

## PANAMA CANAL PILES UP HUGE PROFIT FOR U. S.

Waterway Now Is Operating 18 Hours Daily to Take Care of Rush.

*By Times Special*  
WASHINGTON, Feb. 1.—"Government in business" scored a smashing success in 1927 with Uncle Sam's biggest single enterprise, the Panama Canal.

After almost a record year in 1927, with \$24,217,000 collected in tolls, business has increased so much already this winter that the canal now is operating eighteen hours a day, and may go to twenty-four. The year 1928 promises to break all records of traffic and receipts.

Practically all subsidiary business operations showed a profit in 1927. The Panama Railroad, chartered as a \$7,000,000 private corporation, with all its stock owned by the Government, made so much money that it was advised to declare a 10 per cent dividend instead of the 5 per cent it has been paying for some years.

The good showing was revealed in the release yesterday of testimony before the War Department subcommittee of the House Appropriations Committee by Brig. Gen. M. L. Walker, governor-general of the Panama Canal Zone.

Congress appropriated about \$9,000,000 annually for the canal. In return for this, Walker showed, the canal itself made \$15,600,000 last year, and the business enterprises, excluding the railroad, \$876,000. All goes back into the treasury.

### SPANK YOUNG SMUGGLER

Detroit Federal Judge Imposes Novel Punishment On Boy.

DETROIT, Feb. 1.—An old fashioned paddling was the fine imposed on John Magy, 16, when he pleaded guilty of violating the immigration law before Judge Simons of Federal Court. Magy was caught smuggling a man and a woman from Windsor, Canada, to Michigan.

*By Times Special*

CRAWFORDSVILLE, Ind., Feb. 1.—A severe shaking was suffered by passengers in the buffet car of the Hoosierland, crack Indianapolis-Ft. Wayne electric train, derailed near here. The buffet car left the track on a curve and crashed into a pole, but did not overturn.

### Traction Passengers Shaken

*By Times Special*  
CRAWFORDSVILLE, Ind., Feb. 1.—Superintendents of schools in most of Indiana's larger cities, visited schools here today, the first number on the program of a two-day session of the Indiana City Superintendents' Research Club.

### Had Severe Pains and Stomach Gas

Every meal tortured him. Back ached always. Trouble quickly ended.

Readers who are afflicted with stomach torture, back-ache, rheumatism or weak kidneys, will find good news in a letter written by Mr. Geo. Ride, 426 No. Hickory St., Kankakee, Ill. He says:

"For many years, I had serious trouble with my stomach and kidneys. I suffered terribly with cramps, gas and biliousness after meals. I could hardly hold anything on my stomach. I was dizzy, weak, short of breath, and very sallow. My kidneys were weak and disturbed me at night. I had terrible headaches, severe pains in my back, my joints were stiff and I was sore all over. I tried about everything, but kept getting worse until I started using Viuna. It quickly brought relief, and now I am feeling fine. I've had no gas or bilious attacks since I started the second bottle. My back has stopped aching, my head aches have vanished, and those terrible dizzy spells are things of the past. My tongue and complexion have cleared up, kidneys are just about normal again, and I am sleeping soundly, eating with a real appetite, and feeling better every day. I owe it all to Viuna."

Viuna acts promptly on sluggish bowels, by liver and kidney. It purifies the blood, cures skin diseases, restores appetite and digestion, and brings new strength and energy to the whole body. Take a bottle on trial. Then if you're not satisfied, return the money will be refunded. \$1 at drugstore or mailed postpaid by Iceland Medicine Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

**VIUNA**  
The Wonder Medicine

## THE "CANAKY"

by S. S. VAN DINE AUTHOR OF  
**THE BENSON MURDER CASE**

**THE STORY THUS FAR**  
There were finger-prints in the apartment of the murdered Margaret Odell, but the thin, that belle, Vance most, in the jewel case had been made with a steel chisel after unsuccessfully being pried with a poker. Spotswood had been out, but he had been in the murder. When he left her, he told her from his apartment, pushed back her door and were told everything was all right. The next morning the two men were in the apartment, the murderer and another, who lay hidden in a clothes-closet. Investigation disclosed that Cleaver is the man who has been seen with her most.

### CHAPTER XV

MARKHAM sat up. "I know Cleaver—if it's the same one."

"It's him, all right," declared Heath. "Former Brooklyn tax commissioner; been interested in a poolroom for pony betting over in Jersey City ever since."

"Hangs out at the Stuyvesant Club, where he can hobnob with his old Tammany Hall cronies."

"That's the one," nodded Markham. "He's a kind of professional guy—known as Pop, I believe."

Vance gazed into space.

"Well, well," he murmured. "So old Pop Cleaver was also entangled with our subtle and sanguine Do-dores."

"I thought, sir," went on Heath, "that, seeing how Cleaver is always in and out of the Stuyvesant Club, you might ask him some questions about Odell. He ought to know something."

"Glad to, sergeant," Markham said a note on his pad. "I'll try to get in touch with him tonight."

"Any one else on your list?"

"There's fellow named Mannix—Louis Mannix—who met Odell when she was in the 'Follies'; but he chucked him over a year ago, and they haven't been seen together since."

"He's got another girl now. He's the head of the firm of Mannix & Levine, full importers, and is one of your night club rounders—a heavy spender. But I don't see much use of barking up that tree—his name, I mean."

"Yes," agreed Markham; "I think we can eliminate him."

"Forget the poker," Heath advised gruffly. "He jimmied the box with a steel chisel; and that same chisel was used last summer in another burglary on Park Avenue. What about that?"

"Ah! That's what torments me, Sergeant. If it wasn't for that disturbin' fact, d' you see, I'd be lightsome this afternoon, inviting

helpful suggestions from Spotswood.

He also informed Heath of his verification of the man's statements regarding his movements after meeting Judge Redfern at the club.

"And," added Markham, "since he obviously left the girl before she was murdered, there's no necessity to bother him. In fact, I gave him my word I'd keep him out of it for his family's sake."

"If you're satisfied, sir, I am," Heath closed his note book and put it away. "There's just one other little thing. Odell used to live on 110th St., and Emery dug up her former landlady and learned that this fancy guy the maid told us about to call on her regularly."

"That reminds me, Sergeant," Markham picked up the memorandum he had made during Inspector Brenner's phone call. "Here's some more the professor gave me about the forcing of the jewel case."

Heath studied the paper with considerable eagerness. "Just as I thought!" He nodded his head with satisfaction. "Clear-cut professional job by somebody who's been in the line of work before."

Vance roused himself.

"Still, if such is the case," he said, "why did this experienced burglar first use the insufficient poker? And why did he overlook the living room clothes press?"

"I'll find all that out, Mr. Vance, when I get my hands on him," asserted Heath, with a hard look in his eyes.

"And the guy I want to have a nice, quiet little chat with is the one with the pleated silk shirt and the chamois gloves."

"For myself, I have no yearning whatever to hold converse with him. Somehow, I can't just picture a professional looter trying to rend a steel box with a cast-iron poker."

"And then, there's the man who took her out last night," pursued Heath. "Nobody seems to know his name—he must've been one of those discreet, careful old boys. I thought at first he might have been Cleaver, but the descriptions don't tally....

"And by the way, sir, here's a funny thing: when he left Odell last night he took the taxi down to the Stuyvesant Club, and got out there."

Markham nodded. "I know all about that, Sergeant. And I know who the man was; and it wasn't Cleaver."

Vance was chuckling.

"The Stuyvesant Club seems to be well in the forefront of this case," he said. "I do hope it doesn't suffer the sad fate of the Knickerbocker Athletic."

Heath was intent on the main issue.

"Who was the man, Mr. Markham?"

Markham hesitated, as if pondering the advisability of taking the other into his confidence. Then he said: "I'll tell you his name, but in strict confidence. The man was Kenneth Spotswood."

He then recounted the story of his being called away from lunch, and of his failure to elicit any

information about that Sergeant. And I know who the man was; and it wasn't Cleaver."

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### Warns Against Colds

New York Health Authority Points Out Danger in "Common" Colds.

In a letter published in a recent issue of the New York Sun, the New York Tuberculosis and Health Association says this about colds:

"This is the season for colds—yes 'common' colds. But like many other things that are called 'common' because they are so frequent, colds are no trifles—far from it."

"Colds take more dollars and cents out of the workers pocket in one year than any other sickness. They are responsible for a greater loss of time from school and work than any other single cause."

"Colds lead to very serious diseases."

"Here are the big preventives: Plain, nourishing food; plenty of sleep; six glasses of water a day; frequent bathing (to train the skin to stand changes in temperature); sensible clothing; breathing through the nose; keeping the feet dry; plenty of fresh air by night as well as by day."

When you feel a cold coming on, stop at a drug store and get a box of Hill's Cascara-Bromide-Quinine, the tablets in the red box. Take a couple immediately and cold will break up in 24 hours. Hill's ends a cold quickly because it does the necessary things at one time: Stops the cold, checks the fever, opens the bowels, tones the system. Costs only 30 cents.

**Ever wish  
—there were  
36 hours in  
your day?**

Most women are so busy that they could easily use a few extra hours.

And they can have extra hours—plenty of them with our Wet Wash service. Everything washed, carefully rinsed, and the bundle returned damp, sweet and clean, ready to starch, hang up to dry and iron. The cost is low—and there are new hours for your use.

For the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company we make loans on Indianapolis residences up to 60% of the appraisement. Moderate semi-annual payments gradually reduce the principal. Prepayment privilege granted. Interest at 6% and no commission charge make this, in our opinion, the most inexpensive plan now offered.

**Wet Wash  
4c A Pound  
(Minimum \$1.00)  
Thurs., Fri., Sat.  
Crown Laundry  
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Dry Cleaning Co.**

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## MURDER CASE

© Charles Scribner's Sons

Vance regarded the identification card satirically.

Detective Bellamy was announced, and Heath sprang to his feet.

"That'll mean news about those finger-prints," he prophesied hopefully.

Bellamy entered unemotionally and walked up to the district attorney's desk.

"Cap'n Dubois sent me over," he said. "He thought you'd want the report of those Odell prints." He reached into his pocket and drew out a small, flat folder which, at a sign from Markham, he handed to Heath.

"He's our man and no mistake, Mr. Markham. Listen to this: Tony (Duke) Skeel. Two years Elmira Reformatory, 1904 to 1906. One year in the Baltimore County jail for that larceny, 1906.

"Three years in San Quentin for assault and robbery, 1908 to 1911. Arrested in Chicago for house-breaking, 1912; case dismissed. Arrested and tried for burglary in Albany, 1913; no conviction.

"Served two years and eight months in Sing Sing for house-breaking and burglary, 1914 to 1916." He folded the paper and put it with the card into his breast-pocket. "Sweet little record."

"That dope what you wanted?" he asked the imperturbable Bellamy.

"I'll say!" Heath was almost jubilant.

Bellamy lingered expectantly with one eye on the district attorney and Markham, as if suddenly remembering something, took out a box of cigars and held it out.

"Much obliged, sir," said Bellamy, helping himself to two, and putting them into his waistcoat pocket with great care, he went out.

"I'll use your phone now, if you don't mind, Mr. Markham," said Heath.

He called the homicide bureau. "Look up Tony Skeel—Duke Skeel—pronto, and bring him in as soon as you find him," were his orders.

Underneath were ten little squares arranged in two rows, each containing a finger print impression made in black ink—the upper row being the impressions of the right hand, the lower row those of the left.

"So that's the arbiter elegantly for full-dress wear! My word!"

Heath was wide-set and pale, and he had a small, evenly trimmed mustache with waxed, needle-point ends.

Below the double photograph was a brief tabulated description of its sitter, giving his name, aliases, residence and Bertillon measurements, and designating the character of his illegal profession.

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