

LONDON STAGE NEWS.

Special Correspondence.
LONDON, Aug. 18.—Those who advocate the subsidizing of theaters by the state frequently cite the beneficial effects of such aid. But it appears that there is another side to the story. A wall has arisen from the French theaters which are thus assisted. They are compelled to give away the form of free seats to members of the government and other officials considerably more than they receive. In consequence they can make no profit. The Opera Comique in Paris, for example, receives an annual subsidy of \$40,000. But the directors state this sum falls a good deal short of the value of the tickets claimed as a right by politicians. Deputies, not content with "dead heads" themselves, demand four seats for each of making them of solid with the voters at no cost to themselves. As a result, at the end of the season, it is found that the expenses always exceed the returns.

The same complaint is made by such well known Parisian theaters as the Theatre Francaise, the Opera and the Opera Comique. They get the worst of the bargain with the state, instead of profit by it. They are out of pocket by it. Instead of encouraging the system, merely encourages deadheads in the provinces where the theaters are subsidized by the municipalities.



MISS HARNED IN THREE NEW PLAYS.

Miss Virginia Harned (who in private life is Mrs. E. H. Sothern) will be seen during the coming season in new plays by Victorien Sardou, J. H. Huntley Manners and Louis K. Anspercher. The title of the Sardou play, which will be given first, is "La Piste." Rehearsals of the three are now in progress in New York City.

Realities the same demoralizing state of affairs prevails. So many free seats are exacted of the unhappy managers that many of them are clamoring for the abolition of the system which takes more out of their pockets than it puts into them. And dead-heading seems inseparable from it.

It was a pity that contracts compelled Jacob Adler to return to New York this week, for the great Yiddish tragedian has been making such a stir at the Pavilion theater down in Whitechapel that the attention of the West End began to be attracted. On the last two or three nights crowds besieged the little theater, and a good many hundreds had to be turned away. I happened to come across from New York with Mr. Adler and his charming wife, and he told me they expected to play a few days at the Pavilion, and then go for some one of the German baths for a much needed rest. Instead of this, they have been playing steadily in London. A suggestion was made that Mr. Adler should be given an opportunity of showing what he could do for a week at one of the big West End theaters, and the chances are that when his New York theater engagements permit him to do he will return to London and try this experiment. Mr. Adler came to London from St. Petersburg twenty-two years ago, and had three years of hard drudgery in small theaters in the East End of London. After coming close to the edge of starvation, he concluded to go to America in 1888, and has been there ever since.

The London dramatic season is going to begin unusually early. There is

STRONG PLEA FOR OLD FASHIONED SINGING CLASSES.

THE world at large is reawakening to the realization of the importance of singing classes; both from the social and the instructive standpoint.

Music is a luxury demanded by our higher natures. It is what might be termed a spiritual nourishment, demanded by the soul of man, and requiring as it does highly gifted persons to convey an understanding of it to the masses, it becomes a costly luxury in general. The organ, piano, or the discovery of a good voice in the home, is but the beginning of monetary outlay that many can ill afford, but it must be met, for parents are as unwilling as rightly so that their children should want for this soul food, as they are that they should know the want of physical nourishment or bodily food.

For each one to engage the services of a private teacher, or rather, pay for separate lessons, is indeed a monetary tax, and while imperative to accomplish certain ends, as separate as solo accomplishments, this method falls short of many of the higher requirements of musical life, the socialistic or communistic sides, the blending of the many voices in song and all the social musical enjoyment that choral societies, singing clubs and choirs stand for.

The private lesson student is as incompetent in this capacity as the chorus trained singer is in solo work. Such has to have the practice and experience needed to enable him to do that particular sort of work.

CLASS WORK CHEAPER.

Then the financial side of the question looms up largely here. The rudimentary accomplishments, such as

Courier we learn that these notably cheap classes cost the members but ten cents per lesson. It is not made plain whether they buy their own books or not, but as each needs his book for home study, it is supposed it is owned by the student. This would amount to about four dollars a year, and car fare added, to each of the thousands attending. It is doubtless the cheapest entertainment, but that young men and ladies of refined tendency could possibly find in the great metropolis.

MUCH CHEAPER HERE.

But note, singing classes in Salt Lake City cost our children but one dollar a season, just one-fourth of that of New York City. And for this, entertainment and outings that would cost twice the sum are furnished the students free. During the season they hear many of the great singers who appear in our tabernacle at matinees, and bands, such as Sousa's, the Italian, etc., are brought within their reach to hear and enjoy. And as if this were not enough, of late the parents are given concert tickets to the amount of the class fee. Surely, Salt Lake in respects to opportunity, is away ahead of the great metropolis.

ELBERTUS AND WIFE PLAYWRIGHTS

ELBERT HUBBARD has written a play.

In collaboration with Alice Hubbard, his wife, this wizard of the pen has done into a tragic drama the historical love of Justinian and Theodora—theme significant for the far famed Fra Elbertus of Philistia.

Along in October, when the evenings are crisp enough to admit of people acting strenuous love and hate, the play will be given its first performance, in the green courtyard of the fountain around which is built the Phalansterie—the Roycroft inn, says the Philadelphia American. The actors will all be honest Roycrofters, though neither of the authors will take part.

Then the world outside this pleasant village may have a chance to see it, for Marc Klaw, of Klaw & Erlanger, has read the manuscript and says it will do, with the addition of some "stage business." Just when it will be put on the real stage is not yet decided.

How did he come to write a play this man born in Bloomington, Ill., farm boy till 15, then cowboy, printer, peddler of soap, lumber-shower, newspaper reporter, traveling salesman, school

teacher, manager of the factory that made the soap he once sold, then partner of it, student at Harvard after he sold out his business, a business traveler afoot in Europe, teacher of a night school, breeder of trotting horses, founder of the Philistine, an intended joke, that has made him rich and famous and remodeled a whole town, and author of "The Joyous Journey," his best claim to immortality thus far?

I asked him the question as he put into my hands the proof sheets of the play, which will be issued in book form in a few weeks.

"I stab at it maybe," he answered. "All art is autobiography, you know." Then that subtle smile. "All the stuff that's worth while is written with ink."

Red ink is Hubbard's blood, now listen!

"Justinian and Theodora: A Drama, Being a Chapter of History and the One Gleam of Light During the Dark Ages," by Elbert and Alice Hubbard."

Such is the full title of the play. The first three words and the last four are printed in red. In it autobiography writ in blood. Only one thing is certain, after reading the play. Some of the situations in it might fit the last five years in some lives almost as well as they fit 500 A. D. in other lives.

CLYDE FITCH AT HIS HOME.

Takes His Work, Not Himself, Seriously—Aversion to Adapting Books To Stage.

IT WAS a lazy afternoon, except for those moments when the auto hit the high places. Mr. Fitch was in a summer suit and a mood to match, says the New York Evening World. He sat in front with a young man who had sunburned hair, an impressive silence and a strong grip on the situation. Occasionally Mr. Fitch would squeeze a gentle squawk out of the horn that rested in his lap, and then that question which has come crying down the ages—"Why does a chicken cross the street?"—would be answered by a short-legged pullet or a long-legged something-or-other.

"We were feeling Greenwich, and we left the dry old drama far behind in the dust. Once, and only once, I asked Mr. Fitch what he had been doing for the drama during the good old summer time.

"Don't please don't!" he implored. "Don't worm it out of me. I've not forgotten the last time you wormed my new play out of me. And do you remember what happened to that play? It was a horrible failure!"

The auto sputtered and plunged madly down a steep hill.

"This is the hill," said the apprehensive Fitch, "down which Israel Putnam made his famous slide."

"And now the electric car is beating his record," he had waited a few years he might have taken a car.

This feeble attempt at humor quite exhausted both of us, and he hardly spoke again until the Fitch country house loomed up high and white on a green hill. The automobile took a turn in its teeth and made for home like a hungry horse. Presently white figures gleamed out of the green and with a last turn and lurch the motor car brought us alongside an Italian garden.

"This Italian garden in Connecticut is the funniest thing Clyde Fitch has ever done. Not that it is funny in itself, but that it seemed funny in Connecticut—not one of those unblushing statues with even a Connecticut wrapper. One of these days Mr. Fitch may write on the door of his Connecticut house, 'The neighbors are marching on.' In fact, they're getting a bit too close to suit Mr. Fitch."

"When I built here I was only a boy in the country," he said. "But Green-which has grown until I'm only a suburbanite. I want to sell the place and build another house near the Hudson where I have several acres of real country."

"And would you sell the narberries?" "Some of them perhaps. One of these days I may go horribly broke and be obliged to sell all of them—who knows? I spend every cent I earn for the things I like. But I am careful to buy things that have a real value, and if I should be driven into having a sale—but come."

We went into the garden, Maude, a terraced portion of it, with chairs enough for a house party, and cushions enough for a college play.

"Restful, isn't it?" murmured Mr. Fitch, sighing into the cornucopia. "I've named it 'The Quiet Corner.'"

It was so altogether restful that I wonder why an American author should go abroad to write an American play.

"But I don't go abroad to write," protested Mr. Fitch. "I go for rest, for one of those kind of rest, to open the windows and let in the air. Absolute rest is impossible where one can be reached at any time of the day or night by telegraph, telephone, train or motor car. The manager can't get at me on the other side to ask about a tack in the scenery. Dolly Jones can't swoop down upon me with her backers to tell me worthy of her transcendent talents. Of course, I am always ready with my stereotyped excuse that I'm knee-deep



LABOR DAY AT SALT LAKE

Last day of the season. Thirty trains. Forty-five minute service. Matchless bathing. Good music, fine dancing.

Young Salt Lake Clarinetist Who Has Been Studying Abroad for Several Years, and Who Will Return Next Week.

Salt Lake's contingent of musical people will soon add to its number L. A. Engberg, who has been studying the clarinet in Paris. The gentleman began playing the instrument 16 years ago, under Prof. Kent, at Lake Park. In recent years he has played in some of the foremost orchestras in Boston and New York, and was one of the players selected by Sousa from an aggregation of Paris exposition musicians.

For six months Mr. Engberg has been studying in Paris, and was recently married in that city. The couple are expected to arrive in Salt Lake next week to take up their abode, and Mr. Engberg will open a studio here.

Mr. King is here strictly on business bent, and will be a visitor to Washington the coming week.

Measrs. L. R. Anderson and W. C. Smith were among the last week's arrivals in New York. Mr. Anderson is mayor of Mant, and is also secretary of the Central Wool company, he was entertained by his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Sears, Mr. Anderson and Mr. Sears, being old time associates. Mr. Snow, who is director of the same company, left for Boston Thursday, and was there joined by his friend. The two gentlemen will remain in the east a couple of weeks, their business requiring close attention here.

The September Woman's Home Companion will have a picture of Geo. Barratt's, "Romeo and Juliet up-to-date," a very clever thing, humorous and artistically worked out. Mr. Barratt is making every drawing better, each magazine or paper containing an illustration shows improvement over the last.

The New York friends of the Misses Elsie Ward, Edna Harker, Margaret Caldwell and Anna Nebeker, were greatly disappointed in not seeing them on their way from Cambridge and Chautauque to their homes in Utah. The Misses Harker and Ward were students at Harvard Gymnasium, the Misses Nebeker and Caldwell, taking a summer course at Chautauque and all four receiving the highest marks in their work. Miss Ward took advantage of the time between leaving Cambridge and meeting her friends in Chicago, to visit her brother, Dr. Will Ward, who is now in Watkins, N. Y., where he has been all summer. She remained with him three days. Dr. Ward is expected in New York City some time in September to resume his work in the hospital.

By theater goers in the seventies and eighties, Miss Rhea will be well remembered. She gave to Salt Lake one of the best interpretations of "Frou Frou" ever seen there. Her other historical and heavier characters will be well kept in memory also. It is good news to her admirers there and elsewhere, to know that the Adams artist's last resting place has been rescued from the papers' ground. Norman Hackett, the popular young actor, who was for many years under the special patronage of the great Belgian actress, made the trip to Paris this summer and by his untiring devotion to the cause among his fellow actors raised sufficient means to buy a lot in world famed Montmorency and there deposit the remains. Also to erect a mausoleum to her memory. As many of her colleagues have done

virtue qualifies necessary to build fortunes as an American man build them out of seeming impossibilities.

But no American ever thirsted for wealth and all it gives as almost every foreigner.

They call us the necessary people! Yet never was there an American who has the jealous envious craving for riches which is exhibited by the English and French men of old families and fallen fortunes when taken off their guard or studied by one who understands human nature.

Conscious of their inability to cope with our virile descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers, they set themselves the easier task of coping with them as lovers and husbands.

The Englishman knows the innate vanity of woman, and courts it. He pursues her and her fortune with ardor and persistence, and if he is tactful and diplomatic the wife continues to believe the man is in love with her. It is herself, not her money, he sought.

The Englishman, in outward manner, might well be emulated by most of our American men—"Give the devil his due." The Englishman dresses for dinner and takes time for his meals. He finds leisure for enjoyment. This appeals to all women. Of course he can't do it, since his American father-in-law has earned him his fortune, but the fact remains that his habits are companionable and restful to the American woman.

Life is better worth living when people take time to be well bathed, groomed and dressed for the various functions of the day and evening.

The scramble for a fortune is not the only object in life. The Englishman realizes this, so he does the other man scramble and he woe his daughter and enjoys domestic happiness and financial independence ever after.

ABOUT INTERNATIONAL MARRIAGES

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Just why American girls so frequently marry Englishmen was a question agitating the readers of the Evening Journal when I set sail for foreign lands.

The topic carried me back to my childhood's impressions—gained here and there, and which I know not, unless from some tale—viz., that English husbands always beat their wives!

Later acquaintance with that nationality has failed to verify childhood's impression, although the newspaper stories of the experience of some of our American peeresses who bought titles, with husbands attached, might suggest its truth.

Just why so many Englishmen choose American wives is obvious:

First of all, America boasts many young women of fortune.

Second, American girls are particularly charming.

The comparison of the English and American girls in Jamaica was strikingly to the advantage of our own girls in the matter of general attractiveness. The English girls were often handsome and richly dressed, but in their manner they were agreeable, they possessed repose of manner.

But our girls were their clothes better, carried themselves with more distinction, entertained men and women more successfully, and kept things going with more activity.

At one house party a slender, scarcely pretty girl from New England had every man at her heels without effort, while her pink and white and handsome English rivals looked on in wonder, and could not understand; yet it was merely what we call "go" in the girl which kept the men awake and alert.

The American girl understands the English girl waits to be entertained.

Just why the American girl is ready to marry the English lover is another question.

But one important factor in wooing is persistence.

The English lover is usually persistent. He is not only seeking an attractive wife, but he is seeking an attractive fortune. The American lover is making his fortune, and therefore, he seeks his wife only, so he may at times seem less determined than the Englishman, who has so much at stake.

A broad statement, but I believe statistics will verify it.

The most persistent impulse in the modern man is the financial one. This is the mercantile age. America is the money center of the world today.

"Decaying titles, impoverished 'gentlemen,' indignant 'old families' in every land on earth are looking to America for funds to reinstate them."

Foreign men of culture have not the



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Last day of the season. Thirty trains. Forty-five minute service. Matchless bathing. Good music, fine dancing.

Mrs. Lorenzo Snow who has been here some time visiting with her daughter, Mrs. Lulu Hemmick of 149 West One Hundred and Forty-fourth street, was at chapel services today. Mrs. Snow will remain in the city until the holidays. It being her first visit there is much to be seen and enjoyed during the coming autumn.

Mr. and Mrs. Parley Wright of Ogden were also visitors at chapel services. Mr. Wright, with his brother William, is here on business and is staying at the Somerset, West Forty-seventh street where they will be for the next 10 days or two weeks. It is Mrs. Wright's first visit in six years and she is enjoying the change exceedingly despite the warm weather.

The time is drawing near when Utahans are making their reappearance in Gotham for their autumn work, the Misses Blanch and Rose Thomas, being the advance guard, and Miss Blanche Kendall, known professionally as Blanche Kendall, coming in time to begin rehearsals for the part of Esther in "Ben Hur." The "Ben Hur" tour extends to the Pacific coast and Miss Thomas is fortunate in securing so desirable a part, the character being one she is well fitted to portray.

Five lady globe trotters, chiefly from Provo City, arrived in New York yesterday on the Baltic. Miss Alice Reynolds and Miss Nellie Scofield, of the party, were at Sunday services, the Misses Blanche and Rose Thomas, being the advance guard, and Miss Blanche Kendall, known professionally as Blanche Kendall, coming in time to begin rehearsals for the part of Esther in "Ben Hur." The "Ben Hur" tour extends to the Pacific coast and Miss Thomas is fortunate in securing so desirable a part, the character being one she is well fitted to portray.

JANET.

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