

MURDER AT MOCKING HOUSE

BY WALTER C. BROWN

UPSIDE: Two men one of whom is the detective and the other appears to be the murderer, are seen in a room at the Mocking House. The detective is pointing a gun at the other man.

...ridor separated the two suites, running diagonally from the elevators for a distance, then turning right at a slight angle, and straightening again to finish in a cul-de-sac, a brace of high, deep windows, from which fell a sheer drop to the street, far below.

Markison, surprised, got up quickly. "I didn't expect to see you back here tonight, Sergeant. Nothing wrong, is there?"

"Plenty, but I'll tell you about that later. Have you anything to report?"

"Not a thing. Nobody has come up, nobody has gone down. The elevators haven't stopped at this floor once since you left. It has been as quiet as a graveyard."

HARPER pressed the bell at the door to Dufresne's suite. His sustained ringing brought the elderly Andrews, whose door face registered amazement at seeing the detective again. "Has anything happened, sir?" he asked immediately.

"Where is Mr. Dufresne?"

"He's in his room, sir."

"Well, tell him that I've got to see him, at once."

"But I can't do that, sir. He's sleeping. He gave strict orders not to be disturbed for anything. The door's locked. He always locks it."

CHAPTER 10 THE AUSTERLITZ

DOYLE had gone to a bench in the hall and sat down. He knew that it would be useless to try any questions on the Detective-Sergeant at this stage of the game. He lit a cigarette, and unfolded the evening paper he had been carrying in his overcoat pocket. Whistling softly to himself, he turned to the society columns. Harper went outside with Connally. The portico light shone down over the curved front steps and the white, unbroken blanket of snow that covered the lawn.

"Use my footprints as a guide for the path," Harper directed. "Make it about a foot wide and pile the snow neatly beside it. Don't scatter it around haphazardly." He went down the left curve of the steps and along the left side of the walk, clear



"You do as I say, Andrews!"

of the other prints. Connally began to ply his shovel.

The official car, in which Harper had come from Headquarters to the house on Powhatan Terrace, stood at the curb, the uniformed chauffeur at the wheel.

"How fast can you get back into town?" Harper asked as he got in.

"Oh, about twelve minutes, or fifteen. Where do you want to go, Sergeant?"

"The Austerlitz."

With the siren sounding, they went plunging on as speedily as was possible with the streets so snow-laden and the visibility so poor. But the chauffeur's most expert efforts could not make good his estimate, for it took him exactly twenty-two minutes to reach the Austerlitz.

The detective walked through the ornate lobby and went to the marble-fronted desk. The night manager and his assistant, both of whom had been introduced to him earlier in the evening, greeted him. "Has everything been quiet?" he asked.

The manager nodded. "All serene, Sergeant. It's not very likely that we'll have any trouble in a place like this."

HARPER turned away and walked over to the secluded corner where "Camera Eye" Jacoby had ensconced himself, quietly watching from behind a spread newspaper. "How's everything, Jacoby?"

"All quiet along the Potomac, Sergeant."

Harper crossed the lobby and stepped into an elevator. As the doors slid open and Harper emerged on the twenty-eighth floor, the two detectives on guard there turned to see who had arrived. Markison was one of them, the other a Central District man whose face Harper recognized, but whose name he did not know.

The topmost floor of the Austerlitz was divided between two suites. The one to the left of the elevators was Dufresne's, the one to the right that of the Hon. Royal Sanders, financier and ex-Senator, who was abroad at this time. His suite had been closed for months and the doors locked and sealed.

"Well then, pound on it, about break it down if necessary. This is important. I have no time to waste."

Andrews looked shocked at these suggestions. "But my orders, sir, I was not to disturb him before morning, not even if Mrs. Dufresne called up."

Harper looked at the stubborn old serving-man. "You do as I say, Andrews, or I'll attend to it myself."

Andrews' lean jaw clamped tight with disapproval, but he nodded grudgingly and led the room. Harper followed and came to where the butler stood, rapping and calling Dufresne's name.

"He won't answer, sir, and the door's locked."

"Did he lock himself in there after I left?"

"Yes, sir."

"He hasn't come out since?"

"No, sir."

"I suppose he took that bottle of brandy with him?" Harper took a hand at the pounding, and between them they raised quite a hubbub on the stout wooden panels. But there was not the slightest response from within.

The detective came to a decision. He strode over to the hotel telephone. "Hello. This is Mr. Dufresne's suite, Sergeant Harper speaking. . . . Send a man up with the master-keys to the doors. . . . yes—and hurry."

"Were there any telephone calls tonight?" the detective asked, while they awaited the arrival of the keys.

"One, sir."

"From whom?"

"Mrs. Dufresne."

"What did she say?"

"She wanted to talk to Mr. Dufresne."

"What did you tell her?"

"I told her that Mr. Dufresne had gone to bed."

"What did she say to that?"

Andrews tumbled around reluctantly for an answer. At last he said, "She asked me if Mr. Dufresne had gone to bed with a bottle. I told her he had. She said 'Never mind, then, and hang up.'"

Harper smiled. "That's fine, Andrews. It didn't hurt so very much, did it?"

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Monday, Harper finds strange things behind the locked door.

SOCIETY and Clubs

Queen Esther Circle Will Meet Tuesday

Queen Esther circle of the Methodist church will meet with Mrs. F. E. Redden, 1016 Bledy avenue, on Tuesday afternoon.

Miss Solinsky Here for Summer

Miss Winifred Solinsky, niece of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Solinsky, arrived in Medford on the Shasta Saturday from Berkeley, Cal., where she has been residing. Miss Solinsky plans to spend the summer in Medford and at Crater Lake national park, where Mr. Solinsky is superintendent.

Initiate Mrs. Butler

Into P. E. O. Organization Chapter AA, P. E. O. Thursday evening initiated Mrs. Arnel Butler into the society, when the group met at the home of Mrs. Harry Young in Central Point. Mrs. Mary Halston of Albany, mother of Mrs. Harold Johnston, was honor guest.

Mrs. Leslie Van Doren and Mrs. E. E. Cobb were taken into the chapter by demit.

Assisting the hostess during the evening was Mrs. C. H. Paske.

Kathleen Bratton to Play at Ashland Tomorrow

On Monday, May 14, at 10 a. m., Kathleen Bratton, gifted young pianist, studying under Rosa Blackmore Willett, will play before the faculty and student body in assembly at the Southern Oregon Normal school in Ashland.

Miss Bratton's numbers will be "Prelude in G Minor," Rachmaninoff; "Romance," Grieg; "Etude de Concert," Glazunov; and "Staccato Etude," Rubinstein.

Activities of Legion Auxilliary

The business meeting of the auxiliary will be held Monday evening, May 4, at 7:15. The meeting will be called promptly so that those who care to attend the Giesmen's concert, may do so.

The Choral club will meet Monday afternoon at 2:15 at the home of Mrs. Warren Butler.

Mrs. William H. Bieker, Jr., of Philadelphia, national president of the American Legion Auxiliary, will be in Portland May 22 and will be entertained by the Portland suite. Any member who plans to be in Portland at that time, may hear Mrs. Bieker speak at the old Heathman hotel. Reservations may be made for the banquet through Mrs. J. H. Turnbull, at 975 Powell Blvd., Portland.

Missionary Group Announces Meeting

Mrs. Rice, who resides on Eleventh street, will be hostess on Tuesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock to members of the Missionary society of the Methodist church.

Mrs. Heine to Entertain Methodist Church Circle

Fidelity circle of the First M. E. church will meet Tuesday afternoon with Mrs. Minnie Heine at her home, 916 West Tenth street. All members are requested to be present, as special business is to be transacted.

Guests of Mr. Carpenter

Guests at dinner Saturday evening of Alfred S. V. Carpenter at his home "Topside," were Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Carpenter and Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Ruhl.

The W. C. T. U.

Regular meeting of the W. C. T. U. was held Thursday afternoon at the Girls' Community club. At a special business session preliminary plans were made for entertaining the state W. C. T. U. convention which will meet in Medford in October.

A letter was read from the Children's Farm Home expressing appreciation of a quilt pieced by the L. T. L. girls and other articles sent them.

Mrs. Helen Baugh of the Duff evangelistic trio, now holding services in the First M. E. church gave an informal talk which all enjoyed. She spoke of conditions in California since repeal, telling of the crusade being carried on in Santa Clara valley by the churches there.

Call Special Meeting

Crater Lake Auxiliary President of the auxiliary, Crater Lake Arrie, 2093 of Fraternal Order of Eagles, has called a special meeting for this morning at 11:30 o'clock for the purpose of initiating the Mother's day class. A large attendance is desired. A covered dish luncheon will be served following initiation.

Honor Society Has Swimming Party

The Gradagim society of the junior high school enjoyed a swimming party Friday evening at the Jackson Hot Springs. Miss Helen Winter, advisor to the honor society accompanied the students. About thirty attended.

Card of Thanks

I wish to express my sincere appreciation to friends for the kindness and sympathy extended me during my recent bereavement; also for the beautiful floral offerings. Laura Burson.

THE FAMILY ALBUM—SAVING TROUBLE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



GOES TO HANG UP COAT AND HAT IN CLOSET. LIGHT WON'T WORK.

TO SAVE HIMSELF TROUBLE OF GOING DOWN CELLAR TO GET NEW BULB, TAKES BULB OUT OF HALL LIGHT

HANGES UP COAT AND HAT AND CALLS UP ED DIMMICK FOR AN ADDRESS BUT CAN'T SEE TO WRITE IT DOWN WITHOUT HALL LIGHT

RUNS INTO LIVING ROOM AND TAKES BULB OUT OF TABLE LAMP

FINISHES TELEPHONING AND COMES INTO LIVING ROOM TO READ PAPER BUT HAIN'T LIGHT ENOUGH

GOES BACK TO HALL TO TAKE THE LIVING-ROOM LAMP BULB OUT OF THE HALL LIGHT

BURNS FINGERS BADLY ON BULB WHICH, HAVING BEEN LIGHTED, IS RED HOT

DECIDES IT'S NO USE TRYING TO SAVE TROUBLE AND, SIGHING, GOES DOWN CELLAR FOR A NEW BULB

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GLUYAS WILLIAMS 5-12

S MATTER POP—



POP ARE YA FULLA ANSWERS TODAY?

FAIRLY SO!

WELL, WHAT WOULD A ELEPHANT DO IF IT ACCIDENTALLY GOT A KNOT TIED IN ITS TAIL?

NOW, LET ME THINK!

TAILSPIN TOMMY—

—Steers "Bumps" Into A Friend



WHILE INVESTIGATING A MYSTERIOUS CUTTING OFF OF FLOOD LIGHTS AT THE AIRPORT, AND AN ATTACK ON OLD TIM, THE WATCHMAN, TOMMY AND SKEETER HEAR SOMEONE ENTERING HANGAR THIRTEEN. SKEETER RUSHES TO THE REAR OF THE BUILDING AND RUNS INTO MLE. L'VRIILLE. TOMMY COLLIDES WITH NICK. GRACE AND—

SOUNDS LIKE TOM IS HAVING A BATTLE WITH SOMEONE. I'LL HAVE TO—

HEY! WHO DO YOU THINK YOU'RE BUMPING INTO ANYWAY?

HUH?



THE ELEPHANT WOULD SAY TO ITSELF, OH, ISN'T THIS LUCKY! I'LL USE THIS KNOT TIED IN MY TAIL TO REMIND ME OF THINGS!

OH

YOU KNOW EVERYTHING, DON'T YA, POP?

YUP!

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By C. M. Payne

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Cook Hired!



I'D BETTER BE AFTER TELLIN' BEN NONE O' ME INNERMOST THOUGHTS REGARDIN' CAPTAIN KE AN HIS BUNCH O' PALOOKAS BECAUSE, AFTER ALL, I MAY BE WRONG— STILL, I'LL BE EASIER IN ME OWN MIND IF WE HAVE OUR OWN VITTE SPREADER ABOARD!

ALONZO, YOU'RE JUST THE BIRD IN LOOKIN' FOR YOU LIKE THE OCEAN AND CAN YOU COOK?

WHY MISTAH LUKE I'LL BE JOHN BROWNED EFN I CAN'T ANSWER YO' TWO INTERROGATIONS IN THE CONFIRMATIVE!

GOOD! I'LL JUST ASK DAN JEPPOARD IF HE WONT LET YOU GO ALONG WITH BEN AN ME ON THE EXPEDITION— YOU'LL COME AS COOK— WILL YOU LIKE THAT?

UMPH! THAT SHO' WILL BE SCRUMPTIOUS!

JUST ONE MORE THING, ALONZO BETWEEN ONLY YOU AN ME— IF YOUR REAL FRIENDS EVER GOT INTO A TIGHT SQUEEZE WOULD YOU COME TO THEIR HELP?

MISTAH LUKE, EFN YO' GIVES ME A JUST CAUSE AN A CARVIN' KNIFE, AH SHO' CAN MAJESTICATE MYSELF INTO RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION!

THE NEBBS—Who's Who

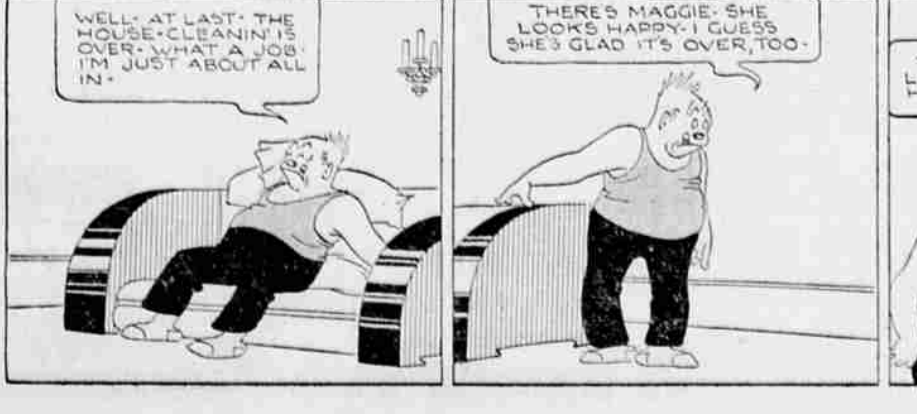


THIS IS A RIGHT NICE PLACE YOU'VE HERE— FUNNY I'VE NEVER HEARD OF IT BEFORE

WELL, I'LL TELL YOU— THE PEOPLE WHO MANAGED THIS HOTEL BEFORE I TOOK IT OVER WERE NOT PROGRESSIVE. A COUPLE OF OLD MEN WHO ARE ALWAYS LOOKING FOR LEAP YEAR FOR THAT EXTRA DAY TO LOAF.

I GUESS THE KID IS RIGHT, BUT I USED TO HAVE A LOT OF FUN BEING SOMEBODY AROUND HERE AND IT WONT BE SO LONG BEFORE I'LL BE SOMEBODY AGAIN!

BRINGING UP FATHER



WELL, AT LAST— THE HOUSE-CLEANING IS OVER— WHAT A NIGHT! I'M JUST ABOUT ALL IN—

THERE'S MAGGIE— SHE LOOKS HAPPY— I GUESS SHE'S GLAD IT'S OVER, TOO.

YO' LOOK HAPPY

I AM—I WAS JUST OVER TO SEE MISS NOTHEMANS SHE HAS A MAGNIFICENT APARTMENT.

?

AND THE APARTMENT ABOVE HER IS FOR BENT, SO I DECIDED TO TAKE IT WELL START MOVING TOMORROW.

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By George McManus

DOCKERS STRIKE MAY BE SETTLED BY GOVERNMENT

SAN FRANCISCO, May 11.—(AP)—The government may be forced to intervene in the strike of Pacific coast longshoremen unless a settlement is reached soon. Charles A. Reynolds of Seattle, a member of the mediation board, declared today.

Dr. Henry Grady of San Francisco, head of the board, announced he had telephoned the national labor board at Washington, D. C., requesting that Joseph T. Ryan, president of the International Longshoremen's associa-

tion, be asked to come here and aid in negotiations to settle the strike. The public should not be forced to suffer, said Reynolds.

In skirmishes along the San Francisco waterfront, four men were injured and three were arrested. Two of the injured men claimed they were not participating in the strike.

Meanwhile strike lines tightened at Portland, while waterfront employers in other Pacific coast ports sought to recruit men to take the places of the longshoremen.

Warrant Call

Notice is hereby given that School District No. 49, Jackson County, warrants Nos. 8924 to 10230 inclusive, are called for payment. Interest to cease May 12, 1934. Warrants to be presented for payment at the office of the District Clerk, City Hall, Medford, Oregon.

REBECCA JENSEN, Clerk School District No. 49.