

taxes. The ruse gained the officers an invitation to step inside. In the narrow front hallway of the tiny bungalow Weidman politely requested his visitors to produce their credentials. It was only then that one of the detectives held out his warrant card for inspection and identified himself as a police officer. In a flash two startled detective found themselves looking down the barrel of a Mauser automatic pistol which their host had whipped out of his coat pocket. Having the advantage of surprise Weidman directed several shots at the nearest policeman and then shifted his fire toward the other. Miraculously, though at point blank range, the detectives sustained only superficial wounds and in turn wasted no time overpowering their assailant once they had recovered from the initial shock.

The two cars in the backyard were identified. One of them belonged to the murdered Raymond Lesobre; the other was the missing car of Couffy, the hire-chauffeur. At Surete headquarters Weidman readily confessed his true identity and admitted the murder of Lesobre the estate agent. Asked to talk about some of the other murders, Weidman lapsed into a glum silence and requested time to collect his thoughts. "Leave me till tomorrow and I will tell you everything," he promised. "It is quite a story. . . . I am not sure you will understand or believe it." No sooner had he reached the sanctuary of his jail cell, weary from nervous exhaustion, than he collapsed onto the hard prison bed and fell into a sound slumber.

On the following day Weidman outlined to his interrogators the lurid details of his criminal past. At times he seemed almost repentant. Eugene Weidman, as seen by Weidman himself, was basically a good fellow, but unhappily, a plaything of Fate. There was no evil he had committed that could not be justified, if regarded as human reaction to the spitefulness of Fortune or the malevolent in-



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