000000000000 The GARDEN MURDER 0 CASE Õ by S. S. VAN DINE Copyright S. S. Van Dine WNU Service SYNOPSIS

Philo Vance, famous detective and John X. Markham, district attorney for New York county are dining in Vance's apartment when Vance receives an anonymous telephone message informing him of a "dis-turbing psychological tension at Professor Ephriam Garden's apartment" advising that he read up on radio-active sodium, consult a passage in the Aeneid and counseling that "Equanimity is essential." Pro-fessor Garden is famous in chemical research. The message, decoded by Vance, reminds him that Professor Garden's son Floyd and his puny cousin, Woode Swift, are addicted to horse-racing. Vance says that "Equanimity" is a horse running next day in the Rivermont handicap. Vance is convinced that the message was sent by Dr. Siefert, the Gardens' family physician He arranges to have lunch next day at the Gardens' penthouse. Vance is greeted by Floyd Garden and meets Lowe Hammle, an elderly follower of horse racing. Floyd ex-presses concern over Swift's queer actions.

CHAPTER II-Continued -3-

At this moment we heard the sound of light footsteps coming up the hall, and in the archway, which constituted the entrance from the hall into the drawing-room, appeared a slight, pallid young man of perhaps thirty, his head drawn into his slightly hunched shoulders, and a melancholy, resentful look on his sensitive, sallow face. Thicklensed pince-nez glasses emphasized the impression he gave of physical weakness.

Garden waved his hand cheerily to the newcomer.

"Greetings, Woody. Just in time for a spot before lunch. You know Vance, the eminent sleuth; and this is Mr. Van Dine, his patient and retiring chronicler."

Woode Swift acknowledged our presence in a strained but pleasant manner, and listlessly shook hands with his cousin. Then he picked up a bottle of Bourbon and poured himself a double portion, which he drank at one gulp.

"Good Heavens!" Garden exclaimed good-humoredly. "How you have changed, Woody! . . . Who's the lady now?"

for me on the big race today, in Sneed has probably got it arranged case I'm not back in time." "Name your poison," smiled Garden.

"I'm playing Grand Score to win and place-the usual hundred."

"Right - o, mater." Garden glanced sardonically at his cousin. "Less intelligent bets have been made in these diggin's full many a time and oft . . . Sure you don't want Equanimity, mater?"

"Odds are too unfavorable," returned Mrs. Garden, with a canny smile.

"He's quoted in the over-night line at five to two."

"He won't stay there." There was authority and assurance in the woman's tone and manner. "And I'll get eight or ten to one on Grand Score.

"Right you are," grinned Garden. "You're on the dog for a century win and place."

The butler brought the creme de menthe, and Mrs. Garden sipped it and stood up.

"And now I'm going," she announced pleasantly. She patted her nephew on the shoulder. "Take care of yourself, Woody . . . Good afternoon, gentlemen." And she went from the room with a firm masculine stride.

"Sneed," Garden ordered, "fix the set-up as usual." I glanced at the electric clock on

the mantel: It was exactly ten minutes after one.

"Fixing the set-up" was a comparatively simple procedure, but a more or less mysterious operation for anyone unfamiliar with the purpose it was to serve. From a small closet in the hall Sneed first wheeled out a sturdy wooden stand about two feet square On this he placed a telephone connected to a loud speaker which resembled a midget radio set. As I learned later, it was a specially constructed amplifier to enable every one in the room to hear distinctly whatever came over

the telephone. On one side of the amplifier was attached a black metal switch box with a two-way key. In its upright position this key would cut off the



for you.' Swift rose with alacrity.

THE CENTRE REPORTER, CENTRE HALL, PA.

"Damned glad of the chance," he returned surlily. "Your manner today rather annoys me, Floyd." And he led the way down the hall and up the stairs to the roof-garden, Vance and I following.

The stairway was narrow and semicircular, and led upward from the hallway near the front entrance. In glancing back up the hall, toward the drawing-room, I noticed that no section of that room was visible from the stair end of the hall. I made this mental note idly at the time, but I mention it here because the fact played a very definite part in the tragic events which were to follow.

At the head of this narrow stairway we turned left into a corridor, barely four feet wide, at the end of which was a door leading into a large room-the only room on the roof. This spacious and beautifully appointed study, with high windows, on all four sides, was used by Professor Garden, Swift informed us, as a library and private experi-mental laboratory. Near the door to this room, on the left wall of the corridor, was another door, of calamine, which, I learned later, led into a small storeroom built to hold the professor's valuable papers and data.

Half-way down the corridor, on the right, was another large calamine weather door which led out to the roof. This door had been propped open, for the sun was bright and the day mild. Swift preceded us into one of the loveliest skyscraper gardens I have ever seen.

We walked leisurely about the garden, smoking. Swift was a difficult man to talk to, and as the minutes went by he became more and more distrait. After a while he glanced apprehensively at his wristwatch.

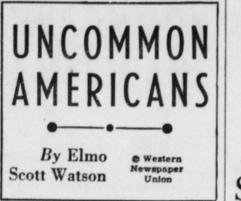
"We'd better be going down," he said. "They'll be coming out for the first race before long. Vance gave him an appraising look and rose.

"What about that sanctum sanctorum of yours which your cousin mentioned?" he asked lightly.

"Oh, that . . . " Swift forced an embarrassed smile. "It's that red chair over there against the wall, next to the small table . . But I don't see why Floyd should spoof about it. The crowd downstairs always rags me when I lose, and it irritates me. I'd much rather be alone when I get the results." "Quite understandable," nodded

Vance with sympathy. "You see," the man went on rather pathetically, "I frankly play the ponies for the money-the others downstairs can afford to take heavy losses, but I happen to need the cash just now.

Vance had stepped over to the little table on which stood a desk telephone which had, instead of the ordinary receiver, what is known as a head receiver-that is, a flat disk ear-phone attached to a curved metal band to go over the head. "Your retreat is well equipped," commented Vance. "Oh, yes. This is an extension



Father of the Cattle Trails IF IT had not been for Joseph G. McCoy, there might never have occurred that epic migration over the cattle trails from Texas to the north during the seventies and eighties. In that case the history of the Lone Star state-and the whole West, for that matter-might have been very different. McCoy, a native of Springfield, Ill., was a stockman and cattle buyer who went to the raw little frontier town of Abilene, Kan., soon after the Civil war was over.

That conflict had ruined the cattlemen in Texas. Shut off from the Northern markets by the Union control of the Mississippi river, their herds had increased enormously, but without a place to sell the animals, they were comparatively worthless. Then the Kansas Pacific railroad, which was building west, reached Abilene and McCoy was inspired with a wonderful idea. If he could get the Texas drovers

to drive their herds north across Indian territory to Abilene, grazing them on the rich prairie grass as they came, Abilene would be the market place and shipping center where Texas sellers and Chicago and Kansas City buyers could meet. Despite many obstacles, including the prevalent belief that Texas beef was not as good as that grown in the Middle West, Mc-Coy went about the job of making his dream come true.

In July, 1867, he began raising money to build a "shipping yard," a barn and office and to begin the construction of a large, three-story frame hotel for the accommodation of Texas drovers and eastern buyers. His next task was to get word to the cattlemen more than 400 miles away to the south. Although the time was short he managed to persuade enough of them to make the experiment so that they marketed 35,000 head of cattle in Abilene that fall and received approximately \$15 a head for their steers. Previous to that time steers were selling for \$5 a head in Texas. The next year more than 75,000 cattle were marketed there. By 1871 that number had jumped to

120,000 and by the next year to 236,000. From that time on Texas cattle poured north by the hundreds of thousands over the original cattle trail from the Red river to Abilene and other trails which were laid out. Other Kansas "cow towns" began to boom with activity as the railroad was pushed farther west and southwest and there was added to our history that thrilling chapter when the cattleman was king. And all of this was due to the vision of one man-Joseph G. McCoy, the "Father of the Cattle Trails."

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She'll be proud of this dainty, crocheted frock, in a clover leaf pattern. In one piece, gathered to a contrasting yoke, it's effective in string or mercerized cotton. Pattern 1388 contains directions for making the dress in sizes 4 to 8 (all given in one pattern); an illustration of it and of all stitches used; material requirements.

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biliousness, sour stomach, bilious indigestion, flatulence and headache, due to constipation.

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Talent and Genius

Talent is that which is in a man's power. Genius is that in whose power a man is .-- Lowell.



Consult Dr. Pierce's Clinic, Buffalo, N. Y.

Thinks about The Origin of Sitdowns. SANTA MONICA, CALIF. - With the Barnum show there once was an elderly lady ele-

What

fro in the land.

when the season

ended, she went

rejoicing back

home to Bridgeport,

Nobody ever knew

the date of depar-

ture the next spring.

There was no more

bustle about winter-

quarters on that

morning than for

the handlers en-

could budge her.

fate sent her.

ton self.

weeks past.

Conn.

phant named Helen. Now, Helen

had wearied of traipsing to and

Probably she figured she'd seen

But always, when Irvin S. Cobb

tered the "bull barn" to lead forth

the herd, they found Helen hun-

kered down on her voluminous

haunches, which, under that vast

weight, spread out like cake batter

on a hot griddle. She would be

uttering shrill sobs of defiance. And

neither prodding nor honeyed words

So they'd wrap chains around her

and two of her mates would hitch

on and drag her bodily, she still on

her rubbery flanks, aboard a wait-

ing car. She'd quit weeping then

and wipe her snout and accept what

So please don't come telling me

that the sit-down strike is a new

notion or that somebody in Europe

first thought it up. Thirty years ago

I saw my lady elephant friend, Hel-

en, putting on one, all by her four-

. . .

Taxes and More Taxes.

J UST when everybody is taking comfort from the yodelled prom-

ises of that happy optimist, Chair-

man Harrison of the senate finance

to make treasury receipts come

anywhere near meeting treasury

disbursements throughout the year.

he's afraid it's going to be neces-

sary to raise the rates on incomes

everything anyhow. So each fall,

muscles of Swift's face The twitched. "Oh, pipe down, Floyd," he plead-

ed irritably. Garden shrugged indifferently. "Sorry. What's worrying you today besides Equanimity?"

"That's enough worry for one day." Swift managed a sheepish grin; then he added aggressively: "I can't possibly lose." And he poured himself another drink. "How's Aunt Martha?"

Garden narrowed his eyes.

"She's pretty fair. Nervous as the devil this morning, and smoking one cigarette after another. But she's sitting up. She'll probably be in later to take a crack or two at the prancing steeds . . .

At this point Lowe Hammle arrived. He was a heavy-set, short man of fifty or thereabouts. He was wearing a black-and-white checked suit, a gray shirt, a brilliant green four-in-hald, a chocolate-colored waistcoat with leather buttons, and tan blucher shoes the soles of which were inordinately thick.

"The Marster of 'Ounds, b'Gad!' Garden greeted him jovially. "Here's your scotch-and-soda; and here also are Mr. Philo Vance and Mr. Van Dine."

"Delighted-delighted!" Hammle exclaimed heartily, coming forward.

In a few minutes the butler announced lunch. The conversation was almost entirely devoted to horses, the history of racing, the Grand National, and the possibilities of the various entrants in the afternoon's Rivermont Handicap.

Vance contented himself mainly with listening and studying the others at the table.

We were nearing the end of the luncheon when a tall, well-built and apparently vigorous woman, who looked no more than forty (though I later learned that she was well past fifty), entered the room. She wore a tailored suit, a silver-fox scarf and a black felt toque.

"Why, mater!" exclaimed Garden. "I thought you were an invalid. Why this spurt of health and energy?"

He then presented me to his mother: both Vance and Hammle had met her on previous occasions.

"I'm tired of being kept in bed," she told her son querulously, after nodding graciously to the others. "Now you boys sit right down-I'm going shopping, and just dropped in to see if everything was going all right . . . I think I'll have a creme de menthe frappe while I'm here." The butler drew up a chair for her

beside Swift, and went to the pantry. Mrs. Garden put her hand lightly on her nephew's arm.

"How goes it with you, Woody?" she asked in a spirit of camaraderie. Without waiting for his answer, she turned to Garden again.

A Slight, Pallid Young Man.

voice at the other end of the line without interfering with the connection; and throwing the key forward would bring the voice on again.

The butler then brought in a wellbuilt folding card-table and opened it beside the stand. On this table he placed another telephone of the conventional French, or hand, type. This telephone, which was gray, was plugged into an additional jack in the baseboard. The gray telephone was not connected with the one equipped with the amplifier, but was on an independent line.

When the two instrumen's and the amplifier had been stationed and tested, Sneed brought in four more card-tables and placed them about the drawing-room. At each table he opened up two folding chairs. Then, from a small drawer in the stand, he took out a long manila envelope which had evidently come through the mail, and, slitting the top, drew forth a number of large printed sheets approximately nine by sixteen inches. There were 15 of these sheets-called "cards" in racing parlance-and after sorting them he spread out three on each of the card-tables.

When the butler had gone Garden lifted the receiver from the hook of the telephone and dialed a number. After a pause he spoke into the transmitter:

"Hello, Lex. B-2-9-8. Waiting for the dope." And, laying the receiver down on the stand, he threw the switch key forward.

A clear-cut, staccato voice came through the amplifier: "O. K., B-2-9-8." Then there was a click, followed by several minutes of silence. Finally the same voice began speaking: "Everybody get ready. The exact time now is one-thirty and a quarter .-- Three tracks today. The order will be Rivermont, Texas, and Cold Springs. Just as you have them on the cards. Here we go. Rivermont: weather clear and track fast. Clear and fast. First post, 2:30. And now down the line-

Garden leaned over and threw the amplifier switch up, and there was silence in the room. He turned to his cousin. "Why don't you take Vance and Mr. Van Dine upstairs, and show them around the garden? . . . They might," he added with good-natured sarcasm, "be interested in your lonely retreat on the roof, "Floyd, I want you to place a bet where you listen in to your fate.

of the news-service phone downstairs; and there's also a plug-in for a radio, and another for an electric plate."

He took the ear-phone from the hook and, adjusting the band over his head, listened for a moment.

"Nothing new yet at Rivermont," he mumbled. He removed the earphone with nervous impatience and tossed it to the table. "Anyway we'd better get down." And he walked toward the door by which we had come out in the garden. When we reached the drawingroom we found two newcomers-a man and a woman-seated at one of the tables, poring over the racing cards and making notations. Vance and I were casually introduced to them by Garden.

The man was Cecil Kroon, about thirty-five, immaculately attired and sleek, with smooth, regular features and a very narrow waxed mustache. He was quite blond, and his eyes were a cold steely blue. The woman, whose name was Madge Weatherby; was about the same age as Kroon, tall and slender, and with a marked tendency toward theatricalism in both her attire and her make-up. Her cheeks were heavily rouged and her lips crimson. Her eyelids were shaded with green, and her eyebrows had been plucked and replaced with fine

penciled lines Garden looked up and motioned to us-he was holding the receiver of the black telephone to his ear.

Kroon went to the small bar and mixed two drinks which he took back to his table, setting one down before Miss Weatherby. "I say, Floyd," he called out to

Garden, "Zalia coming today?" "Absolutely," Garden told him. "She was all stirred up when she phoned this morning. Full of sure things."

"Well, what about it?" came a vivacious feminine voice from down the hall; and the next moment a swaggering, pretty girl was standing in the archway, her hands on her muscular boyish hips. "I've concluded I can't pick any winners myself, so why not let the other guy pick 'em for me? . Hello, everybody," she threw in parenthet-ically . . "But Floyd, old thing, ically . I really have a humdinger in the first at Rivermont today. This tip didn't come from a stable-boy, either. It came from one of the stew-ards-a friend of dad's. And am I going to smear that hay-burner!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Mr. Currier and Mr. Ives

THEY gave Americans of their day the equivalent of the news reels of today. They were the pictorial historians of contemporary American life a century ago when newspapers contained little or no picture material except an occasional fashion print.

When a steamboat blew up, a great fire swept a city or some other disaster occurred, Mr. Currier and Mr. Ives immediately put out a colored picture of the event with plenty of action in it. When the United States was at war, they issued splendid battle pictures with plumed generals on prancing horses (and plenty of gory detail as to dead and wounded soldiers). There were pictures of horse races and other sporting events, there were pictures of swift clipper ships and pictures of the first transcontinental trains running amidst Indians and buffalo. There were highly moral pictures there were even "comic strips" -caricatures of life among the ne groes, called "Darktown Comics."

It all started back in 1830 when young Nathaniel Currier, working as an apprentice to John Pendleton, who had returned from Europe with the new art of lithography, began thinking of setting up his own business. So he went to New York and started as a lithographer in partnership with a young man named Stoddard. This partnership lasted only a year but in 1835 Currier began again. He soon built up a profitable business but it wasn't antil 1850 when James A. Ives became his partner that fame and fortune came to them.

For 30 years Mr. Currier and Mr. lves were "printmakers to the American people" and Currier and lves prints of one sort or another were to be found on the walls of virtually every American home. In 1880 Currier retired with a fortune but the firm continued with a son of the founder in his place. In 1888 machine color printing was ap-plied to their product and even greater numbers of their pictures oded the country.

In recent years Currier and Ives prints have become "Americana." Where once these prints sold from six cents to \$3, they are now selling for anywhere from \$20 to \$500 And one of them recently brough

and profits higher than ever. And meanwhile state governors

taxes, what happens?

and civic authorities scream with agony at the bare prospect of any reductions in Uncle Sam's allotments for local projects.

A balanced budget would seem to be like Santa Claus, something everybody talks about but nobody ever expects to see.

Self-Determination.

FORMERLY the states jealously guarded their sovereign perquisites. Once-but that was so long ago many have almost forgotten it-they fought among themselves one of the bloodiest civil wars in history over the issue of states' rights.

Now we see them complacently surrendering to federal bureaus those ancient privileges-and maybe, after all, that's the proper thing to do, if in centralized authority lies the hope of preserving a republican form of government.

Still, one wonders what Englishmen would do under like circumstances, since Englishmen are fussy about their inheritance of self-determination. Perhaps the distinction is this:

In democracies there exists the false theory that all men are born free and equal. So the Englishman insists on having his freedom, which is a concrete thing, and laughs at the idea of equality. Whereas, the American abandons his individual freedom provided he may cling to the fetish of equality.

Yankee tweedledee and British tweedledum may be brothers under the skin, but they have different skin diseases. . . .

The Parole Racket.

T IS astonishing but seemingly true that, of five young gangsters recently caught red-handed in a criminal operation, not a single one was a convict out on parole. Is there no way to bar rank amateurs from a profession calling for prior experience and proper background? And can it be that the various parole boards over the union are not turning loose qualified practitioners fast enough to keep up with the demand? Maybe we need self-opening jails.

Those sentimentalists who abhor the idea that a chronic offender be required to serve out his latest sentence should take steps right away to correct this thing before it goes too far. Our parole system must be vindicated if it costs the lives and property of ten times as many innocent citizens as at present.

IRVIN S. COBB. O-WNU Service

Festival Bills Elephant Fight Elephant tug-of-wars, in which the beasts locked tusks and sometimes struggled for hours, were a feature of a festival recently held near Calcutta, India.

Great Wealth

He who owns the soil owns up to the sky .- Juvenal.

Do something about **Periodic Pains**

Take Cardul for functional pains of menstruation. Thousands of women testify it has helped them. If Cardul doesn't relieve your monthly discomfort, consult a physician. Don't just go on suffering and put off treatment to prevent the trouble. Besides easing certain pains, Cardui sids in building up the whole system by helping women to get more strength from their food. Cardul is a purely vegetable medicine which you can buy at the drug store and take at home. Pronounced "Card-u-4."

In the Strength of Youth It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth.



A Base Possession The wavering mind is but a base possession .- Euripides.





