

OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

**"The VANITY CASE"***A Tale of Mystery and Love*

By CAROLYN WELLS

**BEGIN HERE TODAY** MRS. PRENTISS, who suffers from insomnia, sees lights mysteriously appear and disappear in the HEATH house, and she is on the lookout for the next morning Harbor Gardens. Long is she away when with the murder of MYRA HEATH, the disappearance of her husband, PERRY, an artist.

Inman might have a motive because he was in love with her, and he was having made her will in his favor and cut her husband off. Suspicion also落到了 Edward Inman, a vivacious and en-haired beauty, because of her refusal to answer questions at the inquest. The fact is that he was apparently known of the murder before the maid, who was the last to serve her.

Myra Heath was a peculiar woman, beautiful but cold. She did not love her husband, and she used to wear never wore colors; she had a mania for collecting rare bits of glass, and it was a bottle of perfume that was the moment of her death—a bottle from her own collection.

There were burns at her head and feet when a maid discovered her body. Work of Perry Heath. Strangest of all, Inman might have a motive because he was made up heavily with rouge and powder.

The strangest thing about Heath's disappearance is the fact that all the doors and windows have been locked on the inside the night before and were found this way in the morning.

Agents of the police and Bunny Moore are found on the bottle, and the coroner declares his belief that the murderer, who has disappeared, was applied to Myra's face after death.

At the Country Club the murder is discussed by Edward INMAN, AL CUNNINGHAM, who is trying to solve the mystery, and others, some believing Perry Heath guilty, others not. Cunningham suspects Bunny Moore.

**NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY**

CHAPTER XV

"Well, you're philosophical, to say the least," Anderson told him. "But go ahead, old chap. Quiz the pretty little girl—I'd like to see that charmer—and put the he-cousin through a course of sprouts. My choice is for him. He's the only one I can see who has motive, which, I've been told, is the first thing to look for."

"I suppose Inman may be said to have had motive," Cunningham said slowly, "but I know him, and though I'm not an intimate friend, I can't seem to see him brutally murdering his beautiful cousin to inherit her property."

"Why not?" said Anderson. "I mean, granting the brutal murder, somebody must have done it. And presumably somebody in the house, if the stories of the careful locking up are all true. I don't eliminate the possibility of Heath's guilt, but I can't see how he could get away afterward. He could, of course, have gone away before the crime, if the cousin did it."

"Well, I'll go there this evening, if they'll let me in; if not, I'll insist on an interview tomorrow. I shall say I represent the Country Club, which feels it has a right to use every effort to locate one of its members who is mysteriously absent."

"Yes, that's a good way to put it," commanded Black. "You must get something, Cunny. As you say, that doddering coroner got nothing."

"It's outrageous the way such cases are handled by incompetent and ignorant officials!" Anderson declared. "By the time a clever or experienced detective can get busy on them, the important clues have been obliterated. And not only that, but the bungling operatives are so cock-sure and self-sufficient that they persuade the public of their own efficiency when they have none at all."

"That's right, Sam," Black agreed.

"Well, get busy, Cunny. Hunt down Heath, if you can. Get all the information you can from the people at the bungalow and let's cover the Country Club with glory by solving the mystery of the murder of Myra Heath!"

"Heath will come back of his own accord," Anderson said, insistently. "And you'll find clews or evidences pointing to Larry Inman as the perpetrator of the crime. Of course, this is pure surmise on my part, but all the evidence seems to lie in that direction."

"Maybe," Cunningham said, thoughtfully. "I'm not sure you're not right. But innocent or guilty, it ought not to be hard to find Heath. Men can't drop out of sight so easily. I've heard the department has already put detectives on his track, but I've heard of no response as yet. Though, of course, it's too soon to expect it. I don't know Heath awfully well, after all. Do any of you fellows know anything—er—unsatisfactory about him?"

"Shady, you mean?" asked Black. "Yes—or queer—eccentric. Eccentric. Anything in fact, out of the ordinary. The sort of thing a chap wouldn't tell of an acquaintance, except in such circumstances as these we're now facing. If any one knows anything detrimental to Perry Heath, I hold it is his duty to tell it."

"I'm Al Cunningham, a Gardens man, of course, and I saw you two at the inquest this afternoon. Mrs. Prentiss, I felt sure that you knew something about the affair but as you were not called upon, you couldn't—or didn't tell it."

"Well, I declare!" cried the astonished woman. "Now, however, did you guess that? Here I was just discussing with my nephew whether or no I ought to tell somebody, and along you come! It's just providential, that's what it is! You a detective, Mr. Cunningham?"

"Well, I am, but not a professional one. As a matter of fact, I'm a rank amateur, but I'm working in the interests of the Country Club. Mr. Heath was a member, you know, and some of the men think they ought to look into the matter of his strange disappearance. And they've put the work rather more or less into my hands. So, as I said, I have a hunch you know something, so, I beg your pardon, forgive the slang!"

"No harm at all," Mrs. Prentiss beamed on him. "My nephew here, uses the most atrocious slang, so I'm

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J.R. WILLIAMS 26  
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THE AMAZON RIVER?  
HAW, BLESS YOU, SIR,  
I KNOW EVERY EDDY AND  
RAPID FROM ITS SOURCE  
TO ITS MOUTH, EGAD!  
COME, SIT DOWN AGAIN  
SIR, MY NAME IS  
HOOPLE, MAJOR A.  
HOOPLE, NOTED  
GLOBE TROTTER!



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GEORGE CORA  
WHAT A CHUMP  
I'VE BEEN



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**DETOURS IN ILLINOIS**

More Than 300 Miles of State's Hard Road System Out.

By United Press

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Aug. 25.—There are more than 300 miles of detours in the Illinois hard road system at this time, according to the department of public works. A great part of the mileage will be open to motorists before winter.

**Child-birth**

Here is a wonderful message to all expectant mothers!



used to it. Well sir, your hunch is a right one. I do know something, though whether it's on any account or not, I can't say. But seeing you are what you are, and sent out by the club and all, I don't see why I shouldn't tell you. In fact, I have told it before if I known who to tell. I don't altogether cotton to the police. They're so high and mighty, and they can take what you tell 'em, and then twist it all out of kilter until it's no use to them or anybody less into my hands. So, as I said, I have a hunch you know something, so, I beg your pardon, forgive the slang!"

"No harm at all," Mrs. Prentiss beamed on him. "My nephew here, uses the most atrocious slang, so I'm

half-past eleven meant the family and servants had all retired."

"Yes, that's probably right."

"Well, then, say that when a dim light appeared perhaps half an hour later, some one came downstairs on a trifling errand—for a book, or cigarets or some such thing."

"Yes—though that isn't very definite."

"Ah, you thought I would be one of those detectives who could deduce a man with a hooked-nose and Vandeyke dye, with a slight limp and a cast in his left eye."

Mrs. Prentiss laughed, appreciating the bant.

"Well, go on," she said.

"Well, the indefinite pricer came downstairs, snapped on a small light, maybe a desk light—that wasn't the candle, was it?"

"No. I recollect the effect clearly.

"It was doubtless, as you suggest, a small desk light or reading lamp."

"Then, in a few moments, comes another person, who flashes on the full lights of the room."

"Of course, though it need not have been another person. It may well have been the first, the infinite person, still hunting what he came after."

Mrs. Prentiss laughed, appreciating the hours." Then the candles showed."

"Yes, and it was during the time of that big light,—between 12 and 1 o'clock. That's right?"

"Yes, as near as I remember the hours." Then the candles showed."

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