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# THE "CANARY" MURDER CASE

by S. S. VAN DINE AUTHOR OF THE BENSON MURDER CASE

**CHARACTERS**

**PHILO VANCE**  
**JOHN F.-X. MARKHAM**, District Attorney of New York County.  
**MARGARET ODELL** (The "CANARY")  
**CHARLES CLEAVER**, a man about-town  
**KENNETH SPOTSWOODE**, a manufacturer  
**LOUIS MANNIX**, an importer  
**DR. AMBROSE LINDQUIST**, a fashionable neurologist  
**TONY SKELL**, a professional burglar  
**WILLIAM ELMER JESSUP**, telephone operator  
**HARRY SPIVELY**, telephone operator  
**ERNEST HEATH**, Sergeant of the Homicide Bureau.

**THE STORY THUS FAR**  
 Spotswoode had gone out with the "Canary" the evening of the murder. When he left, he asked Jessup, on the switchboard, to call him a cab. "Then," said Jessup, "we heard Miss Odell scream. We ran back to her door and she called to us that everything was all right." But the next morning she was found strangled. Vance thinks two men were in the room when she was murdered, one of them hiding in a clothes closet. Cleaver is questioned and gives an alibi. But he mentions Dr. Lindquist as a possible source of information.

**CHAPTER XVIII**  
 (Tuesday, September 11; 9 p. m.)  
 Ten minutes later we were ringing the bell of a stately old brownstone house in East 44th Street.

A resplendently comparisoned butler opened the door, and Markham presented his card.  
 "Take this to the doctor at once, and say that it's urgent."

"The doctor is just finishing dinner," the stately seneschal informed him; and conducted us into a richly furnished reception-room, with deep comfortable chairs, silken draperies, and subdued lights.

"A typical gynecologist's seraglio," observed Vance, looking around. "I'm sure the pasha himself is a majestic and elegant personage."

The prediction proved true. Doctor Lindquist entered the room a moment later inspecting the district attorney's card as if it had been a cuneiform inscription whose import he could not quite decipher.

He was a tall man in his late forties, with bushy hair and eyebrows, with a complexion abnormally pale. His face was long, and, despite the asymmetry of his features, he might easily have been called handsome. He was in dinner clothes and he carried himself with the self-conscious precision of a man unduly impressed with his own importance. He seated himself at a kidney-shaped desk of carved mahogany, and lifted his eyes with polite inquiry to Markham.

"To what am I indebted for the honor of this call?" he asked in a studiously melodious voice, lingering over each word caressingly. "You are most fortunate to have found me in," he added, before Markham could speak. "I confer with patients only by appointment." One felt that he experienced a certain humiliation at having received us without elaborate ceremonial preliminaries.

Markham, whose nature was opposed to all circumlocution and pretense, came direct to the point.

"This isn't a professional consultation, doctor; but it happens that I want to speak to you about one of your former patients—a Miss Margaret Odell."

Doctor Lindquist regarded the gold paper-weight before him with vacant, reminiscent eyes.  
 "Ah, yes, Miss Odell I was just reading of her violent end. A most unfortunate and tragic affair. . . . In just what way can I be of service to you?—You understand, of course, that the relationship between a physician and his patient is one of sacred confidence."

"I understand that thoroughly," Markham assured him abruptly. "On the other hand, it is the sacred duty of every citizen to assist the authorities in bringing a murderer to justice. And if there is anything you can tell

me which will help toward that end, I shall certainly expect you to tell me."

The doctor raised his hand slightly in polite protestation.  
 "I shall, of course, do all I can to assist you, if you will but indicate your desires."

"There's no need to beat about the bush, doctor," said Markham. "I know that Miss Odell was a patient of yours for a long time; and I realize that it is highly possible, not to say probable, that she told you certain personal things which may have direct bearing on her death."

"But, my dear Mr. . . . Doctor Lindquist glanced ostentatiously at the card—"ah—Markham, my relations with Miss Odell were of a purely professional character."

"I had understood, however," ventured Markham, "that, while what you say may be technically true, nevertheless there was an informality, let me say, in that relationship. Perhaps I may state it better by saying that your professional attitude transcended a merely scientific interest in her case."

I heard Vance chuckle softly; and I myself could hardly suppress a smile at Markham's verbose and orbicular accusation. But Doctor Lindquist, it seemed, was in no wise disconcerted. Assuming an air of beguiling pensiveness, he said:  
 "I will confess, in the interests of strict accuracy, that during my somewhat protracted treatment of her case, I came to regard the young woman with a certain—shall I say, fatherly liking? But I doubt if she was even aware of this mild sentiment on my part."

The corners of Vance's mouth twitched slightly. He was sitting with drooping eyes, watching the doctor with a look of studious amusement.

"And she never at any time told you of any private or personal affairs that were causing her anxiety?" persisted Markham.

Doctor Lindquist pyramided his fingers, and appeared to give the question his undivided thought.

"No, I can't recall a single statement of that nature." His words were measured and unbaned. "I know, naturally, in a general way, her manner of living; but the details, you will readily perceive, were wholly outside my province as a medical consultant. The dis-organization of her nerves was due—so my diagnosis led me to conclude—to late hours, excitement, irregular and rich eating—what, I believe, is referred to vulgarly as going the pace. The modern woman, in this ferbrile age, sir—"

"When did you see her last, may I ask?" Markham interrupted impatiently.

The doctor made a pantomime of eloquent surprise.

"When did I see her last? . . . Let me see." He could, apparently, recall the occasion only with considerable difficulty. "A fortnight ago, perhaps—though it may have been longer. I really can't recall. . . . Shall I refer to my files?"

"That won't be necessary," said Markham. He paused, and regarded the doctor with a look of disarming affability. "And was this last visit a paternal or merely a professional one?"

"Professional, of course," Doctor Lindquist's eyes were impassive and only mildly interested; but his face, I felt, was by no means the unedited reflection of his thoughts.

"Did the meeting take place here or at her apartment?"

"I believe I called on her at her home."

"You called on her a great deal, doctor—so I am informed—and at rather

unconventional hours. . . . Is this entirely in accord with your practice of seeing patients only by appointment?"

Markham's tone was pleasant, but from the nature of his question I knew that he was decidedly irritated by the man's bland hypocrisy, and felt that he was deliberately withholding relevant information.

Before Doctor Lindquist could reply however, the butler appeared at the door and silently indicated an extension telephone on a taboret beside the desk. With an unctuously murmured apology, the doctor turned and lifted the receiver.

Vance took advantage of this opportunity to scribble something on a piece of paper and pass it surreptitiously to Markham.

His call completed, Doctor Lindquist drew himself up haughtily, and faced Markham with chilling scorn. "Is it the function of the district attorney," he asked distantly, "to harass respectable physicians with insulting questions? I did not know that it was illegal—or even original, for that matter—for a doctor to visit his patients."

"I am not discussing now"—Markham emphasized the adverb—"your infractions of the law; but since you suggest a possibility which, I assure you, was not in my mind, would you be good enough to tell me—merely as a matter of form—where you were last night between eleven and twelve?"

The question produced a startling effect. Doctor Lindquist became suddenly like a tautly drawn rope, and, rising slowly and stiffly, he glared, with cold intense venom, at the district attorney. His velvety mask had fallen off; and I detected another emotion beneath his repressed anger; his expression cloaked a fear, and his wrath but partly veiled a passionate uncertainty.

"My whereabouts last night is of no concern of yours," he spoke with great effort, his breath coming and going noisily.

Markham waited, apparently unmoved, his eyes riveted on the trembling man before him. This calm scrutiny completely broke down the other's self-control.

"What do you mean by forcing yourself in here with your contemptible insinuations?" he shouted. His face now livid and mottled, was hideously

contorted; his hands made spasmodic movements; and his whole body shook as with a tremor. "Get out of here— you and your two mymindons! Get out, before I have you thrown out!" (Continued on Page 4.)

## ANNOUNCING

OUR SHOWING OF A  
**COMPLETE LINE OF**  
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*La Grace*  
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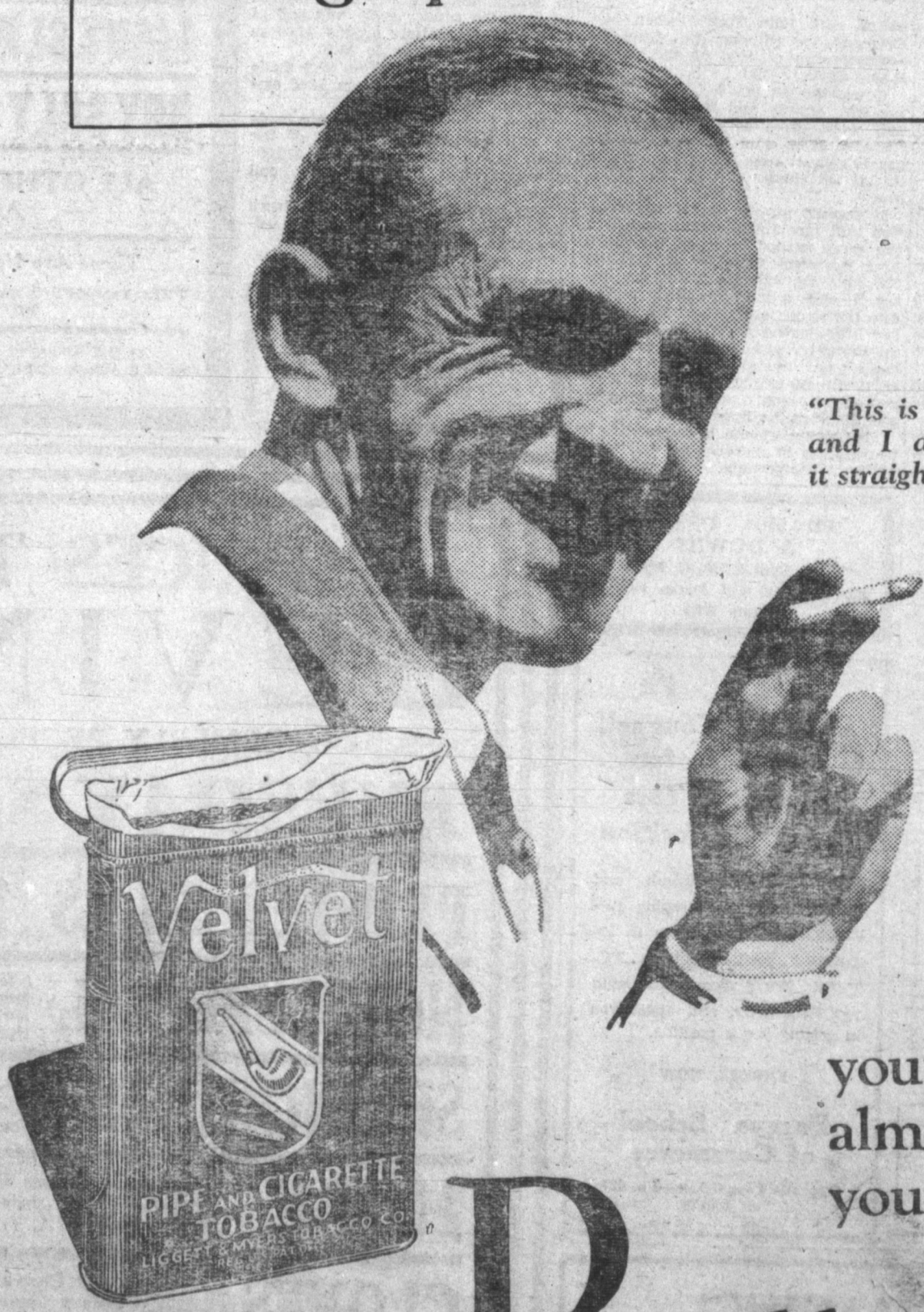
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SOCIAL NEWS

BY MISS LEORA MAY

PHONE 100

Mrs. A. B. Zahn Is Honored With Birthday Party

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. McNamara were host and hostess Saturday evening at a lovely surprise birthday party given in honor of Mrs. A. B. Zahn.

Methodist Leagues Entertain Young People of Pampa

The two Epworth Leagues of the Methodist church had as their guests Sunday evening the young people's organizations from the Baptist, Christian, and Presbyterian churches.

Social Calendar

The Amusus Bridge club will meet Tuesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock in the home of Mrs. W. A. Bratton.

Mrs. Kelly Holt will be hostess to the Just A Mere Bridge club Tuesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock in the home of Mrs. H. M. Lester.

The Wayside club will meet with Mrs. Paul Caylor as hostess Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. W. F. Clausing will be hostess Tuesday afternoon to the Rayolay bridge club at 2:30 o'clock.

The Baptist circles of the W. M. U. will meet Wednesday afternoon as follows: Circle two, Mrs. E. G. Barrett, Circle two, Mrs. E. L. Anderson.

The Methodist Missionary Society will not meet this week.

Mrs. G. C. Walters will be hostess Thursday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock to members of the London Bridge club.

The Friday 13 Bridge club will meet Friday afternoon in the home of Miss Ruth Ann Mitchell.

The Child Study club will meet Friday afternoon in the home of Mrs. B. E. Finley, with Mrs. James Todd as leader.

The Baker P.-T. A. will meet Friday evening at 7:30 at the Baker School.

D. C. Moore spent the week-end in Amarillo on business.

Jack Gill of Mobeetie, who has been seriously ill in the Pampa hospital, is slowly recovering.

Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Reid, and Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Crocker and family spent Sunday in Mobeetie.

A. H. Doucette attended court in Panhandle today.

Let a want ad work for you.

Identity of Two Persons Sought Following Deaths

FORT WORTH, Feb. 6.—(AP)—Efforts were being made today to identify a woman of 32, who died at a hospital here yesterday, a victim of pneumonia. Records at the hospital gave her name as Mrs. Rosa Kelley of Dallas, but she also gave the name of Mrs. Woods on other occasions.

LUBBOCK, Feb. 6.—(AP)—Although a note he had written gave him name as Tom Dowd and his age as 70, officers today were seeking to verify the identity of a man who was found near the railroad tracks here yesterday by a group of boys. He died a few minutes after he had reached the hospital, after saying he had taken poison.

Car Licenses Much Under 1927 Total

As yet Sheriff E. S. Graves has not yet arrested car owners who have neglected to procure licenses, but he states that he will in the future. The officers have picked up several delinquents so far and have instructions to order all car owners driving with 1927 license tags to get new ones immediately.

Saratoga Makes Canal Locks in Tight Squeeze

COLON, Panama, Feb. 6.—(AP)—Having claimed a narrow flight of three steps from the Atlantic ocean, the giant aircraft carrier Saratoga today rode at anchor in Gatun Lake 85 feet above sea level. Because of the great width of the ship it was considered that its voyage through the Gatun locks was the most difficult operation ever tried in the canal.

Greets Lindbergh



EDNA COLL.

JAN JUAN, Porto Rico, Feb. 6.—(AP)—Aviators' caps made of cloth of gold were donned by Edna Coll and 40 attendants to greet Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh upon his arrival in Jan Juan.

Scott Barcus visited in Amarillo yesterday.

Miss Leora May spent Sunday with friends in Amarillo.

W. H. Curry was an Amarillo visitor yesterday.

The Rev. Hall Pierce, Episcopalian minister from Amarillo, conducted services at the C. P. Buckler residence yesterday morning.

Big Gasser, Afire, So Noisy School Closes Today

RAYVILLE, La., Feb. 6.—(AP)—The Thomason gas well of the Natural Gas and Fuel corporation at Alto, near here, is afire, and the ground about the well is cratering.

Residence Building On Increase Here

Building permits amounting to more than \$19,000 have been issued by the City of Pampa during the first four days of February. All the permits were for residences, some of which are under construction and others to commence immediately.

Dangerous?



Mrs. Faye Brinsberry, attractive 23-year-old blonde of Frankfort, Ind., is said to have confessed writing and mailing threatening letters to five prominent business men.

Marcel Beauty Parlor A Wave That Stays—75c Room 12 Smith Bldg. Phone 534

Central Cash Grocery and Market

Specials For Tuesday and Wednesday

Sugar 10-lb. cloth bags 69c

Bacon Our own fancy sliced; lb. 32c

Lettuce Fancy Iceberg; large heads 9c

Nu-Ine Only butter substitute 27 1/2c

Apples Fancy cooking; 3-lbs 25c

SPARE RIBS Fresh and meaty; Per pound 17c

Yams Fancy East Texas; Kiln dried; per lb. 5c

Modes of the Moment!



The front of this black satin dress from Worth opens to show a white crepe de chine foundation. Draperies of the skirt and the wide revers which form a draped collar on the blouse are all in one.

DRESSMAKING Designing & Alterations MRS. LIGON Room 12 Smith Bldg. Phone 534

Special for this week—Eugene Permanent Wave—\$10.00 Wave Guaranteed Milady Beauty Shoppe 424 North Ballard Phone 244



Do You Like a Shabby Home?

NO—Then would you go out on the street with shabby clothes? Cleaning and Pressing such as ours will make your clothes look like new.

Always Look Your Best!

Just Phone 120 and a Driver Will Call

We Give S & H Green Stamps

Rice Tailors 15 Years in Pampa

Guaranteed 8 Per Cent Interest Loan

On Business and Residential Property in Pampa

Payable in \$12.50 or \$15.00 per \$1000 Monthly. Only one note and one Deed of Trust to Sign. Payable on or before without cost or bonus. No Commission notes due first and second years.

No stock to buy; just a simple flat monthly payment loan with the interest figured at exactly 8 per cent per annum and no more.

W. C. MONTGOMERY

Room 7

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Dirty Work

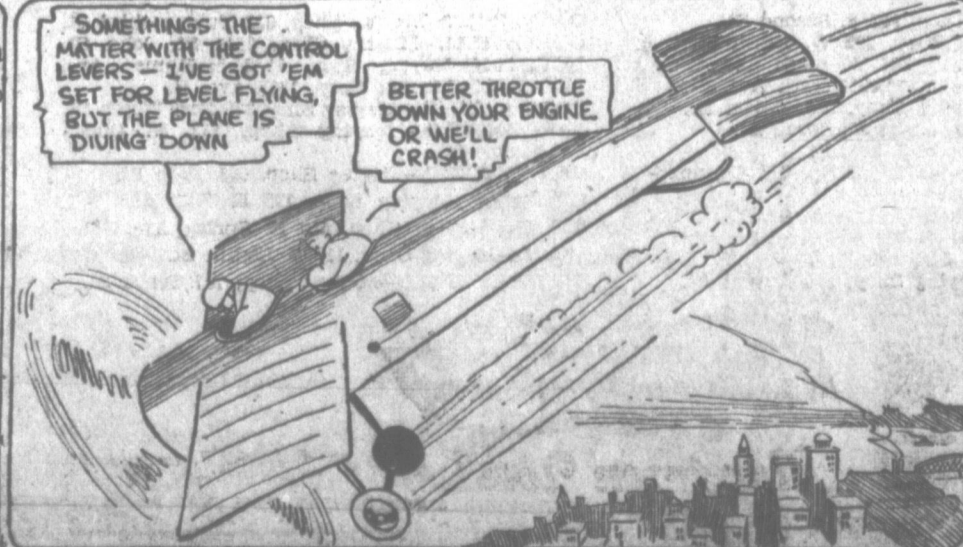
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By TAYLOR

THOUGH UNDISCOVERED IN HIS ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE BY A PARACHUTE JUMP THE FAKE BILL GERRICK STILL HAS HOPES OF PREVENTING THE REAL BILL GERRICK FROM DELIVERING HIM TO THE COPS AT THE POLICE AVIATION FIELD.

SOMETHINGS THE MATTER WITH THE CONTROL LEVERS— I'VE GOT 'EM SET FOR LEVEL FLYING, BUT THE PLANE IS DIVING DOWN

BETTER THROTTLE DOWN YOUR ENGINE, OR WE'LL CRASH!



DON'T WORRY, BUDDY— IF THE TAIL OF THE PLANE HOLDS ITS PRESENT POSITION I CAN GLIDE TO A SAFE LANDING



LUCKY I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN WHAT "THE HYENA" TAUGHT ME ABOUT FLYING— IF THIS BIRD DOESN'T DISCOVER I'M REGULATING THE CONTROL WIRES, I'LL HAVE THIS PLANE ON THE GROUND LONG BEFORE WE REACH THE POLICE FIELD

