

## Ask Me Another

A General Quiz

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

1. How many times does one round a 220-yard track to make a mile?
2. Why are detectives sometimes called sleuths?
3. What three oceans form part of the boundary of Canada?
4. The son of what famous poet served many years on the United States Supreme court?
5. What is a flageolet?
6. Who were the "grand moguls"?
7. Of what South American country is Montevideo the capital?
8. What is a marten?
9. Who was Jean Ingelow?
10. What was the "Wilmot Proviso"?

### Answers

1. Eight.
2. From sleuth, meaning track, as in sleuthhound.
3. Atlantic, Arctic and Pacific.
4. Oliver Wendell Holmes.
5. A flute-like musical instrument.
6. Emperors of Delhi.
7. Uruguay.
8. A fur-bearing mammal.
9. An English poet and story writer (1820-1897).
10. A proposal to bar slavery from territory obtained from Mexico.

### Censure Forewarns

Censure and criticism never hurt anybody. If false they cannot hurt you unless you are wanting in many character, and, if true, they show a man his weak points and forewarn him against failure and trouble.—Gladstone



## DO THIS when you wake up with a Headache

ENJOY RELIEF BEFORE YOU'VE FINISHED DRESSING

**Bayer Tablets**  
Dissolve Almost Instantly

In 2 seconds by drop water, a genuine BAYER Aspirin tablet starts to disintegrate and go to work. Drop a Bayer Aspirin tablet into a glass of water. By the time it hits the bottom of the glass it is disintegrating. What happens in this glass . . . happens in your stomach.

When you wake up with a headache, do this: Take two quick-acting, quick-dissolving BAYER ASPIRIN tablets with a little water. By the time you've finished dressing, nine chances in ten, you'll feel relief coming. Genuine Bayer Aspirin provides this quick relief because it is rated among the quickest methods for relief science has yet discovered. Try it this way. But ask for it by its full name, BAYER ASPIRIN; not by the name "aspirin" alone.

**15c FOR A DOZEN**  
**2 FULL DOZEN 25c**  
Virtually 1c a tablet

LOOK FOR THE BAYER CROSS

WNU-U 49-36

## \$ & ♥ DOLLARS & HEALTH

The successful person is a healthy person. Don't let yourself be handicapped by sick headaches, a sluggish condition, stomach "nerves" and other dangerous signs of over-acidity.



**MILNESIA FOR HEALTH**  
Milnesia, the original milk of magnesia in wafer form, neutralizes stomach acids, gives quick, pleasant elimination. Each wafer equals 4 teaspoonfuls milk of magnesia. Tasty, too. 20c, 35c & 60c everywhere.

These Advertisements Give You Values

# THE GARDEN MURDER CASE By S.S. VAN DINE

CHAPTER I

There were two reasons why the terrible and, in many ways, incredible Garden murder case—which took place in the early spring following the spectacular Casino murder case—was so designated. In the first place, the scene of this tragedy was the penthouse home of Professor Ephraim Garden, the great experimental chemist of Stuyvesant university; and secondly, the exact situs criminis was the beautiful private roof-garden over the apartment itself.

It was both a peculiar and implausible affair, and one so cleverly planned that only by the merest accident—or perhaps, I should say a fortuitous intervention—as it discovered at all.

The Garden murder case involved a curious and anomalous mixture of passion, avarice, ambition and horse-racing. There was an admixture of hate, also; but this potent and blinding element was, I imagine, an understandable outgrowth of the other factors.

The beginning of the case came on the night of April 13. It was one of those mild evenings that we often experience in early spring following a spell of harsh dampness, when all the remaining traces of winter finally capitulate to the inevitable seasonal changes. There was a mellow softness in the air, a sudden perfume from the burgeoning life of nature—the kind of atmosphere that makes one lackadaisical, and wistful and, at the same time, stimulates one's imagination.

I mention this seemingly irrelevant fact because I have good reason to believe these meteorological conditions had much to do with the startling events that were imminent that night and which were to break forth, in all their horror, before another 24 hours had passed.

And I believe that the season, with all its subtle innuendoes, was the real explanation of the change that came over Vance himself during his investigation of the crime. Up to that time I had never considered Vance a man of any deep personal emotion, except in so far as children and animals and his intimate masculine friendships were concerned. He had always impressed me as a man so highly mentalized, so cynical and impersonal in his attitude toward life, that an irrational human weakness like romance would be alien to his nature. But in the course of his deft inquiry into the murders in Professor Garden's penthouse, I saw, for the first time, another and softer side of his character. Vance was never a happy man in the conventional sense; but after the Garden murder case there were evidences of an even deeper loneliness in his sensitive nature.

As I have said, the case opened—so far as Vance was concerned with it—on the night of April 13. John F-X. Markham, then district attorney of New York county, had dined with Vance at his apartment in East Thirty-eighth street. The dinner had been excellent—as all of Vance's dinners were—and at ten o'clock the three of us were sitting in the comfortable library.

Vance and Markham had been discussing crime waves in a desultory manner. There had been a mild disagreement, Vance discounting the theory that crime waves are calculable, and holding that crime is entirely personal and therefore incompatible with generalizations or laws.

It was in the midst of this discussion that Currie, Vance's old English butler and majordomo, appeared at the library door. I noticed that he seemed nervous and ill at ease as he waited for Vance to finish speaking; and I think Vance, too, sensed something unusual in the man's attitude, for he stopped speaking rather abruptly and turned.

"What is it, Currie? Have you seen a ghost, are there burglars in the house?"

"I have just had a telephone call, sir," the old man answered, endeavoring to restrain the excitement in his voice.

"Not bad news from abroad?" Vance asked sympathetically.

"Oh, no, sir; it wasn't anything for me. There was a gentleman on the phone—"

Vance lifted his eyebrows and smiled faintly.

"A gentleman, Currie?"

"He spoke like a gentleman, sir. He was certainly no ordinary person. He had a cultured voice, sir, and—"

"Since your instinct has gone so far," Vance interrupted, "perhaps you can tell me the gentleman's age?"

"I should say he was middle-aged, or perhaps a little beyond," Currie

"That is all very fascinating," Markham commented, sarcastically. "But what has it to do with you, or with trouble in the Garden home? And what could it possibly have to do with the Aeneid? They didn't have radioactive sodium in the time of Aeneas."

"Markham old dear, I'm no Chaldean. I haven't the foggiest notion wherein the situation concerns either me or Aeneas, except that I happen to know the Garden family slightly. But I've a vague feeling about that particular book of the Aeneid. As I recall, it contains one of the greatest descriptions of a battle in all ancient literature. But let's see . . ."

Vance rose quickly and went to the section of his book-shelves devoted to the classics, and, after a few moments' search, took down a small red volume and began to rifle the pages. He ran his eye swiftly down a page near the end of the volume and after a minute's perusal came back to his chair with the book, nodding his head comprehensively, as if in answer to some question he had inwardly asked himself.

"The passage referred to, Markham," he said after a moment, "is not exactly what I had in mind. But it may be even more significant. It's the famous onomatopoeic Quadrupedumque putrem cursu quatit ungula campum—meanin', more or less literally: "And in their galloping course the horsehoof shakes the crumbling plain."

Markham took the cigar from his mouth and looked at Vance with undisguised annoyance.

"You're merely working up a mystery. You'll be telling me next that the Trojans had something to do with this professor of chemistry and his radioactive sodium."

"No, oh, no," Vance was in an unusually serious mood. "Not the

Trojans. But the galloping horses perhaps."

Markham snorted. "That may make sense to you."

"Not altogether," returned Vance, critically contemplating the end of his cigarette. "There is, nevertheless, the vague outline of a pattern here. You see, young Floyd Garden, the professor's only offspring, and his cousin a puny chap named Woode Swift—he's quite an intimate member of the Garden household, I believe—are addicted to the ponies. Quite a prevalent disease, by the way, Markham. They're both interested in sports in general—probably the normal reaction to their professional and ecclesiastical forebears: young Swift's father, who has now gone to his Maker, was a D.D. of sorts. I used to see both young Johnnies at Binkaid's Casino occasionally. But the galloping horses are their passion now. And they're the nucleus of a group of young aristocrats who spend their afternoons mainly in the futile attempt to guess which horses are going to come in first at the various tracks."

"You know this Floyd Garden well?"

Vance nodded. "Fairly well. He's a member of the Far Meadows club and I've often played polo with him. He's a five-goaler and owns a couple of the best ponies in the country. I tried to buy one of them from him

once—but that's beside the point. The fact is, young Garden has invited me on several occasions to join him and his little group at the apartment when the out-of-town races were on. It seems he has a direct loud-speaker service from all the tracks, like many of the horse fanatics. The professor disapproves, in a mild way, but he raises no serious objections because Mrs. Garden is rather inclined to sit in and take her chances on a horse now and then."

"Have you ever accepted his invitation?" asked Markham.

"No," Vance told him. Then he glanced up with a far-away look in his eyes. "But I think it might be an excellent idea."

"Come, come, Vance!" protested Markham. "Even if you see some cryptic relationship between the disconnected items of this message you've just received, how, in the name of Heaven, can you take it seriously?"

Vance drew deeply on his cigarette and waited a moment before answering.

"You have overlooked one phrase in the message: 'Equanimity is essential,' he said at length. 'One of the great race-horses of today happens to be named Equanimity. He belongs in the company of such immortals of the turf as Man o' War, Exterminator, Gallant Fox, and Reigh Count. Furthermore, Equanimity is running in the Rivermont Handicap tomorrow."

"Still I see no reason to take the matter seriously," Markham objected.

Vance ignored the comment and added: "Moreover, Doctor Miles Siefert told me at the club the other day that Mrs. Garden had been quite ill for some time with a mysterious malady."

Markham shifted in his chair and broke the ashes from his cigar.

"The affair gets more muddled by the minute," he remarked irritably. "What's the connection between all these commonplace data and that precious phone message of yours?"

"I happen to know," Vance answered slowly, "who sent me this message."

"Ah, yes?" Markham was obviously skeptical.

"Quite. It was Doctor Siefert."

Markham showed a sudden interest.

"Would you care to enlighten me as to how you arrived at this conclusion?" he asked in a satirical voice.

"It was not difficult," Vance answered, rising and standing before the empty hearth, with one arm resting on the mantel. "To begin with, I was not called to the telephone personally. Why? Because it was some one I know. To continue, the language of the message bears the earmarks of the medical profession. 'Psychological tension' and 'resists diagnosis' are not phrases ordinarily used by the layman, although they consist of commonplace enough words. To go another step; the message obviously assumes that I am more or less acquainted with the Garden household and the race-track passion of young Garden. (TO BE CONTINUED)

Macaroni Club Figured in "Yankee Doodle" Song

The word "macaroni" in the song, "Yankee Doodle" is more than merely nonsense. It is a remnant of eighteenth century English slang, declares a writer in the Cleveland Plain Dealer.



Martha B. Thomas

## The Guilty Gift

SAM LINCOLN walked slowly along the street gazing into store windows. An icy wind caught him at the corners but he hurried across to the next curb intent on his mental shopping.

He was thinking hard of Cora, too. Though not a word had been spoken between them on the subject, it was quite understood that he should buy her warm gloves, a warm sweater and stockings for Christmas. He'd saved a fair amount for this very purpose.

When you gave up your city living for the country, you thought in terms of wool. Cora needed all these things. Her gloves were worn down to thin spots. Her sweater had been mended a good many times and her stockings—well, Cora just laughed about them. Cora would. She had made fun of every hard thing about changing their home, from the dreadful wheezy pump in the kitchen, to the way the floors slanted in the bed rooms, so that no pencil would stay on a table, and books continually slid off the floor. Cora was a thoroughbred and a good sport.

Sam looked at a green sweater. That would be becoming to Cora's light curls. Or that cheerful red one. Nice on snowy winter mornings. The very chickadees would sing with pleasure at sight of her in that sweater. He took a few steps toward the shop door when his eye fell on a black-and-yellow silk kimono.

Of course he would not get it. Just inquire the price so that he might look at it.

The moment Sam touched a reverent hand to the exquisite silk he was lost. Thrifty, hard-working Sam! How could he have done such a thing? And so calmly, too. "Please wrap it up," he had said. The price had been reduced in order to sell quickly. He walked out of the shop with the light bundle under his arm, and slunk by windows filled with warm woolen clothes . . . the kind Cora so sorely needed.

All the way home on the train his heart sank lower and lower. He

felt so chilled and miserable at the thought of his weak behavior, that Cora rushed at him as he opened the door, exclaiming, "My dear, what dreadful thing has happened to you?"

They had an excellent if frugal dinner. Cora chatted happily of this and that, looking unusually pretty and gay. Sam tried to meet her laughter, but actually shivered along his spine. Idiot! Wretched unspeakable lunatic that he was! Would a yellow-and-black Chinese kimono keep Cora warm? It would not.

Justice demanded that he confess. Cora would be kind, and that would hurt more than anything. Cora would be kind . . . and keep right on feeling cold on the crisp mornings after Christmas. But he must do it . . . muddle through it somehow.

After dinner he came close to Cora muttering something about a gift, and how darned sorry he was . . . and please, please not to look at him so sweetly.

Cora unwrapped the bundle. Sam waited. The lovely shining thing fell to the floor with the lights gleaming on it.

"Oh . . . oh . . . ! I never in all my life saw anything so magnificent! For me? Surely, surely not for me, Sam? But how I'd adore it! I'm sure I wouldn't mind anything if I knew such a gorgeous garment were hanging in my closet. But of course you're teasing me . . ."

"No," said Sam heavily, "it's your Christmas present. I feel like a cad. I know you need the warm things . . . don't be so darned sweet about it!" he commanded crossly.

Cora flung on the robe, and threw her arms around Sam's neck. "I don't know why you're acting this silly way . . . but if you're so dead set on warm things . . . a whole box came this afternoon from Uncle Horace."

Sam sank weakly into a chair.

"You're so lovely I want to kiss you very hard."

"Why not?" inquired Cora, resplendent in the yellow-and-black kimono. "This is simply the most wonderful thing you ever did for me."

© Western Newspaper Union.

## OF INTEREST TO THE HOUSEWIFE

Can-bottomed chair seats can be tightened up by washing them in a weak solution of salt water and then drying in the open air.

Radiators and steam pipes will be less noticeable in a room if they are painted the same color of the walls or wood trim.

Potatoes used in salad should be thoroughly chilled and with sharp knife cut into half-inch dice. Add rest of ingredients and mix with fork. This will aid in preventing salad from becoming "mushy."

Chocolate stains may be removed from table linen by sprinkling the stain with borax, then pouring boiling water through the linen.

When sending a book through the mail cut corners off stiff envelopes and put on book corners. Protected in this way corners will not bend.

Parsley for potatoes and salads will keep bright and fresh in color if scalded before mincing.

French fried potatoes will be better if the sliced spuds are allowed to stand in cold water at least an hour before cooking.

© Associated Newspapers.—WNU Service.

## Making the Barber Feel Right at Home

"Steak and spuds," rasped out the famished customer.

"Yes, sir," said the waiter, "and how about lamb chops and peas?"

"No, I want steak."

"How about some nice beef?"

"No; steak," said the customer. "Crab salad, or perhaps our pork pie?" smiled the other.

"I ordered steak—"

Just then the manager intervened.

"What is all this nonsense, waiter?" he asked. "I distinctly heard this gentleman say steak."

"That's all right, sir," replied the waiter. "He's my barber."—Everybody's.

## DON'T WAIT FOR A COLD

1. Keep your head clear
2. Protect your throat
3. Help build up YOUR ALKALINE RESERVE

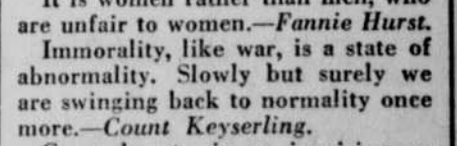
**LUDE'S DO ALL THREE!**

Where Virtue Prospers

Good nature is the very air of a good mind; the sign of a large and generous soul, and the peculiar soil in which virtue prospers.—Goodman.

## YOU'LL LOVE THIS FAST RELIEF FOR ACID INDIGESTION

WHY WAIT for relief when you're troubled with heartburn, sour stomach, gas? Keep your relief right with you always, for unexpected emergencies. Carry Tums . . . like millions now do! Tums are pleasant-tasting . . . only 10c . . . yet they give relief that is scientific, thorough. Contain no harsh alkalies . . . cannot over-alkalize your stomach. Just enough antacid compound to correct your stomach acidity is released . . . remainder passing un-released from your system. For quick relief carry Tums! 10c at any drug store, or the 3-roll ECONOMY PACK for 25c.



**TUMS FOR THE TUMMY**  
TUMS ARE ANTACID . . . NOT A LAXATIVE

## "Quotations"

Fiction is truth with its face lifted.—Rex Beach.

It is women rather than men, who are unfair to women.—Fannie Hurst.

Immortality, like war, is a state of abnormality. Slowly but surely we are swinging back to normality once more.—Count Keyserling.

Great beauty is as inspiring as great music or great architecture.—Gertrude Atherton.

Poverty is one of the major curses of mankind and we must wage tireless war against it.—Harry Emerson Fosdick.

It has been mostly in times of peril and need that great works of progress have come into being.—Albert Einstein.

## BEGINNING IN THIS ISSUE . . .

# 'THE GARDEN MURDER CASE'

S. S. VAN DINE'S  
Newest Philo Vance  
Murder Mystery

DON'T MISS A SINGLE INSTALLMENT!