

# Murder at Mocking House

BY WALTER C. BROWN

**SYNOPSIS:** Sergeant Lafferty has questioned the housekeeper, Mrs. Dufresne, and obtained information about the murder of two men in the Dufresne breakfast room. It seems evident that one was the man who had threatened Dufresne in anonymous letters; the other was a policeman. Yet Harper is not convinced. He explains the matter to Mrs. Croymen, sister of Mrs. Dufresne.

## Chapter 16 WORK BEGINS

"ONLY the central fact is obvious," Harper said. "Two men were killed in this room last night. The reason for that is anything but clear. Of course, I have some sort of a theory, but I won't even think about it until all the facts are in my possession. And that," he added, smiling grimly, "may blow my theory sky-high."

Mrs. Croymen looked around at the various evidences of the police search and research and made a grimace of distaste when her eyes rested on the chair with the dead man's clothing. "I am so sorry for that poor policeman," she remarked, with a shudder.

"Yes, that was too bad," Harper's lips tightened. "Officer Hamill leaves a wife and three children. That is what happens to many policemen's widows."

"One other thing, O'Connell. When anybody comes in here for questioning, just quietly make yourself scarce. That uniform of yours is apt to make a witness rather nervous, especially the servants."

O'Connell saluted, grinning. Harper left the room, intent on investigating more thoroughly his most perishable class—the footprints in the snow. The winter sun was shining brightly and it needed but a mild rise in temperature to dissolve the marks left by the various visitors on the previous night. He spent nearly half an hour in a careful study of these prints, and when he returned to the breakfast room he found that Detective Lafferty had just arrived from Headquarters.

"HELLO, Steve, I've brought you all the stuff that Jackson and Doc Miller had ready," the lanky detective announced, tapping the briefcase he had been carrying. "You've got the boys at Headquarters stirred up. There's a rumor flying around that you've got on to something red-hot up here."

Harper nodded. "As I told you last night, Jack, when it comes to murders I have a natural distrust of unusual and complicated layouts. I don't like some of the points about this affair, and after talking with

# JUBILEE PARADE TO SHOW EVENTS STATE'S HISTORY

While many Oregonians may pride themselves on knowledge of state history, there are numerous historical incidents unknown to the majority. Full realization of such condition will be apparent during Oregon's Diamond Jubilee celebration in Medford and Jacksonville next June 3 to 9 and will be particularly shown during the pioneer parade scheduled for Thursday, June 7.

The parade, planned to be two miles in length, will tell a complete story of the Oregon country from the days Indians were in sole possession until the establishment of statehood in 1859, the 75th anniversary of which is the inspiration for the celebration. The coming of the first white men will be portrayed by floats and marching figures, followed by representations of other historical facts, quite a number of which have never been known by thousands of Oregonians.

The Lewis and Clark expedition of 1805 will be reproduced. The two famous explorers will be shown, led by Sacajawea and accompanied by 18 soldiers, nine Kentucky hunters, two French interpreters and 15 other soldiers. A reproduction of the historical salt cairn at Seaside is in the line of march.

A float presents a replica of Fort Vancouver of more than 100 years ago. Another float depicts Pulpit Rock, important in Oregon history, followed by an entry telling of the

# GRADUATES OF HOWARD SCHOOL GIVEN BANQUET BY PARENTS-TEACHERS

The P. T. A. of Howard gave the graduating class a banquet at the school May 16. Besides the banquet there was a varied program as follows: Welcome, Edith Shelly; response, Mr. Newton; song, "Watermelon Patch," by eighth grade; class history, Muriel Stock; class prophecy, Monroe McGonagle; valedictory, Dick Van Keuren, "Americanism"; song, eighth grade boys; address, Superintendent Bowman; presentation of diplomas, Alta Croucher, chairman board.

The stage was profusely decorated with rose garlands and other flower wreaths. The letter "H" was cleverly woven with flowers on the back of the stage. There were about 75 parents and friends present.

The graduation class is as follows: Edith Shelly, Grace Anning, Golda Mae Brunson, Muriel Stocks, Beulah Johnson, Marie Dole, Catherine Coy, Dick Van Keuren, Raymond Miller, Jesse Cummings, Willis Pratt, Monroe McGonagle, Newton Smith, Glenn Smith, Robert Kent, Kenneth Lewman.

Stows in Medford—Captain and Mrs. Harold E. Stow are leaving this evening for San Francisco, where they will enter hospitals for medical attention. They returned to Medford from the south Friday evening, for the week-end. Captain Stow last week received orders to sail from New York for Panama Canal zone, where he is to be stationed.

Studebaker will assume his new duties September 1. Phone 542. We'll haul away your refuse. City Sanitary Service.

# FORMER AGNESS CAMP COMMANDER IS DEAD

Captain Harold E. Stow, 4th Infantry, who returned to Medford Saturday from San Francisco, brought news of the death Tuesday of Captain Miron J. Rockwell, 10th FA, at Letterman's General hospital in San Francisco.

Captain Rockwell had been ill at the hospital for the past month. Last summer he was commanding officer of Company 964 at Agness, Ore., and until December 20 was in command of the same company at Camp Port Orford. He reported to the Medford CCC district from his regular station at Fort Lewis.

**Federal Education Chief Resigns Job**

WASHINGTON, May 18.—(AP)—Dr. George F. Zook resigned today as United States commissioner of education, effective July 1.

John Ward Studebaker, superintendent of schools of Des Moines, Iowa, will succeed him.

# BATTER CHATTER

**LOUDLY ASSURES TEAMMATES, AS BATTER STEPS UP, THAT YOU CAN TELL BY LOOKING AT HIM THIS GUY CAN'T HIT A BALLOON**

**STRIKE ONE! GIVES IN DETAIL HIS OPINION OF BATTER'S STYLE, STANCE AND TOTAL INEFFECTIVENESS**

**BEGS PITCHER TO TAKE IT EASY, IF HE TOSSES THEM UNDERHANDED, THIS GUY STILL COULDN'T HIT**

**STRIKE TWO! GOES INTO PAROXYSM OF MERRIMENT**

**SLIGHT INTERRUPTION WHILE HE MAKES SUITABLE REPLY TO BATTER WHO HAS OFFERED TO COME OUT AND KNOCK HIS BLOCK OFF**

**GAME GOES ON WITHOUT BLOODSHED. BATTER ON NEXT PITCH, LINES A HOT ONE BETWEEN HIS LEGS**

**SCUFFS UP DIRT WITH TOE OF SHOE, PRETENDING NOT TO HEAR AS BATTER CIRCLES BASES GIVING HIM THE BIRD**

**CHEERS UP AS NEXT BATTER STEPS TO PLATE AND ASSURES EVERYONE THAT THIS GUY CAN'T HIT A BALLOON**

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"Stop, please—you make it sound so real." Aline made an eloquent gesture. "Stop, please," she begged. "You make it sound so real. I can see that poor man walking up the steps, leaving his footprints in the snow, not knowing that he was going to his death."

She paused, then went on earnestly. "Of course, we shall do everything possible to assist you, Mr. Harper. I know there are lots of questions you want to ask about the house, and the servants, and all that sort of thing. Please feel free to call upon me at any time for such information. It is my sister's home, but I am perfectly familiar with all the details."

Harper bowed. "Thank you, Mrs. Croymen. I shall have lots of questions, but first I have to chart my line of inquiry."

Aline smiled in her friendly manner. "There are many questions I would like to ask, too," she replied, "but I'll restrain my curiosity until a more auspicious time. Meanwhile, all our facilities are at your disposal. I suppose you will be in this room a great deal!"

"Yes, this will be my office and headquarters while I am working on the case."

"I'll leave you to your labors, then," she responded, "and I wish you success."

"Thank you again, Mrs. Croymen. We'll have our talk later in the day," Aline nodded, and, smiling graciously, withdrew.

"THIS is a fine, pleasant-spoken lady she is, Sergeant," was the policeman-guard's comment after she had gone. "Good-looking, too!"

Harper had almost forgotten the man's presence. "Yes, she is," he agreed, "a very charming lady, indeed. If every one else in the house is as frank and cordial it will make this job a lot easier. I'm afraid some of the others are going to be anything but helpful. By the way, what's your name?"

"O'Connell, sir."

"You understand, O'Connell, that no one is to disturb anything in this room. I'll be in and out of here all the time and I want you to keep an eye on things."

"The footprints, Monday, tell their tragic tale."

# S'MATTER POP—

**YOU'LL HAVE TO CULTIVATE AUTO SUGGESTION**

**WHAT'S THAT, POP?**

**KEEP TELLING YOURSELF THERE ARE NO WILD ANIMALS IN THAT DARK ROOM TO HURT YOU**

**OH**

**TRY THAT AND GET TO BED!**

**POP! I WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME.**

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# TAILSPIN TOMMY—Old Tim Is In A Fog!

**EVERY BODY IN TH' WORLD SEEMS TO BE HERE TONIGHT, TOM—AN THEY ALL LOST SOMETHIN'...**

**HOW ABOUT OLD TIM?**

**WE'D BETTER GET HIM TO A DOCTOR—QUICK!**

**WHO STRUCK YOU? TRY AND THINK WHAT HAPPENED, TOM—**

**WURRA! WURRA! BAD CESS TO TH' DIRTY SCAPULEN... HE STRUCK ME LIKE A SNAKE IN TH' GRASS—**

**SIX GUYS GANGED UP ON ME—NO—LEMME THINK... THERE WERE TWELVE— I FOUGHT 'EM ALL SINGLE-HANDED—THIN TWENTY O' TH' BLACKGUARDS SNEAKED UP BEHIND ME AN' SLUGGED ME—**

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# BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Dan Jeppard's Doubts!

**NO MATTER HOW STRONG THE CARRYING BREEZE NOR HOW HARD SHE POUNDED HER ONE ENGINE, IT WOULD BE A FOUR-DAY VOYAGE FOR THE 'MAGGIE METCALFE' TO THE STRETCH OF DEEP BLUE WATER BETWEEN DEAD DOG REEF AND ANCHOR ISLAND, THAT HELD THE TREASURE SHIP 'UYATAN' IN ITS SILENT EMBRACE. MEANTIME, BACK ON HURRICANE ISLAND, OLD DAN JEPPARD FIDGETED UNEASILY.**

**JUST DON'T SEEM TO BE ABLE TO STAY AWAY FROM THE WATERFRONT—WONDER HOW THE FOLKS ARE GETTING ALONG? HELLO, WHERE AM I? WELL NOW, I'LL DROP IN OVER THERE AND HAVE A CHAT WITH CAPN IKE'S WIFE—THAT'LL QUIET MY NERVES DOWN SOME!**

**MORNING, MRS. METCALFE—RECKON ALL OUR FOLKS ARE PRETTY NEAR THERE BY NOW, EH? CAPN IKE WILL—**

**SHUT UP 'SMUGGLER!'**

**CAPN IKE! CAPN IKE! AS NICE A MAN AS EVER SLIT A THROAT OR—**

**NOW WHY'D SHE SHUT THAT PARROT UP SO FAST, AND THEN DRY UP LIKE A BLOTTER HERSELF? AND SHE CALLED THE PARROT 'SMUGGLER'? HUMPH! MY THAT BIRD'S LANGUAGE! OH, DEAR, I DON'T FEEL RIGHT ABOUT THINGS NOW, BUT I HOPE I'M WRONG!**

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# THE NEBBS—Mama's Boy

**NOW, LEMMY, YOU'VE GOT TO STOP WORRYING ABOUT MINNIE— IF SHE DOESN'T LOVE AND APPRECIATE YOU, YOU'RE FOOLISH TO GO AROUND SHOWING THAT YOU MIND IT**

**MR. NEBB, YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN A HUMAN, UNDERSTANDING CHARACTER— TELL ME IF I DID WRONG IN COMING DOWN HERE WITHOUT MY WIFE WHEN SHE FEELS THAT SHE DOESN'T WANT TO SPEND HER LIFE IN A PLACE WHERE SHE'S BEEN A WAITRESS AND, AS SHE SAYS, IS ALWAYS GOING TO BE KNOWN AS A WAITRESS**

**LISTEN, LEM, THERE ARE TWO SIDES TO EVERYTHING, BUT AN ARGUMENT BETWEEN HUSBAND AND WIFE... AND THE WIFE IS ALWAYS RIGHT... RIGHT OR WRONG SHE'S RIGHT SO YOU CAN'T WIN AND YOU LOVE HER AND YOU KNOW YOU'RE RIGHT AND YOU'RE LOOKING AROUND FOR AN EXCUSE TO BE WRONG AND I HOPE YOU FIND IT.**

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# BRINGING UP FATHER

**DAUGHTER— COME BACK HERE— YOU LEFT YOUR CLOVES—**

**HERE YOU ARE—**

**DON'T BE SILLY, DADDY— THAT'S MY NEW BATHING-SUIT—**

**JUST A MINUTE YOU FERGOT THE REST OF IT**

**OH, NO! DIDN'T THAT'S MOTHER'S BATHING-SUIT, DADDY—**

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# PUT ON CLOTHING OR GET, IS EDICT TO NUDIST CAMP

LAKEPORT, Calif., May 19.—(UP)—Nudists must put on their clothes or get out of Lake county, it was vehemently asserted by the Lakeport Young People's Union. The youthful church folk, however, had not yet found much support for their campaign.

The union directed its shafts at the growing nudist colony headed by Maurice Allard, San Francisco, former army sergeant, who has an option on property in a secluded canyon five

miles south of Lakeport on the Lakeport-Hopland highway. The church youths appealed to District Attorney Burt W. Busch, who told them that the law did not prevent nudism, if conducted in seclusion. The union then sent representatives throughout the county, interesting some people and their parents and seeking to get a movement started that will influence the board of supervisors to run the nudists out.

Allard's colony consists of about 40 citizens who trolle during warm weather, unperturbed by the clamor set up by the church youths. Neighboring ranchers said they didn't mind the nudists, who are given to slaying within their own property lines. The colony is constructing a 600-foot swimming tank.

All kinds of . . . blanks for sale for rent, no hunting, no trespassing and other cards for sale at Commercial Printing Dept. of Mail Tribune.

By O. M. Payne

By Hal Forrest

By Edwin Alger

By Sol Hess

By George McManus