

tentatively tried the doors. They were locked. The car, a popular make, was then threatened to a third degree in effort to shake most of the devilry out of it. One stalwart policeman jumped on the right fender, while his partner danced on the left. Their efforts were unavailing, for the thing seemed hellbent to shriek the louder, and in all probability would have continued to do so until the battery lay down and died or not a passing motorist offered assistance. Lifting the hood he quickly detected the wiring and silence emanating from the engine.