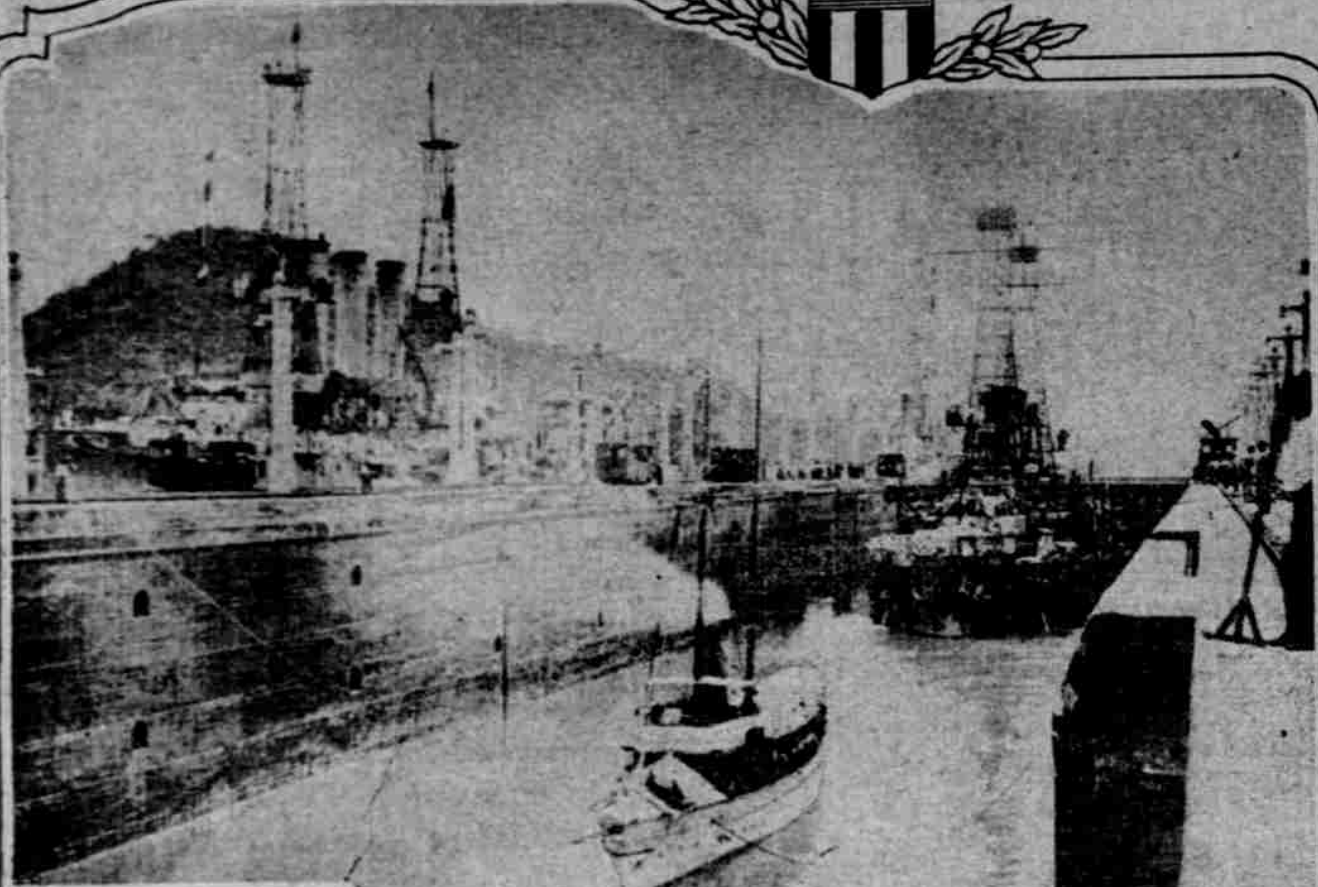


HIGHLIGHTS AND ACTORS IN WORLD NEWS ARE PICTURED

Sir Arthur Markham Attacks Premier Asquith—Paris Green Cross New Philanthropy—Japanese Soldiers Form Human Ladder—Strike Threatens Torpedo Works.



Battleships Missouri and Ohio Passing Through Panama Canal. Underwood.



Sir Arthur Markham. Bain News.



A Play Street, New York City. Bain News.

SIR ARTHUR MARKHAM is the member of Parliament who charged that Premier Asquith told an untruth. The Premier had said that there was no shortage of shells in April. Sir Arthur Markham arose and with parliamentary politeness asked if it was "to the interest of the nation that the Prime Minister should make statements which are absolutely without foundation." There were cries of "Shame," but Sir Arthur kept right on saying: "It is true, is it not?"

Paris has a new philanthropy in connection with the war. It is the Green Cross, which meets wounded soldiers on their return from the field and gives them nourishing food. Green Cross nurses meet returning soldiers at the station in Paris and care for their needs.

One of the features of the Japanese army drill is forming a human ladder for scaling purposes. It is used also in the American army.

The Illinois torpedo works in Brooklyn may be the scene of the next strike of munitions workers. The men have been organized for a strike for a month past. The police have stationed special officers on the Manhattan bridge to look for possible bomb-throwers. The Illinois works are just below the bridge and it would be a simple thing for someone to drop a bomb on the roof of the factory.

The American Army mule is playing his part in the great European war. The supply of horses is running short and in Paris they are using mules imported from the United States.

The United States' most modern battleships, sea fighters of the Missouri class, negotiated the Panama Canal locks with ease recently. They were locked through without a hitch, showing the canal will accomplish all that was hoped for in that it greatly increases the efficiency of the Navy.

"Fashion's Passing Show," given at the Summer home of Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs at Newport, will go down in the annals of the exclusive colony as among the most successful entertainments given for charity there. The



American Mules in Paris. Bain News.

fete for the benefit of the Secours National, was under the direction of Richard Ordynski and gave the members of the fashionable set an opportunity to see the latest things in the dressmakers' and costumers' arts.

New York has tried the experiment of "play streets" and pronounced them a success. There are too few playgrounds in New York and the streets in many sections of the city, and especially on the crowded East Side, are the common play places of the neighborhood children. As a result an average of one child a day is killed by vehicles on the streets of New York. It has been found impossible to enforce the law keeping playing children off the streets and so the plan was tried of setting aside one block in each of several streets on the East Side for play purposes each afternoon. The plan is so successful that it may be extended.

DETECTIVES FIND TIME FOR PRACTICAL JOKES

Mr. Hellyer Really Victim of Own Trick—Pat Moloney Makes Deputy Marshal Uneasy—Carl Tichenor Turns Tables on Tormentors.

WORK is a serious thing with Portland detectives, but frequently they lighten the hours of criminal seeking with practical jokes at each other's expense. These are not the practical jokes that leave a bad taste in the mouth, but the ones that are likely to prove disastrous to the unfortunate victims. They stop before overlapping the bounds of humor.

It would be difficult to select any one man among the detectives and point to him as the arch-joker. The men work in pairs and one partner plays a joke on the other. A week later the retaliation, in the form of a similar joke, is not far behind. Occasionally the entire office joins in a joke at the expense of one member. Then that member waits until he can return the compliment on all the others. He sometimes gets that opportunity.

Detective Hellyer Apologizing. Detective Hellyer is still apologizing to Detective Tackaberry for the "success" of a practical joke he played on his partner not long ago. In the meantime Detective Tackaberry laughs discreetly in his sleeve, for the joke is really on his partner, for he only pretended to "bite." He has not disillusioned Detective Hellyer and accepts all apologies with condescending grace, because he remembers one joke not long ago where he "bit," and bit hard.

"Tack, Cap Baty wants you to go to the East Side," said a fellow detective, or some such address. Detective Hellyer told his partner a short time ago, "A man with a gun is terrorizing the neighborhood, and the more territory he haven't located him yet."

"Sure," replied Detective Tackaberry, but he intercepted a wink at Detective Sergeant Joe Day. It sounded fishy, anyhow. Still, it would never have done to have allowed Detective Hellyer to know that he was suspicious.

the wild goose chase. This was more than was intended by the joker. An hour later, Detective Tackaberry, who in truth should not have been on duty for several hours, telephoned detective headquarters from the District Attorney's office on the floor below.

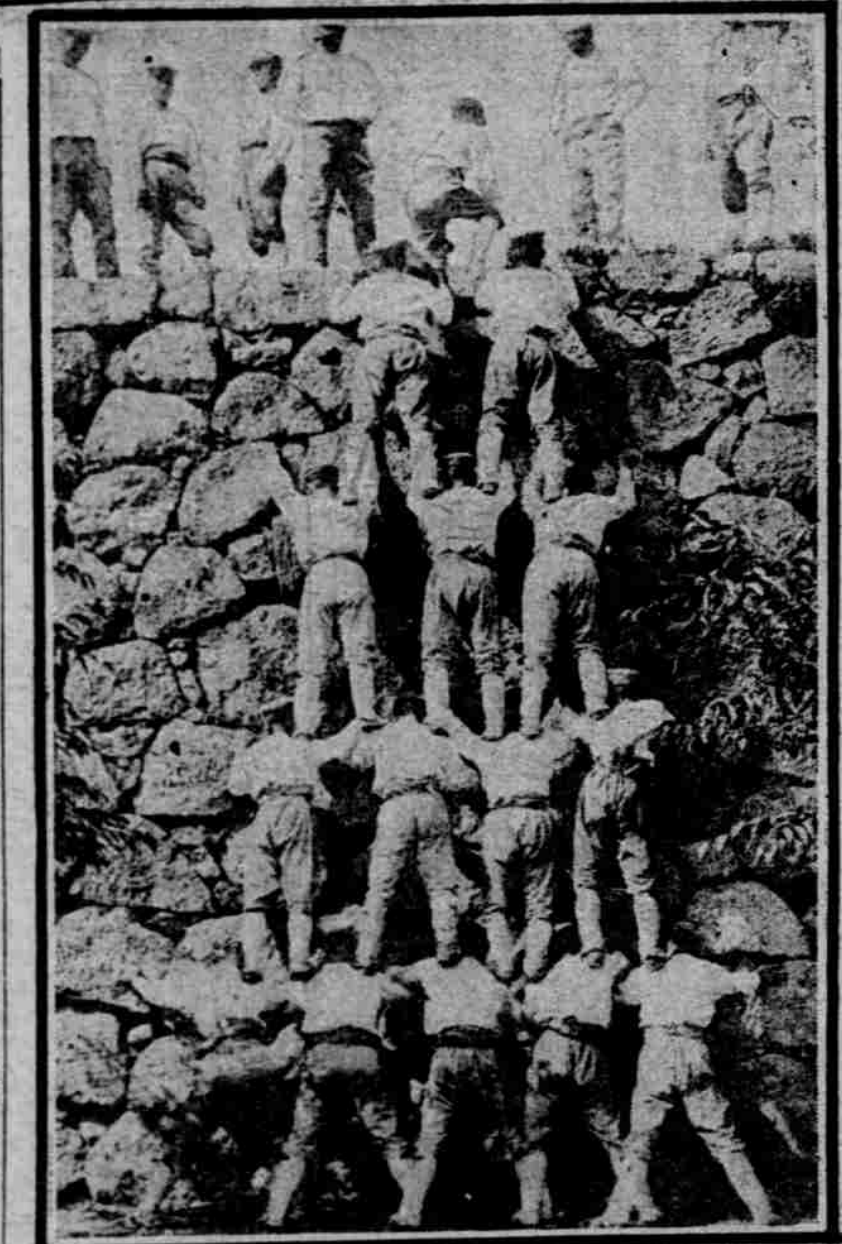
"Say, Cliff, there isn't any such number out here and I can't find out anything about a shooting," he said when his partner was on the line.

Detective Comes Back. "Must be a mistake; come back at once," Detective Hellyer said. Remorse had seized him, and when Detective Tackaberry appeared 15 minutes later, congratulating himself aloud upon being able to catch an automobile coming back to the city, Detective Hellyer asked, though not doubting: "Did you really go out there?"

"So you were joking me, were you? Why you—Oh well, 's all right, Cliff, 's all right," was Detective Tackaberry's reply. That was heaping coals of fire. That is why, even yet, whenever he thinks of it, Detective Hellyer apologizes again for the useless journey on which he sent his partner.

Trouble Is Suggested. "Say, Tack, you're in a fix," he said. "You remember that fellow you had a row with? He has lots of money and is a cousin of the Mayor. He has taken the matter up with the Mayor and declares you cursed him and were abusive. It may be serious for you."

Detective Tackaberry swallowed hook and line, particularly when his partner bargained on the theme for several succeeding days. He became nervous, until finally Detective Hellyer told him the welcome news that he believed a friend of both could "square" the matter with the Mayor. Meanwhile the entire detective force was in on the joke.



Japanese Soldiers Scaling Wall. Bain News.

Tackaberry. "It's all right, I got it fixed up with the Mayor."

He saw the light when Detective Ackerman answered, "You poor boob, don't you know when you're jobbed?" Detective Pat Moloney likes a joke, but will seldom confess to being the perpetrator.

A long while ago he was a partner to a hoax that caused Walter S. McSwain, chief deputy United States Marshal, some anxious moments. A woman was on trial in Municipal Court, who claimed a casual acquaintance with Mr. McSwain. Detective Moloney knew that Mr. McSwain was not a friend of the woman and didn't care to be, but that he knew who she was by reputation. He decided to give Mr. McSwain an uneasy half hour.

Fake Subpoena Served. A fake subpoena was served on Mr. McSwain, demanding his attendance in Municipal Court at the trial of the woman, to appear as a "character witness." As Chief Deputy United States Marshal Mr. McSwain saw how embarrassing would be his position, even though he could prove that he didn't know her.

Detective Moloney happened around about that time and Mr. McSwain poured out his tale of woe, and demanded to know if anything could be done. Detective Moloney doubted it, but said he knew the clerk of the court and would see what he could do. A fake telephone conversation followed, and matters were "fixed."

Auto Agents Notified. He has a small automobile. Fellow workers, including Detectives John Moloney, Abbot, Goltz, Hyde and Vaughn, tired of passing on jokes about the car and conceived the brilliant idea of notifying automobile agents about the city that Detective Tichenor was in the market for a new machine. The result annoyed Detective Tichenor exceedingly.

Not long after this the detectives who had had part in the joke found a notice on the bulletin board at headquarters, stating that their presence was desired at the office of John Collier, Deputy District Attorney, in the Courthouse at 9 o'clock the next morning.



Society Pageant at Newport. Mrs. Howard Cushing as Joan of Arc. Mrs. Craig Biddle as Goddess of Liberty. Underwood.



Bliss Torpedo Works. Bain News.

ing. All the men were on the night relief and grumbled exceedingly at getting up at the early hour, several missing all their sleep.

Not one dreamed of disobeying the apparently official order. They gathered at the office of the Deputy District Attorney promptly at 9 o'clock.

For half an hour they cooled their heels. Then Detective Tichenor strolled in. "No boys, I don't need a new car today. You may go," he said.

One successful joke that rattled the calm atmosphere of the detective bureau while the excitement was on was the bright idea of a newspaperman. A reporter learned that a man, who for convenience will be called Reginald Botts, had negotiated some recent loans and that Detective La Salle had agreed to "stand good" for one of them, amounting to several hundred dollars. He did not learn that Detective Captain Baty was also a bondsman, which lack of knowledge nearly caused a flareback.

This young man accosted Detective La Salle late one afternoon thus: "Say, do you know a fellow in Portland named Reginald Botts?"

"I do. Why?" replied the detective. "Oh, nothing much, only the city editor just phoned me that a fellow by

that name had gathered up quite a bit of money around town and left suddenly today. I want to get a line on him, was the reporter's bomb.

"What? Good Lord, Not Botts? Really? Why, I should say I did know him. Left town, eh? That's funny. Wait a minute, I'll phone his house." Detective La Salle was quite excited.

Luckily for the success of the hoax no one answered the telephone call, thus confirming the absence of Mr. Botts.

Captain Going, Too. "I'm going with you. We'll take the police car," Captain Baty issued out of his sanctum with this declaration. He had overheard the conversation. Orders to other detectives in the office were snapped out. The garage was notified by telephone to have the car ready at once for the captain. The joke was fast getting out of the control of the reporter.

"Say, Cap," he called, as the detective captain hastened downstairs, "don't hurry. It's only a joke!"

Discounting the appreciation of the joke, the reporter fled to the press room, put his desk against the door, his chair on the desk and sat in the chair. It was well that he did so.

GIRL WINS HOMESTEAD

(Continued From First Page.)

ing water on the place as yet and Miss Owens must either haul her water from Polson or have it hauled out. She rides horseback to Polson, visits her mother, but every night of her life, with the exception of the time allowed off her homestead by law, she sleeps on the homestead.

And she stays there alone, for Laura is busy on her own place. This Spring when Miss Owens left for a visit to her sister at Seaside men were working on a big reservoir adjoining her homestead, and this Fall there will be no longer need of hauling water. This Fall Miss Owens will employ men and teams and will have the ground broken and in the Spring she will plant wheat. There has always been an abundant hay crop on her homestead. This native hay she cuts and rakes herself and sells to merchants living at Polson who buy it on the ground. This Fall she has cut 80 tons of hay and it is all contracted for.

All this strenuous life does not mean that Miss Owens has given up her first love—the violin. She maintains that being out in the open, working a little in the open, means that when she has proven up her land she will be able to take up her studies with renewed vigor. All the while she has been engaged in this battle of wills with neighbors hired for the purpose, and living the hardy life of the homesteader, she has not neglected her violin. Alone she has made the hills and plains ring and cheered the heart of many a weary traveler as the night winds wafted the sounds of the violin over the prairie.

Grape seeds, for which hitherto no use has been known, have been found to contain an oil which is especially valuable in the manufacture of soap, and a South American refinery is making preparations to produce it on a large scale.