



The dread with which theatrical managers regard the week before Christmas, has been fully justified by the events of the past few nights at both houses. With all the preliminary work done for "The Belle of New York," and with all its international reputation to help it out, the business it did was beggarly. Both shows of the week at the Grand drew but light houses, and even the return of one of her old time favorite sons of song, B. B. Young, did not distract Salt Lake's thoughts from Christmas shopping. In his case the lack of patronage is much to be regretted, and it is almost exasperating to think of the dollars we have poured into the laps of cheap John attractions during the season, and contrast it with the slight support he was accorded. Still we shall all trust he may not be discouraged; at another time, and probably in a smaller auditorium, he would undoubtedly secure the hearing his charming entertainment deserves.

As for "The Belle of New York," no one will waste many regrets over the fact that the ante Christmas blizzard gave her a severe nipping of frost. Such entertainments simply cause one to mourn over the lavish waste of money and talent their preparation involves, and to mourn still more at the decadence of popular taste and discrimination in the great cities which can make such shows successful. It is altogether a hopeful sign for the West that its people remain away from them in droves, and it is to be hoped that the poor business done in Salt Lake was not entirely due to the counter holiday attractions.

The theater will be dark all next week, the usually eagerly sought for Christmas dates being unfilled. The next attraction at the Theater will be Herman, the wizard, a nephew, by the way, of the original Herman, the last night of the old century and the first night of the new one. "Why Smith Left Home" comes on Jan. 3rd and 4th. A big production of "Shenandoah" follows on the 9th and 10th, and after that the theater will remain open for almost every night. Sundays excepted for three months, as Manager Pyper will have in addition to his own bookings, those of Mr. Mulvey, to look after.

Mr. Mulvey will have a clear field all next week, and he will make the most of it. Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday with matinees on both Christmas and Wednesday afternoons, the well-known Haverly minstrels, headed by Geo. Wilson, occupy the boards; Harry Houghton, the minstrel, is another member, and Naukewille, the singer and writer, figures in the role of proprietor of the company, having bought the Haverly trade mark. Dec. 27, 28 and 29 Mr. Mulvey presents the stirring play of "Human Hearts," which, rather oddly, was written by the same Mr. Naukewille. He, however, appears with the minstrels, not with the play.

B. B. Young must have indulged in many reminiscences as he stood on the stage of the Theater the other night, and thought back over the time when, "a youth to fortune and to fame unknown," he first trod those historic boards. How many years ago it was, one concerned in the events of those days hardly likes to estimate, but it was certainly long before the eighties when Professor Carless and the Philharmonic society gave the town its first taste of Pinafore. B. B. Young (Brig then—Hicknell now) was the professor's prize pupil, and he had his pick of the fair Josephine, later, on a revival, Emma White took her place; "Sally" Olsen (now Mrs. J. C. Langford) was the "Little Buttercup," Lizzie Sanders was the Hebe, and the sisters, cousins and sons comprised many of the belles of the city of that day—the staid dames and matrons of this. The success of "Pinafore" was the wonder of that age, and though the opera was done a hundred times after by traveling companies, no rendition ever gave the satisfaction or made the money that the original did. Mr. Young's success, in fact, was one of the things that decided him on going abroad to pursue his studies. He went to London, met Madame Mazzucato, married her, and with her has long been practicing his profession in Chicago. They are among the most popular teachers of the windy city, and their names are often seen in the press notices of notable musical events given there.

Nat M. Brigham must also have found food for retrospect in singing

from the Salt Lake Theater stage. Like his old friend and fellow singer, B. B. Young, a big part of his career dates from those boards. Mr. Brigham first came to Utah for an Omaha newspaper, he sang here in a social way, and his rich voice at once made him a big circle of friends. Later he and Mr. Young became intimately associated in Omaha, and when Madame Young Sampson of Omaha, Mr. Brigham appeared there in the title role. The work was brought to Salt Lake, with Mr. Brigham, Mr. Young and Bertha Taylor in the leading parts. It made a decided hit, so much so that there was talk on the part of the Union Pacific

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LAURA NELSON HALL,  
Leading Lady of the Cummings Stock Co.

of sending the opera out on the road, as a standing advertisement—it being filled with complimentary allusions to the overland route. But nothing came of it, and later Mr. Brigham came back to Salt Lake and went into business. In the political campaign that resulted in the election of Grover Cleveland, he took a prominent part at the eastern end, and later was appointed United States marshal for this State, a position which he held for several years. Of late he has been in the railroad business, serving for the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe, and it was in his travels over that route that he accumulated the materials for the charming lectures he now delivers. His success has been pronounced in the lecture field, and he intends following that career. He is now accumulating facts for a lecture on Utah, and expects to make a trip through the State next summer with the photographer whose fine views form so attractive a part of his present entertainments.

Manager Mulvey has engaged the leading musicians of the city to appear in a big orchestral concert at the Grand theater on Wednesday night, Jan. 2, 1901. Twenty men, conducted by Walter Coleman, who proved at the last affair that he can conduct in an artistic fashion, will be assisted by Prof. H. S. Goddard, who will sing one number with orchestral accompaniment, and another with piano; Miss Harrington, of Ogden, one of our star singers, will be heard in two choice selections, and Mr. McClellan will again render the second and third movements from the dashy Moscheles Concerto, being accompanied throughout by the entire orchestra. This latter feature is so new in our community that it also should be in a drawing card, but all the

numbers will be gems. The orchestra will play both popular and classical music. Mr. Coleman will repeat the selection from the "Singing Bird," which made such a hit before. Popular rates of admission are the order and seats will be reserved in the gallery. The tickets will be on sale at leading music stores and at the boxoffice of the Grand.

Laura Nelson Hall, the new leading woman of the Cummings Stock company, whose season at the New Grand Theater begins January 17th, is as yet unknown to Salt Lake theater goers. She is said to be an actress of unusual ability, and of great charm. In the East she has earned the reputation of being a woman of great resource. On a recent occasion she played the leading part at the Murray Hill theater in New York at two hours' notice. Manager Donnelly then tried to engage her for the remainder of his season, but she had already signed contracts with the Cummings company.

Miss Hall received her early stage training at the hands of Augustin Daly, whose tuition has made more great actors than that of all the other managers in this country. Miss Hall was in the Daly company for two years. She played the leading part in "The White Horse Tavern," under the management of Chas. Frohman, and in "The Purple Lady," a farce by Sidney Rosenfeld. She recently made a hit in the quaint part of "Wee Sing." In the Japanese play of that name.

A number of prominent theatrical men were discussing, in a certain Chicago club, one day last week, the probable earnings of a few of the more important theatrical managers for the season of 1900 and 1901. Of the six or seven, which comprise the foremost list, the following was the result: Charles Frohman, \$200,000; Wm. A. Brady, \$250,000; Klaw & Erlanger, \$275,000; Jacob Litt, \$250,000; Lieber & Co., \$250,000; and the firm known as the "Syndicate," \$300,000. This is exclusive of twenty to twenty-five managers who will earn all the way from \$25,000 to \$40,000.

#### MUSIC NOTES.

Mr. Coleman, Mr. Goddard and Mr. McClellan are working like Trojans to make the next combined orchestral concert at the Grand a big success.

Alies Nielsen has obtained court sanction to the use of her maiden name, which is the one by which she is known on the stage. She got a divorce from Benjamin Neutwig some time ago.

Prof. Beezley's Christmas carol, which won the prize offered by the Christmas News, will be rendered by the Tabernacle choir during the service tomorrow. It is also being rehearsed by several ward choirs.

Conflicting reports concerning Lulu Glaser's starring venture in "Sweet Anne Page" come from the East. Reliable information, however, has it that Glaser has not yet set foot on the fire as a star, though "Sweet Anne Page" cannot be strictly classed as a failure.

J. K. Murray, who was here some years ago, is another member of the theatrical guild to go into voluntary bankruptcy. The papers were recently filed.

## SQUIRE COOP IN BERLIN.

Special Correspondence.

Berlin, Nov. 26.—In response to the invitation of the "News" the following first impressions of my European visit are very respectfully submitted, and it is eminently fitting that I begin with the proverb, "He that humbly himself shall be exalted."

I can agree heart and soul with Prof. Evan Stephens that there is no pleasure in roaming around the world alone. Although my journey to this place occupied but three weeks, it proved sufficient to convince me that happiness does not spring from without, but rather from within. I am now of the opinion that traveling on land or sea, being privileged to observe the immensities and the grandeur of the world, is an atom when compared with the influence of a sympathetic companion. Nevertheless, one must acknowledge to a certain interest in the many magnificent and otherwise entertaining things to be encountered between Salt Lake City and Berlin. As you would see this is a long call. The great cities of America, England, and the continent, with their palaces, temples, crowded thoroughfares, their parks and museums, most certainly do not pass without note.

#### MID OCEAN CONCERT.

Sea travel, I found to be about the most distressing thing in the world, especially if one is anxious to be at a certain place. The ship's railing, but as every one is more or less acquainted with the experience of continental travelers (those who do not go down) it were inexcusable of me to attempt a description as such to those who have not had it at hand. I will, however, with some feeling of justification, mention the first European concert I attended, which took place on board the S. S. Lucania in mid ocean last night. I have a few recollections of localities are responsible for many incongruities. You have doubtless heard of these famous concerts. The program presented at this artist's concert, as it was called, was a gem. A song by a French maid, a concertina solo by a dirty looking Finn from the steerage, another song by an English gentleman, apparently of high degree, but with a low voice, and very soft delivery (not too soft), a comic recitation by an Albino, who wore an advertising costume covered with the words "Candy Cane," a piano piece and a song by that "young fellow," (myself), quite a number of English pieces in the ballad and song line, sung with much spirit (Scottish, I believe), a juggling act by a Jap, and more songs by the unrepresable French maid, whose voice sounded as though it was compelled to squeeze out as many turns and angles as there are in the Paris sewer system, before it could sound its little squeak, and much more of the like. This fare at least served to amuse and raise the spirits of the passengers—besides the dead and other things. To crown this incongruity, few—being we passed Melba and the other Mandellins on their way to New York. They did not speak, neither did I. I was too sick. The only thing that I have as yet experienced which was as inglorious as these two days on the Atlantic ocean, was the bath in crossing the North Sea from Gimsby, Eng., to Hamburg.

#### BERLIN IMPRESSIONS.

I don't think that one can find anywhere in the world more exercises for all the organs of the body—not forgetting the "gastric" (than on one of these little wholly tiffs that carry herring and other fish from the east coast of the British Isles to the continent, and the price is only 20 shillings (without meals)—and now to my first impressions. First impressions upon arriving in musical Berlin, take the form of impressions. One discovers himself lost in this hot bed of the world's best talent. Here, where you elbow geniuses by the score in the halls and corridors of the numerous concert halls, the presence of so much genuine talent and executive ability as yet unknown outside the circle of immediate acquaintances, drives you to the contemplation of your own real comparative worth, or unless one is positively dishonest, he must acknowledge to himself and any one, in fact, that "there are others" both in point of numbers and kind—especially kind. For this is the thing that I have as yet experienced which was as inglorious as these two days on the Atlantic ocean, was the bath in crossing the North Sea from Gimsby, Eng., to Hamburg.

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In Boston showing that the singer's liabilities are \$16,907.23, one item of which is that he owes his wife, Clara Lane, \$5,000 in back salary.

Salt Laker who felt mortified to see the Grau Opera company pass us by, while a town like Lincoln, Neb., was enabled to guarantee them \$10,000, will have their feelings a little mollified when they learn that the Lincoln performance was a failure. The receipts were only \$5,000 and the enterprising citizens of Lincoln who gave the guarantee, are now mourning to the extent of just that sum.

The late Sir Arthur Sullivan left an estate of about \$200,000 (\$250,000), nearly all of which goes to his nephew, H. Sullivan. He made small bequests to his two other nephews and to his daughter, a niece, who resides at Los Angeles, Cal., and bequeathed \$1,000 each to his housekeeper and valet. Sir Arthur also left a number of mementoes to his silver and china, to personal friends, men and women, among them being Mrs. Beach Grant, mother of Lady Essex; Mrs. Ronalds, Mrs. D'Oyley Carte and Mrs. Crutchley. He also left a number of his original scores to musical institutions and friends. Mrs. Ronalds getting the score of "The Lost Chord." He left his portrait to the Nation.

At the time of Sir Arthur Sullivan's death, "Patience" was in revival in London for the first time since its first long term, excepting in suburban theaters. The separation between Sullivan and Gilbert was so complete that because the librettist directed the rehearsal the musician had written the melodies of a new Irish operetta, but had done nothing with the accompaniment or orchestration, and nothing is yet decided as to a completion of the work.

A bunch of programs received from Mrs. and Mr. R. C. Easton in New York, convey the intelligence that genial "Hob" is steadily winning his way as a singer in the metropolis. One of the last programs has a fine half-tune of Mr. Easton who is billed as "The Scotch Tenor." He sang at the People's Church on December 17th and was made the feature of the session. Mrs. Easton, who is the violinist, is so being on the program. Recently he also sang at Chickering Hall at a concert given by Miss Catherine Schlosser, the blind pianist. Last month he sang at the Tuxedo and on the 10th of December, he sang at the Tuxedo, and last but not least, that Prof. Evan Stephens has told you that Sembrich is his ideal singer, I must whisper to you that I was not perfectly satisfied. If you should have the opportunity of hearing her this winter (as she has gone to America), I ask you to observe if there is not a characterless quality in her low notes, and a little stiffness of voice all through her register. I am sure that I have heard more perfect vocalization, and again, if she has always enough power and breadth of tone, especially when the orchestra, chorus and principals are at it, in earnest, with her. On the other hand, in solo work, she

you must come here and mix with them to appreciate fully what real musical talent is, what a quantity there is, and also what one's local reputation really amounts to—again have I discovered that localities are responsible for many incongruities.

The emphatic lowering of one's self to a proper level or rather of being lowered, constitutes one of my principal first impressions, and while there may be a little heartache in this, it nevertheless possesses compensating virtues, for certainly one must not always remain a stranger to the truth. I do not wish to enter that music students and injurious disappointment in these conditions, quite the contrary; the incentive to buckle down to earnest work and earn a conscientious word of approbation becomes the only desire of your heart. In the presence of so much hard earned ability, one is ashamed to cherish longer that which is not genuine, and you are glad to awaken fully to the demands of an honorable artist life.

Then again—there are moments when the worst of us, like prodigals, return to our Father, and we take comfort in being reminded of the passage of scripture which reads, "He that humbly himself shall be exalted, and he that exalts himself shall be brought down." While we are becoming accustomed to our new self—our real self.

#### WORKING WITH BUSONI.

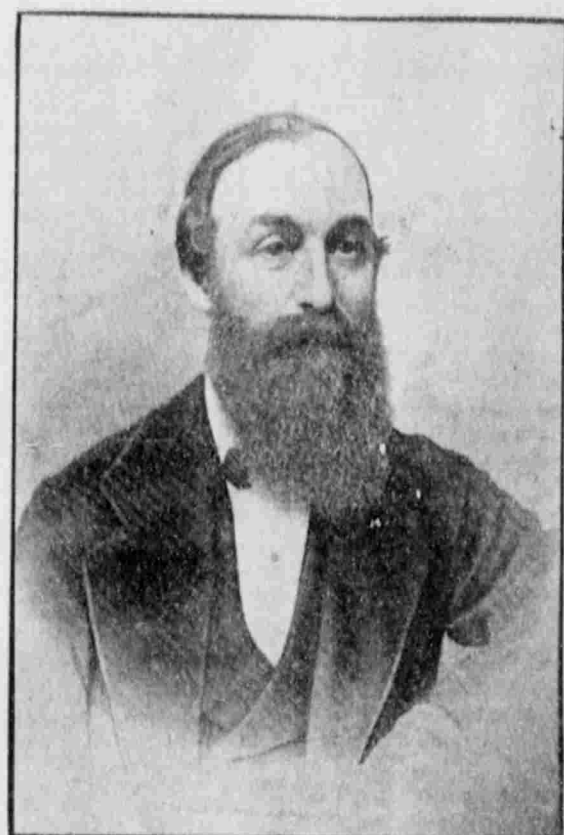
If I should convey to you in any way that I have been made to feel other than very humble in this short month in Berlin, I would be lying to you outright. That Mr. Busoni, by the way, is here, and he is introducing his "Chopin studies" has invited me to call upon him and will help me—or that after January 1 I shall go to Busoni (undoubtedly the biggest man here), is in no wise a compliment on the ground of talent. Gold is sold the world over and great teachers are not the exceptions that prove this rule. If you can read fairly well—say Beethoven's first sonatas and have the 20 or 25 marks (about 40 cents) in your pocket, you have had a good hand, and the hands of friends, is only pardonable on the ground that we knew no better. Our friends—God bless them, meant well—to tell me. One writer has said, "A friend exaggerates a man's virtues, an enemy inflames his crimes." Is very true. If I may be pardoned for assuming to be an adviser, I should like to ask the people of Utah to encourage talent to work, and not make it satisfied with what it is. Utah's native talent is out of proportion to its technical efficiency in both playing and singing, and writing as well. The simple acts of wiggling one's arms at a chorus, playing an easy accompaniment, singing, or writing a hymn tune or playing a pretty piece on an organ or piano, are but the simplest forms of musical life. Every sincere musician in Salt Lake, I am sure, will support me in this assertion, and unless one is devoted to "art" than to this "business," connected with it, I would not be surprised if some day there occurred a general smashing of idols, and the curtain cannot run down too soon when the play is not fair.

#### MUSICAL RICHES.

I can't say that these sentiments exactly belong to my first impressions of Berlin, though in character they are not absolutely all-natured. I see that I have used up a lot of good paper and ink and have yet not told you anything about this musically busy city, the thing which you undoubtedly would really care to hear about, so I will retrace my steps.

Another first impression of Berlin, is that its exceptional advantages lie in the way of orchestral concerts, piano and violin recitals, and German operas in the order named.

## OLD SALT LAKERS.



THOMAS A. WHEELER.

The late Thomas A. Wheeler's earliest employment in Utah was as farmer for President Willford Woodruff, who regarded him as a typically successful tiller of the soil. The results he achieved both on President Woodruff's farm adjoining the city and later on his own fields in South Cottonwood, justified this high opinion formed of him. Thomas A. Wheeler was born at the village of Little Birch, Herefordshire, England, January 25, 1820. He joined the "Mormons" in 1851, being baptized into the Church on July 13 of that year, by Elder Henry Walker. He came to Salt Lake City in 1852, arriving here Sept. 20. For several years he made this place his home, and was an active man in the affairs of the day, though he was not then called to any prominent position. He removed to South Cottonwood, Salt Lake county, and in 1873 was made counselor to the late Bishop Joseph S. Rawlins. In October, 1875, he went on a mission to Great Britain, and on returning two years later, resumed his place as Bishop's counselor, retaining it till Bishop Rawlins' death, in October last. He was only a few weeks in following his associate presiding officer to the spirit world, his death occurring on Nov. 17, 1890. Like Bishop Rawlins, Elder Wheeler was held in the highest esteem by the people of his ward and by his extensive list of acquaintance outside of South Cottonwood. In his early days in Utah he had quite an experience in the Echo Canyon "war." He also served two terms as justice of the peace in South Cottonwood precinct.

persons of the Marcella Sembrich Italian Opera company. The opera "I Puritani," "Don Pasquale," "Rigoletto," "Faust," and so on, have been presented in very fine style. The magnificent singer (I wish I could say perfect, but the word means so very much, that I can't), was assisted by excellent Italian artists, chorus, the well known Italian opera conductor, Herwig, and the best basso I have ever heard, Arimondi by name (remember it). In spite of the fact that many of these cold, unconvincing Germans paid over and over again as high as 20 marks for seats, that stood up from 6 to 11 p. m., that Sembrich was received with tremendous applause and applause, and "bravos," that Der Kaiser issued a royal command that she should sing at Potsdam, and last but not least, that Prof. Evan Stephens has told you that Sembrich is his ideal singer, I must whisper to you that I was not perfectly satisfied. If you should have the opportunity of hearing her this winter (as she has gone to America), I ask you to observe if there is not a characterless quality in her low notes, and a little stiffness of voice all through her register. I am sure that I have heard more perfect vocalization, and again, if she has always enough power and breadth of tone, especially when the orchestra, chorus and principals are at it, in earnest, with her. On the other hand, in solo work, she

does really rise to divine heights, and her voice is as soft as summer moonlight, full of warmth and meaning.

#### RARE ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.

There have been other musical events of equal importance during the past month, which I find I have not now the room to record. Glancing through my program, I count 19, and I have not mentioned any of them. I did intend to say something about the orchestral concerts and the conducting of Nikisch and Weingartner, as the importance of these events are recognized the world over. These regular Berlin institutions form the backbone of Berlin's strength, but when I enter the contemplation of these concerts and the programs presented, I feel so small that I instinctively touch myself to discover if I have any real existence—and I reflect back 7,000 miles. What would the beacon lights of Utah give to be able to write a symphony which Mr. Nikisch or Mr. Weingartner would accept? "It is to laugh, is it not?"—when we strut around like a bantam cock over a half stolen march or roundelay.

I see I am getting started again on my principal first impressions, so with the admonition to Utah talent to press on earnestly and conscientiously, and becoming blinded by flattery, to its real status in the musical world, I close these greetings, with a prayer for the welfare of all at home.

#### SQUIRE COOP.

"Because he was first in war and peace, and in the hearts of his countrymen."

Another boy raised his hand. "Well, Johnnie, who do you think was the first man?"

"Don't know his name, but it wasn't Washington."

"Why are you so positive?"

"Well, my history says he married a widow, and there must have been some one ahead of him."—The Household.

#### WHY GEORGE WAS NOT FIRST.

The short-cut reasoning of children is well illustrated in the following. The scene is laid in an American school-room.

Teacher asked, "Who was the first man?"

Little boy (at rear of class)—"George Washington."

"Why do you think George Washington was the first man?"

"Because he was first in war and peace, and in the hearts of his countrymen."

Another boy raised his hand. "Well, Johnnie, who do you think was the first man?"

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## Musicians' Directory.

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|---|--|
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## "FLORODORA" SCORES A METROPOLITAN TRIUMPH.

Edna Wallace-Hopper's Great Scene in the Second Act of the New Comic Opera is a Striking Hit.



New Yorkers are as ardent admirers of the British capital, is drawing crowded houses at the Casino in Gotham.