

The Skyscraper Murder

by SAMUEL SPEWACK

CHAPTER XXXIV

"Come!" the girl commanded, opening the door.

But Sewell lingered a moment. "I never dreamt that you—" he seemed suddenly to give expression to his astonishment.

"I love you," the girl explained simply. "I couldn't let them—"

And then the door closed on the doctor and Marx, as the girl hurried Sewell down the corridor.

Several moments later a somewhat bewildered stenographer found Marx and the doctor writing soundlessly. She helped free them. Without a word they bounded into the corridor and, without pausing to wait for the elevator, in their haste, ran down four flights to the lobby.

But their apologetic inquiries there elicited nothing further than that the girl and the man they described had not been seen. They ran out into the street. There was no sign of them there.

Marx swore to the high heavens.

"Right out of my hands," he moaned. "Right out of my hands!"

The doctor telephoned the French police, but Marx could see little hope.

"They're away. We can't get them now. They can hide for years. A fine mess we made of it. That damn girl!"

"I can't understand it," the doctor sighed. "I never dreamt she was a confederate of his."

"She called you a fool," Marx reminded him.

The doctor, stung, made no retort, however.

"I think," he said, "I'll both need a drink. That's all I know at the present moment."



On the Bed Lay Sewell. He Was Dead, With a Bullet Through the Heart. Beside Him Lay a Note Addressed to Marx.

the door leading to the street, a bell-boy raced after them.

"Telephone call," he explained. The doctor hurried to the booth.

"Hullo—"

"Who is this?" It was a woman's voice.

"Doctor Rhinewald, if you will go immediately to the Rue Pizalle 18, second floor, you will get the man you're looking for."

"Eh?"

But the voice ceased. The doctor hung up, bewildered. The voice was that of Nina Karasova.

The doctor raced to Marx and repeated the message.

"Well, whatever it is," said Marx, relieved to find something tangible to do, "we're going to do it right this time. Get a flock of men from the French. Have the house surrounded. We take no chances."

Then, having quickly telephoned the police, the two hailed a cab and were driven to Montmartre. They had no sooner arrived at their destination than a large touring car bearing French detectives drew up behind them. The doctor explained the situation, and men were posted at every strategic point in the rather dilapidated apartment house.

Then Marx, the doctor, and a stalwart surety agent climbed two flights of stairs and knocked at the door. There was no answer. Marx looked at the Frenchman and indicated direct action was necessary. They put their shoulders to the door and broke through.

They ran into the corridor of a rather musty flat. There seemed to be no sign of any inhabitant. For a moment Marx thought he had been made the victim of a hoax. But he proceeded to open the door leading to a disordered bedroom. Then he stopped suddenly.

On the bed lay Sewell. He was dead, with a bullet through his heart.

Beside him lay a note addressed to Marx:

"You will know who wrote this," the note read, "even if I do not sign my name."

"I could not let you take Sewell back to America. It would cheat me out of my revenge."

"Did you see his face when I acted as if I were about to bring him freedom and release? The sight of that face was worth more than life to me. I, too, once thought he would bring me freedom and release."

When they rose the next morning, the doctor still ruled they needed a drink. But they contented themselves with huge quantities of coffee, and the more they drank, the more melancholy they seemed.

The doctor plied the telephone, but the French police had no news. The story of Sewell's escape had leaked out to the Paris newspapers, and reporters with an ingrained sense of humor took occasion to josh Marx. He tore the papers to bits.

Then, under the doctor's subtle persuasion, he began to regain his normal stolidity, and he dressed and shaved carefully. He was thinking of the cold reception awaiting him in New York.

"Why—," he said, "what chance have we got of ever getting hold of them? With these airplanes running around Europe they're probably thousands of miles away. Even if they stayed in Paris, we couldn't find them."

"Then what do you propose to do?" asked the doctor.

"Go home," said Marx. "I guess I'm licked. That's all I can do. What good am I here? The French police can look for 'em better than I can. They'll be broadcasting the description—a fat lot of good that'll do. But there's nothing else to be done in the case. We've got everything but the man."

"And there's always a chance of getting him," the doctor reminded Marx.

"Yes, there's a chance of my being president of the United States, too," said Marx. "Only nobody's betting on it, and I can't borrow money on chances like that."

Slowly the two made their way out of the suite to the corridor. They entered the elevator and emerged into the lobby. Just as they were about to pass through

standards, which were not high, but quite definite, she was justified.

Marx uttered unprintable comment to this. But efforts of the French police to trace the girl failed. When Marx and the Inspector set sail for New York, she was still among the missing. For once, the doctor was right.

"It's just as well," the doctor consoled Marx. "Your mystery is solved. The case is over. And I have a feeling that we're going to enjoy our trip back home."

"And they did."

They arrived in New York just in time to read of the wedding of Mary Pennell and young Edison.

THE END.

GOOD-NIGHT STORIES

By Max Trel

The Shadow Children Learn That Appearances Are Deceiving

Just because a thing appears good, that doesn't mean that it is good. No, often it is quite otherwise as Mij, Flor, Hanid, Yam and Knarf—the five little shadow-children with the turned-about names—discovered.

They were one day on the seashore with the little real children, when they decided to take a stroll under the water. Now you may think this a very extraordinary thing to do. For shadows it was nothing at all. They merely changed themselves into water reflections. At once they were perfectly at home under water.

It was very pleasant on the bottom. Above they could see the waves breaking. Little crabs scurried under the rocks as they approached. They saw muscles, snails and scallops and shrimps and other water creatures. At length they all sat down on a moss covered pebble, for they had walked a long way, you see, and were getting tired. Hardly had they sat down when a little silver fish swam past them and uttered a "Hoory! Hoory!" it shouted.

"What are you so happy about?" Flor asked it.

"The little fish flapped its tail



"Help, Help!" It cried, with joy. "I've just found something!"

"What is it?" asked Hanid.

"I don't know what it is, but it's something fine. I'm going to tell my brothers and sisters to hurry over and look at it!"

Of course, this made the shadow-children extremely curious.

"Where is it?" they demanded.

"I'll show you," said the little fish, darting off. The shadows followed him. Nearer and nearer the shore he went. Then he stopped. "Here it is!" It exclaimed.

The shadows peered at it closely.

"Why," said Hanid, "it's just a lot of little cords."

"And all the cords are knotted together," added Flor.

"The space between them is smaller than a little fish can squeeze through," remarked Mij.

"It looks as if it were moving towards the shore," said Yam.

"I think," said Knarf, "that it's a—"

At this moment the fish gave a little shriek of delight.

"I have an idea! I'm going to go as far back into it as I can."

"You'd better not!" the shadows exclaimed. "Something is sure to happen."

"Oh, no," said the little fish. "Nothing can happen. Mother would have warned me beforehand. She told me to be sure not to bite on a hook or to get caught

in a net—"

"That's just what this—" Knarf broke in.

—but as she didn't say anything about this, nothing can happen, you see? And with that the little fish flipped right into the web of cords. No sooner did it do so than the two ends drew close together. The little fish grew alarmed. It tried to squeeze out through the tiny spaces between the cords. That was impossible. Meanwhile the whole thing moved rapidly towards the shore.

"Help, help!" it cried.

The shadows grasped the cords and pulled back with all their might. In vain. The poor little fish was finally drawn out on the shore by a fisherman.

"Oh, look!" exclaimed the real children, who were watching. "A little fish is caught in the net."

"A net! That's just what I was going to say!" Knarf said.

But the little fish didn't answer.

COURT CONSIDERS PROBATE MATTERS

Three probate matters came before the county court Thursday, and all were passed upon and the papers denoting the court's action were filed with the county clerk.

Upon petition, William Hogan of Aumsville was appointed administrator of the estate of Martha E. Hogan, deceased.

The annual report of M. G. Gunderson, guardian of the property of Mary A. Booth, incompetent, was approved by the court. Receipts for the year were \$1,151.91, and disbursements were \$822.53.

J. W. Mayo was named administrator of the estate of Jacob Stelzer, deceased, whose personal property has an estimated value of \$39,000 and whose real estate has a value estimated at \$2,600. The appraisers of the estate are G. E. Thomas, George Tate and George A. Smith.

The Home Kitchen

By ALICE LYNN BARRY

Some Methods For Eliminating Unpleasant Cooking Odors

"What's the trick of cooking cabbage so that it won't make our house smell as though we'd been through a poison gas attack?" inquired a young housekeeper. "We're both very fond of cooked cabbage, but unless there's an odorless method, we'll have to give it up. I've tried putting a slice of bread in it, as someone told me, but it didn't make a dent."

The only guaranteed, absolutely odorless way to preparing cabbage is to serve it raw. However, since it's really very good when cooked, no one should be completely discouraged, as there are a few ways in which its pungent horrors may be alleviated.

First, don't cook the core or the stem. Cut them out carefully when cutting the cabbage and throw them away. Or save them if you can chop them up raw for inclusion in a salad for immediate service. It's the core and stem of the cabbage that contribute excessively to the odor during cooking.

Second, add a tablespoonful of vinegar to the cabbage when it is half done. Boiling vinegar will dominate almost any odor, and it puts up a good fight to extinguish that of cabbage.

However, neither of these methods will do the job perfectly. Add to them plenty of air. Close the kitchen doors leading to the other rooms, so that they are protected. Open the kitchen windows wide, and then whatever odor is absolutely unavoidable will float out doors instead of seeping through the rest of the house somehow.

But it should also be pointed out that there's a mental attitude involved in one's reactions to smells. Frequently when people like certain foods sufficiently they come to regard the smells associated with them as not at all unpleasant. It may be hard to conceive cabbage as sweet-smelling, but there are olfactory preferences which are even more puzzling. I have met epicures who sniffled ecstatically at a ripe cheese with an odor so overpowering to most persons that they almost swooned away. But the epicure, far from regarding this as a sign of exquisite sensitiveness, merely looked on it as inhospitable. All the good qualities of the long-preserved cheese combined into the odor which he sniffled as heavenly!

Most of us think that frying bacon has an alluring odor—but it's positively repulsive to some people who like to eat the dish. The favorite English dish for breakfast, or tea—broiled kippers—makes friends promptly as far as its flavor is concerned, but the odor will make even an Englishman flee. The woodland smell of fresh mushrooms is a fragrant perfume to some—very disagreeable to others. The smell of the sea is in steaming clams—and not every body who likes clams is willing to endure their odor while cooking. Odors, like taste or sound, are largely matters of prejudices, bias, opinion.

To please everybody, it's necessary therefore, not to inflict cooking odors. The kitchen must have plenty of ventilation to dissipate smells as well as to preserve a comfortable temperature for the cook. An open window, a cooking vent if necessary, an electric fan on occasion, all help to keep the air fresh and free from the odor of past and present meals.

Some business men are capitalizing the aversion to household odors by introducing synthetic perfumes which overpower kitchen smells. We are all familiar with disinfectants, but many of them have odors worse than those they claim to destroy. The perfume manufacturers are now putting up synthetic perfumes for kitchen use. Sprinkle them about judiciously, and your kitchen will smell of attar of roses or lilacs of the valley while you are bravely cooking cabbage or cheese or onions.

When you leave for your vacation have the Statesman mailed to you. Phone 500.

POLLY AND HER PALS

YOU WISH ME TO CALL UP GRAYSTONE, MR PRINCE?

YES I WANT TO KNOW HOW THE POOR PERKINS' ARE MAKING OUT!

WHO? OH! HELLO MISS PRIM. SURE! WE'RE GREAT! TELL MR PRINCE, HE'S A PRINCE, AN' THAT AIN'T NO PLIN!

YOU'RE POSITIVE, MISS PRIM?

YES INDEED! THEY'RE HAVING A DELIGHTFUL TIME, AND SIMPLY ADORE THE PLACE!

ODD! I NEVER HAD A TENANT STAY THIS LONG AT GRAYSTONE BEFORE!



By RUSS WESTOVER

TILLIE, THE TOILER

GOOD-BYE MRS. JONES, I'M SORRY I CAUSED YOU ALL THIS TROUBLE. THANKS FOR YOUR HOS-PITALITY.

I'M GOING DOWN TO THE STATION WITH NIFTY.

GOOD-BYE NIFTY.

THAT WALTER YOU HIT IS LAYING FOR YOU DOWN AT THE STATION, NIFTY. JUMP IN THE CAR. BOTH OF YOU. I'M GOING TO GET NIFTY TO THE CITY O.K.

THANKS MR. STILSON.

HERE'S YOUR PASSENGER, BILL—RUSH HIM TO THE CITY IN YOUR PLANE.

HOP IN, SONNY.

HOW CAN I EVER REPAY YOU, JACK, FOR GETTING A NIFTY BACK TO THE CITY SAFELY.

OH, JUST A LITTLE KISS WILL DO TILLIE!



By VERD

LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY

YOU WILL REMEMBER, FOLKS, THAT THE VERY WEALTHY MR. R. CROONEY ADOPTED LITTLE ANNIE, AND IMMEDIATELY HIS IMMENSE COLD MANSION BECAME A CASTLE OF HAPPINESS FOR BOTH NEW DADDY AND DAUGHTER—

THEN ONE DAY, MR. ROONEY BRINGS HOME A WIFE—A BEAUTIFUL, BUT JEALOUS AND SELFISH LADY—

THEREAFTER, THE BIG MANSION PROVES MUCH TOO SMALL—AND POOR UNHAPPY ANNIE RUNS AWAY—AND FINDS NEW FRIENDS IN GRINNEY, AND DAISY, OF THE CIRCUS.



By JIMMY MURPHY

FOOTS AND CASPER

OUR GRIDS ARE ALREADY ON THE TRAIN, TOOTS! YOU TAKE BABY AND GO ABOARD AND I'LL FOLLOW SHORTLY. I'VE GOT TO SMUGGLE SPARE-RIBS INTO OUR DRAWING ROOM, AND IT'S GOING TO BE A TIGHT FIT!

IT MUST BE A LARGE BABY!

YES, HE IS LARGE FOR HIS AGE—HE AIN'T BLANKET!

YOU HAD YOUR NERVE BRINGING GRADY DOWN ABOARD!

SHHH—STOP BARKING!

HEARS YOU HELL PUT YOU BACK IN THE BACK OF THE CAR!

WOOF! ARF!

DID I HEAR A DOG BARKING?

YOU MUST HAVE HEARD BARKING!

BECKING IN MY THROAT. COUGH—ARF. HUPH—HUPH.



LACK OF FLUIDS SLOW UP BODILY FUNCTIONS

"Organs of Elimination" and the Blood Become Sluggish When Enough Water Isn't Taken, Says Dr. Copeland—Drink Six or More Glasses Daily!

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D., United States Senator from New York.

YESTERDAY I told you about the body poisons and their relation to health and length of life. Unless the kidneys, liver, intestines and skin do their work as they should, there is sure to be trouble. In order that these organs, called the "organs of elimination," may do their full duty, there must be taken into the system an abundance of water. It is absolutely essential to health.

You might as well hold a slice of bread and butter in your hand and expect it to satisfy your hunger, as to expect the blood to take undissolved food and have it feed and nourish your tissues. The food is not dissolved and dissolved, until it is in fluid state, it is of no use.

The blood must have water. It must be replenished constantly. It just will have water anyhow and will steal it from the tissues of the body if it is not supplied in the proper way.

It is not alone the blood that must be supplied with water to encourage its normal activities. Besides the blood, there are organs whose functions depend upon it. The organs that eliminate the wastes and poisons, depend on an abundance of water.

Until the poisons of the body are thoroughly dissolved, the liver, kidneys and skin cannot operate. Solid substances cannot pass through them. Enough water must be taken to absorb and completely dissolve the materials they are to remove from the body.

Even the process of mastication is hampered by the intestines if made difficult by the lack of water. The hard, difficult stool is not likely to dry up. That individual who is so thirsty that he has to drink an abundance of water, means an abundance of water. Many of the famous spas or springs are in the mountains. Mount St. Helens is one of the places in the United States where persons taking the cure are advised to drink "the cure."

Under the direction of the physicians the applicants for the cure are advised about walking, resting, sleeping and other things. When the travelers return home they want to know about the "cure" and how much good they did.

That is all right. I do not doubt it. While the regulation of the manner of living had much to do with the improvement, it is true that the abundance of water, taken internally and externally, did even more to improve the health.

It is a pity the average person does not take more water. It is so necessary for the welfare of the body, that good health cannot be ex-

pected without it. A half dozen or more glasses daily are required by everybody. There can be no doubt that an abundance of water is essential to health and vigor. If you are a small drinker, take more water and see how much better you will feel.

Answers to Health Queries

Miss L. L. Q.—What should a girl of 18 do to correct bow legs?

A.—I would suggest that you consult a physician.

F. S. Q.—How much should a woman aged 20, 5 feet 7 inches tall weigh; also a man aged 24, 5 feet 8 inches tall?

A.—They should weigh respectively about 141 and 161 pounds.

J. L. Q.—Is it injurious to inhale when smoking cigarettes?

A.—Yes; especially if you smoke to any extent.

Copyright, 1929, Grosvenor, Furness, Gifford, Inc.