DRAMATIC AND LYRIC

The week, which opened lonely enough with Dorothy Morton and her Cripple Creek aggregation, closed most brilliantly last night with Clementine de Vere. The feeling enjoyment in one's mind after arising from a feast like that spread at the Theater last night, is one of amazement that such such a banquet of the mind, and with such a conductor as Signor Sapio, the International Opera company should have been unable to win sufficient public appreciation to save it from disaster. It is comforting to think that had it indeed been Salt Lake, a very different reception would have been accorded it from that it received in Kansas City, Omaha and Joliet, the balcony duet from which was given by Madam de Vere, and the tenor, Mr. Mitchell, is now in Salt Lake, and its divine strains were nearly drunk in by the audience. No more beautiful combination could be imagined than the wedding of Shakespeare's words to Gounod's music, and the singing and acting of Madame de Vere gave the highest and fullest expression to the union. Mr. Mitchell, though as a tenor, not in the same class as De Vere, lent her very strong support. In the mad scene from Lucia, which followed, De Vere fairly electrified her audience, and was recall after recall, being forced to repeat the aria with the flute accompaniment, "In the Persian Garden," a musical setting of the renowned Persian poem, "The Rubaiyat," while rather long drawn out and marred somewhat by the lively conversation of the models between themselves—an exhibition of questionable taste—was excellently rendered, and specially appreciated by musicians present, it rather went over the heads of the lay member, however. The grand effort of the Persian poet, which the management sent in the trouble of printing, was lost owing to the insufficient lighting of the auditorium. It was quite late when the Traviata act came on, but it was well worth waiting till it o'clock to hear De Vere, as Violetta, in singing and acting, was at her very best and rarely has the final scene between the soprano, tenor and contralto been better rendered here. Mr. Mitchell, who has a sort of languorous lily air, and who deviated from the key in the tenor scene, quite endeared himself here, and Miss Broadfoot, as Alaoura, was equally artistic. The artist marvel in De Vere bouquet, in Mr. Goff, the baritone, whose admirable voice and fine method caught the attention from the start, Herr Di Luna was excellent. A special word must be said for the orchestra, not many theaters boast a set of musicians capable of acquitting themselves as Mr. Walter's men did with so little chance for rehearsing, and Mr. Smith, the flutist, did specially creditable work in the Lucia scene. The audience was of fairly good size, but not half what De Vere's merits justified.

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Harry Corson Clarke leaves Salt Lake in a very complacent state of mind. Tonight he gives the fifteenth performance in this city of What Happened to Jones, and the indications are that the twenty-sixth will be even heavier than on the opening last Monday. The matinee home this afternoon is packed to the last seat, many ladies being forced into the gallery. Mr. Clarke naturally feels proud of the result of his second season here, but his health continues so poorly that he has decided to close his season earlier than he otherwise would, and Washington's Birthday in Portland will witness his last night. He then goes to Columbus to stay for a month's rest with Mrs. Clarke, the members of his company going east and west to their respective homes.

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Mr. Clarke yesterday received a letter from F. C. Frawley, stating that he had engaged the Columbia theater in Washington, D. C., for the summer season, and urging him to join him there for the opening in the Charity Ball on April 3. Mr. Clarke returned no positive answer, stating that his acceptance would depend upon his health. He has a new play of his own which he will put on next year whether or not he joins Mr. Frawley for the summer season. He expects great things from it. Frawley had very poor fortune after leaving Salt Lake, and his season without doubt resulted in heavy financial loss, who his new leading lady will be, Mr. Clarke does not know. He is now in New York engaging a company for his opening in the Nation's capital.

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From all indications around the box office the public interest over the approaching visit of Edwin Mayo to Pudd'nhead Wilson is quite as marked as ever anything seen at the Theater this season. This is due to three facts, first, the very vivid impression left by the play when it was rendered here in the late Frank Mayo. Second, the fact that that noted actor has been succeeded as he his son in the main role, and last, but not least, the presence of a Salt Lake girl, Ada Dwyer, as the prominent lady in the cast. The opening Tuesday will be a notable one, and the demand for seats has been so heavy that Mr. Mayo representative has decided to travel a night to Colorado Springs to be enabled to fill in three nights here, instead of two. Besides Mr. Mayo and Miss Dwyer, the company numbers some first class people. Frank Cammett, who made a decided hit here as Tom, will take the character. Miss Minnie Seymour as Roxy, Ralph Dean as the Chambers, and Mr. McRae, who recently New in Chinatown as the sheriff, is said to give even a better delineation of his excellent actor.

Frank Mayo died very soon after his appearance in this city. In a conversation with the writer on the last night of his memorable engagement here, he gave many interesting details of how he came to dramatize Mark Twain's well known story, and he then family on the disappointment he felt when he learned that Dr. Dwyer, through ill health, was unable to create the part of Roxy. He said he had her in his mind all the while he was fitting out the character, knowing she would fill requirement and individual style. But she being unable to accept it, it was created by Miss Mary Shaw in the original New York run, later Miss Dorothy Morton, who did the role here, made a success of it, and Ada Dwyer did not get an opportunity to appear in the part until after Mayo's death, when the play was purchased and brought out by his son Edwin. The patronage of young Mayo when that he bears a striking likeness to his great father, and from the reports of the reception he is meeting with all over the country, it is evident that the great actor's mantle has fallen upon worthy shoulders.

* * *

Mr. Mallory, manager of Pudd'nhead Wilson, said yesterday in talking of the approaching engagement:

"Never was the old saying more truthfully illustrated—a rose by any other name would smell as sweet—than it is in the play that Mr. Mayo made of Mark Twain's Missouri story, the rose of Roxy's character that sweets the humorous in call Pudd'nhead Wilson. No one could maintain that the name of itself is appealing. In fact, in the ears of many polite people, it carries objectionable impressions—yet after you have seen that unmodernized old Missouri philosopher "Dave Wilson," who is by his neighbors good naturedly called "Pudd'nhead"—after you have seen this pathetically patient and utility wise old village lawyer good naturedly plod along, knowing that he was misunderstood by his neighbors but too proud to take up his own defense—after you have seen him wait twenty-three years for his first law case and then seen him triumphantly win it by the proofs he found in the lines, whirls, loops, curves and flourishes that adorn the skull of the thumb of every human being, and in winning the case, vindicates his theory that those thumb prints were photographs of signatures—which had been a strong factor in making his simple village neighbors believe he was a "pudd'nhead," namely, that no two thumbs in the world would make an impression precisely alike. When you see the old lawyer worried the mystery of the murder and demonstrate to his neighbors that what they had thought for years were the dreamings of a visionary were cold hard facts; when you see him wig the respect of those whose affection he already possessed, and you look back over the play and think over how it all occurred, no other name than the one the play now bears will suggest itself to you." That the name has not been a detriment to fully proves by the remarkable favor the public has shown to the play."

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Mr. Mallory all the week has catered to a society element that does not, as a regular thing, visit the Grand. For the coming week he puts on another bill for the masses, Kelly & Mason, the tall and short comedians, in their laughable comedy Who Is Who, are to be seen at the Grand for three nights and the usual matinee, commencing Monday evening. Since last season the play has been thoroughly revised and the pruning knife freely applied to the great betterment of the comedy. Another feature of this season's production is the liberal application of "vaudeville trimmings" and pretty girls. These two pleasing additions have brought Who Is Who right up to line with the leading farce comedy organizations of the day. Pretty music has been interpolated in every possible strand. For the coming week the cast is one of the merriest evening's entertainments extant. This year's company is the strongest of Kelly & Mason is a large one and numbers twenty-one people, prominent amongst them being Chas. E. Perry, Harry N. Welch, Johnnie Le Petre, Burt St. John, Herbert Dillon, Arthur Rooke, William Maples, Gertie Cummings, Alice Willard, Georgie Tomlinson, Emily Stowe, Sisters Whiting, Katherine and Stella Miller, Alice Flannigan and Mercery Addie. There are fifteen specialties in the three acts.

* * *

Miss Lettie Levy was made the recipient of a very flattering offer from the Dorothy Morton company during its stay in this city, the Morton manager had heard something of Miss Levy's success in the Chinese of Normandy, and being very much in need of a mamie for his company, he sent a boy to shop for him. She complied, and he immediately made her an offer to go on the road with the Morton company, appearing as Germaine in the Sleep of Nemesis, commencing Monday. Of course Miss Levy did not entertain the proposition. Miss Morton considered her attractive for the offer, for certainly Miss Levy would have been a decided acquisition to her rather shaky company. If Miss Levy should decide on entering upon a professional career, it is hardly likely she will make the mistake of under the auspices of an organization like that of the Morton company.

EDWIN MAYO AS PUDD'NHEAD WILSON.

The latest authentic information regarding Irving and his plans is that set forth by "Caradoc" in the London Referee:

For some time past quite more or less (mostly more matchless rumors have been industriously circulated concerning our foremost act or manager, meaning, of course, Sir Henry Irving. Some of these statements imputing this or that future arrangement, claim to be effect that Irving would never play again, but would soon take a big benefit, and so on, and so forth, have been from time to time industriously hived from me. But I was not taking any. I prefer to do my own business, and in quite another—and, I think, a better way. I am now able to notify Interlocutors that matter may stand as follows: Sir Henry Irving, who is happily fast recovering his wonted strength and energy, will play in Exeter, but not at the Lyceum. He will first, after provincial tour, have a chance of seeing him in a round of his biggest successes before returning to his own theater. In all probability Miss Ellen Terry will, a month or so hence, go a-touring on her own account, with certain members of the Lyceum company. Between the end of his provincial tour and an American tour, to start about October, Irving will return to the Lyceum, which he will produce in the course of a few days subsidy to one of other of the important managers or syndicates who are anxious to secure that theatre when the Cart Rose opera company has finished its term. When Irving comes back to the Lyceum, in the autumn, look out for some important development.

* * *

Under the heading of "The Real Juliet," The New York Evening Journal has this handsome reference to Maude Adams:

It is announced by Mr. Frohman that Mlle Maude Adams will appear as Juliet in the coming spring. We trust that Mr. Frohman, in his happy home over the Evening Journal regularly and will take note of this announcement. Shakespeare sized up Juliet in Juliet the emotions of an Italian young girl of fourteen, which means according to our ideas a girl of about eighteen, but it does not mean what most of our actresses have presented to us as Juliet, a woman of an certain age, with an uncertain past and a delicious present, stamping and raving against the fate that confronts at a Shakespearean rate, with no idea at true delineation. Miss Adams, who has made a marvelous success and incidentally taught a valuable lesson, is a mature natural young woman and will certainly be a new and delightful figure in Shakespeare.

It will probably be called most heroic of Frohman that in connection with this project he has engaged Mr. Podesma, that is connection with this project he has engaged Mr. Podesma, taking from the opera its most beautiful parts to aid and to heighten the success of a new Juliet. This suggestion is based on his excellent employment of music in The Little Minister. It seems to be a combination of the best things in Shakespeare's Juliet, with the best things in Gounod's opera, would be a great success. We venture also to suggest that Miss Adams at some future date should present Goethe's Margarette or Mr. Gounod's music. Also, we humbly suggest that the man selected for the part of Mephisto be not selected for extraordinary that creation into a low comedy part, as did the strange Sir Henry Irving.

The success of Miss Maude Adams is a great and legitimate encouragement to young American girls with stage aspirations. Mr. Frohman has encouraged her. We hope he will discover others and give them the same chance the stage needs them and the public needs them.

THEATER GOSSIP.

Lillian Russell's venture in La Belle Helene has not proved very successful.

Gillette's latest—Because She Loved Him So—was brought out with success in New York Monday night.

Clay Clement is touring with success in the South with his play, A Southern Gentleman.

James A. Herne and his wife produced successfully his new play in Washington last Monday night.

Maxine Elliott has made the hit of Goodwin's play Nathan Hale, which has been well received in New York.

Ada Rehan has apparently disappointed everybody in Mme. Sans Gene. The New York Sun says it looked as if she had deliberately intended to show her disapproval of the part.

William Gillette has resumed work on the Conan Doyle detective drama, the first draft of which was burned in the Baldwin Hotel fire in San Francisco.

The town is being lavishly billed by Weir's minstrels, which come week after next. This is probably the most extensively heard clerk organization on the road.

Lewis Morrison, an old time favorite in Salt Lake, will be about seen in Faust. He advances representative in Wallace Bruce, who is a member of the Lyceum Stock company in this city.

A Chicago paper says Bidwell Young announces a complimentary program on Tuesday evening, Jan. 17, at Kimball Hall in H. Rogers Jones, the young baritone, who carried away the prize at the Week Theodore in Milwaukee, assisted by Walter Logan, violinist, and Miss Jeannette Durno and Mrs. Edith Mutton, accompanists.

Lord took with the Hi Henry minstrels as the attraction the old Grand Opera House in San Francisco closed up a cheap priced house. It will be renovated and remodeled, and opened as an opera house sooner in March with the Madame Melba Opera company.

Director Stephens reports an awakening of interest in choral work. He says an enrollment of nearly three hundred young ladies has already been made for the M. I. A ladies chorus to meet next Friday evening at 7:30 at the church hall on Richards street. Over a hundred of the best lady singers of the Tabernacle choir have volunteered to be present for assist. Mr. Elias Thomas Edward leading the list. The chorus has not yet reported, but the boys of the choir are ready to sing in and aid them. Mr. Stephens says: "We do not have a magnificent main—as of his voice by the month of spring, it will be cause of unpleasantness neighbors on the part of the association of Salt Lake Rules."

ADA DWYER AS ROXY IN PUDD'NHEAD WILSON.

A RAILROAD MONUMENT.

Marking the Completion of the Line from the Atlantic Coast to the Ohio River.

The first iron rails that formed a continuous line from Baltimore to the Ohio River, some last forty-seven years ago and the work was completed on Christmas Eve, 1852. It is quite well known that the history of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad connected the broad idea that to bring Baltimore, on the Atlantic coast, into close relation with the great and the then being rapidly settled Ohio valley, would augment the gold in the city of the Monumental city. After many obstacles had been thrown in the way and in turn surmounted, the company completed and a train load of proud Baltimoreans journeyed to Wheeling, W. Va., and witnessed the united Ohio line by an to the sea.

The completion of the laying of the iron rails, which marked the completion of that line, is marked by a natural monument, erected rather from Wheeling and long, Barney's station. This suggestment is a great stone on the hillside and is located in Marshall county, W. Va. It is but four feet high and 36 feet high. Conservatively minded men have estimated that it is worth from five hundred to two thousand and to purchased because of its historical association with the pioneer days of the main line of the railroad.

Cut deeply into the side of the rock, that faces the railroad track, is the following inscription:

Sandy's Rock
Track completed
Christmas Eve,
1852.

Hobbs & Farris.

The men who immortalized themselves in it, and in history were the stonecutters, who cut the inscription, but the rock gets its name from Isaac Sandy, an English engineer who was in charge of the track laying from Wheeling, eastward.

Sandy, the engineer, had several interesting experiences with his iron. One of them, Abner Chartrock, objected strenuously to working on Sunday, and one Saturday night, in order to carry his point, chained the locomotive to the rails. Karr and Chartrock had hot words and a rough and tumble fight followed. The Christian downed the Sabbath breaker and while holding him, pointed to the locomotive, that "Man was not made for the day, but the day for the man."

Years later Karr was struck on the head with a hatchet, by one of his men, on the Parkersburg branch and was killed. It was reported that the blow was accidental. Chartrock died in 1898 near Cameron, W. Va.

Beneath Sandy's Rock has been erected and remained and is quite artistic in appearance, the artists using the natural colors in preference.

WHILE THE DAY'S GROW LONG.

Yes, the days is gittin' longer, and I reckon pretty nigh
Half the winter has end past us, kinder peaceably by;
Afore we're rally 'quainted with Hoosier thistle air a-frisk,
Then turn rose and rain, a-makin' nearly all creation mock;
Ketch a bottle cold and blister it with a dozen of old quinine,
And a sweat, and dress up heavy, and the sun is sheer to shine;
Yes sounds for sportin' chirp, leave yer coats to home, and then,
Git up a cold weather! Tomorrer! Tomorrer! Yer up again.
Kinder irritatin', and it? Yes, I dunno, sir, sometimes;
We think the slumbrous nightly visitation was sent to bring the other stuff, knows a fellow one bed pizzicato, a fellow cased round about the west,
Bears he's got to, Mandolines—a mice air his stiddy most.
Well, the first cold spell he overtakes, sir, and he's sneezin' and coughin' and sneezin' and coughin' and sneezin' and coughin' and