ATTRACTIONS THIS WEEK.

Ezra Kendall, who comes to the Salt Lake theatre July 28, beginning Friday and giving matinee Saturday, is a comedian known from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and probably nine out of ten of those who have seen him on the stage would say at once that he was a western man. But Mr. Kendall is really a New Yorker, born near the little town of Rushford, not far from the birthplace of Hon. Frank W. Higgins, who was elected by the Republicans to the governorship of the Empire state, and who for many years has been a friend of the player. The actor's ancestors were New England people, who removed from Vermont to New York state some three generations before Ezra saw the light.

Mr. Kendall's mother was left a widow when the lad was 10 years old, and he had to go to work to support himself. He was ambitious to become better educated, and so selected a printing office as the best place to earn a living and educate himself at the same time. He served an apprenticeship in a country newspaper office, where he learned to do everything that is done on a newspaper. At 13 he was in Chicago, setting type, and after experiences of various kinds on different papers, found himself at 17 a full-fledged reporter in New York City, and saw service on the New York Herald, the Telegram and the Sun. He was the youngest member of the New York Press club, and when he went on the stage one of the critics wrote that it was a subject for congratulation that the new actor had made a success, as it precluded all possibility of his ever becoming an editor. Two or three times the young player left the stage and went back to newspaper work, but he was evidently born to be an actor and not an editor, and finally settled down to the hard labor of stage life, and for twenty-two years he has been before the public.

The story of "Weather Beaten Benson," which Ezra Kendall is soon to produce here, describes the establishment and building of a town called Progress in a part of Oklahoma when that territory was opened to settlers by the government. Benson goes there to build a factory for the manufacture of "bean bread and potato cake," which is presumably a new sort of health food. Into the scheme Mrs. Ormsby puts her money. The town and the factory are built, but there comes a time of drouth, the farmers can raise neither beans nor potatoes, and failure stares the witty and persevering promoter in the face, when the rain comes and the desert is made to blossom as the rose.

Benson's desire to marry Mrs. Ormsby, who was his schoolmate, and his fathering of a little waif he finds in the river after a wreck, provide the heart sentiment, and the worthless father of the little girl the contrasting element of wickedness.

Kendall's support includes Kathryne Browne, Ethel Brandon, Edith Tallaferro, Reda O'Neal, Elizabeth King, Polly Stockwell, Thurlow Bergen, Harold Russell, John D. Garrick, Philip Bishop and others.

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"Woman Against Woman," the play to be presented the first half of the week at the Grand theatre by the Bittner company, is from the pen of the late Bartly Campbell, and tells a strong story of heart interest. A young married couple invite a lady friend, who is in reduced circumstances, to make her home with them. The visitor is an adventuress who poses as a maid when in reality she has a husband living. Through her machinations the happy couple are separated and a divorce granted. The divorced wife, who has never ceased to love her husband, succeeds in unmasking the hypocrite. The husband sees his error and all ends happily. The comedy is furnished by Mr. T. Muggs, a showman in hard luck. The play appeals to all classes and never fails to please.

For the last half of the week Jack O'Diamonds, another strong play, will be presented. This play has been played by every stock company in the country and never fails to draw large audiences. Jack O'Diamonds, a gambler, has a friend whom he trusts as a brother. The friend is a scoundrel who is using every means in his power to win the affections of Jack's wife Annie. Through force of circumstances Annie is made to appear to consent to run away with Graham. Jack, thinking his wife has deserted him, goes to Mexico with his friend, Denver Dan. Fifteen years elapse and Jack meets his baby girl, now grown to young womanhood, and through her a reconciliation is effected. Jack in meantime is going to fight Graham, when a shot is fired and Graham falls. Investigation shows that the shot was fired by Frank Popham, who for twenty years has been seeking revenge on Graham for breaking up his home. The comedy is finished by the love affairs of Denver Dan and his old maid sweetheart. She refuses to marry him while he is a gambler and the scene where Dan throws away his gambling tools is very funny.

* * *

The concert to be given at Barratt hall on Tuesday evening promises to be a treat for the midsummer season. Miss Corinne M. Bailey of New Orleans is a high pure soprano, having gained recognition all through the south as a singer of unusual merit, also in California where she has been wintering and singing the past season. Her last appearance in California was but a few days since, where she sang at a brilliant reception-recital at Pasadena, to which 1,000 invitations had been issued to people in Los Angeles and Pasadena.

An attractive feature of the concert Tuesday night will be the part to be taken by Mr. Arthur Pedersen, who will appear in solo renditions besides accompanying Miss Bailey in some of her numbers. Mr. Pedersen has been a member of the Salt Lake Theatre orchestra for the past two seasons, having entered before he was 15 years of age. Through that time he has kept up his school work with credit, and been graduated from All Hallows college. From a child the violin has been his passion and ambition. Many who will hear Mr. Pedersen Tuesday night have heard him play to large audiences from time to time since he was 4½ years old.

Mr. Francis Woodmansee, at the piano, will assist both Miss Bailey and Mr. Pedersen Tuesday night. The following is the programme which will be given at 8:15:

Polonaise ..... Verdi
Interpretation ..... Tynes
Agnus Dei (with violin obligato) ..... Birzet
With Verdure Clad ..... "Creation"
Sonata for piano and violin, Allegro con brio Op. 8 ..... Grieg
Villanelle ..... Chaminade
"I Love Thee" ..... Foerster
"Good-bye" ..... Tosti
"Serenata" ..... Tosti
Violin solo, Twelfth air Op 88 ..... Beriot
Pre au Clerc (with violin obligato) ..... Gounod
Der Erlkonig ..... Schubert

CORINNE M. BAILEY,
Who Will Sing at the Barratt Hall Concert Tuesday Evening.

PLAYS *and* PLAYERS

Dramatic Editor Mencken of the Baltimore Herald has prepared an invaluable estimate of the stock market which will be of especial interest to those aspiring youngsters who are seeking professional engagements. Read it:

"Leading Men—The last bulletin of the department of commerce and labor, reporting a visible supply of 14,567 head, had a depressing effect on the market and a vigorous bear raid by the Western Stock company managers further increased the downward tendency. As a result No. 2 prime stock (5 feet 10 inches dress suit grade) is quoted at $47.75 a week, less railroad fares to points east of Peoria, Ill. Recent receipts of large shipments from England here had little permanent effect, in the opinion of experienced brokers.

"Comedians—A shipment of twenty-two graduates of the Lincoln (Neb.) College of Arts and the Drama forced down the current quotations to $29.30, but authorities look for an improvement in the tone of the market at the beginning of the summer park season. Dealers report a strong demand from the southwest for good, healthy stock well broken to the slapstick. Refined German dialect stock is a drug on the market.

"Ingenues—A strong demand for welterweights is reported from Canada. Bantamweight blondes with a good wardrobe are quoted at $33.33 1-3, with a fair inquiry. An upward movement is expected at the end of June, when the Unc. Tom and Ind. med. managers come east for talent.

"Soubrettes—Fat contraltos are going begging at $19.80, but there is a good demand for natural blondes of 110 pounds weight. A western broker reports a market for forty assorted sizes capable of doubling in the ticket wagon.

"Walking Gents—The demand for bartenders at the summer resorts will soon clear the market of its damaged stock. No. 9s (with wardrobe and vaccination certificates) are quoted at $12.50 each.

"Old Men—No. 2 Oslers are looking up, with a strong demand and large sales at $23.65. An inquiry for twenty-five head to play Polonius in provincial open air 'Hamlet' companies came from London parties last week. It was promptly met by local brokers.

"Leading Women—No. 7 Camilles are again in demand, and No. 9 Ophelias and Zazas (with wigs and ten changes) are also strong. New Mexico reports an inquiry for fifty selected blondes capable of doubling in auburn.

"Juveniles—Western dealers report a strong demand for husky No. 3s, to double in brass and lend a hand with the canvas. The hall show demand has slackened. A carload of promising youngsters from the Sheboygan School of Dramatic Art brought $18.63 f. o. b. Chicago. Cable advices fix the English selling price at £2 6s, less exchange.

"Ex-Stars—An inquiry for twenty head for a western all-star 'Why Women Steal' company forced the current quotation up 2½ points. Chicago reports a strong demand from stock company managers for No. 3 Ibsens. A special lot of Hamlets, useful for summer stock low comedy, is offered by a curb broker."

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It is an axiom among theatrical people that "good parts make good actors," but few people realize how often a clever song establishes the reputation of a prima donna or a comedienne. Half a dozen women who now head their own companies owe that fortune to one ditty cleverly rendered, and in several cases they have acknowledged the debt by naming the first play produced after the lyric in question. This was true of Marie Cahill, who won popular favor by singing "Nancy Brown," and who had a vehicle written for herself around that title.

Many years ago it was equally common to find the fame of an entertainer hanging from the thread of his or her voice and manner. "Sweet Molly O" made "Fritz" Emmett, just as, a little while later, Maggie Cline plucked her laurels from the staff that bore the notes of "Trow Him Down, McClosky." "Tommy Atkins" was the turning point in the career of Vesta Tilley; Lottie Collins began and ended, so far as public approval is concerned, with "Ta Ra Ra Boom De Aye," and Chevalier's renown rests upon two or three pathetic ballads. More recently, May Irwin was applauded for "The Bully Song"; Blanche Ring sprang into notice with "The Good Old Summer Time," and Elfie Fay got her start with "The Belle of Avenue A." Most recently of all, Julia Sanderson has beeen made an important figure in theatricals by her success with "Just My Style," the song hit of "Fantana." This piece and another, called "Tammany," did more than any other two things to help "Fantana" to a run of eight months, but Jefferson De Angelis, to whose lot fell the latter composition, was already a star. "Just My Style" has been the rage in New York all summer. Hand organs play it, one hears it at resturants, and, when the management of the Lyric theatre gave copies of the song to commemorate the two hundredth performance of "Fantana" on Broadway, the house was packed to suffocation.

Taking everything into consideration, one isn't belittling an article so very much when one says that "it may be had for a song."

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Atkins Lawrence is a veteran leading man. At one time he played important roles with Mary Anderson's company, and the other day he was telling of them.

"I was Mary Anderson's second leading man," Mr. Lawrence said. "I succeeded John Norton, who taught her, and I remained with her for three years, until she was 22 years old.

"In certain respects she was the greatest Juliet of all the many I have seen. She couldn't play the balcony scene with the sweetness of Adelaide Neilson; but in those scenes requiring tragic strength Anderson was superb. She was a genius, nothing else. Other actors and actresses study out their effects, but hers came to her mysteriously, without premeditation, without effort. When she did certain things that were so wonderfully effective, I used to ask her why she did them. She never could tell. 'I did it that way,' she would say, 'because—because—well, because it came to me, at the time, that that was the way to do it.'

"She was as simple as child; full of fun, a regular tomboy, in fact. If the train stopped she would always get off and challenge some one of us to run a race with her or to see who could jump the farthest. And with all her genius on the stage she was fond of joking even there.

"For instance: I was a little stout in those days, although I was young. So as Claude Melnotte in 'The Lady of Lyons' I reduced my waist by pulling up tightly three buckles that I had put on a strongly made vest. Well one night I had just finished my description of my palace by the Lake of Como, and I knelt down and repeated, 'Likest thou the picture, Pauline.'

"Just then all three of my buckles gave way with a snap that set the orchestra tittering.

"'What's the matter, Atkins?' Miss Anderson whispered.

"'My vest buckles have broken,' I answered.

"'Oh, that's all right,' she said; 'I was afraid it was your suspenders.'"

* * *

Guy Standing also recalls a Maurice Barrymore story which deserves to find a place in the rapidly growing list of similar anecdotes.

"Poor old Maurice Barrymore once broke up a performance for us some years ago," Mr. Standing. "Mrs. Bernard Beere, with whom I came to this country in 1892, was playing 'Ariane.' Barrymore's mind was even then giving way, and he found it almost impossible to learn his lines. He plugged and plugged at them without success.

"In 'Ariane' Barrymore had the part of the dissolute husband. His wife deserts him and takes the child, a little girl. The husband follows them to a country villa, and has a great scene with the child in the garden. He has a long speech there, in which he abases himself, winds up by begging the little child to intercede for him to her mother, and ends by bursting into tears. It was a very strong scene, and as he cries the little girl lays her hands on his knees and says, 'Why do you cry, papa?' The climax is reached in Barrymore's answer, delivered between his sobs.

"One night Barrymore came on as usual in this scene, but he was plainly all at sea. He started his long speech, 'dried up' in his linen, and took the first way out by bursting into tears two minutes too soon.

"The child stood there, first on one foot and then on the other, very angry at being thrown out of her best scene. A stage child is very easily offended, you should know. At last she put her hand on Barrymore's knee and asked, 'Why do you cry, papa?' It was all she could do and she wanted to save the scene if she could.

"Barrymore raised his head, and shaking with sobs, blurted out, 'Why do I cry! I cry because—boo hoo—because I've forgotten my lines!'

"The rest of us sneaked off the stage as best we could," said Mr. Standing, "and the house simply roared. It was a cruel thing for Barrymore to do, but I suppose he couldn't resist the temptation to gag that line. The child wouldn't speak to him for weeks."

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Even in reference to the Shakespeare he tried hard to play, and still believes himself able to play, the genial Nathaniel Goodwin is able to appreciate a joke. Not long since he told of an adventure which a comedian-tragedian had when he played the first gravedigger in "Hamlet" with a touring company in the west.

"Manager Smith, who also played first gravedigger," said Mr. Goodwin, "was in despair in a certain Arizona town, for his company was booked for a two weeks' engagement, and the people treated the play with a most disheartening indifference. They yawned in the soliloquy, and in the mad scene many of them went to sleep.

"Smith would have changed the bill, but no other play had been rehearsed, and there were neither costumes nor scenery for any other play. So 'Hamlet' had to continue, though Smith would have given anything for the power to stir the audience up a bit.

"One night he stirred them up unintentionally. He put on, by accident, two vests. When he took off, in the gravedigging scene, first the one vest and then the other, the people were amused. A roar of laughter ran over the house, and there was an outburst of applause—the first applause of the engagement.

"Smith was pleased and proud. He saw now what the people liked, and he resolved to give it to them in full measure. So the next night, in the scene, he wore twelve vests, and, standing in front of the grave, he removed them one by one. Roars of mirth shook the house; it was the proudest moment of Smith's life; he felt that he had been the company's salvation.

"As he removed the ninth vest he looked round and at once his self-conceit fell 60 per cent. He had thought they were laughing at him alone, but there behind him was the second gravedigger putting on his vests as fast as he took them off."

* * *

The Matinee Girl of the Mirror may some day write a book entitled "The Origin of the Comedian." Already she has observed a few of them, and rises to remark that it is interesting to note from what early professions American comedians sprung. Peter Dailey, for instance, was clown and jumper in Whitney's circus. Digby Bell was cabin passenger clerk on the White Star steamship line. Richard Carl was a platform humorist, having been engaged in lyceum work for three years before going on the stage. Henry Clay Barnabee was a cash boy and afterward a clerk in a dry goods house. Thomas Q. Seabrooke was a bank teller. De Wolf Hopper studied law. James T. Powers was a Western Union messenger boy. Afterward he was a clerk in a tea store. He was discharged because of what he describes as a "heart-breaking and breeches-bursting accident." His employer sent him to the cellar to draw a can of coal oil from a barrel. He set the can under the spigot and while the can was filling amused himself by turning handsprings. One complex and excellently executed flop twisted his neck enough to leave him insensible on the cellar floor, where his employer found him later half drowned in oil. He was discharged, and, desperate, he determined to go upon the stage. Frank Daniels was, admittedly, a bad wood carver, and Harry Conor was a plumber.

"Which I would be yet," says Harry, beginning to cry, "if so many people hadn't called me up at 2:16 a. m. to fix their pipes."

* * *

For the first time in seven years James K. Hackett and Mary Mannering (Mrs. Hackett) will appear next autumn as co-stars. Mr. and Mrs. Hackett will open their season at the Savoy theatre, New York, Sept. 28, in "The Walls of Jericho," by Alfred Sutro, in which Arthur Bourchier and Violent Vanbrugh have been playing to crowded houses at the Garrick theatre, London, since September last. Mrs. Hackett will probably play in "The Walls of Jericho" only two months, then appear at the head of her own company in New York.

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After singing in America next season in "The Catch of the Season," Edna May will go to London and appear at the Vaudeville theatre in a new musical piece, by Ordonneau, the composer of "La Poupee." Then will come her eagerly awaited appearance in comedy minus music, a test of her versatility that will be interesting.

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Theodore Kremer from London denies the report lately circulated that he had collaborated with Clyde Fitch in several new plays. Kremer did, however, adapt Mr. Fitch's melodrama, entitled "A Woman in the Case," into the German text for the Berlin stage.

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N. C. Goodwin is spending his vacation in California. He intends to devote a month to the big forests and the Yosemite valley. The actor will then go to New York to rehearse his new play, "The Beauty and the Barge."

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Sidney Grundy has revised and rewritten his play, "An Old Jew," and intends to call it "After Many Days." It will be played by John Hare.

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The first performance on any stage of a comic opera, "The Geezer of Geck," will be given at the Tremont theatre, Boston, Monday, July 24. The book is by Robert J. Adams, of Chicago, while the music is by Paul Schindler, of Boston. The scenes are laid in a small province of Turkey, and Dave Lewis will impersonate a German sausage manufacturer from Elgin, Ill., who, being wrecked upon the coast of Turkey, feeds sausage to the sultan with such success that he is appointed Geezer in return for introducing this hitherto unheard of food among the Turks. The developments of the story introduce American heiresses, a couple of "honest thieves," a naval lieutenant and a chorus of sixty voices. For the prima donna role Amelia Stone has been engaged.

IN THE THEATRICAL MIRROR

BY FRANKLIN FYLES.

NEW YORK, July 21.—The fact that is an actress' fortune may about as well be ugly as pretty, so far as cash value goes, although most women would rather get along with less pay and more good looks. Edna Wallace, Toby Claude and Katie Barry are this week's coincidents in illustrations of that subject. They are the smallest three comediennes that have become conspicuous in the current style of extravaganza, but they vary in appearance from the loveliness of Edna to the homeliness of Katie, with the comeliness of Toby midway between the extremes. In an aside it may be noted that two of these little creatures married uncommonly big men by whom they had been charmed in stage companionship and with whom they parted upon finding them less congenial as husbands. Edna Wallace added Hopper to her name as the wife of De Wolf Hopper, and has not subtracted it since she dropped the rest of him by divorce. Toby Claude kept her own name by itself for theatrical purposes during the several years she was the wife of the younger William T. Carleton. Those six-foot-four husbands and not much more than four-foot-six brides used to get as much attention in our streets as they did in our theatres, so well were they known and so odd were their contrasts.

No actress is more thoroughly a town topic than Edna Wallace Hopper. Her wit is said to be as bright as her face; she has had a long succession of roles in successful plays; she is a striking figures in assemblages of pleasure—this summer at the horse races; and her fight for more of her father-in-law's million than the portion she has inherited has helped to keep her in a state of constant publication. For those reasons her debut as a balladist in vaudeville is more interesting in stageland than Toby Claude's. Both sing selections from the plays in which they have acted. Edna is a surpriser in each disclosure of herself. Off the stage always, and on it whenever the role permits, she has been remarkable for her toilets, which have combined the extreme of fashion with saucy originality. Those who go to see her in the variety show expect her to be the gayest of sights. Instead, she is an embodiment of simplicity. Her hair hangs in a braid down her back, her diminutive figure is frocked childishly and even under expert scrutiny from the front rows she seems a girl of 14—and small for her age at that. Can this simple little maid in white be the smart woman you saw yesterday at the race track in red?

As to the one of these three little comediennes who isn't comely; and the value that may lie in homeliness when its possessor is clever; Katie Barry's salary, as sworn to in a lawsuit, is $350 a week. She is from London, and can't help being a cockney in speech any more than she can help being comic in face; so she turns both those personal faults into professional merits. This week she is making us laugh with a song telling, in the dialect of the Old Kent Road, of what she sees in Broadway. Its catch-phrase, "My word, isn't it absurd?" is the lingual essence of coster elocution. So we enjoy Katie, whose face looks as though it aches, as much as we do Edna, whose face looks at ease.

Dorothy Russell, a plain daughter of the ornate Lillian Russell, made a debut lately in vaudeville as a songstress. Her father was her mother's second husband, Teddy Solomon, who literally wooed her across the footlights while he was conducting an orchestra and she was singing a very sentimental ballad of his concerning a "silver line, so fine, so fine," that connected "your heart with mine." Dorothy has a charm of youth and manner, but no beauty. Nor has Daisy Lovering, Lillian Russell's young niece, who becomes a soubrette this week in a stock company, playing one of the twins from New York in the drama from William H. Crane's repertory, "The Governor of Kentucky." Daisy is a scared novice and leaves all the vivacity of the pair of maidens to her experienced mate. She is raw yet, but may be palatable when cooked.

Indeed, and, after all, beauty is not of great account on the stage unless it is coupled with talent. Venus couldn't be more than a showgirl in an extravaganza if she didn't discover a brain in her stone head and a plastic quality of her grace in body. The handsomest two women now conspicuous theatrically are Lillian Russell, who wouldn't be a favorite if her singing didn't palliate her acting, and Maxine Elliott, whose physical perfection was worth little until, by long and earnest effort, she became a proficient player. It takes a kindly imagination to perceive more than comeliness in any of the foremost half dozen American actresses now before the public.

"My firm sells goods by photograph," said a manufacturer of silverware who sat beside me at a theatre. "Our customers trust to our camera for the looks of the articles they buy and in our name for the quality of the metal. Now, one year of the kind of fraud practiced by theatrical managers with impunity would drive us into bankruptcy. I see in front of this house a portrait of," and he named a somewhat famous actress. "It represents her as young and beautiful. For a fact she is neither—decidedly neither. You may say I ought to know she hasn't looked that way within a quarter of a century; but do I let my drummers sell dulled old wares as bright and new? Stop—I know what you would urge—that under the dimmed surfaces the silver would be just as pure—that the art inside this actress is even finer than it was when she had a flawless outside. But you can't convince me that the photograph that enticed me into this theatre is not a delusion and a fraud."

"My friend," I expostulated, "you have no appreciation of the legitimate drama. We have to take new dramatic wine from old vessels or not get it at all. You ought to cultivate an awe of art—or else go only to the extravaganzas where the goods are delivered according to photographic samples. And haven't you any sympathetic consideration for this good old actress? Think how sorry she is that she can't keep the promise of that flattering picture—of her consciousness that she is bound to be a disappointment at sight—that she must by sheer ability win over again the admiration of every audience she faces."

On the second thought, I will tell you that the actress was Rose Coghlan, because I am going to praise her highly in this account of a midsummer reproduction of "London Assurance" in which she is the principal. All has been calm on the surface, but there is an undercurrent of rivalry in this affair. Last spring that keenly intelligent and gracefully effectual English actress, Ellis Jeffreys, gathered about her a company uncommonly rich in talent and brought out Dion Boucicault's comedy of sixty years ago. Few casts of the season included as many accomplished players; yet, taken as a whole, the performance was disappointing. The reason was not hard to find. The play was not the brilliant composition our fond memories had made it seem, but more than that, the playing was almost altogether unsuitably modern. Quietly, in hot July, Rose Coghlan slips into town as a "stock star" and, associated with some actors of the old school, gives the obsolete piece a run on highly proper stilts for a week. Miss Coghlan is a tactful veteran. She courts no comparison with Miss Jeffreys, though she doesn't dodge it. Only a few years ago, Charles Frohman put the best of his available actors into a cast of "Diplomacy." Now, if there is one role more brilliantly associated with Coghlan than Lady Gay Spanker in "London Assurance" it is Countess Zicka in "Diplomacy." So something readable was expected from the announcement that Miss Coghlan would write a criticism for a newspaper. But all she said of Jessie Millward in print as Zicka was: "If I praise her you will say it is tactful insincerity; if I condemn her a cry of 'jealousy' will go up. So I will not write my thoughts about Miss Millward."

Do you remember Lady Gay's hunting speech in "London Assurance?" If you recall anything in the play it must be that. And in the delivery of it Rose Coghlan and Ellis Jeffreys bring oue forcibly the wide difference between the dramatic methods, in writing and acting both, of yesterday and today. Miss Jeffreys sat on the arm of a soft, moving no more than to flick her skirt carelessly with her riding whip, and described quite colloquially to a roomful of polite listeners the fox chase in which she had won the brush. They did what real ladies and gentlemen would actually do at such a time. But auditors who didn't know this was a "classic speech" may have wondered why Lady Gay took up so much time talking about something that had no bearing whatsoever on the story of the play.

But Rose Coghlan and the old way! Her approach was announced by the orchestra with a spirited "gallop and by hunting horns tooting off stage." All was bustle and noise. Lady Gay dashed into the center of an animated group, all standing in poses of excitement and crying incidental "giddy-aps" and "onwards," and urging imaginary horses straight at the audience. Rose whipped and slashed her unseen steed forward, gesticulating furiously, yet speaking with the faultless elocution of an artist. It became almost a duel between Lady Gay with her crop and the band leader with his baton. Every one was fairly on the neck of his horse, and so intensely was the commotion sustained and increased to the climax that the Dazzle spun round and round, sawing at the bit, lashing the brute and emitting wild "Whoo-as."

When Miss Jeffreys revived "London Assurance" she costumed the company according to the period of its writing. That was a novelty, yet a peculiarly fitting one. Miss Coghlan, however, gowns herself according to 1905 and right up to the July mode of that year, and a beautiful sight to see she is. An odd point, though, is the costuming of Sir Harcourt Courtley by Arthur R. Lawrence. He gives a performance finely similar to Eben Plympton's, which was the single old-style embodiment in the Jeffreys cast; and he disguises himself as the moth-eaten beau as nearly like Plymptom as the fashions of now will liken themselves to the forties. I name Edward Lyons and J. H. Gilmour to indicate further the truly Wallackian manner of the whole representation—at 50 cents per best seat, by the way.

Looking backward at the past and gone, and recurring to the question of good looks and good acting, there was that never pretty yet ever adorable Maggie Mitchell. She was in an audience at Manhattan Beach yesterday afternoon, where she had gone to see her sister, Mary Mitchell-Albaugh's son John, act on a vaudeville stage. However, the place was not a free music hall, but a theatre that you pay a dollar to sit in; and the play was not a farcical sketch, but a legitimate old English comedy, "Betty's Highwayman," in which the junior Albaugh was a Sir Harry Bellairs, white-wigged, yellow knee-breeched and ejaculatory with "egads" and "forsooths." And Henry Guy Carlton's once wife, Olive May, was a Lady Betty Modish, whom Sir Harry surprised in her chamber at night in the mask of a robber and compelled at a pistol's point to dance with him, so that he might win a wager. But he lost, for she took her turn at coercion and compelled him to write himself down an ass; and then again he won, for she at last joined him willingly in a minuet and agreed to marry him. Maggie Mitchell in her time had played Lady Betty to the senior Albaugh's Sir Harry.

Midsummer vaudeville experiments include two new plays of a more than tolerable art-and-literature quality. Maude Harrison gets in among the specialists with "The Lady Across the Hall," by Julian Street, a neat comedietta of neighbors in an apartment house—a divorcee who finds herself locked out of her rooms on returning from the opera, and a bachelor, who gives a polite yet aggressively sentimental refuge to her in his. Miss Harrison was with Crane and Robson in their first joint venture, "Our Boarding House," and in the interim she has had time to get dim, yet she shines brightly notwithstanding. She is placed on the bill between a clown athlete and a glee club, of real negroes; and the audience liked her just as well as it did them—which means very much indeed.

At another vaudeville house I saw "The Ingrate," a serious drama by Genevieve Haines, who is of social account. It was performed after some feats by trained dogs and monkeys and before a dialogue by jokers who cuffed and kicked each other for emphasis; and it held its own against them with unimpeachable dramatic dignity. The salient fact about it was that it did not advantage its star actor, Robert Haines, although his wife had written it with that object. Haines had been a leading man with Mrs. Fiske, Mr. Belasco and Viola Allen, and so his entrance into vaudeville ripples the lazy surface of summer theatricals. No doubt Mrs. Haines meant to create a dominant character for him, but she hasn't done it. She has made him a wealthy man rather obdurately bent on exposing for punishment the young fellow who, coming from the pure country into the evil city, degenerates to profligacy and forges his friend's name to a check. Of course, she softens the man's heart to forgive and protect, but not until the desperate boy has attempted suicide. In the meantime the culprit gets all the sympathy we can spare from his homespun father and his rustic sister, and we haven't any left when the man ought to receive some consideration for rescuing the family from disgrace.

Fort George is the city's highest hill, and where Washington once overlooked a battle a clump of amusements now make an undignified din. The least insignificant of them is a variety show which you get into for nothing, but have to get out of if you don't buy beer. How often? I put that question to the manager, an old showman I had known.

"Oh, well," he said, "on a busy day we run on an eight-minute schedule. If you don't order a drink as often as once in eight minutes the waiter gets busy with you."

The headliner in the otherwise dreadful programme was a comedian of appreciable ability. "But he is shirking his work," I remarked to the manager. "He isn't doing more than just about half as well as he can."

"That's according to contract," was the reply. "He wanted $60 a week for his act. I said I'd pay his price if he'd do four turns every afternoon and four every evening. He said no—that was twice too much work for the money; but he'd do the eight turns half as well as usual. So he's giving me a square deal if he puts the value of four turns into the eight.

The drama is being deplorably commercialized.

JULIA MARLOWE'S WONDERFUL GIFT.

There must be something in a gift thatbrings in $100,000 a year. That is what they say Julia Marlowe gets. It is $2,500 a week, for the theatrical season is only forty weeks. We need not wonder at the craze to go on the stage that fills nearly every girl's mind at some time in her early life and turns many men's careers awry. Because you feel the craze and are profoundly convinced that there is evidence of your natural adaptability, it does not mean at all that you can act. Most people think they can learn. You can learn all practical occupations even if you may not have the genius necessary to be great in them; and when it comes to any kind of art you can learn even less of that. You may arrive at mechanical effect in almost any art; but you cannot make $100,000 a year on the stage. Some disappointed aspirants call it luck, but it is not luck. Some say it is advertisement; it is not advertisement. It is a gift that is given to you just as your voice is, is yours alone, different from everybody else's gift, whatever it may be, even if it be the gift of similar artistic instinct.

Julia Marlowe is an artist by gift. But she is not an artist who has not needed to work for her success. There was a time before the gift had gained perfect control of her that she read Shakespeare's lines very badly. The gift inspired her to overcome that defect, and for a good many years no actress on the stage has been able to speak the lines of the great parts as she can. I remember her very well when she was crude in her reading, but from the first she had the natural gift of acting. I suppose I shall be told that this proves you can learn. It proves that in art, as in anything else, there is a technique to be studied out; that, in fact to produce in an audience the illusion of spontaneity, there is much to be learned. But that is not what makes anybody worth $100,000 a year.

Before Julia Marlowe could give all the point and value to Shakespeare's words she could act Viola, and Rosalind, and Juliet. She has always been a woman of singular knowledge of herself. Ten years ago she acted Beatrice. I recall speaking with her after the performance. She said "I am not old enough to play Beatrice. I shall not try it again for ten years." And she kept her word. She had fully grasped the character at that time; but she also grasped the fact that she was too immature to play it. This same intelligence she shows today in everything she does.

I spoke with her of Ophelia. She said that she had thought out that character in her own way. Naturally she assumed that in the first place Ophelia could not have been a simple, girlish, flower-like sort of person. Hamlet was intellectual first and last; everything he said, even to Polonius and to Ophelia, had the intellectual quality. It did not seem right, therefore, to suppose that he could have found the pleasure, it is shown he did, in the company of a frivolous, empty-headed girl. Ophelia need not have been very learned, very intellectual at all, but serious, sincere, earnest, full of deep feeling, and most sympathetic to the intellect of Hamlet she must have been. There was the keynote of Ophelia to her and I do not remember any other impersonation of the part which carried so much weight all through the play as hers.

Juliet she always understood, played it with the girlish effect when she was a girl, but played it with infinitely finer art this last time. There is no absolute necessity that Juliet should be fourteen years of age. Shakespeare understood as nobody not of the Italian race understands better than we Californians, that the Latin girl develops early, feels all the passions and emotions more vividly at a far younger age than the northern girl; but we all know perfectly well that even the women of the warmer-blooded races can no more play the Juliet of Shakespeare at fourteen than the Anglo-Saxon. It is an old axiom that an actress cannot play Juliet till she is thirty at least. I think Julia Marlowe has been the only exception I have met with. I dare say she could have made a fair success of it at fourteen. But if Shakespeare had not inserted in the play that discussion touching Juliet's birth, no actress or critic would ever have dreamed of supposing she was not of age at least; and we should possible have had a large crop of middle-aged Juliets. Julia Marlowe's Juliet is today the very finest, deepest, most consistent and impressive performance of the role I can remember, and I have seen a great many.

In every character Miss Marlowe plays, there is not a line that has not been carefully thought out. You may have your own fancies about it, and find readings not to your mind exactly, and stage-business you imagine might be improved upon. But that is your individual view, and it still remains that Miss Marlowe's reading or introduction of business is never debatable as an oversight of some meaning or a misunderstanding. It belongs to her conception of the part, perfectly consistent, and may be accepted most of the time as the better idea. At all events she suits her to role personality, plays it to the artistic illusion of voice, manner, gesture and expression of emotion, which all come naturally from her.

And so she gets $100,000 a year for it. Well, if such trash as we have seen so often makes more than that for some "star," who has simply succeeded in finding a play that excites the public to that extent, it is something much more to our credit that the finest Shakespearean actress of today is worth that in our country. The most curious paradox about the matter is that the most intense enjoyment of Shakespeare comes to the class of people who have no great amount of luxury, not much money; but who let their earnings go willingly for the chance to witness the great plays. But after all, most of the great minds have been developed in poverty; and there is hardly a case of a famous man or woman, famous in ellectually or artistically, who has not had some time in his life, a hard struggle to live. Up there in the balcony of the gallery, you must look for the finest appreciation of acting and, perhaps, the keenest and truest criticism, even if it is never printed, especially of Shakespeare.—Peter Robertson in Sunset Magazine for July.

DELHI DURBAR REPRODUCED.

Barnum & Bailey Shows to Present Facsimile of Gorgeous Spectacle.

What has been pronounced the most superb spectacle ever created by man was the gorgeous Durbar at Delhi in January, 1903. No matter how fanciful the mental pictures of ancient magnificence, historical reading and tradition of childhood may have conjured, all were said to have been surpassed by the Durbar. It brought together the magnificence of ancient India, handed down through the centuries to the present generation of the ninety-two hereditary rulers of India, and all the splendor of modern civilization, which from sheer gorgeousness, served to impress the 400,000,000 subjects of King Edward.

This scene is being reproduced by the Barnum & Bailey Show. It is claimed for the production that it requires the expenditure of more money and the employment of more men, women and children than any other spectacle of the kind ever before exhibited. There is no ballet with the Durbar, and the dancing girls will be conspicuous by their absence, but instead there will be an unbroken line of pageantry in which will be seen elephants, camels, sacred cattle and all the elements which went to make up the glories of the Durbar. Its preparation required months of design and labor and the Barnum & Bailey Shows offer it with the expectation that it will amaze their patrons. The Durbar will be put on in Salt Lake Aug. 2 and 3 in connection with the other attractions of the circus, hippodrome, menagerie, museums, etc.