

"Clean Up Movies" Familiar Shout; 'Twas Heard In Old Peepshow Days

By Roblin Coons
HOLLYWOOD (AP)—The current cry for "reform" in screen productions is no novelty in filmland. Motion pictures have been attacked by sharpshooters of uplift from the earliest days of the flickers, and the question has remained alive ever since.

In the gay 'nineties, when going to the movies meant waiting in line before a slot machine "peepshow," informal "censorship"—the protests of individual reformers—succeeded in removing from the list of "attractions" more than one dancing girl whose performances were deemed not quite proper.

Prize Fight Protested
 The classic early example remains

"The May Irwin-John C. Rice kiss." Two performers from a Broadway play of the period, contributed a sample of their art to celluloid, and the "feature," one long ocularatory close-up, was a "box office smash." It was criticized.

But such charges against movie morals were fairly local. In Pennsylvania and New York there was some agitation of the sort against showing of the Corbett-Fitzsimmons prize fight "classics."

When the screen broke away from mere "acts" and embarked on the "drama," one of its pioneer hits was "The Great Train Robbery," which was exactly what its title implied and one of the first "crime pictures" if not the ancestor of them all.

Broker Charged With Seduction



Seduction of Doty Sealey, 18, top photo, by F. Walter Rowe, Jr., New York broker-reporter, 55, below, is charged in a \$100,000 suit filed by Mrs. Nettie Sealey, mother of the former Northwestern University coed, in New York supreme court. Miss Sealey is reported as "missing" since April 1.

SHALLOW NEW HATS—NEED ELASTIC BANDS

PARIS (AP)—The elastic bands little girls used to wear under their caps to hold on their sailor hats have been borrowed to snap around the back of millady's head for the same reason. Scores of summer hats with every type of brim from a narrow sailor to a "merry widow" are designed with crowns so shallow they need support to hold them in place. Modistes have borrowed the elastic bands and snap them around the back of their clients' heads just above the cluster of curls.

Wards SUMMER VALUES

A fawn found near the Griffith Park zoo in Los Angeles was supplied with milk by two goats.

Samuel Pepy's favorite meal was said to have consisted of fricassee of rabbit, a leg of broiled mutton chops, roasted pigeons, four broiled lobsters, and three sweet tarts.

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MURDER AT MOCKING HOUSE BY WALTER C. BROWN

SYNOPSIS: Sergeant Harper has found proof that the policeman and the stranger, found shot to death in Pierre Dufresne's house did not kill each other. But one lot of evidence seems to connect the beautiful Mrs. Dufresne with the case, and the other which is the fact that the stranger died of a wound from a .45 caliber revolver instead of from the .38 caliber bullet found in the room, points toward Mr. Dufresne. A .45 revolver seen in his room has disappeared.

Chapter 24. AMBIGUOUS REELS

THE usual place for Mr. Dufresne's gun is in the highboy in his dressing-room? Harper asked.

Andrews nodded in agreement: "Now, does any other member of this household keep a gun or revolver on hand?"

"Donaghy, sir. He has a special permit to carry a weapon. Mr. Dufresne's order."

"What type of gun is it?"

"An automatic. I am not familiar with calibers."

"Any others?"

"Not that I know of, unless you want to take account of the guns in Mr. Dufresne's armor room."

The detective smiled and shook his head. "No, I've seen them and they're all antique collectors' pieces."

"Are you still positive that you do not recognize the murdered man? Look at these photos again."

The old man examined the three facial views without the slightest sign of hesitancy or repugnance. "He is a complete stranger to me," he reiterated, returns them.

"Then how about Hamill, the policeman? Did you ever talk to him?"

"No, sir. No doubt I have seen him in the neighborhood at times, but I never paid any particular attention."

"All right, Andrews. That will be all for the present. If there are more questions we'll deal with them as they arise."

The butler withdrew as quietly as he had entered, leaving Harper feeling highly elated over the success of his ruse. It was plain that old Andrews suspected nothing about the revolver which had reposed in his master's room, and since it was gone, Dufresne himself had probably made off with it. The promptness of the hiding, too, suggested that Dufresne had been the eavesdropper by the cellar stairs.

The important thing was to gain possession of that gun. At that moment Lafferty returned to the breakfast-room. "There's no doubt of its being gone," he reported. "I looked everywhere. Dufresne walked in while I was searching."

"How did he act?" Harper asked eagerly.

"Suspicious and inclined to be a trifle nasty about it. How did you come out?"

"Andrews readily admitted that the revolver is Dufresne's."

"Then Dufresne hid it," Lafferty declared emphatically. "It's too bad we have to tread so damned quietly there."

"What do you mean?"

"Lafferty gave a wry smile. "Why, Dufresne's the one man we simply can't pin it on. He's the only one of the lot with a 100% bulletproof alibi. He was not only dead drunk at the time of the killing but locked away under police guard. Yet he knew that the fellow was shot with that gun and not by Hamill's, otherwise he wouldn't have hidden it. Say," he exclaimed, looking startled, "how in thunder did he come to know that?"

HARPER echoed his wonder. "Yes, how did he know that? Maybe we're barking up the wrong tree again. Suppose it wasn't Dufresne who removed the gun? Either the murderer himself slipped away with that gun or else confided the story to Dufresne, and he's covering up for him. Now we know that the murderer is not only alive, but walking around in this house."

Lafferty scratched his chin thoughtfully. "If we could only get that dead man identified. Somebody in this house knows and is deliberately suppressing his identity."

Harper smiled. "We can wear kid gloves, too, but we'll keep the brass knuckles slipped on under them."

"You mark my words, Steve. The minute you let fly with the facts we've uncovered there'll be a yelp and they'll try to run us off the case so it can be nailed up and buried in a hurry."

Harper's lips tightened. "Just let them try it. I'll carry this fight right up to the Director's office. Powerful as Dufresne may be, Connors won't let them hush it up by pinning it on Hamill."

They heard Officer O'Connell's voice from the hall greeting someone and a moment later Acting Captain Quigley, of the Fourteenth Precinct, entered the room.

"I got your message, Sergeant," Quigley explained. "What's on your mind?"

"There are plenty of puzzling features, Captain. But what I wanted was to ask some questions about Officer Hamill. First, what was his rating on marksmanship?"

"First class," Quigley answered promptly. "Hamill's had a sharpshooter's citation for years."

As Harper remained silent, the Captain of the Fourteenth went on. "I see what's in your mind, Harper, but even a rotten shot could pop his man over at that distance."

"There's much more to it than that," the Sergeant answered. "What about Hamill's personality? Was he nervous, hasty, quick to use his gun?"

"No, no, nothing like that. Just the opposite. Hamill was a quiet, cool chap, very sure of himself. His theory was that guns should be used only as a last resort."

"Tell me this, Captain. Did Hamill know Mr. Dufresne by sight? Did he know that the Dufresne house was untenanted at this time?"

"Your first question I can't answer definitely, but I don't believe he did. I've been attached to the Fourteenth for eight years and I never met him. The answer to your second question is 'Yes.' Last June 21st a notice was filed with us that the Dufresne family was leaving for the summer. This notice was given by a John Whitmore. Know him?"

Harper nodded. "He's one of the servants here."

"Have you any record of an automobile found abandoned in this district? Were any cars tagged last night for illegal or overnight parking?"

Quigley looked surprised. "Not one, Harper. Nobody with any sense would have left a car out in that storm."

"Well, I appreciate your help, Captain. I've got a much clearer picture of Hamill, at any rate."

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