

AUSTRIA FACING POLITICAL CRISIS OVER RENT LAW

(Associated Press Special Wire)
VIENNA, April 19.—Political chaos prevailed in Austria today with both sides in a tense situation, possessing large well-armed irregular military organizations to back up their threats.

The failure of Chancellor Seipel's clerical party and the socialist to agree upon a modified rent law has created a constitutional crisis of the first magnitude, with Christian socialists, who control the national government, threatening to create a dictatorship unless they have their way.

They were aligned particularly against the social-democrats, who rule Vienna, and whom they charged as legislative obstructionists. Most of their threats have been aimed at through fascist adherents in parliament.

THE BLACK PIGEON

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THIS HAS HAPPENED

Ruth Lester, secretary, finds the body of "Harrison" Harry Borden, her employer, Monday morning, sprawled beneath the airshaft window of his private office.

McMann, detective sergeant, conducting the investigation in the victim's office, questions the following suspects: Ruth, Mrs. Borden, Borden's estranged wife and mother of his two children; Rita Dubois, night club dancer, with whom Borden was intimate; and Jack Haywood, Ruth's fiancé, whose office is across the narrow airshaft from Borden's.

McMann's belief in Jack's guilt is strengthened by his discovery that Jack's Colt's .38 is missing; by Jack's admission that he returned to the seventh floor Saturday afternoon, and by the testimony of elevator boys, Mickey Moran and Otto Kringer. Bill Cowan, Jack's friend, unwittingly tells McMann he heard Jack threaten Borden's life.

McMann questions Benny Smith, Borden's office boy; Ashe, his manservant; Minnie Cassidy and Letty Miller, seventh floor scrub-women, and Cleo Gilman, Borden's discarded mistress, who gives an ironclad alibi.

Martha Manning, mother of Borden's illegitimate son, is involved by Ruth's own detective work. McMann questions her mercilessly about her relationship with Borden. She tells McMann she called on Borden last on Friday night after following him and Jack Bailey, his bodyguard, into the building. She says she climbed stairs to the seventh floor and saw Borden, who was talking to a man. McMann tells her she is lying and calls in Jack Bailey, waiting outside, to prove it. NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XL

A short, broad-shouldered man, his face composed of a set of battered, unmatching features, on which a genial smile set oddly, swaggered into the room, his surprisingly fat, well-developed, accompanying an enormous hand thrust out toward the detective in charge of the investigation into the murder of Harry P. Borden.

"Hello, Cap! Seen in the papers where my buddy, Harry Borden, got bumped off, and that you was anxious to have a chat with me. Anything I can do—Well, I guess you don't need me after all, Cap!" he broke off to exclaim when, on reaching Borden's desk and shaking hands with McMann, he got a view of the face of the woman whose back had been turned toward him as he entered the room. "So—you got him, did you? Minute my back was turned—"

"Just a moment, Bailey!" McMann interrupted sharply. "You identify this woman?"

"Sure I know her! Harry pointed her out to me not a week after he took me on to look after him. 'Jake,' he says, 'take a good look at that woman and don't let her get any nearer to me than she is now, or you'll lose your job, Jake,' he says."

"When and where was this?" McMann interrupted impatiently.

"Now—somehow—" Jake Bailey laid his pearl-gray derby on his head and looked at McMann with a stare. "Must a-been 'lone about the middle of November, for I had my last bout with Battlin' Dem on November tenth—a frame-up it was, too, Cap. I'll take my Bible oath! All right, Cap! Keep your shirt on!" he admonished the detective genially. "But you ast, didn't you? Well, it must a-been about the middle of November, then, and me and Harry was walkin' along the Avenue when Harry pipes this dame rittin' off a bus. She makes like she's gonna speak to him or bust, and then he says to me, 'Harry says—'

"Yes, you've already told that!" McMann interrupted impatiently. "Did she speak to him?"

"Saw, Cap?" Jake Bailey grinned broadly. "Harry hopped into a taxi so quick I almost got left!"

"Did you ever see her again?"

"Sure! Christmas Eve. That bird that patters around Harry's apartment went to the bootlegger's downstairs and left the door unlatched, and first thing me and Harry knew—in the bedroom we was—there she was, no shame at all—bustin' in on a man what's changin' his clothes!"

At that expression of Jake's outraged modesty, Martha Manning laughed—a queer, startling, blood of scorn and ironic amusement.

"Yeah! You can laugh, can't you?" Jake Bailey's little greenish-blue eyes stared at her with hatred. "You got him—just like he thought you would, and now you

The social-democrats have countered with statements they will defend to the last ditch "the cause of the working masses."

Even the soberest observers see no way out of the situation, except through suspension of the constitution and dissolution of parliament. They declare it will be utterly impossible to find a government to work under existing legislative conditions and that only an iron hand can save the situation.

In anticipation of a coup d'état by those opposing the socialists, Arbeiter Zeitung, a paper of considerable popularity among the working classes, today printed a stirring appeal to socialist adherents to be ready to defend the constitution of the republic at all costs.

"Our army must be augmented by new members, well disciplined and well equipped," the paper says. "We must be ready to make any sacrifice in case the fascist adventurers dare to attack the republican constitution."

"Every workman capable of bearing arms should join the socialist defense league. We must demand material assistance toward the maintenance of our army. When the Christian socialist revolutionaries dare to try their little dance then we will step between."

laugh!"

Martha Manning's great, tragic brown eyes swept him scornfully, as if he were an obnoxious insect, then dropped to the hands in her lap.

"Jake, this is a serious charge you're making against Miss Manning," the detective began. "What foundation have you for this charge? Have you personal knowledge of Miss Manning's guilt?"

"Personal knowledge—hell!" the expugilist retorted. "If you mean did I see her do it—no! I left town Friday night and just got back."

"Before we go into your own whereabouts on Saturday, when Borden was killed," McMann interrupted, "suppose you tell me exactly what happened on Christmas Eve, between Miss Manning and Harry Borden."

"Well, like I said—me and Harry was in Harry's bedroom, when in she walks, well as usual. Harry says, 'It's Christmas! Aren't you going to give me—and the boy—a Christmas present?' she says, and by that time Harry was at her, tryin' to walk her right back out of his room. But she hung back—like a wildcat—she was—and she keeps whinin' something about not wantin' nothin' for Christmas and his promise to get a divorce and marry her—oh, no! She didn't want nothin'! In fact," he laughed sarcastically.

"And then?" Borden struck her on the mouth!" McMann prompted impatiently.

Something like a blush ran over the scratched features of the expugilist. "Well, Cap," he admitted reluctantly, "I reckon that was pretty bad. Harry was payin' me a good salary to protect him, wasn't he? I just done my duty—it's all right. I never hit her till she matched open her handbag—like she was reachin' for a gun—and Harry yelled at me to help him."

"And did she have one?"

"No," the dead man's efficient bodyguard admitted. "Reckon she was after a picture of the kid she had in her bag. Harry Merry Christmas for my dad wrote on it."

It was not a laugh this time that told that Jake Bailey's words had struck home. It was a longdrawn "Oh!" of infinite misery, so heart-rending that Ruth Lester involuntarily leaned forward and patted those tight-locked hands whose message she had not yet had time to read.

"And after you knocked her out?" McMann prodded his witness.

"Well, me and Harry fixed her up with some brandy, and I took her down and put her in a taxi. Paid for it, too," the expugilist added virtuously.

"And did Borden later intimate to you that he feared this woman would kill him?"

Martha Manning raised her head then and stared steadily at the man who leaned nonchalantly against her dead lover's desk.

"Sure!" came the emphatic answer in a crackling falsetto. "He said he'd a-sware she was gonna croak him that time, and he but she'd do it yet—"

"So you offered to put her out of the way for him, didn't you?" McMann asked casually, after a glance at the notes he had made on the story of Frank Ashe, Borden's manservant.

"Well, I didn't, so it won't be me 'at'll sit in the chair," Bailey retorted.

"And did you see Miss Manning again?" McMann pursued his questioning.

"Now—guess she laid low and waited till I was out of town," Bailey answered.

"You didn't see her on Friday night?"

"No, I left town on Friday night, like I told you."

"But you were with Borden before you left?"

"Sure I was! I went with him to the Carlton, a swell feed joint, and waited outside while he got with his new sweetie. That classy little dancer he picked up at the Golden Slipper. Best half-past six it was when he met Rita there, and around eight when him and her come out. He put the trail in a taxi, and promised to see her at the Golden Slipper about 10, before her act went on at 11. She wouldn't let him drive over to the hotel with her—always acted pretty rilly with him—that dame did. So him and me hopped into another cab and come on over to his office. Said he was down on a new scheme and wanted to work awhile before a-zo to the Golden Slipper."

"And did you come up with him?"

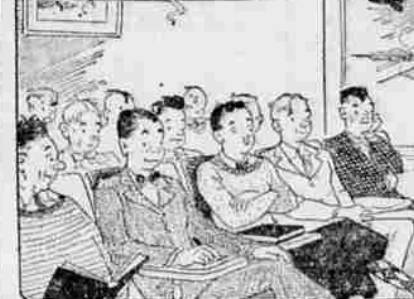
"Sure! Harry wouldn't go into his own office at night alone, it be

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

THIS MORNING I SAID WED HAVE A TALKIE ON TH TECHNICAL SIDE OF AERO-DYNAMICS. FIRST OF ALL, A PLANE IS SUPPORTED BY TH—WAIT, WHERE'D I PUT MY BOOK?



COULD YOU TELL US WHAT KEEPS TH PLANE UP?



PLEASE EXPLAIN THE EXPLANATION

could help it. Soared some sucker who was sore at him because he'd lost his money might be layin' for him, or this dame here," and Jake jerked his head toward Martha Manning. "I come up all right, and we set here awhile, chewin' the rag—told me about this dancin' baby he was gonna take to Winter Haven with him Saturday. If he could get her boss to let her off."

"How long were you with Borden?"

"Oh, 'bout half an hour, I guess," Jake answered readily. "I didn't have nothin' to do but kill time before my train left—9:24, that was. Must a-been 'round nine when I beat it—sure, that's when it was! Eight-fifty-five! I remember asking the elevator man what time it was, when he shoved his book at me to sign out. They make you write down the time and your name and the office you've been in."

"Please, Mr. McMann, may I ask a question?" Ruth spoke for the first time since Jake Bailey had entered the room. "I've just been wondering how Mr. Borden got in to his office, since he'd given his key to Rita Dubois Friday afternoon and never did get it back."

"That's right!" McMann agreed, rather ungraciously. He did not enjoy having been caught napping. "How did Borden get in, Jake?"

"Check, kid!" and Jake touched his forehead in a salute to Ruth. "Harry didn't remember till he got to his door that he didn't have a key, and since I never had one myself, he had to hunt up one of the old janies that cleans the offices to let him in with her passkey. He couldn't find the old lady that took care of his office reglar, and had to prove who he was by showin' a letter with his name on it to the woman I scouted around and found for him."

"Hm!" Letty Miller, I suppose. She's the only other cleaning woman on the floor," McMann commented, as he made a note. "Where did you find her?"

"Down the hall," Bailey answered promptly. "Said she wasn't acquainted with the tenants on this corridor, but was jist helpin' out the old lady who belongs on this part of the floor."

For the first time in many minutes McMann addressed a question to Martha Manning: "Did you see this scrubwoman yourself, Miss Manning?"

The contralto voice was quite steady. "No, As I told you before, I saw no one. I was alone while I waited for this man"—and she nodded scornfully toward Jake Bailey—"to leave, and no one but myself was in the hall when I left after seeing Mr. Borden. The scrubwoman who admitted Mr. Borden must have finished her work in this corridor before I had walked up the stairs."

McMann nervently commanded the amazed expugilist to silence. "You realize, Miss Manning," he said to the now calm, but burning-eyed woman, "that if Letty Miller tells me she was working on this corridor while you claim you were in it your story will be blown sky-high."

"I'm not afraid of anything that this Letty Miller may say," Martha Manning retorted scornfully. "For I am telling the truth. I was here—I did wait until this man had left, and I did have a talk with Mr. Borden."

"Say!" Jake Bailey burst out, regardless of McMann's injunction. "When was you? You was? In no hall when I come out of here to take the elevator?"

"No, I wasn't. I was behind the stairway door, holding it slightly ajar and watchin' you," Miss Manning assured him with cool triumph.

"Say!" Jake Bailey turned to McMann. "You got the goods on that dame, ain't you?—and she's tryin' to be out of it, ain't she? You got proof she was in Harry's office, and she's tryin' to make you believe it was Friday night she was here and not Saturday? That's right, ain't it?"

McMann grinned wryly. "Substantially correct, Jake. We've got

By Martin

YEN-THAT'S RIGHT! TH PLANE DEPENDS, FOR ITS SUPPORT IN FLIGHT, UPON TH DYNAMIC REACTION OF TH ATMOSPHERE UNDER TH MOVING SURFACES! A WING, HAVING A VERTICAL AREA 100 SQUARE FEET, NEEDS TO MOVE FORWARD ONLY 10 FEET TO DISPLACE 75 POUNDS OF AIR



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PLEASE EXPLAIN THE EXPLANATION

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HOOPER WATCHES ATHLETICS BEAT SENATORS, 13 TO 4

Detroit Trims Indians in Another One-Sided Game—Weather Silences Yanks and Giants.

By WILLIAM J. CHIPMAN
(Associated Press Sports Writer)
The east is gradually thawing out, and the scheduled baseball openings along the Atlantic seaboard may yet be held, as witness the promising start in Washington yesterday. Although clouds hung low and cold winds swept Chesapeake Bay, the Senators went through their opening trials, the most elaborate along the major league trail, for the entertainment of President Hoover, Mrs. Hoover, a good part of the official family, and a small but select gathering of paying guests.

Walter Johnson made his managerial debut in Washington by tagging the venerable Sad Sam Jones for mound duty against Mr. McGillicuddy's choice, Carrol Yerkes, lately of Portland, Ore., and Haverhill, Pa.

The Athletics led by 5 to 4 as the second-choice boxmen settled into position after the second inning, but continued their familiarity with Senatorial pitching, or throwing, until the margin had become 13 to 4 at the end of the fifth. Adolph Laska halted the outburst at this point, but the Mackmen gave no ground and the score remained stationary through to the finish.

President Hoover, free to depart after throwing out the first ball, remained to watch the discomfiture of his hosts until the ultimate outcome had been recorded.

Yankees Vs. Red Sox

While all this was going on, the Yankees were announcing their second postponement with word that everything possible would be done to put on the opening game today. The Red Sox of Boston have been within arm's length of the exasperated Yankees for forty-eight hours, now, and have not lost a game, which will stand as a Red Sox record for some time to come.

The Detroit Tigers poured a neat dose of shelling down the throats of the Cleveland Indians to the tune of 15 to 3 notwithstanding Mr. Earl Averill's second home run in two days of major league effort. Dan Howley urged his St. Louis troop on to its second straight

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triumph over the White Sox in the remaining American league skirmish. The score was 5 to 3. Alvin Crowder outpitched Grady Adkins and George Connally.

As rain prevented the Giant opening at Philadelphia, and mercifully spared the countryside whatever might have happened be-

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