

# "THE VANITY CASE"

A Tale of Mystery and Love

By CAROLYN WELLS

**BEGIN HERE TODAY**

MRS. PRENTISS sees lights mysteriously appear and disappear in the Heath household next door one night, and the next day her husband, Leon, is found dead in the garden. Leon's death is the beginning of a mystery which leads to the discovery of a murderer.

HEATH'S HEATH is LAWRENCE INMAN, heir to Myra's fortune, and BUNNY MOORE, vivacious, pretty, to whom suspicion is due because of her peculiar actions.

Myra Heath never used rouge, never wore colors. She had a mania for collecting glass, and it was her habit from her collection that the murderer used to kill her husband by burning at her head and feet near her bed.

The strange thing about Heath's disappearance is that all the windows and doors had been locked the night before and were found that way the morning after. The prints of Bunny Moore and Inman were found on the bottle.

At the Country Club the murder is discussed by SAM ANDERSON, Heath's friend for the club president. AL CLEGG, NINGHAM, who is trying to solve the crime, and others.

TODD WINTER, Heath's nephew, Prentiss and in love with Bunny, believes Heath also may have been murdered.

Bunny is amazed to get a phone call from Mrs. Heath telling her Inman is guilty. Bunny breaks down and faints under a doctor's care. It is MOTT, who makes up his mind that she is guilty. Inman confesses to her that he saw Bunny creeping upstairs after the murder.

sure enough, that Katie was just about reachin' for the cream pitcher! Well, I saved the cream, and I give her a good talkin'. Then I sends her up to bed, and after a look round to see was the cat in her box, and lights all out. I was for goin' up meself, when I heard a step on the front stairs.

"Not meanin' to snoop, but fearin' 'twas some interloper, I stuck me head in the door far enough to see 'twas Mr. Inman a comin' down. As he had a right to maunder about the house if he chose, I shut the door softly like and went upstairs. I thought no more about it, till you began askin' questions. And so, I thought I better out with it."

"Well, Mott hid his interest behind a look of indifference, 'it may prove of some importance and it may not. You're sure it was Mr. Inman?"

"Sure, sir."

"Did he have a light?"

"No, sir, he was feelin' his way like. I could see him by the wee bit of light from the hall behind me, and I shut the door quick, so he wouldn't see me."

"Where was he going?"

"I don't know, sir, except that he was comin' down the stairs. He was about half way down, a hangin' onto the banister like."

"I see, Well, Pierce, do you know anything more about the family's doings that night?"

"Only what Emma said, that she saw Miss Bunny go upstairs at half past one."

"I'm, they all seemed to be wakeful! Emma, tell me again of your seeing Miss Moore."

"Well, sir, I was for lettin' Katie in, and then I was for gettin' back as quick as I could. And as I went up the back stairs, I saw Miss Moore comin' up the front stairs. I could see her, but I don't think she saw me—she was takin' on something fierce."

"What do you mean, taking on?"

"Well, she wasn't exactly crying, but she was sobbin' dry-like, and sorta gaspin', sif she was scared stiff."

"She was dressed—"

"She had on a negligay, sir. A light blue chiffon it was—oh, a pretty one!"

"And she was carrying—"

"Her vanity case, Oh, a lovely one! All gold and chains and danglin' doodads. It clinked a little as she walked, she was that shak'y."

"Well, then, Miss Moore went up at one-thirty?"

"Yes, sir, half past one as ever was."

Mott turned back to Pierce.

"And you saw Mr. Inman go down at 2 o'clock?"

"Yes, sir, that I did. About 2, it was."

"You women can both swear to these statements?"

"They said they could, and Mott made notes of the given hours. It seemed to him he was narrowin' down the facts of the case."

"Now, Emma, I know it is not a nice thing to do, to talk about your employers, especially when they are not here to defend themselves. But a case like this annuls all laws of ethics, and you must answer my questions truthfully. Do you think Mr. Inman and Miss Moore are attached to one another—in—er—any sentimental way?"

"Oh, no, sir. That they are not."

"You seem very sure."

"Of course us servants can't help seein' things."

"You can't, anyway, Emma," broke in Mrs. Pierce. "You're everlastin'ly snoopin' around on your betters. Don't you say a word now about their affairs!"

"On the contrary, Mrs. Pierce," Mott said, sternly. "Emma must tell anything she knows. It is a serious matter to hold back information from the law and unless, Emma, you want to get yourself arrested, you'd better come across with whatever you know. But, mind now, nothing that you don't know. We don't want surmises or guesswork."

"Emma knows little about what goes on in the house," Carter said, with an air of superior knowledge. "She is only a waitress—I am the ladies' maid."

"Your turn will come," the detective assured her. "Emma is talking now. Go on, Emma, tell me anything you know of the flirtations of Miss Moore. If she was not attracted by Mr. Inman, was she by any one else?"

"Well, sir, she and the master—they were friends like."

"Yes? And how do you know?"

"Well, now and again, I'd sort of see them stoppin' in corners like, and he'd kiss her, or pat her arm—oh, you know, sir!"

Emma blushed deeply and Mott said, very gravely, "Yes, I know. Now, did you often see scenes of this sort?"

"No, sir, not so often."

"When was the last time, for instance?"

"The night Mrs. Heath died, sir. That evening, after dinner, I was putting away the silver in the sideboard, and the dining-room windows open on the terrace, and I couldn't help seeing, just outside, was Mr. Heath and Miss Bunny, and him holdin' her in his arms and kissin' her."

"You are certain, Emma?" Mott did not smile or show surprise.

"Yes, sir, certain."

"That will do. Let no one present mention any word of this conversation. As I told you, the inquiries of a detective in a case like this are necessary, and are sacred. If any one of you repeats a word of what you are now hearing you will be promptly and duly punished."

Mott's manner carried even more threatening hints than his words, and the whole crowd was properly impressed.

(To Be Continued)

## NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

### CHAPTER XXIX

Detective Mott promised himself a profitable afternoon, as he approached the Heath house for the express purpose of grilling the servants.

He had his suspicions and his theories pretty well in shape, he told himself, but he needed corroboration and also hoped to get sidelights on certain aspects of the tragedy.

He passed the two men whom he saw talking on the veranda and went on around to the rear entrance.

Herrick admitted him, and with an air of importance, the detective entered the house, and after a moment's sitting-room and commanded the butler to round up the whole staff and bring them at once.

There were, therefore, five harried and alarmed-looking faces grouped in front of him, when he began his inquiry.

He had heard their stories before, but informed the scared servants that he believed they had not told all they knew, and unless they were prepared to come across with the whole truth, he hinted that there were vague but not less idle punishments awaiting them.

So frightening was his demeanor that his auditors, especially the women, became verbose and even garrulous.

"You never asked me nothing," exclaimed Mrs. Pierce, the cook, as if resentful at being left out of the game. "And I know a lot."

"I'll bet you do," said Mott, encouragingly.

As a matter of fact, he hadn't much faith in the value of the cook's knowledge, for he considered her domain was entirely outside the family's living rooms, and he doubted her opportunities for observation.

But he must leave no stone unturned, so he said, with a fine mixture of request and command:

"Tell what you know, Pierce, if it has any bearing on the case."

"Bearing on the case, is it? Well, sir, rather! I seen the murderer a sneakin' down the stairs in the dead o'night, to do his murderin'."

"You did?" Mott's attention was caught at last. "Who was it?"

"Who but Mr. Inman, to be sure. And him comin' along so soft and cat-footed, not makin' a sound—but I saw him plain as plain—that I did!"

"At what time was this?" Mott held his pencil poised over his note-book. "Be careful, now—if you don't know exactly, say so—don't draw on your imagination."

"Well, it would be not far from 2 o'clock, one way or another."

"And what were you doing out of bed at that time of night?"

"I was chasin' that Katie! Not that I'm responsible for the morals of any young girl the mistress chooses to get in here, but I can't help takin' an interest, and Katie's a good girl, though over fond of traipsin' out of evenin's."

"But we have account of Katie's time of entrance."

"Yes, sir. And you know that Emma sneaked down to let her in, and all that. And you know that Emma went right back to bed, and that Katie lingered downstairs, as she most generally does, a eatin' cold bits out of the ice-box. Well, I had just enough energy for the breakfast, it wasn't over plenty, and I was scared that Katie'd make way with it, so I says to myself, 'I'll just slip down and see to that. So down I come, in me dressin' gown, and

## COULD NOT PUT ON HER SHOES

Mrs. Daugherty Was so Weak

In a little town of the Middle West, was a discouraged woman. For four months she had been in such poor health that she could not even put on her own shoes. Unable to do her work, unable to go out of doors or enjoy a friendly chat with her neighbors, life seemed dark indeed to Mrs. Daugherty.

Then one day, a booklet was left at her front door. Idly she turned the pages. Soon she was reading with quickened interest. The little booklet was filled with letters from women in conditions similar to hers who had found better health by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"I began taking the Vegetable Compound," Mrs. Daugherty writes, "and after I took the third bottle, I found relief. I am on my eleventh bottle and I don't have that trouble any more, and feel like a different woman. I recommend the Vegetable Compound to everyone I see who has trouble like mine. I am willing to answer any letters from women asking about the Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. E. Daugherty, 1258 Osward Ave., Muscatine, Iowa.—Advertisement.

**BOND ISSUE GETS O. K.**

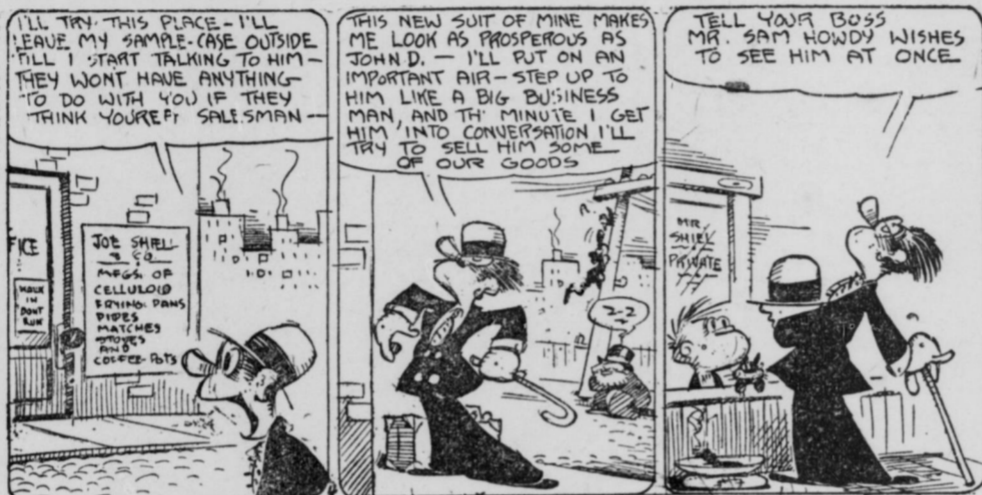
An order was prepared today by the public service commission authorizing the city of Rushville to issue and sell \$40,000 in bonds to finance improvements on the municipal water and light plants.

## OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



HEROES ARE MADE—NOT BORN.

SALESMAN \$AM—By SWAN



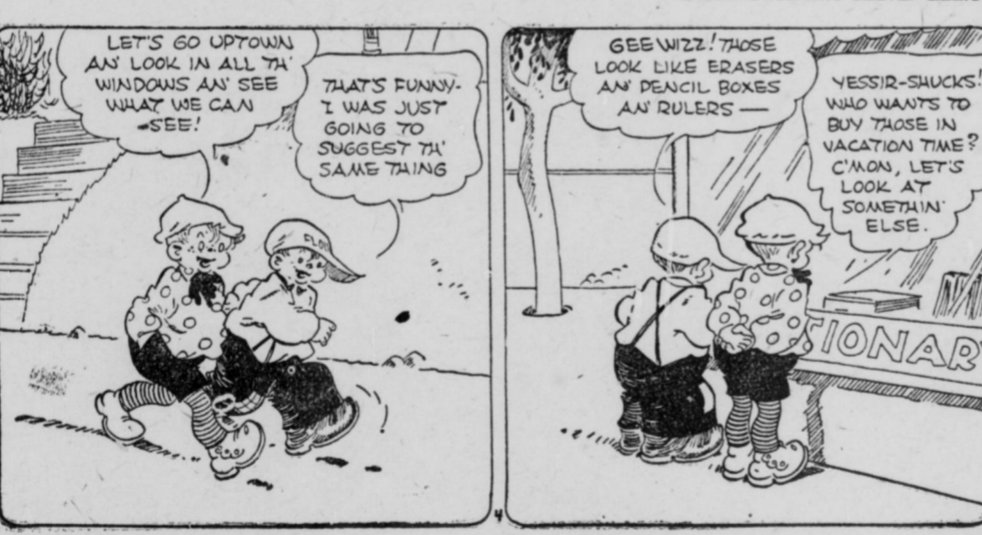
THAT MAKES IT MORE INTRICATE!



## BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES—By MARTIN



## FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—By BLOSSER



## WEEKLY SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

### Importance of the Church Is Discussed Here

The international uniform Sunday school lesson for Sept. 5, The Tent of Meeting, Exodus 33:7-16.

By William E. Gilroy, D. D., Editor of The Congregationalist.

The word tabernacle has deep spiritual significance in the English language. It is a place of meeting. Meeting, the assemblage of people together, is intimately associated with the most sacred things of religion but with the sacred things of government and civil liberty. The tendency of people to forsake and disregard public assemblage either in worship or in the expression of citizenship is one of the lamentable aspects of modern life.

The temptation today toward paths and pleasures that are largely or purely individual, that involve no expression of a common life of worship and devotion or of political idealism, has become emphasized in a pleasure-loving environment with so many means and opportunities of pandering to selfish instinct. Serious-minded men and women ought and give more careful consideration to this matter.

There was a time when the church represented not only a center of worship but a center of the social life of the community, where people came from their daily toil to find a common life on Sunday. Instead of allowing this common life and its expression to be eclipsed, we ought to be strengthening and

## Helpless, After 15 Years of Asthma

Cough and Wheeze Were Stopped Two Years Ago. Well Ever Since.

Any one who has been tortured by asthma or bronchial trouble will be glad to read how these troubles were ended for Mrs. George Kiefer, Route B, Box 133, Indianapolis. She writes:

"I had suffered from asthma for fifteen years. I took everything any one told me, such as electric treatments, serums and chloroform treatments. I was told I had severe asthma and there was no cure for it."

"I was so bad I couldn't do my household work, such as sweeping, washing or anything. Could hardly walk across the house on account of my breathing; in fact, they could hear me breathe clear out in the yard. I began Nacor in September, 1923, and purchased three bottles of it. It used to be that I would have to sit up in a chair for four or five nights at a time. The second night after beginning Nacor I slept in bed all night. I have not noticed any asthma in over two years; breathing fine, no wheezing at all and sleep fine all night."

You will enjoy reading many other letters from the people who have recovered after years of suffering from asthma, bronchitis and severe chronic coughs, and have had no return of the trouble. These letters, and also an interesting booklet giving information of vital importance about these diseases, will be sent free by Nacor Medicine Co., 413 State Life Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind. No matter how serious your case, call or write today for this free information. It may point the way back to health for you, as it has for thousands of others.—Advertisement.

**MR. FIXIT**

Protests on Condition of South St. Received.

Let Mr. Fixit present your case to city officials. He is The Times representative at the city hall. Write him at The Times.

One of the most rapidly developing business districts in Indianapolis is served by a leading offender in bad thoroughfares, South St., from Delaware to West Sts., was information sent to Mr. Fixit today.

DEAR MR. FIXIT: Is there a way possible for business houses to obtain relief from holes, street car tracks with high rails and in many places no paving brick in the center or sides of rails, namely from Delaware to West St. on South St.?

There is no doubt that this street has more transportation over it, heavy and light, than any other from 6 a. m. to 6 p. m. A new street would certainly be a pleasure, dollars saved for the merchants and business houses and am sure that the man who drives the truck or dray is most heartily in favor of what I am asking. A canvass of the business houses, I believe, would bear out what I say. Try crossing South St. at Meridian St. and get the rebound.

SHIPPING CLERK.

Mr. Fixit knows the disgraceful condition of that street. Property owners have recourse to the treat a resurfacing law under which the city pays 75 per cent and the abutting property owners 25 per cent of the improvement.

Why not agitate a bit to induce property owners to petition the board of works for resurfacing?

Dear Mr. Fixit: I have a new sidewalk in the 1200 block on Herbert St., but it is a foot deep in water most of the time. The condition is a disgrace to our city.

READER FOR TWENTY YEARS

1223 Herbert St.

Relief will be forthcoming soon is the word Mr. Fixit received from the city engineer's department.

**CORNS**

Quick relief from painful corns, tender toes and pressure of tight shoes.

**Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads**

At drug and shoe stores everywhere.