

filled was almost too much to be borne.

cooled to ashes.

change tragically the whole course of her the position of a man life HIS name is Arthur Leroy Antoine married to one -well known to newspaper readers now woman and engaged as belonging to the perpetrator of the to another. Day by strangest and most incredibly gruesome day the date of the crime of passion recorded on the scroll of the Pacific Coast in years.

Antoine met Lila when he stopped his car for repairs at the service station told her bluntly that of Camp Seco, a hundred miles northeast woman-and he wanted his freedom. of San Francisco. Almost with his first glance he conceived for the radiant oed, convulsed with sobs. Antoine. country girl an overpowering longing angered by her tears, stalked out of the

and asked her to marry him. Antoine seemed to be a quiet, well-

second wedding drew

been rather pleasant; others pain

ful And the last was no excep-

whose talents once made him one

of the most famous restaurateurs

in New York City, has been using

two suites in the Hotel Marie An-

toinette as a night club The size

of the suites made it necessary

for the club to be very small. And

that meant that it was exclusive.

In fact, is was one of the smallest

and most exclusive night clubs in

six detectives who raided it the

other night. It was a very crude

thing for those detectives to do,

doubtless And M. Bustanoby

didn't approve of it at all. But

while he himself was arrested on a

charge of violating the prohibition

laws, he was later released on bail.

and those horrid detectives showed

enough fine feeling to avoid dis-

turbing five of M Bustanoby's

guests-whose names, by the way.

are to be found in the Social Reg-

But its exclusiveness didn't par

the city.

It seems that M Bustanoby.

Then one night he Mrs. Antoine flung herself upon the

room and slammed the door mannered gentleman, and the girl's garage. In the darkness his toe encoun-

INNOCENT SUFFERERS Ronald and Kennth Antoine, 11 and 9, Who Were 1 eft Motherless by the Love-Madness of their

flashed before Antoine's mind ce-entered his wife's bedroom and with- cision he dissected it with a butcher knife The door he chose lead directly to the out pausing raised the hammer above his and stuffed the pieces into the stove. head and struck Again and again the poured kerosene on it and set it afire.

owned by her brother in the little village he loved another—a prettier, younger tered a heavy mechanic's nammer. And hammer fell—until his pent-up fury with lightning speed a diabolical plan abated Mrs. Antoine was dead. which would dispose of his problem It was a mad-man then who began the task Antoine had set for himself-that of Stealthily, then, hammer in hand, he disposing of the body. With fiendish pre-

with another Six days after the murder be went to-

housekeeper.

ingly went to her new home. But gossip spread through the neighporhood like a prairie fire. Rumors came to Lila's ears. She heard so many conflicting stories that at last she became suspicious and confided in her brother. He immediately put the matter in the hands of the district attorney. Quiet in-

vestigations followed. Meanwhile Lila

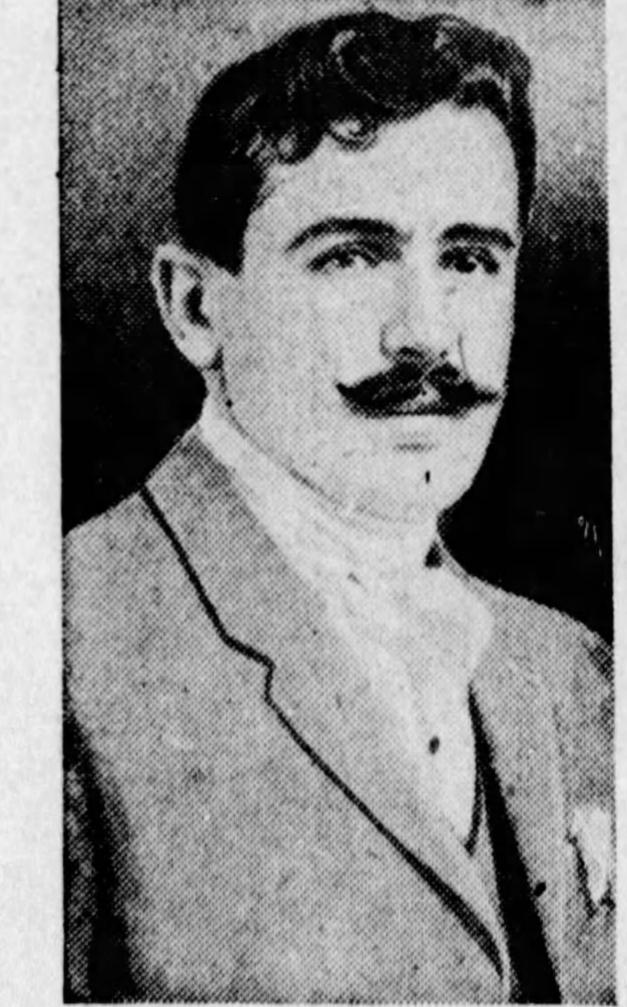
But he omitted one thing-how he had disposed of the body. Detectives were anable to find any trace of it. And in the. trial that followed-in which he repudiated his confession-there was enough doubt in the minds of the jurors to give

different story of what he had done with the body. It was not until the seventh of these amazing stories that a check revealed the truth.

Why did this seventh confession bring the truth from Antoine? Because, according to the psycholoists who examined claim Lila for his bride. The ceremony him, the entreaties of his pretty girl-wife was performed, and the girl unsuspect finally broke his resistance when all the cleverness of police officials failed

That seventh confession "got" him, for, while he had already lied himself out of the shadow of the gallows, the true confession took from him all hope of reprieve and a new trial.

After that, Lila, a very sad and dis-illusioned girl, went back to her people.



Jacques Bustanoby, Who Not Unnaturally Shudders When

OME people go from the cradle to the grave without having a single real adventure. But not Jacques Bustanoby! Between them, he and his beautiful wife, who was formerly De Maris Easton, of the "Follies," have had enough unusual experiences to fill a volume.

Anyone Says "Raid!"

According to the raiders, they gained admission to Bustanoby's apartment by presenting a "guest card." Inside, they declared, they found that the two suites had been luxuriously fitted out in the approved night club fashion, with all the modern accessories-including a bar, they charged. M. Bustanoby indignantly denies that that bar was used for

band beverages So does his law yer, Mr Albert Kurtz, who adds that nobudy can prove that it was Mr Kurtz added that 'even the police who intruded said they were sorry' There is no case! Not even of any sort! Not even a bottle!" Meanwhile M Bustanoby went

York to explain to a court just what that bar WAS used for. The apartment was recently the scene of another raid which was even more exciting. On that occasion Courtland von W. Luck,

shock inflicted by the rude police-

men But he will return to New

dered at the door of the Bustanoby apartment and demanded that M. Bustanoby return his wife to him. Mr. Luck thought-and said loudly—that M Bustanoby had drugged Mrs. Luck. who is one of the Randolphs of Virginia, and had kept her prisoner in his apart-

Why That SECOND Raid Peeved the Beauty's Harassed Husband on searching the apartment, even after Mrs. Bustanoby had assured him that his wife was not there, according to M. Bustanoby. And Mrs. Luke wasn't there, after all! So M. Bustanoby brought suit against Mr. Luck for \$50,500. The extra five hundred was for dam-



The Hotel Marie Antoinette, N. Y., In Which the Last I we of the Adventures of the Bustanobys Have I aken Place. The Insert Shows a Sketch of the Interior of the Smallest Night Club in New York, Which Bustanoby Ran in His Suite in the Hotel. At Right Is Mrs. Bustanoby, Photographed as She Was Leaving the

