

## BOULDER DAM POWER PROJECT DEBATE AHEAD

Arizona Senator to Oppose  
Bill: Shoals Fight in  
Third Week.

BY RUTH FINNEY

WASHINGTON, March 13.—The Senate started its third week of debate on Muscle Shoals with the next big power fight of the session just ahead.

The Senate Irrigation Committee is entering its fourth week of debate on the Swing-Johnson Boulder Dam bill with a prospect of sending the measure to the floor for action soon after the Muscle Shoals fight is ended.

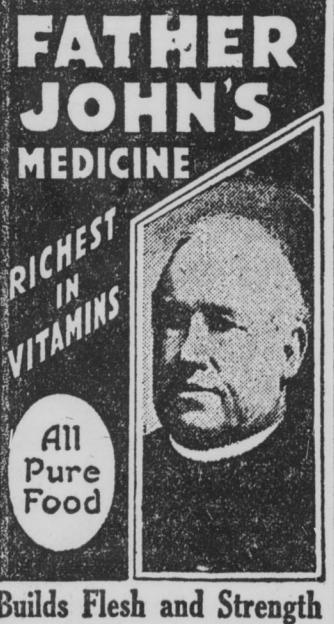
It is already apparent that the subject of hydro-electric power will consume more time in this session than any other subject. The Walsh resolution, the center of the first big battle over power, was debated in committee and on the floor for weeks.

The Boulder Dam bill has been before the irrigation committee for hearings and debate almost continuously for two months, with the longest debate of all threatened on the floor, where Arizona Senators will filibuster against its passage unless the Secretary of Interior and Congress consent to pay the State a royalty.

Senator Ashurst, Arizona, laid before the committee today a draft of demands Arizona will make before withdrawing her opposition to construction of Boulder Dam partly in that State. This practically nullifies all progress made by representatives of the States in negotiations carried on continuously since the bill was before the Senate last year.

As a result of Arizona's attitude, reinforced by similar demands from Nevada, the conviction is growing among members of Congress that Federal action must be taken toward development of the Colorado before State differences can be adjusted.

The House irrigation committee will receive formal reports this week from representatives of the States as to the prospect of any agreement. Unless the situation should change in the next few days, these reports will say an agreement is improbable.



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## THE "CANAKY" O

by S. S. VAN DINE AUTHOR OF

## MURDER CASE

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### THE STORY THUS FAR

Skell's finger prints had been found in the apartment of the murdered Mannix, but Spotswoodo believes that he had been hiding in a closet while the stranger did his work. The subsequent search of the apartment failed to reveal the murderer, bears this theory out. Spotswoodo, who had called the girl, Spotswoodo, to her room at the sound of a scream, but had been reassured through the door that nothing was wrong, was asked to have Mannix invite Cleaver, Mannix and Spotswoodo to his apartment for a poker game, promising to name the murderer the next day. And he names Spotswoodo.

### CHAPTER L

VANCE paused and looked up. "You perhaps recall the circumstances? It was a jack-pot."

"Allen dealt Cleaver a straight-flush and gave me three. The other hands were so poor that every one else was compelled to drop out."

"I opened; and Cleaver stayed. On the draw, Allen gave me another hand, and gave Cleaver the card he needed to complete his straight-flush.

"Twice I bet a small amount, and each time Cleaver raised me. Finally I called him, and, of course, he won. He couldn't help but win, I'd see."

"He was betting on a sure thing. Since I opened and drew two cards, the highest hand I could possibly have held would have been four of a kind. Cleaver knew this, and having a straight-flush, though it meant risking everything.

"Markham, Markham! Can't you see how the man's character, as revealed in that amazing gesture, dovetails with the psychology of the crime?"

Markham was silent for a while; he appeared to be pondering the matter.

"But you, yourself, Vance, he submitted at length. "In fact, you looked doubtful and worried."

"True, old dear. I was no end worried. The psychological proof of Spotswoodo's guilt came so dashed unexpectedly."

"I wasn't looking for it, don't you know. After eliminating Cleaver I had a part pris, so to speak, in regard to Mannix; for all the material evidence in favor of Spotswoodo's innocence—that is, the seeming physical impossibility of his having strangled the lady—had, I admit, impressed me.

"I'm not perfect, don't you know. Being unfortunately human, I'm still susceptible to the malicious animal magnetism about facts and appearances which you lawyer chaps are continuously exuding over the earth like some vast asphyxiating effluvium."

"And even when I found that Spotswoodo's psychological nature fitted perfectly with all the factors of the crime, I still harbored a doubt in regard to Mannix."

"It was barely possible that he would have betrayed the hand just as Spotswoodo played it. That is why, after the game was over, I tackled him on the subject, I wanted to check his psychological reactions."

"Still, he staked everything on one turn of the wheel, as you put it."

"Ah! But not in the same sense that Spotswoodo did. Mannix is a cautious and timid gambler as compared with Spotswoodo."

"To begin with, he had an equal chance and an even bet, whereas Spotswoodo had no chance at all—his hand was worthless."

"And yet Spotswoodo wagered the limit on a pure bit of mental calculation. That was gambling in the higher ether."

"On the other hand, Mannix was merely tossing a coin, with an even chance of winning. Furthermore, no calculation of any kind entered into it; there was no planning, no figuring, no daring."

"And, as I have told you from the start, the Odell girl was premeditated and carefully worked out with a shrewd calculation and supreme daring."

"And what true gambler would ask an adversary to double a bet on the second flip of the coin, and then accept an offer to redouble on the third flip?"

"I purposely tested Mannix in that way, so as to preclude any possibility of error. Thus I not only eliminated him—I expunged him, eradicated him, wiped him out utterly."

"It cost me a thousand dollars, but it purged my mind of any lingering doubt. I then knew, despite all the contrary material indications, that Spotswoodo had done away with the lady."

"You make your case theoretically plausible. But, practically, I'm afraid I can't accept it," Mark-

wholly on his conviction that he could follow my reasoning step by step, and, in the last analysis, outwit me. It took courage and daring to do that. And it also took a degree of self-confidence which would never have permitted him to bet on a sure thing.

The psychological principles involved in that hand were identical with those of the Odell crime.

"I threatened Spotswoodo with a powerful hand—a pat hand—just as the girl no doubt threatened him; and instead of compromising—instead of calling me or laying down—outreached me; he resorted to one supreme coup, though it meant risking everything.

"Then he went out the front door, entered a taxicab, and drove away. Fifteen minutes later he was joined by Judge Redfern as he alighted from the taxicab in front of the club here—nearly forty blocks away from the apartment house!"

"It would have been impossible for him to have made the trip in less time; and, moreover, we have the chauffeur's record."

"Spotswoodo simply did not have either the opportunity or the time to commit the murder between half-past eleven and ten minutes of twelve when Judge Redfern met him."

"And, remember, he played poker in the club here until three in the morning—hours after the murder took place."

Markham shook his head with emphasis.

"Vance, there's no human way to get around those facts. They're firmly established; and they preclude Spotswoodo's guilt as effectively and finally as though he had been at the North Pole that night."

Vance was unmoved.

"admit everything you say," he rejoined. "But as I have stated before, when material facts and psychological facts conflict, the material facts are wrong. In this case, they may not actually be wrong, but they're deceptive."

"Very well, magnus Apollo!" The situation was too much for Markham's exasperated nerves.

"Show me how Spotswoodo would have strangled the girl and ran-sacked the apartment, and I'll order Heath to arrest him."

"Pon my word, I can't do it," expostulated Vance. "Omniscience was denied me. But—deuce take it!"

"Still, he staked everything on one turn of the wheel, as you put it."

Markham was now listening intently.

"The test to which I put Spotswoodo a little later," Vance went on, "had originally been intended for Mannix, but he was out of the game."

"That didn't matter, however, for, had I been able to eliminate both Cleaver and Spotswoodo, then Mannix would undoubtedly have been the guilty man."

"The test I applied to Spotswoodo was pretty well explained by the gentleman himself. As he said, not one player in a thousand would have wagged the limit against a pat hand, when he himself held nothing. It was tremendous—superb! It was probably the most remarkable bluff ever made in a game of poker."

"I couldn't help admiring him when he calmly shovved forward all his chips, knowing, as I did, that he held nothing."

"He staked everything, d' ye see,

ham was more impressed, I felt, than he cared to admit.

"Damn it, man!" he exploded after a moment. "Your conclusion demolishes all the established landmarks of rationality and sane credibility. Just consider the facts."

He had now reached the argumentative stage of his doubt. "You say Spotswoodo is going. Yet we know, on irrefutable evidence, that five minutes after he came out of the apartment the girl screamed and called for help."

"To be sure, Crippen's dead; but that fact doesn't interfere with my newly adopted psychological means of deduction. Crippen's nature, you see, fits perfectly with all the esoteric and recondite indications of the crime. Tomorrow I'll apply for an order of exhumation."

"He was standing by the switchboard, and, accompanied by Jessup, he went to the door and carried on a brief conversation with her. She was certainly alive then."

"Then he went out the front door, entered a taxicab, and drove away. Fifteen minutes later he was joined by Judge Redfern as he alighted from the taxicab in front of the club here—nearly forty blocks away from the apartment house!"

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—I think I've done rather well in pointing out the culprit. I never agreed to expound his technic, don't you know?"

"So! Your vaunted penetration amounts only to that, does it? Well, well! Here and now I become a professor of the higher mental sciences and I pronounce solemnly that Doctor Crippen murdered the Odell girl.

"To be sure, Crippen's dead; but that fact doesn't interfere with my newly adopted psychological means of deduction. Crippen's nature, you see, fits perfectly with all the esoteric and recondite indications of the crime. Tomorrow I'll apply for an order of exhumation."

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