

# MURDER AT MOCKING HOUSE

BY WALTER C. BROWN

**SUPRIS!** Sergeant Harper had left Pierre Dufresne in an apartment at the Austerlitz and has driven out to Dufresne's suburban home only to find a policeman and a man, apparently Dufresne, shot dead in the breakfast room of the handsome house. The scene about the house is undisturbed except for the tracks of the policeman who had entered the house only to find the body. Harper has been hearing Dufresne who was ambushed earlier in the day after having received a set of threatening letters. The sergeant tries to enter Dufresne's locked bedroom at the Austerlitz.

## Chapter 11 OPEN AND SHUT

BEFORE the discomfited servant could reply, the Superintendent of Service arrived with a bunch of keys on a heavy ring. The third key he tried did the trick. Harper and Andrews entered the bedroom, and the detective, after one look, closed the door on the others.

A disheveled figure lay across the bed, fully clothed except for coat and shoes. The coat was hung carelessly across a chair, the shoes kicked or thrown under the bed. Harper lifted the lolling head. The eyes were closed and puffy, the facial flesh flabby and loose, but there was the meticulous beard, the fine, clearcut features of the real Pierre Dufresne.

Who, then, was the dead man sitting at the head of the table in that mansion on Powhatan Terrace, with a gun in his hand and a neat round hole through his brain?

At first glance Harper had been deceived by that corpse in the armchair, but a closer view had revealed differences in the hair, the facial structure, the ears, the age lines of his features, while a still closer scrutiny had shown him the fact that the dead man's beard was artificial. So he had turned the key on that room of death and followed the sudden, overwhelming urge to go back and make certain that Dufresne himself was still in safety.

The behavior of Andrews had been very peculiar and Harper had not been too absorbed to notice it. When the bedroom door had yielded under the master key, the old butler had stumbled into the room like one in a daze, and now he stood uselessly around, with his eyes staring at his master's inert figure with a peculiar fascination.

The detective saw that his hands were trembling and that he grasped at things for support. This was the more notable when contrasted with Andrews' unspoken truculence before the door had been opened, for at one point Harper had felt that the gray-haired butler was considering forcible resistance.

The detective heaved the sagging figure around so that the lolling head rested on the pillow of the bed. He picked up the brandy bottle which stood on the night table beside the bed. It was empty. Some of the liquor had been spilled on the rug by the bed.

The detective's lips curled as he shook Dufresne brusquely by the shoulders.

Harper soon realized that more heroic measures would be needed to restore this inert mass to reason and consciousness. He turned to Andrews. "We've got to get him sobered up," he declared. "You get on that phone and order up a bowl of cracked ice and a couple of quarts of the blackest coffee they can make."

WHILE Andrews was carrying out this order, Harper admitted the two guarding detectives into the bedroom. He gave a brief but adequate account of the situation in the house on Powhatan Terrace. "Markison," he went on, "we've got to get Dufresne sober. I'm leaving that to you. They're sending up some cracked ice and black coffee. Open those windows and get him over to the cold air. Rub the back of his neck with the ice. Then fill him with as much of the coffee as he can swallow. Walk him up and down. If that doesn't work, give him an emetic and start over again. Let him growl all he wants, but get him on his feet."

Harper looked at his watch. "I've got to get back on the job. I haven't even started the work up there. When you get him fixed up, Markison, bring him up to Powhatan Terrace. You two will ride with him, of course. We've got to try to get some sense out of this queer business and I want Dufresne to see that room and the bodies in it as they were found."

Andrews had been listening agape to the detective's description of the grisly scene in his master's house. "Mr. Dufresne's car is here in the garage, sir," he remarked, on hearing Harper's plan. "Where is the chauffeur?" "Somewhere in the building. He

until midnight. He can be ready on a few minutes' notice." "How long has he been in Mr. Dufresne's employ?" "Six or seven years, sir. He's quite reliable."

"That's all right, then. Come along with them, too, Andrews. By the way, do you know where Mrs. Dufresne is staying?" "Yes, sir. She is visiting Mrs. Creighton Morlock."

"Then get Mrs. Dufresne on the phone for me, will you? I'll talk with her before I leave." Andrews went to the outside telephone and gave the number from memory. Presently he was expostulating to the operator, "But that's quite impossible, Mrs. There's a dinner party at that house. You must be ringing the wrong number."

He turned and spoke to the detective over his shoulder. "She says there is no answer. Mrs. Morlock is entertaining this evening. There must be some one to answer the telephone."

Andrews finally called for the chief operator and told his trouble to her, but she confirmed the operator's story. They were ringing the right number and there was no response.

Harper was impatient to be on his way. "All right, Andrews. Try them a little later. Tell Mrs. Dufresne that there has been some trouble at Powhatan Terrace and that I've sent Mr. Dufresne to come up there and give us his assistance. Assure her that he will not be incurring the slightest risk."

"Yes, sir. She knows about the attempt to shoot Mr. Dufresne this afternoon. He called her up as soon as he got back here." "Then you may tell her that we believe the crank letter writer has been killed. That will ease her mind."

HARPER left the Austerlitz. His car was waiting outside and he directed the chauffeur to drive to Headquarters, where he found Detective John Lafferty waiting in the homicide bureau. They returned to Powhatan Terrace and Harper filed in the time by giving his assistant a full account of what had transpired.

When they drew up before Dufresne's house, the detective saw that the police ambulance and another official car stood outside. When Lafferty was warned to keep to the neatly made path he asked, "What's the idea, Steve?"

"I'm keeping the place from getting all tracked up by the coming and going here. That snow started late this afternoon and if we can preserve the tracks made in it up to the time the murders were discovered it should tell a pretty clear story. But we'll have to wait for daylight to do that properly."

Lafferty gave his superior a keen look. "I thought this was an open-and-shut case," he sounded like it. "There are some very peculiar features. Not knowing what may turn up, I'm going to be prepared." "Everything will be covered deep by morning," Lafferty suggested. "I don't think so. The snow's beginning to ease up already."

All the lights in the house seemed to be on and all the doors open, but the only person in sight was a plainclothesman who was arguing angrily over the telephone. It seemed that the inculcator powders in the fingerprinting kit had been sent up imperfectly packed.

Harper found the experts from Headquarters gathered around the two bodies, vehemently arguing the case.

Sergeant Harper ran his eye over the group. "Where's Jackson?" was his first question. Jackson was chief photographer of the Bureau of Identification.

"He left just a little while ago. He said he'd develop the prints himself and have 'em up here by morning," Clymer reported.

"Did he take any 'shots' with the beard and moustache off?" Harper continued, nodding toward the dead man in the armchair.

"Yes, sir. We tumbled to the make-up as soon as we got a good look at him." "All right, men. Clear out now and give us a little breathing space in here. I want to hear what Doc Miller has to tell us."

Dr. Miller, a police surgeon of many years' tenure, looked as if he would have a great deal to say. Raymond Carlin, the ballistics expert, was at the far end of the room, busy with magnifying lens and flashlight. "Where'd Doyle get to?" Harper asked, suddenly missing the reporter's face in the midst of all this activity.

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Tomorrow, a frightened woman enters the case.

for women and children in Italy is quoted by law to six hours, and the working day may not exceed 11 hours.

The weather bureau at Asheville, N. C., says the snowfall there last winter was the lightest in 13 years.

# CAPT. ANDERSON TAKES HELM AT CAMP RAND RELIEVING LT. UNDER

CAMP RAND, OCG, May 14—(Sp.)—Captain Albert T. Anderson, P. A. reserve, arrived here this week to take command of the Rand 3-C camp 25 miles west of Grants Pass on the Rogue river.

Captain Anderson has been in command of the Port Orford camp since December 5, having been transferred from the Sitkum camp in the former Eugene district.

Lieut. Ragnar Under, who has been in command of the Rand camp since the departure of Captain Jack Drew, will have charge of establishing a side camp at Cold Springs. The camp will probably house a total of 80 men, of whom 54 will be sent there soon. A side camp of 25 men is now being maintained at Camp Kerby.

Lieut. Roy Craft, formerly of the Eugene district headquarters, has been assigned to this camp and will serve as welfare and athletic officer.

Two business teams are being organized under direction of Con Penners of the forest service. Penners has taken an active part in the athletic program and has sponsored several outstanding fighters from this camp. He plans to develop a regular company team as well as one from the colored members of the company.

A number of improvements are being made at the camp now that the company is definitely slated to spend the next enrollment period here. The recreational facilities of the camp are being expanded and new equipment purchased.

With the exception of the local woodmen and overhead personnel, all men of the company are from Illinois, the newcomers being from Chicago proper.

Justice of the Peace Coleman will be the principal speaker at the regular meeting of Medford Post No. 15 American Legion, tonight at the Army.

Mr. Coleman will give a running comment on the various traffic rules and regulations and describe some of the hazards which his office has found most serious.

Music will be furnished by the orchestra from Bonney's Grill.

Scientists urge placing hospitals and homes at points where temperature and moisture are unfavorable to insects and small animal pests.

Irrigating farms with sewage in India has been found to increase the yield of sugar cane greatly.

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# GIVE IT A WHIRL

I TOLD YOU THAT WAS THEM COMING UP THE HILL - I CAN TELL THE CLANK OF THAT MOTOR A MILE AWAY -

SOMEDAY THEY'RE GOING TO FOOL YOU AND TANK UP WITH STANDARD GASOLINE WITH TETRAETHYL UNSURPASSED

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# MUD IN THE HOUSE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

COMES IN FROM PLAYING OUT-OF-DOORS, FINDS MOTHER HASN'T COME HOME YET

NOTICES A GOOD DEAL OF MUD ON LIVING-ROOM RUG

TAKES A STEP OR TWO TO SEE IF MUD IS FROM HIS SHOES. IT IS

SH'S DOWN AND SCRAPES OFF WHAT MUD HE CAN WITH KNIFE

IS A LITTLE DISTURBED TO SEE THAT AREA AROUND CHAIR IS NOW LIBERALLY SPRINKLED WITH BITS OF MUD

PICKS UP A FEW OF LARGER PIECES AND WANDERS ROUND LOOKING FOR WASTE BASKET, LEAVING TRAIL OF FOOTPRINTS

SCUFFS REST OF SCRAPINGS OF MUD UNDER CHAIR, GRINDING MUCH OF IT INTO RUG

GOES OUT AND WIPES SHOES OFF THOROUGHLY ON DOOR MAT

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# S'MATTER POP-

POP, I'D LIKE TO HAVE THE BEST BALL ON OUR STREET COULD YA BUY ME A DOLLAR BALL, POP?

HM, THAT'S QUITE A LOT OF MONEY THESE DAYS!

I'D HAVE TO SLEEP OVER IT BEFORE DECIDING

OH

POP, WOULD YA MIND TAKIN' A NAP NOW?

POP, WOULD YA MIND TAKIN' A NAP NOW?

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# TAILSPIN TOMMY - Sneaks "Bumps" Into A Friend

THE LIGHTS GO OUT AT THREE. A BUMP SUDDENLY EXTINGUISHES OLD TIM, THE WATCHMAN IS SLUGGED. SOMEONE BREARS INTO HANGAR 13. SKEETER ATTEMPTING TO CAPTURE THE INTRUDER BUMPS INTO MLE. L'VILLE. TOMMY RUNS INTO NICK GRACE AND NOW...

I STILL CONTEND THAT EINGETEN'S THEORY IS NOW LET ME SEE WHERE WAS I... AH-IT ALL COMES BACK TO ME...

MONTAGUE!

SOMEONE BLACKJACKED ME WHILE I WAS PASSING HANGAR THIRTEEN. I SHALL HAVE TO COMPLAIN. THIS IS IRREGULAR.

WHAT WERE YOU DOIN' OUTSIDE HANGAR THIRTEEN IN YOUR NIGHT CLOTHES, MISTER MONTAGUE?

I-ERR-WELL, YOU SEE... I LOST-A-SOMEONE TRYING TO GET OUT OF THE GATE...

IT DOES SEEM QUEER THAT GILBERT MONTAGUE SHOULD BE FOUND IN HIS LOUNGING ROBE NEAR HANGAR THIRTEEN AT SUCH A TIME AS THIS-- DO YOU NOT THINK SO? REMEMBER THIS EPISODE IT MAY AID YOU TO WIN A PRIZE--

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# BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER - Cook Hired!

THAT NIGHT, IN THE JEPPARD LIBRARY, THE LITTLE GROUP GATHERED FOR A FINAL CONFERENCE-- IT WAS A SOLEMN SESSION!

HERE, BEN, IS THE CHART I MADE OF THE LOCATION OF THE SUNKEN "VICTORIAN"--AS BOSS OF THE EXPEDITION YOU ALREADY HAVE THE BLUEPRINTS OF THE SHIP AND--

DON'T WORRY, MR. JEPPARD, I'LL GUARD THEM. AN' WE'LL HELP HIM!

I'M PLANNING TO ESTABLISH A CAMP ON SHORE ALSO BECAUSE, FROM TIME TO TIME IT MAY BE NECESSARY TO SEND THE "MAGGIE" BACK HERE FOR MORE SUPPLIES.

INCLUDING EXPLOSIVES, IF IT TURNS OUT TO BE A DYNAMITE JOB TO GET INTO THE STRONG ROOM FOR THE GOLD--

OH, NOW I SEE WHY YOU BOUGHT ALL THEM TENTS AN' THINGS!

THAT WAS VERY THOUGHTFUL OF YOU, BEN--YOU HAVEN'T LEFT ANYTHING TO CHANCE, MY BOY!

AND NOW, FOLKS, EVERYTHING SEEMS READY-- I CAN ONLY ASK FOR THE PROTECTION OF DIVINE PROVIDENCE OVER EACH AND EVERY ONE OF YOU--MAY THE GOOD LORD WATCH GUARD AND GUIDE YOU IN AND BRING YOU BACK SAFELY!

AMEN--

AMEN--

# THE NEBBS - Who's Who

I'M FEELING A BIT BETTER BUT HOW LONG DOES IT TAKE TO GET THE RHEUMATIZ OUT OF YOU? I DON'T KNOW WHETHER MY MONEY WILL HOLD OUT.

IF YOU'RE BEGINNING TO FEEL BETTER, IT SHOULDN'T TAKE LONG--OF COURSE, IT TAKES A BIT LONGER WITH AGE THAN WITH YOUTH--AGE IS SO MELLOW RHEUMATISM SEEMS TO HATE TO LEAVE IT.

DO YOU KNOW THAT WE'RE ROBBING THESE POOR UNFORTUNATE PEOPLE WHO COME HERE SEEKING RELIEF? WHY SHOULD LEMMY BOOST PRICES? WE WERE CHARGING ENOUGH BEFORE.

I SPOKE TO HIM ABOUT THAT.

AND HE SAID--"I'M CHARGING THESE PEOPLE PLENTY SO WE CAN GET ENOUGH MONEY TOGETHER TO BUILD IN NORTHVILLE A RUDOLPH NEBB SANITARIUM WHERE POOR PEOPLE CAN COME AND BE CURED FOR NOTHING--I'LL MAKE THE RICH PAY FOR THE POOR AND RUDOLPH NEBB WILL GET THE CREDIT."

SO YOU SEE YOU'LL GET CREDIT FOR CHARITY YOU GOUGED OUT OF OTHER PEOPLE AND YOU CAN TAKE IT OFF YOUR INCOME TAX.

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# BRINGING UP FATHER

WAIT UNTIL YOU HEAR THE LAST VERSE OF THIS SONG. I'D LIKE TO--

RATS! SHE'S GONNA SING ANOTHER--

WHY DO YOU SIT OUT IN FRONT OF YOUR HOUSE MR. JIGGS?

WHEN ME WIFE IS SINGIN' I DON'T WANT ME NEIGHBORS TO THINK I'M BEATIN' HER--

DON'T WORRY ABOUT US--WE ARE IN FAVOR OF IT.

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**WRIGLEY'S GUM**

**WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT**

THE PERFECT GUM

SWEETENS THE BREATH

The Standard of Quality