

redcoration of the theater and a re-arrangement of the seating.

When the house is re-opened it will be on the plan of presenting but two shows a day, one during the matinee and one during the evening. All seats are to be reserved and a scale of prices equal to those of the high grade legitimate houses will be put into effect. The theatre will show the big masterpieces, pictures which are too long and too expensive for presentation in the regulation picture house.

More than a score of such films have already been placed under contract by Mr. Swanson and preparations for the rehearsal of the subjects with the orchestration have already been made.

The selection of George Carpenter as manager of the Paramount-Empress is an especially pleasing one. Mr. Carpenter has had wide experience in executive and publicity positions. He is beside, a newspaper man of ability. He has been a resident of Salt Lake for more than twenty years. He was employed in the editorial department of the old Herald and Deseret News. His newspaper experience here covered a period of fifteen years. He was city editor of the News when he joined the Orpheum forces as publicity agent. For four years Mr. Carpenter remained with the Orpheum when, two years ago, he accepted the position of director of publicity and advertising for the Notable Features Film company.

Vaudeville at the Rex is a new institution which is pleasing patrons of the State street amusement house. Mr. Swanson promises acts of exceptional merit, and whatever this gentleman says he will do, Salt Lake has found out he usually does. He is accomplishing a great deal in the amusement way with his three houses.

### COURAGE IN CRITICISM

By Theodore Bonnet.

IT is a great virtue I believe to have the courage of one's opinions. I fancy it is a great virtue because I have so often heard persons spoken of with great respect and admiration on account of this moral courage. Yet I have observed that it leads men and women into rashness of a kind that they might be very much ashamed of were it not for the saving grace of blissful ignorance. It is worth while giving ear to such persons because they inspire one with caution and with becoming diffidence. Who can fail to take warning from the courageous expression of opinions that betray a crass ignorance of the subject-matter under discussion. I do not mean opinions that are plainly labeled and modestly put forth in a manner denoting that their author makes no pretention to being well informed. Opinions of this kind are delicate, unobtrusive things that invite suggestion and imply a willingness to receive light. But how rare they are. Far more common are the opinions of Sir or Miss Oracle which have the penetrating sound of the last word of authority. It is wonderful how many people one meets who give utterance to opinions of this kind.

It staggers one to find how broadly cultivated one's friends and acquaintances are. Almost any day you may meet men and women with very positive opinions on all the six or seven arts. I have encountered so much oracular criticism that I have come to wonder whether it is all of a piece with what I hear about singing. One need be but slightly informed on the intricacies of this art to be able to avoid being impressed by critics who know not a thing at all. Listening to opinions on vocalists expressed with the air of certitude that implies consciousness of knowledge, one realizes what a dangerous thing it is to have the course of certain kind of opinions.

Singing appears to be the one art which nobody is too timid to discuss. I have met men and women who have not the courage to talk

about the technical merits or imperfections of a painting, yet who never refrain from airing their ignorance of the art of vocalization. Much to my amazement I have heard painters, with nothing more than an ear for music, talk of singers as though they would have you know they knew what they were talking about. I have even heard musicians, good musicians, with the greatest self-satisfaction betray their ignorance of the art of song. What is the explanation of all this folly?

How is it that even musicians skilled on half a dozen instruments absurdly pretend to a knowledge of a technique they never studied? Some of them with a smattering of the art have the courage to teach singing. Surely common sense ought to give them pause. One might suppose that it would occur to them that although everybody is born with a voice everybody is not born with the technique of a Melba, or a Sembrich, or a Destinn, or a Caruso, or a Botta. It ought to occur to them that a technique in which it takes years of unremitting study to acquire perfection is not to be discussed intelligently by persons who never studied it at all. It is as easy for any person with an ear for melody and sweet sound to recognize a good voice as it is to recognize the beautiful tones of an instrument, but as it requires certain technical knowledge to detect the faults and shortcomings of an instrumentalist, so it requires certain technical knowledge to detect the imperfections of a vocalist and the cause of them. I will not argue that the art of the instrumentalist is not a more complicated art than the art of the vocalist, but I will insist that as it takes brains to master the one, likewise proficiency in the other is not to be attained without superior intelligence. So well defined are the principles of the art of song, and so important is facility in its essential elements that unless they are mastered good singing is impossible. With only a natural voice of good quality a singer may prove to the untutored satisfactory in a narrow range of the vocal art, but to make the best use of a voice, to sing as a Caruso sings or as a Destinn sings or a Schumann-Heink, the singer must have technique.

And when you hear it said that a singer is artistic, but does not enunciate clearly, or thins out in the top notes, or employs a tremolo in a certain register, or does anything that is a sign of imperfection, the opinion you have heard expressed is a contradiction in terms. You may be sure of it even though the critic be one of the innumerable body of dilettanteish persons who, having traveled abroad, assume it to be taken for granted that they have absorbed knowledge with atmosphere. Singing is an art that has as many pitfalls for criticism as any other art, and therefore the need of caution. It is no less an art because it is a fragile, evanescent thing that leaves but a memory. It is the art of audible beauty, and though voice is its first essential, to achieve beauty the singing must be faultless, for a thing is art only when it is precisely what it ought to be. It is quite as important therefore for the singer as for any artist, or even for the acrobat, let us say, to have technique, though of course it is dangerous for the acrobat not to be flawless in some of the feats he essays; but it is much easier for the critics to perceive what's wrong with an acrobatic performance than with the singer who, for example, sings a simple aria with a facility that is not apparent in the singing of a ballad that abounds in legato or other passages that call for a perfect technique. There are simple ballads, by the way, that severely test the art of a singer, and the finer the technique of the singer the simpler appears the song. All of which is so platitudinous that it takes courage to write it.

Norman Hapgood, having made a failure of Harper's Weekly, has now turned his attention to practical politics and renominates Mayor Mitchell of New York for the municipal election which is eighteen months away. Very soon that time comes

Mr. Hapgood will have even more leisure than he now has to follow his fancies, for he will then be relieved of his duties as apologist for the Wilson administration, which, in the fall of 1917, will have receded several months into history.

### DAVID HENRY CHRISTENSEN

(Continued from page 1.)

His work really has amounted to a transformation in the methods of teaching and in the change in the spirits of pupils.

For half a century the youth of Utah had been confined to provincial grooves, and they breed doubt and suspicion and not infrequently unjust conclusions, and a double education is needed—one to discipline their minds through the sciences, one to expand them in their contact with their fellow mortals.

The work that Professor Christensen has done and is doing here is of inestimable value to Utah. Out of his patient labor a high manhood and womanhood has budded and flamed here; Utah's public schools stand among the very foremost in the Union and are increasing in excellence every year, and much of the credit is due to the patient man who at their head has been teaching them to be better citizens, better Americans, and to convince them that the great republic is the very foremost of nations and that her flag is worth living for and dying for.

To Professor and Mrs. Christensen have been born eight children, Aileen, Lucile, Marie, Dean, Rhea, Harold, Stanley and Kathleen.

Mr. Christensen is a member of the Commercial club and is president of the Christensen Construction company, contractors. He has two natures, one that soars in intellectual clouds, the other that deals only in the practical details of life work, and fits men to take life as it comes and fits man to meet every emergency.

The result of the labors of Professor Christensen for the educational advancement of Utah can scarcely be overestimated. His work is well known in every educational center of the country. The last exhaustive school survey of Utah schools, made by several of the most prominent educators in this country, showed how wonderful had been Professor Christensen's accomplishments. His work has always been practical. He has introduced into the schools the most scientific teaching of the domestic sciences, and advanced manual training as well as electrical and other scientific problems for study. Probably no superintendent in the country has enjoyed such full confidence of parents as does Professor Christensen. He has always been extremely popular with pupils and parents alike, and his advice in educational matters has been followed unhesitatingly.

His work for good is a constant blessing to Utah.

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