

PORTLAND'S POLICE VETERANS HAVE MANY ADVENTURES

Joe Day, Ben Branch, G. Roberts, John Quinton, Ole Nelson and E. L. Crate Retired and Pensioned After More Than Two Decades of Work.

BY BEN HUR LAMPMAN.

ALL was in the air. The sunbeam that fell across the police docket was rarely golden. With deliberate care the desk sergeant traced upon the record the last escapade of Jane Doe. As he laid the pen in its niche on the grimed old inkwell, he sighed justly into a yawn, and considered the prospect beyond the door of the station. Two little Chinese lads were tossing a ball. A truck backed by the sergeant sighed again.

"They don't make 'em better than those birds," he observed, apparently apropos of nothing at all.

Whispering between abstracted directions to the line bureau, gruffly pleasant admonitions to traffic violators, and lumbering excursions to the instant phone, the sergeant rumbled in reminiscent narrative.

"Pension 'em?" he queried. "Sure they should. When a guy spends his years on the job, he ought to get a little something. I'd like to see a fellow who's been in the force for 20 years and hasn't got a pension. I'd like to see a fellow who's been in the force for 20 years and hasn't got a pension. I'd like to see a fellow who's been in the force for 20 years and hasn't got a pension."

And there are but a hasty handful of the yarns the sergeant told, bulking huge over the old oak desk, as he winnowed the long story. Into his talk there crept the rattle of sleet on dark and lonely nights, and crouching figures, and click of bright handcuffs under the moon, and the sharp slash of gunshots. Back of it all, unawed and calmly resolute rose the bluecoat of the beat.

It sounded like the muffled bang of a bursting paper bag, but it was a black powder charge, and the sergeant, strong-box door. Patrolman Joe Day, loitering through the gloom of that Summer morning in 1887, knew it for such. The heavy iron door of the explosion was coming from the door of Ed Morgan's saloon as he spun around the corner of Sixth and Washington.

A slouch-headed, thrifty, self from the wreath of smoke, called an alarm and was paired by another head. From the doorway leapt twin flames, and the sergeant, with a gasp, saw a flash. A breeze whispered sharply past him. He fired again. Out of Ed Morgan's portal patterned the safeblowers. He saw a man in a dark suit, six blocks to the southwest. Patrolman Day gave up the chase, for the quarry and their footfalls were lost in the murk of the night. When he made his report at the station he kept something that could not be transferred to paper—a mental picture of the man with the slouch hat.

Face Long Remembered.

"It was 'Red' O'Brien, I tell you," he insisted, and the blue-coated boys scoffed at his peppery assurance.

Next years come alike for crooks and copers, and the sergeant's providence is deviously deliberate. The unguessed scheme of things sent Joe Day, in another Summer, to a visit with an old friend at Vancouver, Wash. There was a pleasant odor of cooey in the air, as the patrolman drummed on the parlor window and waited for dinner.

Two men walked past. The face of one was averted, but there was no mistaking the features of the smaller one. Joe Day, idling away the afternoon, noon, became again the man on the beat. For the little man was indubitably none other than Johnny Maglin, alias "Dutch Jake," a name well known to the records as the pal and confidant of the missing "Red" O'Brien. The unseen watcher scanned that pair of backs.

"It's 'Red' for a dollar!" he exclaimed, and slipped dinnerness from his host's house.

They were drawn on the park grass, with cigarette smoke lifting. When Day and the City Marshal came upon them. Without semblance of haste, and with the assurance of virtuous vagrants, they rose to scrutiny and walked toward the observers.

"Take the big guy, Tim," generously proffered Joe, who is slight of stature. "If I can't trim the other one I'll eat my night-stick." Whereat they took them. In the taking was torn much turf and some hair. The smaller man spent and panting little patrolman who dragged his own captive forward, that he might look at Tim's. One glance was enough.

"You're 'Red' O'Brien!" sputtered Day. "Don't try to stall—you can't make it stick. I'm going to send you back to the County Jail. You'll stand trial for the Savannah bank job."

"Red" Admits Old Job.

"Red" O'Brien shrugged his big shoulders and regarded his handcuffs with the eye of familiarity. Later he came through the door of the station, but he had hindered his target practice before Ed Morgan's saloon—a circumstance for which he professed regret. And, still later, before a Missouri court, the black-powder authority took his "Jolt" of 14 years.

As an aside, spare your sneers for black-powdered faces. In those unenlightened days the efficacy of soap, glycerine, and vasoline, was undreamed, and he was a master craftsman who could read the riddle of the skin. He used a judicious poultice of coarse black blasting powder. Such was "Red," and his fame was wide.

As for O'Brien's deal in the business of the Morgan safe-blowing, he proved to be "Dutch Jake" Webber, and the penitentiary received him in the march of time. For "Dutch Jake" committed the faux pas of appearing on the streets of Colorado Springs with his luggage. From his maze of pockets the penitentiary police abstracted precisely 292 articles of an admirably appointed burglar's kit.

Frank Lockhart, too, was a burglar. Moreover, he was "good" in the joint vernacular of his pals and the police. As the moving spirit of numerous hold-ups the gifted young man became a mystery. The police sought and found nothing—save the empty pockets of his victims. And then, one Autumn night in 1887, a man with his hands up caught the glimpse of his highwayman's face.

As one who neither tolled nor spun, but whose wizardry with a pool cue brought him the nominal "Frank" Lockhart was known to the habitués of a billiard parlor at Front and Morrison streets. Repairing thither one afternoon, while the nominal "Frank" was exhibiting at "15 balls or no count," Joe Day broke up the game.

Fugitive Is Captured.

In seeming comradeship the peas plumed and plumed, and the fencer by side toward the police station. Lockhart, pretesting the "mistake," reached carelessly upward and settled his hat. Furthest up, he found a safe with a lock and tightened his belt. But his captor knew the signs for flight.

"I'm on to that dodge," Day advised him, snatching the nominal "Frank" around. "Make a break, Lockhart, and I'll play cushion caroms with your spine."

"It's his eating you!" was the aggrieved response. "I'm taking no chances. I know you'd shoot a man's liver pad off."

His hand was in his tone, but venomous hate launched itself in the

smashing blow with which he followed the words and staggered against a wall. Day went down, his face a welter of blood, but his revolver spoke as he fell, and it called again and again to the feeling highwayman as the patrolman bounced to his feet and gave chase.

At Fourth and Stark streets Lockhart followed and staggered against a wall. He was winded and his face was strangely white for a youth in 20-round condition. And so Day came up with him. To get back to the cells, the battered patrolman and the pale prisoner.

"He's yellow," agreed the jailers, as they regarded Lockhart, the man who had shot a hole through the wall of the state awaiting word of the trio. An hour later, lying from his blood-soaked bunk, the prisoner asked for a doctor. A bullet had smashed through his forehead at the time Lockhart got three gifts from the state—his health, a trial and five years.

Many Miles Traveled.

Joe Day became a detective when Portland first experimented with the law in plaid clothes. Since that day in the pursuit of lawbreakers and duty, he has journeyed more than 300,000 miles and was once in conference with Scotland Yard.

"Diamond Billy" Winters had a saloon and a bartender. Both were near his heart. The one was the notorious old dog cabin and the other the sure and skillful mixer and artist, John Thompson. In time the trust reposed in "Diamond Billy" in his barkeeper's integrity was such that he gave the latter the combination of the saloon safe. The stones that earned for Winters followed him to Paris and the safe. One evening as the safe was taken to the train, his faithful barkeeper took the diamonds.

The trial that Detective Day followed to the City of Mexico, doubled back through the states, whisked into Canada and vanished at Montreal. Months followed, but in time a postcard crossed the ocean and came to the City of Mexico, where the Chief of Police gathered it in, as by arrangement with the American authorities.

Thus it befell, amidst the gems of "Diamond Billy," that Detective Day journeyed to Europe and talked shop with the police of Paris and London, and the continent. For three months Thompson fought extradition, but at length he returned as a prisoner of the Paris police.

They had worried and outwitted a posse in battle, had slipped lithely away from a searching company of militia and the players leaned to a billiard shot. Appearances did not belie them, for they were two of the trio, H. A. Glenn and William Bradshaw.

The pool players dropped their cues, but they made no move for pistol and rifle. Framed in the swinging door to the barroom stood Patrolman Day. The state paid their captor \$150 reward and congratulated itself. As for one John McMurrian, the third member of the gang, he was captured in Yamhill County. This was in 1880. The Oregon "pen" received them.

In 1913 Detective Day followed a case

to Jefferson City, Mo., where the State Penitentiary is situated. Glenn, of old-time Oregon notoriety, was there, on the last lap of 20 years for train robbery. The Portland officer talked with him—a broken, weary old man of 72 years. In the evening of the day with his prospect checked by the bars of prison, Glenn stood as testimony to the truth that crime doesn't pay.

Day Widely Known.

Of Detective Sergeant Joe Day it has been said by C. C. Healey, Chief of Police of Chicago, that he is "one of the big men in American police circles, and is as well known in Chicago and the East as he is in Portland." In 1916, when Chief Healey paid a visit to the Pacific Coast, he stopped in Portland for the express purpose of visiting with Detective Day.

When one regards Patrolman O. Nelson he beholds a viking—just such a fellow as thundered at the waspails of old-Norse saga times, or threatened to swamp the gilded galley of an enemy sea king, as he clambered aboard. In the phrase of his brother

Nelson, the big blonde fellow is "some Swede."

Charles W. Walton, alias "Babe," was a musician before he took to the more perilous but profitable calling of holding up streetcars. Soft-faced and 19 years of age, hence the sobriquet. But the conductor of a streetcar, one September night in 1904, observed little of the infantile in the fashion with which "Babe" presented a big, black pistol and his demands. There arose an excited chatter from the several passengers, who awaited similar treatment, and Patrolman Nelson plunged somewhat pompously forth from the front platform to discover its cause.

Nelson Gets "Babe."

As the bluecoat bulked in his vision the "Babe" threw the threatening

muzzle toward the new bullseye. "What's wrong here?" asked the patrolman, midway of the car. He did not see the crouched figure of menace, and the thud of a bullet was his answer. Nelson was about the shock of a .38 in his abdomen.

With the nausea of his wound upon him he lunged, and a second bullet grove home by the fire. But the big eyes "Babe" Walton knew and other things, and the pistol clanged on the car floor. Nelson rode to the hospital in an ambulance, and the one journeyed to the police station in the patrol wagon.

It was months before Nelson pulled on the blue uniform again, and it was years ere "Babe" Walton knew and other things, and the pistol clanged on the car floor. Nelson rode to the hospital in an ambulance, and the one journeyed to the police station in the patrol wagon.

There is in the police annals of the Pacific Coast a lively memory of the "spotted horse" holding of Seattle. Although they comprise another story, it is permissible to digress a pace from the trails of crime in Portland. For the charming unknown, who drove the black-and-white mare while her companion scoured the suburbs for fat purses was the "Babe's" sister. She

is a matron now, the spotted horse travels no more, and the sentence of her husband's jail has long been served. Bullets there were a plenty in the wild, wide-open days, and bullets there are yet. Ben Branch, who has smiled through the misadventure of his humor since they made him jailer, faced and fired his share. But the whistle of an angry bit of lead isn't all there is to the service of the law. There is the endless stretch of beat, the fluff of snowflakes in the face, or the melting, humid discomfiture of his close coat, and a close grip. So that when an incident of action springs in one's face like a startled partridge, the bluecoat is eager and instant in his welcome.

Runaway Car Stopped.

They had horsecars in the days of yore, and the public paid its coin through a slot at the entrance, the company manifesting trust in the general probity of the conductors. The cars were operated by a driver, who shifted his trolley at the end of the beat, and the conductor, who sat on the flying car came the screams of women. They crowded the entrance to leap, and then a magnet whips up a filing, rattling business was straining from the handrail. Ben Branch was younger then, but he honned admirably the service of the law. He was to roll in the gutter. When he found his footing he stopped the car.

While taming runaway horsecars was a job, the taming of wild men was Ben Branch's specialty. He was a good man. Give him a chance to talk with them and they came in docile. He was a good man. Give him a chance to talk with them and they came in docile. He was a good man. Give him a chance to talk with them and they came in docile.

Crate Named Humane Officer.

Take Sergeant Ed Crate, who was born in a canoe between Umatilla and The Dalles, and whose father was a fur trader at Fort Vancouver when the West was a mass of beffels. Before nightfall of his first birthday the infant Crate was cradled on a pony, en route to a lumber camp. It was to give its name to Crate's Point.

Young Crate grew up with ponies. They were his friends and playmates. His wife, who was a girl of 16, was in the gift of one man in many thousands. It was fitting that, when the mounted squaw was a girl, Crate should be given charge, and equally fitting that he should be appointed humane officer.

"Whether a man can ride like a Cossack, or not," he was wont to say, before the motorcycles and jitneys crowded the sleek mounts from the streets of the city. "I'll give you a whoop," he would assert, "but give me men who are good to their mounts."

Six men of the Portland Police Bureau, after long years in the city's service, are to be retired. They are: Ben Branch, aged 73, 40 years of service; Det. William Massare, aged 68, 28 years of service; Sergeant G. Roberts, aged 61, 28 years of service; John Quinton, aged 61, 22 years of service; Ole Nelson, aged 60, 22 years of service; E. L. Crate, aged 65, 25 years of service.

"I'm a horse man," snorted the Desk Sergeant. "Huh! Well, I guess!"

Out of Ed Morgan's Portal Patterned the Safe Blowers, Firing as They Fleed.

Day Went Down, His Face is a Welter of Blood, but His Revolver Spoke as He Fell.

Edith Lanyon Tells of Routine and How Fine Soldiers Are, but Women Need a Great Deal of Attention.

CIVIL HOSPITAL WORK KEEPS NURSES ON GO EVERY MINUTE

SON SUCCEEDS HIS MOTHER

BUSINESS WOMAN'S GOWNS PLAIN AND SENSIBLE NOW

BY EDITH E. LANYON.

SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND, August 26.—Life in a civil hospital is in many ways different from life in a naval or military one, even if there are plenty of wounded soldiers as honored guests and patients. For one thing, the probationers have more of the hard work to do themselves in lieu of having orderlies to do it for them. It is true that we have ward maids here, but they have plenty of work of their own to do. Some of their time, too, is very pleasantly taken up in cheery duties for the patients. A good ward maid never lacks a willing helper as long as there is a soldier about.

Red Cross nurse is not a probationer, but does very similar work. At times she ranks above, and at times below a "pro." I am now the one Red Cross nurse on night duty and have a mighty busy time of it. Having now been on over a week I am pretty well acquainted with the routine by this time. At about 6 o'clock every evening I am called, reluctantly get up, and my landlady gives me a cup of tea. From there on the routine is the same as that of the hospital. In practically the only leisure time I have and that, alas, is stolen from my sleep, I usually write letters or read a few of the innumerable holes in my stockings. At 8:30 P. M. we have supper all together in the dining room. At 9 P. M. on duty in the wards. From then until midnight I am usually busy giving out milk, polishing brass and polishing tables, etc., to the routine by this time. At about 6 o'clock every evening I am called, reluctantly get up, and my landlady gives me a cup of tea. From there on the routine is the same as that of the hospital. In practically the only leisure time I have and that, alas, is stolen from my sleep, I usually write letters or read a few of the innumerable holes in my stockings. At 8:30 P. M. we have supper all together in the dining room. At 9 P. M. on duty in the wards. From then until midnight I am usually busy giving out milk, polishing brass and polishing tables, etc., to the routine by this time.

Admission Turns to Bitterness.

How I did admit those highly polished tables and the beautiful bits of glowing antique brass when I was on duty every night! Now I know them all too well. We even have to scrub the penholders every night. The hospital was founded in seventeen hundred and something and those tables and brasses have been polished for 200 years or so nightly by perspiring night people, so no wonder they look in good condition. Even the painted deal chest of drawers is a joy to all beholders. I secretly I delight in the fact that it has not brass handles like the one upstairs which poor upstairs nurse has to polish every night.

One of the nicest old things is a copper candle box, with heavy pater corners, which stands under a tap to catch the drippings. It is a fool thing, to catch drippings in, as such blessed things, touches the marks, which is uncommonly hard to get off every night. A beautiful brass hot water jug and the sterilizing drums are also in the ward kitchen. It is impossible to get them all done by myself.

My next work is to set out all the breakfast trays, both for the women's ward and for all the soldiers. The breakfast is cooked in the ward kitchen about 6 o'clock each morning.

At midnight we have dinner, usually cooked by Sister, as she has the most time. I have my dinner with upstairs nurse and Sister has hers with my nurse.

do the washing up!

After this, we cut all the bread and

butter for breakfast. Then we sit down at brief intervals in between attending to patients. Sometimes an accident case bursts in upon us. The other night I had to go upstairs and help to wash a bicycle accident. It was too bad—a soldier who had been wounded three times and discharged from the hospital, wanted to bath his baby, smashed up in a bicycle accident, the night before a girl got knocked down and badly injured by a motorcycle.

When we have a baby which equals at intervals and has to be comforted by warm milk and things. Poor little children miss their mother. All the soldiers volunteer to turn out the night before a soldier who tells me, she is going to make a dress for nurse.

Girl Not Tattooed.

One of my morning duties is to wash and brush the hair of a beautiful blonde girl of 19, who has to lie on her back, quite helpless. She has lovely long golden hair like a mermaid's, which I do in two long Marguerite plaits, one over each shoulder. She dresses in a lovely white skin that it is a pleasure to wash her. There are no lovely tattooed pictures on her like those of the sailor boys, though. Brushing a man's hair is certainly a snap after doing a woman's.

Women in hospital do need a lot of attention. Most of ours are very good, after all, considering how exceedingly ill they are. Our soldiers here are much more convalescent. A healthy man can bear a terrible wound and still keep pretty cheerful.

One of my men has a German helmet which he was anxious for me to try on, but somehow I did not feel like putting it on my head after a German had worn it. I wonder where that German's head is now? I felt curious, but did not like to ask and was spared the greswome details.

I went to town the other morning to meet the night nurse from the naval hospital. I departed, much polished up about the shoulder badges by my Sergeant, who did not wish the naval nurse to outshine me. He does not think much of the navy.

Men Good Bedmakers.

The big grenadier guardsman gave me a lesson in bedmaking "as it should be done" a few days ago. He certainly is a dab hand at it. His bed looks perfectly flat and he has finished with it. Only one other man—the Irish Guards—did I ever see make one as well. Now he kindly makes Jock's bed for me whilst I am more than occupied in the woman's ward. Jock has only one arm. Another man is going to show me a special kink in bedmaking that he learned at a Canadian hospital. He tells me it makes a bed look uncommonly decorative at the foot. Hope I shall find time to see this demonstration of his some morning. He is of the Welsh Guards.

Of course our sailors could make beds shipshape enough for anybody, but the soldiers refuse to believe it. Hence all these proofs of their own superiority.

I had a letter from a destroyer gratefully acknowledging the book which was Portland's gift. This A. B. says

he is sending all the books home when he has read them and is having a bookcase made in which he will always keep them as souvenirs of Western kindness.

It is now time that I went on duty for the night.

MINNEAPOLIS, Sept. 19.—With the American Red Cross Commission to Serbia, headed by a St. Paul man and including two from Minneapolis, reaches that devastated country it will find confronting it one of the most formidable problems in Europe, a Red Cross bulletin received here said. An appropriation of \$200,000 has been made for the Commission's work by the Red Cross war council.

Cordenio A. Severance, St. Paul attorney, heads the mission as Commissioner, and Deputy Commissioners are: Edwin Jager, University of Minnesota, Minneapolis; and Dr. Eugene A. Crockett, Boston.

Two other members of the Commission, W. A. W. Stewart, New York, and L. D. Wisard, Pasadena, left some time ago for Saloniki.

Edwin D. Haskell, secretary of the Commission, is the son of Mrs. Olga von W. Haskell, of Minneapolis, whose death some time ago was attributed to overwork for Serbian relief. The son will take up the work for which his mother gave her life.

Conditions in stricken Serbia are stated in reports made to the Red Cross and the development of all war-torn Europe. From an army of 500,000 at the start of the war more than 150,000 have been taken prisoner, and 100,000 are actual fighting men. The civilian population has suffered as much as the army, according to reports. The Commission will take medical and other supplies for use among refugees on the Macedonian front.

Frocks and Tailored Garb Have Effect of Being Danned for Ernest Occupation Rather Than for Mere Matinee or Luncheon.

SO plain and sensible are fashions for the coming Winter that the business woman will have no trouble in being smartly dressed. Fashion will come to meet her more than half way and she will need to make no effort at all. Indeed the more like a business woman the mondains can look, these days, the more correct she is. Her frocks and her tailored garb generally are planned out for her, she need not go to a-seeking it. She has only to look correctly attired for her part—and complete modishness will be hers. So this year at least, there should be greater satisfaction in simple frocks and serviceable skirts and shirtheists than in the elaborate and less keeping time with typewriters—and less yearning after the frigidities of dress which nobody is supposed to think about anyway, during war time.

Street Garb Good Looking.

Suppose the business girl searches for a practical coat. What will she select? The coat must be warm, and long enough to cover the frock beneath. It must be easy to get on and out of, for an office coat is put on and off several times each day. It comes off at the office in the morning and again at the restaurant before lunch, and once more at home after office hours. And some business women have calls to make at other offices during the day, altogether the coat must be sturdy of material and well cut too, to stand the strain of its daily life.

Such a coat may not be purchased for a song, but a wise business woman looks well before she makes up her mind and then pays a fair price, knowing that she will get the full worth of her money in a garment, good looking after its first days have gone by.

Wool velour is a favorite coat fabric this season and gabardine is liked also. There are soft, rough finished woolen coatings also. English or Scottish tweeds make smart coats for office wear. These last are rather mannish in line and look well with soft felt hats. The sport or walking type and with heavy mannish gloves and laced tan shoes. The woman who prefers more feminine hats and the pretty buttoned boots that seem to go with them, will select a belted coat, perhaps one of the new "trench" models so well liked by younger wearers. A fur collar and cuffs will give much style to the coat but they are not indispensable to its smartness.

Costumes Covered by Coat.

Much as the business girl fancies a dainty, frill-tailored frock which makes her feel dressed up to any afternoon occasion, she realizes that the all-over-erasing coat is the backbone of her wardrobe. The big coat will give her over a neat little office frock of serge

or mohair, or a more ambitious frock suitable for the Saturday holiday-making; it will cover the sport skirt and shirtheist combination which every business girl wears—sometimes; and on an evening she can combine and go forth again, over a pretty theater or dancing dress of light material. And speaking of the business girl's dancing frock, the mondains can look, these days, the more correct she is. Her frocks and her tailored garb generally are planned out for her, she need not go to a-seeking it. She has only to look correctly attired for her part—and complete modishness will be hers. So this year at least, there should be greater satisfaction in simple frocks and serviceable skirts and shirtheists than in the elaborate and less keeping time with typewriters—and less yearning after the frigidities of dress which nobody is supposed to think about anyway, during war time.

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let no business girl, taking hope by the price of elbow-length costumes in the fashion magazines, have her office frock or shirtheist made with sleeves that fall short of reaching the wrists, or a coat with a collar that is done by business women or fashionables who go to committee meetings, have the long sleeve that stands for correctness, and the long sleeve that is not tailored, she is all wrong from a sartorial standpoint. Neither may her simple, workaday frock be too picturesque in suggestion.

For example, a perfectly plain dress, buttoned down the front and with long sleeves, worn all right for the office. Yes, but the buttons are gilt and they run up the pockets, too, and the sleeves, and outline epaulets on the shoulders, and rows of fine gold braid trim, collar, cuff and belt. That serge frock would be the most conspicuous thing in the office if ornamented, and few employers would relish its picturesque. Another serge frock, trimmed with rows of black braid, and relieved by white orzandy collar and cuffs would be in perfect taste.

CHINESE PRODUCT SOUGHT

Native Producers Urged to Develop Trade for Foreign Market.

TOKIO, Sept. 1.—Alfred See, Chinese Minister to the Court of St. James, urges the production of more provisions and the development of Chinese international commerce, in a telegram dispatched to the Chinese Ministry of Agriculture and Commerce, a copy of which has just been received by the Chinese officials in Shanghai.

"If we could increase the production of foodstuffs, especially wheat and barley, and manufacture more flour to be sent abroad, we would be sure to make immense profits," he writes. "Never before has our cotton been so much in demand in the European market. Cowlives and wool are meeting a ready market. In a word, so long as the war lasts, provisions and clothing will continue to be in big demand."

"Here is an opportunity for Chinese merchants, manufacturers and farmers to develop their trade and establish for the Chinese products a position in international commerce."

Commissioner Faces Task.

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