The Conning Tower

What Ailed the Editor.

In the truest sense of the word, old Doctor Hoffman was a specialist. He sorted out the subtle and baffling cases and turned the others over to younger physicians. He never administered drugs if any other cure were possible. His success gave him privilege to be eccentric, and he enjoyed that privilege to the utmost. His consultation room was in the peak of a skyscraper tower, three flights above the range of elevator service.

"Nobody ever consults me without being benefited," he argued, "for stair-climbing is a splendid exercise."

Two of his prescriptions were famous. For a rich broker who complained of insomnia, the old doctor wrote out a memorandum which read: "Send your conscience to a laundry."

For a shabby, disheartened artist he prescribed a square meal and a fifteen cent cigar and enclosed in an envelope the wherewithal to have the prescription filled.

Dr. Hoffman's first question of a patient always was, "What do you do?"

The patient I am going to tell about to-day—a well-fed but somewhat haggard-eyed person of middle age—replied:

"I'm an editor. I've been to half a dozen doctors, but none of them seems to understand what's wrong with me. My symptoms"——

The old physician curtly interrupted.

"I don't care a whoop about your symptoms. What do you edit?"

The patient named a widely-known popular magazine.

"What do you put in it?" the doctor demanded.

"Sure fire stuff. The best on the market."

"You'll have to be more specific. Start right in at the cover and tell me all."

"Well, the cover usually is a pretty-girl head."

The doctor grunted. He didn't appear to be much impressed.

"Our big feature," the editor continued, "nearly always is a rattling good story—sex interest. And the highest priced illustrators in the country make the pictures for it. Then we try to get good sensational articles in every issue. Twilight sleep, war, etc.,—you know the line."

"I know!" the doctor agreed. "The war correspondence usually is about three months stale, but your science is at least fifty years in advance of ascertained facts."

The editor appeared a little puzzled, but he doubtless had been warned that the doctor was sometimes eccentric and caustic. After a pause, the editor continued:

"Baseball is pretty sure-fire stuff, and we always like to use new pictures of Ty Cobb and Walter Johnson. We print a little love verse to fill up the page ends; and we find that inspirational sermons on Vim, Vigor and Victory are rather popular . . . But what's all this got to do with my symptoms?"

"Everything in the world," snapped the doctor. "You're worried, and, likely as not, what worries you most is your business. Am I right?"

"Y-e-e-s, I guess you are. The magazine isn't, as we say, 'getting across' as well as it used to, and I don't know what's the matter."

The doctor got up, strode over to a medicine cabinet and poured a dark red fluid into a goodly sized bottle.

"Now, my friend," he advised, "you know that I rarely prescribe drugs. But in your case, an extreme one, you see me doing so. You must follow my directions faithfully or another six months will leave you a wreck. Every morning, just before you go to work, drink half a tumblerful of this medicine. It will make you behave oddly, perhaps, but trust your impulses, no matter what happens. In a week come back and report."

At the end of the week the patient appeared again.

"Well?" inquired the doctor.

"You spoke the truth when you said that was a powerful drug," the patient confessed.

"Well, what happened?"

"I'm almost ashamed to tell. First of all, one of our cover artists appeared with a simpering-girl head. Do you know, the sight of that picture made me furious? I threw it on the floor in a rage and told the artist to go home and do me a portrait of an ugly man."

"Good!" cried the doctor. "And the result"——

"Was surprisingly better than I deserved. He did me a study of old Abe Lincoln, the picture of a soul; and it will be one of the best covers we ever had. . . . . Then our smut-serial writer came in with a new novel of sex. I told him he ought to be ashamed of himself, a man of the promise he once showed, to sell his birthright as an author for a tawdry popularity with shop girls and evil-minded youths. What do you think he answered? Said he'd like to write the sort of thing he used to do, but didn't know we'd buy it. Then he went home and started a good, old wholesome story that fellows like Stevenson and Dickens used to do."

"And the artists?" persisted the doctor.

"I've cussed them out, too. Put them doing human interest cartoons, unsuggestive illustrations . . . And the amazing thing is they all say they'd rather do this sort of work than the things they were doing two weeks ago."

"Nothing amazing about it!" Dr. Hoffman snorted. "I've restored the whole crowd of you to sanity. I've given you courage to do your own thinking, instead of letting a yellow newspaper charlatan do it for you."

"Doctor," the patient pleaded, "what *was* that medicine?"

The old physician grinned.

"Squirrel whiskey," he said. "Squirrel whiskey—to give you a little spunk."

CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING.

$1,500,000 SAVED IN CHARITY WORK

More Persons Fed Without Additional Cost, Says Kingsbury's

In spite of the unusually heavy demand upon the city's charitable resources, due to the European war, the annual report of Charities Commissioner John A. Kingsbury for 1914, submitted to Mayor Mitchel yesterday, shows that the Charities Department fed a daily average of 2,063 more persons than in the previous year without additional cost, serving approximately 6,000 more meals each day than were provided for in the food allowance in the 1914 budget.

"By readjustment of existing resources alone," reports the Commissioner, "we have, upon a conservative estimate, been able to bring about a total economy of nearly a million and a half dollars during the course of the year.

"This was done without any reduction of the quantity or deterioration in the quality of the food provided for the poor. In 1909 there was an average allowance of 305 pounds of milk and cereal per hundred inmates of the city institutions; in 1914, without increasing the expense, we were able to provide an allowance of 1,006 pounds per hundred inmates.

"Among the ways and means employed to bring about this economy have been such measures as the substitution of Argentine beef for domestic beef; a method of regulating waste in the kitchen and dining-rooms which made it possible to raise approximately $10,000 worth of pigs from garbage that had formerly been thrown away; the distribution of food on a per capita per diem basis rather than on a monthly allowance without regard to the fluctuating census.

"Although there was a daily average of 2,000 more dependents in the institutions of the Department of Public Charities during the year 1914, the overcrowding was hardly more noticeable than in the previous winter." This, it is stated, was partly due to the opening of new buildings and a readjustment of space permitting the adding of more beds. Further, the report says:

"We have put to an end the policy of perfunctorily committing dependent children to private asylums, and, as a result of this change of policy, have returned more than a thousand children from institutions to their homes."

MISS SANDERS WEDS K. BANNING TO-DAY

Couple to Live in Chicago After January 1.

Miss Dorothy Carter Sanders and Kendall Banning will be married, at 4 p. m. to-day, at the Church of the Incarnation, 205 Madison Avenue, by the rector, the Rev. Howard Chandler Robbins. The bride's only attendant will be her little niece, Miss Anne Wooton. She will be given in marriage by her brother, Lewis Sanders. Mr. Banning's best man will be Fritz von Briesen.

The bride is a daughter of the late Lewis Sanders, of this city and Kentucky, and a granddaughter of the late George N. Sanders, Confederate commissioner to Europe. Her great-grandfather, Captain Samuel Chester Reid, was a commander in the War of 1812.

Mr. Banning is the only son of the late William Calvin Banning, of this city, well known member of the Union League Club. After he was graduated from Dartmouth, in 1902, he became managing and associate editor of the "System Magazine." At present he is Eastern editor for the A. W. Shaw Company, Ltd., the Chicago publishers. He is the author of "Songs of the Love Unending," "The Squire's Recipes," "In Arcady," and a one-act play called "Copy" which was produced by Edmund Breese.

The bridegroom is a member of the Players and the Aero Club of America and also of the Cliff Dwellers' Club, in Chicago.

He and his bride will live in Chicago after January 1.

DANIELS GIVES AID TO MOVIES

United States Submarine Used by Syd Chaplin in Picture.

AMAZING STUNTS IN TRIANGLE FEATURE

Pauline Frederick Proves To Be Beautiful Bella Donna in Film Play at the Strand.

By HEYWOOD BROUN.

Josephus Daniels, the sternest prophet of preparedness since Ezekiel, simply cannot steel himself against the movie folk. Only let the picture people set their hearts on any particular unit of the United States navy and Mr. Daniels will arrange its surrender. When a screen beauty wanted to get married the Secretary lent a battleship for the ceremony and shared the blame with Cupid. More recently he gave Charlie Chaplin's brother Syd the freedom of a submersible, but no one who sees "A Submarine Pirate" will blame Mr. Daniels much for that.

The new Triangle-Keystone comedy, which was shown for the first time at the Knickerbocker Theatre yesterday, is one of the most amusing films of the season. It is thrilling as well, for it sets a new limit in stunts. The climax is reached when the submarine submerges while Chaplin is pacing the deck and lowers him foot by foot until only the top of the periscope and no part of the actor shows above the surface of the sea.

Some scenes in the same picture of a chase across the roofs of a chain of skyscrapers and a leap from a dangling rope to the top of a moving automobile should go a long way toward convincing the public that moving picture actors get as much money as their press agents say, or, at any rate, that they ought to.

Syd Chaplin is not quite so amusing as his famous brother, but he breaks dishes with artistic abandon and kicks, trips and tumbles with a technique which is at all times adequate. The only fault which may be found with "The Submarine Pirate" is the rather unfortunate memories which are aroused by the scene in which a steamer is torpedoed, even though the picture expressly provides that all the passengers shall escape.

The Griffith picture, "Jordan Is a Hard Road," tells an interesting story with much skill. It is a beautiful picture, too, in its glimpses of those glorious unscarred stretches of country which lie beyond the limits of our subway. At no time, however, is there insistence on scenery to the detriment of action. This is fortunate, for the story concerns lovable folk. Frank Campeau plays the part of a bandit who reforms without losing a whit of his charm, and Dorothy Gish is attractive as a young miss without need of repentence.

Naturally, the good girl is the daughter of the bad bandit, and has no small share in bringing him away from the wild life to the tame. Campeau is able to bear the close scrutiny of the camera with a sufficient range of expression to avoid even the semblance of posing, which is a rare trait, and Miss Gish is dowered with an attribute found seldom in moving picture actresses. She has a sense of humor, and is not afraid to use it. A love scene between her and Owen Moore, purposely played in a mock heroic style, was delightful. We are not at all sure that love scenes in real life are not couched in much the same spirit.

Fred Burns, Lester Perry and Jim Kid act and ride like horse thieves, and before the play is done a stage coach has been held up, several men shot, a bandit converted and a pretty heroine of the plains wedded to a titled young Englishman. Jordan may be a hard road, but not for the spectator.

The third number on the new Triangle bill is "The Winged Idol," with Katharine Kaelred. Our notion of the film is a bit vague, but it seemed to be about a vampire woman with a good heart. The play lacks coherence to an extraordinary degree, but clearness probably would not save it, as it is also beset with silliness.

Pauline Frederick is an alluring Bella Donna in the feature film at the Strand this week. Even after it was proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that she had been putting poison in her husband's coffe, not a few in the audience grieved to see her turned out of the house in a blinding sandstorm.

The atmosphere of Egypt, which was obtained in Florida, is well suggested, except in a scene in which the presence of the pyramids is indicated in an altogether obvious backdrop. For the rest, palms, prayers, minarets, fellucas, dancing girls and camels are all in their proper places. The love scenes between Bella Donn and Baroudi, played by Hamilton L'Estrange, are done in a manner and spirit altogether suitable to Egypt and its climate. Miss Frederick has seldom looked more beautiful, and for the sake of the screen she succeeds in looking exceedingly wicked as well. Sin and sorcery have ever been a pleasant combination.

CONCERTS AT AEOLIAN AND CARNEGIE HALLS

Melanie Kurt Unable to Appear with Philharmonic—Evan Williams Sings.

Although Mme. Melanie Kurt, who had been announced to appear as assisting artist at yesterday afternoon's concert of the Philharmonic Orchestra, was unable to appear, the huge auditorium of Carnegie Hall was entirely filled. It is evident that the society has at last succeeded in making its popular appeal felt, for each concert this season has been very nearly sold out.

Yesterday afternoon was the first popular concert of the season, the pièce de résistance being Dvorak's little heard Fourth Symphony. It is strange that this symphony has not been heard here more often, for though possibly not a composition of supreme genius, it is one of rare charm, invention and melodic beauty. Mr. Stransky succeeded in bringing out most admirably its calm, pastoral spirit, and once more gave evidence of the general improvement in the band's personnel. The other numbers were Wagner's "Siegfried's Idyll," Tschaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" overture, Grieg's "Heart Wounds" and "The Last Spring" and Liszt's "Tasso."

Mr. Evan Williams gave his annual recital in Aeolian Hall coincident with the Philharmonic offering, and the capacity audience of the one was duplicated in the other. Mr. Williams has a loyal and constant following, and it is the more to be regretted that his faults and affectations of manner continue to mar his singing. Despite a slight huskiness of tone, his voice remains one of the most beautiful organs on the concert stage, and his native feeling is always apparent. Unfortunately, he seems to believe that an exaggerated sentimentality of interpretation and a "thrice linked sweetness long drawn out" are the prime requisites of the song recitals. The result cannot but cause the judicious to grieve.

On his programme yesterday were songs by Mozart, Schubert, Schumann, Rubinstein, Hugo Wolf, Cornelius, Dvorak, Grieg, Brahms, Max Heinrich, Tipton and Lemare.

MISS EMILY STEVENS.

Actress who is playing chief part in Louis Anspacher's "The Unchastened Woman."

WAR STORIES FOR TUXEDO

Frederick Palmer to Give Lecture Week of November 22.

[By Telegraph to The Tribune.]

Tuxedo Park, N. Y., Nov. 14.—Perfect weather brought out a large crowd to Tuxedo for Sunday. The entertainment committee on the late autumn festivities have arranged an elaborate programme for next week. Monday, November 22, Frederick Palmer, the war correspondent, will give a lecture and illustrated motion pictures in the ballroom of scenes in the war zone, and the following week, Saturday, November 27, Roy Chapman Andrews, of the American Museum of Natural History, New York, will give a lecture, illustrating with stereopticon views and motion pictures, on seals and whale fishing. There will be dinners before each entertainment, followed by informal dancing at the clubhouse.

Mr. and Mrs. James Lowell Putnam, who are at the clubhouse, entertained a party at luncheon to-day, and Mr. and Mrs. William Lawrence Green were also host and hostess to a large luncheon party. Mrs. Lee Delafield entertained at luncheon at the club to-day a party of fourteen. Frank T. Patterson, of Philadelphia, arrived by motor and entertained Mr. and Mrs. E. McK. Price and Mrs. C. Leland Harrison over Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Auchincloss are at the club for the week end and Mr. and Mrs. John M. Rutherford are with Mr. and Mrs. Richard Mortimer. Among other arrivals to-day for Sunday were Mr. and Mrs. I. G. Saxe, Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay Russell, Newell W. Tilton, Mr. and Mrs. James Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. G. Dewitt Williamson, J. M. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Willard Brown, G. McCulloch Miller, jr., and H. Gallatin Pell.

SWISS TO DANCE AT CAPITAL BALL

Stauffacherin Members Will Appear at Annual Affair in Native Costumes.

[By Telegraph to The Tribune.]

Washington, Nov. 14.—The Swiss Minister and Mme. Ritter will be guests of honor at the annual Swiss ball, to be given here on Wednesday night. One of the special features will be the appearance of members of the Stauffacherin in native dances and picturesque native costumes.

Commander and Mrs. George L. Smith entertained at supper to-night Mr and Mrs. Charles V. Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. George Y. Wheeler, Mrs. Charles J. Lang, Lieutenant Thompson, U. S. N., Miss Sara Fariel and F. E. Michel.

Mrs. James F. Barbour and Miss Marguerite Barbour left Washington this afternoon for New York.

Miss Harriet R. Southerland, daughter of Rear Admiral and Mrs. Southerland, joined her parents here to-day, after visits in and near Boston.

The Attorney General and Mrs. Gregory will have a large house party of young folk with them during the early part of the winter. Mrs. Gregory and Miss Jane Gregory will go to Boston on Friday for the Harvard-Yale football game. On their return they will stop in New York for the Army-Navy game, and will meet two of Miss Gregory's girl friends—Miss Mary Bryan, of Houston, and Miss Mary Taylor, of Tyler, Texas—who will come to Washington with them. Miss Cornelia Keasby, daughter of Professor Keasby, of the University at Austin, Texas, will join the party after Christmas.

OBITUARY.

MRS. N. B. DE SAUSSURE.

Englewood, N. J., Nov. 14.—Mrs. Nannie Bostick De Saussure, seventy-eight, widow of Dr. Henry William De Saussure, died to-day at her home on East Palisade Avenue. Mrs. De Saussure was born in South Carolina, the descendant of one of the State Chancellors, and lived for many years with her husband in Charleston.

For the last twenty-five years she made her home with her son-in-law, the late Frederick B. Schenck, who was president of the Liberty National Bank of New York. She leaves one granddaughter, Miss Dorothy De Saussure Schenck, of Englewood.

MRS. HANNAH SHUGRUE.

Mrs. Hannah Shugrue, eighty-four, mother of School Commissioner Michael Shugrue, died yesterday at her home, 93 Kingsland Avenue, Corona. Mrs. Shugrue had lived in Corona forty-two years. The funeral will be held on Tuesday.

NEWS OF PLAYS AND PLAYERS

Ethel Barrymore To Be a Real Mrs. McChesney—Sothern's New Play.

The routine of playing the part of a business woman eight times a week for the last few weeks has had its effect on Ethel Barrymore, and she is about to become in actuality as well as advertisement, "Our Mrs. McChesney." Following the footsteps of her grandmother, the late Mrs. John Drew, she will become a manageress! The success of her present engagement has made it apparent that she will remain at the Lyceum Theatre well into the summer, and last week she broached the subject of organizing a road company to Alf Hayman. "I've always wanted to be a manageress," she told him, "and now I want to make an arrangement with you so that I can pick my own company, arrange its tour, select the scenery, have the printing done, and everything else you'd do." "You're on!" said Mr. Hayman. So Miss Barrymore will start at once, with her own stenographers and in her own office, to organize her own "Our Mrs. McChesney" company.

The World Film Corporation announces that its next release will be "Camille," with Clara Kimball Young in the title role.

E. H. Sothern will shortly appear in his second production of the season, "Lord Dundreary." It was Mr. Sothern's original purpose that he should be seen in a revival of one of his old successes or a new comedy each six weeks during the season, but the popularity of Alfred Sutro's "The Two Virtues," has interfered with this plan. Mr. Sothern's father, who created the role, first appeared as "Lord Dundreary" on October 14, 1858. Mr. Sothern has revived his father's great part twice previously, in 1908 and 1914.

A special matinee for ministers will b given Wednesday afternoon at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre, so that the clergymen of New York may see and meditate on the subject of "The Eternal Magdalene," Robert McLoughlin's drama which has been described as "a play for persons over eighty." More people will probably attend church next Sunday, so some good may be accomplished, after all.

Olive Oliver, Amelia Gardner and Minnie Dupree, representative members of the Gamut Club, had the leading feminine roles in three playlets given last night at the Bramhall Playhouse before club members and their guests.

A well known shoe manufacturer of Newark has written to Molly Pearson, who plays the role of a shoe saleslady in "Hobson's Choice," asking permission to name a new shoe the "Molly Pearson Shoe." Business of profound jealousy by Mrs. Vernon Castle.

To Whom It May Concern: "The Battle Cry of Peace," that wonderful photo-dramatic spectacle depicting the capture and bombardment of New York City, etc., will open to-day in the cradle of American Independence, Philadelphia, Penn.

Louise Closser Hale has been selected to play the role of Mrs. Effie, the social climber, in "Ruggles of Red Gap," in which Ralph Herz will shortly appear at the Shubert Theatre.

The Garden Theatre will open tonight with a private performance of Bjornson's "When the Young Vine Blooms," for the members of Emanuel Reicher's two companies, who are not engaged in the first production. The season will begin to-morrow evening under the auspices of The Modern Stage and the American People's Theatre. No regular performance will be given on Mondays.

Society girls will sell programmes at the Bandbox Theatre to-morrow night for the benefit of the Blue Cross Fund for horses injured in battle abroad.

RARE VELVETS TO BE SHOWN

What is regarded by expert art collectors as a remarkable acquisition is the collection of "Plates of All Nations," gathered by Thomas B. Clarke, which, with his textiles and embroideries, is to be placed on exhibition at the American Art Galleries on New Year's Day.

These plates, rarer than paintings, are more easily understood, perhaps, and are more readily adaptable in a decorative scheme. The velvets in the colors of gems include productions of the sixteenth century in Italy, some fifteenth century Gothics, Spanish and Portuguese velvets of the seventeenth century and French of the eighteenth. They are in form of vestments, costumes, portieres, valances and canopies. The catalogue will contain many illustrations, some of them in color.

Edith Cavell

SOME OF THE LESS KNOWN FACTS OF HER EXECUTION—HOW IT WAS ARRANGED—WHO ORDERED IT AND WHY—OUR MINISTER'S EFFORTS—NO OFFENCE AGAINST "MILITARY LAW"—THE KING AND QUEEN—QUEEN ALEXANDRA—THE KAISER.

[Copyright, 1915, by G. W. Smalley.]

London, October 25.

Her real assassin is the Kaiser. You, I think, were the first to make this visible and flagrant—with your cartoon: The dead body of a woman, the German Emperor standing by with a smoking pistol; and beneath him the epitaph, "Gott Mit Uns." That is the description cabled here, and no comment has been so enlightening. To the horror of this woman-murder the English perhaps woke slowly, because it is not in the English nature to conceive of such infamy. But when they woke it was once for all.

I do not think they have learned or will ever learn, in the German sense, the German lesson of hate. But they are beginning to understand how loathsome a thing is this German hate; since it is but the true expression of the true German nature. "We shall never be gentlemen," said the German general in the same breath in which he foretold that the English would always be fools; obviously, fools enough to be gentlemen. But they do not in their folly, as do the Germans in their wisdom, array against themselves the wrath of all Christendom.

How the Murder Was Arranged.

But it is only this morning that they have gone so straight to the root of all the evil as you do. Sir Valentine Chirol, who knows Germany from end to end and from top to bottom, takes up your parable—which is not a parable but the plain truth—in a letter to "The Times." He asks:

"Can it be for a moment imagined that General von Bissing would have rushed Miss Cavell's execution as he did, had he not been certain of his imperial master's approval?"

General von Bissing's Imperial master was at that very moment in Belgium; in touch with Brussels and the Governor of Brussels. The court martial was organized to convict; took it orders direct from the Kaiser. Miss Cavell did not deny that she had helped Belgians and English to escape. Why should she. She had a moral and legal right to. With or without evidence, her doom was determined. The Kaiser had willed and ordered her death. She was English. That was enough.

Each fact, as it becomes known, adds to the odium of this murder. "The New York Herald's" sentence came, like yours, from across the Atlantic: "Motto for the firing party in Belgium, 'Women first.'" But I suppose no German, whether in Germany or in German America, can understand why English and Americans alike execrate this German spirit and German act, nor why we all speak in the same hushed tones of Miss Cavell's "martyrdom."

She is a martyr to German hate and to the baseness of the German nature toward women. We all know how women are treated in Germany; a German wife, something between a mistress and a household drudge, chivalry is a word unknown to the German; a thing to him inconceivable. On the contrary, the weaker his foe the more hellish his delight in torturing and killing. Never will he understand why the name of Edith Cavell, because of her noble life and nobler martyr death, stands henceforth high on the list of English saints.

Our Minister's Efforts.

For what Mr. Brand Whitlock, our Minister in Brussels, did, for his unavailing efforts to save this Englishwoman from her predetermined fate, no tribute can be too high. The Germans, the official, responsible Germans, including General von Bissing, lied to him, deceived him, baffled him by treachery. Behind Mr. Whitlock, says the cable, stood his government. It was therefore to our government at Washington that the Germans, as their habit is, lied. It was not only Mr. Whitlock but our government whom the Germans flouted and insulted; as their habit is. And it is again our government, in the distinguished person of our too-proud-to-fight President, who again, as again the cable tells us, can find in this fresh insult no occasion for protest. He takes it, as he has taken others before it, lying down. And so once again it is the manhood of the American press which saves us, as a nation, from the scorn of all Europe.

English Homage.

The German murderers of Edith Cavell refuse to allow even her dead body to come to England. They cling to the corpse. Death itself does not appease their savage hate. So, as there can be no funeral, there is to be a Memorial Service in St. Paul's on Friday. The Germans cannot prevent that; unless perchance they send a Zeppelin to destroy the Cathedral and are lucky enough to hit it. What joy for Germany if they should, or could, do that! What greater joy if they could destroy not only the Cathedral but the Prime Minister and the great company of great Englishmen and great Englishwomen who will attend to offer their last homage to Edith Cavell! No, not their last, for her name is immortal, and the reverence of all generations to come is hers. This English race will never forget her, nor will the world.

The King and Queen.

Nor can these hating Germans silence the King and Queen, whose hearts go out to Edith Cavell's mother. The King of England and the Queen of England—they are sometimes England itself. They speak for England when they declare to Mrs. Cavell in her bitter sorrow "their horror at the appalling deed which has robbed you of your child." They kneel by the altar since they cannot kneel by her grave.

Queen Alexandra.

And Queen Alexandra—do you know what a steadfast friend she has been and is to America? I do not forget, and I hope you do not, her words of sympathetic friendship to us in the midst of our last war—early in that war, when Spain was still supposed to be a formidable enemy and New York—as we ourselves at one time thought—in danger from a Spanish fleet. Said this Sea King's daughter from over the sea:

"I hope your news from home is good. You know our best wishes are with you."

And that ever beautiful face shone with a new beauty in the light of those kindly thoughts for us, her kin beyond the sea. Hers, also, was the voice of the English people. It is again their voice when she writes to Mrs. Cavell that she "views this unheard-of act with the utmost abhorrence," and says:

"We shall always remember that she never once failed England in her hour of need."

Her Work for Germans.

Nor will England fail her. Let us remember also that the King is own cousin to the imperial butcher under whose felon-stroke this Englishwoman went down. The Kaiser stooped from his throne to reach his prey. He fired the shot which stilled her heart. She had been the nurse, the benefactor, almost the friend, of his own wounded German soldiers. Two other women condemned to death for the same offence against what the Germans cynically call their military law he pardoned. They were not English.

There is in Belgium no military law. The presence of the Germans in Belgium is the violation of all law; an act of illegal military violence; out of which no law can grow; nor can any violation of a law which does not exist be illegal. The only law in Belgium is the law of brute and brutal force. All honor to the woman who swept it aside on her errand of mercy!

The Kaiser's Hatred.

It is not the beginning of the Kaiser's hatred of the English. It began with his mother. He hated his mother. He publicly insulted her; as a boy and later. While he was still Prince William of Prussia officers of a Prussian Guards regiment gave him a dinner. As he sat at table his nose bled. The officer by his side offered him a handkerchief. Said the future murderer of Edith Cavell:

"No. The more of this damned English blood I get rid of the better."

The damned English blood was his mother's: then the Crown Princess of Germany; daughter of Queen Victoria; afterward the Empress Frederick. He hated his mother because she was English and because she was his mother.

I don't like to stain a column devoted to the memory of Edith Cavell with the name or the acts of her executioner, but it is right the true nature of this Jack Ketch-Kaiser should be known. He takes his way down the ages in blood and crime, with meaner vices in attendance. Are we Americans to spare him because he sits on a German Imperial Throne? G. W. S.

CAPITAL'S SOCIAL CALENDAR DELAYED

Hostesses Await White House Programme Before Issuing Invitations.

[From The Tribune Bureau.]

Washington, Nov. 14.—The President and Mrs. Galt went for a motor ride this afternoon in the rain. To-night Mrs. Galt and several others joined the President and his household at dinner. The usual curious throng lined up near the Central Presbyterian Church this morning to see the President and Mrs. Galt arrive for the service. Miss Bones, however, accompanied him instead of his fiancée, Mrs. Galt going with members of her family to an Episcopal church.

A strong effort will be made this week by clerks at the White House to get the President to decide on the official social calendar for the winter. A delay in giving out this information upsets capital society to a great extent, as entertaining in Washington, where so many distinguished foreigners and high officials are concerned, must be a settled matter when the season opens. As the matter now stands hostesses are afraid to issue invitations for dinner parties for fear some White House date will conflict. This was the case two seasons ago, when the President went South for the Christmas holidays and was detained there until he had to change the dates for official receptions and dinners for which invitations had been issued. Society women found their guests of honor taken away from them by White House dinners or receptions, and great consternation reigned.

It has been the custom of Presidents to entertain the members of the Cabinet at dinner at the White House about the middle of December. The reception and dinner to the diplomatic corps usually follows soon after the New Year's reception, the two events being a week apart, and these events are followed in a week by the reception to the Supreme Court and judiciary, and so on, each reception and dinner being a week apart.

Saslavsky Quartet in Recital.

The Saslavsky String Quartet, composed of Alexander Saslavsky, Louis Wolfe, Hans Weissman and Jacques Renard, members of the New York Symphony Orchestra, will give a recital next Thursday evening at the Curtis Lyceum of the Staten Island Academy, at St. George. The feature of the programme will be the quartet, "American," of Dvorak.

RHOADES COLLECTION SOLD

All Except a Few Canvases Disposed of at Private Sale.

The collection of American pictures formed by the late John Harsen Rhoades and which, it had been reported, would come to the auction market this season, has, according to the current issue of "The American Art News," with the exception of a few examples, including some of Ranger, Twachtmann and Blakelock, been sold privately by Snedecor & Co., of 107 West Forty-seventh Street for the estate.

The handling of the collection by these dealers and the disposition of the pictures at private sale so quietly that the news has not been made public until now, says the writer in "The Art News," is most interesting and is significant, as the works sold have all brought good prices, of a return of prosperity to the art business world. The collection of Mr. Rhoades numbered almost two hundred canvases.

Some of the most important pictures have been sold to American museums, and the Worcester Museum, in particular, has obtained a fine example of Homer Martin.

WHAT IS GOING ON TO-DAY.

Free admission to the American Museum of Natural History, Van Cortlandt Park Museum and the Aquarium.

Military Show, Madison Square Garden.

Public lectures by the Board of Education, 8:45 p. m. Manhattan—"Old Castile and Leon," by Professor Charles L. Clark, Washington Irving High School, Irving Place, Sixteenth and Seventeenth Streets (illustrated); "Edward Burlingame, the American Impressionist," by John S. Van Cleve, Ph. D., Public School 27, Forty-second Street, east of Third Avenue; "The Balkan Question—The Slav Map of Europe," by Edward F. Humphrey, Ph. D., Public School 46, 156th Street and St. Nicholas Avenue; "Progressive Scandinavia," by Mrs. Kate L. McAlee, Public School 59, 228 East Fifty-seventh Street (illustrated); "The Music of the Magyars," by Arpad Rado, Public School 62, Hester, Essex and Norfolk Streets (illustrated by violin selections); "Othello," by Woodman Babbitt, Public School 119, 133d Street, east of Eighth Avenue; "Three Great Women Dramatists," by Frederick Paulding, Public School 165, 156th Street, west of Amsterdam Avenue; "Industrial Effects of the Electrical Current," by Charles L. Harrington, Public School 166, Park Avenue, Sixty-eighth and Sixty-ninth Streets (illustrated); "The Violin Through All Periods," by Mrs. Doris Booker Shaffer, New York Public Library, 115 East Sixty-ninth Street (illustrated by selections on the violin with piano accompaniment); "How to Dress," by Miss E. A. Winslow, New York Public Library, 331 East Tenth Street (illustrated); "Schumann, the Poet of the Piano (1810)," by Miss Margaret Anderson, Pilgrim Hall (Broadway Tabernacle), Fifty-eighth Street and Broadway (illustrated by selections); "California and the Expositions of 1915," by Robert G. Wyth, jr., Columbus Branch, 243 West Twenty-fifth Street (illustrated); "London and Sunday Excursions Therefrom," by Dr. Curtis Lee Laws, St. Luke's Hall, 487 Hudson Street (illustrated); "Asia," by Miss Alice Everman, Morris High School, 166th Street and Boston Road, The Bronx (illustrated by selections); "Nationalism vs. Sectionalism," by David Saville Muzzey, Ph. D., Public School 46, 156th Street, between Bathbridge and Briggs Avenues, The Bronx; "To the Top of Tacoma (Rainier)," by Joseph E. Appleg, Public School 59, Bryant and Vyse Avenues, north of 172d Street, The Bronx (illustrated); "The Indian Dance," by Ethel A. Ref, Lafayette Hall, Alexander Avenue and 137th Street, The Bronx (illustrated).

SONGS OF SOUTH AT THE BANDBOX

Mrs. Collingwood Tucker Delights Audience with Folk Music.

TERRIFYING BALLADS AMONG LULLABIES

Plantation Melodies and Their Artistic Descendants Have Interesting Exposition.

By H. E. KREHBIEL.

There was nothing, perhaps, more indicative of the utterly unconventional, even unprofessional, character of the entertainment given in the Bandbox Theatre yesterday afternoon than the fact that there was nothing in the announcement on the house bill which one received after entering the tiny playhouse to tell who it was that was to give the entertainment. Not even what its character was to be, unless it could be guessed from the list of titles which followed the general heading "Songs of the Old South." As a matter of fact, there is scarcely a definition in our ordinary concert-room terminology which would have fitted the case, for it was neither lecture nor concert, nor even that hybrid thing called a lecture-recital.

It might have been well had the programme mentioned the name of the entertainer, but even that was forgotten, or neglected, and one had to guess that it was Mrs. Collingwood Tucker from some excerpts from newspaper notices printed on the back of the programme.

The audience, however, not numerous but extremely appreciative and cordial in its expression of approval, seemed well able to dispense with all introductory words. Like Mrs. Tucker, they were from the South (the majority of them, at any rate), and if they did not know her personally they knew by inheritance, or experience, or intuition the songs she had come to sing and talk about, and showed by many a neighborly nudge and smile and hearty laugh how much they enjoyed the reminders of her childhood which had also been theirs, the bits of amiable local color in the pronunciation of some words, the humor and also the pathos of her tales and her songs.

Mrs. Tucker's vivacious and unconventional style too completely won the hearts of her listeners to permit them to become critical about the matter and manner of her serious discourse on folksong in general, with which she began her conversation with her audience. That is what her entertainment was—a conversation enlivened with anecdote and song which, toward the close, when its artistic and scientific purport seemed wholly lost sight of, was, we fancy, like a Sunday afternoon a couple of decades ago in Captain Dickinson's home in Chattanooga. But that Mrs. Tucker wanted to be serious in purpose with all her light-heartedness of style was evident every little while all through the afternoon. She argued along lines familiar to many Tribune readers in setting forth the nature, significance and beauty of folksongs in general and Afro-American folksongs in particular; but her plea in their behalf was much more eloquent in the infectious humor of her singing of "Hey! Mistah Rabbit" and her deeply emotional interpretation of "I Couldn't Hear Nobody Pray" than in her arguments. It was something new to those of her listeners who had no experience of the romance of Southern plantation life to hear (and see, also) how the old Mammys of blessed memory used to put their little charges to sleep, not with the soothing songs prescribed by the methods of the modern scientific nursery, but by singing songs of fearful import and "jist w'aring 'em out." Mrs. Tucker's demonstration opened the door to speculation in the psychology of cradle songs. The writer of this notice was reminded of how he came into possession of a beautiful variant of the grewsome ballad of "Hugh of Lincoln," as it is called in the history of English balladry.

After a lecture some years ago on folksong in America in a New England city, a lady of gentle birth and breeding put in his hands a version of the old song which has ritual murder for its theme, and said she and her family had been sung to sleep by it for generations, and had never once suspected the awfulness of its story. But she could recall visibly one of its melodic effects, because it always made the "sleepy feeling" come.

The first part of Mrs. Tucker's entertainment was devoted to secular and religious folksongs; the second, to a song of antebellum days and two illustrating the humor and pathos of Southern plantation life during and after the War of the Rebellion. Then came specimens of the artistic aftermath called forth by the real folksongs and the imitations of them which enlivened negro minstrelsy in its palmy days. She sang "Kingdom Comin'" and "Camptown Races" rollickingly and unctuously and "De Ole Home" with a simple pathos which had a special appeal for many of her hearers.

C. C. N. Y. Alumni Memorial.

The associate alumni will hold a memorial service in the Great Hall of the College of the City of New York on November 21 at 2:45 p. m. in commemoration of members who died during the year. Justice Samuel Greenbaum, of the Supreme Court, president of the alumni association, will preside. Professor Charles P. Fagnani, of the Union Theological Seminary, is chairman of the committee on arrangements. Professor Samuel A. Baldwin will give an organ recital after the services.

MARRIED.

HALL-EARNSHAW—On November 10, 1915, at 339 Central Ave., Orange, N. J., by the Rev. F. Creswick Todd, Gertrude Earnshaw, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Henry Earnshaw, to John Howe Hall, of High Bridge, N. J. Boston papers please copy.

Notices of marriages and deaths must be accompanied by full name and address.

DIED.

Cooke, John S. Sands, Dr. Norton J.

COOKE—At Paterson, N. J., on Saturday, November 13, 1915, John Swinburne Cooke, in his 59th year. Funeral services on Tuesday, November 16, at his late home, 364 Broadway, Paterson, at 2 o'clock p. m. Interment at Cedarlawn, at convenience of family. Please omit flowers.

SANDS—At Port Chester, N. Y., November 13, 1915, Dr. Norton J. Sands, aged 70 years. Funeral services from his late residence, 348 North Main st., on Tuesday, November 16, at 4 p. m.

CEMETERIES.

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