With the First Nighters.

The mills of George Pyper, Brother Cort and the rest of them are grinding some, and all that comes to market is what they call musical comedy. There is nothing more welcome after the grimy day, if the musical comedy is good, but it is a shame that the companies are bunched as they seem to be this fall.

It is easy to see that after the list is exhausted, we will have a long dry spell with few of the tuneful comedies to enliven the proceedings. Most of the musical comedies have been the limit, and it is nice to see the good notices that "Buster Brown" is receiving. And then we are to have a real Savage company, with Jess Dandy in "The Prince of Pilsen," and that ought to mean something for everyone who has the blues.

Nearly all of the first company seen here will answer "present," and a good time is coming.

The announcement coming from the New York Press to the effect that Miss Roberts will not play "Ann Lamont" in the metropolis was to have been expected after the swinging trapeze performance she gave to the part in her famous "creation." In fact, it is very doubtful if Miss Roberts ever plays anything in New York, for Broadway will not pay for poor imitations when the originals can be seen at the same prices. Miss Roberts enjoys a certain success in the west, and some of the people enjoy Miss Roberts. We venture to say that things would scarcely be on the same mutually agreeable basis along that beaten path from Martin's to Shanley's.

The only surprising part of the news lies in the rumor that Miss Roberts and Paul Armstrong have had some disagreement. This seems hardly possible in view of the cordial relations existing between the "star" and the clever playwright, when the company was in Zion.

The many friends of Mrs. Benita Somers-Cocks will be glad to hear of her success in her English home. During the past year she has sung professionally under the name of Madame Le Mar. Last February Mrs. Somers-Cocks sang before royalty with siknal success, no less an authority than the London Times saying of her: "Madame Le Mar sang Berlioz's 'L'Absence' and some songs by Ethelbert Nevin with excellent taste. Her voice is used with such skill and sympathy that her success with those who really love music is assured."

She is now widely known as an oratorio singer, and has come to America to fill a New York engagement in oratorio. Mrs. Somers-Cocks will come to Salt Lake before returning to New York. She will be heard in recital Thursday evening, Nov. 2d, at the First Congregational Church.

"The Girl from Kay's" didn't deserve the scanty notices it received. Hoggenheimer, Bobby North in this case, is the show, has always been the show, and the part is a beautiful satire on many a rich Mr. Hoggenheimer. Mr. North is not Sam Bernard, but he is just about equal to the occasion, and with his fat lines, makes good in a company rather conspicuous for the lame, halt and blind it carries in the chorus.

Kathleen Clifford has much to do with any enjoyment experienced during the evening, principally on account of her flying feet, but there is so little to say of the others, that it is best left unsaid. They wouldn't like it, either.

Henry W. Savage's standard musical comedy, "The Prince of Pilsen," the most tuneful as well as the most successful of musical entertainments of recent American authorship, will be offered at the theatre Thursday night and during the remainder of the week.

The popularity of this delightful musical comedy has been wholly deserved, by reason of the intrinsic worth of the musical garniture given it by Gustav Luders, the innate charm of the romantic-humorous story provided by Frank Pixley and no less by the high standard of equipment and presentation maintained by Manager Savage. When it was produced first, several seasons ago, its many song hits, such as "The Message of the Violet," "The Tale of the Sea Shell," "Pictures in the Smoke" and "Heidelberg" were borne on a wave of popularity over the entire country and it is a tribute to their lasting qualities that the evanescent song "hits" of all the later musical comedies have not been able to lessen the favoritism in which "The Price of Pilsen" numbers are held.

There are other reasons for the sustained interest which gives to this entertainment its constantly increasing patronage. It is kept fresh, bright and timely with the natural result that it remains where it has always stood—in the foremost rank of the many successes promoted, directed and maintained by Henry W. Savage. In the forthcoming performance of "The Prince of Pilsen," Mr. Jess Dandy will play the leading comedy role ,that of Hans Wagner.

"Buster Brown," which is to be given at the Salt Lake theatre next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday with Wednesday matinee, should prove a fitting offering. Buster and his dog, Tige, will assuredly delight all the youngsters, and the spectacular setting, the musical features, the ballet and the group of gorgeous "show girls," should prove equally potent with their elders. Buster Brown is the most popular figure that the funny pages of any great daily has made prominent. It is said that Buster is acted by a clever comedian, while a well known animal impersonator will do Tige. There are about fifty people in the performance.

Lansing Rowan in her own version of "Camille," will be reviewed in these columns a week from today. It will probably take that long to do justice to poor old Dumas after the performance.

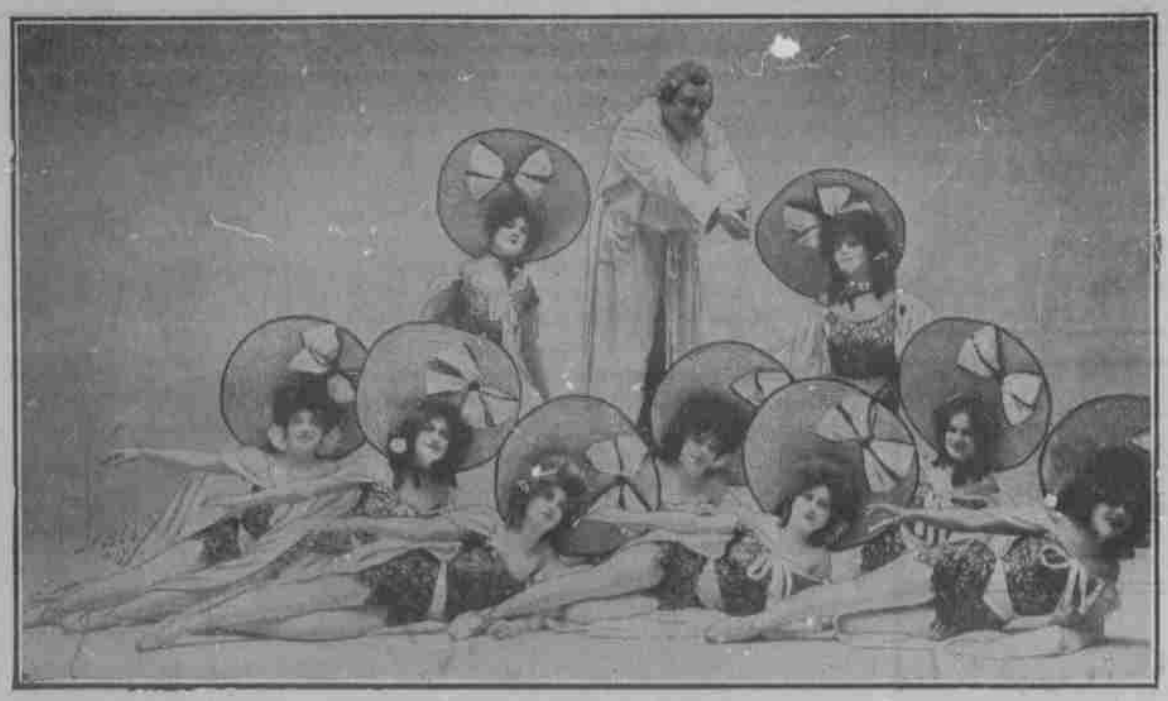
How Alfred Reisenauer, who is shortly to pay his second visit to America, won the enmity of the Grand Duke of Weimer is an experience which the famous pianist is fond of relating. "At one of the Liszt soirees," explains Reisenauer, "the Grand Duke heard me play the beautiful 'Liebestod' from 'Tristan and Isolde.' His grace did not know the 'Liebestod' from a Strauss waltz, but he judged I had played well because I was applauded.

"'That is a fine number,' said he. 'What do you call it?'

"I told him. At that moment I noticed Wagner behind me, so I stepped aside and said, 'And this, your grace, is Richard Wagner.'

"'Ah,' replied the ruler of Weimer, 'I am glad to meet your friend Wagner. Is he musical, too?'

"'Yes,' I replied; 'he whistles at grand dukes,' and we left the room to the utter discomfiture of his grace. Needless to state, neither Wagner nor I were ever invited to the grand ducal palace again.



Bathing Girls in "The Prince of Pilsen."