

A Model is Murdered - BABS LEE

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE

Argus noted the simple bed and small bureau in the alcove. The apartment was devoid of bric-a-brac or ornaments of any sort, including pictures and pictures. On the opposite side was a chest-like affair with cupboards and a small box and some shelves. A two-burner electric stove stood on a tin table that stood.

"Depressing dump, isn't it?" Argus asked.

"See what you think of this," Grange said. He led him to a spot directly opposite the table. There was a hole in the wall about the size of a bullet. "Looks like this is where Redbeard carried on his experiments, all right."

"Find anything else?"

"Yes," the Inspector opened a closet door. An overcoat hung there. "There's no mark in it," Grange said. "I can take us a long time to trace it, but it's identical with the description of the one Redbeard wore."

Argus felt the material, sniffed it, and then turned one of the pockets inside out, carefully, so as not to spill any of the dust that might be in the bottom.

"I'd like to know what your men find from examining this coat," Argus said. "Particularly if they find any tobacco." He replaced the coat, and walked into the bedroom. He pulled back a corner of the bed coverings. The sheets were clean and untraveled. The pillow cases were new. The bed was bare. A small leather plant that had not been recently watered stood on a dusty dish on the window sill. An express routed down the hall on a level with the window.

"Where's the bathroom?" Argus shouted above the din.

"It's down the hall," Grange roared back. "There's one bath to each floor."

Argus examined the surface of the refectory table, with its red velvet cover. There was a mark on the velvet as though something heavy had been laid on it. There were a few floor plates behind the table. Next to them was the telephone bell box. There were the match marks on it as though some one had tried to take it apart with a sharp instrument and it had slipped, marring the paint. On the carpet was a tiny sliver of glass. Argus picked it up.

"Better take a dust combing around this table," he said.

"Okay. Find something?"

Argus put the dust into Grange's hand. Then he went into the kitchenette. There was dust on the shelves, in the glasses, and dishes. There was a red machine nail next to the tin table. He lifted the lid. The inside pan was missing.

"What's your theory, Inspector?" the detective asked.

"Well," said Grange, pulling at his chin. "We know that Sturgis was in love with Streen and jealous of her. And he was clever about inventing things. Sturgis walked with a limp—so did Redbeard. Sturgis, by his own admission, was

in the vicinity of 24th Street and Fourth Avenue the day Redbeard bought his disguise."

"Sturgis were Redbeard," Argus suggested, "the kid that picked up the head to identify him. But there's another problem: Assuming that Sturgis was our man, who shot him and who shot Flannery?"

"Yes," Grange sighed. "I've thought of that, too. But Sturgis seemed to have a logical Redbeard, everything about him fits so well with what we already know, that I figured there must be some simple explanation if we could just think of it."

"Perhaps," Argus said, unconvinced.

Grange's face brightened. "Or maybe Sturgis knew who Redbeard was and followed him up here, threatened him, and was shot."

"That sounds more likely," Argus nodded. "I'd like to have a talk with the super. And if I may make a suggestion, don't let any one smoke in this room until you've taken up the dust from around the table."

The superintendent turned out to be a genial Swede with a clean apartment in the basement. He seemed more than anxious to answer questions.

"This man Sturgis came to you on Thursday afternoon to rent 2F," Argus began.

"Yes. He comes 'bout six o'clock to look over the place," he said in a sing-song voice. "Then he pays the rent in advance and may be move in on Friday."

"And did he?"

"Yes."

"Can you describe him?"

"Sure. He about as tall as you and he has a reddish beard and glasses. He wears a loose overcoat and a shock felt hat but he walks with a limp. When he talks he talks like a refugee. He speaks with accent."

"Notice anything about his hands? Any rings—or a watch?"

"The wearing shows every time I see him. I don't know about any watch."

"When he paid the rent did he sign anything?"

"No."

"How about that phone upstairs? Did Sturgis put that in?"

"The phone already in, but he had a man come in and turn it on."

"When?"

"When he move in he tell me to expect phone man and he give me ten dollars to pay him, and tell me to sign for it. The man come Saturday."

"Was Sturgis here?"

"No. He went out. I let the man in and stay while he connect it."

Argus sat forward in his chair. "When you were in the apartment did you see anything unusual?"

The Swede scratched his blond head. "Come to think of it, by yimminy, there was a machine standing on the table. The phone man say it was an air-cooler."

"Did you examine it?"

"No. I never touched it."

"Was there anything else?"

"I don't remember nothing."

"Did this Sturgis have any one to clean up for him?"

"No. He didn't want any one to go near his apartment after that."

"Did you throw out any refuse from his rooms?"

"No."

"The garbage pail is sitting from his kitchen. Do you know where it is?"

"No. Maybe it's in the dumb-waiter. I can't find time to clean up today."

As the man pulled down the dumb-waiter from another floor, Argus continued with his questioning.

"Did Sturgis tell you his initials or first name when he took the place?"

"No. He say his name was Eric Sturgis."

"Eric Sturgis?" Argus repeated slowly and shook his head. "When was the last time you saw him?"

"He came in around 8:30 last night."

"How many times did you see him in all?"

"I see him Thursday when he took the place and Friday when he moved in with a suitcase. That was around six. He come in Monday night at 5:30 and last night."

"Did any of your tenants report hearing a shot during the time Sturgis lived here?"

"Now, mister. The Fl make so much noise every day. He had a gun. He had the dumb-waiter down here and was coming the pull. He set it down on the floor near Arnie's feet. The latter had to examine it."

There were few pieces of broken glass wrapped in a newspaper. In the upper left hand corner, torn through the middle was a sticker with the last letters of a name and initials. Argus noted it at a glance. The letters were "M" and underneath were "M" and "M" and under that "M". The other contents of the roll were a piece of twine and some small bits of wire.

"I'm glad you hadn't emptied this," Argus said. "I'll just keep it for a while."

"Miss Kitty won't like this at all," the superintendent shook his head slowly.

"Miss Kitty? Who's she?" Argus asked.

"She's the lady whose apartment he rented. Miss Kitty's a member of some society that don't approve of drinkin' or smokin' and she goes south and I rent her place for her. She tell me she want some responsible person in it, was her very words. She shook his head again. "She'll blame me when she finds out I rent it to a murderer."

The Swede had finished. Argus could not decide whether it was because of Sturgis or whether he feared Miss Kitty's wrath.

(To be continued.)

BARCLAY ON BRIDGE

By Shepard Barclay
"The Authority on Authorities"

EVEN TITLE EVENTS

IN PRACTICALLY all sections of the country there are State, City and Regional championship tournaments under the auspices of the voluntary governing body of the game, the American Contract Bridge League. All of them are conducted on the basis of duplicate play so that there is no such thing as winning because you hold better cards than someone else. Everybody plays the same hands, and the way you make out depends on scoring which shows whether you did better or worse than the others with the identical cards.

Naturally the most coveted titles are the national championships. These are determined in 11 separate competitions. Three of them—individual, pair and teams of four—are restricted to "Masters," who have qualified as such by records of actual performance in previous events. Four of them are open to everybody, pairs, knockout fours, in which your net total contract points decide whether you beat a particular team or lose to it, and match point fours, in which doing better than some other team on a particular deal counts one point for your combination. Then there are women's pairs and teams, men's pairs, and mixed pairs and teams which have men and women seated opposite each other.

Here is the summary of winners in the national championships for the 1934-1935 season.

Masters' Events

Individual—Alvan L. Roth, New York.

Pairs—John P. Crawford, Philadelphia, and Howard Sherman, New York.

Teams—Charles H. Goren, John P. Crawford and Sidney Skoloff, Philadelphia; Howard Sherman and Edward Hymes, Jr., New York.

Open Events

Pairs—Mrs. Edith J. Seligman, New York, and Mrs. Ruth Chase Goldberg, Philadelphia.

Knockout Fours—Wanderlind.

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SCOTT'S SCRAP BOOK

By R. J. SCOTT

JAMES I OF ENGLAND—WAS THE FIRST KING TO RISE IN A SUBMARINE. JAMES TOOK A RIDE IN A SUBMARINE WITH GREAT SUCCESS WHICH WAS REPEATED SUCCESSFULLY AT THE BOTTOM OF THE TUNNEL.

THESE PAGES IN THE SCRAP BOOK ARE THE ONLY ONES ON WHICH YOU CAN GET THE SCRAP BOOK TO PREVENT THE ESCAPE OF THE SCRAP BOOK.

SIARKS

THESE PAGES IN THE SCRAP BOOK ARE THE ONLY ONES ON WHICH YOU CAN GET THE SCRAP BOOK TO PREVENT THE ESCAPE OF THE SCRAP BOOK.

THE OLD HOME TOWN

By STANLEY

IT WAS ABOUT THREE MONTHS AGO THAT I WAS AWAY FROM HOME FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE I WAS A BOY. I WAS IN THE ARMY AND I WAS IN THE ARMY FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE I WAS A BOY.

THEY ARE THE ONLY PAGES IN THE SCRAP BOOK WHICH YOU CAN GET THE SCRAP BOOK TO PREVENT THE ESCAPE OF THE SCRAP BOOK.

Jap 'Gift'



WHEN THE MARINES noted in on the Japs in the Cape Gloucester area, they found this ghastly hanged anti-aircraft gun. Now that it has been repaired, Sgt. Charles McElhenny of Wilkesburg, Pa., is fishing to turn it against its neighbors. U.S.M.C. photo. (International)

NOAH NUMSKULL

THIS HAS BEEN THE LONGEST MARCH FINISHED IT ON THE LAST DAY!

DEAR NOAH SHOULD SCREW BALLS BE LOCKED UP ON THEIR DAY OFF?

HARRY PAXTON HOLLYWOOD CALIF.

DEAR NOAH IS IT POSSIBLE TO BE DOWN IN THE DEPTHS OF THOUGHT?

MRS. HE DILLON BILLON

POST CARD NO. 108

Morning Inertia Sign of Middle Age

By LOGAN CLENDENING, M. D.

THE spectrals, whether real or imaginary, of young soldiers responding to reveille by hopping out of bed and running pell-mell for the showers is one to create envy in my middle-aged colleagues' hearts. One of the surest signs of the onset of the so-called middle age is the beginning of the gradual withdrawal of the bounding energies of youth. Don't worry about it. Regard it as one of the eternally fascinating phenomena of Nature—as natural as the lack of the desire to go a-roving by the light of the moon.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

G. D.: Will you please tell me if there is any danger of penetrating the ear drum by cleaning out the ear with a match?

Answer: Certainly. If you don't want to lose your hearing have a doctor clean out your ears.

A. S. K.: What characteristics in the appearance of the stool would denote cancer in the intestinal tract? Would a complete laboratory and gastro-intestinal X-ray disclose such trouble? Would a competent physician readily recognize the trouble?

Answer: Stool is tarry, bloody, ribbon-like. Complete G. I. series should recognize cancer in the bowel. All competent physicians are fallible, but one should recognize this condition.

LENTEN REDUCING DIET

By Dr. Clendening

Wednesday—500 Calories

Breakfast

- 2 tablespoons apple sauce—no sweetening.
- 2 table-spoons oatmeal—no sugar.
- 1 cup whole milk.
- 1 cup coffee—no cream or sugar.

LUNCHEON

- 1 toasted cheese sandwich on whole wheat toast.
- 1 tomato sliced with vinegar, lemon or mineral oil dressing.
- 1 cup tea—no cream or sugar.

DINNER

- Average helping baked stuffed mushrooms.
- 1 slice whole wheat toast—no butter or substitute.
- Lettuce and cream salad—vinegar, lemon or mineral oil dressing.
- 2 table-spoons gelatin dessert.
- 1 small cup coffee—no cream or sugar.

THIMBLE THEATRE - Starring Peppye

WAMA CHIEF—I CHASE YOU—WAMA CHIEF—BOSUN'S MATE?

YES, YOU WILL BE—THE RATINGS—HAVEN'T—COME THROUGH YET

YOU'LL GET IT BECAUSE OF YOUR STUPIDITY—WAS? K. K. K. K. K. K.

WAMA CHIEF—VER COME TRAMP—MY CORN?

?

"Clothes Make the Man"

?

BLONDIE (Registered U. S. Patent Office)

I GUESS ALEXANDER WON'T MIND IF I BORROW A LITTLE FROM HIS BANK

NO—THERE'S A NOTE IN HIS BANK

Ask Dad, He Knows!

STOP! WAIT!

WE'VE OVERDID GET THAT LOAD OF PEPPY PICTURES!

THEY'RE IN THAT TRUCK!

ARE YOU KIDDING?

THAT'S THE POWER GARAGE COLLECTION!

I HADN'T LID ON THE CURB THEY PICKED UP THE BASKETS!

THAT'S WHY I'M SO HAPPY TO BE THE GARAGE!

COULD YOU GET THE CURB?

ETTA KETT

STOP THE TRAIN! OH, MIN!

WAIT! YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME STRANDED LIKE THIS!

—WHOOO—

THE GUMPS - Andy's Out of "Train"ing

CONDUCTOR! STOP THIS TRAIN! YOU LEFT MY HUSBAND BEHIND!

SORRY MAMA! OUR NEXT STOP IS LOS ANGELES!

POOR ANDY HE CAN'T BREAK A WARD OF INDIAN!

THAT ANDY GUY? I'D RATHER BE ON A LEASH!