a The Contract of the Contract SAMUEL SPEWACK

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE
Phillip Edison is host at a nightclub party to his just recently-divorced
wife and Oliver Sewell, sportsman and
Don Juan. Edison presumes that Sewell
and the divorce are to be married.
When the party breaks up, Edison goes
to Sewell's home and, while he is waiting his return, is informed Sewell has
been found dead. Inspector Marx begins a police investigation. He questions Sewell's Russian valet. The elewator operator is also questioned. He
did not see Seweil return. A young
medical examiner, with a taste for detective work, assists Marx. Their search
of the apartment reveals complete of the apartment reveals complete wardrobes for women in different colors. In a safe-deposit box they find a scrap of paper bearing the inscription, "Paid in Full." The following day a Major Preston, wh has been a sporting associate of Sewell's, is interrogated. Then Sewell's widow visits the apartment, She intimates that Preston might know something, as the investigators are standing, after Mrs. Sewell's departure, looking at a mirror door, it opens, and Mrs. Edison appears. She relates a story which the police do not believe.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER IX "I didn't want the notoriety of it," the girl seemed to sense

"I dare say," the doctor commented dryly, "your love for Sewil was probably the quality of his love for you.

"I didn't come here to be sulted!" flared the girl. "Just why did you come here?" demanded the doctor.

The girl stopped, as if bewil-"Surely," said the doctor, "you

why don't you tell the truth?" "But I did tell you the truth," the girl almost screamed. "What do you want of me? I don't know anything about it.'

"My dear Mrs. Edison," said the doctor, "if your story is true, and you lay on this couch for several hours, it would be a good deal more rumpled than it is. Another thing—a day and a night porters without food, and your fainting would have been real. And as a Marx. And then to the doctor: medical man, let me assure you that it wasn't. You came here after the murder-not before. You wonder if it was your photograph room and formed a semi-circle or your clothes, Eh?" The girl shook her head defi-

Edison, What is it?"

girl, "Why should I say I was here when he was murdered when move to go. I wasn't? Why should I lie to

"If I knew that," the doctor involved in this case?" truth."

"I did tell the truta," the girl ed knowingly. insisted. "I told you everything I "There's nobody involved in

DON'T PERMIT MIND

TO BECOME GROOVED

Thinking Along One Line Causes "Ruts" in the Brain-Varied Reading Healthful. But First, Will Your Eyes Stand Strain?

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

United States Senator from New York.
Former Commissioner of Health, New York City.

70U will be going away for the Summer vacation pretty soon.

Doubtless you will be doing a lot of reading. At least I hope

I regard reading as one of the means of promoting health. A

why I think it does have.

of course, there are nobler uses to be made of reading. The libraries are filled with books that are instructive and enlightening. Such works should be our constant compen.

ig. But they are diverting. They arry our thoughts over portions of the brain that are rarely used, and live the regular highway a chance

spring back into form.

few days ago I talked with a Senator. He is a

very serious minded man, and devotes his every

energy to the good of the country. I asked him

if he ever read anything except books and papers relating to government. He admitted that he

rarely does. My suggestion to him was that a change in his reading material would aid his

In a sense our mental processes are like a highway. If we think along one line all the time, get a condition equivalent to ruts in the

Now you will ask me how in the world the reading a man does can have any effect on his physical welfare. I shall undertake to show you

which itches only when the blood is warm—the rash comes in large patches on the sides of the neck, shoulder blades and under the bend

You can't treat me like this." "Wait a minute," growled in blue figures in this case. She getically, "But between ourselves, Marx. "We're not doing anything had a husband. She was a friend inspector, what purpose will it to you. This is a ver yserious mat- of Sewell's, And that's all I'll tell serve to drag her through the ter, Mrs. Edison. You got to help you."

"You can get in touch wth me through my lawyers," the girl flung back at him. "I've told you vertyhing I'm going to tell." She walked to the door.

"Next time," advised the doc tor, "whe desirous of faking a fainting scene, skip at least one meal, acquire an unnatural pallor and really keep your eyes shut during the process.

The girl slammed the door. Marx telephoned below for a detective to follow her. Then he turned to the doctor. "Now what do you think

that?" demanded the Inspector.

"Just this," replied the doctor easily. "Mrs. Edison came here for a purpose. I rather think it was something she wanted to hide from you. I suggest her photograph. But one can't be too sure. Did you notice, Inspector, that she didn't seem too krief-stricken? I mean, a woman madly in love with Sewell would hardly talk the way she talked. She woudn't wouldn't worry about the newspapers. She wouldn't worry about the consequences to her."

"Now I'm going to get hold of don't want us to believe you young Mr. Edison and ask him s thing or two," Marx promised room, Because you didn't. Now himself, "Why was he following them? What was in his mind? He may have been downstairs all the time during the murder, and then again he might not have." Marx sighed. "Gosh, I always knew these damn society murders will ruin me yet." III III

Further pessimism was that short by the telephone announcing the presence of numerous re-"All right, send them up," said

"I gotta kid 'em along of they'll be on our necks." A dozen respectful but alert came here to get something. I newspaper men soon filled the

about Marx. "Gentlemen," began Marx heavily, "the inquiry is progress-"This story of being dragged ing satisfactorily. We have cerhere is really not worthy of you," tain clues, important pieces of evicensure dthe doctor. "And you dence, which we can't make pubare holding back something, Mrs. lic at this time. That's all I can

tell you, boys. The frst chance I "Why should I?" demanded the get you'll have the story." But the reporters made no "Inspector." said one of them. "Is it true that Mrs. Edison is

"Where did you get that?" demanded Marx. The reported smil-

know. Now let me go. I want to this case-yet," Marx insisted. get away. I've got to get away. "If you boys want a story I'll tell

I you what you can print. A woman

"Has she been questioned?" de manded a newspaper man. "Yes,'

"Do you expect an arrest, In spector?" asked another. "Within forty-eight hours," ar nounced Marx solemnly, "And now I won't answer any more questions. Good afternoon, gentle-

The reporters hurried out. They had a story. With incidental conjecture, local color, and direct quotation from the inspector. they had the makings of a very

exciting story. "And what's more, I mean it reporters had left. "There's going either." to be an arrest in this case inside of forty-eight hours."

"I hope you arrest the right person," ventured the doctor. Marx, "But just this minute I got yer was not smiling now, "your a hunch."

"What is it?" "Wait and see." "You're not going to arrest

Mrs. Edison, I trust?" "Wait and see." "Edison?"

"You wait and see." And the doctor had to remain

dette C. Winney, one of the city's suavest lawyers, was announced, noon. He was small, with a dapper little mustache the color of straw, and Marx glared at him. a dapper little stick the color of straw. He had a disarming man- it that there won't be an arrest what today is?' ner all his own. "Inspector." he chirped the

moment he arrived, "my client, son faced Marx and the doctor. Mrs. Edison, telephoned me to He seemed to have aged in the see you. She seemed most dis- two days that followed the unusual party at the night club. His "Is that so?" mocked Marx. face was lined, his mouth hard.

"You know, really," quavered the lawyer, "she's in a most un-fortunate position. She has nothinf to do with the murder, and I'm very giad you sent a man for me, This thing has been preying the unwelcome murder, the unwelcome notoriety will just on my mind." ruin an innocent woman."

"I know just how anocent she said Marx. "Oh, I'll grant you her little foibles," the lawyer simled apolo-

"Listen," barked Marx. "I gave her a chance to tell me the truth. Did she? She gave me a tall yarn. Then she faked a faint, I wouldn't have suspected a thing if she came clean.

"I don't know what sh told you," the lawyer lied. "But inspector, I shouldn't worry about her." He paused significantly.

"No, I shouldn't. You see, the Edisons are rather well connected. Certain officials assure me of every sympathy for her unfortunate plight. They have no desire to embarrass her. And they were Marx assured the doctor when the quite sure you woudn't have, "What do you mean?" de-

manded Marx.

"If it should so happen, Inspector, that you cause my client about," exclaimed Hanid. "You "If I don't, you tell me," said any undue annoyance," the lawdepartmental progress might be worried because I can't think of testingly as Marx glowered. "You spector, that I'm helping you. My thing." client knows nothing of the mur-

> within forty-eight hours." An hour later young Mr. Edi-

> > IMAGINE!

ALL THAT

"'What a memory you have!' "Look here, sir," he began,
"I've wanted to come forward before this, but you know how anyshe shouted. Don't you know that today is my birthday?" "I knew that she would feel one relishes a murder inquiry. badly if I told her I had forgotten that I knew it all along.

"'What are you going to give Mary found he liked an underme?' she asked. lying frankness in the young "'Hm-m.' I said. 'It's to be man's tone. It was singularly in surprise. contrast with the feline cunning

cake.

"And now," said Mr. Punch,

don't know what to give her as a He looked very forlorn. "Perhaps you can suggest something,"

he said. "Something pretty, but not too expensive." "Give her a rolling pin," said

"Oh, no," said Mr. Punch, hastilw feeling the top of his head. "That wouldn't do at all." "Maybe she'd like a book," said

Hanid. "No, that wouldn't be a prise. She has a book." "Give her a hat," said Mij. "What's the use? She'd only stand on her head and ruin it." "I think," said Flor, "that you attractive. ought to give her a birthday

"Judy doesn't eat cake," said Mr. Punch sadiy. 'Of 'course, I could eat it for her, but she might of the palm tree. They are nournot like that. No, I'm sure she wouldn't like that." All at once Knart gave an ex-

clamation "I know what you ought give her," he cried. "What is that?" asked Mr.

childnen. "You ought to give her your best wishes. Nothing is so pretty as best wishes. They don't cost

At first Mr. Punch was doubtful. Little by little, as he thought "But are you certain she'll be

"Sure she will. She doesn't expect anything like it, does she?" Mr. Punch shook his head. 'She doesn't expect anything like you!" they heard Judy shout. it al all. Than't you," he said. "I'll go and give her her present at quired Knarf of Mr. Punch.

The Home Kitchen By ALICE LYNN BARRY

Advantages of Cold, Cooked Des- | Here is a basic recipe which may be varied with any flavoring serts on Warm Days A lot of fatigue complained or frut: Lemon Tapioca about in warm weather is due to "One-half tup tapioca, three cups the fact that the tired ones aren't of water, one cup sugar, two leme eating enough—which is almost as bad as eating too much. Still,

ons, two eggs. Soak taploca in two cups of wait's inevitable that substantial ter over night. Add one cup of looking food should repel the appetite on warm days when taste water in the morning, also the rind of one lemon and juice of and habit incline one toward cold two, and the beaten yolks of eggs. Place in a double boiler and For which reason the cold, cook until the taploca is transcooked dessert offers many adparent (about an hour), Remove vantages, especially to those who from fire, add the stiffly beaten have the job of preparing a midegg whites and pour into a serve day luncheon for children. Tapiing dish. When it cools, place in oca, sago, cornstarch, farina are icebox to chilt. a basis for many of these dishes.

Farina Pudding and, as they combine well with One quart of milk, two tablemilk, eggs and fruit, they may be spoons faring, four tablespoons served as a one-piece meal comsugar, one-half teaspoon salt, one piete, not overwhelming and yet

teaspoon almond eftract. Place the milk in a double boil-Tapioca and sage are almost er and scald. Slowly add the farientirely starch—tapioca is derived na and stir until it thickens. Add from the tropical cassava plant, sugar and salt and continue to and sago from the inner portion cook slowly for 30 minutes. Remove from fire, add the beaten ishing and easily digested. But as eggs and the flavoring, stir well they are naturally insipid, they and pour into mold. When it cools need special treatment to make place in refrigerator to chill. them palatable. Any fruit can be Serve with any stewed fruit, like used with a cold cooked tapioca current, raspberries, cherries, apor sago pudding—fresh berries, ricots. peaches, pineapple, orange, dates,

Cornstarch puddings, to please the family, are variable. Some like them hard, some like them softer. Here is a moderate mixtures: Chocolate Cornstruch Pudding

One quart of milk, three tablespoons cornstarch, four ounces of chacolate, one-quarter cup sugar, three eggs, one teaspoonful vanil-

la, dash of salt. Place the milk in a double boiler and scald. Dissolve the cornring occasionally to make sure it is smooth. When thick, add, the beaten egg yolks and vanilla and remove from the fire. Whipe the egg whites and fold into the pudplain creame of the !!

POLLY AND HER PALS

DONT -ADIRONDACK CAMP-TELL 60 ACRES 1/2 MILE SHORE ME. FRONT 20 ROOM LODGE. EXQUISITELY FURNISHED. AINT IO CAR GARAGE, BOAT ANY HOUSES, ICE PLANT, SANTY SERVANTS HALL, ETC. LAUS RENTAL PER LISTEN TO SEASON \$30. THIS, DAW!





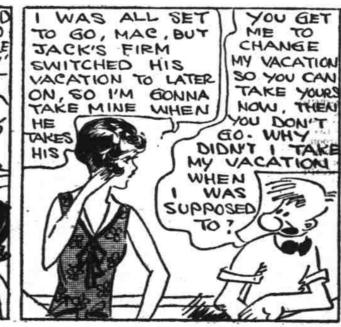
WAL, JUST THE



TILLIE, THE TOILER









LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY

we get a condition equivalent to ruts in the brain, like the ruts in a poor road.

You know how rough and uncomfortable a passage over such a road really is. If our thoughts are kept all the time in one groove it gives that part of the brain no chance to recuperate. The thinking highway grows rougher all the time.

Many a sleepless person will be fulled to slumber if he indulges in some sort of light reading. In my opinion modern novels have a real use. You may glean little from that is informative or upbuilding. But they are diverting. They







DEAREST DADDY -



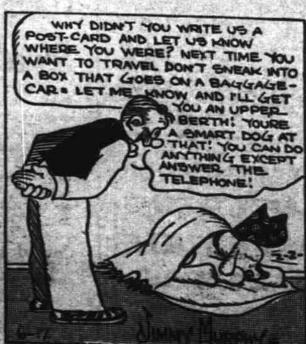


TOOTS AND CASPER











A have a lot of unfortunate enough to three it won't matter particular three it won't afford to take any chances with your two eyes.

It is surprising how many persons neglect their eyes. It is given to very few to have perfect sight. A good deal more than half the people in the world have defective vision. The defect may be so slight as to have no important bearing on distant vision. Objects across the street, or even a mile away, may seem distinct.

When it comes to near vision we will an hour before his breakfast. You might alternate with the grape fruit juce occasionally if you find that it agrees with the child. He should have pure cod liver oil after meals and should be expressed to direct sunshine and fresh air whenever possible.

B. G.—What will cure defective uniform the property of the lens and meals and should be expressed to direct sunshine and fresh air whenever possible.

When it comes to near vision we are dealing with an entirely different condition. There must be accurate adjustment of the lens and muscles of the eye if reading and stwing are to be done comfortably. Don't be foolish about it. If you are told by an expert that glasses are required be sure to get them. It is far better to protect the eyes and guard them against disease than it is to acquire some aliment which may impair the vision. Many a case of eye strain has been followed by serious consequences. The time to prevent them is now. Have your eyes tested to find out few your account of the control of

of his divorced wife. (To be continued tomorrow) **GOOD-NIGHT**

> STORIES By Max Trell a Mr. Punch, Thanks to Knarf, Presents Judy with a Birthday Surprise

> "You look worried today, Mr Punch." said Knarf. Mij. Flor, Hanid and Yamthe other little shadow-children with the reversed names - nodded. So did Mr. Punch. "I am worried," said he. "In fact, I'm very worried." "What's the reason?" inquired

Yam, Mr. Punch glanced around warily. "I'll tell you," he replied in a guarded voice. "Tody is July's birthday." "That's nothing to get worried ought to be happy." "No," sighed the puppet, "I'm

affected," He raised a hand pro- what to give her for a present." "Maybe she's forgotten that it's Punch and the other shadowcan easily verify what I am tell- her birthday," said Knarf, "Then ing you, and I assure you. Mr. In- you don't have to give her any-"That would be nice." said Mr

der. You'll leave her out of i. Punch, "only she hasn't forgotten anything, so you can give her Good afternoon, sir. I hope you at all. She's been reminding me thousands of them." Good afternoon, sir. I hope you at all. She's been reminding me content with this, But hardly had get the murderer. It's quite an in- of it for a year. Every day she the reporters gone, when Mr. Bur- teresting case. People are talking looked at the calendar and said: about nothing else, Good after- 'Well, now it's only 230 days to it over, he became favorably immy birthday, or 153 days or 79 pressed by Knarf's suggestion. The lawyer bowed himself out. or 18 days, just as it happened to be. Why this very morning at surprised with this gift?" he de-"Well," said the doctor, "I take | breakfast she said: 'Do you know | manded,

"Today is Monday," I replied. " 'Humph,' she said. 'And what else is it?" "I thought a while and then said: 'It's the 17th of June.'

NONSENSE, SUSIE!

"'And what else is it?' "'It's wash day."

With the addition of cream, plain or whipped, the dish becomes as alluring as ices. (There is an instantaneous tapioca which can be sprinkled in boiling water, but the ordinary tapicca is soaked over night to soften.)

plums, and so on.

drinks.

Mr. Punch disappeared into the little puppet house. For a moment there was silence. Then suddenly starch in a little cold water and there was a loud scuffle and the add to the hot milk. Add chocolnext instant Mr. Punch came fly- ate and cook for 30 minutes, stiring out of the door. "-and take your wishes with

"Wasn't she surprised?" once. I'm ever so much obliged." "I should say she was!" he said ding. When cool, cail. Serve with "Don't mention it," said Knarf, as he limped off,

WHO? ME? I KIN

By CLIFF STERRETT

By RUSS WESTOVER