

TAX THE DEADHEADS—CONRID

ADVOCATES BEFORE ACTORS THE PLAN ADOPTED BY MANAGERS.

This for Benefit of Actors' Fund—Clara Morris Talks on Old Age and Mr. Palmer Tells Her She Should Have Been a Comic, Not an Emotional Actress

The Actors' Fund Home was thronged yesterday afternoon, when many of the guild in New York gathered to celebrate the second anniversary of its founding. A. M. Palmer spoke in eulogy of the men who had made the home a possibility. After this welcome, Heinrich Conried advocated the plan adopted by the managers on April 14 for raising funds for the perpetuation of the home.

"There comes a time," he said, "in the careers of many men and women who depend for their existence upon their ability to amuse the public, when sickness or advancing age makes it impossible for them to earn their livelihood. The Actors' Fund was founded in order to minister to the necessities of the members of our guild. It has been maintained chiefly by recourse to occasional benefits. And, though there are differences between benefit performances and charity performances, yet I feel that the dividing line is not plain enough to be satisfying to our professional or human self-respect.

"I think that it is unfortunate and more than time to rescue the unfortunate actors and actresses of this country from even the suspicion of being beggars. I wish to help them to secure themselves a means of salvation which will impose no serious burden on the community. To this end I would tax the deadheads." Continuing, Mr. Conried said:

The plan I have devised for this purpose is so simple that it may seem strange to you. It should not long have been adopted and regularly enforced.

It is my object to assure the Actors' Fund a settled income, sufficiently large and sufficiently stable to allow it to meet all legitimate calls that may be made upon it. To attain that object, I propose, after mature thought, that a small tax shall be levied upon a class of houses, theaters and concert halls, which pay nothing for their enjoyment. I refer to the deadheads. The tax will be in itself so trifling that it will hardly be felt. And the results will, as I hope, be so immense, that they will justify the tax on deserving actors and actresses of the United States beyond fear of want.

It is my object to explain to you, in inquiry, it has been ascertained that there are in this country roughly three thousand theaters and concert halls, each of which is open for purposes of business at least one hundred nights each season.

At the point which chiefly concerns us, it has been ascertained that the management of these theaters and concert halls, on an average five or six tickets, free of charge each night in every season. With these data as a starting point, I soon came to the conclusion that, to provide us with the revenue we require, it would only be necessary for the managers of the three thousand American theaters and concert halls to impose a charge of ten cents on each free seat which he gives out and to give over the remaining dollar or two right to the Actors' Fund.

NO MORE A BEARDED BISHOP.

DR. CUSACK, CLEAN SHAVEN, SAVS MASS FOR NIGHT WORKERS.

Wonderment in His Old Parish at St. Teresa's—The Girl My Bearded Off, My Child, Is the Bishop's Answer to Why He Did It—Five Thousand Kiss His Ring

Bishop Thomas F. Cusack celebrated his first pontifical high mass and held his first confirmation service yesterday. The Bishop also celebrated the shaving of his beard. Because of a weak throat and many exposures incident to his work as an apostle missionary the Bishop had worn a beard for many years. When he was consecrated it was suggested that he adopt the old Roman custom, known to be so much approved by Archbishop Farley, of a smooth face for all priests. However, the Bishop did not take the advice, and it was then said that he would adhere to his old custom and be "the bearded bishop."

When Bishop Cusack, therefore, in his purple robes of state, appeared in the sanctuary of St. Andrew's Church yesterday morning, at the 2:30 o'clock printers' mass, there were not a half dozen persons of the 2,000 in the church who recognized the former missionary. Clean shaven and with a clear cut Roman profile, Bishop Cusack looks ten years younger than his appearance of two days ago indicated. The mass was the celebration of the third anniversary of the service for night workers. Bishop Cusack conducted a mission for night workers just a year ago. He knew many of them personally, having worked with them for nearly fifty years.

The mass lasted two hours. Bishop Cusack was assisted in the ceremony by Father Kehoe, rector of the Star of the Sea Church in Brooklyn, as deacon and by Father Linnane of Red Bank as sub-deacon. There were about twenty priests from various parts of the city in the sanctuary and a great many people from other congregations in the congregation. The sermon was preached by Father William O'Brien Parlow, S. J., who took for his theme the necessity of religion in man. Father Parlow compared religious influence in the life of a man to the power of the Niagara, which needed but an intelligent guiding hand to make it light a great stretch of country.

At the close of the mass one of the members of the congregation presented to Bishop Cusack a handsomely decorated memorial of their esteem and loyalty and the Bishop, accepting it with a smile, spoke of his interest in people who work. The Bishop's first confirmation service was in his old church of St. Teresa yesterday afternoon. Two hundred and thirty-two girls, wearing long flowing veils and wreaths of fresh flowers, knelt at the throne of the prelate and received the sacrament. Following the confirmation service, Bishop Cusack gave the Benediction, after which the gold crozier given by his old parishioners was presented to him. The crozier was one made for the Bishop by St. Louis, James Donegan, one of the church trustees, made the presentation address, which he referred to as the gift of charity to the parish of St. Teresa and the esteem in which the people held him.

I have loved the people of St. Teresa's parish for nineteen years, said the Bishop. I have come to look upon you as my children, and as such will I ever hold you dear to my heart and in my prayers. Following the service, the Bishop passed before Bishop Cusack on his throne in the sacristy and knelt to kiss the episcopal ring of their old pastor. He came into our office and offered us a fine, well-kept, and well-dressed suit. He showed us the check for one hundred dollars, which he had just received. When asked what he wanted the check for, he said he wanted it for his friends. He thought that the check was in payment for a story. My house declined to accommodate him.

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THE DAY OF MONOPOLY. Results Not So Bad as Might Be. Says Prof. Clark—What We Need. Prof. John B. Clark of Columbia University lectured last night in the Manhattan Congregational Church, at Broadway and seventy-sixth street, on the industrial situation. There has been a decided change in industrial conditions, said he, "and for good, though under the old system there was a greater degree of freedom. There were no Chinese walls around industrial fields and the distribution of results made a man get for his labor about what it was worth. That is, about what he created. He was honest, though an honest one, did not produce as much per capita as the present system does."

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A GREAT FIRE "BRIGADE."

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Mrs. Turner Left Roughhouse to Board and Cedar Sold Her for \$150—With Her Consent, He Says; Without It, Declares Mrs. Turner—Prisoner Freed. Mrs. Maude Turner of 80 West Fortieth street appeared in the Yorkville police court yesterday against Peter Cedar, whom she accused of the larceny of her Boston terrier Roughhouse, which she valued at \$250. The defendant is the manager of the Cedar Kennels at 113 West Thirty-seventh street.

Mrs. Turner said that she had sent the dog to board at the Cedar Kennels three months ago and was to pay \$10 a month. She had not settled up to last Friday, when she called up the manager of the kennels and instructed him to send the boarder home. He said he couldn't, as he had sold it. "When this woman brought the dog to me," said Cedar, "she asked me if I thought I could get \$100 for it. Last Friday Dr. Orrin Kenny of 165 West Forty-seventh street came to my place and wanted to buy a Boston terrier. I called up Mrs. Turner on the telephone and Dr. Kenny talked with her. Then the physician gave me \$150 for the dog for which I gave her a receipt."

Dr. Kenny testified that he had spoken to the complainant over the telephone. "I asked her what was the bottom figure she would take for the animal," he went on. "She said she would not take less than \$150, and I told her I would give \$150. When she repeated that she wouldn't take less than \$150 I informed her that I would consider it and rang off. After considering I decided to pay her \$100 and she accepted it. "I said I wouldn't take less than \$150, but I did not say that I would sell for that amount. In fact, I had not agreed to sell at all." "Put in the complaint," said the physician, who could prove by a young woman who was with him in the office at the time of the telephone conversation that the complainant agreed to sell. The young woman is Myra Jordan, who said she was a professional nurse and lived at 145 West Forty-seventh street. Miss Jordan declared that she heard the woman at the telephone say that she would sell the dog for \$150.

A GREAT FIRE "BRIGADE."

How the Larchmont Organization Looks Up to the People of India. LARCHMONT, N. Y., May 8.—A wealthy Larchmont traveling in India has sent a clipping from the Calcutta Times to Chief Bronson, showing that the fame of the Larchmont fire department has penetrated even that remote country. The clipping has been posted in the local firehouse. It is as follows:

"Larchmont, a fashionable suburb of New York city, has the distinction of possessing a volunteer fire brigade unique in the fact that several of its members are millionaires, while many others have incomes of over \$100,000 a year. "Membership is not confined to men of means, but is open to any man who is ready and willing to marry and be disciplined. In the Larchmont fire brigade the trust magnate vies with his clerk, the landed proprietor with his laborer, and the chief of the brigade has only numbers over 200 members, is Mayhew W. Bronson, a multi-millionaire, who has the assurance to carry on his hobby of fire fighting. "No favoritism is shown to the wealthy members, and they take their full share of the work. The work is being trained in small squads, it is no unusual sight to see a millionaire carrying his coxswain down the ladders, or vice versa, since each member is able to perform the same duties. When an alarm comes in on one of the cool September evenings the Larchmont fire brigade is ready to respond. The men being trained in smoking their after-dinner cigars, they may often be seen tearing along to their respective stations in evening dress. In fact, as a visitor said recently, "they look like a set of dukes raiding a livery stable."

HER FRIENDS THE INDIANS.

Mrs. McClurg Is Going Back to the Utes a Government Officer. Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert McClurg, who have travelled through the East lecturing on the ancient civilizations of the West and Southwest of the United States, left town last night for Rochester, where they will return this week to the West. Mrs. McClurg has recently received from the Indian Bureau the office of special commissioner to the Indians, an office no other woman has ever held. She has been working and studying the Ute reservation for more than twenty years and has devoted almost her entire life to archaeological research. She has attended congresses held in Paris in 1900 and has recently been made a member of the French Academy.

Mrs. McClurg will lecture before the Women's Biennial Congress at St. Louis, on May 17. Later she will go to the Ute reservation, where she will arrange for better preservation of the cliff dwellings in that region. Clara Louise Kellogg Returns. Mrs. Karl Stronkosch (Clara Louise Kellogg), who returned with her husband, on the Celtic, in yesterday, from her annual wintering on the Riviera, looking many years younger than 62, said that she had recently in a friendly way in Japan and the troops of the Mikado were drilling and that he had remarked that the Japs were getting too presumptuous and that she should be more severe. She remarked that after the recent conflicts between the Russians and the Japs, the latter seemed to have gone up a peg or so.

MOB FOLLOWED JUDGE EMMONS.

Three Vegetables at Boston's Police Commissioner and Gov. Bates's Secretary. BOSTON, May 8.—With a howling mob at his heels, Judge Emmons, chairman of the Board of Police Commissioners, in company with John Hurlbut, Gov. Bates's private secretary, and another man of prominence, toured the North and West this last evening. The celebration will take place to-night without the picture.