

The King of the Hill

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 divorced wife to be married. When the party breaks up, Edison goes to Sewell's home and, while he is waiting for the return of the Informer 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. A young medical examiner, with a taste for detective work, assists Marx. Their search of the apartment reveals a complete wardrobe in different colors of women. In a safe-deposit box they find a scrap of paper bearing the inscription: "Paid in Full." The following day a Major Preston, who has been a sporting associate of Sewell's, is interrogated.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY
CHAPTER VI
"And that's all you know?" Marx snapped.
"Yes."
"All right," growled Marx. "Thanks. Where can we reach you if we want you?"
"I'm stopping at the Albert," said the Major. "I'll be there for a month." He clamped his derby down once more. "Of course, I'll be glad to help you out. Terrible business, isn't it?"
The detective escorted the Major out. And escorted in the young Assistant Medical Examiner.
"How's our little murder?" demanded Doctor Rhinewald cheerily, rubbing his hands.
"Listen," growled Marx.
"When the sporting gentleman I've just passed in the corridor?"
"Major Preston. He and Sewell had some horses together."
"And did he enlighten you?"
"That's what I'm trying to find out. First he acts as if he doesn't care a thing. Next he's anxious for me to know Mrs. Sewell was a good shot, and sore at her husband."
"Yes," said the doctor. "I have the privilege of Mrs. Sewell's acquaintance. Remarkable woman."
"How do you know her?"
"I called on her this morning. Sheer curiosity."
"What'd she tell you?"
"She'll be here in a moment herself. You can hear the story first hand. Meanwhile, the doctor seated himself in the sole comfortable chair—"shall I tell you about the autopsy? I've written a formidable report, but I've no intention of reading it. My pearls are never cast before detectives. The essential fact, which I have reached with a colleague at your headquarters who makes a passion of these things, is that the bullet which ended Mr. Sewell's career came from a special type of gun used by the Germans in the war. Also, there's no doubt at all now that Sewell was shot first, and then seated in this very chair before the mirror."
"I wouldn't dismiss these facts in that offhand way," the doctor smiled. "To solve this crime, all you have to do is to find out how Sewell came up here without being observed by any of the building employees; how the gentleman (or lady) who ended his career came up with him, before him or after him; how he was shot; and how the gentleman (or lady) who fired the bullet got away."
"You got nothing else to do except

handbag, and she took another sip. Marx followed her every movement. Puzzled, he looked at the doctor. Was the woman sane? Perhaps this had been a crime of lunacy. And yet—
"Do you know Major Preston?" Marx demanded suddenly.
"Yes, I know Major Preston," the woman sneered.
"He was a great friend of your husband's, wasn't he?"
"Yes, Great friend!"
"Mean he wasn't?"
"Well, I'll tell you what a great friend he was. They had a big deal on. And the Major trimmed my dear husband, trimmed him good and proper. So much so that he was broke. You know what Preston did then?" She paused, and he signed his name to it. "Sewell on Bridge!" The book made him famous. When the bridge came, he was taken up by society. He made a fortune. And then he chucked me. He did not care what happened to me. I could have starved. And I did starve. And when I came begging to him, he beat me. Oh! It's a wonder I didn't kill him myself."
She paused breathlessly. Then she took from her handbag a slight silver flask and drank heavily.
"It's my medicine," she explained with a wry grin. "That's what's been keeping me up. Sitting up in a furnished room all day long, just thinking, going crazy! And I loved him!"
She burst into a loud hysterical roar of laughter, so that Marx was alarmed. The young doctor however, made no move. Finally the woman subsided.
"Excuse me," she begged. "I guess this has been too much for me. If you prayed every morning, every night, if you wished with all your heart that a man was dead—and then you picked up the paper, and there it was—do you blame me for going crazy?"
"You know, don't you," suggested Marx, "that this sort of talk sounds bad for you? People will be insinuating that you had something to do with it."
"Let them! Let them arrest me! Let them send me to the chair. You think I care?"
Once more she reached into the

GOOD-NIGHT STORIES

By Max Trel

The Shadow-Children Join Pussy on a Midnight Hunt for Mice
One evening just as Mij, Flor, Hanid, Yam and Knarf—the five little shadow-children—were about to go to sleep, they heard singing outside the bedroom window. Knarf smiled contentedly. "Someone is serenading me," he remarked.
"Someone!" exclaimed Hanid. "Why, it's only the cat!"
The others looked out of the window. Hanid was right. It was only the cat.
"I wonder why she's singing," said Yam.
"She's singing because—" Flor began.
"—because she can't dance," broke in Mij, who was Flor's twin.
Knarf shook his head. "That's not the reason at all," he said. "She is singing because she's going to go hunting!"
"I'd love to go hunting!" cried Hanid.
"So would we!" said the twins both at once.
Little Yam yawned. "I'd rather go to sleep she sighed. She tried to crawl into the pocket of a coat and do as she said. The others, however, took her by the arm and despite her protests, obliged her to go with them to the cat.
"Good evening, Pussy," greeted Knarf.
The cat stopped singing. "Good evening," it said.
"Are you going hunting soon?"
"I'm going just as soon as I finish this song."
"What are you singing about?" inquired Hanid.
"I'm singing about all the things I'm going to hunt, such as moonbeams and mice—especially mice," she added. "Would you like to come along?"
"Certainly," cried Knarf. "We'd like to very much."
"I wouldn't," broke in Yam.

The Home Kitchen

By ALICE LYNN BARRY

THE HOME KITCHEN
Cold Acid Drinks Are Refreshing On Hot Days
If you feel like being wholesomely pepped up on one of these warm soggy days try this simple drink:
Fill a tall tumbler half full of cracked ice. Cut a grapefruit in half. Squeeze and strain the juice over the cracked ice and mix well. Don't add sugar. This drink has a delightful and slightly bitter flavor, which is different, and tones one up. This is service for one. If you wish to make a drink that serves five or six persons the following is a refreshing combination. It must be made just a moment before serving. This is not a drink that can be prepared for hours in advance. In fact, most drinks are the better for being prepared from freshly cut fruit. But grapefruit, particularly, must be disposed of at once, as it develops an excessive bitterness if left standing.
Grapefruitade
Two grapefruit, two oranges, one cup sugar, two cups cracked ice, four cups water, one tablespoon crushed mint.
Melt the sugar in the water. Put the mint into a strainer and then force through the juice of grapefruit and oranges. Pour over the cracked ice, add sweetened water and serve immediately.
Limes have a special flavor of with the most delectable noise. The shadow-children were speechless with surprise. As for Pussy, she turned and scampered out through the bottom of the door again, scattering the shadows as she went. The same instant the next-door neighbor's dog came rushing up to them, barking with all its might, and they dashed home and hid themselves under their blankets.
"This is where we should have been all the time," said Yam. And, curiously enough, no one disagreed with her.

Read the Classified Ads.

POLLY AND HER PALS



TO VOTE \$30,000 BONDS

A special election will be held at Jacksonville June 20 to vote on a \$30,000 bond issue for the construction of a water pipe line to connect with the Medford water system which will supply Jacksonville on a meter basis.

By CLIFF STERRETT



VACCINATION—AND IT'S EFFECTIVENESS

Dr. Copeland Comments on the French Government's Insistance That Tourists, from Areas Where Smallpox Has Appeared, Undergo Vaccination.

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

YOU may have noticed that because of the presence of smallpox in England, the French Government would not permit tourists from that country to enter France, without their having been vaccinated within a reasonable time. As I view it, this is as it should be. We talk a lot about the "Golden Rule." As it is applied it relates largely to moral and social contacts. Why could we not think of the "Golden Rule" in connection with our physical contacts?

I have no fault to find with our friends who oppose vaccination and other similar methods intended to prevent disease. I would not say a word today if the position they assume related only to their own individual welfare.

To my mind the right of self-determination is fundamental. We should never seek to trample upon this right unless there is abundant and provable reason. I might look in sorrow upon a person taking a course which to my mind is a mistake one. I might be so bold as to remonstrate with him. But when it comes to a matter related to the public health and the welfare of many individuals, there is no doubt in my mind about the duty of Government.

I receive an occasional letter from some honest and perfectly sane person, remonstrating with me because I advocate such preventive measures as vaccination and inoculation. They ask for conclusive proof that such preventive measures are actually useful.

This is not the time to discuss in detail that particular criticism. I shall pass it by for the moment with the arbitrary statement that in my opinion there is no more conclusive fact in medicine than the effective prevention of smallpox by vaccination and of diphtheria by inoculation. Holding this view, I feel that the French Government is to be commended for its watchful care of the health and lives of its citizens.

The person who habitually dwells in one limited region, a region where no smallpox is present at the time, may be accused if he neglects to be vaccinated. He is in no immediate danger himself and the community will not suffer by reason of his neglect.

It is quite another thing with the individual who converts himself into what we may call a "public conveyance." If he is traveling through infected districts, he may, even unknowingly, pick up germs of smallpox. He conveys them to another community or another country and makes himself a menace to every one with whom he comes in contact.

The safe thing for you and for society is to practice the "Golden Rule" and be vaccinated.

Answers to Health Queries

A. A. S. Q.—What do you advise for acid to the system?
A.—Correct your diet and avoid constipation.

M. G. Q.—What do you advise for falling hair?
A.—No.

DONALD C. Q.—Does smoking reduce a fatty heart?
A.—No.

TILLIE, THE TOILER



LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY



By RUSS WESTOVER



TOOTS AND CASPER



By VERD



By JIMMY MURPHY



By JIMMY MURPHY



By JIMMY MURPHY



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