

## MUSIC AND DRAMA

For a community noted as being the center of musical art, Salt Lake during the past week acquired herself very poorly. One almost wonders whether public spirit here is indulging in a long nap, when he sees the beggarly responses accorded the Theater management's appeals on behalf of the Metropolitan Opera Co. The auction sale for the choice of seats for the proposed visit was a complete failure, less than \$100 having been realized as a bonus. Perhaps the thought of entering into an auction sale scared off some people who would be willing to join in a subscription list to induce this great company to visit us. We would favor giving the public the benefit of the doubt, and trust that an endeavor will be made to work up a subscription list before all hope is abandoned of booking the engagement. There are certainly many wealthy people here who would not like to have it go out that Lincoln, Nebraska, could do for music what Salt Lake could not. We believe that there are twenty public spirited citizens here who would give \$100 each if seen personally by the Theater owners, and with such a bonus the opera company's visit might be made a possibility. If they are allowed to pass us by it will be something that musical Salt Lake should hang its head over for years to come.

With the last night of the year, the curtain that descends at the Grand theater, will also descend on Mr. M. E. Mulvey's connection with theatricals in Salt Lake. The Pickwickian form and pleasant features of that gentleman will therefore be seen no more in their accustomed places around the popular little house, and we take this occasion of saying that they will be very greatly missed. Entering into the theatrical arena with little or no previous experience, Mr. Mulvey has made himself a decided factor from the start, and our public is indebted to him for many a pleasant evening's entertainment, while newspaper men have received many courtesies at his hands, and newspaper business offices, have invariably had their contracts lived up to the letter. A very shrewd business man is Mr. Mulvey, and if he has demonstrated his shrewdness more markedly in any one instance than in the deal he has just made, we are not aware of it. Well founded report says that he had just about made up his mind that the present season should be his last in theatrical life, long before Mr. Kallman came to Salt Lake, so when he was offered \$5,000 to retire, it is not likely that he lost any sleep in deliberating over the matter. He certainly has the big end of the bargain, as the lease on the property has only nine more years to run, and then the building goes over to the owner of the land, and hence Mr. Mulvey is in all ways to be congratulated. As for Mr. Kallman and Mr. Cummings, they have engaged in a game of speculation with their eyes wide open. Nothing is so tickle as the fancy of the public. If they can put in a stock company here that will not fall below the standard raised by Frawley, Edwards, Clark, Laguard and other successful ventures, they may be successful. Times are much better now than they were when the Rogers Brothers made their initial venture. On the other hand, if they fall below the standard, there is no place on earth where the public patronizes things it likes, and stays away from those it does not, as in Salt Lake City.

Now that the Ralph Cummings stock company is a thing assumed, it will be of interest to know something of its record. The company is owned by Mr. Kallman, who has been here for several weeks engineering the deal with Mr. Mulvey, and Mr. Cummings, leading actor of the organization. Mr. Cummings played leads with Mansfield for a number of years. He has been with the Frohman forces, and has starred for some time in such roles as Lord Chumley. He is said to have a high standing in such cities as Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, etc., and since he organized his stock company he has played long engagements in the theaters of the Middle and Western States. Among other long runs which the company has accomplished were the following: One and a half years in Philadelphia, three years in Detroit, and ten weeks in Washington. The idea is to change the bill in Salt Lake twice a week to keep a wide variety of entertainment, so that new scenery will be witnessed with each new production. While most of Mr. Mulvey's contracts after January 1st will be canceled, when an unusually large number of contracts will be given the time, and the Cummings company will be sent on the road. Mr. Kallman leaves for the East tomorrow to meet his partner, and the Cummings company will return to the city together within a few weeks. In addition to putting up the \$5,000 to buy Mr. Mulvey out, they claim to have an option on a major part of the stock of the Amusement Association, and if their venture is the success they confidently expect it to be, they will buy up the control of the company.

The local opera company closes its labors for the present this afternoon and evening, and the "Mandarin" will be shipped off to the owners in New York. Last night's visit to Ogden was a very successful one, the receipts being heavier than at any other performance of the present season, except on the big conference night here. Everything went with great favor, the encores being even more numerous than in Salt Lake. A brief estimate of the production would be that the company had lived fully up to its old standards in the way of cast, costume and production, but that the opera itself falls many notches below such work as the "Chimes of Normandy," "Queen of the Harem," and "A Trip to Africa." Indeed it does not please the ear so much as "Madelaine," even though De Koven has a much better position as a composer than Julian Edwards, who wrote that work. But Mr. DeKoven seems to have written himself out with "Robin Hood," as nothing else he has since produced has met with anything like the same success. It is pleasant to note that the public seems to have no disposition to blame the company for any shortcomings of the opera, but for the patronage bestowed upon "The Mandarin" has been as generous as that given any of the company's work in the past. Indeed, the receipts will run somewhat in excess of those of "Madelaine." This is especially gratifying, in the work of preparing the "Mandarin" in costumes, scenery and the royalty charges, has been more expensive than any other opera yet attempted.

The Theater will be dark until next Friday and Saturday, and Saturday matinee, when the "Black

Crook Jr." company holds the boards. The Arnold Opera company originally held the dates, but the company turned back before reaching this far westward. "Black Crook Jr.," as its name indicates, is a rattling extravaganza and ballet production.

The extremely popular farce comedy, "A Hot Old Time," again comes to the Grand for an engagement of three nights and a matinee, beginning Monday evening, October 15th. It was one of the most pronounced hits of last season, and for the present tour every-

### NEW AMERICAN "THEODORA."

Minnie Tittell Brune Will Star and Wear Fanny Davenport's Costly Costumes.



America at last is to have a "Theodora" of its own. Sarah Bernhardt's production in French fifteen years ago has made the theater-going public eager for an English presentation of Sardou's wonderful play. Fanny Davenport bought the American rights and had magnificent gowns made in Paris, but never produced the play, owing to the enormous expense entailed by the requisite scenic effects. Now Mrs. Brune has purchased the rights and costumes conceived by the great Davenport, and is to star the continent, opening at Boston, October 22nd.

thing is new and of an exhilarating character.

The company includes in its complete roster: John W. Hess, John C. Leach, Dan Baker, G. Clayton Frye, John W. Gleason, Frank Hayes, John C. Kenny, George Braden, W. B. Vorheis and Misses Eva Allen, Anna Sullivan, Bertha Gleason, Beatrice Kline, Blanche Rose, Amy Bennett and Ella Kenny.

### THEATER GOSSIP.

Maurice Barrymore will not play Lawrence Crawley with Minnie Madern this season.

There is an Alvin Joslin company traveling through New Jersey, in spite of the fact that Alvin Joslin is dead.

Henry Miller, who has been ill with throat trouble for several months, has abandoned all hope of playing again for some time and will go to the south of France to recuperate.

Harold Russell is a member of Blanche Walsh's company, which is making a great success in the play of "Marcelle." The Canadian papers just at hand speak highly of Mr. Russell's delineation of the part of "De Birsac."

Augustus Thomas's royalties on "Arizona" this season will amount to about \$2,000, it is said. In addition to this play, three other dramas from his pen are being played, and if they do half so well it will prove a profitable season, indeed, for this particular dramatist.

Ogla Nethercole sailed for this country last week and will open her tour at Wallace's Theater on October 22nd in "Sapho." During the engagement she will also play "Mazda." Miss Nethercole has spent her summer vacation in Scotland.

James A. Herne has settled down for a New York run in his new play, "Sag Harbor," at Hammerstein's new theater. Some of the critics who have taken several good looks at the play may be taken a rewritten edition of his first great triumph up to that time, "Hearts of Oak." Whatever the play is, Mr. Herne and his company have caught on, and are playing to good success.

Mr. Richard Mansfield has finally produced "Henry V." and, as was expected, he has achieved the greatest success of his career. No production of the season has attracted half the attention in the public prints as the one which was seen for the first time last week at the Garden Theater, in New York, where on the same stage two years ago Mr. Mansfield achieved his greatest triumph up to that time in "Cyrano de Bergerac." The Mansfield production is the first one seen in this country since 1875, when George C. Oliver, an actor then very popular at Manchester, England, first brought the play to this country, and presented it first at Booth's Theater, New York, February 8, 1875. The version used by Mansfield was made by George Oliver, an actor then very popular at Manchester, England, first brought the play to this country, and presented it first at Booth's Theater, New York, February 8, 1875. The version used by Mansfield was made by George Oliver, an actor then very popular at Manchester, England, first brought the play to this country, and presented it first at Booth's Theater, New York, February 8, 1875.

The Tabernacle choir spent a two-hour rehearsal on Handberg's "Praise the Lord" last Thursday evening. Prof. Stephens drilled them in his vigorous style, and the very best progress was made. The work will be continued at next Thursday's practice in the Tabernacle. An encouraging increase in the attendance was noticeable.

Much is being written concerning the failure of "The Rose of Persia," the

ing the play its greatest production since Shakespeare finished it. The metropolitan critics have found no fault with Mr. Mansfield's production, and they have also congratulated him upon his enactment of the role.

Our musical circles will regret to learn that Miss Alice Fisher is to remove from Salt Lake. Next week, in company with her parents, she will go to New York, where Mr. and Mrs. Fisher intend opening a small hotel for young lady students from outside points. Miss Alice, who has gone to New York to study art, will make her home with them during the winter. Miss Fisher's loss will be especially felt by the local opera company, as she has been nothing but a star and a star for a long time than her part in the "Mandarin."

Prof. McClellan is in receipt of a letter from Miss Emma Ramsey, the young contralto from Provo, who is now studying in Berlin with Madame von Seuff, in which she states that her teacher is paying her loving interest, and that she had sent out a flash note as to her progress. She has been so fortunate as to sing in the Emperor William Memorial church, the finest in Berlin, if she continued to make such healthy progress, Madame von Seuff is the solo soprano there, and will be in a position to carry out her flattering promise. The many friends of Miss Ramsey will rejoice to hear of her progress.

Richard Young, the eminent Chicago baritone and teacher, speaks as follows of Hugh Douglas: "Mr. Hugh W. Douglas is a teacher of voice whom I can gladly recommend. He has the singer's instinct, and during the time he studied with me he was most conscientious. He acquired sound judgment in the detection of vocal defects, and in the best way of correcting them. He knows what it means to sing on the breath, and to know that, is to know the true basis of good voice production."

Mr. Douglas has opened a studio at No. 49 North West Temple street and these denizens of beginning to study should do so at once, as the best hours are being rapidly filled in.

## MARY ANDERSON REAPPEARS IN A VILLAGE CONCERT.

Evesham was aglow with excitement. Being Saturday morning, farmers from the surrounding country had driven into the village with their wives for Sunday shopping. On every available bill-board along the road, posters had announced for a month past the great event of the day—the Mary Anderson Concert.

Bill-boards grow old and faded in less than a month in a Worcester village, especially in such a sunny month as this, when for weeks the roads have been thronged with farmers' carts bringing fruit to market. The Mary Anderson posters might thus have easily been mistaken for old ones posted years and years ago, if it were not for the freshly-pasted slips across the face of the posters giving the further announcement: "This afternoon, at 4.20 o'clock."

The arrival of the mid-day train from London with a huge harp in green baize cover, gave another flip to the excitement, and when the harp and the men who came with it had been unloaded from the railway omnibus, in the queer little square where the Town Hall stands, children playing round the Town Hall steps fairly shrieked again for gleeful anticipation.

Upstairs, in the Town Hall itself, half a dozen gentlemen and two ladies were waiting amid a chaos of dusty chairs, while workmen were busy on the platform fixing up the grand piano, just arrived.

"You must have patience with me at rehearsal; I am only an amateur, you know," the taller of the ladies was saying to a foreign-looking gentleman with grey mustache.

A VOICE TO SWEAR BY. There could be no mistaking that voice. It was Rosalind—the Rosalind of the Forest of Arden, not even the Rosalind who bade us farewell after pledging herself to "kiss as many of you as had hearts that pleased me." Our Rosalind none the less. A Rosalind with sun-kissed cheeks, a Rosalind who had doffed doublet and hose to blossom into a stately chateau, a Rosalind years and years younger than when we first met her, before she had aproned poet Celia or led love-lick Orlando a dance through the forest; a Rosalind, in fact, who was even yet "living happily ever afterwards."

The American who christened the Kentucky girl, Mary Anderson, "Our Mary" would have been proud of his good child had he seen her then. "How good of the Daily Mail to let you come all the way from London to see our little concert!" was her greeting to me. "Let me introduce you to my husband. Just think of it all setting into print! I shall be positively nervous."

NO YEARNING FOR BYGONE DAYS. "She has never expressed the slightest wish to return to the stage," he whispered to me quietly, as the rehearsal began. Mr. Francis Korbay, the grey-haired gentleman, strikes the first note of the accompaniment—a Hungarian song of his own composition—

I would like to be arrayed in silver and beautiful and radiant for him to behold.

Yes, it is Rosalind singing, and yet somehow not the Rosalind we knew. There is all the old arch witchery of the forest rhymer, the merry sparkle, the faintly, roguish glance, the bewitching smile, the half-chance under the spell in the old, old days. But surely that glorious voice of song did not belong to the Rosalind we knew? Some sweet singing fairly must have been a disappointed poet Celia or led love-lick Orlando a dance through the forest; a Rosalind, in fact, who was even yet "living happily ever afterwards."

But where comes that warmth of feeling, vibrant and mellow as the song of the thrush? Visions of the Galatea, cold as marble, the grey-haired gentleman, strikes the first note of the accompaniment—a Hungarian song of his own composition—

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Davies, the great pianist, sitting on a chair behind us, leans forward to whisper, "Wonderful!" But if he would love me better in linen gown, Checks and brow and milk-white arms all tanned and brown, I would seek the sun's fierce rays All the long midsummer days, And through all the sunny weather, Sweet the games I play together— Who loves best?

There is no need to question further whence came the spark which has kindled our Rosalind. Ingenious as a sunbeam, the nut-brown songstress is singing straight to the courtly gentleman, with a flash of the eye, a smile, a knightly recognition of his beautiful wife's homage, and presently hurries forward to assist her from the platform.

### FANCY PRICES.

Half an hour later we are all sitting at luncheon at the Crown hotel. And such a laughing, merry party too. Mrs. de Navarre is the life and soul of the table. Now she is telling us that Chicago is called Shesawago, that she has only had six singing lessons in her life, that her "trainer," as she fully calls Mr. Korbay, her elbow, will not even allow her a glass of wine at luncheon, till she has made her debut, that her little son is just four years old, and is the dearest little fellow on earth, that I really must drive over to Broadway to see him before returning to London, that the only thing she ever refused her husband was a promise to practice singing half an hour every day—and so forth and so on. Bubbling with sheer happiness and laughter, merry as a madcap of sixteen, she asks Tony, my husband, to look after the Press, my wife, while she takes a first before the trying ordeal of her appearance.

Seats for the concert had been selling for ten shillings, seven and sixpence, five shillings, two shillings and one shilling. These were unheard-of prices for Evesham, and all for a charity, too—something connected with the monastery over at Broadway village, where the name Navarre is one to conjure with, and the Countess de Navarre, who is a magnet for rusticated artists and other people of the London world.

### A REVELATION.

Of the performance itself I hardly dare speak, criticism not being my forte. The piece of resistance, as the critics would say, was beyond question Mrs. de Navarre herself. Gowned in black lace she came upon the platform, smiling recognition here and there to friends in the audience. And the way the back benches cheered, brought back recollections of triumph where thousands had cheered themselves hoarse in like manner. A little playful controversy with Mr. Korbay as to where the "sherry" should be, and the performance falls on Orlando in the fifth row of chairs, and she begins to sing.

As a matter of fact, it was a revelation to everybody. Who ever suspected it to be the Rosalind we knew, so egregiously mistaken in calling Mary Anderson merely a great actress? With that voice ringing in our ears it was useless denying that it was Mary Anderson, the prima donna, who had been living these ten years in Broadway village close by. Only a prima donna could sing like that, and not many prima donnas ever could sing with that fragrant voice so suggestive of singing in a village choir.

Yet it could hardly be a prima donna who responded so freely with encores after each song, who, when she was the prima donna would stand there before us smiling mischievously while her pianist and "trainer" wished her to sing one song, while she insisted on singing another? Just how many songs she sang I cannot tell. The program said five. With encores to each that would mean ten, but I am sure there were more. Anyhow, it was one long sunny afternoon of some strange voice so close to a voice by the inexorable train time.

After the performance was over, everybody waited to crush into the waiting room behind the platform to say "Thank you."

"That last number was just too much for me," she said, with a suspicion of a tear in her laughing eyes. "It was the music from 'A Village Concert,' in which I made my first appearance in London years ago. They were playing it if I went on the stage, and, stranger still, the musician who played it then were the same in this, which is positively my last appearance in public."—James P. Holland in the London Daily Mail.

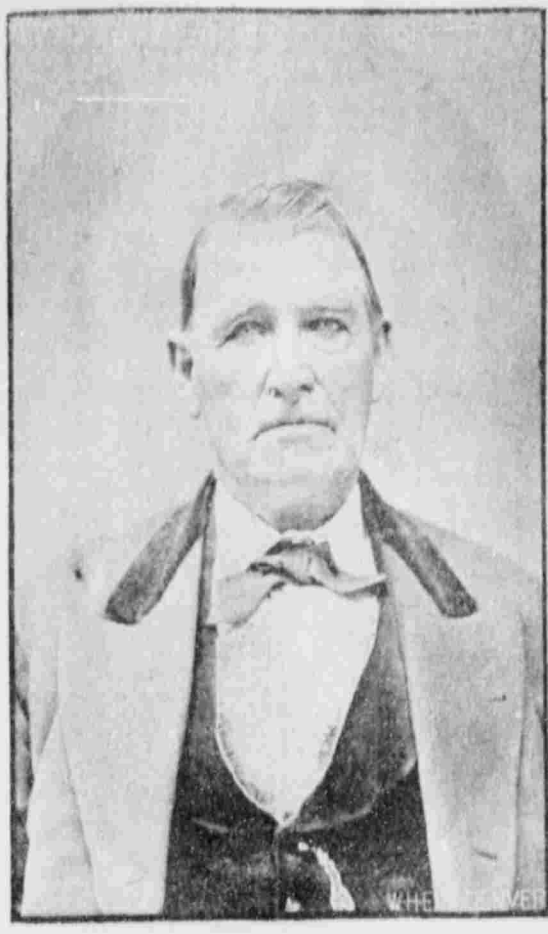
## HOW A TENDERFOOT UNCOVERED A FORTUNE

One of the most remarkable developments that have occurred in Gilpin county, Colorado, for many years, the original gold field of the State, was made in the Freedom lode on Winnebago Hill a short time ago, says a Colorado paper. It is a noteworthy fact also that until now no great mines have been opened in that quarter. I have traversed over it for the existence of treasures in its depths. While a few rich pockets of deep-seated quartz have been found near the surface and speedily exhausted, very little deep mining has been done on any portion of which for nearly forty years no level-headed miner would risk his reputation or money upon.

The Freedom lode is the property of General Hal Bays, a noted mining engineer, who alone and with others owns a great deal of mining ground, much of it operated under leases. To indicate the value he placed upon this particular vein he gave a bond and lease upon it for \$15,000 to an eastern

gentleman possessed of ample means, who knew nothing of mining and for whom the Winnebago hoodoo had no terrors, but was anxious to try his hand at gold digging just as an experiment. He has been sinking and developing it for nearly two years, expending about \$25,000 in efforts to make a mine. A few weeks ago he uncovered in the lower workings a large body of extremely rich ore. It has already been mined in two levels a distance of 100 feet. There is more than sufficient mineral in sight at this time to pay for the property and repay every dollar expended upon it. The strike has been a subject of conversation among miners ever since it occurred, because of the strength of the vein and the extraordinary values obtained. They can't quite comprehend how a "tenderfoot" utterly ignorant surely the profession, should be able to distance all competitors, notwithstanding the well known fact that many of the phenomenal strikes in nearly all mining districts have been made by inexperienced prospectors. There is nothing like it in the country, no ore taken out within the recent recollections of the older or younger inhabitants that compares with the Freedom lode. The mine has been mined more than ordinary value since the

## OLD SALT LAKERS.



BISHOP LEONARD W. HARDY.

Bishop Hardy, who was for many years Bishop of the Twelfth ward and counselor to Presiding Bishop Hunter and later to Bishop Preston, was one of the most active figures in the Church during the first fifty years of its history. Few men had a wider reputation for benevolence of character, strict temperance and rugged uprightness. He was born in Bradford, Essex county, Mass., on December 21, 1805, and was baptized by Elder Orson Hyde December 2, 1832. He left on a mission to England in 1844, and had charge of the Preston conference. He was seized with the smallpox during his stay there, but recovered through the administration of the Elders. Before he left England, Elder Wilford Woodruff bestowed a blessing upon him, in which he told him that his last days should be spent as one of the leading Bishops in the land of Zion. This, Bishop Hardy often remarked, was a severe trial to his faith, for he could never comprehend being a leading Bishop in Zion. The future events of his life, however, fulfilled the promise. Bishop Hardy was captain of the first fifty in a company which crossed the plains in 1850. The company was attacked by the cholera and eleven members died; he himself was visited with the disease, but was again preserved by the power of the Elders. He was ordained a Bishop on April 6, 1858, and presided both over the Twelfth ward and the Eleventh ward. He was set apart as first counselor to Bishop Hunter October 12, 1858, acting until Bishop Hunter's death, when he was appointed first counselor to Bishop Preston, and acted in that capacity up to the time of his death. He visited his native State in 1869, filling an honorable mission. His death resulted from paralysis on July 31, 1884, at Sugar House ward.

Days of old John Gregory and Green Russell, I asked Mr. Hardy if he thought the people would take up the bond at maturity, and he said: "You bet he will." He has pondered away for a long time, patiently, cheerfully and in the perennial hope that what he sought would come along in due time. Having abundant means, plenty of leisure, inspired by a fascination for the business he had undertaken, a firm resolve to work out the problem, he has struck a solution which at the outset fairly staggered him as it did everybody else when they learned its extent and value. Which reminds us that the battle is not always with the strong nor the race abundant means, plenty of leisure, inspired by a fascination for the business he had undertaken, a firm resolve to work out the problem, he has struck a solution which at the outset fairly staggered him as it did everybody else when they learned its extent and value. 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