

The Conning Tower

TO MYRTILLA.
Eight fleeting years ago, my Myrt,
(Eheu fugaces! maybe more)
I wrote of the diretoire skirt
You wore.

Six years ago, Myrtilla mine,
The hobble skirt engaged my pen.
That was, I calculate, in Nine-
Teen Ten.

The polo coat, the feathered lid,
The phony furs of yesterday,
The current shoe—I've tried to kid
Them all.

Vain every vitriolic bit,
Silly all my sulphuric song.
Rube Goldberg said a bookful: It
'S all wrong.

Bitter the words I used to fling,
But you, despite my angriest Note,
Were never swayed by anything
I wrote.

So I surrender. I am beat.
And though the admission rather girds,
In any garb you're just too sweet
For words.

The revered Colonel, commenting on nothing more than the possibility of a broken rib, pulls a line about King Agag, and is more picturesque than fifty years of Wilson and a cycle of our Candidate.

Of course you know who King Agag was, and what he was king of.

There was an auction of uncalled-for mail at the new Post-office Building yesterday; and we cannot help wondering whether anybody bought the information that Mr. Waterer is in the garden seed business in Philadelphia. Up to three years ago we had been paying about 60c a year to have that information forwarded.

Our Daily Patriotic Poem.

The shades of night were falling fast
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device
"Americanism!"

A bromide lot, the candidates. Hyphenism—whatever it actually means—is reprehensible, but why not denounce arson, larceny and murder?

THOUGHTS ON SECOND STORY WORK.

Sir: Not that I care! But since the editors of "The Atlantic" do, and since everybody seems surprised at their falling for Frank Norris's old story as revamped by one of their contributors, perhaps the ethics of the profession are stricter than I thought. The editors of "The Atlantic" never had read "Blix." Perhaps the editors of "Collier's" never have read "Boule-de-Suif."

At any rate,—let's see, it was in the issue of April 8—that estimable weekly printed a story by George Patullo called "Two Sinners." It told of the flight of a party of American refugees from Mexico. In the party was a, let us say, daughter of joy, called "Dutch Annie." Dutch Annie's description corresponded so much with Maupassant's description of "Ball-of-Fat," and the situation was so identical with Maupassant's, that I settled down to see how far the correspondence would go. Well, the whole party of Maupassant's passengers were there, with American names. They had endured the transformation very well. And when presently the lunch-basket episode emerged I realized that Mr. Patullo was just going to lift Maupassant's story hide, hair and toenails.

You remember how the passengers who were too respectable to speak to Boule-de-Suif were nevertheless willing to eat up her lunch when they got hungry? Well, same here. . . . And finally the proposition from the German officer, to let the refugees go if—Yes, the Mexican scoundrel had read Maupassant. There was the same discussion over the ethics of the proposition, the same result. Dutch Annie sacrifices herself. And after it is all over—a thrilling rescue by a gambler out of "The Outcasts of Poker Flat" is interpolated—the respectable are still too good to associate with their savior. A touch of Bret Harte at the finish to make it truly American.

Not, as I say, that I care! Editors are getting entirely too squeamish nowadays. Where would Shakespeare have been if the critics had objected to old plots? I sympathized with Gouverneur Morris when he said in a forenote to a book of short stories a few years ago, "I wish people wouldn't write and tell me that my story, 'The Malaga Grapes,' is stolen out of 'The Arabian Nights.' I know it," or words to that effect. I remember reading an indignant defence by some dramatic critic of the charge that D'Annunzio had lifted parts of "Salambo" (is that the way to spell it?) for his film play, "Cabrria." The critic asserted that that man of D'Annunzio's fame would not do such a thing. Well, D'Annunzio already had taken liberally from "Sapho" to make his "Child of Pleasure," and his novel "The Intruder" was simply an amplification (spoiled in the process) of a short story of Maupassant's, so perhaps he thought differently about such things.

There was a time when nobody thought of inventing a new plot—and those weren't the slowest times, either. I refer, of course, to the Greeks. I have often thought that a real European literature might have been created if Ibsen's contemporaries, instead of trying feebly to get some of his ideas into new plots of their own, had gone ahead straightforwardly to tell their versions of the stories of Hedda, young Alving, Rebecca West, Nora, and the whole immortally interesting lot. Why not admit the fact that it takes either a century or a genius to create a good plot, and devote what talents we have to treating that plot in our own way, from our own point of view? I pause for a reply. F. D.

We almost swallowed a hump cigarette. Yes, we nearly went down the wind pipe with our lung improver when Hank Butcher pulled that line drive of Lober's from the astronomy book. He whizzed it across from the sinister farm to Pete Shields' camp stool. It was one of the neatest double outs of the season, retiring Johnson flat-footed. In the seventh chapter, Kid Kelleher put another dash of tabasco into the afternoon's soup course. Willets leaned his hump against the missile. It screamed like a shell on a line over Johnny's shoulder. Turning, he blocked it back-handed, whirled about and speared it with his sword fist.—Gene Fowler in the Denver Post.

And yet those academicians bewail that they can't understand the baseballerdash of the sporting page!

Not the strictest editor could object to the World's "Actress's New Role Is Banker's Bride" for the head on the story of Miss Elsie Ferguson's wedding; but ever so many of us worried over the subhead: "Outfielder a Power on Offensive, and Harry Holds New York Batters to Six Hits."

According to a dispatch from Los Angeles, the population of that excessively fair city is 550,000. According, we repeat, to a dispatch from Los Angeles.

And yet Q. Horatius Flaccus, with his "Carpe diem," seems to have been the original daylight saver.

"People are coming more and more to believe what they read in newspapers," said Commissioner Adamson yesterday.

Well, then: Hughes will be elected. F. P. A.

MISS A. M. DAVIES TO WED JUNE 24

Will Be Bride in Long Island Church of H. S. McKee, 2d.

H. RIVINGTON PYNE MARRIES TO-DAY

Miss Marion Baldwin's Engagement Announced to President Garfield's Grandson.

Miss Alice M. Davies, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Julien Townsend Davies, will be married to Henry Sellers McKee, 2d, son of Mrs. Wood McKee, on Saturday, June 24, in Emmanuel Church, Great River, Long Island. The ceremony will be performed by the Rev. John M. Lewis, of Waterbury, Conn., assisted by the Rev. Mr. Webb, rector of the church. A reception will follow at the country home of the bride's grandfather, Julien T. Davies, at Timber Point, Great River. The bride will have no maid of honor, but will have eight bridesmaids. They will be Miss Eugenie Rand, Miss Madeline Carey, Miss Nina Paris, Miss Nathalie Bishop, Miss Nancy Richards, Miss Phebe T. Davies, Miss Marion Brown, of Portland, Me., and Miss Elizabeth Cushman, of Albany.

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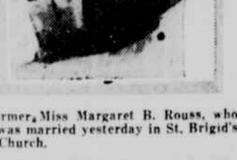
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PORT JEFFERSON ON PARADE

Convention of Firemen, Old and New. Feature of Town's Home Week.

Port Jefferson, L. I., June 15.—The new was jostled by the old in vivid fashion at the parade here to-day of the Southern New York Volunteer Firemen's Association. Old firemen, red shirts, and hand-drawn carts contrasted strikingly with the natty, mechanized exhibit of the modern fireman, exemplified by the Hamstead Fire Department, which, with four pieces of powerful automobile fire apparatus, followed close on the heels of the Long Island City Ex-emptis, who led the procession of 1,500 marchers.

'PIGS IS PIGS' MAN WINS LETTER WAR

Magistrate Admits Butler Beat Him—Flushing Is Now Calm Again.

Flushing's bloody battle of letters-to-the-editor, which has been waged through the columns of its local newspaper by two of the town's most ornate mental citizens—Ellis Parker Butler, of "Pigs is Pigs" fame, and Magistrate Joseph Fitch, of Boy Scout affiliations—has ended with a crushing defeat for the magistrate's forces.

Marshaling secretaries, stenographers and proofreaders for a grand assault, the battle opened several weeks ago when the magistrate assailed the author in an open letter to the Flushing newspaper in which he mercilessly held him up to public scorn for failing to attend a Boy Scouts' charitable entertainment. And, to make the offense inexcusable, he pointed out that Mr. Butler was interested in an Allied Benefit and had expected the magistrate to contribute to it!

Then came an even more biting letter from the author of "Pigs is Pigs." He said: "Remember what the magistrate said when they were going to flog Paul, 'have a care what you do to this man, he's a Roman.' We want it also to be said to-day, 'have a care what you do to these men, they are Americans.'"

It was a new statement of Americanism that brought cheer after cheer out of the men. Following his address, as he stood watching the men disperse, he said: "I hope that in camp last year and spoke to them."

WEST POINT GRADS ARRIVE

In an interview General Wood said that the training camp movement had grown to such an extent that there would be 7,000 men here during July. He said he did not think there would be any more objections to the men's expenses this year.

He also said the Mexican situation was increasing the difficulty of maintaining enough regular army officers here to instruct the rookies, but said he thought it could be managed. One way in which the shortage is being met was indicated in the arrival of a dozen young second lieutenants just graduated from West Point. It was their first duty in the army and they wore their first uniforms, all spic and span.

The rookie companies went out and were put through the mechanism of combat. They were taught how to advance in this line, squad and platoon columns, display as skirmishers and go forward in extended formation in platoon and squad rushes. They finished with the bayonet charge and the rookie companies.

'CHARITY COLLECTOR' HELD AS SWINDLER

Names of Wealthy Headed List—Cashed Check in Saloon.

Charged with obtaining money on false pretences a man, who said he was Charles Fowler, forty, of 118 West Eighty-fourth Street, Manhattan, was held by Magistrate Conway in the Hunter's Point Police Court yesterday in \$2,500 bail.

Joseph Kozek, of the shoe manufacturing firm of Kozek & McLaughlin, Hunter's Point, made the complaint. According to Kozek, Fowler represented himself as "State Senator Walker, of Nassau County," and said he was collecting donations for the Urania Tuberculosis Prevention Society of New York.

On a list which Fowler showed were the names of C. A. Vanderbilt, F. W. Woolworth, Hamilton Fish, Jr., and the Pacific Automobile Company. About sixty-five Wall Street brokers and bankers, according to the list, had contributed sums not smaller than \$25.

Kozek contributed on behalf of the firm, a check for \$25. It came back a few days later. It had been cashed in a saloon. On Tuesday last Fowler came back to the office and was confronted with the check. He bolted, but was caught after a pursuit by an automobile.

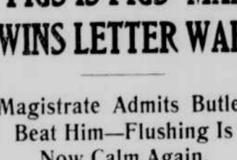
Randall's Slaying Admit Guilt. Five of the six minors who were indicted for murdering George Blosser, engineer at the House of Refuge, on Randall's Island, last April, pleaded guilty yesterday. The judge of the court, in his charge to the jury, charged manslaughter. Charles Bares, eighteen, who is described by District Attorney Swann as the ringleader, refused to plead. The next was indicted for murder in the first degree.

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CHILDREN AWAIT CALL TO COUNTRY

Will Have to Spend Warm Days in Slums Unless Their Elders Help.

1,000 GO TO FARMS ON JUNE 30

Tribune Fresh Air Fund Asks Aid That Others May Enjoy Summer in God's Country.

Somewhere there are barefoot boys, like Whittier's little hero, tramping dusty roads; somewhere there are shouting, yelling, happy boys and girls chasing over hill and valley, like the small folk Longfellow was fond of writing about. But in the East Side, in Hell's Kitchen, in the streets of Cherry Hill and the avenues of The Bronx there are hundreds of thousands of youngsters to whom a bit of real green ground is an enchanted fairyland. The public schools of the city close in a few days. Where are these children to go?

Will the big folk who can make them happy permit them to swelter in the reeky tenements of Avenue A, permit them to crowd like flies into a hot, sultry street? Will the big folk who can make them healthy permit them to draw the defiled air of smelly hovels into their lungs? Summer is coming on; the city will lose many of its hundreds of thousands, but these children of the slums will have to stay—

Unless a "big bunch" of godfathers and godmothers come to their aid with contributions to the largest and most important of Fresh Air funds.

Unless enough money comes in to pay the heavy railroad charges to the various farms The Tribune has for scores of years been maintaining.

Unless that money comes quickly, for The Tribune plans to send 12,000 slum children to the green hills and sunny valleys that God created for them.

Pore Over No Booklets. Jimmie and Jennie, Joe and Minnie are giving little thought perhaps to a vacation. They do not pore over booklets and timetables, nor do their folks. They see nothing ahead of them but the streets, and they count on making those their vacation grounds. Their folks will be the tenements of the great seething city. Their rivers and brooks and ponds will be the basins of water in which the corner soda and ice cream man washes his glasses. And all the Tribune Fresh Air Fund is asking—begging for the vacation by contributing to the fund—is a worthy purpose to send these children to God's country.

All year some social worker in this city, man or woman, has been watching for a particular child. The social worker has reported to an organization that unless that particular child gets an outing of two weeks something may snap in the little brain or go wrong with the little heart.

The organizations, hundreds of them, have reported these instances to the Tribune Fresh Air Fund. Thousands of applications have been filed. It isn't as though the children were wholeheartedly begging for the vacation by coming in troops to the office. Persons whose business it is to know about children are asking it for them.

1,000 to Go to Farms. In less than a week—June 21, to be exact—fifty kiddies are going to be sent to the Middletown Goshen Connecticut Home. What are you going to do about it, you who are planning a vacation for yourself and your own children?

On June 30, when the schools of the city close, the fund will send 1,000 children to various farms. Thousands more will then be sent to private families who have asked for one or more children. But their going is conditional, conditional on your help, your generosity, your big heart, reader.

Are you going to help send a child to God's country?

Contributions to Fresh Air Fund. Fresh Air Fund, 100 West 42nd St., New York.

Mrs. H. B. Ketcham Dies Suddenly. Mrs. Sallie Holman Ketcham, of 108 Willow Street, Brooklyn, died from heart disease yesterday at the Brooklyn Hospital after an illness of only a few days. She was the wife of Henry Holden Ketcham, a lawyer. Besides her husband, she leaves two sons and a daughter. One of the sons, Henry H. Ketcham, is a varsity football player at Yale.

Body of Missing Man in River. The body of Thomas Quinn, of 33 Elery Street, Williamsburg, was found in the East River at the foot of Cross Street yesterday. He disappeared from his home Tuesday.

WHAT IS GOING ON TO-DAY. Free attraction to American Museum of Natural History, New York Zoological Park, Van Cortlandt Park Museum and the Aquarium. Allied Bazaar, Grand Central Palace. House of the Freedmen Union, Hotel Savoy. Commencement of Pratt Institute, graduation of Teachers, Brooklyn, 9 p. m.

CHURCH FAIR'S OPENING SETS NEW HIGH RECORD

Bay Ridge Fete Surpasses Mark Set Last Year.

Despite the unpleasant weather last night, the annual garden fete of the Bay Ridge Presbyterian Church, Ridge Boulevard and Eighty-first Street, Brooklyn, opened with an attendance that rivaled the first night of last year. The fete will continue to-night and Saturday.

The ambition of the managing committee is to push the receipts from this year's event higher than those of last year, which set a record at \$1,400. Proceeds from the fete are to be used to erect a new building which will stand on a plot of ground the church owns near its present site.

For the careful arrangement and picturesque of the booths which have been built for the fete, members of the church and giving credit to the managing committee, comprised of Mrs. Charles M. Fisher, Mrs. Mary Boyce and Edward H. Beasles. This committee has added to its many duties by taking complete charge of the fancy work booth, where the most important pieces of needlework offered for sale at the fair are displayed. This booth was the centre of attraction last night, but had a close rival in the utility table, conducted by Mrs. Herbert Campbell.

The Rev. Horace H. Levitt, pastor of the church, has had much to do with making the fete a success.

AUTO VICTIM'S BODY CLAIMED BY 2 WOMEN

Niece Demurs When Wife's Marriage Certificate Is Shown.

Two women yesterday claimed the body of Henry Stempier, grain broker of this city, who was killed in an automobile accident in Springfield, L. I., Wednesday night.

Miss Helen Cameron, of 456 Riverside Drive, who was with the broker at the time of the accident and said she was his niece, presented herself at the coroner's office in Jamaica. A few minutes later an undertaker, bearing an order signed by the dead man's wife, who lives at 32 Lexington Avenue, came for the body. The wife could not come in person, it was said, because her mother was being buried.

Coroner Voegel was at first undecided how to act, but he had under the impression that Stempier and his wife had separated. When he was shown a marriage certificate, however, Miss Cameron quietly left and the coroner turned over the body to the undertaker representing the wife.

GEORGE GILMOUR DEAD; NOTED AS ENGINEER

Once Associated with French Experts at Panama Canal.

George Gilmour, fifty-one, an engineer and head of the inspection work of the Travelers' Insurance Company, died at his home, 107 Stratford Road, Flatbush, yesterday morning, after a month's illness. He was an authority on all matters pertaining to accident prevention and industrial safety.

He was born in St. Petersburg. His father was naval constructor for the Russian government. Mr. Gilmour was sent by John Elder & Co., Glass-Shipbuilders, to South America. On his return, by way of Panama, he was engaged by the French engineers to take charge of the mechanical department of the work on the Panama Canal. He was later with the Atlas Line of steamships, and with the Jamaica government railway. After eight years in Jamaica, he became mechanical engineer to the New York Telephone Company. Another eight years, he resigned to become chief engineer of the Travelers.

As consulting engineer of the New York Commission on Emergency Industrial Accidents, he made an extended tour of Europe in 1910 to investigate European methods.