

# The PENITENT MURDER

## EIGHTH 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 with the frantic news that he has found Fitzgerald and Miss Lane dead in Lydia Lane's penthouse apartment.

When Flaherty and the medical examiner reach the apartment they find that Miss Lane is still alive. She is rushed to a hospital where blood transfusions and care promise to restore her.

All circumstantial evidence points to Archie Doane as the murderer, especially when the murder gun is found carefully planted in the chimney clean out in the basement.

Miss Lane's French maid, Adele Maxence has been overheard threatening to shoot Fitzgerald if he did not stop annoying her. The janitor reports that Mademoiselle Maxence was in a night club on her day off and that she had talked to a man in the basement who she said was the murderer.

"I had a guess, too," said Henderson. "A long distance call from Doane's apartment last night. I take it you know it from the same place."

"Precisely," replied Max Michaelis. "And that is the case of the confession."

Henderson's eyes indicated surprise by the slightest of flutters then looked full at Max Michaelis with unvoiced admiration, while the other two stared from one to the other, perplexed and amazed.

"Yes," was Henderson's cool reply. "And the other is my last will and testament. It is a pleasure, when one is beaten, to realize that one has yielded to superior brains and not merely to superior force."

"Suppose you let it lie there a minute, Henderson," said Michaelis, as the inventor proffered the second document to Inspector Flaherty. "I appreciate your intended compliment, but you have been beaten neither by superior brains nor by superior force, unless you count the forces of Nature."

"It was not the Czar's armies, but the snow, that defeated Napoleon in Russia; it is not the police nor myself that has beaten you, Henderson, but the snow. The snow that you did not know anything about, never had seen, had not the experience with which to calculate upon its probability or to measure its ruinous effect upon your ingenious plot."

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

nuts have gone around with hypodermics jabbing girls on the street. We sent a dope up for that last year. Now, one of them bumps into her, see?"

In his eagerness, Dan Flaherty was lapsing back into the vernacular of his native Ninth Ward.

"No use asking why; there ain't no reason in what any nut like that does. Anyway, she's all doped up when she gets into her apartment. Thinks a pin stuck into her, and there's a pin in her dress—probably picked up in the taxi. Her maid goes out and she lies down and goes to sleep. I've heard of this twilight sleep. They know what's going on but they can't remember any of it afterwards, see?"

"Now, she's dead to the world, but she isn't. Get me? Fitz comes along an' she lets him in. They get into a scrap an' she pulls the gun on him. He grabs for it an' it goes off and gets her in the arm, in the tussle. The gun drops an' she grabs it an' lets him have it thru the heart."

Then she drops the gun down the chimney, drags Fitz over to try

"That was Tony Martinelli's hunch," said Inspector Flaherty. "No; Tony heard me suggest it," Frazier contradicted. "I remember saying it might be there, but dropped that idea as soon as we saw how the top of the chimney was covered." Max! You don't mean—

"Remember where you got the chimney suggestion, have you?" "I don't know what you both are talking about," growled Dan Flaherty, as he pressed the button at the door of Henderson's quarters.

"You will be in a few minutes, Dan," Max Michaelis reassured him. Thru a perforated disk covering a house telephone at the side of the door the voice of Elmer Henderson answered the ring.

"Who's there?" he asked.

"Martin Frazier," responded the Assistant District Attorney. "Dan Flaherty and Max Michaelis are with me."

"Pardon me a moment," said the voice. "I hadn't expected you so soon."

Frazier and Flaherty looked at each other wondering, then at Max



"Pardon me a moment. I hadn't expected you quite so soon."

to put him on the couch, finds she can't lift him an' then gets faint from her own wound an' flops where we found her. How's that, Max?"

"A good theory if it wasn't for the snow, Dan," smiled Max Michaelis. "You mustn't leave the snow out of your calculations. The persons who planned and committed this crime overlooked the snow. If the gun was dropped down the chimney it was done before the snow fell."

"Fitz might have lingered alive for hours," suggested Frazier.

"With a bullet thru his heart? You heard what the Medical Examiner said," objected Dan Flaherty. But Max Michaelis smiled in assent.

"You're getting warm, Martin," he said. "That would explain why there were no tracks in the snow."

"Fitz could have done it!" exclaimed Frazier.

"What? Dropped the gun down the chimney after he was shot thru the heart?" demanded the Inspector incredulously.

"Doped the girl, I mean," explained Frazier. "That what you wanted to ask Henderson, Max? If he saw Fitz when they got out of the taxi? I'd almost forgotten it, but someone told me that Fitz had taken the dope cure—used to be an addict. He'd be familiar with hypodermics."

"You'll have a hard time convincing me that he could have lived more than a few minutes with that hole in him," said Flaherty, "but say he could. It all comes clear. He dopes the girl—jabs her on the sidewalk. Waits till Henderson and the maid have come out, then goes in, like I said. Now, maybe the girl didn't shoot him after all. He shoots her in the fight for the gun—she isn't as dopy as he expected to find her. Then she bleeds all over the place and he thinks she's dead. Shoots himself—he could have done it. If he was thinking quick he could have dropped the gun down the flue, got back to the apartment, all before he collapsed. Then she comes too, sees him there, calls up Archie, flops again and doesn't remember a thing when she wakes up."

The car drew up in front of the entrance of the Highgate building.

"One more thing I meant to ask you, Martin, I think I know the answer," said Michaelis, as they went up in the elevator. "Do you remember how we happened to think the gun might be down the chimney?"

Michaelis, whose face was sphinx-like. Presently the door was opened by Henderson himself, attired as for a wedding or a church.

"I've dismissed my man," he apologized. "Come right in, gentlemen."

"Expecting us, were you?" asked Dan Flaherty, in a puzzled tone.

"Oh, yes; ever since you posted your men all around the building about four o'clock this morning," was the amazing reply. Henderson smiled at the three of them, as cool and self-possessed as he had been in the poker game the night before.

"Shall we sit down at the same table?" he inquired, as the visitors shed their wraps. "Excuse me just a moment," he went on, as the four seated themselves. "I just want to date and sign some papers."

He picked up two long sheets of paper which were lying on the table around which they had played poker the night before. At the bottom of each sheet he affixed his signature.

"These might as well be witnessed," he said, turning one sheet face down, over the other so that only the name he had written and a blank space beside it showed. "Will each of you gentlemen be good enough to sign as witnesses to my signature?"

He passed the pen across the table and each signed in turn. Then Henderson reversed the sheets and again witnessed his signature.

He took the papers back into his own hands and folded each of them. One of them he passed across to Max Michaelis.

"Will you be good enough to take charge of this for me?" he asked. "Don't bother to read it now."

The other document he held in his own hands, looking from Michaelis to Frazier, and Flaherty, as if uncertain as to into whose hands to place it.

Inspector Flaherty took advantage of the pause for a question which he had been fairly bursting to ask.

"What do you mean about posting your men around this building?" he demanded. "I haven't posted any men here."

"No, Dan, they were my men," interposed Michaelis. "You see, I wasn't sure until I got this telegram that it was a case for the police."

He drew from his pocket the yellow envelope which had been delivered to him at the hospital, and glanced significantly from it to Hen-

# Dale Carnegie

## 5-Minute Biographies

Author of "How to Win Friends and Influence People."



### CLYDE BEATTY

## Stick His Head in a Lion's Mouth? - Not Without a Gas-Mask!

Clyde Beatty has one of the most dangerous jobs in the world. He looks into the jaws of death, not once, but twice a day. The life insurance companies realize that he may be ripped to pieces at any time by savage claws; so they refuse to gamble on his life. He is the only performer in the circus who can't get an insurance policy.

He told me he had sometimes thought of quitting the lion and tiger business; but he says that if he had to punch a time clock in a factory or some similar job it would kill him. And if he's got to die, he'd rather be gored to death than bored to death.

Clyde Beatty has spent half his thrilling and exciting lifetime—15 years of it—under the big top. As a kid back in Chillicothe, Ohio, he was crazy about the circus.

One exciting day the Barnum and Bailey circus came to town. A laundryman stuck up a poster in his window. A glamorous picture in yellow and purple and red, showing a heroic lion trainer bravely cracking his whip over a cowering lion, snarling cats from Africa. Posters rushed inside and begged the owner of the laundry to give him a poster, after the circus left town. The laundryman said, "Yes, I'll

give it to you if you'll run errands for me for a week." He agreed to do this.

This 12-year-old kid already had some roaring, snapping, snarling friends of his own. Or at least, he made believe they were. He had five dogs which he had trained to sit up and beg, roll over and walk around on their hind legs. And every so often he would stick up his circus poster and put on a wild animal act for the kids in the neighborhood.

Then one summer when the big caravan chugged out of town, Clyde Beatty was aboard, his heart palpitating with excitement. For three days, his desperate parents searched frantically. His mother spent nights of weeping before a letter came saying he had a job of cleaning out the cages with the circus. He was only 15 and he was getting five dollars and a chance to live in Paradise.

In the ten years' time, this youngster from Chillicothe, Ohio had outstripped every lion-tamer in history. He put on an act so daring, so foolhardy that even circus men said it couldn't be done. And then when they saw him actually do it, they said he was a lunatic and that his life wasn't worth a plugged nickel. He put 30 snarling, spitting lions and tigers into the same cage, cracked his whip and made them do their stuff. Forty lions and tigers bristled with hate and snarling with rage. Under the act created a sensation over among circus people, for lions and tigers are mortal enemies. They fight an eight. And more than one occasion Beatty found himself in a cage of fighting lions and tigers.

Not strangely enough, Clyde Beatty says that lions and tigers are not the most dangerous animals to control. He's tried them all—lions and tigers, leopards, bears, hyenas, and elephants. And he found that the most dangerous beast of all is the polar bear. And he says that the hardest trick of all is to make a tiger ride on an elephant's back. In fact, he himself was nearly killed by an elephant one day, just because he had been to the tiger's cage and the elephant caught the hated scent of the tiger.

You've heard, haven't you, that animal trainers control their animals by looking them straight in the eye? Clyde Beatty told me that that is a lot of nonsense. The average lion wouldn't give two hoots if Mae West looked him in the eye. He says the only reason he watches his animals is to find out what they are up to and what they are going to do next.

Beatty says no trainer has ever actually stuck his head in a lion's mouth. It just looks that way. He says: "I've known some pretty reckless animal trainers, but I've never

heard of one crazy enough to stick his head into the mouth of a lion." Besides lions have halitosis so bad that even their best friends would have to wear gasmasks.

There's another popular idea—that lion-trainers use red-hot poker to control enraged animals. But Beatty says that if you want to commit suicide, just enter the cage of a lion or tiger that has been hurred with a red-hot poker. His harmless weapons are a kitchen chair, a whip and a revolver filled with blank cartridges.

Clyde Beatty says he's tried working with tame animals—animals born in captivity, and he prefers wild ones any time. Tame animals are just like spoiled children—they've been pampered and petted until they refuse to do anything. The question he has been asked most often is this: can a lion lick a tiger, or will the tiger lick the lion? Frankly, he doesn't know. He's been in the big cage dozens of times with lions and tigers fighting all around him, but the lions always gang up and tigers fight alone. When one lion starts fighting, all the lions in sight come to his aid—especially if the lions are brothers. Lions are just like boys—they can't see a scrap without mixing up in it. But a tiger has no race consciousness—he will sit up on his pedestal and actually yawn while some other tiger is being killed.

One of the most amusing stunts Clyde Beatty does in the big cage is to make a bear turn a complete somersault—the only trick of its kind in the world. He discovered it by accident. Beatty was in the cage one day when the bear came tearing at him, teeth bared, claws tense, and murder in his eye. This bear was out to kill, and his onslaught was so sudden, so fierce, that Beatty did the first thing that flashed into his mind. He hauled off and smashed the bear on the nose, and as nothing else is so painful to a bear as a poke on the nose, and as Beatty's fist landed, the bear went over in a heap and turned a complete somersault. That's what gave Beatty the idea. And today all he has to do to make the same bear turn a complete flip-flop is to tap him on the nose with his whip.

Clyde Beatty knows his wild animals of the jungle and claim from them better than any other man living. Yet he has no other animal but the dog.

Two colored boys were having an argument about ghosts. One of them claimed to have seen a ghost the night before.

"What was de ghos' doin' when you all saw him?" asked the doubting one.

"Jes' fallin' behin', misrah—fallin' behin' rapid!"

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### HELP KIDNEYS

To Get Rid of Acid and Poisonous Waste

Your kidneys help to keep you well by constantly filtering waste matter from the blood. If your kidneys are functionally disordered and fail to remove waste impurities, there may be poisoning of the whole system and body-wide distress.

Burning, stony or too frequent urination may be a warning of some kidney or bladder disturbance.

You may suffer nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feel weak, nervous, all played out.

In such cases it is better to rely on a medicine than on something less favorably known. Use Doan's Pills. A multitude of grateful people recommend Doan's. Ask your neighbor!

### DOAN'S PILLS

## THE HOUSE OF HAZARDS

By Mac Arthur

"I ENJOY DINNER GUESTS JOE, BUT THE WIFE INSISTS THAT I HELP HER PREPARE."

"I'LL FIX THAT HAZARD, JUST TURN TO THE WOMAN'S PAGE, READ THE 'HOUSEHOLD HINTS' AND THEN--"

"WELL, THE LEAST I CAN DO IS GIVE JOE'S IDEA A TRY."

"HURRY WIPING THE GUEST CHINA I HAVE ANOTHER JOB FOR YOU!"

"MY-HY YOU'RE WASTEFUL, YOU SHOULD NOT POUR OFF THAT ROUGE JUICE--SAVE IT TO BAKE A HAM WITH."

"ANOTHER THING--I WOULDN'T USE SO MUCH WATER IN MAKING PASTRY--USE ONLY ENOUGH TO HOLD THE INGREDIENTS TOGETHER--MIX QUICKLY AND HANDLE AS LITTLE AS POSSIBLE."

"GOING TO TELL ME HOW TO RUN MY KITCHEN, EH? DON'T YOU EVER SHOW YOUR FACE IN HERE AGAIN!"

"--AND NEVER USE A DAMP CLOTH TO REMOVE A HOT DISH--A DRY ONE PREVENTS HEAT FROM PENETRATING--JOE'S IDEA WORKED."

# Country

## Independence

(Mrs. Floyd Clarke, Re)

Aug. 22.—Threshing season the every day work for the oats seem to be good crop.

Mrs. R. A. Clarke, Mrs. M. A. Clarke and Mrs. Merl M. Clarke in Port Allegany Monday a funeral.

Miss Hilda Clarke had removed by Dr. Cheeseman Tuesday. She is the operation nicely.

Mrs. Nettie Greene, Mrs. Christine of Cleveland, been guests of Mr. and Mrs. Crandall.

Mrs. Maude Clarke is in caring for Lester Stout, Mrs. Charles Clarke, with W. W. Clarke and Grantier were in Hornes calling on Mrs. Clarke the hospital.

Mrs. Lottie Drew is a week staying with Brundage.

Mrs. Hattie Crandall, William of Alfred, Mrs. Maxson Crandall, Maxson of Darien, Conn., Rowley and Robert James, Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Elaine and Joyce of Westport Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Clarke.

Mr. and Mrs. Butler I the General passed Sun F. Spioer.

Mr. and Mrs. George spending a couple of weeks in the city and other places.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie G. family of Union, Wis. of Mr. and Mrs. C. Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Moxley and a child of D. were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Spioer Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Vincent of year of from Mrs. Moxley for lay. They came with Mr. and Mrs. G. going to

## Slate Creek

Aug. 23. Old Home held at Community hall, Creek, August 27. Each family to take turn.

School meeting was held at West Green hall Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Moxley and son and Mr. and Mrs. Stewart.

Jack Woodworth of passing a week with Mrs. Arthur Stev.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl the horse swappers of Almond last week.

Oliver Keough attended celebration for Deward Mullen, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark and family from near were guests of John M. Sunday.

Mrs. Robert Ellis of Mrs. Harry Woodworth Creek called on M. Stewart, Thursday.

Miss Dorothy Close was a guest of C. art a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray and children, Charlo attended the reception minister at the Har Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray called at the home of Nell Cornelius of Pur day evening. Mr. C Sunday after an ill weeks.

Oliver Keough, E and Eloise Mullen of the home of Raymond day.

Supervisor Francis Lawrence of Pur callers in this place.

Mr. and Mrs. L. and daughter Louise Mrs. Wm. Mullen, Mr. and Mrs. Earl ers of her mother, M who is ill at her wood.

Mrs. Newell Step at the home of her Mrs. Mattie Baker