"THIS is indeed like getting home again," said Blanche Bates on Thursday, as she threw open the doors of the old green room at the back of the Salt Lake Theater stage, and saw the roomy apartment which had been made ready for her use. It was the same room that Maude Adams and Ethel Barrymore had occupied before her. Walls have ears, they say, and if they likewise have tongues, what a stream of memories the four walls of that room could have let loose for those three especial artists! The green room was the rallying place in the theaters of the last generation, where artists assembled to hear the first reading of plays, where their parts were distributed, where stage managers gave the final inspection of costumes and makeups, and where actors themselves lingered to exchange the gossip of the day.

In that room, Maude Adams' mother received her earliest tuition as an actress, and later sat at the head of the circle of home players which gathered there for so many years. Ethel Barrymore's father, Maurice, and her mother, Georgia Drew Barrymore, more than once sat there while awaiting their cues, or sank into the old fashioned arm chairs after a strenuous night's endeavors, and while Blanche Bates was a cherub in another sphere, her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Bates, made the echoes ring as they went through the round of tragedies they were presenting.

Mr. Bates died years ago; his wife only followed him recently, and her loss was a heavy one to her daughter. Mrs. Bates played here many times after her husband's death, one of her productions being "The Red Pocket Book," rendered by the old Home Dramatic club in the early eighties.

* * *

Blanche Bates never visits the Salt Lake Theater without going out upon the stage before the audience enters, and reveling in the glories of that auditorium. She says she hopes the craze for modern changes will stop short at the outer doors of this old theater, as there is nothing like that sweep of three galleries and the broad parquet, left in another of the theaters in the land.

Miss Bates' last appearance in this house was in 1901, when she presented "Under Two Flags." Prior to that, she had made herself popular as a member of the Giffen & Neil company which opened the Grand theater on Christmas eve, 1894, in "Moths," in which she played the part of the American girl Fuschia Leach. Her fellow players were Madge Carr Cook, T. D. Frawley, Harry Corson Clark, Howard Kyle, Jean Coye and Jennie Kennark, most of whom, like herself, have rapidly gone up the ladder of fame since the day of their Salt Lake novitiate.

* * *

The new bill at the Orpheum promises to maintain the excellent standard of the house. It is headed by Lily Lena, "the dainty English singer of dainty story songs," who came over to this country following such successes as Vesta Victoria, Alice and Marie Lloyd, and Clarice Mayne, and her hit was even greater than that of her predecessors.

Charles Dana Gibson's "Electrified Girl Review" is the newest girl ensemble act in vaudeville, and with it is Clara Nelson, who will essay the role of the "Gibson Widow," for which she is fitted in face, voice and figure.

The finale to the act shows the most novel and most uniquely conceived conceit yet offered in vaudeville, a yacht being shown, apparently running at full speed through the water and with the entire company aboard.

Julius Tannen is a monologist who since his last appearance in the west, has been successful in many Broadway productions. His performance is notable for its originality, and his imitations are remarkable reproductions of the originals.

"The Street Urchins" is a neat little act, introducing Ruby Raymond and her boys, and contains some songs and dances that are distinctly novel and original.

The Three Donals are European acrobats who recently created a sensation at the Cirque Busche, Vienna. Their "human bridge" is a feat which, it is said, has never before been accomplished by athletes.

Marseilles has a unique conception, "A Puzzle in Black and White," in which he shows himself to be a contortionist of the highest order.

The McGradys are bow and arrow shooters and equilibrists with some new and novel stunts.

The motion pictures and the Orpheum orchestra will complete the bill.

* * *

The popular and successful Cohan show, "Fifty Miles From Boston," runs out the week at the Colonial, and will be followed Monday by the Bungalow stock company in a new play entitled "The Love Route." This company will hold the boards at the Colonial one week, and will then open at its own house in "Raffles."

Mr. Arlington's players come with a high reputation, Bertha Creighton being the leading woman and John Doe the leading man. The play deals in complications resulting from the action of a railroad in forcing a right of way through a ranch owned by the heroine, Miss Houston. The engineer in charge of the work is the hero, John Ashby, and the conflicting interests, with an old feud between the two families, gives a chance for some strong dramatic situations.

There will be a matinee Monday afternoon, Labor day.

* * *

The deep impression left in Salt Lake by Royle's "The Squaw Man" both when Faversham and Farnum presented it, is relied on to crowd the Grand next week, when Willard Mack essays the role. The play has been in rehearsal nearly ten days, and those who have seen the almost exact manner in which the Mack company reproduced "Sahoma Jane," look with confidence upon the new venture.

Mr. Mack will, of course, have the central role, while Miss Douglas will play the high minded English girl. With the strength of his supporting players, Mr. Mack ought to have no difficulty in casting "Big Bill," "Cash Hawkins" and the other telling parts of the play.

"The Squaw Man" is one of the clean, strong and human dramas which it is a pleasure to see perpetuated. Aside from the local interest felt in the authorship, it is sure to receive serious attention from our theater goers.

CLARA DOLLARD,

With the "Electrified Girl Review," at the Orpheum All Next Week.

THEATER GOSSIP

John Philip Sousa has signed contracts with the Shuberts to write a comic opera. It will be called "The Glass Blowers."

C. Leslie Allen, father of Viola Allen, returned to the stage this fall, for he says idleness is not in his line. He will be seen in "The Flag Lieutenant."

The title of Edward Gutler's new play for Mrs. Leslie Carter is "Vasta Herne." It is distinctly a love play, and it will bring forth Mrs. Carter in an entirely new line of work.

Mrs. Jane Germon, said to have been America's oldest actress, died in Baltimore last week at the age of 88. Her first appearance on the stage was with Edwin Forrest in "William Tell," when she was seven years old.

Charles Frohman has completed the cast of players and fixed upon Oct. 14, at Atlantic City for the first appearance of Francis Wilson in his own comedy, "The Bachelor's Baby." The cast for Mr. Wilson's new play will include Edgar L. Davenport, E. Seldene Powell, Adelaide Wilson, Edna Brune and Lillian Lawrence.

Frank Daniels returned to New York on the Mauretania last Friday, after a vacation in England. He was accompanied by Mrs. Daniels. While in London he saw several performances of "The Belles of Brittany," in which he is to appear under Shubert management this season.

Miss Mable Hite has been engaged by Liebler & Company to star in a new comedy which the firm will produce a little later in the season, and in which the chief part is of the sort Miss Hite has been so successful in portraying. In connection with this engagement, many thousands who see in Miss Hite not only a capable and entertaining actress but also the wife of the celebrated Mike Donlin, hero of many a diamond battle. Mr. Donlin will be a member of the company, and from the opening date and after will literally support his wife.

William Gillette's new comedy drama, at which he is now at work, will have its first presentation in Paris, the first known instance of a play written in America and given its première before a foreign audience. If successful in French the piece will be produced in English in London and New York. Mr. Gillette is now on board his houseboat, Aunt Polly, headed up the sound. He will do most of his work afloat. His future plans include a farewell tour of the United States in a repertoire of his old plays, including "The Private Secretary," "Held by the Enemy," "Too Much Johnson," "Secret Service," "Clarice" and "Sherlock Holmes." He will then become associated with Charles Frohman in a new theater in New York.

Directly opposed to the theory of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad that girls do not make good employes, the Shuberts have issued orders to the managers of their 16 New York theaters, and about 40 in the other larger cities, to employ girls as ushers.

"We find," said Mr. J. J. Shubert, "that girls are more attentive to their duties, to say nothing of the welfare of our patrons. They are infinitely more prompt, neater and more polite, and we find that theatergoes, especially ladies, take kindly to the change. We do not regard it in the nature of an innovation, because we have already tested several corps in our New York theaters. The only change is that we shall require our local managers in other cities to adopt the rule."

"Oh, Woodman, Spare That Tree."

An Old Resident Makes a Plea for the Preservation of the Salt Lake Theatre.

IN these great days of our city, fraught with growth and progress and the consequent demolition of old land marks to make way for newer and grander things, the old resident, if he be possessed of any sentiment at all, goes about much of the time with a large sized lump in his throat.

The old Deseret News building and Tithing office adjacent thereto were perhaps notable exceptions to this rule, for the reason that they had grown to be something of an eyesore to the general onlooker because of their dilapidated appearance, yet no doubt there were those who had served apprenticeships within the historic walls of the "News" building, or who had played when boys about its spacious porches, or who had regularly gone to the Tithing office in the olden days to get a portion of their daily sustenance, who had pangs of genuine sorrow to see even them—disreputable as they had grown to look—dynamited out of existence.

Salt Lake City has long been celebrated for its quaint structures, designed by master minds under early pioneer conditions, and though the fates and the inexorable demands of progress, decree that all of them must eventually be demolished, there will be those whose eyes will fill with mist and whose throats will choke with emotion, as each one of the old land marks with its old-time memories, goes bravely down.

There is perhaps nothing in the forecast of modern iconoclasm that suggests the immediate annihilation of the old Salt Lake theater, but if there were, there is little doubt that mass meetings would be held all over the city protesting against so great a desecration ,and that many would be found who would almost feel like "shouldering their muskets" to prevent it.

For many years there has been a great lurking fear in the breasts of the masses, lest the oncoming train of improvement might collide with this dearly loved structure, and this wholesale feeling has not been confined to the city, or even the state, but it may be said that it is at least as wide as the nation, if not indeed world-wide, so widely heralded is its fame, so many thousands from all corners of the earth there are who have loved to linger within its classic portals!

"Don't ever tear it down," said Dan Frohman to Manager George D. Pyper recently. "There are only a few of them left, and this one above all should be preserved." Dan Frohman came to Salt Lake as manager for his wife, Margaret Illington (since divorced) on her western tour with "The Thief," and was so enamored for the twentieth time, no doubt, of the acoustics of the old theater that he climbed with Mr. Pyper to the third gallery and there sat listening to the play. "By George," he exclaimed, "isn't it wonderful? Even here one can see and hear better than in the pit of the average modern playhouse. There are notmore than three such theaters left in the United States. Don't tear it down, Pyper. It would be a sacrilege."

There is no manner of doubt that Dan Frohman's views are shared by multitudes of theatrical people who have played in the Salt Lake theater. Their testimony that it is an easy theater to speak in, easy to sing in and easy to feel at home in, is almost universal among actor-folk. The three or four other theaters like it in the United States, to which Mr. Frohman alluded, are located in Pittsburg, in Boston and in New Orleans; there was one in Philadelphia—the old Walnut Street theater—but it burned down some years ago.

It is said that Brigham Young, the master, whose wonderful genius builded always for the future, and whose wisdom and forethought located a great temple, a great theater, a great store and a great bank all within a stone's throw of each other—sent H. B. Clawson, the managerical Nestor of the Utah drama, to New York, about fifty years ago to look over the theaters there and brush up on the question of modern theater building. It was a labor of love for Hiram. Himself an actor from Nauvoo days, down through the Tabernacle bowery and Social hall days, it didn't take him long to pack his grip, though it did take him more than a month to get to Gotham by the slow and crude methods of overland travel then in vogue. The old Bowery theater in New York was then in full swing, and was probably the most popular playhouse on the continent. Mr. Clawson came back laden with plans and specifications, modelled after that splendid old theater, and immediately the work of construction of the Salt Lake theater was begun. The idea in those days was not so much to have theaters constructed with a view to getting the dollars into them as to have them comfortable for both players and audience, to have the acoustics correct, the line of sight as nearly perfect as possible, to have an auditorium where people could see and be seen, and where the entirestout ensemble might enjoy themselves. And so it was the Salt Lake theater was fashioned along these broad lines which have made it the most popular theater in all the broad west, and have so greatly endeared it to all lovers of the play both before and behind the curtain, for half a century.

William Gillette, the noted actor and playwright, is a connoisseur of theaters. During his last visit here after the performance was over, and the lights were out, the manager in making his final rounds discovered a bright spark near the center of the stage. He approached the spark and as he drew near discovered it to be a lighted cigar with a man behind it "Don't be alarmed," said the man. "I won't set fire to your house. I love it too dearly for that. I was only contemplating what a perfectly wonderful old place it is, and I was throwing mental bouquets garnished with the smoke of my cigar to the man whose genius planned it." It was the great Gillette himself who spoke, and he added: "Don't let anybody else smoke around here, Pyper, such theaters are too rare to have them burn down."

Louis James is also an ardent admirer of the old theater. In the most enthusiastic fashion he raves over its acoustics and its splendid commodiousness, each time he visits Salt Lake, and Frederick Warde, when he used to come, and before the deep diapason of his reverberating vocal organs was reduced to an aspirate, went wild over the galleries and particularly the gods that inhabited them, who he has frequently declared were the most spontaneously appreciative gods he ever played or prayed to.

Old man Stoddart, given to loving everything that has served to uplift a profession he loved and honored for four score years, gives the Salt Lake theater high praise in a special paragraph of his memoirs written a year or two before his death.

And so instances might be multiplied and piled as high as its homely old roof, of the players' praises of the Salt Lake theater, yet these would be but a drop in the bucket compared to the praises of its audiences. Who is there who ever sat within its historic walls, who did not enjoy himself? There is an indefinable something about the very atmosphere of the place that is attractive. Old patrons comment on it and strangers at once notice it.

"I would rather go there and listen only to the music than to see a good play in almost any other theater I ever visited," said Mr. William J. Halloran, president of the Salt Lake City Commercial club recently.

Mr. John J. Daly is another enthusiastic admirer of the old playhouse, and he is a man who has traveled far and wide, and whose opinion counts.

It is a frequent expression heard among first nighters and those who make up the stall and parquet parties, that such functions at the Salt Lake theater seem more enjoyable than elsewhere. Perhaps it is because everybody can see everybody else, and during the acts the enjoyment becomes sometimes keener on this account than when the curtain is up. But be this as it may, there is a wholesome joy in attending the Salt Lake theater that nearly everyone who goes there experiences in a greater or less degree, and experts say the reason for it is that the auditorium has no deep galleries thrusting their gloomy obtrusiveness over the heads of half the audience, injuring the acoustics, interfering with the vision, and materially reducing the general attractiveness of the house.

The purpose of this communication—if it have any purpose at all—is not to advertise the Salt Lake theater, (trust George Pyper for that,) but only to join thought and expression with those who in one way or another have become endeared to the old artistic edifice and who don't hesitate to say so. It might be pleasant diversion for readers of the Saturday News to hear from others on the subject.

Let us hope that its owners will not be influenced by the sordid argument sometimes harped upon by mere business men, that the ground whereon the theater stands is too valuable to be devoted to a playhouse, and that it should yield to the relentless demands of trade and make way for a big business block, with possibly a so called modern theater located somewhere in the rear.

Forbid it, Pyper!

LANDMARK.

The weekly theatrical reviews and criticisms of the "News" appear regularly in the Tuesday issues.

N. C. Goodwin Retires—Has No Play

LONDON, Aug. 25.—A London dispatch to the New York Star says: Your correspondent understands that N. C. Goodwin has retired, at least temporarily, from the stage. He is here with his wife, the beautiful Edna Goodrich. He said to me yesterday: "I don't know when I shall return to the stage. I certainly shall not do so until I have a play, or plays, which at least appear to be morally certain of suiting the American public. I have no such plays now in view. I don't know where they will come from. At any rate, I am weary of acting as wet nurse to obscure authors."

This cable dispatch from the Star's London correspondent, says that paper, will surprise many of our readers who believed that Mr. Goodwin had closed his season only for the purpose of taking a short rest abroad. Mr. Goodwin's remarks to the Star correspondent are significant.

What is the matter with our native playwrights? There isn't one of them who would not be glad to have so able a player as N. C. Goodwin appear in one of his plays. And yet here is a really eminent actor, one of the greatest in our country—some say the greatest—forced to stop acting for the public that adores him so much simply because he cannot get the right play from the right men.

The Star believes that N. C. Goodwin is too much wedded to his art—and art is not an empty word in his case—to permanently retire from the stage, even if he is well-to-do and can afford that course. Let us hope that there will soon come along a play which will once more give Mr. Goodwin the opportunity to stand where he belongs—on the very top rung of American theatricals.

15 Attractions Wandamere Labor Day.

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Are you just barely getting around by the aid of crutches or a cane? Unless you have had a limb or have a deformity of your trouble is rheumatism, lumbago, sprain, stiff joints or anything of like nature use Ballard's Snow Liniment and in no time you can throw away your crutches and be as well as anyone. Price 25c, 50c and $1.00. Sold by Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept., 112 and 114 South Main St., Salt Lake City.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

Via Denver & Rio Grande R. R.

To Provo canyon, 7:50 a. m., 8:10 a. m. $1.25.

To Ogden, 10:25 a. m., 1:35 p. m., $1.00

To Pharaoh's Glen, 8:30 a. m., 50c.

Return on any train. Special leaves Provo canyon 7:30 p. m.

15 Attractions Wandamere Labor Day.

EXCURSION TO OGDEN,

Sunday, Sept. 5th.

Via Oregon Short Line. Round trip $1.00. Any train. Excursions every Sunday during the Summer and Fall at same rate.

GAMBLING

Your life against 25 cents is just exactly what you are doing if you neglect a cough or cold on the chest instead of treating it with Ballard's Horehound Syrup. A 25 cent bottle of this splendid remedy will cure an ordinary cough, heal the lungs and act as a tonic for your entire system. Sold by Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept. 112 and 114 South Main Street, Salt Lake City.

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Salt Lake Theatre

Geo. D. Pyper, Manager.

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The Dainty English Singer of Dainty Story Songs.

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Music by Alfred Soloman—Lyrics by Paul West

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First American Tour of THE 3 DONALS

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The Modern William Tells.

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Matinee Prices, 15c 25c, 50c. Night Prices, 25c, 50c, 75.

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IN A PERFECT PRODUCTION OF EDWIN MILTON ROYLE'S FAMOUS PLAY.

THE SQUAW MAN

First Time at the Grand's Popular Prices:

Evenings, 25c, 50c, 75c. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday, 25c, 50c.

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