



THE GARDEN MURDER CASE By S.S. VAN DINE

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CHAPTER XIII
—18—

Vance seemed profoundly puzzled and said nothing for some time. Then he glanced up suddenly. "How much light was there in the room?" he asked. "Only a dim shaded night-light by my bed." "In that case, you might conceivably have mistaken an empty bottle for one filled with a colorless fluid." "Yes, of course," the nurse returned reluctantly. "That must have been the case. Unless . . ." Her voice trailed off. "Tell me, when did you discover that all the medicine was gone?" Vance asked. "Shortly before Doctor Siefert arrived this morning. I moved the bottle when I was arranging the table, and realized it was empty." "I think that will be all just now, Miss Beeton." Vance glanced at the girl somberly and then turned away. "Really, y' know, I'm deuced sorry. But you'd better not plan on leaving here just yet. We will undoubtedly want to see you again today." Heath, who had been waiting in the passageway for the girl's dismissal, came in to report that Siefert and Doremus had departed, and that Floyd Garden had made the arrangements for the removal of his mother's body. "And what do we do now, Mr. Vance?" Heath asked. "Oh, we carry on, Sergeant," Vance was unusually serious. "I want to talk to Floyd Garden first. Send him up. And call one of your men; but stay on the job downstairs yourself till he arrives. We may get this affair cleared up today." Footsteps sounded in the passageway, and Floyd Garden entered the study. He appeared deeply shaken. "I can't stand much today. What do you want?" "We understand just how you feel," Vance said. "It was not my intention to bother you unnecessarily. But if we are to get at the truth, we must have your co-operation." "Go ahead, then," Garden murmured. "We must have as many details as possible about last night. Did you expect guests come?" Garden nodded cheerlessly. "Oh, yes. Zalia Graem, Madge Weatherby, and Kroon." "Was there any one else here?" "No, that was all." "Which of your visitors arrived first?" Garden took the pipe from his mouth and looked up swiftly. "Zalia Graem. She came at half-past eight, I should say. Why?" "Merely garnerin' facts," Vance replied indifferently. "And how long after Miss Graem came in did Miss Weatherby and Kroon arrive?" "About half an hour. They came a few minutes after Miss Beeton had gone out." Vance returned the man's steady scrutiny. "What time did your guests depart?" he asked. "A little after midnight. Sneed brought in sandwiches about half-past eleven. Then we had another round of highballs." "Miss Beeton had returned by then, of course?" "Yes, long before that. I heard her come in about eleven." "And after your guests had gone, what did you do?" "I sat up for half an hour or so, had another drink and a pipe; then I shut up the front of the house and turned in." Vance lighted another cigarette, took several deep inhalations on it, and settled himself deeper in the chair. "To go back a bit," he said casually. "The sleeping medicine Doctor Siefert prescribed for your mother seems to constitute a somewhat crucial point in the situation. Did you have occasion to give her a dose of it while the nurse was out?" Garden drew himself up sharply and set his jaw. "No, I did not," he said through his teeth. Vance took no notice of the change in the man's manner. "The nurse, I understand, gave you explicit instructions about the medicine before she went out. Will you tell me exactly where this was?" "In the hall," Garden answered with a puzzled frown. "Just outside the den door. I had left Zalia in the drawing-room and had gone to tell Miss Beeton she might go out for a while. I waited to help her on with her coat. It was then she told me what to do in case the matter woke up and was restless." "And when she had gone you returned to the drawing-room?"

ment. And, above all, no one is to be permitted to go upstairs either to the study or the garden . . . I'm staggerin' along now." "I'll be phoning you by the time you get home, Mr. Vance." Vance went to the front door, but paused with his hand on the knob. "I think I'd better speak to Garden about the gathering before I go. Where is he, Sergeant?" "He went into the den when he came downstairs," Heath told him with a jerk of the head. Vance walked up the hall and opened the den door. I was just behind him. As the door swung inward and Vance stepped over the threshold, we were confronted by an unexpected tableau. Miss Beeton and Garden were standing just in front of the desk, outlined against the background of the window. The nurse's hands were pressed to her face, and she was leaning against Garden, sobbing. His arms were about her.

At the sound of Vance's entry they drew away from each other quickly. The girl turned her head to us with a sudden motion, and I could see that her eyes were red and filled with tears. She caught her breath and, turning with a start, half ran through the connecting door into the adjoining bedroom. "I'm frightfully sorry," Vance murmured. "Thought you were alone." "Oh, that's all right," Garden returned, although it was painfully evident the man was embarrassed. "But I do hope, Vance, you won't misunderstand. Everything, you know, is in an emotional upheaval here. I imagine Miss Beeton had all she could stand yesterday and today, and when I found her in here she seemed to break down, and—put her head on my shoulder." Vance raised his hand in good-natured indifference. "Oh, quite, Garden. A harassed lady always welcomes a strong masculine shoulder to weep on. Most of them leave powder on one's lapel, don't y' know; but I'm sure Miss Beeton wouldn't be guilty of that . . . Dashed sorry to interrupt you, but I wanted to tell you before I went that I have instructed Sergeant Heath to have all your guests of yesterday here by six o'clock this afternoon. Of course, we'll want you and your father here, too. If you don't mind, you might help the sergeant with the phone numbers."

"I'll be glad to, Vance," Garden returned. "Anything special in mind?" Vance turned toward the door. "Yes, Oh, yes. Quite. I'm hopin' to clear this matter up later on. Meanwhile I'm running along, Cheerio." And he went out, closing the door. As we walked down the outer hall to the elevator, Vance said to Markham somewhat sadly: "I hope my plan works out, I don't particularly like it. But I don't like injustice, either . . ."

We had been home but a very short time when Sergeant Heath telephoned as he had promised. Vance went into the anteroom to answer the call and closed the door after him. A few minutes later he rejoined us and, ringing for Currie, ordered his hat and stick. "I'm running away for a while, old dear," he said to Markham. "In fact, I'm joining the doughty sergeant at the homicide bureau. But I shan't be very long. In the meantime, I've ordered lunch for us here." "For Heaven's sake, Vance, what are you planning?" "I'm plannin' to entice the murderer into making one more bet—a losing bet . . . Cheerio." And he was gone.

It was a little after half-past two when Vance returned to the apartment. "Everything is in order," he announced as he came in. "There are no horses running today, of course, but nevertheless I'm looking forward to a big wager being laid this evening. If the bet isn't placed, we're in for it, Markham. Everyone will be present, however. The sergeant, with Garden's help, has got in touch with all those who were present yesterday, and they will foregather again in the Gardens' drawing-room at six o'clock . . ." He glanced at his watch and, ringing for Currie, ordered our lunch. "If we don't tarry too long at table," he said, "we'll be able to hear the second half of the Philharmonic programme. Melinoff is doing Grieg's piano concerto." But Markham did not go with us to the concert. He pleaded an urgent political appointment at the Stuyvesant club, but promised to meet us at the Garden apartment at six o'clock.

Sergeant Heath was waiting for us when we reached the apartment. "Everything's set, sir," he said to Vance; "I got it here." Vance smiled a little sadly. "Excellent, Sergeant. Come into the other room." Heath picked up a small package wrapped in brown paper, which he had evidently brought with him, and followed Vance into the bedroom. Ten minutes later they both came back into the library. "So long, Mr. Vance," Heath said, shaking hands. "Good luck to you." And he lumbered out. We arrived at the Garden apartment a few minutes before six o'clock. Detectives Hennessey and Burke were in the front hall. Vance nodded to them and started up the stairs. "Wait down here for me, Van," he said over his shoulder. "I'll be back immediately."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

STAR DUST
Movie • Radio
By VIRGINIA VALE

EVELYN DAW is going to play the lead in her very first picture, and as if that were not enough to make her Hollywood's Cinderella of the week, she tops it by being a girl who can keep a secret. For six months she has known that she was going to be given a big screen opportunity and she hasn't told a soul. Even so, when she learned that her big chance was to be nothing less than prima donna opposite James Cagney in Grand National's "Something to Sing About" she nearly swooned. Victor Schertzinger, well-known composer and the motion-picture director who gave Janet Gaynor her first chance and Grace Moore her second, is responsible for Evelyn's opportunity.

Carole Lombard still has a sleek town car, a limousine and a roadster or two, but she isn't using them much these days. Every afternoon when she finishes work at the studio, she drives a station wagon all filled with fishing paraphernalia and driven by Clark Gable and off go the two most irrepressible merry-makers of Hollywood. She claims she likes the station wagon better than the limousine and she'd rather go fishing than attend a fashionable party. Clark agrees with her.

Two newcomers to Hollywood are setting Hollywood fashions and everyone is wondering just how far these new trends will go. Sigrid Gurie, the exquisite young Norwegian actress whom United Artists imported to play opposite Gary Cooper in "The Adventures of Marco Polo" goes in for simplicity. Louise Hovick, most famous of strip-tease artists in her burlesque days when she was known as Gypsy Rose Lee, goes in for conservatism. She won't pose for pictures in bathing suits, shorts, or even negligees.

Nick Foran's brother Jimmy graduated from Princeton medical school just a few weeks ago and walked right into a contract to act in pictures for Universal. Buddy de Sylva, who is producing a musical extravaganza called "Merry Go Round," saw Jimmy doing some impersonations of Washington politicians and was so amused he persuaded him to postpone his career in medicine for a while. Jimmy will certainly be welcome on the Universal lot.

Grown-ups in Hollywood may plead for a chance to watch Robert Taylor or Joan Crawford or Luise Rainer at work, but children unanimously beg to be allowed to visit the Grand National lot. There is a reason, or rather a lot of them. Grand National is rapidly acquiring a zoo made up of the most talented animals in Hollywood.

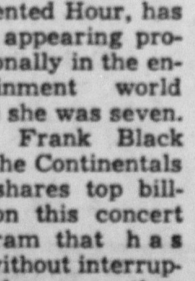
All over the country picture fans are enthusiastic over Claudette Colbert's grand comedy, "I Met Him in Paris," but in Hollywood it looks as if the run will never end, because the same people come back to see it again and again. Almost any night you can find in the audience Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor, Marlene Dietrich, her husband, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

Opal Craven, known to radio listeners from coast to coast as "the Lullaby Lady" of the Contented Hour, has been appearing professionally in the entertainment world since she was seven. With Frank Black and the Continentals she shares top billing on this concert program that has a run without interruption for more than five and a half years. In private life Opal Craven is the wife of a prominent Chicago insurance man. She began singing lullabies in real earnest about a year ago when her husky born.

ODDS AND ENDS—Joan Crawford's idea of grand fun is to go down to a radio station when her husband or one of her friends is broadcasting and join the mob of offstage noises . . . M-G-M has found a way to finish Jean Harlow's last picture "Saratoga," using only long shots of a double. The preview audience approved mightily . . . Paul Robeson lifts his magnificent voice in song in "King Solomon's Mines," making this giddy thriller a picture not to be missed under any circumstances . . . And don't miss any of Edgar Bergen's shorts with his price-less dummy, Charlie McCarthy. Incidentally, his Sunday night radio program with W. C. Fields almost makes up for Jack Benny's absence from the airwaves, doesn't it?



Carole Lombard



Opal Craven

Sew-Your-Own Style News



HERE is something practical, something sweet, and something ornamental for your mid-summer wardrobe.

Simple As Toast and Coffee.
At breakfast time you need the crisp shipshape style of the little model at the left. He'll proffer that eight o'clock kiss with alacrity and fervor when you greet your hubby in this pleasant surprise. Make it of a gay tub-well cotton for greatest usability.

Lines That Live.
For luncheon in town, for cutting up touches on the Club veranda you can't find a more fetching frock than the one in the center. It combines sweet swing with nonchalance. Never has a designer given more flattering shoulder and waist lines than these. "And what about the skirt?" you ask. Obviously it has the most finished flare in town. Chiffon, acetate, or sports silk will do justice to both the flare and you, Milady.

And If Autumn Comes.
It's a help to have a dress like the one at the right around for it gives that feeling of prepared-

ness. Prepared in case a cool Fallish day or evening is slipped in without warning. Then, too, it won't be long before cool days will be the rule rather than the exception. So it would seem a logical as well as a fashionable step to set about making this elegant model right away. Be first in your crowd to show what's new under the fashion sun for Fall.

The Patterns.
Pattern 1354 is designed for sizes 34 to 46. Size 36 requires 4 1/2 yards of 35 inch material.
Pattern 1307 is designed for sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 40 bust). Size 14 requires 3 3/4 yards of 39 inch material plus 7 1/2 yards of ribbon for trimming as pictured.
Pattern 1324 is designed for sizes 14 to 20 (32 to 42 bust). Size 16 requires 3 3/4 yards of 39 inch material plus 1/2 yard contrasting, and 1 3/4 yards of ribbon for the belt and bow at the neck.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 247 W. Forty-third street, New York, N. Y. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each.

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Household Questions

The Measuring Cup.—Grease the measuring cup before measuring sirup or molasses and the ingredients will not stick to the cup.

Sauce for Meats.—For a snappy and delicious sauce to serve with meats, mix one cup apple sauce, 1/2 cup horseradish and one cup whipped cream.

Burnt Saucepans.—If the bottom of a saucepan is burnt, sprinkle salt over it and leave for an hour or two. Then add a little water, rub well, and when washed out the marks will have gone.

For Washing Brooms.—Allow two tablespoons of ammonia to half a gallon of water, which should never be too hot. Speed is essential as the glue which holds the bristles in place will melt if allowed to rest in the water for long. Rinse the brooms in clear cold water and hang up to dry. Never allow a broom to rest on its bristles on the floor. Hooks should be high enough for the bristles to clear the floor.

Foreign Words and Phrases

Ab hoc et ab hac. (L.) From this and that; confusedly.
Per aspera ad astra. (L.) Through trials to glory.
Maintiens le droit. (F.) Maintain the right.
Lucri causa. (L.) For the sake of gain.
O tempora! O mores! (L.) O the times! O the manners!
Gli assenti hanno torto. (It.) The absent are in the wrong.
Ignoscere saepe alteri, nunquam tibi. (L.) Pardon another often, thyself never.
Il sent le fagot. (F.) He smells of the fagot; that is, he is suspected of heresy.
Beneplicito. (L.) At pleasure.
Laborum dulce lenimen. (L.) The sweet solace of our labors.

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LIFE'S LIKE THAT By Fred Neher



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