

USING HAMLET'S STUFF TO TRAP A SLAYER

By RAYMOND C. SCHINDLER.

Head of the Schindler Detective Agency. ON a day in the early spring of 1912—a Wednesday—little Marie Smith, nine years old, left her home in Asbury Park, N. J., for school ten blocks away. She did not return that afternoon. Nor did she ever come back. Her parents reported that day that she had disappeared, and the police of the little resort city searched it from end to end and carried their quest to neighboring villages. But for three days there was no trace of Marie.

Her home was on the outskirts of the town, and her way to school was along a quiet roadway where scattered houses sat back at dignified distances. Saturday morning a neighbor of the Smiths searching in a clump of woods a few hundred yards from the road—the Pine Needle road—found what he sought and what he feared he would find. In the most undergrown spot of little forest he discovered the mutilated body of Marie. She had been beaten to death by a blunt instrument; her skull had been crushed.

The city was aroused to such feverish anger as only a murder of this kind can arouse. The police were vigorous in their investigation, and for weeks they worked on the case in collaboration with a New York detective agency. There were suspects enough, but none upon whom the crime could be specifically fastened. After a month a negro called Black Diamond was arrested in connection with the murder. He had been seen near the woods where the child's body was found a short time after the murder was believed to have been committed, and had not given a very plausible account of his actions.

But there were Asbury Park citizens who did not believe Black Diamond guilty. Among those who were dissatisfied with the results of the police investigation were Beach Commissioner Randolph Miller and former Sheriff Hetrick. They decided to have additional investigations made, and so, on their own initiative, they engaged a large private New York agency to work out the case and guaranteed the fees. I was with the agency then—although I went into business for myself a few months later—and I was assigned to take full charge. Any number of operatives I might require were placed at my disposal. First I called upon my younger brother, Walter Schindler, and Thomas Browers, at that time one of the assistant managers of the agency.

We went down to Asbury Park and looked over the ground. I learned that Marie Smith had been a girl of a very timid disposition, that she hardly would have been inclined to stop along the way to school to talk to strangers. Therefore, her assailant and murderer must have been one whom she knew and was accustomed to see. Then we considered the houses along the road by which she passed every morning on her way to school, and tried to pick out men who lived or were employed in the places along the route upon whom suspicion might be fixed by any possible stretch of the imagination. We found seventeen to be suspected, and since at the beginning of our work we had no more evidence against one of them than against another, it may be quickly seen that our work was cut out for us. We set about to check our suspects up, and soon we eliminated six. Then we began to investigate the seventh. Our investigation of this one lasted a long time—until mid-summer.

Four houses away from the unassuming cottage that was Marie Smith's home, and on the route to the school, was the property of Max Kruschka, a thriving florist. There were several greenhouses set out in front of the main house where his family and two employees lived. Back of the house was a barn; near the fence that bounded his property, in a little rear courtyard, was a dog house where an ugly loud-mouthed hound was kept.

We questioned Kruschka and learned from him that his place had been almost deserted on the day of the murder of Marie Smith. There had been left in charge while he was away on business Frank Heidemann, the gardener, in whom he had high faith, and a servant. Heidemann was a German, Kruschka told us, and a good, steady, industrious worker. In spite of the high character given him by his employer, we wanted to learn more of the gardener, for our investigation of suspects had to be thorough.

Browers tried to cultivate Heidemann, and when he found the German strangely wary of him, he became suspicious. So did I. At the first we had no particular suspicion of Heidemann. There was not the least evidence to point to him as the criminal, but he was included in our general list of seventeen, and we were investigating them all carefully.

It is not so much a detective's business to catch a criminal, according to my theories, as it is to make a criminal catch himself. And so when Heidemann refused to be friendly with Browers and had refused to talk to him at all, in fact, we became rather hopelessly suspicious of him. We determined to test him further, and accordingly halted for the time being, the investigations of the remaining ten suspects.

After he had rebuffed Browers we tried to get one of our men placed in a job with Kruschka, but the florist did not need any more help. I had been quite frank in questioning him. He knew I was working on the Marie Smith case. Moreover, he was aware that Heidemann had been the principal suspect.

Kruschka looked upon me as a meddler. He believed I was trying to persecute Heidemann, and he was quite sure that his gardener was the most innocent of men.

Day after day we tried to arrange a test for Heidemann, and each day our work grew harder. We couldn't get him off the Kruschka property. He would speak to no man except his employer. We did not know what to do about him, but at last we worked out a plan which

Detective substituted suggestive murder movie for the Dane's drama, but it worked just as well.

on its face seemed foolishly theoretical. It was like the wildest sort of fiction, but we hoped it would work.

Manufacturing Bad Omens

In our goings about the Kruschka place we had learned the location of Heidemann's bedroom. His open window was facing and only a short distance away from the kennel where the florist's watchdog spent his nights.

Every night just after midnight Browers would go to the little thicket across the fence from the Kruschka property and about twenty yards from it, and would throw stones at the dog kennel. A heavy stone would strike the roof, and the hound would come out and begin to howl. Browers would wait until he had finished his mournful yelping, and then would chuck another stone. The dog would set up howling again.

Our hope was that Heidemann might be superstitious. The howling of a dog at night is supposed to be a bad omen—to be significant of death, I think—and we wanted very badly to unnerve the gardener.

Maybe that seems like a wild scheme. Well, it had its practical side. It disturbed Heidemann's rest, and where a man can't rest he won't live. We wanted to get him out of that house—out of Asbury Park, if possible.

Browers would stand over in the thicket and set the hound to howling. After a while he would see the light flash on in the gardener's room. He would see Heidemann begin to pace back and forth and back and forth. Curiously he never made any effort to calm the dog. Now and then he would move his lips and seem to be muttering to himself. The dog would stop howling after an hour or so, but after that long into the night Heidemann would pass back and forth.

In two weeks he was completely unnerved. One morning he went up to Kruschka's room before the hour for beginning work and told his employer that he wanted a month's leave, that he was going to New York to get married. Kruschka granted him the vacation, and he started that day for New York. We were right behind him, and we trailed him to a room in the city.

Then I assigned a detective of German descent to the case. Neimeister could speak German fluently. I gave him complete instructions. He found the restaurant—a German place—where Heidemann took all his meals, and every day he went there. His instructions were to particularly avoid thrusting himself upon the gardener; to always arrive first and to be sitting at a table eating or preparing to eat his meal whenever Heidemann came in. Neimeister was told to persist in this until by pure accident the gardener should sit down at the same table with him.

We had found out the city in Germany from which Heidemann had originally come, and one evening at dinner the detective sat at his table reading a newspaper of that city. Heidemann sat at Neimeister's table that evening for the first time, and when he saw the paper he addressed the detective. A conversation ensued in which the detective told Heidemann that he was a native of the town. Heidemann asked his name. "Carl Neimeister," the operative replied.

"Mine is Frank Heidemann," offered the erstwhile gardener.

They found congeniality; and within a week they were eating all their meals together. Every day they grew more friendly; they went to moving picture shows and theaters together. Within three weeks they had become roommates. Neimeister never questioned the occupation of Heidemann, who seemed to have plenty of time on his hands. He occasionally made him small loans. The detective volunteered the information that he was awaiting settlement of the estate of his late lamented parents; and that satisfied Heidemann.

The gardener told our man the history of his life neglecting only to mention that he had lived in Asbury Park. He never mentioned the name of that city. Other omissions and many actions convinced us before very long that Heidemann was, indeed, the murderer, but there was not a vestige of proof. We simply had to go on in the hope that he would catch himself.

Laying Traps For the Murderer.

We tried many ruses to make an opening for the subject of the Asbury Park murder. Neimeister told Heidemann that he had overheard him talking in his sleep; but that brought no result. Naturally, Neimeister could have brought up the subject candidly and openly; that would have been a first-class giveaway.

The operative informed me how impossible it was proving to make an opening for discussing the Marie Smith case, and so I determined to help him out. I made an arrangement with the Staats-Zeitung, a German daily published in New York, to run a story under an Asbury Park date line, telling of new developments in the Marie Smith investigation and carrying the news that a finger print had been found. All of this led up to the statement in the news columns that the authorities were endeavoring to take finger prints of all men who had been in the neighborhood on the day of the murder, and that they were searching now for Frank Heidemann, who was said to be in New York. It is hardly necessary to say that the story was a fabrication.

Every morning at breakfast Heidemann and Neimeister were accustomed to read the Staats-Zeitung. Inevitably they found this story, which was on the first page, according to my arrangement.

This gave the opening for much discussion, which Neimeister conducted most skillfully. Eventually he asked his companion why he did not go back to Asbury Park and clear his name. Heidemann almost whimpered.

"I'm a poor man," he said. "I have no relatives in this country; it's a very easy thing for a man to be falsely accused. It would be looking for trouble to go back. I could vindicate myself easily enough, but it would be pointless to go back. The officers will clear me soon."

Then he changed the subject and Neimeister was never able to bring it back again by referring to the newspaper story.

We were suspicious that Heidemann had murdered Marie Smith. But we had no proof. He had been very wary. Furthermore, it seemed that it would be the hardest job a detective ever had to get evidence enough to take to a grand jury.

We tried another test.

I made an arrangement with the management of a moving picture theater to which Heidemann and Neimeister regularly went, to show on the screen a picture in which was involved the murder of a young woman. The detective and the gardener were in the theater on the particular night when the film was shown. They were followed by a woman detective of our forces, who took her seat on one side of Heidemann. Neimeister was on the other side of course. When the big scene came, which had been arranged by us to approximate our theory as to the methods employed in the Marie Smith murder, the young woman beside Heidemann became patently disturbed; at once Heidemann grew greatly excited. He got himself under control in a few minutes, however, and turning to Neimeister complained of a severe headache and suggested that they leave the theater, which they did.

It was all convincing enough to us, but it was not proof, and we wanted proof. But Neimeister continued to play the game.

Two months after Heidemann's arrival in New York the two decided to take a room in Yonkers and live there through the rest of the summer. They took a nice room in an apartment house and spent most of their time in the vicinity. They played cards and chess and checkers a good deal of the time, and frequently took long rambles or drives over the country.

But never would he talk of the Asbury Park murder.

Back in Asbury Park, Mr. Miller and Mr. Hetrick were considering dropping the case, because the bills for investigation service were running higher and higher.

I asked for just a few days longer and then I evolved a scheme which was as wild on its face as that in which the howling dog played the principal part. Perhaps, in effect, it was as practical.

One afternoon Heidemann and Neimeister hired a rig and a horse and went for a drive along an obscure shaded roadway that winds about the countryside north of Yonkers. As they drove along a little stretch that was particularly shadowed by trees and beside which there were no houses, they saw a short, swarthy man in the ramshackle attire of a vagabond, trudging down the road toward them.

Neimeister had an unlighted cigar in his mouth, and when the hobo, who was apparently an Italian, came face to face with them, the detective drew rein and asked the pedestrian for a match. The man drew a brass matchbox from his pocket and passed it up to Neimeister. Then he stood beside the buggy and waited for the box's return.

He stood near to the buggy's body between the front and rear wheels. As Neimeister handed him the match case and just as he was about to step back, the horse suddenly plunged forward. The rear wheel struck the vagabond, who immediately began to curse soundly the two men in the buggy, which was moving on down the road. Then he picked up a rock and threw it after the vehicle.

That was too much for the fiery tempered Neimeister. He got out of the buggy and started back at a run toward the Italian. The man was waiting to meet him, and for a moment there was a terrific struggle. Heidemann, watching from beside the buggy where he stood with the bridle reins in his hand, saw the Italian's knife flash. But Neimeister had seen it too. He stepped back, drew a revolver and fired three times. The vagabond fell and lay very still. Neimeister knelt and put his hand over his heart.

Heidemann could not leave the horse, which had been frightened by the shots. Neimeister ran to the buggy.

"Is he dead?" Heidemann asked.

"Yes," Neimeister replied. "I'm in for it now."

They drove back to Yonkers. After returning the horse and buggy to the livery stable they went to their room.

Three hours later, as they sat near their open window, playing pinocle, they were startled by the shout of a newsboy on the sidewalk below: "Extra! Extra! 'Big murder on the highway!'"

Both rushed down together and bought a paper—it was the Yonkers Herald. In great headlines the newsboy's cry was confirmed. Below, in the story, there was as much detail as the newspaper had been able to collect. Of importance was the item in the story that two men in a

buggy had been seen driving away from the scene a short time before the body was discovered.

Neimeister was very much frightened.

"I've got to get out of this," he said.

They took the next train together and that night they were in Philadelphia. From here they went to Atlantic City. They went to Young's Hotel and were assigned to a room into which we had installed dictographs.

The holdup on the highway had been a hoax, of course. The Italian—the vagabond—was one of our own detectives. The meeting on the road, the fight and the murder had been pre-arranged. The cartridges in Neimeister's revolver had been blanks.

The newsboy had been another of our men. The papers he carried were the only twelve ever printed with the story of "The Big Murder on the Highway." It was through the kindness of Frank Xavier, owner of the Yonkers Herald, that this important detail of our hoax was perpetrated.

The second day Heidemann and Neimeister were in Atlantic City the operative received a letter on the stationery of one of the large steamship companies in New York. The content of this letter was that his request for passage to Germany and money to cover it had been received, and that he had been assigned stateroom No. 36 B.

Heidemann saw the envelope and it excited his suspicions, but he kept his silence.

The next day Neimeister mentioned going to Germany, saying casually that he thought it would be safer to go out of the country, and that—if he did go—his younger brother, who had got into trouble out in the west, would probably go with him. Heidemann agreed it might be best to go abroad and signified his willingness to go along.

Two days after that Neimeister received another letter on the stationery of the steamship company, this one enclosing a folder on which were listed vessels and their sailing dates, and in which the sailing date of the vessel on which he had booked passage was set forward a day.

A few days after that came passports. Incidentally, I sent him the letters and the passports.

More Traps

Heidemann had noticed all this mail coming in and his suspicion began to grow that his companion was planning to desert him.

One afternoon these two sat in their room playing pinocle.

According to arrangement Neimeister arose from the card table after a while and excused himself from the room on a pretext. But before he left he removed his coat and slung it across the back of his chair. From where Heidemann sat the printing on the steamship folder could be clearly seen. After Neimeister had got fairly out of the room, Heidemann did exactly what was expected of him. He went into the pocket of the coat, withdrew the steamship company letters and read them. He saw that the sailing date of the vessel had been put a day ahead and that it was due to put out in two days. Then he looked about the room and discovered to his amazement that Neimeister's big suitcase was gone.

He had been suspicious. Now he was convinced that his friend was planning to slip away and go to Germany without him, in spite of his promise to take him along.

Neimeister came back into the room.

Heidemann was abrupt.

"Are you planning to run away with your brother—to go to Germany and leave me here?" he asked.

Neimeister protested feebly: Heidemann produced the altered sailing list and the letters. Neimeister admitted that he had intended to leave his companion.

"I've got to do it, Frank," he said. "I've been doing a lot of thinking, and I've decided I'd better leave you, because, if I don't, some day you'll squeal on me for that killing in Yonkers—and that will be the end of me."

Heidemann was most earnest in his pleas and protestations. He might do many things; he had done many things that were far less than honorable. But one thing he would never do. Never would he betray his friend.

"Yes," Neimeister rejoined, "you feel like that now. But you would get sore at me some day and then you'd tell to get even. I swear, Frank, I'm afraid to take you with me."

"Never, never," Heidemann vowed. "You Carl, are my dearest friend. Such a thing could not possibly happen."

"And, even if we were not friends, I would fear to squeal on you."

The great instant for which he had waited so patiently was about to come. "Because," Heidemann went on, "because you would tell the police about me and then I would be in as bad a hole as you."

"What do I know about you that would be of any interest to the police?" Neimeister asked in a tense voice.

"Carl," Heidemann said, "there's something I want to tell you—"

A Confession at Last

"You don't have to fear me, Carl; I killed Marie Smith in Asbury Park."

Then he told in horrible detail how he had seen the child passing the Kruschka place, on her way from school that afternoon, how he had called her, offering her flowers to take home to her mother, and how she had taken his hand with childish confidence in him, and walked by his side into the woods.

The telegram I found upon reaching the hotel was:

"Confesses killing girl in woods with hammer. 'CHARLIE.'"

Four months later Heidemann was executed in Trenton.

ANOTHER NEW JERSEY MURDER

Same Chair Was End of Trail for Heidemann and Hauptmann; Solution of 1911 Child Slaying Still Considered Greater Coup

By IRA WOLFERT.

NEW YORK.—(NANA)—A ladder flung in desperation in dewy grass, gold notes buried in wood beams and oil tins, the body of a murdered child lying in New Jersey brush, an extended correspondence in distinguished handwriting. One by one these links formed a chain of circumstantial evidence that led Bruno Richard Hauptmann to the oak chair in which he died.

Twenty-five years ago, the body of another murdered child lay in New Jersey brush. But there were no ladders, no letters, no gold notes for detectives to ponder on and work over. There was only the single trivial fact that a man grew restless—as who might not—at the howl of a dog in the night.

For this reason, among others, students of criminology still rank the Heidemann case over the Hauptmann case as a work of flawless perfection, a masterpiece of manhunting.

"Those who know criminal minds," says Raymond Schindler, the detective who sent Heidemann to the same Trenton electric chair in which Hauptmann died, "know that Hauptmann was the right man and know also that he was the only man. The ladder points to that, the ladder and his past record. Criminals never change their habits. That's one of the things that help us catch them."

"Hauptmann played a lone hand all his life. He was caught and convicted for four crimes. That meant he committed at least 40, and no one knows how many more. In each of them he played a lone hand. Therefore, if you had nothing else to go on, you could bet that he was the lone wolf in the Lindbergh job. But you have the crudely built ladder to make your bet a sure thing."

"No experienced burglar—Hauptmann was a veteran—leaves his tools on the scene of a crime unless he has to. The only reason you can deduce for Hauptmann leaving the ladder near the Lindbergh house was that he was all by himself and could not handle both the ladder and the baby. And the crudity of the ladder is corroborative evidence. Hauptmann, the lone wolf, knowing he would have to leave the ladder on the scene, must have built it crudely with the deliberate intention of hiding the fact he was a carpenter."

"These are facts that occur at once to men who are familiar with criminal activities. But the general public doesn't know beans about the criminal mind. A confession would have cleared up the whole thing. The detectives on the Hauptmann case, however, didn't wait for a confession. Instead of working on Hauptmann, once they knew who he was, they rushed right in and put the handcuffs on him. Just imagine what might have happened to the public's opinion of the case if Hauptmann had been shrewd enough to cache the money in some stretch of woodland, instead of being dumb enough to keep the money in his own house!"

"The detectives knew where Hauptmann was. He wasn't running away. He hadn't run away for two years. They could have done all sorts of things to trick him into a confession. A confession is a beautiful thing. It ties up everything nice and neat, leaves no loose ends."

THE loose ends bringing grief to the orderly hearts of sleuths are what make the Hauptmann case give way to the Heidemann case as the ranking police coup of the century. The Heidemann case, according to

Mr. Schindler, has never before been told in detail and, digging into his files, he laid before this reporter all the astounding, incredible facts—truths that are stranger than fiction.

Begin in Asbury Park, N. J., on the afternoon of November 3, 1910, a bleak day, a day for murder, and begin with little curly-haired Marie Smith hurrying the three sparsely settled blocks home from school with two companions. Her companions turned off one block from Marie's home and left Marie with some 600 feet of sidewalk to traverse alone. That would be at 3:05. At 3:15 Marie's mother became nervous and went looking for her daughter. By nightfall her husband and police joined the search. Townsfolk made up hunting parties and scoured the countryside. Four days later Marie's body was found under brush in a stretch of woodland not a thousand feet from home. Her skull has been crushed and she had been crushed.

Police got a lead to "Black" Diamond, a choreman about town. Diamond had been seen in the neighborhood with an axe in his hand. He said he had been hired to chop some wood, but, because he had received \$3 from a district leader to vote "correctly" the next day, he had been too drunk to do any chopping. He had been seen going into the woods in which Marie's body had been found and he had been seen leaving at nightfall, dead leaves clinging to his clothes. He said he had gone into the forest to sleep the \$3 off. But when police picked up his discarded mistress and she told that Diamond had been boasting that his next adventure would be with a little white girl, that seemed to be the clincher. Diamond was clapped into a cell. A growling crowd threatened lynching and Diamond was sped to the county jail in Freehold, under indictment for a fiendish murder.

Six weeks later, Schindler's office was called into the case. Clarence E. T. Hetrick, then sheriff, but for the last 16 years mayor of Asbury Park, had some qualms about the state's case. He thought either the state did not have enough evidence or had the wrong man and he joined with a banker in financing out of their own funds a private investigation.

The ground had been raked thoroughly for "clues" and Schindler knew he could learn nothing by hunting further in that direction. But he had discovered that Marie had been a model child, had never dallied on her way home from school—note that her mother had become worried when Marie was five minutes late—and had obeyed literally her parents' instructions never to speak to strangers. If a stranger to the child—"Black" Diamond, for instance—had committed the crime, Schindler reasoned, he would first have had to kidnap Marie. And if he had kidnaped her, then certainly he would not have left her body so dangerously near her home. That line of thought led strongly to the conclusion that the crime had been committed by someone Marie knew well enough to stop and talk to and follow into the woods.

So Schindler started out by mapping the district. He discovered that 16 homes lay along the route from Marie's school to home, that among these 16 only three men had been home at 3 o'clock on the afternoon of the killing. Among these three was Frank Heidemann, a quiet, gentle young German gardener, a silent but friendly man, round-eyed, square-headed, thin-

lipped. He had worked for three years in the greenhouses of Max Krushka, Asbury Park florist, and had so gained the confidence of his employer that he was considered one of the family. Heidemann, through his friendship with County Detective Minugh, had been a member of the searching party. He had known Marie to talk to, had occasionally given her flowers to take home to her mother.

HEIDEMANN, along with two other men who had been home that afternoon was immediately placed under observation. But he went about his business tranquilly, and Schindler, taking a leaf from Conan Doyle's "The Hound of the Baskervilles," thought he would use the Krushka watchdog to awaken some emotion in the man.

Promptly at 1 o'clock every morning, one of his men threw stones at the dog, and the dog, leashed to a trolley and unable to get at his tormentor, howled mournfully. For nine days this continued and on the morning of the tenth day Heidemann, pale and with dark circles under his eyes, emerged from the house, suitcase in hand. He was trailed to a rooming house on Fourteenth street in New York.

Quiet questioning revealed the fact that he had asked his employer for a week's vacation and, since he had not had one in three years and had often been urged to take one, Krushka consented promptly.

But after a week, Heidemann did not return and made no attempt to communicate with his employer. Schindler decided then to go to work.

Heidemann had been leading as methodical and placid life in New York as he had in Asbury Park. At 8 o'clock he had breakfast in a little German restaurant—one of those three-table places. At noon he lunched in the same place and at 6 o'clock had dinner. The evening would be devoted to a movie, perhaps a quiet walk around Union square. But he never varied his eating times and was always home and in bed before 9:30.

With these facts under his belt, Joseph Neumeister, veteran and crafty "roper," entered the scene. His instructions were to have breakfast, lunch and dinner in the German restaurant and wait until Heidemann sat down at the same table with him. He was told to read a German newspaper in order to let Heidemann know he came from the same mother country, but he was warned carefully on no account to start a conversation with Heidemann.

Two days later, Heidemann sat at the same table with Neumeister and asked if he could read a section of the paper. By the end of the following week, they had decided to become room-mates and save on rent. All this time, Neumeister was able to worm only one faintly suspicious fact out of Heidemann. In telling his life story he cut out completely all mention of Asbury Park. He said he had worked on a Long Island estate and a Staten Island estate as gardener and, although he gave the date of his arrival in America correctly, he added three years to the length of his service on Staten Island.

Neumeister had told a carefully prepared story to gain Heidemann's confidence. He said that his father had just died in Germany and that as soon as the estate was settled he would come into \$90,000—a sum not too large for credulity and yet large enough to excite interest. Schindler had arranged with the vice president of a downtown bank to pay over to Neumeister \$50 a week "pending



HEIDEMANN CONFESSED; HAUPTMANN DIDN'T—This same electric chair in the New Jersey state prison took the life of Bruno Richard Hauptmann for the murder of the Lindbergh baby claimed Frank Heidemann 25 years ago for the murder of little Marie Smith. Raymond Schindler, the detective who sent Heidemann to his execution, insists that the sleuthing on this case is more noteworthy than on the Hauptmann case for two reasons: Heidemann left no clues; Hauptmann did. Heidemann confessed, clearing up all "loose ends," Hauptmann did not.

settlement of the estate." And when Heidemann saw these transactions taking place week after week—"papers" signed and attested to by notaries, a bank's austere vice president discussing quietly the realization of assets—he was convinced Neumeister's story was true and was delighted when Neumeister suggested that, as soon as he got the money, they would open up some greenhouses "in San Francisco" and go into business together. The thought of San Francisco fascinated Heidemann. He wanted to get as far away from Asbury Park as possible.

BUT all this time, money was going out and no information was coming in. Schindler's next step was to have a special edition of the Staats Zeitung published with a little story on page one to the effect that the police had found a hammer that might be connected with the Marie Smith murder and were anxious to question a certain Frank Heidemann about it. Heidemann, the account read, had disappeared without taking all his clothes or part of the salary due him from Max Krushka.

A copy of this newspaper was slipped into Neumeister's hand. He read it at breakfast one morning and said, "Look, here's a story with your name in it" and passed it over to Heidemann. "Oh, yes," said Heidemann quietly, "I worked in Asbury Park three weeks and I knew the little girl. That was a very sad story—a dirty murder. I felt all broken up over it and the job was not so good anyway, so I went away." But he firmly

refused to go back to Asbury Park. "All I can tell the police is that I knew nothing about it," he explained. "And why should I spend the train fare to do that? If they want to question me, let them come here."

So another grain was added to the scales of justice, another piece of information leading to belief in Heidemann's guilt.

Schindler next began scouring the motion picture exchanges for a film whose plot would resemble the murder of Marie Smith. The nearest he could come to it was an Italian film in which an elderly degenerate chased a screaming little girl through a forest and off a cliff.

There was one shot showing the discovery of the body in a tangle of brush and dead leaves. Schindler took this film to a movie theater Neumeister and Heidemann were in the habit of visiting and paid the proprietor \$100 to run it on a specified evening. When the two "friends" arrived at the theater, two detectives and their wives were grouped around Heidemann to watch his reactions. By the time the child actor's "body" had been "discovered," Heidemann, deathly pale, complained of a headache and stumbled from the theater. For more than four hours he paced the streets aimlessly, a detective following his every movement. Then he went home and slept the numb sleep of exhaustion.

Neumeister then was told to work the sleep-talking trick on Heidemann. The "roper" would shake the suspect awake in the middle of the night and tell him to stop talking in his sleep. After that the suspect would lie

awake, afraid to close his eyes, afraid he might give himself away. Fourteen of those sleepless nights had broken Abe Ruef, San Francisco political boss, and in desperation he had confessed to his "friend," a "roper" in Schindler's employ, and the confession had landed him behind bars for 14 years.

But Heidemann—an iron-nerved killer, cold and tight-lipped as Hauptmann—shaken out of a sound sleep by Neumeister, said quietly "I am sorry I awakened you with my talking," turned over and went back to sleep.

By this time it was late April and Neumeister suggested they go live in the country. Yonkers was selected because it was near the city and Neumeister could collect his \$50 weekly without too much trouble. That, at least, was the reason Neumeister gave Heidemann. The real reason for the selection of Yonkers was that Schindler knew both Frank Xavier, editor and owner of The Yonkers Herald, and Lee Davis, district attorney of Westchester county. These men had agreed to help in the last desperate attempt to trap Heidemann in a confession.

ON a sunny afternoon, Neumeister and Heidemann a horse and buggy and drove out over the rolling Westchester hills for a pleasant excursion. The stage was set for them and, along a deserted woodland road, an actor made up as an Italian peddler hailed them and asked Neumeister for a match to light his pipe. Neumeister handed over a box, said "Keep them," and drove on. Immediately a hoarse scream of

rage burst from the actor's lips, and Neumeister, reining up a short distance away, saw the man hopping wildly on one foot and shouting that he had been run over. The actor bellowed curses at the pair and then began throwing rocks at them.

Neumeister simulated violent anger, threw the reins to Heidemann and ran wildly back to the actor. They scuffled. Neumeister knocked the actor into a clump of bushes. There was to be nothing "phony-looking" about this fight. The Italian drew a knife from his left and lunged forward. Neumeister backed away, drew a revolver and fired two shots. Then he stared, horrified, as the actor writhed in the most convincing death agonies since Edwin Forrest's spectacular departures from this mortal world used to cause the gallery lads to shout, "Wake me up when Forrest dies!" Neumeister flung his pistol away, ran frantically for the horse and buggy, and drove away at a gallop before Heidemann could notice the lack of blood on the shirt front into which the blank cartridges had been fired.

Two hours later one of Schindler's office boys was crying "Wuxtra! Wuxtra!" before the house in which Heidemann and Neumeister roomed. Neumeister sent his friend to buy the specially prepared edition of The Yonkers Herald, and together they read how the body of a murdered peddler had been found in a woods, a gun alongside him, and how the police had developed "several strong leads" and expected an arrest within 24 hours.

Neumeister and Heidemann fled to Atlantic City—Atlantic City because Schindler was down there working on a graft case. A room was waiting for them in Young's hotel, now the Almac. A dictaphone had been rigged up and a stenographer and detectives waited patiently for the words to issue from Heidemann's lips that would send him to his doom.

But the words never came. Beyond criticizing Neumeister for "a senseless, useless murder," Heidemann said nothing. But he clung to Neumeister. He wanted that \$90,000 which meant greenhouses and San Francisco and enduring safety to him. And as long as he didn't talk, he knew he would be free to the grave.

The days passed slowly and in utter exasperation. Something had to be done, and that quickly. Hetrick and the banker were getting impatient. The trial of "Black" Diamond was drawing near. The shadows of death were creeping closer to an innocent man.

Schindler wracked his brains. Finally he went down to the offices of the North German Lloyd and got them to write a letter to Neumeister accepting his reservation for a stateroom on the Crown Prince Cecil, sailing Friday afternoon, and enclosing a ticket. That was Tuesday. The letter was mailed to General delivery, Atlantic City, and Wednesday morning Neumeister, accompanied by Heidemann, called for it. When he saw the envelope with the insignia of the shipping company stamped on it, he thrust it hastily and unopened into his inside coat pocket. But not too hastily to prevent Heidemann from getting a single startling glimpse of it.

Neumeister said nothing about the letter and the two went back to the hotel room to play a game of pinocle before lunch. It was a warm day, early in May, and the men removed their coats and hung them on their chairs as they played. Neumeister carelessly hung his coat in such a way that one side flapped backwards and revealed plainly the envelope with its picture of a huge liner in the corner.

After an hour of playing, Neumeister said he would go down the hall to wash up for lunch. Schindler, waiting in the next room with a stenographer, heard coming over the dictaphone the sound of an envelope being torn and paper rustling. He gave Heidemann plenty of time to read and digest the letter and then signalled Neumeister to return for the final act in the drama.

Heidemann made no bones about having read the letter. As soon as Neumeister came in, he held it up and said: "Why do you do this to me? Why do you run away from me, your friend?"

Neumeister admitted he was sailing Friday. "I'm going back to Germany to collect my inheritance," he said, "and then I will leave for God knows

where. There is murder hanging over my head. We are friends now. We are going into business together, but how am I to know that we will not someday quarrel? Then you pick up a telephone and scream to the electric chair. How can I let myself in for a life of fear and suspicion like that?"

Heidemann, his face pale, his nostrils distended, his eyes red, thought briefly. He thought of the \$90,000, of San Francisco and greenhouses and a life as his own boss.

Then he laughed gently. "You don't have to feel like that," he said. "I'm going to tell you something you can hold over me. I killed Marie Smith, that little girl in Asbury Park. We are in the same boat, and now and forever we will have to trust each other."

But Heidemann told nothing more. He did not fill in the details. He left his confession in such a way that he could repudiate it at any time by saying simply that he had lied in order to get Neumeister to stay with him.

However, Schindler now had enough to obtain the co-operation of Jack Applegate, prosecutor of Monmouth county. Together they arranged the last bit of stage play.

NEUMEISTER was instructed to ask Heidemann to go to Germany with him on the Crown Prince Cecil. Heidemann agreed. He was not anxious to stay in America and the two men boarded a special train for Hoboken Friday morning.

At Farmingdale, the county line, Detective Minugh, who had known Heidemann in Asbury Park, casually boarded the train and wandered down the aisle. He saw Heidemann. His face lighted up and he began to pump his hand. "Applegate," he said, "has been looking for you to ask you about a hammer that might figure in the Marie Smith case. Why don't you drop off at Red Bank and see him?"

Heidemann protested that he was en route to Hoboken on business and did not have the time. Minugh looked worried. "I'll have to take you then," he announced. "It'll cost me my job if I don't."

Neumeister had his part to play and he played it to the hilt. He began to shout and threaten and scream, "If you take him you'll have to take me." And Minugh, leading off his prisoner, shook a warning finger at him. "Be careful you," he said, "or I might believe you."

Even as Heidemann was being jailed as a material witness, Schindler was working over a special edition of the Asbury Park Free Press which would announce that Heidemann was accused of the murder of Marie Smith and itemizing 12 points on which police were working.

The paper was rushed to Neumeister and he, still in the guise of a "friend," brought it to Heidemann's cell. "That was a trick of Minugh's," he announced angrily. "They've got you here charged with the murder."

Heidemann, his icy calm shattered, began to weep.

"Now, look here," said Neumeister. "I want to help you. I'm going to get you out of this. Now you tell me about these 12 things so we'll know what to hide and what to explain away. You tell me where the hammer with which you killed her is hidden and I'll go get it and destroy it."

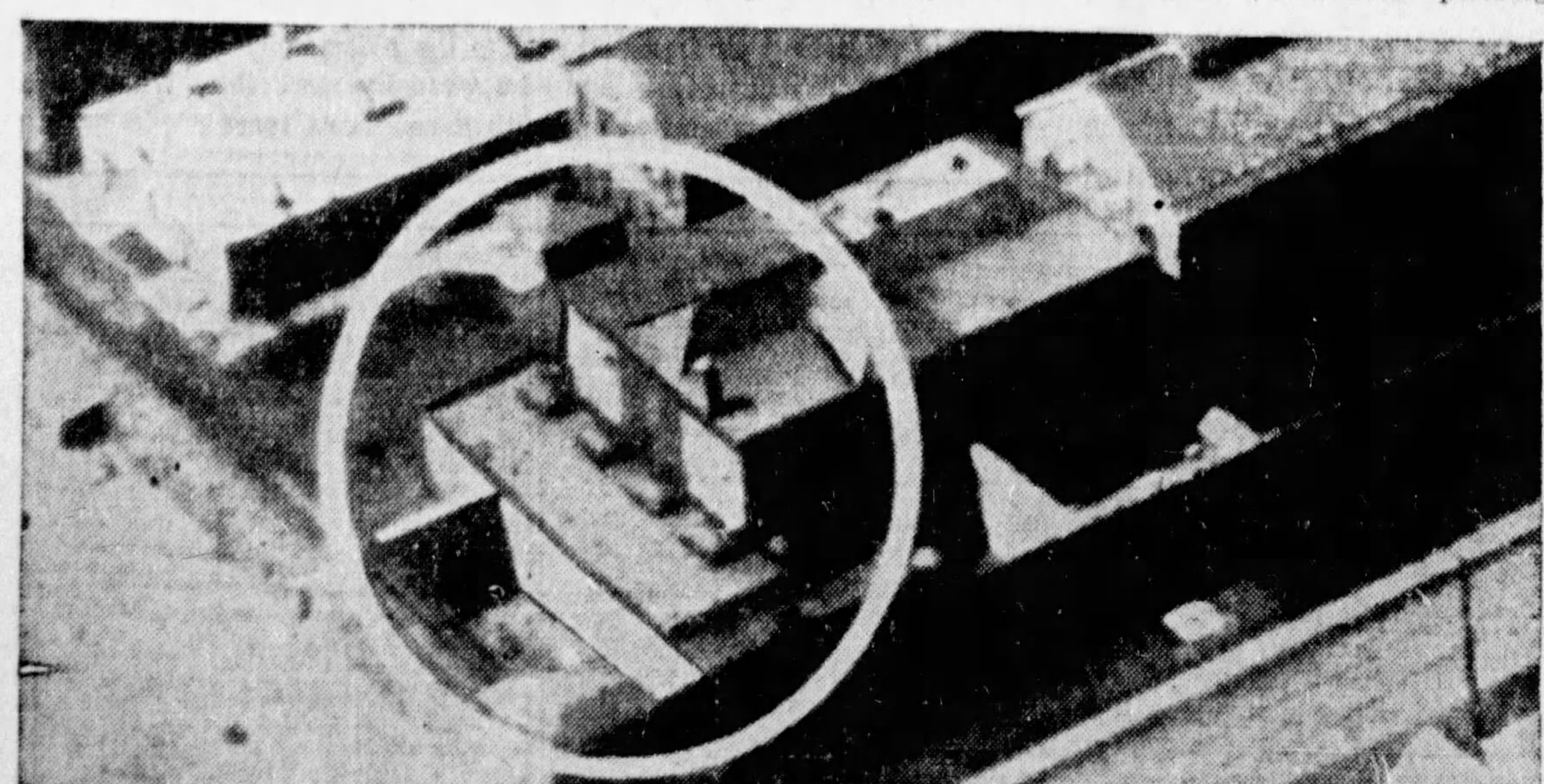
Heidemann talked freely to Neumeister. And Neumeister promptly walked into the office where Schindler was waiting and gave him the whole story.

Now it was Schindler's turn to act. Accompanied by a police officer, he walked into Heidemann's cell and told the stupefied criminal that Neumeister was a detective. Heidemann refused at first to believe it. He screamed that it was a trick, but when Schindler piece by piece recited every move he had made since the night he entered the case, when he told of the planted motion picture and the staged murder and the faked letter from the North German Lloyd, Heidemann broke down and called for a pen and paper. He wrote simply in the presence of two witnesses:

"This is to certify that I, the undersigned, murdered Marie Smith at Asbury Park, N. J., November 3."

Not in court or at any time later did he enlarge publicly on this confession and when he died in the electric chair, at Trenton, he said only that his last wish was to have Neumeister's throat within reach of a sharp knife.

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WHERE THE TWO KILLERS DIED—In New Jersey's now famous "death house" Frank Heidemann was executed after some of the most remarkable sleuthing on record. Raymond Schindler, who directed that investigation, reveals in this story today for the first time all the details of the case that culminated in Heidemann's confession.