

"The VANITY CASE"

A Tale of Mystery and Love

By CAROLYN WELLS

MRS. PRENTISS seen in the mysterious household next door one night, and the death of Mrs. Heath, Long Island, is a go with the murder of MARY HEATH and the disappearance of her husband, Perry.

House guests of the Heaths are LAWRENCE, the son of Mrs. Moore, fortune, and BUNNY MOORE, vivacious pretty, to whom suspicion points because of her color.

Mrs. Heath never used rouge, never

was colors. She had a mania for collecting from her collection that the murderer used to kill her. Candies were thrown in her head, and there was a card marked, "The Work of Perry Heath." Strangest of all, she was heavily rouged!

The strange thing about Heath's disappearance is that he was seen in the doors had been locked on the inside the night before and were found that way in the morning.

At the Country Club the murder is discussed by SAM ANDERSON, Heath's lawyer, and the club manager, CLEVE NINGHAM, who is trying to solve the crime, and others. Some believe Heath the murderer, and some believe TODHUNTER BUCK, nephew of Mrs. Prentiss, and in love with Bunny, because he also was seen in the house.

Heath is smug to get a phone call from Perry Heath telling her Inman is guilty. Bunny breaks down and faints into a grip of MARY HEATH, who makes up his mind that she is guilty. Inman confides to Buck that he saw Bunny creeping upstairs after the murderer.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

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.

Heckler admitted him, and with an air of importance, the detective ascended himself in the servants' 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 inquisition.

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 opportunity 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 murderer!"

"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 notebook. "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 bite out of the ice-box. Well, I had just enough cream 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

Well, sir, she and the master—they were friend 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)

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.

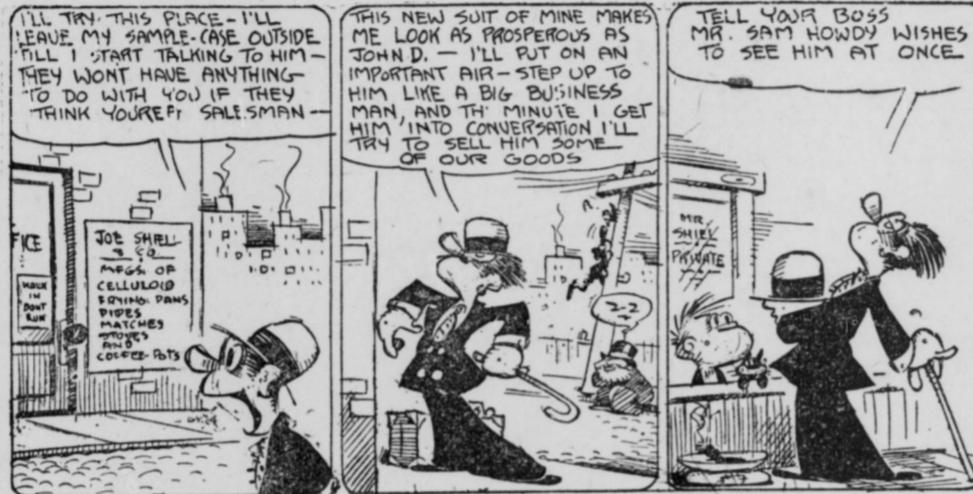
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OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



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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 stoop to put on her own shoes.

Unable to do her work, unable to go out doors to enjoy a friendly chat with her neighbors, life seemed like a dark

hell 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 feel relief. I am on my eleventh bottle and I don't have that trouble no more, and feel like a different woman. I recommend the Vegetable Compound to all who are in the trouble I am in."

—Mrs. Daugherty, Muscatine, Iowa.

Advertisement.

WEEKLY SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

Importance of the Church Is Discussed Here

The international uniform Sunday school lesson for Sept. 5. The Test 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

not only 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 assem-

blage either in worship 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 cen-

ter of worship but a center of the

social life of the community, where

people came from their daily toll

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

emphasizing all the things that bring men and women together in the interests of the State and in the worship and services represented by the church.

Center of Life

Here in our lesson we have a fine picture of a religious and democratic institution developing out of primitive conditions and needs. The tabernacle symbolized the center of this common life and presence of God in the midst of the people.

It was the "tabernacle of the congregation," the place and symbol of a common life in worship and aspiration.

True, the people did not assemble there, but when Moses went out onto the tabernacle all the people rose up and stood every man at his tent door." Thus the tabernacle became the place and symbol of a common life in worship and aspiration.

The tendency of people to forsake and disregard public assemblage either in worship 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.

We should note that this worship found expression in the quest of guidance. The mind of Moses was full of the idea and the responsibility of leadership. The leadership of Moses, however, was not a matter of ambition or domination or a desire for rule. He shrank from his responsibilities with the sense of his weakness and with a prayerful spirit.

He wanted help. His prayer to God was very beautiful:

"See, Thou sayest unto me, Bring

up this people; and Thou has not let me know whom Thou wilt send with me.

Yet Thou has said, I know the

name by which, and Thou hast also found