The Conning Tower

To W. Hohenzollern, on the Increase in Courage

William, again I feel I must address you;
Give you your meed of merited laudation.
I shall be just, though thirty Cleveland Moffetts
Call me pro-Teuton!

I have observed an increment of courage
Come o'er the inmates of this famous planet.
I have observed that, ever since It started,
People are braver.

Men who were fearful, timorous, and servile,
Conscious of might, have found a sudden prowess.
(Why, even I, insulted by a waiter,
Called him a liar)

Men whom I knew as tender souls and gentle
Come back from Plattsburg eager for the slaughter.
(Why, William, I, the meekest of the minstrels,
Gladly would kill you.)

Not men alone the war has given courage . . .
As I was lying, yesternight, I knew that
No more the quondam cowardly mosquito
Fears citronella.

"Did *you* ever," asks Ray, "hear The Tower read, while the motor purred, the birds sang in the wilderness trees, the ruffed grouse beat upon the drum log, the blueberries purpled the tamarack bog, the tires popped and blew, the trout skirled away in the brooks, and the bridge planks boomed and rattled, the dry spring squeaked and tiny orchids stood sentinel by the right of way? *Did* you?" In a word, Ray, no.

THE DIARY OF OUR OWN SAMUEL PEPYS

August 29—Early up, and at my task of reading the newspapers; and with R. Van Buren the artist to the courts, and we had three hard setts, and he won two of them. To the office, and Stuart Bryan from Richmond to see me, asking my help on a war project, and I promised it to him, with enthusiasm. Yet when I do see a lad in a uniform, I feel less important than the most insignificant soldier; and the feeling causeth me great unrest. Home to dinner, which our new handmaiden Ella cooked, and very fair too, albeit it is hard to ascertain the merits of anybody by his first trial. All evening at my desk, labouring at this and that, and reading "The Midge," of H. C. Bunner, which I enjoyed even more than when I read it the first time.

30—Saw the lads parading, an inspiring sight. The last time I paraded was for Mr. Hughes, but the next time I parade it shall be for Mr. Wilson's nation, methinks. Heard this day of a poster J. Flagg hath drawn, of Uncle Sam showing the flag to a private, and saying, It Is Yours as Much as Pershing's. Which I deemed a fine idea. H. Kellock beat me four setts at lawn tennis, and thence I to the office, labouring all day and most of the night.

THE GREAT DIVIDE

["Something to Say," from "Leave It to Jane," by P. G. Wodehouse]

Somehow, whenever
I'm with you,
I never
Can say what I'm longing to say.

["'O Inexpressible as Sweet,'" by George Edward Woodberry]

O, inexpressible as sweet,
Love takes my voice away;
I cannot tell thee when we meet
What most I long to say.

Our notion of a good sport, by the way, is Mr. Pelham Grenville Wodehouse, who, knowing that we wanted to pull a parallel on him, typed his lyric out for The Tower.

We Yield to the Senator From Michigan; and Applaud Him

[From the Congressional Record]

Mr. SMITH, of Michigan. The law cannot say what the contents of a magazine shall be or how it shall be presented. Oftentimes the advertisements are more interesting to the reader than the other matter.

The spectacle of an eight-coach train crossing the country with 2,000 New York pacifists. . . . The Tribune.

As the largest coaches seat 80 persons, it is obvious that pacifists can be crowded into a small space.

TO PRIVATE HUDSON HAWLEY

Sir: I am glad that Private Hudson Hawley has got his chance to get that German barber who made his head a rendezvous for flies. I wonder if he will oblige me by taking another scalp. Sixty-eight summers have passed since I first saw the light; that prevents me going after it myself.

Some thirty years ago when my knowledge of the language guttural was nil, I made a business trip that took me to Berlin via Dresden, at which place the guard of the train said: *"Ausgang! Vierzig Minuten für Essen."*

I followed the crowd; a bear was never hungrier than I. A Teutonic waiter bore down on me and handed me a sheet of white, half a yard long, paper, covered over with kultured strokes of green ink. I searched for something familiar and found a line which promised relief. It read, "Bif-Steak Rauh mit Eier." I pulled my Ingersoll on him and pointed to its hands, also to the "Bif" on the bill. He gently murmured "Fünf Minuten" and scurried away. Half an hour passed. "Zwei Minuten" (you see I speak the language now) before the big man on the platform rang the gong to "Eingang" in the train again that waiter danced in, and he placed before me a platter of chopped raw beef, shaped something like the Pyramid in Cairo; raw onions were protruding from the port holes; and on its conning tower a raw egg gracefully reposed. I gave it one frightened look, and then hailed a *"Doppelganger."* He stowed me on the train with my kit, and I proceeded on my way to Berlin.

Sore? You bet I was sore; and as raw as that dish was.

Yes, Private Hawley, I am coming to the waiter's description: He was one of those blond Saxon chaps; head shaped like a cocoanut; hair clipped by a horse clipper; eyes the color of the corn flower which grows in the wheat fields of La Belle France. You'll know him by a crescent shaped blood red birth mark which was on his left cheek bone.

Get him! RYERSON W. JENNINGS.

The publication of Beatrice B. Bernheim's "The Riviera," scheduled for to-day, is postponed till to-morrow. Wet grounds.

The Score Is Love-1, Mr. Brady Leading

[From the Congressional Record]

Mr. SHERMAN. I wanted to make an inquiry of the Senator. If I understand correctly the food millennium has not yet arrived. Is that correct?

Mr. BRADY. I believe not, from what I heard from East St. Louis the other day.

And the bird who keeps explaining why he simply can't enlist—
He never will be missed, he never will be missed.

Flatfootedness caused the rejection of Old Bill Cane. "I missed joining the army," he madwags, "by two feet."

There was that to stir the spirit in their measured step and strong,
Although many an eye grew filmy as the soldiers marched along.
And I tried to do some verses, and the verses were absurd;
And I tried to paragraph it, and I couldn't write a word.
So I thought that I'd postpone it—if I'm here—and take a whack
At a "welcome" panegyric

When
The
Boys
Come
Back

Speaking of peace terms, we are inclined to paraphrase the old story about the actor who queried the hotel-clerk.

Our version would be: "What are your lowest terms for Germans?"

Answer: "They can't be printed." F. P. A.

Drama

"This Way Out," a comedy, by Frank Craven, in a prologue and three acts. Presented at the Cohan Theatre by J. Fred Zimmerman, jr.

THE CAST

John Caldwell.....Charles Trowbridge
Joe Franklin.....Frank Craven
Walter Simmons, clerk at the Gilmer Hotel.....Joel Prouty
Benny Gordon, reporter on "The Caldwell Herald".....Walter Baldwin, jr.
Suki, Caldwell's servant.....David Burton
Bellboy.....Harold Grau
Hazel, elevator man.....By Himself
Mr. Watson, travelling salesman.....George Williams
Mr. Burbank, travelling salesman.....Charles Merriwell
Mrs. John Caldwell.....Edith Lyle
Ethel Lane.....Millicent Evans
Maude Leveridge, from Chicago.....Grace Goodall

By Ralph Block

"This Way Out" has electric lights and all the modern improvements, but there is a curiously familiar air about it. And not until the middle of the first act does it begin to appear that the comedy Frank Craven wrote for himself, at the Cohan Theatre, is a play of that almost forgotten time when people played lawn tennis, rode tandem, smoked Cremo cigars, whistled "After the Ball Is Over," wore derby hats and went to hear Jean de Reszke at the opera. More simply, Mr. Craven's play is about that vaguely distant day of the practical joker. As such it is able in spots to call forth laughter, is not quite so funny as the author himself, but in view of what the drama hereabouts has largely offered these three weeks "This Way Out" may hope to win a fairly large share of public attention.

Even a practical joker, to vary the metaphor, may go to the well once too often. After two acts of somewhat aimless, though by no means undiverting, comedy Mr. Craven is disclosed in a small town hotel desperately entertaining a young woman from Chicago, descended upon the town to marry a man she never saw, in answer to a letter from a practical joker signed by the name of his best friend. The complications are farcical in nature, not so swift as farce might be at its best, but seasoned by a plentiful variety of dialogue. Edith Lyle makes a very pretty jealous wife; but what credit is left to the other members of the cast, after subtracting what is due Mr. Craven's own peculiarly dry method of comedy, must go to Grace Goodall, who makes the most out of a character that the dialogue awkwardly and only partly reveals.

Isaac Fromme Dead

Former City Registrar Succumbs to Long Illness

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Aug. 30.—Isaac Fromme, former Registrar of New York City, died at his home here to-day after a long illness. He is survived by the widow and five children.

Mr. Fromme was born in New York City in 1854 and graduated from the College of the City of New York. He afterward received the degree of Bachelor of Laws from Columbia University. He was prominent in Tammany Hall and was nominated for the office of Borough President of Manhattan in 1901.

He was a thirty-second degree Mason and a trustee of Hope Lodge, 244, of the Masons, for nineteen years.

Enemies Within

Foreign-Language Newspapers Assail American Participation in War, Conscription, the Liberty Loan and Wall Street

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THERE is published in Boston an Italian paper, *Il Proletario*, that advertises itself as the only Italian paper in America officially recognized by the I. W. W. *Il Proletario* thus expresses itself on the war:

" . . . meanwhile, during this period of impudent, hypocritical, false, infamous patriotism, now that they want from the working class the truce of the parties for the sacred union for the benefit of Wall Street, we take and will take the martyrdom of our Billings, and to-morrow the head of our Mooney and his companion, and in a bundle all of our victims of yesterday and to-day, and we will present them before all the war people painted with democracy and say to them, 'A democracy covered with so many infamies, so many crimes, it is pretty just that it has accomplished the last and greatest crime, that of prostituting itself today more than any other time to the dogfish of finance, who with war try only to save their capital, given—as the usurer gives—to the bourgeoisie of Europe in order to bleed even the future generations, after the present has given both the purse and life."

Class War Goes On, "Il Proletario" Says

In another passage it says:

"As for the rest, the war, here in America, has not even altered the rhythm of the fight of class. Every day there burst up wide and magnificent strikes, and for them—as soon as the A. F. L. disowns and betrays them—the I. W. W. is taking the grave and solemn responsibility. To help and maintain to-day more than ever this glorious organization, here is one of our main tasks of the present hour. It will always be in America the best expression of the ideals of the proletariat and will be the strong pivot around which will solidify all the revolutionary forces of the proletariat of America in the near future. To work, then, without boasting or fear!"

"Obrana" is a Bohemian paper published in New York. In its issue of August 10 it said:

"To-day the courts of the American government are nothing else than the executors of the pleasure or orders of American trusts and capitalists. Their wishes must be obeyed, otherwise they find ways to assure that they are compiled with, or they know how to help themselves. Have we not examples at San Francisco, Butte, Danbury and other places to this effect?

"What lesson should the workmen learn from this state of affairs, especially the progressive and organized workmen? Should they silently look on while their best leaders are being destroyed and assassinated by all sorts of nefarious ways and means? After these experiences should they still further adhere timorously to the only legal path of propaganda and confidently await the time when the law, which mostly is respected by themselves, shall bring them justice and satisfaction, laws and government which come from the people and work for the people—but only the rich ones—that they would help? The most conservative and most peace loving workman's blood is boiling over to that extent that 'An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth' seems to be the only appropriate law at the working class as disposition for their defence and the institution of justice.

Hanging Threatened For the "Hangmen"

"Let them keep up their methods, these American extortioners. They play dangerously with fire. Let them hang a few more leaders and agitators of the workmen. Have we not a great number of telegraph poles? But all those who perform this hangman's work with so much pleasure ought to remember before it is too late that it will not always be an educated, progressive and organized workman who is hanging from these poles. And if we have not sufficient poles there are other places where these very same hangmen will swing, who first started this hanging. "Therefore—beware in time!"

Obrana says officially that it is a Socialist weekly, published by the press committee of the Bohemian Socialist Branches.

Cronaca Sovversiva is an Italian paper published in Lynn, Mass. It thus advised its readers on the conscription act:

"Who can tell what will happen to-morrow, whether for the country of adoption or that of origin, whether for civil, industrial or agricultural mobilization? May it not, also, affect the men not intended by the law for immediate military conscription? And is it not a sagacious piece of politics, killing two birds with one stone, to have them all registered, all on hand, know where they come from, where they are, what they are good for, what they are thinking, and to be able on any occasion to require them to go to the docks, the arsenals, the railways, to make ammunition, to till the soil, sweep the streets, exploit them, keep them on hand for Poincaré, for George, to send them wherever the exigencies of the war require, to take the places of those who have died at the front, who are dying every day, and will die for months and years to come?

"Compulsory registration of such as are not American citizens and have not declared their intention to become naturalized is inconsistent with the terms of the act of May 18, 1917. It is, therefore, arbitrary, and you have the right by the terms of that very law to refuse to register. No sooner will they have you in hand than they will send you to the front among the first, to explate for the three years of anti-patriotic hiding. They register you to dispose of your hide, to take you on the first occasion.

"They will arrest you, if there are only a few dozen of you that refuse, but if you are a few thousands, many thousands, they will have no desire to infuriate you, nor enough prisons to lock you up.

"They will arrest you and condemn you to one day in prison, two weeks, three months, in a desperate case to one year.

"But still it is not your skin that they are getting.

"There are ninety chances in a hundred that they will let you go as lost, or, at least, that you will be the last one they will look for.

"Weigh the probable consequences of the various attitudes, and if you have the courage and backbone to resist odious usurpation, if you aim to devote your life to the most noble tasks and not be a lansquenet, a cutthroat, if you have ideals to which you devote most nobly your fervor, your abnegation, your bread, don't go to register."

Paterson Paper Attacks the President

L'Era Nuova is published in Paterson, where it exerts itself to vilify and hamper the government. It says:

"Because Mr. Morgan and the gang of the big thieves of Wall Street saw that the millions they had lent to England and France were in danger, President Wilson, without consulting the people, who had elected him to power, kicks overboard all the fundamental laws, the Constitution and the much vaunted popular sovereignty like a despot and orders that 10,000,000 men of the strongest and most robust, in the flower of their years, be prepared to go to throw their lives away on the battlefields of Europe.

"He gave orders, and let no one utter a breath.

"The people, this free and sovereign people, composed of 100,000,000 souls, has no right to say anything, to raise any objection. The people must submit supinely, whether they will or not, to the supreme will of this new Cæsar-like autocrat, whom they are no longer permitted to remind that if he is now in the White House it is only because in the recent election he made everybody believe, with his characteristic hypocrisy, friend and foe, that he was and would unalterably be for peace and nothing but peace. To doubt his pacific sentiments would have been an offence. . . .

"Even in Germany and Russia citizens enjoy the freedom of expressing their opinions, but here in America absurdity has been pushed to the point of preventing the expression of any opinion whatever, if it does not agree with the megalomaniac caprices of a miserable little professor."

Calls Liberty Loan A Loan of Slavery

L'Era Nuova then takes up the Liberty Loan, as follows:

"The capitalists are generous when it comes to disposing of the skins of the people. And the young men so chosen will have nothing to say, no objection to raise, no reason to advance. They will have to don the odious uniform of murder for the sake of capitalism and the government and go wherever they are sent, to kill other men, other unfortunate men like themselves, to massacre, butcher, destroy, devastate—in a word, to carry death and desolation wherever they can.

"They will obey blindly, stupidly, foolishly, the orders received from above, just as they obeyed like beasts on June 5 the order to go and register.

"But in order to set in motion such a vast and complicated machine of destruction money is needed, much money. That should be given by the capitalists, since they have it. Do you believe they did so? Alas, they want to keep it for their speculations, which in the course of the war will assume most portentous proportions. Let the wretched poor invest their savings at 3½ per cent, the poor devils who, injuring themselves by saving on soap and shoes, succeed by dint of the utmost privations in putting $100 in the bank. The capitalists are taking care not to subscribe to the much-heralded Liberty Loan—they should call it, at least, by its true name, a loan of slavery and shame. . . .

"The workmen do not have any pennies to put into this blood enterprise, and it is to be hoped that the fortunate ones who have a few hundred dollars laid aside will not go now to throw them into the abyss, in order to secure the title of good and patriotic contributors. . . . Already the war is being conducted with the skins of the poor. See that it is not conducted also with the money of the poor."

The Rev. S. W. Boardman Is Dead in Bloomfield, N. J.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J., Aug. 30.—The Rev. Dr. Samuel W. Boardman died at his home here this morning from old age. He was eighty-seven. Dr. Boardman was born in Vermont and educated at Middlebury College, of which later in life he was for a time president.

His first charge was at Norwich, Vt. He then went to Elberon, N. J., and then to Sterling, Ill., where he was pastor of the Congregational church. He next came to the Presbyterian church at Stanhope, N. J. From there he went to Marysville College.

Sixteen years ago he retired and came to live in this place. He is survived by the widow, two sons and two daughters.

Mrs. Thomas J. Walsh

WASHINGTON, Aug. 30.—Mrs. Thomas J. Walsh, wife of the Senator from Montana, died in a Baltimore hospital to-day. She had been in ill health several months. The body will be taken to Helena, Mont. Mrs. Walsh headed a woman's organization that worked for President Wilson's re-election.

On the Screen

Samuel Hopkins Adams and Dorothy Phillips are a wonderfully satisfactory combination. The charming Miss Phillips was chosen to play the part of Nell Baxter in "Triumph," which made its appearance on the screen yesterday in "The Bluebird" projection room, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Adams may have the pleasure of seeing his brain child portrayed by Miss Phillips.

She is naïve, she is coy, she is beautiful and she makes Nell Baxter a breathing girl, not a shadow on the screen. And then, after all, she is not a real girl, only a fictitious person originating in the mind of a horrid actor who combed his hair in scallops down over his forehead. He did not look as though he could invent anything so entertaining, and one must doubt that he did invent it.

Lon Chaney as Paul Neihoff, the playwright, does the best work of his screen career. It seems good to see Lon outside of a barroom picture, and in this case he was a fairly decent sort, even if he was a dramatic critic.

Nell Baxter's friends, more zealous than cautious, after seeing her play in a village version of "As You Like It," advised her to go on the stage. Nell had the card of the man who had staged the rural Shakespearian production, and so one night she packed her near-leather suitcase and set off for the city. In the station, waiting for the 4 o'clock a. m. train, is the Metropolitan Repertoire Company, some of them asleep on the benches and all of them quite disgusted with the business of living.

Here Nell meets Dudley Weyman, the leading man with the scalloped hair, and while she apparently boards the train and goes to the city in search of adventure, in reality she just sits on the narrow little bench in the railroad station and listens to what would happen to her in New York. Weyman's recital is the story, although, like "Seven Keys to Baldpate," "Babbling Tongues," "To-day" and other pictures of a like nature, the climax comes as a surprise.

Mr. Adams's story is full of screen opportunities, although Joseph De Grasse does not always make the most of those opportunities. Many of the scenes seem rather perfunctory, but never when Miss Phillips is in the film. She continues charming with a style that is all her own. Neither in her work nor her appearance does she even faintly resemble any one else.

With the exception of Lon Chaney, William Dyer as David Montieth gives the most finished performance in the supporting cast.

The titles are so good that one suspects they must have been taken from the original story.

MARRIAGES

TERMINI—M'SHANE—Mrs. Mary J. McShane, of Sheepshead Bay, announces the engagement of her daughter, Elizabeth Gertrude, to Captain Philip J. Termini, U. S. R.

WOOD—WICKHAM—On August 29, 1917, Katherine Lawrence, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Hull Wickham, to Lieutenant James Rushmore Wood, U. S. A., at Flushing, L. I.

DEATHS

Bilhoefer, Andrew J.
Boardman, Samuel W.
Brady, William G.
Brown, Caroline B.
Bulman, Arthur.
Burke, Eliza T.
Callan, Mary.
Connor, Elizabeth.
Cormack, Robert.
Cosgrove, John
Crawford, James
Daly, James E.
Dillman, Richard
Dillon, Caroline H.
Finn, James
Friday, J.
Gillic, Henry F.
Goodwin, Moses
Grogan, Margaret
Hartford, George H.
Howard, Dennis
Ives, Eugene S.
Knapp, Wallace P.
Kelly, Frank J.
Koenen, Anton
Lohse, Jane D.
Luff, Charles
Mannion, Margaret J.
Martin, Edwin W.
M'Elligott, Dennis
Mitchell, Michael J.
Morgan, Sarah J.
Munk, Mary
Murphy, James
Murray, John L.
Naisawald, Jennie E.
Palmer, Elizabeth D.
Payton, Philip A.
Pryor, Annie
Robinson, Frances I.
Scheedel, Hermann A.
Sheridan, James J.
Torpey, Annie
Valentine, Cornelius E
Van Knyck, Mary
Wasserscheid, C. V.
Wendell, Evert J.
Woodridge, Alice L.
Zabriskie, Eliza M.

BILHOEFER—On Tuesday evening, August 28, 1917, Andrew John Bilhoefer, M. D., beloved husband of Adele Semon. Funeral services at his late residence, 108 West 119th st., Friday evening, 8 o'clock.

BOARDMAN—Thursday, August 30, at his late residence, 17 Washington pl., Bloomfield, N. J., in his 87th year, Samuel Ward Boardman, D. D. Funeral Saturday, 3:15 p. m. Please omit flowers. Interment at Auburn, N. Y.

BRADY—On Wednesday, August 29, 1917, at his residence, 31 East 49th st., New York City, William Gage Brady, son of the late Katherine Pennoyer Inslee and Warren Brady, aged 61 years. Funeral services Friday, August 31, at 10 a. m., at St. Bartholomew's Chapel, Madison av. and 44th st. Kindly omit flowers.

BROWN—On August 29, 1917, Caroline B. Brown, aged 83 years. Funeral from the home of her nephew, 43 Hawthorne Place, Montclair, N. J., on Friday, at 2:30 p. m.

BULMAN—On August 29, Arthur, beloved brother of Catherine Bulman. Funeral from his late residence, 390 East 157th st., on Saturday, September 1, at 9:30 a. m. Mass of requiem, Church of SS. Peter and Paul, St. Ann's av., at 159th st., at 10 a. m. Interment St. Raymond's.

BURKE—On Wednesday, August 29, 1917, Eliza T. Burke. Funeral from her late residence, 273 Berry st., Brooklyn, on Saturday, at 9:30 a. m. Solemn requiem mass at the Church of SS. Peter and Paul, Wythe av., Brooklyn, at 10 a. m.

CALLAN—On Wednesday, August 29, at her residence, 182 Calyer st., Brooklyn, Mary Callan, aged 71 years, sister of John Callan and the late Peter Callan and Mrs. Annie E. Norton. Funeral from St. Anthony's Church, Manhattan av. and Milton st., Friday morning, 10 o'clock.

CONNOR—On August 29, Elizabeth Connor, beloved wife of Frank Connor and native of County Westmeath, Ireland. Funeral from her late residence, 111 East 102d st., Friday, August 31, at 9:30 a. m.; thence to St. Cecelia's Church, where a solemn high mass of requiem will be offered.

CORMACK—On Wednesday, August 29, 1917, Robert Cormack, native of Kilenaule, County Tipperary, Ireland. Funeral from 173 West 64th st., on Friday, August 31, at 9:30 a. m.; thence to Corpus Christi Church, 121st st., near Broadway, where a solemn requiem mass will be offered for the repose of his soul, at 10 a. m. Interment in Holy Cross.

COSGROVE—New York City, August 28, John, beloved son of Bridget Cosgrove (nee Bedley), late Seaham Harbor, Durham, England. Funeral from his late residence, 351 West 45th st., Friday, 9 a. m.; thence to Holy Cross Church. Interment in Calvary Cemetery. English papers please copy.

CRAWFORD—On August 29, James, beloved husband of Esther Crawford. Funeral from his late residence, 611 East 179th st., on Saturday, September 1, at 11 a. m. Services will be held on Friday evening at 8 o'clock. Interment in Evergreen. Kindly omit flowers.

DALY—At his late residence, 557 West 124th st., this city, on Thursday, August 30, 1917, James E., husband of the late Zello Rilliet Daly. Notice of funeral hereafter.

DILLMAN—Richard, Ozone Park, Long Island, on August 23, 1917, in his 3d year.

DILLON—August 29, 1917, Caroline H. Dillon, aged 76 years. Services at Stephen Merritt's chapel, 223 8th av., near 21st st., Friday, 12:30.

FINN—Suddenly, on August 28, James, beloved husband of Margaret Finn (nee Timmins). Funeral from his late residence, 112 Bradhurst av., Friday, 2 p. m. Interment St. Raymond's.

FRIDAY—J., at Ozone Park, N. Y., on August 27, 1917, aged 62 years.

GILLIC—Henry F. Services THE FUNERAL CHURCH (Frank E. Campbell Building), Broadway and 66th st., Saturday morning, 11 o'clock.

GOODWIN—On August 28, Moses, beloved father of Henry Goodwin, aged 79 years, formerly of the 1st Ward, Manhattan. Funeral from his late residence, 1023 71st st., Brooklyn, Friday, 9 a. m.; thence to Our Lady of Angels' Church. Interment Calvary.

GROGAN—On Tuesday, August 28, 1917, Margaret Grogan (nee Clinch), beloved wife of John J. Grogan. Funeral from her late residence, 27 Irving Place, Brooklyn, Friday, 11 a. m. Solemn requiem mass at Church of the Nativity. Interment Calvary.

HARTFORD—Suddenly, at Spring Lake, N. J., August 29, 1917, George Huntington Hartford, in his 84th year. Funeral private.

HOWARD—Suddenly, on August 28, at his residence, 607 Carroll st., Brooklyn, Dennis Howard, beloved husband of Catherine Howard. Funeral Friday, August 31, at 10 a. m. Requiem mass at St. Francis Xavier's Church, 6th av. and Carroll st. Interment Holy Cross Cemetery.

IVES—Suddenly, on August 26, Eugene Semmes Ives, beloved husband of Anna Waggerman Ives, at his residence, Mist, Cal.

KELLY—On August 29, Frank J., beloved son of John T. and Catherine Kelly. Funeral from 498 Wales av., Bronx, on Saturday, September 1, 9:30 a. m. Interment St. Raymond's Cemetery.

KNAPP—Suddenly, at Long Beach, Wallace Percy Knapp, husband of the late Caroline Miller Knapp, aged 54. Funeral services at St. James Episcopal Church, St. James, Long Island, on Saturday, September 1, at 2:45 p. m. Train leaves Pennsylvania Station at 12:40 p. m.; returning, leaves St. James at 3:59 p. m., arriving Pennsylvania Station 6:03 p. m.

KOENEN—At Mount Vernon, N. Y., August 29, Anton Koenen, aged 74. Funeral services at his late residence, 156 North Fulton av., Friday, at 2:30.

LOHSE—On August 28, Jane D. Lohse, beloved wife of Henry C. J. Lohse and sister of Katherine Edwards and Owen Downing, native of Drumcar, County Louth, Ireland. Funeral from her late residence, 448 West 49th st., Friday, August 31. Solemn requiem mass at the Church of the Sacred Heart, West 51st st. Interment Calvary.

LUFF—On August 28, 1917, Charles Luff, beloved husband of Bridget Luff (nee Cline) and father of Annie, Charlotte, Nellie, Florence and the late Charles Luff, jr. Funeral from his daughter's residence, Anna Lockwood, 432 East 92d st., on Friday, August 31, 1917, at 2 p. m. Interment in Calvary Cemetery. Gone, but not forgotten.

MANNION—On August 29, Margaret Josephine Mannion, daughter of John Mannion and the late Margaret Mannion (nee McGuiness). Funeral from her late residence, 412 St. Nicholas av., Friday, August 31. High mass of requiem at St. Aloysius Church, West 132d st., 10 a. m.

MARTIN—Edwin Welles, at Princeton, N. J., August 28, aged 91 years and 11 months. Funeral services at his late residence, 4 Evelyn pl., Princeton, N. J., at 11 a. m. Thursday, August 30. Interment at Elizabeth, N. J.

M'ELLIGOTT—On August 28, 1917, Dennis M'Elligott, beloved husband of the late Nellie McElligott (nee Broderick), son of the late John and Mary McElligott (nee Brosnan), native of Laharn, Castle Maine, County Kerry, Ireland. Funeral from his sister's residence, Mrs. Michael O'Neill, 305 West 20th st., on Friday, August 31, at 9 a. m.; thence to St. Columba's Church, West 25th st.

MITCHELL—On Sunday, August 26, 1917, Michael J., beloved son of the late Patrick Mitchell and Elizabeth Mitchell (nee Fitzpatrick) and brother of Margaret, Cecelia and James Mitchell. Funeral from his late residence, 423 West 50th st., on Friday, August 31; thence to the Church of the Sacred Heart, West 51st st., where a requiem mass will be offered at 10:30 a. m. New Jersey papers please copy.

MORGAN—On Tuesday, August 28, 1917, Sarah J. Morgan (nee Lagan), widow of Thomas J. Morgan. Funeral from her late residence, 1353 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, on Friday, at 9:30 a. m. Solemn requiem mass at Church of St. Matthew, Eastern Parkway, at 10 o'clock.

MUNK—On August 29, 1917, Mary Munk (nee Doyle), beloved wife of Henry Munk. Funeral from her late residence, 765 First av., New York City, on Friday, at 2 p. m. Interment in Calvary Cemetery.

MURPHY—On Monday, August 27, James Murphy, beloved father of Roger and Francis and brother of Margaret and Ellen Murphy. Funeral from his late residence, 85 West 104th st., on Friday, August 31, at 9:30 a. m.; thence to the Church of the Ascension, on West 107th st., where a requiem mass will be offered for the repose of his soul. Interment Calvary Cemetery.

MURRAY—On Thursday, August 30, at 10:30 a. m., John L. Murray, native of Strokestown, County Roscommon, Ireland, in his 52d year. Funeral from his late residence, 251 West 98th st., on Monday, September 3, at 10 a. m.

NAISAWALD—At Briarcliff Lodge, Briarcliff Manor, N. Y., Jennie E., wife of Louis C. Naisawald, suddenly, on August 29, 1917. Funeral services on Saturday, September 1, at All Saints' Church, Briarcliff, at 12 o'clock, on the arrival of train leaving Grand Central Terminal, Hudson Division, at 10:46 a. m. Automobiles will meet train at Scarborough-on-Hudson.

PALMER—Elizabeth Denison, widow of the late Theodore D. Palmer, at Stonington, Conn., on August 29, 1917.

PAYTON—Mr. Philip A. Payton died at his summer home, Allenhurst, N. J., Wednesday evening, 6:30, August 29, 1917. Funeral from St. Mark's M. E. Church, 235 West 53d st., Sunday, 12:30. Burial Monday afternoon at Westfield, Mass.

PRYOR—Suddenly, on August 29, Annie, wife of the late Michael Pryor and beloved sister of Rose O'Neill. Funeral from her late residence, 885 Columbus av., Friday, at 8:15. Solemn requiem mass at Church of the Ascension, West 107th st., near Amsterdam av., at 9 a. m. Interment Calvary.

ROBINSON—Very suddenly, on Thursday, August 30, 1917, Frances Isabel, only child of Thomas H. and Fanny de Groop Robinson. Funeral private.

SCHEEDEL—Hermann A., aged 46 years 8 months, retired policeman, Traffic C, 366 West 25th st. Funeral Friday, August 31, 1917, 10 a. m., at St. John the Baptist Church, West 30th st., between Seventh and Eighth ave., where a requiem mass will be read for the repose of his soul.

SHERIDAN—On Tuesday, August 27, James J. Sheridan, beloved husband of Margaret Doonan (nee Plunkett) and father of Lillian Doonan O'Meara, formerly of the 21st Ward. Funeral from his late residence, 845 Walton av., Bronx, on Friday, August 31, at 1 p. m. Portland (Ore.) papers please copy.

TORPEY—On August 29, at her residence, 1056 Third av., Annie Torpey. Funeral Friday, August 31, at 9:30 a. m. Requiem mass at St. Vincent Ferrer's Church, East 67th st., at 10 a. m.

VALENTINE—At Haworth, N. J., on August 29, 1917, Cornelius Elder, son of the late David and Caroline M. Valentine. Funeral services at his late residence, Haworth, N. J., on Saturday, at 4 p. m. September 1. Train boat leaves West 43d st. 2:15 p. m.

VAN KNYCK—On August 29, at West Hoboken, Mary Van Knyck, wife of Henry S. Van Knyck and mother of Mrs. Pauline Hillen, Mrs. D. A. Mills, Henry Van Knyck, jr., and Mrs. Emma Mottola, formerly of New York City, aged 72 years. Funeral from her late residence, 308 Kerrigan av. Services Saturday, 2 p. m. Interment Fairview.

WASSERSCHEID—On August 28, Catherine V., beloved daughter of Rudolf C. and Kate A. Wasserscheid (nee McNevins). Funeral from her late residence, 922 Whitlock av., Bronx, on Friday, August 31, 9 a. m.; thence to Church of St. Athanasius, Tiffany st., Southern Boulevard, where a requiem mass will be offered for repose of her soul.

WENDELL — Evert Jansen, died, Paris, France, August 28, 1917, in public service. The trustees of the Children's Aid Society, for themselves personally and for thousands of boys and young men in New York and throughout the United States, express their grief at the death of Evert Jansen Wendell, a trustee of the Children's Aid Society for fifteen years and the friend of every boy. To his keen interest each boy was a different person and to his warm heart each boy was a personal friend. There is no one like him, and his loss is irreparable.
CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY,
William Church Osborn, President.

WOODRIDGE—On Wednesday, August 29, Alice L. Woodridge, at her residence, 220 Wadsworth av.

ZABRISKIE—On Tuesday, August 28, Eliza M., wife of the late George I. N. Zabriskie and daughter of the late Dr. Cornelius S. Blauvelt. Funeral services at Christ Church, Hackensack, on Saturday, September 1, at 2 o'clock.

BIRTHS

BARON—To Mr. and Mrs. Samuel T. Baron (nee Mabel Levy), a daughter, Tuesday, August 28, 657 West 161st st.

KUPFERBERG—Mr. and Mrs. Louis S. Kupferberg (nee Cina Harrison, formerly of Syracuse, N. Y.), 1,672 Union st., Brooklyn, announce the arrival of a baby boy, Sunday, August 26, 1917, at 9:30 p. m., at German Hospital. Mother and child doing well.

MARRIAGES

ROBINSON—ALLEN—August 25, at Brookline, Mass., by the Rev. Willis H. Butler, Alice Post, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Horatio Allen, to Francis H. Robinson, jr., U. S. N. C. R., son of Mr. and Mrs. Francis H. Robinson, of Montclair, N. J.

SMITH—BLACK—Mr. Lake Huntington Smith and Miss Ethel M. Black, August 25, 1917.

IMPORTANT

Engagement, Marriage, Birth, In Memoriam and Death Notices may be telephoned to The Tribune any time up to midnight for insertion in the next day's paper. Just call

Beekman 3000

and read the notice as you wish it inserted. Bill for same will be mailed to you later. The notice will reach over 100,000 readers daily.

DEATHS

CEMETERIES

THE WOODLAWN CEMETERY,
233d St. By Harlem Train and by Trolley.
Lots of small size for sale.
Office 20 East 23d St., N. Y.

NEW YORK'S LEADING THEATRES AND SUCCESSES

NEW AMSTERDAM West 42 St. Evenings 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:15. EXTRA MATINEE LABOR DAY. LAST THREE WEEKS. MAT. TO-MORROW. All Seats 50c to $2. ZIEGFELD FOLLIES. AFTER THE PERFORMANCE ROOF NEW EDITION A SENSATION. ZIEGFELD MIDNIGHT FROLIC

HUDSON THEATRE, WEST 44 ST. BEGINNING NEXT MONDAY NIGHT SEATS TO-DAY. RALPH HERZ offers "GOOD NIGHT PAUL" A FARCE WITH MUSIC. WITH Elizabeth Murray, Ralph Herz, Audrey Maple, Frank Lalor, Louise Kelley, Burrell Barberetto.

THE DELUGE, now at the HUDSON Theatre. Evs. 8:20. Matinee To-morrow 2:20.

REPUBLIC W. 42 St. Beginning NXT MONDAY MAT. Seats Now. JOHN BARRYMORE. CONSTANCE COLLIER. LIONEL BARRYMORE in PETER IBBETSON

GAIETY B'WAY, 46 ST. NEXT MON. NIGHT. SEATS NOW SELLING. The Country Cousin. By BOOTH TARKINGTON & JULIAN STREET with ALEXANDRA CARLISLE.

FULTON W. 46 St. Evgs. 8:20. LAST 3 TIMES. Last Mat. Sat., 2:20. BAYARD VEILLER'S THE 13th CHAIR with Margaret Wycherly.

48TH ST. THEA. E. of B'way. Bry. 178. TO-NIGHT AT 8:30. WHAT HAPPENED TO JONES. With HALE HAMILTON. First Mat. To-m'w. Extra Mat. Labor Day.

One Whole Year Without a Break. THE MAN WHO CAME BACK. Playhouse West 48th. Matinees To-morrow, Labor Day and Wed. Soldiers and Sailors in Uniform half price.

BIJOU 45th, W. of B'way. Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Tom'w, Lab. Day & Wed. MARY'S ANKLE

Marine Elliott's 39th, nr. B'way. Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Tom'w, Lab. Day & Wed. MARJORIE RAMBEAU in EYES OF YOUTH

PRINCESS 39th, nr. Broadway. Evgs. 8:15. Mats. To-mor'w & Wed. 2:15. "OH BOY" Smartest of Musical Comedies.—Eve. Sun.

39TH ST. Thea. MON. EVE. Seats Now. MR. ALLEN DOONE in 'LUCKY O'SHEA' By Theo. Burt Sayre

LYRIC 42nd, West of Broadway. Evgs. 8:15. Matinee To-morrow, 2:15. Moves to Cort Theatre Labor Day Matinee. WILTON LACKAYE in THE INNER MAN, by Abraham Schomer.

LYRIC—NEXT MONDAY EVE. Seats Now. GUY BATES POST in "THE MASQUERADER."

44TH ST. THEATRE. W. OF B'WAY. TWICE DAILY, 2:15 AND 8:15. LA