



THE CASE OF THE RACKET WITNESS

IN THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE, that bright spring morning, Harrington was congratulating his chief. Mr. District Attorney had just smashed the Taxi Racket.

"Well, D.A.," boasted Harrington. "I guess we did a good piece of work. Malcom and Scanlon are dead, and all their hoods are put away where they'll never annoy honest people again."

"That's right, Harrington," the District Attorney agreed. "The only problem now is what we are going to do with Leonard Brisbane."

"Leonard Brisbane?" queried the detective.

The District Attorney laughed. "Now, Harrington, don't tell me you've forgotten our old 'pal' Brisbane. I know your memory's bad – but not that bad, I hope."



"What About Brisbane?"

"Oh, sure, I remember, D.A. Brisbane was Malcom's lawyer. I always figured he was mixed up more in the taxi racket than he had any license to be. I don't know why you were so easy on him. You sent all the rest of the crooks up."

"I know that, Harrington," answered the D.A., "but you must realize that Brisbane helped us a lot in that case. He agreed to go before the Grand Jury and he told us plenty about the racket."

The text and pictures are from MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY ON THE JOB (1941) (ch. 2 of 2). Chapter 1 – "Smashing the Taxicab Racket" – is at 15 GREEN BAG 2D 307-38 (2012).

Mr. District Attorney

“Yeah, he sang plenty. I never saw a bigger squealer in my life. Well, he must’ve realized that was the only thing he could do. It certainly saved his neck for him. What are you going to do with him now?”

“I wish I knew, Harrington,” the District Attorney replied. “Ever since Scanlon’s trial, I’ve been keeping him in protective custody. He’s down at the City Jail right now.”

“Going to let him out?” the detective asked.

“I don’t know. Of course, we’ve got most of Scanlon’s gang put away behind bars – but there must be one or two out who have it in for Brisbane, for everything he told about the racket. And they’d kill him, as quick as you would a fly!”

“Well, D.A., you can’t keep Brisbane in jail for the rest of his life – you’ll have to decide sometime.”

“Suppose we let Brisbane decide that,” answered the District Attorney. “We’ll put our cards on the table and ask him what he wants to do – whether he wants to remain behind bars or go out.”

“That’s a swell idea, D.A. Leave it up to him.”

“All right, Harrington. Suppose you go down to the city jail and bring Mr. Brisbane back with you.”

Harrington was out of the District Attorney’s office before the D.A. finished his sentence. In a half hour, he was back with Leonard Brisbane. It was obvious as the two men came through the door that Harrington had little use for the crooked mouthpiece who had



“He Helped Us a Lot.”

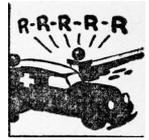


Brisbane Was in the City Jail



“Suppose We Let Him Decide.”

The Case of the Racket Witness



turned State's evidence in the taxicab racket trial.

Brisbane's manner was insolent. "Mr. District Attorney," he said, "I am deeply honored that you sent Harrington to bring me here for a little chat. I've often thought that you and I would make an excellent team."

"Don't flatter yourself, Brisbane. When I want to talk to honest people, I know where to find them. I don't go looking for them in the City Jail. At the same time," the D.A. went on, "I do owe you something. The evidence you gave was valuable against Red Scanlon. Now that Scanlon is dead what do you want to do? You want to remain in jail or go out?"

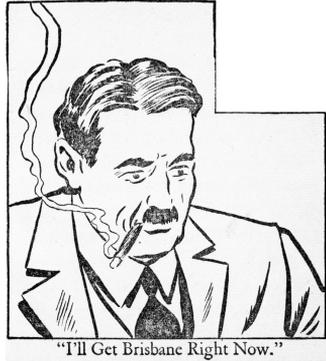
Brisbane yawned. "If that's why you brought me here, I can give you that answer right now. Of course, I want to get out of that filthy hole. The sooner — the better."

"It's only fair to warn you, Brisbane, that I don't consider it perfectly safe for you to roam the city. You know Malcom and Scanlon had a lot of friends who don't like you. And they show their dislike with bullets."

But the lawyer only pretended to be bored with what the District Attorney was telling him.

"Mr. District Attorney," he said. "If you're trying to frighten Leonard Brisbane, you've picked out the wrong party. My mind's made up. I'm not staying another day in that rat hole you call the city jail."

"That's where you belong, mouthpiece," Harrington growled.





Mr. District Attorney

The District Attorney quieted Harrington. "All right, Brisbane, I'll see that you're promptly released. Would you like a bodyguard for the next couple of weeks?"

"Don't be silly, D.A.," Brisbane answered. "I've seen enough of your cops. If I had to wake up in the morning and find one of them outside my door again, I'd sooner be dead."

"Have it your own way, Brisbane. Where do you intend to go from here?" the D.A. asked.

Brisbane laughed. "Don't worry about me, I'll get along. I've got a little fishing camp, right outside the city. I think my wife and I'll stay up there till things quiet down."

"A good idea," said the District Attorney.

Brisbane got up to go. As he started for the door, the D.A. stopped him.

"Just let me give you a friendly warning, Brisbane. In the future, if I were you, I'd stay away from the rackets. Because the next time I get my hands on you, it'll go pretty hard on you."

"I told you I quit the racket, D.A." Brisbane smiled.

"I hope so, Brisbane, for your wife's sake," said the District Attorney. "Now get out of here before I change my mind and have you thrown back where you belong."

Brisbane promptly left.

As the door closed, Harrington shook his head. "Now that's my idea of a no-good rat."

"Mine too," laughed the District Attorney. "But we had to let him go. I

hope Mr. Brisbane is smart enough to go straight from now on. If that's the last we hear from him, I'll be perfectly satisfied."

Mr. District Attorney didn't know it, but he was to hear plenty from Leonard Brisbane before many days had passed.

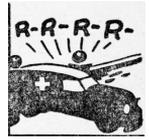


"Stay Away From the Rackets."



Brisbane Promptly Left

The Case of the Racket Witness



Three days later at the lawyer's home, Brisbane and his wife were packing their things, preparing for a trip to Brisbane's fishing camp. Mrs. Brisbane was worried.

"Leonard," she said, "do you think it's safe to go up there?"

"Of course, it is," her husband answered. "The trouble with you, Martha, is that you worry too much. The District Attorney just wanted to frighten me. There's no one after me – that whole Scanlon and Malcom gang is broken up. They won't do anything."

"But I've seen strange men lurking around the house."

Brisbane's voice grew harsh. "You're imagining things, Martha. Now stop it!"

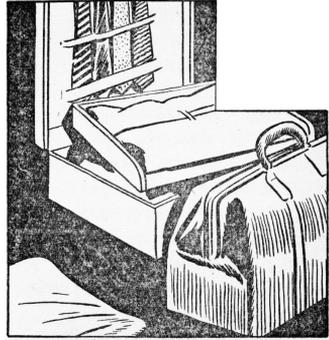
Mrs. Brisbane pulled herself together. "All right, Leonard," she said. "I'm sorry. It's only that I'm so worried about you."

"I can take care of myself," Brisbane answered angrily. "If you wouldn't let that D.A. frighten you – you'd be a lot better off." Brisbane put down the package he was wrapping. "Martha," he said, "why don't you give me a divorce?"

"No. I'd never do that, Leonard. You know I've always loved you. Nothing you can do can change that."

Her husband looked disgusted, but he realized there was no point in arguing. He had done it many times before and it never got him anywhere. "Have it your own way," he said. Then he got up.

"Where are you going, Leonard?" his wife asked.



They Prepared for a Trip



"I've Seen Men Lurking—"



"I'll Always Love You."



Mr. District Attorney

“Don’t worry, I’m not going to get myself killed. I’m going to pull the car out of the garage, so I can load this stuff in the driveway.”

“Be careful, Leonard.”

“Nuts!” Brisbane answered.

He walked down the flight of steps that led to the two-car garage. As he opened the door, he saw his wife leaning out of the window, waving to him. Disgustedly, he waved back. He pushed back the other door. The high-powered sedan could be seen from the street. Brisbane opened the car door and got in.

“Leonard,” his wife called. “When you back up the car – watch out for my plants. They’re in the driveway.”

“Aw, shut up,” Brisbane replied under his breath.

Then he turned on the ignition switch. He lifted the choke twice, then his foot reached for the starter button. His toe went down. At that very moment, there was the sound of a terrific explosion. Flames belched forth from the motor under the hood. Mrs. Brisbane yelled. Her husband slumped forward in the driver’s seat!

A short while after the explosion, the District Attorney and Harrington arrived at the Brisbane home. In the hallway, they met the doctor.

“Well, how is he, Doctor?” asked the District Attorney anxiously.

“Mr. District Attorney, Mr. Brisbane is a very fortunate man. He was hardly hurt in the explosion. All I can find wrong with him is a bad case of shock. I’m treating him for that.”



Brisbane Was Disgusted



He Walked out to the Garage



The D. A. Rushed to the Scene

The Case of the Racket Witness



“Can I see him now, Doctor?” inquired the D.A.

“I’d suggest you waited before you questioned him, Mr. District Attorney. As you can understand, Mr. Brisbane is hardly feeling up to par, and I’d hate to have him upset right now,” answered the doctor.

“And Mrs. Brisbane — where is she?”

“She’s in with her husband. I wouldn’t call her out, if I were you. Mr. Brisbane asked that she remain with him. She seems to have a quieting effect on him.”

The District Attorney turned to Harrington. “Well, Harrington, as long as we can’t see Brisbane right now, suppose you and I go down to the garage and take a look at the car.”

“That’s okay with me, D.A.,” answered the detective. “Let’s go.”

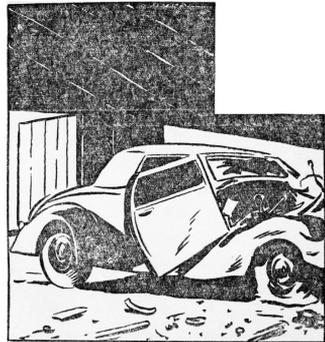
With that, the two men retraced the steps that Brisbane had taken earlier in the day. The garage door was still open, and as they walked toward it, they could see the big black sedan in which Brisbane had almost met his death. The front of the car was twisted out of shape — the hood had been blown clear to the other end of the garage. But, by some miracle, the body of the car itself was not touched.

The District Attorney and Harrington peered in the remains of the motor. Harrington shook his head.

“You know, D.A., the more I look at this thing — the more I realize what a miracle it was that Brisbane wasn’t killed.”



“Let’s Look at the Garage.”



The Body Was Not Damaged



The Job Had Been Bungled



Mr. District Attorney

"I agree with you, Harrington. Brisbane is one —"

The District Attorney stopped short. He picked up a piece of steel cable and traced it to where it was connected to the ignition switch.

"What do you make of this, Harrington?" he asked.

Harrington checked the cable. He shook his head. "That's funny, D.A. I never saw a bomb connected this way before. Why with this end connected to the ignition, the bomb wasn't set off properly."

"Exactly!" agreed the District Attorney. And that's why Mr. Brisbane is alive this minute. The bomb was improperly connected. It's a wonder it accomplished the damage it did."

"Yeah. Someone bungled this, all right."

The District Attorney's voice was sharp. "Harrington, we've got to catch that bungler before he succeeds. Next time, he may not make a mistake. Brisbane is in real danger."

As they walked back to the house, Harrington asked, "Who do you suppose set the bomb?"

"If we knew that," answered the D.A., "our job'd be much easier. Anyone could have planted that bomb in Brisbane's car."

"How do you figure that, chief?" asked Harrington.

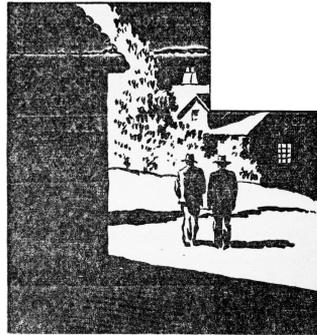
"Harrington, did you take a look at that lock on the garage door?"

Harrington looked guilty. "Gee, I'm sorry, D.A. I clean forgot about it."

"Well, don't take it so hard, Harrington," laughed the D.A. "I didn't! That lock could be opened with any five-cent skeleton key. Surprising a man like Brisbane wouldn't give his car better protection."

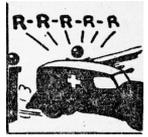


"Brisbane Is in Real Danger."



"That Lock Could Be Easily Opened."

The Case of the Racket Witness



Back in the house, the District Attorney once again asked the doctor whether it would be all right to see Brisbane. This time the physician gave his permission for a short visit.

“But try not to disturb him too much, Mr. District Attorney,” he cautioned, as Harrington and the D.A. entered Brisbane’s room.

Brisbane sat up in bed as he spied the two men entering. There was a weak smile on his face.

“Well, I guess you were right all along, Mr. District Attorney. Somebody doesn’t like me.”

“That’s putting it mildly, Brisbane. Someone HATES you. Hates you enough to want to blow you to Kingdom Come,” answered the D.A.

Brisbane gulped. “Why didn’t they succeed, D.A.?” he asked.

The District Attorney told the lawyer what he had discovered.

As the D.A. repeated the story, the sweat ran down Brisbane’s face. “I’m a lucky man, D.A.,” he said.

“And we’re going to see to it that you continue lucky and stay alive,” the District Attorney answered. Then he turned to Brisbane’s wife. “Mrs. Brisbane, can you give us any information?”

Mrs. Brisbane answered the D.A. by telling him of the strangers she had seen lurking around the house during the past few days. When she finished her story, the District Attorney stood up.

“Harrington, I want a 24-hour police guard detailed to this house. They’re to let no one enter except with my permission.”



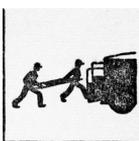
“Don’t Disturb Him Too Much.”



“Someone HATES You.”



Brisbane Was Frightened



Mr. District Attorney

“Is that really necessary, D.A.?” asked Brisbane.

“What do you think, Brisbane? I let you have your own way and released you from protective custody. Now we’ll do things my way.”

Brisbane apologized. “I’m sorry, D.A. I didn’t think that you were doing all this for my protection.”

“That’s all right, Brisbane. I understand – you’re upset,” answered the District Attorney kindly.

“Want me to do anything else, chief?” asked Harrington.

“Yes. I want the police to pick up every crook in town who knew Red Scanlon. We’re going to find the man who planted the bomb in Brisbane’s car, if we have to clean out every rat hole in the city.”

Mrs. Brisbane walked over to the District Attorney, “Mr. District Attorney,” she said, “I want you to know that I appreciate all that you’re doing for my husband.”

“That’s quite all right,” the D.A. answered her kindly. “It’s my duty to protect every citizen of this city as well as I can.”

“Thank you, Mr. District Attorney, and my husband’s going to repay you by going straight.”

“That’s all the thanks I want, Mrs. Brisbane. Now in the meantime, suppose you and –”

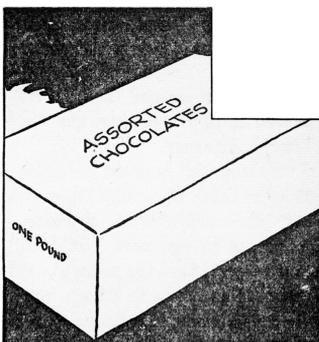
The District Attorney’s speech was broken into by the front-door bell. Mrs. Brisbane excused herself and went to answer it. A few minutes later, she re-entered the room.

“Who was it, honey?” Brisbane asked his wife.

“Only a messenger with a package. It’s from Aunt Harriet. Wasn’t it sweet of her to send you a box of candy?”

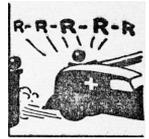


“I Appreciate All You’re Doing.”



A Box of Candy

The Case of the Racket Witness



“It sure was,” Brisbane answered.

The lawyer opened the box. He offered it to Harrington and the District Attorney.

“No, thanks,” laughed the D.A. “I never touch the stuff.” He stuck out his hand. “Well, Brisbane, we’ve got to run now. But don’t worry – we’ll have the police guard around this house in fifteen minutes. Meanwhile, Harrington and I are going to do a little investigating.”

Back in his office, the D.A. arranged for the police guard as he had promised Brisbane. That finished, he turned to Harrington.

“Harrington, I want fifty plainclothesmen brought to my office.”

“What for, Chief?” asked Harrington.

“We’re going to clean out the rat holes of this city, until we find the man who planted the bomb in Brisbane’s car.”

Harrington groaned. “Gosh, some guys have all the fun. I have not been on a raid since Hector was a pup.”

“Who said we’re not going?” laughed the D.A. “The sooner you get those men here – the quicker we start.”

Harrington was elated. “D.A., I’ll have ’em all here in five minutes if I have to drag ’em,” he shouted as he ran for the door.

Harrington was as good as his word. Five minutes later, fifty plain-clothesmen were assembled in the D.A.’s office. The District Attorney got up from his desk to greet them.

“Boys,” he said, “we’re going to do a little house-cleaning.” He



Brisbane Opened the Box



“I Want Fifty Plainclothesmen.”



Harrington Was Elated



Mr. District Attorney

pointed out ten men. Then he gave them each an envelope. “You men will each take a squad of four detectives with you. Your instructions are in these sealed envelopes. I want you to open them at ten o’clock tonight. In them, you’ll find complete orders as to where you’re to go and what you’re to do. Is that understood?”

The detectives answered “Yes.” Each of the ten picked another four to complete his squad – and then they filed out. When they were alone, the District Attorney turned to Harrington. He explained what he had done.

“I’ve divided the city into ten parts, Harrington,” he said. “I’ve given a section of the city to each of those ten squads. At ten o’clock, the squad leaders will open those envelopes – get their instructions, and make a raid on every address in their part of town.”

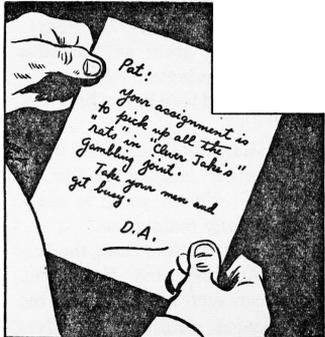
“But what about us?” asked a worried Harrington. “You know, you promised we’d have a little fun, too.”

“I’m not going back on my word, Harrington,” laughed the District Attorney. “We’re going to see a little activity tonight too.”

Promptly at ten o’clock, the District Attorney and Harrington piled into their official car. In the car behind were five detectives whom the D.A. was leading on a raid of his own. Soon the two cars were in the toughest district of the city. The cars stopped. The men got out. They walked over to a large deserted warehouse. The District Attorney knocked on the door. There was no answer. Again, he knocked. This time, a panel



Instructions in Sealed Envelopes

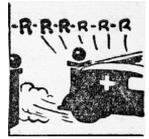


“The Leaders Will Open the Envelopes.”



“We’re Going to See Activity.”

The Case of the Racket Witness



slid back in the door. Two cold eyes looked out.

“What do you want?” asked a muffled voice behind the door.

“This is a raid. Open that door!” the District Attorney ordered.

The panel shot back. The District Attorney turned to one of his men who carried an ax. “Go ahead, Dugan. Break it down!”

The ax bit into the wood. In a short while, Dugan had opened a hole through which the District Attorney and his squad could enter. Inside, there was pitch darkness. Harrington was about to light his flashlight.

“No, Harrington,” the D.A. cautioned in a low voice. “That light would make a target out of us.” Then in a loud voice, “I ask you men to surrender. This building is surrounded by police.”

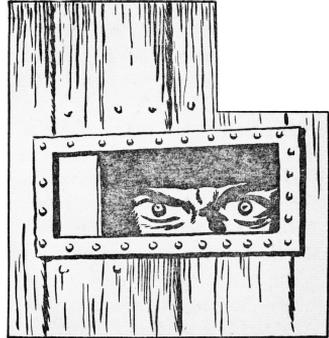
From off in a distance came a mocking voice. “Well, what do you want with us? We ain’t done nothing.”

“Whitey Wilson, isn’t it?” the D.A. asked. There was no answer. “Come on out, Whitey. I recognized your voice. Come on out and bring your playmates with you.”

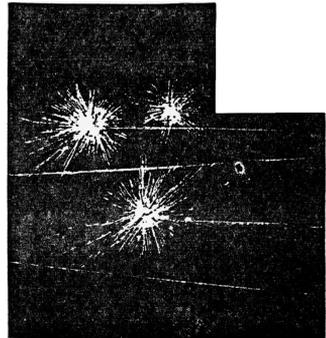
“Come and get us, coppers,” snarled Whitey.

“All right, boys,” said the D.A. in a whisper. “It looks like it’s up to us. Harrington, I want you to throw your flashlight at the side wall there. Those thugs will think we’re in that direction, and open fire. As soon as they do, they’ll give away their position.”

At the D.A.’s signal, Harrington heaved the flashlight. And just as the District Attorney had predicted, guns



Two Cold Eyes Looked Out



Guns Began to Bark



He Hurled the Tear Gas Bombs



Mr. District Attorney

began to bark and their flashes showed the detectives where the thugs were hiding.

“Shall we open fire, D.A.?” whispered Harrington.

“No. I’ve got a better way to get them out,” answered the District Attorney. “Lewis, hand me a couple of those tear gas bombs.” No sooner had the D.A. spoken than they were in his hand. He wasted no time. In fast order, he hurled them. A few seconds later, the detectives heard the gas escape, and the coughs from the other end of the warehouse told the District Attorney that he had found his target.

“Now drop your guns where you are. And come out with your hands in the air,” the D.A. shouted. As if he had spoken some magic word, twelve heads appeared at the other end of the warehouse – hands upraised. In the front was Whitey Wilson, his eyes filled with tears. He was coughing and swearing.

“I’m blinded!” he cried.

“No, you’re not, Whitey,” the District Attorney reassured him. “Just a little tear gas. You’ll feel better when you get to the line-up.”

But the D.A. was mistaken. Whitey felt no better in the police line-up. There he found every crook with a record in the city. In groups of threes, they were paraded before the District Attorney and his staff. And the District Attorney asked them all what they knew of the attempt to murder Leonard Brisbane.

Soon, it was Whitey’s chance to be questioned by the District



“Whitey Wilson Came First

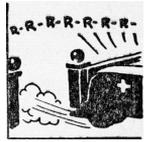


“You Knew ‘Red’ Scanlon?”



“You Also Knew Brisbane.”

The Case of the Racket Witness



Attorney. “Whitey,” asked the D.A., “you knew Red Scanlon very well, didn’t you?”

“No,” answered Whitey sullenly. “I never met him.”

“You’re lying, Whitey,” the D.A. shot back at him. “In 1926, you were part of his gang that hijacked trucks up-state.”

“You got nothing on me, D.A.!” sneered Whitey. “Supposing I did know Red Scanlon? What about it? A lot of people knew Scanlon – he was a big shot.”

“You also knew Brisbane,” shot the D.A.

“Every crook in town knows Brisbane. He’s a shyster from way back. Too bad Scanlon trusted the rat,” was the answer.

“Whitey, what do you know about the bomb that was planted in Brisbane’s car last night?”



“Every Crook Knows Brisbane.”

But Whitey’s answer was interrupted by Harrington. He tugged at his chief’s sleeve.

“Excuse me, D.A.,” he said, “but you’re wanted at the office. It’s an emergency.”

“What’s up, Harrington?” asked the District Attorney.

“I don’t know, but the office thinks it’s plenty important.”

The D.A. put on his coat. “All right, Harrington. We’ll leave right now. Have these hoods locked up – I’m not through with them.”

The D.A.’s car roared through the city traffic. In ten minutes, he was at his office.

“What is it, Miss Rand?” he asked his secretary.

“Mr. District Attorney,” she answered. “Dr. Capper called fifteen minutes ago, he said –”

“Dr. Capper? Who’s he?” Harrington interrupted.



The Car Roared Through the Traffic



Mr. District Attorney

“That’s Brisbane’s physician,” the D.A. answered. “Go on, Miss Rand, what did Dr. Capper want?”

“He told me to ask you to hurry out to Brisbane’s home as soon as you got in. He was very upset, Mr. District Attorney.”

“Come on, Harrington. We’re wasting time.” The D.A. pushed the detective out of the door.

Soon the D.A. and Harrington were at the Brisbane home. They were met at the door by Dr. Capper. Dr. Capper was very excited. “Thank heaven, you’ve come, Mr. District Attorney.”

The D.A. shook him. “Come on, Doctor. Pull yourself together. What’s happened?”

“Mr. District Attorney – you remember that box of candy that arrived while you were here this afternoon?”

“What about it?” asked the D.A.

The doctor was almost in tears. “That candy – that candy was poisoned!”

The D.A. was horrified. “Poisoned! How’s Brisbane – is he all right?”

“He only ate a couple of pieces, Mr. District Attorney,” the doctor answered. “He’s sick – but he’ll recover.”

The D.A. drew a sigh of relief.

“But that isn’t all, Mr. District Attorney.”

“What do you mean, Doctor?” asked the D.A.

“Mrs. Brisbane ate a good deal more of the candy than her husband did. Mrs. Brisbane is dead!”

The District Attorney and Harrington were shocked – Mrs. Brisbane dead. It seemed impossible.

“That’s tough,” Harrington muttered. “Someone tried to murder



“That’s Brisbane’s Physician.”



Dr. Capper Met Them at the Door

The Case of the Racket Witness



her husband and got her by mistake. Chief, do you think it was the same one who planted the bomb?"

"It certainly looks like it, Harrington." Then the D.A. turned to the physician. "Doctor, can we see Mr. Brisbane now?"

"I wouldn't advise it, Mr. District Attorney. Brisbane's had an awful shock."

"All right, doctor, I won't bother him if you think it best. But I'd like that box of poisoned candy."

The doctor left the room, and returned shortly.

The D.A. took the box from him. On the package was the label of a well-known manufacturer. The D.A. opened the box. Half of the top layer was gone.

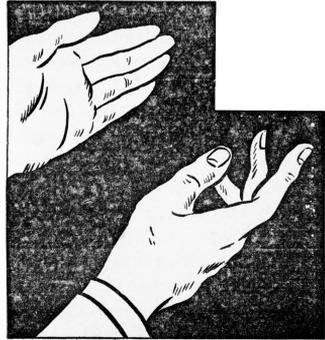
"What do you think the murderer used, D.A.?" Harrington asked.

"Probably arsenic," answered the D.A. "But we'll know definitely when we have the city toxicologist examine it. In the meantime, Harrington, I see by this label that the candy was sold and delivered by Albert Dwyer, Incorporated. Suppose you get Mr. Dwyer and bring him down to the line-up. Let's see if he can identify anyone there as having bought the candy from him."

"Right!" said Harrington as he left.

A half hour later, Harrington and Mr. Dwyer were down at Police Headquarters.

"Mr. Dwyer," said the D.A. "I want you to look carefully at a number of men. I want you to see if you can pick out the man who bought the candy



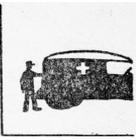
"I'd Like to See the Candy."



"Bring in Mr. Dwyer."



"Pick out the Man."



Mr. District Attorney

from you, and had it delivered to the Brisbane home.”

Then once again the line-up of prisoners, whom the D.A. had picked up in the dragnet, resumed. Crook followed crook in the parade, but Mr. Dwyer only shook his head sadly.

“I’m sorry, Mr. District Attorn[e]y, but I don’t see him.”

“Harrington,” said the D.A. “Bring out Whitey Wilson.”

Whitey was brought out. He blinked under the bright lights.

“Is that the man, Mr. Dwyer?” the D.A. asked.

Dwyer was silent for a moment. Then he said, “I don’t think it is, Mr. District Attorney.”

“Well, can you tell us what this man looked like?” asked the D.A.

“Well, there isn’t much to say,” answered Dwyer, scratching his head. “Of course, I’d recognize him if I saw him again.”

“But, Mr. Dwyer, surely you can give us some description.”

“I’ll try,” Dwyer answered. “He was about medium height and had brown hair – and he wore a dark blue suit.”

Harrington groaned. “That’s a lot of help. That description only fits about forty million men.”

Mr. District Attorney shook his head. “All right, Mr. Dwyer. Thanks for your help. You can go now. I’ll let you know if I need you again.”

“What now, D.A.?” asked Harrington. “That guy, Dwyer, certainly was no help.”

“Yes, he was, Harrington. He told



“I Don’t See Him.”



“I’d Recognize Him at Once.”



The D. A. Dismissed Dwyer

The Case of the Racket Witness



me how the murder attempt was made.”

Harrington was interested. “Yeah? How?”

“Well, the murderer came into Dwyer’s store. He picked out the candy, and took it out with him. While he had it out – he poisoned it. Then he brought it back to the store, and asked Dwyer to deliver it to the Brisbane home.”

“So that’s how it was done.”

“That’s it, Harrington. But we still haven’t found our murderer. Dwyer is positive that none of the men he saw in the line up was his customer.”

“It looks like we’re behind the eight-ball in this case, D.A. First Brisbane’s car is bombed – then the candy is poisoned –”

“Wait a minute, Harrington.” The D.A.’s brow was wrinkled with thought. “Maybe this isn’t a racket killing.”

“What do you mean, D.A.?”

“Harrington, isn’t it entirely possible that a man like Brisbane might have enemies who weren’t gangsters, but who would like to see him dead just the same?”

“That wouldn’t surprise me none, Chief. I’ve never seen a guy I’d like to poke as much as I would Brisbane. Say, there must be a lot of guys that feel that way about him.”

“Suppose we find out, Harrington. With Dr. Capper’s permission, you and I are going to have a talk with Brisbane right now.”

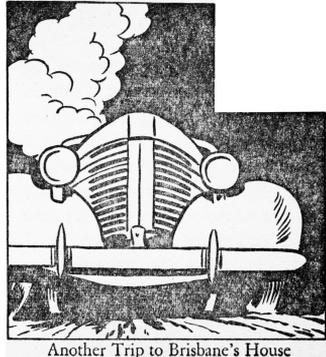
Once again the D.A.’s car roared through the city streets. At the



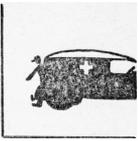
“He Poisoned It.”



“Brisbane Must Have Other Enemies.”



Another Trip to Brisbane’s House



Mr. District Attorney

Brisbane home, Dr. Capper gave his permission for the District Attorney and Harrington to question the excited lawyer.

“Brisbane, tonight I rounded up every thug who knew Scanlon. Anybody I thought might have a motive to kill you because you squealed on Red Scanlon at his trial – but Mr. Dwyer couldn’t identify any of those suspects as the man who bought the candy from him.”

Brisbane was very nervous.

“How about Whitey Wilson?” he asked. “He’d like to see me dead. I bet he sent the candy that killed my poor wife.”

“No, Brisbane. Dwyer couldn’t identify him. I’m beginning to think we’re on the wrong track.”

“What do you mean, D.A.?” Brisbane asked.

“Brisbane, you can’t convince me that a man like yourself didn’t have a thousand enemies who weren’t gangsters. Men whom you once defrauded in your crooked career,” was the D.A.’s answer.

Brisbane was silent. He bit his lip nervously.

“How about it, Brisbane?” went on the District Attorney.

Brisbane looked at the District Attorney. His manner was tense.

“All right, D.A. I’ll tell you. There were two men who threatened to kill me. I thought they were bluffing then – maybe they were not.”

“What are their names?”

“The first one is Joe Harris.”

The D.A. was surprised. “Joe Harris? Isn’t Harris your wife’s brother?”

“That’s right,” Brisbane admitted without hesitation.

“Well, why would he want to kill you?” asked the District Attorney.

“Ah – he’s got some screwy idea that I mistreated his sister. He always claimed that I married her for

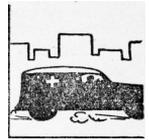


The D. A. Questioned Brisbane



“Would He Want to Kill You?”

The Case of the Racket Witness



her money. He kept begging her to leave me.”

“A pity she didn’t,” said Harrington under his breath.

“Quiet, Harrington,” said the D.A.

“Go on with your story, Brisbane.”

“Well, a few months ago, I had a little argument with the wife. You know how those things are. My brother-in-law heard about it, and he threatened me. He said if Martha had any more trouble with me, he’d kill me with his bare hands.”

“I see. All right, Brisbane – who’s the other man you think might have sent the poisoned candy?”

Again Brisbane paused before answering, finally he blurted out, “Sam Tucker. Tucker was my partner when I first started out in the law business. We were only partners for a few months. We split up soon afterward.”

“Well, why would Tucker want to kill you?” the D.A. asked.

“Well, shortly before we broke up partnership, a burglar opened the office safe, and walked out with a hundred thousand dollars in cash that we had just collected for a client. Of course, we were responsible for it, and Tucker went bankrupt, raising his share.” Here Brisbane paused a moment.

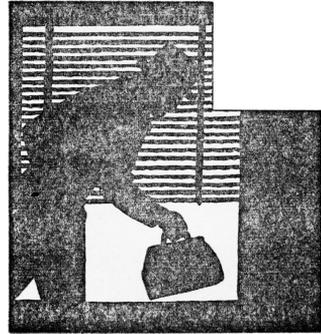
“Go on, Brisbane,” ordered the D.A.

“Tucker and I were the only ones who knew the combination. He had the idea that I opened the safe myself.”

“Knowing you as I do, Brisbane, I wouldn’t doubt it,” was the D.A.’s response. “Still murder is a serious thing. It seems to me that Joe Harris and Sam



Brisbane Had Been Threatened



The Cash Had Been Stolen



Brisbane Named Two Men



Mr. District Attorney

Tucker will stand a little investigating. Know where they live?"

Brisbane gave the District Attorney the addresses. Tucker lived in the slums of the city and the D.A. decided to visit him first.

Sam Tucker lived on the third floor of a dilapidated tenement house. Harrington wheezed as they mounted the steps. The D.A. knocked on the door. There was no answer. He tried the doorknob, and the door swung open. On a bed in the corner lay a shabby figure. It was a man – he was snoring. The D.A. walked over to the bed and shook him. The man yawned – looked up.

"Here – here – what do you want?" he asked.

"Your name Sam Tucker?" asked the District Attorney.

"That's right," admitted the man on the bed. "Who're you?"

"He's drunk," said Harrington disgustedly.

"But he's not too drunk to understand what I'm going to tell him." The D.A. shook the man again. "Tucker," he said, "I'm the District Attorney. This is Mr. Harrington, who is attached to my office."

"Nice to meet you gentlemen," was Tucker's answer. "Have a seat."

"Thanks, Tucker," said the D.A. disarmingly. "You shouldn't have done it. Mrs. Brisbane did nothing to you."

"Who said she did? Mrs. Brisbane's a fine woman – one of the best – her husband's a crook."

"That's right, Tucker," agreed the D.A. "But what did you want to kill him for?"



Tucker Lived in the Slums



Tucker Had Been Asleep



"Brisbane's a Crook."

The Case of the Racket Witness



“Kill him?” Tucker’s surprise was genuine. “Who killed him?”

“Didn’t you want to?” questioned the D.A.

Tucker was almost sober by now. At last he realized what was going on in his room. He made an effort and pulled himself together. “Sure, I wanted to kill Brisbane,” he admitted. “Why shouldn’t I? He stole my money – threw me out on the street – encouraged me to drink. And now I’m a bum thanks to him. Yeah, I wanted to kill him – what about it?”

“Tucker, someone made two attempts on Brisbane’s life today. Do you know anything about them?”

“No. I wish I knew who did it though – I’d send him a bouquet of flowers.”

“It’s not funny, Tucker,” said the D.A. “Brisbane isn’t badly hurt, but the murderer’s attempts misfired, and Mrs. Brisbane is dead!”

Tucker’s face showed his surprise. “I’m sorry. I didn’t know that. Honest, Mr. District Attorney, I admit I had plenty of reason to kill Brisbane – but I didn’t do it!”

The D.A. looked at Tucker searchingly. “You know, Tucker, I believe you. What do you think, Harrington?”

“No. I don’t think he’s the man we’re after,” answered Harrington. “Suppose we look up that Joe Harris, Brisbane’s brother-in-law.”

“Right!” answered the District Attorney.

Tucker’s eyes showed his gratitude. He started to thank the D.A.

“You don’t have to thank me, Tucker,” said the D.A. kindly, “but why don’t you do yourself a favor and stop drinking? You were once a big lawyer. Sure, Brisbane gave you a raw deal, but you don’t want to let a thing like that lick you.”



“Sure, I Wanted to Kill Him.”



“You Were a Big Lawyer”



Mr. District Attorney

“You’re right, Mr. District Attorney. So help me, after this scare, I’ll never touch another drop of the stuff again.”

“That’s the ticket,” put in Harrington. “Come on, D.A. — let’s see what Mr. Harris has to say for himself.”

Joe Harris had a lot to say for himself. He didn’t deny that he had more than once threatened his brother-in-law, Brisbane.

“Mr. District Attorney,” he said, “Brisbane mistreated my sister. I warned him if he ever did it again, he’d have to reckon with me, and I meant every word I said.”

The District Attorney tried a shot in the dark. “Harris, did you ever threaten Brisbane with a revolver?”

“Yes, I did,” was Harris’s answer. “About two months ago, before you put him behind bars for his own protection. I went up to my sister’s house one afternoon, and found her crying. I made her tell me what was wrong. She finally admitted that Brisbane tried to use her in one of his crooked schemes, and when she refused to do what he asked, he struck her.”

“The rat,” muttered Harrington.

“What did you do, Harris?” asked the District Attorney sympathetically.

“My sister asked me to go before Brisbane came home, but I insisted on remaining. When Brisbane came in — I accused him of striking my sister. He admitted it, and told me to mind my own business. I lost my temper — I pulled out a gun —” Harris paused.

“Go on, Harris,” said the D.A.



Joe Harris Had a Lot to Say

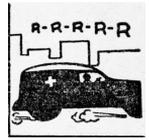


“Did You Threaten Brisbane?”



“I Pulled out a Gun.”

The Case of the Racket Witness



“There’s nothing more to tell, Mr. District Attorney. I would have shot him dead if my sister hadn’t begged me not to.”

“Why didn’t your sister leave Brisbane?” the District Attorney asked.

“Why?” Harris laughed bitterly. “Because she was in love with the crook, and nothing anybody could say could change that.”

“Was Brisbane willing to give her a divorce?”

“Sure. As a matter of fact, Brisbane asked her for a divorce a number of times. He didn’t want her around any more. You see, when my sister was married, she had a large fortune of her own. Brisbane went through it in a couple of years. When he did – he didn’t want her around any longer.”

“Well, why didn’t she leave the rat?” asked Harrington.

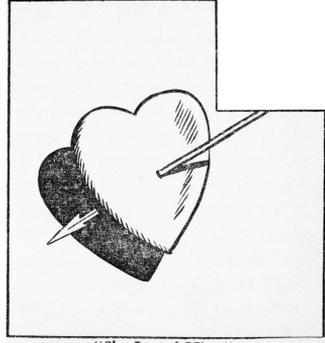
“She was always hoping that by some miracle he’d change.”

“I understand, Harris,” said the D.A. “But this isn’t finding our murderer. Would you know of anyone, outside of his gangster friends, who would want to kill him?”

“Anyone who knew him,” was Harris’ bitter reply.

“Brisbane needed killing. What hurts is that my sister was murdered by mistake, by someone who was after him.”

Harrington shrugged his shoulders. “Well, D.A.,” he said, “I guess this puts us right back where we started. Brisbane’s got a lot of enemies – and one of them put his wife away by accident.”



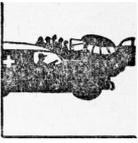
“She Loved Him.”



“He Didn’t Want Her Around.”



“Brisbane Needed Killing.”



Mr. District Attorney

"I'm afraid you're right, Harrington," agreed the D.A. Then after telling Harris to remain in the city so that he could be reached whenever needed, the D.A. and his aide left.

Drawing toward his office, the District Attorney summed up the case. "You know, Harrington," he said. "This whole case is like a jigsaw puzzle – when we put all the pieces together we'll solve the mystery."

"But right now, D.A.," answered Harrington, "we don't have enough pieces."

"Exactly!" said the District Attorney. "As far as I can determine now, none of Red Scanlon's friends made an attempt on Brisbane's life – at least, the candy seller has failed to identify any of them. And I'll stake my reputation that neither Tucker nor Harris is guilty."

"So what do we do?" asked Harrington.

"We try to collect more pieces for our jigsaw puzzle," replied the D.A.

"Where are we going to find them?" the detective asked.

"Only one man can help us with the missing pieces, Harrington, and that's Brisbane himself. Turn the car around – we're going back and see him now."

When the District Attorney's car pulled into the driveway of Brisbane's home, it was evident that something was wrong. The police the D.A. had detailed to guard the house were roaming the grounds – their revolvers drawn. At the entrance of the house, two officers were keeping back a crowd of newspaper reporters.

"What's going on, Reilly?" shouted the D.A. to a detective he recognized.

Reilly ran up to the D.A.'s car. He was breathless. "Am I glad to see you, D.A.! We've been trying to reach you at your office, but



The Case Was Like a Puzzle



"We Haven't Enough Pieces."

The Case of the Racket Witness



they didn't know where you were," he gasped.

"What's wrong, Reilly?"

"Someone just made another attempt on Brisbane's life," was the dramatic reply.

"Was he hurt?"

"No – that guy is luckier than a cat with nine lives. The killer missed."

"Are all those men looking for the murderer?"

"That's right, D.A.," was Reilly's reply. "He must be around here somewhere."

"All right, Reilly. Get back on the job. Harrington and I'll get the story from Brisbane."

The D.A. didn't bother knocking on Brisbane's door. He and Harrington walked right in. Stretched out on the bed was Brisbane. By his side were Doctor Capper and one of the patrolmen named Schwartz. Harrington whistled as he gazed on the wall above Brisbane's bed. Six inches above the pillow was a hole in the plaster – showing where a bullet had entered. Brisbane sat up as the District Attorney and Harrington came in. Tears were running down his face.

"You've got to help me, D.A. – you've got to," he cried. "They'll kill me if you don't."

"It[']s all right, Brisbane. Nothing's going to happen to you," he told the hysterical man. Then the D.A. turned to the patrolman in the room. Exactly what happened, Schwartz?" he asked.

"I was sitting in this room with Brisbane, D.A. You know I had



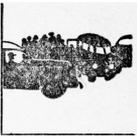
"The Killer Missed."



Harrington Gazed at the Wall



A Hole in the Plaster



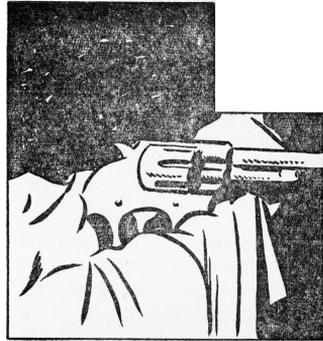
Mr. District Attorney

my orders to stay with him. Well, about a half hour ago, Brisbane asked me to get him a glass of water so he could take some of those pills Dr. Capper left him. I thought it would be okay to leave him alone for a couple of minutes with cops all over the house, so I went to the kitchen to get him the water. As I was coming up the stairs, I heard a shot. I heard Brisbane scream, and I dashed back here. When I got here – I found Brisbane slumped over the bed, and that bullet hole in the wall. It just missed him by a couple of inches.”



“I Heard a Shot.”

As Schwartz finished his story, Reilly rushed into the room. He was very excited. In his hand, wrapped carefully in a handkerchief, was an automatic. “We’ve found the gun, D.A.,” he shouted.



The Gun Had Been Found

“Where did you find it, Reilly?” asked the D.A., taking the automatic from him, and grasping it gingerly by the handkerchief that was around it.

“Right in the front yard,” was Reilly’s reply. “It’s my guess that the killer must have dropped it while he was running away – and he couldn’t bother to look for it.”



“The Killer Must Have Dropped It.”

“That seems to add up, Reilly,” said the D.A. “Brisbane’s bedroom is on the ground floor, facing the front yard. It would be an easy thing for the killer to take a shot at Brisbane through the window and get away before the police could nab him. Reilly,” continued the District Attorney, “take this gun down to headquarters – check it for fingerprints and then try to trace the owner.”

The Case of the Racket Witness



“Right!” answered Reilly as he dashed away.

Then the D.A. turned to Schwartz. “Officer Schwartz, I want you to take three men, and pick up Sam Tucker and Joe Harris. Harrington’ll give you the addresses. Bring ’em down to Headquarters. We’ll see what kind of alibi they have. Though how either of them could get down here fast enough after I talked with them, is beyond me.”

Patrolman Schwartz saluted and left.

Brisbane had been watching the District Attorney’s activity from his bed. He had made an attempt to gain control of his hysterical nerves.

“You know, Brisbane,” said the D.A., “I’ll say one thing for the man who’s after you. He certainly is versatile. First he tries to kill you with a bomb – then with poisoned candy – and now with a gun. But something tells me that’s the killer’s last attempt.”

“Mr. District Attorney,” begged Brisbane, “don’t make me stay here. I’m afraid.”

“What do you want me to do with you, Brisbane?” the District Attorney asked.

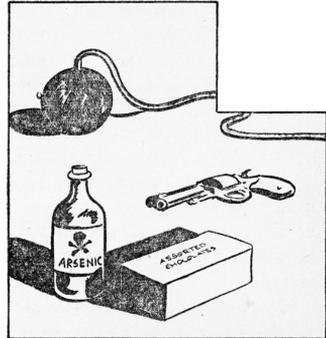
“Put me in protective custody again,” pleaded Brisbane. “They won’t be able to get to me in jail.”

“All right, Brisbane,” answered the District Attorney. “Harrington and I will take you down to the jail when we leave.”

Just then Harrington pulled on the D.A.’s sleeve.



“Try to Trace the Owner.”



The Killer Was Versatile



Brisbane Begged for Protection



Mr. District Attorney

“What is it, Harrington?” asked the D.A.

“Excuse me, D.A.,” was the detective’s reply. “But can I see you out in the hall for a minute? I just got an idea.”

“Okay, Harrington,” smiled the D.A., as he marched out arm-in-arm with the detective. Once in the hall, the D.A. laughed. “Now what’s your secret?”

Harrington drew close to the D.A. “Maybe this is kind of screwy,” he said, “but I just got a hunch —”

“About what, Harrington?”

“About that Doctor Capper. I think he knows more about what’s going on here then [sic] he’ll admit.”

The D.A. was reflective. “Dr. Capper, huh? You might have something there, Harrington.”

“Sure I have, D.A.,” Harrington refreshed the District Attorney’s recollection. “Remember when we first got the call about the bomb being planted in Brisbane’s car? When we got out here, who did we find? Dr. Capper! And who was the first to know about the poisoned candy? Dr. Capper again.”

“That’s true, Harrington,” admitted the D.A. “And right now, Dr. Capper is Johnny-on-the-spot again. He might have had the opportunity at that.”

“That’s what I’ve been thinking all along, D.A.,” whispered Harrington.

“As a doctor, he knows all about poison, and he could’ve sent the candy, and any man could shoot a gun. Say, it would be easy for him — he takes a shot at Brisbane through the window, then while the cops are looking for the killer — he walks back in the house. No one’s the wiser.”

“But where did he learn how to make a bomb, Harrington?”



Could It Be Dr. Capper?



“How Could He Make the Bomb?”

The Case of the Racket Witness



questioned the D.A. "I'm sure it was only one man who made all three murder attempts."

"That's just it, D.A.[,]," said Harrington triumphantly. "He never learned – that's why he didn't connect the bomb properly, and Brisbane wasn't hurt."

"It's a possibility, Harrington," said the D.A. slowly. "But what's his motive?"

Harrington was downcast. "You got me there, Chief."

"Well, cheer up, Harrington. We'll find out right now." The two men walked back into Brisbane's room and spoke to the doctor.

"Dr. Capper," asked the District Attorney, "how long have you known Brisbane?"

The doctor looked surprised at the question. "About eight years," he said.

"Eight years –" mused the D.A. "That means you met Brisbane here about the same time that he met Red Scanlon."

The doctor was taken offguard. "That's right," he admitted.

"So, Doctor," pressed the D.A., "you knew Red Scanlon too?"

"Why, no – no. Who said I did?" Beads of sweat started to form on the doctor's forehead.

The District Attorney wheeled toward Brisbane. "Brisbane," he asked, "who recommended Dr. Capper to you?"

"Now I remember," yelled Brisbane. "It was Red Scanlon. I was sick one day, and Scanlon told me he knew a good doctor –"



"What Was His Motive?"



Dr. Capper Was Surprised



Sweat Formed on His Forehead



Mr. District Attorney

Dr. Capper interrupted. “There’s no use kidding you, D.A. You were bound to find out sometime. Yes, I knew Red Scanlon. I knew him very well. He was my brother.”

“Your brother?” The answer surprised the District Attorney.

“Yes. Scanlon is my right name. I changed it on account of Red. My brother put me through medical school, and when I graduated, I thought his name would hurt me in my profession – so I changed mine to Capper. It was my mother’s name.”

“Well, D.A.[,]” said Harrington, “there’s your motive!

“Doc here must hate Brisbane plenty. Brisbane ratted on Doc’s brother, and Doc decided to pay him back.”

“I swear that isn’t true,” cried the doctor. “I’ve never done anything dishonest in my life. I never had anything to do with Red. Sure, now and then he recommended me to his friends, but I had nothing to do with them, I tell you.”

“Yes, he did, D.A.[,]” shouted Brisbane. “He tried to kill me – and killed my wife instead. Now I know it. He hated me because of what I did to Red.”

“Doctor, it looks like you had the motive and the opportunity,” said the D.A.

“But, D.A., listen to me. I can prove every time I came here – I was called. That’s the reason I was here after the bomb exploded – and after the poisoned candy was eaten.”



“Red” Scanlon Was My Brother.”



Brisbane Accused the Doctor



The D. A. Continued His Questions

The Case of the Racket Witness



“Who sent for you, Doctor?” asked the D.A.

“Mrs. Brisbane,” was the answer.

“Well, you can’t prove it by her, Doc,” said Harrington. “She’s dead!”

“That’s right, Doctor,” said the District Attorney. “I’m afraid you’ll have to come down to headquarters with all of us – maybe we can find the missing pieces to our jigsaw puzzle there.”

“You want me too?” asked Brisbane.

“Yes,” answered the D.A.

“Come along, Doc,” said Harrington. “You’re under arrest.” The doctor went quietly.



Dr. Capper Was Under Arrest

A half hour later all four men were down at the District Attorney’s office. Dr. Capper was locked up, and Brisbane was held for further questioning. No sooner had the D.A. sat down at his desk, than Reilly entered the room. Reilly’s face showed his disappointment.

“No luck, Reilly?” asked the D.A.

“Not a bit,” was the detective’s answer. “Not one fingerprint on the gun.”

“Did you trace the serial number on the gun?” the District Attorney asked.



A Pawn-Broker Had Sold the Gun

“Yeah. The gun was sold about two years ago by a pawn-broker on the West Side. He showed me his records.”

“Who bought it?”

“A guy by the name of John Smith. He gave his address as being 412 East Hampton Drive. Of course, I immediately checked,” Reilly said disgustedly. “And there’s no 412 East Hampton Drive in the city. The whole thing’s a phony.”

“Does the pawn-broker remember what the buyer looked like?” the District Attorney asked.



Mr. District Attorney

“Naw – he claims he’s had ten thousand customers in the last two years, so how should he remember?”

“That’s tough, Reilly,” replied the D.A. “How about Schwartz? Did he pick up Tucker and Harris and bring them here?”

“He brought them in about ten minutes ago, D.A.,” was the answer. “We locked them both up for safe-keeping. Want to see them now?”

Before the District Attorney could answer, the buzzer on his desk sounded. He picked up the receiver.

“What is it, Miss Rand?” he asked.

“Mr. District Attorney,” replied his secretary, “there’s a Miss Harriet Rogers to see you.”

“Miss Harriet Rogers?” said the D.A., puzzled.

“Yes. She was Mrs. Brisbane’s aunt.”

“Oh – the Aunt Harriet whose name was on the poisoned candy. Send her in, Miss Rand.”

The door immediately opened to admit a stout woman. Aunt Harriet wasted no time. She talked while she walked.

“Mr. District Attorney,” she said. “I just found out that someone used my name to send those poisoned chocolates. I won’t have it, I tell you. I didn’t send them.”

“I believe you, Miss Rogers,” replied the D.A.

“Well, why did they use my name?” she asked. “The very idea. Mr. District Attorney, I want you to find out who sent them.”



The D. A.'s Phone Rang



“Send Her In.”



Harriet Rogers Entered

The Case of the Racket Witness



"I'm trying to," said the D.A. in a calm voice. "And just as soon as I do —"

Aunt Harriet interrupted, "Besides who ever sent that candy was very silly. I'd never send candy to Leonard Brisbane. He hated it. And to think that poor wife of his was killed because she made a pig of herself. Always eating candy — I told her it wouldn't do her any good."

"What do you mean, Miss Rogers?" asked the D.A.

"Well, the doctors always told my niece not to eat candy. But she wouldn't listen to any of them. She couldn't stay away from it. Think of it, she'd be alive this very minute if she had left it alone."

The District Attorney sat up suddenly. "Thank you, Miss Rogers," he said. "That completes my jig-saw puzzle."

"Jig-saw puzzle? What are you talking about?"

"Never mind, Miss Rogers. Thank you very much for calling."

Aunt Harriet was shown out by Harrington. As he came in he said, "What a wacky dame! By the way, D.A., what did you mean by that jigsaw puzzle crack. You mean to tell me that Miss Rogers helped you just then?"

"She certainly did, Harrington. She gave us the last piece. The whole thing adds up perfectly now."

Harrington was amazed, but the D.A. didn't give him time to ask any questions. "Harrington, I want you to bring Dr. Capper, Tucker, Harris, Whitey Wilson, and Brisbane to my office — pronto!"



"I Didn't Send the Chocolates."



"Brisbane Hated Candy."



"Bring Them All In."



Mr. District Attorney

A few minutes later, all five men were assembled in the District Attorney's office.

"I brought you men here," began the D.A., "to tell you that I've discovered the murderer of Mrs. Brisbane – and the man who made three attempts on Brisbane's life. That murderer is in this room right now."

There was a gasp of amazement.

The D.A. continued, "We all make mistakes – I do too. My whole investigation was a mistake from start to finish."

Harrington looked at his chief. "What do you mean, we made mistakes, D.A.?" he asked.

"Our mistake, Harrington," replied the D.A., "was looking for the would-be murderer of Leonard Brisbane. There isn't any!"

Dr. Capper started to get up from his chair.

"Sit down, Doctor," ordered the D.A. "You see, Harrington, there never was any attempt on Brisbane's life."

"But, Chief – there were. Three of 'em."

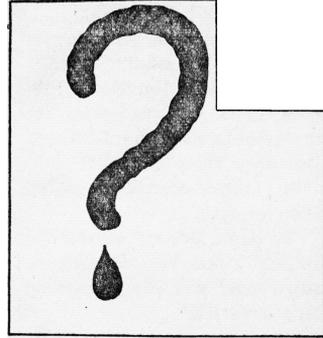
"No, Harrington. The whole thing was a beautifully worked-out plot to kill Mrs. Brisbane."

"Mrs. Brisbane?"

"Yes," was the District Attorney's amazing reply.

"That's a lie," shouted Brisbane from across the room.

"No, it isn't, Brisbane," answered the D.A. "And you know it. You should know – because you planted the bomb in your own car, taking care that it wouldn't explode properly and injure you. That



"The Murderer Is in This Room."

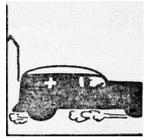


"It Was a Plot to Kill Mrs. Brisbane."



"You Planted the Bomb."

The Case of the Racket Witness



explosion was all you needed to put you in bed – then the arrival of the candy was natural. You knew your wife was fond of it, and that she was bound to eat some.”

“But, D.A.,” interrupted a puzzled Harrington. “Dr. Capper said Brisbane ate some of the candy himself.”

“Sure he did – but only enough to give him a mild stomach ache. By eating some of the candy, he averted suspicion from himself, and just as he planned his wife ate a lot of it – and died.”

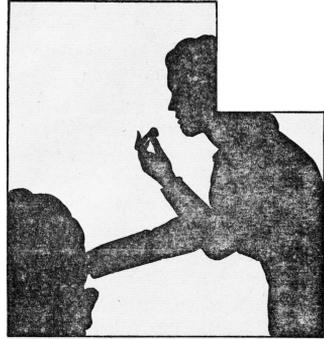
“But what about the shooting?”

“Don’t you see it, Harrington? It was Brisbane’s gun all along. When Patrolman Schwartz left the room, Brisbane aimed at the wall, and pulled the trigger. Then he threw the gun out of the window.” The D.A. turned to the lawyer. “Wasn’t that how you did it, Brisbane?”

“That’s a lie,” Brisbane shouted.

“It’s no use, Brisbane. I can prove the whole thing now. Before you planted that bomb in your car, you bought the candy at Dwyer’s store. You got arsenic somewhere – poisoned it, and left instructions that it was to be delivered to your home later. Then you went home, stepped on the starter, and when the bomb went off what was more natural than for you to receive a box of candy from dear

old Aunt Harriet? No one suspected a thing. You felt sure you’d never have any trouble with Dwyer. There was no reason for Dwyer seeing you again. You figured I’d have Dwyer down to look



“You Knew She Liked Candy.”



“You Threw the Gun out the Window.”



“I Can Prove Everything.”



Mr. District Attorney

at the suspects but I would never ask Dwyer to look at the victim.”

“Well, I’ll be a monkey’s uncle,” ejaculated Harrington. “Then Dwyer can identify Brisbane as the man who sent the poisoned candy.”

“No, he can’t!” yelled Brisbane. “I never saw him before in my life.”

“We’ll see about that,” said the D.A. picking up his phone. “Miss Rand, did you call Mr. Dwyer as I asked you to?”

“Yes, sir,” was her answer. “He’s here now.”

“Send him in, please,” said the District Attorney.

The door swung open. Dwyer took two steps in the room. Then he spied Brisbane huddled in his chair. He pointed out his finger dramatically.

“That’s the man who bought the candy from me, Mr. District Attorney,” he shouted. “I’d know that face anywhere.”

“Got an answer for that, Brisbane?” the D.A. asked

Brisbane was silent for a moment – then he said, “Okay, Mr. District Attorney – you win!”

Three months later, Leonard Brisbane heard a judge sentence him to the electric chair!

As Harrington and the District Attorney walked out of the court that day, Harrington said, “You know, D.A., I still don’t understand it.”

“It’s perfectly simple, Harrington, now that all the jigsaw puzzle



“I Never Saw Dwyer!” Brisbane Shouted

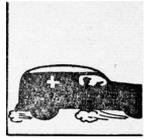


“That’s the Man!”



Brisbane Was Sentenced

The Case of the Racket Witness



pieces are in place. Mrs. Brisbane wouldn't give Brisbane a divorce. He decided the only way to get rid of her was to murder her. But Brisbane was an opportunist, he saw that here was also an opportunity to get rid of all his enemies if he made it look as though his wife's death was an accident because someone was after him. And just as he figured, we rounded up Whitey Wilson, Tucker, Harris, and Dr. Capper – every one of them an enemy of Brisbane's. With one murder, he took care of five people – and diverted suspicion from himself."



"He Was an Opportunist."

"But how did Mrs. Brisbane's Aunt Harriet give you the last piece of the puzzle, D.A.?" asked Harrington.

"When she told me that Brisbane never ate candy and that his wife couldn't stay away from it," was the reply. "Certainly, anyone who knew Brisbane well enough to know of Aunt Harriet would know that Brisbane wouldn't touch the candy. Then the whole thing clicked into place. Mrs. Brisbane was the intended victim – and the only one who had a motive to kill her was her husband."



"... SHE COULDN'T
STAY AWAY
FROM CANDY...."

"Aunt Harriet Gave Me the Clue."

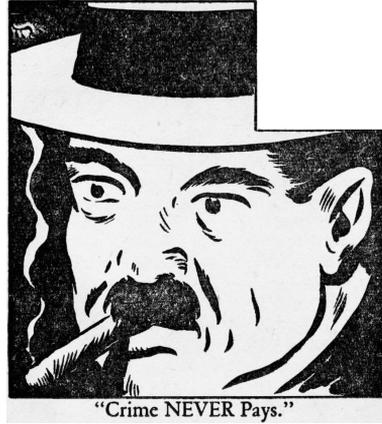
Harrington shook his head. "He was a smart guy, D.A. – but he wasn't smart enough."

The D.A. got into the car. "Crooks never are, Harrington. If they were smart they'd be honest. Common sense tells you – crime doesn't pay. Brisbane learned that lesson too late."

"It's a mighty expensive lesson, D.A.," said Harrington. "And next month, Brisbane pays the tuition fee." Harrington shook his head regretfully. "No," he said, "crooks just ain't smart."



Mr. District Attorney



The car pulled away from the curb, and headed downtown.

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