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Farmers and the Capitol

FARMERS' groups must be commended for their interest in public questions and their readiness to resolute, even if they are sometimes too quick on the trigger. It's a rare meeting of a county grange or a farmers' union which does not adopt resolutions dealing with a wide variety of questions. Most business organizations confine their actions to their particular trade or field and rather faithfully eschew general resolutions in order to "keep out of politics". Service clubs carefully avoid adopting resolutions on controversial questions. But no such fear stops a farm organization, which is ready and willing to express itself on issues, local, state, national or international. If other groups were equally concerned with political questions and at the same time a little more deliberate before announcing a conclusion there might not be so much ignorance and inertia in politics.

These observations are prompted by the action of the county convention of the farmers' union in adopting the following resolution regarding delay in building the capitol:

"This unnecessary delay seems to be due either to the lack of ability of those in charge, or the lack of honesty of purpose; a deliberate stalling for time in the hope of legislation adverse to building on the present site."

There has been delay, but the causes are not such as are imputed to the commission by the resolution. Those responsible for the task are neither lacking in ability, dishonest in purpose or seeking a different site.

A state capitol is not a cheap, temporary structure to last only a few years and then be torn down. It is an expensive building, which should be built to last for one or two centuries, or even longer, as have many of the public buildings in Europe. Moreover a state capitol is a symbol of the state, of its history and tradition, of the character of its people and of its environment, and of the authority of government. Done right the building becomes a structure in which generations of citizens will take pride. Poorly done the building will offend the taste for as long as it stands. Time is required to plan properly a building of this kind.

The first time requirement which seemed to cause delay was the organization of the commission of nine people from all parts of the state, no one of whom knew all the other members. It was a new task to them. They had to organize, get acquainted with each other and their problem, decide on the course of procedure to be followed. One of the early decisions was to select the architect, not by direct choice, but after a fair competition in which merit would win.

To carry forward such a competition very definite regulations must be prepared, which are approved by the American Institute of Architects. For unless the competitors have assurance that the contest will be fair and the decision made impartially they will not participate. To assist in preparing the conditions of the competition the commission employed Carl F. Gould, a well-known Seattle architect. He will not be the designer of the building; in fact his work ceases when the award is made, unless he should be retained for further counsel by the commission.

Architects cannot prepare their competitive drawings until they know the requirements of the structure, which are set forth in the preliminary plans. The jury which makes the award takes only a week to make the selection (which seems too short a period for proper study of the expected 100 or more offerings). This brings the date to about June 1 and the successful architect is given only to September 15 to prepare his completed drawings and detailed specifications, a period which most authorities think is too brief. Then the plans will be submitted for approval to PWA, and call for bids made. It will be late fall before construction work can begin.

It is true there has been delay, but public bodies with members busy in private occupations can assemble only at intervals to pass on progress reports. They are not like a board of directors of a business who meet daily or weekly, with an administrative organization already completed and functioning.

No plans have come through for the new postoffice, only a $265,000 structure, although it was authorized last summer, and the treasury department has a regular staff engaged in designing postoffices for cities of all sizes.

So far as the site is concerned there is no idea or thought anywhere that the capitol will go any place except on the old tract, except that probably it will front on Summer street instead of standing in the middle of the block, a change which is made possible by the deeding of the east end of Willson park to the state.

The Statesman is not so much concerned over the slowness of the progress on the capitol as with what the state will get when the job is finished. What will the building be as to its beauty and dignity? What will it be as to utility? One thing is clear now, that, by providing enlarged quarters for the legislative branches with galleries and more committee rooms the building is not going to be big enough to house all the offices which were accomodated in the old building. For this the limits of the appropriation and the costs of construction of the type apparently contemplated are responsible.

Drying the Stream

AT the Townsend convention last year an "audit" was presented which balanced the books to a dime. It was reported that Dr. Townsend and R. E. Clements got $50 a week apiece, and that was all in the way of salary. The federal investigating committee has now heard auditors report that the books are in a hopeless muddle for the time prior to last July. This simply means that the purported auditor's report of the last convention was not dependable.

Mr. Clements on his own testimony admits he received in 1935 $12,585 and his wife acting as his secretary got $1,475. Besides this the organization paid his apartment rent ranging from $130 to $215 per month, bought their groceries, paid their maids and their gas, electric and telephone bills.

These amounts were not excessive if the Townsend movement was regarded as a promotion enterprise, and might even be defended if the membership had been told the truth. Since the contributors were not told the truth and had no voice at all in fixing the compensation this testimony will prove highly damaging to the cause. The trickle of dimes and dollars will start now to dry up.

Soviet Censorship

THE weekly periodical, The Nation, published in New York is a publication whose liberalism often gets over the border into radicalism. One of its leftist correspondents is Louis Fischer, who writes usually from Moscow and always sympathetically to the soviet rule. He even justified the punitive murders of Stalin in Leningrad some months ago. So his recent complaint on the soviet censor invites a sardonic smile, when he writes in a letter to The Nation:

"During the last few months the stupid Soviet censor has been stopping my copies of The Nation. For thirteen years he allowed them to reach me. But now he has apparently suffered a new occasion of imbecility. The foreign commissariat intervened on my behalf, but the censor's authority, it seems is higher. Will you please, therefore, mail The Nation to me in sealed envelopes. Perhaps these will escape his prying fingers."

If The Nation is too reactionary and capitalistic to be allowed delivery to its soviet-sympathizing correspondent, what reading matter from abroad is tolerated in Russia? The probability is, however, that the incident is just another example of bureaucrat stupidity.

The Great Game of Politics

By FRANK R. KENT

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Concerning the Farmers

Washington, April 6

IT is well recognized — in fact, proclaimed—that the base of the New Deal confidence in the Roosevelt reelection is the solidity with which the farmers of the country are supposed to be for him. They are claimed to a man.

Frank R. Kent

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CONCEDEDLY, the business and professional classes are against him. So, too, the polls indicate, are the clergymen, but on the authority of no less a person than Professor Tugwell himself, we are told that a "farmer-worker" alliance will surge irresistibly forward in the coming campaign, destroying "our enemies," who sinisterly stand in the way of the "new economic era." Quite obviously the Republicans, wicked creatures, are trying to undermine the agricultural end of this alliance. Later, it is likely, they may be depraved enough to attempt the seduction of labor itself. Who can tell?

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AT any rate, two recent developments indicate deliberate plans to lure away the farmer by convincing him that he is being played for a sucker by the New Dealers. One of these is the determination to ask ex-Governor Lowden of Illinois to serve as temporary chairman and sound the keynote at the Republican convention. The reason for the Lowden selection is simple enough. Beyond question, the real farmers of the country have more confidence in him than anyone else. His name carries greater weight with them than any other. He is known to more of them personally than anyone else.

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THE LOWDEN interest in the farm problems has been personal and keen for thirty years or more. It is something to which he has devoted more intense and practical study than any other public man. The reasons the farmers have confidence in Governor Lowden are, first, because they regard him as one of them; second, because they are convinced he knows what he is talking about; third, because they know his interest in the farm question is not political and, hence, is sincere. Most people will agree that if Governor Lowden were ten years younger (he is now 75) almost certainly he would be the Republican nominee for President. If Governor Lowden indicts the New Deal farm program as not in the interests of the farmer, it will have considerable effect upon the farmers because they will realize that he means it. At least that is the idea back of his selection.

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THE other development calculated to disturb the supposed solidity of the Roosevelt farm support is the painful fix in which Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg, of Michigan, has put the AAA by the recitation, on the Senate floor, of certain facts, and by making a perfectly simple request. The facts, he asserts, are that in two years one corn-hog farmer had received $219,825; one cotton farmer, $168,000; one wheat farmer, $78,638, and a Puerto Rico sugar company, $961,064, with which it had "cut a melon" which added $17,000,000 to the market value of its stock. Undoubtedly these figures came as a shock to millions of small farmers as well as to the non-farming citizenry, whose only part in the AAA program is to pay the bill. Undoubtedly, too, Mr. Vandenburg's requisition for a list of persons receiving more than $10,000 seems as reasonable as the AAA excuse for refusal on the ground that the task of compiling the list was too enormous and expensive seems ridiculous. Mr. Vandenberg carefully refrained from making any charges. All he asks are the names.

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CERTAINLY this is information to which the public is not only entitled but for the hiding of which there can be no sound reason. The lavish giving away of the people's money is none too healthy an idea when it is done wholly in the open and with the record on the table, but when the bureaucrats who ladle out the dough insist upon their right to secrecy, it becomes intolerable. In the end the AAA will have to make the names public because the position it has assumed is untenable. The longer they refuse the more reasonable it will be to believe they are afraid of the facts. There may be no ground for suspicion, but this singular reluctance to let in the light upon the part of an Administration whose intrusion into the privacy of individuals is unprecedented is not evidence of a wholly pure heart. Beyond question Senator Vandenberg has performed a public as well as a party service in cornering the AAA in this business. It may be that between him and Governor Lowden, before the campaign ends, this solid New Deal farmer support will be considerably diluted.

Sunday School Officers Installed at Zena Church

ZENA, April 6—Officers of the Zena Sunday school were installed with appropriate ceremony at the church Sunday morning by Elaine Worthington, assistant superintendant. Officers are Violet Utterback, superintendant, Mrs. Ralph C. Shepard, assistant superintendent; Grace Cherry, secretary; Marvin Cherry, treasurer; Loan Swenwold, artist; Ruth Shepard, song leader, and Gladys Crawford, organist.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

4-7-36

Donald Manson the man who arranged building of Hudson's Bay company's forts who lived last days in Marion:

(Continuing from Sunday:) Resuming with the words of W. H. Rees: "I retired that evening fully impressed with the doctor's views.

"Mr. Manson was six feet in height, symmetrically formed, of a quick military bearing; yet one of the most affable of men, endowed with uncommon physical powers, a strong will united with true courage. Insubordination in the slightest degree was never manifested among the men under HIS command.

"Fond of reading, he was quite conversant with the great literature of his time; a great admirer of old Scotia's immortal bards, Burns the emotional, and Scott, their descriptive and martial poet.

"Mr. Manson was a member of the Episcopal church; a man of true courage, he was content to cultivate and follow the better impulses of his nature, while the unpardonable sin of self righteousness or false pretensions found no abiding place in the manly breast of Donald Manson."

So ends the sketch of W. H. Rees on Donald Manson. Rees said he was visiting Fort Vancouver in May, 1845, when Dr. McLoughlin introduced him to Donald Manson and Mr. Marcus Whitman, "then just arrived".

Mr. Rees came with the covered wagon immigation of 1844 —the Minto company. At that time, Fort Vancouver was the business headquarters for Oregon. The Hudson's Bay company supplied most wants and bought most things for sale.

Donald Manson had for a year been the principal chief factor and the executive head of the department of that great concern in New Caledonia, meaning what is now British Columbia.

The student of Oregon history knows that two sons of Donald Manson were at the Whitman mission at the time of the massacre there, Nov. 29, 1847. The boys were being educated in the mission school. They were not harmed in the general slaughter of American men and boys, including Dr. Whitman, also Mrs. Whitman.

A great deal was made, at the time, of such immunity, accusing the British concern with winking at the slaughter of Americans, when British subjects escaped.

But a clearer view allowed by the lapse of time indicates that men and their families known to be connected with the Hudson's Bay company were safe from harm through fear—the Indians knew that if they harmed them they would be hunted to their deaths. They knew no exceptions had ever been made.

The fact that the Manson boys were with Dr. Whitman, or were about to be placed there, no doubt explains the fact that their father and the missionary traveled together to Fort Vancouver in May, 1845.

New Caledonia had at that time no suitable place for the schooling of the boys.

When Donald Manson decided to retire and settle down, after a service of more than 40 years with the Hudson's Bay company, under working conditions that can never come again in the territory served, he "purchased of Dr. Newell his donation land claim at Champoeg," Mr. Rees wrote.

Dr. Robert Newell's donation land claim contained 640 acres. Donald Manson, on Oct. 6, 1857, bought 221 acres of land. The deed was signed by Robert Newell and Rebecca Newell his wife, and the consideration was $6500. Mrs. Newell signed with her mark. In other words, she could not write. She was an Indian woman. No unmarried white women were in Oregon when Dr. Newell came, in 1840, by way of the plains and mountains, where he had been a hunter and trapper. Mr. Newell was the kind of a doctor that comes by his skill through a knack. He was not a graduate of medimine. That was true of a considerable number of pioneer doctors — and their patients got through in some way or other; if they got through at all. Dr. Newell was "speaker of the house" of the provisional government legislature — and got away with that, too, though what he didn't know about parliamentary law was about all there is in the books.

(Concluded tomorrow.)

Churches Plan to Give Only Short Programs Easter, Due to Colds

DAYTON, April 6.—Because of the prevalence of severe colds and influenza in Dayton and the inability to practice for any individual Easter programs, only short and varied sacred programs in the church will be held during the Sunday school periods.

A cantata entitled "The King Eternal" by the Dayton Union choir of 20 voices with George Thompson of Webfoot, leader, and Mrs. Ray Warren, pianist, will be presented Sunday night at the Evangelical church.

Dayton Clubs Postpone Meetings Due to Colds And Flu Holding Sway

DAYTON, April 6.—The Pleasant Hour Reading club of Dayton postponed the meeting scheduled for Friday at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Orr C. Goodrich to some time in May or until such time as normal health conditions are returned. The Kill Kare Klub of Dayton April Fool Day party planned for Wednesday was also cancelled.

As a health measure the regular monthly meeting of the Christian church missionary society, scheduled for Thursday afternoon, was called off.

Twenty Years Ago

Twenty Apache Indian scouts will join Pershing's forces in Mexico to aid in capturing Villa.

The 50th anniversary of the G. A.R. was celebrated in Woodburn yesterday.

A photo shows Willard in the ring for his recent fight with Frank Moran. He weighs 259½ pounds.

Ten Years Ago

April 7, 1926

Roy S. Nelson has purchased the Atlas book store from A. A. Gueffroy.

A Child Welfare society is threatening to remove 15-year old Frances Heenan from the custody of her mother. She is betrothed to 51-year old Edward Browning.

Mae Murray in "The Masked Bride" is playing at the Heilig today.

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

United States senator from New York
Former Commissioner of Health, New York City

IT ALWAYS gives one a pang of sympathy to see a crippled or deformed child. Many of those deformities might have been prevented. In many an instance, if the necessary medical care had been given to the mother before the birth of the child, the accidents would have been avoided. In other cases, surgery during early childhood would have corrected the trouble.

No doubt you will be astonished to learn that in the United States each year more than 150,000 children are born dead or die shortly after birth. About half of these deaths can be traced to some injury received at birth. Many who escape visible physical deformity may suffer the effects of brain injuries.

The figures are amazing and difficult to understand in light of modern scientific achievement. It is true that motherhood has been made safer as a result of improved methods of surgery, better anesthesia, and the discovery of many valuable appliances. But the number of childbirth injuries is far too great.

Much of this trouble can be traced to the neglect of appropriate medical care during the so-called "prenatal" period. It is imperative that every expectant mother secure early medical advice. It is vitally important that she have care during the months of her pregnancy. This is advised so what is learned before the birth of the baby will help the doctor to provide for a normal delivery.

Sensible Course

Bear in mind that almost every factor of possible trouble can be removed during the early months of pregnancy. If this sensible course is followed the mother will be saved from a difficult labor and the infant protected against childbirth injury.

The mother should take every measure to improve her general health before confinement. She should visit her doctor as soon as possible and continue under constant medical attention. After the first physical examination she should return to the doctor periodically. He will make the necessary tests, including the blood pressure and urinalysis.

Too many look upon childbirth as a "natural" thing. This is the fact, of course, but sometimes we can help Mother Nature and it is not wise to take unnecessary chances. Complications are too likely to follow if the simple precautions are overlooked.

The doctor has many facilities at his command to discover unsuspected dangers. He has the resources of the laboratory, the x-ray and other modern scientific equipment to safeguard mother and child. Take advantage of them.

Answers to Health Queries

C. J. R. Q.—What can be done to overcome a bladder weakness?

A.—This requires the personal attention of a doctor. The treatment depends upon the cause of the trouble. There are a number of factors to be taken into consideration.

A. C. Z. Q.—What causes a sharp pain through the heart? It is giving me great worry as the pain comes so quickly—every ten or fifteen minutes.

A.—This symptom should not be overlooked. Consult your physician and have an examination made.

S. O. Q.—What can be done to overcome nervous indigestion? I have been living under a great strain which has left me in a rundown state of health which naturally affects my digestion.

A.—Try to improve your general health and resistance first of all. This will benefit your nerves. For full particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

D. R. Q.—My father, a man of 75, is troubled with bronchitis and asthma. Would a special diet tend to relieve his discomfort? What treatment would you advise?

A.—A careful diet and regular habits should be of general benefit and advantage For full particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

Dr. Copeland is glad to answer inquiries from readers who send addressed stamped envelopes with their questions. Address all letters to Dr. Copeland in care of this newspaper at its main office in this city.

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"Hooray!—She's here!"

"There's Murder in the Air"

by Roy Chanslor

SYNOPSIS

Ruth Tyler, blind daughter of former District Attorney Daniel Tyler, is psychic. She foretells murders at the exact time they are being committed but is powerless to give sufficient information to prevent them. These weird visitations come upon Ruth while she plays her violin and always at night. Mr. Tyler seeks the aid of Dr. Jan Karask, celebrated psychiatrist, but the latter must go to Baltimore on another case, so he assigns his young assistant, Nat Benson, to the job, suggesting that Tyler give Nat only Ruth's background and let him find out the details himself. Nat arrives at the old Tyler home on East 79th Street at midnight. He is puzzled when Tyler tries to explain that his daughter is a mental case but is not unbalanced. Suddenly the strains of a violin come in upon their conversation, stopping abruptly. Asking Nat to follow, Tyler rushes to Ruth's room where they find the girl terror-stricken. "It began—as always," she whispered. "And then —it stopped!" Tyler thinks it best for Ruth not to know she is being studied. At breakfast, next morning, Nat is introduced to her as the son of an old college chum, in the city on a visit. Nat is touched by Ruth's gentleness and beauty. She is a talented violinist and that night entertains Nat with her playing. In the middle of a love song, there is a crashing discord and the music ceases. "Murder!" she says hoarsely. "He is going to kill Mr. Roosevelt ... Now! ... Five Shots! ... Mr. Roosevelt is safe ... Words ... 'Missed Roosevelt! Glad I got Cermak!'" Nat rushes to the radio and, sure enough, the announcement of the attempted assassination of the President-elect comes over the air. Ruth collapses.

CHAPTER V

Nat and Tyler faced each other across the flat-topped desk in the library. Spread before them were the extras of the newspapers. Upstairs at last, Ruth was asleep.

"Well?" Tyler asked.

His face had grayed, aged in the last few hours. His lean hand shook as he raised it to brush back his heavy white hair.

"Don't be so upset," said Nat gently.

"I—I know it's foolish of me," said Tyler. "I—I'll try not to be."

"That's the way to talk," said Nat. "Now. . . . As long as I have seen and heard this thing myself, do you feel able to tell me about the *other* times? I assume there *have* been other times?"

Tyler put one hand over the other, held it firmly. His quivering nerves quieted. He nodded, slowly. "I'll explain as well as I can. It began several months ago. She was playing for me alone. And suddenly, just as she did tonight, she stopped—and was deathly afraid. Of what she did not know. It was as if something were in the *air*."

Nat nodded but was silent.

"Always it happened the same way," said Tyler. "At night, when she was playing, sometimes downstairs for me, sometimes when she was alone in her room. And always it terrified her. I got so I lay awake nights listening, afraid to hear that music begin—and then stop. And then, a week ago, it broke through, much clearer, much more definite. She knew that a man had been shot."

He told Nat, then, of the murder of Klauss, and the strange coincidence in time. And of the girl's dreadful certainty, two nights before, that a woman named Martha had been strangled—of the confirmation through the radio and Doc Crandall, and later the newspapers.

Nat sat quietly, drinking in every word. Tyler stopped and regarded him soberly.

"Then—" he said. "Tonight!"

Nat fought to control the excitement which possessed him. He must be very calm, very cool and detached, scientific. He did not speak for a moment. Then he said, as quietly as he could:

"Mr. Tyler, we may be on the threshold of something so big—so important—so far-reaching in all its implications—"

"You—you don't think it's anything—anything—" Tyler stammered.

"It's nothing supernatural, you can rest assured of *that*," said Nat.

"Oh, I know that," said Tyler quickly. "But's it's—uncanny, to say the least. . . . And it frightens me. *For her* I mean. I—I wish you could—explain."

"It's something that science has not been able to explain yet," said Nat. "We know that some persons, a very rare few, seem to have the power of receiving, as it were, *thoughts* or *images* or *something* from the minds of others. Almost as if the mind were a sort of superacute radio antenna. At first, these things seem to be caught in the subliminal mind—that is, that part of the mind which lies just below the threshold of consciousness. *Sometimes*, but not always, they enter the conscious mind."

Tyler nodded, his face strained.

"Your daughter seems to have this power to a remarkable degree," Nat went on. "And yet in a very special sense. Her mind seems extraordinarily perceptive to one particular kind of stimulus, the intense, almost maniacal will to destroy, to kill."

Spread before them were the extras of the newspapers.

"You don't think—that it will—will affect her mind?" Tyler queried anxiously. Nat shook his head.

"Not if she isn't forced. Not if we leave her alone. The girl is a genius. . . Bernard Shaw, I believe in 'Saint Joan,' says that a genius is one who sees further and probes deeper than other people, and has the energy to give effect to that extra vision. Ruth has a mind like a tuning-fork, quiveringly sensitive. Think what it may mean to people who are in danger, if, instead of knowing when disaster strikes, *she can foretell it!*"

"What a terrible responsibility for a child!" said Tyler.

"And for us," Nat said, gravely.

In the morning Nat telephoned Dr. Karasc in Baltimore. As succinctly and matter-of-factly as possible he told him the story, giving no opinion of his own. Once or twice he heard the psychiatrist's characteristic little clucks of interest, and he visualized the dark little man, with his bushy eyebrows and his darting, searching smile.

There was a long moment of silence when he had finished. Then Dr. Karasc murmured: "Ah, interesting, no?".

"What do you make of it?" Nat asked, knowing it was a useless question, knowing the exact little shrug the man would give.

He could almost see the psychiatrist as he answered: "I? I make nothing of it, my dear fellow. You are on the spot. What do *you* make of it?"

"It's obviously a case of supernormal cognition," said Nat. "Exactly *how* the thing works in her mind, I don't know."

"No more do I," said Dr. Karasc. "But it is very, very interesting, eh? Perhaps it will come again. Who knows? You will stand by, no? And *observe*."

And that was all he could get from Dr. Karasc. . . .

But in the days that followed, there seemed, alas, nothing more to observe. They were completely uneventful. Ruth seemed to bloom with health. That morning when she appeared, she was her old self. On one point only did Nat question her. That was why she had fainted. She replied candidly:

"It was just—just that I was so horrified when I heard the voice on the radio and realized that I—I had known exactly what was in that man's mind — some of the very words—before he had spoken them."

Nat took daily horseback rides in the park with her, renting horses at one of the public stables. More color appeared in her cheeks. She seemed utterly cheerful and happy.

Every night she played for them in the living-room. Always they were watchful, alert. But she never faltered. And afterward, when she had gone to her room, the two men would strain their ears, listening. Sometimes she played, and they would wait, hoping, yet half-fearful that the strange interruption would come. But it did not.

As weeks went by and spring was in the air, Nat felt both relieved and disappointed. Relieved, for Ruth's sake and her father's, and yet disappointed that there was no further chance to observe that curious manifestation of her power. . . .

He need not have been disappointed, for the long peaceful interlude was to come to an abrupt and startling end.

It was on a night in late April, a soft and balmy night. The three of them had taken a long drive in one of the open cars, with Nat at the wheel and Ruth and her father beside him in the roomy front seat. They were proceeding at a leisurely pace along a smooth road in Westchester.

And despite the warmth of the air, Ruth began to shake, as if suffering from a chill. Her father felt her trembling at his side, and so did Nat. He stopped the car, and Tyler got a warm robe from the rear of the car and covered her with it. Still she shivered, silently, and Nat hurried for home.

When they reached the house, Ruth, looking pale and drawn, went to her violin, without stopping to take off her coat. Tyler, in a quick movement, seized the instrument, held it away. She groped for it in the familiar place.

"You're tired, dear," her father protested. "Hadn't you better go to bed?"

But the girl shook her head, strangely, a little impatiently.

"My violin," she said. "Give it to me!"

Tyler hesitated, looking at Nat, who nodded his head.

"I—I have to play," the girl said, insistently.

At another nod from Nat, Tyler reluctantly handed her the violin. She tucked it under her chin, drew the bow across the strings, tentatively. Tyler, a worried frown on his face, stared at her apprehensively.

She hesitated a fraction of a moment. Then she began to play. The healthy color drained from her face, leaving only the two vivid spots over her cheek-bones. A few bars, and she stopped, stood stiff, rigid, her fingers on the strings. Nat leaned forward intently. Her lips moved.

It had come again!

"Murder," she whispered. And then, clearly: *"There's murder in the air!"*

(To Be Continued)

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