MARY GARDEN TELLS LOTOS CLUB OF AIMS

Organization's First Woman Guest of Honor Desires to Spread Music in U. S.

IS HAMMERSTEIN IDEA

Would Aid in Forming a String of Opera Houses Across Country.

PRAISE FROM SPEAKERS

Head of Chicago Company Admits She Is No Singer, but Is a Creator.

Precedent was shattered last night at the Lotos Club, when, for the first time in its history of fifty-one years, a woman was the guest of honor at a dinner given by the club. Mary Garden was the woman to smash the club tradition.

The members of the club and the speakers of the evening agreed that it was a most pleasurable breaking of rules, but Mary Garden herself confessed to tremors over the matter.

"It seems that all my life I have been making and breaking rules," she said, when Chester S. Lord, president of the club, presented her to the diners. "To-night I am making and breaking a rule, and although I am never nervous on the stage or elsewhere I am really very nervous now."

Despite her feelings, Miss Garden, attired in a striking gown of a bluish green, with great ropes of pearls about her neck and a jeweled circlet of an emerald green about her forehead, was able to tell the men and women assembled to greet her something of her ambition, which, she said, came down to her from Oscar Hammerstein, the impresario who introduced her in this country in French opera.

Got Ambition From Hammerstein.

That ambition is to do her part in the spreading of "a string of opera houses," as Hammerstein said, across the continent from New York to San Francisco.

"In a hundred years, or perhaps sooner, the great links of New York, Chicago and San Francisco will have between them many other links of music laid by smaller cities which have not yet built their opera houses," she said. "New York has its great institution; we are looking after Chicago, and San Francisco is building an opera house as a memorial to its soldiers. This will be ready next year.

"This is our last season in New York, for hereafter we are going to let this city alone and devote ourselves to Chicago. I am carrying in my mind always the dream of Hammerstein, a very great man and a real genius, of that string of opera houses."

Speaking of her work, which she said was her great joy in life, Miss Garden said:

"In the course of my career I have created fifteen or twenty works, and two of these have died. As those who read the newspapers know—and I agree with the critics here—I am not a singer. I am a creator, and that is an entirely different thing. When a great composer puts into my hand a new role I feel a very heavy responsibility pressing down on me."

Praise From Otto Kahn.

The speakers of the evening vied with one another in praising Miss Garden. Otto H. Kahn, the banker and head of the Metropolitan Opera, who spoke next, confirmed in stronger terms Miss Garden's creative ability and added that she was an apostle and exponent of beauty and a great individuality. Under her leadership the Chicago Opera Company this year has surpassed everything it had done previously, he said.

"You have the genius to succeed in everything you are going to touch, and God only knows what you are going to touch," he said. "You tell us you are not coming back to New York. I regret it profoundly, for your coming gave the Metropolitan some competition. I hate monopoly because it means routine."

In his introduction Mr. Lord spoke of the many talented musicians, all men, who have been honored by dinners at the club, and mentioned among these Offenbach, Strauss, the De Reszke brothers and Paderewski.

"It seems but yesterday," he said, "that the great Caruso stood just here murmuring his thanks and fingering a rabbit's foot in the hope that it would help him in his coming encounter with the English language.

Speakers at Dinner.

The speakers of the evening included Dr. Alexander C. Humphreys, J. I. C. Clarke, Samuel Insull of Chicago, W. J. Henderson, music critic of THE NEW YORK HERALD, and J. Hartley Manners.

Miss Mary McCormic, soprano, and M. Lappas, tenor, of the Chicago Opera Company, were received with great applause by the club members and their guests when they sang several selections.

Laurette Taylor, who is Mrs. J. Hartley Manners in private life, and who, with Mrs. Humphrey Ward and Gertrude Atherton were among the few women honored by receptions at the club, came to honor her friend of the stage. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Robert Garden, parents of the singer; Harold F. McCormick, Frank A. Munsey, Lee Kohns, David Taylor, Lucius Teter of Chicago, Howard E. Potter of the Chicago Opera Company, Charles W. Price, secretary of the club, and Louis Wiley.

'WAR PUT DEVIL IN ME,' SAYS MAN HELD IN THEFT

Police Believe They Solved Loss of Taximeters Here.

"The war put the devil in me," Walter J. Burke of 202 West 148th street, a veteran of the 165th Infantry, said yesterday in West Side court, where he was arraigned with stealing a taxicab from Richard Snoeck of 206 West 103d street.

Detectives Reilly and Coleman of the automobile squad said they arrested Burke when he was hiding behind a stairway in an apartment house in West 141st street. They charged that he was "the taximeter thief" who has been taking meters from taxicabs and selling the parts, which are worth about $160 for each meter and are easily salable. Burke was held in $5,000 bail for a hearing to-morrow.

Rockefeller Cuts Strings to Education Board Gifts

THE General Education Board in its annual report for the year 1920-1921, which will be made public to-day, will include a letter from John D. Rockefeller releasing the board from any obligation to hold his gifts in perpetuity. The board, therefore, is authorized to distribute not only the income but the principal of these gifts at its own discretion.

The report will show that to date Mr. Rockefeller has given the board $126,788,094, of which the board has distributed approximately one-third in income and capital. The funds held by the board at the close of the fiscal year amounted to $84,655,652.

SEIZED FOR HOLDUP IN MILITARY STYLE

'Attention! Cues Down! Hands Up!' Is Order and 11 Men in Poolroom Obey.

A man with a revolver in his hand walked into the poolroom at 665 Washington street last night and startled the proprietor, Lino Marino of 36 Catherine street, and ten men who were playing pool, by yelling "Attention!" in a brusque, military manner. Every one turned and looked at him, and then he gave this command:

"Cues down! Hands up!"

Every one in the place dropped his cue and elevated his hands.

"To the rear! March!" shouted the man, and the pool players and Marino turned and marched to the rear of the room, where they stopped facing the wall. Then the man with the gun went to the cash register, opened it and took $6 from the drawer.

"I am going out now," he said, "but I'll leave a man on guard and he will kill anybody who tries to follow me. At rest!"

Several men who had been in the army understood by this command that they could talk but could not move, so they talked, but it was five minutes before they started after the man. Then they went in a body to the Charles street station, arriving there just as Patrolmen Waters and Connolly were bringing in John Murphy of 91 Bedford street, charged with holding up Lucio Benedetto, a chauffeur of 242 East Forty-sixth street, and robbing him of $12.

Marino and the pool players identified Murphy as the man who had held up the poolroom, and another charge of robbery was made against him. Benedetto told the police that he was driving through Perry street when Murphy jumped on his running board, poked a revolver against his stomach and robbed him of the $12.

Miss Elsie B. Brown of 115 West 104th street was walking in Broadway near the Strand Theater last night when she felt a tug at her arm, and looking down saw that her handbag containing a gold pencil and $140 was gone. A woman told the police that two young men had run toward Forty-eighth street, but no trace could be found of them.

Vangie Walker, a negro, who said he had no home and no job, was arrested last night after a chase through the concourse of the Hudson Terminal, and locked up in the Old Slip police station on a charge of snatching the handbag of Miss Ruth M. Smalley of 102 Washington avenue, North Dunellen, N. J. Miss Smalley told the police that she was just entering the terminal when the negro snatched her bag. She screamed and a crowd chased, caught and held the man until Patrolman Kelly put him under arrest.

Some one from the Century Theater, at Sixty-first street and Central Park West, telephoned to the West Forty-seventh street police station last night that information had been received that thieves would try to hold up the theater's box office some time during the night. That was at 7 o'clock, and five patrolmen in plain clothes were sent at once to the theater. They were still waiting at midnight for the holdup to occur, and have not been able to trace the source of the rumor. At the Century Theater one of the managers denied any knowledge of it.

The police of the Ralph avenue station last night said that when Detectives Cavanaugh and O'Rourke arrested Charles J. Kellar Saturday night at Reid avenue and Halsey street, Brooklyn, they caught the golden haired burglar who has committed many robberies recently in the Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn. The police have been searching for some time for a burglar with golden hair, and arrested Kellar when they saw him combing his bright locks in front of a store window. The detectives say he has confessed to several burglaries, and had twenty pawn tickets for stolen jewelry.

POLICE OFFICER DIES; WOUNDED IN HOLDUP

Had Been Shot Protecting $21,000 in Street.

Charles Harms, detective lieutenant of the West Hoboken police, died at 5:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon from wounds received on Saturday in a revolver duel with two of the four automobile bandits who escaped with $21,000 which Harms and a bank messenger were taking from the First National Bank of North Hudson to the West Hoboken post office.

When Harms was taken to the hospital it was said his chances of recovery were slight. He was operated on Saturday night, when it was found that one of the bullets, which went all the way through his body, had pierced his liver.

The detective had a good record, and in the duel with the two bandits continued to fight as long as he could, despite the fact that his revolver had jammed and he had been shot twice.

Harms was 27 and had been on the West Hoboken police force since 1916. He lived with his wife and two small children at 182 Summit avenue, West Hoboken. He was known for his all around athletic ability. His father is John Harms, former Councilman of West Hoboken and Freeholder of Hudson county.

Police who were working on the robbery said there had been no further developments.

5,000 BAKERS TO FIGHT $9 A WEEK WAGE CUT

Likelihood of a general strike of bakers in New York and New Jersey increased yesterday when 5,000 bakers in this city and Jersey City held meetings and rejected the proposal of the employers to reduce wages $9 a week.

The Boss Bakers' Association had proposed the wage cut, and union officials yesterday said that the question of calling a strike depends entirely upon whether the association insists on the reduction.

As soon as an attempt was made to put the reduction into effect, it was said, the strike would be called.

HENRY RAIDS BRONX TO CURB DRUGGISTS

Two Proprietors Accused of Illegal Sales of Liquor to Detectives.

MANY CLERKS UNSKILLED

Two Bartenders Arrested Behind Bar at Dance in Yacht Clubhouse.

Drug store proprietors in The Bronx are being watched closely for illegal sales of liquor. Four were convicted last week on charges of manufacturing and selling, and as a result Edward J. Glennon, Assistant District Attorney in The Bronx, asked Police Inspector Dominick Henry to make an investigation. Following a tour made by Inspector Henry and several of his men Saturday night two more drug store owners were arraigned yesterday and held in $1,000 bail each by Magistrate Tobias in Morrisania Court.

They were Isadore Applebaum, whose store is at 912 Brook avenue, and Morris Heller, 43 East 169th street. It is alleged that Applebaum sold to Detective Spellman a pint of whisky for $1.50, although Spellman had no prescription. Detectives Cowan and Bobel said Heller also sold liquor to them without prescriptions.

The same night Inspector Henry and his men visited the Bronx County Yacht Club at Clason's Point, where they arrested Charles Sperler of 1835 Stebbins avenue and Edward Walters of 761 East 156th street on charges of selling whisky. The police went to the club on information that an illegal performance was being staged there. When they arrived, they said, they found a bar in one part of the building, at which Sperler and Walters were acting as bartenders. There were about 200 men and women in the clubhouse, most of them dancing. The two prisoners were held in $1,000 bail each.

Inspector Henry said he understood conditions in many drug stores in The Bronx are bad, because the original owners, in many instances, have sold out to persons in the illicit liquor traffic. Some stores, asserted Inspector Henry, are employing incompetent clerks, who are unable to fill prescriptions and are therefore endangering the health and lives of persons who make legitimate use of these stores.

Another wood alcohol case has been reported in Jersey City, following the illness of John Murray of 150 First street. Murray returned home Saturday and complained before daybreak of feeling ill. He lost consciousness and was taken to the Jersey City Hospital, where physicians have been unable to revive him.

Enforcement agents returned from Goshen Saturday with seventeen barrels of wine, with a bootleg value of $2,000. The wine had been seized by the State police near Monroe a week ago, while it was being transported on a motor truck, and had been stored temporarily in the Goshen jail.

SAVED BY SNOWBANK IN FALL OF 100 FEET

Neighbors Dig Out Victim After Drop From Cliff.

Joseph Liebeskind, postmaster of Pine Brook, N. J., acknowledged last night that he is one of the luckiest men in New Jersey. He based the admission on a double escape from death in which fluured a fifteen foot snowdrift and the timely appearance of a neighbor. The snowbank saved him from death when he was hurled from a hundred foot cliff off Hook Mountain, near Caldwell, and the neighbor prevented his smothering to death by quickly summoning aid to dig him out.

The postmaster decided yesterday to visit his father-in-law, Joseph Kennor, who lives on the summit of Hook Mountain. He took a short cut over the mountain, which would save him a half hour tramp through the snow. He had about reached the summit when he came to a clearing. The snow had been blown away, leaving an icy coating on the ground. While trying to make his way across this Liebeskind fell and started to slide down a decline toward the cliff, which faces on Undercliff road.

As he slid the postmaster grabbed for tree stumps and various pieces of brush, but his body had gained such momentum that every one he caught was quickly pulled from his hand. From where he fell the cliff edge was less than 150 feet away, and he shot over this with such speed that his body was hurled out for more than twenty feet before it took a downward course. This fact also contributed to his miraculous escape, because if he had fallen straight down he would have landed among bolders at the bottom of the cliff.

Wilbur Colyer of Pine Brook was walking along Undercliff avenue at the time and saw the body come shooting over the cliff. He ran over to the snowdrift and saw that the victim was buried deep. He ran immediately to the nearest farm house for help. Colyer succeeded in locating two men with shovels and arming himself with one the trio set to work to dig out the buried man. It took more than fifteen minutes to uncover the postmaster, who hopped out when freed. Excepting a general shaking up Liebeskind was none the worse for his experience.

WANTS FINGER PRINTS TAKEN OF DRUG USERS

Dr. Hamilton Finds No Social Scale in Addiction.

Dr. James A. Hamilton, Commissioner of Corrections and a member of the Narcotic Drug Control Board, said yesterday that he favored legislation requiring all physicians to take finger prints of patients for whom habit forming drugs are prescribed. Dr. Hamilton also advocated a Federal monopoly in the manufacture and sale of narcotics and the prohibition of importation or exportation. Finger prints of addicts, he asserted, would be of great value in checking up the use of drugs. He said:

"The only difference between the society addict and the slum addict is a matter of dollars and cents. Both are potential criminals. If the rich addict were deprived of his wealth he would just as quickly perpetrate a burglary or a holdup to procure drugs as does the penniless addict of the slums. Craving for the drug produces a befuddled brain capable of committing any crime. Wealth or poverty makes no difference in the result of drug addiction."

TO AID HOLY CROSS CHURCH.

A bazaar to raise funds for improvements in the Holy Cross Roman Catholic Church in West Forty-second street, and the church school will be held next week. The rector, the Rev. Francis P. Duffy, was chaplain of the old Sixty-ninth Regiment. The parish is the oldest of the Roman Catholic churches on the West Side.

The Many-Sided Wanamaker Store

Home-keeping Hearts Are Happiest — **The Home** — *Home-making Arts Are Mightiest*

When thousands of people, not only from New York and its environs but visitors from other states and countries, are choosing furniture in the famous February sale it is timely to speak a few words concerning the Wanamaker home-making service in its comprehensive entirety.

The sixteen story Wanamaker building at Astor Place was constructed fifteen years ago for the particular purpose of installing a new kind of home furnishing and decorating business. It is devoted almost exclusively to furniture, draperies, floor-coverings, china and glass, lamps, Oriental wares, pictures, house - furnishings and spacious, well lighted storage and work-rooms for the home arts.

But we have outgrown even this large building. Today we are compelled to use the six upper floors of the Wanamaker warehouse on Broadway, two blocks south, for our reserve furniture stocks, and the construction in sanitary work-room of Wanamaker bedding.

We have outgrown as time passed and ideals changed even the House Palatial, a twenty-two room house constructed of solid masonry as an integral part of the Home Galleries for the proper display of home decorations, visited on the average by a million people a year. This is now transformed into Belmaison, a house of modern ideas in decoration, with a staff of skilled decorators ready at all times to take over entire homes or single rooms and decorate and furnish them in modern or period styles.

BELMAISON

Belmaison itself is a fine example of a house of well-balanced themes worked out in perfect taste. Here the decorator brings his client to study effects in color, line and proportion. Here the decorator has ample opportunity to learn his client's genuine likes and dislikes.

"Do you think you would like a Queen Anne room?" the decorator inquires, trusting thus to derive some index to his client's preference. "Let me show you a true example," and he guides her steps Belmaisonward to a room where Queen Anne decoration has been used.

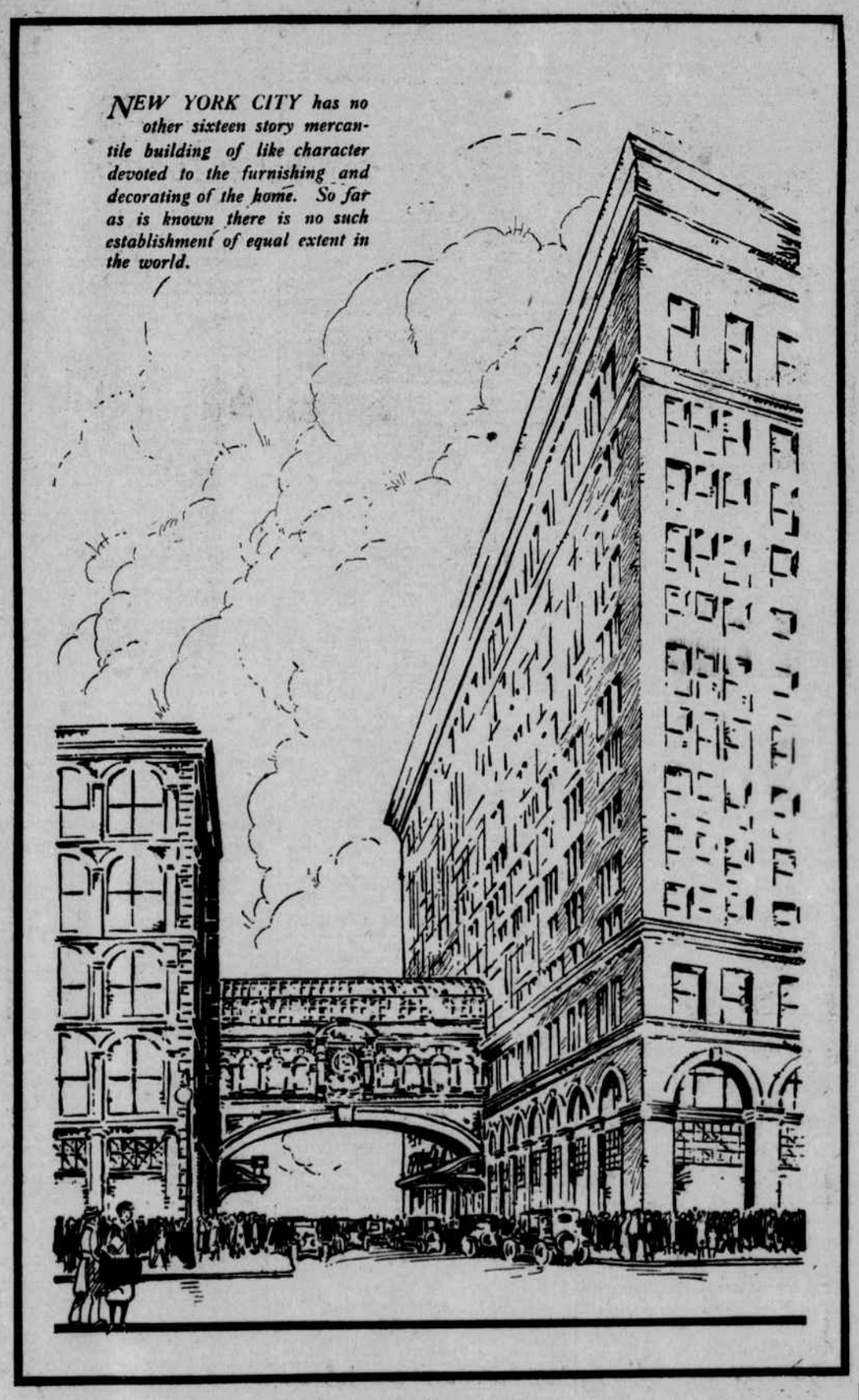
But perhaps it is the Georgian room, with its soft-hued pine panelling and its warm textured hangings, which calls forth the most genuine admiration; perhaps the cool formality of the Fountain room; the intimate charm of the little French bedroom; the dignity and spaciousness of the Italian room; the demure grays of the *grisaille* room; or the gay chintz hangings and great, high mahogany bed of the Lord Chesterfield room.

There is a certain type of client, too, who is sure to feel—and to seem—more at home, more herself, in the little Colonial rooms with their quaint furniture, their bright bed-coverings, their soft gray-papered walls, their old time charm than anywhere else in Belmaison.

The key to the client's true personality having been found, the decorator's task is a song which sings itself in variations of color and line, but forever follows the given theme.

"A house or room must be planned as it is because it could not in reason be otherwise; must be decorated as it is because no other decoration would harmonize as well with the plan," says a well-known writer on interior decoration.

The lack of this true harmony makes many folk discontent with their fine houses after endless expenditure of pains and money. There are many serio-comic stories about such people. A disconsolate man was found glooming in his club. "What's the matter, old chap, why so glum?" asks a friend "My wife's just 'done over' our house to the tune of several thousand. Result—there isn't a room that's fit to sit in, not a comfortable chair left to sit on. Nothing in the place but pink flub-dubs, lavender gim-cracks, gilt gew-gaws and rococo do-dads. It looks like a wedding cake." This man's wife had no interior decorator to guide her!



NEW YORK CITY has no other sixteen story mercantile building of like character devoted to the furnishing and decorating of the home. So far as is known there is no such establishment of equal extent in the world.

Belmaison's staff of interior decorators has grown. Wider and wider have become its activities, until the simple planning of individual rooms and apartments has extended to the solution of more intricate problems of large palatial residences, business offices and even great hotels.

Belmaison, in its task of putting people's homes into harmony with themselves, is greatly assisted by many other sections of this Store.

Antiquities

AU QUATRIEME, "How well, in thee, appears the constant service of the antique world"! Here treasures from every century in every land tell their story. From Au Quatrieme into the homes that are seeking the finer harmony goes lovely French, English or Italian antique furniture. If the plainer but more indigenous beauty of the cabinet-work of our own Colonial days creates the most pleasing atmosphere, Au Quatrieme is a treasure house of these pieces, too. And of crystal-draped chandeliers, side-lights, girandoles, graceful old mirrors, rugs made by our great-great-grandmothers, woven into lovely patterns from their home-dyed homespun wools; ancient tapestries that wrought the story of their day in gorgeous patterns; old English glass; French and Italian pottery and rich embroidered linens wrought by peasant hands.

The China Shop

furnishes forth its rich store of fine china and glass to set the tables of the homes that seek their harmony here. Imported dinner services from France, England, other countries in exquisite designs; fine glassware, traced, etched and cut or as unadorned and as delicate as the iridescent soap-bubble; garden marbles, fine statuary, a thousand little things in glass, china, pottery bring usefulness and beauty to the home.

Draperies

The Draperies Shop is the staff—or should we say, the stuff—on which the home-maker relies. Fresh, dainty, window-curtainings are here, simple, patternless, filmy fabrics; or ornate with heavy laces; sumptuous velvets, gay chintzes, rich brocades, pliant silks. Everything to make long lines flow smoother, warm colors softer, cold tones warmer to the eye.

The Silver Shop

sets forth the silver service for the table to suit the tenor of the dining-room. Colonial flat silver and plate for the dining-room of Colonial character, Old English silver and plate for rooms in English vein; French patterns for rooms whose style is dominantly French.

Fine Linens

Naperies from all lands in the linen shop furnish forth snowy damasks for the dining-room, bed-linens for the bed-room, towels for the bath; best linens for every household need.

The Piano Salons

and the phonograph salons of this store are the source of the purest joy the home can know. That music, the loveliest of the arts, shall blossom in every life and bless every hearth with its tender, civilizing touch, this Store has ever argued the importance of the piano, the player-piano and the phonograph in the American home.

Pictures and Mirrors

Paintings—if you can afford them—water colors, oils, pastels—in the Picture Gallery. Color prints acquaint you with old masters, mezzotints and etchings bring you the best the world has to offer in art and architecture. Of mirrors there is no end. The discreet and tasteful use of a mirror adds more than a bright reflection to a room!

Lights of Home

from the Lamp Shop, with its crowd of beautiful lighting fixtures! Every kind of lamp can be selected here for the room of whatever scheme. And it must be remembered that upon the placement and arrangement of its lights depends the charm of the home in those happy evening hours, when every member of the family is present to enjoy it.

Rugs

in rich colorings from every land! Appropriate floor coverings for every room are carefully selected. Oriental rugs offer many a beautiful theme for decoration; domestic carpets and rugs in tasteful patterns are "the tie that binds" the color-scheme in many another harmonious home.

Housewares

Not a room nor a nook of the home but is satisfyingly served by the great Seventh Gallery of the New Building. From electrically operated dish-washing, laundry machines and vacuum cleaners to the automatic electric stove, the latest devices for making light labor of the home are to be seen. The perfect refrigerator, equipment for the bath-room snow-white, and a thousand and one bright and shining vessels in copper, brass and nickel, lend their beams to this sparkling treasure house of home-making utilities!

Bedding, Blankets

and beautiful fluffy quilts for cold winter nights. Springy, well-made, easily giving mattresses! Whiteness of wool blankets. Light-as-air down quilts! A quaint candlewick spread from the mountains of Kentucky—if you have a Colonial four-poster. The proper coverlet for the small French bed—all are here.

The Far East Shop

with its museum of treasures from the Orient, is another hand-maiden to beauty in the home. Screens, jars, vases, ornaments, trays, tea-sets and beautiful stuffs bring their breath of the storied East into the homes of our young Occident.

Furniture

We have said much these days about the great sale of furniture that is now going on. The three floors of the New Building, whose space is largely given over to furniture, form another of the main arteries of this Store from which the home derives its life-blood. Here is furniture of every period, of "the oak and the ash and bonnie birken tree"—and mahogany and walnut and every suitable wood, made in the best factories of this country. No type of home but can find the furniture it is seeking in this great arm of the Store's service.

Reproductions

If exactly the right piece is not found in the Furniture Salons, Belmaison itself comes to the rescue with reproduction furniture, copied from lovely old models of other days.

Behind the Scenes

This story would not be complete without a look behind the scenes—into the factories and workshops both in the New Building and in the warehouse further down Broadway. The latter houses the warerooms of the furniture store; a big business of cleaning Oriental and domestic rugs and carpets; and the bedding factory, of whose interesting and complicated operations in the making of our own hair mattresses, box-springs and pillows more will be told anon.

In the carpet and rug factory Oriental rugs are repaired and stretched, and orders for the shaping, cutting, bordering, fringeing and finishing of carpets of every conceivable sort are filled. In the upholstery shop furniture of every description is covered. Curtains, portieres, window and door hangings of every kind are made to specification for the particular window or door of the particular house. Awnings and window shades are another service of this shop to bring comfort to thousands of homes.

Working Together

Well, now, here they all are, these many little and big shops and stores and factories and warehouses assembled near together, all a part of the vast store, all working together in ministering to the beauty, comfort and harmony of the home in order that it may be "a place to dwell in, sweet and spiritual," and that home-keeping hearts may, indeed, be the happiest hearts of all.