

The Conning Tower

Lines to Grantland Rice, 2nd Lieut., F. A., on Reading That The Spotlight Would Now Appear Three Times a Week.

Grantland, when I joined the army,
Queried I the Chief of Staff:
"Do the regulations bar me
From the daily paragraph?
May I do my Dome Diurnal?
May my pen be unconfin'd?"
And my tall commanding colonel
Said he didn't mind.

Earnest my belief, and sober
Was my versifying vow.
That was early in October . . .
It is January now.
Though I have the *caec. scribendi*,
Though I have no wish to shrink
Writing verse, how Mr. N. D.
Baker makes me work!

So, if true the welcome statement,
O Lieutenant Grantland Rice,
That without undue abatement
You will weekly scribble thrice,
Tell me (or tell General Bliss, Chief),
By the seven gods of rhyme!
Tell me, Grantland, how the mischief
Do you find the time?

Washington Barracks, D. C. F. P. A.

On the Screen

"Lest We Forget," at Lyric,
Reproduces Sinking of
the Lusitania

At last the much heralded patriotic picture, "Lest We Forget," is with us. It was produced at the Lyric Theatre last night, with Rita Jolivet in the role of Rita Heriot. "Lest We Forget" is a stupendous production which has been more than a year in the making, and it surely will be a far greater spur to patriotism than a dozen so-called propaganda films.

The music, the decorations and the settings are calculated to put one in the most receptive frame of mind, and then comes the picture—powerful, thrilling, with a mute appeal in every foot of film.

The story is of Rita Heriot, a French actress living in a small town outside of Paris at the time war was declared. Rita is engaged to Harry Winslow, an American millionaire in Paris. Rita attempts to reach Paris, but is arrested as a spy, and finally, after escaping into Holland, manages to get to America.

The various episodes of the picture are real happenings of the war built together by a pretty romance, which is at all times subservient to the political interest.

One of the biggest things that ever has been done on the screen is the sinking of the Lusitania. Miss Jolivet was on the Lusitania when it went down, and it was to her that Charles Frehman spoke his last words, "Why fear death?" It is the most beautiful adventure in life.

The scenes on the sinking liner have been faithfully reproduced, and the U-boat is seen close at hand watching the slaughter of the innocents. Hamilton Revelle is excellent in the role of Harry Winslow, the American who enlists in the French army to avenge the wrongs of his fiancée.

The sinking of the Lusitania is so soon as Baron von Bergen, the Prussian spy, that he is going to have trouble living it down. When the baron learns that Rita has returned to France on the Lusitania he begs her not to sail, and finally tells her that he has positive information that the ship is to be torpedoed.

Fearing lest she will betray him, the baron follows Rita to London, and there renews his offers of love, or marriage, or whatever it was that he was contemplating.

Rita kills him, which was quite as it should have been, but it did seem something of an anti-climax when the lovers, Harry and Rita, started to quarrel as soon as they were reunited. It did not seem as if they would have had any room for petty jealousy. However, the ways of a maid with a man seem to be as soon as they were reunited.

The story was written and the picture directed by Leonce Perret. It was produced by Count de Cippico and J. L. Kemp. The former is Miss Jolivet's husband.

Once upon a time we may have seen a picture which we liked better than we did "Dodging a Million," at the Strand yesterday, but just at present we cannot recall what it was; and once upon a time we may have seen an actress who was prettier and more clever than little Mabel Normand, but neither can we recall her name, if so.

Edgar Selwyn has scorned all suggestions from other pictures and has simply dived into his brain and brought up a brand new plot. There is something new under the sun and it is "Dodging a Million."

Many there be who have declared that Golden has not lived up to the self-set standard, but let them go to see the new picture with Miss Norman as the "dodger" and forever hold their peace. If any one told us that he didn't enjoy this Selwyn-Normand-Goldwyn production—well, we shouldn't believe him, that's all.

It wouldn't be fair to tell anything of the plot, for it is full of mysterious things.

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Artists to Sing at War Thrift Meeting

At the patriotic war thrift meeting in Carnegie Hall Wednesday night the national song, "The Allies," will be sung by prominent artists. Miss Mary Jordan will sing "The Star Spangled Banner," Mlle. Madeleine d'Espinoza, "The Marseillaise," Frank Langens, "God Save the King," and "The Star Spangled Banner." Other speakers will be Justice A. M. S. T. and Patrick Francis Murphy and Mrs. F. Louis Slade.

Music

Big Audience Hears Chicago Opera Company Artists in Concert at Hippodrome

The first of the series of concerts by artists of the Chicago Opera Company took place last night at the Hippodrome before a large audience. The artists taking part were Juan Nadal, Carolina Lazzari, Rosa Raisa and George Baklanoff. The last named artist took the place of Riccardo Stracciari, who was said to be ill. Mr. Stracciari was billed on the programme to sing the Prologue from "Pagliacci" and the gallery was excited by the opinion that the Prologue ought to be sung. Mr. Baklanoff sang the "Veau d'Or" from "Faust," and then the gallery took a hand, applauding madly and calling for Pagliacci. The most colorful moment of the concert was when Miss Raisa sang "Salve Dinora" in a rarer small but well controlled voice, and Miss Lazzari, "The faro singer," with admirable legato. Miss Lazzari possesses an excellent contralto voice, which is rather better in tone and upper registers than in its lower.

A large audience was also present at the Metropolitan concert. Miss Muzio being ill, Mme. Florence Easton took her place, singing "Un bel di" from "Butterfly" and a group of songs. Mr. De Luca sang Massenet's "Promesse au lever du jour" and the Rossini "Largo al factotum," and Eren Zimbalist played the Hubay G minor violin concerto and a group of short pieces.

The orchestra, under the direction of Richard Kagan, played the Leonore Overture No. 3 and Godard's "Scenes Poétiques."

In the ballroom of the Hotel des Artistes last night Sacha Votchenko fought the whole of the present war with his trusty tympanon (taking the part of the Allies, of course), in music and in action. He was victorious and the occasion was a brilliant one.

Yvonne Garrick threaded her way among the numerous floral tributes which adorned the stage and explained that M. Votchenko's instrument was the gift of Louis XIV to one of the musician's ancestors.

M. Votchenko, an excellent and melodious mobilizing band a charge and captured several trenches. Then a band of Red Cross nurses came up, waiting for the Marseillaise, and peace was restored.

Carolina White followed with a group of songs, Beverly Stigreeves and David Bishop gave dramatic recitations, and an excellent musical accompaniment, and finally the history of human society from barbarism to civilization was symbolized in an allegorical pantomime. She played the Beethoven concerto in G with a firm design and clear articulation, which quite belied the familiar extravagance of her "concert manner" in the "Stevenson" suite.

Edith Leginska was the soloist at the regular Sunday afternoon concert of the Symphony Society yesterday in Carnegie Hall. She played the Beethoven concerto in G with a firm design and clear articulation, which quite belied the familiar extravagance of her "concert manner" in the "Stevenson" suite.

There is a nice mystery story to connect the scenes in England and in Africa, and after Tarzan is grown to manhood the secret of his birth is revealed. He and his mother, who are in search of him, accompanied by Edith Markey.

Of course, there has to be a girl in the case, and Edith was the girl, although the "mystery" seems just the thing to wish a rich American heiress on a man who acted like a monkey. But Edith didn't think him as much of a monkey as the other girls, and she said "yes" as every one expected her to.

The scene was staged by Scott Sidney and produced by the National Film Company of America. It is "Dodging a Million."

Geraldine Farrar Not to Sing "Lodoletta" Friday
Geraldine Farrar announces that owing to her recent illness she has found it necessary to be conserving of her strength, and has notified the management of the Metropolitan Opera house that she will not sing "Lodoletta" next Friday night, as had been announced.

Art Museum Open Free To-day
The Metropolitan Museum of Art will be open to the public free of charge to-day, Monday, during the closing eight Mondays of the government's fuel conservation period. Edward Robinson, director of the Museum, made this announcement yesterday. Usually on Mondays admission to the Museum entails payment of a small fee. The only "pay day" at the Museum while Dr. Garfield's order remains in force will be Friday.

Victim Case at Bellevue
A victim of anthrax, contracted, it is believed, while handling hides, William Matthews, thirty-seven, a stevedore, was removed to Bellevue Hospital yesterday from his home, 147 Frelinghuysen Road, New Brighton, Staten Island. In the last thirteen months four cases of anthrax have resulted fatally at Bellevue.

The Opera

The Chicago Association Presents "Azora," a New Work by Americans

"Azora" (in English), romantic opera, in three acts. Text by David Stevens. Music by Henry Hadley.

By Grenville Vernon
American opera is no longer the Cinderella of art. The last decade has seen a long list of works by native composers. We have had Converse's "Pipes of Desire," Parker's "Mona," Herbert's "Natomas" and "Madelaine," Damrosch's "Cyrano de Bergerac," De Koven's "Canterbury Pilgrims." All have been presented with capable casts, all have been excellently staged, and all both public and critics have gone, hoping that they would find in the music something to stimulate the hope that an indigenous opera had at last appeared. That those hopes were frustrated the world knows only too well. In none of these works was found anything distinctly American, unkind critics might add, nothing distinctive either. But with a young nation hope never dies, and so it was that a large and unusually representative audience journeyed Saturday night to the Lexington Theatre to hear the Chicago Opera Association present Henry Hadley's "Azora."

Mr. Hadley is a sound musician of broad sympathies, whose symphonic

compositions have been heard with pleasure and been awarded no little praise. He is neither an amateur nor a dilettante. In the past he has never attempted to become more evanescent than Debussy, nor to surpass Strauss in the violence of his discords. He has never prosed as a musical Bolshievik, nor has he practiced as one. He has been eminently sane and safe, a believer in melody, in balance, in tradition. As neither melody, balance nor tradition is a peculiarly American product, it is to be expected that his music should possess a European flavor.

Is a Story of Old Mexico
"Azora" is written to a libretto by David Stevens. It has to do with Mexico at the time of Cortez, and its story is romantic to a degree.

Xalca, having been overcome in battle by Montezuma, is residing in the latter's capital, a nominal prisoner of war. He stands high in the Emperor's favor as a military leader; having submitted to Montezuma's rule, he has been given an important command. The reason for Xalca's devotion to Montezuma's interest lies in his love for Azora, the Emperor's daughter, who is destined by her father to be the wife of Ramatzin, titular chief of Montezuma's army. Owing to Xalca's anomalous position, his betrothal to Azora has been kept secret in the hope that an impending war with Tarascan will afford him an opportunity to so distinguish himself that his claim to equal all will be recognized.

Ramatzin, however, already resentful and angry at Xalca's success and popularity, is further enraged by the suspicion that Azora loves the Tarascan. Such is the situation when the action of the story begins.

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14th Street, near Fourth Avenue

George S. Loder, Merchant
And Civil War Veteran, Dies

George S. Loder, for many years connected with the firm of James H. Dunham & Co., 340 Broadway, New York City, wholesale drygoods merchants, died at the home of his sister-in-law, Mrs. Noah Loder, Port Chester, N. Y., today of pneumonia. He was seventy-three years old, and a member of Lafayette Post 140, G. A. R., New York, of which he was officer of the guard.

Unable to enlist in the service at the outbreak of the Civil War because of his youth, he joined a New York regiment a few months before peace was declared. At the close of the war Mr. Loder became a member of the 7th Regiment, New York. He leaves three sons and two daughters.

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The meeting, it is expected, will be attended by the public and the agents selling the stamps. To date more than \$148,000 worth of stamps have been sold by public school pupils.

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The various episodes of the picture are real happenings of the war built together by a pretty romance, which is at all times subservient to the political interest.

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Fearing lest she will betray him, the baron follows Rita to London, and there renews his offers of love, or marriage, or whatever it was that he was contemplating.

Rita kills him, which was quite as it should have been, but it did seem something of an anti-climax when the lovers, Harry and Rita, started to quarrel as soon as they were reunited. It did not seem as if they would have had any room for petty jealousy. However, the ways of a maid with a man seem to be as soon as they were reunited.

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The story was written and the picture directed by Leonce Perret. It was produced by Count de Cippico and J. L. Kemp. The former is Miss Jolivet's husband.

Once upon a time we may have seen a picture which we liked better than we did "Dodging a Million," at the Strand yesterday, but just at present we cannot recall what it was; and once upon a time we may have seen an actress who was prettier and more clever than little Mabel Normand, but neither can we recall her name, if so.

Edgar Selwyn has scorned all suggestions from other pictures and has simply dived into his brain and brought up a brand new plot. There is something new under the sun and it is "Dodging a Million."

Many there be who have declared that Golden has not lived up to the self-set standard, but let them go to see the new picture with Miss Norman as the "dodger" and forever hold their peace. If any one told us that he didn't enjoy this Selwyn-Normand-Goldwyn production—well, we shouldn't believe him, that's all.

It wouldn't be fair to tell anything of the plot, for it is full of mysterious things.

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