

the murderer had established a pattern of operation.

Behind the scenes Marcel Sicot and his team of detectives, harried by increasing public criticism and indignation, were working ceaselessly to end a nightmare of panic such as Paris had seldom before experienced.

As a would-be "artist" in crime, Weidman had made one of his biggest errors by leaving a calling card at the office of his last victim, the real estate agent. Startling as it may sound, "calling card" is not being used here in a figurative sense, although, to save the killer from being condemned as an outright fool it should be added that the card was inscribed with the name of the relative of a deceased acquaintance. Presenting himself at the real estate agent's office as "Arthur Schott", Weidman had posed as a prospective buyer of expensive property in the district. Lesobre had taken his supposed client to see a lonely villa in the St. Cloud district and it was there the unsuspecting agent met his death. The agent's assistant, who had stayed behind to look after the office, was able to provide the authorities with a fairly reliable description of the man known to him as Arthur Schott.

Throughout Europe the appalling string of Paris murders and disappearances was making headline news. It was not unusual then that the Paris police obtained quick results once the name "Arthur Schott" began to appear in connection with the affair. Learning that the French Surete were most anxious to interview him, a rather perturbed native of Germany called at Police Headquarters in Paris and proved his innocence through credentials and a day-to-day account of how he had been spending his time over the past few days. In addition the real Schott, a German commercial traveller, had some pertinent information to reveal. Among relatives of his who resided in Paris was a nephew named Fritz Frommer whom he had visited in November. Before leaving for home he

had supplied his nephew with one of his visiting cards. Herr Schott was alarmed at the ominous sequence of events, especially as he had received no communication from his nephew since November 15. As it happened Fritz Frommer *had* met death at the hands of the killer although even the Paris police were unaware of the crime at this particular time. Fritz had always been careless in choosing his companions and associates. The disturbed uncle could do no more to help the French Surete than to supply the names and addresses of his other relatives in the French capital.

From M. Weber, an elderly uncle of Frommer, the Surete learned of a friend of Fritz's for whom he (Weber) had developed an instinctive dislike—a man who called himself "Sauerbrey" on some occasions and "Karrer" on others. Fritz had met this individual some years earlier in a German prison. "Sauerbrey" lived somewhere in the Saint-Cloud district; Mr. Weber could not supply an exact address. His description of Sauerbrey was almost identical to that obtained from Lesobre's assistant when describing the bogus "Arthur Schott".

The dramatic arrest of Eugene Weidman @ Sauerbrey @ Karrer followed shortly after the Surete spread a drag-net over the Saint-Cloud district. A pair of detectives, checking on a bungalow named "La Voulzie" but unable to get anyone to answer the door after repeated knockings, were struck by the odd fact that two motor cars at the back of the bungalow bore the same registration marks. Noticing a dapper young man approaching from the other end of the street, they refrained from further examination and returned to the front of the house where they were accosted by the man who inquired in a soft voice: "You were looking for something, gentlemen, I wonder if I can be of assistance?"

Not prepared to reveal their identity at that particular moment, one of the detectives informed the man that they wished to have a word with him concerning his