

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, SHELDON F. SACKETT, Publishers
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Member of the Associated Press

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Ford-Parsons-Stecher, Inc., New York, 271 Madison Ave.;
Chicago, 359 N. Michigan Ave.

Entered at the Postoffice at Salem, Oregon, as Second-Class Matter. Published every morning except Monday. Business office, 215 S. Commercial Street.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

Mail Subscription Rates in Advance Within Oregon: Daily and Sunday, 1 Mo. \$1.25; 3 Mo. \$3.25; 6 Mo. \$5.75; 1 year \$10.00. Elsewhere 50 cents per Mo., or \$6.00 for 1 year in advance.
By City Carrier: 45 cents a month; \$4.50 a year in advance. Per Copy 2 cents. On trains and News Stands 1 cent.

The Perfect Boss

A NEW-YORK girl, chosen as "Father Knickerbocker's" secretary, the typical business girl, says there isn't any such thing as a perfect boss. Edith Larson, for that is her name, is tall, stately, and 24, also blonde, and she gives these as the rules for the "perfect boss" as seen in the eyes of his secretary:

- "1.—He never talks gold or 'the kiddies' to his secretary.
- "2.—He may cuss a little for we all get used to that, but just a little.
- "3.—His wife never comes in the office.
- "4.—He never tries to 'date up' his secretary.
- "5.—He never breaks up dictation to engage in long telephone conversations.
- "6.—He is considerate.
- "7.—He knows what he wants.
- "8.—He gives his secretary a chance to display her initiative.
- "9.—When he leaves the office he tells his secretary where he is going and when he will return and then lives up to his word.
- "10.—He never loses his temper over his secretary's mistakes."

The only "perfect bosses" we know are newspaper editors; and they are perfect because they employ no stenographers or secretaries. Young Randolph Churchill, son of Winston Churchill, noted English political leader, recently hired out as reporter to Hearst papers in London and when he reported for work said he would need a secretary and a typist. He was promptly told a reporter never had a secretary and always did his own underwooding. Editors do the same. They "roll their own", grind out their own copy even if they do it all with the index fingers. And they write no letters. When they do the letters look like a sheet of copy for a linotype with numerous pencilled corrections, perhaps a pencilled signature. Often the paper used is just a sheet of copy paper snatched up and run through the typewriter.

But maybe the reason editors have no secretaries is because no girls will work for them.

Pooling of Surcharges

THE decision of the interstate commerce commission in the railroad rate case marks a radical departure from previous practice. The application for a fifteen per cent increase is denied, but surcharges on specific commodities are authorized. The radical move however is the pooling of the surcharges for the benefit of all the railroads. Proceeds of this pool will be used first to make up deficiencies of roads in meeting the interest on their bonds and the remainder given back to the roads in proportion to their contributions to the pool.

It is thus apparent that the decision favors bondholders though at the expense of stockholders of the stronger roads. Take two roads like the Southern Pacific and the Milwaukee. The former has for many years earned and paid 6% dividends to its stockholders who are investors just as much as bondholders in the Milwaukee which has paid no dividends for years and part of the time not all its bond interest. The net effect of the rate increases authorized is to take part of the increase from the stronger roads like the Southern Pacific and use it in meeting bond interest for the Milwaukee and other weak roads.

Will this precedent mean the eventual pooling of earnings of the roads? Will it mean virtual financial consolidation even if operating individually is preserved?

The decision is set down as temporary with a definite date, Mar. 1, 1933 for the end of the surcharges. The commission evidently hopes for a revival in traffic which will enable the roads to survive or else gives a year's time in which the roads may effect cost reductions that will let them continue to operate. It may be expected that the roads will now start a drive for lower wage scales. Denied an increase in rates to restore them to financial soundness they will turn to cutting costs. The public may expect also a drive for lower railroad taxes which in 1930 were 263% more than in 1911.

The railroad problem is not solved by the temporizing decision of the commission even though the decision accords better with fundamental economics than with statutory law. The country may expect continued argument and contention over the status and control and finances of its railroad lines.

Hartley Gets a Bump

WASHINGTON has had a governor who has put on a vaudeville performance for the past seven years. The comedy is neither so crude nor so tragic as is the standard in numerous southern states, but it affords a round of entertainment to outsiders and irritation and annoyance to inhabitants of the northwestern commonwealth. Gov. Hartley's latest antic is to horseplay unemployment work by naming a committee composed of newspaper editors of the state, most of whom are his political foes. The governor claimed there was nothing to be done and proceeded to block success by his selection of a committee. The newspaper editors, most of them, turned him down cold and left him swinging his jaws with no words coming out, which is quite unusual for Hartley.

The revolt against Hartleyism is so widespread that his chance of success seems to lie in a division of the opposition. One of the leading candidates is John Gellatly, now lieutenant governor, who was born in Benton county, Oregon and is related to the Gellatly's living there now. The second line of defense is in the democrats. Opinion among Washington democrats is that S. J. Chadwick, also a former Oregonian, has good prospect of winning the nomination if he runs. If Hartley wins the primaries then a man as democratic nominee like Chadwick who has always stood in well with the republicans of the state who helped elect him to the supreme bench, will get enough republican votes to defeat Hartley, who has given Washington the most bizarre administration in its history.

Ethebert, the Portland porpoise, is the poor man's friend. He gave ten thousand people Sunday something to see with no admission fee charged. Max Gahbler might see Ethebert for Casco canal. Why not trade Tusko, the elephant, for Ethebert who does his own foraging?

Some fellow comes up and offers to die for Kingsley, who awaits execution for murder. The fellow is a fool; but if he insists they might make it a twosome.

"Business clouds lined with silver" says a headline. Free silver!

Fireproofing Children

By C. C. DAUER, M. D.
Marion County Department of Health

When we mention the word "fireproof," we immediately think of a building that has been built almost entirely of brick, cement, stone and steel.

Human beings are also "fireproofed" so that certain fevers will not occur. In childhood this can be done to protect them from the "fires" or fevers of smallpox, diphtheria, and typhoid fever. Children can be protected from the "fires" of other fevers or infections but the protection may not be permanent. For instance, protection may be had against tetanus or lockjaw, measles, scarlet fever, hydrophobia, whooping cough, and others.

We might liken the treatment which is given for some diseases to the chemical fire-extinguishing fluids or water. For diphtheria we give antitoxin to extinguish the toxin produced by the diphtheria germ; we give a serum for the same purpose in treating the epidemic form of cerebrospinal meningitis.

Vaccination Gives Results
How do we know if our methods are good? We know that fires are less frequent in fireproof buildings. Statistics tell us so. Statistics also tell us that our fireproofing methods of preventing diphtheria and smallpox are good. On the island of Guam, smallpox vaccination has been compulsory, and in 11 years not a case of smallpox has occurred.

Compulsory vaccination in the state of Utah during the same period, Utah had 375 cases per 10,000 population. In Oregon where vaccination is not compulsory but is practiced more frequently there were, in 1929, 132 cases per 10,000 population. Statistics show the same thing for diphtheria, a decrease where immunizations are more commonly given.

A building that is burned means a financial loss to some one. A child that has diphtheria or smallpox means a financial loss to the parent. It is just as sensible to insure your child against these diseases by vaccination as it is to insure a building.

What health problems save you? If the above article raises any question in your mind that question out and send it either to The Statesman or the Marion County Department of Health. The article will appear in this column. Names should be signed, but will not be used in the paper.

Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem
Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

October 23, 1908
If pending projects are carried through, Salem will soon become the terminus of four electric railways. The Oregon Electric line is now under construction and proposed lines are the Salem and Milwaukie Electric railway, and branch lines east and west connecting the city with Silvertown and Dallas.

Without the services of a professional coach and with a badly diminished list of candidates, the Willamette university football team's prospects for the game on October 24 with the Whitman college eleven are not very bright.

The new pure food and drug law regulations, concerning labels, materials, adulterations and colorings, yesterday were announced by the secretary of agriculture.

October 22, 1921
The city of Salem yesterday purchased 10 lots, nine of which are in Oaks addition, at sheriff's sale. The city bid on the property for the amount of taxes due.

Charges that state officials are attempting to dispose of the state's flax machinery and to discontinue the growing of flax under state supervision are being investigated by the Marion County Realtor's association.

CHICAGO—The Labor board yesterday announced it had assumed jurisdiction in the rail crisis and ordered workers not to walk out.

SAN ANTONIO—Trainmen on the International and Great Northern yesterday were preparing to carry out plans for a walk-out today despite the Labor board's announcement.

Daily Thought

"I do not despise genius—indeed, I wish I had a basketful of it instead of a brain, but yet, after great deal of experience and observation, I have become convinced that industry is a better horse to ride than genius. It may never carry any one man as far as genius has carried individuals, but industry—patient, steady, intelligent industry—will carry thousands into comfort and into celebrity, and this it does with absolute certainty; whereas genius often refuses to be tamed and managed, and often goes with wretched mortals. If you are to wish for either, wish for industry."—Junian Ralph.

TWIN GIRLS BORN
HUBBARD, Oct. 20. — Twin girls were born to Mr. and Mrs. Rolla Hostetter at the Anna hospital in Hubbard Saturday.

HERE'S HOW

By EDSON

ARE AIRPLANES SAFE?



100 Tons of Food Are Consumed Each Month on Every Sq. U. S. Man-of-War

Tomorrow: "Catching 'hit-and-run' Drivers"

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

State house ball of '73:

There was a hot time in the old town one night in the fall of the year 1873, the memories of which linger in the minds of some of the old timers. These recollections are still fresh in the gray matter of Al. Crossman, then one of the gayest of the youthful and dashing blades of the capital city, now and for long years a resident of Portland, and still feeling young in spite of what to some of his fellows would seem the weight of his years.

The initial appropriation of \$100,000 for the construction of the capitol of Oregon—which is now commonly called the state house—was made by the legislative session that was convened in September, 1873.

In the estimation of the then leading residents of the old town, this consummation called for a celebration on a grand scale. Al. Crossman was the head of the committee of arrangements, with two assistants. Al was always in the thick of the spirit of enterprise in all of old Salem's activities. This was an expensive undertaking, as the plans decided upon called for a banquet, illuminations and a grand ball.

Tickets were placed at \$5 each. Every member of the legislature and the supreme court was presented with a complimentary ticket.

The banquet was held on the first floor of Reed's opera house—now the Miller store building—on the dance on the second floor. The opera house was a blaze of lights—coming from ordinary candles placed in the windows; four candles to every pane of glass. All the stores and many residences were illuminated in the same manner. This method may seem crude now, but it was a beautiful sight at that time, and would be even now.

Prominent people from all parts of the state were in attendance. The women folk were attired in the latest fashions and the men in full dress. It was a gorgeous affair. Col. C. A. Reed, who owned the opera house and was quite an artist, painted a picture of what the state house would look like when completed. It was of heroic size such as Col. Reed specialized in and created much favorable comment.

General Joe Lane, first governor of Oregon and former political idol of the territory and the state, came down from Roseburg to attend the ceremonies. He wore buckskin gloves and kissed the pretty girls, setting the fashion for Mayor Baker of Portland—and they were all pretty, of course—our mothers and grandmothers in the bloom of youth. None in all history were ever prettier—for did not that gay lothario, Joaquin Miller, testify that among the prettiest girls he ever met were the fairest of the fair among all the daughters of Eve on this earth?

Salem had the reputation in those days, even as now, of being musical, and the orchestra was highly complimented. The banquet was very elaborate, with champagne and wine flowing freely. Over 600 were in attendance, and the cost overran the estimate \$13, which Al. Crossman had to pay out of his own pocket. In addition to the time and work he put into the enterprise. The other members of the committee were broke.

The bill providing for the construction of the capitol was the fifth one introduced in the 1873 session of the legislature, and passed in September. The second one was for the payment of mileage to the members, the third for the incorporation of Roseburg, and the fourth to allow the holding of land by aliens.

Section 1 of the bill (and the law) directed the creation of a board of three commissioners to have charge of the erection of a state capitol building; to hold office for two years, and to be chosen by the legislature in joint session.

Section 2 provided that the gov-

By EDSON

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As the tiny tongue of flame sprang up in the darkness it was to reveal something that brought a swift startled look to his eyes. "Bill!" broke from Jim Wynter in sudden excitement. "Look! look!"

It was a wig that the match-light had surprisingly revealed, and a wig that could not have been lying there long, for despite the damp sea-mist it was still dry as Jim Wynter snatched it up. "Looks pretty significant, don't you think, Bill?" Jim said suddenly.

Significant enough to have brought a swift startled comprehension to the eyes of each, as he and Bill stare at this curious find.

That Severn should have bolted as if in panic from his friends and then so mysteriously reappear, was a thing that was not to be wondered at. No longer any need to wonder why. What Jim had just stumbled on, in the misty grounds had put the solution into their hands.

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It might have been exactly copied from Frank Severn's hair, this black wig with that one grayish-white lock in front. Not difficult to put two and two together now.

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Bill Gray nodded.

"Impostor, all right," he agreed with a shrug. "This wig looks pretty convincing on that point. Gave a rattling good impersonation, too, grey lock and all, whoever he was, and made a mastery get-away. But who the deuce was it? I'll swear Sam and Martell were not in the know."

"No, they were as much taken in as you and I," Jim said, "the bad scare it gave 'em shows that. A bit mysterious, Bill. Anyway it can only have been someone who suspected the truth about Frank Severn."

When earlier that night Helen Blair had tried to whisper that interrupted warning, Jim asked himself if she could have been the writer of the letter which revealed of the secret treachery going on in this house of intrigue. But now in a sudden flash of intuition he knew. Not Helen Blair that unassuming writer—but tonight's mysterious impersonator of Frank Severn.

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"Perhaps to give these men a panic-moment and see how they reacted to it," suggested Jim. "And incidentally he raised our hopes, only to let us down. It did look as though poor old Frank was safe out of those damned treacherous hands at last!"

There was keen disappointment in his face. He was still with the haunting fear that these men who had his friend in their power might, if once they began to apprehend serious danger to themselves, decide that Frank Severn dead might be a less menace to them than Frank Severn alive. Jim had a vivid memory of that dead man in the car outside Monk-silver.

On their way back to the house they paused to examine the window that had refused to open. It

ONLY ONE PERSON IS KILLED IN EVERY 3,500,000 MILES OF AIR TRAVEL. THIS INDICATES AVERAGE MAN COULD SAFELY FLY ALL HIS LIFETIME

ernor should have power to fill vacancies in the commission. Section 3 provided a \$5,000 bond for each member, and an oath of office.

Section 4 gave general powers to arrange for plans and specifications, let contracts, buy materials, hire labor, etc., etc. Section 5 provided for monthly meetings the making of rules, auditing of accounts, etc.

Section 6 gave the board authority to make requisitions for materials manufactured at the penitentiary, and for inmate labor, or wherever such services could be safely used. (The brick was made at the penitentiary, and some prison labor used, accounting partly for the comparatively low cost of the building, which was \$224,000 "for less", though the estimate was \$500,000.)

Section 9 appropriated \$100,000, and section 10 authorized the state treasurer to transfer \$50,000 from the "soldiers' building" fund to the "state house" building fund. Section 11 was an emergency clause. The bill was approved October 10, 1873, by L. F. Grover, governor.

Limestone and sandstone trimmings came from Douglas county. Ground was broken in May '73 at the cornerstone laid October '73, and the building was accepted as partially completed August 26, '76. The dome and west steps were added in the eighties, and the east steps and many other improvements from time to time later. The dome was erected by was made by Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Willson, townsite proprietors, to the territory, and the title of course ran to the state when Oregon was admitted to the union.

The reader may be interested in knowing that the 1873 legislature passed a bill appropriating \$2,936.81 to George Abernathy, who was the provisional governor of Oregon from June 3, 1845, until the territorial government was proclaimed March 3, 1849. He was the only provisional governor, the duties of an executive having been theretofore lodged in an executive committee of three members.

It was provided that the legislature should fix the governor's salary; but Abernathy drew no salary from the provisional government. Some years thereafter a commission to settle claims against the provisional government awarded him \$1,187.29 for salary not drawn, with 6 per cent interest thereon, which he accepted then amounted to \$1,252.67. By the time of the 1872 appropriation \$569.85 more interest had accrued. The three items made up the \$2,936.81. In these days that would seem a rather long vacation. But the state in 1873 was such more able to pay \$2,936.81 than over the provisional government was to pay \$1,187.29, or even a tenth of that sum.

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lic lands, unemployment, national forests, copper and oil tariff, highway construction, drought and farm relief, and the silver question.

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A number of entertainment features have been provided, including a dinner sponsored by the Portland chamber of commerce. There also will be an automobile tour over the Columbia river highway.

GOVERNORS DUE TO MEET IN PORTLAND

At least six western states will be represented at the governor's conference to be held in Portland October 27 to 29, inclusive, according to telegrams and letters received at the executive department here.

Governors who have signified their intention of attending the conference are George H. Dern, Utah; James J. Rolph, Jr., California; Fred E. Boies, Nevada; C. Ben Ross, Idaho; A. M. Clark, Wyoming and Arthur Seligman of New Mexico. Other western states were expected to send representatives.

Governor Hartley of Washington has not yet replied whether he will be able to attend.

Among the important matters slated for consideration are pub-

"The Czarina's Rubies" By SIDNEY WARWICK

CHAPTER I

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Wallins Sought In Estate Case

An attorney of Minden, Nebraska, is seeking to learn of Oscar and Newton Wallins, brothers, or their heirs for whom an inheritance is waiting. The brothers formerly lived in Minden, but left there many years ago.

Anyone knowing of their whereabouts kindly advise The Statesman.

Hawley Visits Valley Cities

Congressman W. C. Hawley departed Tuesday evening to visit several cities in his district, among them being Eugene, Cottage Grove and Astoria, and to return to Salem Friday evening.

had been wedged outside. The man masquerading as Severn had left little to chance in his plans to get away unchallenged.

They found the front door standing open. Inside the hall Ilsham was talking to an excited Sant, who turned quickly at the sound of their return.

"Back already? But where's Frank?"

There was a subtle change in Sant. It was not only that his usual floral color was back after that momentary faintness due to the excitement and a weak heart. There was no longer any trace of the apalled guilty fear that his eyes had betrayed at the sight of a supposed Frank Severn at the window.

"Not a sign of him," said Bill ironically. "Not a chance of finding him in this mist—especially as he seemed so anxious to put all the distance he could between himself and his friends at Beggar's Court."

"But—but we must find him! It was so amazing to see him, such a relief after our terrible anxiety, that in the sudden excitement my poor old heart let me down, or I should have been out searching, too," Sant cried. "Only it seems incomprehensible that Severn should have bolted like that."

"He did bolt—and we shan't find Frank Severn tonight," said Jim dryly. He found it difficult just now to speak even civilly to Sant. "You may be sure we should not have come back so soon unless convinced of that."

"If only I'd known who it was who dashed past me!" said Ilsham regretfully. "But of course I've never seen Severn before. This chap had a dark moustache and black hair streaked with grey, I fancy, though I only saw him for a second."

"Oh, it was Severn of course," Sant said. "Well, it's something to know the poor fellow's alive. If only those enemies of his don't recapture him before he's safe with his friends!"

It struck Jim as significant that subtle change in Sant's manner. The old self-assurance was back. He was no longer a man afraid. A relieved man who has seen a danger suddenly threaten and pass. In some way, as Jim was convinced, Sant too had now discovered that the man at the window had not been Frank Severn.

They went into the drawing room where Ilsham was introduced to Helen. She was still looking white and troubled.

"Then you haven't found him?" she broke out.

"No, I'm afraid, Miss Blair," Jim said. "We searched for a little while, but we had to give up as hopeless."

"What ought we to do? We're so helpless in this mist. Ring up the police at Trayno's? went on Sant, very conscious of the part he had to play of zealous friend.

Bill shrugged his shoulders.

"Please yourself of course, though I doubt if it would be any good—tonight, at any rate. Severn has friends in the village. He may be sheltering with one of them."

"If only he hadn't bolted so amazingly from his friends, poor old Frank! Please heaven, tomorrow will bring us news!" cried Sant emotionally.

Jim was thinking of Martin's cry. He's escaped! A self-betraying cry because the man's words had been colored by evident panic, consternation. He had an idea that Martin's nerve was breaking, the man had been very near hysteria that night. It was that thought that led Jim to a sudden decision.

"I remember we left the hood of the car down, Bill," he said, making a pretext for leaving the room—"and these sea mists are as bad as a drizzle. Think I'd best see to it."

Jim passed quickly out into the hall. He was going to make a bold move, but he felt that events had justified the risk. He opened the front door and paused. The swinging door that shut off the servants' quarters from the hall seemed to move ever so slightly, as though a pair of in-

quitive eyes was behind the narrow crevice.

"Martin," Jim said softly, "I want you for a moment."

After the faintest pause the balcony door was pushed open and Martin appeared.

"Just come out with me to my car for a moment, Martin!"

The man eyed him nervously. Certainly Martin was beginning to crack under the strain. It hadn't done his nerve any good being caught out in that attempt of two nights ago on Jim's life. He followed Jim out to the car.

"Martin," Jim said, when they had passed out into the drive, speaking very quietly, very meaningfully, "don't you think you had better throw in your hand?"

The man gave a little frightened start.

"I—I don't understand you, sir," he faltered after a moment's pause. But it was clear that the words their evident implication, had come as a sudden shock.

"Oh, I think you do really," said Jim gently—"You underestimate your own intelligence. You know, Martin, a twenty-year stretch for a man at your time of life, with the almost certain prospect of dying in prison, hardly a pleasant thought, is it? That's what's coming to you like an express train!"

Jim paused, looking hard at the white-faced man.

"Twenty years," he repeated, "unless you throw in your hand whilst there's time. If you decide to help the police, you've a chance of saving your skin; they won't worry over much about small fry like you if they can land the big fish. Only the sands are fast running out now."

Martin shook his head. "I—I don't know what you're talking about, sir," he repeated.

But there was wavering irresolution in his voice. The man's frayed nerves were betraying him. Jim gave a careless, smiling shrug.

"Oh, well, if you want to make sure of that twenty stretch, my man. Do you realize you're known for days that you, Sant, Martell and Frome are deep in this plot against Mr. Severn?"

No answer from Martin, his face as pallid as the drifting sea mist about them.

"When you thought you saw Mr. Severn tonight you were in a sweat of panic because he had apparently 'escaped,'" went on Jim dryly. "The fact that he is still a prisoner doesn't mean you are safe. Martin, please make a clean breast of all you know before you find yourself caught up in the relentless machine of the law. That's your last chance, my man, your only chance."

The low whispered voice sounded almost casual. But if Martin's face told anything, the unnerved man was left in no doubt that behind them lay a grim inflexible threat.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

New Views

Yesterday Statesman reporters asked this question: "How do you like the rain?"

Cornell Ward, county clerk's office: "Oh, it's all right for a change."

Florence Canthorn, nurse: "I kind of like it."

Marvin Green, student: "Suits me. Why not?"

William Smith, farmer: "Swell. Just swell."

Lillian Pruner, school girl: "It is alright if it does not rain any harder."

Jim Preble, newspaper man: "Fine. I always feel better when it rains."

Fred Wolf, senior high school principal: "All right. We have to have it sometime. It might as well be now."

Anona Welch, clerk, Marion county health department: "Not too well."

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