HYLAN'S REGIME IS BURLESQUE THEME

"A Raving Night's Entertainment" Given at City Hall Reporters' Dinner.

GOV. SMITH ATTENDS

Politicians Lampooned in Oriental Extravaganza—Hearst Is One Feature.

The agonizing adventures of the *Caliph Hy-ladin El-Rancid* and his wonderful lamp, whose slave was a djinn named *Hearst*, were revealed at the Hotel Astor last night to 700 politicians and other more or less public men by means of a gorgeous extravaganza called "A Raving Night's Entertainment."

The show was concocted and acted by the members of the Association of City Hall Reporters. This is the all too formal title of a collection of extremely old and serious newspaper men who deserve the bastinado for the irreverent waggery with which they spice their annual dinner. Their burlesque reeked with saucy songs, was the most ambitious political satirical stunt ever attempted in these parts and was even said to have a plot—which, if true, differentiated this undertaking from any of its predecessors, including those of the Amen Corner, the Gridiron Club and the monastic old gentlemen who played horse on the grand ballroom stage last night.

Pours Oil on Waters.

Before disguising himself as the *Insultan of Swat*, Charles G. Hambidge, in his own person as president of the association, poured oil on any waters that might be troubled by declaiming:

The follies that to-night we swat
Are just the same old common lot.
Mohammed placed a ban on wine,
Old Noah ran a transit line,
Increased fares and suffragettes
Are wheezes old as drys and wets.
The Bushwick part of Athens town
Was where vast intellect was found,
And demagogues with ivory domes
Dwelt elsewhere than in Brooklyn homes.
Vox Populi got stung as well
When ballot was an oyster shell.
So too in ancient Bagdad town
By all traditions handed down
The game of politics was played,
And then as now the people paid.
To get a line on our intent
You must interpret what is meant.
If we offend he it recalled
The wincing jade alone is galled.
And if we rake you o'er the coals
May the Lord have mercy on your souls.

Alf Ringling himself could not have improved on the Oriental procession that opened the show. The *Insultan* rode an elephant, followed by *Fatima* (Edward Staats Luther) in chains. Dismounting and ascending the throne the *Insultan* croaked his blessing on the company—"Peace and prohibition be with you"—and gave assurance that nothing was to be feared except the wicked magician, *Anderson*, "the potency of whose black art is such that with a mere wave of his legislative wand he can turn a saloonkeeper into a street, a prohibitionist into a nut and anybody into a camel. *Fatima*, condemned to die, craved permission to unfold "the marvellous tales of the glorious city of Bagdad."

The *Insultan* war for granting her wish if she could solve the riddle:

Dragged from obscurity dismal and deep,
Thrust into publicity sordid and cheap,
Forsaken by friends, despised by all foes,
No wonder o'en Brooklyn should turn up its nose.

Fatima, upon reflecting, replied: "O, Supreme Swatter, *Insultan* as thou art, thy riddle is easier to unravel than a statement by the Public Service Commission. Thou canst but refer to Barren Island."

Transported to Bagdad.

Whereupon *Fatima* transported everybody to Bagdad on a magic carpet. The curtain went up on Highland avenue in that strangely familiar town, where *Wit-nee* (M. Mack Nomburg) and a chorus sang:

Life was fair and fine in Bagdad,
Great old town to see the sights,
There were dancing girls entrancing,
And oh, a thousand Raving Nights.

There was then no lid on Bagdad;
Was it dry? No! No!
And not even a suspicion
Of that thing called prohibition
In Oriental Bagdad long ago.

In came *O-Gradee* (A. W. Pierce), a Deputy Police Commissioner of Bagdad. She drove the girls off the stage. Eventually she confided that a man like Hylan was needed in the White House.

"Why," asked the *Insultan* from his throne across the ballroom.

"Well, it would be a decided change from anything we have ever had," said *O-Gradee*.

A sorrowful man rode on on a donkey labeled B. R. T. He was *Hy-ladin* (Harold A. Vivian), a poor motorman from Bushwick. Starting to clean up, he rubbed a lamp which was the donkey's headlight. An explosion, smoke, and out of the smoke stalked *Hearst* (W. P. Beazell), saying that he was the evil genius of the lamp, the one man alive who could make Charley Murphy shiver.

"You rubbed the lamp, master. I am here," said *Hearst*.

"Don't call me master," begged *Hy-ladin*. "I'm the servant of the people. That is the one thing I am sure of." But he was told that he had but to rub the lamp and any wish would be granted. *Hy-ladin* decided that he wanted to be Caliph. "You mean I can really be Caliph?" he asked eagerly.

Strict Obedience Required.

"I wouldn't go that far," said *Hearst*. "But you'll get the salary and the title. There is but one condition. You must always do what I tell you."

Hy-ladin promised and was sent home, where he would find "a full outfit of pussy foot campaign managers who will tell you what to say and what not to say, what to wear, how to comb your hair and how to look as if you were used to riding in automobiles.

"And then what?" said *Hy-ladin*.

"Then come back at 2 o'clock," ordered the djinn of the lamp. But instead of departing *Hy-ladin* sang "Down Among the Sheltering Palms," which began:

Willie, listen, dear,
Don't go 'way and leave me here.
I am grieving at your leaving,
Want to have you near.

Willie, take me too.
Without you what would I do?
You must guide me, keep beside me,
Let me go yith you-oo-oo-oo-oo.

Jim-man (F. Stuart Crawford) rushed in, raising such a clamor that *Hy-ladin*, picking up the donkey's halter, muttered, "Come, Timothy, this is no place for a jackass," and left Bagdad flat for a while. *Jim-man* vainly sought the aid of *Hearst* in his Speakership troubles, then threatened the djinn with loss of the *Morning Mesopotamian's* circulation.

"Stop! Stop!" cried *Hearst*. "So long as the flag flies over Bagdad and there's a place to print it on my front page I fear you not. It's a grand old rag, that use of the flag." Which inspired *Hearst* to sing:

There's a feeling comes a-stealing,
And it sets my brain a-reeling,
Why suspicion of my loyalty's in anybody's mind.
There is no one in the city
Who's been named for a committee
Who's more faithful to his country or more loyally inclined.

Chorus—You're all right, Bill; you're not so rotten.
Solo—Oh, my friends, I thank you, really I thank you.
Chorus—Hurrah! hurrah for William Randolph Hearst!
Solo—I'm glad to see you give credit to me.
Red, White and Blue, I am for you.
Honest, it's a Grand Old Gag.
Chorus.

Act 2 was placed in City Hall Park, Bagdad. *Wit-nee* (James A. Hagerty), a Public Service Commissioner, and a chorus of Bagdaddies sang:

One gathered from what *Wit-nee* said as he prostrated himself before the *Insultan* that the *Caliph Hy-ladin-el-Rancid*, had demanded his head, because in a race to City Hall over different lines of the Bagdad Ragged Transit Company the luckless *Wit-nee*, had beaten *Hy-ladin*.

"He swore," lamented *Wit-nee*, "that as I had got ahead of him he would get a head of me."

"Having his little joke," suggested the *Insultan*.

"Nay," said *Wit-nee*. "He never jokes. Bagdad would be a more cheerful place if he did."

Tells Secret of Lamp.

The *Insultan* told *Wit-nee* the secret of the lamp. *Wit-nee* plotted to steal it from the *Caliph* and then "get next to the *Cadi Ali-bi-bi*."

"Surely," remarked the *Insultan*. "You do not think that Al will oppose the mighty Caliph?"

"Oh, believe me," *Wit-nee* answered. "Al is wise to the *Caliph Hy-ladin-el-Rancid*. Aye, these many moons has he been wise." Along came *Way-lan* (M. Mack Nomburg), the *Caliph's* secretary, looking for the donkey and bewailing the multitude of his labors at City Hall. He started off with *Wit-nee* to search and was replaced on the stage by *Hy-ladin* and one *Pshonts* (George D. Morris), the latter asking for permission to raise fares on the Bagdad Ragged Transit. That, said the *Caliph*, was up to *Hearst*. A little later *Way-lan* and *Hy-ladin* had conversation. The latter had been *Caliph* a whole year.

"We ought to celebrate," he said to his secretary. "We've done very well—to last so long."

"Yes," said *Way-lan*. "I think I've made a good job of your administration. The city doesn't look the same. Who ever thought you would be Caliph," the secretary mused.

"I did. My lucky star——"

"—shining like a black diamond in the sky."

"Enough of that, Grover. Let's be going."

"You are going, *Caliph*"—this time the speaker was the sardonic *Insultan*—"going fast, but you don't know it."

Theft of the Lamp.

While they were talking *Wit-nee* sneaked in and stole the lamp, which caused *Hy-ladin* to groan: "Without the lamp I can't summon *Hearst*. Without *Hearst* I am ruined; I have no power nothing." *Way-lan* trotted off to get a job with the lamp's new possessor, *Wit-nee*.

The poor *Caliph* was reduced when the third act opened to the estate of a beggar crying "Alms, for the love of Allah, alms," while *Inbad*, the Comptroller (Edward Staats Luther), tossed coins to a crowd, cheering his appearance, to whom *Ali-bi-bi*, the Cadi (S. H. Pierson) had just sung a touching piece entitled "Ch-ch-ch-Charley."

"My friends call me Chin-Chin Charley" *Inbad* confided to *Hy-ladin*. It developed that he had formerly been an obscure West Side lawyer, but had been elevated to stewardship over untold wealth. *Hy-ladin* related to the Comptroller the sad tale of the lamp. Presently *Dow-ling* (James V. Gwin), the howling dervish, whirled himself into view, telling the *Insultan* that he'd howl too if he had to sit in the Board of Estimate every week and listen to the ravings of *Rieg-el-man*. *Dow-ling* told of the prodigious powers of one *Mur-phee*, to whom even the World apologized. *Inbad*, his mind on the lamp, gave *Wit-nee* a drugged drink and rushed off to seize it.

Said *Hy-ladin* to the sick *Wit-nee*, "You know I told you not to work with that English crowd that was trying to rob me of Hearst's support."

"English? What do you know about English?" said *Wit-nee*.

"I use the purest English Hirshfield can write," retorted *Hy-ladin*.

Comptroller's Wish.

Hearst appeared when the *Comptroller* rubbed the lamp, which was called municipal ownership. What did the *Comptroller* wish?

"The only thing that I really need badly is a real, up to date, thoroughly usable sense of humor," said *Inbad*. That caused *Hy-ladin* to snatch the lamp, crying: "Don't give it to him, djinn. If you give him a sense of humor like that of the other members of the Board of Estimate I'll be left all alone."

After some parley with *Wall-stein* (Huth A. Leamy) all hands adjourned to the robbers' cave, where *Hy-ladin*, Caliph once more, announced that his job was to keep the home fires burning.

"Then for God's sake keep away from Palm Beach and stick on the job," admonished *Inbad*.

So they sang:

Keep the lamp a burning,
Quite a trick we're turning,
Municipal ownership has come to stay.
There's a silver lining
With the scheme entwining,
Boost the fares way out of sight,
Let the pepul pay.

A jovial jigger, *Ali-bi-bi* (S. H. Pierson), started the fourth act with "The Governor's Song":

Governor Smith is a man of capacity,
Very well known for his rare perspicacity,
None would deny he possesses sagacity,
And his Republican friends least of all,
Strike up the music for Governor "Al"
He will bear watching, though you're his pal.

He may be foolin' while singin' Tim Toolan,
And you may be dancing for Governor "Al."

"And hast thou succeeded in pleasing all comers?" the *Insultan* queried.

"All comers, yes. But you'd be surprised how few real comers there are in politics. Very few stayers, too."

Phones the Password.

It seemed that *Ali-bi-bi*, passing the robbers' cave and seeing a man come out wiping his lips, had taken a chance and gone in. He phoned the password, "Open Tammany—not wide open Tammany" to *Mur-phee* (Harry D. Kingsbury), and that delectable personage joined him in the cave. Enter the others. "Why hello *Hearst*," said *Murphee*. "How's every little thing?"

"Ask *Hylan*," *Hearst* replied. "He attends to the little things." The whole gang sang a rousing drinking song, "Sparkling, Bright Buttermilk."

The lamp passed to *Ali-bi-bi*. He insisted on rubbing it, and in rushed the Bolsheviki and took possession of everything. They claimed both *Hearst* and *Hy-ladin* as their slaves.

H. A. Vivian was guilty of writing the book of the show and James A. Hagerty the songs, with W. P. Beazell and Charles G. Hambidge having a hand in it somewhere.

Among those at the dinner were Gov. Alfred E. Smith, Lieut.-Gov. Harry C. Walker, Speaker Thaddeus C. Sweet and virtually all of the New York city members of the Senate and Assembly; Charles F. Murphy and most of the Tammany district leaders, John H. McCooey and his Brooklyn crowd, Samuel S. Koenig, Jacob A. Livingston, John J. Knewitz and Joseph H. De Bragga, Republican county leaders; Arthur H. Murphy, Borough President Maurice E. Connolly, Acting Mayor Robert F. Moran, Comptroller Charles L. Craig and others of the Board of Estimate and the Board of Aldermen; Robert Adamson, George Gordon Battle, William P. Burr, Dr. Royal S. Copeland, Justice James C. Cropsey, F. Cunliffe-Owen, Philip P. Donohue, Abram I. Elkus, Richard E. Enright, William W. Farley, Justice Edward R. Finch, Thomas F. Foley, Senator James A. Foley, Col. Michael Friedsam, George A. Glynn, Joseph Haag, Col. William Hayward, Secretary of State Francis M. Hugo.

TONS OF FRESH FISH ON WAY TO N. Y.

Steam Trawler Albatross, First of New Service, Due Here To-morrow.

Officers of the East Coast Fisheries Company, a Down East concern with an office at 120 Broadway, received here yesterday a wireless message from Capt. Peter Tobin of Newfoundland, skipper of the steam trawler Albatross, reading: "Good catch; headed in."

The message, sent by the trawler's own wireless man from the Grand Banks, was Capt. Peter's way of saying to his bosses that the hold of the Albatross was chock a block with fresh cod, halibut and haddock, and that he was steering the straightest possible course from the celebrated fishing grounds to deliver his cargo at the Beekman street pier in the East River. If all goes well the skipper will arrive to-morrow morning, thus marking the establishment of a steam trawler fresh fish service to this port, a proposed innovation that already has caused deep, almost sea deep, interest among the wholesale fish dealers at Fulton Market.

It is the purpose of the East Coast Fisheries Company to land a steam trawler, with something like 250,000 pounds of cod, halibut and haddock in New York city once a week. As the company is known as an "independent," in opposition to certain consolidated fisheries companies whose headquarters are in Boston, the home of the "sacred cod," it is certain a great deal of interest will be manifested in the venture by eaters of fish, who prefer the freshly caught rather than the frozen kind.

The plan has the approval of Dr. Hugh M. Smith, United States Commissioner of Fisheries, who has long contended that fresh fish vessels should land at least parts of their cargoes in this city before discharging their entire catches at Boston. Although fully 80 per cent. of all cod, halibut and haddock is distributed through New York, practically all of the fish now are unloaded at Boston, Gloucester, Portland and other New England ports and shipped overland to this city.

Lower Cost to Consumers.

One of the inevitable results that must follow weekly deliveries of large cargoes of fresh fish in this market, it is said, will be a reduction in the cost to the consumer. It is not likely that the reduction will be great at first, but all fish dealers believe it is certain that prices will have to come down if the supply of fresh fish straight from the Great Banks is kept up. Furthermore, they declare that if consumers once get in the habit of eating fresh fish, they will demand fresh fish and will get what they want.

It was largely due to the Food Administration's efforts to encourage the eating of fresh fish and the Government's programme of backing the fisheries companies in developing the tremendous food resources of the ocean that the steam trawler service to this city was decided upon.

The East Coast Fisheries Company now has three steam trawlers and is building seven more. Each trawler has a crew of twenty-five men and does the work of six old fashioned fishing steamships and 150 men in exactly one-third of the time. A trawler takes about a day and a half for a trip to the Grand Banks, the nearest part of which is about 280 miles east of Boston or Portsmouth. It steams over the shoals, dragging its balloon shaped 160x132 foot net and makes a haul once an hour, bringing to the surface anywhere from three to ten tons of cod, haddock and halibut at a clip. All the hauling is done by machinery. The fish are iced and stored in the hold. A day and a half are spent as a rule in fishing—trawlers work in storms as well as fair weather—and the run back to Boston, Gloucester or Portland takes another day and a half. Thus a round trip requires about four and a half days.

Trawlers are equipped with plants for the conversion of cod liver into oil. A world's record was made by the East Coast Fisheries Company's steam trawler Kingfisher when she landed 1,057,000 pounds of fish in thirty days.

Long a Big British Industry.

Steam trawlers have been used in European waters twenty-five years, but fishermen here did not take to them until about five years ago. There are now fifteen steam trawlers in American waters. Prior to the war there were at least 10,000 of these craft on the other side.

As fish eaters Americans do not compare, for instance, with the English, whose annual per capita consumption of fish is said to be 120 pounds, as against twenty pounds in this country. The total value of fish produced in the United States, including by-products, was placed at $100,000,000, against $700,000,000 on the other side.

Of all the large fish catching grounds available to American fishermen the Grand Banks, covering an area of 69,000 square miles, are acknowledged to be the greatest and richest fishing waters in the world for cod, haddock and halibut. Trawlers work on the shoals of the "banks" where the water is from 50 to 100 feet deep. If one could slip off the shoals he would drop possibly a mile. As a mother cod is given credit for 3,000 offspring that reach maturity fishermen never express surprise that the cod family doesn't run out.

Would-be Suicide Arrested.

Homer J. Knott, 23, a fireman employed by the New York Central, was placed under arrest in Bellevue Hospital yesterday following his drinking poison. He was found on the sidewalk at 42 Vanderbilt avenue suffering severely. Knott is said to have told Dr. Robinson of Flower Hospital, who was first summoned, he had been ill and despondent for a year.

D. G. REID SILENT ON DIVORCE ACTION

Separated From Third Wife Three Years, Is Report.

Daniel Gray Reid, the multimillionaire financier, who has been served with summons in an action for divorce brought by his third wife, Margaret Carrier, refused to discuss the affair yesterday. At his apartment on the eleventh floor of 907 Fifth avenue Mr. Reid's butler said Mr. Reid had nothing to say about the divorce.

The couple have been separated for three years, it is said. He gave his town house, 876 Fifth avenue, to a daughter by his first wife and in February, 1916, took an apartment in the house at Fifth avenue and Seventy-second street.

Robert H. Elder, counsel for Mrs. Reid, has not filed the complaint as yet. Mr. Reid and his physician were returning from White Sulphur Springs, Va., where Mr. Reid has been recovering from an attack of influenza, when a process server met them in the Pennsylvania station.

"I have a summons for you in an action for separation, Mr. Reid," he said. The financier, a tall, powerfully built man, brushed him aside and the summons fell on the pavement.

Mrs. Reid was last living at the Ritz-Carlton. She formerly lived with her mother, Mrs. Fannie Carrier, in West End avenue.

She married Reid in the fall of 1906, when she was 23 and he 54. She was a chorus girl and played in "A Chinese Honeymoon" and later "The Runaways."

Mr. Reid's first wife was Clarissa Agnew, an actress, who was playing at the old Hoyt Theatre. Following her death Mr. Reid met Marion Winchester in 1905, a dancer, on one of his trips to Paris and after a short courtship married her.

Three months after her death, in 1906, he married Margaret Carrier.

SETTLEMENTS JOIN TO EXTEND EFFORTS

United Neighborhood House With 31 Members Formed by Social Workers.

The formation of the United Neighborhood House of New York, composed of thirty-one settlement houses, with offices at 289 Madison avenue, was announced yesterday after a conference of social workers and civic leaders in the Hotel Pennsylvania. The federation is to enlarge the scope of settlement work, with special reference to the immigrant problem.

In the discussion Prof. Edward Steiner of the University of Iowa said:

"If there is Bolshevism in the air it is because this vast number of people are feeling for the first time the limitations under which they live. Everywhere I go there is hysteria for Americanization through the English language. This bill in Congress providing for the deportation of foreigners if they do not learn English within five years is foolish.

"I believe in teaching English, but not under compulsion of law or public sentiment. You cannot assimilate a people by force."

Henry W. Taft, presiding at a luncheon after the conference, said:

"It is the duty of Americans to teach the immigrants that civil liberty only can be imposed by restraint upon individual conduct. The danger from propagandists is in their taking advantage of the ignorance of foreigners. The danger from our foreign population is largely overestimated, providing we do our part, and we cannot be aloof."

George Gordon Battle, Prof. Franklin H. Giddings and Allen T. Burns also spoke of the work to be accomplished by the federation. Mr. Burns said that the theory of the melting pot has been at last overturned as "destroying individuality."

The other speakers urged cooperation of every social organization in the work to be done. Miss Lillian Wald of the Henry street settlement called attention to the devotion of the children of the immigrants in going to war.

The temporary officers of the federation are Mrs. V. G. Simkhovitch, Mrs. George Crane, Mrs. Max Morgenthau, Mrs. Cyrus Sulzberger, Mrs. Henry Davison and Mrs. Alexander Bing. The conference was presided over by Judge Thomas C. T. Crain.

Mrs. Simkhovitch, after dwelling on the increased importance of settlement work to handle the social problem growing out of the war, introduced a resolution for a national convention of settlement workers, which was adopted.

HYLAN OFF TO WASHINGTON.

After Unemployment Conference Is Expected to Return Home.

PALM BEACH, Fla., March 1.—Mayor Hylan, thoroughly rested by his stay here, left with his family to-night for Washington. He will arrive there Sunday noon and on Monday will attend the conference of Mayors of the large cities and Governors of various States to take up the question of unemployment. This meeting was called at the request of President Wilson.

In all likelihood the Mayor will go to New York to be present at the Metropolitan Opera House when President Wilson will make his speech on the League of Nations Tuesday night.

Buffeted Transport at Bermuda.

Safe arrival of the 4,000 ton army transport Roman at Bermuda, reported several days ago helpless in a gale 600 miles at sea, was announced yesterday by debarkation officers at Hoboken. The ship was towed into Bermuda by the steamship Howick Hall.

Much suffering

from skin troubles may be avoided by the timely use of Cadum Ointment

It stops the itching at once and is very soothing and healing wherever the skin is irritated or inflamed. Cadum Ointment is good for eczema, pimples, blotches, chafing, piles, rash, scabs, ringworm, cuts, etc.

[Cadum Ointment is a French preparation made in America from the original formula]

DOG STAR SHINES ON SMOKE FUND FROLIC

Big Party at Pennsylvania Adds Another Success to Tobacco Events.

Too bad that the brindle Boston terrier puppy sold at the party on Friday night at the Hotel Pennsylvania hadn't been named, for he was the acknowledged star of this benefit affair given by the management of the big new hotel to THE SUN Tobacco Fund, and it is hard to do the universal petting he received any justice of description. The little aristocrat was quite at home in the gorgeous grill room, but when he was finally sold after an excited contest he nestled softly and snugly in the arms of Mrs. J. D. Cable, to whom her husband, Capt. Cable, consigned the dog after he had signed his name to a check.

In every way this party lived up to the hopes that had been formed for it. There was a big crowd in the grill at the dinner hour and a bigger one after the theatres had turned out their audiences to seek additional entertainment up to midnight and after. The programme, made up of volunteers from concert stage and vaudeville palace, went forward without interruption except for a general dance now and then. Among the guests were many society people who had delayed inspecting the new house until this occasion and most of these stayed on through the evening. E. M. Statler, operating president of the hotel, entertained friends both for dinner and for supper in the grill.

Among the entertainers were Kathryn Lee, Ida V. Enders, soprano and contralto respectively, who were generous in their offerings; Elias Breeskin, the violinist, who has been engaged for Caruso's spring concert tour; George T. Kelting, a cartoonist; Evan Burroughs Fontaine and Jane Green and Jimmy Bleyler from the Midnight Frolic; Lieut. Pat O'Brien, from the Palace; Miss Marquise, from the Montemartre, and Martin Culhane, from the Moulin Rouge. Miss Jane Kerley and Miss Mattie Hill sold carnations that had been donated to the fund by Mayer, florist of the Pennsylvania. Erdody, leader of the orchestra, played on his Guarnarius violin which was presented to him by a group of women of New York, in a selection from Madama Butterfly," and the dance music, conducted by J. Deck, proved as exhilarating as jazz, but very superior to that popular variety.

Without reckoning a percentage of the couvert charges which the management added to its gift to the fund the latter will benefit in round numbers by about $500. The enjoyment of the affair cannot, however, be estimated in mere dollars.

Need for Tobacco.

Soldiers writing from the headquarters of the Army of Occupation, Coblenz, are perfectly open in expressing their need of tobacco. They have more time on their hands than they know what to do with and some of them write back to the fund comparing themselves to a group of men on a summer vacation who smoke inordinately because it helps the days to go by. There is always a lingering hope that they may be among the lucky ones to get home promptly, and the wish to start westward is almost universal, but they say that if they had a little more occupation and a little more tobacco some of the home returning fever might abate.

Contributors to the fund have received many cards written on these ideas. The boys need smokes now more than they did in war excitement and yet donors in general prefer to leave the job of sending along the money to buy this necessary tobacco to a few repeaters. Every smoker ought to feel like sending over the water to Germany a fellow to the cigar he buys for his own consumption or a package of tobacco or cigarettes when he loads up for Sunday. By duplicating what he spends on his own gratification he could insure a great many smokes for the soldiers. There is no trouble about doing it, a dollar bill sent to THE SUN Tobacco Fund would more than accomplish the worthy object. Why don't one readers do this simple thing?

Private Clayton L. Mansert of Company M, 104th Infantry, makes the condition of the soldiers plain to Sun Fund donor Mrs. Baskerville when he wrote on February 2. "The tobacco rations we get are infrequent and besides after a year of bull we forget any true tobacco taste, so when a cigarette, a real American, comes our way we're the happiest bunch alive. In thanking you for the cigarettes it seems bad style to say keep on in the good work, but I am driven to it by necessity. We do need more tobacco and different kinds. Ask any smoker how it feels to have one sort always."

Thanks for Smokes.

"Allow me to thank you directly and THE SUN indirectly for the cigarettes furnished us through THE SUN Tobacco Fund. This manifestation of the continued kindness of the folks back home is a great encouragement to us. It was a very happy bunch that smoked your tobacco, and we are kept happy because we are looking forward to a return to the U. S. A."

H. B. Bryant was in base hospital 26 when he wrote the above.

From Dammartin, France, comes this note from Chester R. Givens of Company B, 104th Infantry, to Mrs. Josephine Daskam Peabody. "I received the cigarettes and sure was glad to have something I could smoke and enjoy in France. I think we will leave this town in two days and go to the coast to sail for home. I shall be as happy as I ever expect to be. Thank you very much for the cigarettes."

The Pekinese Club of America, which gave the "gate" of its latest show to THE SUN Tobacco Fund will receive a club card from the following soldiers thanking them for the smokes this gate money purchased: Privates W. J. Sponsler, W. B. Billingsley, P. E. Smith, E. B. Kelly, R. A. Kerns, J. E. Kilmer, W. O. Owens, H. B. Houk, all of M. T. C. Unit 310, Company B.

There are several regulars in the recent list of new contributions, including Mr. and Mrs. Every Week, "Regular," the men of Post & McCord, "A Friend's Monthly Gift," and William Peterman, Inc. Another check is listed from Sophie Tucker, being for the sale of a song requested by a soldier in her audience one evening last week.

In a letter from a frequent contributor enclosing a check for the fund the donor, Mrs. R. T. Dodson of Towanda, Pa., says: "I regret my inability to be present at the party on Friday evening at the Hotel Pennsylvania, but I send all good wishes for its success."

How the Fund Stands To-day.

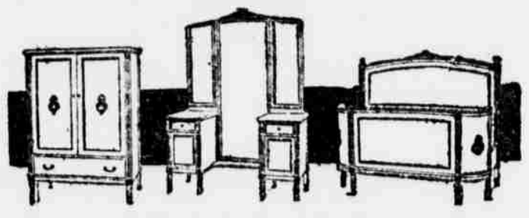
THE SUN and THE EVENING SUN.	$5,000.00
United Cigar Stores boxes	72,097.97
Otherwise acknowledged	215,748.68
New contributions	601.90
Total	$293,485.55
Shipped and paid for....$292,382.94	
Cash balance.....1,123.56	
Schulte cigar stores boxes	96,697.63
Grand total	$430,182.18

New contributions are:

William Peterman, Inc. (weekly), 200 5th ave	$1.75
Pennsylvania Hotel (partial)	470.15
Mr. Every Week, No. 89	1.00
Mrs. Every Week, No. 89	1.00
"A Friend's monthly gift"	100.00
"Regular"	3.00
Sophie Tucker, for a song	4.00
I. C. & Co.	2.50
Harriet W. Dodson, Towanda, Pa.	3.00
John W. Bruyn, New York city	5.00
The men of Post & McCord, 101 Park ave., New York	9.00
Mrs. H. Hart, the Biltmore, N. Y.	.50

Contributions received and listed during the week:

Mrs. M. Overing, Hotel Empire, N. Y.	$1.00
Mr. Every Week, No. 88	1.00
Mrs. Every Week, No. 88	1.00
J. M. SUN stereo (weekly)	2.50
Robert A. Gardner, Bayonne, N. J.	1.00
Wm. Peterman, 200 5th ave (weekly)	1.75
Nettie E. Beppler, 1203 Garden st., Hoboken	2.00
F. Courtinade, 425 Park ave	1.00
Sophie "Benefit" Tucker, Reisenweber's	86.00
Bull Lunch Club, 355 4th ave	20.00
Irene Raymond, 250 76th st., Brooklyn	5.00
E. Whittelsey, Hotel Manhattan	10.00
Empire Cat Show, Jan. 14 and 15	56.00
Lone Star Boat Club	45.00
Mrs. A. O. Randall (monthly), Washington, D. C.	5.00
Margaret C. Fitzgerald, 2653 Ocean av., Brooklyn	2.00
Red Corner Club party at Palm Garden (partial), Dec. 13	400.00
Stereotype Department A. M. Sun	1.50
In memory of George Lieb, Jr.	20.00
Bayonne, No. 13	1.00
Bowery Wynnewaves	8.30
Clerks of sec Auditor of Passenger Accounts office New York Central R. R.	23.00
Joseph Kohnstamm, 83 Park place	10.00
J. H. V. G., 812 Eighth av., Brooklyn, N. Y.	2.00
George Peabody Wetmore, 680 Park av.	100.00
"Sidney"	1.00
Employees of the Railway Steel Spring Co., 30 Church st	27.00
Edmund B. Wells, 1067 Madison av	1.00
Mrs. Coleman Kissam, 48 High st., Orange, N. J.	15.00
Miss Rose M. McClafferty, 1 Broadway	10.00
Mrs. H. M. Merriman, Central Valley Auxiliary, American Red Cross	17.00
Bowery Wynn the Waws	4.00



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For Instance:—

The Louis XVI. bedroom pieces above are a typical example of some of the many fine suites on our floors. These pieces are big in size and represent the best cabinet work throughout. They come in Ivory and Walnut.

The Bowfoot bed is 4 feet 6 inches wide, price $150. The Vanity dresser, which has a center glass 20 inches x 56 inches, is $150. The chifforobe is 38 inches wide and has four ample drawers behind the doors. Price $140.

There are a number of other pieces to this suite, including a dresser, 48 inches wide, $150; a three wing toilet table, 42 inches wide, $85; a large chiffonier, $130. All the drawers are lined with mahogany. A night stand and rocker, $20 each; chairs, $17.50 each, and a bench for the dressing table at $15.

Any combination of pieces may be purchased to make up the suite and it may be paid for in small weekly or monthly amounts.

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MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

MINIATURE ALMANAC.

United States Coast and Geodetic Survey—Standard Time.

Sun rises.....6:21 A M Sun sets.....5:47 P M
Moon rises.....6:13 A M

HIGH WATER THIS DAY.

Sandy Hook...7:23 A M Gov. Island..7:23 A M
Hell Gate.....9:37 A M

LOW WATER THIS DAY.

Sandy Hook...1:18 P M Gov Island..1:18 P M
Hell Gate.....3:36 P M

ARRIVALS—SATURDAY, MARCH 1.

Ss Sobral, Brest, Feb. 16.
Ss Carillo, Bordeaux, Feb. 13.
Ss Turrialba, Cardiff, Feb. 17.
Ss Begona I., Bilbao, Jan. 29.
Ss Thorwald Halvorsen, Havre, Feb. 15.
Ss Conrad Mohr, Bergen, Feb. 13.
Ss Carolyn, Naples, Jan. 23.
Ss Gantoise, Barry, Feb. 12.
Ss Western Sea, Rotterdam, Feb. 7.
Ss Nordland, Barry, Feb. 5.
Ss Sliedrecht, Rochefort, Jan. 29.
Ss Vaarli, Brest, Feb. 4.
Ss West Gambo, Rotterdam.
Ss Munalbro, Nantes, Feb. 4.
Ss Gantoise, Barry, Feb. 12.
Ss Grafalaka, Georgetown, Feb. 18.
Ss Ilanca, Cristobal, Feb. 18.
Ss Lake Buckeye, Havana, Feb. 18.
Ss Maraval, Port of Spain, Feb. 20.
Ss Waconda, Havana, Feb. 23.
Ss Alloth, Matanzas, Feb. 23.
Ss Lake Butler, Havana, Feb. 23.
Ss Lake Oranje, Havana, Feb. 23.
Ss Princess Anne, Norfolk.
U. S. Cruiser Galveston, Boston, Feb. 28.

ARRIVED FROM NEW YORK.

Ss David Lloyd George, at Brest.
Ss Algerie, at Antwerp.
Ss Teucer, at Liverpool.
Ss Westerdijk, at Montevideo.
Ss Duca d'Aosta, at Genoa.
Ss J. Oswald Boyd, at Port Eads.
Ss Mariners Harbor, at Port Eads.
Ss Alamo, at Galveston.
Ss Comanche, at Jacksonville.
Ss Lake Desha, at Newport News.
Ss Roar, at Norfolk.
Ss Christian Keogh, at Baltimore.

SAILED FOR NEW YORK.

Ss Chicago, from Bordeaux.
Ss Dochra, from Brest.
Ss Japan, from Rotterdam.
Ss Delaware, from Boston.
Ss Comus, from Port Eads.
Ss El Norte, from Galveston.
Ss Jungshoved, from Wilmington.
Ss Santa Cecelia, from Baltimore.

OUTGOING STEAMSHIPS.

Sail To-day.

	Mails Close.	Vessels Sail.
Montana, Brest		10 00 A M

Sail To-morrow.

Mayaro, Grenada	11 00 A M	12 00 M
Henderson, Brest		1 00 P M

Sail Tuesday.

Glenaffric, Rio	12 00 M	5 00 P M
Commodore Rollins, Jamaica	8 00 A M	12 00 M

INCOMING STEAMSHIPS.

Due To-day.

Ss Athanasios, Gibraltar, Jan. 20.
Ss Eastgate, Havre, Feb. 1.
Ss Amor, Gibraltar, Jan. 21.
Ss Penang Maru, La Rochelle, Feb. 8.
Ss Maiden, St. Nazaire, Feb. 4.
Ss Franklin, Gibraltar, Feb. 4.
Ss Danebrog, Cardiff, Feb. 4.
Ss Ollargan, Havre, Feb. 5.
Ss Nicolo II., Gibraltar, Feb. 6.
Ss Sagadahoc, Bordeaux, Feb. 7.
Ss Casco, St. Michael, Feb. 14.
Ss Guilflight, La Pallice, Feb. 9.
Ss West Cohas, La Rochelle, Feb. 10.
Ss Deucalion, Gibraltar, Feb. 11.
Ss West Wind, Gibraltar, Feb. 12.
Ss West Point, Brest, Feb. 12.
Ss Yosemite, St. Nazaire, Feb. 14.
Ss Hambleton Range, Gibraltar, Feb. 12.
Ss Talaralite, Plymouth, Feb. 13.
Ss Venmonia, Havre, Feb. 13.
Ss Elisabeth, Cardiff, Feb. 13.
Cruiser Rochester, Brest, Feb. 17.
Ss Phoenix, Brest, Feb. 14.
Ss Olivant, Gibraltar, Feb. 13.
Ss Allaguash, La Rochelle, Feb. 13.
Ss Masada, Barry, Feb. 11.
Ss Great Northern, Brest, Feb. 22.
Ss Niagara, Havre, Feb. 15.
Cruiser Frederick, Brest, Feb. 13.
Ss America, Gibraltar, Feb. 12.
Ss Sierra, Bordeaux, Feb. 19.
Ss Abangarez, Bordeaux, Feb. 14.
Ss John Blumer, Christiania, Feb. 9.
Ss Tuckahoe, Nantes, Feb. 14.
Ss Macona, Cardiff, Feb. 15.
Ss Somerset, La Rochelle, Feb. 12.
Ss Belgic, Liverpool, Feb. 23.
Ss West Elcasco, Gibraltar, Feb. 18.
Ss Morristown, Rotterdam, Feb. 18.
Ss Polarine, Gibraltar, Feb. 16.
Ss Lieut. Jean Laurent, La Pallice, Feb. 22.
Ss Lake Hursi, Cristobal, Feb. 21.
Ss City of Montgomery, New Orleans, Feb. 21.

Due To-morrow.

Ss Plattsburg, Liverpool, Feb. 22.
Ss Siboney, Bordeaux, Feb. 20.
Ss Powh