VAUDEVILLE, HUNT'S CRATERIAN

Capt. Bett, Rita Ward and one of their performing seals on Wednesday night program

"SEVENTH HEAVEN" AT HUNT'S CRATERIAN

JANET GAYNOR and CHARLES FARRELL in "7TH HEAVEN"

Hunt's Craterian Theatre to Open Movietone with "Seventh Heaven," Thursday, May 31

No wthat the Vitaphone has been introduced to Medford showgoers, Hunt's Craterian is presenting for the first time a Movietone synchronization. A program that wil startle and amaze with its beauty in story and music. The feature, "7th Heaven" is said to be one of the finest productions of any type ever screened. Taken from every angle it is perfection, and more than that it has lost none of the appeal or beauty of the original play.

The characterizations of the players are said to be inspired, particularly that of Janet Gaynor, who appears as the winsome, frightened and finally glorified "Diane," and Charles Farrell, who is the handsome, egotistical, generous and thoroughly lovable "Chico."

"7th Heaven" is the story of two of the lowest types of Parisians, a worker in the sewers of Paris and a waif of the Paris streets. But because of the glorious doctrine of courage which it preaches and the marvelous things it does to oth of their characters it has been called one of the greatest and one of the most beautiful love stories ever written.

The Tragedy of Beethoven

Folk whose esthetic affections are sufficiently divided between poetry and music find pleasure, sometimes, in drawing analogies between the great exponents of one art and those of the other. It is common, for instance, for one whose immortal longings are stirred by the classic utterances of Milton to feel similarly exalted on hearing the cathedral-like music of Bach. There is an irrepressible joy or life in the lines of Herrick that suggests the pianoforte music of Mendelssohn and the symphonies of Haydn; the affinity between Schumann and Browning, the romantics, is plain; and between Schubert and Burns, the song writers. There is no end to the game, but in the course of playing it, one finds one musical mind—that of Beethoven — so nearly unique, so many-sided, so vast that, like that of Shakespeare in literature, there is no analogous figure to be found.

It has always been difficult to define the position of Beethoven, for neither the life nor the work of the man was ingratiating. He came upon his art at a moment when it was adolescent and aimless. He found the pianoforte a student's practice tool, and he made of it, with the literature he gave it, something on which a man might make a career. He found the orchestra a salon fixture by which noblefolk danced and drank tea, and turned it into a mighty voice which may expound a philosophy, or narrate a saga. He took the music of the period, about 1800, which was wavering between the Roman monasticism from which it had just been freed, and the Viennese frivolity by which it was being threatened, and seizing it in his great fists, wrought as no one had before the great art structures which, after a hundred years remain with us in such vigor that none dares to name a day when they will no longer inspire.

The Detached Life of the Master

The contemporary biographies of Beethoven, written without perspective, were no doubt accurate enough in essential details, but like those of Washington, failed somehow to make him human. So believes Ernest Newma nin a centennial essay published last year by Alfred Knopf on "The Unconscious Beethoven." According to Newman, Beethoven, the man, did not assume a very definite personal form, in the eyes of the student, until the publication of the great biography of A. W. Thayer in 1866, nearly forty years after the master's death. In the broader and more searching view attained by Thayer and his followers, Beethoven suffers no diminution as a great artist, but as a human creature among his fellow men he does not seem to have radiated at all times the same benign influence which his music shed upon the world of art.

Indeed, it appears that Ludwig van Beethoven was a man almost incapable of human relationships. The rugged honesty with which he served his muse was not always present in his business dealings and friendships, if we may believe certain letters and memoirs that have come down to us. Inconstancy and ingratitude marred at some time or other nearly every human attachment he formed. He never married, but is said to have been in love all his life. One girl held his affections for seven months, which he himself remarked was very near a record. The Viennese aristocracy, on whose patronage he lived, he reviled regularly with great vehemence.

But after 100 years it is only the genius of Beethoven that counts, and the living genius seldom conforms to the society of his time. Perhaps his arrogance and bad manners, which were notorious, and his egotism, which was almost sublime, are little more than evidences of his detached mental viewpoint, which rarely took account of persons and events about him. His contemporaries credited him with a dual personality. They could not believe that the same man who could sit at his piano and compose the tenderness of the "Moonlight Sonata" could get up and march over to the house of a friend and spill beer into his piano. But we who look back through 100 years of experience with musical genius find it more likely that Beethoven like one life at all times on a plane which, unfortunately for his associates, was far out of their ken.

Beethoven was born at Bonn, a thriving city in the Rhine country, December 16, 1770. His father was a musician in the court of the local elector, but was seldom of use to his employer or to his family because of drink. One of the earliest pathetic notes in the life of Beethoven are the stories of his having to go and beg his father from the toils of the police. His mother was a peasant, had served as a domestic cook, and probably offered little to her children in the way of cultural guidance. But his paternal grandfather, a man of sound musical judgment and stern purpose, is the first to whom the world is indebted for the development of the Beethoven genius. Of the influence which this good old man had upon the impetuous youth, there is no better account than the early chapters of Romain Rolland's "Jean-Christophe." Christophe was a composite character, but there is hardly any doubt that his youth was fashioned after that of Ludwig van Beethoven in his teens.

Not a Child Prodigy

There is no evidence that the ordinary mastery of the piano and the violin presented any great difficulties to young Beethoven. He was not a child prodigy in the Mozart sense, but he was not dull. The smooth facility of composition and performance which made Mozart famous at 10 was not Beethoven's and never got to be. But he played well, especially the piano, and no one ever knew him to lack whatever was necessary to carry him over any difficulty that confronted them. At 19 he left home, going to Vienna to shape a career, and never returned to Bonn. He played for Mozart on one occasion, and received the master's praise. He studied a while under Haydn, the favorite of all Vienna, but the young man's soaring spirit was seldom in agreement with the counsels of the older conservative and he left Haydn soon, that he might be free to try his wings. He began with songs and piano sonatas, and met almost immediate success, meanwhile keeping the pot boiling by filling concert and drawing room engagements, his wonderful playing having made him a well known figure from the start.

Beethoven's first years in Vienna were spent chiefly in study under such masters as he considered could benefit him, and continuing for such time as the masters could abide his rebellious spirit. The impulse to compose settled more strongly upon him each year, and by 1800 his first sympathy was finished and performed, and his smaller works, particuarly those sonatas pianoforte of which the "Pathetique" is best known, were clearly indicative of a new and masterful genius. It was in these years that he might, had he been so disciplined and persuaded, have ingratiated himself into the social life of Vienna, but the opposite course he chose rendered good friendships embarrassing to those involved, and all but impossible to the ones who would have placed him in the way of ease and affluence. He did not get on with other musicians, not because he was jealous, but rather because he would not commune with them on anything like equality. He seemed to be serenely and clairvoyantly conscious of his own unlimited powers, and probably would have recognized similar powers in another if there had been such an one in Viennt at that time.

The Tragedy of Deafness

In this period there came to him the first warnings of the great calamity which for the next fifteen years slowly closed in upon him and sealed his soul from the influences of the outer world. It started with a buzzing in his ears which at first was distracting, then annoying, and finally deafening. Often he aided his hearings by placing one end of a stick upon the sounding board of the piano and the other upon his forehead. There is nothing more pathetic than his letters to trusted friends at this time, attempting to explain mysterious actions of his that were due to his increasing deafness, without disclosing to them the exent of his misfortune. He liked to create the impression that his hearing was still good, for a good deal of his living depended upon public appearances. But there came a time, one of the saddest in the annals of music, when he attempted to conduct an orchestra through a new work, and because he could not hear, the orchestra got out of hand; and it was necessary for his friends to come forward and lead him from the hall, his proud head bowed and his face wet with tears.

The helpless feeling of horror which settled upon him, more poignant perhaps than that which seized Kipling's blind painter in "The Light That Failed," threatened for a while to crush all hope and inspiration. Though he was constantly in the company of beautiful, sympathetic women, and though his heart was strangely susceptible, he knew that love could not be encouraged, and that marriage was not to be thought of. He never was certain of the cause of his deafness, nor is anyone to this day.

How valiantly Beethoven rallied his spirits and resources only his music can tell us. Perhaps his other senses sharpened in answer to that sympathetic call which enables a blind man to hear and touch more keenly than other men; perhaps, when his deafness shut out other sounds, his powers of concentration redoubled. Whatever resulted, it is certain that Beethoven's music, in the later years of his productiveness, took on a broader scope, a loftier conception, and a more philosophic meaning than that of any man who had ever composed before him. The last three piano sonatas, perhaps the noblest of their kind in literature; the incomparable "Ninth Symphony," and the last group of string quartets which are to be mastered and understood only wit huntiring patience and sympathy, are all known to have been composed after Beethoven was totall ydeaf. His music, like the sonnets and tragedies of Shakespeare, is now taken for granted and somehow defies praise or criticism. He composed with infinite pains. He seemed to respond very little to what Schubert felt as inspiration.

A circumstance that never fails to strike the student of Beethoven is the fact that, in spite of his innumerable woes, his music abounds in humor.

Sills Shows at Rialto

The habits of Orientals who live in heir own quarters in American cities are always of interest to the Occidental mind. San Francisco's Chinatown has always been a Mecca for tourists, and the same in New York, where Mott, Pell, Doyers and other streets are given over to the rabbit warrens and narrow doorways affected by the celestials.

Such scenes afford much of the background for "The Hawk's Nest," Milton Sills' latest picture, which come sto the Rialto theater tomorrow.

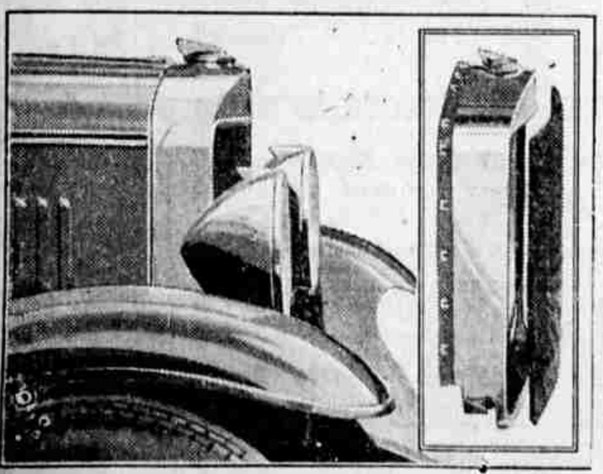
Rival factions among the crooks of a big city, wherein the Chinese are involved, afford amazing glimpses into the strange underworld. Contrasting scenes show night clubs and private homes, gorgeous or stately, as the case may be.

AL JOLSON, HUNT'S CRATERIAN

Scene From "The Jazz Singer" starring Al Jolson

Al Jolson in "The Jazz Singer," with the Vitaphone, which is now playing at Hunt's Craterian Theatre, is sending the audiences home amazed and astonished at their first introduction of this marvelous entertainment. Jolson's voice has that plantive quality that will lift you out of your seat on a thin whisper. He can lean out over the footlights and choke off a sob with a laugh. He playst with an audience in the manner of a snake charming the bird.

RADIATOR HAS PROTECTIVE SHIELD



Few persons, even including the owners of the cars, have ever seen the front of the Graham-Paige radiator—for what appears to be the radiator is really a protective shield, a separate unit concealing and guarding the core itself. Because of its convex form, with its apex to the front, the shield adds to the general stream-line effect of the car, suggesting speed—like the sharp cut-water of a yacht as compared to the flat prow of a barge.

Graham-Paige shield adds to the beauty of the car. It is built to resemble the standard passenger car radiator, and is mounted inside the radiator shell, in front of the actual core, which is flat. This construction has several practical advantages of considerable value. The greatest, of course, is the protection it gives the radiator core from damage.

Minor injuries that would puncture an unprotected core will merely dent the shield of the Graham-Paige, which may then be repaired easily. If a new shield is necessary, it is far less expensive than repairs for the same injury to an unprotected core.

By the use of the "dummy" radiator front, Graham-Paige achieves distinction of line without sacrificing radiator efficiency. In fact, the actual core is sturdier than it could be if the radiator itself were made convex. Because it is concealed from view, it is built as a purely mechanical utility without sacrificing efficiency or sturdiness for appearance.

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