

Bronson Howard—An Appreciation

By Milton Nobles.

WITH the pallid face of a departed friend still before my eyes, and the lost pressure of his hand, so short a time removed, still fresh in memory, I come with reverence to a task for which, though a labor of love, I feel myself inadequately equipped. If I cannot speak of him as I would, and as others will, my unequal tribute will at least have the merit of sincerity. Somehow, it is to Bronson Howard the man that I find my thoughts constantly recurring. It is of the man I feel myself best qualified, if at all, to write. But I should be recreant to imbedded convictions did I fail to express an opinion of Bronson Howard, the dramatist. For me, he has passed, as for 35 years he lived, the foremost American dramatist. I use the term dramatist exclusively for the reason that it is the designation which he preferred to playwright or dramatic author.

In my unimportant opinion the comedies and dramas of Bronson Howard will be the nucleus of the American drama long after the productions of the half dozen men who now, and during the past 15 or 20 years, are and have been counted our most "successful" native dramatists, are forgotten. They have the direct human appeal. They are models of construction. Their types are flesh and blood. They are wholesome, real. They are not freaks, degenerates or hybrids. Howard's sympathy was boundless, and his faith in human nature absolute. He had literary charm, the creative grasp of character, and a subtle, effervescent wit. His life was as wholesome as his plays. Both will leave to posterity an abiding, fragrant charm. To have enjoyed his plays must ever remain a delightful memory; to have known the man was an education.

At the monthly meetings of the American Dramatists' Club, of which he was founder and lifelong president, after routine business had been disposed of, and we settled down to luncheon, cigars and "shop talk," Bronson Howard was at his best. He never said so much but he was always the right thing at the right time. He was the best listener I have ever known. What an infinite charm—to be a good listener.

—and the pity that we do not more generally cultivate it! It is one of the fine arts. He had the rare trick of drawing out the younger members. His many years in London, and intimate association with men and women famous in professional, art and literary circles, had enriched his always abundant store of anecdote and incident. His sense of humor was perfect. Though the of those present, loyal to the absent.

He formed the center of many happy dinner parties at The Players. He loved to meet the actors who had played in his earlier plays. In the frank way he would recall his early mistakes, blunders, through lack of practical stage knowledge. His crudities, hopes, fears, disappointments. He would recall some trifling incident of a quarter century back, which the actor who had figured in it had quite forgotten. Once there had been an animated discussion between the actor and the author. The author, of course, had his way. Over his coffee and cigar Howard said to that same actor, then grown white-haired—like himself:

"You were right, and I was wrong. I don't think so then, but as I became more familiar with the technique of the stage I realized it. You taught me something. You set me to thinking and studying. I am glad of an opportunity to apologize and thank you, after 30 years. Through your superior knowledge of movement and stage business, you saw possibilities that had not occurred to me in writing the scene. I had never experienced similar experiences, nor I fancy, has every successful dramatist."

The name of Bronson Howard has lent, and will continue to lend lustre to the American stage. He never wrote a line that would bring a blush to the cheek of girlhood. He never wrote a play that Christian parents, surrounded by their brood, might not see, and be the better for the seeing. He had many friends, and no enemies. The grief at his passing will not be confined to our profession. He had friends and intimates in nearly all of the intellectual walks of life.

Among the most delightful, elevating and educational hours of my life I shall ever cherish the memory of those, all too few, I was permitted to pass with Bronson Howard.—Dramatic Mirror.



GRACE W. EVERSON.

Bass Viol Soloist, With the Fadettes at the Orpheum all of Next Week.

and her last appearance left a charming impression.

"The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary" tells the story of a rich old maiden lady who once had a love story of her own, but who is now bound up in a nephew at college; he is a little wild, but is otherwise an ideal boy. He gets into a number of scrapes, among them a breach of promise case, which makes his aunt threaten to disinherit him. He hurries off to New York, where his aunt follows him. Falling into the hands of his college chums, she is led a merry pace, from which her nephew finally rescues her, and all ends well. Miss Robson brings her own New York company.

The Salt Lake theater box office will be open Monday, Aug. 24, from 10 till 5, to set aside season tickets to all patrons who may desire to have them reserved. The condition for such an arrangement is that the holder agrees to take the tickets for each engagement, and the theater engages to reserve the tickets against the window rush. The privilege is open to everybody.

The Salt Lake Opera company will try to add another winner to its long list of successes, when on Sept. 5 it offers Jefferson De Angeles' new hit "The Girl and the Governor." This opera is said to afford the widest possible range for the company's talents and is especially suited to the gifts of Mr. John D. Spencer, the company's comedian. It fairly bristles with fun and will be full of good music. Professor McClellan will carry out a long expressed wish and will introduce the sextette from "Lucia," which alone should attract music lovers.

John D. Spencer, the comedian, will play the part of "the Governor," and those who have heard the rehearsals, say the part was written for him. "The Girl and the Governor" is a new play, in fact, it was written for Jefferson De Angeles, whose parts seem to fit Spencer so snugly.

Miss Agatha Berkhold, who has been absent so long studying in the east, will be heard the first time since her return, in the part of Isadora, a Spanish show.

Mr. Ensign, who was "the Friar" in "Robin Hood," will be an Indian medicine man, and is sure to create a furore with his "musical bullfrogs."

Miss Edna Evans has the part of "Carita," maid to Isadora. Mr. Pyper's role is Dick Kingsley, the lover. Mr. Graham is Lieut. Governor, and Hugh W. Douglis, Alex. S. Campbell, and Geo. W. Pyper play an amusing trio of Spanish high commissioners.

The costumes are promised to be as gorgeous as those worn in "Robin Hood," and new scenery and light effects will enhance the production.

So enormous has been the hit made by the Fadettes of Boston at the Orpheum, that Manager Winch has engaged them for a second week. They will form his headliners again, and change their program at intervals during the week, as requested by patrons.

Other features to be introduced are the three Mosher brothers, who are to give an entirely new vaudeville line, clean, refined, and up-to-date. Frank Gardner and Lottie Vincent in "Winning a Queen," a one act play, said to be vastly amusing, incidental songs will be rendered by Miss Vincent, and an appropriate turn by Mr. Gardiner. Fred Warren and Al Blanchard have a highly humorous act. Mr. Warren as colored subterfuge, being immensely funny, according to press reports. Redford and Winchester are a team direct from London, and they their first appearance in America. Their special feat is juggling; the two Pucks, a boy of 13 and a girl of 15, come with new songs and new costumes. They are billed as "America's foremost juvenile artists," the kinodrome will give a new set of pictures, while the cyphers orchestra will render a number of entirely fresh selections.

The features of the New Lyric the coming week opening today, will be unusually entertaining, the headliner of the cameraphone pictures, being of lively variety. Another bill shows transformation scene in which Miss May Robson will be seen. An imitation of David Warfield in the "Music Master" is a water and shadow play, the artists will appear especially in a line of songs. The new bill is relied upon to make the house all the next week.

THEATER GOSSIP

Miss Ethel Barrymore, who is still in Paris with her brother Lionel, will open her season at Albany Sept. 17 in W. Somerset Maugham's comedy, "Lady Frederick." Here again, as in "Cousin Kate," Miss Barrymore will be seen as the rollicking, care-free, nimble-witted Irish countrywoman.

Rex Beach, the novelist, whose latest success, "The Barrier," will be staged early this season by Klaw & Erlanger, is in a hospital in Seattle under the care of an eye specialist, suffering from iritis. The affliction resulted from exposure while bear hunting in the Copper river country in Alaska.

After nearly a year's uninterrupted work Paul Wiltach has practically completed his "Life of Richard Mansfield," three excerpts from which will appear in Scribner's Magazine for September, October and November. The "Life" will appear in one large volume with about 60 full-page illustrations the week after election.

Robert Mantell will probably start on an ambitious tour next May, which will take him to London by way of Australia, New Zealand and South Africa. It is his purpose to produce in London Ibsen's "Brand," upon which he has been at work for the last two years. His Lear and Macbeth will also be shown there.

Rehearsals have been begun for "Glorious Betsy," the new play by Miss Rida Johnson Young, in which Miss Mary Manning will be seen at the Lyric theater on Sept. 7. It will be Miss Manning's first appearance in New York in three years, and the present play has been successful throughout the country for the last two seasons.

Geraldine Farrar, who for two years prepared to sing Tosca and has not yet had the opportunity, will essay the role at the Opera Comique during her spring engagement in Paris next year. Parisians will also hear her then in "La Boheme" and "Mignon." She may also sing Tosca in New York next season, as her new contracts with M. Dippel stipulate that she be assigned many roles in which she has not yet appeared.

"Mistah Waikah, wot am de diff'ence 'tween a trav'ler startin' to Tangier an' a plate of veal hash?"

"I give that one up, George. What is the diff'ence between a trav'ler startin' for Tangier and a plate of veal hash?"

"De one am Morocco bound, an' de uthah am half crazy."

"Ladies and gentlemen, the celebrated vocalist, Prof. Rox de Rote, will be singing that beautiful and touching sentimental ballad, 'Take Your Face Away, Charlie.' You Have Been Using a Safety Razor."—Chicago Tribune.

Klaw & Erlanger have obtained an interest in the lease of the Chicago Opera house and in the future will book all of the attractions for that famous playhouse. The auditorium will be thoroughly renovated before its opening, Sept. 7. The first attraction under the new management will be the new Gillette play, "Tessy" under the direction of Frederic Thompson. The house will become one of the chain of syndicate theaters, playing the big Klaw & Erlanger attractions.

Edwin Stevens, a Salt Lake favorite who has drawn a title role of "The Devil" for Henry W. Savage's Garden theater production, is spending his vacation at Siasconset. Rattling the skates is not out of the atmosphere, when speaking of "The Devil," he says Stevens may expect to have people die into his past and promulgate the fact that he started life as an honest banker's clerk way back in the time when Alice Oates was a popular star. The gifted artist heard him sing at a San Francisco musicale, signed him on the spot for her leading baritone, and he has been at the head of his class ever since.

It became known yesterday that Miss Maude Adams is in London, she slipped away very quietly on the Mauretania July 22, accompanied only by a maid, and without telling anybody but her manager, Mr. Charles Frohman. Her real name, Maude Kiskadee, on the passenger list, and she got away very good disguise, and she got away without being recognized. She was equally successful in landing at Liverpool, and she arrived in London the same day.—New York Herald.



WILLIAM JOSSEY.

Leading Man of the Grand Stock Company, Opening at the Grand Theater Next Week in "The Belle of Richmond."

Elinor Glyn Hurt by the Critics

LONDON, Aug. 12.—Elinor Glyn, author of "Three Weeks" feels hurt because, despite her elaborate precautions against the admission of newspaper representations to the recent private performance of her dramatization of her novel at the Adelphi theater, London, several lengthy criticisms have found their way into the American press. Mrs. Glyn declares that it is not so much the fact that these criticisms have appeared but the lack of honor of several prominent newspaper men whom she admitted as her guests which has hurt her.

"I decided to give a private party at which I invited some of my personal friends for the purpose of letting them see just what the play was to be like," said Mrs. Glyn to me when I saw her at the Ritz today. "I knew that in their minds there was an idea that the play would not be altogether proper, as it were; and I wanted to show them that this notion was wrong. As a matter of fact, those of them who came to see it were somewhat disappointed on this score, and many of them admitted afterwards that it might have been more up to their expectations in this line without shocking any of the proprieties."

"It was a well understood thing by everybody invited to this private party that the play was not for the purpose of criticism—that it was only a personal, private affair, and I must say I cannot understand how the people who wrote to the newspapers afterwards about the production could have acted in the manner in which they did under the peculiar circumstances."

"It is true that the play was produced at the Adelphi theater, but this was simply because the production would be large enough for certain of the scenes. The fact that it was produced at the Adelphi had nothing to do with the privacy of the performance, and those who had invitations to see it were under strict injunctions on this score. I consider that, in writing criticisms to the papers under the circumstances those who have done so have broken faith."

"The next matter I would like to mention with a little more detail, is the censorship. In its present form, the play has never been before the censor, and that is only because it is nothing in it—not a word or a line—that would excite him. The American papers stated that the play as I presented it had been prohibited by the censor, who had insisted on its being an ethical and psychological study, and it should not be judged except as such."

"Those of my friends who saw the play stated that they thought it a very good one, and that it only needed pulling together to make it splendid. Naturally, at the Adelphi performance things did not go off as well as they might have done—there were too long pauses between the scenes, for instance—but on the whole I feel quite satisfied. I have not been asked to change a single line of it, except as

a mere matter of theatrical construction.

"The play will be produced in London before the public, and the public can judge for themselves. I have signed the contract for the English production, and I do not feel the least fear that it will meet with any difficulty when it goes before the censor."

According to an arrangement which I understand has just been entered into between Richard Harding Davis and Seymour Hicks, work will shortly begin on a musical version of "The Dictator," the play which the heavyweight American author wrote for the use of Willie Collier and in which the clever comedian was seen both in the United States and London some three or four years ago. Hicks is the dramatist, a musical comedy author, an actor and a manager, and what he is unable to make popular with his halting pen he is sure of making a go with his "hustling" methods of acting, for he is one of the surest "draws" in the London theatrical world.

Davis himself, however, does not intend to leave the work of conversion from comedy to musical play all to Seymour for he will come over to this side of the Atlantic in October and together they will wrestle with the task.

By how small a margin we sometimes leave the work of conversion from comedy to musical play all to Seymour for he will come over to this side of the Atlantic in October and together they will wrestle with the task.

The Gaiety, which is one of the two theaters in London run by a limited stock company, has just declared a dividend of 15 per cent on its shares. Last year, the stockholders were compelled to wait for a dividend for 12 months, namely, "The Girls of Godenberg" and "Havana," the latter of which was still running, made this year's annual meeting look like a convention of "Sunny Jims."

Bronson Howard's death will be more sorely felt by the man in the street in the United States than here, for besides being born an American, his plays had a much greater vogue there than in England, where only a comparatively few of them were produced. But Howard was married to an English woman, the sister of Sir Charles Wyndham, and he had many personal and business friends here among whom there is genuine sorrowing.

Of his plays, we remember "Brighton," which was originally produced in the United States under the name of "Sally," which Sir Charles Wyndham presented at the Court The-

ater in London in 1874; "The Old Love and the New," which Wilson Barrett produced at the Court in London in 1879 after having produced it in the United States under the name of "The Barker's Daughter," and the drama produced as "Truth," by Sir Charles at the Criterion theater, London, after a run in the United States under the name of "Hurricane."—CURTIS BROWN.

SALT LAKE, MONDAY, AUG. 21. Free transportation to all ladies.

SMALLEST THEATER IN WORLD

DESPAIRING of every disputing the American claim to the possession of the "biggest" of everything, London now declares that it has the smallest theater in the world. Of course, there are smaller privately owned affairs, but this is a real theater, at which frequent public performances are given.

The "Smallest" playhouse is called the "Rehearsal Theater" and is situated on Maiden lane, a narrow street one block long just back of the famous Strand. It is the property of and is managed by Herbert Jay, the business manager of one of the big West End theaters of London. Its name gives a hint of the chief purpose of the tiny house, for it is filled almost the week through with theatrical companies being knocked into presentable shape for some important production either in London or in one of the big English provincial cities. As a general thing such a company would be put through its preliminary paces at the theater where it is to make its bow to the public, but circumstances often prevent. Either the stage is in use for other purposes or the production is to be made out of town, and the manager does not want to travel away from London to superintend the rehearsals. It is in cases of this kind that the little Maiden-lane house comes in handy.

It must not be supposed, however, that it never reaches the dignity of seeing a real production before a real audience. Frequently amateur and even professional dramatic societies hold forth from its little stage, and quite often socialistic orators and suffragettes cut up capers there before sympathetic audiences.

The seating capacity of the theater is only 160, but, despite its limits of space, it boasts a gallery. The stage measures 18 feet by 24 feet. Some of the plays which are rehearsed there are taken in hand by the stage manager in installments, there being hardly room enough for the full company to get about on the stage at one time.

Maiden lane, on which the "Rehearsal Theater" is located, is the Rialto of London. It is in this street, one block long, that the actresses and actors of England foregather at certain times of the year—and many of them all the year round in the absence of engagements—to talk matters over. It is a shabby little street, lined on one side with public houses and on the other with small stores, cheap restaurants, and the stage doors of the two theaters. Yet sordid as the surroundings are, in Maiden lane, throughout the year, can be met most of the stars of the English stage, with their sympathetic shoulders with the favorites of bygone days and the hopes of the years to come.

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