

Quickly Knitted in Stockinette Stitch



Pattern 5655

Like a gay addition to your "all year round" wardrobe? Of course you would! Then take a tip and knit this fetching blouse. You'll love the lacy pattern of a pointed yoke, so prettily set off by plain stockinette stitch, and are sure to adore the snug fit, ribbing "cross the hips. Ribbing also bands the simple sleeves. Knit it of soft-colored string or yarn, in one of the new shades! In pattern 5655 you will find instructions for making the blouse and skirt in sizes 16-18 and 38-40; an illustration of the blouse and of all stitches used; material requirements.

To obtain this pattern send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle Household Arts Dept., 259 W. Fourteenth St., New York, N. Y. Write plainly pattern number, your name and address.

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There is one point, on which practically all doctors agree. That is: Don't give your child unknown remedies without asking your doctor first.

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When it comes to the widely used children's remedy—"milk of magnesia"—many doctors for over half a century have said "PHILLIPS". For Phillips' Milk of Magnesia is the standard of the world. Safe for children.

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

CHAPTER XIV—Continued

"Moreover, nearly everyone has acted in a manner which conceivably would make him appear guilty. There have been an amazing number of accusations. Mr. Kroon was the first victim of one of those unsubstantiated accusations. Miss Graem has been pointed out to me as the culprit by several persons. Mrs. Garden last night directly accused her son. In fact, there has been a general tendency to involve various people in the criminal activities here. From the human and psychological point of view the issue has been both deliberately and unconsciously clouded, until the confusion was such that no clear-cut outline remained. And this created an atmosphere which perfectly suited the murderer's machinations, for it made detection extremely difficult and positive proof almost impossible. . . . And yet," Vance added, "some one in this room is guilty."

He rose dejectedly. I could not understand his manner: it was so unlike the man as I had always known him. All of his assurance seemed gone. Then he swung round quickly, and his eyes swept angrily about the room, resting for a brief moment on each one present.

"Furthermore," he said with a staccato stress on his words, "I know who the guilty person is!"

There was an uneasy stir in the room and a short tense silence which was broken by Doctor Siefert's cultured voice.

"If that is the case, Mr. Vance—and I do not doubt the sincerity of your statement—I think it your duty to name that person."

Vance regarded the doctor thoughtfully for several moments before answering. Then he said in a low voice: "I think you are right, sir." Again he paused and, lighting a fresh cigarette, moved restlessly up and down in front of the window.

"First, however," he said stopping suddenly, "there's something upstairs I wish to look at again—to make sure. . . . You will all please remain here for a few minutes." And he moved swiftly toward the door. At the threshold he hesitated and turned to the nurse. "Please come with me, Miss Beeton, I think you can help me."

The nurse rose and followed Vance into the hall. A moment later we could hear them mounting the stairs.

Fully five minutes passed, and then the tense silence of the room was split by a woman's frenzied and terrifying cry for help, from somewhere upstairs. As we reached the hallway the nurse came stumbling down the stairs, holding with both hands to the bronze railing. Her face was ghastly pale.

"Mr. Markham! Mr. Markham!" she called hysterically. "Oh, my God! The most terrible thing has happened!"

She had just reached the foot of the stairs when Markham came up to her. She stood clutching the railing for support.

"It's Mr. Vance!" she panted excitedly. "He's—gone!"

A chill of horror passed over me, and everyone in the hall seemed stunned.

In broken phrases, interspersed with gasping sobs, the nurse was explaining to Markham.

"He went over—Oh, God, it was terrible! He said he wanted to ask me something, and led me out into the garden. He began questioning me about Doctor Siefert, and Professor Garden, and Miss Graem. And while he talked he moved over to the parapet—you remember where he stood last night. He got up there again, and looked down. I was frightened—the way I was yesterday. And then—and then—while I was talking to him—he bent over, and I could see—oh, God!—he had lost his balance." She stared at Markham wild-eyed. "I reached toward him. . . . and suddenly he wasn't there any more. . . . He had gone over!"

Her eyes lifted suddenly over our heads and peered past us transfixed. A sudden change came over her. Her face seemed contorted into a hideous mask. Following her horrified gaze, we instinctively turned and glanced up the hallway toward the drawing-room. . . .

There, near the archway, looking calmly toward us, was Vance.

"I told you last night, Miss Beeton," he was saying, his eyes resting sternly on the nurse, "that no gambler ever quits with his first winning bet, and that in the end he always loses." He came to the fore a few steps. "You won your first gamble, at long odds, when you murdered Swift. And your poisoning of Mrs. Garden with the barbital also proved a winning bet. But when you victims, to add me to your list of victims, because you

suspected I knew too much—you lost. That race was fixed—you hadn't a chance."

Markham was glaring at Vance in angry amazement.

"What is the meaning of all this?" he fairly shouted, despite his obvious effort to suppress his excitement.

"It merely means, Markham," explained Vance, "that I gave Miss Beeton an opportunity to push me over the parapet to what ordinarily would have been certain death. And she took that opportunity. This afternoon I arranged for Heath and Snitkin to witness the episode; and I also arranged to have it permanently recorded."

"Recorded? Good God! What do you mean?" Markham seemed half dazed.

"Just that," returned Vance calmly. "An official photograph taken with a special lens adapted to the semi-light—for the sergeant's archives." He looked past Markham to Quackenbush. "You got the picture, I hope," he said.

"I sure did," the man returned with a satisfied grin. "At just the right angle, too. A pippin."

The nurse, who had been staring at Vance as if petrified, suddenly relaxed her hold on the stair railing, and her hands went to her face in a gesture of hopelessness and despair.

"Yes!" she cried at Vance; "I tried to kill you. Why shouldn't I? You were about to take everything—everything—away from me."

She turned quickly and ran up the stairs. Almost simultaneously Vance dashed forward.

"Quick, quick!" he called out. "Stop her before she gets to the garden."

But before any of us realized the significance of his words, Vance was himself on the stairs. Heath and Snitkin were just behind him, and the rest of us, stupefied, followed. As I came out on the roof, I could see Miss Beeton running toward the far end of the garden, with Vance immediately behind her. Twilight had nearly passed, and a deep dusk

had settled over the city. As the girl leaped up on the parapet at the same point where Vance had stood the night before, she was like a spectral silhouette against the faintly glowing sky. And then she disappeared down into the deep shadowy abyss, just before Vance could reach her.



CHAPTER XV

A half hour later we were all seated in the den again. Heath and the detectives had gone out immediately after the final catastrophe to attend to the unpleasant details occasioned by Miss Beeton's suicide.

Vance was once more in the chair at the desk. The tragic termination of the case seemed to have saddened him. He smoked gloomily for a few minutes. Then he spoke.

"I asked all of you to stay because I felt you were entitled to an explanation of the terrible events that have taken place here, and to hear why it was necessary for me to conduct the investigation in the manner I did. To begin with, I knew from the first that I was dealing with a very shrewd and unscrupulous person, and I knew it was someone who was in the house yesterday afternoon. Therefore, until I had some convincing proof of that person's guilt, it was imperative for me to appear to doubt everyone present.

"I was inclined to suspect Miss

Beeton almost from the first, for, although everyone here had, through some act, drawn suspicion upon himself, only the nurse had the time and the unhampered opportunity to commit the initial crime. She was entirely unobserved when she put her plan into execution; and so thoroughly familiar was she with every arrangement of the household, that she had no difficulty in timing her every step so as to insure this essential privacy.

"Subsequent events and circumstances added irresistibly to my suspicion of her. For instance, when Mr. Floyd Garden informed me where the key to the vault was kept, I sent her to see if it was in its place, without indicating to her where its place was, in order to ascertain if she knew where the key hung. Only someone who knew exactly how to get into the vault at a moment's notice could have been guilty of killing Swift. Of course, the fact that she did know was not definite proof of her guilt, as there were others who knew; but at least it was a minor factor in the case against her. If she had not known where the key was kept, she would have been automatically eliminated. My request that she look for the key was made with such casualness and seeming indifference that it apparently gave her no inkling of my ulterior motive.

"Incidentally, one of my great difficulties in the case has been to act in such a way, at all times, that her suspicions would not be aroused at any point."

"Her motive was not clear at first," Vance explained, "and, unfortunately, I thought that by Swift's death alone she had accomplished her purpose. But after my talk with Doctor Siefert this morning, I was able to understand fully her whole hideous plot. Doctor Siefert pointed out definitely her interest in Floyd Garden, although I had had hints of it before. For instance, Floyd Garden was the only person here about whom she spoke to me with admiration. Her motive was based on a colossal ambition—the desire for financial security, ease and luxury; and mixed with this over-weening desire was a strange twisted love. These facts became clear to me only today."

Vance glanced at young Garden.

"It was you she wanted," he continued. "And I believe her self-assurance was such that she did not doubt for a minute that she would be successful in attaining her goal."

Garden sprang to his feet.

"Good God, Vance!" he exclaimed. "You're right. I see the thing now. She has been making up to me for a long time; and, to be honest with you, I may have said and done things which she could have construed as encouragement—God help me!" He sat down again in dejected embarrassment.

"No one can blame you," Vance said kindly. "She was one of the shrewdest women I have ever encountered. But the point of it all is, she did not want only you—she wanted the Garden fortune as well. That's why, having learned that Swift would share in the inheritance, she decided to eliminate him and leave you the sole beneficiary. But this murder did not, by any means constitute the whole of her scheme."

Vance again addressed us in general.

"Her whole terrible plot was clarified by some other facts that Doctor Siefert brought out this morning during my talk with him. The death, either now or later, of Mrs. Garden was also an important ingredient of that plot; and Mrs. Garden's physical condition had, for some time, shown certain symptoms of poisoning. Of late these symptoms have increased in intensity. Doctor Siefert informed me that Miss Beeton had been a laboratory assistant to Professor Garden during his experiments with radio-active sodium, and had often come to the apartment here for the purpose of typing notes and attending to other duties which could not conveniently be performed at the university. Doctor Siefert also informed me that she had actually entered the household here about two months ago, to take personal charge of Mrs. Garden's case. She had, however, continued to assist Professor Garden occasionally in his work and naturally had access to the radio-active sodium he had begun to produce; and it was since she had come here to live that Mrs. Garden's condition had grown worse—the result undoubtedly of the fact that Miss Beeton had greater and more frequent opportunities for administering the radio-active sodium to Mrs. Garden."

Vance turned his eyes to Professor Garden.

"And you too, sir," he said, "were, as I see it, one of her intended victims. When she planned to shoot Swift I believe she planned a double murder—that is, you and Swift were to be shot at the same time. But, luckily, you had not returned to your study yesterday afternoon at the time fixed for the double shooting, and her original plan had to be revised."

"But—but," stammered the professor, "how could she have killed me and Woody too?"

"The disconnected buzzer wires gave me the answer this morning," explained Vance. "Her scheme was both simple and bold. She knew that, if she followed Swift upstairs before the big race, she would have no difficulty in enticing him into the vault on some pretext or other—especially in view of the fact that he had shown a marked interest in her. In the vault, just as she did,

and then go into the study and shoot you. Swift's body would then have been placed in the study, with the revolver in his hand. It would appear like murder and suicide. As for the possibility of the shot in the study being heard downstairs, I imagine she had tested that out beforehand under the very conditions obtaining yesterday afternoon. Personally, I am of the opinion that a shot in the study could not be heard down here during the noise and excitement of a race broadcast, with the study door and windows shut. For the rest, her original plan would have proceeded just as her revised one did. She would merely have fired two blanks



out of the bedroom window instead of one. In the event that you should have guessed her intent when she entered the study, and tried to summon help, she had previously disconnected the wires of the buzzer just behind your chair at the desk."

"But, good Lord!" exclaimed Floyd Garden in an awed tone. "It was she herself who told Sneed about the buzzer being out of order."

"Precisely. She made it a point to be the one to discover that fact, in order to draw suspicion entirely away from herself."

Vance paused. After a moment he went on.

"As I say, her plan had to be revised somewhat because Doctor Garden had not returned. She had chosen the Rivermont Handicap as the background for her maneuvers, for she knew Swift was placing a large bet on the race—and if he lost, it would give credence to the theory of suicide. In a way, Doctor Garden's absence helped her, though it required quick thinking on her part to cover up this unexpected gap in her well-laid plans. Instead of placing Swift in the study, as she originally intended, she placed him in his chair on the roof. She carefully wiped up the blood in the vault so that no trace of it remained on the floor. A nurse with operating-room experience in removing blood from sponges, instruments, operating table and floor, would have known how. Then she came down and fired a blank shell out of the bedroom window just as soon as the outcome of the race had been declared official. Substantiating her suicide.

"Of course, one of her chief difficulties was the disposal of the second revolver—the one she fired down here. She was confronted with the necessity either of getting rid of the revolver—which was quite impossible in the circumstances—or of hiding it safely till she could remove it from the apartment; for there was always the danger that it might be discovered and the whole technique of the plot be revealed. Since she was the person apparently least under suspicion, she probably considered that placing it temporarily in the pocket of her own topcoat, would be sufficient safe. It was not an ideal hiding-place; but I have little doubt that she was frustrated in an attempt to hide it somewhere on the roof or on the terrace upstairs, until she could take it away at her convenience without being observed. She had no opportunity to hide the revolver upstairs after we had first gone to the roof and discovered Swift's body. However, I think it was her intention to do just this when Miss Weatherly saw her on the stairs and resentfully called my attention to the fact. Naturally, Miss Beeton denied having been on the stairs at all. And the significance of the situation did not occur to me at the moment; but I believe that she had the revolver on her person at the time Miss Weatherly saw her.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Foreign Seed Is Less Productive

Imported Strains Produce Smaller, Unsatisfactory Legume Yields.

By J. J. Pieper, Professor of Crop Production, College of Agriculture, University of Illinois.—WNU Service.

Need for stretching the supply of legume seed as far as possible is found in the lower yields obtained from unadapted foreign strains.

Carefully conducted experiments have shown that on an average foreign red clover produces only 65 per cent as heavy yields as home grown strains. When compared to yields from good northern grown common alfalfa, yields of Argentine alfalfa ranged from 50 per cent to 100 per cent, with the average being 80 per cent as productive.

Substituting legume varieties that are available for those that are scarce this year, mixing legume seed with grass seed, and growing soybeans and cow peas as green manure crops are suggested for meeting the legume seed shortage emergency.

The practice of buying seed in which even small amounts of foreign grown seed have been mixed, especially if the legume crop is to be harvested for seed, is not a good plan. Since the low yielding foreign strains cross with the adapted domestic strains, years are required before winter killing, insects and diseases have eliminated the weaker strains.

Large importations of foreign seeds come at irregular intervals and are dependent upon short crops in the United States and large crops in the exporting country. In any case, importations are greatest when the price relations are satisfactory. Importations are expected to be extremely high this year, following a period of three or four years of low importation.

The federal seed act requires that imported legume seed be stained. Foreign seed of mixtures can be recognized by this stain which in no way affects the germination of the seed.

Build Sash Greenhouses

Now for Spring Sowings

With an investment of a few hundred dollars, a sash greenhouse can be constructed in time for sowing seeds for early tomatoes, eggplants and peppers, says C. H. Nissley, extension professor of vegetable gardening at the New Jersey College of Agriculture, Rutgers University.

Of the thousands of vegetable growers who have sash greenhouses, Nissley reports, there is not one who says he would be willing to go back to the old hotbed method of growing plants. It does not require much time to construct one of these buildings.

When selecting the site for a sash greenhouse, it is important to choose a well-drained location. If possible, have the greenhouse running north and south so that the inside of the house will receive the full benefit of the sunlight both morning and afternoon and the sun's rays will shine directly on the center of the house at noon. Concrete or cinder blocks used as a foundation are permanent and will last considerably longer than wood.

Goats for Food

In some sections of the United States many goats of the milk type, especially kids, are annually consumed, states a writer in the Missouri Farmer. In some parts of the South kids are considered as a delicacy and are in demand. They are sold for slaughter when from 8 to 12 weeks of age. The flesh of young goats, or kids, is palatable and has a flavor suggesting lamb. If properly cooked, the meat from a mature milk goat is also good eating, provided the animal has been properly fed and is in good condition. The prices of goats sold on the market for slaughter are always considerably less than those received for sheep. Goats do not fatten and carry flesh like sheep.

Salt for Asparagus

At one time gardeners felt that unless salt was applied to asparagus beds they could not look for best results, but it has been demonstrated beyond question that it is not necessary. Its application, however, will do no harm and it will certainly keep ordinary weeds from growing. As much as 500 pounds to the acre may be used, but whether this will kill cover grass I cannot say, says a grower in the Montreal Herald. Apply in spring. If rhubarb plants are lifted and divided in spring, no stalks should be picked from them during that summer.

Wagon Tongue Useful

Loss of time as well as inconvenience in hitching and unhitching when a wagon is to be pulled part by a team and part time by a tractor has been overcome to a great extent by two engineers of the Department of Agriculture. They have developed a wagon tongue built of telescoping steel pipes equipped with locks and catches to hold it in either long position for horses or short length for tractors. That such a practical attachment is needed is shown by the number of requests for the plans received by the department.

**My Favorite Recipe** By Grace Moore Opera Singer

**Spanish Chicken**  
2 young chickens, cut in pieces  
2 tablespoons salt, pepper  
8 tablespoons butter  
8 canned pimientos, rubbed through sieve

1 onion, finely chopped  
2 cloves of garlic, finely chopped  
4 tablespoons flour

Season chickens with salt and pepper. Fry (saute) in three tablespoons of butter. Add one teaspoonful of salt, onion, garlic, pimientos and boiling water to cover. Cook until chicken is tender. Remove and thicken sauce with remaining butter and flour. Cook together.

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Young men soon give and slow forget affronts; old age is slow in both.—Addison.

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**NR TO-NIGHT** TOMORROW ALRIGHT

**"Quotations"**

I wish very much we could focus the attention of more people on the appreciation and understanding of music.—Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt.

When the present depression is over we will never again be quite the same America. We will have a new and finer America.—Alfred M. Landon.

Greediness is natural; but not restraint. It is human nature to resist; it is not human nature to forgive.—A. A. Milne.

As the arts of production improve, fewer people need to be employed in producing food and fibre. Unless more can be employed in industry there is trouble.—Henry A. Wallace.

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