

MURDER AT MOCKING HOUSE BY WALTER C. BROWN

State Trooper Watson was in anything but an amiable mood. To begin with, he had been out nearly the whole of the night before on a special detail that had turned out to be a wild-goose-chase, and now he was tired, chilled and disgruntled.

He ran his motorcycle off the macadam road and onto a level patch of hard, frozen ground. Balancing himself on the tilted machine by one out-thrust leg, he pulled off his heavy gauntlets and reached inside his coat. As his rumber fingers drew forth the pile of strong tobacco he passed bitterly around him at the bleak landscape.

"For once the papers are right, it's going to snow," he grumbled to himself, eyeing the gray pall rising in from the northwest. "Hum Boudreau" was the nickname given this stretch of lonely highway, and it was along here that Watson and his confederates had spent their fruitless vigil, having been "tipped off" that a "whiskey caravan" was coming through.

But before he could complete the maneuver the crushing car came hurtling by. The sole occupant crouched over the wheel like a man racing with death.

The State Trooper's whistle sounded in frantic blasts as his motor roared into action and he darted after the reckless driver. Somewhat to his surprise, his shrill warnings were heeded. The car ahead came to a swerving, screeching halt, with brakes squealing and skidding tires scoring the road.

Officer Watson, saluted majestically alongside the driver and roared across the road. The car was a sleek, modern coupe of expensive make, with an unusually powerful motor under its hood. The window at the left was down, despite the nipping chill of the air, and the driver's head and shoulders were visible, smiling the Trooper's approach.

Watson saw a distinguished-looking gentleman of early middle age, his fine, clear-cut features graced by a meticulous mustache and goatee. His face was vaguely familiar to the Trooper, but the license-plate on the machine bore no sacred numerals.

However the Trooper did not bring forth any of the time-honored greetings between traffic officer and speeder, such as, "Say, 'Where's the fire?' Instead, he flipped open his little book and produced a post card from the hand of his cap. "Well, Mister, what's the story this time?" he inquired with a deceptive show of patience.

The driver's reply was as calmly uttered as his heavy and labored breathing would permit. His cheeks were whiped with color and his exhaled breath formed a frosty vapor in the air. "I was shot at, Officer. Ambushed, about two miles back on that road. Look at the windshield."

He climbed out stiffly and stood in the snow while Watson stared in astonishment at the glass plate. A bullet had certainly winged its way through there at an angle that must have missed the driver's head by the narrowest of margins.

"There were three shots before I could get out of range," the driver explained. "That first one nearly got me. After that I put on speed, but I heard the others hit the car. Let's look."

An investigation soon revealed the course of the other bullets. One had slithered off the left door, the other two had entered making their path, while the third had splintered one corner of the luggage grid. Officer Watson looked with renewed interest at this dapper man who had ridden through a deadly ambush. "Did you catch sight of the shooter?" he asked.

The motorist looked at him indignantly. "Do you suppose I would get out and look for this armed person who was trying to murder me?" he demanded with biting sarcasm. "I kept going at top speed. There were no other cars in sight and I saw no one by the roadside," he added, in more reasonable tones.

The Trooper poked his usual question. "Got any liquor in that car?"

"See here, Officer," Dufresne protested vigorously. "This is ridiculous. You'd be far more usefully employed in going back along that road and trying to catch the person who takes pot shots at passing cars. This is no careless boy with an air rifle. I'm going through Edge Hill. I'll report this to the police there, and show them the car. Captain Robinson knows me."

The driver brought out his wallet and extracted two cards. One was the regulation driver's license, the other his personal calling card. The light of recognition dawned in Watson's eyes, and his whole manner changed. He returned the cards and his hand went up to his cap in respectful salute. "Sorry, Mr. Dufresne," he apologized, thankful that he had heeded the cautious impulse. "I thought your face looked familiar, but I couldn't place you for the mo-

ment. If you'd been driving your big car the plate number would have put me wise. I know your tag's in the 40's."

"Forty-seven, Officer. This is Mrs. Dufresne's car."

"You see, Mr. Dufresne, we've been having a bit of trouble out this way with hijackers. It's a real tough stretch of road."

Dufresne's raised hand cut short Watson's flow of words, and a slow smile transformed his drawn features with a kindly charm. "No harm done, Officer, and no need to apologize for doing your duty—but we're not all bootleggers."

Watson threw him a keen look. "I'll ride back there and see what I can find," he said. "Can you remember the exact spot, Mr. Dufresne?"

The motorist looked off into the distance, his brows knitted in concentration. "I had just passed under a concrete bridge, a railroad trestle. I think it was. There was a long hole in the road, a rutting curve. There were high banks on each side of the road. I had just topped the rise."

Watson nodded. "I know the place, Mr. Dufresne. It's a good place for an ambush, and it's been used before. Just as a thing more, I'd work to turn it in to you. Do you carry a gun in your car? Just a matter of form, you know."

Dufresne saluted. "No gun, Officer, and no liquor."

Watson saluted. "That's O. K., Mr. Dufresne. If I meet any car coming this way I'll look them over carefully. You'll hear from us."

Less than fifteen minutes' drive along the undulating road brought Dufresne into the quiet town of Edge Hill. He drove directly to the Police Station and drew up at the curb.

Dufresne walked briskly up the cemented path and entered the building. He turned into a room to the right of the corridor, marked "Roll Room." A rookie policeman was busy at a typewriter, filling in some tabulated report. The young officer looked up inquiringly.

"Is Captain Robinson here?"

The Captain was indeed in his office, with the door ajar, and, hearing his name spoken, looked out. Recognizing his visitor, he nodded amiably to shake hands.

"Well, Mr. Dufresne," he beamed, "what brings you out here?"

"Trouble," was the terse answer. Captain Robinson noted the genuine gravity of his visitor's demeanor, and his face became serious at once. "Come in here," he invited, motioning toward his office.

"Now, Captain, take a good long look out that window. I don't want to cause you any embarrassment in your line of duty."

The rookie police chief checked and obeyed this whimsical order. He went to the window, turning his back on the room. He heard little gurgling noises behind him, followed by a smothered cough. When he turned around Dufresne was just stowing away a flat silver flash in the inside pocket of his overcoat.

"I needed that," he observed. "So would you, Robinson, if you'd just had my experience. Come outside with me for a minute. I want to show you something."

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS By Frederic J. Haskin

Thousands of government experts are working constantly for the benefit of all citizens of the United States. They will work directly for you if you will use our Washington Bureau. This newspaper employs Mr. Haskin to act as an agent for its readers. He will take your matter to the proper authority. State your inquiry briefly, write clearly, and enclose three-cent stamp for a personal letter in reply. Do not use postcards. Address the Capital Journal Information Bureau, Frederic J. Haskin, Director, Washington, D.C.

Q. Why are women not generally employed as radio announcers? C.M. A. The experience of broadcasting companies both here and on the continent has been that the feminine voice is not as acceptable to the radio listeners as the male. In Europe where women have been given a trial at announcing, most of them have been withdrawn.

Q. Did President Wilson go to Europe before the World War was over? M.D. A. He made his first trip to Europe in December, 1918, after the signing of the Armistice, but before any treaty of peace had been signed. Actually the countries were at war, although a temporary cessation of hostilities (an armistice) had been agreed to.

Q. When will the agricultural census be taken? K.C. A. Under the usual procedure it would be taken January 1, 1935.

Q. What does the term, tentative approval, mean, as it is used by the Home Owners' Loan Corporation? P.G.R. A. It means that field appraisers of the Corporation have inspected the property and found it eligible under the Home Owners' Loan Act.

Q. Why is it so difficult to obtain the names of musical scientists used in motion pictures? M.S. A. It is because they are usually original compositions made especially for the pictures, and are unpublished, thematic material.

Q. Where was Litvinoff born? Has he any children? M.B. A. He was born in Bialystok, Russian Poland, on July 17, 1876. The Litvinoffs have two children, a girl of seventeen, Michka, and a boy of sixteen, Tanya.

Q. What causes astigmatism? B.T. A. It is caused by an irregularity in the shape of the eyeball.

Q. What was the effect of the inflation policy on the issue and value of the German mark in the post-war period? M.D. A. The mark had fallen during and immediately after the war. At par, the mark was worth about 23 cents or four and a fraction to the dollar.

of 1933, and that the mortgage holder has arranged to accept the 18 year 4 percent bonds of the Corporation in exchange for his mortgage.

Q. Who wrote and produced the play, The Two Orphans, and who were in the original cast? W.P.G. A. "The Two Orphans" was produced by Albert M. Palmer. Adolph d'Amery had written a piece called "Les Deux Orphelins." The play was produced, December 21, 1874, with Charles R. Thorne, Jr., as Maurice de Vandrey; McKee Rankin as the brutal Frochard; P. F. Mackay as Pierre; Marie Wilkins as the ferocious La Frochard; Rose Eytzinger as Marianne; and Kate Claxton, who made an immense hit, as the blond orphan, Louise. The play was a tremendous success. Later Kate Claxton bought the rights from Palmer and played the piece almost continuously for twenty years.

Q. In what story was Sherlock Holmes first introduced as a character? L.P. A. In A Study in Scarlet. The author sold the story for twenty-five pounds with no rights reserved.

Q. In what city did the rulers of Egypt reside at the time of Moses and Joseph? M.K. A. At the time of the Egyptian dynasty in which Amenophis III and Ramses II (one of whom, in all probability ruled Egypt at the time of the Israelite exodus), Thebes was the capital of Egypt. It declined until after the beginning of the 21st dynasty, in the 7th century B.C. when it was again the capital. Memphis was the capital in the interim.

Q. How many saddle horses are used in the United States? C. G. A. The Horse association of America estimates the number at 500,000.

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SUNDOWN STORIES

BEARS' PLAYTIME

By Mary Graham Bonner The bear cubs, Jupiter and Blakely, had learned many lessons about the woods and what they should eat, and that they must play close to Honey Bear, their mother. "You may wonder all around Puddle Middle," she told them, "but the big world outside is not for you until you're much older. When you want to see other woods than ours, let Officer Bear know and I'll go with you."

While Honey Bear was a true bear mother in making to cubs they because she knew that all kinds of harm might come to them if they didn't, she was immensely proud of them.

She liked to play with them, too, and even if they, by accident, hurt her when they were tumbling and playing all over her, he did not object.

"Let's play now," Jupiter Bear suggested. He had been so named because he was the smaller of the two cubs, and Honey Bear had thought it would be nice to give him a bigger sounding name.

"Yes, growl, growl," said Blakely bear. "Let's play that Mother Honey Bear is a hill and we'll roll down her."

So Honey Bear sat just outside the cave and Jupiter and Blakely rolled down her back. Then they chased each other all around her as they played tag, and then they tried to see if they could jump over her. They never succeeded in this game. They always landed on her. She thought how well and how they were in Puddle Middle. Little did she know of the danger ahead for Jupiter.

Tomorrow—Chugs and Christopher

ACROSS 1. Illustrious 4. Xenophan character 8. Antique 12. Sarcasm 13. Sarcasm 14. African bird 15. Thing given or received 16. Dancer 17. Chief actor 18. Character or personality 19. Remotely 20. Social class 21. Laid down with contempt 22. Front of the foot 23. Type of railway 24. Way of calling 25. Article 26. Abraham's staff 27. Skated 28. Salt of arsenic acid 29. Spanish priest 30. Diaphanous

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

JUDGE COGG ALLOWS HIM TO SAY ANYTHING—ALL MY OBJECTIONS ARE CURTLY OVER-ruled.

UNCHECKED BY THE JUDGE, BLISTER TAKES UP HOURS WITH HIS OPENING ADDRESS.

THIS ONE MAN JUGGLED MILLIONS OF DOLLARS WHILE MILLIONS OF HONEST PEOPLE HAD NOT EVEN ONE DOLLAR—I SHALL PROVE TO YOU TWELVE GENTLEMEN THAT WARBUCK IS GUILTY OF CONSPIRACY TO DEFRAUD.

FAR AWAY, WE SEE Z.Z. HARE, DRIVEN RAVING MAD BY THE BURNING OF HIS STOLEN FORTUNE, SCREAMING WILDLY AND BABBLING INCOHERENTLY.

MILLIONS! I TELL YOU I'M RICH—YOU CAN'T LOCK ME UP, HATHA! HA! HA! HA! I'M A MILLIONAIRE!

CARAMBA! CRAZY AS Z.Z. HARE IS JUMPING BAN-HA, HE NOT EVEN KNOW Z.Z. HARE'S OWN NAME—

MANY GO BE ZAT DOOR, IN THREE HUNDRED YEAR NOT ONE COME OUT—EET IS BETTER SO—

GLANG! Z.Z. HARE, THE RENEGADE, IS OUT OF CIRCULATION—SUNK WITHOUT A TRACE—IS HE GONE FOREVER? TIME WILL TELL.

REG'LAR FELLERS

AW, GAD! Y'ALLUS WANNA STOP HERE! DIDN'TCHA EVER SEE 'EM WASH A CAR BEFORE?

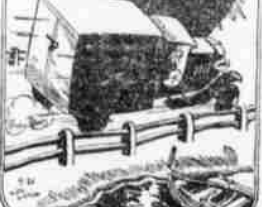
SURE! BUT WHAT I WANNA SEE IS HOW THEY IRON 'EM!

WARD LIONS CHOICE

Monmouth—The Lions club at its meeting this week nominated officers for the coming year as follows: William Ward, president; E. A. Stebbins, vice-president; S. B. Jones, secretary; P. R. Bowersox and J. S. Landers, directors; O. C. Christensen, lion tamer; J. B. V. Butler, tail walker; Miss Stella Henry and Lyle Thomas, candidates for the legislature, were present and made short effective speeches.

EDDY BEST SPEAKER

Independence—Lowell Eddy, son of Mrs. J. B. Violette of this city, takes the T. A. Lively trophy for extemporaneous speaking at an interclass contest at the Willamette university this week. Fred Harris and Lee Elmker, both of Portland, placed second.



As the truck speeds along the dark highway that night, Puffy sits very still, though he's shaking with fright.

He knows he should jump now—before it's too late.

"But we're going so fast," Puffy thinks, "I must wait."

MUTT AND JEFF

THE GUMPS

TEN MILLION DOLLARS—SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR—MAMA AND MAMMIE CAN ALREADY SEE THE MONEY IN THE BANK, AND THEY WANT THE PENNY LEFT TO LIVE ON—

GOOD MORNING—ANY NEWS ON THE JOSSA YET? I CERTAINLY COULD USE SOME OF THAT \$10,000,000 RIGHT NOW—

GOOD NEWS—MRS. DE STROSS—THE HEARING ON THE INJUNCTION PROCEEDING WILL TAKE PLACE NEXT WEEK—AND IF WE CAN GET UP BILLY GUMPS' FORTUNE WE'LL HAVE HIM AT OUR MERCY—

ISN'T THERE ANY WAY AT ALL FOR US TO GET A LITTLE ADVANCE SETTLEMENT? IT SO HAPPENS THAT I'M A LITTLE AHEAD OF MY BUDGET THIS WEEK—AND I NEED SOME CASH—

I'M AFRAID ANY ADVANCE SETTLEMENT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE—MRS. DE STROSS BUT IF IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF A FEW DOLLARS I'LL BE DELIGHTED TO ADVANCE YOU AS MUCH AS YOU WOULD ON MY OWN PERSONAL ACCOUNT—

A THOUSAND DOLLARS! OH, SPLENDID—YOU DON'T REALIZE HOW A SMALL SUM LIKE THAT WILL HELP OUT—

NOT ANOTHER WORD ABOUT IT—MRS. DE STROSS—FOR A WOMAN WHO WOULD GOVERN HAVE TEN MILLIONS IS SMALL ENOUGH—THIS IS ONE TIME I HAVE NO QUALMS ABOUT BEING REWARD—

TAILSPIN TOMMY

By Glenn Chaffin and Hal Forrest

THE DOCTOR IS DOUBTFUL!

DOCTOR—IS HE HURT—BAD—

HE'S UNCONSCIOUS—BUT I HAVE HOPE THAT IT IS NOT A BRUISE OR SWELLING—OR FRACTURE—STILL I—

SURE! IT'S ME, TOMMY! HOLD ON TO O.G.—O.K.—

WHAT'S THE VERDICT, DOC?

OH—O—O—

WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY, BILLY!

HE IS DEAD—POOR BILLY—HE GO THREE LAST CLASH—JUST FOR ME—OH—OH—

WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY, BILLY!

By Glenn Chaffin and Hal Forrest

MUTT JUST THROWS IN AN EXTRA ONE FOR GOOD MEASURE

JEFF OUGHT TO BE BACK SOON—HE'S BEEN OUT OF TOWN FOR THE WEEK-END BROADCASTING THE BASEBALL GAME FOR OUR RADIO STATION!

WELCOME HOME, GRAMMY MENNEE! I WAS JUST THINKING ABOUT YOU! WHERE'D YA GET THE BLACK EYE?

THAT? THAT'S A BIRTH-MARK!

BIRTH-MARK? I'M TALKING ABOUT YOUR EYE! YOUR BLACK EYE!

YEH—IT'S A BIRTH-MARK!

I GOT IT LAST NIGHT COMING IN ON THE PULLMAN—I CLIMBED INTO THE WRONG BERTH!

BLACK EYE OR BIRTH-MARK? THERE'S ANOTHER ONE FOR YA!

By Glenn Chaffin and Hal Forrest