Startling Detective Adventures

JULY
25¢
IN CANADA 30¢

MICHIGAN'S 'GORILLA' MURDERER

AL CAPONE KING of GANGLAND

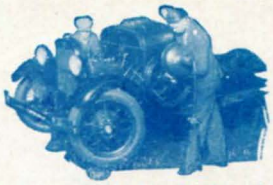
KANSAS CITY'S WILDCAT

McSweeny's Amazing New Ways to a BIG PAY Job

Training takes you out of the low pay ordinary jobs. It makes you independent of hard times, strikes, shut downs, because there is always a demand for the trained man. Learn how easily and quickly you can get out of the low pay class by going into Electricity, Automotive or Aviation the McSweeny way.

ELECTRICITY | AUTOMOTIVE | AVIATION

Learn to control, master and apply this magical juice that rules the universe. Be a McSweeny trained electrical expert.



Every motor propelled vehicle—Automobiles, Trucks, Tractors require constant service. The trained Automotive Mechanic is always in demand.

Learn to master the mechanics of this great new fast growing industry where there is a big need for trained Aviation men.

You Learn by Doing on Real Equipment in Only 8 to 12 Weeks

The McSweeny Shop Plan is the PRACTICAL way to learn Electricity, Automotive or Aviation Mechanics. You learn right here in the McSweeny Shops, on REAL equipment. One entire floor of the school building is devoted entirely to electrical instruction. Another floor is given over entirely to automotive teaching. Here in 8 to 12 weeks you can complete the training in any one of these high pay fields that would take you up to two years by correspondence or through boresome books. You are taught by actual doing—no theory—no guesswork—no puzzling blue-prints. Get out of the rut. Be a McSweeny Trained Man and earn $40 to $150 weekly.

No Books--No Classes

In the McSweeny Electrical Shops you use real tools instead of books. Your lessons are given on regulation electrical equipment. Here are switch boards, generators, motors. You get first hand knowledge of A.C. and D.C. armature winding, house wiring, splicing, automobile and radio electrical systems and batteries. You are given everything you need to become an electrical expert at big pay. In the automotive and aviation departments are real motors for automobiles, trucks, tractors and airplanes. You work on these motors as well as other parts and learn how to do the right thing in the right way. Expert instructors work shoulder-to-shoulder with you and guide you at every step.

Guarantee of Satisfaction

You take no risk. I am so positive that you will make a big success after taking my training that I guarantee to train you until you are permanently placed in a good job at good pay. Mail coupon for big FREE Book and remarkable tuition offer if you are over 16 years of age. Act today.

J. H. McSweeny.

McSWEENY SCHOOLS
ELECTRICAL
AUTOMOTIVE
AVIATION

Dept. C-19-G, Chester at 30th St., Cleveland, Ohio

Mail This Coupon for FREE Book

J. H. McSweeny, Pres.,
McSWEENY SCHOOLS,
Dept. C-19-G, Chester at 30th St., Cleveland, Ohio.

Without cost or obligation, send me your big FREE book and full details of your special tuition offer. (Check school interested in.)

[ ] Electrical [ ] Automotive [ ] Aviation

Name.....

Street.....

Town .....State .....Age .....

They Told Him Salesmen Were "Born"

But Now He Makes $10,000 a Year ...Thanks to This Little Book

IT was just a little free book that made the difference between Ed Pinkham and the rest of the men in our shop. Nobody ever imagined that Ed would land even in the $5,000-a-year class, let alone be making $10,000 before he was thirty. Ed didn't know himself the abilities he had in him as a money-maker—he couldn't even sell the foreman the idea of recommending him for a five-dolla raise.

But one day a strange occurrence changed the whole course of his life. During his lunch hour Ed started to read a little book he had brought to work with him. ...."It's a book called 'The Key To Master Salesmanship,' Bill," he told me. "It's the most amazing thing I ever read. I never dreamed there was so much in salesmanship. You ought to send for a copy yourself. Why don't you? It's free."

"Huh!" said Luke Jones. "Does that book tell you how to learn to be a salesman? A fellow has to be 'born' that way to be a good salesman."

Ed just smiled at that, but he said nothing. We kidded him about it, but he wouldn't tell us any more; just smiled. About four months later he left us. The foreman grinned when he heard about it. "I'll see you in a week or so, I guess, Ed. You can have your job back when you want it," he promised and Ed thanked him. But after he left Ed never came back and we wondered what luck he was having.

After that, I forgot him until last night. I was going home when a snappy sedan drove up to the curb next to me "Hi, Bill, going home?" said the man in the car. I looked up, and there was Ed dressed like a million dollars, leaning over the wheel.

"For Pete's sake!" I said. "What a e you doing nowadays, Ed?" He smiled. "City sales manager for the Steel Castings Company," he told me. "What are you doing?"

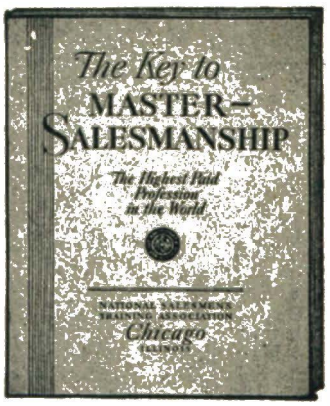
"Still at the shop," I replied. "But what I want to know is, how do you come to be sales manager for Steel Castings? They're one of the biggest firms in the business."

Ed smiled again. "Remember that book on salesmanship that Luke Jones was kidding me about one day? Well, when I finished my salesmanship course, the Association I took it f om gave me a choice of twenty-one jobs through their Free Employment Department. I got a wonderful job, and I had a wonderful training, so I've had a pretty successful time of it. They made me City Sales Manager three months ago at ten thousand dollars a year.

"Good night!" I said. "And Luke and I are still punching the old time clock!"

Ed looked at me seriously. "See here, Bill," he said. "Are you sport enough to risk two cents that you can do as well as I did? Then spend the two cents to write to the National Salesmen's Training Association tonight and get their free book. Then take their course. When you have your diploma, their Free Employment Department will help you get a good sales job—every year they have calls for over 50,000 salesmen. Not only will they help you get the job, but they give you an ironclad money-back guarantee that you must be satisfied with the training received—o they refund your tuition!

"Bill, training is the only thing you need to make you a wonderful salesman. That stuff that Luke Jones talks about, that salesmen are born, is the biggest bunk I ever heard. They *made* a salesman out of me; they can make a salesman—and a good one—out of nearly anyone who will study. *Every human being is born a salesman.* Thousands of the greatest possible kind of salesmen live and die without knowing their own powers. The difference that makes the so-called born salesman successful is the fact that he has learned, through experience or th ough training, the fundamental selling secrets that *always work.* It's training in those secrets, which I got from the N. S. T. A., that made a $10,000-a-year *success* out of me. You can master them as well as I did. Send for that little book tonight, and when you've got your training, come and see me."



NOW SENT FREE

FREE—TO EVERY MAN

A book—but what a book! Just seven ounces of paper and printers' ink—but it reveals facts and secrets that have led hundreds of men to success beyond their fondest expectations! See for yourself—FREE—why "The Key To Master Salesmanship" has increased the earning capacities of thousands, as a direct result of their reading it! You'll know, then, how J. H. Huppert of Michigan learned from its pages the secrets that enabled him to make $525 in one week. You can understand how it helped A. A. Fidler of Alabama to raise his pay 700%. You'll know how it made C. B. Sterling of Florida an officer and manager of his Company, raising his pay to ten times what it was. Learn for yourself the REAL TRUTH about salesmanship. You do not risk one penny or incur the slightest obligation. And since it may prove the turning point in your career it is certainly worth your while to fill out and mail the coupon at the right. Do it now!

NATIONAL SALESMEN'S TRAINING ASSOCIATION

Dept. H-923, N. S. T. A. Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

National Salesmen's Training Association,
Dept. H-923, N. S. T. A. Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
Without cost or obligation please send me free copy of "The Key To Master Salesmanship," including details of your FREE EMPLOYMENT service.

Name.....

Address.....

City .....State .....

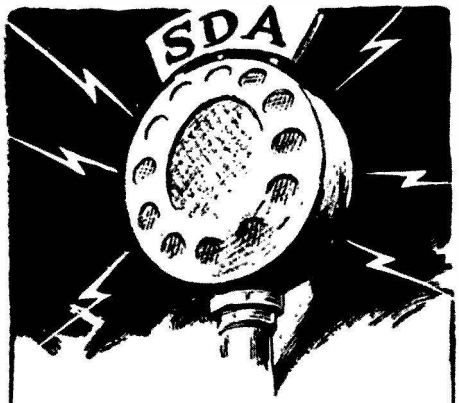
Age .....Occupation .....

Startling Detective Adventures

Vol. 5, No. 26

Contents for July, 1930

Cover by Harry Fisk.



TUNE IN

on the August Issue!

The Mystery of the Headless Body

Brooklyn's Bloodiest Killer

Trapping the Lamar Wolves

and many other sensational and thrilling fact stories

The August issue will be on sale everywhere July 10th.

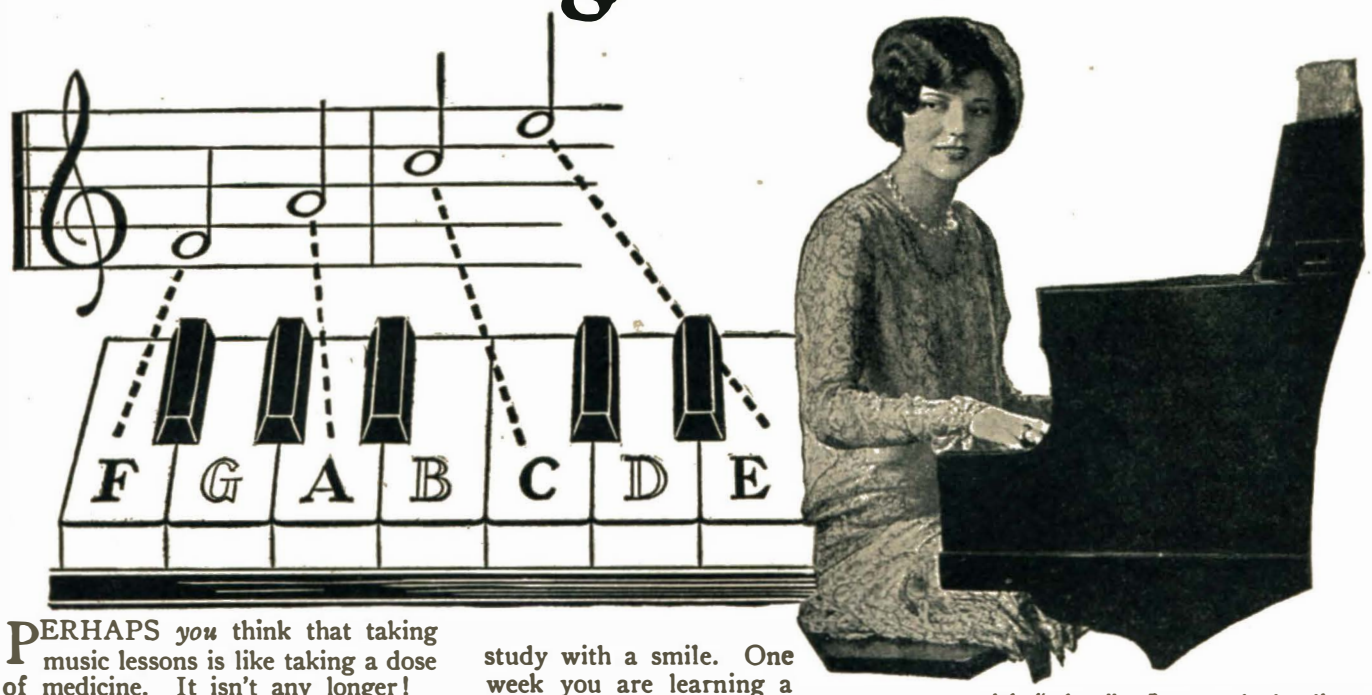
Published Monthly by Fawcett Publications, Inc.

W. H. FAWCETT, Publisher *ROSCOE FAWCETT, General Manager* *JACK SMALLEY, Asst. General Manager*

STARTLING DETECTIVE ADVENTURES Magazine is published at Broadway and Eleventh street, Louisville, Ky. Entered as second class matter December 29, 1927, at the Post Office at Louisville, Ky., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Robbinsdale, Minn. Editorial offices, Robbinsdale, Minn.; Ray Ryan, Advertising Manager; Chicago office, 35 East Wacker Drive; New York office, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., Suite 606, (Phone: Vanderbilt 8490). Rates on accepted manuscripts, 2 cents a word, payment on acceptance. This is a magazine of fiction; unless otherwise stated all names used in stories are fictitious. Terms, 25c a copy, $2.50 a year. Printed in U. S. A.

Other Fawcett Magazines are Modern Mechanics, Battle Stories, Screen Play Secrets, Triple-X and True Confessions.

To those who think Learning Music is hard-



PERHAPS *you* think that taking music lessons is like taking a dose of medicine. It isn't any longer!

As far as you're concerned, the old days of long practice hours with their horrid scales, hard-work exercises, and expensive personal teacher fees are over and done with.

You have no excuses—no alibis whatsoever for not making your start toward musical good times *now!*

For, through a method that removes the boredom and extravagance from music lessons, you can now learn to play your favorite instrument entirely at home—without a private teacher—in half the usual time—at a fraction of the usual cost.

Just imagine . . . a method that has made the reading and playing of music so downright simple that you don't have to know one note from another to begin.

Do you wonder that this remarkable way of learning music has already been vouched for by over a half million people in all parts of the world?

Easy As Can Be!

The lessons come to you by mail from the famous U. S. School of Music. They consist of complete printed instructions, diagrams, and all the music you need. You study with a smile. One week you are learning a dreamy waltz—the next you are mastering a stirring march. As the lessons continue they prove easier and easier. For instead of just scales you are always learning to play by *actual notes* the classic favorites and the latest syncopation that formerly you only listened to.

And you're never in hot water. First, you are *told* how a thing is done. Then a picture *shows* you how, then you do it yourself and *hear* it. No private teacher could make it clearer or easier.

Soon when your friends say "please play something" you can surprise and entertain them with pleasing melodies on your favorite instrument. You'll find yourself in the spotlight—popular everywhere. Life at last will have its silver lining and lonely hours will vanish as you play the "blues" away.

New Friends—Better Times

If you're tired of doing the heavy looking-on at parties—if always listening to others play has almost spoiled the pleasure of music for you—if you've been envious because they could entertain their friends and family—if learning music has always been one of those never-to-come-true dreams, let the time-proven and tested home-study method of the U. S. School of Music come to your rescue.

Don't be afraid to begin your lessons at once. Over half a million people learned to play this modern way—and found it as easy as A-B-C. Forget that old-fashioned idea that you need special "talent." Just read the list of instruments in the panel, decide which one you want to play, and the U. S. School will do the rest. And bear in mind, no matter which instrument you choose, the cost in each case will average the same—just a few cents a day. No matter whether you are a mere beginner or already a good performer, you will be interested in learning about this new and wonderful method.

Pick Your Instrument

Piano	Violin
Organ	Clarinet
Ukulele	Flute
Cornet	Saxophone
Trombone	Harp
Piccolo	Mandolin
Guitar	'Cello

Hawaiian Steel Guitar
Sight Singing
Piano Accordion
Italian and German Accordion
Voice and Speech Culture
Harmony and Composition
Drums and Traps
Automatic Finger Control
Banjo (Plectrum, 5-String or Tenor)

Send for Our Free Book and Demonstration Lesson

Our wonderful illustrated Free Book and our Free Demonstration Lesson explain all about this remarkable method. They prove just how anyone can learn to play his favorite instrument *by note* in almost no time and for just a fraction of what old slow methods cost. The booklet will also tell you all about the amazing new *Automatic Finger Control.*

Read the list of instruments to the left, decide which you want to play, and the U. S. School of Music will do the rest. Act NOW. Clip and mail this coupon today, and the fascinating Free Book and Free Demonstration Lesson will be sent to you at once. No obligation. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 1247 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
1247 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane. Free Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course:

.....Have you Instr? .....

Name.....

Address.....

City .....State .....

The Chief's Chair

Legal Technicalities

ASK almost any law enforcement official about crime, and he'll tell you it's a losing game. He knows that modern science and recent advances in crime detection agencies make the life of the criminal more and more difficult.

But there are a number of matters that need working over in order that the judicial processes will keep up with the activities of law enforcement officers. One of these is the problem of legal loopholes which frequently permit defendants, who are guilty beyond doubt, to go free because a smart criminal lawyer has discovered a technicality, so minute that it is ridiculous.

Crime Waves

THERE is a great deal of talk, these days, about crime waves. And it is granted that there is a great deal of crime, of one kind or another.

One of the most effective ways in which to reduce this crime, it appears, is to make it impossible for a crook to get out of a serious charge simply because of a flimsy technicality. For, after all, the public is interested in reducing crime—or should be.

He Rides a Hobby

A. M. THOMPSON, whose account of a thrilling bandit chase appears in this issue, is an electro-chemist whose hobby is writing. Asked for a little information about himself, Mr. Thompson said that he got his start riding a motorcycle with the 32nd Division overseas for fourteen months. He was gassed twice and bayoneted once—at least, he walked into a bayonet attached to a German rifle which had been stuck in the mud. It was very dark that night.

He railroaded for twelve years, studied during the evenings, and then got into electro-chemistry.

In January, 1928, he wrote his first story, and sold it! Since then he has been turning them out regularly and profitably. He is married and has two children who are unique, he says, in that they are very hard on clothes. He likes dogs, hates cats, plays poker occasionally, thinks Dempsey will stage a comeback and hand Carnera the KO, enjoys reading detective stories and *Whiz Bang*, and believes, contrary to the general opinion, that magazine editors are sympathetic. Also he mentioned that he likes beer, which isn't strange as he lives in Milwaukee.

Rewards for Dead Bandits

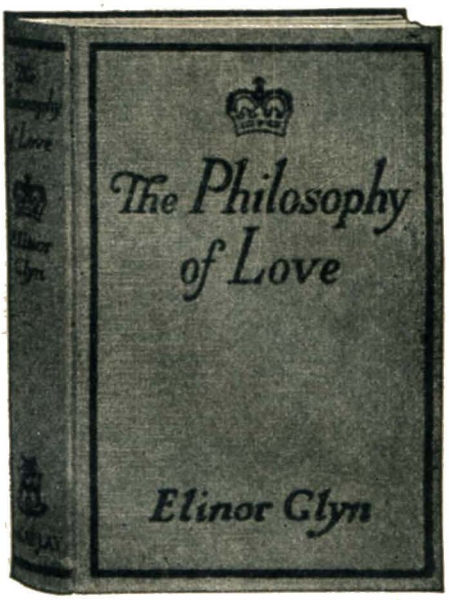
MORE than two years ago the Texas Bankers' Association hit upon a scheme to cut down their losses through bank holdups. They offered a reward of $5,000 for each dead bandit.

According to a recent report of the organization, payment has been made for six deceased holdup men, a total of $30,000. The bankers are enthusiastic over the results of their plan, and it is said some even favor raising the reward offer.

Figures quoted show that during the eight weeks preceding announcement of the bounty, 24 Texas banks were robbed. During the entire year 1928 only three banks were robbed and all the bandits involved were either killed or captured.

The Most Daring Book Ever Written!

Elinor Glyn, famous author of "Three Weeks" has written an amazing book that should be read by every man and woman —married or single. "The Philosophy of Love" is not a novel —it is a penetrating searchlight fearlessly turned on the most intimate relations of men and women. Read below how you can get this thrilling book at our risk—without advancing a penny.



WILL you marry the man you love, or will you take the one you can get?

If a husband stops loving his wife, or becomes infatuated with another woman, who is to blame —the husband, the wife, or the "other woman?"

Will you win the girl you want, or will Fate select your Mate?

Should a bride tell her husband what happened at seventeen?

Will you be able to hold the love of the one you cherish—or will your marriage end in divorce?

Do you know how to make people like you?

ELINOR GLYN
"The Oracle of Love"

IF you can answer the above questions—if you know all there is to know about winning a woman's heart or holding a man's affections—you don't need "The Philosophy of Love." But if you are in doubt—if you don't know just how to handle your husband or satisfy your wife, or win the devotion of the one you care for—then you must get this wonderful book. You can't afford to take chances with your happiness.

What Do YOU Know About Love?

DO you know how to win the one you love? Do you know why husbands, with devoted, virtuous wives, often become secret slaves to creatures of another "world"—and how to prevent it? Why do some men antagonize women, finding themselves beating against a stone wall in affairs of love? When is it dangerous to disregard convention? Do you know how to curb a headstrong man, or are you the victim of men's whims? Do you know how to retain a man's affection always? How to attract men? How to make love keep you youthful and fresh? Do you know the things that most irritate a man? Or disgust a woman? Can you tell when a man really loves you—or must you take his word for it? Do you know what you MUST NOT DO unless you want to be a "wall flower" or an "old maid"? Do you know the little things that make women like you? Why do "wonderful lovers" often become thoughtless husbands soon after marriage—and how can the wife prevent it? Do you know how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon?

In "The Philosophy of Love,"—Elinor Glyn answers these precious questions—and countless others. She places a magnifying glass unflinchingly on the most intimate relations of men and women. No detail, no matter how delicate or avoided by others, is spared. She warns you gravely, she suggests wisely, she explains fully.

We admit that the book is decidedly daring. It had to be. A book of this type, to be of great value, could not mince words. But while Madame Glyn calls a spade a spade —while she deals with strong emotions and passions in her frank, fearless manner—she nevertheless handles her subject so tenderly and sacredly that the book can safely be read by any grown-up man or woman. In fact, anyone over eighteen should be *compelled* to read "The Philosophy of Love"; for, while ignorance may sometimes be bliss, it is folly of the rankest sort to be ignorant of the problems of love and marriage. As one mother wrote us: "I wish I had read this book when I was a young girl—it would have saved me a lot of misery and suffering."

Certain self-appointed censors may condemn "The Philosophy of Love." Anything of such an unusual character generally is. But Madame Glyn is content to rest her world wide reputation on this book—the greatest masterpiece of love ever attempted!

What Every Man and Woman Should Know

—how to win the man you love.
—how to win the girl you want.
—how to hold your husband's love.
—how to make people admire you.
—why men "step out" and leave their wives alone.
—why many marriages end in despair.
—how to hold a woman's affection.
—how to keep a husband home nights.
—why most women don't know how to make love.
—things that turn men against you.
—how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon.
—the "danger year" of married life.
—how to ignite love—how to keep it flaming
—how to rekindle it if burnt out.
—how to cope with the "hunting instinct" in men.
—how to attract people you like.
—why some men and women are always lovable, regardless of age.
—how to make love keep you young.
—must all men be either "dubs" or devils?
—how to increase your desirability in a man's eye.
—how to tell if someone really loves you.
—things that make a woman "cheap" or "common."
—how to make people do the things you want them to.

SEND NO MONEY

YOU need not advance a single penny for "The Philosophy of Love." Simply fill out the coupon below—or write a letter —and the book will be sent to you on approval. When the postman delivers the book to your door—when it is actually in your hands—pay him only $1.98, plus a few pennies postage, and the book is yours. Go over it to your heart's content—read it from cover to cover—and if you are not more than pleased, simply send the book back in good condition within five days and your money will be refunded instantly.

ver 75,000,000 people have read Elinor Glyn's stories or have seen them in the movies. Her books sell like magic. " he Philosophy of Love" is the supreme culmination of her brilliant career. It is destined to sell in huge quantities. Everybody will talk about it everywhere. So it will be exceedingly difficult to keep the book in print. It is possible that the present edition may be exhausted, and you may be compelled to wait for your copy, unless you mail the coupon below AT ONCE. We do not say this to hurry you—it is the truth.

Get your pencil—fill out the coupon NOW. Mail it to The Franklin Publishing Co., 800 N. Clark St., Chicago, Illinois, before it is too late. Then be prepared for the greatest thrill of your life!

WARNING!

The publishers do not care to send "The Philosophy of Love" to anyone under eighteen years of age. So unless, you are over eighteen, please do not fill out the coupon below.

Franklin Publishing Co.
800 N. Clark St., Dept 8902 Chicago, Ill.

Please send me on approval Elinor Glyn's masterpiece, "The Philosophy of Love." When the postman delivers the book to my door, I will pay him only $1.98, plus a few pennies postage. It is understood, however, that this is not to be considered a purchase. If the book does not in every way come up to expectations, I reserve the right to return it any time within five days after it is received and you agree to refund my money.

Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....

IMPORTANT—If you reside outside the U. S. A. send $2.12 cash with order. Bargain Book Catalog Free with each order.

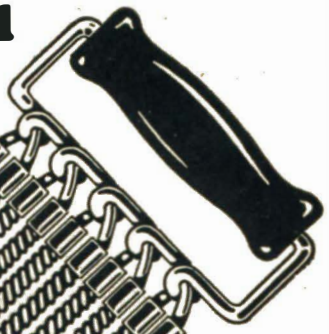
10,000 Chest Expanders ONLY 99¢ EACH!

These are genuine heavy cabled progressive exercisers of powerful tension and resistance. Each cable contains 50 pure rubber strands, and is fully guaranteed. Never before in the history of physical culture have these exercisers been offered at such a low figure.

It is only done now because we are getting out our new line.

Less Than the Price of a Meal

If you buy elsewhere you will pay more than twice as much, and perhaps five times as much. Don't forget that we are direct manufacturers, and if it weren't for this Special Summer Offer, you would never have the opportunity to make the best buy you ever made. Just think of it! A genuine guaranteed 5 cable 50 strand para rubber cable exerciser for only 99c! Less than the price of a good meal! We also have a few 10 cable progressive exercisers on hand at $1.85.



FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED

Order your exerciser now, before it is too late! This offer is good for a limited time only. After that you will have to pay a great deal more. Get this wonderful health-builder that should be in every home. It only takes a minute. Just sit down, clip the coupon, write your name and address on it, and mail it to our address.

BUY 2 or 3

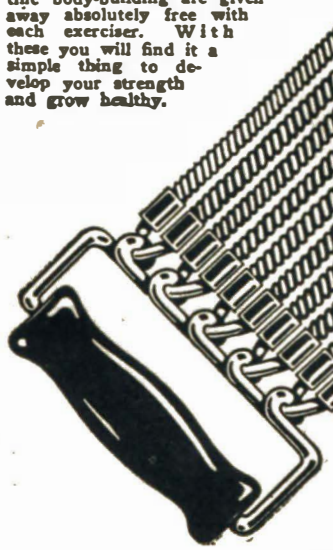
at this unheard of price. Use one yourself and one or two more for gifts to friends. This is a real opportunity!

COMPLETE INSTRUCTIONS

Complete instructions for scientific body-building are given away absolutely free with each exerciser. With these you will find it a simple thing to develop your strength and grow healthy.

DEALERS ATTENTION!

Here's your chance to purchase a supply of honest-to-goodness guaranteed progressive exercisers at a price far below normal. You can resell them to your store customers for as high as $8 for the 10 cable exerciser. Order a sample of each model to try out and test to your satisfaction, then order any number you desire. No order is too large or too small. Here's a buy at a price you never thought possible.



SEND NO MONEY

Just pay the postman for the exerciser when it is delivered to you, plus a few cents postage.

JUST CLIP THIS COUPON

PROGRESSIVE EXERCISER CO.
Longdon Building, Dept. 1507
B'way & Duane St., New York City.

Gentlemen:

Please send me your 5 cable / 10 cable (guaranteed exerciser) at 99c / at $1.85

(Check the one you want). It is understood that I am to get instructions for using absolutely free. If I am not satisfied, I can return the exerciser within five days and you will return my money.

Name ..... Age .....

Street .....

City and State .....

AUTOS

Learn All About

6 BIG AUTO BOOKS All Shipped FREE

ON APPROVAL

New 1930 Edition

Whether you are mechanic or helper, expert or student, auto-owner or driver, if you're interested in autos, by all means take advantage of this opportunity to see the latest and most complete work on autos ever published. Written by a large group of America's greatest automotive engineers. Simple enough for men with little schooling to understand, yet in daily use by hundreds of engineers, service-station superintendents and foremen as an authoritative REFERENCE Cyclopedia.

Aviation Motors
In addition to being a complete cyclopedia of automobile engineering these books contain over 100 pages on Aviation Motors, bringing to you the newest and latest information obtainable

YOU Can Fix Any Car

You can take out "play" in differential. You can kill the "shimmy" in steering. You can reset TIMING. You can put your finger on engine trouble without guessing or tinkering. You can pull the starter off and fix it. You can adjust and repair transmission, engine, rear axle, bearings. THESE BOOKS TELL HOW, and they tell you how to do any and every auto job right the first time.

Nearly 3,000 pages, over 2,000 illustrations, wiring diagrams, equipment, charts, etc. and so new that they cover all the latest developments such as FRONT WHEEL drivers, etc.

Amazing FREE Offer

There are no strings to this offer, it means just what it says—mail the coupon and the books will be sent to you for free examination. If after 10 days use, you want to keep them, send only $2.00, then $3.00 per month until the special low price is paid. Otherwise return the books at our expense and you will owe us nothing.

Jiffy Index

You don't have to read the books through, the special Jiffy Index enables you to put your finger on the information wanted in a jiffy.

American Technical Society, Dept. A-43
Drexel Ave. at 58th St., Chicago, Illinois

I would like to see the new 6-volume 1930 edition of your automobile books but without any obligation to buy. I will pay the few cents delivery charges and will examine the books and return them at your expense in 10 days unless I like them, in which case I will send you $2.00 then, and only $3.00 per month, until the special price of only $24.80 is paid. You are to include free consulting membership certificate in the American Technical Society. Send brand new 1930 edition.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

Employer's Name.....

Employer's Address.....

TEAR GAS FOUNTAIN PEN GUN!

100% Protection—No Injury

Amazing Invention. Has Size, Shape and Appearance of a Fountain Pen—BUT—it shoots TEAR GAS. A safe, effective substitute for dangerous firearms. Just point it—release safety trigger and—project a cloud of Blinding TEAR GAS. Instantly Stops, Stuns and Incapacitates the most vicious Man or Beast. *No permanent injury.* Criminals, Morons, Thugs fear Tear Gas more than bullets. Needed in Stores, Banks, Theatres, Homes, everywhere to protect life and property. No skill required. Ideal protector for Motorists and Women. Shoots far enough so as not to affect user. Uses same Tear Gas Shells as Official Police Equipment. Precision built. Not a Toy. *Guaranteed Perfect.*

AGENTS: Here is the ONE BIG SELLING sensation of the year. *Quick Sales—Big Profits.* Everyone who sees it wants one. Earn up to $25.00 daily. Makes an amazing demonstration that rolls in the money. Write Today for details or send only $3.95 for Sample Pen-Gun, Extra Ammunition and Demonstration Outfit (*Retail value $5.50*). Not Sent C. O. D.

LACHRYITE CO., P.O. Box 1719-B-7 CHICAGO, ILL., U.S.A.

WE MATCH PANTS

To Any Suit!

Double the life of your coat and vest with correctly matched pants, 100,000 patterns. Every pair hand tailored to your measure; NO "readymades." Our match sent FREE for your O. K. before pants are made. Fit guaranteed. Send piece of cloth or vest today.

SUPERIOR MATCH PANTS COMPANY
115 So. Dearborn Street, Dept. 399 Chicago

Red-Blooded Heroes!

Read about your he-man favorites of the screen! Many followed glamorous, exciting professions that led them to the four corners of the globe before entering pictures!

GRETA GARBO on the Cover

Hundreds of little-known facts that will give you a complete knowledge of the stars are contained in—

SCREEN PLAY SECRETS

Movie Album

On Sale Everywhere

ONLY $1 PER COPY

Complete biographies and attractive, full-page portraits, reproduced in gorgeous rotogravure, of all the stars, in an elaborate, 146-page book that every movie lover should have. Get your copy today.

If your news dealer is sold out, send $1 to SCREEN PLAY Secrets Magazine, Fawcett Publications, Inc., Minneapolis, Minn., and your copy of the MOVIE ALBUM will be mailed you immediately.

USE COUPON FOR CONVENIENCE

SCREEN PLAY Secrets Magazine,
Fawcett Publications, Inc.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Enclosed find $..... Please send me.....copies of Screen Play Secrets MOVIE ALBUM.

Name .....

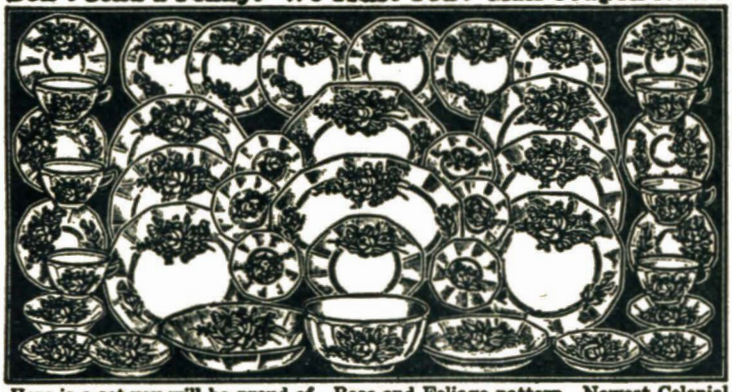
Street and No. .....

City ..... State .....

All These Beautiful Presents Given

Full Size 42-Piece Dinner Set Free

Don't Send a Penny. We Trust You! Mail Coupon Now!



Here is a set you will be proud of. Rose and Foliage pattern. Newest Colonial shape. Guaranteed first class. Just sell 12 large size bottles "SALUT D'AMOUR Perfume as illustrated below (*Giving away a Perfume Novelty Free with each bottle*) and remit per plan in Premium Catalog. Don't send a penny. We trust you.

Mail Coupon Now! TREVAUX PERFUME CO., *Dept.* A-92 CHICAGO

BIG MOVIE Machine Free!

SEND NO MONEY WE TRUST YOU

Shows Large Size on Screen

Operates on same principle as expensive professional models. It's equipped with imported double Convex lens, uses regular size films as in big theatres. Very simple construction—all steel and heavily made. Complete outfit enough for full hours show including practice reel of Tom Mix film, etc. Send coupon for initial 12 Bottles Salut D'Amour Perfume at 25c. We also send 12 Perfume Novelties which you give away FREE with each bottle and easy plans for obtaining Movie Machine.

Mail Coupon

TREVAUX PERFUME CO., *Dept.* A-92 CHICAGO

MA-MA DOLL

She can do almost anything a real live baby does. Is fully dressed as pictured. Given for selling only 12 Bottles Salut D'Amour Perfume at 25c each (Giving Perfume Novelty free with each bottle). Easiest plan ever offered. Trevaux's Salut D'Amour fastest seller today. See illustration near coupon — Biggest value ever. Send no money. Just fill out and mail coupon today.

TREVAUX PERFUME CO., *Dept.* A-92 CHICAGO

GIVEN

This Ladies' or Girls' Watch is very dainty. Has fancy engravings front and back. Set with blue sapphire crown —Jeweled Movement guaranteed 10 years. Send for 12 Large Bottles SALUT D'AMOUR Perfume which sell at 25c each. We also send 12 Perfume Novelties which you GIVE AWAY Free and easy plans for obtaining this Wrist Watch. Don't send a penny. Mail Coupon now!

TREVAUX PERFUME CO.
DEPT. A-92 CHICAGO

10-Pc. Toilet Set - full size

This Ivory Finish Toilet Set consists of 10 FULL SIZE pieces. Biggest Value offered. Given for selling only 12 Large Bottles Salut D'Amour Perfume at 25c each. With each bottle you give away free a Perfume Novelty. Greatest value offered. We are big reliable company. Don't send a penny. We trust you. Mail coupon now.

Trevaux Perfume Co.
Dept. A-92 *Chicago*

High Grade Violin & Bow

FULL SIZE

Send No Money *We Trust You!*

The quality of this outfit will amaze you. Violin is made of selected woods, smooth round corners and full size. Send for 12 Bottles Salut D'Amour Perfume at 25c a Bottle. Give away Free Perfume Novelties. Select Violin per catalog plan. See coupon. TREVAUX Perfume Co., Dept A-92 Chicago

FREE COASTER WAGON GIVEN

This big wagon is 16x36 inches. Heaviest construction known. Best materials, hardest woods used. Roller bearing. Heavy tires on double 10 inch steel wheels. Mail coupon today for initial 12 Bottles Salut D'Amour Perfume which you sell at 25c each. We also send 12 Perfume Novelties which you give away Free, and easy plan for obtaining coaster wagon. Send no money.

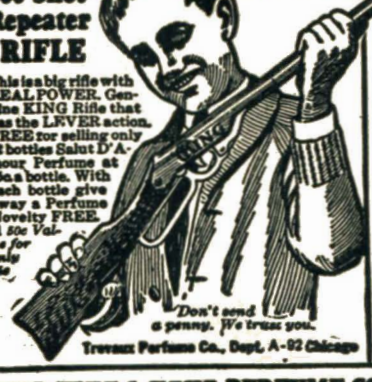
TREVAUX PERFUME CO.
Dept. A-92
CHICAGO

Here is what you Sell!—

We send 12 Bottles Salut D'Amour Perfume to be sold at 25c each (first time offered in America). We also send 12 Perfume Novelties which you give away FREE with Salut D'Amour Perfume. It makes sales easier. 50c value for 25c. Help us advertise and introduce Salut D'Amour. It is put up in large size bottles as illustration at right—This large size you sell at 25c.

Actual Size

BIG 500 Shot Repeater RIFLE Free!



This is a big rifle with REAL POWER. Genuine KING Rifle that has the LEVER action. FREE for selling only 12 bottles Salut D'Amour Perfume at 25c a bottle. With each bottle give away a Perfume Novelty FREE. *A 50c Value for only 25c*

Don't send a penny. We trust you.

Trevaux Perfume Co., Dept. A-92 Chicago

Strap Watch

Guaranteed 10 Years

Suitable for Boys and Men. New shape, white metal case, leather strap, 10 year guaranteed movement. Send for 12 Bottles Salut D'Amour Perfume that you sell at 25c each. We also send 12 Perfume Novelties which you give away FREE, and easy plans for obtaining wrist watch! —Send no money.

TREVAUX PERFUME CO.
Dept. A-92 CHICAGO

MAIL COUPON

Send No Money

DEPT.

TREVAUX PERFUME CO., A-92 CHICAGO

I want to help you introduce "Salut D'Amour" among my friends. Send me 12 Bottles to sell at 25c each. Also send 12 Perfume Novelties to give away free with "SALUT D'AMOUR. Will remit you within 30 days and select gift from Catalog sent with perfume according to offers.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....

Print or write name plainly and mail today!

TREVAUX PERFUME CO. CHICAGO
DEPT. A-92

SEND NO MONEY, WE TRUST YOU

The Phantom *in the*

Like an avenging wraith the mysterious ghost of the attics emerged through sliding panels from his eerie quarters to leave death in his wake. Here is Los Angeles' most startling murder story.

By Don Nachaidh

SHORTLY before midnight on August 22, 1922, a crash and the tinkle of broken glass on the hardwood floor, aroused Mrs. C. A. Norton from a sound slumber in her home on fashionable North St. Andrews Boulevard, Los Angeles.

Bewildered, she sprang up and groped through the darkness toward the open window, not certain in her own mind whether the noise had come from within or without.

Then came the sharp bark of an automatic pistol followed by the piercing screams of a woman in the mansion occupied next door by Fred Oesterreich, the millionaire garment manufacturer.

Mrs. Rawson, who resided with Mrs. Norton, came running into the latter's bedroom. Too frightened to speak, the two stood at the window of the darkened room and looked across the way.

A shadow passed swiftly and silently before the curtains of the Oesterreich parlor. The shades were only half way down and the terror-stricken witnesses could see a man's legs and feet as he ran furiously toward the front of the mansion.

Bang! Bang! Again the bark of the automatic, this time twice in such quick succession that the reports seemed almost blurred into one.

Mrs. Walburga Oesterreich, widow of Fred Oesterreich, slain manufacturer, for love of whom Sanhuber confessed to have killed.

More screams. They came from the upper part of the Oesterreich home. Then silence.

Mrs. Norton switched on the light, revealing as she did so the source of the noise that had awakened her. It was of a quite commonplace source, indeed. A picture had merely broken from its hanging and fallen, else neither of the women would have witnessed the phantom-like form that flashed momentarily on the shades next door.

Mrs. Rawson grabbed the telephone and called the Oesterreich home. She and Mrs. Norton could hear the wild jangling of the bell in the neighboring residence. But there was no answer. Quickly donning clothing the two stepped outside.

Otto Sanhuber, alias Walter Klein, the mysterious phantom who is charged with the murder of Oesterreich.

Murder!

OTHER neighbors had heard the shots and screams. J. W. Ashley had telephoned the police. But without waiting for the arrival of the officers, a half dozen or more burst into the Oesterreich home.

Sprawled on the floor lay the body of Mr. Oesterreich. Blood was welling from a ghastly bullet hole in the temple and from two more just above the heart. Rugs were kicked up and twisted, indicating that a terrific struggle had taken place. A chair was overturned across the body of the murdered man.

The neighbors paused but a moment to glimpse the tragic sight. The hysterical cries of a woman, interspersed by resounding thumps on a door, caused them to fly upstairs.

More cries and more blows on a door drew them to a closet in a bedroom. They endeavored to open the door. It was locked. One of the men seized a chair in desperation and was about to batter in the unyielding door when someone picked up a key in the hall a few feet from the closet.

A moment later, pale as death, Mrs. Oesterreich staggered from her place of imprisonment.

House of Oesterreich

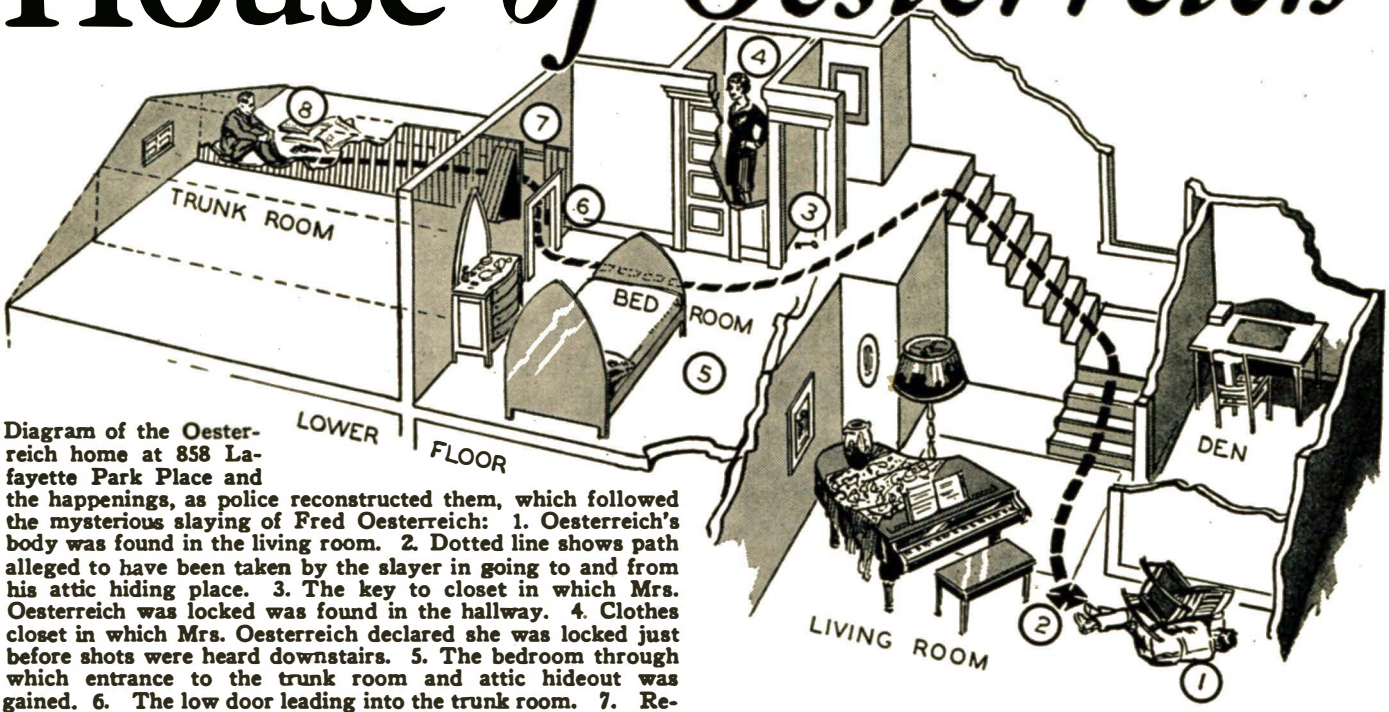


Diagram of the Oesterreich home at 858 Lafayette Park Place and the happenings, as police reconstructed them, which followed the mysterious slaying of Fred Oesterreich: 1. Oesterreich's body was found in the living room. 2. Dotted line shows path alleged to have been taken by the slayer in going to and from his attic hiding place. 3. The key to closet in which Mrs. Oesterreich was locked was found in the hallway. 4. Clothes closet in which Mrs. Oesterreich declared she was locked just before shots were heard downstairs. 5. The bedroom through which entrance to the trunk room and attic hideout was gained. 6. The low door leading into the trunk room. 7. Removable panel in trunk room wall which, police say, gave entrance to a secret room walled off from the trunk storage space. 8. Officials declared they found evidences of habitation in this corner of the garret.

"My God, my God!" she shrieked. But before she could voice a coherent sentence the thunder of a police car was heard in the driveway and Lieutenants Thomas O'Brien and A. L. Slaten, accompanied by a trio of reporters, entered and took charge of the investigation.

While friends of the hysterical woman bathed her head and gave her smelling salts, the officers took a quick survey of the premises. Oesterreich evidently had been instantly killed, for all of the three bullets were in vital spots. The one that had brought him down had crashed through his temple while the others were fired at such close range that his clothing was scorched by the shots.

In the ceiling of the room was a fourth bullet hole, indicating that the murdered man had grappled with his slayer and diverted the first shot aimed at him.

A reporter picked up four empty cartridges from the floor and handed them to Lieutenant Slaten who had busied himself taking the names of witnesses. He gave one glance at the shells. "A .25-caliber automatic," he observed thrusting them into his pocket, "but if you reporters touch anything else, out you go. The chief will be here in a minute and we want to let him see everything as it was from the first."

The Widow's Story

HE HAD hardly spoken when Chief of Detectives Herman Cline walked in accompanied by several other sleuths and a deputy coroner.

Cline took in the situation at a glance, learned that the neighbors knew nothing more than has been related, and broke in on Mrs. Oesterreich and her sympathizers.

"Yes," the widow said, wiping her eyes, "I can talk now." And between hysterical sobs, she poured out this story:

"Fred and I had been calling at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Keune at 84 West Tenth Street. We started home about 11 o'clock. When we got back, Mr. Oesterreich unlocked the front door and switched on the lights. The servants were out and I immediately went upstairs and started taking off my wraps. I had just entered the closet and was putting my hat on the shelf when I heard a sound like the sliding of feet on the waxed floor. I thought Fred had slipped and perhaps fallen.

" 'I hope you didn't hurt yourself, dear,' I called. But before he could reply, I heard the report of a gun and the sound of a struggle. I screamed. But I was too frightened to move. Then there were three more shots. I turned and started out of the closet. But the door was slammed in my face and the key was turned in the lock.

"I shrieked with all my might and kicked against the door with the heels of my slippers. 'Fred, Fred,' I called. But the only sound that came to me was the closing of my bedroom door. I must have fainted then. But sometime afterward I became conscious again. I called frantically for Fred. There was no reply. I kicked again and again against the door but I was powerless to open it. I knew that something terrible had happened or Fred would have come up at once and released me. And in this great fright I fell over again in a faint. I became conscious a few moments before the neighbors came up and opened the closet."

"Where was this key found?" Cline asked sternly of the rescue party. One of the group pointed to a spot in the hallway just outside Mrs. Oesterreich's bedroom door.

"Are you sure of that?" he insisted.

"Positive," came the reply. The others verified the statement. The chief went to the closet door and examined the lock. There was no way of throwing the bolt from the inside.

"You are sure this door was locked?" the chief questioned.

Mr. Ashley and another neighbor had tried to open the door. It would not yield until they found the key.

"No one else touched the knob?"

"No."

Very well. He ordered it taken off carefully and turned over to fingerprint experts.

"Now, Mrs. Oesterreich," the chief asked after dismissing the neighbors, "have you any idea who did this shooting?"

"Not the slightest—burglars, though, of course."

"What makes you think they were burglars?"

"There would be no one else to suspect. After I came to my room Mr. Oesterreich must have discovered them downstairs and foolishly tried to battle with them."

She gave way to a fit of sobbing. When she had recovered sufficiently, he accompanied her about the house and ordered her to report everything that was missing.

Nothing Missing

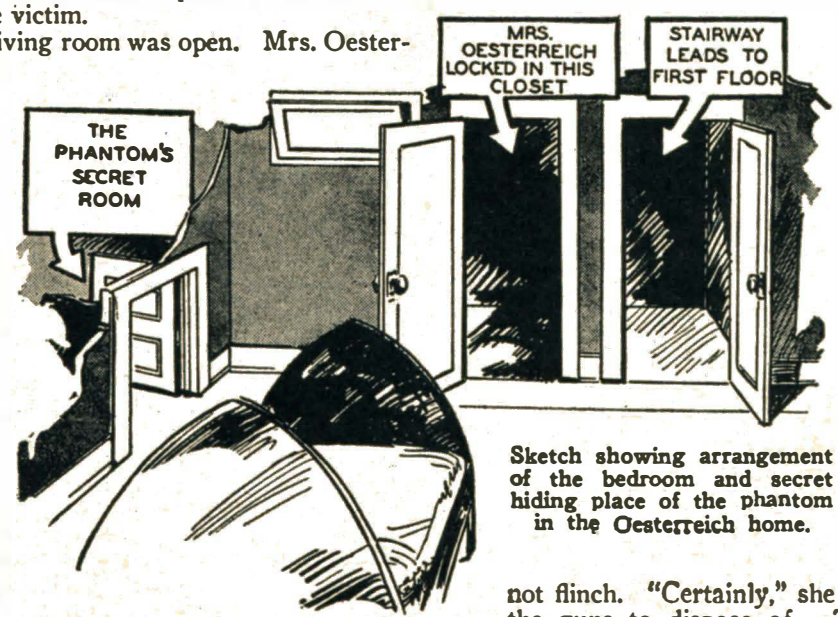
ASIDE from the confusion of the parlor, there was nothing to suggest the house had been entered. The silverware had not been disturbed. There had been no ransacking anywhere. But for the overturned rugs and chairs, everything was as it had been when the couple left the house.

Mr. Oesterreich carried a large sum of money. It was found in his pockets. The widow did not remember hearing a word spoken. Only the sound as if someone had slipped on the floor. It seemed rather strange that burglars should be encountered by an unarmed householder, for Oesterreich had no weapon on him, and be forced to commit murder to make an escape. It seemed strange, too, that there should be no words passed between the killer or killers and the victim.

The window of the living room was open. Mrs. Oesterreich was positive it had been closed when she and her husband left the house. The burglars must have opened it to make their escape. They probably had gained entrance the same way.

Cline made an investigation of the window. Nothing visible to indicate that the sash had been jimmied.

"Did you leave the window locked?" he asked. Mrs. Oesterreich was sure it had been locked, but of course she might be mistaken.



Sketch showing arrangement of the bedroom and secret hiding place of the phantom in the Oesterreich home.

And that was all the evidence at hand. Furthermore, it was all that could be obtained for a long time. The police dragnet was thrown out. Suspicious characters without number were gathered in, and their fingerprints taken. None of them agreed with those on the closet door knob. There was nothing else to implicate any of the prisoners in the crime and they were turned loose.

Cline cast aside practically all his other duties to work on the Oesterreich case. He ran down scores of clues furnished by anonymous letter writers. All of them proved to be canards of cranks. Again and again he went to the late millionaire's mansion and interrogated the widow, hoping she would make some admission that would verify his suspicions. But every time she told the same story and always there was the mystery of the locked door. She could not possibly have entered the closet, locked the door and left the key on the outside. That was evident. And it was the stumbling point to all of his theories that she might know more about the crime than she had admitted.

Cline Gets a Clue

IT WAS evident that the real killer had vanished like some eerie phantom, immediately after the shooting, else some of the aroused neighbors should have seen him fleeing from the scene.

At every turn Cline seemed balked. Then in January, 1923, light seemed about to break through the deep mystery. Roy Klumb, a motion picture producer, informed the chief of detectives that Mrs. Oesterrich had given him a .25-caliber automatic pistol to dispose of and he had taken it to the Labrea tar pits and thrown it in the dark, sticky mess. The police had demonstrated that Oesterreich had been slain with a .25-caliber automatic. Klumb willingly accompanied the officers to the pits and showed them where he had disposed of the weapon. They made a search. But the spot had been well chosen for hiding the secret of the gun's disposal. It was impossible to locate it.

Mrs. Oesterreich was arrested. News of her apprehension brought forth another witness, J. E. Farber, who described himself as a metaphysician. He said that he, too, had been given portions of a revolver to hide. He had taken it to his home and buried it in his yard. Eager policemen, led by the indefatigable Cline, went to the man's home and asked him to show them the spot where the gun was buried. He pointed to a rose bush. A few spades of earth were turned. There under the roots of the flower were parts of a revolver.

Jubilant, the sleuths returned and Cline again examined the indignant widow. He showed her the parts of the gun he had recovered and confronted her with the evidence Klumb had given.

Mrs. Oesterreich did not flinch. "Certainly," she said, "I gave these men the guns to dispose of. The weapons had been around the house for a long time. I had not been aware of their presence until I chanced to discover them among my husband's effects.

"Knowing I was under suspicion and that the presence of the guns in the house would in all probability result in more annoyance from the police who had been questioning me repeatedly, I asked the men to take them away and put them where they would never be seen again." And no questions Cline could ask her made her swerve from her statement.

The next step of the interrogator was to make the fair prisoner recount her entire life story. Briefly it was this:

She was born in Chicago of a French-German father and a French-Irish mother. The family name was Korschel and she was christened Walburga. When she was only eight years old, her father, a plumber, disap-

peared from home and never returned. With her sister, Magdalen, two years her junior, Walburga attended school. But when they were 10 and 12 years old, respectively, they had to go to work. Walburga obtained a job in a baby bonnet factory.

When Walburga was 14, she met Fred Oesterreich, who was 17, and whose father owned a neighborhood

The Oesterreich home in which Sanhuber confessed to killing the husband of the woman he loved. Arrow marks location of the trunk room and secret compartment where Sanhuber lived like a bat in the garret gloom.

This low door, leading from Mrs. Oesterreich's bedroom into the trunk room, was the entrance to the phantom's garret dwelling.

shoe store. Three years later the couple was married and moved to Milwaukee where they opened a shoe store. Later they removed to Chilton, Wisconsin, and then back to Milwaukee operating various types of stores in the two towns and starting a small shop for the manufacture of men's caps. The business grew and they added aprons and ladies undergarments to their line. Eventually they erected a large factory building and incorporated as the Oesterreich Manufacturing Company.

Moved to Los Angeles

IN 1918 the couple took their first vacation and went to Los Angeles. Both were delighted with the coast. They bought the residence on North St. Andrews Boulevard (now LaFayette Park Place) and Mr. Oesterreich started a large garment making business in Los Angeles which had been unusually profitable.

That was all, except for the fact that after the murder she had been unable to remain longer in the home where her husband met his tragic end, and had moved to another very fashionable residence at 101 Beechwood Drive, Hollywood. It was in this moving picture capitol that she had met Klumb and secured his services in disposing of the .25-caliber automatic.

"Has there been any other man in your life since you married?" Cline demanded.

"Positively not."

"You gave your husband no reason to be jealous of you and you had no cause to be jealous of him?"

"No. After we came to Los Angeles, he gave me a limousine, fine clothes and a liberal allowance. On my birthday he presented me with a five-carat diamond ring. We were quite happy, very happy."

"You never quarreled?"

"We had many arguments over religion, but they were never violent quarrels."

After a preliminary hearing during which scant testimony was offered, Mrs. Oesterreich was bound over to the grand jury and held without bail. A month later, however, her attorney Herman Shapiro, appeared in court and moved for the client's release on the ground that she was critically ill and her life might be endangered if she was longer held in jail. She was allowed to go on $50,000 bond.

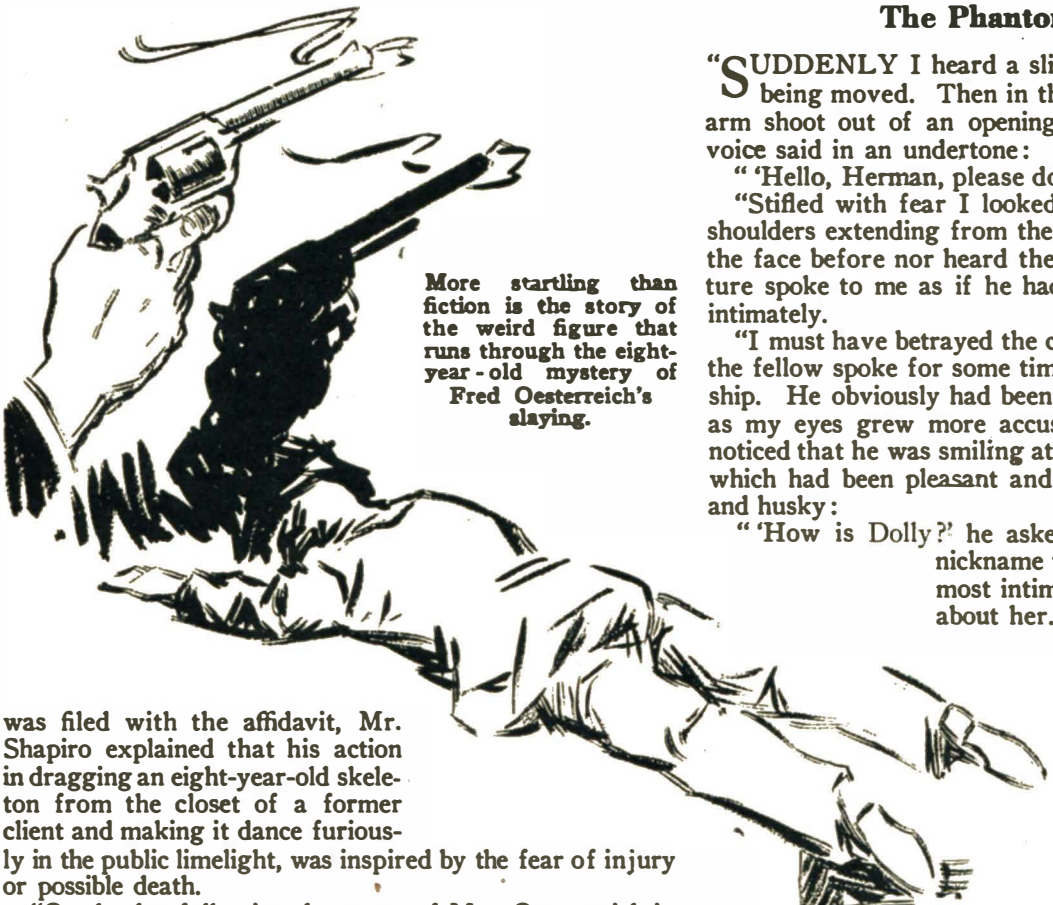
A year and a half more dragged by. At every point in the case, Chief Cline and District Attorney Asa Keyes, recently sentenced to San Quentin on charges growing out of a graft scandal that cropped out about two years ago, were confronted by the unsolvable mystery of the locked door. And, after a conference Keyes dismissed the charge against the widow and further investigation of the case was dropped.

Mrs. Oesterreich sank completely out of the public gaze until the fall of 1928 when she was sued for $300,000 by Mrs. Ray Hedrick who claimed that her husband's affections had been stolen by the widow of the slain millionaire.

A Weird Tale

THE Hedricks were divorced and the alienation suit was settled out of court. Mrs. Oesterreich had had more than enough notoriety and sought only seclusion. She obtained it for a time. Then the publicity from which she shrank burst about her like a thundercloud when her former attorney, Herman Shapiro, went before the district attorney and in an affidavit related a story so strange that beside it the flights into imaginative mystery which made Edgar Allen Poe, Guy de Maupassant and Bram Stoker famous, seem trivial and commonplace.

In a letter to his own attorney, William J. Clark, which



More startling than fiction is the story of the weird figure that runs through the eight-year-old mystery of Fred Oesterreich's slaying.

was filed with the affidavit, Mr. Shapiro explained that his action in dragging an eight-year-old skeleton from the closet of a former client and making it dance furiously in the public limelight, was inspired by the fear of injury or possible death.

"On the day following the arrest of Mrs. Oesterreich in July, 1923," Shapiro said, "I went to the district attorney's office to confer with her.

"When she came to meet me, she beckoned me into a corner where no one could possibly hear what she was about to say. She explained that she had not slept a wink that night and there was a look of terror on her face that I will never forget—one that never returned during the years of our association which followed.

" 'He is there,' she said at last in a low whisper, while she held on to her chair to still her twitching hands.

" 'Who? Where? I don't understand you,' I replied.

" 'My vagabond half-brother is in the house. Nobody must know about it.' She referred to the residence at 101 North Beachwood Drive to which she had removed after the murder in the mansion on North St. Andrews Boulevard, now known as LaFayette Park Place.

" 'Do not be afraid,' Mrs. Oesterreich continued. 'Go to the house and to my room. Then enter the clothes closet and drum on the wall with your finger nails. He will hear you and respond. You need have no fear of him. You do not know him but he knows you. He has seen you there at the house many times. He is innocent and he positively will not harm you.'

"I went to the residence as I had been directed. Nervousness got slightly the better of me as I strode up the staircase, my footsteps reverberating through the otherwise deadly-silent place, and I became confused with regard to the exact directions I had been given. As I entered Mrs. Oesterreich's bedroom, however, the door of the closet was open as if inviting me to enter.

"Instead of tapping upon the walls with my nails as I had been told to do, I broke into a whistle to keep up my faltering courage.

The Phantom Appears

"SUDDENLY I heard a slight sound as if a panel was being moved. Then in the dim light, I saw a ghostly arm shoot out of an opening above the hat shelf and a voice said in an undertone:

" 'Hello, Herman, please don't be afraid of me.'

"Stifled with fear I looked and saw a man's head and shoulders extending from the aperture. I had never seen the face before nor heard the voice, but the ghostly creature spoke to me as if he had known me for years most intimately.

"I must have betrayed the creepiness of my feelings for the fellow spoke for some time assuring me of his friendship. He obviously had been expecting me to appear and as my eyes grew more accustomed to the scant light, I noticed that he was smiling at my discomfiture. His voice which had been pleasant and musical, then became grave and husky:

" 'How is Dolly?' he asked, using Mrs. Oesterreich's nickname which was known only to her most intimate associates. 'I must hear about her.'

"I explained to him that she was well but naturally highly nervous over the developments.

" 'I am so glad to hear that she is not ill, Herman,' the man went on. 'I have been unable to sleep myself.'

"As my excitement subsided, my curiosity got the better of me. I could think of nothing to ask him, so astonished was I that he should be occupying such strange quarters, until I could observe

Neighbors, awakened by the shots that killed Oesterreich, declared they saw the shadow of a man against the curtains in the murder house.

them. I raised myself on my tiptoes and asked the man to move aside. Inside the aperture I could see a radio head set which Mrs. Oesterreich had told me had been carried away by some man she had called in to repair the radio. Then I observed my old radio crystal set which likewise had disappeared. On the floor was a mattress and blankets and there was a writing board attached to a rafter of the roof so as to form a desk. Above it was an electric reading lamp. Several buckets of water, many articles of canned goods, an electric foot warmer, a razor and shaving material, a large collection of books and papers and many other articles I cannot recall could also be seen.

"On closer scrutiny I found that the tiny aperture in which the man had secreted himself was walled off with tar paper so that if anyone should enter the attic through the regular opening, the existence of this secret room would not be discerned.

"My first thought was to get rid of the man and I ordered him to obliterate his attic den and get out of the house. He immediately set to work and removed all laths, paper and electric wiring, except the cut in the wall which he replaced on his return to Los Angeles two years later.

" 'How long have you been living in this secret cove?' I demanded when he had completed the work I ordered done.

" 'Well, Herman,' he replied, 'I built it while you and Dolly were on that trip to Milwaukee last March.' He persisted in calling me Herman and insisted that I should call him Otto. Then he told me his history.

Deputy District Attorney James Costello, left, is shown with Sanhuber, from whom he obtained a confession.

The Phantom's Story

" 'I was left an orphan when I was just a baby,' he replied. 'I was placed in an institution but was adopted by a Milwaukee family named Sanhuber when I was quite young. I lived with the Sanhubers all of my life until I met Dolly.'

" 'Is it possible that you are Mrs. Oesterreich's half brother?'

" 'I believe so,' he replied, 'but I have no proof of it. My father's name was Weir, I learned. But I had taken the name of Sanhuber and I never dropped it.'

Leading an eerie existence in a tiny room under the rafters, the mysterious phantom remained near the woman he loved.

Attorney Shapiro, sent to the house with food by the widow, declared that an arm, then a man, appeared from a concealed panel in the wall.

"Then to my amazement Sanhuber related how he had met Mrs. Oesterreich ten years before, when he was 17 years of age. He was working for a sewing machine company and went to the Oesterreich plant to install some sewing machines there and became acquainted with Dolly.

" 'Well, where did you live after you met her?' I asked.

" 'At the Oesterreich home,' he answered.

" 'Did Fred (Oesterreich) approve of that?' I queried.

" 'He didn't know it,' was the astonishing reply. 'I fitted up a secret room something like this at 378 Eleventh Avenue, and lived happily there without him ever being the wiser.'

" 'How long did you remain there with the Oesterreichs?' I gasped.

" 'Until they moved. When they took a new house on Thirteenth Street near National, I fixed myself up a place in the attic there. Then when they got a larger and finer residence at Newport Shepard, I moved into a garret apartment about which Fred knew nothing, fitting it out while he was away from home. I have been with the Oesterreichs for ten years. When they came to Los Angeles, I came on ahead of them. I did not dare go to the station to meet them. But I wanted to see them as soon as they arrived. So I stood on the First Street bridge and

When Mrs. Oesterreich moved to 101 North Beachwood Drive after her husband's murder, Sanhuber is alleged to have followed her. Entrance to the second attic hideout is indicated by the dotted line leading from the panel below.

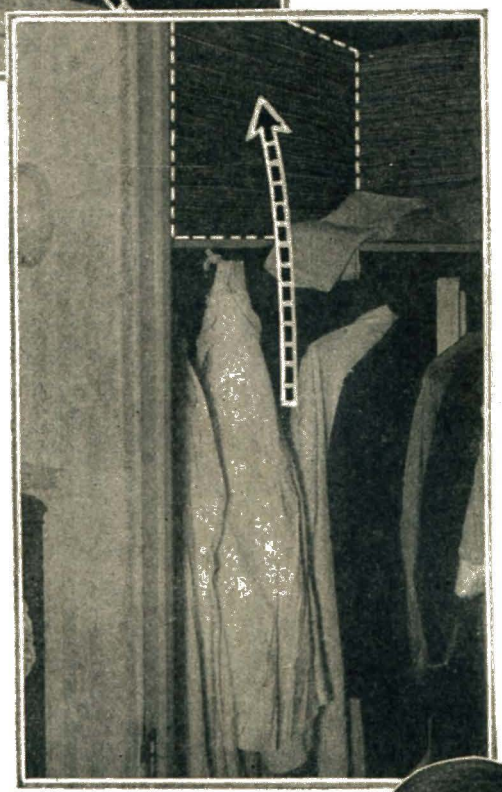
watched them get off the train. I fitted up a place in the North St. Andrews Boulevard residence somewhat similar to this. Then when Mrs. Oesterreich moved here after Fred passed on, I came too.

" 'Dolly warned me long ago never to cross her husband's path. I knew it meant trouble if I did. So unseen and unheard I remained for all those years under his roof without him ever knowing about it.

" 'He hated me. But Dolly was the only person in all the world who cared whether Otto Sanhuber lived or died. I just had to be near her. And I chose the only way I knew to accomplish that result.'

"Tears came to the eyes of the attic hermit as he mentioned his affection for Mrs. Oesterreich.

" 'Now tell me,' I demanded, 'all of the facts about the killing. I must know all the facts.'



The panel in the clothes closet which Sanhuber is alleged to have used in going to and from the garret in the North Beachwood Drive house.

The Death Struggle

"MOMENTARILY his lips quivered. He moistened them repeatedly with his tongue. Then he said:

" 'Well, you are a friend of mine, Herman, and I may as well tell you the truth. I know it will be all right to do so. When Dolly and Fred came home, they were quarreling. I heard their furious, high-pitched voices and I was afraid Mrs. Oesterreich might be hurt. Grabbing my revolver and clad only in my pajamas I slid open the panel and flew down the stairs.

" 'Fred saw me and shouted: "What are you doing here you dirty rat?"

" 'I replied: "I am doing the same thing that you are." Oesterreich lurched at me and made a grab for the gun. I had forgotten for the time being that I had it in my hand. We struggled all around the room. The gun went off and a bullet plowed through the ceiling. Dolly was wildly excited. When the shot was fired, she screamed: "Oh, Fred, don't." I knew she wanted him to quit the struggle. But it was his life or mine, I was certain of that. Finally I got him with a lucky shot in the head.

" 'I had to think fast, and I did. "Here Dolly," I cried, "this has got to look like a burglary." She was wild with excitement. I hastily raised one of the windows to make it appear like the burglars might have escaped through it. "Now come with me," I urged, grabbing her by the arm and helping her upstairs to her bedroom. "You get in the closet and stay there. I will drop the key near the door. The police will be here soon. I can hear the voices of neighbors now." The telephone was ringing furiously and I knew the shots had been heard.

" 'When she stepped into the closet, I turned the lock and tossed the key on the floor a short distance away. Then I scampered to my secret apartment. I had hardly closed the panel and thrown myself on my bed when I heard the voices of neighbors.

" 'I lay there listening all the time the police were in the house and nearly all of the conversation was audible to me. Dolly told them burglars evidently had committed the crime. She did not lose her wits.' "

The Police Act

THE effect of Shapiro's amazing affidavit was to galvanize the police department into action. Herman Cline, who had been chief of detectives during the original investigation of the murder and had since retired, returned and took charge of the investigation.

Shapiro was questioned further regarding Sanhuber. The man had left town shortly after the attorney discovered him in his attic nest. He returned two years later, and it was not until then that he boarded up the panel opening at Mrs. Oesterreich's home.

Mrs. Walter Klein consoled her husband after his arrest and admission that he really is Otto Sanhuber, mystery man in the Oesterreich case.

"Is Sanhuber going under that name now? Is he in Los Angeles?" Cline inquired of Shapiro.

"Yes, I'm sure he is still in Los Angeles. I can't tell you where, though. He's going under the same name as yours. He calls himself Walter Cline or Klein—I don't know how he spells it."

A search through the directories for all the Clines or Kleins who might really be the much-wanted phantom of the attics, revealed that one Walter Klein was a janitor at a large apartment building. Armed with a detailed description of the man, detectives rushed to the place. A little, middle-aged man with violet blue eyes, who was dressed in the white uniform of the exclusive apartment building, was at work with flowers in the court when the officers arrived.

"Hello Sanhuber," one of them cracked, "we want a few words with you."

The little man's face became as colorless as the immaculate garb he wore.

"I'm Walter Klein," he stammered. "I don't know what you mean."

"And I don't suppose you know anything about the Oesterreich murder either. Well we have a Mr. Cline down at our place, too. He has been wanting to see you for about eight years."

Without more ado the sleuths led him to their automobile and stepped on the starter. At that moment a frail little, bespectacled woman of middle age, wearing a maid's cap, dashed out of the apartment.

"They're trying to kidnap my husband," she shouted. "Let him go." And she rushed after the car, crying hysterically for "Walter's" release.

Fred Oesterreich, the millionaire garment manufacturer, who was shot down in his Los Angeles home. His murder defied solution for almost eight years.

Wife Is Loyal

BUT the sleuths neither saw nor heard her. She returned, wringing her hands, and explained to sympathizers that her husband had been threatened repeatedly with dire results by mysterious enemies who desired to dominate him and make him admit he was someone other than Walter Klein. Later when reporters swarmed in for her story and told her of Shapiro's affidavit, she said determinedly:

"I do not believe a word of it. When Mr. Klein came to Portland, Oregon, in 1924, I was a stenographer and roomed at the same place he did. He became ill and I helped nurse him back to strength. We were married in May of that year. Apparently his illness had an effect upon his memory for he told me repeatedly when I asked him about his past that he could not remember anything prior to the time he found himself on a train bound for Portland. In 1927, we returned to Los Angeles to live. One afternoon Walter disappeared. When he returned, he told me that a Los Angeles man had sought to make him admit he is Otto Sanhuber so as to influence Mrs. Oesterreich, whose relative Sanhuber was supposed to be, to pay the man $150,000.

"Day after day I have remained as close to him as I could, never letting him out of my sight, so as to protect him against the man who sought to make him admit he was Sanhuber. I've often tried to establish my husband's true identity. But he himself could not help me. His mind will not go back over more than three years of the past. He is the victim of a sinister plot and I will never rest until he has proven his innocence."

This photo of Mrs. Walburga Oesterreich and her attorney, Jerry Geisler, was made as they entered the grand jury room in the recent investigation.

But while Mrs. Mathilde Schulte Klein was protesting her husband's innocence and describing what she termed a plot to involve him in the Oesterreich affair, her violet-eyed husband was being subjected to a stiff third degree at the hands of Former Chief Cline, Detective Lieutenant Stevens and Assistant District Attorney James P. Costello.

Klein protested his innocence, insisting he knew nothing about the murder except what he had heard others relate. He insisted he was a philosopher and a psychologist and he would be glad to give the police the advice of an extensive study of criminology if they desired any theories about how the murder was committed.

"All we want out of you is the truth. But if you don't want to give it to us, we'll not waste any more time. Take him up and get his fingerprints, boys," he said, nodding to two detectives he had summoned. "If they correspond to those on the closet door, that's enough for a hanging verdict."

Obtain Panels

WHILE the fingerprints were being taken and the examination was under way, other sleuths had returned from the two former residences of Mrs. Oesterreich with panels, part of a trap door and other physical evidence that someone had lived in the two mansions as Attorney Shapiro claimed Sanhuber had told him. They were properly arranged in the inquiry chamber and the prisoner was returned for questioning. Just as the assistant district attorney and Cline started to fire more questions at the little janitor, a solemn faced attache of the Bertillon

(*Continued on page* 95)

The CLUE *of the* RATTLESNAKE

Whirrrh! The officer leaped back, startled, from the caged reptile. Then he got a clue that led to the solution of a baffling Florida murder and an amazing double life.

As he entered the filling station he gasped with horror at what he saw.

By Herbert Hall Taylor

Formerly of the Providence Journal

PRONE on a blood-smeared floor, their heads battered horribly, the bodies of a man and a woman greeted the terrified eyes of a man who stopped for gasoline at a filling station near Mohawk, Fla. With eyes bulging and voice made almost incoherent by fright, he hastened to spread the news of his gruesome discovery.

"Mr. Allen and his sister have been murdered," he told the first man he met.

The two went to the filling station, took one look inside the little building and hastened to notify the police. Chief Evans, of Minneola, the first officer to arrive, quickly established the truth of the man's story. Within a short time Detectives Tom Carter and L. P. Hickman, of the Orlando Detective Agency, were on the job. They subjected the discoverer to a severe examination, but he could add nothing to his first account. It was apparent that he had told all he knew about the case.

An investigation of the premises enabled Detective Hickman to decide that the lethal weapon was a claw hammer, and it was evident that the murders had been committed with extreme brutality. The woman's head had been shockingly battered. Four hammer blows, each of which had fractured the skull, were said later by the coroner to have been inflicted after she was dead. A large contusion on the right side of the face had been caused by a blow from a milk bottle which, broken in halves and covered with blood, rested on a kitchen cabinet within a few feet of the body.

The man, too, evidently had been floored by blows on the head. Like the woman, he bore many wounds.

It was not difficult to identify the victims. They were Levi N. Allen and his sister, Mrs. Angie Newton Gillis. Allen operated the filling station in connection with a souvenir business, and Mrs. Gillis assisted him. The double crime was discovered on July 6.

There appeared to be no clue to the identity of the slayer, or slayers.

The News Reaches Home

I WAS on the copy desk of the Worcester, Mass., *Telegram* in the summer of 1929, and on Monday, July 8, we received an Associated Press dispatch stating that Levi N. Allen had been murdered. The story said that he had been brutally beaten to death with a hammer at his filling station at Mohawk, Fla., and that the station had been ransacked and robbed. Mr. Allen's *sister,* Mrs. Angie Newton Gillis, who had assisted him in conducting the stand, also had been murdered, the dispatch continued.

The people of the community were inexpressibly shocked and grieved at the news. Even though the double murder had occurred hundreds of miles away, the affair had a singular interest for the residents of Worcester, and particularly for the people of Oxford, a village twelve miles away. For Levi N. Allen had owned one of the largest and best-equipped dairy farms in the vicinity of Oxford. His affairs had prospered until he occupied a conspicuous place among the thrifty landholders. He was known as a man of good judgment, and folk of the community were accustomed to seek his advice on personal matters, as well as on subjects which pertained to town affairs, in which Mr. Allen took an active interest.

The slain man was known in his home community as one whose character was above reproach. He had an instinct for friendship, was religious and numbered among his staunchest friends the pastor of the church where he worshipped. Mr. Allen was active in the Grange, of which he had been Master, gave his children good educations, and generally was a model citizen.

For several years he had spent the winters in Florida, explaining that the condition of his health made it necessary for him to escape the rigors of the New England winters. To a few close friends he had confided that his home life had not been happy for some time—he and his wife apparently had drifted apart, although there had been no move toward a legal separation.

It was hinted in some quarters that Mr. Allen's southern trips were not due entirely to poor health—the suggestion was advanced that unhappy home conditions might have had something to do with his absence from Oxford. Usually he returned home during the summer months, but in 1929 he did not visit his home. Instead, he sold part of his broad acres to the Oxford airport.

The little business which he had established at Mohawk,

On the floor were the bodies of a man and a woman, brutally slain. A claw hammer lay nearby.

a settlement near Clermont, Fla., was reported to be prospering. At a roadside stand he sold gasoline, oil and minor automobile accessories, as well as refreshments. In connection with these activities, Levi Allen conducted a souvenir business in which stuffed alligators, alligator skins, rattlesnake skins and snake oil figured prominently.

Although it had been a little more than a year since he had visited his Oxford home, Mr. Allen's neighbors and friends had heard from him frequently, both directly and through his family, and he was reported to have improved greatly in health. In the meantime, Mrs. Allen had become identified as an employe with the Clara Barton Memorial Home, an institution for undernourished children at North Oxford.

The Mysterious "Sister"

SO IT was that news of Levi Allen's brutal murder shocked the sober-minded residents of Oxford when they read accounts of the tragedy in the Boston and Worcester papers. The news created a sensation such as the town had never before experienced. But the published stories puzzled the readers.

"There must be a mistake," they said. "It must be

some other Allen," and they anxiously awaited further details.

The report of the crime formed the chief topic of conversation among members of the Grange and in the village stores. And, coupled with the expressions of horror and regret, was the query: "Who is Mrs. Angie Newton Gillis?"

All the news dispatches had referred to her as Mr. Allen's *sister*. But people of the Oxford community knew, as well as they knew Levi Allen, that he had no sister by that name!

When interviewed by reporters, Mrs. Allen declined absolutely to comment on the news other than to say that the murdered man probably was her husband. She admitted that she was endeavoring to get in touch with Florida authorities "to obtain more details," but would give no information concerning Mr. Allen. She also refused to supply pictures of her husband, and, although reporters scoured the town, they were unable to obtain one.

"My husband," said Mrs. Allen, coldly, "had a gasoline station at Mohawk, but he has no sister named Mrs. Gillis, nor any other relative by that name."

The following day more information was forthcoming, and the identification of Allen was established to the satisfaction of his wife, who at once forwarded money for the transportation of her husband's body to Oxford, where the funeral was held on Thursday, July 11.

The attendance at the last rites for the Past Master of the Grange was a tribute to his popularity, and the services were impressive. Mr. Allen was a lineal descendant of Colonel Ethan Allen, the famous commander of the "Green Mountain Boys," and his body was sent to Vermont for burial. Later dispatches from special newspaper correspondents in Florida shocked the community and created as great a sensation in Oxford and Worcester County towns as had the news of the murder. They made it clear that Levi N. Allen, church-goer and model citizen, had been leading a double life. He and Mrs. Gillis had been living together, posing as brother and sister, and each had taken an active part in the management of the roadside stand.

Oxford people were reluctant to credit this story and still asserted vigorously and with conviction that "there must be a mistake." When time, however, had proven that there was no error—that the damaging reports were only too true—his friends, shaking their heads, said, sadly: "Levi Allen! I never would have believed it." Loyal to the last, they began to make excuses for him, and not a few of the townspeople were inclined to sympathize rather than condemn him.

Reporters for the big dailies sought to learn something concerning Angie Gillis, thinking that they might thereby uncover a motive for the double murders to which there had been found no clue. They finally succeeded in digging up the following facts:

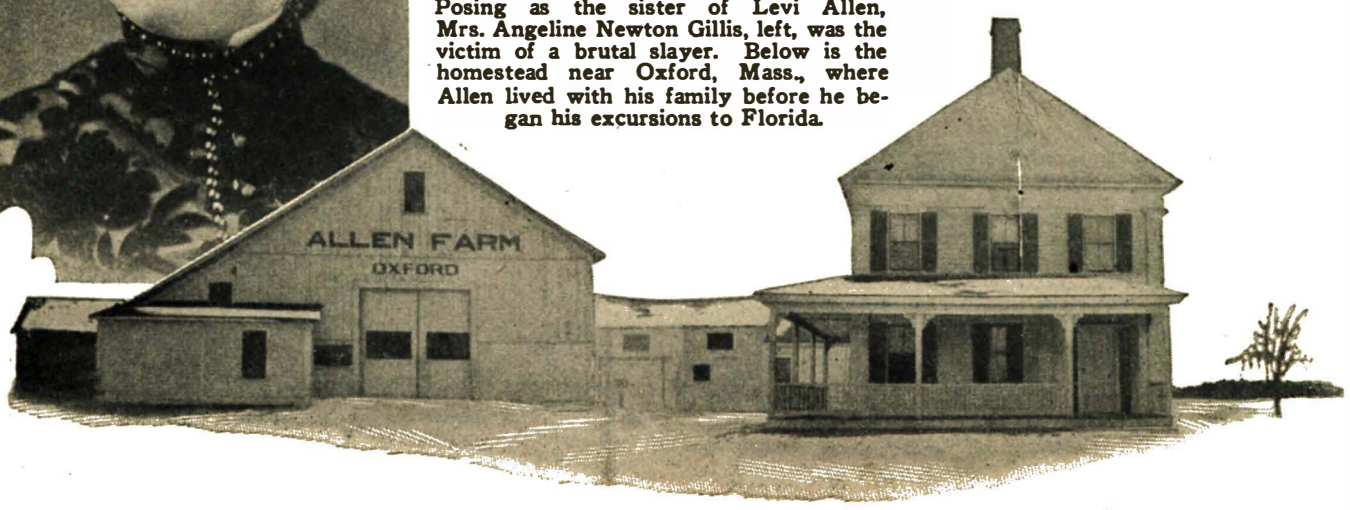
Angie Newton was the wife of a newspaper man named Gillis, who lived at East Orange, N. J. She was well-known through a large part of New England by reason of her somewhat versatile career. At one time she had been secretary to the president of Dartmouth College at Hanover, N. H. She had been accustomed to assist the president in the preparation of his manuscripts and had herself achieved some little distinction as a writer and social worker. She had also been superintendent of a rest home on Stark Road in Worcester and at still another time had been assistant editor of a religious publication. Incidentally, she was a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

A Charmer of Snakes

FRIENDS of Mrs. Gillis described her as interested in philanthropy and religion. She was said to have been well educated and to possess considerable physical charm. In the South she had also developed another accomplishment. She was a snake-charmer. Many of the rattlesnakes sold at the filling station she had captured personally.

In the beguilement of these dangerous reptiles she had become an adept and it was said she could handle them with impunity, a not incredible statement, as they are naturally sluggish and inoffensive except when irritated or alarmed. Mr. Allen, too, was accustomed to assist in trapping the snakes.

Where the couple became acquainted has not been definitely determined, although it was probably in Worcester,



Posing as the sister of Levi Allen, Mrs. Angeline Newton Gillis, left, was the victim of a brutal slayer. Below is the homestead near Oxford, Mass., where Allen lived with his family before he began his excursions to Florida.

where Mrs. Gillis had resided for some years, and where Mr. Allen made frequent trips from his dairy farm. Why they elected to retain their correct names and pose as brother and sister instead of reverting to the time-honored custom of assuming marital relations under an alias is also a matter of conjecture.

Reporters for New England papers learned that Mrs. Gillis had friends in Worcester and started out to see what could be learned from this angle. On Sunday, July 7, Miss A. M. Duffy, of Worcester, sent Mrs. Gillis a telegram to Clermont, Fla., the nearest telegraph office to Mohawk. This message had been returned to her with a statement from the telegraph company that it could not be delivered because Mrs. Gillis had been murdered.

Learning of this incident, reporters interviewed Miss Duffy, who was probably the closest friend Mrs. Gillis had in Worcester. Miss Duffy, however, had no theory concerning the murder. She stressed the deep religious convictions of her friend, her activities as a social worker and her philanthropic nature, and was positive that she had no enemies. It seemed that the only motive for the murders was robbery.

Other friends of Mrs. Gillis were Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Waters, who both spoke highly of her and expressed indignation at the crime. Upon reflection, Mr. Waters recalled that Mrs. Gillis had been held up at the gasoline station about a year previous by a negro, who later had been apprehended. In the court hearing, Mrs. Gillis, as the prosecuting witness, had testified against him. He suggested as a possibility that the negro had renewed his attack and had murdered the woman for revenge.

This lead was pursued and early eliminated. It was conclusively proven that the negro had no connection with the later crime.

Mrs. Levi Allen, the daughters Eunice and Zylpha, and Mr. Allen as they were photographed several years ago before the tragedy which entered their home.

The Detectives at Work

IN ADDITION to Chief Evans, B. A. Cassady, Lake County Sheriff, Detective Hickman and County Prosecutor J. W. Hunter at once became active in the effort to solve the mystery. Hickman, who is one of the keenest detectives in the South, went over the evidence. When the bodies of Mrs. Gillis and Allen were found, they were fully dressed in the apparel which they were accustomed to wear while pursuing their daily work at the gas station, so it was concluded by Hickman that they were murdered early Saturday—the morning the bodies were found—probably soon after the break of day.

The consumption of oil from Allen's lamp had been small, which fact strengthened that opinion. *Another deduction was that the murderer was someone known to the victims.*

Hickman arrived at this conclusion from the blows dealt to the woman *after death* by which the murderer made certain that she would not live to identify him. Furthermore, there was no evidence of a forcible entry of the front door, and all other entrances were doubly padlocked. They had not been unfastened. The murderer, he decided, must have been admitted without resistance.

Then a large carving knife, blood-stained and broken at the hilt, was found in the kitchen. As there were no knife wounds on either of the victims, Hickman believed this was used as a weapon of defense and the murderer apparently had been cut by it.

While Hickman was pursuing his investigations the Lake County officials gave out their theory of the murders to the press as follows:

"The evidence thus far appears to point to a one-man job. Our theory as to the manner in which the crime was committed is, first, that robbery was the motive, as Mrs. Gillis' jewelry is known to be missing.

"The murderer, probably known to Mrs. Gillis, was admitted by her to the house and, when attacked, the woman armed herself with a carving knife and attempted a defense. Her assailant had smashed her over the head with a milk bottle, probably killing her at once. Allen, who was slightly deaf, apparently had heard nothing of the assault. The murderer, peering through a window, had seen a light in Allen's room and, waiting until he had left by the rear steps to take his habitual morning wash at the pump, attacked and killed him. Then, returning to the station, he struck Mrs. Gillis four blows with the hammer with which he had killed Allen. He then placed Allen's body beside that of Mrs. Gillis."

As a *theory* this was all tenable, but it didn't go far in determining the identity of the mysterious murderer. Hickman continued to dig.

On one of the rear windows looking into the sleeping-room of Mrs. Gillis were distinct fingerprints, and Hickman had them developed. It was through this window it was thought that the murderer had peered. Some excellent impressions of the fingerprints were obtained, but they furnished no clue, so they were classified and filed at the detective bureau at Orlando.

A week passed. Hundreds of persons visited the scene of the murders, peeped through the windows, asked irrelevant questions and advanced bizarre theories. Reporters and amateur detectives scoured the neighborhood for evidence. The mysterious murders had created a State-wide sensation.

A Caged Rattlesnake

ONE of the objects which attracted much attention among visitors to the murder scene was a four-foot diamond rattlesnake, caged in a screened box in the kitchen of the gas station. This box Mrs. Gillis utilized to confine reptiles prior to killing them for mounting. The rattler was very much alive, and the tell-tale pit between the eyes and nose would have betrayed his genus apart from the warning rattle and coil when approached.

One day Hickman stood in the kitchen going over the details of the murders as he had done many times before in his search for a clue. Apathetically he regarded the venomous snake, which was coiling. As he neared the box, the reptile gave a warning rattle and the detective stepped back. He was familiar with rattlesnake bites and he wasn't taking any chances.

Wesley Prescott, known as the "Alligator King," who was indicted for murder.

For the first time, however, the presence of the rattler assumed a significance. It started a new train of thought. It had suddenly occurred to him that he was in possession of a clue. It was vague, intangible and lacking in definiteness, but still a clue. It was the first gleam of light that he had seen, and he considered it thoughtfully.

He had seen the snake a dozen times on previous visits and had attached no importance to its presence. Now he recalled the fact that the murdered woman had not only trapped snakes herself, but had been in the habit of getting her supply of rattlers from various people in the neigborhood. She was known to have purchased many of them from trappers living nearby.

One important fact that he had happened to know was that Mrs. Gillis hadn't done any trapping recently, and he also knew that the live rattler was a recent acquisition. It might be well, he thought, to learn from whom she had purchased the imprisoned reptile. It had not been there a great while or it would have been on display in a showcase with a price card attached. The demand for live rattlesnakes for pets is not very brisk.

Hickman sat down and thought the thing over. Mrs. Gillis bought alligators as well as snakes. Suddenly he arose. "What I've got to look for is an alligator hunter or snake trapper," he decided, *"one with knife wounds."* He frowned slightly. Too bad the suggestion had not come earlier. Wounds of a minor character would be pretty well healed in a couple of weeks. However, as there was nothing more promising in sight, he decided to work along that line until he had interviewed and eliminated the neighborhood trappers. He knew them all and pondered upon which might have been guilty, but none seemed to fit in as a potential murderer.

The first man who naturally came to his mind was Wesley Prescott, the "Alligator King." Naturally, because he was the most successful. He remembered, too, that the "King" had told him one day that he had sold a great many alligators and snakes to Mrs. Gillis. Prescott's habitat was a spot known as "Fisherman's Paradise" on Lake Apopka, and thither Hickman repaired.

He found the trapper somewhat indisposed. *He was suffering from cuts on the chest and thigh.*

Hickman brought him to Orlando for investigation, and when confronted there by Sheriff Cassady and Orlando police officers, Prescott was as cool as the legendary cucumber. He was interrogated for six hours and never wavered under the severe grilling.

"How did you get those wounds?" inquired Sheriff Cassady during the inquiry.

Prescott shifted a quid of tobacco. "Well, Sheriff, I'd been out trappin' 'gators and hadn't had a powerful lot of luck. You all know there ain't an amazin' lot of 'em now. Finally I found one burrowed in the swamp at St. John's Lake. It were about eight feet long and I tied it to a tree."

He spat with precision at a cuspidor four feet away, wiped his chin with a horny hand and resumed: "When I got there the next morning intendin' to skin the critter, I seen two trappers had the job about half done. Well, Sheriff, me and them had some words and then we fit. Them two stuck me with their skinnin' knives and I bled pretty bad. I stayed in the woods a few days and then them cuts began to be mighty painful, so I came out and instead of goin' to the doctor, I got some friends of mine to wash 'em out and put some medicine on 'em."

The sheriff nodded. "What day was it you had this fight?"

The Alligator King seemed to be thinking deeply. "Why, it was a Tuesday, Sheriff."

As this was four days after the murders, the alibi sounded all right, but Hickman was not satisfied with the explanation. The Lake County sheriff, however, said he was satisfied that Prescott had nothing to do with the slaying and turned him loose to return to the camp at Fisherman's Paradise.

Another Story

DETECTIVE HICKMAN thought he would like to have a little talk with Mrs. Prescott, the wife of the famous alligator hunter. She appeared to relish being in the limelight and was voluble and ready to talk.

Hickman led up to the story of the fight with the trappers. "Wesley got cut pretty bad, I reckon," he suggested.

J. C. Pike, Prescott's companion is serving a life term for the Allen-Gillis murders.

"He sure did," agreed Mrs. Prescott.

"Let's see. It was on Tuesday he had the fight, I believe."

The woman stared. "Did he tell you it was Tuesday?"

Hickman seemed surprised at the question. "Certainly, he said it was on Tuesday."

The woman sniffed. "Wall, 'twan't. He's lyin'. 'Twas on the Saturday before."

The day of the murders.

Hickman shook hands warmly as he departed and there was an unmistable sincerity in his profuse thanks. "You've helped me a lot," he assured her.

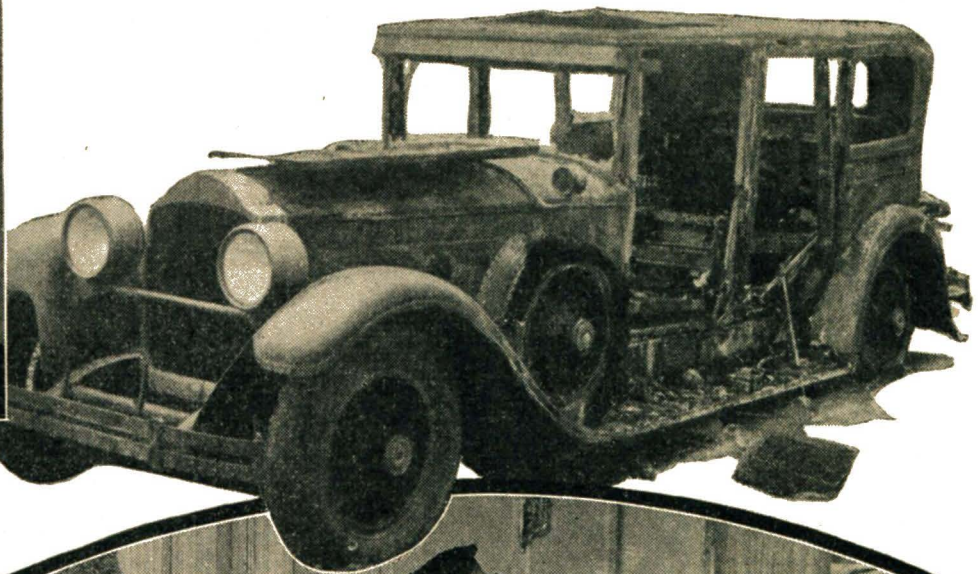
The detective then heard that Buffin Rogers was doing considerable talking and he decided to interview him. Rogers, a moonshiner, after some little persuasion, told a remarkable story. He said that on the Wednesday following the murder he was a visitor at the home of a man named J. C. Pike at Winter Garden. Pike also was engaged in the illlicit distillation of grain, and they were discussing the ethics of their "profession" when they were suddenly interrupted by the arrival of Wesley

(*Continued on page 92*)

DEATH *by the* 'ROD'

Murder from ambush, favorite pastime of the powers of gangland, takes a terrific toll of human life as gunmen ply their grisly trade.

After a long search Newark, N. J., police found the bullet-riddled body of Eugene Moran, above, in the charred wreck of the automobile pictured at right. It was alleged that Moran was assigned by the late Arnold Rothstein to "get" Eddie Diamond, another gangster.



The body of Abraham Rothman as it was found in the foyer of a Brooklyn apartment house. Rothman was shot down by gunmen who fled when the janitor of the building approached.

A squat, swarthy man who had laughed at police since he escaped murder charges eleven years ago, dropped in a Brooklyn street recently when gang guns crackled. The photo shows his body as it fell. His name was Guiseppe Piraino, but he was more generally known as "The Clutching Hand."

—P. & A. Photos

The GORILLA'

The sensational story of the brutal kidnaping and murder of little Dorothy Schneider, a crime whose depraved bestiality resembled the work of an inhuman monster. It has been termed the most atrocious slaying that Michigan has ever known.

IT WAS one of those rare days in January that hinted of an early spring. It was a day to bring gladness to the simple hearts of the laboring classes living in and around Flint, in the County of Genesee, Michigan. For an early spring there meant an early return to normal conditions in the factories, where the men folk of those people earned a comfortable livelihood, when production was at a high level.

It was a day that will live forever in the minds and memories of the people of Genesee County; a day that will not be readily forgotten anywhere in the United States. It was a day of murder; of inhuman passions run amuck.

The home of Leslie Schneider, which sat just off the Dixie Highway, on the edge of the village of Mount Morris, seven miles north of Flint, was not unlike most of its neighbors. It was a small, four-room cottage, unpretentious on its small lot in a prairie sub-division. It was of inexpensive construction, plain and unadorned; the home of a factory worker.

Leslie Schneider and his wife, Mabel, lived and worked and played exactly as did the residents of every other similar cottage in the suburbs of Flint, the one time metropolis of the automotive industry. They were, for the most part, cozily contented in their humble surroundings, in spite of the periods of unemployment which usually came in the dead season of winter.

Leslie Schneider had been out of work for many days until about a week prior to the day on which this story has its inception—the 12th of January, 1928. But he was employed now, in one of the factories in Flint. This, and the warm, bright sunshine, and the promise of spring, was ample cause for rejoicing in the Schneider home.

The Schneiders had two children. The baby, a boy of three years, and Dorothy, who was just past five, and in her first year of kindergarten. A bright and lovable child was Dorothy, who walked the half mile to school every morning, and back at noon. A perfect little lady.

Mostly, she was accompanied to and from school by two small boys, also in the kindergarten, who lived in the cottage next door. But on this day, she had gone alone, her little playmates having been kept home.

It was noon now, just a quarter past twelve. Dorothy would soon be home. Her little feet would be sopping wet, the snows having thawed in the forenoon. She would cross the paved highway, in front of the house, and Mrs. Schneider would hear the crunch and squash of tiny feet, in too large rubbers, as Dorothy crossed the yard and tripped up the steps, onto the porch.

Mrs. Schneider stirred the broth, placed the rolls in the oven of the kitchen stove, and ran to the front window, to watch. She always stood at the window, and watched her little girl until she had safely crossed the road, lest Dorothy dart out in front of a speeding automobile.

The child was just approaching the point in the road at which she crossed over and came into the yard. Remembering the warning of her mother, Dorothy looked up and down the highway, before starting across. Seeing no cars approaching nearby from either direction, she hurried over, and was walking toward the house, just as a dilapidated sedan, bearing a single occupant, drove slowly past.

Mrs. Schneider, relieved, turned back into the kitchen, and began dishing up the noon meal. The broth and the rolls and the steaming cup of cocoa on the table. Mrs. Schneider waited to hear the patter of her daughter's feet on the front porch. But no steps sounded there. Nor would they ever be heard again.

Dorothy Disappears

FIVE minutes passed, and Mrs. Schneider wondered why Dorothy did not come into the house. Thinking that the child had either gone to the back of the house for some reason, or had gone to the neighbor's next door, Mrs. Schneider sat down at the table, and started eating. Ten minutes having passed, and Dorothy still not in. Mrs. Schneider went to the living room, and glanced out the window.

Her anxiety increasing, the mother ran next door, and inquired for Dorothy. The child had not stopped there, as Mrs. Schneider had at first supposed. A hurried trip

Murderer

By Sheriff Frank Green
of Flint, Michigan
As told to Jerry E. Cravey

around the house, calling Dorothy's name as she searched, also failed to ascertain the whereabouts of the little Schneider girl.

Her alarm grew, as Mrs. Schneider ran frantically from place to place, shrilly shouting the name of the child that would never return, alive.

It was around 12:45 when I received the report of a missing child; a girl of five, small even for those years. A dainty, delicate little girl; extremely pretty, and more than a little shy. She had worn a white dress, of woolen material, beneath a brownish coat; rubbers several sizes too large for the tiny feet, and black stockings. Her eyes were blue, the face a little thin, and her hair was light, between a blonde and very light brown.

It was Mrs. Schneider who called me. She was fairly mad from a thousand fears that beset her; hysterical. She could hardly restrain herself long enough to give me what meager information she had, and when she started to tell of a fear that she had felt when she remembered noticing a car slow down directly in front of the house, as Dorothy crossed the highway, her voice grew hoarse, then shrieked agonizingly.

"I just know my little girl has been kidnaped," the anxious mother sobbed over the telephone. "Just as she was entering the yard, after safely crossing the road, I noticed a car pull over to the right, and slow down. It looked as though it were going to stop," she finally managed to say.

"My Dorothy is in that car. She has been kidnaped. I know it; something tells me that she has been taken away," came the voice of the mother. And then I heard the receiver being replaced on its hook, slowly, with trembling fingers, I imagined.

I at once organized a searching party of my own deputies, and instructed others in my office in the county jail at Flint to check all hospitals, believing it possible that the child had been struck by a car, and taken to an infirmary either by the driver, or by a passerby.

I went to the Schneider cottage on the Dixie Highway, accompanied by Deputies Ford Dormire, Arthur Crego, Henry Munger and Tom McCarty. We found Mrs. Schneider almost frantic, but learned that she had had the presence of mind to summon her husband from his work at the factory. We waited there until Leslie Schneider arrived, in the meantime finding out all we could of the strange disappearance of the child from her mother.

That was not much, to be sure, but at least I was able to piece together a lead from Mrs. Schneider's story of seeing the old sedan, with one man in the driver's seat, slow down in front of the cottage.

Mrs. Schneider had not looked very closely at the machine or its driver, and could not furnish anything like a detailed description. She only knew that the car looked rather old and dilapidated, and that it was a sedan. She had turned away from the window as soon as Dorothy was across the road, out of danger of being struck. The car was headed north, she said.

Father Leads Search

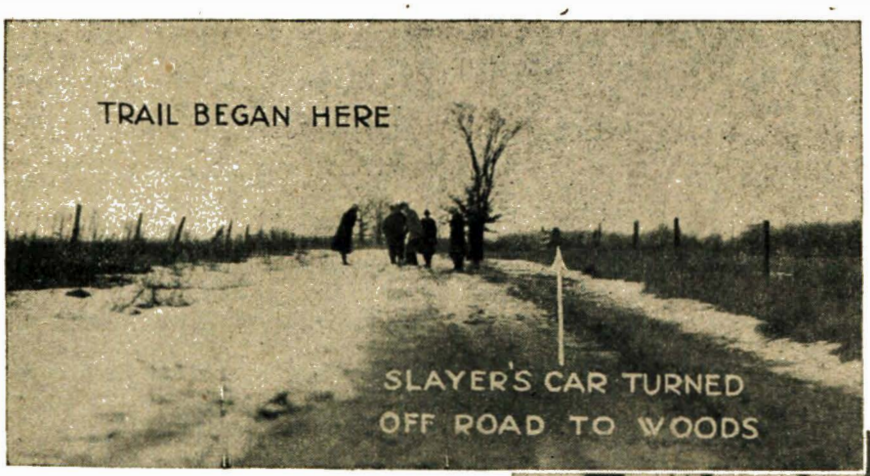
WHEN Leslie Schneider reached home, we told him what his wife had reported to us, explaining that Mrs. Schneider had advanced the theory that his little girl had been kidnaped. He took the news calmly, or at least he displayed no outward emotions that would indicate that he, too, feared for the child's safety.

But in spite of his outward calm, Leslie Schneider was restive inwardly. I later learned that something, some voice inside him, warned him of the horrible truth of the quick and mysterious disappearance of his five-year-old daughter.

Without wasting any time in theorizing, or in useless planning of the course we were to follow, we took up the trail of the vanished girl and the dilapidated sedan; a trail which, at best, was little more than a blind scent, and which led northward.

At the head of that little

Dorothy Schneider, photographed two years before her tragic death, is shown (at left) with her infant brother.



Officers shown standing in the highway are at the exact spot where the kidnaper drove off the road with his little victim.

searching party, which was composed of my four deputies, the father of the child and myself, was Leslie Schneider. The fact that I was the sheriff made not the slightest difference to him. Like a blind oracle, Leslie Schneider looked straight ahead, unseeing, toward the north.

"Drive like hell," he said evenly, between clenched teeth. I glanced at him, and saw in his face a study of grim determination; a light such as radiates from the face of a master manhunter, who when once he scents his quarry, sticks doggedly to a single trail, hurtling obstacles as they arise to confront him.

We progressed slowly, but steadily northward on the Dixie Highway, inquiring of residents and farmers along the roadside about an old black sedan, with one man and a little girl in it. This method of conducting the search naturally was a slow one; much slower, in fact than I would have cared for, under any other circumstances. And, too, on the face of it, it seemed entirely useless to stop at houses along a main trunk highway, on which literally thousands of automobiles travel each day. What was one old sedan to those people who were accustomed to a constant stream of speeding traffic in both directions?

But there seemed no better plan to follow, and there was just the barest possibility that the car bearing the kidnaper and his tiny victim had been observed by someone who would remember some outstanding detail that would put us on a warmer trail. I stopped once to telephone my office in Flint, and asked if anything had developed from the check of the hospitals. Nothing had, and we continued to push northward, stopping at every house to put the questions that by now had become mechanical with all of us.

Such doggedness, such infinite patience as was manifested by Leslie Schneider on that canvass of dwellers by the side of the road, will always be to me one of the outstanding features of the Dorothy Schneider case. Not once did the father of the vanished girl show signs of tiring of the hunt, but each time we stopped to ask about our rather uncertain quarry, Schneider would resume the journey northward with a determination even greater than when we set out from his humble cottage in the village of Mount Morris.

We left the Schneider home just a few minutes past 1 o'clock, and at 4 o'clock we had gone but little more than three miles; proof of the thoroughness with which we searched.

A Clue At Last

IT WAS at the farm home of Archie Bacon, three miles north of Mount Morris, that we got our first bit of encouraging information. "We are trying to trace a man, believed to be the kidnaper of a little girl, who was seen heading north in an old sedan," we told Bacon. "Have you noticed such a car, containing a man and a small, light haired girl?"

Sheriff Frank Green, who tells this story, is standing where Deputy Munger did when he recovered Dorothy's body from the bottom of the creek. The sheriff is holding the pole used to remove the body.

"I didn't see anything of a little girl, but around noon today, a stocky built fellow came here and asked help in freeing his car from a snowdrift, just off the main highway, on a by-road," Bacon replied.

"What kind of car, and where was he stalled?" we all asked as one.

Bacon described the machine as an early model Dodge sedan, and the driver as a man with heavy features, wearing a fur cap, light bluish overcoat, blue serge suit and low shoes. The fellow was unusually homely; reminded Bacon of a gorilla from his dress and carriage. Bacon judged him to be a man of moderate circumstances. The car, instead of being black, as Mrs. Schneider had indicated, was a "robin's egg blue," Bacon told us. It was possible that Mrs. Schneider could have been mistaken as to color, of course.

"Where is the side road in which the man was stuck in a snowdrift?" I asked, and Bacon replied by offering to lead the way there.

The road was less than half a mile from Bacon's farm house. On the way there, our informant said the man he had helped out of the drift had made two trips to his house, seeking help. The first time he went to the Bacon home, the farmer informed him that he hadn't a team of horses available just then, and his help alone probably would not be to much advantage. He directed the fellow to another farm a little way up the road, on the other side

of where the car was stalled, assuring him that the owner of that place had a number of horses in the barn at the time.

The man walked away, toward the neighboring farm, where William Lawrence lived. In half an hour, however, he returned to the Bacon place, saying that Mr. Lawrence refused to lend assistance. He begged Bacon to go with him and see if the two of them could not dig the stalled car out. Bacon had yielded, and had worked for nearly an hour, freeing the sedan from the drift. During that time, he told us, he had occasion to study the owner of the car closely. He would know him instantly, should he ever see him again.

Some of the thousands of curious folk who visited the woods to see where Dorothy Schneider was murdered.

Sheriff Green, left, shows Deputy Arthur Crego where he found the gum wrapper clue at the spot where the child was slain.

The temperature had dropped steadily since noon, when we started out from the Schneider cottage, and by the time we reached the by-road just north of Archie Bacon's farm, it was freezing again. This was to be in our favor, although none of us had any way of knowing it at the time, having not the faintest idea of what we were to encounter.

The spot where the car had been partially buried, was torn up considerably, indicating that Bacon and the driver of the stalled machine had experienced quite a task in getting it back on solid ground. From there the car's tracks led in a northwesterly direction, toward a dense grove of trees.

Footprints in the Snow

WE LEFT our machine parked by the side of the highway, and followed the trail on foot. We had gone about 50 yards, when the car tracks took a circular direction and, following them with our eyes, we saw the reason for this was that the driver had turned around and headed back to the main road. We followed the tracks around the circle, watching closely for the imprint of feet, which would tell us whether the occupant or occupants of the car had gotten out.

At a point half way around the circle, we found them. There were the deep imprints of a man's shoes, and they pointed toward the thickest part of the little woods, not far distant. But there were no other tracks. With Leslie Schneider leading us, we followed the footprints. This was easy to do, first, because of the depth of the tracks themselves, and, second, because of the freezing temperature, which packed the snow, preventing it from obliterating the trail.

Schneider was eating up the distance in great strides, almost in a run. I was just behind him, finding it difficult to keep up. We had gone less than 100 feet, when I suddenly brought up against the man in the lead. Schneider had stopped abruptly, and was standing as rigid as a board. His shoulders sagged forward a little, and his head was bent earthward. He was staring down at the snow, directly in front of him.

I stepped to one side, and followed his gaze. Then I saw the reason for Leslie Schneider's sudden halt. Another set of tracks had been added to the ones we were following. They were unmistakably the footprints of a child. And they ran parallel to the tracks of the man; by the side of them, and very close to them.

I looked up into the face of the missing girl's father. I thought that I could see him wince, as if from a blow in the face, and heard a sharp cry of pain escape his now bloodless lips, as the possible significance of those tracks was brought home to him. He shook his rather thin shoulders, as a dog would shake upon emerging from a stream of water.

With an effort, Leslie Schneider pulled himself erect, and hurried stumblingly after those two sets of frozen footprints. Not a word had been spoken by anyone. The whole party had kept silent, in the face of this new discovery. It was a sort of holy silence, which none of us could have broken had we wished.

The trail led us in a direct course for some distance, then abruptly swerved to one side, as if the quarry had suddenly changed his mind about entering the woods at the point where the trees grew largest and thickest, and had decided upon a less rugged entry. There was no doubt that he had had the woods as his objective from the time he left his car parked in the little clearing.

The reason for the change in course was soon discovered, when I looked up from the trail and found that

we were following a fence line. Glancing back, I could see why the tracks followed the fence, instead of crossing over to the other side. It was a high barbed wire fence, and the strands of wire were stretched tightly, and very close together. It would have been extremely difficult to go through at any point we had passed.

We at last found the place where the man and the child, whom I could envision walking side by side, the man leading the little girl by the hand, had crawled through the barbed wire. We all stopped and studied the tracks, noted their course on the other side. Both pairs of tracks pointed in the direction from which they had come, along the fence line, on the opposite side—straight back to the thick part of the grove.

The child's tracks ended about a foot on our side of the fence, the imprints of both little feet lying very close together. This told me that the little girl, if the small individual who had made those tracks was a little girl, had stood near the fence while the man, her abductor, crawled through.

Waiting for Leslie Schneider to go through the barbed wire, I hurriedly reconstructed the scene that had been enacted there five hours previously. In my mind's eye I saw a stockily built man, wearing a fur cap, wriggle painstakingly between two strands of barbed wire, lest he leave

The Schneider cottage from the window of which Dorothy's mother saw her for the last time before her death.

a shred of the bluish overcoat suspended there as a clue to his identity; I saw him straighten to his full height, after safely crossing to the other side, re-arrange his fur cap, which had been knocked to one side, and, pulling his overcoat about him more tightly, reach two large, hairy hands over the top strand of wire, grasp the little girl under the armpits and lift her high into the air, to set her down in the snow beside him.

This is exactly what happened, although I had no way of knowing it at the time I was envisioning these things.

A Horrible Discovery

LESLIE SCHNEIDER fairly fell through the wire fence, and broke into a dog trot toward the dense woods, his head bent low, keeping the tracks in sight. The trail soon brought us into the grove, where it wound in and out between the tree trunks. We were not following Schneider single file now, but had scattered, each officer seeking whatever he might find in the way of additional clues that would bear out the theory that every one of us, I am sure, by this time had formed in his own mind.

The tracks soon vanished completely, as we had arrived in the center of the little woods, where the ground was not covered so deeply with snow. It was Deputy Sheriff Tom McCarty and Leslie Schneider who found the first real trace of the child.

They were following the bank of a little frozen stream, in the opposite direction from which the rest of us had gone in search of the lost trail. I could hear the low gutteral groan of Leslie Schneider from where I was working slowly in and out among the ice coated trees, nearly fifty yards away. It sounded like a man who had been stabbed in a vital spot with a deadly weapon; all the pain of a father who sees the last ray of hope for the life of a child he holds dear vanish with the sinking sun, was in that deep, throaty sound.

I hurried toward the place where Schneider and McCarty were standing, as if hypnotized, with several others close behind. Schneider was standing with his hand outstretched, as if to grasp something unclean, repulsive to him. For a long minute, he held the hand suspended in space, the tips of his fingers within a bare inch of something which hung from a limb of a fallen tree.

Then, with an effort that seemed to sap his last ounce of strength and will power, the father of little Dorothy Schneider leaned forward and removed from the log a bundle of tiny garments—Dorothy Schneider's clothes.

"They're her's—Dorothy's clothes. Oh, my God. Dorothy——" the voice trailed off into a mumbling, with an occasional "Oh, my God" and "Dorothy" formed by the quivering lips, rather than spoken audibly.

Never had I felt for a human being as I felt for Leslie Schneider, when he, of all persons in the world, found the clothing of the child that had been lured into the dilapidated sedan of the man with the fur cap, and the bluish overcoat. Never have I witnessed a more soul-engulfing sight than the father, when, in a sort of daze that was half reverence, he extended his hand to take the little garments.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie Bacon provided valuable clues. Ignorant of the crime, Mr. Bacon helped the killer dig his car from a snowdrift.

And I hope I shall never be called to witness a similar sight again.

Not even the discovery of the tiny body itself had the effect to so completely crush him. For he must have been prepared for the next horrible development in the grim tragedy that was destined to gnaw at the very heartstrings of every man, woman and child in America.

Finding the body was only a matter of minutes after this. We had only one place to look, and without a word the entire party turned to the ice-covered surface of Benson Creek, the little stream that ran through the woods.

Part of the crowd that attended funeral services of the little murder victim.

Find Dorothy's Body

DARKNESS was descending rapidly now, and we knew that we would have to work fast. With a single purpose, every man among us sought sticks and limbs and the trunks of small trees, and began in silence, but in haste, breaking ice in the creek. The little grove soon resounded with crashing ice and the splash of water, as we worked downstream.

For more than seventy-five feet we worked before we were rewarded for our labors. Deputy Sheriff Arthur Munger was standing on a log, extending out toward the middle of the creek, raking the bottom of the stream with a long limb that he had ripped from a tree. Up and down, he churned, feeling on the muddy bottom with his makeshift draghook.

The limb touched something that yielded, something soft, and Munger hauled upward. The object let go, and sank back to the bottom. He repeated the operation. This time, the something soft clung, and Munger hauled it to the surface. It was the corpse of Dorothy Schneider.

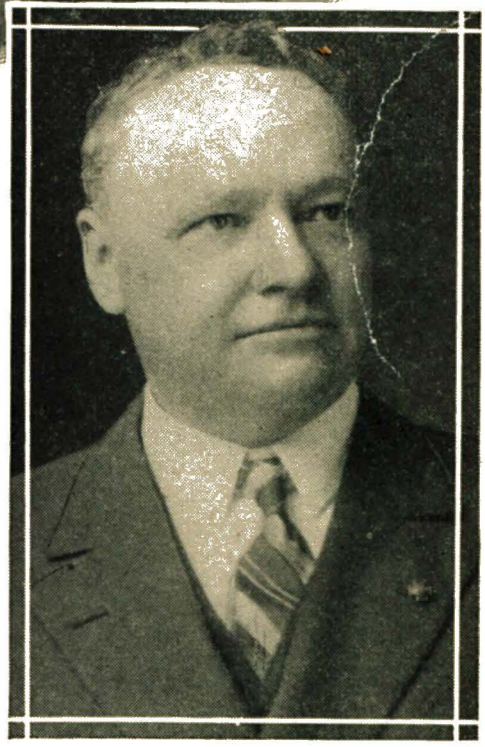
I was too occupied with helping to remove the small nude body of the child to notice very closely the father when he saw his daughter brought, dripping, from the bottom of the creek, but I did glance 'round at him once, and saw on his face only a haunted stare. No sound escaped his lips, which were tightly compressed. He did not waver in his tracks. He had already suffered the maximum that any mortal could suffer, and retain his sanity.

The corpse was stiff, frozen. We tenderly carried it a little way from the creek, and peeling off my overcoat, I wrapped the tiny body in it, and laid it on the ground. The father, now calm, with a light that was at once tender and holy radiating from his pinched face, came and knelt beside the bundle that contained all that was mortal of his little daughter. With hands that trembled just the least bit, Leslie Schneider turned back the front of the overcoat, and peered long at the chilled, lifeless form.

It was ever so tiny, was the body of the five-year-old Dorothy Schneider. A mere bit of humanity; a mere baby. But what a monstrous deed had been committed upon her frail form. It didn't require the trained eyes of a medical doctor to tell us what the nature of the crime that preceded her murder had been.

The little body was ripped and slashed as if the butcher had used a dull plow share as the implement of his inhuman surgery.

In either side, just below the armpits, appeared a deep, gaping hole. The fiend had stabbed his tiny victim, —stabbed her twice, sinking the weapon deep into the vital parts of her body.



—P. & A. Photos

Governor Fred W. Green, of Michigan, brought the forces of the state into play and took a personal part in the search for Dorothy Schneider's slayer.

Schneider got slowly and painfully to his feet, and standing on wobbly legs, brushed the back of his hand across his face as if to wipe the vision from his eyes. I replaced my coat about the corpse and, with the aid of one of my deputies, carried it out of the woods, across the snow-covered field, which was now wrapped in the gloom of fallen night, to the car parked by the side of the paved highway.

We drove, first to Flint, and to the morgue, where we left the body of the child, then back to Mount Morris, and to the little cottage off the Dixie Highway, Schneider returning with me to his home. Mrs. Schneider met us at the door. She looked questioningly at me, then at her husband, and read the truth in his haunted eyes. Covering her face with an arm, as if to ward off a blow, the mother ran screaming back into the house.

"Don't tell me. Don't tell me," she shrieked. "I know. I will never see my little girl again."

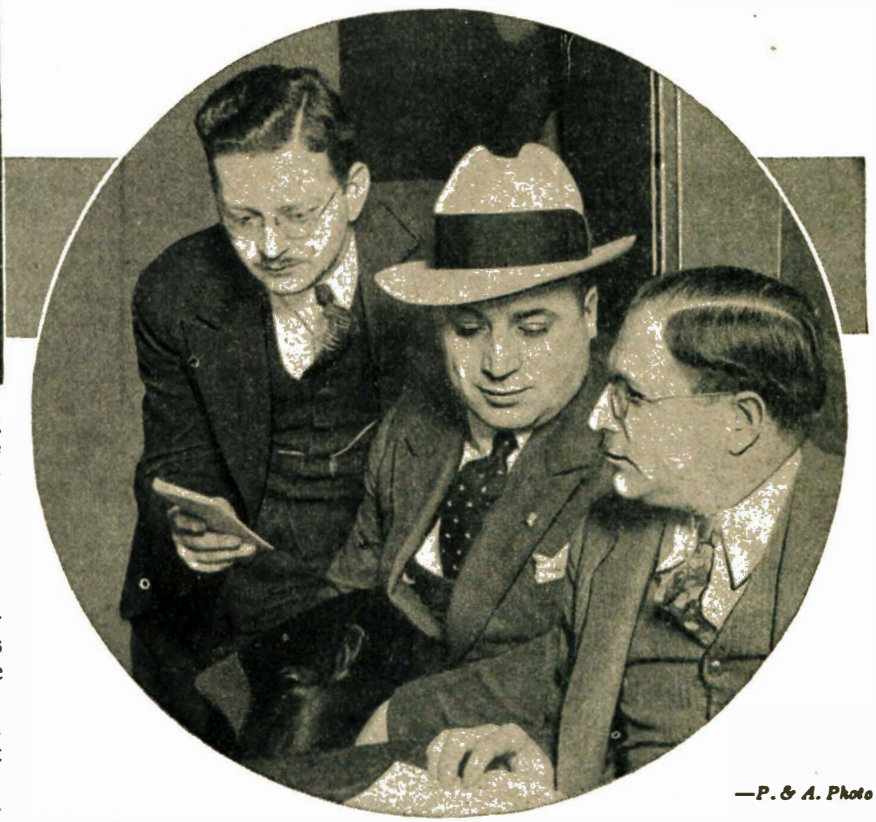
(*Continued on page 87*)

AL CAPONE
King of GANGLAND

Praised by his friends and cursed by his enemies, "Scarface Al" remains the most colorful figure in gangdom.

—P. & A. Photo

The smiling Al Capone, just released from jail at Philadelphia, calls at the Chicago detective bureau to see Deputy Commissioner John Stege.



—P. & A. Photo

Ralph "Bottles" Capone, center, brother of "The Scarface," is shown with his attorney, J. J. Merensky, right, as they discussed income tax matters.

By Alvin E. McDermott

WHAT manner of man is this Alphonse Capone, referred to by his friends as "The Big Fellow," by the general public as "The King of Gangland" and "Scarface Al," and by his enemies called various unprintable things which are not proper names at all?

The answer to that question depends entirely on where you go for your information. Some like him, consider him a "swell guy." Others hate him, even while they respect his power. One thing is certain: Al Capone, who called himself Al Brown when he muscled into Chicago rackets back in the days of "Big Jim" Colosimo and Johnny Torrio, is now the big bugaboo of America.

Ask any Chicago police officer his opinion of Capone and he will tell you that he is an iron-handed, cruel and hard law violator who thinks nothing of ordering the killing of friends and foes alike if they happen to be in his way.

Yet this writer obtained an interview with the boss gangster by the simple process of appealing to his sense of fair play.

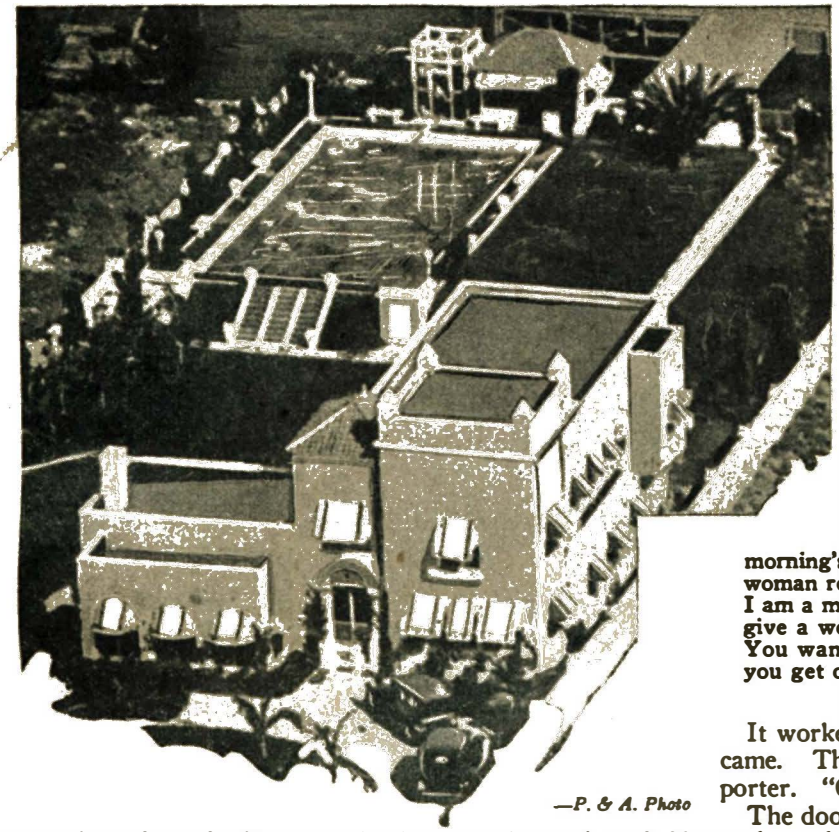
Released from the Pennsylvania Eastern Penitentiary at Philadelphia, Capone's name was on everyone's tongue. What would he do? Would rival gangsters bump him off? Would he return to his old haunts and pick up where he left off?

Everyone knows how he eluded the newspapermen who had kept watch on the gate of the prison for four days. He disappeared and dropped out of existence as completely as though he had never been born.

Trying to find him, reporters looked the usual places, then the unusual and then the impossible. In Chicago they appealed to Deputy Commissioner of Police, Stege, the hard-boiled detective chief.

"He's not in Chicago and he won't be," Stege said. "He

The Amazing Story of the Rise of a Racketeer



—P. & A. Photo

Air view of the fortified and closely guarded mansion of Al Capone near Miami Beach, Fla., where the gang chieftain goes to rest when Chicago becomes too active for him.

knows that I have given my men orders to pick him up on sight and throw him in the can. Capone won't have a moment's peace in Chicago. I'll see that he stays in a cell as long as he's here. There are a few embarrassing questions I'd like to ask him and he knows it. He'll stay away from here."

The wise old heads among the veteran police reporters nodded with a smile at this, for they knew Capone and knew that this was the kind of challenge he accepted. Long before he was a big shot—back in the days when the newspapers still misspelled his name—police were seeking him for the murder of a rival gangster in a State Street saloon. Capone-like, he walked in on them and asked blandly, "What do you want me for? Here I am."

Capone Reports

AGAIN the challenge worked, and the next day after Stege's statement the Great American Bugaboo sauntered into the detective bureau with two lawyers, three politicians and a bodyguard. He asked to see Stege. What passed between these two behind the locked door was not learned, but Stege gave the reporters the break of at least seeing Capone before he freed him.

Stege, himself a huge man, appeared as a dwarf alongside Capone. The gang leader's lips were sealed. There were no interviews. A steady smile on his face broke only when the photographers appeared.

Capone hates photographers like poison. He listened, uninterested, when they pleaded with him to pose. He listened with interest, however, to the words of a clever reporter who told him that it would be better to pose and have the newspapers use a good picture of him than a "speed flash" showing him with his face covered like "an ordinary criminal." Then he posed.

The following day a morning Chicago newspaper published an interview with Capone, bearing the "by-line" of one of their women writers. Other reporters, among them this writer, had haunted the Lexington Hotel, where he was supposed to be staying.

The newspaper clutched in his hand, this writer stormed back to the hotel, the city editor's taunt, "Scooped by a sob sister," fresh in his mind.

A hastily scribbled note, prompted by an Irish temper, was sent up to his room. The note:

Al:

For three days I have been hanging around this hotel trying to see you. I am only a reporter and am not going to harm you. This morning's paper publishes an interview showing that a woman reporter visited you last night. You are a man and I am a man. We men should stick together. Why do you give a woman a break where you would not give me one? You want a fair break. All I can say is that I'll see that you get one if you give me a break.

Al McDermott.

It worked. Two hours of waiting and finally the word came. The great Al Capone would see the humble reporter. "Go to room 230," the messenger said.

The door of the room was open, displaying the form of a short, heavy, dark man resembling Frankie Rio, with whom Capone spent his ten months in the Philadelphia prison for pistol toting.

Capone came through a door leading to a bedroom. He was clad in slippers without sox, trousers and the silk top piece of athletic underwear.

"Hello, Al," from the reporter.

"Hello, Al," the genial answering greeting.

"You had me for a 'wrong guy'—I never saw that woman reporter," the man credited with being king of gambling, vice and the liquor industry started out.

"I didn't want to see *any* of the reporters because they have been hounding me. I am tired of all this publicity. Who wouldn't be?"

Asks "A Break"

THERE was not a cross word or an irritated attitude during the entire interview.

"I'm not such a bad guy," he continued. "All I ask is a break. I have a lot of friends and they know me and trust me. I like to have them around me and have a little fun with them, but every time I try to throw a party you newspapermen come sneaking around and spoil everything.

"I can't see why I should give any newspaperman a break. They blame me for everything that happens. If the Chicago fire hadn't happened quite a while before I came to town I would have been blamed for it.

"But, when a guy is found dead in a ditch the cops and the papers all yell 'Al Capone.' Most of the time it is just a case of some guy cutting in on somebody else's girl."

"What are you going to do—are you going to stay here in Chicago?" he was asked.

"I'll have to stay around here a couple of days to clean up a few little affairs. Then I'm hiking down to Florida for a while."

"But they're looking for you there, too," the reporter reminded. "The governor says he will throw you out of the state."

"Well, maybe he will and maybe he won't. I'll try anyway. Maybe I'll try a few tricks so they won't bother me."

Part of his "few tricks" was the federal injunction that he obtained a few days later, forcing the sheriffs of twenty Florida counties to allow him to proceed through from the border to his island estate near Miami and restraining them from arresting him.

Most questions put to him were met with broadening smiles that indicated the reporter was treading on dangerous ground.

"I'd like to answer, but it would make me look foolish," he would say. "I like to be a good fellow and I will if I can. I don't want you to 'beef' the way most reporters do."

The last questions were asked as Capone paced the room with a springy, athletic step. The hugeness of this man, who always appears so short of stature in pictures, was apparent now. The picture of health, there is not a wasted pound on his body.

His clothes are tastefully chosen and he wears them well. He has an easy going manner that sets you at ease at once. It is not until you have been talking with him for a while that you notice that his eyes are following your every move, that he is, seemingly, studying your very thoughts. His conversation is not in the slangy parlance of gangland used by his colleagues. There is not much of the hoodlum about him.

—P. & A. Photos

This exclusive informal picture of Al Capone was made at his palatial home at Palm Island, Fla.

Little Known of History

OF THE true history of Capone not much is known. It is known, however, that his entrance into Chicago gangland was followed by much violence. But, let's go back farther than that.

A seventeen-year-old boy and a stranger engaged in a brawl in a New York poolroom. The older man was of slighter build than the swarthy, well set up youth, and was floored with a blow. He arose and another blow sent him reeling back to the floor, his head striking a corner of a pool table. Frightened, "Smiling Al," as the lad was known, fled before the police arrived to take the still unconscious stranger to a hospital.

Thus Alphonse Capone at seventeen became a fugitive from the police. Until that time he was just another boy of the Greenpoint Italian quarter. Never before had he been in trouble.

He ran to a cousin in Brooklyn, a member of the vicious "Five Points" gang. He was given shelter and, incidentally, a start along the path that led him eventually to absolute supremacy of the Chicago lawless.

The loser of the pool room brawl did not die, as Al had believed. He was fully recovered when, a few weeks later, the victor was doing his first "jobs" with the "Five Points" gang.

Most of his associates of those days later died by violence. Others achieved fame. One was Johnny Torrio, who was recruited from the hard-boiled New York gang to become bodyguard and first lieutenant to "Big Jim" Colosimo, who then controlled Chicago's vice belt.

Another was originally baptized Francisco Barto Viala. When assassin's bullets cut him down just a few years ago he was known as Frankie Uale, or Yale. By that time he and Al Capone occupied positions of importance. Between them they controlled most of the unlawful pleasures in the two largest American cities.

Torrio sent for Al and made him his bodyguard. Al handled himself well and seldom "spoke out of turn." He was the proper man for the job, thought "Little Johnny," who by that time was a figure of importance in the Chicago redlight district. Torrio was "yellow," but ambitious. Al would help him to take away from Big Jim, in due time, the lordship of the tenderloin.

A rough, jagged scar across Capone's left cheek was explained away to his new friends as a souvenir of his service with the Lost Battalion in the World War. What service he saw is not known, but New York acquaintances recalled that the scar was a relic of a Coney Island fight.

Colosimo Is Slain

THEN Big Jim Colosimo's body was found one spring day in 1920 on the floor of his popular cafe. Hundreds of solutions were immediately offered by police and press, but none touched on the subject of the whisperings that a few years later went the rounds—that Johnny Torrio had ordered the killing to get his chief out of the way so that he could step into his shoes. Capone, these same whisperings said, had done the job.

Witnesses told of a man with a scar seen fleeing the crime. Capone's name was not then mentioned, but Frankie Yale, who bore the same sort of scar on his right cheek, was taken into custody by New York police, questioned and released.

Torrio stepped into Colosimo's shoes—Capone later inherited Torrio's. By this time the liquor situation was becoming acute. The prohibition forces were organizing, but were inefficient. Gangland stepped in to supply pleasure seekers with liquor as they were supplying them with women.

Dion O'Banion and a crowd of North Side hoodlums, most of whom had police records as safeblowers and burglars, declared their claim on the North Side *and* the Loop business district business. Joe Saltis had organized a few score South Side saloon keepers and was firmly intrenched in the South Side industrial and residential districts.

When others quickly organized other parts of the city only a two mile strip, South of the Loop and extending West through Cicero, was left for Torrio and his aide, Capone. A decision was made to invade the Loop, and the battle was on.

Chicago's first big gang murder came when three Italians

walked into the little floral shop of Dion O'Banion, across the street from the Holy Name Cathedral. As one shook hands with him and held his gun hand, the others quickly filled his body with slugs.

It was a well planned murder. At the proper time six automobiles with stalled motors blocked the paths of all vehicles except the murder car, in which the trio raced away. The murder was never solved, but reporters queried Capone, and the police nodded their heads in the affirmative. It could not be definitely traced to Capone, but Capone was blamed.

Scarface Al, then owner of the infamous Four Deuces gambling house, vice den and saloon at 2222 South Wabash Avenue, shrugged his shoulders and smiled.

Typical was his act of walking in on the police and saying, "Well, here I am. If you have anything on me, keep me. If not, let me go." He was immediately freed.

Machine Guns Used

THE investigation into the death of Dion O'Banion was carried on under the direction of Assistant State's Attorney William McSwiggen. When Billie McSwiggen, still a mere youth, came to his death, his body filled with machine gun slugs outside Eddie Tancl's Cicero saloon a few years later, it was rumored that he was but a cog, if an important one, in a huge, interlinking politico-gangland ring that held the entire county in its grip.

This ring was of Capone origin and was Capone controlled. When a police lieutenant objected to the rumbling of beer trucks past his station and took direct action, he was transferred to a station far from his home and one where he could do little harm.

County, city and state officials of the highest importance were credited with being on the Capone payroll. Scarface Al well might, and did get cocky. When plans were being made to receive in Chicago Queen Marie of Rumania, it took a lot of talking by those in power to convince the Scarface that he did not deserve a seat in the Queen's automobile as she was paraded.

What a different Capone from the unobtrusive "Al Brown" who stood around the bar in his own Four Deuces Cafe a few years before and bought drinks for the crowd, although he never touched a drop himself, and fired any bartender who revealed to patrons that "Al Brown" was the owner.

A trip through the newspaper clips on Capone is like reading a modern version of a combined Robin Hood, Ali Baba and Francois Villon.

When horse racing, brought back to Illinois by many years fighting before the legislature by enthusiasts, threatened to die a natural death, Capone bought and put on Chicago tracks good horses, good jockeys, efficient management.

The dog tracks got their start in Cook County with Capone money. The cleaning and dyeing business was going on the rocks with too many fights for the business. Stores were bombed, clothes burned, employes beaten. Then Capone stepped in with the largest cleaner, Morris Becker, and said, "Keep hands off." Interference with the shops that advertised "We knock the spots" then stopped.

Scarface Al applied for $50,000 insurance, giving his occupation as "dealer in antique furniture."

Visiting in Brooklyn with his old pals, Scarface was arrested and later freed of the murder of Richard "Peg Leg" Lonergan, New York gangster and brother-in-law of the slain gang chieftain, "Wild Bill" Lovett.

As officialdom was making an attempt to get information on the McSwiggen killing at an inquest, members of the rival gang filed past the Capone headquarters in Cicero to protest the killing of two members of their mob who had been with McSwiggen on his fatal trip. Eight machine guns loosed bullets on the Anton and Hawthorne hotels. Net casualties: divots removed from two innocent bystanders.

Two detectives who sauntered into "Hinky Dink" Kenna's saloon to tell Capone, a steady visitor there, that a machine gun had been discovered in a window of the Atlantic Hotel, across the street, its muzzle trained on the saloon entrance, were recipients of cigars from the gang chief.

Mild was the interest of Capone when informed that Ben Newmark, former chief investigator for the state's attorney's office, who had gone into the liquor racket as a Capone rival, had been murdered in his home.

Reached by telephone at Miami by this writer and informed that seven of the "Bugs" Moran gang, who had been attempting to take from him the valuable Loop liquor territory, had been lined up in a row with their faces to the wall and killed with machine gun bullets, the Scarface asked, "What of it? They were no good, anyway."

—*P. & A. Photo*

Police photo of Frank Cline, bodyguard of Al Capone, who served a year in a Philadelphia jail when arrested with his chief. He is also known as Frank Rio.

Pays Fines

PASSING through Joliet, Ill., Capone was jailed with six friends for possession of arms. He paid the fines of six vagrants, "so that I can have some peace here; they talk too much." Four other prisoners were bailed out by Al because they were "good fellows."

Appearing before the Federal grand jury in Chicago to answer truly embarrassing questions regarding his income tax, Capone greeted reporters with open arms, although he said nothing of importance, and swore at photographers.

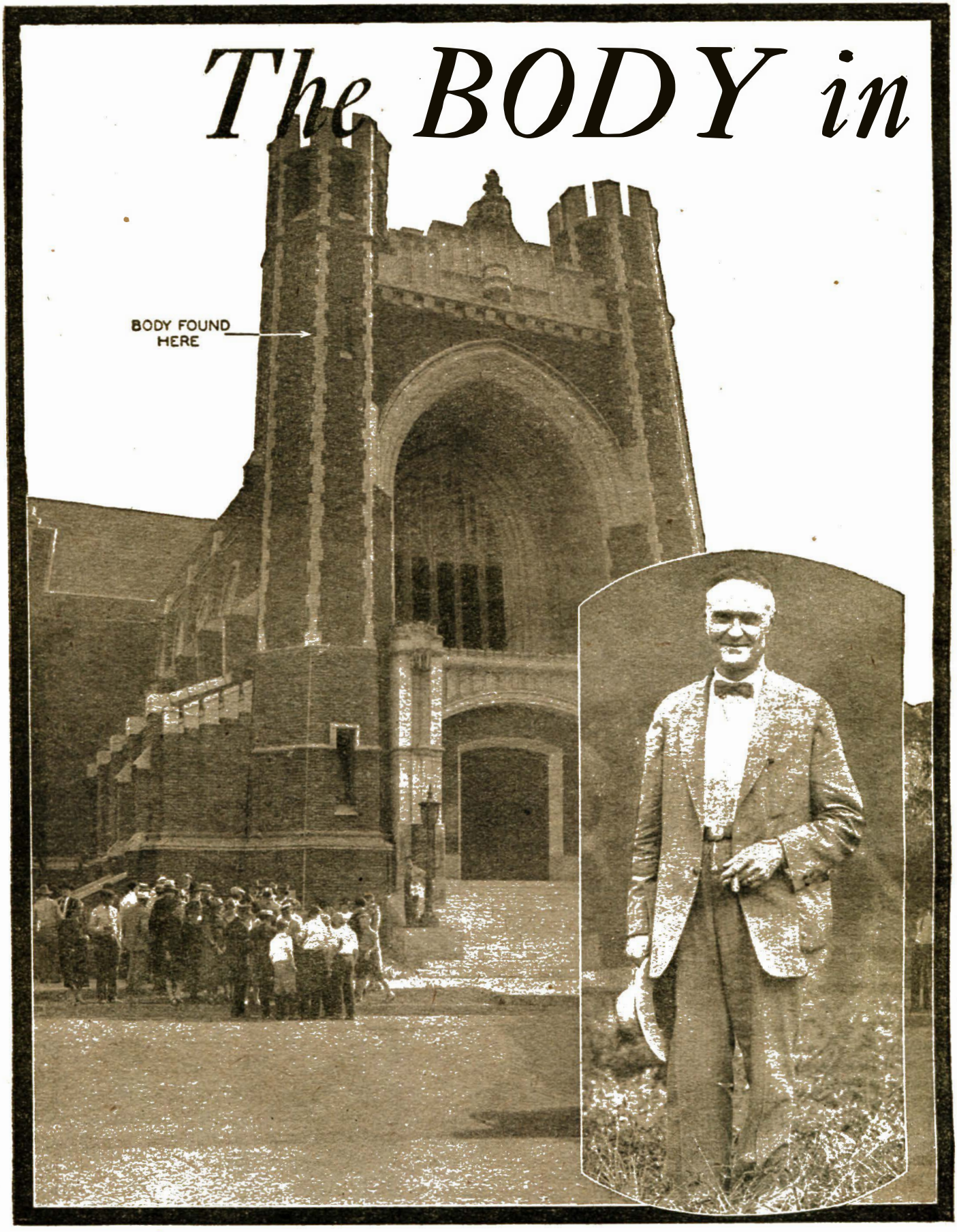
When his automobile was fired upon on a Chicago boulevard, Capone countered by ordering one with armored body and bullet-proof glass. It cost $22,000.

When interviewed a few years ago at his Chicago home, 7244 Prairie Avenue, where also live his mother, sister Mafalda and brothers Albert and Matthew, he appeared at the door in house apron and invited reporters to taste the spaghetti that he was cooking.

When the Cicero *Tribune*, a weekly suburban newspaper, started panning him and exposing brothels,

(*Continued on page* 93)

The BODY in



Part of the crowd that gathered in front of the First Presbyterian Church in Little Rock after the body of Floella McDonald was removed from the belfry where she met death at the hands of a brutal slayer. Arrow points to where the mutilated form was found, beneath the great bell which calls people of the community to worship. In inset is B. C. Rotenberry, chief of Little Rock police at the time of the atrocity.

the BELFRY

The strange disappearance of Floella McDonald baffled all Little Rock—then officials uncovered the most atrocious crime in the history of Arkansas, and brought the guilty one to justice.

By JOSEPH B. WIRGES
of the Arkansas Gazette

Major J. A. Pitcock, head of the detective bureau, who worked on the McDonald case, is known as one of the keenest criminal investigators in the country.

IT WAS a dull night at police headquarters, and I had nothing whatever to report when I telephoned my city editor.

"What've you got?" he asked.

"Not a thing."

"Can't you stir up something?"

"Well, let's see: Got a report here about a little girl missing. Want that?"

The city editor grunted. "Can't you do any better than that? Little girls are always missing, and they always turn up next day with the explanation that they stayed all night with Aunt Mary and forgot to telephone. Oh, well, we might as well use a squib about it. Just say she didn't go home last night; leave out all that stuff about 'fearing for her safety.'"

I turned in the "squib" and forgot about it. Reports of missing children were common at police headquarters, and none within my memory had ever amounted to more than a trivial misunderstanding of the child's whereabouts, or an even more unimportant delay in reaching home.

But little Floella McDonald had not stayed all night with "Aunt Mary." She did not show up the next day, nor the next, nor for many anxious days thereafter. And that squib I wrote for my paper was the beginning of the most sensational murder case that ever occurred in Arkansas. It was a story of the most brutal murder, with developments that included race rioting, lynching and burning, and martial law for the city of Little Rock.

Floella McDonald failed to return from school on the afternoon of April 12, 1927. She was eleven years old, a student of the Kramer grammar school in Little Rock, and was a quiet, obedient child who had never remained away from home a night in her life. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McDonald, were alarmed by her absence, and when forty-eight hours had elapsed without word of her whereabouts, police and county authorities were inspired to action.

Investigation revealed she had gone from the school with a playmate to the Public Library, where she borrowed a book. The two little girls walked part of the way homeward together and parted in front of the First Presbyterian Church at Eighth and Scott Streets. Floella turned down Scott Street toward home, a few blocks away, while her companion, ten-year-old Carolyn Smith, continued down Eighth Street. That was the last time Floella had been seen before her disappearance, so far as police could learn.

Police were at a loss even for theories to account for her disappearance. The McDonald family was poor; so she could not have been kidnaped and held for ransom. The family had no enemies, hence the revenge motive was without foundation. She had vanished in broad daylight, and no one along the busy streets between her home and the spot where she was last seen had noticed any unusual occurrence which might have suggested violence.

The Body is Found

THE MYSTERY shrouding the case attracted public attention and interest, and citizens voluntarily contributed sums toward a reward for information leading to little Floella's discovery, dead or alive. Searching parties of a hundred and more were organized, and a careful search was made of every vacant house, barn, shed, abandoned well and other possible hiding places in the city of Little Rock. Other hunts were staged in the Fourche Creek swamps south of the city. Countless rumors and false reports were run down by the harassed city and county officers. A dozen or more suspects were arrested, questioned closely, and released. There was absolutely no trace to be found anywhere of the whereabouts of Floella McDonald. She might well have vanished into thin air.

With nothing to add fuel to the flame of public interest, the first wave of excitement began to subside. The fickle public began to forget little Floella, and the baffled police relaxed also, having exhausted all the department's resources.

On the afternoon of the last day of the month, eighteen days after the little girl disappeared, the choir of the First Presbyterian Church, Eighth and Scott Streets, was engaged in its weekly practice. In that church, as in all others in the city, prayers for the safe return of Floella

McDonald had been offered from the pulpit the Sunday before, and they would be offered again at the Sunday services on the morrow. It was in front of this church that the child had last been seen by her playmate.

The singing of the choir was rudely interrupted about 3 p. m. by the sudden appearance of the janitor, Frank Dixon, a negro with white and Indian blood in his veins. His usually brown face was almost white, his eyes were wide with terror, and he was visibly trembling. A chill fell over the choir singers; it was as though they had a presentiment of something horrible portending.

"What's the matter?" the choir leader asked.

"There's something up there," Dixon said hoarsely, jerking a hand toward the front of the church.

"Where?"

"Up there. Up there in the belfry."

"Well, what is it?" the choir leader demanded with an impatience that was tinged with alarm.

"It's—it's a—body!" the negro blurted.

There was complete silence in the church. The singers, the leader, the organist, all stared aghast at the quaking negro. Finally, someone broke the silence.

"Go find someone. Go quickly!"

Dixon went across the street and returned with T. J. Craighead, secretary of the Little Rock Boys' Club, whose building faced the side entrance of the church. Craighead did not go up into the belfry; a faint odor told him all he wished to know. He telephoned police headquarters.

Motorcycle Patrolman Homer Barret was the first to climb the circular stairway to the second-story landing and thence up a ladder against the wall to the small nook in the belfry tower of the church.

The thing that met his gaze in the gloom of the belfry was a gruesome sight. There, under the great bronze bell which each Sunday pealed out its summons to holy worship, lay the body of a little girl. Wrapped in a sheet, the slight form was lowered from the roof of the church proper to an undertaker's ambulance below. A short while later, Mr. McDonald was summoned to the undertaker's shop.

One glance at the dress, the shoes and the stockings, was sufficient.

"It's Floella," he said brokenly.

The eighteen-day mystery of the disappearance of little Floella McDonald was solved. For almost three weeks, while hundreds searched the city, the county and the state for her, she had lain dead in the belfry of the First Presbyterian Church, fifty feet above the spot where her little playmate had last seen her alive. Two Sundays had passed since her disappearance and on those two holy days, the church bell had tolled above her lifeless body. In the pulpit below, so near that she might have heard them had she been alive, prayers were uttered for her safe return.

On the morning of his eighteenth birthday the murderer of little Floella McDonald paid the supreme penalty for his crime.

Search For The Slayer

BUT the solution of this mystery gave rise to another and even more perplexing one. Who was the fiend who so foully murdered an innocent little girl in a place dedicated to holy deeds?

There was no doubt regarding the motive. The child's body told only too clearly of the lust which had actuated the criminal. The fiend had committed one dastardly crime and had sought to hide it with murder.

Who, of all the thousands living in the capital city of Arkansas, was capable of committing such a revolting double crime? Who was the man so devoid of human graces that he could perpetrate his horrible deeds in a House of Worship?

How was little Floella lured to death and worse than death in the First Presbyterian Church? How was she taken up the steep, winding staircase, and up the ladder against the wall to the little nook beneath the bell?

The instrument of death was readily found. It was a brick, torn from the inner wall of the belfry a few feet above the crushed head of the little girl. It was apparent, then, that both the attack and the killing had taken place in the belfry. But was the little girl conscious when she went up into the tower? Did she go up of her own accord, unaware of the terrible fate in store for her? If she was carried up the stairs and the ladder by her assailant, she must surely have been unconscious; otherwise her cries would have been heard in the busy street below.

The grim shadow of the electric chair that was the end of the road for the slayer.

The only way to answer these questions was to find the murderer, and this the police grimly set out to do.

They took no chances. The mixed - breed janitor, Frank Dixon, naturally fell under suspicion. He was the first to find the body, but he made the discovery only when it was forced upon him. The congregation at the church services on the morrow could hardly have failed to detect the odor, which would have led to an investigation. Dixon had access to the church, which was always kept locked when it was not in use. His very character gave rise to suspicion; the blood of his veins was a polyglot mixture of Indian, Caucasian, Negro and low-caste Creole.

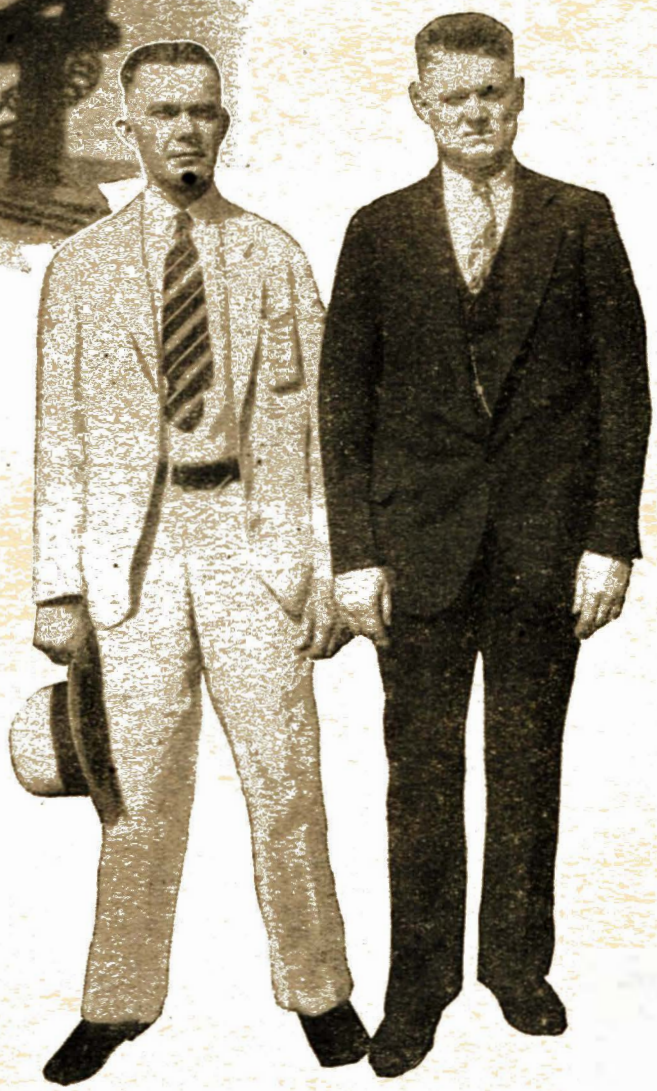
With Dixon, the police arrested his eighteen-year-old son, Lonnie, and five other negroes, all relatives or intimates of the Dixons. Before questioning these suspects, Burl C. Rotenberry, then Chief of Police, and Major James A. Pitcock, Chief of Detectives, who had taken personal charge of the case, began a thorough investigation of the First Presbyterian Church.

They found several important clues. First of all, they discovered in the pantry of the church a dozen empty bottles labeled "Denatured Alcohol." These, inquiry revealed, belonged to the janitor, who had a fondness for liquor. He had been arrested several times for drunkenness, but each time escaped punishment through the intervention of aldermen who were members of the church.

The officers continued their search of the pantry. Under a cabinet they found a pair of trousers, blood-stained. In a pocket was a rag, also stained with blood. The trousers were identified as the property of the janitor through the number penned in the lining by a cleaner who said they were brought to him by Dixon.

Grilling Dixon

IT WAS apparent that an attempt had been made to remove the tell-tale stains from the garment. A piece had been cut out of one leg where the stains were deepest.



Detective Sergeant W. R. Henson, left, and Detective Captain O. N. Martin, who were active in the investigation, spirited the murderer to a place of safety when mobs threatened him.

Chief Rotenberry and Major Pitcock were reasonably sure, after these discoveries, that Dixon was the man they sought, that he was guilty of the double crime. Yet, there was something that did not fit in, something that puzzled them and made them pause before giving an announcement to the press.

It was Dixon's attitude. When he was shown the blood-stained garments, he readily admitted ownership, as he had admitted ownership of the bottles. But he steadfastly denied knowledge of the crimes; he could not explain the stains on the clothing, and he did not try. He didn't understand, he repeated over and over.

"You say you were not in the church the afternoon the little girl disappeared?" Chief Rotenberry asked for the tenth time.

"No, sir!"

"Where were you?"

"I went to the ball game that afternoon."

"How do you know it was that afternoon?"

"The season opened April 12; that's the way I remember it."

"Did you go with anyone?"

"No, sir; I went alone."

"Then you have no way of proving you were at the ball park?"

"No, sir; but I was there."

It was the same old circle of questions and answers, in which police made no progress, and Dixon neither gained

View of the mob that stormed the city jail in an attempt to lynch Lonnie Dixon after his arrest.

Frank Dixon, left, church janitor and father of Lonnie Dixon, right, who paid with his life in the electric chair for his atrocious crime.

nor lost ground. If ever a man was sincere, Dixon seemed to be that man. His words had the ring of truth. Still, his reputation was none too good, and he was the most likely suspect the police had to work with.

There was one question, which, if Chief Rotenberry had thought to ask, might have led to an even earlier solution of the mystery. But it did not occur to him to ask: "Who was at the church in your place the day you went to the ball game?"

Happily, this question was answered without being asked. It came about in this way:

The story of the finding of little Floella's body in the First Presbyterian Church was read by Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Kincheloe, 1615 Scott Street. It caused them to remember a trivial incident. Their eight-year-old daughter had come home a few weeks earlier with a story of a party in the church.

"Mother," the little girl had said, "there's a party in the First Presbyterian Church at 5 o'clock. May I go?"

"A party this afternoon? What kind of a party?"

"I don't know. But they are going to give away toys."

"You must be mistaken, dear," the mother said.

"Can't I go, mother?"

"No, dear; you must take your music lesson."

They had forgotten the incident, but now they remembered it, because in looking back it seemed to them it had occurred the same afternoon little Floella disappeared. They questioned Billy Jean.

"Who told you about the party in the church that afternoon?" the little girl was asked.

"A man."

"What kind of a man?"

"A negro man."

"A very black man?"

"No," said the little girl, "he was a funny-looking man. A yellow man."

Mr. and Mrs. Kincheloe promptly took Billy Jean to police headquarters, where they conferred with Chief Rotenberry and Major Pitcock. They were deeply interested; here, they thought, was a clue which might lead to something definite.

The elder Dixon was brought before little Billy Jean. She looked him over, and he returned her gaze without fear.

"That isn't the man," she said decidedly.

Next, Lonnie Dixon, the son of the janitor, and four other negroes were lined up in front of the little girl.

Without an instant's hesitation, she pointed to Lonnie Dixon, and whispered to her father:

"Daddy, that's the one!"

That was the beginning of the end. It was an easy matter to check up on Lonnie Dixon's movements that fateful afternoon; it was learned that he had worked in the church in his father's stead. The elder Dixon either had forgotten it, or he feared to tell it, even though his silence jeopardized his own freedom and safety.

A Confession

FOR sixteen hours police grilled Lonnie Dixon. The officers took turns questioning him, and he was given no rest. As soon as one officer was tired out, another took his place.

At 4:30 Sunday afternoon, twenty-four hours after the body of Floella McDonald was discovered, and while last rites were being said over her mutilated body in a local cemetery, Lonnie Dixon broke down and confessed.

The thing that precipitated his confession was the most surprising feature of the entire affair. He was told that his mother, a mulattto woman, was in jail and would be charged with complicity in the crime.

"No!" he cried. "Not her. She didn't have anything to do with it. I did it. I did it all by myself."

He was capable of committing two of the most atrocious crimes in Arkansas criminal history, but he could not bear the thought of his mother in jail. So he confessed and sealed his own doom to spare her.

As he unfolded his gruesome narrative, police found it almost impossible to believe that anyone capable of doing the thing he calmly admitted he had done could be capable, at the same time, of so human an emotion as mother-love.

The murderer's story was none too clear as to details, for police were satisfied at first with a meager outline, and later developments followed too swiftly to permit of further questioning, but the manner in which Floella met her death was this:

After parting with her playmate that fateful afternoon, she loitered a moment on the corner in front of the church. When she started homeward again, walking north on Scott Street, a sudden shower came up, and she sought shelter in the side entrance to the church.

Lonnie Dixon, who earlier in the afternoon had accosted the little Kincheloe girl, was standing across the street in front of the Boy's Club. He saw Floella when she darted up into the doorway; so he went over and invited her to come inside the church. She went in readily enough, with never a thought that harm could befall her in so holy a place. No one saw her enter, because per-

sons normally passing on the street had sought shelter from the rain.

The janitor's son talked to her and showed her around the church.

She had a normal childish curiosity concerning places in the church she had never seen, and when she asked the negro youth about the stairway leading to the belfry, he invited her to go up and see the bell. She accepted eagerly and innocently. She laid her hat and the book she was carrying on a chair and climbed the stairs and the ladder to the belfry. Lonnie followed.

According to the murderer's halting confession, she cried bitterly and threatened hysterically to "tell Daddy" of his actions. He became frightened, and decided to kill her. He pried a loose brick from the wall of the tower and struck her repeatedly over the head until the little form lay still in the gloom of the belfry.

After the deed was done, the youth crept back downstairs and removed his father's trousers and hat which he had worn while cleaning up the church. They were blood-stained, and, after a futile attempt to remove the stains, he hid the garments in the pantry.

Then he discovered his little victim's hat and book. The book, which she had borrowed just that afternoon from the library, was "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," and it contained her card with her name and address on it. Lonnie knew he had to dispose of these tell-tale clues, so he wrapped them in a newspaper and took them to an empty garage several blocks from the church where he hid them.

After his confession, Lonnie guided police to the place where he had hidden the hat and book. They found them exactly where he had said he put them.

Mobs Gather

NEWS of the confession spread rapidly, and Chief Rotenberry lost no time in removing the culprit to safety. A heavily armed squad of officers left Little Rock in an automobile and spirited Lonnie Dixon away to Texarkana, a destination which remained a carefully-guarded secret.

The chief had acted none too soon. A mob of five thousand thoroughly aroused men, most of them armed, marched to the penitentiary "walls" southwest of the city, where they believed Dixon had been taken for safekeeping, and stormed the prison.

Warden S. L. Todhunter told the mob their man was not in the walls. They did not believe him and surged threateningly around the massive gates. The warden then invited a committee to go through the penitentiary and inspect every cell; and a committee was appointed. The committee was gone so long the mob became restless and suspicious that the warden had duped them.

They stormed the gates, battered them open, and streamed into the inclosure. Scattering through the buildings they searched every cell, and, finally, after an hour of futile searching, the angry men dispersed.

A short while later another mob formed in front of the city hall and demanded permission to search the city jail. Chief Rotenberry held out until it was apparent that it would become necessary to fire into the crowd unless he acceded to their demands. Since the mob was armed, the first shot would have made bloodshed inevitable. A committee was allowed to go through the building, but its report was not believed by the crowd. The tumult continued until a hundred or more men forced their way into the building and peered into every cell of the jail. They found no one remotely resembling Lonnie Dixon; so finally the mob dispersed of its own accord.

On the third day after the confession of the janitor's son, a negro by the name of John Carter accosted two white women on a lonely road west of town.

Within an hour a grimly silent mob was combing the countryside. After a chase lasting little more than another hour, Carter was captured. Officers who sought to take him to Little Rock were rudely brushed aside, and Carter was hanged to a telephone pole after he had been identified by the women. Two hundred men emptied rifles, shotguns and pistols into his lifeless body.

Just before dark, Little Rock was horrified by a gruesome spectacle. An automobile loaded with armed men appeared on Main Street, and behind it the limp body of the negro, John Carter, was snaked along the streets by means of a rope. The body was dragged past police headquarters and through the negro business section. Finally the armed men stopped at Ninth Street and Broadway; gasoline was poured over the negro's body, and a match was touched to his clothing.

Martial Law

THOUSANDS gathered at the spot, and for three hours Little Rock was subjected to mob rule. For three hours the funeral pyre of John Carter was kept burning with fresh buckets of gasoline and with furniture taken from nearby negro homes. Men gone mad with primitive mob lust danced around the body and discharged weapons carelessly into the air and into the pavement. One or two members of the mob were wounded by the indiscriminate firing. There was not a negro to be found in all Little Rock that night. They had all fled to the country, and searching parties of rioters searched in vain for more victims. No man with a black skin would have lived more than a few minutes after falling into the hands of the mob.

Governor Martineau, who was in Van Buren in the northern part of the state that night, was informed of the state of affairs in the capital. He immediately ordered out the National Guard; then left by special train for Little Rock.

The National Guard mobilized at the city armory and marched to Ninth Street and Broadway, where the mob revelry continued.

Little Rock that night and the next day was under martial law, and saner citizens began to demand that some action be taken against the mob leaders.

But popular wrath was spent with the mob punishment of John Carter, and the trial of Lonnie Dixon for rape and murder of Floella McDonald took place two weeks later in an orderly manner in the Pulaski County courthouse. A unit of the National Guard patrolled the streets. There was no demonstration of any kind; Little Rock was none too proud of the recent orgy.

Lonnie Dixon repudiated his confession and pleaded not guilty. Since no lawyer was willing to take the case, two attorneys were appointed by the court to defend him. Dixon took the stand as the sole witness for the defense and attempted to fasten the crime upon a former chum.

The jury was out exactly seven minutes, and Lonnie Dixon was found guilty and sentenced to die in the electric chair on June 14, 1927, the eighteenth anniversary of his birth.

There was no appeal. Dixon remained in the penitentiary until the date set for his execution. Before he went to the chair, he signed a confession in which he admitted that he alone was guilty.

At sunrise on the morning of his birthday anniversary Dixon paid the supreme penalty for his double crime, the most atrocious in the history of Arkansas.

Sketch of Miss Louise Frentzel, pretty El Paso girl, whose death presented a baffling mystery to police.

The Corpse by

The crumpled body of a pretty girl with a gaping bullet hole in her head presented El Paso officials with a difficult problem.

By Edward Anderson

Texas Newspaper Reporter

THE deserted street car rumbling along within the shadows of Mt. Franklin's bald and jagged heights in that sparsely settled, poorly lighted section of El Paso, Texas, known as Highland Park, came to an abrupt halt. The gleam of the car's lights and the watchful eye of the motorman had caught the crumpled figure of a human being, lying ten feet distant from the track.

It was the body of a woman, still warm.

The alarmed motorman called police. Officers found the body lying face down on a small pile of gravel. There was a bullet wound in the back of the head. From the wound and about the head was evidence of less than a pint of blood. The face and hands were bruised, evidence of violence.

The woman had on a diamond ring. She had no purse.

Within the hour detectives identified the body as that of Birdie Smith, figure in Juarez, Mexico, just across the busy international bridge from El Paso. The woman formerly lived in El Paso, but had moved across the Rio Grande where questionable activities are not so apt to be frowned upon.

That was the night of March 13, 1922. The same night pretty twenty-three-year-old Louise Frentzel, stenographer for the Lander Lumber Company, was reported missing by anxious parents.

It was a busy night for El Paso detectives. Car thieves had been active. One of the car thief victims was Fred M. McClure, circulation manager of an El Paso newspaper, police records showed. His $3,500 automobile was missing.

The following morning Birdie Smith phoned police headquarters from Juarez. The report of her death had been exaggerated. She wanted a correction!

Shortly before noon, Robert Lander, president of the lumber company, identified the body in the morgue as that of his missing stenographer, Louise Frentzel. The parents were notified by newspapermen a few minutes later. And thus began developments of a murder mystery, the like of which has been unequaled in the criminal history of the Rio Grande valley.

Louise was a vivacious brunette. She was intelligent, thrifty and capable in her work. About a year previous she had been divorced from J. C. Thomas. He had left El Paso.

Detectives Work the Case

SUICIDE, jealousy, criminal assault or robbery? Detectives, of whom Sergeant Charles E. Matthews—Australian Billy Smith, former welterweight champion of the world—was one, began a study of motives. The suicide theory was eyed askance. This was because of the position of the bullet wound in the back of the head. Besides, the parents tearfully said, the girl had no reason to end her life. She had a happy home, a good position

Scene in Juarez, Mexico, with the Central Bar, famous border resort, at right. The street, deserted by day, becomes a busy thoroughfare as pleasure seekers crowd it at night.

the Car Track

That very night she had been fixing a party dress. She was smiling and happy. She told her mother, "You won't be driving that old car much longer; I'm going to have a new car all our own."

The motorman had seen the girl alive less than a half hour before he found her body. She had been a passenger on his car, and had alighted near the spot where her body was found. There he saw her in animated conversation with a stranger in blue overalls and a dark, overhanging cap. The girl, he said, was shaking her fist at the man.

There was no evidence of criminal assault. And there was the diamond ring to discount the robbery motive. A thief would not overlook the ring unless he was frightened away. But the girl's purse containing about fifteen dollars was missing and so was a valuable watch. A cape she was wearing when she left home was gone also.

The girl was last seen alive at 8:10 o'clock by the motorman. Twenty-five minutes later her body was found. She had left home shortly before 7 o'clock, according to the parents, her departure following a telephone call.

"Yes, at the usual place," her mother heard her say. She left a moment later never to return.

Detectives began investigation of her personal affairs. But it was difficult going. She had been the secretive sort, little given to discussing her affairs with co-workers at the office or with her parents.

And then Robert Nourse, a prohibition agent sleuthing on the side, announced that he had found dust-covered blood spots in the street more than a block from the place where the body was found. Louise Frentzel was not shot where her body was found. He pointed out, too, the comparative absence of blood on the gravel pile.

The motorman insisted he had seen the girl arguing with a man in blue overalls within a few feet of where he found her body.

The bank where the young divorcee had a savings account announced that on March 10th, she withdrew $375. The check was payable to Fred M. McClure, the newspaperman, and had been endorsed and cashed by McClure, it was stated.

Miss Frentzel formerly had been in McClure's employ on the newspaper. McClure eagerly supplied detectives with information. He had been a good friend of the girl. He had loaned her money. The $375 was in payment of a loan. But more he told police. Miss Frentzel once told him that her life had been threatened. McClure had accompanied her on the day she bought a .25-caliber revolver for protection.

In the meantime efforts to locate her former husband were under way.

McClure Is Jailed

PARENTS of the girl began furnishing detectives with the names of her few men and women associates and friends. Miss Elizabeth Austin said she knew of no reason her friend had for ending her life. Louise was planning on a new automobile, she said.

Julia Isner, another young girl, said she had seen Louise in the Central Cafe in Juarez. The Central Cafe (El Central) is one of the most famous of Mexican border resorts. Miss Isner said she had seen Louise there with McClure, her former employer.

McClure was lodged in jail.

But Mrs. Frentzel said that while she had heard McClure's name mentioned, she did not believe their relationship had been more than friendly. He had never visited their home.

Mrs. Agnes Van Bergen McClure, wife of the suspect, wired from Cleveland, Ohio. She was hurrying to her husband. An outrage had been committed, she declared.

On March 27th, detectives received a mysterious telephone call that sent them to the home of Roy Pollard, twenty-year-old invalid. Pollard, a former football star on the high school team, had received an injury in a game that paralyzed him from the hips down.

In his home a small revolver with a broken and charred handle, evidence that an attempt had been made to destroy

it, was found. It was the gun of the dead divorcee!

The revolver, Pollard said, had been given him by a neighbor, Danny McComber, young garage keeper.

A search of both premises began. In the McComber garage detectives found a blood-stained automobile—McClure's missing machine.

There was blood on the outside and inside of the car's body. The wheels were marked with red. Splattered blood on the windshield indicated that the car had been driven against the wind for a long distance and that the death of the girl had occurred on the outside of the car.

McComber was a friend of Clarence Van Bergen, McClure's young brother-in-law. Van Bergen and McClure were arrested.

There had been some difficulties between McClure and Van Bergen. McClure had complained that his brother-in-law had not shown a willingness to work.

Van Bergen said McClure came to the hotel room they shared about 10 o'clock the night of Miss Frentzel's death. McClure told him, the youth said, to say that he (McClure) had been in the room between 7:15 and 8 o'clock if anyone asked.

McComber declared the blood-stained car was brought to him by McClure on the night of the murder. He was requested to wash it.

Scene in the Castle cabaret, one of the famous whoopee palaces of Juarez, Mexico, across the border from El Paso.

The City Is Aroused

BEN WILLIAMS, private detective, recalled that McClure had reported his car stolen. It was about 10 o'clock when the report was made. Williams asked McClure to sign the report. "I am too nervous to write, to tell the truth," Williams recalled McClure as answering.

Not since old Dallas Studenmier, El Paso's picturesque pioneer city marshal, unlimbered his notched six-gun in front of the Old Acme Saloon and emerged from a battle in which four men were killed in four seconds, had a violent death aroused the city to such a pitch.

Interest centered on the accused man. Sergeant Matthews, the veteran El Paso detective, described him as the type of man that attracted women. He was the type that could go to a Juarez cabaret, unaccompanied by a member of the opposite sex, give a girl an inviting glance and spend the rest of the evening dancing. He spoke in a gentle, purring voice.

"He could take a girl out in his car on a dark, rainy night, say a few soft nothings and the girl would think the stars and moon were shining," Sergeant Matthews declared.

McClure was the personification of injured innocence. He claimed he was merely the victim of a chain of terrible circumstances.

District Attorney Vowell and his staff began preparations for the case. McClure was to be brought to a quick trial. The death penalty would be sought.

El Pasoans, long accustomed to violence, to the sound of cannon and the clatter of death-spouting machine guns in revolutions on the other side, took such an interest in the case that mob violence was feared. Ill-feeling ran high.

The thirty-four year old newspaperman was subjected to relentless grilling. Every two hours, night and day, he was arraigned for questioning. The air of injured innocence was changing. In his eyes now was growing the agony of a desperate, harassed man.

One of the investigators, David Mulcahy, later county attorney, observed that at these grillings, McClure was incessantly twisting a newspaper or a pencil in his hand. The movement was slow and deliberate. But Mulcahy noticed that the muscles of the wrist and forearm were taut, strained. It was trivial, this incident of the newspaper, but that which followed proved a psychological factor that brought something after four days of questioning.

The newspaper was snatched from the suspect's hand. Agonized, McClure faced his accusers. Heartlessly, the detectives—there were five of them—refused to permit him to touch his hands together.

But let Sergeant Matthews tell it:

"I looked at him menacingly. He was pleading:

" 'What shall I say, what shall I say?'

" 'Say anything!' I replied, tersely.

" 'Suicide?' he wailed.

" 'Say anything!' I repeated.

" 'Gentlemen,' he begged, 'I didn't kill that girl; she killed herself.' "

McClure's Story

McCLURE continued: "We had driven out Newman Road and turned up the last paved street to the West. When we reached Van Buren I stopped the car, turned off all but the dash light and put my arm around her.

" 'Louise, I'm leaving for Baltimore to join Mrs. McClure,' I said.

"She flew into a rage. 'No, you're not,' she answered, 'I'm going to kill myself.'

"I turned and saw she had a little revolver in her hand. We struggled and I took it from her. Then I turned and threw it into the back seat. She was hysterical.

"As I turned back to the front I saw that her hand was drawing my .38 caliber revolver out of the door pocket. I seized her left arm with my hand and put my right arm over her shoulder. I reached for the gun. She was shouting: 'I am going to kill you, too!'

"I pulled at her hand and got it back over her shoulder. Then the gun fired. Louise slumped over in the seat. I did not know the little girl was dead.

"I was horrified. I cried her name, but she didn't answer. I didn't see blood until it got all over my cuff and shirt.

"With her body in the front seat, I started for her home, driving as fast as I could go. Then my nerve failed me; I couldn't take her home.

"I stopped the car in front of a house, intending to take her in. I stumbled and fell, the body in my arms. I

tried to pick her up and couldn't. I was terrorized. I had lost all reason.

"I got her back in the car, drove on and threw her body out where it was found.

"Her watch, which had fallen from her wrist in the struggle, and the gun, I threw in the canal.

"I went back to the hotel and met Danny McComber. I don't remember what I told him.

"That night I walked out to the Smelter. I couldn't sleep. I knew I would be accused of murder."

As he concluded, McClure's coolness and poise had returned.

"Will you sign a statement?" Matthews asked.

"I will sign nothing," was the unhesitating reply.

An investigation of the accused man commenced. He had come to El Paso from Tucson, Arizona. Prior to that he was circulation manager of a Cleveland newspaper. It was found also that he had made preparations to leave El Paso. He had shipped baggage out of the city.

Sketch of Fred McClure who, after being convicted three times of the Frentzel murder, was pardoned by Governor "Ma" Ferguson.

From Cleveland authorities, Sergeant Matthews learned that McClure had served time in the Ohio reformatory for car theft. He learned also that McClure had been questioned in 1919 by a Cleveland grand jury in connection with the burning of a farm house.

Fears Mob Action

McCLURE sat in the "Cell of the Condemned." His eyes could stray, if they chose, over two panoramic views. There was the bleak range of Mt. Franklin at the foothills of which, beyond Fort Sill, McClure said Miss Frentzel ended her life. And to the South, looking into Old Mexico across the silvery Rio Grande, were the bright lights of Juarez. There was a city with midways of saloons and cabarets and carnival noises of alcohol-stimulated revelry, a place where he had often visited with Louise.

The story of the motorman was, of course, discounted by Sergeant Matthews. It was simply a case of mistaken identity, he believed.

McClure was allowed a rest from grilling. Prosecutors were satisfied they had evidence sufficient to convict him, to send him to the electiric chair.

H. F. Kelley, a newspaper reporter, seeking a thriller for his readers, spent the night in McClure's cell.

"You'll make a good companion, even if you are a reporter," McClure greeted him, smilingly.

The prisoner chatted freely. "It'll be hell now for me to get a job," he commented laughingly, but there was little mirth in his voice. He talked of circulation campaigns he had conducted.

The two men retired, the reporter to sleep on a coat provided by McClure on the cell's cement floor and McClure on the narrow cot. McClure was asleep quickly. About midnight the reporter was awakened. Startled, he felt McClure tapping him on the shoulder.

"Kelley, I didn't kill that girl; I can look you in the eye and say it."

And then something happened a few minutes later that drove fresh terror into McClure's heart.

At that time the Ku Klux Klan, white robed secret organization, was powerful in El Paso. It was rumored they were interested in the McClure case. There were ominous threats of lynching.

Sheriff Seth Orndorff heeded the rumors. He went to McClure's cell and shackled him. Then, accompanied by Kelley, they sped out of town in a motor car.

"What will they do if they get me?" asked the alarmed McClure.

"I don't know," said Sheriff Orndorff.

"What will they do to me?" McClure desperately insisted, "hang me?"

"Hang you, maybe," agreed the reporter.

"Well, I'm glad it isn't the third degree. I couldn't stand that," said McClure, easier.

They drove on for nearly a half hour of silence, entering the desert country which surrounds El Paso.

"I wish I had a pistol," McClure broke the silence.

"What do you want to do, blow your head off?" the reporter asked.

McClure was silent.

Into the Desert

TWENTY miles from town, the sheriff slowed his racing machine. Ahead was a group of cars, lights out, parked at the side of the highway. The sheriff proceeded slowly. Near the parked cars, he jammed on the accelerator and roared past. Shots were heard behind.

Orndorff turned into a desert trail, running through the mesquite and cactus dotted wastelands. A mile or two in the desert he halted. The three climbed from the machine, walked a short distance, and hid behind giant cactus. But the threatened lynching failed to materialize.

It was the "Midnight Ride of Fred McClure," the accused man joked on the return trip.

In the days that ensued, as the state amassed its evi-

dence, McClure stuck to his story. With some sympathy growing for the accused man, the State intended to take no chances. It ordered the body of the dead divorcee exhumed.

The position of the bullet wound in the girl's neck was expected by the State to be its ace in the hole. The bullet that claimed her life entered the neck at the hair line, slightly to the right of the spinal cord. It emerged above the right eye. If she held the gun in such a position, the prosecutors reasoned, her hand would have been in such a strained position that there would not have been enough strength in her finger to pull the trigger.

The trial commenced and public interest was the greatest in El Paso's history.

"Fred McClure sent his wife Louise Frentzel's Liberty bonds and she sold them in Cleveland and sent him the money," District Prosecutor Charles Vowell said in his argument. "At the time of Louise's death in McClure's car, he had $1,000 of her money, the same amount of his equity in that car—the car that was to be stolen that night.

"If the car was stolen—and McClure had had Dan McComber at his room to arrange for his car to be placed in McComber's garage that night—he could not deliver it to Louise. Automobile theft was nothing new to Fred McClure.

"A man of McClure's temperament, his excitability, would have been the very first to cry out for help if the girl had shot herself. Only a man bent upon covering up a crime would have acted as he did," the prosecutor declared.

The defense attorneys, including Mayor R. E. Thomason of El Paso, painted Miss Frentzel as a "gold digger" who borrowed money from McClure and who was insanely in love with him.

After forty-eight minutes of deliberation the jury sentenced McClure to life imprisonment in the State penitentiary, although the State had asked the death penalty.

The convicted man appealed on May 20, 1922, and was granted a new trial.

At this second trial even more interest was shown than had been displayed at the first. The court room was crowded at all sessions and officials declared that the largest group that had ever gathered in an El Paso court was present on the evening when arguments of counsel were completed and the case turned over to the jury.

"Gentlemen, justice is all that is asked," Prosecutor Vowell declared in addressing the jury. "You are not asked to *know* that Fred McClure killed Louise Frentzel. I do not *know* that Louise Frentzel is dead. I never saw her before she was shot and I did not see her body afterwards. The law does not say you must *know* that Fred McClure killed her. It says if you *believe* he killed her, you will find him guilty."

—*P. & A. Photo*

Miriam A. Ferguson, as Governor of Texas, pardoned McClure.

—*P. & A. Photo*

Sergeant Charles Matthews was active in the solution of the Frentzel murder.

Mayor R. E. Thomason, of El Paso, headed McClure's defense counsel, but declined to sign a petition for pardon.

And then the prosecutor turned and faced McClure squarely as he said:

"I *believe* Fred McClure killed Louise Frentzel."

The defendant shifted his position and his eyes dropped under their heavy lashes. He did not face the glance of the district attorney.

The jury retired for deliberation. Forty-eight minutes later the solemn body of men filed out of the jury room and reported a verdict, a verdict identical with that which ended McClure's first trial on the same charge. They found him guilty and placed his sentence at life imprisonment.

It was learned that six ballots had been taken during the jury's period of retirement. On the first all but one of the twelve voted guilty. On the second the vote was unanimous. Then four ballots were taken before the jurymen agreed upon life imprisonment as the penalty. At first the death penalty was favored by five of the twelve.

During this second trial the defendant was closely guarded by court attaches after he half rose to his feet and muttered curses as one of the prosecutors loosed a scathing denunciation. But there was no further indication of an outburst of temper from the one who was being tried.

Once more McClure obtained a new trial, this being the first case in the history of El Paso County in which a man had been tried for the third time in the same court for murder.

McClure remained in the county jail during the months between his first trial and the end of his third appearance in court. In 1925 he was found guilty for the third time, but the jury fixed his sentence at from five to twenty-five years.

McComber and Van Bergen, accused at the time of Miss Frentzel's death of being accessories, had been released in the meantime.

The former newspaper man was taken to Huntsville penitentiary to begin serving his term. Shortly after he arrived there, however, he received a pardon at the hands of Governor Miriam A. "Ma" Ferguson, who was noted chiefly for her wholesale granting of clemency during her single term as chief executive of Texas. She pointed out that McClure was dying of tuberculosis.

So, after having been convicted three times in the same court on the same murder charge, he was freed and promptly faded from the scene. Little has been heard of him in the last few years.

The Masked Bomber

The inside story of the most diabolical murder plot in the history of Los Angeles, and how Detective Sam Browne foiled the masked killer's plan.

By Edith Salt

ABOUT ten-thirty on the morning of November 19, 1912, employes in the jail building of the city of Los Angeles were startled to see a strange figure enter the outer office of Chief of Police C. E. Sebastian. The man was dressed in cheap, soiled clothes and a soldier's campaign hat. But the thing that attracted attention was the brown cloth mask with green goggle eyeholes, which covered his face and head like a hood.

Still more unusual was the square box-like thing which he carried on a strap fastened over one shoulder. His left hand was inside the box and his right was kept in a bulging pocket.

"I want to see the highest officer of the city," the strange caller demanded sharply.

Carl Warr, in whose brain the murder scheme originated, as he appeared in prison garb at San Quentin.

Tom Graham, investigator for the Police Commission, was seated at his desk in this outer office. He looked up and saw what he thought to be a fellow enjoying a masquerade stunt, or possibly a walking advertisement. Certainly there was nothing about this weird ape-faced figure to indicate that he was a demoniacal genius who was about to attempt the most spectacular and abnormal crime in the annals of Los Angeles.

Graham called to Sergeant R. H. Hilf, who was at a desk in the same room, "Take a shot at it."

"You'd better not," came from under the grotesque mask, and the note was not of one on a humorous mission.

Both Graham and Hilf laughed at the queer looking figure, took him to be a crank, and went on with their work. The man walked behind an empty desk and took a dirty white cloth off the box.

"How do you like the looks of that?" he asked as he displayed the box. "It's full of dynamite and I want you to get Paul Shoup (president of Pacific Electric Railway at the time) here right away or I'll blow this place up."

The officers caught a glimpse of the dynamite sticks through glass sides of the square box. They moved back. But still they laughed. How did they know that they were facing Carl Warr, and that a drama was unfolding—a drama such as has never occurred in police history of the world.

"It won't help to try anything," he said. "The minute my hand comes out of this box it goes off."

He moved about the room, and directed the attention of the two men to the inside of the box. Many sticks of dynamite could be seen plainly through the glass sides of the square box. His hand, painted a brilliant red, could be seen holding a spring attached to the trigger of a gun. The man walked into the next office where the secretary of the chief of police was at work.

"I want to see the police chief," he demanded.

"What for?" asked C. E. Snively, the secretary.

"I am going to make him bring Shoup here; and that's what for," he said roughly. "So get him for me—quick."

When Snively laughed at him, he explained what was in the box, but even then there was not complete conviction.

Tests Explosive

DURING the next few minutes this was furnished, however. Several persons, including officers, newspaper reporters and visitors came in and out of the office where this man sat demanding to see Shoup and the police

This unusual picture shows Detective Sam Browne, at right, smashing the infernal machine to bits. In the left foreground may be seen scattered sticks of dynamite.

chief. They heard the man's astonishing statement that he held the trigger of an infernal machine containing enough dynamite to blow several city blocks into fragments, but incredulity or fascination held them near the strange figure until William Hawn, an officer in charge of excavation work done by the department, challenged the man.

Boastfully the masked man withdrew a stick at Hawn's challenge and said: "Try it yourself."

A sniff of the stuff and a very brief examination were enough to convince Hawn.

At this juncture Chief Sebastian came into the room. He, like most large city police chiefs, had had a great deal of experience with cranks, a number of whom have ostensibly carried devices of destruction. But he never had met the real thing.

"What is it you want, my man?" he asked.

"First, I want the chief of police. Are you the man?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, I want the president of the Pacific Electric Railway."

The chief asked what he wanted with Shoup.

"I want him to give the working men a square deal. I am going to demand that he raise the wages of the railway employes."

"Why did you come here to see Mr. Shoup. He is at the railway office," the chief said.

"I didn't want to go down to the railroad office, because there are a lot of poor devils like myself there who are working for a living, and I don't want to hurt them."

"Well, what about the police?" someone asked.

"They don't count," leered the man.

"What do you plan to do with that?" asked the chief pointing to the box.

"Unless you get Shoup here, I shall let go of the trigger and blow everything up."

The strange figure now was seated in a corner of the room. Several officers were in the same room, others in the entrance room, and the hallway was filled with people. But the inscrutable man, through the green isinglass goggles sewed into the brown mask, kept wary eyes upon the movements of all.

"This is not the place to find Mr. Shoup," said the chief soothingly. "Come, be reasonable."

"No," came from behind the mask. "I don't move from here until you get him."

"Well, I'll phone to him," said Snively. He took down the receiver and pretended to hold a conversation, to which the man listened intently.

J. Randel, a mining man and powder expert from Mexico, was brought in.

"I don't believe that stuff is powder," he said banteringly.

"You don't," said the stranger. "Then I'll show you." He reached into the box with his right hand, his left still on the spring holding back the trigger, removed a stick of dynamite and handed it to Randel. Then he flourished an old Colt revolver which he had in his pocket.

Randel smelled the stick, bit a piece off and chewed it and then said: "That stuff wouldn't hurt anyone. See, I will burn it to show you that it is harmless."

He lighted a piece—it burned sharply. "See," Randel said, as he threw it to the floor, contemptuously.

"You can't fool me," said the masked man, stubbornly. "It's eighty per cent. And there's sixty sticks of it in here."

"No, it isn't," said Randel. "It's only about forty."

"Then they cheated me where I bought it," was his conclusion, "but I guess it will still do the business."

The Jail Is Cleared

AFTER hearing Randel's confirmation that it was eighty per cent dynamite, Chief Sebastian gathered some of his principal officers about him. After a short council, in which none of them minimized the terrible menace, it was decided to clear the city jail of all prisoners, to order everyone from the police station and to notify the occupants of all nearby buildings.

The chief ordered First Street roped off at Broadway and Hill Street. Two trolley cars were commandeered and brought to the station. The thirty prisoners from the jail were marched out between guards and loaded on the street cars and started toward Eastside Station.

Other measures had also been taken. It was decided that, as a final recourse, the masked man should be shot through the window of the room. What the infernal machine would then do would have to be risked.

Sergeant Willet, a famous shot of the department, was assigned to the task of performing the gruesome bit of markmanship. He was to have a high powered rifle, which was borrowed from a sporting goods store, and was to take a position across First Street from the jail and at a distance of perhaps 200 feet. From this point the masked head, glass box, and broad shoulders of the man were visible.

Chief Sebastian was unwilling to take any such risk, however, unless as a last extremity. The danger from the fall of the machine, when the strange figure that held it was shot, might be too great, he feared.

News that a desperate character was in the jail building threatening to blow up the place became known in a very short time to an incredibly large number of people. It traveled down First Street to Broadway, up and down Broadway, flashed over telephones, was passed almost with the rapidity of telephonic communication from mouth to mouth and thousands of people crowded against the police ropes. Most of them had a vague sense that something terrific

impended and determined to wait for it with the strange fascination which such a situation always commands.

Probably there has never been another such drama. All the great forces of the police department and state militia were helpless to cope with the stump of a model maker's hand! (For Carl Warr, it was learned afterward, had but one finger on the hand with which he held the spring trigger on his machine. The fingers visible through the glass were false, and tied on.)

Ralph Graham, of the district attorney's office, came in. "Say, what's the matter with you?" he asked, in tones as rough as those used by Warr. "You're no man. Come down to the cellar and I'll fight it out with you."

"Aw, I don't want to fight with you," came from the masked man. "I don't want to get you."

Others came and went in the room where the man sat, none of them caring to remain long near the infernal machine.

A photographer took a picture of Warr seated in his chair with the engine of destruction on his lap. When he realized what had been done he showed his first anger, saying:

"No more pictures; the next one that is taken will mean the end of everything, for I'll turn this thing loose."

It was after twelve o'clock when Graham came into Sam Browne's office in the Hall of Records. Sam Browne was then Chief of Detectives in the District Attorney's Office of Los Angeles County.

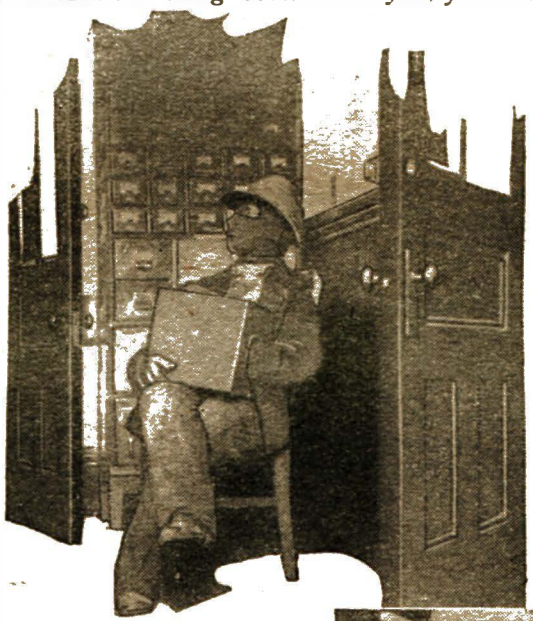
"Say, Sam," he said, "there's a wild man with a dynamite machine down in the chief's office. Come on, let's get down to Santa Monica on that investigation trip we planned this morning."

"Wait a minute, Graham. What about this man in the jail building?"

"He's masked, and he sits there in the chief's chair with a machine on his lap which he claims contains sixty sticks of eighty per cent dynamite. He wants to see Paul Shoup. He's dangerous."

"Well, I'm going to have a look at that man and his machine," said Sam Browne. "I'll see you later."

Pushing his way through the tremendous crowd of people gathered on the streets, Sam Browne walked down to the police station.



One of the most remarkable photos ever made. It was taken at the risk of the photographer's life as Carl Warr, holding the trigger of his infernal machine, sat in the Los Angeles police headquarters.

Sam Browne's Story

NOW hear the story in his own words:

I met Chief Sebastian on the corner of First and Broadway, and asked him jokingly why he didn't take the thing away from the man.

"Well, I wouldn't attempt it, Sam, if I were you," he said. I entered the jail building.

I was shocked for an instant when I first saw the man sitting in the chief's office. The mask he wore gave him a horrible ape-like appearance. I was alone with him.

"They tell me you are looking for Paul Shoup," I said.

"Yes, I want him—quick."

"Well, I am Mr. Shoup," I answered.

"You're a damn liar," he growled.

"All right, have it your way," I returned. "What have you in that box?"

I was standing very close to the man and studying intently the mechanism through the glass sides of the machine.

"That looks interesting," I said. "How does it work."

He warmed up a bit and explained that the trigger which I could see through the glass would fire a shotgun shell which would, in turn, set off a dynamite cap and a tube of nitro-glycerine that would explode the dynamite. The instant he released the spring, which he held so tightly with his left hand, the trigger would function.

"Say, I've got a notion to take it away from you," I said.

"Just try it and you'll never see light again," came from the masked figure.

At this moment I looked up and standing in the doorway was Jim Hosick, a city detective and a real pal. I motioned to him. Jim walked across the room in front of Warr and together we went out of the room and into the hall.

"Jim, you and I can take that machine away from that crank," I said. "Will you do it with me?"

"I would do anything with you, Sam," said Jim.

"All right. You get your sap stick and when I give the signal for a fair catch—both of us were old football players—you hit him on the nose. He is the kind of a fellow who would be smart enough to have a plate on his head, so hit him on the nose, and knock him out. Keep on hitting him and never mind me. I'll grab the box. I've an idea that maybe I can crash through the glass and stop that trigger before it goes off."

Jim and I came into the room together through the door at the right side of the man. The man pulled out his Colt revolver and threatened us

(*Continued on page* 91)

Detective Sam Browne, left, one of the heroes of the bomb episode, inspects the prisoner's hand at the county jail a few days after the murder plot was thwarted.

KANSAS CITY'S

It was almost a tradition that Joe Wagner could not be sent to prison. Then he held up a bank in Des Moines and Sheriff Park Findley changed the "Wildcat" to an ordinary crook in handcuffs.

Sheriff Findley looks over his photograph album. He has one of the most complete collections of rogue's gallery pictures and records in the Middle West.

SEVERAL years ago Joseph Wagner started learning the plumbing business by working as a helper in a small establishment in Kansas City, Missouri. Joe was ambitious and looked forward to the time when he would be the proprietor of a shop.

Finally the day arrived when he assumed ownership of a small shop in a suburb of Kansas City and took his place in the city as a successful business man.

And what a business man Joe proved to be! Within five years he was the proud owner of a forty thousand dollar home, a fleet of four high-powered motor cars, elegant furniture, fine clothing and jewelry. He was reported to be worth a cool hundred thousand dollars, all gained in the efficient operation of his plumbing business, as Joe was careful to explain whenever an explanation seemed in order.

One night a well known political boss of Kansas City drove his own elegant car to a place in the down town district and parked it. When he returned the car was gone. The police immediately set out to recover the stolen vehicle and searched the highways and byways without result. Two weeks passed.

Then came a tip that a look around Joe Wagner's fine garage might prove interesting. Accordingly a raid was conducted and among the various cars belonging to Joe was the stolen automobile. Worse yet, the engine numbers had been altered. There was nothing to do but accuse Wagner. He was arraigned in court and released on bond. In time the trial was held. Wagner's defense consisted chiefly in pointing out the absurdity of accusing one who already had so many cars of trying to steal another.

Nevertheless he was found guilty by the jury and sentenced to serve six years in the penitentiary. An immediate appeal to the higher court resulted in the case being remanded for a new trial on account of a technicality. The second trial was similar to the first except that after the new jury had brought in a verdict of guilty the judge sentenced Joe to serve eight years.

Again the case was appealed.

Along in the early stages of national prohibition Joe Wagner was one of those who recognized the financial advantages of a successful bootlegging business and established himself as an exclusive dealer in high grade bonded liquors. In the course of time the attention of Federal officers was attracted and in a raid on his place they found plenty of home made revenue stamps, fancy labels and other equipment used to convert ordinary bootleg stuff into aristocratic drinks.

Again Joseph Wagner was arrested, bonded, tried and convicted. And once again an appeal was taken.

Other Charges

THEN a doper was arrested in Kansas City, who confessed to participation in a number of bank robberies in several surrounding states. And he said Joe Wagner always drove the car in which the getaway was made. This resulted in a fresh batch of charges against Wagner but did not interfere with his usual occupation.

About this time a large auto accessory dealer in Kansas City was robbed of considerable stock. The insurance company became suspicious and investigated with the result that the dealer was accused of conspiring with Joe Wagner to have Wagner remove the goods so that insurance could be collected. Wagner was haled into court and tried and convicted. Another appeal kept him at liberty on bond. He had long since given up his plumbing shop and made no pretense of conducting a legitimate business.

At odd times Joe was arrested for practically all kinds of banditry. He was proud of his reputation of being the best dressed man in court.

One time he was arrested for common vagrancy. A strange judge was sitting in the court temporarily. Wagner appeared so nattily dressed and made such a good showing of property and community standing that he received the profuse apology of the court.

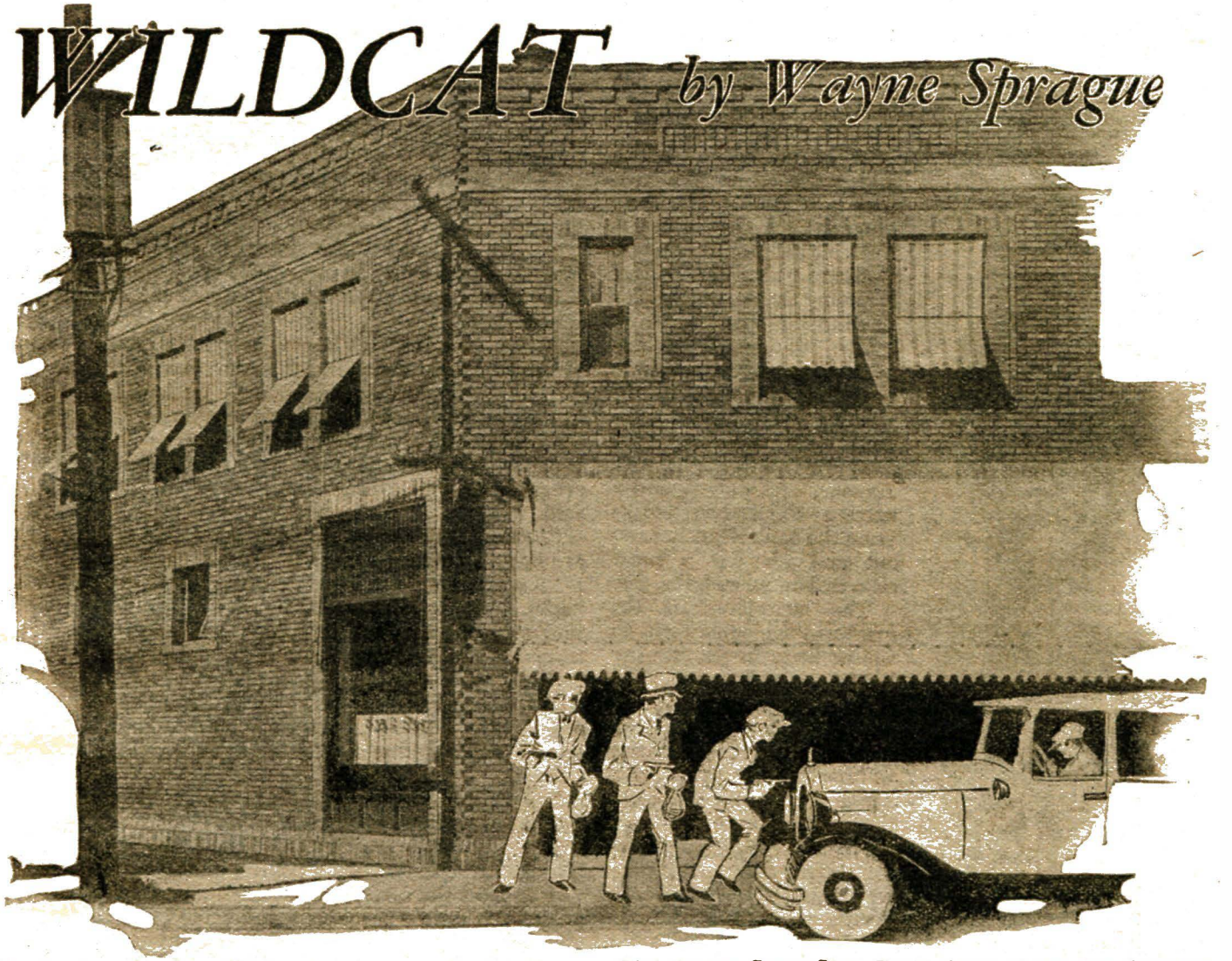
In 1924 another stolen car was found in Joe's possession. He had to be bored by another tiresome trial. He was sentenced to six years but the usual appeal was immediately made.

In all this long record of crime and conviction he spent a total of three days in jail. It became a tradition in Kansas City that Joe Wagner couldn't be sent over for his wrongdoings.

Because of his many successful ventures in the realm of crime, Wagner became known as the "Kansas City Wildcat."

Wagner's many court battles cost him an enormous sum

WILDCAT by Wayne Sprague



for legal expenses and it became necessary to bolster up his finances.

In the spring of 1925 he received information from an acquaintance that there was a good prospect in Des Moines, Iowa.

Frank Varveri, an underworld character of Kansas City, and Harry Shaw, a former colored policeman in Des Moines, planned a job in that city and invited Joe Wagner, Bruce Casady and Spike Kelley to assist in putting it over. These men had associated together in previous enterprises. So, on May 25, Wagner, Casady, Varverio and Kelley arrived in Des Moines, having made the trip in a car belonging to Wagner's wife and driven by Wagner.

The four of them stayed at a hotel where they used assumed names.

During the evening of May 26, Kelley scouted around and stole a sedan. He also took a set of Indiana license plates which were affixed to the Wagner car. Harry Shaw kept the cars for them.

Pull Bank Job

THE Cottage Grove State Bank, located at 1911 Cottage Grove Avenue, in Des Moines, opened its doors as usual at nine o'clock on May 27. The president of the bank, T. H. Miner, was not present but his wife, Mrs. Lona Miner, L. M. Tesdell, the cashier, and Mrs. Mabel Leverton, teller, were there.

At 9:45 a sedan stopped in front of the bank. Three men got out and entered while a fourth remained at the wheel of the car.

The Cottage Grove State Bank, shown above, was the scene of the Wildcat's last job. The "phantom" sketch shows how the gang escaped after their daring holdup.

The bandits drew guns and two of them covered the teller and cashier, ordering them to get down on the floor. The third gunman went through a private office into the cages. One of the two covering the front then went back to the door to keep a lookout. There were no customers in the bank at that hour.

Mrs. Miner was in the vault when the bandits entered. Seeing the men there with guns she pressed a burglar alarm button. This was out of order so she hurried from the vault, fearing to be shut in. Two years before this same bank was robbed in much the same way and Mrs. Miner with other employes was locked in the vault by the bandits. She had no desire to repeat that unpleasant experience.

When confronted by the holdup man she commenced to cry and pretended to be hysterical.

"Don't cry, lady, don't cry," said the gunman in a soothing voice. "We won't shoot you."

Mrs. Miner staggered towards a table where she collapsed near where a second burglar alarm button was fastened. Unnoticed by the bandits she pressed this button and started the big gong on the outside of the building. This caused the bandits to speed their work, the one outside the cages coming around to help his pal scoop up the money on the counter into bags they had with them. It was here that a touch of comedy was introduced into the affair.

Sheriff Park A. Findley, terror of crooks, used an airplane, the radio and a racing ambulance to bring the Kansas City Wildcat to long delayed justice.

Believing that they had made a valuable find, the bandits seized three heavy bags of pennies all rolled and wrapped in the customary manner. The three gunmen then dashed across the sidewalk and into the waiting car, the driver throwing the doors open for them to jump in.

The ringing of the burglar alarm had attracted the attention of people in the vicinity and a crowd gathered. The robbers dashed away west on Cottage Grove Avenue. As they passed a market about two blocks from the bank a butcher ran out and threw a meat cleaver but missed the car.

The proprietor of the market then undertook to follow them in another car but could not keep up. The bandits drove to a point where Harry Shaw, the negro ex-policeman was waiting in Wagner's car. Making a quick transfer, they were off again.

After crossing the Raccoon River they went southwest. Shaw received seventy dollars as part payment for his part in the job, with the promise that the balance of his percentage would be sent from Kansas City. He made his way back to town.

The Man Hunt Begins

THE first alarm was telephoned into the police station at 9:50, and then so many calls came in that the police lines were jammed.

Police were unable to trace the bandit car out of the city and believed the gang to be in hiding in town. Accordingly a thorough search was instituted but without results.

The fact that the robbery occurred in the morning gave the police ample opportunity to broadcast a description of the bandits and alarm the surrounding towns in case the bandits were fleeing in their car. The Polk County Bankers' Association offered a reward of one thousand dollars.

By afternoon sufficient information had been assembled to make reasonably certain the bandit car headed South.

WHO, the Bankers' Life radio station, broadcast the story of the robbery that same afternoon including a complete description of the bandits. This use of the radio was the undoing of the robbers.

Arthur Stanley, a constable at Bethany, Missouri, heard the radio story. Here is his story:

"I was standing on a street corner listening to a radio program being broadcast from Station WHO, Des Moines, when I heard 'Ol' King Cole' break in and say that the Cottage Grove Bank of Des Moines had been robbed and that four men suspects were last seen headed South on the Jefferson Highway in a Marmon car.

"Shortly after that the car came into town and went to the Standard Oil station for gas and oil.

"They were in a hurry and acted queer. I watched them from a distance. I saw one man rush from the car to a grocery store.

"I walked down to the station to look them over and took the number of the car. They were ready to leave in a jiffy but the man who had gone into the store had not returned.

"When he came back he was carrying a sack of bananas. He passed them around to the four men in the car.

"His eyes bulged as he saw me. He kept his left hand in his overcoat pocket gripping something.

"I asked him about the roads up North as he passed the bananas. He said the roads were muddy in spots. 'How are they around Des Moines?' I asked. 'Slippery,' he said.

"I said, 'Your car isn't very muddy.' He said, 'No, they are not that muddy; just slippery.'

"I was sure these men were the ones wanted for the bank robbery. I followed them out of town to see whether they took the road to St. Joseph or Kansas City. They turned toward St. Joseph and then I telephoned to Albany and told the sheriff to stop them."

When asked why he didn't arrest them himself, Stanley replied, "Say, Mister, I want a chance to live. I was just one constable against four gunmen and they looked tough to me."

The Albany authorities missed the bandits and notified St. Joseph, Missouri, officials.

Four detectives, R. G. Chrisman, T. L. Burnett, E. L. Eado, and F. L. Reynolds, set out on the Jefferson Highway to meet the car. They selected a good place to make an ambush near Avenue City and waited. A hearse came along driven by Tracy Barry of St. Joseph. With him was Dr. Frank Baker, a Methodist minister. Seeing the officers, they stopped and chatted about fifteen minutes.

A Thrilling Gun Fight

SUDDENLY a car appeared coming at a high rate of speed. "Here they come," shouted the officers.

Dr. Baker describes the ensuing battle in his own words. "Tracy Barry, with whom I was riding, hurriedly got

Joe Wagner, business man, racketeer and bandit, as he appeared after his wild ride through the night in a commandeered ambulance to escape *habeas corpus* action.

the hearse out of the road. One of the officers shouted for them to stop but they did not slow down. At first I was in the thick of the fight but I got to the side of the road, in a less precarious position. Trees were too small to hide behind. It was a lot different than a theological seminary. Guns roared but the bandits sped on. I got in the car with the detectives who started in pursuit. Chrisman got in the hearse with Barry and followed. Around the turn we saw the bandit car piled up in the ditch and three of the men fleeing across the One Hundred and Two River."

Dr. Baker helped get the remaining bandit, who proved to be Joe Wagner, out of the wrecked car. Wagner had been hit in the head by a bullet. He was placed in the hearse and rushed to a St. Joseph hospital.

Varverio, one of the three who fled from the wrecked car, escaped across the river and was sighted later by the officers who gave chase. Varverio then forced a farmer, Frank Mountray, who was plowing, to unhook one of his horses. On this mount he made another dash for liberty.

After a two mile chase he was captured. Varverio was unarmed when caught, but a smoking .45 found under the wrecked car is believed to have been used by him. Varverio was wounded in the arm, just above the elbow, and was taken directly to the jail in St. Joseph.

The other two bandits made good their escape and appeared later at the farm home of John Cox, two miles west of the scene of the battle. They menaced Cox and his wife with guns and compelled them to furnish overalls and jumpers with which to make recognition more difficult.

Hearing a car coming and suspecting the officers of trailing them, Casady went out in the farmyard and started chopping wood while Kelley went to work in the garden.

In half an hour they saw a farmer coming along in a truck. They stopped him and asked for a ride. Down the road they saw the police searching around the wrecked car and the hearse starting for St. Joseph with Wagner. They thought he was dead.

"Are you fellows the bank robbers they have been shooting at?" asked the farmer.

Casady said, "Yes, but don't tell them."

The farmer laughed and said, "Guess we better go right down to the store and tell the coppers." He didn't believe them and Casady and Kelley left his truck at Fletcher's saloon in St. Joseph and called a taxi. They made a deal with the driver to take them to Leavenworth, Kansas. Then they secured another driver who took them into Kansas City.

There they split up. Casady took a coupe and drove to St. Louis and later to Chicago. He returned to Kansas City again and was taken into custody.

When they searched the wrecked car the detectives recovered most of the loot from the bank. The officers notified Des Moines officials and Sheriff Park Findley arrived during the night with two deputies to take the prisoners back.

Sheriff Findley remained in St. Joseph to keep watch on Wagner who was reported to be in a critical condition. Wagner and Varverio were in custody on fugitive warrants pending the arrival of extradition papers from Iowa.

On May 30th, information came to the sheriff that an attempt would be made to steal Wagner from the hospital. Also his attorney was preparing to block his removal to Iowa by *habeas corpus* proceedings as the beginning of the usual round of Wagner legal procedure which had always been effective in keeping him at liberty.

After the cleanup of the Cottage Grove State Bank gang, Sheriff Findley sent the above card as a New Year's greeting to his friends. It shows the principals involved, as well as the bank itself.

A Daring Plan

SO FINDLEY determined to bring Wagner into the jurisdiction of the Iowa courts by a bold maneuver.

His story describes the thrills encountered in that undertaking:

"We learned that the underworld had planned to effect Wagner's release by force. But we fooled them.

"A bulletin issued from the hospital stated that the prisoner would be confined there for at least a week. But we loaded Wagner into an ambulance and his pal, Frank Varverio, into another speedy car, and set out for Iowa, despite many protests.

"I saw men shot down in Arizona in '89. I have been in ba les in war, and I have participated in gun fights with desperados, but that ride gave me one of the biggest thrills I ever experienced.

"With a roar the big machine was off. I had Wagner, the loot from the bank, and Dewey Marshall, a deputy, with me in the ambulance. Deputies Anderson, Shuey and Hicks were in the other car with Varverio.

A view of Sheriff Findley at his desk.

"As we neared the outskirts of Bethany, Missouri, eight or nine men appeared in the road blocking the way.

"I had reason to believe it was a holdup attempt, so I told the driver to step on it, and leveled my shotgun at the men. They jumped to the side of the road and we swept past at about seventy miles an hour. I turned my

(*Continued on page* 89)

TRAPPED *by the*

For a thrilling half hour Death faced Helen Foss as Milwaukee's savage bandit gang held her in its clutch.

***By* A. M. Thompson**

Guns blazed as the bandits, realizing they were cornered, fired repeatedly at the two figures.

MILWAUKEE, in the summer of 1929, saw an unprecedented crime wave that left the city afflicted with jumpy nerves. Members of the Police Department were working overtime in an effort to check the reign of terror.

It was after a series of particularly daring and sensational holdups that the incident to be related here occurred. And it was after numerous victims had reported that the leader of the bandit trio was a good-looking chap with a small mustache of the Charlie Chaplin type.

The capture of the bandit terror would have been simplified if the gang had confined its activities to one special line, such as filling stations or chain stores or banks. But there was no way to tell who the next victim would be. A list of a single day's operations included a shoe store, a drug store, a filling station, a haberdashery and a drygoods store.

The bandits narrowly escaped capture in November after holding up Armin Koch as he was putting his car away for the night. Despite a seemingly airtight police cordon, the trio got through and staged another holdup on the other side of the city.

Some of these robberies were staged single-handed by members of the gang. But in December the three began working together again. Shortly before noon on December 16 they robbed a haberdashery of $700. After lunch another clothes shop fell victim to the hard-working gunmen. And at 4:15 that afternoon a car drove up to the branch warehouse of the Roundy, Peckham, Dexter Grocery Company on the far West Side.

Three men got out of the car and two of them entered the warehouse while the third sauntered up and down the sidewalk. One held a gun on Jack Zilbert, manager, while the leader of the trio, wearing an expensive black fur coat, emptied the till of more than $400. Then they searched Zilbert and took several valuable rings, some of which belonged to his wife and which he was carrying for safekeeping.

This done, the bandits forced Zilbert into the basement and locked the door after him. Calmly they walked back into the store and came face to face with a stranger who had entered a moment before. Just then the phone rang and the leader answered it. Turning from the instrument he addressed the stranger:

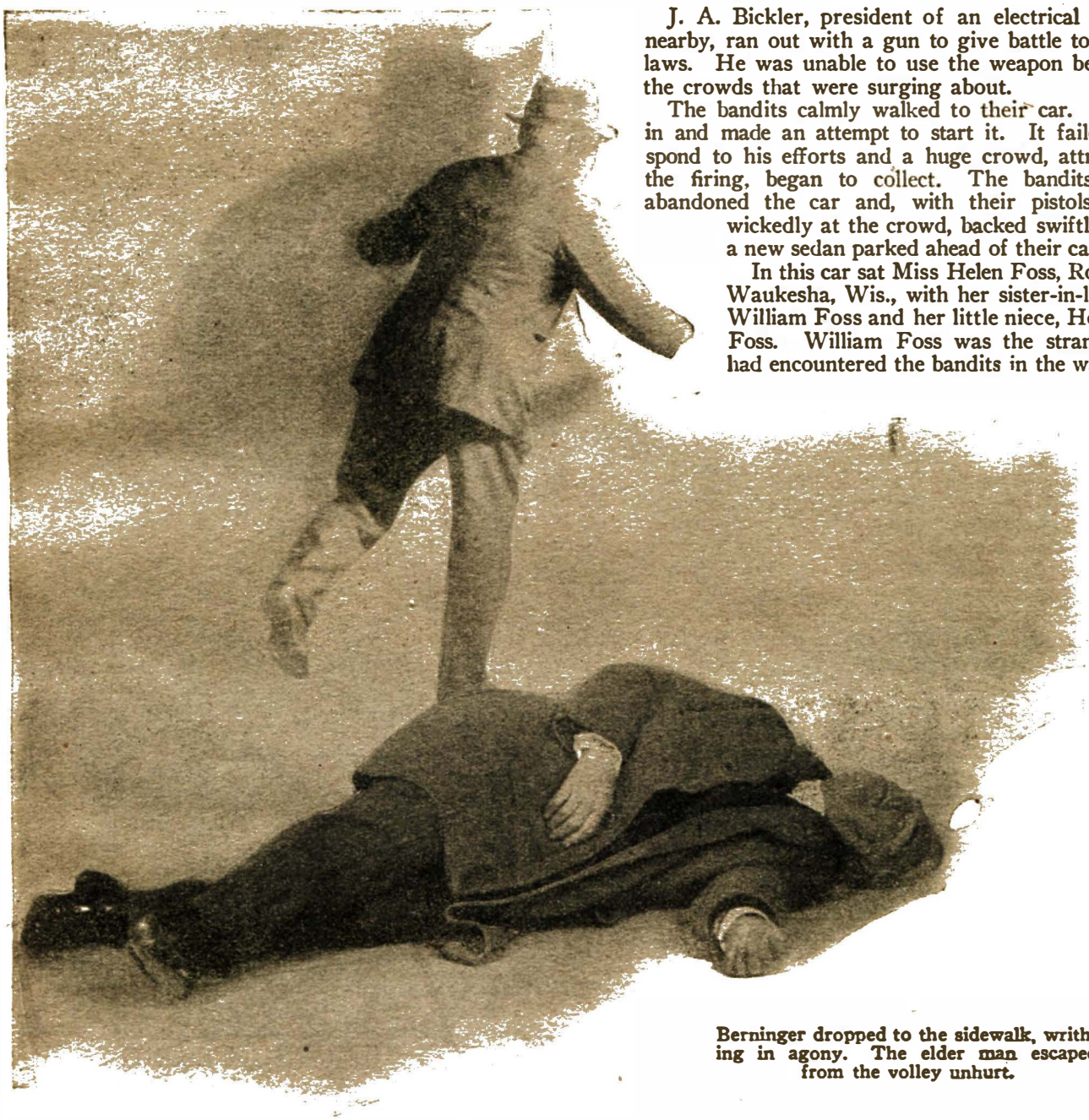
"Are you the man after the sack of sugar?"

"Yes," the other replied.

"The manager is upstairs but will be down in a minute," smiled the bandit as he and his companion walked toward the door.

Meanwhile the bandit on guard outside stopped Harry Leitz, as he passed and ordered him to put up his hands.

BANDIT TERROR



J. A. Bickler, president of an electrical company nearby, ran out with a gun to give battle to the outlaws. He was unable to use the weapon because of the crowds that were surging about.

The bandits calmly walked to their car. One got in and made an attempt to start it. It failed to respond to his efforts and a huge crowd, attracted by the firing, began to collect. The bandits quickly abandoned the car and, with their pistols waving wickedly at the crowd, backed swiftly toward a new sedan parked ahead of their car.

In this car sat Miss Helen Foss, Route One, Waukesha, Wis., with her sister-in-law, Mrs. William Foss and her little niece, Helen May Foss. William Foss was the stranger who had encountered the bandits in the warehouse.

Berninger dropped to the sidewalk, writhing in agony. The elder man escaped from the volley unhurt.

Guns Blaze

HENRY BERNINGER, owner of the building, was engaged in painting the side of it when he observed this gunplay. Realizing a holdup was taking place he ran to an electric shop, a few doors away, to sound an alarm. The two bandits emerged from the building and all three began shooting at the running figure, but he escaped unhurt.

Berninger's son, Eugene, heard the shooting and came running from the rear of the building to investigate. He blundered right into the bandits, who fired a volley point-blank at him. He fell to the sidewalk writhing in agony.

Miss Foss related subsequent happenings to me as follows:

"My sister-in-law and child and I sat in the car waiting for my brother to come out with the sugar, little realizing the terrifying experience we were to undergo a few minutes later.

"Suddenly three men popped up from nowhere at all and began to shoot at an elderly man who was running toward the corner. It is a miracle how he escaped the bullets for all three bandits emptied their pistols at him.

"When the old man, whom I later found out to be Mr. Berninger, had turned safely into the store building on the corner the bandits coolly walked to their car which

stood right behind ours. One of them got in and tried to start it. Just then Eugene Berninger came running up and the bandits whirled and fired at him without warning. I thought I'd faint when I saw him fall to the sidewalk and lie there squirming.

"But the bandits showed no concern over this dastardly act and eyed the gathering throng curiously while they fondled their guns in a way that spelled disaster to any who would dare to interfere. The bandit in the car was whirling the starter continuously in a desperate effort to start it. Suddenly he gave up and jumped from the car.

"It was then that my heart leaped to my throat and stark terror clutched at my heart. Keeping a wary eye on the crowd and waving their guns menacingly they backed swiftly toward our car in a half crouch. I clutched my little niece close to me and prayed they would go by us. My sister-in-law was too dazed with terror to utter a sound.

"When they came to our door they jerked it open and piled in. One of them climbed in back with Mrs. Foss and the other two crowded in the front seat beside my niece and me. My brother came running out of the warehouse just then and yelled:

" 'What's going on here?'

"One of the bandits pushed his gun squarely into William's face and my sister-in-law and I both screamed. We thought sure these coldblooded killers would shoot him down as they had Eugene Berninger.

" 'Get back in that store and shut up or I'll scatter your brains all over Milwaukee,' rasped the bandit with the gun.

J. A. Bickler rushed into the battle but surging crowds prevented use of his revolver.

Kidnaped

"MY BROTHER was so surprised at this unexpected reception he just stood there aghast and speechless. Then one of the bandits jabbed a gun hard into my ribs and snarled:

" 'Start this car and pull away from here fast.'

"I didn't want to do it and I tried hard to think up some excuse.

" 'My brother is there and I can't go and leave him,' I replied. It was a weak excuse but the only one I could think of at that moment.

" 'Damn you, never mind him! Just start this car and step on it or we'll kill you and drive ourselves,' hissed the bandit.

"I did as I was told without further delay. Though I was sick with fear I decided to take advantage of every opportunity for delay so any pursuers, should they take up the chase, could overtake us.

"Half a block east, where Greenfield Avenue and Hawley Road cross, the traffic lights were against us. I slowed down as if to stop when the bandit beside me put his gun to my head and said:

" 'Never mind those traffic lights. Just step on it and go right through.'

"Cars were speeding both ways across our path, confident of the right of way when I darted into the traffic lane. There was a screeching of brakes mingled with the cries of infuriated drivers as I nicked bumpers and fenders on my way through.

"I continued east on Greenfield until we came to Fiftieth Street where I was told to turn to the right. We followed Fiftieth to Burnham and here they told me to turn to the left.

"Between Fiftieth and Forty-ninth Streets I was ordered to pull into an alley. Here the bandit who got in last jumped out and the others told me to drive ahead slow until we came to the street.

" 'She's all clear so drive ahead down to Forty-ninth Street and turn north again,' they ordered.

"I obeyed but glowed inwardly for they were driving right back to where we started from. Finally one of them said:

" 'Will this street take us back to Roundy's store again?'

Orville Silberman, left, the cunning bandit leader whose distinctive mustache aided in his identification, and Harry Silberman, captured in Wilmington, Del., and returned to Milwaukee.

" 'I don't know,' I replied, 'do you want to go there?'

" 'No,' was his answer, 'but we want you to speed up a little.'

" 'This car isn't broken in yet and it will ruin it to drive fast,' said my sister-in-law.

" 'You shut up or I'll smash your head,' said the bandit beside her as he swung his gun.

"When we reached Greenfield Avenue again I was ordered to turn left which would take us right past the Roundy store. My spirits sank when I saw the street deserted. No doubt they were all out searching for us and never dreaming we would pass the store again.

"Suddenly another car turned off from National Avenue and approached us at a leisurely rate. I immediately recognized the driver as Ernie Burbach, the man who had sold us our car. I eyed him closely as he passed but dared not signal or make any outcry with that gun pressed against my ribs. I watched him out of the corner of my eye as long as I could without turning my head but saw no sign

Left to right, Helen Foss, heroine of this thrilling adventure; Ernie Burbach and Harold Lietzke, who aided in the chase; Mrs. William Foss, passenger in the bandit car; William Foss and little Helen May, who is hiding her face after her terrifying experience.

of recognition from him. The bandits also watched him sharply and held their guns in readiness for any move he might make.

"I wondered if it could be possible he hadn't noticed us. Surely he ought to have recognized the car if not us. When I glanced into the rear view mirror and saw him still driving on, all hope of rescue vanished.

Sick With Fear

"HOW was this mad ride going to end? Would these desperate killers drive us out in the country and murder us? They were cunning enough to know that we would turn in an alarm and put the police on their trail the minute they released us. And desperate as they appeared to be I was sure they wouldn't hesitate to murder us to prevent that. A million thoughts so terrifying they turned my soul sick within me, flashed through my head as we drove along.

"At Hawley Road and Greenfield they again ordered me to turn to the right and to, 'Push that footfeed clear to the floor if you want to live.'

"Then as suddenly they changed their minds and told me to turn right on National Avenue which loomed up a short distance ahead. Our speed was terrific now and I said:

" 'We're going too fast. I can't make the turn.'

" 'Take it on two wheels if you can't make it on four, but do as we tell you,' one of them replied with a jab of the gun.

"I don't know to this day how we managed to remain upright. The rear end of the car slid around until we were going down National Avenue sideways. Had we struck any slight obstruction we would have rolled over.

"We kept going down National until we came to Forty-eighth Avenue and then one of them said, 'Turn to the left here.'

"I pulled to the left, barely scraping two approaching cars and we followed Forty-eighth Avenue to Thomas Avenue. Here we turned to the left again and drove west until we reached Hawley Road where we turned north.

"Now we had clear sailing and the bandit beside me pressed his foot against mine on the accelerator and pushed it down as far as it would go. The roar of the motor and the whistling of the wind outside was deafening. The houses and trees flew past in a blurred mass. People stopped to stare at us as we careened madly along. My heart was in my throat because I had never driven half as fast as this before.

"At Oak Park Avenue and Hawley Road, I saw a policeman at a call box. He turned and looked at us as we whizzed by but I was unable to make known our plight. Because of our terrific speed I couldn't take my eyes off the road. The bandits both turned to watch the cop out of the rear window and one of them exclaimed:

" 'There's some damn fool following us!'

"I shot a quick glance into the mirror and sure enough there was a car coming at a pace swifter than ours. I almost gave a cry of joy when I saw it was Ernie Burbach's car.

"Both bandits kept their eyes glued to the car following us but showed no signs of nervousness. They had their revolvers ready and occasionally pointed them at the car as if to shoot, then changed their minds for some unknown reason. The bandit beside me kept putting more and more pressure on my foot until I wanted to scream from pain. I pleaded with him to remove his foot but was rewarded with a snarl.

Narrowly Escape Crash

"WHEN the following car picked up the policeman the bandits cursed. Suddenly the one beside me whirled around and released his foot to let the car slow down.

" 'Turn to the left here,' he ordered as we came to Park Hill Avenue.

"We went west on Park Hill until we came to Sixty-first Street and then turned north again. As we drove along I caught a glimpse of Ernie's car coming down St. Paul Avenue on our right.

"My little cry of joy turned into a scream of horror when I saw what looked like an inevitable crash coming. Ernie had swung his car diagonally across the road di-

Eugene Berninger smiles from his hospital bed as he recovers from wounds inflicted by the bandits.

rectly in front of me! I slammed on the brakes with all my strength and we came to a stop with our bumpers touching.

"The next few minutes are like a hideous nightmare which will never be erased from my memory. For sheer terror and blood-chilling suspense they will be hard to equal. The moment we stopped the two bandits began to pour a stream of lead into the car ahead of us. They didn't wait to open the windows of my car but fired right through them. Burbach and his companions slid out of the doors on the opposite side of their car. The agonizing shrieks of little Helen May and her mother, and no doubt my own, mingling with the crash of shattered glass, the roar of the guns and the curses of the bandits, ring in my ears even to this day.

"Patrolman Fritz, who had been picked up by Burbach, unlimbered his gun and took careful aim at the bandit beside me. Before he could fire, however, this brute deliberately picked up little Helen May and used her for a shield while he continued to fire under her arm. The poor little tot was frightened into hysterics and kept screaming, 'Don't shoot, please don't shoot!'

"In the back seat a distracted and helpless mother cried out in anguish, 'My poor baby. My poor baby.' But these cruel monsters paid no heed to the cries. The bandit in the back seat had exhausted his ammunition and shouted to the other:

" 'Pass me back some more bullets, and you, Lady, drive around them and get us out of this or I'll brain you.'

"I knew they were worked up to a pitch now where the killer instinct had taken the place of reason. I expected every second to feel the butt of his gun crash into my skull. I thought I'd die of sheer terror when I stepped on the starter and the motor failed to respond. I must have flooded the carburetor and I felt sure that that little bit of nervousness was going to cost me my life.

"The bandit beside me, however, quickly sensed what was wrong. He jumped out and gave the car a push which started it down the slope ahead of us. Then he leaped in and I drove straight to Wisconsin Avenue.

" 'Turn any way you want to but travel fast,' said one of the bandits in a terrible voice.

"I decided I would not take them out in the country where we would be at their mercy, so I turned east toward downtown Milwaukee.

Ernie Burbach, in front, and Harold Lietzke point to holes drilled in their car by bandit bullets during their thrilling battle.

A Terrible Situation

"THE next moment I almost regretted my move. At Hawley Road and Wisconsin Avenue stood a motorcycle officer directing traffic so that school children going home at that time could cross the street safely. The signal was against us and I saw a swarm of little tots standing frozen with fear directly in my path. The officer was frantically waving me down and I began to slow a little.

"Suddenly one of the bandits struck me a blow that caused me to sway dizzily and set my ears to ringing.

" 'Damn you, what are you slowing down for?' snarled a voice in my ear.

"Up ahead I saw those tiny tots cowering in fear and I shut my eyes and moaned while I pressed still harder on the brake pedal. Let them kill me if they would but I couldn't bring myself to drive into that throng of helpless children. That was nothing short of brutal murder. I pictured their torn and broken little bodies crushed under my wheels or thrown high into the air from the impact of the terrific speed at which I was traveling, and it made me shudder. Let them pound and beat me even to death but I kept saying I would not drive into that huddled group.

" 'Damn you, I'll pull this trigger the minute you stop,' screamed a voice beside me.

" 'Let's kill them all and throw 'em out and then we can drive to suit ourselves,' grumbled the one in the back seat.

"I ventured a glance at the bandit next to me and I wonder even now what kept me from dropping dead. He had one powerful arm around poor little Helen May while the other pressed his big ugly gun against her forehead. The poor little tot was squirming in an agony of fear and her big blue eyes were distended to a horrible degree. Her mother began to moan piteously and I felt my soul turn sick. I knew this heartless fiend was desperate enough to go through with his threat if I stopped. And up ahead were those tiny faces blanched with fear.

"The policeman sensed that I wasn't going to stop so he darted right into my path. I swung over to the left because there were fewer children there than straight ahead. Thank Heaven there are brave men like Motorcycle Officer Raleigh Falbe in this world. He darted ahead of my car and with arms outstretched swept the children backward just as I whizzed by. It was so close the fenders of my car brushed the clothes of some of the children and struck the officer a glancing blow.

"He was on his motorcycle in an instant in hot pursuit. The bandits fired twice at him through the rear window of my car but missed both times. I saw him weaving and swaying from side to side making a difficult target as he crept up on us.

"The bandits watched him closely and kept up a steady stream of oaths as he gained on us. I was almost frantic because I had every last ounce of speed out of my car and I expected their threats to take on a more violent form any minute.

"As we approached the viaduct a huge truck rolled onto it from the right and kept to the middle of the street. I swung to the left and passed it, barely missing an approaching car by inches. Had I been two seconds sooner or later we would have crashed head on, for traffic is always heavy at this point.

"The bandit in front kept the door open and was now standing with one foot on the running board. Money kept rolling from his pocket into the street but he was too interested in the officer to pay any attention to it.

Missing Death By Inches

"AT THIRTY-FIFTH Street and Wisconsin Avenue the traffic was against us and at this point it is always heavy. How I managed to get across without a smashup is a mystery. Cars were coming in a steady stream from both the right and left but by some miracle some of them stopped just in time or swerved one way while I swerved another. At any rate I got through a place where an inch or two would have spelled disaster. The policeman on duty there cursed and screamed at us until he saw the bandits both aiming their guns at him.

"We tore down Wisconsin Avenue to Twenty-ninth Street while the motorcycle officer, with Burbach close behind, followed us with siren screaming. We continued up Twenty-ninth to Vleit Street where we again missed death by inches when a huge truck pulled in ahead of us.

"Our pursuers were rapidly creeping up on us and the bandits began to show uneasiness for the first time.

" 'They're too speedy for us. The only way we can shake them is to keep turning corners,' spoke up one of them.

"Our route from then on was a maze of crazy twists and turns that would bewilder anyone. Into alleys, around blocks, up one street and down another, back tracking and re-crossing our path at a dizzy pace in an effort to lose our pursuers.

"When capture appeared imminent their faces looked absolutely murderous and from the mumbled threats that fell constantly from their lips I knew there was murder in their hearts.

" 'Surely you won't kill us after we've done the best we could for you, would you?' I pleaded.

"The lips of the man next to me drew back into a cruel smile. These debased creatures could find humor in our fears.

" 'Naw, we won't shoot if you keep moving fast,' he replied.

"It was some relief to hear even that, although I knew them to be men of unbridled moods. I knew that our lives would mean little to them if they saw freedom ahead by killing us.

"Finally I was forced to turn into an alley on Twenty-fifth Street between Galena and Cherry Streets. Here the man who sat beside me hopped out and the one in the rear seat climbed up in front beside me. He ordered me to keep moving. Just as I pulled into the street at one end of the alley I saw Burbach enter the alley at the other end.

Patrolman Elmer Fritz, left, who captured the bandit leader, and Motorcycle Officer Raleigh Felbe who aided in the chase.

"When we had driven about a block I noticed the motorcycle officer close on our trail again. After more twisting and turning of corners in an effort to lose him we sped about four blocks east to Twenty-first Street. Here I was told to turn to the right. We had gained a little because of the icy corners. Pretty soon the bandit spied an alley.

" 'Slow down!' he shouted and then jumped. 'All right keep moving and keep your mouth shut or I'll kill you.'

"He darted into the alley. As soon as he was out of sight I stopped in the middle of the street and ran back to tell the officer where each bandit had left my car. When I had finished, the reaction set in and I began to sway dizzily. The officer helped me back to my car and I managed to drive to Twenty-first and Vliet where I parked the car until my brother came to drive us home."

Burbach's Story

AFTERWARD, Ernie Burbach told me his version of the thrilling bandit chase.

"As soon as I heard of the kidnaping," he said, "I got out my car and began cruising around in hopes of picking up the trail. As I was driving east on Greenfield I recognized the Foss car coming toward me. I was unarmed and alone so I decided not to recognize them and thus put the bandits on their guard.

"Out of the corner of my eyes I saw the bandits look searchingly into my face as I passed them and I also saw their guns held in readiness. They were ready for business, and just itching to pour lead into someone.

"When they turned north and disappeared I also turned north and picked up a friend, Harold Lietzke, who happened along just then. I also spied Mr. Foss and yelled at him to notify the police that the bandits were headed north.

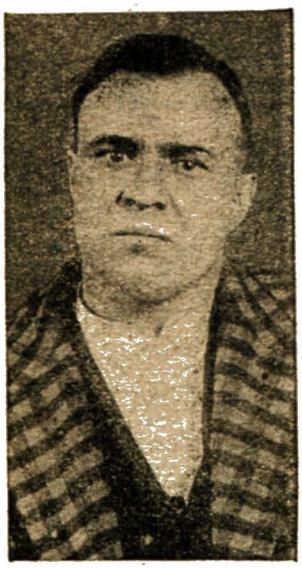
"We drove over to National, back to Fiftieth, north to Seigel and then west to Hawley Road. Here we turned north again and not more than four blocks ahead we spied the bandit car. They were traveling at high speed but I managed to gain a little on them because my car was well broken in and not as tight as the Foss machine.

"At Oak Park Avenue I slowed down and shouted to Patrolman Elmer Fritz who stood watching us. He ran toward the car but misjudged our speed in his leap for the running board. He fell heavily to the street and rolled over and over but was up instantly and with his face

(*Continued on page* 93)

Strange Adventures in Crime Detection

[Startling Detective Adventures wants short articles which can be described by the above heading. They should be between 200 and 300 words in length, no longer. For each one that is accepted $5.00 will be paid. Address manuscripts to The Editor, Startling Detective Adventures, Robbinsdale, Minn.]



James Davis, who escaped prison but was caught by an unusual clue.

Two Watches Doom Lifer

By JOHN WESTCOTT

JAMES DAVIS was a booze runner hauling liquor into Sioux City, Iowa. One day as he approached that town with a load, he was hailed by three men who were waiting by a stalled car. They asked for a ride into town. He took them along, not knowing that he was hauling the famous Burzette gang leaders.

Davis delivered his load and put his car away. His room was not far from the police station.

Word was passed to the police that Davis had been seen with the Burzettes, who were wanted for nearly every crime on the calendar. A watch was put on the rooming-house. About 3:30 a. m. the Burzettes came to his room and woke him up. They said they wanted to be taken back to the stalled car. So Davis got his car out and started. Then they changed their minds and ordered him to take them across the Missouri River. As they came to an all-night restaurant, one of the bandits decided he wanted a sandwich, so they all entered the eating-house. Police who were trailing the Davis car came along just then and followed them into the restaurant.

When the shooting was over, Davis had two bullets in his back, and another had broken his leg. Davis claimed he had no part in the gun battle, but the officers said he emptied his revolver before losing consciousness from his wounds.

Davis was sentenced to life imprisonment as a gangster and became No. 11,638 at Fort Madison penitentiary. In the prison he learned the barber trade.

When he had served eighteen months he got a chance to get away. This was in December, 1921.

About 2:30 one afternoon he was taken to the boiler-room of the prison power plant, with his clippers. This was in the lower yard, where prisoners were not allowed except under guard, but his escort was a tolerant sort of chap. Davis observed some convicts shoveling ashes into a wagon. The guard's back was turned. Clad in his white jacket, he jumped into the wagon and ordered the shovelers to pile ashes on top of him.

In a few minutes a trusty drove the wagon toward the Mississippi, where the ashes were being dumped on a muddy place in the riverside road. As the wagon stopped, the startled driver saw a figure heave up out of the ashes, jump to the ground and run up the river bank.

Within a few minutes the alarm was given, but Davis could not be found. Afraid of the bloodhounds he knew were kept by Warden Hollowell, he waded up the shallow shore for half a mile.

Davis rode freights and hid out by day until he was several hundred miles away, towards Canada.

"I KNEW that I couldn't get across the border on the rods," he said. "I had a good gold watch, and I sold it for $15. With that money I bought a ticket to Winnipeg."

Davis landed in Winnipeg about two weeks after his break. He worked in Winnipeg, The Pas and Saskatoon until the autumn of 1922. In Saskatoon, he ran across a girl he had known in his boyhood. She had lost her husband in the war. He went to Kerrebort, Sask., where he was married to the girl, who had an infant boy.

He plied the clippers and razor in Moosejaw for two years, then he went to Vancouver, where he worked four years in one shop.

But one day during a poker game, one of the heavy losers asked Davis to lend him $20.

Davis gave him the $20 and took his watch as security. When next pay day rolled around, the borrower had no $20, and wanted his watch back.

Davis told him he was letting another man use the watch. The railroad man swore out a warrant.

"Sure, he can have his watch back," Davis told the Northwest Mounted Police. "I was only holding it for security." But meanwhile he had been fingerprinted, and his fingerprints had been sent to Canada's central identification bureau at Ottawa, where there reposed in the files other copies of his fingerprints, sent out by the hundred when he escaped from Fort Madison in 1921.

"I knew it was all up when they mugged and fingerprinted me," he said.

Davis continued working, and a few days after the watch episode, a Canadian policeman tapped him on the shoulder, and he was on his way back to prison.

As "the chopper from Chi" Dick Spencer gets a job running alcohol for Rocci, leader of the New York underworld. Then a murder and some fast thinking bring a solution to the mystery and jail for the crooks.

David Redstone
tells this
thrilling story of

"This is your spot, Joe," Spencer said quietly. "I'm goin' to drill you and throw you out into the road."

The MAN *With The* WOUNDED WRIST

ROCCI'S PLACE in Fourth Street is evil; there may be had the vilest spaghetti in Little Italy. Visitors have found the sauce a brew of hell, requiring merely a sprinkling of arsenic to make it fatal as well as abominable. There is a glimmer of hope in the wine—until after it is tasted. The stuff served is called *vina rossa,* and is produced for the visitor by means of sleight-of-hand. The bottle is thrust underneath the table. Heavy crockery cups are set about to simulate the drinking of coffee. The *vina rossa,* the unfortunate one discovers, has about half the alcoholic content of coffee, and the next time he passes Rocci's Place he tries another restaurant.

It was obvious that Signor Rocci made no great play for regular trade. But at the rear of the unsavory joint there is a flight of cellar stairs that leads to an elaborate room supplied with tables and chairs, a radio that is raucous at all times, good liquor and good food, and constant company. At the farther end of this is another room, branching off like the horizontal part of the letter L inverted, and is known as the "long room"—Rocci's private chamber.

Rocci was present this evening, joining in the conversation among the hard-eyed men seated at the tables in the cellar saloon. He was undersized and squat—a Napoleon of beer, with an oily face and thin, jet hair that reeked, as anyone would suspect from its unnatural sheen, of a heavy brand of barber's perfume. The others, for the most part, were hangers-on, men belonging to Rocci's arm of beer runners.

The hum of conversation persisted, and there was a tone of uncommon excitement in it. All were busy talking, except for one man who was sprawled, alone, at a table in the farther corner of the saloon. As he was either drunk or asleep, no one bothered him. The subject of the conversation was too im lling, though actually no secret from the rest of the world. It was, indeed, the talk of the h our among the peace-loving as well as among those who live by crime. The daily papers were black-streaked with the news, raging at the same heat as on the day when the event hurtled out upon a startled populace, making the world gasp and even gangdom quake.

Two days before, ten men of Amando's liquor organization had met death at the hands of rivals in Chicago. Machine guns, spitting out of the night, had made a shambles of a busy street corner. The engineers of the slaughter could be guessed at, but the actual slayers—the chop rs—were hidden in mystery. One of them, it was

stated, had been plugged over the wrist by a bullet fired from a victim's gun. Police everywhere were scurrying about, searching vainly for a man with a wounded wrist. But it would all be a lot of steam, the men in Rocci's Place were saying. They'd never get him, and they'd never know why or how or who—until the next carnival of blood and guns.

Rocci, squinting, nodded obliquely toward the sleeping stranger. "Who is that souse?" he demanded of one of his men. "Who let him in?"

"Him? He's been hangin' around all day, drinkin' and askin' for you."

"For me? What's he want?"

The man shrugged. "Search me," he said.

Rocci Makes a Move

ROCCI rolled his tongue in his cheek and regarded the stranger who, by this time, had aroused himself from his torpor to semi-wakefulness. The veined eyelids flickered, the whites of his eyes showed first, and then the pupils fixed themselves dully upon an empty glass before him. His face, though lean-muscled and youthful, was wan. Even the firm, pale mouth bore evidence that the man had had a trying experience for the past twenty-four or forty-eight hours, either from lack of sleep, abundance of drink, or something else.

"He's a dick," Rocci's companion muttered with that sure conviction that intuition often brings to men who dodge the law.

Rocci grunted. "Dick, eh? Well," he said, his lips pursing with a trace of cruelty, "some of my best friends are dicks. Let's see what this one wants." He strode up behind the stranger's chair and let his eyes rest upon the head and shoulders of the man. He noted the strong back, how it curved outward at wedge-like angles to a wide breadth of shoulder. The skin at the nape of the neck was smooth and young and the brown, unkempt hair was curly and as tough as wire. Rocci tapped him negligently on the shoulder. "A kid," he muttered sniffingly. Aloud he said: "Hello, Curly."

Slowly, weakly, the stranger turned his face upward and stared inquiringly. "Hello," he said uncertainly. "I—I don't think I met you before!"

"You're looking for Rocci, ain't you?"

"Are you Rocci?"

"That's me. What do you want?"

The stranger arose and tried to steady himself. "Job," he said.

"I got all the waiters I need," Rocci said. "Call again."

"Don't kid me," the other said quietly, his mouth hardening.

"Even if I did have a job," went on Rocci, "I wouldn't hire a man who souses like you do. You been on a two-day drunk and you're still drinking."

"I been drinking for two days," the other answered evenly, "but I ain't drunk."

"You smell like a barrel of mash in a sewer."

"I ain't asking to sing in your choir, Parson Rocci. I'm kinda rough, see?"

"Rough!" Rocci guffawed. "You're so rough you shine. What fat-trousered police captain let you out? He oughta known better than to send a rookie snooping 'round *me*. What's your name?" he shot suddenly.

"Spencer."

"First name?"

"Richard."

"Dick for short, eh?" Rocci's buck-toothed laughter was chorused by others who had opened their ears by this time.

"Didn't I tell you he was a dick?" said Joe Fals, the man with whom Rocci had spoken earlier.

The man who called himself Dick Spencer smiled thinly.

"What can you do, Spencer?" Rocci asked curiously.

"Drive a truck, run a speed-boat, and keep my teeth shut."

"Experience?"

"Plenty."

"Where?"

Spencer cast his eyes about the group of listeners and paused. Then, meeting Rocci's eyes significantly, he said: "Zion City."

"Scatter, youse guys!" Rocci commanded the rumbling men. He took Spencer by the arm and led him forward into his private room. It was rightly called the long room, for it had the proportions of a coffin, with glum cement walls, a dank odor and stingy light. The single window was high up toward the ceiling and opened on an inner court, which was at all times deserted. At a desk he bade Spencer sit down. "You don't talk like you know much," he said. "But you ain't simple."

"A revolver," Spencer said meaningly, "has six chambers."

"I wondered if you knew that much. Where you from—Chi?"

"Chi, hell!"

"You look like you been traveling," said Rocci. "But not in a Pullman. Your sleeve's been ripped and patched up like it was done by a bachelor. Been ridin' the rails?"

"Don't ask me no questions," said Spencer. "You need hired help. I'm it."

"If I'm hirin' anybody I gotta know who I'm gettin'. Are you hidin' out—or what?"

"Don't be childish," said Spencer.

"I ain't foolish," said Rocci suavely. "You're holdin' your left arm kinda stiff. What's the matter?"

"You guessed it, if that satisfies you. I got a slug in the shoulder."

"That's too bad, now. But the patch is on the cuff, not the shoulder." Rocci moved suddenly forward and seized the wrist of the other. Spencer greeted the action with a cry of pain and rage, and swifter than the click of a high-speed camera, a blunt black gun appeared in the grip of his right hand.

A Wounded Wrist!

"STAND back!" he panted. "You oily rat, you needn't go nosing into my private business. I'll pack your rods, and I'll run your booze, and I'll work for pay. But I ain't looking for dirt behind your ears!"

"The man with the wounded wrist!" Rocci breathed. "I thought so."

Spencer cursed him viciously. "You're a dead Rocci," he said. "Only your funeral comes later."

Rocci spat. There was not the slightest hint of fear in his face. "Barking dog," he taunted. "You wouldn't shoot—not here. Besides, you got no reason to. You're safe with me. And so you're a chopper, too," he said softly.

"Change the subject," Spencer threatened. The gun in his hand remained steady.

"You take orders from me, Mister," Rocci said easily.

"Yeah?"

"Put up your gat. You're hired." Rocci stepped toward him with no further concern, and, peeling a few gold-backed bills from a heavy roll, he thrust them into

Spencer's hand. He was known for his extravagant generosity in regard to payment for services. "Cash in advance," he said. "Now let's see the wrist—maybe it's getting bad. I ain't got much use for cripples, you know."

Spencer removed his jacket and rolled up his shirt sleeve, revealing a sticky, soiled bandage. Rocci untied this and disclosed the wound, a raw, red furrow just above the wrist. It was ugly to look at, and convincing. Rocci then produced gauze and antiseptic for the wound, dressing it with his own hands.

Afterwards Joe Fals was summoned and Rocci bade the two shake hands. "Joe, here," said Rocci, "used to be in the business of making sudden withdrawals from different banks. But the dough is steadier in this racket, eh, Joe? Not so much all at once, but oftener. You work with Joe, Spencer. We got a full day tomorrow. Go get some sleep now. You'll need it. Be back at 2 in the morning."

Spencer nodded and went out.

Monk Weil

"WELL, what do you think of him?" Rocci asked his henchman.

"Cool and slick as a needle," said Joe Fals, lighting a cigarette. "A first-class dick, if you ask me."

Rocci laughed derisively. "I don't think so, Joe," he said. "I did at first. But maybe you're right, anyway. Keep your eye on him tomorrow. An' if you find out for sure, buzz me up. The East River's big enough to hold a million of him. But, dick or no dick, he's a good man. I've bought and sold the best of 'em in my time. I'll tell you another thing, Joe. He's from Chi, and there's a very nasty rip over his wrist; I just got through bandaging it for him. An' if that ain't the chalk mark of hot lead, then it's the footprint of an elephant."

Joe Fals whistled, amazed. "You don't say!" he exclaimed. But in a moment he frowned again. "Dicks have done queer things," he said skeptically. "You can never tell."

Rocci nodded wisely. "We'll let Monk Weil give him the once-over," he decided. "Monk's got an eye like a camera and a memory like an album. He's seen all the dicks from here to 'Frisco—those that count."

"Monk would know," Fals agreed. But as he said this he was thinking of something else, as he always did when Monk Weil came under discussion. He wondered at the equanimity with which Rocci spoke to him. Monk Weil was an underworld boss, in position to have stepped on Rocci's toes many a time. Joe Fals knew that Rocci hated this man, in spite of the spoken truce between them. There were other private matters, too. There was that affair of a woman, which Rocci had never forgiven. Yet the two schemed together and divided the spoils, and then gambled the booty off at cards. It was not that Rocci feared the man so much. It was better business to be at truce, even at the price of being double-crossed in a thousand petty ways. The choice was more desirable than outright warfare, in which one of the two factions must surely suffer annihilation. And Monk Weil's gang was craftier, more treacherous and stronger.

Yes, Rocci could smile and smile and call Monk Weil familiarly by name. Just that attitude, however, breathed of dangerous conflict. The time would come, Joe Fals, ex-bank robber, shrewdly felt, when the men's differences would be settled, and there must be some plan even now in the cunning, vindictive brain of the buck-toothed gang leader. Oh, he was oily, was Rocci. And Monk Weil was bold.

On The Job

TWO ten-ton trucks of grain alcohol was the secret of that night. Joe Fals had the first, with Dick Spencer holding the wheel at his side. The job was a cinch, so long as no rival gang learned of the expedition. It meant sleeping in the daytime, that was all. But if there was a leak anywhere in the scheme, then it was like carting gasoline over an active volcano.

It was a cold night, and the men drank a bit to keep their blood circulating. They were watchful, and guns and clips were at hand. Not much talk went on. Joe Fals' teeth chattered from the cold. He should have worn a sweater. He gulped more liquor, and still more, but instead of warming him, the hooch only brought the blood to the surface and left it there to freeze. He took a healthier swig from his bottle.

"Go easy," Dick Spencer warned.

"It's cold as a blue lizard," said Joe, shivering.

"Steady up. This is no time to booze. We've got an hour more to do, and then you can drink yourself under the table."

"Say," said Joe, "I can keep my chin over a high-boy. You don't know me." He drank again, long and deep. The trucks rumbled on, about a hundred yards between them. Spencer, driving the lead truck, felt the cold bite at his ungloved fingers. He drank just a nip from his own flask, rubbed his knuckles against his thigh to warm them. With his injured left hand he held the truck steady.

Joe's liquor was gone. "You got some, Spencer?" he said thickly. "If you ain't, then I'll have to swill some o' that rot-gut out of the barrels."

"You've had enough," Spencer said shortly.

"Eh?" Joe looked into his companion's face and tried to fasten his gaze. But his head was becoming too heavy for his shoulders. "C'mon," he said. "Just one li'l nip. My tongue's like an icicle."

"We'll be home soon."

"Say," Joe drawled, leaning over far. "You're the queer dick, ain't you?" He paused for a moment. "I know you're a dick. Can't fool li'l Joe Fals. But what I can't figger—well, you'd try to get me tight if you was a real dick. W-whassa matter 'th you?"

Spencer kept his eyes to the road. "You're drunk already," he said.

"I'm just waitin'," said Joe. "Jus' waitin', thass all."

"What for?"

"See if you try ge' me drunk—shoot off m' mouth."

"Well, I'm trying to keep you sober, you chump."

"Sober? Sober? Thass the funny part of it—I am sober"

"What would you think if I tried to get you drunk?"

"Why, then I'd know for sure you was a dick."

"And I suppose you told Rocci I was a dick?" Spencer said with a smile.

"Rocci? Huh! He *knows* it. Dick or no dick, he buys an' sells 'em. Gimme a drink, eh? C'mon."

"Buys and sells 'em," Spencer repeated. "Dicks come pretty high, don't they, Joe?"

"He's got the dough," Joe assured him. "C'n buy anything. Gambles like a—like a you-know-what. Sat'day nights over at Amity—Monk Weil 'n' the rest. Boy, the money that rolls Take you ten years t' have 'nough dough to put 'n th' ante. What a haul—mean, what pile o' jack! Anybody hold up that gang—wow! Rich for life. Go anywhere whole world. Le's have that flask, will you?"

"Take it an' be damned," said Spencer.

Joe pulled greedily on the flask. "Gosh" he said. "Better stop this. Keep on drinkin' like this I'll be

good'n drunk." He wiped his mouth with his sleeve. "Say, you're a lousy dick," he drawled languidly, but in utter condemnation. "Try get me pickled, why'n't you? *You'll* never get rich!" He snorted, sniffed, laughed. "Rich. Y' ought see the jack roll over t' Amity. What a haul!"

To Dick Spencer it was apparent what was uppermost in his companion's mind. That he and Rocci were not too trustful of him, Spencer was certain. But in Joe's muddled brain were also the regular gambling parties in Amity, out on the Island. Spencer had heard that Rocci kept a house there. The knowledge that big money changed hands at those parties was, apparently, a fixed idea in Joe's mind. The knowledge was also news to Spencer, though it did not take him by surprise. Money that comes easy, is gambled easy. The big shots play for high stages, and why not? They have the money to play with. Joe said it was a big haul, in the vernacular of his earlier profession as bank robber. What was it that was going around and around in Joe Fals' head?

Spencer brought the trucks in without mishap. Joe had to be roused out of his drunkeness with cold water and he fumed and swore as he was being helped from his perch. When he tried to recollect what he had raved about, all that came to him was Spencer had persistently refused to let him drink. That wasn't acting very much like a police spy, he reflected. He still had his suspicions, however. And the fact of the matter was that he had got drunk anyway.

"Up with your hands!" The command startled the players. "Collect the jack and put it on this stand. Phoney up, youse, an' no holdin' out or—"

Spencer is Sought

IT CAME to Rocci's ears a week later that his new man, Dick Spencer, was being sought. The person inquiring for him was a Center Street man named Bryan, who was known by sight by the more experienced among Rocci's gang. The detective entered the rendezvous boldly and made no secret of his calling.

"I ain't bothering you personally, see," he told Rocci. "This is a different matter. I want you to point him out to me when he comes in, and he'll go with me peaceful enough. There'll be no trouble."

"He ain't been here," said Rocci.

"No? Well, I got a tip I'd find him here, so I'll stick around."

"What's the charge?"

"Nothin' definite," the detective said glibly.

"But it's a pinch, eh?"

"Oh, I wouldn't say that. I just want to look him over. He may be the man I'm lookin' for an' then again he may not. I can tell better when I see him."

"Tell me what he looks like and I might help you," offered Rocci slyly.

"Thanks," said the detective. "I'll know him if I see him. I'll hang around, if you don't mind."

Rocci shrugged. "Suit yourself."

But Spencer, as if aware of danger, failed to show up. Day after day Detective Bryan made his appearance, doggedly refusing to give up the search. Even Rocci did not know what had become of the man with the wounded wrist.

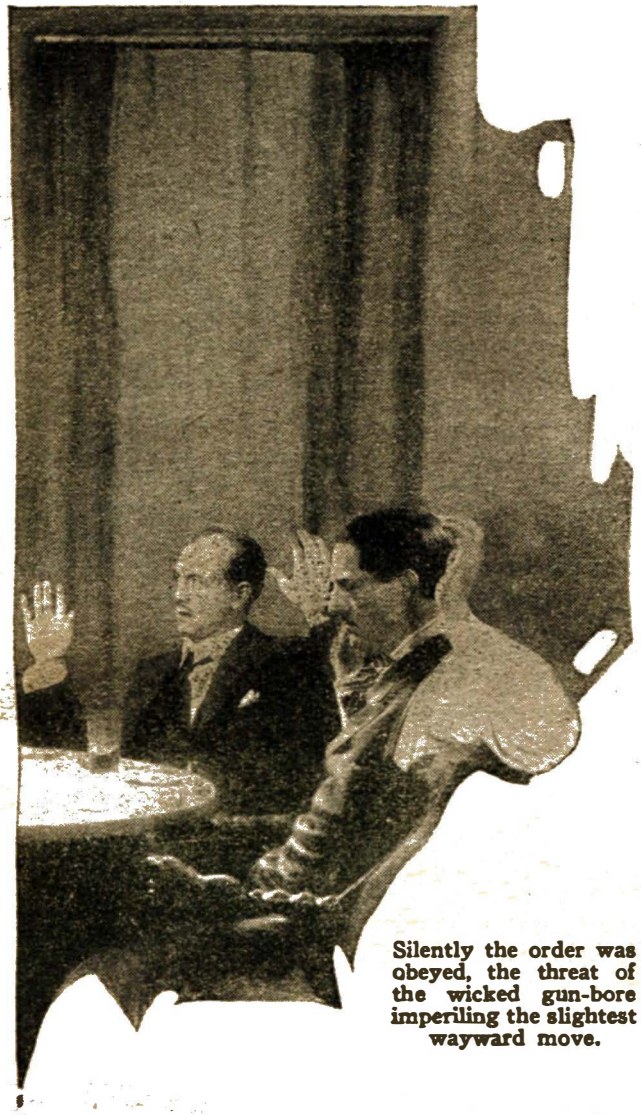
Finally, Spencer did arrive, and it seemed a coincidence that the detective should fail in his duty of all nights when he should have been on the job. Spencer's excuse was vague and short; he dodged all discussion of the matter.

The following morning a curious item appeared in the newspapers. Bryan, a second grade detective, had been found lying unconscious in the lower west end of town. He had been shot from behind, and was at present lying critically wounded in St. Vincent's Hospital. Assailant unknown.

After this incident Rocci's doubts were at rest. Spencer, with his characteristic "Don't ask me no questions" had thereby gained the complete confidence of his employer. Even when Monk Weil, loud of voice and swaggering of gait, dropped in, he glanced once at Spencer and took no further notice. Joe Fals, however, was suspicious to a fault.

"Lamp him again," he nudged the Monk. "You sure you never seen him?"

The small, black-browed eyes of the gang boss rested



Silently the order was obeyed, the threat of the wicked gun-bore imperiling the slightest wayward move.

for a long moment on the stalwart figure of Spencer. "No," he said at last. "I never seen dat boid. Why?"

"He looks like a dick to me," Joe confided.

"Pah!" said the Monk, wrinkling his flat nose. "He looks more like a dip."

And that was the last of that—for a little time.

A Game And a Stickup

IN AMITY, at Rocci's Long Island place, a heavy game of draw poker was in progress. Four men were seated around the table, and there was whiskey of a sort fit for the pagan gods. All sat in their shirt sleeves. Monk Weil was dealing.

"Two," said Rocci, at his left.

"Three," said the next man, a dapper race-track gambler.

The third, a bull-necked specimen from Detroit, called for three. The dealer stood pat. They checked to him. He tempted with a small bet. Two dropped, Rocci seeing and losing. Four deuces to red Jack. Rocci ripped out a foul word. He had lost ten grand in the last half-hour.

And thus the game went on, and the short, stiff drinks, and the gruff curses, and the spasmodic riffling of cards. It was not a silent game. Monk Weil bragged his hands and shouted for aces, or kings, or whatever cards he wanted the others to believe he required.

Rocci's scowl grew deeper, and he showed his buck teeth under his thick, curling upper lip. The other two lost and won, lost and won, alternately. Rocci's money was going out of his pocket to the well-filled pot, and from there to the Monk's already stuffed hip pocket.

"Ah, bullets!" the Monk chortled. "I open for a grand." He had, in reality, a pair of queens, and Rocci knew he was bluffing. Three aces were in his own hand.

"Up a grand," Rocci grunted, and he took a drink.

The others stayed, and the pot grew. But Monk Weil filled in with three fours, making a full house to Rocci's original aces. With a savage twist of his thick fingers, Rocci ripped the deck and flung the pasteboard fragments across the room.

Another hour passed. Once, when he was called, the Monk displayed his cards with a hoarse, triumphant bellow. "From left to right—read 'em an' weep," he said. "Aces and eights!"

"Dead man's hand," breathed the race-track man.

"They lose," Rocci said quietly. "Three ladies." He flipped his trio of queens to the table and raked in the pot. The Monk had tried a bluff and failed.

It was past 3 o'clock. Then, during a moment of silence, a slight scraping sound was heard. It came from the direction of the open window at the right, facing the back lawn. The men turned, but the sound was not repeated.

"Sounds like hail," said one. The play continued.

Then, again, came a sound. Tossed through the window, a small, hard object hit the center of the table, hopped and rolled, and lay still. The men let their cards fall, and gaped at the object which rested before their eyes. It was a bullet—omen of war, warning against resistance.

Slowly, ponderously, they turned toward the open window from which the grim missive had come. Black even against the night, a gloved hand projected forward. The weapon enclosed in it moved in a slow arc, first left, then right, gentler than a pendulum.

"*Up with your hands!*" The command cracked. All four obeyed. "You," the voice went on, and the gun pointed to the lean frame of the race-track man, "collect the jack. Hurry! Now put it on this here stand. C'mon, slow motion, get started! Phoney up, youse, an' no holdin' out or—"

Silently the command was followed to the letter. The threat of the wicked gun-bore imperiled the slightest wayward move. In a few moments a thick stack of currency was placed within the robber's reach.

"Keep 'em high!" the voice warned. Then the robber's masked face appeared for a brief instant. His hand reached forth, seized the money and then dropped from sight.

"After him!" shouted the Monk. He rushed to the window, drawing his gun as he did so, and fired haphazardly into the darkness.

"Come on!" Rocci cried. "Outside! We might head 'im off!" All four swept out of the house and scattered in various directions outside. Rocci, who knew the premises best, leaped rearward to the thick growth of shrub and lilac. A dark shape scrambled out, fired a hasty shot. Rocci dived frantically forward and closed with the struggling figure. The other three, hearing the shot, straggled hurriedly from the front of the house. Their ears caught the sound of scuffling feet and breaking twigs. A second of silence, and then three evenly punctuated shots. Monk Weil stumbled before his companions and fell headlong. When the others swung into the thicket, they found Rocci rising to his knees, breathing heavily. As for the marauder, he was gone. He had escaped beyond the long lawn of an adjacent house.

The Monk Dies

MONK WEIL, astonishingly, lay where he had fallen, nor could he be aroused. They dragged him into the house only to discover that they were gazing upon a corpse. His chest had been punctured twice, and a third slug was skewered in his throat.

"Missed me clean," Rocci was panting, "and got the Monk instead!"

The others did not answer, but stared stupidly at the still form with its gushing wounds. The race-track man turned his eyes away. From Rocci's nervous fingers dangled a black mask.

"Lord, Rocci! What you got there?"

Rocci glanced absently at the torn mask, and he noticed also that his knuckles were bleeding. "Somebody's mug," he thought to himself, "got bruised up." And there was in his mind an idea, more than a faint one, whose face it had been.

It happened that detectives, in scouring the premises for clues, came upon the discarded gun of the robber, the gun which had caused the death of Monk Weil. They could not, however, trace it to its owner, and the man-hunt that ensued was all but a wild goose chase.

Meanwhile, Joe Fals was missed by Rocci, and the latter seemed perturbed.

"He's off on a drunk, maybe," Dick Spencer suggested "These six-day booze marathons are gettin' to be a habit of his."

Rocci shook his head and grunted.

A week passed and still no Joe Fals. Rocci was plainly restless. "Listen," he said to Spencer, drawing him aside out of the hearing of others. "I got a job for you. Something in your line."

"What is it?"

"I want you to find Joe Fals."

"Uh-huh."

"And when you find him—" Rocci ended with a meaningful gesture.

Spencer waited for him to finish.

"Don't be dumb," said Rocci.

"Say it plain," Spencer said.

Rocci looked at him disgustedly. "Joe Fals is havin' too good a time," he said through shut teeth. "He talks too much when he's drunk, and he's given the show away. Rod 'im."

"I see."

Rocci thrust money into Spencer's hand. "The other half when the job is done," he said, and walked away.

But Joe Fals turned up of his own accord two days later. There were faint bruises over his eye which, he said, he had received in a drunken fight; and when he brushed by Rocci, he leered. Rocci scowled menacingly. These were things which puzzled Spencer. He didn't quite understand, and he groped in his mind for a solution. Meanwhile, Rocci was growing impatient. He gave Spencer to understand there was a job to be performed, and that quickly.

On The Spot

AN OPPORTUNITY came soon. Spencer sat over the steering wheel of a booze truck with Joe Fals at his side. They were on a lonely road far out of the city limit, and the night was dark. As the hour grew later, traffic became less and less frequent. Pretty soon they had the road to themselves.

Spencer first cunningly removed the guns from his companion's reach. He had one handy, however. At last, halting the truck, he came to the point in his own dry manner.

"Joe," he said, "we've been pretty good pals."

Joe looked up curiously.

"And there comes a time," Dick Spencer went on, "when the best of friends must part."

"Where are you going?" asked the other innocently.

"Back to Rocci to report I've done my job. Rocci knows you were the one who hi-jacked his poker party and croaked Monk Weil. This is your spot, Joe."

"What the hell are you driving at?"

"You know what I mean. I'm goin' to drill you and throw you out into the road."

Joe Fals made no move. He saw Spencer's gat out of the tail of his eye. How his fingers itched for the weapon! But he had to sit still. There was no chance for a break. After a silence, he said huskily: "Let me off, Dick. Make it worth your while."

It was as if Spencer had not heard. "You were a fool, Joe, to show your mug around Rocci's Place so soon after pulling that job. That raw mark over your eyes, and the skinned knuckles of Rocci fit together like a kid's block puzzle. Did you think Rocci was dumb?"

"He's crazy!" Joe exclaimed. "An' so are you! I told him I got into a fight while I was drunk. It was a subway guard; I remember it now—"

"Yah!" Spencer said contemptuously. "What do you take *me* for, a chump? I'll tell you right now you said more in one drunken truck-ride, the first we took together, than you'll ever remember."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah!"

"Well, then, if you're so positive," Joe said, "you oughta realize how much a split in the profits would mean."

"No chance," said Spencer coldly. "Not with a fool who can afford to hang around with a bruised lamp, as if to show Rocci that you know he knows and you don't give a damn. You got more nerve than brains."

"I got my reasons for doin' that," Joe said sullenly.

"They must be good!" Spencer scoffed.

"You bet they are! I wasn't figgerin' on a ride like this. I thought Rocci would lemme alone. There's more to this than you know."

"You thought because you croaked the Monk, a guy Rocci hated, that he'd be charitable, eh? There's something damned funny about this business."

"You'd be surprised," Joe said tonelessly. "But you're a fool, too, Dick Spencer. It's easy jack for you if you gimme a break. But if you croak me, nobody in the world will ever see a smell of that fat roll, see?"

Spencer sneered. "You tempt me—nix," he said. After a pause, regarding the other intently, he said: "The killer of my pal can't buy *me* off."

Joe's mouth dropped open. "What! Monk Weil a pal o' yours!"

"He's dead," said Spencer grimly.

"Monk Weil—you—" Joe began to laugh, a tittering, chattering laughter. He couldn't get over it.

Joe Fals Talks

SPENCER'S trigger finger tightened, and the glint of polished metal passed before the other's eyes.

"Save it! For God's sake, don't shoot!" Joe shrieked.

"Not me! *I* didn't croak Monk Weil. It was Rocci himself! Ask him. I can prove it, you fool!"

"Stalling won't help now."

Joe went on, his words stumbling over each other. "I'll swear it to God; *he* did it, not me. They come out after me, see. I hides in the shrubs, because Monk has a gat. If I woulda moved out o' there, they woulda seen me, an' it was safest to lay low. Then Rocci finds me. I tries to hold him off. But he grabs my rod, even after I pulled the trigger oncet. We clinch in the bushes, an' he rips off my mask, an' then I catch a jab over the eye. Rocci grabs the gun, then. I beats it quick over the next lot. When I hear the other shots I lam it like hell, thinkin' it was Rocci pluggin' away at me."

"You didn't see Rocci shoot the Monk," Spencer cut in.

"No, but figger it out for yourself. I didn't do it, so it must have been Rocci, 'specially as he hated the guts of Monk Weil. He saw his chance to get away with murder an' he done it."

Spencer laughed mirthlessly. "No wonder he wants you rodded," he said.

"And I thought I was safe," Joe complained. "He knew it was me, all right, when my mask falls off. But if he set the cops on me, it'd be his funeral, too."

"You got a good line—sounds okey with me," said Spencer. "But I'm getting dough for bumping you, my friend."

"Gimme a break," Joe pleaded. "You'll never regret it."

"I don't want your money," Spencer said. "But I might hanker to hear your spiel again. Will you repeat it when I ask you to, if I let you off?"

"Listen," said Joe earnestly. "I'm young yet, an' it's my life I'm bargaining for. They ain't no promise I wouldn't keep."

"You won't try to hide out?"

"Dick Spencer, I'm a crook an' a jail-bird, but I never break my word."

"All right, then. Be where I can find you. And remember this, Joe, that even if you did try to make a getaway, you wouldn't get very far. Understand? Just remember that. I aim to put the blocks to Rocci for good, and I might need you."

"Say, who are you, anyway?" Joe asked.

"Don't ask me no questions," Spencer said.

Double-crossers

ROCCI proved an elusive figure to several who hunted him the following day. Early that evening, however, he was due in the long room, where he was to pay off Spencer for the murder of Joe Fals. He was astonished, indeed, when Fals himself, alive and grinning, intercepted the visit of Spencer.

"What the hell do you want?" Rocci inquired sourly.

Joe smirked up at him. "You been double-crossed, Rocci," he said.

"What in thunder d' you mean?"

"You paid Spencer to rod me. Did he do it, eh? Here I am, ain't I? I'm su'prised at you, Rocci, pulling that stuff on me. I hi-jacked the game all right, an' you croaked the Monk. What of it? It's our secret, ain't it? An' now you go tryin' to spoil it all, 'cause you're a-scared I'll squawk. You didn't need to be a-scared. But the whole business is gummed up now; your trusty friend Spencer has horned in. He's got the dope on both of us."

"Dope? What dope?"

Joe leaned forward, his mouth twisted savagely. "Because he's a dick, that's why! Like I said weeks ago."

Rocci paled. "You're crazy!" he said.

"Yeah? You got hooked right, you smart guy. That wound on Spencer's wrist, makin' you think he's the chopper from Chi. An' when he thought you was still leery, he fixed up that Bryan dick, an' got a news item faked about him bein' found shot up an' taken to the hospital. Spencer's a clever dick, he is. He knew you'd figger he done it, an' that it had somethin' to do with that Chicago slaughter. But I just found out this Bryan feller never saw the inside of a hospital since he had the measles. What do you think o' that?"

Roccit bit his lip. "How much," he asked, "how much does Spencer know?"

"Everything! We got to put his lights out quick and sudden, I tell you."

"He's due here soon."

"Fine! We'll sew him up like a mangy cat ready for drowning."

Rocci held his gun ready. He was thinking desperately for a way out. There were already two too many who knew about the Monk Weil affair. Spencer was one. Joe Fals was the other. Rocci's eyes stared vacantly as plans raced through his brain. His oily face glistened with the sallow light of the coffin-like room. It glistened with the sweat of fear, and the fear was like that of a monster at bay. He did not trust his secret with the cocky Joe Fals. "Come here, Joe," he said quietly.

Joe turned, beheld the shiny weapon leveled at his head. "Why, you—son—"

But the gun blazed full into his face and he crumpled to the floor, his cheek a red mass.

Dick Spencer, at that moment, had arrived with two special officers from Center Street. They heard the shot in the long room. Cautiously Spencer flung the door open, sheltering his body at the side of the jamb. As he did so, a bullet designed especially for his skull, hummed by and thudded harmlessly into the wall of the adjacent saloon.

"Better drop that gat, Rocci!" Spencer called out. "This joint is in the hands of the police. Come out on your feet or be carried out on a stretcher."

There was a short silence. Then: "I give up," came the toneless voice of Rocci. His gun clattered to the floor.

There was a murmur of wonder as the men advanced and saw the twitching form of Joe Fals lying upon the floor. Pinioned, Rocci looked on morosely while Spencer tried to help the wounded man.

"No use," Joe Fals managed to gasp.

"You double-crossed me, Joe," Spencer accused him. "You came here to warn Rocci. You forgot your promise."

"I'll give you—that spiel—again," Joe muttered. "I'm a crook—but I never break—my word."

And once more, before witnesses, the horribly wounded man gasped out the entire account of Monk Weil's end.

The Pockmarked

Detective Teddy Buck matches wits with the ruthless murderer who has terrorized Chicago's Famous Gold Coast.

SINCE his valet had gone home to the Philippines on a vacation, Wardner Curtis, Sr., had been enjoying the novelty of life without one. That is why he was alone, dressing for dinner, at 5:30 o'clock of a winter afternoon in his North Shore mansion.

All set excepting his tux, he lighted a cigarette and strolled to the door of his wife's room, wondering idly whether she and their daughter had returned from the matinee. He tapped playfully on the ivoried panel and opened the door.

A man darted away from the dresser and turned suddenly at the hall door.

"What are you doing here?" demanded the master of the house, stepping toward the intruder.

"I'll kill you if you move or speak again," warned the man, leveling a tiny automatic. Revealing his teeth like a snarling beast, he backed out and shut the door.

"Robbers! Watkins! Everybody! Telephone!" yelled Mr. Curtis, running into the hall. At the head of a side stairway the man turned and fired two shots. The millionaire groaned and tumbled headlong.

The thief bounded down the stairs. Watkins, the butler, blocked his path at the bottom. Four shots in the head and chest at a two-foot range, and a brave and faithful servant crumpled, never to arise.

The cook and a maid ran from the kitchen, too hysterical at the sight of the butler's bleeding body to give an alarm. It was one maid's day out. Another was on an errand. The chauffeur was driving Mrs. and Miss Curtis. Junior was away at college.

The intruder, intent upon rifling the dressing table, bared his teeth in a vicious snarl when he was discovered.

The killer disappeared. And with him went jewels worth $40,000.

Mr. Curtis' wounds, in head and shoulder, were superficial. A man of keen perception, he gave the police a minute description of the murderer—a face strongly pockmarked; a terrible sneer that bared his teeth, two uppers and one lower of which were missing; one large gold upper front tooth; jet black hair, rather long; slanting, narrow shoulders; medium height; about forty years old; slender but cat-like in agility.

After a weary day at the Bureau of Identification, Mr. Curtis found no photograph among the thousands of known criminals that even resembled the slayer. Of fingerprints there were none on dresser, door knobs or elsewhere, of others than members of the household.

Society Woman Slain

TWO weeks later, Mrs. Anita Fernald-Tell, whose residence in the shadow of Northwestern University was one of the show places of Evanston, was slain in a most revolting manner, by a man whose crime netted him a $28,000 necklace. From evidences that told the gruesome story all too plainly, the police thus reconstructed the death scene:

The beautiful young widow had been in her gorgeous blue and gold bathroom for more than an hour, indulging in a leisurely toilet for the evening, at a time of day that usually found her away from home.

Clad in a silk robe, she emerged suddenly to find a

Killer

Clad in a silk robe, she emerged suddenly to find a man at her jewel case.

man rummaging in her vanity table, six feet from where she stood. Before she could scream, he pounced upon her and struck her in the mouth with a heavy, blunt weapon—possibly a shot-filled billy—breaking her jaw and knocking out several teeth.

Then he choked her with one hand and, as she sank helplessly to the floor, he grabbed a stocking from a chair and tied it around her neck. To make certain that she would not revive and make an outcry, he struck her several blows on the head.

With all that, however, she might have lived, physicians said, but for the crowning act of fiendishness, for over his unconscious victim's nostrils he clapped a piece of wide adhesive tape. Into her shattered mouth he stuffed the other stocking.

Only one servant, a maid was in the house at the time. She met the stranger walking calmly toward the kitchen and noticed his pockmarked face and long, black hair. He grinned queerly and said:

By **W. C. I. Hallowell**

Formerly of the Chicago Herald and Examiner

"The lady let me in the front way to fix the radio. She said to go out the back."

Five other homes of wealth in Chicago and its suburbs were robbed by a prowler who, the police were convinced, was an accurate judge of precious stones. Never did he bother with imitations; even mediocrity he spurned.

His audacity in remaining in Chicago territory, with the electric chair always right around the corner, led many good detectives to argue that he must be insane. Others were equally certain that he was not only sane, but uncannily brilliant in his work.

His skill in covering his tracks and nullifying burglar alarms; his ghost-like entrances and exits; his scorn of locks; his frequent avoidance of detection while in close proximity to persons moving about a house; his failure to leave fingerprints, gave the best minds in the department many hours of worry.

Three additional witnesses to the fact of the pockmarks and the unpleasant teeth were found among the five households. Since the two murders, in fact, terror of the ruthless prowler had become so great that no one who discovered his presence dared to raise an alarm.

With clock-like regularity, about two weeks apart, the depredations were reported. Two private watchmen were felled with crushing blows from a slungshot when they encountered the marauder outdoors.

Finally the community was brought up shrieking by a visitation which eclipsed all the rest in cold-blooded bestiality. A helplessly paralyzed old lady was tortured so mercilessly, to compel revelation of the place where her daughter's jewels were kept, that she died in agony within an hour.

The victim was Mrs. Proctor McAdams, who in her active days had been one of the best-loved philanthropists in the city and social arbiter among its most exclusive families. Her son-in-law, Horatio Selman III, head of the huge McAdam manufacturing interests, offered a reward of $50,000 for the capture and conviction of the murderer. A pockmarked man was seen leaving the grounds.

Teddy Buck Appears

A HAGGARD and worried chief of police and an equally worried but angrily boiling captain of detectives sat in the department's throne room. A secretary brought in a card reading simply: "Theodore Roosevelt Buchanan."

"Guess who's out in front?" said Chief Michael Touhy. "If the first vice president of hell itself was out there,

juggling a pineapple with my name on it, it wouldn't surprise me," growled Captain "Silver Dan" Dunkirk. "Who?"

"Teddy Buck."

"Thought he'd got rich and retired. Fifty grand reward does holler loud, doesn't it?"

"Stow your grouch," advised the chief, brightening. "Somehow I feel like Lady Luck is going to walk right up and kiss you and me."

"If Teddy Buck kisses me, you can have my star and I'll go play ball for the House of David," declared the captain.

A comrade in arms of their youthful days on the force, the now world-famous Teddy Buck was in reality loved and respected by both men, as well for his personal qualities as his ability in solving mysteries and tracing criminals. Both greeted him cordially as he entered.

Following the amenities, which, needless to say, did not reach the osculatory point which the detective captain pretended to have dreaded, the chief asked the visitor banteringly:

"Couldn't stand it on the sidelines any longer, eh, Teddy?"

"You guessed right the first time, Sherlock," grinned Buck. "I want to work for you awhile, Mike."

"Haw, haw, Hawkshaw!" broke out the captain. "Ethelbert Egg, the dashing, dauntless, debonair daredevil, is on the trail! Gangway, you fiends in human form! Take that—and that—and that!"

"If I interpret certain strange and idiotic noises correctly," said the grinning Teddy, "I suspect that I am being subjected to what is technically known as the rawzberry."

"Don't mind Dan," admonished Chief Touhy. "The department's been razzed so hard lately, it's going to Dan's head."

"Razzed is no name for it," exclaimed the captain. "If we don't get that pockmarked scorpion soon I'm going to get a job over at the foundling's home."

"What doing?" laughed Detective Buck. "Dealing mush off the arm?"

"Naw—coaching the puss-in-corner team. On the square, I never felt so much like resigning in my life."

"Let that go double," asserted the chief, lapsing again into dejection. Levity ceased. The three friends smoked in silence a full half-minute.

"Seriously, Mike," finally spoke Teddy Buck. "I've been studying the work of this monster, and I'm going out and see if I can't get on his tail. With Selman's $50,000, there's a total of $83,000 reward up."

The chief and the captain turned hardening eyes on their old friend. They softened instantly when Teddy Buck continued:

"All I ask is men when I need them. I'll pay my own expenses. And if I land that $83,000 I'll donate it to the Policeman's Benevolent Association."

"Put 'er there, kid!" ejaculated the two commanders together, jumping up and grasping the famous manhunter's hands. "You're on!"

"Say when, and I'll be right in your corner," added Captain Dunkirk, whose offer to stand at another's elbow was a compliment that any detective in the world might prize.

"We're against a smart bird," Buck resumed. "He seldom enters a residence unless it contains sufficient jewelry to make the risk worth while. His visits are not haphazard. They are timed for an hour when few members of the household are at home.

"I have learned by a little preliminary snooping that the robberies invariably follow the public appearance of some member of the family wearing a large amount of real jewelry. This guy can smell a phony a mile.

"Now, there are not more than a dozen spots in this town where society goes on dress parade—the Opera, the Casino Club, the Inverness Inn, the Sail and Anchor, the Monte Carlo Cafe, the Peacock Coop and one or two others. The spotting is done at one of those places.

"I'm persuaded that this fellow has some knowledge of the science of crime detection. That's how he eludes us. But, as John L. Sullivan said, the bigger they are, the harder they fall. He'll probably trip on some hurdle that's as simple as A.B.C."

"What's the first move?" asked the chief.

"Get six married couples of the younger set to display jewelry conspicuously at certain places, on certain nights, and watch their homes for a week afterward. If he enters one of them, trap him. Advise all persons in those houses not to interfere with him or take any risks whatever. Let him take anything he wants and make an easy getaway. We'll take him outside, with the goods on him.

"If we get him alive, we not only will have a better chance of recovering the loot from his other crimes, but we may learn wherein police methods may have to be changed to cope with his kind. I have long suspected that some of criminology's pet theories are as full of holes as a Swiss cheese."

Into the Trap—and Out

THE men on guard at the six Gold Coast residences had strict instructions to notify the Detective Bureau the instant they even suspected the presence of the killer.

Six days after the traps were set, he stepped into one of them. In the first flight of reinforcements arrived Teddy Buck, who deployed uniformed and plainclothes men at the four street corners and alley entrances of the block, and at intervals on the four boundary streets.

In the first dark hour of the evening, a pockmarked man bearing a long package, evidently a florist's box, had rung the bell at the service entrance and entered the home of Courtland Van Ryser. No signs nor sounds of commotion within were discernible.

Each of the four entrances to the rambling, peculiarly over-angled mansion was covered outside by concealed men with ready pistols. None of these men could see each other.

Three shots suddenly sounded in the automobile entrance.

Detective Buck, who had been crouching in the shadow of the garage, in the manner of a shortstop ready to cover any part of the field, ran toward the shots. Forgetting orders to remain at their posts until they heard a whistle, the men at the opposite side entrance, and those at the service entrance, dashed around to the driveway under the great stone porte-cochere, whence had come the sound of shooting.

Then two shots sounded at the front of the house and Teddy Buck's army went into action—stepping all over its own feet. Men rushed wildly about in the semi-darkness, bumping into each other, yelling and cursing.

A figure shot out of the unguarded service entrance, covered the forty feet to the alley at sprinter speed—which means in much less than a second and a half—and flashed through the rear driveway gate.

"Shoot!" yelled Teddy Buck from the side yard. "There he goes—shoot!"

A lone policeman near the exit fired once, but feared to shoot again because the alley was fast filling with run-

ning men and boys. In the confusion at the alley entrance a young officer seized a running man, who did not struggle but laughed excitedly and yelled:

"What you grabbing me for? The man you're after just beat it around the corner. Turned west. He was a pockmarked guy."

Teddy Buck, gun in hand, ran up panting a few seconds after the young officer had released the man.

"What did you let him go for?" he roared.

"That bird was all right," explained the policeman. "He wasn't the killer we're after. Had good teeth and everything. He was a smooth-faced, decent-looking guy. He didn't try to get away—just grinned, good-natured like. I guess he's right around here in this mob now, if you want to talk to him. I didn't want to waste time with him. I wanted to get around in the street where he said the real one went, but I didn't get a flash of him."

"This looks like a swell job of bungling all around," muttered Detective Buck. "First they fall for an old trick, and let themselves be stampeded from their posts by shots he fired himself inside two of the main entrances. Then he makes a getaway by running through this crowd and hollering, 'There he goes!'"

Turning to the crowd, he shouted:

"Is that man here that this officer just had hold of?"

A small boy stepped proudly forward.

"I know who he is, Mister. He lives at Mrs. Eckstorm's rooming house, upstairs of my father's delicatessen over on Clark Street. He ain't no burglar. He works."

Buck led the boy out of the alley, away from the other policemen. After satisfying himself, by questioning frightened Van Ryser servants, that the intruder had indeed been the pockmarked terror with the conspicuously missing teeth, the detective returned to the now deserted alley. He made one of those almost hopeless examinations of a spot that holds one chance in a million of yielding a clew.

By the light of a near-by street lamp he picked up a handkerchief, bearing smudges as of theatrical grease paint.

And right there was born a theory—or rather blossomed into conviction a "hunch" that had persisted in the back of the detective's brain for many days—that the killer's pockmarks were an easily removed disguise. He reasoned also that if that were true, it was entirely possible that Mrs. Eckstorm's roomer, upon whom he was about to call, was the much sought fiend.

It was without fear of trouble that the detective ventured alone to the suspect's place of abode, for he well knew that with the trail now so hot the culprit would avoid his room, and probably flee the city.

He was informed by the landlady that the occupant of the front room was not at home. His name was Warner. He was a waiter, about 40, who usually worked nights; always paid promptly; was quiet and never entertained visitors. His hair was light, his skin was clear and his teeth apparently were perfect.

Detective Buck had a close watch kept upon the room all night. No one entered it. When he returned in the morning, he was armed with a search warrant.

Alone he entered Warner's bedroom and locked the door. Nothing out of the ordinary was found in the dresser, nor in the clothes closet. The man was neat. To the professional eye of Detective Buck, who as an intelligence officer had seen the inside of several armies, there was a military touch about the personal effects of "Warner the waiter."

Beneath the bed was a steamer trunk of foreign handworkmanship. Buck soon had it open. And quickly he understood why the beast he sought was so adroitly able to circumvent the police. Documents which, from their official seals and worn appearance, apparently were genuine, indicated that he had been a detective himself—a member of the Czar's dreaded secret police; also that he had been an officer in the Bolshevik Red army. That the man was well educated was indicated by some memoranda in English, French and Russian which, while they shed no light on his career in the United States, reflected a methodical mind. One item caused the detective to sit up with a start:

"Bloodshed is excusable, from the highest ethical standpoint, if it is committed in compensation for other bloodshed, regardless of the identity of the victims. Twelve gentlemen for one peasant; twenty ladies for one woman of the streets; fifteen foremen for one laborer; any number of idle rich for one poor breadwinner. What measure of slaughter, then, can be expected to balance the violent deaths of one's entire family, except one brother?"

"What a gory-minded gorilla!" exclaimed Buck aloud. "He'd just as soon kill the whole human race."

Another Trap

"AND there," Buck explained to Chief Touhy and Captain Dunkirk late the same day, "you have your mysterious killer. His real name is Warnowskovitz—front monicker, Boris."

"But how are you going to find him?" demanded the chief, glumly. "There isn't a stool in town seems to know him. We haven't a picture, nor fingerprint from the scene of any of his crimes. All of the descriptions are of a pockmarked man, with black hair and a mouth full of bum tusks. Granting that he was a make-up expert, and could wipe off the painted facial defects while running 100 feet in an alley; granting that he could easily shift a pair of false teeth plates in a couple of seconds—where do you go from there?"

"Yes," interposed Captain Dunkirk, "you'll almost need a confession out of that bird to stick him, unless you get him red-handed."

"It may take a long time," answered Teddy Buck, "but I believe I can find him, for the simple reason that he's too good. We're pretty certain he's a waiter and that he worked off and on at high-toned places. Quite likely he will continue to hide out in a waiter's tuxedo. Nobody ever notices the face of a waiter.

"Conceal the fact that we are looking for a waiter. Give it out that he'll probably be found working as a chauffeur or aviation mechanic."

"And then what?" impatiently inquired the chief.

"Well," replied Buck, "you know we've caught a few fugitives with circulars mentioning their personal peculiarities. I've talked to waiters who remember this guy Warner, and to a few people in Clark Street who came in casual contact with him—cigar store men, barbers and the like.

"Here's a list of likes and dislikes and other characteristics to spread through the country on a reward circular. But by all means get it printed in the newspapers, where he'll be sure to see it."

The two police officials looked at Buck's list and guffawed most impolitely.

"You talk like a bathrobe dick in a six-best-seller," howled the captain. "You say he's a trained detective and then you expect to catch him with old Lesson No. 1 out of the first reader."

Too familiar with the rough and ready razz of the police department to be offended, Teddy Buck only grinned.

Two shots sounded almost like one as death-dealing lead left the muzzle of Conroy's weapon.

As the message detailing the fugitive Warner's personal peculiarities went out it contained the following:

He is a rabid communist; fond of shirred eggs and fried liver late at night; prefers blondes, fat ones; loves to view horse races, but never bets on them; fond of draught beer but dislikes bottled beer and can't stomach whiskey; hates children and won't live in a house where there is one; likes garlic in any form; uses snuff but detests cigarettes; wears flimsy linen underwear the year 'round; an atheist, but likes to hear eloquent preachers; addicted to wild west movies; speaks French, Russian and English well, but German imperfectly.

Guns Leap to Action

BUCK left. Soon afterward the chief and captain headed for their North Side homes in the chief's car. As they sped along the Gold Coast the chauffeur yelled:

"Look, Chief! Up ahead! Fight!"

Sweeping to the curb, the car stopped abreast a group of struggling figures. Before the two policemen, guns drawn, reached the sidewalk, a pistol report sounded in the midst of the battling bunch.

Shouting, "We're police officers!" the two men rushed into the melee. It was like hopping into the crater of Vesuvius and bidding it be calm.

Streaks of fire split the air all around them. Curses, unintelligible yells, a continuous clatter of foreign words, blows with fists and harder things, combined in hideous concert.

To two gray giants, youth returned for a joyous ten seconds. Their clubbed guns rose and fell in eloquent attests of their joint bellow: "We're police officers!" Each brawny left arm hooked around a neck and each left hand clutched a collar—two prisoners each. Super-coppers yet, despite their years! No wonder they had reached the top!

Somewhere along in the ten seconds the shooting stopped, two combatants disappeared, and the chauffeur plunged into the fray. Now he sat on a man's chest, clamping handcuffs on a pair of limp wrists. Touhy and Dunkirk had their prisoners handcuffed to each other.

One man didn't need handcuffs. He was dead.

Cars jammed the boulevard in both directions. Two squad cars, arrived from nowhere, were compelled to halt half a block away. A dinky police flivver took to the sidewalk, splitting the crowd with siren and gong.

Two hatless men came running toward it, against the stream of excited pedestrians. Two bluecoats leaped from the flivver shouting:

"Hey—what's the hurry? Halt!"

And the shooting started all over again. One policeman went down, a bloody hand clutching at his left side, his face white and distorted with agony. From the ground he continued to fire.

One of the hatless men dropped, his gun silent. Straight into the fire of the other leaped the second bluecoat. The two went to cement in a struggling, grunting heap, from which a couple of half-muffled explosions sounded.

One got up. It was the cop. His knees sagged. He fell on top of the other. Both twisted queerly. Their blood mixed. Ambulances, the coroner, an army of police; popeyed, pushing spectators; newspaper photographers with flashlights; keen, unexcited reporters who knew every sergeant by his first name, quickly completed this scene of oft-enacted metropolitan tragedy.

When the sifting and checking ended, the casualties were:

One dead patrolman, and one grievously wounded.

Three dead thugs—"Pussyfoot" Pushiak, ex-convict and general desperado; Ivan Roshkovsky, alias Irving Ross, secretary of a radical organization, and "Snow" Selig, a minor dope runner.

Five battered prisoners—four known as hi-jackers and gunmen for hire; the fifth a dumb but ferocious giant bodyguard for Roshkovsky. As usual, the prisoners refused to talk, except to offer weird explanations of their presence on the spot and to insist that somebody must have set upon them by mistake.

"I'm convinced," remarked Chief Touhy, after scanning the reports of twenty detectives, "that the brawl was caused by an attempt to take Roshkovsky for a ride. He

The waiter turned, eyes blazing hate, but the other was too quick and a murderous career ended.

was an anarchist and a lawbreaker who never took a chance himself, so far as we know. We have long suspected him of being a fence. He ran a communist club in an old barn in Kellogg Alley. There's a key from Roshkovsky's ring that looks like a safety box key. If we can trace it to a box vault, we'll get a court order and have it opened."

A Cache of Jewels

TWENTY-FOUR hours later, the city was astounded to learn that $120,000 worth of jewelry, all identified as having been stolen by the pockmarked murderer, had been found in the safety deposit box of the slain Roshkovsky.

That the series of savage murders had been cleared up by the killing of "Irving Ross" and recovery of part of the plunder was a mistaken conclusion on the part of the public, however.

Enthusiasm was absent at a conference between Chief Touhy, Captain Dunkirk and Detective Teddy Buck.

"What makes you so sure this dead Russian isn't the bandit-murderer?" asked Teddy Buck. "I don't think so myself, but what makes you so damned certain?"

"Our men have checked back carefully on him," explained the chief. "He was running communist meetings at that club of his on the same nights that all three of the murders took place; and we find the same alibi for him for several of the other robberies. We've had stools in those meetings for four years."

"What do you make of the battle you and Dan ran into?"

"That's easy," interposed "Silver Dan" Dunkirk. "That bunch down in the cooler has begun to sing. They say they weren't out to kill anybody. But they knew Roshkovsky had a big safety box plant and they wanted in on it. They intended to kidnap him and make him dig, because they knew that, whatever he had, he never got it honest and wouldn't squawk.

"They didn't count on Roshkovsky and that big, goofy bodyguard of his putting up such a fight. The hunkie like to have killed Pussyfoot with his bare hands and Pussyfoot went nuts and began shooting. It was just getting good when we tumbled in. I don't know why Ross, or Roshkovsky, elected to kill a copper rather than stand a pinch."

"It's strange this savage, Warnowskovitz, playing a lone hand like he did, would trust anyone—especially a nut like this Roshkovsky."

"Well—they were both Russians. That's one possible reason. And he had to trust somebody. He couldn't get rid of all that junk alone. By the way, here's a letter that was in the box, written in Russian. It's addressed 'Ivan' and signed 'Boris'."

"Let's see it," broke in Teddy Buck. He translated aloud:

"My Brother, I ask of you but one thing before I depart for the metropolis of this accursed country. It is this, that you remember the oath we swore at the graves of our martyred parents—that society must pay and pay in blood, for the butchery of our father and mother and sisters. Here are some baubles. It is not for you to know whence they came. Guard them with your life until I shall communicate with you in the usual manner."

From his wallet, Detective Buck drew a page of the memoranda he had found in the fugitive's room.

"The same handwriting," he said. "There's your answer. They were brothers. And the killer has gone to New York."

Buck Goes to New York

BROADWAY pays little attention to quiet, spectacled, mouse-like gentlemen, with the stamp of the Middle-western small town merchant all over them. Even the gold diggers give them small notice when they flash no signs of mischievous intentions, nor bankrolls befitting whoopee.

So the habitues of New York's smartest hot spots viewed with amused tolerance, if they noticed him at all, a colorless but friendly little chap who, day after day and night after night, idled among the town's most expensive citadels of chow, chatter and jazz.

Rather shy, but eager for a pleasant word in a multitude of strange faces, he spoke to anyone who condescended to honor him with a mite of Manhattan attention —doormen, check-girls, waiters, especially waiters. He ate well and leisurely and tipped generously. Often he lingered long over a newspaper. Rather finicky as to where he sat, he found austere head waiters with itching palms ready to humor him.

His disarming, innocent air usually put him on terms of easy familiarity with waiters at their second meeting. Their sympathy was excited by his obvious loneliness; and their pride was flattered by the opportunity to impress one so guileless with their worldly wisdom.

(*Continued on page* 90)

The MURDERS IN

The slayer of Adolph Federie is still at large. Suspicion points first to one and then another as Detective Lance O'Leary attempts to solve the most baffling mystery of his career. And always there is the possibility that the unknown killer will strike again. Read this second installment of a great and thrilling story.

"Ladies — ladies—" said O'Leary quietly, as the women clashed and everyone in the room became tense with the drama of the moment.

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE:

SARAH KEATE, nurse, is called to care for old Jonas Federie, who lies unconscious in his eerie mansion. As she approaches the place she hears Eustace Federie talking to March Federie, cousins and grandchildren of the old man. Eustace urges March to do something, which the nurse does not catch, and declares that "a Federie hand is born to fit the curve of a revolver." At the house Miss Keate meets Adolph Federie, son of Jonas; Isobel, Adolph's wife; Mittie Frisling, a mysterious personage; Elihu Dimuck, supposed to have been a business associate of Jonas; Grondal, the butler; Kema, the mysterious cook in the household; Deke Lonergan, friend of Eustace. All are eager to speak with Jonas Federie as soon as he regains consciousness. Late that night a shot sounds and Adolph is found dead on the tower stairway. Detective Lance O'Leary is called in on the case, and during the investigation Mittie Frisling shocks everyone by accusing Isobel of killing her husband.

THE STORY CONTINUES:

IT SEEMED to me that the spots of color on Isobel's cheek bones stood out more distinctly and her mouth was a sharp, red line. But she laughed and leaned back against the sofa. It was a tight, strained laugh, so bitter, so indefinably ugly, that little shivers started inside my elbows, and I stared at Isobel as if seeing her for the first time.

"Still suffering from jealousy, are you, Mittie?" she said, her voice still very low and harsh and dreadfully amused. "You always loved Adolph, didn't you? And hated me."

She paused, and in the dreadful hush the smile on her painted mouth vanished, and she sighed a sigh of pure weariness.

"Good Lord," she said unexpectedly. "I wish you had had him!"

"Isobel!" cried March sharply, breaking the shocked silence. "He was your husband. And he's dead."

Isobel lifted her beautifully curved shoulders in a shrug.

"Yes. He was my husband. And he's dead. Give me another cigarette, Eustace, please." She lighted the cig-

FEDERIE MANOR

By
M. G. Eberhart
Author of The Patient in Room 18

Mittie Frisling sprang at Isobel. There was a sound of tearing silk, a smart slap, and Mittie shrieked: "Look at that! They fought last night. He struck her and she said she'd be even with him."

arette with steady fingers, the jewels on them glittering maliciously. She took a deliberate puff or two, then looked straight at Mittie Frisling. "He's dead," she repeated, her voice lower than ever and somehow cruel and deadly in its soft cadences. "He's dead, and I only hope he suffered what he deserved to suffer."

"Isobel!" cried March again.

"Isobel! Stop that!" said Eustace in a curiously tight voice, laying a hand over one of Isobel's and pressing it until the rings must have cut into her flesh, although Isobel did not wince.

"Hear her! Hear her!" squealed Mittie. "I told you so! She did it! She shot him! Why don't you arrest her? Put handcuffs on her?" Her voice was rising with every word and her fat hands shaking, and all at once she began to sob—horrible high-pitched sobs that rang through the room, echoing from every corner in queer spasmodic gasps.

Well, I simply couldn't stand it. It made gooseflesh come out on my arms and my knees began to shake and a quaky feeling came into the pit of my stomach.

In one motion I reached her, seized her bulging shoulders in my hands, and shook. In my agitation I may have shaken a little harder than I intended, for her teeth clicked together furiously, and I think she bit her tongue. At any rate, she suddenly gave a short, sharp yelp, almost strangled on a sob, and an expression of acute pain came into her face.

"Let me alone," she cried indistinctly, clutching at one side of her jaw. "You've nearly killed me."

Her voice wavered upward again, and I gave a last shake for good measure.

"Don't be a fool," I said. "Can't you see that we are all just on the verge of hysterics? We've had a harrowing experience. We are worn and tired and holding on to decent self-control with all our might. It's all we can do to keep from screaming and yelling and carrying on as you are doing. But we've got to be quiet. Why, we'd all be gibbering idiots by night if we would let ourselves go!"

In involuntary emphasis I strengthened my grip on her shoulders, and she must have thought I was about to shake again, for she turned an agonized countenance toward O'Leary.

"Take her off!" she cried, holding her jaw. "I've bitten my tongue in two already."

"She'll be all right now, Miss Keate," said Lance O'Leary to me, and as I resumed my seat he gave me a look in which there was just a spark of laughter and a good measure of respect. And I don't mind saying that when I do anything I do it thoroughly.

"Now, Mr. Eustace Federie," went on O'Leary quietly. "Let's hear your account of the night's tragedy. You say you were in the librar reading when you heard the sound of the shot?"

It was strange how O'Leary's tranquil voice put a period to the tumult of ugly emotions that had been surging about us. I took a long breath and adjusted my cap, which had fallen over one ear, and March leaned back against the divan with a little sigh. But her hands kept twisting themselves in her lap.

"Yes," replied Eustace.

"You had not gone to bed at all?"

"No," said Eustace easily. "I am a poor sleeper and often read late."

"When did you last see Adolph Federie—alive?"

Eustace paused, frowning a little as if to recall exactly all the events of the night.

"About eleven o'clock, I think. After dinner we all, save the nurse and Grandfather, of course—sat here in the library until ten o'clock or so. One by one we drifted upstairs. Isobel was the first to go. Close to eleven I went into Grandfather's room. Miss Keate was there, of course, and my cousin March. March and I walked upstairs together, and she went to her room. I took off my dinner jacket and put on a lounge coat, got my pipe, and returned to the library. As I was coming downstairs I met Uncle Adolph. He said good-night and went on upstairs. And that is the last time I saw him—alive."

"You went at once to the library?"

"Yes. And settled down with a book. I read on and on and did not realize that it was getting late—for Federie house. I was thinking of going to bed, though, and was just finishing a chapter when I heard a sound—a sort of reverberating crash. It seemed to come from the other end of the house. I did not at once identify it as being a revolver shot. But as I listened I heard screams. I dropped my book and hurried out of the library into the hall. My cousin"—his suave glance indicated March—"was just running down the stairs. I lighted candles and we hurried to the tower room."

He stopped and folded his arms composedly.

"Were you surprised to find that your uncle had been shot?" inquired O'Leary in an abstracted manner.

"Murder must always be a surprise," said Eustace smoothly. "A surprise—at least."

"About how long a time elapsed between the sound of the shot and your entrance into the hall?"

March Testifies

IT HAD seemed to me that Eustace's recital of events had been a little too pat, a little circumstantial, and I listened with some interest for his reply.

"Not long," he said calmly. "It is hard to say, though. Possibly two minutes after I heard the shot Miss Keate screamed. I went directly into the hall, then. Oh, it might have been three minutes. It is hard to say exactly."

"And you say that you did not identify the sound you heard as being a revolver shot?"

"Not at once. I was not expecting anything like that."

Lance O'Leary glanced about the large room with its heavily padded carpets and its doorways muffled in heavy velvet.

"About where were you sitting, Mr. Federie?"

Eustace's quick dark gaze went swiftly about the chairs and massive divans. One chair stood not far from us, with a book, opened face downward, across one upholstered arm. I may have imagined that a glimmer of satisfaction lighted his eyes as, without a word, he motioned toward that chair.

"There?" said O'Leary. He rose, approached the chair, and appeared to measure with his eyes the distance from the chair to the doorway. Eustace watched him narrowly through the cloud of cigarette smoke that almost obscured his gleaming dark eyes.

But at once O'Leary returned to his former position, and without another word he turned to March.

"Miss Federie, will you be so good as to tell me just when you last saw your uncle? I know that you have been through a trying ordeal," he added. "But if you will make the effort——"

"Thank you," said March steadily. "I am quite all right. I last saw my uncle alive at about eleven o'clock last night. At that time I went upstairs to my own room, came down again and went to Grandfather's room to see if the nurse wanted anything. Uncle Adolph was in this room when I left and I did not see him again until—until —" her voice broke abruptly but she went on—"until after he was shot."

"Did you hear the sound of the shot distinctly?"

She hesitated.

"Y-yes. That is I heard the sound but didn't know what it was. I was in the lower hall just at the foot of the stairs——"

Eustace broke in.

"You mean that you were in the upper hall at the head of the stairs, March. You must have been there when you heard the shot. You were just running downstairs when I came into the hall and met you." He spoke with the utmost ease, rather lazily, in fact, but his eyes were very intent on March's face.

Her black eyebrows drew themselves together and she bent a slow regard upon her cousin that was in no way friendly. Then she met O'Leary's clear gray gaze directly and spoke with just a tinge of defiance.

"I was just at the bottom of the stairway out there in the hall when I heard the shot. It—frightened me a little, and I just stood there listening for—possibly two minutes. Then I heard someone screaming. Then Eustace was in the hall. He gave me a candle and we ran to Grandfather's room."

"Did you see your cousin come into the hall?"

"Why—no. That is, the light was dim, you know—the night light that is left burning there in the hall—and I was listening, thinking of nothing else but those screams. I supposed he came from the library."

"But you didn't actually see him enter the hall?" persisted O'Leary.

"No," said March flatly and without any visible compunction.

"What do you mean, O'Leary?" asked Eustace unpleasantly. "Do you mean to doubt my word?"

"This is my business, Mr. Federie. I have to pursue it in my own fashion. You had been on the first floor, then, Miss March?"

The Girl is Troubled

A FLARE of crimson came into March's soft white cheeks and at once subsided.

"I had," she admitted, and added as though against her will: "I was—troubled about something. I couldn't sleep. I came downstairs to—to get a glass of milk. But at the dining-room door I—changed my mind and decided to go back to my room and go to sleep. You know the rest."

"Why were you—troubled?" asked O'Leary gently.

I felt the child's muscles stiffen and even her lips were white.

"I don't—" the words were only a hoarse whisper, and she pressed her hand to her slim white throat and tried again—"I don't know. That is—I was troubled about—about Grandfather."

Before His Death. Did She Fire the Fatal Shot?

Lance O'Leary looked at her thoughtfully, and even to me it was obvious that her incoherent reply held a terror that the question had not warranted. Perhaps he decided the matter would keep until he could talk to her alone; perhaps from very humanity he forbore to harry the child further. At any rate, he went on coolly.

"About what time was that?"

"When I heard the shot? It must have been after two—about half-past two, I believe."

"What is your opinion as to that?" O'Leary turned to Eustace.

"It was probably about two-thirty," agreed Eustace lightly. He seemed in no way disturbed by March's direct repudiation of the one item in his own story. "I can't be sure, however."

"And you, Mr. Lonergan? What time would you say it was?"

"I haven't the least idea," growled young Lonergan. "I tell you I was asleep."

"Miss Keate?"

"It must have been close to two-thirty," I said. "At least, after we had talked a little and sent for the police, I looked at my watch and it was not quite three o'clock. I think that finding the body and rousing the house and all must have taken about half an hour."

He nodded, and having given March a breathing space returned to her.

"Just one more thing, Miss March; within half an hour after you discovered that Adolph Federie was dead, some errand took you out of the house. What was that errand?" He spoke in a voice that was even milder than usual, but March's eyes widened and grew dark, and I felt Kema looking at me reproachfully.

"Why, yes," replied March in a small, stifled tone. "Yes. I—I remembered that Konrad—that's the dog—was unchained. The policemen were on the way and Konrad is savage with strangers. I went to—to chain him."

"I see," said O'Leary gently. "And did you succeed in—chaining up the dog?"

"No," said March. She looked hunted. "No. He—I couldn't—make him come to me."

"You were wearing black satin bedroom slippers?"

"Yes."

"Were there red feather ornaments on the toes of those slippers?"

"Why—y-yes. Yes, there were."

"You lost one of the ornaments. *Do you know where you lost it?*" The last words were unwontedly sharp. A quick wave of fear stilled the girl's face and gave a pinched, blue look to her mouth and nostrils.

"No—no. I don't know," she said in a half whisper.

O'Leary Questions Isobel

LANCE O'LEARY said nothing for a long moment or two, letting his eyes rest contemplatively on the girl's white face in the meanwhile. Then he seemed to decide whatever question he had been silently considering.

"Thank you, Miss March," he said briskly. "Mrs. Federie, if you don't feel equal to the strain of answering a few questions I can wait, but it will oblige me immensely if—"

Isobel brushed away O'Leary's cool gesture of courtesy. She was leaning indolently against the red plush back of the sofa, apparently quite relaxed and at ease, but her hands lay at her sides in what seemed to me a too deliberate repose.

"I understand perfectly," she said in that throaty, low voice that was somehow unmusical and colorless. "Ask me anything you like. You want to know at what time I last saw Adolph? About twelve, I think. We have been sharing his rooms in the back wing of the house—he has three rooms up there, bedroom, sitting room, and bath." She motioned toward the back of the house. "I had gone to bed early and was reading myself to sleep. He came in and we talked for about half an hour. Then he went back to the sitting room. I blew out the lamp and went to sleep. I supposed he had gone to sleep on the daybed in the sitting room. I did not awaken until I heard someone screaming. I supposed old Mr. Federie had died. I knew I could do nothing, so I did not go down to the tower room for about half an hour. Then—when I did go down, Eustace told me." Her voice was marvelously steady; clearly Isobel had capacities that would bear investigation.

"You did not hear the sound of the shot, then?"

Isobel considered the question gravely, and her reply, when it came, sounded truthful.

"No. I was already awake. I heard Miss Keate scream, so the sound may have awakened me, although I was not conscious of it. A scream would have a piercing quality, while a heavier, duller sound would not penetrate far through these thick old walls and heavy doors."

O'Leary nodded, and I felt a queer respect for Isobel growing within me. While there was nothing about the woman that attracted me, still she was no fool. The quiet, grave way in which she was speaking would go a long way with a jury.

A jury! I caught myself up quickly, resolving to keep a tighter hold on my suspicions, and turned my attention back to O'Leary.

"You will pardon the inquiry, Mrs. Federie, but—were you and your husband on the best of terms?"

"No," said Isobel calmly. She must have expected some such question.

"Were there any particular matters of dissension?"

Isobel did hesitate here and took a quick breath. But:

"No. We were simply mismated. And Adolph never had enough money."

"Was he cruel to you?" said O'Leary softly, but with a fine edge to his quietly uttered words.

Isobel's reddish-brown eyes narrowed between her blackened lashes.

"It depends upon what you mean by cruelty," she said evenly. "If you mean did he thwart every desire I had, did he deny me any pleasures or interests or activities such as normal women have, did he drag me from one gambling rendezvous to another, did he humiliate me in every possible way—if you mean that, yes, he was cruel. Wickedly cruel. But if you mean did he beat me—abuse me—no." She paused and added in a measured deliberation: "He was afraid to touch me."

It was not nice to sit there and hear her saying such things in that calm, unmoved way, of her husband so recently and dreadfully dead. I think if her voice had trembled or broken or given any evidence of emotion it might not have sounded so ugly. But, as it was, her even, low tones going on and on so deliberately made my flesh crawl.

Mittie And Isobel Clash

MARCH at my side was whispering, "Isobel, Isobel," but no one heard her save myself, and I think she did not know she was speaking. Eustace stretched out a

hand to Isobel and withdrew it without touching her. Grondal coughed, and Mittie Frisling sprang suddenly to her feet, and I was never sure just what happened in the space of a few seconds, during which Mittie's and Isobel's voices rose suddenly. There was a sound of tearing silk, a smart slap, a shriek from Mittie, and then Eustace was thrusting Mittie back into her chair, and Isobel was leaning forward, her eyes like smoldering red coals and her lips drawn back from her teeth. The thin sleeve of the frock she wore had been torn from shoulder to wrist, exposing what might have been a lovely arm, but was now disfigured with purplish bruises between the elbow and shoulder.

"Look at that!" shrieked Mittie Frisling. A red blotch on her sallow cheek showed where Isobel's fingers had struck, but Mittie seemed unconscious of it. "Look! They fought last night. She wouldn't tell you. But I heard them. He struck her, and she said she'd be even with him."

"And I shan't forget what I owe you, Mittie," said Isobel, her low voice deliberately venomous.

"Ladies—ladies——" said O'Leary.

"Isobel—careful," said Eustace in a warning way. With a gentler manner than I had credited him with he drew the torn edges of thin silk together so that the ugly-looking arm was covered, though now that I knew the bruises were there I could trace their dark outline through the flimsy material.

Dimuck from his chair was muttering, "Never in my life! Never in my life!" Deke Lonergan was staring distastefully at Mittie, and March, her horrified eyes fixed on Isobel, was gripping my hand.

"You have all been under a great nervous strain," O'Leary said briefly, and as if Mittie's actions were quite customary under such circumstances. "Just a few more questions, please. Mr. Dimuck, will you tell me your story of the night?"

"Certainly. Certainly. I was awakened by the sound of the shot. I rose at once, put on my bathrobe, and came downstairs. I was delayed, owing to having to light a candle in my room, before venturing down the stairs. In the meantime I heard screams coming from the tower room. When I reached that room Eustace and Miss March, the nurse and Mr. Lonergan were all clustered about Adolph on the little tower stairway. It is dreadful—dreadful! Never in all my——"

"I believe you told me you were an old friend of Mr. Federie's?"

"Yes, yes. And in a sense, his business adviser. That is, he occasionally makes use of my advice as to market conditions. Yes, we are old friends."

"How is it that you are here now?"

"Mr. Federie asked me to come, just before his illness. When I arrived he was unable to talk to me. I have been waiting until he could speak. I don't know what he wished to see me about in particular, of course. Now that this highly unfortunate——"

"He wrote to you? May I see the letter, please?"

"Certainly. Certainly. It's upstairs, I think, in my bag. Or——" he was feeling with nimble precision into his pockets. "No, here it is. Just a brief message, you see."

O'Leary took the letter, glanced through it, and read it aloud as if to himself: "Dear Dimuck: Will you come down here within the next few days? Adolph is here. Yours, Jonas Federie."

"'Adolph is here,'" he repeated slowly. "Thank you, Mr. Dimuck." He returned the letter. "Can you tell us something of Adolph Federie? What was his—er—business?"

"He—" Mr. Dimuck cast a deprecating look toward Isobel—"he had no business or profession. None that I know of, at least. I'm afraid I can tell you very little about him. He has not been here much in the last few years. However, I may say that it was my impression that he came home this time because—well, because he wanted money."

"He did," broke in Isobel coolly. "He always wanted money. This time he hoped to get some from his father. He was very much annoyed by his father's being ill."

Annoyed! Was it cleverness on Isobel's part, or was it honesty that was making Adolph Federie more despicable with every word she uttered?

"I knew from the sound of the voices that they were quarreling. And I heard Isobel cry out when he struck her, and Adolph laughed. And then—" Mittie ceased to mumble and her light eyes fastened themselves in ugly triumph upon Isobel—"and then I heard Isobel say—" she paused and leaned forward, her voice sinking to an ugly, strained whisper—"*'I'll kill you for this!'* And she did."

Something About Adolph

ELIHU DIMUCK cleared his throat importantly; the big chair in which he was sitting combined with his heavy eyeglasses and faintly shocked manner to give him a magisterial air.

"Yes," he went on, quite as if Isobel had not spoken. "It was my impression that Adolph wanted money. Needed it rather desperately, perhaps. Poor fellow! Never happened before in all my——"

"Why was that your impression?"

The abrupt question seemed to discompose Mr. Dimuck. He rubbed his nose agitatedly and gave O'Leary a peevish look through the thick lenses of his eyeglasses.

"One thing and another. One thing and another."

"I've already told you——" began Isobel.

"Such as what?" prodded O'Leary, paying no attention to Isobel.

"Well, it is hard to say. His father's letter to me gave that impression. And I'm afraid Adolph seldom came home unless he did need money." Elihu Dimuck glanced at Isobel, who nodded in a horribly matter-of-fact way. "I—it is not becoming to speak ill of the dead, but I—I fear Adolph did not lead the life he should have led." He looked at Isobel again as if in apology.

"Don't mind me," she said. "The things he did were not—becoming, either." There was a cruel little sneer in her tone as she used Dimuck's word.

"Mr. Dimuck is quite right," said March suddenly to O'Leary in a frozen little voice. "Uncle Adolph did not lead quite 'the life he should have led.'" She appeared to quote Dimuck's phrase with a kind of delicate distaste. "Also Uncle Adolph always wanted money. He tried to borrow of me no longer ago than—last night," she concluded with a cold scorn that was not pleasant, coming right on the heels of the man's terrible death.

"Did he say anything of the reasons for his need?" inquired O'Leary.

"No. I refused him as I have—at other times."

Eustace tossed his cigarette violently toward the fireplace; it fell on the hearth and Deke Lonergan pushed it into the fire with his foot.

"Don't you think we have aired the family's dirty linen

enough now, March?" said Eustace cuttingly.

March's face flared into anger at once, and Elihu Dimuck held up a pink hand.

"These things are deplorable—deplorable, but this is not the time to conceal any matters that should be brought before this gentleman. This is a terrible thing, yes a terrible thing——"

March interrupted him.

"Adolph Federie was not a member of the family to be proud of," she said distinctly, her stormy blue eyes going from Eustace to O'Leary and back again. "He was weak, easily led, drank too much—gambled too much—" she paused as if to add significance to her last words, as she repeated them—"gambled too much. But he was his own worst enemy. I know of no one who could wish to—to kill——" She stopped suddenly as if at an unpleasant recollection and left her sentence hanging unfinished in the air.

"What is your theory—your explanation of his murder, then?" asked O'Leary.

Her air of stormy defiance had inexplicably collapsed.

"I don't know," she said. "I don't know."

"So you and Adolph Federie were not on good terms?"

"No!" she cried distinctly. "I—hated him!" And as Eustace sprang to his feet at that with a violent gesture and, reaching her, stretched out his slender hand to grasp her shoulder, she twisted away from him, crying: "And so did you, Eustace! You know you did! You hated him, too!"

"Someone has been in here," said O'Leary, pointing to where the dust had been disturbed. "I've found footprints. The trouble is, two women in this house wear shoes that fit the marks—Mittie Frisling and Mrs. Isobel Federie."

A Malicious Laugh

AND in the curious hush that followed Isobel laughed! It was a laugh of malicious, insolent, indecent amusement that, coming from the woman who had been Adolph's wife, actually made me shiver. Then Kema padded softly from the background and placed a wide, dark hand on Eustace's arm. His face, dark and furiously flushed, turned toward her and his hand dropped to his side.

"You quarrel," said Kema. "And there is death in the house." She was unexcited, rather detached and stolid. "Let him rest."

Eustace drew away from her and laughed gratingly.

"All right, Kema. Anything more, Mr. Detective?"

O'Leary removed his clear gaze from the pencil stub that had apparently held it during the strange little contretemps.

"Why, yes—a number of things. You were surprised, of course, to find that Adolph Federie had been killed, Mr. Dimuck?"

Elihu Dimuck brought his fat pink hands together sharply.

"I was horrified! Horrified! Shocked beyond measure!"

"And you, Grondal." O'Leary turned briskly to the man. "What awakened you?"

"The bell, sir. I thought it might be that Mr. Federie had died." The man's face was as unprepossessing as ever, but his manner left nothing to be desired.

"Where do you sleep?"

"In the back of the L, sir, upstairs."

"That room in the southeast corner?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you come down by way of the front stairs?"

"No, sir. There's a flight of stairs for the servants' use that leads to the back entry, there back of the kitchen—but doubtless you know where it is. I came down by that stairway."

"And you saw or heard nothing unusual on the way?"

"No, sir, nothing," said Grondal, very positively and promptly. A shade too promptly. I had an extraordinary feeling that he had expected the question and had prepared his very definite answer. But, of course, every one of us must have expected detailed inquiry.

"Then you went directly to the sick room?"

"Yes, sir. I only stopped in the kitchen to light a lamp."

"Then you found your way along the back hall, upstairs, and down the back stairway without a light?"

"Why, yes, sir. I know this house like the palm of my own hand. But I thought an extra light might be needed in the sick room. You may have noticed that we do not have electrics."

"Yes," agreed O'Leary somewhat grimly. "I have noticed that."

"Yes, sir," said Grondal imperturbably. "While I was lighting the lamp Kema came into the kitchen. The bell connects in her room, too."

"I see." O'Leary's eyes went to Kema. She was standing at March's side, the folds of gray gingham hanging meekly, her wide hands on her hips—or where I supposed her hips to be—and her incurious yellow eyes on O'Leary.

"Did the bell arouse you?" he asked her.

"Yes. I was asleep. I heard the bell. I thought Mr. Federie was worse. I went downstairs and to the tower room. By the time I got there they were all standing around Mr. Adolph. He was on the stairway. I stayed there and watched them." The gold hoops at her ears caught light for a second. She spoke in an emotionless way that was almost unconcern.

"Were you shocked to find that murder had been done?"

She moved her vast shoulders in a kind of shrug.

"Yes. But death comes. What matter how?" Her hands moved in a slight upward gesture that oddly conveyed a hint of the serene fatalism of the old, those whose eyes have seen much coming for the brief little space of man's life and much going into that immeasurable, incalculable realm of infinity.

Mittie Frisling Talks

IMPRESSED in spite of myself, I twisted uneasily, and the little crisp rustle of my starched uniform brought me back to practicality. A man's life *was* important; it was at the very height of our finite scale of values. And at the other end of that silent house a man's life had been taken.

"Then you know nothing of it?" came O'Leary's voice with a sharper edge than was its custom.

"I? No," replied Kema impassively.

O'Leary studied the dark, secretive face for a long moment, then he took out a slim platinum watch, glanced at it, and replaced it in his pocket, and looked about as if mentally checking up the members of the household.

"Now, Miss Frisling, may we have your story?"

"My *story!*" gulped Mittie Frisling. She had been extraordinarily quiet since her last bout with Isobel. The red streaks on her cheek still showed and her colorless eyes had taken on a brooding look, but with O'Leary's request terror licked once more across her face.

"You are a guest here?"

"Why, I—not exactly. That is, yes."

"You mean you are a guest, or are not?"

"I—I am." She brought out the reply hurriedly, with an uncertain side glance toward March, whose eyes were severe.

"Miss Federie's guest, are you?" inquired O'Leary with bland persistence.

"No," fluttered Mittie. "No. I——" She stuck momentarily, and O'Leary waited with an air of politeness that did not disguise to my mind his interest in knowing just why the question of Mittie Frisling's status in the house should agitate her so markedly.

"I was here when she came home," said Mittie, who, I was to discover, always found silence unendurable. "I was already here." She stuck again, twisting her pudgy hands in the bedraggled fringes of her kimono. Grondal coughed suddenly; the scar on his face was a dull red and he was staring fixedly at Mittie. She moistened her pale lips, shot him a helpless look, smoothed her kimono over her fat knees, swept us all with those light eyes, and burst into hurried, breathless words.

"I came on business. I came to see old Mr. Federie. He can't talk. He is sick. They've been telling me he can't talk for days. I am waiting for him to be better. I haven't done anything. Why do you question me? I know nothing of this. I was asleep when they knocked at the door of my bedroom. Before daylight, it was." She paused to take a panting breath. "I wouldn't answer."

"Why would you not answer, Miss Frisling?"

"Because I—" her eyes darted quick glances like the eyes of a hunted animal—"because I—was afraid."

"Why should you be afraid? You say you knew nothing of the trouble. Did you know Adolph Federie had been murdered?" His easy voice changed suddenly, becoming crisp and cold.

She flung both hands before her face and pressed her whole body backward against the chair. Her face was a sickly yellow and her lips like dead ashes.

"No. No. But I—I heard them talking outside the door."

"Did you hear the sound of the shot?"

"*No!*"

"Did you hear Miss Keate scream?"

"*No!*"

"How did you know Adolph Federie was shot?"

"I—I tell you, I heard them talking in the hall."

"What time did you retire to your room?"

"About—eleven, I think."

"You said that you overheard Adolph Federie and his—wife—quarreling. Was that true?"

"Yes. Yes. That is—I——"

"Where were you at the time?"

"I was going down to the kitchen to get some hot water for my hot-water bag—my room is as cold as a barn," she interpolated with another side glance at March. "I passed their door. I heard them; their voices were loud and angry. I—couldn't help hearing them."

"Did you hear what they said?"

Isobel leaned forward suddenly, fixing her hazy eyes upon Mittie.

"Yes, Mittie," she said silkily. "Do tell what you heard."

"I heard you cry out when he struck you," said Mittie vindictively.

Isobel's features sharpened, but she smiled.

"But *words,* Mittie Words that will interest the police. Can't you think up something more lurid? If you didn't hear anything, why, make up something! Didn't you have your ear at the keyhole?"

"Isobel!" said Eustace again in a warning tone.

"I—well—I knew from the sound of the voices that they were quarreling. And I heard Isobel cry out when he struck her, and Adolph laughed. And then—" Mittie ceased to mumble and her light eyes fastened themselves in ugly triumph upon Isobel—"and then I *did* hear words. I heard Isobel say—" she paused and leaned forward, her voice sinking to an ugly, strained whisper—"*'I'll kill you for this!'* And she did."

No Alibi

THERE was a strange silence. Then Isobel laughed again, though her wide hands had gripped together as if she thought they were on Mittie's fat throat.

"Oh, Mittie, Mittie, can't you do better than that!

That is too apt. You must be subtle, my dear. Subtle!" But the dabs of rouge on the woman's cheek bones stood out with hideous clearness.

"I did hear it. I can swear to it. That's what she said." She stopped to catch her breath, spent with the vehemence of her jerky sentences, and lifted both shaking hands to push the strings of hair from her face.

For a long moment no one spoke. The room had grown cold while we sat there. The fire had smouldered itself out, and the damp, mildewy smell that hung over the whole place, penetrating even the layers of dust that clung to the heavy curtains and carpets, seemed to rise more distinctly, permeating the very air we breathed. The dreary daylight came in reluctant gray streaks through the narrow windows. Our faces were without exception drawn and haggard and fearfully tired looking.

It seemed to me that I had lived in that house for years; that I was an intimate of the thick old walls and strange, yet curiously familiar, household.

Lance O'Leary's voice, when it came, had an edge of cold mercilessness; it was one of the rare occasions when he cast aside his mask of easy good humor, and one caught a glimpse of the relentless spirit that lay below it.

"Some one of you is lying," he said quite deliberately. "One of you shot Adolph Federie. This house was locked up like a vault. There was a man-killing dog guarding the place. I can see no possibility of an outsider making his way into the place, undetected, shooting a man—with apparently no purpose—and getting away without being seen. It lies among you." He paused. The faces before me look ghastlier. Mittie Frisling clutched at the arms of her chair and her lower jaw fell, but no one else moved. I knew what they felt, for even I, who knew myself to be innocent, felt exactly as if a hand had gripped my heart and was slowly and relentlessly pressing upon it. And if I felt that, what did that one feel who had a terrible secret hidden in his heart?

"You understand, of course, that this is only the beginning of the inquiry. I must ask you all to remain in the house until I permit you to leave. Unless, of course, you prefer to have warrants sworn out against you. Can we do that, chief, if necessary?"

I think the chief had not expected the abrupt question, for he started and had to shift an enormous mouthful of chewing gum before he could stammer:

"S-sure!"

"The inquest will be held tomorrow morning," went on O'Leary crisply. "We shall leave a small police guard about the place to attend to certain duties, so you need not be ill at ease." He placed the shabby little pencil in his pocket very carefully and turned away. I was one of the first to rise and start toward the hall. As I reached the door I turned for a glance backward.

Deke Lonergan was leaning over March, talking to her. Isobel sat without moving, staring at the carpet, a cigarette poised in her hand. Mittie had risen and was following me, taking short, hasty steps. Elihu Dimuck was getting fussily out of the large chair and kicking his feet a little to shake down his wrinkled trousers. Grondal was stirring the fire, and Kema had not moved. Then Eustace approached March; he was frowning and interrupted Lonergan, and I turned again and crossed the hall. Lance O'Leary was talking in a low voice to the chief of police, and as I passed he called to me:

"Miss Keate, I'll want to see you sometime to-day. You'll be here, of course?"

"Yes. I'll rest during the afternoon. Mr. O'Leary, if that murder was done by one of the people right here in the house and going to stay here, I—well, I want to leave. Why, there are only eight of them, nine including me—and I can't believe that one of them would—*murder!*"

"You've forgotten your patient," said O'Leary gravely. "He makes ten. And as for you, Miss Keate"—a faint smile flickered in his gray eyes—"as for you, wild horses couldn't drag you away, and you know it! By the way," he added as if at an afterthought, "did you notice a peculiar thing about this affair? Usually the people implicated in murder all have alibis—or at least some of them. And in this business there is not a single alibi. No alibis," he repeated soberly. "It should be an interesting case."

And he was perfectly right; it was interesting enough, in all conscience, but not the kind of entertainment I like. Indeed, there were moments in the dark days, upon which Adolph Federie's death launched us, when I had serious doubts as to the chance of ever again being in a position to be entertained by anything in the world!

A Day of Horror

THE rest of the day passed quietly enough but very slowly, and the horror that had come upon Federie house during the night still lingered about the hushed old walls. If I had had my way I should have yanked down every curtain in the house and thrown the whole batch of them outdoors, for every time I passed a window or a curtained doorway I had an absurd but hideous feeling that hands might reach out from those heavy drapes. And once when a draft from somewhere billowed the green curtain over the tower-room doorway I caught myself on the verge of screaming.

The whole household showed a tendency to linger about the library, but so far as I knew they spoke little, picked up books and laid them down, looked out the windows, moved from one chair to another, and all the time eyed each other covertly. March wrote a few notes, Eustace sent a telegram or two to distant members of the family, Mittie worked on a beaded bag, raising her eyes every little while to send Isobel quick, furtive glances like a cat with a mouse, and Isobel brooded gracefully and did nothing. I should have thought that after a night that had drained us all of vitality they would have rested and tried to sleep. But no one did. Probably they felt the same need for company that I felt.

Somewhat to my dismay Genevieve appeared to have taken a liking to me and he followed me closely all day, sitting on the mantel in the tower room while I worked over my patient, watching me with inscrutable eyes whenever I picked up my knitting, and following on my heels every time an errand took me to another part of the house. I have never mistreated an animal and never shall, but I don't mind admitting that Genevieve's continual presence aroused brutal thoughts within me. Once, indeed, as he was sitting at my feet, following the progress of my long needles interestedly, the thought occurred to me that a quick and well-placed thrust with the toe of my shoe would be a pleasant diversion. But the thought had no sooner entered my head than Genevieve got upon his four gaunt legs, moved about three feet away, just out of reach, and sat down again, eyeing me reproachfully.

Considering the number of kittens that are placed in sacks and drowned, it seemed to me, then, and does yet, somewhat unnecessary that Genevieve had escaped an early fate.

Several times the doorbell jingled, and I think the callers were reporters, for no one got into the house, and once I entered the hall just as Grondal was closing the door.

Through the window I saw a gentleman with a camera over his shoulder retreating toward the gate and even his back had a look of discomfiture. But somehow they got together a story, probably with the help of the police, for when the doctor came, shortly after a strained and silent lunch (during which the only words uttered constituted a timid request on the part of Mr. Dimuck for someone to please pass the salt) he carried an extra in his pocket, that B——'s more enterprising newspaper had got out, with the ink still blurry on it. The doctor was inclined to be a little pettish as to my failure to telephone to him and explain matters.

"But my patient was all right," I said. "There was no need to call you."

"Patient all right! Good Lord! A murder committed right in the sick room, and the woman tells me that there was no need to call me. Besides, it must have been exciting."

"It was not," I said decidedly with an involuntary glance toward the tower stairway. He followed my eyes.

"Was that the place?" he asked with the liveliest interest, and was staring toward it when March pulled the curtain aside and paused in the doorway. She still wore the straight little frock of crimson wool; it had soft white silk cuffs and collar. Her hair lay in dark, misty waves over her head, with short little curls here and there; there were faint purple shadows under her eyes, but her chin was steady and firm and her gaze darkly blue.

"Good morning, Doctor," she said gravely. "Grondal told me you had come. I am March Federie. Is Grandfather better?"

he young doctor gave her one long look.

"He will be better," he assured her. "We are doing our best for him."

"Thank you, Doctor. I—I am very anxious."

Her voice shook a little and Dr. Jay took her slim wrist for a moment in his practised hand, released it, and turned to his bag.

"Give her these two capsules in warm water, Miss Keate, and send her to bed."

"Oh, no! Not upstairs! Alone!" cried March, off the guard that she had so carefully maintained.

"Of course not," agreed the doctor soothingly. "Right over there on that couch. Miss Keate will be here in the room." He nodded toward the roomy old couch in the corner of the room, caught my eye, and flushed a little. "You can take your hours off just the same, Miss Keate. Can't you sleep right here in this fine big chair?"

Which only goes to show what blue eyes and youth do to an otherwise sensible man. Hours off, indeed! Right in the sick room!

"Very well," said March. "I'll just speak to Kema and be back."

As the curtain fell into place the doctor sighed.

"So that is March Federie," he said. "Well," he added somewhat wistfully, "I'm a married man. Good afternoon, Miss Keate. If anything happens be sure to telephone me."

"If anything more happens I shan't be here," I said firmly. "Good-afternoon, Doctor."

Eerie Music

THUS it was that I spent the entire afternoon in the sick room, dozing occasionally, but for the most part lying back in the big chair, staring at the moisture that dripped down the windowpanes and trying to keep my thoughts from going over and over every detail of the ugly situation in which I found myself. I had pulled the old couch out from its corner, and March lay on it, quietly asleep, her slim figure childishly relaxed on the humpy green plush. The couch looked to be rather comfortable, and I resolved to try it myself later on. But I did not. In fact, I never did lie on that couch, and there was a good and sufficient reason for it.

Grondal hovered about the tower room almost all the afternoon. I don't know whether it was devotion to our welfare or curiosity that kept him so constantly about, but, whatever his motive, hardly a quarter of an hour passed without his tiptoeing into the room, peering anxiously about, and stirring the fire or adjusting the window. Twice he awakened me out of a cat's nap and he looked shamefaced, and rightly, both times.

here was not a sound from the other rooms until about six o'clock. An early dusk had fallen, dark and cold and desolate. The shadows in the corners and around the bed curtains and up and down the tower stairway had gradually lengthened and darkened, and Grondal had just come into the room again, bearing this time, two lighted lamps, when from the other end of the house, crashing through the dead silence, came suddenly a ripple of notes and the eerie strains of music that I had heard Eustace playing the night before on the old piano.

What is the secret of the mysterious something which members of the Federie household seek in the gloomy old mansion? That is a baffling angle of the problem which Detective Lance O'Leary is trying to solve in his pursuit of the slayer of Adolph Federie, a pursuit that brings countless thrills as the case progresses.

March stirred at the sound, opened her eyes, and I reached for my cap and sat upright, yawning.

"For mercy's sake," I said. "What is that tune?"

March took a long breath.

"I've been asleep," she said drowsily. "Why, it's night."

"Six o'clock," I told her, and repeated my question:

"What is that tune that Eustace is always playing?"

"I think it's called 'La Furiante'—I'm not sure. It's from some Bohemian composer. Eustace likes it."

"He has poor taste," I remarked with some acerbity. The thing was full of swift minors and shivering crescendos that made little chills run up and down my backbone. I like music, but I like a tune that *is* a tune, so to speak, and gets somewhere, and have never been much for these haunting moodish things that in their very perversity irritate me. Besides, there was something about the music coming from the other end of the house that, to my strained nerves, savored of menace and of evil triumphant.

"Don't be a fool," I said to myself, and did not know I had spoken aloud until March turned a startled face toward me. "Did you have a good sleep?" I inquired hurriedly.

She sat up slowly, swinging her slender knees around and passing a hand across her eyes.

"Y-yes," she said slowly, adding with a little shiver, "only I dreamed. Dreamed horribly." She stared down at the green plush of the couch. "Something about this couch."

I eyed the couch rather warily, but said in my most professionally cheerful voice:

"One usually feels uncomfortable under just a slight opiate. It's nearly dinner time, isn't it? I should like to get into a fresh uniform. Are you——" I hesitated, and she guessed my thought.

"Thanks for staying with me all afternoon," she said at once. "Go on to your room now; I'm perfectly all right.

I'll stay with Grandfather until you return. Don't hurry."

Eustace's playing grew louder as I approached the hall, but broke off suddenly, and I heard low voices from the library. I met no one on the stairs, and as I climbed their dim length I was struck with the fact that it had been only some twenty-four hours since I had entered Federie house. I seemed to have known the place all my life.

Miss Keate Investigates

IT TOOK only a few moments to freshen myself and don a clean uniform and cap. As I left the bedroom I looked up and down the long green corridor. The longest portion of it stretched to my left, and I took a few steps along it, walking more briskly as I advanced. Here and there candles were placed along the wall, shielded by old-fashioned reflectors, and their tiny flames wavered feebly. About midway the corridor was bisected by another passage which led apparently along the back wing of the house. Its floor was the only uncarpeted floor, save that of the kitchen, in the whole house, so far as I knew, and stretched coldly narrow between a wall of dormer windows on the north and several closed doors on the south. I passed it by, however, and remained in the main corridor, for I wished to find the room that lay directly over the tower room. And I brought up suddenly before a wide door that extended clear across the corridor. It was a heavy old door made of some dark wood that gleamed dully in the faint light.

I studied it for a moment or two before I reached out and gingerly tried the knob. It turned, but the door was locked.

Had not O'Leary said that the key was gone? Perhaps it had simply dropped from the lock to the floor. It was an idle chance, but I bent over. Owing to the dimness of the light, I was obliged to get down on my knees and I was groping over the dusty carpet when a voice spoke suddenly over my shoulder. "Lost something?"

A locked room and a missing diamond become important elements in O'Leary's attempt to capture the murderer. And then, just when light begins to dawn on the case, there appears a rosette of crimson feathers that could have come from only one place. What is the meaning of this latest clue?

It gave me a start, having heard no one approach; I twisted about on my knees.

"Y-yes," I said quite at random. "That is, I was looking for—for the back stairway."

"Well, you won't find it there." The figure turned so that the light fell on his face, and in the same instant I recognized O'Leary's voice. I rose, ignoring his offered hand, and brushed the dust from my white skirt.

"I suppose you were actually trying to get in that bedroom," he said severely; his voice was sober enough, but his eyes held just a flicker of amusement. "Well, it is still locked. And I wish I knew where the key is! By the way, Miss Keate, there is something on which I should like your opinion. Come this way."

A few steps back along the corridor and he flung open a door into a dark bedroom. At first I could see only a dim shape or two looming up in the little avenue of light that the opening of the door stretched through the room. Then there was a tiny click as O'Leary snapped the button of an electric torch he carried and the rays of light darted here and there under guidance from his hand. I saw a vast bed with a candlestick counterpane that was stiff with dust, an enormously tall wardrobe of a dark, varnished wood in the corner, a wide dresser with a marble top, a chair or two, an old washstand, faded red curtains, and heavy green carpet.

Lance O'Leary was bending over.

"Look here, Miss Keate." He turned the light at differing angles. "Have I got the light so you can see it?"

"See what?" I was bending, too, following his gaze along the carpet.

"The dust on the carpet. There's a perceptible layer of it and——"

"Oh! I see."

Foot Prints

QUITE distinct on the film of dust were small footprints. The heels had made sharp indentations at short intervals, and the rounded impression of the ball of the foot was fairly distinct, too. Besides the small footprints were other blurs, larger.

"The big ones are mine," said O'Leary explanatorily. "The point is, Miss Keate, the footprints lead to the corner behind the big wardrobe, turn, and come back to the door. And in the corner I found—this."

"This" was a small but very efficient-looking revolver which he held just at the edge of his pocket so I could catch the wicked blue gleam of the thing, and then let slip back again out of sight.

"It looked as if it had just been tossed there and left. But whoever left it there, took pains to wipe the fingerprints from it before leaving it."

I returned in fascination to those small footprints, so faint, so perishable, traced there in dust—and yet so dreadfully permanent and lasting.

"They are—" I began, and stopped. It he had not noticed it, there was no need in calling it to his attention. But being neither blind nor a fool he had noticed it, of course.

"Yes," he said. "They are a woman's footprints."

My thoughts flew back to those slim satin mules March had worn.

"The trouble is, however," said Lance O'Leary very slowly, "two women in this house wear the size shoe that fits these marks. Mittie Frisling crowds her foot into a high-heeled slipper that exactly fits over these impressions and Mrs. Isobel Federie wears the same size; her foot isn't crowded, but I can't tell from these faint impressions whether they were made by the crowded slippers or those that are not."

"You are sure it is one of the two?"

"Oh, no. I'm sure of nothing—right now. But I've matched these footprints exactly with some rather shabby black satin slippers from Miss Frisling's room, and also, worse luck, with a pair of black velvet pumps—with, by the way, quite gorgeous rhinestone buckles—from Madam Isobel's room. And there you are. Now, then, do you credit either of the two women with the psychology to—shoot straight?"

I had expected him to say "murder," and the ending of the question came as a little shock to me and put the problem in a different light. I could well believe, after the ugly little scene of the morning, that either of them might shoot, but as for shooting straight—

"No," I said. "I should be more inclined to believe it of Isobel than of Mittie. Isobel is more secretive; she suggests concealed depths. And yet—her behavior this morning when she came into the tower room and Eustace told her of Adolph's death was that of an innocent

person. She appeared to be profoundly shocked—not grieved, perhaps, but sincerely shocked."

"That was your impression, was it?" O'Leary's gray eyes, dark now in the dusk of the green corridor, were fastened on mine as if to penetrate and absorb every fleeting thought and impression I had experienced during the previous night. "You may be right. But—the stage lost an actress in Madam Isobel. Did you notice how she discounted Mittie's story of her threat to kill Adolph before Mittie had told it? And as to Mittie—well, a woman capable of shameless desperation is capable of almost anything."

"H'mm!" I said brusquely. "If Mittie ever made up her mind to shoot she would shoot six times without stopping and not a single bullet would hit its mark."

"Still," said O'Leary dubiously, "there's a kind of feline craftiness and cunning about the woman. Well—I'll just close this door. The room is not in use; if it had been in use neither footprints nor revolver would have been there. Which strengthens my conviction that the murderer was one of the household, for who else would know that the room was unoccupied." He had closed the door, and we were walking slowly along the muffled corridor. "As to the revolver—one shot was fired from it and the bullet extracted from the body is of the same caliber. It's a small caliber, but deadly enough with careful aiming."

The Locked Door

WE HAD reached the uncarpeted passage that led along the back wing of the house.

"Where are Adolph's rooms?" I asked.

"That door about midway down the hall leads into his sitting room. The next door beyond it leads to a small bedroom that adjoins the sitting room. A bathroom leads off the bedroom. Miss March's room is straight on down the main corridor, past the stairway and in the southwest corner of the house. Dimuck's room is directly opposite Miss March's room. Miss Frisling's room is next to Dimuck's, this way. Then comes the trunk room, with a ladder and a trapdoor leading to the attic. Your room is there to the right, of course, just opposite the trunk-room door. Next to it is a bathroom and next to that is the room of Eustace and Lonergan are using until—until we find the key to their original bedroom."

"Find the key," I repeated. "Do you think the—the murderer has that key? Why do you think the door was locked at all?"

"To throw dust in our eyes, I suppose," said O'Leary. "Or else because the murderers wanted to provide a means of approach to the tower room."

A figure in clinging dark lace rounded the corner by the newel post below us and started upward. It was Isobel, her hair catching pale red gleams and her face haggard and sallow in the dim light.

She said nothing, but I felt that she was intensely aware of our presence and of our being together. As I turned at the foot of the stairway I looked upward. Her figure, suave and graciously curved, was outlined against the small circle of light cast by the candle above.

I preceded O'Leary into the tower room.

March was still sitting there; I think her reverie had fallen into the events of the night past, for she turned too quickly as we entered, her face white and rigid and her fingers widespread and taut upon the arms of the chair. She murmured something, rose, and crossed swiftly to the door. It had the effect of an escape.

"She doesn't like my looks," said Lance O'Leary. "Or possibly my conversation."

"Possibly your conversation," I agreed, going to the sickbed.

"Is Mr. Federie better?" asked O'Leary, watching me as I shook my thermometer vigorously before placing it between those distorted lips.

"I think there is some improvement."

"By the way, Miss Keate, did Adolph Federie wear a ring? From the mark left on his finger I should say it was a large ring with a heavy setting. Do you remember any such ring?"

Again the dubiously colored diamond winked at me from a soft clammy hand laid over mine.

"Yes. It was a diamond. Not a good stone, I think."

"It was not on his hand when I first viewed the body. Do you remember seeing it after he—was dead?"

I shivered. I would always be able to see again that huddled figure and clutching, outstretched fingers, but I could not recall the diamond's being on his hand.

"I can't be sure."

I began wringing out hot and cold packs, and Lance O'Leary watched me idly, talking in the meantime in a lightly conversational manner, as if he had just dropped in for tea.

"Well, so far as I can discover the people in this house are what they seem to be. Eustace and Deke Lonergan came down from O—, where Eustace maintains a law office of sorts, and Lonergan has some connection with the Dekesmith and Lonergan Construction Company, which is largely owned by his father, who lives here in B——; it is a small concern, but still it handles some good-sized contracts. Eustace, by all accounts, does more dabbling in music than business and spends quite a lot of money. March Federie has been visiting a connection of the family in the South—an elderly cousin who wired somewhat perfunctory condolences this morning and has offered March a home in case old Mr. Federie dies. Adolph and his wife were apparently wanderers from city to city, enjoyed life when they got hold of some money, and came home when they had none. He had none too savory a reputation, but there's nothing definite that I can unearth against him—at least nothing that would present a motive for his death."

"It looks to me as though there were motives enough right here in the house," I interjected.

He gave me an unseeing look and went on.

"Then Mittie Frisling," he was saying. "She has been living for years in a rather stuffy apartment in the city with her father, of whom I can discover nothing save that his name was Matthew Frisling, that he was at one time a notary public, and for the last ten or fifteen years of his life he did nothing. They lived a very quiet, retired life. The father died recently, and Mittie picked up bag and baggage and moved out. Apparently she came here. Certainly she has been here for a number of weeks and had plenty of time to interview old Mr. Federie to her heart's content before he fell ill. Why she hangs around only she and, I suspect, Grondal can explain. Possibly Isobel knows; she seems to have known Mittie for some time."

Reviewing Clues

AS HE talked he had found a chair and settled himself in it, crossing his knees and leaning back rather wearily.

In the little silence a log dropped suddenly in the ashes with a hissing sigh, and at the slight sound every nerve

within me jumped. At once O'Leary turned, alert and keen.

"Have you had any rest this afternoon, Miss Keate?" he asked abruptly.

"Some. That is——" Briefly I explained the situation. I am not accustomed to people caring for my comfort, and it gave me the strangest little feeling of warmth to see his face darken angrily.

"You go to bed tonight and sleep," he said. "I'll make them get another nurse to help you. You need rest. You've had a severe shock. Anyone but you would have been in hysterics long ago."

I wouldn't let him get another nurse, of course. Did he think I wanted someone else bothering around and further complicating matters! She'd very likely be the fluffy-haired type with whom Eustace could flirt! And, anyway, the case was mine, and I proposed that it should remain in my hands. Time was to come when I had reason to regret my decision, but there it was.

"Then there is Elihu Dimuck," resumed Lance O'Leary finally, leaning back again in his chair. I saw that his slender, well-kept hands were fumbling around in his pockets and expected that a stubby red pencil would be forthcoming, as sure enough it was, smooth and shining as any well-told rosary.

"He is an old acquaintance of Mr. Federie's and comes to visit him quite frequently. He owns some fine farming land about fifty miles south of here—quite a lot of it—keeps a large cash deposit at the bank upon which he draws every so often, but, according to his banker, does not spend it in riotous living. He is considered fairly wealthy in Stockville, where he lives, and is rated as being worth seven or eight hundred thousand. He lives quietly, is and always has been a bachelor, and the only scandal I could dig up about him had to do with his determined repulsing of a matrimonially inclined widow some years ago. His dealings with Mr. Federie appear to have been purely in an advisory capacity, for I could find no record of any money changing hands."

"Why, I never thought of suspecting him!"

"Suspect everyone, Miss Keate, if you would discover guilt. Suspect the very walls themselves. Well—that leaves the servants, neither of whom seems guilty. They are not a handsome pair, it's true, but—" he stopped abruptly, cleared his throat, and went on in a smooth voice—"the inquest will be just a formal affair, I think. The coroner was out last night—I don't believe you saw him."

A Crimson Rosette

GRONDAL was crossing the room on such silent feet that it was only when he came within arm's reach of my chair that I understood why O'Leary had changed his subject so suddenly.

"Oh, Grondal," said O'Leary quietly.

"Yes, sir." Grondal was carrying a bunch of keys in his hand. Again he wore the threadbare livery, and O'Leary's gaze was puzzled as it rested on the faded mulberry velvet, almost bare of nap, and went on to the woolen socks and heavy brogues.

"I'll just lock the shutters, sir," went on Grondal respectfully, suiting the action to the word.

"Lock them every night, do you?" asked O'Leary without shifting his easy, relaxed position.

"Yes, sir. It is a custom with us."

"A rather wearisome job, isn't it?"

"No, sir. There are only a few, you see, that we open during the day. Many of the rooms are not in use now."

"You have quite heavy bolts on those shutters."

"Yes, sir. They are the same bolts that were put in place when the house was built. They've served us well." He replaced the bunch of keys in his pocket and lowered the second window softly. "Did you want something, sir?"

"Have you been with the Federie family long?"

"A matter of some forty years. I started working for old Mr. Federie when I was a boy."

"You know a good deal about the family, then?"

"It is a family I'm proud to work for, sir," said Grondal quickly.

"No doubt," said O'Leary. "The tragedy last night must have affected you deeply."

"It did, sir. Though as to that, Mr. Adolph had not been much at home during recent years."

"He was not the only child?"

"Oh, no, sir. Old Mr. Federie had four sons. There was Mr. James, the oldest—he was Miss March's father—died when she was a child. And Mr. Charles—he came next. He—was a lot like Mr. Adolph if you understand what I mean, sir." He shook his head in a deprecating way. "He—er—disappeared some years ago. It was owing to a quarrel over cards, to tell the truth. Mr. Federie considered that he had disgraced the name and would not permit him to be buried in the family lot. Very sensitive to wrongdoing is Mr. Federie. Then there was Mr. Adolph, and the youngest was Mr. Eustace—our Mr. Eustace's father; he died of—well, he died of drink in this very house nearly thirty years ago and his wife followed him within the hour. It was the time of our Mr. Eustace's birth. They were—a bad lot. But old Mr. Federie has high hopes of Mr. Eustace, though, if I may say so, I believe Miss March is his favorite. Dinner will be served at seven, Miss Keate. If you are in the house, Mr. O'Leary, Miss March hopes you will join the family at dinner."

The curtain had fallen into place behind Grondal and was quite still before O'Leary turned to me.

"'A bad lot,'" he quoted softly. "And 'Miss March is her grandfather's favorite.' Look here, Miss Keate."

He extended his hand, palm uppermost in the circle of light. In it lay a crushed, soft rosette of crimson ostrich feathers.

"I need not ask if you recognize it," he went on quietly.

"Where—did you find it?" I whispered.

"It was clutched in the dead man's hand. How it got there is a matter for conjecture."

Isobel Federie hated her husband; but when Adolph's contorted body was found on the tower stairway, his hand clutched a rosette of crimson feathers which came from the slipper of the beautiful March Federie. Still the mysterious killer is at large in the rambling old mansion as Detective Lance O'Leary attempts to solve the case and put an end to the reign of horror. The third thrilling installment of this amazing story will appear in the August issue of *Startling Detective Adventures*, on sale everywhere July 10th.

THE CLUE CLUB

The Mysterious Murder of Algernon Ashe

Shot through the heart, the body of Algernon Ashe was found at Monte Carlo. A brief note and a scrap of half-burned pasteboard supplied clues through which detectives solved the baffling case. Can you find the solution as they did?

THE body of Algernon Ashe was found soon after dawn one morning in late July, 1926, in shrubbery of the beautiful gardens not far from the Monte Carlo Casino. Ashe was an Englishman, a professional gambler and something of a Lothario. He had been stopping at a prominent Monte Carlo hotel for several weeks.

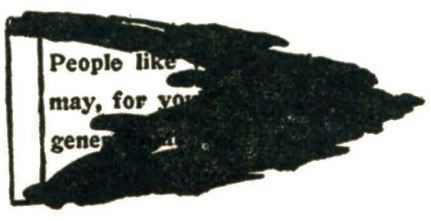
The *gendarmes* who discovered the body noted the following facts. Ashe had been killed by a pistol bullet through the heart, shot from behind. Death had been almost instantaneous. There were no powder marks on the clothes. The pockets of the coat and trousers obviously had been searched, but a large sum of cash and a valuable gold watch had been left. No weapon was found. The man had been dead, they established, at least six hours.

Many footprints, all of them fitting the victim's shoes, indicated that Ashe had walked up and down before a large bush, as if waiting for someone. Two cigarette stubs found in the grass nearby bore out the theory of his having waited, for they were of the same distinctive English brand as those in his cigarette case. Evidently he had waited some time.

A careful search of the entire region of the crime scene revealed the following clues: one burned match; one flat paper match-container (*empty*) of a common French type; one fragment of soft, thin cardboard, partially burned. Printing in English on both sides of the fragment was legible. Both sides of the fragment are reproduced on this page.

Detectives assigned to the case shrewdly deduced that these had been left by the murderer. Ashe probably had not used the match to light a cigarette because a well-worn patent lighter was found in his vest pocket. The previous night had been an unusually dark one, and a light would have been almost essential to a quick search of pockets. The detectives reasoned that the murderer had struck his last match to make the search, had not finished when the match had burned well down, and had then improvised another match from a bit of cardboard—lighting it from the match. The match was burned down to an eighth of an inch. But a whole inch of the cardboard fragment remained unburned.

Where had the cardboard come from? Had the murderer, in his haste to find something to ignite before his last match went out, taken it from his own pocket. Probably so, the detectives reasoned, for a man in the murderer's predicament might be expected to seize the first available bit of paper, provided it was not a valuable paper. The fact that he had discarded it when through indicated that it was not valuable to him; further, that he never considered it a dangerous clue.



Puzzling over the meaning of the fragment, of which they could make nothing, the detectives went to the hotel where Ashe had stayed. They found there a letter for the victim. It had come in the early mail. The postmark proved it had been mailed sometime before eleven of the night before in Monte Carlo. Hastily scrawled in a woman's hand, it ran:

A. Dearest!
At the last minute I cannot come! I am desolated but it cannot be helped. For some reason he left the tables early and has just told me to pack at once. We leave in an hour. It is the bank stock matter. But I will be back in four days at the most and then India, or Brazil, or anywhere, A. darling, with you. Not more than five days at the most. Will try to get this to you by messenger if it doesn't seem dangerous. If so, will mail. I love you.
Yours forever,
M.

The detectives set about their difficult task of tracing a woman whose name or nickname might begin with M.—whose male escort had hurried her off to somewhere the night before—who wrote English. But the traffic out of Monte Carlo each day was enormous. Which of the hundreds of departing visitors was she and where had she gone? Examination of many hotel records and the departure records kept by the police yielded no conclusive information on the identity of the woman who had penned the note. Out of hundreds the detectives settled on three parties of travelers as suspects:

MAUDE RHONDA and HOLMHURST RHONDA, daughter and father, of London; departed for Spain.

MARY FREEMAN and FREDRIC FREEMAN, wife and husband, of Buffalo, N. Y.; departed for Paris.

MIRIAM DE RUYTER, LOUISA DE RUYTER, ANDREAS DE RUYTER and SIMON DE RUYTER, two sisters and their brother and father, of Rotterdam, Holland; departed for Rome.

All had departed the previous night. Inquiry at the various hotels where they had stopped yielded no conclusive clues. The De Ruyter family, like most educated Hollanders, spoke English perfectly. It was ascertained that the father was

(*Continued on page 91*)

The Gorilla Murderer

(*Continued from page* 31)

The Law Acts

LEAVING the Schneider home, I drove swiftly back to my office, and in less than half an hour, the mighty machinery of the law was put in motion.

The murder was committed, and the body recovered on Thursday. By Friday morning, every one in the United States, who could be reached through the press, by radio, telegraph, telephone, or airplane, had memorized the killer's description, and was working his power of observation overtime in the greatest manhunt in history, not excluding the search for Edward Hickman, the Pacific Coast butcher.

The state department drew off every officer in the service, and sent them to Flint. Chief of Police Ceaser Scarvada, of Flint, placed his entire department on the trail of the killer.

It is needless to say that every man on my staff joined in the hunt. Commerce in the city stood still, and the streets buzzed with angry people, crying for justice—the crudest kind of justice. The mob ruled.

On Friday morning, I returned with a couple of deputies to the scene of the murder. I soon picked up the trail of the killer and his victim of the day before. Footprints that we had overlooked Thursday evening, in the falling darkness, and in the excitement that followed finding the child's clothing, were found in the light carpet of snow beneath the trees.

Back tracking, I returned to the spot where the crime was committed, and, on hands and knees, searched every inch of ground for several feet in either direction, hoping to find some clue that might have been dropped by the fiend. I was rewarded by something white, at the base of one of the two trees beneath which the child had been killed. I picked the object up eagerly, and found that it was a handkerchief, blood stained.

There was no mark or initial that would give any hint of the identity of the murderer, but the handkerchief was of an unusual material, with an inner woven stripe around the edges. I pocketed my find and continued to search for other clues. The only other thing I found was a gum wrapper. Pocketing this also, I drove out to the highway, and south to a filling station, across the road from, and near the Schneider cottage in Mount Morris.

Mrs. Sid Hodges, wife of the proprietor, gave me the first real clue that we had as yet uncovered. She recalled that Dorothy, the murdered child, had passed her place just at noon—she knew the little girl from her too large rubbers—a few seconds before a man driving a dilapidated Dodge sedan stopped at the filling station to get gas. She remembered now that the man bore a resemblance to the hunted murderer, or to the description of the murderer.

After filling up with gas, Mrs. Hodges said, the man went into the candy and soft drink stand which was operated in conjunction with the filling station, and while in there, stole a package of gum. She had seen him take the gum, but had not challenged him. She laughed at the time, and let the sneak thief go his way. The loss was not worth the trouble to retrieve, she said.

After leaving the filling station, Mrs. Hodges told me, the driver of the dilapidated sedan headed down the road, south, which would be toward the Schneider home.

Mrs. Hodges assured me that she would be able to identify the erstwhile gum thief, should she ever see him again. She was positive that she would know the old sedan.

Many Suspects Held

BY NOON Friday, city police, state troopers and county officers were scurrying everywhere, in answer to reports that men answering the description of the killer were either observed or detained in widely separated sections of the state. An apparently airtight net was over the entire Middle West, and on the first day of the search fifty or sixty suspects had been enmeshed in its far reaching folds, outside the city of Flint.

In Flint alone, nearly a hundred suspects were under arrest, to be viewed and questioned. But the first day passed, leaving us as far from the fulfillment of our grim purpose as we had been the evening the body of Dorothy Schneider was taken from Benson Creek.

Saturday morning brought a little ray of hope. From East Tarvas, Wisconsin, came a telegram saying that the officers there had arrested, and were detaining a man answering perfectly the description of the fiend.

And upon being questioned, he had admitted being in Flint, Michigan, on Thursday, January 12, the day of the murder.

While we were debating the advisability of rushing an officer to Wisconsin to view the suspect there, another promising lead developed. Saginaw, Michigan, police reported, by telephone, that they were holding a man who, in all probability, was the Dorothy Schneider murderer.

It was decided to send an officer to East Tarvas, Wisconsin, and another to Saginaw, as it was possible that one of the prisoners would be our man. The officer who drew Saginaw left in a speedy automobile, and just as the other detective who had been chosen to make the trip to Wisconsin was preparing to leave, East Tarvas reported their suspect had satisfactorily identified himself, and had been released.

The manhunting machine was strengthened early Saturday morning by the addition of three detectives from the homicide squad of the Detroit Police Department.

The determination to catch and punish the perpetrator of the horrible deed did not wane, with the passing of the first day without results, but was increased, as more people joined in the search. There were about five hundred persons in Flint officially engaged in the manhunt, while the other two hundred thousand city and suburban residents were supplying tips, most of them fantastic.

The Governor Aids

IF THE searchers felt hope of capturing the murderer waning on the second day, that hope was buoyed up at about noon Saturday, when Governor Fred W. Green came up from the capital at Lansing, and literally speaking, shucked his overcoat, rolled up his sleeves, and personally joined the ever increasing army of manhunters.

That was the only time to my knowledge that the governor of a state ever took an active hand, not as a governor, but as an ordinary citizen, in helping to solve a crime. Governor Green did not come to Flint as the chief executive of the State of Michigan, but as a private citizen, who saw his duty before him, and was determined to perform it.

His plan called for immediate action. It being Saturday, and near 1 o'clock in the afternoon, made it imperative that he work fast, he said. Reaching for a telegraph pad, he quickly dashed off a message in long hand, gave the buzzer on the wall above my desk a vigorous crank, and waited for the messenger from the telegraph office to come in answer to the summons.

(*Continued on page* 88)

The Gorilla Murderer

(*Continued from page 87*)

The telegram that he had filed was addressed to the Secretary of State, at Lansing. It told that official to remain on duty until he had been further advised by the Governor, and keep his staff on the job, instead of closing the offices for the week-end, as was customary on Saturday afternoons.

We had told the Governor that the car used by the killer was an old Dodge sedan. It was this information which suggested the plan that was later carried out by him.

"Bring this fellow Archie Bacon to me here," Governor Green ordered.

When Bacon was taken before the Governor, the chief executive bluntly asked the farmer if, should he see the slayer's car, he would be able to identify it. Bacon replied positively that he would. "Do you suppose you could pick out another car, from a number of machines of the same model and make, that resembled the one you helped to dig out of the snowdrift?"

When Bacon replied in the affirmative, Governor Green further pressed the farmer for the assurance that he needed to make his plan work, by asking Bacon if he could say positively what model the car had been, if he saw another car of the same model. Bacon assured him that he could.

With this, Governor Green and Bacon, accompanied by myself, went to the automobile salesrooms of the Dodge dealer in Flint, and asked to be shown every used car in the place. We walked about among the dozens of old machines on the floors, until we came to a four-door Dodge sedan, a 1925 model.

"The car was exactly like this one, except that it was a robin's egg blue, instead of black," Bacon said, turning to the Governor. Making sure of the year model of the machine, Governor Green returned to my office, and, picking up the telephone, placed a call to Lansing, for the Secretary of State.

The Governor ordered that the ownership of every 1925 Dodge sedan in the State of Michigan be checked, by the records of licenses, and a searching scrutiny be made into the character, residence and circumstances of the persons to whom the licenses had been issued.

In the hustle and bustle that followed Governor Green's coming to Flint, we were run almost mad by the thousands of telephone calls, some from persons seeking information on the progress that was being made, some from persons giving tips about suspects, and others from persons claiming to know who the fiend was.

While a large staff of clerks, stenographers and tabulators were wading through a million or more automobile license transfers in the office of the Secretary of State at Lansing, the search continued unabated in and around Flint. The officer who had gone to Saginaw to view the suspect held by the police there returned late in the afternoon, and reported the prisoner was not our man.

In the afternoon of the day Governor Green arrived in Flint, he ordered Oscar Olander, state commissioner of public safety, to assume charge of the state troopers already on the job. To spur the searchers to greater efforts, Governor Green posted a $1,000 personal reward for the child slayer's capture. "This must not be a crime that will be numbered among those unsolved," said the state's chief executive.

The Detroit *Times* offered a second reward of $1,000 and the city, county and state authorized additional rewards.

No sooner was this theory advanced, than another, the very suggestion of which conjured up a picture of a weird, ghastly brute-man, concerning whom the people of the city and county still retained ugly memories, was voiced by Coroner Brasie himself, and given impetus in screaming newspaper headlines.

This latest theory, omitting the fantastic garb given it at the time, was that a monster who several years ago exhumed the body of a twenty-year-old woman, after it had been buried six weeks, and mutilated it, had returned to taunt the community with another, more terrible brand of fiendishness.

Chief of Police Scarvada and State Police Commissioner Olander, were engaged in investigating one of the few really intelligent angles that were thought out in the early stages of the inquiry. They were consulting experts on psychopathy, in hope that the scientists would be able to determine, from the crime that had been committed, some of the other mental traits and habits which accompany the type of mania exhibited by the murderer.

It was definitely agreed upon that the character of the incisions made upon little Dorothy Schneider pointed to a type of dementia known for a thousand years, and still occasionally recorded by psychologists—*Dementia-Praecox*.

As darkness fell Sunday, ending the third day of unsuccessful efforts of the authorities to pick up the trail of the phantom-like killer, a general uneasiness, a premonition of defeat, began to manifest itself in our ranks. Seventy-eight hours had slipped by since Dorothy Schneider was killed and her body thrown into Benson Creek.

Commissioner Olander, Chief of Police Scarvada, the special assignment of officers from Detroit and a number of other detectives working on the case met with me Sunday night, to plan the next day's campaign. It was the opinion of most of us that the slayer was still hiding in the immediate vicinity of his crime, probably holed up somewhere off the main traveled roads, in some secluded spot.

There was only one way—from the air. The thought occurred to a number of our group almost at the same time. And all of us saw in it the solution to the problem of how to search the country side for trace of the dilapidated Dodge sedan.

Promptly, communication was established with army officials, and a request made for help, which was promised. Bright and early Monday morning four leather and sheepskin-clad individuals reported in Flint for service as manhunters. They were army fliers, who had been sent to aid in the manhunt.

While a score of officers, high state officials and others actively interested in the man hunt were grouped about in my office in the Genesee County jail Sunday night, making plans for pressing the search on Monday, another group of men were holding a meeting in a church in Owosso, a village lying twenty miles west of Flint.

The nature of that other meeting was far removed from the object of our gathering, but it had a very definite bearing on the purpose for which we had met.

What was the significance of the meeting in the church? And how did the law proceed in its thrilling search for the brutal slayer of little Dorothy Schneider? Read the conclusion of this unusual detective adventure in the August issue, on sale everywhere July 10.

Kansas City's Wildcat

(*Continued from page* 53)

shotgun on them again as I went by because I didn't want to take any chances. Later they told me the men were Missouri officers, with *habeas corpus* papers to keep us from bringing the prisoner into Iowa.

"North of Bethany the ambulance turned into a byroad and the other machine continued on the Jefferson Highway.

"We encountered brush, fields, rocks and hilly roads and the going was exceedingly rough but we stuck to the bypaths to avoid delays.

"We had orders to bring the prisoners in, dead or alive, and we intended to do it. The talk about Wagner being too ill to move was all bosh. I diagnosed his case myself, and the fact the he lived through the trip shows that I was right.

"We crossed the state line east of Lamoni, Iowa, going about a mile a minute. And we all breathed a sigh of relief for we were then in our own back yard. The ambulance met the other car at Leon, Iowa, and from there on we had good roads and made better time."

Kelley was located at a house in Kansas City. Police surrounded the place prepared to lay seige to it as Kelley, because of his previous record, was believed to be a dangerous criminal. However, he offered no resistance and was jailed to await Des Moines officers with extradition papers. He was subsequently removed to that city.

Joe Wagner was taken to the Iowa Methodist Hospital in Des Moines where the bullet in the base of his skull was removed. He was kept under constant guard by deputies.

While in the hospital Wagner was interviewed.

"This is just one of life's breaks," he said, in response to questions. "We are sometimes up and sometimes down. I may be down but not out."

The reporter asked him pointblank, "Did you help rob the Cottage Grove Avenue Bank?"

"Did I?" said Joe, rousing up, "Buddy, you seem to be a good scout. Do you honestly think I did that? Me with a sweet wife and a couple of kids. Sure you don't."

"How did you get shot?"

"I don't know."

"Were the boys in your car shooting down there in Missouri?"

"Now you are asking impertinent questions."

"How much did you boys get from the bank?" was the next question.

"Have an apple. These are good. I like apples," was Wagner's reply.

"What do you think of Sheriff Findley?"

"He's on the level and a square shooter."

Other Charges

PUBLICATION of Wagner's photo caused his identification as one of two bandits who held up the Northwestern Bell Telephone Company's office in Des Moines in 1924, and obtained a $9,000 payroll. Neither wore a mask and one of the men held up positively identified Wagner.

The grand jury met to consider the cases of the four who were charged with the robbery.

Wagner was taken to municipal court on a stretcher and pleaded not guilty to bank robbery. He was bound over to the grand jury under twenty thousand dollar bond. He was then put in the county jail. The grand jury indicted Wagner, Varverio, Casady and Kelley. When brought into district court to plead to the indictment, before Judge O. S. Franklin, Varverio and Kelley entered pleas of not guilty. Wagner and Casady asked that they be allowed to wait a few days to plead. Judge Franklin granted this request and held each on bond of $50,000.

Attorney Charles McNeese of Kansas City who appeared to defend Kelley and Varverio protested at the size of the bond saying that his clients were poor working men and incapable of earning more than forty or fifty dollars per week. But Judge Franklin replied that he had read the evidence which the grand jury had used in making the indictment and that he considered the large bond in keeping with the reputations of the prisoners.

Attorney A. P. Nugent of Kansas City, representing Wagner, claimed that his client, while reputed to be wealthy was in reality broke and that Nugent was serving him without pay.

Nugent went away to Kansas City and two days later appeared unexpectedly in court with fifty thousand in cash. He demanded Wagner's release. Sheriff Findley was notified of this move and rushed Wagner to a justice of the peace at Valley Junction where he made additional charges against Joe on which it was possible to increase the bond to $110,000. This ended Wagner's final attempt to get bond and meant that the Kansas City Wildcat had seen his last day of freedom.

County Attorney Vernon Seeburger decided not to attempt the trial of the bank robbers during the spring term of court on account of the short time remaining and they spent the summer behind the bars of Polk County's jail.

In the meantime Bruce Casady decided that he might as well give up any attempt to fight. He signified his willingness to tell all he knew about the case. This decision was partly the result of Wagner's boasting remarks.

Joe was certain he could clear himself when his case came to trial.

The bank case opened on September 19, Wagner being tried first.

The climax in the state's case occurred when Bruce Casady took the witness chair and gave a detailed account of the participation of Joe Wagner in the bank holdup. He punctured every point the defense had prepared, and cleared up several obscure matters. He told how the bandits stopped a few miles south of Des Moines and changed the Indiana license plates for the ones belonging to the Wagner car, and how they had disposed of papers and wrappers taken from the bank. He described the grim battle near St. Joseph and his subsequent movements up to the time of his capture.

Attorney Nugent attempted to show that Casady was coerced by threats into making the confession.

"No, I'm not afraid of no-bod-ee, Nugent, not no-bod-ee," was the witness' answer to that.

The trial consumed many days on account of the vast number of witnesses who were called to testify—all those who saw the actual robbery, those who saw the bandits fleeing in the two cars, the employes of the hotel where they spent the two nights preceding the crime, the various peace officers who assisted in their capture and many others.

Against this array the defense could make small showing and the jury eventually left the courtroom to consider their verdict. This required but thirty-eight minutes. They returned to the court and reported their decision—*guilty*.

Joe Wagner and his pals were sentenced to life imprisonment.

And despite all the desperate efforts to get Joe out by appealing to the higher courts he is still in the penitentiary. In the meantime, if he ever gets through serving this stretch there will be plenty more waiting, for the many appeals and delays in the Missouri courts are beginning to catch up with him.

The Pockmarked Killer

(*Continued from page 73*)

They told him of their children in college, of the buildings they owned, of the movie queens who loved them, of the money they lost on the market, of the pipe lines they had to Scotch distilleries.

There was something about the rather careworn, smallish man with the iron-gray hair and the quaint, wistful smile that invited confidence. So amiable was this "Mr. Wagner of Sioux City" that he ingratiated himself almost on sight. Some waiters, after spilling prattle about their intimate private affairs, wondered why they had become so loquacious with a "hoob from out where the tall corn grows, who didn't seem to remember overnight anything he heard, anyway."

When it happened that he "played a return date" at a cafe or night club, it was an achievement for a waiter to capture the liberal tipper from the sticks from the servitor who had had him on his previous visit.

Blissfully unconscious that such a contest had taken place when he entered the ultra-ritzy Silver Andiron on a dull midweek evening, "Mr. Wagner of Sioux City" permitted himself to be taken in hand by a waiter with slanting shoulders and a high intellectual brow, and who walked with the cat-like, gliding tread of a perfect boxer.

Three times in the next five days, the same waiter was lucky enough to serve the quiet "loner," who was beginning to worry lest his "hardware store out in Sioux City was getting lonely for him."

On the third evening a natty, athletic-looking young man swung breezily into a seat two tables behind that of "Mr. Wagner." In snappy tones he ordered lavishly for two.

"I'm expecting a lady," he announced tersely.

By his manner he knew no one in the place and didn't care to—just so the chef did his duty.

A Strange Game

TEDDY BUCK was just a little bit tired of being "Mr. Wagner of Sioux City." This session, he hoped, would wind up his examination of this particular suspect, anyway. In a lazy, absent-minded sort of way he scanned the newspaper propped against a water bottle, and remarked, without looking at the waiter:

"There don't seem to be as many Westerns — cowboy stuff — in the movies nowadays. I never could get enough of them. I'd rather see the wild boys in hair pants shooting up the villains than look at a lot of parlor love mush, any day."

"I hate Western pictures. I think they're silly," quickly responded the waiter. "I'm strong for high life romances."

Detective Buck pretended to be uninterested in the man's answer and, with eyes still on the newspaper, resumed his idle comment.

"I see that fellow who shot the new president of Mexico admits he's a communist."

"Communists!" exclaimed the waiter. "They ought to take every communist in the world out and hang him! I'm a capitalist from the ground up—even if I haven't got any capital."

"You're right," smiled Teddy Buck. "But I'm chiefly off of communists because they are enemies of religion."

"That's one thing I'm strong for —religion!" sputtered the waiter with vigorous emphasis as a child reciting a lesson. "Anybody's religion I respect and I practice the Ten Commandments to the best of my ability But it's hard," he sighed.

"I like good preaching," resumed Teddy, dreamily.

"Well," came back the waiter, "I'm as religious as I know how to be, but I wouldn't go across the street to hear the best preacher in the world. I hate spielers."

Buck finished his coffee and remarked, as if struck with a sudden inspiration:

"Oh, say—do you know what I'm going to have when I come back tonight after the show? Shirred eggs and fried liver. There's nothing like it for a late night combination."

This time the waiter's response was not so rapid.

"Why, yes—yes—of course," he stammered. "Shirred eggs and fried liver—of course! I'll get them for you, sir, but say—of all the combinations I ever heard of, that's the queerest. I couldn't eat shirred eggs and fried liver at one sitting if I was to hang for not doing it. As for eating late at night, I couldn't eat anything at all after 10 P. M. and sleep afterward. No, sir. Not me! And, pardon my saying it. you're the first man I ever saw who ordered shirred eggs and fried liver."

The waiter now spoke nervously and fast. Out of the corner of his eye, Buck could perceive his agitation, but pretended to be engrossed in removing the band from a cigar. Pushing back his chair a trifle, he put the cigar in his mouth and reached for the match tray.

Anticipating him, the waiter seized it first. He struck a match and held it to Buck's cigar.

Suddenly he jerked erect. A hand had tapped him on the shoulder.

"Warnowskovitz, I've got a warrant for your arrest," spoke a low, clear voice at his elbow. "Come quietly and—"

Leaden Death

THE WAITER spun to face the natty diner who had sat two tables away, "waiting for a lady."

Ferocity blazed in his eyes as he jerked out a small automatic and wrenched loose from the detective's grip. Teddy Buck, now on his feet, rapped the weapon out of his hand.

Through panic-stricken diners, the waiter dashed for the kitchen. A swinging door slammed in the faces of the two detectives. As they bolted through, the younger man in the lead, a long meat knife hurtled past the heads of both. With scarcely a pause, the fugitive grabbed a big container of scalding water and hurled it at his pursuers. It splashed them, but missed their faces.

With lightning speed, the waiter dodged around a long steam table. He was approaching the service exit.

"Shoot!" barked Teddy Buck. And Tom Conroy, best shot on the New York police force, released two slugs that sounded as one. The waiter staggered and fell face down, a bullet through the spine, one at the base of the brain.

"A moment more and he'd have made the street crowds," said Buck, as he stood over the dead man. "Good shooting, my boy. But it's too bad we couldn't have saved him to burn as he deserved."

"My God!" exclaimed Detective Conroy, whose steel nerves were now a trifle jangled. "I hope you were sure of your man when you gave me the sign. I'd hate to kill the wrong man."

"Never was righter in my life," Buck assured him. "There lies a fiend with more murders to his discredit than the world will ever know about. He'd have added a few more in New York if you hadn't finished him."

Later at headquarters, Buck explained to a group of admiring police officials and questioning newspaper men:

(*Continued on page 97*)

The Mysterious Murder of Algernon Ashe

(*Continued from page* 86)

old and feeble and had been confined to his room that evening until departing. The brother, however, described as a dapper stripling by hotel servants, had been at the casino and had returned early, telling a servant that he had been unlucky again. After visiting the family's apartment he had again gone out. Nothing else could be learned.

INFORMATION about the Rhondas and the Freemans was even more difficult to obtain. Attendants at their hotel described Maude Rhonda as beautiful, statuesque, quiet; her father as "stern and even grim, a short, slight man who limped in the left leg, with gray moustache and hair." The Freemans were well-dressed young Americans, apparently with money. Neither had attracted special attention at their hotel. The wife was described as pretty, bright, and petite; the husband as quiet, self-contained—"a tall, stout man, smooth-shaven." Both Freemans were in their early twenties.

The detectives were in a quandary. They sought the advice of a famous detective. From the data you now have had he deduced which of the three parties contained the murderer. The detectives followed his advice and ultimately captured their man. The prisoner broke down when his actions at the scene of the crime were reconstructed before him by the detectives, and he later confessed the murder of Ashe.

Which party would you have followed? The questions to be answered are:

1. *Who murdered Algernon Ashe?*
2. *How did the detective deduce it?*

(*Solution on page* 98)

The Masked Bomber

(*Continued from page* 49)

with it, but Jim stood close at his side and I got in front of the man. I signaled. Jim struck.

I grabbed for the machine, jabbed one hand through the glass and groped for the trigger. I jerked with my other hand to get the strap loose from the man's shoulder.

There was a huge flash. The machine came loose and I started backing with it towards the door. The fuse was sputtering. I got to the doorway and stumbled over the tripod of a newspaper photographer. I did the only possible thing—hurled the machine into the street and rushed after it. Picking up the machine I smashed it again and again on the pavement. Dynamite lay all over the street. The machine was wrecked. And the deed was done.

God was with me that day. No doubt of that. For when I jabbed my hand through the glass into the machine the steel rod supporting the bottle of nitro-glycerine went through the fleshy part of my thumb. Instinctively I jerked and broke the connection between the explosive and the fuse. One finger landed in the dynamite dough in the train that connected the blank cartridge with the fuse and the fulminating cap. The trigger worked. The cartridge flashed. Quite accidentally my thumb and one finger disturbed the vital connections. Carl Warr's ingenious machine failed to destroy!

That is the matter of fact way in which Sam Browne told of his adventure into the very jaws of death!

Warr Tells of His Scheme

CARL WARR was extremely tractable when he regained consciousness at the Receiving Hospital. Jim Hosick and John Fitzgerald, who came into the room just as Jim struck the first blow with his "sap stick," had battered him badly. The prisoner told of his scheme and of the details of his infernal machine. He said he stole the powder from the storehouse of a quarry near Colton.

It was his plan, Warr said, to get Shoup and force him to go out in the foothills of Pasadena. There he would demand a reckoning for the railway employes. If Mr. Shoup did not comply he would release the trigger of the horrible machine.

Carl Warr was sentenced to a twenty year term in San Quentin.

The three fearless detectives, Sam Browne, Jim Hosick, and John Fitzgerald, were presented with diamond studded medals and testimonials by the Board of Supervisors. Letters poured in from all corners of the world.

And Chief Sebastian added his word of praise:

"No braver men than Browne, Hosick and Fitzgerald ever faced death with greater willingness," he said.

The Clue of the Rattlesnake

(*Continued from page 24*)

Prescott, who announced that his wounds were in need of attention.

Pike, said Rogers, accordingly enacted the role of Good Samaritan and bound up the cuts with iodine.

"The cuts which he received in his fight with the trappers," interposed Hickman with an assumption of sincerity.

Rogers gave a sickly smile. "I allow you're wise, Hickman," he announced, "how Wes got them cuts."

Before the detectives left, the moonshiner had spilled all he knew concerning Prescott's visit. From what he said, it appeared that the combined imaginations of the three were utilized in concocting the tale of the imaginary trappers on St. John's Lake and the resulting fight over the possession of the alligator.

The Alligator King registered surprise when Hickman again took him into custody. When told of Rogers' story he apparently was grieved deeply and assumed an air of injured innocence. He really doubted, he said, that Buffin Rogers had "told any such yarn."

Rogers accordingly obliged by repeating his story in the presence of Prescott, who moistened his lips frequently while listening to the recital. He seemed to waver, but would make no statement. When urged to tell the truth, he demanded time for reflection. As he had given signs of "breaking," the respite asked for was allowed him.

All night Prescott paced his cell, and in the morning asked that Prosecutor Hunter be sent for. He said that he was ready to confess.

Prescott's Confession

IN THE presence of the prosecutor, Sheriff Cassady, Detective Hickman and two other officers, he detailed the story of the murders, implicating Pike as a principal as well as accessory-after-the-fact. His dramatic story which was taken down by a stenographer was as follows:

"Me and Pike murdered Allen and the Gillis woman.

"Between two and three o'clock in the morning Pike and me and a pal of mine named Davis stopped at the gas station. We knocked on the door and hung around awhile till finally they both got up and let us in. We had some soft drinks and I bought five gallons of gasoline. I offered Mrs. Gillis an alligator skin in pay-

(*Continued on page 96*)

Trapped by the Bandit Terror

(*Continued from page* 59)

screwed up with pain limped over to where we had stopped.

"He jumped in and I opened her wide up. As we were coming up the hill I saw the car ahead slow down and turn west on Park Hill Avenue.

"My speedometer was showing better than seventy and I couldn't make the turn there so I continued to the next street, St. Paul Avenue. I knew that at the speed I was going they couldn't possibly have crossed St. Paul Avenue going north again so I kept on until we came to Sixty-first Street.

"Between the houses I caught a glimpse of them coming down Sixty-first so I slowed down. When they popped into view I drove directly into their path, swerved to the right and stopped dead in front of them."

That was where the gunplay occurred before Miss Foss was forced to drive away once more.

Burbach also had picked up Officer Frank Lemke during the chase, so there were four men in his car when they finally pulled into the alley where the bandits left the Foss automobile.

Conducting a careful search in the vicinity, Patrolman Fritz discovered one of the fugitives hiding behind an ice-box, over which a rug had been thrown, on a nearby porch.

The captive was taken to the station and put through a severe grilling. He said his name was Marvin Smith, age 23, of Lodi, Calif. He maintained that he had met his two companions only that day and that he did not know their names. But, since he was identified readily as the bandit with the "Chaplin" mustache, police knew he was lying.

The Prisoner Breaks

HOUR after hour the prisoner stood up under a barrage of questions and continued to deny any knowledge of his recent companions. It was his very insistence on that point that gave police their first clue. They felt certain that there must be something more than mere loyalty to his pals behind his silence. He was trying to shield someone closer than a companion in crime, they believed.

After almost sixty hours of constant quizzing the prisoner finally broke and admitted that his name was Orville Silberman, of Milwaukee. He said that his brothers, Jack and Harry, were his accomplices.

Descriptions of the fugitive brothers were sent to all the principal cities, and a few weeks later Harry was captured in Wilmington, Delaware. He was returned to Milwaukee where he made a complete confession in which he said that he and Jack stole a car and drove to New York immediately after the warehouse holdup and their thrilling flight. Harry insisted that he and Jack separated in New York and that he was on his way back to Milwaukee to give himself up when he was arrested.

Several weeks later, Jack, the third brother, was apprehended in Miami, Fla., and returned to Milwaukee to face trial.

Between seventy and seventy-five robberies were chalked up against this gang and the list keeps growing as time passes. It was discovered that, during lulls in their Milwaukee activities, they visited Racine, Kenosha and other nearby cities and carried on their raids.

And, with the numerous charges against them, it is doubtful if they will ever enjoy freedom again.

Al Capone, King of Gangland

(*Continued from page* 35)

gambling houses, whiskey delivery points and breweries running under the Capone label, Scarface, in the name of Louis Cowen, the "millionaire newsboy" and Capone's bondsman, bought the paper and continued its publication.

"Why, Al Capone is a swell fellow who wouldn't harm a fly," was the word obtained at the Cotton Club, night life center in Cicero owned by Ralph Capone, an older brother. "He gives away to the poor more money every month than you and I make in a year."

Of his reputation as a philanthropist there must be some truth. Wherever gangsters assemble the name of Scarface Al is sure to be injected into the conversation sooner or later. And just as sure is the chance that mention will be made of his gifts to the poor, the needy.

"It's just grandstand play," his gang enemies say. But even they

(*Continued on page* 94)

Al Capone, King of Gangland

(*Continued from page* 93)

know that his gifts are anonymous, that the recipients must pledge their silence.

Ralph, or "Bottles" as he is known, tells the other side of the story.

"People who don't know Al and just read about him in the newspapers get a wrong slant on him. They think he is a guy running around with a rod in each hand, shooting at little children and women.

"He's really a great guy. My mother swears by him. Why shouldn't she? He does everything possible for her. He's so much in love with his wife and the kids that he bothers them all the time trying to do things for them. If anything ever happened to them it would be the end of him.

"He has a swell wife, too. May is Irish and she has a real Irish temper. But she never takes it out on Al. They never have a fight."

Capone has one touchy point. The scars which gave his much disliked name would mean a fortune to any facial surgeon who could remove them. In talking he has a habit of throwing his head back and to the left, away from his listener. Only then do the scars lose their ugly appearance. There are two of them, both bad. One extends down from the temple to the ear, the other is along the cheek line.

The solution of the Scarface Al Capone riddle depends on the source of your information. Speaking with his friends and associates, you learn that he is a "prince among princes."

On the other hand, his enemies in the underworld declare that he is "a heel" and is "yellow."

The police are quoted as saying that he is "the most dangerous criminal in America."

There are many citizens, no doubt, who are inclined to agree with the police, after reading endless newspaper accounts of gangland's battles in which the name of Scarface Al is mentioned prominently.

For it is a fact that the common people are inclined to place blame upon the king when acts of violence take place within the king's domain.

The Phantom in the House of Oesterreich

(*Continued from page* 19)

room appeared with his fingerprints and then called the detectives and prosecutor aside.

He brought a disconcerting message from C. C. Adams, assistant superintendent of the bureau of records and identification, that the fingerprint records taken from the closet door knob had been destroyed in 1923, by order of the then District Attorney Asa Keyes who is now in the penitentiary.

"Thank you," said Cline dramatically, turning away from the mesage bearer, "I was satisfied the test would work out as we suspected.

"Now, Mr. Klein," he said sharply, eyeing the prisoner until his gaze seemed to penetrate to the center of the man's brain, "since you say you are not Otto Sanhuber, will you kindly explain to us why your fingerprints are identical with those on the door knob of Mrs. Oesterreich's closet?"

The little janitor shuddered and his hand twitched convulsively. But he did not answer.

"Also look around at these exhibits," pointing to the panels brought in from the mansions, "and tell us if you recognize them. Speak up, we're tired of delay."

A few more moments of delay and uncertainty. Then the prisoner said calmly, "I guess I may as well tell it all. I am Otto Sanhuber, the man you seek."

Lived Like a Bat

THEN followed the almost incredible narrative of his experiences which required 30 pages of typewritten paper for the stenographer to record it.

At the age of sixteen, he had met Mrs. Oesterreich when he went as a repairman to her husband's garment factory in Milwaukee. She had been very kind to him from the outset. Love blossomed in his heart almost immediately. He took a vow to guard and protect her forever, and in order to be where he could watch over her constantly he had installed himself in a secret chamber in her home without the knowledge of the husband. For ten years, he lived the life of a bat, cooped up in various garret rooms, some of them with no windows, never leaving or returning to them except in the dead of night, he stated.

Sometimes Mrs. Oesterreich brought food and placed it beside the panel that opened into his hiding place. A certain tap on the wall indicated that his meal was ready. At other times, he would slip out like a mouse and glide down the stairs in the inky blackness to regale himself from the family icebox while Mr. and Mrs. Oesterreich slumbered. By the flickering light of a candle at first, and later by a well shaded electric light after the couple moved to Los Angeles, he read fantastic works of fiction, most of them mystery stories far less mysterious than the life he himself was leading.

Then came the time when he could prove his devotion and fulfill the vow he had made at the first burst of his wild, hopeless love for Walburga Oesterreich.

When he heard the couple quarreling on their return to the home that fatal night, he said, he knew only that Mrs. Oesterreich was in danger. Cautiously, he slipped the secret panel, and dashing down the stairs, "with a roar of rage like a wild beast," he had begun the battle with Oesterreich which resulted in the murder just as he had told Attorney Shapiro.

After locking Mrs. Oesterreich in the closet, however, he said that regret overcame him and he went down to the body of his victim, smoothed the dead man's hair and stroked his wrists. But he realized the futility of it all and sped up to his garret cove, to continue his bat-like existence for nine more months.

During that time, he wrote a murder mystery story, based on the case in which he had been such a prominent actor, entitled "Murder Will Out."

"Where did you get the name of Klein?" Mr. Costello inquired.

Changes His Name

DURING the frequent visits of Chief Cline to the house he had overheard his keen questioning of Mrs. Oesterreich . He formed a great admiration and also a great fear for the detective. It was necessary for him to cast off the name of Sanhuber. So he chose the name of Cline but he had always spelled it Klein because when he took on the alias, he believed the chief wrote his name Klein.

"How did you come to leave Los Angeles, to give up your role of an attic phantom?" he was asked.

(*Continued on page* 98)

The Clue of the Rattlesnake

(*Continued from page 92*)

ment. She refused to make the deal and started an argument. While we were arguing, Pike picked up a bottle of milk and she tried to take it away from him. They scuffled a bit and then Pike broke away and cracked her over the head.

"The woman gave a low moan and collapsed. The instant she hit the floor, Allen grabbed a butcher knife and took after me. I beaned him with a hammer and then continued to smash him until he was finished. Then I walked over to where Mrs. Gillis lay and beat her with the hammer till she was dead.

"Pike and Davis quit the car in a little while and I kept on driving alone. I didn't know I'd been cut, but I felt kinder faint and then I noticed a lot of blood in the car and I realized that Allen had got to me with the butcher knife. I had a bad wound in the chest which was bleedin' considerable and I had also been cut in the thigh.

"I drove about five miles, I reckon, through a district where there wasn't many houses till I came to a lake.

"I suffered a good deal of pain from my wounds, but I laid low until Wednesday. Then the cuts got powerful sore and I knew I'd got to have help, for I couldn't stand the pain any longer. Well, then, just as Buffin Rogers said, I went to Pike's house and he fixed up the wounds the best he could. I was afraid I might get blood poisoning or something and have to go to a doctor after all, so me and Pike and Rogers put our heads together and among us we thought up the yarn about me and the trappers fighting over the alligator and it sounded right good, and Sheriff Cassady thought so, too. Well, I reckon that's the whole story."

The Alligator King, after being warned of his rights, made an affidavit that the foregoing confession was voluntary and true in every particular. He was then removed to the jail at Tavares, where he was held without bail to await the action of a special grand jury, which promptly indicted him for first-degree murder.

Pike was taken into custody at once, following Prescott's confession, and indicted for murder. He engaged counsel, pleaded not guilty and put up a stiff fight at his trial. The jury returned a verdict of first-degree murder but with a recommendation for mercy. Pike was sentenced to life imprisonment.

The Pockmarked Killer

(*Continued from page* 90)

"You recall Shakespeare's line, 'Methinks the lady doth protest too much.' Well, this guy exposed himself by protesting too much. A detective himself in Europe once, he fell for something so simple that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's immortal Sherlock Holmes would describe it as 'elementary, my dear Watson.'

"I must thank the newspapers for publishing that list of personal likes and dislikes that the Chicago Police Department sent out. Of course, he saw it.

"He memorized that list and whenever any of those twelve personal peculiarities was mentioned in his presence he promptly disowned it. The hotter it was, the more vehemently he disclaimed. He was too careful. If he had fallen down on a few of the items—just crawled into the character of a goofy, talkative, unsuspicious waiter—he wouldn't have laid himself open.

"He was silly enough to play every one of those twelve cards with a 'copper.' Had he thought straight, instead of putting a reverse English on everything, he would have realized that no man living would fit the picture he made of himself.

"Look that list over again. Almost every sane human being would touch almost every other at one or more of the points mentioned. But can you conceive of any person, sane or insane, anywhere, who would just naturally fit them all, when reversed? His score was too perfect."

"Interesting—but e l u c i d a t e," laughed a reporter.

"A strong capitalist, who thought all communists should be hanged, he liked only brunette women—slim ones—but 'wouldn't marry the best woman on earth.' He couldn't eat after 10 P. M., never had seen anyone eat shirred eggs and fried liver, and couldn't do it himself if his life depended on it. He never witnessed a horse race, but had a bet down every day. He wouldn't d r i n k draught-beer but liked bottled beer and whiskey. He loved children and if he were rich would have adopted or endowed a dozen of them. He detested garlic—even a trace in salad dressing made him ill. He revelled in cigarettes, but abhorred snuff. He wore woolen underwear the year round. He was thoroughly religious, but couldn't endure pulpit oratory. He denied all knowledge of French and Russian, but spoke rotten German, all spotted up with French and Russian colloquialisms. And he pulled a gun and ran when Conroy called him by his right name."

"Find me a man like that," boomed a big captain, "and I'll sell him to Ringling's for a million."

"He merely overplayed a good hand," explained Teddy Buck. "But how about a report from his room? You said your men had located it."

"A peck of Chicago loot, hidden in the hotel wall," answered one of the officials. "They'll be here in a minute with it."

"And false teeth?"

"Just what you were looking for—two uppers and one lower missing. One gold upper. Also a theatrical grease paint stick, just the right style and shade to make phony pockmarks that would come off easily."

"Let's see that make-up pencil, please," asked Buck when the stuff had been brought in and spread out.

From his wallet he extracted an envelope, from which he took the handkerchief he had found in the alley back of the Van Ryser residence.

The stage paint matched the stains upon it perfectly.

Tired out, Teddy Buck napped until noon. When he awoke he reached for the telephone at the head of his bed.

"Room service please," he mumbled sleepily; and after a pause: "Send me up half a grapefruit, a pot of coffee, and—O, say! Some shirred eggs and fried liver. Yes—you heard right—what are you laughing at?"

His breakfast was interrupted by a telephone call from a reporter.

"If it's a fair question, Mr. Buck," he asked, "was that a real, honest-to-God list of his likes and dislikes that the killer memorized and trapped himself by denying?"

"Hell, no! That's where he overplayed his hand."

The Phantom in the House of Oesterreich

(*Continued from page* 95)

"While Mrs. Oesterreich was in jail," he replied, "a lawyer came and told me I must leave town. He took me in his car and drove me out into the San Fernando Valley and dumped me out. I wandered to San Francisco. Then I went to Portland where I met Miss Mathilde Schulte and fell violently in love with her. We were married. And no one could have a better wife. In telling this story, my only regret is that it should cause her so much pain."

"Where did you get the revolver with which you killed Oesterreich?" Costello asked.

"I bought two .25-caliber automatics when we were living in Milwaukee. After I had killed Fred with one of them, I filed the numbers from both of them."

"Have you seen Mrs. Oesterreich recently?" Cline asked.

"No. Ever since I met my wife, I have tried to forget the past but it has pursued me. 'Murder will out,' as it did in my story. I am thinking now only of San Quentin penitentiary. It would be a relief for me to get there, were it not for thinking of my poor wife."

Tears came to the prisoner's eyes. Chief Cline nodded and the man was led out. As he reached the door that led into the hallway, there was a rustle of skirts and a woman in black, escorted by a pair of plainclothesmen, passed by.

It was Mrs. Walburga Oesterreich who had just been arrested.

She glanced up for a moment and saw the little man who had just confessed to being for ten years the living skeleton in her closet.

Otto Sanhuber's hands trembled as if he was palsied and his jaw dropped.

But Mrs. Walburga Oesterreich shifted her gaze instantly and walked ahead without a sign of recognition.

As this is written, both Sanhuber and Mrs. Oesterreich have been indicted by the grand jury for the murder of the woman's husband. Sanhuber pleaded not guilty and not guilty by reason of insanity, the double plea permitted under California law. The widow also entered a double plea, not guilty and not guilty by reason of a previous acquittal.

The Solution to the Mysterious Murder of Algernon Ashe

Frederick Freeman, the American, husband of Mary Freeman, murdered Algernon Ashe at Monte Carlo.

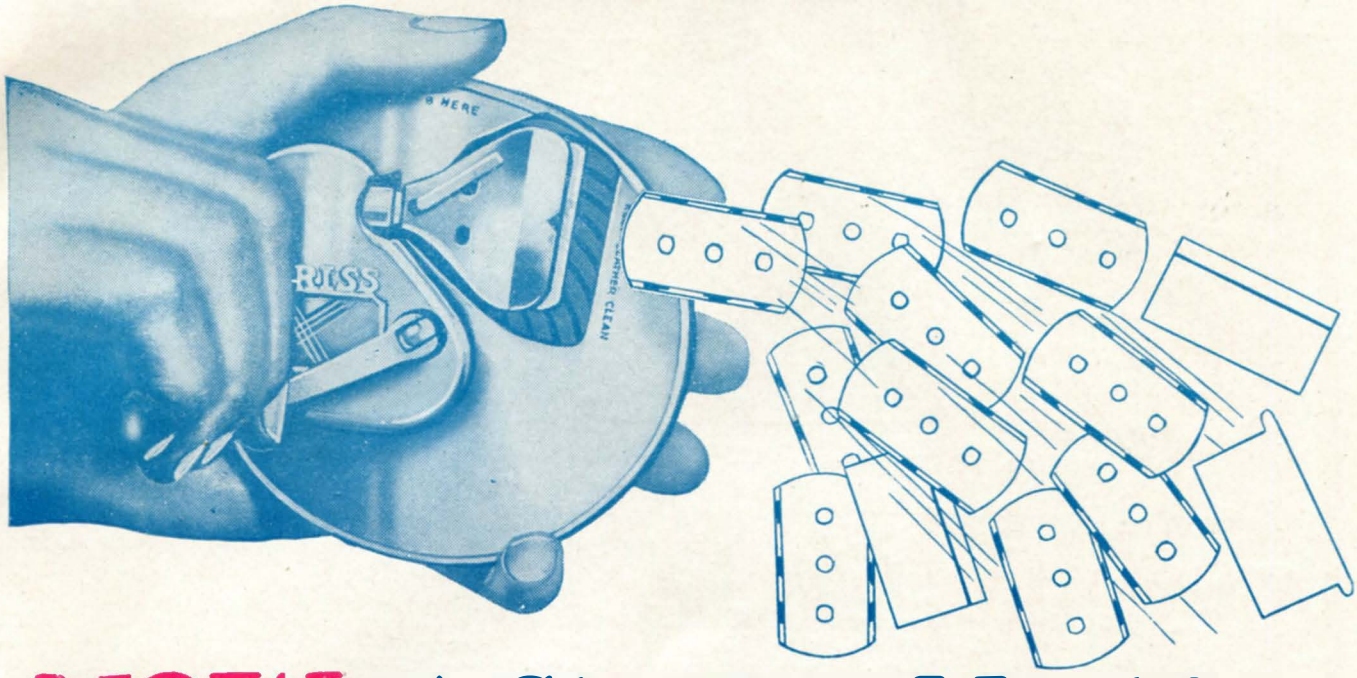
The detective deduced it from the burned fragment of cardboard which he recognized as part of a dated weight card from a penny-in-the-slot machine. The Monte Carlo detectives had previously reasoned that this was probably drawn from the murderer's own pocket when he was in urgent need of something to ignite from his waning last match. Proceeding on this hypothesis, the famous detective deduced that the "228-230" on the fragment (meaning 228-230 pounds) fitted only Freeman. He alone of the men of the three suspected parties was tall and stout, according to the descriptions gleaned from the hotel attaches.

The printing on the back of the weight card also served to identify it. It appeared as possibly a part of the stereotyped "character reading" which slot machines in America commonly give for a penny in addition to one's weight.

It came out subsequently that Freeman had suspected an affair between his wife and Ashe and had intercepted a letter to her sent that afternoon by the Englishman. The jealous husband had opened the envelope with a hot knife, had read the letter, and restored it to the envelope, and gummed down the flap again, so that his wife had no suspicion of the tampering. In the note Ashe had named a tryst for that evening in the gardens to discuss final plans for a proposed flight to India or Brazil. The tryst was for 9:30, a time of the evening when Freeman would customarily be at play at the casino tables.

Freeman said nothing. He went to the casino as usual but left early, and told his wife that urgent business demanded their presence in a Paris bank by the next day. He promised a quick return, however, and she, rather than arouse his suspicion, consented and began immediately to pack for the journey to Paris. Freeman then left to keep the appointment and shot down Ashe in cold blood.

Freeman was convicted but escaped with a nine-year sentence. Mrs. Freeman sued successfully for divorce and later married a French architect.



NOW... A Shaving Machine That Ends Buying Razor Blades!

AT LAST! The invention every man has been waiting for—a device that practically ends razor blade expense! J. T. Main (Wisconsin) has already gotten 1,500 slick shaves from one old Gillette blade. E. L. Vinal, Oregon, hasn't bought a razor blade for two years. Thousands write letters like this. Millions of dollars are being saved by Kriss Kross users with this amazing machine that makes old blades like new—in fact often makes them keener than when new!

Unlike Strappers

This wonderful device is far improved over ordinary blade sharpeners by an uncanny new principle that makes "perfect edge" an automatic certainty. It sharpens any blade (except Durham Duplex) in eleven seconds, and even a child can safely use it.

Just imagine what you could buy with the money you've spent on razor blades for the last ten years—and how much you can save the next ten—then you'll realize what a wonderful investment Kriss Kross is. But saving razor blades is only one of many Kriss Kross advantages. From now on, expect shaves that are 50% easier, cooler, quicker. No more tender, burning skin. No more tough, wiry beards or "missed" patches.

Sensational Free Razor Offer

And now for my surprising offer. To introduce KRISS KROSS to those who have not yet seen it, I am giving with it Free a new kind of razor. Possesses remarkable features. Instantly adjustable to any shaving position. A flip of the finger makes it (1) T-shape, (2) straight (fold style), (3) or diagonal (new way) Gives a *sliding* instead of pulling stroke. Simply zips right through the toughest crop of whiskers and leaves your face satin-smooth and cool. Made of *rustless* metal. All one connected piece—nothing to assemble or screw up. Comes with 5 special-process blades and is entirely unlike anything you ever saw before!

Mail coupon now while this special offer is still good.

A FREE FORD and $5300 PROFITS

Become a Kriss Kross man. Win a free Ford and make $5,300 in a year like G. B. Loughren Tilletson made $167 in one day. Work full time or spare hours. No experience needed—we show you how to make money. Kriss Kross national advertising has brough millions of inquiries from interested prospects. Check bottom line in coupon below.

KRISS KROSS
Razor Blade Machine

KRISS KROSS CORPORATION

1418 Pendleton Ave. Dept. E-3944 St. Louis, Mo.

Canadian Kriss Kross Co., 39 Wellington St., East, Toronto 2, Canada

World's Largest Manufacturers of Mechanical Strappers

Mail Today!

KRISS KROSS CORP., Dept. E-3944
1418 Pendleton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

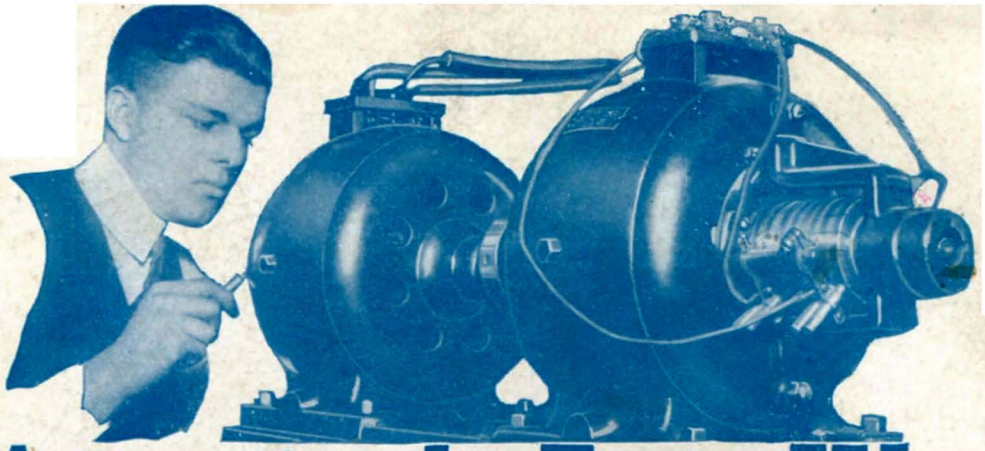
Without obligation, please send me illustrated description and full details of your special introductory offer on KRISS KROSS super stropper and FREE 3-way razor.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

( ) Check here if interested in making money as authorized KRISS KROSS representative.



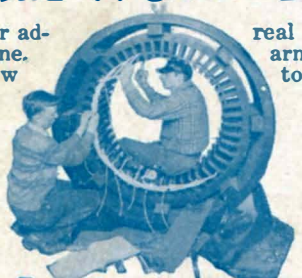
Amazingly Easy Way to get into ELECTRICITY

Don't spend your life waiting for $5 raises in a dull, hopeless job. Now . . . and forever . . . say good-bye to 25 and 35 dollars a week. Let me show you how to qualify for jobs leading to salaries of $50, $60 and up, a week, in Electricity —NOT by correspondence, but by an amazing way to teach, RIGHT HERE IN THE GREAT COYNE SHOPS. You become a practical expert in 90 days! Getting into Electricity is far easier than you imagine!

Learn Without Lessons in 90 DAYS

By Actual Work—in the Great Shops of Coyne

Lack of experience—age, or advanced education bars no one. I don't care if you don't know an armature from an air brake—I don't expect you to! I don't care if you're 16 years old or 48—it makes no difference! Don't let lack of money stop you. Most of the men at Coyne have no more money than you have.



Railroad Fare Allowed

I will allow your railroad fare to Chicago, and if you should need part-time work I'll assist you to it. Then, in 12 brief weeks, in the great roaring shops of Coyne, I train you as you never dreamed you could be trained on a gigantic outlay of electrical apparatus . . . costing hundreds of thousands of dollars . . . real dynamos, engines, power plants, autos, switchboards, transmitting stations . . . everything from doorbells to farm power and lighting . . . full-sized . . . in full operation every day!

Prepare for Jobs Like These

Here are a few of hundreds of positions open to Coyne-trained men. Our free employment bureau gives you lifetime employment service.

Armature Expert, to $100 a Wk.
Substation Operator $60 a Week and up
Auto lectrician $110 a Week
Inventor . . . . . Unlimited
Maintenance ngineer up to $150 a Week
Service Station Owner up to $200 a Week
Radio Expert up to $100 a Week

No Books-No Printed Lessons

No books, no baffling charts . . . all real actual work . . . right here in the great Coyne school . . . building real batteries . . . winding real armatures, operating real motors, dynamos and generators, wiring houses etc., etc. That's a glimpse of how we make you a master practical electrician in 90 days, teaching you far more than the average ordinary electrician ever knows and fitting you to step into jobs leading to big pay immediately after graduation. Here, in this world-famous *Parent school*—and nowhere else in the world—can you get this training!

Jobs-Pay-Future

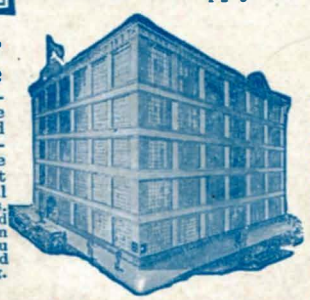
Dont' worry about a job, Coyne training settles the job question for life. Demand for Coyne men often exceeds the supply. Our employment bureau gives you a lifetime service. Two weeks after graduation, Clyde F. Hart got a position as electrician for the Great Western Railroad at over $100 a week. That's not unusual. We can point to Coyne men making up to $600 a month. $60 a week is only the beginning of your opportunity. You can go into radio, battery, or automotive electrical business for yourself and make up to $15,000 a year.

GET THE FACTS

Coyne is your one great chance to get into electricity. Every obstacle is removed. This school is 30 years old—Coyne training is tested—proven beyond all doubt—endorsed by many large electrical concerns. You can find out everything absolutely free. Simply mail the coupon and let me send you the big, free Coyne book of 150 photographs . . . facts . . . jobs . . . salaries . . . opportunities. Tells you how many earn expenses while training and how we assist our graduates in the field. This does not obligate you. So act at once. Just mail coupon.

Now in Our New Home

This is our new, fireproof, modern home wherein is installed thousands of dollars' worth of the newest and most modern Electrical Equipment of all kinds. Every comfort and convenience has been arranged to make you happy and contented during your training.



Get This FREE Book

Mr. H. C. LEWIS, President
COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL, Dept. BO-96
500 S. Paulina St., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Mr. Lewis:
Without obligation send me your big free catalog and all details of Railroad Fare to Chicago, Free Employment Service, Radio, Aviation Electricity, and Automotive Courses, and how I can "earn while learning."

Name.....

Address.....

City ..... *State*.....

COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL

H. C. LEWIS, Pres. ***Established 1899***

500 S. Paulina Street • Dept. BO-96 • Chicago, Illinois