

ZUDORA A GREAT MYSTIC STORY By HAROLD MACGRATH

While performing as a strong man in a circus, Trainor, a rough-and-ready type of man, marries Mimi Keene, a tight-rope walker...

The caravan was at that time 200 miles to the south, about to turn in for the winter. But Donovan found it. By mistake he ambled into the men's dressing tent.

"How'd you get in here?" "Why, I walked in," said Donovan amiably.

"Suppose you walk out again?" "Keep yer hair on, bub. I'm here on business. I'm lookin' for Mimi La Frang, 's they call her outside. She walks tight rope."

"Well, I'm her brother. What do you want with her?" "So yer Trainor's brother-in-law?" "Trainor?" said the young man, a fire lighting his eyes.

"Yes. An' my message is to his wife." "Oh. That's his kid there." "Y' don't say so! Well, kind o' looks like him."

"Here's my sister now." Donovan saw a slight woman of pretty figure and comely features. She came through the flap which separated the women's dressing tent from the men's.

"Here's a man from John, Mimi," said the brother carelessly. The young woman rushed over to Donovan and began shaking his hands.

Donovan began to swallow with difficulty. How was he going to tell her. He wanted to run away. He could now readily understand why Trainor had always talked of Mimi, Mimi, Mimi, until his Celtic ears had

tired of the name. She was a good wife and a good mother, for all that she was a circus performer. And here he was, aiming to break her heart!

But it did not. On the contrary, when, half an hour after learning of the death of the man she loved, she mounted the wire, a vertigo seized her, she lost her balance and fell, and by the time the men had laid away the big top she was dead.

For the first time in his wandering, futile life Frank Keene felt his throat contract and an unbidden moisture fell his eyes. After a fashion he had loved his clean-minded, loyal little sister. And now she was gone, leaving him with a baby on his hands, more adept in dealing from the bottom of the deck than from the top.

"How much is the mine worth?" he asked, when the simple funeral was over. "Lord knows," said Donovan; "but it's the 'biggest strike in 20 years. But it's goin' to be tied up till this little chick's 18. Don't ye worry, though. Th' lawyers'll see to it that ye git enough 't take care o' th' child. Edicate it, an' all that."

"What's the name of the mine?" "Same as th' kiddie's—Zudora." The two separated, never to meet again. The years passed. Keene dabbled in all manner of shady trades and finally drifted into a lucrative business.

It was not only the easiest, but the safest way to attract gulls and pluck them. He set up as a Hindu, mystic, a Swami. He told fortunes, did crystal gazing, resurrected souls, and as a by-product played detective with more or less success. He rarely practiced this latter game except among his favored gulls.

It was a simple matter to instruct some of his confederates to rob certain of his clients; it was equally a simple matter to recover the stolen objects—for a suitable reward. Keene eventually became known to the cult as Hassam Ali, and under that name his fame grew.

The child grew. Her education began. She gave promise of great beauty, even in the lark and gawky age. Her uncle often found himself vaguely speculating over her future. There was in his mind a thought, nebulous but insistent, and as often as he repelled it as often it returned.

Hassam Ali had begun to love gold, the bright, shining metal; not in the abstract, but in the concrete. To touch it with his fingers was transport; no symphony of Bach's was half so fine as the chink-chink of the coins, the eagle and the double eagle, as they fell upon each other, slipping from his hands.

Continued Tomorrow. Inside, Storm is seen watching, at first with surprise, then with alarm, the wall as it creeps gradually towards him. He knows that very soon it will crush his life out.

"La Gioconda With Caruso at Opera House Tonight

The second performance of opera by the Metropolitan Company will take place at the Metropolitan Opera House tonight, when Mr. Giorgio Polacco will sing the title part of the "merry one."

The opera is of the Verdi school and the music is of the sort which demands fine singing throughout. Speaking of it, recently, Mr. Caruso said that it was one of the operas in which no amount of good acting could make up for poor singing.

According to the New York critics of the performance of this opera last week, Mr. Caruso is in fine voice this year, and there is no need for him to act at all. His voice alone is enough. Mr. Amato's Barnaba has also received high praise, as a sinister and powerful piece of work.

The opera deals with the complicated love affairs and intrigues of two members of the Inquisition in Venice, in the 15th century. It is based on a play of Victor Hugo, "The Tyrant of Syracuse," and is full of melodramatic happenings and emotional crises. The composer, Ponchielli, is known for this one opera throughout the world, although he composed at least five others. The music is melodious and moving in the dramatic climaxes.

The first ballet of the season will be seen in tonight's performance. The entire corps will do "La Filaria" and "The Dance of the Hours." Messrs. Begue, Audisio and Reschigiani are the other members of the singing cast.

The program of the Boston Symphony at the Academy last night was all of a piece, a fine and serious program, marked the work of conductor orchestra and soloist. Doctor Muck conducted first the second symphony of Brahms. Then Harold Bauer played, with the orchestra, the third concerto of Beethoven, and the program ended with the Beethoven overture to Goethe's "Egmont."

All of it was done with irreproachable excellence. Mr. Bauer has tried the way of all great pianists and of the few great ones now living. Year by year he has diminished in virtuosity and grown greater in poetic eloquence, in true feeling, in making his technique an instrument and not an end. He was never an advertised prodigy; his reputation grew steadily as an artist and as an artist alone.

That is perhaps the reason why the topmost gallery was not crowded last night. There is nothing superficial, nothing meretricious about Mr. Bauer's playing, nothing to attract any but the truest lovers of music. Last night he played a difficult concerto, the third concerto of Beethoven, the prodigy type of pianist. In the greater part of the first movement the piano is executing delicate embroideries of the orchestra's weaving.

In the combined andante and rondo the piano comes into its own, but even there Mr. Bauer kept it in the swing of the orchestra, making his instrument a necessary complement of the whole. It is not that Mr. Bauer ever lacked technical perfection of each separate note, the sureness of phrasing, the finely intelligent reading of the score which he made last night, are all proof that he is a great pianist. He is with the masters. But he knows that the great thing is to make each separate item of feeling felt, just as it is necessary in a question of technique Mr. Bauer is with the masters.

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The Drama



FRANCES STARR—"The Secret"—Broad.

"Today"—Adelphi

Today human nature is even as it was yesterday and yesterday and 50 centuries ago. So "Today," the play shown at the Adelphi last night, might just as well have been named "Tomorrow" or "January First."

Human nature is immutable, unchangeable, and "catty" girls with inordinate desire for dress and the pleasures of life, and a penchant for plotting them, no matter what the cost, have existed and will exist. The theme of the George Broadhurst-Abraham Schomer play is not new—but then, what theme is?

It is the old story of the triangle—the husband, the woman and the husband. Based on the play by Schomer, "Style," written originally in Yiddish, "Today" is redolent with vague hints of things gone before. Nowhere can you place your dainty finger tip upon any one thing, yet you know instinctively that the author of "Thought and Paid For" had a hand in fashioning the dramatic pie.

Peeping from this speech and that scene—from this situation and that climax, is "The Easiest Way." You get theatrical whiffs, suspicions of other dramatic tables—the aroma of another's chef-d'oeuvre. Yet "Today" has its elements of originality and strength, thin as it is, buttered over four acts. Lily Wagner, the young wife, clothes-mad, seeking luxury the "easiest way" when bankruptcy overwhelms her fool husband, is the central figure of the play.

She is so delightfully obnoxious and objectionable, so charmingly outrageous and such a well, what the English would call a "rotter"—that the character lined by the author is worthy of unstinted praise. It is seldom that so unsympathetic and unworthy a character proves itself so interesting a psychological study.

Lily's astute husband has become a rent agent for a fashionable apartment house. A woman intent of commercial instincts suggests to him that he meet the original of the pretty photograph on her table if he will close one eye to her—commercialism. Wagner recognizes his wife and through the woman, makes an appointment with her.

Four hours later she arrives—gossipy, gay, the butterfly. Wagner has turned off the light and the woman introduces him to his own wife as "Mr. Fortune."

Tears and Laughter in Keith Bill

As Lady Grandville Bloomfield, a titled but neglected wife, Miss Ethel Barrymore made her appearance at Keith's yesterday in a one-act play, "Drifted Apart."

Miss Barrymore, if a bit more mature, is as charming as ever, and, while the forte of this favorite comedienne may not be tragedy, she wept quite realistically and succeeded in drawing tears from the more tenderhearted in the audience.

The playlet, old fashioned in character, shows a husband and wife who have drifted apart, whose intimacy results usually in bickering and cross-accusation, and who go their own ways—the husband, effectively played by Charles Dalton, dining usually with certain duchess, the wife with an aged housemaid.

Troubled with insomnia, Sir Geoffrey seeks sleep in the nursery—not used for three years, since the death of the child. His seeking repose there causes Lady Grandville bitterly "to remember," and she promptly seeks an understanding.

Dramatically, at the proper moment, in quite the old-fashioned way, Lady Grandville by mistake opens a package in which are the dead baby's shoes. Tears—husband and wife fall into each other's arms—reconciliation.

While this playlet is lugubrious, it is a delight always to behold Miss Barrymore for she exerts an appeal and charm all her own. And in this brief vehicle, she makes the most of her doloric opportunities.

By far the funniest feature on the Keith bill is Chick Sale's comedy, "A Country School Entertainment," all by himself. In turn he portrays the teacher, a country rough-neck, an angular country girl and two members of the country school board.

His is one of the most excellent pieces of character work in current vaudeville. Claude and Fannie Fisher appear as a brother-sister duo, the fast way and a little sister trying to save him. It is too bad the little sister must go blind to save the brother, whom she "loves better than her eyesight."

And "I love you better than my life," declares Jerry, the redeemed brother, as the curtain goes down, leaving us in doubt as to whether he relinquishes his life.

Fay and Florence Courtney are really funny in a grotesque, garrulous, almost gruesome way. Indeed, their antics are so fascinating as cathedral gargoyles or the poems of George Sylvester Viereck. Others on the bill are Brooks and Bowen, laugh-provoking black-face comedians; El Colton, who sings scroaches; a "Country School Entertainment" by himself; the Gleasons and Fred Houlahan, with music and dances; and Arthur Harat, who is truly extraordinary as an equilibrist.

Theatrical Bazaar

ADDELPHI—"Today," by George Broadhurst and Abraham Schomer, with musical scenes and Ethel Barrymore.

BROAD-FRANCIS Starr in "The Secret," by Henri Bernstein.

KEITH—"Drifted Apart," in a one-act play, "Drifted Apart," Miss Barrymore, if a bit more mature, is as charming as ever.

FRANCIS STARR—"The Secret"—Broad.

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