

jor?"

Englewood?"

Mr. Vance?"

Miss Delafield use?"

buy her a lipstick."

will be all."

morning."

say good-by"

ally, I understand."

being taken care of."

the major.

that lipstick, sir?"

glance at Higginbottom.

did you get Miss MacTavish, Ma-

"I bought her from Mr. Henry

Bixby, when she was five months

old, and I turned her over imme-

diately to Miss Delafield," the ma-

showing her. I tried to discourage

"She was quite worthy of being

shown," said Vance. . . . "So you

drove out to Mr. William Prentice's

and had him trim her for the ring-

eh, what? . . . But why did you en-

ter her under your own name at

jor seemed thoroughly disgusted

with himself. "One of those fool-

ish things we all do." He looked ap-

pealingly at Vance, who nodded

sympathetically. "Mr. Bixby made

out the papers in my name," the

major continued, "and I never took

the trouble to have the dog re-

transferred. It never occurred to

me that Doris would want to show

her. So I filled out the blank-and

there you are. Trouble, trouble,

trouble. . . . Is there anything else,

like to ask Annie another question."

He turned to the maid. "Annie,"

he said, "what kind of lipstick does

The maid seemed greatly sur-

store only Wednesday morning to

wrote it out for me," she said.

"Well, tell Mr. Vance what kind

to clear up a little point. An empty

holder of Duplaix's Carmine lip-

stick was found in the waste-paper

"Oh, she knew him, then?"

The major nodded sourly.

Vance held out his hand.

and get a good night's rest."

old dear," he announced.

cigar. "What might it be?"

Coe brothers."

quizzical look.

on the warrant?"

Vance sank even deeper into his

CHAPTER XI

Death and Revelations.

law can pounce upon the culprit-

bring yourself to confide in me."

Markham still spoke ironically. "I

crimes were committed."

only, arms don't pounce, do they?"

"Well, Major, I want to thank

you for your help. I'll let you know

time you may rest assured she is

"By gad! You don't say!" The

"No, I think not. . . . Only, I'd

"By gad, I don't know." The ma-

CHAPTER X-Continued -16-

Vance appeared to accept his explanation without question.

"And what time did you arrive here that evening, Major?"

Higginbottom seemed to ponder the question; but before he could attached to her and insisted upon speak Annie supplied the informa-

"You arrived about six o'clock, sir," she informed him with a respectful naivete. "And Miss Doris came in at half-past seven."

"Ah, yes. Quite right, Annie." The major pretended to be grateful for having this moot point recalled to his memory. "Miss Delafield," he explained blandly to Vance, "said she had been shopping."

Vance turned to the maid. "By the by, Annie," he asked,

"was the dog here during dinner?" "Oh, yes, sir," the woman assured him. "She always gets under my feet when I'm serving."

"And how do you account for the fact that she disappeared immediately after Major Higginbottom and Miss Delafield had gone?"

"I don't know, sir-honest I don't. I looked for her everywhere. I looked out in the back yard and in the court, and I went through every rear hallway in the house. But she wasn't anywhere."

"Why didn't you look in the street?" Vance asked.

"Oh, she couldn't have got into the street," the maid explained. "She was in the kitchen and the dining room here, sir; and only the front door of the living room leads into the main hall. But that was closed and locked after Miss Doris and Mr. Higgonbottom went out."

"Then, as I understand it, the dog could only have gone into the rear

"Yes, sir; that's all. And that's "It was a Duplex Carmine-or would have found her."

"Did you look in the vacant lot next door, between this house and Mr. Coe's residence?"

"I looked there, too, sir, though I knew it wouldn't do any good. There's no way she could have gotten through the gate, for it's always kept locked."

Vance did not speak for a moment: then he asked with unwonted seriousness:

"At just what time, Annie, did you start your search for the dog? It is quite important that you be ac-

"I can tell you almost exactly, sir," the woman answered, without hesitation. "It was when I was through with my dishes and the housework. Miss Doris and Mr. Higginbottom went out at nine o'clock, and when I had straightened everything up, it was exactly half-past ten."

Vance nodded. "How do you account for the dog's disappearance,

"I can't account for it, sir. At first, when I couldn't find her, I thought maybe some delivery boy,



"She Always Gets Under My Feet When I'm Serving."

or one of the expressmen, had she is. And very sweet. And she has a lovable nature. Almost any little things to be done-little knots But no one had been here after seven o'clock that evening."

She turned to the major beseech-

"I'm terribly sorry, sir, honest I am. I loved little Miss MacTav-

"That's quite all right, Annie," Vance said in a kindly tone. "Miss MacTavish is well and happy."

He turned to Higginbottom. "By the by." he asked. "where make out an excellent case against is the dog's revenge."

point whatever in the murderer's killing Brisbane. Motive is lacking said without the slightest emotion. is meaningless from a logical point lar vein and the carotid artery of view. But I'm sure the murder- Wrede died almost at once from er most passionately desired the the profuse hemorrhage and, pos death of Archer. And yet, it would sibly, an air embolism, . . . No be utterly unreasonable to accuse use rushing him to a doctor." him of killing Archer-he apparent-

the murderer for the doing-in of

. . And there you are. Do you not sympathize with me in my pre-

dicament?" "I'm on the point of bursting into we need you, we'll call on you." tears," returned Markham, "But just what do you propose doing to swer, but failing, he turned and extricate yourself from your embar- waddled away into the gathering rassing situation?"

"I propose to go to the Coe house and ask many questions of gested Vance. "Wrede's appearance its inmates. Will you accompany

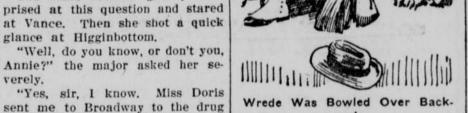
Markham glanced at the clock on the wall and rang for Swacker.

his secretary. And taking his hat and coat from the stand in the cor- He still stood, revolver in hand, jor said regretfully. "Doris became trance door. "I'm interested," he said, "-in a mild way. . . . But what about Heath?"

"Oh, the sergeant, by all means," Vance replied. "He's definitely indi-

We got into Vance's car, picked ward his parked car. up the sergeant, who seemed unusually surly, and drove uptown. At Fifty-ninth street and Fifth avenue





wards. we entered Central Park. I noticed which he was unable to use in any a familiar figure seated on one of practical way. And he was conthe benches just beyond the cut stantly in need of substitutes for his privet hedge, a little distance from sense of inferiority. It is not uncomthe strange thing about it, sir; for something like that; Miss Doris the roadway; and at that moment mon for persons of his nature to go Vance leaned over and gave an or- in for dumb animals. They do not do "Thanks awfully, Annie. That der to the chauffeur to halt the car. so because of any instinctive liking

As we emerged into Seventy-first soul on you bench," he said. "And failed to impress themselves upon street, the major expressed his curi- he was one of the persons with their equals, they can bully and torosity in a question. "What about whom I wished to have parley. I ment an animal, and thus give think I'll toddle over and put a few themselves a feeling of heroism "Nothing serious-I hope," Vance questions to him." returned casually. "I just wanted

We followed him.

to us, perhaps a hundred feet away, found instinct for domination. The basket in Mr. Coe's library Thursday gazing over the lake. Just as we moment I heard that Wrede had came opposite him along the hedge, owned a dog, I wanted to see the I noticed the rotund figure of En- dog, for I was sure he had mismajor, however, did not seem par- right walking down the path toward treated it. And when I saw the ticularly perturbed. "Doris must the bench on which Wrede sat. He Doberman's frightened and timid have dropped in on Archer Coe to had the Doberman Pinscher on a demeanor, I knew that he find sufleash.

"the talkative Mr. Enright is invad- all the signs of having been beaten "I introduced her to him about a ing new territory. Perhaps Ru- and abused-and that fitted perfectyear ago. She visited him occasionprecht tired of the vista over the ly with my estimate of Wrede's reservoir. . . ."

Just then an amazing thing happened. The Doberman suddenly Doberman certainly showed no timhalted in his tracks, drew back idity at the sight of Wrede. He of any developments in connection a foot or two, and crouched down was aggressive and vicious-ugh!" with the little Scottie. In the mean- as if in terror. Then, with a curious whine, he bounded for in himself," Vance explained. "Enward, dragging his leash from the right's kindness and benevolent "What should I do now?" asked astonished Enright's hand. He treatment after the dog's terrible leapt straight toward Wrede.

"Well," returned Vance cheerfully, "if I were you, I'd go home dog, drew back, and started to rise. berman's courage sufficiently to kill But he was too late. The Doberman Wrede." When he had gone, Vance ensprang at him with unerring aim tered his car, which was waiting and fastened his powerful fangs cigarette. outside the Belle Maison, and gave in the man's neck. Wrede was orders to be driven at once to the bowled over backwards, with the derer, but only a certain type of Criminal Courts building. As soon dog on top of him growling throatas we were shown into Markham's ily. It was a terrible sight.

office, Vance threw himself into a chair and, lying back, closed his his voice in a futile effort to dis- over the head, the murderer left his tract the dog, and jumped over the "I have a bit of news, Markham, hedge with an alacrity that amazed do you understand why I was so me. As he ran toward the strug- interested in Wrede's Doberman "I'm most grateful," Markham gling Wrede, he drew his revolver. reached into a drawer for a fresh Vance looked on with a coldness that I could not understand.

"There's justice in that, Markham." he commented, lighting a cigarette "I think I know who killed the with steady fingers.

Heath had now reached the dog to Liang. There are certain things and placed the revolver against its to be explained. Perhaps Liang will head. There were two sharp reports, tell us-now." The Doberman staggered forward on its side and went limp, lying very the Chinaman, Heath arrived. He

M ARKHAM leaned forward in still.

M his chair, and gave Vance a W When we reached Wrede, there stractedly and sat down. was no movement in his body. He "You positively stagger me," he lay on his back, his eyes staring, the dining room and stood respectsaid. "What name shall I write his arms, drawn up, as motionless fully at the door, without looking as death. His throat was red, and at any of us. "Too much haste, Markham," a great pool of blood had formed stolen her. She's a sly little devil, Vance reprimanded him, "Far too under his head. It was a sight I ing out his cigarette case.

much haste. There are various wish I had never seen, Enright came lumbering up, his one could get her to follow them. to be tied-before the arm of the mouth open, his face the color of

> "My G-d!-oh, my G-d!" he "In that case, perhaps you could muttered over and over. Vance stood looking down at and statesman, Niccolo Machiavelli, Wrede, smoking complacently. He

assume that you know how the turned to Enright. "It's quite all right, don't y' "Alas, no!" Vance shook his head know," he said in a hard voice. "It ployed by a ruler in order to eslugubriously. "That's the chief rea- serves him jolly well right. He'd tablish and maintain a strong censon why I shall hoard my theory as beaten and misused the animal in tral government. A Machiavellian to who perpetrated them. I could some outrageous fashion; and this trend is characterized by political

Vance knelt down and felt the Get Perfect Quilt Archer. My great difficulty, how. prostrate man's pulse. Then he

ever, would be that there was no stood up and shrugged. "He's quite dead, Markham," he -in fact, that particular murder "The dog's fangs severed the jugu

"And what do you want me to ly couldn't possibly have done it. do?" wailed the frightened Enright. Vance answered him,

> "Go home and take a stiff drink and try to forget the episode. If Enright made an attempt to an-

"Let's be going, Markham," sug-

doesn't charm me, and the sergeant will look after things." He turned to Heath, "By the by, Sergeant, we'll be at the Coe home. Join us "I'm leaving for the day," he told there after the ambulance comes," Heath nodded without looking up.

ner, he went toward the private en- gazing down at the dead body of Wrede, like a man hypnotized. "Who'd have thought a dog could

do it!" he mumbled. "Personally I feel rather grateful to the Doberman," Vance said in a low voice, as he walked away to-

It was only two blocks to the Coe residence and nothing was said en route: but when we were seated in the library, Markham broke the silence by trying to put into words his baffled state of mind.

"There's something queer about all this, Vance—your interest in that Doberman Pinscher, and then to have him attack Wrede in that brutal fashion. And I can't see that we're getting anywhere. There's just one tragedy after another, without any light on the case. I suppose you see some connection between the Scottish terrier and the Doberman. Would you mind telling me what was in your mind when you looked up Enright?"

moving about the room aimlessly, looking at the various vases and objets d'art. "When the sergeant told me that Wrede owned a dog, I was particularly interested, for he wasn't the type of man that could love any animal. He was an enforced egoist, with a somewhat violent inferiority complex-his egoism, in fact, had been automatically built up to cover his complete | Louis Ave., St. Louis, Mo. lack of confidence in himself. He had a shrewd, unscrupulous brain "Wrede is communing with his for the animals, but because, having and superiority. The animal is He opened the door of the car. merely an outlet for their lack of self-confidence; and, at the same Wrede was sitting with his back time, the animal gratifies their profered horribly at Wrede's hands. "Well, well," Vance remarked; Markham, that Doberman showed

> character." "But," objected Markham, "the

"He had regained his confidence experience at Wrede's hands, was Wrede turned his head toward the what, in the end, revived the Do-

He sat down and lighted another

"Almost any man may be a murman can injure a dog the way that Scottie was injured here the other Sergeant Heath yelled at the top of night. By striking that little bitch signature on the crime. . . . Now Pinscher?"

Markham leaned forward. "Do you mean to say that Wrede-?"

Vance held up his hand.

"Just a moment. I want to talk Before Gamble had brought in

was pale and upset. He nodded ab-Liang entered the library from

Vance rose and went to him, hold-

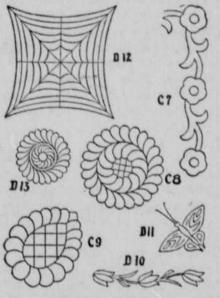
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Machiavellian Trend

The word Machiavellian is used in referring to the political theories of the Florentine diplomat especially to the doctrine that any means, however lawless or unscrupulous, may be justifiably emcunning, duplicity or bad faith.

Forget Self to With This Design

By GRANDMOTHER CLARK



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of Course, but There Are Many Methods.

A girl is popular for some one of of them. For example, a girl who is fatal to popularity. good at sports will find herself popular with those of similar tastes. She must be expert in some field. It may be tennis, golf, water sports, sailing a boat, skiing, etc., and she should be above the average in some of the other sports. It is worth while for a girl who enjoys out-of-door exercise to practice and perfect herself in her favorite sports so that she will be sought as a partner for games or a companion in sports. Her very ability at winning gives her prestige which makes her agreeably noticeable. If to this ability she adds a pleasant manner and is a good sport in losing, when she does, as every one must at times, she has gone a long way on the road to popularity.

Some girls are popular in their set because they have an accomplishment which makes them an addition being able to interest a group in an account of some event or in telling good raconteur-any of these things, when done in a way above the average, lends a certain enviable distinction to the person, and supplies them which gives a gracious and agree-Pattern D 12-10 inch Spider Web able personality, without which few can expect to become favorites or be

Being a good dancer is one of the drawing room accomplishments which

makes a girl sought as a partner, and cut in for when already dancing. A help to this popularity is to have Win Popularity a happy expression. The one with whom the girl is dancing may get only brief glimpses of this, but those Personality Means Much, watching get full view and are apt to make mental note of expression. Another drawing room accomplishment is playing a good game of cards plus taking a beating without arguments. To haggle over cards played, to criticize your partner's leads or many reasons, or by a combination the way he failed to follow yours, is

Girls who are unpopular are apt to think harshly or even speak disparagingly of those who are popular. It is distressing to find one's self in the background, but one is wise to analyze the situation and find out why one loses out, before being too downcast or derogatory.

Learn to be good at something which makes for attraction. To be good looking isn't everything. To be made up too much is no help. To have a winning expression is a great aid. To be a good listener is another This does not mean merely being silent and letting the other person talk. It means listening so that whatever comments you do make are to the point, revealing an understanding of the conversation. Try to make yourself popular in some field and in some way. If you do this with sincerity and not superficially you are in a fair way to win success

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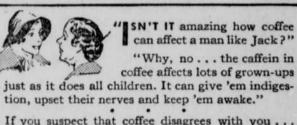








MY, BUT JACK HAS



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