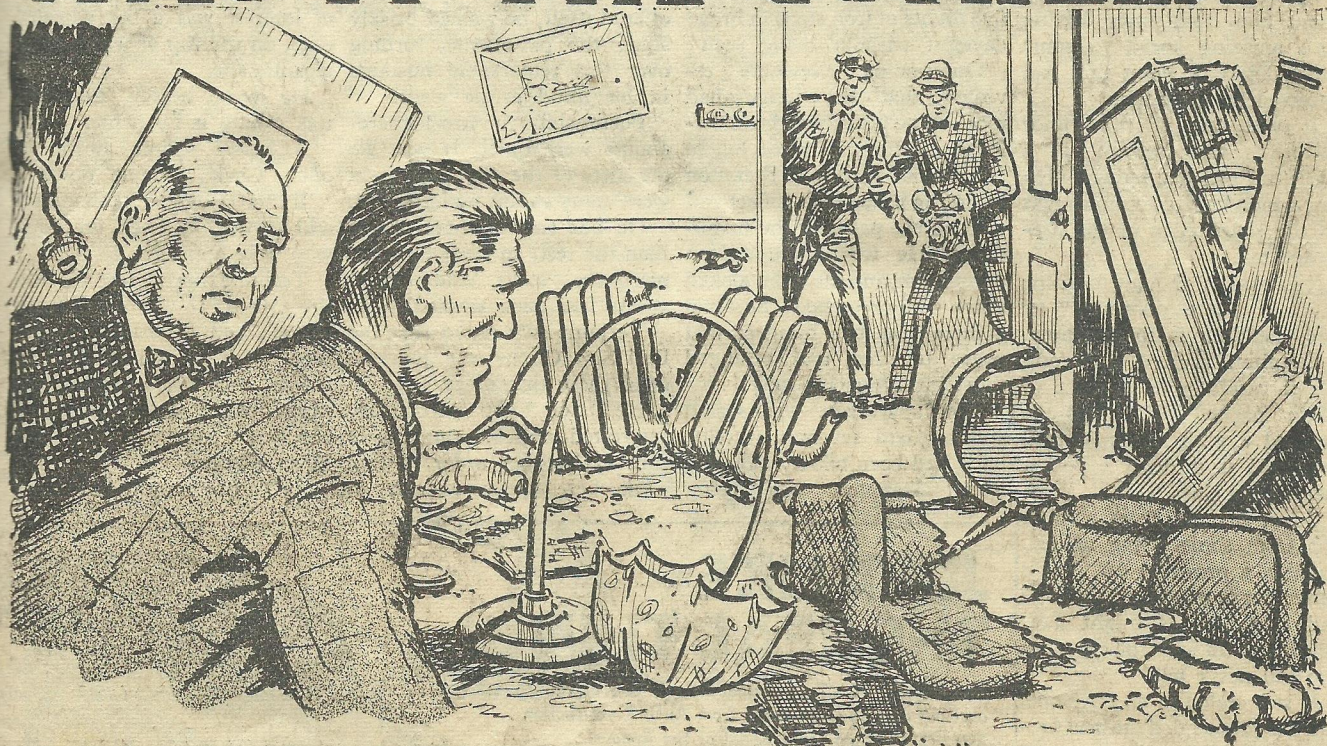


Uncontrollable hate makes a murderer smash everything in his victim's house. The amazing trail of destruction is the problem which faces Paul Terhune.

WAS IT THE GORILLA?



"THIS is the control room for the radio-cars. The incoming messages are received at the desk over there. These nearer operators send out instructions and calls as ordered over the phone by myself."

Lieutenant Dick Staunton, of the Pennsylvania Police Force, spoke with pardonable pride as he showed his visitor around the police depot at Spring City.

It was a pleasure to show everything to this short, quietly-spoken man whose dark, shrewd eyes missed nothing.

Staunton had heard of Paul Terhune even before he was handed the letter of introduction which the private detective had brought from Scotland Yard.

At the moment he was touring the United States, making a point of learning all he could about their methods of crime detection.

He glanced around the cool, brightly-lit room intently, walked over and examined a relay board, and listened for a few moments to six operators in a row sending out messages to police cars.

A telephonist ran across to the lieutenant.

"Just in, sir!" he gasped and handed a piece of paper to Staunton. "It needs immediate attention."

Dick Staunton gave the paper one glance and tightened his lips. Here was a chance to show the visitor how fast

and reached the door leading to the yard at the rear of the depot.

There awaited Staunton's car, with a uniformed man at the wheel, the doctor and the official photographer already in their seats, with their apparatus beside them.

They found two patrol cars outside the big apartment house on the west side of the city when they got there.

Uniformed men were at both front and back of the building, preventing anyone from leaving or entering.

Staunton and his party at once went up the elevator to the fifth floor, where the judge had had his quarters.

Another uniformed man was at the open door of the flat, and he reported that nothing had been touched or disturbed.

Terhune and Staunton crossed the threshold and stood just within, taking in everything at one swift glance.

A big desk near the window was set at such an angle that anyone sitting there at a typewriter would get the light over his right shoulder.

The typewriter was still on the desk, but a mass of papers lay scattered on the floor.

The judge, a man of about sixty-five, with snow-white hair, was sprawled forward in

his chair with his head twisted and lolling hideously at a unnatural angle.

Paper was still in the typewriter. Close by, a valuable antique chair lay in two portions.

Staunton walked cautiously through this debris to the chair and pursed his lips in a soft whistle when he looked more closely at the corpse.

"Looks as though he was typing at the time and someone came in through the window from this fire-escape at the rear and did this," muttered Staunton.

"It's fiendish. We won't move the body until it's been photographed. Let's look around. If he was killed there in the chair, why is the rest of the room so disturbed?"

"That's what I ask myself," replied Terhune. "It looks as though a whirlwind struck the place—or a maniac. Look at that ornamental lamp standard."

The standard was of stout brass tubing. It had been bent almost in two.

The Gorilla That Winked

THE two detectives looked at each other hard. The killer must have been a maniac.

"I feel sure all this damage