

'Murder at Eagle's Nest'

By WINIFRED VAN DUZER

Following a party at Eagle's Nest, the home of wealthy Emily Hardy, the Baroness von Wiese is found murdered. Rhina Martin, young newspaper reporter, nicknamed "Bim," a guest at the party, assists her fiancé, Walter Vance, assistant chief of police, in unraveling the mystery. Bim identifies the shawl wrapped around the Baroness as Mary Frost's. Mary's husband, Ted, had been attentive to the Baroness. Bim had noticed Emily's butler and the Baroness, at the party, in secret conversation and recalled the maid's scream when she, too, found them together. A strip of uniform linen is found in the shrubbery. The police learn that the Baroness' maid was not in her room that night. The butler denies receiving a note from the Baroness. Bim discovers cuts on the maid's head and arm. She refrains from telling the police. The doors to the Baroness' room are found locked from the inside and her jewels stolen. The jewel case is found outside the window. Bim believes they would have the guilty party if they could find the person whom the Baroness met in the summer house. The Frosts are called. Bim questions Mary about her shawl. Ted appears anxious, but Mary, unperturbed, says she couldn't find the shawl and left without it. A figure appears at the window and disappears. Bim investigates and finds the butler in the pantry. It is learned that Mary Frost returned for her shawl.

CHAPTER XII.

A subdued rustle went through the group; it was as if everybody at once let go a breath. Walter and the sheriff exchanged glances: the leaves of the little book rattled beneath Walter's fingers; Emily Hardy spoke sharply. "It was a good hour after the Frosts left that I told you to go, Imogene. You're sure Mrs. Frost came back?"

"Certainly, Mrs. Hardy. I was going to call you but she said not to; that it didn't matter."

"You didn't see Mrs. Frost when she returned?" Walter inquired.

"I did not," that lady boomed. "Last I saw of her was at ten-thirty when she started out after Ted."

"They didn't leave together?"

"He went ahead. He'd been drinking too much and when they'd had some words, no body paid any attention because he's often like that. Mary seemed a little upset herself, though."

"When did you see the shawl?" Walter asked, resuming his questioning of the maid.

"Well, I first saw Mrs. Frost take it off and lay it on the chair by the door. She said not to hang it away because she didn't think they'd be staying. And it was there after I got back from the kitchen."

"Not really away," the girl declared, fluttering her lashes. "I just stepped out on the terrace by the door. I could see if anyone came in."

"Maybe," Walter muttered. "All right, then; how did the shawl get back after Mrs. Frost failed to find it at ten-thirty?"

"Why, Miss Allan brought it," said Imogene in a tone which reproved the policeman's stupidity.

"Miss Allan?" Once again Walter rustled the pages of his little book as his look met the sheriff's.

"Certainly. At least — well, I didn't see her bring it because that must have been while I was in the kitchen, but I suppose it was her because she took it away."

"Miss Allan took the shawl? What time was that?"

Imogene shrugged and pouted. "How do I know? A little before I went to the kitchen and that was ten-thirty by the clock's clock. Miss Allan came and fixed her hair and then she started to go out and the terrace but I saw her go out and she kept walking around as if she was trying to figure out something and then she went on out and I noticed the shawl was gone."

"You didn't see her take it?"

"No, I didn't, but I saw it around her when she went across the terrace into the garden."

"And the shawl was back when you returned from the kitchen? Did you have more than one cup of coffee, Imogene?"

"I wasn't out of the dressing room more than ten minutes," the maid retorted sniftily.

"But you're not sure it was Miss Allan who brought the shawl back, are you?"

"I didn't see her after she walked off into the garden until she came and got her coat to go home." The girl's petulant expression changed into a look of faint malice. Bim had seen her wear when she told Walter that the maid, Jane, had not been in her room all night. "I remember something else that happened," she began with a confidential air. "If you want me to tell."

"All right, Imogene, let's have it."

"Well, it was in the evening before dinner — not long before because I'd finished Mrs. Hardy's shawl gone down. Well, the Baroness' dressing room is right below my room and I heard a terrible quarrel going on there. My window was open and so was the one below and I heard them going it

something fierce. The Baroness and her maid, it was," Imogene stated with triumph. "Did you hear what they said?" Walter asked with only slight interest.

"No-o," the girl admitted regretfully. "Only one thing. At the last after they'd been raving, perfectly awful the Baroness yelled, 'After tonight you get out!' Then it sounded as if someone fell and a door slammed and I didn't hear any more."

Bim watched the girl incredulously. She could not imagine the low-voiced Jane raving "perfectly awful" though the Baroness with her insolent manner and her disdainful way of looking down her nose seemed to fit into that picture fairly well.

Imogene was dismissed and she left somewhat reluctantly. Bim thought.

"She's jealous of Jane," she told them in a half-amused, half scornful way. "She's jealous and trying to make out a case against the other maid."

Walter nodded and the sheriff brought up a chair. "Afraid the girl Jane's gunning for her job, I shouldn't wonder. That what's on your mind, Bim?"

"I don't believe Imogene takes her job very seriously, Mr. Reynolds. No, I wouldn't say she's concerned about her job. It's something else — something more important to her."

"What?" asked Reynolds so quickly that Bim was startled.

"Why — why," she floundered. "What is important to a girl like Imogene? A beau, I suppose. It would be my guess that Jane has been cutting in on Imogene's boy friend."

"She's a fast worker then," Em rambled. "Jane's only been here since yesterday afternoon."

"Some women," remarked Bim wisely, "don't wait for other women to work before they get jealous. They know by intuition what to expect."

"Why, Bim?" giggled Em as Walter shook his head over the girl's perspicacity.

"Let's have Jane back," he directed, and Em again summoned the tall, pale-faced maid whose quiet modesty presented such striking contrast with Imogene's pertness.

"You quarrelled with the Baroness last night?" Walter began.

"No, sir. Madame was in a nervous state after her journey and I made her irritable. She found fault with the way I did her hair, but that was all, sir."

"She talked very loud when she found fault? Threw things?"

"Madame sometimes allowed herself to get out of control; that was not unusual, sir. I do not recall that she threw anything."

"Did she discharge you? Did she say, 'After tonight you get out'?"

"Oh, no, sir. At least —" Bim fancied that fear crossed the blue eyes as they turned upon her briefly. "At least, not last night. She has said that sometimes, but only in her temper. She never meant it, sir."

"Did she strike you, Jane? Knock you down?"

Bim had no doubt about the fear in the girl's eyes now; it flickered and was gone. But the low voice was very steady. "Never, sir. After all, Madame the Baroness was a lady."

Was there, Bim wondered, something sardonic in the veiled look the girl flung backward as she left the library? And the cut on her temple, concealed so deftly beneath the drawn-down hair — what did that mean? Why, Bim asked herself, hadn't she thought to mention that cut and the long scratch on the girl's shoulder to Walter?

Not. Walter had something to ask of Em. "We've overlooked one point, Mrs. Hardy. What time did the Baroness leave the party and where did she go when she left?"

"You know I've been wracking my brain about that ever since you stepped in here last night, Mr. Chief. She was on the terrace after Mary and Ted went, for I saw her there talking to Bunny Baird. Then Pete took the Baroness and the Baroness must have just sort of vanished. I'd say she disappeared about eleven, although it might have been later, for I wasn't noting much about the time by then. It might have been nearly half past eleven — I can't say. I don't know where she went either, though now I suppose it was into the garden."

"She could," mused Walter, "have walked along the corridor and reached through the door of the dressing room for the shawl — it was there at the time — and gone on out while Imogene was

SCHOOL CHILDREN FED BY RED CROSS

Distress Stories Continue to Pour In; Aid Method Given Approval.

Nourishing lunches to school children have now become one of the major features of the Red Cross relief work in the drought-stricken area, according to advice received by R. E. Arne, acting manager of the Pacific branch. The Red Cross' offer to finance these school lunches has been accepted by the state superintendent of public instruction in Arkansas and Oklahoma.

A Red Cross worker in Oklahoma writes: "Lunch times for country school children in the drought area this winter is a matter of cold biscuits and luck — luck if they have the cold biscuits. Not an apple or bit of fruit, no sweets and no milk." In one school room there was found only five lunch pails for eighteen children. In the pails were dry cold biscuits and a slice or two of salt pork.

Distress Reports Pour In. Touching pictures of distress keep coming to Red Cross headquarters from workers in the field. A normally prosperous Ohio community has relief committees working in sixteen townships. The Red Cross secretary there states:

"We were called at 9:30 last night to give relief to twenty-two persons living in a barn. This morning at 7:30 a man arrived asking for provisions after walking eighteen miles. He owned a small tract of land on which he tried to borrow money, but the bank wouldn't even look at it. Almost at the same time came another call for help for a family of seven who had no food and of which several members were sick with fever."

Another report from Oklahoma tells of a typical instance of heroic fortitude in the face of unprecedented disaster. A farmer whose family consists of a wife and two sons, the latter suffering from the effects of infantile paralysis, has a farm of 180 acres which is now practically barren. This man has had a reputation throughout the county for eighteen years as a good and frugal farmer, yet he was without food for him, self or family, or feed for his cattle. The latter were so emaciated that it was useless to kill them for meat. It is reported that throughout Oklahoma generally cattle are dying, hens are not laying, and are unfit to eat, and reserve food supplies are exhausted. Despite these conditions the farmers are facing the disaster with a high courage that is almost unbelievable. Hundreds of families are reported to have been found living almost exclusively on a turnip diet.

Big Donations Made. Contributions to the Red Cross drought fund have been stimulated by several large gifts. On January 21st, J. P. Morgan gave \$50,000; Ogden L. Mills, under secretary of the treasury and member of the Red Cross central committee, gave \$10,000, and Representative Ruth Bryan Owen gave \$1,000. A representative group of bankers, professional and business men of Pittsburgh, Penn., subscribed \$102,000.

Juneau, Alaska, chapter, wired January 22: "Quota of Red Cross drought relief amounting to \$1,000 has been over-subscribed. Members of our chapter in deep sympathy with drought-stricken areas. Other Pacific coast chapters whose quotas have been met are: Cordova and Nome, Alaska; Carmel, Colingia, Crockett, Lake county, Lincoln, Lompoc Valley, Mafé Island, Rio Vista, Sierra county, and Suisun-Fairfield chapters, California; Nampa, Idaho; Carson City, Nevada; and Harney county, Ore."

The following resolution was received by the Red Cross at St. Louis from the Business Men's club of Newport, Jackson county, Arkansas: "After careful observation of the way in which the affairs of the local chapter are being handled and being acquainted with conditions of the emergency as it exists and the details of the efforts to meet these conditions, we desire to express our approval and appreciation of the leadership given by the emergency relief committee. We have observed its de-

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It was then that Miss Laura Allan arrived.

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Faro Played With Shell Game Rules



The faro equipment shown in the center doesn't in the least resemble the three shells and peas which so often are conspicuous at fairs, circuses and carnivals. The fate of the \$50,000 that Mrs. Myrtle Blackledge Tanner (left), ex-collector of internal revenue at Chicago, put into a faro swindle made it look like the shell game, so police are hunting for Nicky Arinstein (left, below) as the master mind. Edward Litstinger (right), who advanced the \$50,000 that Mrs. Tanner lost, is trying to find out whether he stands any chance of getting his money back. Mrs. Blackledge resigned her federal job when the affair became public.

vation to duty in meeting the needs of our stricken people. The constructive policy it has been adopting to help a man help himself is calculated to strengthen rather than weaken the ones who receive Red Cross aid. It is the desire of this club that authorities of the Red Cross be acquainted with these facts."

Sunday at the Churches

The Methodist Church, Dillard Circuit, Ira P. Rankin, pastor. Preaching at Dillard Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, and at Lookingglass Sunday evening at 7:30. The pastor will preach on the subject, "The Crown of Thorns." Sunday school at each of the four churches every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. Prayer meeting at Dillard Wednesday evening and at Temple Thursday evening.

First Presbyterian Church, corner of Lane and Jackson, Alexander Muirhead, minister. Church Bible school at 9:45 a. m. B. L. Eddy, Supl. There are classes for all ages. The women's class for the older women is taught by Mr. Eddy. The men's class for the older men is taught by Barton Hellwell. The high school class for young men and women is taught by Mr. Austin. A mixed class for the older young people, the college group, is in charge of Mrs. C. E. Roberts. The young married people's class at present being re-organized, is being taught by Mr. Muirhead. The senior C. E. will meet at 6:30 p. m., and at the same hour an Intermediate C. E. will be organized. We hope also to have a junior C. E. shortly. Morning worship at 11:00 o'clock. Sermon by the pastor. It is just a year ago since the pastor and wife arrived in Roseburg to take charge of the pulpit of this church. He will use the same text as he did a year ago but not the same sermon. The choir will sing the anthem "Seek Ye the Lord," by Roberts, with Mr. A. L. Austin singing the tenor solo. The offertory solo, "O Lord be Merciful," by Homer Bartlett, will be sung by Mrs. Mary Meyers. Evening worship at 7:30. A special praise service by the choir and a sermon by the pastor. Mrs. Newport will sing, "I'm a Pilgrim," by Johnson, and Mrs. W. W. Ashcraft will read "The Ninety and Nine," with piano accompaniment. There will be a meeting of the Church Session on Tuesday evening, February 3rd, at which time all those desirous of uniting with the church will please be present. Our mid-week service will be held on Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. We should have 100 present

LOCAL TALENT TO PRESENT COMEDY

"The Family Upstairs" to Be Offered by Faculty of Junior High.

A three-act comedy, "The Family Upstairs," one of the most popular of modern plays, is to be presented by the Roseburg Junior high school faculty next Monday night. The play will be given at the senior high school auditorium, starting at 8 o'clock. The faculty is being assisted by the junior high school orchestra, under the direction of Leonard Riley, music to be furnished while the crowd is gathering and during the intermissions. The play was originally designed for home talent, but has proven so popular that it has been adopted professionally and is a favorite with stock companies because of its sure-fire comedy and its rapid, humorous dialogue. The play is filled with comedy from start to finish, the humor being provided by comic situations and witty chatter.

The local production is well cast, and those who have seen the play in preparation report that the actors have well perfected their parts and carry off the various roles in true professional style. Enid Vench, Kenneth Beach, Thelma Smith and Paul Warren carry the heavy roles, with Scott Williams and Fredrick Kershaw, assisted by Joe Shirley, a student, taking the juvenile characters. Miss Kate Buchanan is also a part. The production is being coached by Leonard Riley.

At this service, Choir practice on Thursday at 7:30 p. m. Only the enemy of our souls can keep us from going forward to greater things for God and Christ. Alexander Muirhead, Minister.

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Walter Tolles, who lives one-half mile above Irleypark, lets his electric lights and electric heaters burn day and night or as long as he wants to and never has to pay a cent for the power consumed. No one reads his meter, for he has no meter.

A small stream flows through the Tolles place, which is on the right of the old Tioga postoffice. Mr. Tolles bought a small hydro-electric generating set and connected it up, using the water of the stream for power. He lights his home and heats it and runs all sorts of electrical appliances and says that during the two months' time the plant has been running his total operating expense has been one tablespoonful of oil.

A greenhouse is being built on the place. Mr. Tolles states that he will raise alpine and rock garden plants and that electric heat for the greenhouse will also be furnished by his hydro plant. Asked about possible water

shortage for operation of his plant during a dry summer season, he replied that he had installed a dam and had available at the turning of a valve, the water from two streams. These two with the dams he says, will be ample for year 'round operation of his plant.

MONTGOMERY, Ala. — Pledged to an administration of economy, Governor Benjamin Mook Miller of Alabama fired 20 clerks drawing \$2,800 monthly three days after his inauguration.

Of course you use gasoline, so why not buy Richfield, where you get a direct premium on every dollar you expend. Double trading stamps, Monday with every purchase of any product at the Richfield Station, corner of Oak and Rose, just in rear of Unipqua hotel. —Adv.

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Roseburg News-Review

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