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

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Book Review

Adventures in Americana, by Frederick Woodward Skiff, Metropolitan Press, Portland; \$2.50.

Here are set down the recollections of a New Englander who transplanted himself to Portland, Oregon, whose consuming avocation has been collecting, books, guns, old silver, first editions, china, glassware, etchings, engravings, until now his library numbers over 21,000 volumes together with manuscripts, autograph letters, and other literary material. His antique arms collection numbers over one thousand pieces; he has over a thousand pieces of old china, and over six hundred pieces of old pewter, besides all the miscellany which have been accumulated in his four decades of Dec. 3, 1855, was without reserva- thing warranting the putting on travel over the North American continent.

Why is a collector, anyway? This question keeps bobbing up as one reads this lengthy volume. It is hardly the the patent was not issued until squirrel instinct, because the stored incunabula have no in- years later. The deed gave the ti- course, I have been observed by trinsic value in themselves, will supply no winter's food, unless they are sold at the fantastic figures which some of admission. the title ran to the state upon its observations of our fellows, visthem bring. The simon-pure rationalist looks on all the accumulation as so much junk, deserving a place in a museum, any manner deemed fit, or sell it us have uncomplimentary things but not worth the space for private acquisition. But the one to anybody or any institution and said of us and say uncomplimentwho is a true collector goes into ecstasy over a rare print of give a clear title. horses drinking at the trough or a commission signed by locating the capital at Salem "was mentary things of one another as Abraham Lincoln. Those who are not of the elect lack under- to go into effect December 15, and it is for a native bottomlander to standing of the mental processes which generate enthusiasms it did; on that date the legisla- eat fried mush for breakfast. We over pewter mugs and iron kettles, particularly to the point of filling a fourteen-room house with the assembled harvest on Tuesday, the 18th. On that day, My personal antipathy is boastfrom attics, old barns, second-hand book stores and storage its office equipment having been a closets. This reviewer confesses to being a "non-reactor" shipped back by boat and installed to such stimuli; but does not think his own dullness in the field justifies criticism of one like Mr. Skiff who has been ing, still standing, at the southan avid collector of interesting old material.

The Skiff book will be of interest to the army of col- sumed publication in Salem; the lectors over the county with scores of whom Mr. Skiff is territorial printing also being by an acquaintance, met by personally acquainted; and with the very considerable group done in its plant. who are proud to number themselves as his personal friends. Beyond this company the book will be of restricted interest. It is so largely reminiscent in character, with few episodes burning of the first state house suppose, why a man should not with dramatic qualities to lend interest in the reading. In and the building of the second, say such things. Or swagger. fact so many of the incidents related are so little deserving of printed record that the adventures extend at times into

the area of trivialia. There should be however a considerable local interest in his sketch of the old Aurora colony, based in considerable degree on information furnished by Clark Moor Will now of Salem, and the latter's foster-father, George J. Wolfer, who was a member of the colony. The picture is not so beatific as that painted by Mr. Hendricks in his "Bethel and Aurora". It shows Dr. Keil, the colony head, as moody in his latter

days, and given to outbursts and upbraidings. The book is attractively printed by the Metropolitan press; with numerous pen and ink illustrations by Clark Moor Will and Eugene DeForest Braman. The edition is limited; and such is its unique character that we should not be per house) in the Rector buildsurprised if it too becomes a prized object of future collectors.

Horseplay Over NRA

THE horseplay over NRA will appeal to the country's to Corvallis April 17, 1855.) A sense of humor. Ex-President Hoover solemnly says the NRA should be abolished and that it is crushing the small business man. The s b m shouldn't be crushed; he should do just like the big fellows,-ignore the NRA. The lower house riod is indicated by a story told of congress makes an impressive front and says the senate of the 1860 session, the first after will have to accept a two-year extension or none at all; knowing full well that the senate would prefer to let NRA die

Why do the new dealers want to perpetuate what is so universally discredited all over the country? Is it just to save their faces; or to save jobs for those who have been snuggling close to the blue eagle for two years? NRA is just another bureaucracy which has been set up; which like all the others, refuses to submit to burial even after it is dead.

The senate bill for a ten-month extension eliminates price-fixing and all intra-state business; so that about all that is left is the strike-breeding section 7-a. The blue eagle now is featherless; and if it continues much longer it will be just political carrion.

Richberg to Retire

DONALD R. RICHBERG, who less than a year ago moved up into king row as "assistant president", is on his way out too. He will stay until NRA expires June 16, returning to private law practice. Without doubt he is eager to back off from the job of planning the economy of 125,000,000 people.

Richberg has had a terrible job. He took over NRA when it was caught in the inevitable backwash. General Johnson had squeezed out all its pyrotechnics; and when his brainstorm ended Richberg was left with all the crack-up. He labored manfully to keep the organization alive and functioning. His failure is merely additional evidence of the impracticability of the scheme.

Not the least severe of his critics have been leaders of organized labor. They regarded Richberg as a traitor because once he was labor attorney; but as NRA administrator he refused to go along with labor's demands. He is a man of far more ability than most of the men connected with the new deal; and is much more practical in his outlook and in his rulings. He did his best to meliorate a bad situation in the collapse of the NRA structure.

Odd Fellows

THEY are coming today, several thousand strong, the Odd Fellows of Oregon and their affiliated sisterhood, the Rebekahs. One of the strongest fraternal orders in the country, the Odd Fellows organization has flourished for over a hundred years. Its works of benevolence have been manifold; its emphasis on brotherly affection has welded its members into a compact body. The Odd Fellows lodge draws its following from the great masses of the American people, folk who are the very bulwark of the country. They are not ostentatious and do not make their organization politiber of the 1860 session of the Indians. Chemeketa Lodge No. 1, named for the original name of the site of this city, called so by the Indians. Chemeketa, the host children participated at the arminate of the Indians. Chemeketa Lodge No. 1, named for the original name of the inspirational was the music festival in which 1000 school-the Indians. Chemeketa, the host children participated at the arminate of the Indians. The logislature the first one to lodge for the week, carries on. not ostentatious and do not make their organization politiber of the 1860 session of the
successful organizations in American society, doing a
great work in promoting goodwill, fraternity, and social responsibility.

And T. J. Dryer was not a memthe site of this city, called so by
the Indians. Chemeketa, the host
lodge for the week, carries on,
state legislature, the first one to
be held the second Monday in
september—not "as usual." Mr.
Dyer had been one of the founders
and first editor of the Oregonian.

Sponsibility.

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(Turn to page 9)

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Bits for

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Truth and fiction about Oregon's capitols and her capitals, also:

(Continuing from yesterday:) The hang over question from yes terday is this, asked of the writer by several persons:

"If the state should not use the site for a capitol, would the title to block 84 revert to Willamette

university?" No. The Methodist mission would have been entitled to a donation claim of 640 acres of land around the building that became the property of the Oregon Institute, that by change of name be- til we have had the fun of fightcame Willamette university.

But the mission was dissolved and so four former members of it (of whom W. H. Willson was one) agreed to take four donation claims, of 640 acres each, and to we may as well content ourselves give the Oregon Institute from their claims 640 acres. This agreement was only partially carried out; the Oregon Institute did not ing a lion and a grasshopper a get for what should have been its share nearly 640 acres of land, nor by many long shots what that land in town lots would have been worth, if properly handled and conserved. But that is a long, long story, and not a pretty one.

tions or conditions, and, under of airs. then existing laws, they had the right to make such a deed, though

Wrote Mr. White:

whole of the 1856-7 territorial legislatures in the Rector building. All the rest, for 19 years, were held in the Holman build-

1853-4 territorial legislature were that I shall put up with so many held in the Nesmith-Wilson building and those of the council (uping. The Nesmith-Wilson building was not at any other time used by an Oregon legislature. But the Statesman (and territorial printing) plant was in that building from June 21, 1853, until moved

Mr. White continued:

"That the pioneer spirit surrived through the transitional pe-Oregon became a state.

"The law makers, AS USUAL. journeyed to Salem in September, expecting to meet as was their custom in the J. W. Nesmith building. The place was not ready for them. The door, in fact, was locked, and no one seemed know who had the key.

"Oregon lawmakers were not to be frustrated by any such trifle. T. J. Dryer of Portland kicked in the door of the building and the session proceeded. The building had been used by several theatrical companies and had not been cleaned for months and the lawmakers' desks had been moved out into the halls, but the machinery of government functioned none

That would have been a good story, had any circumstance of it

The first session of the state legislature to be held after Oregon became a state was the special dates May 16 to June 4, 1859. It of course was held in the Holman building, still standing, on the corner south of the present Statesman building.

The regular session of the 1858 state legislature was not held, because, while Oregon had adopted her state constitution, she was only half admitted to the union, tial elector, secured the privilege the bill had passed the lower house of congress but not the senate. It would have convened the second Monday in September, had pointed by President Lincoln to there been one-of course in the Holman building.

So the 10th and last territorial legislature convened the first Monday in December, 1858, in the

Holman building. The story about the desks in the halls, etc., could not have been true, of that time, for most of the and lasting until Thursday, will state offices were in the Holman be like a home coming-

was then also in the Holman of it on the north, and not con-

Were Human Minds in Full Accord How Dreadfully We'd All Be Bored

By D. H. Talmadge, Sage of Salem

Were human minds in full accord, Did opinions all agree, Most dreadfully we should So we should grateful be

That we may think and state our view, And freely disagree, For thus we can enliven you, And you enliven we.

However, the matter is not one warranting any great concern. Half the world thinks, as it ever has, that the other half is wrong, and the other half holds a like opinion of the first half, and at times one is right and at times the other is right, but we do not find out which is which uning, verbally or otherwise, and life continues to be one grand sweet song, as the poet said it was or at any rate hinted that it might be, and anyway we are what we are and as we are, and with the situation, because we cannot change our identities in the animal kingdom, a lion begrasshopper in spite of anything no more. When the limit has we can do about it.

This is a cockeyed world only to the cockeyed.

A man may consider his system for making a fizzle of his life superior to that of others, And the deed of the Willsons of but it does not strike me as any-

In the course of my life I have observed many men. Also, of many men. Life is given one of The state can use block 84 in ual and verbal. The majority of ary things of others. It is as body and the tenacity of his hold on life. It is such a waste of west corner of Commercial and good breath which might be more State streets, The Statesman re- profitably wasted in other ways. Within the week I have been told chance in the street, that he will live to be a hundred years old. Another has told me that he is never sick. Both swag-"In the interim between the gered. There is no reason, I legislative sessions were held in Or shake his fist defiantly at the rented buildings, chiefly the Nes- stars. Perhaps a man may demith and Rector buildings in Sa- rive something which might pass for spiritual fortitude by this No; no sessions in that time means. But, all things considwere held in the Nesmith (Nes- ered, he merely creates an immith-Wilson) building, and only pression that one or two of his the balance of the 1855-6 and the inside buttons have come off.

Warning: Because I am somewhat "soft" and have an aversion to the taking of life, certain flies are becoming unduly familiar. (The house sessions of the Notice, therefore, is hereby given specks on my countenance and

Twenty Years Ago

May 19, 1915 The famous Liberty bell scheduled to arrive in Salem July 15 for exhibition on its way to the San Francisco exposition.

Orders suspending submarine operations against merchant vessels have been issued by the German government pending the outcome of negotiations with the United States over the sinking of the Lusitania.

Salem labor and materials so far as possible will be given preference in the erection of the McKinley school. Snook and Traver are the contractors.

Ten Years Ago

Workers for the new linen mill re within \$2700 of the \$300,-000, Salem's quota towards establishing the industry here.

Salem with its four banks ranks second in the state in the matter of deposits.

A total of \$360 was secured by the Salem police court over the weekend from violators of the 18th amendment.

He was a member of the house of the territorial legislatures of 1856-7, 1857-8, and of both the territorial and state legislatures elected in June, 1858, and he represented Multnomah county in the constitutional convention in the old Marion county court house in Salem in 1857, but in the election of 1860 he was chosen a presidenof carrying Oregon's electoral vote for Abraham Lincoln to Washington, and, in 1861, was aprepresent the United States in Hawaii; and thus ended his public career in Oregon, his newspaper

passing under new ownership. 5 5 5 ODD FELLOWS' HOME COM-ING: The grand lodge sessions of

For at Salem was organized the first lodge of this society in the The only theater of the town Pacific northwest; within a few feet from where these lines are and Dell Randall of the Salem building, but in the two story part | being typewritten, linotyped, stereotyped and printed.



By D. H. TALMADGE

been reached all peace-pacts will be disregarded.

There is a certain artlessness that is art. This thought occurred to me during a performance of the Crockett Family-pa and ma and five boys and three girlsat the Grand theatre a few days ago. The Crocketts have, intentionally or otherwise, imbued their music and comedy act with an atmosphere suggestive of that which prevails when an interesting family of neighbors comes over for Sunday dinner and spends the afternoon. Unassuming, good natured, moderately talented, they enter into the good graces of an audience by way of the heart, and, this relationship once established, the entertainment takes care of itself. Whatever is done is satisfactory. Applause follows every number. Even ma is given a rousing hand when she modestly displays her latest patchwork quilt, Material for a sermon here to the common run of vaudeville - motionplay comedians, who complacently assure us that we'll laugh, we'll shriek when we see them do their stuff. Which we seldom, if ever,

I have sat through dozens of entertainment features ballyhooed as sure-fire producers of roars of laughter which produced in a theatreful of people nothing more roarsome than a few scattered giggles.

The feathers flew; One rooster died,

The other crew. This comes from a helpful and poetic friend at Mill City. It is entitled "War". Rather sad,

"I am disgusted," writes a woman from across the river. 'Every time I go to town I have the soles of my shoes stuck up with chewing-gum. Why do folks throw their gum on the sidewalks?" I am sure I don't know. Perhaps the chair-bottoms in the theatres and cafes and the lodges of the short-order counters are

"O wad some power the giftle gie us, etc."

I shall probably never become fully accustomed to the modern woman and her new freedom. Not that I see any harm in the Woman is quite new freedom. entitled to it if she wants it. It is just that I have difficulty in adjusting myself. Yesterday I overheard a man in a Salem cafe say to a woman, who seemed impatient about something, 'Keep your shirt on". The woman took no exception to the man's words-did not glare-did not so much as east a reproachful glance at him. It shocked me for only an instant. Standards established in youth, when impressions sink more deeply than in later life, are difficult to overcome. Some of you may not believe it, but when I was young any persons seized with an uncontrollable desire to say to somebody "Keep your shirt on," meaning to relax or take it easy, said it to a man, never to a woman. To have said such a thing to a woman-well, geewhiz! I cannot conjecture what my grandmother would have done had anybody told her to keep her shirt on. And, anyway, have understood that women in these days of the new freedom do not wear shirts. Old Mr. Fairily,

At the state house wreck. Grins and says airily, "Two of us, by heck!"

News of the 82nd birthday o Ed Howe of the Atchison (Kas.) Globe comes in the week's mail The date, May 3, found Mr. Howe at Miami, Fla., hankering

What is a bachelor? A bachelor is a man who has not committed the same mistake once .-Fred Bynon, sr., Salem.

Notes: Mumps here and there about the town and countryside. Mumps seldom produces grumps unless a sour pickle is Montigny smiled. "Miss Clarken particularly is full of a theory. She has consistently favored the butler bitten by the suspected victim. . . At any rate, the sour pickle diagnosis was in vogue when the last case of mumps in my home was under consideration. . . . Such weekly publications as the Saturday Evening Post and Colradio station, had their pitchers in the Oregonian Sunday. . . .





Still the Miracle of the Ages!

"The Cold Finger Curse" By Edwin Dial Torgerson

"Now think back to the day when you put up your aerial. Who knew of it? Who knew you were using this cord for that purpose? Did anyone help you?"

Thurber snapped his fingers. "Yes," he exclaimed instantly. "Somebody did help me—I hadn't thought of that before. Valcour! I hadn't wanted the pest to help at all, but he saw what I was doing, and insisted. I went up on the roof of the opposite house over there,"

"Married, I think, within a very shert time."

"You don't mean it! Are you really that close to the wind-up, "Come in, Cupples," said Montigny and instantly. That leaves me a crawfish hole of refuge. Ah, here comes Mr. Coultney now."

The quiet and unassuming Coultney said the roof to join Thurber and the detective. "Yes, Captain?" he said courteously. and insisted. I went up on the roof of the opposite house over there, fixed one end of the antenna, and dropped the other end down in the court. Then I came up on this roof, lowered the cord to Valcour, who was on the ground, and he tied it on the end of the aerial, so I could drag the wire up."

"I es, Captain!" he said the said in the courteously.

"Mr. Thurber and I," explained "Yes."

"Montigny, "were going over one or tails. I don't know that you are interested, or that you may have any information on the subject—"

"But I shall be only too eager to is there any

"And did anyone else see you do-

the roof to find out what was going "Very good. Anyone else?"

Thurber pondered. "I can't say.
A lot of people poked their heads
out of windows—it was a pretty well advertised stunt-but I can't think of anybody else that I know, per-Montigny heard his name called

from the direction of the summer house on the Elderbank roof. Cupples the butler stood there. "You are wanted on the telepho sir," said Cupples. "A Doctor In-

Montigny hurried down, bidding Thurber wait for him. "I have just returned from Washington," said the chief chemist of

Hargett & Company. "I find your telephone number here. Anything urgent, Captain?"

"Yes," said Montigny guardedly.
"Quite. Perhaps I should call you back." "You mean you cannot speak free-iy from that telephone?"

"Yes."

"Then perhaps I should do the talking. Do you wish to see me tonight, Captain?"

"Yes, if you please."

"Something of the nature of the laboratory tests you referred to?"

"Yes, Doctor Imman."

"Then should we go out to the plant, in New Jersey?"

"No, Doctor. Downtown."

"Ab. I see what you mean. Police."

"Ah, I see what you mean. Police headquarters — the laboratory of the Gaptain Nobley you mentioned?" "Then I shall meet you there within the hour. At eleven o'clock,

shall we say?"
"That will be splendid," said Mon-

Montigny returned thoughtfully to the roof.

He called a terse order to Cupples, who, he suspected, had been eavesdropping in the halls:

"Go next door, please, and tell Mr. Douglas Coultney that I am ready for him now—that I should like to speak to him for a moment, on the roof."

"Yea, sir," said Cupples expres-

"Yes, sir," said Cupples expres Glenn Thurber had been roaming

about the roof garden speculatively as he waited. "News from the front?" he in-quired of Montigny cheerfully. "More victims of the Coise? Arrests expected momentarily?"
"'Momentarily' is well put," murmured Montigny. "No, I have no

extra news for you, as yet. I have asked Mr. Coultney to join our con-ference. He is coming up shortly." "Fair enough. Why don't you ask the girls up, too, Captain? They're full of theories and surprising ideas. They might have a useful slant."

"Yes. And I told her it was entirely too out-of-date for the butler to be the guilty man. The detective-story writers ruined all butlers as suspects, long ago. But I wish you would select somebody, Captain, and pin it on him definitely. I can't get married till you do."

help if I can."
"I was sure that you would be. Thurber knitted his brows. "Yep! Do you chance to recall, Mr. CoultThis cross-eyed butler of Mrs. Elderbank's — Cupples. He saw us
through a window and came up on
the roof to find out what me up on Coultney smiled and shook his

head. "I am afraid I do not, Captain. I remember hearing Mr. Thurber speak of having put it up, and I following Mr. Thurber just now, saw it after he had finished the work. That was about a month ago, "Yes." wasn't it, Thurber?" "Scarcely that, About three weeks

Coultney, the day he put up the wire?" inquired Montigny.

wire?" inquired Montigny.

"Oh, later in the day, perhaps.
Not during the actual feat of installation."

Montigny seemed disappointed.
"I am seeking a witness," he explained, "to the fact that our missing artist friend, Mr. St. Gregory
Valcour, helped Mr. Thurber put me, when I come down, as to any

up the aerial. Of course if you were person you have seen enter or leave not here you cannot help me."

Coultney laughed uncertainly.
"Why, I should be very glad to help,
Captain, but I do not quite understand. Has this radio aerial some onnection with - er - the matter

you are investigating?" "Yes—in a way," replied Montig-ny guardedly. "There are of course many details of this inquiry with which you are not familiar. I wish that I could explain to you fully just what I have in mind, but I am afraid that at this stage it is im-possible—police department secrets.

arraid that at this stage it is impossible—police department secrets, you know."

"Oh, yes, to be sure."

"I do not have to tell you, however, that St. Gregory Valcour is missing, and that he is strongly suspected of having had a part in the rebbery and murder of Mrs. Elderbank."

"You never can tell," agreed Mon tigny gravely. "There was a case in Montreal—but I must not keep you gentlemen longer. That is all I wished to ask you, Mr. Couliney—I am merely checking up, as the saying goes, on a few seemingly unimportant details."

The detective escorted them downstairs.

"There have been no further arrests in the Elderbank case, I note,
according to the evening papers,"
observed Coultney.

"No," replied Montigny, "no developments of importance. And how
is your own private jewel robbery,
Mr. Coultney? Have you recovered
your scarab?"

"Can't find it anywhere," declared a Coultney disgustedly. "I even advertised for it, offering a reward. I have been wondering whether our maid next door is quite honest."

"You never can tell," put in Glenn Thurber, glancing at his watch. "Heck, I've got to get down to the office and do a little night work." "And I'm going home to catch up with a little neglected reading," de-clared Coultney. "Good-night, Cap-tain, and good luck to you."

suspects, long ago. But I wish you would select somebody, Captain, and pin it on him definitely. I can't get married till you do."

"You cannot get married?" repeated Montigny. "Why?"

"T've proposed to Miss Marjorie Clarken, for the eighteenth time, I think it is, and she has accepted me, conditionally—there's an if and constitutionally—there's an if and constitutionally—there's an if and constitution of the constitution

"Yes."
"I did not mean to startle you

"You did not startle me. What do "I merely wanted to ask you, sir,

"There is not. What else did you want, Cupples? Out with it."
"That is all, sir—except that Sergeant Darden has asked me to stay awake tonight, and help keep the eye on the house next door. They're tailing a lot of people there, and it takes men. You noticed one of them

"They're expecting this Valcour might come back, or try to get in touch with somebody next door." "They are shadowing everybody, are they?"

Valcour, helped Mr. Thurber put me, when I come down, as to any

"I am going upstairs to use the telephone, and I do not want you snooping around to eavesdrop. Do you understand?" "Yes, sir. Quite thoroughly, sir. Montigny went upstairs to the bedroom of the late Violet Elder-bank, closed the door after him and

Darden wants me to do."

made use of the new telephone in-strument which had been installed He telephoned Inspector McEniry and found him still at headquarters, for a spirited and none too gentle examination of Price Merriam was

"I do not have to tell you, however, that St. Gregory Valcour is missing, and that he is strongly suspected of having had a part in the robbery and murder of Mrs. Elderbank."

"Indeed?" said Coultney, much concerned. "One would scarcely think that of him. I always considered him a rather harmiess sort of person, artistic crank and an awful nuisance, to be sure, but scarcely a person who would commit murder and robbery. Still, you never can tell who is a crook and who, an honest person."

"Be lenient with him, Inspector," suggested Montigny. "There may be, you know, some mistake."

"Don't try to tell me he's the

Don't try to tell me he's the wrong man, shouted McEniry angrily. "We've got the goods on him. We've got Jack Callen as a witness. All you seem to know how to do, Montigny, is to tell me how many times." times I'm wrong. For heaven's sake why don't you get the right man?"
"I think I am going to, Inspector," said Montigny calmly. "Tonight."
"Oh, yeah."

"Could I have Captain Nobley, at once, for a conference? I believe he said he would be available on short notice. I do not like to go over his

the soap people, you know."
"Yeah? What have you got up
your sleeve, Montigny? Some more
cute little clues?"

"A very acute little clue, Inspec-tor. It has to do with the presence, or absence, of uncombined alkali in

"Look here, Montigny, I have im-portant work on hand. Tell me all that junk when you see me, will (To Be Continued)