

MISS DAVIS PLANS TO MAKE FARMERS OF ALL BAD BOYS

First Group of Reformatory Lads Will Leave Hart's Island March 1.

NO GUARDS FOR THEM.

Youngsters Will Be Taught Respect and Put on Their Honor.

The Department of Correction of this city has completed arrangements for the establishment and maintenance of a large farm in Orange County to provide a wholesome home and working place for the boys and young men now committed to the reformatory on Hart's Island.

The new farm, which was recently purchased, is of 410 acres and lies between Middletown and Cochen. It will be called Newbarnham Farms, and it is the plan of Commissioner Davis to bring the farm to such a state of efficiency that the time will come when the reformatory at Hart's Island will be abandoned.

Commissioner Davis said this afternoon: "Although the farm was planned last year, it is through the generosity of a public spirited citizen that we are able to begin the work at once. This man has given to the department a sum of money to pay the salary of a farm superintendent for the first year, and, indeed, another New Yorker has given us \$2000 with which to make the first outfit for tools, seeds and the like.

The boys who are sent to the farm on the first of next month will begin with the building of their own houses and will start at once with the practical work of farmers.

There will be no guards anywhere about the place. We do not intend that the youngsters shall be under the restraint common to the lives of criminals; they are to be workers and that they shall be able to take their places among the world of decent, right-thinking men. There will be no sense of forced labor or restraint.

This is the first experiment which the city is making along these lines, and from my past experience at Bedford an unqualified success is expected. Besides its value as a real reformatory, the plant will very greatly reduce the cost of maintenance not only of those sent to the institutions of correction as well as a large amount of fresh vegetables, milk, butter, eggs and other farm products will be produced. The farm will be a model one as well as a model reformatory.

HEALTH OFFICIAL BARS TUBERCULOSIS SERUM

Refuses to Permit Sale of Karfunkel's Modified Form of Friedmann's Cure.

President Goldwater of the Board of Health has denied the application of Dr. Hans Karfunkel of Berlin to be allowed to offer for sale in this city a bactericidal serum—a modification of one discovered by Dr. Friedlander of Breslau and rejected by former President Loderer.

President Goldwater's decision was based on a report made by Dr. Herman Biggs, former general medical officer of the Board of Health, now head of the State Department of Health, as to experiments conducted with him with the serum. Dr. Biggs reported that the serum contained Bacillus bacillus which was harmless in small doses to animals, but which was highly poisonous in larger doses. The report that it was harmless in small doses to animals was no proof, Dr. Biggs said, that it would be harmless to human beings.

Dr. Karfunkel, in whose laboratory Berlin Dr. Friedmann pursued his research, was in this city last November. While here he asked the Board of Health to allow his serum to be sold.

Reaction From the "Sugar-Candy" Drama, Says Poet Yeats, Has Produced the Vice Play



Great Drama of the Future, He Predicts, Will Come From This Country and Not England, Where a Few State Themes Are in Control.

At the theatre of the slums, located in a crowded block of tenement houses; on its boards the grim, gray tragedies, the sardonic comedies of the poor; they would depict—there you have William Butler Yeats's vision of the American National Theatre that might be, and that might be nowhere save in America. Mr. Yeats, who is usually and polytechnically described as an artist-author-playwright, did more than any other one person to found the Irish National Theatre, which has sent us the inimitable Irish Players, and which is now an accepted institution in Ireland. He himself arrived last night for his first visit in several years.

A master of drama is Mr. Yeats, as those of us who recall the rainbow-like perfection of his "Land of Heart's Desire." But the light of common day is apt to be a bit cruel to dream-folk, and I wondered a little amusedly just what variety of eccentric genius I should find when I called on the poet at the National Arts Club. I had George Moore's naughty descriptions in the back of my head, too. Somewhere he pictures Mr. Yeats as "a tall black figure standing at the edge of the lake, wearing a cloak which fell in straight folds to his knees, looking like a great umbrella forgotten by some picnic party." In another place he compares the poet to a "melancholy crew."

But whatever the scenic effect of the Yeats of the early days of the Gaelic Movement, when Mr. Moore first met him, I can honestly say that at present Mr. Yeats doesn't allow his taste for the picturesque to run away with his good taste. In plain English, he looks the somewhat-different person he is; he does not look a freak.

He is of a welcome tallness in this city of abbreviated men. He is boyishly slender, boyishly light of step and he has a delightfully boyish grin. He wears his coarse black, gray-threaded hair only a bit longer than is customary, and he dresses quite conventionally, except that his tie is a trifle too loosely knotted. Perhaps it is the hair, perhaps his eagle-like profile, that gives a curious suggestion of the Indian in his moments of gravity.

"And how is the Irish theatre flourishing?" I asked, when we were comfortably settled on a deep leather sofa. "Oh, we're developing the most wonderful set of new playwrights!" Mr. Yeats replied, enthusiastically. "We have five remarkable young men, and every one of them from County Cork. That seems to be the most productive centre."

HE PREFERS POETIC, PUBLIC DEMANDS REALITY. "They are doing some excellent work. They are showing a splendid passion for reality. And reality is what will count on the stage of the future. It is what the young men interested in the theatre are everywhere demanding."

"But I thought you were opposed to realism on the stage?" I exclaimed. "I thought you desired to revive poetic drama." "Personally, I prefer it," he admitted.

"But the one thing from which the stage must everywhere break away is sentimental sensuousness. We must stop writing and producing the pretty plays, the plays that are merely superficial, that come to us like a pleasant odor, that do not make us think but that keep us from thinking. There are plays of spiritual reality and there are plays contenting themselves with an outward gloss. Either type is infinitely preferable to the play that flatters and deceives for the sake of pleasing."

"It is the reaction from this sugarcandy drama, in my opinion, which has given us the so-called vice play. Because morality has become so pretty, our young writers feel that reality must necessarily be grim. That really is the only way to get the truth. In America you have a better chance, but you must get over...



the notion that drama is an exclusive possession of the cultivated classes. You must get close to what Whitman calls "the powerful uneducated."

And then Mr. Yeats proposed the idea of the theatre of, by and for the slums. "There you could keep an American National Theatre comparatively removed from plays and acting that might be initiated," he observed.

"Imitation of even good models spoils the natural expression. Furthermore, such a theatre would be devoted to a typically American phase of life that has not yet found definite expression on the stage."

"But persons who see themselves too realistically dramatized are apt to object," I intervened. Mr. Yeats grinned. "You're thinking of 'The Playboy of the Western World,'" he charged. "Do you know why that play was 'done'? Because it attacked a vested interest, the vested virtue of the Irish home rule patriots. To them it was of immense importance that the Irish peasant should always be portrayed as a noble, oppressed creature. So they attacked a different representation."

"A hundred and fifty years from now the Irish patriots will have adopted all the virtues Synge gives his hero Christy. And when the playwright pokes fun at him the Irish of that day will rise in their wrath and exclaim, 'How dare any one deny our noble courage, our splendid talent for lying, our magnificent bravado!' Those virtues will be vested by that time."

MUST AVOID "DIRECT PREACHING" IN PLAYS. "The only way to write what you know and what you see and let people fight over it if they want to. But don't try direct preaching. The mere moral uplift the playwright has in his life the better for his work. But if he puts a conscious lesson in his play he will paint his villain blacker than ever was villain before and his hero whiter than any one except an angel in heaven is allowed to be."

"By the way, what did you think of 'General John Regan'?" I asked. Mr. Yeats smiled—a bit superiorly it seemed to me. "A pleasant entertainment," he admitted. "But it didn't start a riot. Oh, yes, it did—in its own town. Anybody can start a riot in his own town, however. A riot over two countries is a different matter and rather sets a standard, you know."

And a gleam of martial reminiscence was still lingering in the gray-blue eyes of W. B. Yeats, poet, dramatist and—Irishman—when I left him.

WHEN IS A SNAIL ALIVE? WASHINGTON, Feb. 7.—Snails, the kind that appear on menus of Parisian restaurants as "sacarcots," are not live animals, according to the United States Court of Customs Appeals.

SHIPWRECK MADE DUCHESS NERVOUS, BUT DUKE SMOKED

Frederick Vanderbilt and the Manchesters Arrive Here After Being Rescued.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Vanderbilt and the party of castaways who were with them when Mr. Vanderbilt's fine yacht, the Warrior, piled up on the coast of Columbia, near Savanilla, ten days ago, arrived home to-day tanned and with clothes that sadly needed the services of valets and maids, on the Almirante of the United Fruit Company, which vessel took them off the yacht through heavy seas after the pleasure craft grounded.

The newest of the New York Central's fleet of tug, New York Central, No. 14, was sent down the Bay to Quarantine through the fog to meet the party of aristocratic castaways, consisting, besides Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt, the Duke and Duchess of Manchester (formerly Miss Zimmerman of Chicago) and Lord Falconer, son of the Earl of Kintore. The tug swung in alongside the Almirante as she lay at anchor, and the party descended a sea ladder to the tug. They were cheered by the passengers. On board to welcome the party were Eugene Zimmerman, the Duchess's father, Walter B. Pollock and John Pennington of the Central's marine department.

The towing craft at once made off at the fastest speed her skipper dared to run for the New York Central docks at the foot of West Forty-second street. There two cars, a limousine and a touring car, were waiting, convoyed by taxicabs, manned by reporters and photographers. The party made it evident that none of them wished to discuss the wreck of the Warrior, which still lies on the coral reef of which she grounded. Ten men are still on board her. Thirty-eight were taken off yesterday by the United Fruit steamer Metapan bound for New York. It is said there are fair chances of saving the wreck.

As soon as the tug touched the dock the party hastened to the waiting machines. "I'll not say a word," said Vanderbilt, as he ordered the chauffeur to drive the party to the Ritz-Carlton Hotel.

Lord Falconer was more communicative. "We had quite a bit of time transferring from the yacht to the Almirante," he said, "there was a rotten sea running and things looked bad for a while. Vanderbilt was badly plucked once and never said a word, even when it looked as if we all might be pitched overboard from the boats."

When the party arrived at the Ritz they hastened to a suite where luncheon was ready. "I'll see no reporters and no friends," Mr. Vanderbilt telephoned down to the hotel manager, "and, by the way, those flowers the forlorn sent up are a disgrace. Tell him to get some better ones at once."

From other sources it was ascertained that when the Vanderbilt party boarded the Almirante without baggage, save for the ladies' jewel cases, all were except the Duke and Duchess of Manchester, who the ordeal of the transfer through the tumultuous seas had made a trifle hysterical. The Duke, however, was in excellent spirits and rallied the rest of the party on the novelty of the adventure. The young nobleman lit a cigarette, and, regarding the Almirante's ladder lowered from the Almirante's side and offered some of the same smokes to his companions.

STRONG BOX AND MAIDS SAVED FROM FIRE BY PATROLMEN'S VALOR

Blaze Confined to Basement of Carpenter Residence Does \$3,000 Damage.

Patrolmen Bushell and Clark of the East Fifty-first street station this morning saw smoke issuing from the basement of the four-story brownstone dwelling No. 44 East Fifty-seventh street of Mrs. Miles B. Carpenter and her daughter, Miss Agnes Carpenter. They turned in an alarm and then aroused the family.

Mrs. Carpenter and her daughter hurried to the street and informed the patrolmen that six maids were asleep in the upper part of the house and that a strong box was on the second floor. One of the patrolmen hurried to the upper part of the house and aroused the maids, while the other carried the strong box and an Oriental rug, valued at \$2,000, to the street. By this time the smoke had filled the building and the basement was ablaze.

The smoke entered through the windows and wall of the adjoining dwelling No. 42, occupied by John C. Eno, a retired banker, who was asleep. He was aroused by the patrolmen and assisted to the street, just as his daughter, Miss Eno, his son-in-law, W. A. Graves, and the latter's wife, who had been attending a reception, arrived.

Overdoing It. (From the Washington (Mis) News-Examiner.) The fellows who sit up in comfortable railroad offices or in some cozy office of some city board of trade and draw big fat salaries and write letters to the farmer and tell him what to do with his boll weevil and his oat crop and his pea patch and his hog wallow, have made these letters obnoxious to the majority of farmers. From the simple fact that one-half of these wisecracks do not know a hog wallow from a boll weevil or a pea patch from a turkey buzzard and they give their "but in" advice in such plentiful quantities that when a man comes along who does know what he is talking about very little attention is given to him or his writings. This is one illustration of overdoing what might be a good thing.

POLICEMAN'S SLAYER INDICTED AND TRIAL WILL BE RUSHED

"Me No Shoot," Says Murderer Who Has Been in This Country a Year.

Giuseppe Maroni, who shot and killed Policeman Edward J. Murtha in front of No. 27 Fourth street, Brooklyn, on Thursday night, was indicted by the Kings County Grand Jury to-day. The indictment charges murder in the first degree, and as soon as it was returned Maroni was arraigned before Judge Dike in the County Court for pleading.

"Me no shoot," said the prisoner. Maroni, it developed, when he was questioned for the court records, has been in New York only a year. He came here from Italy. Judge Dike appointed Mayor Statelatnik to defend Maroni and he will be placed on trial as soon as the condition of the court business permits.

Policeman Murtha died yesterday morning in Holy Family Hospital. Within two hours of his death the Grand Jury was hearing witnesses against Maroni. An indictment would have been found last night but for the fact that needed witnesses could not be secured until this morning.

The complete story of the murder and of the shooting of James O'Connor of No. 243 Warren street, who tried to catch Maroni, and is in Holy Family Hospital in a serious condition, was told to the Grand Jury. It appears that when Murtha approached Maroni and made a move to search him the Italian resisted.

Murtha had his hands full for Maroni is strong and active. The policeman yelled: "Is there a man in this house?" There was Michael Lavery, who lives on the second floor of No. 27 Fourth street, looked out and saw Murtha struggling with Maroni. Lavery raised a window and jumped out.

"Grab him behind," ordered Murtha. "He's got a gun." As Lavery got behind Maroni to catch his arm, Murtha let go. Quick as a flash Maroni pulled a revolver from the left sleeve of his coat and fired at the policeman. Murtha fell with a bullet wound over his heart. Maroni ran and it was in pursuit of him that O'Connor was shot.

Judge Dike thanked the members of the Grand Jury for their prompt action in returning an indictment against Maroni to-day. He said he hoped the subsequent proceedings would be as expeditious as the Grand Jury's action.

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POLICE COMMISSIONER SUSPENDS POLICEMAN ON GIRL'S COMPLAINT

Miss Aesop, Accusing Charles Hagen, Was Unable to Get Warrant for Him.

Police Commissioner McKay took a hand to-day in the case of Patrolman Charles Hagen of the Bergen street precinct. Brooklyn, who is charged by Miss Madeline Aesop with a serious assault. Hagen was suspended from duty by the Commissioner and will be compelled to stand trial on charges growing out of Miss Aesop's complaint.

The Commissioner suspended Hagen because Miss Aesop, although she has supporting testimony, had been unable to get a warrant for Hagen's arrest from Magistrate Louis Reynolds of Brooklyn, who was formerly a Deputy Commissioner of Police.

Miss Aesop started a series of attempts to get a warrant against Hagen. Magistrate Reynolds in the Butler Street Court, for some reason, refuses to issue it. His last refusal was yesterday.

DEATH-DEFER LAW MEEK NOW WHEN HIS WIFE GOES AFTER HIM

She's Getting Bail and Taking Him Home, as He Was Locked Up for a Row.

"When Nedman jumps into anything," explained Mrs. Nedman Law, wife of the daredevil moving picture bridge jumper, parachute leaper and all-around trifier with his own life, in Jefferson Market Police Court to-day, "he jumps good and plenty. Here he has jumped into trouble and made a very thorough job of it."

Law, who described himself as a "plain set," was arraigned on the charge of felonious assault upon Charles F. Ryttenberg, agent of a moving picture concern at No. 22 West Forty-second street. Ryttenberg said that Law, accompanied by Constantine Bennett, the young waiter who jumped from Washington Bridge with him on Wednesday, invaded his office yesterday, threw a bottle and fought with a policeman. With the consent of Ryttenberg the charge was changed to disorderly conduct. Law told Magistrate Bennett that Ryttenberg owed him \$25 for jumping out of a parachute on Staten Island last summer.

"I had been drinking a bit," explained Law, "and wasn't quite right when I went up to Ryttenberg's office. But I didn't try to stab him or anybody else. All I wanted was my \$25."

He was put under bonds of \$25 to keep the peace for six months. Mrs. Law, who had not known what had happened to her husband until she read in the morning papers that he had been locked up, started out to find a bondsman.

Miss Bennett, who figured prominently in Law's assault yesterday, was not in court. Mrs. Law's escape was when she talked about Mrs. Bennett.

"That young woman," said Mrs. Law, "doesn't seem to know what her act is over. She did her husband's day, and I will say she had the nerve to jump off the bridge with my husband, but she's too good."

"It isn't necessary for Mrs. Bennett to go around with my husband and look after him. It's enough to find fault with my husband. If Mrs. Bennett knows what is good for her she will keep away from Nedman."

Nedman was present and defended out of an imprudent concern over the Manhattan Magazine charge a year ago, but the incident did not bubble over to-day when his wife told him she would get a warrant for him and take him home, with the consent on the bench.

SHOPPERS IN PERIL FLED FROM RUNAWAY HORSE, After Being Impaled on Wagon Shaft, Stopped Just Short of Crowd.

Women shoppers fled in all directions to-day when the horse attached to a film wagon of Eubank Farnum, a moving picture concern, was swept by Forty-third street and dashed toward Eighth avenue.

The horse struck one of the hedges of a team attached to a grocery truck which Eugene Gustafson of No. 25 Bedford street was driving. A shaft of the wagon impaled the horse and halted the runaway.

The shaft broke off and the animal, backing out of the tangle, started for the sidewalk just as George Taylor, a letter carrier, stepped on its foot. Taylor got the horse and it ran though the horse dragged him to the sidewalk where crowds were trying to get out of the way. The horse stopped just short of the dense crowd.

Policeman Cox of the West Forty-seventh street station had the injured horse taken to the stable of the S. P. C. A. It may have to be shot.

HURT IN CAR FRONT. Blue Pioneer Shot Up and Then Jumped Off Platform. As a northward-bound car was jammed to the limit of its capacity, leaving platforms, started from the corner of West Broadway and Becher street to-day a short circuit was formed in the controller box. Shafts of Miss Lane shot out and exploded, throwing human beings from the car. The car was hurled and dented, and Miss Lane was hurt. She was taken to St. Vincent's Hospital, where she is recovering from a painful bruise and shock. The car went west here.

BIRTHDAY SOUVENIR. ABRAHAM LINCOLN PORTRAIT FREE. A sepia portrait of Abraham Lincoln will be given FREE for one Coupon in to-morrow's Sunday World. The Greater New York...