



"CUPID AT VASSAR" is the lively title of the next attraction Manager Pyper will present his patrons. It commences Monday night and will run Tuesday and Wednesday with a special matinee Wednesday at 3:30 p. m. "Cupid at Vassar" is presented by a lively company headed by Florence Gear, while the songs rendered are from the pen of A. Baldwin Sloane, composer of "Lady Teazle" and "The Gingerbread Man." Miss Gear is a Brook-

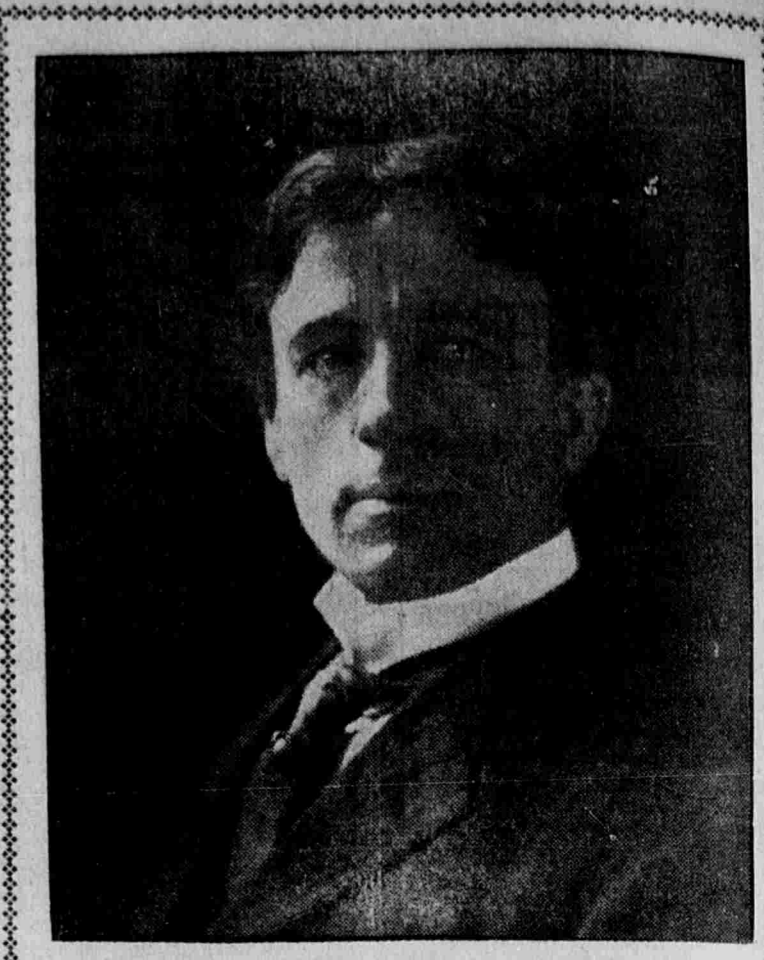
English eccentric clown. Pername Brothers, come fresh from Europe where it is said they succeeded in extracting more laughs from their audiences in a given length of time than any other four clowns in the business. A musician of unusual ability is what Hyman Meyer should be called, as he not only gets music out of the piano but he has a line of high class comedy. Bernier and Stella come recommended as refined singers and dancers. Frank Bernier was a baritone in the Empire Stock company of Providence and Blanche Stella was comedienne in the "Isle of Spice" for three seasons. These features, with the ever popular kinodrome, and Welles's orchestra complete the bill.

Next week in the Lyric theater, New York, Mr. E. H. Sothern, laying aside the whistlers of Lord Dunsany, will resume his former character of Francois Villon in that capital romantic drama "If I Were King," which Justin Huntley McCarthy wrote for him several years ago. Mr. Sothern makes good use of it. On Monday week he will make his long-promised production of Laurence Irving's play, "The Fool Hath Said," in his heartiness, which is another version of Dostoevsky's novel, "Crime and Punishment." It will be remembered

"It's quite simple," he said when asked why he had deserted the "legitimate" just couldn't get enough engagements. A year in "Raffles" and a fortnight in "The Incubus" represent my only roles for some time. So, for the present, I intend to keep to the halls. I have an option on Richard Harding Davis's sketch "Itags Reegan" which, as you know, made a hit across the Atlantic. "One of the troubles with the theater here," Irving added, "is that there are too many people with private backers who buy money and buy a part for a certain actor or actress. Thus, the man or woman who has earned success by hard work is elbowed out of a salary. Like his elder brother, Laurence Irving is an uncommonly capable actor, so the fact that he is not in demand with managers is the more surprising. Certainly the late Sir Henry would turn in his grave did he know that his younger son was doing a music hall turn.

she won't, and there's an end on't." Thus runs the adage and it is particularly true when the woman happens to be La Divine Sarah. She has decided that she won't and the result is that Henry Battaille's "Faust," the production of which at the Theatre Sarah Bernhardt all Paris was awaiting with eager interest, has been shelved. The talented young author may invoke the aid of the courts to enforce his contract and compel the great tragedienne to change her mind, but despite his warlike name and bellicose reputation in a legal combat with such a woman he is pretty sure to be worsted. Not even Mephistopheles himself could cajole or terrify Sarah into playing a role that she does not want to play. In any event, by adopting the plan of periodically taking up the rehearsals and then dropping them again the directorate of the theater could delay the presentation of the play for three years and by that time the small stock of patience which Battaille possesses would certainly be exhausted.

Meanwhile theatrical Paris is hugely enjoying the row between the tragedienne and the dramatist. Sarah says that Battaille's "Faust," in its present form, is unplayable, and that was made abundantly evident to anybody capable of taking a before-the-footlights view of a piece, at the rehearsals. Battaille, on the other hand, asserts that there is nothing wrong with the play, but a good deal is wrong with Sarah. From the beginning, he says, she proved to be intractable—no new discovery, that—objecting to the employment of certain artists in the roles for which they were best fitted, insisted on making radical changes in the play and was more than insistent that undue prominence should be given to her own part, that of Mephistopheles. Furthermore, it seems, her conception of the character was very different from that of the author. Battaille maintains that the Mephistopheles of Goethe was that of a gentlemanly fiend with redeeming features—that he stood not for Satan, the embodiment of all that is evil, but for a spirit—the spirit of negation. As Faust was of a restraining sort, of a nature to warn him that there were limitations to his power and his support, this much-admired, second-hand devil sort of a devil, did not fit in with Sarah's actions of the out and out Satan Mephistopheles with which she expected to hold Paris spellbound. Hence, as can be imagined, there were "frictions" between her and Battaille. Neither would yield and balked in her desire to get her own way. La Divine suspended rehearsals and has commenced work on another play.



HOWARD KYLE, At the Orpheum Next Week.

ing is as good as it once was, and also upon the fact that the tendency of the play of the present is to entertain its audiences instead of preaching to them. "Would that it were possible," concluded Mr. Skinner, "to bring some half dozen or so of the old time Theatres to Broadway. I know the aud-



SCENE FROM FLORENCE GEAR'S PRODUCTION OF "CUPID AT VASSAR."

lyn girl who has made decided success since she went out as a singing actress. She comes under the management of Jules Murry.

"The Virginian" is coming to the Salt Lake theater again with Campeau in his old part, but with Farnum's place taken by Tony Hart. Farnum, in the meantime, is having varying fortunes in New York. His "Ranger" was not a success, and now he is to try his hand in another new play. It is a comedy of American life, its author is Mr. Byron Ogley, and the title is "The Rector's Garden."

Mr. Farnum takes the part of a westerner, a product of mountain camps, who is saved by religion from becoming a train robber. He takes to preaching and, developing into a rector, gets a parish in an eastern rural district. There the veins of comedy and sentiment are developed.

The cast assembled for this play includes Miss Grace Elliston, Miss Flora Juliet Bowley and Mr. William Courtenay.

The end of next week brings another big Klaw & Erlanger production in "Forty-five Minutes From Broadway," with Scott Welch in the role of Kid Burns. The principal female role in "Forty-five Minutes From Broadway," this year, is played by Miss Frances Gordon, who has had considerable advertising through the eastern press, as a delineator of the lively kind of roles that George Cohan delights in providing for his heroines. Miss Gordon's part will be that of "Plain Mary," the servant girl. The usual big production may be looked for, as Klaw & Erlanger do not seem out anything below the first grade.

It will be pleasant news to the old friends of Howard Kyle to learn that he is to be the headliner at the Orpheum next week. He comes with his own company presenting an artistic sketch entitled "The Joke." Mr. Kyle will be sure of a royal reception. In addition to him the following are announced: Bertha Bertina, heralded as the "Queen of all Toe Dancers," she is expected to make a sensation. By way of diversion two well known

brother. Several thrilling situations occur, including a battle scene, opens at the Lyric this afternoon. It is presented by the O'Neil Stewart company from New York, but the management announce that in spite of the expense of bringing the company here, the price of admission will run on the 10, 20 and 50 cent basis. The story bubbles over with real human nature, and includes many rural types which are said to be especially amusing.

"Quincy Adams Sawyer," a rural play with a big reputation, opens at the Lyric this afternoon. It is presented by the O'Neil Stewart company from New York, but the management announce that in spite of the expense of bringing the company here, the price of admission will run on the 10, 20 and 50 cent basis. The story bubbles over with real human nature, and includes many rural types which are said to be especially amusing.

**THEATER GOSSIP**

Mr. Charles Frohman has engaged Mr. Harry Bulger for the role of Joe Mivins in "The Dairymaids," and the comedian will join the company in Buffalo next Monday night.

It was announced last week that Virginia Harrod would not be under the management of the Shuberts next season. Her projected tour in "Camille" was abandoned two or three weeks ago.

When Fanny Rice returns to comic opera in September she will be seen in a spectacular revival of "At the French Ball," which had an extended run at the Bijou theater in New York several years ago and in which she starred with very great success for two or

that the late Richard Mansfield acted part of the hero, Rodion, a good many years ago.

With much of what Mr. Henry Miller wrote in his recently published letter on the "new theater" movement, the present writer has always been in accord. The dramatic art, like all other arts, needs free competition for its development, rather than patronage. Moreover, money can build and endow a theater, but it cannot create actors or actresses. The it is an effective pleasure theater will lack the spur of necessity that may goad a starving competitor to achievement. Luxurious theaters, however, furnished with every conceivable amenity, are not good things to have. They will be convenient when the actors worthy of them have been found. In the meantime it is good news to hear that Mr. Miller—one of our few capable managers—is starting what he purposes to make a permanent stock company on his own account. It is upon the creation of stock companies, of the right kind, that the hope of the artistic theater in the near future must mainly rest. The more of them there are, and the better the competition is between them, the better. But Mr. Miller will discover that he has a hard task before him. And it is doubtful whether he is beginning in the right way. Perhaps he would be wiser to begin, as C. R. Benson began in England, with beginners. In Miss Mathison indeed, he has a pillar of strength or a valuable foundation stone. But she cannot do it all by herself. Other players do not inspire confidence. They have too much to forget. All lovers of the theater, however, will wish him good luck.—N. Y. Post.

**IN LONDON THEATERS.**

Special Correspondence. LONDON, Feb. 28.—By this time, some thousands of American playgoers must have seen "My Wife," the comedy from the French in which John Drew is now

appearing with "Billie" Burke as his leading woman. In Paris, as readers probably know, it was called "Mlle. Josette, Ma Femme," and it ran there for more than a year, a remarkable feat in the "City of Light" where a frequent change of titles is the usual order. Thereafter, moreover, the English version of this sparkling comedy crowded the London Haymarket for months on end, and according to all accounts it will serve John Drew for as lengthy a period. One would think that the first manager to whom it was offered would have jumped at it, but that was long way from being the case according to an interview with its author, Paul Gavault, which a Parisian weekly publishes. From this it appears that "Josette" had to knock at theatrical doors exactly seven times before one was opened to her, and the biggest and most successful of Paris theaters refused to give her hospitality. No less surprising is Mr. Gavault's admission that in spite of the success of "Josette" he had the greatest difficulty in placing his other offspring, "The Happiness of Jacqueline," which is now crowding the Paris "Gymnase," and which you are to have in America ere long. The manuscript of this play rested in a pigeon-hole at the Paris Vaudeville for several years, and each season the manager said cheerfully to the author, "Mon petit," "theatrical folk in France always call their friends 'petit' however big they are—"your comedy is charming, I am going to play it at once." When this had been going on for some time, and "Mlle. Josette" had achieved its success, the author went back to the manager once more and said, "Mon petit, I want my play back again, you will never play it," and that is how Mlle. Jacqueline came to be a pensionnaire at the Gymnase. The evidence that even the authors of successful plays have their difficulties almost comparable with the tire-

"What's in a name?" Juliet's famous query may be repeated with reason by Laurence Irving, the younger of the late Sir Henry's sons. He has just started his friends and acquaintances by going into vaudeville and accepting an engagement at the rejuvenated London "Coliseum," and everybody is asking why? It apparently having occurred to no one else, however, to put the query to the young actor himself, I did so last evening in his dressing-room at the big music hall, where I found him making up for his part in "Micks and Ficks."

Despite these failures, however, a lot more adaptations from works of fiction are announced, most important of them, perhaps, being "The Lord of Latimer Street," a dramatization by Olive Madox Huoffer of his book of the same name. This will be given at Terry's on Feb. 23. Nina Boucicault appearing in the heroine's part.

"When a woman wills, she will, you may depend on't. And when she won't,

"Susannah and Some Others," Madame Albanes's stage version of her romance, also failed when produced recently at the Roxalty, and a similar fate appears to await Max Pemberton's "Woman of Kronstadt," which we had at the Garrick last Saturday for the first time. As in the case of the former piece, all that was most attractive in "Kronstadt," the novel, was left out of the stage piece. As a result, Mrs. R. Whytal and an excellent all-around company had to do what they could with indifferent material, and at the end the applause was mostly of the courteous variety.

There is a rumor afloat that the Faust of Battaille has been pigeon-holed to make way for the Faust of Edmund Rostand. Perhaps—but I have my doubts. Rostand's health is in a precarious condition and despite the reports to the contrary I do not believe that his play is yet completed. It would not surprise me if it never were completed. His "Chanticleer" has never yet crossed upon the stage, although it is said that it was finished and that Coquelin was to play the part of the cock. CURTIS BROWN.



SCENE IN ACT 3 OF "QUINCY ADAMS SAWYER" At the Lyric, one Week Commencing This Afternoon.

**Otis Skinner On Old Time Acting and the New**

Theater audiences of the present day wouldn't stand the ranting of most of the actors of the alleged "good old times" for a minute. This frank statement came from the lips of Mr. Otis Skinner in a manner that left no opportunity to challenge its sincerity. It was said to a New York Herald reporter who had asked Mr. Skinner his opinion of the mythical "good old long ago." Not that this actor is of years that permit his memory to wander back into the "once upon a time" period. Heaven forbid! But then it should be recalled that as a very young man he acted with Booth and with Barrett, and that he was of the Augustin Daly school—a training of which Mr. Skinner, artist that he is, speaks with reverence. It was in view of all these things that Mr. Skinner was asked to give his opinion upon the stage art of those days, and he gave it, with blunt fearlessness, as epitomized above. BOOTH AND BARRETT'S DAYS. "Not for a minute would the playgoers of the present stand the ranting of most of the actors of those days," the actor repeated, "and in those days, who so enamored of the beauty of his own voice that he would stand entranced and listen to it. There were supposedly great fashioned clowns whose methods were crude or shallow, or both. Mind you, I always except Edwin Booth, who was a giant in his art, a man of intellect, and above all, a man far ahead of his time. His artistic methods were the methods of today.

"Which means exactly what?" "That drama in those days dealt entirely with the obvious, and that it left nothing for the imagination. Today the stage deals in suggestions, and the actor's art is one of suggesting rather than of sheer exposition. "In those 'good old days' the audience suffered the actor to indulge in that insufferably old-fashioned clout called Grand Lord. Who has not cringed and squirmed when 'The Seven Ages of Man' was being 'acted' by one of the 'old school,' or when Mercutio's speech was being 'acted,' obviously by exaggerated inflections of voice and manner?" "Let us be grateful that we fortunately outlived that age. And when it is contended that it was the golden age of the drama, and that the present day is one in which the stage is gone to everlasting perdition, then all I have to say is, 'Oh, no!'" "As a matter of fact," continued Mr. Skinner, "the stage is as good today as ever it was. The heyday of the drama is the present. The fact that we actors do not indulge in what is called 'acting' is a result of the order of the present. Today the actor deals in suggestions, and the audience is intelligent enough to get the most out of it to read it as it comes across the footlights. And that is a distinct step forward from the old method; also it is an index of the present advanced state of the stage."

"Then upon what do the old croakers base all their grievances?" "Upon the wholesale belief that nothing would stand the ranting of most of the actors of the alleged 'good old times' for a minute."

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