

MURDER AT MOCKING HOUSE

BY WALTER C. BROWN

BY HIS-INT. Anonymous letters have been threatening the life of Pierre Dufresne, contractor and political power. Then he is fired upon on a lonely road, takes the case to Connors, head of the police department, and is assigned a heavy guard, and Sergeant of Detective Harper. Dufresne and Harper just have died in the former's apartment of the Astoria.

threatening letters over a period of several months. You would say to yourself, "Well, that cranked shot him at last."

"On the other hand, let us forget those letters. Say they do not exist. Suppose, then, that I was found murdered. What would you do? You would go to my family, my wife, my servants, my friends, asking questions, looking into their actions, demanding alibis. You would expect to find the murderer somewhere among those who knew me, who had personal contact with me. That would not be unreasonable, would it? Nor without precedent?" he queried, slyly.

Sergeant Harper was electrified by these words of poison falling, drop by drop. "Mr. Dufresne!" he gasped, sitting bolt upright. "Do you believe these letters to be a screen, hiding the real motive for an attempt upon your life? Are you withholding information from us? That would be extremely foolish. We are here for just one purpose—to protect you, to help you."

DUPRESNE staggered to his feet. "No, no—I am mad—mad," he stammered. "But that little rat keeps gnawing away. Somehow, I can't feel safe, not even in this room, guarded as it is. That's a horrible feeling, Harper!"

Dufresne smiled scornfully. "There's not enough brandy in the world to dull this brain of mine," he boasted, then, with the petulant irritation of the tipsy. "But you're not



"There's not enough brandy in the world to dull this brain."

drinking, Harper. I'll not have you insulting my brandy in that fashion." Sergeant Harper flushed. "You forget that I am here on duty, Mr. Dufresne," he answered stiffly. "If you don't mind, I'll be getting along. You'll be quite safe, I'm sure. No one can get past our men. There's really nothing more I can do tonight. Tomorrow we can go into all the details and map out a plan of action."

Dufresne sat down heavily. His face drooped into sullen lines. "I know what you're thinking, Harper. You're saying to yourself, 'Here is a man who has been shot at. He's scared stiff, he's gone all to pieces, he's yellow. He's not to keep drinking to hold his nerve together. But you're wrong, Harper. It isn't that at all. I won't deny that I felt shaky after those shots, but there's something else. Did you ever have a premonition, a hunch—?'"

"NONSENSE," the detective broke in, "you must not give way to such ideas. We'll clear up this case in no time. These cases are always troublesome while they last, but an unbalanced brain is seldom consistently cunning. Once they come out from behind the anonymous threat and go into action, they're lost their trump card, and their rope is shortened."

"We've got to put down some bait to tempt this fellow. I think the shortest way would be to give out the announcement that you are going to open up your house. With the proper amount of publicity, that should draw the crank into the open to try again and this time we'll be ready for him. You will be adequately protected while all this is going on."

Dufresne picked up his goblet and downed the contents in two gulps. The sneer had gone from his voice and something stark and naked peered from his brooding eyes.

"Now, Detective-Sergeant Harper, I'm going to show you the kind of rat that is gnawing at me. If I were found murdered tomorrow morning, what would you, as a policeman, think about it? You would know that I had received

with a neighbor, witnesses said, when a huge wave swept him from the boardwalk into the ocean. The drowned man came here about two years ago from Helena, Mont.

NEW YORK, May 7.—(AP)—Bar all-aver firm, % higher at 43 1/2.

NAVAL BASE FOR TONGUE POINT IS URGED BY V. F. W.

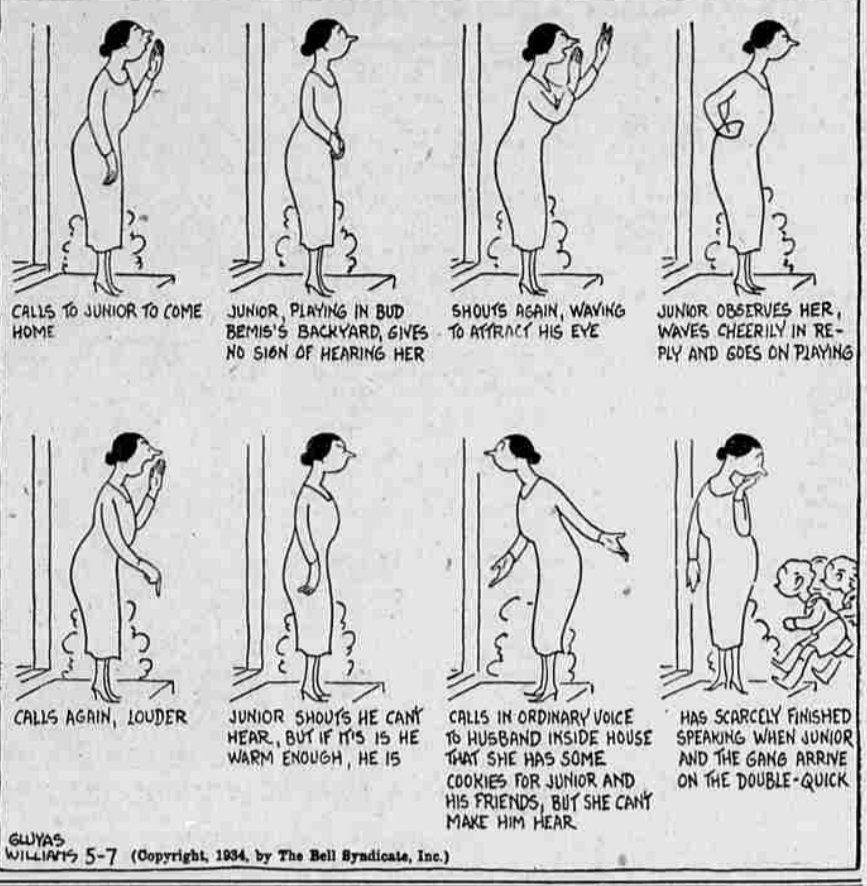
At a meeting of Crater Lake Post, No. 1833, of the Veterans of Foreign Wars held on April 16th, the following resolution was passed: Whereas, the coastline of approximately one thousand miles between San Francisco Bay and the Strait of Juan De Fuca, including the entire coastline of Oregon, is without any adequate military or naval defense and has no base available for the use of the U. S. navy; and Whereas, the Columbia river entrance and lower river channel have been improved for navigation to a degree comparable with the greatest wealth of natural resources, industry and agriculture; and Whereas, a well balanced system of national defense should include adequate provision for protection of the present most vulnerable point on the Pacific coast at the mouth of the Columbia river; and Whereas, Oregon is now represented on the defense map of the Pacific coast only by a naval radio station and an inactive military post; and Whereas, international relations in the area bordered by the Pacific ocean are in an unsettled condition; and the United States is commencing a program of naval expansion and is also engaged in the construction of permanent, useful federal projects through the public works administration;

tion; these factors all arguing strongly for the U. S. government to develop and construct immediately proper defense requirements for protection of the Columbia river region. Now, therefore, but it resolved by Crater Lake Post No. 1833, Veterans of Foreign Wars, that we do urgently request the secretary of the navy to proceed immediately with the development of a naval base at the Tongue Point site now owned by the U. S. government, donated by Clatsop county in 1921; such base to be sufficient at least to accommodate cruisers, destroyers and airplanes, with the usual facilities to maintain and repair them; and Be it further resolved, that copies of this resolution be forwarded to the president of the United States, the secretary of the navy and the Oregon congressional delegation. I. D. CANFIELD, Commander.



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THE SENSE OF HEARING



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S'MATTER POP—



By C. M. Payne

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Mlle. L'Vrille Forgives—But—?



By Hal Forrest

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—A Sailing Date!



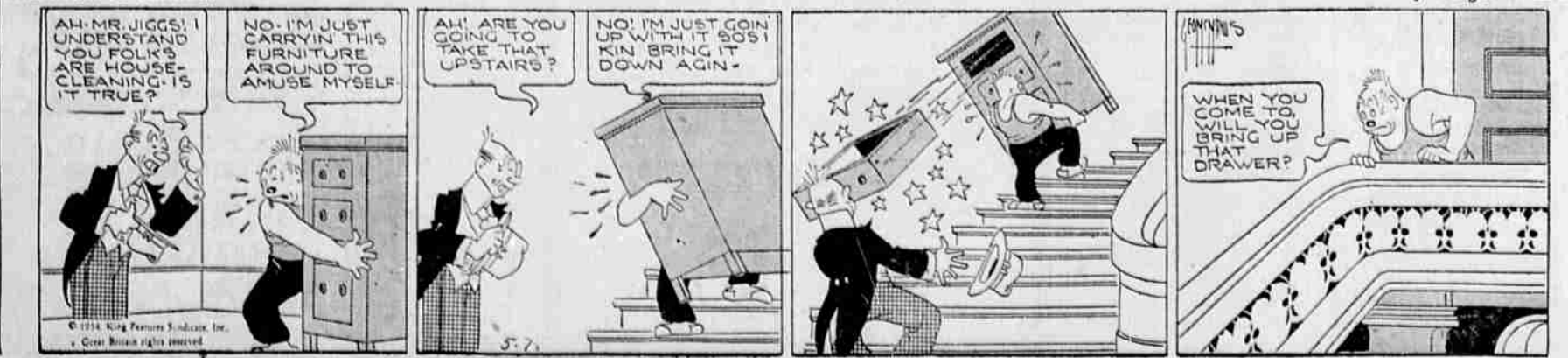
By Edwin Alger

THE NEBBS—Come On, Everybody



By Sol Hess

BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManus

WRIGLEY'S GUM. WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT. THE PERFECT GUM. SWEETENS THE BREATH. The Standard of Quality.

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