



"I take my medicine without grumbling," said Mr. Grau, proprietor of the Grau Opera company, philosophically, in talking with a "News" interviewer. "I realize that we have had everything our own way on past visits, no opposition at the Theater, no Lent, no politics, and no warm spring days to put people out of the thoughts of going to the theaters at night. We have had all these things to contend with this time. Then I am aware that Miss Mortimer has been under the weather during most of her stay here. She has had a bad touch of catarrh which has affected her singing, and in other ways we have been handicapped. But we must take the downs with the ups, and hope for better luck next time."

Frank and philosophical though he is, Mr. Grau hardly goes far enough in his assignment of reasons for the frosts which his company has encountered on its present visit. Counter attractions, Lent, the weather and politics, all may have been contributory causes, but the big overshadowing reason was found in the company itself. The Grau company of old and the Grau company of today are as widely apart as though they were different organizations. On its previous visit the company had a tenor, Mr. Davies who was a tower of strength; Miss Mortimer, too, was better in all ways than now; Miss Farrington was a popular number; and Stanley Feich was either given more opportunity, or he made more of what he had. It is hard to say which. Then, too, the ladies' chorus, while never up to the gentlemen's, laid some pretension to both looks and lungs. This year, the difference is almost startling. Davies is gone, snatched up by the Castle Square company in New York. In his place we have Mr. Pache, who is but a feeble substitute, and whose voice is fast running down at the heels, then, too, it is not agreeable to hear the broken English in which he expresses himself, especially as the lover's roles fall to his hands. Miss Mortimer's voice has faded, and whatever it is that has taken it, seems to have robbed her of all spirit and animation as well. Mr. Feich has not "held up his end" as he might have done. With one or two exceptions, all his work this year has been done in a semi-mechanical way, as if he were tempted to yawn over his own part, if not to fall asleep at playing it. Certainly he has not "dared to be as funny as he could."

The ladies' chorus—if we except Miss O'Connell whose terrible mouthing habit spoils whatever voice she has—is rather the crowning enormity. Only in one opera, "Said Pasha," have they been tolerable at all. In the others they sing notes which are enough to set one's teeth on edge, as for their looks, well, let said, the soonest mended. The gentlemen's chorus has covered up most of their shortcomings, but it would take a bigger body of men than Mr. Grau's six or seven to do so entirely. Miss Emmet has been the one member who has worked hard, dense and who goes away leaving a pleasant impression; but even she has faults of forcing her voice off the key, and of articulating badly, and both these shortcomings affect her work. They cannot be too speedily mended. It is not pleasant to have to talk in this plain fashion to old friends like the Grau people, to whom we are indebted for many pleasant occasions in past seasons. But the critic often has to "crack in order to be kind," and if Mr. Grau will come back next year, with his organization rebuilt up to its old standard, he will find his friends and admirers just as ready and willing to flock to the Grand and to show him that neither politics, Lent nor counter attractions can weaken the faith Salt Lake has always manifested for popular comic opera.

The Theater will be closed after tonight till next Thursday evening, when those two favorites, Warde and Vokes, make their return in their new and up-to-date comedy, "The Floor Walkers." A feature of the company this year is the Chicago ladies quartet, which has been touring the country for the past ten years as a concert attraction. The members of the quartet are Bertha Holtenbeck, soprano; Sadie L. Farley, mezzo soprano; M. Josephine Connors, contralto; and Alice Merrill Raymond, alto. Will West, the noted tramp delineator, will do

several vaudeville numbers, and lively Lucy Daly heads the lady strength of the company.

The Grand will take a plunge away from music next week; opening Monday night, Mr. Mulvey will present "The Knobs O' Tennessee," an idyll of the Southern foothills with the lives of the moonshiners as the motive. It is adapted from Hal Reid's story by Charles H. Haystead, who will personally stage the production. Miss Alice Marble and Robert Germaine head the company. "The Knobs O' Tennessee" runs till Wednesday night.

On Thursday night Mr. Mulvey presents "The Real Widow Brown," a lively farce comedy in which the press agent announces the fun is not allowed to lag for a single moment. Hal W. Brown and Fred Bean are with the



With "The Real Widow Brown" Company.

company, as is also Eddie Clarke, the female impersonator, formerly with Willie Collier. Miss Blanche Aldrich's Salt Lake friends will be interested to know that she is also a member of the company, having a responsible role to fill.

Padewski, the only and incomparable, is due here two weeks from Monday next, and Mr. Pyper will put in vogue the novel scheme of opening his box-office a fortnight in advance of the event. Monday morning, we shall therefore see what portion of our population is willing to clamor over itself in a mad desire to get the first choice of seats at three dollars a head. If we are anything like San Francisco and Los Angeles, there will be some lively scenes at the box-office. Everywhere there has been the same craze, the same enthusiasm and the same showering of dollars, as on the Poie's first visit to this country. It goes without saying that his work is as wonderful as ever. The most skilled piano virtuosi stand against at his playing, hold up their hands, and say the world never beheld anything like it before in the way of piano playing. The stay in Salt Lake will, of course, be limited to one night.

L'Algon, Rostand's new play, in which Maude Adams is to do the title role in America—her first essay in male characters—has set Europe afire. The Journal says: Sarah Bernhardt plays the part of the hero with perfect

skill. She wears her masculine costume with absolute naturalness. The play deals with the unhappy son of the great Napoleon, who was first known as King of Rome and afterward as Duke of Reichstadt. "L'Algon" means "the eagle." The name is applied to the youth because his father was an eagle among men.

The action takes place at the Austrian court, where the duke was kept practically a prisoner after his father's downfall.

The policy of the Austrian minister, Prince Metternich, is to keep the duke surrounded by frivolous intrigues, so that he may never trouble the peace of Europe by trying to follow in his father's footsteps. To this end Metternich even hires ballet dancers and pretty women to lure the duke into effeminacy. The duke hesitates between ambition and despair. He is a sort of Hamlet. His health is very weak. At one time he dreams that he is to succeed his father and at another that he is a weak, helpless creature.

After a stormy scene with his grandfather, the emperor of Austria, the eagle determines to spread his wings and lead the imperial partisans in France. A princess of Corsican blood helps him to escape by lending him her cloak at a masked ball.

He meets the emissaries of his friends in France on the battlefield of Wagram, the scene of his father's most glorious victory. Here they are surprised by Metternich's police and soldiers. Flambard, an old grenadier of Napoleon, stabs himself rather than fall into the hands of the Austrians, and Reichstadt is left alone on the stage to witness his dying agonies.

As darkness falls a terrible hallucination comes over him. The trees take

Grane the completed production, and the present week is to be given over to scenic and dress rehearsals. All of the quaintness and delightful atmosphere of the story is transplanted in the play, and but few liberties were found necessary to be taken with the story. All of the familiar characters are in the play, and so are the familiar incidents, including the horse trade with Deacon Perkins.

MUSIC NOTES.

Patti is fifty-seven years old, but she sang in opera in London the other night and was accorded an enthusiastic welcome.

Miss Matie Hall's pupils will give a piano-forte recital Monday evening at 8 East First North street. They will be assisted by Miss Flanders and Mrs. Jolly.

W. T. Carleton, the once noted baritone, is singing in the "Three Little Lambs" Musical Comedy company. He is using the lithos he used a quarter of a century ago.

"Pinafore" by the Home Operatic Co., will be seen at Christensen's hall tonight. Since it was successfully done in the Nineteenth ward, it has been carefully rehearsed and the members will have the advantage of larger stage room than they have yet enjoyed. Christensen's hall will seat a big crowd of people, but it is expected that all the space will be occupied tonight.

Mr. Carl Scheid, who directs the singing at St. Paul's church, is entitled to high praise for the achievements of his choir last Sunday night. He has had between thirty and forty voices at work for some time past on Dr. Stalder's "Crucifixion," a work of great beauty as well as of difficulty, but the singers mastered it in excellent style and won the encomiums of the large audience which was in attendance.

The committee which has the testimonial to Mr. Sildoway in charge is working heartily to make it an entire success. The affair will occur in the Second ward meeting house on Monday evening and among other local people the Harmony Glee club, the Utah quartet and the Jewish synagogue quartet will appear. Mr. Sildoway has always taken a prominent part in aiding others, and it is to be hoped that his benefit will be a huge success.

A very pleasing feature of last Saturday night's bazaar recital by Alfred Farland, was the first appearance in public of the Mandolin and Guitar club, made up of several of Mr. C. E. Fehetler's talented pupils. Their playing won immense applause and was one of the best features of the evening. The selections were rendered by the following members: First mandolin, Miss Florence Eymon; Mr. Schettler; Second mandolin, Maud Symons; Guitars, Eva Symons and Grace Radcliffe.

Mr. Goddard speaks in warm terms of the recital accorded himself and Miss Lewis at their recital in the Richfield Tabernacle last week. He prefaced his singing by remarks on music of an educational character, illustrating various methods of tone production, showing how faults in both singing and speaking could be avoided, and following it up by the rendition of some standard songs. Miss Lewis acted as accompanist and also sang several numbers. The evening was a full house and at the conclusion of the recital were pleasantly entertained by the members of the choir in Richfield.

Since the Richfield event Mr. Goddard has been in receipt of numerous offers from outside points. His lectures can be made to exert a strong educational influence throughout the country, and it is to be hoped other communities will follow the lead of the enterprising Richfield organization.

Lillian Nordica, the famous soprano, writes interestingly in Harper's Bazaar of her experience in singing abroad. "I shall never forget an experience," she says, "that I once had when the deafness of a house of opera was singing. It was in Novara, and the opera was 'Robert le Diable.' Every thing had gone smoothly, until a certain passage was reached in one of my songs, when I saw the company sound and speaking could be avoided, and following it up by the rendition of some standard songs. Miss Lewis acted as accompanist and also sang several numbers. The evening was a full house and at the conclusion of the recital were pleasantly entertained by the members of the choir in Richfield."

The sixth and last act is occupied with the death of the poor eagle. He dies of a broken heart, like a wild bird in a gilded cage. This act is very pathetic and poetical. The play depends for its success chiefly upon its literary beauty and its appeal to French sentiment. It has art as well as pathos. Its plot, however, is somewhat slender. For this reason many critics think it cannot have the same success abroad as Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac," but that is by no means certain.

Bernhardt wore man's dress exclusively for a month before the play. Her costumes include the uniform of an Austrian colonel, all white, with green collar and cuffs and silver buttons, and civilian riding dress of the period (1830).

Both houses profited by the conference boom last night in spite of the heavy counter-attraction at the tabernacle. The theater was crowded from top to bottom and the delightful performance of "Because She Loved Him So" was again enjoyed with as much zest as on the previous evening. Tonight it will go to another large audience. At the Grand "Said Pasha" drew the largest audience which has been in attendance since "Wang," and the laughter and applause over the humorous story and the pretty music were of the merriest character. The Grau season ends tonight with a performance of "Ermeline."

THEATER GOSSIP.

Ben Hur has thus far played to 300,000 people, and never known a poor house.

Mrs. Leslie Carter will play "Zaza" in London on April 16th. It is quite unlikely that the English censor will allow it to be given as it has been in America. "Mme. Butterfly" is to be produced later with an English company.

Harry Corson Clarke writes from Butte that he has discharged all his debts and taken to a diet of milk and taffy candy, which has worked wonders on his constitution. He says he weighs 137 pounds today and was never better in his life. He is due at the Grand shortly in "What Happened to Jones" and his new play.

The Life Publishing Company, of New York, have published in very handsome form the entire acting edition of the play of "Barbara Freiche," as rendered by Julia Marlowe. The little book is beautifully gotten up, illustrated in half tones with Miss Marlowe's picture adorning the pages. Needless to say the book is for reading purposes only, and no one need suppose that any rights will be given to perform it.

Ristori retains all her faculties and was vigorous enough to make a speech at the recent dramatic congress in Rome. She goes to all the "first nights," accompanied by her daughter Blanca, who has devoted her whole life to the theater and once missed the chance of wedding a prince on her mother's account. Ristori is now 78 years old. It was in 1835 that she had her greatest triumph, as the rival of Rachel in Rachel's own field, Paris.

"David Harum" the dramatization of Westcott's novel of that name, will be presented for the first time at any stage in Rochester on Monday. Charles Frohman, who owns the dramatic rights of the widely read book, has sent Mr.

I went home and practiced that phrase over and over again, criticizing and altering my manner of singing it, as I hoped, for the better. The next night the same experience was repeated! All went well until that fatal song. I approached it with outward bravado but inward sinking of the heart. My ears, you may be sure, were alert for the faintest suspicion of a hiss. I did not want to wait long. It came, accompanied by some good-natured laughter. I felt broken-hearted and thoroughly bewildered. The next day I called upon a noted singing-teacher and asked him to enlighten me as to my fault. "My dear child," he said, after I had sung for him the disputed phrase, "there is nothing wrong in the way you sing it. It is beautiful. The trouble is in one word which you do not pronounce in correct manner. The good audience was simply calling your attention to that fact."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

We telephoned to the Intelligence office for a cook. As Annie was the only name given on her card from the office, we inquired her surname.

"Annie," I said, "what is the rest of your name?"

"That is it," was the reply.

"Yes," I continued, "I know your name is Annie, but Annie what?"

"That is it, I tell you, missus," she said with a broad smile.

"You have two names surely," I insisted, "a first name and a second name. Now, what is your second name?"

"Oh, missus," she exclaimed with some impatience, "I tell that is it."

With rising displeasure, thinking she was trifling, I said very decidedly, "Your name is Annie what?"

"Oh," she cried enthusiastically, "I am so glad you know! I think you will never know. Yes, that is it."

For a while I sat in silent despair, the girl eying me with a taunting countenance. Finally a happy thought struck me.

"Annie," I asked very mildly, "what is your father's name?"

"Michael," was the doleful reply.

"Michael what?" I almost gasped, feeling that I was suddenly becoming a paragon.

But like the eternal "Nevermore" of Poe's "Raven" came the echo, "That is it!"

A sudden illumination! Perhaps mine is the dumb name.

"What do you put on your father's letters?" I next interrogated.

"That is what I must put on or he would not get them," was the sobbing response.

Unwilling to give up after such a trial of patience on both sides, I asked gently, "How do you spell it?"

Slowly came the solution of the enigma—"W-a-c-h-t-e-r."—New Lippincott.

WHEN HE MARRIED.

Cecil Rhodes hates women. He at one time had a private secretary of whom he entertained a high opinion and whose services he greatly valued. One fine morning this favorite abruptly announced that he was going to be married. The Colossus was speechless with indignation for a moment, and then, glancing at the culprit, he growled out, "What on earth am I going to do for another secretary?" Without waiting for a reply he strode from the room, slamming the door behind him with great violence. His good nature, however, prompted him to extend the forgiving hand later on, and he gave to the bride some fine diamonds. In addition, he lent them his own carriage and horses for use to and from the church. It never entered his head to give his erstwhile favorite secretary any more employment. Such a crime as matrimony, though forgiven, could not be condoned.

A FORM OF SPEECH.

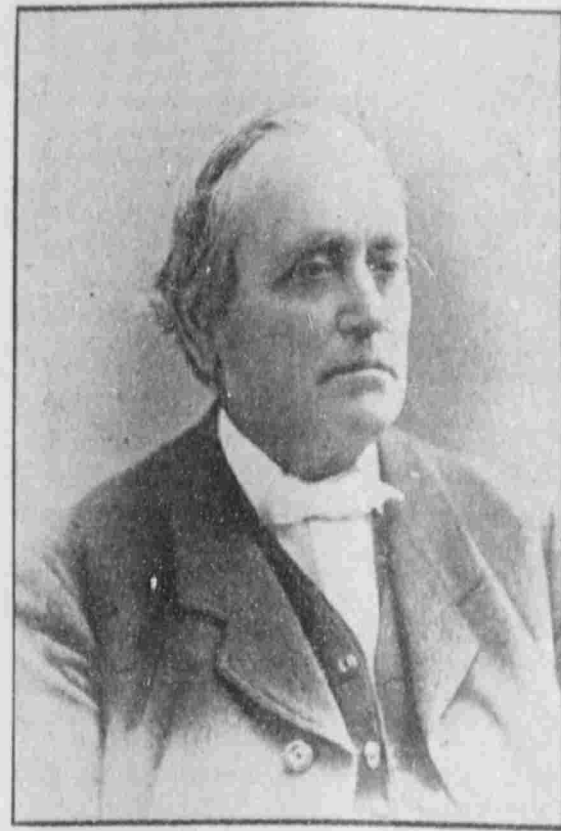
Professor Koelliker, of the Zoological station in Naples, has made surprising experiments which prove that fish have a form of speech. He descended to the bottom of the bay of Naples in a diver's suit and listened with a specially designed transmitter and phonograph to the sounds of the ocean. The phonograph reproduced most remarkable sounds which differed from each other according to the fish that uttered them. They range in quality from deep rumbling, "drumming" sounds to growling and grating. Some fish uttered really musical notes, and others seemed unable to do more than to grunt. Professor Koelliker declares that these sounds are not produced by external mechanical means, such as ejecting air from the mouth or blowing water out violently, but that they are entirely vocal in character.



INDIAN CHIEF WASHAKIE.

Thousands of conference visitors to Salt Lake will recognize the picture here presented. It is made from a photograph in the possession of Mr. C. R. Savage, to whom it was sent by the original seven or eight years ago. Old Washakie died a few months ago at his home in Wyoming. He was one of the biggest and brightest chiefs of any of the western tribes, and the whites who knew him gave him the name of "The Indian Washington." Mr. Savage says he was always struck with the Washingtonian lines in the old chief's face. He was a staunch and devoted friend of the "Mormons" all his life, and a great admirer of President Brigham Young.

OLD SALT LAKERS.



ERASTUS SNOW.

It is entirely fitting that Erastus Snow's picture should be the one chosen for this series of articles at conference time. He was the pioneer of pioneers, one of the foremost traveling Apostles, an incessant toiler for the cause he loved. He, it was, who, in company with Wilford Woodruff, entered the Salt Lake Valley on July 21st, 1847, three days in advance of the Pioneers, then returning to the main body and reporting to President Young their discovery of the valley that lay ahead. Apostle Snow was 63 years of age at the time of his death, which took place in this city on May 27th, 1885. He was born in St. Johnsbury, Vermont, November 9th, 1818, his native State being that which produced such other "Mormon" leaders as Joseph Smith, Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball. He first heard the Gospel preached by Orson Pratt in 1832, and was at once convinced of its divinity, though he was baptized by his own brother, William, in 1833. His history, thereafter, is almost the history of the people whose fortunes he exposed. He passed through the experiences at Kirtland, Far West and Nauvoo, and filled numerous missions in the United States, his success in gaining converts among an intellectual class of people being of a most noteworthy character. He was famed as one of the most eloquent preachers of those days. He left Nauvoo with the people and kept in the van on the westward march of the Pioneers. His life in Utah was given up entirely to preaching and traveling among the people, founding new settlements, visiting the frontiers and cheering the pioneers in many distant and isolated points by his advice and instruction. He has been termed "The Mormon Paul," in reference to his extensive travels as a preacher and an expounder of his faith, and thousands who knew and loved him can testify that the title was not a misnomer.

A REAL LIFE ROMANCE OF VICOUNTS OF DEERHURST.

The Vicountess Deerhurst—who was Miss Bonyng of California—has outlived the tragedy of her girlhood.

If you study the sweet, girlish face of the young mother, tenderly watching her infant son, in the photograph, you will see no trace of any influence outside the rigidly narrow and conventional training of the English girl who is transferred in a metaphorical glass case from the nursery to the schoolroom, from the schoolroom to the presentation chamber, and thence with as great dispatch as possible to the altar rail.

Yet it is a matter of fact, not of rumor, that into her ladyship's short life have been crowded such an abundance of romantic and tragic episodes as would equip a five-act play.

All Americans are interested in the vicountess' story, for her ladyship is herself of American birth and spent her girlhood in this country. She is known to many New Yorkers who have been "taken up" in England. Moreover, her husband, the vicount, is a cousin to the earl of Craven, who married Miss Bradley Martin. And the vicount's brother, Capt. Coventry, married a short time ago Miss Whitehouse of New York.

Many people who could tell you nothing of the romances of earls and vicounts remember the case of William Daniel of California, who was an English gardener who emigrated to this country and crossed the Rocky Mountains in search of gold.

After several years spent in rough work at the mines, Daniel, a rough, hot-tempered man, got into a fracas with a crowd of reckless men and fired a bullet that reached its aim and killed. It was a matter of chance, perhaps, says the New York World, that Daniel was made to suffer for his lawless act—sentenced to life imprisonment. This unfortunate circumstance left alone and unprotected the miner's wife and little daughter, Virginia. The child had been born in an Illinois shanty and her infancy had been a story of hunger and cold and weariness.

But better times came. Mrs. Daniel, content to forget her imprisoned husband, secured a divorce and married again, this time a miner named Bonyng. Little Virginia took her stepfather's name. The Bonyngs began to know the intoxication of living in a gold country. They grew rich—enormously rich. Then they traveled, and it was not long before they were in London with an abundance of means. Meanwhile Daniel, serving his life sentence for murder, had been pardoned. But his wife and daughter had disappeared. On learning of the second marriage the man tried to forget his grief and chagrin in dissipation, and after a time shot himself.

At the time that the Bonyngs "arrived" socially in London Virginia was nineteen years old. She was small, dark and exquisitely lovely, this daughter of a plebeian gardener. In London at this time were also the Mackays and the Fairs, who had known the Bonyngs in the West. Another acquaintance was the American minister, Mr. Phelps, who contrived to have Miss Virginia presented.

The Princess Christian, who made much of the young heiress, receiving her into a close intimacy. Of course, nobody dared to ask "who the Bonyngs were" after they had become bosom friends with royalty.

One thing remained to complete the social triumph and that was not long in coming, for the announcement was made of Virginia's engagement to an earl, one of the greatest peers in England, with a pedigree that could be traced to a prehistoric source. Then came the anti-climax—a bitter one. The earl received a letter elaborating the history of the Bonyngs and

giving in detail the origin, career, and disgraceful death of the murderer, Daniel, father of Princess Christian's dearest protégé.

The nobelman, feeling that he had been tricked, would listen to no explanation and broke the engagement. The malice of the young girl's enemy was satisfied, for Virginia Bonyng's shame at learning for the first time her own story, and the grief of being abandoned by her lover, threw her into an attack of brain fever. But of course she recovered, and the malicious story, which happened to be the truth, was forgotten. The Princess Christian remained a true friend, and—the Vicountess Deerhurst appeared. It was very much of a love affair this time, and as the worst had already been told, there was no reason why the beautiful young American should not become, as she shortly did, Lady Deerhurst. And if any one doubts that her triumph is at least complete, or that she is a perfectly happy wife and mother, let him look at her latest photograph.

MUSICIANS'

DIRECTORY.

SQUIRE COOP,

Conductor, Pianist.

Instructor in piano, voice and the theoretical branches. Studio at residence, 104 N. Eagle Gate. Interviews Friday, 8 to 9 p.m.

ARTHUR SHEPHERD,

Teacher of Piano Forte.

Numbers 229-230 Constitution Building.

GEO. H. VINE,

Tuner and Repairer of Pianos and Organs.

Graduate of Tuning Department, New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, Mass. Office, Ferguson Coaster Music Co., Salt Lake City, Utah. P. O. Box 982.

C. D. SCHETTLE,

Instructor of Guitar, Mandolin, Banjo. Special instruction to clubs and classes. Sole agent for C. F. Martin world famous guitars and mandolins. Studio 22 Main Street.

C. F. STAYNER,

Piano Instruction.

Special course for those desiring to become teachers. Studio 21 Long Block.

Mrs. EFFIE DEAN KNAPPEN

Voice Builder.

The Italian method. Studio over Daynes' Music Store.

H. S. GODDARD,

Teacher of Artistic Singing.

Paternal Music furnished on short notice. Studio 26 Constitution Building.

GEO. CARELESS,

Professor of Music.

Lessons in Voice Training, Violin, Piano, Guitar, Organ, Harmony and Sight Reading. Orders may be left at Ferguson Coaster's Music Store.

ANTHONY C. LUND, BD.,

Graduate of Royal Conservatory of Music, Leipzig, Germany.

Studio 137 North West Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah.

J. A. ANDERSON,

Piano Studio, 311 S. Fifth East.

Pupil of Leschetizky, Graduate of Royal Conservatory of Music, Leipzig.



With "The Floor Walkers" Company.