**Roseburg News-Review**

Issued Daily Except Sunday by the News-Review Co., Inc.

Member of The Associated Press

The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and to all local news published herein. All rights of republication of special dispatches herein are also reserved.

HARRIS ELLSWORTH ...... Editor

Entered as second class matter May 17, 1920, at the post office at Roseburg, Oregon, under Act of March 2, 1879.

Represented by

M-C-MOGENSEN & CO. Inc.

San Francisco—593 Market Street. Los Angeles—433 South Spring Street. Seattle—603 Stewart Street. Chicago—360 North Michigan Ave. Detroit—3044 West Grand Blvd. New York—122 East 42nd Street. Portland—Bedell Bldg.

MEMBER OREGON STATE EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION

Subscription Rates

Daily, per year, by mail ...... $4.00
Daily, single month, by mail .. .50
Daily, by carrier, per month .. .50

## The Trade-at-Home Campaign

THE Chamber of Commerce is soon to launch a "Trade-at-Home" campaign. It should not be necessary to point out to folks that the policy of buying at home from our own retail merchants is by long odds the best policy. Occasionally however it is a pretty good idea to make an organized presentation of the genuine advantages to be enjoyed by trading at home.

On the merchants themselves lies the greatest burden of bringing the "Trade-at-Home" movement forcibly to the attention and acceptance of the community.

A good, clean, well lighted store is necessary but not enough. In the good, clean, well lighted store must be good merchandise attractively displayed and priced right, and yet that is not enough. In the good store which contains excellent merchandise values there must be efficient and pleasing sales people—and still that is not enough. The store with its merchandise priced right and having the right kind of sales people must advertise its merchandise values.

There, we believe, is the formula for successful retailing. That formula must also form the basis of any "Trade-at-Home" campaign.

Our stores are good stores, they are selling all sorts of merchandise at prices that compare favorably with prices offered anywhere. Our merchants are cordial, friendly people and no better sales staffs are to be found than those in Roseburg stores.

To achieve greater success in keeping the retail trade dollar at home remains only the task of using more alert selling methods coupled with a more energetic advertising program. Stress on these factors will be laid by the chamber in its campaign and educational features in this connection are planned. It is a good thought and will be a successful campaign if given full cooperation.

## Oregon Editors' Opinions

### Sour Grapes and Censure
(Yakima, Wash., Republic)

THE Vancouver Columbian is justly critical of Congressman Johnson, who hails from the district in which it is published, because the veterans' home was located somewhere in Oregon instead of somewhere in the state of Washington. Political backers of Congressman Johnson, such as the Aberdeen World, try to produce an alibi for that statesman; as a matter of fact, there is no alibi worth while for Johnson nor for the rest of the delegation from this state.

The veterans' home went to Oregon because that state has in congress at least one man who counts in the conduct of affairs at the national capital. It did not come to the state of Washington for the reason that the delegation which we are maintaining back there has little influence or standing among the people who do things. Of course, our delegation played both ends against the middle, as it always does. It announced that it would be satisfied with any place in the state of Washington which might be chosen for the veterans' home. That is as far as it went, and as far as it was capable of going.

Any one member of the congressional delegation from this state who knew what he was about and who might have said in the tones of a man who amounts to something among his fellows that the veterans' home should be located at Yakima, Chehalis, Vancouver, or anywhere else in his state, would have had his way.

For years this state has been maintaining at Washington a congressional delegation which has done little for it and could do but little. The electorate knows that what we here set down is the truth. Why it continues to stand for the outfit is one of the mysteries. We trust that the Vancouver Columbian will go on with its exposure, and that it will not confine its efforts especially to exposing Johnson, who is about the most competent one of the lot, little as he may be worth to his own district in an emergency.

### The Right to Go Wrong
(Twin Falls News)

Bishop Warren L. Rogers, Episcopal bishop of Ohio, shocks some good people by saying: "If a man wants to go to hell, that is not my business." He goes ahead to explain:

"It is part of my duty to do what I can to prevent him, but I must respect his right to go."

Respect a man's right to go wrong? That is, to many, a new way of looking at the matter. Yet we used to insist during the war, when we were so strong on democracy, that forced government perfection was wrong, and democracies claimed "the right to make their own mistakes." We haven't been so insistent about that principle since the war, as applied either to nations or individuals.

"Americans are the finest moral meddlers in the world," observes the bishop. "We are always trying to tell others what they should or should not do."

It is friendly and right to advise and urge, but the decision and the effort of will must be the other fellow's. Nobody can make anyone good except himself, and that job is enough for most of us.

Forced righteousness, if that were not a contradiction in terms, wouldn't be any good. Put a hot house plant out in winter storms and see what happens to it. The word "virtue" originally meant "strength," and still does. There can be no righteousness without struggle. Let the other fellow have a chance. Help him, but do it mostly by example.

### Oregon's Loss
(Salem Statesman)

Now the Copco company is going to spend its four million dollars on the Klamath river in California. Having been battered around in the recent legislature, it sees no possibility of investing its money in Oregon. So California will get the plant on the tax rolls, the labor to be employed on the construction. Oregon of course keeps its political virtue. Without cost to the taxpayers seems not to cover "without loss to the taxpayers." Maentime the Columbia still flows unvexed to the sea.

## Editorials on News
(Continued from page 1)

ous decay of religion.

THE South, meaning by that the far South to which slaves were sold "down the river" in the days when this country still tolerated human slavery, has suffered in the past few years first from flood, next from drouth and now from a pest of buffalo gnats.

Without abating in any way our sympathy for the unfortunate South, we can realize how fortunate we are out here on the Pacific Coast, where we never have to call on the Red Cross to tide us over disasters resulting from floods, drouth or insect pests.

## Advice to Girls
By NANCY LEE

DEAR NANCY LEE:

I have been reading your advice.

I go to places but feel miserable. I feel like I am not acting right or everyone thinks I'm very silly. I feel like I've never been popular. I don't want to be real popular but I do want the friendship of the nice boys. When I get home from a party, dance or anywhere I want to cry, I am so unhappy.

I'll do anything to get out of this mood.

Hurry and answer because I'm very unhappy.

SELF-CONSCIOUS.

SELF-CONSCIOUS: Since you realize your drawbacks, why not shake them from you. You are in this world, it's a grand place really and there are plenty of prizes for those willing to go after them. Take an interest in things, be a good listener, if you don't feel that you have it in you to be a good conversationalist. Be sympathetic with the hobbies, interests and problems of others and you will soon forget your own troubles, besides gaining many friends. Study your type, individualize it and dress to bring out your good points and obscure any possible bad ones. Get wise to yourself, live, enjoy everything you do and your joy of living will communicate itself to others.

## Talks on Health
By DR. R. S. COPELAND

NOTHING is more startling than to be seated in a theatre and have your neighbor suddenly slump in his seat, "throwing a fit," as the slang would have it. That is exactly what happened in a theatre the other evening. You can imagine the excitement and furor caused by this incident. One of the theatregoers had an attack of epilepsy.

Epilepsy is a disturbance of the nervous system, in which there are more or less regular attacks of unconsciousness. These attacks may be associated with or without convulsions.

When there is loss of consciousness without the convulsions, the doctors give the condition the name, "petit mal." If the loss of general convulsions, it is known consciousness is accompanied by as "grand mal."

These names are not important to most of us. But since they are used occasionally in general conversation, I merely mention them.

Epilepsy still remains one of the great unsolved mysteries of medicine. The doctors understand its mechanism and readily recognize the disease. But it is extremely difficult to find the cause of many of the cases.

Of late, there has been a tendency to look upon this condition not as a disease, but as a symptom of disease. Much research work is being done to find what things bring on an attack and how best to control the attacks.

It has been noted in many cases that digestive disturbances of a severe nature appear to be factors in producing epileptic attacks. When these disturbances are controlled, there is likely to be a reduction in the number and severity of attacks, even though they do not disappear altogether.

Undoubtedly, fatigue and nervous excitement are factors of great importance. Severe physical exertion and possibly atmospheric changes and residence in high altitudes, have their part in producing this undesirable condition.

### Helping the Victim

Birth injuries, chronic alcoholism, and hereditary tendencies are factors that must be considered. Unfortunately little in the way of prevention has yet been discovered.

Never become excited if you are near one who is having an epileptic spasm. The condition is easily recognized by the sudden loss of consciousness, frothing at the mouth and the twitching of the body. These are the common symptoms.

Try to help the victim. If you will keep cool you can do so and perhaps prevent the damage the patient may do himself.

During the attack, a cork, a piece of wood, even a lead pencil should be placed between the teeth. This is done to prevent biting of the tongue which frequently happens. Loosen the clothing and place the patient on a couch or the floor.

The attack passes off quickly and no special treatment is necessary. Usually it is followed by a period of quiet sleep for an hour or so. If the convulsions persist, a physician should be called. He will give the proper medication.

## Maybe I'm Wrong
By J. P. MEDBURY

THE wages of sin may be all right, but most people prefer a regular salary.

**Pitiful Cases**—The skeleton who didn't know what to do with his old shoulder blades.

**Ace of Cads**—The fellow who broke off his engagement because his girl wanted him to marry her.

**Geographic Note**—New York is in the intemperate zone.

**Efficiency Experts** — The girl who was so good at necking that she got a job in a pet shop.

Then there was the innkeeper of Glasgow who set his hotel on fire and charged the guests ten dollars extra for heat.

**American Tragedies**—The absentminded professor who forgot to forget anything.

**Justifiable Homicide**—When you find your husband putting oil in the mouse traps to keep the mice from squeaking.

**Excuse It Please**—Marriages are made in Heaven. Maybe that's what's giving the place a bad name.

**Our Own Vaudeville**—Wifey: Will you love me when I'm gone? Hubby: Yes, if you travel far enough.

Copyright 1931 King Features Syndicate, Inc.

### Poison Wheat Kills Hair

ANAHEIM, Cal. — [illegible] wheat [illegible] in their breakfast [illegible]. Four members of the family of J. W. Kelsay will be bald for the rest of their lives.

Mr. and Mrs. Kelsay and their two sons, John, 20 and James, 15, faced paralysis after eating the wheat. But when [illegible] that all might lose their hair, which [illegible] they can never [illegible].

Mr. Kelsay obtained the wheat in a farm warehouse, unaware that it had been prepared as squirrel poison.

## BRINGING UP FATHER
By Geo. McManus

## History of Umpqua Post
NO 16
AMERICAN LEGION
Roseburg, Oregon—1919 to Oct. 1, 1930

CHAPTER 48

In order to give a vivid idea of the work being done by the service officer a verbatim copy of the written report of Service Officer Roy O. Young which was read at this meeting on January 7, 1930, follows:

To Officers and Members of Umpqua Post, No. 16, American Legion.

Dear Comrades:

At request of Comrade Commander Jim Soules I enclose report of activities of Service Officer for past three months.

| | |
|---|---|
| Calls on Service Officer | 126 |
| Letters written relative to claims, loans, etc. | 121 |
| No check kept on letters received. | |
| Emergency cases sent to Veterans' Hospital | 3 |
| Applications for hospitalization | 13 |
| Application for headstones for graves of veterans | 8 |
| Applications for Oregon Bonus Loan | 4 |
| Application for Victory Medals | 2 |
| Applications for Adjusted Compensation | 21 |
| Applications for loans on Adjusted Compensation Certificates | 18 |
| Certified copies of discharges | 6 |
| Change of Beneficiary Adj. Comp. Service Certificate | 1 |
| Affidavits prepared | 14 |
| Certified copies marriage, death and birth certificates | 6 |
| Claims for compensation filed | 2 |
| Reports for beneficiaries of death compensation | 3 |
| Compensation claims now in Bureau | 8 |
| Compensation claims allowed last 3 months | 2 |

We are receiving and administering funds from County Indigent Soldier Fund for relief of needy veterans and families.

The post officers have furnished relief to members in need of same. Temporary loans of small amounts have been made to several veterans.

At present we are looking after two children of deceased veterans.

Have had three press articles printed calling attention to expiration of time for filing for Adjusted Compensation. Mailed out several blanks to members requesting same by mail.

The Service Committee, Comrades John McClintock, Rudie Ritzman and Frank Hills have rendered a big service in visiting and investigating cases reported. Also acknowledge particularly the assistance of Comrades Ralston Bridges of Oakland, Dr. Fawcett and Clyde Henninger of Glendale and Dan Bollenbaugh of Canyonville. We wish to thank them and a lot of other members who have assisted in service work. The Service Committee saw that all comrades in hospitals were remembered with gifts at Christmas time. The post owes a debt of gratitude to the Auxiliary for their help in preparation of baskets at Thanksgiving and Christmas for their donations.

Just a few things, Comrades, in closing. Remember that any veteran of the World War is entitled to Free Hospitalization for any illness and injury, when necessary. Ailment does not have to be service connected or of service origin. Please report any emergency case by phone or wire and the veterans will be taken care of. Any veteran desiring hospitalization please call or write. Certified copy of discharge is necessary. If you have not recorded your discharge, do so now. There is no charge for recording and it may save you a lot of trouble if your discharge is lost or destroyed.

April 6, 1930, is the final date for filing claims for compensation for service connected disability. Veterans wishing to file claims should act now. We have all necessary blanks. Loans on adjusted compensation certificates may be had at 6% interest. It takes about 3 to 5 days to secure the money. If you have borrowed on certificate before, additional loan may be secured on new note at yearly intervals. We have notes and will mail them with instructions to comrades not able to call. Please remember there is no expense for any of these services. It is all made available to Veterans of Umpqua Post. Help us to make this a year of real service to our members. The service is here for you, comrades. Please avail yourselves of it.

Sincerely and fraternally,
ROY O. YOUNG, Service Officer

Just a little imagination will lead one to realize the magnitude of the work being done by the officers and committee members of this post. If other officers should make a complete report like Service Officer Young has done, the reader would marvel how we have ever found time to do so much work. But it is to such work as Comrade Young is doing that Umpqua Post owes its success. Unselfish service and loyalty to our buddies has made us all better citizens; and our efforts to carry out all of the big program of the American Legion have helped many of our comrades and their loved ones out of dire circumstances.

### For Your Iron, Eat Eggs

RENO, Nev. — If says Margaret Bremer, assistant Nevada extension nutrition specialist, each person has his "egg a day," he will have had [illegible] about 10 per cent of the [illegible] requirement, 8 per cent of the [illegible] system, and 5 per cent of the phosphorus.

### YOUTH GETS STIFF JOLT

SANFORD, Me. Judge Edward S. Titcomb fined Carmille Marseau, 19, $300 and costs and sentenced him to three months in Alfred jail for illegal transportation of liquor. When Marseau was unable to pay the fine an additional six months was imposed.

# UNCLE OF HOOVER PASSES ON AT 87

## Major Miles, Ex-Indian Agent, Took Care of Boy Now President.

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

PAWHUSKA, Okla., April 13—President Hoover's Uncle Laban, Maj. L. J. Miles, is dead.

Major Miles, 87, former Indian agent, who opened his home to the fatherless Herbert Hoover here forty-three years ago, succumbed yesterday.

Both the president and vice president, Charles Curtis, were "his boys." Mr. Hoover, following the death of his father in West Branch, Iowa, spent a year in the big stone residence from which the Osage Indians were ruled. Mr. Curtis, on the rolls of the Kaw tribe as a youth, was under the guardianship of Major Miles.

Major Miles, a Quaker whose title was one of courtesy, was the brother-in-law of the president's mother, Huldah Minthorn Hoover. His wife, Agnes Minthorn Miles, who preceded him in death four years ago, was her sister.

They sought to relieve the burden on the widow in persuading her to permit the 14-year-old future president to live with them. The journey was made by train to Coffeyville, Kas. From there the party traveled by mule-drawn buckboard and horseback.

Hoover was welcomed into the Quaker family. He enjoyed its sports. He rode and explored the countryside, where, as a freshman on vacation from Stanford university, he later discovered and named the Pawhuska limestone deposits.

The mutual regard of the boy and the Miles family continued, but Mrs. Miles ordered abatement of the easy familiarity of youth as public honors were won by Mr. Hoover.

When he became national food administrator in the World war his Aunt Agnes called a family conference at the ranch home near Pawhuska.

"Our nephew and cousin," she said, "now is one of the great men of the country and of the world. I do not believe it proper to do anything or say anything that would imply familiarity. So I ask thee all never to refer to him again as Bert. He is to be Mr. Hoover or Herbert Hoover."

# NICARAGUANS KILL MARINE OFFICER

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

MANAGUA, Nicaragua, April 13—The truce which has prevailed between United States marines and insurgents since the earthquake of a fortnight ago was ended Saturday night with ambush of a marine patrol and death of its officer.

Captain Harlan Pelfey, U. S. M. C., was killed as he stepped into a house at Logtown, railhead of the Gragemenajs Bluff Lumber company near Puerto Cabezas, and a corporal named Morales was wounded.

Word of the ambush was carried to Puerto Cabezas and Lieutenant Darrah took a small patrol toward Logtown, where reports later said that he had been surrounded and two of his patrol captured. Another patrol went to his assistance and two bombing planes took off from the Managua field. The U. S. S. Ashville was ordered down from Panama to Puerto Cabezas.

After the earthquake, two weeks ago tomorrow, General Augusino Sandino, head of the insurgent groups, ordered cessation of hostilities in view of the relief work which the marines were undertaking.

### Dog Saved Prize Horses

WESTPORT, Conn. — When a fire destroyed the Fairfield Riding academy, "Zip," stable dog, chased 21 horses and a cow to safety and led his master to a locked stall containing a prized horse.

TODAY AND TUESDAY

A wee bit daring, a trifle naughty, Ultra-smart — Oo! La! La! What a romance!

CONSTANCE BENNETT in

Sin Takes a Holiday

PLUS PATHE NEWS

ACT AND COMEDY

ADMISSION
Mat. 10c-25c
Eve. 10c-35c

Matinee Daily at 2 P. M.
Evenings 7 and 9

ROSE THEATRE

# THE SPY NET
## by ARED WHITE

CHAPTER 28

The door swung open. Elton was conscious of excitement, people entering. What followed was a blur. A sharp explosion rang in his ears. He saw Lomonosoff snap erect, half-turn on his toes, sag slowly at the knees, then collapse in a heap. Even in the terrific tension of the instant, he wondered why the Russian had been shot down. Or was this all pantomime? He turned to face Za, a look of horror on the fellow's face. A score of faces filled the door and the hallway immediately outside.

Za went to the prostrate figure and turned Lomonosoff on his back. He felt briefly of his heart and then rose to face Elton.

"What is the meaning, monsieur, of this act?" Za inquired coolly. "Monsieur Lomonosoff, he is dead."

Elton stooped over the fallen Russian. Even though the man's face was the face of death, he felt of the heart. It had stopped beating. The tragedy before his eyes was not pantomime. Lomonosoff had been shot dead.

"I was well enough able to defend myself," Elton said calmly. "I cannot understand why he was shot down."

Za's face twisted in an expression of bewilderment.

"But who, if not monsieur the American, fire the shot that kill?" he demanded. "As I open the door, to learn what mad quarrel disturb the chateau of his excellency, I see the spurt of fire, and Monsieur Lomonosoff fall dead at my feet."

"This pistol," said Elton, extending the weapon, "has not been fired. Lomonosoff attempted to shoot me, but it missed fire, and I wrested it out of his hand."

Za gave an expressive gesture, an order to one of those at the door to examine the pistol. Elton surrendered it to a tall man of Teutonic features. But there was a measure of reassurance in those who had now entered the room. Among them were several in the uniforms of neutral attaches. The tall man removed the magazine from the pistol and counted the shells.

"One cartridge missing, monsieur," he informed Za. He stooped to the floor and picked up an empty cartridge. "Ah, the missing shell!" he exclaimed.

"The evidence most conclusive," snapped Za. "It is the murder, a matter for the gendarmes of Geneva." He turned to Elton with a malignant sneer. "If monsieur have any explanation it is perhaps wise that he reserve it for the magistrates of Switzerland."

A commotion at the door announced the arrival of some one in authority. Even Za stepped back and stood rigid, the others in the room fading to the walls. Elton saw the cold, relentless face and bristling figure of von Kulm.

Von Kulm looked neither at Za nor at the body of the dead man. He stood impressively for several moments, a martinet who has entered the barracks unexpected during some wild prank.

"A serious matter," he said sharply. His eyes were fixed upon Elton. "An accident, perhaps?"

He turned to those in the room and delivered himself in the crisp voice of a man who speaks only in command. "My guests will make no mention of this event. I will investigate and act according to the facts."

He turned to one of the aides at his elbow.

"Monsieur Elton is to remain a prisoner of my chateau," he commanded. "See that he is properly secured, and in the morning you will bring him to me when I order."

### Von Kulm's Tribunal

Upon the departure of Count von Kulm from the room in which Vladimir Lomonosoff lay dead, Monsieur Za shook himself out of his servile pose and again asserted his authority. At Za's bark, two of the count's retainers, in the velvet coats and satin breeches of the chateau service, entered; two hulking men with the faces of Bavarians. At a terse guttural order from Za, one of these attendants placed himself at each side of Elton.

"You have heard the command of his excellency," said Za through tight lips. "It is wise that you conduct yourself agreeably, monsieur."

Elton marched complacently between his two custodians. Neither of them was openly armed, and Elton knew that he could readily slip their heavy wits. The broad open windows of the second floor of the chateau offered a ready exit, but he knew that escape, tempting as it might appear at the moment, was a dubious adventure. No doubt, he reasoned, the care with which von Kulm guarded himself against possible violence extended outside the chateau. And escape, even if he succeeded in getting completely out of von Kulm's domain, meant threading his way under cover to Annemasse across the Swiss frontier; the abandonment of his mission. Tragic as was his present predicament, he quickly decided that but one course lay ahead of him. He must play the game through to the end.

They mounted a half stairs, after crossing forward through the chateau, traversed a network of hallways in a wing of the place, climbed a full flight at the topmost floor, and ended their jaunt in front of a door of ordinary thickness, apparently of walnut, with thin panels. The room into which he was taken was simply but comfortably furnished. The window panes were small squares of eight inches, puttied in ordinary stained wood.

A flimsy prison Elton thought as the two men left him alone. There was no clicking of locks or rasping of bolts as the door closed upon him. When he tried the door, first gently, then with firmness, he found it securely locked. He also made a second discovery, verifying it with the point of his knife. The door was camouflaged steel, and the frames of the little windows also were of metal. A cell in everything except appearance. Count von Kulm was well equipped to entertain those guests whose departure was not to his liking.

In the face of danger, Elton had always found his mettle at its best, a crisis seeming only to steady his nerves, stimulate his faculties. Not even the spectacle of Lomonosoff dead at his feet had unstrung him. But now that the crisis was past and he was alone, the reactions struck him, a slight weakness at the knees, a feeling of faintness, a tremor in his hand.

He lighted a cigarette to test the steadiness of his hand. The flame shook fitfully and then steadied as he mastered himself. He had no doubt that German eyes watched his every move, intent on fathoming his every thought, and he was determined there should be nothing in his actions they could interpret as funk. He would hold himself inscrutable until von Kulm finally showed his hand.

After a time he got ready for bed. Since there was no switch in the room controlling the light cluster in the high ceiling, he guessed that the Germans did not intend to entrust him to darkness. If the lights were a safeguard against self-destruction or attempted escape, they served their purpose. But if they were meant to keep Elton under observation, he cheated the plan by the simple expedient of drawing the bed covers about his head.

It was one o'clock when he turned in. There was no knowing at what hour in the morning von Kulm would send for him. Having been up late, it was likely that the count would sleep well into the forenoon. Or again, if there was anything in the count's appearance of an ancient file of the old German army, he might roll out at daybreak, soldier fashion, and want to proceed immediately with Elton's inquisition. In either event, Elton decided to make good use of the intervening time. There was the whole adventure to be gone over in detail; searched, analyzed, one incident compared with another, in an effort to divine the German purpose.

But as he struggled on, hour after hour, with the black enigma of the Russian's assassination, the resultant charge against him of Lomonosoff's murder, he found himself completely baffled. Whatever theory he adopted was replete with conflicting elements and illogical factors. Why, since they had him securely entangled, should they wish to spring a second trap? Was there some new and desperate use they had for him, a use beyond the mailing of their messages in invisible inks through the official American mail? If so, why did they not resort to any one of a hundred traps that did not involve wanton murder?

Had they broken his masquerade? He searched every wisp of evidence of this possibility, went over his every action since reaching Switzerland. He had taken but one chance, that of withholding Farnham's letter, the one that called for the Saint-Mihiel battle plans. But there had not been time yet for them to know that the letter was missing from the mails at Paris. As for the message he gave to Sergeant Walters, that was in code, not cipher, and the German secret service would have only a little of meaningless figures even if they intercepted the message.

Most puzzling of all was the desperate means used to spring this trap. The fact that Lomonosoff was the spy double might account for his presence in the chateau. But if the Russian awaited his hour of vengeance upon von Kulm, why should he attempt to kill Elton? And why should some one in hiding shoot down the Russian?

Two vital circumstances removed any possible doubt that Lomonosoff's murder was intentional, that it was not the act of some unseen individual, the product of a private enmity. The first of these was the defective cartridge, which had failed to explode when the pistol was leveled at Elton's heart. The second was an incident of the pistol itself. The Russian had aimed a weapon fitted with a special front sight. The weapon that Za's henchman had examined and turned over for evidence had regulation sights. Elton had caught the deft substitution at the time, and discreetly held his tongue, since it warned him that any words were unavailing.

By morning he was as far from a solution of the mystery as when he began. He had worked out every conceivable theory only to conclude in the end that he was helpless to fathom the German intricacies until there was a further development. But of one thing he had no doubts, that the German secret service planned to make some sinister use of their advantage.

(To be continued tomorrow)