PAGE EIGHT The OREGON STATESMAN, Salem, Oregon, Saturday Morning, October 22, 1938							
Salem Market	Quotations	Wheat Up Over	Quotations	at Portland	<b>Profit Taking</b>	Closing Quotations	
PEUTA         Charger Area         Angles - Jonatians edites singer, singer	Grade B raw 4 per cent milk, Salem basic pool prices 2.20. Doop, Grade A butterfat price, FOB Salem, 28/3/c. A grade butterfat—Deliv- rered 28/3/c : B grade, 28/3/c : C grade, 22/3/c. A grade butterfat—Deliv- rered 28/3/c : B grade, 28/3/c : C grade, 22/3/c. A grade butterfat—Deliv- rered 28/3/c : B grade, 28/3/c : B grade 30c.	<section-header><section-header><section-header><text><text><text><text><text></text></text></text></text></text></section-header></section-header></section-header>	PORTLAND, Ore., Oct. 21.—(AP)— Portuge Exchange Butter of Extras 284/2000 standards 28/2000 prime firsts 24000 firsts 24000 standards 2000 standards 3000 medium standards 30000 medium standards 3000 medium standards 3000000000000000000000000000000000000	b. butchers 7.25-60, few light lights 7.75, backink sows 6.25-50, choice light feeders is a stable 7.75. Cattle: Receipts 50, calves 75 including above, heifers scarce, cuttery to common ow 8.00-4.25, good beef cows shows on the stable 4.00-50, medium soot exceeds a stable 6.50-75, years on the stable 4.00-50, medium soot exceeds a stable 6.50-75, years on the stable 4.00-50, medium soot exceeds a stable 6.50-75, years on the stable 4.00-50, medium soot exceeds a stable 6.50-75, years on the stable 4.00-50, medium soot exceeds a stable 6.50-75, years on the stable 4.00-50, medium soot exceeds a stable 6.50-75, years on the stable 4.00-50, medium soot exceeds a stable 6.50-75, years on the stable for th	<section-header><section-header><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text></text></text></text></text></text></text></text></text></text></text></section-header></section-header>	NEW YORK, Oct. 21(AP)-To Al Chem & Dye. 15114 Comwith & Allied Stores 12% Consol Edis American Can .102% Consol Oli Am Foreign Pow 4% Corn Produ Am Pow & Li . 6% Curtiss Wri Am Rad Std San 18% Du Pont de Am Roll Mills . 19 Douglas Ali Am Smelt & Ref. 555 Elec Pow & Am Tel & Tel146% Erie RR . Am Tocabbo B. 90 Armour Ill 6 Goodyear T Atchison 38% Gol Morry Barnsdall 17% Hudson Mo Balt & Ohlo 8% Illinois Cur Bendix Avia 24% Insp. Coppe Beth Steel 64 Int Harvest Boeing Airp 27% Int Nickel Borge-Warner 35 K Kennecott Callahan Z-L 2% Konnecott Callahan Z-L 2% Kennecott Callahan Z-L 2% Konnecott Callahan Z-L 2% Konnecott Callahan Z-L 2% Konnecott Callahan Z-L 2% Kennecott Callahan Z-L	Any's closing prices: Sou 1% Natl Pow & Lt., 8%, and 31% Nor Pacific 12%, by 9% Packard Motor 5% and 1% Packard Motor 5% and 1% Packard Motor 5% and 1% Packard Motor 5% and 1% Pressed Sti Car. 10% and 1%% Stark Pressed Sti Car. 10% 5% Sou Cal Edison 24% and 1%% Stand Brands 7% and 5% Sou Pacific 19% and 5% Sou Cal Edison 24% and 5% Stark Roebuck 77 and 5% Sou Pacific 19% and 5% Stark Oli NJ 53% and 5% United Aircraft 33% and 5% West Union 28% and 1% White Motors 11% and 5% West Union 28% and 20% and 20% west Union 28% and 20% and
The Eleven of Diamonds By BAYNARD A. KENDRICK  The Eleven of Diamonds  That's ol' PETE By BAYNARD A. KENDRICK  The Eleven of Diamonds  That's ol' PETE By BAYNARD A. KENDRICK  The Eleven of Diamonds  The Eleven of Diamon							

CHAPTER XXVII Midnight had come and gone, and Stan had spent twenty minutes a New York saloon. I think we'll with an agility rather startling in telephoning various select gambling have a swell time trying to connect one apparently so drunk, and tacked Monets Caprilli

ligator Inn. Detective Patterson We certainly can't jail the Bes- doors. clubs, before the car left the Alwas at the wheel. for Stan had singers and charge them with being blithely admitted he was in better condition to fly, than to attempt the intricate task of driving. Millie, fitted snugly in between Stan and the detective, was clutching a badly depleted fourth bottle of wine. In the police car, following the coupe, Detective Hogue was silently cursing their breakneck speed through the rain.

With sirens wide open they crossed the Venetian Way to Miami are. It's a blind alley. I wish I knew the righ! thing to do!" Beach, and headed north until the lights of Deauville Casino, and the Surf Club lay behind them.

"The Gulf Club's about two miles ahead on the right, Pat."

Detective Patterson grunted. "I'll cut the siren." He did so, and signaled Hogue, behind them, to do the same, by turning the tail light off and on.

while you buy me a drink." "You needn't have bothered." Millie's voice sounded loud in the ensuing silence. "They'd have thought we were visiting Mayors and welcomed us with a shower of crooked dice. Do you think that rat eyes. Carew told us the truth ?"

Patterson parked the coupe in the Patterson laughed shortly. "I'll courtyard, which Edward Fowler say he did. That's the first rod I've had crossed less than two weeks before, and the police car with Hogue ever seen glad to go to jail. You had me going for a while, Mr. Rice -and the lady here was actually

the Gulf Club, shining spongily yel-"Alligator tears," said Stan, "or wine running out of her eyes. She low through the rain. The windows feet and rushed into the roulette were curtained and dark, giving no got me quite enthusiastic about the hint of the brilliance inside.

ssibilities-although there are Stan had no card, but Millie asimes when I recognize the power sured him she could get him into any of my own Thespian proclivities. I could fairly hear the crunch of place in Miami where he could spend Carew's bones in the hungry repmoney, and Stan believed her. They tile's jaws. Please, little girl!" He crossed the courtyard on the run, took the tilted bottle away from Mil- and stood in the vestibule for a molie, and finished it himself. "You ment until the door opened to admit eyes. drink too much for, a lady-and you them. A short suave gentleman in have to be friendly with the blown-up Bessingers. I'll bet he won't buy evening clothes gave Millie a cordial welcome, and made out a card for Stan, signing it with an indistinyou wine at eight dollars a bottle."

"Don't worry. Mr. Bessinger's a gelmun-

"I leave you in good hands," he "A what?" Stan choked on the told Stan, with an automatic smile. "Good luck !" He was gone through dregs of the bottle. "A gelmun," Millie persisted. "He a door.

guishable flourish.

looks me over with feverish eyes They passed through a reception whenever I get in range-and his room, sky-lighted and much bewife isn't looking. Thash it! You palmed, where small tables were set about a playing fountain. A girl get the wife-I get the gelmun!"

set, Mr. Rice ?"

murmur of voices and the drone of "Slow down a minute." Stan straightened up. "I probably wouldn't do this if I was sober, Mil-"They're playing the wheel. I "They're playing the wheel. I spotted him as that girl came out--" lie. We're taking a long chance-but I've got to find out why Carew "Oh, Mr. Rice!" Stan received a was watching the Bessingers. Lecoquettish tap on the shoulder, and Roy has been through their stuff turned to face Mrs. Bessinger. "I at the Pescador-and found nothing. never knew you indulged in any-We've found nothing anywhere- thing so wicked as gambling. I and I don't feel like my own life is thought it was only we weaker morworth much until I do. The next at- tals who were so addicted. Durlyn tempt to get me off this case may be successful. Am I right, Pat?" The detective brought the car to a stop. "I'm afraid you are, Mr. Biss U'ra heided by the so pleased to see you. You made such an impression on him at the Commander's party..." "Well dearie me!" Millie's eyes

Rice. I've handled a lot of mugs like squinted owlishly, and she slowly Carew. If he didn't spill everything shook her head from side to side.

tonight I'll turn in my shield." "I know the kind, too, Stan," Mil-lie put in, her speech more steady. "He'd have squealed on his mother" wine. Chateau Why-queems." She when you finished with that 'gator threw her arms around Mrs. Besact.

singer's large neck, and favored her with a resounding kiss. Borne down "All right," Stan banged a fist impatiently on one knee. "Here's by Millie' sluggish weight, Mrs. what we know: Carew is getting Bessinger found herself heavily occupying a chair. "Gracious!" she exclaimed, gasptwenty-five dollars a day to report

every move the Bessingers make. It's mailed to him daily from New York, in cash to General Delivery— try to trace that! He's been on the Millie dissolved into weak laughter

Star. pulled a chair up close to Mrs. Bessinger, and sat down facing followed by Sniffer Carew." "Can't the New York police get her. She regarded him with a feelsome information out of that Hoxby ing close to alarm. He was staring at her with glazed blue eyes, and outfit ?" "Not a chance, Pat. They'll be was swaying monotonously from holding all Carew's reports on file side to side. The motion had a strong for a client named John Smithhypnotic quality, and while she who has paid them but neglected to feared that any moment Stan might call-and they won't have an idea slip from the chair, she had an in the world why the Bessingers are overwhelming desire to start swaybeing tailed-or who the Bessingers ing in unison with him.

She started to rise. He waved her back into place with a hand as agile "I thought you decided that!" as the flipper of a seal. "My dear Millie removed her hat and shook Mrs. Bessinger," his voice was seout her curls "Do you always get so pulchral, "I did not come here to gabby after one or two drinks? You gamble. I came here to drink-" spent an hour telephoning to locate "But, Mr. Rice-'

the big noise and his wife--after "You are one of the few women they left the Inn. Now that we're who have not stripped all the nicehere-the least we can do is stop in ties from life. I appreciate your deland watch them lose their money, icacy in refusing to join me without your husband-nevertheless, I shall "That's one burden," Stan said order wine!"

savagely, "that's going to fall on He clapped his hands loudly in Durlyn Bessinger. He can pay front of Mrs. Bessinger's face. through the nose for his feverish "Bring wine, boy!" he ordered, so realistically that she could hardly

credit her senses when she turned and found no waiter behind her. From beyond the swinging doors came the sound of protesting voices, driving, rolled in close behind it and a few bursts of loud laughter, and stopped. Two lights, on wrought- a moment later a rending crash. It iron posts, flanked the entrance to proved too much for Mrs. Bessinger. Followed by Stan she jumped to her room

> The scene was too much to take in at a single glance. Chips were scattered about the floor in every direction. Five frightened women were huddled together on one side of the table watching a group of men on the other side with distended

In the middle of the group, a croupier in evening clothes was jumping up and down like a maniac, swearing loudly in fluent French. With the handle of his rake he was pointing, and poking, at something on the floor, concealed from the

singer close on his heels. Holding a fat wallet in one hand, Millie was ing vain snatches at the wallet held

"Hesh goin' to buy wine! Chateau Why-queens!"

smile appeared at Stan's side. "What's the trouble here?"

pointed a trembling finger. "Thash a lie-a dirty lie-" Mil-

girl in the crowd. "She's a bit

"You better let me handle this," Stan proclaimed with great dignity. "Go shead and handle it," said the manager. "But make it snappy! I'll appreciate it if you'll take Miss

"Quit crying, Millie," Stan said tenderly, "and get off of Mr. Bes-singer's stomach. You can give him his wallet, too. I'll buy you some wine!" He helped the weeping Mil-



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swinging doors by the intervening table. Teetering slightly, Stan walked gravely around the table, Mrs. Bes-"We're nearly there," Patterson came through swinging doors to seated astride the apoplectic form remarked. "Are you sure you're all their left, bringing with her the of Durlyn Bessinger, who kept mak-

"Durlyn ol'Durlyn," yelled Mil-lie, brandishing the wallet at Stan.

The short man with the automatic

"That woman has stolen my husband's wallet!" Mrs. Bessinger

lie began to weep real tears. "She didn't steal anything," said

tight and having a little fun-that's all."

LaFrance home."

