Dramatic and Lyric.

Wattersonia—Next Attractions at the Theater—Bizzero Day—Jeffrey Lewis—Results of the Financial Depression on Local Music—Fay Quite Handsome—Doctor Blackballed.

There are two Wattersons. One, the broad minded patriot, the philanthropist and humanitarian, the editorial rather than the partisan—about whom the people of Salt Lake met night. The other, the rabid Democrat, the hero of protection, the morphed party man, with blazing eyes—or rather eye, for one of his orbs had itself cut long ago—and moderated shoulders, stood on the platform of the Chicago convention in June, 1892, and hacked every idea and Democrat that stood for a party which boasted to decorate protection as "a fraud, a robbery and a crime."

It is the latter Wattersons whom Salt Lakers know best. If we may be allowed to say so, it is the latter Wattersons whom the nation knows best. It may call the grand old soldier to doff the shield and helmet and the trappings of war temporarily, while he ventures on an excursion of peace and takes before friend and enemy alike, for a good lump sum per night—that same Riley drum whose possession he so much decries. But the man who, listening to last night's brilliant and elevating discussion, imagines that Henry Watterson is any less an intense Democrat, and an ardent tariff reformer and a worshiper of Jackson than ever he was—simply makes a monumental mistake. The fire of his Democracy are hot by the act of last that never than low.

The memorable burst of applause that greeted Mr. Watterson as he stepped forth and faced his very representative audience last night, after Judge Goodwin had gratefully said he was a man who leaned down upon Presidents and made senators, was a decided tribute. It was given first, perhaps, to his reputation as a man, as a soldier, as a force in this great Republic of ours. Next, without doubt, as a hearty remembrance from the strong surge of sublime Democracy in his audience, who recalled the auspices under which they had last heard him. And very memorable those auspices were! They have passed into history, and to the future student of our politics they will form one of history's most interesting pages. It was in the midst of the great Democratic convention, that nominated Cleveland, and the moment was that when the committee on platform had handed in its report. Vine had just finished the reading of the majority report on the plank relating to the tariff. That report (every one will remember) was couched in cautious terms—with caution as to not to offend the susceptibilities of each of the party as might be fearful of upsetting platform at one pull. Then arose young Neal, of Ohio, with the lodging paragraph of the minority, which declared "Republican protection is a fraud; Congress has no power to impose or collect tariff duties except for revenue purposes only."

The scene of tumult that arose baffles description. One would have thought the convention was divided into Democratic and Republican camps. All of a sudden, out of the pell mell, only one sound could be heard with distinctness, and that was the name of Watterson. The calls for rule a year, and when Watterson's bonnie locks were seen making their way among the throng to the platform, the whole twelve thousand people in the great Wigwam seemed to be on their feet at once.

When he began to speak a hush went over the vast assemblage, so sudden and so intense that it almost seemed ominous; but when he raised his voice, and filled that short left arm towards the ceiling, and shot out with all the intensity of his soul, the words that mediated for the minority report, and ended with "Protection, protects the rich and oppresses the poor," into pandemonium was let loose again. Vine vainly attempted some reply. It was like arguing with the thunder. The roll of states was called, and the report of the minority was found to be adopted, 564 to 342. Three cheers were given for Watterson as the result was announced, and the old warrior took the seat with a grim smile. He felt satisfied now that the moment that Cleveland was elected.

Many in last night's audience recalled him under still other circumstances of that momentous period. The Tuscaloosa was to prove like the Black Hawk War, and Kossuth and Webster and many others of our tribal experiences, but the memory of it is still with us, and yet brings the thunder of many a cheer. The story is—it was a period of intense anxiety for the Union Democracy, and no one knew what the result would be when the Hughes and Tuscaloosa tally stood in front of the great Chicago wigwam demanding nominees, each claiming to be the only and original Democracy of the Territory of Utah. Watterson listened to the stories locally both recognitions, and when Cleveland came he put his arm lovingly over the shoulder of "Lady" as he still loves to call Governor West, and told him to assure the regular Democracy that they stood on a rock. He was with them from that time forth. He was the biggest man in the convention, and West Watterson said "Henry" when he and Hymen came after the opinions of any who doubted, the thing was so quick and that if was settled as it was. Is it to be wondered that Watterson was so well and so long remembered by Utah Democrats, and why they were out in such numbers from last night to greet him.

At the close of his address it is enough to say that it was everything that was eloquent, patriotic, deep and sonorous. The thought is manifest everywhere, as it always is, that Utah only now has other but one state to exercise so potent a spell over a distinguished.

There will be nothing at the Theater tomorrow night, and there comes a whispered—yet it is only a whisper—that Bizzero's opera company will not be found. Monday and Tuesday evenings the house will be given over to a sort of "local" show, whose first take in all the native talent in the city. The number of school boys and girls who daily come from the stage and other shades are a surprise to those who did not know how strong our school population has grown. The result is merely in the title of the play they will present—"Our Boys," we believe, if any are realized, go to the local school church.

Wednesday and Thursday evenings, the noted Jeffrey Lewis, the best delineator of a certain one of Shakespeare now before the public, pays us her visit in a repertoire of four plays, and gives us her telling impersonations of Perpetua, Nell and Lady Blanche. It is sometimes since we had a real dramatic treat, and should neither of these plays be a success, Jeffrey Lewis, stand in the way by Henry Marshall, who was very much in evidence on the platform last night, and who is attractive, and better in what you can expect.

The Tabernacle must netted $200 from the recent Mack concert, after paying all the expenses of advertising, lights, cleaning, janitors, musicians and singers. This added to the $500 which it made from the concert at Conference time—the receipts at which, by the way, were just $200 and the expenses $300, a considerable "some down" from the "great success" described by several importunate theatrical out of gold, has given it nothing at all to go on, and the slight balance in its treasury is none up of various kinds of "orders," which, good as they are for many purposes, will not print scenery nor pay leads for the stages. The general proficiency of the choir is one to a great extent to the system of large chorus which Mr. Stephens has organized, and which were "secured" for the occasion. A depleted treasury means that these chorus cannot be taken up another season unless considerable is raised, and that even the instruction to the young organists may have to be discontinued. The public generally, while well disposed to the Mack concerts, and to little prices of them, little seem willing to assist to create such a fund and support such a body of singers, to say nothing of the good work and sacrifices in the endeavor to keeping them together and interested in their work. The Tabernacle book has become a veritable nest of money, through Condemner Stephens's method and energy the great pipe organ which remained almost a dead silent, out of the pell mell, only one sound could to heard with distinctness, and that was the name of Watterson. The calls for rule a year, and when Watterson's bonnie locks were seen making their way among the throng to the platform, the whole twelve thousand people in the great Wigwam seemed to be on their feet at once.

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he has been blackballed by the Authorities in New York. He never, at least, was withdrawn after being period for membership. The Authorities have declared that the action of Mr. Barnes of New York and Mr. Potter of Pennsylvania is not a "courtesy." Mr. Gottheil is personally a "courtesy" card fellow. There could be no objection to him by Mr. Gottheil, for he is a gentleman, and he was asked, "Are there any?" said Mr. Gottheil, when asked about the matter. "Yes, yes I remember it. I was there in Montreal." "Why, then," said Mr. Gottheil, "I know nothing of any one being present." Perhaps, though, it was done without my knowledge. In the meantime, Mr. Gottheil is the president. "No person shall be admitted to membership who is not the member of a recognized Jewish congregation in either state or nationally." Merry work.

The last expedition to David Homer-ston's vineyard in the bay about Provo and Lake Fay and Herriman have quit each other. They met a couple the other night in Mr. Weaver's place in Provo, and it was the talk of the town that the Fay and Homerston he would not consent to his engagement for Saturday night, when the Morrison Opera company will close a week's engagement in Provo and in the Academy of Music and will use those the same. It is said that Fay presented Miss Lucy a week and that it afterwards had him be wanted entirely too much. According to report Fay was getting $300, Fay will give that season. In a play called Oil the Battle, written by John D. Gilbert, Herriman Brown, manager of the company, is said to be interested in the exception.

Manager Henderson's letter regarding the contract with Fay is dated at Cheyenne, May 1, and in it he gives seven reasons for terminating Fay's contract. Mr. Henderson accuses Fay of being a stockholder opposed to the company, refusing to play parts assigned to him and changing the "business" to suit himself, neglecting to attend rehearsals on certain days, and in general, of not being in the new book the company is now rehearsing. Mr. Henderson also claims that Fay uses profane and vulgar language before the women, and that he has to constantly remind the stage to so to render it unendurable for other members of the company to play their parts with any degree of pleasure. Fay has tried to kill the stage business of his associate to prevent their winning applause.

Fay was seen last night as soon as he had returned from speaking a pleasant hour with a small party of friends. When asked to give a statement regarding the situation he hesitated somewhat and Mr. Henderson as such.

One year ago last January I signed a contract with Mr. Henderson, which is in force until January 1, 1895. For the last three years Henderson has been trying to keep me down. Instead of allowing me to do the best work I could, he has tried to keep me down. I am willing to do the best work I can, but I do not say how and every time with gives me new lines which amounted to nothing. He knows that I have signed a contract to go with another show as soon as my contract with him expires. He doesn't want to see me in the show he is going to put on this summer, simply because I am sure that we will fall and I am not in a position paying to it all summer, theatrical managers will attempt to the show on the ground that its failure is gone. I deny every accusation contained in the other point blank. I am going on with my work, and my for the part can be not to attempt to interfere with me by keeping out of the show. I am going to get out an injunction restraining him from keeping me from doing my part in the contract."

Harold Russell, the handsome and capable actor, who plays the leading part here in The Girl I Left Behind Me, was pulled to serve in Salt Lake last evening. It is not a little disaster that bring him to town, however. His season has just ended, and he is traveling as fast as the train can bear him to Los Angeles, Ada Lewis Russell, who will be seen in the same play, will take care of him." Mr. Russell has many friends here who will be glad to greet him again.

The trustees of the Forest Home, at Hahnemann, Pa., have formulated a plan by which the inmates of the Forest Home will be removed some time during the next year or so from the old site, which is overshadowed, and in Philadelphia, to the grounds of the Home. In order to carry out this plan the Home estimate that the trustees purpose to sell the property of the home, which is expected to so increase in value as to make the project feasible. The Forest stands in the south of Philadelphia. Within its bounds is the remains not only of the tragedian, but those of his father, mother, two children and three sisters, as shown by the clan, which is carved on the column.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

Of the Five Schools of the Twenty-ninth School District.

The commencement exercises of the five schools of the Twenty-ninth school district were held in the ward assembly hall, May 11, 1894, at 10 a.m. The building was crowded. Very excellent music of regular class work, showing the pupils and visitors the actual work done in the schools. The exercises were far in excess of any before witnessed and spoke volumes for the excellent system adopted and the faithful work of the teachers.

PROGRAM.

[illegible]

The exercises lasted two hours and were most pleasingly received throughout.

ROLL OF HONOR

For the Forest Dale school—Pupils who have not been absent or tardy except through sickness the last half year: Lizzie Olsen, Gertie Carson, Jessie Smith, Clara Olsen, Lizzie Smith, Mary Smith, Addie Carson, Effie Olsen, Ruby Young, Ivy Young, Addie Jones, Fannie Olsen, Samuel Cox, Wm. Jensen, John Olsen.

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An Almost Miraculous Cure by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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Public Abscess in My Side.

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I Was Getting Better

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I Feel Better Than Ever

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[illegible]

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills cure Sick Headache, 25 cents. [illegible]

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Ask for your shot what never shot before, and for your shells what never shot the score.

"Leader" "Leader" Shell,
"Ely" "Ely" "Trap" Shell,
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Has got to Washington, but we have got his shoes, or rather the shoes of his good friend, Coxey, and we are now competitors are complaining about that shoes we are selling goods. It is true we are not making the prices they used to get, but we are selling shoes with a small profit and doing some business.

Our EAGLE, GATE and MULE EAR Calf, will at cents, sight, or meeting with success beyond our most sanguine expectations, and we are have added a 5 cent rigid tip on the foot to keep the toe in shape. This is called the SELF LINE. We also have a line of their cheap pegged left.

- EAGLE
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[illegible]

HALL'S CALIFORNIA

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[illegible]

Real Estate

For Sale or Trade in all parts of the City. Jay H. Stephens, 23 Union National Bank Building.

I HAVE A NEAT 5 ROOMED HOUSE, [illegible] on Second West, [illegible] Brigham, Elders Journal Back Office.

A [illegible] CHEAP WITH 4 ROOMS, [illegible] and pantry, [illegible] Brigham, Elders Journal Back Office.

I HAVE A FINE FARM OF 10 ACRES [illegible] Brigham, Elders Journal Back Office.

A [illegible] HOUSE AND LOT, [illegible] Brigham, Elders Journal Back Office.

A [illegible] HOUSE AND LOT IN [illegible] Brigham, Elders Journal Back Office.

I HAVE A FINE FARM OF 10 ACRES