

ASK GOLFERS TO PLAY ALL TEAM MATCHES

Announcement was made today that all members of the Binger-Siegrist golf team who have not played their matches are expected to do so before Sunday night or default.

SUGAR AND FLOUR PORTLAND, Aug. 2 (AP)—Sugar—Berry or fruit, 100s, \$5.45; bales, \$5.55; best, \$5.35.

IMPROVEMENT ISSUES WILL BE EXTENDED

(Continued from Page One) plan will be satisfactory. With the refunding completed, the city financially will be in better condition than for several years.

A sixteenth century Saxou suit of tilting armor brought \$1,700 in London.

OUT OUR WAY



By J. R. Williams

THE NEWFANGLES



Mrs. Van Swankton Has Ideas!

MURDER AT MOCKING HOUSE BY WALTER C. BROWN

SYNOPSIS: Sergeant Harper has found the weapon that killed one of the two men found murdered in Pierre Dufresne's house.

Chapter 32 THE ACCUSATION

LAFFERTY lit a cigarette and blew the smoke upward at a sharp angle. "Quit your hemming and hawing, Steve. You can make the pinch any time you please."

Harper looked amused. "So you've got it all figured out?" "Sure. If you really want the killer, just march up the stairs, walk down the hall, and enter the first door on the left."

"Mrs. Dufresne?" "Exactly. I know it. You know it. Dufresne knows it, too. He tried to cover up for her by hiding the gun. That's why he's been playing cat and mouse with us, afraid we'd turn up something that would upset the apple-cart."

"You're wrong, Jack," Harper said quietly. "This thing is a lot more intricate than that theory of yours allows for. In fact, I'm just beginning to realize what a Gordian knot we have on our hands."

"That's a very apt figure of speech, maybe you remember what happened to the Gordian knot?" "Yes. Alexander couldn't unravel it, as there were no ends showing, so he sliced it with his sword."

"Correct. I'd advise you to take the tip from Alexander. You've got your eight suspects, but if you look them over carefully you'll see how the number dwindle. I take it that you are not trying to pin it on Mrs. Croymon or her pianist husband? Besides, they're really just visitors here."

"Dufresne and Andrews were shut up in the Austere's under heavy guard at the time. Donaghy was on duty there, too, and it isn't likely he had a chance to leave the place. Anyway, his statements are easily checked. The Whitmore's were near the spot, true enough, but they didn't leave their rooms after dark last night. The snow proves that."

"What does that leave us? One person and only one—Mrs. Dufresne, visiting at Mrs. Creighton Morlock's."

"See what we have there. She developed a headache and didn't come down to dinner. Headaches, you know, require seclusion. A standard alibi. Then a mysterious outbreak of fire in the Morlock garage. Wasn't that a perfect opportunity for getting away for a while, unseen, unnoticed?"

"By the luckiest of flukes, we have Howard Doyle's evidence, otherwise we'd be completely in the dark. I make the flat assertion that Mrs. Dufresne left Mrs. Morlock's, walked the mile or so to this house to keep her rendezvous and killed the man she came here to meet! And here's my bit of evidence for that."

Lafferty panted dramatically, then brought forth a shapeless bundle, swathed in crumpled tissue paper, which he stripped away. A stained, warped pair of high-heeled shoes stood revealed. "These are the shoes Mrs. Dufresne wore last night," he explained. "They were on their way to the trash-bin this morning, via John Whitmore, when I rescued them."

and no one to answer to, I've heard plenty about them." "Been doing some tabloid archeology on the side?" mocked Harper. "No, but I was talking to Bob Johnson. That lad covered the social whirl when he first broke in with the Daily Ledger and he's got a memory like a filing cabinet. According to him, the Bartell girls had the polite circles of their day standing on their collective ears."

"Incidentally, it might interest you to know that in those days our good host, Mr. Pierre Dufresne, was rushing little Aline. The engagement was rumored unofficially several times and there was plenty of buzzing and whispering when he up and married Sister Sylvia instead."

"To hear you talking one would think that Mrs. Dufresne and Mrs. Croymon were now a couple of dowagers." "That was all of ten years ago," Lafferty answered, "and ten years can make a lot of changes, but you never can tell when the old fire will flare up again. That happens often enough. Remember that Sylvia Bartell married a man considerably older than herself, while her sister—well, I take Croymon for one of those artistic chaps, all nerves and temperament, charming as an acquaintance, but damn hard to live with. Certainly Mrs. Dufresne is still far removed from an age where one could say, 'This woman is past the time for love affairs.'"

HARPER looked amused as he held a match to his pipe. "Very well put," he acknowledged, "although the implications are somewhat libelous. But listen, you old social philosopher, does Mr. Dufresne strike you as being the sort of man who would connive at hiding his wife's guilt?"

"There's such a thing as pride, Steve, and it takes some queer turns. Many a man has braced under the world in a case like that and taken his own measures in private—later."

"No, I don't believe you're on the right track at all. There are plenty of gaps in your structure. What of this alleged lover, for instance? He was here in the city, buying his disguise, while Mrs. Dufresne was still at her summer home. That doesn't sound much like a clandestine affair."

"Granted, but remember that the Dufresne summer home is on an island. Not much chance for secret meetings there unless the third party came as a guest. I think those two conceived the idea of writing crank letters to Dufresne. After a due interval he was to be bumped off. Then Mrs. Dufresne would be free and the police would be busily hunting around for some down-at-the-heels homicidal maniac who never really existed. It's a clever scheme."

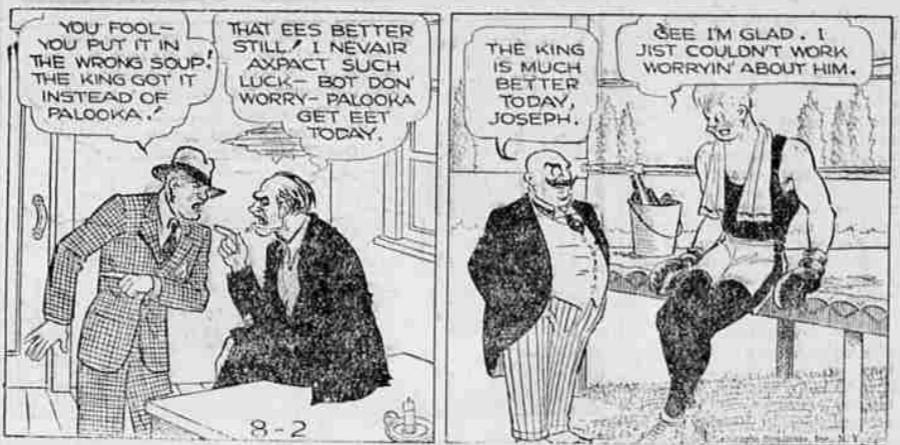
"I see. Having decided to dismember herself of the husband she no longer wanted, Mrs. Dufresne, in a fit of absent-mindedness, killed her lover instead. Very clever, Jack, very clever."

Lafferty smiled slyly. "Just the same, old boy, I'm holding to my theory till you can produce a better one," he stated. "Everybody but Mrs. Dufresne has an alibi for the time in question. Why don't you challenge her with it?"

Harper shrugged. "You know the situation, Dr. Ulrich has forbidden her to talk. What would be the use of trying to hold a vital interview like that when she can stop and think and write down the answers at her leisure? Since you're so set on your theory, I'll delegate to you the job of visiting the Morlock house. You can check up all you want, but don't let the cat out of the bag. Mrs. Morlock is a relative of Mrs. Dufresne and if she finds out that we suspect anything it won't take long for it to get back to this house. Go to it! Here's your chance to show me up."

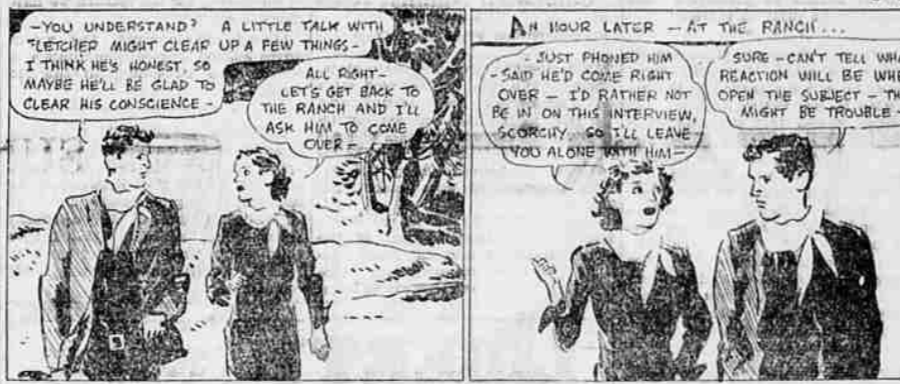
"That's not the idea, Steve, and you know it. Of course, there's an alternate theory, built on the same base. Has that occurred to you?" Harper took a long pull at his pipe. "I'm full of theories," he replied. "With little encouragement I could build up a case against almost any of the eight you picked out. But who is involved in your alternate theory?"

JOE PALOOKA



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SCORCHY SMITH



8-2

OLLY OF THE MOVIES by Ollendorff



8-2

DIANA DANE



8-2

THE DILLYS



8-2

Mickey Again!



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Invitation Accepted

