



likely be seen there next March for one week more after his present tour ends.

Salt Laker who are interested in Ben Hur and the notable people engaged in its presentation in New York will be interested in our New York letter which appears on another page.

Charles Richman, an old Salt Lake favorite and one of the real idols of the matinee girls in New York, has thrown a bombshell into the camps of the fair devotees by announcing his engagement to Miss Jane Gray, a society lady of Troy, N. Y. Mr. Rich-

man struck this city while the iron was hot with her admirable play, just as Richard Mansfield did in "Cyrano de Bergerac" last season, there is no question but her receipts would have totaled as high as they did during the Mansfield engagement, when the same prices were charged. While nobody kicked at the Mansfield charges, several protests were registered against paying the same price for a play now in its third season. Then anticipation had been somewhat dulled by the waiting. However, as Miss Adams played to a goodly sum, in excess of \$10,000, there are no causes of complaint. This is a good deal of money for one slender, little woman to earn, but nobody would ever begrudge her twice the amount if she will only continue to remain as clever as she is in "The Little Minister," and can always secure such plays.

The appearance of Mr. W. H. Thompson at the Grand in the Maude Adams company, was nearly as big a treat as to greet the latter. Whenever one sees Mr. Thompson's name on the play bills he can be counted upon to give some remarkable character sketch that will outlast recollections even of famous stars. Several times dropping into the Grand during the week, when the stage was more or less peopled with the players in the Barrie piece, I found myself continuously watching this sterling actor the greater part of the time, the only exception being when Miss Adams herself had the center of the stage.



MR. ARTHUR DONALDSON, IN YON YONSON.

man, while leading man at Daly's, became one of the greatest favorites with the young ladies of the metropolis, but it remains to be seen what they will do now that he has become a Benedict.

An Indianapolis dispatch says: According to friends of Dr. Albert F. Stierne of this city his engagement to Marie Barroughs, the actress, whom he was to have married on Wednesday last in New York, has been declared off. It is said Miss Barroughs broke the engagement. Dr. Stierne is wealthy and prominent among the younger physicians of Indianapolis. The actress is now in New York seriously ill with nervous prostration.

The New York Sun says: There are no vacant seats in the Garrick theater, these days. William Gillette and "Sherlock Holmes" continue to fill the house to the doors. Mr. Frohman will keep his play at the Garrick until the London season opens, when it will go there for an indefinite period. So folk who do not see the play during the present engagement here will not have a chance to enjoy the acting of Mr. Gillette and the Garrick cast until the London season is over.

The New York Journal says: Frank Daniels has good reason to congratulate himself on his personal hit at Wallack's this past week. Whatever difference of opinion may exist as to the merits of his new comic opera, "The Ameret," there has been none regarding the individual merits of the comedian himself. Wallack's has been well filled every night with audiences which have laughed heartily and given thereby ample testimony of their full appreciation of the comedian's efforts to entertain.

Maude Adams has just concluded a week in Cincinnati, and the Engineer gives her and Mr. Thompson (whose hit here with Henry Miller in "Sowing the Wind" is well remembered) the following handsome notices:

Cincinnati did itself proud in the reception accorded Maude Adams last week. It was generous in numbers and appreciative in estimating the pretty play presented so cleverly by this popular star and her magnificent company. Miss Adams' receipts for the week compare favorably with any week she has played this season, and surpass a great many. Had Miss

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Following is the cast of "The Weaker Sex" as played by the University Dramatic Club will render at the Theatre on Tuesday evening, next. The play is by the noted author Pinero, and is a literary treat, and the production is under the direction of Mr. E. M. Babcock, which guarantees a careful presentation.

Mr. Roscoe Grover  
Mr. Geo. Lipsett  
Mr. Geo. S. Gibbs  
Mr. M. P. Mr. Chester W. Ames  
Mr. S. L. Richards  
Mr. Thos. Best  
Mr. Le Roy Sanders  
Mr. W. G. Green  
Mr. Frank Barnes  
Mr. Arthur Welling  
Miss Nellie Boyer  
Miss Katherine Butler  
Miss Sierreda E. Barnum  
Miss Blanche Thomas  
Miss Lucile Hewett  
Miss E. Angeline Holbrook  
Miss Margaret Cahoon  
Miss Boyle  
Miss Butler

THEATRE GOSSIP.

"The Yonson" will appear in Provo on Monday night next.

There has been more money in the theatre than he did in New York. None, however, eclipses San Francisco's record.

The Heavy Record's success was so great in New York that he will

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The geology class yesterday was given a lantern demonstration, accompanied with descriptions by Dr. Talmage. The hour was a most interesting one.

The normal society held a meeting yesterday and elected a full corps of officers for the coming term.

The Delta Phi will not meet again until after the holidays.

Some time during next week there will be memorial services held in the institution, in honor of the late Prof. Matthews.

A practice football game was held Thursday. The boys who went to Logan showed up in excellent style. It is generally thought at the University that they ought to win, in the A. C. game today.

The class presidents had an interesting meeting in the Chronicle office yesterday, at which time there was some lively discussion on matters pertaining to the Chronicle.

The special last night, given by the "G" class, was a flattering success. Everyone seemed to think that he or she was the happiest individual present, but it is a consensus of opinion that the palm must be yielded to the janitor. The order of the evening was dancing and the testing of various food substances.

The class in political economy listened to a special lecture yesterday on the subject, "The Present Money System of the United States," by their instructor, Prof. George Q. Coray. The treatise was most interesting and eminently instructive.

Prof. Bradford conducted chapel exercises this week.

Next week each member of the class of extempore speaking, will give a half hour extempore address on some phase of public speaking.

The debate and original story telling contest, between the third and fourth year normals, has been postponed until after the holidays.

Friday evening Elder William Fotheringham from Beaver lectured to the students on some of his travels in India.

President Cluff is with us, giving us many good instructions with regard to our welfare, and the welfare of the school.

We are almost crowded to our utmost.

WASHINGTON.

[Denver News.]

A century has passed since that sad day Our foremost warrior-statesman passed away.

In that brief time the nation he gave birth Has grown to be the leader of the earth. Has spread her limits, from a broken chain

Of settlements, into a vast domain, Whose flag o'er every ocean is unfurled, Whose territory almost belts the world, Before whose gaze a golden prospect opens, Who stands but on the threshold of her hopes.

She is his child; and what's her she be, Owe grateful tribute to his memory. His was the hand that gave to her the place, To bear the torch of freedom for the race.

His was the patient, great and noble heart To hide his own concern and do his part. By his examples of unselfishness, To cheer her armies in their dire distress. His was the character, superb, complete.

WASHINGTON AT THE CLOSE OF LIFE.

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Made to inhale fumes from the slime he spews, And hear him jest at virtue and at God.

O masters, lords and rulers in our land, Must this foul solecism still Be tolerated in an age when men Grasp power from the circumambient air.

And speak through space across the roaring gulfs? Must this vile thing be left to wed at will

And propagate his idiotic spawn, A shame upon the age in which we live, A curse on generations to be born?

O masters, lords and rulers in our land, How may we hope to reckon with the "man?"

How get along without the vote he casts

When there are public offices to fill? How will it be with candidates when he No longer hangs upon the reeking bar, Prepared to fight, to stab, to murder, and

To vote for him who furnishes his drinks? —S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Times-Herald.

## WILL CLAWSON'S HIT.

His New Picture of Miss H. is the Rage in San Francisco.

All the San Francisco papers, daily as well as weekly, have given prominent space to the portrait exhibit by J. W. Clawson, the Salt Lake artist, at the art exhibition of the Bohemian Club. All the accounts are illustrated, some of them in beautiful fashion, and the figure shown, that of "Miss H." is one that amply justifies the writers in raving. The Examiner account says:

"The most striking picture at the Bohemian Club art exhibition last week was the portrait of Miss 'H.' by J. W. Clawson. It is a stunning life-size picture of a beautiful girl in a décolleté gown of black velvet, and it created no end of admiration for the delicate, yet bold blending of vivid flesh tints and rich high lights. The face and shoulders are suffused with a strong, warm glow, and the whole figure stands out from the deep red background in its unique oval frame of amber black as regally as a queen of old."

In the expression of the eyes and the poise of the head there is a suggestion of the proud high spirit of old Castile. From the moment it was hung it created a great deal of critical comment, for though it was hung conspicuously on the north wall of the new links room, it was striking enough to dominate everything in its immediate neighborhood, and that, too, in a room where there were many pictures bearing names that are famous in the art world.

But though his picture of Miss "H." is creating a greater furore than his portrait of Mary Belle Gwin in pink two years ago, Mr. Clawson is very modest about his work.

"It is not the artist. It is the model that is responsible for it all," he says. "Where, in San Francisco—where indeed in the whole United States—there is another such subject to tax the artist's skill. Miss 'H.' has a splendid head, a beautiful face, every feature of which is a study in itself, a perfect figure and, above all, a certain indefinable spirit that lends to the whole picture a certain aspect that is hard to catch and equally difficult to escape from, when once the spell of it is upon you."

Besides, she falls naturally into the most graceful poses imaginable, and is strong and sturdy enough to sit for several hours every day without losing the spirit of the pose, which is one full of dignity and latent power. Really, I have not done her justice in my painting, though it is the finest work I have ever done."

It is certainly striking enough on what to build the fame of any artist, but it was not the only picture from his brush in the exhibition. Like Amadeo Joulin, Francis McComas, John Stanton, Theodore Wores, Thad. Welch and Orrin Peck, he had a number of paintings on display. They were all portraits, however. There was a life-size picture of ex-Governor Budd, two busts of W. Mayo Newhall and Fred Greenwood and a brilliant bust of Mrs. Mulcahy, done all in blue.

Miss "H." by the way, is Miss Joan Hadenfeldt of this city.

Great in success, but greater in defeat. His was the resource large, the tactful skill, That thought o'erpowered, was unconquered still.

His was the purpose stern that would not bend, That carried her to triumph in the end. His was the hand that laid the sceptre down.

Who, for the country's good, refused her crown. His was the wisdom ripe, in her first days, That led the untired state in peaceful ways.

Watched over her until she had stronger grown And guided her till she could walk alone. Who breathed words of wisdom without price, His farewell, golden precepts of advice.

Who, when at last she seemed secure from harm, Resigned the helm, returned unto his farm, Looked o'er his country saved, his people blest, And then, his labors done, lay down to rest.

## THE MAN WITH THE LOAD.

Bowed by a weight of fiery stuff, he Against the hitching-post and gazes round! Besotted faintness is in his face, He bears a load that still may get him down.

Who made him dull to shame and dead to pride, A thing that cares not and that never thinks, Filthy, profane, a consort for the pig? Who loosened and let down that stubby jaw?

Whence came the scum adhering to those lips? What was it clogged and burned away his brain?

Is this the thing the Lord God made and gave To have dominion over the sea and land; To love and to be loved; to propagate And feel the passion of Eternity? Is this the dream he dreamed who shaped the suns

And pillared the blue firmament with light? Down all the stretch of hell to its last gulf

There is no shape more hideous than this— More tongue with proof that Darwin didn't know— For where in all the world of brutish beasts

Is one from which this monster might have come? His blood flows in the frail, disfigured

O'er which the pale heart-broken mother bends. What cares he for the taints his children bear, The hungry cries they raise, their twisted limbs?

Through this dread shape the devil boldly looks, And in that reeling presence mocks the world! Through this dread shape humanity is shamed.

Profaned, outraged, dragged down and brought to scorn—

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