

**FRAUDS CHARGED AT ELLIS ISLAND**

High Official Suspended Following Accusation That Immigrants Are Cheated

**HUGE GRAFT POSSIBLE**

New York, July 15.—The existence of a widespread system of graft in the United States Immigration Service at Ellis Island was disclosed yesterday, following an announcement that Frederick A. Wallis, Commissioner of Immigration at the Port of New York, had resigned his position on Tuesday, for five days without pay, pending decision on charges against him.

No definite figures could be obtained from how much money had been extorted from immigrants and deportees in the past, but Commissioner Wallis said he had found conditions so bad that he estimated \$500,000 a year as the possible graft. Thousands were said to have been taken from aliens ignorant of American customs, language and monetary values. Many immigrants whose admission to this country was against the interests of the United States have been allowed to enter, and some who should have been deported have been unduly favored, it was said.

Previous to the suspension of Schell a dozen inspectors, interpreters and watchmen were tried and discharged. Some have been arrested for preying on aliens. Schell was the most important official against whom charges have been brought, but an investigation is being made to learn whether he was not "instigated" by a high official in Washington under the former Administration. Schell has not filed a formal reply to the charges, but was expected to do so within the five days of his suspension.

It was charged that Schell had been guilty of "borrowing" money from persons temporarily admitted under bond; that he had agreed to supply lawyers

to detained immigrants in order to influence the Department of Labor to the conclusion that the immigrants were admissible, and that he carried liquor to Ellis Island, remained away from his post for considerable periods, and took part in gay parties in company with female employees of the immigration offices.

The majority of the charges against Schell cover a period of five or six years. One of them goes back as far as fifteen years, dealing with a deportation case.

It was learned that the immigration authorities have from eight to twelve affidavits containing charges against Schell, some of the affidavits being made by aliens and some by employees of the Immigration Service. One of the cases was said to involve the "borrowing" of \$1000 from an immigrant.

**THE DAILY NOVELETTE**

For a Day  
By RUBY DOUGLAS

Helen was tired out taking care of her mother, who had been ill for more than a year. The other girls in the family were fortunate enough to have office positions which paid them sufficiently well to make it unwise for them to give up work to help with the nursing of their mother.

"It isn't that I don't love mother—you know that—but sometimes it seems as if I could not stand it another minute. It seems as if, in her broken mental state, mother treats those of us who care for her most with least consideration," she confided to a friend, Mary Lindsay, one afternoon when she had been able to get down to the village tearoom for an hour's change.

Mary took her young friend's hand across the table. "Dear, no one knows better than I do what you are going through just now. My own dear mother was the same way for nearly four years, and it was almost impossible to live with her. But can't you get away for a week? You are thin and tired and worn out yourself. It isn't quite fair."

Helen shook her head. "Mother wouldn't let me come down here if one of the neighbors hadn't been in and insisted."

Mary looked serious for a moment.

"I will change places with you for a day."

"Oh, mother wouldn't hear of it," broke in Helen.

"Leave things to me. I shall be a wonderful daughter to her for a day and a night, and you shall go to town to my dear little studio and forget that there is such a thing as responsibility."

In spite of Helen's protests and misgivings the arrangements were made, and the following week she found herself sitting in one of Mary's big comfortable chairs in Mary's studio. There was a table at her side with books and magazines, a window at her other side, there were things to eat in the tiny teapot and an electric tea kettle in which to boil water for her tea.

"It is too good to be real," Helen said, stretching out in the chair and looking about her.

She could not read for her vivid interest in the things outside of the window. It was spring, and a girl opposite was planting seeds in a little window box. In another window a woman was brushing out a lot of clothes, apparently looking for moths. A man inside of an unwashed window sat smoking and reading; typewriters clicked out on the warm spring air from other directions.

As she sat thus, looking at a scene that to her was most interesting, she found herself being observed by a young man who sat under a drawing board in a window.

Helen blushed. Why, she knew not. She had been staring, perhaps rudely, and the young man must have observed her.

Almost unconsciously she looked again and this time she knew that she

had seen that face before. She tried to place him, but only the indistinct vision of the boy's face came between her and complete recognition.

Several times during that day of rest in the quiet, homy studio she found herself looking at the window where the young fellow sat drawing. At 5 o'clock when he dusted off his board and replaced his linen smock with a coat and waistcoat, Helen began to be lonely.

She went out for dinner and came in again to read and go to sleep in Mary's big couch bed. The last face she saw that night in her semi-consciousness was the face she had seen in the window.

The next morning she almost thought the man smiled a greeting to her, but she dared not acknowledge it since she had not yet been able to place him among those whom she knew.

Rested, with something else to think about and with an unformed hope coming to life within her again, Helen reached home that afternoon to find that her mother was no worse and had really enjoyed the gay companionship of Mary Lindsay.

"I'll never be able to thank you enough," Helen said after she had received a report of her mother's condition. "It was too wonderful to

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be a true place—it seemed like a fairy-land." She did not say anything about the man across the court.

"It's been a rest for a day anyway, dear, and I believe your eyes look brighter already. We'll try it again," was Mary's parting assurance.

When she went back to nursing her mother Helen seemed to find it less irksome. The change had done both her and the patient good.

It was weeks before she saw Mary again, and when she did she met her at the tearoom where they had met before.

"I want to talk to you alone," Mary had said over the telephone. "It isn't so important, but I just want to have a little fun with you, and it might annoy your mother, dear. Four o'clock."

Helen was waiting for Mary. "Of course you know I am crazy with curiosity," she began.

"And it is a real tonic to you—you look positively beaming."

They sat down and ordered tea while Mary gravely talked about all the conventional things she could think of.

"Mary, you are mean," Helen said at last.

Mary's eyes twinkled. "Did you ever know a boy at the art school out-

in Omaha—a boy who studied at the same time you did under a Mr. Wallace?"

A light of understanding shone forth in Helen's eyes. Then she blushed a rosy red and avoided looking at Mary.

"Did you?" persisted Mary, enjoying the girl's confusion and admiring her beauty.

"Of course I did—and he is the artist who sits opposite your studio window and—stares," admitted Helen.

"He doesn't stare at me," Mary laughed.

"Then—how do you know about it?"

"He found me out and told me all about it. He saw you for a day and recognized you as the little Helen Le-Cron whom he had admired at the art school. Your face went to his head; he hasn't been able to think of anything else since. He wrote me a note and I asked him to come to see me. Now—if that isn't romance with a capital R I don't know anything about it. I shall write him into my next novel."

Helen's blush had become a permanent warmth, and the sparkle in her eyes was lovely to behold. Secretly she had been longing to hear more of the man whose identity had evaded her so persistently.

"And—what now?" she asked.

"How do all 'best sellers' end, dear? You're to meet him at my studio with me for dinner while one of your sisters takes care of your mother, and—well, I think that is as far as I need to go, isn't it?"

"If it weren't right here in the tearoom I'd hug you, Mary—and you know I'm not the demonstrative sort, am I?"

"You are not, dear girl; you keep yourself all reserved and conserved and repressed until I am afraid you'll break down. Now in this romance—you'll find an outlet and your mother will have a chozier nurse."

"She has—already, Mary. Even the faint hope that sprang up in my heart for a day has helped me."

"May the result last forever—and a day," Mary said.

Next complete novelette—"Nobody's Darling."

**Auto Breaks Boy's Leg**  
George Elias, fourteen years old, 1404 Spruce street, suffered a broken leg when he was struck by an automobile at Broad street and Montgomery avenue last night. He is in St. Joseph's Hospital. The driver, George Grossman, Ridge avenue near Jefferson street, was arrested.

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