



SECOND INSTALLMENT

SYNOPSIS: A card game is in session in Elmer Henderson's penthouse atop a New York skyscraper. The players are: Henderson, Police Inspector Flaherty, Martin Frazier, Archie Doane, Max Michaelis, and his friend, Williams, a stockbroker. They are waiting for Stephen Fitzgerald. When he fails to appear, a telephone call brings the information that he is out with a girl. Fitzgerald and Henderson are both romantically interested in Lydia Lane, the famous actress, but Archie Doane reveals that she is engaged to marry him. Doane leaves the party early when Fitzgerald fails to appear. A short time later he telephone Inspector Flaherty.

Dan Flaherty turned from the telephone with what Max Michaelis often termed his "Old Sleuth" expression on his face.

"Get your coat on, Max," he said. "There's hell to pay. Lydia Lane and Stephen Fitzgerald have been killed in the girl's apartment. That was Archie Doane phoning. He found 'em."

"Lydia dead?" gasped Henderson. He turned white and seemed about to fall from his chair. Frazier's hand on his shoulder steadied him.

"Murdered," cried Williams. "After what you were talking about."

"Archie found them? Frazier of the District Attorney's office spoke almost breathlessly with the other two.

"Yes, and he wants you to come with me, Max," replied Inspector Flaherty, addressing Michaelis again. "You might come too, Frazier. No use guessing what's up, but it looks like a 'hot' murder. And 'hot' means a different kind of hot."

"It's a hot one," said Henderson, and he turned to the other two. "I'll go with you."

"Inspector Flaherty," speaking, they heard him say. "Let me speak to Leekie. Then give me anybody who's in the Bureau—Homicide Bureau? Is Detective Martinelli there?—Tony, this is Inspector Flaherty. I'm uptown. Get hold of the Medical Examiner or his deputy right away. You go with him to 213 West 59th, Miss Lane's apartment."

He turned from the phone to the others. "What floor is it on, any of you know?"

"On the roof," replied Henderson setting down the glass which he had just drained. "Penthouse apartment."

"It's one of these penthouse apartments," said Flaherty into the phone. "Take a camera man and a Bertillon man with fingerprint equipment along with you. You'll find a fellow named Archie Doane there at least I think you will. Don't ask him any questions, but just see what there is to see until I get there. I may be there ahead of you, but if I'm not, don't let Doane go without word from me. Better phone the precinct and have 'em send a uniform man to hold anybody who tries to leave the building before you get there. Tell them at the precinct the instructions are to let nobody in or out without orders from me. Got that? And, Tony—"

"You don't really suspect Archie did it, do you, Dan?" Max Michaelis interrupted. The inspector waved his hand for silence. "I suspect everybody in a homicide case, and you know it," he said gruffly. Then to the man at the other end of the telephone he gave final instructions.

"Call the police garage and have them send a closed car for me, right off. I'm at Fifty-sixth just off Fifth Avenue, Highhart Film Building. I'll be waiting in the main lower lobby, downstairs. Make it snappy, now, Tony."

He hung up and rejoined the others. "No use trying to get a taxi this time on Saturday night, in this storm," he said. "We'll have time to cash in on the game before the car gets here."

"It's stopped snowing," said Williams, who had pulled the curtains aside and was looking out over the white-shrouded roofs of the city. "The storm's over. See, the stars are out. Everything looks so peaceful and pure—and two people have been murdered! Even tho I never met Fitzgerald or Miss Lane, and only met Mr. Doane tonight, it—well it gets me."

"It's got all of us," said Max Michaelis. "We all know Fitz—knew

him, anyway—and we all love Archie. And Henderson, here—feeling better, old man? Want to have The inventor shuddered. "No thank you. I couldn't stand it. Even if I didn't feel as I do about Miss Lane, I would go to pieces and be a nuisance. The rest of you go on, don't mind staying with me, anybody. I'll be all right. But I hope—I hope it isn't Archie—that did it, I mean. I thought from the way you spoke, Inspector—"

"Well, look at it as if you'd never heard of anybody concerned," Dan Flaherty interrupted. "A man's engaged to marry a girl. He's jealous of another man. He worries all evening because he doesn't know where the girl is, or the other man. He goes to the girl's apartment and finds the two together. Of course, he says they were both dead when he got there. But if you knew just that much and didn't know any more—whom would you suspect?"

"Now, I don't suspect Archie Doane any more than I suspect anybody else. But I'm a policeman. Friendship cuts no ice with me in a murder case. Get my point of view?"

"Of course, you have to look at it like that, Inspector," Henderson said. "But it doesn't sound like

known him; the best I can do I'll be accused of trying to shield a friend."

"I get you," agreed Michaelis, "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 Michaelis. "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 Michaelis 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 Michaelis responded, as the car halted for the stream of after-theatre traffic going up Seventh Avenue into Central Park. Its progress slowed up by the fleet of scrapers and trucks that

clearing the way for the snow removal gang, already on the job. "What's the starting point? How did he come to be at Miss Lane's room? 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 thru some sort of back entrance—he knew his way about there—and found Fitz 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 Michaelis' 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 than that," replied Michaelis. "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 Michaelis. "We have only to think of his evident distraction 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

connected with the studio both thru 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 maidservant 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 expanse, running back perhaps 25 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 50 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 facts, and with Archie Doane.

They followed Detective Marinelli into the bedroom while the Medical Examiner was telephoning 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 longue 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 demurely "sleazy" 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 hoysishly-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 be-

gan at a blue-bordered hole midway between elbow and shoulder and tapered 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"

**Health Camp Services Sunday Afternoon To Feature Band**

The second in a series of eight vesper services at the Allegheny County Children's Health Camp on the shores of Cuba Lake, will be held from 4:30 to 5:30 o'clock Sunday afternoon.

The Wellsville concert band will be featured this week with the Rev. A. Merritt Dietterich, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church, Wellsville, in charge of devotions. The program will be heard over a public address system.

More than 70 children who are making a three-weeks stay at the camp will take part in Sunday afternoon's program.

The services are non-denominational, each week featuring organizations from vicinity communities. They are sponsored by the Allegheny County Ministerial Association. At the close of the services those attending may inspect the health camp under direction of camp counselors.

**DISH FOR THIS WEEK**

A tempting vegetable dish with lots of color is this casserole of summer squash, green corn and tomatoes.

**Summer Squash and Green Corn**  
Use fresh tender squash. Peel the squash and cut it cross-wise in slices one inch thick. Lay the slices in a well-greased baking dish. Brush each slice with melted butter and sprinkle it with salt. Cook the dish and cook the squash in a moderate oven until it is tender.

Then add a layer of sweet corn about two inches in depth and dot it with bits of butter and pepper. Cover this with thin slices of tomato, sprinkle with salt and sugar and add three or four very thin slices of bacon. Bake in a hot oven (400 to 450 degrees) for 15 to 20 minutes.

For a dinner the New York State College of Home Economics suggests: mashed potatoes, meat loaf with mushroom sauce, summer squash and green corn, hearts of lettuce with home made salad dressing, graham rolls, lemon cream and peanut butter cookies.

In some parts of Europe eggs are safeguarded from molds by storing them in sealed containers of inert gas, such as nitrogen or carbon dioxide.

**Bennetts Church, R.**

July 12. The ladies Community Club held monthly supper Thursday well attended. About 40 were served.

A surprise birthday held Friday evening at Mr. and Mrs. Leon Burley of Mr. Burley's 27th birthday attending were Mr. and Mrs. Bassett, Sam George and Mrs. M. and Mrs. Lawrence Knight and son Ernest.

Lawrence Knight and son Ernest. Louise were business visitors, Tuesday.

Roy Hawkins is doing hay on the Ray Basset.

Monroe Ackley was called in Hornell, Wednesday. Glad Quick attended West Union, Wednesday.

Delores Atkins passed night and Friday with Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Hornell called on Mr. Hawkins, Wednesday. Floyd Bassett was a visitor in Greenwood, Wednesday. Harold Church passed Monday with friends in Smethport, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph family were business visitors, Saturday evening. Among those in the day evening from this Mr. and Mrs. Glenn daughter Faith, Floyd and Mrs. Lawrence daughter Louise, Harold Roger Banks, Mr. and Mrs. Burley, Mr. and Mrs. and family, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart and family, Alta Quick and son C. Mrs. Ross Woodworth, Mr. and Mrs. Robert family and Mr. and Mrs. Kins.

Karl Bassett of Greenwood, Sunday. The shower for Mr. Stanley Dibble was Wednesday evening reported by all.

Mr. and Mrs. Glenn family of Elkland, Pa. week-end with his sister Vedder of this place. Mrs. Wm. Ackley week-end with relatives, Toro, Pa.

Mrs. Earl Bassett visited in Emporium, Pa., Tuesday.

—Mr. and Mrs. L. Belmont passed Sunday. Sister, Mrs. Glenn visited.



Where's the Medical Examiner? What does he say?

a uniformed policeman, on guard at the door, saluted Inspector Flaherty as he and his two companions alighted.

"Medical examiner get 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 hallboys 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 Michaelis 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 of the cage, there was a door which apparently gave access to the flat roof; to the right, a door on which a sign read "Elevator to Penthouse."

Inspector Flaherty saw the bell and the door was opened by a tall, dark young man who bore some of the customary earmarks of the police. However Flaherty soon dispensed 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 Martinelli'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 thru the door and into a square foyer from which other doors face 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, con-

THE HOUSE OF HAZARDS By Mac Arthur



Country

South H

(Mrs. Earl Schoonover,

July 12.—Mr. and Marsh and two granddaughters, Mrs. Alice Liv...

Miss Mary Lou Clark days with her grandpar...

Mr. and Mrs. Earl and daughter Dorothy several friends to welco...

Mr. and Mrs. Ray H daughter, Doris, called mother and grandmother last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Sch family and Howard B Sunday with Mr. and Schoonover with the lat home with them for a f...

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer two sons of Independence per guests of the Liver Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Beily spent Monday evening with their families.

Mr. and Mrs. Glenn passed Sunday afternoon at Alfred Station. Friends at Alfred Station Mrs. Gertrude Sch...

turned home Saturday evening. All-ntown, where she had Mrs. Fred Knox with her duties.

Bennetts C

(Harold Church, R

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