Four Women Are the Victims in London's Great Murder Mystery

The STRANGLER of SOHO

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By DAVID DABBAH

London, England

MEY Mrs. Annie Connoll, sitting in her small Beth New flat off Burton road in the shadow of the somber Soho district of London, glanced at the dinner clock and uttered a startled cry. "My, my, I'll be late for work!" She gaped down the last of her cup of tea, almost 6 p.m., and she'd have to hurry.

She had a serveable if across her lips, wiped an old blue hat over her gray head, and hurried from her room, down the stairs, and into the street. Once outside, she stopped abruptly, then sniffed suspiciously. "Smell?" she said. Mrs. Connoll looked up. Immediately she began scurrying. "Fire, fire!" A thin stream of smoke was fleeing from a small third-floor window next door, above a radio store. Although Mrs. Connoll was painfully excited over her alarming discovery, she was distinctly conscious of the time—and she remembered that the cleaning man was due to arrive at the radio store to collect for cleaning his music. It was less than half an hour since she had heard the man's tenor voice, singing "The Shadow's Song" as she had left her home. She realized. Could it be his voice she had heard? She could tell that the music was playing over the radio and that the man was sending out the smoke.

Flames didn't rear to life in London as they do in Chicago or other American cities, but they did rear in the fast-living West End, where up to the old-fashioned East End. Even as the flames reached the Beth New building, there was sent out softer, more lustrous, more beautiful Drene.

Leaves hair so man-

She didn't have to venture into Greek street, once called Grig, in London, to find work, and she spent years in the thirties she had lost her looks and charm. Soon she was engaged to marry the man's policeman, representing the 11th district, and she had been arrested for a new friend. The two left the shop together, laughing and talking, and carrying bottles of liquid under their coat. Neighbor saw them enter Pauletta's flat together. None saw her leave. Pauletta never left alive.

Soho never felt that the police about crimes within its borders, and not at all about murders that may have under-ground motives. Scotland Yard can do little about it. In free America police cannot urge aliens as German police do in Berlin. Nor does., probably, do police face such stubborn silence on crime.

The silence was not only stubborn—but aggressive in the strangling of Pauletta. It was the same brand of silence that has beaten Scotland Yard's best detectives again and again. It re-846

duced the kind imposed by Soho's vice ring, directed by a French Fifi, who was a new friend. The two left the shop together, laughing and talking, and carrying bottles of liquid under their coat. Neighbor saw them enter Pauletta's flat together. None saw her leave. Pauletta never left alive. Soho never felt that the police about crimes within its borders, and not at all about murders that may have under-ground motives. Scotland Yard can do little about it. In free America police cannot urge aliens as German police do in Berlin. Nor does., probably, do police face such stubborn silence on crime.

Vice District's Silence His Shield

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