

A Model is Murdered - BABS LEE

SYNOPSIS
A mysterious assassin cut short the gay career of Syria Verne, artist's model, just as she was answering the telephone in her penthouse apartment when she had returned soon after midnight following a quarrel with Pierre Sturgis, art photographer. The police could find no gun, significant fingerprints, nor other evidence of an intruder. The evening of the murder, she had met an old friend, Argus Steele, author and former detective, in the Penguin Club where he was dining with Ellen Carstairs, a model. Syria, accompanied by Sturgis, Bill Carstairs, III, playboy, introduced his latest blonde, Dorry, to Ellen and Argus. Later, Ellen found Dorry in the ladies' room, weeping because her Bill "was phoning that awful Syria Verne again." Ellen noticed a snub-nosed revolver in Dorry's open purse. Next morning, Ellen phoned Argus to tell him that Syria had been murdered. Police Inspector Grange visited Steele as the investigation got under way. Later, Ellen introduced Argus to Roger Flagg in the latter's model agency. Flagg invited Argus to examine his office files and records of the model agency. They note Syria's chart, she had four appointments for that day, one of them with Pierre Sturgis. They agreed to meet later at a fashion show. After leaving Flagg's "beauty shop," Argus goes with Inspector Grange to the Pierre Sturgis studio where they meet the gorgeous and gossip Cynthia Lane who says that Syria had quarreled with Flagg. Later she introduces them to Pierre Sturgis and William Carstairs, Sr. Pierre invites the detectives into his private office.

CHAPTER TWELVE

"Perhaps I'd better be going," Carstairs rumbled in a deep voice. "You simply can't run away before we've had our talk," said Cynthia, taking hold of his sleeve. "You've shoddy heard about Carstairs' Tomato Catsup, haven't you, Mr. Steele? Well, this is the man who makes it." She snuggled closer to the Catsup king. "And I want to be the new girl on the bottle, now that Syria—" She broke off as she saw the look on Sturgis' face. Carstairs cleared his throat.

"Well, discuss it some other time," he said. "I really must be going. I'll call you later, Pierre, when you're free." He nodded curiously to Grange and Argus, turned on his heel and left the room. Argus watched Cynthia. But her face was expressionless. Only her dark eyes were sly as she watched Carstairs go.

"Is that Bill Carstairs' father?" Argus inquired.

"Yes," said Sturgis. "Now, if you'll follow me." He led the way to a small office, and shut the door. When they were seated, Pierre pulled out a pack of cigarettes and pulled them around. Pierre took one. Grange pulled out his pipe. "Mr. Sturgis," began Grange

mildly, "I know that you were with Miss Verne last night, that you had an argument with her in the Maison restaurant and that she walked out on you." He paused to light his pipe. "Supposing you tell me about it in your own words. Did she seem at all nervous or upset?"

"Nervous! That's putting it mildly, Inspector. I've never seen Syria so upset as she was last night. She didn't want to have dinner with the Carters, after they'd made special reservations and all that sort of thing. She snapped me up on everything I said. She had the car driver stop on the way to the Maison, to make a phone call. Then she got up from dinner twice to make other phone calls."

"Then what?" Argus asked.

"Well, she got into an argument with the waiter over the soup. It was cold *vichyssoise*, and it was delicious. She insisted she had ordered it hot. Then she made a remark which I thought insulting to Mrs. Carter and I reminded her that, after all, we were their guests. I've known the Carters for years, you see, and I had told them what a grand girl Syria was."

"Did Miss Verne tell you why she was so upset?" Grange asked.

"No," said Sturgis. "I couldn't quite figure it out." He pressed his left thumb and forefinger to his eyeballs and held them there a minute. When he looked up his expression was the embodiment of grief. "I've just never had anything like me like this," he apologized.

"What time was it when Miss Verne left the restaurant?" Grange queried. He licked the point of a short pen and then wrote something in his little black notebook.

"I guess it must have been near 11:30. We had our showdown after her second phone call from the Maison. We exchanged some pretty hot words and—"

"And," Grange interrupted, "you told Miss Verne that if she left the party it would be either over your dead body or hers. Is that right?"

The photographer blanched. "If I did, Inspector, he answered, "I want you to believe that they were just so many words that slipped out in a moment of exasperation. I can see what you're leading up to, but I assure you that the last person in the world I would have harmed in any way was Syria Verne. I loved her." Sturgis felt in his pockets for another cigarette and lit it from the half-smoked butt in his hand.

"What time did you leave the Maison?" Grange asked, watching him intently.

"I suppose it must've been a few minutes later," Sturgis said. "I excused myself to the Carters and went for a walk. I wanted to cool off."

"Oh," observed Grange with renewed interest. "You wanted to cool off." He smiled, but not with his eyes. They were like two bits of flint. "And where did you go for this walk?"

"I don't know—I—" Suddenly

Sturgis snapped his fingers. "Yes I do, too. I walked up to 6th Street and Lexington Avenue and had a brandy in the corner saloon. I don't recall the name of the place but it's on the northeast corner of the street. It was just midnight, too. The bartender turned on the radio and a voice announced the time. You can check on that, Inspector."

"When you'd cooled off," went on Argus, "did you try to get in touch with Miss Verne by telephone?"

"No," replied Sturgis. "Why?"

"Because the phone was off the hook," said Argus. "I thought that if you had tried to call her and discovered that her line was constantly busy, you'd suspect that something was wrong."

"I wish to heaven I had!" exclaimed Sturgis. "But I guess it would have been too late. Inspector, you've got to find the person who did this."

"That's just what I intend to do," said Grange. "You know Miss Verne very well. Would you have an idea as to who might want to kill her?"

"No," answered Sturgis.

"How about Flagg?" Argus asked. A muscle in Pierre's face tensed.

"No," he said abruptly.

"What do you have against him?" Argus pressed.

"Why, nothing."

"Come on, now. You said yourself you wanted the Inspector to solve this case," pursued Argus. "It's his job to find out everything that might have any possible connection with Miss Verne."

"Well," Sturgis hesitated, and looked uncomfortable. "It's just that Flagg tried to make trouble between Syria and me. I wanted to marry her and Flagg talked her out of it. Said she shouldn't marry any one until she'd got along further in her career. At times I've wondered if his motives were purely unselfish or whether there was another reason."

The telephone rang. Sturgis picked it up. He talked for a minute and then put down the receiver.

"I'm afraid you'll have to excuse me," he said. "I've got some work to do. If I think of anything that has any bearing on this—this tragedy, Inspector, I'll let you know."

Grange stood up. "Well, don't leave town, Mr. Sturgis."

"I won't," Sturgis promised.

"Good-bye, Mr. Steele." He limped to the door and opened it.

"Now where, Inspector?" Argus asked.

"I thought you weren't working on any more cases," Argus raised an eyebrow. "After all," he said, "I did know the girl."

"Well," put in Grange, smiling, "I've got a phone call to make and then I thought I'd pay a call on an old friend of yours—Dancer Martinielli."

Argus bent his fingers and examined his nails.

"That," he said, "ought to be very interesting. I think I'll come along. Just for laughs."

(To be continued)
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By LOGAN CLENDENING, M.D.

"MY HUSBAND is suffering from lumbago. He is 53 years old. What does it come from and how should it be treated?" — Letter from my correspondence.

That is a pretty typical story.

Dr. Clending will answer questions of general interest only, and then only through his column.

Lumbago is not a separate disease. It is simply a pain in the back—good old backache and in many ways resembles that other good old reliable—headache.

The man mentioned is 53 years old, which is about the average age for men for lumbago. Women have it at earlier ages, because a good deal of it is reflex from the pelvic organs. A gynecologist and an orthopedist once collaborated on a definition and evolved this: "A woman is a potential mother with a backache." They were both bachelors, according to tradition, and cynics, and both met mysterious and violent ends.

Backache in Children
Backache in children is always a more serious indication than in adults. And the child may not complain vocally of pain, but by its attitude, posture and method of stooping down to pick up an object on the floor, in a way that protects the back, the trouble may be suspected.

Lumbago does not mean Bright's Disease, that old bugaboo picture of the man with the cane holding his back and shouting for kidney medicine has gone forever. The "kidney medicine" really never touched the kidneys at all, but had something like aspirin in it to soothe the muscles. A kidney with a stone, or infection can cause the symptoms of lumbago, but this is fairly rare.

Lumbago is named after the lumbar muscles—a very thick heavy, matted group of musculature. Here is where lumbago is located in the vast majority of cases. These muscles are nearly constantly moving—not necessarily only when you are working, but even when you are sitting still or lying in bed—as you know full well when you get lumbago because you can't find a comfortable position. Everything is smooth and automatic usually, but as time goes on and a succession of infections from teeth and tonsils leave small abscesses which turn to fibrous spots the mechanism gets clogged and it grinds and creaks and there you are.

LENTEN REDUCING DIET

- By Dr. Clending
Thursday—500 Calorie
BREAKFAST
- Juice of 1 orange.
 - 1 slice whole wheat toast—no butter or substitute.
 - 1 cup coffee—no cream or sugar.
- LUNCHEON
- 1 medium size artichoke—served hot with 1 teaspoon melted butter or substitute—or cold as a salad with mineral oil dressing.
 - 1 slice toast—no butter or substitute.
 - 1 8-ounce glass of skimmed milk.
- DINNER
- 1 Frankfurter—split and broiled.
 - 2 tablespoons sauerkraut.
 - 1 slice toast—no butter or substitute.
 - 2 tablespoons fruit gelatin dessert—no cream or sauce.
 - 1 small cup coffee—no cream or sugar.
 - (1 cup clear soup may be added, if desired.)

The lumbar muscles are attached to the bones of the spine and these lumbar vertebrae are very likely to be the places where chronic arthritis lights, but that can be detected by the x-ray and is another story.

I read in a medical magazine about "rheumatism from mental influences." That is a valid conception, and particularly applies to the back. The back symbolically bears the burdens of life and when the burdens become too heavy the back symbolically revolts.

The treatment of simple muscular lumbago is indicated from the cause. Thank heaven drugs have little or no place in the treatment and only do harm. See about the focal infections in the teeth and other places. And after the acute stage limes up the lumbar in any way possible—massage, exercise, even though it nearly kills you at first. And the hot iron applied over a flannel cloth—Grandma's method—still works in 1944.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
A. S. D.:—At what age should cross eyes in a baby be corrected by operation?
Answer: It is generally advised to wait six months or a year to see how much correction Nature will make.

SCOTT'S SCRAP BOOK

By R. J. SCOTT

THE JEEP CAN NOW PULL ITSELF UP BY THE BOOTS (SCRAP'S) - A NEW HOISTING DEVICE ENABLES SCOUT CAR BY USE OF A WINCH TO PULL ITSELF OR ANOTHER VEHICLE OUT OF DEEP MUD, A BOON IN COMING OFFENSES.

IF YOU ARE A LITTLE COLDER YOU ARE PROBABLY NORMAL, ACCORDING TO ONE SCIENTIST.

THE WORLD'S MOST HUNTED FISH - HERRING - IS AN IMPORTANT FOOD FISH.

WHAT IS THE TEMPERATURE AT THE LIGHTED END OF A CIGARETTE?

1,375 DEGREES FAHRENHEIT

THE OLD HOME TOWN

By STANLEY

IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR THE FIGHTING SPIRIT—TAKE THE CAT—SHE'S WHIPPED EVERY DOG IN TOWN IN THE PAST TWO WEEKS!

ON THE HOME SWEET HOME FRONT—

THIMBLE THEATRE—Starring Popeye

WHEN I GETS HOME I WILL BE A BIG HELP TO AUNT JONES AN' GRAMMA!

ARF

WAS I WILL BE LOTS A HELP

HAI! NOW ONE OF ME BUTT THINGS IS MISSIN!

?

WA HAFTA DO STRANGE THINGS TO WIN A LARZ

ARE ARE

"A Versatile Guy."

NO DEAR

YOU TOLD ME A LIE! I SAW YOU EATING SOME

BUT I THOUGHT YOU MEANT WAS I STANDING IN THEM WITH MY SHOES

BLONDIE (Registered U. S. Patent Office)

NO DEAR

ARE YOU IN THOSE BEANS?

YOU TOLD ME A LIE! I SAW YOU EATING SOME

Bumstead's Last Stand!

By Chic Young

WE GOT 'EM!

FOUR TICKETS TO THE BROADCAST!

THE LAST ONES THEY HAD WASTN'T THAT A BREAK!

I'M SORRY WE HAVEN'T ANY MORE SEATS

THAT'S TOUGH! IT'S OUR LAST CHANCE TO SEE A BROADCAST!

GUESS WE'RE OUT OF LUCK!

YOU TWO GO ON TO THE SHOW! BUT WE'VE GOT OUR TICKETS AND DON'T ASK QUESTIONS!

ETTA KETT

By PAUL ROBINSON

WE GOT 'EM!

FOUR TICKETS TO THE BROADCAST!

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THE GUMPS—Responsible For What?

MY STARS, ANDY! W-WHADDYA KNOW!

TRISHA! COME HERE! ON THE DOUBLE!

A TELEGRAM FOR MISS TRISHA! I HOPE IT ISN'T B-BAD...

W-WELL, I'LL I'LL—I DON'T UNDERSTAND! W-WHO'S RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS?!

\$500 Waiting In State Rewards On Two Convictions

BY LYNN NISBET, Daily Dispatch Bureau

Raleigh, March 1.—Governor Broughton's office has five hundred dollars in good American money that the governor and the rest of the State would like to see paid to its rightful owners. It is reward money offered for information leading to the apprehension and conviction of desperate criminals.

Two hundred dollars of the sum will be paid for delivery of the man dead or alive. That was offered by the State last fall for the apprehension of Troy Blankenship, of Vance county, escaped convict subsequently "outlawed" by two justices of the peace in Vance.

Another \$200 will be paid to the persons who accomplish arrest of an unknown rapist at Elizabeth City. The crime occurred about a month ago, and the Pasquotank commissioners offered a reward, which was later supplemented by the family and friends. All told, something more than \$3,000 will be paid for that particular criminal.

The other \$100 will go for the arrest and conviction of the murderer of James Edward Wall in Guilford county several months ago. His identity is unknown.

State rewards are offered by the governor and Council of State upon petition of the county commissioners or the district solicitor. The total fund is limited and amounts offered by the state usually are smaller than local offers. The state offers also expire by statutory limitation within six months unless extended by executive order upon showing of unusual necessity therefore. The reward for Troy Blankenship will be voided in April unless continued by the governor.

Another phase of this reward for apprehension of criminals business is that be common consent and long practice state enforcement officers—highway patrol and SBI agents—are not eligible to receive any of it. Local officers are eligible.

WOMEN IN JOBS IN STATE INCREASING

Raleigh, March 1.—Women are real "marching as to war" in North Carolina.

In one year the number of women workers increased 25 percent. In contrast to an increase of four percent in men workers, in 497 of the larger and more important war and essential civilian production establishments in North Carolina. The report of trends in these firms, made by Miss Gladys Fielding, chief of Reports and Analysis, to Dr. J. S. Dorton, State director of the War Manpower Commission, was for the

RALEIGH, CHARLOTTE GET FEDERAL FUNDS

Richmond, Va., March 1.—U. S. Treasury checks for sums totaling \$14,667.36 have been forwarded by the regional office of the Federal Works Agency to communities in North Carolina to aid in financing recreation facilities for servicemen and civilian war workers. Regional Director Kenneth Markwell announced.

A check of \$5,600, the initial payment on a Federal grant of \$22,500, was sent to Mayor Graham H. Andrews of Raleigh to be deposited in the city's construction account for the renovation and repair of a building formerly occupied by the State School for the Blind. The first floor of the building will be remodeled to provide a recreation center for Negro servicemen and service women. The contract for the construction work was awarded two weeks ago to Reinecke & Dillehay, Inc., general contractors, of Fayetteville.

The Charlotte Park and Recreation Commission to Charlotte, received a check for \$9,067.36, which was the third payment of a Federal contribution of \$49,694 toward the cost of operating municipal recreation facilities for servicemen and war workers from August 1, 1943, to next June 30. The city will contribute \$63,721.

DAILY CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Gangs
- People of Switzerland
- Circuit
- Sharp-headed weapon
- Reigning beauty
- To become liable to
- Prosecute judicially
- Monetary unit (Bulg.)
- Goddess of mischief
- President (Czech.)
- Wattle of a fowl
- Sluggards
- Farewell
- Retinue
- French artist
- Small piece of ground
- Floury
- Fuss
- Cereal grain
- Festival (Jap.)
- Kind of beer
- Force
- Sphere of action
- Movable barriers
- Bamboo-like grasses
- Pitchers DOWN
- Flaps

2. Ostrich-like bird (var.)

3. Dexterous

4. Military (abbr.)

5. Pillar of stone

6. Splinters

7. Pale

8. Indian (Peru)

9. Short tall

10. With

11. Conclude

12. Flower

13. Like soup

21. Jolt

22. Poem

23. Conquer

24. Nothing

25. Greek letter

26. Place

27. Ridges of mountains

28. Beam

29. Shelf

30. Winglike

31. Venture

32. S-shaped molding

33. Nip

34. Across

Yesterday's Answer

42. Headland
44. Remnant
46. Uncooked

CRYPTOQUOTE—A cryptogram quotation

U M E H Y B M I Z F I N E P A V X B R N P X V
M U M V X B I H O Z A O I M D E H V B — Y M M I B

Yesterday's Cryptoquote: IT WAS A SIGN OF HEALTH THAT HE WAS WILLING TO BE CURED—SENECA.

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