

TRAFFIC FORCE CHANGES MADE

Powell Clayton of Salem to Join Force Soon; "Dubs" Mulkey to Monmouth

A number of promotions, transfers and new employes, in connection with the operations of the state traffic department, were announced here Saturday by Hal E. Hoss, secretary of state.

Officers J. A. Robertson of La Grande and Walter Lansing of Baker have been promoted to the rank of sergeant. Lansing has been transferred to Salem, where he will have charge of a new bureau which will specialize in publicity, accident prevention work, and cooperation with Parent-Teachers associations, school officials and police departments.

Walter A. Foster has been transferred from Klamath Falls to Pendleton, Merle Anderson from Pendleton to Baker, J. A. Robertson from La Grande to Pendleton, E. C. Snow from Portland to Oregon City, W. W. Williams from Dallas to Multnomah and W. J. Mulkey from Salem to Monmouth. New members of the state traffic force are as follows:

J. H. Perry to Multnomah, C. D. Unger to Oregon City, R. A. Taylor to Salem, and C. E. Clayton on Force

After State Fair

New men employed, but not yet assigned include Burrell Bancroft, Medford, E. G. Bloom, Portland; Farley Morgan, Portland and Powell Clayton, Salem. Clayton is a member of the Salem police department, and will remain in his present employment until after the state fair.

R. N. Phillips, as senior officer, will assume charge of the Oswego-Milwaukie-Oregon City-Canby night patrol, with headquarters in Oregon City. Officer C. D. Unger will accompany Officer Phillips, and also will maintain headquarters at Oregon City.

W. W. Williams, as senior officer, will take charge of the McMinnville-Newberg-Tigard night patrol, with headquarters at Multnomah. Officer J. H. Perry will accompany Officer Williams.

R. C. Abst, as senior officer, will take charge of the Salem-Aurora night patrol, with headquarters in Salem. He will be accompanied by an officer to be selected later.

Hoss announced that he had not yet selected a chief of the state traffic department to succeed T. A. Rafferty, who has resigned effective October 1.

FOUR TERRORISTS FACE FIRING SQUAD

TRIESTE, Italy, Sept. 6 (AP)—After a week of stirring scenes today saw the execution of four more of the Jugoslavian terrorists during the trial of whom was brought out a confession of plotting with bombs against the life of Premier Benito Mussolini.

At dawn today four prisoners were led out to a parade ground, strapped in chairs and, amid a glittering array of fascists, were put to death by a firing squad of 56 soldiers.

In all of the cases where executions have been enforced under the state security statute the prisoners have been put to death on the morning following the passing of sentences. These were from a group of 18 tried for offenses ranging from the spreading of subversive literature to supplying military secrets to Jugoslavia, and 13 murders.

FILL BEING MADE

TURNER, Sept. 6—A big fill is being made at the south end of the new bridge on the Turner-Marion road, which is located over Mill creek by the O. P. Given place. The road is necessarily closed to travel for few days. The bridge over Mill creek, by the J. L. Webb place is torn out and the foundation cement work is progressing well by a good sized force of workmen.

THE OTHER BULLET

(Continued from Page 4)

"Come along out to the conference room," he suggested.

"Sure, and is it a drink you're offering me?" Ryder's thick brogue was mostly pose, but his wink was spontaneous.

"As a matter of fact," Peter said, "it wasn't Sears that sent for you. I did it myself. I wanted to ask you something."

"Oh, well," Ryder accepted the loss of the expected job without disappointment. "It's an expensive way of conducting a conversation, but it's all right with me. It gave me an excuse to light out of Jimville, and that's what was aiming to do after another week was out."

"What I wanted to ask you is this: Where did you get that emerald ring?" The only possible defense against Ryder's loquacity was to drive straight to the point.

"I never heard of any emerald ring! The emerald is the closest I ever came to the wearin' of the green. I haven't even been drunk enough to see green snakes—not yet, though the time may come if they don't improve the quality of the stuff you get. Speaking of which, what about that drink you were talking of?"

"I wasn't talking about any drink," Peter felt as if he were trying to swim through an entanglement of seaweed. "I'm talking about a ring. An emerald ring. De Lamoth says you gave it to him."

"I never gave de Lamoth anything but I.O.U.'s—and he's still got them. I suppose I'll have to pay up, now that he's seen me in town."

"For God's sake," Peter said desperately, "will you stick to the subject?"

"You did give it to me," Lammie, who had stood silent, his back against the door, broke in. "Don't you remember? We were on a four day bender together. You got fired from the Times for it."

"Did I now? I get fired from so many papers I can't keep track of them. I must have been just about ready to quit the Times. I can generally take them out of firing me, unless I want to be fired, which is usually."

"It was the ring with initials on it—'de la M.' You gave it to me because they matched mine. You must remember."

Peter glanced sharply at de Lamoth. Was it possible that he was coaching Ryder on the story he wanted him to tell? His remarks had certainly been leading enough. But then, the only way stage Irishman. We all know you were born in Boston."

"Murder will out!" Ryder exclaimed tragically. "It's the scandal of my past life you've discovered on me."

"You did give the ring to Lammie, then?" Peter persisted.

"That's what I've been telling you. It slipped my mind until you brought it back to me. It was a to induce Ryder to stick to any topic instead of wandering off issues was by firm leading."

Ryder clapped his hand to his forehead.

"Sure, I do recall something of the sort, now that you mention it. But I never thought of it as being green at all. If I'd noticed the emeralds I'd probably have kept it for the sake of Sinn Fein."

"Quit your clowning, Ben," Peter said severely, "and for the Lord's sake stop acting like a great night we were having, and the details of it are hazy in my head."

er worried about anything. Yet, if Lammie were telling the truth, Ryder had got rid of the ring and promptly disappeared. When he got wind of the search that was being made for him, he had come back to face the music. That was only common sense. He must know that he would be found sooner or later, once the hunt was on, and it would be silly to appear to be hiding.

On the other hand, if Ryder were asked to lie for Lammie, he would cheerfully do it, without even asking questions. Peter had once interviewed a professor of psychology who was engaged in a study of white rats running around in mazes. He forgot what the rats were supposed to prove but he felt a sympathetic kinship with them now. If the professor wanted to know the sensations of the rats, he might do worse than interview Peter Piper.

"If you want to get in touch

with Fitzgerald," Lammie suggested, "I know where he is. We ran a story on him the first of the week."

"Yes," Peter said dazedly. "I suppose that's the next step."

"He was in an auto smashup," "is he dead?"

If Fitzgerald were dead, there was no way of checking Ryder's story. It was dead-lock. Was that perhaps the very reason why Ryder had used Fitzgerald's name? Or had de Lamoth, who out, he said after a long pause which neither of the other men had offered to break. "I guess I can get Sears to give you a job. It's cheaper than running all over the state for you."

"Sure, I'd just as soon work on the Herald as anywhere—for a while," Ryder asserted.

He seemed completely indifferent to the reason for Peter's inquiries. Was that because he already knew—or was he simply incurious about a story on which he was not himself working? Certainly there was no great anxiety in his manner. But then, he had had plenty of time for preparation and concealment. Only, if he were really not caught unawares, wouldn't he for that reason have pretended surprise?

But happy-go-lucky Ryder! It was impossible to imagine him engaged in a complicated plot. And he wouldn't worry about other people's mysteries—he never, this mad chase must eventually lead to the person who had taken it from the Chinese box.

It was bizarre enough—but the alternatives were equally grotesque. Either a reputable lawyer and two reporters were united in a conspiracy of murder—and their connection with Morrison, leading to the crime, still remained unathomable. Or else one of them knew more than he appeared to know. Was it Ryder? Had he simply passed on the ring to Lammie, making him the scapegoat? Or had Lammie invented the story and persuaded Ryder to back him up?

What about those initials? The triple initial was fairly uncommon. Was there a closer relation than appeared on the surface between Morrison and de Lamoth? Had the shortening of the name from de la Mothe—although a common enough simplification in America—been made with a definite motive of concealment? Every avenue of speculation was a blind street, blocked either by Peter's ignorance or by its own inherent absurdity. But Peter had set out to lessen that ignorance—and experience had taught him that absurdities often turn out to be facts.

"I wish you'd stick around Ryder, till I get this straightened out. That's the very way I got it."

Ryder had at last sensed the seriousness of the situation. He dropped his brogue and with it his conversational side-flights. "It belonged to a lawyer—Lee Fitzgerald. You probably know him."

Peter nodded, speechless.

"It was just a friendly game in the back room at Nick's place and Fitzgerald was losing everything but his shirt. He ran out of cash, and put up his watch chain and tie pin, and finally this ring. We kidded him about it, began to talk about strip poker, and all that."

"When was all this?"

"Not so very long ago. Let me see, I hadn't had it but a day or two. That's how it happened to be still in my pocket when Lammie and I had our bust."

It simply wasn't possible. Nothing was possible. Whichever way he turned, Peter faced the incredible. If Ryder and Lammie were telling the truth, the ring had been tossed from hand to hand as if it were of no value. Yet for its sake a man had committed murder, and it was the one tangible bit of evidence linking him with the crime. Perhaps the thief had been frightened into getting rid of it. But why, in that case, had he

taken it in the first place? Even where did you get it in the first place?" Peter forestalled further reminiscences of the "great night."

"Where did I get it now? I had it knocking around in my pocket, not being one for the wearing of jewelry—it doesn't suit my style of beauty, to go around all decked out like a Christmas tree."

Peter sighed. Ryder was a likable fellow, but he had admitted possession of the ring, after first denying it. Was his irrelevant chatter a device to gain time? Peter fought his own suspicion, but the circumstances themselves were suspicious.

"I have it now!" Ryder exclaimed. "I won it in a poker game."

"You—what?" The answer was so completely unexpected that Peter's brain reeled. He began to have the curious illusion that the thing wasn't happening at all. He was taking part in some monstrous fantasy, where nonsense ruled in place of logic.

had handled the story of the accident, been in touch with Ryder all along and suggested Fitzgerald to him?"

"I don't know. I didn't follow it any further. But he was taken to St. Luke's hospital. I'll find out if you like."

"Thanks," Peter said briefly. "I'll look it up myself."

He was half way through the door when Ryder called to him. "Don't forget to ask Sears about that job!"

Peter hated himself for wondering if the reminder was sheer bravado.

"I hope to God Fitzgerald isn't dead," he answered irrelevantly. If Fitzgerald were dead, he would have to go on hating himself and wondering. His longing to clear Lammie and Ryder of his own suspicion rose to an almost intolerable intensity.

"Wish me good luck," he said seriously. His gray eyes dwelt in a lingering gaze on the faces of the two men—the pale, sensitive face of Lammie, the merry, irresponsible face of Ryder. It might be the last time that he could look at them like that—as fellows of the craft that was more than a craft, that was somehow a brotherhood as well.

"Sure, may the saluts preserve you!" Ryder shouted after him as the door swung slowly shut.

(To be continued)

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In the first year of its gasoline tax Illinois collected \$25,000,000.

Safety Parley Will be Held Here Tuesday

A safety conference participated in by representatives of the state traffic division, the Oregon State Motor association, Parent-Teacher associations and similar organizations and from the state educational department will be held here Tuesday, Secretary of State Hoss announced Saturday.

The conference is in connection with Hoss' plan to establish a department of safety in the state traffic division. Sergeant Walter Walter Lansing has been transferred from Baker to Salem to head this department.

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