Bravo Frawley! Bravo Ashton! It is hard to say which of the two is entitled to the highest credit for last night's work in "Brother Officers." Frawley, of course, comes first from the acting standpoint. Nothing in his whole repertoire, perhaps outside of Svengali in "Trilby," or Capt. Thorne in "Secret Service," shows his talents off to better advantage than the role of the uncouth English soldier, suddenly thrust into the society of his superiors, and made a brother officer with them. He was excellent from start to finish, and the way he acquitted himself must be regarded as simply marvelous in view of the strain under which he was laboring. Mr. Ashton was handed the part of Launcelot at noon yesterday, as soon as it became known that Ben Howard, the attempted suicide, would be unable to play. Mr. Frawley himself had few hopes that Mr. Ashton could prepare himself in a long role like that and give the necessary rehearsing to it before night, and he at once made up his mind not to attempt to raise the curtain, but to leave the house dark. Mr. Ashton insisted, however, that he could get through, and considering all things, he got through nobly. Every moment he was off the stage he was studying his lines, and only a few in the audience detected the fact that he had to have occasional help from the prompter. In spite of this drawback the play was well received and heartily applauded. Miss Van Buren was at her very best in the sweet part of the countess and looked beautiful in some magnificent costumes. Both she and Blanche Douglas had a hearty reception on their entrance, and Miss Douglas again showed that she is one of the strong factors in the organization. Mr. Shaw made a good part of Hutton, Mr. Mathieu was effective as the young officer, and Mr. Duffield made an excellent old colonel. This afternoon and evening the [illegible] closes with "Trilby," in [illegible]. Frawley and Miss Van Buren [illegible] two of their very best parts. Mr. Ashton will take Howard's place in the role of Taffy. With his wonderful capacity for study, with rehearsal this morning, and with the matinee performance this afternoon, he will, no doubt, be in good form for tonight's performance.

* * *

No one will blame Mr. Frawley if in the future he looks back upon his Salt Lake season as one prolonged nightmare. The way in which accidents and misfortunes have trod upon each other's heels in his company for the past 10 days is something that would have appalled any ordinary man, and that Frawley was enabled to bear up under all of it, and still give his nightly performances, forms a rare tribute to his ability as a general. Starting in with the illness of Miss Buckley, the necessity for a change in the opening bill from "Blue Jeans" to "In Mizzoura," then Mr. Howard's illness, Ben Johnson's incapacity, which caused a rearrangement of the cast in nearly every play attempted, and to cap it all Ben Howard's unfortunate attempt at suicide, which not only made another arrangement necessary, but nearly demoralized the whole company—all these things would have broken the back of an organization less strongly organized, and with a less experienced man at its head than Frawley.

It is wonderful in the face of all these mischances, that the business has kept up as well as it has, and we all trust that after the counting up is made in the box office tonight, the result of his 11 performances will be such as to cause Mr. Frawley in some measure to forget the misfortunes that have surrounded his Salt Lake engagement, and bring him back to us in due time next season. He has had wonderful business, all things considered. Two of his houses ran to the $1,000 mark. His matinees have been heavy and even the lesser nights have kept up to respectable dimensions. All in all the season cannot have resulted in much less than $6,000 or $7,000, a total which makes a handsome profit both to Mr. Frawley and the local manager, and one we trust that will be sufficient to justify him in giving Salt Lake one more trial, when he has rehabilitated his company and put it into shape for next season's work.

* * *

From all signs theater-goers and society generally are getting ready to descend with a rush on the limited engagement of Nat Goodwin and Maxine Elliott at the theater next week. Two plays will be presented; one the big success which these popular players have been presenting in London for six months, entitled "When We Were Twenty-One." The magnificent reception this play received on its last presentation here is still well remembered. All who beheld it will wish to see it again, especially as the much criticised act which took the audience behind the scenes in a swell London club room has been eliminated and a new one written in its place; this out of deference to London taste, which cried out loudly against the scene in question. "The American Citizen," which Mr. Goodwin and Miss Elliott played here some years ago, is a play no less powerful and charming, and they could not have presented a stronger repertoire. High prices will, of course, prevail, but this will be no bar to the rush that is bound to take place for seats to both performances.

* * *

A private letter from Miss Sallie Fisher states that she and her mother will arrive in Salt Lake during June and spend the summer here. Miss Fisher has had a long and arduous season in "The Chaperones," and she writes that there is no place in which she cared to rest except Zion. She had excellent offers for summer work both in Pittsburg and Glen Falls, N. Y. In the latter place the manager promised to put on "Cavalleria Rusticana" with Miss Fisher in the part of Santuzza, but she says that even that offer could not tempt her to stay away from home another summer. Miss Fisher adds that the newspaper paragraph which stated that she was interested in getting up a union for chorus girls was the veriest nonsense. She states that she and a number of the "Chaperones" company, were introduced to Mr. Gompers, the noted labor leader, and the next thing she knew a sensational newspaper had an article about a chorus girls' union. She was greatly annoyed at the publication and says it would be about the last thing she would think of to consider it her duty or business to instruct chorus girls regarding their salaries or any other detail of their profession.

* * *

The operetta which has been written by Harold Orlob, composer, and Frank Maltese, librettist, will have its first presentation at the theater within the next few weeks. The work is entitled "The Prince and the Peasant," and is the first thing of the kind the young gentlemen have ever attempted. Mr. Orlob, will, of course, conduct the orchestra and Mr. Maltese will run the stage. A chorus of 40 has been provided with a ballet of 10, and Miss Irene Humphreys will do the solo dancing. The full cast is as follows:

Karl, a rolling stone....Alfred Best, Jr.
Zoo Zoo.....Lorenzo Haddock
Blinkie Blinker.. .....Franklin Hooper
Hindrich Brochmyer.....Carl De Vere
Prince Hugo .....Frank Foster
Count Gunbald .....George Myrtin
Demon Jester.....Miss Kate Butler
Imp..... Ed Pomeroy
Jeanette.Mrs. Kate Bridewell Anderson
Fanchette.....Mrs. Lily Pye Bradford
Countess Hildagarde.Gertrude Johnston

* * *

During Emma Nevada's tour through California recently, she determined to visit Nevada City, her birthplace and the town from which she has adopted her stage name. She left it when three years of age and had not set foot in it since. The town had been apprised of the visit and prepared to give their illustrious townswoman a real mountain welcome, and they certainly left nothing undone. The coming of Nevada's train was announced to the waiting throng by the ringing of every bell in the place, a sound that was soon swelled by the tooting of the locomotive whistles and the booming of cannon. Five thousand people were there to cheer her as she alighted from the train. Stalwart miners from the hills, cowboys and Indians from the range vied with the citizens of the place in roaring out their welcome. Under arches of peach and cherry blossoms, Nevada was escorted to her carriage by white robed school children. The town band played "Home, Sweet Home," and headed the procession toward the hotel. The crowd followed and refused to leave the street in front of the hotel until Madame Nevada appeared on the balcony and spoke to them. Old pioneers who had held her in their arms as a baby, wept like children when she grasped their hands and called them by their first names.

In the course of her stay, Madame Nevada visited the house in which she first saw the light of day, the little church where she made her first appearance as a singer, so small that they were compelled to place her upon a table before the audience could see her, and many places around which clustered some of her dearest childhood memories.

MISS HELEN GRANTLY,
As Katherine in "The Taming of the Shrew."

MAXINE ELLIOTT.

THEATER GOSSIP.

Only three cities will see Mr. Leslie Carter in "Du Barry" next season, Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago.

Cecelia Loftus is to go with Irving and Terry to London to play Marguerite in Irving's revival of "Faust."

Henry E. Dixey, Jr., son of "Adonis" Dixey, and a clever young actor, has won much favorable mention this season for his excellent character work in "The Burgomaster."

Mrs. William Faversham was granted a divorce in New York last Monday. Her suit was unopposed by her husband. Mrs. Faversham will receive $3,200 a year alimony.

It was necessary for the actors' fund to donate $50 to save "Billy" Rice, the minstrel, from the potter's field. His friends are talking of putting a $5,000 monument over his grave.

"Way Down East" may succeed "Arizona" at the Adelphi Theater in London, and it is reported that hereafter that theater will be given up to successful American dramas.

Well-authenticated reports say that the Sarah Bernhardt and Maude Adams "Romeo and Juliet" scheme is to be persisted in, and there is little doubt that it will be very profitable. According to the latest slate, 100 performances are to be given in France, 100 in America, and 25 in London.

It is pleasant to note that Mr. Willard had a great reception in San Francisco last Monday night in his play of "The Cardinal." The papers there like those of Salt Lake, styled it the greatest dramatic treat they had known for years.

Blanche Walsh had a narrow escape from death the other night in Seattle. The rear entrance of the theatre is close to the water and in making a mis-step she fell into the bay, a distance of 12 feet. The water only being 12 inches deep, she was greatly jarred, though not seriously hurt. She has been prevented from playing in "Janice Meredith" several days on account of her injuries.

At the final performance in the Lyceum Theater, which closed its career last week, Daniel Frohman was called before the curtain and made a speech about the long-popular house. His graceful allusion to Georgia Cayvan, the most distinctive figure in all its history, was met with most sympathetic recognition from the audience. Daniel Frohman might have said about the theater he managed so long that it has passed away with a stainless artistic record.

The "News" is asked to decide a dispute as to whether or not Maxine Elliott was ever a member of the Frawley company. The decision is in the affirmative. Miss Elliott played with the Frawley company in San Francisco. It was there that Nat Goodwin saw her and made her an offer to join him, and the two have never been separated since, though they will star apart next year. Miss Elliott is a New England girl and went on the stage when she was 16, her first appearance being with Mr. Willard in "The Middleman."

Both Richard Harding Davis, the author, and Augustus Thomas, who dramatized the book, were called upon for speeches when "Soldiers of Fortune" was produced. Thomas, however, made the hit of the evening by referring to "our young manager, Henry Harris, whose father, Joel Chandler Harris, is a household word in all the haunts of ragtime," and to Mr. Edeson, "whose father only a few short years ago was a mere telegrapher, and now is the world's wonder, Thomas Edison," and to Richard Harding Davis, "whose father, as every one, of course, knows, was that most be-diamonded, if not famous, of all American actors, Alvin Joslyn Davis."

Stuart Robson thus relates how "The Henrietta" came to be written:

"The writing of the play came about in this way: Howard was in the audience when I was playing in New York about 16 years ago, when after the performance we met and I said, 'We are going to bring out something new, Howard, we would, however, like to have something from your pen.' Mr. Howard replied, 'If you are as anxious to have me write as I am to do something for you the matter can be arranged. Tomorrow I will send around my business manager, and you can talk to him of terms.'

"The business manager came, the terms were satisfactory. That was all heard of Mr. Howard for four months. One day he sent us a scenario or running idea of a play. We wondered what had become of Howard. One April day the dramatist called. He read one act of the play. There were no suggestions to offer, everybody was delighted, but this act was only in the rough so to speak. The lines were broken and fragments, nothing was done. We were somewhat concerned.

"'That is capital,' I said, 'and now let us hear the second, third and fourth acts.' 'I haven't them,' replied Howard. 'Haven't them,' I exclaimed. 'Well, Mr. Howard, this is April, and four months hence—' and everybody opened their eyes and looked wise, 'I know,' said Mr. Howard, 'the time may seem short to you, but I assure you it is ample for my purposes. I spent over a year on the structure of this play; it is now finished, the writing of the dialogue will be a very simple matter.' Mr. Howard was as good as his word. 'The Henrietta' was finished in due season."

MUSIC NOTES.

The final presentation of "The Chimes of Normandy" will be rendered in Ogden tonight. Logan offered them a date but the members were unable to accept it.

"The Fortune Teller," the opera in which Alice Nielson was so successful is now running at the Tivoli opera house in San Francisco.

Paderewski played in Philadelphia last Saturday and on Monday he gave his last New York concert in Carnegie hall. His American tour will, however, continue until the end of the month, and will take him as far south as New Orleans and Dallas, and as far west as Lincoln, Neb. His final appearance will be at Washington, on April 28, nd two days later he will sail for Europe on the Oceanic.

Another new thing under the sun is reported from Vienna. A famous French opera composer the other evening paid 500 crowns for the privilege of using the conductor's seat during a performance of one of his own operas. The composer was Massenet, the performance the hundredth, in Vienna, of his "Manon." Massenet conducted and his 500 crowns were added to the pension fund for members of the opera. The house was, of course, crowded, and the enthusiasm was great. During his sojourn in Vienna his sacred drama "Maria Magdalena" was also sung. Mascagni was in the Austrian capital at the same time, to conduct a performance of Rossini's "Stabat Mater." Massenet, by the way, is at work on his memoirs, but they are not to be printed till after his death. The MS. is dedicated to his daughter and his grandchildren, and the motto on the title page is "L'art, mes enfants, c'est d'etre absolument soi-meme" (Art consists in being completely one's self).

EMMA RAMSEY SINGS AT A ROYAL RECEPTION.

MISS EMMA RAMSEY.

To the Musical Editor.

Provo, Utah, April 5, 1902.

While all America, with Uncle Sam at their back, were craning their necks for a glimpse of a real Prince, Miss Emma Ramsey, one of our modest Utah maidens who is studying in Berlin, stepped right into court circles and sang for one. The event occurred at a grand reception given by Count and Countess Tiele-Winckler, to his royal highness, Prince Joachim Albrecht of Prussia, cousin of the emperor.

Miss Ramsey began her work in the Brigham Young academy several years ago, and is one of the charter members of the class of 1901. Her voice soon attracted attention, and under the training of Prof. Lund developed so rapidly that she was encouraged to go to Germany, where she is now taking lessons under Madame Corelli. Salt Lakers will perhaps recall Miss Ramsey's singing at a Tabernacle concert three years ago at the Eisteddfod. The young lady is a charming letter-writer, and occasionally her friends in the academy are permitted to share them. A letter just received by her family is so graphic, and withal so characteristic, that I begged permisison to publish portions of it in the "News" for the gratification of her thousand student friends of three years ago, many of whom are themselves on missions, as well as of the multitude of your readers who take pride in the achievements of Zion's sons and daughters.

I cannot refrain from adding that were Miss Ramsey not bent upon winning a place in music, she might well be encouraged to take up literature. The simplicity, directness and charming naivete of the recital which follows, are characteristics which every teacher of composition strives for but seldom attains in the class room. Perhaps had Miss Ramsey realized that her letter would be published, much of the freshness and piquancy of her descriptions would be wanting.—N. L. N.)

Berlin, Germany, March 7, 1902.

Dear Ones at Home:

There was a grand reception given by Count and Countess Tiele-Winckler at their palatial home in Berlin. No one but court people were present. The great rooms of the Tiele-Winckler palace were richly decorated with banks of flowers, costly vases and rich silken hangings. The room where I sang was beautiful beyond description. One side of it was supported by immense pillars of marble richly carved and ornamented.

The Countess von Beroldingen, a friend of the hostess, called for me in her own private carriage with liveried coachmen and footmen. I felt "real smart" riding in the finest turnout in Berlin, and at the side of one of the prettiest and wealthiest titled women in the empire.

When we reached the palace, what seemed to me almost a swarm of servants in handsome livery, swooped down upon us to conduct me into her grace's presence. The countess received me very cordially indeed and made me feel at home from the first moment.

Such a dream of richness, costly jewels, diamonds, pearls and elegant women, with their still more elegant court gowns, and stiff, straight-backed German officials in all the dignity of court uniform and brass buttons! A sight well worth seeing and I wished you all might have been there too; for it was an opportunity of a lifetime.

I saw what few foreigners ever have a chance to see—the inside of real court society life. I almost wondered if such wonderful diamonds could be real, there were so many and they were so large; but I remembered that this was a gathering of the very wealthiest people in Germany and they wouldn't dare put on false jewels.

A MUSICAL PRINCE.

Well, all this hasn't anything to do with the prince. When I went into the reception room, I tried to pick him out of the brilliant assemblage, but all German officers look alike to me, and as he was in officers' uniform I could not decide. The story books always used to tell us that by his noble bearing and patrician features, etc., one is always able to tell the prince, no matter how or where he may be seen. But this was a meeting in real life.

Finally I asked some one near to show me where the royal guest was. Then I saw a tall, well formed, soldierly young fellow engaged in making a series of stiff bows to a group of very delighted ladies. He had a rather common, uninteresting face, a little too fat to conform to the ideal of what a Prince Charming should be. His hair was of no particular color that I remember, so I think I shall call it golden. But his eyes were blue—decidely so; and merry twinkling eyes they were.

After he finished the painful ordeal of bowing, his face looked a little more interesting. He is a thorough musician and favored us with some fine selections on the violincello. He is a master of this instrument, but, of course, never plays in public only to amuse his friends.

I was sitting very near him while he played and had a good chance to watch his expression. Just before he began, an accident happened to one of the cello strings. He turned to me with a funny little laugh and "winked the other eye," oh no, he did not actually wink, but he positively grinned, so that one would never imagine he was a prince. He was not a bit "stuck up" or proud, but was as sociable and jolly as any of the company.

When he began to play I was soon in dreamland. His hitherto uninteresting face was now full of emotion and every bar of the music he brought out seemed to be written in his countenance. He seemed completely carried away as every one of his hearers crtainly was. I tried to realize where I was—that I was in one of the most brilliant and exclusive society circles of Europe, and in the presence of a real, live prince, who was playing for me as much as for any of the others. But I finally forgot to realize anything and the prince was lost in the musician.

SINGING FOR ROYALTY.

There was scarcely a breath after he finished, and in that charmed silence I gained inspiration to sing as I have seldom sung in all my life. That silence was almost a prayer. At least for me it was, and I felt sure the Lord would give me strength to do as well in song as the prince had done in playing, and I was not mistaken. My voice came out so round and with so little effort.

Many and beautiful were the compliments I received from all: counts, barons, grafs and the prince himself, who seemed very much delighted.

I thought what a pleasure it would have given you all to see those great ones of high degree lay aside their dignity and literally rush to congratulate me. They all said I had touched their hearts. I hope I did the prince's.

One very dignified and very gouty old count—Markgrafvon Karak—hobbled up to me and with a courtly bow told me that he must express his pleasure, too. He said: "You have a treasure chest in that little white throat of yours, and I must tell you how I have been charmed."

The host and hostess were simply over-joyed that I had made such an impression on their guests, and begged me to stay to supper; but I thought it better to go while they were all pleased with me. Nevertheless, it was an honor and a great compliment to be invited to remain, as that is not usually the case on such occasions. They did not treat me as a hired professional, but more like one of themselves, although I had sense enough to know they would not have done so had I not pleased them.

AT THE OPERA.

I sang three songs. The next day the countess enclosed a round sum of 100 marks, which in this land is a large sum. A few days later she sent me tickets for the Royal Opera, a grand affair, at which the empress was present with all the foreign embassies. I had choice seats in the parquet, and took Mrs. Dr. York with me. There I saw the prince in the royal box, but do not think for a moment that he saw me. The best of it all is, the count and countess both said I must sing at their next reception. They very often entertain the kaiser and it was only by accident that he was not there the evening I sang.

The Count Tiele-Winckler is the master of the royal hunt and accompanies the kaiser on all important expeditions. He is the wealthiest noble in Berlin, and recently gave the kaiser a little supper which cost over ten thousand marks. Not much for a small lunch, is it?

LUCK—OR TALENT.

The Tiele-Wincklers are at the head of court society, and favor with them will mean much to me. I won't brag yet, but there are, or may be possibilities for me this next season. I have been congratulated as being the luckiest girl in the American colony for it is so difficult for students, especially Americans, to gain admission into such secluded realms. I think I should get so conceited that no one could come near me, don't you? Then, people would begin to think, perhaps, I did know a little bit.

AN OLD TIMER.

Oh, and there's something else I want to add. The world is not so big after all, for I met that night an old gentleman who had been in Utah years ago, in the days of Brigham Young and the Indians. He knew more of the country and spoke much better English than I do. I let him do most of the talking, for it pleased him to recount his experiences to a good listener. In this way I made him think I was a very interesting young person.

I got a chance finally to say something of my mountain home, and we grew quite friendly. He called me "Miss Utah," the whole evening without once asking how many wives my father had or whether I believed in polygamy.

Well, I suppose this is all there is to say on the subject, but you all have reason to be glad that your little good for nothing "Em" has had such a privilege. If anyone else in the state or I might say, in the United States, had had such an experience, they would make a great stir over it, see if they wouldn't! But because it is only "Em," why it isn't considered very much.

You never mind," I'll do something yet. I am not a great singer by any means yet, but I'll get there some day. Another thing, too: I may go to Italy for a while this spring for a good rest and change. I have worked too long without a vacation, and now I begin to feel it. Don't be surprised if you hear that I am resting for a while in Sunny Italy, and don't be alarmed if you hear any reports about my being ill; for I am only in need of rest and am going to take it.

My new address is Luther Str, 14 a.

Love to all. EM.

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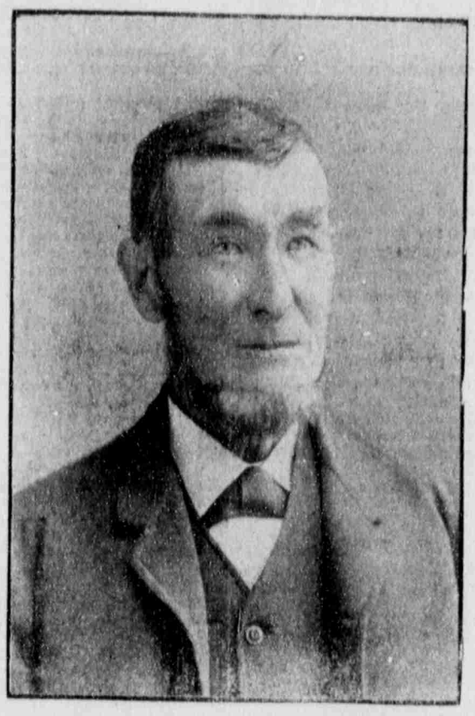
OLD SALT LAKERS.



BISHOP JOSEPH POLLARD.

Bishop Joseph Pollard, who for many years presided over the Fifteenth ward, was born at Corfe Castle, Dorsetshire, England, Nov. 23, 1819. He arrived in Salt Lake in the fall of 1857 and was set apart as second counselor to Bishop Andrew Cunningham of the Fifteenth ward in 1861. Robert T. Burton succeeded Bishop Cunningham in 1867, and Elder Pollard acted as First Counselor to the new bishop. He was himself appointed bishop of the Fifteenth ward June 27, 1877. He was by trade a carpenter and was for several years in the employ of President Brigham Young. He worked for eighteen years for the Utah Central railroad and had a high reputation as a careful and conscientious laborer. His character was well summarized in a Deseret News editorial on the day of his death, Tuesday, Feb. 25, 1890. An extract is as follows:

"A sterling character was he; a trifle blunt, being phenomenally outspoken, but with a heart as tender as that of a child; the people of the bishopric loved him because they believed in him. Although he was ready with sharp reproof for the evil doer and laggard, he was equally prompt in dispensing sweet words of consolation and comfort to the unfortunate and erring. His sincerity was sublime; his devotion to what he believed to be his duty, inspiring, and we believe that we do not everestimate the facts when we say probably no other bishop in the Church was more familiar with his flock, collectively and individually, than the deceased. It is greatly to his credit that the poor among his people were the special objects of his solicitude."

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