

MURDER OF 3 BAFFLES

New York Police Fail to Get Clew to Slayer.

WOMAN'S FACE WAS SLASHED

Italians See in This Feature Clear Indications of a Crime for Revenge—How Victims Were Killed Silently in Little Flat—Barber's Nailed Windows Show His Fear of an Enemy.

Special to The Washington Post.

New York, Jan. 22.—After three days' search, the police have learned nothing to help them in their hunt for the murderer of the Italian barber, Salvatore Scalpone, his wife, Felicia Maria, and their helper, Concetta Martine. The murder was done some time Wednesday night in the top floor of the tenement house at 10 Montgomery street, so silently that nobody knew it until Salvatore's first barber climbed to his room late the next morning to find what was amiss.

Inspector McCafferty said today that he had 40 men running down the odds and ends of information that have been coming to him. He said he did not have a single clew which looked as if it would lead to the murder.

Capt. Carey, head of the homicide bureau, who has been busy on the case ever since the news was brought to him last Thursday night, said he had theories, but nothing else.

Woman Deliberately Mutilated.

For the fate of the Scalpones showed how easy it is to murder deliberately and safely and escape without leaving the faintest trace or track, and the ferocity of the crime was a plain indication to the men of Scalpone's race that revenge or hatred and not robbery was the motive. It was nonsense, they said, to think that the three were beaten down by robbers. Why was the face of Felicia Maria, the young wife, slashed with a razor?

The unimaginative detectives from the central office passed lightly over this detail, but of all the features of the mystery it seemed most significant to the gossipers in the cafes who know the ways of their own outlaws. If there had been no other arguments against the hastily formed police theory of robbery, the deliberate mutilation of Felicia would have been enough to convince the Italians of the quarter that jealousy and revenge were motives that led two men to destroy the whole family.

"That is the way they do in Sicily," said an old man who was a young man in Palermo. "One who has been rejected and cannot forget waits his opportunity. Sometimes he waits a very long time, but he is patient in his hate. And when the time comes he marks the face of the woman he loves with a deep cut that leaves an ugly scar. It has happened here. I have seen it, but the police do not know what it means."

Murderer Inspired by Hate.

There was talk of the Black Hand—a name which has come in recent years to have a very real meaning as descriptive of unassociated gangs of blackmailers—and of Salvatore Scalpone's possible fear of one of these gangs, but always the talk went back to the slashes on Felicia's face and the certain significance of them. Whoever killed the three, they said, struck with the madness in his heart as struck again and again until there was hardly anything recognizable in his victims.

Robbers are not so ferocious. And the detectives had to admit that there was more brutality in the killing of the Scalpones than had ever come within their experience in a case of murder for robbery. They shook their heads over in fact that upward of \$500 in American and Italian money was found on the bodies of Felicia Maria and old Concetta and that Felicia's diamond earrings had not been taken.

For the rest the central office men were ready to admit that the problem is the most difficult that has ever been put up to the department. Here was a family of three—four rather, for an unborn child lost its life—who were beaten to death in a crowded tenement house, with not a sound or a scream to alarm the neighbors. There was Pietro, the brindle bulldog, a bad-tempered brute, chained in the hallway, and nobody heard a snarl or a growl from Pietro. The condition of the rooms was indescribable, yet there was not a footprint or the mark of a finger left by the murderer. Why were the windows locked and nailed? Why was the trunk in the sitting room turned inside out and yet no money taken from the women? Why were there no indications of a struggle? What became of the spike-headed ax with which the three were killed?

Cruelty and Cunning Shown.

"I tell you," said Capt. Carey, of the homicide bureau, the man who is up against a dead wall, "there never has been a case, so far as anybody in the department can remember, where there was so much cruelty and cunning combined or where so little was left for the police to work on. Here was a man, maybe two men, who killed in the most frightful manner imaginable, and yet displayed cool and deliberate cunning all through the crime."

They were no nearer today to the murderer or murderers than they were before, but Carey's men were able, after hours of microscopic study, to comprehend how the Scalpones and Concetta Martine were surprised and beaten down. The little four-room apartment on the top floor of 10 Montgomery street gave up part of its secret, only a little, but just enough to give one an idea of what must have happened some time on Wednesday night. Also there was a red smudge on Pietro's collar, and how the detectives wished yesterday that Pietro could sit up and tell of the things he had seen and heard! It's likely that he recognized a friend that night. But with this and that and some reasonable speculation as to the probabilities the detectives pieced together a story.

Barber Feared Attack.

In the first place Salvatore was afraid of somebody. He feared that he might be attacked in his own home. Months ago he bought the bulldog and he told young Affronte, one of his barbers, that a bulldog was better than any doorlock. It was learned too that Salvatore himself nailed up all of the windows in the flat. Only one of them, the bedroom window, looked upon the fire-escape landing, but the other three were accessible by a 6-inch ledge of stone that faced the sixth-floor level on the Montgomery street side. There was left only one entrance to the apartment, the hall door, and Pietro was kept chained behind that door night and day. You could hear the bulldog grumbling heavily, the janitress remembered, whenever anybody rapped at the Scalpones' door.

The absence of any sign of a struggle and the unbroken silence indicated certainly that the three were not killed altogether. A broken side comb and a red stain in the hallway near the door indicated that Felicia Maria had responded to a knock at the door and had been struck down suddenly before she had time to run or to scream. The broken side comb was one of a pair that Salvatore's wife had been wearing that night. She fell, it is supposed, near the bulldog, and the red stain on his collar could hardly have been acquired any other way.

Concetta Second Victim.

Then the man rushed in and attacked old Concetta, beating her down on the floor of the sitting room. He must have carried Felicia from the hall to the sitting room—there were certain unmistakable evidences of that, and after he had both women in the sitting room, he

attacked them with a spike-headed hammer as they lay on the floor.

There were crimson splashes on the baseboard of the room, which could not have got there if Felicia and Concetta had been on their feet when the worst of their wounds were made. The marks were on a level with the heads and a few feet away. It was perfectly clear what had happened. After the women were dead, the man who had killed them cut Felicia's throat and slashed her face with a razor.

It is probable too that the trunk in the bedroom was ransacked immediately afterward, but there were no finger prints on the trunk or on any of the white garments that it contained, a fact that leads the detectives to believe that there were two men in the case, one who did the killing, and who could not have handled the contents of the trunk without leaving traces behind, and another whose hands were unstained. It is more than probable that the emptying of the trunk and the strewing of clothes on the floor was a trick to give the impression that robbery was the motive for the killing.

Barber Killed Last of All.

Salvatore they must have got last of all. He did not leave his shop across the street until nearly 10 o'clock on Wednesday night. He entered the flat, passed Pietro in the hallway, and walked into the dining room. He was in the act of taking off his coat when they came on him from behind, for when they found his body one sleeve of the coat was off and the other was on. His black derby hat lay beside the body, where it had fallen, no doubt, when it was knocked off by a savage blow that crushed the back of his skull. The man, or the two men, hid themselves, it is supposed, waiting for the barber to get home, and then attacked him from behind. He could not have seen the bodies in the next room, for the door between it and the dining room was closed.

None of the relatives of Scalpone or of Felicia or of old Concetta was able to give the detectives information of any value. They said that they had never heard of Salvatore having an enemy and that he had had no rivals for the favor of Felicia. But that is what the police are always told in such cases.

What Carey wants to find out especially is from whom did Salvatore buy Pietro, the bulldog.