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SENATE BILL NO. 20.

THE ACTION of the house in killing senate bill No. 20, which would give cities the power to condemn water rights, subject, of course, to abundant safeguards, should by all means be reconsidered. There is no valid objection to the bill, and it looks very much as if some of the members had permitted a prejudice against public improvements for cities to run away with them.

There is nothing sacred about a water right. It is not a thing before which practical men are expected to fall down and worship. The law makes it possible to deprive the citizen of his home, if the home is needed for public purposes, and whenever a water right is necessary to the public welfare it should be possible to condemn it.

Under our present statutes it is possible for a few obstinate individuals to block the progress of a city toward the securing of an adequate water supply. This notwithstanding the fact that the city would be willing to give to those men all their rights are worth. The senate bill would do away with all this. At the same time the privileges of no citizen are placed in jeopardy.

All proceedings must be had in a court of competent jurisdiction. The city must show first the absolute urgent necessity for the water it seeks to condemn. If this necessity cannot be shown, and shown to the entire satisfaction of an unbiased judge, the proceedings end at once. If the urgent need can be shown a jury of honest men passes on the value of the water right and awards the compensation.

More, after the value of the right has been established the jury must go further and award to the defendant any damages he may sustain to his property. Thus, if a man has a farm, and if he depends upon his water right to make his farm productive, it is clear that his farm is injured by the loss of the water right. The jury gives him the full measure of such damages.

It does not seem to us that anything could be fairer. It has been urged in opposition to the bill that a city could go here and there and anywhere and take water away from anybody and everybody. This, we submit, would not be possible. Need for the water must be shown first. Then the value of the water would be so great in many cases that no city could afford to condemn it.

One member of the legislature declared that a city might take away from a mining company water actually needed in the operation of the mine. Could it? Let us see. A mine that is worth working must possess intrinsic value. Could any city in this state buy a producing mine in order to get the water right attached to it? Certainly not.

The only purpose of the bill is to prevent the holding up of cities by men who, under present conditions, have cities at their mercy. We doubt very much if condemnation proceedings would be necessary in many instances. They might never be necessary, for, with the right to condemn in the hands of cities, the obstinate ones would soon come to fair prices for their holdings.

The house will do no better work in its dying hours than the reconsideration and passage of senate bill No. 20.

THE NEW PACKING HOUSE.

THE ANNOUNCEMENT that the packing house project, launched some months ago by James C. Leary, is to be built at once, cannot fail to be gratifying intelligence to the people of Utah and of the intermountain country. The benefits to be derived by the public from the undertaking are obvious. Salt Lake is today practically in the grasp of the meat trust. Local consumers are compelled to pay the prices charged and fixed by the trust. Local raisers of livestock are compelled to ship their animals to a point designated by the trust and to accept for them whatever the trust chooses to pay.

As Rome was not built in a day, so it will not be possible to realize immediately the benefits of the new packing house. But that eventually it will give this section cheaper meats and the owners of livestock higher prices for their product, there can be no doubt. The local concern will be saved the cost of freight rates going and coming. The first saving will be on cattle rates and the second on rates for dressed meats. This puts the institution in first-class shape for competition with the trust.

For several years to come a ready market will undoubtedly be found here at home for all the output of the new industry. Later, it is reasonable to believe, there will be a branching out to include states not immediately adjacent to Utah. That, however, is a matter that will take care of itself. If the people here will do their part by giving to the home concern at least the major part of their patronage, the home company will do its part toward wresting a desirable territory from the control of the trust.

The Herald is a strong believer in patronizing home industries. As long as other things are equal, and even when there is a slight difference in cost or convenience in favor of an outside product, the home industry should be patronized to the exclusion of the outside concern. In this there is nothing clannish. It is simply a business proposition. People who have confidence enough in the future of Salt Lake and Utah to expend large sums of money here are entitled to all the help Salt Lake and Utah can give them.

We wish the new packing plant the fullest measure of success. May it grow and prosper until it acquires all the trade it can possibly take care of.

A CORRECTION.

ON FEB. 27 THE HERALD, with other news matter from Ephraim, stated that J. C. Mellor of Fayette had asked to be declared a bankrupt, that a hearing had been had in the case but no trustee was appointed because he possessed no property not exempt under the law. This was an error. Mr. J. C. Mellor made no such application in bankruptcy. The application was made by James Mellor, also of Fayette, the similarity of the names undoubtedly leading The Herald's correspondent at Ephraim into the error. The Herald has made inquiries and finds that J. C. Mellor has the best possible reputation, and so far as any one knows hasn't a debt in the world. The Herald cheerfully makes this correction.

BETTER RATES TOMORROW.

THE SWEEPING FREIGHT reductions conceded to Salt Lake through the efforts of the Commercial club, actively assisted by T. M. Schumacher of the Short Line and S. V. Derrah of the Rio Grande, will go into effect tomorrow. The Herald has before pointed out the immensely better facilities this will give Salt Lake wholesalers and jobbers for meeting the keen competition of their western and northwestern rivals. It will mean business for Salt Lake in localities where it was impossible for business to be done before.

The city owes a debt of gratitude for these concessions to Chairman Galigher of the Commercial club committee, and to his fellow committeemen, as well as to Messrs. Derrah and Schumacher. If the railroad men had not cordially supported the movement for more favorable rates it would not have been possible to secure them. Both Mr. Derrah and Mr. Schumacher have demonstrated that they are good citizens as well as first-class railroad men, and the public will not forget either of them.

HATS IN CHURCHES.

A MOVEMENT has been started in Salt Lake for the removal of women's hats in the churches. While it may seem cruelly wrong to advocate such a measure when Easter Sunday will be coming along in a few weeks, there is no good reason why women should not remove their hats at church services. In the theatres no woman thinks of sitting through a performance with her hat on.

It is true there isn't as much to see in a church as in a theatre, but some people like to see the preacher as well as to hear him. This they often find to be impossible because of a splendid display of millinery between them and the pulpit. Another argument in favor of the removal of hats in churches is that a beautiful hat is likely to take the mind of the woman worshipper off of the services.

Mind, we do not go on record as saying that a woman would rather look at a pretty hat—and plan one for herself to beat it—than hear a sermon. Not by any manner of means do we believe such a thing. But the frivolous, and they are the ones the church wants to reach, are likely to be distracted by the bonnets. Therefore, the bonnets should not be worn during the services.

However, we are perfectly willing to grant a stay of proceedings until after Easter Sunday. In this we do not expect the support of any mere man. The men will be strongly in favor of instituting the rule immediately, for some of them are mean enough to want to save the price of an Easter bonnet. It will be agreed that a bonnet that cannot be seen is not worth while, especially on Easter Sunday.

So let the present method of procedure prevail until Easter Sunday of 1905 is a thing of the past. And, rather than be nasty about it, we are perfectly willing to make an exception of Easter Sunday every year. The rest of the time, though, women should keep their hats off during church services.

It isn't quite safe for the spring poet to venture from his lair just yet. There may be some coal weather before the flowers bloom.

One thing in the franchise extension matter is certain. The people will never forget councilmen who vote for it. And they will never forgive them, either.

Senator Smoot left Washington for home yesterday, but it is not probable that the governor's office will be moved to Provo before next Thursday or Friday. There is no real occasion for hurry.

William Jennings Bryan says Senator La Follette of Wisconsin is the foremost champion of reform in the Republican party. Unfortunately, however, La Follette's is a voice crying in the wilderness.

One advantage about the passage of the law making wide-open gambling possible in Nevada is that it will attract gamblers from other states and so clear some of them of a most undesirable population.

The Colorado legislature is showing a disposition to pass the settlement of the governorship contest up to the supreme court. The public has no more confidence in the court than in the legislature, and that is saying mighty little for both organizations.

THROUGH THE WEEK

"George is a love,' sighed his little wife, "but he is too serious a church member. During Lent he abstains from giving me the extra pocket money which he says is his dearest pleasure."

* * *

What joy is in tomorrow
If you haven't got a cent?
For there's nothing left to borrow
When everything is Lent.

* * *

Tabernacle concerts should be soaked over night so that they will shrink, or else have a tuck run in them. And couldn't something be done to those hideous arc lights over the choir that put your eyes out with their insistent glare?

* * *

There was a bass singer called Dufft,
Who ought to be properly pufft,
For he won great applause,
And the main reason was
That his audience hadn't been bluffed.

* * *

No, my son, the Rev. Mr. Walker did not say Harry Joseph. It was the man in the Bible, you know. You should go to your Sunday school more, and to the legislature less.

* * *

Good-bye, Dolly, I must leave you,
Though it breaks my neck to go;
Something tells me I am forty,
That's the end of me, you know.
I'll not drivel on to sixty,
Now I've finished making hay,
So I've bought this little ropelet;
Good-bye, Dolly Gray.

* * *

"Go to church, mother, and take the children. Willie, you mustn't blow on your squeaker on the Sabbath. Pass me over the morning papers and shake up these pillows. There's nobody on earth that enjoys the day of rest like a politician."

* * *

The walrus and the carpenter were walking side by side.
They wept like anything to see the clean street corps belied.
"Of course they could have left it clean," they said, "if they had tried!"

* * *

'What is the Associated Press?" she asked.

"Just this," he answered. "When I put my arms around your waist, you just put your arms around my neck."

Just then her father opened the door, but the young man was hardened.

"This scene represents the name of a great historian," he said, blandly. "Press-caught."

* * *

Now that there are ten new men on the force, the police will be in hotter pursuit than ever.

* * *

"What will they do to Frank J. Cannon, papa? Will they blow out the stars some silent night and kill him in the fearful darkness? Then will they scatter his mangled remains to the mountain lions and the coyotes that yet wander the wilds uncaptured? I am scairt of the Mormons, papa. I want to burn the Bee Hive with the bad men in it, and the tithing office before they put poison in their butter! Come, papa, let us rent a room in the Armory where we shall be quite safe."

* * *

The Goose that laid the golden egg took it away with her again. And fine as the spectacle was, it wasn't a Drury Lane pantomime. However, the finest part of the Drury Lane show is the multitude of boxes and stalls fairly crowded with bright little heads whose eyes are about popping out of them. The pantomime is the children's festival, and poorer parents would rather go without their meals than have their little tots miss the treat. That pantomime makes the whole Christmas season joyous. And genuine love and hominess at Christmas time, though there isn't much display, England is the country of the globe.

* * *

Shall we have night school, or shall we not have night school? All in favor of it please rise. Contrary minded please rise. Now both kindly remain standing while we consider the question at greater length.

* * *

The legislature proves the truth
Of that old Persian saying:
"We never know what kids we've got
Until we miss their playing."
And so that legislature we
Had been so glad to pawn,
Gives us great joy, and hope and glee,
And blessing now 'tis gone.

CURIOSITIES IN COLOR.

Blue Rays Are Hurtful to Animal and Vegetable Growth.

(Philadelphia Press.)

Put a growing plant under red glass, and it shoots up very tall and spindly. Green glass causes a similar effect, but not quite so strongly marked. Blue glass on the other hand seems to dwarf vegetable growth.

A plant grown under blue glass is always smaller than its neighbor under transparent glass, although the conditions are otherwise similar.

A series of experiments in growing plants under various colored glasses was conducted by the well known astronomer, Camille Flammarion, and the results, as above, reported by him to the French academy.

Light and color are full of odd puzzles, many of which are still a good deal of a mystery. Dr. Niel Finsen, famous for his electric light invention for the cure of cancer, made exhaustive experiments on the effects of lights of various colors on various forms of animal life.

One or two of these were very interesting. For instance, he placed a number of earth worms in a box covered half with red, half with blue glass. In every case the worms were found to crowl away from under the blue glass and take shelter under the red, where they remained quite content.

A chameleon lizard was then placed by the experimenter in a small box, so that half its body was under blue and the other half under red glass. He noticed that at once the part under the blue rays turned black, while that part under red light remained almost white. It was evident that the creature was using its pigment cells to protect itself against the disagreeable effects of the blue light.

It is now universally acknowledged that the blue rays are, of all the visible rays which we receive from the sun, the only ones that can produce injurious effects upon animal or plant life. It is these blue rays that cause scarring in smallpox.

The skin in this disease becomes almost as sensitive a a photographic plate. If the patient is kept in the dark no scarring results. But a red light is equally harmless as darkness and less unpleasant to the patient.

Sunstroke, as we call it, is produced not by light rays at all, but by the chemical rays of the sun. Sunstroke may thus be termed a photographic effect, and we can therefore use color to fight it.

Treat the body as a photographer treats his dark plates. Envelop it not in black, as usually done, but in orange. An orange colored shirt and a coat and hat lined with orange fabric have actually been tried by officers in India who had to march during hot weather. Men so attired were certainly rendered immune to sunstroke.

Certain blind persons can tell the color of a flower by laying it against their cheek. Actual experiment shows that blossoms of certain colors are in reality warmer than those of other tints.

A scientist who recently carried out a series of such experiments found that dark reds and browns gave the sensation of greatest warmth, while lemon yellow was the coldest color. Pink is warmer than white, but white—curiously enough—is warmer than violet, blue or yellow.

A rather odd fact about yellow is that a yellow light has greater power of penetration in foggy weather than a pure white one. It has been proved that the yellowish light of oil or gas in a lighthouse lantern can be seen further out at sea than can the pure white of an electric lamp.

In clear weather and by daylight green is visible at the greatest distance of any scarlet, which is usually imagined to be the most brilliant of colors. Indeed, blue, and even dark grey, are far more visible color, much further, for instance, at a distance than is scarlet.

"I Thank The Lord!"

cried Hannah Plant, of Little Rock, Ark., "for the relief I got from Bucklen's Arnica Salve. It cured my fearful running sores, which nothing else would heal, and from which I had suffered for five years." It is a marvelous healer for cuts, burns and wounds. Guaranteed at Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept; 25c.

GOTHAM SEES A NEW STAR

BY FRANKLIN FYLES.

ELLIS JEFFREYS is a sister-in-law of a British lord. That makes her none the better actress, nor any the worse, and the fact is that she is an uncommonly good one. In London within ten years she has been a "leading woman" in the companies of such actor-managers as Wyndham, Hare, Alexander, Terry and Maude. In New York this week she is a "star" for the first time in her professional life. Ellis Jeffreys is the English gentlewoman of the tall, comely, graceful type sketched by Du Maurier in his Punch cartoons. Her deportment is of the drawing room sort that is difficult for even those born to it to carry to the stage. She speaks English with the best of London accent, which is as different from broad cockney as it is from Yankee twang. She is not a dramatic genius—oh, nowhere near it; but she has an agreeable personality, manifest intelligence and the sureness of a trained player. It sums her up fairly to say that New York is inclined to grasp her hands cordially as a woman rather than to bow to her in awe as an actress. Yet she comes to us in the robes of a queen—very rich robes of royalty, from the silk and lace of her boudoir to the satin and ermine of her throne. One costume is a duplicate of that which King Edward's queen wore at her coronation. Her wardrobe is quite right. I know it by the wide-open eyes and the softly smiling mouths of the women in the audience. And her torso is smooth and shapely. I can see that bared fact for myself.

"I have played fourteen queens in my time," Pinero makes the veteran actress in "Trelawny of the Wells" remark, "and not one of them was worth a tinker's dam."

But she hadn't a chance at Queen Sonia of Corconia, the one in which Miss Jeffreys introduces herself to us. This Sonia is as real a girl by nature as your own dear daughter or sister, and at the same time as artificial a creature as ever royalty reared. So it is that she coldly assents to an arranged marriage with Prince Cyril of Ingra, and then proceeds to love him hotly. Those contradistinctions make her the very femininely charming heroine of the play of "The Prince Consort," because they start her in as an imperious tyrant over her officially inferior consort, and finish her off as a submissive wife to her personally superior husband. But this is not a new taming of a shrewish Katherine by a bullying Petruchio, for Sonia is never vixenish nor Cyril ever domineering. Instead, it is a case of mutual love that goes wrong for a while before going right.

Two men wrote "The Prince Consort" in French, two others rewrote it in English, and not one of their names is known to us except that of Cosmo Gordon-Lennox, a British lordling and husband of Marie Tempest, the actress. It is safe to attribute the frequent American colloquialisms to him, as he has been a tourist here, and the expertness of the adaptation is similar to his work in the version of "The Marriage of Kitty," which he made for his wife. First along this play is a satire on royalty in a petty European kingdom, and maybe it was suggested by the wedlock of the Queen of Holland. The chief councillor is a travesty of statecraft, the consort's father, is a funny grafter, and both are carried to the verge of burlesque by William H. Thompson and Henry E. Dixey. But further on the course of Sonia and Cyril's true love runs rough pathetically with Miss Jeffrey partnered in some emotional passages with Bon Webster, a young London actor worth importing; and before the end—which is the surrende rof the queen-wife to the consort-husband—we are willing to accept as altogether reasonable the entire representation of life at a petty European court. The tag is a ticklish bit of pretty sentiment. Sonia offers to relieve Cyril of his humiliating nonentity at court by seating him on the throne beside herself. He declines the gift of a crown and is convinced that manly dignity requires his departure, though it may break both their hearts.

"If you will not stay for my sake, nor for your own," she pleads, gently, and then droops her coroneted head wistfully, "won't you stay for the sake of—our—child."

The prospective father becomes tender at once and folds the coming mother in his arms.

Less subtle than the revelation of parentage, which Miss Jeffreys makes to her husband in the play is the one which Amelia Bingham gets in the new melodrama of "Mlle. Marni." Miss Bingham personates Fabienne Marni, one of those French actresses who, in stage fiction, are queens of all the hearts in sight, good and bad alike, and one of the wost possible is in the breast of the Baron de Saint Germain. He is just as wicked an old reprobate as Henry Dumay can contrive to make him in the writing of Frederick de Belleville in the acting. The baron has had Fabienne's true lover sent away to a war in Africa, so as to clear his own evil way to the actress, and he gets at her with a rush. She is very wroth at his onslaught, and seizes a stick to strike him across his jeering face. You can see—can't you?—the picture of vice and virtue in frenzied encounter. It has been placed before you time and time again. But here a new and shocking aspect is given to it. Suddenly the man, the woman and the audience are informed that he is her own father.

Not for that scene, which after all is intensely dramatic though repellant, but for all manner of crudities, the condemnation of "Mlle. Marni" is pronounced without a dissenting voice. In such an instance of unquestioned failure it is interesting to look for a reason why the producers have been misled as to the quality of the play. Amelia Bingham is her own manager, and a brave, liberal, ambitious one. She has brought out this piece in a most costly fashion. Its cast carries large salaries. Its feminine costumes are exquisite fabrics. Its scenery is painted finely. Most actresses are fond of the Fabienne kind of heroine, with her theatric showiness, and Miss Bingham has not yet learned, although, she has had several severe lessons, that with her affably redundant beauty she can't do well with strongly emotional roles. She ought to remember that her first triumph was as the amiable young landlady in "At the White Tavern," and realize that such characters as the breezy, affectionate, good-humored sisters and aunts that the English playwrights often put into their comedies, are the right ones for her.

But there is in Mornay's work (he is an American, by the way, despite his French name and French play) which doubtless fooled Miss Bingham or her husband. He is Lloyd Bingham, a Wall street operator, and it is from his winnings at the game of stock speculation that her ventures are capitalized. Fabienne has a bout with her prosecutor, the baron, on the stock exchange in Paris. She goes into a big deal against him and clears up two millions—francs or dollars, it never matters how much in a play—thus enriching herself and impoverishing him. The episode constitutes the third and crucial act, and it is no wonder that it appealed to Mr. Bingham as it does not to a general audience. With that portion of the drama missing the mark there is nothing else to hit it with.

Henrik Ibsen says that "When We Dead Awake" is the best drama he has written, and the last he will write. It has been published, and some readers agree with the author as to its quality and some do not. New Yorkers are enabled this week to estimate it as an acted play. The resulting opinions are various, and I will tell you why. Ibsen illustrates with his usual simplicity the case of two men and two women involved in an advouteous affair, and he also with his usual complexity projects the subject into symbolism. Rubek is a sculptor whose sole and absorbing passion is his art. He cares not a whit for his young wife, Maia, and as to his model, Irene, whose nude beauty inspires his work, she is no more to him in a sensual way than a lay figure. Both women love him quite humanly, and his unresponsiveness, which makes the wife quietly miserable, drives the more carnal model to insanity. At the time when the depiction begins, Rubek and Maia are at a Norwegian seashore resort, to which Irene comes after years of lunacy, and where Ulfheim, a stalwart hunter of bears, is a local character. So here we have the model, now sane but still fervidly desirous, to renew her appeal to the husband, and the brawny huntsman to tempt the neglected wife with his ardor. This is what happens: The two men and the two women pair off in the forbidden way for separate excursions up into a mountain. The dual wooing is interrupted by a storm. The huntsman and the wife descend to safety in the valley below and the last we know of them they are singing joyously. The model and the husband start for the mountain top, where they intend to spend the night transcendently, but an avalanche kills them.

So much for the plain tale that Ibsen tells. Now for the symbolism which he meant should lift the play clear above the sexuality of the apparent theme. There is nothing occult, mystic, or in any way perplexing in his allegory. The sculptor stands for that type of man who is self-centered, utterly selfish in purposes, ideals and ambitions; who sacrifices all ties, duties and other considerations to his own aspirations; and who, notwithstanding that he is alive within himself, is dead to all without. Rubek promises both the women that he will take them up metaphorically into a high mountain and show them the glories of the world, but he is himself stone blind to their yearning presence close by him. He is dead to them, and he deadens them to a state of living death, from which there is a disastrous awakening. Is there anything to cause a headache in that proposition? Need the Ibsenites take airs to themselves because they like it and ascribe dullness to those who do not? I say no. Yet I deem Ibsen a great dramatist, a genius of insight and expression, a builder of crystal edifices out of muddy materials. And I do not know that this last of his works is not ethnically his best. It is not hard to think so after seeing it acted very meaningly by Frederick Lewis, Frank Losee, Dorothy Donnelly and Florence Hahn. However, "When We Dead Awake" does not appeal to me with the force of "Ghosts" or "A Doll's House," with their expositions of mental and physical frailties, even though, more than either of them, it is a drama of souls rather than bodies.

Fritzi Scheff has made her debut in American tights with a German accent. Fritzi formerly was the frisky soubrette in our grand opera, and in that service of vocal art, she was regarded by the real arbiters of stage affairs from the auditorium side of the footlights—which means by the women—as just the 'cutest and cunnin'est creature that ever flopped skirts. It was calculated by a pool of theatrical managers that her 'cuteness and cunnin'ness could be transferred from opera grand to opera comic, and it is in one of their experiments that we have her now in the breeches of the story-teller in "Boccaccio." Fritzi is a sight. She is three separate and distinct sights. Von Suppe's Boccaccio, as you may have forgotten, appears in Florence incognito as a searcher for characters to put into his tales, and as a finder of one to love in Fiametta, a princess, who, for the time being, is the ward of a grocer. This first view of the gallant young fellow, as afforded by Fritzi Scheff, reveals to us a figure of curved outlines. Her head with its jolly German face is topped by a rakish cap, her body is enclosed in a snug doublet, and her legs from hips to ankles are in hose so skin tight that, although she might sit down, I don't think so, and she doesn't risk the test. As a bogus simpleton in the grocer's employ she changes her tights to brown; as a wooer of the princess at court she changes them to black; and it is none of my business how she accomplishes these changes; yet I may be permitted to guess that the three envelopes are all on her at the outset, to be peeled off, like the thin skin of an onion, for the shifts of color are too quick for any other process.

There is a belief among the men who make amusements to sell that musical farce, whether of the American kind or the English, won't be marketable much longer. Already the public rejects much of it and buys more carefully than hitherto. That is why some musical comedies, made out of standard plays, such as "Lady Teazle" from "The School for Scandal" and "The Duchess of Dantzic" from "Madame Sans Gene," have been offered handsomely. That is why, also, that "Boccaccio" is revived in the hope that old comic opera may gain a new vogue. But it is done with no abounding faith in Von Suppe's pretty composition and certainly without the faintest respect for it. The play is reworded with current slang and local gags in the manner of our song-and-dance farces. Louis Harrison is turned loose to say and do whatever will raise a laugh; and, truth to tell, he and not Miss Scheff is the principal entertainer, no matter what the programme says about it in big type. She gets one half-hearted recall for the prettiest of the Van Suppe solos, while he is encouraged to give encore after encore of a ditty of his own, the refrain of which is "You may go as far as you like," applied to politicians, millionaires and other persons now under focus. Fritzi doesn't conceal her objection to this preference of Louis' buffoonery over her artistic if not very effectual behavior. She seemed to me to be in the sulks at the matinee when I saw her, and surely she wasn't gracious to the audience. And I have learned since that she omitted one pair of tights—a baby blue pair, moreover—from the regular evening series, thus reducing it to the gray, brown and black that I have described. Couldn't we have claimed a rebate of fifty cents as a proportionate quarter of the price of a seat?

It was in the last act of "Boccaccio" that Fritzi Scheff seemed most disgruntled by Louis Harrison's antics, which were taking our attention from her. That was when, at the court reception, she led the company in a march. As here lowered to a farcical lover, Fritzi is the drum major of a bazoo band, at the rear of which Louis walks bow-legged, knock-kneed and with every other comic gait that he knows of, while winded by the blowing of a big brass horn. It was so funny to us that we kept them going till Fritzi refused to marshal them across the stage again.

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Dramatic Reader.

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Wednesday, 4 p. m.—"Othello."
Wednesday, 8:15 p. m.—"Richard III."
Thursday, 4 p. m.—"Scarlet Letter."
Thursday, 8:15 p. m.—"Gareth and Lynette."
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The Big Dance of the Week.

Starts at 8 p. m. and ends at 1 a. m.

SALT LAKE THEATRE GEO. D. PYPER MANAGER CURTAIN 8:15

THURSDAY AND FRIDAY NEXT.
SPECIAL ENGAGEMENT.

FRANK L. PERLEY Presents

MARGARET ANGLIN

(Supported by Frank Worthing) in

ZIRA

Drama in a Prologue and Three Acts by HENRY MILLER AND J. HARTLEY MANNERS.

The play is founded upon certain incidents in a novel by the late Wilkie Collins.

GRAND THEATRE

JONES & HAMMER, Mgrs

PRICES: Night, 25c, 50c, 75c. Matinee, 25c.

One Week, Starting MONDAY, MARCH 13

Reception Matinees Wednesday at 3 and Saturday at 2:15.

Harry Corson Clarke in Broadhurst's Screaming Comedy, "WHY SMITH LEFT HOME."

M. I. A. Lecture Bureau

Prof. W. J. Clarke

ELECTRICAL ENGINEER, from New York City.
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BARRATT HALL

MONDAY, MARCH 13th.
Afternoon at 4, special engagement for public and students. Popular price—25c.
Evening at 8:15, regular course—50c.
TICKETS ON SALE AT BOOK STORES AND DOOR.

WALKER'S STORE

....Announcement....

Miss Cameron has returned from New York and will be ready for business Monday, with a complete showing of the latest importations of Parisian models.

Walker Brothers Dry Goods Co.

Wall Paper.

With the advent of Spring, the question of redecoration must be considered. We are pleased to state that our stock is filled with an infinite variety of new decorative schemes. We will be glad to give estimates and assist in the selection of correct and appropriate wall coverings.

H. DINWOODEY FURNITURE CO.