

Kuang.

#### SYNOPSIS

Philo Vance, expert in solving crime mysteries, investigates the supposed suicide of Archer Coe. District Attorney Markham and Vance go to Coe's house. They find Wrede, a friend of Coe's, there; also Signor Grassi, a guest. The door of the death chamber is bolted from the inside. They force it. Coe is clothed in a dressing gown, but wears street shoes. Vance says it is murder. The medical examiner finds evidences of a crime. He says Coe had been dead | the evening." for hours when a bullet entered his head. It is proved that Coe was fully dressed when he was stabbed. They find a wounded Scotch terrier. Vance takes the dog to a veterinarian, declaring the animal should prove an important connecting link. Gamble says Brisbane Coe, Archer's brother, left for Chicago the previous afternoon, but his dead body is discov ered in a coat closet in the Coe home. Vance interrogates the Chinese cook Liang, and afterwards finds a bit of porcelain from a Chinese vase, with blood on it.

### CHAPTER V-Continued

"By the fact that Gamble heard him come in at midnight. I imagine he always comes in silently-it's a Chinese characteristic. On general principles, the Chinese never want their movements, however innocent, to be known to foreigners. But last night Liang was heard returningand Gamble had already retired to the fourth floor. A bit significanteh, what? Liang probably saw Gamble's boudoir light ablaze and let it be known, in a subtle way, that he was arriving from his afternoon and evening off."

"I see what you mean," Markham nodded dubiously. "But, after all, your reasoning is purely specula-

"Oh, quite," Vance admitted, "But the entire case is in a speculative stage just now, what? . . . Anyway, I have even more definite evidence that Liang was here early last night and I'll present him with that Mr. Brisbane Coe disagreed it later . . What do you say to our having polite intercourse with Wrede and the Signor Grassi?"

Markham waved his hand in as-

"And we'd better go upstairs," Vance suggested, "Brisbane is not a pretty sight."

turned his head slightly. Heath gave orders to Burke to remain at the library door and see that no one entered the room. Gamble was told to stay in the front hall and answer the doorbell. killed," Vance informed him.

"Which one of the babies do you want first?" the Sergeant asked.

"The Italian, by all means," said Vance. "He's frightfully upset, and therefore in an admirable state of mind for questioning. We'll keep Wrede till later-he's teeming

Grassi and the sergeant joined us a few seconds later.

with possibilities."

"Mr. Grassi," Vance began without preliminaries, "we should like to know exactly what your social and professional status is in this house. We understand you have been a house guest of Mr. Coe's for a week." The Italian had himself well in what are your impressions of Mr.

hand. He sat down in leisurely fashion.

"Yes-that is right," he returned, looking at Vance with calm disdain, "I came here at Mr. Coe's Invitation a week ago yesterday. It was to have been a fortnight's some time. Finally he spoke in the visit."

"Had you any business with Mr. Coe?"

"Oh, yes. I am connected in an official capacity, with a museum of antiquities in Milan," he explained; "and I had hoped to be perficiality. He is capable, I should able to purchase from Mr. Coe cer. say, of unexpected things. I have a tain specimens of Chinese ceramic art from his remarkable collection," to gain his own ends." "His Ting yao vase, for exam-

ple?" Grassi's dark eyes became suddenly brilliant with astonishment; but almost at once a wary look

came into them and he smiled with cold politeness. "I must admit I was interested in the vase," he said. "It is a mag-

nificent specimen, of the amphora shape. . . Have you examined 1t?"

"No." Vance told him. "I've never seen it . . but I think I've had a fragment of it in my hand."

Grassi stared.

"A fragment!" "Yes; a small triangular piece," Vance nodded. Then he added: "I picion of having murdered Archer have grave fears, Mr. Grassi, that

the Ting yao vase has been broken." The Italian stiffened and his eyes clouded with suspicious anger.

"It's impossible! I was inspecting the vase only yesterday afternoon. It was on the circular table rose. "I'll tell you anything you in the library."

"There's only a Tao Kuang vase there now," Vance informed him. "And where, may I be permitted to ask, did you find this fragment of Ting yao?"

"On the same table," Vance re-

plied carelessly. "Beneath the Tao

"Indeed?" There was a sneer in

"I understand from Gamble that

"That is correct. I had a busi-

"Is that information necessary?"

"Oh, very." Vance met the other's

"And," continued Vance, without

change of tone, "at what time last

The Italian rose indignantly, his

"Really, Mr. Grassi," Vance

smiled, "I would not have expected

you to. Your conduct is quite cor-

you were aware that Miss Lake is

Grassi calmed down quickly and

"Yes; I knew there was some

understanding. Mr. Archer Coe in-

formed me of the fact. But he also

What is your opinion of the situa-

The Italian seemed surprised at

"You must forgive me, sir," he

the subject. I may say, however,

with his brother. He was very

much in favor of the marriage, and

stated his views most emphatically

"Both," he repeated in a low

back shortly after Mr. Archer was

"Have you," asked Vance, "any

"I have no suggestion," he re-

but Mr. Brisbane Coe was quite the

opposite-genial, shrewd, kindly-

"An excellent characterization."

Vance complimented him. "And

Wrede? . . I assure you any

opinion you express will go no fur-

carefully choosing his words.

"I have not been particularly im-

pressed by Mr. Wrede. On the sur-

face he is most charming, but I have

feeling he would stop at nothing

"Thank you!" Vance spoke with

unwonted harshness. " I perfectly

understand your feelings." He

like to know exactly what you did

yesterday between four o'clock in

morning." His tone was almost

The Italian made a valiant effort

"I have said all I intend to say."

Vance faced the man threat-

"In that case," he said, "I shall

have to order your arrest on sus-

A look of abject fear came over

stammered, "I didn't do it-I as-

ceramics; and I stayed to dinner.

to meet Vance's stern gaze.

menacing.

he announced.

and Brisbane Coe!"

Grassi's pallid face.

"No-you can't-do

to have these two gentlemen out of

as a husband for his ward.

I take it for granted

night did you meet Miss Lake?"

smile with one equally arctic.

"Very well, then. . .

somber eyes flashing.

engaged to Mr. Wrede."

resumed his seat.

tion, Mr. Grassi?"

Vance's question.

to Mr. Archer Coe."

murmured.

the way?"

and aloof.

dead," Vance remarked.

ness appointment for dinner and

you left the house at about four

the inflection of the word.

came closer to the Italian.

o'clock yesterday afternoon."

'With whom?"

Museum of Art."

tell you.'

stated-"

Vance appeared to ignore it.

couragingly. "And what time was it when you arrived at the club?" face increased. "It was after eleven." Grassi fell back into the chair as if exhausted. "I had to make several transportation changes," he continued in a forced tone. "It was most unfortupate. . .

wrong train-I'm not familiar-"

"Quite-quite." Vance spoke en-

Lake was at what time?"

"Yes, very." Vance studied the other icily. "Did the lady forgive mind waiting in your room? We your tardiness?"

"Yes! Miss Lake accepted my explanation," the man returned, with over." a show of heat. "The fact is, she did not arrive until several minutes after I did. She had motored to the Arrowhead inn with friends for dinner, and had an accident of some kind on her return to the club."

"Very distressin'," murmured Vance. "Were her friends with her at the time of the accident?" "I do not believe they were."

Grassi answered, "Miss Lake told the head?" me she had motored back alone." At this point Detective Burke

stepped into the room. "That Chink downstairs wants to speak to Mr. Vance," he said. "He's all hot and bothered."

Vance nodded to Heath. "Send him up, Burke," the ser

geant ordered. Liang appeared at the door and waited till Vance came to him. of the curators of the Metropolitan He said something in a low voice which the rest of the room-could not distinguish, and held out a crudely twisted paper parcel.

"Thank you, Mr. Liang." said Vance; and the Chinaman, with a low bow, returned downstairs. "I resent that question, sir! Even if I had met Miss Lake, I would not

Vance took the parcel to the desk and began opening it.

"The cook," he said, speaking directly to the Italian, "has just found this package tucked away in the garbage pall on the rear porch. It may interest you, Mr. Grassi."

corners of the paper; and there were revealed to all of us many from the department of public welfragments of beautiful, delicate fare. The sergeant went into the porcelain with a pure white luster. "Here," he went on, still address-

ing the Italian, "are the remains him. "Yes, yes. He also stated that of Mr. Coe's Ting yao vase. he was opposed to the alliance. He And, if you will notice, several of enjoyed Mr. Wrede intellectually, these pieces of fragile Sung porcebut did not regard him favorably lain are stained with blood."

There was a long silence, Finally Grassi looked up.

"It's an outrage!" he exclaimed. 'I don't understand it in the least. . . And the blood! Do you think, sir, that this vase had anysaid, after a pause, "if I plead my thing to do with the death of Mr. inability to express an opinion on Coe?"

"Without doubt." Vance was watching the Italian with a puz-



"At What Time Last Night Did You Meet Miss Lake?"

zled look. "But pray sit down Grassi appeared ill at ease. He again, Mr. Grassi. There are one or two more questions I should like did not answer at once, but contemplated the wall before him for to ask you."

The other resumed his seat relucslow, precise manner of a man

"If you were with Miss Lake at the Country club late last night," Vance proceeded, "how did it happen that you and she returned to the house a feeling he is inclined toward su- at different hours? I presume, of course, that you accompanied her back to the city.'

Grassi appeared embarrassed.

"It was Miss Lake's suggestion." he said, "that we should not be heard entering the house at the same time. So I waited in Central eyes. looked down at Grassi contemptu- park for a quarter of an hour after ously. "And now, sir, we should she had gone," Vance nodded.

"I thought as much. It was the the afternoon and one o'clock in the proximity of your two returns that Mr. Grassi?" made me conclude that possibly you had been together last night. But what reason did Miss Lake give for the deception?"

> "No particular reason. Miss Lake merely said she thought it would help us out of our quandary." be better if Mr. Brisbane Coe did not hear us coming in together."

"She specifically mentioned Mr. Brisbane Coe?"

"Yes." "And she did not mention Mr.

Archer Coe?" "Not that I remember."

"That is quite understandable. Vance remarked, "Uncle Brisbane sure you I didn't do it!" His voice was her ally in her engagement to Mr. Wrede; and she may have want to know. I went to Doctor feared that be would not have ap-Montrose's for tea. We discussed proved of her being out so late with another man. By the by, Mr. At eight o'clock I excused myself Grassi, when you came in last night and went to the railway station to -or rather, this morning-where take the train for Mount Vernon- did you hang your hat and coat?"

to the Crestview Country club. . . . . . . A cautious look came into the "Your appointment with Miss Italian's eyes.

"I did not wear any outer coat. "Nine o'clock." The man looked But I carried my hat and stick to appealingly at Vance. "There was my own room." "Why? There is a closet in the

to be a dance . . . but I took the lower hall." Grassi moved uneasily, and I could have sworn the pallor of his

"I did not care to make a noise opening and shutting the closet

door," he explained. Vance made no comment. "That will be all for the present,"

he said pleasantly. "And thank you for your help. . . Would you shall probably want to question you again before the afternoon is

The man bowed and went down the passageway of the hall toward the front of the house.

Markham was immediately on his

"What about that broken vase?" he demanded, pointing to the parcel of porcelain fragments on the desk. "Was that the thing with which Archer Coe was struck on

"Oh, no. This delicate Ting yao china would crack under the least pressure. If a man were struck with such a vase he would hardly feel it. The vase simply would break into pieces."

"But the blood. . . ."

"There was no blood on Archer's head." Vance selected one of the fragments and held it up, "Moreover, please note that the blood is not on the outer glaze, but on the inside of the vase. The same is true of the little piece I found on the table downstairs. But I can't possibly connect this broken vase with Brisbane's death or with the Scottle."

"And how do you connect it with Archer's death?"

Vance became evasive.

"Suppose we talk to Wrede," he suggested. "We may know more when he has unburdened his heart to us."

Markham gave an order to Heath, As he spoke he smoothed out the but at that moment Burke announced the arrival of the wagon hall and was half-way down the stairs when Vance hastened after

"Just a moment, Sergeant! I could bear to snoop in the pockets of Brisbane's suit before it's taken away. Would you mind?" "Certainly not, Mr. Vance. Come

along." We all went to the library. The

sergeant closed the door. "I had the same idea," he said.

T've been figuring right along that maybe that slick butler was lying to us about the ticket to Chicago."

It took but a short time to empty the pockets of Brisbane Coe's suit to the library table. But there was nothing of interest among the contents, only the usual items to be found in a man's pockets—a wallet, handkerchiefs, keys, a fountainpen, a watch, and the like. There were, however, the ticket and berth reservations to Chicago, and also the parcel room check for the suit-

Heath was creatfallen, and expressed hims in violent terms. "The ticked a here all right," he added; "so I guess he intended to go, after all."

Vance, too, was div. pointed. "Oh, yes, Sergeant, he intended to go. But it was not the ticket that was worrying me. I was hoping to find something else."

"What?" asked Markham. Vance gave him a vague look.

"Really, don't y' know, I haven't the slightest idea." He would say no more.

Heath summoned the two men waiting in the hall with their basket, and the body of Brisbane Coe was taken away to join that of his brother at the mortuary.

As the men went out to the car, Snitkin came in with the dead man's suitcase. The contents consisted merely of the items which would ordinarily be taken by a man making a short trip.

Vance nodded to Heath, and the sergeant ordered Gamble to put the "And you, Snitkin," he added,

wait upstairs." Both men disappeared, and the sergeant went to the drawing room

doors and pulled them apart. "Mr. Wrede," he called. "You're

Wrede came into the library with a haggard, questioning look in his "Have you learned anything, Mr.

Markham?" His voice seemed to quaver slightly, and as he spoke, his they had evidence that he displayed eyes roved over the room, "Where's "Mr. Grassi's upstairs." Mark-

ham motioned to a chair, "And I'm sorry to say that thus far we have learned very little. . We are hoping that you may be able to

"Good Lord! I wish I could." Wrede was like a man on the verge of collapse, "It's horrible!" Vance had been watching him

from under half-closed eyellds. "It's more horrible than you per haps realize," he said, "Brisbane Coe has also been murdered." Wrede sank heavily into the nearest chair.

"Brishane?" His voice seemed to come from afar. "But why-why

"Why, indeed?" Vance spoke harshly. "Nevertheless, he's dead, curiously shaped instrument," (TO BE CONTINUED.)

True Detective Story by Vance Wynn @ Public Ledger

"So Perish All Traitors"

THE two young men who registered at the Southern hotel, in absolutely lovely, and because she St. Louis, many years ago, were apparently hadn't assimilated well dressed and looked prosperous. single word that he'd said. Also they seemed to be devoted

Charles A. Preller and Walter L. Maxwell were the names they indeveloped that they were Englishmen, having come from Liverpool book learning. to Boston and thence to St. Louis.

At all events they were inseparable companions, and their mutual the defensive. One glance at the devotion attracted the attention of the other guests of the house.

Maxwell left the hotel first, saying that his friend intended staying a few days longer. Also he suggested that he had

did not want to be disturbed. That was all very well, but when ance after two days the management of the house thought it was

time to investigate. There was no response to the knock on his room door and it had to be forced.

There was a trunk in the corner of the apartment.

found the dead body of Charles A.

His mustache had been removed, probably to change his appearance, and on his clothing was pinned a sheet of paper on which was writ-

"So perish all traitors to the great cause."

The first and most natural move to try and find the former companion of the dead man.

There was no special reason for suspecting that he had killed the friend to whom he seemed so devoted, but there was every reason to go on doing so." for supposing that he might throw some light on the tragedy.

Did the two men belong to some secret society? Were they being pursued

It was not easy to get on the eventually learned that he had gone to San Francisco.

worked in unison with the chief of police of St. Louis. In a few days he was able to re-

much like the description of Maxwell had been seen in the smoking

had registered as T. C. D'Auger, of Paris. He talked with a French accent, although one day, in answering a question suddenly asked by another

guest, he spoke perfect English. Just when the police were planning to place him under arrest he left San Francisco for New Zea-

He was captured there, but resisted exandition.

seemed to have plenty of money and legal advice, but eventually the papers were signed by President Cleveland and the suspect was brought back to St. Louis.

But up to the time there was no convincing legal proof that he had killed Preller.

He denied the charge vehemently and defied the authorities.

in the course of time they proved a number of things. First it was shown that the hand-

writing on the note which was pinned to the clothing of the corpse in the trunk was that of Maxwell. signature he had placed on the hotel register.

That demolished the theory that Preller had been the victim of the vengeance of some secret suclety. It was simply an ingenious idea of Maxwell to send the police on a false scent.

Mecondly, they proved that Maxwell had gone to a barber thop after leaving the Southern totel and had his beard taken off and that after it had been down he

turned to the barber and said "Do you think any one would recognie me now?"

Thirdly, they proved that he bad purchased the trunk in which the body was found. They produced the porter who had carried it to his room, and

a big roll of hundred-dollar wills shortly after leaving the hotel This furnished the motive for the crime-the cold-blooded, calcui4ted robbery of the man who had been his generous friend.

At the trial he was confronted by the druggist from whom he had purchased the chloroform which he had used to overcome Prellet before murdering him.

There were no mitigating circumstances whatever, and the jury rendered a verdict of murder in the

Prehistoric Rain Marks Stab

WNU Service.

A slab of prehistoric mud, bearing the marks of raindrops that fell millions of years ago, is among the acquisitions of a museum at Yale.

# Dumb Belle

By ALICE D. KELLY ©, McClure Newspaper Syndicate, WNU Service.

ERNEST LEIGHTON singled her out after his popular lecture on psychology before the Women's Clubs of Denby because she was so

He'd had enough and to spare of

intellectual women. Because he was comparatively young and very bronzed and big scribed on the book, and it later and comely they pursued him chastely, with cooings born of much

He'd come to Denby, and his new girls in his advanced classes and he knew he'd better stick to books.

That's why he fell so hard for Jennie-Lou Truesdale that very first moment he saw her. She couldn't have been prettier and she couldn't some work to do in his room and have looked more gaily unashamedly dumb. He got himself introduced directly after the lecture Preller failed to make his appear- and looked raptly down at her five feet one inch of curves, satiny skin, ultra clothes and general sweetness and said:

"What were you doing at my lec-

She dimpled at him and an swered with a daring little gurgle of laughter: "Oh, I had to come. It was opened and in it was My aunt's on the committee, Aren't you tired of saying all those long words?" He could have kissed her with the greatest of ease.

When she suggested with a provocative sweep of black, curly iasnes against an apple blossom cheek, "I know a place where you can dance and get tea with awfully good rum in it." He said "Let's go," without even thinking of the on the part of the detectives was reception committee whom he was mortally insulting.

He kissed her going home in the car, and she said, "Oh, you snouldn't, should you?" And he said masterfully, "I should, and I intend After that he spent every waking

instant with her for days. She thought he was wonderful and told nim so, frequently. The simple things had to be explained to her in words of one syllable. "No, dear precious, it's no use blowing up the track of Maxwell, but it was tire, it has a great big cut in it. You remember you drove over all that glass?" "Yes, dear, I do have The chief of police of that city to study, No. 1 don't know all the psychology there is . . ." etc., etc.

They were engaged two weeks after they met and events proport that a man who looked very gressed smoothly toward a speedy and elaborate wedding.

Then the blow fell. It was a reception. A plain woman came up Inquiry showed that this man to the happy pair. She beamed up at Ernest.

"You're getting a real little treasure," she told him. "I had Jenny-Lou in all my courses in the university, and she passed with honors. She may not know much about your subject, but she's at the top in her

It was shattering! All Jennie-Lou's adorable dumbness had been a line, then! Ernest couldn't take it. The thing he loved was dead. He took advantage of a convention in the Middle West and went away. He couldn't bear even to write to Jennie-Lou. For the first few days a sense of escape from a lifetime of companionship and mental equality sustained him. But after that he realized that he wanted Jennie-Lou. He wanted to hear her gurgling little laugh and her But the police got to work and delightfully, idiotic questions and wipe away her facile tears. He decided to sacrifice everything for

She greeted him ecstatically. "Bad boy, not to write," she chided him gently. "I should scold you it corresponded exactly with the for that. Darling, we've had thirtysix new wedding presents. And my wedding dress is done," she gurgled infectiously.

> It was on the boat that Ernest summoned up his courage. He had loved Jennie-Lou enough to give up the dream of a lifetime and marry her complete with honors. He had given up years of comfortable evenings of dancing and lovemaking and foraging in the ice box for the horrors of discussing each other's

He held Jennie-Lou close, as he asked tensely, "Sweetheart, what was your subject in school?" "School?" she asked vaguely.

'School? Oh, yes! Oh, I never stayed in college, dear. I think it would have been too awfully boring, don't you?" she gurgled. "I always forget you keep on and on going to college." She laid a bright head against his shoulder. "I took domestic science," she told him. "Of course not the chemistry part and all that silly stuff about what foods are which. Everybody eats the same things anyhow, and it was so duil. But I learned to make the loveliest layer cake and lobster Newburg and everything. I got a 100 per cent in cooking. But what I got my honorable mention for was a chocolate souffle with vanilla sauce that I made up all my own self !"

Ernest drew a slow breath of entire relief. He smiled. He kissed her passionately.

"Dearest," he begged her fatuously. (And he loathed sweets.) "Make me one the very first minute too, was stabled in the back with a It bears evidence of a passing we're in our own little home, won't

## ELIZA'S GIFT

Eliza Tibbetts is the person who first introduced oranges into the United States from Brazil. She lived in California and planted a few pips that had been sent her by a friend in Brazil. From this small beginning sprang the United States orange industry. A monument has been erected on the spot where the pips were first planted, but, Eliza Tibbetts' grave cannot be found, and the whole of the United States is at present being combed by enthusiastic orange growers who wish to commemorate the lady .- Montreal

Week's Supply of Postum Free

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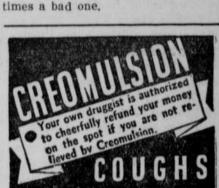
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Your druggist sells Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin.

If They Are Evil

Thinking is a habit; at certain





# FEEL TIRED, ACHY-"ALL WORN OUT?"

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