

merciless rain of questions.

In jail at Lima, she was forced to give a complete account of what she had done on the night of the murder.

She contradicted herself in her story. The contradictions were shown to her, and the questions asked all over again.

Chicago detectives reached Lima last night, and took the two prisoners aboard a Chicago train which left at 1 o'clock in the morning.

And all through the long six-hour ride to Chicago, Detective O'Connor threw question after question at Beatrice Ryall.

Once, on the train, she broke down, and weeping hysterically, begged for sleep, saying she could stand it no longer.

O'Connor gave her a few minutes to recover in, and then the pitiless questioning went on again, endlessly, the same thing over and over again.

When Chicago was reached, the woman was given a little breakfast, over which she almost choked, and then taken to the Stanton avenue police station.

There she was taken before Captain Noofbaar and Lieut. Crotty, and the merciless questions began again.

Still she held out, and still she swore that Conway and herself had left Chicago without knowledge of the murder of Sophia Singer.

So the police turned an extra screw, and a man entered and left the darkened room where the questioning was going on.

"Who is that man?" the woman asked.

"Oh, just a man interested in the murder," said the police officials.

Then suddenly the light was thrown on, and the woman was face to face with—the fiancé of the murdered woman, William R. Warthen.

Warthen had been schooled in the part he was to play by the police. For a few minutes he stared coldly at the woman. Then he raised his hand and pointed a finger at her.

"You," he shouted. "You are the murderer! You killed my sweetheart!"

"No. No. No! I didn't," she sobbed, and broke down completely.

She was given a few minutes to recover, and then Warthen drew a chair up by her side.

"Why did you do this?" he asked.

"I didn't. I didn't. I didn't!" the woman screamed.

"You know Sophia was your best friend," continued Warthen. "She would have done anything for you. She would have given you the clothes off her back."

"I know she was a good friend of mine. She was a better friend of mine than she was of yours," said the woman.

"Then why did you do it?" demanded Warthen, his voice rising to a shout.

"Oh, I didn't," sobbed the woman.

"Well Conway did. Conway's a crook. Why don't you confess