

Anglo-American Memories

THE LIFE OF LORD BEACONSFIELD, LORD ROWTON AND MR. MONYPENNY.

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London, November 1. The first volume of the life of Lord Beaconsfield has been very skillfully launched upon the world. Public interest in Lord Beaconsfield needed no artificial stimulus, but perhaps for the purpose of this biography, and especially for the first volume, it was well to set a little machinery in motion. For two reasons: first, because it deals only with the first thirty-three years of his life; and secondly, because Mr. Monypenny, the writer of the book, is a man unknown to the general public. And, in fact, the whole story of the begetting of this book is a curious one; about which I happen to know various things at first hand.

The subject cannot be mentioned without bringing in Lord Rowton's name. There was always an idea, or a hope, that Lord Rowton would write the life of his chief. Everybody knows that the two were on terms of extraordinary intimacy which began when Lord Rowton was Montagu Corry, and commonly called "Monty." Nominally, he was Lord Beaconsfield's private secretary. Actually, he was very much more. Whether the story told of their first meeting be true or not, it is typical. They were staying in a house in the country. It was not a well selected company and things dragged. Society had at that time no passion which answered to the present passion for bridge, and a hostess had sometimes need of all her skill to carry through the long evening after dinner. It was at one of these stagnant moments that Mr. Montagu Corry offered to perform a sword dance in the drawing room. He did it with such success, and the effect on the company was such, and the change in the social atmosphere so complete, that Lord Beaconsfield said to his hostess: "That is a man I want for my secretary."

He made Mr. Montagu Corry an offer and there, it was accepted, and so began a connection of service and friendship which ended only with Lord Beaconsfield's death, twenty years later. Obviously, Lord Rowton had means of writing such a life of Lord Beaconsfield as nobody else had. He would have had also the masses of letters and papers left by him to the trustees, of whom Lord Beaconsfield was one. But I am almost inclined to say that it was this very abundance of materials which deterred Lord Rowton from attempting a biography. They were not, like Mr. Gladstone's, all docketed and indexed and ready for use. They were in confusion. Said Lord Rowton:

"I have opened some of the boxes. One of them was filled with old cheques, another contained bills, paid and unpaid, business letters, even circulars. A third had letters from strangers, about politics or religion, mixed with letters from friends, and then publishers' accounts. How could I deal with things like that?"

He added, and the point was one on which he often dwelt:

"I am not a man of letters. Lord Beaconsfield knew that, of course. He never expressed to me a wish that I should write his life. I doubt whether it ever occurred to him. I have no experience. I should not know how to begin how to construct a book. The labor would be immense. I am not equal to it."

Then an anecdote would occur to him and he would tell it, and then another, and then a comment on some contentious point in Lord Beaconsfield's history. He would talk on with the common sense, the soundness, the gentleness, the charm of voice and manner which was always his. I said to him once, at the end of such an hour:

"If you would have a shorthand writer in and talk to him as you have been talking to me, you would soon have the material of a book."

"Yes, but do you suppose I could say all these things to anybody who would print them? If you were a shorthand writer I could have told you nothing of all this."

No doubt the idea of publicity was distasteful to him. Disraeli had trusted him completely, thought aloud in his presence, confided to him his most secret thoughts and motives and purposes. Rowton had a natural and honorable anxiety not to reveal what he knew under the seal of confidence, express or implied. And that anxiety, I imagine, was at the bottom of his refusal to put anything on paper about his friend and chief. When he died there died with him the secrets of Lord Beaconsfield's life. His own life was carried to a point which has made it impossible that the real Lord Beaconsfield should ever be known to posterity as he was known to his friends, and to Lord Rowton above all others. But the scruple of honor is not to be argued about, nor can any balance of advantage or disadvantage outweigh the obligations of the trust reposed in Lord Rowton.

He was a rare nature. Popularity may be no very great test of character, but Lord Rowton had it in full measure and it did him no harm. He had to the last the simplicity and sincerity and firm substance of nature which were his in the beginning. He was a good friend to others than to Lord Beaconsfield. After a life spent amid the excitements of politics and society, he turned at the end to charity and gave his last years to the poor or to the workmen—at any rate to classes of men with whom he had had very little to do—and founded and administered the Rowton Homes; a scheme of useful beneficence. That was the way in which he chose to round out his brilliant existence.

Or look at him in another light. I once asked him what he really liked best or what had been his best day. He answered:

"In Scotland, in Lord X's deer forest. He kept for me each year the best of his stalking and I had it for a week to myself, and I once killed as many as seventeen stags, all first rate, in four or five days. On the whole, that was what I have enjoyed most."

Upon Lord Rowton's death it became necessary for Lord Beaconsfield's other trustees to come to some decision about the writing of his biography. They debated long. They invited first one and then another eminent man of letters to undertake the task. It is matter of common knowledge that Lord Rowton was asked. It is a public misfortune that he

LEO NIKOLAIWITCH TOLSTOY, THE RUSSIAN REFORMER.



TOLSTOY AND HIS WIFE AT A MEAL IN THEIR HOME.

COUNT TOLSTOY DEAD

Continued from first page.

Kazan, where he studied Oriental languages, and afterward law. At the age of eighteen he found himself owner of the estate of Yasnaia Poliana, with seven hundred serfs, and he resolved to leave the university and undertake the management of his property. So early in his career he felt the responsibility of his position, and purposed to expend his energies in improving the condition of the peasantry. He soon found that they did not understand his ideas, and that he could do nothing with them. Becoming disheartened, he sought his brother Nikolai, who was an artillery officer stationed in the Caucasus, and joining the Yankor Corps remained with him until 1853. During this period he accumulated the literary form of "The Cossacks." He also wrote at this time two slight novels, "Alberic" and "Lolita." Tolstoy lived his life in comrades in the army and gambled until he got himself into difficulties. Transferred in 1854 to the Army of the Danube, he took part in the campaign of that year, and in 1855 was sent to the Crimea and given a command. The Crimean War was approaching an end, but Tolstoy was present at the battle of the Red River, on August 4, and at the storming of the citadel of Redan, on September 8. Here he found the material for his three graphic and vivid sketches of army life at Sebastopol.

When the war was over Tolstoy left the army and went to St. Petersburg, where he found himself already well known in literary circles. He remained there several years, trying to work out a new theory of life to the effect that it was, or should be, controlled by the thinkers. Society, however, gradually disgusted him, and he withdrew to his estate, where he became a country magistrate and essayed the planning of an entirely new scheme of education. He had not gone far with this before he realized that he did not know what to teach, and he abandoned the experiment. He next wrote several minor works—"Family Happiness," "Youth," "The Two Hussars," "Three Deaths," etc.

In 1862 he married Sophia Andrianna Bers, daughter of a German physician in Moscow, and for the next fifteen years he lived a domestic life, during which quiet period he produced the books upon which his literary fame largely rests—"War and Peace" and "Anna Karenina." In the first of these he described the French invasion of Russia with marvellous power, detail and animation. At the same time he developed a semi-mystical hypothesis as to the induction of the great events of an external, supernatural power, supposed to give direction to human action which it seems to the agents least purposeful. In the plot of this somewhat unformed and chaotic novel the author freely aired all the ethical and religious questionings which had perplexed his own mind, and it has been supposed that the character of Peter Bezukhoff he intended to reproduce himself. "Anna Karenina" deals with the sanctity of the marriage relation, and may be said to present diametrically opposite views to those expressed in Tolstoy's later book, "The Kreutzer Sonata." In "Anna Karenina" he sought to show that neither love nor constancy nor entire freedom from serid cares can compensate a woman for the absence of the social and religious sanction in her domestic relations. In "The Kreutzer Sonata" he attacked marriage, as practiced, in a wild and mischievous, though doubtless well meant, way.

It was the publication of these two novels that gave Tolstoy European fame. They were first translated into French, and rather paraphrased—and the early English versions were from the unfaithful and inferior French renderings. Even so, their merits could not be concealed, and it became evident that a new and great writer had appeared. But in the holiday year that gave Tolstoy passage into a new mental phase, hitherto he had depended upon intellectual perceptions for guidance. Now it occurred to him that men of intellect had after all wholly failed in their efforts to solve the deep problems of life, and he determined to go to the poor and ignorant for help. Intuition, he thought, might be better than reason, and there was a Scripture warrant for the theory. It was thus that he was led to adopt the belief that the superstitious and crude imaginings of the Russian peasantry were the only trustworthy avenues to the truth, and that manual labor was the only occupation consonant with the primal purpose of God. Holding this belief, Count Tolstoy resolved to make himself one with the peasantry, and he learned the trade of shoemaker and accustomed himself to labor in the fields, while he practised the severest simplicity in regimen, clothing and lodging.

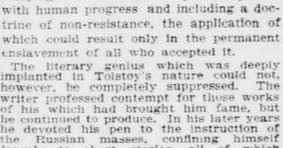
Presently it struck him that the peasantry was as far from following the precepts of Christ as were the higher classes, and thereupon an entirely new analysis and application of the Gospel. He was obliged to reject the tenets of the Orthodox Greek Church at the outset, and he evolved an evangelical mysticism at least as old as the second century of the Christian era, one which has been revived again and again in every age since by enthusiasts who required for the regeneration of the world a radical change in human nature, race on race.

Count Tolstoy all that is necessary is the simple surrender by mankind of whatever Christ disallows or condemns; and this surrender, he seemed to have thought, can be brought about by persuasion. In the various works wherein he set forth these views, the chief characteristic is a childlike and pathetic pursuit of unity, theory, in resolute scorn of human expertise. The attempt to found a religion or a system of philosophy in this manner naturally led Count Tolstoy further away from probable speculation and discussion at each step, and his friends were grieved to find him becoming more eccentric and impracticable in his views as time passed. He had, indeed, travelled a complete circle, and from putting the intellectual life first he had come to despise it altogether, developing a socialism wholly incompatible with human progress and including a doctrine of non-resistance, the application of which would result only in the permanent enslavement of all who accepted it.

The literary genius which was deeply implanted in Tolstoy's nature could not, however, be completely suppressed. The writer professed contempt for those works of his which had brought him fame, but he continued to produce. In his later years he devoted his pen to the instruction of the Russian masses. This last is a powerful and impressive sketch, "The Power of Darkness" is weird, grim and striking, and its realism is more repulsive than its teaching is clear. Tolstoy's short stories are for the most part addressed to the lower classes, and are highly colored, drawn in sharp and bold lines, and filled with a primitive, Schopenhauerian pessimism taken from popular legend and superstition. They have attained a large circulation and a wide popularity, but it is avowed that the bulk read is rather principally for the interest of the narrative and description, and that the moral and didactic made little impression. In "The Kreutzer Sonata" the author exemplified the tendencies of his new socialism by running his characters into a madhouse, and in his point of view the attack was justified, all extent civilization being as hopelessly corrupt and degenerate as the savages. The anarchists, though the remedies proposed by him are milder, if not less destructive, in their ultimate implications, since they are based upon the substitution of universal celibacy, thus implying by a road of his own a truly Schopenhauerian pessimism, the termination of all life by the exercise of denial of the will to live.

In 1882, Count Tolstoy deposited his memoirs and diaries with the curator of the Rumyantzev Museum, on condition that they should not be published until after his death. He died on October 20, 1910, at his estate, "Yasnaia Poliana," in the province of Tula. He was buried in the village of Astashevskoye, near the town of Tula.

TOLSTOY AS HE APPEARED WHEN ON HIS LONG WALKS.



He had at first welcomed the institution of the Douma as holding out hope for the regeneration of his country, and as a sign that the government was about to give ear to the demands and wishes of the people. It soon became apparent to him, however, that the promise of an effective popular branch of government was not to be realized in that body, and early in 1887 he came out with a political tract, entitled "The Way to Social Freedom," in which he made a plain statement of his views, and, practically repudiating his former doctrine of non-resistance, cleared for war to the death against the existing government. The pamphlet was issued in Berlin, on account of the impossibility of finding a publisher for it in Russia. The authorities, consistent with their usual practice, abstained from taking overt action against the author, but in this instance went so far as to indict one of the count's sons for high treason for his alleged activity in procuring the publication of the work. He was acquitted of the charge.

Tolstoy was, however, several times threatened with expulsion from Russia, and on several occasions he was reported upon the point of being exiled. He was, indeed, expelled from Moscow in July, 1901, and had since resided at Yasnaia Poliana. His health at that time was poor, and for a period his life was in danger, but he regained his strength and resumed work. In 1902 he was reported to be dying. Once more he rallied, and in June his recovery was pronounced complete.

In July, 1904, Tolstoy wrote a strong article denouncing the Russo-Japanese War, which caused the seizure of the "Novoye Slovo," a Russian journal which he published, and a revival of the reports of the government's intention to take severe action against the author. In January, 1905, Tolstoy published an open letter to the Emperor regarding the internal conditions in Russia, which was printed throughout the world, and some time later he completed his work, "Behind the Scenes of War," the production of which was prohibited in St. Petersburg. "The London Times" on September 1, 1905, published a seven column article by Tolstoy, entitled "A Great Iniquity," dealing with the land question in India, which was widely published through an important time that is destined to have enormous results. The article was largely devoted to the theories of the late Henry George, and declared that the land question had reached a state of ripe ness, and that the only way to be reached by the question of serfdom.

On the occasion of Tolstoy's eightieth birthday extensive celebrations were held, although they were strongly disapproved by the Russian government and were made the subject of an appeal by the Holy Synod of all believers to abstain from participation. Only a few days ago news was received here that the Russian government had ordered the seizure of "Three Days in a Village," Count Tolstoy's latest work. It is a pamphlet—a short recital of what happened in three days spent in a village near St. Petersburg, which was plain and unadorned by rhetoric, but it paints a terrible picture of conditions in Russia to-day, conditions due to overtaxation of the wretched peasants and to militarism. Shortly after the celebration of his eighty-second birthday, in August of this year, Count Tolstoy's health caused great concern to his friends, and he was reported to have died on October 13, at St. Petersburg on October 13, said that during that day he had suffered several fainting spells and for several hours was unconscious, but had rallied late in the day. Nothing was heard from him here from that day until November 11, when a dispatch told of his disappearance.

The aged philosopher, who had his home at the estate before, accompanied by Dr. Makovsky, his physician, in a letter left for his wife he said:

"I cannot continue longer to live a life of luxury and like many other old men I retire from the world to complete my life in solitude. I ask that you do not seek my place of sojourn, and that you do not come to it if it is discovered. I beg forgiveness for the grief that I may cause you."

On receiving this letter, it was reported, the countess sought twice to take her life, but she was prevented by her daughter, Alexandra.

At first many of the count's friends feared he had committed suicide. Others believed he had simply retired to a monastery. Various rumors were received as to his whereabouts. A dispatch on last Saturday night reported him found on the estate of the Abrukovs, in the Mount Sanky district of India province. A later dispatch from Moscow located him at a state of vassalage to the Japanese and other Oriental peoples. "For, only in the East," he said, "are religion and patriotism synonymous."

His latest non-political publication was a remarkable criticism of the plays of Shakespeare, in which he professed to be able to detect no indications of genius. He advanced the theory that the esteem in which the poet and his work were held in Europe and America could be attributed only to a process of hypnotic suggestion, due originally to the influence of Goethe and his school.

MUSIC

"Madama Butterfly" Draws Typical Matinee Audience.

A typical matinee opera brought out a typical matinee audience yesterday afternoon at the Metropolitan Opera House. All the sweet young things were there. The seats were full of them, the aisles were full of them. In the orchestra, the ice cream tables in the grand tier were crowded with them. The young things were there because of the filmy haze of sweet young things. Of course they were all richly young things, and why shouldn't they be? Were not they listening to the sweetest prima donna in matinee land crying her dear little heart out in a cherry blossom Japanese air, and was not the sweetest tenor being so utterly impossible?

Yes, it was Puccini's "Madama Butterfly," and Miss Farrar was in excellent voice, apparently in much better voice than she has been for several seasons. Her tones were delightful, pure and sweet, and had ample volume. Best of all, she did not force it. Yet we do not know Miss Farrar by her voice. Rather we know her because she is Miss Farrar, because of her winsome grace, her coquetry, her charm—yes, her brains.

When Miss Farrar decided to be born again as a Puritan she did not intend to deprive herself of the one virtue which no one has ever denied to those stern faced folk. Wisely she adopted their brains, equally wisely she forgot to adopt their stern faces. And the brains she always uses.

There was a new Suzuki in Miss Marie Mattfeld, who gave an entirely adequate performance. Mr. Scott as Sharpless was excellent. Mr. Toscanini conducted as perhaps only he can conduct. At the end of the first act after the principals had received repeated curtain calls, Miss Farrar dragged Mr. Puccini himself before the curtain. The applause was thunderous, but the composer contented himself with bowing.

Clara Sauter, Germaine Farrar, Suzuko, Marie Mattfeld, Helen Mapleson, Ricardo Martin Sharpless, Antonio Scotti, Giuseppe Boglietti, Georges Bourgeois, Lo Zio Bonzo, Bernard Bogus, Francesco Cerri, Il Commisario Imperiale, Vincenzo Roschiliani, and the orchestra.

FOR CROSS-CONTINENT TRIP

P. C. Thompson Offers \$10,000 to Finance Balloon Flight. Boston, Nov. 19.—A balloon flight from the Pacific Coast to the Atlantic Coast, as proposed by the Association of International Aeronautical Pilots at its annual meeting in Boston a few weeks ago, will be attempted next year. The flight is now being organized by P. Chester Thompson, of New York, to give \$10,000 to finance the trip, in addition to a trophy valued at \$1,000. The offer from Mr. Thompson was received to-day by Charles J. Glidden, president of the association, and was immediately accepted.

Mr. Thompson, who was in the balloon, Pommer, which won the international balloon race of 1908, will be the pilot for the coast to coast trip, and is confident that the trip can be made in four days. A rubber silk hydrogen balloon of from 150,000 to 200,000 cubic feet capacity will be immediately ordered.

Mr. Thompson makes no conditions as to the trip, but he says that he shall be made to stop on the Pacific Coast and the landing within fifty miles of the Atlantic Coast.

FLIES ABOVE SNOWSTORM

Arch Hoxsey Delights Crowd of 20,000 at Denver. Denver, Nov. 13.—Arch Hoxsey, yesterday, made a sensational flight at the field at Overland Park, again to-day, with three flights in his Wright biplane. One of them was made above the clouds in a snowstorm. About twenty thousand persons crowded the inclosure. An extra \$1,000 for Hoxsey added one flight to his contract list.

Hoxsey rose first at 2:30, and snow began to fall almost immediately afterward. The crowd which gathered, which by a high wind, circled the United States military reservation at Fort Logan, ten miles from the city, and returned, climbing to 2,500 feet in his struggle against the wind. Part of the time he was above the clouds, and he did not encounter the snowstorm until on his way down. After safely descending, he circled the field twice, and Hoxsey delighted the crowd with two more flights of eleven minutes each, in which he soared and dipped back and forth across the field.

MISS EDWINA POST FLIES

Ascends Unexpectedly with Grahame-White at Philadelphia. Philadelphia, Nov. 13.—Miss Edwina Post, who has been flying with Grahame-White, circled the field at Point Breeze Park to-day with Claude Grahame-White, the English aviator. The going aloft of Miss Post was a surprise to the spectators.

Miss Post and the Englishman made the flight in the rapidly sailing Grahame-White monoplane, his flight being the first time a monoplane had been seen in the air in this city. He rose to a height of 600 feet in less than a minute and increased this to 800 feet before he circled the field twice. Then he rose to 800 feet, swept toward the Delaware River, a mile away, and returned in a few minutes.

Grahame-White has accumulated \$5,000 in the last six months through aeroplane exhibitions. For his flights here, he received about \$1,000. In his recent flights at Boston he cleared up \$10,000, at Squantum, just before coming to America, he received \$7,000. The Brockton fair netted him almost \$15,000, while for the recent flights in New York he received in the neighborhood of \$20,000. While not generally known, White's real revenue is due to his passenger carrying flights. For these he charges the passenger just \$50.

TO RECOMMEND AEROPLANES

Secretary Dickinson Will Ask Congress for an Appropriation. Nashville, Nov. 19.—Jacob M. Dickinson, Secretary of War, said here to-day that he would recommend to Congress an appropriation for the purchase of aeroplanes for the United States Army.

PAYMASTER AULD MARRIES

Miss Madeline Swift Bride of Man Who Was Court Martialled. (By Telegraph to The Tribune.)

Richfield Springs, N. Y., Nov. 13.—The marriage of Miss Madeline Gray Swift, youngest daughter of Rear Admiral William Swift, U. S. N. (retired), to George Percival Auld, paymaster in the United States navy, took place quietly at 8 o'clock to-night at the home of the bride's parents. Only relatives and a few friends were present at the ceremony, which was performed by the Rev. Wellington P. Francisco, of the First Presbyterian Church.

The bride was given away by her father. She was attended by her sister, Miss Virginia Swift. The best man was Frederick Walsh of New York. Mr. and Mrs. George Auld and Miss Marguerite Auld, of Burlington, Vt., parents and sister of the bridegroom; W. Garfield Swift, of Pittsburg, brother of the bride, and Mrs. Edgar Robinson, of Mansfield, Ohio, were here for the wedding.

After the ceremony a small reception was held. Paymaster Auld has just returned from a cruise and is at present attached to the cruiser Washington. He expects to be stationed this winter at Hampton Roads, where many festivities will probably be given for the young couple, who are popular in naval circles.

Paymaster Auld attracted much attention as the result of having knocked down Dr. E. S. Cowles, cousin of Rear Admiral G. S. Cowles, at a noisy dance in Charlestown, Mass., last December. It was charged that Dr. Cowles had made insulting remarks about Miss Dorothy Healer, of Chicago, a visitor in Boston. Miss Swift was a prominent figure at the resulting trial of Auld and Passed Assistant Surgeon A. H. Robnett. It was believed there was some connection between the quarrel and Auld's attachment for Miss Swift. At the last moment she had broken her engagement to Harry Duer Storer, of Atlanta, who had come to Boston for the wedding.

At the trial Miss Swift testified that Dr. Cowles had been forcing his unwelcome attentions on Miss Healer. It was learned at that time that Dr. Robnett and Miss Healer were to be married. The accused young men escaped without serious punishment. Though convicted on some counts, their sentences were commuted to loss of numbers.

COL. HARRISON WEDS IN LONDON.

London, Nov. 13.—Mrs. Sumner Clarke, of Peoria, Ill., and Colonel J. J. Harrison, the explorer and discoverer of pygmies in the Belgian Congo, were married at St. George's in Grosvenor Square to-day. The bride was given away by William M. McMillan. Many persons of social prominence witnessed the nuptials.

HUNTINGTON WILSON RETURNING.

Liverpool, Nov. 13.—Huntington Wilson, American Assistant Secretary of State, sailed for New York on the Mauretania to-day.

MARRIED.

WILKINSON-BURKE—November 13, Henry William Wilkinson and Edith Lee Burke, by the Rev. Charles H. Foster, at the home of Mrs. John Burke, at Llewellyn Park.

METZOWITZ-RICE—On November 13, at 8:30, Mrs. Metzowitz Rice, of Chicago, Ill., by the Rev. Charles H. Foster, at the home of Mrs. Rice and Paul Alexander Metzowitz.

NOTICES OF MARRIAGES AND DEATHS MUST BE ACCOMPANIED BY FULL NAME AND ADDRESS.

DIED.

Barnton, Eliza, McCord, Isabel P., Bliss, Emily F., Merritt, Edward K., Carroll, Louis C., Weaver, Marcus, Barnton, Maria B. S., Whitton, Andrew J., McCammon, Leora.

IN MEMORIAM.

RAYTON—On Saturday, November 13, at Lenox, Mass., Eliza Rayton, for many years a resident of this city, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. J. J. Rayton, at Trinity Church Monday, November 21.

BLISS—At Highwood, N. J., November 19, Emily F. Bliss, wife of Deas Bliss, in her 69th year. Interment private.

RUSLING—On November 13, 1910, Clara Jane, wife of George W. Rusling, died at her late residence, No. 228 West 37th st., on Monday morning, 11 o'clock. Interment at the home of Mrs. Rusling, at 12:45 p. m. Burial at Trinity Church, New York City, on Tuesday, November 22, at 10:30 a. m.

MERRITT—On Saturday, November 13, at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Merritt, at Albany, N. Y., died at 11:30 a. m. Monday, November 21. Carriage in waiting at Scarborough, N. Y., on arrival of train leaving Grand Central Station at 11:35 a. m.

WEAVER—November 13, Marcus Weaver, 54 years old, died at his late residence, 241 and 243 West 23d st.

WEED—At Darien, Conn., on the 19th inst., Louise Lane Colver, wife of Edward F. Weed, died at her late residence, Wednesday, November 23, at 11:30 a. m. Carriage will meet train at Albany, N. Y., on arrival of train leaving Grand Central Station at 11:35 a. m.

ROGERS—At Briar Cliff, N. Y., November 13, 1910, Patsy Edwards, wife of the late J. Rogers, died at her late residence, 125 St. Louis Church, at 2:30 p. m. Monday, November 21. Carriage in waiting at Scarborough, N. Y., on arrival of train leaving Grand Central Station at 11:35 a. m.

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