

# The Oregon Statesman

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"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"  
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## Building the State Capitol

THE work of the state capitol commission is in the preliminary stages where it is hard to see progress; but if the work is not done carefully and thoroughly in the planning serious troubles will develop later. Consequently, while there is not much "news" with respect to the commission just now, steady progress is being made. The editor of this paper, who as representative of the capitol committee created by the chamber of commerce, has attended some of the meetings of the commission, has been impressed with the accord which prevails in that rather large group, and the manifest desire of all of the members to provide the state and the city of Salem with just as fine a capitol as the money will permit.

It might be well to outline the necessary steps in the building of a capitol. The commission, which was appointed three each by the governor, the president of the senate, and speaker of the house, organized and elected officers. Carl F. Gould of Seattle was appointed technical adviser to prepare the terms of the competition under which the architect will be chosen.

Under the competition the architects are told,—here is the land, here is the amount of money to spend, here are the functions of government to be housed. Then they formulate their conceptions of the proper building, as to style of architecture, arrangement of offices, and embellishment. The plans are submitted to a jury selected by the commission. The jury has no knowledge of the authors of the plans submitted, so the award is strictly impartial. Prizes are offered in the competition as a reward for the effort and a spur to competitors. It will probably be five months before the competition, which is open to competent architects without restriction as to residence, will be finished and the architect selected. The winner will then proceed to prepare the detail plans which will take several months more. It will probably be a year before dirt will fly on the job; but for a building to serve for a century or longer and to be the symbol of government for Oregon that length of time in planning is not excessive.

The commission after deliberation concluded to use the \$2,500,000 available for one capitol building. It will be of about the same size as the old one, but better arranged. It will accommodate the same governmental offices as the old capitol, with any surplus going into general office space. There is keen disappointment that no provision is made for the library; but the commission felt in a small capitol building the library could not be properly housed and that a separate library building should be constructed. This will undoubtedly be presented to the next legislature which realizes the immediate need for new library quarters.

The commission has gone on record that it considers it necessary to have Willson park made available for the development of the project. The purpose of the commission is not to get the park in order to injure it with buildings, but to make a comprehensive plan that it can space buildings and park properly and fit the capitol and the surrounding park into the city's plan with the very minimum of alteration. While the final decisions will be made in the architectural plan which is adopted, the commission and Mr. Gould have a vision of placing the main statehouse at the head of Summer street, and then in the future developing a mall as an approach along Summer street, with public buildings on the sides. A smaller building, the library, might be built at the head of Capitol street. While the west wing of the statehouse would project about 90 feet into the park, the building would not block the vista from the west because the long axis of the building would be parallel to State and Court streets, instead of at right angles as the old building was. So the park effect would be lengthened rather than curtailed. In addition the new postoffice is to go farther forward in the block, the present hump is the center taken out and the rear half put in park, so there will be a prolonged park area from the postoffice clear to Waverly street, with two buildings which will not block the view from the west. In addition there will be the fine approach vistas from Summer and Capitol streets, and on the south the open campus of the university.

The editor of this paper has been zealous to protect Willson park as a park, and so are the other members of the Salem committee. However the tentative plans of the commission are so impressive that we are convinced the beauty of the civic center will be enhanced by the development. And the members are just as sensitive to the preservation of natural beauty as are our citizens. Accordingly we hope that the city of Salem and the Willson heirs will unite in transferring the park to the state, to further a plan which appears to make the best use possible of the ground and the money available. When the job is done we feel confident the people of Salem and of the state will be pleased and proud.

Just a word more. The time for back-seat driving is past. The period of amateur capitol planning is over. The legislature has acted. It has created a competent and representative commission to carry through the task of building the new statehouse. The general public, and particularly the Salem public must have faith in the commission which is trying to render conscientious and enlightened service in what is a difficult and delicate undertaking. So well pleased is this writer with the progress the commission has made to date, and with its broad-visioned plans for the future that we do not hesitate to urge Salem and the state to give full support to the commission and its architectural consultant, Mr. Gould.

An argument is advanced against the change in the date of primaries by claiming it will be harder for independents to get into action as candidates. That will make no difference. Most of these independents are perpetual candidates, ready to start on five minutes' notice.

When the false whisker disguise on the Bankhead substitute for AAA proved ineffective the democrats pulled it offstage. Now they have sent it back as a marionette, but Sen. McNary thinks it still says "mamma" to the old AAA.

Let's see; it was Franklin Roosevelt who nominated Al Smith for president in 1924 and called him the "happy warrior". Later he termed Al the "old potato". Comments since last night are "off the record."

In defending his production against police charges of immorality Mae West's manager said it was one "you could take your grandmother to." That's no test. Was it one you would take your daughter to?

The Oregonian runs the Eleanor article on top of the Alice article in the Roosevelt series. That's wrong; the pepper should be on top of the appleauce.

## Parole System In Washington Works

WALLA WALLA, Jan. 25.—(AP)—Of 1,417 Washington state penitentiary inmates paroled during the three-year period from January 1, 1933 to January 1, 1936, with only 22 having been returned here or to other prisons for major crimes, Warden J. M. McCauley said today.

A total of 1,031 were granted automatic paroles (expiration of minimum sentence with good behavior during imprisonment). Of this number 18 or about 1.5 per cent are in prison again for committing major crimes. Executive paroles or conditional paroles were granted 386, with six or about 1.5 per cent being reimprisoned for major felonies.

## The Great Game of Politics

By FRANK R. KENT  
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### No Longer Lukewarm

Washington, Jan. 25. A CHANGE in the character of the Borah boom should be recorded. Up to a few days ago

he was a who knew the Senator longest and best and had talked with him most confidentially were quite convinced his candidacy was not genuine and that Mr. Borah knew this better than anyone else.

THERE was sound ground for believing that he took a clear view of his own situation, that his "objectives," as he called them, were more or less general and indistinct, but that the Presidential nomination was not really one of them. Friends who had his confidence know all that was true a month ago. They know it is not true now. At least, he has convinced some of his very best friends within the last few days that things are today, they say there is no doubt that Senator Borah is a genuine candidate, that he wants the nomination and is determined to get it if he can. This was not, they agree, his attitude two weeks ago, but it is now.

EXACTLY what happened to effect the change is not known. One is that constant repetition in newspapers and over the radio that his Presidential "candidacy" was not real, but primarily destined to help his Senatorial candidacy in Idaho, created a situation that made the game he started to play inexpedient. It became clear that unless he convinced not only his friends, but politicians generally, that this time he was really going the limit, he risked an undignified finish.

ANOTHER guess is that gradually the Senator has become infected by the Presidential virus and takes his candidacy much more seriously than he did at first. This often happens in politics. A man may start out to enunciate a certain doctrine solely for political effect. In the end he gets to believe his own stuff, becomes completely sincere about it. That President Hoover assumed, of course, in a class of its own. It has become axiomatic that, once bitten by it, no man ever wholly recovers.

SENATOR BORAH, though frequently mentioned as a possibility, until the President assumed the role of a candidate, and until now has kept free from the infection. However, since he stepped into the picture to "liberalize" the Republican party, there has been "great pressure" on him. Political friends have assumed that whose "local situation" he fitted, have rushed to his office to assure him of support. Reports of "overwhelming sentiment" in many States have been received. He mails his full letters pointing to him as the "man of the hour". A large part of this comes from the West, where the Townsend plan followers are strong. Mr. Hamilton Fish tells him he will have New York; Gifford Pinchot tells him he will give him Pennsylvania; Mr. Richard Washburn, Massachusetts; Ex-Senator McCullough will deliver Ohio. So it goes.

UNDOUBTEDLY, Mr. Borah has had a lot of this in the past month. It is not easy to keep a sense of proportion under such circumstances and the disposition is to believe the flattering reports. In any event, there seems no doubt that his lukewarm attitude has changed. He is at the moment "all heated up." He is serious. He is in earnest. He is convinced those who were skeptical that he is going to make a fight. As he sees it, there are only three handicaps to him as a candidate—first, his age; second, the "maleness" of his State; third, the fact that the business interests are against him. He does not regard his inflation tendencies, his free silver record, his vote for the bonus or his flirtation with the Townsends as political disadvantages. Quite the contrary. He wants the nomination.

ALL of which increases interest in his speech next week in Brooklyn. He speaks there as a real candidate and not as a shrewd politician playing a game. As to his age, he will be 71 on Jan. 29. This is a good deal older than any man who ever seriously aspired to be President. William Henry Harrison, 68 when he was inaugurated, was our oldest President; Theodore Roosevelt, 42—our youngest. Buchanan, 65, was next to Harrison; Taylor, 64, next; Jackson and Adams, 61. It is a great tribute to Senator Borah at 71 to be regarded as a serious Presidential aspirant.

### Twenty Years Ago

January 26, 1916  
A private concern is dickering for rights to establish a bathing resort on Minto's island. It was a city playground last summer.

Two youths escaped from the state training school in Woodburn in a heavy snow storm last night.

Robert Withycombe, son of the governor, and Mabel Hutchinson were married at Union yesterday.

### Ten Years Ago

January 26, 1926  
C. M. LaPollette was in Salem yesterday bridging for construction of a bridge at Wheatland ferry.

R. A. Sturgis of Spokane claims he has an invention which will eliminate all radio static.

An insurance firm in California

## Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Mrs. Richardson lived a useful life, reaching back to Oregon slavery days:

On Thursday morning last, January 23, 1861, Mrs. A. J. Richardson passed to the great beyond, at 755 Union street, Salem, where her home had been for a few years.

She had lived a long and useful life, reaching back to slavery days in Missouri and Oregon. Her father, Harrison Linville, led one of the covered wagon companies in the 1846 immigration from Missouri to Oregon. That train arrived over the "southern" or Applegate route.

The Linvilles brought with them two Negro slaves, but, finding the sentiment here in favor of a free soil commonwealth, gave their human chattels their freedom.

The Linvilles took up their donation claim on the lands soon to be known as Bloomington, but afterward to be called Parker, after "Lon" Parker, a pioneer settler. Parker postoffice was established May 25, 1852, with E. W. Foster the first postmaster. It was three miles west of Buena Vista, Polk county.

Into the Linville family had been born, in Missouri, on October 2, 1845, a daughter, Hannah J. She was brought across the plains, the journey postmarked when she was about six months old, and ending around the time she had her first birthday.

Hannah grew to young womanhood there; attended the pioneer La Creole academy at Dallas; was married in 1862, to A. J. Richardson. Not a Andrew Jackson, but Albin Joseph Richardson.

Harrison Linville, her father, was elected to the 1848 session of the provisional government legislature.

The 1852-3 territorial government legislature, meeting in basement rooms of the Oregon Institute that became Willamette university, made him a member of the board of commissioners to select the site for the land grant university; the beginning of the University of Oregon.

The 1853-4 legislature, holding its sessions in the Rector building, next south of the present Statesman building, elected him to the 1854 session of the territorial government legislature.

## Health

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

FEW PERSONS realize that the body, even if properly nourished, is not in perfect health unless its owner possesses a proper state of mind. Certain emotions disturb the functions of the body and in this way interfere with normal health. Excitement, fear and anger are common causes for digestive disorders. To have digestion properly carried on, certain glands must manufacture and secrete certain substances. For example, the salivary glands secrete saliva; in its turn this helps to change starches into sugar. The juices of the stomach carry on the work of digestion.

In addition to the poor digestion, other functions of the body may become disturbed. No doubt you are familiar with the expression "cold sweat." This is a sign of nervousness. When we are angry, contented and relaxed, the salivary and gastric glands are stimulated to activity. But when we are upset, the secretions of these glands are retarded. This leads to impaired digestion, a disturbance which may persist for some time.

### Don't Worry

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### Form Good Habits

I believe that happiness and cheerfulness are habits. They can be acquired as other habits are. It is only possible to acquire this healthful habit, by assuming that there is something to be glad about in every situation in life.

I have noticed in many cases that the period of recovery of a patient who is happy and content, outstrips the gloomy and intolerant one. In many instances long periods of suffering and unhappiness might be prevented by controlling the emotions. Mental excitement and fatigue should be avoided. This advice is especially important to those persons who are inclined to suffer from nervous fatigue and upset. Everybody should have adequate hours of sleep, relaxation and rest. Eat at regular hours and get a full quota of fresh air, sunshine and diversion.

### Answers to Health Queries

E. M. H. Q.—What should a girl of 27, 5 feet 5 inches tall weigh?  
A.—She should weigh about 124 pounds—this would be about average for her age and height.

Dr. Copeland is glad to answer inquiries from readers who send addressed stamped envelopes with their questions. All inquiries should be addressed to him in care of this newspaper.

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A building, granted charters to four railroads; one to start at Cincinnati, afterward named Boia, now a ghost town; one to be built around the falls at Oregon City; one to cover the valley on both sides of the Willamette river—and, fourth, the Oregon & California. The last named company built the road between East Portland and Roseburg, and the Southern Pacific took it over and completed it.

Harrison Linville was one of the commissioners to administer the railroad acts.

Mr. Linville had established a ferry across the Luckiamute river at Parker and expected that town to be a large city on the main line of railroad between Portland and California, through the Holmes gap. The west side southern Pacific line does run through Holmes gap, north of Rickreall. It was named for the father of Leander Holmes, the man whose proxy in the hands of Horace Greeley in the Chicago convention of 1860 made certain the nomination of Abraham Lincoln for president of the United States. The father's name was Leander Nelson Viscount Holmes, whose donation land claim was in the gap.

In his late years, Harrison Linville lived at Corvallis, and died there. He was a fine southern gentleman, typical of high class men of the old south.

The Chapman History of the Willamette Valley (1903) had this to say of Albin J. Richardson: "Numbered among the prominent and successful business men of Polk county is A. J. Richardson, who is living retired from active pursuits at his pleasant home in Buena Vista.

"A man of courageous industry, sound judgment, and keen eye for business, he brought to Oregon when the country was new, and, by persistent effort and steadfastness of purpose, succeeded in the various undertakings with which he has since been identified, and is now one of the most prominent men in the county, and a person of affluence and influence.

"A native of Maine, he was born at Mount Desert, Hancock county, May 11, 1835. He is of Scotch descent, and his father, Abraham Richard, was his grandfather. Abraham Richardson, Sr., was born and reared on the picturesque Maine island that is now a favorite summer resort.

"Abraham Richardson, Jr., followed his father's occupation, shipping, and was subsequently sailing as master of a vessel. "He was afterwards employed for many years in shipbuilding, being successful, and accumulating considerable property for those days. His wife, whose maiden name was Deborah Burnham, was also born on Mount Desert island, and, like her husband, spent her entire life in Maine. Seven boys and five girls were born of their union, and of these Albin had the second oldest. His mother of birth, is the only survivor." (Concluded on Tuesday.)

Forty-one and a half years ago next Saturday, George G. Brown began work in the office of the Oregon Statesman. He had just left the public school funds and other specified trust funds. On April 1, 1936, he will have served 33 years as executive secretary of the board, and he has announced that on the date he will retire. He has served under boards of various political affiliations, and he will turn over the duties of the office with an absolutely clean slate to his credit. The verdict shall stand written, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." George Brown goes back to the early pioneers—his mother was a Waldo. He has walked upright throughout his whole life, as a boy, student and man. He has the best wishes of thousands who know him for happiness and length of days.

## Rebekahs at Monmouth

Install New Officers With Social Fellowship

MONMOUTH, Jan. 25.—New officers of Akate Rebekah lodge were installed Thursday night by Mrs. Lettie Johnson, district deputy, and Mrs. T. Edwards, marshal. Officers: Louraine Crofoot, N. G.; Edna Bohl, V. G.; Mina Donnell, secretary; W. J. Stockholm, treasurer; Ira Hamer, warden; Ethel Moreland, conductress; Eugenia Keeney, I. S. G.; Agnes Friesen, O. S. G.; Julia Stockholm, R. S. N. G.; Lettie Johnson, L. S. N. G.; Ora Edwards, L. S. G.; Alta Rogers, R. S. N. G.; Minnie Price, chaplain, and Susan Stanton, musician.

## Dessert Luncheon Is Enjoyed Thursday at Johnson Home, Roberts

ROBERTS, Jan. 25.—The women's club were entertained Thursday with a one o'clock dessert luncheon at the home of Mrs. L. D. Johnston, with Mrs. Clifford Thomas and Mrs. Elise Fidler assisting hostesses. Mrs. Robert Judson was appointed in charge of the program, which the women's club will present at the community hall February 8. Contest prizes went to Mrs. Alfred Kleen and Mrs. Calvin Brazier. Mrs. Ed. Harmsberger, Mrs. G. S. Higgins and Mrs. F. M. McGee will be joint hostess to the women in two weeks at the Higgins home.

Mrs. Williams Hostess To Laurel Social Club KINGWOOD, Jan. 25.—Members of the Laurel Social Club

## Today's Oliver Twist



## "HIGH SCHOOL TRAGEDY" By MAXINE CANTY

### CHAPTER XVI

Although Inspector O'Brien was not expecting me, he seemed really glad to see me.

"Well, Miss Julie, you are a refreshing treat to a tired policeman. Have you something new on your mind?"

"No, Inspector," I smiled, "I thought I'd type those notes if your typewriter wasn't busy. I haven't any at home and I thought I'd better not do them at school."

"Quite right," said the inspector, turning away slightly. "Suppose you work right here." He indicated a desk over by the window in his own office. I took off my cap, pushed my wavy up, and sat down. I had thought I might be an hour doing them if I worked very carefully, but I was really an hour and a half because I had to clean the typewriter first. It was surely a mess. I guess every office in the place banged out its reports on it, and no one ever thought of dusting it.

While I was there, the inspector was answering calls and seeing various people that came in. I was disappointed that there was nothing about the Sinclair case; somehow I had forgotten that the police had anything else on their minds. It was actually very dull.

But when I had finished, the inspector leaned back in his chair to smoke a cigar and became quite conversational.

"Well, little Julie, what do you think about our murder now?" His tone was so friendly and sort of intimate that I felt bold enough to come back with, "I don't know, sir; what do you think?"

"You have a pretty choice of murderers, and yet we can't pin it on any one of them."

"What about Mrs. Carrington?" "You've heard that she phoned her husband from San Diego?"

"I nodded. "The man who tapped the call, phoned me a few minutes later. I immediately sent word to San Diego, but by the time the man got to her hotel, she had flown. It's a funny thing. She must have read the papers and known about the murder, else that she and her husband have been involved. If she were innocent, why not reveal her secret outright? If guilty, why do so by calling her husband?"

"He seemed to be thinking to himself. He continued, "There are many innocent people shrink from the publicity and unpleasantness concerned and evade questioning if they can. If she were guilty, perhaps the lead was an attempted ruse to mislead us, in case we were watching her husband. It all seems a little crazy."

I began checking them off on my fingers. "Number one, Mrs. Carrington. She had the motive of jealousy; she could have done it, and we know she has disappeared, or tried to. Number two, Melvin."

person who saw her said she was dead, fifteen minutes after Perkins says he left. He concealed the fact that he visited her at all. So far, we can establish those two facts, and both are pretty damaging."

"He is a cold, hard person sometimes. Yet—Well, number four, Hym."

"An Oriental. No matter how well we come to know them as individuals, we whites cannot refrain from considering the unknown ones shy and shifty. He alone admits that she was dead when he saw her. He says he was there at nine-thirty. Yet first he said nine-fifteen. He said once he had been three times that night; in his last statement, he says four. He was desperate for a job evidently, and Miss Sinclair was the means of his losing the one he had. More than that, she had insulted him, offended his racial pride. He had the motive, he was there at the time of her death, or very shortly thereafter, and he ran away that night."

"You make it sound as if he were convicted already, Inspector."

"He shook his head. "Let's go on," he continued. "Number five, Bruce Lloyd."

"Oh, I can't believe he did it!" "Don't become a sub-sister, Julie!"

"I flushed. He went on: "I know, it is a hard lesson for youth to learn that all is not fine that is physically clean and attractive. I think it is a good one, however disillusioning. Now Bruce was engaged to Miss Sinclair. Yet they had a bitter quarrel. They had not seen each other quite so much those last weeks. He did not come at once when she must have read of her death; he refuses to answer questions, to give any alibi for Thursday night. All we know is that he tried to phone her from Sacramento on Wednesday, and that he didn't get her."

"But he did send her flowers, hardly a thing a man who planned to murder her would do," I feebly defended him.

"I don't know. A clever man might figure you and I and everyone else would think that. Then, too, he may not have planned it. Probably most murders are committed on the impulse of one passion or another."

"Well, it seems to me that there are an awful lot of loose ends. "Right at this moment, I have built up the case against each of them, we can now tear each of them down. If Mrs. Carrington did it, why would she be so concerned over the divorce, where is she now? Why do you think she would run the chance of being discovered? Why not slip on over into Mexico until this dies down? If Melvin did it, why did his shot not arouse Mrs. Sardon and Hym? Or if he had a alibi, where is it now? Why do five experts agree that his gun is not the fatal one? If it was Perkins, what was his motive? If Hym, why does he admit finding her dead? Looking at him, you wonder how he could have screwed up enough courage to fire a shot. Where did he get a gun? Most Filipino murderers are knife affairs. If it was Bruce, he had a very short time in which to arrive, have any argument or discussion with the girl which would lead to a killing, a bare fifteen minutes."

"Then there are other questions," I chimed in excitedly. "Who made the telephone call? Where did the fountain pen go? Why didn't Mrs. Sardon hear Mr. Perkins come and go? And why would Bruce senseless murder a woman? "Those are still on your mind, aren't they? Well, there is a question there for me, too. I would like to know which one of them, Miss Sinclair or Bruce Lloyd, was responsible for the rift between them, which one of them wanted to end the affair?"

trusted me, and I was working for him. "I think I know that. He told us something of his romance with Connie. It was he who felt it ought to end. She tried to carry it along, hoping he would change his mind. But he made a decision, he said. I think the flowers told her what it was. You see that summer, they had used flowers as a sort of code to get around her cross old aunt. Pink meant they would have to change their plans somewhat; white that they would carry them out just as they intended to do."

"But the flowers he sent her Wednesday were yellow roses." "Yes," and I almost cried as I said it, "yellow meant the plans were over; he was backing out."

I felt pretty badly about Bruce, about having to betray him as it were, to the Inspector. I just couldn't believe, no matter how shabby he had treated Connie, that he could have killed her. Yet O'Brien had been quite impressed with my revelation. In fact, he had said, "Miss Julie, you'll solve this thing yet if you just keep on thinking."

This high praise left me cold. I loved digging up stuff about Mr. Perkins or hearing about Melvin, but I didn't fancy uncovering Bruce's guilt, if that was what this meant. I was so worried that I looked haggard when I got home; yet that was nothing compared to the worry I was to go through later.

I got out a new red-checked gingham playuit and a big red hat to match it that I must say was a wow. Dicky forgot all about my defection that afternoon when he saw me; so I didn't have to explain, which was a fortunate circumstance as I had not remembered to think up anything.

But in spite of the utter self-confidence my mirror inspired and in spite of the really gorgeous food my mother had slung together, my spirits did not do any revival. I was low and that was all there was to it. When Dicky got romantic in the moonlight, I felt it was the last straw.

"I'm going home," I announced, and he knew I meant it. I was glad the next morning that I had ten hours sleep behind me, for I had a hard day. It was Saturday and the family had planned to drive to Santa Cruz for the weekend. About ten o'clock, Dad phoned that he couldn't get away, that we would have to go some other time. To say the least, I was disappointed. I would be glad to go away from the town for a few hours anyway.

Another had to do some marketing that day, so I drove her down. I was sitting in front of the big open grocery store where she always waited for her, when who should come along but the Inspector. He stopped, leaned over the side of the door and his opening remarks told me why our trip to Santa Cruz had been spoiled.

"I know you don't like the idea, Miss Julie," he said after greeting me. "But I checked up on the San Francisco and after the information you gave me, I wanted to be sure we were watching Bruce Lloyd closely enough. The fellow over there had a report to make that day, so I drove her down. I was very disappointed. I would be glad to go away from the town for a few hours anyway."

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(To Be Continued)