

The Penthouse Murder

THIRD INSTALMENT

"I wish you'd phone me, Frazier, as soon as you find out more about it," Henderson requested. "You understand my curiosity? Will you let me know? I'll be waiting for word from you."

"I'll do that, gladly, old man. I'll tell you as much as Dan Flaherty will let me tell. He's the boss."

"That's all right," grunted the policeman. "We'll give you a ring. Come on, Max. Come on, Frazier. Going now, Mr. Williams, or staying here?"

They had settled their poker winnings and losses while waiting, and all moved toward the elevator. Williams glanced again at Henderson.

"You're sure you don't want me to stay with you?" he asked.

"Sure," replied Henderson forcing a smile. "You're good to offer it."

"By the way, Mr. Henderson,

have you got a flask, or can you spare a bottle of that Scotch?" asked Max Michaels. "Archie may need it. I would, in his situation."

"Certainly. Take this bottle. It's nearly full," said the inventor.

Warned by Inspector Flaherty, the little group of four said nothing about their errand in the presence of the night elevator man and doorman of the Highgate Building. Williams said good-night at the door and started off on foot, through the three inches of fluffy snow. The others had but a few minutes to wait before a big sedan with the Police Department shield on the radiator and a brass-buttoned policeman driving, pulled up before the door. Not until they were inside the car did any of them speak.

Dan Flaherty was first to break the silence.

"This looks like a tough case, Max," he said. "Sort of thing makes a policeman wish he didn't have any friends."

"Jumping to conclusions, Dan, as usual?" asked Michaels. "You talk as if you thought Archie did it."

"Suppose he did," retorted the inspector. "I've got to bear down on him harder than I would if I'd never known him; the best I can do I'll be accused of trying to shield a friend."

"I got you," agreed Michaels, "but let me remind you that his calling you up was the act of an innocent man. He didn't have to do it. For all we know now, he could have slipped away and said nothing."

"But his asking for you is the act of a man who realizes that circumstances look bad for him," countered Dan Flaherty.

"Agreed," said Max Michaels. "And I realize your position, Dan."

"I don't need to tell you that I'll play fair in anything relating to Archie," growled the inspector, "and I'll be glad to have your help, Max. You know that."

"Even then, we've got a personal interest, all of us, in finding out who killed Fitz," Max Michaels reminded them. "Our first concern must be for the living, but we must not forget our duty to avenge the dead."

"All right, Dan, I wish you'd

tell me just what Archie said to you over the phone," Max Michaels responded, as the car halted for the stream of after-theatre traffic going up Seventh Avenue into Central Park, its progress slowed by the fleet of scrapers and trucks of the snow-removal gang, already on the job. "What's the starting point? How did he come to be at Miss Lane's rooms? Did he explain that?"

"Yes," replied the Inspector. "He said that he went to his own rooms when he left the game and had been there only a few minutes when his telephone rang and Miss Lane, apparently greatly excited, asked him to come at once. Something terrible had happened, she said. He got no answer at her door. Got in through some sort of back entrance—he knew his way about there—and found Fritz and the girl both dead—shot."

"Said he had done nothing before phoning me except to take a quick look around the apartment to see if anybody was hiding there, and that was all he said."

"That fixes the time of the shooting pretty closely, then," was Michaels' comment. "Archie left us about ten-thirty, perhaps a few minutes later. He phoned you about eleven-twenty-five. Give him twenty minutes to get here, another five to look around, and he must have been talking to Miss Lane just about eleven o'clock. She, at least, was alive then. If the 'something terrible' which she said had happened was the shooting of Fitzgerald, then that must have occurred just before that. It's a quarter of twelve now. Whatever happened must have occurred within the last forty-five minutes."

"If he's telling the truth," growled Dan Flaherty.

"I can't make any other assumption," replied Michaels.

"One thing we've got to remember," said Martin Frazier, as the car pulled up in front of Number 213 West Fifty-ninth, "is that Archie Doane is an actor. A good actor, trained to simulate emotions which he does not feel, to wear a mask at will."

"A point well taken, which is offset by the fact that when he does feel emotions he has difficulty in hiding them," commented Michaels. "We have only to think of his evident distrait during the game this evening to realize that."

Another Police Department car was standing at the curb in front of the converted dwelling in which Lydia Lane had her apartment, and a uniformed policeman, on guard at the door, saluted Inspector Flaherty as he and his two companions alighted.

"Medical examiner got here yet?" asked the inspector.

"Five minutes ago, with three plain-clothesmen," replied the policeman.

"Is this the only entrance to the building?"

"Except the trap door from the cellar, and that's right here in front," the policeman answered. "Nobody's been in or out since I got here."

"Let 'em in if you're satisfied they live in the building and have been out all evening," the inspector instructed him, "but take their apartment numbers in case I want to talk to them. If anybody wants to go out, send up to the penthouse apartment for me. Where's the janitor?"

"I haven't seen him. I think he has a room in the cellar."

"Better ring for him and keep him around to run errands for you," said Flaherty. "Any hall-boys or elevator attendants?"

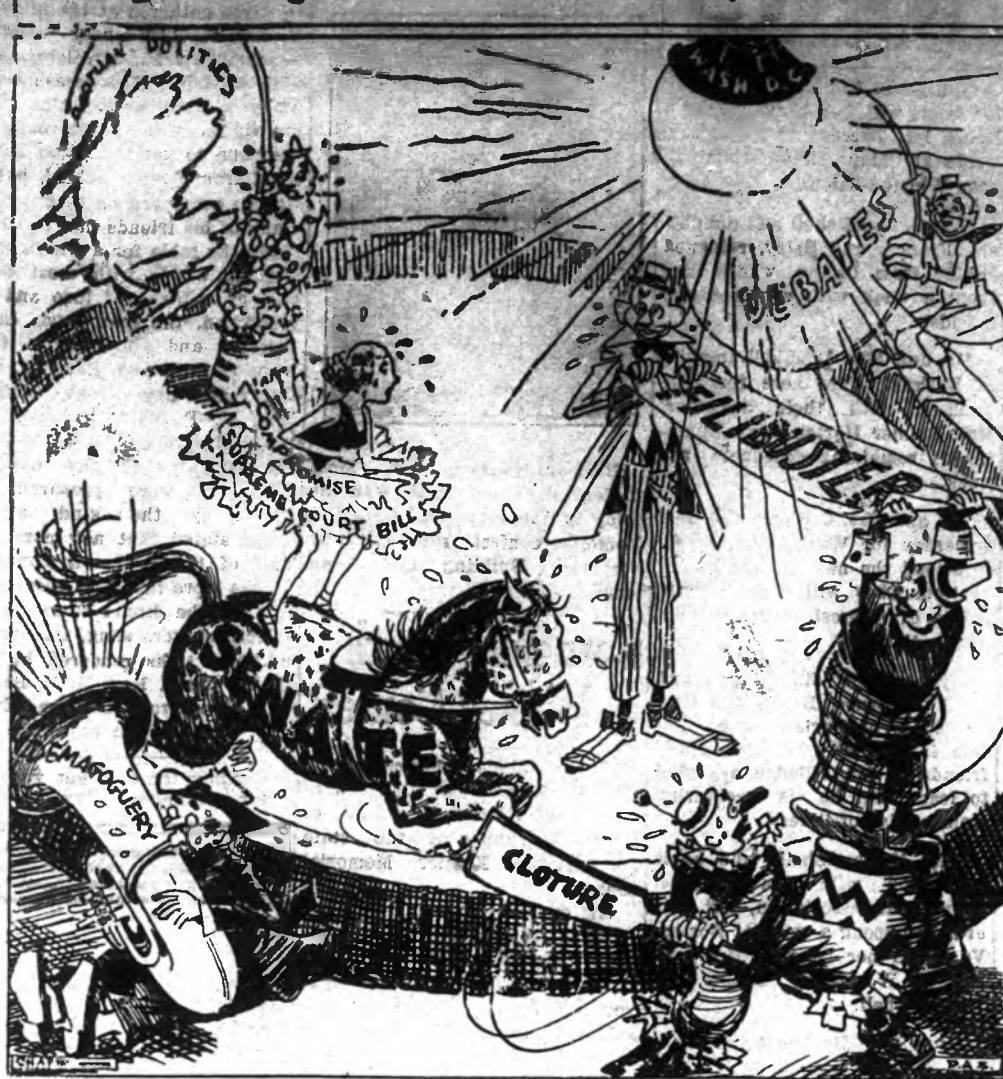
"No; it's an automatic elevator. One of these push-button ones."

The building had once been a rather pretentious mansion, which had been remodelled, after the New York fashion, into small suites. It stood between two towering new apartment houses, overlooking Central Park. Yet, like most buildings of its type, it was tenanted at high rentals by those who preferred privacy and commodious rooms to the outward gorgeousness and cramped living quarters of the ordinary apartment. It was clear enough at a glance that an intruder might find little difficulty in entering and leaving unobserved.

There was not much room for Max Michaels and Martin Frazier after Dan Flaherty had inserted his bulky form into the tiny elevator. The inspector pressed the upper button and the cage ascended, to stop at a landing on the top of the building, five stories up. The elevator door opened upon a sky-lighted lobby, from which the stairs descended. To their left, as they stepped out

Mid-Summer Circus

by A. B. CHAPIN



of the cage, there was a door which apparently gave access to the flat roof; to the right, a door on which a small brass plate bore the name of Lydia Lane.

Inspector Flaherty rang the bell and the door was opened by a tall, dark young man who bore none of the customary earmarks of the police. However Flaherty soon dissipated this idea in the way in which he addressed the fellow.

"Hello, Tony," said the inspector. "What does it look like?"

"Hello, Chief," was Detective Martindell's response. "I don't know enough yet to make anything of it. It looks bad . . ." he glanced over his shoulder and lowered his voice as he spoke. ". . . it looks bad for Mr. Doane."

"Where's the Medical Examiner?" What does he say?" Inspector Flaherty demanded, as he and his companions pushed through the door and into a square foyer from which other doors gave at opposite ends. One of these doors opened as he spoke and the Medical Examiner himself came out. He reached for the telephone on a stand between the doors.

"The girl's alive!" he said. "I'm going to call an ambulance."

The Penthouse apartment in which Lydia Lane lived consisted of a large studio on the north front of the building, overlooking Central Park, a smaller but still commodious bedroom on the southerly side, connected with the studio both through the entrance foyer and by a dressing room which opened into both rooms, off which was a bathroom. Also opening off the foyer, at the rear, was a little kitchenette with a tiny room for a maid-servant adjoining.

At the front, the structure, really a bungalow built on the roof, was set back some six or seven feet from the cornice, making a little roof garden on which French doors gave entrance. At the rear there was a much larger roof expansion, running back perhaps twenty-five feet, where an L-shaped extension had been constructed. The windows of the bedroom, the kitchenette and the maid's room opened upon this part of the roof, and there was another French door leading from the bedroom directly to the roof.

To give the janitor access to the roof and as a means of exit for tenants below in case of fire, another door, on the opposite side of the elevator shaft, opened from the elevator and stair-landing on to a narrow passage which led also to the rear roof garden of Miss Lane's apartment. And up the side of the elevator shaft ran a vertical iron ladder, for the use of workmen in making repairs to the elevator machinery or the roof of the penthouse itself. At the rear of the roof extension which formed Miss Lane's roof garden an iron fire escape ladder led down to a courtyard.

There were windows only on the front and back of the apartment. On both sides the building was hemmed in by the windowless side walls of the adjoining structures, which rose fifty feet or more above the roof of the little house.

All of this was not, of course, immediately clear to Inspector Flaherty and his companions. Their first concern was with the girl, and with Archie Doane.

They followed Detective Martindell into the bedroom while the Medical Examiner was telephon-

ing to Roosevelt Hospital. Smoke from the police camera man's flashlight was oozing out of a window which had been lowered from the top, and the first sensation of the new arrivals was the acrid odor of magnesium powder.

Stretched on a chaise lounge in the farther corner of the room lay the body of Lydia Lane. She was attired in a flowered silk kimono, which had been partly pulled or thrown aside, revealing the dainty silken lingerie beneath. The face whose pure profile had made her the darling of the screen was as beautiful in its white waxiness as when the pulses of life had colored it. Her boyishly-cropped golden hair seemed dark by contrast.

One bared arm hung limply over the edge of the couch, its whiteness marred by a dark streak which began at a blue-bordered hole midway between elbow and shoulder and coursed down to the ends of the tapering fingers which touched, it seemed almost caressingly, the face of the man who lay on the floor in a crumpled, disorderly heap.

(Continued next week)

Ads. get attention—and results!

SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE

By virtue of authority contained in a certain Mortgage Deed executed on the 8th day of December, 1928, by J. L. Bell and wife, Cora Bell to B. C. Caudill, Mortgagee, and by him duly assigned to Dr. C. W. Moseley, said Mortgage Deed being recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Wilkes County in Book 149 at page 137, and the stipulations in said Mortgage Deed not having been complied with, the undersigned assignee of and in said Mortgage Deed will expose to sale at public auction on August 9, 1937, at 12 o'clock noon at the Court-house door in the Town of Wilkesboro, for cash, to satisfy the indebtedness secured by said Mortgage Deed, the following described real estate:

Adjoining the lands of Curtis Johnson, Jim Combs and others. Beginning on a pine running north 58 poles to a white oak on the bank of the creek, then 50 degrees north 18 poles to a persimmon on the bank of branch, then West 19 degrees south 9 poles up the hollow to a white oak on the point of the ridge; then West 40 poles to a stone in Payton Dowell's line; thence west 78 1-2 poles to a stone; then north 36 poles to a red oak; then 48 poles to Boggs branch, then up and with said branch 35 poles to a stake on the north side of a hill at the mouth of a gully; then with said gully 34 1-2 poles to a stone; then west 26 poles to a stone in the old line; then south with said line 70 1-2 poles to a post oak; then west 28 poles to a white oak; then north 8 poles to a stake; then west 40 poles to a stone; then South 45 poles to a red oak; then South east 36 poles to a stone on Sloan's creek; then down and with the center of said creek to Matilda Sparks line; then 61 degrees east with the old line 38 poles to two small chestnuts, then North 14 poles to a post oak; thence west 30 poles to a post oak; then north 32 poles to said creek; then up and with said creek 10 poles and 10 1-2 feet; then 80 degrees east 72 poles to a scowwood on a hillside; thence south 63 degrees east 42 poles, with a marked line, crossing the branch 1-3 rd below a spring to a stake; then a south-east direction 9 poles to a stone; then a northeast course 13 1-2 poles to a hickory, south 3 poles to a white oak; then east 17 1-2 poles to the beginning, containing 114 acres, more or less.

This the 8th day of July, 1937.
B. C. CAUDILL,
Mortgagee,
By Dr. C. W. Moseley, Assignee.

E. Cadorn, famed Italian sculptor, was a recent visitor to Treasure Island, site of the 1939 Golden Gate International Exposition. Cadorn is one of the few red-haired Italians in San Francisco.

Annual Decoration McGrady Cemetery

The annual cemetery decoration will be held at the McGrady cemetery near F. P. Taylor's on the 2nd Sunday in August. Every body that has relatives buried there come on Wednesday before the 2nd Sunday to help prepare the cemetery for decoration.

Lien Filed Against Maxie

New York, July 13.—The Internal Revenue department today filed a tax lien for \$23,711.55 against Max Schmeling, German heavyweight fighter. The lien covers an assessment for the year 1932 and 1933. Last year another lien for \$40,000 was filed against Schmeling.

Sentinels of Health

Don't Neglect Them! Nature designed the kidneys to do a marvelous job. Their task is to keep the flowing blood stream free of an excess of toxic substances. The job of kidneys is constantly preventing waste matter from the kidneys must remove from the blood of good health is to ensure. When the kidneys fail to function as Nature intended, there is a possibility of waste that may cause body to become feeble. One may feel tired, nervous, persistent headache, stammer, difficulty in getting up stairs, swelling, pain in the back and eyes—look like, nervous, all wear out.

Prevents, cures, or builds up kidneys may be further evidence of kidney as blood filter.

The recognized and proper treatment is a drastic medicine to help the kidneys get rid of excess poisons body waste. Use Doan's Pills. They have had more than forty years of public approval. Are endorsed by the majority of leading doctors. Sold at all drug stores.

DOANS PILLS

Doan's Pills Sold Locally By HORTON'S CUT-RATE DRUG STORE At Money-Saving Prices

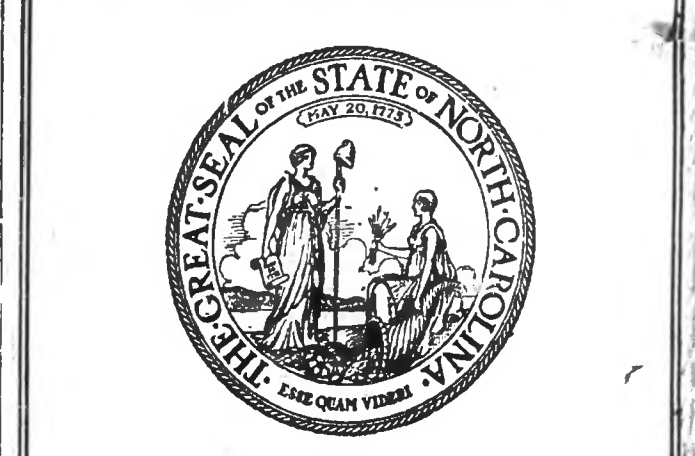
use the BABY POWDER that FIGHTS OFF GERMS

Don't let germs infect your baby's delicate skin. Instead of using ordinary baby powders, use Mennen Antiseptic Powder. It's definitely antiseptic and fights off germs. This famous powder is as soft, as smooth and fine as a baby powder can be. But in addition—it keeps your baby safer—protected against his worst enemies, germs and infection. It costs no more. See your druggist today.

MENNE'S Antiseptic POWDER

MENNE'S PRODUCTS For Sale By HORTON'S DRUG STORE AT MONEY-SAVING PRICES

AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE TO NORTH CAROLINIANS—No. 1



Our New RESPONSIBILITY

PURSUANT to a special act of the 1937 State Legislature, advertisements will shortly begin to appear in national magazines and metropolitan newspapers of the East, Middle West and South inviting visitors and tourists to North Carolina, "THE VARIETY VACATIONLAND." These messages will reach a total of nineteen million families. Thousands of business executives directing the manufacture and sale of products that could be made more profitably in North Carolina will be invited to visit the State and study our industrial advantages. The leading farm papers of the country will carry the story of North Carolina's opportunity for diversified and profitable farming and many well-to-do farmers will be seeking farmlands in North Carolina.

Let us put our house in order. Every citizen of the State and every community must cooperate if North Carolina is to reap the maximum results and the increased prosperity that will come from our advertising. Let our communities put on bright, clean facades. Let us beautify our highways. Let every North Carolina greet visitors to the State with the spirit of hospitality for which North Carolina is justly famous. Let our Police Forces and other Peace Officers exert every effort to be friendly, courteous, and obliging to the "Stranger within our Gates." Let each and everyone of us assume our own responsibility in North Carolina's March of Progress.

Governor's Hospitality Committee
NORTH CAROLINA IS On Parade

SOLVED!

Star Single-edge Blades solve the mystery of good shaves. Made since 1880 by the inventors of the original safety razor. Keen, long-lasting, uniform.

STAR BLADES
FOR GEM AND EVER-READY RAZORS

Star Blades Sold Locally By HORTON'S CUT-RATE DRUG STORE At Money-Saving Prices

YANKEE Ingersoll

HAS TIMED 150 MILLION LIVES

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ANOTHER RADIOCLAST CLINIC

AN EXPERT RADIOCLAST TECHNICIAN, OF TIFFIN, OHIO, WILL BE IN MY OFFICE Thursday, Friday, Saturday JULY 22, 23 AND 24

Many people have visited our clinic and have found to their entire satisfaction just why they are not enjoying good health. You too, may know what is wrong with your health by allowing the expert technician to examine you thoroughly. You will be asked no questions, but will be told what your condition is, and how to correct your ills.

MAKE YOUR APPOINTMENT TODAY AS ONLY A LIMITED NUMBER OF PATIENTS CAN BE TAKEN CARE OF.

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