

The Sky-scraper Murder

by SAMUEL SPEWACK

CHAPTER XXXI.

An hour later the two proceeded by cab to the ostentatiously magnificent home of Mrs. Earl St. Clair. An elaborate garden and scrolled gates shielded the house from the rude street and the two investigators were forthwith impressed by the luxurious taste of the wealthy resident.

Mrs. St. Clair was one of those restless souls who maintains homes in the four corners of the world, and spends her time traveling from one establishment to another. Possessed of more money than she could keep track of, her only delight was in constant motion.

A supercilious butler took the doctor's card and several moments later ushered them into the august presence of a lady who was cringing not to be fifty. She was tall and artificially stately, and she wore a gown entirely too elaborate and jeweled for anything but royal splendor. She seemed genuinely puzzled at their visit.

"Madam," the doctor apologized, "I know you will forgive our intrusion, but the business that brings us here is urgent. You may even be grateful to us before the night is over, because believe you are being engaged in one of the most notorious cases America has yet produced."

The widow seemed dazed and lost her carefully cultivated poise.

"What's it all about?" she demanded, reverting to type.

"A Mr. Slater has come to see you."

"Yes," she seemed surprised.

"And he has brought a jewel with him—an unusual jewel."

"Yes, how did you know? He told me it was a secret."

"Secrets," said the doctor, "have a way of circulating. However, I trust you will cooperate with the police to this extent. Will you make an appointment with Mr. Slater and then—let us keep it?"

"But I don't understand," she protested. "He said he had been sent by my friend, Mrs. Edison. He showed me the stone, and he was coming here again, when my jeweler would appraise it."

"Did you make an appointment with him?"

"No."

"Then, madam, could you telephone him at once and say that your jeweler was with you, and would he please come and bring the stone with him?"

"But why?"

"Madam, you may examine our credentials. You can call up the French police. After Mr. Slater comes here, you will know why."

"But I don't want to be dragged into any mess," she protested.

"You needn't worry about that," said the doctor. "There won't be a word mentioned of your presence."

"What is it—a robbery?"

"No—Madam, Murder."

"Mr. Slater—"

"Yes." The woman seemed to grow pale under her rouge.

"But—Oh, that's nonsense. He's a gentleman."

"There have been gentlemen murderers," the doctor assured her. "Will you help us, Madam?"

"Why—of course, I've got to. But you'll see I'm kept out of it."

"We promise that."

She picked up the telephone. She called for the Claridge.

While waiting for her number, she looked at the doctor and shook her head.

"But he seems such a charming man," she protested. "There must be some mistake. I can't believe it."

"Slater," she said into the telephone. "Mr. Slater? This is Mrs. St. Clair. That jeweler has just come. Could you bring the stone at once? Thank you!"

"Are you sure," she turned now to the doctor, "that you have not mixed him up with someone else?"

"Positive, Madam."

"Well," she said, "I'd taken quite a fancy to him. He's got such nice manners."

"He makes a very good impression," said the doctor, "but I'm afraid you are about to see him in an unfavorable light. I don't think you'll approve of his manners."

An hour passed.

Marx squirmed in his chair restlessly. The doctor stared at the ceiling.

"They heard the door bell ring downstairs," the butler brought word of the expected visitor. Mrs. St. Clair rose, evidently troubled and nervous. Marx rose too. The doctor remained seated.

They heard soft footsteps ascending the stairs. There was a pause. Then a slight, dark, saturnine individual with pomaded black hair tightly parted in the middle entered the room.

"So sorry I'm late," he apologized to his hostess. "But I got into a deuce of a traffic jam. You know what Paris streets are like these days."

He turned to look at the detective and the doctor.

"Marx is my name," said the inspector. "Glad to meet you, Mr. Slater."

Mr. Slater took the detective's hand and pressed it gingerly.

"Dr. Rhinewald," murmured the doctor.

"Ah, yes," said the strange Mr. Slater. "You gentlemen are the ones who are responsible for the surety man who dog my footsteps. Real reason I'm late is that I've been leading them a merry chase in taxis. Like the sport of it."

Marx was too astounded to reply. But the doctor put forth:

"We really didn't mean to annoy you."

"If that's an apology," laughed Mr. Slater, "I accept it. Mistakes will happen, even with the American police, who always get their man—or is that the exclusive prerogative of the Canadian Royal Mounted?"

Marx flushed, for the jibes raked, but he kept his temper.

suppose you come to my hotel." "All right," said Marx. "Suppose you come to our hotel," suggested Marx. Slater shrugged his shoulders.

"Very well," he agreed. "As you wish."

Arriving in the suite shared by the detective and the doctor, Marx turned on Slater, suddenly.

"Now—" he began, glaring balefully at Slater, "who are you, and what's the game?"

"My name is Slater, and the game's none of your damn business."

"If you was down in Police Headquarters that answer would get you a rap on the head. As it is, I can only sock you in the jaw. Want me to?"

"Go ahead," said Slater.

"Now come on," Marx softened his tone. "What's the use. We've got you. You can't do a damn thing about it. If I have to keep you here from now to Doomsday you're going to come through."

"I've nothing to come through about," Slater snapped angrily. "The fact is I'm trying to sell that diamond. Your presence here interferes with the sale."

"How did you get hold of the diamond?"

"I bought it from a Russian."

"Where?"

"In New York."

"What was his name?"

"I can't pronounce Russian names."

"Don't get funny."

"I've a jeweler friend. He brought the diamond to him, and this jeweler let me in on it. We went halves. I determined to go to Paris to sell it. I thought I could sell it more easily."

"Why?"

"Oh, that would require an essay. Americans in Paris spend money more readily than they do at home. They're in a more receptive frame of mind for a deal like this."

"What did you pay the Russian for the diamond?"

"Ten thousand dollars."

"Where's the Russian now?"

"Lord knows."

"Did you know that Sewell had that diamond originally?"

(Continued on Page 10)

GOOD-NIGHT STORIES

By Max Trefl

Mij Tries to Help Master Jim in School

Jim's shadow, Mij, liked to be helpful to his master. But he didn't always succeed. At least he didn't on this occasion, as you shall soon see.

Mij accompanied his little master to school, just as Flor, Hanid, Yam and Knarf—the other little shadow-children with the reversed names—accompanied their masters and mistresses. Once they reached school, the shadows either sat under the real-children's desks, or else stood up against the wall, as flat as can be. Teacher didn't mind them because they remained as still as pins. Even when they spoke no one heard them, for shadow-language is as quiet as a thought.

As it happened, teacher called on May first. She said: "Miss May what is the capital of the United States?"

"Washington," she replied promptly.

"That's correct. And now, Master Frank, in what State is Washington?"

Teacher smiled slyly as she said this. There was a catch in the question, you see. Frank thought and thought.

"I don't know," he said at last. Teacher turned to Dinah. "You tell us," she said. Dinah didn't know either.

Now Mij saw very well that his own master was to be called on next, so he hurriedly slid along the wall until he came to the big map which hung over the blackboard.

As he didn't know any more about geography than his master—which was very little indeed—he looked for Washington in everyone of the 48 states. Finally he discovered it, tucked in between Pennsylvania and West Virginia. But it was property in neither one nor the other. It was in no state at all.

Upon this Mij, who had

hastened back to his master and springing upon his shoulder, shouted as loudly as he could: "It's in no state."

Just then the teacher turned to Jim.

"In what State is it?" she asked.

"It's in—In—" began the boy.

"—In no State!" shouted Mij. Unfortunately his master didn't hear him very well, for he wasn't used to listening to his shadow.

"It's in no State," shouted Mij again, making a megaphone of his hands.

"That's right. It is in no State. It's in the District of Columbia. You're very clever Master Jim. Now come up to the map and show the others just where it is."

Jim went to the map. And he did not know in the least where to look for it, he couldn't find it. At this, Mij, trying to be as helpful as possible, pointed straight at it. He should never have done this, for being a shadow, he merely darkened the spot and the boy couldn't see Washington, at all.

"It's right here!" cried Mij, "I am pointing at it!"

"This didn't help at all. His master simply couldn't make it out. At length the teacher said: 'It's plain you don't know as much

Home-Making Helps

By ELEANOR ROSS

Antique hunting is to women what gold rushing is to men. It's a sort of fever that gets you. Especially on a bright summer day when you're driving through the country past modest old farmhouses. Every gabled roof suggests garrets full of who knows what, sturdy treasures of maple or pewter or ancient glass? Any woman who hasn't succumbed to the lure of the antique, and gone on a wild goose chase every so often to some inaccessible spot on the strength of a hunch or a hunch—well, she hasn't yet savored the most adventurous side of housekeeping!

Like gold-seeking, there are always false clues. You come home elated with a car full of choice though rickety objects, in the conviction that it's the real thing. Only to find out later, alas, that there's nothing authentic about the furniture but its ricketiness. But what of it? Every failure is an education, and hope springs eternal in the heart of the real antique lover. Meanwhile there's the thrill of hunting and gambling.

For a gamble it is, of course. Few are expert in recognizing the genuine in begrimed, dusty old pieces. But there are many antique-hunters who will buy almost anything old, no matter how ugly, how unsuitable it is to their homes, even if it's half broken, merely on the strength of its sobriety. No wonder the dealers are tempted! And the vaudeville story of the shrewd old lady who kept a dilapidated old grandfather's clock in the corner of her little tea-room which she sold with apparent reluctance to ardent antique-hunters and repurchased from a large stock of recently made similar clocks kept in her cellar, isn't entirely fictitious.

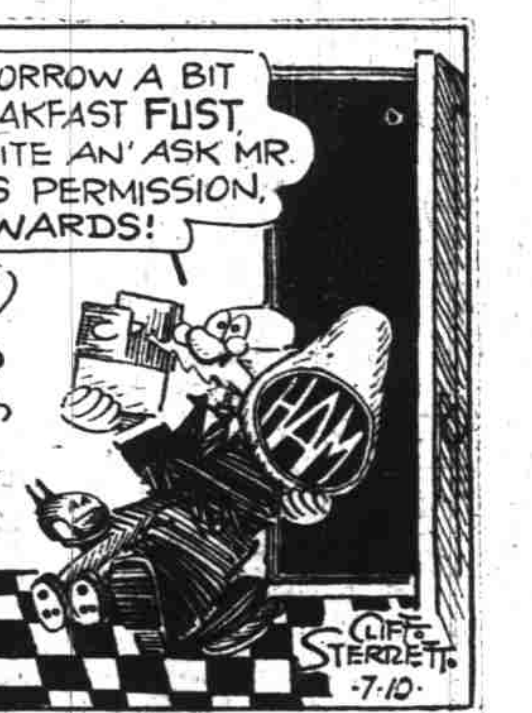
Also if you expect to use that ladder-back chair or tip-top table, make sure that it's still sturdy, or at least not beyond repair. You haven't one or two treasures lugged home with great pride, and later found that the apparently trifling crack is hopeless and still cracking, that the charming little table with two and a half legs may be doomed to this crippled state permanently, because it's impossible to rehabilitate the third leg so as to make it dependable.

For which reason good reproductions are often preferable to the uncertain originals. Nowadays many of our old American pieces are being reproduced so beautifully as to satisfy even the antique expert. He may have to look at it more than casually before he discovers that it isn't a hundred years old. Good reproductions imitate the best of the old lines and have the additional advantage that they can be given everyday use and enjoyed. They don't have to be set in a corner and, figuratively speaking, roped off so that they are merely admired.



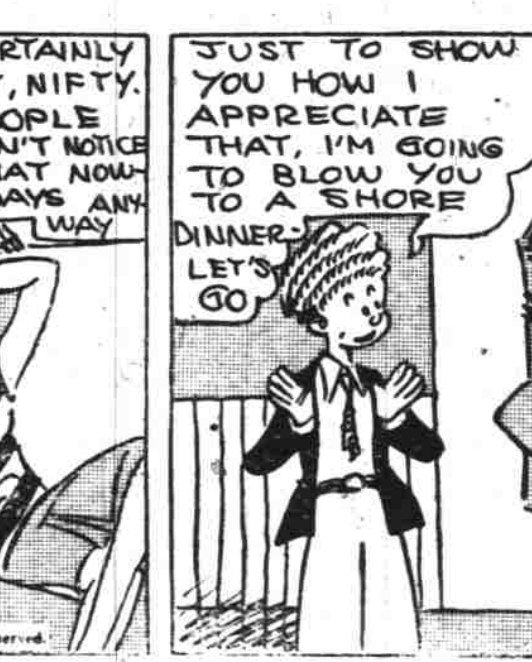
He Came to the Big Map.

POLLY AND HER PALS



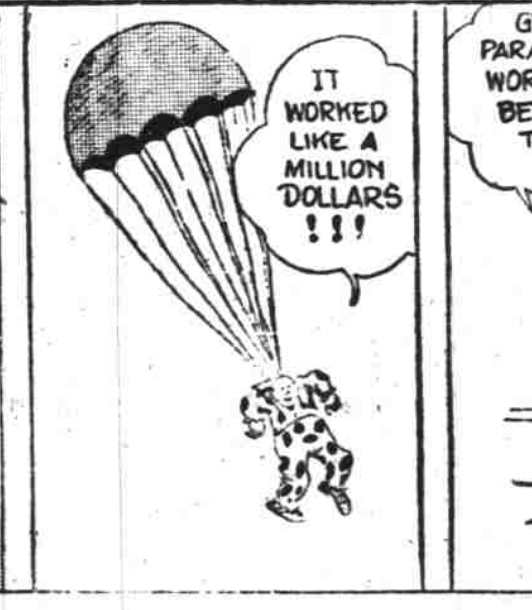
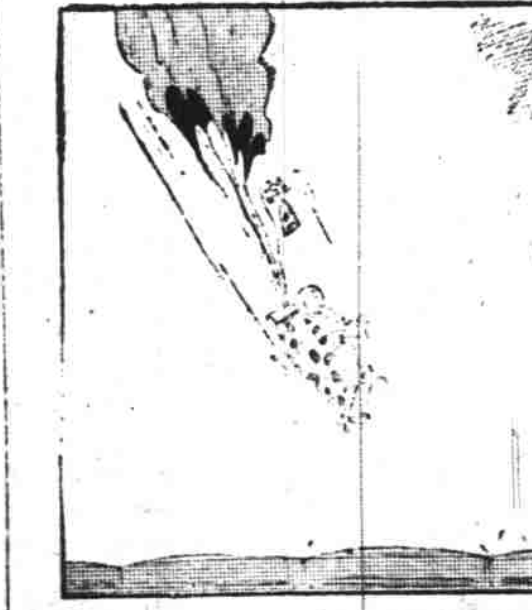
By CLIFF STERRETT

TILLIE, THE TOILER



By RUSS WESTOVER

LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY



By VERD

TOOTS AND CASPER



By JIMMY MURPHY

LIGHT IS VITAL AS A GOOD HEALTH FACTOR

Dr. Copeland Quotes from "Aerologist" in Stressing the Importance of Sunshine and the Outdoors to a Long and Happy Life.

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

RECENTLY I read an interesting editorial in the Aerologist, a journal devoted to the idea of proper ventilation. I wish to quote a paragraph or two:

"The engineer has exceeded our most sanguine expectations in developing apparatus for mechanical ventilation indoors. Laws have been placed on the statute books making ventilation compulsory. But in spite of all this, the valleys and peaks of the mortality curves year after year remain practically unchanged. Why is this so?"

"Life follows the sun... Not only is the sun the great giver of life and health, but the great benefits of outdoor life, particularly during the warm summer months, are from the sun and not from the air."

"From the earliest times people have confused the beneficial effects of sunshine with the effects of air. We have been advised to live out-of-doors. The virtues of outdoor air has been extolled. The open window has been proclaimed from the house tops under the false impression that the great benefit of outdoor life was the air, when as a matter of fact, the air has very little to do with it."

"It is the sunlight, the sky-shine, the ultra violet rays, and perhaps countless other energy emanations from them that make the great difference between outdoors and indoors."

"If we have failed to observe the importance of light we have overlooked a vital, perhaps the vital, factor in health production. We just cannot thrive without it."

"For years I have battled to make the Senate chamber a liveable place. Now it is a thermos bottle cut off from outside light and air. It pains me to see the Senators fade and age far more rapidly than years demand. We cannot be healthy and vigorous without light. It is essential to existence."

"I am much interested in the increasing popularity of the many devices that supply ultra-violet light. The lamps are ingenious, but what is more important, they are health-promoting. I firmly believe."

"Let all the sunshine and skyshine you possibly can. It will help you to live long and happily."

Answers to Health Queries

P. L. G. Q.—How much should a girl aged 16, 5 feet 3 inches tall weigh?
A.—She should weigh about 115 pounds.

Worried Reader. Q.—What is the cause of hives? Can they be cured?
A.—A serious condition, constipation, foods which cause irritation, in some instances a kidney condition may be responsible for hives. Locate the cause and treatment can be advised.

C. C. Q.—What do you advise
A.—For your age and height you should weigh about 115 pounds.
L.—There is really no way you can increase your height. You will probably continue to grow until the age of 21.

A. D. C. D. Q.—I am 16 years old, 4 feet 3 inches tall; what should I weigh; also a girl aged 22, 5 feet 1 inch tall?
A.—What will make freckles less noticeable?
A.—They should weigh respectively about 104, 121 and 119 pounds.
L.—Use equal parts of lemon juice and peroxide as a bleach.

Isadore P. Q.—What should a boy 14 years old weigh if he is 5 feet 2 inches tall?
A.—How can I grow taller?

A.—For your age and height you should weigh about 115 pounds.
L.—There is really no way you can increase your height. You will probably continue to grow until the age of 21.

C. C. Q.—What do you advise
A.—For your age and height you should weigh about 115 pounds.
L.—There is really no way you can increase your height. You will probably continue to grow until the age of 21.