

Riotous Immigrants Detained at Boston



Twelve hundred Italian and Portuguese immigrants who arrived at Boston the other day on the Canopic, were transferred to Deer Island for detention until congress decided whether they should be admitted to the country. They and their friends objected, and there were near riots with the port officials and police. The illustration shows some of the immigrants being transferred from the Canopic to a boat for the island.

Panhandler Is Nipped by Victim

Champion of Park Row, New York, Whither the Best Flock, Is Forced to Yield.

HE HAD A STORY THAT WON

New Londoner, His Pocket Picked, Wanted Only Dollar to Get to Rich Relatives in Perth Amboy, and Got It.

New York.—There recently landed right out in the middle of Park row a well-dressed, smooth-talking person who, in a few short weeks, has done a creditable job in making that thoroughfare live up to its other name—Panhandlers' Range. The first time he was sighted by the only victim to whom he is known to have repaid a "touch" he was sprinting west in Chambers street. A few hundred feet away, he was noticed searching wildly through his pockets and registering simultaneously impatience, embarrassment and chagrin.

"What do you think about that?" he appealed to the victim as he rushed and halted. "Some pocket-picking cuss has grabbed my roll!"

"You might have lost it," the victim suggested.

The well-dressed man was relieved—vastly relieved. "Glad you mentioned that," he observed, blocking the other's progress east. "Gives me the creeps to think some guy had his hand in my pocket. At that I'm careless—very careless. If I had less money I might be more careful."

At that the victim, not knowing he was about to be bled and thinking himself slightly outclassed financially, started on his way, only to be recalled by the stranger.

Tale That Brings Coin.

"Are you from New Jersey?" asked the man. "I ask," he went on hurriedly at the other's negative shake of the head, "because I'm well known over there. Well-to-do family and all that sort of thing—uncle way up in Democratic politics over in Jersey City—another one down at Perth Amboy. My name's Doooley, and if you had known anyone over in Jersey I was going to ask you to lend me a dollar until I could get some money."

The victim's hand slid toward his pocket. "I haven't," he began.

"That's all right, old man," said Doooley—that isn't quite his right name, by the way—"don't let my troubles worry you. As a matter of fact I won't need a whole dollar. I only need one way fare to Perth Amboy. I'll be coming right back through New York to go to my own home in New London, and—"

Something in the victim's expression told him that he had named a locality that was familiar. "You know people in New London?" he asked.

"A few."

"Do you know—?" he began, mentioning the name of a friend of the victim. And upon being told the name was familiar, he ran through a list of New Londoners that was almost a complete directory of one part of the town. "Isn't it fortunate that I've met a fellow who knows people I know," Doooley continued affably, and he laid his hand on the victim's shoulder. He proceeded to enumerate the eccentricities of one of the victim's New London friends and raking his memory again, spoke of the trick automobile another used to own.

Doooley Lands His Dollar.

The connection was made and Doooley played for his dollar. Eventually he got it.

"I'll be through New York in exactly three hours," he called over his shoulder as he sped toward the West side ferries. "I'll look you up and we can go to supper together before I run for the Federal Express. You all-night workers are a bunch of good old scouts. S'long."

It wasn't until eleven o'clock that night, an hour after Doooley said he would appear on deck with a roll that

the victim, one of the night workers who knew better than to believe everything he hears up and down Park Row, looked down on Broadway and confided to a friend that he was waiting for a man from New London, a well-dressed lad with the gift of gab who had had his pocket picked while spending a day in woolly New York.

"Saw-ay," said the friend, "this New London bird wasn't on his way to Perth Amboy to get some jack from a wealthy uncle, was he?"

The victim, then just beginning to surmise the worst, nodded. For the next three days he continued to hear the stories of other victims who "fell" for the story of the stolen roll and the high family ties and Perth Amboy and everything.

In the stories of ordinary panhandlers' "suckers" there would be nothing further to remark. In this one, however, there was a sequel.

It was four o'clock on a Sunday morning and the victim mentioned in Part I and another night working pal were sitting in one of the most luxurious armchairs that could be found in several years' inspection. They had just completed a general free-for-all discussion of the ability of various panhandlers when the door was thrust violently open by two men. The newcomers proceeded to the counter; one invited the other to order anything he wanted.

"Have a couple of ham-and-sandwiches, Mr. Doooley," he urged. "They'll do you good and you'll need them to hold you over until you reach New London."

That Well-Remembered Voice.

"Perth Amboy," the other corrected, "New London later on."

The victim turned slowly. He wasn't mistaken. He couldn't forget that face nor the thick-rimmed spectacles perched on the nose that he noticed it—rather pre-Volsteadian nose. His inclination was to do something that would measure up to the statute that covers felons, but waited until Doooley and his latest "sucker" were well on their way to the end of the meal. Then he walked over, his pal bringing up a strong rear.

"Hello Doooley," he said in greeting.

"How about that buck?"

"You've certainly got the advantage of me," Doooley answered in a voice that had its root in the Social Register. "You certainly have. I guess I've got a standard face."

"No you haven't," the ham-and-ester was told. "As a matter of fact you have a rather successful face."

Doooley stood on his dignity until a bit of paper upon which he had written his name and an address and telephone number in New London were produced. Then his eyes popped out at least three-quarters of an inch.

Finds Tooth of Fish That Was Big as Steamer

Los Angeles, Cal.—A tooth of some prehistoric fish, so large as to indicate its owner's size was nearly that of an ocean liner, has been found among other fossils in the lime pits at Terrance, near here.

About one-third of the tooth is missing. The portion found weighs nearly two pounds, is five inches long, four inches across the base and almost two inches thick.

Many bones of prehistoric animals are daily being taken from the pits.

Either one of them would have served to hold a hat or a coat.

"Sure enough," he laughed. "You're the fellow who was kind enough to let me have a dollar the other night."

"Yes," said the victim, "and you were going to stop in with it on your way back to New London."

"Right. And I haven't got started back yet. Had some business to attend to—shipping board stuff—owe me a lot of money—you understand."

The victim nodded. "I understand," he agreed.

A Fast and Agile Talker.

"And I've mislaid your address. Can't find it anywhere. Let it be one of my other suits, I guess."

Again the victim nodded. He understood. "But you can slip it to me now," he suggested. "You must have been down to see your uncle?"

Doooley was breathing jerkily by that time, but he was able to explain that he had let his wallet tumble out of his pocket while riding across the Brooklyn bridge.

"Yes, he was riding across the bridge," his "sucker" interposed. "And I've promised to let him have enough to get to Perth Amboy."

In the ten minutes that followed the first victim informed the new stranger that Doooley had already lost his pocketbook or had his pockets picked nine times at least within ten days.

"I don't care," said the new one. "I've promised to give him \$2 and as a matter of principle I'm going to keep the promise. I'm going to hand him two dollar bills right now and beat it back to Paterson, and if you want to hit him over the dome with a mustard pot or something and take one of them, it's no concern of mine."

Doooley got the two dollars and surrendered one to the victim who had found him out.

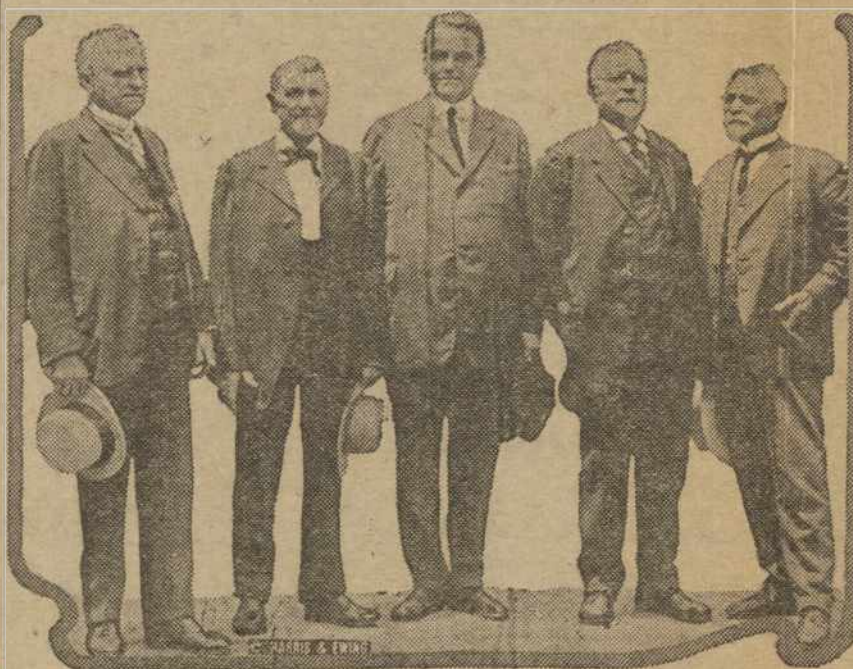
"Take it," he said, "and we'll be good friends."

As the successful victim and his pal walked out of the restaurant, the pal turned.

"You certainly went to a million dollars' worth of trouble for one berry, old top," he observed. "Any one'd think you borrowed it to—"

"Lay off," said the victim. "I did."

Senator Willis and His Four Uncles



Senator Frank B. Willis of Ohio (center) has been showing the sights of the national capital to his four uncles, all brothers of his father. The youngest is over eighty years old. They were photographed after calling on the president.

Steamer Stolen by "Red" Pirates

Story of Senator Schroeder Carries One Back to Days of Spanish Main.

BOLSHEVIK CREW MUTINIED

Put Officers in Irons and Sailed to Murmansk, Then, Tiring of Soviet Life, Stole Vessel Again and Returned to Cuxhaven.

Washington.—The theory that Bolshevik buccaners, agents or sympathizers were responsible for the disappearance of more than twenty merchant vessels off the Virginia and Carolina coasts during the last six months received a decided impetus when officials investigating the case came into possession of a detailed official account of the seizure of the Cuxhaven fishing steamer, Senator Schroeder, by a mutinous crew, who confiscated the vessel in the name of the soviet government.

After the captain and other officers had been overpowered and locked up, the ringleader of the mutineers, one Knuefken, aided by two Bolshevik agents who had been smuggled aboard as stowaways, ran the ship into the port of Murmansk.

Buccaneer Gets Five Years.

Here Knuefken left the ship and eventually made his way back to Hamburg, where he was convicted of mutiny and ship stealing and sentenced to five years in the penitentiary.

Meanwhile, members of the crew who had remained with the Senator Schroeder, tired of life with the soviet and plotted to steal the ship and return to Cuxhaven.

Getting permission to go out on a fishing trip they overpowered their new officers and took the Senator Schroeder back to Cuxhaven, where they were arrested and tried.

This fantastic though apparently indisputable report of mutiny and piracy gave a new lease of life to the belief first expressed by Secretary of Commerce Hoover, that the unusual loss of ships during the last year must be ascribed to the actions of Bolshevik crews.

Official Report of Mutiny.

"The Cuxhaven fishing steamer Senator Schroeder," said the official report in part, "left the fishing harbor in Cuxhaven on April 21, 1921, on a voyage to Iceland. On board were the captain, two officers, two engineers, five sailors, two stokers, and a cook, and also one passenger."

"Three stowaways had been smuggled aboard without the knowledge of the master."

"When the ship was fairly out to sea the captain was decoyed into the sailors' quarters and overpowered by the three sailors and the stowaways and locked up."

"The passenger, the first officer, and the first engineer were then likewise imprisoned in the sailors' quarters and the rest of the crew were forced by threats to continue running the ship."

"After a voyage of ten days the

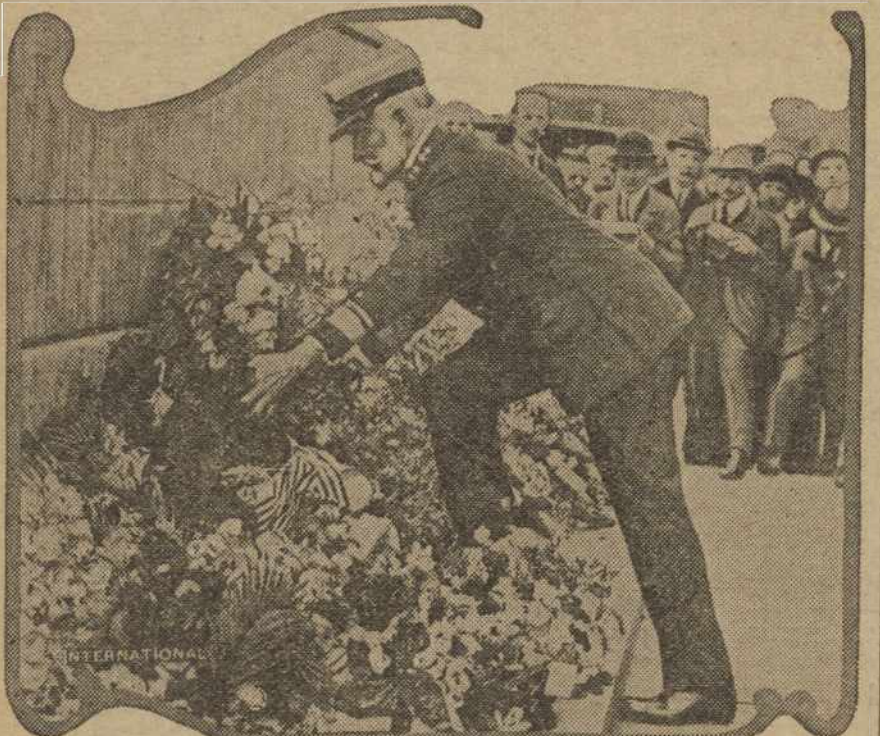
Duchess Wins Rain "Bet" of Half Million Francs

Paris.—As a consequence of rain Lloyd's of London lost their latest "weather gamble." They will be called upon to pay the Duchess Decazes, organizer of the great charity Pavlova fete bagatelle, at the Polo club, half a million francs.

The terms of the insurance stated that all expenses would be paid by Lloyd's if the observers stationed on the top of Eiffel tower noted more than two millimeters of rain after eleven o'clock in the morning.

At six o'clock at night the rainfall was officially reported at three and a half millimeters.

Admiral Sims at London's Cenotaph



Admiral Sims, whose recent remarks in London about the Sinn Feiners and advocates of free Ireland, have raised a storm of criticism, is here shown placing a wreath on the Cenotaph in London.

Boy in Pennsylvania Is Older Than Great-Aunt

Bellefonte, Pa.—George W. Weaver enjoys the distinction of having a great-grandchild who is older than his youngest daughter, and Mr. Weaver himself is only sixty-eight years old. He has been married twice and is the father of 18 children, 13 of whom are living. His oldest granddaughter married Edward Askey. Their eldest son is thirteen and older than Mr. Weaver's youngest daughter by his second marriage, who is great-aunt to the lad, who was born before her.

WANT POPPY GROWING ENDED

Foes of Opium Ask That China Stop the Cultivation of the Plant.

Washington.—Support for recommendations in the report of the commission on the opium traffic of the League of Nations has been urged in conferences here with government officials and others by Mrs. Hamilton Wright, one of the experts attached to the commission. Mrs. Wright assisted in the preparation of the report submitted to the league council. Many messages have been sent to Geneva by American organizations urging favorable action on the recommendation as the only means of preventing the revival of the opium traffic.

While the report itself has not yet been made public, it is understood that it includes two principal recommendations:

1. The council is requested to seek permission from the central government of China for consuls of league members to address themselves in that country directly to the leaders of the Chinese military forces, urging them to give up the cultivation of the poppy.

2. The council is requested to appoint a special commission of inquiry to visit personally the provinces in China where the poppy is grown to ascertain the extent of the cultivation and the methods of marketing the prohibited drug.

Fortune Awaits Missing Maiden

Her Spanish Grandfather and American Uncles Searching for Helen Owen.

WAS TOO FOND OF NIGHT LIFE

Daughter of Roosevelt Rough Rider and "The Rose of Cuba" Escaped From Restraint in Chicago and Cannot Now Be Found.

Chicago.—Somewhere in these United States is a seventeen-year-old miss, a Spanish-American child of romance and adventure, for whom a large fortune is waiting.

Back in Spain an aristocratic old Castilian grandfather is fretting away his last years longing for her, and here in America three wealthy uncles are seeking her to tell her that a fourth uncle has died and left her a great estate.

Helen Owen, the missing heiress, is the daughter of the late Warren D. Owen, a Roosevelt Rough Rider, who won the daughter of Don Esteban Garcia in Cuba in the Spanish-American war. Rough Rider Owen fought a duel for the hand of Senorita Garcia with her proud old father, it is stated by Clyde Owen of Pittsburgh, who is here seeking the girl, and brought her to the United States.

Uncle Leaves Her a Fortune.

Since then both have died and the girl has disappeared, after seventeen

years of as romantic a life as her parents lived before her. The father died in April, 1920, at New Bedford, Mass., and since then the girl's uncle, Edward Owen, has died at Boston, leaving his estate to the young woman.

Assisting the Pittsburgh relative in the hunt are Perry Owen of New York and William Owen of Oak Park, Ill., all wealthy.

"After my brother Warren brought his bride, who was known as 'The Rose of Cuba,' back to the States they lived in St. Louis," said Clyde Owen. "Helen was born there. Her mother died a year later of tuberculosis, and Warren and the child wandered over most of the world for many years. Her grandfather in Spain sent agents to this country looking for her."

"Then, when she was fifteen, they settled down in Oak Park, where Warren was a painting contractor. She kept his house and had her freedom, and, inheriting the temperament of her parents, was too fond of that freedom to keep out of mischief. She was fond of cabarets, dances and the movies. So I learned she came before the juvenile authorities here."

"The girl's father moved east and died, and she returned to Chicago to be sent to the Home for the Friendless because of her wild escapades. She was given to the care of a Mrs. Campbell, 4515 Drave avenue. She escaped through a window one night and has never been heard of since."

"My brother, Edward Owen of Boston, has died, leaving his estate to her. Wherever she is, we want her to know that we will protect her from the agents of her grandfather in Spain and that a great house, surrounded by six acres of beautiful estate, and many thousands of dollars are awaiting her."

Clyde Owen, who told this story, is an official of the Pressed Steel Car company, Pittsburgh.

The much-sought girl has changed her name from Owen to Gordon, according to the information available.

FINDS A LABELED TURTLE

Kentucky Farmer Picks Up One Upon Which His Neighbor Carved. Initials Years Ago.

Lenoxburg, Ky.—Forty-four years ago J. T. McClanahan, who at that time owned a farm near here, carved his name on the shell of a small land turtle that he had caught. He then liberated the turtle.

A few days ago Peter Sheppard, who now owns the adjoining farm, caught a turtle, and upon examining it closely learned that it was the same turtle on which McClanahan had carved his initials forty-four years ago.

Recently he found another turtle on which Sheppard's father carved his name, John Sheppard, twenty-eight years ago.

The shells of the turtles had been worn almost smooth, but it still was easy to discern the carving of the names.