

# The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"  
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## The Passing World

THERE has been done in a book entitled "Eyes on the World" the pictorial story of 1934-1935, after the manner of Laurence Stallings' "First World War." It is the photographic record of history as it is being made; and like the war book is an assortment of pictures which, even if they are realistic, are nonetheless shocking. A visitor from Mars who scanned it would conclude that this was a sick and sordid world unrelieved by beauty, or made livable by genuine culture. Tragedy stalks its pages; screaming headlines from the daily press startle the nerves. That may be the world to many eyes; but it is not the whole world. Surely somewhere there are roses blooming and a sun that shines.

In place of pictures of dead and dying on war's battlefield there are pictures of combat in industry,—a striker lying wounded on the street, guardsmen chasing strikers along a street "thunder on the left" and "thunder on the right." The casualties of the depression make vivid photographs: the jobless, old and young seeking sleep on a city street, back alley washings on the lines. The drought tells its story with dead cattle bloated on the bare plain and fields dust-blown and barren. Foreign scenes give scant relief: Hitler's bloody purge and Stalin's death decree to party rebels; dead Chancellor Dollfuss and King Alexander; bleeding frontiers as danger zones of armed Europe. A slight variant is the picture of Russian faces intent on a circus which has come to the Ural mountains, and sports for young Russians.

The pictures of persons covers personalities in the news: King George in his jubilee year, Doris Duke, also Dr. Townsend, Walter Winchell, Richard Hauptmann and John Dillinger dead and naked on a slab.

Modern art picks up only the grotesque carving of Christ by Jacob Epstein and the stark "American Gothic" of Grant Wood. Sport and athletics have a healthier tone: Glenn Cunningham winning a distance race; Prince of Wales going skiing; and the playing fields of Eton.

As a collection of photographic reproductions the book is excellent; as a collection of news-pictures it is striking but as a true portrayal of life it is distorted and fragmentary, an assembly of the harsh, the shocking and the discordant. It reveals how unfair the news-photograph picture of our life and times may be.

This pictorial history suggests the penetrating article by the noted critic Henry Seidel Canby in the August Harpers on "Fiction Tells All." He endeavors to analyze the literature of our day as represented in the books of Joyce, Hemingway, Proust, Dreiser,—he calls it an "outbreak of a literature of the underworld of the mind." Such literature is not art,—it is too "photographic." That is it lacks depth and shade and proportion and perspective. To quote:

"It is highly improbable that this literature of autobiography will ever take its place beside the outstanding books of the past that have been not only an influence upon posterity but masterpieces in themselves. The warped mind, the complaining body, the defeated, the desperate, the neurotic are obligatory subjects for literature; but the literature made of them is itself inhibited. It tends to be analytic rather than synthetic; it clogs instead of purging the imagination."

Of similar deficiency in tone and depth and variety are these news-pictures of "Eyes on the World." We do not imply that the world should be pictured only as a beulahland of complete happiness and joy. But to picture only or chiefly the repulsive, the disorderly, the tragic is to be thoroughly false to life. The number of strikes of consequence may be counted on the fingers; the number of factories and stores where work proceeds peacefully is legion. The newspaper from which most of these pictures were taken is to a certain extent a catalog of the unusual, which means of course a record of the disorderly and the criminal rather than the orderly.

The true picture of life and the true history of a year are not the occasional scenes assembled from the tabloids; but that which is drawn or written with a truer perspective and with the depth of imagination rather than the flat and shallow photographic print.

## Club Convention

THE convention of Republican clubs which began with discord ended with far greater harmony in the election of officers and in the formal banquet last night. The discussion which proved irritating to the majority of persons present was due to internal friction in the Multnomah county organization, chiefly between the past and present county chairmen. It is unfortunate that the local trouble should extend to mar the deliberations of the general organization.

As a matter of fact, the convention devoted too much time to mere mechanics and not enough to party education. The club should not usurp the functions of the party organization with its elected machinery. It should be rather a promotional and educational adjunct to the party machinery. In consequence it ought to be a very inclusive organization, reaching all who are loyal to the party and its principles and candidates.

It is a further mistake party leaders sometimes make to assemble themselves together and speak for or as the party. In Oregon under the primary laws no group can speak for the party. One of the advantages of party conventions was the opportunity of drawing up a statement of party principles. In this state no such declaration has any binding effect. This is a handicap to party unity.

The difficulty with the convention here this week was that it was too small, that while it represented the clubs (which is all it could do under the law) it could not represent the whole party. The state law should be amended to permit genuine party conventions as is the case in the state of Washington. These conventions frame party platforms, give a chance for personal acquaintance of party members from over the state, and give an opportunity of training in activity young men as they enter politics. Party nominations remain for primary elections; but the convention still has a place in helping maintain party organization. Such conventions should be legalized, made representative and given authority.

## Twenty Years Ago

July 28, 1915

Revolution is surging through Haiti once more, this time concentrating in the capital, Port au Prince. One hundred and sixty men have been expected.

The supreme court yesterday knocked out the provision of Salem's peddler ordinance, declaring it unconstitutional.

The Swedish army is now the largest and most effective in the country's history.

## Ten Years Ago

July 28, 1925

Norman Kerry, film actor, was

trampled by a horse today at Pendleton but not seriously injured.

Twenty three residents of the Riekey district may be served under a proposed power line. Fourteen of the farmers have already signed up for the service.

Mrs. Fiske, famous actress playing in "The Rivals" at the Grand theatre, ordered raw carrots at a local cafe and scraped them herself.

## SELLS MACHINE SHOP

INDEPENDENCE, July 27.—W. E. Jewell sold his blacksmith and machine shop to Edward and George Wilson. The Wilson brothers plan to handle used cars and to open an auto wrecking business. George Wilson, manager of George's Swap shop, will continue with this business with Mrs. Wilson in charge.

## Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

More markers and monuments:  
Gay brick house:  
Applegate cemetery:

(Continuing from yesterday):  
"At this distance it is apparent that in 1875 Nesmith's memory over the 25 intervening years had become a bit hazy, in a historically interesting period during which he had been a chief figure in the Oregon country and a great one in the nation, having just completed his term in the lower house of congress, where, in the upper branch, throughout the Civil war, he had been a tower of strength aiding Lincoln, though of the opposing political party."

"Evidence of the business appears in the fact that old Yamhill's south line, extending to the Spanish (California) border at parallel 42 up to 1845, became Polk's south line when the provisional government legislature of 1845 created Polk. Jesse Applegate, chief figure of that legislature (1845) represented Yamhill. That body then had 13 members, in '46 the number was 16, and in '47, when Nesmith was one of the three members representing Polk, the number had risen to 20. Owing to gold discovery in California, causing a rush from Oregon of all men who could get away, it was never as large again, though the 1848 body was entitled to have 21, but never mustered more than 18, after two special election calls by Governor Abernethy."

"The question Nesmith got decided by his attempted move probably concerned Polk's status as a county, for the 1845 legislature gave it no sheriff, but made Yamhill's sheriff serve both counties; and provided Polk with no judge, but allowed the election of one in 1846."

"And the 1845 legislature of 13 members, in its third and last session, in creating Polk county, made its north line run east and west parallel with the south wall of the George Gay brick house. Its west line was the Pacific ocean, and its south boundary, as before said, Spanish California."

"So it transpired that the Gay house remained in the county of Yamhill. It is Yamhill's today."

"J. W. Nesmith had been a friend of George Gay since his (Nesmith's) arrival with the Applegate covered wagon train in 1843, and a good deal of the time a neighbor. In 1883, he contributed to the Oregon Pioneer association at its annual session a biographical sketch of his friend. It read in part:

"George Gay died near Wheatland, Oregon, on the 7th of October, 1852, aged 72 years. Mr. Gay's early life was full of adventure. . . . At the age of 11 years he went to sea (from his native England) as an apprentice, and served for four years. . . . In 1832 he shipped on board of the whaler Kitty, of London, for a cruise in the Pacific ocean, and the next year left the ship at Monterey, in California, and joined Ewing Young's trapping expedition along the coast to the mouth of Rogue river. In 1835 he started overland from California with a small party under the leadership of John Turner—one of the three (four) survivors of Jedediah Smith's party of 18 men who were murdered by the Indians at the mouth of the Umpqua in July, 1828. . . . The party of eight men, Turner's Indian wife) about the middle of June, 1835, encamped for the night near a place known as 'The Point of Rocks,' on the south bank of Rogue river. . . . Some 400 to 500 Indians had assembled in and about the camp of the little party, and at a signal furiously attacked the white men with clubs, bows and arrows and knives."

"The attack was so sudden and unexpected that the Indians obtained three of the eight guns which Turner and his party were armed. The struggle of the trappers for life was desperate and against fearful odds. The eight men seized whatever they could lay their hands on for defense, and some of them discharged their rifles into the bosoms of their assailants and then clubbed their guns and laid about them with the barrels. Turner, who was a herculean Kentucky giant, not being able to reach his rifle, seized a big fir limb from the camp fire and laid about him lustily, knocking his assailants right and left."

"At one time the savages had Gay down, and were pounding him, but they were crowded so thick as to impede the force of their blows. Old Turner, seeing Gay's peril, made a vigorous blow with his club which released him, and the latter, springing to his feet, dealt fearful cuts, thrusts, slashes and stabs with his long, sharp sheath knife in a naked manner to the dusky crowd. The other men following Turner's and Gay's example, fought with the energy of despair and drove the Indians from their camp. Dan Miller and another trapper were killed upon the spot, while the six survivors of the melee were all more or less seriously wounded."

"Summarizing from the Nesmith article, briefly: The squaws had driven off the party's 47 head of good horses and all the camp and trapping equipment, together with three rifles, and three of the remaining guns were rendered useless in the clubbing process. The six men took to the brush, with their two remaining rifles; traveled by night, hid in daylight. One died on the South Umpqua of his wounds. (Turn to page 5)

## Proportion of Perfect Pies Is Woefully Small, Even in U. S.

By D. H. Talmadge, Sage of Salem

Man, I ween, is like the apple,  
Also like the peach and pear,  
Falls his enemies to grapple,  
Falls for evils in the air.

I have chanced to read this week an ode to the glory of American pie. The ode was written by an American tourist in Europe, who had found on that continent no pies to compare with the home product. In fact, had found very few pies to compare with our product.

The tourist was greatly saddened and well nigh maddened by a hunger which could not be appeased. This will be readily understood by those of us—and we have a safe working majority—who have suffered from the keen hunger which ensues when we find ourselves unable to obtain that which in the beginning was little more than a suggestion.

Strange as it may appear, I have at intervals suffered in the pie's native land as the tourist in Europe suffered. I have compared notes with others who have likewise suffered.

In proportion to the total number of pie-makers in the United States, those who make perfect, or even good, pies are far less numerous than those—well, let us say those who hold that the financial problems of the country may be solved with a printing press and a supply of green paper.

To be sure, opinion as to what constitutes perfection in pie varies. Individual taste determines individual opinion in this as in other matters. Any sort of pie, to some people, is preferable to no pie at all. And there are those in whom pie which does not measure up to grade is a pain in the neck and elsewhere. Furthermore, it is possible for a pie-hunger to become so strong that it overcomes the discrimination of taste.

The person who has never known pie as it should be made is fortunate. He has not developed a taste which is difficult to satisfy. But at the same time he is unfortunate, and that is by way of being a paradox. However, the pie which is so excellent in quality that the eater thereof overeats in sufficient quantity to require the attention of more than one doctor never a pair of doc's.

The perfect pie does not impel the stomach to send out SOS signals. It slips pleasantly into the alimentary canal, and its course is marked only by gentle ripples of satisfaction—happy memories of melting mouthfuls—blissful anticipations of other mouthfuls yet to come.

Frankly, I think the tourist in Europe, who missed so sadly the pie of his homeland, was not a very good judge of pie, because his poetry was not very good poetry. It gave forth a wailing note, not in full keeping with the highest pie standards.

Pie—and the same is somewhat true, I think, of other dietary items—is the result of instinct, of inborn talent, or lack of talent in the maker. The best pie I have ever eaten were made by young women from Denmark, who had never made a pie before coming to this country and whose only instruction in pie-making after her arrival here was given by a woman whose talent as a pie-maker was far from being of the highest order.

The gods look down with lenient eyes  
On her who makes a perfect pie.

After all, a god is only a god.

Herewith a cheer for Alice Brady, who, with the assistance of Alan Mowbray and Anita Louise, makes a corking screen comedy from Homer Croly's book, "Lady Tubbs." Among the past week's attractions at the Esplanade.

This peaceful world: One day's headlines in an Oregon newspaper—England Scraps Naval Pact, Reign of Terror Harries Ireland, Terre Haute Under War Law, Portland Radicals Keep Mills Idle, Nazis Strike at Youth Societies, 5900 Moslems March in Protest Against Interference with their Worship, Japanese Protest Fires Italy's Ire.

"Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." It still continues to be a good idea.

There is said to be a young woman in Washington, D. C., whose position expressed in initials is as follows: S. A. A. D. S. R. D. U. S. E. S. L. D. Which is the brief manner of stating that she is secretary to the administrative assistant to the associate director of the standards and research division of the United States employment service of the labor department.

I imagine that Mr. Dickens, who so delighted in ridiculing circumlocutionary things in government, would have found something in the foregoing worthy making a note of.

A middle west justice of the peace dismissed without penalty a number of nudists who had been arrested and brought before him. The nudists were charged with having nothing on them, but the justice found something on them, wherefore he decided there was nothing on them.

Not much at which to wonder, do you think? that foreigners striving to acquire our language occasionally go haywire.

In the latest issue of a nationally-circulated weekly, devoted to newspaper workers, the editor of the closed ads of Situations wanted, 29; help wanted, 1.



D. H. TALMADGE

Lynn Overman in the "Men Without Names" picture: "I am up bright and early this morning because there were in my bed more reasons for getting up than for not getting up." It may be that I was the only one in the audience who enjoyed this. I enjoyed it because a memory popped into my head—a memory of a morning in a big hotel in the woods near the international boundary, when I arose shortly after one o'clock because of more reasons for rising than there were for not rising. Fellow feeling—understanding, y'know. From such sentiment springs sympathy. I went out under the stars that night and sat on a box with my back against a friendly tree. The box had been converted into a cage by the use of heavy wire netting. There was a young coyote in the box. Also there was an odor. And as I sat there drowsily the odor came out and mingled with the odor of the pines, and thus I came to know that the odor of the pines is no match for the odor of a coyote confined in a box. But it flavors it somewhat.

I suppose it was something like that that Hamlet meant when he said that he would not be so good as to take the ill to himself. He would rather take a chance on something else. Each day has its problems. Just the same CBO is distinctly preferable to BBB.

Every community and every group in every community has its humorous cutup and perpetrator of practical jokes. Some of these add materially to the joy of living. Some, a gratifying minority, do not. Those who do not are one reason why so great a number of earth people are sad.

There are, of course, other reasons for human sadness—the difficulty of making a living, the accidents and ills inevitable to frail bodies, the uncertainty of our grasp on things which we deem important—O, plenty of other reasons. However, life is as it is and must be met with such understanding as we have.

There is a certain spirit of philosophy, a certain courage, which enables us to see things through without protest. It is not easy of application. Personally, I have had a heap of difficulty with it, but I have seen it in operation here and there and know that it exists. But even this spirit does not seem to quite fill the necessary requirements

such as human ass with a view to being funny does that which entails suffering upon oneself and offending people. The high-powered firecrackers now in vogue for celebrating Independence Day offer an attractive means (I judge for a variety of reasons) for satisfying a witless sense of humor as few other things have done. At least one boy in Salem is still under medical treatment for a bad burn caused by a lighted firecracker placed in his pocket July 4th by a joker. Arms have been blown off, eyesight has been destroyed, faces have been disfigured, and even deaths have resulted in different parts of the country from explosives tossed for a joke and a merry ha-ha by folks who stand seriously in need of having their sense of humor lifted to a level of decency.

I have some misgivings as to firecrackers being a stimulant to patriotism. I have no objection to them as producers of thrills. Once, years ago, I began a celebration of the gee-lorious fourth by accidentally exploding a large firecracker in my left eye, and that eye, ceaselessly burning and stinging, went out of commission for the day. Also every patriotic thought went out of my system. I was no more patriotic than a bear with a sore foot. It is possible, you see, that I may be prejudiced.

"Brenda!"  
"Who else? I verified that only a half hour ago, Jeff and Brenda had been living in separate hotels. He was trying to butt into society by way of the grand ball rooms while she was traipsing around with the Prince."

Toole drew the toe of his shoe across the fringe of the rug. "Lots of loose ends to oriental rugs, hey?" he mused.  
"Did you tell Matt about our part in it—Miss Sire and mine?"  
"Toole snorted. 'No. I wouldn't tell that stiff the time of day if I was standing right in front of the Metropolitan clock tower. If I tipped him off about you and Miss Sire juggling with that knife, he'd have the pair of you looking out through the wire gauze at the Tombs in no time.'"

"You're a queer fish, Toole!"  
"Oh, we're the same breed of pups," the detective retorted, shifting the simile to suit his own vernacular. "I'm getting a punch out of this case because am thinking some big, mysterious hand is working for big stakes against another big and mysterious hand. You're in it because you love the girl."

Bannister gripped the detective's arm. "Where do you think she is now?"  
Toole smiled uneasily. "I don't think that even her father could force her into hiding with all these queer things popping," he said. "It would surprise me if that little wild pigeon flew in through one of these windows any minute."

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SCOTT'S MILLS, July 27.—Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Woodward who have been visiting relatives and friends in North Dakota for several weeks, have returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Millard, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Saueressig, Mrs. M. Conrad, Miss Evelyn Sowa and Mrs. Mabel Talbot of Silverton were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Saueressig. The Saueressigs have moved to their country home on Butte creek for the summer and Mr. Saueressig has been busy digging a well on the place.

## Cooling Off!



## "THE SNOW LEOPARD"

By Chris Hawthorne

### CHAPTER XVI

Toole shook his head. "I don't intend to arrest Jeff Whipple until I learn more of Sire's game. But I do intend to get the documents and the junk. Then I'll find out who's behind Jeff, in spite of Sire's secrecy."

"How do you intend to work it?"  
"I've already hired a suite next to Whipple's. The house man at the Park-Victoria is helping me. He'll probably have lunch served in his rooms, but he won't be able to resist the bright lights of the dining rooms at night—that's one of his few weak points. When he's downstairs I intend to get into his place with a pass-key. He won't be expecting me. You read that little piece in the paper, didn't you, about me being in Bellevue after a taxi collision?"

"Suppose he sticks to his quarters?"  
"There's a four-foot ledge on that floor, with a stone fence around it running clear across the building—a loggia, I think they call it. Crawling from my rooms to his in the small hours of the morning won't be such a job."

"Look here, Toole, I want to declare myself in on that job!"  
"I've taken the rooms in your name," laughed Toole. "It's a respectable dump, inhabited mostly by people who have more money than they ought to have."

"I'll go over right now and take possession."  
"If you reach there at five this afternoon, it'll be time enough. Brenda Whipple is the only one of the mob who knows you and she's outside the Hook on her way to England. You won't have to hide. Just breeze in like a butter-and-egg man and make yourself at home. I'll come along about six disguised as a porter."

"Then there's nothing to do for four or five hours," fumed Bannister. "What about yourself?"  
"My resignation from the department has been in for two weeks and I want to bury that also before Matt Boyle gets me on the carpet. He's using his political drag to do it. If he didn't have that, he'd be waving a red flag at some railroad crossing or shoving a wheelbarrow for a building contractor."

"Yet it was Matt who found out that it was Prince Jura Bai and not a harmless Filipino who had been murdered in the Sire apartment."

"The hotel and the employment agency threw that into his lap. He was too dumb to follow the clue they gave him at the Ritz."

"What was that?"  
"They told him that the Prince had been seen at the opera and at night clubs with a beautiful brunette."

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"What could Karen—Miss Sire—do?"  
"Well, after the way she worked that little business of the stiletto and the way she handled Brenda, we can only guess what she might do. If she knew that Jeff was at the Park-Victoria with the stuff he stole from her father, I think she'd go after him."

Bannister took to his feet, amazed.  
"Oh, sit down!" grunted Toole. "She has no way of knowing anything about Big Jeff. I'm pretty sure we've got that part of it sewed up."

Bannister subsided. "It does look foolish," he admitted, "but I'd give a lot to know that she was in a safe place this minute."

"Stick around here for awhile—she may call up. I'm going out and try to get a line on this Prince."

If Matt Boyle had learned anything new of Prince Jura Bai or of his murderer he did not impart the information to any of the afternoon papers. So far as Bannister could see the case was at a tumultuous standstill.

Dick was on his way to the Park-Victoria at four. Bullly was with him, despite Toole's protests that five pets were barred from hotel rooms and that the animal probably would bark at the wrong time, spoiling their plans.

But the house detective at the hotel was complacent about the dog and seemed to smuggle him up to the suite hired by Toole, remarking that a woman who had some kind of a "drag" with the management had just taken rooms on the same floor, insisting that her dog be permitted to remain with her. So far as he was concerned, he couldn't see why a woman with a chow was any better than a man with an airedale.

"A woman with a chow!" Bannister asked absently.  
"Yes, and a man with an airedale."

"A woman with a chow and a man with an airedale," Bannister repeated, with a flicker of interest. "Was it a red chow?"  
"Yes, a red chow."

"Bannister was its collar set with green medallions?"  
"The collar was green, yes."  
"The lady's hair—what color was that?"

"Same color as the chow's—almond. Wouldn't that be damn knock you stiff?"  
Bannister already had been "knocked stiff." There were thousands of chows in New York and thousands of red-haired ladies, just as there were innumerable tall men with brown hair and airedales with wire hair, but—

"Was the lady young and pretty—stunning, you might say?"  
The house man straightened up with a jerk. "I thought you were here to help Toole get a line on Jeff Whipple," he said peevishly. "Now, if you're going to be steered off by the rustle of skirts—"

"Nothing of the sort," interrupted Bannister hastily. "The information I'm asking for is right in line with the job."  
"Well, the lady is young and certainly not hard on the eyes. Say, you've been shooting up, down and across—why didn't you ask for her name in the first place?"

"Her name," repeated Bannister stupidly. "What is her name?"  
The house man grinned. "He registered as Miss Amy Westcott, of Mamaroneck, New York."

Bannister's jaw dropped.  
"But that ain't her name," the man went on.  
"How do you know that?"  
"She didn't spell Mamaroneck right."

"Is she in her rooms now?"  
"Yes, but if I were you, I'd wait until Toole comes along. You may be a bright enough fellow in your own way, but it looks to me as though you were somewhat of a ham as a detective."

With that, the house man walked out, leaving Bannister to digest the comment or burst, according to his choice. Dick, without volition, did the latter, summoning to the process many quaint and curious verbal explosures of extreme potency.

Finally he walked to a window and looked out upon the loggia of

which Toole had spoken as including the apartment taken by Jeff Whipple. Bullly was at his heels, sniffing. Lifting the sash a few inches, Bannister permitted the dog to thrust his muzzle