BILL ALLEN SLAMS EDITOR NICK BUTLER

Finds "Educational Review" Lacking in Pep, Punch and Some Other Things.

HASN'T ENOUGH OBITS

Also Guilty of Bigotry, Partiality, Narrowness, Platitudinous Statements, &c.

To begin at the very beginning, it seems that one dark, muggy, irritating, depressing, muddy, rainy Wednesday noon recently somebody, doubtless an intellectual, called up Bill Allen, director of the Institute for Public Service, at the institute's brain shop at 51 Chambers street and invited Bill to "take a look in on the Century."

Bill Allen grabbed at the invitation, thinking, of course, that his host meant he wanted Bill to drop in at the Century Theatre matinee and spend the afternoon watching Miss Bessie McCoy and supporting staff in order to counteract the depressing effect of the dark day. But it also seems that once Bill had got her enough up town and had met his host he learned swiftly that the intellectual wanted to have Bill spend a lotous afternoon in the Century Club; and as Bill was inside before he realized the difference between a rainy afternoon in the Century Club and a matinee performance in the Century Theatre there was nothing left to do but to light a club candle and try to locate one of the club's chairs and then settle down for a good snappy afternoon of thoughtful discussion of pragmatism, Scandinavian gloom poetics and stuff, with an occasional dip into the *New Republic*, *Forum*, *Atlantic Monthly* or anything else of a frothy nature lying on the Century Club's tables, just by way of variety.

One Thing Certain.

Perhaps it should be stated here that these facts leading up to the following account of the fall Director Bill and his Institute for Public Service took out of Nicholas Murray Butler yesterday afternoon came to the reporter as hearsay. So far there may be a warping of the truth on the part of those who supplied the data of the preliminaries.

Maybe Bill Allen never got the Century Theatre and the Century Club mixed up at all, as has been charged. But it is admitted on all sides that in picking up a magazine, in the Century Club or elsewhere, Bill happened to grab upon a copy of the *Educational Review*. And there is not even an academic discussion as to the name of the editor of the *Educational Review*. The learned President N. M. Butler of Columbia University, who, it is scarcely necessary to say, is one of the country's greatest intellectuals, has time and again publicly acknowledged that he is the editor of the publication.

Be that as it may—and it is—Director Bill Allen began to run through the copy of the *Educational Review* with the feverishness that might be expected of Penrod Scofield or his friend Sam Williams when they started in on a new issue of "Nick Carter" out near the sawdust box in Penrod's barn. A snappy little piece called, if memory serves, "The Feasibility of the Eclectic Associations in Corelation to Synthetic Disiderata" happened to catch Bill's eye first at a spot where the assistant steward and the head hall man of the Century Club had marked a passage in the course of one of their periodical arguments.

Snappy Stuff.

Bill read a while, but wasn't impressed. He turned next to another piece called "Norms as Assumed in Kantian Qualitatives and Quantitatives" and skimmed through the article.

"Ah, glancing through some of Nick Butler's things, Bill?" lightly remarked the grandson of a Century Club member passing through the club library on his way to the Harvard Club to shoot Kelly pool after wheeling his grandparent into the old gentleman's favorite corner in the Century Club. "Snappy stuff, eh, Bill? Nick is sure there with the pep and wallop."

Now it so happened that Bill Allen couldn't bring himself to share the young Harvard clubman's enthusiasm over the writings and editing of Dr. Butler. Lest he would offend, however, Director Bill Allen of the Institute for Public Service merely smiled indulgently and then, unable to contain himself longer, grabbed his hat, fumbled around for the street door of the Century Club and beat it wildly out to Forty-second street to find a Charley Chaplin movie.

But the matter didn't drop there. Yesterday the Institute for Public Service issued a summary of its latest report, signed by Bill Allen, which showed that Bill might have tried to forget, but certainly never could forgive. The report deals largely, one might say exclusively, with the editing and general intellectual fibre of Dr. Butler's *Educational Review*, and before reading far into the report one learns that the publication's methods, from the viewpoint of the Institute for Public Service savants, are crumby.

An Inquiry Into Trade Journals.

Recently, so Bill informed the press yesterday in an introduction to his summary of the institute's report, he started to look into "trade journals," as Bill calls them in his typewritten statement, which are the union organs of "school teachers and college presidents" and allied unions. Bill's institute wanted to see (Bill Allen speaking) "whether educational journalism fosters untrammelled discussion and the spirit of research and experimentation."

Fortunately the institute's intellectual sleuths did come upon the fact that (Bill Allen has the floor again), "some of these journals do foster untrammelled discussion, 'not only without favoritism for the high and rich, but almost with a leaning to unconnected and not yet advertised pathfinders.'" But not Editor N. M. Butler's brain child. The high opinion which Bill and the institute hold of Dr. Butler as a college president and citizen doubtless is of the highest, but what they think of him as an editor is something fierce. Heavens, how Bill does try to put the rollers under Editor Butler!

Almost at the crack of the starting gun Bill learns that the institute finds that Editor Butler turns out a sheet wherein "its obituaries are inadequate in number and definiteness." Bill doesn't go so far as to say that Dr. Butler fails to give a certain amount of literary punch to his *Educational Review's* free obituary notices; but it is evident from the charge that the *Review's* death columns are lacking in "number and definiteness" that Bill on that rainy Wednesday afternoon up in the Century Club was disappointed, when reading the *Review*, over not finding a large enough list of deaths to cheer him up.

It was pointed out by friends of Editor Butler yesterday that Bill fails to take into account the present cost of print paper and the failure of makers of nobby clothes and safety razors to advertise in a magazine that circulates only among college professors. And so said the Butler faction yesterday, even an editor of the high standing of Dr. Butler in times like these cannot hire a staff large enough to cover all the funerals from Tottenville to The Bronx.

"How could the Doc keep a staff like that going and break even?" hotly inquired Editor George Jean Nathan, who runs the *Smart Set*, but reads Editor Butler's *Educational Review*. "Bill ought to have a heart. He'd get fat, Doc would, paying enough associate editors to cover the Morgue and every hospital and 'funeral church' in the burg. If the Institute for Public Service and Bill Allen don't like the Doc's stuff they can both take a little run up an alley for themselves."

And so the rival intellectuals argued pro and con all day yesterday as the summary of the institute's slam at Editor Butler was received in the city's various centres of thought. As for the institute's charge that Editor Butler ran "much material of a warmed over character"—for instance, "a 31 months old address delivered in London in February, 1914, and reviewed in the *Educational Review* in September, 1916"—it was argued by the Butler fans that this address and others cited were so long and weighty that crated copies of speeches reviewed a year or so later, all of which had to be shipped over here by freight, had to give way, owing to the bulk and weight of the manuscripts, to more urgently needed imports because of the war.

Director Bill Allen, after charging the editorial policy of the *Educational Review* with "bigotry and partiality, narrowness, provincialism, platitudinous statements" and a lot of other things, which run up to but do not include arson, robbing the mails or splitting infinitives, winds up with one gosh awful slam at Editor N. M. Butler and his magazine.

"To put more help in one issue than appeared in last year's ten issues," sighs Bill in conclusion, "would be easy for any one of several school editors or several of Columbia's own professors."

Bill may not, of course, have meant to say that one school editor can do as much as several Columbia professors, or that it would take "several of Columbia's own professors" to do what "would be easy for any one" of a lot of school editors that Bill seems to know of. But the way Bill shot his last line off his typewriter sure does look as if he was trying to pack away one gosh awful slam some place in the sentence.

SUFFS GATHER FOR LAST CONVENTION

Delegates From All States to Meet in Washington This Week.

Suffragists from every nook and corner of the United States will descend upon the national capital to-day to take part in the forty-ninth annual convention of the National Woman Suffrage Association, the last convention, President Carrie Chapman Catt says, that the organization will ever hold. Wrongly or rightly, she expects the Federal amendment to pass Congress when it comes before that body December 18, and she expects without much delay the necessary indorsement by three-fourths of the States.

Time was when the suffs crept into Washington humbly, and were thankful if they could corral a stray Congressman or two from the far off Western States that had enfranchised their women to speak at a meeting or a reception. Now, behold! All the women of the Cabinet, barring Mrs. Lansing, who, who with Mrs. James W. Wadsworth, Jr., keeps the National Association Opposed to Woman Suffrage going—all the rest of the Cabinet women will unite in doing the suffs honor at a brilliant reception at the Willard Hotel to-morrow night.

Wednesday morning, in the Senate Office Building, a Senator from every State—every State, mind you—will receive the suffs from his State for a little conversation about the Federal amendment. Senator Calder will be host for New York, and while not all of the forty-three Congressmen from New York have been heard from, the suffs have a sort of a hunch that they will be on hand. Their friendly, interested attitude since that little affair at the polling booths November 6 indicates that they won't be likely to miss any social affair to which their new constituents invite them.

The delegation from New York, which includes many district workers besides most of the campaign district chairmen of the State, and of course the big leaders, such as Big Boss Mary Garrett Hay of the city party, Mrs. Norman De R. Whitehouse, State chairman, &c., goes solid for the Federal amendment, and pledged to non-partisanship till the amendment is through. Women like Mrs. Frank J. Tone of Niagara Falls, who was chairman of the Eighth Campaign district, and is going to lead her Congressional district, now the campaign lines have been abolished for Congressional lines; Miss Lillian Huffcutt of Binghamton, chairman of the former Sixth Campaign district; Miss Lucy Carlisle Watson, chairman of the Twelfth Campaign district—all of them, in fact, have declared themselves since election absolutely committed to the policy of supporting those candidates for office who agree to support the Federal amendment. Of course they will be true to the declaration of the recent State convention in this city, and "put loyalty to the United States before loyalty to the Federal amendment." But none of them expects the two claims to conflict.

Members of the national board and most of the other leaders went to Washington yesterday, and to-day will be spent in an executive council at Suffrage House, 1626 Rhode Island avenue. To-morrow there will be a closed Congressional conference at Poli's Theatre, where the convention is to be held. Wednesday the official opening comes, and at 2 P. M. the convention will be called to order. At the open meetings the most frequent subject will be the war. Friday night Mrs. William G. McAdoo will talk on "Financing the Great War." Dr. Anna Howard Shaw will describe the work of the women's division of the Council of National Defence. Saturday night, when the convention closes, speakers from England and Canada will tell what the women of those countries have done to serve the flag.

AUSTRIAN SUBJECTS INTERNED.

Seventeen Held Temporarily in Municipal Lodging House.

Seventeen men, said to be Austrians or Hungarians of one race or another, yesterday morning were interned in the Municipal Lodging House in East Twenty-fifth street by police who acted under orders from United States Marshal McCarthy. They are being held as enemy aliens pending investigation. Instead of having them transferred to a police station a guard was put over the men at the lodging house.

The raid was the fourth of its kind in as many days, each taking place at daybreak. The house is in the barred zone and is near a factory where Government work is in progress, it was stated. The men will be taken to the Federal Building at 10 o'clock to-day and questioned. Mr. McCarthy said last night he was awaiting orders from Washington before going ahead with wholesale internment of citizens of the Dual Monarchy, as there was some doubt as to just what peoples would be included in the classification of enemy aliens.

CITY AND SUBURBS WILL SHIVER TO-DAY

Near Zero Temperature Is Weather Man's Prediction for New York.

TRAINS ARE DELAYED

Up-State Covered by Heavy Mantle of Snow—Bitter Cold in West.

Temperatures close to zero are predicted for New York and suburbs this morning.

The storm that philanthropically furnished rain to wash away the snow and sleet that spilled on the five boroughs on Saturday played the barbarian to localities up State and in the West and its baneful influence was felt even down in sections of the South. The soldiers at Spartanburg, N. C., shivered in a temperature colder than this city's lowest yesterday of 15 degrees, the mercury at Camp Wadsworth dropping to 14, freezing exposed water pipes and shutting off the supply to several organizations.

In all sections of the middle West and in the northern part of this State wild winds drifted snow in colossal mounds, blocking rail traffic in places and delaying trains many hours.

The records of the New York Central were broken by the phenomenal force of the storm that in a snow covered territory more than one hundred miles in diameter, with the centre near Buffalo, practically stopped all traffic. The snow and sleet cut like needles, driven by a gale fluctuating between sixty and seventy miles, and railroad workers were unable to stay out in the freezing turbulence more than a few minutes at a time. Snow ploughs were used, often making snail pace and frequently overwhelmed in gigantic drifts, before every train. The railroad received messages at 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon from its operators in the storm belt saying that the blast and snow continued and indicating that there might be no letup through the night.

Train Schedules Upset.

The storm played havoc with train schedules, passenger and freight alike. Fast trains staggered out of the storm hours late—trains that seldom lose minutes on their swift run from Chicago—and other trains almost as fast "laid down" somewhere in the raging blizzard and were lost in so far as information to the outside world is concerned.

The New York Central's Twentieth Century Limited was one of the fast trains that came through after a record breaking fight behind snow ploughs. Due in this city at 9:40 o'clock yesterday morning, the conductor reported from Albany twelve hours late. From beyond Buffalo to well this side of Utica the train de luxe of the New York Central had fought its way through a gale that choked and all but buried it under great blinding fluffs of snow.

Other New York Central trains fared fully as ill or worse. Only one or two of the seven or eight faster trains of the company had reported at all after entering the storm zone. Several were marked "annulled," indicating that they had given up the fight and were laying up in some safe harbor until the worst of the storm had passed. All trains, passing through the worst of the storm, which centred around Buffalo, were twelve hours late or more in reaching New York.

Less trouble was reported on trains over the lines that swing to the south of Buffalo after leaving Chicago, but these were delayed for two hours and upward in many instances, and this really meant a delay of ten or twelve hours to many of the passengers from Chicago, who had counted on connecting with fast trains at Pittsburg.

The Pennsylvania train from Pittsburg due in this city at 8:57 o'clock yesterday morning was two hours and fifteen minutes late. Even so it failed to bring the Chicago through Pullmans, and passengers who had counted on that connection reached this city late last night, having spent thirty-six hours on the road. The fact that the Chicago Pullmans missed connections at Pittsburg indicates that the trains from Chicago at Pittsburg were making even poorer time than through trains from St. Louis. The Pennsylvania train from the West due here at 9:28 was five hours late. And so it went.

All lines running east out of Chicago were having serious trouble, and it is believed that freight schedules were affected more than passenger. If the storm continues present congestion in the matter of moving food and war supplies, due to heavy war time traffic, may be dangerously increased.

Cold in Middle West.

Record and near record temperatures were the rule in the middle West. Chicago having a minimum of 5 degrees below, Cincinnati suffering under the Arctic record for the season of 6 below, with lower readings from the back counties. And according to the local prophets we are going to have a taste of the shivering of the snow blanketed West some bitter moment before the sun gets up this morning.

At 11 o'clock last night the westerly breeze, which was a howler of sixty-two miles in the morning had subsided to almost a zephyr, and the temperature was 16 degrees. The local forecaster said that this did not mean it was not going to get colder, and cheerfully predicted "close to zero" for Manhattan and maybe on the goose egg in the open country spaces of suburban boroughs. It will be much the coldest day of the autumn, quite cold enough to be called winter, or something else that might be eliminated by the censor.

Trains almost everywhere in the West were stalled in the snow for hours. It was impossible to make enough steam to keep the cars warm enough to live in while locomotives were under way, trying to force themselves through the drifts, and in most instances they gave up schedules and devoted their steam energies to keeping passengers comfortable.

Hurricane Wind at Sea.

The morning blast sharpened the teeth of the temperature hereabout and it seemed several degrees colder than it was by official thermometer. The wrecking lighter Civilian, blown from its fastenings at Thirty-sixth street, South Brooklyn, crushed the police launch Madeleine, moored near by. Out at sea the wind was reported by ice coated craft coming in as blowing with hurricane force. Three big battle craft that had been bucking the blizzard in the open sea got in yesterday afternoon looking like wedding cake creations on a big scale. They anchored off Staten Island and their officers and crews will have short shore leave.

The metropolitan district, particularly that part in contiguous Jersey towns, had many entries on its blotters of accidents due to the freezeup following Saturday's storm. Among the victims was Bobby Walthour, forced out of the Madison Square Garden bicycle race because of the illness of his partner. He slipped on the sidewalk in Newark and his left leg was broken in two places between the ankle and the knee. It will be a month or more before he will be able to get around again.

Women Conductors Now Employed on Broadway Cars.

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New York city with its modern Deidrich Knickerbockers got a surprise last week when it awoke one morning to find the Broadway surface cars "manned" by women conductors. Never before had a feminine voice been heard in the plaintive "Fare, please!" but the public enjoyed the novelty and the new conductors had an easy time of it, being regarded much in the light of patriots who had taken the places of men summoned to war. The photograph does not show all the women fare takers employed on the Broadway line; there are others. In the group shown, reading from left to right, the women are: Mary Bocience, Augusta Scherer, Sadie Kaiser, Anna Petersen, Margaret O'Leary, Hattie Walsh and Anna Rubin. It is understood the B. R. T. and other lines are contemplating employing women conductors.

JANNICKY RESIGNS COMMAND OF 47TH

Colonel Surprises Regiment After Its Inspection by Major-Gen. O'Ryan.

Special Despatch to THE SUN.

SPARTANBURG, S. C., Dec. 9.—Col. E. L. Jannicky, commander of the Forty-seventh New York Infantry, has resigned and left for New York on a thirty days' leave of absence pending the acceptance of his resignation. His resignation was a surprise to the regiment and no statement has been made by the officers of the division to explain it.

Col. John R. Howlett of the Fourteenth Regiment has assumed temporary command of the Forty-seventh in addition to his own regiment. The two regiments are among those left out of the division when the reorganization was effected a few months ago.

An inspection of Col. Jannicky's regiment was made Saturday by Major-Gen. O'Ryan and several inspectors from the Inspector-General's office in Washington. The officers would not say whether or not the inspection was connected in any way with the resignation. The inspection, it was said, surprised the members of the Forty-seventh Regiment.

Following the announcement of the resignation of Col. Jannicky other changes in officers of the staff of the division were announced. Capt. C. W. Wickersham, son of George W. Wickersham, formerly United States Attorney-General, was made Assistant Chief of Staff. Col. Ward resumes his old position as Division Adjutant and Major A. L. Regan, acting Division Adjutant, was assigned to the Forty-seventh Infantry. Capt. H. H. Battenburg has been made Assistant Adjutant.

$8,000 FOR PEOPLE'S HOSPITAL.

Benefit Adds $3,000 to Building Fund—Kohenberg Gives $5,000.

At a benefit performance given last night in the Maxine Elliott Theatre and attended by people interested in the People's Hospital $3,000 was added to the fund for the proposed new building for the institution at Second avenue and Thirteenth street. Sunday was the tenth anniversary of the founding of the hospital.

The use of the theatre was donated by the Messrs. Shubert in memory of their mother, and a number of professional actors also gave their services free. Sigmund Romberg, composer of "Springtime" and other Broadway hits, was in charge of the orchestra.

At the conclusion of the performance it was announced Louis Kohenberg, treasurer of the hospital, had made an individual contribution of $5,000 to the building fund.

5,000 XMAS GIFTS BY SCHOOL.

Children of Soldiers and Sailors to Be Recipients.

Five thousand Christmas presents have been donated by the pupils of the Joseph Rodman Drake School, 48 Sheffield avenue, The Bronx, to the children of soldiers and sailors, to be distributed by the National League for Woman's Service.

The Board of Education is cooperating with the league, of which Miss Anne Morgan is treasurer, and will bring to the attention of all the pupils of the schools of Greater New York the plans and purposes of the movement.

TO PUT 'WATCHDOG' ON HYLAN'S TRAIL

Citizens Union Will Pay for Expert Observation.

Administration of the city's affairs by Mayor-elect Hylan and the administrative departments of the incoming administration, as well as the work of the new Board of Estimate, the Aldermen and the Sinking Fund Commission, are to be subjected to the "experienced and competent" scrutiny of a small staff of experts paid by the Citizens Union and directed by Leonard M. Wallstein, now Commissioner of Accounts.

The Citizens Union in making that announcement yesterday, however, took pains to specify that this "new extension of its activities to embrace city government will not smack of the vigilance committee or the muckraking agency instituted to spring sensations.

"The object," so the statement runs, "is to build up an authoritative and impartial contemporaneous record of fact and opinion with respect to the work of the city administration. From time to time reports upon municipal problems of current interest and importance will be given to the public."

The union expects to cooperate with the city government and will seek to aid in the "adoption of sound public policies and administrative methods." It is as a pledge of progressive policy perhaps that the union announces speedy admission of women into "important places in the organization."

MAN, 107, BURIED NEAR GRAVE OF FRIEND, 113

Had Moved His Tombstone to Next Plot to Be Sure.

Nissen Rosenstein, who died in the home of the Daughters of Jacob on Saturday, 107 years old, was buried yesterday at Bayside in the grave he had selected beside that of his friend Boruch Wolinsky, who died recently at the age of 113.

The old man, who was very proud at being able to remember Napoleon's retreat from Moscow, was born at Lomza, Russian Poland, in 1810, and came to New York thirty-four years ago. He and Wolinsky were members of the Chevra Achim Anshe Chomsk, and strong friends, and when Wolinsky died Rosenstein was heartbroken because the stone he had selected for himself and placed over his grave at Bayside was so far from that of Wolinsky's.

So about five weeks ago he went to the cemetery, hired some men to move the stone to the plot next that of his friend and went back to the home content that he and Wolinsky could rest together. Three weeks ago he caught the cold which ended his life.

PAGEANT OF SYRIA HERO LAND FEATURE

To-day's Programme Includes Addresses by Number of Prominent Men.

Armenian and Syrian day will be observed at Hero Land to-day, and during the evening addresses will be delivered by William Howard Taft, James W. Gerard, Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, A. I. Elkus, Henry Morgenthau, Oscar S. Straus, Bishop David H. Greer, Meushegh Veperian, Philip K. Hitti and Cleveland H. Dodge.

"A Modern Good Samaritan," presented in pantomime, will be the leading attraction of the afternoon, and when it is over Raymond Hitchcock, who could have made a lot more money as an auctioneer than he has made worshipping at the shrine of Art, will sell antiques, brasses, ivories, embroideries and other things.

Armenian and Syrian women and children will be seen in the pageant of the evening which precedes the addresses of the notables. A number of soldiers from Camp Upton of Armenian and Syrian origin will join the women in presenting "The Silent Witness to Armenia of the Past, Present and Future."

One of the new features of the bazaar will be inaugurated this afternoon, when Mrs. William Astor Chanler will offer personal messages from famous British Generals by the phonograph route. Field Marshal French, Sir William Robertson, Chief of Staff, and other officers will talk through the machines.

Tom Powers, a farmer from Connecticut with a marked talent for drawing, will make pictures during the evening. Bob Lilly of the British Royal Flying Corps will lecture on tanks. He is a wounded soldier from the western front, and he not only will talk about tanks, but will show the visitors how they are run.

14 LOST IN MORAN SINKING.

Towing Company Head Identifies Three of Five Bodies Found.

Eugene F. Moran, president of the Moran Towing Company, returned yesterday from Atlantic City, off which the tug Eugene F. Moran foundered in a slashing northeaster on Saturday, having identified three of the Moran's crew whose bodies drifted up on the beach. He was unable to identify two other bodies. The identified dead are Capt. Frederick S. Riley of 266 Carroll street, Brooklyn; Sam Crane, chief steward, 437 Warren street, Brooklyn, and Hans Magnussen, deck hand, 170 Carroll street, Brooklyn.

There were fourteen men in the crew instead of eleven, as originally reported, including the following: Mate William A. Karolyn, 7 Commercial avenue, New Brunswick, N. J.; William Hart, second mate, Staten Island; Peter McKay and Frank Williams, deck hands, who lived on the tug; Anton Kaubhild, deck hand, 7 Hamburg avenue, Brooklyn; John Speer, chief engineer, 572 Avenue A, Bayonne; John McAllister, second engineer, 10 Beach place, Brooklyn; A. Fernandez, A. Canaz, A. Lorenzo and B. W. Yakaz, firemen and oilers, all from the Spanish boarding house at 60 Columbia street, Brooklyn.

Gates of Hope Dedicated.

The Gates of Hope, a new synagogue at 1409 St. Nicholas avenue, which was completed about three months ago, was dedicated last night. Samuel Untermyer, who was to have made the dedicatory address, unable to attend the services, sent a leter which was read by Aaron J. Levy. Addresses were made by Justice Levy, William S. Bennet and the Rev. Dr. Herman L. Martin, rabbi of the synagogue. A. D. Jawower, chairman of the committee of the synagogue, presided.

LIFE AT YAPHANK SHOWN ON SCREEN

Hippodrome Crowded With Relatives and Friends of Camp Upton Boys.

Camp Upton was in town thirty ways yesterday—fifteen times in the afternoon and an equal number at night. It was at the Hippodrome, and it displayed itself to upward of 11,000 persons, who were mothers or fathers or sisters or other kin to Yaphank's khaki population.

No descriptions of the camp which have appeared from time to time in print or letters have been adequate. But every one who saw Camp Upton at the Hippodrome yesterday now has some conception of it. They know something of how the boys live and how they act, how they eat and chop wood, how they conduct themselves generally.

Though the man who explained the moving pictures which had been taken at the camp made some facetious remark about the 305th Infantry being especially drilled for its exhibition in the theatre, it is understood that the drills and various military manœuvres of the different companies were gone through exactly as they are gone through every day at the camp.

The performances, given to obtain money for a winter drill hall and gymnasium, made a successful effort to show the people of New York how the citizens of New York are being made into soldiers. It was the endeavor of those in charge, it is said, to avoid anything smacking of "exhibition," but rather to show simply what happens at the camp in the average day's work. From the performances and the sale and advertising of the programme, the regiment cleared in the neighborhood of $20,000. The fund which they are out to raise exceeds this by only $5,000, it is said.

The first minutes of the programme showed the soldiers awakened by a trumpeter at 6 A. M. and their scramble to be in line, all dressed and dolled up for the assembly which takes place a quarter of an hour later. At 6:30 o'clock the soldiers had breakfast. Then came the brief period which is allotted to those who need to see the physician. The others lined up for the drill, which starts at 7:30.

It now occurred that the audience had its first big surprise. The young men who only a few weeks ago were around on the streets with less military knowledge than Bryan might be said to possess loomed up as a formidable army, trained and ready. Their steps and their motions as they went through the drills were so exact they might have been mistaken for veterans.

Of course, there were many aspects of camp life which the limits of the stage made impracticable for presentation, but these were admirably taken care of by the moving picture scenes actually taken at Camp Upton. Pictures of how the bread is cooked, how it is dispensed, how the soldiers eat and work, which never before had been shown the public, were thrown upon the screen.

The big armored cars and the tanks which were sent to Canada for the Victory Loan parade were flashed on the screen, and a part of the Canadian parade was reproduced. What particularly interested the audience, but yet made it gasp, was the reproduction of the scene in which to demonstrate the power of the tank it was permitted to demolish a big limousine. The tank crawled over the automobile twice, or what was left of the automobile after the first trip.

After the evening mess came the camp fire scene, in which the troopers gathered in tableau and were entertained by some of their own members. It is said that several of these entertainers have been before Broadway audiences. At least they acted the part of professionals, though it is known they are bona fide National Army men.

Sergt. Richard E. Stiehl and Joe Termini, a company musician, with cello and violin, gave an entertainment which would have done credit as a private recital. A ragtime piano player, who understood the theory of the jazz, also was good. J. Mozel gave a clever imitation of Charlie Chaplin, while W. W. Howett and W. Olcott introduced themselves admirably as a modern dancing team. Others in the programme of entertainment were Corporal D. X. Lynch, axe expert; J. Raffetto, contortionist; Corporal A. J. Schuesseler, with a song; Prof. Auer and his dummies, and H. Diamond, Russian dancer.

DRY ZONE FOR NEW ROCHELLE.

Plan Considered in Order to Safeguard Soldiers.

New Rochelle's city administration is considering seriously the creation of a "bone dry zone" along the Sound from City Island to the Larchmont line, this as a result of Marshal Thomas D. McCarthy's raid on places selling liquor to soldiers and the subsequent Grand Jury investigation.

The Grand Jury will continue its work to-day. Mayor Griffing and several New Rochelle policemen will be witnesses.

YAPHANK COMFORTS DELIGHT MA AND PA

Parents of George, a Selected Soldier, Flivver to Camp of 30,000 Men.

FIND SON GROWN RUGGED

Visitors at Upton Amazed by What Training Is Doing for National Army.

Special Despatch to THE SUN.

CAMP UPTON, L. I., Dec. 9.—The little old lady in the flivver came out to camp to-day for the first time in several weeks. Although a bitter winter wind blew up and down and across Long Island it couldn't keep Ma from wanting to make this final trip to see George before the old vehicle was put away for the winter.

So she had Pa nail on all the side curtains and fix up a foot warmer and bring out enough robes and blankets to start a north pole exploration, and then with Pa at the helm and the kid alongside, and with herself and Sis all tucked in the back seat the great start was made. Two hours and a half later they pulled up in front of George's barracks and clacked the horn, and George came bounding out through the double doors.

Well, after the first meeting stuff was over George led Ma into the warm, comfortable barracks and sat her down slam up against one of the great, circular heating stoves in the recreation room and prepared to answer as many as possible of Ma's rapid fire questions. And they came pretty much in form unless the surprise that the company's recreation room caused kept the average down a bit.

She Finds the Boys Comfortable.

Ma just about beat herself at her own game when she looked over this big amusement room—exactly one-half of a whole first floor—and saw what was being done to make George and his 30,000 pals happy.

"And a piano—now isn't that fine?" she continued, half way through her eulogy. "And, goodness me, if there isn't a phonograph—two of them. Well, well, and a library! Pa, there must be 300 or 400 books there. And just look at the writing and reading tables. And did you notice the magazines?

"Two big tables—well, now I suppose the boys play pool on them, don't they, George? Well, I guess there can't be any harm in boys as old as they are playing a little game when they are tired. And look at the curtains over the windows and the fancy lights—and mercy, it's all tinted like a hotel bedroom. Isn't this fine? My, my, I never supposed boys could make themselves so comfortable."

And after Ma had used up about 700 pounds of marvel at the company recreation room and had been almost tickled to death when told that every company in the great camp had just some such amusement place of its own, George got permission from his top sergeant to take her upstairs, where the men sleep. And there she saw long, straight rows of iron cots, piled high with army blankets and all topped with a brilliantly colored old fashioned—but, oh, wow—warm comforter. This last caught Ma's eye and she had to examine the one on George's bed and then feel the three heavy wool "O. D." blankets and completely satisfy herself that there was plenty.

Wanted to Darn His Socks.

And then she had George pull out his kit box from under his bed and make a thorough inspection of the things that Uncle Sam had given him to keep him warm and comfortable and happy. When she came to two pairs of gray army socks and discovered holes in the toes of each she swished them in one move under her coat. And poor George had to demand them back and only won them after a lengthy explanation of how at company inspection every last article of equipment must be accounted for.

"Well, I shall ask the Captain if it isn't possible even in war time for a mother to darn her son's socks," she at first pronounced. But George's pleas prevailed and so finally Ma weakened and gave back the semi-hosiery.

Then, with noon creeping on, Ma and George and the whole family dumped into Henry, the 17th, and George at the tiller drove all about the great, sprawling, fascinating camp that has just begun to find itself. Since Ma's last visit hundreds of the gawky, pine buildings had sprung up and a whole section had fairly risen from the scrub underbrush.

And over in one far corner of the big reservation they found the hospital unit and Ma almost fell out of the car in admiring the wonderful group of buildings, with their 1,500 cots and their splendid surgical outfit, all ready and waiting for anything that might happen. And for the first time this outdoor university for young men took shape for her and welded itself together and coordinated its far flung parts.

Party Sees the Trench System.

Then George drove out to the great trench system, with its 400 yard battle front, and pointed out the bombing field and the bayonet course and the score and one special facilities to train these young men.

"Don't all the soldier boys we pass look strong and rugged—haven't you noticed that, pa?" she asked, and then, before pa had a chance to answer, she went right on: "If the rest of the 30,000 mothers in New York could only come down here and see how their boys are being cared for and looked after and how much this outdoor life is doing for them, well, they'd be glad and proud that their boys were here. Just look what these three months here have done for our George."

But before George could even protest he had to bring old Henry to a stop and haint around with cold fingers for the combination of the side curtains. And it was all forgotten by the time the family had trailed into the brand new, fine and friendly Hostess House for the selected men and their visitors.

"George, why didn't you write me something about this lovely place?" ma demanded when she had given it a very hasty once over. "Why, this is the finest thing about the camp, and the Y. W. C. A. ladies who built it ought to be thanked by every soldier here. Just think of how nice it is to have a place where visitors can drop in and get lunch and meet their friends and everything. My, my!"

Luncheon at Hostess House.

Then came luncheon in Hostess House, and then a long family chat, and along about 2:30 o'clock pa commenced to get nervous about starting for home, and by keeping right after ma he got her in the notion by 3 P. M. So pretty soon they all piled into Henry again.

"Just one thing more, George," ma slipped in before the last curtain button was fixed, "are they going to let you boys come home for Christmas?"

"Are they?" George repeated. "Are they? Say, 75 per cent. of us are leaving here Saturday morning and stay until Wednesday following Christmas. And New Year's they're going to repeat. Are they going to let us home Christmas? Say, ma, you'd better get an extra big turkey, that's what you'd better do."

The Sun Calendar.

THE WEATHER.

Fog eastern New York and southern New England, partly cloudy and continued cold to-day and to-morrow; fresh to strong westerly winds.

For New Jersey, fair and continued cold to-day and to-morrow; moderate westerly winds.

For northern New England, fair and colder to-day; fair and continued cold to-morrow; fresh to strong westerly winds.

For western New York, fair and continued cold to-day and to-morrow, except snow flurries near the lakes; fresh to strong westerly winds.

NEW YORK, Dec. 10.—The vigorous storm which was central over eastern Kentucky on Saturday travelled rapidly northeastward into the St. Lawrence Valley and was followed by clear and much colder weather yesterday in all sections east of the Mississippi River and by high northwest winds and gales in the lake regions and middle Atlantic States.

There was no other storm formation and high pressure prevailed throughout the West, with its principal body in the Mississippi Valley.

Freezing weather prevailed in all of the Gulf and Atlantic States and zero occurred in the Ohio Valley and eastern parts of the middle Atlantic States.

In this city the day was fair and much colder; wind, high northwest; average humidity, 49 per cent.; barometer, corrected to read to sea level, at 8 A. M. 29.62; 3 P. M., 29.80.

	8 A. M.	3 P. M.
Barometer	29.67	29.91
Humidity	44	[illegible]
Wind—direction	W.	[illegible]
Wind—velocity	20	[illegible]
Weather	Clear	Clear
Precipitation	None	None

The temperature in this city yesterday, as recorded by the official thermometer, is shown in the annexed table:

8 A. M.	20	1 P. M.	15	6 P. M.	[illegible]	[illegible]
9 A. M.	19	2 P. M.	15	7 P. M.	[illegible]	[illegible]
10 A. M.	18	3 P. M.	20	8 P. M.	[illegible]	[illegible]
11 A. M.	16	4 P. M.	18	9 P. M.	[illegible]	[illegible]
12 M.	18	5 P. M.	17	10 P. M.	[illegible]	[illegible]
	1917.	1916.			1917.	1916.
8 A. M.	19	46	6 P. M.	16	[illegible]	49
12 M.	18	46	9 P. M.	17	[illegible]	[illegible]
3 P. M.	20	46	12 Mid.	16	[illegible]	54

Highest temperature, 27, at 12:01 A. M.; lowest temperature, 15, at 11:20 P. M.; average temperature, 23.

Observations yesterday at United States Weather Bureau stations showing atmospheric conditions in the various cities:

	Highest temp.	Wind	Velocity	Rain or snow	Weather
Atlantic City	24	N.W.	[illegible]	[illegible]	Clear
Eastport	46	W.	18	64	Clear
Boston	32	S.W.	14	.05	Clear
Jacksonville	41	W.	16	[illegible]	Clear
Chicago	6	W.	18	[illegible]	Clear
St. Louis	10	N.W.	20	.18	Clear
Minneapolis	[illegible]	N.W.	20	[illegible]	Clear
Denver	12	N.	[illegible]	[illegible]	Pt. Cldy
Bismarck	10	N.W.	[illegible]	[illegible]	Clear
Charleston	38	S.W.	[illegible]	[illegible]	Clear
Norfolk	30	S.	10	[illegible]	Clear

STEAMSHIP ARRIVALS.

The following steamships arrived at Atlantic ports in the twenty-four hours ended at sunset yesterday:

Advance (Am.)	Manchioneal (Nor.)
Atagosan Maru (Jap.)	Nevada (Dan.)
Gen. H. F. Hodges (Am.)	Talisman (Nor.)
	War Knight (Br.)

MINIATURE ALMANAC

United States Coast and Geodetic Survey—Standard Time.

Sun rises.....7:36 A. M. Sun sets.....4:29 P. M.
Moon rises.....2:31 A. M. Moon sets.....[illegible]

HIGH WATER THIS DAY

Sandy Hook...4:13 A. M. Gov. Island...4:47 A. M.
Hell Gate.....6:29 A. M.

LOW WATER THIS DAY

Sandy Hook...10:47 A. M. Gov. Island...11:27 A. M.
Hell Gate.....12:39 A. M.

EVENTS TO-DAY.

Mrs. Florence Opdyke of the American Red Cross Society, talk on "Florence Nightingale and the Ministry of Nursing," West Side Y. M. C. A., 8 P. M.

Meeting of the Advisory committee of the National Service Commission, Chamber of Commerce, 65 Liberty street, 4 P. M.

State Barge Canal, meeting, assembly