

MURDER AT MOCKING HOUSE

BY WALTER C. BROWN

SYNOPSIS: Sergeant Harper has at last explained to his own satisfaction how a murderer killed a stranger and a policeman in Pierre Dufresne's house. But he cannot make a case until he can identify the stranger, and determine how the murderer escaped. He has reconstructed the crime for Lafferty, his helper, and has reached one small fact in the case.

Chapter 34 BANGING DOOR

"NEXT, the murderer rised and dried the second liquor glass and put it back in the cabinet," explained Harper. "The dead man's pockets and clothing were emptied of anything that might establish his identity. But the killer over-reached himself there by making too thorough a job of that. A couple of keys, a pen or pencil, two or three things like that would have created a more normal appearance. By means unknown to us, the murderer then made his escape."

"But what about the banging door?" Lafferty insisted. "The killer took a big chance there. It might have drawn some one's attention while the murderer was in the middle of all those details."

"I've got an answer for that, too. The lock-bar was let down just before the get-away. There was a purpose behind that banging door. It

wouldn't have been fooled for more than ten seconds, unless this man came here to meet them. Which only substitutes one set of absurdities for another. Besides, I am quite convinced that the Whitmores can be dropped from our calculations."

"The next real mystery concerns the threatening letters. What was their object, if action was really contemplated? The letters really meant business, as the ambush proved."

Lafferty thought it over. "You can't dodge the inference that there was a conspiracy afoot to do away with Dufresne. Those letters made no demands for money. Just the threat to kill. That backs up my theory—Mrs. Dufresne teamed up with some one to get rid of her husband. The letters were sent first, as a blind to give us a false lead to work on."

"If Mrs. Dufresne teamed up with some one here in the house, where does our dead man enter the picture? And if not, then who hid the gun this morning? Certainly she did not."

"Just the same, I'm holding out for my theory. She's back of it, and her husband is foolishly trying to cover up for her. We don't know what's been going on in their private lives."



The door was supposed to draw attention.

was supposed to draw attention to the crime!"

"The murderer wanted the bodies discovered right away?"

"Exactly."

"But why was it so important to have the bodies discovered at once?"

"There can be only one answer to that—the murderer had a good alibi and he didn't want to waste it. Had these bodies been lying here all night, discovery would not have come until the Whitmores entered this room. That might have been some time today, perhaps not until tomorrow. But that would not do. The killer wanted it known that the deed was done early last evening. Why, unless he had prepared a protecting alibi?"

"But, Jack, haven't I pointed out that there's a break in the link between the dead man and the crank discovered right away?"

"I don't say he didn't write them, but we can't prove that he did, and the fact remains that none of his fingerprints appear on any of the letter sheets."

"Dufresne himself smeared over some of the early letters, but later he was more careful in his handling of them. There is a pretty fair thumb mark on the left margin of No. 3 letter, but we've combed our own files and submitted it to the U. S. Bureau, with no result. That thumb is not down in the archives nor is our unknown visitor. Which is not very surprising, for from the start it did not seem to be the work of habitual criminals. We'll have to read those letters over and over and try to deduce something from the contents as our knowledge of the case expands."

Harper was interrupted by the entrance of Andrews, who announced that luncheon would be served, if they were ready. Behind him came John Whitmore carrying a small table, which he set up. The butler spread a snowy cloth and proceeded to place the china and silver handed him by his docile assistant.

Sergeant Harper and Lafferty lingered silently by the fireplace while these preparations were going on. Andrews drew up chairs for them and when they were seated Whitmore lumbered in with the silver-lidded platters on a tray. The butler arranged the various dishes, then retreated noiselessly.

"Service de luxe," remarked Lafferty, peering interestedly under the silver covers. "Um. That looks good." He had uncovered a dish of creamed chicken with mushrooms, in a ring of surrant jelly. "And hot biscuits, all snug in a blanket. Steve, you must have a drag with our host. I thought a little snack in the servants' quarters might be the peak of his generosity. He has to tolerate us, but he is not obliged to do so well. He must be trying to soften our hearts."

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Mrs. Croyden reenters the grisly mystery, Monday.

Cans Buy Music Lessons.
RASTRUP, Tex.—(UP)—Catherine Ivey, whose mother is a member of a home demonstration club, pays for music lessons with cans. Home-made products are bartered for music lessons Miss Ivey said she would have missed otherwise.

Wrestling Too Rough.
NEW HAVEN, Conn.—(UP)—There is too much "rough stuff" in the wrestling game to suit Chief of Police Smith. Unless they stop such tactics as incite the patrons to riot, he announced, the bone-crushers will land in a cell.

LARGEST CROWD AT DIAMOND LAKE

DIAMOND LAKE, Ore., June 11.—Limit catches of fine rainbow trout were caught by many at Diamond lake Sunday as the largest crowd of the season enjoyed the perfect weather and fishing. Among the many Medford people at Diamond lake were:

Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Bates, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Walker, Mr. Wilker, Frank Ames, L. E. Clevenger, Dr. Howard, Mr. Miller, G. W. Keith, Leo Williams, Tommy Plymmer, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Ferguson, and Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Koozer.

Out of state guests included: Dr. and Mrs. H. W. Edwards, Los Angeles; Mrs. M. Simpson, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. Carl Otto, Stockton, Calif.; Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Burnett, Oakland, Calif., and Mr. and Mrs. Kelsey, Los Angeles.

F. D. Used Same Key as Wilson.
CINCINNATI.—(UP)—When President Roosevelt pressed a key in Washington to signal the formal opening of Station WLW's 500,000 transmitter here, he touched the same gold-plated telegraph key President Woodrow Wilson tapped 20 years ago to signal the formal opening of the Panama canal.

Anti-Hands-in-Pocket Rule.
BOSTON.—(UP)—An Anti-hands-in-pockets campaign was promulgated by Police Commissioner E. C. Hultman to rid his officers of the habit. He said that he was tired of seeing his men standing in public places with their hands in their pants pockets.

FOREST SERVICE PLANS WAREHOUSE

Word from Washington, D. C., was received recently at the local forest service office that the Rogue River-Medford warehouse project, submitted for consideration last month, has been approved in full. Work will start on the construction as soon as

plans are received from the regional office in Portland.

The new warehouse, with storage buildings and machine shops, will be erected on the McAndrews road, and will include equipment, repair shops and feed lots to keep pack stock during the winter.

Announcement was made by K. P. McReynolds, junior forester, that carpenters and laborers will be selected from the civil service eligibility list. Approximately \$18,000 is estimated as the cost of the project.

Phone 542. We'll haul away your refuse. City Sanitary Service.



GIVE IT A WHIRL

NOW WILLIE IF ALL THE WISE MOTORISTS WERE PLACED END TO END WHERE WOULD THEY BE?

—LINED UP IN FRONT OF A STANDARD GASOLINE STATION FOR SOME TETRAETHYL UNSURPASSED!

RIGHT!

THE KIDS SMART



PLAY-GOER

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

IS TAKEN BY FATHER TO SEE PLAY GIVEN BY HIGH SCHOOL

PAYS ATTENTION FOR FIVE MINUTES, THEN BEGINS TO ASK QUESTIONS IN LOUD VOICE

CONVERSATION IS DISCOURAGED, BUT FINDS THAT BY ROCKING BACK AND FORTH, HE CAN MAKE CHAIR SQUEAK

LABORIOUSLY CLIMBS DOWN TO PICK UP CAP OFF FLOOR

DISCOVERS THAT ONE CAN LIFT SEAT OF CHAIR, AMUSES HIMSELF RAISING AND DROPPING IT

FATHER PICKS HIM UP, SITS HIM IN CHAIR AND TELLS HIM TO BE QUIET. IS QUIET FOR A MINUTE AND A HALF

BEGINS TO GET FIDGELY AGAIN, CLIMBS UP AND STARES AT THE WOMAN IN BACK

ATTEMPTS ACROBATIC FEAT WHICH DOESN'T COME OFF, RESULTING IN LOUD CRASH

IS LED HASTILY OUT AND HOME

(Copyright, 1934, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.) 6-11 GLUYAS WILLIAMS

S'MATTER POP—



LET'S HAVE A LITTLE NATURE STUDY. WHAT IS THIS ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE TREE?

TELL US, POP!

BARK!

BOW, WOW!

BOW, WOW, WOW!

BOW, WOW, WOW!

HM, THAT WAS EXCELLENT, BUT WEVE KINDA GOT TO GET TOGETHER ON THE QUESTION!

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By C. M. Payne

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Was It A Man—Or Woman?



BUT HE WAS DISCHARGED TWO MONTHS BEFORE WILK WAS KILLED AND HE DISAPPEARED

SAY—WE FORGOT BILL BOLTS—TH GREASE MONK WHAT ABOUT HIM, TOM?

SURE—BUT WHEN WILK CANNED HIM—BOLTS SAID—SOME DAY YOU'RE GONNA BE CANNED—WILKINS—ON ICE—PERMANENT—

YES—BUT HOW ABOUT SALLY HALE, SHE CUT WILK WITH A PAPER KNIFE WHEN HE TRIED TO GET FRESH WITH HER—AND SHE SAID—

WELL—SINCE YOU'RE BRINGIN' TH' WOMEN INTO THIS MYSTERY—HOW ABOUT JUNE BRADY? SHE SMACKED WILK IN TH' FACE WHEN HE GOT TOO FAMILIAR—

JUNE IS OUT—SHE COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT—BUT—I'M WONDERING ABOUT ANOTHER GIRL—MYRNA WILCOX—

1896

By Hal Forrest

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Deserted Town



BE DAD, AN' OLD MOTHER NATURE SURE TOOK A POKE AT THIS BURG!

YOU CAN'T BEAT A HURRICANE FOR DESTRUCTION—LOOK AT THESE RUINS—

CAP'N IKE SAYS THERE ISN'T A LIVING SOUL ON ALL OF ANCHOR ISLAND—

WELL, I MUST SAY I CAN'T BLAME FOLKS FOR LEAVIN'—THEM AS STILL HAD THEIR LIVES AFTER THE HURRICANE, I MEAN—

ONE THING'S CERTAIN—WE WON'T BE BOTHERED BY ANY OUTSIDERS WHEN WE START BRINGING UP THE TREASURE—

WHAT ABOUT INSIDERS? THEM'RE THE ONES I'M WORRIED ABOUT!

43

By Edwin Alger

THE NEBBES—I'm Tired and Sleepy Too



RUDY, AREN'T YOU GOING TO GET DRESSED? WE'RE INVITED TO FRED BALLIN'S HOUSE FOR CARDS TONIGHT.

NOT ME—AFTER THE DAY'S WORK I'VE DONE I'M GOING TO GRAB MYSELF SOME REST.

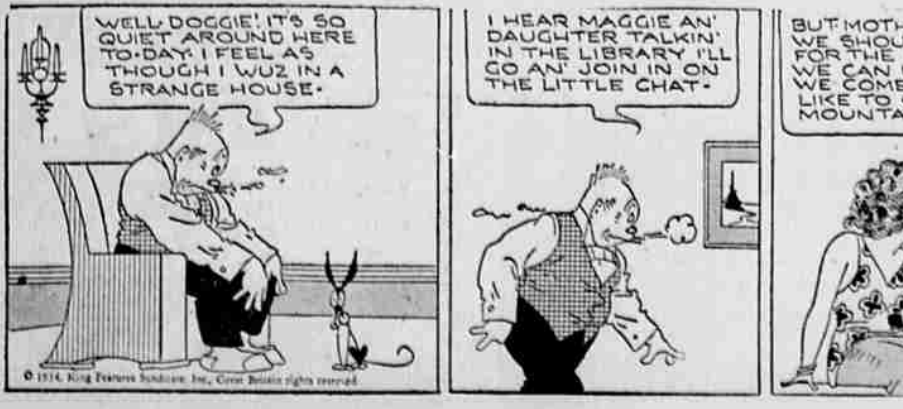
PLEASE, WOMAN, PLEASE, OH, PLEASE LEAVE ME ALONE! I WOULDN'T GO OUT TONIGHT IF I WAS A LIFE SAVER AND PEOPLE WERE SHRIEKING FOR HELP!

IF HE DIDN'T SNORE I COULD RENT HIM OUT TO SOME UNDERTAKER AFTER 7 P.M. FOR A WINDOW ATTRACTION—IF HE WAS AS BUSY AS HE THINKS HE IS, THE N.R.A. WOULD MAKE HIM HIRE A HUNDRED PEOPLE TO HELP HIM

6-11

By Sol Hess

BRINGING UP FATHER



WELL, DOGGIE, IT'S SO QUIET AROUND HERE TO-DAY, I FEEL AS THOUGH I WUZ IN A STRANGE HOUSE.

I HEAR MAGGIE AN' DAUGHTER TALKIN' IN THE LIBRARY—I'LL GO AN' JOIN IN ON THE LITTLE CHAT.

BUT MOTHER, I THINK WE SHOULD GO AWAY FOR THE SUMMER—WE CAN MOVE AFTER WE COME HOME—I'D LIKE TO GO TO THE MOUNTAINS.

HUH! JUST LIKE YOUR FATHER—ONLY THINKING OF YOURSELF—WELL, MOVE FIRST AND GET SETTLED—THEN WE'LL DECIDE WHERE WE'LL GO.

I'LL STAY UP HERE UNTIL THAT LITTLE CHAT IS OVER.

6-11

By George McManus

QUALITY GUM

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM
THE PERFECT GUM
AIDS DIGESTION