A NEWSPAPER MADE AUTHOR

MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES A GRADUATE OF JOURNALISM.

Her Books and Their Inspiration A Woman of Business as Well as Literature Her Home in London Why Her Stories Have Not Been Dramatized.

An interesting member of London literary society is Mrs. Marie Belloc Lowndes, whose husband is one of the editors of the London *Times* and who is a sister of Hilaire Belloc, leader of an insurgent party in Parliament when he is "in," essayist and historical writer and a well known wit and after dinner speaker.

The work of Mrs. Belloc Lowndes is familiar to the American public, although she is a comparatively new writer. "Jane Oglander," published recently by the Scribners, was her latest offering in the United States. "The Chink in the Armor" has just finished running serially in the London *Telegraph* and is to appear in book form in England and America. "The Uttermost Farthing" Mrs. Lowndes speaks of as her masterpiece; it was brought out a couple of years ago by Mitchell Kennerley, who also published "Studies in Wives," a collection of stories. One of these stories, "The Decree Made Absolute," was dramatized and brought out at Le Grand Guignol Théâtre in Paris in 1909. A series of stories by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes having to do with crime and criminals is now in the hands of the McClures and will appear shortly.

Mrs. Lowndes's style is terse and she attributes it to her journalistic experience which preceded her marriage.

"Journalism," she says, "is a splendid apprenticeship and discipline. Practically every great French imaginative writer began by being a journalist. I cannot overestimate the advantages of this form of training as a preliminary for more lasting work. I advise every journalist to keep by her a 'begun' bit of work of a more serious and lasting nature than the daily output. I only wish that some one had insisted upon this with me years ago; it would have been money in my pocket and fame in 'Who's Who.'

"One gains a great knowledge of human nature by newspaper work and a great sympathy as well. The two are usually synonymous and are a fine capital for fiction, helped by the solvent of the vital imagination.'

In her journalistic days Mrs. Lowndes was frequently sent to Paris to interview some person of note or assigned to that duty when a French visitor was on British soil. She is partly French, owing this half of her birthright to the distaff side, and she speaks and writes French with facility, which is a rarer accomplishment in London than might be supposed.

"An American interviewer would have a fine field for work among the French people," she says, "and I do not think your harvest has been reaped there as it should be, judging from your newspapers, which I constantly read. The majority of French people look upon the American press with liking and understanding, having none of the standoffishness that characterizes so many of our big men and women, who are inherently opposed to what they call personal advertising,' as if everything that is public is not in that class."

She refers particularly to interviews she had with Felix, the costumer, and with Mme. Juliette Adam, the former editor of *La Nouvelle Revue* and literary godmother of Pierre Loti.

"She talked to me of George Sand, whom she knew well, and of several other interesting people she had met, forming really a link between past and present," she says. "Another French celebrity who receives all interviewers courteously is M. Jules Claretie, the author and head of the Théâtre Français."

Like Arnold Bennett, Mrs. Belloc Lowndes is one whose literary ability does not seem to interfere with her business quality. She has a keen appreciation of values and knows the American market as well if not better than the British. At the present time her serials are generally published simultaneously in the United States and England; she reserves the book rights, so that the story comes out in book form later in both countries, and thus she receives from one production of her pen really four sources of revenue.

She doesn't lay claim to the entire credit of these transactions, but is loud in praise of the middlemen, namely, the literary agents, with two of whom, one in England and one in New York, she has business dealings.

"Without a literary agent," she says, "I think the writer, even if she is well known, is too apt to let her work go cheaply from lack of time and courage to dicker. It is a terrible mistake to do this, particularly in the beginning of one's dealings with an editor, for if he has given you a small price in the beginning he is very loath to increase it unless of course you should make a blinding boom.

"Publishers don't bargain with the experienced agent as they do with the unsophisticated author, who has just to take what is offered. It may be of course that the bigger prices I get all the time are due to the increasing sale of my books, but I attribute a fair percentage of my success in your country to the efforts of a competent, straightforward agent. He keeps me in touch with all the details of the literary market, the daily quotations on the pen and ink market, so to speak."

Her knowledge of French life and thought is shown in "The Chink in the Armor." The scene is laid in a suburb of Paris, where baccarat is played by municipal privilege and where the players are people who do not want to, or cannot afford the larger stakes of Monte Carlo. She admits that she found her inspiration for this story, as for most of her tales, in a chance sentence on which her eyes fell once. The sentence began each instalment of the story. It is from the *Spectator*:

"If there is one chink in the chain armor of civilized communities. Society is constituted on the assumption that it will not be committed."

"Jane Oglander" she found the exposition of its psychology in the line following: more imperious than reason dictates is that life's inmost secret lies not in the slow adaptation of man to circumstances, but in his costly victories and splendid defeats."

Mrs. Belloc Lowndes lives in a charming house in Westminster, London, in one of the older parts of the city, within a stone's throw of the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Abbey, in a network of small streets, and even the intelligent taxi driver looks doubtful when you give him the address, 9 Barton street. Intimately located, Mrs. Belloc Lowndes goes you in a workroom, half library, wholly sitting room, which spells comfort in tint and furnishings.

She is very proud of what is a genuine retreat, cut off as Barton street is by the well earned obscurity that time and progress have given it, but laments the fact that the invasion of a real live peer among its householders has made property rise and made the presentiment of a social invasion very insistent. Opposite her house is half of an old abbey wall, and if that ever goes Mrs. Belloc Lowndes thinks that she may go too, for then indeed would her serenity be disturbed.

Mrs. Belloc Lowndes is, however, far from being one of the multitude who wait for the spirit to move the unwilling pen, for she still adheres to that time honored instrument and looks upon the typewriter as she does the aeroplane and heaven, facts to be desired but not for immediate use. She is an indefatigable worker. Attached to the side of her bed is a movable table, something on the order of an invalid's, and before the workaday world has opened its eyes she with a cup of tea at one end of her table and with the writing implements at the other has part of a day's stunt accomplished. Success has its penalties. She laments the necessity of having to work thus at white heat, but says it is the only way she can keep up with her orders, for in addition to the serial and the short stories she turns out every year she is the reviewer of all the French fiction on one of the London periodicals.

Mrs. Belloc Lowndes's work is so dramatic that you wonder that others of her stories besides "The Decree Made Absolute" have not been dramatized. Her explanation for this is that many of her stories end artistically but not happily, and "the English public seem to have an inherent dislike to anything painful or disagreeable. The British people does not care for the Greek ideal of tragedy, the rousing of pity and terror."

THE MAKING OF BOOKS.

Mitchell Kennerley has published "The Madras House," by Granville Barker, a modern comedy in four acts uniform with Mr Barker's translation of Arthur Schnitzler's "Anatol," published last spring. Within the next two weeks will appear another volume of the "Three Plays" series, which consists of "The Marrying of Ann Lette," "The Voysey Inheritance" and "Waste," which came under the ban of the London censor.

Just seven months after the publication of "Queed" Henry S. Harrison's novel passed the 100,000 mark. The edition which Houghton Mifflin Co. recently sent to press to supply the holiday demand brings the total number of copies up to 110,000. One day this month brought the publishers an order for 1,000 copies of "Queed" for England, this being the eighth edition to be sent across the water, as well as many orders from all over the United States, making the total for the day about 4,000 copies.

Houghton Mifflin Co. report the following new printings: Third edition of "The Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett," edited by Mrs. James T. Fields, and second editions of "The Diary of Gideon Welles," "The Life and Times of Cavour," by William R. Thayer; "Broadway," by J. B. Kerfoot; "Two Years Before the Mast," by Richard H. Dana; "An American Railroad Builder," by Henry G. Pearson; "A Safety Match," by Ian Hay, and "The Musical Amateur," by Robert Haven Schauffler.

New books of timely interest from Cassell & Company include: "The Truth About Egypt," by J. Alexander, the pseudonym of an English writer who for many years has been in close contact with official circles in Egypt; John Foster Fraser's book on Morocco, Tunisia and Algeria, "The Land of Veiled Women," which is concerned with the people and their customs rather than with political or social questions, and "The New Garden of Canada," by F. A. Talbot, the record of a 1,700 mile journey made through undeveloped British Columbia by the author and five companions.

Harper & Brothers have sent to press for reprintings three of their recent books: "The Mansion," by Henry van Dyke; "Miss Gibbie Gault" and "Mary Cary," both by Kate Langley Bosher. The same firm is also reprinting two books by Mary E. Wilkins: "A New England Nun" and "Jerome—A Poor Man," also, "Good for the Soul," by Margaret Deland.

Recent events at Los Angeles show a certain connection between the subjects of two of Henry Holt & Company's books which by a coincidence are going to press again at the same time. The two books are John L. Given's "Making a Newspaper," which they are having to print for the fifth time, and "Studies in American Trade Unionism," a collection edited by Dr. J. H. Hollander and Dr. G. E. Barnet of Johns Hopkins, which goes to press for the fourth time.

Mr. Given's book is an account for general readers of the various things that enter into the making of a newspaper and not to be confused with the same publishers' "The Writing of News," by Prof. Ross, which is constituted more on the laboratory principle and is designed as a practical manual to teach newspaper writing.

A practical little manual to teach mechanical drawing has been prepared by A. H. Babbitt of the Hartford Public High School and will be issued at once by Henry Holt & Company.

Henry van Dyke has received a proposal for a translation of "The Story of the Other Wise Man" into Italian. The publication last month of his new book, "The Mansion," has attracted foreign interest to the former. Permission has already been requested of the Harpers to translate "The Mansion" into several languages, while the London house of Harper has cabled its fourth order for the regular edition in English.

"The Common Law," by Robert W. Chambers, is to be dramatized.

Mozan's "Along the Andes and Down the Amazon," Dowden's "French Literature," Murray's "Greek Literature," Comstock's "How to Know the Butterflies," Groos's "The Play of Man" and Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" have been put into new editions by D. Appleton & Co.

The last publication of 1911 by Doubleday, Page & Co. was "The Business Almanac." Although the farmer has always had his almanac to guide him in the planting of his crops, the cure of his rheumatism and the doctoring of his cows, the business man has never before had an almanac of just this sort, containing complete financial statistics, with tables to remind him of the days his bonds will mature, the day his dividends will fall due, when and where the annual meetings of the companies of which he is director will be held, &c. Besides these things "The Business Almanac" defines the technical terms of finance and takes up many of the questions that confront the small investor.

Harpers announce that they are putting to press this week for reprinting "The Mansion," by Henry van Dyke; "Miss Gibbie Gault" and "Mary Cary," both by Kate Langley Bosher; two books by Mary E. Wilkins, "A New England Nun" and "Jerome—A Poor Man," and Margaret Deland's "Good for the Soul."

Among their Christmas books Doubleday, Page & Co. announce "The Gift of the Wise Men," by O. Henry, and "The Richer Life," by Walter A. Dyer, in which the author says: "I am not at all in sympathy with those who think it a sin to perpetuate what they are pleased to refer to as the Santa Claus lie. I must confess to a feeling of smallness and awe when I stand before a child who honestly believes in Santa Claus."

In "My Larger Education" (Doubleday, Page & Co.), which is an addition to the autobiography begun in "Up From Slavery," Booker T. Washington gives for the first time an account of his dinner at the White House with President Roosevelt.

"From Ibsen's Workshop" is the title of the new volume of writings of Henrik Ibsen, which have just been translated for the first time into English by A. G. Chater. It has recently been published in this country. It contains the dramatist's notes, sketches, drafts and other "foreworks" from "Pillars of Society" onward. Comparison of these drafts with the text of completed plays gives an idea of the way in which Ibsen developed his themes. The book is uniform with the volumes of the "Collected Works of Henrik Ibsen," has an introduction by William Archer, and will be included in Scribner's New Viking Edition.

DANISH WAY TO WRITE HISTORY

PROF. LARSEN SEEKS FACTS IN OLD LETTERS.

German Officials Following His Idea—Prof. Larsen's Lectures in This Country—Literature in Denmark—That Book on Woman's Dangerous Age.

A great many women have read "The Dangerous Age" by Karin Michaelis, and in New York it has been talked about a lot. In Germany it has caused even more of a sensation, according to Prof. Karl Larsen of Copenhagen, who is at the Manhattan.

Prof. Larsen came over here last month under a subvention from the Danish Government to lecture to Danes in this country, and he spoke in New York and at several places hereabout before going out to Chicago. There the Lake Michigan air affected his throat and put his voice out of business. A physician who knows the salubrious character of the New York atmosphere immediately packed him off for Manhattan and told him to rest for a while.

After New Year's the professor is going out again to speak before the Danish colonies in this country and he may get as far west as the Pacific coast. He delivers two lectures, one of which is about the Danish people during the war of '64 against Prussia and Austria, when Prussia seized Schleswig-Holstein and colored it red, white and black, and the material is drawn from letters of soldiers, civilians and women of Denmark written during the war. The other is called "Types From Copenhagen."

The visitor is a historian and novelist as well as a lecturer and his books have been translated into German. He delivered his first lecture in some of the German cities and the Germans thought it was a good thing to imitate, and subsequently the Minister of Education issued instructions to the officials in the provinces to collect all the letters and diaries they could get hold of that concerned the various Prussian and German wars.

"I made an attempt to do the same thing in France," said Prof. Larsen, "and such men as Gen. Picquard of Dreyfus case fame and Gabriel Munot, the historian, thought the idea was good and wanted to take it up, but it was feared that the anti-militarists would use the material thus found for the purpose of discrediting the army and against the military establishment.

"In my novels," continued Prof. Larsen in answer to a question, "I have dealt not only with life in higher society in Copenhagen, but with that in the lower classes. The Dangerous Age of Mrs. Michaelis was a bigger success in Germany than in Denmark for the reason that the German women seem to be more interested in such matters as it treats of than the Danish.

"Of course it is only a psychological study. They had a song about the book in the music halls in Copenhagen which was to the effect that every age is the most dangerous age for a woman.

"By the way, Mrs. Michaelis has two sisters living in New York, one the Baroness Dahlerup. She and her husband, Sophus Michaelis, who is a writer and dramatic author, have visited this country. She has written a book, just published over there, about Danish-Americans.

"Writers in Denmark go in largely for the psychological. At the same time there has arisen a large school of symbolists, like the French. Many works of Danish writers find a wide circulation in Germany, especially in Berlin and Hamburg, where there is a great interest in Scandinavian literature generally.

"It was interesting to see Chicago, but I love New York. I was here only eight days the first time. Interest in America is growing immensely in Denmark. The Danes who have settled in America are coming more and more back to their old home on visits, and three years ago we started holding meetings especially for them."

On the way up to call on Prof. Larsen the interviewer had passed Dr. Cook. The fact was mentioned.

"Dr. Cook?" The professor laughed. "So he says he was not hooted in Copenhagen? Why, people paid money to get a chance to do it. We think he has outmünchausened Münchausen."

A STUBBORN WAREHOUSE FIRE.

One Dies and 12 Escape—Firemen Fight Three Hours to Enter Building.

A fire that sent clouds of pitchy black smoke rolling out through the cracks and crevices of the iron shutters on the windows of a warehouse in such volume that it hung like a pall out over the piers and the North River at Twenty-seventh and Twenty-eighth streets yesterday afternoon gutted the second, third and fourth floors of the southeast section of the Terminal Storage and Warehouse Company building, which occupies the two blocks between Eleventh and Thirteenth avenues from Twenty-seventh to Twenty-eighth street. One man was burned to death. The immense warehouse is divided into a number of sections by two foot thick fire walls. The section that was burned was occupied by Gimbel Brothers for storing furniture and other things. On the third floor thirteen men were doing repair work. The fire started there.

It had such headway by the time the men began to get out that the six who went down the fire escape on the Twenty-eighth street side of the building were almost overcome by smoke when they landed on the ground. The rest of them started to the roof and got down through the section occupied by Wanamaker's next to the burning place. One of them was missed. They had seen him last at the elevator shaft. When the firemen got into the building three hours later they found his body near the shaft not badly burned. He had been suffocated.

The firemen who responded on the first alarm were driven back repeatedly by the overpowering black smoke as they tried to batter in the iron shutters to get some water on the fire. Acting Chief Smoky Joe Martin, who fairly thrives on smoke, said it was the worst he had met in some time. He and his men got up on the shed that runs along the Thirteenth avenue end of the building to get at the troublesome iron shutters. The heavy streams from the fireboats Duane and Homer Willett were directed at the windows and the men played their smaller streams at the same points to clear away the smoke for a snatch while others could get in some quick blows with their axes. Three times they were driven back. It was an hour before four or five of the iron bound windows could be broken into on the Thirteenth street side and an hour and a half on the Twenty-eighth street side for the big streams to be played inside. It took three hours to get into the building. The second alarm brought the fireboat New Yorker along with the engines. Chief Kenlon, just recovering from his broken leg, was at headquarters yesterday for the first time since his accident. The two alarms drew him to the fire and he tried to direct it for a time from his automobile.

The damage to the Gimbel section is estimated at $50,000. The man who was killed was Gus Groth, a varnisher, living at 151 West 143d street.

AUTHORS AND THEIR WORK.

William Dean Howells is back from Spain. Though he did practically no work on this pleasure trip, it is likely that the impressions of a visit he made to Spain in his youth will be crystallized by his recent tour and find their way into some future book like his "London Films" and "Certain Delightful English Towns."

These two books have recently been republished in a single volume in "The Complete Works of William Dean Howells," the edition which has been in progress for several years. Only the first six volumes are ready. They comprise, besides the English book, "My Literary Passions," "Criticisms and Fiction," "A Hazard of New Fortunes," "Landlord at Lion's Head," "Literary Friends and Acquaintances" and "Literature and Life."

Ellis Parker Butler, the humorist, recently received a letter from a man in a house of correction in one of the New England States. The prisoner, whose object in writing was to wish the author a merry Christmas, explained that he was serving a term of three and a half years, which was being made easier by the presence of "Pigs Is Pigs."

"Every noon in the dining hall," he wrote, "after eating I read some story to the rest of the men (over a hundred of them) until it is time for us to go back to work."

Miss Winifred Holt, founder of the New York Association for the Blind, is the author of "A Short Life of Henry Fawcett, the Blind Postmaster-General of England, for All Children Everywhere," which is to be issued at once and copies of which can be bought from the New York Association for the Blind. While she was abroad this summer Miss Holt heard many anecdotes of the blind Postmaster-General, several of which figure in her little pamphlet, which is based on a sketch that originally appeared in raised type for the blind in their magazine, the *Searchlight*. After its appearance the author received many requests for it in a form suitable for what the blind call the sighted.

A. M. Chisholm, author of "The Boss of Wind River," one of the fall books, writes to friends in New York of having been caught in a blizzard about the first of November while making a trip on a Northwestern river.

"The temperature," he writes, "went down to 34 degrees below zero, the coldest tenting I ever did. I was comfortable enough, however, having a little stove."

On the way out Mr. Chisholm saw an old Indian rigged out in blanket costume, with traps, knife and cartridges in his belt, and to crown all a straw hat with the lid off.

Kate Langley Bosher, whose two books "Miss Gibbie Gault" and "Mary Cary" have been put to press by the Harpers for new editions, has told in a friendly letter her philosophy of fiction. Speaking of a certain kind of realistic stories, she declared:

"I try hard to find the values, but the Lord having made me the kind of person who cares for color, warmth and substance rather than style, technique or bad English, I put them down sorrowfully and admit my deficiency."

Mrs. Agee, whom her readers know as Fannie Heaslip Lea, has since her marriage left New Orleans, her old home, and taken up her abode permanently in Honolulu, where her husband is a Government official. Mrs. Agee's "Jaconetta Stories," which have found favor with the magazines, are to be gathered together in a book which will appear under the Sturgis and Walton Company imprint.

Margaret Cameron, whose new novel "The Pretender Person" has just been published, is to spend Christmas in Paris, announcement of her sailing having been made several weeks ago. She usually makes her vacations count, as "The Involuntary Chaperon," her first novel, was the result of a trip to South America, and "The Pretender Person" came after a six months stay in Mexico, where the scenes of the novel are located. But as she wrote "The Pretender Person" during a hot summer in New York she is to take a complete holiday in Paris.

Ernest Thompson Seton, primarily on account of his new book, "The Arctic Prairies," was presented with the gold medal of the Camp Fire Club of America at its annual banquet at the Hotel Astor on December 2.

Stewart Edward White has returned to his winter home in Santa Barbara, Cal., where he is writing a new book which will deal with Africa.

Thomas Dixon is writing a novel based on his belief that the contact of the white and the black races on this continent is a menace to civilization and that the final separation of the races is therefore inevitable.

BOWERY'S SON DEFENDS HER.

No Ph. D. Can Say "Common People" to Johnny White and Get Away With It.

Oscar I. Lanberger, who said he was a Ph. D. from Heidelberg and represented the Bushwick Philosophical Society of Brooklyn, was telling the Aldermanic Committee on Laws and Legislation yesterday that on the city board of moving picture censorship there should be a "literary man," at least one man "representing the common people, a man of the Bowery, for instance, and——"

Mr. Lanberger got no further. Alderman Johnny White of the Bowery jumped to his feet and shaking his fist at Mr Lanberger shouted:

"Don't you dare attack the Bowery! I represent that district and I want to tell you that we have as good people down there as any such philo— philo—, or whatever you call yourselves, has."

Mr. Lanberger tried to pacify Alderman White by explaining that when he used the term "common people" he meant that on any board of censors there should be a representative of the working classes, and that so far from intending any insult to the Bowery he thought he was complimenting it in intimating that the best type of such a man could be found in the Bowery district.

Mr. White was not appeased. Rushing over to Mr. Lanberger in such a manner that some of his friends sidled up to him to prevent him letting his anger get away with himself, he shouted:

"You didn't mean it in that way! You meant to insult the people that sent me to this board to represent them and I won't allow you or any one else to insult them. You said when you got up to speak that you came here for some funny named society, but let me tell you that I've got a line on you. I know who you are. You run three or four moving picture shows yourself and all you are here for is to look out for your own interests and no one else's."

Mr. White was finally persuaded to go back to his seat. Mr. Lanberger repeated that he had intended no insult to the Bowery and that if he had been misunderstood he was sorry.

The committee adjourned without intimating what report it would make to the Aldermen on the proposed ordinance for the regulation of moving picture shows.

"St. Nicholas" Nearly 39 Years Old.

The *St. Nicholas* magazine for boys and girls is getting grown up in years at any rate, for it is now nearly thirty-nine years since Mary Mapes Dodge, its first editor, wrote a greeting to its new readers. Frank R. Stockton began his serial "What Might Have Been Expected" in that number, and there were stories, sketches and verses by Noah Brooks, Lucy Larcom, Rebecca Harding Davis and Celia Thaxter, besides the departments "Jack in the Pulpit" and "The Riddle Box." The illustrations that appeared then seem quaint and old fashioned to eyes used to the pictures of to-day.

BABIES AS CHRISTMAS GIFTS

NEW JERSEY BOARD HANDING OUT THE 1911 CROP.

Blue Eyed Girls and Brown Eyed Boys Are Most in Demand—How Richie Almost Missed His First Christmas Tree—One Couple Get Their Own Boys.

Miss Frances Day, general agent of the New Jersey State Board of Children's Guardians, whose office is at 15 Exchange place, Jersey City, will finish to-day her work of giving out the 1911 crop of Christmas babies to married folks with hungry hearts anxious to lavish love and material things on infants who have yet to learn of love and Santa Claus.

The board is charged with the care of all children under 21 found in the fifty-four almshouses of the State and is required to take them out within thirty days after their admission and place them in private homes either as boarders or as prospective or actual members of families by adoption. Since January 1 the board has handled 1,097 cases, but death and adoptions removed 133 children from its jurisdiction, and now Miss Day and the members of the board are acting as guardians to 964 boys and girls.

As Christmas Day draws near each year requests for babies for adoption increase and Miss Day usually finds difficulty in supplying the demand. In most of the cases those looking for children explain that they want a blue eyed girl or a brown eyed boy, but in their anxiety for Christmas babies they sometimes gladly consent to take a little snub nose, blue eyed boy when their hearts are set on mothering and fathering a brown eyed girl. The most common reason given to Miss Day by big hearted people in explaining their desire to take charge of a child at this season of the year is that Christmas isn't Christmas without a youngster in the house.

A dozen or more Christmas babies and youngsters who resent the idea of being put in the baby class have been placed by Miss Day in homes where Santa Claus will be sure to come down the chimney in the old fashioned way, although he may have sidetracked his reindeers and sleigh for the more up to date automobile and aeroplane. And in many of these homes the newcomers will take the places of little ones who who had their last tree on last Christmas Day.

Among the babies that Miss Day will transfer to-day to the care of a good woman and her husband is one-and-a-half-year-old Richard, a foundling rescued from one of the State's poorhouses. Miss Day calls him Richie; but it's dollars to doughnuts that before the candles are lighted on Christmas Eve his new dad will be calling him Dick. Richard almost missed the good time that was planned for him. He was to have been turned over to his foster parents ten days ago, but kidlike he developed a case of chickenpox. He was being cared for as a State boarder in the home of a big hearted woman and a doctor said that the little snoozer had the disease bad. Miss Day wrote to the woman who had arranged to take him that Richie couldn't be turned over to her until after Christmas on account of his illness.

On Thursday Miss Day received a letter from the woman in which she wrote: "Won't you please try to let us have the baby for Christmas. Christmas without a child in the house is a very lonesome time. My husband has bought the Christmas tree and the presents, and we must have the baby."

Miss Day didn't have the heart to disappoint the woman, and she instructed Dr. Robert Stewart, the board's physician, to examine Richie and see if it would be safe to send him to his new home. The doctor carefully looked the youngster over yesterday and reported that he was as fit as a fiddle, the disease having run its course, and to-day Richie will be taken by his new mother to see that wonderful Christmas tree.

Several months ago Miss Day took from the Hudson county almshouse two small boys whose mother and father had been obliged to seek shelter in that institution. They were put in the care of a woman with children of her own, and in the course of time their parents left the poorhouse. The State Board of Children's Guardians declined to let them have their children until they could demonstrate that they were able properly to provide for them, and both pitched in with a will to make a home.

The family income is now $45 a month and the new home is comfortable and as neat as wax. Miss Day looked it over and complimented the mother on her skill as a housekeeper and the husband on his ability as a wage earner. Orders were issued for the return of the children and yesterday afternoon their mother gathered them in her arms at the office of the State Board of Children's Guardians and wept. Miss Day said the little tots will have the merriest Christmas in all their poor little lives.

In all the New Jersey almshouses last night there were only fourteen children and most of these were nursing babies or feeble minded boys and girls. These will be taken out as soon as possible.

Miss Day is sometimes called the "mother of the poorhouse kids," and her sympathetic assistant, Miss Agnes Kenny, is known as their "stepmother."

HETTY GREEN LEASES

Her $1,625,000 Chicago Property for $65,000 a Year.

Miss Hetty Green has just given a long lease on one of the most valuable of her realty holdings in Chicago. It is the Howland property, a parcel 46 by 190 at the southwest corner of Dearborn and Monroe streets, which she values at $1,625,000, or $35,000 a front foot.

This high priced realty she has leased to J. T. Lenfesty, head of the Lenfesty Milling Company, for ninety-nine years at $65,000 a year for the first period. Taking this rental for ninety-nine years, Mrs. Green will receive $6,435,000 for the use of the property. At present it is covered with old buildings. These will be removed by the lessee and a sixteen story business building erected.

The lot is 190 feet along Dearborn street, which is the leading business street of Chicago. On Monroe street it is 46 feet. The old building is surrounded by many big structures. Adjoining it on Monroe street is the building of the *Inter Ocean*, and directly opposite is the seventeen story Building of the First National Bank, which is the largest in the city. On Dearborn street Mrs. Green's property adjoins the Marquette building, and further north, on the corner of Madison street, is the Chicago *Tribune* building.

The building to be erected will cost, it is said, about $1,000,000, and will be finished in May, 1913.

UNION RECORDS HID AWAY.

Grand Jury Will Seek Iron Workers' Documents Shipped From Indianapolis.

INDIANAPOLIS, Dec. 22.—The Federal Grand Jury has evidence showing that important records of the structural iron workers were taken from the office here and shipped from the city two days after the arrest of McNamara and the seizure of a part of his correspondence.

It is said that the Grand Jury will seek these records, but there is little doubt if they are as important as supposed that they have been destroyed.

The executive board of the iron workers was in session at the time of the arrest. On Sunday it held a session. Various members of the executive board remained here several days after the arrest. H. I. Hockin of Detroit, acting secretary, and E. A. Clancy of San Francisco, the man whom McManigal says J. J. McNamara told him "to see" when he went to California, remained here longer than the others. Clancy left in about two weeks and Hockin assumed entire charge of the offices. It was on Monday that the records were slipped away.

Several witnesses were examined by the Grand Jury to-day and this afternoon the body adjourned till January 3.

CHRISTMAS CHURCH MUSIC.

Carols to Be Sung in Place of Anthems to an Unusual Extent.

Churches of this city will have two days of Christmas music this year, to-morrow and Christmas Day. Sunday's music by leading choirs will be carols instead of anthems. "The man in the street can whistle the tune of the carol and often does," said Choirmaster Frank L. Sealy of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church yesterday. "He cannot whistle the tune of the anthem. The everyday man governs in the long run, and he is doing so now even in church music." To-morrow's music at this church will be taken wholly from Handel's "Messiah."

At the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, under direction of Miles Farrow, organist, the anthem will be omitted to-morrow afternoon and instead of the canticles Christmas carols will be sung. The choir will consist of eighteen men and thirty-six boys. The carols will be "The First Noel," "Carde Natus," "O Joyful Christmas Song," "Lo! How a Rose," "Silent Night," Adam's "Noel," with the concluding "Adeste Fideles."

At the Old First Presbyterian Church William C. Carl, organist and choirmaster, carols will wholly take the place of anthems both to-morrow and on Christmas Day. These carols are taken from English, French, German and even Welsh sources and some of them may even be sung in languages other than English. Liszt's "Christus ist Geboren" is one. The Christmas Day music will include the old English carols "God Rest You, Merry Gentlemen" and "Good King Wenceslas."

Trinity Church, at Broadway and Wall street, will be almost the only one, so far as could be learned yesterday, to retain strictly the old order of anthem, with simply the prescribed Christmas hymns as found in the official books. Naylor's communion service in D will have as introit Woodward's familiar anthem, "Rejoice Greatly, Oh, Daughter of Zion," to-morrow, and on Christmas Day Thorne's "In the Beginning" and Harris's "Behold My Servant" will be the anthems. At half past 3 to-morrow there will be a festival service for children, with Christmas carols, but unlike almost every other church in New York, old Trinity will cling to the old forms and limit the carols to the children.

At the Brick Presbyterian Church the choirmaster, Clarence Dickinson, will give to-morrow the first hearing in this country of the new Christmas song by Felix Woyrsch, the leading oratorio composer of the moment in Germany. He will also render "Born To-day," Jan Pieter Sweelinck's famous carol, just published with English words, although written three hundred and more years ago. He has himself set Martin Luther's "Cradle Hymn" to music, and his choir will render it. There will be violin, 'cello and harp to assist the soloists, Agnes Kimball, Grace Munson, Reed Miller and Frank Croxton. Carols will be features of both morning and afternoon services.

St. Thomas's Episcopal Church, on Fifth avenue, will change its usual Sunday afternoon service to-morrow for a musical one, giving the first part of the "Messiah" with a choir of fifty voices, the soloists being Masters Gustav Stahl, Theis Roberts and Waldemar Reick and Charles F. Hackett and Dr. Carl Duft.

At St. Patrick's Cathedral, Choirmaster Unger said yesterday that at high mass to-morrow the setting will be Dr. Felipo Cappocci's "Messa Regina Agelorum."

NO DIVORCE FOR MRS. BENTON.

Naval Surgeon's Wife Not Entitled to One, Appellate Division Says.

The Appellate Division of the Supreme Court dismissed yesterday a suit brought by Mrs. Aletta U. Benton for a divorce from Lieutenant-Commander Frederick L. Benton, U. S. A., a surgeon, now attached to the battleship Idaho, on the ground of misconduct in 1905 when he was executive officer in charge of the Naval Hospital at the Brooklyn navy yard. Mrs. Benton's suit was heard by Daniel F. Cohalan as referee before he went on the bench, and he reported that the plaintiff had not proved her case. His report was confirmed by Supreme Court Justice Blanchard nearly two years ago, but pending the appeal to the Appellate Division Surgeon Benton was directed to pay his wife $100 a month alimony. He paid nothing, and the Appellate Division decided yesterday that the alimony order was not justified.

Dr. Benton was married in Washington, D. C., on September 5, 1905, at which time Mrs. Benton had a son 7 years old by a previous marriage. Dr. Benton was an interne in a Brooklyn hospital when the Spanish war began and then joined the navy and served through the war and in the Chinese relief expedition. His alleged misconduct was said to have occurred in the Naval Hospital three months after his marriage. A seventeen-year-old girl employed as waitress in the hospital was named as corespondent.

One of the witnesses against Dr. Benton was Mrs. Emma Thompson White, wife of Col. H. K. White of the Marine Corps and sister of the plaintiff. She had met Surgeon Benton in the Philippines in 1899, and it was at her home that he first met his wife. Mrs. Benton's ten-year-old son, Horace Glover, was also a witness.

In affirming the decision by the referee dismissing the complaint Justice Bischoff remarked that Mrs. Benton's case rested chiefly upon the testimony of her sister and of her young son, who was only 7 years old when the alleged occurrences happened, and their testimony was weakened by their relationship with the plaintiff and by their "evident prejudice."

Before the Appellate Division counsel for the plaintiff insisted that Justice Bischoff's comments on the case were not justified by the evidence, but the higher court held that the charges were not sustained by a preponderance of evidence.

PASSED LITTLE ICEBERG.

The Amerika Comes Across One Early for Steamship Lane Season.

The Hamburg-American liner Amerika, in yesterday from Hamburg, Cherbourg and Southampton, passed off the Banks on Wednesday morning a little iceberg of the Christmas variety in the steamship lane. The skipper guessed that the persistent northwesterly winds had something to do with sending the ice down in the steamship track a little earlier than usual. Among the Amerika's passengers were Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan, who has spent several months in Rome and said she might be "registered" as an anti-suffragist; Mr. and Mrs. Morton F. Plant, who have been two months in the south of France; Mr. and Mrs. Perry Belmont, who will spend the winter in Washington; Mrs. Henry C. Corbin, Mrs. Lorraine Grunhut, Judge George L. Everbach, Count Eginhard Brissel von Gymnich, Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, Waite Oliver and Baron von Wintzingerode.

Fifth Avenue Book Company Bankrupt.

The Fifth Avenue Book Company of 225 Fifth avenue has filed a petition in bankruptcy with liabilities $5,231 and assets $5,197. The company was incorporated on May 8, 1911, with a capital stock $100,000. Mervin J. Spaid is president and Joseph R. Shelton secretary.

Lewis Publishing Co. Gets "Morning Telegraph."

W. E. Lewis announced yesterday that the Lewis Publishing Company, of which he is president, has acquired control of the Morning Telegraph Company. The policy and purposes of the newspaper will remain unchanged, he said, but it will enlarge its scope in a general news direction and will continue to pay especial attention to theatrical and sporting matters.

GOVERNOR LEARNS IN PRISON

A NIGHT BEHIND THE WALLS INSPIRES MANY REFORMS.

Hooper of Tennessee, a Student of Penitentiary Methods at First Hand, Finds Many Cases of Tuberculosis—Will Build State Hospital.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Dec. 22.—Gov. Ben W. Hooper in his visit to the State penitentiary, where he stayed last night for investigation, found conditions there regarding the prevalence of tuberculosis which are shocking. In making up his list of Christmas pardons he was compelled against his own judgment to turn out prisoners afflicted with consumption because the great penitentiary system of Tennessee could not care for the afflicted.

Gov. Hooper was elected on a pledge to reform pardon abuses, but so impressed was he with the effect of this dreadful scourge that he to-night declared that he intended to establish a State tuberculosis hospital, and intimated that the law would be strained to erect one if authority could not be had without legislation.

In concluding work on a list of twenty-two slated for clemency on Christmas, Tennessee's anti-pardon Governor to-day recognized only the friendless, the diseased and the crippled.

Gov. Hooper takes the stand that when a convict becomes injured in the employ of the State he receives more punishment than was intended.

The Governor absolutely pardons the crippled prisoners in the main prison, and has others under consideration. Of the twenty two cases passed on three were commutations, eight were conditional and eleven were absolute pardons.

Gov. Hooper requires that the five prisoners paroled on probation shall abstain from liquor, shall not visit places where intoxicants are sold, shall not gamble and shall remain lawful citizens. In most of the cases acted on there were no petitions on file.

There are hundreds of applications on file for prisoners who have a "pull", but in no case did the anti-pardon Governor recognize the class that is known as "political" pardons.

As a further result of the visits of Gov. B. W. Hooper to the State prison several other reforms will be inaugurated.

The stripes which have long been inseparable from prison life will be thrown aside and instead prisoners whose records place them in the first and second grades will have uniforms without stripes. A school will be started as soon as the new chaplain takes charge, says the Governor. This school is provided for by law for the juvenile prisoners, but in past administrations the law has been disregarded.

While these reforms will be inaugurated, there are several others that the Governor suggests and recommends. Among them is the indeterminate sentence depending upon prisoners' conduct. Another is that a part of the prisoner's work and extra compensation be applied to the support of his dependents on the outside who are, in many cases, the ones who really suffer by the prisoners' confinement. The parole system is another reform suggested.

These ideas have come to the Governor as a result of his study of prison conditions at first hand. He has spent more time at the penitentiary than any other governor Tennessee ever had and knows more of the convicts by name than possibly any six governors. One of the main reasons for his present visit to the prison is to see the men and hear their stories and select those to whom executive clemency will be extended as a Christmas gift. The men appreciate the interest that the governor is taking in them. He has no "deaf ear," and listens to every man's story. Of course, there will be many disappointments when the list is made up, but when a man's name is placed on the list his story and the circumstances in connection therewith will be known to Governor Hooper, and the man's prison record will cut no small item either.

"Yes, this is the first night I have spent in the penitentiary, though I have spent the half of