HEARD IN HOTEL CORRIDORS

ONE SIDE OF PEACOCK ALLEY BLOWN DOWN.

Nobody Was in It at the Time, However—Changes at the Imperial—A Man Who Didn't Like the Double Locks on His Door—The Guest From "Idem."

A lot of the big hotels in New York seem to be under the hammer—or the sound of it—nowadays. If they are not actually altering some particular hotel the chances are that a building next door or across the street is coming down or going up. A cessation of the noise, or part of it, is promised in the early part of September.

The big changes which are under way at the Waldorf, which will put the main entrance on the Thirty-fourth street side in Astor Court and metamorphose the looks of that part of the building, are expected to be accomplished by September 1. It came out yesterday that Peacock Alley, which has been stripped of all its glory since they put up the boarding along one side of it last spring, came near being demolished in the storm of last Friday morning.

In the temporary wall is a door and before the wind struck a porter had closed it. The result was that the thin wooden partition got the full effect of the blast and keeled over upon the alley, smashing two big chandeliers and sending showers of glass upon the floor. Fortunately no one happened to be in that particular corridor at the time. By the time the patrons of the hotel had got downstairs the damage had been repaired.

In proportion to the size of the house the alterations now going on at the Imperial are almost as important as those at the Waldorf. These also involve changing the location of the main entrance to the hotel, which will be in Thirty-second street instead of Broadway. A marquee 50 feet long will run along that side and there will be an open air restaurant above it. The bar will be moved from its present location to what is now the café, where it used to be, and the new café will be at the corner of Thirty-second street and Broadway.

At the St. Regis the woman's cloak room had been moved from next the broker's office to near the entrance to the restaurant. It is not expected that slicing off the Fifth avenue sides of this hotel and of the Gotham will have to be begun until September 1. The terraces of both hotels overlap the building lines, but it is understood that the city authorities will wait until the road widening is completed at that point before ordering the hotel owners to go ahead and chop away.

At one of the Broadway hotels they have rooms that lock both on the inside and outside and there is a certain way you can turn the key that catches both locks. This is why a visitor from up State had to spend the greater part of the day in his room yesterday.

He and a friend occupied a double room. The other man got up early in the morning and when he went out took the key with him. Somewhere toward noon the first man telephoned downstairs.

"Say, I want to get out of here!" he shouted.

"What's the matter?" replied the room clerk soothingly.

"Matter?" roared the man upstairs. "The door is locked and I haven't got the key. My friend must have taken it with him."

They sent a boy upstairs with the passkey, but it wouldn't work. The housekeeper was summoned and she tried her key, but the door remained fast. They called the carpenter, but the door resisted his efforts and the manager could not make up his mind to allow a panel to be smashed in. A search was made for the engineer of the building, but it developed that he was taking a few hours off.

Meantime the occupant of the room was expressing, alternately through the keyhole and into the telephone receiver, his opinion of a hotel that would have locks like that and of a friend who would swipe the key and run off with it. Then he got hungry, and a clerk is authority for the statement that his lunch had to be lowered to him from the window of a room above. It was not until the engineer got back and applied his superior skill to the mechanism of the recalcitrant lock that the prisoner was let out. He then demanded a single room.

A man from the Netherlands put one over on the room clerk at the Imperial yesterday. Jonkheer van Oppen registered himself from "Maestricht, Holland." After him came Jonkheer van Geusen, who wrote his name and then put "idem" after it.

The clerk puzzled over it a minute and then showed the inscription to a man from Pittsburg.

"Gee, that's easy," said the smoked person. "That's the place where the cheeses come from."

"No," returned the clerk, "that's Edam. Hold on; that word looks like Latin, which I studied in my early youth. Let's see, idem, eadem, idem. Why that means 'the same.' Now what does that Dutchman mean by using Latin. That's the first time in a long experience I've ever seen that word on a hotel register. Usually you see ditto marks or 'do.'"

OCCULTATIONS OF THE OCCULT.

Yogis on Trial Again in an Interval Between Jails.

Bill Ellis, known as Samri in humbug circles, and Edmund R. Cook, who while Bill was a yogi at 9 West Forty-fifth street posed as his brother, were put on trial yesterday before Judge Crain in General Sessions charged with theft. Bill was sent to jail for three months for practising medicine illegally and Cook and Cook were indicted for selling worthless mining stock. This charge came up in General Sessions last May. Neither Bill nor Edmund was there. After their attorney, M. H. Hochdorf, had obtained several adjournments the police learned that Bill, as "Mr. Scott" and Edmund as "Dr. Brooks" were serving thirty days in Moyamensing Prison. When they were released about a month ago New York detectives were on hand to take them back to this city.

Assistant District Attorney Embree outlined Bill's career to the jury in General Sessions yesterday. Mr. Embree called only one "stockholder" in the bogus Blue Ridge Mining Company favored by the occultists. More will be heard today.

New Postal Arrangement for Glen Ridge.

GLEN RIDGE, N. J., July 25.—The efforts of the borough authorities to secure free delivery of the mails and to have the post office made a second class office instead of a sub-station of Montclair have been successful according to word received from Washington to-day, and the new arrangement will go into effect within a few weeks.

Murray—Morny.

The marriage of the Rev. Clarence Morton Murray, rector of St. Peter's Episcopal Church, Springfield, Mass., and Miss Helen Louise Morny took place yesterday at noon in the cathedral of St. John the Divine. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Charles Sumner Burch, Suffragan Bishop of New York.

Miss Morny is the daughter of Mrs. Charles Sumner Witherspoon and the late Edward Lonsdale Morny.

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

The tact of a department store saleswoman has saved a 200 pound woman from making a fool of herself this summer. Longingly the woman gazed upon French ginghams of a large plaid pattern.

"They are so pretty," she sighed with a downward glance at her own bulky figure. "And only 15 cents a yard. I will take ten yards."

"Five yards will be plenty," said the saleswoman sweetly. "You cannot possibly use more than that for a child's dress."

"I think I will not take any after all," said the woman, and hurried to another counter where plain blue linens were on exhibition.

Said a banker in Wall Street: "Do you see that cab with its curtains drawn tight, that horse cab creeping along over there? Well out of that cab will come two men, a clerk wearing a green eye shade and with a pencil over his ear and a fat policeman.

"They will get out of the cab and the cop will follow the clerk into that bank. After a few minutes they will come out. The clerk will get into the cab, raise the curtains to let in some daylight and order the cabby to drive off round the same corner which he turned only a few minutes ago. The cop will stray off down the street as if nothing had ever happened.

"That performance takes place every day except Saturday at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, just this time. How that clerk—See him? The sallow fellow, yes; he's carrying a bank book. He may have cash with him. I don't know where he comes from. He's been doing it for years.

"I've never been able to find out who he is. It's the mystery of this corner. Why does he carry that fat cop and put down the cab curtains? You're given to finding things out. I dare you to solve that."

"Never patch a garment just before it goes to the dyers," was the advice of a young woman in a dyeing establishment. "Unless the patch and the thread it is sewed on with are exactly the same kind of material as the garment they will come out of the dye pot different shades. Here is a blue skirt that was brought to us cream colored. The cloth had worn through in several places and the owner had patched the tiny holes so painstakingly that the patches could not be detected in the original color, but after the dyeing they showed up a darker blue.

"The amount of dye any material will take depends upon how much cotton, wool or silk it contains. It is so hard to determine that exactly that any garment that has to be mended can be matched much better after dyeing."

Evidently the summer breakfaster is not looked after by the restaurant keepers sufficiently to please the captious.

"Every restaurant I go into," said a summer widower who goes out for his breakfast, "I am made to realize that the early morning arrival is a nuisance. Nobody wants him about, and even the waiters who are there to serve him look upon his presence as an intrusion. There is no attempt to make even the best of the restaurants look inviting to the searcher for breakfast. I tried one after another and finally came to the conclusion that the business at this time is so much less than at any other the proprietors do not think it worth while to cater to it.

"So now I go every morning to a hotel near a large railroad station which sends guests at all hours of the morning into the restaurant looking for breakfast. There the waiters are accustomed to them and some especial effort is made to provide what they want. And that is true of no other restaurant that I know of."

In Wall Street the display signs of failed institutions are liable to hang out for years before anybody thinks about taking them away. People rather like to see them, as a sort of dreadful warning.

This week the painters have been working on the side of one of the largest buildings in the Street. They have painted over the huge sign of the bank which made the most notorious failure of any in recent financial history. That sign has been up there, more than twenty stories above the ground, for over three years, ever since the panic of 1907. People used to point it out to curious visitors as the sign of the great failed bank. It was also the only bank sign painted on the brick wall of an office building that Wall Street has ever seen.

Its height above the street made strangers believe that the bank was on the top floor instead of on the ground floor. There are plenty of old clerks who have long been superstitious about it. A rather sky flaring sign for a bank, and one symbolical of things which went on in that bank's back parlor and which were found out.

FORWARD RELIGIOUS WORK.

Large Conference Begins Its Sessions at Silver Bay, Lake George.

LAKE GEORGE, N. Y., July 25.—Four hundred and fifty delegates from thirty-six States and seventy-five of the largest cities of the United States and Canada are in attendance at the first annual conference of the Men and Religion Forward movement at Silver Bay. The gathering is said to be the greatest movement of the kind in 300 years. William Jennings Bryan is to be one of the speakers this week.

At the head of the movement is J. G. Cannon, president of the New York Clearing House. The chief speaker to-day was Raymond Robbins of Chicago. He was rescued from death in the Klondike regions and was later converted by a Catholic priest. It was he who cleaned up Nome, Alaska. Mr. Robbins gave a graphic account of the enormous undertaking in attempting the reforms.

Other speakers to-day were Dr. Lansing of the Reform Bureau at Washington, the Rev. Charles Stelzle of Brooklyn and Dr. H. F. Lafalumme, leader of the laymen's missionary movement. A notable fact in regard to the conference is that this is the first time that every Protestant religion has been represented at a single gathering of the kind.

OBSTINATE VETERAN EVICTED.

Lieut. Fitzhugh Smith Has to Go to Long Island to Live.

Lieut. Fitzhugh Smith, of the Eighty-third New York Volunteers, 76 years old, who bears a letter from President Lincoln commending him for his acts in the Civil war, was evicted by the Sheriff yesterday from the house at the southeast corner of Greenwich and Bank streets, where he has lived for over fifty years, and went over to Locust Valley, L. I., to live with his wife and son, who tried to get him to come with them years ago. The house has been sold in foreclosure. Smith's son, Conto, tried to have him adjudged incompetent four years ago on the ground that wiretappers and other swindlers were getting his money, but the proceedings were thrown out in Nassau county on the ground that Smith was a resident of New York county.

Assignments of Priests on Long Island.

Bishop McDonnell of the Brooklyn diocese has assigned the Rev. Thomas L. Ennis to the Roman Catholic Church of St. Mary, Star of the Sea; the Rev. James Flannigan to the summer home of the Sisters of Wisdom and the Rev. O. J. Smith to the Church of the Sacred Heart at Southampton, L. I., where he will assist the Rev. Father O'Hara until the end of the summer, when he will return to the Catholic University.

MUTT AND JEFF KEEP BUSY

WON'T GIVE BACK RINGS TO A BROOKLYN "COMRADE."

Announce That Old Uncle Smiley in Nashville Holds in Pawn a Diamond Stolen in Johnstown, Pa.—Finger of Scorn for a Jeweller Accused of Bribery.

The two sneak thieves "Mutt" and "Jeff," who profess the belief that retail jewellers are pirates and that it is a duty as well as a pleasure to rob them by exchanging poor rings for their good ones, have now written to a Brooklyn jeweller that he need not expect to get back by flattery two rings they stole from him. The Brooklyn jeweller, who had read how William Koontz in West 125th street and C. G. Rochat & Sons of 158 Newark avenue, Jersey City, had recovered stolen property through the kindly tips of "Mutt" and "Jeff," put an ad in the *Jewellers Circular-Weekly* on July 19 last. He made this appeal:

To the Bear Headed Pennyweighter: Congratulate you on your cleverness and ask you to grant us the same favor as that granted to jeweller in Jersey City and inform us where you pawned diamond and sapphire ring and cluster ring exchanged by you at store in Fulton street, Brooklyn.

YOUR VICTIM.

Address Box 4663, care *Jewelers' Circular-Weekly*.

Yesterday a letter showed up in box 4663. Editor Wilson of the journal ripped it open and absorbed the newest jests of Mutt and Jeff. Here is the letter:

COMRADE: As in union there is strength I would dearly love to tell you where your rings are, but honor forbids. Some night, when you are watching a funny Broadway show, you will feel very blue. This will be caused by the actinic rays reflected from your sapphire ring on the hand of a charming chorus girl, toward your receptive optics. This is probably too deep for you, but it is a cross between Christian Science and mental suggestion.

If the young lady should return the rings she would be undressed and the loss of her costume would cause "back to nature" cranks to demonstrate.

According to the composition and syntax of your adv. you would have made a grand confidence man if handled sooner, or if you were in any other branch of that profession except the one you are in. The ad. was meant to play on my sympathy, and you hide this with a salve of flattery. The only real good it did was to show how much the ads. are read in the *Jewelers' Circular*. (Commission, please.) You have no future in your present occupation outside of monetary excess and moral degradation.

Once again I express my sincere regret that your efforts to flirt with your rings are not successful. They have obtained a complete divorce from you. I must close, as Yenshee is about to cook. Don't think by this remark that he is a plebeian chef, as often a sentence can be misconstrued. For example, it was Doyle's character, Sherlock Holmes, who originated the expression, "Quick, Watson, the needle." Of course he was not a seamstress, even if he looked as if he was a Brooklyn jeweller. This literary gem is your property and you can consider it as payment in full for value received. If you wish to reform, leave Brooklyn, as the religious atmosphere in the City of Churches does not act in harmony with your psychic powers and it counteracts your misdirected energies. You can never be a success there. It is no place for a burglar anyhow. Well, hoping to see you soon, I remain, yours in rings, The Bear Headed Pennyweighter and his Yenshee Pal, MUTT and JEFF.

P. S.—To show that you have a real "Rembrandt" tell that old jeweller in Johnstown, Pa., that his $100 ring was pawned in Nashville, Tenn., for only $25 with a pawnbroker called Old Uncle Smiley on June 16, near the trolley station. It was a very blue, flat, fish eye.

The editor of the *Circular-Weekly* telegraphed at once to several Johnstown jewellers and finally got a reply from G. L. Ruff of 146 Clinton street, that city. Mr. Ruff wired back that a ring that weighed a little less than half a carat and was in a 14 carat Tiffany setting was stolen from him on June 12. Mr. Ruff said that he expected to get it back from "Old Uncle Smiley" in Nashville.

Last evening after this matter had been disposed of by the *Circular-Weekly* along came another communication, very brief this time, which accompanied a newspaper clipping. The Bear Headed Pennyweighter and his Yenshee Pal sent a printed account of the arrest in Atlantic City on July 23 of an Alderman named Henry Bolte on charges of soliciting and receiving a bribe. The account of the arrest mentioned prominently that Alderman Bolte was a jeweller.

"How would you like to publish this in your circular?" the letter inquired. "What did we tell you about the jewellers?"

LOUISIANA LAW SIMPLER

Say Seixas Heirs, Objecting to Probate of Will Here.

On the ground that an estate can be settled with less delay and less cost in Louisiana than in New York because the laws are simpler an application was made before Surrogate Fowler yesterday to withdraw the will of Col. Henry O. Seixas, which has been offered for probate here, in order that it may be probated in Louisiana.

Col. Seixas was a stock speculator who came here from New Orleans some years ago and committed suicide by shooting himself in Central Park two months ago. He left two-thirds of his estate to two nephews, Henry O. Seixas, Jr., and Charles Louis Seixas of New Orleans, and they made the application before Surrogate Fowler yesterday. They submitted letters written by Col. Seixas to George A. Weigand of New Orleans, who was named as executor there, and said that in spite of the testator's instructions his will was taken out of his rooms the day after he died by Edward B. Gethin, named as executor here, and offered for probate. The Surrogate reserved decision.

EVA TANGUAY WITH A CARE.

But Many, Many Locksmiths Were on Hand to Open Her Trunks.

Eva Tanguay, the actress, got back from her first visit to London yesterday aboard the North German Lloyd liner Kronprinz Wilhelm with a poor opinion of the British metropolis, the railroad station of which, she said, reminded her of Long Island City, New York, she declared, had London skinned to death. She was summoned hither by the serious illness of her sister, Mrs. Blanche Gifford, who is in New Haven.

Miss Tanguay lost the keys of her five trunks and sent a wireless message telling one of her friends about it. A procession of locksmiths brought by the friend notified and friends of the friend greeted Miss Tanguay on the pier. She selected one of the locksmiths, who found keys to fit all the trunks.

New Orleans Hotel's Employees Here.

Theodore Grunwald, a hotel proprietor, of New Orleans is trying a new stunt to make the members of his staff pleased with their jobs and give them experience, and has sent a lot of them up to New York to spend ten days seeing the city. The party, which is in charge of Frank Hayes, the room clerk of Mr. Grunwald's inn, is chaperoned by Mrs. G. Schlinke, the head cashier of the hotel, and contains her two daughters and the Misses Weber, Brockett, Holland and Delhommer, all employed in various capacities in the hotel.

COURTS IN LEGAL CLASH.

Magistrate Refuses to Send Alleged Felons Under 16 to Children's Court.

According to a ruling made by Magistrate Butts in Essex Market police court yesterday children under 16 years of age charged with a felony do not come under the jurisdiction of the Children's Court, a part of Special Sessions, but should be tried in General Sessions as adults. Chief Justice of Special Sessions Russell, who is sitting in the Children's Court, says that all children under 16 except those charged with homicide come under its jurisdiction and that the court has had 50,000 such cases since it was started.

When Samuel Randall of 132 St. Mark's place, Rudolph Lesko of 640 East Ninth street and Stephen Racz of 439 Sixth street were arraigned before Magistrate Butts charged with stealing $2 from Julius Dicker of 642 East Ninth street, their counsel, William L. Schneider, asked that Rudolph and Stephen be remanded to the Children's Court because he had birth certificates showing that the two were only 15 years old, even though they had given their ages as 16 when arrested.

Magistrate Butts overruled the motion, saying that if the boys were 15 the Children's Court had no jurisdiction over them inasmuch as they were charged with robbery, a felony.

"Special Sessions," continued the court, "of which the Children's Court is a part, has jurisdiction over persons charged with misdemeanors only and not felonies. These boys are charged with being felons, and if the evidence against them is sufficient they shall be held for General Sessions, where such cases are tried, no matter what their ages may be. I have been informed that Special Sessions believe they have jurisdiction in such cases, and if the information be correct I respectfully differ."

Magistrate Butts conducted the examination, first conceding that the boys were 15 years old, and held them without bail for the Grand Jury. Lawyer Schneider challenged the overruling and hurried away to obtain a writ of habeas corpus.

This is the first known case wherein a person under 16 years of age has been held for trial by a police magistrate in this city. The boys will be held in the Tombs, and the Children's society says the law provides that it shall have them.

Chief Justice Russell says that homicide is the only charge that can be made against a person under 16 other than juvenile delinquency, and all juvenile delinquents are in the Children's Court jurisdiction. But Magistrate Butts interprets Section 37, Article III., Chapter 659 of the inferior courts law and section 2136 of the Penal Laws differently.

NEWS OF PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

Echlin P. Gayer Resumes His Lifelong Job in "The Man From Home."

Echlin P. Gayer yesterday went through his annual ceremony of signing a contract to play *The Hon. Almeric St. Aubyn*, the "silly ass," with William Hodge in "The Man From Home." Mr. Gayer was in the minds of Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson when they wrote the comedy, he was the first to play the part and save for a brief illness he has played it ever since, having attained maturity, a wife and other experience in this time. When asked as to his plans for the season of 1930 Mr. Gayer said yesterday he was under contract for that year with the firm of Liebler & Co., managers of "The Man From Home."

Henry W. Savage received a cable from his English representative yesterday announcing the engagement of the famous English barytone Lewys James as an alternate for the rôles of *Señora* and *Rance* in Puccini's grand opera "The Girl of the Golden West." Mr. James has a répertoire of sixty operas, including *Hans Sachs* in "Die Meistersinger," *Eugen Onegin* in the opera of that name by Tschaikowsky, *Marcel* in "La Bohème," *Scarpia* in "La Tosca," *Sharpless* in "Madam Butterfly," "Figaro," "Don Giovanni" and "Rigoletto."

Mable Bert has been engaged by Wagenhals & Kemper for "What the Doctor Ordered," the comedy by A. E. Thomas that will follow "Seven Days" at the Astor Theatre. Miss Bert and Fritz Williams are the only changes in the cast announced last spring when the production of the play was postponed.

The Arabs who are sojourning at Luna Villa, Coney Island, received a letter yesterday from Sie Hassan Ben Ali saying he had left Morocco and was now homeward bound with the largest aggregation of Arabs, Berbers, Moors, Burmese, Algerians, snake charmers, acrobats and dancing women which he has ever brought to this country at one time during his twenty-two years of activity as an importer of Orientals.

WORKING TO REPAY THEFTS

Cincinnati Broker Now in Honduras Hopes to Get Even in Ten Years.

CINCINNATI, July 25.—A letter which has just been received by Judge Cushing of the Common Pleas Court in Cincinnati from John E. Humphreys, formerly a prominent Cincinnati broker, says that he is in Truxillo, Honduras, trying to make enough money to pay back the $17,000 and more which he got by forgeries in this city.

"I think you will find a record of all the paper that is bad in the back of my ledger," says Humphreys's letter. "I grouped them in the back of the ledger in order to have them convenient. I think they all occurred the last year before I went away and when I was making the last stand in my effort to pull through, but went under."

Humphreys tells Judge Cushing in this letter that he doesn't know just how soon he will be able to pay back the money, that it may take him ten years, but that he will strive for this end alone.

Eight months ago Humphreys suddenly disappeared with his wife. An examination into his affairs brought out his forgeries. The matter came up in court to-day when an attorney paid to the court $1,500 to settle claims of $17,000 against Humphreys.

Dancer to Keep Her Child.

Mrs. Cecilia Benvenuti, a dancer in Gertrude Hoffmann's company, had her husband Hugo, a comedy acrobat under the name of Yoscari, before Supreme Court Justice Giegerich yesterday to get possession of their six-year-old daughter Anita. The dancer said that the acrobat wanted to live in idleness and that he made threats to harm the child in order to get money from his wife. The court signed articles of agreement drawn up by the lawyers giving the mother possession of the child and permitting the father to see her at any time.

OBITUARY.

The Rev. James A. O'Connor, pastor of Christ's Mission at 331 West Fifty-seventh street, died early yesterday morning at his home in the mission as a result of injuries received a week ago when he was struck by a southbound Eight avenue car as he was crossing at Fifty-eighth street. The funeral services will be held at Calvary Baptist Church, West Fifty-seventh street, on Friday, July 28, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Mr. O'Connor was a Catholic priest for eight years and then adopted the Protestant faith and married. He published the *Converted Catholic*, a monthly magazine. His wife survives him.

William A. Myers, 51 years old, for many years president and general manager of the Advertising Plate Company and also for some time interested in the National Press Association of New York, died last night at his home in Fishkill Landing of kidney trouble. About a year ago he gave up active duties in New York and had since lived retired. He leaves two brothers, two sisters, a widow and three children.

Platt R. Coonley, aged 83, former Sheriff of Greene county, died yesterday at his home in Coxsackie. He was president of Coxsackie National Bank for twenty years and was president of the Reed & Powell Transportation Company. He is survived by his wife.

LILLIAN GRAHAM IS RESCUED

STARTED UP THE STATE WITH HER HEAD IN A BAG.

Came To in a Train at Poughkeepsie When the Conductor Yelled "All Out" and Stayed Right There Until Somebody Went and Told Her Lawyer to Come.

Lillian Graham, the missing member of the song and dance team of Graham and Conrad that won an engagement at Hammerstein's by shooting W. E. D. Stokes in the legs, was found yesterday afternoon at Poughkeepsie in the Morgan House. After inquiry if any reporters were snooping around Miss Graham told Chief of Police Charles McCabe that it was all true; she had been kidnapped, and her dreadful experience had left her so bewildered and upset that although she arrived at Poughkeepsie on Sunday morning she didn't think about coming back to New York or telegraphing her friends. As it was late on Saturday night when she disappeared she hadn't really been missing long to her own consciousness.

Something prompted Clark L. Jordan, her lawyer, to telegraph to Chief McCabe yesterday afternoon that he had received information that Miss Graham had been seen getting off a train at Poughkeepsie early Sunday morning. He sent along a description and asked McCabe to rescue her.

The chief made the rounds of the hotels, and at the Morgan House the clerks told him that a young woman arrived there at 2 o'clock last Sunday morning, registered as "Lillian Clark," went to her room and had remained in the room ever since.

McCabe went up to a small room in the rear of the third floor, rapped and was invited in. Miss Graham, reclining on the bed, spoke in a weak, uncertain voice, asking him what he wanted. McCabe told her that her lawyer had sent for her and she admitted at once that she was the girl in demand. Then, with frequent pauses as she appeared to rally her thoughts, she told the following tale:

"At 10:30 last Saturday night I left my sister's house at 100 West 110th street to get some headache powders and some butter. When I got to the corner of Amsterdam avenue and 110th street a man suddenly jumped at me and threw over my head a bag or a cloth. It smelled of tar and made me quite faint. I tried to scream, but the cloth choked my cries. I was helpless.

"The man rushed me to a motor car, threw me in and drove away. I remembered nothing until I heard a man and a woman talking. Their voices sounded hazy and far away. Again I went into unconsciousness and did not regain my senses until the conductor of a New York Central train shook me by the shoulder and told me I had reached my station and that it was time to get off. Somehow I managed to stumble to the station platform. I didn't know what I was doing. I saw a taxicab, got in and told the chauffeur to drive me to a hotel. He took me to the Morgan House and left me there. Why I registered as Lillian Clark I don't know, except that my mind wasn't working clearly. Everything was a mist to me. The shock had taken away all my strength. I just wanted to be quiet and away from the dreadful person who had kidnapped me."

The night clerk at the Morgan House told McCabe that when Miss Graham arrived there she said that she had made a mistake in trains, that she had started for Albany but had got on a train that stopped at Poughkeepsie, so she thought she had come to the end of her trip. She told the clerks also that she wanted all of her meals served in her room. She never stirred from the room until last evening, when McCabe took her to the police station.

He sent word to Lawyer Jordan that Miss Graham was ready to go home and Jordan telegraphed to keep her in the station house until he could get up from this city. With Mrs. Singleton, Miss Graham's sister, Jordan went up to complete the rescue.

DETECTIVES REINSTATED.

After Acquittal in Case of Vanished Stokes Letters.

The four detectives, Lieut. William Sullivan, Michael F. Walsh, William Flynn and Thomas J. Devery, who were recently tried and acquitted on the charge of having permitted letters written by W. E. D. Stokes to disappear from the apartment where Lillian Graham and Ethel Conrad shot Stokes in the legs, were transferred yesterday from the detective bureau to patrol duty.

Lieut. Sullivan goes to Whitestone, where there is very little excitement; Walsh goes to Rapelyea street, Brooklyn; Flynn to Fourth avenue, Brooklyn, and Devery to Fifth avenue, Brooklyn. No reason was given for the transfers.

WHO OWNS THIS BABY?

Foster Mother Surrenders Infant to Police—Parents Not Found.

Lieut. Laskey in the East 104th street station looked up from his desk yesterday at the sound of a baby's crow and saw before the rail a woman who laid a yellow haired infant on the desk and waited to be advised.

"Dora Schmidt, lieutenant," said the woman. "She's 4 months old and a good baby, but she's sick and we have seven of our own. My man is laid up in Riverside Hospital and I don't know where this baby lives or what to do."

The lieutenant put out a finger for Dora Schmidt to grab and questioning the woman learned that the child's foster mother was Mrs. Yetta Greenstein of 215 East 103d street. On July 17 she had called at the Charities Organization Society, whence she was referred to the United Hebrew Charities. While she was there two well dressed women came in an automobile to hire a foster mother for a baby. The charities people introduced Mrs. Greenstein to them and she agreed to take the baby at $16 a month. If the baby was taken sick she was to notify Max Schmidt, its father, at 210 East Tenth street.

Yesterday Dora developed summer trouble, but there didn't seem to be a father for her at the Tenth street address or elsewhere. Lieut. Laskey sent the baby to Bellevue.

PLANS FOR STALLO WEDDING.

Miss Helena and Nils Florman to Be Married in September.

CINCINNATI, July 25.—The Misses Laura and Helena Stallo, accompanied by their aunt and Nils Florman of New York, left Cincinnati this afternoon for Prince Edward Island, where they will reside for several months.

It is understood that they will not come back to Cincinnati except to visit their friends.

The wedding of Miss Helena Stallo to Mr. Florman will take place in September at their home on Prince Edward Island, and Miss Laura Stallo will then go to New York to live with her father, Edmund K. Stallo.

Mr. Florman said to-day that he has made arrangements whereby he can be away from New York city for several months. Immediately after the wedding Mr. and Mrs. Florman will go abroad to visit his people in Sweden and to spend the winter in Egypt, Italy and Paris. They will then return to this country and will live in New York.

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Henry is back—yes, the same Henry C. Morris who sends his card into your private office and, supposing you are one of the leading lawyers of the country, tells you that he represents "H. B. Hamilton of the Metropolitan Racing Association" and that he wants you to take Mr. Hamilton's case against a horseman named Callahan. Callahan has defrauded the secretary of the "Metropolitan Racing Association" out of thousands of dollars. Callahan always in the stories told to THE SUN in the past defrauds not only Secretary Hamilton but your caller as well by racing a string of horses owned by the victims and holding out on the winnings.

Or if you are an architect, say, Henry C. Morris has called to have you design a memorial chapel in memory of the late Mrs. Morris, a building to be known as the Hotel Morris and a couple of miles of concrete stables on the Morris stock farm in the blue grass region of Kentucky owned by Secretary Hamilton and Mr. Morris. And then:

"But I must hurry along now. I'll be back at 11 o'clock sharp to-morrow forenoon with Secretary Hamilton and go into final details and then we'll all get down to business. One of our horses, Radium Heels, is going to make a killing in the fourth race at King Edward Park, Toronto, this afternoon. I must jump along and get——"

"You—you're absolutely sure this horse of yours is going to win?"

"Certain as that the name of to-morrow is Thursday. There's a poolroom near here and I want to hop in there and get aboard before the odds are cut. Good morning. At 11 o'clock sharp, remember, to-morrow. Glad to have secured your services for——"

That's usually where you interrupt him and fall on your foolish face. You don't know where poolrooms are. Besides, on account of your professional standing and all that—ahem—well—we-e-l-l? And so you hand him at least a twenty spot to play on Mr. Morris's Radium Heels and he folds it hastily, closing the door behind him hermetically as he goes out. And you wait and wait and wait and wait.

The returns began to come into THE SUN shortly after a report of Mr. Morris's workings was printed in THE SUN last January. They came persistently for a time and then there was a lull. Yesterday arrived a letter telling of Mr. Morris's return to town.

"I dislike very much to send you an anonymous letter," the note concludes after a paragraph telling of Morris's arrival at a Broadway hotel on Monday, "but naturally I refrain from acknowledging myself as a victim of this very slick 'con' man."

Investigation at the hotel yesterday showed that the short, dark, well dressed Mr. Morris had just paid his bill at the hotel and had left. He had registered under one of his aliases. The manager of the hotel was informed about the way his recent guest makes a living.

"How did he pay his bill?" cried the hotel manager, running breathlessly to the desk. "Quick—check or cash?"

"Cash," answered a clerk.

The manager sighed with relief. Mr. Morris's departure from the hotel yesterday, however, doesn't mean that he has left town. Call up THE SUN any time to-day if you meet him.

INSTRUCTION.

For Boys and Young Men.

Many Boys Fail to Pass

FOR COLLEGE IN JUNE

Not usually because they are stupid, but because of the "grade system" of their schools and a consequent lack of individual attention. If they expect to enter in September they will find the

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THE SEAGOERS.

Olympic Won't Sail Until 5 P. M.—To Go Saturdays Hereafter.

The Olympic of the White Star Line, sailing to-day for Plymouth, Cherbourg and Southampton, will carry 590 first cabin passengers, the largest number that ever has headed eastward at this season. Because of unfavorable tidal conditions on the river the Olympic will get away at 5 P. M. Hereafter she will sail on Saturdays at noon instead of Wednesdays. She will take in her second cabin 275 passengers and 800 will make the trip third class. Among those in the first cabin are:

Mr. and Mrs. John E. Berwind, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Burrows, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Inman, N. W. Greenhut, Mrs. William W. Rockhill, Mr. and Mrs. James Tolman Pyle, James Brown Potter, Mr. and Mrs. George Russell Peabody, Lord and Lady Pirrie, William A. Blakeley, W. Sloane Coles, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Chubb, Mrs. Fanny Ogden Dutcher, Mrs. Louis Fleischmann, Judge Thomas H. Wilcox, Rodman Wanamaker, Count Von Rosenburg, C. H. Tenney, Mrs. T. De Witt Talmage, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Steele, John Sloane, Mr. and Mrs. George S. Selfridge, Mr. and Mrs. George E. Batsey, the Right Rev. and Mrs. J. H. Johnstone, Frank R. Lawrence, William Laidlaw, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Juilliard, Alanson P. Lathrop and Mrs. and Mrs. George Taylor Moody.

Passengers by the Cunarder Campania, for Queenstown and Liverpool:

A. B. Baird, Louis Vermilye Davison, Dr. F. B. Grew, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Mellor, Prof. and Mrs. Louis Parma and Prof. F. M. Roser.

Sailing by the Royal Mail liner Tagus, for Bermuda:

L. Brackett Bishop, Magistrate Paul Krotel and Mrs. Krotel, E. N. Osgood, H. L. Perry, the Rev. J. Harry Smith and Mrs. A. B. Eldridge.

Novena of St. Ann Ends To-day.

The novena of St. Ann, which began ten days ago at the Roman Catholic Church of St. Jean Baptiste, in Seventy-sixth street between Third and Lexington avenues, will close this evening with special services. Many thousands of people have visited the relic since the novena began, some of them coming considerable distances. To-day is the feast day of St. Ann and it is considered appropriate to close the novena on this day.

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