

The Oregon Statesman

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

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.
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Portland Representative
Gordon B. Bell, Security Building, Portland, Ore.
Eastern Advertising Representatives
Bryant, Griffith & Brunson, Inc., Chicago, New York, Detroit, Boston, Atlanta

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. \$4.00; 3 Mo. \$11.25; 6 Mo. \$21.00; 1 Year \$40.00. Elsewhere, 1 Mo. \$4.50; 3 Mo. \$12.00; 6 Mo. \$22.50; 1 Year \$42.00. Per Copy 5 cents. News stands 5 cents.
By City Carrier 45 cents a month; \$5.00 a year in advance.

King George's Jubilee

AMERICANS who scoff at kings were nonetheless thrilled over the celebration of the silver jubilee of the kingship of George V of England, brought to them by radio Monday morning. The truth of the familiar saying, "The sun never sets on the British empire" was brought home vividly as dominion after dominion tendered its tribute to the common sovereign, giving proof of loyalty to the person of the king and to the unity of the British Commonwealth of nations.

King George succeeded his father, King Edward VII, on the latter's death, May 6, 1910. In a way both these kings have ruled under the shadow of their mother and grandmother Queen Victoria. Her long reign of 63 years (1837-1901) foreshortened the reigns of her successors. George is an old man: 70 next June 3. He was in his 45th year when he acceded to the throne, and was a grown man of 35 when Queen Victoria died.

It was the diamond jubilee of Queen Victoria on June 22, 1897, celebrating her sixty years of rule, which marked the high point of royal celebration and popular acclaim. In the six decades the expansion and consolidation of British dominion progressed until in the year of the jubilee British power was unchallenged in the world. France was undergoing internal reconstruction after the bitter humiliation of the Franco-Prussian war. Germany had been consolidated into empire by Bismarck, but that exponent of blood and iron had been dropped by the young and ambitious Wilhelm; and Germany was not yet a full-length rival to Britain. Italy was just emerging into solidarity after the wars of liberation. Russia was vast but lethargic; Austro-Hungary had not yet begun the gnawing on the fragments of Turkey-in-Europe which was to precipitate world war. The United States was still provincial; not to emerge for a year as the young giant of the west, after humbling the proudest nation in Europe.

1897 was a favorable year within the empire. Following Disraeli's brilliant stroke in the purchase of the Suez canal came English entry into Egypt and by the close of the century Lord Cromer's great work in the rehabilitation and development of Egypt had largely been completed. Kitchener had redeemed British prestige in the Sudan, blurred a few years earlier by the defeat of General "Chinese" Gordon. Lord Salisbury had completed without strife the partition of equatorial Africa. India had not yet felt the stir of western ideas of nationality and independence. Parnell's death had tempered the zeal of the Irish patriots. Canada, which Disraeli in 1862 had referred to as "wretched colonies" due to be independent in a few years, had flourished under new dominion status, which Australia was to attain two years later. In South Africa there was an interval of comparative calm after the troubles of the Jameson raid and before the outbreak of the final Boer war in 1899. The flowering of British culture has been pronounced during the queen's reign; and none had yet arisen to cast derision on the "Victorian age". Thus, for sovereign and for empire the diamond jubilee marked the pinnacle of power.

King Edward's reign was brief, an interlude between the glory that was Victoria's and the agony that was George's. This silver jubilee of King George is in a way an epitome to the Victorian drama which had its climax at her diamond jubilee. Crowned king in 1911, George soon saw his government plunged into difficulties. The Irish question at one time threatened civil war. The world war shook Great Britain as it did the world, to its foundations. The post-war crisis brought domestic troubles; prolonged depression, a general strike, the dole. Unrest in India has threatened the British position in the Orient, while the new nationalisms of China and Japan have restricted British influence in the Far East.

It must be said that the king and empire have not only survived but have seemingly conquered their difficulties. The king is held in high personal esteem by his subjects; his sons have been effective agents in unifying the widely separated dominions. England is overcoming industrial depression; and now moves back into its traditionally powerful position in European affairs, relying on balance of power rather than alliances. No little credit is due King George for the successful administration of British affairs. Theoretically the monarch has little power; and no British sovereign has vetoed an act of parliament since Queen Anne. Actually the sovereign exercises great influence;—it was the insistence of King George which forced a settlement of the Irish question. England, like all modern nations, faces grave problems which arise out of the industrial civilization, and out of the clashes of nationalism.

So close is the fraternity in blood and in political institutions and cultural traditions between the United States and Great Britain, Americans do rejoice in the success of the British, and congratulate the king on retaining the love and respect of his people through 25 years of history as troublesome as ever threatened king or country.

Capitol Cost

SENATOR ZIMMERMAN, who protests that \$250,000 is ample for a new statehouse, and that the present walls should be utilized in rebuilding, is the same person who does not hesitate to spend \$12,000,000 offhand to build power transmission lines, which would parallel existing facilities now paying tax revenues to the state. The inconsistency is apparent; for if boards and commissions and functions of government keep increasing as they have under "progressive" legislation of the last third of a century all the twelve millions will be needed for capitol structures to house them.

The builders of the capitol back in the '70's were criticised for erecting so spacious a structure. Some said it would not be filled for a century. Yet within about half a century two additional large buildings were required.

The size and type of building now to be constructed will depend very much on what it is intended to house. If it is to be merely a building for legislative assemblies, then a smaller executive offices, and perhaps accommodate the state library now sadly cramped, then it would have to be of more generous dimensions.

Nearly all the editorial comment has been adverse to the Zimmerman suggestion. The Albany Democrat-Herald calls it "false economy".

"If Zimmerman's suggestion is intended to cover only a unit in a projected building which would later be completed by further appropriations as the state is able to afford them, it may be well taken but on its face the Zimmerman proposal appears more like a political gesture than a recipe for economy."

Oregon's new building should be one the state will take pride in. The old one possessed dignity and gathered charm

The Great Game of Politics

By FRANK R. KENT

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(Continued From Page 1)

True, they got commendatory pats from Administration spokesmen, but the kicks were more numerous. It was pointed out that they lacked the courage of their convictions, that they had abandoned their principles, put themselves in an inconsistent position, been "taken into camp." The net result was that, while waiting for Mr. Roosevelt to turn right, they crept into their minds the uneasy suspicion that they had been played for suckers.

CONFIRMATION of this idea came when the Roosevelt legislative program for this session was revealed—with its \$5,000,000,000 work-relief appropriation, its assault on public utilities, its effort to further dominate the Federal Reserve System and its sweeping social security plans. It then became plain to the most obtuse banker and business man—and some are very obtuse, indeed—that if this was turning right, somebody had been monkeying with the compass, or else Mr. Roosevelt had lost his sense of direction. At any rate, when the chamber of commerce met the other day, it did not repeat the banking performance of last year. On the contrary, it "went sincere," spoke its mind and adopted resolutions opposing various parts of the Presidential program. In other words, it presented the business point of view, which one would suppose was the purpose of its meeting. It made no attack upon Mr. Roosevelt. It did not impugn his motives. It merely ventured in a respectful way to differ with him as to the wisdom of pending legislation.

THE VIOLENCE of the administration retort undoubtedly surprised them. They found themselves under an amazing indictment by the President. At his White House press conference Mr. Roosevelt, according to veracious chroniclers, not only belittled the association, declaring that it misrepresented business sentiment, but intimated that its members were wicked men, devoid of normal instincts of compassion and kindness. None, he said, took the "human side." "A few," he added, "may have agreed that they did not want to see old people starve or see other people thrown out of work, but that is as far as their humanitarianism went."

IT SEEMS an extraordinary attitude for a President to take toward those who do not agree with him. This effort to convey the idea that those who differ want people to starve, however, is typical of the earlier New Deal effort to indict those who opposed the NRA as in favor of sweat shops and child labor, or to classify those who failed to swallow the Tugwellian ideas of the More Abundant Life as Wall Street tools, concerned only with "property rights" against "human rights." This smug assumption that all the virtue and wisdom lie on their side, that the opposition is composed exclusively of tools and knaves, is not an endearing attitude. People are getting fed up with it. As for the unfortunate business men of the chamber of commerce, they get hammered whatever they do. If they praise the President's policies they are called hypocritical boobies; if they oppose them the White House holds them up as monsters of misrepresentation, devoid of human feeling.

Editorial Comment

From Other Papers

SAME PRINCIPLE
The difference between the Roosevelt New Deal and the Huey Long share-the-wealth scheme is one of details, not of principle. Roosevelt, the silk stockinged aristocrat, surrounded by educated tools but still a creature of political adventurers, is bent upon destroying the business structure that has been built up in America in the last century and a half in a cultural and legalistic way. Long prefers the scoundrel's way. The end will be the same no matter which gets control. Frank Kent says that if the republican party had any sense or conscience it might do something to avert the disaster that lies ahead. It has neither, of course, because it is not a party but a mere mob which rallies around irresponsible direct primary demagogues whose only claim to consideration is that they will do a more thorough job of plundering the country than the outfit the country has on its back at the present time.—Yakima Republic.

Juniors and Seniors To Make Coast Jaunt

SCIO, May 7.—Saturday the juniors will be hosts to the seniors for the annual beach trip to Newport. The classes will be accompanied by Miss Bernice Newhouse and Cecil Elder, class adviser. As usual the students will leave in the week small hours. Helen Slack, junior class president, has named the following committees: Transportation, Donald MacDonald, Charles Wheeler and Eldon Todd; food, Norene Sims, Frances Schwindt and Angeline Wesley.

with the passing years. If the builders and planners of today are as far-sighted as the architects and statesmen of 1873 then the new capitol will long be a building of service and a source of pride to the people of the state. And such a building will cost several times the amount of the Zimmerman estimate.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Who is oldest all white native of Salem or Marion county, Oregon?

When Abner Lewis died at his home in Salem on December 3 last, the writer called that event the passing of perhaps the oldest native male inhabitant of Marion county. He was born December 10, 1846, and would in another week have reached the age of 88.

The writer believes Mrs. Ma Linda Wade, 853 North Liberty street, widow of W. L. Wade, deceased, is perhaps the oldest living all white native woman of Marion county. She was born Feb. 14, 1846. She will be 90 on next Saint Valentine's day. Asked by the writer on Friday last if she was not the oldest living white native daughter of Marion county—asked over the phone—the answer was that she felt that way. Her health had not been good for a few days. But she is not too old to make or take a joke.

Vellada Wealthy Smith Ohmart, born January 22, 1855, is one of the oldest all white native daughters of Salem who has lived in this city or virtually in this city, all her life. She has not lived more than a few rods from the city limits. Her present home is a few rods south of the south line of the municipal boundary, near South Commercial street.

Samuel F. Parker of Woodburn may be the oldest all white native male citizen of Marion county. He was born May 8, 1852.

The above inquiry comes about through a claim of one of her friends that Mrs. Ruth Sayre, 1365 Chemeketa street, is perhaps the oldest all white native woman resident of Salem. She was born November 16, 1852.

But though she was not born in Salem, and has not resided in the capital city all her days, Mrs. Sayre first saw the light of day near the capital city, and has maintained her home here or near the corporate limits during her whole life.

She was born Ruth Martin, daughter of John Martin and Fannie Durbin Martin. Her mother was a daughter of John Durbin, and sister of Sol, Ike, Dan and Chas. Durbin, all of them coming in the covered wagon immigration of 1845, excepting Charles, who was the first of the Durbin family to come on to Oregon later. Mrs. Sayre was born on her father's farm, which was in the Middlegrove district, a few miles out of Salem near the Silverton road.

The John Durbin donation land claim was in Mission bottom, some eight miles north of Salem, and John Martin, father of Mrs. Sayre, had acquired land there. She recalls the great flood of 1861-2, when a favorite horse of her father's swam about a mile from their barn to a safe place on higher ground; also the fact that her father was in Salem with his wagon and team, after the mail, on which errand he came once a week, and finding need for that kind of service, helped in hauling Salem people on low ground, west and southwest of where the courthouse stands, to places of safety with their goods up toward where the state buildings are now.

High and Ferry street, and High and State, were low ground in the early days, and the water in that flood time ran so high that boats were brought to near the court house.

John Martin came with the Durbins in the 1845 covered wagon on immigration. He had married Fannie Durbin in Ohio, and their first child, Melissa, was three months old when they started on their trek across the plains. Mrs. Sayre had two brothers and five sisters. They are all gone.

One finds in the 1871 Salem Directory, under the head of Bakeries, R. W. Sayre.

Twenty Years Ago

May 8, 1915

The entire front page was devoted to the sinking of the Lusitania, British liner torpedoed by German submarines off the Irish coast with 1400 lives estimated lost. The disaster occurred while the passengers were at lunch.

On the editorial page: The all-night movie shows seem to be here to stay. In the last eight years there has been more demand for coffins than for cradles in France.

James C. Nelson is the new principal of Salem high school and A. L. Schnalle the assistant principal.

Ten Years Ago

May 8, 1925

Protest has been filed against the appropriation of water rights on the North Santiam river and its tributaries by Robert J. Simpson of Salem. The protest has been filed against Simpson by the special water committee of the city council.

F. W. Pettyjohn is opening a new salaroom and garage on North Commercial.

New York... The blockade is tightened along the eastern sea coast against rum runners.

In the population department, one finds this line: "R. W. Sayre, proprietor New York restaurant, State street, between Commercial and Liberty."

An older sister of Mrs. Sayre was keeping company with a young man who worked in the establishment of Mr. Sayre. They invited young Richard W. Sayre to drive out with them to the Middlegrove school to attend a school entertainment. He accepted the invitation.

Ruth Elizabeth Martin had an important part in the program, and that was the first meeting of young Sayre and Ruth, which led to their marriage. They were married January 4, 1869.

Richard W. Sayre was born in Virginia. When quite a young boy he was employed on a steamboat running between Pittsburgh and Cincinnati. He enlisted in Ohio in the Second West Virginia cavalry, and as soon as the war was over made his way to California. In 1867 he came to the southern Oregon mines on a pony, and finding things dull there at the time, came on to Salem, where he engaged in the restaurant business. He also operated a bakery and manufactured candy.

Mr. Sayre made the first crackers and the first candy on a commercial scale in Salem. His place was near where the First National bank building stands now.

(Continued tomorrow.)

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

POLICE ON JOB

To the Editor:
Articles appearing in your open forum from time to time, dealing with matters of more or less consequence, are often times quite interesting as well as profitable to read. With your permission I should like to just focus our attention for the moment, upon one feature of our own city government, i. e. Salem's splendid police system. It seems to me that in these times when everything depends so much on system, that we are too much inclined to take things for granted without a pause now and then, in our mad scramble for an existence, to consider or appreciate, or until perchance something a bit unusual occurs, which drives home the facts. The following is no doubt but one of many similar instances (that seldom come to light) which provoke thought and cause us to be more thankful and appreciative of good service.

Recently a dress-rehearsal for a certain play to be given at high school auditorium held those participating until a late hour. After the close and lights were out, the usual "check up" on the bldg. was done by a big man in charge, making use of his flashlight for convenience which made attracted the attention of the guardian of our peace and property.

Presently a man in blue uniform was on the ground seeking to ascertain the "why" of it. No sooner had they gone away, satisfied, than a patrol car with two blue jackets arrived: while there discussion with the watchman, some of the more vital questions pertaining to the law of "cause and effect" lo and behold! fourth brother in uniform appeared on the scene.

Suffice it to say that while a few good laughs and jokes were had, and a "when shall we meet again?" These boys in blue immediately took up their vigil of protecting our rights and property and our children. This little incident though somewhat amusing, but goes to show how little we as the people know of the constant alertness and efficiency on the part of these men, given for the protection of our lives and property in the prevention of crime before it can happen, and for the gentlemanly demeanor. Hats off to the Salem police.

L. P. BENNETT.

ON HEARING A PROGRAM BY THE BLIND

To the Editor:
We of little faith! We who have eyes! How little we realize. Yet there are those who do not see but are happy. There are those who read through their fingers, who play through a sense of rhythm, who do things with dispatch, with precision, with obedience that put to shame those who are in full possession of all their faculties. Truly the prevalent idea that the loss of one faculty gives added keenness to the remaining ones must be a fact. Finger tips alive with understanding, ears keen to detect the slightest movement, the sense of smell doubly alert, even the sole's of one's feet full of intelligence—desirable characteristics, yet there are not many about eyes which see, not many give me eyes to behold my loved ones, to see the delicate subtle blendings on nature's canvas, to watch the cunning squirrel as he jumps from bough to bough—his little jaws rarely quiet; but most of all I will not grope about in darkness. Even when the lights are momentarily blown out I feel utterly helpless—always as though I were in a strange land, with vague, shadowy figures hovering near ready



"The Cold Finger Curse" By Edwin Dial Torgerson

CHAPTER XXX
Mr. Hovarty did not more than grab his hat. He had had an uncomfortable feeling of being covered with a telescope sight from some office window in the neighborhood. These men were taking no chances—they were giving him no opportunity to use the telephone in order to arrange a possible frame-up. Hovarty hurried to the subway telephone booth as he had been directed. A continuous double stream of incoming and outgoing passengers trod the stairs. A blind man in a corner opposite the telephone booth whined a monotonous appeal over his tray of chewing gum, pencils and shavings. Hovarty, hurried but not alarmed, New Yorkers dropped coins into his tray and rushed on past as though ashamed to wait and see the effect.

Hovarty glanced at his watch, furnished with the pages of the telephone directory hanging in the booth. The bell of the pay station rang and Hovarty checked it quickly by grabbing the receiver.

"Right."

"Okay. You're keeping to schedule. Listen. You needn't try to trace this call. I'm calling from another subway booth, a thousand people mulling around. See?"

"Aw, sure. You know I shoot straight with you guys."

"Okay. Listen. The harvesters look for a bum ice season on the St. Lawrence this winter. Get me? They say capital. Is your company interested?"

"Well, say—you know how it is. Like getting blood out of a billiard ball. But as long as they get sure-fire results, they've got money for investment. What's your proposition?"

"Twenty per cent—and no litigation. Get me?"

"Aw, say. Listen! What are you fellows trying to do? You know darned well the company won't stand for a clip like that. I've tried to get a Canadian capitalist to go fifty-fifty with 'em, but he won't. He's cold, see? It's all on the company. Be reasonable, and maybe I can get 'em interested. Have a heart. Ten per cent."

"Twenty, or no go. That's final. Get me? Twenty per cent of the appraised valuation, and that's eight fifty cents. Do you play with us or don't you?"

Hovarty frowned perplexedly. He had officiated on the receiving end of other "kick-backs" and ten per cent had come to be regarded almost as a standard reward. The company would squeal like a corporate racketeer at the thought of insolent stockholders—murderers, too, this time—doubling the ante.

"I might make 'em boost it to fifteen," said Hovarty tentatively.

"But I swear I don't think they'll go a bit higher."

"Okay. The voice was mocking. "Which is worse—a hundred per cent loss for them, or twenty?"

"Oh, I know. But they think there's always a chance of some bird from Centre Street staging the grand recovery." Police headquarters was on Centre Street.

"Not a chance, not a chance!" sneered the voice. "They're so far off the track it's funny. And I'm wasting time. There's an offer to buy 'em out at better than forty." "How long will you give me?" entreated Hovarty nervously.

"One hour." Was the prompt answer. "That's more than you ought to have—your near you company office. I'll call you back at this number at ten-thirty. It's nine twenty-eight now. Be there if it's twenty per cent. Have the money on you. And listen, Hovarty."

"Yes?"

"Try anything funny and you sleep on a cooling board tonight. Get me?"

"Aw, can that stuff. I've got half a brain."

"Right. Use it!"

Hovarty departed from the subway entrance in unwonted haste.

At twenty-five minutes past ten he was back, ostensibly searching the dog-eared telephone directory for a number. The blind man eyed him narrowly, slantwise, at covert intervals.

At ten-thirty precisely the telephone rang.

"Hovarty?"

"Right."

"Good. It's twenty, is it?"

"It's twenty, but I had a terrible time pulling it."

"Save that for a speech some time. How have you got it? Grands?"

"G-notes, fives and centuries. How have you got it? All there? No high pitch, is it?"

"You know us, Hovarty. We don't do business that way. You bet it's all there—all but one small parcel—you know about that?"

"Yes, I know. The one they found—five thousand dollars, it's worth. The company has already figured it out—it cuts the total down to eight hundred and forty-five grand."

"What? Cheap skates! They would do that?"

"And say—where do I cut in? Say what?"

"We'll take care of you. We always have, haven't we?"

"Yes, but you see it's a terrible chance I'm taking."

"Right you are—if anybody should clamp down on us, you go along the river—compounding a felony, see? I mean if you don't go for a ride first."

"All right. There won't be any trouble as far as I'm concerned—you know that."

"If there is, notify your relatives first. Listen, Hovarty. Go outside and grab yourself a taxi. Go to the nearest florist—there's one at Broadway and Chambers—and buy yourself a white carnation. Put it in your right lapel, not your left! Keep the cab waiting and best it for the East Side subway. Take an express at Brooklyn Bridge for Grand Central. Walk over to the shuttle train and a man will be waiting for you there. But wear the white carnation or he won't know you."

Hovarty laughed nervously. "You boys are certainly worried a lot about nothing."

The operator cut in: "Time's up. Don't call me, please."

The caller hung up his receiver. Hovarty deposited a nickel. "Official business—telephone company," he snapped. "And rush it."

Hovarty's official business took but a minute. "My name is Hovarty—police headquarters," he barked. "I've just received a call at this pay station. He gave the number. "Trace that call. Get me?"

Hovarty rushed from the booth. "By a pencil, mister," the blind man whined.

There was a taxicab at the curb outside with its flag up.

"Broadway and Chambers," said Hovarty. "Step on it."

He kept the taxi waiting while he bought his carnation.

Five minutes later he was rearing north in the subway from Brooklyn Bridge to Grand Central.

There was not much of a crowd at this hour in the long passageway from the subway station to the shuttle train. Hovarty looked back to see whether he had been followed. He had been he could not detect the shadow.

He loitered near the shuttle train tracks for fully ten minutes before anyone approached him. The other parties of this negotiation evidently wanted to be sure of their ground, too.

Presently a lynch-eyed, pale-faced young man came up to him casually and asked for a match. Hovarty obliged him.

"Little chiller this morning," said the match borrower in a harsh, metallic voice. "See any ice?"

Hovarty grimaced. "Plenty," he replied.

"What's your name?"

"Hovarty."

"Come with me."

His guide led Hovarty to the upper world through a subway exit that ended unexpectedly in the crowded lobby of an office building. Then he darted to the street, and Hovarty was hard put to follow him. At the curb outside was a private car of popular make, undistinguishable from thousands of others. The motor was idling. The young man pushed Hovarty in ahead of him and the driver, without waiting for orders, cut suddenly into the line of traffic.

"Where do you bank?" demanded the man who had met Hovarty. The detective told him, and he snapped instructions at the driver. "You go to your bank," said the harsh-voiced individual, "and change that money you've got. Ask for one hundred and seventy grand-notes." "Some of it's already in thousands," exclaimed Hovarty, nettled. "What's the big idea?"

"My orders." Hovarty's lynch-eyed companion had his right hand in his coat pocket, and the pocket had an angular and ominous look. If the teller makes any crack about it, tell him it's company business."

"Funny red tape," muttered Hovarty.

The car hurtled through traffic to Hovarty's downtown bank. The driver was skillful. He did not attract the baleful eye of a traffic policeman at any point in his reckless progress, but he jockeyed past speeding taxicabs, bumped fenders of cars that would not give him a right turn whenever a red light caught him, and generally conducted his course in a manner that made pursuit virtually impossible.

At the bank Hovarty followed instructions. The teller recognized him and murmured amenities, but was too busy to comment on the demand for thousand-dollar bills; he fancied Hovarty's company had a good enough reason for desiring them. The lynch-eyed young man, who had followed unobtrusively, was in line four or five paces back of Hovarty, but evidently he changed his mind about wanting to get to the window, once Hovarty had been treated.

Back in the car which had brought them, they sped uptown. Hovarty's companion was wasting no breath; he said nothing.

The car stopped before a new and pretentious skyscraper in the East Forties. It was a towering structure, sixty stories in height, and had been opened to tenants only recently. It was partially occupied, and Hovarty's companion pushed him into a crowded express elevator that let them out at the twentieth floor. Then they took a not so crowded local elevator to the thirty-fifth floor. The sharp-eyed guide waited until the corridors were empty, and led Hovarty to a stairway, an artificially lighted, inside emergency exit which was cut off from the corridors with solid doors.

Hovarty counted sixteen short flights which, allowing for the landings, made eight floors, before they emerged into an empty corridor on the forty-third floor of the building. The guide led the way swiftly to a numbered but unlabeled door—No. 4316. He rapped lightly, pushed the door open.

Inside there was another man whose face gave Hovarty a shock—for it was masked. He stepped back uneasily, but his guide had closed the door sharply. He had felt that eventually he would be in contact with some one who had dealt with him before in such business deals. Now, of course, it was too late to turn back.

The office was totally bare, uncarpeted and unfurnished. The windows bore white cross-marks to indicate that laborers had completed the interior work; but no office on the floor, Hovarty guessed, had been offered for leasing.

(To Be Continued)

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