

The Mystery of the Diamond

by SAMUEL SPEWACK

Phillip Edison is least at a night-club party to his just-recently-divorced wife and Oliver Sewell, sportsman and Don Juno. 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, is informed Sewell has been found dead. Inspector Marx, by means of 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 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, Edison, 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, looking at a mirror door, it opens, and Mrs. Edison appears. She relates a story which the police do not believe. After she leaves, her lawyer threatens Marx with political reprisals if the woman is molested. Then Edison visits the apartment. As he goes out a shot is heard. The doctor, who has just murdered and Edison is arrested. Mary Pennell, whose clothes are found in the apartment, questions Marx, but identifies the "Paid in Full" note at her uncle's. The Major's handwriting is found. It relates a story of the famous Shah diamond. The Major, who lives in Russia while Sewell was there, Sewell gets possession of the diamond and takes it and the Countess Kuravova to America.

Searching through various papers of Sewell's, I came upon an interesting memorandum. It is a letter to Nina when he said he had been robbed of the stone. For the memorandum was a confidential appraisal of the stone, and its value. Further, it was suggested that should the stone be cut for any reason whatsoever, it would still be worth a small fortune, although intact it was worth far more.

This was the conclusive proof I wanted. My reason tells me that if Sewell has gone about marketing the stone, he has proceeded with the utmost caution. It is not impossible that he still has the stone. And if he has it, I shall take it from him, if it means his death. Nothing shall stand in my path. I have killed men in war, and have not liked it. I have a desire to harm a human being. But for this stone I would commit all the crimes in the calendar.

Why? It is not alone that the money it represents would solve for me all of life's problems. Somehow, it is as if one might see the stone fire a man with a purpose, good or evil, to possess himself of this stone. I knew I must sell it. But I wanted to hold it in my hands once more, even if only

for a moment. And then it shall be the key which shall unlock that happiness which has eluded me so persistently in these sad years.

A Major Preston called of Sewell today. My examination of Sewell's papers showed me that this individual was or is a partner of my employer, and so I decided to listen to their conference. It was not unlikely that Preston is involved in the sale of the diamond.

But here I was doomed to disappointment. Their conference took quite a different turn.

It seems that Sewell was paying attention to a niece of his visitor's and the latter was quite angry.

I heard Sewell say: "And what do you propose to do about it?"

"Listen," his visitor shouted, "If you go near her, I'll shoot you if it means the chair for me."

Sewell laughed. "I know you well enough Major," he said, "and I don't think even your lovely niece would cause you to sacrifice a minute of comfortable life."

"I'm giving you warning," the Major persisted, "and another laugh out of you now and I won't wait."

CAPTER XVII.

The Major held a revolver in his hand. But Sewell promptly put on an attitude of wronged innocence, and assured his angry visitor that he was only joking. But the Major was not appeased. He turned to go, and then suddenly, he said: "You owe me thirty-eight thousand dollars on that last deal. You'd better pay now, and then we're quits."

"Very well," said Sewell, and said down to write a check. The Major signed a receipt. Sewell put the receipt in the safe. Then the Major left.

Two days have passed. I have listened in on the telephone. I have watched every move that he made. I am trying to formulate a plan whereby I can trap him into giving me the necessary information.

But back of my mind, however, is the feeling that the mysterious second person in this apartment has a definite bearing on my own quest. This person, whose food I have not seen, but never see—who is he? Where is he?

Today, when Sewell left the house, I made a thorough search of each room. But nowhere do I find a trace of the existence of

this second person. So I wait until Sewell arrives, and then, under various pretenses, I follow him about the apartment. At night my vigilance is rewarded. I hear a voice—a man's voice—and it is not Sewell's I listen intently. But I hear nothing.

Stunned, I wait a moment. Then I run into the room. But I see nothing. Frantically I search the apartment.

I must have been dreaming. An hour later I see Sewell. Now I am sure I have been dreaming.

And yet today, after a sleepless night, I am convinced I was not dreaming.

Sewell has left the apartment. Again I search, and again I find nothing.

Wary of my search I leave and visit some acquaintances in Elizabeth. I return. I enter the living room.

I find Sewell seated in a chair, murdered.

The police have come. I am questioned. What can I say? Tonight in the apartment I heard voices—a man's voice—a woman's voice—but as I listened they seemed to disappear. I make a search of the house. All was still.

Today something happened. I have the key to my problem—and to the murder, but—

"What's this?" demanded the doctor, as he fingered the torn edge of a page of manuscript.

"That," said Marx, "is where someone stepped in and tore off the ends of his story."

Marx's face was gloomy. "And that," he concluded, "is why our friend, the simple butler, was bumped off so suddenly. He knew too much."

The doctor placed the manuscript carefully upon the desk. Marx watched him.

"Well," said Marx, "what do you think?"

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GOOD-NIGHT STORIES

By Max Trel

Knarf, as a Giant Shadow-Boy, Creates a Disturbance.

"I'M TIRED of being as small as a pin," said Knarf one evening as he was sitting on the edge of a match-box with Mil, Flor, Hand and Yam, the other little shadow-children. They looked at him gravely.

"If you're tired of being as small as a pin," they said, "what do you want to be?"

"I want to be as big as a giant. And what's more I'm going to make myself as big as a giant this very minute."

And with that he suddenly stretched himself out—just as all shadows can, and became so large that he reached half-way across the ceiling. The room was much too small for him.

"I'm going out," he said, starting to leave through the window.

"Make yourself small again, Knarf," the others cried. "Something is sure to happen."

Instead of heeding them, he proceeded out of the window. When he reached the street, he stretched himself a little more. Then he sat down on the roof of a house. He was now so large that even though he sat so high up, his feet touched the ground. Everything seemed small to him. The houses were like doll-houses, the people were tiny. The telephone poles, that he used to think so tremendously tall, looked no bigger than toothpicks.

He took a walk. He covered half a mile with each step. When he came to a church steeple, he leap-frogged over it. At the river he didn't bother crossing the bridge but taking a short run, easily jumped to the other side.

"Well," said he to himself, "I'm a pretty big shadow." And he pat-

ted himself on the chest. But big as he was no one noticed him. Who cares how big shadows are, or, for that matter, how small they are? This disappointed Master Knarf. He would have enjoyed being noticed.

Nevertheless he felt very proud of himself. Finally, he decided to return home and show his master. No sooner decided than done. Knarf reached home in two steps. The window of little Frankie's bedroom was open. Getting in was no easy matter. It was like squeezing through the eye of a needle. At length he managed it. The room was much too small for him. He felt like a Jack-in-the-



He Leaped over the Steeple.

box. The ceiling was so low that he had to bend himself across it, and his body filled a third.

The little boy was asleep. Knarf touched his eyelids lightly with the tip of one finger. Instantly his master opened his eyes. On beholding his tremendous shadow, he uttered a gasp of surprise.

"Is he, Knarf—your shadow," he said to the boy, smiling genially. He expected him to be very pleased. Imagine his consternation to find that he was so frightened that he pulled the covers over his head.

"Humph," said Knarf, with a sigh, "he's afraid of his own shadow." And with that he made himself as small as a pin again.

(To be Continued Tomorrow.)

Home-Making Helps

By ELEANOR ROSS

As a first aid to cutting down cleaning and laundry bills, command me the oil cloth. No to mention the fact that it makes whatever cleaning has to be done so much easier. If you look around kitchen, bathroom and dressing rooms, it's amazing how much in the way of work and expense can be saved by introducing oilcloth coverings.

Years ago the very thought of Oilcloth was something used on kitchen tables because it was so easy to clean and because repeated lavings a dozen times a day were necessary. White oilcloth and the checked variety were the only kinds known for years.

But the oilcloth producers, following the color fads, have not only introduced much more cheerful patterns, but they have gone further. Nowadays you can buy oilcloth so cleverly woven and tinted that it resembles fabric. Waterproof textures are waterproof in action, but to the eye many of them look like linen.

Do your tables in bathroom or bedrooms get messed up with powder and lotions? You can obtain very good-looking scarfs and runners and squares that are impervious to liquid and which can be wiped free of dust and grease in one sweep of the hand. These waterproof fabrics come in all the colors of the rainbow and the shades and tints in between. You can get fabrics that look like linen or cretonne and some with a silky finish. Some of the heavier varieties are even converted into gray shower-shorts.

They are excellent, too, for curtains in rooms where curtains get soiled so quickly. At kitchen windows or bathroom windows, or windows in the children's rooms, these waterproof fabrics are a great saving. They can be wiped every day with a damp cloth, just as you wipe the window sills, here's never that period of dirt during which curtains look a bit dingy, because they're on the

verge of a trip to the laundry. Waterproof curtains can be kept clean and bright constantly. And they wear just as well as nets or cretonnes or other fabrics—sometimes indeed even better.

There's nothing like these oilcloth fabrics as linings for drawers or shelves. In the kitchen they can be used to give color as well as to insure cleanliness. Oilcloths for the kitchen come in gray chintz patterns, both for table coverings by the yard, and also in varying lengths to suit shelving. Drawers to hold kitchen equipment, lined with these waterproof materials insure cleanliness. It's so little of an effort to wipe off any small spots with a damp cloth—no need to change the lining because of an ineluctable smudge, as one has to do very often when ordinary paper is used.

For table service there are extra special types of oilcloth. They are just the thing for those finicky women who don't like the look and feel of paper for table service, even though admitting the labor-saving qualities and desiring exceedingly to save themselves labor especially on warm days. These oilcloth fabrics made up in the tablecloths, runners and napkins are linen to the eye—indeed, some of them are so cleverly made that even handling is deceptive and they fell like linen too. They have a fine pattern as damask, and wash more easily. All you need to do is wipe off as soiled. Certainly this is an improvement over the forced economies of households where they just won't use paper for table service and yet can't afford to have clean fresh linen on the table at every meal.

Oilcloth and tile are the ideal for the kitchenwalls, from the standpoint of sanitation. But if this is impossible, squares of this oilcloth material, put over sink and stove, where splashing are most frequent, will give good protection to plain painted walls.

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GROUCH IS A RESULT OF UPSET DIGESTION

When You're Blue and Life Seems Not Worth While, You're Probably Paying the Penalty of Indiscretion in Eating, Says Dr. Copeland.

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

"BLUE MONDAY" is famous for its depressing effects. A few people appear to have the blues on Monday and every other day of the week. They are constantly in the dumps. To them life seems not worth while. Everything and everybody seems to be working against you. An early death or an asylum of some sort is thought to be the only thing left. Life is a failure!

If you ever had the blues you know the symptoms. The funniest joke will not bring a smile—on the contrary it seems stupid to you. You do not enjoy contact with family or friends. All you ask is to be left alone, to die as soon as possible.

Isn't this a dreadful picture? Yet how many times you have gone through just such an experience.

When the cause of these spells commonly called the "blues" is checked, they seem so serious. Nine times out of ten an upset digestive system is the root of the evil.

Indigestion, constipation and the resulting clogging of the system, are the real reasons for your knowing you are going to die. The intestinal fermentation produces gases and toxins which poison the system.

We must not expect to disregard the laws of nature and still enjoy good health. You cannot have an unclean intestinal tract and perfect functioning of mind and body. They simply do not mix.

Overeating—eating too much of certain foods such as pies, pastries, rich gravies or meats, a combination of rich foods, will upset the digestive system. You cannot eat three regular meals each day and then eat between meals and before going to bed without paying the penalty.

A headache, perhaps nausea, the blues and many other symptoms will surely follow such abuse of the body organs. The machinery of digestion and elimination can break down just as machines of wood and metal will rebel if overworked.

Waste no time in correcting the trouble. Take a cathartic like castor oil, follow this with citrate of magnesia or milk of magnesia. Then reduce your diet to simple liquid or soft food for twenty-four hours. You will be surprised how soon all your troubles will disappear. The blues will fade away and everything will be rosy.

With this warning from Nature, correct your habits. Eat less often and with more judgment. Take a short brisk walk each day. Exercise your muscles. Occupy your mind with pleasant thoughts—pleasant companions and read good books. You will be surprised how such a manner of living will effect your disposition as well as your health.

Answers to Health Queries

H. Q. Q.—How can I reduce? Are reducing tablets or preparations harmful in any way?

A.—If you restrict your diet with regard to sweets and starches and take some regular exercise daily you should lose weight and benefit generally. I am not familiar with such preparations, therefore cannot advise you about them.

A Reader, Q.—I am reducing and do a great deal of walking, but as I am inclined to have varicose veins and walking aggravates this trouble I am at a loss to know what to do about it. I am dieting and in addition taking

A.—Do not overdo the walking—keep your diet well balanced, keeping the amount of sweets and starches and keep the intestinal tract clear. Wearing a rubber stocking or bandage on the legs during

POLLY AND HER PALS

IMAGINE US GETTIN' A TWENTY ROOM ADIRONDACK CAMP FOR THE SUMMER. RENT FREE!

IT'S CALLED GRAYSTONE LODGE, AND IT SOUNDS THRILLING!

HOW'LL WE GET THERE? DRIVE UP IN THE FLIVVER?

HECK, NO! WHAT WOULD WE DO WITH THE FLIVVER AFTER WE GOT THERE?

KEEP IT IN THE GARAGE, SILLY! YOU READ IN THE AD THAT THEY'S A TEN CAR GARAGE, DIDNTCHA?

I SUTTINLY DID, DEARIE!

BUT THEY HAPPENS TO BE TEN! CARS IN THE GARAGE WHICH GOES WITH THE PROPERTY!

TILLIE, THE TOILER

YOU TOLD ME YOU WERE GOING TO WRITE TO MAC AS SOON AS YOU ARRIVED HERE AT THE BEACH TILLIE!

I WILL, MUMSY. WHEN I COME IN I'M GOING FOR A WALK IN THE MOONLIGHT WITH JACK.

SMACK!

ARE YOU GOING TO WRITE TO MAC NOW, TILLIE?

YES, MUMSY.

GOSH! I CAN'T THINK OF A THING TO WRITE TO MAC AFTER THAT KISS.

LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY

WHILE FRANTIC DADDY ROONEY SCOURS THE COUNTRY IN SEARCH OF HIS RUNAWAY ADOPTED DAUGHTER WE FIND THE YOUNG LADY QUITE COMFORTABLY LOCATED WITH A BIG CIRCUS WHICH HAS NOW MOVED TO A BIG CITY.

WE AREN'T DOING SO WORSE, MARY ELLEN! IT ISN'T EVERYBODY WHO CAN JOIN UP WITH A CIRCUS WITHOUT BEING A BACK-BENDER, OR THE WORLD'S FETTERED LADY, OR A TRAPEZIST!

— AND "MA" STITCHER IS JUST LIKE A MOMMY TO US — AND GRINNEY, THE CLOWN IS—OH, BY THE WAY, HE WAS GOING TO GET ME A PART IN DAN'S ACT — WONDER WHO DAN'S ACT IS LIKE.

THERE ARE SO MANY ACTORS, AND ANIMALS THAT I HAVEN'T HAD THE CHANCE TO MEET THEM ALL SO FAR— GEE, LIKE COMES GRINNEY NOW.

HELLO, ANNIE, I'M BRINGING ALONG SOMEBODY I WANT YOU TO MEET.

AND IF YOU DON'T THINK YOU'LL BE AFRAID, DAN'S GIVE YOU A TRY-OUT.

WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO?

COME OVER TO MY TENT, AND I'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT, ANNIE!

TOOTS AND CASPER

YOU TWO BOYS WILL HAVE TO EXCUSE ME; I'VE GOT SOME SHOPPING TO DO!

BLOW THE OLD MAN GOOD, TOOTS! BUY YOURSELF ALL THE PRETTY CLOTHES YOU WANT!

GO TO IT, TOOTS! THE SKY'S THE LIMIT!

BY THE WAY, CASPER! HAVE YOU MADE YOUR WILL YET?

NO, COLONEL HOOPER! WHY DO YOU ASK?

YOU'VE GOT \$50,000.00 IN THE BANK! THAT IS YOUR DOG MADE IT FOR YOU! IF ANY THING HAPPENS TO YOU YOU'D WANT TOOTS TO GET IT, WOULDN'T YOU? YOU OUGHT TO MAKE A WILL! YOU'RE ALIVE TODAY, BUT YOU MAY NOT BE TOMORROW! LIFE'S AN UNCERTAIN PROPOSITION AT THE BEST— INCIDENTALLY, YOU'RE LOSIN' WEIGHT! DO YOU FEEL WELL?

I FELT FINE UNTIL YOU JUST DROPPED IN! DO YOU KNOW ANY MORE FUNNY STORIES?

GOLLY—I LOOK A BIT DRAWN AT THAT! I'M KIND OF PALE, TOO!

By CLIFF STERRETT

By RUSS WESTOVER

By VERD

By JIMMY MURPHY

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