The Conning Tower

AN ANTHOLOGY OF DIFFERENTIATION
II.
VOCATIONS AND AVOCATIONS.

I watched the crowd at Forty-second Street
Burrow into the subway, intent on their vocations.
Elbowed, hustled, pushed along the crowded platforms
Like reluctant goaded kine, sniffing the shambles.
I watched that other crowd at Forty-second Street,
Pouring out of the subway exit holes
Like angry hornets from a shaken nest;
Each wrapped in rude oblivion of haste,
Intent on his vocation.
I wish that somehow we might look upon
That same distracted throng,
Say, after breakfast on a Sunday morning:
Each in his individual domicile,
Intent upon his avocation.
Vocation and avocation—the wide horizons of the world
Too closely lie to bound the leagues that lie between.

Vocation dwells amid the clangor and the hum of shops,
Or walks the crowded thoroughfares of trade.
Vocation bends the back o'er littered desks,
And dulls the ear with clicking type machines.
Vocation plays upon the myriad keys that drive the trains,
And load the ships, and move the mighty commerce of the world.
Vocation wears the scholar's cap and gown,
And crawls through all the legal rat holes of the past
To liberate a witless murderer or master thief.
Vocation sits at the directors' board
And casts the loaded dice that shock the world;
Then bellows, sweats and claws the air
About the trading posts in the Exchange.
Now picture if you can the individual increment
Of all this travail of the hand and brain,—
A bed, a garment, and three meals a day,
Set in a frame that's gilded—more or less.

But avocation is the shy unchristened child of love;
Banished, imprisoned, starved,
Fed on the paltry crumbs of time
That fall between the hours of toil and sleep.
It hides in garret studios, and midnight dens
Walled round with friendly books;
The brave old sign *"Hic habitat Felicitas"* tacked on the door.
It steals away to woods and fields down by the sounding sea,
With fishing rod, a golf bag, or a net for butterflies.
It boasts no costly equipage;
For this one, brushes and palette, or a stick of chalk:
For that, an etcher's needle or a lump of clay;
Another—Webster, and Roget, and Barnum's book of rhymes;
Or just a pipe, a scrap of paper and a fountain pen.
The rewards of avocation are not measured by accomplishment,
Or paid in legal tender of the realm.
Its recompense is gold of summer skies,
And jewels from the diadem of night.
'Tis granted to its devotees, to hear the sirens sing,
And great Apollo strike the sounding lyre;
Or climb with Homer to Olympian heights;
Or slake their thirst at the Pierian spring.
They only, see the wonders of the world.
They only, hear the singing of the spheres.
They only, feel the beating heart of life.
And now and then some gifted one,
Following a will o' wisp of fancy, for the pleasure of the chase,
Snares some tremendous secret of the skies,
And leaves the world forever in his debt.
As when Ben Franklin with his kite and ball of string,
Brought down celestial fire from heaven to earth.

SCARAMOUCH.

YANKEE NOVELTIES IN CONCERT FORM

Bingham's "Orchestral Fantasy" and Mason's Prelude to "Pageant of Cape Cod."

There were two novelties at yesterday afternoon's symphony concerts, and both were by Americans.

At the Philharmonic concert at Carnegie Hall Seth Bingham's "Orchestral Fantasy" received its manuscript performance, and succeeded in arousing some genuine interest. Mr. Bingham is at present instructor of organ in the musical department at Yale and choirmaster of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church.

His "Fantasy" was written in 1911 and was first played by the New Haven Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Horatio Parker. The work is without any definite programme. It employs two themes, the opening one a melody for the violins in unison, the latter a strongly marked motive, published by the brass, the greater part of the composition being a development of these two themes. The "Fantasy" is a fine straightforward and manfully performance, of much rhythmic invention and not a little spontaneous energy, even if without any marked distinction. It was well played by Mr. Damrosch's orchestra.

The other numbers on the programme were Goldmark's "Spring" overture, the Dvorak violoncello Concerto in B minor, played by Miss Beatrice Harrison, and a group designed by Saint-Saëns, his "Phaëton," "Danse Macabre," "Le Rouet d'Omphale," "Danse Macabre," and the "Marche Militaire," from the suite "Algerienne."

The other novelty opened the Symphony Society's programme at Aeolian Hall. It was Daniel Gregory Mason's overture "The Pageant of Cape Cod." This work was first played in August, when the Pageant was produced at Plymouth, Mass., and was receiving its New York production yesterday. It suffered undoubtedly much from being withdrawn from its proper setting, and as given yesterday failed to make any very definite impression. It is melodious enough, but did not appear to possess any great originality either of matter or treatment. As a curtain for the concert hall it was not of the composer's best.

Mr. Damrosch gave the Schumann Fourth Symphony as his *pièce de résistance*, and ended the programme with Smetana's "Ultava." Miss Marcia Hadley, who seemed in admirable voice, gave an air from "Cosi fan tutti," which she would have sung better with more effort, and Mahler's "Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen."

Mme. Kreisler's name always assures a full house at the Metropolitan, and this was the case last night. Mr. Kreisler played the Bruch violin concerto in G minor and a group of his own arrangements. The other artists appearing were Luca Botta, who sang Verdi's "Ingemisco," from Verdi's "Requiem," and an air from Donizetti's "Lucia de Rahan," and Miss Sophie Braslau, who gave Goring-Thomas's "My Heart Is Weary" and "Voce di Donna," from "La Gioconda." The orchestra was under the direction of Gerhard Hageman.

MISS HILL GIVES RECITAL

Varied Programme Well Received at Bandbox Theatre.

Julia Hill, soprano, who made her first appearance at the Bandbox Theatre last night, received a flattering welcome. To a voice that has many commendable qualities Miss Hill adds a pleasing personality. Her diction in the French and German songs is noteworthy.

Miss Hill's programme included a group of songs by Hugo Wolf, Wagner's "Träume," Reger's "Leise, Leise weht ihr Lüfte," "Ständchen," by Strauss, and songs by Sinding, Quilter, Macdowell, Rachmaninoff, Erich Wolff, Zemlinsky, Poldowski, Chausson and Aubert. She proved herself capable of interpreting moods and impressions, although her voice was somewhat hard at times.

TRINITY CHANCEL DEDICATED

Church Has New Choir and Clergy Stalls and Marble Pavement.

Members of many old families of the parish filled the pews of Trinity Church yesterday morning to witness the dedication of its new chancel. Around the Astor altar and reredos have been built new choir and clergy stalls, sanctuary rail and marble paving, the gifts of Louis V. Bell, in memory of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Bell.

The stalls and altar rail are of brown oak, elaborately carved with many figures of angels and choristers bearing scrolls and holding musical instruments. Thomas Nash was the architect. Improvements have also been made in the organ, which greatly betters its tone and increases its volume.

In his sermon Dr. William T. Manning, the rector, traced the history of Trinity parish since it was founded, 219 years ago, and praised the beautifying of the chancel as an adjunct to public worship. So long as the ancient faith was kept entire, he said, Trinity could make use of all that was modern.

KIPS BAY SOCIETY TO MEET

Fire Prevention Chief Will Speak at Third Annual Meeting.

The third annual meeting of the Kips Bay Neighborhood Association, which is concerned with the civic welfare of the section from Twenty-eighth to Fifty-ninth Street, lying between Fifth Avenue and the East River, will be held in the auditorium of Public School 27, 206 East Forty-second Street, to-morrow night at 8 o'clock.

Joseph O. Hammett, chief of the Bureau of Fire Prevention, will speak, and a motion picture film, "The Locked Door," will be shown. Residents of the district are invited to attend.

The association has been instrumental in closing a number of objectionable places and in improving general conditions in the district.

Miss Ferris To Be March Bride.

Orange, N. J., Feb. 6.—The wedding of Miss Helen Josephine Ferris, daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. Elmer Ferris, of the Marlborough Hotel, East Orange, and Clifton C. Field, of Eau Claire, Wis., will take place on Wednesday evening, March 1, in the Hawthorne Avenue Baptist Church, this place. The Rev. Dr. George H. Harris, of Philadelphia, an uncle of Miss Ferris, will officiate.

THOSE HELD EYES ROLL ON SCREEN

Optic Anna Makes Picture Debut in "Madame La Presidente."

ACTION A-PLENTY IN "HELL'S HINGES"

William S. Hart an Overly Deliberate Hero at the Knickerbocker.

Anna Held's 42-centimetre eyes looked out from a motion picture screen yesterday for the first time in history. That is, they looked out during the occasional moments when they were not occupied in rolling vigorously from side to side. Many a hardy mariner with seventeen crossings to his credit will be unable to watch the eyes of Anna roll back and forth on a picture screen without feeling the pangs of seasickness.

Coincidence brings Anna Held to the Strand Theatre for her film debut in "Madame La Presidente" during the same week that the shadow of Fannie Ward is entertaining the public a few blocks further down Broadway. Miss Ward was seen in the stage version of the play four or five years ago at the Garrick Theatre—or was it the Olympic? The play, at any rate, is unimportant. It is a French farce constructed on the Gallic principle that there is nothing funnier than lingerie, unless it be more lingerie. It also makes obeisance to the theory that an extremely humorous situation can be derived by having a man palm off a strange woman as his wife. Of its kind, it is a good enough farce.

Miss Held's florid and gesticulating style of acting is not unsuited to the screen, and there are moments when she is pretty. To be sure, it was a bit of a strain on the imagination to believe that her attraction for the male sex could be as great as the picture would have had us believe. But such a state of disbelief may have been partly induced by outside influences. Only a day or two ago there was a telegraphic item from California stating that Liane Carrera was about to wed. And Liane Carrera is Anna Held's daughter.

Divested of its showy features, it must be admitted that the art of Anna is not long. Her years on the musical comedy stage have not made of her a finished comedienne. But she flirts deftly and controls her celebrated eyes with such skill that not even John Hays Hammond's wireless could do it better. A shrug of the shoulders, however, continues to be her most effective bit of facial expression.

William S. Hart is beginning to typify certain things in the film world. He is ever stoical, slow to anger, but possessed of the powers of a hundred men when aroused. He is a bluff, wholesome fellow whose ideas are frequently a little peculiar, and he goes about matters in exclusively his own way. But when the showdown arrives, depend upon it, William S. Hart will be found lined up on the side of righteousness. In a way, he is the William Hodge of pictures.

This week, for example, Hart is appearing at the Knickerbocker Theatre in a William Hodge-podge called "Hell's Hinges." Hart should beware of a tendency to overdo his favorite trick—deliberation. It is effective when used with discretion, but a man should not need more than fifty or sixty feet of film for the mere purpose of turning his head to gaze into the eyes of the man beside him. Or, if he does need it, his head should be working with sufficient smoothness by the time the next emergency arises that he will not need it again.

Once the star's head is turned to his satisfaction, however, "Hell's Hinges" has some good moments. The title refers to a town—"a gun-fighting, man-killing, devil's den of iniquity that scorched even the sun-parched soil on which it stood." Hart has the opportunity to do some good riding, to carry a drunken minister on his back, to shoot the villain and a few subvillains, to set the town afire and to marry the minister's sister. The Kaiser himself has appeared in pictures and done less.

Programmes of the Week at Other Picture Theatres

Fannie Ward is at all times a delightful heroine in "Tennessee's Pardner," a dashing, vivid and well sustained portrayal of "Forty-niner" life, shown for the first time yesterday at the Broadway Theatre. To bestow credit where due, the picture is Marion Harland's scenario of Scott Marble's dramatization of Bret Harte's novel.

Miss Ward was altogether charming in the role of the girl who, brought up in a convent, is transferred to a rough mining town and immediately becomes the popular favorite. Fifteen years earlier her mother had eloped with the man who had killed her father. The father's last word is that the daughter be left in the care of Jack Hunter. Jack puts her in a convent and declares to the miners that from now on she is his "pardner."

The working out of the story is decidedly dramatic. In fact, there is a fine combination of adventure, love, humor and charm in the picture, the best Lasky release since Geraldine Farrar in "Carmen."

Vivian Martin is seen to advantage in "Merely Mary Ann," a film version of Israel Zangwill's play, shown yesterday at the Academy of Music by William Fox. Miss Martin gives an interpretation which compares favorably with that of Eleanor Robson, who created the role on the legitimate stage.

The old story of the poor little girl who suddenly comes into a fortune is familiar to every one and the present telling of it no less startling than any former one. Miss Martin is aided by Harry Hilliard, Laura Lyman, Isabel O'Madigan, Sidney Bracy, Niles Welch and others.

1,200 Y. W. C. A. GIRLS DRILL

Miss MacKaye Is Conducting Plans for Jubilee Pageant.

Miss Hazel MacKaye, who originated and developed the suffrage pageant in Washington in 1913, is training 1,200 girls for the pageant to be given by the Young Women's Christian Association on the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the organization in New York, on February 25. In explaining her plans she said:

"The central theme of the pageant is the activities of the Young Women's Christian Association and its application to all the features of the everyday life of the girl of to-day. The origin of the association is told in a dramatic prologue, picturing forlorn working girls being discovered by women who lead them to the 'Portals of Light.'"

Lord Burnham

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE CHARACTER AND CAREER OF A GREAT ENGLISH JOURNALIST AND OF THE PLACE HE HELD IN ENGLISH LIFE.

Copyright, 1916, by G. W. Smalley.

London, January 17.

Two kinds of force have gone to the making of the journalism which rules the world: the creative force and the directing force. Most of the great journalists have belonged to one or the other of these classes. It was the distinction of Lord Burnham, who died a few days ago, full of years and of honors, that he belonged to both. I do not forget what "The Daily Telegraph" owed to his father, Mr. Joseph Moses Levy, and to his uncle, Mr. Lionel Lawson. But I none the less say that of "The Daily Telegraph" as the world of England has known it these last forty years and more Lord Burnham was the creator. I need not repeat the history of its origin. It is too well known. I condense it into a sentence by saying that a compulsory investment in a bad debt and a moribund paper, plus a cash investment of some $10,000, which the father, uncle and son raised with difficulty, was the source of a great fortune and of a far greater power in a very high order of journalism. This it was which opened to Lord Burnham the opportunity of which only a man of genius could have made what he did.

An Early Incident.

I will put two incidents in his career in contrast. It was he fortune of Mr. Edward Levy Lawson to have as an enemy Mr. Henry Labouchere. "We love him for the enemies he has made," said an American of a very different type of man, but it is a remark which holds good on both sides of the Atlantic. It happened to me first to meet Mr. Levy Lawson in a court of law, during the trial of one of several actions to which he and Mr. Labouchere were parties. Mr. Lawson was in the witness box, and Mr. Labouchere, conducting his own case, was cross-examining him. It was a spectacle rarely seen in an English court. Mr. Labouchere was allowed to attack Mr. Lawson in a way which would have been permitted to no barrister. His questions were framed to annoy and insult, and to bring the witness into contempt. "Do you know where Epirus is?" "What is the population of London?" Mr. Levy Lawson faced all this with composure. He kept his temper. Mr. Labouchere had a diabolical cleverness, but in this encounter it was not Mr. Labouchere who came off best. A little later he would not have tried such an experiment.

The Meeting of a Challenge.

When Lord Northcliffe created the halfpenny "Daily Mail" he flung down a challenge, just as the Levys and the Lawsons did when they launched "The Daily Telegraph" at a penny. In this case it was long before there came an answer. Theirs was the original and only penny daily paper in the kingdom. They had the field to themselves, and a public to themselves, for years. But Lord Northcliffe and his "Daily Mail" had to be met at once if at all. The very existence of the penny journal was at issue. The Lawsons had appealed to a public which for other newspapers did not exist—a public which they divined. Lord Northcliffe now stepped into the arena, saying: "You have had your monopoly long enough. I intend to break it down. I want your public for myself."

Within twenty-four hours Lord Burnham had transformed his paper, enlarged its scope, set himself to supply a greater variety of subjects, to satisfy more various demands, to popularize his handling of the news; to appeal, in short, to his own constituency to continue his. The briefest delay might have been fatal, but there was no delay. Only the intuition of a great journalist could have saved him—that and his habit of decision. It used to be said of the old-fashioned papers that they published what the editor thought the public ought to want to read. The maxim of "The Daily Telegraph" was to publish what its public did actually want to read. Lord Burnham's mind ran on a level with perhaps a greater number of minds than any other Englishman. Call it middle class: it is the middle classes with whom the secrets of prosperity have found a refuge.

Stanley Africanus.

The Stanley case offers a not less striking example of Lord Burnham's power of making up his mind instantaneously. When the proposal to send Stanley to Africa was laid before him it was perfectly new. It was far beyond the range of ordinary journalism. It involved the spending of a very large sum of money which might or might not come back. It involved possible consequences and sequels which no man could foresee. And it took Lord Burnham exactly three minutes to resolve that in this novel adventure he would embark as he did, with results of immense value to his paper and to the world. It was Napoleonic.

He described himself as "burying each day when the day is over, so that you may be able to commence again with absolute freshness on the following morning." He was content that the dead past should bury its dead. It was this freshness and force of spirit which made him the great editor he was. He had in him the impulse of leadership. He did not crave an impossible ideal nor offer his readers counsels of perfection. His world was a world to be lived in; a world in which people actually did live. He accepted the conditions of life as essentially permanent, and his aim was to induce people to make the best of them. His paper came home to men's business and bosoms. And from no list of the half dozen greatest journals in the world can Lord Burnham's be excluded.

Discovering Men.

He had the gift, which every great editor must have, of discovering and annexing not merely able men but the kind of able men most useful to him and his paper. Reputations in journalism are apt to be ephemeral, but Fleet Street, the headquarters of London journalism, will long remember Le Sage, Frank Lawley and Sir Edwin Arnold, who is credited with having invented and practised in its most florid form what Matthew Arnold labelled "Telegraphese," which was always florid and sometimes lurid. Sala's was a still wider fame, whether as correspondent or as leader writer, who described himself as enjoying the salary of an ambassador and the treatment of a prince; Sala, who took all knowledge to be his province, with a little help from classical dictionaries and cyclopædias; Sala, who once explained that he considered a leader ought to be "juicy," and that he himself wrote his best on buttered toast, the toast and the butter both thick.

Lord Burnham had studied and analyzed his great constituency and played on it, if not with it, at his will. But I do not think he ever consciously played down to the small shopkeeper—sometimes ill naturedly taken as a type; but in many ways an exceedingly good type. It was his aim to give him not only what he wanted, but something better than he wanted, yet still so as to be wanted. Under his long management the paper broadened upward. It changed and changed for the better. The sense of national and presently of imperial responsibility grew stronger. This was true of every department—news, editorial, political, and the rest. I will take Literature as an example. It is one of the last subjects to which the average middle class Englishman applies his mind, as Literature; especially if he be of the lower middle class. Yet, at this moment, though commercial Literature, in the person of that accomplished advertiser Mr. Hall Caine, has occasional pages to itself, Literature in its best sense is handled in "The Daily Telegraph" fully and wisely and in a large critical spirit by Mr. W. L. Courtney, himself both critic and author of distinction.

Of all Lord Burnham's discoveries the happiest was his eldest son, Colonel Harry Lawson, who has conducted the paper since 1903, though Lord Burnham himself was always at hand to consult. With his inherited qualities and his natural energy he has done great things for this great journal. I once asked Burnham how close his own connection with the daily production of the paper still was. He answered:

"Well, they send for me when they get into trouble. But then they don't get into trouble."

But if you wish to form a judgment of Colonel Harry Lawson—he is now Lord Burnham—you can do it best by a study of the paper since his hand has been at the wheel. Like the whole Press of England, it has been tried by the war as by fire and comes out pure steel.

His Friends and His Position.

For a generation and more Lord Burnham has been a figure in the public and private life of England. He was rich in friends. The late King Edward was one of them and often a guest at Hall Barn, Lord Burnham's place in the classic Beaconsfield-Burke country, which was his home. His sturdy figure was that of the country squire, except that the powerful symmetrical head which rose out of it was of a strength and beauty such as unaided country life does not often produce. To his profession he was a benefactor in many ways. He knew it from end to end and on all sides, and was master of the technical branches of it, printing and the rest, so that his control in his own office was complete.

Then he knew it as a profession; knew the men who succeeded and the men who failed, and was the stanch patron of all the charitable organizations which sought to redress the balance of ill fortune. Of the Newspaper Fund, the Institute of Journalists, the Institute Orphan Fund of the Empire Press Union he was President or Treasurer or both. No man paid more generously the debt which Bacon said every man owes to his profession. To him it was not only a debt. It was a privilege. His was in many other ways a natural and far-reaching benevolence. He was, said his critics, an Opportunist. It may or may not be a criticism. Few men in public life have risen high or kept their high place who were not by force of circumstances, opportunists.

The Last Year.

I am afraid the price of his splendid career and lifelong energies was a heavy one at the end. It is nearly a year since there were signs of a change. He always came often to the Garrick Club, and in his eightieth year as in his fiftieth he brought with him the vigorous freshness of the country and of his life in the country. You heard, not the whir of the printing press, but the music of the trees and the mummur of outdoor life. He suffered long from neuritis. The fine face on which had always been the stamp of health grew thin and drawn. His patience and fortitude were what you would expect from such a nature. The affections of his friends grew closer and the last memories of him are the most poignant.

G. W. S.

DUKE WOULD KISS BROADWAY SKATER

History Club to Reveal at Sherry's New Amsterdam Roysterers' Plot.

Skating on Broadway is not such an innovation, after all. They did it with improvements in the days of old New Amsterdam. When the pretty Dutch maidens went skating on the Kolck, or Shell Pond, near where the New York Life Building is now, there was a Kissing Bridge to make red cheeks tingle again after Jack Frost had nipped them.

The legend of the Kissing Bridge has been revived by that professor of joyous history, Mrs. John King Van Rensselaer.

"The Duke of Clarence came here on a visit," she told the story yesterday, at her home, 134 East Ninety-fifth Street, "and the gay young blades of New Amsterdam felt called upon to take him out walking to see the sights. It was skating time on the Kolck—a pretty little pond—but these barbarians have filled it up now. Those Broadway roysterers told the young prince that it was the custom for every visitor to the skating pond to catch the prettiest girl there and kiss her at the Kissing Bridge. Nothing loath the young prince made a dash for the belle of the pond, but those rascals had been planning this scheme the night before and had dug a great hole in the ice. It was only slightly frozen over. The prince noted nothing of this, in his interest in the new game, and fell headlong into the hole.

"If you want to see how funny he looked sprawling under the Kissing Bridge," chuckled the historian, "you come to the City History Club ball on February 15, at Sherry's. There will be the tableau of the Kissing Bridge, as well as other pictures of old New York life that will be a surprise to modern men about town. There will be a Dutch wedding, and the duel between Hamilton and Burr. Many who will take part are descendants of the old Dutch families, and their costumes will be reproduced from real old prints."

The ball is to raise money to carry on the work of the history club. Among its good causes is the teaching of patriotism and interest in America to the little foreign-born children through story telling classes.

Mrs. Van Rensselaer is chairman of the tableau committee of the ball, because she has a whole library full of old prints and documents of ancient New York. Associated with her are Mrs. Clough C. Overton, chairman of the ball committee; Mrs. Robert Abbe, Mrs. Emil Boas, Mrs. J. Edgar Bull, Mrs. Carroll Beckwith, Mrs. James O. Carpenter, Mrs. B. Ogden Chisolm, Mrs. Horace E. Deming, Mrs. William Curtis Demorest, Mrs. A. Barton Hepburn, Miss Elsie Hill, Mrs. John C. Hughes, Mrs. Daniel S. Lamont, Mrs. Adrian H. Larkin, Mrs. Frederic W. Longfellow, Mrs. Seth Low, Mrs. Harry J. Luce, Mrs. John R. MacArthur, Mrs. Lewis Gouverneur Morris, Mrs. H. Hobart Porter, Mrs. William H. Porter, Mrs. Herbert L. Pratt, Mrs. Moses Taylor Pyne, Mrs. Edward R. Stettinius, Mrs. Carr Van Anda, Mrs. Frederic T. Van Beuren, Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, Mrs. Schuyler Warren, Mrs. Harry Watrous, Mrs. Albert H. Wiggin and Mrs. Christopher Wyatt.

AN ENGAGEMENT.

Caldwell, N. J., Feb. 6.—Mrs. Charles R. Leaycraft, of Birkendene, Caldwell, has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Marjorie Roosevelt Leaycraft, to Joseph Thomas McAllister, of Hot Springs, Va. Miss Leaycraft is a second cousin to ex-President Roosevelt.

NEWS OF PLAYS AND PLAYERS

Sir Herbert's Season To Be Played at New Amsterdam.

The New Amsterdam Theatre, one of New York's largest playhouses, will be the scene of Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree's promised homage to William Shakespeare. The scenery for "Henry VIII" is now on its way over, and the production will be made on or about March 8, provided only that England retains her ocean sovereignty for the next week or so.

"Margaret Schiller," according to announcement made yesterday, is attracting sufficient patronage to warrant its removal to another theatre when Sir Herbert's season begins.

Geraldine Farrar is herewith advised that Lou-Tellegen's leading woman in "The King of Nowhere" will be Olive Tell.

Janet Beecher, of "Fair and Warmer," will appear as an old woman in a sketch at the British-American war benefit at the Century to-morrow afternoon.

A decision has been reached regarding Adele Rowland's immediate future, and Germany's submarine policy is now the only important matter left undecided. Miss Rowland will crash into vaudeville next week at the Palace, carrying along her own songs, her own orchestra leader, her own piano and Harry Carroll.

Rexford Kendrick has been added to Grace George's company and will have a part in "The Earth."

Al Jolson's show, "Robinson Crusoe, Jr.," will open at the Winter Garden on February 16. Claude Flemming and Wanda Lyon have been added to the cast.

The year's prize play from Professor Baker's Harvard class will be unveiled to-night at the Castle Square Theatre, Boston. It is "Between the Lines," a drama by Charlotte Chorpenning, once of Radcliffe. Representatives of numerous New York managers will be hanging around the auction block.

Alice Hegeman has been engaged for one of the leading roles in "Come to Bohemia!"

Chamberlain Brown, who has nearly all the actors in town under his "personal direction," has left the American Play Company and acquired his own offices.

Victor Herbert will urge on the musicians at to-night's performance of "The Princess Pat" at the Cort.

Lucile Watson, now of "The Fear Market," is declared to be writing her own play for next season. Tayden Talbot is collaborating, and "Mr. Diogenes" is the title.

Max Bendix, fresh from symphonic conquests at the San Francisco fair, will conduct the orchestra during the New York run of Savage's "Pom-Pom."

APPEAL TO MUSIC LOVERS

Aid Asked for Families of Musicians in France.

An appeal to al lovers and patrons of music on behalf of the composers who have been graduated from the composition classes of the Conservatoire at Paris was issued yesterday for funds to relieve the destitute families of musicians in France. Camille Saint-Saëns, Gabriel Faure, Theodore Dubois, Emile Paladilhe, Gustave Charpentier, Ch.-M. Widor, Paul Vidal and Whitney Warren constitute the honorary committee which has the fund in charge.

"The war has interrupted the work not only of the musicians who have gone to the front, but also of those who have not yet been called to the colors," the appeal reads. "Their families have therefore been left absolutely destitute, and in these sad circumstances we cannot but ask for means to go to their aid. The plight of some of these families is very pitiful, as they have been left entirely out of the general relief work done in France.

"The committee is anxious without delay to alleviate their distress and to contribute both morally and materially. There are few people into whose lives music has not brought great joy, and who therefore owe a debt of gratitude to those who have contributed so greatly to this pleasure."

The smallest gifts will be thankfully received. Checks should be made payable to Miss Mary Bishop Harriman, of 10 East Fifty-eighth Street.

710-Pound Cake for Travellers.

The Far Western Travellers' Association will gather to-night at the Hotel Astor around a huge cake weighing 710 pounds, the gift of the Northern Pacific Railroad. The cake will not be eaten, but will be given to a charitable institution, because no one will undertake the task of dividing it into 2,500 pieces for the commercial travellers. The speakers will be Governor Whitman and Judge Seabury.

ALLING—COOTE.

Miss Emilio Gladys Coote, of Brooklyn, daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. James Coote, and Ward Tiffany Alling, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Alling, of Norwich, Conn., were married Saturday night at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. James L. Downey, Manhasset, Long Island, by the bride's father. Miss Anna F. Coote, sister of the bride, was maid of honor. Sidney B. Alling, brother of the bridegroom, was best man.

WHAT IS GOING ON TO-DAY.

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

Home Conference and Household Exposition, Madison Square Garden.

Meeting of the Congress of States Societies, Hotel Astor, 2:30 p. m.

Meeting of the Board of Education, hall of the Board, Park Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street, 4 p. m.

Dinner, entertainment and dance of the Far Western Travelers' Association, Hotel Astor, 7 p. m.

Address by Hon. W. Lohn, Mayor of Schenectady, on "Democracy and Responsibility," St. Andrew's Methodist Church, West Seventy-sixth street, 8:15 p. m.

Address by Professor I. Dow Covington on "The Women of Ancient Egypt," before the Political Equality Association, headquarters, 15 East Fifty-first Street, 8:30 p. m.

Ball of the Scientific Association of New York City, Palm Garden, evening.

Public lectures of the Board of Education, 8:15 p. m. Manhattan: "Lincoln and the War That Ended Slavery," by Garrett P. Serviss, Washington Irving High School, Irving Place and Seventeenth and Seventh Streets, illustrated; "Hawaii, the Paradise of the Pacific," by Graham C. Hunter, Public School 27, Forty-second Street, east of Third Avenue, illustrated; "The Stories Great Black Men Tell," by James H. Hope, Public School 89, 150th street and St. Nicholas Avenue; "Camille Saint-Saëns: the French in Large Forms," by John S. Van Cleve, Public School 39, 225 East Fifty-seventh Street, illustrated; at piano: "Thermodynamics," by Thomas W. Kilmer, M. D., Public School 62, Hester, Essex and Norfolk streets, illustrated; "The Wonders of Snow and Ice," by Dr. William T. Helmuth, Public School 165, 225 West 164th street, illustrated; "Effects of Heat," by J. Loring Amoll, Ph. D., Hunter College, Lexington Avenue and Sixty-eighth Street, illustrated; "Eyes of Children," by Dr. W. H. Weidler, at the Lincoln, 111 East Fifty-ninth Street, illustrated, 8:30 p. m.; "The American Response to European Influences," by Mrs. Mary Mowbray-Clarke, New York Public Library, 115 East Ninety-sixth street, illustrated; "The Military Academy at West Point," by John B. Golden, St. Columba Hall, 243 West Twenty-fifth Street, illustrated; "The Roads—South America," by Miss Adelaide H. Alderson, Morris High School, 166th Street and Boston Road, illustrated; "Industrial California," by Robert G. Wesh, P. Public School 46, 196th Street, between Bainbridge and Briggs Avenues, illustrated; "Four On the Argentine Republic," by Joseph P. Sanlanarina, Public School 20, Bryant and Vyse Avenues, north of 1724 Street, illustrated.

MARTIN DENNIS DEAD

Member of Old Jersey Family Dies Suddenly at Sixty-five.

Martin Dennis, 65, head of the Martin Dennis Company and a member of one of the oldest New Jersey families, died suddenly while dressing in his room at his home, 29 James Street, Newark, yesterday morning. He had been ill for a long time with heart disease. Mr. Dennis leaves his wife and three children, Mrs. Harris F. Brownlee, of Danbury, Conn., and Miss Mildred Dennis and Harold Dennis, of Newark; his mother, Mrs. Martin R. Dennis, and brother, Alfred L. Dennis, of the brokerage firm of Post & Flagg. The funeral will be held to-morrow afternoon at 4 o'clock.

Mr. Dennis was a member of the American Society of Chemists, the Association of Leather Chemists, the Society of Chemical Industry of Great Britain, the New Jersey Historical Society, a trustee of the Newark Eye and Ear Infirmary and the Presbyterian Hospital of Newark and a director of the Howard Savings Institution of Newark.

VETERAN DIES IN ARMCHAIR

Nathan Kolb came from Germany to Fight in Civil War.

Sitting in an armchair in the bedroom of his two-room apartment at 416 East Sixteenth Street, Nathan Kolb, seventy-six, veteran of the Civil War, was founded dead by Mrs. Lena Miller yesterday afternoon. Dr. Palmer, of Bellevue Hospital, said death was due to heart disease.

According to the neighbors, Kolb had been born in Coblenz. He was a student in Heidelberg when the Civil War broke out in this country. He emigrated here, and joined the Union forces under General Steuben. It was said he received a pension and also a remittance from Mrs. C. Cooper, of 3422 Morgan Street, St. Louis, who is believed to be his daughter.

DR. WILLIAM D. HAYER.

Elizabeth, N. J., Feb. 6.—Dr. William D. Hayer, seventy-eight, of 79 South Broad Street, died at his home to-day. He had been a school principal here for the last forty years. After he was graduated from New York University he went to New Orleans as the superintendent of the New Orleans High School. In the Civil War he enlisted in the 9th Louisiana Infantry and was soon promoted to the rank of lieutenant. When he was mustered out he returned to New York City and took charge of the Morrisania school, and from there he came to Elizabeth. He leaves a wife and two daughters.

MRS. P. ROOSEVELT JOHNSON.

Mrs. P. Roosevelt Johnson died on Saturday at Sag Harbor, Long Island. She was a daughter of Colonel Harry Hunt, founder and editor of "The Sag Harbor Corrector," and a sister of John H. Hunt, present editor of "The Sag Harbor Express." Mrs. Johnson was seventy-seven years old, and had lived in the home in which she died for more than seventy years. She leaves two sons and five daughters.

CHARLES KEENE.

Irvington, N. J., Feb. 6.—Charles Keene, eighty, of 20 Orange Place, Irvington, died last night at his home. He was a member of the Irvington Veteran Association. Mr. Keene leaves his wife, one son and two daughters.

RABBI EMILE CAHEN.

Paris, Feb. 6.—Emile Cahen, ex-Grand Rabbi of Lille, died in a hospital here to-day as the result of injuries sustained by being run down by a taxicab. He was seventy-six years old.

DIED.

Andrew, Martha H. Higbie, Jean B.
Bennett, B. J. Johnson, Mary C.
Capron, Elizabeth B. Randall, J. Wesley.
Craft, Elijah R. Safford, Geoffrey L.
Dennis, Martin. Thornton, Mrs. J. C. C.
Gruber, Anna C.

ANDREW—Miss Martha H., on February 5, 1916, after a brief illness, in the 86th year of her age. Funeral service at her late residence, corner Sherbrook and New York Post Road, Scarsdale, N. Y., Tuesday, the 8th inst. at 12 o'clock. Automobiles will be in waiting at station to meet 10:35 train from Grand Central Station.

BENNETT—Suddenly, at Petersham, Mass., Sunday, February 5, of pneumonia, Baineridge Jaudon Bennett, son of the late Maria C. and Henry S. Bennett.

CAPRON—At White Plains, N. Y., Second month, 5th, 1916, Elizabeth B. Capron, daughter of the late Jacob and Jane E. Capron, in the 81st year of her age. Funeral services at her late residence, 2 Bank st., White Plains, on the 8th inst., at 8 p. m. Interment in Friends' Cemetery, Brooklyn, at the convenience of the family.

CRAFT—On Friday, February 4, at his residence, Hotel La Tourette, Bayonne, N. J., after a long illness, Elijah R. Craft, aged 75 years. Funeral services will be held at the Baptist Church, corner 5th st. and Humphreys av., Bayonne, N. J., on Monday evening, February 7, on arrival of train at West 8th st. station of Central Railroad of New Jersey, leaving 23d st. ferry at 7:20 p. m. and Liberty st. at 7:30 p. m. Carriages will meet train. Interment at convenience of family.

DENNIS—At Newark, N. J., on February 6, 1916, Martin Dennis, in his 66th year. Funeral services on Tuesday at 4 p. m., at his late residence, 29 James st. Relatives and friends are invited to attend. Interment at the convenience of the family.

GRUBER—On Saturday, February 5, 1916, Anna C. Gruber, widow of the late Abraham Gruber, at 314 West 92d st., New York City. Survived by one sister, Miss Agnes Bernard; three daughters, Miss Anna B. Gruber, Mrs. Edward R. Rayher, Mrs. Gilbert Foote, of Pittsford, Vt.; two sons, Herbert and Frank Gruber, and one grandson, Leverith P. Gillette, of Pittsford, Vt. Funeral services at 314 West 92d st., Monday, February 7, at 10 a. m. Interment private.

HIGBIE—Suddenly, at Babylon, L. I., on Saturday, February 5, 1916, John Robbins Higbie, son of the late Hon. Richard Higbie, in his 80th year. Funeral services at his residence, South Country Road, Babylon, on Tuesday afternoon, February 8, at 2:30. Carriages in waiting on arrival of trains from New York.

JOHNSON—At Sag Harbor, Long Island, February 5, 1916, Mary Chamberlain, wife of the late P. Roosevelt Johnson, M. D., and daughter of the late Colonel Harry Hunt, in her 77th year.

RANDALL—Suddenly, at Yonkers, on Sunday, February 6, J. Wesley Randall, aged 73 years. Funeral services at his late residence, 2 Halcyon Place, Yonkers, Tuesday evening at 7:45 o'clock. Interment at convenience of family.

SAFFORD—On February 6, 1916, in Brooklyn, Geoffrey Lee Safford, eldest son of the late Philo P. Safford and Christabel Lee Safford, aged 22. Funeral services at Lakeville, Conn., Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

THORNTON—Suddenly, on February 5, 1916, at her home, 525 Park ave., Mrs. J. C. C. Thornton, in the 75th year of