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

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO. CHARLES A. SPRAGUE . - . . Editor-Manager SHELDON F. SACKETT Managing-Editor

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ADVERTISING Portland Representative Gordon B. Beil, Security Building, Portland, Ore. Eastern Advertising Representatives Bryunt, Griffith & Brunson, Inc., Chicago, New York, Detroit Boston, Atlanta

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

Mail Subscription Rates, in Advance, Within Oregon: Daily and Sunday, 1 Mo. 50 cents, 2 Mo. \$1.25; 6 Mo. \$2.25; 1 year \$4.00. Elsewhere 50 cents per Mo., or \$5.00 for 1 year in advance. Per Copy cents. News Stands 5 cents. By City Carrier 45 cents a month; \$5.00 a year in advance.

A Punch-Drunk Administration

THE Roosevelt administration is punch-drunk from the su-I preme court's decision on NRA. The president hints at a constitutional amendment granting congress power to regulate commerce within as well as between the states. The fallen considerably from its priscourt is held by the administration to have "relegated the nation to the horse and buggy stage."

The reason for Mr. Roosevelt's concern is apparent. The New Deal has been one founded on excessive, unconstitutional extensions of federal power. It has been a deal entirely inconsistent with the pronouncements of the democratic party which heretofore stood for reservation of power over trade and commerce to the several states. No one was more critical of bureaucracy and control from Washington than was Mr. Roosevelt in his 1932 campaign. Until Felix Frankfurter and Hugh Johnson and their coterie typed out the dictatorial NRA plan in the spring of 1933, the democratic leadership had never considered it. The court has put the party back to its original position and stopped all the elaborate mechanism of the New Deal.

The country is not going to dash through an amendment sponsible for the pioneer woolen to give congress regimenting power over all industry. It has had enough of attempts to prescribe from Washington on what kind of chickens a dealer may sell and the number of Williams. board feet a mill can cut. NRA was broken down before the court ruled; it failed through the sheer impossibility and unwisdom of putting all American business in a straightjacket, with the rules for its imprisonment staked out by a the world seem small to one takminority in the industry.

Wage scales and working standards are not going to pot because NRA has gone out. Workers' organizations are more numerous than ever and more aggressive. They will days and enjoyed very pleasant consent to no reductions in wage rates. Shortening of the hours of work were voluntary agreements made by employers to relieve unemployment before NRA was introduced. The press has yet to record an instance of any great concern which has lowered the working conditions of its men because

of the demise of the Blue Eagle.

The supreme court in its decision outlined a method for federal control of interstate commerce. Congress must outline the specific limits to which the regulations made by an administrative agency may go. When that agency sets up rules, as has been done by the federal trade commission, its decisions must be based on facts and its rules must be subject to court review. The wholesale delegation of power to the executive—his power to prescribe codes which have the force of law, with or without consent of the businesses affected-is out, and the American people do not propose to provide such power for the chief executive. As the administration obtains a clearer viewpoint it should be glad to be free of the endless and irreconcilable conflicts which NRA would have produced. The act was a product of the hysteria of the low point of the depression. The court has offered a cool, considered judgment in which the nation concurs.

Dr. Kerr Replies

CHANCELLOR W. J. KERR has replied to the report of the investigating committee of the American Association of University Professors with a forthright denial of most of the charges therein made. His retort was to be expected; the committee's belated findings cut too deeply to be taken other employed by a public utilsilently. The chancellor is right, we believe, in asserting that he took no part in a "deal" to oppose the Zorn-Macpherson bill in return for the chancellorship. He states categorically that he in no way was responsible for the "running amuck" of a certain speaker on the university and college campus. Those inflammatory utterances were caused solely by the political greenness and the unguarded tongue of Roscoe Nelson. Dr. Kerr also points out that the doctor's degree he possesses has never been represented by him as other than an henorary title conferred years before he came to Oregon.

Dr. Kerr is also correct in stating that the time of his etc. retirement is a matter for the board to decide. His resignation has been with that body for more than a year and as evidence of his good intent he has assisted the board in the

work of selecting a new chancellor.

Both the report of the investigating committee and Dr. Kerr's reply are of little present consequence in Oregon's higher educational affairs. It would have been better if neith- tries. er had been released. Everyone concerned with the long mixup in higher education, Dr. Kerr included, is in agreement a change is needed. Newspaper rehashing of bygone events now forgotten by the public only stir old enmities.

The higher education board should no longer delay its cerely lauded, as it had happened, selection of a new chancellor, a capable man of demonstrated ability. When Dr. Kerr retires he should be accorded the honors which befit his long, useful and effective service. Warfare over whether he should have been selected chancellor is utterly futile. It prevents the peace in higher education Oregon so greatly needs. The new chancellor, whoever he may be, should come with the distinct understanding with the board that he can remove faculty malcontents if they resume their sniping tactics and rush to the professors' association with their complaints. Oregon wants her expensive had been traveling on the Pacific and important institutions of higher education to produce coast. something better than continued political turmoil.

No Rest Until the Kidnapers are Taken horrible ordeal for a nine-year old lad was that exper-A ienced by George Weyerhaeuser. Long journeyings with declared that the most beautiful desperadoes. Nights and days in lonely quarters while his city in the United States is Salem, captors negotiated for a king's ransom. Finally release and Oregon. a lonely trudge through the rain and mud to the harbor of a farm house. No wonder his parents reported "George was frightened and nervously upset and unable to answer questions clearly. He is a badly shaken little boy.'

The little chap is back and there is cause for rejoicing. One thinks of the Lindbergh baby and the mystery of the Charley Ross kidnaping; for them there was no return.

Resentment and anger grow as the mind considers the audacity and the heartlessness of the kidnapers. They are Throughout the northwest thousands of police are working presumably the Karpis gang from Minnesota. From half-way and watching. Every citizen is a deputy officer without being across the continent they came to seek new prey. A nine-year sworn in to bring the criminals to bay. old boy was ideal fare for these harpies. The terror the lad suffered and the anguish of his parents meant nothing to fenseless are its victims. The suffering entailed drags on for such a heartless gang.

Fortunately the kidnapers have left tell-tale evidence. to apprehend the men who stole George Weyerhaeuser and took \$200,000 for his return. When they are captured there will be found. Their first names have been told by the little must be no sentimental stopping of the full punishment which boy. The knowledge of the Weyerbaeuser family the kidnap- the law metes out,

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Old time Salemites in China and Hawaii:

(Continuing from yesterday:) The feat of Leininger and Toy attracted much attention. The item concerning it was put onto the wires and went to far places.

5 5 5 Many things had happened in the W. H. Rector building. The first lodge of Odd Fellows, Chemeketa No. 1, organized west of the Rockies and north of the Spanish (California) line was organized and met for a time thereafter in the Rector building.

4 4 4 Sessions of three territorial legislatures met in the Rector building. Multnomah county was created by a legislature meeting in it, and many other laws of pioneer days were enacted there.

W. H. Rector, who erected and wned the building bearing his name, was a covered wagon imthe time it was burned, it had tine high estate. The principal renter was then a Chinese laun-

The property at the time be longed to Ed Hirsch, state treas-

Mr. Rector was one of the men largely responsible for the erection of the first woolen mill on this coast, that stood where the mission mills had stood, housed in the first building erected by whites on the site of Salem, and where the Larmer warehouses now stand, at the junction of Liberty, High and Broadway, its own special actors and actress-Some of the other men most remill were Joseph Watt, Dan Waldo. Joe Holman, John Minto, Joe Wilson, J. D. Boon and Geo. H.

It is a far cry from cook in Salem hotel or home to a silk merchant in Hong Kong. It makes ing note of such a set of circum-

On their way home, Mr. and Mrs. Waters stopped in Hawail 16 visits in that crossroads city of the Pacific ocean. They found some Salemites

Charles and Mark Huckestein sons of August Huckestein of Salem, are among the number. They were both born in Salem, Oregon.

3 5 5 Charles is a parole officer for

Mark is employed in one of the government buildings and has charge of a force of 26 employees. In that office, all public conveyancing is attended to and re corded; something like a glorified county recorder's office Mark is exalted ruler of the Elks. Both of these Salem natives are doing very well.

* * * Irvin Sroat, brother of Pau Sroat, formerly of Salem, later of Portland, who are cousins of Mr. Waters, has entire charge of the Singer Sewing Machine company's business for the islands; has about 40 people working for

Irving, after the World war, gaged in the army stores business in this city and section. He has wo sons in the islands, one of them in a federal office and the

Mr. and Mrs. Waters had anther experience in their travels nterest to Salem residents. They overhead a conversation

been traveling for several months. from New York westward and throughout Montana, Washingon, Idaho, California, Oregon,

It was a wedding trip for two members of the party. In comparing notes, they agreed that they found Salem, Oregon, to be "prettiest, cleanest, most pleasing and hospitable city" they had seen in all their travels, in this and other coun-

Following the conversation, they were glad to become acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Waters, from the city they had sinin their hearing, not dreaming they lived in Salem.

Not long ago, Mr. Waters had Waters how he happened to be here. He was an easterner. On his way west coming to Portland to take a position or engage in business there, he sat in a Pullman

2 2 2 He could not avoid overhearing of the ladies tell the other one about the various beautiful cities

So this man, as soon as he got settled in Portland, came up to

We Love Our Neighbors: If Not. We Would Mind Our Own Business

By D. H. Talmadge, Sage of Salem

D. H. TALMADGE

you, so I am saying it for you

gamey fish. It is naturally balky.

The other woman should have

built an anti-balk fire under this

carp. This would have made a good fish story of the incident.

I am quite sure that we love

Notes: Colored glasses come

with the summer sun. . . . Many early breakfasters on Sunday

mornings. . . . Golf addicts and

fish enthusiasts. . . . Cronise pho-

tographic studio moving to First

National Bank building. . . . It is now the blew eagle. . . . Poppies

We do not forget. . . . Elliott, for-

mer Salem dry goods merchant,

Sad days for the person in whom

Kenneth Randall, erstwhile state-

house restaurateur, takes over

Kipling says there are no liars

a liar. . . A scientist says a

Thanks, but not interested. . . .

In a Saturday Evening Post in-

ialist" . . . Ex - actly . . . Old

-"Believe Me if All Those Endear

home to Kansas from Miami

stops at Baltimore to have a cata-

old age. . . Kate Smith, the radio

singer, is said to be worth \$2,000.

000. . . Figure probably exagger-

ated, but she has done well in the

few years which .. have elapsed

since she left the old farm, what-

ever the figure may be. . . And

the whole radio and motion pic-

ture world is glad she has done

so well. . . She is not beautiful

nor is she talented to a great de-

gree, but she has a mysterious

human quality which appeals to

the average run of people, and

these constitute the bulk of the

population . . . furthermore she

is entirely free from affectation,

either in face or gesture, and this

is a considerable asset, a fact

which many singers fail, strange-

for Graduates of

OAK POINT, June 1 .- County

School Superintendent Josiah

Wills presented diplomas to the

largest class of eighth grade grad-

nesday night. He also gave out

Oak Point school society gave

The annual school picnic,

a reception following the program

marking the closing of school was

held Friday on the school

Twenty Years Ago

June 2, 1915

death in Pasadena, Calif., of Rev.

H. D. Kimball, pastor emeritus

and founder of Kimball college of

Daniel N. Foster and Violes

Brown were married at high noon

vesterday at the top of the Cap-

May, 1915, was the wettest

month of May in 13 years with

Willamette university.

itol dome.

Word has been received of the

three penmanship certificates.

Oak Grove School

Reception is Held

ly, to appreciate.

crocedile's mouth may be

open open with one hand

lunch counter on High street. . .

opens a store at Corvallis. . . .

strawberries produce hives. . . .

ers on thousands of graves. . .

mind our own businesses more

-Mrs. X. Salem.

Suppose you were a honey bee— Silly? Sure! But just sup-And you had no call to worry

Over rent and food and clothes. Buzzing blithely in the sunshine, Dringing here and there of flowers, Clover and the fragrant wood-

Garden plots and latticed bow-Life for you'd be a confection,

From all care and worry free, With one trifling imperfection You would only be a bee.

The inevitable stinger.

Natural law keeps right on working, regardless of public op-inion. And a fine fix we should be in if it didn't.

When we were children we stood at shop windows and one of us said "I like that one better" and another said "I don't," and sometimes we made faces at one another. And now, grown up, we are still at it with a wider migrant of 1845. He designed range of interests and - somethe structure for a town hall. At times - with a more respectful consideration for the opinion of others.

"The child is father of the

Life is filled with cares and apprehensions. This is one reason, I think, for the almost universal craving for diversion, for moments of forgetfulness. Most of us were born with a desire to entertain and be entertained. Natural talents for the giving of enjoyable entertainment are encouraged in the homes and in the schools. The stage ever lures. Even in this day of picture drama and radio every community has es, its dancers, its singers and instrumentalists, its readers and speakers, and, most important of all, its proud and sympathetic our neighbors. Otherwise we'd

I frequently attend the Saturday afternoon meetings of the Salem Mickey Mouse club, that remarkable organization of several thousands of boys and girls which bears evidence to the zeal and intelligent direction of Zollie Volchok. I would not assert that to Zollie alone is due the success of in hundreds of buttonholes, flowthe organization. There has been co-operation. But the fact that the co-operation has been cheerfully and capably given is in itself a credit to him.

A Mickey Mouse club audience is somewhat of an entertainment in itself. It is the most applausive, not to say explosive, of andiences. It applands fervently a stomach-ache is a stomach-ache, Following the stage show, it applauds the pictures. It "oo-o-os" whooping "whee-e-es" the cowboys engaged in the pursuit of justice for the discouraged ranch-Any impassioned love scene which may chance along is greeted with laughter and violent handclapping. Now and then it offers advice of a semi-humorous nature to the actors, not because it knows no beter, cinematized actors being beyond the reach of advice, but because of the good and sufficient reason that it enjoys doing so.

All in all, a Mickey Mouse club audience suggests, merely suggests, the conduct of the gallery gods in an earlier period of theilege, whose approval put many a show on the way to prosperity, and whose disapproval, ridiculous as it may seem, was some times fatal to managerial hopes. The memory of the day when the gallery gods reigned is not an unpleasant one at that.

A bit from Naughty Marietta: You don't cook radishes, you eat them alive." As a frog eats garter snakes. (Natural history item furnished by Adolph Green-

Fruit hangs heavy on the trees, And o'er the valley fields Whispers come on every breeze Of hope for bounteous yields: Beauty in nature greets the eye Dancing stream and leafy

Green earth under turquoise Joyous June has-er-arrove!

Go on, trouble, and take yo'self a nice long vacation, Easy 'nough uates at Oak Point school Wedto say. But will trouble do it?

Uh-ugh! A weary-eyed Salemite tells me they always know when to get up honoring the 11 graduates, the at his house, because that is when teachers and the board of directthe baby goes to sleep. Bad management probably, but perhaps

ural lovers of nightlife.

the Alaska country.

not. Some babies seem to be nat-

A boyish letter, descriptive of a journey from Salem to Hanes, Alaska, written by Frank Holder to his grandfather, H. B. Seagrove, and passed to me for reading, has been one of the little pleasures of the week. The Holders left Salem several weeks ago with a view to possible location in

May heaven bless the helpful and understanding friend! This has come to me this week: Dear D. H. T.: I know what you would say were you not restrained by fear the "proud parl'ent' gag would be used against

ers possessed tallies with their knowledge of Minnesota where the Weyerhaeuser family has headquarters. In the kidnapers' Ten Years Ago hands is \$200,000 in money, every bill numbered, and the nation on watch for the first appearance of the currency. June 2, 1925 Kimball College of Theology graduates seven seniors today.

2.81 inches of rainfall,

Dr. Carl Gregg Doney has For kidnaping is the foulest of crimes. The young and deleased the George Graves residence and will be joined by Mrs. Doney after the close of Harvard seemingly endless days. There must be no relaxing of efforts university. Miss Anne Simpson is taking

over the post of director of health education in the schools of Sa-lem and Marion county.

The Human Equation, Again



WHOSE WIFE?" By Gladys Erskine and Ivan Firth

Lawrence Vane, noted portrait painter, is held as a material witness in connection with the murder of his bride of three months fol-lowing the discovery of a headless nude body upon the terrace of his penthouse apartment. Three weeks before that happened, two of his friends-Wilbur Renton and Roger Thornley-were discussing their love affairs and Vane's recent marriage to Isobel Mackenzie who was well known to both. Renton's ininterest in Isobel had caused a break between him and Betty Potter, a pretty young newspaper-woman, who lives in the spartment beneath the Lawrence Vanes' Thornley says that he and his wife, Millie, a former show-girl, are leaving for Seattle soon. Renton noon, when no one knows but what eyes. . . . Blast it! every time he all would be dark. . . . Usually they used the phone lately the thing anew, now that Isobel had married. She tells him that they cannot marry and reluctantly admits that to life before midnight, not noon. and now this "voice-with-the-smile" she had been in love with Vane. . . . He knows everything that man wench . . . and . . . that officious Ser-Renton bitterly denounces Isobel. exclaiming that he'd like to choke her to death. Betty is horrified by room. A group of small girls, all headquarters about the fight on the his words.... Early the next morn-ing, Wilbur Renton, denies that he had anything to do about notifying swinging their arms and legs in seemed to do nothing but get him the police concerning the Vane murder, and is worried privately because he had called on Betty Potter so close to the scene of that homicide. Inspector Ingles persuades Betty to consult her uncle, Cyrus K. Mantel, famous detective. She does so, and Uncle Cyrus reluctantly accepts the case. He and Inspector Ingles call on Vane

songs-those of the '80s and earlier -- are being revived . . . Rather severe on some of the up-to-date ones, isn't it? . . . The best song I heard during the past two weeks in his Tombs cell. The prisoner ing Young Charms" sung by Ruth tells his own story of what hap-Etting . . . Ed Howe, on his way pened the night before, strongly maintaining his innocence. The police inspector and "Uncle Cyrus" ract removed from each of his have just visited the morgue where they examined the corpus delicti. CHAPTER X On the curb in front of the morgue Ingles said, as he had outside the Tombs: "I suppose you will want to go up to Vane's apartment now and see where it all happened . . finger prints and everything

... there is an officer there to stand you?" guard and see that no one enters." "I am truly sorry to have to dis-appoint you again," Cyrus K. said liness. . . . amusedly, "but I do not want to go I have a much more important place Isobel Vane?" to visit first. Much more import-

Ingles shrugged. "You know best quickly as you could." "But, my dear fellow, I am on the case," Mantel smiled, then pursed his lips and whistled for a

"Can I drop you?" he asked courteously.

"I've got to get back to headquarters," said Ingles, "which way are you going?" "Sorry," Ingles was slightly miff-

ed and very worried, and very, very curious. "I'll take the subway; it's quicker, and besides you might rather be alone." "Not at all, not at all," Cyrus K.

assured him. He got into the taxi, held out his hand to the Inspector, and in the act of bidding him good-"Kate Doyle's Club," he ordered

"you know, on Fifty-second Street." "Okay, Chief," the driver grin-ned, and threw in the clutch. They rolled off leaving Ingles standing with a puzzled look on his face.

Mantel chuckled to himself as he building with Vane's. . . . looked back and saw the dazed Inspector still standing on the curb. the force of a physical blow. He That was the spice of a case to him had lost his head there and had to be able to mystify all with threatened Isobel Vane. . . . whom he came in contact, and never knows he hated her, and had meant the black instrument on its teakto explain his actions.

composed his face and, after paying the tariff, walked up the steps with the expression of a gallant and fashionable man-about-town, who had business of a pleasurable type to transact. Respectability ema-

"Good morning, Mr. Mantel,"
Yasha beamed. "This is an honor for the house. You knew that Madame planned to leave and that the girls rehearse the new show? Ah! but of course you know everything. It is well to be your friend, "Miss Potter? I'll see," sing-

"Quite, quite," Cyrus K. handed A moment later it came back, in him his hat, overcoat and came. "Is disembodied unconcern over the Madame in the main dining-room?" wire: "Sorry, Miss Potter hasn't

"What has happened in town a special assignment—The Vane that I do not know of?" he thought. Murder Case." "What has happened that could bring Cyrus K. Mantel to Madame ceiver. He stared at it a moment Kate Doyle's Night Club before with a startled expression in his

Quietly, Mantel entered the big perfectly formed, were going roof . . . perhaps he'd better leave through a snappy dance number, the phone alone for a while . . . it rhythmic abandon to the music into trouble. He could only think of mechanically pounded out by a one more certain means of getting weary, pallid youth who sat side wise at the piano, a cigarette drooping from his fiscoid mouth.

The audience consisted of white-shrouded tables, that the night be-

fore had been filled to overflowing with men and women absorbing drink after drink and hammering the table with tiny wooden mallets by way of applause after each num-ber by the "little girls." One table alone was occupied

Keen-eyed, but with lines of fatigue, there sat Kate Doyle. Known to every celebrity, to every social registerite, and to the police of every city from coast to coast. She looked up and automatically

started to wave a welcoming hand when the stereotyped expression of her face changed. "Hello, there," she boomed. "Sure

am glad to see you. You're a sight Shoot!" .. nothing has been disturbed yet for sore eyes. What can I do for Cyrus K. sat down beside her

shook her hand in cordial friend-"You can help me," he said. up to Vane's apartment . . . yet! "Kate, what do you know about

Certainly this bright, chill morning of November 16, was starting of course, still I thought you would out in a very busy fashion for all want to get right onto the case as of those who had any connection with the terrible tragedy which had already, within a scant twelve hours, in the annals of the newspapers gone on file as the Vane

As Wilbur Renton hung up the receiver in his bachelor apartment just across the street from the Vane penthouse, after calling Betty Potter, a puzzled frown furrowed his usually placid features. Old black Suky's voice had been terrified when she told him that

Miss Betty had already left with a Police Inspector.
He cursed himself roundly for

having delayed for the time that it took him to take that shower, after the Police Sergeant had finished his queer questioning. If he had only called Betty at once he might have bye, gave his destination to the caught her in time. It was terribly important that she should know just what statement he had made to the police so that she could back

He went over it again mentally. He had told the Sergeant that he had been at home and in bed "Kate Doyle's Club," he repeated asleep at eleven, when as a matter to himself, "at this time in the of fact he had been at Betty's apartmorning. . . . Now I ask you what ment . . . and the devil of it was that her place was in the same

> Another memory smote him with every word he had said-none the wood stand.

worried him. Again he assured himself that he must keep her out of
this whole thing at any cost.
On a sudden impulse he took up
the phone again and care the mean than the passage in the phone again and care the mean than the passage in the phone again and care the mean than the passage in the phone again and care the mean than the passage in the p The small barred window in the heavy front door slid open and cold gray eyes peered at him, then the door swung open and he was admitted.

"Good morning, Yasha," he greeted the huge Russian.

"But yes. They rehearse on the main floor the new dance routine. Shall I accompany you?"
"No. no." said Cyrus K. "You important; Miss Potter would be

"No, no," said Cyrus K. "You stay at the door Yasha, and," he looked him in the eye, "don't let anyone in."

As the small dapper figure crossed the hallway to the main clubroom, the eyes of the Russian followed him with curiosity and great steem. "Ill try and find out." Again a short wait, which seemed long to Renton, then the voice said, "I'm sorry, but I cannot tell you when Miss Potter will be in. She's out on Miss Potter will be in. She's out on

ant at the crack of dawn with his investigation of the phone call to one more certain means of getting into hot water with rapidity and dispatch, and that was to talk to Bobbie Nichols. Why hadn't he thought of that before? ... Bobbie Nichols who spread news quicker

try could carry it. He'd have to get in touch with Bobbie at once and find out what he knew about all this horror. He undoubtedly knew plenty and was busy telling people that he knew more.

than any telephone wire in the coun-

With determination, he picked up the phone again, and gave Bobbie's number. A sleepy voice answered.

"Yes?" it murmured. "Hello, Bobbie? Listen, this is Renton. Say, Bobbie, have you heard the news?" "Which? and what? and where?

If it's news I've probably heard it "About the murder of Isobel Vane last night?" There was dead silence at the

other end-then Bobbie's voice, wide awake, and avidly interested. "So!" he said. "One of you guys finally did it. . . . I've been expecting he chuckled, "you can't fool

"What?" Renton's voice exploded on the word. "What do you mean by that crack-what do you know?" "Hold your horses, old son," came the pleased voice of Bobbie. "I know plenty. . . . Believe me, I know "You would say that!" Renton

was exasperated. "Well! come across. This is desperately impor-tant to me! Tell me what you "Don't you think I know that it's important to you?" chuckled Bob-bie. "And how! And wouldn't you

like to know all I know?" Renton lowered his voice to a genconfidential tone.
"Listen, Bobbie," he said, "forget doesn't matter—but tly confidential tone. about me—that doesn't matter you'd better come over here and tell

me all you know as quickly as you "Why?" countered Bobbie. "Not for my sake . . . but for omeone else, far more important." "Whose?" persisted the voice of

"Betty," Renton let the little name fall quietly from his lips. An amused, sly chuckle answered "Betty?" repeated Bobbie, "Betty? Say are you crazy, fellow? You don't think I'd walk across the street to help that little red-headed wild-

cat do you? If you do, then think again!" And the receiver crashed into place with a finality that jarred Renton with a definite shock. For the third time that morning Wilbur Renton was left staring at

As the taxi came to a stop in front of the innocent looking night club that bore one of the most alluring names in New York, he less, he felt a sense of relief that only Betty had heard his outburst, and he felt that he could count on her loyalty for the sake of their cause of his amusing, racy chatter. cause of his amusing, racy chatter.
Renton now realized for the first
time that that same chatter, over
which they had laughed in the past,

> Once again he took up the instru-ment that now held a hidden men-ace for him. He gave the number of Betty's apartment and strove to keep the quaver from his voice.

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