

to Frank Hostock as to the relative difficulty of training different kinds of savage beasts, was the cause of some amusement at Coney Island, where Hostock has an animal show. It is popularly supposed in the direct neighborhood that you couldn't drag Hostock with a log chain into an enclosure with any animals of the kind that are trained to submission against their nature. If anyone is chewed up by the lions, it won't be Hostock. After the performance one night last year several persons were in Hostock's arena, among them George Conditine. A securely locked box of pythons lay upon the floor and Hostock was telling what fearful things would happen if the snakes were to get loose. "Nonsense," exclaimed Conditine, and thereupon he broke off the padlocks with a stone and dragged the pythons all about the place. "Hostock couldn't scare me," said he afterward, "for I knew the snakes were doped." The same night Hostock was telling about one of his separate that was the most fearful beast he had ever encountered. Conditine laughed, stepped over to the cage and hit the dreaded beast a resounding thump on the top of his head.

Jo Paige Smith, formerly a well-

known theatrical business manager, but more lately identified with the booking of attractions in the vaudeville theaters, is just emerging from an illness that very nearly proved fatal. Smith was first attacked with pneumonia, and as that left him he was seized with what appeared to be meningitis. Only the most remarkable vitality saved his life. When the late Mr. Frank of Cleveland was killed recently in a railway wreck, he was on his way to deliver certain securities to Smith for a loan of \$10,000 which there is no record. So that Smith, while lucky to be alive, isn't so fortunate in a monetary sense.

George Evans, "The Honey Boy," one of the best known performers in vaudeville, is to take the "legitimate" stage with the beginning of the coming season. He has been engaged by Ray Comstock for the principal part in "The Runaways." This is the role played by the ill-fated Mr. Duncanson in the history of the piece in question. Evans has been a black face comedian heretofore, and the question of how he will get along without his burnt cork is of some little interest.

LEANDER RICHARDSON.

NEWS of the LONDON STAGE

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, July 15.—Beerholm Tree's remarkable production of "Oliver Twist" doesn't shed much light on the subject of whether or not Dickens can ever be dramatized, but it adds a memorable figure to the gallery of Tree's "characters." He out-Pagins Fagin. A more crafty, cruel, slimy, snuffing, dirty object than the Tree brand of Fagin could not be imagined. He is of closer kin to Mr. Tree's "Caliban" than to a human being. He and Nancy and Bill Sykes are the whole show, and poor little Oliver, and the good Mr. Brownlow, and the lay figures who supply the pretty sentiment where-

by J. M. Barrie with a small boy friend of his who supplied one line in "Peter Pan," and to whom in consequence the dramatist religiously paid a royalty of one penny a night throughout the run of the piece.

Conyngs Carr's dramatization of "Oliver Twist" is probably as good a play as anyone could make out of a Dickens book in the orthodox fashion, and it was received with so much applause that Mr. Tree announced that it would be put on for a run next season.

Taking opera and concert together, this has probably been the biggest year on record for American musicians in London. The latest and perhaps the most interesting item from this source is the announcement that Whitney Tew, who comes from Jamestown, N.



THE "PRAIRIE SCHOONERS OF 1837."

Reproduction of Them in The Pioneer Parade at Liberty Park on July 23.

in to offset the villainies going on in the sphere of action are comparatively novelties.

I discussed this point with a grand-daughter of Charles Dickens yesterday, and she agreed that no dramatist, however skilful, would ever be likely to make a real play out of a Dickens novel without building it around some one group of characters, ruthlessly cutting out everything that did not pertain to one set of incidents, and filling in the gaps from his own imagination. "I expect," she added, "that we would all rise up in wrath and say, 'This isn't Dickens,' yet it might be done without the sacrifice of any of the real spirit of a novel."

Miss Dickens supplies a suggestion that is interesting. She believes that is played of the sort outlined could be made from "Our Mutual Friend," a novel rarely, if ever, dramatized. The novel consists of two stories, which have scarcely anything to do with each other. One of the two is the strong, dramatic story of the love of Eugene Wrayburn and Bradley Headstone for Lizzie Hexam, with Charlie Hexam, Jennie Wren, Jennie's "bad" Rogue Riderhood, and perhaps the landlady of the old Jolly Fellowship-Porpoise for the rest of the cast—(in other words, "Our Mutual Friend," is the mutual friend left out, and Noddy Buffin and Elias Wegg sacrificed).

Any American dramatist is welcome to the idea, but I think he ought to print acknowledgments on his playbill to Miss Dickens.

SALT LAKERS IN GOTHAM.

Special Correspondence.

NEW YORK, July 24.—One of the most enjoyable trips around New York these torrid days is the "Seeing New York Yacht" tour of Manhattan island. These small boats leave every day at 10 o'clock a. m. and 2:30 p. m. from the pier at the foot of West Twenty-second street and North river. A lecturer is on board, and no point of interest escapes him—his fund of information is remarkable. The scenery, as one approaches the north end near "Spuyten Duyvil," and just as the boat is swinging into the grand old Hudson, is beyond description. Its grandeur and beauty cannot be equalled in this land, if we may except certain points in the St. Lawrence river and the Columbia river. Every foot of land along the Hudson is historic, and the east side of Manhattan is equally interesting; the route lies close to Blackwell and Brothers islands, which places are constant objects of sympathetic curiosity, not only from tourists, but from residents. The Brooklyn and new East river bridges come in for a large share of attention, as do the many private yachts owned by our multimillionaires, anchored in the Harlem and Hudson rivers. These floating palaces on a miniature scale claim

the admiration of all, they are of all sizes and colors, according to the fancy of the owner. Think of circling the island of Manhattan in two hours and a half on a trim little boat, with comfortable seats and a fine viewing overhead, for the small sum of \$1.

At last Sunday's services of the Latter-day Saints, Mrs. Mary Kellogg of Lake Grove, L. I., and her daughter, Mrs. Smith of New York, were visitors. Mrs. Kellogg has been a member of the Church nearly 40 years, being an old friend of Mr. and Mrs. Benedict, father and mother of the late Dr. Joseph and Denton Benedict, and also intimate with the Denton, Ritter and Harker families. Mrs. Kellogg is a very interesting character, and related many circumstances connected with the above named families. It is seldom she is seen in New York, distance and age keep her close at home, and only rarely can she visit with friends this side of the bridge.

Miss Blanche Thomas, who is living at 16 Manhattan avenue, will leave Thursday for Chautauqua to visit for two weeks with her sister, Miss Rosa Thomas. The sisters have not met for some time and a happy reunion will mark the event.

Tuesday, the 14th, David McDonald, who has been studying medicine in Philadelphia for two years, arrived in New York on his way to Vermont to take photographs of the Prophet Joseph Smith. Mr. McDonald's wife and child are visiting for the summer in Europe.



THE NEWS FLOAT IN THE PIONEER PARADE.

In the Pioneer day parade, July 24, the Deseret News float was a decided feature. It showed the old Rammer hand press, on which the first number of the "News" was turned out, June 15, 1850. This press was brought across the plains by an ox-team, and it has ever since been carefully stored in the "News" building. Another feature of interest was facsimile reproductions of the first issue of the "News," which were distributed by the thousands among the crowds, and were eagerly sought for as mementoes. This issue of the "News," printed June 15, 1850, was issued under the direction of Willard Richards, editor, and Elias Smith, business manager. Horace K. Whitney was the type-setter, Brigham H. Young worked the press, Thos. Bullock was proof reader, and Wm. M. Cowley the "devil." The latter is the sole survivor of that pioneer group.

THE BIRTH OF THE WALTZ

No exact date can be ascribed to the introduction of the waltz into England from France. In 1809 Gilray published a caricature of a couple waltzing, with the note that "this was intended for a quill upon the then foreign dance, waltzing." Again in 1810 the same artist published another sketch, entitled "La Walse, Le Bon Genre," with the note, "The walse was at this time new in England and just coming into fashion."

The fame, or, rather, notoriety, of the new dance had, however, reached England some years previously. Dr. Burney had seen it danced in Paris in 1780 and was moved to write, "How uneasy an English mother would feel to see her daughter so unfamiliarly treated and still more to note the obliging manner in which the freedom is returned by the females."

Railies in his journal declared that "no event ever produced so great a sensation in English society as the introduction of the German waltz," which he attributes to Baron Neumann and others about the year 1811. He relates how the mornings, which had hitherto been dedicated to lounging in the park, were now absorbed at home in practicing the figures of a French quadrille or whirling a chair round the room to learn the step and measure of the German waltz.

It was danced at Almack's by a few very bold spirits, notably Lord Palmerston, Mme. de Laven, Princess Esterhazy and Baron Neumann, and thus became a matter of exhibition, the whole company standing on benches to view the performance.

However, the antiwaltzing party took the alarm and cried it down. Mothers forbade it, and every ballroom became a scene of feud and contention. How profound was its unpopularity in certain quarters is proved by the paucity of waltzes against it. The famous waltz lines commencing:

"What! The girl I adore by another embraced!"

are commonly attributed to Byron, though they were published anonymously in 1812, and some authorities give Thomas Moore as the author. An impromptu purporting to be addressed by an indignant lover to his betrothed and her partner, echoes Byron's feelings:

You've brushed the bloom from the peach,
From the rose its soft hue;
What you've touched you may take,
Profane wretch, die!

Another poet delivered himself of the following distich:

How arts improve in this inspiring age!
Peep in the box, and horses tread the stage.

While waiting females, with unblushing faces,
Disdain to dance but in a man's embrace.

"The waltz, however," continues Railies, "struggled successfully through all its difficulties. Flaurbaui, who was 'la fleur du poe,' in Paris, came over and won a host of admirers. He and his partner, who were French, and when the Emperor Alexander was seen waiting around the roof at Almack's with his right uniform and numerous decorations, they surrendered at discretion."

It is a most point whether the waltz originated in France or Germany, where it came under the French name, "La Valse," or the German name, "the Ländler." According to French authorities, La Valse was simply the waltz a trois temps. Provenance was its birthplace, and it was first introduced at the court of Henry II at Fontainebleau in 1553 by the Comte de Sault, who is said to have invented it, for many called it La Valse de Sault, and the name is suitable both because of the etymology of the word and the character of the dance.

It enjoyed a great run throughout France and even penetrated to Scotland, where it met with furious opposition, one writer averring that its introduction was a "disaster," and that by the power of witches Mary Stuart once exhibited her agility in this dance, but she was careful not to repeat the experiment, and this was the cause of Germany. The dance first waltz tune appeared in 1870 in a popular song called "O du lieber Augustin." From Germany the dance made its way to Vienna and was introduced into the opera, while by and by it found its way to France. Hence it came to England—"the waltz," brought up this trip of Germany, brought up in France.

The waltz when first danced in London was a slow movement, a trois temps, and the early English waltz compositions were very poor. Strauss came to London in 1837 to play at Almack's, and his waltz music created a perfect furore. It killed the old waltz tunes, and the deus tempo usurped its place. Now that the fascination of the waltz is all powerful, it is difficult to believe the dance and its introduction caused—London Globe.

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Miss Anderson Delights Her Oldtime Teacher.

MISS JUDITH ANDERSON'S first hearing in Utah since her return, was had the other evening at Pine Lodge, Prof. Stephens' easy home on State and Twelfth South, in the presence of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Evan Arthur and Prof. Stephens, her old home teacher when she first learned that she had a voice.

Miss Anderson at once attacked a masterpiece, "The Song of Delilah," from Saint Sams' great sacred opera, "Samson and Delilah," and it settled at once the question of her achievements during the past two years with Madame Corelli. Rich and full, and produced with equal ease, was every tone from below the staff up to A above. And while not excessively dramatic to the extent of being "stagey," the true ring of varied passion thrilled in every phrase. She is a true contralto in her tone quality, but she has the register of a mezzo soprano in the upper octave, without for a moment thin-

A BACK-HANDED APOLOGY.

Anyone who has heard the district attorney of New York speak knows that the man is quite as frank as he is known to be sincere, but seldom has Mr. Jerome delivered himself of so backhanded an apology as that one which closed his latest public utterance. He had been speaking somewhat longer than he had been scheduled to, and realizing this he said he had not realized the flight of his time. "I would apologize out and out," he went on, "but whenever I start to do that I always remember the farmer's reply to the innkeeper man. The agent had been pestering him for half an hour or more to buy one of his machines, dwelling with particular emphasis on the fact that those incubators could hatch out a setting of eggs several days quicker than any hen could. Every plea was met with a stolid no, however till at last the salesman made his final bid. 'My dear sir,' said he, 'I really don't think you quite appreciate what a saving this time element would bring you.' 'Saying? Saving of what?' snorted the son of the soil, saying of my hen's time? What the deuce do I care for a hen's time?"

As Mr. Jerome seated himself the audience wondered if he really thought he had been talking to a lot of chickens.

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