GALLI-CURCI'S ART IS SUBTLE AND WINNING

Metropolitan's Largest Audience Enthralled by Poetic Appeal and Voice

Amelita Galli-Curci casts a spell compounded in almost equal proportions of vocal fluency and temperamental charm. The appeal of this personal element is cumulative. Immediate response to it was made by the largest audience in the history of the Metropolitan, assembled not only in the auditorium and in the orchestra pit, but even on the stage, last evening, for the Philadelphia debut of the lyric soprano. The applause following her opening number, Giordani's "Caro Mi Ben," was polite and perfunctory. Singing of conservative delicacy had been heard, but the expected sensationalism of the occasion seemed lacking.

With subsequent numbers the real truth dawned on the auditors. The quality of Galli-Curci's art had been misrepresented. Her mastery is not flashy but subtle; her allurement, devoid of conventional trickery, eventually touches a chord of simple, human tenderness. With that achievement comes acknowledgment of her present sufficiency. The 1800 persons who drank in her pure tones last night were not so much electrified as touched.

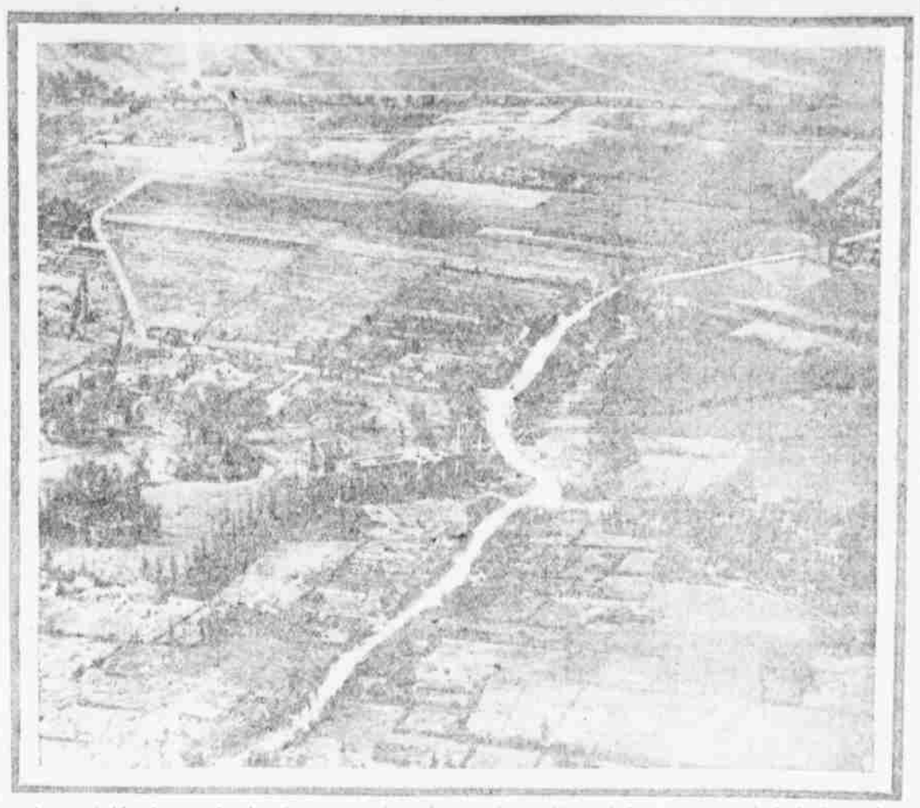
Here was something rare in them. In silvery radiance, the voice has been surpassed by Melba's; in mingled power and brilliancy by Sembrich's, Eames's and Tetrazzini's. But the lustrous brilliant of these coloratura queens was comparatively impersonal, whereas Galli-Curci's art is pervaded with a singular poetic intimacy, which does not make the path of cold criticism difficult to tread.

This quality is enhanced by certain very definite attributes. The most salient is the perfect ease with which a light voice is so adroitly placed that it fills all the vast reaches of the Metropolitan. Her vocal pyrotechnics give the impression of being wholly effortless. Not a note is any compass is gained by breathiness or stridency. Excellent at all in the middle registers, as clear as a spring, as sympathetic as the tone of Heifetz's violin. And all these lyric graces are accompanied by an unaffected, almost girlish, simplicity of manner and a feeling for interpretative values that bespeak an unusual artist—not "sensational" in the questionable sense, but sincere and of a fine spirituality.

In one particular, however, that of devotion to the key, the most sympathetic art is occasionally lacking. Often this devotion from the pitch is exceedingly slight, but it went beyond that stage in the "Annie Laurie" encore last night and was also noticeable in the lied of a group of eighteenth century "Bergerettes." Happily, in the tour de force of her program, the Bloch "Shadow Song," from "Eliksir," her pitch lapses were evident. The old Meyerbeer cadenzas and roulades were poured forth with a radiant beauty which went far toward redeeming the inherent artificiee of the aria.

Among the listed numbers of her encore were Arne's "The Lass With a Delicate Air," "Deh Vieni non Tardar," from "The Marriage of Figaro"; Bemberg's "La Capinera," "Una voce poco fa," from "The Barber of Seville"; Grieg's "Un Cygne," Massenet's "Crepuscule" and Chapi's "Carceleras," sung in Spanish. Manuel Berenguer furnished the flute obligatos in the Bemberg and Meyerbeer numbers and was also heard in Chaminade's concerto in D major. Homer Samuels played the piano accompaniments tastefully. H. T. C.

ALLIED BALLOON HOVERING OVER HOSPITAL GAVE HUNS CHANCE TO KILL, NURSE SAYS



A remarkable photograph taken from an airplane shows the condition of the country in which the hospitals mentioned in the diary were located

Teuton Hurled Shells Upon War Station Until the "Eye of the Allies" Was Removed to a Less Dangerous Post—Advent of "Gassing" Increased Hardships of Overworked Staffs

"AT THE BACK OF THE FRONT"
A WAR NURSE'S DIARY—No. 15

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We were now in fully recognized Belgian military hospital. Officials we were shifted to another corridor and nurses. But the arrival of the last group seemed to end his staff of officers gave us a standing joke which had before and it probably will behind us. After the great rush of April 15th, we assumed more than mere the nature of a base hospital, yet with the unspeakable adventure of being only three or four miles from the battle line. We were thus able and able to save a great many lives that would have been lost during a long journey, but also to see our patients well on the road to recovery before we sent them, one to a base hospital, now, but to a convalescent home. We enlarged our hangers and added four large wooden huts. These came out in sections from England, and it took twenty soldiers two day to erect one hut. They were raised off the ground on wooden posts, hold thirty beds each and had two lit

[illegible]

The aftermath I have already described as we experienced it in our theatre and wards. So near were the Germans to breaking through just where we were that all arrangements had been made for our hurried flight. The young American on the farm opportune was to help us. First the wounded were to go in the ambulances, then as many nurses as could be spared, commandeered, lastly the orderlies and men of our staff were to escape on foot. But, thank goodness, the Germans never have broken through.

The motor ambulance had not only mended the road and front approach, but had placed flower beds and now our front garden became a great feature in our life. Three times a week a band played to the patients, beds were brought out in the shade of the trees while officers and soldiers visited their wounded friends. Meals were served outside to them, and the staff had a long table under the trees where we took our meals. Behind at the back were the huts where we often had entertainments. Bands of soldiers during their repose from the trenches gave concerts, boxing and wrestling matches, juggling and all sorts of entertainments for the wounded men.

We had our share of pleasant times. Near to us was one of the Allies' munitions buildings. There pumpkins [illegible] stacks are placed every morning on the back of our lines, in the open at the rear. The one nearby had been a source of great danger to us at one time. It floated up and down one heath and the Germans constantly shelled it, never hitting it, but the shells came down in our premises and two times one in were in pieces.

Killed at Meal

A [illegible] of nurses sitting down to meal in the Grand were all wounded or killed. We were expecting to have the [illegible] moved further back, so it was moved higher up on the road. Major General was in charge of it, with about fifty men. These men were not very busy, so they had time on their hands. They were a most gifted set. They all lived in a tent, and this here they turned into a theatre, built a fine stage with all the scenery, painted screens and decorations, made stage furniture etc. They wrote plays, made all the scenery, clothes and acted the plays as well. The tent was filled up that place for opposite the stage for the audience and two front rows of seats formed the stalls. In the well in front the band played. Here we witnessed the most thrilling pieces ever produced at any theatre, and heard harmonious music. It was well for us that our knowledge of the French language was limited, and that we did not understand all the subtleties of their humor and slang. From me sent to the hut I have passed through the battle zone the plain where the city was red with the battle, and in between the head pelting heard the boomed of the cannon.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

$3,000,000 Export Cotton Here

An Atlantic Port, May 2.—A steamer sailing for a British port with 18,000 bales of American cotton, valued at approximately $3,000,000, the largest cargo of the kind to leave this port in more than two years, was towed to sea yesterday.

"DREAMLAND ADVENTURES"

By DADDY

"THE MAD GIANT"

A complete, new adventure each week, beginning Monday and ending Saturday.

CHAPTER IV

The Giant Goes Flying

(Yesterday it was told how Peggy, in council with the birds on the subject of rescuing the Giant of the Woods, innocently gave news of release to the King of the Wild Geese and was threatened by his army.)

THE King of the Wild Geese advanced as if to attack Peggy. Reddy Wood Pecker, Judge Owl and Bob Oink bravely placed themselves in front of her to protect her. The geese were hissing angrily.

Peggy realized that her thoughtless remark had caused serious trouble. She realized, too, that she was in the wrong, for she had been taught never to hurt any one's feelings needlessly. So she hastened to apologize.

"I do not mean that I think geese foolish—especially wild geese—I was just saying what I had heard."

"Just so," honked the King, "but it's just as bad to say what isn't so because somebody else says it's so as to say it's so when you know it isn't so."

Peggy was all tangled up by this speech, but Judge Owl came to her rescue.

"King of the Wild Geese," he said, "this is Princess Peggy. What she says is so even if it isn't so. She has come to save Birdland from the Giant of the Woods."

The King of the Geese took a long look at Peggy, then he saluted stiffly with his wing, his whole army doing the same.

"As a King to a Princess, I accept your apology," he said. "Any enemy of the Giant of the Woods is our friend and ally."

"Honk! Honk! Honk!" cheered the goose soldiers.

"Please notice that they say 'honk,' not 'hoch,'" explained the King anxiously. "The Germans may have copied their 'hoch' from us, as they did the goose step, but we had it first and we are all loyal American geese."

"How do you geese happen to be here?" asked Peggy. "I've seen you fly north in the early spring and father says you always spend the summer away up near Santa Claus land."

"The Giant is to blame," exclaimed the King. "He shot into us and wounded so many that we had to stay here to get well instead of feasting in the rich, beautiful, mossy marshes of our summer home in the marvelous northland. We start north today, but first we'd like to help you fix the Giant. What are you going to do with him?"

"I'd like to banish him," answered Peggy.

"I know the very place for him—a deserted island up in Lake Superior," declared the King.

"You might take him along with you and drop him there," suggested Peggy.

"We could if we had some way to carry him."

Mr. Swallow now came swooping down from the sky, where he had been doing scout duty.

"The Giant is asleep in his hammock," he reported.

"Good," said Peggy. "I'm going back to his castle to see if I can figure out some way to capture him before he wakes up. Come along, every one, but be very quiet."

Soon they were all in the clearing where stood the Giant's castle. Sure enough, there was the Giant asleep in his hammock, which hung between two posts. He was snoring loudly.

Peggy found the giant's knife on the shelf

Peggy studied the situation carefully. The Giant looked very large and powerful. Beside his bulk and strength the birds seemed small and helpless. There came to her mind the scene in Gulliver's Travels, where the sleeping Gulliver is bound with threads by the tiny Lilliputians and rendered helpless. Why couldn't they bind the sleeping Giant in the same way?

On a shelf beside the house was the Giant's fishing tackle. In it were many lines. These lines could be tied to the hammock, the geese could take hold of the other ends and thus carry the Giant away.

She called the King of the Wild Geese apart and asked him if it could be done.

"Surely," he answered. "But you'll have to tie the lines to our feet, as if we took the lines in our beaks we would drop the giant when we honked. You know Wild Geese always honk when they fly."

So it was decided. Peggy found the Giant's knife on the shelf and with this she cut the lines into lengths that she could use. The birds helped her carry them to the hammock and there she tied them to the edges. To do this she stood on the back of Blue Heron, using him as a moving scaffold.

After she tied the carrying lines she bound the Giant in the hammock with lines stretched across it. She had to work very carefully. Every once in a while the Giant would give a big snort, which would scare her mightily, as she thought he was waking up.

When the carrying lines had been tied to the feet of the Wild Geese, all was ready. The strongest of the other birds took hold of the lines with their beaks in order to save the Wild Geese a bout at the start. Peggy stood on the Heron's back and with the Giant's knife sawed through the rope at the foot of the hammock. As the last strand parted, down came the Giant with a thump.

The bump awakened the Giant. He gave a shout of alarm and tried to free himself. The Heron trotted around to the head of the hammock and Peggy sawed away for dear life. The Giant was tearing away at the strings that held him and she was afraid he would break loose. Finally the rope parted, letting the Giant down with another bump.

"Fly! Fly!" cried Peggy.

"Honk! Honk!" answered the King of the Wild Geese, and with a great flapping of wings the army of geese, assisted by dozens of birds, rose into the air and swung the hammock clear of the ground.

From side to side swung the hammock, with the Giant thrashing desperately about inside. Forward moved the Wild Geese, and with a bang the Giant's stout head smashed into the top of one of the hammock posts.

The Giant was scared, amazed, angry. He opened his mouth and the torrent of words that poured forth caused Peggy to cover her ears in horror.

(Tomorrow the strange flight of the Giant will be described, and the unique way in which Peggy punches him.)

HEBREW SOCIETIES JOIN IN MEMBERSHIP DRIVE

Camden Organizations Unite in Campaign to Fill Ranks Depleted by War

The Young Men's Hebrew and the Young Women's Hebrew Associations, of Camden, aiming to chend 500 additional members, an eight days' campaign was inaugurated yesterday.

During the eight-day period it is hoped, through efficient work of teams, to procure the required number, the main object being with respect to the young men to fill up the ranks of those who have been called into the service or who are likely to go during the war. Attorney Benjamin Natal is supervising the campaign. A meeting was held last night by the two associations, when Mr. Natal explained to the [illegible] the object of the campaign. The captains have been appointed and include the following: Abe Fuhrman, Morris [illegible] man, Myer Wessel, Charles Fr[illegible] Simon Weiss, Samuel Mackler, Jo[illegible] Yarbalow, Mrs. Mark Obus, Miss [illegible] Berkowitz and Miss Mary Hyers.

At present the young men have a membership of 250 and the young women 150, and it is believed there will be no difficulty in getting the new members.

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The hands on the face of our Employees' Liberty Loan Club Clock have passed the quarter of a million mark ($250,000.00). The Committee in charge reports this morning they are not done yet.

Planning for the Rainy Day

Away down deep in the bosom of every normal man and woman is the desire to have something laid up for a rainy day—the "stocking" we sometimes speak of against the day of need.

Whether measured by a savings fund, a bank account or a Liberty Bond, it is a comfortable feeling to have that Nest Egg laid away for the future.

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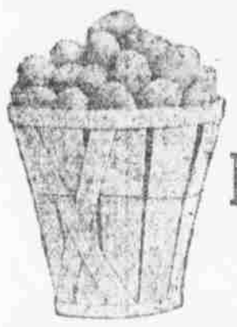
There's a Store near your home—test it for yourself.



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1/2-Bushel (30 lbs) 49c

Choice dry, mealy potatoes—you can't get them any better.

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Evap. Milk 6c, 12c Can
Dried Beef 10c Pkg.
Corn Meal 6½c Lb.
Laundry Soap 4c Cake
Good Cleanser 3 Cans for 10c
Rice 10c, 13c Lb.

Keep on Reading

Lima Beans, can 14c, 18c, 20c
Calif. Peaches, can 15c, 20c, 23c
Tomatoes, med....can 12c
Pickled Onions....bot. 12c
Snider's Catsup...bot. 13c
Heinz Catsup.....bot. 16c
Celery Sauce.....bot. 12c
India Relish.....bot. 10c
Campbell's Soups..can 10c
Yellow Split Peas, lb. 13c
S.A.Marrow Beans, lb. 12c
Macaroni....pkg. 10c, 13c
Corn Starch .....pkg. 9c
Hominy Grits .....lb. 7c
Cocoanut.....pkg. 5c, 9c
Fresh Cocoanut...can 10c
Extracts..bot. 5c, 10c, 20c
Kippered Herring, can 14c
O. D. Cleanser....can 8c
Shrimp .....can 13c
Dust Brushes. 10c, 18c, 25c
White Wash Brushes..10c
Lye .....can 9c, 10c
Chl. of Lime, can 5c, 9c
Mule-team Borax, 4c, 8c, 12c
Ammonia .....bot. 9c

Lima Beans 15c Lb.
Pink Salmon 18c Can
Best Red Salmon 25c Can
Tomato Puree 7c Can
Sardines 8c Can
Seeded Raisins 13c Pkg.
Choice Mackerel 10c, 13c Each

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Loin Chops	40c lb.	Shoulders	26c lb.
Rib Chops	35c lb.	Stewing	24c lb.

Fresh Beef Liver 15c lb | **Swift's Little Lean Picnics 23c lb**

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COOKED CORNED BEEF	BAKED MEAT LOAF	SLICED BOILED HAM	COOKED LUNCHEON ROLL	SLICED LEBANON BOLOGNA
10c ¼ lb	14c ¼ lb	15c ¼ lb	14c ¼ lb	10c ¼ lb

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