

# "The VANITY CASE"

A Tale of Mystery and Love

By CAROLYN WELLS

**BEGIN HERE TODAY**  
In Harbor Gardens, Long Island, in the city of New York, there lived a man named MYRA. He was a handsome, well-to-do man, and his wife, MYRA, was a beautiful woman. They were both very rich, and they lived in a large, beautiful house. MYRA was a very vain woman, and she was very proud of her beauty. She was very fond of her hair, and she was very fond of her clothes. She was very fond of her jewelry, and she was very fond of her car. She was very fond of her house, and she was very fond of her life. She was very fond of her family, and she was very fond of her friends. She was very fond of her life, and she was very fond of her death.

"A fine-time of night for a young woman to be getting home!" exclaimed the coroner, but, remembering that the directions of the Heath servants were not his immediate concern, he went on with his inquiries. "Did you, Emma, see anything unusual about the house at that time?" "No, sir, but I wasn't in this part of the house. The maids' rooms are in an ell at the back."

"I see. And you went straight back to your room?" "Yes, sir, as soon as I had locked the door after Katie."

"Very well. And Katie, what did you do, on your return?" "I stayed downstairs a moment, or two, and then I went to my room."

"What did you stay down for?" "I went to the loo, to get something to eat." Katie blushed a little, but spoke candidly. "Katie's always eatin'," Herrick murmured, with a tolerant smile. "And then you went up to bed?" "Yes, sir, I did."

"And saw nothing unusual, nor anybody about?" Katie hesitated for a bit, and then, suddenly jerking up her head, she said, "No, sir. In a loud, clear voice."

"You are sure?" the coroner urged, for he had a feeling she was not telling the truth. "Sure," she replied, firmly, and Osborn dropped the query, and led her to tell of her finding the dead woman in the studio.

This recital was just as she had told it to him before, and the jurors listened eagerly to the details of the unusual appearance of Mrs. Heath, and the strange presence of the written card and the burning candles.

"Yes, sir," Carter almost broke down at the memory of it, but she went on. "Yes, sir, I have. And whoever could have tricked her out like that, I don't know. But she looks beautiful now, to my way of thinking."

"Go back to last night. After you dressed Mrs. Heath for dinner did you see her again? At bedtime?" "No, sir. When Mrs. Heath was dipping at home, in just a simple gown, she never required me to help her prepare for bed. I was not expected to be on duty after she went down to dinner, and I had laid out her night things."

"Then the last time you saw her alive, was when she went down to dinner last evening?" "The very last, sir."

"And did you go to her room this morning, expecting to see her there?" "Oh, no, sir. I went down to my breakfast and then the others told me what had happened."

"You went in to look at Mrs. Heath?" "Yes, but I couldn't stay a moment. The sight was too much for me. I almost fainted. I've a weak heart. And, too, Herrick bid me take up Miss Moore's tray and to tell her the terrible news. So I had to do that."

"You had to break the news to Miss Moore? That was a hard task. How did she take it?" "Very hard, sir. She was sobbing when I went into the room, and—well, we went together, sir."

"Yes, doubts. But, what was Miss Moore crying about—before you had a chance to tell her about what had happened?" "I don't know, sir," Carter looked surprised. It was quite evident she hadn't thought of this before.

"Never mind, she will speak for herself. You are excused. Miss Moore, will you please answer a few questions?"

**CHAPTER XII**  
Quietly composed, Bunny gave the coroner her attention, though she was not asked to leave the chair where she was sitting.

"Why were you crying when Carter came to your room this morning?" "I can not see any reason why I should tell you that, Doctor Osborn," the girl said, quietly, but with a stubborn note in her voice.

"Nor can I see any reason why you should not tell me," was the equally quiet return. "This is an occasion, Miss Moore, when seemingly intrusive questions must be asked and should be answered. Why do you object to telling the cause of your tears?"

"Only because I was crying about a private and personal sorrow, and I cannot see that it has anything to do with the inquiry you are conducting."

"Then you refuse to tell me the cause of your grief?" "I certainly do. Anything I can tell you bearing on this—this tragedy, I will. But my own personal sorrows are not for public investigation."

Bunny's voice was so calm and her manner so dignified that it contrasted curiously with her pert little face and her smiling mouth.

The girl couldn't help smiling, and it was impossible for the coroner not to be in sympathy with her.

So he merely said, "Then when Carter told you of Mrs. Heath's death, that was the first you knew of it?"

"Oh, course," said Bunny, her blue eyes staring at him in amazement. "Then what did you do?" "I dressed at once and came down stairs."

"And went to the studio?" "Yes."

"Who else was in the studio at that time?" "Doctor Conklin, the family physician, went in just as I did. He began at once to examine the body, and I went out of the room."

"Miss Moore, have you any idea where Mr. Heath can be?" "Not the slightest."

"When did you see him last?" "Last evening, when I said good night to them all, and went up to my room."

"Who do you mean by them all?" "Mr. and Mrs. Heath and Mr. Inman. When I went upstairs, they were all in the studio."

"You recognize the old bottle, which was obviously the fatal weapon, as belonging to Mrs. Heath's collection?" "Oh, yes. It was the latest one she had acquired, and she said it was a most valuable one."

"Was it a subject of discussion during the evening?" "Why, yes, I think it was. Mr. and Mrs. Heath disagreed a bit as to its artistic value."

"Who held the bottle at the time of this discussion?" "Who held the bottle at the time of this discussion?" "I see. Then—be careful, please. This is important—you seem to have a mental picture of Mrs. Heath, polishing her cherished antique, with her handkerchief. What did she do with it then?"

"I'm sure I don't remember. I think she set it down on the table, but I don't recollect that definitely."

"Do you, Mr. Inman?" "I have a vague notion that she did so, but I couldn't swear to it. How is this point important?"

"Because, Mr. Inman, finger print experts have examined the fragments of the broken glass bottle, and they have discovered that the only finger prints on the pieces are those of yourself and Miss Moore."

"That is not surprising," Larry said, without the quiver of an eyelid, "for both Miss Moore and myself held the bottle and examined it during the evening."

"But Mrs. Heath wiped the glass clear with her handkerchief. Did you two handle it again after that?"

"Why—I must have done so," Inman said, hesitatingly, "else how could our finger prints get on the pieces? You are sure of your facts, I suppose?"

"Yes, Mr. Inman, we are positive. Now, to put the matter plainly, we are, of course, searching for the hand that wielded that brutal weapon, and thereby ended the life of Mrs. Heath. We know that the prints of two people are in evidence

on the glass, and no others. We hold that if the murderer grasped the bottle after your prints and Miss Moore's prints were on it, his own would have been superimposed also."

"I have been told that the modern criminal guards against finger prints and protects his hands with gloves or with a piece of fabric."

"You are right," the coroner looked at him gravely, "but if, in this case, the murderer had done so, even the gloves he wore, or the bit of cloth he used would have blurred and smeared the previous prints. On the contrary they are clear and plain."

"Then I can give you no explanation of these conditions. I myself, left the room only a few minutes after Miss Moore's departure, and at that time Mr. Heath and his wife were there alone, and the old bottle stood on the table. As I said, if my finger prints were found on it, or Miss Moore's, they must have been put there earlier in the evening, and the murderer who took up the bottle later, failed to disturb them."

"You are a relative of Mrs. Heath?" "Our mothers were cousins. That is not a very close relationship, but Mrs. Heath had no nearer kin."

"And you are her heir?" "She gave me to understand that."

"Then she was not devoted to her husband?" "Oh, they were good pals," Larry shrugged his shoulders. "But they were so unlike and their tastes so ungenial, that one could scarcely call them devoted."

"Was Mr. Heath jealous of you? Of your attentions to his wife?" "Jealous is too strong a word. I think it piqued him to have his wife appear interested, even to a slight extent, in any other man."

"Dog in the manager type, then?" "Exactly that. Perry Heath was proud of his wife, but he was irritated by her unwillingness to do as he wanted. Mrs. Heath was strong-willed, and Heath resented her independent attitude."

"Where do you think Perry Heath now is?" "I have not the slightest idea, but the man is quite clever enough to hide himself where he will not be found."

"You think, then, that he killed his wife?" "What else can I think? I left the pair here alone. Next thing I hear of them she is dead and he is missing. In default of other evidence what other theory is possible?"

"True enough. But how did the man get out?" "Supposing some other murderer, how did he get in?"

"That is, aside the issue. I hold that Perry Heath could not get out of this house last night, unless some one inside had let him out and locked the door after him."

"Of course, that is so," Larry spoke thoughtfully. "But where does that lead us?"

"To the presumption that Heath did go away on some legitimate errand. That Mrs. Heath let him out and locked the door after him. That later some one entered the studio

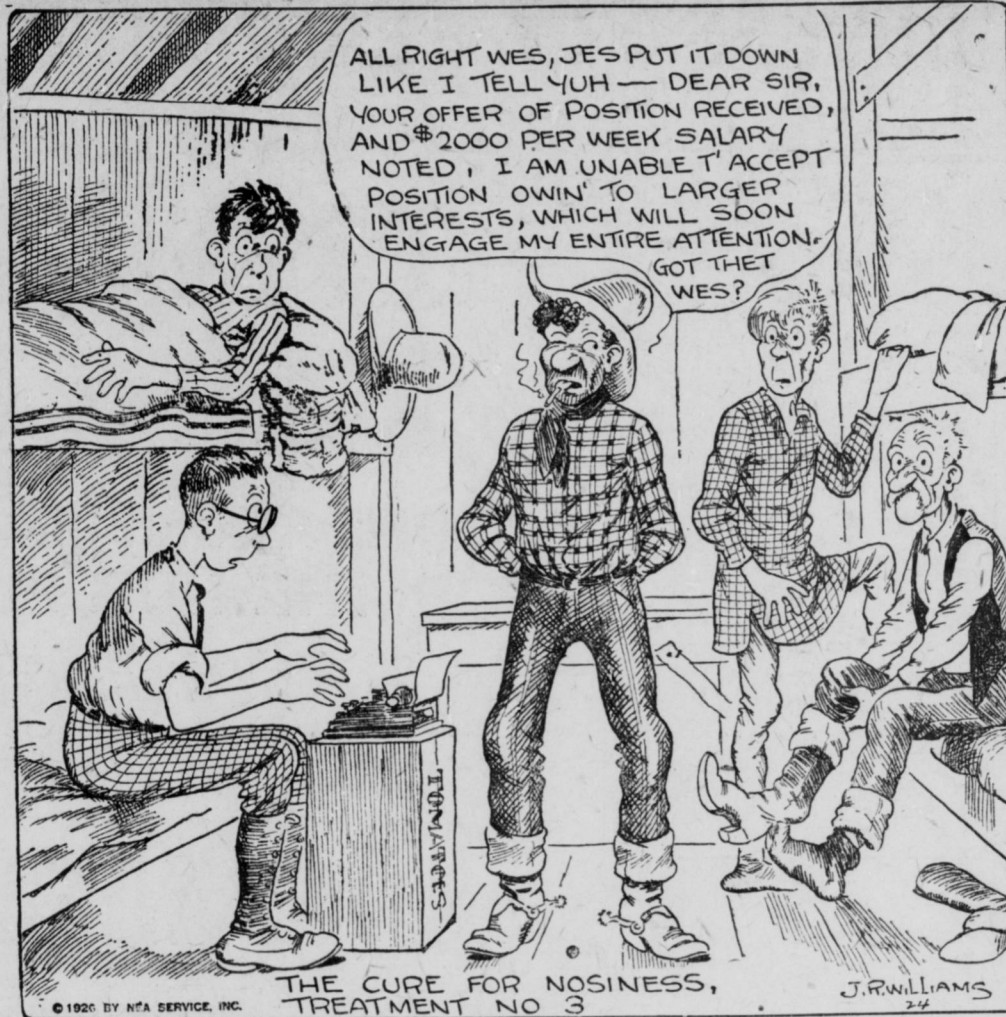
and in a sudden fit of angry passion brained Mrs. Heath with the murderous bottle."

"Then," and Larry smiled dryly, "how did that man get out?" "He didn't," said the coroner. "He is still in the house, then?" "Perhaps so."

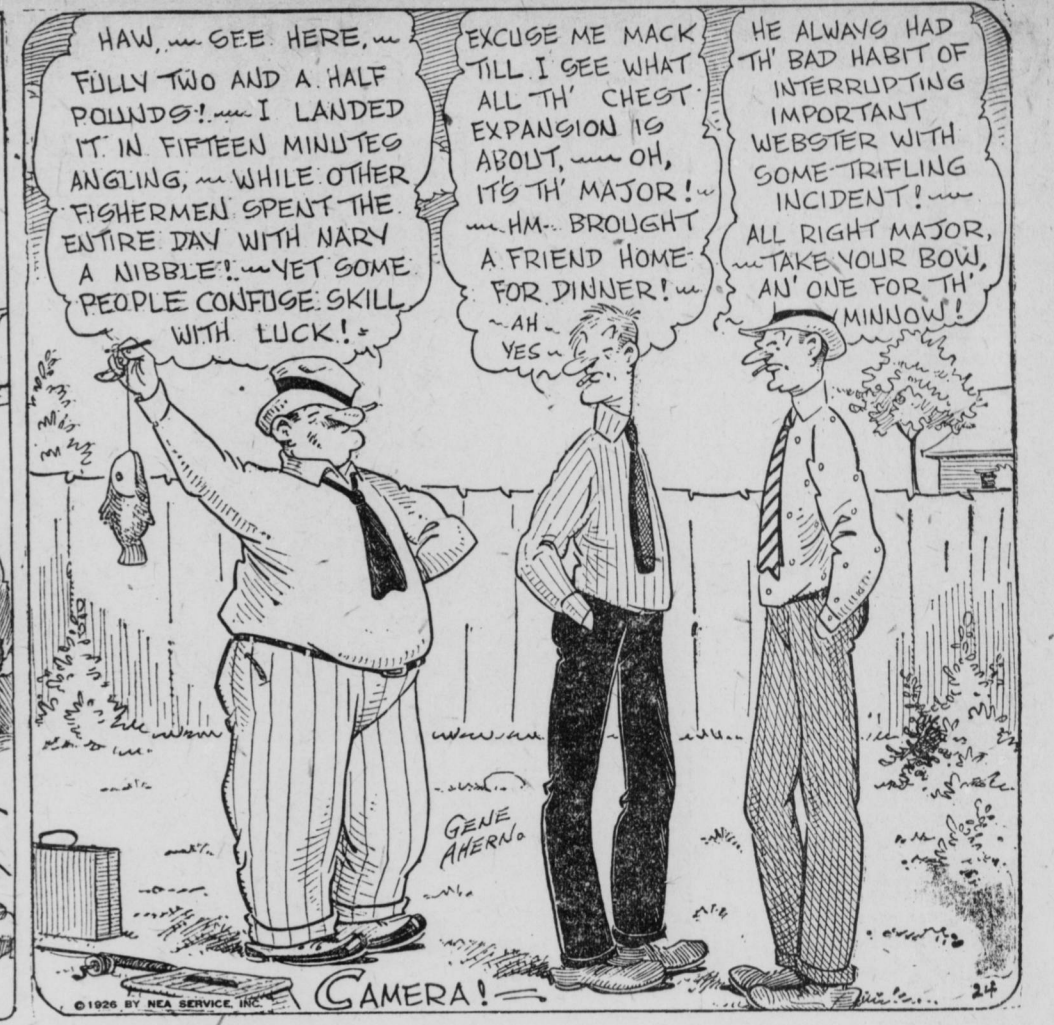
"I will not pretend to misunderstand you, Dr. Osborn. You mean that the murderer was a regular inmate of this house, either family, guest or servant?" "You have stated the assumption accurately, Mr. Inman."

(To Be Continued)

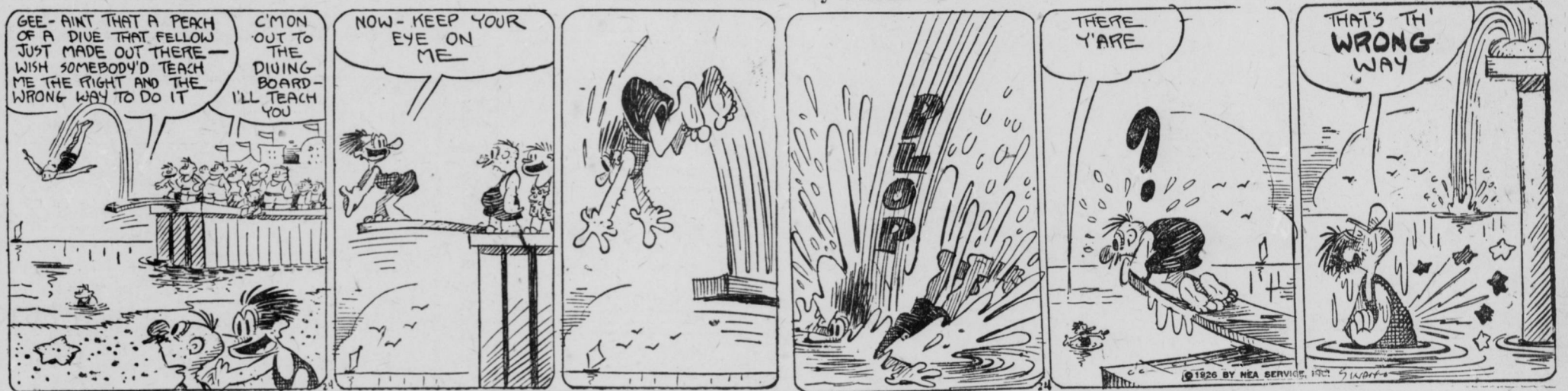
## OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



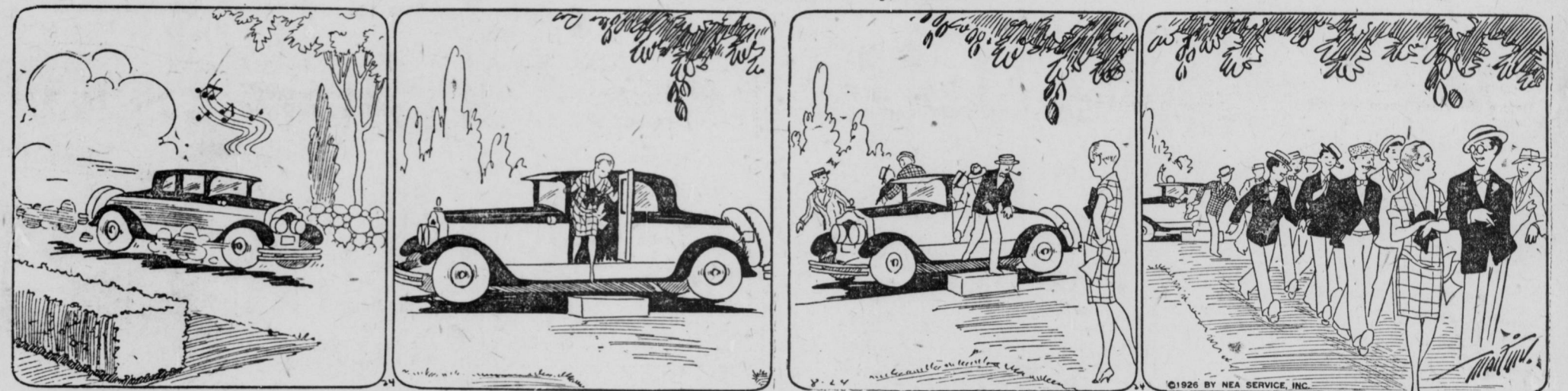
## OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN



## SALESMAN SAM—By SWAN



## BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES—By MARTIN



## FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—By BLOSSER



## For Asthma and Hay Fever

How to Relieve Worst Attacks. A Method Startling in Its Wonderful Effect.

TRY IT FREE

If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma or Hay Fever: if you choke as if each gasp for breath was the very last, don't fail to send at once to the Frontiers Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a lifetime and tried what you thought was the best skill known to cope with the most terrible attacks of Asthma, if you are discouraged beyond hope, send for this free trial.

It is the only way you can ever know what progress is doing for you in spite of all your past disappointments. In your search for freedom from Asthma, so send for this free trial. Do it now. This notice is published that every sufferer may participate in this progressive method and find the treatment free that is now known to thousands as the greatest boon ever come into their lives. Send coupon today. Don't wait.

FREE TRIAL COUPON  
FRONTIER ASTHMA CO., Room 1314-15, 13th and Hudson Sts., Buffalo, N. Y.  
Send free trial of your method to:

## CUTICURA HEALS SKIN TROUBLE

Hard Pimples Over Face, Itched and Burned, Skin Very Rough.

"The skin trouble I was bothered with was scattered all over my face. Some of the pimples were hard and some were not, but most of them were large and red and usually feasted. They itched and burned and my skin was very rough."

"I used several remedies without success. I began using Cuticura Soap and Ointment and in a short time I could see that they were helping me. I continued the treatment and now I am healed." (Signed) Miss Grace Jones, Columbus, Kans.

Use Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum to promote and maintain skin purity, skin comfort and skin health; the Soap to cleanse and purify, Ointment to soothe and heal and Talcum to powder.

## DEMAND

PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia

SAY "PHILLIPS" to your druggist, or you may not get the original Milk of Magnesia prescribed by physicians for 50 years.

Refuse imitations of genuine "Phillips" 25-cent and 50-cent bottles contain full directions and uses.

## PROTECT Your Doctor and Yourself

WFBM WILL OPEN SEASON SEPT. 6

Times Programs to Be Resumed Sept. 10.

Robert Miller, program director of WFBM, local broadcasting station of the Merchants Heat and Light Company, announced today that the station would go on the air for the fall and winter season Monday evening, Sept. 6, at 6:30, with a musical program by the Athletic Club orchestra, under the direction of George Irish. The Circle

## DEMAND

PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia

SAY "PHILLIPS" to your druggist, or you may not get the original Milk of Magnesia prescribed by physicians for 50 years.

Refuse imitations of genuine "Phillips" 25-cent and 50-cent bottles contain full directions and uses.

## PROTECT Your Doctor and Yourself

WFBM WILL OPEN SEASON SEPT. 6

Times Programs to Be Resumed Sept. 10.

Robert Miller, program director of WFBM, local broadcasting station of the Merchants Heat and Light Company, announced today that the station would go on the air for the fall and winter season Monday evening, Sept. 6, at 6:30, with a musical program by the Athletic Club orchestra, under the direction of George Irish. The Circle

## DEMAND

PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia

SAY "PHILLIPS" to your druggist, or you may not get the original Milk of Magnesia prescribed by physicians for 50 years.

Refuse imitations of genuine "Phillips" 25-cent and 50-cent bottles contain full directions and uses.

## PROTECT Your Doctor and Yourself

WFBM WILL OPEN SEASON SEPT. 6

Times Programs to Be Resumed Sept. 10.

Robert Miller, program director of WFBM, local broadcasting station of the Merchants Heat and Light Company, announced today that the station would go on the air for the fall and winter season Monday evening, Sept. 6, at 6:30, with a musical program by the Athletic Club orchestra, under the direction of George Irish. The Circle