Crime Literature
By W. E. Hill

The newspaper interview. "Every one," said the alleged murderer.
"here in the jail has been just lovely to me. Only this morning the police
matron brought me a little poem her little girl had written me. It is really
just like home here. For I am really a home girl and I can't believe that
even if I had been temporarily deranged I could have poisoned all these
people in my family. If I am acquitted of this terrible charge I mean to de-
vote my life to writing about the birds and the bees—the dear little things!"

The tabloid photo of the suspect and as much of the personnel of the police force as could be grouped
alongside artistically.

The souvenir hunters. "Yes, Seymour, and I motored out to see the bun-
gelow where the crime took place, and as there seemed to be no one home
we pried this cellar window off for a moment! A woman and a little girl
were just carrying a screen door away when we drove up and a lot of people
had taken the bricks from the chimney for souvenirs, so we were really very
lucky. I think you could get a shingle or a board from the porch if you care
to drive out there!"

Three mystery story fans. At the left we have the lady who had never
read Conan Doyle's "Hound of the Baskervilles" up to now.
very much startled by the sudden entry of a family pet. In the cen-
ter is the man who has been up most of the night finishing the latest
S. B. Van Dine murder plot. To the right is an Edgar Wallace fan
taking "The Face in the Night" where the members of the house-
hold will not interrupt.

"I want a good mystery story for my mother." "How
about "The Tittering Corpse"? It's about a murdered man
discovered by a girl detective at midnight in a deserted ceme-
tery in Limehouse. While she's looking at the bloody knife,
she hears the corpse's voice—it's awfully exciting." "O, she'll
love that—I'll take it!"

On trial for murder of the more bizarre
sort, and consequently in the public eye, Hester Murkin is publishing his memoirs
in the "Evening Post," at a slight re-
muneration which will enable Hester to use a couple of insurance companies that
are holding out. "I simply idolized
Gracie," professed Hester, "and when I
found her lifeless I could not bear to con-
sign her to a common cemetery. She had
always loved our coal cellar and so I laid
her away 'neath the not coal. Only mean,
suspicious people would criticize me for so
doing, as my lawyers will prove."

The slain gang leader's sweetheart. "Miss Lu-
isie La Caflery, beautiful night club entertainress, when
interviewed in her apartment at the Hotel Rowdy, said,
"Yes, I and Bennie were engaged. I know he had two
wives, one in Marquette and one in Little Rock, for
Bennie always told me everything, but he had promised
to get both marriages annulled and then we was to be
wed. Don't was a real romance—a regular story book
love—and if my lawyer in the boy I think he is in expect
to have my rights when Bennie's estate is settled."