

Pampa Daily News

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PHILIP R. FOND Manager OLIN E. HINKLE Editor

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DAILY NEWS' 1928 PROGRAM FOR PAMPA

- One or more new railroads. New city hall-auditorium. County agricultural agent. Additional street paving. Oil Exchange building. Expedite road paving work. Encourage existing industries. Invite new industries. Complete water, sewer systems. More and better homes. Extend Pampa trade territory. Develop dairying industry. Municipal band. Municipal airport. Pampa Fair. Associated Charities. County home demonstration agent. High school gymnasium.

WOMEN AROUSED—No incident in recent years has caused so much disturbance before a big convention as the dismissal of Mrs. J. U. Fields of Haskell as chairman of the Texas local biennial board by the board of the General Federation of Women's clubs.

Mrs. Fields, elected by Texas women, was dismissed by the general body, and this fact, it would appear from press dispatches, indicates the mistake that was made. West Texas women, who have formed a temporary organization whose purpose is to reinstate the deposed chairman, hold that the body which elected should have done the removing, instead of being overridden by the central body. The specific problem was the collection of \$25,000 to finance the biennial convention at San Antonio, and when the fund grew slowly the resignation of the chairman was asked. Mrs. Fields refused, contending that it was a Texas responsibility,

To the R-R-Rescue



and one that would yet, be shouldered. Although there may be grounds for indignation, West Texas women are doing well to combine their protest with declarations of loyalty to the General Federation and to take steps to obtain the state cooperation which will make the convention successful from the standpoint of Texas, its host. Despite any criticism which may be voiced in individual communities, Texas club women desire to see the affair adjusted as soon as possible, in order that harmony may prevail in the coming meeting. At the same time, they wish to see justice done, not only to Mrs. Fields, but to the state organization as well. Knowing something of Texas women, we feel confident they will attain their two-fold goal.

BUNK, OR NATURE?—The question of fact has not been settled in the Eastland horned toad case, and the controversy is apt to rage from ocean to ocean. Indeed, the evolutionary theory probably will be drawn in by one side or the other before interest wanes. Many brand the tale as nonsense. The Associated Press, always wary of anything which smacks of the supernatural or doubtful, refused to handle the story until it had

been verified three times. Some believe it is a publicity stunt. Interesting if true, the frog story is one that deserves the attention of scientists. If it is true that the leathery bit of blood and flesh is so fashioned that it can suspend animation for 31 years, or manage to sustain the spark of life that long without food or drink, then science should study the horned toad. Plant seeds, under favorable conditions, die after a few years in most cases. One would think that a horned toad, without moisture, would become dry and dead as an old glove in 30 years. However, the horned toad is a drought-resisting critter, and perhaps he is able to take the tiniest bit of moisture from the air. The toad story may be false, but it is not ridiculous.

The ardent "drys" might find that Rip Van Winkle frog of use as a mascot. Los Angeles just will stay in the newspapers. Now it is with a law forbidding dogs on running boards, unless there is a guard so they cannot fall off. We suppose the owner is held liable in case Fido makes a mis-slip.

WASHINGTON LETTER

By RODNEY DUTCHER NEA Service Writer

WASHINGTON—When you come to think about it, what an awful lot of trouble is caused in this world by Suspicion!

There is good reason to suppose that Congress would be happy to pass a law abolishing Suspicion if there were any way it could be enforced. Chances are that it would not be vetoed.

If someone's suspicions had not been aroused, Mr. Doheny still would have the Elk Hills oil, Mr. Sinclair would have Teapot Dome and Mr. Fall would have his reputation.

If the vile hand of Suspicion had not been laid upon the Department of Justice, Mr. Daugherty still might be attorney general, and his right-hand man might be Mr. Burns.

If Suspicion hadn't been on the job in Pennsylvania, Mr. Vare would not be in trouble and Mr. Smith, the insulated senator-elect from Illinois, would never have been prevented from casting what Senator Norris called "Mr. Insull's vote" in the Senate.

If young Bob La Follette hadn't suspected that Mr. Coolidge would accept another nomination and that certain conservative gents were plotting to thrust it upon him, that mean anti-third term resolution never would have been passed.

If someone hadn't begun to smell something unusual, one or all of Mr. Kellogg's various explanations of our Nicaraguan policy still might be accepted by intelligent citizens.

If Mr. Hughes hadn't suspected that Mr. Hilles and perhaps Mr. Mellon were trying to use him as a false face in the contest for presidential nomination, Mr. Hoover's chances would be nowhere near as good as they are and those of certain other candidates would be considerably brighter.

If everyone didn't suspect that something was wrong with the navy, Mr. Wilbur might be regarded as a great cabinet officer.

There are always senators to scoff at the suspicions prompting the resolutions and others to claim them justified if not already verified. Here's an incomplete list of senators and what they want investigated:

Walsh of Montana, public utilities; Johnson, bituminous coal fields' conditions and telephone industry; King, Federal Reserve System and condition of the Indians; Reed of Missouri, primary and election slush funds (continuance); McKellar, tax refunds and private loans to the French government; Wheeler, espionage in industry, how Americans have obtained foreign concessions, and concessions and other matters in Nicaragua; Mayfield, Department of Agriculture cotton reports; Norris, Teapot Dome "slush fund"; Trammell, sinking of the submarine S-4; Blease, telephone, telegraph and cable rates; La Follette, our Caribbean and Latin-American relations.

TWINKLES

Houston is getting wild of late, so perhaps the people won't become alarmed at Democratic convention developments.

The torchlight parade is planned for the Republican convention. One torch per candidate would light several blocks, but indications are that competing candidates may blow out most of the torches before the parade gets very far.

Leaving town soon? Then vote absentee at the Chamber of Commerce or risk violence on coming back.

That new speed record is like lots of fast gaits; you can't keep it up and it gets

you nowhere, unless eternity. All some people lack of being good roads boosters are late model cars.

BARBS (By N.E.A. Service Inc.)

Mae Murray's prince was arrested for speeding in California and gave as his occupation "husband." Diogenes! in Hollywood, too!

No matter how many hotel rooms Kansas City musters for the Republican convention, there will be too many rumors.

Florida is a place where people keep happy and healthful all winter by sanding home pictures of themselves in their shirt sleeves.

Judging from the talk going around it hasn't been decided finally whether the Democrats will convene in Hewston, Hewston or Houston.

The Office of the PAMPA GAS CO. will be closed all day tomorrow Washington's Birthday

World Champions! Jake Schaefer and The STUDEBAKER COMMANDER 25,000 Miles in less than 23,000 Minutes 1495

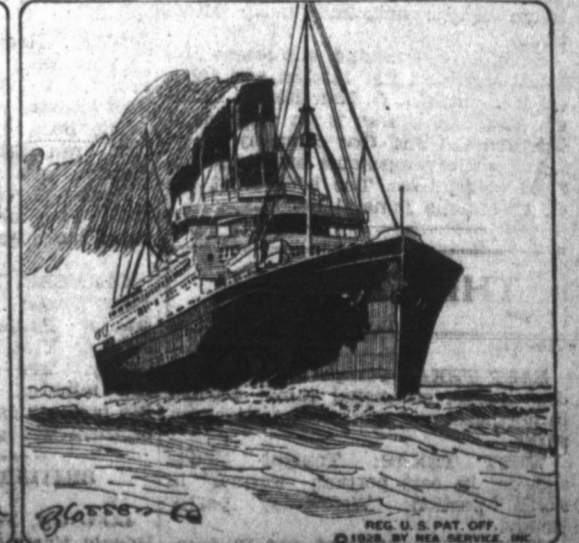
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MOM'N POP Amy to the Rescue By TAYLOR



FRECKLES and His FRIENDS They're Off! By BLOSSOM



THE "CANARY" MURDER CASE

By S. S. VAN DINE AUTHOR OF THE BENSON MURDER CASE

CHARACTERS

PHILO VANCE
JOHN F-X. MARKHAM, District Attorney of New York County.
MARGARET ODELL (The "CANARY")
CHARLES CLEAVER, a man about town
KENNETH SPOTSWOOD, a manufacturer
LOUIS MANNIX, an importer
DR. AMBROSE LINDQUIST, a fashionable neurologist
TONY SKEEL, a professional burglar
WILLIAM ELMER JESSUP, telephone operator
HARRY SPIVELY, telephone operator
KRNEST HEATH, Sergeant of the Homicide Bureau.

THE STORY THUS FAR

The jewel case in the apartment of the murdered Margaret Odell had been opened with a steel chisel after a futile pattering with a poker. This leads Vance to the theory that Skeel did not commit the crime, but was hidden in the closet while the stranger did his work. Vance shatters Cleaver's alibi that he had been in Boonton the night of the murder. Alys La Fosse tells him Mannix had been in her apartment from ten-thirty until two the night of the murder. Vance traps her in a falsehood and she admits did not come until after midnight, which was after Margaret Odell was strangled.

CHAPTER XXXI

"I like you more and more," said Vance; and when she gave him her hand at parting he lifted it to his lips.

As we rode downtown Vance was thoughtful. We were nearly to the criminal courts building before he spoke.

"The primitive Alys rather appeals to me," he said. "She's much too good for the oleaginous Mannix. Women are so shrewd—and so gullible."

"A woman can read a man with almost magical insight; but on the other hand, she is expressively blind when it comes to her man. Witness sweet Alys's faith in Mannix. He probably told her he was slaving at the office Monday night. Naturally, she doesn't, she knows—knows, mind you—that her louie just couldn't have been concerned in the Canary's death."

"Ah, well, let us hope she's right and that Mannix is not apprehended—at least not until her new show is financed. My word! If this being a detective involves many more revues, I shall have to resign. Thank Heaven, though, the lady didn't attend the cinema Monday night!"

When we arrived at the district attorney's office we found Heath and Markham in consultation. Markham had a pad before him, several pages of which were covered with tabulated and annotated entries. A cloud of cigar smoke enveloped him. Heath sat facing him, his elbows on the table, his chin resting in his hands. He looked pugnacious but disconsolate.

"I'm going over the case with the sergeant," Markham explained, with a brief glance in our direction. "We're trying to get all the salient points down in some kind of order, to see if there are any connecting links we've overlooked. I've told the sergeant about the doctor's infatuation and his threats, and of the failure of Traffic Officer Phipps to identify Cleaver. But the more we learn, the worse, apparently, the jumble grows."

He picked up the sheets of paper and fastened them together with a clip.

"The truth is, we haven't any real evidence against anybody. There are suspicious circumstances connected with Skeel and Doctor Lindquist and Clea-

ver; and our interview with Mannix didn't precisely allay suspicions in his direction, either.

"But when we come right down to it, what's the situation? We've got some finger-prints of Skeel, which might have been made late Monday afternoon. Doctor Lindquist goes berserk when we ask him where he was Monday night, and then offers us a weak alibi. He admits a fatherly interest in the girl, whereas he's really in love with her—a perfectly natural bit of mendacity.

"Clever lent his car to his brother and lied about it, so that I'd think he was in Boonton Monday at midnight. And Mannix gives us a number of shifty answers to our questions concerning his relations with the girl. Not an embarrassment of riches.

"I wouldn't say your information was exactly negligent," observed Vance, taking a chair beside the sergeant. It may all prove devilish valuable if only it could be put together properly. The difficulty, it appears to me, is that certain parts of the puzzle are missing. Find 'em, and I'll warrant everything will fit beautifully—like a mosaic."

"Easy enough to say 'find 'em,'" grumbled Markham. "The trouble is to know where to look."

Heath relighted his dead cigar and made an impatient gesture.

"You can't get away from Skeel. He's the boy that did it and if it wasn't for the Abe Rubin, I'd sweat the truth outa him. And by the way, Mr. Vance, he had his own private key to the Odell apartment, all right."

He glanced at Markham hesitantly. "I don't want to look as if I was criticizing, sir, but I got a feeling we're wasting time chasing after these gentlemen friends of Odell—Clever and Mannix and this here doctor."

"You may be right," Markham seemed inclined to agree with him. "However, I'd like to know why Lindquist acted the way he did."

"Well, that might help some," Heath compromised. "If the doc was so far gone on Odell as to threaten to shoot her, and if he went off his head when you asked him to alibi himself, maybe he could tell us something. Why not throw a little scare into him? His record ain't any good, anyway."

Vance.

"An excellent idea," chimed in Markham looking up sharply. Then he consulted his appointment book.

"I'm fairly free this afternoon, so suppose you bring him down here, Sergeant. Get a subpoena if you have to—only see that he comes. And make it as soon after lunch as you can."

He tapped on the desk irritably. "If I don't do anything else, I'm going to eliminate some of this human flotsam that's cluttering up the case. And Lindquist is as good as any to start with. I'll either develop these various suspicious circumstances into something workable, or I'll root them up. Then we'll see where we stand."

Heath shook hands pessimistically and went out.

"Poor hapless man!" sighed Vance, looking after him. "He giveth way to all the pangs and fury of despair."

"And so would you," snapped Markham, "if the newspapers were butchering you for a political holiday. By the way, weren't you to be a harbinger of glad tidings this noon or something of the sort?"

"I believe I did hold out some such hope," Vance sat looking meditatively out of the window for several minutes. "Markham, this fellow Mannix lures me like a magnet. He irks and whirrets me. He infests my slumbers. He's the raven on my bust of Pallas. He plagues me like a banshee."

"Does this jeremiad come under the head of tidings?"

"I shan't rest peacefully," pursued Vance, "until I know where Louie the furrier was between eleven o'clock and midnight Monday. He was somewhere

he should not have been. And you, Markham, must find out.

"Please make Mannix the second offensive in your assault upon the flotsam. He'll parley, with the right amount of pressure. Be brutal, old dear; let him think you suspect him of the throttling. Ask him about the fur model—what's her name?—Frishee."

He stopped short and knit his brows. "My eye—oh, my eye! I wonder. . . . Yes, yes, Markham, you must question him about the fur model. Ask him when he saw her last; and try to look wise and mysterious when you're doing it."

"See here, Vance"—Markham was exasperated—"you've been harping on Mannix for three days. What's keeping your nose to that scent?"

"Intuition—sheer intuition. My psychic temperament, don't y' know."

"I'd believe that if I hadn't known you for fifteen years," Markham inspected him shrewdly; then shrugged his shoulders. "I'll have Mannix on the tapis when I'm through with Lindquist."

(Friday, September 14; 2 p. m.)

We lunched in the district attorney's private sanctum; and at two o'clock Doctor Lindquist was announced. Heath accompanied him, and, from the expression on the sergeant's face, it was plain he did not at all like his companion.

The doctor, at Markham's request, seated himself facing the district attorney's desk.

"What is the meaning of this new outrage?" he demanded coldly. "Is it your prerogative to force a citizen to leave his private affairs in order to be bullied?"

"It's my duty to bring murderers to justice," replied Markham, with equal coldness. "And if any citizen considers that giving aid to the authorities is an outrage, that's his prerogative. If you have anything to fear by answering my questions, doctor, you are en-

titled to have your attorney present. Would you care to phone him to come here now and give you legal protection?"

Doctor Lindquist hesitated. "I need no legal protection, sir. Will you be good enough to tell me at once why I was brought here?"

"Certainly; to explain a few points which have been discovered regarding your relationship with Miss Odell, and to elucidate—if you care to—your reasons for deceiving me, at our last conference, in regard to that relationship."

"You have, I infer, been prying unwarrantably into my private affairs. I had heard that such practices were once common in Russia. . . ."

"If the prying was unwarranted, you can, Doctor Lindquist, easily convince

me on that point; and whatever we may have learned concerning you will be instantly forgotten. It is true, is it not, that your interest in Miss Odell went somewhat beyond mere paternal affection?"

"Are not even a man's sacred sentiments respected by the police of this country?" There was insolent scorn in the doctor's tone.

"Under some conditions, yes; under others, no," Markham controlled his fury admirably. "You need not answer me, of course; but if you choose to be frank, you may possibly save yourself the humiliation of being questioned publicly by the People's attorney in a court of law."

(To B Continued)

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Political Announcements

Subject to the Action of the Democratic Primary July 28, 1928.

FOR COMMISSIONER
 PRECINCT NO. 1—
JOHN B. WILLIAMS

FOR COMMISSIONER
 PRECINCT NO. 2—
W. A. TAYLOR
 (Re-Election)

FOR COMMISSIONER
 PRECINCT NO. 3—
H. E. McCLESKEY
THOS. O. KIBBY
 (Re-Election)

FOR COUNTY ATTORNEY—
JOHN STUDEF
 (Re-Election)

FOR SHERIFF AND
 TAX COLLECTOR—
E. S. GRAVES
 (Re-Election)

WALT NEWTON
JIM C. KING
S. A. HURST
JOHN V. ANDREWS

FOR TAX ASSESSOR—
F. E. LEECH
 (Re-Election)

FOR COUNTY AND
 DISTRICT CLERK—
CHARLIE TRUT
 (Re-Election)

FOR COUNTY JUDGE—
T. M. WOLFE
 (Re-Election)

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY
 84TH DISTRICT—
J. A. HOLMES

FOR CONSTABLE
 PRECINCT NO. 2
G. C. ADAMS
H. H. WACHTENDORF

FOR COUNTY TREASURER—
JOE M. SMITH



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