

# THE CRIME IN THE DUTCH GARDEN

**SYNOPSIS:** *After death threats against Annabelle Querdling, elderly painter, who lives with her husband, her neighbor, Harold Wade, learns of their secret affair. He tells her, and she tells her sister, Miss Querdling, to reveal a hidden letter and another letter. Miss Querdling, however, is not so easily duped. She tells her husband, and he tells her that she is not to tell anyone. She tells her sister, and she tells her that she is not to tell anyone. She tells her sister, and she tells her that she is not to tell anyone.*

## Chapter 2 "TWO'N'T NO ACCIDENT"

DONALD and Nancy Wade stepped nearer the tea as Jimmie's eyes followed his hefty drive down the fairway.

"Fine!" approved his cousin. "Say, you don't play like a man just up from two months with influenza."

"Now, you see," Nancy said, "if you had come to see us when we asked you, you wouldn't have been ill. We know how to treat convalescents here in Yorkshire."

Jimmie agreed as they trudged along. Perhaps she was right. At

of a high and mighty manner, and every one must do what she wants just how she wants it. Then she will be unsparing in her kindness. I always loved the pluck and when Nancy and I married the pater bought Fairways for us."

"Evelyn brought her fiancé with her. What sort of a chap is he?"

"Quite all right—sings well, and not too bad at this game."

Their paths diverged, but they met again on the green.

"What about the letters?" he asked a little later. "Did they discover who sent them? Were there any more?"

"The old lady still gets them," answered his cousin, "but no one knows where they come from. The girls were very comforted with what you told them."

They played on until they reached the end of the course. As they did so, Jimmie recognized a decidedly fat man who was trying a few shots with a masher.

"Hallo, Monty," he said. "You down here? Taken to golf at last?"

"Taken to it? I've already given it up twice!"

"That sounds promising. How are you getting on?"

"Pretty well." Thus, more scotously, he inquired: "Heard about the tragedy?"



"Two'nt no accident," said Ben as Jimmie and Don came up.

any rate, he could look back now with an easier feeling than when he was dangerously stricken after a particularly hard day in the London courts.

Oddly enough, on that same day he had declined the Wades' invitation to visit them, but after his long siege, he had written to say he would come. His wife and Jimmie junior remained in London.

The game proceeded without special incident. They had started at the tenth tee, for the Wades' little house, that they had christened Fairways, adjoined the links, their garden having a gate that opened beside the ninth green. After six holes Jimmie had made the match all square. Then, as they were crossing to the next tee, he said:

"By the way, I have a bone to pick with you. That was a very pretty girl you sent to see me a few weeks ago. Evelyn Blake, I think she called herself. Why on earth did you tell her to come?"

"Didn't she explain? She and her sister were fearfully worried about the letters their aunt was getting. I thought you might be able to help them."

"She explained 'il right, but how could I help—except to tell them to keep smiling? I suppose the old lady is still alive and well?"

"Very much so!"

"Rather a grim old party, I gathered. An odd name—I've forgotten it."

"Miss Querdling. Annabelle Querdling. Claims to be a descendant of Richard Coeur-de-Lion."

"If a hard heart is the proof," declared Donald, "Miss Querdling can certainly claim her ancestor."

"You are not fond of her?" asked Jimmie, as he watched his driver end its run far down the fairway.

Donald hit a longer ball, not quite as straight. As they strode along, he replied:

"I used to think her an odd egg. My father lived here, you know, before he went to Midgley Moor, and both the girls, Marjorie and Evelyn, were sweethearts of mine. But Aunt Annabelle did not encourage little boys. I was rather afraid of her, but I believe she really does a lot of good. She is the local Lady of-the-Manor, a lady

"What tragedy?" Jimmie thought he was still talking golf.

"Old lady in a house over there."

He pointed across the links. "Died last night. Some say she was murdered."

"An old lady?" cried Donald, who had been listening to their banter. "Not Miss Querdling?"

"I think that's right," said the man. "A name I had never heard before. Some one brought a message to the clubhouse."

Jimmie and Donald looked at each other. What an extraordinary thing it would be if such a fate had after all befallen the lady they had been talking about!

"I will go up and inquire," said the latter. The clubhouse stood on high ground, and he dashed up the steps that led to it. In a few moments he was back, pale and excited.

"It is true enough," he said to Jimmie. "Miss Querdling died, or was killed, last night. No one knows much about it. Let's leave our clubs here and go over to see if we can be of any help."

Jimmie assented. They handed their bags to the caddy-master and hurried obliquely across the course towards Merrow Craig, the Querdling place.

Jimmie followed without question. He might have paused at a picture of unusual charm that suddenly presented itself. In an unsuspected hollow there was a deep pool with a miniature cascade dashing over a number of jagged boulders. But his companion hurried on. A man in shirt-sleeves stood beside the water. Perhaps he could give information.

"Ben," cried Donald, "is it true about Miss Querdling?"

"Ay, it's true enough. Poor lady, I allies and they letters men mean summit."

"You suggest—it wasn't an accident?"

Ben Acres shook his head. He was an elderly man and had been gardener there for many years.

"Two'nt no accident," he said.

"No accident!" There's evil mystery behind Ben's words, as tomorrow's chapter shows.

# REVOLUTION FOUND EASY IN PANAMA

Late Uprising Long in Wind  
—Few Bother to Vote—  
Job Holders Lead Politics  
—Bananas Form Chief Product—City Beautiful.

PANAMA CITY, R. P. (AP)—Late one night three months ago a limousine, bearing a group of Americans back to their hotel from a day's motoring, swung around a corner onto a dark street near Panama City's sea wall and all but ran down a group of young men, marching in the street.

They scattered, throwing away the sticks which they were using as rifles, as the car lights fell upon them. But the host, an American resident of Panama, looked back curiously and said, at last:

"There'll be a revolution here one of these days. It will be quiet. A group of substantial citizens will go to the President's palace some morning and tell President Arosemena he's through. They'll put in a new president."

**Prediction Fulfilled**

The revolution happened January 2, just about as it was predicted. The reasons are rooted deeply and somewhat vaguely in Panama's commercial life.

There have been charges that Dr. Arosemena was administering the republic's financial affairs carelessly, that tax remissions were made to favored interests, that the national debt of \$16,000,000 (incurred largely in the last five years) was too large for a country whose chief revenue is the \$25,000,000 the United States pays to it yearly in rental for the Panama Canal Zone.

"The public won't get very excited," the forerunner of revolution had said. "Nobody bothers much about voting here unless he's a policeman or a road worker."

**Road Chief Work**

"The public won't get very excited," said Panama's chief groups of public servants, and the national road is the republic's principal public work.

It runs from the Canal Zone northward for 200 miles along the Pacific slope of the Isthmus, lighting half a dozen interior towns with the canal at Panama City. It is a link in what road enthusiasts of two continents hope will some day be a Pan-American highway from Canada to Argentina.

There isn't much traffic on the road, since the villages it links have little commerce or common interest, but Panama is proud of it. Most of the national debt was incurred in building it.

Some scores of road workers are employed in its maintenance, and dozens more of police patrol it.

The police also patrol the principal cities of the republic—Panama City and Cristobal, at opposite ends of the canal. They are the republic's standing army.

Panama agreed with the United States years ago to maintain no other, but to call on United States troops if it needed military aid.

**Mostly Wilderness**

Same where the road runs, through jungle and then over a plateau, Panama is largely wilderness. Its southern interior has no roads, and no railroads but the "Banana Lines" maintained by fruit companies. Its northern interior, once one leaves the national road, is equally unconquered.

Cattle can't be raised on range lands because of wood ticks. Farming is impractical because of the long dry season. So Panama is a "Banana Republic," and the close to two million dollars' worth of bananas it exports are worth more than all its other products combined.

But in Panama City itself there is life and music and beauty. Facing marble-tiled public squares with their inevitable bandstands in the center are churches, palaces and public buildings.

The presidential palace of white marble, filling the space inside a high iron fence is guarded by soldiers who stand solemnly about the great pool under the rotunda.

The ground floor of the palace houses the republic's national bank; the upper floors are the home and offices of the president.

**Theater Is Capital**

Hard by is the national theater, which for several months a year is the meeting place of the one-house national assembly, and which now and then gives notice to some foreign grand opera troupe, pausing on its way to South America.

Within a few square blocks the city is concentrated. Leading away toward the Canal Zone and government buildings is the Avenida Central, Panama City's shopping street, studded with Oriental bazaars and cabarets.

Panama is not a country of revolution, thanks in part to its United States influence. It has not had a serious uprising, until this one, since it declared itself independent of Colombia almost three decades ago.

Portland—Contracts let on \$50,000 remodeling work for the Mead building, located at Fifth and Washington streets.

Newberg—Portland Gas & Coke Co. started laying gas mains in town.

# LITTLE STORIES



Muriel Kirkland

Muriel Kirkland is a "Yankee," but it is a southern drawl that won her fame on the stage.

"When a girl with a Mississippi voice was sought to play the lead in 'Strictly Dishonorable,' the producers went to New Rochelle, a suburb of New York City.

There they found Miss Kirkland and her drawing voice was one feature that kept the play on Broadway for more than a year.

Recently she took her drawl and her flaming red hair over to play the lead in 'The Greeks Had a Word for It'."

# NEW ORLEANS TO SPEND MILLIONS PREPARING PORT

NEW ORLEANS, La.—(AP) New Orleans has started work on a \$2,000,000 program of port improvements in preparation for the return of the good-old-days-of-heavy traffic on the Mississippi.

The city foresees the dawn of a new prosperity in an announcement that the hat link of a through-channel from Chicago to New Orleans will be completed by the summer of 1933.

Officials of the Mississippi Valley association predict that completion of this link will result in the movement of 200,000,000 tons yearly of water-borne freight, and a lion's share of this commerce will probably originate in or be destined to this port.

New Orleans is preparing for it by spending \$5,000,000 for ten new public wharves; \$24,500,000 for new rail terminals and bridges; \$15,000,000 for steamships; \$11,500,000 for waterways and barge line improvements; and \$4,000,000 on other miscellaneous port facilities.

Many a Republican believes that there ought to be two major political parties, but a Democrat is a man who believes that there actually are two. — San Diego Union.

# WOULD DAM IMPORT OF ALIEN OILS

Cheap Foreign Supply Is Blamed for Ills of Domestic Industry—Venezuelan Product in Heavy Competition American Market.

WASHINGTON (AP)—The oil world is boiling in its own barrels, and the trouble is too much oil.

Where the supply originates provides the controversial factor of a large simmering problem of importance to about 20,000,000 persons.

Cheap foreign oil is responsible for the ill of the petroleum producers, the independent operators cry. Stop that flow, they say, and the industry will get back on its feet quickly. That's why they want a tariff.

American production, the independents say, is less than American consumption, but by only a comparatively few million barrels yearly. Their estimate of crude production within 150,000,000 barrels of the demand.

**Would Bar Refined Products**

Wirt Franklin, president of the Independent Petroleum association, says one barrel of refined oil imported equals four times that amount of crude petroleum.

For this reason he had before the recent governors' oil relief conference, of which he was chairman, the proposal it is urging on congress—that imports of crude oil be placed under a partial embargo and that refined products be excluded.

Finished oil imported in 1929, records of the oil conservation board show, totaled about 50,000,000 barrels, largely from Venezuela. In addition there were 20,000,000 barrels of crude oil imported. Against this, American imports were 15,000,000 barrels of which 60 per cent was crude petroleum.

**See Relief in Tariff**

The expressed goal of the independent operators, who control about 300,000 wells with an average daily production of 500,000 barrels is a tariff. They believe relief will be provided through duty schedules.

Members of congress from the oil states have rallied to aid the producers. Their triple appeal for the partial embargo, the ban upon refined petroleum and the tariff has been answered with bills introduced in the house and the senate.

Meanwhile the federal conservation board, whose chairman, Secretary Wilbur, was criticized with Secretary Mellon by the oil men at their conference, presents data to offset that of the independents.

**Conservation Urged**

Wilbur believes conservation of American petroleum resources, which he considers irreplaceable, should be the keynote of the oil world. The potential overproduction, he maintains, will be felt even more by the industry within the near future unless the output is controlled.

Production, in his opinion, far exceeds consumption, and "bad engineering, bad business and bad practice, among other things," have put the industry where it is.

Silverton—Harry Craft of Mount Ararat obtained options on block of land here with view to constructing combination hotel and apartment house with natatorium.

SEE THIS NEW TRACTOR IN OPERATION

**Free Demonstration**  
of the  
**Vaughan Flex-Tread Garden Tractor**  
Tomorrow Afternoon, February 20  
2 to 4 o'Clock  
On Pacific Highway, Just South of Owen-Oregon Offices  
Under Direction of  
**Hubbard Bros., Inc.**

**UNEMPLOYED UNITE IN SEARCH OF JOBS**

BUENOS AIRES—(AP)—Several hundred jobless Argentinians have started collective job hunting.

They have formed a society known as La Cuarta, which aims to work along constructive lines generally in finding work for its members. La Cuarta has employers to fill vacancies from among its members. In return it invites the public to patronize co-operating employers.

The only membership requirements are a record of good citizenship and temporary unemployment.

**VON PORAT LOOKING FOR BOXING CROWN**

OSLO—(AP) Not that it matters, but Scandinavian athletic authorities are seeking the heavyweight boxing champion of Scandinavia.

And among those talked of as entrants is Otto Von Porat, known in Chicago and points east and west for his fights with Gerald Ambrose, otherwise "Tuffy" Griffith. At present Otto is a coach in a boxing school here.

Otto would represent Norway, Soren Pederson, Denmark, and either Harry Persson or Ole Bergvall would don the mitts for Sweden.

**Not A Cheap Help But Safest For Deep Coughs**

Cremulsion is not the cheapest help for coughs from colds. It is made to do the utmost, whatever the condition. It combines in one prescription seven of the world's best helps.

It is made in particular for coughs from colds which hang on. There is where one dare not risk a help of lesser value. But it is wise in any cough to trust a less effective help?

Cremulsion is in it, blended, emulsified and tasty. In an ideal way it presents the supreme help for soothing membranes and combating cold germs.

But there are also white pine tar, wild cherry bark, menthol, ipecac, etc. Each is best for some coughs. Here we combine all major helps to fight coughs to the limit from the start.

Because of this expensive combination, Cremulsion costs a little more than lesser helps. The price is \$1.25, but your druggist guarantees it. He returns your money if you ask for it.

A three-day cough is a danger signal. There you must use Cremulsion to be sure. But is it wise to trust any cough to lesser help when the utmost is at your command? You never know where a cough may lead. Treat it with the best men know.

**CREMULSION for Difficult Coughs from Colds**

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