

# Murder at MOCKING HOUSE

BY WALTER C. BROWN

Chapter 52  
TABLES TURNED

"THEN you are not going to arrest me?" Mrs. Croyden gasped. "Oh, yes. That much is necessary, in any case. But before I take you away I am going to inform your husband of the facts."

"Don't do that! Please, I can't face any one now. Take me away without letting any one know. I have confessed. What more do you want?"

"I want to know who was in this room when you marked that table with your ring!" Harper retorted.

Mrs. Croyden reached out a hand blindly and collapsed in a chair. Detective Lafferty arrived post-haste, stopping in surprise at sight of Mrs. Croyden's grief-stricken face and Harper's stern features. The Sergeant of Detectives wasted no time in explanation. "I have just placed Mrs. Croyden under arrest," he said. "You will take charge of her until I come back."

Andrews was lingering in the depths of the hall, a prey to that troubled vision of Aline Croyden, harassed and stricken Harper strode up to the butler. "Have you seen Mr. Croyden?" he inquired.

"Mr. Croyden has gone across to his own house," Andrews answered. "How long ago?"

"About half an hour, sir." Harper snatched up his hat and overcoat. Putting them on as he went, he bolted through the back door, passed the garage, vaulted over the three-foot stone wall and cut across to the back of the planter's house. The doors of the garage were open, but both cars were there—Richard's large gray limousine and his wife's small blue roadster.

He went around to the front and rang the bell. A housemaid in a white cap and apron opened the door. The sound of a piano penetrated the quiet of the house and the soft cascade of harmony increased the detective's distaste and reluctance to perform the duty that lay before him.

The maid re-appeared in the hall, beckoning him toward the music-room. He entered, just as Richard Croyden rose from the piano. "What brings you over here, Sergeant?" the latter asked. His tone sounded perturbed and his hands nervously grasped the lapels of his house-jacket.

"I have very grave news for you, Mr. Croyden. Your wife has just confessed to having committed murder. She has given me a very circumstantial account of the methods she employed, as well as her motives. She has put into my possession all the facts except the real identity of the man, H.D. This she refuses to divulge. She has surrendered and intends to plead guilty. Before taking her away, I thought it only fair that you should be notified." He paused, then repeated with peculiar emphasis, "You understand, Mr. Croyden, she gave me a very circumstantial account."

Richard Croyden cocked his head a trifle at the significant tone of the detective's repeated statement. For a moment vital with unspoken thought they eyed each other gravely, then Croyden drew a deep breath, squared his shoulders, and turned.

"I CAN'T let her do it!" The words rushed out in one breath. "Whatever story she told you, Harper, I see that you have found out the truth. I did the killing and I'll face the consequences. I can't hide behind my wife's confession."

Harper said, "She intends to take her oath in Court."

Richard Croyden put his hand on the detective's shoulder. "Thanks, Harper. You are blessed with understanding, but we can't let her go through with it. There are some things in life not worth buying."

He smiled wearily. "I'll go with you quietly; isn't that the correct phrase? Nothing that happens now can be worse than the hell I've now been through already."

"Your wife's story, then, is true in detail, except that you, and not she, carried it out?"

"I have no doubt it was, Harper. She would have no incentive to mislead you, except by substituting her name for mine. We can get that all cleared up later. I shall offer no defense. Both of us talked this thing over and over last night, but I had no idea she had any such plan in her head."

"She felt she was solely to blame. You see, our marriage went on the rocks long ago. I began to get wind of this last tangle and when it began to get desperate I managed to get

the truth out of her. When my plans were ready I kept the rendezvous in her place," he explained grimly.

"How I ever got downtown and through this concert, I don't know. I kept looking at my hands all the time to see if there was blood on them."

Croyden drew a long breath. "As for Donaghy, he was another snake. There was no way of dealing with him except the way I did. He had the nerve to repeat his terms to my face. He thought I didn't have the courage to shut him up. I was a fool, though, to try pitting my amateur skill against you professionals. I may as well have faced it from the beginning."

"It was those very touches you call 'amateur' that were the hardest to solve," Harper replied. "I have never tackled a more complicated case."

Croyden looked out into the distance again. "This is a very tame fish, Harper, but the worst is over for me. Somehow it never seemed real. It was like something in a nightmare or like rolling down a steep hill. You start easily, then you find you can't stop, but keep going faster and faster until you crash at the bottom. Then you wake up."

He passed his hand wearily over his forehead. "I don't care what happens. I shall admit my guilt and take what comes. My wife and I understand each other better now, but I'm afraid it's come too late to do either of us any good."

With deliberate fingers he lowered the lid of the piano and closed the cover over the keyboard. He turned the lock and dropped the tiny key into the detective's palm. "This will be a long farewell, I think," he looked at those strong fingers of his. "I am ready," he stated, simply.

The maid brought Richard Croyden's hat and coat, while Harper stood silently waiting. Together they left the house and took their way by the right-angled course that led them to the entrance of the Dufresne mansion. The police limousine in which the Headquarters men had arrived still waited at the curb.

Once inside, Harper drew Croyden into the drawing-room. "Before we go in there, let me give you a word of advice. My part in this case practically ends at this point. When you get into Court tell your whole story, freely and frankly. Don't let any quixotic idea lead you into half-truths and evasions."

"And don't let any smart lawyer talk you into taking refuge in technicalities of the law. If I know anything about juries you'll regret it. My personal sympathy goes with you. I understand the forces that drove you on and by the real principles of justice you ought not to stand alone in the dock. Now, is there any one you want to speak to before we leave?"

Croyden shook his head. "No, thank you. Let us get out quietly. The others will learn of it soon enough, and I hate scenes."

Aline Croyden started up when they entered the breakfast-room, and the anxious-looking Lafferty seemed relieved. She needed but one glance to see what had transpired in the meeting between the detective and her husband. "Richard! Richard!" she sobbed, "you should not have said anything. It was all my fault!"

Richard crossed to her instantly and put his arm gently around her. "Your eyes were alight with that love that would not perish, no matter how tried with martyrdom. Keep up your courage, Aline," he said, and stooping over, murmured a private message of hope into her ear.

Still with his arm about her shoulders, Croyden cast a quick look of appeal to Harper over the banded head. The detective drew Lafferty aside and quietly gave him instructions about their removal and the charges to be lodged against them. Lafferty listened with a matter-of-fact air that did not quite conceal his lively curiosity, but this was neither the time nor the place for questions and explanations.

Harper watched their departure from the doorway of the breakfast-room. Richard Croyden and his wife walked side by side, the watchful Lafferty stalking at their heels. He heard the front door close, then the door of the waiting auto slammed and the motor stirred into action. After that there was silence. The curtain had been rung down on the drama.

(Copyright, 1934, by Walter C. Brown.)

Pierre Dufresne gets some advice Monday.

## SLOVENLY DRAWN ACT LOSES FEES TO GENERAL FUND

SALEM, Ore.—(UP)—By a strange wording of laws passed in the 1933 legislative session the utility and forestry departments are escaping payment of the "lithing act" fees.

Attention was called to this fact today when the state treasury pointed out that gross assessments and fees collected by these departments have exceeded \$75,000 each for the fiscal year ending June 30.

An act passed by the legislature authorizes the treasury to transfer 10 per cent of receipts collected by a number of departments, including utility and forestry, on account of \$75,000 or less by these departments.

A companion bill specifies that named commissions and departments collecting over \$75,000 in fees shall pay 3 per cent of such sums into the general fund. The utility and forestry departments were not mentioned in the companion bill.

Attorney-General T. H. Winkle has ruled that the two departments are exempt under the law.

Utility department fees for the year total approximately \$100,000, while the forestry department up to June 10 had collected \$85,000.

Purpose of the lithing act was to collect 10 per cent of fees assessed by some 20 boards and commissions to help defray general state operating expenses.

The forest department levies fees up to 5 cents an acre for patrol work in areas leveled on property tax rolls by county courts.

Failure of the law to include the forestry and utilities department will cost the state's general fund a loss of approximately \$35,000, officials estimated.

Astoria Names Queen  
ASTORIA, Ore., July 2.—(AP)—The Astoria regatta committee today announced that Miss Josephine Waffle, senior student at University of Oregon, has been appointed queen of the regatta to be held the latter part of August.

Dallas Bank Deal Oked  
SALEM, Ore., July 2.—(AP)—A. A. Schramm, state superintendent of banks, today approved the purchase by the Dallas City bank of the assets and deposit liabilities of the Dallas National bank. The transaction will take place at the close of business today.

## Rabbit Wool Togs For Quintuplets Sent From Eugene

EUGENE, July 2.—(AP)—Five complete sets of booties, caps and jackets, hand-crocheted from angora rabbit wool, were sent to the world famous Dionne quintuplets in Corbiel, Ont., today as a goodwill gift from the Eugene chamber of commerce.

The five sets were crocheted by Mrs. W. T. Wilder of Eugene and were made from rabbit yarn manufactured here. The rabbit wool is said to be ten times warmer than any other material.

## BLISTER RUST CONTROL CHIEF IS TRANSFERRED

SALEM, Ore.—(UP)—L. L. Gooding, pathologist who had charge of pine blister rust control in the Pacific northwest for the past three years, has been transferred to Tucson, Arizona, to head the southwest unit of erosion-plant studies. He has been at Oregon State College since 1922.

Out of 3,743 weddings in Milwaukee last year, the knot was tied in 3,043 instances by ordained ministers, with justices of the peace and judges dividing the remainder.

## SUN BATHING CAN CAUSE TROUBLES

SALEM, Ore.—(UP)—Persons subjected to severe sunburn today were warned by the state board of health to be circumspect while taking sun baths.

"Individuals sensitive to light may develop a number of skin disorders as well as a general disturbance such as high fever, delirium and serious meningitis," the board said.

Most people are benefited by moderate sun bathing.

"Extreme sunlight treatments and ultra violet irradiation, however, should not be taken without competent medical advice," Dr. Frederick D. Strickler, state health officer, counseled.

Age is an important factor in sun bathing since the very old and young demand greater protection. Usually brunettes can stand more sunshine without harm than blondes.

"Take your sun baths like any form of recreation, in moderation and with common sense," the board warned.

California Epidemic Figures  
SAN FRANCISCO July 2.—(AP)—With more than 1,333 cases of epi-

## demie poliomyelitis (infantile paralysis) reported in California since January 1. Dr. J. D. Dunham, state director of public health, expressed fear today the cases probably would outnumber those of any previous year.

Mine Equipment Destroyed  
BEND, Ore., July 2.—(AP)—Fire believed to have started from a stove, swept through the laboratory building at the Lower Bridge. Dynamite mines today, destroying valuable equipment, including microscopes and electric motors.

III. She Kills Self  
DE LAKE, Ore., July 2.—(AP)—Mrs. Brian Montelle Carpenter, 37, of Chicago, died at Taft, Ore., today from a self-inflicted bullet wound and a coroner's jury returned a verdict of suicide.

## LUMBER OUTPUT FALLS IN WEEK

SEATTLE, July 2.—(AP)—A production of 48,261,953 feet of lumber for the week ending June 23 was reported by 558 down and operating mills in Oregon and Washington, the West Coast Lumbermen's Association said today. This was about 1,400,000 feet under the previous week.

New business reported by 551 mills was 45,872,224 feet against a production of 49,016,405 feet and shipments of 38,233,096 feet. Shipments were

22.1 per cent under production and current sales 7 per cent under production. Unfilled orders stood at 480,346,802 feet, an increase of about 3,000,000 feet over the previous week. Lumbermen, the association commented, blame slack building throughout the country and the longshore strike for the slump in production, orders and shipments.

Oregon Weather.  
Generally fair tonight and Tuesday but local afternoon thunderstorms in mountains of east portion; warmer interior northwest portion tonight; gentle northerly wind offshore.

The average yearly crop loss to farmers caused by insects, it is estimated, is \$1,800,000,000.

## SNAPSHOTS OF A BOY BEING QUIET

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

7-2

GETS UP EARLY TO GO OUT AND PLAY. REMEMBERS PARENTS' WARNING TO BE QUIET SO AS NOT TO WAKE REST OF FAMILY

FEELS SO CHEERFUL BURNS INTO A FEW BARS OF SHRILL WHISTLING BEFORE REMEMBERING A-BOY BEING QUIET

SHOE LACE BEING TIED IN A KNOT HAS TROUBLE GETTING SHOE ON

SOVES DIFFICULTY BY STAMPING IT ON

WASHES, AND GETS A DRINK OF WATER, GLASS SLIPPING OUT OF HIS HAND WITH A CLATTER INTO WASH BOWL

CLUMPS DOWNSTAIRS. REMEMBERS ABOUT QUIET, AND COVERS LAST TWO STEPS ON TIPTOE

GETS SWEATER OUT OF CLOSET, SLAMMING CLOSET DOOR BEFORE THINKING

TO MAKE UP EYES FRONT DOOR SHUT VERY GENTLY, AND GOES OFF HAPPILY, LEAVING FAMILY WIDE AWAKE

(Copyright, 1934, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

## 'MATTER POP—

POP, WANTA SEE A SMILING FACE TURNED INTO A CRYIN' FACE?

SURE! SOME MAGIC WORK WITH A PENCIL, I PRESUME!

SMACK!

OH, IT IS DONE WITH A HAIR BRUSH! I WAS AWAY OFF!

LOOK AT THAT WALL!

(Copyright, 1934, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

## TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Last Bomb

THE LAST EPISODE OF "MIDNIGHT PATROL" IS BEING FILMED—"THE RAID ON THE JERRY HANGARS!" THE PLANES ARE NOW OVER THE HANGARS AND ARE ABOUT TO DROP REAL BOMBS WHILE CAMERAMEN ABOVE AND BELOW RECORD THE SCENE.

1914

WELL, SWEETS, THERE GOES THE LAST BOMBER.

TOOK 'EM LONG ENOUGH TO GET OFF...

GREAT SCOTT, WIM-- WE'VE DROPPED A BOMB RIGHT OVER THE THREE-POINT BUILDINGS!

(Copyright, 1934, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

## THE NEBBS—Innocence

SAY, HOW ABOUT THAT RESERVATION FOR YOUR SICK SWEETHEART, CONNIE? SHE WAS DUE HERE SATURDAY. I CAN'T HOLD THIS ROOM OPEN ANY LONGER UNLESS YOU WANT TO PAY.

OH-AH-ER-- I GOT A LETTER FROM HER.

AFTER I SENT HER THE MONEY SHE WROTE ME SHE GOT SICKER AND COULDN'T TRAVEL BUT WOULD COME DOWN WHEN SHE GOT BETTER-LIKE SO SHE CAN TRAVEL.

AND YOU'RE BELIEVING THAT, TOO? LITTLE BOB DEEP HAS LOST HIS SHEEP.

WELL YOU'D BETTER GET HER TRAVELING MONEY TOGETHER BECAUSE SHE'S GOING TO SEND FOR IT AND SHE'S GOING TO TRAVEL CHANCES ARE THAT SHE NEVER STUDIED GEOGRAPHY AND MIGHT TRAVEL THE WRONG WAY.

NO SHE COULDN'T DO THAT-- PEOPLE WHEN THEY'RE SICK DON'T TAKE NO ADVANTAGE.

(Copyright, 1934, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

## BRINGING UP FATHER

BY GOLLY, I'M GOIN' HOME AN' TAKE 'NAP' CAN'T GITA MINUTE TO THE OFFICE.

AH! THIS IS MORE LIKE IT-- WON'T EVEN ANSWER THE PHONE IF IT RINGS--

OH! I'M SO GLAD YOU CAME HOME OUR MAID QUIT AND I FIRED HER-- BUT I'D TAKE TO HAVE COBBAN GO-NIGHT SO I HAVE A LOT OF THINGS FOR YOU TO DO

HUH?

WHEN YOU GET THROUGH IN THE KITCHEN-- I HAVE COHEN-- I WAS HERE FOR OTHER THINGS FOR YOU TO FIX UP--

BAH!

(Copyright, 1934, by King Features Syndicate, Inc. King's right reserved.)

## Miners Hurt

WALLACE, Idaho, July 2.—(AP)—John Griffith, 60, who came to the Court d'Alene region two months ago from Baker, Ore., was killed outright and a companion, Charles Williams, 30, of Murray, was injured today when a skip broke loose and crashed 240 feet to the bottom of an incline at the Four-Square gold property near Murray.

## Barber Kills Self

SEATTLE, July 2.—(AP)—Willard Stevenson, 34, barber, formerly of Walla Walla, killed himself with gas today. Coroner's officers said he was despondent because of a temporary separation from his wife, and had been drinking lately.

## Swim caps at cost at the Medford Pharmacy.

ENJOY WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM 5¢ AND WORTH IT!

THE PERFECT GUM SWEETENS THE BREATH