

EDNA MAY MARKED

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By Charles Byng Hall.

LONDON, May 23.—"When you are married, why, what will you do?" So might the playgoing public on both sides of the Atlantic demand of Edna May just now, paraphrasing the famous ditty from her first and biggest success, "The Belle of New York."

For, as everybody knows, Edna May is going to be married soon and not to some foreign "noblemen" either, though there is little doubt that she could have been a duchess, if she had so chosen, but to a plain American, albeit, an American millionaire. In fact, it is just possible that these three lines are printed the erstwhile "Belle of New York" and "Belle of Mayfair" will have become Mrs. Oscar Lewisohn, and that the son of the American copper king and his fair bride will have set off on their honeymoon trip, which is going to be one of the longest, and probably one of the costliest, that ever a young married couple took.

To Wed in June.

At present, however, the date of the marriage is set for the end of next month—June—though the scene of the ceremony has not been decided and will not be made public. For should publicity be thus given one can imagine the mobbing there would be. The wedding will, of course, be performed in London, and there is little doubt that the public here would crowd in its tens of thousands to witness the union of the most popular London stage idol of the day to her American millionaire—if only it knew where to crowd to and when. There remains the possibility, and even the probability, that these two young people, who are quite evidently very much in love with each other, will not be able to wait until the date they themselves have fixed, but even intimate friends have been assured that it will not take place until the "month of weddings" is nearly over. Whether the knot will be tied in Jewish synagogue, in a church of England, or at a registry office, however, not even the nearest friends of the "parties" are able to say.

And when Edna May is married, well, "what will she do?" What manner of life, in fact, has been planned by this girl, who up to now has had to work hard in spite of having been for nearly 10 years a popular star, but who now will be the mistress of millions? Is she eager to be a queen of society and a royal entertainer, as was the case in England and on the Continent, or does she prefer to lead a quiet life and to find happiness in the domestic joys that were denied her in her first brief and rather painful matrimonial experience?

What Actress Will Do.

To these quite natural questions there have been no answers as yet, despite the many rumors with which Miss May that have been published since she made her farewell appearance in public at the Aldwych Theatre a fortnight or so ago. It has been announced, of course, that England will be the future home of Edna May and her husband, and that is natural enough since both have spent many years in this country. Oscar Lewisohn, in fact, though he went to Yale and knows his own country thoroughly, knows Europe quite as well, and he was the constant companion of his invalid father, who traveled in search of health all over Britain and the Continent.

I am able to describe here the life which he and his famous bride have planned to lead together, but in doing so I am departing from the single word of it between inquiring company, or in the form of an interview with Edna May. She and her future husband, in fact, are reticent to the point of hypersensitiveness, so far as the mention of their future plans in print is concerned. It is only through Miss May's permission to tell about them, as coming from her, she refused, kindly but firmly. All that she would consent to authorize, in fact, and this she did most willingly, was the publication of the little "see-by-your-mess" message from her to the American public, which is printed herewith just as she wrote and sent it to me, and which has very real and personal interest of its own. The rest of this article, telling what Edna May is planning to do, must be taken only as coming from one who knows the facts.

To Live the Simple Life.

She and her millionaire husband are going to live the "Simple Life"—that is, so far as the simple life can be lived in a big English country house provided with every modern luxury and means



LATEST PORTRAIT

OSCAR LEWISOHN

of enjoyment that wealth can secure. They are now looking for a "manor house," standing in the center of a broad estate, and when they have selected down to it such ambitions as the conquest of "high society" are apparently about the last things that are going to trouble them. They will entertain their friends, of course, and lavishly, too, but to be a "great hostess" in the sense of having titles and possibly even royal folk as her guests is not, oddly enough, a destiny that appeals to Edna May.

Nor is this a case of sour grapes, for there is little doubt that the former "Belle of New York" could hob-nob with society—"an" she would. She is the daughter of a letter-carrier, it is true, but Rosie Boote, the present marchioness of Headfort is of even humbler origin, yet her guests now include "the noblest in the land." There is a good deal, of course, in having a marquis for a husband, but as Alexandre Dumas remarked, "the title of millionaire is the finest of all." Moreover, this is a questionably the way of the Jewish millionaire in English society, witness the position of Sir Ernest Cassel, the king's great chum, the Rothschilds, and others whose name is legion.

One of the chief desires of this happy actress is that the big estate which her husband is going to buy should include a "home farm" and that she herself shall be responsible for the quality of her butter, cream and eggs. It is not often that the stage inspires one of its leading luminaries with a yearning for bucolic joys, but it is likely enough that her last part in "Nelly Nell" may have done something of the kind for the former "Belle." In this piece, she appeared first as an advocate of the simple life and then as the proprietress of "Bim-

ply Farm," and who knows that a desire for dealings with real churns and molds and such like implements may have been the direct result? At any rate, if Edna May elects to possess and to boss her own dairy, she will have a distinguished example in the person of the queen of England, who knows as much about the practical side of butter and cheese making as her royal husband does about the practical raising and breeding of livestock for profit.

Her Favorite Recreation.

Edna May's favorite recreations are riding, billiards and croquet; Oscar Lewisohn's are hunting, shooting and golf, and these are the pastimes which they intend to go in for when they find the big country house which they want for their home. Up to now, however, they have not succeeded in finding it, although they have looked at halls, courts, manors, towers, granges and castles by the score. The price is no objection, but so far every residence that Miss May and her fiancé have inspected has had some fault beyond easy remedy. The house they are looking for must

be quite in the country, and preferably in Berkshire, or one of the other home counties. It may be hundreds of years old, but must have its interior modernized to the last degree. It must stand in its own park, and there must be lawns and ornamental flower gardens and kitchen and fruit gardens, stables and garage.

A house with about 30 rooms is what the young couple want. There must be a large hall, square or octagonal; a drawing room; a handsome dining room; a cosy boudoir; a sunny morning room; a library; a smoking room; a billiard room and a den for the master of the house; this latter will be the gun-room. This leaves 11 bed rooms, none too many when one considers that later on two of the largest may be wanted for the day and night nurseries. At this rate, not more than half a dozen friends can be of the house party at one time. Yet this is all Edna May and her husband will want.

In the stables will be half a dozen hunters and saddle horses, two for the mistress, the others for the master. Edna May has gone for a center in the Row almost every week day, but her



WAITING FOR A LAST LOOK AT EDNA MAY

Edna May's Good-Bye to the Play-Going Public

(WRITTEN BY HERSELF.)

Good-bye, Dear Public.

It hurts me, more grievously than I can possibly express in mere words, to have to say good-bye to the hundreds and perhaps thousands of my friends on both sides of the theatre curtain. I love my work and my audiences on both sides of the water. Perhaps my fondest adieu must go to my English audiences, for I know them better. In my 10 years of active stage life, practically nine years have been spent in England. I know I have been a success, for in all that time I have only had two failures. But I have worked hard—the public will never know how hard—and I have earned a rest, which now I hope to take for life.

My favorite play is "The Belle of New York," of course, for it was in that I graduated to stardom. But "La Poupee" is a very close second. In my stage career, I have but two little regrets—one that I did not appear in "La Poupee" in the United States, the other that I never played in legitimate comedy.

It is the public I must really thank for much of my success. But for its kindness, its encouragement, its generous applause, I might have been a miserable failure. Now that I have said forever farewell to the stage, I can afford to make a confession.

My temperament is a sensitive, nervous one. I suffered from stage fright throughout my career. Not the ordinary stage fright, common on first nights of new pieces, but an absolutely continuous stage fright—a nightly affair—almost a fear of each act. It has been momentary in nearly every instance, but there have been many occasions when, after leaving the stage, I could not restrain my tears. Criticisms have, in like manner, affected me. I have wept and suffered for hours, over the occasional hard words of the journalistic critics, many of whom are my very good friends.

The public and the critics do not realize, I feel sure, what their praise or condemnation means to those of the stage. England will be our permanent home, though neither of us will abandon our citizenship of the United States. I have more friends in England than in America, for here I have spent the last nine years, and when I left the United States I was barely 19. There is a woman's confession of age for you! As a mere girl, one scarcely makes the friends one does in the years following the teens.

I will not abandon the theatre in its entirety, for I expect to become a regular first-nighter, and continue in constant attendance, though in the stalls as a mere spectator. I will also continue my connection with the various charitable institutions of the theatrical world.

And now farewell to my dear public on both sides of the Atlantic. I have made my last exit from the stage of the theatre. The curtain is just going up on the happiest part of my life. I have deepest regrets, yes, tears, at ending my stage career. These are still with me even in the gladness of the sunshine of my future. To my critics my heartfelt thanks. I am passing from the light of publicity but there are others coming into it. Let the critics be merciful to them.

Good-bye, dear stage, good-bye, dear public.

horses have been hired for the month or quarter. Hunting is the favorite pastime of Mr. Lewisohn, and he will try to get a

house near a first-class pack of hounds. The stables will also have a pair of cobs for driving, and also to draw the occasional baggage cart when visitors come and go. No more horseflesh will be necessary, for nearly all the running around will be done by automobile. There will be three or four different sized motor cars in the garage.

The gardens will be the special charge of the mistress. Edna May is a devotee of flowers. She will see to it that there are always a bountiful supply in the gardens and conservatories. She will also have a special lawn for croquet, at which she is an adept and also lawn for tennis, and perhaps bowls.

On the Lewisohns' home farm will also be laid out a private golf links. Mr. Lewisohn is a crack player. He has many trophies won on Westchester and Long Island links. Miss May is very fond of the game, too, but confesses that she is only a beginner and needs a lot of practice.

Should Mr. Lewisohn be unable to buy more than the grounds and home farm surrounding the house, he will endeavor to get the shooting rights over a thousand or more acres. He is a good shot, likes the sport, and wants to entertain shooting friends. Miss May does not go in for shooting, but will preside over the luncheons in the fields when the seasons come around and the partridges and pheasants begin to fly.

Country House Dances.

Chief among the entertainments will be dances—in the country house dance Miss May simply revels. And then, of course, there will be dinner parties and such things. No expense will be spared in fitting up a billiard-room, for Miss May is quite in love with the game and also with its variations of snooker and go on. She can play brilliantly, too—better than a good many first-class men.

If only they can find the house they want! Mr. Lewisohn has already experimented with country house life by taking a mansion at Ascot called "Forwood," but it does not come up to requirements. Both have fastidious tastes and perhaps ultra-English ones. With money, however, all things appear possible, and without doubt very shortly the great house and home question will be settled.

All this, however, really is anticipation, for before settling down as a typical English Lord of the Manor and his Lady Bountiful, the happy pair have to take the lengthy wedding tour, which Mr. Lewisohn has promised his fiancée it is to be a regular globe-girdling trip

rivaling the famous "Chinese Honeymoon," though it is not likely that Miss May will take any of her bridesmaids with her.

Long Wedding Tour.

The first part of the journey will be by automobile. Mr. Lewisohn is having one specially built according to his and Miss May's own specifications. It will be a very roomy car, more like a small motor on wheels. There will be a leather upholstered table and such comforts. Of course the finishings and luxuries will be magnificent and luxurious as should be on a millionaire's honeymoon car. Light luggage only will be carried on top, the heavier trunks will be shipped ahead to main stopping places.

This honeymoon trip will be the fulfillment of one of Edna May's most cherished desires. She has, of course, traveled all over the United States and England, but it is strange to say has only been in other countries once, and then it was only Switzerland and Italy when she was ill, and went there by her doctor's orders. She has always had a frantic desire to travel abroad and see the wonders of the world. But duty and work came first, and in all the nine long years of her international stage career, she has never found the time.

Now, in easy journeys she is going to travel and see the countries, not only of Europe, but of Asia and Africa.

Newhaven will be the first stop from London. There the automobile will be loaded on to one of the cross-channel steamers and unloaded again at Dieppe. From there a bee line will be made to Paris, where the stop-over will be lengthy—a matter of ten days or two weeks. A smaller motor car will be used to move around the gay city and the many beauty spots of its neighborhood.

See Europe in an Auto.

From Paris the course will be westward into Switzerland, Austria, Italy, perhaps Greece, or should the roads be bad at any place, auto excursions will be made by train. And the bride and bridegroom will not care much if the trains in some parts of the continent are slow. For they will have months in front of them and no cares of the business world to worry them.

As the summer advances and the heat in the south arrives, the big automobile will swing around and make for Germany, the Rhine, and then northward to Sweden, Norway, Denmark and finally down the superbly dyked roadways of Holland and Belgium.

Here the automobile will be abandoned for the time being, and ship will be taken for Gibraltar and Malta and Egypt. It will be fall by now and Egypt and the Holy Land will be delightful. Then through the Suez canal to Ceylon and India, Singapore, Hongkong, China and Japan. Japan is the objective point. By this time both will probably be weary of traveling and will come straight across America to their future home in England.

Just now Edna May is as busy as can be planning. She has a hundred and one things to look after. Most important of these is the purchase of the extensive trousseau which will be necessary for her new life. Her wardrobe is occupied, too, with arrangements for the sale of her town house in Cadogan Square and its furniture. Mr. Lewisohn is also busy. He recently took a run over to the United States to settle his business affairs, and is expected to be long stay abroad. He also arranged the transfer of necessary securities to his bride-to-be. Mr. Lewisohn, as a marriage settlement, has settled a quarter of a million dollars on Edna May and her children forever. This amount invested in gilt-edged British securities, will bring in an income of \$10,000 per annum. Such settlement is entirely separate from the dower right which the wife will have in her husband's estate but means a matter of a few thousand dollars. Edna May has for thousands of her own saved up; and these will also be put into gilt-edged securities so that as a wife she will have no business worries and no business worries, except the occasional clipping of coupons.

DOGS HELP WATCHMEN

Easily Trained and Often Show Considerable Sagacity.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. "Training dogs to assist watchmen and police is a very simple matter," said an old private watchman of the city, who formerly walked a beat in the south end.

"Dogs like the work. They enjoy prowling around through alleys and back yards and nosing into a few behind barrels and piles of boxes, and their wonderful sense of smell often enables them to locate an intruder so securely hidden that his presence would never be suspected by a watchman.

"When I was watching a beat in Newfoundland dog began following me on my rounds as much for company as anything else. That dog watched me like a hawk and seemed to understand everything I did; followed me into every yard, and in less than a week knew every house that I was employed to watch.

"In 10 days he was doing a large part of my work. Of course, he could not try the door, but after the first round when I tried all the doors and saw that everything was right, all I had to do was to send him in to search the yard and he did it thoroughly. If anything was wrong he barked, and I ran in to see what was the matter. Once a back door was open. The gentleman of the house had come in late, left the door unwatched and the wind blew it open. The dog knew it was wrong and barked for me to come.

"Another time I heard him bark in a back yard, and after the first round he had cornered a man hiding behind a pile of boards. The dog worked with me for nearly three years. Every evening, no matter what the weather, the dog was on hand at the patrol box when I reported. On cold nights he would go into an engine house, warm and while the dog enjoyed the sleeping hour as much as I did he was a skulker, but whenever I was ready to go he was ready, too.

"I lost him because his owner moved out of the city, but as soon as it came known among the dog population that he wasn't working his place was taken by a hound that I had often noticed following us in a furtive fashion, as though he would like to be on our party; but didn't want to intrude and the new dog seemed from the first to understand every thing that ought to be done and did it as well as his predecessor."

A bureau of industrial search has been organized by the University of Wisconsin for the purpose of preserving the early history of the labor movement in America. The university has issued a leaflet dealing with several of the earliest labor organizations and the men who edited them.

NINETY-THREE YEARS AHEAD OF BELLAMY'S DREAM

(Continued from First Page of Section.)

wakened at the desired hour in the morning by Schubert's "Serenade" or "Waltz Me Around Again, Willie," or whatever tune you may choose as a melodious woe to you back from the arms of Morpheus in the same piece.

And, above all, these Aladdin-like novelties, the really tremendous fact that in this system of music, produced by the dynamophone, Dr. Thaddeus Cahill has invented a method whereby, for the first time in the history of music, a single, absolutely perfect music becomes a practical reality.

Scientifically correct music, or, if you choose, chemically pure music! And produced without the aid of any of the mediums we have heretofore looked upon as necessary in the making of music. No strings, horns, pipes or sound boxes. Just a nest of whirling dynamos down in the basement—145 of 'em—a few miles of ordinary copper wire, the big keyboard and a disc of common tin fastened to the end of a telephone receiver! Then the horn to magnify the sound made by the tin disc, and whatever sort of hiding place you want for it—an urn, a flower bush or a center-table.

And some one to play! Here's where this music becomes a true art. It cannot be stored up and ground out over and over again. You cannot have it in rolls or records to unwind at will. The human touch is as much a part of it as of first-hand violin music or piano, and the touch of the player is quite as easily expressed in it, if he knows how to put soul into his playing.

In brief, it is music made by numerous alternating currents of electricity, producing from 40 to 4,000 vibrations per second and controlled from a giant keyboard which looks like an eight-foot tier of piano keyboard.

These currents are combined or mixed at the will of the player, and they vibrate the tin disc on the telephone receiver, being in that translated into sound-waves, which are magnified in volume by the horn. One such instrument as that I saw played will furnish just

such music as I heard for 20,000 outside stations within a radius of 150 miles, and the music delivered at each station will be of sufficient volume to entertain an audience of 2,000 persons. So it would be entirely possible for the whole population of New York City to listen at the same time to the same article playing the same piece!

Think you not Mr. Bellamy has good cause to turn in his grave. The programs listened to by these audiences could be made up of piano, violin, cornet or flute solo; duets of any kind, string quartets, bell chimes, or the voluminous melody of an orchestra with 100 players—all produced from the one set of keyboards by the same player or players—it will take six to do the 100-handed orchestra's job!

"Now, how in the world—?" but wait a minute. Years ago the greatest of modern authorities on sound, Baron von Helmholtz, analyzed musical tones just as a chemist analyzes water. He found out exactly how many vibrations there are in every "ground tone"—a ground tone is the primary tone of any note struck on any instrument—and just how many "harmonics" or co-existent vibrations are born of each ground tone.

For when you produce a note on any musical instrument you get a mixture of variant vibrations, and it is because different mediums produce different mixtures even in the same note that the music of the violin is not like that of the piano, for instance; that the flute differs from the trombone.

Helmholtz used to take a number of tuning forks, each differently keyed, and by using the right combinations, build up or imitate the sounds of various instruments. Dr. Cahill makes use of electrical currents just as Helmholtz did of tuning forks, and since these currents are constant and can be controlled perfectly by means of numerous switches as delicate as a mosquito's wings, the results are immeasurably in advance of the original experiments made by the famous German.

For example, to produce the sweet note of the violin. A string (open), the

plenty Farm," and who knows that a desire for dealings with real churns and molds and such like implements may have been the direct result? At any rate, if Edna May elects to possess and to boss her own dairy, she will have a distinguished example in the person of the queen of England, who knows as much about the practical side of butter and cheese making as her royal husband does about the practical raising and breeding of livestock for profit.

Helmholtz ascertained that the A string open produced as its first harmonic 870 vibrations per second, so the player presses another key and mixes with the first set of vibrations a second set twice as fast. You notice a slight change in the sound, but still it is not that of the violin. The second harmonic demands 1,705 vibrations, and when these are mixed with the first two, you begin to wander.

Two or three more currents mixed in and you exclaim, "Well, I never in all my life!" And in truth you are listening to such perfect violin music as you never before heard—for this is pure sound, remember! And you have heard that music mixed to the proper consistency just as you one time saw mother mix the cake batter.

As with the violin, so with every other instrument, for the vibratory ingredients of each are known in exact figures, and having these ingredients on tap, it is as easy as eating to mix them, if you know how.

With the present equipment in New York only the music of eight or ten instruments, including a chime of bells and a snare drum, can be made, but in a short time the additional dynamos and keyboards will be in place, and then the company which is financing Dr. Cahill's system will be ready to deliver most any kind of music to its customers, many of whom have already signed contracts.

The music will be sold by the hour. No contract for fewer than 300 hours a year will be made, and it may be of interest to add that the price will be 20 cents an hour.

Two main cables for the transmission of the music-currents have been laid in Fifth avenue and Broadway and connections will be made from these as demanded. As soon as the present cen-

tral supply station is completed, several others will be started. Each station will be in operation 24 hours a day. Different players will take turns at the keyboards, and from four stations or sets of stations, four different classes of music will be obtainable. There will be four sets of wires. One set will carry operatic music, another popular, a third sacred and a fourth classical.

Thus it will be possible for a subscriber to change the nature of the music at will by simply doing what Edith in "Looking Backward" did—walking across the room and touching on two screws.

And the program will be arranged as Bellamy described in his prophetic vision. It will be printed and distributed a week in advance, and will contain the entire repertoire for seven days. Thus, on a Monday, milderay can tell just what music she will have dispensed to her guests on the Monday evening following, and if she chooses, she can have a little program of her own printed, and what such music may be made to mix the cake batter.

If it is to be a dance instead of a dinner, she can pick out the dance selections from the popular and operatic programs, and that will settle it. If she is entertaining the folks from the farm, she can give them some good old revival tunes and "Nellie Gray," or she herself, should she be awake in the night, can find it hard to get to sleep again, and what such music may be made to mix the cake batter.

There are eminent doctors who tell us that music is a real medicine. To most persons certain sorts of it are more soothing than anything else in the world. Conceive a hospital ward being filled with the softest sort of melody;

conceive a dying person being sung out of this existence by strains as pure as those storied ones of another world can possibly be, unless the laws of nature are different. There!

Or think of a child being lulled to sleep with no more effort than the turning of a little lever!

Wonderful, indeed, and yet this system of Dr. Cahill's may make possible a still greater wonder.

For after I had heard the horns from the hydrangea and the cello from the Grecian urns, the opening bars of the "William Tell" overture were repeated, issuing this time from between the carbons of two ordinary arc lights.

Now gasp! It's the truth. They had simply turned the currents from the keyboard into the wires connected with the two arc lamps, and as the white glow lessened or increased, according to the number of vibrations used—the low notes making it fainter, the high ones brighter—the familiar strains of the overture as played by a flute and an oboe came from between the burning carbons and filled the room.

The sounds were not so purely sweet as those before produced, because this is only an experiment as yet, but there was no sign of discord, and it would have been voted good music, save in the presence of such flawless melody as had just been made.