



By S. S. Van Dine  
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WNU SERVICE

CHAPTER XII—Continued

"Here's a rare book, Markham. There's a passage in it I want to read to you. As I remember, it was in the chapter on Rye." He turned the pages. "The passage relates, as I recall, to the duke of Cumberland's visit to Rye, when he made an inspection of the defenses of the neighborhood and was entertained by Mr. Lamb, who was still mayor. . . . Ah, here it is—I hope I don't bore you: 'These particulars have been kindly given me by almost the only living representative of the Lamb-Grebell families—which have otherwise died out in Rye. In regard to the Grebell murder, my informant gave me some particulars, unknown to the local chroniclers, in part at least, that are physiologically interesting. Mr. Grebell had been supping with his brother-in-law Lamb, and having some business in the town, borrowed his scarlet overcoat. On returning late through the churchyard, he felt some one push heavily as he thought against him, and merely remarking 'Get away, you drunken hound,' passed on to Lamb house, quite unconcerned. He duly reported the incident, but as the family were going to bed, said he felt so tired that, instead of going home, he would have a sleep in the armchair by the fire. In the morning he was found dead, with a stab in the back, which had caused internal bleeding. . . . Markham stood up and walked back and forth across the room. 'Good G—d!' His words were scarcely audible. 'So that's the explanation! No wonder we couldn't understand the things that happened there that night. Unbelievable!'

Vance had sunk back into his chair, relaxed. He took a deep inspiration, like a man who had suddenly found a friendly settlement in the midst of a hostile jungle. 'Really, Markham,' he said with a slight upward glance, taking out his cigarette case, 'I'll never forgive you for this—never! It was you who guessed the solution. And I knew it all the time, but I couldn't correlate my knowledge. . . . Markham came to a sudden halt. 'What do you mean by saying that I guessed the solution?' 'Didn't you say,' asked Vance mildly, 'that the only way one could explain the circumstances was by the assumption that a dead man walked upstairs? . . . No, Markham, I am sure I shall never forgive you.'

Markham sat down and muttered a disgusted oath. He smoked a while in silence. 'The internal hemorrhage explains many things,' he admitted finally. 'But I still don't understand Brisbane's death, and the bolted door.' 'And yet, d'ye see,' returned Vance, 'it all fits in perfectly, now that we have the key.'

He lay back in his chair and stretched his legs. He took several puffs on his cigarette and half closed his eyes. 'I think, Markham, I can reconstruct the amazon and contradictory occurrences that took place in the Coe domicile last Wednesday night. . . . I doubt if Wrede actually planned to murder Coe that night. The idea had no doubt been in his mind for a long time, for he had obviously taken the precaution of securing a duplicate key to the spring lock on the rear door. But I have a feeling that he wished only to argue various matters out with Archer last Wednesday night before actually resorting to murder. It's obvious that he called on Archer that night and tried to convince him that he would be the perfect mate for Hilda Lake. Archer disagreed—and disagreed violently. That was no doubt the argument that Liang overheard. I imagine that the debate reached the point where blows were struck. The poker was quite handy, don't y' know, and Wrede, with his tremendous sense of personal inferiority, would naturally reach for some outside agent to help him over the top. He snatched the poker and struck Archer over the head.'

'Archer fell forward against the table, upsetting it and fracturing his rib. Wrede was in a quandry. But again his sense of inferiority invaded him. He looked round the room quickly, saw the dagger in the cabinet, took it out and, as Archer lay on the floor, drove it into his back. . . . The deed was done. He had vindicated himself in a physical way, and had removed all obstacles from his path. He believed he was alone in the house with Archer; but still there was the question of a suspect. Into his

inclined to think, he was perturbed most by his speculation concerning the things he could not see. . . . I wouldn't care to put in the two hours that Wrede spent between eight o'clock and tea that night. He realized that some decision must be made—that some action must be taken. But he had nothing whatever to go on: his imagination was his only guide. . . . 'And he came back!' said Markham huskily. 'Yes,' nodded Vance, 'he came back. He had to come back! But in that interim of his indecision something unforeseen and horrible had taken place. Brisbane had returned to the house—he had returned stealthily, letting himself in with his own key. He had returned to kill his brother! He looked into the library: the lights were on, but Archer was not there. He went to the drawer of the table and took out the revolver. Then he went upstairs. Perhaps he saw the light through Archer's bedroom door. He opened the door. . . .'

Vance paused. 'Y' know, Markham, I am inclined to think that Brisbane was prepared for any emergency. He had worked out a scheme for killing Archer, placing him in his bedroom with the revolver in his hand, and then bolting the door from the hall, so as to make it appear as suicide. And when he saw Archer sitting in his easy chair, apparently asleep, he no doubt felt that the fates were to follow up his—as he thought—successful murder of Archer by the murder of Grassi. He would thus have won a complete victory over the forces that had temporarily defeated him. His frustrated ego again. And had it not been for Liang's perspicacity—which Wrede underestimated—and the shift of Grassi's arm, he would have succeeded.'

'But what,' asked Markham, 'first gave you the idea that Wrede had committed the murders?' 'The Scottie, Markham,' answered Vance. 'After having found she belonged to Higginbottom, I ascertained that he had given her to his innamorata who lived in the Belle Maison. And once I had followed the Scottie's trail and knew that she belonged next door, I made a bit of an investigation. I learned from a perfectly honest Irish maid that both Higginbottom and his lady fair—a Miss Delafield—had been having a farewell dinner at the time Coe was murdered. Y' see, I had thought perhaps that some blond lady with a Duplax lipstick had admitted the Scottie into the Coe house earlier in the evening. But although Miss Delafield used Duplax lipstick and had undoubtedly called on Archer Coe before half-past seven, it was not she who had let the Scottie in; for the little dog was in the Delafield apartment after nine o'clock that night, and had disappeared some time between then and half-past ten, at which hour the maid instituted a search for her. Moreover, I learned that the Scottie could have entered the Coe house only if some one had unlocked the gate between the Belle Maison and the vacant lot next to the Coe residence. And I further learned that there was no way for the Scottie to escape from the Belle Maison, except into the rear yard. Only some one who had unlocked the gate and opened the rear door of the Coe residence would have given her the opportunity of entering the house. And Wrede was the only person who could have done this.'

The following year Hilda Lake and Grassi were married, and the alliance seems to have been highly successful. Vance became the owner of Miss MacTavish. He had become attached to her during the days he had nursed her back to health, and the romance (if one may call it that) between Higginbottom and Doris Delafield ran on the rocks shortly after the lady's return from Europe. After her break with the major she showed little interest in the dog; and Higginbottom, in appreciation of some nebulous favor which he considered Vance had done him, made him a present of the bitch. Vance placed her in his kennels, but she did not seem to be happy there; and he finally took her into his apartment. He still has her, and she has been 'pensioned' for life. Sometimes I think that Vance would rather part with one of his treasured Cazannes than with little Miss MacTavish. [THE END.]

**The Seeing Eye**  
The seeing eye is important as a first aid to growing knowledge. Children usually have it and some grown people. For example, two people or children may look at the same twig. One will see—a twig. The other will see that strange freak of nature—a walking stick. One will see a criss-cross of branches. The other will see the little nest of a kinglet or the flattened form of a red squirrel on the tree trunk.

**Alcohol by Fermentation**  
The bureau of industrial alcohol says that 18 per cent alcohol by volume is the highest that can be obtained by fermentation and this only under most favorable conditions. The alcohol when it reaches 18 per cent prevents the yeast from producing additional alcohol, or in other words, destroys or kills the yeast.

**Bacteria Multiply Fast**  
There are bacteria that can multiply a million times in ten hours.

when Gamble summoned him the following morning, he found that Archer was still in his bedroom, behind a bolted door! The man must have felt that the whole world had gone insane. I imagine he rushed to the hall closet, when Gamble wasn't looking, to check his sanity, so to speak; and then he saw the dead body of Brisbane. Some of the truth, at least, must have dawned upon him. He had killed his friend—his ally—by accident. What mental torture he must have suffered! And there was also in his mind the terrible problem of Archer's death. . . . I wonder the man stood up so well when we arrived. The cold desperation of the final necessity, I suppose. . . . Markham moved about the room restlessly. 'I see it all,' he muttered, as if to himself. He stopped and swung round. 'But what of Wrede's attempted murder of Grassi?'

'That was logical and in keeping with his character,' said Vance. 'Miss Lake explained it—intense jealousy of his lucky rival. Wrede thought he had successfully pulled the wool over our eyes, and the fact gave him confidence. He knew exactly where the dagger was; he knew the domestic arrangements of the Coe house; he had a key to the rear door; and he doubtless knew of the broken lock on Grassi's door. He had probably brooded over his loss of a wealthy bride until he could no longer resist the urge to follow up his—as he thought—successful murder of Archer by the murder of Grassi. He would thus have won a complete victory over the forces that had temporarily defeated him. His frustrated ego again. And had it not been for Liang's perspicacity—which Wrede underestimated—and the shift of Grassi's arm, he would have succeeded.'

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**Bacteria Multiply Fast**  
There are bacteria that can multiply a million times in ten hours.

**TRUE GHOST STORIES**  
By Famous People  
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**By GUY KIBBEE**  
Actor.  
"ONE of the most gruesome experiences I ever had," related Guy Kibbee, motion-picture and stage star, "was when I was with the Alpine Stock company, then playing in Vermont. 'The leading lady, Evelyn Grey, then on her way to fame and success, was very ill. She had a very bad case of tuberculosis, yet was so ambitious and enjoyed her work so much that she would not stop long enough to get well. Many people in the theater are that way; they love their profession unto death. 'Every night after the show she would lie down in her dressing room for half an hour or so before going home. 'On this particular occasion we were playing 'East Lynne,' in which she was taking the lead. In the last scene she wore a long white garment. After the show was over we all left for our hotels, except Evelyn, who stayed alone, as was her wish, for her rest. 'We all got up to the hotel, talked for an hour or more, then decided to play a bit of poker. The cards were back at the theater, and as actors made little or no money in those days, we went back after them instead of buying new ones. 'We entered the theater and saw a figure in white walking slowly down the aisle. We got a look at her face, and it looked like Evelyn, yet it was too pale and awful to be she. It was way past time for her to have left the theater. The apparition gave us the jitters, so we left without the cards. Evelyn never walked about the theater. It all seemed so unreal and ghostly that we went home and to bed. If the figure had been Evelyn, we felt sure she would have spoken to us. 'Next morning we were all ready for rehearsal at ten o'clock. Evelyn did not appear. Some one went back to look in her dressing room and found her. She had on the same white gown, and was lying on her couch in the dressing room dead. She had died during the night, alone.'

**By JANE COWL**  
Actress.  
"HEAVEN knows we mortals can't guess the elaborate workings of the subconscious mind, nor of mental telepathy nor of psychic forces!" exclaimed Jane Cowl, the brilliant actress. "Every now and then we see an obvious example of their powers, but most of the time we are in complete darkness about their intricacies. 'When I was a child, I was early impressed with an example of psychic warning," continued Miss Cowl, as she scanned the rows of books of mystery in the book store which she was visiting. 'One day, while my Grandmother Julia, my mother's mother, was ill, I visited her. She lay in her great carved walnut bed, an invalid, helpless, bedridden. For years she had not been able to move from that bed. Above her was a huge painting in a weighty carved frame, all parts of the massive, ugly decorative scheme of the day. 'Suddenly Grandmother Julia astonished us by jumping from her bed and running to the middle of the room. 'We asked what was the trouble, the cause for her unexpected act. 'My sister called to me, my sister called me!' she exclaimed. 'Just then the weighty picture fell from the wall upon her bed, and its glass shattered into hundreds of pieces. 'If grandmother had been in her bed the heavy thing would have doubtless killed her. 'It would seem that the spirit of her sister, who was in another city at the time, warned her of her danger, and sustained her with unexpected strength to jump from her bed. Perhaps not, but it is plausible the spirits of our friends and relatives can visit us in other forms than physical," concluded Miss Cowl, as she discovered a book on criminology which she wanted to read, and to which she turned her keen attention.

**Vespucci's First Voyage**  
Amerigo Vespucci, also known as Amerigo Vesputi, is said to have made his first voyage of discovery in 1497. It is believed that he landed in Honduras and was thus the first white man to set foot on the mainland of the western continent. He is the man who gave Venezuela its name. The word means "Little Venice."

**Cars and Roads**  
The state of California has as many private cars as England and France combined. New York is the only American state which has more cars than California. There are more than a million miles of roads in the United States.

**Says Poison Best for Mice Control**  
Most Damage During Winter; Rodents Do Their Work Beneath Surface.  
By H. R. Niswonger, Extension Horticulturist, North Carolina State College, WNU Service.  
Field mice are an orchard pest that most fruit growers are unaware of until it is too late to save their trees. Most of the mouse damage occurs during the winter months in orchards where a heavy snow covers the ground. The mice work just beneath the surface and are not noticed until the trees begin to die or fall to bud in the spring. At first the damage may be slight, but eventually the mice eat away the bark from the trunk a few inches below the tree, so as to completely girdle the tree. The common meadow mouse migrates to the orchards when their food supply in the open fields becomes scarce. The short-tailed pine mouse is most destructive, doing worst damage to orchards growing near timbered areas. Orchardists are urged to examine the areas around their trees, looking for mice runways and injuries to the trees. If evidence of mice is found, they can be destroyed by putting out wheat bait which has been poisoned with strychnine. As a supplementary control measure, digging up of grass and weeds under the trees is suggested. This breaks up the tunnels and runways and causes the mice to seek their food in areas farther from the trees.

**Chemists Warn Farmers on Fertilizer Mixtures**  
Chemists of the United States Department of Agriculture have been making careful studies of chemical reactions in fertilizer mixtures to be able to warn farmers and manufacturers against undesirable combinations of materials. Some combinations cause loss of plant food while others render plant food unavailable to crops. Knowledge of such reactions has become particularly desirable because of the increasing use of ammonium salts as sources of nitrogen in fertilizers in place of more expensive nitrates and organic ammoniates. Because these ammonium salts have a greater tendency to cause acidity in soils than the materials they have displaced, liming materials are being added to fertilizers containing these salts to overcome the acidifying action. When ordinary limestone is used for this purpose, only a limited quantity can be added; otherwise reaction between it and superphosphate in the fertilizer will render some of the phosphoric acid unavailable as plant food. Similarly the use of ordinary limestone in considerable quantity in fertilizer mixtures containing ammonium phosphate is likely to cause loss of ammonia if superphosphate is present. But if dolomite, a kind of limestone in which half the lime is replaced by magnesium, is used, neither of these undesirable reactions take place. The desirability of dolomite as a liming material for mixing with fertilizers is enhanced by the fact that it also supplies magnesium to soils some of which are deficient in this plant food.

**Cause of Heaves**  
Heaves (emphysema of the lungs) is caused by overfeeding the horse hay, especially dusty timothy hay, or threshed clover hay, and working it immediately after a meal when the digestive organs are distended, declares a writer in Hoard's Dairyman. Indigestion results and irritates the pneumogastric nerve of the stomach and in time the branch of that nerve supplying the lungs also becomes affected. The lungs can then no longer perfectly expel air and the abdominal muscles have to be used to help expulsion. That causes the double bellows-like action of the flanks, and the gas expelled during the coughing spells is caused by the indigestion. The disease is incurable when established.

**Farm Topics**  
Erosion by wind and water is the major enemy of the soil. . . . Some 25,000,000 bushels of corn each year are used to make corn stimp. . . . Dairying is the most important occupation on Wisconsin's 181,767 farms. . . . An average of \$16 per farm would be needed to pay the annual fire loss on farms. . . . The hoof-and-mouth disease has broken out among cattle and pigs in England. . . . Few branches of agriculture exist today in which success can be greater or failure more common than in mushroom growing. . . . About 5,000 Ohio 4-H club members continue their club activities throughout the winter months. This is 10 per cent of the total enrollment.

**Plan to Employ Robots in Arctic Exploration**  
To send up sounding balloons in the Far North and thus explore the atmosphere is all but a hopeless proceeding. In the icy wastes the chance is almost nil of recovering a balloon and its precious freight of featherweight instruments for recording temperature, pressure, moisture and the like at different altitudes. Therefore, the Soviet physicist, Professor Samolovitch, some years ago invented apparatus which would make it possible for a sounding balloon to send back to the station from which it was launched wireless messages that tell just what conditions it is encountering. The system was first used during the polar voyage of the Graf Zeppelin. If the professor has his way, the same principle will be applied in exploring the more inaccessible regions of the Arctic. Instead of men trudging through snowdrifts, risking their lives among hummocks and killing dogs for food, we would have crewless vessels treading the icy wastes and reporting by radio the state of the weather. Considering the nature of the polar seas—the floes that block passage, the piling up of huge masses of ice under the action of the wind—the proposal seems wild. Nothing but the bare idea has reached the editor of this department from abroad. Samolovitch is so experienced an Arctic explorer that he must be very sure of overcoming the obvious difficulties.—New York Times.

**"Debunkers?"**  
Historians are those who dare tell the truth about people after they are dead.

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"No, go away. We're not musical."  
—Tit-Bits Magazine.

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