



The reporters surged forward, barking questions. Toby said, "Don't crowd me, folks. I'll talk"

Romance in Crimson

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The Story Thus Far:

HELD up and robbed on Long Island by a bandit and his "moll," Wally Andrews and his wife, Madge, return to Karnak, their Southern home city. A few hours after the holdup, Gregg Stuart, an architect who had grown up in Karnak, saves the life of a total stranger—Lynn Harrison—when a man (to whom she refers later as "Rick") tries to shoot her on a New York street. Then, to protect her from her assailant, he takes her and her friend, Toby Fuller, to Karnak.

There a series of shocks awaits him. The first comes when Lynn—whom the Andrewses say bears a striking resemblance to their bandit's girl friend—admits that it was Rick who had held up the Andrewses, and that she had been with him at the time! The second comes when Gregg sees Rick on a street in Karnak. And the third comes when Madge Andrews is murdered, and Lynn (against whom the evidence is very strong) is arrested and charged with the crime.

The trial begins. Various witnesses testify, and Lee Winthrop, the district attorney, brings out these damning facts, among others: That Rick Norton, accompanied by a girl, had attacked and robbed someone in Ohio; that he had been caught and sent to prison; that he had escaped; and that his accomplice in the robbery had been—Lynn Harrison! Also, that one Norman Bailey, whose son had been kidnaped, had given the ransom money to a go-between—a girl: Lynn Harrison.

But Jason Marsh, who is defending Lynn, does not lose hope. . . . Finally, Lynn takes the stand. She says that, infatuated with Rick Norton, she had been with him when he held up a filling station in Ohio. She insists that, misled by what Norton told her, she had believed him to be innocent. She says that, after he escaped from prison, she met him in New York City; and that, at his request, she called on a "Mr. Bailey," who had given her "an important letter"—which, unknown to her, contained the ransom money.

Jason Marsh stares at her. "When," he says, "did you know that Rick Norton was a criminal?" Lynn's eyes are steady. "The night Mr. and Mrs. Andrews were robbed on Long Island," she replies. The courtroom is tense. Jason Marsh says quietly: "Tell us about that night, please."

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I WENT riding with Rick," Lynn began. "We found ourselves in a fashionable section of Long Island when the car stopped. Rick said it had broken down and I believed him. He pretended to try to fix it. Then he asked me to flag any car that came along."

"Why you?"

"Because he said they wouldn't stop for a man in such a lonely spot. But they would for me. We had dressed, you see; and had danced at some place where we ate dinner. That seemed logical. I waved to a car, and it stopped. It was an old machine. Two young men were in it. Rick asked them if they had something—something with a technical name—and they said no. Then they drove off and he asked me to try again, but with a big car because he said jalopies wouldn't have it. Then a big sedan came along and I stopped it."

"The Andrews' car?"

"Yes."

"What happened then?"

"Mr. Andrews was driving. I turned to call Rick, and saw him. . . ." She bit her lip and continued with some diffi-

culty. "He had a gun in his hand and he was telling Mr. and Mrs. Andrews to give up their money and jewelry."

"What did you do?"

"I don't remember. The shock was great. I think I protested, but I can't swear to that. The whole thing didn't take five minutes. There wasn't any argument. Rick got the jewels from them, and shoved them into my evening bag. He put the money into his own pocket. They drove away and so did we. Fast."

"And then . . . ?"

"I still blamed it all on his false imprisonment. I thought I understood. But Rick started to talk, and for the first time I discovered that I had been wrong about him."

"Meaning . . . ?"

"His voice had changed, and his manner. He said that if I was thinking of telling the police I'd better check it out. He said I was in as deep as he was . . . and I said I'd take that chance."

"Go ahead, please."

"He admitted then that he had been guilty of the assault back in Ohio, the one for which he was originally convicted. That changed everything I felt for him; everything I had felt. I was disgusted and shocked—and scared. Then he repeated that I'd better keep my mouth shut—because I was involved. And he explained."

"He explained what?"

"About the packet I had gotten from Mr. Bailey being ransom money. He summarized the whole thing. He said that it would look bad for me; that apparently I had been his sweetheart back in Columbus. That I definitely had been his companion the night of the gas-station robbery. That I had worked for him when he was in prison. That after his escape, I had sheltered him and given him money when I knew he was an escaped convict. That I had acted as go-between in a kidnaping. And that now I had helped in a holdup. He said that my story might be believed on any one of those things—but not on all."

"What did you say?"

"I said I'd talk anyway; that I didn't believe I was as deeply involved as he said. Then he told me something else. . . ."

"What?"

"He explained the details of the ransom—his fear of marked bills, just as Mr. Bailey testified. He said he still had the little boy. He told me that no harm would come to the boy if I kept my mouth shut. But that if I talked, the boy would be killed."

"Aaaaah! I see. . . . Then your reason for keeping silent since then was not to shield yourself, but to save the life of a poor, unfortunate, kidnaped boy. Is that it?"

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When New York Blacked Out

By Arthur Forester and A. J. Russell, Jr.

Broadway darkened and New York's subways requisitioned as air-raid shelters. Precautions against an invasion? No. That was Manhattan for a few hysterical days in 1918 when the U-boats came. And they really came

ON JUNE 4th, New York's police commissioner ordered the city darkened. Display lights, advertising signs, unnecessary theater illumination were shut off. Tower clocks were taboo. Tall buildings were blacked. The city's citizens lowered their window shades and dimmed their lights wherever possible.

The port of New York was closed. A steel net was stretched across New York harbor narrows. Antiaircraft guns were mounted and manned.

Instructions were issued for action in case of air attack. Alarm sirens would be sounded. People were instructed to open windows of their homes and offices and go immediately to the basement. The subway would be requisitioned as a shelter.

The police department established emergency first-aid units in ninety precincts of the city. Five hundred physicians were organized for work and George J. Gould, Henry C. Frick and Samuel Lewisohn volunteered their Fifth Avenue homes as emergency first-aid stations. New Yorkers rushed to enroll for the police department's course in first aid (diplomas at the end of five lessons).

A thorough checkup was made. Crowds on Broadway cheered as police forced recalcitrant restaurant proprietors to dim their lights. The police commissioner flew over the city with Army officers looking for violations. He found none. New York was "an unidentified black patch." New York was waiting.

That was June 4, 1918.

This state of near hysteria was not the result of a gradual accumulation of tension over a period of weeks or even days. It was brought about by the events of a single day.

The morning before, June 3d, had dawned relatively normal. We were at war. But that was "over there." News from abroad was encouraging. The Allies had struck back, at the Marne. The Germans were halted in their tracks. Town after town was retaken. Revolt raged in Russia.

New York itself was calm. The papers featured stories about the new taxes, about prohibition, about the impending telegraphers' strike. The theaters were having a good season with such hits as *Going Up*, *Maytime*, and *Parlor, Bedroom and Bath*. Ernest Poole was awarded the Pulitzer prize and Ralph de Palma won the Harkness handicap at Sheepshead Speedway. Twenty-two thousand turned out to hear Sousa's band at the Polo Grounds for the War Thrift campaign, and Caruso, McCormack and Martinelli were to sing at the Metropolitan in behalf of the U. S. Navy Music Festival.

But that morning twelve seamen shuffled into the barge office on New York's Battery and announced that their schooner, the *Edward H. Cole*, had been attacked and sunk by a German subma-

rine only 45 miles off the American coast.

At first their story was not taken seriously. They were laughed at. Then the crew of a second vessel came in with a similar story. Alarm spread. Before the day was over, three other crews reported the sinking of their ships.

The most complete picture of the situation was that given by Captain Holbrook of the American schooner *Hattie Dunn*, the first vessel attacked. His story, a strange one, was this:

On Saturday morning, May 25th, the *Hattie Dunn*, two days out of New York in ballast, was some twenty miles off Maryland's Winter Shoals, heading for Charleston, South Carolina.

A gun boomed across the water. Captain Holbrook saw smoke and what he took to be an armed steamer. Target practice, of course. Nevertheless, he tacked sharply inshore.

Crack! Another shell screamed across the water, closer this time. Captain Holbrook had no choice. He stopped. A few minutes later, some two hundred feet of gray mass came alongside the *Hattie Dunn*.

It was the German submarine U-151. "Want us to kill you?" yelled a voice with a German accent.

A small boat pulled alongside the *Hattie Dunn*, asked about the schooner's papers and foodstuffs, prepared to take captain and the crew off. A petty officer and men boarded the *Hattie Dunn*, looked her over and placed time bombs strategically around her hull. The crew was ordered to row to the waiting submarine.

A sharp explosion. And the *Hattie Dunn* sank.

Before sundown that same day, the U-151 had sunk two other schooners, the *Hauppauge* and the *Edna*. Their crews were made prisoners along with the *Hattie Dunn* men, bringing the total to 23.

For eight days these American seamen lived aboard the U-151, witnesses to the fact that she cut two cables 60 miles east of Sandy Hook and laid mine fields near Cape May and Cape Henlopen.

They were well-treated. For breakfast, their menu consisted of black bread and tea with jam. For dinner, they shared the crew's mashed potatoes, beans, bacon and cheese, with sauerkraut on the side. They drank cognac and smoked German cigars and played the crew's three phonographs.

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Six German submarines, operating off the United States coast in the summer of 1918, sank or seriously damaged nearly 100 ships. Their operating positions, as well as the principal sinkings by each, are indicated on the map

