

"PETER IBBETSON," LYRIC; "YOU'RE IN LOVE," OPERA HOUSE; "CAROLINE," LITTLE THEATRE

A QUINTET OF ESTABLISHED PHOTOPLAY FAVORITES

THEATRICAL INDICATOR FOR THE COMING WEEK



"THE plays are not great," Oscar Wilde once confessed in a moment of humility. "I think nothing of them, but if you only knew how amusing they are!"

It presented clever Holbrook Blinn in a wholly unfavorable artistic light in Miss Anglin's production of the play last year in New York. Mr. Emery, now that he is more familiar with his critical speeches than of the opening, probably makes the least lamentable exhibit of the three.



A tie-up of Artercraft film folk. In the center is Director John Emerson. To the right is Douglas Fairbanks, who will be presented on Monday at the Stanley Theatre in Mr. Emerson's new photoplay "Reaching for the Moon."



Mae Marsh, film star of "Sunshine Alley," next week's attraction at the Palace.

"Scratch Bernard Shaw" runs a popular verdict, "and you will find Whistler and Wilde." Naturally also the repute of "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies" and the highly admired Shavian banter have prompted playwrights with a taste for "small sources" to trace the beginnings of a favorite type of foxtrot peritaste. Strict comparison of Wilde, however, with the famous American artist of the past, with whom he so delightfully fenced, or with Mr. Shaw, who supposedly lights the lamp of brilliant paradox in each one of his now very numerous stage offerings, should demonstrate the unreliability of favorite snap judgments.

"Among Those Present" is a dramatic "trailer." Crook plays, mystery plays, trick melodramas, have deluged our stage for several seasons. Possibly were "Seven Keys to Baldpate" now new, its success would be problematical. George M. Cohan feels the public pulse with unerring judgment. Messrs. Evans and Percival, who composed the Broadway's present offering, are lagards.

"MANON LESCAUT" TO BRING BACK CARUSO

Puccini's Opera Listed for Tuesday—Stokowski and Damrosch Concerts

The Abbe Prevost's touching and classic tale of feminine frailty will be musically set forth at the Metropolitan on Tuesday evening, when Mr. Gatti-Casazza's singers will interpret Puccini's opera, "Manon Lescaut." Five musical versions of the famous story are extant. Halévy's three-act ballet on this theme was performed at the Paris opera house in 1826. Balfe's opera followed four years later in the same European capital. Author's three-act opera was produced at the Paris Opera Comique in 1856. Massenet's "Manon" had its first hearing in the same temple of lyric drama in 1884. Puccini's "Manon Lescaut" was given its premiere 1893. Philadelphia's first heard the opera under the Hirschbach banner. For several years afterward it dropped out of the repertoire. Within the last decade it was revived by the New York Metropolitan Company and also by the Philadelphia-Chicago organization.

MOVIE ACTOR'S ART WAS TOO REALISTIC

J. W. Johnston, of Metro, Played a Tramp Embarrassingly Well

J. W. Johnston, who plays the role of Winch, in support of Ethel Barrymore in "The Eternal Mother," a Metro film, adapted by Mary Murtillo from Sidney McCull's novel "Red Horse Hill," to be the bill at the Victoria Theatre the first three days of next week, had his troubles because of his ability to keep "in character" for his part. Johnston depicts the gradual degeneration of Winch from a prosperous gentleman to a degraded outcast. So well did he "put on" his character that he grew the grizzly beard needed in the latter stages of Winch's downfall. This in itself was not particularly unusual, but Johnston's system for doing it was new.

Wilde, at his best, notably in "The Importance of Being Earnest," is deliciously and airily amusing. When he does develop a thesis it is usually trite or else so typical of current problems of his day that only a technique superior to that at his command could prevent his opinions from growing playthings. Flinero expounded it with magnificent sincerity and power in "The Second Mrs. Tanageray." Today the merit of that play survives, not because of the novelty or radicalism of its viewpoint, but because the theater patrons, indeed, have long been bored with the overfamiliar theme—but because the expertness of the dramatist has permanent value.

This is untrue of the Little Theatre's current bill. "The Importance of Being Earnest" is Wilde's best and worst characteristics. The "strong" scenes are mostly elaptran. Mrs. Arbuthnot's reputation of her betrayer savors of creaky, old-fashioned melodrama. The craftsmanship is clumsy and it is hard to disguise onset of the belief that Wilde employed his thesis mainly because it was a popular topic of his period. But the old Oscar charmingly shines forth in the lighter passages. His verbal fireworks are of an emphatically distinctive type. Occasionally the manner of his wit, as in "The Way of the World," but often the flavor is wholly personal and inimitable.

Shelley Hull, the featured player, startlingly reminiscent of William Faversham in his younger days, is a competent and facile artist, but yet more to be missed as an ingratiating "leading man" than to be welcomed in semi-stellar fulfillment. His withdrawal from the cast of "The Importance of Being Earnest" lessened the appeal of that delicious product, as revealed here earlier in the season. "Supports" of big-type actors are often an emphatically misnamed that the deflection of attention to a re-enforcement as Mr. S. Hull is rather regrettable.

To keep his beard just the right length for his characterization, he figured that he must have just three days' growth. He just shaved every Saturday night and to quote him, "I shaved and ate in comfort for a few days." By Wednesday his beard reached a serious degree of density. Then, for the rest of the week he suffered mortification. For example, at noon one day, Johnston went into a popular restaurant at Columbus Circle near the Metro studio, dressed as Winch. With this make-up he appeared to be a down and out screech. The restaurant was crowded, but Johnston picked a vacant seat at a table occupied by two women. He went over and sat down. Immediately the women got up and left the place. Several other people at nearby tables also departed. Soon the manager came to him and said that he knew that Johnston was "one of those actors from the studio," but that his patrons were not John. He requested the Metro player to eat elsewhere before he lost all his patrons.

Perhaps the leading feature of Wilde's comedy is not so much his brilliant wit as it is an unbridled comic nonchalance, an almost lazy humor, a polished but seemingly indifferent sophistication that evokes mental ripples of sentiment rather than outward manifestations. No one but Wilde could have written such passages:

Plenty of time is left for his stellar honors. Indisputably nothing like the full measure of his ability has yet been developed. Experience is the best husbandman for the seed of talent. When Mr. Hull, through actual intercourse with the stage, knows as much about his art as Arthur Bryan does, it will be time enough to consider "bold-face" program mention.

In this connection it may be recalled that "Manon Lescaut" is a play in which the refreshingly untalented and superbly played "Boomerang," once entertained ambitions to head a production. This was nearly fifteen years ago. The piece was favorably received. But "Manon Lescaut" was the work of a former dramatic editor of the Public Ledger, Ana Steele. Whatever its merits or defects might have been—the flag never reached Philadelphia—Mr. Byron's date he has portrayed almost every sort of part in the dramatic gallery, not as a star, but as a sterling player, whose presence lent substance and dignity to any which the choice between sound repute and the mere adventitious flash of advertising is here suggested to Shelley Hull.

THIS IS THE NOTE THAT BARRIE WROTE

The Athenaeum, London, S.W. Nov. 6, 1917. Dear Mr. Craven, Your admonition reminds me of what Mr. George Meredith once said to me of W. E. Henley: "He puts a laurel leaf on my brow with one hand and buffets me in the stomach with the other." All right, I shall publish the plays, or some of them, some day, tho' I shy at rereading them in cold blood. Ever sincerely, J. M. BARRIE

MISS ANGLIN'S presentation of the piece has many virtues. To the stately role of Mrs. Arbuthnot she brings a rich emotional equipment that lends authority to scenes requiring the most expert handling.

The footlight version used has been effectively arranged. Wilde's loquacity sometimes ran away with him. The first act of "A Woman of No Importance" is as motionless as Shaw's "Getting Married." Condensation could unquestionably have bettered that so-called play. But cutting G. B. S. is certain to raise ructions with the pappery, propagandist. Superficially, at least, Wilde was less paternal with his bet-born brain children. It is highly likely that he would have indulged Miss Anglin's complete elimination of the character of Mr. Keble, with his now antiquated reflections on British politics. The line describing American novels as "American dry goods" has also been excised. It used to win laughs in London. Sailing Uncle Sam is not so popular in civilized Europe now as once upon a time.

After a week's tour of the Middle West the concerts of the Philadelphia Orchestra will be resumed on next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening. These concerts are the feature of musical events, for they mark the appearance on one program of three of the most distinguished pianists in the musical world. Miss Olga Samaroff, Harold Bauer and Osep Gabrilowitsch. Bauer and Gabrilowitsch will play the F flat concerto of Mozart. Miss Samaroff, Bauer and Gabrilowitsch will perform the seldom-heard C major concerto of Bach for three pianos.

Walter Damrosch's admirable New York Symphony Orchestra will begin its series of concerts here with an attractive Tchaikovsky program on Wednesday afternoon of next week in the Academy of Music. The first of the series will be played by the soloist will be Percy Grainger, the eminent composer-pianist, whose laudable patriotism has recently given him almost as much publicity as his fine art. Mr. Grainger enlisted last summer as a player, and hence a private, in the Fifteenth New York Coast Artillery Band at Fort Hamilton. He will be heard on Wednesday in Tchaikovsky's superb piano concerto in B flat major.

The twelfth season of the Philadelphia Operatic Society will open next Wednesday night in the Academy of Music with Verdi's "Aida." Base hospitals organized in Philadelphia will be the beneficiaries of the performance. A dress rehearsal of all the 150 participants will be held in the Academy of Music on Monday night, when Conductor Wassili Leontovitch will be finishing touches on the performance.

The cast of principals includes several newcomers, notably the dramatic soprano Lillian May Ginnrich, who will fill the title role of Aida, and Belle and Gossie, who will be the Amneris. George Rothemann will be the Radames; Horace N. Hood, the Amoruso; William O. Miller, the King. Twenty-five members of the Philadelphia Orchestra will be under Mr. Leontovitch's baton. The concert master will be Emil Schmidt.

Members of the piano committee are: Ethel Aitemus, 312 South Fifteenth street; Louise Conrad, 2225 Spruce street; Osep Gabrilowitsch, Bryn Mawr, Pa.; Ellis Clark Hammann, 823 South Forty-ninth street; Maurice Leeson, Weightman - Bulfinch; Wassili Leps, the Powellton; Harold Eason, 1112 Chestnut street; Von Sternberg, 10 South Eleventh street; D. H. Hendrick, Esq., chairman. Members of the violin and cello committee are: Martin Van Gelder, 811 Carleisle street; Frank Hahn, 1817 Spruce street; Frederick Rich, 1818 Arch street; Thaddeus Rich, 1818 Arch street; and Dorel road, and Henry...

RECOGNITION FOR HIGH MUSICAL GIFTS

Stokowski Will Award Medal for Artistic Ability of Philadelphia Candidates

Leopold Stokowski will award a medal annually for the encouragement of distinguished musical talent. Through the courtesy of the Philadelphia Orchestra Association this medal also gives the successful competitor the assistance of an engagement at the regular symphony concert in the season following the award of the medal. The candidates must give evidence of extraordinary talent, adequate ability, resourceful repertoire and distinct personality.

The competition is limited to candidates under thirty-five years of age who reside in Philadelphia and who have received or at least a large share of their musical education in this city.

Applications and names of candidates, whose identity will be kept secret, should be sent to any member of the subcommittee. At the trial candidates will be known to the committee by numbers only. There will be two hearings, in the first of which the names of immature candidates will be eliminated. It having been decided that vocal and instrumental candidates shall not apply in the same year, the forthcoming contest will be for pianists, violinists and cellists only.

Margaret Ashmead Mitchell will give a recital for the benefit of the French Mesothetic Fund in Witherspoon Hall on Tuesday evening. Her program will include numbers by Spohr, Haydn, Handel, John A. Carpenter, Edward MacDowell, Cyril Scott and Sidney Homer. Edwin Evans will play the accompaniments. The Orpheus Club will be heard in its first concert of the season in the Academy of Music tonight. Among the chorals numbers listed are Max Bruch's "War Song"; "The Cross of Fire"; "Songs of the Fleet," a setting of Newbolt's poems by C. Villiers Stanford and Turner Hall's "Land of Freedom." George B. Nevin's setting of Tennyson's "Ring Out, Wild Bells" will be a feature. Madame Boye-Jensen, contralto, and Louise Le Bel Jensen, pianist, will give a recital in Witherspoon Hall on Monday evening.

Return of Chestnut Street Opera House to High Estate, Stage Version of Du Maurier Dream Tale and "Caroline," Chief Events

NEW ATTRACTIONS. "Peter Ibbetson," John N. Raphael's skillful and deeply moving dramatic port. The cast, selected with fine discrimination, includes John Barrymore, Lionel Barrymore, Constance Collier, Wallis Clark and Alice Johnson.

CHESTNUT STREET OPERA HOUSE—"You're In Love," operetta by Oscar Hammerstein. Tuneful score is by Rudolph Friml. In the cast are Marie Flynn, Max Thompson, Mrs. Gardner Crane, Carl McCullough, Clarence Nordstrom and Robert. Modernized, reconstructed and refurbished, the theatre will reopen Monday night as a home of first-class attractions.

LITTLE THEATRE—"Caroline," modern comedy by W. Somerset Maugham, author of "Our Betters" and numerous other admirable plays. Margaret Anglin makes the production as the third feature of her repertory season. Auxiliary players are Edward Emery, Landon Bruce, Phyllis Birkett and Saxon King.

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CONTINUING ATTRACTIONS. "FORREST"—"Hambler Lese," musical comedy with Joseph Cawthorn as chief character and Julia Sanderson in the leading feminine role. "The Runaway," Ada Meade, John Gilday and George E. Mack are in the support. Last week here.

AT POPULAR PRICES. "ORPHEUS"—"The Story of the Rosary," described as "a melodrama of love and war." Play is in four acts and twelve scenes. The leading roles are assumed by Arthur Hays Sulzberger, Jack Ragan, Katherine McHugh, Charles W. Guthrie, Ward McAllister and Princess Bryant.

VAUDEVILLE. "KEITH'S"—"The Choir Rehearsal," a play by Clare Kummer, introducing Sallie Fisher in a stellar role. "His Red Trousers," with Willard Clarke in the chief comedy part; "Derkin's European animal novelty," with Willard Clarke, George Reeyes, Harry and Mildred, Three Tivoli Girls, Gold and Gold.

COLLEGE BOY MADE NEW SLIPPER SCENE. Enthusiasm Over Marie Flynn's Footgear Creates Permanent Hit in Hammerstein Operetta

A new story is being told at the expense of Marie Flynn, the dainty prima donna of the "You're In Love" company, which will reopen the Chestnut Street Opera House on Monday night. The tale concerns her astonishment at the evening performance in New Haven, Thanksgiving Day, 1916, when some of the collegians, as she swung out over the audience in the ship's boom scene singing the hitting Prim melody "I Am Dreaming," flitted the delicately tinted bouidior slippers from her number two extremities.

It all came about this way. Miss Flynn was reclining—supposedly slumbering—at the end of the stage ship's boom, when she swept out over the first five rows of chairs. She let her foot drop down from its resting place, when, quick as a flash, one of the sophomore stood up, reached up and removed the footgear. The shock of this and the disinclination not to break up the dream scene, caused a look of astonishment on her face that was perceived by the audience and resulted in intense applause at her apparent discomfort. Forgetting herself, she let the other foot down too and a young woman in the audience nabbed the other slipper. Miss Flynn was plucked. As she finished the song, she caught the scene, she happened to meet the agent of the attraction.

"I want my slippers." "Why, Miss Flynn, I hardly think it possible that you will ever get them back again." "I can't afford to lose a pair of those high-heeled slippers, every performance." "That's just what you will have to do. This is one of the bits of the play." "I'll see Mr. Hammerstein. Oh, here he is! Can't the agent get my slippers back, Mr. Hammerstein?" "Yes. See that they come back to Miss Flynn, turn to the agent."

"I'd have a terrible job among those collegians to try and discover the one who flitted the first. Why don't you buy a hundred pair and then let the scene go as it did the afternoon it was flitted?" "I'll be in the play, and every man and woman who gets one of those slippers will take home the souvenir and show it to their friends." "That's just what happened." "The agent states that he has discovered slippers in San Francisco, British Columbia, up in Athabasca, near the God Fields of Alaska, has heard of them on the Missouri border."



THIS IS THE KEY OF HIS DECREE. The Athenaeum, London, S.W., Nov. 6, 1917. Dear Mr. Craven—Your admonition reminds me of what Mr. George Meredith once said to me of W. E. Henley: "He puts a laurel leaf on my brow with one hand and buffets me in the stomach with the other." All right, I shall publish the plays, or some of them, some day, tho' I shy at rereading them in cold blood. Ever sincerely, J. M. BARRIE

AND HERE'S THE WHY OF HIS REPLY. (From the Evening Ledger of October 6, 1917.) An Open Letter to Sir J. M. Barrie. KNIGHTED BARRIE: We address you, not to criticize your art, which inspires us to bless you from the bottom of our heart. "Peter Panning" is delightful, "Leonora" is the same; so do not regard us spiteful if we find a cause for blame in the way you are withholding—be it modesty or pride, it deserves a hearty scolding from a public far and wide—printed copies of your treasures, published texts of what you write. Why deny us bookish pleasures? Don't you really think you might let the friends you have attracted take a volume captioned thus, "Whimsies Just as They Were Acted"? Why show, keen to have such precious heros copyrighted by the law, do so freely with elation? We can read each play they pen. If we miss a bright quotation, we can look it up again. Why by the mischief do you tarry? Why not imitate their ways? Why on earth, J. Matthew Barrie, do you publish your plays?