

MURDER AT MOCKING HOUSE

BY WALTER C. BROWN

SURPRISE: It seems obvious that the man who ambushed Pierre Dufresne, contractor and political power, is also the man who has been sending Dufresne threatening letters. But Sergeant Harper is not so sure, and he is quoted by Dufresne's lawyer as saying that someone close to him may be guilty. Dufresne is about to open his house on the edge of the city as Doyle, reporter, arrives at the 15th Precinct police station just as Officer Hamill fails to pull his box for the first time.

tioned the reporter perched by the radiator regarding him with the peculiar smile of the cat who has just swallowed the canary. Harper checked the question. Standing erect and silent, he pulled off his gloves, while he and the reporter exchanged a long, non-committal stare. Harper unbuttoned his overcoat and loosed the muffler, revealing his formal attire.

Chapter Seven ENTER TRAGEDY

LEWIS sat bolt upright at mention of those names, while the others ceased their activities to hear more of this. Detective Barry was virtually in command of the plainclothesmen in the Central District, while Sergeant Stephen Harper was the particular bright and shining light of the Homicide Squad.

"What would they be doing up here?" Lewis queried. "What's up?"

"Don't you read the papers, Sergeant?" he teased. "This is front-page stuff and the gent lives in your own balliwick. I see you've got my paper there. Page one, column three. Another scoop for Howard Doyle. I've got a date here tonight with either Barry or Harper—and won't they be surprised!" He grinned through a puff of blue smoke.

DOYLE brought a folded newspaper from his pocket and handed it over. "Page one, column three," he advised wearily, reaching for another cigarette.

The reporter permitted himself another mocking smile. "You've been outguessed, Sergeant. Markinson pitched the boys that yarn about Dufresne coming up here to his house tomorrow. I printed it, but I smelled a rat just the same. I figured that was just a little cheese to bait the trap and that either you or Barry would be up this way to get some advance dope and arrange for a warm reception should our friend



Lewis spread out the newspaper and turned to the indicated spot. Heading the column was a picture of Dufresne's brown coupe, with heavy circles drawn around the bullet marks. Inset was a photograph of the dapper Pierre Dufresne himself. Then followed a double-column account of the anonymous and threatening letters and their dramatic sequel, which had so narrowly averted tragedy.

They read through the account, while Doyle warmed himself and blew smoke rings toward the ceiling. Before they could question him further there was an interruption. This was a blast from an automobile siren as a car came pelting along on skid chains and halted outside. Voices were heard and the slamming of an auto door.

Two men came stamping in, stiff and cold from a long drive. They were Officers Smith and Hilleary, the crew of Bandit Chaser No. 13, now steaming and chugging outside. Hilleary knew the reporter and dropped a friendly nod in his direction. "We just came in to warm up for a minute," he explained to Sergeant Lewis.

LEWIS had begun to worry about the unreported Officer 1646. On such a night it seemed difficult to account for No. 1646's dereliction from duty on any grounds short of accident or willful neglect. On the one hand, Officer Hamill was known as a conscientious man and a stickler where rules and regulations were concerned, and, on the other, where, in that howling wilderness of deserted pavements and aloof, inhospitable mansions could he have taken shelter and lost track of time?

The sergeant came to a decision. "One of my men failed to report on the last 'pull,' Hilleary," he explained. "Could you take Connally here over the beat and find out what the trouble is? It would only take a few minutes in the car."

"Sure," the good-natured Hilleary answered. "There's only room for two, so I'll leave Smith here to get thawed out till we get back."

After a minute's breathing spell, Hilleary buttoned up his coat again and drew on the gloves, while Connally banded himself up similarly. At 9:45 they set out on their search. The Bandit Chaser had been gone but a few minutes when another car pulled up outside, and, as Doyle had predicted, Sergeant Stephen Harper of the Homicide Bureau entered the Station House. Rapidly he returned the policemen's salutes as he advanced to the railed-in desk, where Lewis rose.

He was just about to ask the Sergeant some question when he noticed the crank try to finish his job. Deduction, simple deduction.

Harper nodded. "I see. Perhaps you can deduce the next move?"

"That depends," the reporter replied. "I'd say the best play would be to 'fake' the removal of Dufresne from the Austerlitz to his home and then wait for the crank to try again. If that's the scheme, you needn't worry. All the boys will play it up strong for you. Am I right?"

"That's too good to be only a guess," the detective answered. "I know your methods, Sherlock Holmes," Doyle retorted, then dropped his voice into a more serious tone. "I've been let in on the ground floor, believe it or not. I know Dufresne. He consulted with me about those letters before he went to Connors about it. That was my advice. I didn't like the tone of them, not a bit. I saw Dufresne before you reported there. He'd just finished talking with Connors over the 'phone and he asked me about this man Stephen Harper who was being assigned to the case. I told him you were the smartest detective north of the Mason and Dixon Line."

"Thanks for your good opinion," was Harper's dry comment. "Listen, Harper, was Dufresne drunk when you left him at the Austerlitz?"

The detective nodded. "I thought so," Doyle continued. "At that moment the white bulb on the switchboard flared, and jyers clapped on his earphones. At the first few words he stiffened. 'That's Connally,' he fung over his shoulder. 'they've found Hamill at No. 34 Powhatan Terrace—and there's another dead man in the same room!'"

Doyle looked at Harper, and Harper looked at Doyle.

The crew of the bandit chaser, tomorrow, makes a gruesome call.

NORTHWEST PEACH GROWERS ASSURED PROFITABLE YEAR

SEATTLE, Wash., May 9.—(AP)—A compilation of horticulturists' reports indicated today that Washington and Oregon peach growers will cash in this summer on California's winter drought.

The fruit season in the Pacific northwest, generally speaking, is a month ahead of normal because of a warm winter.

Dr. J. W. Lesley, assistant plant breeder for the University of California, reported this week that the trees in California have been almost dormant, failing to leaf and bloom readily since a warm, dry winter left the major commercial varieties in a mid-winter condition.

O. K. Conant, president of the Yakima County Horticultural union, forecasts 1500 cars of peaches will be shipped out of Yakima valley this season. Last year the county shipped out some 95 cars of peaches.

William H. Shaw, district horticultural inspector here, said there is no way of estimating the Washington peach crop in dollars so early in the season, but he believed they would bring more than the \$1.50 a box they reached last season.

Weathermen are also expected to have a large crop, compared with its 21 cars last year.

Drop in at Tahona Beer Parlor and Sandwich shop. Pleasant evening assured. 26 miles north Medford on Pacific highway.

HINT NEW CLUES IN AKIN MURDER

PORTLAND, Ore., May 9.—(AP)—The supposition was strong here today that important new evidence had been uncovered in the investigation of the slaying last November 20 of W. Frank Akin, who, at the time of his fatal shooting, was conducting an investigation of the affairs of the Port of Portland.

A county grand jury investigation of the old murder case swung into its second day today, but the district attorney was close lipped.

It was known, however, that Dr. E. O. Heinrich, San Francisco criminologist, had worked on the Akin case, and there was a belief that while Heinrich was testifying at the recent Manning murder case in Klamath Falls, representatives of the district attorney's office here conferred with him there.

Candidate Ball Saturday, Oriental Gardens.

GIVE IT A WHIRL



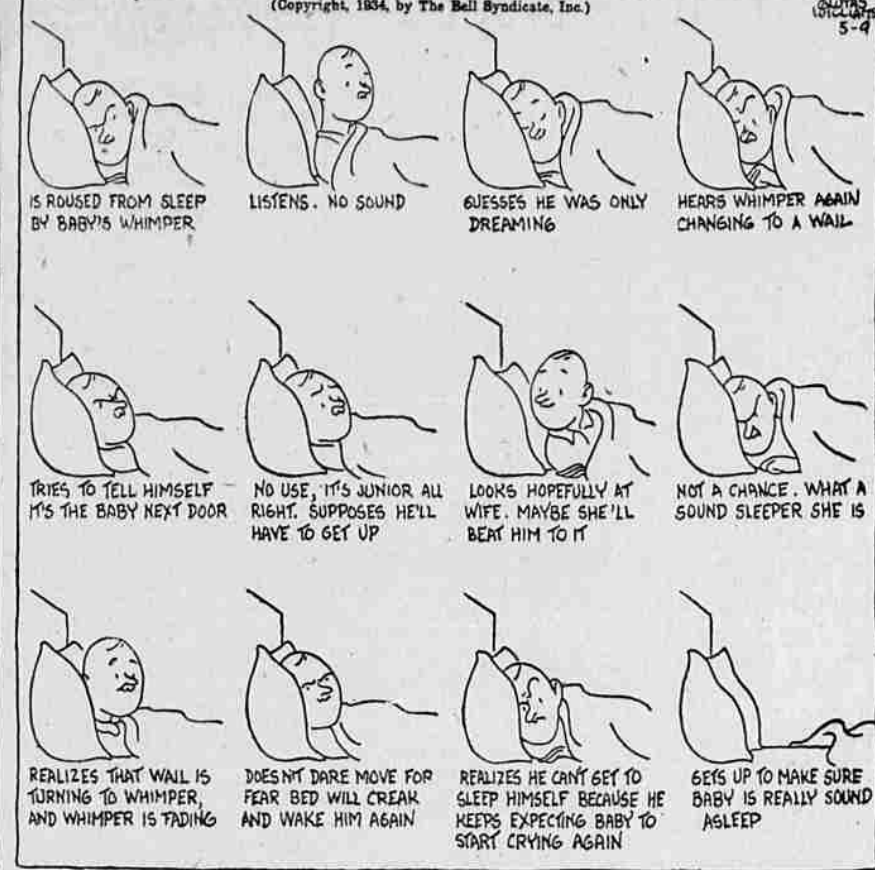
an investigation of the affairs of the Port of Portland.

A county grand jury investigation of the old murder case swung into its second day today, but the district attorney was close lipped.

It was known, however, that Dr. E. O. Heinrich, San Francisco criminologist, had worked on the Akin case, and there was a belief that while Heinrich was testifying at the recent Manning murder case in Klamath Falls, representatives of the district attorney's office here conferred with him there.

Candidate Ball Saturday, Oriental Gardens.

NIGHT CRIES



WRIGLEY'S GUM

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT

THE PERFECT GUM

SWEETENS THE BREATH

The Standard of Quality

S'MATTER POP—



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Skeeter Gets A Surprise!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—A Sailing Date!



THE NEBBS—Going Up



BRINGING UP FATHER



Lewis spread out the newspaper and turned to the indicated spot. Heading the column was a picture of Dufresne's brown coupe, with heavy circles drawn around the bullet marks. Inset was a photograph of the dapper Pierre Dufresne himself. Then followed a double-column account of the anonymous and threatening letters and their dramatic sequel, which had so narrowly averted tragedy.

They read through the account, while Doyle warmed himself and blew smoke rings toward the ceiling. Before they could question him further there was an interruption. This was a blast from an automobile siren as a car came pelting along on skid chains and halted outside. Voices were heard and the slamming of an auto door.

Two men came stamping in, stiff and cold from a long drive. They were Officers Smith and Hilleary, the crew of Bandit Chaser No. 13, now steaming and chugging outside. Hilleary knew the reporter and dropped a friendly nod in his direction. "We just came in to warm up for a minute," he explained to Sergeant Lewis.

LEWIS had begun to worry about the unreported Officer 1646. On such a night it seemed difficult to account for No. 1646's dereliction from duty on any grounds short of accident or willful neglect. On the one hand, Officer Hamill was known as a conscientious man and a stickler where rules and regulations were concerned, and, on the other, where, in that howling wilderness of deserted pavements and aloof, inhospitable mansions could he have taken shelter and lost track of time?

The sergeant came to a decision. "One of my men failed to report on the last 'pull,' Hilleary," he explained. "Could you take Connally here over the beat and find out what the trouble is? It would only take a few minutes in the car."

"Sure," the good-natured Hilleary answered. "There's only room for two, so I'll leave Smith here to get thawed out till we get back."

After a minute's breathing spell, Hilleary buttoned up his coat again and drew on the gloves, while Connally banded himself up similarly. At 9:45 they set out on their search. The Bandit Chaser had been gone but a few minutes when another car pulled up outside, and, as Doyle had predicted, Sergeant Stephen Harper of the Homicide Bureau entered the Station House. Rapidly he returned the policemen's salutes as he advanced to the railed-in desk, where Lewis rose.

He was just about to ask the Sergeant some question when he noticed the crank try to finish his job. Deduction, simple deduction.

Harper nodded. "I see. Perhaps you can deduce the next move?"

"That depends," the reporter replied. "I'd say the best play would be to 'fake' the removal of Dufresne from the Austerlitz to his home and then wait for the crank to try again. If that's the scheme, you needn't worry. All the boys will play it up strong for you. Am I right?"

"That's too good to be only a guess," the detective answered. "I know your methods, Sherlock Holmes," Doyle retorted, then dropped his voice into a more serious tone. "I've been let in on the ground floor, believe it or not. I know Dufresne. He consulted with me about those letters before he went to Connors about it. That was my advice. I didn't like the tone of them, not a bit. I saw Dufresne before you reported there. He'd just finished talking with Connors over the 'phone and he asked me about this man Stephen Harper who was being assigned to the case. I told him you were the smartest detective north of the Mason and Dixon Line."

"Thanks for your good opinion," was Harper's dry comment. "Listen, Harper, was Dufresne drunk when you left him at the Austerlitz?"

The detective nodded. "I thought so," Doyle continued. "At that moment the white bulb on the switchboard flared, and jyers clapped on his earphones. At the first few words he stiffened. 'That's Connally,' he fung over his shoulder. 'they've found Hamill at No. 34 Powhatan Terrace—and there's another dead man in the same room!'"

Doyle looked at Harper, and Harper looked at Doyle.

The crew of the bandit chaser, tomorrow, makes a gruesome call.

Lewis spread out the newspaper and turned to the indicated spot. Heading the column was a picture of Dufresne's brown coupe, with heavy circles drawn around the bullet marks. Inset was a photograph of the dapper Pierre Dufresne himself. Then followed a double-column account of the anonymous and threatening letters and their dramatic sequel, which had so narrowly averted tragedy.

They read through the account, while Doyle warmed himself and blew smoke rings toward the ceiling. Before they could question him further there was an interruption. This was a blast from an automobile siren as a car came pelting along on skid chains and halted outside. Voices were heard and the slamming of an auto door.

Two men came stamping in, stiff and cold from a long drive. They were Officers Smith and Hilleary, the crew of Bandit Chaser No. 13, now steaming and chugging outside. Hilleary knew the reporter and dropped a friendly nod in his direction. "We just came in to warm up for a minute," he explained to Sergeant Lewis.

LEWIS had begun to worry about the unreported Officer 1646. On such a night it seemed difficult to account for No. 1646's dereliction from duty on any grounds short of accident or willful neglect. On the one hand, Officer Hamill was known as a conscientious man and a stickler where rules and regulations were concerned, and, on the other, where, in that howling wilderness of deserted pavements and aloof, inhospitable mansions could he have taken shelter and lost track of time?

The sergeant came to a decision. "One of my men failed to report on the last 'pull,' Hilleary," he explained. "Could you take Connally here over the beat and find out what the trouble is? It would only take a few minutes in the car."

"Sure," the good-natured Hilleary answered. "There's only room for two, so I'll leave Smith here to get thawed out till we get back."

After a minute's breathing spell, Hilleary buttoned up his coat again and drew on the gloves, while Connally banded himself up similarly. At 9:45 they set out on their search. The Bandit Chaser had been gone but a few minutes when another car pulled up outside, and, as Doyle had predicted, Sergeant Stephen Harper of the Homicide Bureau entered the Station House. Rapidly he returned the policemen's salutes as he advanced to the railed-in desk, where Lewis rose.

He was just about to ask the Sergeant some question when he noticed the crank try to finish his job. Deduction, simple deduction.

Harper nodded. "I see. Perhaps you can deduce the next move?"

"That depends," the reporter replied. "I'd say the best play would be to 'fake' the removal of Dufresne from the Austerlitz to his home and then wait for the crank to try again. If that's the scheme, you needn't worry. All the boys will play it up strong for you. Am I right?"

"That's too good to be only a guess," the detective answered. "I know your methods, Sherlock Holmes," Doyle retorted, then dropped his voice into a more serious tone. "I've been let in on the ground floor, believe it or not. I know Dufresne. He consulted with me about those letters before he went to Connors about it. That was my advice. I didn't like the tone of them, not a bit. I saw Dufresne before you reported there. He'd just finished talking with Connors over the 'phone and he asked me about this man Stephen Harper who was being assigned to the case. I told him you were the smartest detective north of the Mason and Dixon Line."

"Thanks for your good opinion," was Harper's dry comment. "Listen, Harper, was Dufresne drunk when you left him at the Austerlitz?"

The detective nodded. "I thought so," Doyle continued. "At that moment the white bulb on the switchboard flared, and jyers clapped on his earphones. At the first few words he stiffened. 'That's Connally,' he fung over his shoulder. 'they've found Hamill at No. 34 Powhatan Terrace—and there's another dead man in the same room!'"

Doyle looked at Harper, and Harper looked at Doyle.

The crew of the bandit chaser, tomorrow, makes a gruesome call.

Lewis spread out the newspaper and turned to the indicated spot. Heading the column was a picture of Dufresne's brown coupe, with heavy circles drawn around the bullet marks. Inset was a photograph of the dapper Pierre Dufresne himself. Then followed a double-column account of the anonymous and threatening letters and their dramatic sequel, which had so narrowly averted tragedy.

They read through the account, while Doyle warmed himself and blew smoke rings toward the ceiling. Before they could question him further there was an interruption. This was a blast from an automobile siren as a car came pelting along on skid chains and halted outside. Voices were heard and the slamming of an auto door.

Two men came stamping in, stiff and cold from a long drive. They were Officers Smith and Hilleary, the crew of Bandit Chaser No. 13, now steaming and chugging outside. Hilleary knew the reporter and dropped a friendly nod in his direction. "We just came in to warm up for a minute," he explained to Sergeant Lewis.

LEWIS had begun to worry about the unreported Officer 1646. On such a night it seemed difficult to account for No. 1646's dereliction from duty on any grounds short of accident or willful neglect. On the one hand, Officer Hamill was known as a conscientious man and a stickler where rules and regulations were concerned, and, on the other, where, in that howling wilderness of deserted pavements and aloof, inhospitable mansions could he have taken shelter and lost track of time?

The sergeant came to a decision. "One of my men failed to report on the last 'pull,' Hilleary," he explained. "Could you take Connally here over the beat and find out what the trouble is? It would only take a few minutes in the car."

"Sure," the good-natured Hilleary answered. "There's only room for two, so I'll leave Smith here to get thawed out till we get back."

After a minute's breathing spell, Hilleary buttoned up his coat again and drew on the gloves, while Connally banded himself up similarly. At 9:45 they set out on their search. The Bandit Chaser had been gone but a few minutes when another car pulled up outside, and, as Doyle had predicted, Sergeant Stephen Harper of the Homicide Bureau entered the Station House. Rapidly he returned the policemen's salutes as he advanced to the railed-in desk, where Lewis rose.

He was just about to ask the Sergeant some question when he noticed the crank try to finish his job. Deduction, simple deduction.

Harper nodded. "I see. Perhaps you can deduce the next move?"

"That depends," the reporter replied. "I'd say the best play would be to 'fake' the removal of Dufresne from the Austerlitz to his home and then wait for the crank to try again. If that's the scheme, you needn't worry. All the boys will play it up strong for you. Am I right?"

"That's too good to be only a guess," the detective answered. "I know your methods, Sherlock Holmes," Doyle retorted, then dropped his voice into a more serious tone. "I've been let in on the ground floor, believe it or not. I know Dufresne. He consulted with me about those letters before he went to Connors about it. That was my advice. I didn't like the tone of them, not a bit. I saw Dufresne before you reported there. He'd just finished talking with Connors over the 'phone and he asked me about this man Stephen Harper who was being assigned to the case. I told him you were the smartest detective north of the Mason and Dixon Line."

"Thanks for your good opinion," was Harper's dry comment. "Listen, Harper, was Dufresne drunk when you left him at the Austerlitz?"

The detective nodded. "I thought so," Doyle continued. "At that moment the white bulb on the switchboard flared, and jyers clapped on his earphones. At the first few words he stiffened. 'That's Connally,' he fung over his shoulder. 'they've found Hamill at No. 34 Powhatan Terrace—and there's another dead man in the same room!'"

Doyle looked at Harper, and Harper looked at Doyle.

The crew of the bandit chaser, tomorrow, makes a gruesome call.

Lewis spread out the newspaper and turned to the indicated spot. Heading the column was a picture of Dufresne's brown coupe, with heavy circles drawn around the bullet marks. Inset was a photograph of the dapper Pierre Dufresne himself. Then followed a double-column account of the anonymous and threatening letters and their dramatic sequel, which had so narrowly averted tragedy.

They read through the account, while Doyle warmed himself and blew smoke rings toward the ceiling. Before they could question him further there was an interruption. This was a blast from an automobile siren as a car came pelting along on skid chains and halted outside. Voices were heard and the slamming of an auto door.

Two men came stamping in, stiff and cold from a long drive. They were Officers Smith and Hilleary, the crew of Bandit Chaser No. 13, now steaming and chugging outside. Hilleary knew the reporter and dropped a friendly nod in his direction. "We just came in to warm up for a minute," he explained to Sergeant Lewis.

LEWIS had begun to worry about the unreported Officer 1646. On such a night it seemed difficult to account for No. 1646's dereliction from duty on any grounds short of accident or willful neglect. On the one hand, Officer Hamill was known as a conscientious man and a stickler where rules and regulations were concerned, and, on the other, where, in that howling wilderness of deserted pavements and aloof, inhospitable mansions could he have taken shelter and lost track of time?

The sergeant came to a decision. "One of my men failed to report on the last 'pull,' Hilleary," he explained. "Could you take Connally here over the beat and find out what the trouble is? It would only take a few minutes in the car."

"Sure," the good-natured Hilleary answered. "There's only room for two, so I'll leave Smith here to get thawed out till we get back."

After a minute's breathing spell, Hilleary buttoned up his coat again and drew on the gloves, while Connally banded himself up similarly. At 9:45 they set out on their search. The Bandit Chaser had been gone but a few minutes when another car pulled up outside, and, as Doyle had predicted, Sergeant Stephen Harper of the Homicide Bureau entered the Station House. Rapidly he returned the policemen's salutes as he advanced to the railed-in desk, where Lewis rose.

He was just about to ask the Sergeant some question when he noticed the crank try to finish his job. Deduction, simple deduction.

Harper nodded. "I see. Perhaps you can deduce the next move?"

"That depends," the reporter replied. "I'd say the best play would be to 'fake' the removal of Dufresne from the Austerlitz to his home and then wait for the crank to try again. If that's the scheme, you needn't worry. All the boys will play it up strong for you. Am I right?"

"That's too good to be only a guess," the detective answered. "I know your methods, Sherlock Holmes," Doyle retorted, then dropped his voice into a more serious tone. "I've been let in on the ground floor, believe it or not. I know Dufresne. He consulted with me about those letters before he went to Connors about it. That was my advice. I didn't like the tone of them, not a bit. I saw Dufresne before you reported there. He'd just finished talking with Connors over the 'phone and he asked me about this man Stephen Harper who was being assigned to the case. I told him you were the smartest detective north of the Mason and Dixon Line."

"Thanks for your good opinion," was Harper's dry comment. "Listen, Harper, was Dufresne drunk when you left him at the Austerlitz?"

The detective nodded. "I thought so," Doyle continued. "At that moment the white bulb on the switchboard flared, and jyers clapped on his earphones. At the first few words he stiffened. 'That's Connally,' he fung over his shoulder. 'they've found Hamill at No. 34 Powhatan Terrace—and there's another dead man in the same room!'"

Doyle looked at Harper, and Harper looked at Doyle.

The crew of the bandit chaser, tomorrow, makes a gruesome call.

Lewis spread out the newspaper and turned to the indicated spot. Heading the column was a picture of Dufresne's brown coupe, with heavy circles drawn around the bullet marks. Inset was a photograph of the dapper Pierre Dufresne himself. Then followed a double-column account of the anonymous and threatening letters and their dramatic sequel, which had so narrowly averted tragedy.

They read through the account, while Doyle warmed himself and blew smoke rings toward the ceiling. Before they could question him further there was an interruption. This was a blast from an automobile siren as a car came pelting along on skid chains and halted outside. Voices were heard and the slamming of an auto door.

Two men came stamping in, stiff and cold from a long drive. They were Officers Smith and Hilleary, the crew of Bandit Chaser No. 13, now steaming and chugging outside. Hilleary knew the reporter and dropped a friendly nod in his direction. "We just came in to warm up for a minute," he explained to Sergeant Lewis.

LEWIS had begun to worry about the unreported Officer 1646. On such a night it seemed difficult to account for No. 1646's dereliction from duty on any grounds short of accident or willful neglect. On the one hand, Officer Hamill was known as a conscientious man and a stickler where rules and regulations were concerned, and, on the other, where, in that howling wilderness of deserted pavements and aloof, inhospitable mansions could he have taken shelter and lost track of time?

The sergeant came to a decision. "One of my men failed to report on the last 'pull,' Hilleary," he explained. "Could you take Connally here over the beat and find out what the trouble is? It would only take a few minutes in the car."

"Sure," the good-natured Hilleary answered. "There's only room for two, so I'll leave Smith here to get thawed out till we get back."

After a minute's breathing spell, Hilleary buttoned up his coat again and drew on the gloves, while Connally banded himself up similarly. At 9:45 they set out on their search. The Bandit Chaser had been gone but a few minutes when another car pulled up outside, and, as Doyle had predicted, Sergeant Stephen Harper of the Homicide Bureau entered the Station House. Rapidly he returned the policemen's salutes as he advanced to the railed-in desk, where Lewis rose.

He was just about to ask the Sergeant some question when he noticed the crank try to finish his job. Deduction, simple deduction.

Harper nodded. "I see. Perhaps you can deduce the next move?"

"That depends," the reporter replied. "I'd say the best play would be to 'fake' the removal of Dufresne from the Austerlitz to his home and then wait for the crank to try again. If that's the scheme, you needn't worry. All the boys will play it up strong for you. Am I right?"

"That's too good to be only a guess," the detective answered. "I know your methods, Sherlock Holmes," Doyle retorted, then dropped his voice into a more serious tone. "I've been let in on the ground floor, believe it or not. I know Dufresne. He consulted with me about those letters before he went to Connors about it. That was my advice. I didn't like the tone of them, not a bit. I saw Dufresne before you reported there. He'd just finished talking with Connors over the 'phone and he asked me about this man Stephen Harper who was being assigned to the case. I told him you were the smartest detective north of the Mason and Dixon Line."

"Thanks for your good opinion," was Harper's dry comment. "Listen, Harper, was Dufresne drunk when you left him at the Austerlitz?"

The detective nodded. "I thought so," Doyle continued. "At that moment the white bulb on the switchboard flared, and jyers clapped on his earphones. At the first few words he stiffened. 'That's Connally,' he fung over his shoulder. 'they've found Hamill at No. 34 Powhatan Terrace—and there's another dead man in the same room!'"

Doyle looked at Harper, and Harper looked at Doyle.

The crew of the bandit chaser, tomorrow, makes a gruesome call.

Lewis spread out the newspaper and turned to the indicated spot. Heading the column was a picture of Dufresne's brown coupe, with heavy circles drawn around the bullet marks. Inset was a photograph of the dapper Pierre Dufresne himself. Then followed a double-column account of the anonymous and threatening letters and their dramatic sequel, which had so narrowly averted tragedy.

They read through the account, while Doyle warmed himself and blew smoke rings toward the ceiling. Before they could question him further there was an interruption. This was a blast from an automobile siren as a car came pelting along on skid chains and halted outside. Voices were heard and the slamming of an auto door.

Two men came stamping in, stiff and cold from a long drive. They were Officers Smith and Hilleary, the crew of Bandit Chaser No. 13, now steaming and chugging outside. Hilleary knew the reporter and dropped a friendly nod in his direction. "We just came in to warm up for a minute," he explained to Sergeant Lewis.

LEWIS had begun to worry about the unreported Officer 1646. On such a night it seemed difficult to account for No. 1646's dereliction from duty on any grounds short of accident or willful neglect. On the one hand, Officer Hamill was known as a conscientious man and a stickler where rules and regulations were concerned, and, on the other, where, in that howling wilderness of deserted pavements and aloof, inhospitable mansions could he have taken shelter and lost track of time?

The sergeant came to a decision. "One of my men failed to report on the last 'pull,' Hilleary," he explained. "Could you take Connally here over the beat and find out what the trouble is? It would only take a few minutes in the car."

"Sure," the good-natured Hilleary answered. "There's only room for two, so I'll leave Smith here to get thawed out till we get back."

After a minute's breathing spell, Hilleary buttoned up his coat again and drew on the gloves, while Connally banded himself up similarly. At 9:45 they set out on their search. The Bandit Chaser had been gone but a few minutes when another car pulled up outside, and, as Doyle had predicted, Sergeant Stephen Harper of the Homicide Bureau entered the Station House. Rapidly he returned the policemen's salutes as he advanced to the railed-in desk, where Lewis rose.

He was just about to ask the Sergeant some question when he noticed the crank try to finish his job. Deduction, simple deduction.

Harper nodded. "I see. Perhaps you can deduce the next move?"

"That depends," the reporter replied. "I'd say the best play would be to 'fake' the removal of Dufresne from the Austerlitz to his home and then wait for the crank to try again. If that's the scheme, you needn't worry. All the boys will play it up strong for you. Am I right?"

"That's too good to be only a guess," the detective answered. "I know your methods, Sherlock Holmes," Doyle retorted, then dropped his voice into a more serious tone. "I've been let in on the ground floor, believe it or not. I know Dufresne. He consulted with me about those letters before he went to Connors about it. That was my advice. I didn't like the tone of them, not a bit. I saw Dufresne before you reported there. He'd just finished talking with Connors over the 'phone and he asked me about this man Stephen Harper who was being assigned to the case. I told him you were the smartest detective north of the Mason and Dixon Line."

"Thanks for your good opinion," was Harper's dry comment. "Listen, Harper, was Dufresne drunk when you left him at the Austerlitz?"

The detective nodded. "I thought so," Doyle continued. "At that moment the white bulb on the switchboard flared, and jyers clapped on his earphones. At the first few words he stiffened. 'That's Connally,' he fung over his shoulder. 'they've found Hamill at No. 34 Powhatan Terrace—and there's another dead man in the same room!'"

Doyle looked at Harper, and Harper looked at Doyle.

The crew of the bandit chaser, tomorrow, makes a gruesome call.

Knotts Nominated For Albert Prize

WILLAMETTE UNIVERSITY, Salem.—Ross Knotts, senior from Medford, has been nominated a candidate for the Joseph H. Albert prize of \$25 for "the student having a record for faithful study and scholarship not below the average who, opportunities considered, has made the greatest progress toward the ideal in character, service and wholesome influence." Nominations are made by the faculty and final selection is by vote of the student body.

THE NEBB'S—Going Up

BUSINESS IS CERTAINLY PICKING UP UNDER THE NEW MANAGEMENT BUT THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE MUCH HARMONY BETWEEN THE MANAGER AND THE HELP.

WHAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH YOU? DON'T TELL ME YOU NEED A VACATION JUST WHEN WE'RE GETTING SO BUSY.

IT'S NOT THAT, MR. NEBB, BUT IT'S JUST IMPOSSIBLE TO PLEASE YOUR NEW MANAGER, MR. SUDER'S SON. HE KNOWS NOTHING ABOUT THIS BUSINESS SO NOTHING I CAN DO IS RIGHT.

I'VE GOT NO INITIATIVE HERE ANYMORE—I'M JUST A 'I'LL TAKE IT UP WITH THE MANAGER' GUY! HE'S GOT THE RATES SO HIGH I CAN'T TELL THEM TO A GUEST WITH A MERRY VOICE AND TELL 'EM IT'S A BARGAIN—AND IF THEY KICK, HE WANTS ME TO ASK 'EM HOW MUCH THEIR HEALTH IS WORTH TO THEM!

LEM IS A BIT SEVERE—I GUESS WE'LL MARK THE PRICES DOWN TO WHAT THEY WERE—THERE'S NO FUN TAKING ADVANTAGE OF A PERSON WHO NEEDS HELP.

BRINGING UP FATHER

WHERE SHALL I PUT THIS 'MAGGIE'?

JUST A MINUTE—I THINK IT SHOULD BE IN THE OTHER ROOM!

OH, JUST HOLD IT—I MUST ANSWER THE 'PHONE.

OH—HELLO—MRS. GABS, YOU SAY YOU ARE HOUSE-CLEANING? YES—IT IS A TASK—WHAT'S THAT?

WELL—DON'T TRY TO MOVE THE PIANO BY YOURSELF—MY HUSBAND ISN'T DOING ANYTHING—I'LL SEND HIM OVER TO MOVE IT FOR YOU.

Knotts Nominated For Albert Prize

WILLAMETTE UNIVERSITY, Salem.—Ross Knotts, senior from Medford, has been nominated a candidate for the Joseph H. Albert prize of \$25 for "the student having a record for faithful study and scholarship not below the average who, opportunities considered, has made the greatest progress toward the ideal in character, service and wholesome influence." Nominations are made by the faculty and final selection is by vote of the student body.

THE NEBB'S—Going Up

BUSINESS IS CERTAINLY PICKING UP UNDER THE NEW MANAGEMENT BUT THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE MUCH HARMONY BETWEEN THE MANAGER AND THE HELP.

WHAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH YOU? DON'T TELL ME YOU NEED A VACATION JUST WHEN WE'RE GETTING SO BUSY.

IT'S NOT THAT, MR. NEBB, BUT IT'S JUST IMPOSSIBLE TO PLEASE YOUR NEW MANAGER, MR. SUDER'S SON. HE KNOWS NOTHING ABOUT