

HOG PRODUCTION CONTROL ROW IS AMIABLY SETTLED

PORTLAND, Aug. 9 (AP) — Oregon applicants for contracts for hog production control benefits will be given fair and impartial consideration, it was said here today by Dean W. A. Schoenfeld of Oregon State college.

Members of the college and of University of Idaho faculties met at Lewiston, Idaho with Chester C. Davis, AAA administrator, to consider special circumstances surrounding the hog program in Oregon.

Dean Schoenfeld reported that Davis decided that all arbitrary quotas be set aside and that each hog contract application be examined by the boards of reviews in the two states.

Applications with satisfactory evidence will be considered favorably and without undue delay. Only those where satisfactory evidence is lacking will be rejected.

Davis indicated he was pleased with the manner in which the wheat control program had operated in Oregon, and expressed complete confidence that with the new board of review, the corn-hog program would work out as well.

ALBERT GOSS TO SPEAK
SPOKANE, Wash. (Special)—Albert S. Goss, Land Bank commissioner of the farm credit administration, Washington, D. C., and former master of the Washington State grange, will be heard throughout the eight far western states during the noon hour, about 12:15 p. m., Monday, August 13, on the Western Farm and Home Hour program of the National Broadcasting company.

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams



THE NEWFANGLES

Close to Home!



Murder at MOCKING HOUSE

BY WALTER C. BROWN

SYNOPSIS: Sergeant Harper believes that the murderer of the victim and the policeman found dead in Pierre Dufresne's house is someone connected with the household. But he has no case until he can identify the stranger and prove how the murderer escaped without leaving tracks in the house. Harper and Lafferty are eating luncheon in the Dufresne house.

Chapter 25
MRS. CROYDEN
"THIS luncheon is Mrs. Croyden's kindness, not Dufresne's," Harper explained.

"Lafferty put down his empty cup and looked at his companion meaningly. "Well, Mrs. Croyden may be very gracious and I'll go ball that she's certainly not hard to look at, but Bob Johnson told me that she leads her husband a merry chase. And come to think of it, Croyden does have a sort of pained and worried expression. That's what comes of marrying money. When two persons marry, there should only be one bankroll and that should be in the pants' pocket."

Harper frowned. "Jack, you sound like an old gossip at a tea fight. Mrs. Croyden is the only one in this house who has shown us any co-operation at all. If she hadn't acted as a buffer, we'd probably have come to an open breach with Dufresne before this."

"O.K.," said Lafferty, with an impish twinkle in his eye. "I was only passing on what was told to me. I forgot you have a soft spot for the ladies of the house."

Luncheon over, they lingered at the table, smoking and talking over the amazing feat of the murderer in escaping from the house without leaving a mark in the snow. It was a problem that gnawed and bit at Harper's mind, presenting a bold challenge to his wit and ingenuity. While they were sitting at it, Mrs. Croyden appeared in the doorway.

"Oh, I'm sorry," she said quickly, as both men rose to their feet. "I had no intention of interrupting you."

"Not at all, Mrs. Croyden," Harper rejoined. "We finished some time ago. Thank you for your kindness. We enjoyed the luncheon very much."

As Mrs. Croyden graciously dismissed the necessity for their thanks, Lafferty left the breakfast room. Mrs. Croyden advanced into the room, glancing about curiously. "How is the case progressing?" she inquired.

Harper shrugged. "Slowly, perhaps," he confessed, "but that's the order of nature."

The bright hair of the lady shone with a rich golden gleam as she crossed the bright shaft of winter sunlight coming through the windows. She glanced curiously at the photographs scattered across Harper's table.

The detective noted her interest and held out several for her inspection. "These are the fingerprints of our unnamed victim," he explained, "taken from the liquor glass found on the table. They're greatly enlarged, of course. Here are the ones taken from his gun—not quite as clear, you will notice."

"But how do you tell one from the other?" Mrs. Croyden asked. "Why, the world might as well be literally covered with fingerprints!"

"No, for not all substances or surfaces will retain a print," he explained. "A smooth, hard, polished surface, like a mirror, or a table top, or polished metal, makes the ideal contact. Let me show you how it's done."

HARPER went to the luncheon table and carefully lifted the goblet of water that stood by his plate. "You see this? To the casual eye it is clear, unmarked glass."

The detective took the insufflator and sprayed the body of the goblet with a dark powder. When it was sufficiently coated he tapped the rim evenly with the dull edge of a knife. The looser grains of fine powder fell and the remaining ones settled more firmly in place. Harper held it at eye level against the light, where three prints of Andrews' fingers were plainly revealed.

Mrs. Croyden stood by the detective's shoulder and looked at the glass. "That's very mysterious, and rather terrifying," she murmured. "But were there any strange finger prints in this room, besides those of—that man?"

"Not one, I am sorry to say. Other signs of this visit, yes, but no finger prints."

The lady turned to him with serious mien. "Mr. Harper," she said earnestly, "are you sure that your deductions are correct? Are you positively, absolutely certain there was a third person in this house last night? Otherwise you have made a very serious charge. This is a terrible thing that some-

JOE PALOOKA



SCORCHY SMITH



OLLY OF THE MOVIES by Ollendorff



DIANA DANE



THE DILLYS



Murder



To The Hospital



Still Reticent



The Last Straw



The Hero's Return

