

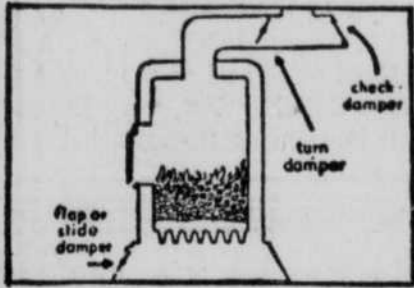
Home Heating Hints

By John Barclay Heating Expert

Getting Fire to Burn Briskly to Produce Quick Heat on Cold Mornings

WHAT a joy and comfort it is to get your home heated quickly on cold mornings! And how easily it can be done!

Shake the grates gently. When a red glow appears in the ash-pit, stop shaking. Next, open the ashpit damper and close the check damper until the fire burns briskly. Should fresh fuel be necessary, feed it on the fire in a



thin layer. Give it time to burn well and heat the house, then add a full charge of coal. When the gases have burned off, reset the dampers for normal burning. This same rule applies should the fire get very low and almost burn itself out at any time. Be careful not to smother it with too much coal. Open the ashpit damper and close the check damper. When the fire again is burning brightly, shake the grates gently until the first red glow appears in the ash-pit, add a full charge of fuel, allow the gases to burn off, reverse the dampers—close the ashpit damper and open the check damper. That's the way to save fuel and cut down trips to the cellar.

Gild Their Teeth

The ladies in old Japan and also of today, to some extent, gild their teeth, and those of the Indies paint them red. In Greenland the women color their faces with blue and yellow. However fresh the complexion of the Muscovite may be, she would think herself ugly if she was not plastered over with paint. The Chinese used to have their feet as diminutive as those of the she goats. In ancient Persia an aquiline nose was often thought worthy of the crown. — Chicago Tribune.

Keep your body free of accumulated waste, take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, 60 Pellets 30 cents. Adv.

Blood Is Strongest

Blood will tell, especially if it knows that it is "blood."

MUSCLES FELT STIFF AND SORE

Got Quick RELIEF From Pain

If muscles in your legs, arms, chest, back or shoulders feel stiff and sore, get a bottle of Hamlin's Wizard Oil and get quick relief. Rub it on—rub it in. Warm—soothes—gives wonderful comfort. Will not stain. At all druggists.

WIZARD OIL
FOR MUSCULAR ACHES AND PAINS
DUE TO RHEUMATISM—NEURALGIA
LUMBAGO—CHEST COLDS

Failure, Then Success
Failures may be the forerunner of greater success.

REAL LIFE STORY

TIRED ALL THE TIME SHE TOLD HIM WHAT TO DO

FEELS LIKE NEW!
THANKS TO CLEVER WIFE.

HE wasn't himself. Had too many restless nights, too many tired days. Seemed to lose his ambition. But his clever wife was too smart to let this go on. She insisted that he try Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) and he found out what a surprising difference it made to use mind taking NRs at all, they were so gentle, and non-habit forming. They simply made him feel like a new man. Get a 25c box at any drugstore today.

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

My mind is always active now
With plans and calculating.
I don't complain of poverty —
I find it stimulating.



THE GARDEN MURDER CASE

By S.S. VAN DINE

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SYNOPSIS

Philo Vance, famous detective, and F. 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 "disturbing psychological" in Professor Ephraim Garden's apartment, advising that he read up on radio-active sodium, consult a passage in the Aeneid and consulting that "Equanimity is essential." Professor Garden is famous in chemical research. The message, decoded by Vance, reminds him that Professor Garden's son Floyd and his puny cousin, Woodie 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 Hamble, an elderly follower of horse racing. Floyd expresses concern over Swift's queer actions. Mrs. Garden, supposedly ill, comes downstairs and places a \$100 bet on a horse. Gathered around an elaborate loud speaker system, listening to the racing are Cecil Kroon, Madge Weatherby and Zalia Graem, who bet varying amounts on the race. There is tension under the surface gaiety. Zalia and Swift are not on speaking terms. Kroon leaves to keep an appointment before the race starts. Miss Beeton, a nurse, and Vance bet on "Azure Star." Swift recklessly bets \$10,000 on "Equanimity" and goes to the roof garden to hear the results. Floyd follows Swift, remaining away several minutes. Zalia answers a phone call in the den. Soon after the announcement that "Azure Star" wins, the guests hear a shot. Vance finds Swift dead, shot through the head with a revolver nearby. He says Swift has been murdered. After calling the police, he finds the door of a vault ajar. Kroon returns and is sharply questioned by Vance, who finds he had not left the building. Vance orders Miss Beeton to guard the stairway and prevent Mrs. Garden and Zalia from viewing Swift's body. Floyd Garden admits the revolver belongs to his father.

CHAPTER V—Continued

Garden meditated for several moments. He looked off into space and puffed steadily on his pipe. "I am trying to remember," he said reminiscently, "just who was here the day Zalia came upon the gun—"

"What day was that?" Vance cut in sharply.

"It was about three months ago," Garden explained. "You see, we used to have the telephone set-up connected upstairs in the study. But some of the western races came in so late that it began to interfere with the old gentleman's routine when he came home from the university. So we moved the paraphernalia down into the drawing room. As a matter of fact, it was more convenient; and the mater didn't object—in fact, she rather enjoyed it."

"But what happened on this particular day?" insisted Vance.

"Well, we were all upstairs in the study, going through the whole silly racing rigmarole that you witnessed this afternoon, when Zalia Graem, who always sat at the old gentleman's desk, began opening the drawers, looking for a piece of scratch paper on which to figure the mutuels. She finally opened the center drawer and saw the revolver. She brought it out with a flourish and, laughing like a silly school-girl, pointed it around the room. I reprimanded her—rather rudely, I'm afraid—and ordered her to put the revolver back in its place, as it was loaded—and just then a race came over the amplifier, and the episode was ended."

"Most interesting," murmured Vance. "And can you recall how many of those present today were likewise present at Miss Graem's little entrance?"

"I rather think they were all there, if my memory is correct," Vance sighed.

"A bit futile—eh, what? No possible elimination along that line." Garden looked up, startled.

"Elimination? I don't understand. We were all downstairs here this afternoon except Kroon—and he was out—when the shot was fired."

At this moment there was a slight commotion in the hallway. It sounded as if a scuffle of some kind was in process, and a shrill, protesting voice mingled with the calm but determined tones of the nurse. Vance went immediately to the door and threw it open. There, just outside the den door, only a short distance from the stairway, were Miss Weatherby and Miss Beeton. The nurse had a firm hold on the other woman and was calmly arguing with her. As Vance stepped toward them, Miss Weatherby turned to face him and drew herself up arrogantly.

"What's the meaning of this?" she demanded. "Must I be mauled by a menial because I wish to go upstairs?"

"Miss Beeton has orders that no one is to go upstairs," Vance said sternly. "And I was unaware that she is a menial."

"But why can't I go upstairs?" the woman asked with dramatic em-

nurse—he'd been seeing her around here for the past few months. And now that you mention it, he's been somewhat poisonous toward me on several occasions because she was more or less friendly with me and ignored him entirely. But I'll say this for Woody: if he did have ideas about Miss Beeton, his taste is improving. She's an unusual girl—different . . ."

Vance nodded his head slowly and gazed with peculiar concentration out the window.

"Yes," he murmured. "Quite different." Then, as if bringing himself back from some alien train of thought, he crushed out his cigarette and leaned forward. "However, we'll drop speculation for the moment . . . Suppose you tell me something about the vault upstairs."

Garden glanced up in evident surprise.

"There's nothing to tell about that old catch-all. It's neither mysterious nor formidable. And it's really not a vault at all. Several years ago the pater found that he had accumulated a lot of private papers and experimental data that he didn't want casual callers messing in. So he had this fire-proof storeroom built to house these scientific treasures of his. The vault, as you call it, was built as much for mere privacy as for actual safe-keeping. It's just a very small room with shelves around the walls."

"Has everyone in the house access to it?" asked Vance.

"Anyone so inclined," replied Garden. "But who in the name of Heaven, would want to go in there?"

"Really, y' know, I haven't the groggliest notion," Vance returned, "except that I found the door to it unlatched when I was coming downstairs a little while ago."

Garden shrugged carelessly, as if the matter was neither important nor unusual.

"Probably," he suggested, "the pater didn't shut the door tightly when he went out this morning. It has a spring lock."

"And the key?"

"The key is a mere matter of form. It hangs conveniently on a small nail at the side of the door."

"Accordingly," mused Vance, "the vault is readily accessible to anyone in the household who cares to enter it."

Vance went to the door. "Miss Beeton," he called, "will you be

good enough to the old upstairs and see if the key to the vault door is in its place?"

A few moments later the nurse returned and informed Vance that the key was where it was always kept.

Vance thanked her and, closing the den door, turned again to Garden.

"There's one more rather important matter that you can clear up for me—it may have a definite bearing on the situation. Can the garden be entered from the fire exit opening on the roof?"

"Yes, by George!" The other sat up with alacrity. "There's a gate in the east fence of the garden, just beside the privet hedge, which leads upon the terrace on which the fire exit of the building opens. When we had the fence built we were required to put this gate in because of the fire laws. But it's rarely used, except on hot summer nights. Still, if anyone came up the main stairs to the roof and went out the emergency fire door, he could easily enter our garden by coming through that gate in the fence."

"Don't you keep the gate locked?" Vance was studying the tip of his cigarette with close attention.

"The fire regulations don't permit that. We merely have an old-fashioned barn-door lift-latch on it."

We could hear the sharp ringing of the entrance bell, and a door opening somewhere. Vance stepped out into the hall. A moment later the butler admitted District Attorney Markham and Sergeant Heath, accompanied by Snitkin and Hennessey.

"Well, what's the trouble, Vance?" Markham demanded brusquely. "I phoned Heath, as you requested, and brought him up with me."

"It's a bad business," Vance returned. "Same like I told you. I'm afraid you're in for some difficulties. It's no ordinary crime. Everything I've been able to learn so far contradicts everything else." He looked



The Nurse Informed Vance That the Key Was Where It Was Always Kept.

past Markham and nodded pleasantly to Heath. "Sorry to make you all this trouble, Sergeant."

"That's all right, Mr. Vance," Heath held out his hand in solemn good-nature. "Glad I was in when the chief called. What's it all about, and where do we go from here?"

Mrs. Garden came bustling energetically down the hallway.

"Are you the district attorney?" she asked, eyeing Markham ferociously. Without waiting for an answer, she went on: "This whole thing is an outrage. My poor nephew shot himself and this gentleman here"—she looked at Vance with supreme contempt—"is trying to make a scandal out of it." Her eyes swept over Heath and the two detectives. "And I suppose you're the police. There's no reason whatever for your being here."

Markham looked steadfastly at the woman and seemed to take in the situation immediately.

"Madam, if things are as you say, the premises are in a pacifying, yet grave, tone, you need have no fear of any scandal."

"I'll leave the matter entirely in your hands, sir," the woman returned with calm dignity. She turned and walked back up the hall.

"A most tryin' and complicated state of affairs, Markham," Vance took the matter up again. "I admit the chap upstairs appears to have killed himself. But that, I think, is what everyone is supposed to believe. Tableau superficially correct. Stage direction and decor fairly good. But the whole far from perfect. I observed several discrepancies."

Garden, who had been standing in the doorway to the den, came forward, and Vance introduced him to Markham and Heath. Then Vance turned to the sergeant.

"I think you'd better have either Snitkin or Hennessey remain down here and see that no one leaves the apartment for a little while." He addressed Garden. "I hope you don't mind."

"Not at all," Garden replied complacently. "I'll join the others in the drawing-room. I feel the need of a highball, anyway. He included us all in a curt bow and moved up the hall.

"We'd better go up to the roof now, Markham," said Vance. "I'll run over the whole matter with you. There are some strange angles to the case. I don't at all like it."

He moved down the hall, and Markham and Heath and I followed him. But before he mounted the stairs he stopped and turned to the nurse.

"You needn't keep watch here any longer, Miss Beeton," he said. "And thanks for your help. But one more favor: when the medical examiner comes, please bring him directly upstairs."

The girl inclined her head in acquiescence and stepped into the bedroom.

We went immediately up to the roof. As we stepped out on the garden, Vance indicated the body of Swift slumped in the chair.

"There's the johnnie," he said. "Just as he was found."

Markham and Heath moved closer to the huddled figure and studied it for a few moments. At length Heath looked up with a perplexed frown.

"Well, Mr. Vance," he announced querulously, "it looks like suicide, all right." He shifted his cigar from one corner of his mouth to the other. Markham too turned to Vance. He nodded his agreement with the Sergeant's observation.

"It certainly has the appearance of suicide, Vance," he remarked.

"No—oh, no," Vance sighed. "Not suicide. A deuced brutal crime—and clever no end."

Markham smoked a while, still staring at the dead man skeptically; then he sat down facing Vance.

"Let's have the whole story before Doremus gets here," he requested.

Vance remained standing, his eyes moving aimlessly about the garden. After a moment he recounted succinctly, but carefully, the entire sequence of events of the afternoon, describing the group of people present, with their relationships and temperamental clashes; the various races and wagers; Swift's retirement to the garden for the results of the big Handicap; and, finally, the shot which had aroused us all and brought us upstairs. When he had finished, Markham worried his chin for a moment.

"I still can't see a single fact," he objected, "that does not point logically to suicide."

Vance leaned against the wall beside the study window and lighted a cigarette.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

How ARE YOU TODAY

Dr. James W. Barton TALKS ABOUT

Counting the Calories

SOME readers may be inclined to question the correctness of insurance figures as to the effect of overweight and underweight on health, but when we realize the competition there is for life insurance business you may rest assured that if fat individuals over forty years and thin individuals under thirty years of age were as safe to insure as those of normal weight they would be accepted by the insurance companies without question.

But the fact stands out in the figures of all the insurance companies that these two classes (over forty and fat, and under thirty and thin) are not as good risks as those of normal weight.

Naturally when an overweight applies for life insurance and is told that he will be accepted but that his premiums will be as high as ten years older because of his overweight, it makes him do some thinking. He is told that if he will reduce his weight to normal he will have his premiums reduced.

With the thought that his overweight means that he is five to ten years older in body than he is in years, that he is more likely to be attacked by ailments and is a poor risk should surgical operation be necessary, he may decide to get rid of his fat in "quick" time.

He obtains a card or booklet showing the food values in calories of the various foods and to his astonishment learns that for his height and build he should be eating food to the value of 3,000 calories a day, and he has been eating regularly food to the value of 5,000 calories.

What Study Tells Him

As he studies the values of foods measured from the amount that equals 100 calories he may decide that if a piece of cheese an inch wide, an inch high, and an inch thick is equal to 100 calories, and it takes 20 stalks of asparagus or 30 radishes, or 30 stalks of celery to equal 100 calories, he'll do without the cheese and eat more asparagus, celery and cauliflower. Now this is not unwise because green vegetables have the same effect on the body or in the body as cheese.

As the overweight studies the list further he finds that a small piece of meat, three inches by two inches by one-half inch thick—less than an ordinary serving—represents 100 calories, that a piece of fish the same size but a little thicker equals 100 calories and that a large egg also equals 100 calories he figures that these foods are too "rich" in food value for his blood and he'll leave meat, eggs and fish alone.

When he turns to another common food, bread, he is astonished to find that an ordinary sized slice of bread equals 100 calories as does also a single roll, and that an ordinary muffin equals more than 100 calories. Similarly one single potato of ordinary size equals 100 calories and one to three lumps of sugar, according to size, equal 100 calories.

Mind Over Matter

There was a time when a physician was interested only in what he discovered when he made his examination—murmurs in the heart, rales (rattling noises in the lungs), creaking in joints, sugar or albumen in urine and other findings. The patient was asked a few general questions. The patient's home life or surroundings, the way he reacted or responded to trouble or difficulties, the calmness or upsetment of his mind were not considered a vital part of the cause or treatment of his condition.

Today practically every physician recognizes the power of mind over matter, and there is no greater faith healer anywhere than the competent beloved family physician.

Thus we find that psychology—the science of the mind and the emotions—is not only being used in psychiatry—treating the diseases of the mind, but psychology is being used to treat and to prevent diseases of the body; this is called psycho-therapy.

It has been known for some time that mental suggestions—psychotherapy—can actually correct troubles in the body and prevent real or organic ailments from developing. It has more recently become known through Professor Cannon of Harvard and Dr. Geo Crile, Cleveland, that organic disease can actually be developed in the body by wrong or incorrect thinking.

Thinking inwardly, having a phobia—fear—toward an ailment or ailments, can so affect the workings of the body processes that actual disease occurs.

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Tell the Bees

In savage countries and in many country districts of England and the world over, the bees are held to be members of the household. A death in the family must always be "told to the Bees,"—otherwise they will be offended and desert their hives, taking away with them the luck of the house. When a wedding occurs the bees expect their hives to be decorated with white ribbon or rosettes. When treated with this consideration the bees are supposed never to sting members of the household. Other superstitions about bees are that one should never shout at them, but tell them important news in whispers; one should not quarrel near a hive, lest the bees fight, too, and destroy one another. Nor will bees sting half-wits, even when disturbed.—Tit-Bits Magazine.

Uncle Phil Says:

Today and Tomorrow

Tomorrow is not yours, and it is yet uncertain whether it ever will be. Today is the only time which you can with the least shadow of propriety call your own.

Of course we are all tintured more or less with pessimism, but it is as bad form to talk about it as it is to be a whooping optimist. If it is your disposition to lead the parade, you will find a parade somewhere, even though small. If men didn't have to think and worry over making a living, they would be handsomer.

Understanding and Knowledge

Knowledge, without understanding, is as ineffective as was steam before Watts discovered how it could be applied.

Your friend is not the one who tells the truth about you, but conceals some of it. Bless his loyal heart!

People perpetually pursuing thrills give you the impression of being hystericky or worse still—unbalanced.

Work and Values

The wealth of the world is not its money; it is in what we produce by work.

One is not born with a conscience. It comes with the years.

The way to enjoy living is to feel going; no matter how you keep, you're interested.

A woman has fathomless courage when she undertakes to engineer a love affair between two other people.

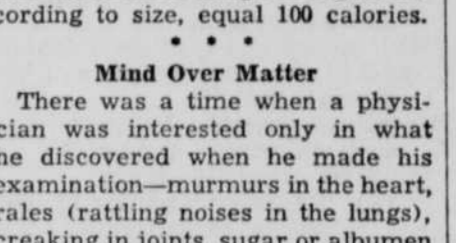
The right sort of a husband is swollen with pride when his wife is the best-dressed woman at the party.

Servitude of Self

I will have a care of being a slave to myself, for it is a perpetual, a shameful, and the heaviest of all servitudes; and this may be done by uncontrolled desires.—Seneca.

If You're Told to "Alkalize"

Try This Remarkable "Phillips' Way" Thousands are Adopting



On every side today people are being urged to alkalize their stomach. And thus cause symptoms of "acid indigestion," nausea and stomach upsets.

To gain quick alkalization, just do this: Take two teaspoons of PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA 30 minutes after eating. OR—take two Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets, which have the same antacid effect.

Relief comes almost at once—usually in a few minutes. Nausea, "gas"—fullness after eating and "acid indigestion" pains leave. You feel like a new person.

Try this way. You'll be surprised at results. Get either the liquid "Phillips'" or the remarkable, new Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets. Delightful to take and easy to carry with you. Only 25¢ a box at all drug stores.

Also in Tablet Form:

Each tiny tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA

DAN-D-FORD V-8 PICK UP 1/2 TON OVERLOAD SPRING

Absolutely Silent. Guaranteed against breakage for 1 year. Reinforced differential housing. Relieves strain on rear cross member. In years of service we have not had one broken spring. Easy to install. Ask your dealer or write us. DAN'S SPRING WORKS, INC. (Est. 1926) 1810-14 Cherry St. Kansas City, Mo.

"Quotations"

The whole secret of life is to be interested in one thing profoundly and in a thousand things well.—Hugh Walpole.

Do not cast your heart before the world; the world is an untrained dog which does not retrieve.—Victor Cherbuliez.

The thing that impresses me is the reverence that Americans show for great men and great deeds.—Emil Ludvig.

No other factor in the intellectual life of Americans is more important than the colleges for women.—Owen D. Young.

I am certain the world crisis will soon pass, owing to the general favorable reaction.—David Lloyd George.