

# The Sky-scraper Mystery

by SAMUEL SPEWACK

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE  
Phillip Edison is host at a night-club party to his just recently-divorced wife and Oliver Sewell, sportsman and Don Juan. Edison presumes that Sewell and the divorcee are to be married. When the party breaks up, Edison goes to Sewell's home and, while he is waiting for his return, he notices Sewell has been found dead. Inspector Marx begins a police investigation. He questions Sewell's Russian valet. The elevator operator is also questioned. He did not see Sewell return.

## NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER V.

MARX walked over to the mirror and tapped it. "You can't stand in a mirror," he announced finally. "No, this isn't Alice in Wonderland."

"What was that case?" demanded Marx. The doctor didn't reply. And then Marx continued: "There are mirrors all over the wall behind there. That's solid."

"Perhaps," suggested the doctor, "Sewell was placed in this chair after he was shot."

Marx considered that, and then mopped his forehead. "This is a case of a cock-eyed murder. In the first place, everybody swears Sewell left the house, but didn't come back. How Sewell got back at all is a Chinese puzzle. Then you tell me he wasn't shot in the chair. Nobody saw Sewell come up here, and nobody saw the guy who killed him come up here."

"And yet there he is," the doctor's eyes twinkled. "A nice problem for you to solve."

"Thanks. You can have it," Marx growled. "Really? I'd love to take a hand in a murder mystery," the doctor enthused. "Something I've always wanted to do."

"All right, kid," agreed Marx morosely. "Have a good time."

"I shall," promised the doctor. "All right, Professor," Marx sneered slightly. "You know all we know right now. Here's the stuff. Whoever did him either opened the door with a key or was let in by Sewell. All the other doors were locked from the inside. Nobody saw Sewell come back after he left this evening. A gentleman named Van Nest Edison called for him at two and learned he was murdered. And that's all."

"Have you searched the place?" demanded the doctor. "Not yet. But I suppose we might as well begin now. What's this?" Marx pointed to an unusual piece of furniture, built in blocks of mahogany, and in the form of a modern skyscraper. "That," explained the doctor, "is a futurist secretary. Mr. Sewell apparently was a true New Yorker. He swallowed the fashions in furniture to the minute. He had the best people now have adopted futurism."

Marx slid the drawers out, and drew forth a bundle of old papers. Upon examination, he found only routine bills. A second compartment disclosed four photographs, all of women, and all of them unsmiling. In bathing suits, evening gowns, with and without Borzoi companions, profile, full face and figure. Marx made vulgar comments, and Carraway laughed uproariously. But the doctor looked grave. He picked up one of the photographs. "Did you say that Mr. Van Nest Edison called here?" "Yes," said Marx. "Well," said the doctor, "this photo is Mrs. Edison, or I very much miss my bet."

The telephone jangled violently. Carraway answered. He put his hand on the mouthpiece. "Lucy Lally calling," he announced. "She's got a tip for me. She's been feeding us a lot of stuff, ever since we threatened to close her joint. Hello, Lucy. Carraway said. Yes. He's dead all right. Who? Edison? Yes. All right. Lucy, thank you. Carraway turned to Marx. "About one o'clock in the morning Sewell, Edison and Mrs. Ed-

son went up to the club. They stayed about an hour. They were celebrating the divorce. And Lucy heard Edison and Mrs. Edison fighting over something."

"Now," insisted the doctor, "I'll swear that's a photo of Mrs. Edison."

"Where does Edison live?" demanded Marx. "I'll find out for you," volunteered Carraway.

"I want a little chat with him, and I imagine the District Attorney will want one, too. Also Mrs. Edison."

"All right," said Carraway, eagerly. "I'll go after them myself."

"It seems," said the doctor, when Carraway had left, "that you are getting somewhere. How about a further search?"

"Sure," agreed Marx. They explored the built-in bookcase. Sewell evidently had been a connoisseur in erotic literature, and his collection was both comprehensive and expensive.

"Hot stuff!" commented Marx thumbing the pages. "This baby surely had a single-track mind."

Then they moved upstairs to the bedroom. Marx opened the first of the four closets. He found a complete wardrobe, a woman's wardrobe, from lingerie to coats, and the dominant color theme was blue. There were shoes, slippers, stockings, gowns, pajamas—all blue.

The doctor, meanwhile, had opened the adjoining closet. And he, too, found a complete wardrobe—but the color now was silver.

"Holy mackerel!" muttered Marx, wiping his bull neck. "Did I ever see anything like this. The doctor opened still another closet, and found a wardrobe of red and another of gold.

"By the way," commented the doctor, "All this belongs to four different women. Look at the sizes. He seemed strangely excited. "There's a woman in blue, a woman in silver, a woman in red, and a woman in gold." He laughed. "Seems absurd, doesn't it? And yet there it is. And you noticed there were four photographs of four women."

"Uhh!" Marx agreed. "And Sewell," continued the doctor, "had the quaint notion of separating them with colors. Curious mind. Pathological, I should judge."

"Just a nut on women," agreed Marx. The doctor lit a cigarette slowly. "I'm going to get some sleep," said Marx. "They'll be bringing the Edisons down about nine to the District Attorney's office. I gotta be awake when they come."

"And I've still an autopsy to perform," said the doctor, "and make a voluminous report to make."

"Let's call it a night," agreed Marx. They made their way down the walnut stairway to the mirrored living room. The doctor stopped in front of a small wall-safe. "I wonder if that holds anything of interest?" "We'll break it open tomorrow," said Marx. The doctor idly twirled the combination. To his surprise, he opened the safe. "It hasn't been locked!" he exclaimed. Marx put his hand into the small compartment. He drew out a piece of paper. "What's this?" he demanded, peering at the paper. It might have been torn from a memorandum book, and across the white strip of paper was written ten in heavy black letters: PAID IN FULL.

individual who introduced himself as Major Preston. The Major's habitat was New Jersey, and he had acquired his military title by virtue of friendship with one of the Governors. He had the red face, the quick eye and the clothes of the racing patron, and Marx learned that at one time he had been associated with Sewell in various gambling operations.

"Terrible business," groaned the Major, tilting his derby back on his head. "Friend and partner of mine. I got here just as soon as I read the papers."

"Glad you came," Marx approved warmly. "We want to know all we can about Sewell. Don't know very much right now."

"Gosh, I can't tell you anything," the Major sighed. "I guess no one knew very much about him. Close-mouthed, old Sewell was. Close-mouthed. Even to me, and we were doing business for ten years. We've been working together right along, in fact. He was peculiar, poor fellow. Very peculiar."

"When did you see him last?" "About a week ago."

"He didn't," remarked Marx. "ever tell you about anybody who might do him, did he?" "Now!" the Major scouted the notion. "Last thing in the world he'd think of. And it'd be the last thing he'd tell me."

"You never had any trouble with him did you?" "Who, me?" We were pals!" Marx nodded as if satisfied. Then he reached in his pocket for the receipt found in the wall safe. "You recognize this?"

The Major took it and read aloud: "Paid in Full." Then he shook his head determinedly. "No! Never saw it before."

"Don't know the handwriting?" "No!"

"Now, what would Sewell be doing with THAT in his safe?" "God knows!" Marx sat down heavily, stared out of the window in silence. The Major fussed with his derby. "Ever hear Sewell talk about Mrs. Edison?" Marx turned to face the Major now.

"No."

"Or young Edison?" "No."

"Did he ever talk about his wife?" The Major hesitated. "No," he said finally. "Sure."

"Well," he looked at Marx furiously, "I suppose there was nothing to it, but that day at the club she called him up about something and when he got out of the booth he was all fussed up, sort of scared."

"What'd he tell you?" demanded Marx. "Why," stammered the Major, "he was upset about her. They were separated, and she was demanding alimony or something, and when he came out of the telephone booth he says to me: 'Major, that woman's going to be the death of me.'"

"Mmm," growled Marx. "That don't mean nothing."

most important in the new program for better accommodation of the government and beautification of the national capital.

The chief executive delivered a brief address at the conclusion of a program in which Secretary Lamont, Senator Smoot of Utah, Representative Elliott of Indiana, and George B. Cortelyou, the first secretary of commerce, participated. In setting the stone, Mr. Hoover used the trowel employed by George Washington in laying the cornerstone of the capital in 1793.

The occasion, Mr. Hoover said, marked the emergence of the commerce department into full maturity and service and had a significance which he, as a former secretary of the department and one who had had some part in planning for the building, could truly appreciate. Setting the cornerstone of any great public building in Washington, he declared, is a milestone of progress not only of the capital but of the nation as a whole.

LONDON CROWDS NOT ACTORS  
London crowds do not make good film actors, declare directors trying to make scenes in busy streets recently. In taking the first picture it was found that the people were not "camera broke," and that the police interfered with the work. The producers appealed to the Home Office, in charge of the police force, and co-operation of the "Bobbies" was enlisted. But as soon as the camera began to click, the crowds just stopped and gathered around the machine. Policemen tried to keep the people moving, saying, "Look natural," as they did so. So far all the picture people have been able to obtain are scenes of throngs staring directly at the machines.

YOUNG HERO DROWNS  
CARTHAGE, Mo., June 11 — (AP)—Exhausted by his part in the saving of three other children, Francis McNew, 17, drowned Monday in Center creek, five miles southwest of here, in a futile effort to save his sister, Anna Belle, 15.

CORNERSTONE LAID BY U. S. PRESIDENT  
WASHINGTON, June 11. — (AP)—President Hoover Monday laid the cornerstone of the new department of commerce building and termed the structure the

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"Mmm," growled Marx. "That don't mean nothing."

"No," said the Major, "but he went on to say as she was brought up in the Kentucky mountains and didn't think nothing of horse-kipping or shooting. Mind you, I don't want to get anyone in trouble, but now that you ask me, he says to me she's a wonderful shot. He was sort of rambling. I could not quite make him out. Then he shut up and never said another word. Peculiar fellow, Sewell. Very peculiar."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

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GOOD-NIGHT STORIES  
By Max Trel  
Knarf's Menagerie Houses Only Animal Crackers

"If we could only go to Africa," said Yam, "we could see lions and tigers and giraffes and elephants and—"

"We could see a whole menagerie," broke in Hanid, Mij and Flor nodded. But Knarf disagreed. "Why must you go all the way to Africa, when you can see all those animals without stepping out of this house?" he said.

The other shadow-children gazed at him in amazement. "That's impossible!" they cried. "There are no lions here!" exclaimed Yam.

"Nor tigers," put in Mij. "Nor elephants!" added Flor. "Nor the rest of the menagerie!" concluded Hanid.

"That shows how little you know," replied Knarf, smiling wisely. "All those animals are in this house. I saw them only yesterday."

They looked carefully at the little shadow-boy to see if he were joking. But no—he appeared as serious as could be, which, you will admit, is serious enough. "Let's go and see them," said

Home-Making Helps  
By ELEANOR ROSS

KITCHEN CLOSETS FOR NEATNESS  
The closet craze has struck the kitchen in full force, and now there's hardly a species of kitchen equipment that hasn't a closet of its own. China closets, broom closets, cleaning closets, sink closets, closets especially devised for cooking utensils—the kitchen of the future may present an expanse of doors and doors alone.

Perhaps they'll be labeled to guide the worker who can't possibly remember what's stored behind what door. Nevertheless they are all extremely useful. They automatically compel everything to be placed where it belongs and thus save endless time and labor searching for that special saucepan or special knife or little duster and whatnot. The small metal closet, suspended over the sink and containing only the scourers, soaps and mops required for kitchen use is especially neat and useful.

Yam. "You can't see them," Knarf looked up at the clock. "They won't come out for another for another half hour yet."

"You mean at five o'clock?" said Mij. "At five o'clock agreed Knarf. "And where do they come out to?" "Oh, I wanted to know."

"Sh-b!" Knarf cautioned. "Don't talk so loudly. They may overhear you. They come out to the dining room table. They stay there until half-past five and then they go back to a great big box. But they don't all go back. Some disappear—"

"Disappear!" cried the others. "They disappear," he repeated mysteriously. "One day it is a lion and three tigers that disappear. The next day it is seven giraffes. And on Sunday, when company comes, they all disappear!"

"I think," replied Knarf, "that they eat each other up."

and takes the blight off what was once an eyesore over a spotless sink—a row of suspended mops and odds and ends of cleaning agents.

A rather new and very convenient closet is that for holding cutting and mixing tools. It's a most workmanlike kit that is fastened against the kitchen wall, somewhere near the table where food is prepared. Or it can be obtained in triangular form so that it fits in an odd small corner, useful for mending ease.

Within this closet are several special racks of various size and with different spacing. There's a rack to hold half a dozen knives and in such position that their edges won't be dulled nor your hand inadvertently scraped or cut. Then there are niches to hold egg-beater, spatula, ladles, sieves and strainers.

Once the items are in place, you need never search for a missing tool.

The shadow-children became more and more curious. They could hardly wait until the clock struck five. The moment it did they dashed into the dining room. Their little masters and mistresses were sitting around the table. "Inda, the maid, was pouring tea."

"See," cried Knarf, "it's just as I told you."

The shadows were more puzzled than before. How could they dare to let the animals loose on the table while the children were having tea? The next instant Inda came in with a platter. She set it down in the center of the table.

"Here are the animals," she said. Mij, Flor, Hanid and Yam lifted themselves over the edge of the table and took a peek. "Why," they exclaimed, "they are nothing but crackers!"

And that's what they were—animal crackers!

## WHY ARE YOU ALWAYS IN PERFECT HEALTH?

Dr. Copeland Queries Those Fortunates Who Have Escaped Disease in the Hope That Their Convictions May Be Used to Benefit Others.

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.  
United States Senator from New York.  
Former Commissioner of Health, New York City.

I HAVE a suspicion that many persons suffer needlessly from muscle and joint pain. One of the most common of human complaints is back-ache. Neuralgia, neuritis, rheumatism as well as lumbago and sciatica, are among the things which take the joy out of life.

We hear so much about the suffering of the human race that I sometimes wonder how many persons there are who never have an ache or pain. There come to my desk every day hundreds of letters from every part of the world. One day recently more than a thousand such letters arrived.

I realize, of course, that persons who are never sick are unlikely to write. Many of the unafflicted, however, are kind enough to express their appreciation of my efforts to keep them well. You will recall that the central theme of every one of these articles is how to avoid sickness. It is the business of the family doctor to treat the sick. I can conceive it to be my job to do the best I can to keep you from illness.

But the particular thing I have in mind today is to find out how many people never have aches and pains. I should like to tell about this. If somebody should read these lines who is never sick, who never has a headache, a toothache or a backache, please write and tell me about it. At the same time, please be good enough to tell me why you think you have been so well.

I am sure we are agreed that it would be a wonderful thing if we could make health contagious instead of having disease contagious. The only way to do this is by establishing such standards of living as have been found to be successful in the maintenance of health.



DR. COPELAND

Answers to Health Queries

H. E. D. Q.—What should a girl weigh who is 25 years old and six feet inches tall?

A.—For her age and height she should weigh about 125 pounds.

G. L. E. Q.—How can I reduce?

A.—Weight reduction is merely a matter of self-control as regards the diet. For the particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and request your question.

## TILLIE, THE TOILER

JACK'S TAKING HIS VACATION NEXT WEEK AND IF MAC WOULD ONLY WAIT AND TAKE HIS VACATION LATER, I COULD TAKE MINE NEXT WEEK TOO, BUBBLES

DID YOU ASK MAC TO CHANGE WITH YOU?

I HAVEN'T REALLY ASKED HIM BECAUSE HE SEEMS SO DETERMINED ON GOING NEXT WEEK

WHY DON'T YOU TREAT HIM EXTRA NICE AND THEN ASK HIM IN ONE OF HIS WEAK MOMENTS?

THANKS FOR THE SUGGESTION BUBBLES I'LL DO THAT

I WISH YOU LUCK, OLD DEAR

## LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY

MISS ANN THIS IS MOTHER CALLING—YOU MAY COME DOWN, MY CHILD

GEE, NOW WHAT?

THIS IS THE CHILD, MISS WHIPPIT—AND MY CHILD—THIS IS YOUR NEW GOVERNESS!

HOW DO YOU DO, MISS WHIFFIN?

THE NAME IS WHIPPIT—ESMARALDA HILDA WHIPPIT—I MUST MAKE A NOTE OF YOUR FAULTY HEARING—THAT'S QUITE IMPORTANT, AND MISS ANN, I HAVE MADE OUT YOUR DAILY CONDUCT CHART—YOU MAY STUDY IT WHILE I HAVE MY BAGGAGE BROUGHT IN

HM—7 A.M. ARISE—7:15 BATH, DRESS—AT 8 PRESENT YOURSELF FOR BREAKFAST—8:30 LEAVE FOR SCHOOL—12:15 LUNCH 12:45 SCHOOL—3:15 HOME—STUDY UNTIL 6 P.M.—6:10 DINNER—7:00 STUDY—RETIRE AT 9—HMPHF 'SPOUSIN, MARY ELLEN I MAKE OUT A CHART FOR HER! LET'S DO IT, AND HANG IT ON HER DOOR!

## TOOTS AND CASPER

FOR TWO CENTS I'D QUIT MY JOB ON THIS BAGGAGE CAR! IT'S TOO SPOOKY—ALL EVENING I'VE HEARD THE WERDEST SOUNDS! THE BLOOMING CAR MUST BE HAUNTED!

WHERE DO YOU SUPPOSE SPARE-RIBS IS TOOTS? I CAN'T FIND HIM ANYWHERE! I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM ALL DAY! I'M GETTING WORRIED!

BUTTERCUP IS NEARLY FRANTIC! WHY, HE DIES IF SPARE-RIBS IS GONE!

OH, SPARE-RIBS!!! EATS! EATS!

WELL, IF HE DOESN'T ANSWER WHEN I YELL 'EATS' HE'S NOT AROUND!

QUICK! I WANT ACTION—SPARE-RIBS IS GONE! WE'VE GOT TO FIND HIM! DO YOU UNDERSTAND? DON'T STAND THERE LOOKING LIKE MUMMIES! GET BUSY!

YOU BET WE'LL HELP FIND SPARE-RIBS! WE'LL ALL WIN DOUGH ON HIM IN THE PATTERFOOT DERBY!