

MURDER AT MOCKING HOUSE

BY WALTER C. BROWN

SYNOPSIS: Who is the person who murdered a policeman and a stranger in Pierre Dufrene's house, Sergeant Harper has discovered that a set of threatening letters sent Dufrene was written on paper taken from his house, and that at the time Ellen Becker, a maid, left the Dufrenes employ there had been a "scene" between her master and mistress. Harper is questioning the Dufrene gardener.

Chapter 40
ELLEN BECKER

"Was there anything between Becker and young Donaghy?" Harper asked, with quick perception. Whitmore pulled on his pipe while he meditated. "Well, sometimes I thought yes and sometimes no. "When did she leave?" "The middle of November. I remember, because we're paid on the 15th and 30th, and the 15th was her last pay." "Where is she working now?" "I don't know. She never wrote to anybody nor came back to see us. She had an uncle who ran a little grocery store somewhere in the city, and that's all I ever heard about her family. She did tell me his name once, but I've forgotten, except that it wasn't Becker. Ellen wasn't much for talking about her own affairs, although she had a lot of ideas like

Donaghy put in a prompt appearance, slick and span in his uniform and bearing himself with a jauntness that may have been designed to nuzzle the detective. "You sent for me, Sergeant? Are there any holes in my alibi?" Harper looked him up and down coolly. "That's a matter for Headquarters to check, Donaghy. What I want to see you about is something entirely different."

"At your service," Donaghy replied airily. The detective frowned at the impudent tone. He placed paper and pencil before the chauffeur. "I want you to print the words I dictate to you. Print, you understand, not write?" Donaghy poised the pencil. "I get you," he said. "You think I wrote those letters." He chuckled. "Not me, Sergeant. I always stick to speeches." "Then there will be no harm in making sure," Harper retorted, drily. Donaghy went through the double test docilely enough, but he evidently considered it as a joke and laughed as he handed over the last paper. As Harper looked them over Donaghy said, "I thought the letter question was all washed up. Didn't the man who was killed write them?"



"I get you," Donaghy said.

Joe about rich people." Whitmore laughed. "Maybe she went out and got herself a rich widower."

A rapping at the door afforded Harper a graceful way of bringing the prolonged interview to an end. When the detective opened the door he found the same brisk young man who had run down the origin of the dead man's disguise so successfully. Whitmore went out and the man from the Central Bureau entered, handing over a batch of reports from Headquarters. "Nothing very important in these, I'm afraid, Sergeant," he commented.

"I'm glad you came up, Harris," Harper replied. "I liked the way you handled that Pagliotti matter. I'm going to give you another assignment, a harder one this time."

Young Harris sat silent and alert while Harper thought over bits of John Whitmore's talk. So there had been a serious quarrel between Pierre Dufrene and his wife in November. A quarrel inspired by jealousy, real or fancied.

Whitmore thought that Ellen Becker was prying and sly and that there may have been something between Donaghy and her. On the 15th of that month Ellen had departed, somewhat mysteriously. On the 19th had come the first threatening letter.

Then, on the day after the murders Donaghy had been surprised with a pocketful of money, as a result of "backing the right horse." Were these facts links in a chain or not?

SERGEANT HARPER looked into Harris' keen eyes and spoke decisively. "Harris, there was a maid in this house named Ellen Becker. She left last November 15th. I want her present address. All I can tell you is that she had an uncle who ran a grocery store, but his name was not Becker. When you get her address, camp outside until I can get there. If there's anything in my tip, she may be warned to skip out of the city. I leave all the details to you, Harris, but find Ellen Becker!" "Yes, sir!" Harris took up his overcoat and hat and departed. Harper pressed the button, and when Andrews appeared asked him to send in Donaghy.

"What makes you think so?" Harper countered. "Oh, just plain reasoning, logic, or whatever you want to call it."

DONAGHY'S eyes were fastened on the detective. Under his bantering manner he was eager for information, anxious to draw the detective into a discussion of the case. A virile, handsome face, that of Donaghy, but marred by those discontented lines about his mouth. Behind the cocky manner Harper suspected an intelligence of no mean order.

"Donaghy, do you still maintain that you cannot identify the man who was found in that chair?"

The chauffeur shook his head. "I never saw him before, and that's the truth."

"Donaghy, you're lying to me!" Even this bald challenge failed to ruffle the chauffeur's nonchalance, and Harper took this as a bad sign. "If you know who this man is and withhold that information, you are guilty of wilfully obstructing justice. And that, Donaghy, in case you don't know it, can be built up into a jail sentence."

The chauffeur shrugged. "I can't tell you what I don't know," he repeated.

Harper perched on the edge of the table and looked keenly down at the sullen face. "You're a very cocky lad, but I wouldn't let a little temporary prosperity go to my head."

"What do you mean?" Donaghy instantly sensed the subtle change in Harper's voice. "Don't beat around the bush, Sergeant. If you've got anything to say, say it!"

"Don't get nervous. That was only my way of suggesting that it's a little dangerous these days to carry a large amount of cash on your person."

The dark eyes narrowed. "What money?"

"Don't try to bluff me, Donaghy. I could have you searched right here and now. I was referring to the money you won by 'backing the right horse.' I didn't notice any hundred to one horses coming through. Did your horse have a French name, by any chance?"

(Copyright, 1934, by Walter C. Brown.)
Monday, Donaghy "blows up."

Another State Probe
WASHINGTON, June 16.—(AP) Vice President Garner today named Senator Bankhead (D., Ala.)—in place of Senator Byrnes (D., S. C.)—to head the special senate committee to investigate campaign expenditures in the 1934 senatorial election contest.

Novelist Honored.
BURLINGTON, Vt., June 18.—(AP) Sophie Kerr, the novelist, today received the honorary degree of doctor of literature from the University of Vermont. It was conferred upon her at the university's 143rd commencement, and was one of six.

IRRADIATED MILK LIQUID SUNSHINE

The expected has happened! Once more a great industry has given women what they want. This time the health offering is irradiated evaporated Pet milk. Homemakers, who have been clamoring for an inexpensive family food to supply the much needed "sunshine" vitamin D evaporated milk will be available to everyone—in the smallest village as well as in the large cities.

You won't be able to tell, unless you inspect the label, that this new milk is fortified with vitamin D. It looks the same—tastes the same—costs the same as the old-fashioned kind. Only in its added health value is it different, says Howard Young, representative here for the Pet Milk Sales Corporation.

There is no mystery about the way in which a simple everyday food becomes a rival of the sun. When you take a sunbath, what happens? While you are feeling relaxed—thinking, perhaps, what a nice tan you're getting—important changes are taking place in your skin. The ergosterol which is naturally present there is being turned into vitamin D by the ultra-violet rays of the sun.

In the case of milk artificial ultra-violet rays are used to change the ergosterol in it to vitamin D. When you drink or eat irradiated foods you may miss the glow and warmth of the sun but you do get the vitamin which nature meant us all to have. It is vitamin D, as you know, which makes sure that calcium and phosphorus do their duties as bone and tooth-builders. Babies who are deprived of this vitamin develop rickets

even though they are getting plenty of calcium and phosphorus; children and adults have numerous cavities in their teeth. At all ages, general health suffers—as it always does when the diet fails to furnish some vital element.

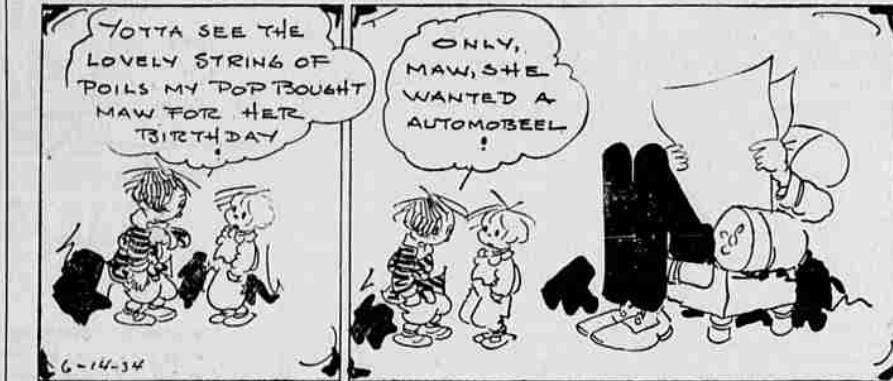
Milk is our most dependable source of calcium and phosphorus. That is why it is recommended for everyone—babies, young children, skinny sons, dieting daughters, expectant mothers and tired business men. It seems logical—and convenient—to get vitamin D right along with the minerals which it controls so directly.

When irradiated Pet milk is used as the sole source of vitamin D for babies, the amount should be specified by a physician who will make sure the quantity is large enough to protect the child from rickets. For school children and adults, the vitamin D equivalent of a teaspoon of cod liver oil is ample. You can get this from half a tall can of vitamin D evaporated milk, or from 1-3 cups of plain milk mixed with a vitamin D malt cocoa powder, or from six slices of vitamin D bread. You will also get small amounts from eggs, salmon, herring, cream and butter.

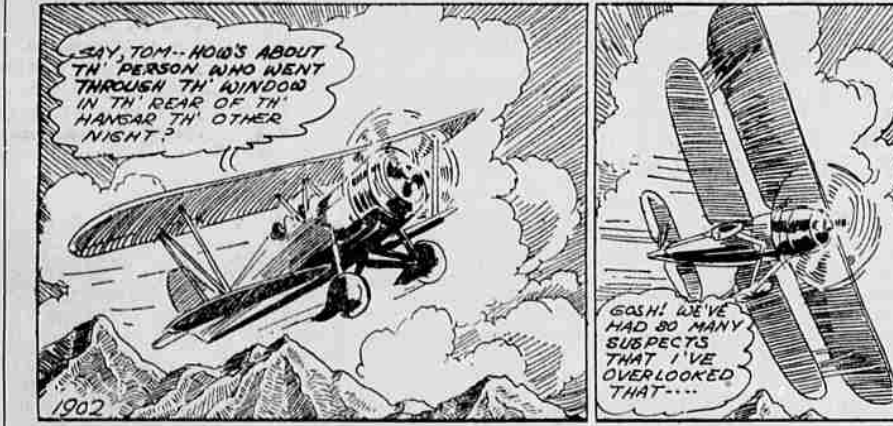
GIVE IT A WHIRL



S'MATTER POP—



TAILSPIN TOMMY—A New One!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Instructions



THE NEBBS—The Parting of the Ways



BRINGING UP FATHER



SNAPSHOTS OF A SMALL BOY PUTTING HIS RUBBERS ON

BY GLUYAS WILLIAMS



QUALITY GUM
WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM
AIDS DIGESTION