Dramatic and Lyric.

A Kendall and the Kendalls—The Fritchie's Plays—Lea As-ray—The Dress Rehearsal.

The audience at the theatre last night was on the shoaly order, so to was the performance. Mr. Ezra Kendall really ought to know better than to venture upon the Salt Lake boards and charge regular theatre rates. Several years ago he made his pioneer effort here, and the reports of the city, with a unanimity that has never since been manifest on any subject, entitled him to the lowest prices and at least form he could his appearance in exclusively low rate districts and the cheap theaters. Certainly his plays are not of the class that Salt Lake audiences can be expected to manifest any animal enthusiasm over. In substantiation of the claim that they might go at cheap prices, it should in fairness be said that the halcyon of the gallery roared with delight over The Substitute last evening, a gentle melancholy, however, shed itself over the parquet, and it seemed only to be lifted during the waits when Mr. Carlos took his innings. Tonight a Pair of Kids.

Next week is going to be a notable one and to all extremities we hope the pockets of our theater-goers will stand the strain. Monday night Don Sully, a clever comedian, will reminisce for his Curse Grocery spoor in his new play called "O'Neill, Washington, D. C." Tuesday night, Katie Emmett appears in Kilkenny; Wednesday, (matr.) Law Walker, whose name is almost a household word, (matr.) and (eve.) but by no means least, Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings will be given up to the attraction par excellence of the season (this far, the great and only British Kendalls, who, we cannot but say, have cut the roughest line that any seen being as Mr. Ezra T. Kendall can as exclusive on this mundane sphere.

General Wallace's picture is called Turkey and the Turks, and intimately of course he gives glimpses of the harem; our readers scarcely need to be told that General Wallace is the author of Ben Hur, The Fair Gods, and The Prince of India, that he is now serving distinguished as a soldier of the late war, or that he ranks as one of our most noted diplomatists. There ought to be a big outpouring to hear him. The advance sale of seats opens Monday morning.

It will be comforting to a good many people to know that the $2 seats for the Kendalls will be extremely limited, comprising in fact only the stalls, the boxes and the logos, less those actually sold in the whole house; $1.50 will be the ruling rate everywhere else, dollar seats, a dollar will take any one into the first balcony and the old time gallery rates will prevail above. This is a tolerant tariff that ought to be acceptable to all, and under it the distinguished Britons should play each night to the capacity of the house. From their great old repertoire it seems impossible they can fill the bill of Paper, The Second Mrs. Tanqueray, A White Lie, Impulse, Still Waters Run Deep, The Queen, Cinderella, The Ironmaster, etc., as Kendall intervenes the first three of their Salt Lake engagement, which will give decided satisfaction to theatre goers. The Ironmaster was their first at one time, but when Kendall's $9 exclusive, Mr. Hodge, before last Peter and Hebe one presence it here so recently, he wired Kendall to fan Francisco, and the answer came back to substitute A White Lie. The order of the play will be A Scrap of Paper, Thursday; The Second Mrs. Tanqueray, Friday, and A White Lie, Saturday.

A Scrap of Paper is the famous comedy by Sardou, which gives it a stamp of unquestioned merit, even if it had not already been famous. The Second Mrs. Tanqueray is by all odds the most widely advertised of all the Kendall's plays; it has been savagely attacked and as warmly praised; it is by Pinero himself, who is sometimes called Sardou's equal, and it treats of a woman with all just as a decidedly telling moral, who sees her life in outside. This is the most debated of all Mrs. Kendall's impersonations, some critics praising her, but the most, it must be said, fiercely assailing her delineation. Of the play, a London critic says:

"In the Second Mrs. Tanqueray, Mr. Pinero has written one of the most powerful and absorbing plays the modern stage has produced. The piece is a tragedy of modern society inexorably written out; but the story has another strip beyond that it will touch the deepest sympathies from first to last. A free has prevailed that the Second Mrs. Tanqueray was an example of that most unpleasant thing, a play with a purpose, but it was written to entertain people, that Mr. Pinero has not departed from the true purpose of the stage by attempting a social problem. He is far too wise a dramatist to the slighting of the arts. There is nowhere a moral to be drawn from the work—several morals in fact. He has given human beings, sinned, suffered, and the main portion, it may be say assumed, work with the fine touch of a master. It is to be wise a drama which shall be written in a manner, and a play in the place of a play. The play actively in the drama is not a [illegible] the drama of a life which is [illegible] the [illegible] which, at most, fixing the attention of the audience, serve to [illegible] the [illegible] in any more of women who [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] and