Besides Miss Emmett herself, there's a clever high tenor, Mr. Mack, who sings Irish ballads with a decided charm. Apart from these features, there is not much in Kilarney to set the world afire. It is a tranby bit of cheap sensation and sentiment that appeals to the galleries and by them it was all heartily applauded. Down stairs, where people are apt to look for such things as consistency and probability in a play, and such trifles as cleverness in the score, there was a good deal of weariness. The piece goes again tonight, and will probably draw another house above stairs.

Next week will be the conference season at the Theater, and as times goes by it has always been a very prosperous one. The crowd from the country will begin to arrive Tuesday and Wednesday, and the latter part of the week, at least, will be a heavy one. For the delectation of country patrons, Manager Burton has provided two plays of the ultra sensational order, A Nutmeg Match, which runs Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, and The Hon of Life, which occupies the boards on the three last nights of the week.

A Nutmeg Match derives its title from the fact that the scene of the play is laid in Connecticut, which is called the Nutmeg state, or more properly speaking, the Wooden Nutmeg state. The "match" part of the title has reference to a love match between the hero and the heroine, thus the combination "A Nutmeg Match," which is novel enough to be remembered, and that is another mark in its favor nowadays. A particularly novel effect as a pile-driver is still operating. It is not a jumper in the center, but a real, practical, every-day pile-driver, with a stationary engine carrying steam enough to operate the enormous iron hammer that rises and falls just as more a hammer would rise and fall in carrying on the work of dock construction represented in the piece. The dramatic situation is not created by the pile-driver—it is accentuated by it. The plot naturally moves in the lines run with the machine.

A remarkably thrilling and exciting exhibition of cards and counters will be seen in the production of "The Hon of Life." There are many startling incidents in the play, but the most original and arresting feature of them all, is the human bridge. During a game, which is laid in one of the most rugged and mountainous regions of Africa, it becomes necessary, in order to facilitate the escape of the heroine from a tribe of natives to cross a chasm, with a roaring cataract beneath. Three of the persons in the party form each other's shoulders, and when linked together, they span the ghastly opening, making a living bridge, over which the heroine and her duties cross in safety.

We had supposed that Jessie Bartlett Davis and Eugene Cowles had passed a place in the profession where they would be under no necessity of resorting to the wiles of the bill to secure free advertising. At the close of last season it was announced that Miss Davis would retire from the stage for a season, to superintend the education of her growing boy, for that Mr. Cowles would go to Europe to study voice culture with a view to taking up grand opera. The coming of the present season of the Bostonians, however, finds both stepping in their old roles in Berlin Hall. Can it be possible that it is Davis growing rusty in her old parts, that the audience will be in skip-shapeler numbers.

Pilgrim, which will be presented at the California next week by Edward Milton Royle, is said to be adapted from the cable novel, but Allen Flower is credited with adapting from the French. Music and Drama.

Wrong, Broad Throw, and daily wrong. Mr. Boele's play was concerned, slaughter from his own brilliant pen, was written in this city, and originally produced here by our resident company under the name of Out of Darkness.

Mr. Boele, by the way, with his play and his clever company, will be in Salt Lake in November. He has sent an invitation to the H. ne Dramatic Club already to be his guests on the opening night. Salt Lake plays so to speak that this parlors or engagement shall be, in the language of the real estate mart, a "summer."

Teachers of the great Kindergarten will bring heard in the national music and trade journals. The musical Courier, New York, has the following written from its Chicago correspondent:

And now what is the relation between coal and and vocal music? Here is Scranton, Pa., walking off with the $1,000 prize in the Chicago contest, and in fairly contest with the best work of the kind on earth represented by a price of $1000, I believe. Persons I choose say: "What's in a name?" The Scranton society, which is so wonderful, is capital "The Cymbrodorion," and its conductor "Dan Protheroe."

Welsh lassies, from the great district of Cardiff, got the $500 prize for best female chorus work. South Wales male chorus won the $1000 prize for similar work; and by the way notice the difference in relative values! Welshmen view the prize in lary competition and handicap making, but Pittsburg again—coal smoke again, too—lost the ice operatic lirelle. Over 10,000 people attended the last two concerts. If the Fair had cost nothing else it has established in the eyes of the world the position of the Welsh nation as to music. It has often been a wonder to me why "the greatest living prima donna" chose the center of this sturdy country for her "duty at home." Now I know.

The Salt Lake Tabernacle choir carried off the second prize of $1000 in the contest, which, added to its triumphal incidental tour, makes for it the Fair event a memorable and creditable one. The choir was accompanied by the three first presidents of the Church and other high dignitaries and friends. At Independence, Mo., the Mormon band of Mormon band of Mormon band of