

### CO-DISCOVERER OF RADIUM A MARTYR

SALLANCHES, France, July 5 (AP)—A simple funeral was planned today for Mme. Marie Curie, who died a martyr to the cause of science. The co-discoverer of radium, physicians said, had accumulated radium rays in her system during her experiments and these contributed directly to the illness which ended in her death early yesterday.

**HIGH DIVE IS FATAL**  
VANCOUVER, Wash., July 5 (AP)—Probably rendered unconscious by the concussion as he struck the water from the great height, Roland McCall, 22, drowned in the Columbia river here yesterday after making a

beautiful swan dive from a platform 110 feet high on the draw of the Interstate bridge.

**CONGRESSMAN'S MOTHER DIES**  
SALEM, July 5 (AP)—Willette Mae Mott, widow of the late Dr. W. S. Mott and mother of Congressman James W. Mott, died at her home here early Wednesday night. She had been a resident of Salem since 1899.

**BLAMES LABOR**  
SALEM, Ore., July 5 (AP)—A declaration that the United States "is now on the verge of a social revolution," and that the American Federation of Labor is to blame for the re-putated condition, was made here yesterday by U. G. McAlexander of Newport, retired major general and one of the candidates in the May primary election for Republican nomination to the governorship.

**July 6th - 7th**  
**FRESH FRUITS and VEGETABLES**

**Lettuce**  
Crisp - Bright  
5c EACH

**Apricots**  
Apple Boxes  
\$1.49

**Oranges**  
Med. Small Juicy  
3 Doz. .... 49c

**BEST FOODS Products**

**Mayonnaise**  
Pts. .... 19c  
Qts. .... 28c

**Home Style Salad Dressing**  
Pts. .... 16c  
Qts. .... 26c

**Flour** LILY WHITE or SAFEWAY \$1.43 Sack

**Milk** TALL CANS 5 cans 29c

**Sugar** 10's—CLOTH BAG 61c 25's—CLOTH BAG \$1.45

**Chocolate** Guittard's Sweet High Grade LB. CAN 19c

**Baking Powder** Double-Action — CALUMET LB. CAN 25c

Friday Is Family Circle Day—Get Your Copy—It's Free!

<b>Syrup</b> MAXIMUM Quart Jar <b>35c</b>	<b>SNOWFLAKES</b> <b>Crackers</b> 2-lb. Can <b>29c</b>	<b>BATHROOM TISSUE</b> <b>Waldorf</b> 4 rolls <b>18c</b>
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**Home makers Bureau**

**CHERRY CONSERVE**  
George Washington would have liked this!  
2 lbs. pitted cherries  
4 cups sugar  
Juice 1/2 lemon  
Juice and chopped rind of 1 orange

**Annabelle's Apricot Conserve**  
A Sure Hit  
3 oranges  
6 apricot kernels  
5 lbs. apricots  
1 lb. blanched almonds  
5 lbs. sugar

Peel oranges, and cover peel with cold water. Bring to a boil, and boil three or four minutes. Repeat this process twice more, pouring off and discarding water in which orange peel is boiled. Remove white pulp from the orange and the peel. Crack pits of six apricots, and remove kernels. Put orange pulp and orange peel, with apricots.

**AIRWAY COFFEE**  
Brazilian Blend  
Smooth, pleasing flavor—the largest selling coffee throughout the west.  
3 lbs. **59c**

**Coffee** MAXWELL HOUSE lb 31c

**Certo** 2 btls 45c

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**SAFEMAY STORES**

**VALUES for 25c**



...and they are hard to beat! People say our VALUE sales are getting better every week. There is no denying that today and tomorrow anyone with a "quarter of a dollar" is going to receive some extra good VALUES in quality foods. Miss your afternoon bridge or the matinee, but don't, under any circumstance, miss these values!

**2 for 25c Your Choice**

**GRAPEFRUIT** L. & H. No. 2s **2 FOR 25c**

**SALMON** Columbia Chinook No. 1s **2 FOR 25c**

**KRAUT** Hillsdale No. 2 1/2 **2 FOR 25c**

**BIRD SEED** French **2 FOR 25c**

**3 for 25c Your Choice**

**SODA** Arm & Hammer **3 PKGS. 25c**

**STARCH** Corn or Gloss **3 PKGS. 25c**

**SOUP** Van Camp's Vegetable **3 CANS 25c**

**PEPPER** Schilling's 2-oz. Cans **3 CANS 25c**

**5 for 25c Your Choice**

**SOAP** Palm Olive **5 FOR 25c**

**JELLWELL** All Flavors **5 FOR 25c**

**KOOL-ADE** Asst. Flavors **5 FOR 25c**

**TOMATO SAUCE** Spanish Style **5 FOR 25c**

**6 for 25c Your Choice**

**JAR RUBBERS** Best Red Rubber **6 FOR 25c**

**DEVEILED MEAT** 1/8 **6 FOR 25c**

**TAYSTIE** MACARONI, SPAGETTI and NOODLES **6 FOR 25c**

**SUNBRIGHT** CLEANSER **6 FOR 25c**

### Murder at MOCKING HOUSE

BY WALTER C. BROWN

**DOYLE'S CONTRIBUTION**  
HERE'S the queer part. The Old Man acted human for once—but firm. I was off the case and that was that. It's a puzzle, because I have good reasons for doubting that Dufresne would go behind my back about a thing like that.

"Why shouldn't he Doyle? Mrs. Dufresne was scared half to death and it led to an injury that is very serious to any woman, and especially a beautiful woman."

"Sergeant, I'm surprised! Don't you know a detective's first duty is to keep his mind free from all prejudices, favorable or otherwise?" He laughed.

Harper's face began to redden. "I don't see anything funny about a beautiful woman having her face disfigured for life," he retorted.

"Of course you don't, Sergeant, and neither do I. Don't misunderstand me. In such a situation one must cultivate a philosophical attitude, like our friend Dufresne. If that had happened to your wife, or mine, we'd have taken a poke at the chap who caused the trouble."

"But Mr. Dufresne is content to sit and murmur 'C'est la malchance de Saig-neur, in case your French is a little rusty, that means 'It is the hand of God.' Does Dufresne's reaction seem regular and normal to you?"

Without waiting for an answer, Doyle continued, "I'm all washed up with this case, but I'm going to let fly a couple of broadsides before I go and you'll be smart enough to profit by them."

"What has that to do with you, since you've been withdrawn from the case?"

"That's what I'm coming to. Listen, you've talked with Dufresne about those 'crank' letters?"

"Yes."

"Didn't he sort of hint around the bush that the writer might turn out to be, shall we say, not a total stranger to him?"

"Yes, he hinted something like that."

"Didn't he give you the impression that there was something that he feared, but wouldn't talk about? He was pretty well shaken up over that ambush, wasn't he?"

"Yes, but that's only natural. No one but an idiot would make light of it."

"Don't you think it odd that the first time he went out without a bodyguard he was fired on? And that it occurred on a lonely road, far from the city?"

"No. It's not odd, if some one were waiting for just such a chance."

"That doesn't say much for the ability of Barry and Markison, who were supposed to be guarding him. I've always thought they were pretty good men."

"No one is infallible, Doyle."

"I think both Markison and Barry know their business," Doyle shrugged.

"But let's look at it from another angle. Who knew where Dufresne was going on that trip?"

"Only himself, Mrs. Dufresne, and the two detectives, so far as we know. Possibly Andrews, the butler, knew also."

"All right, we'll drop that line, but think it over and see if it doesn't suggest something to you. Now, after you ran out on us so mysteriously, I got to thinking about the hints Dufresne had been handing out and I guessed you had made the sudden dash to give the latest developments to the new widow, and, incidentally, to find out just how she had been spending the evening. I remembered having seen her name in the society column, so I looked up the notice. I found that Mrs. Creighton Morlock's house was only about a mile from here, so I left and walked over."

"And was I surprised when I got there and found you hadn't been near the place? And let me tell you that the lady was expecting trouble. She didn't give me half a chance to tell my story. At the first words she rushed out of the house and into a car. The rest of the story you know."

Harper stirred restively. "I don't see where that alters the circumstances."

"Wait a minute, you haven't heard all of it yet." Doyle's alert eyes were fixed steadily on the detective's through the cigarette smoke. "By and by the smart detective on this case is going to call in everybody concerned, one by one, and ask, 'Where were you on the night of

January 10th? When that time comes, Harper, you're going to find that Mrs. Dufresne will have an alibi that is really no alibi at all—then what?"

"Certainly, I'm aware that there was a dinner party at Mrs. Morlock's last night and Mrs. Dufresne is a house guest there. But, you will hear that Mrs. Dufresne was so upset over the news of the attack on her husband yesterday afternoon that she developed a severe headache and remained in her room. She did not come down for dinner."

"I've found out that you tried to reach her by telephone from the Austerlitz and couldn't get an answer. Perhaps you haven't had time to find out why, so I'll tell you. By a most strange coincidence, there was a fire last night in the Morlock garage and the telephone wires, strung just outside it, were burned and put out of commission."

"When I got to the house the confusion was at its peak—fire engines all over the street, salvaged automobiles parked anywhere, guests and servants running in and out to watch the show. No one knew where any one else was, or had been."

Doyle lowered his voice impressively. "While I was looking around I saw a woman's figure going into the house through the side door. I couldn't see her face, but I got a good look at the fur coat and the shoes. This woman had come up the rear walk. I could see her footprints in the snow. Everybody was over on the other side of the house, watching the garage burn."

"Well, I finally found a house-maid running excitedly around the hall and I asked for Mrs. Dufresne. The girl went upstairs and in a minute or two Mrs. Dufresne came down. Harper, you can imagine the felt I got when I recognized the slipper!"

"Not only that, but they were soaking wet from the snow, as wet as my shoes were from walking over a mile in it! And when Mrs. Dufresne sent for her coat, to go along with me, there was the same fur coat I had seen disappearing through the side door, the fur still damp from melted snow. Now, what do you make of that?"

Harper was silently digesting this story of the reporter's. "That will bear a lot of thought, Doyle," he answered slowly.

"Get this—my final broadside. Harper, I don't know how far you've come with your investigations but it strikes me that there's something in this case resembling the state of Denmark in Hamlet's time."

Doyle stood up and pointed through the window. "Do you see that stone wall? That's the boundary wall of Dufresne's property. On the other side of the wall are thick bushes. Last night some one hid there between the bushes and the wall, walked up and down and watched this house, most likely this very room. There is your witness! Find him, and you'll know what went on here last night!"

A few moments later Sergeant Harper and his assistant, Lafferty, bent thoughtfully over the sketch the former had drawn of the Dufresne house and grounds.

They just had come in from their inspection of the spot Doyle had discovered by a fortunate chance. The reporter's final broadside had been very telling. Indeed, riddling into holes the inferential evidence so far provided by the killings. A witness, and a secret one, certainly substantiated Harper's doubts that the affair had been "haphazard." Here was the first hint of premeditation.

"That is certainly a choice bit of luck," Lafferty chuckled. "Wait till we blaze away with that and see whose feathers fly."

"That's exactly what we're not going to do," Harper countered. "It's an ace up our sleeve, but that's the best place for it at present. It's something to think about quietly, not brag about."

"Well, you're passing up a fine chance to put on the screws. You're giving them too much time to get their stories ready. I'm sure that smart chauffeur, Donaghy, is wise to something, and then there is old Andrews and that sour-faced Mrs. Whitmore—all likely material to work on. You can trust the servants to know things."

Harper smiled. "Don't let your patience get out of control, Jack. I'm deliberately giving these people plenty of time to think it over. If they're concealing something, they're sure to elaborate too much and take enough rope to hang themselves."

Tomorrow, the detectives begin a cold, relentless sorting of evidence.

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