



Vaudeville.

This week Salt Lake will see some of the stellar acts that have been entertaining the Orpheum patrons of Los Angeles and San Francisco for the past month. The headliner for the past month, the Eight Vassar Girls, is one calculated to create a congestion in the front rows for the week. A double quartette of dancers, comprised of talented instrumentalists, vocalists and dancers is not seen every week at Salt Lake's temples of amusement. Among the offerings will be a cornet sextette and an ambitious May-pole dance with electrical effects. Incidentally, Nonette Lyle, a violinist of merit, will render some solos, and dainty little Jessica McCree will pucker up her lips and whistle like a mocking bird. Taken all in all, the headliner is a winner. For deep and abiding mirth the turn of Howard and Howard is prescribed. This sails under the caption of "The Hebrew Messenger Boy and the Thesplan." In Los Angeles, where this team appeared for two consecutive weeks, they were the hit of the bill. Winning Wynne Winslow, the stately soprano who sang popular songs at the Orpheum last season with such success, will endeavor to repeat her achievement, and undoubtedly will be accorded a warm welcome.

An amusing playlet is on the bill and is in the hands of Marie Yull and Robert Boyd, clever comedians and entertainers. The story deals with the adventures of a little "co-ed," and is written by an old college man and a newspaper reporter.

Jimmie Lucas, the boy with a dozen dialects, has the monologue stunt this week. His offerings embrace imitations of George M. Cohan, a con stant, a Dutch man and the trials and tribulations of a young woman making her debut on the stage. Leonard and Louie will undoubtedly make a hit with all lovers of strength and skill. Their specialty is head and hand balancing, in which they are decidedly proficient. The scenic equipment portrays Madison square, New York, with its picturesque environment; the Badger's rendezvous, East river at night, showing Blackwell's island in the background, with a continuous coming and going of practical steam launches, ferry boats, row boats and water craft of every appearance. The production will be in keeping with the general excellence already established, and a pleasing and perfect performance is assured. "Lost in New York" is said to be a play that was intended to please the masses, and no saying was ever more truthful, as it has, without a doubt, been given to and pleased more people than any other comedy drama that has enjoyed a run in the great metropolis. No expense has been spared to make it the best production that the most popular plays ever had. A Wednesday matinee is announced.

"Lost in New York."

A fine production of the very successful comedy drama, "Lost in New York," will be given at the Grand four nights and Wednesday matinee, starting this evening. The scenic equipment portrays Madison square, New York, with its picturesque environment; the Badger's rendezvous, East river at night, showing Blackwell's island in the background, with a continuous coming and going of practical steam launches, ferry boats, row boats and water craft of every appearance. The production will be in keeping with the general excellence already established, and a pleasing and perfect performance is assured. "Lost in New York" is said to be a play that was intended to please the masses, and no saying was ever more truthful, as it has, without a doubt, been given to and pleased more people than any other comedy drama that has enjoyed a run in the great metropolis. No expense has been spared to make it the best production that the most popular plays ever had. A Wednesday matinee is announced.

"Quincy Adams Sawyer." The famous New England comedy drama, "Quincy Adams Sawyer," will be the attraction at the Grand theatre three nights and Saturday matinee of this coming week, starting Thursday evening. "Quincy Adams Sawyer" is one of the most successful of the many New England comedy dramas before the public, and its success lies in the fact that it is true to life. Every eastern city has acknowledged the play as the best in its line in our time, and it has built up its splendid record solely because it constantly endears itself more and more to the theatre-going public. It is quiet, with a pastoral atmosphere that has become almost extinct in these days of modern society stage whisms. Its characters are all natural studies, and its theme is simple and pure, and not unlike a good sermon. It is one of the good attractions of the season in every sense of the word.

Miss Nethersole's Engagement. A week's engagement in Salt Lake City by one of the foremost living representatives of dramatic art will be quite a novelty to our theatre-goers, and they are showing a just appreciation of Miss Nethersole's coming engagement at the Salt Lake theatre, beginning Monday evening next, by besieging the box office of that theatre for tickets. This will be Miss Nethersole's first visit to Salt Lake. The great artist has chosen for her opening performance Clyde Fitch's adaptation of Daudet's "Sapho." Miss Nethersole's "Sapho" is brilliant and impressive. In the terrible scene at the party, the gradual transition from pleading intensity is perhaps one of the most intense situations in all the round of emotional drama. Miss Nethersole never looked younger or more fascinating than she does in the first act of "Sapho," and she never has acted with greater emotional intensity than in the third act, when Jean Gaussin deserts her. Miss Nethersole obtains an impressive, almost word, effect when reciting Sapho's chant, which is delivered behind a brazier holding burning incense. "Sapho" will also be presented on Friday and Saturday evenings and at the Wednesday and Saturday matinees.

Tuesday evening Miss Nethersole will be seen in Finero's social problem play, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," the eminent star appearing as Paula Tanqueray. The salient, penetrating points brought out by the great dramatist are the verity of human emotions and the struggle against temptation with its concomitants of human kindness and forbearance. These characteristics are brought out with a force and a vehemence by Miss Nethersole that few sermons could equal.

Miss Nethersole is an exceedingly luscious woman, and when she went to the pretty seclusion of her summer home in Biarritz, on the French coast, the past summer, she had to mix work with her vacation. It was here that she completed her version of Scribner's great play "Adrienne Lecouvreur," which she will present here on Wednesday evening. Her version differs from Sarah Bernhardt's version in that it is greatly modernized. Miss Nethersole made several visits to Paris to study the costumes and decorations in vogue at the time Mme. Lecouvreur flourished. In the second act of Miss Nethersole's production is an exact replica of the green town in the Comedie Francaise of 1730, and it is a masterpiece of stage decorating. Miss Nethersole's conception of the role is said to vary in many essential respects from those of other eminent actresses who have essayed it, and her portrayal and original conception of her own version of Scribner's great creation will certainly be an important event in local theatrical annals.

On Thursday evening Miss Nethersole will be seen in Henry Hamilton's version of Prosper Merimee's Spanish romance, "Carmen." Madame Curie says Miss Nethersole play "Carmen" at the Orpheum theatre, New York, three or four seasons ago. The great singer came unexpectedly, owing to a sudden change of bill at the Metropolitan opera house, and the only ticket she was able to secure was one for a seat in the gallery. Calve climbed the stairs and watched Miss Nethersole's performance of "Carmen" from the heights. She said to the English star afterward: "You can give a much finer performance of 'Carmen' dramatically than is possible in opera, for, when you say, 'Jose, I love you,' you speak it as though you meant it, taking your own time to show your own emotion; but I have to sing, 'Jose, I love you,' and all the time I must be looking at the conductor's baton to be sure I am singing in the right time."

This was a compliment from the greatest operatic Carmen to the greatest dramatic Carmen.

The curtain for the evening performance of Miss Nethersole's engagement will be raised promptly at 8 o'clock, and the matinee performances promptly at 2 o'clock.



Olga Nethersole in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" at the Theatre.

ROLES THAT GROW TOO FAMILIAR

"Do players become sick of their roles? Yes, and of themselves, too, when they are compelled to cling to roles until each individual word of the part creates an acute nausea," said an actor of distinction, replying to a question. "I think I do not speak for myself only. I know the minds and moods of actors. We arrive at a pitch of distemper with oft repeated parts when we dread going to the theatre. The approach of the making up hour produces groans. The mere thought of moving through the sickening part—whether it be comic or tragic—is an insupportable misery. One begins to take a jaundiced view of his fellow players—imagines that they are sneering at him for his monotonous fine frenzy or his dully stale witticisms. "And as the role becomes more and more of an abomination one finds himself mentally railing at the stupidity of the audiences—fools that they must be to laugh at such unmitigated, outworn pot, or to work themselves to a state of enthusiasm and dissolve into tears over such wretched claptrap herics! Then one begins to feel sorry for the woman to whom he plays opposite. It is an outrage that he is compelled to inflict his nightly mouthings and two matinees in the week—upon her! If she suffers so abominably under it as one suffers under monotonous repetitions, how tired she must be of life. "The late J. K. Emmet cancelled many dates in his time. It was always said of him when he cancelled a date that he was drunk and unable to appear. Often he was—that is undoubted. But nearly as often—though the public never knew this, nor would have granted it, knowing—Emmet was simply gagging over the mere thought of Fritz, and cancelled in a fit of uncontrollable hatred for that scolding German: I was by once when he did this in a Kansas town. He was perfectly sober—hadn't drunk anything for six months, had no intention of drinking anything. "I loathe that d—d grinning ape," he said to me of a sudden. "What ape?" said I. "Fritz," said Emmet, with a hard mouth. "Fritz is a sickening ass—a chanting, dancing, romping, maudlin, flautulent ass. I won't do him tonight. I am going to cancel. There is a book I want to read. I shall read it and forget that leering dog Fritz." "And your house is sold out here?" said I. "The better," growled Emmet. "Any-

body might cancel when the prospect is of bare benches. I would give back twice the money to escape Fritz for a night. "He sent word to the manager of the house that he was not to appear that night, and lay back in his local room with his book—and no liquor—and gloated over his abandonment of the despised Fritz for one night. Everybody in the country read in the newspapers on the following morning that Fritz Emmet was violently drunk in a Kansas town, tossing bricks through shop windows, fighting the watch, and so on. But he did Fritz in another Kansas town on the night following, no drink in him, and, as a matter of fact, he was wholly temperate throughout the entire season, though he cancelled several times purely from a general deterioration of Fritz. "Here, too, used to cancel quite occasionally especially toward the latter years of his life, because many years ago Joseph Jefferson admit that Rip tricked him. But he was known to make that confession several times. Once, after playing Rip for nearly fifty years, he forgot the lines of the role and had to be prompted. When an actor forgets the lines of a part you may deduce one or two things—first, and this is not very tenable when all actors are good 'studies,' that he is unfamiliar with his little piece; second, the plausible and generally the right reason, that he is so sick of his part that he has occupied himself inveterately, since the last performance, in trying to forget it, and that he has momentarily succeeded in doing that; at an unfortunate time, of course, when he needs the lines. "Lawrence Barrett, for two seasons without interruption played his part of Lanciotto in "Francesca da Rimini," and no other part. Barrett was as self-contained as he was scholarly, but he grew to hate Lanciotto with a burning hatred. "The infernal, canting prig!" he would exclaim in his dressing-room making up for Lanciotto. "The mouth-ing, spouting, swollen, all too virtuous, detestable, damnable prig! Here I am fashioning his lineaments and stuffing his hump once again. Why didn't Paola run the whip through the body before Dante or Boker ever held the brute up as an example of continence and probity? I would that I were going to do "Box and Cox" or "Ticket-of-Leave Man" tonight!"

"The Ragged Messenger." Quick to discern the trend of the public's mind in matters theatrical, Manager Jules Murry scoured the play markets of the world last summer for a modern drama for his gifted young star, Creston Clarke. Nothing at all promising was in sight until his attention was drawn to the interest that was being manifested by the English-reading public in a forthcoming work, entitled "The Ragged Messenger." An emissary was dispatched post haste across to London by Manager Murry, and even before "The Ragged Messenger" had appeared in book form on the other side, the rights to its dramatization had been secured by this enterprising manager. The rest is theatrical history. "The Ragged Messenger" is one of the biggest hits of the season. It will be presented at the Salt Lake theatre soon, with Creston Clarke in the modern role of John Morton, the clergyman.

"Susan in Search of a Husband." "A Pledge of Honor" is to be the new bill at the Lyric theatre, starting tonight. It is a comedy drama in four acts, and contains plenty of thrills and comedy. In the hands of the capable Lyric stock company, headed by Frederick Moore, it will be sure to please. The usual Wednesday and Saturday matinees will be given.

EXPERT KODAK FINISHING. Harry Shipley, Commercial Photographer, 151 Main street. Get my new price list.

head, pat her hypothetical hair—remembering her directions about musing—until, when the slow poison of it all has sunk into its deepest, you often feel like bolting from the stage and hopping on the first passenger car. "This is particularly so if your opposite woman happens to be a somebody for whom you entertain a feeling of respect. You suppose it to be incredible that she does not come to regard you as a mere hulk of emptiness, a sort of verbose manikin in a vortex of cheap makebelieve. That is the hardest of all—to do the stage lover for forty-two weeks in one role, and then for another for two weeks. Say, no wonder that Kyle Bellew made the peculiar answer that I once heard him make. Somebody—it was in a crowd of players—started the question, "Which is the meanest character in the accepted drama?" Romeo," replied Bellew acridly and without an instant's hesitation. Bellew had been doing Romeo necessarily for two years to Mrs. Potter's Juliet. To this hour he declares Richard III and Iago to be fine fellows compared with Romeo. "Doing comedy in one role, it all becomes flat and depressing along toward the termination of a season. You wonder why they scream so over it in front. You cock your ears to ascertain if it is not merely a claque of ushers making the sounds of laughter. When you become convinced that it is really the audience in the throes of laughter,

"Only on very rare occasions, and then when he was very tired of travel, would Joseph Jefferson admit that Rip tricked him. But he was known to make that confession several times. Once, after playing Rip for nearly fifty years, he forgot the lines of the role and had to be prompted. When an actor forgets the lines of a part you may deduce one or two things—first, and this is not very tenable when all actors are good 'studies,' that he is unfamiliar with his little piece; second, the plausible and generally the right reason, that he is so sick of his part that he has occupied himself inveterately, since the last performance, in trying to forget it, and that he has momentarily succeeded in doing that; at an unfortunate time, of course, when he needs the lines. "Lawrence Barrett, for two seasons without interruption played his part of Lanciotto in "Francesca da Rimini," and no other part. Barrett was as self-contained as he was scholarly, but he grew to hate Lanciotto with a burning hatred. "The infernal, canting prig!" he would exclaim in his dressing-room making up for Lanciotto. "The mouth-ing, spouting, swollen, all too virtuous, detestable, damnable prig! Here I am fashioning his lineaments and stuffing his hump once again. Why didn't Paola run the whip through the body before Dante or Boker ever held the brute up as an example of continence and probity? I would that I were going to do "Box and Cox" or "Ticket-of-Leave Man" tonight!"

"The Ragged Messenger." Quick to discern the trend of the public's mind in matters theatrical, Manager Jules Murry scoured the play markets of the world last summer for a modern drama for his gifted young star, Creston Clarke. Nothing at all promising was in sight until his attention was drawn to the interest that was being manifested by the English-reading public in a forthcoming work, entitled "The Ragged Messenger." An emissary was dispatched post haste across to London by Manager Murry, and even before "The Ragged Messenger" had appeared in book form on the other side, the rights to its dramatization had been secured by this enterprising manager. The rest is theatrical history. "The Ragged Messenger" is one of the biggest hits of the season. It will be presented at the Salt Lake theatre soon, with Creston Clarke in the modern role of John Morton, the clergyman.

"Susan in Search of a Husband." "A Pledge of Honor" is to be the new bill at the Lyric theatre, starting tonight. It is a comedy drama in four acts, and contains plenty of thrills and comedy. In the hands of the capable Lyric stock company, headed by Frederick Moore, it will be sure to please. The usual Wednesday and Saturday matinees will be given.

EXPERT KODAK FINISHING. Harry Shipley, Commercial Photographer, 151 Main street. Get my new price list.

body might cancel when the prospect is of bare benches. I would give back twice the money to escape Fritz for a night. "He sent word to the manager of the house that he was not to appear that night, and lay back in his local room with his book—and no liquor—and gloated over his abandonment of the despised Fritz for one night. Everybody in the country read in the newspapers on the following morning that Fritz Emmet was violently drunk in a Kansas town, tossing bricks through shop windows, fighting the watch, and so on. But he did Fritz in another Kansas town on the night following, no drink in him, and, as a matter of fact, he was wholly temperate throughout the entire season, though he cancelled several times purely from a general deterioration of Fritz. "Here, too, used to cancel quite occasionally especially toward the latter years of his life, because many years ago Joseph Jefferson admit that Rip tricked him. But he was known to make that confession several times. Once, after playing Rip for nearly fifty years, he forgot the lines of the role and had to be prompted. When an actor forgets the lines of a part you may deduce one or two things—first, and this is not very tenable when all actors are good 'studies,' that he is unfamiliar with his little piece; second, the plausible and generally the right reason, that he is so sick of his part that he has occupied himself inveterately, since the last performance, in trying to forget it, and that he has momentarily succeeded in doing that; at an unfortunate time, of course, when he needs the lines. "Lawrence Barrett, for two seasons without interruption played his part of Lanciotto in "Francesca da Rimini," and no other part. Barrett was as self-contained as he was scholarly, but he grew to hate Lanciotto with a burning hatred. "The infernal, canting prig!" he would exclaim in his dressing-room making up for Lanciotto. "The mouth-ing, spouting, swollen, all too virtuous, detestable, damnable prig! Here I am fashioning his lineaments and stuffing his hump once again. Why didn't Paola run the whip through the body before Dante or Boker ever held the brute up as an example of continence and probity? I would that I were going to do "Box and Cox" or "Ticket-of-Leave Man" tonight!"

"The Ragged Messenger." Quick to discern the trend of the public's mind in matters theatrical, Manager Jules Murry scoured the play markets of the world last summer for a modern drama for his gifted young star, Creston Clarke. Nothing at all promising was in sight until his attention was drawn to the interest that was being manifested by the English-reading public in a forthcoming work, entitled "The Ragged Messenger." An emissary was dispatched post haste across to London by Manager Murry, and even before "The Ragged Messenger" had appeared in book form on the other side, the rights to its dramatization had been secured by this enterprising manager. The rest is theatrical history. "The Ragged Messenger" is one of the biggest hits of the season. It will be presented at the Salt Lake theatre soon, with Creston Clarke in the modern role of John Morton, the clergyman.

"Susan in Search of a Husband." "A Pledge of Honor" is to be the new bill at the Lyric theatre, starting tonight. It is a comedy drama in four acts, and contains plenty of thrills and comedy. In the hands of the capable Lyric stock company, headed by Frederick Moore, it will be sure to please. The usual Wednesday and Saturday matinees will be given.

EXPERT KODAK FINISHING. Harry Shipley, Commercial Photographer, 151 Main street. Get my new price list.

body might cancel when the prospect is of bare benches. I would give back twice the money to escape Fritz for a night. "He sent word to the manager of the house that he was not to appear that night, and lay back in his local room with his book—and no liquor—and gloated over his abandonment of the despised Fritz for one night. Everybody in the country read in the newspapers on the following morning that Fritz Emmet was violently drunk in a Kansas town, tossing bricks through shop windows, fighting the watch, and so on. But he did Fritz in another Kansas town on the night following, no drink in him, and, as a matter of fact, he was wholly temperate throughout the entire season, though he cancelled several times purely from a general deterioration of Fritz. "Here, too, used to cancel quite occasionally especially toward the latter years of his life, because many years ago Joseph Jefferson admit that Rip tricked him. But he was known to make that confession several times. Once, after playing Rip for nearly fifty years, he forgot the lines of the role and had to be prompted. When an actor forgets the lines of a part you may deduce one or two things—first, and this is not very tenable when all actors are good 'studies,' that he is unfamiliar with his little piece; second, the plausible and generally the right reason, that he is so sick of his part that he has occupied himself inveterately, since the last performance, in trying to forget it, and that he has momentarily succeeded in doing that; at an unfortunate time, of course, when he needs the lines. "Lawrence Barrett, for two seasons without interruption played his part of Lanciotto in "Francesca da Rimini," and no other part. Barrett was as self-contained as he was scholarly, but he grew to hate Lanciotto with a burning hatred. "The infernal, canting prig!" he would exclaim in his dressing-room making up for Lanciotto. "The mouth-ing, spouting, swollen, all too virtuous, detestable, damnable prig! Here I am fashioning his lineaments and stuffing his hump once again. Why didn't Paola run the whip through the body before Dante or Boker ever held the brute up as an example of continence and probity? I would that I were going to do "Box and Cox" or "Ticket-of-Leave Man" tonight!"

"The Ragged Messenger." Quick to discern the trend of the public's mind in matters theatrical, Manager Jules Murry scoured the play markets of the world last summer for a modern drama for his gifted young star, Creston Clarke. Nothing at all promising was in sight until his attention was drawn to the interest that was being manifested by the English-reading public in a forthcoming work, entitled "The Ragged Messenger." An emissary was dispatched post haste across to London by Manager Murry, and even before "The Ragged Messenger" had appeared in book form on the other side, the rights to its dramatization had been secured by this enterprising manager. The rest is theatrical history. "The Ragged Messenger" is one of the biggest hits of the season. It will be presented at the Salt Lake theatre soon, with Creston Clarke in the modern role of John Morton, the clergyman.

"Susan in Search of a Husband." "A Pledge of Honor" is to be the new bill at the Lyric theatre, starting tonight. It is a comedy drama in four acts, and contains plenty of thrills and comedy. In the hands of the capable Lyric stock company, headed by Frederick Moore, it will be sure to please. The usual Wednesday and Saturday matinees will be given.

EXPERT KODAK FINISHING. Harry Shipley, Commercial Photographer, 151 Main street. Get my new price list.

pieces that a company has been doing on end for months or years—to buck them up in their work. He storms, scolds, tells all hands that they are becoming vile in their work. If his threats do not avail, he makes them rehearse the old thing, and the treatment answers until the next slump. "It is the same, I understand, with singers and musicians. I was talking a while back with a violinist who has been with Savage's "Mme. Butterfly" company since the opera was produced first, several months ago. You should have heard that violin player talk of Puccini's score! I never heard any music so exoriated! And yet it is very beautiful music. "A part that you grow intolerably sick of is all right to come back to after you've had surcease from it for a while. For a little while the situations and words are almost as good as new; but it picks up its rancid flavor again in time. "We hear a good deal of the hardships of the stock players. The stock company actor is not so badly off, though. He works, as do we all, but he does not suffer from a cloyed palate. Look at the new dishes he samples while working!"

"BY THE SKIN OF HER TEETH."

As Presented in a Bowers Theatre on "Amachure Night." (Broadway Magazine.) The manager announces his chef-d'oeuvre, a sketch (in the parlance a miniature play), entitled "By the Skin of Her Teeth." The curtain rises, disclosing a room simply but elegantly furnished with a Louis Quinze chair, a Mose Levy bureau and John L. Sullivan draperies. The apparent heroine, an ample lady constructed along the general lines of a brewery horse, is discovered asleep on a lounge. Before the audience arises to comment, a tall, tenuous gentleman, tastefully clad in a dress suit, tan shoes, a derby hat and a red necktie (and, of course, other things), enters through a window. "Wake up, Lizzie," he tells de waiter what you'll have!" exhorts a gallery voice. The tall gentleman seems a bit disconcerted. But he recovers himself and with much peering and peeking, tiptoes surreptitiously about the room, completely overlooking the largest and most obvious article in it—the woman. Then he comes down to the footlights. "I am a gen'lman boiglar," he announces, impressively. "Boiglar, mebbe," replies a voice from the rear of the orchestra, meaningly and insultingly. The tall man seems again momentarily disconcerted. He turns and spies the sleeping lady. "Hah!" he cries. "As I live, 'tis de Lady Gwendolyn Muntzmuigg!" "G'man," comes a voice from the gallery. "It's Sadie Katzenhopper, who walks in de soap fact'ry. Hay, Sadie, wake up! Come out of it! Dey's a guy goin' tuh pinch yer bureau!" Such are the disadvantages of playing in your home town! Sadie obligingly awakens, looking somewhat angry. She sees the tall gent and gives vent to a scream that sounds like the moon whistling. He rushes to her and seizes her by the wrist. "At last, Lady Gwendolyn, we are alone!" he hisses. "You will be tomorrow night all right, as right," agrees someone in the rear of the orchestra. "You would not murder muh, Clarence Dalrymple!" howls Sadie, in plainly simulated fear. "Don't be afraid, Sadie," exhorts the gallery friend. "You can knock that skinny guy's block off in one round! Cut loose an' swing on him w' yer right. He wouldn't be one, two, tres w'it you!" "The audience joins in vociferous encouragement and advice. Sadie, however, is obdurate, and affairs on the stage begin to get thrilling. Sadie and the tall man struggle. But just as the "gen'lman boiglar" is about to perform a miracle and overpower a lady three times his size, and four times his weight, the hero is heard coming up the alley on a horse that, judging by the sound, has at least nine feet.

However, little discrepancies like that do not bother amateur night audiences. And when the hero enters and casually remarking, "Fear not, fair one, I am on de job," throws the "gen'lman boiglar" out of the window and, one might infer from the ensuing noise, into a conservatory, the audience expresses loud and distinct approval.

FROM BEHIND THE CURTAIN. A magnificent statue of Shakespeare was recently erected at Elinore, the cost being defrayed by popular subscription. The Monde Illustré, of Paris, described the event as follows: "On the occasion of the third centenary of the publication of "Hamlet" a number of representative Danes determined to commemorate the event by the erection of a monument to Shakespeare. Great interest was shown in the project, which was generally regarded as a fitting act of homage to the great poet who had so signally honored Denmark. Elinore was chosen as the site. The monument is the work of the Danish sculptor Hasselriis. It represents Shakespeare seated, pen in hand, conceiving and writing the famous drama. The charming site which has been chosen for the monument has a strong appeal for visitors, suggestive as it is of the dramatic incidents of "Hamlet."

"The passionate admiration now accorded the great poet has amply avenged the neglect of his own and the oblivion which threatened his memory in the succeeding century. The latest honors to Shakespeare remind us of Victor Hugo's words of homage: 'If a mountain of stones were piled up in his honor, could they add to his greatness? What memorial arch will outlast these: "The Tempest," "The Winter's Tale," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," "Julius Caesar," "Coriolanus"? What monument more sternly impressive than "The Merchant of Venice," more brilliant than "Romeo and Juliet," more detailed than "Richard III"? What moonlight so soft and mysterious as that which illumines "The Midsummer Night's Dream"? What edifice of cedar or of oak shall last as "Othello"? What monument of brass shall endure as long as "Hamlet"?"

Raymond Hitchcock tells an amusing story of a former valet and dresser. He was of the Hibernian persuasion and his name, of course, was Pat. Pat went into a restaurant after a performance in a one-night stand, with a keen appetite and rather tired. It was Friday. "Have yez any porpoise or any?" "No," said the waiter in surprise. "Have yez any porpoist or any shark?" Again the waiter answered in the negative. "Well, then," said Pat, "bring me a dish of corned beef and cabbage. Heaven knows I asked for fish."



The Eight Vassar Girls at the Orpheum.