YANK ACE PLANS PACIFIC FLIGHT IN HIS AIRPLANE

Bert Hall, One of Survivors of Famous Lafayette Escadrille, Enters Transpacific Trip Competition.

Oakland, Cal., June 24.—Lieut. Bert Hall, one o the surviving members of the Lafayette flying squadron, and an American ace with nine German planes to his credit, plans an air flight across the Pacific ocean from San Francisco to Tokio, Japan, according to his announcement recently. Prizes of $75,000 have been offered for the flight.

Lieutenant Hall plans to begin the flight on August 1.

"There is no doubt in my mind," said Lieutenant Hall, "that the flight to Japan can be accomplished successfully. The longest flight would be from San Francisco to Honolulu, and in my opinion, it would be relatively easy. After leaving the Hawaiian Islands I could alight at the Guam and other small islands in the eastern sea."

As soon as Hall announced his plans Oliver Kehrlein of Oakland, offered a prize of $25,000 for the successful completion of the flight. Thomas Inc, motion picture man of Los Angeles, has offered a prize of $50,000.

"I need only to follow the regular trade courses," said Hall, "and if I encounter engine trouble or other difficulties I will be picked up by some vessel. There is an average of one vessel to every 25 miles along the trade courses; so the worst I need fear is a little wait or perhaps a splashing of water."

GREAT BRITAIN'S FOREIGN MINISTER AT INTER-ALLIED TENNIS GAMES—Relaxing from the strain and trials of the peace conference, Arthur J. Balfour, Great Britain's foreign minister and member of the British delegation, an interested spectator at the recent inter-allied tennis tournament in Paris.

Arthur J. Balfour

Spaniard's Impulsive Ways Win Immigration Inspector

Official Promises to "See What He Can Do" in Washington to Have Rosa Come to America From Spain to Be United in Marriage With Juan Martinez Here.

A swarthy young Spaniard entered the immigration inspector's office at the federal building yesterday morning. His dark eyes glowed, and a happy smile displayed two rows of white, even teeth.

"I'm Juan Matrinez," he announced, bowing gracefully to Inspector Holton. "I have come to purchase a passport for Rosa, from Madrid. Rosa and I are to be married as soon as she comes.

"You will have to write to the commissioner general at Washington," replied Inspector Holton. "He will investigate and then notify our consul in Spain to vise her passport, which she must obtain in her own country."

Juan's expression changed to perplexity.

"But that way my Rosa can not come so soon," he protested. "If the senor here would only attend to it," wistfully.

"I have been saving money for five years for my Rosa's coming, now must she be delayed? I have our house bought—ready for her." There was a gleam of despair in his voice.

Inspector Holton looked thoughtful.

"Well, of course, I may write to the commissioner for you," he announced gruffly.

"Oh, if you only would, senor!" exclaimed Juan, attempting to embrace the inspector, who resisted.

When Juan had left Mr. Holton sighed with relief and mopped his brow.

"Some life," he finally ejaculated. "We've got orders to refer all such cases to Washington and let them investigate, but how are you going to refuse them?"

No Spooning In Parks, Is Order Issued by City Commissioner

City Commissioner Falconer has issued orders for the suppression of spooning in the parks.

Motorists driving through or stopping in any of the public parks after 11 o'clock p. m., must have their lights on, or they will be subject to arrest by the park police.

"Spooning is not any worse this season, but we have to keep after it every now and then," explained the commissioner.

Alleged Auto Thieves Wanted In Omaha Arrested In Iowa

Omaha police yesterday were notified of the capture Monday in Sioux City of Otis Smith and Emil Fandow, alleged automobile thieves, wanted in this city for the alleged theft of an automobile from the Ford Livery Co. Detectives will be sent to Sioux City to bring the men back on charges of grand larceny.

COMMISSIONERS RINGER, TOWL ANSWER LETTER

Zimman, Butler, Falconer and Ure Take Mayor's "Failure Epistle" Under "Prayerful Consideration."

Commisioners Ringer and Towl have answered Mayor Smith's confidential letter in which the chief executive of the city confessed that his administration "has been a failure."

Commissioners Zimman, Butler Falconer and Ure are taking the mayor's letter under "prayerful consideration," but they have not yet forwarded replies, although eight days have elapsed since the letter was distributed to the commissioners by the mayor's secretary with the request that it should not, under any circumstances, be made public.

Mr. Ringer will not divulge the contents of his reply, nor will the mayor comment on it.

Commissioner Zimman stated that he does not agree with the mayor in the allegation that all departments of the city hall have not measured up to expectations.

"I know of one department that has made good, and I do not hesitate to state that it is the fire department," Mr. Zimman stated.

Commissioner Towl's reply to the mayor follows:

"I fully concur in the spirit of your letter concerning team work of the administration. However, I fee that you have overstated the case, and that there has been a considerable number of conferences and much co-operation. For instance, every suggestion made by others with respect to the conduct of public improvements has been immediately complied with and steps taken to obtain desired results. This is true with respect to paving, street railway tracks, and the policy of getting readjustment work started, including legislation, so far as it went. I agree heartily with the suggestion of frequent informal conferences on vital subjects concerning all departments, and will attend same even after hours. Call on me for any support you may suggest and be assured of my instant co-operation."

Mr. Towl, however, would not admit, as did the mayor, that the administration as a whole had been a failure.

Morphine Advances From $40 to $150 Per Ounce, Official Says

The price for morphine has advanced from $45 to $150 for one ounce, according to John J. Gillin, agent in charge of the internal revenue department at the federal building.

As a result peddlers can bring as high as $5,000 worth from neighboring cities, concealed on their persons, Mr. Gillin says.

"The raise in price has made petty peddlers harder to catch," declared Mr. Gillin. "They can buy a small supply that can be concealed on their person now and still make a good profit. A day in Omaha is often long enough to sell all the "dope" they have and before we know they are here they are gone again.

Funeral Services Today.

Funeral services for Daniel Kenney, Omaha pioneer, who died Monday, will be held from St. Peters church at 9 o'clock this morning. Burial will be in St. Marys cemetery.

THE WOMAN IN BLACK

By EDMUND CLERIHEW BENTLEY

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CHAPTER IV
First Hand Information.

"Your manager here," said the tall man at last, "is a fellow of remarkable judgment. He is an admirer of mine. He knows more about my best cases than I do myself. The Record wired last night to say I was coming, and when I got out of the train at 7 o'clock this morning, there he was waiting for me with a motor car the size of a haystack. He is beside himself with joy at having me here. It is fame." He drank a cup of tea and continued: "Almost his first words were to ask me if I would like to see the body of the murdered man—if so, he thought he could manage it for me. He is as keen as a razor. The body lies in Dr. Stock's surgery, you know, down in the village, exactly as it was when found. It's to be postmortem'd this morning, by the way, so I was only just in time. Well, he ran me down here to the doctor's, giving me full particulars about the case all the way. I was pretty well au fait by the time we arrived. I suppose the manager of a place like this has some sort of a pull with the doctor. Anyhow, he made no difficulties, nor did the constable on duty, though he was careful to insist on my not giving him away in the paper."

"I saw the body before it was removed," remarked Mr. Cupples. "I should not have said there was anything remarkable about it, except that the shot in the eye had scarcely disfigured the face at all, and caused scarcely any effusion of blood, apparently. The wrists were scratched and bruised. I expect that, with your trained faculties, you were able to remark other details of a suggestive nature."

"Other details, certainly; but I don't know that they suggest anything. They are merely odd. Take the wrists, for instance. How is it you could see bruises and scratches on them? I dare say you saw something of Manderson down here before the murder?"

"Certainly," Mr. Cupples said.

"Well, did you ever see his wrists"

Mr. Cupples reflected. "No. Now you raise the point, I am reminded that when I interviewed Manderson here he was wearing stiff cuffs, coming well down over his hands."

"He always did," said Trent. "My friend the manager says so. I pointed out to him the fact you didn't observe, that there were no cuffs visible, and that they had indeed been dragged up inside the coat-sleeves, as yours would be if you hurred into a coat without pulling your cuffs down. That was why you saw his wrists."

"Well, I call that suggestive," observed Mr. Cupples mildly. "You might infer, perhaps, that when he got up he hurried over his dressing."

"Yes, but did he? The manager said just what you say. 'He was always a bit of a swell in his dress,' he told me, and he drew the inference that when Manderson got up in that mysterious way, before the house was stirring, and went out into the grounds, he was in a great hurry. 'Look at his shoes,' he said to me: 'Mr. Manderson was always specially neat about his footwear. But those shoe laces were tied in a hurry.' I agreed. 'And he left his false teeth in his room,' said the manager. 'Doesn't that prove he was flustered and hurried?' I allowed that it looked like it. But I said, 'Look here: if he was so very much pressed, why did he part his hair so carefully? That parting is a work of art. Why did he put on so much? for he had on a complete outfit of underclothing, studs in his shirt, sock suspenders, a watch and chain, money and keys and things in his pockets.' That's what I said to the manager. He couldn't find an explanation. Can you?"

Mr. Cupples considered. "Those facts might suggest that he was hurried only at the end of his dressing. Coat and shoes would come last."

"But not false teeth. You ask anybody who wears them. And besides, I'm told he hadn't washed at all on getting up, which in a neat man looks like his being in a violent hurry from the beginning. And here's another thing. One of his waistcoat pockets was lined with wash-leather for the reception of his gold watch. Anybody who has settled habits can see how odd that is. The fact is, there are signs of great agitation and haste, and there are signs of exactly the opposite. For the present I am not guessing. I must reconnoiter the ground first, if I can manage to get the right side of the people of the house." Trent applied himself again to his breakfast.

Mr. Cupples smiled at him benevolently. "That is precisely the point," he said, "on which I can be of some assistance to you." Trent glanced up in surprise. "I told you I half expected you. I will explain the situation. Mrs. Manderson, who is my niece—"

"What!" Trent laid down his knife and fork. "Cupples, you are jesting with me."

"I am perfectly serious, Trent, really," returned Mr. Cupples earnestly. "Her father, John Peter Domecq, was my wife's brother. I never mentioned my niece or her marriage to you before, I suppose. To tell the truth, it has always been a painful subject to me, and I have avoided discussing it with anybody. To return to what I was about to say: last night, when I was over at the house—by the way, you can see it from here. You passed it in the car." He indicated a red roof among poplars some three hundred yards away, the only building in sight that stood separate from the tiny village in the gap below them.

"Certainly I did," said Trent. "The manager told me all about it, among other things, as he drove me in from Bishopsbridge."

"Other people here have heard of you and your performances," Mr. Cupples went on. "As I was saying, when I was over there last night, Mr. Bunner, who is one of Manderson's two secretaries, expressed a hope that the Record would send you down to deal with the case, as the police seemed quite at a loss. He mentioned one or two of your past successes, and Mabel, my niece—was interested when I told her afterwards. She is bearing up wonderfully well, Trent; she has remarkable fortitude of character. She said she remembered reading your articles about the Abinger case. She has a great horror of the newspaper side of this sad business, and she had entreated me to do anything I could to keep journalists away from the place—I'm sure you can understand her feeling, Trent; it isn't really any reflection on the profession. But she said you appeared to have great powers as a detective, and she would not stand in the way of anything that might clear up the crime. Then I told her you were a personal friend of mine, and gave you a good character for tact and consideration of others' feelings; and it ended in her saying that if you should come, she would like you to be helped in every way."

Trent leaned across the table and shook Mr. Cupples by the hand in silence. Mr. Cupples, much delighted with the way things were turning out, resumed:

"I spoke to my nierce on the telephone only just now, and she is glad you are here. She asks me to say that you may make any inquiries you like, and she puts the house and grounds at your disposal. She had rather not see you herself; she is keeping to her own sitting-room. She has already been interviewed by a detective officer who is there, and feels unequal to any more. She adds that she does not believe she could say anything that would be of the smallest use. The two secretaries and Martin, the butler (who is a most intelligent man) could tell you all you want to know, she thinks."

(Continued Tomorrow.)

Aged Colored Man In Court for Stealing Fowl Gains Freedom

Henry Mack, colored, 3013 Evans street, is 84 years old and very fond of chicken. In fact, he admits he likes chicken better than anything else in the world, and when he hasn't money to buy the delicious fowl, he steals it; he admits that, too.

George Swanson, 3520 North Twenty-eighth street, saw a dark shadow going through his back yard toward the chicken coop. A minute later the shadow reappeared and, not believing in ghosts, Swanson followed. Very soon he found the old darky, a bag, and in the bag a chicken, which once upon a time was Swanson's property, as was brought out yesterday at the police court hearing of Mack.

Mack admits he is a good chicken thief in spite of the burden of the 84 summers he carried upon his brow. Yesterday he proved to be a good lawyer, too.

"Judge," he said, "I am an old man and fought for this Union during the civil war. I suggest that you let me pay for the chicken and then let me go."

The judge accepted the challenge and Swanson is now a dollar richer and a chicken poorer.

Forty Motorists Face Judge.

Forty motorists charged with disregarding the "bright lights" ordinance have appeared before Police Judge Foster in the past three days and have been dismissed with a warning.

SAILOR'S MOTHER HEARS CYCLOPS SAFE IN HUN PORT

Officials Think Message Purporting to Come From Seaman on Lost Collier Is a Hoax.

Columbia, S. C., June 24.—Another of the many clues to the lost collier Cyclops—all of which so far have been exploded—turned up here today, when the mother of Otis Ramsey, a seaman on the ship, received a telegram from New York saying he was "safe in this country again," and that the missing vessel was in a German port.

The navy records show that Otis Ramsey of Columbia was a seaman on the Cyclops and he is listed as "lost at sea" with the ship.

Officials think the message a hoax, but as they expect to solve the mystery some day they are carefully looking up every clue.

Meeting Called Off.

The difficulties of recruiting for the army were illustrated on the courthouse square at noon yesterday where a recruiting meeting was scheduled. The Chamber of Commerce fife and drum corps marched up from the army building with a platoon of soldiers following, and played for a while in front of the courthouse. But only a small crowd braved the heat and Major Frith and Rev. Titus Lowe called the meeting "off."

ST. LOOEY AND SUBURBS.

A SIX-CYLINDER car ain't six-cylindered if five are cracked. Last spring we figured we had both pennants tied up in the old sock with a soaking wet knot. Now it looks as if the sock belonged to Kris Kringle.

* * *

The toughest slice of the season is over. The long uphill struggle is over and the Oilers are now going downhill.

* * *

BEEVO'S WORST ENEMY.

The Cooties are out to win this season's pennant. And when the Cooties are out—they're out. They've been out for 40 years. The oldest guy in Oklahoma City remembers the last time, the Oilers copped the flag. Which is the reason why he's the oldest guy in Cincinnati.

* * *

Ty Cobb is batting like twins. If Detroit doesn't win the pennant this year they never will. Which is what makes everybody in Detroit weep like the winner of a baby show.

* * *

THE BIGGEST SIXTH CITY IN THE U. S.

Looks like nothing can keep us out of the series this fall. Nothing generally does. Ever since Nap Lajoie caught cold in his ear eating grapefruit in 1906, Cleveland has lost on trifles. We're off in a cloud of slipped whiskers and nothing can stop us but rain, strikes, fire, earthquakes and other things mentioned on the back of an Adam's Express blank.

* * *

The team that Kid Gleason has joined let no man put asunder. The Sox are spending that series money already like a champ checker player in an almshouse. If there ain't any more velvet in this world series than there was in 1919, it looks as if the winner will be the loser. The Cubs are going pretty good for the Cubs. They haven't lost near as many games as they've tried to lose.

* * *

THE PRESIDENT'S HOME (WHEN HE'S HOME).

After one squint at the Senators, you can't blame Woody for hiding in Europe. The Senators are in the running for the pennant, but they are running the wrong direction. Team is going good. We have a batter among the first five, a pitcher among the first six, a base runner among the first 10 and a team among the first eight.

Would chirp that this is the best AMONG town among the works.

* * *

The old ash pan has dropped out of the bottom of the heater. The Braves are making more motions than a bear fighting two hives of bumble bees. The Red Sox are 1918 champs, but you can't sell last year's snow balls. Both teams are playing the brand of base ball that the health authorities put up yellow signs for.

* * *

THE CITY OF BROTHERLY BOMB THROWERS.

Fans here go out to the Phils to forget the A.'s and out to the A.'s to forget the Phils When both teams are home the fans leave town on a traveling schedule of their own. Hard luck is following the A.'s, but everything else is heading 'em. The Phils are one layer above the A.'s and are going strong, like limburger. Ever since Baker sold Alexander the Phils have about as much chance to crash the pennant as a bow-legged flapper has of busting into the front row of a Broadway chorus.