



THE GARDEN MURDER CASE By S.S. VAN DINE

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CHAPTER VIII—Continued

"Oh, yes. Quite," Vance fixed Garden with a significant look. "This buzzer, if I understand it correctly, is operated only from the den, and when we heard the shot, Miss Graem was in the den. Incidentally, the shot we all heard was not the shot that killed Swift. The fatal shot had been fired at least five minutes before that. Swift never even knew whether he had won or lost his bet."

Garden's gaze was focused on Vance with wide-eyed awe.

"Good God, man!" He shook his head despondently. "This thing is getting hellish."

"By the by," said Vance, "Miss Weatherby tried to convince us that Miss Graem shot Swift."

"Has she any grounds for such an accusation?"

"Only that Miss Graem had a grudge of some kind against Swift and detested him thoroughly, and that, at the supposed time of his demise, Miss Graem was absent from the drawing-room. Doubts that she was in the den phoning all the time. Thinks she was up here, busily engaged in murder."

Garden drew rapidly on his pipe and seemed to be thinking.

"Do you yourself regard Miss Graem as capable of a cold-blooded, skillfully planned murder?"

Garden pursed his lips and frowned.

"Damn it, Vance! I can't answer that question. Frankly, I don't know who is and who isn't capable of murder. The younger set today are all bored to death, intolerant of every restraint, living beyond their means, digging up scandal, seeking sensations of every type. Zalia is little different from the rest, as far as I can see. She always seems to be stepping on the gas and exceeding the speed limits. How far she would actually go, I'm not prepared to say. Who is, for that matter? It may be merely a big circus parade with her, or it may be fundamental—a violent reaction from respectability."

"A vivid, though not a sweet, character sketch," murmured Vance. "One might say offhand that you are rather fond of her but don't approve."

Garden laughed awkwardly.

"I can't say that I dislike Zalia. Most men do like her—though I don't think any of them understand her. I know I don't. There's some impenetrable wall around her. She's either damned superficial or deep as hell—I can't make up my mind which. As for her status in this present situation . . . well, I don't know. It wouldn't surprise me in the least if Madge was right about her. Zalia has staggered me a couple of times—can't exactly explain it. You remember, when you asked me about father's revolver, I told you Zalia had discovered it in that desk and staged a scene with it in this very room. Well, Vance, my blood went cold at the time. There was something in the way she did it, and in the tone of her voice, that made me actually fear that she was fully capable of shooting up the party. I was relieved when she put the gun back and shut the drawer . . . All I can say," he added, "is that I don't wholly understand her."

"No. Of course not. No one can wholly understand another person. If anyone could he'd understand everything. Not a comfortin' thought . . . Thanks awfully for the recital of your fears and impressions. You'll look after matters downstairs for a while, won't you?"

Garden seemed to breathe more freely on being dismissed, and, with a mumbled acquiescence, moved toward the door.

"Oh, by the by," Vance called after him. "One other little point I wish to ask you about."

Garden waited politely.

"Why," asked Vance, blowing a ribbon of smoke toward the ceiling, "didn't you place Swift's bet on Equanimity?"

CHAPTER IX

The man gave a start, and his jaw dropped. He barely rescued his pipe from falling to the floor.

"You didn't place it, don't you know," Vance went on dulcetly. "Rather interestin' point, in view of the fact that your cousin was not destined to live long enough to collect the wager, even if Equanimity had won. And in the circumstances, had you placed it, you would now be saddled with a \$10,000 debt—since Swift is no longer able to settle."

"God Almighty, stop it, Vance!" Garden exploded. He sank limply into a chair. "How do you know I didn't place Woodie's bet?"

Vance regarded the man with searching eyes.

"No bookie would take a bet of

that size five minutes before post time. He couldn't absorb it."

"But Hannix—"

"Don't make a Wall-Street financier of Hannix for my benefit," Vance admonished quietly. "And another thing: I happened to be sitting in a strategic position near your table when you pretended to place Swift's bet. You very deftly pulled the cord taut over the plunger of the telephone when you picked up the receiver. You were talking in to a dead phone."

Garden capitulated.

"All right, Vance," he said. "I didn't place the bet. But if you think, for one moment, that I had any suspicion that Woodie was going to be shot his afternoon, you're wrong."

"My dear fellow!" Vance sighed with annoyance. "I'm not thinking. Higher intelligence not at work at the moment. Mind a blank. Only trying to add up a few figures. Ten thousand dollars is a big item. It changes our total—eh, what? . . . But you haven't told me why you didn't place the bet."

Garden rose angrily.

"I didn't want him to lose the money," he asserted aggressively. "I knew what it would mean to him."

"Yes, yes. The Good Samaritan. Very touchin'. But suppose Equanimity had won, and your cousin had survived—what about the payoff?"

"I was fully prepared to run that risk. It wasn't a hell of a lot. What did the old oat-muncher pay, anyway?—less than two to one. A dollar and eighty cents to the dollar, to be exact. I would have been out \$18,000. But there wasn't a chance of Equanimity's coming in—I was quite certain of that. I took the chance for Woodie's sake."

Vance looked at the man thoughtfully.

"Thanks for the affectin' confession," he murmured at length. "I think that will be all for the moment."

As he spoke, two men with a long coffin-like wicker basket bustled into the passageway. Heath was at the door in two strides.

"The public welfare boys after the body," he announced over his shoulder.

Vance stood up.

"I say, Sergeant, have them go down the outside stairway. No use returning through the apartment."

He addressed Garden again. "Would you mind showing them the way?"

Garden nodded morosely and went out on the roof.

Markham regarded Vance with dismal concern.

"What's the meaning of Garden's not placing that bet?"

Vance sighed.

"What's the meaning of anything? Yet, it's from just such curious facts as this that some provisional hypothesis may evolve."

"I certainly can't figure out what bearing Garden's conduct has on the case, unless—"

Vance interrupted him quickly.

"No. Puzzlin' situation. But everything we have learned so far might mean something. Provided, of course, we could read the meaning. Emotion may be the key."

"Don't be so damned occult," snapped Markham. "What's on your mind?"

"My dear Markham! You're too flatterin'. Nothing whatever. I'm seekin' for something tangible. The other gun, for instance. The one that went off somewhere when the chappie was already dead. It should be here or whereabouts . . ."

He turned to Heath. "I say, Sergeant, could you and Snitkin take a look for it? Suggested itiner'ry: the roof, garden and the flowerbeds, the terrace, the public stairs, the lower hallway. Then the apartment proper. Assumption: any one present may have had it. Follow up all the known local migrations of everyone downstairs. If it's here it'll probably be in some tempor'ry hiding-place, awaitin' further disposal."

Heath grinned.

"And, Sergeant, before you start reconnoiterin', will you fetch Hammie. You'll probably find him at the bar downstairs."

Hammie strutted pompously into the study and was cursorily presented to Markham.

Vance waved Hammie to a chair and studied him a moment with a melancholy air.

The interview was brief and, as it turned out, of peculiar significance. The significance lay, not so much in what Hammie said, as in the result of the curiosity which Vance's questions aroused in the man. It was this curiosity which enabled him later to supply Vance with important information.

"It is not our desire to keep you here any longer than necessary, Mr. Hammie," Vance began the inter-

view with marked distaste—"but it occurred to me to ask you if you have any ideas that might be helpful to us in solving Swift's murder."

Hammie coughed impressively and appeared to give the matter considerable thought.

"No, I have none," he at length admitted. "None whatever. But of course one can never tell about these things."

"Of course," Vance agreed. "But I thought there might be something in the relationships of the various people here this afternoon."

"All I can say," returned Hammie carefully weighing his words, "is that there were many warring elements in the gathering—that is to say, many peculiar combinations. There was a combination of this and that, which might lead to—well, to anything."

"To murder, for instance?"

Hammie frowned. "Now, murder is a very, very serious business. But, Mr. Vance, you can take it from me, in all solemnity, I wouldn't put even murder past any one of those present today. No, by Gad!"

"That's an amazin' indictment," muttered Vance; "but I'm glad to have your opinion and we'll consider it . . . By the by, didn't you notice anything irregular in Garden's placing Swift's large bet on Equanimity at the last minute?"

Hammie's countenance went quickly blank. Then, unable to withstand the direct scrutiny of Vance's



He Sank Limply Into a Chair.

cold gaze, he puckered up his mouth into a shrewd smile.

"Why deny it?" he chuckled. "The laying of that bet was not only irregular—it was damned near impossible. I don't know a book-maker in New York who would take such an amount when there was not even enough time to throw some 'come-back money' into the totalizer."

Vance leaned forward.

"That might easily have had some bearing on the situation here this afternoon, and I'd like very much to know why you didn't mention it."

For a brief moment the man seemed flustered; but almost immediately he settled back in his chair with a complacent look, and extended his hands, palms up.

"Why should I become involved?" he asked with cynical suavity.

"That's one way of looking at it," Vance drawled. "And it has its points. However . . . He contemplated the tip of his cigarette, then asked: "Would your discretion permit you to comment on Zalia Graem?"

Hammie sat up with alacrity.

"Ah!" He nodded his head significantly. "That's something to think about. There are varied possibilities in that girl. You may be on the right track. A most likely suspect for the murder. You never can tell about women, anyway."

And, come to think of it, the shooting must have taken place during the time she was out of the room."

Vance nodded and waited.

"But don't think, for a minute," Hammie hurried on, "that I am intimating that she had anything to do with Swift's death. Absolutely not! But the mention of her name gave me pause."

Vance stood up with a stifled yawn.

"It's quite evident," he said, "you're not in the mood to be specific. I wasn't looking for generalities, don't you know. Consequently I may want to have another chat with you. Where can you be reached later, should we need you?"

"If I am permitted to go now, I shall return to Long Island immediately," Hammie answered readily, glancing speculatively at his watch.

"Is that all you wish at the moment?"

"That is all, thank you."

Hammie again referred to his watch, hesitated a moment, and then left us.

Vance went to the buzzer, and pressed the button.

"Queer reports on that Graem girl," He walked back to his chair musingly. "The time has come to commune with the lady herself."

Garden appeared at the door.

"Did you ring for me, Vance?"

"Yes," Vance nodded. "The buzzer is working now. Sorry to trouble you, but we would like to see Miss Graem. Would you do the honors?"

Garden hesitated, his eyes fixed sharply on Vance. He started to say something, changed his mind

and, with a muttered "Right-o," swung about and returned downstairs.

Zalia Graem swaggered into the room, her hands in her jacket pockets, and surveyed us with breezy cynicism.

"Miss Graem,"—Vance's voice was courteous but firm—"it will be necessary to ask you questions that you may deem objectionable. But please believe that it will be for your own good to answer them frankly."

"Am I suspected? How thrilling!"

"Everyone I've talked to thus far thinks so." He looked at the girl significantly.

"Oh, so that's how the going is! I thought I detected a vague look of fear in people's eyes. I think I will sit down." She threw herself into a chair and gazed up with simulated dejection. "Am I to be arrested?"

"Not just at the minute. But certain matters must be straightened out. It may be worth your while to help us."

"It sounds ghastly. But go ahead."

"First," said Vance, "we'd like to know about the feud between you and Swift."

"Oh, the devil!" the girl exclaimed disgustedly. "Must that be raked up? There was really nothing to it. Woody bothered the life out of me. I felt sorry for him and went around with him a bit when he implored me to and threatened to resort to all the known forms of suicide if I didn't. Then it became too much for me, and I decided to draw a line across the page. But I'm afraid I didn't go about it in a nice way. I told him I was extravagant and cared only for luxuries, and that I could never marry a poor man."

"And so, the conclusion we may draw is that he played the horses heavily in the forlorn hope of amassing a sufficient fortune to overcome your aversion to his poverty—and that his bet on Equanimity today was a last fling—"

"Don't say that!" the girl cried. "It's a horrible idea, but—it might be true. And I don't want to hear it."

Vance continued to study her critically.

"Yes, as you say. It might be true. On the other hand . . . however, we'll let it pass." Then he asked quickly: "Who telephoned you today, just before the Rivermont Handicap?"

"What has that to do with anything?"

"And why were you so eager to take the call on the den phone and shut the door?"

The girl leaned forward and looked at Vance defiantly.

"What are you trying to get at?" she demanded furiously.

"Are you aware," Vance went on, "that the den downstairs is the only room directly connected by wires with this room up here?"

The girl seemed unable to speak. She sat pale and rigid.

"And do you know," he continued, without change of intonation, "that the wires at this end of the line had been disconnected? And are you aware that the shot which we heard downstairs was not the one that ended Swift's life—that he was shot in the vault off the hall, several minutes before we heard the shot?"

"You're being ghastly," the girl cried. "You're making up nightmares—nightmares to frighten me. You're implying terrible things."

Vance held up his hand to stop her reproaches.

"You misinterpret my attitude, Miss Graem," he said softly. "I asked you, a moment ago, for your own sake, to answer my questions frankly. You refuse. In those circumstances, you should know the facts as they appear to others." He paused. "You and Swift were not on good terms. You knew, as did the others, that he usually went up to the roof before races. You knew where Professor Garden kept his revolver. You're familiar with guns. A telephone call for you is perfectly timed. You disappear. Within the next five minutes Swift is shot behind that steel door. Another five minutes pass; the race is over; and a shot is heard. That shot could conceivably have been fired by a mechanism. The buzzer wires up here had been disconnected, obviously for some specific purpose. At the time of the second shot you were at the other end of those wires. You almost fainted at the sight of Swift. Later you tried to go upstairs . . . Adding all this up; you had a motive, a sufficient knowledge of the situation, access to the criminal agent, the ability to act, and the opportunity." Vance paused again. "Now are you ready to be frank, or have you really something to hide?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

La Salle's Boat

La Salle's vessel, the Griffin, was the first sailing vessel on the Great Lakes. She was a two-masted armored square-rigger of sixty tons, built at the mouth of the Cayuga Creek where it flows into the Niagara river. Soon after she was launched in April, 1879, says the Detroit News, La Salle and his party set out in her for Green Bay, reaching that place in the late summer. She was loaded with furs and pelts and on September 18 started for Niagara. La Salle saw her off, but a great storm arose later and the vessel was never seen or heard of again. At various times in the past expeditions have attempted to probe the mystery, investigating old wrecks on Manitoulin Island and various other places on the lakes.

HOW ARE YOU TODAY DR. JAMES W. BARTON Talks About

A Typical Reducing Diet

HERE is so much being said and written about overweight that the average individual may wonder whether or not overweight can always be reduced to normal by simply cutting down on food, without having to exercise or use gland extracts.

Now it can be said definitely that while every overweight individual can have his or her weight reduced by simply cutting down on food, there are some who get only part way down to normal and then lose no more weight unless they take more exercise or use some gland extract.



Dr. Barton

The vast majority of cases, however, and they are due to overeating, can be reduced to normal weight by cutting down on the food intake and increasing the exercise; no gland extract—thyroid or pituitary—is needed.

The thought then for every case of overweight, at first anyway, is to go on a reducing or a reduction diet.

And the thought behind every reduction diet is not that the amount of food eaten will be all that the body will need for its work, but, because the reduced or reduction diet does not supply the body's needs, the body itself has to supply some food and so gives up some of the fat that it has stored.

By asking the body to supply some of this food or fuel—a little every day of its stored up fat—the weight of the body gradually and daily becomes less. The amount of weight lost daily may not be more than three or four ounces but when this 3 or 4 ounces is multiplied by 7 (week) or 30 (month) it means a loss of 1½ to 2 pounds each week, or 6 to 8 pounds each month.

Regular Foods Needed.

Thus when a physician makes out or prescribes a reducing diet for a patient he makes sure that there will be enough of the foods used daily that are needed to do the regular or routine work of the body—for the work of digestion, breathing, the beating of the heart, the circulation of the blood, the getting rid of wastes and other work—and then letting the stored fat in the body be used up for any exercise the body does, if it is only sitting or walking around the house or doing hard muscular work.

The physician is careful in arranging the diet that "enough" of each kind of food—proteins, starches, fats, liquids, minerals and vitamins—is provided. The only difference, generally speaking, is that the "amount" of food is less.

Meat and fish must form a part of the daily menu as proteids are needed by the body to build and repair worn tissues. A typical reducing diet as arranged by Katherine Mitchell Thoma, director of dietetics, Michael Reese hospital, Chicago, is as follows:

Breakfast—orange or apple or ½ grapefruit or ½ cantaloupe or one serving fresh strawberries; choice of roll or thin slice of bread; 1 egg boiled or poached; 1 glass skim milk or tea or coffee. For noon and evening meal each (that is twice these amounts should be taken daily): clear stock soup and vegetables; large serving of salad composed of any of the following—head lettuce, tomatoes, string beans, cabbage, beets, celery, carrots. Use mineral oil as a dressing; 1 thin slice of bread or ½ potato; choice of lean beef, roast or steak, lean veal, lean lamb, white meat of chicken, white fish, 2 eggs; choice of 2 servings of either asparagus, brussels sprouts, cabbage, spinach, string beans, cauliflower, sauerkraut, or one serving of either beets, carrots, turnips, squash, peas; choice of fruit for breakfast.

Treating a Boil.

Some of the disastrous results following the squeezing of a boil to get out the "core" are known to every physician, and patients are always warned that the boil should be allowed to "point" before any opening should be made, if at all.

The treatment of a boil is by heat; hot compresses if possible, or what is now being used to a great extent, the hot magnesium sulphate (Epsom salts) dressing. The "dry" form of magnesium sulphate is used which contains 12 per cent less water than the usual "crystal" form with which we are all familiar. This is mixed with glycerine to form a thick paste, put on gauze, and applied directly to the boil. The paste absorbs moisture, so should be kept well covered between applications. This paste can be left on for several hours. To increase heat and action of the magnesium sulphate a hot water bag can be placed on top of the dressing.

When the boil points and is ready to open, a sharp toothpick, which has been dipped in carbolic acid is gently bored or drilled into the center of the boil. A magnesium sulphate dressing applied directly to the boil helps the pus to drain out of the boil.

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Machinery Needs Repairs, Storage

Convenient Shop Is Needed and Large Enough for Any Equipment.

By H. E. Besley, Professor of Agricultural Engineering, Rutgers University.—WNU Service.

Many a piece of farm machinery has had an untimely trip to the junk pile because repairs were neglected until it became more practical to buy a new machine than to bother overhauling the old one. Such extravagance can be averted by protecting machinery from the elements and checking every detail annually. But first an implement storage is needed, and a shop provided with heat and large enough to accommodate any of the farm machines is most convenient for this purpose, especially when connected with the storage shed. Repairs may then be made in comfort during cold weather. County agricultural agents have plans for an implement storage shed and shop which are available.

Before placing the machine in storage it should be thoroughly cleaned and any parts which might rust should be covered with oil or grease. Crank case oil applied with a paint brush is effective in preventing rust.

After cleaning, a thorough inspection should be made and all worn or damaged parts listed. It is best to order these parts soon and to put them on when the machine is repaired during the winter. In overhauling the machine, tighten all bolts, straighten bent parts, sharpen all cutting edges, apply a coat of paint, and replace worn and broken parts.

Careless Management Is Costly to the Apiarist

Careless management of bees in winter often costs apiarists half the honey producing value of their colonies.

Colonies which barely manage to survive the winter are so weak they can produce only small quantities of honey in the spring and summer.

Successful wintering depends largely on the condition of the colonies as they enter the winter, says C. L. Sams, North Carolina State college extension apiarist.

The colonies should have good queens, a large number of bees, and abundant stores of honey.

If good queens had been introduced to the colonies in time to start laying, and if the hives had plenty of honey, there will be a strong bee population at the start of the honey flow next spring.

When the honey is taken from the hives for the last time, care should be exercised not to take too much.

Single story colonies should have the combs three-fourths full of honey, and two-story colonies should have the food chambers filled completely.

In case the bees run short of their natural food, feed them a syrup made up of two parts granulated sugar to one part of water.

Each colony should be fed enough to bring the food stores up to 40 or 50 pounds.

For Fattening Steers

Use about 80 lbs. of barley plus 20 lbs. of ground flax seed for fattening steers, advises a writer in the Montreal Herald. Be sure that there are no green flax pods in the flax meal, for they contain prussic acid, and if fed in any amounts are toxic to stock. For a daily allowance, much depends on how fast it is desired to have steers gain. Full feed would be up to 16 pounds of grain mixture daily, together with four of five pounds of hay. A medium allowance would be some eight pounds per day with eight to ten pounds of hay or other roughage. If linseed oilmeal is used in place of flax, the proportion should be reduced by half, and correspondingly more barley fed. Or better, use 75 lbs. barley, 15 lbs. bran, and 10 lbs. linseed oilmeal for the grain mixture.

Lumpy-Jaw Cattle Meat

Meat from cattle affected with lumpy jaw may be used when the exact part affected is condemned and destroyed. This applies when lumpy jaw is a localized disease, that is, when one part is affected, such as the jaw or the lymph glands adjoining thereto. In this case, the entire part affected should be condemned. If the disease happens to be generalized, and has spread to other organs of the animal, the entire carcass should be condemned. These recommendations follow the rules of the United States Meat Inspection service of the United States Department of Agriculture.—C. P. Fitch, Division of Veterinary Medicine, University Farm, St. Paul.

Soy Beans as Food

In America the soy bean is more generally known as a feed for live stock and in more recent years as a source for oils used in paint making. The next development will most likely come in the use of soy beans as a human food. In China, Japan, and Korea soy beans are more important in the diet than is wheat in this country or rye in Europe. Chemists say soy bean foods can be substituted for meat, milk, eggs and cheese.



Favorite Recipe

By Mrs. Eleanor Wilson McAdoo

Candied Sweet Potatoes

Boil five large sweet potatoes and cut them crosswise into pieces one and one-half inches in thickness. Lay in pan and put two tablespoonfuls of butter, cut in slices, over them; then three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and two tablespoonfuls of molasses, and cook in oven for ten minutes to get nice and brown.

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Foreign Words and Phrases