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The commander of the carabinieri was a great friend of Vella and dined with him the evening before he was shot. He was at the wounded man's side before he died and asked him if he knew who was responsible for his death. Vella read off a string of names of men he had been fighting in the Mafia.

"So many could not be held responsible," said the chief of the carabinieri. "All would escape and none be punished. Have you had a quarrel with any person recently?"

"Yes," muttered Vella. "I quarrelled yesterday—with Ortonello. He wanted to take my job away—take the bread and butter—from my wife and children. He threatened me—with a gun."

Ortonello was immediately arrested by two of the carabinieri and taken before Vella. "Is this the man with whom you quarrelled?" asked the chief. Too weak to speak, Vella nodded his head in the affirmative and fell back dead.

When Ortonello was brought to trial for the killing of Vella many honest witnesses attempted to aid him. Pietro Milone, a police officer, tried to bring into court evidence clearing Ortonello. One night as he was walking home he was murdered and the assassins were not apprehended.

Biaggia Milone lived directly across the street from the spot where Vella was killed. Later she admitted that she saw Morello shoot the captain of the Sytan Guards. She was intimidated and later came to New York, where her cousin Domenico Milone conducted a grocery store, which served as the headquarters for the distribution of the counterfeit money.

Ortonello's son was tireless in his efforts to have his father freed, and was several times warned by the Mafia to cease his efforts. He was not to be intimidated, and one night three rifle shots were fired at him, all of which, however, went wide of the mark.

Giorgina Zangara lived in a room next to the one occupied by Morello and his mother at the time of the murder of Vella. He heard Morello enter the room shortly after the shooting and heard his mother say to him, something— "Oh, Peppino, what have you done? Now they will come and arrest you."

"Have no fear, mother," replied Morello. "They have gone on the wrong scent."

Zangara, fearing a fate such as Anna Di Puma met, did not tell the authorities until after Ortonello was convicted of the crime. When he did offer his information he was told that it was too late; that he should have come forward during the trial.

It was many days before Zangara's dead body was found under a bridge which crossed a small stream near Corleone.

Two lawyers who conducted Ortonello's defence were in reality members of the Mafia. They continually pointed out to the accused that his case was so clear that he could not be convicted. There was no necessity, they said, to prepare an elaborate defence. No attorney could find him guilty. All the time they were playing into the hands of the Mafia, and Ortonello was sentenced to life imprisonment.

Thus with the dying motion of his head did Giovanni Vella seal the fate of a victim of the very men fighting against whom he came up his life. Ortonello served more than twenty years in prison before he was released on parole presented to the Italian government. He and his family are living prosperously in New York at the present time.

All this was known by the man in New Orleans when the Black Hand agent asked him for a contribution to the defence fund for the counterfeiter. He knew what he might expect from these men if he refused, and he gave generously.

Uncle Vincent, one of the bounty hunters who were with Comito at the house at Highland, enjoyed a reputation for crime in Italy. Comito tells of it in his confession.

"One day while we were working in the presses," he told me, "Uncle Vincent explained that he had been a risk of cattle in his own town. Passing the field he saw two oxen which he wished to purchase."

"The price the owner asked was satisfactory to him and a discussion followed in the course of which the owner said something at which Uncle Vincent took offense."

"Without saying a word Uncle Vincent raised the rifle which he was carrying and shot the owner of the animals. Another man who had been working in the field ran for his life, but Uncle Vincent dropped him with a bullet before he had gone fifty paces."

Having committed a double murder, Uncle Vincent knew that he must leave the country. He had no money, so he searched the pockets of the first man he found and found 250 lire. The man was waiting only long enough to write a letter to his family, then he was gone. From there he made his way to Tunis, where he lived by robbing. He had accumulated enough money to go to Liverpool and lived by it until he left there for New Orleans.

It is no wonder that Italians throughout the world fear these men who have made a reputation for crime and whose human life so cheaply when it is their own. That is why we should be afraid of the hearts of the men who have committed these crimes. Never will Vella be forgotten. The decent living Italian must be shown that there is a greater life than that of the Mafia, greater than that of the Black Hand, and that man will protect his persecutors behind!

IL BARBIER DE SEVILLE

From ROSSINI'S Grand Opera

As Sung in Grand Opera House, Paris, France

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THE RETURN OF TARZAN

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.
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At last she saw the stranger close one mighty hand upon the throat of his antagonist and as he forced the brute-man's head far back rain blow after blow upon the upturned face. A moment later he threw the still thing from him, and, arising, shook himself like a great lion. He placed a foot upon the carcass before him and raised his head to give the victory cry of his kind, but as his eyes fell upon the opened arms of a man leading into the temple of human sacrifice he thought better of his intended act.

The girl, who had been half paralyzed by fear as the two men fought, had just commenced to give thought to her probable fate now that, though released from the clutches of a madman, she had fallen into the hands of one whom but a moment before she had been upon the point of killing. She looked about for some means of escape. The black mouth of the diverging corridor was near at hand, but as she turned to dart into it the ape-man's eyes fell upon her and with a quick leap he was at her side and a restraining hand was laid upon her arm.

"Wait!" said Tarzan of the Apes, in the language of the tribe of Kerchak. The girl looked at him in astonishment.

"Who are you?" she whispered, "who speaks the language of the first man?"

"I am Tarzan of the Apes," he answered in the vernacular of the anthropoids.

"What do you want of me?" she continued. "For what purpose did you save me from that man?"

"I could not see a woman murdered!" It was a half question that answered her.

"But what do you intend to do with me now?" she continued.

"Nothing," he replied, "but you can do something with me—you can lead me out of this place to freedom."

He made the suggestion without the slightest thought that she would accede. He felt quite sure that the sacrifice would go on from the point where it had been interrupted if the high priestess had her way, though he was equally positive that they would find Tarzan of the Apes, unbound and with a long dagger in his hand, a much less tractable victim than Tarzan disarmed and bound.

The girl stood looking at him for a long moment before she spoke.

"You are a very wonderful man," she said. "You are such a man as I have seen in my daydreams ever since I was a little girl. You are such a man as I imagine the forefathers of my people must have been—the great race of people who built this mighty city in the heart of a savage world that they might wrest from the bowels of the earth the fabulous wealth for which they had sacrificed their far distant civilization."

"I cannot understand why you came to my rescue in the first place, and now I cannot understand why, having me within your power, you do not wish to be revenged upon me for having allowed me to escape. Not you to death—most put you to death with my own hand."

"I presume," replied the ape-man, "that you but followed the teachings of your religion. I cannot blame you for that, no matter what I may think of your creed. But who are you—what people have you fallen among?"

"I am La, high priestess of the Temple of the Sun, in the city of Opar. We are descendants of a people who came to this savage world more than 10,000 years ago in search of gold. Their cities stretched from a great sea under the rising sun to a great sea into which the sun descends at night to cool his flaming brow. They were very rich and very powerful, but they lived only a few months of the year in their magnificent palaces here, the rest of the time they spent in their native land, far, far to the north."

"Many ships went back and forth between this new world and the old. During the rainy season there were but few of the inhabitants who remained here, only those who superintended the working of the mines by the black slaves and the merchants who had to stay to supply their wants and the soldiers who guarded the cities and the mines."

"It was at one of these times that the great calamity occurred. When the time came for the teeming thousands to return home came. For weeks the people waited. Then they sent out a great galley to learn why no one came from the mother country, but though they sailed about for many months they were unable to find any trace of the mighty land that had for countless ages borne their ancient civilization—it had sunk into the sea."

"From that day dated the downfall of my people. Disheartened and unhappy, they soon became a prey to the black hordes of the north and the black hordes of the south. One by one the cities were deserted or overcome. The last remnant was finally forced to take shelter within this mighty mountain fortress. Slowly we have dwindled in power, in civilization, in intellect, in numbers, until now we are no more than a small tribe of savage apes."

"In fact, the apes live with us, and have for many ages. We call them the first-men—we speak their language quite as much as we do our own; only in the rituals of the temple do we

make any attempt to retain our mother tongue. In time it will be forgotten, and we will speak only the language of the apes; in time we will no longer band together as people who mate with apes, and so in time we shall descend to the very beasts from which ages ago our progenitors may have sprung."

"But why are you more human than the others?" asked the man.

"For some reason the women have not reverted to savagery so rapidly as the men. It may be because only the lower types of men remained here at the time of the great catastrophe, while the temples were filled with the noblest daughters of the race. My strain has remained clearer than the rest because for countless ages my forefathers were high priestesses. The sacred office descends from mother to daughter. Our husbands are chosen for us from the noblest in the land. The most perfect man mentally and physically is selected to be the husband of the high priestess."

"From what I saw of the gentlemen above," said Tarzan, with a grin, "there should be little trouble in choosing from among them."

"The girl looked at him quizzically for a moment.

"Do not be sacrilegious," she said. "They are very holy men. They are priests."

"Then there are others who are better to look upon?" he asked.

"The others are all more ugly than the priests," she replied.

Tarzan shrugged at her fate, for even in the dim light of the vault he was impressed by her beauty.

"But how about myself?" he asked suddenly. "Are you going to lead me to liberty?"

"You have been chosen by the flaming god as his own," she answered solemnly. "Not even I have the power to save you—should they find you again. But I do not intend that they shall find you. You risked your life to save mine. I may do no less for you. It will be no easy matter, it may require days, but in the end I think that I can lead you beyond the walls. Come, they will look here for me presently, and if they find us together we shall both be lost. They would kill me did they think that I had proved false to my god."

"You must not take the risk, then," he said quickly. "I will return to the temple, and if I can find my way to freedom there will be no suspicion thrown upon you."

But she would not have it so and finally persuaded him to follow her, saying that they had already remained in the vault too long to prevent suspicion from falling upon her, even if they returned to the temple.

"I will hide you, and then return alone," she said, "telling them that I was long unconscious after you killed them, and that I do not know whether you escaped."

And so she led him through winding corridors of gloom, until finally they came to a small chamber into which a little light filtered through a stone grating in the ceiling.

"This is the Chamber of the Dead," she said. "None will think of searching here for you—they would not dare. I will return after it is dark. By that time I may have found a plan to effect your escape."

She was gone, and Tarzan of the Apes was left alone in the Chamber of the Dead, beneath the long dead city of Opar.

(To be Continued.)

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