

The Sky-Scraper Murder

by SAMUEL SPEWACK

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE? Philip Edison, a member of the club party to his just-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 apartment. He is waiting his return, is informed Sewell has been found dead. Inspector Marx begins a police investigation. His 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. The search of the apartment reveals complete wardrobe 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, who 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, Edison appears. She intimates that the police do not believe that she leaves her lawyer threatens Marx with political reprisals. Edison visits the apartment.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

"Get me straight," said Marx. "You've got a perfect alibi. You were downstairs all the time. But all the same, there are certain questions we wanted to ask you."

The young man nodded quickly.

"I know," he said. "They're probably painful questions, but I'll answer them to the best of my knowledge."

"Fine," boomed Marx, and he rehearsed the party at the night club and its break-up.

CHAPTER X.

"Now, Mr. Edison, you followed Sewell's cab, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

The young man looked down at the floor. His feet tapped the soft carpet nervously.

"I'll tell you why!" He looked up. "I was going to kill Sewell. I'd made up my mind to do it."

Marx whistled.

"Oh, I'm perfectly willing to tell you, I'd thought it over very carefully. I had every reason in the world to kill him. I had no compunction. The man was rotten." His eyes hardened. "Some years ago I was asked to kill a few Germans, who were probably fine fellows. I saw no reason why it was wrong to kill such a beast as Sewell. And I just wanted to rid the world of him."

"You were," the doctor hesitated, "very fond of your wife?"

"Yes, once."

"No longer?"

"Well—I'd rather not talk about that."

"But," the doctor pointed out, "if you were no longer fond of your wife, why this enormous hatred of Sewell?"

"Oh, what difference does it make, protested the young man. "I'm telling you what happened. How I felt makes no difference. The fact is, I would have killed Sewell had he lived."

"Mr. Edison," began Marx, "did you know of any one else who hated Sewell?"

Edison shook his head.

"Did you know people who had business dealings with him?"

Again the young man denied all knowledge. Marx showed him the receipt—Paid in Full.

"Do you recognize this handwriting?"

"Yes," said Edison. "That's Sewell's handwriting."

"What?"

"Oh, yes," insisted the young man. "He favored me with some letters. I know his handwriting. I know it well."

"Now, that's funny," Marx remarked. "Because Mrs. Sewell claims it's somebody else's handwriting."

"I don't know," the young man didn't seem to attach much

importance. "She should be able to tell better than I can. But I'd swear it was his handwriting. Perhaps I'm wrong."

"We found it in the safe. Why should he have it?"

The door opened suddenly. Marx turned to look. A smartly dressed girl, probably not yet twenty, ran into the room. She rushed up to Edison. It seemed to Marx that the face was familiar.

"Phil!" she cried, clinging to Edison. "They told me a detective had called for you." And then she whirled about at Marx. "He had had nothing to do with it. I swear he had nothing to do with it."

"Don't worry dear," the young man reassured her. "I'm not in any trouble. I'm just helping these gentlemen with a few facts."

He presented the girl, "Miss Pennell, Inspector Marx."

Marx granted an acknowledgment. "The door to the terrace is closed, isn't it?"

"Good God!" he cried. "I just passed him a moment ago and he was alive. He opened the door for me."

"Wait a minute!" cried Marx suddenly. "The door to the terrace is closed, isn't it?"

The doctor, who went to examine it, reported it locked from the inside.

"Then," said Marx, "it's a cinch the fellow who did the butchering is still in the building. Maybe he's in this apartment." He looked at the young man. "Say! You ran out of here in a hurry. A minute later this fellow is shot."

"But I give you my word—began the young man.

"That's all right," said Marx. "There's something you've got to explain to me."

CHAPTER XI.

The detective who had brought Edison now ran to the front door. "One of you stays right at that terrace door," ordered Marx.

"You," he singled them out, "stand outside this door, and don't let anyone out, except with my permission. You, get on the floor below. You two wait downstairs. Now beat it!"

The uniformed men saluted, and took their posts.

"If that don't bottle the building up, I'd like to know what will," said Marx. "Here—" he turned to the detective. "Go through him."

The detective searched the bewildered Edison.

"I'm looking for a gun," said Marx.

"But I assure you," the young man said earnestly. "I haven't a gun. I did have one—that night but I threw it away."

The detective's search bore out the truth of the statement.

"Take him down to the D. A.'s office," Marx commanded.

"Am I under arrest?" the young man's voice quavered.

Mary Pennell, dazed, grief-stricken, entered the corridor.

"I'm arresting you for murder," barked Marx, "and anything you say—"

The girl ran towards Edison, but Marx jerked her back.

"All right, take him away," he shouted.

THE MAJOR DENIES.

As was expected the arrest of young Edison furnished the story of the day for the newspapers. The tabloids hinted broadly at the domestic scandal involved and published composite photographs.

An enterprising reporter got wind of the presence of Mary Pennell. A little judicious inquiry placed her in the scandal definitely and overnight she was known as the "Woman in Gold."

Criticism of the police was still ed. The newspapers had obtained action, with the result that Marx and the District Attorney's office found themselves busily engaged in drawing a net of evidence against Edison.

But as Doctor Rhinewald told Marx after these conferences there was one loop-hole for Edison which the police must stop before they had a case against him.

"And that loophole, Inspector, is the simple fact that at the time the murder was committed, or rather discovered, young Mr. Edison was 26 stories from the scene. And furthermore, every moment of his time can be accounted for."

"Yes? How about the shooting of the butler. He was right there. And you found no weapon on him?"

"He might have hidden it. He hardly had time to do it. Now come, Inspector, you don't really think that Edison is a murderer."

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GOOD-NIGHT STORIES

By Max Trell

Poor Butterfly is Disappointed When Knarf Directs It to The Sweet Peas

Mij, Flor, Hanid, Yam and Knarf—the five little shadow-children—were sitting on a daisy one morning when, a little yellow butterfly fluttered up to them.

"Can you tell me the way to the sweet peas?" she asked.

"It's straight ahead," said Yam. "No, it isn't," broke in Mij. "You go as far as the snapdragons and then you turn to the left."

"There's a shorter way than that," said Flor. "All you have to do is cross over by the rose bush, then follow the row of nasturtiums until you reach the hollyhocks. From there you have only to fly under the grape arbor and you are there."

"Why do you have to go that way?" exclaimed Hanid, "when it's so much easier to go across the porch, then half way around the maples and straight along the edge of the lawn to the hole in the fence. The sweet peas are right there."

The butterfly grew more and more confused. "I'm afraid," it said timidly, "that I won't be able to find it."

"Humph!" said Knarf. "Anybody can find it. I'll take you there myself."

With that he slipped down off



"Where Are the Sweet Peas?" Asked the Butterfly.

"The best plan is for you to take me there. I'll ride on your back and show you the way."

"We want to go, too!" cried the other shadows.

The butterfly agreed and they all climbed on its back. Knarf sat in front.

"First go to the lilac bush near the clothes-line," it said when it reached the lilac bush. Knarf pointed to a tall blossom.

"Do you see that sunflower?" he asked. It nodded. "Well," said Knarf, "don't go near it at all, for it's in the wrong direction. You must turn towards that big white rock with the ivy on it."

By and by it reached the rock.

"Now we're almost half way there," said Knarf.

"Thank you," said the butterfly gratefully. "Where do I go next?"

"You go to the clover and then to the cellar door and then to the pear tree and then to the fence."

It did just as the shadow-boy directed.

"Just fly over the fence and

Home-Making Helps

By ELEANOR ROSS

BECAUSE they were required to withstand rough treatment awnings used to be sober-hued. All the neutral shades—duns and brown and terra cotta—colors that weren't much to begin with and therefore couldn't look worse after they were faded—were the standard. In fact, when accident threw into your hands a particularly depressing kind of stripe the worst you could say about it was that it reminded you of an awning.

But in recent years the powers that decide an awning pattern have been affected by the craze for color—as who has not?—and a wonderful change has come over them. Now awnings are made in so many delightful colors and patterns that they are used for all sorts of purposes. If your house exterior isn't as snappy as you would like, look over some of the new awning patterns and you may find that some well-chosen colors will work miracles. A perfectly plain little cottage dressed up with gay new awnings is a gay new cottage.

You can take your choice. If you can afford the expensive wicker awnings they will be worth the investment because they will

wear for a long period. But the printed fabrics cost less and, though their wearing qualities are not quite as great as the wicker, still they will give good service. And you can get as sprightly patterns and colors in the less expensive as in the more costly fabrics. Stripes, figured designs, queer geometrical patterns following the last gasp of modernistic art—some having the pattern on one side and some on both—all are now available at modest sums.

Nor are awning materials to be confined exclusively to the shading of doors, porches and windows. Now that they can be had in so many attractive patterns, one of the best uses is in covering of outdoor furniture. Outdoor chairs, hammocks and cushions covered in the new awning materials may be chosen either to match or contrast with the shades for porch and windows. Those steamer chairs that were so comfortable last year, but are rather faded now, may be given a new lease of life by covering with a yard or so of awning fabric.

Especially for children's furniture is the awning material a great boon. No fussing around to make sure that chairs have been pulled under cover to escape the imminent drops of rain. An outdoor playpen or the little kindergarten tables covered with a big awning of gay design will serve as protection from the elements and add a decorative touch as well.

One summer cottager has rescued a lot of wicker furniture by the skillful application of vivid-hued awning material. Paint and new cretonne were urgently needed, but there wasn't time for both. Wherefore a raid was made on the awning counter, and now all the wicker on the porch is covered with bright cloth matching the swinging hammock and creating an apparently new veranda suite that is good to look at and ready to stand hard wear.

POLLY AND HER PALS

READ THAT AD AGAIN, AUNT SUSIE. I CAN'T HARDLY BELIEVE MY EARS!

"ADIRONDACK CAMP—60 ACRES. 1/2 MILE SHORE FRONT. 20 ROOM LODGE. EXQUISITELY FURNISHED. ICE CAR GARAGE. BOAT HOUSES. ICE PLANT. SERVANTS' HALL, ETC. RENTAL PER SEASON \$30."

"ARE YOU SURE THAT THERE THIRTY DOLLARS AINT A MISPRINT?"

"WELL, SOON FIND OUT, ASHUR. PAWS DOWN TO WALL STREET INTERVIEW MR. PRINCE, THE OWNER. NOW!"

"YOU WISH TO SEE MR. PRINCE ABOUT HIS ADIRONDACK CAMP?"

"YES MA'AM. BUT BEFORE I SEE HIM I WANNA ASK YOU SOMETHIN'. IS THAT THIRTY DOLLARS A GAG, OR IS IT ON THE LEVEL?"

"THIRTY DOLLARS IS THE RENTAL, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU MEAN. BE SEATED, PLEASE. MR. PRINCE IS IN CONFERENCE. JUST AT PRESENT!"

TILLIE, THE TOILER

WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

"I'M THE NEW STENOGRAPHER. IS MR. SIMPKINS IN?"

"YES, BUT I HAPPEN TO KNOW THAT HE DON'T NEED YOU NOW."

"I DON'T BELIEVE YOU HE HIRED ME AN' I'M GONNA FIND OUT FOR MYSELF."

"WHAT'S THE RUMPUS? WHY, TILLIE, I THOUGHT YOU WERE ON YOUR VACATION."

"I DECIDED TO LET MAC TAKE HIS VACATION NOW LIKE YOU HAD PLANNED FOR HIM."

"OH, YES. ER, I'M SORRY, MISS, BUT I WON'T NEED YOU NOW AS MISS JONES WILL BE HERE."

"I WOULDN'T WORK HERE ANYWAY AS I'M USED TO WORKING FOR A MAN WHO KNOWS HIS BUSINESS."

LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY

BUT WHAT ON EARTH COULD HAVE POSSESSED THE CHILD TO RUN AWAY?

READ HER NOTE, MY DEAR.

SHE LEFT BECAUSE SHE THOUGHT I DISLIKED HER? HOW UTTERLY RIDICULOUS!—WHY, WHAT WILL PEOPLE SAY?

—ALL THE RESULT OF A FANCIED GRIEVANCE! POOR CHILD! WE MUST EXTEND EVERY EFFORT TO FIND HER—WHATEVER THE COST! I'LL PHONE CAPT. KIHUM, AT ONCE.

GEE, MARY ELLEN, LOOK AT THE ANIMALS, AND THE FUNNY CLOWNS, AND EVERYTHING—GEE, LOOK!

ALLAY OOP

TOOTS AND CASPER

CASPER, YOU'VE GOT ABOUT \$50,000 IN THE BANK AND IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU GAVE SOME THOUGHT TO INVESTING PART OF IT!

THAT'S RIGHT, TOOTS!

YOU DON'T WANT TO WORK FOR SOMEBODY ELSE ALL YOUR LIFE, DO YOU? WHY DON'T YOU GO INTO SOME KIND OF A BUSINESS FOR YOURSELF, AND BE YOUR OWN BOSS?

UH-HUH! THAT'S A GOOD IDEA!

THE WAY TO GET RICH IS TO HAVE OTHER MEN WORKING FOR YOU! YOU'VE GOT THE NECESSARY CAPITAL, AND YOU'VE GOT BRAINS—YOU'RE AMBITIOUS AND AGGRESSIVE! YOU'VE GOT PUSH AND PEP! OTHER MEN MAKE GOOD—WHY NOT YOU? YOU'RE A WIDE-AWAKE MAN OF ENERGY AND—

YUP!

CARE AND DIET WILL IMPROVE BAD TEETH

Cleanliness and Balanced Foods Two Important Factors in Overcoming Tooth Defects, Says Dr. Copeland; Don't Neglect These Treasures

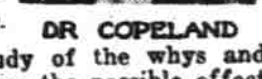
By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.
United States Senator from New York.
Former Commissioner of Health, New York City.

In North America, more than in any other part of the world, the teeth are given a lot of attention. I shall not admit that they have enough care, but we do better than they do across the ocean. In England I was struck by the general neglect of these useful and beauty-giving organs. I am sure it is not a mere coincidence that so many observers note the same thing.

It is a pity that anywhere there should be neglect of a part of the body so important. Without sound teeth the food is not chewed as it should be.

But it does not end here. "If there is continued neglect the teeth become abscessed and the gums are bathed in pus. This evil substance is absorbed into the system and then there is real trouble."

More and more, the medical profession is pointing out the bad effects of pus infection. Rheumatism, heart disease and many obscure ailments can be traced to such sources. Diseases of the kidneys and other serious afflictions, are thought to be made worse, if not actually caused, by pus infection.



DR. COPELAND

There are many factors involved in a study of the why and wherefore of bad teeth. I do not care to discuss the possible effect of heredity upon the teeth.

You know I am inclined to belittle heredity as an important consideration in disease production. I cannot bring myself to believe that we are "tagged" to the sins or faults of our ancestors.

I must admit, of course, that a few rare ailments may be found on heredity, in general, however, we can overcome the bad inheritance and through our own efforts sweep aside the shadow of a bad past. Let us not worry about our grandparents.

There is one thing we do get from our parents. I refer to the early teaching in matters of personal hygiene. We eat, sleep, exercise and bathe as we were taught in childhood. We should make sure for ourselves that we cannot do better than they did.

Improper feeding has much to do with the development of bad teeth. There used to be a disease, not much seen now, known as scurvy. Scurvy, prisoners, inmates of asylums and others confined to bed, had scurvy. Thanks to better food and

advanced knowledge we escape that old-fashioned ailment.

But we have now what we may call "hidden scurvy." If the mother's food is deficient or of wrong quality while the baby is being nursed there may be established in the infant such defects that the teeth, when they come, are not normal. A well-balanced diet will do away with this danger.

The teeth must be kept clean. No matter whether it is the youngster with his first teeth or the grown-up, it is essential that cleanliness be practiced. Sticky, sweet food will lodge between the teeth. There it ferments, forms acids, and the surface of the tooth is softened. The tooth is then attacked day after day and night after night, what results? The beginning of a cavity is formed.

The teeth are too precious to neglect. Brush them now. Make the best of care of your possessions.

By CLIFF STERRETT

By RUSS WESTOVER

By V. D.

By JIMMY MURPHY