

HELD'S MILITARY BAND

A. S. ZIMMERMAN MANAGER

Grand Theatre

TOMORROW
SUNDAY EVENING CONCERT

Prof. Youngdale's
String Quartette
Misses Fanning & Fanning
Prof. Struster
and Prof. Youngdale.

Mrs. Edward Parry
Soprano.

Love and the Birds . . . Gubiel

TICKETS ON SALE
ALL DAY SATURDAY

40 - PIECES - 40

Amusements.

Salt Lake theatre—Harry Beresford in "Our New Man," matinee today, performance tonight.

Grand theatre—"Yon Yonson," matinee today, performance tonight. Held's Band concert, tomorrow evening.

Coming Attractions.

Salt Lake theatre—Ben Greet's players in "Everyman," February 6-8; Lawrence D'Orsay in "The Earl of Pawtucket," February, 9-11.

Those of us who remember how Harry Beresford mixed things in "The Wrong Mr. Wright," also pleasantly recall how successfully he played the storm center of that whirlwind of run. In his latest play, "Our New Man," he had secured something equally fast and furious, with situations so rapidly following each other as to tax the capacity of an alert audience.

"Our New Man," we are told, affords Mr. Beresford even more strenuous opportunities than his former comedy. As "Truman Toots" he sets the pace that kills with laughter. The comedy consists of three acts, while the complications of the plot require a hundred situations. Mr. Beresford as "Truman Toots," the absent minded professor, is said to be a scientific demonstration that laughter is a side-splitting condition rather than a noiseless theory. "Our New Man" will be given at the matinee today and performance tonight.

For many years Charles B. Hanford has been tempting fate in Shakespearean roles. We have seen him as the wife taming Petruchio, the brutal Richard, the mercenary Shylock and the jealous Othello—but, in all of these stormy characters he is incapable of distinguishing between Shakespeare and Lincoln J. Carter. There is a gulf between the former and the latter, much wider than the Chicago river, and Mr. Hanford cannot leap the distance with the lead of melodrama clinging to his shoes.

To some, the art of Mr. Hanford may appeal as something approaching the best traditions of the stage. These good people are entitled to their opinions. But, I have always thought that Hanford as an actor, whatever may be his appreciation and understanding of a Shakespearean role, can give it neither dramatic expression nor temperamental interpretation. The question is not as to Mr. Hanford's sincerity or honesty of

effort, for these merits he has in fullness—his dramatic weakness lies elsewhere. He has none of the artistic necromancy by which an actor conjures his audience into the belief that he is other than he is—that the player and the role are one and not two identities.

No actor has this gift in its entirety, some possess it in more or less degree, woe to the player if he have it not at all—by its standard art is measured. If it runs in the dramatic veins of Mr. Hanford, it is no stronger than sterilized milk. When Mr. Hanford assumes the role of Petruchio he is not a tamer of shrewish women; as Richard, he is hardly more than a royal masquerade; in Shylock, his Jewish blood is watery, while as Othello he is a lover whose wooing would have frightened a less timid Desdemona. At Thursday's matinee, Mr. Hanford's Othello certainly terrorized the children without convincing the grown-ups. At the night performance, as "Don Caesar," he settled more into the part. Once or twice he threw into his lines and action such touches of swashbuckling devilry as might have made Victor Hugo recognize some of his own romantic color. Miss Dronah, also from a sniveling Desdemona in the afternoon, wore the mantle of Maritana at night with no little success at concealing her own personality.

As usual, Mr. Hanford's company was mediocre. There was so much fuss and feathers about some of them, that, if art and effort were the same, the salaries would pay for something more than sweat upon the brow.

sorted their post of duty in the front rows. This because of the advent of the show-girl—a butterfly of excessive drapery, picture hat of alarming size and parasol of effulgent dreaminess. There is every reason to believe, however, that the hairless heroes of old will be tempted to resume their former forwardness. Already is heard from afar the bugle blasts announcing the reappearance of marching tights and the battle flag of rainbow hosiery.

For the past few years, the frizzy-headed, chiffon-flooned show girl, like lilies of the field, in full blown finery of rustling skirts, have swept the stage in a glory undreamed by Solomon. In the meantime, tights and hosiery were forced into costume forgetfulness. But the clock has struck and the final hour of the show girl is ringing in her powdered ear. For the last times she has Flordora-ed herself in all the finery of which the arts of millinery and dress are capable.

There may be a few, kind sirs, at home, as the song goes, but they will be left there in their trailing gowns and statuesque poses. The expense of gowning the tall willow creature is too much for the box office. Every surge of the billowy laces, every wave of flowing drapery, engulfed in a dressmaker tide, the profits of the manager.

De Wolf Hopper in his successful revival of "Wang" showed the managers how to run a show without show-girls. Instead of surrounding himself with frills and flounces, the elongated comedian has demonstrated

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Sunday Evening Concert

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chill con carne and hosiery on the half shell.

The large audience at Held's concert last Sunday night was a flattering testimonial of the organization's popularity. There had been concerts and studio recitals galore during the week, Melba and Creatore had turned our purses inside out, and yet, despite the low tide of our finances, we still found the fickle quarter for the Held concert. If this was not a complete vindication of the weekly musicals at the Grand, then I fail to read any moral in box office returns. I even heard people make comments between Held and Creatore as conductors, to the disadvantage of the Italian—the comparison was not, of course, as to musical effect, but as to gracefulness and deportment in both of which Mr. Held is happily free from offensive eccentricity. Last Sunday's program was of the kind to evoke applause, every number receiving a glad-hand appreciation. Mrs. Lizzie Thomas Edward, the vocalist of the evening, was well received, while her splendid voice was given the warm recognition a Salt Lake audience always bestows upon a favorite singer. Mr. Held conducted with growing spirit and animation, putting all the strength into his baton which he had gathered during a weeks' convalescence.

Creatore is a study in animation. Impulsive, temperamental, electrical, he stands upon the platform and plays upon the optic nerve like a kinetoscope—upon the ear like a world's fair organ. Eccentrically, he is the limit—as a batonic acrobat he is without metres or bounds. Beginning at a point where the center of gravity is only suspected, he is never uncertain of the orbit through which he moves. Hovering here, there, and everywhere, like a thing of wings and feathers, he calls from the clarinets all the bird notes of the air and from the hapulative brasses stormy crashes like trees falling in the forest. Bending in benediction over his men, he lays at the feet of Apollo musical offerings as fragrant as myrrh and frankincense.

Gesticulating wildly, madly, he leads his musicians in glorious charges against Wagner fortresses and the breast-works of Gounod. Completely lost in the excesses of his own feeling, he never for a moment forgets his musical responsibility. Obnoxious to the audience, the box office, the ushers, he sees, for the time, only the faces of his men, their watchful



UTAHNA THEATRE, THIS WEEK

THE ROYAL MEXICAN SERENADERS, THE SOLIS BROTHERS,
UNDER THE DIRECTION OF MR. ED. SOBARZO.

Upon a most remarkably melodious instrument, they call an "El Melodioso," these four really skillful musicians offer a repertoire of Classic, Operatic and Popular Selections. The soft, sensuous, melodiously sweet Spanish music of their own Southland home as rendered by them, never fails to please. Their extensive repertoire enables these artists to offer new selections at each performance.

NOTE—On Sunday evening "William Tell Overture," with grand effects, wind, rain thunder and lightning, will be given.

In a last Sunday New York illustrated paper is an actress bouquet of flowers that perfumes Broadway, on sunshiny afternoons, with all the aroma of show-girl sweetness. Coily peeping out from beneath the picture leaves are the violet eyes of Rosemary Glosz, sparkling with her old-time vivacity. A few weeks ago we read that Miss Glosz was kneeling at the altar of Hymen, in Portland. But geography is of small moment when the camera is concerned. Miss Glosz is such a photographic inspiration that her fair features are constantly invoked by Gotham artists.

It has been noticed for some time past that the old guard, the bald heads of sacred memory, have de-

that tights are timely. The economy of much hosiery and less drapery has appealed to the purses of managers everywhere. No longer is the substance of the chorus to be lost in concealment. It is said also—oh, can it be true!—that the girls now being selected are examples of physical fullness. There is to be no artificial reliance upon sand or sawdust in filling out the silk stockings—the real danger lies in swelling them to the point of safety. The foregoing will be good news to the charter members of the Front Row Club in Salt Lake. With the impatience of joy long deferred, local bald heads are waiting to appease their optic hunger. Now that the costume menu is prepared, give the old boys plenty of tights a la