SUMMER RECIPES FOR HUMOR

FIRST GET AN IDEA, SAYS ELLIS PARKER BUTLER.

Then the Story Evolves Itself. If Possible Work Backward. Advice for Those Who Would Like to Pass Vacation Hours Pleasantly and Profitably.

Out of the professed kindness of heart of the professional humorist, for the benefit of those who would like to pass their vacation hours pleasantly and profitably, Ellis Parker Butler gives the following recipes for a humorous story. The first is described as the one favored by the magazine editor.

"Put in no burlesque, no exaggeration, nothing coarse, no dialect; make it, preferably, a suburban tale; avoid funerals, intoxication, slang. Avoid mechanical devices; retain a certain classic quality of language. When completed a story built on these lines will be promptly rejected. If not built on these lines it will be rejected."

"This," says Mr. Butler, "is a lovely recipe for those who can afford to use it. I can't. This is my recipe, or at any rate my idea of writing a humorous story.

"Write a story so unusual that I know no editor would buy it.

"Of course I have not the bravado to do this, but if I had every editor would want that story. The editor knows what he wants; it is what he does not think he wants."

At this point the flow of his thought is interrupted by a noise on the piazza without; it is a veritable piazza, for the humorist has so far fallen under the spell of the editor's recipe that he has gone out to live at Flushing, where suburban joys, adventures and misadventures may have a fair chance to multiply themselves. The noise proves to be a dual noise, and the humorist gets up and looks out of the window.

"Twins is twins," he says, and the magic combination which was to open the way to success for unknown humorists is forgotten.

As for the twins themselves, they have thus far managed to pass six months in the household without appearing in a tale, but it is easy to see that their parent has already begun to look at them with a professional eye from which nothing suburban is sacred.

"You must first get an idea," he says, coming back to the case in point; "for there has to be an idea at the bottom of a humorous story even which can be the rankest kind of slush and still go."

"For instance?" you suggest, desiring the concrete.

"Well, for instance," he meditates, looking out of the rear window, through which, from somewhere, floats in the sound of the rhythmic swishing of irons against ironing board, "for instance—just to be imaginative, you know—suppose a lady from Kansas wearing a haystack looking hat should drop in here and ask for a classic style interview for THE SUN. Improbable, of course, but it contains all the ingredients. I don't know; I may use that, so perhaps you'd better not give it away.

"It was somebody in a magazine office, the office boy, I think, who sprang the main idea for 'Pigs Is Pigs.' I had written a story about a pair of lop eared guinea pigs and a Chicago advertising agent who, counting on the rapidity of multiplication of the animals, resolved to make a fortune by advertising widely lop eared guinea pigs for sale, thinking the supply would keep pace with the demand. Orders and checks poured in from all over the country, but unfortunately the lop eared beasts died and the advertising agent became bankrupt mailing back checks.

"Here the idea of the story was the merits of advertising, a man up in the northern wilds, finding nothing to read but the two year old newspaper lining his trunk, sent in a check two years after the pigs had died.

"The office boy conceived the idea of the pigs travelling by express, being unclaimed and bringing consequent embarrassment upon the express office.

"Get the idea and the story evolves. Get the idea of the climax, if possible, and work backward, for the end's the thing. That was what made O. Henry the master he was—a masterly climactic touch.

"Sometimes when I go to my typewriter in the morning not feeling particularly like work, you've simply got to go regardless of how you feel, you know, for you'd never be having literary inspirations with golf sticks lying about crying for exercise. I sit and write off page after page of trash, nothing to it, no sense to it; but when I'm about ready to get sick of it perhaps an idea will come along, and then I'll have it to work on later, after it has lain quiet a while growing.

"When writing in the right humor it comes automatically and carries you along and then when you see it in print a year or so later you hardly recognize it for your own and can't realize how you ever happened to write it."

"Then the humorist is not a natural humorist always?" you ask.

He looks dolefully out to the front piazza.

"Twins is twins, especially at 4 o'clock in the morning," he replies. "I hope they'll develop a sense of humor. It's hereditary. My father was a born joker. The thing has got to be born in a humorist, but even then he dares not trust it. He can split his sides laughing over something he has written only to have it looked at coldly by the editor. The sense of humor is the trickiest thing in the world to deal with, because it is subjective and variable at that. The humorist can't trust his own, nor his editor's, nor the public's from month to month, unless he has succeeded in making himself a habit.

"I once wrote a story revolving about a dictionary. I offered it to the *American* and they thought the dictionary part was flat and suggested I rewrite the story, substituting something else. That meant much work, so I offered it to *Metropolitan*. They liked it if I'd cut out all but the dictionary part, as that was all that was good. I cut out as that was simplest.

"There is no gauging the editor's taste, and you yourself if you read a humorous story when you have indigestion never want to laugh.

"But you can see that when you have these three sets of words to deal with the author himself should be allowed full swing, it's murderous to lay out lines for him. Mark Twain, Bill Nye and Artemus Ward were all successful because they just pitched in and went ahead regardless. Josh Billings was another.

"The American humor has come up from the soil," modestly adds Mr. Butler, who comes from Iowa. "There must be something rough and ready about it, not cast in classical lines; let it go and let the proofreader take care of the spelling and grammar even. The best of it has come from the West.

"There have been a lot of good ideas wasted in this business because the writer didn't dare to go at them with an axe. Newspaper humor is generally the best because it has about twenty minutes in which to be trimmed down, and magazine humor has a month at least. American culture is helping out, though."

"What's American culture?"

"What Boston culture wasn't. New York culture, perhaps, at a forest and some knowledge of pretty much everything. Humor.

"But what is it really humor?" you interrupt.

"Humor is what wit isn't; wit has brains. Humor lies largely in the words themselves, how they are written, juggled or even spelled; and the clown must be born in the humorist, for when his stories are forced they fall flat."

"Can a humorist always remain such? How long before the natural strain begins to wear itself away?"

"Now you are cruel," says the humorist reproachfully. "You talk like a magazine editor.

"As long as there are people left on earth to feed the tiniest remnant of such a strain," he brightens up again, "the poorest humorist can't help hitting it off once in a while. People—they are our biggest assets, characters don't have to be imagined.

"It's not such a hard life to lead after all, that of the professional humorist; if only folks didn't take advantage of us. We get it all around; they never finish putting it on to us.

"But we turn sometimes. Don't you ask me for $1.80 or even five cents to get back to New York," warns the organizer and president of that association of Easy Marks, beloved, not en masse but individually by the gentleman most known to fame as Owen Wister's hard up cousin. "I'll give you a copy of any of my books you want, and will even autograph it 'in memory of a very pleasant afternoon' as I did Wister's cousin's, but I'll not trust you with the loan of a cent.

"It's criminal to put it on to an impecunious author that way; but that fellow was a criminal through and through, he specialized in authors, professors and ex-Vice-Presidents."

The suburbanite jumps as an iron is heard clattering in the rear. You feel it incumbent to apologize for coming on wash day, as Monday evidently is with the Butlers.

"Not at all," he says politely. "I don't do the washing now."

ENGLISH LITERARY NEWS.

New Books and New Editions of Old Favorites for Fall Publication.

There is a promise of some particularly fine illustrated books this fall. The publishing firm of Hodder & Stoughton of London has recently unified its interests with the George H. Doran Company of this country. A look at some of the yet uncompleted books of the English firm intended for fall publication shows some interesting examples of elaborately illustrated editions of old favorites.

There is "Pickwick," for instance. Only selections have been made from the original, although the volume is a quarto. The forty plates in color by Frank Reynolds, R. I., carry special interest because now has come to pass the event long hoped for by Dickens lovers—illustrations by an artist possessing the traits of the novelist himself. The famous contributor to *Punch* has succeeded in painting living men instead of caricatures. The de luxe editions will cost $20 and the cloth $5.

Another quarto volume will be "The Sleeping Beauty and Other Fairy Tales From the Old French," retold by A. T. Quiller-Couch and illustrated in color by Edmund Dulac. This artist won distinction as an illustrator of works of the imagination by his paintings for "The Arabian Nights," "The Tempest" and "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam." This is a picture book primarily, pictures of enchantment and fairyland blending all the soft, delicate tones imaginable.

At the other extreme from the decorative effect of the illustration of the Prince discovering the Sleeping Beauty is that of the paintings by Sidney H. Meteyard for the new quarto edition of Longfellow's "The Golden Legend." Here mediæval pomp and pageantry, the ideality of cloistered age and the mystery of the poem as a whole give a sympathetic painter the opportunity he would wish for. And Mr. Meteyard belongs to that poet-painter school of pre-Raphaelites, so he gives vision of a lady kneeling before a window in streams of bluish greenish light, a cloud of lavender and gold appearing angels lifting up cloudlike over delft blue and white mountain peaks, with a mauve and canary and rose sky in the background.

On a very different order, though no less elaborate, are the forty plates in color illustrating a quarto volume of Shakespeare's tragedy of "Hamlet," by Frank Siemonds. The artist, free with color and dramatic play, has portrayed Danish types—skin or rush covered floors, wooden castle built high on piles—all with much regard for accuracy of detail.

Among the pieces of English fiction scheduled by this house, though not yet formally announced, is a novel by Baroness Orczy, author of "The Scarlet Pimpernel." This second romance of France, "Petticoat Rule," will, as the name implies, deal with the influence of women upon the history of France.

At the furthermost pale of the fiction borders is Horace Annesley Vachell's "The Other Side," a mystical novel of "life and afterward," which creates an "Art Master" on somewhat parallel lines to the "Music Master."

There will be variety enough given, for "The Frontiersman," by H. A. Cody, is a tale of the Yukon, and "Out of the Night," by Mrs. Baillie-Reynolds, is a novel of mystery. Marie Corelli too will have her new book out, though she is having her troubles, as the following letter written at Brantwood, Coniston Lake, on June 6 indicates:

"It is most kind of you to write me such a nice letter. No one can regret more than I do the wretched illness that so suddenly prostrated me and left me so inert and weak. I fret myself over this inevitable delay of my book till the doctor almost threatens me with another illness. But I do hope the work will be all the better and perhaps all the more eagerly sought after for postponement. I am staying home with Mr. and Mrs. Severn at the historic home of Ruskin, Brantwood, and the change is doing me a world of good already in the space of one week. I shall return to work, I hope, 'like a giant refreshed.' I try not to worry about my book, but of course I do worry to a certain extent, though I know it is harmful and I get terribly depressed too. But I hope every one will be patient with me.

"Mr. Severn trusts the pictures will turn out all right and sends you his kind regards. Sincerely yours, MARIE CORELLI."

HARD ON THE MOURNERS

When the Preacher Was Carried Away by His Own Eloquence.

Among the quaint and true stories which Marion Harland has told in her autobiography is an instance of plantation preaching. Two young men happened to be present at a funeral service held in a negro cemetery.

The coffin reposing beside the grave was unusually small, in fact the witnesses agreed that they had never beheld a smaller. Inspired by the presence of the two visitors the preacher continued his discourse with extra vigor.

"Even de distinguished lives of de two 'listrious strangers what has honored us by comin' among us dis blessed afternoon to jine in our mo'nin'—what is they? And what are we? And what is man bo'n o' woman, my brethren? Up ter-day wid ce hoppergrass and down ter-morrow wid de sparrergrass!

"Like de flower ob de cornfiel', so he spreads hisself like a tree planted by de horse branch. Den de win' rises and de tempes' blows an' beats upon dat man and whar is he?" Pausing in mid career the preacher touched the pathetically ridiculous box with a disdainful foot. "As fur dis t'ing" rising on his toes in the energy of his contempt—"as fur dis 'ere itum—put de t'ing in de groun'! It's too small fer to be argyin' over!"

NEW SONGS OF THE YUKON

FIRST BOOK OF A MINER WHO IS ALSO A POET.

Pictures of Pioneer Days Given by Yukon Bill in "Derby Day in the Yukon." The Poems Mostly Humorous, With Occasional Touches of Tragedy.

A brand new poet has turned up or rather is to turn up next week, when the verses of Yukon Bill are to come forth in book form. Poets are apt to be other things more or less incongruous on the side or perhaps are apt to be other things and poets on the side, but Yukon Bill has struck a new combination, for under normal conditions he is a mining prospector.

It is announced that the contents of "Derby Day in the Yukon" are simply stories of the old times up there, humorous, with occasional touches of tragedy, the songs of an absolute trail man who, never before having published a stanza, now an old man, has scraped up this long accumulating pile of gold dust to see how much it is worth.

"They are absolutely true pictures of pioneer days," he says, "songs of hitting the trail; and the language is campfire language."

The language, whether of the truly poetical family or not, carries an interest along with it, historical maybe—as may be seen in the title set of verses, "Derby Day." Here are some extracts:

Talk of England's Derby race, of Kentuck's blue grass chase,
Epsom Downs an' 'Frisco track thrown in t' boot;
I don't say they ain't done well, but I tell y' even h—
Couldn't match th' Yukon racin' malamoot.

How them huskies love th' race! Y' kin see it in th' face
Of th' starvin' scut that hangs aroun' th' claim.
F'r he knows, like you an' me, that th' Derby Day'll be
Th' big jag day—th' glad rag play, that brings th' Yukon fame.

Thousands hit th' trail that night: we was out t' see th' sight.
Th' stakes eleven thousand plunks in gold!
Th' thermometer on strike, every bench-claim on th' hike,
An' them huskies b' th' leash y' couldn't hold.

Oh, th' run was cruel hard: th' white frost how it scarred
As they galloped down th' long, unending trail;
Th' whip cut like th' wind, an' Carey's dog, snow blind,
Joined his howlin' t' th' screeches of th' gale.

Down where Candle's bonfires glow see th' racing huskies go,
All keen t' win: McCarthy's purp drope dead;
He's thrown out upon th' track f'r th' lean an' hungry pack
Of gray wolves follerin' th' flyin' sled.

Two an' eighty hours they raced—an' four hunderd miles they paced,
Them dogs never paused f'r frozen fish 'r drink;
Hung with icicles of foam, the'r lithe bodies stretched whalebone—
But they broke the record made by Jimmie Fink!

Cursed an' kicked an' whipped ahead, th' dumb brutes staggerin', bled
Where th' whip cut cruel in, but comes th' feast
When at Nome t'morrow night there'll be brawl an' drink an' fight,
An' no tellin' which is man an' which is beast.

Boy, when y'r up against it get y'r back ag'in a fence
An' swing that good ol' we'pon we used t' call "horse sense".
Pitch off y'r coat—go at it jes' like a fightin' man,
Throw up y'r head—glad y' ain't dead—then win out if y' can!

Say, when y'r up against it don't get feelin' blue
Ther's room t' spare, ther's plenty air; ain't that enough f'r you?
Y'll find in every washup it ain't all gold t' th' pan,
An' life can't be a "failure" if y' play th' game a man!

And later the confessed "old man" writes:

Me f'r th' trail at seventy!
I'm longin' f'r th' track
I'll try again—no, I'll not fail—
I hear them "Little Voices" wail
"Come back! come back! come back!"
O God! how Mem'ry knifes me now an' puts me on th' rack.

The "true pictures" tally very well with those given by the writers of fiction. For instance in "How Slippery Played the Game":

He had staked the dance hall—staked the bar—
Then, reckless, staked the "Wonder" mine,
Known on Bonanza near an' far
As the lucky strike of Eighty-nine.
Jim had played it all—an' lost! The sweat
Come when he gasps: "It's my last—bet."

"You've got Pearl left," grins Yankee Pete,
"Don't funk now, Jim, make her th' stake."
With a howl of hate Jim was on his feet—
But a voice rings out: "That bet we'll take!"

And Bonanza Pearl steps up t' me,
"You'll see this game played square!" says she.

And with such a promising introduction the story continues through its colorful length to an equally colorful end.

Yukon Bill must be of English blood, because he has nowhere else given lines so stirring as those in praise of "Red Jacket":

Red Jacket does no askin', but he's ready for th' taskin'
When they sling him out his orders, with a hunk o' pemmican
An' he'll travel day an' night after redman or bad white,
An' he'll go through hell an' blazes, but he'll never miss his man!

He laughs at death an' danger,
For th' chin strap on his jaw
Is th' link that binds Creation—
British fair play, an'—the Law!

The spur hitched to his he'l—at his hip the gleam of steel—
With his bellyband strapped tighter his hunger to forget,
He may drop upon th' track, but you bet he won't turn back!
For it's duty, duty, duty! That's Red Jacket's am-u-let!

An' it's "Hi! you skulkin' husky!"
O'er th' wintry, windswept ground,
The dog his lone companion
And the Silence that is Sound!

And the trail man sings most seriously on the theme he has called simply "The Trail":

It measures the boundless distance,
Led by wild ways that run
Hither and thither in chase of the Winds
That worship the Northern Sun.
The Trail! which never ending, was never yet begun.

In the dip of the far horizon
Trembles the Morning Star.
To the heights of the fathomless ether
Nor lock, nor bolt, nor bar
The Trail! God's finger beckoning to the new Home afar.

The Trail hath a storied splendor
Tepee and Indian Mound.
Where the glory of God is chanted
By no sacrilegious sound.
Where the dumb brute bays His praise through Nights profound!

Here the haunts of men are bounden
By the links of Custom's chain.
There you find embosomed freedom
In the heart's exquisite pain.
And thereafter will be heard the cry "to give me the wilds again."

The Trail hath no languorous longing
It leads to no Lotus land.
On its way dead Hopes come thronging
To take you by the hand.
He who treads the Trail undaunted here after shall command!

VERSE BY GOLDWIN SMITH.

Selections From the Classics Rendered Into English Sixty Years Ago.

The late Goldwin Smith was something of a poet sixty years ago. In 1849 he rendered into English and into Latin verse more than a hundred selections from the Greek anthology for a volume designed by Dr. Henry Wellesley, then principal of New Inn Hall, Oxford, to promote the taste for classic verse. Here is Goldwin Smith's version of a famous platonic epigram addressed to a lady and presented by Hodder & Stoughton's the *Bookman* for July:

Dost scan the skies? I would I were those skies,
To gaze upon thee with their myriad eyes.

And another love fancy from Paulus Silentiarus:

Fear no more Love's shafts, for he
Hath all his quiver spent on me.
Fear not his wings, since on this breast
His scornful foot the victor prest,
Here sits he fast, and here must stay,
For he hath shorn his wings away.

The saying of wise Simonides is put first into English:

Time is of every act the surest test
For time lays bare the secrets of the breast

and again in Latin:

Facta viri solo poterunt bene tempore nosci,
Tempus enim solum pandere corda potest.

The philosophic verses of Antipates are given:

Where, Corinth, are thy glories now;
Thy ancient wealth, thy castled brow,
Thy solemn fanes, thy halls of state,
Thy high born dames, thy crowded gate?
There's not a ruin left to tell,
Where Corinth stood, how Corinth fell.
The Nereids of thy double sea
Alone remain to wail for thee.

And even gloomier is that well known epigram on life:

Young I was poor: when old I wealthy grew;
Unblest, alas! in want and plenty too!
When I could all enjoy Fate nothing gave
Now I can nought enjoy, I all things have.

Then there is the epitaph on Epictetus:

A slave was Epictetus, who before thee buried lies,
And a cripple and a beggar, and the favorite of the skies.

AUTHOR AND ATHLETE.

Ellery H. Clark Writes Fiction and Law Books and Wins Athletic Honors.

An athlete who wanted to come back and did it and a fiction writer who hasn't yet stopped writing long enough to have to come back are combined in the person of Ellery H. Clark, author of "The Carlton Case" and "Loaded Dice," winner of great numbers of athletic prizes and twice all around champion of America.

In Mr. Clark's junior year at Harvard, he was in the class of 1896, his plugging along at field and track sports began to bring results. By the time he went into the law school at Cambridge he had won an all around championship of New England, which he duplicated the following year, and he was a regular competitor for Harvard in its track meets.

In 1896 he went to the Olympic games at Athens and brought back the first prize for the high jump and broad jump. In 1897 he won the all around championship of America and considered that plenty of reason for abandoning athletics for a while.

This was the beginning of the intermission from which he came back. In 1903 it struck him that it would be interesting to see what he could do after the interval. It was interesting enough for the others competing at any rate, for he won the all around trophy again and broke his former record for points made, and he put the trophy among the four or five hundred prizes that he had been accumulating.

This was the last time he did anything of the kind until a short time after the publication of his first book, which occurred simultaneously with the addition to his family of a young Mr. Clark. Then the author-parent celebrated the double event by winning again the all around championship of New England.

Looking back at it, Mr. Clark likes to remember the time when he was so unsuccessful in competition that he was ridiculed every time he appeared. He put into his first book his initial experience at throwing the hammer.

On that occasion he whirled around a great many times and then got up courage to let go. He whirled much faster for an instant or two and then landed on the back of his neck; and the hammer struck the ground a few feet away. Six months later this same hammer thrower broke the Harvard record by a dozen feet.

Mr. Clark considers that the most spectacular feat of his athletic career happened in the Harvard-Pennsylvania dual games in the spring of 1897. The result hinged on the last event, the shot put, in which he was entered. He sent the shot two feet beyond his best previous record and won the points that brought the meet to Harvard. Mr. Clark has since confessed to his friends that this established his belief in a Divine Providence.

He has been pretty busy with his law practice in Boston in spite of his writing and competing. Three law books, "Massachusetts Street Railway Accidental Law," "United States Street Railway Accidental Law" and "The Law of Accident Insurance" bear his name. Besides he has been a member of the Boston school committee and in 1908 he was elected to the Board of Aldermen in that city. He is also a settlement worker and he loves lobster fishing.

THE GIRL IN THE MOON.

Prof. Verbeck Brings Back Some Notes on Eskimo Tradition.

Prof. Wilhelm Verbeck, ethnologist, of Indianapolis, who has been studying the folk lore and traditions of the Eskimo of northern Labrador, returned yesterday from St. Johns, Newfoundland, by the Red Cross liner Florizel, with a note book full of observations that he has taken in the year he spent in the north. He said he found the Eskimo intelligent and little affected by contact with the whites.

Most of their myths have been preserved in primitive freshness. Instead of having a man in the moon they have a girl. One of their young warriors, according to the legend, became angry with his sister because she laughed at the way he handled his skin canoe. He ran at her to box her ears and she fled. She was much too swift for him. Finally she got to the edge of a precipice and he thought he had her then. But her momentum was so great that instead of tumbling off the precipice as a normal girl would do she shot right out into space. The brother gazed at her spellbound and saw her pop right into the middle of the moon, making a better bullseye than the best hunter that ever speared a walrus. That is the story he brought back, and he pointed to the moon to prove it. Sure enough, there was the form of a girl, or something that looked like a girl, and nobody thought of suggesting to the Eskimo central office that the body of the girl might be found at the foot of the precipice.

CORRECT EQUESTRIAN ATTIRE

SOME FINE POINTS ARE GIVEN OUT BY THE EXPERTS.

What to Wear on a Sorrel Horse. The Danger of Reaching Too Far After Effect. Permissible Departures When Mounted on Merry-Go-Round Steeds.

Those people who in the purchase of automobiling clothes neglect their horseback costumes are riding for a fall, in the opinion of the Equo-Equestro-Costumers of America, who held the second session of their first annual convention at Sheepshead Bay yesterday. Such people, said the Equo-Equestro-Costumers, are the kind who break their necks riding to the hounds and who try to cross in their machines in front of approaching railroad trains.

A deputation of automobile dealers replied that if indeed their customers were riding for a fall the fall was a long way off. All agreed, however, that those misguided folks who are continually searching for the latest thing in aviation dress are accessories before the fact.

This summer, if you ride a real horse, you should take care that your costume matches the color of the horse. It is not good form to dye the horse to match your costume. To do so betrays an economical streak not compatible with good form in either society or the horse. This does not mean that when you ride a buckskin steed you should wear real buckskin gauntlets and fringed trousers. The cowboy attire is démodé.

The spirit, not the letter of the fashionable decree, should be followed. Thus a lady who appeared yesterday at the convention mounted on a sorrel nag and wearing a straw hat trimmed entirely with great bunches of sorrel had caught and expressed the essence of the style. Her consistent taste was shown by her ordering sorrel salad at dinner.

Only Sons or Daughters of the Revolution or people of heroic descent should appear on white chargers. The chargers should be milk white. There is an old Scriptural rule which befits such horses and their riders: "Let thy conversation be yea, yea and neigh neigh." And by the way—the check rein on checks. Not even folks with checkered careers wear them any more.

The horse and rider should be of the same temperament this season. A nervous person should not appear upon a balky horse nor should a person of sporting tastes ride an animal whose greatest joy is to browse.

Just what a person wears on horseback doesn't make so much difference. The costume need only appear spontaneous, unaffected and unfettered. On the other hand it is possible by too great striving for spontaneity to be utterly artificial, as was the man who appeared yesterday wearing a silk bathrobe over pajamas. An example of what is meant was supplied by the other man, who dashed up clad in full evening dress and on dismounting was ready for dinner.

The convention wound up yesterday with the discussion of carrousel horses and their riders. Both may properly be far more bizarre in costumes than conventional steeds and conventional horse riders.

Carrousel horses this year are wearing bobtails whisked by electricity. They move up and down on vertical poles as heretofore, but at a much slower rate of speed. A pretty effect is secured at night with phosphorus, by means of which the steed seems to breathe fire. The merry-go-round horse should be either black with white polka dots or zebra striped to be the acme of style.

The riders of carrousel horses should take care only that their costumes contrast effectively with the color of the horse. They should ride bareback and should from time to time utter spirited ejaculations, praising, censuring or coaxing the horse they ride, or they may give vent to chortles of pure glee. They should be oblivious to their surroundings while riding.

WILLIAM DUTCHER GUEST.

President of Audubon Societies Entertained at Luncheon by Bird Lovers.

William Dutcher, president of the National Association of Audubon Societies, was entertained at a luncheon yesterday in the City Lunch Club, 165 Broadway, by a group of ornithologists, zoologists and authorities on wild life. Mr. Dutcher has just returned from the international ornithological congress in Berlin. Dr. H. C. Bumpus and Frank M. Chapman of the American Museum of Natural History, L. A. Fuertes, Dr. T. S. Palmer of the United States Department of Agriculture, Ernest T. Seton, Dr. William T. Hornaday of the New York Zoological Society, E. H. Forbush, George Shira 3d, W. W. Grant, Samuel T. Carter and Alfred Wagstaff were among the committeemen who organized the reception.

Announcement was made to Mr. Dutcher that $7,000 had been subscribed within the last few weeks toward a memorial fund bearing the name of his deceased daughter, which will be devoted to helping the future work of bird protection in this country.

Peace Society of the City of New York.

The Peace Society of the City of New York was incorporated yesterday at Albany under the name of the New York Peace Society. Among the incorporators are Lyman Abbott, Andrew Carnegie, R. Fulton Cutting, Algernon S. Frissell, Hamilton Holt, George W. Kirchwey, Henry M. MacCracken, William H. Maxwell, John Bassett Moore, Robert C. Ogden, Mary J. Pierson, Anna Garlin Spencer, James Speyer, Fanny G. Villard and Horace White.

Cornish—Carey.

NEWBURGH, July 14.—Mrs. Mary W. Carey of Walden and the Rev. James Marion Cornish of the Saugerties Methodist Episcopal Church were married at 8 o'clock this morning at the home of the bride in Walden by the Rev. W. W. Wilcox of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Miss Estes and George Wilkinson attended the couple during the ceremony, which was private. The bride is a school teacher and the couple became acquainted while the minister was in charge of the Walden church.

CHIEF CLERK OF NEW COURT.

Frank W. Smith Gets $6,000 Job. Fuller Stays. Coroners Must Move.

Frank W. Smith, chief accountant in the city Finance Department, has been appointed by Chief Justice Russell as chief clerk of the new Court of Special Sessions at a salary of $6,000 a year. Smith is a Tammany man in the Third Assembly district. Joseph C. Graveur, who has been chief probation officer of the court for ten years, was reappointed at a salary of $3,000.

William M. Fuller and Joseph Kerrigan remain as chief clerks of Parts I. and II. respectively.

Part III. of Special Sessions will not be created until a court room is provided. It is understood that the new part will be held in the room now used as Coroner's court. The Coroners' offices too are to be turned over to the Chief Justice and chief clerk of Special Sessions. What provision is to be made for the Coroners is not known.

"Kidnapped" Boy Merely Asleep.

Luigi Greco, the four-year-old boy who was thought by his parents to have been stolen from in front of his home at 32 First street on Wednesday, was found by a policeman early yesterday morning asleep under a stoop at Delancey street and the Bowery. He said he had gone out to look for a pals and got tired.

Fine Vacation Reading

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POLICE MAY WALK RIGHT IN

COURT SAYS INSPECTION OF LIQUOR PLACES IS LEGAL.

Justice Kapper Denies Injunction to Keep Them Out of Resort Where Facilities for Gambling Were Found in an Iron Barred Room Over the Barroom.

Justice Isaac R. Kapper in the Supreme Court in Brooklyn yesterday handed down a decision denying the application of Andrew Mehler, proprietor of the Far Rockaway Arms, familiarly known as the "Kuloff," at Rockaway Beach, an injunction restraining the police from entering his premises. In a recent raid by the police on Mehler's place gambling apparatus was found in a large room and a door overlooking the stairs had a heavy grating, but no gambling was in progress.

Justice Kapper holds that the police have a right to inspect premises where liquor is sold, not only the barroom but other rooms, in order to see whether any provision of the liquor tax law, including its anti-gambling section, is being violated. He says:

The plaintiff under a hotel license carries on the business of selling liquors in the city of New York in a building the second floor of which contains two rooms, all the windows of which appeared to be guarded by iron bars and exterior shutters that were closed on each occasion that the police visited the interior of the premises or looked at the same from the outside.

Those two rooms were fitted up with tables and contained a safe, and upon the ground floor of the premises there was a metal covered door leading to these two iron barred rooms which was kept locked and which the plaintiff himself opened with a key on the occasion of the visits of the police.

The plaintiff claims that he conducts a lawabiding hotel and that no gambling or illegal traffic or conduct is carried on or permitted by him on the premises; he further claims that the police in their visits are committing a trespass and that they already have had a sufficient and reasonable amount of inspection and that further inspection constitutes such an annoyance as to amount to a legal trespass and oppression.

Besides showing the general construction of the premises, as before stated, the defendants claim that men known to the police as gamblers are seen in and about the plaintiff's hotel and that they suspect that the premises are devoted to gambling.

Plaintiff does not inform the Court to what uses such rooms are put and I am at a loss to imagine what a legitimately conducted hotel wants with them in their present state of construction. As now constructed the rooms are a fortress and can be entered only by breaking in, and once in can be departed from only by breaking out. If the proprietor desires to be freed from police espionage he should alter the construction and equipment so as to remove suspicion, to say the least.

My view is that it was the intention of the Legislature to confer on police officers in cities the right to go into and investigate and inspect any portion of the premises where liquor is sold in order to ascertain whether or not there are violations of the liquor tax law. This right of entry and inspection is not confined to the room where the sale of liquors is actually carried on, but also to any other portion of the premises in any way connected therewith so that it may be determined whether the act in any of its inhibitions (one of which is gambling) is being violated.

However onerous it may appear that the police shall come with frequency into premises where the liquor traffic is carried on under a claim of the right of inspection to determine violations of the act, this is one of the burdens which the act inflicts upon the holder of the certificate and subject to which he accepted it and traffics in liquors. The State imposed its restrictions and limitations upon him when he applied for and obtained his liquor tax certificate, and he conducts his business subject to the conditions with which the State surrounded his use of its license.

Motion for an injunction denied with $10 costs.

HE BATHES EVERY DAY.

Keeps His Gas Burning and Otherwise Annoys His Schoolteaching Landlady.

Mrs. Clara Mirrat, a school teacher, faced Magistrate O'Connor in Essex Market court yesterday and recited the wrongs which she said had been done to her by Dr. Max Perlman, who leases from her the lower half of her house at 225 Henry street. The recitation was as follows:

"Dr. Perlman is in the habit of turning on the water downstairs so that I cannot get any. This is especially true of wash days.

"Dr. Perlman gets his gas through my meter, and in order to give me extra expense he keeps every jet burning day and night.

"Dr. Perlman threatened my servant girl with many annoyances.

"Dr. Perlman smashed his doors and knocked plaster down and refused to repair it.

"Dr. Perlman wanted to fight my husband (a dentist), but I would not permit it.

"Dr. Perlman's lease calls for the use of my bathtub upstairs and in order to subject me to annoyance he bathed every day and each bath was of too long duration."

Mrs. Mirrat is going to the Adirondacks to-day for the summer and she wanted the case settled immediately. Dr. Perlman blamed the start of the trouble on Mrs. Mirrat's servant girl.

"The girl used to throw sweepings down on my landing," he said. "Then she insisted on leaving the front door open in spite of my protests. Stray cats used to drift in and interrupt me in the midst of operations. Patients got into the hallway without ringing the bell. They walked out before I could collect a fee."

Magistrate O'Connor advised Mrs. Mirrat to give Dr. Perlman a general release of the terms of the lease on his promise to leave.

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NOT HOT FOR BEVERIDGE.

Indiana Republicans Praise His Oratory, but Ignore His Tariff Work.

BOONVILLE, Ind., July 14.—Frank B. Posey of Evansville was nominated by the Republicans of the First district for Congress here to-day.

The friends of the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill, led by former Senator Hemenway and former Congressman Watson, carried everything before them, giving the new law party indorsement.

The committee on resolutions at first refused to put the name of Senator Beveridge in the platform, but Watson went before the committee and made a plea for harmony. Hemenway added his voice to that of Watson and said that it would not do to leave the name of Beveridge out of the platform.

The committee then indorsed the Senator as an orator and for his attitude on the child labor bill and the admission of the two new States, and there the indorsement stopped.

MUNCIE, Ind., July 14.—The Democratic convention for the Eighth Congress district was held here to-day, and John A. M. Adair was renominated by acclamation. The platform contained the usual denunciation of the tariff.

AUTO STOPS HANDBALL GAME.

Hits a Boy Who Is Chasing the Fugitive Ball Across Mott Avenue.

John Sexton, a nine-year-old schoolboy who lives at 307 East 154th street, was playing handball with other boys in Franz Sigel Park at Mott avenue and 161st street yesterday afternoon.

The Sexton boy missed the ball when it came to him and chased after it down a hill to Mott avenue.

An automobile which belongs to Dr. Francis de Giers of 45 West Thirty-fifth street and was being driven by his stepson, Clarence A. Stevenson, came speeding down the road toward Manhattan. In the car with Mr. Stevenson was Mrs. C. Spies of 1187 Boston road.

Stevenson jammed down the brakes, but could not stop the car in time to avoid hitting the boy. After the accident Mrs. Spies held the boy on her lap while the car was rushed to the Lebanon Hospital. Young Sexton had a compound fracture of the right leg and possibly a fracture of the skull.

Mrs. Spies remained at the hospital for an hour and did all that she could to make the patient comfortable, then she and Mr. Stevenson went on to Manhattan, where they had a dinner engagement.

No Law to Bar Fight Films.

VICTORIA, B. C., July 14.—An official despatch from the Government of British Columbia was sent this morning to the Rev. Dr. Sheerer of Toronto, secretary of the Lord's Day Alliance of Canada, intimating that the provincial Government does not find that it possesses authority to prohibit, as requested, the exhibition of motion pictures of prizefight, the Johnson-Jeffries mill at Reno being the case in point.