

Judge Instills Fear Into Heart of "Attie Ogre"

Man Who Boasted of 14 Murders Attempts to Shift Blame on Alleged Accomplice.

Courtroom, Hanover, Germany, Dec. 5.—Fritz Haarmann, the attic ogre, turned craven today.

In a hysteria of mingled threat and denunciation, Haarmann tried once more to shift the responsibility for his many murders on Hans Grans, the youth who helped him.

"I won't bring him into it, he's too young," had been Haarmann's attitude toward his fellow defendant when he pictured himself as a hero killer before the trial opened. The burden of his story today was that he had been the instrument of Grans and the latter's pal, Wetowski.

"When I'm soft, I can be led like a child," declared the killer, who confessed at least 14 murders and "perhaps 10 or 20 more," and admitted he chopped their bodies to bits.

Public Excluded.

The public was excluded again when Haarmann detailed the killing of the first boy victim. He told how he sank his teeth in the boy's throat, vampire-like, while in a sort of trance. Then he fled and remained away a week.

"When I came back the body already had started to decompose. I had to hurry to remove it," Haarmann stated.

His attack on his associate brought violence to Haarmann's manner.

"I've shielded Grans all this time, but if he lies in this court room and denies that I supported him for four years I'll tell a lot of things," he said, with his voice rising shrilly and his fist banged a table by the witness chair.

Boy Falters Denial.

The judge turned to Grans for verification, but the frightened boy could only stammer a faltering denial.

"He saw the bodies. He knew everything," Haarmann stormed.

Continuing his testimony, Haarmann, with an expansive smile of good humor, revealed that a third person was implicated. This man, he said, was Wilkowski.

Grans and Wilkowski alone were responsible for one of the fiendish murders, Haarmann said.

"Six years after the first murder," Haarmann testified, "detectives had me under suspicion and they came and searched my room. They were shrewd fellows, poked here and there, questioned me, looked very serious and even studied the floor and wood-work with a microscope."

Here, the prisoner paused and laughed as though in anticipation of springing a good joke.

"But," continued Haarmann, "as smart as they were, they overlooked a box in which I had hidden the head of one of the victims I killed. The box was covered with bloodstains and I could not understand why they did not see it."

Spectators Stand.

Haarmann then switched his testimony to the story of his first crime. So graphic was his description of his emotions and his reactions that many spectators in the crowded courtroom unconsciously rose to their feet. Their interest was tense. There were shouts of protest from those in the rear whose view thus was obstructed.

"I cannot tell you just how I killed my first victim or why," Haarmann continued. "All I recall is that I went to bed as usual one night. My thoughts were peaceful and I had not eaten anything that might cause me to rise from my good bed when still asleep, but when I awoke in the morning, the sun was shining into my room, and there was the body of a boy on the floor, a body horribly mangled."

Haarmann gesticulated dramatically. "The boy's mouth was open and there were teeth marks on both sides of the Adam's apple," he resumed. "I covered the face so the staring eyes could not see me. Then I cooked strong coffee, drank it, smoked a good cigar and then fell asleep again."

Haarmann again referred to his reputed accomplice, Grans, saying, "Grans always smelled of blood after one of the murders. He would go away and would remain away until I told him he could come back.

Burgess Bedtime Stories

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

A ruined home can never be the same again for you or me. —Reddy Fox.

— A Ruined Home.

The dogs which, led by Bowser the Hound, had found the home of Reddy Fox in the Old Pasture showed by their excitement that they were sure that Reddy was inside. The hunters had no doubt of it. They put down their rifles and began to gather material for a fire. This was started right in front of Reddy's doorway. When it was burning brightly some damp material was piled on it to make a thick smoke and then the whole thing was pushed as far down Reddy's hallway as possible. Then the hunters picked up their rifles and stood around waiting. You see they half expected that Reddy would dash out. They thought he would have to dash out, or else choke to death down inside.

They waited and waited, but there was no sound of Reddy Fox. By and by one of them noticed smoke rising from behind a big rock in the middle of a patch of brush a little distance away. He went over to see what it meant. There he found a well hidden opening under that rock, and out of this opening the smoke was coming.

Bowser the Hound had followed him over there. Suddenly Bowser

threw up his head and bayed long and loud. Then away he started with his nose to the ground, baying as only he can bay. Instantly the other dogs were after him, and their mingled voices made the music that hunters love. The hunter who had found this opening understood just what had happened. He knew that he had found a back door to Reddy's home. He knew that while he with the other hunters had been waiting and watching the front door Reddy had slipped out the back door. What



They knew that they must get out or choke to death in their home.

he didn't know was that two Foxes instead of one had slipped out that back door. They were Reddy and Mrs. Reddy.

Reddy and Mrs. Reddy had known nothing about the hunt for them until they had heard those dogs barking around their front door. Even then they had not been much frightened.

The next story: "Reddy's Worst Day."

Falls City—Chester Thompson of Humboldt, who escaped from jail after being sentenced to a short term for passing a worthless \$3 check, and was recaptured at Marysville, Mo., has been sentenced to the state reformatory for one year by District Judge J. B. Roper.

HUBBELL BANK FOUNDER DIES

Hubbell, Dec. 5.—William H. Conklin, 85, banker, early and widely known resident of Hubbell, died at a Hebron hospital, where he had been undergoing treatment for kidney trouble for the last two months. With his family he settled in Nebraska 45 years ago, and came to Hubbell with the building of the railway in 1880. He founded the Hubbell bank, the first one in the town, and has lived here continuously since. For 30 years he had the only bank in Hubbell.

Mr. Conklin was born in New York. He was credited with lifting many men out of seeming failure and starting them on the road to success. It

is said that he never lost a dollar on bank loans.

He is survived by one son, J. A. Conklin, associated with him in business here for the past 20 years, and the widow, Mrs. Lou A. Conklin, who has also been an able assistant in the bank, and who is at present worthy grand matron of the Order of Eastern Star for the state of Nebraska.

Twelve Horses Killed

by Mysterious Malady

Fort Morgan, Colo., Dec. 5.—A mysterious malady has killed twelve horses on the R. A. Aggson farm, seven miles northwest of here. The animals became stiff in the joints.

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