

It took about twenty-four hours to become acclimated and took a good long look at the Stars and Stripes, and then, in the same car that had made it possible for them to see the wonders of Europe, they headed for Boston, arriving there on the 19th, where the following day at the home of Mrs. Whitley the birthday of the local head of the American Smelting company, was appropriately celebrated, both in fitting commemoration of the day and the party's safe return.

Then, just as a proof that the great little car could make as many more miles without any particular attention, Mr. Whitley, being unable to go himself on account of business reasons, sent

DEATH OF MRS. NELLIE HOLBROOK BLINN.

The news of the death in San Francisco a week ago of Mrs. Nellie Holbrook Blinn, at one time one of the best known actresses and lecturers in America, has been received with a great deal of regret among those Salt Lakers, who years ago knew her or witnessed Mrs. Blinn's dramatic work. Mrs. Blinn was the mother of Holbrook Blinn, who was seen at the Grand here but a few weeks ago as leading man in Mrs. Fiske's production of *Salvation Nell*. Mrs. Blinn went to San Francisco in 1868, and in 1870 was married to Mr. Blinn. The unusual powers of elo-

woman for William E. Sheridan, the famous tragedian, in his New York theatre. Mrs. Blinn was a brilliant political speaker and during several campaigns occupied the same platform with Garfield, Blaine, Ingersol and other famous orators of twenty-five years ago. For the past few years Mrs. Blinn devoted her life to caring for the unfortunate and aged destitute in San Francisco.

She took great pride in the success attained by her son, Holbrook Blinn, and the latter was in Sacramento with Mrs. Fiske's company when news of his mother's death reached him.

As Jim Platt, the degraded and brutalized lover of *Salvation Nell* in Mrs. Fiske's play, Mr. Blinn has scored the triumph of his career. Charles Frohman has engaged him for next season to play the leading male role in Henry Bernstein's much discussed drama, "Israel."

LIGHTHOUSE LULLABY.

By Victor A. Hermann.

Sleep, baby, sleep! Thy father is climbing,
High in the tower his beacon must burn;
Out on the bay the watch bells are chiming,
Like cattle at dusk the fishers return—
Sleep, little sea love, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep! The gray full is crying,
Driven inshore by the winds in their flight;
In crystals of sleet, the salt spray is flying,
Pelting the crown of the mariner's light.
Sleep, little sea love, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep! The bell buoy's warning
Calls to the sea craft to seek to the lee;
The wrath of the waves will cease in the morning,
Leaving mute tales of the tempest swept sea.
Sleep, little sea love, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep! The west winds are thunder,
Rolling and romping, my little sea love;
But thou art so safe from their fury, here under
The great beacon star in the tower above—
Sleep, little sea love, sleep!

—The Sun.

Grace George, it is announced, will appear in a new play in London, opening in September, 1910.



One of the Whitley snap shots of the Grand Canal at Venice.

his chauffeur with the car and his helms to the White mountains in New Hampshire to complete a summer of record-breaking in point of the number of places which has been visited.

Herewith are reproduced a number of the scenes taken en route by Mr. Whitley and his party during their sojourn in southern Italy.

MARCELLO MACELLO.

By Witter Bynner.

I'm in the hospital and he
Lies at his house upstairs,
For that is where he had to be
Or mind his own affairs.

He thought that he could catch my girl,
Sporting his fancy vest;
But she's a bird; she doesn't care
The way a fellow's dressed.

I tried to fight him fists and fair;
His knife was what got me—
But there'll be slinging at his house
And he'll not hear it, see!

From "An Ode to Harvard and Other Poems."

Dorothy Tennant, instead of spending the summer in Alaska, as she had planned, sailed for Europe last week on the *Baltic*. While abroad she is to look over a play now running in London, the purchase of which is contemplated by a New York manager.

Elsie Janis is spending the month at her home, "El-Jan," on North High Street, Columbus.

cution she possessed caused Lawrence Barrett and John McCullough to take an interest in her and they induced her finally to go on the stage. Her first part was Lady Isabel in "East Lynne." She was the first woman in this country to play the part of Hamlet and was at one time leading



The Whitley Party preparing to leave for Switzerland.