

STARTLING Detective

DEC.

THE TRUTH FROM POLICE RECORDS

15¢

San Francisco's
DICTOGRAPH
DEATH
PLOT

Carl V. Pfeiffer

"Know Thyself"

*Let Handwriting
reveal your hidden
talents....*

Free

A brief character analysis, prepared from your handwriting by Dr. M. N. Bunker, founder of the well-known American Institute of Grapho-Analysis, will be sent to everyone who writes me. Handwriting tells your character so accurately and intimately that it may surprise you. Hidden talents may be revealed.

Success or failure—your business, social, or love affairs—all trace back to the proper use of talents with which you have been endowed. It may help you to "Know Thyself."

I WILL PAY \$250.00

For the most interesting specimen of handwriting sent me for analysis. Not the fanciest—not the plainest—but the most interesting.

You may write a letter if you wish, but really need **WRITE ONLY THESE FIVE WORDS**, "What does my handwriting indicate?" Write with pen or pencil, on any paper—the coupon—or a postal card. Style and penmanship do not count. **ANY** handwriting will do and **ANY** may be the most interesting. You need not write fancy or even plain. Any handwriting may win. The farmer or mechanic has just as much chance as the school teacher. Mail this to my address and Dr. Bunker's brief report will be sent you promptly.

Simply sending your handwriting for character analysis qualifies you for the opportunity to . . .

WIN \$3,500.00 CASH
OR NEW STUDEBAKER 8 SEDAN AND \$2,000.00 CASH

This stupendous prize is additional and entirely separate from the cash prize offered for the most interesting specimen of handwriting. Picture \$3,500.00 for yourself—all yours—to be used as you like. It certainly meant a lot to Joe Walsh, a young coal miner of Bobtown, Pennsylvania, when he got our check for \$3,500.00 All Cash. A newspaper says: "His father, aged mother and his nine sisters and brothers will not have to worry during the long winter." Think what such good fortune would mean to you! Rush your handwriting to me now for your character analysis. Yours may be the winner.

Interesting Chart Sent You FREE!

With the character analysis made from your handwriting you will receive absolutely FREE, a chart such as Dr. Bunker uses in his American Institute of Grapho-Analysis work. With it you may tell something of the characteristics of your friends. Write a few words, use the coupon or a postal. Do it now before you forget it . . . you may win \$250.00!

RICHARD DAY, Mgr.
Cincinnati Dept. AK- 51-P Ohio

Are You
At home—
with your
Are You W
What's Wr
Is It Your
Your Hand
Truth . . . \$

SIMPLE, E

If you are over 16, able to use \$250.00, you are submitted must be your only one specimen and write anything you like—or write, "What does my handwriting indicate?" Use the coupon on a postal card will do. specimen submitted to American Institute will win. (Reply to Richard Day, Cincinnati, Ohio, by postmark January 20, 1935, awarded)

BE PREPARED TO SEND YOUR CERTIFICATE

If you let me know you want it

\$250.00 PRIZE C

RICHARD DAY, Manager,
Dept. AK-51-P, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Here's my handwriting for a brief c

My name is.....

Address

Town..... S

Date I read your offer.....

I am to receive FREE a brief character analysis of my handwriting and a FREE Character



Greenhorn" Salesman Saves 5 Orders Veterans Lost Through Mistakes!

...r This Amazing Little Book Showed Him How!

... as a salesman was about as g as you can imagine. It was The firm had sent me out d salesman who was supposed This fellow had been selling for years—he was described as a I thought I would learn a lot

n much. In four cases, where desman was supposed to show c over a tough one" he failed ry case he went away leaving nd antagonistic; and the chance each case seemed gone. I s the best a 'star' like this can tough, surely!"

k to the office my companion lecture on how bad business assured me, "we'll see some wv."

ome, however, I was attracted igh I was reading. On one most interesting item which book called "Mistakes Com- li g." It also told of a most saesmen, given by a group d sales managers.

little book was free, and e what it could tell me. ore of days later, I'd had with the older men who me in. I had noticed ws had failed to get any-

of my mind, I picked up rted to read it. It was What made it most ver, was that, among the ussed, it accurately de-

scribed the selling tactics of several of the fellows I had been working with. It showed why they were losing so many sales.

Right there I had an inspiration. I laid down the little book and made a plan. When I arrived at the office next day I said I was going out alone. I took that little book with me, and some notes—and I went and called back at every office where we had been before. But I had noted the mistakes listed in that little book and I took special care to avoid them—especially the ones which I knew the other men had made.

And there's the amazing thing: Of course, a greenhorn like me couldn't get all those customers. But I actually did get five of them signed on the dotted line! I went back that night with orders in my pocket that were worth \$75 to me!

If you're like me—just about to give up selling in despair—do what I did, and get that little book. After you read it, and its amazing companion volume "The Key To Master Salesmanship," you'll see why I enrolled for the marvelous sales training given by the National Salesmen's Training Association, which published both books. Myself, I haven't decided yet which book did me the most good—the book of "Mistakes" showed me clearly that there were easy and sure methods of getting rid of expensive selling errors; the other, however, was printed dynamite! For it showed me how thousands of men had, right in their own homes, mastered the ins-and-outs of successful selling, often in as little as six months. It gave me the actual records of scores of men, fellows from every walk of life, who had increased their incomes, from 100% to 900%, as a direct result of this quick practical training. I know how these fellows made their records—before I was half through the course, I had actually doubled my pay—and that was only the start!

Send Now For These Two Amazing Books

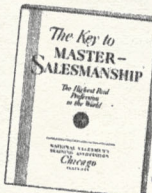
Two books—packed with dynamite from one cover to the other! A leading business expert has pronounced them "two of the most important books ever written for salesmen." For they lift the veil of foolish secrecy for salesmanship. They have blasted scores of the old-fashioned ideas about selling and selling methods. To literally thousands they have meant the difference between ill-paid slavery in "two-by-four" selling jobs, or in offices and factories. Even men with good-sized salaries have found in these two books the inspiration that increased their pay into the twenty-thousand-dollar class! Yet these two books are now FREE. They cost you nothing, if you are ambitious and really want to make a lasting success in salesmanship. Send for them today. Learn why some salesmen are wasting their lives—hampered by ignorance of the fundamentals of successful selling. Learn, too, how thousands of others have turned their blind ploddings into brilliant and well-paid sales genius. They may well do as much for you, as they have for these thousands of others. No obligation—mail the coupon now!

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Dept. W-925, 21 W. Elm St. Chicago, Ill.



Where Shall We Send Your Copies **FREE!**



National Salesmen's Training Association
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Without obligation to me, please send my FREE copies of your books "Mistakes Commonly Made in Selling" and "The Key To Master Salesmanship," with complete information about your training and service features.

Name
Address
City State
Age Occupation

Vol. IX

Startling DETECTIVE Adventures

No. 53

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NEXT MONTH!

How Gang Torturers Solved

The KIDNAPING of LITTLE JACKIE THOMPSON

A child's piercing scream. Snatchers had struck again!

Clues failed. Police quarreled. Criminals threatened to return the child "A PIECE AT A TIME."

Then a vice lord was drafted to aid detectives in the most amazing solution of a kidnaping case on record.

And Other Startling True Mystery Cases From the Police Records

Watch for the January issue on sale everywhere December 1

STARTLING DETECTIVE ADVENTURES Magazine is published monthly by Country Press, Inc., 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 Minneapolis, Minn. Editorial offices, 529 South Seventh Street, Minneapolis, Minn. Advertising offices at 35 East Wacker Drive, (Phone: State 2955) Chicago, Ill., and 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, Room 1603, (Phone: Murray Hill 2-1555) New York City. Address manuscripts to Minneapolis office. Price 15 cents a copy, \$1.50 a year in the United States and possessions. Printed in U. S. A. Copyright 1932.



WANTED- for murder!

\$1,000 Reward

IN a dirty, forlorn shack by the river's edge they found the mutilated body of Genevieve Martin. Her pretty face was swollen and distorted. Marks on the slender throat showed that the girl had been brutally choked to death. Who had committed this ghastly crime? No one had seen the girl and her assailant enter the cottage. No one had seen the murderer depart. How could he be brought to justice.

Crimes like this have been solved—are being solved every day by Finger Print Experts. Every day we read in the papers of their exploits, hear of the mysteries they solve, the criminals they identify, the rewards they win. Finger Print Experts are always in the thick of the excitement, the heroes of the hour.

Not Experienced Detectives Just Ordinary Men

Within the past few years, scores of men, men with no police experience, men with just ordinary grade school educations, have become Finger Print Experts. You can become a Finger Print Expert, too. Can you imagine a more fascinating line of work than this? More trained men are needed. Here is a real opportunity for you.

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Without any obligation whatever, send me your new, fully illustrated, FREE book of authentic detective tales, "Finger Prints"; also Confidential Report Operator No. 38 Made to His Chief. Literature will NOT be sent to boys under 17 years of age.

Name _____

Address _____

City and State _____

Age _____

DEATH FOR TRAITOR OFFICIALS!

AN EDITORIAL

DEATH for traitors has been the rule since long before barbarism passed the shadowy line into civilization.

It is, therefore, high time the American people took under consideration the death penalty for traitorous public officials.

Modern gangdom could not have risen to challenge public authority as it does today without treachery on the part of those elected or appointed to guard public safety.

From the crooked cop on the beat with his hand out and an eye ready to wink at crime to the grafting police commissioner, the bribe-taking judge and the prosecutor who can be "fixed" there is in some American communities a long line of official traitors who deserve the rope or the chair for their dereliction to duty.

We are by no means permanently sold on the death penalty as an instrument for combatting general crime. Given honorable and trustworthy public officers, this country need have no fear of the out-and-out enemies of society who challenge authority as its natural foes.

But when our patrolmen deal with prowlers, when police sergeants keep hands off in known cases of "pineapple" bombing extortion, when police captains cut with vice mongers on the profits of "white slave" debauchery, when police inspectors and commissioners farm out concessions to gang killers engaged in kidnaping, extortion rackets and murderous liquor wars till honest citizens are afraid to complain against their despoilers, high treason alone holds further possibilities of terror.

The "heist guy" with his lead pipe or his thirty-eight is an honorable foe compared with the man who accepts public trust and then betrays that trust by selling out to violence and chicanery.

No excuse of poor pay or hardship can mitigate this type of crime and death is not only justified punishment but the only reliable protection against further betrayals of the same sort.

It is by no means improper or unfair to say to the elected official or to the officer appointed by him: "We trust you with our protection. We will support you and honor you in the performance of your duty. We will forgive your failure if the job is too big for you. But we will hang you or send you to the chair if you sell us out or give aid to the public enemy."

I'll Send My First Lesson **FREE**



Here's Proof



Made \$10,000 More In Radio

"I can safely say that I have made \$10,000 more in Radio than I would have made if I had continued at my old job."

VICTOR L. OSGOOD,
St. Cloud Ave.,
West Orange, N. J.



Jumped from \$35 to \$100 a week

"Before I entered Radio I was making \$35 a week. I earned \$110 in one week servicing and selling Radios. I owe my success to N. R. I. You started me off on the right foot."

J. A. VAUGHN,
Grand Radio & App. Co.,
3107 S. Grand Blvd.,
St. Louis, Mo.



\$500 extra in 6 months

"In looking over my records I find I made \$500 in my spare time in six months. My best week brought me \$107. I have only one regret regarding your course—I should have taken it long ago."

HOYT MOORE,
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Indianapolis, Ind.

It Shows How Easy it is
to Learn at Home
to fill a
BIG PAY
Radio Job

Clip the coupon and mail it. I'm so sure I can train you at home in your spare time for a big pay job in Radio that I'll send you my first lesson free. Examine it, read it, see how clear and easy it is to understand. Then you will know why many men with less than a grammar school education and no technical experience have become Radio Experts and are earning two to three times their former pay as a result of my training.

Many Radio Experts Make \$50 to \$100 a Week

In about ten years the Radio Industry has grown from \$2,000,000 to hundreds of millions of dollars. Over 300,000 jobs have been created by this growth, and thousands more will be created by its continued development. Many men and young men with the right training—the kind of training I give you in the N. R. I. course—have stepped into Radio at two and three times their former salaries.

Get Ready Now for Jobs Like These

Broadcasting stations use engineers, operators, station managers, and pay up to \$5,000 a year. Manufacturers continually employ testers, inspectors, foremen, engineers, service men, buyers, for jobs paying up to \$6,000 a year. Radio Operators on ships enjoy life, see the world, with board and lodging free, and get good pay besides. Dealers and jobbers employ service men, salesmen, buyers, managers, and pay up to \$100 a week. My book tells you about these and many other kinds of interesting Radio jobs.

Many Make \$5, \$10, \$15 a Week Extra in Spare Time Almost at Once

The day you enroll with me I send you material which you should master quickly for doing 28 Radio jobs common in most every neighborhood, for spare-time money. Throughout your course I send you information for servicing popular makes of sets! I give you the plans and ideas that have made \$200 to \$1,000 a year for N. R. I. men in their spare time. My course is famous as the course that pays for itself.

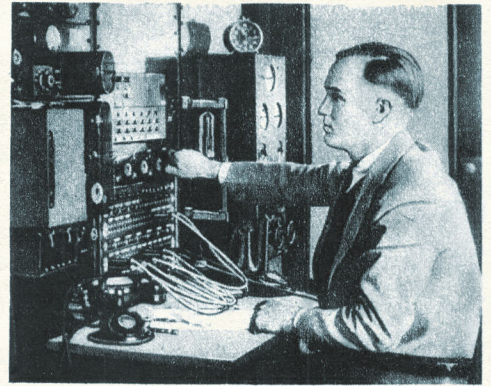
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Special training in Talking Movies, Television, and Home Television experiments, Short Wave Radio, Radio's use in Aviation, Servicing and Merchandising Sets, Broadcasting, Commercial and Ship Stations are included. I am so sure that N. R. I. can train you satisfactorily that I will agree in writing to refund every penny of your tuition if you are not satisfied with my Lesson and Instruction Service upon completion.

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Mail the coupon now. In addition to the sample lesson I send my book, "Rich Rewards in Radio." It tells you where the good jobs are in Radio, what they pay, tells you about my course, what others who have taken it are doing and making. This offer is free to all residents of the United States and Canada over 15 years old. Find out what Radio offers you without the slightest obligation. ACT NOW!

J. E. SMITH, President
National Radio Institute, Dept. 2NH3, Washington, D. C.



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I have doubled and tripled the salaries of many Find out about this tested way to **BIGGER PAY**



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National Radio Institute, Dept. 2NH3
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NAME
ADDRESS
CITY STATE

The Famous Course That Pays For Itself

SOLVING the MYSTERY OF CHICAGO'S PERFUMED BURGLAR

By Merlin Moore
TAYLOR

*Striking, raiding, vanishing, a ghostly
"gold coast" robber left clues that did
not fit—and a faint, elusive scent.*

*Captured, he played "dumb", then
fled to a crimson finish.*



Caught by a keen detective alert for the strange perfume, Adam Prochowski answered no part of the ghost burglar's description. Detectives pronounced him "dumb."



Transformed by this mask, the ghostly terror of Chicago's elite presented a mystic figure totally unrecognizable even to those who knew him.

"GHOST BURGLAR," he was called by the chagrined and humiliated Chicago cops—and with reason. For two years he had preyed on the homes of the rich, taking a fortune in money and jewels, without once being seen or heard or leaving a clue to guide the man-hunters to him. He had not been stopped by locked doors and windows, nor by burglar alarms or night watchmen. He came, he went and left things so much as he found them that sometimes it was not discovered he had been there until days later. That's how good he was.

Then one night in July, 1916, the homes of George M. Reynolds, banker, and John Borden, sportsman and explorer, were robbed. The crack detective squad, which was rushed to the "Gold Coast" to investigate, reported back that both jobs bore the earmarks of "The Ghost"—and that at last he had stubbed his toe.

Fingerprints had been found on the sill of a window at the Reynolds home, footprints in the soft earth beneath it and, on a desk in the banker's study, a pair of spectacles. Apparently the burglar had been disturbed while perusing the

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GREAT CURIOSITY! Smallest Bible in the World. Size of a postage stamp. 200 Pages. Said to bring good luck to the owner. A genuine work of art. Must be seen to be appreciated. Make good money selling them to friends, church acquaintances, etc. PRICE 10c each, 3 for 40c, 12 for \$1.35, 100 for \$7.50. Also obtainable. Leather binding, with gold edges. Price 90c each, 3 for \$1.25, \$4.50 per doz. Magnifying Glass for use with Midget Bible 15c.

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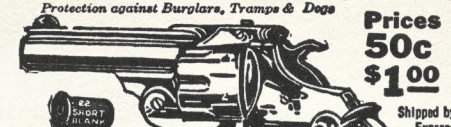
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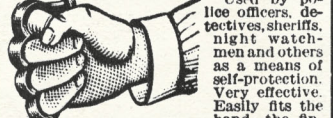
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Used by police officers, detectives, sheriffs, night watchmen and others as a means of self-protection. Easily fits the hand, the finger-guards being grasped in the fingers. Very useful in an emergency. Made of aluminum they are very light, weighing less than 2 ounces. Handy pocket size always ready for instant use. PRICE 25c each, 2 for 45c postpaid.

THE BUDDY PHONE



A Real Telephone. Works indoors or outdoors. Though this is merely a very clever toy, it is quite as serviceable for short distances as the most elaborate apparatus made and it is much less expensive. It is of order or to need adjustment; in fact it cannot be rendered inefficient unless roughly handled. No troublesome battery, no intricate wiring. The device can be put in operation from one room to another, up or down stairs, around corners, etc. The patented sounding disc transmits and receives the voice perfectly, making it a really practical talking telephone. Set consists of two phones, transmission cord and full instructions. Price only 65c per set postpaid.

WONDERFUL X-RAY TUBE

A wonderful little instrument producing optical illusions both surprising and startling. With it you can see what is apparently the bones of your fingers, the lead in a test tube, the interior opening in a pipe stem, and many other similar illusions. Price 10c, 3 for 25c.

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More fun than fighting with your wife. They look just like ordinary matches but explode with a loud bang when lit. 12 matches to a box. PRICE 10c per box, 3 boxes 25c, or 5c per doz. boxes. Not mailable. Shipped by Express only.

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This is another good practical joke! The intense discomfort of your victims to everyone who comes in contact with it. Thoroughly enjoyable. All that is necessary to start the itching is to blow the powder on a person's hand and the powder can be relied upon to do the rest. The result is a vigorous scratch, then some more scratch, and still some more. 10c box, 3 boxes for 25c or 75c per dozen. Shipped by Express.

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One of these glass vials dropped in a room full of people will cause more consternation than a lumbering elephant. The small object disappears in a short time. 10c per box, 3 boxes for 25c, or \$7.50 per gross boxes. Shipped only by Express.

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Place a very small amount of this powder on the back of your hand and blow it into their nose and watch them sneeze without knowing the reason why. It is most amusing to hear their remarks, as they never suspect the real source, but think they are having the time of their life. For parties, political meetings, car rides, or any place at all where there is a crowd of people, it is the greatest joke out. PRICE 10c, 3 for 25c, 75c per dozen. 2 Shipped by Express.

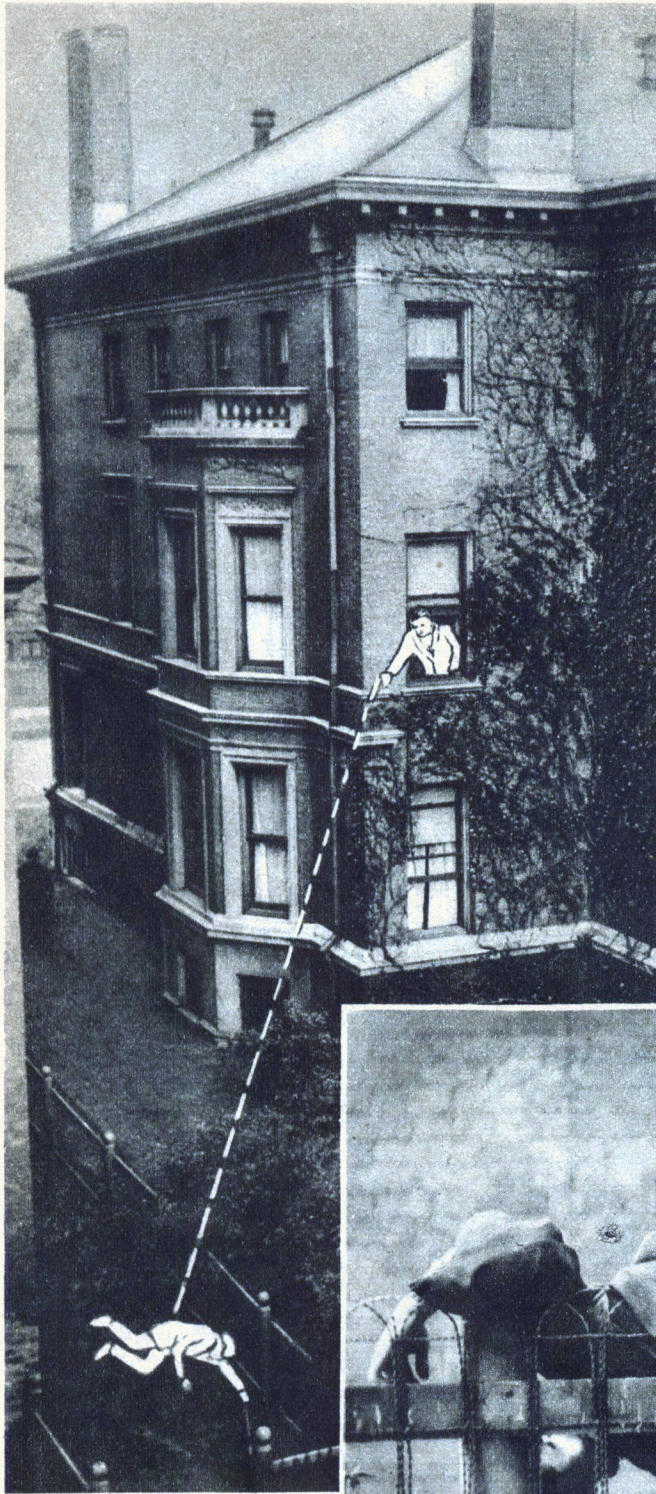
COMICAL MOTTO RINGS

Lots of harmless fun and amusement wearing these rings. Made in platinum finish, with a number of people, it is the greatest joke out. Price 25c. ea. Postpaid.

MAGIC MADE 250 MAGIC RINGS

An excellent little book containing 250 Parlor Tricks, tricks with cards, coins, handkerchiefs, eggs, rings, glasses, etc., so simple that a child can perform them. Profoundly illus. Sent postpaid to any address for only 25c postpaid.

ADDRESS ORDERS FOR ALL GOODS ON THIS PAGE TO JOHNSON SMITH & CO. DEPT. 902 Racine, Wis.



Escaped from Joliet prison, the perfumed ghost went back to his old trade, only to die under the fire of a World war sharpshooter employed as guard at the home of a Chicago traction magnate. An artist has pictured the scene.



Guard Charles A. Pfaus, who killed the ghost robber, here demonstrates how the fleeing spectre was caught on a fence at the Henry A. Blair estate and riddled with bullets after his last job.

contents of the desk and in his precipitate flight had left behind an inkling to his appearance. The prints of his feet and fingers pointed to a small man, the glasses to one with poor eyesight.

Detective Charles Wenzel believed he also used perfume. In both robbed homes he had noticed the same distinctive and pleasing odor in the air and a question or two at each place had shown it was not that of any perfume in the household, leading to the conclusion that the burglar used scent.

Wenzel did not mention it to his fellows. Only recently out of uniform and assigned to the crack squad for training, he feared laughter at his theory, but he did not forget it.

The fingerprints did not match those of any known criminal; no Chicago oculist had a record of the lenses in the spectacles. "The Ghost," after a brief lay-off, resumed operations.

One day, on the street, Detective Wenzel caught a whiff of the scent he had associated with the Reynolds and Borden burglar. He turned quickly to stare after the man whose passing had wafted it to his nostrils. The fellow was tall and broad-shouldered; not at all the type "The Ghost" was believed to be, but Wenzel began to tail him and presently ranged alongside. The man eyed him with a hint of fear in his eyes and shied away.

A bit later Wenzel towed him into the West North Avenue station. "Book this man as a burglary suspect," he ordered.

Laughter answered him. "We know this Polack," he was told. "He's dumb, but okay."

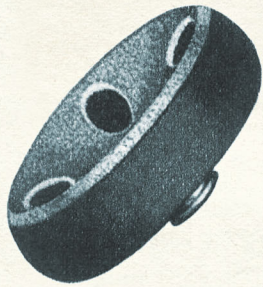
Then someone explained. Wenzel's prisoner, Adam Prochowski, had been arrested before because a detective saw him throw a pawn-ticket away. Prochowski said he had found the ticket and had not known what it was. He said he was a refugee Pole, a man of some means and law-abiding. A check-up had resulted in his release—with apologies.

"Then maybe he can explain this stuff I took off him," said Wenzel and poured out of his pocket a glittering assortment of jewelry.

Prochowski did not even try to explain; he dived out an open window, instead.

The time was not propitious, however. A score of police-

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your own flesh. When you walk, run, bend, or exercise it tends to squeeze itself, not the part of your body it rests against. It is so entirely lacking in bulk and weight that even some ruptured men's wives have not known they were ruptured.

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Suction-Cell Retainer must give the results that you expect or you simply return it. If your rupture is not actually and positively reduced in size during the free trial we allow, send it back and demand the return of your deposit as agreed. If 30 days' trial are not enough, write us and we will extend the time to 60, 90 days or even four months if you desire.

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the news magazine of the screen



If your news dealer is sold out, send 10c (coin or stamps) to SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 529 So. 7th Street, Minneapolis, Minn., and your copy of the December issue will be mailed to your address.

men, duty bound, were coming toward the station from all sides. He was hemmed in and recaptured.

The jewelry was identified as loot from burglaries attributed to "The Ghost." Prochowski sat tight, said nothing. He was indicted on four counts. A distinguished criminal lawyer appeared in his behalf, bond in a heavy amount was forthcoming from some mysterious source.

When the cases were called for trial Prochowski was gone.

Six months later he was caught in Evansville, Indiana, and returned. This time there was no lawyer, no bondsman—and Prochowski "sang like a canary."

Training For Burglary

HIS was an amazing tale. A university graduate, fleeing the World War, he had landed in New York penniless and the only job he could get was helping a fellow-countryman on a truck. It was used in a warehouse robbery in which Prochowski said he was only a dupe but he was caught and sent to Elmira reformatory for a year. When he came out, he went to work in a warehouse. It was robbed and, his Elmira record becoming known, he was convicted of complicity and sent to Auburn.

Smarting under a sense of double injustice, Prochowski said, he decided deliberately to become a criminal, choosing burglary because his cellmate, a notorious housebreaker, was willing to teach him the fine points of the "profession."

When he was "on the bricks" again, Prochowski began preparations for burglary in a unique way. He adopted a rigorous regimen of diet, exercise and road work to build up strength and endurance in order that he might flee or fight if occasion demanded. He avoided coffee and tea for the sake of his nerves, liquor that his judgment might not be impaired and tobacco because his mentor had mentioned that a tainted breath might betray him if he were compelled to hide while on a job.

His "kit" was simplicity itself—a cheap diamond ring, if he had to cut glass; a tiny screw-driver; a pair of long, thin pliers that would go into a keyhole and grasp the end of a key on the other side and turn it until it could be pushed out, a newspaper to be pushed under the door and deaden the sound of the falling key, a pair of pocket scissors with which—after he was in a house—a mask could be fashioned from a square of black cloth and a flashlight disguised as a fountain pen.

On his way to a burglary, always well "cased" in advance, Prochowski carried a stout cardboard box with a patent fastening device which contained a quantity of cotton. Into it went his loot, onto it a sticker bearing his name and address and he popped it into the first mailbox, to be delivered to him by Uncle Sam next day with a minimum of risk to himself.

Prochowski was chagrined to know that a few drops of perfume had betrayed him. His sweetheart, unaware he was a criminal, had dabbed it on his coat lapel earlier in the night and he, suffering from a slight cold, had not realized its potency.

Prochowski was perplexed by the fingerprints, the footprints and the spectacles at the Reynolds home. Obviously they were not his.

He himself, it developed, had been in the house not once, but twice, that night!

He had expected to get certain jewels he knew Mrs. Reynolds owned. She was not at home when he broke in and he could not find them, so concluded she was wearing them. He decided to await her return. Meanwhile he took several hundred dollars in money and several thousand in jewelry from the bedroom where Mr. Reynolds was sleeping behind a locked door, which gave "The Ghost" no trouble.

Tiring of his wait, Prochowski decided to kill time by robbing the Borden home for which he already had made plans. It offered no difficulties and his loot in money and jewels pleased him. Having disposed of it and that taken from Mr. Reynolds in his usual manner, he returned to the Reynolds home to find that its mistress still was absent. As a matter of fact she was spending the night elsewhere. Prochowski left shortly before dawn.

His theory that between his two calls

REWARD!

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**WATCH FOR CONVICTIONS
IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD.**

another burglar paid one seems reasonable. Prochowski denied tampering with a wall safe from which the combination was knocked off that night. He expressed the opinion that the other man heard him on his second visit and fled.

Prochowski went to Joliet in May, 1917, under four sentences of five to twenty-five years, to be served separately. In March, 1922, he escaped.

Two months later, on a May night, Charles A. Pfaus, World War sharpshooter, employed to guard the home of Henry A. Blair, Chicago traction magnate, fired with a shotgun at a shadowy figure trying to force a window, then killed the man with an automatic as he climbed a fence.

So died Adam Prochowski, "The Ghost."

His end had an ironic twist for one who planned so well in advance. The watchman had been hired only the day before because a suspicious individual—perhaps Prochowski himself—had been seen hanging around!

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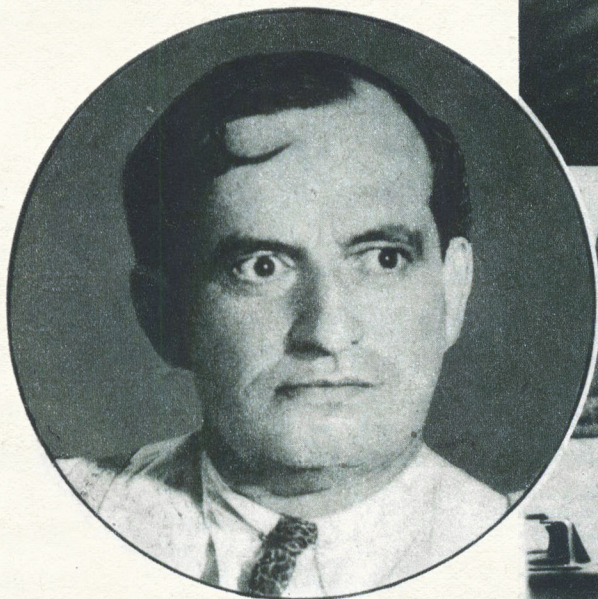
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Held Months in Lindbergh Case



FOUND PRISONER in a mountain cabin near Johnstown, Pa., Garret Schenck, 46, a fish peddler of Hopewell, N. J., declares he was held by a private detective for 76 days and constantly grilled about the Lindbergh kidnaping murder.

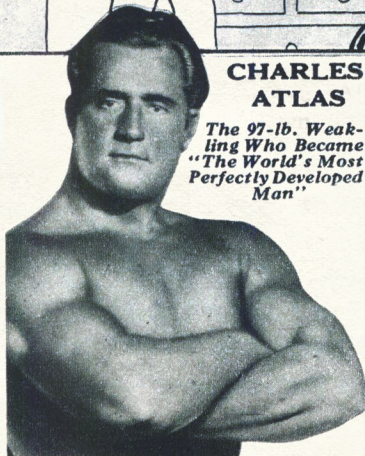
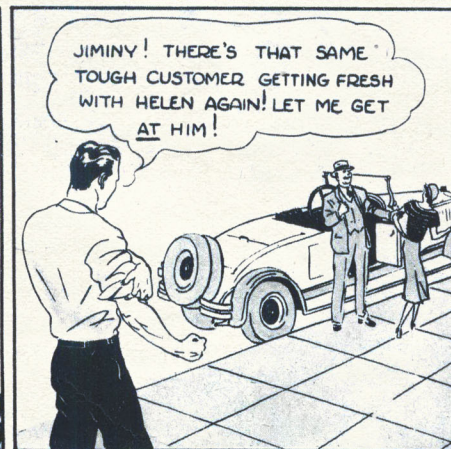
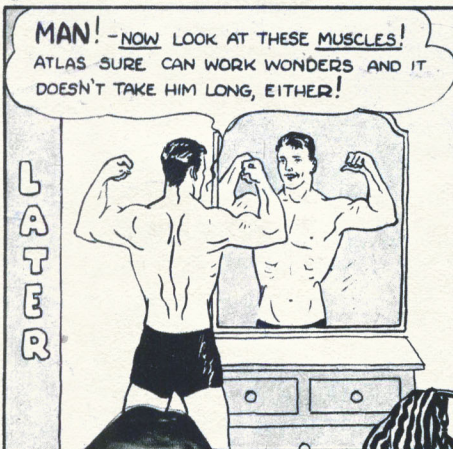


SEEKING A STOLEN SAFE thrown into the Potomac River, divers from Washington Navy Yard have been patrolling the river bottom since the robbery of a Washington, D. C., manufacturing company. The safe, weighing 200 pounds, is said to have been dumped into the river as the criminals fled under police pursuit.



← **SEEMING THREAT** of this picture proved prophetic when Charles E. Du Bois, of Tuckahoe, N. Y., told of the disappearance of his wife (shown with him) only to be revealed as her murderer. Read the story in next month's issue of this magazine.

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San Francisco's

By CHARLES DULLEA

Captain of Inspectors, San Francisco Police Department

As told to HAROLD J. FITZGERALD



"I HEARD EGAN DISCUSS THE PLOT," declares Captain Dullea in this graphic account of an incredible crime. Never did a police officer find himself in so grave a dilemma or perform a more masterly detective feat.



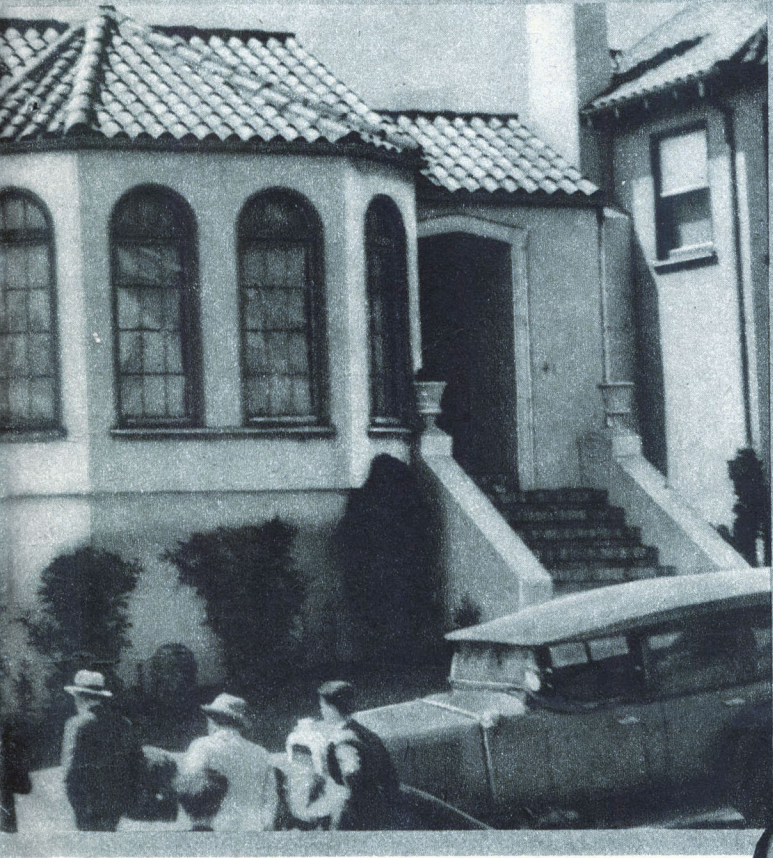
Here a juggernaut car crushed the life out of Jessie Scott Hughes.

"I wouldn't do it myself. I wouldn't let it look like murder." Two San Francisco police inspectors gasped.

Their ears glued to the receivers of a dictograph, they had overheard a death plot. Yet the thing couldn't be possible for they had recognized the speaker's voice.

He was Frank J. Egan, public defender, the victim's best friend. Was the man joking again—or did he really plot MURDER?

DICTOGRAPH DEATH PLOT



The mystery of Mrs. Hughes' locked house helped solve the riddle.



PART I

INSPECTORS "PADDY" WAFER and PERCY KE-NEALLY sat in a private office in the Monadnock building, San Francisco, with headpieces over their ears.

From the headpieces wires led up Market street to a physician's office in the Flood building. There they ended in a tiny but powerful microphone concealed in an out-of-the-way part of the room. The detectives sat intent, taking rapid notes as voices came over the wire.

"She could be killed easily," said one voice.

"And you'd be the first man suspected," said another. "The police would find that she had \$20,000 insurance in your favor, and they'd clap their hand right on your shoulder. Who else would want to kill her?"

"Do you think I'm a dumb bell?" demanded the first voice. "I wouldn't do it myself—and I wouldn't let it look like murder."

"What would you make it look like?"

"A hit-run accident. Knock her unconscious. Run over her with a heavy car. Leave her somewhere on a dark street near her home. Who's going to think it's anything but a hit-

ADVENTURES

THE PLOTTER'S VOICE WAS RECOGNIZED. He was Frank Egan, public defender.

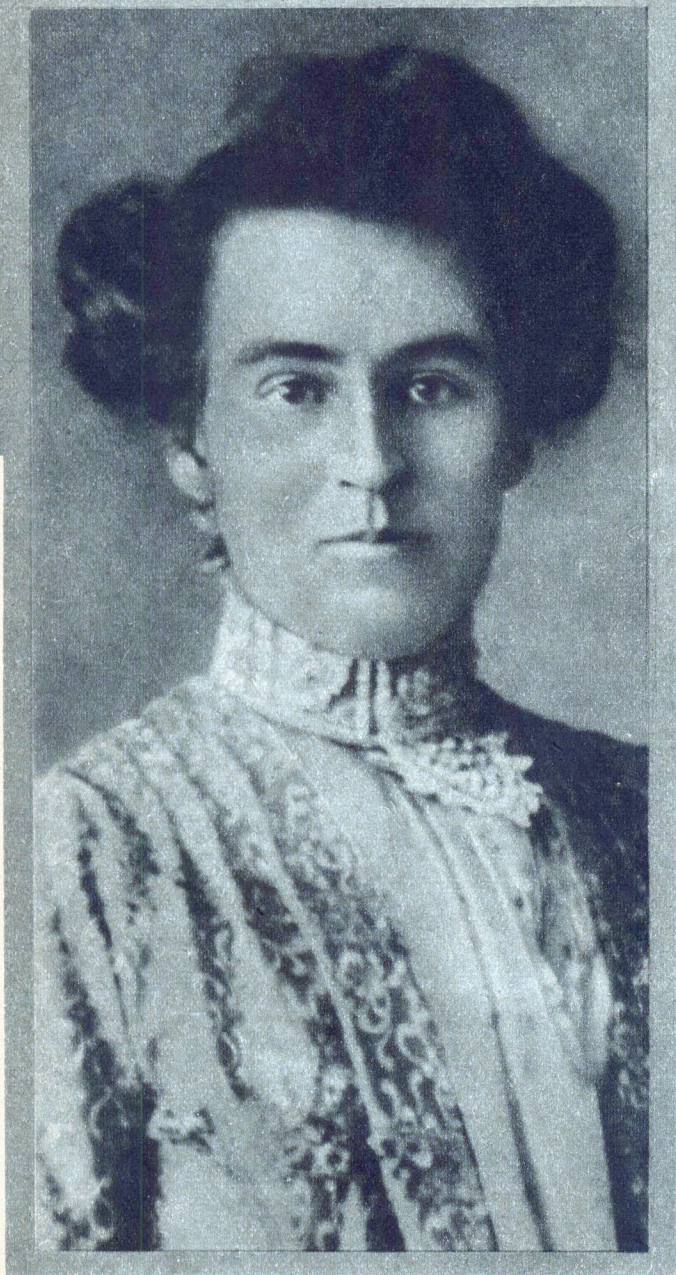
run case? And how could they prove it? The autopsy would show she was killed by being run over. And that's all they'd ever find out."

The inspectors stared at each other in amazement.

It was not merely that they had heard a murder plotted—but that the voice of the plotter was known to them.

Frank J. Egan, San Francisco's public defender and one of the city's big political figures was voicing the death plot. And he was plotting to kill an elderly widow who for years had regarded him as a son.

We had had no thought of Egan and no knowledge of Mrs. Jessie Scott Hughes when we installed the dictograph in that office. We were after information on gang activities. We knew that this office was a hang-out for denizens of the underworld, and that the doctor who officed there had attended Earl Leter, a prominent gangster, in the latter's last illness—caused by a gunshot wound.

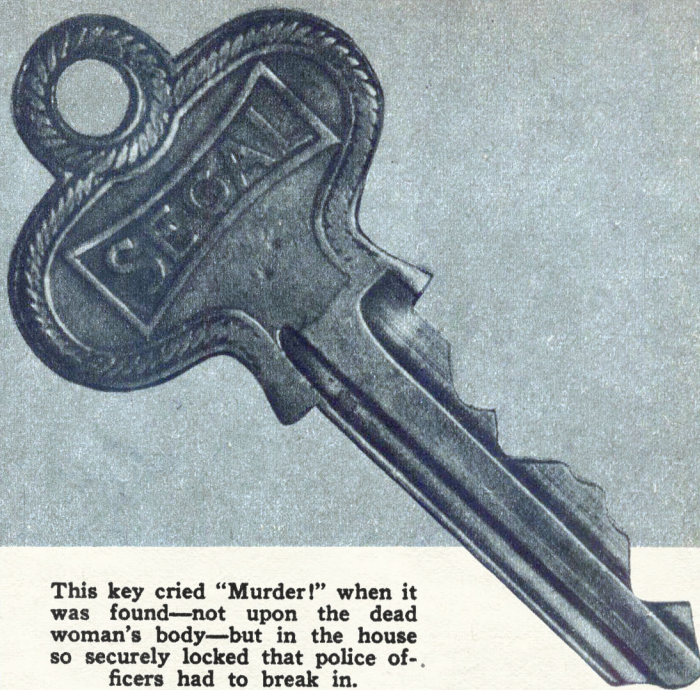


Patron and benefactor of the famous public defender, Mrs. Jessie Scott Hughes scoffed at anonymous warnings till the day of her death.

Leter had died without revealing to us who shot him. We believed he had revealed it to the doctor, and that the doctor might reveal it to some of Leter's friends. So, in July, 1931, we employed Ignatius McCarty, an expert in such matters, to effect a secret installation of the dictaphone in the physician's office.

The results for a time were disappointing. Either the doctor didn't have the information we thought he had, or he wasn't discussing it. And then into the friendly discussions in his inner sanctum came a new voice. Wafer recognized it at once, the voice of Frank Egan. He had heard it in court many times when Egan was defending crooks in the masterly style that had made him famous up and down the coast.

Egan, it appeared from his conversation, was pressed for money. There was a \$9,000 mortgage on his home that was bothering him. A number of other creditors were becoming insistent. His \$8,000 a year salary was not nearly enough for the needs of himself, his wife, and their three children, and



This key cried "Murder!" when it was found—not upon the dead woman's body—but in the house so securely locked that police officers had to break in.

he was getting in deeper and deeper. He would have to do something. Our doctor friend and one or two of his other intimates agreed with him; something would have to be done.

The detectives, with their weary ears glued to the gossiping, chattering earpieces, wondered idly what Egan would do about it—and wished something more novel and entertaining than financial troubles would come over the wires. It soon did.

"If only," said Egan in a later conversation, "I had that insurance of Mrs. Hughes'!"

"How much is it?" asked someone.

"Nearly \$20,000," said Egan. "It would settle all my debts and leave me a little spare cash."

"Oh well," said the other voice, "she'll probably die some day."

"Wouldn't it be funny if she got run over?" said Egan. "But she never will—she's too cautious. I guess," he said jocularly, "I'll have to kill her myself!"

There was a light laugh from somewhere. Then—

"She could be killed easily," went on Egan. And he proceeded with the description already set forth of how he would make it appear to be a hit-run accident.

When the inspectors reported this conversation to me I told them their ears must have deceived them.

"Or else he was joking," I said. "Imagine a man in his position planning such a thing! He was probably just trying to kid someone."

"He said it in all seriousness!" they assured me. "Come and listen for yourself!"

I did.

I heard Egan discuss the plot with his intimates.

I heard him talk of establishing an alibi, just to be on the safe side in case anything went wrong.

Planning An Alibi

"I COULD go to the fights," he said. "I could have a ring-side seat, and make myself very conspicuous. The whole thing could happen while I was there."

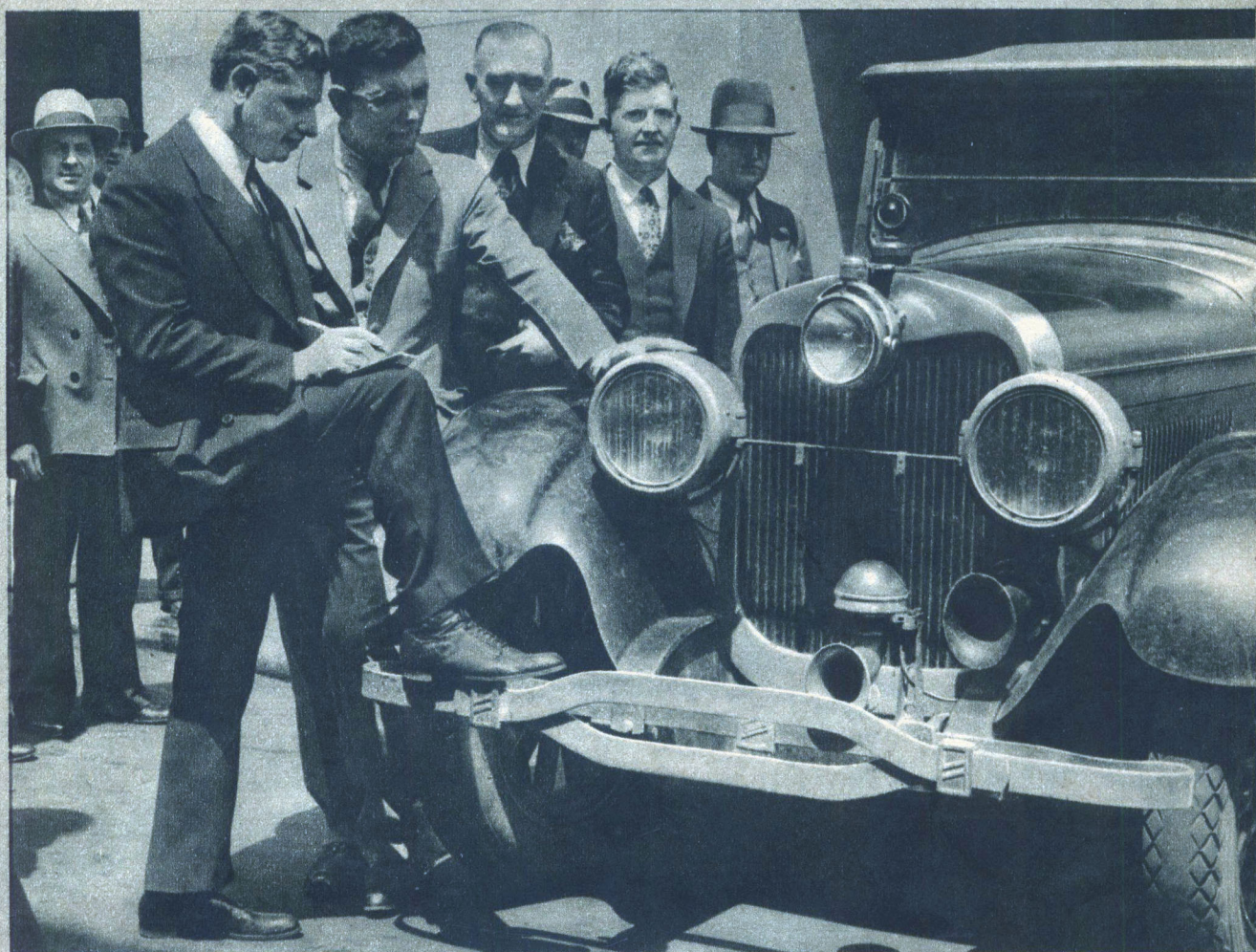
"Who'd do the job for you?" someone asked him.

"Oh, there are several I could call on," he said carelessly.

"If they didn't do what I told them I could send them back to the pen where they came from."

It certainly didn't sound to me like joking. I decided to find out how much truth there was in this story about the insurance, and after a little investigating I found a local manager who gave me some interesting information.

In the previous February, he said, Mrs. Hughes had applied to his company for a \$10,000 policy explaining that she had been advised to do this for the sake of the payments she would receive in case of accident. She named Egan as the bene-



Found to have been lent to Egan's driver, the death car was quickly identified by its tire tread and a few gray hairs of the victim. Captain Dullea is shown (with hand on lamp) examining the car with Prosecutor Isadore M. Golden (writing) and Inspector Allen McGinn of the homicide squad (at Dullea's left).

ficiary to whom the whole amount should be paid in the event of her death.

The company looked into her financial standing and decided that \$10,000 was too much for her to carry. It accordingly issued her a policy for \$5,000.

Egan then appeared at the office and displayed a promissory note for \$8,500, bearing the purported signature of Mrs. Hughes. He said he wished her to carry the insurance to protect this note, and that he would be willing to pay the premiums. The company thereupon issued her the second \$5,000 policy, and Egan had since been paying the premiums on both. The double indemnity clauses in the two policies would make the total to be paid to Egan in case Mrs. Hughes was killed accidentally, \$20,000.

Mrs. Hughes, I learned through some further investigations, was an elderly widow who lived alone at 41 Lakewood Drive, in one of the new districts between Twin Peaks and the Ocean. Egan had become acquainted with her when, as an expressman, he had encountered her fleeing from the fire of 1906, and had helped her with her luggage. He was then in his twenties, she in her late thirties.

Under her almost motherly guidance he had joined the police force, studied law in his spare time, become an attorney, been appointed public defender in 1921, and been reelected to the office four successive times thereafter. They called each other "Aunt" and "Son," and he had acted as her financial advisor for many years.

I sat back and pondered on what could be done to prevent

Egan from carrying out his murderous plan. I could not arrest him; he had committed no crime. And we had no legal proof that it was his voice we had heard over the wires. Besides, the whole plot was so incredible for a man in his position, that even if we could prove that it was he who had done the talking, he would have no difficulty in making it appear that he had been merely joking.

I thought of confronting him privately with the knowledge I had, and warning him that if anything happened to Mrs. Hughes he would be at once suspected. But I realized I would only be defeating my own purpose. I would be putting him on his guard, forcing him to build a stronger alibi, and to use more subtle means which I would know nothing about.

I decided the best way was to let Egan alone for the present and warn Mrs. Hughes. I took up the phone and called her number.

"This is a friend speaking," I said. "I want to warn you against Frank Egan. He's after your money. He wants your insurance. You are in grave danger if you have anything further to do with him."

She burst out laughing. "Warn me against Frank Egan? Why, he's the best friend I have!"

"I have information which I can't divulge," I said, "that proves he's not your friend at all. He's plotting against your life. I know this positively!"

"Why, Frank wouldn't harm a hair of my head!" declared Mrs. Hughes, and hung up the phone abruptly.

[Continued on page 55]

HUNTING PENNSYLVANIA'S AIRPLANE



While extortion letters terrorized Bloomsburg and vicinity, state police mounted guard over the home of Harry Magee as he made flight upon flight to drop the sum demanded from his plane.



GUARDED

Threatened with a horrible fate, little Joanne Magee was kept in ignorance of her impending doom as letter after letter arrived from the extortionist, who demanded \$15,000 to assure her safety.

WHILE the attention of the world was still focused on that frantic search centering around the Sourland mountain home of Charles A. Lindbergh, and parents everywhere were guarding their children closely to avert a similar tragedy, the inhabitants of five counties in central Pennsylvania were rudely shocked to discover that a desperate extortion gang was apparently operating in their very midst.

Even before this there had been disquieting rumors afloat. Women in Beavertown, Selinsgrove, Sunbury and Nanticoke had received threatening letters demanding money. Comparison of the letters indicated they had come from the same source, although the postmarks revealed they had been mailed at widely separated locations. Beyond that, the police seemed unable to go.

Now at Bloomsburg, a pleasant town in the Susquehanna river valley, midway between Wilkes-Barre and Sunbury, Harry Magee, wealthy young carpet manufacturer, sat at breakfast on the morning of April 14, 1932, with his attractive wife and schoolgirl daughter, Joanne.

Exchanging the usual pleasantries with his family, he looked carelessly over the pile of letters which had come in the morning mail. One, with the address rudely printed on a rough envelope, captured his attention, and he paused to read it.

As he began to read, his face turned suddenly pale and the conversation ceased abruptly. His wife, surprised, looked up from her coffee.

"What is it, Harry?" she asked in alarm.

Without a word he handed her the letter, his hand trembling

STARTLING DETECTIVE

EXTORTIONIST

By
GEORGE B.
SCHUYLER



Pilot Magee (above) and another flyer searched in vain for the promised signal as they swept over the tower-guarded forests of Hunlock creek under command of the threatening terrorist.

nervously. It demanded \$15,000 in well-used currency, and threatened the abduction and possible murder of his wife and young daughter unless the money was placed at a spot to be designated later. The letter also cautioned him against making its contents public or seeking aid from the police.

But Harry Magee, after a brief period of indecision, disregarded the warning. Why, he reasoned, should he risk his family's safety when the proper authorities might be able to protect them from this mysterious menace? Accordingly, he hastened to inform Sheriff Arthur Rabb, of Columbia county, and upon the latter's advice the Pennsylvania State Police and federal postal inspectors were called into the case.

About a week later, on April 20, while the authorities were still puzzling over the scarcity of clues, the Magee home was thrown into consternation by the arrival of a second letter, more threatening than the first and indicating that a desperate gang was preparing to pounce upon the helpless family unless the money was soon forthcoming.

Stirred by the pleas of the distracted father, Captain William A. Clark, commanding Troop B, Pennsylvania State Police, detailed Sergeant Newman and three privates as a permanent guard at the residence.

All the investigators had to work on were the two letters, and two weeks dragged by without any further word from the extortionists. Beyond definitely linking this case with the four previous attempts, which were still being looked into without visible success, little progress had been made.

Was it all a hoax, or perhaps the work of some crank? Possibly, but the state troopers refused to relax their vigilance.

At last, on May 5, when even those in charge were becoming a bit skeptical, a third letter arrived, with the fantastic demand that the \$15,000 be delivered by airplane, to be dropped to the ground at a certain signal.

Feverishly the authorities began to set a trap into which it was hoped the gang would walk in the quest for the money. Friends of Magee were quickly sworn in as sheriff's deputies, and practically the entire personnel of Troop B, State Police, was assembled. An army of at least 150 men was thus organized, with a fleet of automobiles provided to carry them swiftly to the spot where the money was to be dropped from the plane.

In order to coordinate the search, four sets of telephones were hastily installed in the private laboratory in the Magee home in preparation for checking completely the large area over which the flight was directed in the letter. One of the telephone lines was connected with the forest fire towers, from which could be scanned much of the region to be covered. Another set was in communication with telephones installed along the highways, at which men with automobiles were to be stationed. Still others led to the State Police barracks and substations, and all were joined into one circuit so that there might be instantaneous communication along the entire route.

A large forestry map was used to cover the entire district over which the plane was ordered to fly—an area which took in the Susquehanna valley from Danville to Wilkes-Barre, and which encompassed hundreds of square miles. Graph maps were prepared from it and copies supplied to each group of searchers. Another copy was in the plane.



His fingers blackened by the tell-tale stain sought by officers, J. Clarence Thoman, railroad signal man, explained his possession of the doctored extortion money.



Even Mrs. Harry Magee's life was threatened with that of her daughter as flights of her husband failed to find the looked-for signal.

First Flight Fruitless

THE following afternoon, these intricate preparations having been completed, the craft took off in the first effort to contact the extortionists. In addition to the pilot it carried Mr. Magee, himself a flyer, who was to report to the ground forces the exact location of the signal, a sheet of white muslin on which three black crosses were to be painted, and which was to be displayed at the point where the money was to be dropped.

But, although they followed the directions contained in the letter carefully, they were unable to find any trace of the signal. Those carefully laid plans, it appeared, had gone for naught.

After this fiasco, doubt again rose in the minds of the investigators. Was it, after all, just a cruel practical joke? The Magee family, genuinely worried by the threats and continued suspense, thought otherwise, and urged the police on to greater efforts.

The family's hunch proved correct, for on May 9, nearly a month after the first note was received, a fourth letter of the series arrived, carrying instructions for another airplane flight along the river on May 17 as an indication that Magee was willing and ready to "play ball." These notes remained the only clues to the identity of the gang, and served to con-

fuse the search. One had been mailed in Sunbury, the others in Wilkes-Barre and Nanticoke, thus concealing the headquarters of the extortionists.

On May 17 the flight was made as directed, but nothing happened. Two weeks more elapsed without further word from the gang, and the State Police adopted a "watchful waiting" attitude, confident that in time a "break" would come that might point the way to the criminals. Then on June 2 the mail brought a letter carrying instructions for a flight the following day during which the \$15,000 was to be dropped upon signal from the ground.

Again the posse was hastily gathered together, the telephone connections made, and every precaution taken that might lead to the capture of the gang. The plane set out on its mission as cars filled with State Police and deputies swarmed over the surrounding highways. But again failure attended their efforts, as no signal could be located by Mr. Magee from the plane.

It was learned later, however, that a white streamer actually had been displayed from a high ledge of rocks on the mountain behind Hunlock Creek, a point about midway between Bloomsburg and Wilkes-Barre. This knowledge acted as a spur to the now baffled police, and when the next letter arrived, on June 8, ordering still another flight the next day, with the promise that the white banner with its three crosses would be displayed prominently, they realized the "break" had come at last.

Once more the posse of 150 heavily armed men was recruited, the other preparations completed, and the stage set for the climax of the long search. Twelve automobiles were stationed at telephones along routes the quest might follow and other speedy cars were detailed to follow the course of the plane itself, this being made possible as the ship, by prearrangement, was to fly slowly and in a zig-zag manner.

At the appointed hour, with Pilot John Abiuso at the controls and Mr. Magee again handling the signal system, the airplane took off. The white banner was first sighted, flying from a tall tree on the top of another mountain near Hunlock



Dropped from Magee's plane, this duffel bag laden with money was later found rifled.

Creek, while the craft was soaring over the fire tower near Shickshinny, and the signal was confirmed from the tower itself. In the growing dusk the airplane maneuvered into a position over the tree, which it slowly circled seven times as a signal to the posse on the ground that the spot where the money was to be dropped had been located.

At this point tragedy almost entered the case, for in the process of circling the spot and dropping a duffel bag containing money the plane was caught in a down draft and nearly crashed, at one time being only fifty feet from the top of the trees. Fortunately, the skill of the pilot was greater than the forces of nature, and the plane soared away in safety.

By this time details of State Police and other members of the posse had arrived and were scrambling up the steep sides of the mountain, closing in from all sides. The rugged nature of the terrain, however, impeded their progress to such an extent that darkness came before they reached the place where the bag fell. Undaunted, they circled the mountain with a heavily armed guard to prevent the escape of the gang during the night, and camped on the spot to renew the search in the morning.

At dawn they pushed higher, combing every inch of ground, but their quest was unsuccessful. Made more determined than ever by their failure they pressed on, and the following day their perseverance was rewarded by the discovery of the empty duffel bag in a dense thicket. But the extortionists had somehow slipped through that heavy police cordon and escaped unobserved. The victory appeared a hollow one indeed.

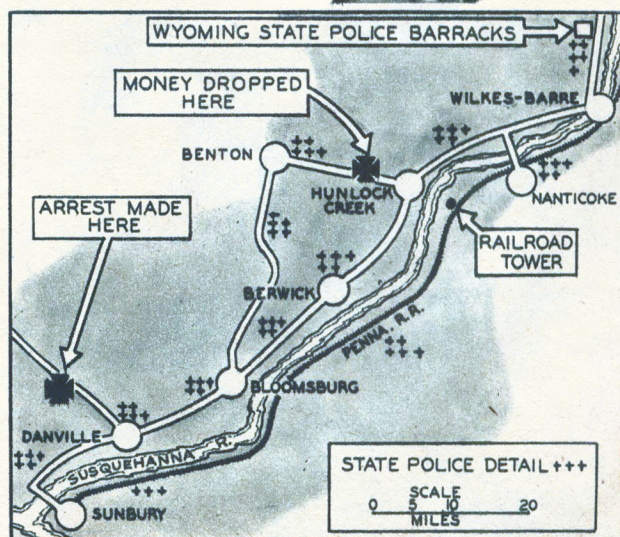
Strangely enough, Captain Clark and his troopers did not seem downcast by this apparently unfavorable turn of events. They admitted that the package of "money" which had been removed from the duffel bag by the extortionists contained but \$40—two authentic twenty-dollar bills surrounding a sheaf of paper cut to the size of currency. They also hinted that further developments were expected.

Sure enough, on June 16 Mr. Magee was notified by the First National Bank of Danville, a town not far from Bloomsburg, that a twenty-dollar bill bearing the serial number of one of the bills in the decoy package had been deposited there.

[Continued on page 63]

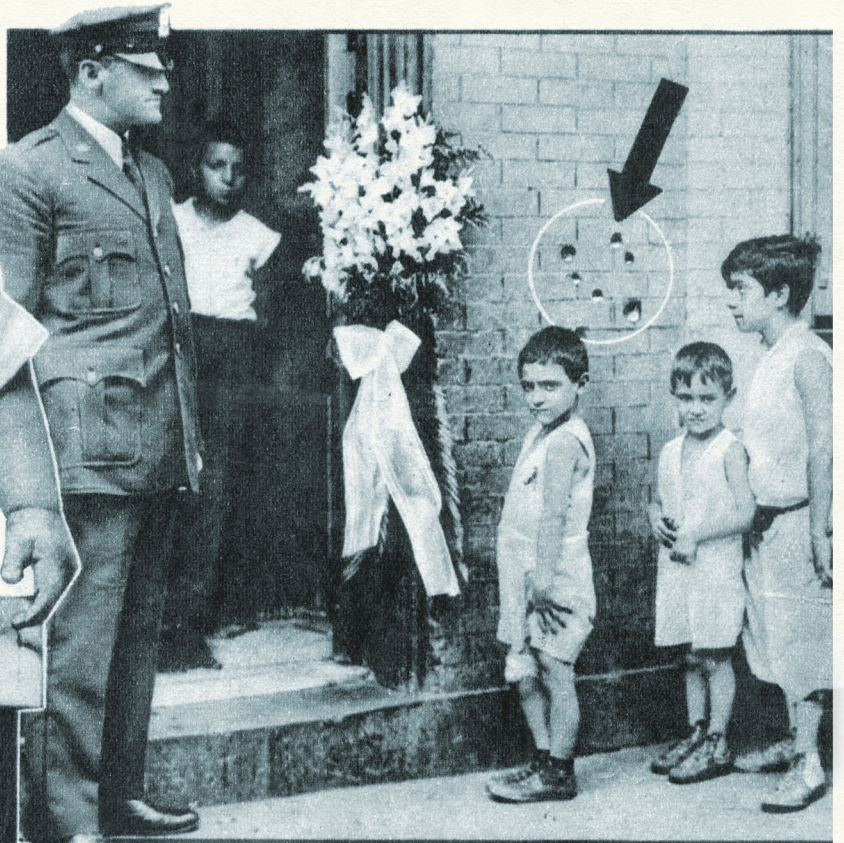


John Abiuso, daring pilot, took the controls of Magee's plane on the ransom flight.

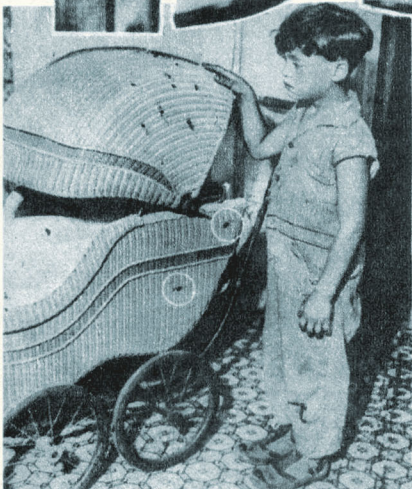


With state police details located at points of vantage, the manhunters rushed for the spot when the money was dropped but found only the empty bag.

How a Gang Harlem's



Gun shot marks (indicated by circle and arrow) told the horror story as crepe and wreath announced Baby Vengalli's gang death.



GANG VICTIM
Bullet riddled in his baby carriage (shown at left), Baby Michael Boviale (above) escaped almost by a miracle the horrible fate of little Michael Vengalli who was slain by gang guns.

By DOLORES STEPHEN

ONLY that morning the doctor had told Joey Mullens that he had tuberculosis—that unless he went to a dry climate at once, he was doomed to die.

Joey had only two cents in the world.

"I'll get a devil of a long with that!" he muttered.

In the garage on Park avenue where he worked, Mullens looked into a cracked mirror over the washstand. He saw startled hazel eyes deeply sunken, pallid skin stretched tight over flushed cheek bones, sandy hair rapidly turning gray.

Mullens turned, looking enviously at the garage manager, who entered the room.

"Say, which one of youse is Joe Mullens?" a nasal voice whined at the door.

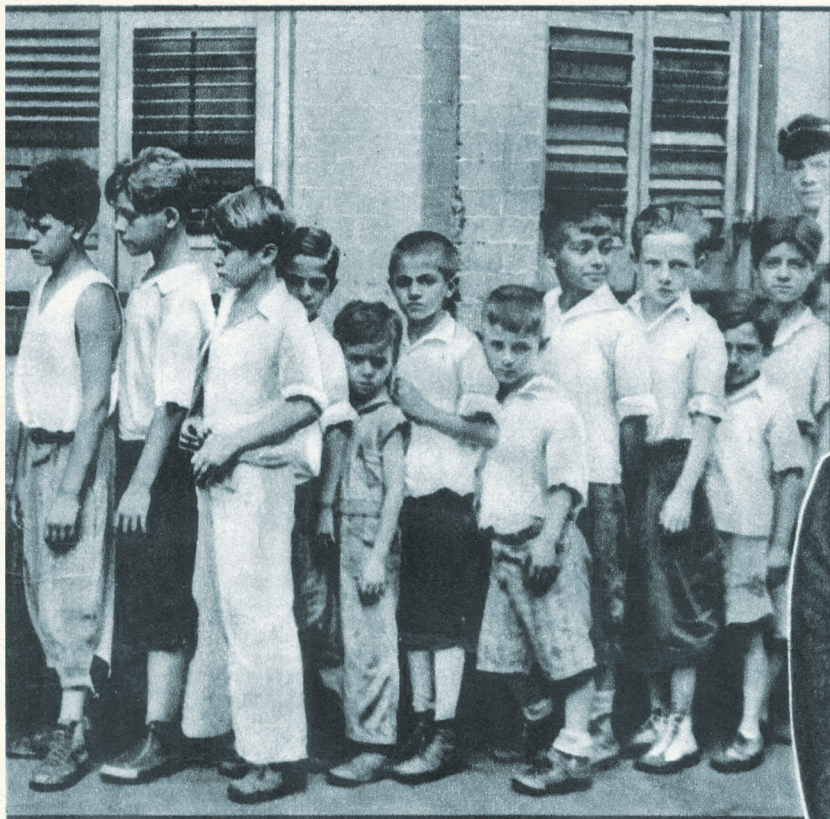
"Me . . ." said Mullens.

"Then, here's a package for you!"

Two sharp reports . . . like back-fire from a car! Joey

STARTLING DETECTIVE

Killing Solved Baby Massacre



Among the scores of children who paid respects to their dead playmate were others who had fled from the gangmen's bullets.

staggered, clutching at his sunken chest. Before his eyes glazed, he had a momentary glimpse of a short, chubby man with bushy, black hair and a pair of wicked eyes, who suddenly exploded into action.

A big Buick car had glided to a purring stop outside. Mulens felt himself catapulted to the sidewalk.

"Get the number . . . number . . . num . . . !" he gasped. He fell forward into darkness.

Marketing housewives, pushcart peddlers and corner loafers rushed helter-skelter to cover.

The Buick moved leisurely northward.

Doorways spilled their jabbering refugees.

The mob swarmed about the limp figure on the sidewalk. Mothers with babes in their arms jostled young toughs for the inmost edge.

Inquisitive eyes gazed morbidly at the widening pool of blood that glistened on the sun-drenched pavement.

When Detectives Byrnes and Gannon of the Homicide Squad reached the scene ten minutes later, the police had the crowd under night-stick control.

A small group of officials surrounded the body.

ADVENTURES



THE MAD DOG

Underworld whispers immediately accused Vincent Coll of the baby slaughter but his trial resulted in his acquittal.



Viewing the scene of Joey Mullens' gang death, Detective Gannon (inset) caught sight of a witness who signalled he knew something of the killing. It was this witness who broke the case and gave Commissioner Mulrooney's men the key to the secret of the baby massacre.



Leading the way into Coll gang hideouts, Detective Edward Byrnes sought the killer of Joey Mullens and solved a greater mystery.

"Dead?" Byrnes asked the Assistant District Attorney. "Heart still beating," was the reply. "But I guess he's about to cash in his checks."

"Where did they get him?" Gannon asked. His eyes followed a trail of bright red splotches that ended in the garage. "Anybody see the shooting?"

The patrolman who was first to arrive on the scene snorted. "Of course nobody saw the shooting!" derisively. "The garage manager heard somebody ask for Joe. Dutch Schultz keeps his empties here. Joe was his barrel checker. When the guns went off, the manager beat it . . . didn't want to be no target, he said. . . ."

The jarring clang of an ambulance gong shut off the end of the disgusted officer's sentence.

Spic and span in immaculate uniform, the surgeon leaped from his perch. He made a quick, skillful examination.

"Can you bring him back long enough for us to get a statement?" Byrnes asked.

The doctor rose. He flicked the dust off his white pants and snapped his bag shut. "Not a chance. He'll be gone before we get to the hospital."

"No help from any of them!" Byrnes' contemptuous dark eyes swept the mob. "Squawked loud enough over that baby massacre. This looks like the same gang. Mullens worked

for Mad Dog Coll's rival, Dutch Schultz Ask 'em questions—and this bunch was all blind!"

Gannon nudged his partner.

"Patrolman Gill's kid brother, Mickey, is over there. Gave me the high sign. I'll tell him to meet us at the stationhouse."

Byrnes pushed through the throng. His elbows jabbed loafers viciously. Before he had taken his seat behind the wheel Gannon rejoined him.

"Gill is on his way to the stationhouse," Gannon said.

The inspector in charge of the district caught sight of them. He came over and asked where they were going.

Gannon explained in detail, while Byrnes tapped an impatient tattoo on the wheel.

"Does look like Coll's mob," their chief said. "But Mullens was in wrong with his boss, Schultz. I've known that for weeks. Schultz suspected he was a stool."

When their superior left, Byrnes sent his car hurtling through the streets. By the time they reached the police station, young Mickey Gill was there. He followed the two detectives to a private office.

Byrnes opened his notebook. He wrote: "2:30 p. m. Oct. 2, 1931."

"The car number was GY97-59." Young Gill tried to mask a note of complacency. "Driver has a hatchet face and a long thin nose. Killer is about twenty; full moon face, bushy black hair."

"Great!" Gannon slapped the boy on the back. "Lucky you were there."

"Just luck." Gill chuckled. "I was down in a manhole about twenty feet from the garage splicing a cable for the Edison Company when I heard a couple of floosies screeching at each other. I climbed up to see the fun and sent my helper down. I was egging 'em on when the party started."

"Will you recognize the men if you see them again?" Gannon asked. Gill nodded.

"Sure! I ducked behind my tool cart. Had a front seat.



Stolen from a New Jersey doctor, the Mullens death car carried a clue that was later to help send one man to the electric chair.

If that driver saw me, he's the one man I would like to avoid. I took a good look at him. I kept repeating the car number to myself. Soon as the Buick rolled on, I yelled to my helper to write it down. . . ."

On The Baby Killer Trail

BEFORE the young man left, the detectives instructed him to keep his mother informed of all his movements so they could get in touch with him at any moment.

"Gee, what a sweet break!" Gannon chortled. "If Gill hadn't come up, we wouldn't have had a witness with nerve enough to help us."

"Why should Coll want to bump off a little punk like Joey?" Byrnes worried. "That Harlem baby massacre is still scare-head stuff. Every ace in the department is looking for Coll. It was his man, Fats McCarthy, killed Detective Pessagno when Pessagno tried to arrest him on the baby killing charge."

New York was wild at the time over the Harlem baby massacre. It had been only a few weeks before that a group of children had been interrupted in their play by the dreaded outburst of gang fire.

A black car had swung into a Harlem street. A squealing gangster had rushed for cover through the crowd of children as machine guns opened on him.

He had escaped but three-year-old Michael Vengalli lay weltering in his innocent blood. Baby Michael Boviale lay screaming, bullet-riddled in his baby carriage. Fourteen-year-old Florence D'Amelio, at the risk of her life, was covering five-year-old Mickey Bevilacqua with her body after snatching him out of the line of gunmen's fire.

The Vengalli baby died and, while small playmates bore his bullet-slashed body to the grave, the great city of New York roared like a maddened beast for the blood of the baby-slayer.

Police Commissioner Edward P. Mulrooney vowed that the killers should not go unscathed and gigantic mass meetings



Lottie Kriegsberg clung to her "Mad Dog" sweetheart until Detectives Byrnes and Gannon plotted a rift between the two.

pledged the support of countless agencies in the war against gangdom.

Even in the underworld, "baby killer" became the excoriating epithet applied to those believed to be associated with Mad Dog Coll. Coll himself had disappeared as though fleeing from a spectre of vengeance and his henchmen seemed to have vanished from the earth.

Now, it appeared, the Coll gang had struck again. Perhaps Joey Mullens' murder would lead to the scotching of the Mad Dog killers.

It was late afternoon before detectives located the Jersey City doctor who owned the license plates on the murder-car. The doctor had reported his car stolen three days before.

"Anything in the car?" Gannon asked over the 'phone.

"A can of ether and a case of instruments," the doctor said.

Gannon replaced the receiver on the hook. "That's that. I'm going home for a change of clothes. We'll be on the job all night. . . ."

Byrnes asked his partner to bring him back a pair of sox.

Both men had been following a hot lead on the baby killing on that—their day off—when the Mullens murder interrupted.

They intended to keep this tip under their own scalps. Too many gumshoes might smudge up the track.

PEOPLE'S EXHIBIT N^o 42

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES
NEW YORK CENTRAL R. R.
DINING SERVICE-A LA CARTE

C 9-18-38

Car No. 466

Train No. 18

Date 10/1

QUESTS WILL PLEASE WRITE ORDER BELOW. WAITERS ARE
FORWARDED TO SERVE ORDERS GIVEN VERBALLY.

ITEMS	AMOUNT
3 Beefsteak	3.75
1 Pot. Omelette	2.40
1 Coffee	2.25
1 Coffee	3.35
1 Coffee	6.20
1 Coffee	2.25

ORIGINAL

Cents	50	55	60	65	70	75	80	85	90	95
Dollars	0	5	10	15	20	25	30	35	40	45

PEOPLE'S EXHIBIT N^o 42A

Dollars	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Cents	0	5	10	15	20	25	30	35	40	45

C 91838

This receipt to be delivered to passenger and
should correspond with amount collected for
food only.

Mr. Dining Service New York, N. Y.

Gannon didn't get his fresh clothes, nor eat the piping hot fishcakes his wife had on the table for him. When he reached home, he found a message from his partner that brought him racing back to the police station.

Excitement gleamed in Byrnes eyes. He grabbed Gannon's arm.

"Come in here!" He entered a vacant room. "A Buick drove up to the Majestic Garage at 1263 Westchester avenue half an hour ago. The federal dicks were inside the garage. They had ordered a clerk to open the safe. Somebody in the Buick threw a couple of bombs. The dicks and the clerk had to lam it out for their lives. Garage and safe are a mess. What do you think. . .?"

"Lady Luck, still with us, inspired a bystander to take down the license number—4 A 824," Gannon offered. "Coll's car!"

Byrnes nodded solemnly. "Would you believe it! That was a hot tip that informer gave us when he told us that Coll was using a relative's license plates on his own car! They must have got a hurried warning about the federal men and didn't have time to change the plates. . . ."

Duty now compelled them to hand their tip to their chief. The inspector congratulated them; patted Byrnes' shoulder. "You're doing fine! But you boys better go home and get some rest. The alarm has gone out on 4 A 824. The minute the car is spotted, we'll telephone you. Chances are the plates have been changed by now."

Plotting Against Gangster Love

GANNON and Byrnes exchanged glances. "I feel fine," Byrnes drawled. "How about you, Gannon?" "I'll stick," Gannon murmured cheerfully.

After the inspector left, Gannon produced his little black pipe. He tamped in the tobacco and tenderly placed the stem between his lips. Byrnes went out to buy his sox.



Coll and his bloody killers laughed at charges in the Mullens and baby massacre cases till a fatal dining car receipt (shown above) broke an iron-clad alibi and sent two to the chair. Left to right: "Toughy" Odierno, Mike Basile, Pasquale Del Greco, Frank Giordano and "Mad Dog" Coll.

Byrnes and Gannon make ideal partners. Byrnes is quick, highstrung and temperamental; Gannon suave, philosophical, considered easy going. Both men are noted for fearlessness, tirelessness on the trail, and quick wit in any emergency. Each has received many special commendations for extraordinary detective work and arrests of desperadoes.

Byrnes brought an evening paper back with him. He flung it angrily on the desk.

"That's pretty rotten," he commented.

Gannon glanced at the offending epitaph. "Just another Schultz hoodlum, Joseph Mullens," he read.

"Joey was no 'hood,'" Byrnes said softly. "He went to school with District Attorney Ryan's secretary, Brodie. Brodie says Joey was the best scholar in his class. Never married. Had too many family obligations. Put his two sisters through college and got the best doctors for his crippled mother. . . . Then the depression came. He lost his job. . . ."

"Must have been pretty desperate before he took on with Schultz," Gannon said. "That was a fool move. . . . But it isn't until a man gets in that he learns he can't keep on the edge of a mob. . . ."

For a little while there was a depressing silence.

"Say, Byrnes, the only way to get Coll is to split him and Lottie Kriegsberg. Lottie is no gun moll. She has plenty of brains. . . ."

"Coll loves Lottie plenty," Byrnes murmured.

"And she loves him," Gannon said thoughtfully.

That night they might kill, or be killed by Coll and his men, but they discussed the "Mad Dog" without prejudice. They admired the man's nerve. They agreed he had wonderful personality. They were convinced he was a mental weakling.

Gannon puffed reflectively. Byrnes took out an old pack of cards and started a game of solitaire.

"If Coll," Byrnes said, placing the queen of clubs on the

[Continued on page 60]



Lured to the telephone booth above, Coll met his fate at the hands of other gangsters after beating the chair. Policemen are shown below bearing his body from the drug store where he crumpled before machine gun fire. Lottie, his widow, declared she had always kept him out of phone booths.

Jean Harlow's



It was in this \$50,000 honeymoon home in Benedict Canyon, near Hollywood, that Paul Bern, director husband of Jean Harlow, committed suicide leaving a mysterious note for his bride of two months. This home was his wedding present to his sweetheart.

THE magnificent honeymoon house at 9820 Easton Drive in Benedict Canyon which Paul Bern had given as a wedding present to his bride, Jean Harlow, lay strangely quiet that fateful morning of September 5. Miss Harlow, working late at the studio, had spent the night with her mother but the servants on the first floor worked quietly lest they disturb the sleep of Paul Bern, the master, in his room upstairs. They need not have hushed their voices however for Paul Bern lay in the little dressing-room off his bed-room, cold in the sleep from which there is no awakening.

It was about 11:40 a. m. when John Carmichael, the butler, decided to investigate the strange silence upstairs. Bern often slept late but for some reason, the servants were uneasy this morning. Knocking on his master's bed-room door, Carmichael, receiving no response, entered softly. A glance around the room revealed nothing unusual. The bed had been slept in but was now unoccupied. The soft California breeze fluttered the curtains and flowers, always present in Bern's rooms, sent out their sweet fragrance. The butler took a step inside. Instantly he recoiled, a look of terror on his face for there on the floor of the dressing-room, stark nude with stiff fingers still clutching the .38 revolver which had sent a bullet crashing through his brain, lay Paul Bern—dead!

Then began the unwinding of a strange story. Every evidence presented undeniable proof of suicide. On a table near

By MORTON FABER

the bedside lay another .38 revolver, its chambers fully loaded. One chamber had been fired in the weapon which was clutched so tightly in the dead hand. On another table, near the center of the room, was a morocco-bound notebook. It was opened at page thirteen and thereon, in the dead man's own handwriting, had been scribbled the following cryptic note, evidently intended for the eyes of his bride, Jean Harlow:

"Dearest dear—

Unfortunately this is the only way to make good the frightful wrong I have done you and to wipe out my abject humiliation—I love you.

PAUL.

You understand that last night was only a comedy."

Physicians estimated that the fatal shot had been fired some twelve hours before the body was found, possibly near midnight Sunday night. The bullet, fired into the right temple, had passed entirely through the skull, imbedding itself in the wall, some ten feet distant. Death had been instantaneous.

And now comes the first of the mystifying events which

STARTLING DETECTIVE

FATAL LOVE

The Secret of Paul Bern's Mystery Death



Officers placing the body of Paul Bern into an ambulance after their preliminary investigation of his death.



Jean Harlow, her mate a suicide, was grief stricken when informed of his death and given the baffling note he left for her.



Unhesitatingly pronouncing Bern's death suicide, Detective Joe Whitehead, first officer at the tragic scene, is shown examining the death gun at the inquest.

Dearest dear,
 Unfortunately, this is the
 only way to make good the
 frightful wrong I have done you
 and to wipe out my subject
 humiliation. I love you.
 Paul
 You understand that last
 night was only a comedy—

BERN'S SUICIDE NOTE

What is the hitherto unrevealed secret of that scribbled post script and the reference to a "frightful wrong?"

have surrounded the case. Although the body was discovered at 11:45 a. m. the police were not notified until nearly 2:30 p. m., a matter of more than two hours! During that time at least one high executive of the studio at which Bern was employed had been notified and arrived at the house. Exactly what transpired at the house of death during that interval has never been made public!

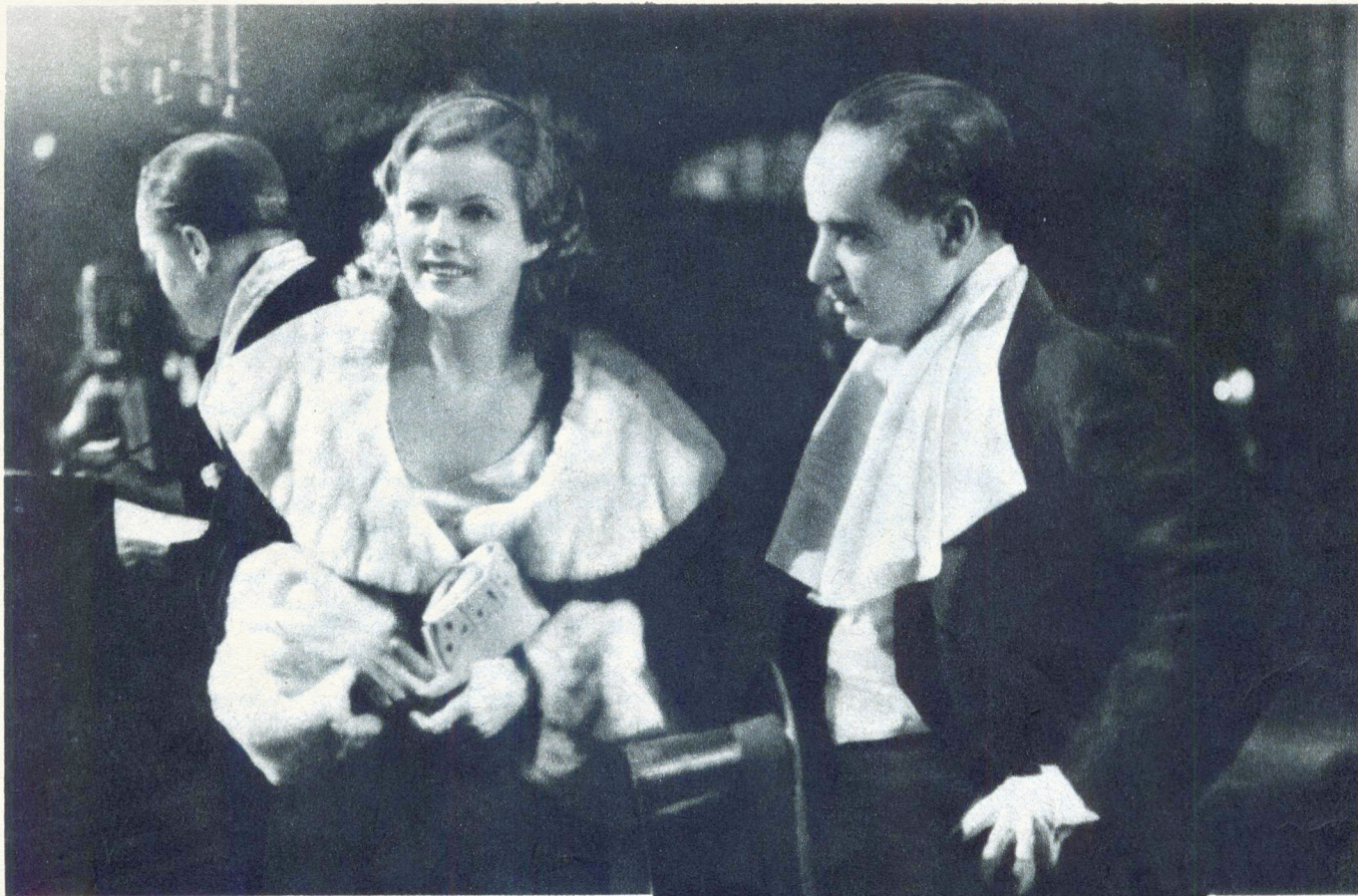
As soon as the police were notified, Detective Chief Joseph F. Taylor immediately assigned Detective Lieutenant Joseph Whitehead to the case. Whitehead, after a cursory investigation, reported the case, "clearly suicide." The two guns found in the room were ordered fingerprinted and after preliminary tests the prints were declared to be those of the dead man. Not entirely satisfied, Chief Taylor then assigned Detective Lieutenants Jerry Hickey and W. J. Clark to the case on the possibility of the discovery of something which might disprove the suicide theory. A searching investigation of the entire case was then begun.

From John Carmichael, the butler, the time of the discovery and the events leading up to the case were obtained. Carmichael declared that Bern had dined at the studio with his wife on Saturday night. Since Miss Harlow was required to work until late, he then returned home, leaving her at the studio. When she had finished, she went directly to the home of her stepfather, Mr. Marino Bello, where she was to spend the night. From there she called Bern, asking him to come over.

"No," Bern replied, "it is late and you must work tomorrow. Stay there tonight and I will see you tomorrow."

This story was later contradicted by Allen Garrison who acted as Bern's chauffeur. Instead of dining with his wife

STARTLING DETECTIVE



at the studio on Saturday night, declared Garrison, Bern was driven to the Ambassador Hotel by him. They arrived there about 7 p. m.

"On the way to the hotel," said Garrison, "he mentioned a party at Fredric March's. When I asked him why he didn't go, he told me he wouldn't think of going without his wife and that she was working. It was a little after ten when I drove him home. I noticed that the gun he usually carried in a little compartment wasn't there and I asked him about it. He merely told me that he hadn't taken it with him that day and I thought nothing more of it."

At 9 a. m. the following morning, Garrison called at the Benedict Canyon house for Mr. Bern as instructed but was informed that he could not be disturbed as he was still sleeping.

It was late Sunday afternoon when Miss Harlow returned from her mother's home. It had been planned that they were all to return to the Bello home that evening for dinner but as Carmichael, the butler, took an evening dress to Miss Harlow, he heard Bern, who was lying on the bed, say to her:

"I don't believe I'll go dear."

"Good night then, dearest, in case I don't see you again," replied his wife.

"They seemed just as happy as ever, that Sunday afternoon," said Carmichael. "I left for her mother's with Miss Jean at about 8:15 p. m. and the chauffeur returned for my wife at 9:15. Mr. Bern was still in his room then."

Mystery Of The Speeding Car

WHILE the police pursued their investigations, Miss Harlow, stunned by the news of the tragedy, was at the house of Bello, under the care of doctors and nurses. Before the house a curious crowd had gathered. From the street Miss Harlow's hysterical cries could be plainly heard,

"O, God, how awful! This is terrible—terrible!"

Later, the grief-stricken wife was barely prevented from throwing herself from the balcony to death on the pavements below. So dense grew the crowds in front of Bello's home

ADVENTURES

PAUL BERN AND JEAN HARLOW
Nothing delighted the newly married pair more than to appear (as shown) at one of Hollywood's famous film premieres. Bern's pride in Jean is here evident.



Saved from suicide just after the death of the ill-fated Barbara La Marr (above), Paul Bern was noted as an admirer of beautiful women and a friend of girls in need. It was said that five members of his family took their own lives.

and so numerous were the callers that police guards were stationed there to keep order.

In the meantime the investigation went on. George Davis, a negro gardener employed at the Bern home, told the police that he had overheard a quarrel between Bern and his wife, over the title of the Benedict Canyon home which Bern had deeded to her before their wedding. This Miss Harlow denied when she was at last in condition to talk to detectives.

Then came a bit of evidence which caused the police to doubt that Bern had been alone in the Benedict Canyon home when he took his life that early Monday morning.

Neighbors told of the mystery car which roared down Easton Drive early Monday morning, skidded dangerously as it took the turn into Benedict Canyon and sped away toward Mulholland Drive. This fact was first revealed by Slavko Vorkapich, a camera expert.

"It was between midnight and 3 a. m. that the car awakened me," Vorkapich told detectives. "It was going at such a high rate of speed and skidded so badly that I thought it might be pursued. E. R. Hill, who lives near, on Beverly Glen Drive, admitted being awakened also by a speeding car which roared past his house into the night.

While Paul Bern lay on his slab and his widow rent the night with her grief, other developments in this strange case were taking place.

Dr. E. B. Jones, personal physician to Bern, cabled from Honolulu, where he was on vacation, that he could explain the motives behind the suicide of his friend and patient and that he was hurrying home to tell what he knew. Almost as cryptic as Bern's own death note, this message only served to further complicate an already bewildering situation.

"We have not found anything which would indicate other than suicide," was the statement given out by the police at that time, "but there are many things which remain unexplained and unsolved."

Former Sweetheart Revealed

RUMORS of a former wife began to crop up and an Eastern insurance man informed the police that Bern had, some time previously, taken out insurance policies, naming this woman as his beneficiary.

Henry Bern, a younger brother of Paul's, departed from New York. Miss Harlow, still stunned by the awful tragedy which had befallen her, could only tell police that she could give no explanation either of the motives behind her husband's suicide or of the cryptic note which he left behind.

"I loved Paul dearly and I know he loved me," she sobbed again and again. "I can't think what might have made him do it. We had never quarrelled—never!"



From this Sacramento river steamer, the mystery woman in Paul Bern's life strangely disappeared on the day after his death.

STARTLING DETECTIVE

The arrival of Bern's brother which promised to untangle the knot, proved only to further complicate it. At first he issued a statement to reporters that he could explain everything and would do so as soon as certain matters were arranged. Following a conference with officials at the studio where both Miss Harlow and Bern were employed, Bern's brother flatly refused to talk to the press. The report that a former wife, or at least a woman who had lived in New York with Bern, as his wife, persisted.

It was revealed that her name was Dorothy Millette and that she had lived with Bern as his wife in the Algonquin Hotel in New York. They had parted years ago but it was admitted that Bern had ever since provided for her, sending her sums of money regularly. Gossip flew thick and fast. Paul Bern, the kindest soul who ever lived and whose Hollywood reputation was as spotless as driven snow, had a "past." What a morsel for the gossip hounds to mouth!

But still more sensational developments were yet to come. The police discovered that the "phantom mate" of Paul Bern, the woman known as Dorothy Millette, had been registered in a San Francisco hotel under that name and that she had mysteriously disappeared on the day following the suicide of Bern!

Questioned, Miss Harlow admitted her knowledge of "an old friend" whom Bern was supporting. She further admitted that Bern had, two weeks after their marriage, made a mysterious trip to San Francisco, without revealing its purpose to her. Here was mystery upon mystery and the police went at the case with renewed energy.

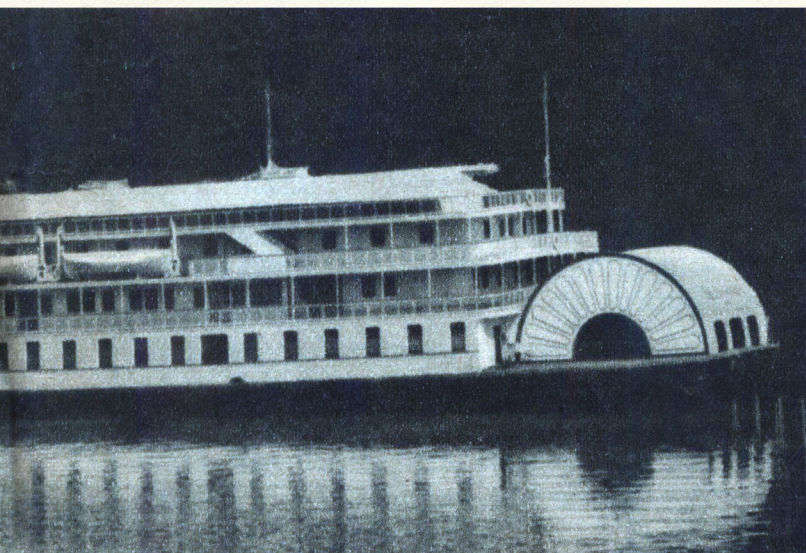
The woman known as Dorothy Millette had registered at a San Francisco hotel on May 4, 1932, giving her address as New York City. A rather mysterious guest, she minded her own business, tipped well but avoided the other guests studiously.

"She was a quiet, lonely little woman," said Mr. Maxwell, the manager of The Plaza where she had stayed. "Fairly attractive but not beautiful and an ideal guest. She always wore a dark blue suit and hid her auburn hair under a tight blue turban."

On the day following the death of Paul Bern, Dorothy Millette mysteriously disappeared. Seeming greatly agitated, she checked out of the Plaza, taking with her, two heavy suitcases. Evidently she had read in the morning paper of the death of the man with whom she had been so long associated.

Quick work on the part of the police traced the woman to the office of the steamship company where she had purchased a ticket on the river steamer "Delta King," plying between San Francisco and Sacramento, on the Sacramento river. She was assigned to a stateroom on the top deck on the

[Continued on page 58]



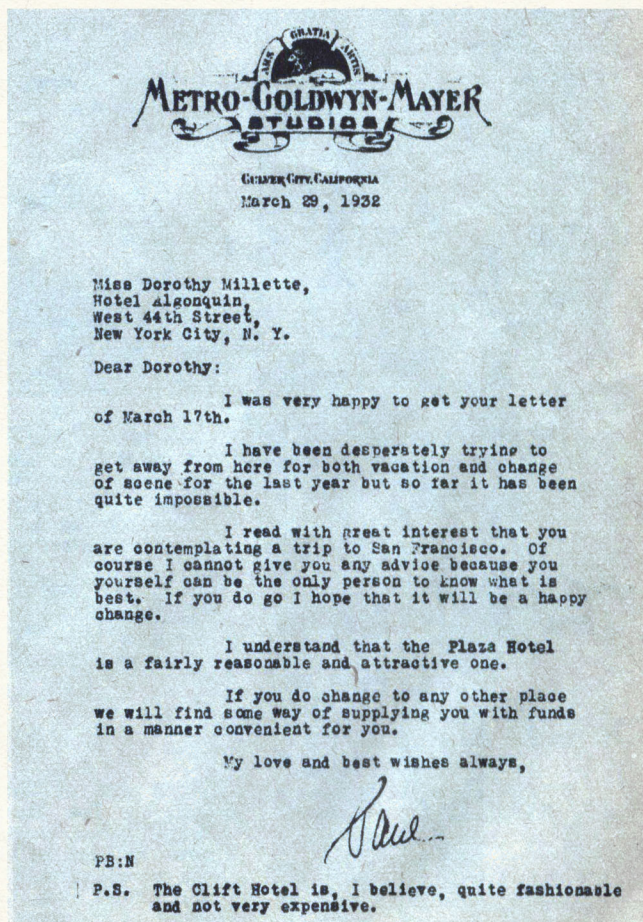
She was Bern's common law wife, Dorothy Millette, and was found to have committed suicide by drowning almost immediately after hearing of his fate.

ADVENTURES



MYSTERIOUS DOROTHY MILLETTE

Cared for in a sanitarium at the director's expense after her mind failed, Bern's former mate emerged cured some time before their final communications.



BERN'S LETTER TO DOROTHY

Found among his papers, this letter mutely told the story of his kindness and consideration for his discarded love.

Sicily's Mafia BLACKHAND



Warring on the Black Handers of Chicago Heights, Leroy Gilbert, intrepid chief of police, was slain by a Mafia assassin.



Mafia chief of Chicago Heights, Joe Martino, "alky" baron, needed a new "fix" but he chose the wrong man, a federal officer under command of the incorruptible George E. Q. Johnson, who was to jail Capone.



By RALPH FOSTER,
*Special Investigator for STARTLING
DETECTIVE ADVENTURES.*

Never in gangland's history have more amazing revelations been made than in this series by Mr. Foster.

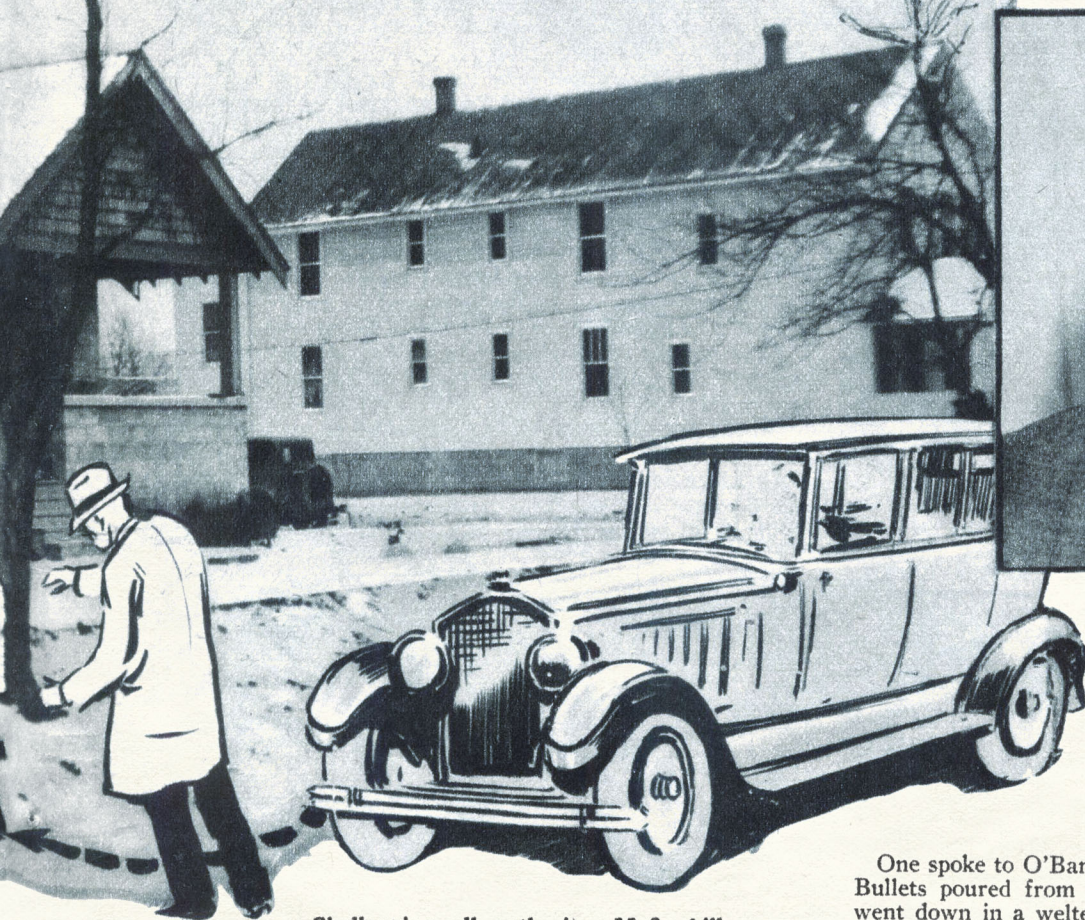
Follow here the astounding parallel between the federal conquest of Chicago Heights and the major offensive of Premier Mussolini and Prefect Cesare Mori against the Sicilian Black Hand.

Read of the gruesome "ball bat" banquet and Al Capone's part in it, revealed here for the first time.

Invades America

WAR RAGES

IN CHICAGO HEIGHTS



Fully aware of the Black Hand death he constantly faced, Eliot Nees, special prohibition agent, pierced the Chicago Heights stronghold of the Mafia and broke its rule.

Challenging all authority, Mafia killers swept down on the new home of Chief Gilbert and poured death through the window before which he sat.

"TELL the Sicilians they can go to —." This was the defy of Dion O'Banion, Irish-American gangster, carried to Johnny Torrio and Al Capone as Mike Merlo, venerable head of the Unione Siciliano, lay dead. What the trouble was about, few ever knew, but the strong hand of Merlo no longer held down the Sicilian Mafiosi who had taken command of the Unione.

Torrio and Capone had seized power and their first act was murder.

John Scalise and Albert Anselmi, their hands already bathed in blood though they had only lately fled from Sicily and the rising spectre of Mussolini, were now on their way to carry out the first foray of the American Mafia against non-Sicilians.

Still strangers to Chicago, they were led to O'Banion's flower shop by a shadowy third figure, now dimly identified as Frankie Uale, then national chief of the Unione.

One spoke to O'Banion. A second thrust out a Judas hand. Bullets poured from a gun held by the third and O'Banion went down in a welter of blood.

Mafia killers had come from Sicily to Chicago. They had slain outside their own bloody band. America was reaping the whirlwind sown when border barriers failed to hold back fleeing members of the age-old Mafia as they were driven out of Sicily by Mussolini and Prefect Mori.

Because Scalise and Anselmi had not been thrust into the iron cages of Sicilian courts and convicted with hundreds of others, Chicago must feel their bloody clutch, must hear their murderous guns.

These Mafia slayers were soon to typify hundreds of Sicilian outlaws who brought a new reign of terror to this country. They were to challenge the gang murderers who had already made Chicago's underworld a dark and bloody ground. And they were to go on to the most gruesome fate ever met by gangland double-crossers.

The Unione Siciliana, referred to in this series of articles by Mr. Foster, is a secret organization composed of many individuals and nation-wide in scope. Nothing in these articles is intended to reflect on its honorable and law-abiding members. It is reported that this organization does some fraternal work and some community work that cannot be criticized. The impeachment of the Unione Siciliana is directed not at its entire membership but at criminal groups within it and at certain of its criminal leaders.

The story continues:



Slayer of Frank Basile, government agent, Lorenzo Juliano defied federal sleuths as new head of the Chicago Heights Mafia but died at the hands of those he sought to command.

PART II

NEWLY discovered secrets of that period show today that, in large measure, the strife was a fight to control the Unione, rather than for control of liquor territory only.

Torrio and Capone wanted to rule the Unione in Chicago. They had first to clear O'Banion from their path.

But Joe Aiello, Sicilian, engaged in the alky racket on the North Side, and allied with the "Bugs" Moran group of that area, enemies of Capone, also vowed to be chief of the Mafia.

Capone swore to gain control, if only to prevent his gangsters from being preyed on by the Chicago variety of Mafiosi. The Morans, too, needed the added protection and strength.

Capone, being American born and of Neapolitan descent, could not hold the office of president of the Unione in Chicago. Torrio could, and sought it.

Frankie Uale, Unione leader, heard their pleas. Envoys of both factions went to Brooklyn and asked him to name the head.

Uale was cautious and asked them to agree on a candidate. That proved impossible, so Uale yielded to the persuasion of Torrio, long a friend of his.

Torrio was appointed president of the Unione in Chicago.

He and Capone prepared then to clean up in the liquor racket and to end the power of Aiello.

But the hand of "Bugs" Moran interfered with the plan by pressing the trigger of a pistol aimed at Torrio's head after a chase down Michigan avenue. Torrio got a slug in the jaw and decided Brooklyn was safer.

Torrio took it upon himself to choose Tony Lombardo, one of the Capone mob, as candidate for Unione chief in Chicago.

That move angered Aiello anew, and he took counsel with "Bugs" Moran and others of the North Side crew.

They decided to do all in their power to check Lombardo and grab the Unione. Envoys talked to Uale, but he refused to take sides.

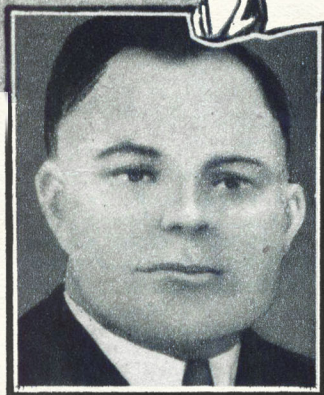
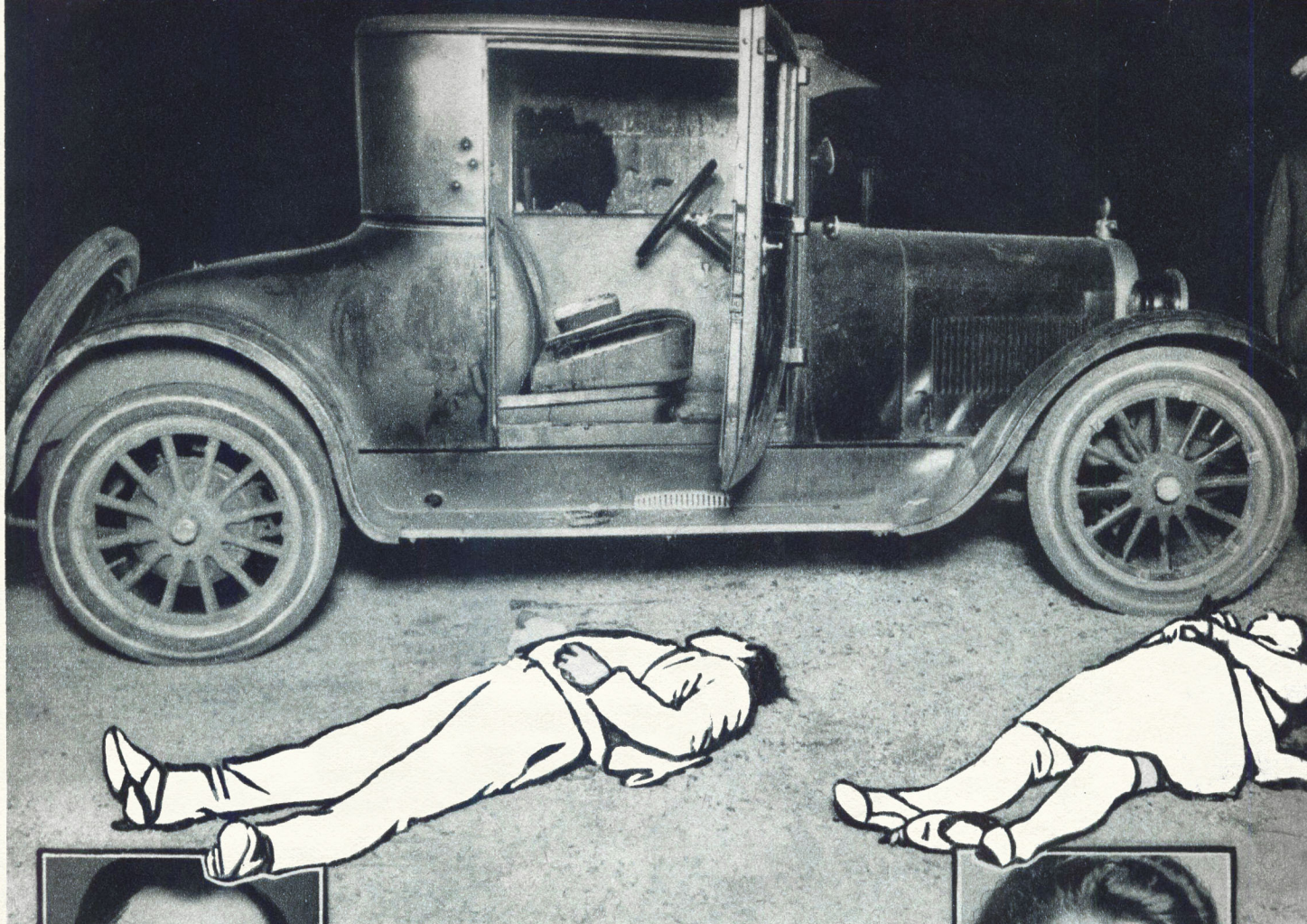
Capone and Aiello and their respective bodyguards took a jaunt to Brooklyn for a showdown. Uale deprecated the strife and pleaded for peace. He commanded them to go back and sign a pact.

"It's best for the Unione that you do not have trouble,"

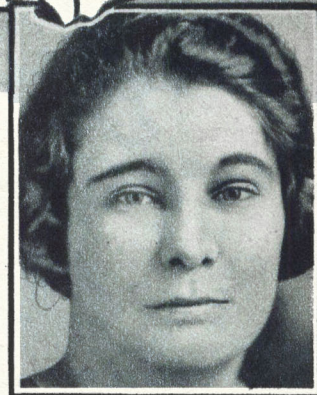


THE END OF JULIANO'S DEATH RIDE

His car wrecked beside a dump, Lorenzo Juliano's body, terribly beaten, was found lifeless within. The new Mafia rule had ended.



Dividing rule of the Heights Mafia with Philip Piazza, James Lamberto (left) sought to seize full power. With Mrs. Crystal Barrier (right) he fled before gang guns from a roadhouse to die beside the woman before they could reach his car (above).



he said. "Be friends and you will make much more money." So the hoodlums of both sides met at a banquet room in a Chicago hotel, left their guns in their topcoats and talked as friends over the table. Apparently all was peaceful on the Chicago front.

Soon afterward police received a mysterious tip that a machine gun nest was in a hotel on South Clark street. They found a machine gun mounted at a window overlooking the cigar store of "Hinky Dink" Kenna, alderman, where Capone and Lombardo often had met to chat.

Apparently, a plot to kill Lombardo, to end his claim to the throne of the Unione.

Capone protested to Uale, charging that Aiello had broken the pact, and that Aiello deserved to be punished; that the Capone mob should have full backing of the national chief.

But Uale saw through the trick. The crafty Capone had set the machine gun himself to discredit the Aiello group!

Uale defied Capone—and became an insuperable obstacle to Capone's and Torrio's ambitions—while he lived.

Meanwhile Sicilian colonies were growing. The Unione controlled a large group of assorted criminals at Chicago Heights and in northern Indiana, as in other parts of the country. Strife was brewing in the St. Louis region.

Some secrets of the Sicilians were coming into possession of federal investigators under Alexander Jamie, then head of a special prohibition unit and now chief of the investigators

for the Secret Six in Chicago. Sleuths of the federal intelligence unit were delving into the record of the Unione. Dangerous work for courageous detectives!

Capone and Torrio decided Uale must yield—or die!

Secret King Of The Mafia

UALE had had the authority and the power to pronounce doom for others and to give commands for "rides" and "spot" murders. But he was not able to avert the penalty of opposing John Torrio and Al Capone in their attempts to seize the Unione!

Through emissaries, Capone asked of Uale, then in Brooklyn: "Does my pal, Tony Lombardo, get the job of Unione president in Chicago?"

"No, not yet," Uale replied.

In Sicily, guns and daggers had settled disputes over power in the Mafia for many years before Prefect Mori rode into the outlaw strongholds with his army of carabinieri to crush the Mafiosi. In the United States, bullets settled one more such controversy, adding another name to the blood-marked roll of Mafiosi who paid with their lives for power.

On July 2, 1928, an automobile drove alongside the car driven by Uale in a Brooklyn street. Assassins pressed triggers, and slugs tore into Frankie Uale. He died at the wheel as the car leaped a curb and crashed into a house.



Taken in the most extraordinary raid in American history, these prisoners faced Chicago police and government men at Chicago Heights jail. Scores were taken without the knowledge of the local police in the government's swift foray.



Directing the first major blow at the new Mafia, George E. Q. Johnson adopted the methods of Mussolini as he sent his men into Chicago Heights, the American stronghold.

The King is dead; long live the King! John Torrio seized the national throne of the Unione and Tony Lombardo became its boss in Chicago.

The killers' car bore an Illinois license. The guns used to kill Uale had been bought by Al Capone in Miami. Uale's death was "unsolved" on police records. The omerta of the Mafia, the conspiracy of silence, shielded the murderers. None asked aid of the law, for it is the Mafia code to defy law.

The slaying of Uale did not check Mafia bloodshed. In fact, it was but the beginning of a new epoch of slaughter in Chicago.

The Illinois metropolis has been the best laboratory for study of the Mafia in America, even though the effects of the Unione Siciliana's oath of death and its application of Sicilian ruthlessness has been seen in gangland operations in New York, Detroit, Pittsburgh, St. Louis and other centers. A Mori was to rise in the Chicago area, too—Alexander Jamie, federal detective, smashing a Mafia stronghold.

Even as Prefect Mori's men braved the danger of death, so did Jamie's star sleuths, Dan Koken, Eliot Ness and A. M. Nabors, risk their lives by penetrating ranks of the Mafiosi to ferret out their secrets.

In Chicago, Joe Aiello still plotted with native cunning and

STARTLING DETECTIVE



Seizing Heights officers and the new chief of police, federal men aided by Chicago officers struck a surprise blow while they held command of the local police headquarters. Part of the roundup that put policemen into their own jail cells is here shown.



It was Alexander Jamie's work for the government in the Chicago Heights war against the Mafiosi that brought him into prominence and led to his being chosen chief investigator for Chicago's "Secret Six."

ferocity to wrest control from Capone. The death roll had grown in the few preceding years. Three of the six Genna brothers from Marsala, Sicily, had paid with their lives for temporary power in the Unione. Tony and Angelo had died under gunfire of their foes. Mike Genna was slain by a policeman when being taken by his former pals, Scalise and Anselmi, on a death ride. Capone still commanded the new Mafia execution squad.

But there was now a plentiful supply of Sicilian killers in the city. As Prefect Mori's drive hammered at the ranks of the Mafia in the Mediterranean isle, more emigrés reached the United States and penetrated immigration barriers.

Many of these became pawns of immigration leaders. Bound by the oath of death, sworn on dagger point, they could be moved about at will by the chieftains, assigned to murder and extortion and bombing. Investigators found that leaders could send word through Unione channels to distant points for assignment of local men to criminal acts. Silence was certain. Prompt execution of the commands was sure, too, for disobedience meant death.

Murder with silence continued in Chicago.

Tony Lombardo served Capone well, cementing the ranks of alky cooks aligned in the Unione, helping to swell profits of the Capone syndicate, taking profits away from Aiello and his North Side allies in the liquor racket . . . for a few months.

But the Unione chair in Chicago was the chair of death. Two assassins crept upon Lombardo and his two bodyguards in the center of Chicago's Loop district. Guns roared amid the street crowd. Lombardo and one guard lay dying on the sidewalk.

Aiello had scored another blow. But still he could not gain his goal, Unione leadership. Capone put Pasqualino Lolordo into the chair. Then Lolordo received four visitors in his apartment and there was friendly conversation and drinking.

The visit ended with gunfire and the four fled, leaving the newest Unione boss murdered in his parlor. The widow identified a picture of Aiello as that of one of the visitors.

The Unione chair was vacant again. Who would take it?

The cunning Aiello decided he was not able to seize control openly against the mighty Capone. He contrived a plot. He would rule, under cover, with Capone's unwitting aid!

In the interim the liquor racket warfare became hotter, reaching a new peak of violence in the slaughter of seven North Side gangmen on St. Valentine's Day, 1929. The wholesale murder was a shocking blow to the power of "Bugs" Moran and his ally, Aiello.

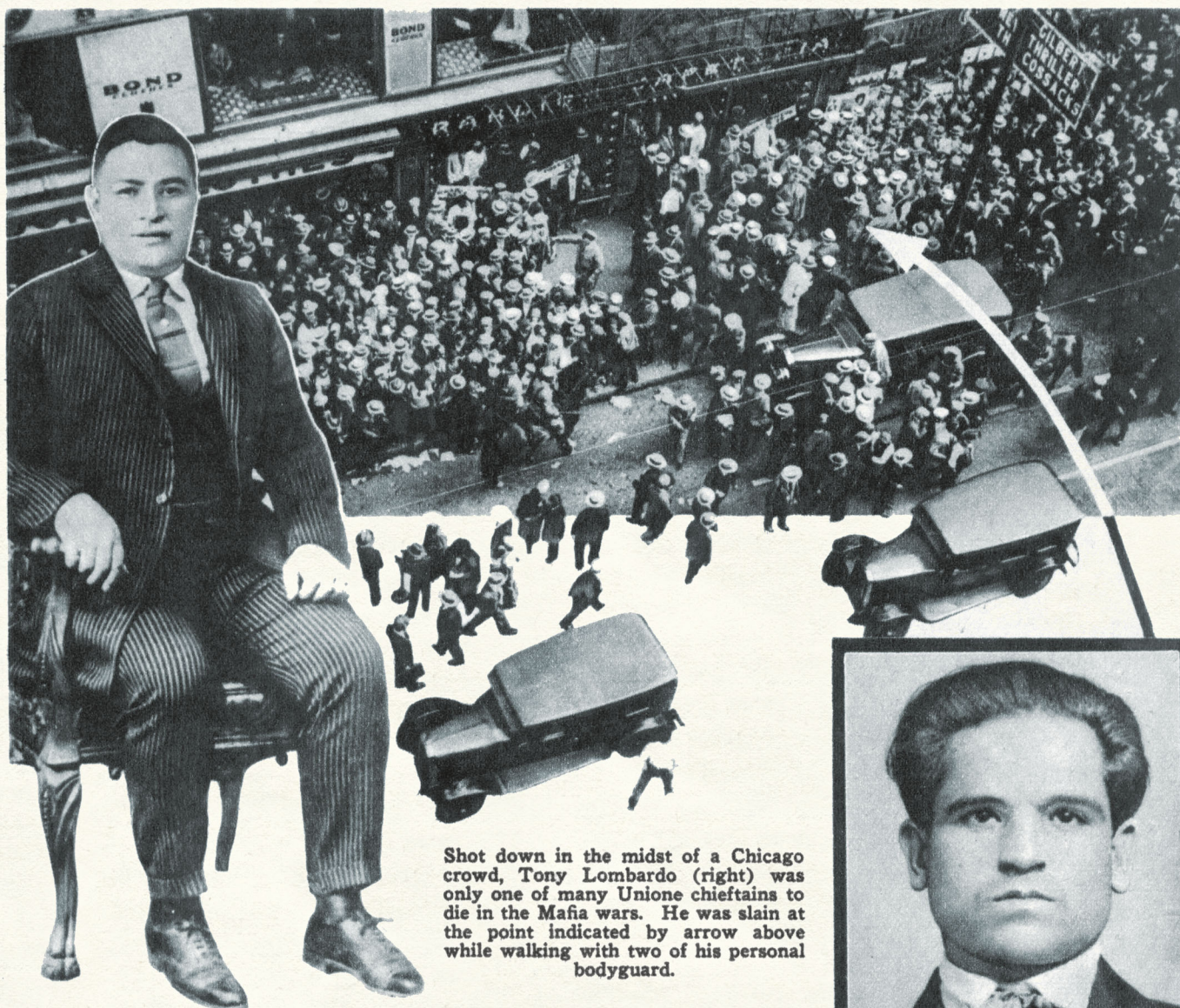
Aiello, however, envisioned a master stroke to conquer Capone and gain new strength. He sought tools for the plot, and eyed the two professional murderers named in many gangland killings and in the St. Valentine's Day massacre—Scalise and Anselmi.

He chose the Sicilian killers as his instruments. They were ready any time to use their guns for money and power.

Aiello sent word he wanted to see them. The three sat over a table in Aiello-land, the near North Side's Little Sicily.

The pair of killers enjoyed the confidence of Capone. They had killed for him. They were known as the murderers of O'Banion. They had killed two policemen.

Aiello outlined his plan. They would choose a dark horse candidate for the Unione chair, and Scalise and Anselmi would prevail upon Capone to seat him. Then Aiello would reward his co-plotters with riches; and they would sell more alky and make big money. And, perhaps, they would dispose of Capone in the Sicilian manner.



Shot down in the midst of a Chicago crowd, Tony Lombardo (right) was only one of many Unione chieftains to die in the Mafia wars. He was slain at the point indicated by arrow above while walking with two of his personal bodyguard.

Grim ruler of the national Unione Siciliana, Frankie Uale opposed Al Capone when he demanded the appointment of Tony Lombardo as Chicago Mafia chief. Uale died under Capone-bought guns.

Double-crossing Capone

ONE Joe Guinta appeared suddenly in Chicago. He had come, vaguely, "from the East." He was dapper, hard-eyed, a habitue of night clubs, known as "the dancing man." Joe Guinta was Aiello's candidate for the Unione presidency.

Scalise and Anselmi had audience with Capone, and told of the sterling qualities of Guinta as a leader, as a dependable, firm chief of the Unione, who would carry out Capone's commands within the Unione.

Capone listened. The plan sounded good. The little known Guinta would be an effective instrument in Capone's hands, he believed. He consented, and preparations were made to grant full authority to the newcomer.

Days passed and Capone reflected. A master of espionage, the crafty gang chief decided he had better learn more about his new protege and tool. He sent trusted men to learn more about Guinta, and they returned with startling information.

Guinta had been in constant conference with Scalise and Anselmi, and the three had been seen in North Side haunts, had met Joe Aiello in an Italian restaurant in Division street.

Capone knew then. The double-cross! Sicilian treachery, a master-plot by his arch-enemy, Aiello.

Capone commanded his spies to keep their information

secret, and he did some plotting of his own. He sent word among his gangland allies. There would be a big feast at Burnham, a Capone vice resort town near Chicago. There would be three guests of honor, Scalise, Anselmi and Guinta.

All the faithful of the inner group of the mob would celebrate the ascendancy of Guinta to the chair of the Unione.

Invitations were given the guests of honor by Al himself. The three accepted eagerly, envisioning high honor and power. The great day had come—they had reached new stature in gangland ranks. They would be the envy of thousands of Sicilians in the city.

Then—they reasoned—it would be easy to work under cover against the Big Fellow, to smash Capone's power and probably end his life by using the force of the Mafia against him!

The three journeyed, in high spirits, to Burnham, that night of May 8, 1929. And a car containing trusted Capone mobsmen tailed theirs to the door.

All was ready. The building, used as a cabaret and vice resort, was dimly lighted. Guards were at the door.

The trio entered and found Capone mobsmen waiting to welcome them. They were ushered into a large rear room where a score were seated about a table ready for the banquet.

Outside, sentinels of the mob scrutinized newcomers, steered away carousing citizens looking for a place of entertainment, watched the road.



Feted by Capone at what was supposed to be an honor banquet, Joe Guinta, John Scalise and Albert Anselmi, imported Mafiosi, (left to right) were suddenly denounced as Aiello double-crossers and slain with baseball bats in the hands of Scaface Al himself. An artist has recreated the scene.



Within, only a few swarthy waiters and chefs—and Capone gunmen.

There were cries of greeting to Scalise, Anselmi and Guinta. Hands shook theirs and patted their backs. There were friendly words in Italian.

The three were ushered to the center of the table, to the seats for the honored guests. Champagne bottles were opened with popping of corks. All drank a toast to the trio.

Trays laden with chicken and with spaghetti were spread on the table. The guests of honor ate with gusto, between friendly sallies across the table.

Capone came in and all rose and greeted him. He sat down and drained a glass of champagne, then attacked a huge plate of spaghetti. Trusted bodyguards were ranged beside him.

He talked animatedly to the guests of honor and smiled broadly as he looked at them.

The feast finished, dishes taken away, one of the bodyguards went to the big door of the room and locked it.

Capone rose, his great bulk above the table-top.

He spoke quickly, in English, with phrases of Italian.

"A toast to the guests of honor!" he commanded. While Guinta and his two killer pals remained seated, the others rose and drained champagne glasses.

The trio smiled. Glory! And rich reward to come. This was better than Palermo, Sicily, where Prefect Mori was waging war on their kind!

Capone's smile vanished. There was cold fury in his blue-gray eyes.

He pointed to the smiling trio with a fat hand.

"Guests of honor," he roared. "Traitors, double-crossers!"

Three dark faces paled. Eyes stared at Capone's then

ranged around the table, meeting there more ominous glares.

Automatic pistols pointing at the guests of honor!

Scalise, Anselmi, Guinta knew then. In Sicily traitors to the Mafia were punished by death.

"Anybody who crosses Capone gets 'his,'" Capone snarled. "Get the bats."

A cabinet was opened and a half-dozen heavy baseball bats were brought forth. Capone took one.

Pistols held the Aiello plotters helpless, Capone stepped near them. His powerful hands gripped the bat. His strong arms went into motion. The bat swung, came crashing with terrific impact against the skull of Scalise, crushing the bone!

Scalise fell, his head broken. Again Capone swung the bat, and others wielded the clubs.

The guests of honor lay on the floor then, battered, broken, dying. Automatics finished the work, pumping lead slugs into the bodies.

Chicago knew next day that three Sicilian gangmen had been murdered, only a few months after the terrifying slaughter of seven North Side gangsters on St. Valentine's Day . . . and that two of them had been linked with that wholesale murder.

The three bodies were found in a ditch near Hammond, Indiana, and then were ranged alongside of each other in a Hammond morgue.

Why? A reprisal of North Siders for the St. Valentine's Day massacre, some theorists said.

Joe Aiello knew why. And federal investigators later were to learn the truth, from the story of an eye-witness! That is the story I set down here, the actual, detailed account of the

[Continued on page 52]

CRACKING GEORGIA'S MYSTERY OF THE JEWeled



Caught in a web of gift jewels, innocent Agnes Bradstreet faced prison bars as the astounding story of the bank fire unfolded.

Snarling flames licked at a bank vault and the body of a bound man. Sirens shrieked and townsmen rose to drag a banker from the ruins of his bank.

Not till the grim search for two phantom arsonists had snared only a gem-loving woman was the amazing truth revealed.

ED McKAIN, grocery salesman, woke suddenly in the lone hotel at Fairburn, Georgia, picturesque town of the old South. It was the night of October 11, 1919.

His room was filled with an ominous glare and into his nostrils he sucked the terrifying odor of a fire out of control and raging.

He dashed to the window. Before his eyes, flames were leaping high over the building of the Fairburn Bank Company, lighting the little town with a lurid brilliance.

It took McKain but a split second to grasp the terrifying situation, and then his scream rang over the silent town:

"Fire! Fire! The town's burning!"

The people of Fairburn gathered quickly. There was no fire department and for a while most of the citizens gazed helplessly at the blazing structure, their fright vividly brought out as their faces were illumined by the dancing flames. Some made futile efforts to check the blaze but soon desisted.

Several hundred were gathered around the fire, and they soon saw that the bank building was doomed and the fire was spreading rapidly.

All at once, from a group of younger men who had edged adventurously to the front of the building there came a thrilling cry:

"My God, there's a man in there!"

A murmur of horror went through the crowd. The heat was overpowering, the roof threatened to collapse at any moment, but now there was no question of hanging back. Human life was at stake, and something *must* be done.

"He's alive!" the same voice shrieked.

It spurred men into action, and the rescue was swiftly planned. Several townsmen, moistening cloths and swathing



Drawn by roaring flames, Fairburn, Ga., citizens saw ruin in the destruction of their bank.

STARTLING DETECTIVE

By A. LAMAR POOLE *Chief of Detectives, Atlanta Police Department* as told to BERT COLLIER

WOMAN AND *BANK FIRE HERO*

their faces against the searing heat, plunged into the building. The spectators waited breathlessly as the rescuers disappeared into that inferno. Presently they were out again, running swiftly, coughing and choking, but supporting among them the pitiful figure of a man. His face was partly obscured by a rude bandage across his mouth and pieces of rope limited the movement of his hands and feet.

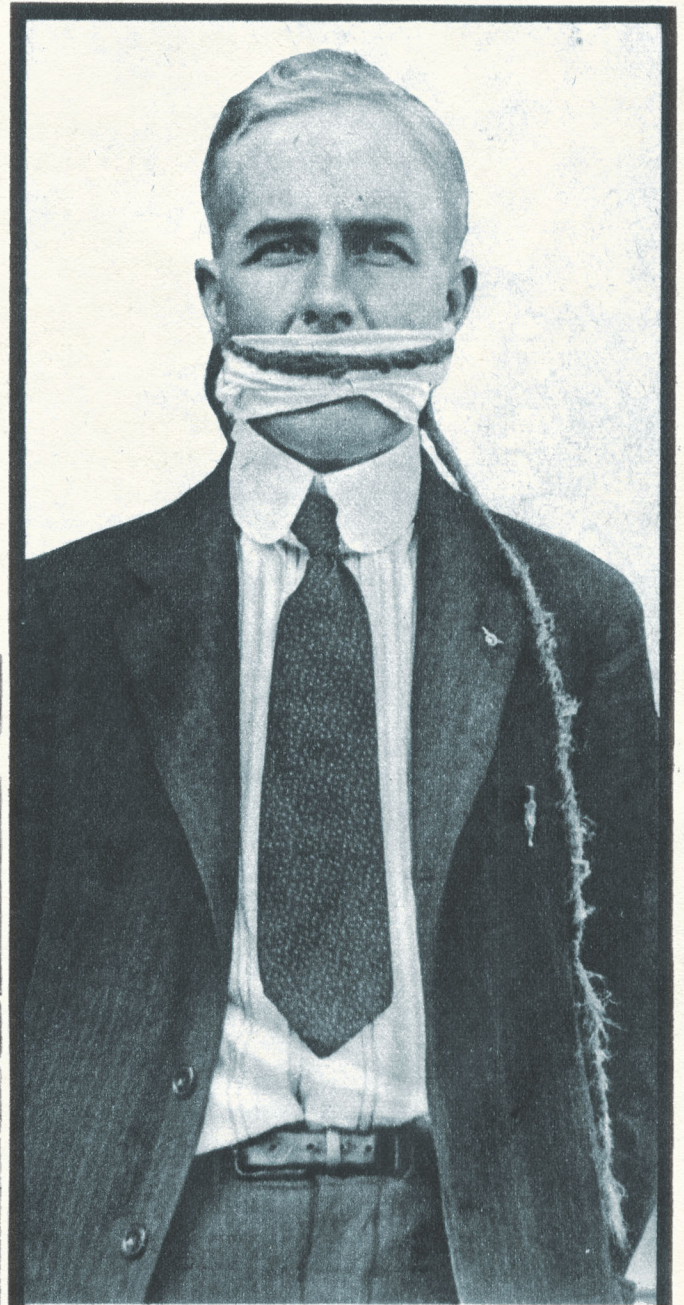
As willing hands dragged him from the building into the glare of the flames they tore the bandage from his face and once more involuntary shouts went up from those nearest:

"It's Banker Green! He's tied! He's hurt!"

With incredible speed the word traveled through the crowd. Banker Green—William B. Green, vice president of the bank, Mayor of Fairburn, Sunday School superintendent, member of the school board, fraternal official, easily the town's best known and best liked citizen—stood before them in his bonds. His face was smeared with dust and blackened by smoke. His clothes were smoking from the heat. He was pale and almost fainting.

The people thronged around him with eager questions and heard for the first time his amazing story, given haltingly but dramatically in the strange and unreal atmosphere of the flame-lit street.

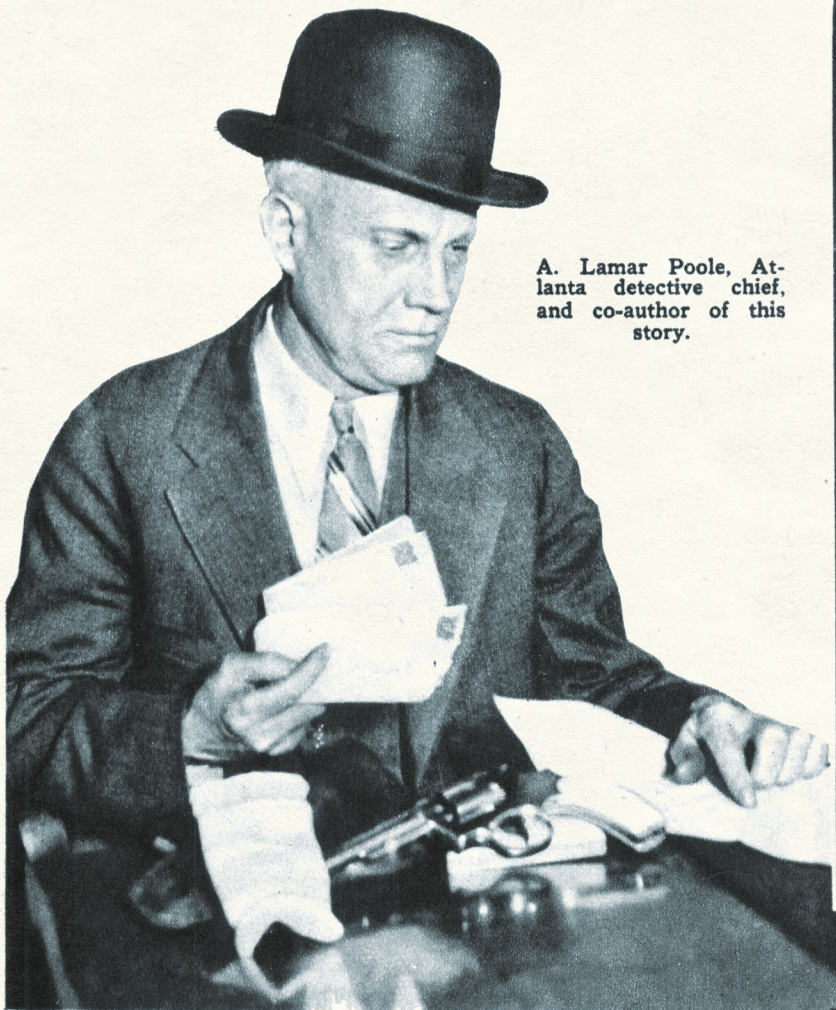
"They tried to rob the bank," he gasped. "Two men—they



Posing bound and gagged as he was found, Banker William Green became the idol of his townsmen when his story of the fire horror had been told.



Then the people hailed as hero the man who told of saving the valuable contents of the vault.



A. Lamar Poole, Atlanta detective chief, and co-author of this story.



Damning evidence found in the Fairburn bank ruins first indicated that Green had saved his bank at the cost of his enviable reputation.

came in while I was working on the books. They tied and gagged me. I told them I couldn't open the time lock to the inner vault. They tried it but had to give it up.

"Then they set fire to the bank and left me to die—"

A murmur of horrified sympathy encouraged him.

"I saw the flames eating through the walls and floor," he went on more calmly. "I knew that the outer vault where the records were kept was open. So I tried and found I could crawl and I worked my way to the door and pushed it shut."

He told it so simply that his auditors scarcely could grasp the heroic nature of his act. He must have crawled, bound hand and foot, over the scorched floor of the bank to save the records, when it would have been easy for him to have crawled to the sidewalk and safety.

Acclaimed For Heroism

IT TOOK a little while for the people of Fairburn to realize the significance of the story. Then they paid him a hero's tribute. Friends crowded around to congratulate him. A triumphal procession escorted him to his beautiful old home, the most imposing in town, and aided Mrs. Green to make him comfortable.

Meanwhile the fire raged. Long before daylight the bank was a charred ruin through which the fireproof vault, with money, bonds and records, was seen to be intact. The adjoining building of the Fairburn Market Company was in ruins. Several other stores were damaged. But the money and bonds and records were safe.

Daylight found a huge crowd surrounding the smoking ruins. Word of the fire and of Mr. Green's heroism had spread and farmers who were depositors in the bank drove in from the surrounding country, anxious about their money. When they learned it was safe they joined in the chorus of

praise for Green. He could have had the town if he had asked for it. He was congratulated on every side.

Sheriff Jenkins of Campbell county, had already taken Green's formal story and had set a guard on the main highways. Green said he was working on the books when the two bandits entered, armed and menacing. They had treated him roughly when they found they couldn't get into the vault. Both were young and clean shaven. One was tall and slender, the other short and stocky. Their faces were hidden by half masks.

"If they had been successful and forced the vault," the banker explained, "they would have got \$50,000 in cash and negotiable securities. Most of the sum was in cash, too. I guess we were pretty lucky."

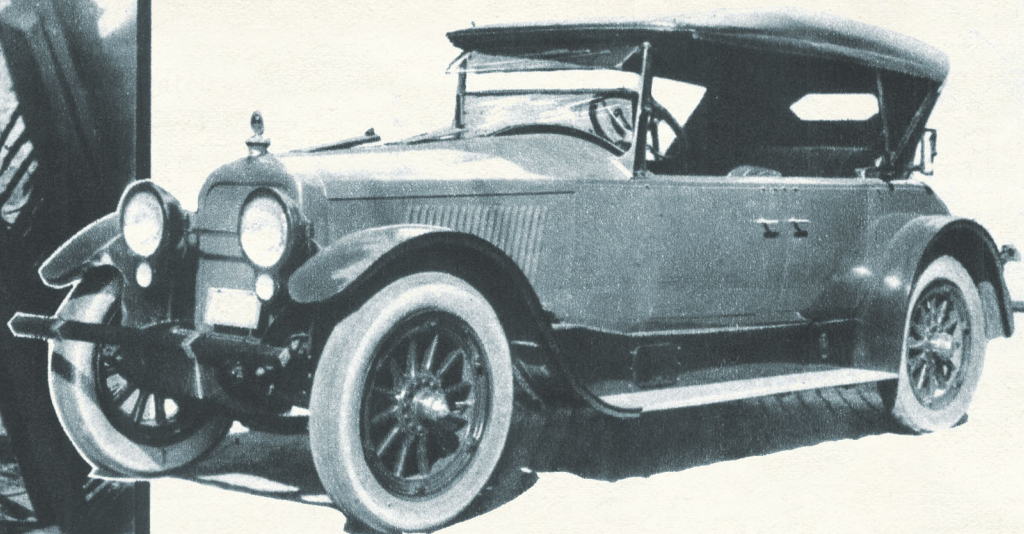
Word of the robbery was flashed to Atlanta, twenty miles away, and I detailed men to search for the bandits and to watch the poolrooms and garages for word of them. The description was sent broadcast. Meager as it was we felt it would be pretty hard for two suspicious-looking young men to get through the cordon of officers that was on guard on every highway. W. T. Gloer, assistant superintendent of the Atlanta Pinkerton Agency, which protected the bank, joined hands with us and with Sheriff Jenkins and a three-fold investigation was under way.

Reports of two strange young men came in from all parts of the section. Detectives were kept busy going from town to town, checking on suspects. But we found that all those arrested were victims of the misguided zeal of local officers, aroused over the near-tragedy, the heartless brutality of the attempt on Green's life.

One hot clew came in from Winder, about 40 miles away. Two men, driving rapidly in an old car, had had an accident. They abruptly deserted the car and fled. One boarded a train for Atlanta.

Detective Powers of my squad met the train and took the

STARTLING DETECTIVE



One of two automobiles given Mrs. Bradstreet by her friendly admirer helped clear the motives in the criminal case and to exonerate the woman.



Backed by her loyal young husband (right), Mrs. Bradstreet with her attorney, Fred Harrison (left), proved she knew nothing of the looting of the bank.

man into custody. He was a former Atlanta street car conductor. He had no weapon, no money, no satisfactory alibi and was evasive to our questionings. We locked him up, but we did not relax our search for an instant.

This brought us to the end of the first day of investigation—the night of October 12. Results were not so plentiful. We had a suspect but nothing against him. Mysterious strangers, one tall and slender, the other short and stocky, were strangely missing. It looked like the bandits had got away. And yet we knew it just couldn't happen, unless they had taken to the woods and swamps, and even then they must have left their car.

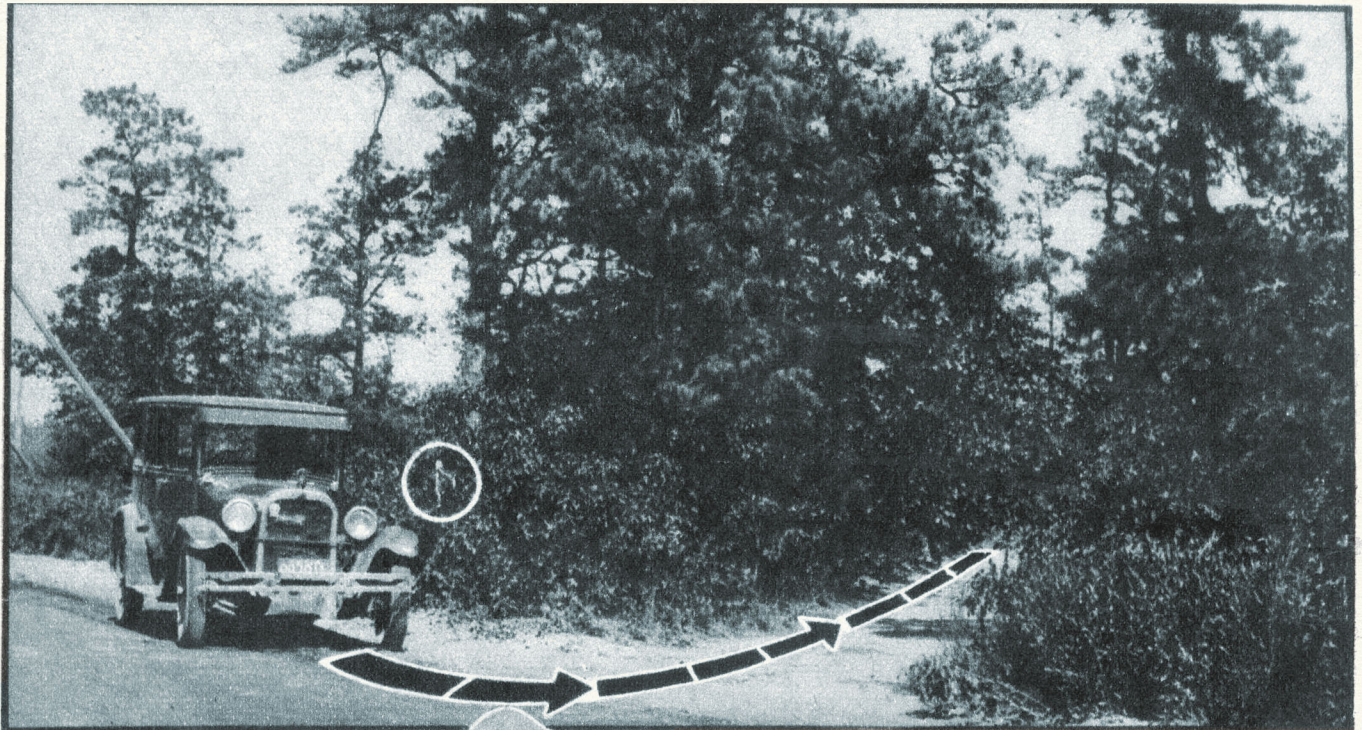
The next day we were worse off. Our check on the street car conductor showed he could not have been at Fairburn on the night of the robbery. He was released and the investigation was right back where it started. We didn't even have a suspect to show.

If our bandits weren't going to run into one of our searching parties it was up to us to rout them out. Gloer came in for a conference. We went over the ground of our fruitless search and decided to begin a new check, this time concentrating on the 20-mile highway between Atlanta and Fairburn.

[Continued on page 64]

Mysterious "PEGGY LILLIENDAHL

By ROBERT EARLE, *Eastern Staff Representative*



A shred of white cloth tied to a bush (shown in circle) brought brooding mystery to rest upon this fatal scene and the death car shown. Why had the car turned into the lane of crimson terror?



Though involved in a federal drug case, Dr. William Lilliendahl (shown here with his wife and pet dogs) had no hint of the horrible fate in store for him a few days after this picture was taken.

Her car careening madly, a frantic woman fled from crimson horror in a New Jersey lane.

Hysterical with grief she told her story while squads of state police and possemen combed a nearby swamp for the brutal Negro slayers of her elderly husband.

Then a village postmistress pointed to one "Peggy Anderson", mystery woman, and turned the case into a horrifying revelation of guilty love conspiracy.

ANDERSON" and the Love Tragedy

MARGARET LILLIENDAHL often drove the car for her doctor husband. That early afternoon of September 17, 1927, she tooled the machine along at a modest pace drinking in with him the beauty of the autumn day.

There was no hint as the car turned off the Atsion road near South Vineland, New Jersey, toward Great Swamp lane that tragedy was riding with them in the doctor's small coach.

The milk truck driver who passed that way some time afterward gave his attention to the road with no thought of danger or death till suddenly from the picturesque lane ahead a car hurtled crazily and zig-zagged along in his path.

A young man riding with him spoke.

"Sure enough, it's a woman," he said. "Wouldn't you know it by the way she's driving?"

"Must be drunk," the milk truck driver grumbled.

But as the big truck roared abreast giving the smaller machine a wide berth, the other man cried out.

"Jeez, she is scared as hell. Better see what's the matter."

They signaled the frightened woman to stop.

The little car pulled up beside the road and the two men leaped down to approach it.

"Murder!" screamed the woman as she almost collapsed at the wheel.

To the amazed questioning of the two men she gasped out incoherent answers.

"Two men," she cried. "Negroes. They killed him. And oh, they robbed me—and—and—"

She buried her face in her hands unable to go on.

Another car pulled up at the side of the two. Another man approached the little group.

"You wait here," one of the men commanded. "We'll go look."

And so it was that three men rushed into Great Swamp lane.

They had not long to search for ghastly confirmation of the woman's hysterical story.

Crumpled beside the fading wheel tracks that could be seen in the lane, lay the body of a white-haired man and a bullet wound showed the manner of his death.

Hurrying back to the frantic woman and then rushing her to the Hammonton station of the state troopers, they learned the rest of the shocking story.

The woman was Margaret Lilliendahl. With her husband, Dr. William Lilliendahl, she had driven into the picturesque side road to enjoy its restful touch of wilderness on this lovely autumn afternoon.

Suddenly, from a nearby thicket, two Negroes had silently appeared. They had approached the car, she explained, one a very tall man and the other shorter—both very black.

Voicing first a civil question which the doctor answered, they had suddenly shown a gun and demanded the valuables of the pair.

Once more frantic hysteria interrupted the narrative.

The Negroes had attacked her, she declared. They had torn her watch from her wrist and taken the doctor's purse. But the doctor protested when they offered indignities to his wife.

Suddenly the revolver roared, the doctor crumpled to the leaf-strewn sod, dying, perhaps instantly killed. Then with wide eyes the negroes had dropped the watch and the pocket-book and fled.

The State troopers waited to hear no more. Mounted on motorcycles or riding in police cars with a volunteer posse at their back, they raced to the spot and began beating the swamp for the black suspects.



Keen, masterful even in the hysteria of her sorrow, Margaret Lilliendahl recounted the terrifying crime and directed possemen in the hunt for her husband's slayers.



Combing the spot where Dr. Lilliendahl's body was found, State policemen and civilian volunteers found many clues corroborating and adding to the frantic widow's amazing story. Even the tale of a fleeing blue sedan, told by other witnesses, fitted into the tragic picture.

For three days the search went on. For three days Margaret Lilliendahl wrung her hands and volunteered what information she appeared able to give to help in the apprehension of the criminals, the brutal killers who had seemingly taken refuge deep in Great Swamp.

The watch that had been torn from her arm and a ring taken from her finger were found, further bearing out her story. Her husband's empty wallet was picked up nearby.

The murder scene was carefully searched for the footprints of the fugitives but the swamp grass was long and there were few if any traces of the killers to be found.

Only one distinctive clue was discovered at the spot and that merely added to the appalling mystery. One of the troopers had plucked from the limb of a tree a small shred of white cloth.

It had been tied there. It had been used as a marker, apparently by the killers. If it were connected with the crime it could mean only one thing.

The killing had been planned. It wasn't merely the outcome of an attempted holdup. The innocent appearing bit of cotton had been used to mark the spot. The killers must have been sent there to wait at the appointed place, to kill and flee where the Great Swamp offered perfect refuge for killers.

First Hint Of Conspiracy

UNABLE to explain this sinister clue, Mrs. Lilliendahl at last went home to her young son, willingly agreeing to appear as a witness, giving \$25,000 bond in fact when booked as the one material witness in the case.

And to her then and for days thereafter were brought Negro suspects picked up in the neighborhood or at whom the finger of possible suspicion pointed.

Suddenly, however, public opinion offered a new explanation of the white cloth used to mark the rendezvous. And the point they made was already being considered by the state

police. For Dr. Lilliendahl had been only a year or so one of the residents of the nearby New Jersey community. He had come to this rural spot from New York. And it was well known that in the greater city he had faced federal charges or state indictments for connection with the sinister drug traffic.

He had brought his ugly business to this peaceful country place, it was presently whispered. The white cloth had been placed to mark a meeting with his agents, a point of delivery or acceptance of some huge quantity of drug.

In concluding the deal an argument had arisen. The white-haired doctor had made some protest. It had been answered, perhaps, by a drug-crazed dope-peddler with shots from a revolver and the watch and ring had been torn off the woman's hands to cover the crime or to keep her in ignorance of its actual nature.

The theory was borne out by the statement of neighbors that a bright blue sedan had been seen racing away from the lane.

New York police joined with the state constabulary in hunting for possible agents of a narcotic ring who could have committed the crime.

Little was known about the venerable doctor and his wife in the South Vineland community except that his young helpmate seemed unusually devoted in spite of his years. They had kept much to themselves and had few intimates.

Willis Beach, the struggling chicken farmer who lived near to them, was the object of much questioning by the curious to find out what sort of life they led.

He didn't care much for the doctor, he told them. There had been some difficulty between them because of the chickens but the young Mrs. Lilliendahl seemed to be all right.

He had driven her to town several times in his car and once or twice he had ridden with her in hers. She seemed to get along well with her husband even though he was more than twenty years older than she.

But there was one woman in South Vineland who knew

STARTLING DETECTIVE



Found by an officer at the murder spot, Mrs. Lilliendahl's watch, ring and bracelet told mutely of the brutal snatching of these valuables which she described.



Not till the alert Mrs. William Tamberlain, South Vine-land postmistress, described "Peggy Anderson" and her mysterious correspondent, was the real identity of Dr. Lilliendahl's slayers revealed.

something. She was the postmistress of the little New Jersey town, Mrs. William Tamberlain.

In her official position she had known a secret that now came to have tremendous significance and she bade those who wanted to solve the Lilliendahl mystery to hunt for Peggy Anderson.

Peggy Anderson, she said, might know something about the case.

And then she shocked the countryside by a statement that put Mrs. Lilliendahl on the defensive in connection with the murder of her husband.

Peggy Anderson, she revealed was Mrs. Lilliendahl, or at least Mrs. Lilliendahl called for mail addressed in that name.

And the Peggy Anderson letters were always mailed by Willis Beach.

Beach, the neighbor of the Lilliendahls, was immediately taken into custody. Apparently happy with his wife and son, he denied all knowledge of the crime and, since the "Peggy Anderson" letters could not be produced, his statements might have been sufficient to exonerate him if he hadn't happened to be the owner of a bright blue sedan.

The fact that such a car had driven from the scene of the crime in great haste on the fatal afternoon told heavily against Beach and he, like Mrs. Lilliendahl, was booked as a material witness. Bail was furnished for him and the following day, to the amazement of the entire countryside, *Beach disappeared.*

A quick search was made for him. But he was gone and the blue sedan was gone with him.

The countryside seethed with astonishment at the new developments. The disappearance of Beach was a nine days wonder.

But on the day when warrants were issued against him and Mrs. Lilliendahl charging the foul crime of murder, Beach reappeared, surrendering at the Mays Landing courthouse and submitting to questioning.

Another Mystery Man

THERE was little actually to connect Beach with the case. His disappearance was regarded in some quarters as a red herring drawn across the trail to attract attention from Mrs. Lilliendahl for the opening of the trial the latter part of November suddenly revealed an amazing chain of evidence against the woman.

It was a hard fought battle but the jury finally brought out a verdict after twenty-five continuous hours.

Guilty of voluntary manslaughter was the amazing decision, clearly a compromise. Both defendants are still serving a sentence of ten years at hard labor in the New Jersey prison for the slaying of the woman's husband.

Blackhand War Rages in Chicago Heights

[Continued from page 43]



Drinking a toast to Pasqualino Lolordo, new Unione chief in Chicago, four Black Handers set down their glasses and killed Lolordo in his own flat.

murder of Scalise, Anselmi and Guinta. Just one more episode in the bloody records of the Mafia in America!

Capone wanted the Mafia, needed it—if only to prevent Sicilian extortionists and killers from preying on him and members of his mob in the liquor, vice and gambling rackets. Aiello wanted the Mafia to fight Capone and to make more money. For Mafia was the only organization in the United States that dared to use the force and ruthlessness of gangdom's chiefs.

Capone had won. Aiello's plot had failed. And Aiello's number was up!

There was a perfunctory investigation of the triple murder. Conveniently, the bodies had been found in Indiana and the murder investigation was out of the hands of Chicago authorities.

The verdict was "death at the hands of unknown persons." The eye-witness story was not obtained until many months later, and then investigators faced absolute impossibility of carrying on successful prosecution—for no man would so testify in court.

Capone Clears The Way

MORE warfare ahead. Capone was enraged against Aiello. The gangmen knew that each would try to kill the other, and the odds were against Joe.

Aiello still had many adherents among the Sicilian alky cooks, and he remained an obstacle to Capone's efforts to gain undisputed rule of the Unione.

Al wanted vengeance for the nearly successful plot against him. Aiello wanted vengeance for the murder of his three agents. Each wanted racket money.

The war continued for a year as machine guns depleted the opposing ranks. More bodies were found in gutters and along country roads. There were more second-floor-front ambushes from machine gun nests.

Even as in Sicily, Mafiosi of the American variety were riding in the streets, defying the law, executing sen-

tences of death imposed by Mafia chieftains.

Aiello let it be known that he would pay \$50,000 to the man who would kill Capone. But the Big Fellow, guarded day and night, directed his army from his G. H. Q. in the Metropole Hotel and grew richer and more powerful in the rackets.

Aiello saw death coming. He had evaded bullets for a year—but he knew, in October, 1930, that he could not stay in Chicago and live. Capone gunmen had been tailing him, watching his home, patiently waiting to put him on the spot. Aiello went into hiding on the far West Side, in a quiet residential district.

He sent for railroad tickets to Brownsville, Texas. He would be safe there, or across the Mexican border, he figured.

On the evening of October 30 he called a taxicab to the house. As soon as the car pulled to the curb he ran out. He had just time to catch the train, downtown.

Joe Aiello never reached the curb. Machine gun bullets from a second-floor apartment across the street struck him as he ran for the cab. Aiello stopped and staggered, shot in the abdomen, as bullets streamed from the gun. He drew his automatic pistol and turned, desperately trying to reach safety by stumbling along between two buildings.

But Capone murder plots, even as Sicilian vengeance, are sure. A second machine gun was ready.

There was another clattering like that of a string of fire-crackers, and more bullets tore into Joe Aiello. He fell, dead, with sixty wounds.

The Mafia in Chicago was Capone's! The Sicilian killers were in line for him. The Unione Siciliana was his tool.

Torrio in authority nationally, Capone ruling through an agent in Chicago, the American Mafia was, more than ever before, a menace to the people of the United States.

Other cities have seen similarly terrifying manifestations of the spirit of

the outlaws of the Sicilian hills. In Detroit the Unione ruled the rackets of a large section despite the operations of the dominant Purple Gang.

For years the Sicilians there were kept under firm hand by the Unione chieftain, Sam "Sings-in-the-Night" Cantalanotte, while an ugly crew of ruffians operated in the rackets under his direction.

These outlaws showed their ferocity when Federal Agents Gustave Wetzel and Henry Swartz raided a brewery of the gang and arrested Sam's son, Joe, and another.

Twelve Sicilians appeared, seized the two agents, took their guns away. They took the agents for an automobile ride into the country, beat them, threatened them with death and hurled them into a ditch. The agents narrowly escaped death, and it was believed that only the fact that the pair's destination that day was known to their superiors saved them from assassination.

When Sam Cantalanotte died, warfare broke out. His son, Joe, appointed himself head of the local Unione and Gaspare Scibilio also eyed the chair. The Sicilian section became a battleground, and Scibilio and a companion were killed, on May 31, 1931.

Scibilio's friends elected to battle, and the two factions used machine guns and sawed-off shotguns to such effect that fourteen others were killed in six weeks!

Joe Cantalanotte still lived and proclaimed himself leader. He was a typical specimen of the Mafiosi in America. He had been arrested for killing a policeman and for shooting another. He had been jailed as a dope peddler and a stick-up man. He was convicted twice.

Detroit police took a hand in the warfare, and marched, sixty strong, on the current headquarters of Joe's Unione group. They besieged, with machine guns and gas bombs, Joe's fine home in Grosse Point, Detroit suburb, and captured young Cantalanotte and other gunmen. It was the first real counter-attack against the new Mafia.

In another center of Sicilian racket warfare, forces of the law achieved a more spectacular victory after amazing detective work. Chicago Heights, Illinois, south of Chicago, was the focal point of one of the greatest campaigns ever waged by government detectives and police against Mafiosi in America.

Chicago Heights was a counterpart of, say, Termini Imerese, Sicily, in the extent of its lawlessness. Thousands of Sicilians there were either members of the outlaw gang, or were, like the good people of Sicilian towns, terrorized by the criminals.

And Chicago Heights had its Prefect Mori in the person of Alexander Jamie, veteran detective, then directing a special unit of prohibition agents in Chicago. He now heads the investigating force of the "Secret Six," crime-fighting agency of the Chicago Association of Commerce.

This keen sleuth, a rugged six-footer, met the challenge of the chieftains. Chicago Heights, a city of 25,000, had been made the Midwest's center for production and distribution of illicit alcohol. The leaders there had a cooperative agreement with Capone.

In their ranks were newly smuggled

STARTLING DETECTIVE

Mafiosi from the far-away island in the Mediterranean, busy at many stills cooking alky in defiance of federal law. They were under the terrorist rule of Joe Martino, a Mafia chieftain, as local president of the Unione.

There had been a reign of terror in the Heights for nine years when Jamie began his cleanup in 1928. There was need for a tremendous offensive against the outlaws, a movement like that Mori carried on, and Jamie made plans for a large-scale job of detective work and a veritable military attack.

The Mafia's Bloody Ground

A CARNIVAL of murder had begun in the latter part of 1919. Thirty were killed in 1926, 1927 and 1928, in warfare over Unione power, over alky profits and revenue of slot machines and other gambling.

Government men had done some investigating in the area, gathering some evidence for later prosecution on liquor conspiracy charges.

Sicilian "justice," however, continued to remove by death many figures in the alky racket.

Anthony San Filippo was the first chieftain of the Heights Mafiosi who reached great power there. His reign was short. He was shot to death in his own automobile by two men.

There was none to accuse the murderers. The omerta, the conspiracy of silence, protected them.

The alky business went on to greater profits, and more casualties ensued before Philip Piazza and James Lamberto won the battle and ruled as alky kings and chiefs of the Mafia members.

Lamberto asserted his power. He was domineering, autocratic. He grew rich. He gained political strength in that section of the county.

Mafia history had marked his doom. On June 2, 1926, he sat in a roadhouse with a woman, Mrs. Crystal Barrier. Three gunmen entered and fired with pistols and sawed-off shotguns as the pair fled to their car, killing both.

Piazza worried and had reason aplenty to do so. He tried first to placate those he knew as foes and rivals, then tried to instill fear in them. He added a second bodyguard to his defenses, and spent much of his time in the sanctuary of his cafe in the Heights.

One night he sauntered outside. As he stood at the door an automobile approached and two men let him have it with shotguns. Piazza's reign ended.

The death list mounted. Three Sicilian hijackers were found murdered on a lonely road used by alky trucks near the town.

Then, months later, there were scattered prohibition raids in the town. Two days later assassins entered a home and shot to death a woman suspected of having given information to prohibition agents.

Sicilian vengeance took another life a week later. A bootlegger believed to have aided the woman in informing against rivals was found slain on a road.

In the autumn of 1928, Jamie began his campaign. He chose a half-dozen of his best sleuths, men of intelligence and courage, to learn the secrets of the Heights, to penetrate the conspiracy of silence.

Even as the federal detectives talked in their Chicago office about their plans violence flared again. Chief Lester Gilbert of South Chicago Heights, who had

opposed Sicilian gangsters and seized their trucks, was shot to death as he sat at home with his family, reading a newspaper.

The Mafiosi had, in effect, hurled a challenge to Jamie. He answered it.

Three young men appeared in the speakeasies of the Heights, took occasional drinks and chatted with loungers.

One talked to a cafe owner.

"If ever you want a fix, and you've got some dough to pay for it, see me."

It seemed, days later, that the cafe owner did want a fix. The raids by prohibition agents in the past had injured business.

"What can you do for us?" he asked the young man.

The newcomer showed a prohibition agent's badge.

"I'm a dick, sent here to look over the town. I'm interested in some real dough right now, though, and I know certain guys downtown that would like to make a dollar. My pals are right guys. You



Dion O'Banion, first non-Sicilian slain by Mafia killers from Sicily.

won't have to worry about any of us if you treat us right."

The overture brought results. Swarthy-skinned men with diamonds on their fingers came to see the three young men.

These Sicilian chieftains talked warily. They hinted that there might be some people in the Heights who would find protection profitable.

For days the three newcomers stayed around Heights hotels and roadhouses, and were aware that they were under surveillance night and day.

Then the Sicilians returned.

"Come and talk to the boss," they said.

The young men were ushered into the presence of Joe Martino, Unione chief and alky king. He was big, swarthy, hard-eyed.

"How do I know you can put in the fix?" he demanded. They showed their badges and smiled.

"Money will do anything."

"How much?"

"First we've got to see how much it's worth to you."

Joe ordered a round of drinks and became increasingly good-natured. His eyes gleamed. He seemed to count the bigger profits that would come from more open operation of the stills and trucks.

"I'm your friend," he said. "We'll get down to business. You can meet the rest of the boys."

The opening wedge into the secrets of Chicago Heights' Mafia!

The three newcomers were Jamie's aces: Dan Koken, formerly a star investigator for the intelligence unit of the internal revenue bureau; Eliot Ness, who later was to gain fame for locating and raiding Capone breweries, and A. M. Nabors, at present a government investigator in the South.

Jamie's three sleuths let it be known that the amount required for protection would be dependent upon the output of alcohol, to some extent. And they must know the "right" still operators, those lined up with Martino's syndicate, so that only those would be freed from the danger of federal raids.

Joe agreed that was the proper way to look at the situation. The newcomers would be permitted to know who was who in the Heights.

The sleuths called their chauffeur and drove about the Heights, with Martino and another Sicilian.

The chauffeur was Frank Basile, a fair-complexioned "north" Italian, and he posed among the Sicilians as non-Italian, "just 'Merican."

Frank was a trusted aid of the detectives. He had worked with them before in dangerous places . . . though none as perilous as Chicago Heights.

The detectives met still operators and viewed their plants. They shook hands with suspicious-eyed Sicilians.

The sleuths did not hurry. They drove about the Heights, locating more stills, meeting more men. Painstakingly, they compiled lists of names and addresses.

But they were watchful day and night, for they were moving about among men who would kill as ruthlessly as they would strike down a dog—men accustomed to repay informers with death.

Braving Death's Dagger

ONE day Frank Basile had a worried look in his eyes. He told the detectives: "I think some people know—what you are doing. Be careful. You may be killed."

The detectives oiled their pistols and kept right on working.

Martino sent word to them to go to a conference of certain still operators, lieutenants of his in the Heights syndicate. They went with Frank to the back room of a roadhouse and sat at a table with a half-dozen swarthy men, Sicilians all.

The leader questioned the federal men.

"You know us?" he asked. "You know where these fellas' stills are?"

The detectives hesitated to answer.

"You know—so these men get protection?" the leader demanded.

"Yes."

The Sicilians exchanged glances.

"You want money from us?"

"Yes."

The swarthy men whispered. One walked about the room and stopped behind the chair of Eliot Ness.

The chauffeur saw him draw a knife

and hold it near Ness' back. The Sicilian spoke in Italian, and Frank understood.

"Shall I stick it into his heart?"

The Sicilian's eyes narrowed and he thrust his arm forward. The point of the dagger was a half inch from the detective's coat!

Basile's muscles tautened. He was ready to spring at the swarthy ruffian even though he knew that he and the detectives probably would have little chance to emerge alive from battle in that room.

The knife was poised—

"No!"

The leader exclaimed gutturally and raised a cautioning hand. The knife was withdrawn and placed again in a pocket sheath.

The leader turned to the detectives.

"We'll talk to Joe Martino again," he said. "We'll see you men later."

The conference was over. The detectives rode away, and heard from Frank of their narrow escape.

Frank said: "I think it's time to go away from here. I think they know. Maybe we all will be killed."

"We have more work to do," the detectives told him. "We've got to take a chance and stay longer."

The sleuths spent the next day working on their records and checking anew to make sure they had the complete picture of the Heights liquor conspiracy. Like all good federal sleuths, they would not be content with anything short of a complete courtroom case.

The next night they drove around the outskirts of the town in a final survey. Ever watchful, they saw another car following them. They took side roads and doubled on their course, but still the other car stayed behind them.

Frank swung into a dark lane and they waited. The other car passed and they overtook it, forcing it to the roadside.

The detective covered the other driver with their rods and jerked him from the car. He was a thick-set Sicilian, and had a .45 automatic in his coat pocket. They rushed him out of the Heights to a lockup as a federal prisoner.

The sleuths returned and ventured into the streets of the Heights next day. No longer were there friendly greetings. Trouble was brewing.

The Mafia struck. Basile, the chauffeur, was shot to death!

The detectives reported to Jamie: "We're ready for a grand jury."

They told a part of the Heights story and deputy marshals rushed to the town and seized Martino, indicted for liquor conspiracy.

The Unione chieftain was furious. "The fix" was a trick. He had been duped. He called lawyers and bondsmen and posted bail, returning to the Heights.

The alky cooks knew the truth then. Joe Martino had betrayed them, unwittingly or otherwise, into the hands of the federal government.

The next day Joe Martino was put on the spot. He was shot to death. He had disregarded the omertà. He was a traitor to the Mafia.

Jamie and the sleuths prepared then for a great offensive against the Heights Mafiosi. He conferred with U. S. District Attorney George E. Q. Johnson, State's Attorney John A. Swanson and Police Commissioner William F. Russell of Chicago. Records of the long investigation were shown—many names and addresses and details of still operation.

"We've got to grab the Heights police, too," the detectives said. "There's a tie-up. They'll spoil our work if they can."

The offensive against the Mafiosi of Chicago Heights went into motion at daybreak of Sunday, January 6, 1929.

District Attorney Johnson had the role of a Mussolini for the moment, spurring the drive and giving Jamie all possible aid.

Even as Mori's first act, always, was to seize police in order that he might defeat outlaws, so did Jamie make Chicago Heights' police the object of his first skirmish.

The Chicago variety of carabinieri for the drive consisted of 100 picked men, led by Jamie and the detectives who had ferreted out the Mafia secrets. A dozen squads of Chicago detectives aided fifty federal sleuths and deputy marshals.

The army swept into the Heights at dawn that Sunday morning. The big automobiles sped to the city hall and took possession of it, the sleuths surrounding the police station within the building.



O'Banion's flower shop, scene of the murder that cleared the way for Capone's fight to control the Unione Siciliana.

Jailing Heights Police

AS HEIGHTS police entered the station, they were seized and placed in cells. None was allowed to telephone or to have communication with the outside.

Meanwhile federal men took possession of the entire town.

Sicilian folk were startled to see officers with drawn pistols running in the street and rushing to their homes.

The three ace detectives went with marshals to the home of Lorenzo Juliano, Martino's principal lieutenant. The door was locked. They battered it in and seized the Sicilian.

He was furious.

"You rats, you double-crossers!" he snarled at the detectives. "So, that is why you play you're our friends. This is the fix you give us."

Marshals searched the house. In the dresser of the bedroom they found two automatic pistols and a large supply of cartridges.

The enraged Sicilian was dragged into a car and taken to the city hall lockup and guarded by Chicago police.

The federal men broke into other homes and, in each, found guns and large supplies of ammunition. There were rifles, revolvers, shotguns.

The raids continued throughout the day. The officers, guided by the information gained by the ace sleuths, located stills and ripped them apart. They seized distilling equipment and mash and alcohol as evidence.

As the sun set over the Heights a score of men, including a dozen or more known as killers, were behind bars in the detective bureau at Chicago. There they cursed in Italian at the three detectives who had penetrated Mafia secrets.

Still the warfare went on in the town. Sicilians sought to evade the arresting officers. They darted from homes and hideaways at dusk and the officers gave chase, firing.

On Monday more raids were made. Soon nearly 100 men were in custody.

The detectives had done their work well. The months of investigation had resulted in sure-fire evidence for liquor conspiracy trials. The arrests had brought into custody, it was believed, men responsible for many murders, including that of Chief Gilbert.

Jamie tried in vain to get confessions from the Sicilian chieftains.

After long work in questioning them he said:

"None is talking. Their silence smacks of the Mafia, and letters and papers found in their homes prove the Heights was a nest of the Mafia, the headquarters of a Black Hand ring operating in Chicago, St. Louis, and New York."

Jamie showed part of the Heights haul. Ten loaded double-barreled shotguns, sixteen pistols, 500 rounds of shotgun ammunition and many hundreds of pistol cartridges.

The three detectives wanted more secrets of Chicago Heights. Who had killed their chauffeur?

Basile's kinsmen said: "We know. It is Lorenzo Juliano. He is the new boss of the Unione here. We will get our revenge. It may take a long time, but we will get it."

There was a wholesale trial in federal court, reminiscent of the big trials of Sicily. Fifty-five of the Heights alky dealers were convicted.

Still Lorenzo Juliano stayed in the town. But, as new chief of the Unione, it seemed he was destined for early death, and there was the added menace of the implacable fury of the kinfolk of Chauffeur Basile.

Juliano, long after, was found a victim of the fate irrevocably written for him.

In his automobile, near a dump yard, a broken form that had been Juliano was found. He had been beaten to death. The body was as pulp. Seemingly every bone had been broken. Bullets had made death doubly certain.

Had Sicily held any worse than he? Juliano had been linked to eight murders.

The achievement of Jamie and his detectives in Chicago Heights is probably the outstanding victory of the law over the Mafia and its conspiracy of silence in the United States.

San Francisco's Dictograph Death Plot

[Continued from page 19]

I had not told her who I was for a very simple reason: it would do no good and would do a lot of harm. There was a state of official enmity between Egan's office and the police department, since they were on opposite sides of almost every case. I knew that Egan even flattered himself that the police were afraid of him and would like to get rid of him. Mrs. Hughes, as his old friend and confidante, must know of this feeling. She would take it for granted that I was merely trying to do him a personal injury, and would be even less likely to act on my advice than on that of an anonymous communicant.

And if she were to tell Egan what I had said, he, as an exceedingly clever lawyer, would be quick to seize the situation and turn it to his own advantage. He would compel me, through a slander suit, to reveal the source of my information—and thus deprive me of the means of learning anything further about his plans.

I decided the safest course was to keep a close watch on Mrs. Hughes, and at the same time make full use of the extraordinary opportunity I had to sit in, invisibly, at Egan's deliberations. So I detailed a couple of men to keep an eye on Mrs. Hughes night and day; and I went on listening, sometimes vicariously and sometimes in person, to Egan's intimate conversations in the doctor's office.

Watching For The Murder

FROM time to time we heard Egan refer again to the project of murdering Mrs. Hughes; and almost as frequently I called her on the phone and attempted to convince her that she should have nothing more to do with him. Once I wrote her a letter—anonously, of course. But none of these warnings seemed to have any effect. Egan went on revealing by his conversations that he was still in her confidence and that nothing had occurred to cause any change in his plans.

Then a new note came into his talks. Mrs. Hughes, he said, was hounding him for money. We gathered it was money she had placed in his keeping and which he had appropriated. This, added to the increasing insistence of his other creditors, was, he declared, driving him crazy. He could not stand it any longer. It was Mrs. Hughes' life or his. He intimated that next Friday night would see the end of his troubles.

Promptly I wrote Mrs. Hughes another letter, informing her in detail of Egan's plans and how he proposed to carry them out. I did everything but tell her who I was and how I had obtained my information. As I mailed the unsigned letter I reflected that no woman could possibly be so trusting as to refrain from doing something about such a warning; if she did not refuse Egan and all his friends the house, as I urged her, she would at least discuss the matter with Egan himself; and the discovery that his supposed secret plot was known to some outsider would compel him to make at least a temporary change in his plans.

I increased the guard around Mrs. Hughes' house, and on the night in question I stationed myself where I could see every person who came to the widow's front door.

At length I saw a pedestrian turn in and mount the front steps. I crept closer. When the opening door let the light from the hall fall on his face, I saw that it was Frank Egan!

At first I was inclined to rush the house. But on reflection it occurred to me that Mrs. Hughes could not be safer than when Egan was in the house with her. It was no part of his plan to have her murdered at a time when he could not prove a perfect alibi.

After about an hour he came out and walked away. I called Mrs. Hughes on the phone to make sure she was all right; when she answered I hung up the phone, satisfied.

From then on we heard no more reference to Mrs. Hughes over the microphone. Egan now began talking in a widely different strain, first boasting about his legal and political triumphs of the past, and then making boastful predictions as to what he was going to do in the future. He was going to become the czar of San Francisco. He was going to combine his influence in gangdom and his prestige in political circles, and make himself invincible. He would boss all the rackets. He would control all the patronage.

And anybody who stood in his way, would be murdered. Gerald Kenny, his assistant, would be murdered. So would several other persons whom he named as being possible opponents to his plans. And interspersed through all this violent talk were more boasts of his prowess, his ability, his brilliance in debate, his personality.

I was convinced now that I had the secret of the whole affair. Egan was either drunk, using dope, or his mind was failing him. He was not in his right mind, and there was no more reason to take any of his words or threats seriously than those of any hop-head. After waiting more long months and finding that his talk merely grew wilder and more incoherent, I ordered the dictaphone disconnected.

There had been no more reference to Mrs. Hughes, and I was certain now that either she had taken means to protect herself against him or that his "plot" had been altogether without foundation. It was impossible to keep a guard over her permanently, and in the course of time I removed it. And more months went by and nothing happened.

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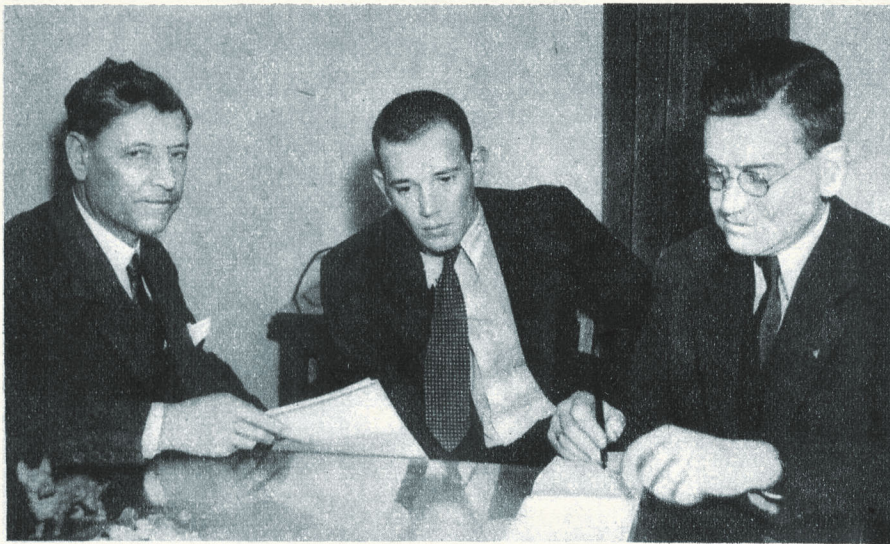
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THANK YOU FOR MENTIONING STARTLING DETECTIVE ADVENTURES



Questioned after an extensive hunt for him, Egan's chauffeur, Verne Doran, denied all guilt but refused to talk of borrowing the death car. He is shown (center) with Prosecutor Golden (left) and Court Reporter Frank Hart (right).

And then on the night of April 29 came a report from Taraval station, out beyond Twin Peaks, that Mrs. Jessie Scott Hughes, of 41 Lakewood Drive, had been found dead in the street four blocks from her home, apparently a victim of a hit-run driver.

I was seized almost as with a chill. Was this really a hit-run accident—or had Egan actually struck? I immediately detailed several members of the homicide squad to make a thorough search for any circumstances that might seem in the slightest degree inconsistent with a hit-run case.

The Plotter Speaks

EARLY the following morning, which was Saturday, Egan walked into my office and took a chair close to my desk.

"I've just come from the morgue," he said. "This Mrs. Hughes, who was run over last night, was an old friend of mine. In fact, I was her financial advisor. This is a terrible thing, Charlie. She was like a mother to me."

"Where do you suppose she was going at that hour of night without her hat or coat?" I asked him.

"It was a habit of hers," said Egan, "to take long walks in the evening. I had often warned her against it. I was afraid she'd be hit by an auto—just as she was last night!"

As he talked, I was watching his facial expressions with interest, and busily speculating to myself. Was he a cold-blooded murderer, or not? I got no clue whatever from his appearance. He was a skilled jury lawyer, and as such was a good actor.

Where, I wondered, had he been the night before? I wanted to ask him, but I could think of no way of doing so that would not make him suspicious. His voice broke in on my thoughts.

"By the way, Charlie," he said, "I was coming in to see you this morning anyway. Something ought to be done about the parking arrangements at Dreamland Auditorium on fight nights. They're terrible."

"Were you there last night?" I asked with an air of indifference.

"Yes," said Egan. "It was a pretty good card on the whole." He laughed.

"An amusing thing happened," he went on. "Some drunk sat behind us, and spent the whole evening throwing eskimo pies at a friend who was with me."

My heart gave a leap. There was the alibi! I was morally certain now that last night's tragedy had been the work of the man before me. But I had to have more than a moral certainty to convince a jury.

"It's lucky he didn't throw them at you," I said carelessly, glancing at his light fedora. "He'd have made a fine mess of that hat."

Egan rose then, saying he had to hurry off to wind up Mrs. Hughes' affairs, and a moment later in came an inspector with the first detailed report on the Hughes case.

It seemed that Warren Louw, an automobile mechanic, had been returning with his wife from a neighborhood movie, and was walking along Kenwood Drive, about four blocks from Mrs. Hughes' home. A car whizzed by.

"That's the third time that car's passed us," remarked Louw curiously.

"Are you sure it's the same one?" asked his wife.

Louw smiled. As an auto expert, he noticed things about cars that escaped lay observers.

"A '26 Lincoln phaeton with owl lights and an extra thick trunk," he said. "There aren't likely to be two of those on this little street at the same time."

"Is this it coming back?" inquired Mrs. Louw.

"It sure is!" said Louw. "And look at it! Sixty-five at least—and no lights!"

They rounded a turn in the street. "Hello!" exclaimed Louw. "What's that?"

Beside the opposite curb sprawled a formless heap. A minute later Louw was excitedly informing Taraval station over a telephone that a woman had been killed by a hit-runner.

"So he got a good description of the car, did he?" I said. "Fine. Now make a list of all of Frank Egan's friends. Check every one of them to see which one owns a car like that."

"Egan!" exclaimed the inspector.

"Sh-h-h-h!" I said.

I had seen at a glance that the car

was too big and heavy for a rent machine. And we had no stolen car reports for a car of this type. It was not Egan's car for, although he owned a Lincoln, his was a sedan. And it was too expensive a make to have been owned by any of Egan's jailbird proteges. Consequently it must have been borrowed.

The inspector had scarcely started out on his hunt when in came another one with another report. He had closely questioned the ambulance attendants who had taken Mrs. Hughes to the hospital and then to the morgue, as to how she had been lying when they found her; and he had made a detailed investigation of the spot itself.

Mrs. Hughes, he said, had been found with her head pointing the wrong way. Anyone who is hit by a speeding automobile is thrown headfirst in the direction the car is going. This car must have been going downhill; but her head was pointing uphill! Then, there were no skid marks in the neighborhood of the body, and there was no broken glass.

Still another strange circumstance was that there was no house key anywhere about the woman. No elderly woman, living alone, would go that far at night and leave her house unlocked; and she would be equally careful not to lock herself out. The missing key was the most significant fact of all.

Clue Of The Missing Key

I CALLED Allan McGinn and George Engler of the homicide squad.

"Go out to Mrs. Hughes' house," I said, "and break in. Look the whole place over carefully. Find out what happened there last night."

They came back in about an hour and dropped a purse on my desk.

"We had to break a window," said McGinn. "Every one was locked, and every door was both locked and bolted."

"Every one?" I exclaimed. "Then how did she get out?"

"Except the garage door in the basement," he amended. "That was locked with a spring lock." He opened the purse. "And here's the key," he said. "We found it in the dining room. She couldn't possibly have got back in that house except the way we did—through a locked window."

"It's pretty clear she wasn't coming back," I remarked. "So they took her out by way of the garage, eh? What did you find there?"

"Tire marks," said Engler.

"She didn't own a car herself," I said, "and she never rented the garage. But Egan always drove into it when he went to call on her. We'll have to eliminate his car right away."

I sent for Frank X. Latulipe, the department's criminologist, and asked him to check the tire marks with the treads of Egan's sedan.

"And now let's go down to the morgue," I said to McGinn and Engler.

In the coroner's gloomy establishment downstairs, the inspectors and I went carefully over the clothing Mrs. Hughes had been wearing when she was found. We noticed that her white waist was badly soiled with grease and ground-in dust and dirt; but the light blue silk sweater she had worn over it was not soiled at all!

"The sweater was put on her after she was killed," I said. "That means she was probably killed at home."

I rushed to the office of Adolphus Berger, autopsy surgeon.

"Post mortem Mrs. Hughes as you never post mortemed before!" I said to him. "I want to know exactly what caused her death."

Presently he came into my office with his report.

"The left side of her chest was completely caved in," he said. "There's no doubt it was done by the wheel of an automobile."

"What position was she in when it happened?" I asked him.

"Flat on her back," he replied.

"Could it possibly have been a hit-run case?"

"Absolutely not," said the surgeon. "Some portion of the automobile invariably hits the victim around the knees; here there was no injury to the lower limbs at all. Furthermore, the victim is usually thrown violently forward, striking the head on the pavement; but in this case there are no head injuries."

"Is there anything," I asked, "to indicate whether she was alive when this crushing force was applied?"

"She was," said Dr. Berger. "Her death was caused by crushing the liver. She might have been unconscious—but she was not dead."

"You say she must have been lying on her back when she received the fatal injury. Could she have lived long enough to crawl to the gutter, or to turn herself over?"

"No. Death would have been practically instantaneous."

"Then since she was found lying face down—"

"Someone must have placed or thrown her that way after she was dead," said the surgeon.

Latulipe returned then with clear photographs of all four of the tracks made by the tires in the Hughes garage. He had not yet been able to locate Egan's car.

"But I've something else for you," he said triumphantly. He placed on my desk seven long gray hairs, their ends attached to a card, and then several more hairs similarly attached. "The first group," he said, "I found on the floor of the garage. The others were taken from Mrs. Hughes' head. They're identical."

"Then that's where she was knocked down!" I said.

"And run over," added Latulipe. "Something has been washed up—I can only guess what. There's a spot on the floor not far from where I found the hairs, that was recently scrubbed with soap and water."

The whole crime lay clearly before me now. Egan's accomplices—it must, I knew, have been a two-man job—had borrowed a heavy car, driven it into Mrs. Hughes garage, knocked the elderly woman unconscious, placed her under the wheels of the car, and run back and forth over her. Then they had taken her dead body and thrown it into the street several blocks away to simulate a hit-run accident.

While all this was going on, Egan had been at the fights, building up a perfect alibi. He had, I found, arrived at the entrance with a friend, who had gone on in while Egan walked over to the box office and showed his seat number.

"There's where I'll be if anybody wants me," he said loudly. "Don't forget it."

As he went down the aisle his friend, from close to the ringside, turned around and began calling out:

"Egan! Frank Egan! Here I am down here!"

Everybody in the house must have heard him and seen Egan going to his seat.

Then, during the fights, a presumably drunken man a couple of rows back kept everybody laughing by throwing eskimo pies at Egan's friend, and Egan turned around and expostulated with him, to the amusement of everybody in the vicinity.

When the fights were over this same supposedly drunk man picked up a no-parking sign from the sidewalk and tried to put it in his car. A policeman stopped him and they got into an argument. Egan, as he left the auditorium, walked over and settled the dispute while a crowd stood around laughing. Then he went over to Dreamland Garage and got his car, after chatting a few minutes with the attendant.

It was, indeed, a perfect alibi, just as Egan had predicted over the dictograph.

Helpless Against A Killer

AND now the time had come when I had to decide what to do, and decide fast.

I knew that Frank Egan, San Francisco's public defender, had murdered Mrs. Jessie Hughes—yet I could not arrest him.

The moment I put my hands on him, a cry would go up from all over the city—from his friends, who were legion, from his innumerable political supporters, even from countless persons who had never seen him in their lives. Such a crime, alleged against a man of his official position and standing in the community, was unthinkable. Where was my proof?

I had it, of course, in the written records of the dictograph conversations. But suppose I were to produce these? Egan, with the cleverness that had already raised him from a brawny trunk-lifter to one of the highest positions in the city, would seize upon these and turn them against me. The police, he would say, had long been trying to frame him, to get rid of the man who stood in the way of their railroading innocent men to prison. That was the way he talked. Why else had they planted a dictograph in the office of his friend? Why but to set a trap for him, for purely political purposes?

There was only one thing to do. That was to unearth convincing proof of Egan's guilt without using the dictograph records. And until I could do that I could not lay a hand on Egan. Even to shadow him would be fatal; for it is practically impossible to shadow a man in an automobile without grave risk of discovery; and the slightest suspicion on his part that he was being followed might cause him to run away.

In view of Egan's perfect alibi, the only way left us of connecting him with the crime was through his accomplices, the men who had performed the actual work of carrying out Egan's murderous instructions.

From what Egan had said over the dictograph I knew in a general way where to look for these men. They would be among the former convicts for whom he had obtained parole and to whom he had given jobs.

I found that Albert Tinnin, his process server, had been paroled in February of

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this year from Folsom. He had been serving a long term for the attempted murder of a woman at Corning, in the northern part of the state.

A little farther along on my investigation I found that Egan's chauffeur, Verne L. Doran, was also a former convict, and was now on probation from a 15-year burglary sentence. I sent a couple of men out to his mother's home to question him.

The men who had gone looking for Doran got back first. They had missed him, they said, by just 15 minutes. He had been called to the phone, according to members of his family, and after a brief conversation had left the house without saying where he was going.

An hour later the other inspectors returned from Oakland—also empty-handed. Tinnin had left his sister's home over a month ago, they said, and had gone to live at the Hotel Blackstone in San Francisco. At the Blackstone the inspectors had found that he had checked out about an hour before they arrived.

Just then my phone rang.

Damning Evidence

IT WAS the men who had gone looking for the murder car, and they now reported that they had found one exactly answering its description in the garage

of a fire lieutenant at Turk street and Masonic avenue. The lieutenant, I knew, had been a friend of Egan's for several years. I instructed them to race out to the fire house on Twenty-sixth avenue to question the man, and I sent Latulipe out to the garage to examine the tire threads.

He found that they corresponded in every particular with the marks left in Mrs. Hughes' garage. And, in the tonneau, clinging to the foot rest, he found eight gray hairs exactly like those taken from Mrs. Hughes' head and from her garage floor!

Three-quarters of an hour later the men who had gone looking for the lieutenant brought him into my office.

He told me the car had been lent to Doran for Egan and had been returned about 10:45.

Mrs. Hughes body had been found about 10 o'clock Friday night. Everything fitted together perfectly. I ordered the car seized and brought into the police garage, and then I started checking up on Tinnin's and Doran's associates, in the hope of finding out where they might have gone. As I was doing this the phone rang again.

"This is Frank Egan," said an excited but familiar voice. "Two men have got me!"

"What!" I exclaimed angrily. "Two of my men?"

"No—they're kidnaping me. They think I'm phoning my wife. You know, Charlie, I had nothing to do with that Hughes case. I was at the fights that night—"

"Where are you now?" I asked quickly.

"In the north end of the Ferry building—"

The sentence ended with a gasp, the sound of a scuffle, and then the receiver was lammed back onto the hook.

A minute later I was in my car, racing toward the Ferry Building a half mile away.

Has something gone wrong with the death plot? Is Egan innocent after all? Or is he guilty and being "taken for a ride" by his accomplices after some dispute? Captain Dullea is to learn presently and is to face a crisis in his own career as a result. Could Dullea possibly have saved the life of Jessie Scott Hughes? If so, where and how did he err? Read the startling account of more amazing developments still in next month's issue of this magazine—on all news stands December 1.

Jean Harlow's Fatal Love

(Continued from page 35)

been slept in although the woman's bags had been unpacked and the room was in disorder. Among the confusion of feminine articles strewn about was a coat and hat with markings which identified her as the mysterious "other woman" of the Bern tragedy but the woman known as Dorothy Millette was

gone. Her shoes and a pair of silk stockings were found on the main deck of the boat, near the rail. Sometime after the murky darkness of night had descended over the river, Dorothy Millette was believed to have thrown herself into the waters of the Sacramento.

The matter of Bern's considerable estate next entered to complicate the situation. A will, signed by him in 1921, leaving the majority of his estate to Dorothy Millette, was produced and declared valid. Later another will, also in favor of the woman who had been known as "Mrs. Bern," but including bequests to several prominent film people, was also located. This will was declared invalid because of certain technical errors.

It was known that Bern had made a will, following his marriage to Miss Harlow but this will could not be located. It was not until several days after Bern's body had been cremated that it was located and the rights of the widow found to be amply protected.

In the meanwhile, police were making a search for the body of Dorothy, supposedly a suicide from the river steamer Delta King. The mystery was solved on September 15 when the body of a woman was found in the Sacramento river slough near Walnut Grove, California, and positively identified as that of the missing woman. Dorothy Millette, first love of Paul Bern, had followed him into the Great Unknown.

DURING all this time, the police investigation, seeking to find evidence disproving the suicide theory, had been going on but without success. A coroner's jury, sitting at the inquest, had found a verdict:



Grief-stricken over the tragic fate of her husband Jean Harlow remained true to the tradition of "The show must go on." She is shown here, back on the set of *Red Dust* in which she appears with Clark Gable.

boat which left at 6:30 p. m., Tuesday.

When the staterooms of the "Delta King" were inspected the following morning, it was discovered that stateroom 304 was empty. The bed had not

"Suicide—motive undetermined."

The autopsy surgeon, giving possible motive for the act, said:

"Bern was a highly nervous man who worked hard and at an extreme tension. He let little things worry him. His dressing-room was stocked with medicines to relieve tired nerves. He seemed entirely happy in his home but he often talked to his Negro chauffeur of death and suicide. He was the type of man who might have been suffering from a nervous complex which could, especially after marriage, have created a disturbing condition, causing moroseness and melancholia."

The police, by this time convinced that no developments to disprove the suicide theory were likely, set about the business of unraveling the motive which caused Paul Bern to send a bullet crashing through his own brain. In order to better understand the tragedy which so abruptly terminated the marriage of Paul Bern and Jean Harlow, it is necessary to know something of the two people most intimately concerned.

First let us look at Paul Bern. Born in Germany, of Jewish extraction, he came to America at an early age. After varied experiences he became associated with the theatre and later was brought to Hollywood as a director. From this position he rose to the important post of executive for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, which position he held at the time of his death.

Bern was a highly sensitive man, super-sensitive, in fact. His was an artistic mind, attuned to beauty and the finer meanings of life. Kindly and modest are the words which most aptly describe his character.

Bern was known as "Hollywood's father confessor." The great and the near-great, the rich and the poor, the mighty and the lowly went to him with their troubles and he was never known to refuse sympathetic advice or financial assistance. Into his ear was poured the intimate affairs of half the colony. He knew enough to ruin a score of homes and to send some of the highest into disgrace but he never violated a confidence.

It was to Paul Bern that Barbara La Marr turned in her last extremity. It was he who bought her a home in Altadena and who saw that the finest physicians were in attendance upon her. He was the one unfaltering friend who stuck until the hand of Death reached out for her and took her beauty for the ages.

His deeds of charity and human kindness are too numerous to be enumerated here but it is sufficient to say that no man in Hollywood enjoyed the confidence and the sincere respect and friendship of so many people as did Paul Bern.

He knew scores of beautiful and glamorous women intimately but his interest in them was fatherly. Until the time of his marriage to Jean Harlow, he was never known to have the slightest romantic interest in any woman, with the exception of the unfortunate who followed him into the Hereafter from the deck of a river steamer.

Paul Bern often talked of suicide. John Gilbert but recently revealed a previous attempt, following the death of Barbara La Marr. Five members of Bern's family were reported to have been suicides.

The Motive Is Revealed

THE career of Jean Harlow is too well known to need repetition here. The flaming platinum-blonde of *Hell's Angels*, she stirred the emotions of men by her sexy portrayal in that picture. Her very name became synonymous with sex on the screen. In *Red Headed Woman* she added new sex laurels to her brow and at the time of Bern's suicide she was in the midst of another equally sexy role in the picture *Red Dust*.

It was but a short two months ago that Paul Bern and Jean Harlow were married. No marriage could have surprised the movie colony more than that of the gentle, kindly little man and the flaming Cleopatra of the screen. It was the old story of age and beauty for Jean is only 23 while Bern was 42 at the time of his death.

It seemed from the very first that both of them had at last found happiness. They were seen everywhere together, the epitome of married bliss. Upon his bride Bern showered flowers and affection. Paul Bern, wealthy, honored, respected and beloved seemed to have everything in the world to live for and yet, in the quiet of their honeymoon home in Benedict Canyon, he sent a bullet crashing into his brain, ending forever an earthly existence which seemed ideal.

Jean Harlow, although grief-stricken over the sudden whirlwind train of tragic events that had robbed her of the one great happiness in her life, remained true to the tradition of "The show must go on." Just a week after Paul Bern's funeral, she was back again on the set of *Red Dust* in which she appears with Clark Gable, striving to forget her deep sorrow in hard work.

Why should Paul Bern, with everything to live for, take his own life?

Why did more than two hours elapse between the time of the discovery of his nude body and the notification of the police?

What took place in the house in Benedict Canyon during that time?

Who drove the mystery car which thunderbolted down Easton Drive early Monday morning at breakneck speed?

Why did Bern's brother, after a conference with studio officials, refuse to keep his promise to talk?

Was there a second suicide note, said to have been seen by four people, which later mysteriously disappeared?

What did Paul Bern mean and to what incident did he refer when he said in his farewell note, "You realize that last night was only a comedy?"

What was the frightful wrong done to Jean Harlow that he also mentioned in that note?

The autopsy revealed one startling fact. It revealed that Bern had been physically unable to fulfill the duties of marriage. It revealed a condition, not diseased, that proved such to have been the case over a period of years. It is a known fact that although he and Jean Harlow had been married for more than two months, they had never lived together as man and wife.

Bern was a sensitive man. Was this the cause of his "abject humiliation," was this "the frightful wrong" he had done her?

Paul Bern, gentle kindly friend of humanity lies dead by his own hand. Jean Harlow, glamorous platinum-blonde siren goes on, possibly to new triumphs of the talking screen.



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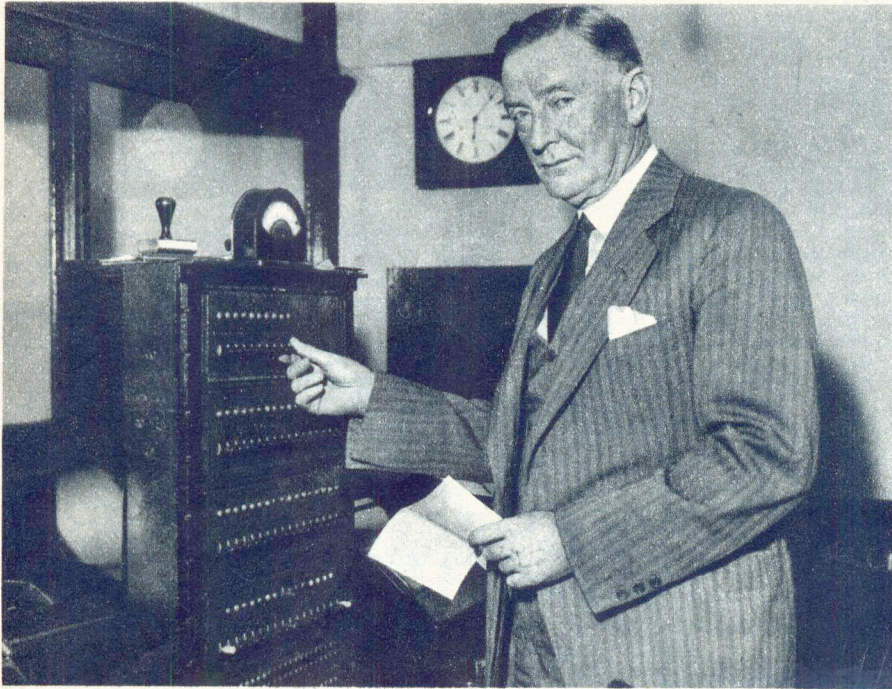
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How a Gang Killing Solved Harlem's Baby Massacre

[Continued from page 29]



Police Commissioner Mulrooney of New York personally directed the hunt for Harlem's baby slayers and the gang killers of Joey Mullens.

king of hearts, "had any idea Lottie was trying to boss his outfit—"

"Just what I was thinking," Gannon murmured. "We might wangle a separation that way. Coll wouldn't last long—"

In this fashion the hours slipped by and a nervy plot was hatched to part the notorious lovers.

At ten o'clock Patrolman Flynn reported that he had discovered Coll's car in the Penn Post Garage on Ninth Avenue.

Byrnes and Gannon sprang into a whirlwind of activity. With siren screaming, their car burned up the miles that brought them to the Penn Post from Bathgate Avenue, Bronx.

Three men from the local precinct were assigned to assist them, and were concealed on the premises when the two detectives arrived.

Byrnes took an anxious look at the engine number of the Buick. A pleased smile wreathed his lips. "Okay!" he said. "Checks with the tip that stool gave us. If it hadn't been Coll's car, they'd have left it here till it rusted."

Towards midnight Gannon sent a boy out for coffee, sandwiches and the morning papers.

Byrnes was pouring the coffee into mugs when he heard an angry snarl issue from the lips of the usually placid Gannon.

"Somebody's spilled the beans," Gannon growled. "'Car used in Westchester Avenue explosion located. . .'" he quoted.

Byrnes looked at the article. He chuckled. "Keep your shirt on," he murmured. "No number or location is given. That sheet prints a lot of slush . . . If Coll reads it he'll think it's all hokey. . ."

But as the hours passed, suspicion kept nagging. Did Coll know the car

had been found? Would he risk sending for it?

Gloomy thoughts sprouted like mushrooms in a dank cellar as the day passed and evening came on. The Buick remained unclaimed.

Twice during those eighteen hours the Inspector telephoned to offer a relief. He knew that men in charge of the job dared not even take cat naps. The instant someone called for the car, there must be hair-trigger brainwork.

"If we leave when it's so hot," Byrnes grinned, "the minute our backs are turned, Coll's man would call . . . Sssh! . . . Look! Here's our man or I'll swallow your pipe."

"Jimmy Di Lucci!" Gannon whispered back. "I didn't know he'd joined Coll's gang! Did we get a wrong steer, d'ye suppose?"

"No . . . Coll holed Di Lucci up after Roy Sloane was plugged outside the Mad Dot Inn. Coll who was scheduled to go on the spot that night, too. Schultz thinks Jimmy tipped Coll off and let him out a back way. . ."

While this whispered conversation went on, five pairs of eyes and five guns were trained on the heavy set, saw-toothed man, who handed over a check, paid the charges and then shuffled over towards the Buick.

It wasn't until Di Lucci took his place behind the wheel that the detectives emerged cautiously from their ambush.

Byrnes hurled himself on the pudgy speakeasy owner; dragged him from the car, and whammed him on the cement floor.

"Don't make a sound," the detective cautioned him, hauling him roughly to a place of concealment. "Now come clean or I'll plug you! Any of the mob along?"

Five men leaned forward menacingly.

Policemen Ride With Death

DI LUCCI gasped that he was alone. Two men on Eighth Avenue gave him the claim check and a sum of money to get the car. They had instructed him to drive the Buick to an uptown garage. "All right," Byrnes released his hold of the man's collar. "You'll obey those orders. But Gannon and three other men will be in the tonneau. I'll curl into a ball at your feet. One funny move and you'll be pushing up the next crop of daisies."

The five detectives escorted Di Lucci to the uptown garage. One shadowed him until he turned in the car. He was given no opportunity to give the show away.

Two men remained to keep the place under surveillance. Di Lucci was brought to the Bathgate Avenue stationhouse by Byrnes, Gannon and a third Thirteenth precinct officer.

A thorough search of Di Lucci's clothing produced nothing but a scrap of paper on which was one scribbled line, but that looked important. "Phone Lackawanna 6400-1-2!"

Di Lucci was between the devil and the deep blue sea. He dreaded gangdom's swift vengeance. On the other hand the police had caught him red-handed with the car used in the explosion.

All night long the detectives took turns prodding him with sharp questions. They worked that telephone number to a frazzle. Daybreak found the man a jibbering mass of nerves. In the possession of Byrnes and Gannon were a few slender threads that seemed promising.

Worshippers were streaming into the church adjacent to the stationhouse to hear ten o'clock mass, when two carloads of grim-faced men rolled out of the police garage.

Sunday morning's calm was shattered by the continuous wail of the sirens. Not a word was spoken. All thoughts were concentrated on the forthcoming raids. Pistols had been oiled and tested by experts. One jammed cartridge might prove fatal to its owner and permit the escape of the murderers.

Then men leaped from their cars at the corner of Madison Avenue and Twentieth Street. They walked in groups of twos and three to a hotel on the avenue.

Byrnes conferred with the manager and received a passkey.

All plans had been made. As each group entered the hotel, its individuals sought their posts at exits, elevators and roof.

Detectives Brancato, Byrnes and Leonard raced softly up the five carpeted flights of steps and paused before Room 505.

Cautiously Brancato inserted the key and turned it. Noiselessly he tried the handle. The door opened only half an inch.

"Chained on the inside," he whispered.

Leonard stepped back, raised one heavily shod foot, and crashed the panel. To burst in was the work of seconds.

"Police!" Byrnes warned. Making a right turn, closely followed by the others, he rushed into the sitting room.

Again they found the door protected by a chain. This time it was Detective Carey whose foot burst the fastening.

(Seal) LEON PILON, JR.
(My commission expires August 6, 1935.)

Brancato harshly upbraided Byrnes and Carey for their rough treatment of Giordano, darkly hinting at departmental investigation.

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"I wanted his story," Byrnes grumbled, "so I could put it in my report to the inspector. . . ."

"I'll tell my story," Giordano so-pranoed, "but you won't get it for your report. I'll give it to this gentleman." He looked admiringly at the handsome Brancato.

"Oh, have it your own way," Byrnes mumbled, and turned away hastily to hide his satisfied grin.

He knew the odd quirks in the criminal mind. In his present vindictive mood, Giordano was quite likely to spill the beans if only to put one over on Byrnes and Carey. Once inside the stationhouse walls, he would be on his guard.

The two police cars rolled slowly up that gem-bordered silver ribbon which is Fifth Avenue. It was practically deserted this quiet Sunday afternoon. Shirred silken draperies veiled the window displays of the fashionable shops.

"Those hotel bills," Byrnes said thoughtfully, "make it look as if Giordano was the member of the gang who arranges rooms for Coll's 'meets.' I tipped Brancato off to quiz him along that line. There were three receipts for rooms paid for in advance yesterday . . . *Coll may be in one of them right now.*"

The automobiles had just passed St. Patrick's Cathedral when Byrnes saw the car carrying Brancato and Giordano swerve to the curb.

"Shoot up alongside," Byrnes ordered his driver.

When they came abreast of Brancato's car, Byrnes looked into the tonneau. Giordano had slumped. His face was paper white. A dribble of saliva drooled from his mouth.

"Gee!" Carey's breath hissed out the words. "Is he a goner?"

"Just scared stiff!"

Brancato had jumped from his car. He hurried over.

"Coll had a meet last night at the Cornish Arms," he said, repeating the information won from Giordano. "The entire gang! Toughy O'Dierno, Fats McCarthy, Paddy Dugan, Michael Basile and Eddie Bruno were there. Coll doesn't let Giordano in on their conferences. Bruno gave Giordano \$200 to keep going. He says Coll has dyed his hair black and has grown a mustache. . . . The room is paid up until tonight. Coll and Lottie Kriegsberg may still be there. . . ."

After a brief consultation, Brancato re-entered his car and continued at top speed with his prisoner to the Bathgate stationhouse.

Byrnes sought the nearest police box and called up the inspector.

Then the machinery of the whole police department began whirring even more swiftly.

Within half an hour the Cornish Arms was surrounded. A detective with a machine gun covered the rear; another was perched on the roof and a third "pump" was trained on the entrance.

As Gannon and Byrnes entered the hotel they collided with a group of sweet-faced old ladies, who twittered excitedly at the prospect of seeing "one of those perfectly impossible gangster pictures." Gannon looked at them sharply. Just what they pretended to be—out-of-towners in search of a thrill!

Though no trace of the unusual was visible, the hotel swarmed with detectives, stationed in every elevator; in every corridor.

Byrnes and Gannon raced up to the fifth floor. At their heels followed Detectives Laurino, Leonard, Grubel and Turkheimer.

According to the paid-in-advance receipt found in Giordano's possession, Coll's mob had occupied Room 534 with its private bath.

The detective-partners stepped cautiously into the corridor of the fifth floor. For a split second they stood, listening cautiously.

A man, six feet in height, clad in a bathrobe, and carrying a towel was sauntering jauntily over the thick red carpet. His thatch of hair was blue black and stiff as a shoe brush.

"Mad Dog" Coll!

The Mad Dog Cornered

A ROOM with bath?

Then, what was he doing there?

With drawn pistols the two detectives sneaked behind Coll until he paused and opened the door of Room 534.

"Stick 'em up!" Gannon ordered, shoving his gun into Coll's back.

The gangster's hands shot up. The towel fell from his grasp. They could hear his teeth chattering. The fearless Vince Coll was panic stricken!

The detectives prodded him into the room. There they saw a short, stocky man with bushy hair and small ugly black eyes, lolloping on the bed.

"Just you lie quiet!" Gannon ordered.

Coll caught the reflection of the detectives in the mirror. He wheeled and laughed hysterically.

"Gee, I'm glad it is only you fellows," he stuttered. "Now this is all right! Come, sit down. . . ."

"Say," Byrnes interrupted, "why were you wandering in the corridor when you have a bath right here?"

"Oh, my wife is in Room 404 . . . Well, that is," seeing Gannon's surprised expression, "Lottie, my girl! She engaged another room under the name Lottie Moran last night. It was her idea we shouldn't stay here. And we couldn't get one with a bath . . . Oh, hello. . . ."

The girl Turkheimer brought into the room at that moment, was strikingly beautiful. She was of the Madonna type. Her face was of a pearly pallor. Her large, soft dark eyes held a haunted expression. She was dressed in a smart, conservatively cut, grayish-green tailored suit.

"Oh, Vince!" The words were choked and there was a whole world of anguish in her voice. "If only we had left early this morning or last night . . ."

"Lucky for us," Gannon laughed tauntingly, "that Vince didn't move last night. Didn't I tell you, Eddie," slyly, "Lottie has all the brains in this outfit. . . ."

Coll's eyebrows met in a heavy scowl. "From now on there won't be any question as to who is boss of my show," he muttered.

The girl walked slowly to the window and looked blankly into the dusk of early evening. She started to raise the window. Stopped. Turkheimer stationed himself quietly beside her.

One of the other detectives entered. He carried Coll's clothing, a loaded revolver and a blackjack.

"How much is in that roll?" Byrnes asked, pointing to a sheaf of golden backs on the bed.

"Four or five grand," Coll said carelessly. "Take it and forget about this."

He smiled indulgently while the de-

fective counted the forty-six one-hundred dollar bills and gave him a receipt for it.

Then, sitting on the edge of a small desk, Coll watched Byrnes search his clothes.

"You'll find a small penknife there—" Coll said huskily. "It belonged to my kid brother, Pete. Can't you let me have that . . . No? Well, take care of it for me, will you, Byrnes?"

Byrnes promised absent-mindedly. At that moment he had come upon something that might send Mullens' murderer to the electric chair. He didn't mention this find.

"Get dressed, Coll," Gannon ordered.

When the gangster went over to the dressing table and started to adjust his tie, Lottie looked around. She came over to him.

"Let me do that for you, Vince," she said caressingly.

"Leave me alone," he snapped. She turned away sorrowfully.

"Do I have to go along?" she asked Turkheimer. He nodded.

"You'll have to answer for this and this," indicating the two dangerous weapons found in her room.

"You, too!" Gannon ordered, speaking for the second time to the man on the bed.

He rose indifferently.

"Sure, why not? You ain't got nothin' on me."

"You'd be surprised!" said Gannon.

The detectives herded their captives out through the door.

Mulrooney Takes Command

IT WAS a pair of weary but happy sleuths who sat down that night to a plate of sausages, wheatcakes and coffee.

Police Commissioner Mulrooney himself was conducting the examination of their prisoners at the stationhouse.

Young Gill had identified Giordano as the driver of the Mullens murder car, and the squat "hood" they had found in Room 534, as the murderer, Dominick "Toughy" O'Dierno. Witnesses from the New York County District Attorney's office, identified Giordano as the driver of the car which carried the gunmen who killed three-year-old Michael Vengalli, and Coll, as the man who gave the order to fire!

"But we're not out of the woods yet," Byrnes said glumly, as he poured syrup on his cakes. "O'Dierno and Giordano claim they have air-tight alibis that place them in Albany all day Friday, October 2, and Friday night. The garage manager would not positively identify O'Dierno. He's in a blue funk. They may beat the rap yet."

"You're forgetting two things," his partner reminded. "Those two things will snatch O'Dierno out of Albany and set him safe in the chair."

The morning newspapers were filled with sensational accounts of the capture. Byrnes and Gannon went along quietly with their investigation.

Coll and Giordano were quickly indicted for the killing of Baby Michael and the serious wounding of the other small children in the baby massacre.

When the case came to trial, however, one witness got cold feet. The other was disqualified on a technicality.

Coll "beat the rap" as he had boasted.

"If only our witnesses keep their nerve!" Byrnes groaned.

On the fourth day of the trial when

the Mullens case was called, the courtroom was crowded.

The two defendants were sneeringly defiant. Giordano had beaten one rap. He was confident that he would beat this. Suppose the experts *did* testify that the fatal bullets had been fired from one of the guns Byrnes found in the satchel in his hotel room? That the same valise contained the can of ether that was in the doctor's stolen car? They couldn't prove beyond reasonable doubt it was *his* valise?

O'Dierno was equally confident over his iron-clad Albany alibi.

Then, Charles C. Harless, accountant in charge of the dining accounts for the New York Central Railroad took the stand.

The District Attorney handed him the small piece of paper Byrnes picked out of Coll's pocket along with Brother Pete's small penknife.

"This," the witness said, "is the receipt portion of a New York Central check. It is given to guests when they write their order in our dining cars."

"This shows us these diners were on Car 466, Train 18, date *October 1, 1931*, and that the steward on the train was John L. Tompin. The meal was served in Drawing room A."

The steward then took the stand.

He identified the party as Coll, O'Dierno and Lottie Kriegsberg. When he went back for the dishes, he found the drawing room empty. The party had left the train at Harmon.

Doomed By A Dinner Check

THE Pullman porter's story verified the testimony of the accountant and the steward. He remembered the party because his car had been empty on Oc-

tober 1. They had summoned him by bell and ordered luncheon. He set up the table. At Harmon he carried off their baggage, but the men refused to be brushed off. The lady, he said, was wearing a greenish suit.

All this, Byrnes and Gannon had garnered from that small slip of paper Byrnes found in Coll's clothing.

Just one of those accidental slip-ups on the part of a gangster. But it completely squashed the alibi of O'Dierno.

O'Dierno and Giordano were found guilty of murder in the first degree and sentenced to the electric chair.

Lottie Kriegsberg was found guilty of violating the Sullivan Law and sentenced. While she was out on bail, Coll was surprised in a telephone booth and riddled with machine gun bullets.

"Ever since that time you said I was the brains of the outfit," Lottie wailed to Gannon when she was being questioned after the killing of Vincent Coll, "Vince wouldn't listen to me. Why, I used to go everywhere with him and I never let him stay in a telephone booth for more than a minute. I was always afraid he'd be decoyed that way. . . ."

O'Dierno and Giordano obtained a reprieve when the latter offered to tell the whole truth about the notorious Coll baby massacre.

He admitted he had lied at the time Commissioner Mulrooney questioned him. He said Coll was the killer, and implicated other dead gangsters.

When he learned that he had no chance of having his sentence commuted, Giordano recanted.

But the murder of Joey Mullens, an unimportant figure in gangland had solved the mystery of the Harlem baby massacre and gangland had joined with the law in wiping out the killers.

Pennsylvania's Airplane Extortionist

(Continued from page 23)

Sergeant Newman was put on the trail and learned it had been included in the deposit of the Danville post office, and that it had been turned in there by the rural mail carrier on Route 2, who in turn had received it from Edward Whalen, operator of a gasoline filling station near Danville.

The Mysterious Green Sedan

WHALEN was sought out and questioned immediately. Yes, he remembered receiving the bill, for he got so few twenties that he took particular notice of his customer. The man who gave it to him to pay for four gallons of gasoline appeared to be about 50 years old, five feet seven inches tall, weighing approximately 150 pounds and of American nationality. He was driving a green Chrysler sedan, 1927 model.

The very next evening Whalen telephoned Magee that one of his sons, operating another filling station near Danville, had just reported to him that the green car had stopped for gasoline. The license number was noted and reported to be 1866H. The records of the State Highway department revealed that license issued to J. C. Thoman, of Beaver Springs, Snyder county.

Early the next morning Sheriff Rabb, Sergeant Newman and Private Whit-

cotton, of the State Police, went to the Whalen service station to verify the telephone information concerning the license number, and Whalen conducted them to his son's place of business. While conversing there they saw approaching a green automobile, bearing the license number they were seeking. The machine was halted and Whalen identified the driver as the man who had given him the twenty-dollar bill.

This motorist, who promptly identified himself as J. Clarence Thoman, did not remember passing the money at first.

"Let's see your hands," they demanded.

Thoman hesitantly stretched his arms forward, and the officers eagerly examined his hands. They were covered with peculiar stains.

This was the evidence the police had been seeking, for the decoy package of "money" dropped from the airplane had been impregnated with silver nitrate, a chemical which discolors the human skin. Thus their prisoner was obviously the man who had removed the package from the duffle bag.

Thoman readily confessed, declaring he alone was guilty. He admitted sending the four other threatening letters.

He was sentenced to 18 years imprisonment and fined \$6,000.

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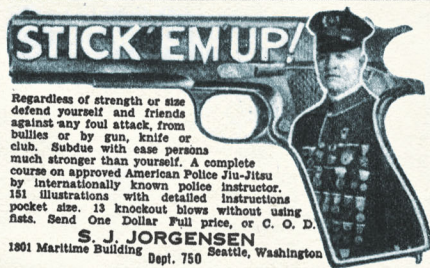
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Mystery of the Jeweled Woman and the Bank Fire Hero

[Continued from page 47]

We reasoned that the bandits very probably came from or went to Atlanta, the nearest large city, hoping to lose themselves in its teeming crowds.

Men were assigned to question residents up and down this highway, to pick up any suspicious facts and bring them in for us to interpret. They set out on their mission and by noon were ready with the report. There were all kinds of items, reports of mysterious figures seen on the road, and information of this kind. None of it seemed interesting until one of the officers came in with something new.

"Several people living on the north edge of Fairburn told me they saw an expensive roadster parked near Fairburn on Thursday afternoon. There was a beautiful woman at the wheel. And they said she was the same one who had driven Green home from Atlanta several times."

"What kind of a car was it?"

He gave a description, and better still, a license number. A telephone call to the state capitol brought the information—the roadster belonged to Mrs. Agnes Catherine Bradstreet, of St. Charles Avenue, an address in an exclusive residential section.

Such a woman could have had no part in the robbery. That was obvious. The car of the bandit, described by Green, did not even slightly resemble the powerful roadster driven by Mrs. Bradstreet, a special model Cadillac. But—

"Check up on Mrs. Agnes Catherine Bradstreet," I ordered. "Get everything, whether you think it's interesting or not. And make it snappy!"

Woman Of Mystery

THE men working on the case scattered. Pretty soon we began to get in some items.

Mrs. Bradstreet was 19, a bride, beautiful. She was a figure rivalling the heroine of a novel. She wore the most wonderful clothes, expensive fur coats, lavish dresses, broad, floppy hats that were then in style, and above all, jewels, jewels. On her fingers, around her neck, her wrists, flaming in her hair and at her breast. Her youth and beauty were adequately framed.

"Where'd she get 'em?" I demanded.

The officer shrugged. "Search me," he said.

"Find out," I ordered.

Another officer came in.

"She's got unlimited credit at the department stores," he reported.

"Who pays the bills?"

"I can't find out," he said.

"We've got to know," I said.

"She came from over beyond Decatur," Decatur was close to Atlanta, only six miles away.

"Have her people got any money?"

"No. Mrs. Bradstreet is helping her father along."

Decidedly Mrs. Bradstreet was becoming an interesting figure, aside from the bank robbery, on account of her mysterious resources. But of course there was nothing against her, not even the remotest suspicion.

We were talking over this angle of the case when word came from Gloer, who had been to Fairburn.

"You know the state bank examiners

went to work today on the records," he said. "That's compulsory after a fire like this one."

He seemed to be excited. We felt something important was coming.

"They say \$32,000 in Liberty bonds and \$275,000 in Campbell county road bonds are missing!"

"Good Lord! So the bandits got away with something after all!"

"Looks that way," Gloer said.

Then we talked over the things we'd found out about Mrs. Bradstreet. In the light of new developments they seemed unusual, to say the least. "Let's have her in," Gloer suggested.

Gloer, Detective Sturdivant, now chief of police in Atlanta, and Detective Pat Campbell, went out to get the woman. She had moved from the St. Charles Street home to an apartment in the Georgian Terrace, the city's most exclusive hotel. They rapped on the door and told Mrs. Bradstreet she was under arrest. They spread out to search the apartment.

It was gorgeously luxurious. Expensive rugs, fine pictures, objects of art, and everywhere a woman's finery, silks, furs, and jewels. The officers were dazzled by the splendor of the woman and her surroundings.

Nevertheless she was taken for questioning, creating an amazing sensation when she was escorted into the sergeant's office.

Mrs. Bradstreet glittered with diamonds. She had necklaces, rings, bracelets and a gleaming pin in her hair.

L. Z. Gordon, a diamond merchant, was pressed into service as an expert. I asked him to appraise the valuables. He studied them carefully.

"This necklace," he said, "is worth \$10,000. It's easily the prize of the lot. I'd estimate them all at about \$50,000. I'd give that for them tomorrow."

We told her she could make things easier for herself and for us by answering some questions.

"What do you know about the Fairburn Bank case?"

Instantly her eyes grew large with fright.

"Nothing," she almost whispered.

"Don't you know the banker, William B. Green?"

She began to weep again.

"I won't say anything until I see a lawyer," she sobbed.

That was all she would say. The matron interrupted further questions.

"Leave the child alone," she cried.

The Secret Of A Woman

WE HAD to know more about Mrs. Agnes Catherine Bradstreet now. And her husband, who seemed to have plenty of money, but no fortune and no job. When we brought him in he smiled pleasantly and said nothing. He, too, had many jewels, rings, a dazzling tie pin that was worth thousands, and a big roll of bills. The Bradstreets certainly had incomes of millionaires, but its source remained a secret—a secret that we must solve.

Once more the detectives were sent out checking on the record and the activities of Agnes Catherine Bradstreet.

She had an account at the city's leading department store. In fact our first

questions elicited the information from the credit manager that she was perhaps their star customer.

"In fact," he said, "her bill recently amounted to \$5,200, but it was paid."

"Who paid it?"

He looked up sharply. "That's confidential information," he said. "I can't give that out."

"All right, if you feel that way about it," the detective said. "But if they get you before the grand jury, you'll have to talk."

The man thought for a while.

"Of course, if it's a matter of helping justice," he conceded. "I guess I can tell you what you want to know."

"Several months ago someone opened an account here for her and guaranteed it up to \$500 a month. But Mrs. Bradstreet soon ran it up to \$5,000. We called the guarantor and he said he would pay it. He came in and gave us a personal check for half and paid the rest in currency."

"He was a fellow named Green, from Fairburn. And that's a funny thing," he added as an afterthought. "He's the same fellow who was robbed Thursday night!"

Here was news! The man hurried back to headquarters and the cabinet of Atlanta detectives, Pinkerton men and Campbell county officers went into session.

"Green's rich," a Campbell county man said, "but he couldn't stand a drain like that. He lives well and entertains a lot, and I would think that's all his income would allow."

"Then you think Green has been taking money from the bank?" Gloer asked.

"Good Lord, no," the man answered insistently. "He's one of the squarest shooting men you ever saw. Everybody knows Bill Green. He just couldn't do a thing like that. He loves his wife and his kid. He's just not made that way."

"But what about those missing bonds?"

"The bandits must have got them."

"From the safe with the time lock?"

"Well, it would have been hard to do."

"Hard to do!" Gloer cried. "Why, it's impossible. I don't believe there ever were any bandits!"

The Campbell man protested, but I agreed with Gloer and we telephoned Sheriff Jenkins to arrest Green—on the very convenient charge of suspicion.

It was late at night by the time Jenkins got word and started out to arrest his man.

In the meanwhile, word of the new development leaked out to a newspaper reporter and he telephoned Green. Green had no idea of what was coming. He discussed the case casually and declared he and Sheriff Jenkins were working on some hot leads that would bring developments within a short time. He was right as far as the Sheriff was concerned, for while Green was winding up this telephone interview, the officer knocked on the door. Green went to meet his old associate, business friend and political ally.

"I've just been telling an Atlanta reporter of the progress we've made," he said.

"I'm sorry, Bill," Jenkins cut in. "You'll have to go along with me. The

Pinkerton men and the Atlanta detectives want to talk with you. I know you too well to think you did anything wrong, but I've got to do my duty."

"Of course," Green agreed calmly. "I'll go."

Just forty-eight hours after the fire, Green entered a prison cell, quietly telling his friends he was willing to undergo the ordeal for the sake of clearing the situation. But the Fairburn town-people, learning their mayor had been arrested, were indignant.

We were getting results now, with a vengeance. Our men, sent out to round up several loose threads, learned that Mrs. Bradstreet had spent nearly \$60,000 in the past few months, but we couldn't account for the source of a single dollar.

From all the stores, we learned an impressive fact. Green paid the bills!

The dragnet drew in Mrs. Bradstreet's liveried chauffeur, who was subjected to a vigorous quizz.

"Do you know that Mrs. Bradstreet knew William B. Green?"

"Yes, sir. She called him 'Uncle Jack'."

"Did he ever give her money?"

"Plenty! Sometimes she showed me packages of bills with the bank seals still on 'em."

Amazing Revelations

NOW this mystery was solved. Green had been a lavish protector and friend of Mrs. Bradstreet.

We couldn't prove that he had been out of Atlanta on the night of the robbery.

In the face of all that we had found out, we had no case. Green might have been friendly toward Mrs. Bradstreet and still have been robbed by bandits, and have heroically saved the bank records. That fact was amazingly in his favor. If he had been guilty of misappropriations, why should he have risked his life to save records that would damn him?

Bright and early Monday the state bank examiners went back to work on the records. They found all had not been saved, but that some of the most important ones were reduced to charred debris in the ruins of the bank.

In temporary quarters set up close to the burned building, they pressed on to solve the mystery. Those were anxious hours at Fairburn. Business was almost at a standstill, with the bank closed, but faith in the institution was so high that many of the merchants honored checks and even made small loans to persons whose funds were tied up pending the completion of the audits.

Those auditors did a great job. They studied the charred records, and the first result came when word trickled about the town that the \$32,000 in Liberty bonds had been missing for some time before the fire. And in both the whole and the damaged records, there were evidences of wrong doing, of missing funds running into an unknown total!

Step by step the case was made out against Green. Almost against our wills we were forced to accept the indications of the circumstantial evidence. Records, many seared by flames, but still legible, were gathered from the ashes to point an accusing finger at the banker. Look as we might the south-wide search had failed to produce a single iota of evidence to substantiate the word of Green that the bandits had robbed him. Ban-

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bits, no matter how swiftly moving, do not drop out of sight in open farm country like this, where every passing stranger is the object of eager curiosity.

At last we came to the definite conclusion that there had been no violent robbery, no shadowy bandits to set the bank on fire, but only a deliberate plot on the part of Green to destroy the evidence of wholesale looting of the bank's resources.

We presented our evidence to the grand jury and it drew the same conclusions. Although practically all the jurors had known Green since boyhood, they indicted him and Mrs. Bradstreet for embezzlement of the \$32,000 of Liberty bonds.

Still Green's wife and relatives and friends believed in him, clung to him in the face of the overwhelming evidence. Still he was honored in his own community.

Eventually Green went to trial. Despite the loyalty of his wife and his friends, despite his position as the town's leading citizen and financial authority, a jury found him guilty and sentenced him to serve five years.

Mrs. Bradstreet's trial followed. Weeping, shorn of her finery by the process of civil law and robbed of her beauty by approaching motherhood, she faced the jurors and proved that she had no actual part in the embezzlement of the bank's funds and no guilty knowledge of the source of the money Green lavished upon her. She was acquitted.

Green served his term in a South Georgia road camp, winning a clerical job. His wife gave up their beautiful residence and moved to the town where the camp was located to be near him.

He was a model prisoner, taking his punishment manfully. When his sentence was up, his citizenship was restored and he was given a job in the county's service, remaining an honored and respected figure in the community until his death.

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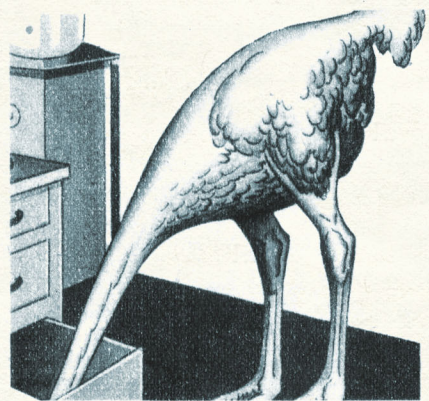
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CHIEF'S CHAIR

SAN FRANCISCO police are in hot water over one of the most unbelievable criminal plots in the history of this country.

The story begins in this issue of our magazine, a story of police officers who listened on a dictagraph while a loud mouthed public defender, many times elected to office, boasted how he could, if he wished, kill the wealthy woman who was his benefactor.

You will not be surprised that the officer who tells the story was unable to believe the plot was anything more than bombastic talk. Yet, when the woman was found dead after repeated warnings, it is easy to see what a bad spot the policeman was in.

Hindsight is better than foresight, as the old saying goes, and it is natural enough to criticize the police for failing to arrest the man and prevent a murder.

I think San Francisco would do well to check up on the type of men it elects to office instead of attacking a policeman who acted conscientiously if not effectively. Put yourself in the policeman's shoes—would you risk accusing a public officer when you had no proof—and no crime had been done?

Use of the dictagraph as it was apparently used in this case is attacked as illegal by those who are making trouble for San Francisco's police department.

For my part, I don't believe it was illegal. And if it was, I think the fool law should be repealed.

Cop And Robber

A GREAT deal is said and written these days about how gangsters "get away with murder." Some of the readers of STARTLING DETECTIVE ADVENTURES have wanted to know why it is that the police don't solve the gang murders the way they do other crimes of this sort.

The answer is usually to be found in crooked politics and in a rather strange type of police executive who bobs up now and then.

I have known of cities where criminals of almost every kind were safe as long as they committed no crimes within the jurisdiction of the police.

It was that way some years ago with St. Paul. Professional crooks of all sorts who came into St. Paul would be warned to leave St. Paul alone and St. Paul would leave them alone. They were safe there as long as they didn't "work" inside the city limits. St. Paul was satisfied because holdups and killings were greatly reduced.

The criminals settled down in St.

Paul and pulled all their con games, check cashing jobs, stickups, robberies, forgeries and the like in Minneapolis and surrounding territory then they'd rush for the St. Paul line.

From police work of this sort it is only a step to that in which the police select one big shot criminal and put it up to him to keep his own gang in order and to force other gangs out of town. And St. Paul learned that this system only increases crime.

There have been times when this method was in use in Chicago and when Al Capone ruled with a high hand. Naturally, when Capone killers put another gang leader on the spot, nothing was done about it. When one of Capone's men was killed, nothing was done about that either—except by Capone.

When Capone gangsters put seven men on the spot with machine guns and shotguns in the St. Valentine Day massacre, they used police uniforms and a police squad car or one resembling a police car.

That is one of the reasons it took the federal government to get Capone.

A Lei For Honolulu

PROTESTING that "Honolulu is far cleaner than any city in the States," a private in the army stationed at Schofield barracks there, takes our hide off and tacks it on the wall for publishing some parts of our story concerning the Massie case.

"I know Honolulu and its people as no officer will ever know them," he says. "They are far cleaner minded than we can boast of in our own country. As for rape, in a city of the same size in the States there are 100 times as many cases, as court records will show.

"Most of the people live off the soldiers and the soldier has made a reputation here that he can never live down. There is a certain class of soldier who has no respect for women. Color means nothing to them. Other officers and private soldiers are the best but the poor element makes it bad for them. If Honolulu had only her civic problems to contend with it would be a very clean city.

"Personally I think it is impossible to rape a woman except at the point of a gun or by superior numbers.

"As for the police here, they do the best with the situation they have to contend with."

The Chief

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Until I Discovered a New Hygiene for Men Past 40

IT had been coming on for years—this devilish thing called "Prostate Trouble!" I gave it little thought at first, because I figured that all men experience a certain change about my time in life. That was my big mistake. I thought it was just the breakdown of oncoming age and that I would have to put up with it. I did for a while, but a year later, my condition went from bad to worse at an alarming rate.

These Common Symptoms

My sleep was broken a dozen times every night. In fact, one hour's fitful sleep was a luxury. Pains had developed in my back and legs, and I was chronically constipated. I was run down in body and almost broken in mind—practically an invalid at 58. I talked to scores of men. In fact I talked to practically every man I met or could get to listen. As I look back now I think I was practically insane on the subject.

Faces Surgery

It has been my experience that a majority of men past 60—and a surprising number even at 40—had one of these distressing symptoms, but few men had it as bad as I did. I had seen my doctor, of course. But he could offer me but little relief. I spent hundreds of dollars in an effort to avoid an operation, for I had learned that gland surgery was usually dangerous. This insidious little gland that robbed me of sleep and health now threatened my very life.

The Turning Point

Then I read one of your advertisements. I admit I mailed the coupon without the slightest hope. There probably never was a more skeptical mind than mine. But this simple little act turned out to be the biggest thing in my life.

I can never thank you enough. I am now sixty. I can go to bed at ten o'clock and sleep straight through. My doctor has pronounced me in normal health. My entire body is toned up, and I feel almost like a youngster. I have had no return of the trouble, and now use your pleasant treatment just fifteen minutes a day, over one or two months, just to make sure that I keep my perfect health.

Millions Make This Mistake

When I was at my lowest ebb, I encountered so many prostate sufferers that I know there must be millions of men doctoring for sciatica, pains in the back and legs, bladder and kidney weakness, chronic constipation, loss of physical and mental capacity and a host of supposed old age symptoms, *who should probably be treating the prostate gland!* In fact, I learned not long ago that certain medical authorities claim that 65% of men at or past middle age suffer from disorders of this vital gland.

My advice to these men is, not to make the mistake that I made. Send the cou-

pon for that little book, "Why Many Men Are Old at 40." Find out the facts about this little gland, which the book contains.

It explains a prominent scientist's discovery of a new home hygiene—explains how, without drugs or surgery, without massage, diet, or exercise, this method acts to reduce the congestion and combat the dangerous symptoms.

Scientist's Book Sent Free

See if these facts apply to you. Learn the true meaning of these common complaints and see why these ailments in men past 40 are so often directly traceable to a swollen prostate. The book, "Why Many Men Are Old at 40" is sent without cost and without obligation. Simply mail the coupon to

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