

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sway Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Now Come the Bankers

THAT frequently maligned and misunderstood member of human society is in our midst today. He is the chap whose glass-eye is more kindly than his natural one. Some term him a lender of umbrellas for sunshiny days and one who demands their return when skies are overcast. If he lives in New York and does international business, he is at once a member of that hated group of "big boys" who "really caused the depression." There was a time when he was a respected, almost a revered, citizen to whom the home community did obeisance. Now he is only another one of the persecuted crowd, a subject for congressional investigation, the object of innumerable laws, reviled by unworthy borrowers, a reed shaken by hard times. He is the banker.

The occasion of his visit to Salem is the 30th annual convention of the Oregon Bankers association. The last formal gathering of the banking clan in our midst was less formal but at a time decidedly more tense. It was that fateful day of March 2, 1933, when all the banks in the state were closed and Fred Callister, then association president, gathered the money lenders in a statehouse committee room and discussed legislative ways and means to meet a panic of unprecedented severity and extent.

This week's assemblage is under more auspicious circumstances. If good times have not returned to the banks, at least the nerve shattering tensions of the long depression years are eased. No longer need a bank president lie awake nights to determine what he will tell his largest depositor who the next morning may want his entire account—in currency. There are still sore spots in the note pouch and some sickly bonds in the slow assets column but reserves have been set up to cover them.

Indeed the worries now confronting the banker are quite the reverse of two years ago. Then liquidity was the cry; now banks almost float in surplus cash and must resort to service charges to make enough money for operating charges. Then banking capital was impaired; now every unrestricted bank which desired it, has had federal capital made available at attractive rates. For better or for worse, the federal deposit insurance corporation has thrown its protecting arms around the majority of bank customers and assured them of full protection.

Momentarily bankers are like a swimmer who has managed to stay up instead of sinking the third time but lacks strength to strike out for shore. The federal government, with its life-line of RFC capital and threatened federal reserve control, may dominate the banking situation. Remembering the rush for deposits two years ago, the banker is naturally timorous about any lending where security is not gilt-edged and repayment in certain sight. Thus it is that the program of the association of this convention is full of questions: Shall banks make real estate loans and on what terms? How can earnings be increased to make a decent return to the stockholder? What legislation is needed and what is objectionable?

Despite the confusion of the banking business the last five years, there is this much daylight: however modified, banking is going to continue as a fundamental part of America's economic life. As long as a form of capitalism exists, the credit system will be part of it, for the transference of funds from user to lender through the medium of banks is the life-process of business. The good banker stands at this credit cross-roads, anxious to administer credit wisely and fully aware of its importance. Because he has invested his own funds as pledge that the confidence of his depositors shall not be violated, because he has seen how quickly and completely a bank's capital can be wiped out by a few errors in judgment, the banker of necessity must be conservative, a man in the second-line trenches, unable to lead in business advance and quicker in retreat than bolder spirits of business who play for higher stakes.

Aware and appreciative of the importance of sound banking to the state, the capital is pleased to welcome the association—another of the numerous groups which has found Salem an ideal convention city. Between the weightier matters of the program, there will be a good time on the golf links and at the banquet and when the formal sessions are over: who can tell; mayhap these masters of finance before they leave town will map out a simple way for Oregon to finance a new statehouse!

Calm After Storm

DR. FREDERICK M. HUNTER is to be chancellor of higher education in Oregon. The news came last night like refreshing rain after months of drought. For the state was dispirited from the interminable discord in higher education and skeptical if the state board of higher education could bring a man of distinction to the educational battlefield in Oregon.

Those who have studied Dr. Hunter's record, and who have met him, are convinced that he is a happy choice for the difficult position the Oregon chancellor must occupy. It is significant that he was the man selected from a group which embraced college administrators in all parts of the nation; that the decision of the board was unanimous; that on his short visit here campus leaders at Corvallis and Eugene were uniformly impressed by him; that Dr. Hunter's trustees at the University of Denver are staunch in his support and regretful that he is to leave.

Dr. Hunter appeared on his visit to be a genial, wholesome and vigorous person; a tall, robust man, in the prime of life, well-equipped by his formal training and his experience for the work ahead. He is a son of Missouri, educated at the University of Nebraska where he was both a star football player and a member of Phi Beta Kappa. Later he served his alma mater as principal of the school of agriculture. Subsequent educational positions included the superintendency of schools at Oakland, Calif., and at Lincoln, Nebraska, followed by his acceptance of the chancellorship of the University of Denver. Dr. Hunter is known to be an admirable administrator, a man well-balanced in educational viewpoint, a splendid combination of educator, executive and leader.

With the advent of Dr. Hunter, higher education in Oregon should close the book and forget the past. The jealousies and bickerings and revolts of the last five years have no place in the new day. Higher education has opportunity to test the dream of unification which caused the 1929 legislative enactment. The state welcomes Dr. Hunter, seeking calm after storm.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Prophecy of great son of great father:
Under the heading, "His Prophecy," the Portland Journal in its issue of Tuesday, June 11, had for its leading editorial an article worded:

"THE OREGON COUNTRY is at the dawn of a more intensive development, to be more rapidly achieved than that in prospect for any other section of the country. This was the declaration of W. A. Harriman, chairman of the board of the Union Pacific system, and was made during his recent presence in Portland. "Mr. Harriman is accounted one of the real powers in railroad building in America. The words in the dynamic utterance were chosen with great care, as if each word were an affidavit. "And confirmation of Mr. Harriman's belief in his utterance is that the Union Pacific selects Portland for its first transcontinental streamline train, and names it 'The City of Portland.'"

That intensive development is certainly coming to the Oregon country there can be no doubt. Roger Babson recently predicted that the Willamette valley will eventually be the most populous section of like area in the world.

This latter will be brought about by a number of developments, and one of the greatest and most uniformly stable will be that of the flax and linen industries.

Had the great father of this great son lived out his natural expectancy, a period of very considerable development in this field would have been achieved several years ago.

E. H. Harriman, one of the most far seeing railroad men and financiers of his time, or any time, intended to undertake the development of these industries.

This decision was known to Mrs. W. P. Lord, some years before she died. For Mr. Harriman had been induced through the work of Mrs. Lord to make an investigation of the industries and their possibilities in this valley.

He had become convinced of their soundness, and that he would be justified in looking to their development because of the certain increase of stable business their operations would give his railroad properties.

Many things will happen to realize the vision of Roger Babson.

Very early of the valley requiring artificial irrigation will be supplied with it.

Edible nut trees will be found all the way from the crests of the Cascades to those of the Coast Range.

There will be more than three-steep farming, such as is seen in Japan.

The scientific and thrifty harvesting of the timber crops will maintain permanently scores of needed manufacturing industries.

There will be no dearth of irrigation water.

Properly conserved, the water table here will never fall much.

California will get some hundreds more second feet of water from the Hoover or Black Canyon dam.

And that will be all. She will be through.

A dense population depends upon an ample water supply. There is no substitute.

Might not W. A. Harriman, the great son of the great father, be interested in making such an investigation of our flax and linen possibilities as his father made, if the facts gathered then are not now available?

The natural advantages have not changed. They will not change. Nature has provided every requisite in the growing of the crop, and processing it, and manufacturing it.

No other section of the Americas has all these advantages.

No other section of the world can boast of a district containing a half million acres of land so blessed, where the factories may be almost within eyesight of all the fields.

It is as plain that this will bring about complete development as that water seeks its level. The only question is, when? E. H. Harriman said, in his last active days, now.

His son, upon full investigation, could not fail to come to the same conclusion. It will bear every acid test.

GOOD MAN, GOOD FRIEND
The news of the passing of Charles S. Weller at his home in Salem on Wednesday last was a painful shock to many of his friends, who had not realized the seriousness of his last sickness, from a malady that weakened his heart.

He was a good man and a fine citizen, and for over 60 years he had been a part of the active life and progress of Salem. He was the kind of man who pretended little and did much; carried always more than his full share of the duties of his city, section, state and country.

The going to his reward of such a man leaves a vacant space. The writer believes he would find a man to fill the vacant space. We joined by all the sympathetic people of Salem and of a large part of the state in expressing sympathy to the members of the bereaved family.

EAST TO CONVENTION
SILVERTON, June 15.—Edwin and Ernest Campbell, Ralph Severson and Paul Almqvist have gone to Sioux Falls, S. D., as delegates to the International Young People's Luther League convention there. The boys are motoring back and expect to be gone about three weeks.

Amateur Theatricals Hold Little Danger, Contrary to Rogers Play

By D. H. TALMADGE, Sage of Salem

YOU BETCHER!

A night at sunset on a hill,
Two artists pausing on their way;
A sky of pink and amethyst,
A-merging softly into grey.
Beauty beyond the reach of words,
Nature is a wondrous etcher—
Thus one artist to the other,
And the other breathed "I getcher!"

Also he whispered "Gosh!" a civilized tramp word which relieves intelligent emotion without danger of verbal strangulation.

"The folks in Wisconsin said that if I ever got into trouble it would not be because of my beauty."—Katharine Hepburn.

"Doubting Thomas", the Will Rogers picture which has been going strong at the Grand during the week, is for the most part a burlesque on amateur theatricals. I say for the most part, because it is not entirely burlesque. This statement will be affirmed, I think, by most folks who have at one time or another participated in home-talent drama, and who have seen "Doubting Thomas".

The glamour of the stage, in common with other glammers, has doubtless caused family trouble here and there. Heads have been turned by boys and girls and men and women on the stage of the opy house in the old home village. In some instances grief has followed this turning of heads, and in other instances it has not. But of all the thousands who have taken and given pleasure by play-acting before the home folks the number of individuals who have even so much as thought of a professional stage career is, I am quite sure, comparatively small.

Counting them roughly, I have known a hundred men and women, young and old, who found a genuine and innocent pleasure in "putting on" plays. There were those among that hundred who would have been justified by their natural talent in adopting the stage as a career. But of them all only one did so. The ninety and nine remained in the fold, but this lamb wandered away.

A girl she was who joined a repertory company one of the many in that day which traveled over the country regaling the inhabitants with East Lynne, Hazel Kirke, Fanchon the Cricket, Streets of New York, Ten Nights in a Barroom, and a dozen others. Week stands usually. Change of program nightly. A not unpleasant sort of vagabond life.

That girl, too well enough by herself, too so far as I ever knew. I thought a good deal of her, because next to me she was the poorest mathematic student in our school. It was somewhat on the order of a bond of sympathy, only it happened that she did not much care whether she was good or bad in mathematics, and I had fallen into much the same state of mind myself, so of course there was no suffering, and where there is no suffering there is no bond of sympathy.

I saw her only once after she departed on her career. She came back to the old town one summer, accompanied by her husband, an actor, who seemed a nice boy, although his clothes were rather deafening. Then she departed permanently, and presently I also departed, and what became of her I never knew. She may be at Hollywood today, doing old woman bits. She may have been dead these many years. Or she may have settled down somewhere and become the mother of a family of acrobats. It does not matter much.

There were folks who sighed and wagged their heads when her name was mentioned. They said it was too bad in a tone of voice which if printed would exclude their thoughts from the mails. But they said the same thing, and with the same demonstrations, of some girls who stayed on in the old home town, and they said it more or less, of one another. Even respectable people slip now and then. At least they slip sufficiently to provide speculative gossip fuel.

If one is to deviate from convention it should be amongst old and tried friends, where one may be properly discussed.

She was an odd little thing, that girl, when I first knew her. We were about eight years old, and she wore a gray coat and red mittens and a gray hood. After a heavy snowfall the road between her home and the schoolhouse was uncleaned sometimes for days. And that is the picture I see of her when my thoughts go back—a child of winsome face bravely buffeting a biting wind and struggling through the drifts. Such her life was to be.

I have said she was odd. She was almost painfully shy. She did not enter into the spirit of life as we who entered to be her schoolmates entered into it. Her eyes did not understand us, nor did I understand her. Perhaps she did not understand us either, but I had the feeling that she did and that she did not think much of us. She was not subjected to the tease and poster accorded other timid ones. Something prevented—something in her eyes.

She went from school to town hall drama, and thence to the road. Years later I saw her name in four-inch letters on an old one-sheet flopping on a wall in a Nebraska town. A line above her

"Charley's Aunt", starring Sydney Chaplin, is now showing at the Oregon theater.



D. H. TALMADGE

name said "The Great Emotional Actress." It is more than likely she cherished a dream of Broadway. Perhaps the dream came true. I trust it did.

We are entirely within our rights when we strive for that legitimate end which we wish to attain. And the adverse opinions of the neighbors or of the self-constituted wisecracks are of little moment. It is safe to assert that many of the men and women whom we now see in the motion pictures were once boys and girls whose heads were said to be turned.

Many are called, but few are chosen. This is true not only of the stage, but of literature, music and art. Also it is true of numerous other lines of endeavor.

Few of us always act wisely. Many of us never act at all, wisely or otherwise. These devote themselves to criticism of those who fearlessly strive for the attainment of a goal. And when, as has frequently happened, a goal-winner who has gone forth followed by a chorus of dire forebodings, plentifully interspersed with scornful humor, comes again to the home town the scoffers rally around to do him or her honor.

Which goes to show that, after all, we are good at bottom. As the man with chronic rheumatism of the legs said when he outran the bear.

The spring rush being over and everything comfortably fixed for the summer, the little birds have again taken up their favorite game of tattletaling. Which is how I came to hear of the incident of the young lady's skirt. It happened in Salem. The skirt had been cleaned and sent to a dressmaker for remodeling. When it was returned the young lady was much provoked. It fastened or hooked, or whatever the term is, on the wrong side and the seam which should have been in front was behind. Back to the dressmaker it went with an accompaniment resembling a small storm of thunder and lightning, and was apologetically taken to pieces and put together again. And then, and not till then, did it dawn on the minds of the young lady and the dressmaker that nothing whatever had been wrong with the skirt except that the young lady had put it on hind side foremost. Just one of the little lapses to which we are all subject, and which for some reason have been more prevalent since the inauguration of the New Deal, which has made rather a specialty of changing things which would have been better off as they were.

President Roosevelt is said to have the best speaking voice heard over the radio. Which is the more remarkable when we consider the number of codas he has had in his head.—W. Salem.

D. H. T.—Mebby what we don't no't hurt us, as you say, but which has made rather a specialty of some of us would be better off if we hadn't put so darn much faith in it. If I had to do it over again I'd no without any don'ts.—D. W., R. F. D., Salem.

Is it a heart-throb or a headache? What a life!
Notes: It is perhaps not generally known, but Agent McNeil of (Continued on Page Nine)

Twenty Years Ago

June 16, 1915

One hundred and seventy-five delegates and visitors are expected in Salem to attend the convention of the Oregon state letter carriers and clerks on June 26.

Dr. H. J. Clements left yesterday afternoon for a two weeks vacation in California.

Tom Kay, state treasurer, Mrs. Kay and their daughter, Marjorie, left last night for a trip to California. They will be gone until the first of July.

Ten Years Ago

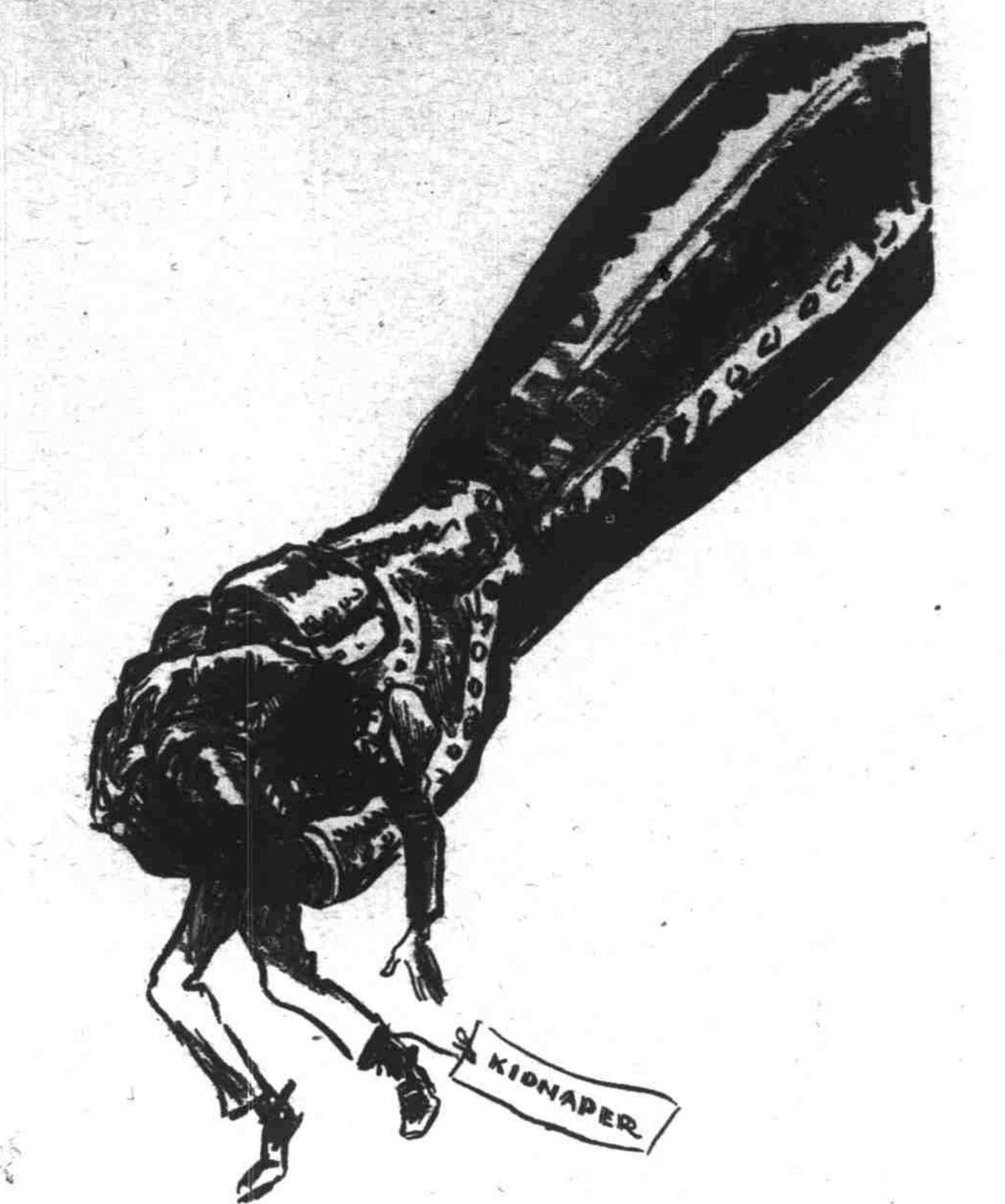
June 16, 1925

An ordinance prohibiting the sale of fireworks was passed by the city council and signed by Mayor Gless last night, and becomes effective immediately.

Miss Ruth Bedford is to be presented in a piano recital this evening by her teacher, Miss Beatrice Shelton.

"Charley's Aunt", starring Sydney Chaplin, is now showing at the Oregon theater.

That Iron-Clad Law?



"WHOSE WIFE?" By Gladys Erskine and Ivan Firth

CHAPTER XXII

"Then do I understand correctly that you and your wife were alone in the penthouse from then on, and that because of the storm you did not, either one of you, go out on to the terrace?"

"That is correct."
"What time did you and your wife have supper?"
"Between half past seven and eight."
"You are certain of the hour?"
"Absolutely."
"Can you tell me at what hour you and your wife retired?" Mantel asked.

"I sat in the studio here, with a book. I had planned to retire early," Vane said, "and then I must have dropped asleep, because the next thing I knew was when the police were here."
"And your wife?"
"She retired at about ten o'clock. She was frightened of the lightning, and always felt safer in bed."

"Then you did not see your wife, after she had said good-night and went into the bedroom?"
"No, I have never seen her since." Vane's voice was low.

"Have you any theory as to the disappearance of your wife?"
"I think that she ran away, either with some lover... or in one of her dope-ridden moods." He looked steadily at Mantel. "But, Mr. Mantel, we must find her. My own hope is in you. My own hands are tied. The police think I killed her, and I am at this moment out on bail. I can make no move of any kind."

"And I want to find her—because unless I do, the case against you is clear, Mr. Vane." Cyrus K. spoke almost to himself. "And now, this identification by her mother, that complicates things badly." His voice trailed off, and he tapped his forehead with his glasses. Then, abruptly, he put them on, and looked at Vane.

"Mr. Vane, did your wife have an enemy that you knew of?"
Lawrence Vane thought quietly for a space. Then:
"Only one that I can think of," he said. "She had often said, sometimes in apparent jest, that Wilbur Benton hated her, and hated me for the same reason—that my own hope is in you. My own hands are tied. The police think I killed her, and I am at this moment out on bail. I can make no move of any kind."

"I see," said Cyrus K. "But she thought that he hated her?"
"And me," Vane was still amused at what he obviously thought the imaginings of a self-centered woman.

"So?" Cyrus K. was thinking of something else. "Let me get this time factor absolutely clear," he said. "You quit work at about four, your model left as soon as she had looked at some of those sketches. Before five and almost immediately after your model had left. The storm had already broken. You and your wife dined at seven thirty or eight. Your wife retired, or you at least thought she did, at ten. Is that all correct?"

"Perfectly."
"Thank you for being so frank with me," said Cyrus K. "Now, if you don't mind, I'd like to go on looking at some of those sketches."
For all the casual tone of Cyrus K. Mantel's voice, his mind was anything but casual or at ease. For, through it ran parallel with the information he had just received from Lawrence Vane, the memory of the talk he had had that morning with Dr. Gilbrath, the police doctor. In that talk he had asked the doctor how long the body of the woman found on the Vancouver had been dead when he had first examined it shortly after twelve thirty.

The doctor's answer still rang in his ears.

Dr. Gilbrath had said positively that the deceased woman had been dead for at least five hours—perhaps a little longer.

"The two men turned to the portfolio of sketches. Lawrence Vane felt a sense of relief sweep over his whole being.

The fact of having told things closely guarded to this quaint, whimsical little man with the brilliant mind and the world-famous name, had in some way relieved the pressure that had rested upon his own heart and mind.

Cyrus K., on the other hand, felt burdened by new worries.

Every time Cyrus K. Mantel went into a new case, he assured himself, seriously, that he would keep the whole matter absolutely and unadulterably scientific, that he would be hard and cold, that under no circumstances, this time, would he allow his heart to interfere with his head—and every time, just as in this present case, he found that his love of people came between him and the cold scientific facts that he was dissecting. Not that it interfered in the slightest degree with his phenomenal ability to ferret out clues and put them together so that when all were in their proper place, the solving of the crime seemed easy. Unthinking folk said, "How simple! I could have done that myself, if I'd only thought of it at the time."

No. His ability always remained the same, but it did affect him personally, and he always found himself drawn more deeply than he had intended, into the private lives and the emotions of his clients.

So, now, he felt burdened with the revelations just made to him by this young artist, whom he had come already to like and to admire.

"Could I take any of these sketches away with me?" he asked.

"Of course. Anything you want is yours for the asking."

"Thank you. That is splendid!" Cyrus K. kept on turning sketch after sketch, studying some for a moment with a close scrutiny, and passing others over with only a glance.

Suddenly he stopped at a drawing. Unlike most of the others this one was not in the rough, but was a finished picture, in color. It was a study of a very lovely girl, tall and slender, cloudy dark hair framing the ivory oval of her laughing face.

She was nude, standing looking back over one rounded shoulder, and from some for a moment with a close scrutiny, and passing others over with only a glance.

"That's a very lovely girl," said Mantel. "And a very fine picture. She stands poised as though she were just about to sweep into a dance—every line speaks grace."

Vane leaned over and looked at the picture.

"That's rather odd," he said, "that you should have noticed that. As a matter of fact the girl who posed for that is a dancer, and a very fine one. Fine girl too. Used to model quite a lot for me, until she went out with a sister act in a night club."

"May I ask her name?" Cyrus K. was formal. "I am sure that I have seen her some place before."

"She's Donetta Dane. She's dancing now with—"

"I know," Cyrus K. interrupted. "Kate Doyle's! That's where I saw her."
"She's Kate's best specialty 'number,' Vane told him. "She's a success, and I'm mighty glad. She deserves it."
"Has she modeled for you lately?"
Vane hesitated, then:
"No," he said. "Not really. She sometimes dropped in to pick up a little extra change, but she wasn't modeling as a profession any more. She did what she could for a living, and was always quite amusingly mysterious in her comings and goings."

"Were you ever in love with her?" Cyrus K. kept his eyes on the sketch as he spoke.

"Good Lord, no!" Vane laughed. "She was, and is, a lovely girl, a splendid model and a good kid. I always got along with her like a housewife, but I never took her out in my life. I never thought of her that way. I'm not much of a lady's man, you know. He looked slowly at his eyes met those bright black ones facing him.

"Never loved any woman but your wife?" Cyrus K. spoke half in fun, and half truly asking for information. He was startled by the answer that came to him from the quiet lips of his client, the man who was out on bail, held for the murder of his wife.

"Yes," said Vane. "I've harbored a hopeless love for another—that's perhaps one reason why I became fascinated with the beauty of Isabel. Sheer loneliness and despair. You see, I knew that this other could never care for me. As a matter of fact she was engaged to another man."

"May I ask the name of the young lady?" the voice of Cyrus K. was almost fatherly in its understanding.

Lawrence Vane's eyes dropped, and the flush deepened on his face. Mantel, noting this, said:
"I wouldn't ask, only every little thing might have some bearing on the case. Tell me to whom the young lady was engaged."

"To Wilbur Benton," said Vane. "Why then—you mean my—"
Cyrus K. broke off, started out of his usual calm.

No. His ability always remained the same, but it did affect him personally, and he always found himself drawn more deeply than he had intended, into the private lives and the emotions of his clients.

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