

'Murder at Eagle's Nest'

By WINIFRED VAN DUZER

Bhima Martin, called "Bim," young reporter, is anxious to aid her father's small-town newspaper. She rejects the marriage proposal of Walter Vance, assistant chief of police. Walter asks Bim not to attend a party given by wealthy Emily Hardy in honor of the late Baroness von Wiese, and his daughter, the Baroness, is enamored of the Baroness. As the butler serves wine, the Baroness stares at him. Their eyes meet and stunned, he drops a glass. Later, on a pretense, the Baroness goes to the dining room and is speaking with the butler, when her maid appears and screams. On the terrace, Bim sees the Baroness slip the butler a piece of paper. Bim leaves early, wondering about the mysterious happenings. Next morning Walter notifies her the Baroness has been murdered. A mysterious phone call summoned Walter to Eagle's Nest where he found the Baroness dead in the summer house. It appears that she was killed while keeping a tryst. Bim assists the police because of her knowledge of the case. She is shocked when she notices Mary Frost's shawl wrapped around the Baroness.

CHAPTER VI

Sheriff Reynolds did not seem greatly surprised at Bim's shocked revelation. As time went on she was to learn that Mr. Reynolds never was surprised; that he handled matters in general and murder in particular on the basis that anything could happen and usually did.

Walter, however, took occasion to pat her shoulder again and again to whisper, "Buck up!" as they left Coroner Sankey to make his examination while they inspected the grounds about the summer house.

At first the inspection yielded little that seemed of importance. Apparently the Baroness and the man she came into the garden to meet had approached their rendezvous along the pebble path from the mansion, for there was no trace of tracks in that direction.

Toward the rear, however, their efforts were more successful. A thicket of shrubs which screened the small building from the ground running up on the hill to a high stone wall showed signs of having been trampled; twigs were pressed back and broken and heavy strands of rambling rose vine over the south side of the building were pulled down.

From one of these thorny strands Walter detached a shred of white cloth which he handed to Bim after Reynolds had looked it over. She ran through her fingers a strip of heavy linen four or five inches long and about half as wide, jagged at the ends but with the sides torn clean as if it had been torn from a garment. It was heavy with starch and looked, she judged, like the material of which nurses' uniforms are made.

Up the hill beyond the thicket was a space where the ground had been needed recently. Here they found footprints, but they were little more than holes in the soft, loose earth and offered no clue. It was Bim who followed the tracks to a long flower bed and there discovered the sharply defined prints of two sets of shoes—a woman's and a man's. Walter measured both sets and was writing in his little book when her call brought them to the other side of the flower bed.

She was holding to the light a scrap of glazed paper. Part of the center had been torn away—wrenched out as if in a fury—but what remained bore the loam-stained mark of a heel repeated over and over as if the heel had ground down upon it in hatred. Across printed words on the paper something had been scrawled in pencil and they read together: "The Baroness von Wiese was killed here on the night of January 23, 1931."

Reynolds folded the scrap and gave it to Walter, who slipped it between the pages of his little book. And Bim, sliding her hand through his arm and the way back to the summer house, managed to whisper, "The magazine page, Wally. She was sending someone a note."

He nodded, but she felt that he only half heard what she said.

The Baroness, Dr. Sankey stated, had been dead about eight hours. That would set the time of the killing somewhere near midnight. The bullet, Dr. Sankey continued, retaining the importance of the occasion, had entered below the left shoulder and pierced the heart. Certainly the woman had been standing at the time of the shooting; death would have been practically instantaneous.

Once again the sheet was spread above the form which lay so quietly in the summer house and the door was locked. The body would not be removed until after the arrival of a fingerprint expert who had been summoned from the city. Then, as Walter explained to Bim, there would be an inquest and only after this would the old Baron be permitted to bury his dead.

In the mansion they found Emily Hardy rushing about in a distracted manner, booming continuously and, Bim suspected, enjoying the excitement.

"It's awful," Em bellowed. "It's dreadful. I've not slept a wink. I'll

probably never sleep again. You ought to hear Hardy rave. When the papers get hold of it . . . What'll we do now?"

Walter introduced the sheriff and said they would question the servants first. "I want them one at a time, Mrs. Hardy. Have you a room we can use?"

Em conducted them to the library, rumbling as she led the way, and said they were to make themselves comfortable. "Since you're here we've got to make the best of it. Anybody want a highball?"

No one did, it appeared. Walter seated himself at a table with his little book spread before him and Em sat nearby, opposite the sheriff. Emily who was allowed to remain with them, to her vast delight, telephoned the gardener's cottage and a dwarfed, wiry little man with mild blue eyes presently appeared and said that his name was Terrance O'Toole and that he was gardener at Eagle's Nest going on ten years, living with his wife, Maggie, in a cottage at the back of the estate.

Walter took up the examination. "Did you see or hear anything around here last night?"

The little man scratched his head, blinking at the light, and finally answered with a faint burr thickening his speech: "Meanin' around Eagle's Nest, was ye?"

"Yes," around the house or grounds."

"I dunno as I could say that, Mr. Vance, sor. The cottage do be a long ways off and they's always somethin' or other goin' on till I pay no attention to a bit of loud talk and such."

"You heard loud talk last night, Terrance?"

"Not as ye'd rightly call loud. 'Twas a hard night for sleepin' what with Maggie givin' me coffee for my supper and I went out on the stoop to catch meself a br-reath of air."

"What time was that?"

"Well, a ways toward mid-night, Mr. Vance, sor. I sat a bit and the air was still-like so I hear'd things down here—wind-does openin' and cars startin' and the like. And I heard someone say somethin' somewhere."

A woman, it was."

"In the summer house?"

"Twasn't loud, just kind of choked. 'Twasn't loud, just kind of choked like. Was someone got lost in the shrubs and hurt her-self, I do be thinkin' for I heard somethin' crack and after that she yelled."

"Yelled? But you said it wasn't loud."

"No sor, just kind of like she went to yell and didn't get it out."

"I see," Walter smiled at the mild blue eyes. "Did you hear what it was she went to yell, Terrance?"

"Yes sor. She says, 'Ye've done enough to me.'"

"You've done enough to me. Was that all?"

"Yes, sor, Mr. Vance."

"When you heard something crack—could it have been a shot?"

The little man blinked and worried a loam-stained thumb at his head. "I couldn't rightly say. 'Tis one of me nice shrubs ruined, went through me mind. Still and all now I think it the crack was loud for a shrub. Sure, I'd not be sayin' it wasn't a shot, God help us."

Walter sent him away and the colored maids and the colored cook were brought in one after the other. They rolled their eyes and shudderingly denied any knowledge of what had gone on the night before. Nor did the maid, Imogene, prove much more helpful.

Imogene was a slender, dark-eyed young woman, very port in her black and white, and there was a hint of coquetry in the little smile she flashed towards Reynolds and then toward the good looking young policeman.

"I went to my room about half past eleven," she stated in self-possessed way. "And I guess I was asleep in ten minutes. I'd been minding the dressing room and Mrs. Hardy said I needn't wait up because she'd be late."

"The guests were all gone at half past eleven?"

"Oh, yes. Most of them went before than. They were leaving from ten-thirty on."

"Where was the dressing room, Imogene?"

She responded with a melting glance to Walter's use of her name. "At the back of the reception hall on the first floor. It opens off the hall-room and there's a door to the terrace at the back of the house."

"I see. And your room?"

"On the third floor. It's on the same side of the house. Jane was supposed to sleep there last night."

"Jane?"

"The Baroness' maid," Bim thought she detected a bit of malice in the girl's tone. "Thanks very much, Imogene. You may go now."

She gave Reynolds another twinkle, smiled and fluttered her lashes at Walter, and flounced out. It was after the door had closed upon her that Walter turned to Emily Hardy.

"I didn't see Jane last night."

"Say," boomed Em. "I clean forgot her. What do you suppose she was doing out of her room?"

"Never mind," he cut in quickly. "Let's talk with Jane."

PAPOOSES DEFEAT EUGENE HOOPSTERS

Hard Played Game Against Woodrow Wilson High Won by 5 to 3.

The Roseburg Junior high school Papooses won an unusually low score but exciting game from Woodrow Wilson Junior high of Eugene last night, 5 to 3. So air tight was the checking of both teams that Roseburg played through to the final quarter with only one point, gained from a converted free throw, while the Eugene team scored only one free throw and a field goal in the entire game. The defensive work of both teams featured the game. It was seldom that players on either side got a close shot at the basket, being smothered by two or more defensive players before an opportunity came to get the ball away. Forwards on both sides were forced to take long shots at the basket. Several of the Roseburg shots were heartbreakers, the ball rolling around the edge of the basket and falling off on the outside.

Locals Score First

Roseburg scored first when Hash was fouled and converted his throw. Eugene, however, took the lead a few minutes later when Chapman emerged from a dog fight under the basket and snatched in a field goal for two points. Pruett made the score 3 to 1 for Eugene in the second quarter when he converted a free throw, and the score remained unchanged through the third quarter, although both teams fought desperately.

Elbow Dislocated

It looked like a loss for Roseburg in the opening of the fourth quarter when Roy Hash, who had been leading the Roseburg defense, went out of the game with a dislocated elbow. Campbell, substitute guard, was ill and Hildebrand, forward, had been removed for personal reasons, leaving the substitute bench pretty well vacated. Coach Warren sent in Atterbury, a reserve forward, to take Hash's place at guard, and the substitute played a whirlwind game in the strange location.

SCHAFF DECISIONS JIMMY BRADDOCK

(Associated Press Leased Wire) NEW YORK, Jan. 24 — Boxing in Madison square garden is experiencing the leanest indoor season in the Garden's history.

A crowd of 6,000 watched Ernie Schaff, burly Boston heavyweight, outpoint Jimmy Braddock of Jersey City in a slow bout last night and brought the unoffensive average attendance for the last five Garden boxing bouts to 7,500.

The three national league hockey games played at the Garden each week drew an average of about 10,000; more than 20,000 packed themselves into the Eighth avenue arena to see a wrestling match, and 16,000 paid their way to see three college basketball games last Monday night.

Certainly the Schaff-Braddock match did little to boom trade for the boxing business. The spectators alternately yawned and booed as the rival heavyweights hauled and tugged at each other without doing much damage.

Schaff had a big pull in the weights, scaling 198½ pounds to Braddock's 180½.

SALEM, Ore., Jan. 24 — Coach Spec Koene called on his second string basketball men here last night to put a game out of the fire for the varsity, to defeat St. Martin's college 47 to 20. The game was tied 25 all about the middle of the last half. The new combination ran up 22 points in the remaining minutes of the game, while holding St. Martin's to 5.

to, but she didn't show up," the girl tossed off.

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(To Be Continued)

SPORT SHORTS



By . . . ROGER DICK

BASKETBALL fans must have gotten quite a thrill out of seeing Carl Black and Grant Osborne show glimpses of their old-time form last Wednesday night when the Lions club upset the Christian church in the city basketball league.

I found some interesting dope in almost-forgotten issues of the Umpqua, the high school annual. It was just 15 years ago, in 1916, that Carl was a regular on the Roseburg high team, and Grant, then a sophomore, was a substitute.

The following year saw Grant playing regularly with Carl, an alum. That 1917 team ranks with the best in high school history, winning 14 out of 16 games played, and ended the season by going to Salem to win the state high school tournament. Dr. Finlay was coach of the championship aggregation.

In case you are interested, here is the lineup of that year:

Grant Osborne . . . Forward
George Willet . . . Forward
Ted Jewett (C) . . . Center
Clifford Reibel . . . Guard
William Trumbo . . . Guard

This is certainly basketball season—six games on schedule for Roseburg this week. On Wednesday afternoon the high school team played Oakland—that evening there were three city league games—last night the junior high played Woodrow Wilson Junior high of Eugene, and tonight Grants Pass comes up for a game with the high school. There's enough basketball in that list to satisfy anyone.

HUSKY HOOPSTERS BEAT U. OF O., 31-28

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

EUGENE, Ore., Jan. 24—University of Washington hoopsters maintained their lead in the northwest division of the Pacific coast basketball conference play here last night, defeating Oregon in a desperate, though ragged battle, 31 to 21.

Oregon started well and at the end of the first five minutes played the score was tied 8-8. The Huskies plays then began clicking and the score at the half stood 18-10.

The Webfoots came back with a rush in the second half and while they fought hard, the Huskies played a slow, cautious game, apparently saving themselves for tonight's game.

Late in the final period spectacular baskets by Levoff and Calkins shrunk Washington's lead to three points, but the visitors never faltered and continued to plug away, profiting by frequent Oregon errors.

Both teams fouled frequently and both were equal offenders in missing conversions.

It was Washington's fifth consecutive victory and Oregon's fifth straight defeat.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Brown, of South Deer creek, visited friends and transacted business here yesterday.

NEW YORK, Jan. 24 — In the velvet curtained Club abbey, one

of the hot spots of Broadway's night life, two rival "mobs" of gamblers shot it out before dawn this morning.

Police who got to the place after Charles Sherman, night club owner and reputed gambler, had been taken to a hospital by the club's cigarette girl, found the place a deserted shambles.

Sherman had many bruises and several wounds believed to have been caused by bullets, but his most serious injuries were stab wounds.

Indentations in the heavy crimson rug indicated the detectives that at least two persons were hurt. A watch was set on all hospitals.

MEMPHIS, Tenn.—Floyd Tarpe, 9, India Bay, Ark., youth was found to have three rows of teeth when doctors cared for him here.

Phone 135 when you have news items.

BERG BEAT HESS; BATTALINO LOSES

CHICAGO, Jan. 24 — Jack "Kid" Berg of London sat tighter than ever on his junior welterweight throne today while Bat Battalino, king of the featherweights, felt his acceper slipping.

The champions fought in the twin feature bouts at the Chicago stadium last night but the fortune of choice smiled on only one of them. Berg, who staked his crown, won a decision over Goldie Hess of Los Angeles after ten furious rounds that had the crowd of 12,896 spectators cheering from start to finish. Battalino, who risked nothing but his reputation, dropped a decision over the same distance to Eddie Shea, pride of Chicago's west side, after a disappointing exhibition.

Berg's stablemate from London, Johnny Peters, made a pleasing Chicago debut on the same card by stopping Ernie Peters of Chicago in the final round of their eight round battle. Fast, cagey and possessor of a sledge hammer punch, the Briton battered his rival into submission and the referee stopped the fight.

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