

# Doomed To The Gallows By Sand On His Knees

HE was doomed to death by the hangman's rope because they found sand on his knees. Thus another one of Scotland Yard's astonishing solutions has reached a successful conclusion in the conviction of Leslie George Stone for the murder of Ruby Annie Keen, whose body was found naked and strangled in a lover's lane near her home.

A policeman at Leighton-on-Buzzard, 20 miles from London, on his morning beat happened upon the girl's body half-hidden behind some bushes next to the path. The Bedfordshire police decided to call in Scotland Yard, feeling that they did not have enough to go by to solve the case alone.

Inspector Baker was rushed to the scene, and plaster of paris was used to make a permanent record of five marks on the sandy surface. Baker was joined by Chief Inspector Cherrill whose trained eye reconstructed the five marks into a dramatic story of what happened.

Not for nothing was Cherrill once a hunter of wild animals. He knew the meaning of tracks, nature's handwriting; and had with great success applied his fund of knowledge to the field of crime, which, like the law of the wilderness, is cruel and secret. To him the markings were a step by step record of how the killer had gradually forced the girl to the ground where he knelt beside her.

"If we find a man with sand on his knees," declared Cherrill, "we will be face to face with a suspect."

A roundup was begun of men and women who had been seen in the lane that night, and when this brought no results, more were questioned who were known to have been in the lane on other nights than the fatal one.

When this search failed to uncover any evidence a thorough check was made on all the men that Ruby could possibly have known, and some letters were found from a man named Leslie Stone. The letters had been written years before, and there was not much to go by. Somehow, Stone must have realized he would be investigated. He walked into the local police station and said he wanted to clear himself.



The Detectives of Scotland Yard, with the Help of Their Microscopes, Found Sand on the Knees of the Suspect's Sunday Suit. It Was These Little Grains of Soil That Doomed Him to the Gallows.

He had been with Ruby Keen the night she was killed, but had left her alive and well near her home. She must have gone out again after he left her, he said.

There was every reason to believe him, because he had come forward voluntarily. But his room was searched nevertheless, and a clothes brush was found with sand stuck between some of the bristles. The place was ascertained where he had bought the brush and it was found that none of the brushes there had sand in them. So violently had his brush been used, moreover, that the bristles had almost been torn out.

This was hardly enough to go by, however; the one clue that the police had, that the murderer knelt in the sand, seemed worthless in this case. The reason was that Stone worked in a sand quarry, and there was sand all over his apartment, as well as in his hair, his fingernails and his clothes.

But Scotland Yard ingenuity is not balked by such trifles. It called in the scientists with their microscopes. These found that the sand from the quarry was indeed all over the apartment, all except one blue serge suit, Stone's "Sunday suit," which he would presumably have worn to go courting in the lane.

This suit also had sand on it, but the sand was mostly in one place—around the knees.

This sand, under the microscope, turned out to be peculiar and not at all like the sand that was found in Stone's room. Each piece of the firmly embedded grains of sand was shaped like a microscopic pear, with tiny pill shapes all around it. It was the same sand as that in the tragic lane.

To the eyes alone, of course, this would not be visible; but the eyes of science are all-seeing. Stone's chances of getting away with his plea of innocence dwindled even more when the scientists unexpectedly found a strand of silk clinging to the jacket where it had escaped the search of the police. That thread, less than an inch long, came from Ruby's silk dress that she had worn that night. A hair was also found on his jacket; it turned out to be the girl's; and to make certain it was not his own, a brush provided in Stone's cell was examined and a specimen was compared with the hair on his jacket. It was not his hair, but Ruby's.

Their case complete, the police were ready for the trial, but on the last day Stone suddenly changed his mind and pleaded guilty after hearing the recital of the scientific evidence against him.

He said it all happened because of an old habit Ruby had of pulling her fingers in his ears to tickle them, which always angered him. He had returned from the army recently to find Ruby engaged to another man. But some time later they had a drink together and Ruby said they must spend a night together again for old times' sake. Soon after that they met on the fatal day and after a round of the ale houses ended up in the lane, where Stone said Ruby tried the tickling trick again. He struck at her, hurt his hand on a wall when he missed and was angered; she also was angry to find out he had meant to hit her and struck out at him. When she hit him again, he testified, he went into a kind of rage. "I caught hold of her scarf and pulled it. I think I knotted it again. I caught hold of the front of her clothes. She fell and her clothes were all torn off. I knelt down, thinking I had stunned her. I did not think she was dead."

The jury disregarded this confession and brought in a verdict of guilty of wilful murder. Stone's lawyers filed an appeal.

# Drugs That Make Cringing Cowards Of Brave Men

HUMAN beings can be frightened by almost anything in the world, from thousands of kinds of real danger to something as harmless and insubstantial as a supposed ghost, but it remained for a British gland specialist, Dr. G. R. A. Rudolf, to scare his patients without their even knowing about it, by means of chemical injections that automatically create fear.

If some combined military and medical genius could devise ways of injecting suitable doses of Dr. Rudolf's drug into all the soldiers of an enemy army, that army unquestionably would run away. If even two or three of the important generals could be dosed, victory for the dosers would be reasonably certain.

If fear can be created in this purely chemical way, how about courage? Will it also be possible to devise some kind of reverse injection to turn a coward into a hero instead of a hero into a coward? If anything like that can be done, military men may face an entirely new kind of chemical warfare.

Instead of poison gases to kill an enemy or incapacitate them by sneezing or weeping, the effort may be to get into the enemies' bodies in some way a fear drug, or an uncertainly drug, or some other which will make soldiers or officers ineffective. At the same time, other injections into his own troops may be used by the chemically-minded general to make them braver, more skillful and possessed of greater endurance.

Nor is all this a foolish dream, for drugs that can do many of these things already are available in the laboratories of physiology. All that is lacking is the means to get the enemy to take the proper drugs and enough experience with the significant drug effects to know just how and when to give beneficial materials to members of one's own army.

Aside from the drug fear used by Dr. Rudolf, there are drugs such as scopolamin, which would reduce members of any enemy army to mental impotence. Staff officers would not be able to remember their orders. Generals would forget their strategic plans. Troops in the front line would sit calmly and let themselves be captured or killed, forgetting all about what they were there for or that a war was going on.

On the other side of the ledger, there are drugs such as benzadrine which will give the taker a burst of sudden energy, both mental and physical. Certain gland extracts will increase muscular power and endurance, at least for a time. Other drugs enable an officer to stay awake and alert for hours, during the critical part of some military maneuver. It is true enough that all of these drugs may leave harmful effects and are not to be used merely for convenience, but dangers to members of one's army are not usually regarded so seriously in wartime, provided some military advantage can be gained.

Serving grog before a sea fight is an old custom of most of the world navies. "Dutch courage," consisting of a good dose of whisky, or some other drink containing alcohol, is equally time-honored in army life. During the Great War the German army was reported to have used compounds of phosphates on German soldiers, in order to maintain physical endurance. But according to new discoveries of the physiologists and gland experts, these were but the feeble beginning of what the art of drug warfare some day may prove to be.

Dr. Rudolf's fear drug, reported at a recent meeting of the Royal Society of Medicine, is merely a sufficiently large dose of the well-known gland chemical called adrenalin, normally produced in the body by adrenalin glands.

This adrenalin is one of the most powerful stimulants known, being the drug sometimes injected into the blood, or actually into the heart, after a person has collapsed and apparently died. So spectacular have been some of the recoveries under these circumstances that people have been reported as raised from the dead.

To cause chemical fear, all that Dr. Rudolf does is to inject a large dose of this adrenalin, substantially more than would be used as an ordinary stimulant. What then, happens is a kind of gland action in reverse, the excess of adrenalin producing the emotion of fear just as fear ordinarily produces adrenalin.

By many experiments both on human beings and on animals, gland experts have traced a series of bodily reactions that ordinarily follow moderate fright, a series evidently designed by Nature to prepare the body either for fighting or for running away, whichever may turn out to be necessary. In animals of the cat tribe one of these reactions is the automatic one of ruffing up the animal's fur, so that a frightened cat seems to get larger and no doubt scares a possible enemy more than the same cat would do if of its ordinary size.

This is purely chemical. The fright of the cat touches off a nervous impulse one result of which is to make the adrenalin glands discharge extra adrenalin into the blood. One effect of this adrenalin is to cause contractions of all the tiny muscles in the skin the duty of which is to make the cat's hairs stand up straight. That makes the animal look larger.

Precisely the same machinery exists in human beings, so that it is true that fright may make one's hair stand on end, each hair being pulled up straight by its own small muscle and each muscle being stimulated to contract by the adrenalin in the blood.

Other bodily effects also follow the discharge of adrenalin; constriction of blood vessels near the surface of the body so that less blood will be lost from superficial wounds, discharge of extra, quickly-available food from its storage place in the liver, and others.

Ordinarily this chain of automatic bodily reactions begins with the emotion of fear, which usually is the first result of danger. What Dr. Rudolf reports is that the same series of reactions caused by an artificial injection of enough adrenalin may result in fear, even if that emotion had not been felt previously and when there is no reason for feeling it. The mind apparently is accustomed to feel scared whenever it has ordered a discharge of adrenalin that the mere presence of this adrenalin starts a fear attack when there is nothing about which to get frightened.

Dr. Rudolf's observations explain some instances of causeless panic which people occasionally experience. Almost everyone has had the experience of suddenly feeling intensely afraid of nothing at all, specially when alone at night or under some similar circumstances. Some individuals are subject to such attacks of causeless fear under any circumstances, while in a crowd at a theatre, resting at home, working in a factory or office, and so on.

No one seems to have investigated these instances from the viewpoint of physiology, but it seems not unlikely that they may be started by an accidental discharge from the person's own adrenalin glands of a dose of adrenalin large enough to lurch off the fear reaction which Dr. Rudolf reports.

However this may be, there is at least a possibility that future wars will be fought by chemists scattering drugs, or doctors armed with hypodermics, as much as by high explosive shells or deadly microbes or poison gas.



If Fear Can Be Created with Chemicals, Then Science Can Turn Cowards Into Brave Men by the Injection of Drugs. Perhaps, in the Next War, Such Patrons Will Be Used to Pop Up Soldiers.

# His Wedded Bliss Wrecked By The Weather

SOME years ago, Sydney Frederick Hird, a well-known professional cricket player, decided to move from dry and tropical Australia to rainy England. He took along his wife, who seemed pleased enough at the time over the prospect of travel. They set up housekeeping in the community of Bury, in Lancashire.

But it was as if, overnight, his wife had become a strange woman. Such a remarkable effect did the climate appear to have upon her temper that life for the Hird family became just one long rainy day. Almost from the hour they set foot in England, Mrs. Hird began to make strange demands such as she had never before thought of.

In order to keep up the illusion of Australian weather, she made her husband get up in the small hours of the morning to build a fire. Then, when the house reached the familiar temperature of her homeland, she would get up without shivering and freezing. She also had him make a fire every night in the bedroom so that the temperature of Australia might remain with her in dreams as well.

Apparently she so tired of English dampness and wetness that she did not want to see water in any manner, shape or form. At any rate, according to Mr. Hird, she made him handle such watery matters as scrubbing the floor and bathing baby. This, thought the cricket player, wasn't quite cricket.

Even so, the illusion fell flat that Mrs. Hird seemed to seek, that she was not in England at all but far away, in her native land. At any rate, in spite of all her efforts to do something about the weather, Mrs. Hird kept talking about it. Thus she reversed the famous observation of Mark Twain, that "everybody talks about the weather but nobody seems to do anything about it." Many persons talk about the weather because they have nothing better to discuss, but Mrs. Hird kept bringing up the subject because she had nothing worse to talk about.

It would have been bad enough if she had kept harping just on the weather. What made things worse was the fact that her entire outlook was soured. She objected to the English people; she objected to having to worry about money; but most of all, she told people that she wanted to get out of "this hole."

At last Mrs. Hird chose between her husband and the weather, and the climate won out. She went back to Australia, explaining in a letter to a friend that "I should not have left him, but I was terribly homesick and dreaded each winter. What encouragement did I receive to try to get accustomed to the climate? None at all."

"I grabbed the opportunity to return to Australia as soon as it was offered," her letter continued. "I do not want ever to see him again."

Perhaps Mrs. Hird found that the mental parallel of air-conditioning was not enough; and that, although she tried to "condition" her mind, she could not accustom herself to the new climate. And since her "mental climate" reflected the English weather, she went away. Apparently the Court was sympathetic toward this strange criticism of the British atmosphere; at least, it rejected her husband's request for a divorce.

Hird's plea was made in connection with a provisional order made in New South Wales for the support of his wife and daughter. He wants a divorce. The court, however, decided that he would have to pay "alimony" without getting the divorce; that is, he has to provide separate maintenance for his family. This he can fortunately do because he is under contract with the Ramshot Cricket Club of Bury at a comfortable income.

His wife, however, seems to have shown considerable wisdom, because, to paraphrase Omar Khayyam, and let the Arabian tentmaker and poet, she "took the cash, and let the climate go."

# Turned Sleuth To Trap The Slayers Of His Brother

"HARRY HOFFEE, age 42, death due to tetanus, contracted from an infected hand."

The three physicians who had been summoned to the Hoffee farm house eight miles west of Fairfield, Illinois, on a cold December day in 1931, solemnly filled out the death certificate. In a nearby room Alva Hoffee, the widow sat, sobbing quietly while in the parlor, Emmett Hoffee, a traveling wholesale grocery salesman stared unbelievably at his dead brother's face.

"It couldn't have been blood poisoning," Emmett said to himself at length. "Harry always took good care of himself except for that time a month ago when he ate those tainted oysters and got ptomaine poisoning."

"...poisoning—murder!" Immediately Emmett's suspicious mind made the connection.

"My brother was murdered!" he told the doctors. They shook their heads sympathetically. People say many strange things and sometimes make hysterical accusations when they are stricken with grief.

He told the police about his suspicions but they pointed out that three reputable doctors had certified that Harry had died of tetanus. Even when Harry was buried and his grieving widow erected a handsome monument over his grave, Emmett's suspicions were not quelled.

He went to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Hoffee, and told them what was in his mind. They were indignant when he told them that the body should be exhumed and the stomach examined, for they had absolute faith in their daughter-in-law and wouldn't think of having the dead body of their son disturbed.

Emmett's suspicions persisted. He believed his brother had been murdered, even if no one else did. With or without help he decided that he would run down every possible clue and devote his entire life, if need be, to proving that his brother had been killed and to tracking down the slayers.

Although he thought Alva might have had something to do with the matter, he had no real grounds for suspicion. Try as he might, he could not discover that she had done anything more criminal than serve Harry tainted oysters.



Emmett Hoffee, Looking Into the Face of His Dead Brother, Decided That He Had Been Murdered and Made Up His Mind to Track Down the Killers, Though He Knew Nothing About Playing Detective.

Then one day, about two months after Harry's death, Emmett saw Alva and Charles Flynn, a neighboring farmer, together in Evansville. Alva had collected \$1,000 from her husband's insurance policy and inherited the Hoffee farm. Though she was neither young nor attractive she still was an eligible widow. Perhaps, thought Emmett, Flynn, a bachelor, was consoling her with an eye to the future.

But one month later, when Alva became Mrs. Charles Flynn, Emmett's suspicions again leaped to life. Alva, for all her grief, had married within three months of her first husband's death.

Although they moved to Kentucky and then Missouri, Emmett knew every move they made and that Alva's small inheritance was rapidly disappearing.

In 1935, the Flyns moved back to the Hoffee farm. Four years had passed, and Emmett had been unable to unearth a single clue.

One day while the couple were shopping in Evansville, Emmett walked aimlessly over the Hoffee farm with Sailor, the mongrel dog which had belonged to Harry. The dog stopped and began to dig.

"Probably remembering a bone he had buried long ago" Emmett thought, and stopped to watch.

But it wasn't a bone. To Emmett's astonishment, Sailor's busy paws disclosed a Mason jar with a letter inside it. He picked it up and discovered that the letter was in Alva's handwriting.

"Darling," began the letter, which Emmett immediately thought was addressed to Charles Flynn.

"I have done everything in my power to free myself and to be with you for you know that I dearly love you and I know you do me, it's up to you to do it or have it done."

"...Honey there wouldn't be a bit of danger of tracing you for we make so awful many steps around the barn and out west of the barn every day two or three times and the school kids go through here, too."

"If you can get some one to do it don't stand back on the price for I would rather give my insurance or sell part of the farm than to miss living the rest of my life with my darling boy. Say, we keep Sailor in the barn nights, but he will be tied up."

"You could take his pocketbook and watch when you leave him by the side of the road and in that way I would get my insurance O. K."

"If you come here to the barn I could wait several hours and give you lots of time to get away."

In great excitement, Emmett took the letter to the police. States Attorney Charles Creighton, after reading it, sent for Alva Flynn, pretending that there were some details to settle up in connection with her first husband's estate. Then he confronted her with the damning letter, and she confessed, implicating Charles Flynn. The latter promptly denied any connection with the crime and when the pair were indicted by a special Grand Jury and charged with the poisoning of Harry Hoffee, Flynn secured a separate counsel.

When Alva was brought to trial recently she was sentenced to ninety years in the women's reformatory at Dwight, Flynn, still in the Wayne County Jail awaiting trial, will soon be confronted with the evidence of Emmett's six-year search for vengeance.