

SYNOPSIS

Philo Vance, expert in solving crime mysteries, investigates the on his cigarette. 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 says Coe had been dead for hours when a bullet entered his head. He had been stabbed. The investigators find a wounded Scotch terrier in the house. Vance declares 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 discovered 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. Brisbane died from a stab in the back, as did Archer. Heath brings in the dagger which killed both men. Vance, searching Brisbane Coe's coat, finds some waxed thread attached to a bent pin, and a darning needle. It is learned that Wrede once had a dog, which he gave to a friend, a Doberman

CHAPTER VI-Continued -11-

"Perpend, Markham." Vance was genially patient. "It is highly unlikely-not to say impossible-that I'd examined the chest." the dog could have followed any one in the front door without being seen. If she had been deliberately admitted, she would probably have not been injured and left behind the same person who tucked the dagger portieres. Therefore, in view of the under the cushion of the chair in various factors of the situation, I which Archer passed away." believe the dog entered the house through an open door. And as the murderer would not have left the tery is at least cleared up-the front door open, we may, as a hypoker explained that incongruity. pothesis, assume that he entered by The dagger didn't belong in Archthe rear door. And this would be er's boudoir. Quite the contr'ry. Its in keeping with the nature of the presence there confused me abomincrime. Furthermore, it is not at all ably. Both the poker and the dagunlikely that he would have left ger belonged in the library here. both the gate and the rear door open And they weren't here, d' ye see so that he could make his escape they were where they shouldn't have without unnecessary noise. In that been, where they couldn't possibly case the dog could easily have fol- have been. . . . A gap-a mishap-a lowed him in through the open gate bit of superficial thinkin' on some and door, without being seen or one's part. Panic? Yes, that's what heard. And the place where the dog it was, Movin' things from one place was found-just outside the library to another. Silly idea. People aldoor-was a logical spot, for the dog ways think that by movin' things would have come in through the kit- they can confuse an issue. More chen and dining room and into the often they merely clarify it."

"Yes. All that is quite reasonirascibly into the discussion. able. But, after all, anyone could have come in the rear door."

Hbrary."

ger and the poker upstairs, who'd "Provided he knew the lie of the have had the opportunity? That's land, was familiar with all the dowhat I'd like to figure out." mestic arrangements-and could have obtained a key. Also, provided he knew that all the servants would be away that night."

It was about half-past three when we returned to the Coe house. The vergeant was bustling about, giving

"I've got something for you, sir." He swaggered a little as he led us anto the library and pointed to the Targe center table. "There's the stuck the dagger under the seat with tain a lady yesterday afternoon bepoker-and it's got blood on it."

Vance went up to it and examined | cagy butler, he could done it." it closely. He picked something from it between his thumb and forefinger, and went to the window.

"Yes, there's dried blood on itand also a coarse brindle hair." He turned and nodded. "It was this poker, Markham, which wounded the Scottie. And undoubtedly, too, Archer Coe was struck with this poker. The shape of its blunt end coincides perfectly with the wound on Archer's head."

He frowned and looked at the vase in which he had found the bloodstains.

"And, Markham, that poker belongs in this room-in that rack behis head mildly. "There are several side the fireplace, just in front of persons here who know more than the place on this divan where Archthey've admitted. . . . No, no, it er Coe was sitting when Gamble was a stupid act. The murderer went out last night. More evidence couldn't have done it. It was some that something sinister and horrible one else-some one who didn't know preceded the crime upstairs. And all the facts. The murderer was it took place in this room." too clever to do a foolish thing like

"And," argued Markham, doggedly, "Archer Coe's body was found | never could have been. . . . The upstairs, with his clothes changed. murderer wanted the weapons found and the lights on, and the door boltin this library. That's why he tried ed on the inside."

"Yeah," supplemented Heath, "and with a gun in his hand and a | the second time in that Yung Cheng

bullet in his head." Vance nodded despondently

"I know all that, Sergeant, That's bloodstains on it. He wanted the the terrible and baffling thing about | weapons in this room where Archer the crime. The signposts of death Coe was sitting when Gamble left all indicate this library, yet death the house last night. He figured plification as to Brisbane's delvings prove, I simply must run my eye itself was elsewhere. And there's on this library being the murder into criminological lore." He sono clear road leading between the room. And then something went bered and went toward the door. two places. By the by, Sergeant, wrong-the murder room shifted. where did you find the poker?"

"That's one on you, sir. You happened. The corpse, with a bullooked at it this morning and didn't let wound in his head and a revolchest-'

east window? You found the poker | rearrange the setting-" in that chest?"

apologetic. "I'm very sorry, sir, to interrupt," he began, "but an item-if you know what I mean-has just oc-

"Who has been in the bedroom,

"No one, sir!" Heath was em-

phatic. "Burke's guarded it every

And it was me, and no one else,

"What's the idea, Vance? Why

Vance exhaled a long ribbon of

"Because, old dear, that chest was

empty when I looked in it this morn-

CHAPTER VII

The Scented Lipstick.

VANCE'S declaration left us both

"Are you certain, Vance? Maybe

"Oh, no." Vance made a gesture

"But who, in heaven's name?"

"Come, come, Markham," Vance

"Yes, yes-the dagger. That mys-

The sergeant projected himself

"If some one did cache the dag-

Heath thought a moment.

"That's right. And then do you

remember how that Miss Lake

rushed to the chair when she first

came in the room and put her arm

back of the corpse? She coulda

all of us looking at her. And that

man. Gamble sent him to fetch Miss

Lake's breakfast tray while we were

Heath grasped at this remark.

"That's the guy!" he declared.

ham suppressed him with a gesture.

and turned to Vance. "If, as you be-

lieve, the dagger and poker were

inevitable conclusion is that the

murderer is one of the persons who

have been in the house this morn-

that-to hide weapons where they

to hide the dagger twice-once in

the egg-shell Ting yao vase, and

Ting yao. And he wanted the poker

to be found on the hearth-with the

"Not necessarily." Vance shook

all downstairs."

"And don't overlook the China-

ham was the first to speak.

von overlooked-"

"The dagger?"

should the sergeant's finding the

that searched the room."

Markham came forward.

poker upstairs bother you?"

Sergeant, since we went to lunch?"

he asked presently.

curred to me. Ordinarily I would have thought little or nothing of it, but in view-" "That's what I'm trying to tell "What's the item?" Markham snapped:

Vance sat down and drew deeply "It-it's this little gadget, sir,"

cylindrical metal lipstick holder on head." the table. "I found this in the wastepaper basket in this room this morning before I discovered the asked contemptuously. "Men, with master's body upstairs, and I threw revolvers in their hands at death, minute while you've been away. The it out. But a few minutes ago I be have been known to fire them hours butler helped him fix the door, but gan thinking about this terrible afdidn't get three feet in the room, fair-"

ed Markham. "What do you mean?"

looked down at the district attor-

scene of this murder had shifted-

them there this morning. . . ."

At this moment Gamble appeared

Vance picked up the holder and removed the top.

"Practically empty," he mused. Not a gold case—therefore thrown looked at Gamble.

"You left the house last night, when?"

"Between half-past five and six, sir. I couldn't say exactly." "And you are quite sure Mr. Archer Coe had no visitor at the

time?" "Oh, quite, sir." Gamble was perturbed and mystified. Mark. again becoming worried, "As I told bolted the door." She spoke with

you-"Yes, yes. So you told me." Vance was watching the man from under lazy eyelids, "But a lady Vance gazed at her steadily. of finality. "It wasn't there-oh, seems to have been here. . . . Do

quite. Some one put it there after you know of any appointment Mr. owner of that lipstick?" "An appointment with a lady?"

y' know. But I'd say it was the shocked. "Oh, no, sir. I'm sure Mr.

Then You, Too, Have 'Dabbled in

"Almost anyone might have done Criminology'?" it, Sergeant," returned Vance lazily. "Both Wrede and Grassi have Coe had no such appointment. He passed back and forth before the was-if you understand me, sir-a room while we were downstairs."

most abstemious man." Vance dismissed him bruskly. "That will be all, Gamble."

When the man had gone, Vance looked waggishly at Markham. "I fear, old dear, despite Gamble's assurances, that Archer did enter-

tween, let us say, six o'clock and eight-which is probably about the time he was killed." Heath was growing impatient.

"I can't see that it makes any difference anyway. Suppose the old boy did have a dame in for a visitthat's not explaining the cockeyed "Just a minute, sergeant!" Mark- things that happened here last night. What about that bolted door upstairs? You had something in mind, Mr. Vance, when you asked taken from this room and hidden me to get that bolt fixed, didn't in Coe's bedroom this morning, the you?"

"My notion was a bit vague, Sergeant." Vance crushed out his cigarette. "Of course, people don't get murdered in bolted rooms except in detective novels; and something Miss Lake said to me suggested that I might find a solution to that peculiar and illogical circumstance." "What was that?" Markham

curtly demanded. "When she was talkin' about Brisbane, don't y' know. You remember she mentioned he was interested in criminology and was sufficiently clever to cover his tracks if he'd dacided to go in for murder. A sig-

nificant remark, Markham." "But I don't see the connection." Markham was puzzled, "Brisbane was the victim-not the murderer. Suppose you elucidate-if possible."

"I live in 'opes," Vance grinned. "Let me question Miss Lake a bit further. I could bear a bit of am-"What do you say to using Archer's rose. Something strange and diabolical bedroom as the scene of the inter-

Markham gave a resigned sigh, see it. I found the poker in that ver in his hand, decided on the bed- and we went upstairs. Heath sent she came in, swaggering but chilly the Sioux Indians and means "for- tiques. "Came back? Too late?" repeat- and, I thought, suspicious,

Vance pushed a chair forward for

"Just that." Vance halted and her. "We wanted to ask you, Miss ney. "Oh, he came back—he had to Lake," he began gravely, "just what come back. Brisbane was killed you meant when you spoke of your hours after Archer. And the reason | Uncle Brisbane's having 'dabbled he was too late to transfer the in criminology'-I believe that was scene of the crime was that Archer's your phrase. What form did his indoor was bolted on the inside. The terest in criminology take?"

"Only reading. Criminal cases, and he, the murderer, was locked court cases, court records, detecout. He knew last night that neither tive stories—the usual thing. There the dagger nor the poker could be are hundreds of volumes in his found in the bedroom. Therefore it room."

was not the murderer who placed "Were you, too, interested in your Uncle Brisbane's books?"

"Oh, yes. There's nothing else inat the door. He was worried and teresting in the house." "Then you, too, have 'dabbled in

> criminology'?" She shot Vance a quick look and gave a forced laugh. "You might call it that."

"Ah! Then perhaps you can help us." Vance's air became jocular. "We crave to know how this door could have been bolted on the inside. Obviously Archer couldn't Gamble stuttered, laying a small have done it with a bullet in his

"Have you ever heard of cadaveric spasm, or rigor mortis?" she after they were dead, as a result of muscular contraction."

Vance nodded, without changing his expression or shifting his gaze.

"Quite true. There was the famous case in Prague of the suicide away." He smeared a little of the who later shot the police inspector. rouge on his finger and smelled it. And there was a more recent case "Duplaix's Carmine, Made for in Pennsylvania. . . . But I hardly smoke, and looked directly at Mark- blondes. . . . Most interestin'." He think that condition applies here, Archer, d' ye see, died of a stab in the back. And the position of his hand holding the revolver was not such as would indicate that he himself pulled the trigger."

> "Perhaps you're right." I was surprised at her ready acceptance of Vance's dismissal of her suggestion, "Some one else must have cynical lightness. "It's quite a problem, isn't it?"

"Are you sure you can't help us?"

She became thoughtful; a curious change came over her, and she Coe may have had with the possible looked at Vance with a questioning steady stare.

"I've been thinking about that smiled grimly. "One doesn't know, The butler, for some reason, seemed door for several hours," she said tensely; "and I can't find an answer to it. Uncle Brisbane and Mr. Wrede and I often talked about these tricky criminal devices. We worked out various ways and means of doing seemingly impossible things; but bolting this door from the outside was something we could never figure out."

Vance took his cigarette from his mouth with slow deliberation, "You mean to tell me that you

and Brisbane and Mr. Wrede actually discussed the possibilities of bolting this door from the outside?" "Oh, yes." She appeared quite frank, "Many times. But we decid-

ed it couldn't be successfully done." Vance hesitated, and a strange kind of chill ran over me. I felt as if we were approaching something particularly pertinent and, at the same time, sinister.

"Did anyone else"-Vance's cool voice brought me back to reality-"ever hear these discussions?"

"No one but Uncle Archer." Hilda Lake had become frigid and indifferent again. "He always ridiculed our speculations."

"What of Liang?" vance asked casually.

"The cook? Oh, I suppose he heard our idle chatter. I believe we talked over our dire plots at dinner occasionally."

"And now the problem that troubled all of you has been solved." Vance rose and strolled meditatively toward the door. "Very sad. . ." He opened the door and held it ajar. "Thank you, Miss Lake. I say, you won't mind remaining in your room till dinner time, will you?"

"If I did mind, it wouldn't do me any good, I suppose." She spoke with obvious resentment as she walked toward Vance, "May I be permitted to get a book from Uncle Brisbane's room to while away my hours of detention?"

Vance's calm gaze did not alter. "I'm dashed sorry, and all that sort of thing," he said politely, "but I'll send you up any book you'd like -later. I've a bit of browsing to do first."

The woman turned on her heel and walked away without a word. Vance waited until he heard her

door close with a bang; then he turned and came back into the "Not a sweet, Victorian clinging vine," he lamented; "but a lady of

parts, none the less. . . . Curious, her telling us of her discussions with Brisbane about the possibilities of bolting this door from the outside. There was something back of that, Markham. The young woman had ideas. Now, why should she have tried to be so helpful? And that suggestion about rigor mortis and the revolver. Amazin'."

Markham was patently puzzled. "Any suggestion?" he asked "What's our next move?" "Oh, that's indicated," Vance

sighed deeply. "Painful as it may over Brisbane's books." Markham also sighed deeply, and

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Named for Chevenne Indians

eigners" or "aliens."

True Detective Story by Vance Wynn O Public Ledger

The Gentleman From Paris

IT ALL came about from engaging a caretaker without looking into his antecedents.

Dr. and Mrs. Jerome Depinni-the last named being an Italian countess -had a winter home in Minneap-

They were in the habit of going south for winter, and left the Western home in charge of a venerable One year when they returned to Minneapolis they discovered that

the servant had disappeared, and

with him many of the precious possessions of the family. These included a rare watch that had once been the property of Cardinal Richelieu, and a grape cluste. design in pearls, diamonds and plat-

ist, Benvenuto Cellini. It was felt instinctively that the New York, so Doctor Depinni called tering again at the front. upon George B. Dougherty, a clever than one perplexing case.

inum, the work of the peerless art-

His first inquiry concerned the venerable caretaker.

The victims were sure that he was all right; they feared, in fact,

As a proof of the man's good name, they exhibited a sheaf of letters of recommendation he had for the job. Dougherty investigated and found that all the letters had been forged.

This satisfied him that the man was a crook, and, from the character of the robbery, he was convinced that the caretaker worked with confederates.

His first move was to make a tour of the pawnshops of New York. After that he visited many of the dealers in antiques.

On the second day of the search he was fortunate enough to come across the famous Richelieu watch in a pawnbroker's shop on Sixth

The dealer pretended to be very much shocked when he was told that he had purchased stolen goods, and, in reparation, said he was willing to do all in his power to bring the thief to justice. He stated that the man had told

him his name was "Mr. Coates," and that he had picked up this antique and others in the Rue you staying out every night until Madame, that street of famous antique shops so well known in the French capital.

It had been "picked up" truly etry lessons again? enough, but not in the manner nor in the place suggested by the clever

The dealer was able to give a very good description of the man who had sold him the watch. He said that he was of medium

build, smooth shaven, of an olive complexion and with strikingly dark The rogues' gallery was consult-

ed and the detective found several men by the name of Coates, but none of them answered the description of the gentleman who seemed to be so familiar with the Rue Madame. Dougherty now turned his atten-

tion to the second-hand stores, and, dealer who had purchased the grape cluster design made by Benvenuto Cellini. This man was able to give him a

clue regarding the whereabouts of the person who had styled himself "Mr. Coates."

He said he had gone West, and thought he was living in Wiscon-

It did not take Dougherty long to get to Milwaukee, and there, with the aid of the police, he located the man for whom he had been searching so long.

He was existing in a hall bedroom, and, having spent all of his money, was on the lookout for a fresh job.

The detective, in short, had struck him at the psychological moment.

Dougherty played his part cautiously. He might have arrested him on suspicion, but he did not purpose at that time, to do anything like that.

What he wanted was real evidence. At their second meeting he began to talk about antiques and said that he had a customer who was anxious to get some rare Seventeenth century works of art, that he was willing to pay a big price for the right kind of articles.

The so-called "Mr. Coates" swallowed the bait line, hook and sinker and offered to take the detective to a place in New York where he could get the watch once owned by the great French cardinal.

The rest of it was detail. It was proved that the fellow was the confederate of the caretaker who had robbed the Western home of Doctor Depinni, and after the usual formalities, he was placed on trial and promptly convicted.

He was given a long sentence, during which it is to be presumed Cheyenne, Wyo., was named for that he had ample opportunity for room upstairs. And when the nur- Gamble to ask Miss Lake to join the Cheyenne Indians. The name improving his knowledge of the "The teakwood chest beneath the derer came back, it was too late to us there; and a few minutes later is said to have been given them by French language and French an-

WNU Service.



SUCCESSFUL TOUR

"We must go to Stratford," a tourist on a visit to England said to his "What's the use of that?" asked

she. "We can buy Stratford postcards in London." "My dear, one travels for some-

thing more than to send postcards! I want to write my name on Shakespeare's tomb!"-Montreal Star.

Encouragement

At an English theater they were playing "The Forty Thieves," and as the company numbered only eight, the entry of the robbers into the cave was achieved by their passing stolen goods had been taken to out at the back of the stage and en-

Unfortunately one of the robbers detective of that city, who had walked with a limp, and when he made a reputation by solving more had entered five times a voice from the gallery cried: "Stick it, Hoppy; last lap!"

His Best Work

They had been discussing the habit that he might have met with foul of certain authors who do most of their work at night.

"When does our old friend Scribbler do his best work?" asked A. "In the daytime," replied B. brought with him when he applied "That's when he mows the lawn and keeps the garden generally in order." -Montreal Star.

DODGING THE OLD TASK



Wife (pleadingly)-John, why are after 10 o'clock

Hubby-Sh! Don't you know Bobble has begun those infernal geom-

The Grass Is Greener Man-Did your wife scold you when you went home so late last

night? Friend-No. For once I was in luck. The people next door were having a family spat and she was so busy listening that she forgot all | the meaning of 'Eureka?' " "Eureka' about me.-Chelsea Record.

And He Went His Way Sinister-Looking Individual (significantly)-is yer 'usband at 'ome,

ma'am? Lady (resourcefully)-Well, if he's finished his revolver practice, he'll be playing in the back garden with by great good luck, he located a our bloodhounds. Did you want to see him?-London Tit-Bits.

Hard Luck's Limit

They were discussing their bad

"Do you know, Bill," said one, "my luck is so dead out that if I threw a dollar bill into the air it would come down an income tax demand

Warning

Mrs. B .- What made you count your change so carefully after paying our bill?

Mr. B.-The clerk kept saying that "honesty is the best policy."-Border

Back to Early Standards

son Gulch?" asked the traveling man.

"Are there any gangsters in Crim-

"No, sir," answered Cactus Joe. "We shoot things out for ourselves. The Gulch continues to favor rugged individualism."

The Whole Story "Hello, Smith, old man, haven't seen you for some time."

"Been in bed seven weeks." "Oh, that's too bad. Flu, I suppose?"

"Yes, and crashed!" - Montreal | trees." Star.

PRETTY SLUMBER-WOOING PAJAMAS

PATTERN 9108

Jean simply loathes to cover up her gorgeous new pajamas with sheets and blankets, and so she lingers up with Teddy until the last moment. But it won't be long now-look at those eyes! Beautiful as they are, her night things are even more cozy and comfortable, and no child living could possibly keep her eyes open very long when wearing them. They are neat but roomy, with sleeves just wide enough, there's a pocket for a hanky and a smart loose cut of trouser-and please don't overlook the convenient way in which they button up in the back.

Pattern 9108 may be ordered only in sizes 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12. Size 4 requires 2% yards 36-inch fabric.

Send FIFTEEN CENTS in coins or stamps (coins preferred) for this pat-



tern. Be sure to write plainly your NAME, ADDRESS, the STYLE NUM-BER and SIZE.

Complete, diagrammed sew chart Send your order to Sewing Circle Pattern Department, 232 West Eight-

EUREKA!

eenth street, New York, N. Y.

"Archimedes," read the schoolboy, aloud, "leaped from his bath shouting 'Eureka! Eureka!' " "One moment," said the teacher. "What is means I have found it," said the boy. "Very well. What had Archimedes found?" questioned the teacher. The boy hesitated, then ventured, hopefully. "The soap, sir!"-Terre Haute Tribune.

Proper Treatment Nurse-A woman came into our hospital the other day and she was so cross-eyed that the tears ran right down her neck.

Boy Friend-You couldn't do anything for her, could you? Nurse-Certainly; we treated her

for bacteria.-Pathfinder Magazine.



"Here! Go easy on that stuff. You're pouring yourself a fourounce drink." "Well, every Jack must have his

Among the Bluebloods "The road to success is a hard one, my son, and often blocked by

"Yes, sir; family trees."

