

The Oregon Statesman

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"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Back of the Lynching

THE Yreka lynching has brought swift condemnation from official circles; but like most lynchings those who perpetrated it will escape punishment. This paper attributed it to a reversion to vigilante methods in an old California mining camp. But papers arriving from the vicinity account for the lynching by pointing to the slowness of justice in exacting the penalty on the murderer of two other police officers at Yreka.

The Klamath Falls Herald tells the story, and the Medford Mail-Tribune relates it too. While this does not justify the lynching of Johnson, it does explain in part what prompted the mob to take justice into its hands. The Klamath Herald comment is as follows:

"The men who perpetrated the lynching at Yreka Saturday morning have not been identified and they are not talking, but there is reason to believe in the background of this incident was impatience with the delay and uncertainty of so-called 'orderly justice' which has become little less than a scandal in this country."

"Yreka and Siskiyou county have had their experience with this very thing in connection with the case of George Hall, murderer of Stephen Kent, highway officer, and Lester Quigley, automobile salesman. The Hall case is a glaring example of the breaks that go to the criminal in this country, even when the courts get hold of him, and it cannot be ignored in a consideration of the unpleasant incident of Saturday morning."

"Sought for kidnapping a federal officer at Bellingham, Wash., Hall was pursued by officers through Yreka. Trapped, he shot and killed Kent and Quigley in a cold-blooded murder. That was on March 16, 1933."

"Orderly justice" prevailed in Hall's case, although there was talk of lynching. The man was taken before a jury, and within 30 days was convicted and sentenced to hang on June 23, 1933."

"Then came the recourse to loopholes and technicalities to save Hall's neck. He appealed to the supreme court of California, which, after a lengthy study of the case, affirmed Hall's conviction. He was re-sentenced to hang June 8, 1934."

"Then Hall appealed to the United States supreme court, holding up his execution. That tribunal turned down the appeal, holding that no federal question was presented in the case."

"Meanwhile, there had been appeals for executive clemency, which were rejected by Governor Rolph."

"As a final recourse, Hall filed a habeas corpus petition with the United States supreme court."

"TODAY, TWO YEARS AND FOUR MONTHS AFTER QUIGLEY AND KENT WERE MURDERED, HALL REMAINS UNPUNISHED, pending the outcome of the habeas corpus petition."

"It is said that a ring of criminals has built up a huge fund that is being used in the fight for Hall's life."

"In the light of that Yreka case, it is surprising that another strangely similar killing in the same county, led to another kind of justice."

"Sheriff Lowe, in a cursory survey from memory, states that seven officers have been killed along the Pacific highway in southern Oregon and northern California in the last two years, and that only one killer paid the supreme penalty."

"That is the stuff that lynchings are made of."

Strike End

THE lumber strike is winding up. A belated walkout in some of the Lane county mills about Cottage Grove has been the only untoward development of the past week. Adjustment there will doubtless quickly be made. With the resumption of operations production is increasing. During the week ending July 27 production increased 13,500,000 feet. Orders increased 36,000,000 feet or 56.7 per cent. The orders are in part the accumulation of the strike period when yards let their stocks run down. Much buying was diverted to southern mills, but other yards in the favorable freight zone, merely drew on their own supplies pending the strike-end.

Lumber prices stiffened during the strike, and the mills which did not shut down must have made a little money in that period. Sustaining the price increases will now depend on the strength of the buying demand, and that in turn on the expansion of building.

Export demand does not appear promising for the immediate future, says a bulletin from the West Coast Lumbermen's association. In the orient the dealers stocked up heavily before the strike, and the summer building program has been restricted so supplies are still ample.

Domestic demand waits on revival of home-building on a big scale; and on resumption of demand in the farm states. Prospects for heavy crops in the spring wheat states, which would have stimulated demand for lumber on farms, have been blighted considerably in late weeks by rust and drouth.

The outlook is for a rather firm trade during the remainder of the year, as yards restock and as fall building gets under way.

Political Prognosticating

THE Medford Mail-Tribune picks up the prognostications of Frazier Hunt who is writing a series of articles entitled "The Voice of America" which appears in the Portland News-Telegram. Hunt says "it's Roosevelt in the bag for 1936" and says he will carry from 36 to 40 states. Editor Ruhl protests this "voice of America": "We maintain Mr. Hunt didn't hear the voice of America, he heard the opinions of the various people he contacted, and then drew his own conclusions." Editor Ruhl has been about the country considerably in recent weeks, east, west and in between; and he is making no such prophecies. He doesn't think anybody can make a swing around the circle and then say with finality what the people will do 15 months hence.

Equally interesting are Ruhl's own views of the present confused political outlook:

"This is the first serious and authentic prediction of the result of the presidential election next year. There will be many more before the ballots are cast, and have a certain legitimate news value. But to make them appear anything more than guesses, or in any sense expressing the voice of the people, is just a lot of applesauce."

"In fact we venture to say if an actual canvas of the country could be made at the present time, it would show the greatest political confusion that has existed in this country for a generation. It would further show that outside of the extreme partisans on both sides, the rank and file of the people have not made up their minds how they will vote in November, 1936, and don't intend to make them up until they know more clearly than they do now, just what the two chief parties stand for and just what their votes will mean."

Monday a lady telephoned The Statesman to discuss the matter of a catol site. She had just returned from a trip into Washington and was full of praise for the new capitol grounds and buildings at Olympia. There, she said, was plenty of room, and beautiful new buildings had been erected. Of an old and prominent family in Salem she believed that the state should seize its opportunity and locate the capitol where ample land could be obtained, and a group planned for the future. We have all been slow here to catch the vision which the governor's planning board has sketched; but gradually our people are absorbing it. While we build for immediate needs, we must plan for the future.

The Japanese students who stopped in Salem, Sunday, 45 of them could understand English. None of the Americans could understand Japanese. None of the Americans who visited Japan last year could talk Japanese, but many of their hosts could talk English. Considering the proximity of this coast to Japan and China, and the extent of the commerce and travel between the two coasts, it would seem wise for Americans in numbers to learn the languages of Asia. They should be no more difficult than our language to the Japanese.

We don't object to wives working at the statehouse; but we don't like the street congestion when the chauffeur husbands crowd in to pick their wives up at quitting time.

The Great Game of Politics

By FRANK R. KENT

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The Road to Coalition

THE movement, suggested by Mr. Bainbridge Colby, formerly secretary of state under President Wilson, toward a convention of conservative democrats next spring for the purpose of nominating a conservative democrat for president, calls attention to a political situation such as has not arisen since the Bryan days.

There are, in every state, many democrats who will not support Mr. Roosevelt again, but they do not want to vote for a republican candidate—particularly as there seems slight prospect that that party will nominate a man of the first ranks. At present there is among these anti-New Deal democrats a complete absence of coordination. They lack both leadership and unity. However, they are the backbone and sinew of various organizations, each separate from the other, but all antagonistic to most of the Roosevelt policies, and all insistent upon the two things which Mr. Roosevelt threw out the window—economy and budget balancing.

Among these organizations are the Crusaders, the National Economy League, the American Liberty League, the Association for Defense of the Constitution and several others. All of these are non-partisan in their nature, but the fact is they have come to harbor more democrats than republicans—for the simple reason that the democratic disaffection is greater. Actually, there is no political difference whatever today between the conservative republican and the conservative democrat, except that the conservative democrat, because of his sense of betrayal, is a little more bitter toward the New Deal.

Under such circumstances the ideal thing, of course, is a coalition of conservative republicans and democrats, with the ticket divided between them and the platform almost identical with that upon which Mr. Roosevelt was elected in 1932. But for several reasons such a coalition is not in the cards. One is that the difficulties of adjusting local tickets in cities and states render it impractical. A second is because a coalition can be effective without a deal and even if the anti-Roosevelt democrats were organized and led, there is no one with whom to "do business" on the republican side. That party has no boss, no spokesman, no authorized leader. Still a third reason is the strong republican feeling that they can win anyhow. If they make their ticket and platform sufficiently attractive to a proportion of the disaffected democrats.

At any rate, no posted person believes now a coalition ticket is a real probability. Coalition—if it comes—will come after, not before the election. In the face of that fact, the conservative democratic movement along the Colby lines does seem the logical and almost inevitable course. The choice of the anti-Roosevelt democrats will be between that and the republican ticket. It will need some leadership and organization to bring about such a convention, but directed by competent men, it is a simple enough procedure. The point is made that an independent conservative democratic ticket cannot win and merely tends to insure the election of the republican candidate. Of course, that is true, but, as a well-known Maryland judge likes to say to fresh young lawyers, "What of it?"

WHAT'S the use of dodging realities? Is there any other way of defeating Mr. Roosevelt except by the election of a republican? If there is, it has not yet been suggested. When the conservative democrat, who believes the issues raised justify the Roosevelt defeat, accepts the situation, the argument for a conservative democratic third party ticket is likely to appeal on the ground that it is a double purpose is served—first, the end of the New Deal; second, the preservation of the constitutional wing of the democratic party as a separate entity, sure to regain dominance after the New Deal disappears.

There is still another argument for the conservative democratic ticket—to wit, it is the best way to insure a coalition government after the election. It is pointed out that if the next president should be a republican he will be forced, not only by his practical necessities and patriotic duty, to form a coalition government, with half his cabinet made up of conservative democrats, but his own personal political salvation will compel such a coalition. Not to proceed along coalition lines, with an even division of cabinet posts and the retention of many democrats in minor places, would be terribly stupid—because, no matter by what majority he is elected or how many republicans there are in the house, the democrats will have control of the senate for at least four more years.

THIS is a large, pregnant fact, which cannot be overlooked. A democratic senate could reduce the next president, should he be a republican, to complete impotency. He not only could not, if the democrats were hostile, get through a single administration bill, but he could not secure the confirmation of a single third-class postmaster. Under such conditions a real coalition government seems inevitable. Public

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help:

(Concluding from Sunday:) Enclosing the Huntington graves in the I.O.O.F. cemetery, Salem, is a handsome and substantial fence.

The iron work for this fence was purchased in the east on one of his trips to his Massachusetts home by Hon. A. Bush, and shipped to Salem, where it was completed at the expense of the pioneer publisher and banker, as a tribute of friendship.

J. W. Perit Huntington was a remarkably active and able man. The reader has noted that he was born July 5, 1831. On June 2, 1851, before he was 20 years of age, he was elected first clerk of the newly created Umpqua county. Umpqua remained a county until Oct. 16, 1862, when it was consolidated with Douglas county.

Huntington was in the lower house of the Oregon legislature of 1860 from Umpqua county. That was the body which made Col. E. D. Baker and Col. J. W. Nesmith United States senators from Oregon, and the energetic representative from Umpqua aided powerfully in the accomplishment of that result.

Readers of this column know that the sessions of the Oregon legislature in that period, extending to 1876, were held in what was then called the Holman building, still standing, northwest corner Perry and Commercial streets, opposite the present Statesman building. The house held its sessions on the third floor, the senate (council while Oregon was a territory) on the second floor.

The office of the governor was in the upper corner across the street (present Statesman block), his private secretary in the next room west, the supreme court and state library on the same floor—and the entrance by a rear stairway from Perry street, its space now enclosed by a newspaper press room of The Statesman.

J. W. Perit Huntington became a power in Oregon politics, and a very popular man. He was Indian agent for Oregon, then a very important office, when, in 1864, the treaty was made with the Modoc and Klamath tribes. (He was Indian agent till 1868.) That was the treaty broken by Subchief Keitpoos of the Modocs, known as Captain Jack, resulting in the war the first battle of which was on the 25th anniversary of the Whitman massacre, on Nov. 29, 1872. Known as the Modoc war, members of the Applegate family had a good deal to do with it, among them Ivan D. and O. C., sons of Linda by Jesse Applegate was urged to become a peace commissioner.

Had the advice of Capt. O. C. and Ivan D. Applegate been taken, no Modoc war would have been precipitated, and had the warnings of Jesse Applegate been heeded, there would have been no Modoc massacre.

No family clan in Oregon's early days had more to do with Indians than that of the Applegates; and none was more generally highly regarded and respected by the various tribesmen.

Two things principally contributed to this result. First, lack of fear. Second, honesty and fairness in treating with the Indians.

A whole flock of Applegates originating from the three brothers of the Applegate covered wagon train of 1843 participated and fought in all the wars of their section and country, beginning with the Cayuse war of 1848, and not missing one, down to the World war.

Allice Applegate, daughter of Linda, was married to a young second lieutenant of the regular army cavalry at Fort Klamath in 1886, Herbert H. Sargent. They went around the world several times, he fighting in all his country's wars, becoming a colonel, and Teddy Roosevelt said he wrote, in his book, "Santiago," the best account of the war.

A public market and auction day is scheduled tomorrow at Liberty and Trade streets.

D'Annunzio, the Italian poet, flew over Trieste, the Austrian city inhabited by Italians, last week and dropped hundreds of pamphlets printed with burning patriotic propaganda. Italy hopes to "redeem" the Trieste Italians.

Ten Years Ago

August 6, 1925
A forest fire fanned by a heavy wind is headed in the direction of Mill City.

Mary Louise Spas, 16, began her cinderella life as the adopted daughter of Edward A. Browning yesterday in New York city.

No casualties of any kind marred the Y. M. C. A. camp just ended at Neakowin.

sentiment as well as political expediency would force it. There would be no way out of it for the republican president and, naturally, when it came to selecting democrats he would turn toward the conservative democrats, whose third party ticket aided his election and whose views are almost identical. Those who reason this way believe that four years of that sort of government coalition might, in 1940, result in the evolution of a real conservative party. Perhaps so.

count of the Spanish-American war. She herself wrote an interesting book, "Following the Flag," diary of a soldier's wife.

The 15 children born in the Charles Applegate family were double cousins of the eight in the Lindsay Applegate family. The wife of Lindsay was Elizabeth Miller, sister of Melinda Miller, wife of Charles.

There was a son of Lindsay, Ellisha L., who became prominent in official and political life. He was surveyor general of Oregon in the period beginning in 1868, with the office then at Eugene. At that time, he powerfully aided in getting the University of Oregon organized.

As early as 1860, he was an orator of prominence. Everybody called him "Lish Applegate. He wanted to stump the state for Lincoln in 1860, instead of Col. E. D. Baker. He contended that he could say "unconstitutional" as solemnly as Col. Baker could!

Baker was one of the greatest orators of his time. The Bits man remembers a 4th of July celebration in the late '70s, at which "Lish Applegate was the orator. Mrs. Kruse, mentioned before in this series, says the place was in the grove in front of what is now the Bowtell mineral springs (across the Pacific highway and S. P. railway), midway between Drain and Yoncalla. To the boyish fancy of the Bits man, the oration of "Lish Applegate that day was the greatest ever delivered in the world up to that hour.

"Lish Applegate was a strong contender for United States senator from Oregon before the legislature of 1862, to succeed Benjamin Stark. The other contenders were Geo. H. Williams, O. Jacobs, Thos. H. Pearne, R. F. Maury, J. H. Wilbur, A. Holbrook, H. L. Preston, W. T. Matlock, H. W. Corbett, John Whiteaker and B. F. Harding. Mr. Harding was elected.

The funeral of J. W. Perit Huntington was the largest ever held in Salem up to that time. He was a member of the Salem volunteer fire department, which turned out in full, and people came from long distances.

There was another son of the Huntington when they lived in Salem, was Benjamin. He is the well known "Ben" Huntington, leading citizen of Yoncalla. The home of the Huntingtons in Salem was the house now occupied by Renska L. Swart, at 738 North Front street.

MRS. HANNING WINS WOMEN'S CONTEST

WOODBURN, Aug. 5.—Mrs. M. D. Hanning won the low net score in the July eclectic contest held by the women of the Woodburn Golf club, with 36-9-27.

Other scores were: Mrs. R. L. Guss, 37-9-38; Mrs. H. M. Austin, 35-6-29; Mrs. J. Beck, 42-13-29; Mrs. Ray Blatt, 43-13-29; Mrs. L. H. Shorey, 43-4-40; Mrs. Blaine McCord, 35-5-30; Mrs. F. G. Evenden, 37-7-30; Mrs. Clyde Custerford, 40-10-30; Mrs. W. B. Gill, 36-5-31; Miss Mary Scollard, 36-6-32; Mrs. W. P. Lessard, 40-6-34; Mrs. Gerald B. Smith, 45-11-34; Mrs. John Smolinsky, 40-6-35; Mrs. F. P. Proctor, 44-6-35; Mrs. Howard Miller, 53-14-38; Mrs. Burton Wilford, 53-14-30; Mrs. Fred Jensen, 59-18-41; Mrs. A. DeJardin, 71-25-46.

Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Bladorn held low net with 29 in the two ball mixed foursome tournament held Wednesday. Mrs. H. M. Austin and L. H. Shorey and Mrs. L. H. Shorey and Elburn Sims were tied for low gross with 41.

William Downings Visiting Relatives in Lyons District

LYONS, Aug. 5.—Mr. and Mrs. William Downings and sons from Mallin are here for a few days' visit at the home of their son, Orville, and other members of the family. Mrs. Ethel Forrest and son, Gene, of Salem, are also visiting the Downings. Mrs. Forrest Nydegger and children were down from McCully mountain to spend the day Friday visiting her parents and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Hiatt, Mr. and Mrs. Beach, and Mr. and Mrs. Perry Keyes were callers at the Hiatt home Saturday, on their way to Marion lake for a weekend fishing trip. Ivonne Hiatt stopped with her aunt here.

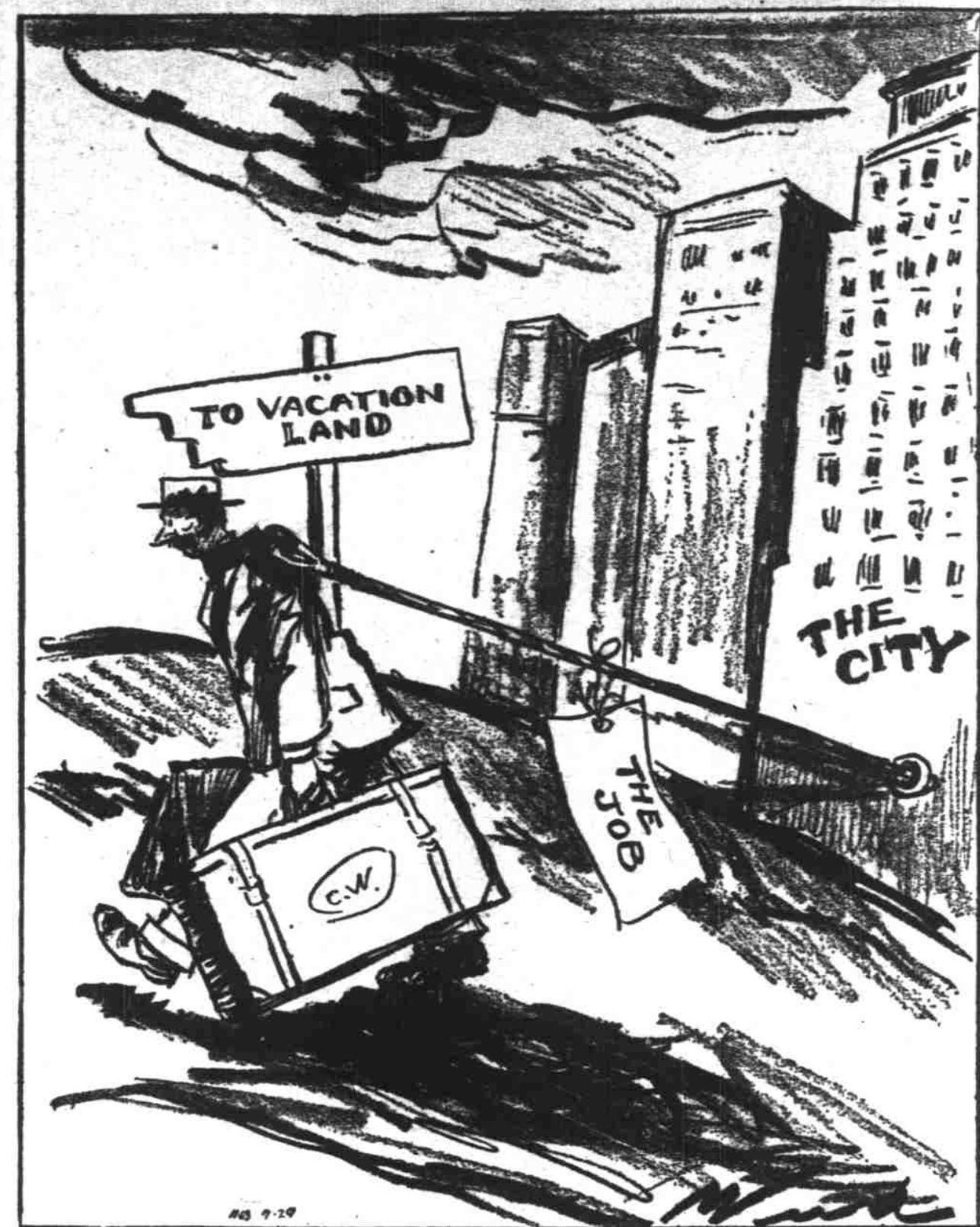
Mr. and Mrs. George Hubbard and Miss Fern Hubbard are home on a short vacation. Huffman has been with the 3Cs in eastern Oregon. The Hubbards were working at Prineville.

Appolonia Kahut Dies at Woodburn Where Rites Held

WOODBURN, Aug. 5.—Funeral services for Mrs. Appolonia Kahut, 79, who died at her home southeast of Woodburn Friday, were held from St. Luke's Catholic church in Woodburn Sunday afternoon with Father J. E. Babis officiating. Interment was in St. Luke's Catholic cemetery.

Mrs. Kahut was born in Wisconsin, July 26, 1856, and came to Oregon with her parents, Peter and Annie Scharbach, when a young girl. They lived at Silverton for a year and then came to the farm near Woodburn, where she lived for 60 years. She was married to Wenzel Kahut in 1877. She is survived by two daughters, Mrs. Frances Brock of Woodburn, Mrs. Mary Eder of Gervais; two sons, Frank and Joe Kahut, of Woodburn; also 19 grandchildren.

The Leash That Stretches Two Weeks



"THE SNOW LEOPARD"

By Chris Hawthorne

CHAPTER XXIII

To Karen, prophecies always meant something big, something dramatic. What inspiring or appalling episode was to mark the climax now approaching? Was the stored-up wrath of the gods to fall upon her? Was she to be immortalized in some dramatic, barbaric manner to atone for the sins of her forebears? Or was she to embody and make real the hopes of all these wretched wanderers?

Had she better yield? Quit the ship at Gibraltar like a good little girl and go home? Did she not owe enough to her father to spare him the anxiety of her peril? She forced herself to smile at this—perhaps there would be no alternative. For once in her life she had met a man who was wholly unimpassioned. Tantrum or no tantrum, Captain Anderson would put her ashore, a miffed queen thrust into a bag like a rabbit!

Karen was out on deck again when Captain Anderson came upon her like a blue and gold whirlwind. But he was grinning expansively and registering all the emotions of a man who had just heard the best news of his life.

"You're free to go on to Alexandria, Miss Sire!" he shouted. "Your father has changed his mind. I wired him that your temperament was interfering with the compass and making the barometer behave like a tube of liquid mercury. He's arranged to take care of you at Alexandria."

It was fate! The prophecy was more potent than her father's will. Some hidden hand was guiding her destiny, Karen felt assured.

Far back in the wake of "Karen Sire's family greyhound," the Albani was making her run across the Atlantic, gliding through glassy seas at maximum speed. Bannister and Toole were aboard, bent on overtaking and passing the Thessalonians.

From a sheaf of newspapers bought at the pier they learned the latest developments in the murder of Prince Jura Bai. His own secretary had been placed under arrest on a homicide charge made by Police Captain Boyle. It seemed that the man could neither produce an alibi nor give any acceptable reason for going into hiding after the murder. He had been arrested (drunk) in a night club. Toole fairly roared at this.

But there was another little item which did not make Toole laugh. It had no apparent association with the killing of the prince, simply stating that an unidentified man, shot dead, had been dumped out of an automobile right under the windows of detective headquarters in Centre street. It was the physical description of the victim that interested Toole. He read it to Bannister, who listened without comprehending.

"My source of information on the Whipples," the detective explained. "Jeff closed it but he was a little late."

"Oh, your stool pigeon!" "Yep. Sorry about the guy—he never took a nickel for the tips he gave me. You see, I got him out of college once."

"College?" "Sine Sing. He was a probationer when he worked for me."

"He risked and lost his life out of gratitude?" "One-armed" Toole nodded a sober assent. "Those words ain't carved on the tombstones of many stool pigeons," he sighed.

How remote the murder of Prince Jura Bai seemed to Bannister! Yet only a few days had passed since that hurtling body had fallen at his feet like a being from another world. From the clouds, also, Karen Sire had appeared, more scrappily than human—a gossamer thing of beauty, a dream fragment materialized, an elusive, tantalizing, soul-stirring creature who even now seemed hardly real to him. She was like a firefly over a swamp, a shifting beacon on a treacherous waste, but he was following her with the determination that there would be no turning back.

Toole's head, clear of the swirling miasma that pervaded some things

ling in Bannister's, had been occupied by more practical things. He had learned much about Alexandria where he expected to have his next encounter with "Big Jeff" Whipple and his murderous valet. On the second day out he and Bannister had a talk with the Albanian captain.

"There's going to be the devil to pay in Alexandria," the captain told them. "Something like a new religion is forming among the half-breed pariahs of the Near East. They're trying to get together and develop a nation of their own. It seems that they have obtained concessions to occupy a desert part

Mormons made a desert to blossom as the rose, and that without the aid of modern machinery.

"Right again!" exclaimed the captain, "but the central thought here is altogether too fantastic. They expect a visitation from the sky—a ruler that will come in an aerial chariot. And that ruler is going to be a woman. She will be glorified—she will cleanse them and give them caste. You see it's a religion of yearning. It has the earmarks of a cunningly manufactured cult to appeal to the hopeless ones of the earth."

"Did you hear anything more about this heavenly dame?" Toole



"There's going to be the devil to pay in Alexandria," the captain told them.

of Tibet. In addition they assert territorial rights from remote days and claim to have documents to prove them. "Documents—territory—rights," Bannister repeated, glancing at Toole.

"If they've got all that," Toole laughed, "why should you expect trouble?"

"Simple enough. There are several interests involved—political, religious and industrial. Do you know that we have a large shipment of agricultural implements aboard? Some rich nut in New York is helping the cause. But the danger lies in the fact that such movements always bring wild men out of the woods. The Near East is full of malcontents. They are eager to turn any form of unrest to their own advantage."

"Is there any date fixed for this heira to the Promised Land?" inquired Bannister.

"There is a fixed date in a prophecy made centuries ago. The whole affair is full of lure to the oriental imagination. It's the mystic that always catches 'em."

"What's mystic about it?" "No mystic would be necessary to accomplish that," Bannister remarked. "Well, the non-commercial aspect of the scheme would appear somewhat thin to the Anglo-Saxon mind. It includes vast changes in the face of the land, made by miraculous intervention."

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asked, trying to peer the talk down. "Is she black, white or yellow?"

"The Captain paused as though perplexed by the query. 'Am I being kidded?' he asked with bland humor. 'Well, from what I can hear, she hasn't appeared yet, but she's pictured as a white goddess.'

"With red hair?" It was Toole who spoke again.

"All goddesses have golden hair, haven't they?" the captain parried, appealing to Bannister.

The young geologist brought his feet back to the deck. "I have seen only one specimen of celestial mold," he said slowly, "and she has golden hair."

From the deck level far below came tinkling strains from a mandolin. Presently a melodious voice arose, singing "O Solo Mio." The captain walked away and joined another group at the rail.

Toole nudged his companion but Dick would not move until the song had ended. Then he turned suddenly and fetched the detective a terrific wham on the back. It was returned with a violence that denoted a common state of feeling.

The mystery was clearing. "There you are women in it," the Captain said. She had golden hair! All their clouded conjectures of the last few days took definite form. Karen was the center of this whole strange scheme! No wonder her father had tried to keep the absurd truth from her. No wonder he had checked off publicity, following the murder of Prince Jura Bai.

Bannister laughed. A sudden weight that had rested over his heart lifted. So this was Karen Sire's secret—the cause of her agitation over the leopard robe, the clasp and girde!

(To Be Continued)

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