JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

Nancy Wynne Attends the Opera-She Notes Various Beautiful Gowns-Dinners Are Planned Before Mrs. Wurts's Dancing Class

WASN'T it simply great last night at to town after visiting Miss Mary B. 1. Brooke the opera? I have sellom seen the in Birdsboro for several days. the opera? I have seilom seen the horseshoe as brilliant. Some of the loveliest gowns i have seen for a long time were worn. Mrs. Bob Montgomery was up from Washington and was in the George Brookes box, together with Mrs. Brooke's daughter, Lucille Carter, and the Charlie Da Costas. Mrs. Montgomery did look stunning in a dark red velvet frock. Mrs. Brooke was in black and Mrs. Da Costa wore a gray blue gown. Lucille wore old-rose satin, which is very becoming to her; she is dark compared with her fair-haired mother.

Dr. and Mrs. Marshall Ward were in the Lewis Ziegler box. Mrs. Ward is a sister of Mr. Charles Schwab. She was stunning in her orchid-colored brocadesi satin frock. The Schwabs stay with Doctor and Mrs. Ward out in Wayne most of the time they are here.

The George Fales Bakers' box was filled with men. Doctor Baker gave a stag party, as Mrs. Baker has not recovered sufficiently from her attack of bronchitis to attend the opera.

Mrs. John B. Thayer, Jr., looked extremely smart. She was with the Charlton Yarnalls, who also entertained Mr. and

audience was most enthusiastic.

I often wonder just where one could get such an effect as that given by the occupants of the grand tier boxes when the national hymn is sung. You get the unusual view of the beautiful gowns at three quarter length and it makes even a heavily built woman look slender. There is something so graceful and beautiful in that scene I am afriad I love to gaze at the boxes during the singing more than at the

Hope and Tony Cromwell Ethel Huhr Balley, Pauline Denckla and two navas officers were in one of the proscenium boxes. They all looked so very young, it seemed ridiculous to think that Hope and Ethel are both married. Pauline is very pretty too, isn't she? Not the same kind of prettiness as her sister, Mary Packard, but lovely of its kind.

Mrs. Henry S. Grove had her daughterin-law, Mrs. Teddy Grove, Mrs. Norman Jackson, and Mrs. McFadden in her box. Mrs. Grove looked very well in a wonderful black gown. And Mabel Grove wore rose color.

Mrs. Henry Brinton Coxe and Mrs. Stotesbury were both in white. I notice since the war is over Mrs. Stotesbury has gone back to the low cut gowns. She wore highbacked ones last year, you remember Two of the best looking women there were Mrs. Thomas Jeffeles and Mrs. Dick Norris. When I was small, I used to wish that some day I might grow up to be as stylish as Mrs. Jeffries, and now I have grown up. and more than grown up, and she has grown older but she is just as stylish as ever. She is perfectly stunning, the most stunning of the five Dobson sisters of whom she is the eldest. She wore a black frock relieved with white tulle.

AREN'T you glad to hear that Sydney Sharswood has recovered sufficiently to leave the Bryn Mawr Hospital? You know he had the "flu" and then a very bad case of pneumonia and was desperately ill. The flu" went very hard with the Sharswood of pneumonia while Mr. Sharswood was still ill at the hospital. He and Mrs. Sharswood have gone down to Atlantic City for a while now.

SINCE Mrs. Wurts's class is the social event of the season—as it is, for it's the only thing doing outside of opera, and besides it has always been awfully popular-most of the parties swing around it Mrs. Alexander Brinton Coxe has sent out invitations for a dinner before the meeting on November 29 for her granddaughters, Agnes and Sophie Yarnall, and the Paul Claytons of Haverford, will give a dinner the same night for Frances Heywarth. Frances is the daughte of Mr. and Mrs. John O. Heywarth, of Rosemont They are Chicago people and moved here this year to live. Frances is a perfectly dear girl and is bound to be a great favorite. She has met a number of the boys and girls already and she is extremely well liked, and you know and I know that it is not eas; to meet new people, especially young people who have grown up together, and make a good impression on them, and she has, you see. So welcome to our city, say they.

T HAVE several times spoken to you about Tommy, haven't I? Tommy seems to be an unending source of joy to his family and friends. He certainly is to me. The other night he was suffering greatly with a cold and Father remonstrated mildly. He really had no right to complain, because if he'd minded him and not gone out in low shoes he would not have caught cold, and more on that line.

Tommy listened attentively and ther said, "But, F ther, the cold is in my "ead," NANCY WYNNE.

Social Activities

An interesting wedding announced today is that of Miss Katherine Register, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert L. Register, of this city, and Mr. Geraldya L. Redmond, air servics. U. S. A., which took place at the home of the bride's grandmother, Mrs. E. P. Simmons, in Boston, Mass.

Miss Anne Lorene Barstow announces the engagement of her nicee, Miss Jean Merrill Barstow, of 318 Earlham terrace, German-town, to Ensign Charles Gilbert Reinhardt, United States Naval Aviation service, Pe

Mrs. Harry Thayer, of Manys Corners. Haverford, is spending a few days in New ×

Mrs. John Barnes Townsend of Radnor. has also been visiting in New York for some

Mrs. Edward Troth, of Germantown, will return tomorrow from New York, where she has been spending several days.

Mrs. Clarence W. Dolan returned on Mon-day from Poxeroft, Va., where she has been visiting her youngest daughter, Miss Rita Dolan, who is attending school there.

Mr. and Mrs. Phillipus W. Miller and their daughtern have closed their house, Delford, in St. Davids, and moved into town. They have taken an apartment at 1901 Pine street

Mrs. Alva C. Dinkey gave a tea yesterday in honor of her guest, Mrs. A. H. Elliot, of Washington. The guests included Mrs. Humbert C. Powell, Mrs. W. T. Cochran, Mrs. Norman J. Coudert, Mrs. Robert Elmer, Mrs. Fred A. de Canisares, Mrs. Marshall R. Ward, Mrs. S. P. Radcliffe, Mrs. John H. Johnson and Mrs. Charles W. Bayllas.

Mr. and Mrs. John A. Hindman, 511 Car-nenter lane; Germantown, announce the en-gagement of their daughter, Miss Forothy Virginia Hindman, and Lieutenant J. Lyle Steele, R. M. A., U. S. A., son of Mr. and Mrs. John L. Steele, Elicins Park. Lieutenant Steele is now located at Gerstner Field, Lake Charles, La.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin T. Britt and their family have closed their country house at Rydai and are now occupying their home, 1428 North Broad street.

on Yarnalls, who also entertained Mr. and Mrs. Jay Cooke. Altogether, it was a most brilliant audience.

I knew there would be a surprise and there was. Madame Alda came out after the first act and waving the flag sang the Star Spanjed Banner, superbly and the

GIRL SCOUTS PLAN DANCES

Affairs to Be Arranged for Enlisted Men. Officers Elected

Girl Scout captains and lieutenants at their annual meeting last night at Baptist Temple. Broad and Berks streets, completed arrange frond and Berks streets, completed arrange-ments for a series of dances for enlisted marines and army and navy men. The first of the entertainments will be held next week. They will be continued until the military and aval units have been demobilized.

Officers to serve for the ensuing year were elected. They are: Miss Frances Barnes, Froop No. 52, president; Miss Gertrude Brunswick, Hroop No. 88, vice president; Miss Edwinna Ginder, Troop No. 13, secretary, and Miss Beatrice Briddes, Troop No. Darby, treasurer.

DREAMLAND

ADVENTURES By DADDY

A complete new adventure each week, begin-ning Monday and ending Saturday

"THE NIGHT FLYER" (The Spirit of Safety sends Peggy, in the form of a wisp of steam, to watch over Engineer Bill Carney, who drives the

CHAPTER III

The Dancing Figure PEGGY felt a thrill of delicious excitement As the Night Flyer plunged through the darkness. Never had she been on so fast a train, and never had she felt the sensation of riding on a locomotive. Number 337 seemed like a powerful living creature that was running away with the long string of cars behind it.

But it wasn't running away. Instead But it wasn't running away. Instead it was being driven by a master whose slightest touch it instantly ob d. Though Engineer Bill was weak and he his hand held the throttle in a skillful grip that at one moment kept Number 337 closely in check to round a curve and at the next sent the great locomotive leaping shead at tremendous speed along a curve. speed along a straight stretch of track

Fred, the fireman, was kept busy shoveling coal into the firebox. Number 337 was a giant in strength, but it also had a giant's appetite. Peggy, who felt that the fireman, in his enmity for the engineer, had mischlef in his mind, was giad to see that his work kept him hustling. He didn't have much

kept him hustling. He didn't have much time for plotting.

As Pengy watched Fred, a loud rattle and roar startled her nearly out of her wits. Her first thought was that Number 327 had jumped the track and was plunging to its destruction. But a glance out of the cab window showed her that they were simply whizzing through a small town. The rattle was caused by wheels clattering over switches while the roar was the echoing back of the roar of the train as they passed cars standing on the sidetracks. A quick flicker of ing on the sidetracks. A quick flicker of lights, and the town was left far behind.

Now Peggy saw ahead a bright spot of light. It grew larger and larger at amazing speed, hurling itself straight at them. In a flash she realized that it was another train With a cry of fear she seized Engineer Bill's arm. Couldn't he see the danger? Bill heard her cry and felt her grasp his

arm. For just a moment he seemed about to turn toward her. Then he stiffened in rigid attention to his duty, his eyes keeping steadily to the track ahead of him. But he didn't slack the speed of the Night Flyer one All this happened in just the smallest part

of a minute. The other engine was almost upon them. As Peggy braced herself to meet an awful crash, there was a pounding roar, and the other train thundered by.

Then Peggy, almost wilting in sudden relief, remembered that this was a double-track road. Of course, Engineer Bill hadn't slackened speed. There was no need to, for

the other train was safe on its own rails.

Engineer Bill, as soon as the necessity of attention was past, turned to see why his arm had been seized. He looked across toward Fred, the fireman, and was plainly stonished to see him in his place. Evident the thought Fred was the one who had spoken. There was such a clangor in the cab that Engineer Bill did not try to call out to Fred, but a few minutes later, when he had brought the train to a stop at a junction, he turne

to the fireman.

"Why did you shout and grab my arm back there?" he asked.

"What's the maiter with you?" retorted Fred in surprise. "I've been on my own side of the cab all the time. Are you seeing

Engineer Bill didn't answer, but Peggy saw troubled look come into his eyes, and a noment later she heard him murmur to him

self.
"Can it be that I'm delirious? I surely
heard a shout and felt a hand on my arm.
himself out of the cab for a ment as the train stood still, but was back moment as the train stood still, but was back at his place as the conductor gave the go ahead signal. Peggy wondered where he had been, her curiosity being sharpened by a queer, guilty look on his face. Venturing over

queer, guity took on his lake. Venturing over to his side of the cab she heard him mutter: "Maybe I'll get my chance to drive the Night Flyer before we get to the end of the run. If he's seeing things, I'll give him some-

run. If he's seeing things, I'll give him something to see that will drive him cray,"
Again the train glided on its way, again
there was a flicker of lights as the junction
town was left behind, and again Number 337
roared into the darkness.

Peggy felt once more the thrill of excitement; she tingled with the delight of swift
motion. But suddenly her delight vanishes
and borror took its place. There ahead
right in the path of light, was a black, dancing figure, and the train was rushing at it
with the speed of a cannon-ball. Even as
she saw it, she felt a sharp jerk and heard
the scream of suddenly checked wheels. the acream of suddenly checked wheels. Engineer Bill had seen the figure and applied the air brakes.

(Tomorrow will be told how Pegpy dis-

ATTEND FIRST NIGHT OF OPERA



MRS. JOHN B. THAYER, JR.

THE MAN WITH THE CLUB FOOT

CHAPTER X (Continued)

YOU smoke" queried Clubfoot. "No!"
—he held up his hand to stop me as F
was reaching for my cigarette case, "you shall have a cigar—not one of our poor tierman Hamburgers, but a fine Havana cigar given me by a member of the English Privy Council, You stare: Aha'! I repeat by a member of the English Privy Council, to me, the bothe, the barbarian, the Hun! No hole-and-corner work for the old doctor. Der Steize may be lame, Clubfoot may be past his work. but when he travels en mission, he travels en prince, the man of wealth and substance. There is none too high to do him honor, to listen to his views on poor, misguided Ger-many, the land of thinkers sold into bondage to the militarists! Bah! the fools!"

"He snarled yenomously. This man was he-ginning to interest me. His rapid change of moods was fascinating, now the kindly philos-opher, now the Teuton braggart, now the Hun incorporate. As he limped across the room to fetch his cigar-case from the mantelplece, I studied him

He was a vast man, not so much by reason of his height, which was below the medium of his height, which was coormous. The span of his shoulders was immense, and, though a heavy paunch and a white liab, biness of face spoke of a gross, sedentary life, he was obviously a man of quite unusual strength,

His arms particularly were out of all pro-portion to his stature, being so long that his hands hung down on either side of him when he stood erect, like the paws of som giant ape. Altogether, there was something decidedly simian about his appearance his squat nose with hairy, open nostrils, and his squat nose with liarry, open nostrils, and the general hirsuteness of the man, his bushy eyebrowa, the tufts of black hair on his cheek bones and on the backs of his big, spadelike hand. And there was that in his eyes, dark and courageous beneath the shaggy brows that hinted at excesses of spadike fure uncorregishing and ferrodous. apelike fury, uncontrollable and feroclous

He gave me his cigar which, as he had said, was a good one, and, after it preli

"I am a plain man, Herr Doktor." lie satd, "and I like plain speaking. That is why I am going to speak quite plainly to you. When it became apparent that the person whom it is not necessary to name further greatly desired a certain letter to be recovered, I naturally expected that I, who am covered, I naturally expected that I, who am a past master in affairs of this order, no-tably on behalf of the person concerned, would have been intrusted with the mission. It was I who discovered the author of the theft in an English internment camp; it was I who prevailed upon him to acquiesce in our terms; it was I who finally located the hid-ing place of the document • • all this, mark you, without setting foot in England."

My thoughts flew back again to the three My thoughts new back again to the three slips of paper in their canvas cover, the divided crest, the big, sprawling, upright handwriting. I should have known that hand, I had seen it often enough on certain photographs which were accorded the place of honor in the drawing room at Consistorial-Rat von Mayburg's at Bonn.

"I therefore had the prior claim." Club-foot continued, "to be intrusted with the important task of fetching the document and of handing it back to the writer. But the gentleman was in a hurry; the gentleman always is: he could not wait for that old slowcoach of a Clubfoot to mature his plans for getting into England, securing the document, and getting out again.

"So Bernstorff is called into consultation the head of an embassy that has made the German secret service the laughing-stock of the world, an ambassador that has his pri-

German secret service the laughing-stock of the world, an ambassador that has his private papers fliched by a common sneak-thief in the underground rallway and is fool enough to send home the most valuable documents by a jackass of a military attache who lets the whole lot be taken from him by a dunderheaded British customs officer at Falmouth! This was the man who was to replace me!

"Bernstorff is accordingly bidden to dispatch one of his trusty servants to England, with all suitable precautions, to do my work. You are chosen, and I will pay you the compliment of saying that you fulfilled your mission in a manner that is singularly out of keeping with the usual method of procedure of that gentleman's emissaries.

"But, my dear Doktor * * pray fill, your glass. That cigar is good, is it not? I thought you would appreciate a good cigar * As I was saying, you were handlcapped from the lirst. When you reach the place indicated to you in your instructions, you find only half the document. The wily thief has sliced it in two so as to make sure of his money before parting with the goods. They didn't know, of course, that Clubfoot, the old slowcoach, who is past his work, was aware of this already, and had made his plans accordingly. But, in the end, they had to send for me. The good Clubfoot, 'old chap,' 'sly old fox,' and all the rest of it—would run across to England and secure the other half, while Count Bernstorff's smart young man from America would wait in Rotterdam until Herr Dr. Grundt arrived and handed him the other portion.

"But Count Bernstorff's young man does

terdam until Herr Dr. Grundt arrived and handed him the other portion.
"But Count Bernstorft's young man does nothing of the kind. He is one too many for the old fox. He does not wait for him. He runs away, after displaying unusual determination in dealing with a prying Englander—whose fate should be a lesson to all who interfere in other people's business—and goes to Germany, leaving poor old Clubfoot in the lurch. You must admit. Herr

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Doktor, that I have been hardly used—by
yourself as well as by another person." My throat was dry with anxiety. What did the man mean by his veiled aliusions to "all who interfere in other people's business?"

I cleared my throat to speak "lubfoot raised a great hand in depreca-

"No explanation, Herr Doktor, I beg" (his one was perfectly unconcerned and friendly). Tet me have my say. When I found out that you had left Rotterdam—by the way, you must let me congratulate you on the remark-able fertility of resource you displayed in quitting Frau Schratt's hospitable house— when I found you were gone, I sat down and hought things out.

"I reflected that an usture American like courself (believe me, you are very astute) would probably be accustomed to look at everything from the business standpoint. I will also consider the matter from the busi-ness standpoint, I said to myself, and I decided that, in your place, I too would not be content to accept, as sole payment for the danger of my mission, the scarcely generous compensation that Count Bernstorff allots to his collaborators.

"No. I should wish to secure a little re-nown for myself, or, were that not possible, then some monetary gain proportionate with the risks. I had run. You see, I have been at pains to put myself wholly in your place. I hope I have not said anything tactless. If so, I can at least acquir myself of any desire to offend."

"On the contrary, Herr Doktor," I replied,
"you are the model of tact and diplomacy."
His eyes narrowed a little at this I
thought be wouldn't like that word "diplo-

"Another glass of wine". You may safely "Another glass of wine," You may safely venture; there is not a headache in a bottle of it. Well, Herr Doktor, since you have followed me so patiently thus far, I will go further. I told you, when I first saw you this evening, that I was delighted at our meeting. That was no mere banality, but the sober truth. For, you see, I am the very person with whom, in the circumstances, you would wish to get in touch. Deprived of the honor, rightly belonging to me, of underhonor, rightly belonging to me, of under-taking this mission single-handed and of fulfilling it alone, I find that you can enable me to carry out the mission to a successful conclusion, whilst I, for my part, am able and willing to recompense your services as they deserve and not according to Bernstorff's starvation scale.

"To make a long story short, Herr Doktor,

He brought his remarks to this abrupt anticilimax so suddenly that I was taken aback. The man was watching me intently for all his apparent nonchalance, and I felt more than ever the necessity for being on my guard. If I could only fathom how much my guard. If I could only fathom how much he knew. Of two things I felt fairly sure: the fellow believed me to be Semlin and was under the impression that I still retained my portion of the document. I should have to gain time. The bargain he proposed over my half of the letter might give me an opportunity of doing that. Moreover, I must find out whether he really had the other half of the document and, in that case, where he kept it.

He broke the slience.

"Well, Herr Doktor," he said, "do you want me to start the bidding? You needn't be afraid. I am generous."

I leaned forward carnestly in my chair.

"You have spoken with admirable frank-ness, Herr Doktor," I said, "and I will be equally plain, but I will be brief. In the first place, I wish to know that you are the man you profess to be so far, you must re-member. I have only the assurance of our excitable young friend."

"Your caution is most praiseworthy," said the other, "but I should imagine I carry my name written on my boot." And he lifted his hideous and deformed foot.

"That is scarcely sufficient guarantee," I answered, "in a matter of this importance. A detail like that could easily be counterfeited, or otherwise provided for."

"My badge," and the man produced from his waistcoat pocket a silver star identical with the one I carried on my braces, but bearing only the letter "i" above the inscrip-tion "Abt VII." "That, even," I retorted, "is not con-

jusive."
Clubfoot's mind was extraordinarily alert, owever gross and heavy his body might be.

He paused for a moment in reflection, his hands crossed upon his great paunch. "Why not?" he said suddenly, reached out for his cigar-case, beside him on the table, and produced three slips of paper highly glazed and covered with that unforgettable, sprawling hand a portion of a glided crest at the top—in short, the missing half of the document I had found in Semiin's bag. Clubfoot held them out fanwise for me to see, but well out of my reach and he kept a great, spatulate thumb over the top of the first sheet where the name of the addressee should have been (TO BE CONTINUED TOMORROW)

Great demand for the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER may cause you to miss an install-ment of this very interesting story. You had better, therefore, telephone or write to the Circulation Department, or ask your news-dealer this afternoon to leave the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER at your home.

Lecture on Jerusalem's Capture "The Capture of Jerusalem," is the subject of a lecture which will be given this evening at the University Museum. The speaker will be Dr. Lewis Bayles Paton, The lecture was postponed from October 26.

MRS, NICHOLAS BIDDLE Two prominent Philadelphians who oc-

cupied boxes at last evening's performance of "Marouf," at the Metropolitan Opera House WOMEN HONORED AT

Members of Matinee Musical Club Given Woman's National Honor Medal

MEETING OF CLUB

The second meeting of the Matinee Musical Club was held yesterday afternoon in the rose garden of the Bellevue-Stratford. The program of instrumental and vocal music was interrupted for a few momenta by a small "peace celebration." The officers of the club did not have time between last Mon-day and the meeting yesterday to arrange any kind of general celebration, but Mrs. Frederick W. Abbott, president, honored the second line of defense-the women of country—in the persons of three of the board of the club by presenting them with the woman's national honor medal. This medal has been created so that women who have given a husband, son or brother to the service of their country may wear it in honor of their soldier.

of their soldier.

The three members who were presented with this medal as the gift of the Matines Musical (lith were Mrs Samuel Wagner, who has two sons in the rervice; Mrs Henry Butterworth, whose only son is overseas and has been gassed, and Mrs Guinther, whose son is in France. One verse of "America" war played by the orchestra after the pre-

The children's party is to be held on De-The children's party is to be held on De-cember 28, and is under the direction of Mrs. William Huelings, Jr. Each child who takes part in the drama ballet which is to be given must furnish \$5, and this will be added to the fund for the reconstruction of Ugnyle-Gai, the French village adopted by the club. The children will be trained by a French-American woman, whose name is the same as that of the village, Madens e Gal

KEEP SOLDIERS HAPPY WHILE IDLE IN FRANCE

Appeal to Red Cross Members Not to Relax Their Efforts

An urgent appeal that all members of the American Red Cross exert every effort to make the soldiers comfortable in homelike and healthful surroundings during their enforced stay in France was made by A. C. McCrea, a Y. M. C. A. worker, before members of the Urqubart Auxiliary yesteriday afternoon in Red Cross Hall, Wanamakerk. Mr. McCrea has just returned from dury behind the lines in northern France, and his appeal that the Red Cross meet the needs of the American "doughboy" in the matter of clean surroundings and healthful amusement, now that the tension of actual warfare has been lifted, enlisted the unantmous support of the auxiliary. and healthful surroundings during their enport of the nuxillary.

Dort of the auxiliary.

The speaker advocated the establishment of more social centers "over there." to be modeled along the lines of the Y. M. C. A. canteen, where the welfare of the soldiers can be looked after.

A plea for volunteers to take the course first-aid nursing was made by Miss Flora Bradford, of the Washington headquarters of the organization, while Mrs. Walter Ric ardson, vice chairman of the surgical dress-ings department, urged a renewed campaign n aid of war refugee work.

As a reward for their efforts in obtaining

subscriptions to the fourth Liberty medals were given Miss R. M. Murphy, subscriptions totaled \$92,000; Mrs Kentor Warne, \$60,000, and Miss Edith Reger Lecture on Fuel Supply at Penn

"Is Our Fuel Supply Nearing Exhaustion?" will be the subject of a lecture this evening in the Engineering Building at the University of Pennsylvania. The speaker will be Dr. Robert H Fernald. A discussion will follow the lecture. The talk marks the first of the fall meetings of the Sigma Xi society, held inder the auspices of the University Museum

ACADEMY OF MUSIC—Wed. EVE. Nov. 27
NEW YORK
SYMPHONY
ORCHESTRA
HEIFETZ Walter DAMROSCH. The Sensational Violiniat

Res. Seats. \$2.50. \$2. \$1.50, \$1. 75c, at Heppe's. GAYETY BILLY GILBERT WITH THE GIRLS FROM JOYLAND DUMONT'S MINSTREES, 8th and Arch. Matines Today, 10c, 20c, 25c

BRILLIANT OPENING OF OPERA SEASON

Rabaud's "Marouf." a Charming Fairy Tale, Well Sung by Metropolitan

"Marouf"

Opera by Henri Raband

THE CAST Clumpte in Luce Hordano Paltinieri, Angelo Rada Timber Driver, Pietro Audisio Ceurt indea immates of the baren, dis-ultarias ministers, policemen merchants, proposa damors manchiases, proposa damors manchiases, productor Plerre Molteux

Starely has Philadelphia had such no or clous opening of the opena season as leaders of society were both represented. large in numbers and impressive in personnel. With the clouds of war dissipated, the outlook for a brilliant season here was

Rabaud, and it was a happy choice for the opening of the season which it is to be hoped will mark the end of the "lean years" of the war. Based on a story of the "Arabian Nights" it has the same frinces of the restrained rounties that his made immort. the book from which the plot was taken There is nothing of tragedy or corrow in but clear humor of the best type from and to end, and the sum total of the whole proluction, from the standarded of scenic of

feets, noting and music (it has no high dra-matic points), is sheer delight. The story of the opera was given in full The story of the opera was given in full in the Evenino Public Lebour of Saturday last and therefore it in not necessary to go into the plot again. Considered musically "Marouf" is well worth hearing. It was the first work of importance of the composer, except a symphony given by the Phillad chira Orchestra come seasons ago, that has been heard in this city. Unquestionably the talent of M. Rabaud runs more decidedly toward the opera, as indeed do, the great musical talents of most of life travely distinct of most of life travely distinct of most of life travely distinct of most of the brilliant stage settings raths higher as an opera than short the symphony in its class of works.

M. Monteux, the conductor of last eventuals performance, and a friend of many years' standing of the composer, has said that "Marouf" belongs to no particular school. He is unquestionably right in this. The influence of Wagner is shown, but the chief characteristic of that great composer, the "left motif," is absent in its entirety, although the same thems recur the Evening Public Labour of Saturday

now and again to depict similar emotions or situations. Rabaud is typically modern French, although he does not carry the main points of that "school" to excess. He is not afraid to use strange dissonances and strongy unrelated chords, although it must be said that the situation invariably justifies him in their use. There is nothing at any time incongruous between the music and the action that is transpiring on the stage. "Marouf" may certainly be termed an opera of the lody with the important reservation that the melody is almost invariably in the orchestra. Lovely tunes appear in the instruments constantly, but neither these melostruments constantly, but neither these meio-dies nor developments of them appear in the vocal parts. There are a few excep-tions to this, notably the mong at the close of the third act, which was beautifully rendered by Mine, Alda, and the effect of pure melody in the voice, when it does occur, is, by its comparative rarity in the opera, all the greater.

Orchestrally, in his own school, Rabaud seems, at first hearing, to come between De-bussy and Dukas. He has not the intense power of Debussy of creating an atmosphere with tones alone, and undoubtedly paints in stronger colors than that master.
other hand, he has not the virility of His orchestration rayors more of Puccini than of his own countrymen, although the influence of Cesar Franck is strong in his use of the brasses. His instrumental palette is full of color and, withal, delicacy, there is a sense of fantage, as dainty as it is delightful, which marks the work from beginning to end with a fineness which can only be fully appreciated by seeing and hearing the whole opera as well performed as it was last evening. The story is nothing more or less than a fairy tale, and it demands the fairylike music which M. Rabaud

mands the farying music which of Rabaus has provided.

It cannot be denied that here and there the melodic inspiration fails, and this is particularly the case in the closing hymn of praise, which is by no means up to the high standard of the rest of the work, either condenity or by reason of fitting the stars. musically or by reason of fitting the stage situation. As the composer is at his worst here, he is at his best in the Oriental tone pictures, especially in the dances at the pal-

ace of the Sultan.

Spectacularly "Marcuf' is a joy to see.
The work lends itself to seemle treatment in the greatest possible manner, and the stage manager of the Metropolitan has selzed the



STREET

Clara Kimball Young "THE ROAD THROUGH DARK" Thankegiving Week-HAROLD LOCKWOOD in "PALS FIRST" and MUSICAL FESTIVAL

PALACE PEACE JURILLEE WEEK 101 AU 11 115 P. M. "AMERICA'S ANSWER"

A R C A D I A CHESTNIT HELOW 16TH CARUSO THE RENOWED TENOR IN THE CARUSO THE RENOWED TENOR IN THE CAST INCLUDES CAROLINA WHITE VICTORIA MARKET Above OTH

The Romance of Tarzan' meluding Chapters of Tarman of the Apes, From the Hook by Edgar Rice Burroughs. REGENT MARKET ST. Below 17TH
BERT LYTELL in
"Charke ted Places"



PRETTY BABY CAST OF

LITTLE HIP and NAPOLEON. OTHERS. CROSS KEYS MARKET ST. Below 60th "FRIDAY THE 18TH"

BROADWAY BROAD & SNYDER AVE BLOW YOUR HORN MUSICAL CHARLIE CHAPLIN "SHOULDER THEDA BARA "CLEMENCEAU

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE
METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE
METROPOLITAN OPERA COMPANY, N, Y.
TUESDAY EVG., L'Elisir D'Amore
NOV. 26

L'Elisir D'Amore
MMES, HEMPEL, SPARKES, MM. CARUNO,
DE LUCA, DIDUR, CONDUCTOR ME PAPI.
Seats 1108 Chestrus St. Welnut 4824: Rays 07.

possibilities of the work and carried them out to the full. The scene in the Sultan's pillace is a gorgeous riot of Oriental color, both in costumer and in stage settings, and the same may be said of the following scene in the harem. Both were greeted with hearty applause from the audience as soon as the curtain was lifted. More beautiful and appropriate stage settings have never been seen in this city.

In this city.

That the opera was well sung goes without saying. The demands on the voice are not great in any of the parts, but on account of the highly complex orchestration and the abjustice of "free melody" in the voice parts they are difficult to sing. Mr. De Luca sang the part of Marouf with taste, delicacy and a certain personal magnetism hard to describe that was very winning. Mme. Alda invested the part of the Princess with mucical charm, and sang in her usual faultiess manner. Kathleen Howard made an excellent Fatimah is the short role allotted to her, and leith M. Rothier as the Sultan, and M. de Segurola as the Grand Vizier (the villain of the story) were excellent both in voice and the story) were excellent both in voice and action. Histrionically the opera is more difficult than vocally, for a certain unity of action is required from all the characters to carry out consistently the scheme of the atory. This, with one or two minor exceptions, was done throughout the opera. tions, was done throughout the opera. Such is the work which M. Rabaud has brought forward as his jirst essay on the operatic stage in this city. A clever combination of Oriental romance and pure fun of the whimsarai variety. M. Monteux conducted and, with the same characteristic of

palaistaking detail which he showed as con-ductor of the Rosian Symphony Orchestra on its first visit here, brought out all the beauties of the score which well deserves the praise he gave it

CHESTNUT ST. \$1.00 MATS. TODAY & FRIDAY

MENT OF TWO WEEKS, INCLUDING THANKSGIVING MATTINEE AND NIGHT

MAT. TOMORROW, Best Seats \$1



LYRIC EVENINGS AT \$1.15 MATS, WED, & 8AT., 2:15
LAST \$1.00 MATINEE TODAY LIONEL BARRYMORE in THE COPPERHEAD

Next Week — Seats Now



SAMS. SHUBERT Broad St. Below Logs MAT. TODAY, Best Seats \$1.50



PHILADELPHIA'S FOREMOST THEATRES

BROAD—Pop. Mat. Today Best \$1.50
LAST 4 EVGS LAST MAT. SATURDAY
The Relating Success of London
NOW AN INTERNATIONAL TRIUMPH. F. ZIEGFELD, JR., Presents

A Play of Love and War by Austin Page

THANKSGIVING WEEK-SEATS NOW | ** OTIS SKINNER THE HONOR OF THE FAMILY

GARRICK-Pop. \$1 Mat. Today ANOTHER HILLIARD TRIUMPH ROBERT BULLIARD

A PRINCE THERE WAS THANKSGIVING WEEK-SEATS NOW EXTRA MAT. THANKSGIVING Kiew & Erianger and George C. Tyler BOOTH TARKINGTON'S

PENROD Put Into Play Form by E. E. Rose A PLAY OF AMERICAN YOUTH WHICH GROWN-UPS ENJOY POPULAR II MATINES WEDNESDAYS FORREST—Mat. Today NIGHTS AT SILE SEATS NOW FOR THANKSGIVING WEEK ENTRA MAT. THANKSGIVING

AMERICA'S BEST FUN! IHIMETHESEK

HITCHY KOO 1918

CHORUS OF FORTY UNDER TWENTY WALNUT WALNUT D. W. Gris

LAST TWO WEEKS

Matinee Dally at 2-25 and bo cts. Performance nightly at 8-25 cts. to \$1. B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE

CHARLEY GRAPEWIN Paul—Morton & Glass—Naomi Frank Orth & Anne Cody: Tarnan: Clara

EXCELLENT ORCHE DANCING CORTISSOZ SAT. NIGHT SAT. NIGHT BAKER BLOG Private Lessons Daily, 9:80 A. M. to 11 P.

ASINO & His Beef Tr

Trocadero MAT. THE PRATES