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In front of the Hotel d'Angleterre in Copenhagen there are long rows of chairs and tables. Guests from all over the world sit next to each other, talk in a dozen languages and think that Danish cuisine tastes very good.

Master butcher Oskar Külz from Berlin also joined these guests. He wore a gray, checked suit, a Tyrolean hat and a bushy, gray mustache. In his right hand he held a walking stick and in his left a travel guide for "Copenhagen and the surrounding area".

He sat down at an empty table. A waiter appeared.

"What can I serve with, sir? "

" With a large pilsner, "explained the guest.

"A pilsner, very well!"

And something to eat. A small coldcut if it's not

too much of a fuss. With different types of sausage. I am interested in your Danish sausage professionally. I'm a master butcher in Berlin.

"A young lady who was sitting alone at the next table laughed.

Oskar Külz was surprised. He half turned, made a clumsy bow and said: "Sorry! "

The young lady nodded cheerfully to him. "How so? I'm from Berlin too. "" Aha! he replied. "That's why you speak German!" Then he realized how stupid that remark was. He shook his head, annoyed at himself, and, since he couldn't think of anything better, introduced himself. "My name is Külz," he said .

She clapped her hands together. , Are you Mr. Külz? That is funny! Then we'll buy our meat from you! ""

From Oskar Külz? "" I don't know. Are there several Külze? "

" You could say that. "

"Am Kaiserdamm."

"That's Otto, my youngest."

"Excellent butchery," she assured

"Yes, of course. But he doesn't understand anything about liver sausage. You should buy liver sausage from Hugo! That is my second boy. In on Schloßstrasse in Steglitz. He's making sausage! "

"A little far if you live on Kaiserdamm," she said. "Despite his liver sausage."

"But Hugo doesn't understand anything about meat salad again," declared Father Külz sternly.

"Well, well," said the young lady.

"Meat salad, that's Erwin's specialty. To the husband of my oldest daughter. In Landsberger Allee. "

" And where is your own business? " she asked.

"In Yorckstrasse," he said. Last October I had my thirty year anniversary. My brother Karl has it next year. In April. No, in May.

"Your brother is a butcher too?" she asked.

"Naturally! With three shop windows! At the Spittelmarkt. And Arno, my oldest, too. He has his shop on Breitenbachplatz. Well, and Georg, my other son-in-law, has his shop on Uhlandstrasse. Hedwig, my second daughter, wanted to marry someone else, a teacher or a piano player,

or a fireman, just not a butcher! And then she did take Georg. He was my first journeyman for two years.

"For God's sake!" Said the young lady. "Loud butcher!"

"It's fate!" Said Külz. "My grandfather was a butcher. My father was a butcher. My father-in-law was a butcher. Sausage making is in our blood, so to speak."

"A beautiful picture," said the young lady.

At that moment the waiter came. He pushed a roller table in front of him. There was a glass of beer and a platter of sausage and roast on the roller table. If a butcher is startled at the sight of a sausage platter, there must be special reasons.

Külz was very shocked. "That is a misunderstanding," he said. "I've ordered a small cold meat and you're bringing a platter for twelve people!"

The waiter shrugged his shoulders. "The gentleman wanted to study Danish sausage."

"But not until Christmas!" Growled Külz.

His neighbor laughed and said: "You are a victim of your job. Grit your teeth, dear Mr. Külz, and enjoy it!"

Master butcher Külz picked up a knife and fork.

A few rows back, next to the hotel entrance, two gentlemen were sitting holding newspapers in front of their faces.

But they by no means read, instead they watched butcher Külz and the Berliner Fräulein. One of the gentlemen had a red nose and looked somewhat like a heroic tenor who had been interested in red wine instead of singing since he was forty.

The other gentleman was short. His face wasn't entirely new either. The ears were unusually high on the head. They also stood up.

"Certainly an agreed-upon thing," said the tenor.

The little one was silent.

"It should seem like a coincidence," continued the other. "I don't believe in coincidences."

The little gentleman with the protruding ears shook his head. "It's still coincidence," he said. "That the old stoneHövel

sends someone to the girl is conceivable. It is nonsense that he sends a giant who appears in Copenhagen as a Tyrolean.

"The other emptied his glass and filled it again." And why has she not given up on her hotel room yet? "

Because she's not leaving until tomorrow. "

" And because she was waiting for the Tyrolean! Look out, I'm right!

The little one got up. , I'll call the boss. I want to hear what he thinks of the matter.

"Master butcher Külz ate one piece of sausage after the other. But it was a huge job. Finally he put his knife and fork aside, looked unkindly at the plate, which was still loaded, and shrugged. "I'm giving up!" He mumbled and smiled at the pretty lady.

"Did it taste good?"

He nodded. "Everything that is right. The Danes know something about sausage."

The waiter came and cleared away.

Külz took a cigar out of his pocket and lit it.

Then he crossed one leg and said: if my old woman would see sitting here!

Why didn't you bring your wife with you? "Asked the young lady. "Did she have to stay in business?"

"No, it was actually different," replied Külz. "She doesn't even know that I'm in Copenhagen."

The young lady looked at him in astonishment.

"My sons don't know anything about it either," he continued, embarrassed.

"Neither do my daughters. >> Neither do my sons-in-law Neither do my daughters-in-law. Neither do my siblings. Neither do my grandchildren." He took a break. , "I just ran away. Terrible, isn't it?

"The young lady held back with her judgment.

. "Suddenly I couldn't," confessed Mr. Külz. It started on Saturday evening. Why, I don't know myself. We had a lot to do in the shop. But suddenly I had to think about my life. As if God had got one Button pressed. " He drew on the cigar thoughtfully. 'My life is of course nothing special. But that's enough for me. Whenever you thought: 'Now you've saved yourself a few groschen, one of the

children wants to marry. And then you had to buy one of the boys or one of the sons-in-law a business. Or the brother or a brother-in-law came and held out his hand. I've had no time for myself. "The old man tiredly raised his hands and let them fall again. And his face was full of sadness.

And then?" asked the young lady.

"It was just like every Saturday. But I did everything like a wound machine. And later we went to see Hedwig and Georg. Otto and his wife were there too. "Oskar Külz took his handkerchief and dried his forehead."

I love my family, "he said," and I love my job too. But should you really only work? And should one really only think of others? Is the world beautiful because the butcher's shop takes you straight to the cemetery? Everyone thinks of themselves sometimes. And only old Külz shouldn't be allowed to do that?

"He shook his head." I got up on Sunday morning at five o'clock in the morning. I told Emilie, my wife, I wanted to visit Mr. Selbmann in Bernau. Then I pocketed some money and drove to the Stettin train station. There I checked to see when an express train was leaving. As far away as possible. And on Sunday afternoon I was in Copenhagen. He smiled as he remembered his escape.

"Herr Külz," said the young lady, "you are an old sinner."

"Not at all!"

"Did you at least see a lot?" She asked.

"Oh yes," he said. "It's enough. I was over in Malmo. I was at Hamlet's grave. Although it is very doubtful whether it is inside. I was up in Gilleleje and bathed in the sea. Dear Miss, that you didn't start looking at the world earlier!"

"And how often," she asked, "have you written to your family?" "Not at all," he explained. "They'll be surprised how long I stayed in Bernau"

"Excuse me," said the young lady seriously, but that's really going too far! Your wife called Bernau by Monday morning at the latest and found out that you wasn't at all were there!

"Do you think so?" asked he. "That would look like Emilie. *"

“Perhaps they believe that an accident has befallen you! Your family will be very worried. ”

“ K lzl also wants some peace and quiet. After all, you're not Santa Claus! ”
The young lady was silent for a while. Then she said: "Of course I don't know exactly how you feel as a butcher and grandfather."

"Exactly," he said.

"But I know one thing. That you are going to buy a postcard right now and write to your wife there are cards in the hotel lobby. ”

K lzl looked sideways at the young lady.

She said: "Please."

He got up, went into the hotel and mumbled: 'Again under her slipper
In the lobby K lzl took out his reading glasses and put them on, chose a postcard, held it out to the saleswoman and said: "And a six-penny token. Or costs is there more to Germany? ”

The saleswoman looked at him in amazement.

"A six-penny token," he growled.

Then a little gentleman next to him said with ears that were far too high: "You will hardly get six-penny tokens here. They wouldn't be of much use to you either."

"Then she'll just have to give me a twelve- or fifteen-pfennig stamp!"

The little gentleman shook his head. "There's no such thing here either."

I don't understand. Who has cards also has stamps.

The little gentleman smiled. They have stamps here “But not German. "Maybe you can try it, he said. With Danish?"

Das Zweite Kapital

Master butcher Külz was talking to the little gentleman. They had been speaking for five minutes.

Finally, Külz showed the stranger his wallet and was informed in detail about the purchasing power of Danish banknotes, especially in comparison to German money. The little gentleman almost forgot to return the wallet.

Both men had to laugh heartily at that.

"Now I have to go back to my table," said the Berliner. "My name is Külz. I was very happy."

"On my part," replied the little gentleman. "My name is Storm."

They shook hands.

At the same moment a delivery man pulled up in front of the hotel, jumped off his bike and ran through the portal into the hall with a pack of newspapers. Then he ran quickly back to his bike and drove on hastily. Passers-by stood on the street and looked together at the new leaves.

The guests in the hall sensed that something was going on. They bought newspapers, read the news, and talked excitedly in all the world's languages. The little gentleman also bought a newspaper and scanned the first page. "Now I'm getting curious after all," said Kütz. "What happened? Is there a war?"

No said Storm . Works of art have disappeared. Worth a million jringen
"Aha," said Kütz. "Well, then I want to write my postcard. He shook hands with Mr. Storm in a friendly manner and left.

The little gentleman looked after him in astonishment. Then he stepped in front of the portal and sat down again with Mr. Philipp Achtel. He also read the paper that had just appeared. He studied the first page very carefully. Then Mr. Achtel asked: "And what about the Tyrolean?"

Storm looked over at Kütz, who bent his back and wrote his card. At first I thought the man was stupid. But I don't believe it anymore . You can't be that stupid! He pretends.

"Not the worst tactic! And what does the boss think?"

"I should follow him. And he'll send you Karsten!" Storm nodded toward Kütz. "He asked me what was in the paper. I told him. He replied: 'Aha! Well, I want to write my postcard there. Strange, isn't it?"

"A dangerous grandfather," replied Mr. Achtel. "The harmless are the worst."

Oskar Kütz pushed the postcard aside, put the pencil in his pocket and breathed a sigh of relief. Then he turned to the young lady. Would you sign yourself? "He asked." Then my Emilie gets jealous, and that's always so funny. "He laughed good-naturedly.

The young lady wrote a line and put the card back on the table.

He took the card and read, what his neighbor wrote "Thank you very much!" he said then. Thank you very much, Miss. Trübner

. "Please."

"But you have such a sad name."

"I am not as gloomy as my name demands," she replied. "Yes," he said. "Yes, yes! Especially since I bought the view card. Why actually?" "There is a good reason for that, Mr. Külz." "Are you in trouble?" "No," she said. "But fear." She pointed to the fashionable newspaper. "There is a message in the paper that terrified me." "But not the story of the stolen art objects? And of the million?" Right. This story! "Yes, what's that got to do with you?" he asked softly. She looked around carefully. Then she shrugged her shoulders. "I can't tell you that here." At the same moment a young one left. Man passed them. He was tall and slim and seemed to have a lot of time. He stopped in front of the porter who was standing on the stairs and asked: "Is there a Fraulein Trübner from Berlin living here in the hotel?" , "replied the porter." She's sitting there at the front at the balustrade. Next to the big, fat tourist. "

"That's great!" Said the slim man. "Thank you!" 25 The porter saluted and looked after him. The young man approached the balustrade. by no means stab Miss Trübner's table. Lady he had just asked about, not even to! Instead, he walked past her indifferently, stepped out into the street and disappeared into the crowd. The porter opened his eyes wide. And although he understood some things, he did not understand them. But he looked. He saw the "Would you do me a great favor?" Asked Miss Trübner. "I'll do everything for a customer of my Otto," said butcher Külz. "Come with me, please!" She said seriously. "I have to do something

And on the way, I'll tell you what it's all about. I have the feeling that we are being watched. "All right!" Growled old Külz. He waved to the head waiter and paid. "Your sausage is great," he said. The waiter bowed. "Very gracious. I'll tell the chef." Miss Trübner also paid. Then the two of them got up and stepped out onto 10th street together. It was a strange couple: the young, slim, elegantly dressed lady and the fat, broad, colossal tourist. The guests sitting in front of the hotel stared curiously after them. Mr. Storm and Mr. Philipp Achtel got up quickly, put a few coins on the table and headed for the exit. As they walked through the rows of tables, the little one nudged the other with his elbow and went to the table where Külz had been sitting. He leaned over the table and took a match from the stand. Then he lit a cigarette. Then he put the match in the ashtray. Eighth waited impatiently. On the street he asked angrily: "What was the matter?" "My friend Külz left that on the table." They leaned over the card and read it. The card read: "Dear Emilie! Sorry for my sudden disappearance. am at home. I just met one of Otto's customers. So it's a coincidence, huh? Don't worry about me. - Sincerely yours Oskar." "I will explain it to you when I come back. And under this handwriting it was written in slim letters: "Unknown greetings from Irene Trübner." The two gentlemen looked at each other indecisively. "Did the guy accidentally drop the card?" Asked Storm. "Nonsense!" Said eighth. "Look at the text! This Tyrolean is a very smart guy. He has a customer of Otto petroffen! This is of course an allusion. First he plays stupid, and then he makes himself out with the help of a postcard

makes fun of us. An unbelievable cheek! But there comes Karsten. ”They greeted their colleague and followed Fraulein Trübner and Mr. Külz at a distance. Storm tore up the Copenhagen postcard 5 addressed to Frau Emilie Külz in Berlin into many small pieces and scattered them on the pavement.

The young lady and master butcher Oskar Külz had no idea that they were followed by three men who were extremely interested in her. The three men were followed, again at a short distance, by a tall young man. Little did the three men know that someone was following them who was extremely interested in them.

**THE THIRD CHAPTER
OF ART IS SPEECH**

"The thing is," began Miss Trübner. They were sitting on a bench in a park. A high old wall separated the park from the road outside. Only in the middle was a mighty gate that had certainly not been opened for decades. came along, he could stop here and look into the ancient park. Who the street like right now a certain Mr. Karsten! Two good friends of his were on the other side of the

Street slowly up and down. They spoke little and waited for him. Fraulein Trübner and Herr Külz had no idea that they were being watched. They turned their backs on the street. "The thing is," said the miss. "I'm with a wealthy art collector who is known all over the world and who lives in Berlin and is called Steinhövel, private secretary. Last week in Copenhagen the auction of one of the largest collections there is. Mr. Steinhövel mainly collects miniatures. Miniatures are very small paintings. They often have very expensive frames. Old miniatures are very expensive. Mr. Steinhövel pays every sum for miniatures. Do you know Holbein the Younger?" "If I am to be honest: no! Neither do the older ones." "Holbein the Younger was one of the most famous German painters. He lived for a while at the court of Henry VIII. He became best known for the fact that he often married and had some of his wives executed." "Those were the times!" Said Mr. Külz, clicking his tongue. "He not only had his women executed, he also had them painted." "Hopefully first!" Külz laughed loudly and hit his gray pants. "Yes," said Miss Trübner. "Before! The first woman he had beheaded was named Ann Boleyn. Holbein painted it, without the king's knowledge, shortly before the wedding, and gave him this miniature, framed by wonderful gemstones, for his birthday." "Today you can be photographed," said Külz. "It's faster and cheaper." "On the back of the miniature there is a loving dedication by Ann Boleyn's own hand." "Aha," said Külz. "Now it dawns on me. The miniature has been bought by Mr. Steinhövel." It is. Kronen. "This for the little thing of six hundred thousand" Donnerwetter! "Mr. Steinhövel drove on to Brussels yesterday. And the boss asked me to bring the English miniature from Copenhagen to Berlin. "

“Mcin heartfelt condolences!” “Mr. Steinhövel didn't want to take you to Brussels. And besides, he thought she was safer with me. Because you know him. You don't know his private secretary. - And now comes today's newspaper report! ”Mr. Külz scratched his head. “Works of art worth a million have been stolen.” “She was beside herself.” They are exclusively objects that have been auctioned off. And there is no trace of the thieves. If I take the miniature Ann Boleyn's drive to Berlin, it can happen to me that the miniature disappears. It will even happen to me for sure! I have been feeling this since noon today. ” “ But what should happen now? ”Asked Külz. You can't There is no third one. ” “ Yes, ”said Miss Trübner quietly.” This is what I thought! ”Karsten stepped carefully away from the portal and crossed the street. His two friends stopped and looked at him expectantly “It makes no sense,” growled Karsten. “You don't understand a word.” “I congratulate you,” said Philipp Achtel. “That's why you stay over there for a quarter of an hour? Just to tell us that you haven't heard anything ? ”Storm took hold of the where rt. “One day the young lady will say goodbye to my Tyrolean. Shortly afterwards I will meet him by chance. Then I'll go with him to the 'four-bladed horseshoe'. And then we want to see who can take more schnapps! ”“ Schnapps is a good idea, ”said Philipp Achtel. A tall, slender gentleman approached across the street. He stopped in front of the bars, took a guidebook out of his pocket, leafed through it, looked at the park, and walked on calmly. “This is what I thought to myself,” said Miss Trübner softly. “I thought you could help me.” “I will,” said Külz. “I just don't know how.”

“You’re going to Berlin with me tomorrow at noon.” “Already?” “Your wife will be very happy!” “That’s no reason! ”But it's part of my plan, Mr. Külz!”
“That's something else,” he said. ”So nice! We're leaving tomorrow at noon. But I'm driving third class. ”“ Wonderful! ”She exclaimed. “And I'm driving second class!” “I don't understand why that's wonderful. If we're not in the same compartment, I don't even have to come with you! ”He was almost offended. She leaned forward. “If you want to steal the miniature from me, and I don't doubt it for a moment, then you will try cs while driving. I'm traveling second class. They'll keep an eye on me. They might steal my suitcases. ”She clapped her hands. Like a child. He looked at her anxiously. “Have you gone mad? Are you happy that the miniature is stolen from you? ”“ Only the suitcases, Mr. Külz! ” And the miniature is not in your suitcases? ”“ No. ”“ Where is it? ”“ In the luggage of a gentleman who drives third class and the gang certainly doesn't suspect a miniature Ann Boleyn! ”“ And who is he He asked. Then he hit his forehead with the palm of his hand. ”Oh!”
“Yes,” she said. “I'll give you the miniature at the train station tomorrow. And in Berlin you give them back to me. ”“ Thunderstorm! ”He shouted. “Excellent!” “We go through the barrier without knowing each other. And I'll secretly push a package into your hand. Nobody will notice anything. We travel separately. If you want to rob me, you won't find anything. ”“ What if the gang is even smarter and steals the package? ”“ Out of the question! ”She explained. “Nobody gets the idea!” “As you think, Fräulein Trübner. But I dismiss all responsibility from the start. ”“ Of course, dear Mr. Külz. ”She got up. ”Me

It takes a load off my mind. Thank you for wanting to help me. "She shook his hand. He shook again." So, "she said." And now we want to part. Otherwise it might be noticed. "" As you wish. So tomorrow At noon at the main train station in front of the barrier. "" We don't talk to each other. We don't look at each other. You take the package unobtrusively and put it in your suitcase. And in Berlin, at the Szczecin train station, we recognize each other all of a sudden! ? "" I'll sweat blood, "he feared." But no sausage is too expensive for you. "" Goodbye, "she said. "And now I'm going to town. They move away, please, in the other direction. Otherwise we could attract attention. See you tomorrow, Papa Külz! She smiled gratefully at him and walked on. "See you tomorrow," he said. He looked at an archway behind her and disappeared. "I'm an old donkey," he muttered. It happened After he left the park, he came to Bredgade. In this street there are very, viele, antique shops. "Since Külz, even if not yet catching, he considered it his duty to occupy himself with art. He patiently looked at all the shop windows. In front of one of the shops stood the little man who had explained the difference between German and Danish postage stamps. Storm was lost in sight. Lost in forkeng atse "You have to be lucky!" Exclaimed Oskar Külz and patted other people on the back of W miniaturis intaturen. Storm looked up. He smiled confused and stammered: "What a coincidence, sir ... What was the name?" "The name was Külz," explained the other happily. "I'm terribly bored, dear Mr. Storm. All my life I have wished to be alone for a few days! And now my wish has come true. All I can say to you is: simply terrible! "" I feel no different, "replied Storm." But I have an unfortunate love for such works of art. When I am in

Copenhagen, I regularly go through dicsc street. And since I'm probably going to Berlin tomorrow, I'm right here. "" You're going to Berlin tomorrow? "" If nothing comes up, yes. "" Great! Me too! Third class? "" Of course "

Mr. Külz was happy. They went on and chatted. Mr. Storm stopped in front of the next shop window." Just shave! "he whispered." This Saint Sebastian! 13th century! And this miniature! Wonderful! ""

Aha , "Said Külz." So that's a miniature! "

The other almost fell headlong into the window."

Such a small picture! "Said Külz." What can it cost? ""

I don't understand much about it, though, " replied the little gentleman. "But you will have to pay five hundred crowns."

Külz looked at the miniature contemptuously. "But there are also much more expensive ones, aren't there?" ut lcom

"Oh yes," said Storm, turning pale.

Fraulein Irene Trübner was walking through the city center at the same time.

She was looking for a shoe store in the window of which she had noticed a pair of sandals days ago. Today she wanted to buy the shoes. If you had her shoe size.

Two gentlemen followed her some distance away. "One should make their acquaintance," said one of them, a certain Mr. Achtel. Who knows what it's good for. "

" All right, "said Karsten. "Talk to her!"

Philipp Achtel hesitated. "My nose is not suitable for flirting. Be so good and do the little business! "

" Good, "replied Karsten and tugged at the tie. "And you?"

"I follow you like a shadow."

"But don't go drinking," Karsten replied. Then he went a little faster. He was only a few steps behind her.

Then he was overtaken by a tall, slim man!

This gentleman tapped the young lady on the shoulder and called in astonishment: "Hello, Irene! " How do you get to Copenhagen

Irene Trübner winced and turned around.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER THREE-WHEELED HORSESHOE

Karsten retired. Philipp Ahtel grinned spitefully and said: "poor little one! You're out of luck with women! "" Do not talk nonsense! " Karsten growled. "The guy knows her. He called her by her first name. "The auxiliary troops sent by the old Steinhövel to his private secretary annoy me," confessed Eighth. "Or do you lubricate that it's people from the competition? That would of course be much worse. ".. I do not think so," said Karsten. "He called her first name, and then she turned around. Like a flash. "" What do you want? "" Asked Miss Trübner severely. "She was scarcely noticeable that she was crippled." Sice, to call me by her first name? " ardoi haue And how come .. what? Are you also called Irene? "The slender gentleman was plexible. Then he pulled his hat." I ask for forgiveness

The "four-leaf horseshoe" They reminded me in the gait incredibly of a cousin from Leipzig. as my cousin. "He smiled win-win," but you are fairer, funny, that your cousin is also called Irene! " "That may happen," he said, "Rudi Struve." "My name is Rudi." Miss Trübner turned his back on him and continued on her way. He held herself by her side. "Actually, I'm glad you did not mean mine Cousins are. " "Why?" "I already know my cousin," he said profoundly. She looked at the shop windows they passed. He did not leave her side. Suddenly she stopped, pointed to a window, said, "There they are!" And disappeared into the shop. It was a shoe store. The young man looked at the displays for a long time Passers-by, who were waiting across the street, stepped into the shop. 10 20 Miss Trübner was sitting in a club chair, and a saleswoman was kneeling in front of her, trying a shoe on the right foot of the customer, "Too big!" claimed the young lady. "I need the smallest number." The shop assistant fetched a new box 25 This shoe was too big too, the saleswoman climbed up a ladder and came back with a nice cardboard box Miss Trübner had her shoe put on several times and said in amazement, "He fits!" "Excellent!" Said someone beside her She looked up, it was the annoying person who hugged Rudi, who gave her a friendly nod, "I like to go shopping with women, it is so pleasant to guide you to more important things from." The young lady asked the saleswoman for the price. She put on the old shoe and paid at the cash register. The saleswoman in the meantime presented the shoe to the gentleman. He took it as if it were a matter of course. 40

The missing miniature .. What are the shoes? "Asked Miss Trübner, as she had put her money in the purse He showed her the package" Here! " The shop assistant opened the shop door, "Good afternoon," he said, letting the young lady lead the way, and following her into the street. "For a long time, they walked silently side by side." The young man had the impression that it was wrong to have a conversation at once The assumption was correct: Miss Trübner stopped at the Rathausplatz and said: "May I ask you to give me my shoes?" "Of course," he explained. "Here they are." She handed her the box, and now I think it would be best if you kept going. I do not know why you bother me. Good day, sir. "He over He pulled the hat." Hello, my lady. " Then he turned his back on her and left. She was a little surprised and stopped for a few seconds. Then she proudly threw her head back and walked away in the opposite direction. 'He did not need to be so rude,' she thought, hurt. She would have liked to turn around. But since she knew what was happening, she neglected to do so. Otherwise she would have seen that he, with his hands in his pockets, was hurrying after her. Two gentlemen standing across the street discussed the case, "What do you think of that?" Asked Karsten. Herr Achtel wrinkled his nose. "A very ordinary love story!" "Terrible!" Said Karsten Dann, following the tall, slender gentleman named Rudi, and Rudi following the young lady who had the same name as his Leipzig cousin. n a side street. You have to climb down some stairs, and then up the same steps again! That's the tricky part But still it was not so far me hod nutryec žime

The "Four-Leafed Horseshoe." 21 Oskar Külz was sitting in a niche, Storm, the man with the sticking ears, was in a mood for him, drinking men in blue skipper's jerseys and drinking "a beautiful city," declared Külz. Storm also raised his schnapps glass, "Cheers!" Both shouted and drank the glasses empty, "A beautiful city," said Külz, "A fabulous city," said Storm. "One of the most beautiful cities of all," asserted Külz. Then they drank again. This time beer. The waiter brought two schnapps without being asked directly, "A splendid city," murmured Külz, and Storm nodded, "and tomorrow we must leave her!" The Berlin butcher shook his gray head sadly. "Lucky you are driving. But that would be too risky for me. Cheers, Storm! "" Cheers, Külz! " "It can be dangerous, Storm. It can be very dangerous 20! Do you have the courage? "" They were more advanced. At the other tables sat IC ,, Believe it, you old Tyrolean! And why dangerous? "" I do not say that! Art should live! " Storm suddenly caught himself singing. And he was startled to find that he needed only one more beer and two booze to be so drunk that it had no practical value, whether the other was drunker than he himself. "cried Külz and drank out" Cheers! " Storm grabbed it. The other paternally pressed the glass into his hand. "Celler, two more schnapps! And two bottles of beer! "The waiter brought what he wanted.30" Son, you get thirsty while drinking, "said Külz." Fortunately, I've had a cold cut for twelve thirty-five before. "He laughed in memory of the sausage slab Then he said: "If I have eaten well, I can drink twenty-four hours, cheers! Storm kicked the cold sweat on his forehead. "Cheers," he whispered hoarsely, pouring the beer down 40

The missing miniature Kütz refilled. "It was fate that we met. Now they can come! "" Who can come? " "There are so bad people in the world!" Kütz struck the little Storm on the shoulder, that almost sank off the chair, And nobody knows exactly why they are bad. Could not they try for good? Why are they bad? The pastor does not even know that. " "I'm bad too," Storm stammered. "No, I'm sick too!" His head hovered in the fog "Only schnapps helps!" Asserted Kütz energetically. "Waiter two schnapps!" The waiter ran and brought what he wanted. Storm felt his schnapps being inspired. He was no longer able to resist IS. He was just thinking: 'If this guy should have put me into it ...' Then he sank down from the chair 'Cheers, old boy,' said Kütz. 'The devil should fetch people.' Only then did he realize that he was sitting alone at the table. 20 A taxi stopped in front of a house in the Oesterbrogade. A man wearing a plaid suit and a Tyrolean hat climbed out, stepped to the front door, swaying a bit, and read the sign attached there, "Hurray," he said, "boy did not forget where he lives." The chauffeur wanted to help, "Not necessary," the tourist said, turning at the front door and shouting, "Wait for me, Herr Direktor!" Then he advised the house and went up the stairs. The Pension Curtius was on the first floor. The tourist rang It did not move. "Pension Curtius! Lucky he went to the car. 25 He rang the alarm. Finally, steps came over the corridor. Someone stared through the peephole. Now, open up! "The man growled, manipulating with keys and the door opened

The Four-Leafed Horseshoe "23 A distinguished old gentleman, with a white beard and dark glasses, asked: " You wish? " "I want to give a certain Mr. Storm." "Unfortunately, I live here only since yesterday," said the old gentleman gently. "And I'm all alone in the apartment. What is missing from the Lord on your shoulder? Is he dead? "" No, drunk. " "Well, so." "Should I put Mr. Storm in the Bricfkasten?" the tourist asked. "Or do you know another way out? The old man stepped back into the corridor. "You might be able to put it on the couch in the dining room." Opened a door and turned on the light, they were in the dining room, the huge man in the gray suit carefully placing his load on the sofa and spreading a camel's blanket over it He went ahead of the pale Storm in the worried look and said: "I hope he is on time at the train station tomorrow." "Does he want to travel?" "Yes, we're going to Berlin together." "I'll tell the innkeeper." The fine old man smiled mildly, "He will wake Mr. Storm in time." "You do me a great favor," cried the tourist. "It's of the utmost importance." "May I know ..." "No," said the man. "Mr. Storm does not know it either." 25 He walked around the room a little unsteadily and turned around, "I do not even know myself!" He laughed, swinging the stick through the air and shouting cheerfully: "Long live art!" Out in the corridor he bumped against the coat rack Then slammed the door As soon as he was gone, the dining room came to life, and at least a dozen people stood around the sofa Mr. Storm was slumbering.30 The old gentleman had taken off his dark glasses. "What's that mess?" he asked angrily. "Who can tell me the 3s?" "Me!" Someone said. It was Mr. Philipp Achtel, the red wine specialist. "So?", Storm had become friends with the man who died in the 40

The missing miniature d'Angleterre, sitting next to Steinhövel's secretary, decided to accidentally meet him again and put him under schnapps. For more details. "And then," And? " Mr. Achtel grinned. "And he seems to have carried out this plan." "And who was the Saint Bernard who gave Storm here?" 5 Achtel said: "That was just that Külz, of whom we still do not know whether he is really as stupid as he does or whether he pretends." He can booze Another pensioner said, "I think that's great!" Storm wil take the man under the table to listen to him, and instead bring him over his shoulder to us in the house, like a postman a parcel! " Anyway, "someone said and laughed," irony of fate, "said Philipp Achtel, rest!" ordered the old gentleman, stepping close to the sofa. "One thing I can tell you now is that Storm should do stupid things He can experience something that he will not live to see! " Storm rolled over to the other side and said suddenly loudly, "Cheers, little chick!" If it turns out

At noon, Külz was the first to arrive at the station. He paced the hall, waiting for Miss Trübner and Mr. Storm. He was also very thirsty and would like to go to the station to drink a glass of beer. At least one glass! But he did not dare leave his post, but stopped in front of the barrier of the Bahnsteig . At the main portal appeared a larger group of men with

The vanished miniature 26 suitcases and bags. Mr. Karsten, who was part of the party, said: "There is already our Tyrolean!" Some of his companions went away and strolled past Fleischerermeister Külz through the barrier, but of course Papa Külz did not notice any of it. Storm and Miss Trübner did not come., I just missed that, he thought. 'In the end I'm going to Berlin alone! That's what you get from your good nature, why should I go home?' Emilie and the children know that I am

not in Bernau near Selbmann, but in Denmark, when did they get the picture postcard? ho At that moment he remembered that he had not put the card in the box, but had left it in the Hotel d'Angleterre! But I also did everything wrong, he thought in disappointment, when Miss Trübner appeared in the portal, and she did not come alone, but with two tall, strong men, wearing stiff black hats and also similar to civilian detectives He noticed Oskar Külz tried Miss Trübner as if not knowing her. He picked up his suitcase, took hold of the cane, and marched over his shoulder as unobtrusively as possible. The girl just said good-bye to the two attendants with a friendly nod. Külz pushed himself broadly into the lock and sat in order to gain time, his suitcase down. "One moment, Mr. Schaffner," he said to the officer, "all I have to do is look for my ticket!" He searched in several pockets, though he had long since found the ticket, and turned quickly. finally, 'he thought. There she comes! Now Miss Trübner stood behind him. Külz handed the official the ticket, felt someone put a packet in his other hand, received the punched ticket, picked up the suitcase, lost his cane, stooped, and finally came out of the barrier. Mr. Karsten, who came after them, was trying to suppress a Mephistophelean smile. Külz had put the secretly received packet in the suitcase and completed it carefully. Then he walked along the train and searched the cars of third class.

"Hello!" Someone called behind him, it was Mr. Storm, "Finally!"

Külz

said with relief. "I was afraid you overslept it." Storm thanked the other man at the Pension Curtius for delivering him, "I learned about it this morning." "You're welcome, my dear." "My landlords were not

here at all, I've heard." ,Right. Just an old gentleman with dark glasses. "" I do not know. " "He said he only lives there one day."

"Drum." Külz stopped in front of a third-class compartment.

"There's

room here!" 10 But Mr. Storm did not want to. "I do not like old women," he mumbled. He meant a white-haired lady sitting at the window. "Old women bring misfortune." They walked on, suddenly

Storm

stopped and asked a gentleman who looked out of a coupe: "Excuse me,

is there room for two in your compartment?" The gentleman, who incidentally resembled a former tenor and had a very red nose, looked into the compartment, looked back at the platform and said: "Yes, that

can be done." Storm climbed in, turned and took the suitcase from his traveling companion. "Be careful!" Kül growled worriedly. Then he got in as well. The gentleman with the red nose helped him. It was, judging by the first impression, very charming people in the coupe. Coincidentally louder men. They readily made room for him, and they

were awkward. Soon all the passengers talked to each other as if they were all good old acquaintances. (And that's how it was.) Külz lit a cigar and checked to see if his suitcase was still in the luggage net.

The suitcase was still there. 30 Fraulein Irene Trübner found a second-class council, only the window seats were occupied. was pretty empty. From

a very young American couple who read newspapers and magazines. She

sat in one of the corridor corners and looked at her watch very often. Out in the corridor, passengers leaned out of the windows and talked to relatives and acquaintances who stayed behind in Copenhagen.

Some

already brought out the handkerchiefs. Then the train began to move.

The handkerchiefs were waved wildly. The American couple looked up

from the reading. They smiled at each other, automatically breaking the smile and reading. Miss Trübner felt watched. She looked around.

Out in the corridor stood the tall, slender gentleman named Rudi! He nodded to her and pulled his hat. Then he came into the compartment,

sat down opposite her and asked: Will we get along again? She was silent. "Oh," he said, "you have the new shoes on!" Charming! They make such a small foot. " Miss Trübner was silent. "The heels could be a bit lower," he said. "Lower heels are healthier." "Are you orthopedist?" She asked. "No. But I have a cousin who is a doctor."

"In Leipzig?" "Why in Leipzig?" She pulled up the corners of her mouth, "I strongly suspect that it is a brother of your cousin Irene." He laughed. "You underestimate the Struves," he then said "Not that I

want to brag. But we are a very hardworking, widespread family."

"Interesting." "My cousin, for example, lives in Hanover, Germany, and

is an ear, nose and throat specialist." ..Aha. That's why he knows so well about paragraphs! "Just, just!" He leaned back, crossed one leg over the other, pulled out a newspaper, and said, "I'll skip it now

Shyness take a break. Goodbye in an hour. "Then he began to read: Miss Trübner vigorously took her big handbag under her arm and looked out of the window, but Fleischermeister Külz also looked out in his compartment, at least with one eye and the other he has his suitcase and its secret. 'It's not easy,' he thought, 'also said out loud' 5 And he almost had it IO He was drying his forehead "Is it too hot for you?" Storm asked worriedly. And before Külz could answer, another passenger jumped up and lowered the window. 'Very friendly,' said

Külz, looking at the passengers, whom he had seldom seen so many gracious people together, and he had been really lucky! The man named

Rudi had leaned back, lying with his eyes closed, breathing hard Irene Trübner looked at his face, she looked at it very thoughtfully and thought to herself: 'Every word he has said to me till now was probably a lie, why does he follow me since yesterday? And if he already does, Why does he lie to me? He has a face like the Archangel Michael, that wicked scoundrel! She turned to the window and stared out for a few minutes, but then her head moved back again., Those expressive hands, she thought obliviously. Well, he's supposed to bite off my teeth, Rudi! "She corrected her thoughts:" Herr Rudi! That

sleepy hat, ha! "In the last point she was wrong. Herr Rudi schl Not at all. It just looked that way. Behind the lowered eyelashes he looked at the young girl uninterruptedly. He was outraged. Just this Irene Trübner, he thought, just she must be so pretty! Why is not she ugly? For years you wish to meet such a person. And when she finally

gets you in her arms, she gets in trouble. The devil get the younger Holbein and all the women of Henry VIII, the beheaded and the unkempt!

Oh, life is complicated! 25

She leaned forward and looked at him strangely. He felt as if her eyes were getting bigger and more thoughtful. What did you have to see? Suddenly she dropped her eyes and blushed like a schoolgirl. He lost his self-control and woke up. "Is the hour over?" He asked. She jumped and smoothed her hair. "What hour?" "Planned conversation

break," he said. "I owe that to my kin." "Oh." She looked at the clock and said: "You still have time, good night!" "Did I sleep?" "I hope so," she said. "And snored?" "No." "To be so forgetful!" At that moment a gentleman passed the passage, a gentleman wearing a white beard and dark glasses, looking into the compartment and walking

slowly, Miss Trübner asked, "Do you know this gentleman?" "No," replied Mr. Struve, "but I have the vague feeling that I am making his good acquaintance very soon." He should be right. As he left the compartment on the ferry between the islands of Zealand and Laaland,

he met the Lord again. He stopped in front of one of the passengers and asked for fire. Someone who was suspicious noticed that the man holding out his cigarette whispered something to his white beard. Remarks between strangers do not tend to be whispered. Too much caution is carelessness. The old man kept walking. Rudi Struve followed him. The old gentleman studied the compartment windows. Struve followed that look, noting a man who looked out of a third-class coupe and winked when the old gentleman passed by. And this man had a striking red nose, Struve's nose was familiar. He stepped to the railing and

looked at the Baltic Sea for five minutes. Then he turned and watched the third-class coupe. Next to the man with the red nose, he spotted the little gentleman with his ears sticking out. And the third one he saw near the park. And across from them, between rogues, sat the good-natured, gigantic tourist who had been sitting with Irene Trübner

in d'Angleterre! This group did not understand Rudi Struve. What was

the respectable giant between so many crooks? Or was he maybe a crook

too? Struve hurried back to his coupe. Hopefully no surprise had occurred in his absence! Miss Trübner was still sitting in the old place. He sat down in his corner. Then she suddenly looked. She turned her face to him. his hat on and smiled. He did not understand what was happening and took off his hat. There was an envelope in his

hatband. "Funny," he said, took the letter and opened it, standing on the letterhead, written in large block letters: WHO IS BANGING IN DANGER, IT COMES TO IT! " TWELVE He folded the bow, stuck it in his

eyebrows. "Something unpleasant?" She asked. "Oh no," he said, trying

to smile harmlessly. "A joke on an old acquaintance!" 20 humael aspe

and 25

The customs and passport control had already been done before entering the ferry. The steamer and the railroad cars in the ship's belly were swimming in the Baltic Sea, and the Danish coast was turning pale. Butcher Mueller got up and reached for his suitcase. "Where are you going?" Storm asked. "In the dining room. I'm hungry. Will you come with me, Mr. Storm? "" You must be patient for a moment, gentlemen, "said one of the passengers. "The ship's duty was not there yet." "Nanu!" Cried Storm, and was very surprised. "But we have the customs control behind us!" Said Kütz. "The ferry will be checked again," explained the well-informed passenger. "I do not understand," said Kütz. "That was not done on the way home."

"Did you come on the German ferry?" Asked another passenger. "Yes, in the German!" "There you have it," said the well-informed. "And now we drive on the Danish. It's more thorough. "" Those damned bureaucrats! " growled Philipp Ahtel. "Double-entry bookkeeping," said another passenger ironically. "All right," said Külz, sitting down resignedly on the gray plaid trousers, Mr. Ahtel took down his suitcase, put it on the bench, and opened it, "I hope it's quick, I'm thirsty." Mr. Karsten looked out of the window and said after a while: 'There is someone in uniform. That seems to be the customs officer. "The coupe door opened and a man in uniform got in. He saluted and made long explanations in a foreign language, and Philipp Ahtel answered him, shaking his head and pointing to his suitcase.

The customs officer rummaged in it, made a rather angry face and saluted again. Now the other passengers opened their suitcases and bags. The uniformed officer also examined her. "Did you smuggle cigarettes or chocolate?" Storm whispered. "No," said Külz, opening his suitcase with a heavy heart. The official came to him and asked for various things in his language. Külz did not understand him. Mr. Ahtel came to his aid and talked animatedly to the man. He put his arm around Külzen's shoulder. The officer reached into the suitcase, took out a large bunch of white linen and asked something. He wants to know what that is, "said Philipp Ahtel," this is my nightgown, if he does not mind, "answered Külz irritably," the others laughed. "Ahtel explained to the officer the meaning of the bundle put it in the suitcase, closed the trunk lid, looked sternly at the passengers, saluted briefly and climbed out of the car again.

Külz took a deep breath, closed his suitcase with relief, and carefully put the key in his wallet. "An unpleasant guy," he said. Have helped. I thought he was going to take my nightgown with me. "" I'm so grateful to you for me. "" And now you can go to the dining room, my dear Külz, "said little Storm." I'm staying down here see no water today, and certainly not schnapps! " We'll reserve your seat, "said Karsten." Thank you, "said Külz," you're all so awfully nice to me, I feel like your grandfather. "He took the door and opened the car door. He reached into his pocket and pulled out a box and smiled ruefully. "Look," he said, "and I smuggled cigarettes!" The first and second class passengers sat in the elegant dining room, or stood in admiration at the elongated tables, on which everything was to be found, what heart and stomach desire. They loaded their porcelain plates with the glories and returned to their tables.

This path has been repeated by many. Because if you ate much or little, - the price was the same. Mr. Struve had sat down with Irene Trübner, though she did not look inviting when he approached her table. They scrutinized each other, said nothing, and ate. Meat master Külz appeared and looked around. When he spotted Miss Trübner his features lit up. He walked cautiously over the mirror-smooth floor until he stood in front of her table. He bowed and asked if it was permitted. She smiled and nodded. "Külz," said the old Tyrolean, lifting his hat. "Struve," explained the young man. The butcher took his seat and looked around. I lie is self-service. ask to pay attention to my suitcase? "he asked the young lady and blinked significantly with his eyes. Then he removed "Aha! He got up again. "May I have you. "You know the man?" Struve asked. "Since yesterday, a very decent man."

Oh, these customs officers! 35 He poised a difficult one. Then Papa Kütz returned. loaded plate, squinted at his suitcase and sank exhausted into the chair. "The right deli," he said. "I was afraid I wouldn't be able to eat at all because of the stupid second customs check!" "Why?" Asked the young man. Because of the second customs inspection, "said Kütz." There is no such thing on the German steamer. Only the Danish one. "" A second customs inspection? "Asked Struve." When was it? "Kütz chewed. It was a hideous face. He wasn't with you? "A person with a 10" Ten minutes ago. "No," whispered Miss Trübner. "He was not with us, Mr. Kütz." "Here you seem to be treated individually," said Rudi Struve. "I start to believe that the second control 15 took place in a single compartment. "Mr. Kütz asked:" What do you want to say with it? "" That the luggage in your coupe was more interested than the luggage of the other passengers, " explained the young man, "Of course I don't know why. There should have been a reason." Kütz stared at Miss Trübner and moved his lips silently, his bushy gray mustache trembling. He reached for his K hastily offer, put him on his knees, took out his wallet and took out the suitcase keys. But some 20 25 "Not here!" Said Miss Trübner. It sounded like an order. Mr. Struve looked nervously from one to the other. "I'm going crazy," muttered Kütz. "If the gentleman is right, I can hang myself up." "Now don't lose your head!" Said Miss Trübner 30 and stood up. "I sit down in a deck chair. You, dear Mr. Kütz, look somewhere where you are unobserved, whether the miniature is still there. And then please come to me on deck immediately! "Butcher Kütz rose, took the suitcase and left the dining room with tired steps. Irene Trübner moved away through the side door that led to the menu deck. The young gentleman, whose name was Rudi, followed Kütz some distance away, positioned himself in front of the toilet and waited.

Miss Trübner had taken a seat on the deck. The chairs next to her were empty. Heavy steps approached. She turned her head. It was Külz and Struve. The young man supported the old man as if he were driving a sick person. He also carried the suitcase. A piece of white linen peeked out. Külz sat next to the young lady. "Away!" He just said. "Away!" "You have to tell the captain immediately," said Mr. Struve firmly. "The second customs check was a bluff. Mr. Külz has been robbed. Nobody is allowed to leave the ship in Warnemünde until it has been examined by the police." "10" Please do not interfere in my affairs, "said Miss Trübner. 15 "Why in your affairs?" He asked. "Herr Külz has been robbed, not you!" "But she!" The butcher murmured. "But Miss 20! The miniature belongs to her!" "The miniature?" "For six hundred thousand crowns," stammered the old man desperately. "I can never replace that for you. Never, my lady." "There's no question of that," she said. "I am solely responsible." "Great!" Explained Mr. Struve. "And you still refuse to inform the captain?" "I will definitely refuse!" Papa Külz put his hands over his face and shook his head. "Oh, people are bad," he groaned. The customs officer was wrong! And the passenger who started talking about the second check was wrong! "Calm down, dear Mr. Külz," said Miss Irene Trübner. "The miniature was also wrong! "

DAS SIEBENTE KAPITEL

DER KOFFER UND DIE ZIGARREN

All three leaned against the railing. Irene Trübner stood between the two men. The gentleman, whose name was Rudi, eyed the young girl leaning next to him and didn't know what to make of it. "Excuse me, dear Miss," said Mr. Külz. "I'm still completely confused. Joy. But I don't understand one thing. If the miniature that these crooks stole from me was wrong, you didn't have to tell me that it was real! "" Yes, Papa Külz! I had to tell you that, "she replied. "Is that why you're angry with me?" "No, you really can't be angry. But why, "he asked the girl," why did you have to tell me that the wrong miniature was real? "" For a very simple reason! Because there are two miniatures! One wrong and one real! "The two men almost lost their balance. First the fright and now that

The missing miniature 38 "Yes," said Irene Trübner. "The American collector who owned the original had a copy made years ago. By an American Holbein copyist. It was shown at exhibitions instead of the real miniature without anyone knowing about it. To display the real one was too risky. Only the collector and his custodian were informed. And recently the auctioneer. Mr. Steinhövel acquired the copy automatically with the original and deposited both in a Copenhagen bank vault." "And the men who took you to the platform?" Asked Külz. "They were bank detectives. Is everything clear now?" "No," replied Mr. Struve. "It is absolutely none of my business, but I would like to know why you actually gave Mr. Külz the 15 copy and told him that it was the original." "It is a lot of concern to me," growled Külz. "But I would also like to know." Miss Trübner said with a suspicious glance at Struve: "Since yesterday afternoon I had the unmistakable feeling that I was being watched and followed every step of the way. In the afternoon, the newspapers reported that that objects of art worth a million crowns had disappeared. There was no doubt: I was trapped. I didn't know what to do. Until I thought of asking Mr. Külz for help. You put her hand gratefully on the old man's arm. We stayed in front of the hotel for a long time. If I was observed, I was supposed to be noticed, we had to notice it. We went into a park and sat on a bench where we weren't." "overheard, but could be observed. Probably 30 were followed." "You were followed with certainty!" said Mr. Struve. "It has been completely clear since the copy was stolen!" "If we were followed," Fraulein Trübner continued, "then our next encounter had to be carefully observed twice. That was to be expected. And that's why I chose the train station as a meeting point. There could easily be a dozen spies there. They had to see that I was pretending not to know Mr. Külz. And they had to see that I secretly put a packet in his hand. In her opinion, this could only be a miniature. So they had to steal from Mr. Külz.

The suitcase and the cigars 39 Well, am I right? Mr. Külz was robbed! The miniature is gone! Fortunately the wrong one! ”“ If you had at least told me the truth! ”Said Külz. ”Then I wouldn't have got so scared before.” ”Dear Mr. Külz,” said the young lady, ”if I had told you the truth beforehand, the bluff would have failed. Because you are too honest a person to pretend. The thieves would have immediately noticed that we wanted to put them in. ”“ I'm honored, ”said Külz. ”Go on! What will be 10 now? ”” Now the gang is convinced that they have the right miniature. And no move will be noticed in front of Berlin. ”“ Excuse me for interfering, ”said Struve. ”But of course you have to pretend you don't know a thing about the theft.” ”That's the main thing,” confirmed the young girl. ”Otherwise everything was in vain.” Mr. Struve thought. Then he said: ”So for 20 Mr. Külz it would only be the hardest part of his job.” Irene Trübner nodded. ”Now make a point!” Cried the butcher. ”I am a good-natured old donkey. Added. I am happy that I was able to make myself useful. For the time being I have had enough of playing Indian. I feel terrible. besides, I'm hungry. ”” Of course you can eat before you ... ”” Before I do what? ”asked Külz. ”You have to get back into your coupe!” The young man explained. Startled, Külz took a step back and raised both arms defensively. ”And you have to talk to the passengers as if nothing had happened.” ”Good,” replied the old giant. ”As you wish. Then unfortunately I turn the neck of the scoundrel who told me about the second customs check. You can rely on that, gentlemen! With such a scoundrel should I have a friendly chat? Maybe I should smile too? ”“ Of course, ”said Rudi Struve. ”Smile a lot!”

"I'll break his neck!" "Dear, good Mr. Külz," asked Irene Trübner. "Don't let me down now! Please please! Otherwise everything we reached was futile." Külz stood there undecided and fought with himself. Then he changed his mind and went to the stairs. Külz entered the third class compartment. "Welcome!" Cried Mr. Achtel. "Did the food taste good?" "The cold buffet up there is first class," said Külz. "I could eat again!" He sat down, stretched his legs and reached into his breast pocket. He pulled his hand back thoughtfully. Then he shook his head angrily and got up again. "What are you looking for?" Storm asked nervously. "Oh, just my cigar case," answered Külz. "It's in the suitcase." 10 15 The others sat there as if struck by lightning. Oskar Külz took the purse out of his pocket and took out the 20 suitcase keys. Herr Achtel was the first to take himself. "Why the circumstances?" He cried jovially. He handed him his case. "Why don't you smoke a cigar from me?" "Or from me!" Occurred Karsten. Another asked: "You don't smoke cigarettes at all? How about a Lucky Strike?" Papa Külz looked at the cases and boxes that stretched out towards him, not without emotion. "Extremely lovable, gentlemen! But I can't accept that at all!" Mr. Philipp Achtel seemed offended. "Do you want to insult us?" "Guard!" Said the old man, startled and put the keys and wallet back in his pocket. "I have cigarettes myself. he smuggled them for my children." Finally he took a cigar out of the eighth case. "I'm so free." Three passengers set him on fire. Külz sat down and looked at the gentlemen with emotion. That is, except for the scoundrel who controls him with customs

The suitcase and the cigars had swindled 41. "So many lovely people," he said, and then he smoked comfortably. The others breathed and smiled. Suddenly Kütz looked out of the window and winced. The white-bearded gentleman from Pension 5 Curtius stood at the railing and looked over.

DAS ACHTE KAPITEL**DAS MÄRCHEN VOM BRAVEN MANN**

The gentleman, whose name was Rudi, lay lengthways in a board chair. He had closed his eyes and seemed to be sleeping. Irene Trübner, who was sitting next to him, eyed him critically. Would he take revenge for knowing her secret? And if he was a crook - why did he give her and Papa Külz useful advice? He knew her secret now. His? The young man woke up when someone shook him. It was Irene Trübner. "Forgive me," she whispered. "But Herr 10 Külz claims to have met the gentleman with the white beard and dark glasses in Copenhagen last night." Oskar Külz, who had sat down in a free chair and placed the suitcase next to it conscientiously, nodded. "Yes. At the Curtius boarding house." "After all, everyone has to live somewhere," claimed Struve. "So why shouldn't he have lived in the same guesthouse with you?" But what was that called?

The fairy tale about the good man 43 "I did not live in the Curtius pension. I only went to drop Mr. Storm there. " "Who is Mr. Storm?" "Asked the young man. "A friend of mine. A very nice person. I met him yesterday in the hotel where I also met Miss Trübner 5. He helped me when I asked for stamps. Then I forgot to put the card in the box. " "0 each," said Miss Trübner. "Your poor wife!" Rudi Struve sat up curiously. "Did you meet Mr. Storm again, dear Mr. Külz?" Towards evening. Art business. And I spoke to him. He claimed that the schnapps was better in Copenhagen than anywhere else. And then he invited me 10 Quite accidentally. He stood in front of you. " "And then he drank you under the table?" "At the end, under the table, to be honest, Mr. Storm. When I wanted to drink to him, he was gone. He was sitting next to his chair and was not quite together anymore. Only when the waiter poured cold water over his head did he remember his address. "15 20" The said Pension Curtius. " "Quite right," said Külz. Landlords had gone out. "I delivered it there. The only one gentleman was there. A tenant. With a white beard and dark glasses. He had only been there for a day and therefore did not know whether Storm 25 lived in the pension. I dropped Storm on the sofa in the dining room and drove to my hotel. " "You probably met Mr. Storm again at the train station today?" "Asked Struve. "We had agreed to do so," said Külz. "I was happy not to have to travel alone, but with an acquaintance. Mostly because of the miniature in my suitcase. " "Did you tell him about it?" "No. But if the guy at the window hadn't invented the second customs check story, everything would have gone well. But of course everyone else in the compartment fell for this hoax! " "All nice people, huh?" "Asked Struve. "Very lovely people," confirmed Külz. "Of course," said Struve. "A question, dear Mr. Külz.

How did you get into the nice coupe? Did you want to go in? Or your acquaintance? "" I actually wanted to go to another compartment. But there was an old lady in there. And Mr. Storm is superstitious. Old 5 ladies bring him bad luck. I had to be considerate of that. "" Of course, ""said Struve. "Our coupé then found Mr. Storm. He asked a gentleman who looked out of the window if there was still space. "" And were there just two spaces available? "" Yes. "" And the gentleman who looked out of the window had a copper-red nose, Struve guessed. "Right?" Miss Trübner was amazed. 10 "And whether!" Cried Papa Külz. "Also a very charming person." "And now a modest question, dear Mr. Külz." "Please." "The occupants of your coupe do not know each other!" "Certainly not. But, as I said, they are all lovely ! 20 And so lovable! I just wanted to take my cigar case out of my suitcase. Do you think they would have allowed it? Excluded! Everyone offered me cigars and cigarettes. Too bad you didn't see that. It was touching! " 15 Rudi Struve couldn't be serious anymore, he laughed out loud 25. Papa Külz was indignant, just because strangers are polite? "What is there to laugh about? It's not very nice, young man." "No," replied Struve: "It is not fine, but understandable." He was serious again. "Madam, I think it is imperative to put Mr. Külz in the picture. Who knows what else is going on." Irene Trübner nodded his head, "Dear Mr. Külz, ""said Struve." I have to tell you a story that you don't know yet. "" Go ahead! "" Well, there was a man who was very decent and therefore everyone else thought just as decent. "" Was it once? ""asked Külz. "That sounds like a fairy tale!" "It's one too," replied the young man gently.

“The good man we are talking about came one day to a strange hotel in a foreign city and met a beautiful princess who asked him for help. Since he was a good man, he of course immediately agreed. He was chased by a gang of robbers who wanted to steal precious jewelry that they owned. Some robbers watched the conversation between her and the good man from afar. They thought of their part and decided to make friends with it. So one of the robbers spoke to him. A person who had very high and protruding ears. The good man thought that the other 10 was also a good man. But when the really good The beautiful princess with the persecuted princess left the hotel, the robber went after the couple with two of his buddies. Are you interested in the fairy tale? ”“ Certainly, ”said Mr. Külz. "Beautiful princesses have always been a weakness of mine." When the good man said goodbye to the princess, the little guy decided to make the other drunk. For the robbers hoped to learn from the good man the plans of the princess. The guy with the 20 ears sticking out happened to get in the way of the good man. And they went to the inn together. Man can take more schnapps than the little crook. And so it happened that the good man delivered the robber to his apartment. The innkeepers were not there because the apartment had no innkeepers at all, but was a robber's cave. white beard and dark glasses that unlocked the door was the robber captain. And his subordinates were waiting in all the rooms. --- The good man delivered the drunk robber and went home. That he got away alive and well, 30 was partly due to the fact that the gang still needed him and secondly because such brave men in the fairy tale had very cinematic guardian angels. ”Papa Külz sat silently in the chair. His mouth was wide open and the gray, bushy mustache trembled. “The following day,” reported Struve, “the beautiful princess gave the good man the jewelry that the gang of robbers wanted to rob. Some robbers saw this. Shortly afterwards the thief with strange ears appeared and they looked for a suitable railway compartment. Of course they did not sit down in the compartment, but now the brave gentleman with the

that the good man wanted, but in that from which a person with a red nose looked out. the man with the red nose belonged to the same gang. It was no wonder. Because like the thief with strange ears. And it wasn't just these 5 two that belonged to it, but all the men who sat in the railway compartment and acted as if they were strangers to each other. They had made a plan. The plan was not bad. Because it was built on a mighty foundation. On the gullibility of the good man. One of the gang appeared as a customs officer. out of the suitcase without the good man noticing. Only when he left the compartment because he was hungry did they become restless. But the good man returned and was still friend- they opened the luggage and so he stole the jewelry from them. So he couldn't know any of that. Only 15 when he got up and wanted to take cigars out of his suitcase - they got a terrible fright. He couldn't open the case at any price! So they all hurried and offered the man cigars and cigarettes. And because he was a good man, he was touched by so much amiability up to 20 tears. "Mr. Struve paused. Master butcher Oskar Külz from Berlin clenched his fists. His face was blood red. "The fairy tale reaches this far," reported Struve. "But it's not over yet." "Yes!" Mr. Külz stood up. "The fairy tale is over!" He grabbed his stick and, without saying more, walked with difficulty to the stairs. The young people looked after the old giant in astonishment. 30 Then they jumped up at the same moment and ran after him. "Where do you want to go?" Asked Irene Trübner anxiously. He roughly pushed her hand aside. "Into the coupe!" "And what do you want to do there?" Asked Struve. "I kill the villains," said the old man. "With the palm of my hand. Let me go!"" "No," replied the young man. "I won't let you in your coupé in this condition!" Mr. Külz, this good-natured person, raised his fist to beat the 40 gentleman, who was called Rudi.

The fairy tale about the good man 1 / Irene Trübner stepped between them and said: "Papa Külz! What do you think of! I think you want to help me? "" Except mine Then he dropped his raised fist "It all has its limits," he growled. Stupidity of course. "And said to the other:" Excuse me! "" Please. " Miss Trübner took the giant by the arm and pulled him step by step towards the on-board chairs. "You won't be able to kill all the robbers." "No. Only the ones in the coupe." Rudi Struve laughed, then said skeptically Fighting fingers against ten revolvers is a matter of taste. "He pushed the good man into a chair. 10 They sat together for a long time without a word. Irene Trübner pointed her hand towards the horizon. The German coast came in 15 sight." It doesn't work! " said Külz after a while, "I can't stay with the guys. I'll get off in Warnemünde, otherwise an accident will happen. I have to get off the ship immediately!"

DAS NEUNTE KAPITEL**POST IN WARNEMÜNDE**

The train had left the steamer in Warnemünde. And now he drove again between meadows and fields and past villages and herds of cattle. In a second-class compartment, a white-bearded gentleman, wearing dark glasses, talked to a textile manufacturer about European foreign trade. The two men discussed the dangers a continent like Europe faces from having to import raw materials and no longer be able to export anything except cash. Then a little gentleman passed outside in the corridor. A gentleman who had high ears. He never looked into the coupe. But the white-bearded gentleman rose, muttered an apology, and hurriedly went into the corridor.

Post in Warnemünde 49 The little gentleman stood at the end of the wagon and looked out of the window as if he were dreaming. The white-bearded man came up to him. "I told you not to come here!" He whispered angrily. "I can go again," suggested the little one. "What's up?" "Külz has disappeared!" "Definitely?" "Unless he's on the locomotive." "Let your stupid jokes!" "Steinhövel's secretary is gone too." The other stroked his white beard. 10 "And the young man who hung on the girl's skirt since yesterday -" "Yes. Did you notice anything?" "Asked the little gentleman 15 quietly. "Then the police would already be there." "Maybe they're waiting at the train station in Berlin." The white-bearded gentleman frowned. Then he said: "Everyone get off in Rostock! I live in the Hotel Blucher. As a 20 professor Horn. Don't all climb out of the same car! Spread out and sit down at Café Flint! In the first floor. Issue a post! I'll come over and give new instructions. " "Good, boss!" "Said Storm. he returned to his wagon. The other stayed at the window for a while. Then, will be done. "Then 25 returned to his compartment and lifted the suitcase out of the luggage bag. "Nanu!" Said the textile manufacturer. "I thought you were going to Berlin too?" 30 The other man put on his hat, put his coat over his arm carefully and said: "I changed my mind. I want to see Rostock again. Especially the old alma mater. I studied here for three semesters. "He lifted his hat and stepped out into the hall. The train stopped shortly thereafter. The professor got out, left the station and walked through the streets. Later he waved a taxi, climbed in and said to the chauffeur: "Hotel Blucher!" He leaned back and thought: Steinhövel's people are

The missing miniature The police didn't bother us. What is that supposed to fade away? be called? The suitcase was on his knees. most tender and seemed satisfied. He looked at him at the Hotel Beringer in Warnemünde, three new guests had just stayed. They had taken three rooms next to each other and met in the hotel lobby after washing. "There we are!" Said Rudi Struve. "I warned 10 people to get out. You did it anyway. What do we do now? " "It's all my fault," replied master butcher Külz. "I behaved very stupidly." "No reproaches, Papa Külz! Mr. Struve sees ghosts. 15 Our gang of robbers is certainly glad that they stole the miniature from you. And she's just waiting to be able to disappear into Berlin. " "As you wish," explained Rudi Struve politely. Irene Trübner looked gladly out of the hotel window." Here I am 20, here I will stay. Tomorrow we go with him first train to Berlin. That's early enough. "She turned to the young man." Or are you expected in Berlin? " "At most from my landlady," he said. Afraid of the rent. I'm otherwise completely alone. Without 25 women and children. " "She has certainly hurried to change the subject. "Dear Mr. Külz, me I have a request for you. " "Already fulfilled!" he said." Call your wife! "asked the girl." Your family has been in trouble since Sunday 30. Nobody knows where you are. Postcard you have in Copenhagen I can no longer watch it. "Külz grimaced." If you don't phone, I will, "she said and wanted to get up." No. I would rather do it myself, "said Külz. He rose groaning, went to the hotel office and made a long-distance call to Berlin, the two young people were alone

Post in Warnemünde "Where do you actually live?" Asked Rudi Struv. "At the Hotel Beringer." "Not possible," he said. "However, I meant where you live in Berlin." On Kaiserdamm. "" Because I live on Holtzendorffstrasse. we're not far from each other. "There at about the same time a white-bearded gentleman had a fire in front of the Flint café in Rostock from a man who was standing there and said: "Storm should immediately have two men in the car after 10 Send Warnemünde. Five others have to check all trains coming in from Warnemünde here at the station. "" Good, boss, "replied the man." And whoever discovers the three immediately calls Professor Horn at the Hotel Blucher! You are going to Warnemünde. "" "What's going on?" "Shut your hat and walk across the street. 15 mouth!" Replied Professor Horn, pulling politely before the evening. When Irene Trübner returned from a walk with her two companions in the evening, she stopped in front of a dance hall 20 and studied the signs that were attached in the front yard. On these signs the spa guests were informed that a costume ball was taking place in the evening. Costumes, it was said, were welcome, but not absolutely necessary. "We will go to this ball!" Miss Trübner: "Better not," advised Papa Külz "I fall asleep. Especially after supper. I have my 25" As soon as I listen to music, I have to get up early at five in life. "But Miss Trübner insisted: what is left of the men? Of course, they gave in. 30 On the country road that leads from Rostock to Warnemünde, there were six Rostock taxis. raced a chain of cars. A single passenger sat in the first car, which illuminated the nightly street with its headlights. White bearded and with dark glasses. He opened the chic window that separated him from the chauffeur. "Faster!" He commanded. "Soviel time like you, not everyone has."

Messrs Storm, Achtel and Karsten sat in the second car. And a fourth who looked like a wrestler. brawny. With a neck like a tree stump. They smoked and chatted quietly. Big and high in the dance hall. The guests had appeared in all kinds of costumes. Some came in Spanish. Other than sailors. Still others antique. Noblemen from the Rococo era also appeared. The chapel was very spirited. And although Irene Trübner had chosen a table that was far from the orchestra, master butcher Külz was struggling with sleep as soon as he had sat down. The young people sat next to him, smiling, determined to protect his sleep. "I warned you," said the old man. "I don't know how it's going to happen. But when I listen to music, I'm done for. But you can go dancing." "Shouldn't we rather keep you company?" Asked the young girl. "No, you shouldn't." They got up and walked past many tables to the parquet. They danced a slow waltz that never ended. When the chapel finally broke up, applause continued until they played a tango. When this was over, they hiked back to the table. Papa Külz was asleep. They saw and listened to him for a while. Then Struve said: "Shall we put him to bed?" At the same moment, Külz's eyes widened and he was very surprised. "Oh," he said then. "I didn't even know where I was going. 30 He wanted to go on. am!" But suddenly his eyes grew big and round like a doll. He stared at the table in horror. The young people followed his gaze. Fräulein Trübner as turned white as a limestone wall and whispered hoarsely: "That is not possible." There was a package on the table! It was the same package that she had given to Mr. Külz at noon in Copenhagen when they went through the barrier! And

it was the same package that Mr. Külz had been stolen by a false customs officer on the ferry! The old man touched his head. "Am I still sleeping?" He asked. "No," said Rudi Struve. "But why are you so excited?" Külz pointed to the package and whispered: "That is the wrong miniature!" Struve looked at Miss Trübner. She nodded. "And there is a letter next to it," said Külz. He reached for it. 10 The young man called the waiter. "Was there a stranger at our table in the last few minutes?" "I didn't notice anything, sir." "Or did a messenger deliver something?" "Not that I knew, sir." "It's good," Struve explained. "Thank you." The waiter pulled away. Butcher Külz took the reading glasses out of his pocket and opened the envelope. When he put on the glasses and pulled the sheet of paper out of the envelope, his fingers trembled. He unfolded the sheet and read what was on the sheet. 15 "heck *" WE ARE ZWAR, "it said in the letter," THE FREEDOMS BUT WHAT THEY'RE USED TO EVERY DEGREE. HAVE ALLOWED, THE QUESTION OF IMBUDENESS IS THE QUESTION. Are you ashamed of 25 and you want to be a decent person? GOODBYE! "YOURSELF! He handed the letter to the other two. Rudi Struve had to laugh in spite of the serious situation. "The crooks are morally indignant!" He said. "That too. It is getting more and more beautiful." 30 Irene Trübner sat pale and silent in her corner, pressed the handbag close to her and looked around her with fearful eyes. Mr. Külz was outraged. "Should I be ashamed?" He asked angrily. * "No one in my life has ever dared to say that." He thought about it. Then he said affectionately: "Besides, I believed myself that it was the real one!"

"You can tell your friends from the coupe the next time we meet them," suggested Rudi Struve with a smile. "Our robbers love to write letters." Ér nodded briskly to Papa Külz. "They have already corresponded to 5 for me." "When?" While I was taking a closer look at your coupe on the ferry this afternoon, they secretly put a letter on my hat. "" Why didn't you already have me in Did you tell the truth?" Asked Irene Trübner. "What for?" He smiled. "You would only have worried about me. Or not, beautiful princess? "" I want to go to the hotel, "said Miss Trübner excitedly. 15" I want to go to the hotel on the spot. I won't stay here a minute longer! "" Unfortunately, that's not possible, "said Rudi Struve. "Do you think the guys just brought us back the wrong miniature and then drove to Berlin?" "What do you think?" Asked Külz. "What's the last remark in the letter you just received?" Asked Struve. Master butcher Külz unfolded the sheet again, looked inside and read: "Goodbye!" We cannot take a step outside the door without at least a dozen strong men attacking us. "20 25 Enjoy yourself," said Külz. "And I left my stick in the hotel!" He leaned over to Miss Trübner and asked softly: "Where's the real miniature?" "I, - I have it with me." She gritted her teeth, 30 so as not to cry. "If only I hadn't forgotten my walking stick!" Said Papa Külz again. "The stick wouldn't help you either," Rudi answered, Struve, and began to carefully examine the faces of the other guests. "If you had at least an idea what a P'lan our friends have!" Irene Trübner whispered: "I'm freezing." Kiilz waved to the waiter and said: "Three large cognacs. .. All a little sudden! "

DAS ZEHNTE KAPITEL**DER KOSTÜMBALL GEHT ZU ENDE**

The ball continued. The band played no less loudly than before. It was always fun at the tables, in the boxes and in the niches. like the rabbits. Guests left. New guests came. "Why do you always look for the door?" Asked Külz. "We will hardly bring in another miniature! We already have both of them. " "That's it," said Rudi Struve. The butcher groaned. "I have never sat on a powder keg like this in my whole life." He looked tenderly at Irene Trübner like a worried father. "And our princess says nothing?" She winced. got into a terrible situation. What do you two actually have to do with the whole thing? How? I ask you to leave me alone on the 15th! Go to the hotel or drive the empty wine bottles. "Gentlemen! You are through me

to Berlin or Copenhagen! Drive wherever you want! But go! ”“ And what will become of you? ”Asked the young man. ”Oh, I know how to help myself,” she explained. ”I’ll send a waiter or cigarette boy to the next policeman.” Rudi Struve raised his eyebrows. Police officer start with two dozen criminals? ”She didn’t answer. ”What’s next?” It’s about six hundred thousand crowns, ”he continued. ”One 10 has already killed two to three adult people for three marks twenty pfennigs.” She said: ”I can also call the Rostock police headquarters.” ”Of course you can,” he admitted. “But it will hardly have any purpose 15. Young lady! Completely changed! In addition, our friends have determined a post in Rostock on the road to Warnemünde because we are unquestionably surrounded, gracious who can contact the siege army by telephone if necessary. And as soon as 20 of these posts report that a robbery car is on the way, they turn our necks. Then no police headquarters will help. ”Rudi Struve suddenly looked at the door and said:“ Now it’s getting serious! ”The other two followed his gaze. And Papa Külz 25 choked with amazement. Because Messrs Storm and Achtel were in the middle of the bar! Behind them, a few men pushed through the door, who also seemed to belong to the gang. ”I would not have thought that possible,” said Mr. Struve. ”An open robbery?” He bent down and took out an empty wine bottle from under the table. ”Do you have something like that left?” Asked Papa Külz. He was beaming all over his face. The young man held out a bottle. ”Here!” He whispered. ”I would prefer my stick.” Külz seemed to be very attached to this forgotten stick. Irene Trübner said resolutely: ”Give me a hand grenade too!” ”Nonsense!” Explained Külz. ”If you start here, sit down quickly under the table and cover your ears!”

The costume ball comes to an end. "I'm not even thinking about it!" "For the sake of me," Struve asked. Storm and Eighth had taken a seat at a table and were looking around the restaurant. Storm had discovered his old friend Klzl, he greeted and s When the little gentleman smiled with delight. The old butcher got a fiery red head. "There was no such cheek yet!" He explained. "I will slap the bottle of wine around his ears so that he will not hear or see." The next moment the light went out in the dance hall! The place, filled with at least one hundred and fifty people, sank into black night. The chapel stopped playing. The dancing couples on the floor and the guests at the tables laughed out loud. Glasses fell 1s IO You could if around. It was tender in some corners. you had good ears, heard kisses. Most thought the whole thing was an unusual idea of the management. But then someone shouted: "Help, help!" It was a woman. 20 What should that mean? Was it still fun? They all sensed that it was no fun and never had been. Tables and now shouted out countless voices. Chairs fell over. The waiters swore like the coachmen. They were afraid that their guests could leave without paying. 25 A mirror was broken. Or was it a glass door? Or a window? Crying, shouting and hysterical laughter mingled. "Light!" Shouted the people. "Light, light!" The cries for light and the cries for help grew wild. 30 Hell was going on. But a hell where the devils and poor sinners couldn't see anything! And then, after an eternity, it was getting light again. How long that eternity had lasted - whether five or twenty-five minutes - nobody would have known that. Nobody asked. But everyone stared around in alarm. No earthquake could have been worse. A chandelier, numerous wall lamps, cin windows, one

The glass door and a large mirror were broken. Wherever you went there was glass. Women were looking for their husbands. Lovers were looking for their friends. Waiters were looking for their guests. The first violinist lay unconscious in front of the podium. Master butcher Külz from Berlin stood upright, a god of revenge, holding a lonely chair leg in his mighty fist. He looked around wildly. "I'll do it for free!" "Who wants to go to the hospital?" He cried and nobody answered. Miss Trübner was sitting in her corner as if thunderstruck, her eyes were wide open and she was holding her handbag tightly against her chest. Papa Külz nodded victoriously to the young girl and said: "You are gone, my dear child." "Who is gone?" She asked. "The criminals," he said proudly. "Except for the two guys I killed here." "But one is a waiter," she objected. He looked at the man. "But I'm embarrassed." The other man, who was lying on the floor, said hoarsely: "How do you get to strangle me?" "You are also not a robber?" Asked Külz, startled. "A robber? Are you crazy?" "I'm terribly sorry," stammered the butcher and bowed. "Allow me! Külz!" "Ehmer," said the other. "Very pleasant!" Then he got up and disappeared. "Well, there you go I was right," grumbled Külz. "The 30 criminals are gone!" "Irene Trübner smiled. Suddenly she stared at her handbag. The zipper was open. She looked inside, lifted her head and whispered to death." "The Miniature is gone!" Oskar Külz dropped the chair leg from his hand. He sank himself into a chair. Then he jumped up again, looked around and said: "Our young friend is gone too!" "Who?" She asked. "Rudi Struve." "Him too?" Irene Trübner shook her head and looked • verse without a word. "He too?"

The costume ball comes to an end 59 When the two constables arrived from the police, they were surrounded by the guests, whose clothes and suits had suffered. Compensation was claimed. "It's none of our business," said the guards. "You have to report that to the landlord." A little later, a tall old man appeared in front of the Watchmaster. He was leading a very pretty young lady who didn't seem particularly comfortable. The man said, "We need to speak to you urgently. Allow me, Külz!" "Contact the landlord," replied one of the guards. Mr. Külz laughed bitterly. "If the landlord has six hundred thousand Danish crowns left, we can try it!" "Why six hundred thousand crowns?" Asked the other guard. "Has something been stolen?" "Certainly," said Külz. "Did you think the electric light goes out here for the sheer pleasure? The lady has had a miniature stolen. From ... From ..." "From Holbein!" Added Irene Trübner. "First names?" Asked the first constable. "Hans," said the young lady. "Aha!" Exclaimed the other constable. "At least that's something! His name is Hans Holbein!" "15 20" Talking about whom You then? "Asked Külz." "Well, from the thief, Hans Holbein!" "Human child!" exclaimed Külz. "Holbein is the painter! The thief is someone else. The thief, that's about two dozen thieves! They have been after us since Copenhagen. They stole my copy of the miniature on the ferry. That was a brilliant idea from Miss Trübner. but she brought the copy back to me. She was suddenly on the table. With a letter. And then it got dark. When it got light again, the real miniature had disappeared from Miss Trübner's handbag! The miniature was gone. The thieves were gone. And a good friend of ours was gone too. 35 They probably took him with them. Too bad. a very nice young man. he. "25 Have 30 earlier It was From Berlin. Rudi Struve's name is Miss Trübner said: "Hopefully nothing serious has happened to him!" She was silent for a while. Then she got up.

“I have to call Brussels immediately. My boss is in Brussels. I have to report the theft to him. ”The two constables remained silent for a long time. "Don't talk so much," asked Külz. "Always pretty one after the other!" "Would you like to accompany us to the police station?" Said one of the policemen. The gang cannot be far yet. We must immediately notify the surrounding areas. And the Rostock Presidium. ”The other constable opened the door. "May I ask?" A waiter came running. "Aha," growled Külz. "We haven't paid yet." Irene Trübner took a banknote from her handbag and gave the waiter the bill. "It's true," she added. The waiter bowed low. "It wasn't because of that," he explained. "You left something on the table." He was holding a package and a letter. "The wrong miniature!" Exclaimed Külz. They insulted me so much. Give me the stuff! "20 He put both in and explained:" Next I'll forget my head! "IO 15" And the letter in which

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The six car taxis whipped across the nightly highway again. They drove back to Rostock. The white-bearded gentleman sat in the last car. dark glasses removed. Professor Horn looked tense through the small window in the back of the car. In fact, he wasn't looking through the window, but through the hole that was created by cutting out the window. Firearm in hand and intended to puncture the tires of those cars in which police officers were sitting. In the first of the six taxis sat Messrs Storm, Achtel and Karsten. And the man who had looked like a wrestler on the way to Warnemünde. He had changed in the meantime. Not to his advantage. He had several bumps on his low forehead. And the nose was swollen. He had a 10 on his face and 15 "You have to buy a new hat tomorrow," said little Mr. Storm. "Your head has grown at least two numbers larger." 61

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Miss Trübner and Herr Fleischermeister Külz had been heard on the district in Warnemünde. They had presented their passports and given the name of the young man who had vanished without a trace from the dance hall. He lives 5 in Charlottenburg on Holtzendorffstrasse, the young lady had added. "The gang probably took Mr. Struve with them," said the inspector. "He might have run after them to stop them. And then he was overwhelmed." "Terrible!" Cried Külz. "The poor boy! Who knows how and where we can find him again. Hopefully he doesn't have any relatives." Irene Trübner sank into melancholy. But she was interrupted. Brussels answered. The young lady hurried into the next room. To the phone. The boss will be amazed. Meanwhile, Mr. Oskar Külz described Mr. Storm and the ten other occupants of the third-class coupe in which he had traveled, pointing out that it was Rudi Struve who, with the help of a fairy tale, told him about the dangerousness of passengers. Then Külz reported about his strange experiences in Copenhagen, about the "four-leaf horseshoe", about the Pension Curtius and about the white-bearded gentleman with dark glasses in meeting Storm in the Hotel d'Angle- terre and in front of the antique shop in Bredgade. And finally he tried to describe the physiognomies of Storms, Achtels, Horns and the rest of them precisely. The inspector asked brief questions. A police officer recorded the information given by the witness Külz. When the witness couldn't think of anything more, the inspector rose. "I'll give the protocol to Rostock immediately," he said. "From there you will then take the necessary steps. I myself have the local customs station and the railway police informed. Otherwise the gang may return to Copenhagen 38. Excuse me!" "Please, please!" Replied the witness. "Now show what you can do! I would like to see what I pay so much taxes for." The inspector met Miss Trübner at the door. She * said: "Mr. Steinhövel offers ten thousand marks for 30

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And tomorrow afternoon the miniature will be brought in. He will arrive in Berlin. "Well, child?" "Said Kütz." "Did your boss fire you out?" "No. But he wants the miniature back! The Holbein miniature is insured with five hundred thousand marks." A quarter of an hour later the inspector brought his two witnesses back to the Hotel Beringer and asked them to be ready around six the next morning and escort her to Rostock. The authorities there still had a few questions to ask. He said goodbye. "Now we can sleep well," said Kütz as he climbed the hotel stairs with Irene Trübner. He handed her the 15th hand. "Good night" "My child. Tomorrow morning we will drive for the first time in the Green Minna. Hopefully I will not dream. Then he will get her off at 10." "Good night, Papa Kütz," she said tiredly. Good! "Then she closed it" "Stop!" He called, reaching into his pocket. "Don't you want your fake holbein back?" He held out the package "Sleep 20. "No," she said. "If the real one is gone, I don't need the wrong one either. It is not worth much anyway. Do you want to keep it 25 in memory of your Danish adventure? My boss definitely doesn't mind. He doesn't collect copies." "As you like," said Kütz. "Many thanks too. I will hang the picture on the sofa in our shop. There's still room for something." "Was a day! And where may our Rudi be now? I miss him." "Good night, Papa Kütz," she whispered and quickly went into her room. He yawned and nodded to her. "The 30 Lieblich's Grogkeller is down to the harbor. one of those streets in Rostock that ss Unfortunately there are people everywhere who are responsible for the fact that the police cannot be abolished, so cs also has bars in every city where dark existences meet for their own sake

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Exchanging experiences and devoting yourself to drinking alcohol. Professor Horn was the first to arrive at Father Lieblich's and was immediately taken to the back room, with a sign 5 on the door. "Small club room" was on the sign. Father Lieblich seemed to know the white-bearded guest and was extremely curious. "'Get out!" Ordered Professor Horn. "My people will come soon. We wish to remain undisturbed." Father Lieblich withdrew. The professor took a seat. 10 Gradually, in small groups, the other members of the "association" appeared. They sat down at the tables scattered around the room. Father Lieblich served personally. They smoked and drank 15. "We are all here," said little Mr. Storm suddenly. "Only the two that you left in Warnemünde are missing." "It's good." Professor Horn waved to the landlord. Father Lieblich left the room. The boss looked around the room. "I assume that the 20 police are already informed. We have no time to lose. I quickly drive to the Hotel Blucher, get my suitcase, pay and say I'm going to Hamburg. Then I come back here and take off my beard. The rest of you disappear as quickly as possible. Storm and Eighth can arrange that. The main thing is that you travel separately. Everyone is in Berlin on Tuesday! As an English tourist, I will visit some northern German cities. That will be necessary in the interest of Holbein the Younger. "The others smiled. "Maybe I'll make a detour," said the boss. "It may be necessary for me to arrive in Berlin from the south. You will see. In any case, we'll meet in Berlin on Tuesday. You have enough money by then. " "I'm not sure," said Storm. "But I know it," answered Professor Horn. "Does anyone else have a question?" The others were silent. "Good," he said. "Now give me the package." He got up and stopped waiting. 30 35 The men looked at each other in silence. Nobody moved. 10 Each waited for the other to deliver a package from the area.

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pull bag. They waited in vain. Professor Horn stamped his foot. "Who has the miniature?" "I don't have it," said Philipp Achtel. "I thought knockers had them. He was closest to the table when the lights went out." "I don't have them," replied the man called Klocker. "When the lights went out, a woman thought I was her husband. She held me down and kept calling me Arthur. When I finally got to my handbag, I was icier. So I thought Pietsch had the miniature." Pietsch was the guy who looked like a wrestler. He shook her head. "I don't have it either. I reached for the bag. But before I got her, someone hit me on the head with a hard object that I fell over. I thought Kern had them." "No, I don't have them either," he said. "Don't drive me crazy!" Cried the boss. "Twelve of us were in the place. Ten stood outside. everything prepared to the last. And now nobody wants the miniature! Who has it?" The men remained silent. "Who has it?" Repeated the boss. He waved to Storm and Eighth. "Search!" While Storm and Achtel turned over all the pockets of their club. It was 20 brothers, Professor Horn checked his revolver. Messrs Storm and Achtel had ended their work. They looked blankly at their boss and shrugged their shoulders. "Nothing to be found," said little Storm. "Nothing," confirmed Philipp Achtel. His face, with the exception of the nose, had turned very pale. "The miniature has undoubtedly been taken out of your handbag!" Said Storm. "But not from us!" "The police will chase us," said Mr. Achtel. "But unfortunately we are innocent!" Professor Horn held on to one of his jacket buttons. "Or did he have a heartache? Finally he said:" I'm going to the Hotel Blucher and telephoning Warnemünde. "" And we? "Asked Storm." Everyone stay here! "Growled the boss., " Only Karsten is coming! "He slammed the door. Karsten hastily followed. 30 40

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Professor Horn was walking up and down like a tiger in the hotel room. Karsten packed the suitcase. "Calm down, boss!" He asked. "We already have a million. Leupold has been in Holland since yesterday. Van Tondern took the pictures. The trail is blurred. "" I need to know how the holbein disappeared! I have to know! "" "Maybe he hasn't disappeared at all," said Karsten. "If this Miss Trübner no longer had him in her handbag?" "Of course she had it in her pocket! When she went to the dance floor to dance, she took the bag with her. Such a girl does not take such a large handbag onto the floor unless there is an important reason! Where else this Saint Bernard from 1s cinem master butcher stayed at the table! Excluded!" Karsten locked the suitcase. "And how do you explain that the bag was empty when our people got in?"

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"If I could explain that to myself, I wouldn't be so angry!" The phone rang. The professor picked up the receiver. "Here Professor Horn! - Aha! Are you still alive? I thought you were going on a Mondschein trip!" He was silent and listened to the messages that were made to him. Suddenly his face grew unnaturally long. He asked hastily and hoarsely: "Do you know that for sure?" He listened wider. Then he said: "The quickest way to get to Rostock is to stay in the grog cellar for the next few days. And don't get off the phone! Roger that? Leichsenring keeps track of the 10 girls. What? Yup! Even if she should go to China!" He hung up. Then he called Father Lieblich's grogkeller and asked Mr. Storm. "Listen!" He ordered when Storm answered. , "Let the old man call you a reliable garage! Rent 15 cars right away! You will be at the university in five minutes. That will not do? Then in four minutes! Why keine cars? I see. - If you can find something like that, it's fine with me." He hung up, looked at Karsten shaking his head and called: "Well, that's the summit! "20" What then? "" The young man has disappeared! "" Which boy Man then? "" Who was with Steinhövel's secretary and your Mr. Külz! "25" He's no longer in Warnemünde? "" No. "" Then he stole the holbein! "The professor rubbed his beard, as if he wanted to tear it off. "To play such a prank on me. Wait, boy!" "He was smarter than us," remarked Karsten. "Smarter? No. But prettier. Much prettier! Who of you would she be in should fall in love? "" No idea, "said Karsten." And where's the boy now? "The boss lit a cigarette." Probably on the way to Berlin. He knows, of course, that Steinhövel's secretary reported his disappearance to the police So he can't go back to Copenhagen The other border posts have already been informed.

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"I'm just like us." "We have to leave immediately. We'll find him somewhere. And if I should search the streets to Berlin with a magnifying glass!" "I would like to make a suggestion!" Karsten explained, "And that?" "We want to let the boy go." "And the Holbein?" "That too!" "Are you crazy?" "No," Karsten said. "Let the police find the holbein and the thief too! Why do you want to put your fingers in a mouse trap?" "That's out of the question!" exclaimed Professor Horn. "I'm not going to be fooled by any amateur." "Maybe he's not an amateur at all. Competition!" "Maybe he belongs to" "I don't care! I want the holbein. First, let's steal a copy! Then he steals the original from our eyes! It's going too far!" "Please, very much." "We'll be leaving Rostock in a few minutes. Outside it is getting light again. We call from Neustrelitz to Berlin and describe him. Graumann may meet us with his people 25. You remember what the boy looked like?" "About." "Write it down! So that Graumann and his people get the right one." "There was a knock on the door. The two flinched. Bag in which the revolver was stuck and called: "Who's there?" "The maid," answered the outside in the corridor. 30 Professor Horn reached into the "I don't need you!" Cried the boss. "Something has been given to the professor," said the female voice. Karsten unlocked the door, received a letter and closed the door again. He gave the letter to the professor. He opened the envelope and read what on the letter 35 35 40

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Finally he threw the letter on the floor, took his head in both hands and said quietly: "This is too much! You can go crazy about that. Oh, the scoundrel should get to know me!" Karsten picked up the letter and read it. It was written in block letters and read as follows: I ALSO HAVE IT. "YOU LIKE TO LETTER LETTERS. OTHERWISE, I AM still guilty of an answer. I HAVE DESTROYED FROM YOUR WELCOME ADVICE IN GEFAIR BE- DARIN, I WANT TO MEAN TO GIVE UP TO 10. I TEMPORARILY NOT YET. THE ATTACK TO THE DANCE LOCAL WASN'T NECESSARY, THAT I ALSO LOVE THE OLD MASTERS. THEY DIDN'T KNOW. I AM OPEN, VERY CURIOUS WHO'S FASTER 15. WHETHER YOU. OR THE POLICE. OR I. THE YOUNGER. "GOODBYE IN BERLIN! HOLBEIN Karsten said after a while: "Such a cheeky dog!" Then he sank into silence. "And should I let it go?" Asked Professor Horn suddenly. "I don't think you're serious!" He rang the chambermaid. She came. Horn stepped forward. "Who handed the letter over to you? A messenger?" "No," she said. "He looked like one young man from a good house, first he was at the doorman and inquired in which room the professor lives. "" He knew my name? "" No. But he described the professor, sent him up, and he gave it to me I should leave the letter here. I should keep the money. Then the young man went back down and spoke to the doorman. Above all, he wanted to know whether the road to Berlin was in good condition. "Karsten asked:" What did the gentleman look like? "" Brunette, "said the maid. Slim. Beardless. And pretty." She went to the door, bent and wanted to go. The doorman And five marks. 30 35 "Gray eyes.

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"Halt!" Called Professor Horn. "Did the gentleman drive away in the taxi?" "No," she replied. "He had a private car. And I don't think he drove away yet. At least a minute ago he was still sitting in his car in front of the hotel." She curtsied and left. A few hours later, Irene Trübner and master butcher Külz were in Rostock and spoke to a detective commissioner. "Is there something new, Commissioner?" Asked Mr. Külz. "Not yet," said the official. "But what could be done in such a short time was done. I asked the Berlin police to arrest Mr. Rudolf Struve from Holtzendorffstrasse 10." Irene Trübner quickly bowed her head. Oskar Külz growled. "I do not understand that. A band of robbers steals a miniature that cost half a million marks. And because a good young man tries to stop her, you take him with you. Please, something like that can happen. But then that the police want to arrest the young man instead of arresting the gang of robbers, that's new! not, I have to tell you very frankly!" The Commissioner raised his hand. "Not so hot, dear Mr. Külz! I have my own theory. It will be shown whether she is right." "You are doing the young man wrong!" Exclaimed Külz. a rather uneducated person, but if I think someone is a decent guy, then he is too! "Dear Mr. Külz," replied the Commissioner politely, "I have to refresh your memory. I know from the record 30 a gentleman who spent many hours in a railway coupe with a gang of criminals and who thought that each and every one of them was a man of honor. The old butcher had to cough. When he could finally speak again, he said: "You have "Right, sorry as I am. Nevertheless, I would swear that you were wrong. After all, it was Mr. Struve who made me aware that it was a crook." "He only did that," replied the Commissioner, "so that Miss Trübner and you thought he was all the more decent! Except I5 I understand "I'm 25

that he wanted to stay close to you in order to forestall the gang in the theft. Well, and he finally succeeded. "Oskar Kütz shook his head angrily. "You are wrong, although everything you say may be correct." The Commissioner said patiently: "You have to wait and see. 5 And now I would like to ask the gracious Miss some questions. First of all: where did you meet Mr. Struve? "" In Copenhagen. "" With acquaintances? "" No, Commissioner. "" But? "She said hesitantly:" On the street. "" Could you describe the process in more detail ? "" I wanted to, "she said," shortly before departure to buy a pair of shoes that I had seen in window 15 the day before. I walked the streets and looked for the window. Suddenly someone called my first name. I turned around. It was Mr. Struve. "" How did he know your first name? "Asked the Commissioner. "I don't think you knew each other at all!" "Mr. Struve said I looked so much like his cousin from Leipzig that he thought she was sci." The inspector smiled ironically. "My dear Miss, what is too much, I don't know if you believed Mr. Struve this lie. At least I don't believe it. Under no circumstances! It is conceivable that you look like his cousin. It is possible that you have the same first name as one young lady in Leipzig. But that they look alike and are called exactly the same - forgive me, that's a little strong! " The Commissioner looked mockingly at Mr. Kütz. 30 What do you think of that? "Papa Kütz shrugged. "It sounds pretty weird. I have to admit that." The Commissioner turned to Irene Trübner again. 10 20 "What happened next?" "Then I finally found the shoe store. I went in and tried shoes. Suddenly Mr. Struve was back. He even took the shoe package when I left the shop. On the street I asked him to go his way. "" And then? "35 40

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"Then he went his way," she replied. "When did you meet him again?" On the express train. He came into my compartment, sat across from me and asked if we wanted to get on with each other again. "Everything is clear," said the Commissioner. "Only one thing I don't understand, that despite this history you still doubt it That this Mr. Struve is very closely connected to the robbery of the miniature! "Oskar Külz said:" It has happened before that appearances have been deceived. "The Commissioner rose." I would like to ask you to take the next train to go to Berlin and to make myself available to the police headquarters there. "Am Alex?" asked Külz." Quite right. At Alexanderplatz. The police and the high reward given by Mr. Steinhövel will surely soon succeed, the miniature and to catch their thief. "He brought the two of them to the door. Just as he was about to open them, the phone rang. He quickly went to the desk, picked up the receiver, and answered. After a few seconds of listening He said: "Thank you, mister!" and put the receiver back on the fork. Irene Trübner and Mr. Külz were waiting at the door. The commissioner said: "I have just learned that Mr. Rudolf Struve has been arrested in his Berlin apartment on Holtzendorffstrasse. I recommend myself."10 IS

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A bus loaded with about two dozen men had been driving along Mecklenburg country roads for hours. At first he had driven southwest. Then he had suddenly turned east and, after a long journey, had passed Neustrelitz. The passengers looked strange. in the face. They had fake beards⁵ They had paper caps and turbans on their heads. And they had balloons in their hands. The man next to the chauffeur blew on a tin children's trumpet. On the walls of the car it was written with white chalk that it was the "Rostock Skat Club 1896". The inmates waved their balloons, sang hiking songs and laughed wildly. Well, such club trips are nothing unusual. At most it was striking that the noise and the ladder suddenly stopped every time the last houses of a village had disappeared. Didn't they want to disturb the peace of the forests and meadows? 15 It was different. It was not the least pleasure for passengers to be happy! 73

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Ilinter the Chauffeur, also a member of the association, sat Professor Horn. often looked at a map that was on his knees and oriented himself. Suddenly he shouted: "Warning, we are coming to 5 a village! I want to ask you to be funnier this time! In Neustrelitz you behaved as if you came from a funeral. "The village was reached. stand. The children ran alongside the bus and wanted to catch 10 balloons. Then the chauffeur suddenly stopped. "What's up?" Asked the boss. "Our young man is filling up!" The inmates had suddenly become quiet. "Do you guys want to be funny on the spot?" Professor Horn growled. He no longer had a beard, was shaved clean, the inhabitants remained curious. 15 The others immediately became loud and jolly. Servants, maidservants and school children gathered around the bus. "Boss!" Said little Mr. Storm. "Why isn't the guy sitting in the car?" 20 "Paulig should check what's going on," Horn ordered. The chauffeur climbed down from the bus and went to the gas station to carefully inquire. The others were nervous, and while they were joking with the village people, they couldn't get a few questions out of their heads. Where was the young man they were chasing? Did he break down? When he got out, why didn't he come back? What the hell was the incident supposed to mean? At last Paulig, the chauffeur, came back. He hurriedly climbed into his seat, accelerated, and drove on. Meanwhile, he hastily declared: "The car was borrowed. Here the young man exchanged him for another car. he changes again. This is so common on this route with rental cars AS. "25 30 In Gransee" And in Berlin? "Asked Professor Horn. "In Berlin he has to deliver the Granseer car to Kienast," clarified the chauffeur. "It's a garage at the Szczecin train station." Professor Horn smiled with satisfaction. "Excellent! We stop in Gransee 4. for a minute. I phone Graumann again.

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He should post a few people in front of the Berlin garage. Our young friend is trapped. "In the Berlin police headquarters, Mr. Rudolf Struve, who lives in Charlottenburg, Holtzendorffstrasse 7, has been questioned by a commissioner. Struve was a small man with lively movements and fair hair. He looked around the room, amused. The inspector held a pencil in his hand, tapped it frequently on the desk, and smiled. "Well, Mr. Struve," he said, "I hope you find that your plan has failed. Make your conscience easier! Confessions reduce our work and your punishment!" Then he leaned back as if he were sitting in the theater and waiting to the turning point of the drama. Herr Struve made a stupid face. If he had been done a lot on 15, got out of bed early in the morning, what he hadn't understood was that he really wasn't surprised at all. On the other hand, he was natural Nosy to know what you wanted him to do, so he took the floor. "Dear Commissioner, I would be very grateful if you could say something more precisely. Look, I really want to tell you from the bottom of my heart what you are saying want to drive from me. If only I knew what it was!" The inspector knocked on the desk with the pencil. "Certainly, the necessary precision should not be lacking, Mr. Struve." 25 "I'm pleased." "Whose assignment were you in Copenhagen?" Mr. Struve looked at the Commissioner in astonishment. "Or did you act on your own?" "Excuse me," Struve replied. "So you think I was in Copenhagen?" "Quite right. I don't doubt it. " "Unfortunately, mistake, Commissioner." "So you weren't in Copenhagen yesterday?" I was not in Copenhagen yesterday. I was not in Copenhagen the day before yesterday. And, to make it short, I've never been there in my life! "35

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..so were you at home yesterday? ". No," said Mr. Struve. "I was neither in Copenhagen nor at home." "Too bad," said the Commissioner. If I had been home, I could send you back there now. Where were you yesterday? "" In Bautzen. "" If you said yesterday to "Where?" "In Bautzen in Saxony." "May I ask you to give me the name of the hotel where you stayed? I register Conversation with Bautzen. I will confirm that you were there. "Struve said nothing." Or should you have forgotten the name of the hotel? "Asked the inspector mockingly." No, but I did not spend the night in Bautzen I left in the middle of the night, because I thought I could sleep in my apartment in Berlin.²⁰ If I had known that I would ring the bell and take you to your house in an hour, I would be in Bautzen stayed. "" What are the names of your Bautzen acquaintances or business friends? "asked the official." Somebody will be found ²⁵ to prove your alibi! "Mr. Struve said nothing." Hell again! "exclaimed the Commissioner." You will yes do I probably didn't just go to Bautzen so as not to spend the night there! "" No. I went to Bautzen to speak to someone. "" What is the name of the person? "" It is not a person, but a lady! "He rubbed his blond hair. "Because Bautzen owns a city theater. And an actress at this theater was once close to me for 3s. At that time she was not yet in Bautzen. But only for one season. I went to speak to her. After the performance, I stood at the stage exit and waited for her. You came out too. "10 And you are IS 30" Not possible, "said the Commissioner. "But if I could make myself noticeable, she already gave her 10

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Another man's hand I didn't want to disturb. The two went arm in arm. And I went to the station. "You are really sorry," said the Commissioner. He thought and then asked, "But the day before yesterday were you in Berlin?" Struve said with relief: "The day before yesterday? Yes!" "Excellent! What is your phone number? We want to call your maid." "Sorry. I don't have a maid. My apartment 10 is so small ..." The commissioner became impatient. "Where does your attendant live? I send an officer over there. Or don't you have an attendant, Mr. Struve?" "Yes! Of course! But my attendant only comes twice a week. And the day before yesterday she wasn't in my apartment." "Dear Mr. Struve! I calmly ask you: Who do you wish me to inquire about?" "At the moment I don't know who to suggest. I've always been home for the past few days." "And always alone?" "Exactly, exactly," said Struve. "I am a musician and have composed a symphony." The commissioner rose and asked: "Mr. Struve, where do you have the miniature?" "What miniature?" Asked the other in surprise. "Have you never heard of Henry VIII? But what does that have to do with Bautzen, Commissioner?" "And from Ann Boleyn?" "Of course!" The Commissioner leaned forward. "Younger?" "Certainly, of that, too," Struve admitted. "But the miniature that Holbein painted from Ann Bolcyn and 35 that Henry VIII received as a gift - you don't know it?" "No, I really don't know it. After all, I'm not an art historian, sir! I'm a musician!" "Of course!" "I have the impression that you don't care at all, 40 20 25 30" "And from Holbein the

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that I was in Bautzen! ”Struve was genuinely hurt. “On the other hand, I don't understand what the miniature of a beheaded English woman has to do with Copenhagen. And why you care that I wasn't in Bautzen but in Copenhagen. Be so kind and explain that to me! ”” No, "from talking to you!" Bell. A police officer appeared. "Take Mr. Struve away again!" The Commissioner ordered. "I have enough for the time being. He pressed one," said the Commissioner. 10 and went to the window.

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Shortly after Gransee, some members of the "Rostock Skat Club 1896" became rebellious. And Storm, who was usually on the side of his boss, agreed with them. "What are you waiting for?" He asked nervously. "How long should we still sing hiking songs? Let's get the 5 young man and shoot him a few holes in scine tires. Then we take the holbein from him and let him sit there himself. We'll be in Berlin until you find him. "" Bravo! "Shouted Philipp Achtel. Professor Horn disagreed. "You mustn't forget 10 that the police are alarmed," he said. Shoot around? In Berlin something like that is much less noticeable. "" And what is it, "asked Karsten," if the guy does not drive a rental car to the garage at Stettiner Bahnhof? The boy is not stupid. Now if he lets the wa "Why should we sting somewhere in the? 15 Then what do we do? "Professor Horn studied the map carefully. with some hesitation he said: "Good! If we catch him in front of Orange Castle, I should be fine. Otherwise it stays with Berlin. "After

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The Skat brothers became mobile. "Paulig, step on the gas!" Shouted one. The chauffeur did his utmost. "But shoot in the tires!" Ordered the boss. "Not in the Lord himself! You know, I don't like that!" The Rostock bus drove at high speed along the country road. The passengers flew back and forth on their benches and scolded like the washerwomen. Ten minutes may have passed. At last they saw a car driving ahead of them some distance away. "A gray Opel," said Paulig. "That's him! If he doesn't accelerate, we'll catch up with him in five minutes!" Professor Horn climbed to the driver, sat down next to him and pulled the revolver. Then the gray Opel disappeared behind a bend! The bus had reached the curve. Paulig braked. Then the hunt continued. But then Paulig took off new gas. The gray Opel stopped at the side of the road barely fifty meters ahead. The young man had got out. He was standing next to the car and chatting to someone leaning against a bike. Both looked at the bus. And someone - yes that was a policeman! IO I5 The Skat brothers went pale. "Revolver away!" Cried the professor hoarsely. "Sing!" Little Mr. Storm started a song. The others came up. And as they whizzed past the policeman and their friend 25, they waved the colored paper hats and sang full-breastedly. The policeman made no move to stop the bus. 30 He looked after him with a smile and shook his head. Paulig was driving like the devil now. Only after the next curve did he dare to slow down. "I could strangle the guy!" Cried little Mr. Storm. "First he steals the holbein from our noses, and then he makes fun of us with a policeman!" Professor Horn had turned pale. "Stop, "He called. And when the others looked at him, he said:" He has to go past us. We want to wait for him. "" We did, "grumbled Paulig. The bus drove slowly. The bus stopped.

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A Skat Club has grief 81 "Enough joking!" Said Professor Horn. "This scoundrel is able to rouse the police on us! Everything has its own When it comes to us, we make it beyond limits. They sat silently in their bus, waiting for the 5 gray Opel. "Attention!" Shouted one. "He's coming!" The revolvers were unlocked. Standby. But the plan of the Rostock skat brothers has turned The chauffeur into nothing! IO Because the gray Opel didn't come all the way. At the same time, the policeman cycled and talked to the young man. The crooks put their revolvers away and didn't know what to do. The boss shouted: "Do you want to scin funny, you idiots?" The Skat brothers awoke from their lethargy. They sang, shouted and waved their balloons as if they were at the Oktoberfest. 15 The gray Opel and the policeman stopped. The young man in the gray Opel said: "These are funny 20 people! You could almost be jealous, Herr Wachtmeister!" Then he raised a finger to his hat in greeting and drove off at a rapid pace. The policeman stepped to the bus. "May I see the driver's license?" He asked. Paulig, the chauffeur, fingered in the breast pocket. Finally he found the driver's license and handed it to the policeman. The policeman checked the document thoroughly. Finally he gave it back and said: "Everything is fine! But please slow down!" Then he asked where and from where 30 and pointed out the next detours. He seemed to have a lot of time. The gray Opel was long gone. Irene Trübner and master butcher Külz drove straight from the Szczecin train station to the police headquarters. Now they sat opposite the commissioner and learned from him what the arrested Rudolf Struve had said. The report was fairly detailed, and when the Commissioner ended, the two witnesses were silent.

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The missing miniature Finally the commissioner said: "I will have Mr. Struve lectured. We'll see if he has the forehead in your presence to stick to his claims." Miss Trübner was startled. "He comes here? I want to * go!" "Excluded!" Said the Commissioner. Butcher Külz stroked her hand as gently as he could. "You can hide behind my back," he whispered. The phone rang. The inspector picked up the receiver and said, "Bring him in!" Then he turned to his guests and raised the large pencil like a conductor. "Herr Struve will appear immediately." Papa Külz made himself wider than he was and moved his chair in front of that of the young lady. The door opened. Accompanied by a policeman, Mr. Rudolf Struve from Holtzendorffstrasse appeared. He was finished with his humor and 20 made a cloudy face. Should he tell again that he was in Bautzen yesterday? Herr Külz pointed with his outstretched arm at the small, fat man with the artist hair, and then he laughed loudly and cheerfully. By the way, he wasn't laughing alone. followed his example. quite as loud and not quite as cheerful. Finally, she even pulled her handkerchief out of her handbag and wiped her eyes. But she too had been serious about laughing. The commissioner and the arrested composer were most certainly Miss Trifbner 25 Their laughter did not sound 30 astonished. Mr Struve was the first to speak. "I wasn't expecting so much applause," he said grumpily. And because the laughter didn't stop, he stamped his foot and shouted: "Am I 3s engaged here as a clown, Commissioner?" "Excuse me!" I am very rude. I definitely didn't laugh at you. But it's too funny!" He started laughing again. He looked at the commissioner and said: "I know the gentleman f Külz. "You're right. I don't * behave at all! "

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A Skat Club has grief 83 The Commissioner leaned forward and asked: "What does that mean? You don't know Mr. Struve?" "No," answered Miss Trübner. "We haven't had the pleasure yet." "Are these the guys I was with in Copenhagen 5?" Asked the composer ironically. "Maybe he was in Bautzen!" cried Papa Külz and had to laugh again. "The gentlemen really don't know each other?" the official asked doubtfully. "No!" Replied all three. "Excuse me!" Asked Külz. "But are you really called Rudi Struve? And do you actually live in Holtzendorffstrasse?" "Donnerwetter again!" Roared the composer. "At first, I don't believe that I was in Bautzen, and I want to suggest that I was in Copenhagen! I even mind that I live in Charlottenburg and my name is Struve!" "Mr. Struve's name is Struve," said the Commissioner. "There is no doubt about it." "And I live on Holtzendorffstrasse too!" called Struve. "Unfortunately! Otherwise I wouldn't have been taken out of bed this morning! The gentlemen who were so lovely to wake me up will be able to confirm that!" "Of course, sir," said the Commissioner. "I have fallen victim to an error. We have been mystified. Someone who was in Copenhagen for a few days and disappeared from Warnemünde without a trace last night used your name and address. I am afraid we will not soon find out who it was. Was it a friend of yours 30? What do you think of it?" "The 20 "We 25" I have to ask very much!" Said Struve irritably. "I have no criminals in my acquaintance!" If it was not an acquaintance of yours, "thought the official," then it was a stranger. A man who, before starting his raid, in the Berlin address book or telephone book leafed through and gave himself a name under which he could appear and possibly disappear. "I'll kill the guy!" said Mr. Struve." I ask you in my name and in the name of my Ro-40

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"Smearing miniature tocker colleagues apologize," continued the commissioner. "You will be free in half an hour at the latest, Mr. Struve. I just have to complete the necessary formalities. Only thirty minutes of patience! And if I may ask for it, as well as Miss Trübner and Mr. Külz, keep yourself at our disposal in the next few days." "What you can rely on," said the composer. "It takes a lot to meet the gentleman who was so cheeky to misuse my honest name." The inspector walked around the desk and shook hands with everyone. "Things are getting complicated," he said. "Who stole the miniature?" "I don't know," said Papa Külz. "But I bet half an ox against a bouquet of violets that it wasn't our young man 15!" I drive home quickly. 10 He gave Irene Trübner an arm. "So, now the family and Emilie are waiting!"

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CHAPTER FIFTEEN ARRIVING IN BERLIN Idiomatic expressions

There was no doubt about it. He had no doubts in his mind. To take the attack, I couldn't take it anymore. I couldn't stand it any longer. There is nothing you can do. Not- to be done about it. I want to ask for my release. offensive. They did nothing. They assumed an air of indifference. I offer you my resigna- It was not easy for you to lie. It was not easy for her to lie. If you go on a trip, you can tell something. If one has been away on a journey, he has a lot to tell. Honor us again soon. Come again soon. tion. I will not leave you out. let you go. I couldn't think of anything. I had no inspira- I won't tion. Are you serious? Arc you serious? The young man, who had called himself Rudi Struve in recent days, without his name, had now arrived in his apartment. This apartment was small and was located on the fourth floor of the house at Kantstrasse 177. The door sign read: Joachim Seiler. Herr Seiler locked the door from the inside and went into the room at the end of the hall. He took a packet from his inner skirt pocket and carefully placed it on the table. Then he went back into the hall, hung up his hat and coat, and went to the bathroom to wash himself. He was dog tired. And it was no wonder. When cr delivered his rental car in the Kienast garage at the Stettiner train station after driving through Mecklenburg and the Mark Brandenburg, he had noticed that some suspicious figures were eyeing him with extraordinary curiosity. He hurriedly jumped into a taxi and drove away. Still, there was no doubt about it. They had definitely followed him, so they knew where he lived! One only waited for the gentleman with the white beard and dark glasses to start the attack, 10 20 85

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The Disappearing Miniature After combing his hair, he went to the study. It bordered on the room where the package lay on a low table. He opened the window, leaned out and looked down 5 Street. particularly displeased. After a long search, however, on the other side of the street, in the gate next to the Café Hofmann, he noticed two men looking up at his window. When they felt he was watching, they bowed their heads and 10 did nothing. Joachim Seiler whistled to himself. Then he closed the window and looked through the mail his attendant had put on his desk. At first he could not find anyone who stood in the shop for Mrs. Emilie Külz and sold meat and sausage products, as has been the case for thirty 15 years. "Isn't the master back yet?" Asked the customer who was being served. Frau Külz shook her head. "Not yet. But he sends a postcard every day. I am happy that my Öskar looks around the world. He urgently needed to rest. Of course he wanted to take me with him! But one of us has to stay in the shop. "It was not easy for her to lie. "Where is he now, the husband?" "In Warnemünde. He even telephoned yesterday!" ("Finally a true word," thought Ms. Külz.) „ The journey through Denmark was quite exhausting. Oskar is not used to traveling. And now he is resting a bit on the Baltic Sea. "" He is right, "said the customer. Then the door of the shop opened and master butcher 30 Oskar Külz appeared! He had put on a white, starched apron, nodded to his dear wife and greeted the customer. The latter called out: "I think you are at the sea?" "Been," he replied. "Everything has an end, only sausage 35 has two!" To his wife he said: "Let me do it! And now look at what I've brought you back from my trip around the world! "The butcher's wife disappeared into the shop. The returned master knocked the chops, wrapped them up

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The arrival in Berlin 87 and entertained the customer. "On a trip like this, Ms. Brückner, you experience more in a week than usual throughout the year." "Yes, yes," said the customer. "If someone goes on a trip, he can tell something." "No," said Külz. "He can't do that again! Before it is in the newspaper, he has to hold his beak. "He calculated what was to be paid, put the pencil behind his right ear, took the money, returned it and said:" Please honor us again soon! " Mrs. Brückner left. Mr. Oskar Külz entered the shop. His wife sat on the leather sofa and looked at him a little angry IO. "I thought it was all right, well, don't cry now," cr. Just didn't growl anymore. "15" Why didn't you tell me a word about it? I and the children, we almost died of fear. Tell us you are going to Bernau! " "Maybe I really wanted to go to Bernau," he said thoughtfully. "That means that's just my theory." "Theory?" She asked. "Well. Theory is a foreign word for bad excuses. It sounds better." He laughed. "You crook," she said, smiling. It had been like this all his life: if you laughed Oskar, you must smile. 25 However, he hadn't had much to laugh about. And that was probably her fault. She looked around. "You sit underneath." She turned to the wall and saw the leather sofa, hanging on a nail, the miniature of the younger man's legs. "It's not the real picture," he said. "It's just a copy. The real one costs half a million and has disappeared. But I'll tell you later." Ms. Emilie Külz eyed Ann Boleyn critically. "A 35 painted woman's room!" She said. "In addition, cut out deeply!" Oi u "You don't understand anything about art," he said. "No," she replied. "I'd rather have a bar of chocolate, 20 where's the souvenir by the way?" "

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The: disappeared miniature There was a knock on Mr. Joachim Seiler's apartment door. Ringed. Knocked. Knocked with fists. "I'm coming!" Cried the young man. He walked through the hall and looked through the peephole in the door. Outside there were a lot of determined-looking men. "Who's there?" He asked. "Criminal! Open up!" "Immediately!" Answered the young man, unlocking the door and opening it a crack. "Please?" One of the officers showed him a metal badge. Criminal Police! They are suspected of having stolen a Holbein miniature that Mr. Steinhövel bought in Copenhagen. "IO Another of the serious men put a foot in the apartment so that Seiler could not slam the door shut. said dully: "House search!" "There is nothing you can do," said the owner of the apartment. "However, I have no idea what you want from me. But I don't want to stop you from doing your duty." "You can't either," growled one of the many men and entered. And a third 20 The hall filled with about a dozen and a half people. Someone opened the door to the back room, looked inside and suddenly shouted: "There is the package!" He ran 25 to the table. His colleagues hurriedly followed. For a moment, Mr. Joachim Seiler was alone in the hall. Half a second later he rushed to the door, slammed it shut and turned the key twice! Then he ran into the study. To the phone. Picked up the receiver, made the connection to the raiding command and said quietly: "Here Kantstrasse 177. Front building, four stairs. Yes. Come immediately! It is very urgent. Two dozen officials may be needed. At least!" He hung up, went into the hallway and put on his hat. The detective officers he had locked angrily drummed on the door. "Open up immediately!" Was shouted. "Incredible! Imprison the police! Open! You'll regret it!" The young man said nothing. He left on tiptoe 30

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The arrival in Berlin 89 his apartment and carefully locked from the outside. Then he took the elevator down to the ground floor and rang the bell. "Good afternoon, Mr. Seiler," said the porter. "What's going on?" The young man pressed a keychain into the porter's hand. "In a few minutes, the Raid Command 5 will pull up. Be nice and give it to you Officials my keys, yes? They should inspect the rear room. But not without firearms!" Stiebel, the doorman, opened his mouth and nose." And one more thing, "asked Mr. Seiler." Make sure you get 10 of them I don't want to spend the night in the hotel. "He was gone! Stiebel put the keys in and didn't know what to make of the conversation with the tenant from the fourth floor. 15" It's a pity, "muttered He finally "So young, and already so crazy." But as a precaution, he stayed in the hallway and waited for things that might come in. A large, elegant automobile drove up in front of a Berlin zoo villa A little old gentleman let himself be helped out and nodded. Then he said: "I need you to the chauffeur kindly. yet. Wait here!" "The chauffeur saluted. 25 The little gentleman walked towards the villa. A servant hurried down the stairs, opened the gate, and bowed. "Are you all right?" Asked the gentleman. "Yes, Herr Steinhövel," said the servant. "And Miss 30 Trübner is in the library." Mr. Steinhövel nodded and slowly climbed the stairs. In the hall the servant took off his hat and coat. Then the little old man walked through the hall and opened the door that led to the library. 35 Irene Trübner, sitting in a chair, jumped up and suddenly started to cry as if she had been waiting for days. "But, but!" Said Mr. Steinhövel, startled, and looked up at his slim secretary. Please don't cry! "

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The missing miniature 90 "Yes," she could just say. Then she cried again. He gently pushed her into the chair and sat on a footstool that stood next to it Holbein wanted to steal? "She nodded and continued sobbing. Mr. Steinhövel, who had only known his secretary as an energetic young lady, did not know what to do." I want to ask for my release, "she stammered." But what should I do? I started without you? "he asked, startled." No, my child, you won't do that to me! I'm an old man. I've got used to you. No, I won't let you out! " She dried her eyes. "No?" "Under no circumstances!" He cried. "And now you can calmly tell how the story went on!" "The day before yesterday," she said, "it started In the Hotel d'Angleterre, I sat in front of the hotel and drank coffee ... "10 15 Joachim Seiler sat in the front yard of Café Hofmann on 20 Kantstrasse, drank a small Pilsner and looked over at the house in which he lived. "Good afternoon, Seiler!" Said someone. "You make such a somnambulistic impression today. What's going on? " "Human child, Štruve! "Exclaimed the young man with delight. 25 We haven't seen each other in ages! " "Always these exaggerations! "Said Rudi Struve. "We played chess here last Friday." He sat down. "Where have you been in the meantime?" "I had a lot of work," replied Seiler. "And you? Is the 30th symphony finished? " "Not quite, "said the composer, rubbing his blond hair. "I couldn't think of anything again. As usual. And there I went to Bautzen. ", Why exactly to Bautzen?" "Because of an old flame. She is there at the theater. But she just didn't have time. " "Aha! "Said Seiler. "Guess," Struve replied. "And this morning I was picked up by the criminal police! What do you say about that? "35

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The arrival in Berlin 91 "No! Are you serious? "" Yes. And what do you think I did? First of all, I was not in Bautzen, but in Copenhagen! That's how it starts. Besides, I don't have an old flame of mine to visit at all. stolen. Yes! "" If all of that was true, "said Joachim Seiler," then you probably aren't sitting here now. " The small, fat composer raised his arm threateningly. "A crook got my name. Isn't that incredible? "" Unbelievable,"said Seiler and looked over at his house. "Fortunately," said the excited composer, "I was shown to a young girl and an old man with a bushy mustache. And the two laughed when they saw me! That saved me! "" How did you like the young lady? "Asked Seiler. "Was she pretty?" "Very pretty. But what changes that about the situation? "Before the other could answer, two large raid cars stopped on the other side of the street. Many police officers jumped out of the car and rushed into a front gate. "This is the house you live in?" Asked Rudi Struve. "Quite right!" Passers-by stopped. Shopkeepers stepped out onto 20 25. Windows. The casserole grew from minute to minute. "I seem to have my criminal day today," said the composer sadly. "Since when have criminals been living in your house?" Residents of the surrounding houses looked out of the others. The crowd that had gathered in front of the Kantstrasse 177 house began to move. She made way for the policemen who came out of the gate and escorted about twenty serious-looking men who had been handcuffed together in pairs. The prisoners were pushed onto the two raid cars. The police climbed behind. The buses drove away. And slowly the crowd dispersed. 40

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CHAPTER XVI FIRST IT COMES DIFFERENTLY ... Idiomatic Expressions It turns out differently. It turns out differently. You were over me. better of me. Make sure you get away. Hurry up and get out of here. in any case. Either way. In one way or another. What'll it be? What can I do for you? If you do not mind. If it's all the same to you. who wrongly Rudi Struve You got the Why are you blaming yourself? Why do you reproach yourself? who posed as Rudi Struve. One of the waiters, who had run across the street to find out more, came back and wanted to go to the buffet to tell his news. The composer Struve held him by the sleeve. "What was going on, Herr Ober?" "A burglar gang sneaked into house 177! The doorman heard a noise and alerted the police. And then they were arrested by the raid squad. "" What did the gang in 177 want? "Asked Rudi Struve. "If you only knew that!" Said the waiter. The waiter disappeared inside the café, but came out immediately. 10 "A letter for Mr. Seiler. It was handed in at that moment. "Seiler opened the envelope. The letter read: **WE SHOULD HAVE MEETED EARLIER. 15 AND AS COMPETITORS, BUT AS COMPANIES. EASY ANOTHER TIME. THIS TIME YOU WERE ABOUT ME. MY NOT MUCH RESPECT.** "The young man pocketed the letter and looked around. He was looking for a gentleman with a white beard and dark glasses. In vain. He ran into the café." Miss, "he called at the buffet." Who delivered the letter? "" "A tall older gentleman. "

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First, it turns out differently ... 93 "With a white beard?" "Of course!" Cried Seiler. "The gentleman looked like a scholar," said the young lady. "You should have seen the man when he had a beard. 5 He looked like an entire university!" Seiler had! Ran into the front yard and sat down next to him again Struve, who was composing on the marble tabletop. He had drawn five parallel lines with a small pencil. Seiler looked sullenly on the street. Suddenly he winced like 10 electrified and clutched Struve's arm. "Don't bother me!" Growled the other. He whistled the subject he had written down gently and softly to himself, he was like a child in the playground. "Man!" Seiler shook the sound poet. "Are you seeing the elegant gentleman in a taxi there?" Next to the tram? "" Yes. The taxi cannot pass. We are lucky. Listen, boy! If you deliver this gentleman safely to the police headquarters, you will get a kiss from me on the forehead. " 20 "Don't do that!" "Do me a favor, Rudi!" "I can't have a gentleman completely foreign to me arrested!" "He is the leader of a gang of thieves!" "I don't have time," said Seiler. "Rudi, go! I will then tell you who was in Copenhagen as Mr. Struve! "25 The composer came to life. "Who stole 30 under my name?" "This one!" Seiler folded his hands. that you get away! The van can dodge every second! Then the guy is gone! "" How do you know the wrong struve? "Seiler leaned forward and whispered something in the friend's ear. (He whispered so that the readers would not yet know what he was saying.) "Aha. And then you show me my doppelganger? "" Yes, of course! But hurry up now! And remember the car- "Now make 35 number!" 40

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The vanished miniature Struve put on his hat, waved to an empty taxi and went on a wild hunt. Seiler paid the waiter and went to the next street corner, where taxis were waiting. He got into the first car and said 5 to the driver: "Yorckstrasse, corner of Belle-Alliance-Strasse." Irene Trübner had ended her story. She hadn't added anything and kept very little. Now she sat silent and waited for her judgment. "Bravo!" Said Mr. Steinhövel. 10 wonderfully dazed. You can be proud of the idea of giving Mr. Külz the imitation instead of the original. And why are you blaming yourself for the Warnemünde robbery? Child, the miniature would have been stolen from you in the dark place! Either way. 15 Struve, then the more secure of the gang. "Bravo! They have love If not from the wrong one The holbein is gone. I'm still happy with you. "" You are very kind, Mr. Steinhövel. "Kind?" Asked the old petite gentleman in astonishment. "I try to be fair. That is not too difficult for an old man. "The telephone rang. Mr. Steinhövel rose and went to the telephone. He picked up the receiver. After a short time his wrinkled face lit up." Really? "He called." That is yes wonderful! We'll come! "He put the receiver down and turned around." What do you say? The miniature is on the police headquarters! "Irene Trübner asked hoarsely:" And Mr. Struve? mean, the wrong Struve? Who too? "" No. The gang! "" But they didn't steal the holbein at all! "" Maybe. We'll know more soon, "said the old collector, clapping his hands. "Come on, child!" He opened the door to the hall. 30 The servant appeared. 35 "Hat and coat!" Cried Mr. Steinhövel. Butcher Külz had scarcely climbed onto the bus that stopped in front of his house as a slim, young man entered the shop.

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First, it turns out differently ... 95 Ms. Emilie Külz came out of the shop. "What can it be?" The gentleman politely removed his hat and wanted to speak to the master. "We don't buy anything," said Ms. Külz. The young man laughed. , "But I don't want to sell you anything 5! Be so kind and call your husband. We're acquaintances. "He lifted the hat a second time and gave it some name. "Too bad," she said. "My husband is out of the house at this minute. Can I do something to him? "The young man rocked his head indecisively." Difficult to make. There are things that are best told only to those who concern them. Will he stay away for a long time? "" If I knew that! He was called five minutes ago. "She hesitated to continue." From the police? "Ms. Külz looked at the young man in surprise." I was there at the raid in Warnemünde. 15 Did he tell you about it? "20 She nodded." And well, "continued the young man," now I have learned something that is closely connected with it and will be of particular interest to your husband. "" Call him! "advised Ms. Külz." He is at the police headquarters Alexanderplatz. The phone is in the 25 store. "She pointed her thumb behind her." Oh no, "said the young man." Telephones sometimes have too many ears. It will be the best scin, I will come after noon over again. "The butcher's wife remembered. Ih If you don't mind, you can wait here for my husband! If your time allows. "The young man pulled out the watch and looked at its dial thoughtfully. "I still have a lot to do. But I can wait an hour. "" That's right, "said Mrs. Külz. Shop room." It looks pretty colorful here. Apartment is on the first floor. "The young man sat down and asked if someone had a birthday." It smells of homemade cakes! "If it's 30" You know what? 35 She opened the door to our real 40

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The missing miniature. She smiled contentedly. "It's because of Oscar. I quickly baked a cherry cake. Because he's back home. And there are all our children and sons-in-law and daughters-in-law coming tonight. And they bring their children with them! 5 It's going to be a little celebration. About twenty people." He looked around the room. "You are extremely comfortable here!" His eyes remained fixed over the leather sofa. "He brought that back from Copenhagen," she said. "I find the picture ordinary. So, as a decent woman 10, you don't get dressed. The fabrics are not so expensive that one should be so economical with them! The picture isn't real either." Then the young man turned to the framed family photographs that surrounded Ann Boleyn with interest. The butcher's wife bombarded him with the first names of the 15 photographed. Then the shop bell rang. "Customers," said Ms. Külz. "I have to get out. I hope you don't get bored!" He reached for a sheet that was lying on the table. It was the 20 general butcher newspaper. "I'm going to pass the time!" "Pretend you're home," she suggested, and disappeared into the shop. Mr. Steinhövel, Irene Trübner and master butcher Külz 23 were led into the commissioner's room by a senior sergeant. The room was crowded with people. two dozen serious-looking men stood on the walls. The men were bound in pairs. The Commissioner welcomed the three new visitors. 30 excellent moods. "Be forgiving," he asked. Guests. But I didn't want the gentlemen to be taken away before I showed them to you. "He turned to Miss Trübner and Mr. Külz." The world is small. It should surprise me, almost He was "I have if you didn't find any friends "Miss Trübner held back. Oskar Külz, however, stood wide-legged in front of the bandits and looked at them closely. First was Mr. Philipp Achtel with the red nose. Furthermore, Mr. Herr Storm with the ears sticking out. There was 35 there was the unpleasant person from the corner of the railway coupe, the

First, things turn out differently ... 97 had stated that there was a second customs check on the Danish ferry. There was the wrong customs officer himself. And some other travel companions recognized Mr. Külz again. He turned to the desk and said: "Commissioner, the world is really small! I'm sorry to have to see people here 5 again. I would have preferred to meet her in the forest. You can let yourself go more." "But dear friend!" Said Storm. "How do you talk to us!" "Shut up!" Grumbled the sergeant. "Lead away!" Ordered the commissioner. The door opened. And the "Rostock Skat Brothers" were taken to the detention center. The inspector opened a window and took a deep breath. Then he returned to his desk and handed Mr. 15 IO "I'm happy," he said solemnly, Steinhövel a packet. "To be able to refund you the stolen miniature so soon. If you give quickly, you give twice." The old collector touched the precious parcel. "Thank you very much, Commissioner!" He unwrapped the 20 packets. A wooden box came to the precinct. "Can you make us plausible how the holbein fell into the hands of this gang? We assumed that the package had been stolen by the young man who called us Rudi Struve." 25 The inspector shrugged, embarrassed. Command was called into Kantstrasse about an hour and a half ago. The gang was found in the designated one The owner had locked the people in one of his rooms and has since disappeared without a trace. "" Great, "said Mr. Steinhövel." And this patented owner is probably the wrong Struve? Or? "He opened the wooden box." You may be right, "said the Commissioner." The tenant is, however, Joachim Seiler. We do not yet know whether he is the wrong Struve. 35 But it is being investigated. "" I do not understand it, "explained Irene Trübner. Herr Seiler Was thief, he could have taken the miniature out of his apartment after he had locked up the gang! "" The robbery - 30 "If this 40

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The vanished miniature, If our struve is your rope, "said Oskar Kütz," then I repeat what I have already said to the Rostock commissioner: our struve is not a thief! "" And what then? "Asked the Berlin commissioner. The old collector had now pulled a magnifying glass out of his pocket and was looking at the miniature as if she were a sick man and he was the family doctor. The inspector stood up. "Well?" He asked. "Are you satisfied with us?" Mr. Steinhövel leaned back in the chair. "Not quite, IO Commissioner! unfortunately is not the real Holbein. But imitation! "Which you kindly handed over to me

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THE SEVENTEENTH CHAPTER THE MOTORIZED Scavenger Hunt Idiomatic expressions has something in it, has something in its favor. It was more comfortable. It was more easy-going. before long. He had ordered what was necessary. He had given the necessary orders. behind lock and key, under lock and key. They left no board on the other. They turned everything upside down. the nearest show window, the nearest show window. That is with the devil. The devil must have a hand in this. I am puzzled. It's a complete mystery. Allow. Pardon me. What do you have? What's the matter? He had done two things. He had thereby succeeded in two different things. He could count on it. He could count on the fact; he could safely assume. He was no longer there. He had been gone a long time. The Commissioner and his visitors sat for minutes without saying a word. They stared at each other in complete perplexity and were paralyzed with terror. The detective was the first to find the language again. "Is that a copy? Certainly you are not mistaken, Herr 5 Steinhövel?" "I am not mistaken," replied the collector." There is, and it is no exaggeration, no one in Europe who could be as wrong in this case as I am! "He put the imitation Holbein back in the wooden box and put the box on the desk on the top. Master butcher Külz tugged excitedly on his bushy mustache." That's the devil! We run along with the police after a gang of crooks , and the gang behind a young man! And now the young man 15 stole the wrong one instead of the real miniature! "I don't understand it," said Irene Trübner." The miniature was stolen from my handbag! As in the dance hall The light was on again, but my handbag was empty! " 99

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The vanished miniature. You may have been wrong, "said the official. "Maybe you didn't have the original in your handbag before the robbery, but de imitation?" "Excluded," replied the young lady. "Completely excluded *! The imitation had just been brought back by the gang. It was still on the table in front of Mr. Külz when it got dark! " "Right, "confirmed the master butcher. "Together with the insolent letter." "I am puzzled," said the Commissioner. "Mr. Steinhövel, is it possible that there are several imitations?" That is impossible. " " Then, "said the Commissioner," there is only one solution! If the miniature that we thought was the real one until now is a copy, then the other one that you have seen so far for imitation must necessarily be the original! Dear Miss Trübner, where is the second miniature right now? "The young girl's lips were pale and trembling. "I gave it to Mr. Külz because he was so nice to me. 20 I thought Mr. Steinhövel would certainly not mind. "Mr. Steinhövel pointed to the wooden box that was on the desk. "We would like to give Mr. Külz the real copy as a souvenir. meanwhile made with the miniature, Mr. Külz, which my 25 secretary gave you yesterday and which now turns out to be the original? "OK But what do you have? The master butcher slapped his knee and laughed out loud. "It hangs in our shop!" He called cheerfully. 30 the old leather sofa! Beside the family photos! "The others breathed a sigh of relief. "When my Emilie learns that we have half a million hanging over the sofa, she goes crazy. Do you know what she said when she saw the miniature? "Külz paused. Then 35 cr continued: "She said she would have preferred a bar of chocolate over!" The others smiled politely. "N / A,". said the commissioner. "We were lucky again. I was already afraid that Mr. Külz would have left half the 40 million on the train. "

The motorized scavenger hunt 101 "Allow me," said Kütz. "You don't leave a present from Miss Irene! That would be a sin! "" Dear Mr. Kütz, "asked the Commissioner," scan so kindly and call your wife! Tell her we sent a couple of officers straight away. She should give them the little souvenir! We'd like to send her a few bars of chocolate. "He went to the phone. "But" Made, "said Kütz. send civilians, if I may ask. Otherwise you think in the Yorckstrasse, the chills have become crooks. "" Just as you wish! "The master butcher turned the dial and waited. A voice answered in the set. "Hello!" Exclaimed Kütz. "Emilie, is it you? Yes, I'm still 15 on the Presidium. Not! Now listen carefully! But we want to send a few detective officers around. No no. They don't want to take you away. But the miniature. The miniature! Do you understand? How? Human child, the little picture I brought back from the trip 20! That hangs over the sofa! Do you understand me? Then you heard nothing from the device for a while, but then a flood of words. Mr. Oskar Kütz suddenly leaned heavily on the desk. Then he put the phone down, stared at the inspector and the others, and rubbed his forehead. He groped heavily to his chair and slumped down. "What have you got?" Asked Miss Trübner worried. "My miniature is gone too," he said softly. The inspector jumped up. "What do you mean, Mr. Kütz? If only I knew!" Said the troubled master butcher Emilie took him to the shop, where he could wait for me, 35 she said, then customers came, my wife had to go to the shop, and when she came back into the room, the young man was no longer there Of course, she thought it was taking too long for him to think about it, and only now, when I called, did she realize that the miniature 40

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The vanished miniature is no longer hanging over the sofa! The guy just got her off the nail and disappeared through the door that leads to the hallway. "“ Again this young man! ”The commissioner roared, and threw the large pencil angrily into the wastebasket. Herr Steinhövel smiled wistfully. “I'm usually a friend of capable young people. But I have to admit that this young man is a little too good for me. ”The inspector raised his head. “After the warning, the raid must have noticed that he had accidentally stolen the copy. That's why he left the miniature right there when he locked the gang in his apartment. He had done two things. He was rid of the competition. And besides, he could count on us keeping the copy as the original for a while. So he had a head start again! He drove to Ms. Külz and calmly stole the original, which was hanging on the wall, worthless and unnoticed. ”” And how could this ... this young man know, ”asked Miss Trübner,” that the second miniature was with Mr. 20 The young man was no longer in Warnemünde when I gave Mr. Külz the supposed copy! It is all very unbelievable! ”” He did it all. The Commissioner waved the objection away. Just tried! yes, finally be 25. Besides, you shouldn't forget the one thing: crooks are often luckier than decent people. ”“ What my secretary objected to, ”explained Mr. Steinhövel,“ undoubtedly has something for himself It seems that the composer Struve drove after the old, smooth-shaven gentleman for more than an hour! The two chauffeurs soon understood that it was not a ride. This was terrifyingly clear to one chauffeur in particular. When he tried to stop to find out from his passenger why he had to drive aimlessly through dozens of main and side streets, he noticed in the mirror that the fine gentleman was taking a revolver out of his pocket. The taxi that followed the first was a little more comfortable. After some searching, the composer Struve found a sheet 30

The motorized paper chase of music paper. He tore the sheet into small pieces and hastily wrote on the resulting slips of paper with his pencil. The same text was written on each piece of paper: "Taxi I A 32875 stop immediately! Passenger wanted criminals! In terms of Holbein miniature!" Struve threw a to every traffic policeman that they passed. The bobby on Steinplatz pressed his slip of paper onto such slip. in the police patrol. The patrol notified her. The district inspector asked the police headquarters. Territory. The responsible commissioner gave the necessary instructions. And it didn't take long for 10, so numerous motor strips drove through the west of Berlin and looked for the taxi I A 32875. Professor Horn noticed the crste of these police motorcycles at the Memorial Church. It stopped at Rankestrasse and the sidecar driver pointed to the taxi. "Drive up!" Professor Horn called. "It's red light," replied the chauffeur. Professor Horn raised the revolver. And the 15 axi whipped into Tauentzienstrasse despite the red light. Rudi Struve jumped up in his car. "Afterwards!" "Afterwards!" The hunt continued. And right behind the two taxis followed the motorcycle with the police. 25 The first taxi stopped in front of the department store of the West. The passenger jumped out and ran with great strides into the portal of the department store. The second Chauffeur also braked. "Wait here!" Rudi Struve called and followed the refugee. In the portal, Struve bumped into the policemen who had just gotten off their motorcycles. "Come on!" Professor Horn had disappeared, "Have all the gates blocked off!" said Struve, hurrying up the stairs.35 The visitors had just said goodbye to the inspector wanted to leave when the district called Steinplatz and passed the text of the slip concerning the taxi I A 32875. The commissioner had ordered what was necessary. Engine-

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The vanished miniature: tires were sent off. The city's arterial roads were also occupied. Nothing more could be done at the moment. Now the three visitors were sitting in their chairs again, looking at the phone with surrender. "Maybe we are lucky," said the detective, "and catch the young man!" "But who on earth is going after his taxi?" Asked the old art collector skeptically. "Who is organizing this strange scavenger hunt?" "I have no idea. The officer shrugged. 10 It may be the competition. But maybe it is also one of his accomplices who only wants to steer us on the wrong track. Who can know that?" "There was a knock. A sergeant entered the room. "A letter for Mr. Steinhövel! It was just handed in." The art collector received the letter. The watchman withdrew. Mr. Steinhövel opened the envelope, read the letter and without a word handed it to the Commissioner. He also read it in 15 20 and passed it on to Irene Trübner and Mr. Külz. "Aha!" Called Oskar Külz. "With this handwriting, the gang wrote a letter to the young man. On the ferry. And later me when she brought back the wrong miniature. In Warnemünde. Last night. "He turned to the officer." But why can the brothers still write letters? I think you have kept them under lock and key! "" We must have arrested only part of the gang, "said the Commissioner Irene Trübner nodded, "The letter is probably from the man with the white beard and dark glasses. I always had the feeling that he was the leader." "And what do we want to do now?" Asked Mr. Steinhövel. The inspector rang the bell. , Of course we go there. I will send civil servants ahead. The 35 should move the house unobtrusively before we go in." The sergeant appeared. The commissioner gave the necessary orders. Then he said: "Come on! Let's go to the lion's den!" "They left. The letter remained on the desk. It read: 40

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The motorized scavenger hunt 105 “THE RULES AFFECTED BY HOLBEAUBLE ARE HEREBY ASKED TO COME TO BEUSTSTRASSE 12a. “All entrances and exits from the department store of the West were blocked off by Schupos. Struve, followed by several officials, raced down all the stairs, through all the corridors and corridors. The department heads and their employees searched all corners and cupboards. They shone flashlights under the counter. They looked behind all the curtains. The lahr chairs had been decommissioned 10. The lift boys and the packers climbed into the basement and left no board on the other. Professor Horn was and has disappeared! The people locked up in the department store became more and more restless. And the bastards who accompanied Mr. Rudolf Struve grew tired and gave the little, fat head who led them more and more suspicious looks. Who knows what would have happened if there hadn't been a little girl of around six among the passers-by in front of the department store! This child, whose name was Mariechen, stood at 20 with his mother in Ansbacherstrasse. The mother exchanged all sorts of comments with the bystanders. Mariechen, however, looked at the shop windows. Suddenly the child said very loudly and excitedly: "Mummy, look! The big doll rattles its eyes! "Everyone who had heard Mariechen's remark looked into the large shop window that was located at first. 25 In the middle of the display, between coats, scarves, hats, pajamas and shirts, was an elegantly dressed mannequin. A distinguished elderly and shaved gentleman ... "That's a human being!" Shouted a shrill voice. 30

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THE EIGHTEENTH CHAPTER MR KÜHLEWEIN LEARNS THE

FEAR Idiomatic Expressions They made wide eyes. They opened their eyes wide. in no case, under no circum- it possible that we have the imitation? I got scared again. My fears were revived. We hope so. Let's hope so. Are you interested? Are you interested in; do you want? You don't get anything. One has time for nothing. stances. He made himself known (with). He introduced himself (to). be somewhat worried. at the present time. Should we have the imitation? Is When the police car stopped in front of the building at Beuststrasse 12a, the passengers were initially wide-eyed. And the detective commissioner said: "Since when have burglars been residing in insurance buildings?" He climbed out of the car and 5 helped the young lady and the two old men to get out. Irene Trübner quickly went to her boss. "This is the company whose Copenhagen representative we insured the miniature for half a week ago!" The Commissioner has already spoken to the doorman. Then he came back in a hurry. "The general manager expects us. The doorman is supposed to take us to the first floor." He smiled. "Can I send my people who have moved the house around there?" "No way!" Exclaimed Külz. For a hoax! You might be lured into a trap and the general manager and even the porter are robbers in disguise, leave your guards here for a bit! "" Who knows what is going on here again? "And led her into a luxuriously furnished reception room. A little later the general manager of the " Berolina ", Mr. Kühlewein, appeared. He looked very elegant and representative, got to know the gentlemen and was as happy as he was

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Mr. Kühlewein learns to fear repeatedly emphasized, very extraordinarily, to see the famous art collector Steinhövel with him. Then he sat down, pressed the bell energetically, and turned back to the collector. "I am only generally informed about the deal between you and our company. But I think I heard that you were temporarily worried about the miniature that you bought in Copenhagen for six hundred thousand crowns and which you insured with Kristensen, our Danish representative, for five hundred thousand marks." The others present exchanged astonished looks, Steinhövel was the first to convince himself. "I was worried? Allow me, Mr. Kühlewein! I am still worried! With great concern, in fact!" The Director General did not understand this. "But why then, dear Herr Steinhövel?" An employee came into the room and bowed. "Dear Klapproth," said the director, "here is the safe key. Be so good and bring us the package that contains the Copenhagen miniature." Klapproth took the safe key and moved away. Herr Steinhövel seemed very excited. "You must forgive, Mr. Kühlewein, that we are beside ourselves. But the miniature you claim to have in your safe was stolen from Mr. Külz's apartment about an hour ago!" "Yes," said Külz. "It was hanging over the sofa in the shop." Miss Trübner added: "Because we thought it was an imitation. But that was a mistake." The Commissioner intervened. "At the moment, two dozen of our engine patrols are searching the whole of Berlin for a taxi in which the miniature thief is probably sitting and wants to flee with the real Holbein!" "But that's impossible!" Cried the general manager. "I assure you that the miniature has not been stolen, but will be safely handed over to Mr. Steinhövel!" A few moments later our safe is in and suddenly the director general became unsure. "The young lady spoke of an imitation. Should we have the imitation?"

The vanished miniature TO8 "Ncin," said Mr. Steinhövel and took a package out of his pocket. "We already have the imitation." Then Mr. Klapproth reappeared, giving his boss the safe key and the package that he should have fetched. The others sat wordlessly, staring at the mysterious package. "May I ask?" Mr. Kühlewein handed it to the old collector with a sweeping hand movement. The latter hastily untied the parcel, unwrapped the wooden box and opened it. "The miniature!" Whispered Miss Trübner. "Indeed!" The collector pulled the magnifying glass out of his pocket, checked the miniature for a moment, leaned back in the chair and murmured: "Incredible! It is the real one!" "Well!" Said the Director General. He turned to Mr. Klapproth and said with a smile: "The gentlemen did not want to believe it, but just claimed that this package had been stolen for an hour and the thief was trying to escape with the miniature in a taxi." He raised his eyebrows 20 amused, "Dear Klapproth, how long has the package been in our burglar-proof safe?" The authorized officer leaned forward and replied softly: "For about half an hour." The general manager, "Berolina" jumped up in horror. 25 are you saying? Just half an hour ago? Send the employee who worked on the matter immediately!" Klapproth hurried out of the room. Herr Kühlewein wandered back and forth on the large, soft carpet that covered the floor and looked menacingly at the door. "You have to apologize," he began. "I found out twenty minutes ago that Mr. Steinhövel was on the way to pick up the miniature. When you showed up with a detective, I was a little surprised. But it seems that I will find myself to wonder more often today." The door opened. A young man entered the room. "One of our sub-directors," said Mr. Kühlewein graciously. "He knows the matter." The young man who knew the matter bowed and came closer. 15, What 35 It was Mr. Joachim Seiler! 10

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Herr Kühlewein learns to fear 109 At first, apart from Irene Trübner, nobody understood why old Külz jumped up and rushed at the young man like an Indian. The chair fell over. Külz called "Hurray!" And pulled the sub-director of the "Berolina" to his chest. He laughed wildly. "I said it straight away that you are not a real crook!" Then he proudly turned and pointed to Seiler. "That's cr, gentlemen! That's him!" "Who is that?" Asked General Director Kühlewein. The detective commissioner explained: "It is probably 10 the man who stole the miniature from Mr. Külz's apartment an hour ago."

"Almighty!" Murmured the General director. "Seiler, you are a thief?" The young man The axes shrugged, embarrassed, "It had to be! 15 Dear Mr. Külz, I would like to ask for permission to steal from you later!" "As often as you want, my boy!" exclaimed Külz You are not a burglar, you just break in! " Joachim Seiler said: "It was pretty complicated. I had the impression that the police had only caught a fraction of the gang in my apartment. As a precaution, I only went to your sausage factory as a precaution, Papa Külz. It would of course have been just as possible that the miniature bercits had arrived at Herr Steinhövel's villa. But it was not. It was hanging over your sofa. "The old art collector had become thoughtful and asked: "Did you know that in Warnemünde you stole the copy, not the original? Or was that a mere oversight? "General Manager Kühlewein gasped for air. "What? Has our Mr. Seiler already stolen in Warnemünde? " "0 yes," replied the young man. "It should be! You can't always do what you want. When the light went out in the dance hall, there was nothing to be done with ice cream gloves. I opened Miss Trübner's handbag, quickly reached inside and stole the miniature. "The inspector eyed the delinquent suspiciously. "How is it that you get the original 40 in Warnemünde?"

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The vanished miniature: pay that we found the imitation in your apartment? Thank you for the way that you delivered the gang to us! " " You're welcome! "Said the young man. As for the two miniatures, the manipulation was very easy. When the light went out, the copy was still on the table. It had just been secretly brought back to Mr. Külz by the gang! I stole the original from Miss Trübner's handbag in the dark, then I put it on the table as if it were a copy, and now I stole the copy! And I fled with the copy. "He contemplated it and smiled with amusement." Now, of course, everyone involved had to believe that I had disappeared with the original! As a result, the ties to Miss Trübner and Mr. Külz lost any interest in me and the supposed original in my pocket, so I managed to lure the guys from Warnemünde to Berlin after me, and then I had them arrested in my apartment as you can see - and the real original was safe for the time being. And Miss Trübner and Mr. Külz. " " Great! "Cried the master butcher. "Fabulous! If you hear something like that, you could get jealous! "The old art collector nodded slowly. General manager Kühlewein, however, was broken! Such methods were new to him in the insurance industry. Joachim Seiler continued in his report. "While I was watching the raid squad pull the gang out of my apartment from my regular café, I received a letter from the band leader, who is still in freedom, by the way. Shortly afterwards he drove past me in a taxi. He had had his magnificent white beard removed, but I recognized him anyway. And now I got scared again. I hurried to Yorckstrasse and visited Ms. Külz. If the miniature was there, it was imperative to take it to safety. And so after stealing copy 35 in Warnemünde, I also stole the original in Berlin. " " And the man who is chased by our motor patrols is the chief of the gang? "Asked the commissioner. "We want to hope," said Joachim Seiler. He had become a little inattentive and looked over at Irene Trübner, who was looking out of the window.

Mr. Kühlewein learns to fear "Can you witch?" Asked the commissioner. "When did you just find time to throw the tax police in the west those papers with the number of the taxi in which your shaved robber captain was sitting?" "I can't do witches," replied the young man. "And I have nothing with the papers to do. My friend Struve must have distributed them." Külz laughed uncontrollably: "The little fat guy from Bautzen is your friend? Well, listen, he did a nice spectacle because he was arrested. "10" I know, "said Seiler." We met in the café. And I hurriedly sent him after the robber captain. Who knows where he was now stuck. Hopefully nothing happened to him." The commissioner explained to the director-general why a composer named Struve had been arrested. "Terrible!" Said Mr. Kühlewein. "Our sub-director also appeared under the wrong name?" "It had to be," said Joachim Seiler. "I witnessed in Copenhagen how Miss Trübner and Mr. Külz were observed and persecuted by some members of the gang. 20 That was why I, under a strange name and pretext, to make the acquaintance of the two gentlemen. I had to be nearby if it was going to be serious!" Irene Trübner said: "Mr. Seiler even invented a Leipzig cousin named Irene. And a cousin who is 25 ear doctors in Hanover. "" The cousin was a lie, "the young man admitted. "But the ear doctor is right!" General Manager Kühlewein wrung his hands. "Which crimes have you not actually committed in the few days?" "Do you want an exact list?" Asked Seiler. "No!" Cried Mr. Kühlewein. "No! Finally sit down, you criminal!" Joachim Seiler took a seat. He was extremely hungry. While the detective chief told the art collector and the 35 general director the logical story of the two Holbein miniatures, the young man considered The young lady When the commissioner had finished his report, old Herr Steinhövel rose, shook hands with the young man and 40 30

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The vanished miniature .pte: "Thank you very much and congratulate you on your reward." "What reward?" Asked Seiler. "Mr. Steinhövel has offered a ten thousand mark reward for the replacement of the miniature," replied the commissioner. , "It's in all the papers today!" "I haven't read any newspapers yet. You don't get anything!" Said the young man. "But you can always need ten thousand marks."

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THE NINETEENTH CHAPTER NOW, IT'S TRUE! Idiomatic expressions It stays that way. That's settled. It's worth it. That's worth while. Good heavens! (Good Heavens! What's up? What was the matter? But now it's true. Now it's all straightened out. He was in thought. He was deep in contemplation. Shouldn't you be wrong? Aren't many thanks. Thank you Very much. You mistaken? Don't take it too badly. Don't hold it too much against me. He still knew that general manager Kühlewein was in his thoughts. Always not whether he should be happy or annoyed. Joachim Seiler relieved him of further thought and said: "I have the impression that you more or less disapprove of the measures that I thought necessary!" "Quite right," replied the Director General. "And you keep it," continued Seiler, "for immoral that I should also get ten thousand marks for it." "Quite right," confirmed the general manager. The young man rose. His eyes flashed." Under these circumstances I would like to inform Mr Steinhövel that I will not give the reward. And general manager I ask Kühlewein to let me go immediately. Meal! "Bowed and went to the door. But master butcher Külz was quicker. He posted 15 outside the door and blocked the way. "Such a hothead!" He called. "I don't allow that. Is this an insurance company or a kindergarten? Mr. Steinhövel has his holbein again. The insurance company saved half a million marks. The police caught a gang of criminals. What do you actually want from your employees, Mr. General Bureaucrat? " "Bravo!" Said Mr. Steinhövel and applauded silently. "If you accept the resignation, I will hire the young man immediately. And the reward, dear Mr. Seiler, the 113th

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The vanished miniature 114 is yours, whether you like it or not! You won't insult me!" Papa Külz put his arm under the young man's and led him back into the room. Herr Kühlewein got up. He was embarrassed. "I do not accept the gentlemen excuse Mr. Seiler termination. me. I have to go to my office. To ordinary business. "He turned to Seiler. "I would like to speak to you before you leave the house, Mr. Director!" Then he left. 10 The detective looked at the clock and was surprised. "I have to say goodbye. I have to go to the office too. The gang that Director Seiler had kindly locked in his apartment are eager to talk to me in detail. " "Don't remind me of my apartment!" Asked the young man. "I'm afraid the gang used my humble furniture as barricades when the raid squad arrived." The art collector gave the young man a check. 20 "Here's the reward, Mr. Director. Of course I will pay for the damage in your apartment. "They shook hands. Seiler thanked him. Collector waved it off. "This holbein," he pointed to the wooden box, "means much more to me than can be expressed in numbers. Miss Trübner will be so nice to help you get the new furniture. " "Great!" Seiler was thrilled. "I have a lot of Miss Trübner's taste." The knock came. A policeman came in and saluted. "Commissioner, Inspector Kruger sends us. We got it out of a shop window in the Western department store. Do we disturb? The inspector meant "Here are gentlemen who can identify the man and also provide useful information." "Why don't you bring the whole detention center with you?" asked the inspector. "So come in with the guy!" The constable shouted something out into the corridor and stepped 30 We are to show you a man. Several police officers led an older, elegantly 40 to the scite.

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Now it's true! 115 dressed Mr. in the room. He was clean-shaven, looked around calmly, and frowned when he saw Joachim Sciler. The small, fat composer Struve followed behind the officials. "I was hoping never to see you again," he said sternly to the inspector. Then he greeted the others. Finally his friend Seiler. "Child, hopefully we got the right one." "It's the right one," replied Seiler. "The white beard has disappeared, and so have the dark glasses. But the gentleman, 10 who likes to write letters, is left." "Truly," whispered Irene Trübner. "Now I recognize him again." "The gentleman from the Pension Curtius!" Explained master butcher Külz in surprise. "So I have to see you again!" The detective asked: "What is your name?" "Professor Horn." "Shouldn't you be wrong?" Asked the Commissioner. "Wouldn't it be as possible that you weren't a professor at all? and called logs? "15 20" That is also possible, "said the gang leader." It would be rude to disagree with you. " "An unusual encounter," said the commissioner. "It has happened many times that your company committed theft and we didn't get you. But 25 that you failed to steal and that we still wiped you out is new." "Indeed," said the professor. "It's the young man's fault." He pointed to Seiler. "I thought until I entered this room that he was a competitor of ours. I regret to learn that he is wasting his talents as a so-called useful link in so-called human society." The Commissioner motioned to the police officers. You left the room with Mr. Klotz. - Struve was commissioned by Commissioner 35 and now 30 must be commended for his success as a criminalist. The composer fended off the compliments. , I only did it because Seiler promised to show me the guy who used my name. So that I can finally slap him in the face. "40

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The missing miniature The room was empty for half a minute at most. Then Irene Trübner returned, picked up the telephone receiver and got connected to director Seiler. "Hello!" His voice was rough and hoarse. She didn't answer, but pursed her lips. "Hello!" He cried grumpily. "For thunder weather! Who's there?" "Irene," she said softly. "Do we want to get along again?" Mr. Steinhövel had taken a seat in his car. "Where's my secretary?" He asked. Rudi Struve pointed to the portal of the insurance building. The three men smiled. Külz came close to the car and said: "Dear Mr. Steinhövel, do you want to do me a very great favor?" "Gladly!" Külz took the box out of his pocket and gave it to the collector. "Please check again carefully if it is definitely the right miniature. If it were the wrong one again ... "Mr. Steinhövel laughed. "It is definitely the wrong one." "By the wrong one I mean the real one," explained Papa Külz. "Well!" Opened the box, looked at the miniature he had given away, and was startled. "Indeed!" He called. "I gave you the original!" "Terrible!" Papa Külz murmured. "Then the whole theater could have started all over again!" Mr. Steinhövel carefully put the real holbein in his breast pocket, gave Külz the other box and said: "Well it's true!" 15 20 The collector pulled the magnifying glass out of his pocket, At that moment Irene Trübner stepped out of the building and nodded happily to the three gentlemen.

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Now it's true! 117 I can also get myself a table and a couple of chairs. "“ My boss asked me to help you. I come around seven o'clock. I am very reliable in business matters. ”He became impatient. "I'm not opening. You don't need to come. I'd rather live in a chicken coop until the end of my life. ”“ Around seven o'clock, ”she replied steadfastly. "It stays with it." 10 Seiler jumped up. "Submit yourself!" He called. "If you come, I'll throw you down the stairs! I live on the fourth floor, it's worth it! ”Then he ran out of the room and slammed the door shut. "Good heavens!" Said Külz, startled. "What happened to 15?" "Not the slightest," said Miss Trübner. "Well, I don't know!" Said the fat, fat Mr. Struve. "If someone told me that he wanted to throw me down the stairs, I would take it a little more seriously. "" He didn't tell you, but told me, "she said." That's a difference! " Her boss, the art collector, rubbed his hands. "If it wasn't a threat," he said, "it could only have been a declaration of love." "Really?" Asked Külz. "Well, I congratulate you with all my heart, my child And although it is not customary to receive congratulations for being thrown down the stairs, Irene Trübner bowed her pretty head and said: "Thank you very much, 30 20 25 gentlemen!" The art collector stopped the master butcher and gave him a wooden box. "I almost forgot that! May I give you the holbein copy that you have long owned again, and now forever?" Külz shook his hand and put the box in. "That should be a lasting memory for me. And I will buy a bar of chocolate for my Emilie."

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The vanished miniature 11 .. "You don't know who the wrong struve was?" Asked Irene Trübner crstaunt. "I have no idea," replied Struve. Külz smiled. "Well, you can get rid of your slap in the face now." "What then?" The small, fat musician stared at the master butcher. "The guy is here in the room?" The others nodded. "Rope," murmured Struve. "Which of the attendees was it? 10 Fast! " "It was me!" Answered the young man. "Rudi, don't take it too badly. I just couldn't think of any other name. Now slap me in the face. "Struve smiled sheepishly. Then he gave Seiler a hefty 15 ribs and said, "Among friends? No, "the commissioner had gone to send home the civil servants who were still guarding the insurance building. Herr Steinhövel had telephoned for his car. They sat and waited. Külz described the composer the 20 adventures that Seiler had had between Copenhagen and Berlin. Seiler wasn't listening. as was the case twenty-four hours ago: "Shall we get along again?" She left the question unanswered and explained: "I will come to your apartment this evening, Mr. Director, and I will look at the damage. Tomorrow we can buy new furniture. I know various shops where you can buy cheaply and cheaply. He sat next to Irene Trübner and asked, 25 can. "He was silent. "Is it okay for you about seven o'clock tonight?" She continued. "You live very close to me. On Holtzendorffstrasse, isn't it? What number, please? "He eyed her hostilely. His eyes were like fiery coals. She said: "Oh no! You don't live on Holtzendorffstrasse. That was a lie, director! Can I ask for the real address? But not just roughly, yes? "He moved away from her. "I waive your kind cooperation.