

THE KENNEL MURDER CASE

By S. S. Van Dine

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His tone was that of an equal. "This is not to be an interrogation. It's a conference in which we need your help."

Liang inclined his head with a murmured "Thank you," and took one of the cigarettes, which Vance lighted for him.

Vance returned to his chair and Liang sat down.

"Mr. Liang," Vance began, "I think that I apprehend the position in which you have been placed by the unfortunate events which have taken place in this house, and I also think you realize that I have not been entirely ignorant of your predicament. You have acted, I might say, in very much the same way I myself might have acted, had our positions been reversed. But the time has come when frankness is wisdom—some hope you trust me sufficiently to believe when I tell you that no possible danger can come to you. You are no longer in jeopardy. There is now no possibility of misunderstanding. As a matter of fact, I have not misunderstood you from the first."

Liang again bowed his head, and said:

"I should be most happy to help you, if you might be assured that the truth would prevail in this unhappily house, and that I would not be accused of things of which some one desired I should be accused."

"I can assure you of that, Mr. Liang," Vance returned quietly. "There was nothing cryptic about Mr. Wrede's death."

"Ah!" the man murmured. "That puts a different aspect on matters."

"Oh, quite," Mr. Wrede was killed by a dog he had abused."

"Leo-Tzu has said," returned Liang, "that he who abuses the weak is eventually destroyed by his own weakness."

Vance inclined his head in polite agreement.

"Some day," he said, "I hope the wisdom of the Tao Teh King will penetrate to our western civilization. But, handicapped as we are by lack of knowledge of the profound wisdom of the Orient, I can only ask you to help us in our present dilemma. . . . Will you tell us what happened—or, rather, what you saw—when you returned to this house between eight and nine Wednesday night?"

Liang moved slightly in his chair and let his eyes rest searchingly on Vance. He hesitated before he spoke, drawing deeply on the cigarette Vance had given him.

"It was exactly eight," he began in an even voice. "When I entered the kitchen I heard voices here in the library. Mr. Wrede and Mr. Archer Coe were talking. They were angry. I tried not to listen, but their voices rose until they penetrated even to my bedroom. Mr. Coe was protesting violently, and Mr. Wrede was becoming more and more angry. I heard a scuffle, a startled ejaculation, and a faint cry as if something heavy had fallen to the floor. A brief silence ensued—and I thought I detected a tinkling sound like broken china. Then another silence. A few moments later I heard some one pass stealthily through the kitchen, and go out the rear door. I waited in my bedroom for perhaps fifteen minutes, asking myself if I should interfere with matters which did not concern me; and then I decided that, in loyalty to my employer, I should investigate the situation."

"So I came forth and looked in the library here. The room was empty, but the small table in front of the davenport was upset. I put it on its feet; then returned to the kitchen and read for perhaps an hour. But something seemed to trouble me—I did not like the fact that Mr. Wrede had not gone out the front door, but went out the stealthily through the kitchen, and went upstairs to Mr. Coe's bedroom and knocked on the door. There was no answer. I tried the door. It was unlocked, and when I opened it, I saw Mr. Coe seated in his chair, apparently asleep. But I did not like the color of his face. I went to him and touched him, but he did not move—and I knew he was dead. . . . I came out of the room, closed the door, and returned to the kitchen."

"I asked myself what was best for me to do, and decided that since no one knew I had returned to the house I would go away and come back much later that night. So I went to some friends of mine. When I returned at about midnight, I made unnecessary noise, so that anyone in the house would hear me returning. After a while I came again into this library and looked round very carefully, for I could not understand what had happened that night. I

Pension Group Names Leaders

B. B. Reeves President of Bethany Townsend Club

BETHANY-TOWNSEND MILL.—The Townsend club elected officers Thursday night at the Wesley chapel as follows: B. B. Reeves, president; Joe Grimes, vice-president; and Mrs. M. E. Jones, secretary. Advisory board includes Mrs. Roy Haskell, Carl Eggman, Mrs. W. Burnside, E. S. May, Mrs. J. F. Kurtz, Frank Steffan and Mrs. Oscar Lane. An entertainment committee as appointed includes Mrs. John Muerer, Mrs. John Zitzman and Mrs. Bob Graves. Next meeting will be August 29.

Beverly Thorne Honored

Mrs. Phil Thorne entertained with a birthday party for Beverly Thorne on her sixth birthday anniversary. Present were Patsy Heindrick, Barbara Walters, Georgia, Rosetta and Betty Wallace, Betty Wuthrick, Lotta Byler, Rose, Donnie and Dolores Katterman of Beaverton, Marie Johnson, Mrs. Wallace and Mrs. Calvin Katterman of Beaverton.

Paul Springs left for Spokane Sunday night for a week's vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. King Carlile and Mrs. J. A. Stephens of Oakland spent the week with relatives in Cedar Mill.

Leedy Grange held its annual picnic at Lost park Sunday. Thirty were present. Races and games were played. Evelyn Walters won first in the girls' race and Esther Sandstrom won first in the children's race. Mrs. Carlile won the ladies' first prize and Mrs. Phil Thorne second. Mrs. A. Whittaker won first ladies' prize for throwing shoes and Mrs. Phil Thorne second. W. Whittaker won the men's first prize in racing and John Muerer second. Cleve Owens won men's first prize in horseshoe throwing.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Sandin and Mr. and Mrs. Herman Gilsoe of Huber visited Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Carr Friday night.

Mr. and Mrs. William Crawford and son Billie of Portland visited Mr. and Mrs. John Zitzman and Mrs. A. M. Crawford Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Jess Churchley of Portland moved into their new home at Cedar Mill Saturday.

Cornell club met with Mrs. Cora Thompson Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Pearson of Portland visited Mr. and Mrs. James Walters Thursday evening.

Reunion held

The Walters family held a reunion Sunday. Present were Mrs. J. A. Stephens and Mr. and Mrs. King Carlile of Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. Rose, dressed, turned on all the lights in the kitchen, and took my post at the table—as if I were working. Fifteen minutes later, I heard Mr. Wrede come back softly into the butler's pantry and then retreat again toward this room. I knew that he had seen the lights in the kitchen and was afraid to enter. I did not hear the front door open—which is the only other means of egress except the windows—and I decided to stand my ground.

"A little later I heard Mr. Grassi call out, and then I heard the butler telephoning. Even so, I thought it best to remain in the kitchen, for it occurred to me that Mr. Wrede might still be hiding in the house, waiting for a chance to escape through the rear door. When you came into the kitchen and informed me of the attack on Mr. Grassi, I suggested the den window. I could not see how else Mr. Wrede could have gone out of the house."

Liang looked up sadly.

"I am sorry my efforts were not more successful, but at least I made it difficult for Mr. Wrede."

"Vance got up and put out his cigarette."

"You've helped us no end," he said. "You've clarified many things. We are most grateful."

He walked to Liang and held out his hand. The Chinaman took it and bowed.

(To be continued)

Plenty Excitement



A scene from "One New York Night" Venetian theatre feature Thursday, Friday and Saturday, starring Conrad Nagel, Franchot Tone and Una Merkel.

Mrs. Peter Monner of Portland, Mr. and Mrs. John Walters and son Elmer, Mr. and Mrs. Jess Churchley, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Walters and son Charlie, Mr. and Mrs. I. Walters, Edward and Allen Walters, Mr. and Mrs. Holland of Longview, Wash., Mrs. Lucy Leuthe, and Mr. and Mrs. James Walters.

Miss Boy Honored

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Boy entertained a group of friends honoring Miss Dorothy Boy on her birthday anniversary Saturday evening. Present were Mr. and Mrs. Earl Carr and Fay Carr, Mr. and Mrs. Yule Austin, Dwight, Clark and Yulene Austin, Dick Wolford, Bill Carr, Vivian Finch of Aloha, Carl Larsen, Martin Larsen, Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Carr, L. G. Boie, Lorel Boy, and the host and hostess, and the guest of honor.

Miss Dorothy Boy and Carl Larsen visited Mr. and Mrs. Ed Hickey of Portland Sunday night.

Miss Nellie Larsen of Portland was home with M. C. Larsen and family Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Sweetland of Portland visited Mr. and Mrs. John Muerer last week.

RAYMOND RICHARD INGRAM

FOREST GROVE—Raymond Richard Ingram, infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Ingram of Carnation, died the day of his birth, July 28, and services were held at the Christian church Tuesday afternoon. Interment was in Hillsboro cemetery. The infant was a grandchild of Mrs. Clara Carlson of Portland and Mr. and Mrs. Rolland Bigsby of Cornelius.

WHAT I BELIEVE

If you have not settled the big question, look into this—

1. That all have sinned, myself included.
2. That my best effort to live right will not blot out even one sin.
3. That since I cannot save myself, my sins still stand to rise up against me at the Judgment Day.
4. That Christ was God's Son and He died for my sins.
5. I now take Him as my Saviour who died to save me from God's just wrath at my sins.
6. Here is God's word for it, that I am saved from now on and forever "For God so loved the world that he gave his begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—John 3:16

What I Will Do

1. From now on I will search my Bible to learn how to love, trust and obey Him.
2. And I will look to God in prayer for power to live the new life.
3. When I sin I will then and there tell God and accept forgiveness on the ground that Christ paid it all.

"God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us. Much more then, being now counted righteous by his blood we shall be saved from wrath through Him. See Romans 5:8-9.—George N. Taylor, Beaverton, Oregon.—Adv.

Ask your attorney to send your legal advertising to the Argus.

Buxton Folk in Accidents

Team Runs Away Hitched to a Mowing Machine

(By Mrs. Jesse Meyers)

BUXTON—July 23 proved to be a bad day for accidents here. Mrs. V. Valentine received several cuts on the head as a result of a collision with another car while en route from her home on Green Mountain to Buxton. Several stitches were found necessary to close the wounds. The Westcott's mail car was badly damaged when it skidded in loose gravel near Scofield and swung into a heavy freight truck.

Jesse Meyers received minor injuries when his team ran away hitched to a mowing machine. A bolt in the tongue gave way on a hill, causing the machine to run on the team.

W. B. A. Holds Picnic

W. B. A. members enjoyed a picnic dinner on the lawn at the home of Mrs. Elsie Kelly, president of the review July 24. Non-members present were Reuben Kelly, Fern Eastman, Iida and Melvin Powell, Merlin Watson, Naomi, Trevor and Melvin Canby, Billy and Norma Tolke, Reta Eastman and Eleanor and Leland Powell.

Mrs. Fred Bell (Nellie Hiddink) and Clarice and Maurice of Portland visited relatives here from Tuesday to Sunday.

Clarence Estep and family visited at the Carl Estep home Friday night.

Ivan Mercer Jr. of Seattle was a week-end visitor at the home of Tuesday to Sunday.

Mrs. Fred Hestler and family formerly lived here.

Mrs. Alex Allen left last week for Northern California to visit her husband, who is a crane man on the railroad there.

Mrs. Thor Groenbeck of Vernonia visited Mrs. R. W. Manley one day last week.

Move to Portland

Mr. and Mrs. George Ederer have moved to their new home in Portland. Their house on the farm near Manning was destroyed by fire a short time ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Benefield and Ray spent the week-end at Oscar Benefield at Willamina.

Mrs. Fred Hewitt is visiting her granddaughter, Mrs. Lee Randall, at Oreno.

Mrs. A. S. Ohlemiller visited her daughter in Portland last week. Lester Bidwell of near North

Stomach Sufferer Finds Prompt Relief

Formerly on Liquid Diet, Salesman is Now Able to Eat Anything

C. E. Jeffries, traveling salesman, Neosho, Mo., makes this remarkable statement which will be of interest to many:

"I suffered all last year from stomach trouble and tried many well-known preparations without satisfactory results. I am very grateful for Williams S. L. K. Formula. The relief this medicine has given me has been wonderful. I no longer have gassy sour stomach, and whereas I formerly lived on a liquid diet, I now enjoy a wide selection of foods."

Remarkable relief has been obtained from Williams S. L. K. Formula in cases of indigestion with gas and pains, atonic constipation, sick headache, loss of weight or appetite, tired run-down feeling, and other conditions where a stomachic, laxative, or tonic is indicated. Get your bottle of Williams S. L. K. Formula today from the Delta Drug store.—Adv.

Plains, who is employed at Buxton, was in Buxton Sunday.

Bible School Closes

Bible school closed here Friday. There was a good daily attendance. Miss Eugenia Quier is home from Salem, where she was employed in the berry fields.

Delmar Riggle and Elton Ingram of Birkenfeld were week-end visitors at the Jesse Meyers home.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor White and Beverly, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Simon and family visited relatives at sunset camp Shirley White returned home with them after an

extended visit at the home of her uncle at Sunset.

Hillsboro Argus contains all the news of Hillsboro and the surrounding communities. Read it and keep informed on what is happening at home.

YOUNG'S Funeral Home

"Thoughtful, Sympathetic Service" Phone 972 Hillsboro

A LIFE--

that has been spent honestly and earnestly certainly has earned some recognition; some record to keep its memory alive. A properly planned Granite Memorial is the only lasting guardian against loss and forgetfulness.

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Air space in walls built with hollow tile forms a natural insulation that keeps out summer heat. And in addition, the same air space shields against the winter's cold. Let us figure with you on your building job.

SCHOLLS TILE CO. YARD Plant at Scholls, Oregon Our Motto—"Friendly Service . . . Fair Prices" Washington Street between 1st and 2nd Hillsboro

Is Your Farm Moving Away

While You Sleep?

"I used to count sheep jumping over the fence when I had a sleepless night," an up-to-date farmer was heard to remark the other day, "but now I count trucks dumping dirt in the ocean."

"Trucks dumping dirt in the ocean?"

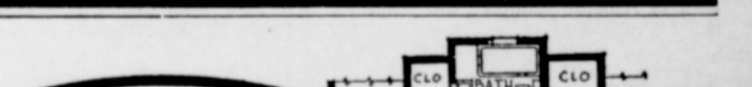
"Yes, trucks loaded with soil from my own farm. Do you know that if a fleet of two-ton trucks were loaded and unloaded every ten minutes day and night for 12 months that it would take 4200 tons to haul off as much soil as is allowed to wash away from Oregon farms in the course of a year?"

"Many farmers, by careless methods, have allowed from 12 to 24 inches of their best topsoil to be carried off by wind and water. And that is too much soil for only a few years!"

To be a spendthrift with money is bad, but to be a spendthrift with natural resources is much worse. SOIL EROSION must be controlled.

Commercial National Bank

"The Largest Independent Bank in Washington County" Hillsboro Oregon



COMPACT ECONOMICAL EFFICIENT

The U. S. Government, through the Federal Housing Administration, has made it possible for prospective home builders to borrow 80% of the cost of a new home—including of course the cost of the land.

This money is loaned on a twenty-year mortgage on terms which actually amount to no more than rent.

Home building has been made easier today than at any time in recent years.

Although an essentially inexpensive design, this little home contains all the conveniences which might be associated with a house costing more than twice as much.

The first floor plan illustrated immediately above may be re-arranged so that the room indicated as a "sewing room" may become the dining room.

COME IN OR CALL AND LET US GIVE YOU FULL FACTS ON EASE OF CONSTRUCTION TODAY.

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