

The Newspaper Murder

by SAMUEL SPEWACK

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

Philip Edison is host at a night-club party to his just-redivorced wife and Oliver Sewell, sportsman and Don Juan. Edison presumes that Sewell and the divorced wife are married. When the party breaks up, Edison goes to Sewell's home and while he is waiting for the woman, 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. A young medical examiner, with a taste for detective work, assists Marx. Their search 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, who has been a sporting associate of Sewell's, is interrogated. Then Sewell's widow visits the apartment. She insists 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 related a story which the police do not believe. After the leaving her lawyer threatens Marx with political reprisals if the woman is not released. Then Edison visits the apartment. As he goes out a shot is heard. The Russian butler, Mary Ponnell, whose clothes are found in the apartment, is questioned. She identifies the "Paid in Full" note as her uncle's. The Major's handwriting.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER XIII

Now the Major's fists were clenched. "What is it you want?" he barked. "Something that's exceedingly difficult to obtain in this sad world of ours," said the doctor. "I want the truth." "If you want it badly enough," said the Major, "you can go down to the District Attorney's office and have me brought down there." Whereupon the doctor only smiled. "I don't think you really mean that, Major." "No?" "No, I don't. Now come, Major—the doctor frankly pleading, "why not tell me the facts in the case? Then you've nothing to fear. Follow the example of your niece, who—"

"What did she say?" demanded the Major quickly. "She said," the doctor emphasized each word, "that you'd warned her against Sewell." "Suppose I did?" "Major," the doctor changed the subject quickly, "what was that receipt for?" "That was a debt," said the Major. "I see, now, Major, I'm going to show you an example in frankness. I believe, Major, that there was something that caused you to hate Sewell as much as any man did. Something that doesn't throw discredit on you. What are you driving at?" "I believe, Major that you set out to kill Sewell because you thought he'd injured your niece." "That's bunk," fumed the Major. "Very well then," said the doctor. "You knew Sewell pretty well. Did you know there was someone living with him?" "No," replied the Major. "You did. Now, who was that person?" "I tell you I don't know. Hang it all, wasn't in Sewell's confidence. I don't know what he was up to." "You weren't in Sewell's confidence, and yet you were his associate?" "Yes."

TUBERCULOSIS FEAR IS OFTEN UNFOUNDED

Expectoration of Blood, a Symptom Always Associated with the Dread Disease, May Come from Any Member of Minor Causes, Says Dr. Copeland.

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

EVERYBODY has a dread of tuberculosis. This used to be such a common and fatal disease that all mankind came to fear it. One of the achievements of modern science is the progress it has made in conquering tuberculosis. It is disappearing rapidly, thanks to general knowledge of personal hygiene. We may hope to see it disappear as one of the major ailments.

A symptom which is almost always associated with tuberculosis is bleeding from the lungs. No matter when it came, blood in the sputum always alarms the victim. He wonders if there is something dreadfully wrong. "Hemoptysis" is the term given to such expectoration of blood. Not by any means is blood in the sputum due to a serious disturbance. It may come from bleeding from the gums, or from a rupture of the tissues in the throat. In consequence, the sputum may be stained with blood.

While we are about it, we better speak of other conditions that cause bleeding and its expulsion from the mouth. I had not thought to be quite so technical, but having begun, it may be better to complete the story.

In hemoptysis the blood is coughed up. The discharge is bright red and quite frothy. It is mixed with air. There is another condition called "hematemesis." This term is used to describe bleeding from the stomach.

In this condition the blood is likely to be vomited up, but, of course, may be expelled in small quantities. This is a much more serious thing than hemoptysis in as much as some disease of the stomach, as ulcer or something even more important. If much blood is expelled, no matter what its source, the important thing is to keep absolutely still. An ice-bag over the throat, chest or stomach, whenever it appears, is a place from which the blood comes. It will help to control the bleeding.

If the blood comes from the mouth or throat, bits of ice held in the mouth will be useful. The cold tends to stop the bleeding.

Unless you locate the seat of trouble, talk with your doctor. If the bleeding continues or is profuse he should be called at once.

In the meantime keep quiet in bed. Have the pillows high, so as to raise the upper part of the body. Remember that hot blood can come from a very small spot. You have cut your finger just a tiny bit and bled furiously. So don't think you have some dreadful thing



DR. COPELAND

Answers to Health Queries

E. G. Q.—How much should a boy 14, 5 feet 8 inches tall weigh?

A.—He should weigh about 132 pounds.

Miss L. G. A. Q.—My father, a man of 61, with no bad habits, awakes every morning with a nervous feeling throughout his entire body and numbness in the right leg and arm at times. He also suffers with sleeplessness—what do you advise?

A.—Probably due to poor circulation. Massage should help the numbness, but it would be wise to improve the health in general and in this way increase the circulation. With better health he will probably enjoy sound, restful sleep.

Miss L. E. R. Q.—About ten years ago I had a small mole removed from my face by the electric needle—it is now noticeable again and I would like to know if there is anything that can be done to prevent its entire re-growth?

A.—See a skin specialist for his advice. 323, Singapore Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Kerenky took control, and then he was deposed by the Bolsheviks. After the Bolshevik revolution, I came to Petrograd, for the troops had mutinied, and there was no prospect of reorganizing the Eastern front. The collapse was complete. The Germans had swallowed us. (To be continued tomorrow)

SCIO POSTMASTER HEADS STATE BODY

PORTLAND, Ore., June 19. — (AP)—J. S. Sticha, Scio, Ore., postmaster, was elected president of the Oregon branch of the National league of district postmasters today at the concluding session of the two day convention. Ethel N. Everson, postmistress at Creswell, Ore., retiring president was named secretary-treasurer, and named to attend the national convention at Niagara Falls in September. Other officers elected are: C. A. Ridder, Willamette, vice president, first district; W. E. Everson, Waldport, vice president, second district; Josephine Stark, third district; and D. S. Young, Dufur, vice president fourth district.

Youthful Bandit Obtains \$5000 in Daring Holdup

VANCOUVER, B. C., June 18. — (AP)—Greeting each member of the staff as he arrived for work with a threatening gun, a cool youthful bandit this morning held up five clerks of the Royal Bank of Canada, 1575 Commercial Drive and escaped with \$5000 in cash. The gunman, who apparently hid in the bank premises overnight, went about his holdup in a systematic manner, trussing each clerk up with a rope and placing him prone on the floor behind the counter.

GOOD-NIGHT STORIES

By Max Trel

Knarf Rumps in the Kitchen and is Almost Baked in a Pie.

Whenever India, the cook, was sure to find Knarf in the kitchen. It was useless for Mij, Flor, Hanid and Yam—the other little shadow-children with the turned-about names—to beg him to keep away. He persisted in going there.

"One of these days you'll get in a mess," warned Hanid. The impudent shadow-boy merely laughed.

"Don't worry about me," he said. But one day he did "get into a mess" as you soon shall see. It happened on the birthday of one of the little real children. India was trying to have the cakes and pies and cookies ready for the party in the afternoon. She rushed hither and thither carrying plates and jars and platters and pans. So fast did she go that the oven grew warm, simply with looking at her.

Naturally this was neither the time nor the place for Master Knarf. Just the same, he went right in and before the other shadows could stop him, sprang up on the table. It was his good fortune that India didn't notice shadows, for if she had, he would have been put in his place at once. As it was, he roamed about the table examining everything—a king's leisure as though he were a king walking in his garden.

The first thing that attracted his notice was a buttered pie-plate. He climbed up over the edge and tumbled himself down into it, began sliding around.

"Hooray," he shouted to the others, who were watching him from a corner of the ceiling. "It's just like a skating-rink. Come down. There's plenty of room."

They shook their heads. Just then he heard a curious noise from another corner of the table and he hastened out to investigate. It proved to be India rolling dough for pie-crust. You would imagine that he wouldn't be con-

tent to watch this procedure at a safe distance. Not Master Knarf! Nothing suited him but to leap onto the rolling pin itself and balance himself as it turned round and round. The fact that he might tumble off and be rolled flat did not bother him the least. And that was exactly odd, since as a shadow he was rather flat to begin with.

At length India spread the dough over the pie-plates and then proceeded to beat some white eggs with a twirling egg-beater. Knarf caught on and went whirling around. He shouted to the others, telling them how much fun they were missing. Mean-while



Knarf Jumped on the Rolling Pin.

The eggs grew fluffier and fluffier. At length they were thoroughly beaten. All at once, India gave the beater a sharp rap on the side of the dish and Knarf, who was holding on none too firmly, tumbled off into the eggs.

"Help, help!" he cried. India didn't hear him. She poured the eggs and Knarf into another dish containing apples and sugar and raisins and vanilla and stirred the mixture round and round. The more she stirred the thicker it became, the less could he stir. Finally she emptied him into the pie-plate. The other shadows grasped him by the leg and drew him out just as she was about to cover him with the top crust and bake him in the oven.

"I warned you you'd get into a

The Home Kitchen

By ALICE LYNN BARRY

SPAGHETTI ADDS VARIETY TO MENU

My vegetarian friends occasionally remark that they eat spaghetti in lieu of meat, and, similarly, dietitians, who've renounced potatoes take up spaghetti in the hope that it will help to avoid those extra pounds.

As a matter of fact, spaghetti is largely starch. Some varieties made of special flour containing a larger proportion of gluten have tissue-building properties, like meat. But by no means as much, pound for pound. That's why spaghetti is almost invariably served with a protein—meat or cheese. By itself it's mostly starch and is quite as fattening as potatoes. However, it still remains one of the most wholesome and tasty dishes on the menu, particularly as it may be prepared in hundreds of ways. In Italy, the home of spaghetti, there are hundreds of varieties of shapes and tints and textures. Here we see only a scant dozen—the thin spaghetti, the thinner vermicelli, broad macaroni, and the little shell-shaped "pasta." But whatever they look like, they can be cooked in similar fashion.

Good quality spaghetti is rough-textured and yellow and can be broken without splitting, not should it break during cooking. Too often spaghetti is overcooked—which is as bad as being undercooked, for it then becomes too soft and pasty.

Use plenty of salted boiling water. Place the bunch of spaghetti in the saucepan and as they heat they will gradually coil and the whole bunch fit into the cooking utensil without being broken.

"Help, help!" he cried. India didn't hear him. She poured the eggs and Knarf into another dish containing apples and sugar and raisins and vanilla and stirred the mixture round and round. The more she stirred the thicker it became, the less could he stir. Finally she emptied him into the pie-plate. The other shadows grasped him by the leg and drew him out just as she was about to cover him with the top crust and bake him in the oven.

"I warned you you'd get into a

Twenty minutes is sufficient for a half pound, as a rule. Then pour into a colander and set aside to run through to remove excess starch. After that the spaghetti can be prepared in any of a number of ways—either piled high on a platter and covered with a meat or vegetable sauce, or baked, or re-heated in another saucepan.

Spaghetti with Tomato Sauce
1/2 lb. boiled spaghetti
1/2 cup olive oil
1 cup tomatoes, fresh or canned
1 medium sized onion.
2 sweet green peppers.
1/2 cup grated Parmesan cheese.

Heat the olive oil in a saucepan. Add the minced onion and peppers and cook for 15 minutes. Add tomatoes and cook 15 minutes longer. The spaghetti should be kept hot on a hot platter, and when ready to serve, pour the sauce over it. The grated cheese is heated in a separate bowl and passed with the spaghetti.

Two variations made a vast difference to the dish—and a considerable improvement, according to your viewpoint. One is to cut a clove of garlic in half and beat it in the olive oil, and when it becomes light brown, remove it. The slight flavor will be left in the dish and tone it up a lot. Or, if you prefer, use bacon fat instead of olive oil, which adds good flavor. Then the finished dish can be garnished with the strips of crisp bacon.

Plain boiled spaghetti served with mushrooms lightly fried in butter is a pleasant and wholesome dish. Another simple way to prepare spaghetti is to serve it with a plain white sauce to which one tablespoonful of curry powder has been added. Or, add to one cupful of white sauce 3 well-beaten eggs and let simmer a few moments, then pour over the hot spaghetti and reheat in the oven a few moments. Chopped ham or dried chicken added to white sauce make an excellent dressing for plain spaghetti.

Your stationery carrier is a little Merchant, failure of a subscriber to pay is a loss to the carrier.

"Mm'm," said Knarf, "that may be, but it's certainly going to make a fine pie."

POLLY AND HER PALS

ADIRONDACK CAMP—60 ACRES—1/2 MILE SHORE FRONT—20 ROOM LODGE, EXQUISITELY FURNISHED—10 CAR GARAGE—BOAT HOUSES—ICE PLANT—SERVANTS' HALL ETC.—RENTAL PER SEASON \$30

THEY'S SOMETHING PHONEY ABOUT THIS HERE CAMP AUNT SUSIE. IT CAN'T BE ON THE LEVEL!

WHY DON'T PAW TELEPHONE? HE SURELY MUSTA SEEN MR. PRINCE THE OWNER BY THIS TIME!

HEART NORMAL, BREATHING FAIR. YOU MAY FIRE WHEN READY, MISS PRIM!

VERY GOOD, MISS PRIM THE APPLICANT'S NERVES ARE NOT TOO SUSCEPTIBLE TO SHOCK! HE'LL DO!

NOT BAD NOT BAD!

STEP THIS WAY SIR. MR PRINCE IS WAITING TO RECEIVE YOU!

TILLIE, THE TOILER

THE LITTLE LADY LOOKS WORRIED. WHAT'S THE MATTER?

I'M TAKING MY VACATION NEXT WEEK BUT I CAN'T HAVE TWO WEEKS UNLESS YOU ONLY TAKE ONE WEEK OF YOUR VACATION NOW

NO. I MUST HAVE MY TWO WEEKS. TILLIE—I NEED THE REST

YOU'LL GET YOUR TWO WEEKS ONLY ONE WILL BE IN AUGUST

I'LL GO BATTY IF I HAVE TO WAIT TILL AUGUST FOR THE OTHER WEEK

MAC IS GIVING UP A WEEK OF HIS VACATION SO I CAN GO NOW

ALL RIGHT, TILLIE. I'LL DO IT. I WON'T LET THAT LITTLE SAPP GET THE BEST OF ME

OH, MR. WHIPPLE YOU'RE THE SWEETEST EVER

LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY

AFTER THE SHOW, ANNIE MAKES HER WAY BACK TO HER NEW-FOUND FRIEND "MA" STITCHER, IN THE WARD-ROBE TENT

WELL, I'M MIGHTY GLAD TO SEE MY LITTLE GIRLY BACK AGAIN! AND HOW DID SHE LIKE THE BIG CIRCUS?

GREAT, MRS. STITCHER, AND MOST ESPECIALLY ONE OF THE CLOWNERS! GEE, HE WAS TERRIBLY FUNNY!

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO REALLY MEET AND TALK TO HIM?

MARY ELLEN, AND I JUST COULDN'T THINK OF ANYTHING ELSE THAT'D MAKE US HAPPIER!!

DO YOU REMEMBER WHICH ONE HE WAS? WHAT DID HE DO?

HE WAS THE BACK-BENDER WITH THE YELLOW SUIT WITH GREEN, RED, BLUE AND BLACK SPOTS ON IT

HMPH—THAT MUST'VE BEEN GRINNY! I'LL FETCH HIM IN

WE CAN HARDLY WAIT, MRS. STITCHER!!

WONDER OF WONDERS!!—!! LITTLE ANNIE IS GOING TO MEET, AND TALK TO GRINNY, THE WORLD'S FUNNIEST CLOWN!

TOOTS AND CASPER

HOW DO YOU LIKE THE PAIR OF WHITE FOX FURS I JUST BOUGHT, CASPER? AREN'T THEY GORGEOUS?

HOW MUCH DID THEY COST, TOOTS?

I PAID \$700.00 FOR THE PAIR, CASPER!

\$700.00? HOLY SMOKE, TOOTS! THAT'S AN OUTRAGEOUS PRICE! I WON'T PAY IT! TAKE THEM BACK!

I WAS FOOLING, CASPER! I ONLY PAID \$350.00 FOR THEM!

THAT'S DIFFERENT, TOOTS! THEY'RE A BARGAIN FOR THAT. GEE—THEY'RE BEAUTIFUL!

IT REQUIRES TACT TO HANDLE A HUSBAND! CASPER THINKS I GOT A BARGAIN, BUT IF I HAD TOLD HIM \$350.00 TO BEGIN WITH HE'D HAVE SAID IT WAS TOO MUCH JUST THE SAME! I MAKE HIM PAY THE BILLS, AND LIKE IT!

JIMMY MURPHY