

"The VANITY CASE"

A Tale of Mystery and Love
By CAROLYN WELLS

BEGIN HERE TODAY

MRS. PRENTISS, who had mysteriously disappeared one night, and the next morning Harbor Gardens Long Island is again with the murder of MYRA HEATH and the disappearance of her husband, BUNNY.

House guests of the Heaths are LAWRENCE INMAN and BUNNY MOORE. Inman might have a motive because he is heir to Myra's considerable fortune, she having cut Perry off. Suspect also points to golden-haired, vivacious Bunny, because of her refusal to answer questions at the inquest.

Myra Heath was peculiar. She never used cosmetics, never wore colors. She had a mania for collecting glass, and it was a rare old whiskey bottle from a collection that the murderer used to kill her. Candles were burned at her head and feet, and near by was a card marked "The Work of Myra Heath." Strangest of all, she was heavily made up and dressed with gay colors.

The peculiar thing about Heath's disappearance is the fact that all windows and doors had been locked on the inside the night before and were found that way by the butler in the morning. Finger prints of Bunny Moore and Inman were found on the bottle and physicians established that the huge was applied to Myra Heath after death.

At the Country Club, the murder is discussed by SAM ANDERSON, Heath's rival for the club presidency, and NINGHAM, who is trying to solve the crime, and others. Some believe Heath the murderer. Others, including Anderson, disagree. Cunningham learns from Mrs. Prentiss of the mysterious lights at the Country Club, her nephew, and Cunningham suspect the Heath home and Cunningham suspects Bunny a vanity case.

Buck has fallen in love with Bunny and believes her innocent. He goes to the funeral, parlor and finds Cunningham and DETECTIVE MOTT.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER XXI

The two greeted him with grave and serious faces.

On a table between them lay an ornate and elaborate vanity case, which Buck instantly believed to be Bunny's missing property.

It was of gold, and to the main box were attached various and sundry dangling little boxes or phials, all hung by gold chains.

"Here you are, Mr. Buck," and Cunningham plunged at once into the matter; "this is Miss Moore's vanity box. I took it from her bedroom. Now experts have made tests and they say that the cosmetics applied to Mrs. Heath's face after she was dead, might have been from this box."

"Might have been," said Buck, quietly. "What does that prove?"

"Only that they were not from the boxes belonging to Mrs. Heath herself. That, so far as we know, there was no other available vanity box in the Heath house last night. An examination of the servants' belonging shows only some inferior materials. That this box shows on its surface the finger prints of Miss Moore, only—no others. And we are forced to the conclusion that, quite apart from the murder, the making up of Mrs. Heath's face was done by Miss Moore. This in itself is, of course, no crime, but added to the fact that Miss Moore's finger prints were on the bottle that was used as a weapon, we can't help feeling that Miss Moore was in some way implicated in the matter, if only as an accessory or an observer."

"You think so?" was Toddy's non-committal reply.

"We do," was the response from Detective Mott, himself. "And if you are interested in a proof of it, stay here a few moments longer. I have sent for an important witness, and if you choose, you can listen in."

So Toddy stayed, and it was not long before Emma, the waitress from the Heath home, appeared.

She was the one who had seemed simple and honest at the time of the inquest and Mott greeted her kindly.

"Well, Emma," he said, "we've sent for you, because we think you know more than you told at the inquest."

"Yes, sir," said the phlegmatic and imperturbable young woman.

Mott didn't quite know whether her response was one of acquiescence or merely acknowledgment of his remark, but he felt his way slowly.

"You do know a little more, Emma," he said, impatiently.

"Yes, sir," was the stolid assent.

"Well, tell it," Mott was getting impatient.

"Tell what, sir?"

But suddenly, Emma seemed to get scared.

"I—I don't know anything, sir," she half breathed, her eyes getting big with fright and her voice trembling.

Mott pursued his advantage.

"Yes, you do! Now, out with it! Do you want to find yourself in the station house? Tell me what you saw, when you came downstairs to let Katie in!"

"I told the gentleman, sir, that I saw nothing."

"I know you did. And you told a lie! Now, do the best you can to repair the slip of your tongue. What did you see? Or whom?"

"I—I saw—" Emma hesitated, but her interlocutor gave her a prod.

"Out with it now! It will be far better for you in the long run, if you tell the truth. You saw somebody—who was it?"

"Miss—Miss Bunny, sir."

"Yes, of course, I knew that!" This was mendacity on Mott's part, but he knew how to treat a girl like Emma.

"What was she doing?" he went on.

"She—she was going upstairs, sir."

"Going upstairs, was she? Alone?"

"Quite alone, sir."

"Did she—listen, now Emma—did she have this vanity box in her hand?"

"Y—yes, sir," Emma faltered.

"Are you sure?" Toddy Buck broke in. "I believe this girl will assent to anything you suggest!"

"Are you sure, Emma?" Mott repeated.

"Yes, sir, I'm sure," Emma said, "because I heard it jingle as it hit against the stair rail. Oh, sir, I

CHAPTER XXII

"You see," Mott said, breaking the silence that had fallen, "Osborn gave me a tip about Miss Moore. A pretty serious one. He asked her a string of questions early this morning, before she had time to make up anything. Well, he asked her if she saw the two candles burning at the head and feet of Mrs. Heath. And Miss Moore said she did. Now, you see, when Miss Moore came downstairs, and went to the studio to look on the body of Mrs. Heath, for the first time, after Carter had told her the news, Doctor Conklin was there, and the two went in practically at the same time."

"Well?" said Cunningham, as Mott paused.

"Well, then the candles had gone out—burnt out, you know—but they were out. Now, Miss Moore agreed, when Osborn referred to her seeing the candles burning. When did she see those candles burning?"

Cunningham looked thoughtful.

"If that Emma person's story is true," he said, "then Miss Moore was downstairs, just before one-thirty."

"And went upstairs, with her vanity case, at half past one," declared Mott. "Having either been down and viewed the dead woman—or, having seen either principal or accessory to the fact of her death."

He put the case so simply, and in a tone so devoid of real accusation, that Toddy Buck, at first inclined to deny vigorously Bunny's possible connection with the crime, thought better of that, and said slowly:

"You suspect the little girl, then, Mr. Mott?"

"Suspect is too strong a word, Mr. Buck. But I do think some parts of her story call for investigation, and I think she knows more than she has told."

"She certainly does, if she was downstairs at half past one o'clock," Cunningham said, in a tense, strained voice. "Yes, the doctors agree that Mrs. Heath died about 2 o'clock. It may be, therefore, that Miss Moore was down there, in a spirit of fun, the two women made use of Miss Moore's vanity box, and that Mrs. Heath was partly to the making up of her own face."

"No, Mr. Cunningham," Mott said, "that won't do. The doctors proved that the make-up was put on Mrs. Heath's face after death. Of that they are certain. As to the time of death, that is not an easy matter to state positively. I have seen many cases, where the doctor has been out two or three hours in his reckoning regarding that matter. They can't tell exactly. The best of them admit that."

"Then, what do we gather from

WHICH WOULD YOU CHOOSE?

If some good fairy should appear, as they did in the old fairy tales and offer to grant you heart's desire, what would you choose?

Health? It's a transient thing that brings its own care.

Happiness? It's an elusive thing which we keep by giving away.

Health? That's the best gift. Health is riches that gold can not buy, and surely health is cause enough for happiness.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound may be the good fairy who offers you this priceless gift of better health—Advertisement.

OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



SALESMAN SAM—By SWAN



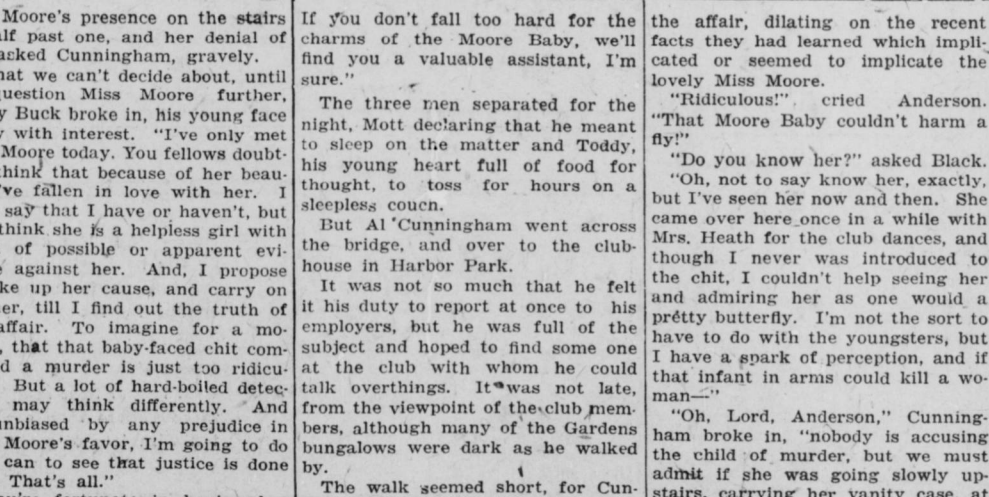
BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES—By MARTIN



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—By BLOSSER



OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN



CLARK RITES MONDAY

Funeral of Aged Physician to Be at Christian Church.

Funeral services were to be held at the Central Christian Church this afternoon for Dr. Andrew J. Clark, 76, of 624 N. New Jersey St., practicing physician here since 1893, who died at his home Friday afternoon. Burial will be in Crown Hill Cemetery.

Dr. Clark received his medical education in Kentucky. He also attended the Northern Indiana Normal School at Valparaiso.

For the last twenty-five years he was a teacher in the Bible school of the Central Christian Church. He is a member of the Knights of Pythias, at Zionsville.

Surviving are the widow, a brother, S. L. Clark, Muncie, and a sister, Mrs. Isaac Lamb, Marshfield, Mo.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN



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POPE DEFENDS FAITH



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