

patting the dog on the head. "He's

crawled under a big settee in the

den and wouldn't come out for two

now than he used to be. Getting

a little confidence. He's pretty

"He'll probably get over it,"

"Oh, I entered him once-Corn-

wall. But he wouldn't show. Lay

down in the ring and whimpered.

D-n shame, too, for the two fel-

We walked with the garrulous

Enright back to his apartment

house and took leave of him. When

we were in the district attorney's

car, headed down town, Vance

spoke, and his voice was troubled.

ing experience of some kind. . . .'

on the window ledge of the car.

can there be between a shy Dober-

man in Central Park West and the

Vance returned cheerfully. "But

timid, and the other is viciously

"I dare say. But so are the cir-

cumstances surrounding the mur-

ders themselves." He lighted a

fresh cigarette and glanced at his

watch. "It's drawing on toward

dinner time. Does that tempt you?

'95 Chateau-Yquem you're so fond

of. There'll be nothing to irk us

a brief minute; then he set the in-

"Dash it all, Van!" he com-

plained, as he rang for Currie.

the house, and entered Grassi's

prostrate figure lying there, Sit-

ting in a straight chair, on the op-

posite side of the bed, was a capa-

"This is Doctor Lobsenz," Mark-

Doctor Lobsenz looked up, nod-

ded, and went on about his work

Grassi lay on his back, clad in

white silk pajamas. He was ghast-

ly pale, and the arm nearest us

moved restlessly on the sheets, like

that of a person under the influ-

ence of hyoscin. There was an area

of blood, perhaps 12 inches in diam-

eter, on the sheet at his left side

nearest the doctor. His pajama

coat was also stained with blood.

His eyes were closed, but his lips

"I think that's all I can do for

"Grassi was stabbed through the

him at the minute, Mr. Markham."

were moving incoherently.

immediately."

Doctor."

Presently the doctor rose

Then he turned to Vance.

not a dangerous wound."

ham informed Vance, "Gamble

ble looking man of about forty.

called him in."

with swift efficiency.

and all the lights were on.

'Grassi has been stabbed!"

But Vance was mistaken. That

. . And I'll open a bottle of that

"I haven't the vaguest notion,"

murder of Archer Coe?"

wounded."

Vance sighed

till tomorrow."

"Something queer about that dog,

Vance told him encouragingly. "The

right treatment, don't y' know, . . .

He's a beautiful specimen. . .

Ever show him?

quality."

shy as the devil. Distrustful of

SYNOPSIS

Philo Vance, expert in solving crime mysteries, investigates the supposed suicide of Archer Coe. District Attorney Markham and Vance so 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 Scottish terrier in the house. Vance declares the animal should prove an important connecting link. Brisbane Coe, Archer's brother, is supposed to have left for Chicago the previous afternoon, but his dead body is discovered in the Coe home. Vance in-terrogates the Chinese cook, Liang. Brisbane died from a stab in the back, as did Archer. Vance, searching Brisbane's coat, finds waxed thread attached to a bent pin, and lows that went over him lacked a darning needle. It is learned that Wrede once had a dog, which he gave to a friend, a Doberman Pinscher. A lipstick found in Coe's wastebasket, indicates that a woman called on the murdered man the night of his death. By manipulating the string, the bent pin and the darning needle found in Brisbane's pocket, Vance bolts Archer Coe's door from the outside.

CHAPTER VIII-Continued

--13---"Well, what did you learn about Wrede's dog?"

"Nothing staggerin'. He had the Doberman only a few monthsbought him at a show in Westchester. When he moved from his house in Greenwich Village to his present apartment he gave the dog to some friends of his." He pointed to the phone pad. "I have their name. Think I'll drop by and see them. Y' know, Markham, I'm dashed interested in Doberman Pinschers. there are only two dogs in this case. They're beautiful dogs."

It was decided to discontinue the investigation for the day. We were all tired and confused, and there were no leads to follow. Vance sug- grumbled. ested a complete cessation until he could make an inquiry into the ownership of the wounded Scottie. Since there was little more that could be done at the moment, Markham gave in hopefully to Vance's suggestion.

Gamble was told to proceed with his duties, as usual; and Miss Lake and Grassi were informed that they were free to go and come as they shose, provided they were available for questioning.

"Keep a man in Coe's bedroom, however," Vance admonished the sergeant; "and it would also be well to have a man outside to check on anyone entering or leaving the house."

When we were entering the district attorney's car, Markham asked: "Were you serious, Vance, about seeing those people to whom Wrede gave the Doberman Pinscher?"

"Oh, quite. . . . It will take only a few minutes."

The name of the people was Enright; and they lived in a penthouse in one of the new apartment buildings on Central Park West. The butler informed us that Mrs. Enright was out of the city, and that Mr. Enright was at that moment walking the dog in the park.

Entering the park, we sat down on a tench by the park entrance and waited. Presently there appeared a very large man with a dog on a leash.

"That will be Enright," said Vance. "Suppose we stroll toward

Enright proved to be a genial, easy-going type of man of great bulk. Vance introduced himself and presented Markham and me. Enright was cordial and talkative; and when Vance mentioned Wrede's name he became voluble regarding his long friendship with the man. As he chatted, I had a good look at the dog. The dominating impression he gave was that of compact, muscular power, combined with great speed and intelligence-a dog that would make a loyal and protective friend and a dangerous ene-

"Oh, yes," Enright said, in answer to a question from Vance. "Wrede gave me and the missus Ruprecht last spring. Said he couldn't keep him in a small apartment, We've got a penthouse-plenty of roof for the fellow to run ground. But I always take him out at night and give 'im a to-and-fro

in the park. Good for him." "Oh, quite," agreed Vance pleasantly. He went toward the Doberman and bent over, making a friendly clicking sound with his tongue. But the dog would not respond. He shrank back, gave a frightened whine and crouched down on his

"That don't mean he don't like

haunches, trembling.

wound, Doctor?" "He was stabbed at the outer

the median basilic vein and caused bing." a profuse hemorrhage. But it luckily missed the basilic artery."

"What shaped weapon would you say was used?" asked Vance. The doctor hesitated.

and of a rather peculiar conformabut with some instrument like a cital. very thick awl."

"Could it have been a small dagger with a diamond-shaped blade?" "Yes, very easily."

Vance nodded. "You're taking him to the hospital?"

"Yes; immediately," the doctor told him. "I gave him three grains of sodium-amytal by mouth. It'll quiet him tonight and he'll be able to return here tomorrow. His arm strangers. Gad! You should have will be in a sling for a few days, seen him when I first got him. He but unless there is an infection, there's no danger."

"Is he in shape to be questioned days-not even to eat. Had to drag for a while before you take him to him out twice a day and put him the hospital?" Vance asked.

on the roof. Then back he'd go The doctor bent over Grassl, felt under the settee. . . Lots better his pulse, and looked at his pupils. "Oh. yes." He walked toward the near all right when he's alone with for half an hour." He went into the he arrived. . . ." hall where Gamble was standing. "Where's the phone?" we heard him ask the butler.

> Doctor Lobsenz was no sooner out of the room than Grassi opened his eyes and looked up at us, shifting in the bed and trying to assume a more upright position. Vance arranged the pillows under his shoul-

> ders and drew up the sheet. "Thank God you've come!" Grassi said, his eyes resting on Vance. "After all that has occurred todaythen to have this happen. It's terrible! I hope I never see this house again!" He gave a shudder and his eyes closed.

"Well, anyway, you weren't killed," Vance murmured.

Markham-something deuced queer. Why should he be timid? Why He was now walking round the should he distrust and fear stranroom. He looked carefully at the gers? It's not like a Doberman to door, tried the knob; studied the arrangement of Grassi's shoes near act that way. . . . Something has happened to him. He's had a blightthe foot of the bed; opened the closet door and looked inside Markham beat an annoyed tattoo moved to the east window, opened the shade and drew it again; took "Yes, yes; it's very sad, I supthe lid off a small ivoried clothes pose. But what possible connection hamper, scrutinized the contents and replaced the lid; studied the arrangement of the furniture; and finally switched the lights off and on again,

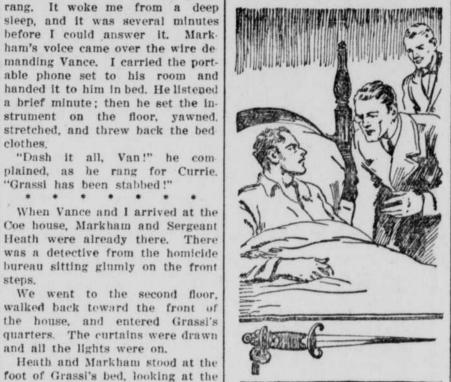
Grassi's lids were half-closed, but could se that his eyes followed and one of them is browbeaten and every move that Vance made, When Vance had switched the lights back on, Grassi lifted himself on one el-"Pretty far-fetched," Markham

"Well, what did you find?" 'Nothing really excitin'," Vance replied. "Suppose you tell us what

happened." Grassi settled back on the pillows. "Certainly-I went to bed early. was fatigued-the excitement today . . I am sure you will understand. It was before eleven o'clock -and I went to sleep immediately was exhausted-"

"You turned out the lights?" Vance asked casually.

night the Coe case entered a new "Naturally, And I also drew down and more sinister phase. It was the shades. The street lights are exactly half-past two in the mornoften annoying. . . I was awaking when Vance's private phone



"Well, Anyway, You Weren't Killed."

ened by some slight noise-I cannot say exactly what. But I lay quiet for a moment, listening, and nearing nothing further, started to doze off again when I suddenly became aware-I do not know exactly now to explain it-of the presence of somebody in the room. There was no noise or movement-I had a sort the Mr. Liang during the upheaval? of sixth sense. . . ."

"Perhaps you are psychic," sug-

gested Vance, with a slight yawn. "It may be," Grassi agreed. "At any rate, I kept perfectly still and time we had been at the Coe house let my eyes move about the room. had been in a state of silent but But it was very dark-there was aggressive indecision, stood up and only a faint nimbus of light filtering squared his shoulders. through the drawn shades. But as I looked at the window I saw a your questions answered pronto. vague shape pass in front of me, and I'm telling the world I'd like to instinctively threw my left arm get the answers myself. I asked he said. "I'll send for the ambulance across my breast, as if to ward off that detective out front who'd been something which I felt was endan- in here tonight, and he said no-Markham nodded. "Thank you, gering me, but which I did not un- body. But we'll ask him again." derstand. Almost simultaneously I felt a sharp stinging pain in my left arm, just above the elbow-and a left arm. Doctor Lobsenz says it is curious sort of pressure, Whether it was the pain or whether it was the vicinity of Moscow 4,000 years Vance's eyes were on Grassi's from being startled and frightened ago, is indicated by archeological you. Mr. Vance," Enright explained, face. Without looking up he spoke I do not know, but I lost conscious discoveries.

"Just what is the nature of the ness for a moment. I probably fainted. . .

"When I regained consciousness I border of the biceps tendon, where felt a warm, sticky wetness under it crosses the dimple of the anti- my left side, and the pain in my cubital fossa. The thrust punctured arm had increased and was throb-

Grassi looked at Markham appealingly. Then his eyes moved to Heath and finally to Vance. Vance was placidly smoking, as if the man's recital had little or no interest for "The wound was a bit ragged, him. But I knew him well enough to realize that he was at this motion; it was not made with a knife, ment intensely absorbed in the re-

"What did you do then?" Vance asked.

Grassi took a deep breath and again closed his eyes.

"I called out several times and waited; but as no one answered, I arose and pressed the electric switch by the door-"

"On which side of the bed did you arise?" Vance interrupted. "On the side on which you are

sitting," Grassi informed him, "And as soon as I had turned on the lights, I opened the door-" Vance's eyebrows went up.

"Ah, the door was closed?"

"Not quite. It was, as you say, unlatched. . . . Then I called againinto the hall; and the butler-upstairs-answered me. I sat down on door. "The ambulance won't be here the edge of the bed and waited until

"Did anyone else answer your summons?"

"No. The butler went immediately to the telephone in the hall. downstairs, and I could hear him summoning medical assistance."

Vance rose slowly and walked to a beautiful old Boule cabinet between the two east windows, and ran his fingers over the inlay. "I say, Mr. Grassi"-he spoke without turning round-"what about

the hamper?" Grassi glanced up with more dertness than he had shown at any time during the conversation.

that blood-stained bath towel in

"There was a bath towel on this little stand beside the bed," he explained, "You see, I have no private bath and the butler always leaves me my bath towel at night. When I arose I wrapped it around my arm-"

"Ah, yes-quite so." Vance urned from the Boule cabinet and walked toward the door, "That accounts for the fact that there are no bloodstains on the floor."

Vance was now inspecting the ock on the door.

"How did it happen, Mr. Grassi," ne asked in an offhand manner, that you didn't lock your door before you said your prayers and went to bed last night?"

"The lock does not work," Grassi returned in a tone of injured defiance.

At this moment a siren was heard in the street, and Vance went

you have a quiet night, and that we will see you tomorrow feeling quite yourself again."

Doctor Lobsenz appeared at the door with Gamble.

"Through with my patient?" he asked, "If so, I'll get some clothes on him and take him along."

Vance nodded.

"Thank you, Doctor, and good luck. . . . And now, Markham, suppose we go downstairs to the library and do a bit of thinkingalthough it's a beastly hour for mentation. . .

After Grassi, accompanied by Doctor Lobsenz, had departed, Vance closed the library doors and walked to the large center table. "There it is, Markham, old dear,"

he said with a grim smile, pointing to the Chinese dagger before him. The dagger lay on the library table in almost exactly the same spot where we had left it the afternoon before; but now there was undried blood upon it and its condition told us, only too plainly, that it was the weapon which had been

used to strike through Grassi's arm. "You think," asked Markham, "that the same person who stabbed the Coes attempted Grassi's life also?"

"Why leap at conclusions?" sighed Vance. "There are so many other things to be ascertained before we can reach any intelligent conclusion."

"For instance?" Vance arranged himself comfort-

ably in a large chair. "Well," he said, inhaling deeply on his cigarette, " I could endure to hear the various persons inside and outside the house chant their runes as to what they know of tonight's happenings. . . And also what hath yon Cerberus on the front stone

steps to say about those who may

have come and gone tonight? And

where, and doing what, was the sub-

And also what of the doughty guard which I asked to have stationed in Archer Coe's bedroom tonight?" Heath, who during the entire

"Well, Mr. Vance, we'll get all of

(TO BE CONTINUED.) Moscow Race 4,000 Years Old The presence of human races in



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The Christmas Party

Martha Banning Thomas erenergieseren eine

F THIS isn't bad luck! Here I'm all packed and ready to go to Ridgefield . . . and I can't even get my car out of the garage!" Rudy gazed gloomily out of the window.

His mother gazed at Rudy. "I know, dear. I'm awfully sorry. But I don't think even trolley cars or trains will run after this blizzard. Our good old friend, dear Santa Claus. Perhaps none will go to the party."

"That doesn't help along my The world is full of heroes great, to the front window and looked out. | Christmas spirit any," answered her "The ambulance is here," he an- son. "It was to be a grand party. nounced. "We hope, Mr. Grassi, that | That Sallie Sims . . . you know, the girl with the hair I told you about . . . was to be there. It makes me boil."

> His mother waited a moment or so. "Why not work off steam shoveling the walk? You can help out the janitor. He's got more than he can handle.'

"A fine substitute! Really, mother, sometimes it doesn't seem as if you appreciate how I feel. It's awful. Looking forward for weeks to this thing." He went on grumbling

Without saying more, Rudy slammed out of the door. Soon his mother went about her preparations for Christmas, which was next day. Rudy and she lived alone in a small apartment and she sometimes felt smothered and lonely and disheartened. It was not the way in which she had lived before. Rudy's mother liked space; she hated crowded, city districts. However, she said nothing of this to her son. It was necessary, and she made the best of it.

After an hour or so she heard a noisy, laughing scrambling up the stairs. The door



Beside him was some one else. A slim figure with glorious hair like a cloud coming out from a small knitted cap. She was lovely with her high color and fresh outdoor "Mother, this

is Sallie Sims! Would you believe it, she's visiting an aunt in this same building! I'd never known it if I hadn't gone down to shovel. She saw me and came down to help. Isn't it wonderful! I've asked her to share our little tree with us . . and tomorrow we're going sliding on the hill. It's simply grand . . . simply great!"

Sallie agreed. They were both heard to remark that evening that they didn't think that party would be so much.

"It's never the party," laughed | Rudy's mother, "It's the people who go to it-or stay away. What an awfully nice Christmas eve this has

Rudy grinned at Sallie. Sallie tossed her lovely hair. "The best ever!" she said.

& Western Newspaper Union.

Dear Old Santa Claus By Earle Hooker Eaton

******************************** HERE'S lots of folks I'd like to know

Who live in summer rain and snow; Who dwell as well, in cold and heat, And on earth's good old Easy Street, But here's the chap for loud applause, Our good old friend, dear Santa Claus.

Though men may come and men may

Though kings speed fast and then go

There's one who gets here every year, On time with his old jingle deer, So hail this chap for loud applause,

On deck today, then out of date But where's the child who does not

cheer For one famed Saint to mem'ry dear, Who does not give her loud applause For her good friend, old Santa Claus? C. Western Newspaper Union.

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Grandpa Late to Christmas Feast Charles Frederick Wadsworth

如此不是不敢不敢不敢不敢不敢 T T WAS past two when consternation seized the Christmas party at John Henry's. The telegram read:

Have had an accident. Do not wait dinner for me.

JAMES S. ESTON. "Goodness gracious." This from Grandma Eston, who had come on

in advance to help Millie. "What do you s'pose has happened?" John Henry grabbed the tele-Doc Wilkins and asked if he had treated Jim Eston. No. Doc said, he "seen him in the mornin' drivin'

around in his car." Other sources of possible information were tried without success. The gay gathering of kinfolks setlted down to apprehensiive waiting.

Finally, John Henry said he would drive to Balltown and see what he could learn.

As he was about to leave the driveway for the road, Grandpa's car was seen coming at a dangerous clip. The old man was all smiles as he stopped before the house and alighted.

Grandma, Millie, Jack. Samuel, Mary, Madeline, John Henry and numerous children all asked for an explanation at once.

"This morning," said Grandpa, "I sampled some candy your Grandma had made, and it was so tough I got my upper and lower plates stuck together. I pried, and danged if I didn't pry two jaw teeth out of the plate, on the side I eat on. I simply had to have 'em for that turkey. The dentist said it would take about five hours, as it would have to be vulcanized. But I'm here and okay!"

"And you just did get here by the skin of your teath, didn't you, Grandpa?" This was from John Henry, Jr.

The party, joyous, entered house and soon all were settle the delayed dinner.

C. Western Newspaper Union

By Bob Nichols Shooting Editor, Field and Stream

THE shot that is missed more I often than any other shot in hunting is the fast-flying overhead shot coming in directly over you. This is the shot that the duck hunter encounters frequently, although It does not present itself very often in upland hunting. When such a chance does present itself, however, what do you do to score a hit?

For years, as a boy, I wasted shell after shell trying to connect with fast-flying ducks coming in directly overhead. Sometimes they would not be any more than thirty yards high. Invariably I would score a miss on them coming in. Not a few of the times I would then turn around and drop the bird going away. I couldn't understand why I was missing the incomers.

Older heads than mine were bothered by the same puzzling shot. One old duck hunter-and a very successful hunter he was, tooonce told me that it was useless trying to kill a duck coming in on this kind of shot. His explanation was that the shot simply would not penetrate to the bird's vitals shooting crosswise through the duck's heavy breast feathers. "Let 'em pass," he counseled me, "and shoot into 'em from behind, the way their feathers lay, and you'll kill 'em every shot."

This didn't sound reasonable to me. I had a very wholesome respect for the speed and penetrating power of shotgun pellets at 30 to 45 yard range.

One day, sitting in a cornshock blind I had rigged up for myself, in came a flock of about a dozen blue-wing teal. They were coming straight over me at about 35 yards high, and they were coming fast. My concealment was so constructed that I knew I would never be able to get out of it in time to shoot at them going away behind me. As they whirred into me I pulled up on the leader, gave him what I thought was the proper lead, and fired. What happened so amazed me that I forgot to shoot the second barrel. I had shot at the leader-and killed the last bird in the flock! Which meant that I had shot behind the bird I pulled on and missed it by a good six feet.

When I examined the dead bird I found its breast-right where its feathering was the heaviest-was neatly punctured by four 4's. So-I reasoned-my old advisor was wrong. And if No. 4's would kill through the breast feathers of a teal, they would do the same thins to a mallard, or even a goose. And the whole trouble was that I wasn't leading my overhead incoming shots enough. I couldn't figure out why such a big lead was necessary on this type of shot. All I knew was that you had to double your lead. and that whenever you did it this way you scored. I had proved it. That was enough. But it wasn't until some years later that I arrived at the correct explanation. Here it is:

On the overhead incoming shoot you of course can't see your target at the instant you pull the trigger. You "bury" the target, as the saying goes. But-the instant your eyes lose sight of the target your hands and arms unconsciously stop the swing of your gun. The result is that, instead of shooting ahead of the target with the proper killing lead, you actually shoot almost at the target, and by the time the shot charge gets up there the duck has already passed the danger point and the charge tears a large hole in the air behind him.

A good rule to follow on this type of shot is to pull dead on the incoming duck and then, just at the instant of firing, swiftly jump the muzzle up over the target so that phone and called Balltown. He got it will seem to be shooting at a point about twice as far in front of the target as would seem necessary. In other words, try to "double your lead"-a very good rough estimate of what it seems you are doing when you do it correctly. Try thtis-see how readily it solves the "puzzle"!

6. Western Newspaper Union.

Man's Organic Make-Up

Comparing the life of man to a military maneuver, Dr. Ales Hrdlicka, of the Smithsonian institution. believes each organ and each part of the body has its own growth curve. This deduction, it was said, arises

Is Likened to an Army

from extensive studies of living material and great accumulations of human skeletal material by the institution's division of physical anthropology. Doctor Hrdlicka's findings revealed that each bone, each feature,

the brain, and all other organs progress from birth to death with a regular curve, and that each curve is specific for a certain part

Thus, it was explained, life for such a complex organism as man is roughly analagous to a highly complicated colony of social insects, or to a military maneuver where thousands of different movements must be co-ordinated in one general movement at all times, although each soldier retains a certain amount of individuality.