



TONIGHT sees the close of that breezy attraction, "Mrs. Wicks of the Calabazas Patch."

The theater will be dark Monday and Tuesday, but Wednesday Manager Pyper looks to have recent records broken when Lew Dockstader and his own minstrel company come back for two nights and a special matinee Thursday. Dockstader's visits are like those of angels, few and far between, and though he has not been seen on the Pacific coast for the past six years, he is not by any means forgotten. The west has held this famous corker so effectively as its own, that his big company of singers, dancers and comedians have every year filled long seasons without touching any points west of Denver. This year, however, a coast tour has been arranged, and Salt Lake is fortunate in being one of the favored points. Dockstader claims an organization of 70 people and also announces that his first part in comedy, costume and general mounting will eclipse anything yet attempted. It is called "The Palace of Emeralds," and consists of a setting heavily studded with jewels, the design of the lighting being to take on the semblance of jewels of enormous size in delicate green color. All this, however, counts for little beside the simple fact that Dockstader himself will be on hand in one of his famous monologues.

The close of the week brings Salt Lake one of Charles Frohman's attractions in Otis Skinner, who presents his play, "The Duel," Friday and Saturday. It has been a long time since Mr. Skinner has been in Salt Lake, and during those years he has mounted high on the ladder of fame. The new play was one of the big successes of New York last year. The title is not descriptive of the work in a literal sense, as it is not a duel fought with weapons; it is a conflict between two brothers, one a physician and free thinker, the other a religious fanatic and the most spiritual type. These two brothers fight for the soul of a woman, the one wishing to secure her love, the other to secure her eternal salvation. The lesson is a powerful one, and in the end human love is justified in its noblest and truest spirit, while religion is glorified in its exalted conquest over human passions.

There will be a dash of the European music hall in the bill presented at the Orpheum next week, which includes several times that have been imported from across the water by the big vaudeville circuit. The top-liner will be the famous Bellong brothers, sensational acrobats and cyclists, who put up a thrilling 20 minutes of difficult feats, several of which have to date not been successfully copied by other performers. Ferguson and Mack are listed next in order of merit with a "batch of foolshness," that leaves the audience in a decidedly hilarious state of mind. A strong European acrobatic act will be offered with Lew Skinner's Moulin, hand and head balancing, who are said to be among the best in their line. The comedienne will be Dorothy Drew, who has the reputation of being a decidedly clever entertainer. She sings some new songs and tells some new stories and incidentally wears some creations of the gown maker's art. "The Count of No Account," is the title of the musical comedy offering by James Brockman and company. Incidentally during the presentation the Phillips Sisters and Tom Yost will sing some songs and step off a dance of two. De Coe, who is a novel entertainer, and the kinephone will be up to the usual standard with its animated scene offerings.

"The Cow-boy and the Lady," written for Nat Goodwin, "The Dancin' Girl," first produced in this country by Sothorn, "The Hamlets," brought to by Tolson and Crane, and "Secret Service," Gillette's noted play, will be the quartet of dramas in which the Orpheum stock company will open its summer season in this city. The initial night will be Monday, May 27. At Phillips, the well known actor, and Lucia Moore of the New Orleans stock company, will have the leading parts. The company brings its own scenic artist, and it numbers 14 players; the following are already on the ground ready for rehearsals: Roy Clements, Mabel Florence, David May, Anita Hendrie, Zebby Roach and J. W. Bennett.

Mr. Leighton's engagement at the Grand ends next week, and closes unfortunately without the promised productions of "The Darling of the Gods" and "The Heart of Maryland," but the close, Mr. Leighton announces, is ren-

dered necessary by eastern developments which demand his personal presence in New York. The management has made a large number of friends for Mr. Leighton and his group of players, and the regret will be general that their stay could not be prolonged.

For the closing bill Mr. Leighton has selected "We are of Tennessee," a strong play by Lee Arthur, telling of the stirring times prevalent in Tennessee during the war with Spain in 1898. Mr. Leighton will have the role of Jack Gray, the young southerner who takes part in the war for the freedom of the downtrodden Cubans. Miss Dodd who has been prostrated from overwork will be back in the cast and have the part of Lucile, the sweetheart of young Gray. Mr. Chambers and the other favorite members of the company, will have parts well suited to their several abilities.

It is pleasant news to learn that Ethel Barrymore is coming west with her production of "Capt. Jack." A summer tour to the coast has just been arranged.

Tree's interpretation, objecting chiefly to the interpolation and addition of pantomimes not belonging to the ex-

Kohn & Castle have offered William Gillette \$2,000 a week for a season of thirty weeks commencing next fall and it is said he is seriously considering the proposition. Mr. Gillette broke into vaudeville during the last winter in "The Red Owl," a one-act play produced by him at the Majestic theater. From Chicago the play was taken on the road and has met with success.

John Cort has secured the American rights to "The Stronger Sex," a new play by John Valentine, now being given at the Apollo theater. London. The production will be made early next fall, and it is not unlikely that Maude Fealy will be the star, although her success in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" has been such this season that she may continue in it for another year, in which event Mr. Cort will engage another actress to interpret the leading role in the new play.



LEW DOCKSTADER.

THEATER GOSSIP

Rose Stahl as the "Chorus Lady" is to have a London engagement in 1908.

Kyrle Bellew has sailed for London. He has planned to make a summer cruise on his yacht.

Another trial of "The Lion and the Mouse" in London this spring is scheduled under new ideas of putting on.

David Belasco is writing a play for David Warfield, which will be produced next September at Belasco's new theater, the Stuyvesant, in New York.

Algernon Charles Swinburne, the poet, is engaged in writing a new tragedy, the subject of which is Caesar Borgia. Swinburne was 70 years old on April 5.

Robert Mantell has revived "Julius Caesar" in New York. He will also be seen in "Richard," "King Lear," "Macbeth," "The Merchant of Venice" and "Othello."

Upton Sinclair's "The Jungle" has been translated into 17 languages, including the Japanese. As a play it is being presented at the Fifth Avenue theater, New York.

Wilson Barrett's memory is to be perpetuated by a stained-glass window in a church near Glasgow, Scotland, which is to bear the name of his play, "The Sign of the Cross." "Oh, come to the light beyond."

Fay Templeton has announced that she will retire from the stage at the close of her present season. She would have retired at the time of her marriage last summer had it not been that her contract with Klaw & Erlanger had another year to run.

Olis Skinner possesses one of the "Promp" books of standard plays. They were formerly owned by the late Robert Barrett, and bequeathed to Mr. Skinner in token of Barrett's admiration for the younger actor.

Langdon Mitchell, the author of "The New York Idea," is at work on a new play which will be produced by Harpold Grey Fiske next season. In addition, Mr. Mitchell is under agreement to complete a serious play for Mrs. Fiske, which will be brought out by her a year from next autumn.

Silver souvenirs were distributed at the Hackett theater, New York, where Rose Stahl in "The Chorus Lady" celebrated her 2,000th performance in "The Chorus Lady." At the close of the third act, Miss Stahl was presented with a laurel wreath by the author, James Forbes, Henry R. Harris, the manager, cabled from London. "Patricia Maymounen, God bless you. May your shadow never grow less."

Daly's famous theater in New York passed out of existence last week. At the conclusion of the last performance, the audience rose and stood during the playing of the "Star Spangled Banner" and "Auld Lang Syne" by the orchestra. The date of opening of Daly's theater under the management of Augustin Daly was Sept. 15, 1879.

Beebeholm Tree, with the stock company from his London theater, brought his cycle of Shakespearean plays to a close in Salt Lake on April 18. Although the performances have been well received and drawn large houses, the German critics deal harshly with Mr.

"The Great Question" is the title finally decided upon for Virginia Harned's American production of the Parisian play "Anna Karenina," based upon the Tolstol novel. This change in name has been made to protect the copyright, as the piece is expected to duplicate its French success in this country. Miss Harned made her first metropolitan appearance in the play at the Majestic theater, Boston, last Monday night.

"The Great Conspiracy," in which John Hare has met with approval in London, is an adaptation by Madeline Lucette Ryley from Pierre Berton's "La Belle Marcelline," in which Virginia Harned failed in America last season. Hare plays the part of Napoleon and Irene Van Brugh, who is still remembered because of her brilliant performance as Marie Antoinette in "The Day Lord Quex," is once again his leading woman.

Margaret Wycherly recently produced in the east a new play by her husband, Bayard Veiller, a former Salt Lake newspaper man, entitled, "The Primrose Path," which has been favorably received. One of the reviewers says of the piece: "The play opens with a pathetic scene showing Sheldon Lewis, an American artist, starving in a Paris garret with his devoted Devon girl model (Miss Wycherly) and about to be dispossessed. She finally, through friends obtains for the artist food and medicine, and when he recovers pretends her father had sent the money. The artist's painting, 'The Primrose Path,' is bought by a wealthy New Yorker at a big price, insuring comfort and his exhibition in the Metropolitan museum added fame for the painter. He soon casts off the model with whom he had struggled through the dark days and leases a fashionable Fifth-avenue studio. Miss Wycherly's emotional work was well sustained and won her much applause, especially in acts two and three."

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DOROTHY DREW.

Well Known Singer and Comedienne at the Orpheum Next Week.

THE PLAY IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, Monday, May 6.—Variety is the spice of this theatrical week. Robert Mantell is presenting Shakespeare and doing it very well, too. Dittcheinstein's really funny farce, "Before and After," has been revived. Arnold Daly is patterning after Paris in his offering of one-act plays, and the theatrical syndicates have ceased from fighting and the managers are at rest.

Arnold Daly, with a matinee at the Lyceum theater, set about in a modest way to accomplish a long held purpose of presenting a series of one-act plays after the manner of the Theater Antoine and the Grand Gairol, in Paris. It is to be doubted whether a theater devoted entirely to one-act plays would succeed in New York, but Mr. Daly's more conservative experiment of a weekly matinee for one-act plays seems a certain success. Mr. Daly's bill consisted of three tabled dramas, in each of which he portrayed an entirely dissimilar character, thus furnishing variety for the audience and proving his own versatility.

It was in "The Flag Station," by Charles Kenyon, however, that Mr. Daly made his real hit, and it was that play that caught the audience in a vise and held it there tense, spell-bound and absolutely silent while the vivid gripping emotion of suffering humans was vicariously on the stage. "The Flag Station" is a grim little piece, almost a tragedy. Mr. Daly plays the part of a train despatcher in a lonely station on the Canadian Pacific railroad. A storm raging and the puffing and his wife are cut off from all the world save for the vibrating strand of the telegraph wire. For 75 hours Dick has gone without sleep, vigilant at his post, keeping the trains clear and despatching the trains. Now he is waiting for the relief operator who is on his way on a storm-bound train. The telegraph instrument clicks: "More trains en route," Dick utters almost in a stupor of exhaustion. Finally, half drunk with fatigue, he stumbles over to the instrument and writes down the orders for passenger train 35. He calls the signal in a table and when aroused has mislaid the message. He thinks he remembers it and from a memory that is wholly false he calls the order for freight train 16 that is to wait for 35 at a siding. In a moment the freight pulls into the station, and here there was a most real bit of stage management. There was all the effect of the train coming in, the clatter of an approaching train, the clang of the bell, the flash of light at the window as the engine clattered past, the crunch of air brakes when the telegrapher started the steam and the roar and the racket and finally the faint vibration of the disappearing train. The audience interrupted the play to cheer and shout and when they might, for not in a blue moon has there been a more effective bit of stage business.

But the train has gone. Dick tells his wife of the disaster and she says here is the most graphic piece of writing in the play. So real is it that it is almost brutal in its description of the wreck. Dick shudders with the horror of its memory and shudders too, because the passengers at the time thought it was his fault, but it wasn't, and he was afterward proved innocent. Dick's wife, who is a girl, compares it with the order given to the conductor of the freight and as she realizes that Dick has made a mistake she gives a shriek of agony that went straight to the composite heart of the audience.

She tries to wake Dick, she can't; she dashes a dipper of water in his face and then she realizes—his hands are cold. Then he realizes—he has made a mistake—the two trains must have crashed—hundreds are dead and dying. It is too late to do anything—the trains met ten minutes ago. The memory of the other wreck comes back to him. Then it was not his fault—now it is. He cannot face the crisis, he is a murderer. He seizes a revolver. His wife pleads not for herself, but for the baby that is to be. They agree that they will go together. There is not much chance for them, for the telegraph clicks. . . . There is just a chance—35 is delayed ten minutes; maybe the freight has passed, not if—and has, they hear the whistle at 1 o'clock. It is two minutes of it. They face the clock; there is no sound save his ticking and the white flurry of the snow as it dashes against the window. . . . Dick picks up the revolver, he shudders and with averted head he raises the revolver till it points straight at Mary's heart. . . . From without as though wind and snow comes the faint long drawn whistle of the engine. . . . Dick falls across the table shaken with little human sobs of joy. . . . A virile, human thrilling play is this, and Mr. Daly played his part of it perfectly, while Miss Frances Ring ably seconded him. "The Flag Station" will find Mr. Daly at home there for a good many seasons off and on.

Robert Mantell has achieved his ambition of moving from Fourteenth Street and Harlem by fulfilling his spring engagement in the massive confines of the New Amsterdam theater. He is on Broadway—The Omega if seldom the Alpha of the actors' career. Mr. Mantell's first production was the play of Julius Caesar, by one William Shakespeare, and you have only to visit the New Amsterdam to prove that William is often able to draw more paying houses than many of his modern rivals. Mr. Mantell offers a very effective production, and himself contributes an intelligent, dignified and most interesting characterization of Brutus, whom for the sake of variety, we shall not designate as "the noblest Roman of them all." The Marc Antony of Francis McGinn and the Cassius of Gordon Barker were competent but no one seems to regret that the gentleman—he was hardly an actor—who played Julius Caesar was killed at the end of the fourth act. The hand of N. A. Brady, Mr. Mantell's manager, was seen in the ensemble scenes. The mob howled, hooped, groaned, paraded, laughed, tossed flowers and fought with zest in order that must have represented many a countless and strenuous hour of rehearsing on the part of Mr. Brady. And if they did not quite convey the idea of either noble or common or garden Romans, after all, how can you expect to hire real Romans at fifty cents a performance?

Unquestionably, one of the most important developments of many a day in current theatricals has been the announcement that the rival syndicates headed by the Shuberts on one side and Klaw & Erlanger on the other have reached a working agreement which should result generally in splendid results not only for both factions, but for the theater-going public as well. Heretofore, for example, while the Shuberts provided fairly satisfactory towns for their plays, they were none the less unable to offer their productions in many of the best of the country where they controlled no theaters. Now it is understood that they have access to all the theaters of the older syndicate, so that such plays as "The Three of Us," "The Great Divide," "The Orchid," etc., can be furnished with booking for four years, where hitherto two years found them practically without the means of stars and plays, and this spirit of rivalry should unquestionably result in the offering of better plays under better conditions.

Within a comparatively short time most of the theaters will cease from playing and the roof gardens be the thing. "The Great Divide," at the Princess, has closed and the Garden Square Theater, after 27 years of existence, has closed its doors. New York have put up their summer shutters. "The Three of Us" ended last week its tour at the Madison Square Theater, after 27 years of existence, the longest run in years at this theater. This play has been one of the most conspicuous successes of the New York season and has been particularly noteworthy in again proving the old, old adage that the play is the thing. Stars may come and go, but the real play goes on steadily for ever. Yet, this particular play is associated with the name of its actors, and for that reason Manager Walter N. Lawrence has been shrewd in providing the piece with a company that perfectly interprets its truth, sincerity and that vital human appeal which goes straight to the heart. The success of "The Three of Us" shows the capacity of the audience for profits for the audiences at the Madison Square Theater have first praised the play and then the actors. The machine-made stars started and almost always depends on its interpretation. "The Three of Us" does not, and in that way it is almost unique among the season's successes. It serves to demonstrate, too, the usually commented statement that the unknown actor can find a hearing if what is to be heard is really good. Rachel Pringle, this particular authority, found her audience, and having found it will undeniably keep it for many years to come. All in all "The Three of Us" has been a gratifying tribute to the intelligence of New York audiences and a stimulating example to the unknown playwright.

In the spring the theater-going fancy laughingly turns to thoughts of farce, and that is why Leo Dittcheinstein's amusing play of "Before and After" is having an enormous success. This particular play, which is a piece transplanted with exceeding skill from France, the household of farces, was originally produced at the Manhattan Theater two years ago, and since then it has been greeted enthusiastically on tour. Now it has come back to Broadway and as the Astor Theater is more commodious and attractive than the Manhattan it is more prosperous than ever. And as Mr. Dittcheinstein, Henry Donnelly, R. C. Hess, Charles Dixon and others are in the company of capable comedians—apt, alliteration—the piece loses nothing of its broad and laugh-provoking qualities. Altogether it is rather more successful after than before!

Sothorn and Marlowe in London.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, April 26.—"Shall we ever see a wholly satisfactory play on the theme of the Maid of Orleans?" Thus queried W. L. Courtney, one of the best known English dramatic critics, yesterday, in the course of a criticism of Percy Mackaye's "Jeanne d'Arc," produced by E. H. Sothorn and Julia Marlowe at the London "Waldorf." Unlike some of his colleagues, Mr. Courtney finds the American piece a "fine poetic piece of work," but he is not quite satisfied with the playwright's conception of the heroine, and remarks, "perhaps we shall pluck the heart out of La Pucelle's mystery later on when we see the other dramatic presentations of her story which are promised to us."

Certain it is that Londoners should be well "up" on the Maid of Orleans before the present season is over, for those "other presentations" of which Mr. Courtney speaks, already number three, and no one can tell how many more "Joan of Arc" plays there may be should the thing become epidemic. Nor is anything more likely, for runs of this sort upon a given subject are of frequent occurrence in London. Witness the many "Musketeers" of a few weeks ago, the "numberless" "Neil Gwynns" of season before last, and the horde of "Hamlets" of last season; we even had "comic Hamlets" then; may we be spared "comic Joans of Arc"?

One of the managers who has a play about the Maid of Orleans almost ready for production is Beebeholm Tree, whose daughter, Viola, will portray the part of the heroine, and it is likely enough that Mr. Tree is worth over being anticipated by the Sothorn-Marlowe combination. The amusing part of it (though not from the manager's standpoint) is that the Tree "Joan of Arc" is now likely to find herself one of the crowd, owing to her possessor's very anxiety to avoid such a contingency. This particular version of the story is by Louis N. Parker, author of "Rosemary" and it appears that it was written and accepted by Beebeholm Tree two years or more ago. Not sooner, however, declares Tree, did he announce his intention of "doing" the Parker piece than a whole shoal of other playwrights rushed into print, asserting that they had completed plays on the same subject, and so in order to avoid a clash and also get a clear field for his "Joan," the manager of "The Sunken Bell," which is now being produced at the Strand, has decided to postpone its production indefinitely.

Thus Tree thought he would be safe, but when, a few weeks ago, he made up his mind that the Parker piece should be seen first, he was disappointed. He disapproved that the Sothorn-Marlowe version was coming and that Charles Frohman was also getting ready to "present" Pauline Chase as the Maid of Orleans. Not to be outdone, a third London manager is said to have secured the "Joan of Arc" play by Justin Huntly McCarthy which E. H. Sothorn considered for a while, some time before he accepted the version by Percy Mackaye. Unfortunately Mr. Tree's like another English manager who was referred to in this column recently, he proves to have waited too long and his last state is considerably worse than his first.

However, undeterred now by the presence of other Joans in the field, Tree proposes to present his daughter as the "Maid of Orleans" without loss of time. We then shall see if Louis N. Parker has, as W. L. Courtney says, "plucked the heart out of La Pucelle's mystery." And if not we must look to Justin Huntly McCarthy, or to Charles Frohman's dramatization of Joan of Arc, whichever he may be. That has not been announced; in fact almost nothing about this production has been made public except that it will take place shortly, and that Pauline Chase will be the Joan. I am able to state, however, on Mr. Frohman's authority that a feature of it will be some rather extraordinary lighting effects, and that the piece will almost certainly be seen at the Duke of York's theater.

So far as their "Jeanne d'Arc" play

is concerned, however, Mr. Sothorn and Miss Marlowe are safe, for none of the coming rival versions will be produced until some time after their "Jeanne d'Arc" season at the London Waldorf is over and done with. At this writing, their "Twelfth Night" still has to be seen, and what the critics will think of it also remains to be seen, but most of them speak heartily in praise of the performances of both American stars in the play. Any other item of the Sothorn-Marlowe repertoire would have made a better opening attraction, but as it was, the season got a bad advertisement at the outset.

With one conspicuous exception—the critic of the Mail, whose object in life seems to be to give offence—the reviewers here have treated Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothorn quite handsomely. Their scholarly diction and almost faultless pronunciation are being especially commended.

Some time ago, it may be remembered, the great English Shakespearean scholar, Sidney Lee, stated that English was better taught and better spoken in America than in England. Of course this was not a popular thing to say and he was severely "denounced" for it. But he stuck to it all the same, and now these two American stars are furnishing evidence that he was right.

It has been noted that among the words of which their pronunciation differs from what is commonly accepted in England, is the word "to eat." In England it is almost universally pronounced "et" and written "eat." Miss Marlowe and Mr. Sothorn pronounce it like "eight" and evidently write it "ate." They probably are nearer than we are, writes an English critic, "to the ancient ways; the authorized version of the Bible has not 'eat' but 'ate,' and there is no reason to suppose the sound did not correspond." CURTIS BROWN.

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