

# "The VANITY CASE"

A Tale of Mystery and Love

By CAROLYN WELLS

**BEGIN HERE TODAY**  
Mrs. PRENTISS sees mysterious  
door one night. In the garden next  
door, in the Heath household, next  
door to the garden, Long Island, is a go with  
the murderer of MYRA HEATH and the  
disappearance of her husband.

House Guests of the Heaths are LAW-  
RENCE INGRAM, his son, to Myra's for-  
tunate, and BUNNY MOORE, vivacious,  
to whom suspicion points because

Myra Heath never used rouge, never  
wore colors, yet when her body was  
found, she was wearing a red dress. She was  
a man for collecting glass, and it was  
the rare old bottle from her collection  
that was found in the garden.

Candles were burning at her head and  
feet, and a maid marveled, "The  
World of Perry Heath."

The strange thing about Heath's

doors were locked on the inside that  
night before and were found that way  
in many hiding places in it that

could serve such a purpose."

"Look here, Mr. Inman," Mott  
stalked along by the other's side, as  
they patrolled the long terrace, "who  
killed your cousin?"

"That's the question that's tor-  
menting me to death," Larry ex-  
claimed, so emphatically, that Mott  
more than half believed him.

"Is it tormenting you because you  
don't know the answer or because you  
do?" he said, shrewdly.

"Just what do you mean by that?"

Inman stopped and stared at him.

"I mean, do you suspect some-  
body whom you do not want to sus-  
pect? Are your convictions forced  
to a conclusion that you cannot bear  
to accept? In a word, do you feel  
you must suspect Miss Moore,  
though you hate to do so?"

The other glared at him.

"No," he said, "I do not suspect  
Miss Moore, and any one who does  
must be out of his mind! It's too  
absurd!"

"Now don't go on to say that that  
sweet young thing couldn't commit  
a crime! Crimes have been com-  
mitted by young women, by girls, even  
before this day of the wicked and de-  
generate flapper."

"I suppose, Mr. Mott, your po-  
sition and your calling give you a  
right to voice such monstrous be-  
liefs, but I can't believe you really  
mean them. I think you are putting  
it to me, to see what I will say to it.  
Well, sir, I say this. Miss Moore  
could no more have killed Mrs. Heath  
than I could myself. And I  
think your accusation of her is to  
get me to deny it, and stand up for  
her, and then you will accuse me, as  
the only other possibility. Why do  
you leave Perry Heath out of your  
reckoning?"

"Very well, Herrick, but maybe  
Miss Moore let Mr. Heath out by a  
window."

"I'd heard it if she had. I tell  
you sir, I'm a light sleeper, and  
I've always got my ears open for  
burglars, and I tell you there  
wouldn't have been a door or wind-  
ow open in this house that night,  
though I heard it."

"Did you hear Emma open the  
door for Katie?"

"Course I did!" Herrick looked  
contemptuous. "That Emma, she  
thinks she's so quiet! She goes  
downstairs like a hot-cellar, and  
she opens that back door so careful,  
that she takes about ten minutes to  
do it! Last night it stuck a little  
and she had to jerk it open—ain't  
that so, Em?"

"First, because I cannot believe  
he could be the criminal and place  
that card in evidence as a clue to his  
guilt. Another could do it, but not  
the criminal, himself. Had Heath  
committed that crime, he would  
have left a false clue that would  
have pointed to yourself or to some  
other person, but not to his own  
name."

"This doesn't seem to be one of  
those cases that have the regulation  
clues—initialled handkerchiefs,  
broken cuff-links, special sort of  
tobacco ash—"

"Footprints, one of a pair of pis-  
tols, library table paper cutter, but-  
ton torn from assailant's coat,—no.  
Mr. Inman, none of the hackneyed  
clues are present, except—finger-  
prints. You know of those impor-  
tant ones on the bottle,—the weapon.  
How do you explain those?"

"I daresay they are easy of ex-  
planation. Both Miss Moore and my-  
self fingered that bottle when Mrs.  
Heath was showing it to us."

"Yes, and after that, Mrs. Heath  
polished it clean with her delicate  
handkerchief, leaving no marks on  
it of any sort."

"Oh, I don't know. We must have  
picked it up again, Miss Moore and I,  
after that. You know how idly,  
even unconsciously one picks up ob-  
jects that are lying about."

"Yes, but there are only the prints  
of you two people, and Miss Moore's  
are beneath yours. She grasped it  
first."

"Indeed," said Larry Inman, and  
turned away with a yawn.

(To Be Continued)

## OFFICER RESCUES BOAT

*By United Press*

NEW YORK, Sept. 6.—George V.  
McLaughlin, police commissioner of  
New York City, plunged into the sea  
and swam to the rescue of four occu-  
pants of a motorboat Sunday night  
after telephoning for a police launch.

The boat's motor had stalled and the  
occupants were tired, wet and fright-  
ened. They feared the treacherous  
swells might dash their boat to  
pieces on the rocky shore. They  
were floating helplessly off-shore  
from Commissioner McLaughlin's  
summer home at Seat Gate. Reas-  
sured by his arrival on their boat  
they waited until the launch ar-

ived and towed them to shore.

"Do you think the man Jimmy  
Lomax saw was Mr. Heath?"

"I don't think so, no, sir. 'Cause  
why, he could be?" Mr. Heath,  
he couldn't get out, sir."

"Who is he in the house yet?"

"I think so, sir."

"Why, Herrick, what do you  
mean?"

"I mean, sir, that the brute as-  
come for Mrs. Heath done for him,  
too, sir, and hid his dead body some-  
where."

"Absurd, my man! That couldn't  
be."

"All right, sir, but you asked me  
what I thought."

Having gained all he could from  
the servants, and giving no heed at  
all to Herrick's wild surmise, Mott,  
after further injunctions not to bab-  
ble, went away.

As he walked round the house, he

lived and towed them to shore.

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## OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



LAMB OR WOLF?



OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN



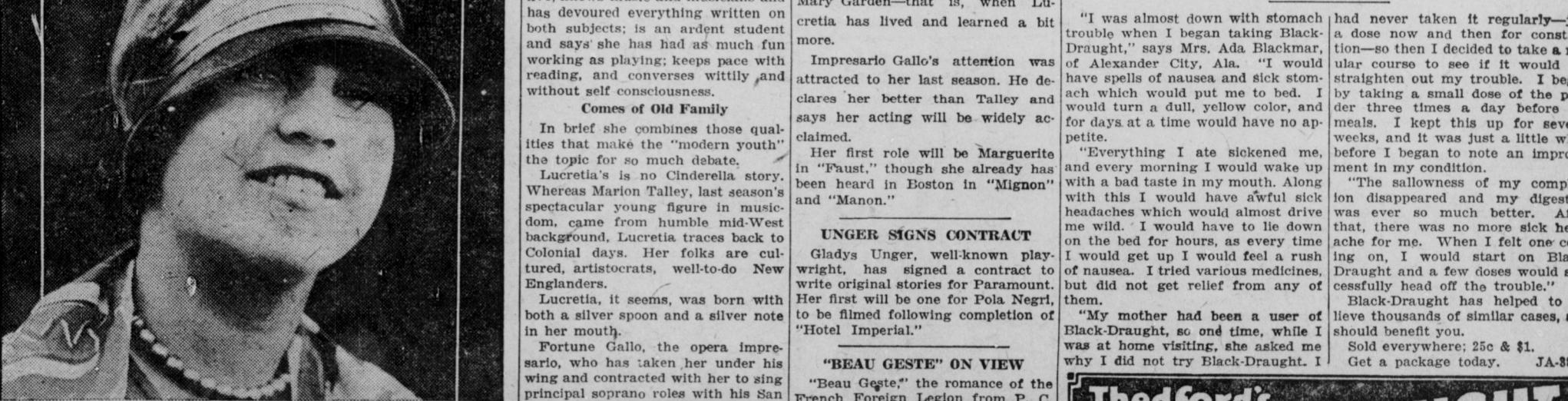
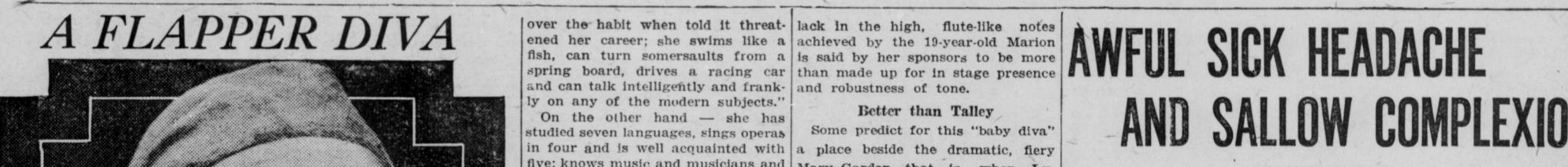
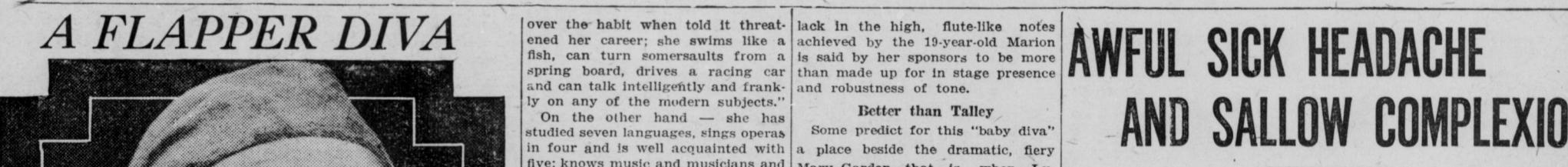
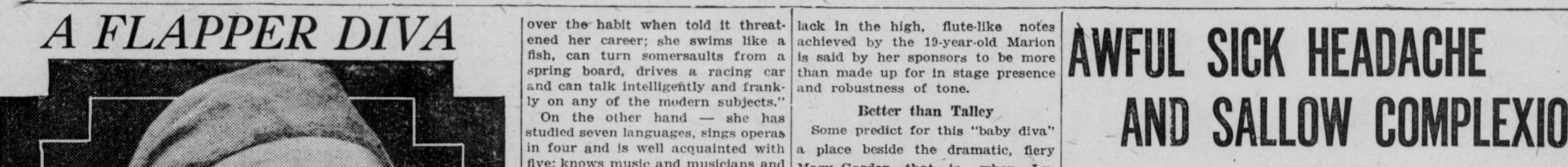
SALESMAN \$AM—By SWAN



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES—By MARTIN



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—By BLOSSER



Lucretia Goddard.

By Gilbert Swan  
M.A. Service Writer  
NEW YORK, Sept. 7.—Introducing  
the "flapper diva."

ton girl, is the youngest prima  
ton girl in grand opera.

Her hair is bobbed and she has  
learned to smoke, though she tos-  
sed

over the habit when told it threat-  
ened her career; she swims like a  
fish, can turn somersaults from a  
spring board, drives a racing car  
and can talk intelligently and frank-  
ly on any of the modern subjects.

On the other hand — she has  
studied seven languages, sings operas  
in four and is well acquainted with  
five; knows music and musicians and  
has devoured everything written on  
both subjects; is an ardent student  
and says she has had as much fun  
working as playing; keeps pace with  
reading, and converses wittily and  
without self consciousness.

*Comes of Old Family*

In brief she combines those qual-  
ities that make the "modern youth"  
the topic for so much debate.

Lucretia's is no Cinderella story.  
Whereas Lucretia, the last season's  
spectacular young figure in music-  
dom, came from humble mid-West  
background, Lucretia traces back to  
Colonial days. Her folks are cul-  
ture, aristocrats, well-to-do New  
Englanders.

Lucretia, it seems, was born with  
both a silver spoon and a silver note  
in her mouth.

Fortune Gallo, the opera impres-  
sario, who has taken her under his  
wing and contracted with her to sing  
principal soprano roles with his San  
Carlo Grand Opera Company, an-  
nounces her debut for October in  
ultra-critical Boston.

Unlike Miss Tally, who was  
quiet, poised and somewhat colorless  
of manner, little Miss Goddard is  
dark, fiery, dramatic. What she may

lack in the high, flute-like notes  
achieved by the 19-year-old Marion  
is said by her sponsors to be more  
than made up for in stage presence  
and robustness of tone.

*Better than Tally*

Some predict for this "baby diva"  
a place beside the dramatic, fiery  
Mary Garden—that is, when Lu-  
cretia has lived and learned a bit  
more.

Impresario Gallo's attention was  
attracted to her last season. He de-  
clares her better than Tally and  
would turn a dull, yellow color, and  
for days at a time would have no ap-  
petite.

Her first role will be Marguerite  
in "Faust," though she already has  
been heard in Boston in "Mignon"  
and "Manon."

*UNGER SIGNS CONTRACT*

Gladys Unger, well-known play-  
wright, has signed a contract to  
write original stories for Paramount.  
Her first will be one for Pola Negri,  
to be filmed following completion of  
"Hotel Imperial."

"BEAU GESTE" ON VIEW

"Beau Geste," the romance of the  
French Foreign Legion from P. C.  
Wren's novel and directed by Her-  
bert Brenon, has started an extended  
run at the Criterion Theater, New  
York City. In the cast are Ronald  
Colman, Alice Joyce, Noah Beery,  
Neil Hamilton, Ralph Forbes, Mary  
Brian, Norman Trevor.

## AWFUL SICK HEADACHE AND SALLOW COMPLEXION

"I was almost down with stomach  
trouble when I began taking Black-  
Draught," says Mrs. Ada Blackmar,  
of Alexander City, Ala. "I would  
have spells of nausea and sick stomach  
which would put me to bed. I began  
by taking a small dose of the pow-  
der three times a day before my  
meals. I kept this up for several  
weeks, and it was just a little while  
before I began to note an improve-  
ment in my condition."

"The sallowness of my complexion  
disappeared and my digestion was  
ever so much better. After that,  
there was no more sick headache  
for me. When I felt one coming  
on, I would start on Black-  
Draught and a few doses would suc-  
cessfully head off the trouble."

"The sallowness of my complexion  
had never taken it regularly—just  
a dose now and then for constipation—  
so then I decided to take a reg-  
ular course to see if it would not  
straighten out my trouble. I began  
by taking a small dose of the pow-  
der three times a day before my  
meals. I kept this up for several  
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"My mother had been a user of  
Black-Draught, so one time, while I  
was at home visiting, she asked me  
why I did not try Black-Draught. I  
believe thousands of similar cases, and  
should benefit you."

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