

LAUDER GIVES A FREE SHOW

THE ALDERMEN EXTRACT A SONG FROM THE SCOT.

Who Made an Ostentatious Pirimage to the City Hall to the Glory of the Press Agent—Swapped Dialect With the Mayor While the Pipers Skirled.

In addition to the usual vaudeville shows of dialect entertainers which accompanies the weekly meetings of the Board of Aldermen the Board received yesterday a young man named Lauder who gets real money for singing Scotch songs right up on top of the stage. This fact was admitted late last evening by Mr. Eddie Pidgeon, who would admit it closely pressed that he is a press agent for a regular theatre. Mr. Pidgeon was found in the Old King Cole Hotel of the Knickerbocker Hotel, where he had gone to simulate himself with a glass of sarsaparilla.

It required a good deal of persuasion to get Mr. Pidgeon to acknowledge that this Lauder person had really been before the Board of Aldermen. "This publicity is really very painful to me," said Mr. Pidgeon. "If all this stuff really gets into the newspapers I—I—why, I really don't know what I shall do about it. At the same time," he continued, "throwing both arms around the reporter's neck and forcing him into a chair, 'if you insist on printing the story I may as well see that you get it straight.' Whereupon Mr. Pidgeon said in part about 10,000 words.

It appears from what Mr. Pidgeon said that several persons had previously heard of Mr. Lauder, but not enough—meaning not enough persons—also meaning that not enough persons had heard enough. It was difficult to persuade Mr. Lauder that this was the case, but it was eventually accomplished. It was believed, however, that if Mr. Lauder were to don his kilts and enter a carriage, and that if a score of Highlanders, also clad in the near clothes of their native country and headed by a squad of eight pipers piping were to precede Mr. Lauder from a certain theatre all the way to the City Hall, several persons along the line of march might notice what was going on, especially if the procession were led off by a pair of mounted cops. How then to get the cops, Ah, but have we not young Reggie Doull, who represents the theatrical and fancy weskid district in the Board of Aldermen? Upon reflection we certainly have. Hence the mounted cops.

The procession formed at a theatre, the name of which for the moment escapes one, at noon, right resting on Mr. Pidgeon. Everybody walked except the cops and the Lauder person. Mr. Pidgeon at the last moment declined to accompany the pageant, giving as a reason a fear he somebody might think it was a pageant by mistake. Mr. Lauder poohpoohed this fear, but Mr. Pidgeon was adamant and stayed uptown.

The procession proceeded. As often as the cops would allow it the pipes skirled, if that is the proper word. In case it shouldn't be, one will say, in the hope that it may be accepted as a substitute, that the pipes frequently inflated their lungs with atmosphere which they then blew into their pipes. The pipes received this atmosphere without thanks and in turn poured it out upon an ill prepared Fifth Avenue in the form of desolate sounds.

Tuesday is Mayor McCallan's unlucky day. All kinds of things happen to him on Tuesday, and of course it was just his luck that he hadn't yet gone out to luncheon when Lauder and pipers arrived at the City Hall, closely pursued by a throng of curious ones. Isaac Fromme took the Lauder person to call on his Excellency. The pipers stayed outside and skirled. "Hoots, your honor," remarked Mr. Lauder. "Hoots, yourself," replied the Mayor. "Is a draw could nict the nict on th' moon'tns."

Mr. Lauder responded by saying that a man was a man for a that, and followed this by quoting a Scotch proverb by Robbie Burns. The pipers skirled. The Mayor went out and ate a heavy luncheon.

Mr. Lauder, having left it to be known that he had come to visit the Mayor and the Board of Aldermen at the express request of Little Tim Sullivan, you thought he might as well go upstairs to the Aldermanic Chamber and make the acquaintance of Little Tim. Mr. Pidgeon said he had never seen Mr. Lauder before. He said later that he certainly hadn't invited Lauder to the City Hall.

11,430 FOR A DICKENS

An Uncut First Edition of Pickwick in Twenty Parts.

The first two sessions of the sale of the library of Edwin N. Lapham of Chicago at the rooms of the Anderson Auction Company, 12 East Forty-sixth street, yesterday afternoon and evening, showed that the interest of booklovers in the writings of Charles Dickens is far from dying out.

The prize of the sale was an uncut copy of Pickwick in the form in which it originally appeared. There were twenty serial parts, with the covers all intact. The book went to George D. Smith at the record price of \$1,450. "Sketches by Boz" brought \$205 from the same buyer. It was a first edition, with fine illustrations. A presentation copy of "A Christmas Carol" went to G. H. Richmond for \$70. It had Dickens's autograph and was given to his literary acquaintance Albany Fonblanque. The other Dickens offerings brought relatively high prices.

Mrs. Browning's poems attracted some generous bidding. A Philadelphia, Dr. Philip Rosenbach, paid \$400 for a copy of her "Sonnets" printed before she decided to have them known as "Sonnets from the Portuguese." Her "Prometheus Bound," an example of the extremely rare first edition which Mrs. Browning suppressed pending a rewriting, went to George D. Smith for \$53. The same buyer took the original manuscript of "Little Mattie" for \$180. It was over Mrs. Browning's own signature.

Mr. Lapham's library contained some Goldsmith and Fielding works of great value. A copy in the original calf of "The Vicar of Wakefield" was bought by F. W. Morris for \$70. The first edition of "The Deserted Village," "She Stoops to Conquer," "The Traveller" and "Rasselas" went to Mr. Morris for about \$150 apiece. A set of Fielding, nineteen volumes in all, in first edition, was bought by G. H. Richmond for \$185.

PROF. S. S. SANFORD VERY ILL.

Small Hope for Retired Head of Music Department of Yale.

Prof. Samuel S. Sanford of Yale University is critically ill at his home in this city, 50 West Fifty-second street. It was said yesterday that there was small hope of his recovery.

WON'T BE HUSBAND'S GUARDIAN

Wife of Harrington, Former Head of Weather Bureau, Barred by Form.

Mrs. Rose M. Harrington of 521 West 151st street, Manhattan, appeared yesterday before Vice-Chancellor Howell in Chancery Court. She was asked that she be appointed guardian over her husband, Prof. Mark W. Harrington, formerly head of the United States Weather Bureau. Harrington is in the New Jersey State Hospital for the Insane at Morris Plains. He was committed to that institution from Newark about a year ago as an unknown and was recently found by relatives after he had been missing ten years.

The Vice-Chancellor informed the woman that the appointment of a guardian for an insane person was a more formal matter than she supposed and that she would have to consult a lawyer to draw the necessary petition. Mrs. Harrington said that there was no property at stake and that she was seeking the appointment only for the sake of her husband so that she might be in a position to protect him. Mrs. Harrington said that she would not take any further steps.

News of Plays and Players.

There will be gala performance to-night at the German Theatre in Irving place in commemoration of the sixtieth anniversary of Emperor Francis Joseph's accession to the throne of Austria. The occasion will be celebrated by an epilogue spoken by Magnus Stifter, followed by living pictures and the singing of the Austrian national hymn. Preceding this there will be a performance of Schoenhut and Eilleff's comedy "Countess Guokki."

Rehearsal of Walter's new play, "The Eastway," which David Belasco will produce about the holidays, began at the Belasco Theatre yesterday morning. The cast of seven members includes Frances Starr, Helen Hall, Emma Dunn, Jane Gowl, Edward H. Robbins, Joseph Kilgour and William Sampson.

WEDDINGS.

Higgins-Cryder. The marriage of Cecil Higgins, a son of Harry Vincent Higgins of London, to Miss Ethel Frances Cryder, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cryder of this city, was celebrated at 4:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon at the home of the bride's parents, 20 Washington Square North. The Rev. Father Murray of the Catholic parish of Washington officiated. The bride wore a gown of white tulle with a spray of white point lace, and her tulle veil edged with white lace was caught with a spray of orange blossoms. She wore a pearl and diamond necklace, a pair of diamond earrings, and carried orchids and lilies of the valley. The bridesmaids were the Misses Agnes and Louise Cryder, the Misses Helen and Louise Higgins of London, a brother of the bridegroom, was the best man. Following the ceremony there was a small reception for relatives and intimate friends.

Ehret-Donahue.

The wedding of Louis John Ehret and Miss Madeline Virginia Donahue, a daughter of Patrick Donahue, took place at 6 o'clock last night in the church of St. Vincent Ferrer, the Rev. Father James Raymond Meagher officiating. Miss Donahue wore a white satin gown trimmed with white lace, and her tulle veil was caught with orange blossoms. She wore a pearl and diamond necklace, a pair of diamond earrings, and carried orchids and lilies of the valley. The bridesmaids were the Misses Agnes and Louise Cryder, the Misses Helen and Louise Higgins of London, a brother of the bridegroom, was the best man. Following the ceremony there was a small reception for relatives and intimate friends.

Miller-Donnelly.

Pleasant Compton Miller and Miss Anna Bonney, daughter of George Bernard Bonney, were married at 8 o'clock last night in St. Ann's Episcopal Church, 127th street and Fifth avenue. The Rev. Dr. George E. Van De Water, rector of the church, performed the ceremony. Miss Bonney wore a white gown with a white rose point lace and carried lilies of the valley. The bride attendants included Miss Madeline Virginia Donahue, a sister of the bridegroom, and Miss Marion Headman of Philadelphia. Frederick T. Atkinson, Holbrook Henry, William Dennis and William Compton A. reception followed at the home of the bride, 129 West 122d street.

A NEW TRIO BY MAX REGER

SOME WONDERFUL PUZZLES IN SOUL HARMONY.

A Composition in the Latest Style of Musical Architecture Performed by the Adele Margules Trio—The Second Movement is Almost Pleading.

At the first concert of the Adele Margules Trio in Mendelssohn Hall last night the first number was the E minor trio, opus 102, of Max Reger. This work was a novelty. The audience heard it with wonder and amazement, for it was a creation out of the depths of a profound despair. Mr. Reger's music has attracted a deal of attention in Europe of late, and some of it has passed music lovers even on this side of the Atlantic, but it is not at all likely that the E minor trio will be heard again by any one who heard it last night.

In form it is not at all revolutionary. The first movement, marked allegro moderato, ma con passione, is a most extraordinary production. It begins with a motive of three notes out of which the thematic material of the movement is developed. The first theme is the customary agitated melody, and the second is in contrast to it by reason of less agitation and a nearer approach to cantilena. It is, however, a parabolic approach and never arrives.

The working out is a vast and corrugating jumble of dissonances, barring against one another, tossed about from pitch to strings and back and issuing in utter harmonic chaos. The composer seems to have been bent on making dissonances merely for the sake of annoying his hearers. But the truth is that he had nothing to say and his method is one which strives to disguise that fact under an appearance of profundity. Better times come with the second movement, which is an allegretto. It has at least a certain piquancy of rhythm, and in the contrasting second theme the composer so forgets himself as to wander into the green fields of diatonic harmonies with results temporarily cheering to the now thoroughly dejected hearer.

The third movement, a largo, is the kind of music that is easiest to compose. It just meanders and meanders till enough pages are filled and then it stops. It is so vague that it does not even give one a chance to listen to it. You cannot become tired listening when there is nothing to which to listen. The fourth movement, allegro con moto, is like unto the first in that it deals liberally in acrid harmonies and sardonically smashes many of the ancient laws of the theorists. But what it fails to do is to present a pregnant theme.

This is the chief deficiency of the entire composition. It seems to be a practice of latter day musicians to assume an air of inscrutable simplicity in the formation of their thematic matter, making subjects which are merely studies in the fifth dimension. "Ex nihilo nihil fit." But if one means enough to do about it one seems to have produced something. It reminds one of the marvellous feats of the courtiers of Lilliput. It will be recalled that Flimnap, the treasurer, was the champion, for he could turn several soursaults on a rope no thicker than a pack thread.

Upon their pack thread ideas these new composers turn many soursaults and go through various contortions and the world looks up to them with the wonder which is the sweet reward of abnormality. But here and there some doubter shakes his head and vows that throwing soursaults on a pack thread is not just the sort of exercise for a Cabinet Minister and wishes that these learned pundits would come down to earth and emit ideas.

Miss Margules and her associates, Leopold Lichenberg, the violinist, and Leo Schulz, the cellist, might better spend their time in studying real music. Doubtless they are actuated by an honest desire to let us hear everything new in the field of their organization, but if the prolific Mr. Reger indulges in any more of these musical riddles these players would do well to let them be put on sale in the department stores along with the picture puzzles which are now devastating the community. The other number on the programme was the F minor trio, opus 68, of Dvorak, a composer who had many tuneful fancies and a many affection for sunlit harmonies.

Miss Morse's Song Recital.

Leila Livingston Morse, mezzo-soprano, gave a song recital at Mendelssohn Hall yesterday afternoon. In several songs by Brahms she displayed a light voice of pretty quality, not quite posed in the upper tones, and lacking warmth of color in most of its range. She sang the songs neatly but in the more emotional ones she showed little resource in expression. In some French songs by Hahn, Thorne, Debussy, Dalcroze, Franck and Berengier she found a better field for her voice, and the Dalcroze and Franck songs she sang tolerably well. Among other numbers on the list was the "Estuary" of young Mr. Rummel, who is gaining wide attention. Miss Morse's singing suffered most from monotony of style.

THE SEAGUERS.

Mrs. Thomas C. Platt Returns—Gustav Amberg Here Again.

The North German Lloyd steamship Kaiser Wilhelm II., in yesterday from Bremen, Southampton and Cherbourg brought Mrs. Thomas C. Platt, P. W. Livermore, Miss Grace L. Cook of Canada, Japan and the world; Johnny Reiff, the jockey; Gustav Amberg, former manager of the German Theatre in Irving place and now manager of the Metropole in Berlin and European representative of the Schuberts; Robert Hoe, Mrs. Sidney D. Ripley, Baron Reinhard von Bachofen, Edward P. Eastman, Capt. W. H. Wheeler, Capt. T. H. Wyndham-Walker and Mr. and Mrs. Townsend Stiles.

Sailing to-day by the White Star liner Adriatic for Plymouth, Cherbourg and Southampton: Col. and Mrs. Arthur Herman Luck, Mrs. George Westinghouse, George Westinghouse, Jr., Mrs. A. H. Storer, Mrs. John W. Van Dyke, Ross W. Wakeman, Mr. and Mrs. Garrett P. Rip, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Glasgow, A. W. Fox, Mrs. C. G. Franklyn, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Clarke, Col. James Burns, Mrs. H. Mackenzie Cleland, Prince Poniatowski, J. W. Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. Parke E. Simmons, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Rokeby, Mr. and Mrs. K. M. McCarty, C. W. Bonyne and Mrs. Sumner R. Clarke.

Passengers by the Cunarder Campana for Queenstown and Liverpool: Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Rowe, Thomas Tweedell, James Gordon Phife, J. A. Phife, Edward B. Orme Young, J. Pentland, Dr. John F. Golden, Mr. and Mrs. George Innes, Capt. Erick G. Lind, Mrs. George W. Caswell, Mrs. E. W. Appleton and H. B. Porter.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Smith, who was a valiant soldier, administered a colony and married one of the most beautiful women in all Spain.

Not the least interesting feature of Lady Ritchie's new book "Blackstick Papers" is the little glimpses revealed here and there of the author's philosophy of life. "It is no little good fortune," says this competent daughter of a distinguished father, Thackeray, "to have lived in a generation alongside the people whom we can understand more or less, who express what is best in us. One is sorry for those who are born too late or too soon for their journey through life—who are fighting against the tide instead of going along with it. Mere listeners, ignorant though they may be, are certainly made happier (and better so far as they are more happy) by the remembrance of unflinching flow of beauty, sometimes quite beyond description, one of the revelations upon earth of some law reaching far beyond it."

M. Paul Flat, the new director of La Revue Bleue, is publishing a volume on "Nos Femmes de Lettres" in which he takes up the philosophy of the womanly view of character. Of the individual woman writer M. Flat is sympathetically appreciative, but to the writers as a class he deals out the measure of the author of "The Monstrous Regiment" and believes he has shown "the ferment their work stands for in the dissolution of the moral ideas which formerly led the world, and to which that world will be forced one day to return in the absence of any better guidance."

Francis Galton, who contributed to the season's book list "Memoirs of My Life," is eighty-six years of age. At the end of the book, which is made up of accounts of remarkable journeys and sketches of famous scientists—Darwin, Huxley and Spencer—and noted explorers, Mr. Galton gives a list of the memoirs, addresses, pamphlets and books on different scientific subjects of which he has been the author in the last half century. They number over one hundred and eighty. In addition to his literary work Mr. Galton has devoted much time and energy to the service of the Royal Geographical Society, the British Association and the Kew Observatory. Mr. Galton can find confirmation of his "Ancestral Law" in his own descent, as both his father and grandfather were interested in science. On his mother's side he was a grandson of Dr. Erasmus Darwin and a cousin of Charles Darwin. In spite of his long life of hard work and study Mr. Galton shows in this new book undiminished vigor.

William J. Locke's new novel "Simple Septimus," now drawing to a close in the American Magazine, will be brought out directly after the holidays, and judging from the advance sales of the book promises to be one of the "best sellers" of the new year. The English author has now ten volumes to his credit which have been brought out in a uniform edition. He is making a short visit in America before sailing for Africa, where he will spend the winter on the Mediterranean coast at work on a new novel. Mr. Locke is an exceedingly tall and dignified Englishman, reserved in manner, but delightfully communicative in conversation on every subject—except the novels of W. J. Locke. One of his chance remarks which remind the listener of the characters in the author's books is: "I don't play golf or bridge—therefore I have time to enjoy myself."

Long before the days of Christian Science, mental healing, suggestion, telepathy and psychologic therapeutics Thomas Balch Aldrich wrote his story of "Marjorie Daw," giving the world at once a tale of "absent treatment" and a model for the short story for which America is famous. The story was written at Elmwood, the Cambridge home of James Russell Lowell, which Aldrich had leased during the absence of its owner in England. It is said that the letters from the different characters were written in different rooms on different paper and in different colored inks. The Christmas gift book made from this little classic this year will give fresh delight to old readers and attract the attention of those who have forgotten or are unacquainted with "Marjorie Daw."

In response to a request addressed to him by the Milton Tercentenary committee in England Mr. George Meredith has written some lines on "Milton" in honor of the occasion and the celebration will open with the reading of these verses. The discourse on "Milton's 'Comus' and Its Incidental Music" is to be given by Sir Frederick Bridge and illustrated by the choristers of Westminster Abbey. There are several other papers written for and to be read at this celebration, all of which will be published later.

Queen Alexandra's "Christmas Gift Book" is sure of being a good seller, for besides the avowed purpose of the Queen to devote the proceeds of the sale to her various charities, the photographs of which the book is made up reveal many informal and intimate facts concerning the reigning family of England. That Prince Edward of Wales is always called David in the family circles is interesting, because coming from so authoritative a source. "The Queen speaks of the Dowager Empress of Russia as 'my sister the Empress' suggests that outside of Russia the Czar and Czaritz should be styled Emperor and Empress.

Mme. Melba, in a recent interview published in England, affirmed her belief in the woman's vote and in the fact that woman's freedom will not rob her of her woman's love of home. "When the wider work of life lies open before her," she says, "a woman will surely find the bonds of home life drawing more tightly round her. The greater use of her brain will spiritualize woman."

In Dr. Nicoll's "Life of Ian Maclaren" the author tells us that that writer "had the book collector's reverence for books; he never marked a book in his life." Mr. Nicoll Shorter takes issue with Dr. Dr. Nicoll on this point and says that "the real book collector, as distinguished from the postage stamp collecting sort of person, marks his books with colored endpapers, scribbles on the margins, as Coleridge did, makes his own index on the fly-leaves, and is quite reckless as to whether he is detracting from their value for some other person. The real book collector is fashioned like one who said long ago that 'He bought his books for himself and not for his executors.'"

C. J. Henderson in his "Famous Love Matches" introduces readers who love a lover and like true tales best to a galaxy of lovers of all kinds, royal and military, poet and statesman. Queen Victoria, the domestic lover; Blanshard, the "Man of Blood and Iron" but the veritable "sunking dove" from his beautiful Joanna Browning and Kingsley, Daudet, Richard Burton of the "amazing marriage," Mendelssohn, Schumann, Gladstone and many others enter into this chronicle of love and marriage. Tom Moore figures among the characters and Sir Harry

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Smith Gray Overcoats advertisement featuring an illustration of an overcoat and text describing the quality and variety of the garments.

GEORGE W. CABLE KINCAID'S BATTERY advertisement, including the author's name, a description of the book, and the publisher Charles Scribner's Sons.

GILBERT NEAL A New Novel advertisement for the book "Abner Daniel" by Will N. Harben, published by Harper & Brothers.

Dutton's Calendars and Christmas Cards advertisement highlighting the quality and originality of the products.

The Cost of Crime advertisement discussing the financial impact of crime and offering solutions.

WILLIAM R. JENKINS CO. BOOKS and STATIONERY advertisement listing various book titles and stationery items.