

Erich Kästner
Die verschwundene Miniatur
oder auch
Die Abenteuer eines empfindsamen
Fleischermeisters

Erich Kaestner
The vanished miniature
or
The adventures of a sentimental one
butcher's

ein Ullstein Buch

an Ullstein book

Page 3

CHAPTER 1

PAPA KÜLZ EATS AN AUFSCHNITT

The place in Copenhagen where the Royal Opera is located is called the Kongens Nytorv. It is an extraordinarily friendly, spacious space. And if you want to look at him with the leisure he is looking for The best thing to do is sit in front of the Hotel d'Angleterre.

In the open air, in front of the hotel front, stand in long Rows of chairs and tables. Guests from all over the world sit next to each other the, can be operated carefully and are inevitably included the convenience of life. By the way, no chair sweeps and no guest backs the square. You sit like on the ground floor elegantly managed open-air theater, looks together over to the facade of the opera house and delights in the cheerful the hustle and bustle that Copenhagen citizens offer to their strangers are used to.

It's really strange with this Kongens Nytorv! you may not have been to Denmark for years, and now There was definitely revolution in several countries, maybe the usurper of Afghanistan became the party goers of his Cousins ??untied, and crashed in an earthquake in Japan at least ten thousand houses as if they were from Altenburger Skat cards were built - if you then again from the Amalgade comes out, turns left and to the d'Angleterre looks, those elegant women and distinguished still sit Strangers, staggered in five rows, in front of the hotel, talk in a dozen languages, patiently examine the hustle and bustle and laboriously hide behind the serenity of their expressions, as well the Danish cuisine tastes good.

Time stands still at Kongens Nytorv.

As a result of this fact, it is understandably unnecessary to To determine the point in time at the butcher Oskar Külz crossed the square and headed for the Hotel d'Angleterre. Külz wore a green impregnated loden suit, a brown one Velor hat and a bushy, graying mustache. In the he held a gnarled walking stick in his right hand, in his left Grieben's travel guide for »Copenhagen and surroundings-. In front of the balustrade behind which the foremost tables stood he stopped and looked thoughtfully and hesitantly over the others

Page 4

Chair chains lined up guests. Here he noticed that a very clean and varnished lady whispering to her companion bowed and that the latter looked at him and smiled mildly as if to forgive something.

That was crucial. If that gentleman had not smiled, it would have been Butcher K lzl went on. And then the story that is now starting to take a different course- when she finally and actually took.

But then K lzl murmured the word "sheep's head" and sat down ostentatious and broad-lined to a free table. So he got in the train of events that did not concern him and which gave him five pounds of his live weight in no time should cost.

When K lzl sat down, the petite chair groaned in pain.

A piccolo dashed over and asked, "Please, sir?"

The guest pushed the velor hat on the back of his neck. "Human child, me doesn't speak Danish. Bring me a potty! But a big one Potty."

The piccolo understood nothing, bowed and disappeared into the Hotel. K lzl rubbed his hands.

With that a tarnished waiter appeared. "What can I do with you? serve, sir? "

The guest looked up suspiciously. "With a great Pilsner," he explained. »Now send me the managing director on the Neck, or would you prefer if I made a written request will file? "

»A Pilsner, very well!-

"And something to eat. A little cold cuts, if not makes a lot of trouble. With different sausages. I'm interested your Danish sausage professionally. I'm a Berlin butcher master."

The waiter didn't reveal what he thought, instead bowed and disappeared.

K lzl put his walking stick on the balustrade, put it on brown velor hat on the yellowed horn handle and leaned back comfortably.

The back of the chair groaned.

He looked at the chair and table and said sadly, most confirmation furniture! -

This remark brought with it that a miss that alone

Page 5

sat at the next table, had to laugh.

Oskar Külz was surprised. He turned the torso half right, made a clumsy bow and said, "Excuse me

You a lot! -

The girl nodded cheerfully to him. "How so? I'm out too Berlin."

"Aha!" He replied. "That's why you speak German!"

The bottomless profundity of his conclusion made him eat clear. He shook his head, annoyed with himself, and asked because he couldn't think of anything wiser. "My name is Külz", he said.

She clasped her hands together. »Are you Mr. Külz? No that is funny! Then we'll buy our meat from you! -

"With Oskar Külz?"

"I do not know that. Are there several chicks? -

"You could say so."

"On Kaiserdamm."

"This is Otto, my youngest."

"Excellent butcher shop," she said.

"Yes, yes. But he doesn't understand liver sausage. There should

You buy at Hugo Leberwurst! This is my second boy. In the Schloßstraße in Steglitz. He makes liver sausage! Gentlemen!"

"A little far if you live on Kaiserdamm," said

she. "Despite his liver sausage."

»Again Hugo has no idea about meat

Latin. He cannot be taught him! -explained Father Külz sternly.

"So, so," said the young lady.

»Meat salad is Erwin's specialty. To the man

an eldest daughter. In the Landsberger Allee. Erwin makes you a mayonnaise - leave everything else behind,

Miss! "“ And where's your own business? "She asked

intimidates. The many butchers started slowly over her grow your head.

"Yorckstrasse," he said. "I had that last October thirty year anniversary. My brother Karl has it next year.

In April. No, in May. "

"Your brother is a butcher too?" She asked worriedly.

"Naturally! With three shop windows! At the Spittelmarkt. And Arno, my oldest, too. He has his shop on Breitenbachplatz. N / A, and Georg, my other son-in-law, has his business in the

Page 6

Uhlandstraße. Hedwig, my second daughter, wanted everything others are more likely to marry - a teacher or a piano player or a fireman, just no butcher! And then she did taken the Georg. He was my first journeyman for two years le. "

"For God's sake!" Said the Miss, exhausted. "Volume up Fleischer! You can dream of that! -

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

"A nice picture," said the girl.

At that moment the head waiter came. He pushed a roll table, gently like a stroller for twins, in front of you.

A glass of beer and a plate were on the roller table

Sausage and roast.

When a master butcher sees a sausage plate writes, there must be special reasons.

Külz was very startled. "I guess that's a misunderstanding," he said.

"I ordered a small cold cut and you bring one

Record for twelve people! -

The waiter shrugged, "The gentleman wanted the Danish one Study sausage. -

"But not until Christmas!" Growled Külz.

His neighbor laughed and said, "You are a victim of your call. Grit your teeth, dear Mr. Külz, and let it go

You taste it good! -

Pigeons tripped on the Kongens Nytorv. Blue, gray and silver Her plumage was green. They nodded their heads eagerly. which is why it's hard to judge because of their nodding heads. A lot of- easy was it just a bad habit? If a car's

Came away, they flew up. Like clouds coming back to heaven ren.

Butcher Külz grabbed the knife and fork. 'I am for that now pulled out, "he muttered, shaken.

Several rows further back, next to the hotel entrance, sat two gentlemen and read. Maybe they could stand the newspapers too for other reasons. Since Gutenberg's epochal accustomed to inventing too much to assume that all people who actually hold something printed in front of their face, actually read it. Yes, if that were the case!

In any case, it was not so in the present case. The two hearts
The readers by no means read, but used the newspapers as a hiding place.
They watched master butchers over the edge of the leaves
Külz and the Berliner Fräulein. One of the gentlemen looked roughly
like a heroic tenor who has been with him since his fortieth year
Red wine instead of singing. Not with growing the
Red wine, but with its consumption. The nose could - wants
you use a musical expression - a song of it
to sing. It was blue-red and reminded of frostbite.

The other gentleman was small and malnourished. His face too
was no longer brand new. The ears were sitting unusually high on
Head. Like an owl. They also stood out and the sun
sheen made it transparent.

"Certainly an ordered thing," said the tenor. His voice
sounded exactly what his nose looked like.

The little boy was silent.

"It is supposed to look like a coincidence," continued the man
others continue. "I do not believe in coincidences."

The little gentleman with the slipped ears shook his head.

"It's a coincidence anyway," he said. "That old Steinhövel should
Girl sends someone is conceivable. That he sends a giant
appearing as a Tyrolean in Copenhagen is nonsense. You might as well
he put a sign on the guy and wrote what it was for
it's about. -

"I would definitely prefer it," said the red wine specialist.

"Always these ambiguities."

The little one laughed. "You can go over there and ask."

The other growled, drank his glass, and refilled it.

"And why hasn't she quit her hotel room yet?"

"Because she won't be leaving until tomorrow."

»And because she was waiting for the Tyrolean! Watch out, I have
Law! My name is Philipp Achtel! -

"Oh, heavenly goodness!" The little boy giggled. "So you are
Philipp Achtel means? Just as true? -

Mr. Achtel got angry. "Leave your innuendos," he said.

His voice sounded rustier than before. And he drove himself
nervous hand over hair.

"It grew back pretty nicely," said the little one
and winked amused. "You really don't see that you

You haven't been back from the sanatorium for a long time. -

"Shut up!" Said Mr. Eighth. »The Tyrolean eats like a barn thrower, by the way. ”

The little boy got up. “I'm going to call the boss. Let's hear what he from barn threshers. ”

Master butcher Külz persistently wiped out a slice of sausage after the other. But it was a Sisyphean job. Finally put he cutlery and napkin aside, looked unfriendly at the plate, that was still heavily laden and shrugged. "I give up!" he murmured and smiled at the pretty lady.

"Did it taste good?"

He nodded wearily. 'Everything that's right. The Danes understand what sausage. ”

The head waiter came and cleared away.

Külz took out a cigar and smoked it with feeling on. Then he crossed one leg and said, “If me my old woman would see 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," Külz replied elegiacly. "She I don't know I'm in Copenhagen. ”

"My sons don't know about it either," he went on, embarrassed.

“Not my daughters either. Not my sons-in-law either. Meine daughters-in-law neither. Neither did my siblings. Neither did my grandchildren. ”He paused. "I am a-stacked. Terrible, is it? ”

The miss held back with her judgment.

"Suddenly I couldn't anymore," admitted Mr. Külz. "At the It started on Saturday evening. Why, I don't know myself. We had a lot to do in the store. I went across the yard and wanted to get a skewer of old Germans. I stayed in front of the slaughterhouse windows stand. The second journeyman turned beef through the Wolf. We sell a lot of scraped things. Yes, and sang there a blackbird. ”He stroked his bushy mustache. "Maybe it wasn't the blackbird's fault. But suddenly I fell my life one. As if God had pressed a button.

All calf loins, rolled ham, mutton culling and pig's feet of the past thirty years on my soul.

I couldn't breathe! ”He pulled the cigar thoughtfully. "My Life is of course nothing special. But it was enough for me. always if you thought: "Now you've saved yourself a few pennies,"

married one of the children. And then you had to be one of the boys or buy a business from one of the sons-in-law. Or it came the brother or brother-in-law and held out his hand. I never have for myself. "He lowered his gray skull. »Well and just as I remembered, this dung cattle was singing about a blackbird. You see, Miss, such a long life - and nothing far and wide as sausage skins, ice cabinets, chopping blocks, intestinal orders and Pökelfässer! No pig can stand that, let alone a butcher! - The old man lifted his hands wearily and let them drop again. And his faithful face was full of sadness.

"And then?" Asked the young lady carefully.

"Then I first brought the old German spit to the front. And after business hours we settled. It was exactly like every Saturday. But I did everything like an automatic machine. And later we drove to Hedwig and Georg. Otto and his wife were also there. And we talked about sales, the wholesale price and from the children. Fritz would have had the whooping brought along. And little Kurt would have said if he was big if he were, he would be a master in the meat guild. "

Oskar Külz pulled out his handkerchief and dried it Forehead, on which the longitudinal folds like unwritten lines of music exceptions. "I love my family," he said, "and my job i love too. But suddenly it all hung out to me.

The sausage machine that I became became with one jerk stand. Short circuit! Out! Are you really just supposed to work? And should you really just think of others? Is the world beautiful with it? without turning around, go straight from the slaughterhouse to the Cemetery galloping? Every person occasionally thinks of themselves himself. And only the old Külz shouldn't be allowed to do that? - He shook his head. "Maybe you should polish the blackbirds forbid singing. May be. Can be, not even. The is not my area. Sunday morning, at five in the morning, stood anyway i on. Emilie, my wife, said I wanted to go to Bernau Visit Selbmann. (He and I, we were together at the time at Schmitz in Potsdam journeyman.) Then I pocketed money and drove to the Szczecin train station. I checked there when a quick train. As far away as possible. And I was on Sunday afternoon in Copenhagen. -

He smiled in memory of his escape. He smiled like a Boy who skipped school. This worked, especially in the

look at his bushy gray mustache like having a smile
very, very much late.

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

"Oh no!"

"Did you at least take a good look around?" She asked.

"Oh yes," he said. "It is enough. I was in Roeskilde. I was over there
in Malmo. I was at Hamlet's grave. Although it is very doubtful
whether he's in there. I was up in Gilleleje and bathed in the sea.

Dear Miss, that you didn't start the world earlier
to look at - I could whistle for hours. -

"And how often," she asked, "have you written to your family?"

"Not at all," he said. "They'll be surprised how
as long as I stay in Bernau! -

"Excuse me," said the young woman gravely, "but that doesn't work.
divorced too far! Your wife is in at the latest on Monday morning
Called Bernau and found out that you weren't there! -

"Do you think so?" He asked. "Emilie would be like that."

"Perhaps you think that bad luck has happened to you! IH
Your family will be hovering in a thousand fears. -

"Let her hover!" He remarked calmly. »Külz also wants to
to be at peace. After all, you're not Santa Claus! -

The girl was silent for a while. Then she said, "I know-
Not exactly, of course, as one did as a master butcher and grandfather
feel like it. -

"Exactly," he said.

'But I know one thing. That you are now hurrying a postcard
get and write to your wife. There are cards in the lobby. -

Külz looked sideways at the girl.

She said, "I ask for it."

He gave himself a jerk, got up, went into the hotel and muttered:

"Again under the slipper!"

There was a kiosk in the lobby. Külz took out the reading glasses
the case, put them on and looked at the postcards. After

After a long search, he decided on a magnificent harbor view,

held out the card to the saleswoman and said, "One
Six penny brand. Or does it cost more to Germany? -

The saleswoman hung on his lips.

"A six-penny stamp," he growled. "A little dalli!"

Next to him meant a little gentleman who was going too high
distinguished ears: »You will get six pfennig stamps here

Page 11

hardly get. They wouldn't do you much good either. ”

“Then she'll have to give me a twelve or fifteen pfennig stamp give!”

The little gentleman shook his head. "They don't exist here either."

'I don't understand it. Whoever sells postcards also has To have stamps. ”

The little gentleman smiled, his ears still slipping higher. "There are brands here," he said. 'But no Germans.

- Maybe try Danish? -

CHAPTER 2

I RENE T RÜBNER HAS A NGST

The little gentleman had been very helpful. Good people

It's always a pleasure to help others. they are

Epicureans and satisfy their moral by doing good

Lust. Be that as it may, butcher Külz had it appropriate

franked magnificent harbor view in hand and talked

the little gentleman. They had been talking to each other for five minutes

the. There is nothing like the sympathy between mature men.

Finally Külz showed the strange gentleman his wallet and

found out about the purchasing power of Danish banknotes, especially in

Compared to German money, teach in detail. The small

Mister 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 really happy about it."

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

Storm. "

They shook hands with each other.

At the same moment a newspaper delivery man drove up to the hotel,

jumped off the bike and ran through with a pack of newspapers

Portal to the hall. The lady in the kiosk looked at the headlines

len and got round red spots on the cheeks. The messenger ran

quickly back to his bike and hurried on. In the street

the passers-by stopped and looked together at the new ones

Leaves.

The guests in the hall sensed that something was going on. They pressed

to the kiosk and bought newspapers. You read the news and

spoke in confusion in all world languages.

"It's like building a tower in Babel," said Külz. "I am

actually not angry about not saying a word about this

Understand spectacle. -

The little gentleman nodded politely. "No doubt. Ignorance is one

God's gift. Anyone who knows a lot has a lot of trouble. "He bought a newspaper

and scanned the first page.

"Now I'm getting curious," said Külz. »What is

Schehen? Is there war? "

"No," said Storm. »Art objects have disappeared

Page 13

the. A million crowns. ”

"Aha," said Külz. "Well, then I want my postcard write." He shook hands with Mr. Storm and left.

The little gentleman stared after him. Then he stepped outside and sat down with Mr. Philipp Achtel. He was reading that too published sheet. He studied the first page carefully. Then he said: "What is there!"

"There is currently no trace of the perpetrators," said Mr. Storm.

"Hopefully they'll get caught soon."

"Before they mouse more."

"Just."

They smiled subtly and were silent for a while. Then Mr. asked Eighth note: "And what about the Tyrolean?"

Storm blinked angrily at Külz, 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. Incidentally, I find it extremely clumsy to really stupid. "

»Not the worst tactic! What does the boss mean? -

'I should follow him. And he'll send Karsten to you! "Storm pointed head to Külz. "He asked me what was going on in the newspaper de. I told him. He replied: »Aha! Well, I want mine Write postcard <. Strange what? ”

"A dangerous grandfather," said Mr. Achtel. "The Harmless are the worst. -

Oskar Külz pushed the postcard aside and stuck the pencil back into the notebook and breathed a sigh of relief. Then he turned to the miss. "Would you sign up?" He asked.

"Then my Emilie gets jealous, and it always works so funny." He laughed good-naturedly.

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

He took the card and read what his neighbor wrote -

te. "Thank you very much!" He said then. "Thank you very much, Miss Trübner."

"Here you go."

"You'll have to get married soon," he said thoughtfully.

"Why then?"

'Because you have such a sad name! I knew one

Man, that was pain. That was one of the most unhappy people people that have ever existed. ”

"Because it was called pain?"

"For sure! Even marriage didn't help him! -

"Probably because he still hurts after the wedding was called," she remarked sharply. "But apart from that: I can but don't marry the first best man just because he's gay or funny means! -

The old butcher cradled the gray skull.

She said, "Besides, I'm not as sad as I am my name demands it. "

"Yes," he said. "Yes, yes! Especially since I got the card. Why?"

A narrow vertical fold formed over her nose te. "There is a good reason for that, Mr. Kütz."

"Are you in trouble?"

"No," she said. "But fear." She tapped a finger the published newspaper. "There's a message on this sheet that really scared me. -

»But not the story of the stolen art stuff?

And of the million? "

"Totally right. This story!"

"Yes, what does that have to do with you?" He asked quietly.

She looked around carefully. Then she shrugged. "The I can't tell you here. -

At the same moment a young man walked up to them about. He was tall and slim and seemed to have a lot of time.

He stopped in front of the doorman standing by the stairs in greeting a finger on the brim of the hat and asked: "Lives here in the hotel a Miss Trübner from Berlin? -

"Yes," replied the doorman. "She's sitting there on the front Balustrade. Beside the big, fat tourist. -

"That is great," said the slim gentleman. "Thank you nice! "He put a finger on the brim of the hat to greet te um.

The doorman saluted and looked behind him.

The young man went up to the balustrade. But he never stayed don't stand at Miss Trübner's table. He saw the lady that he had just inquired about, not even! But he strolled past her indifferently, stepped out into the street and disappeared into the crowd.

The doorman opened his eyes. And although he's a professional

understood a lot of things - he didn't understand that.

"Would you do me a big favor?" Asked Miss
lein Trübner.

"I do everything for a customer of my Otto," Flei-
master Külz. "Except for murder and manslaughter."

"Hopefully that can be avoided," she said seriously.

»Accompany me, please! I have to get something. And on the go
I want to tell you what it is. I have the feeling,
that we're being watched. "

"Those are the nerves," he said. "Hedwig, my second
Daughter used to have that too. After the first child loses
usually. "

"I can't wait that long," said Miss Trübner.

"Come! Let us go!"

Grumbled the old Külz. He waved to the head waiter
and paid.

"Your sausage is great," he said appreciatively. "Especially that
Smoked sausage. "

The waiter bowed. "Very gracious. I will
Tell the chef. -

"Do you happen to know where you get your fat from?"

"I don't happen to know," said the waiter. "As a waiter you have
to do with sausage only fleetingly. -

"Happier you," said Külz.

Miss Trübner also paid.

Then the two got up and walked out onto the street together.

It was a strange couple: the young, slim, smartly dressed
Lady and the fat, broad, colossal lodge tourist.

The guests in front of the hotel stared curiously behind them
ago.

Mr. Storm and Mr. Philipp Achtel got up in a hurry and put in the phone
a few coins on the table and headed for the exit.

Külz stopped at the curb and pointed to some rope
ben that tripped over the pavement. "These are Koburger larks",
he explained. »My brother breeds pigeons. I told him he
should leave that. A man who has to kill calves shouldn't
Petting pigeons. It is tasteless. But he doesn't let it go
excuses."

"Come on, Herr Külz!" She asked softly.

Eighth and Storm pushed through the rows of tables. At the Ba-

lustrade the little boy bumped the other with his elbow and kicked to the table where Külz had been sitting.

He leaned over the table and took out the matchstick which is a match. Then he burned a cigarette. Then put he burned the match in the ashtray.

Eighth waited impatiently. On the street he asked angrily: "What was going on?"

Storm smiled and pulled out a postcard. "My friend Külz left that on the table. -

They leaned over the card and read it.

The card read: »Dear Emilie! Excuse my sudden disappearance. I will explain it to you when I get back home am. Just met an Otto customer. What a coincidence?

Well, if God wants, a broom shoots. Make up for me do not worry. Weeds don't spoil. - Sincerely your Oscar. <

And under this clumsy handwriting stood in slender, ten letters: »unknown to greet Irene Trübner.<

The two gentlemen looked at one another indecisively.

"Did the guy accidentally leave the card?" Asked Storm.

"Bullshit!" Said Eighth. »Look at the text! This Tyrolean is a very well-cooked boy. He has a customer from Otto met! Of course, that's an allusion. First he mimics that Stupid. And then he uses a picture postcard us funny. An incredible cheek! -

Mr. Storm's ears are too high from the hat brim pressed down and bent at right angles, saw as if they wanted to resist.

"If God wants, a broom shoots," repeated Philipp Achtel evil. "And here comes Karsten."

They greeted their colleague and walked in measured intervals. stood behind Miss Trübner and Mr. Külz. Storm tore them up Copenhagen port addressed to Ms. Emilie Külz in Berlin view many small pieces and sprinkle them on the pavement.

The young lady and master butcher Oskar Külz had none

I suspect that they were followed by three men who were extraordinarily for they were interested.

The three men followed, again at a measured distance tall young man.

The three men had no idea that someone was theirs too

Page 17

followed, who was extremely interested in them.

How life plays!

CHAPTER 3

VON KUNST IST DER REDE

"The thing is," Miss Trübner began. They were sitting in one Amalienborg courtyard on a bench. Between the stone slabs in front of the venerable friendly facades of the castle buildings in the grass. In the harbor there were steamers that were piloted into the sound. Otherwise it was silent.

A high old wall separated the courtyard from the street outside.

SEN. The wall was broken only in the middle. At this point

there was a mighty iron-forged gate, certainly

hadn't been opened in decades. Who the street

came along, he could stop here and between artistic

barred iron ornaments, figurines and rosettes

look into the ancient courtyard.

Like a certain Mr. Karsten right now!

Two good friends of his went on the other side of the

Road slowly up and down. They spoke little and waited for him.

Miss Trübner and Mr. Külz had no idea that one

she watched. They turned their backs on the road and looked at

the windows and gates of the castle.

"The thing is," said the girl. »I am with a

internationally recognized art collector who works in

Berlin lives and Steinhövel means private secretary. Previous week

was now one of the largest collections in Copenhagen

collections that exist. The collection originally belonged to an American

who spent his twilight years in Denmark and

has died. Do you know what an art auction is? -

"Not directly," said Külz. "But it will probably be the same

approach like at other auctions. There is a constant roar

and knocked with the hammer. And who knocked three times

he is the one who has to keep the putty. "

She nodded. »Mr. Steinhövel mainly collects miniatures. mini-

Miniatures are tiny paintings. They are often most precious

summarizes. Old miniatures are very expensive. Mr. Steinhövel pays for Mi

atures every sum. -

"So everyone has their part," said Mr. Külz. "It is precisely

like with my brother and his pigeons. What she already does

turned on! And at what prices! One alone believes that

not at all! Once he bought a pair of pigeons because of it was drawn strangely. He wanted it at the poultry show get rewarded. But unfortunately it rained shortly before. And in that Rain ran out of color for the beasts. They had been painted and my brother was smeared. ”

"Do you know Holbein the Younger?"

»If I should be honest: no! Not to the elder either. -

»Holbein the Younger was one of the most famous German girls ler. He lived for a while at the court of Henry VIII. -

"I know him," said Külz, pleased. "This is the one day stood barefoot in the snow for a long time. -

"No. That was Henry IV. -

"But it was about right, wasn't it?"

"Quite. Henry IV was a German emperor, and Heinrich VIII was king of England. - He became best known because that he married often and had several of his wives executed. ”

"Those were the times!" Said Mr. Külz and clicked his tongue ge.

“He not only had his women executed, but also len. ”

"Hopefully before!" Külz laughed loudly and slapped her green impregnated pants.

"Yes," said Miss Trübner. "Before! The first woman he was beheaded, was called Anna Boleyn. Holbein painted them without knowing the Königs, shortly before the wedding, and she gave him this miniature, framed by wonderful gemstones for your birthday. -

"Today you have your picture taken," said Külz. "This works out faster and cheaper. -

»There is a loving dedication on the back of the miniature from Anna Boleyn's own hand. ”

"Aha," said Külz. “Now I'm getting a soap boiler. This Miniature was auctioned in Copenhagen, and Mr. Steinhövel has bought it. ”

"That's the way it is. For the trifle of six hundred thousand crowns. ”

"Fright, ease up!"

»Mr. Steinhövel drove to Brussels yesterday for a mini to visit Charles IV. A portrait of the Luxemburger as a child he lived at the French court. And the boss asked me to bring the English miniature from Copenhagen to Berlin. -

"My sincere condolences!"

“Herr Steinhövel didn't want to take her to Brussels. And moreover he thought that it was safer with me. Because him one knows. You don't know his private secretary. - And now comes today's newspaper announcement! -

Mr. Külz scratched his head.

»Objects of art worth a million have been stolen that. ”She was beside herself. »Without exception, they are counter stands that were auctioned at the auction. And from them There is no trace of perpetrators. If I go tomorrow with the miniature Anna Boleyns go to Berlin, it can happen to me that the miniature disappears. It will even happen to me dead sure! I feel that since noon today. You claim that my forebodings would disappear after the first child. But I told you already...”

'That you can't possibly wait that long. That shines on me slowly. But what should happen now? You can stay here Not. You cannot continue. And there is nothing third. -

"Yes," said Miss Trübner softly. 'I have the following thought! "

Karsten carefully stepped away from the iron portal and went across the street. His two friends stopped and looked at him expectantly.

"There's no point," growled Karsten. »You don't understand Word."

"I congratulate you," said Philipp Achtel. “You stay cattle stand over there for a quarter of an hour? Just to tell us you wouldn't have heard anything? ”

"I thought the wind would change," Karsten said. hurts.

Philipp Achtel laughed negatively.

Storm spoke. »Someday it'll be fresh

Say goodbye to my Tyrolean creature. Shortly afterwards I will meet him accidentally. Then I go with him to the ›four-leafed hoof iron<. And then we want to see who can take more Aquavit! -

"Aquavit is a good idea," said Philipp Achtel. 'Over there Corner is a pub. Shall we step down until the couple coming out of the yard? ”

"Stand down?" Asked Karsten. "It doesn't rain at all!"

Mr. Eighth held out his hand. "This dryness!"

On the other side of the street, a tall, slim one was approaching

Mr. He stopped in front of the grille and pulled a guide out of the Bag, leafed through it, looked at the castle and the courtyard and left continue comfortably.

"I thought the following," said Miss Trübner softly.

"I thought you could help me."

"I'll do it," said Külz. "I just don't know how."

"You're going to Berlin with me tomorrow afternoon."

"Nice?"

"Your wife will be very happy!"

"That's no reason!"

"But it's part of my plan, Mr. Külz!"

"It's something else," he said. »All right! We travel tomorrow towards noon. But I'm driving third class. ”

"Wonderful!" She cried. "And I'm driving second class!"

"I don't understand why it's wonderful. If we are not in I don't even have to go with the same compartment! ”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 become it during try the ride. I travel second class. I will be seen in the Keep an eye out. They'll steal my suitcase. ”She clapped her hands. Like a child.

He looked at her anxiously. 'Are you crazy? Looking forward to be stolen from you the miniature! ”

"But only the suitcases, Mr. Külz!"

"So. And the miniature isn't in your suitcases? ”

"No."

"Where is she?"

"In the luggage of a gentleman who drives third class and with whom Band a miniature of Anna Boleyn surely not suspected! -

"And who is the master?" He asked. Then he hit himself with the flat hand in front of the forehead. "I see!"

"Yes," she said. »I'll give you the miniatur. And give it back to me in Berlin. -

"Weather!" He called. "Refined!"

"We go through the barrier without knowing each other. And me secretly put a packet in your hand. Nobody will notice something. We travel separately. If you want to rob me you won't find anything. ”

"And if the gang is even smarter and the package to me

steals? "

"Excluded!" She said. »Nobody comes up with the idea!-

'As you mean, Miss Trübner. I lean from the beginning any responsibility. -

"Of course, dear Herr Külz." She stood up. "I think a stone from the heart. Thank you for wanting to help me. "

She shook hands with him.

He shook again.

"So," she said. "And now we want to separate. Otherwise it falls possibly on. -

"As you wish. So tomorrow at noon at the main train station the lock. "

"We don't talk to each other. We don't look at each other. she take the parcel unobtrusively and store it in your Suitcase. And in Berlin, at the Stettiner Bahnhof, we recognize each other all of a sudden again! I Agree?"

"I'm going to sweat blood," he feared. 'But for you it is mine no sausage too expensive. -

"Goodbye," she said. »Mr. Steinhövel may only in the future have meat bought from you. Otherwise I'm the first to quit. "

"Better with Otto," said master butcher Külz. »Otto needs it more necessary. "

"Made! And now I'm going downtown. They are moving away, please, in the other direction. Otherwise we could stand out. Until tomorrow, Papa Külz! "She smiled gratefully at him and walked away.

"See you tomorrow," he said. He looked after her. It happened an archway and disappeared. "I'm an old donkey," he murmured.

And for a long time he couldn't be dissuaded from that.

After leaving Amalienborg, he got into the

Bredgade. In this street there are a lot of antiques

transactions. Since Külz, if not for a long time, to do with miniatures

he considered it his duty to deal with art. He

looked at all the shop windows patiently. He stooped,

embroidered ornaments, silver candlesticks, Madonnas made of painted wood,

Japanese watercolors, Negro idols, old calendars, Polynesian

Dance masks, ivory carvings, Ruppin picture sheets and

much more. He didn't like most of it.

The little gentleman standing in front of one of the shops

explained between German and Danish stamps

would have. Storm was devoted to something.

As is well known, Schopenhauer has a desireless view of Works of art, also called contemplation, as one of the remarkable performance. The will and the greed are silent.

The essential person remains close to nirvana. Schopenhauer hauer was a human connoisseur. - So much for Mr. Storm.

"You have to be lucky!" Exclaimed Oskar Külz and knocked on the on the shoulder.

Torn out of greed, Storm looked up. He smiled in confusion and stammered: "No, such a coincidence, sir ... How was it the same name? "

"The worthy name was Külz," said the other cheerfully. "I mop me terribly, dear Mr. Storm. My whole life I wished to be alone for a few days! And now my wish has come true. I can only help you say: Simply awful! -

"It's a matter of practice," said Storm. »I like being alone Not hard."

"Have you been alone for a long time sometimes?"

The little gentleman lowered his eyes. Such suggestive He hated questions. Especially from people who feel stupid presented. So he ignored the remark and approached art speak.

"I don't understand anything about it," said Külz.

"I'm no different," Storm said. 'But I have one unfortunate love for such things. When I'm in Copenhagen I stroll through this street regularly. And since I'm I plan to travel to Berlin tomorrow, I'm here today. -

"You're going to Berlin tomorrow?"

"If nothing comes up, yes."

"Great! Me too! Third grade? "

"Of course. We can keep each other company. -

Mr. Külz was happy. They walked for bass and chatted. In front Mr. Storm stopped at the next shop window. "Can you see it only! "he whispered. »This saint Sebastian! 13th Century. Cologne School."

"Pure target shooting," said Külz.

»And this miniature! Delicate, isn't it? -

"Aha," said Külz. »So this is a miniature! So see the din out! -

The other one nearly fell headlong into the window.

"A little picture!" Said Kütz. »That's at most Vi
sitformat. What can that cost? -

"As I said, I don't understand much of it," replied the little one
Mr. "But you will have to put on five hundred crowns."

Kütz eyed the miniature contemptuously. "There is also
much more expensive, isn't it?" "Oh, yes," said Storm, turning pale.

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

She was looking for a shoe store, in the display of which she checked a few days ago

A pair of sandals was noticed. Today she wanted the shoes

to buy. Provided that you have your shoe size in stock. she

because it was size 35, and there are, apart from real evils,

no more grief than such a tiny shoe number

to have. Whatever nice shoes you want - and

which one you don't want - they're never available in size 3 5

the! At a distance, two gentlemen followed. 'You should

Talking about hearts," said one, a certain eighth.

"Who knows what it's for."

"All right," said Karsten. "Hit her!"

Philipp Achtel hesitated. »My nose is not suitable for flirting

It contradicts the golden ratio. Be so good and get it done

the little shop! -

"So be it!" Karsten replied, tugging on the tie.

"And you?"

"I follow you like a shadow."

"But don't go drinking," replied Karsten. "Otherwise he'll push you

Chef's hat on. "Then he started to move faster

and caught up with Miss Trübner. He was only a few steps away

behind her.

Then he was overtaken by a tall, slim gentleman!

This gentleman tapped the young lady on the shoulder and called

amazed: »Hello, Irene! How do you get to Copenhagen? -

Irene Trübner winced and turned around.

CHAPTER 4

DAS SYMPOSITION IN "VIERBLÄTTRIGEN HUFEISEN "

Karsten retired, single from his job as a serious killer.

Philipp Achtel grinned maliciously and said: »Poor little one! You have no luck with women! -

"Nonsense operas!" Growled Karsten. "The guy knows her. He she called by her first name. "

"The auxiliaries that old Steinhövel's private secretary send, get on my nerves straight, -admitted eighth.

"Or do you think they are competition people? That would much more charming, of course. -

"I don't think so," said Karsten. 'He called her first name, and then she turned. Like a flash."

"Lightning bolts that turn around are dangerous," said Philipp Achtel.

"What do you want?" Asked Miss Trübner sternly. That she was scared, she hardly showed any signs. 'And how are you coming? to call me by my first name? "

"What? Your name is Irene, too? "The slim gentleman was plex. Then he took off his hat. "I ask for forgiveness. But you remember In the way they walked me incredibly to a cousin from Leipzig tens ". He smiled winningly. "You are prettier on the face, though than my cousin. "

"Funny that your cousin is also called Irene!"

"It can happen," he said. "My name is Rudi myself." Miss lein Trübner turned his back and continued on his way.

"It is not uncommon," said the man named Rudi, "that See people with the same first name alike. -

Miss Trübner laughed pointedly. »I had to hear today-sen that the character of the family name is the mind of the owner affected. You don't stop learning. -

"It is so," said the gentleman. "Speaking of surnames: my name is Struve. Rudi Struve. -

She accelerated her steps.

He stayed by her side. "Actually, I'm glad you weren't are my cousin. "- "Why? "

"I already know my cousin," he said deeply.

She eyed the shop windows where she was beikamen.

"It is strange," he began again, "and there is something to think about: me have never met anyone who wants to be someone else.

Some people want Rockefeller's money. Andre want to look like the garbo. Especially women. "He laughed.

"But no one wants to be someone else with skin and hair. Keiner! Not even if he has a hump and lives in the basement. is not that strange? What do you make of it?"

"Not the least," said the young lady, making big ones Steps.

He didn't leave her side.

Suddenly she stopped, pointing her finger obliviously on a shop window, said: "There they are!" and disappeared into the Load. It was a shoe store.

The young man looked at the expenses for a long time. When he was in the reflecting rear wall of a showcase two passers-by realized that he was waiting on the other side of the street, he went into the shop. Miss Trübner was crouched in a lounge chair. One knelt in front of her Saleswoman and tried a half-shoe.

"Too big!" Said the young lady. "I can in that shoe yes turn around! I need the smallest number. "

The saleswoman rose from her squat and opened one new box.

This shoe was too big too.

The saleswoman went to a shelf, climbed a ladder and came back with a new box.

Miss Trübner had her shoe put on and kicked several times and said in astonishment: "It fits!"

"Like a glove!" Said someone next to her.

She looked up. It was the annoying person who was called Rudi.

He gave her a friendly nod. »I like to go shopping with women.

It distracts from more important things in such a pleasant way. -

The young lady asked the seller about the price. The GE- was perfect. She put on the old shoe and paid for it

Cashbox.

In the meantime, the seller handed over the shoe ket. He accepted it as if it were a matter of course.

"Where are the shoes?" Asked Miss Trübner when she got her money in the handbag.

He picked up the package. "Here!"

The saleswoman opened the shop door.

"Good afternoon," he said, leading the young lady ahead and following put her on the street.

They walked silently side by side for a long time. Boy

Man had the impression that it was wrong to have a conversation from

Breaking fence. The guess was correct. In front of the Absalom house

Miss Trübner stopped at the town hall square and said: "May I

You ask me to give me my shoes? "

"Of course," he said. "Here are the boots." He

handed her the box.

"And now I think it would be appropriate if you go the far-
th. "

"Where the good is so close!" He said educated.

"Talked enough!" She said. "I don't know why you want me

harass. Good day sir."

He took off his hat. "Good afternoon, lady." Then he turned to her
his back and left.

She was somewhat taken aback and stayed there for a few seconds.

hen. Then she proudly threw her head back and walked away

opposite direction. He didn't need to be that rough

be, she thought hurt. She would have liked to turn around. But since she

Knowing what was appropriate, she refrained from doing it.

Otherwise she would have seen him, his hands in his pockets,

walked behind her smiling.

Two gentlemen standing over at the "Frascati" discussed it
Case.

"What do you make of it?" Asked Karsten.

Herr Achtel wrinkled his voluminous nose. »A very ordinary

che love story! -

"Nasty!" Said Karsten.

Then they followed the tall, slim gentleman Rudi
was called.

And Rudi followed the young lady who had the same first name

like his Leipzig cousin had.

The four-leaf horseshoe is an obscure sailor's bar.

Not far from Nyhavn. In a side street. You have to do quite a few

Climb down wrong steps. And later the same levels

back up! This is the more difficult part of the climbing section.

But the time had not yet come.

Oskar Külz was sitting in a niche. Storm, the man with the highly

ears slipped, crouched next to him. You were in an advanced mood and drank to each other. Sometimes with Tuborg oil. Sometimes with Aquavit. At the other tables, men sat in blue boatmen's jopping and drinking too.

"A beautiful city," said Külz.

Storm picked up his shot glass.

Külz too.

"Cheers!" Both shouted and drank the glasses empty.

"A beautiful city," said Külz.

"A fabulous city," said Storm.

"One of the most beautiful cities ever," said Külz.

It sounded like skat with numbers.

Then they drank again. This time beer. The waiter brought without directly asked to have two glasses of Aquavit.

"A wonderful city," murmured Külz.

Storm nodded, touched. "And tomorrow we have to leave her!"

The Berlin master butcher shook his gray head sadly.

"Luckily you are going. The thing would be too risky for me alone.

Cheers, Storm! --» Cheers, Külz! -

"It can be dangerous, Storm. It can be very dangerous the! Do you have guts in your bones? "

»Believe me, you Tyrolean! And why dangerous? "

»I don't say! Art should live! -

"High, higher, highest!" Storm suddenly caught himself at the To sing. And he was startled to feel that he was only a beer and needed two booze to be so drunk that it was of no practical value whether the other was still soffen than he would be.

"Cheers!" Exclaimed Külz and drank.

"Cheers!" Storm reached next to it.

The other, fatherly, pressed the glass into his hand. "Waiter, two more seeds! And two bottles of Helles! -

The waiter brought the new situation.

"Human child, you get thirsty when you drink," said Külz.

"Luckily I got a little cold cuts for twelve people first

I was eating something. "He laughed in memory of the sausage plate. te. Then he said: "If I have submitted thoroughly, I can

drink twenty four hours. Cheers, little tartlets! -

The cold sweat came out on the forehead with electricity. It flickered with eyes like mosquitoes dancing. "Come on," he whispered hoarsely

Page 29

and tipped the beer down.

Külz refilled. "It was fate that we met.

Now they can come! -

"Who can come?"

"There are such bad people in the world!" Külz struck on little Storm's shoulder that he almost fell off his chair.

"And nobody knows exactly why they're bad. Could you not try in good? How? Why are they bad There knows not even the pastor one verse on it. "

"I'm bad too," stammered Storm. »No, I am too bad! "His head hovered in the fog.

"Only schnapps helps!" Said Külz energetically. "Waiter, two seeds! -

The waiter ran and brought what he wanted.

Storm felt how Aquavit was instilled in him. He was no longer able to resist. He was just thinking: If this guy me should have put in ... Then he slumped from the chair.

"Cheers, old boy," said Külz. "The devil is supposed to be the bad Get people. "

Only then did he realize that he was sitting alone at the table.

A taxi stopped in front of a house on Oesterbrogade. A man in the Loden suit climbed out and, wobbling a little, went to the Front door and read the sign posted there.

"Hooray," he said. »Pension Curtius! Lucky the boy didn't forget where he lives. "He went back to the car, tugging an immovable being from the seat and lifted it onto his school ter.

The chauffeur wanted to help.

"Not necessary," said the tourist. 'I've got heavier ones Oxen dragged. It's all practice! "He turned the front door looked around and called: "Wait for me, Mr. Director!" Then he kicked into the house and groaned up the stairs.

The Curtius Pension was on the first floor. The tourist rang the bell. Nothing moved.

He rang the alarm.

At last, steps shuffled across the corridor. Someone was staring through the peephole.

"Now open up!" The man growled.

It was manipulated with keys. The door opened. On distinguished old gentleman with a white beard and a dark one

Wearing glasses, came out and asked, "You wish?"

"I want to give up a certain Mr. Storm."

"Unfortunately, I've only been living here since yesterday," said the old gentleman gently.

'And I'm all alone in the apartment. What is the Lord missing? on your shoulder? Is he dead?"

"No. Drunk. "

"So so."

"Should I put Mr. Storm in the mailbox?" Asked the tourist. "Or do you know another way out?"

The old man stepped back into the corridor. "You could have him-easily lay on the sofa in the dining room. "He went ahead.

A door slammed in the back of the hall.

"It's pulling," said the old man. »I have my room open-left. "He opened a door and turned on the light. They were in the dining room. The huge man in the green soden suit laid down his load gently on the sofa and spread a camel-hair blanket about that. Then he straightened his jacket, looked at the pale storm worried in the face and said: »Hopefully he will be tomorrow punctually at the train station. -

"Does he want to travel?"

"Yes. We're going to Berlin together. -

"I'll tell the landlord." The fine old gentleman smiled te mild. "He'll wake Mr. Storm in time."

"You're doing me a great favor," said the tourist.

"It is of the utmost importance."

"May I know..."

"No," said the man. "Mister Storm doesn't know either." He walked around the room somewhat rocking and turned.

"I don't even know that for sure!" He laughed, twirled it Stick through the air and called fidel: "Long live art!"

Outside in the corridor, he bumped into the coat rack.

Then the door slammed.

No sooner was he gone than the dining room revived. At least one

A dozen people surrounded the sofa on which Mr. Storm slept.

merete. A boarding house where only a single old man is present, should rarely have been so inhabited!

The old man had dark glasses and much of his

Discarded meekness. "What kind of mess is that?" He asked

applied. He squinted with anger. "Who can explain this to me?"

"I!" Said someone. It was Mr. Philipp Achtel, the red wine

Page 31

specialist.

"So? Will it be soon? "

"Storm had made friends with the man in the d'Angleterre sat next to Steinhövel's secretary. And before the Amalienborg, he decided to meet him by chance and under Aquavit to put. To find out more. -

"And?"

Mr. Eighth grinned. "And he seems to have carried out this plan to have."

"And who was the Saint Bernard who dragged Storm over here? Has?"

Eighth said: "That was the kind of cold we still have always don't know if he's really as stupid as he does or if he's pretending. "

"He can drink anyway," someone said, laughing.

Another pensioner said: "I think that's great! Storm wants dunk the man to listen to him and bring instead who carried him over his shoulder to our house. Like a postman COD parcel! "

"Irony of fate," said Eighth, unctuously.

"Quiet!" Ordered the old fine gentleman and came close to the sofa. "One I can tell you now. If it turns out that Storm has made nonsense, he can experience something that he does not will experience more! -

Storm rolled over to the other side and suddenly said whole loudly: "Cheers, Külzchen!"

CHAPTER 5

A FAREWELL TO K OPENHAGEN

At noon next day, Külz was the first at the train station. He patrol walked up and down in the hall and stopped after Miss Trübner and look for Mr. Storm. Besides, he was thirsty like that is called a fire, and would like to have gone into the station economy to drink a glass of beer. At least one glass! But he did not dare to leave his post, but blocked it Lock from platform 4 as if he was guarding.

A larger group of men with suitcases appeared on the main portal. fern, plaids and bags. Mr. Karsten, who was part of the party, said: "Our Tyrolean is already there!"

Then some of his companions walked away and walked passed the master butcher Külz, through the barrier.

Papa Külz understandably didn't notice any of this. He only noticed that Storm and Miss Trübner did not come. That has I just missed him, he thought. In the end I drive alone to Berlin! You get that from your good nature! What am I supposed to do? already at home? Emilie and the children know that I'm not in Bernau bei Selbmann, but in Denmark. When do you like because you got the card with the beautiful harbor view?

At that moment it occurred to him that he was not inserting the card into the Box, but left it in the Hotel d'Angleterre!

But I'm also doing everything wrong, he thought disappointedly. That is the Calcification. Well, man cannot live forever.

Then he abruptly interrupted the thought process. Because in the portal seemed to Miss Trübner. And she didn't come alone. But they walked between two tall, strong men, the stiff wore black hats and otherwise corresponded to the idea, that are commonly made by plainclothes officers.

Oskar Külz tried frantically, Miss Trübner, the Agreement according to not knowing. It was so difficult for him that he decided to look away for simplicity. On the other hand was it is necessary to keep an eye on the young lady. Because how should he? else set up to push her through the lock at the same time?

He picked up his suitcase, gripped the stick, stood up ready to march and peeked as unobtrusively as possible over the school ter.

The lady was just saying goodbye to the two companions with a friendly nod.

Külz pushed himself wide into the lock and put on time win, his suitcase down. "Just a moment, Herr Schaffner," he said to the clerk. "I just have to get mine Find tickets!" He rummaged in a number of pockets, even though he was driving had found Schein long ago and turned around quickly. Well finally, he thought. There she comes!

Now Miss Trübner was standing behind him. Külz handed the beam threw the ticket, felt like a packet in his other hand squeezed, grabbed, took the punched ticket, picked up the suitcase, lost the walking stick, then bent down and finally wriggled out of the lock.

Mr. Karsten, who came after the two, suppressed Struggle a mephistophelic smile.

There was a lot of activity on platform 4.

Külz had stowed the package he had received in secret and the Case carefully locked. The package was slightly been, but the suitcase was suddenly as heavy as if it were weigh a quintal! Külz trudged along the train and searched the third class cars.

"Hello!" Someone called from behind him. It was Mr. Storm.

"Finally!" Said Külz, relieved. "I was afraid of you would have slept through it. How's the cat? "

Storm, who still looked green enough, waved. Then thanked that the other had delivered him to the Curtius pension.

"I only found out about it this morning."

"You're welcome, my dear."

"My landlords weren't there, I heard."

"Right. Just an old man with dark glasses. "

"I do not know."

"He said he only lived there for a day."

"Drum."

Külz stopped in front of a third class compartment. "Here is Place!"

But Mr. Storm didn't want to. "I can't take old women he," he murmured. He meant a white-haired lady who was at the window st sat. "Old women bring me misfortune."

They went further.

Suddenly Storm stopped, looked up at a gentleman

looked out of a coupe and asked, "Excuse me, it's in
Your compartment still has room for two people? "

The gentleman who, by the way, was like a former tenor and one
had a very red nose, looked into the compartment, looked back at the person
Ron went out and said: "It will be done."

Storm got in, turned and took his companion
the suitcase.

"Careful!" Külz growled in concern. Then he climbed groaning
terher. The man with the red nose helped him. There were
in general, judging by the first impression, very lovely
People in the coupe.

Coincidentally all men.

They willingly moved together and made friendly
remarks.

Storm asked the gentleman with the red nose if he was also going to Berlin
ride.

"No, only to Warnemünde," replied the gentleman politely. "Mei-
ne wife is there with the children. For recreation."

"Little ones," said a man sitting in the corner, and
giggled silly.

The other passengers looked at him in amazement. There was
he felt embarrassed and hid behind a newspaper.

"Maybe I will stay in Warnemünde for a few days," continued the rice
send on who had the red nose. »Although I have urgent
Call shops to Berlin. -

Another passenger said that he liked the North Sea better. The
-Water is harder. The air is more saline. Sylt in particular had it
done to him.

Külz set fire to a cigar and checked whether his suitcase
would still be in the luggage network.

The suitcase was still there.

Soon all the passengers talked to each other as if they were
all good old friends. (And that's how it was.)

Miss Irene Trübner found a second-class compartment that
was empty. Only the window seats were occupied. From a very
young American couple reading newspapers and magazines
and exchanged them occasionally.

She sat in one of the corners of the aisle and very often looked at her
right wristwatch.

Outside in the aisle, passengers leaned out of the windows and

stayed with relatives and acquaintances in Copenhagen remained. Some were already pulling out the handkerchiefs.

Then the train started. The handkerchiefs were wildly swings. The American couple looked up from the reading.

They smiled at each other, automatically broke the smile again and read on.

Miss Trübner felt watched. She looked around.

The tall, slender gentleman named Rudi was standing outside in the corridor!

He nodded to her and took off his hat.

Then he came into the compartment, sat opposite her and asked:

"Shall we be friends again?"

She was silent.

"Oh," he said. »You have the new shoes on! Lovely! she make such a small foot. -

Miss Trübner said nothing.

"Heels could be a little lower," he said. "Low Heels are healthier. -

"Are you an orthopedic surgeon?" 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. He had a disarming laugh. It sounded like a laugh a whole prime.

"You underestimate the Struves," he said then. 'Not that I re wants to nominate. But we are a very hardworking, widespread Family."

"Interesting."

»My cousin, for example, lives in Hanover. He is neck, na-sen- and ear specialist. -

"Aha. That's why he knows so well about paragraphs! -

"Just, just!" He leaned back, leisurely struck one leg over the other, took out a newspaper and said, "I'm going to skip now Shyness take a break. See you again in an hour de. "

Then he started to read hard.

The train drove through the island of Zealand. To the south. It was a Journey through gardens.

Miss Trübner vigorously put the large handbag under it

arm and looked past the American couple from the Window.

Master butcher Külz also looked out in his compartment. At least with one eye. He guarded his with the other Suitcase and its secret.

It's not easy, he thought. And he almost got it loud too said.

He dried his forehead.

"Are you too hot?" Storm asked worriedly.

And before Külz could answer, another passenger jumped opened and lowered the window.

"Very friendly," said Külz, looking at the group. So many he rarely had amiable, confidence-inspiring people-seen together. He was really lucky! -He pointed hand out the window. »I already noticed it on the way here on, -he said. »The Danish cattle are first class. Something like that I haven't seen it yet! -

A herd of brown cattle seemed to sense that the There was talk. The animals looked over attentively, and a calf ran a few steps alongside the train.

"Are you interested in animal husbandry?" Asked the gentleman to whom they were red nose belonged.

"Of course," said Külz. »I am a master butcher. Since three-years! -

"But then," said the gentleman courteously.

"At the moment, I don't really like my job," continued Külz. »One day it's just the nerdy ven, to be surrounded by oxen all the time! "He gave a slow laugh. The fellow travelers smiled sweet and sour.

"I hope that shouldn't be an inconvenience?" Asked Herr Storm humble.

When master butcher Külz finally understood the question, a mild despair took hold of him. 'How can you believe something like that from me?' "he called out beside himself. 'I haven't You meant gentlemen! I was talking about real oxen! Not from you! If you knew how embarrassing this misunderstanding nis is! I would never allow myself that. "He was out of his head and Tape.

"It was just a joke from me," said Mr. Storm.

"Really?" Asked Külz, relieved.

The others nodded.

"Thank God!" Said Kütz. "It takes a load off my mind.

I really would never say that! "

The gentleman named Rudi had leaned back against the upholstery. He lay with eyes closed and breathed peacefully.

Irene Trübner looked at his face. She looked at it very much thoughtful and thought to himself: Every word he's said to me so far said was probably a lie. Why has he been following me star? And if he does, why is he lying to me? He has a face like the Archangel Michael, that scoundrel! With the praised connection between physiognomy and character it vinegar!

She turned brusquely to the window and stared for a few minutes out. Then she pulled her head around again.

These expressive hands! she thought obliviously. And he is a channel! Well, let him bite my teeth the Rudi! She corrected her thoughts: Herr Rudi! - This Sleepy hat, ha!

In the last point, she was wrong. Herr Rudi was even asleep Not. It just looked that way. Behind the lowered eyelashes he killed the young girl continuously. He was outraged. excluded this Irene Trübner does the math, he thought, she has to do it be handsome guy! Why isn't she a screw? For years one wishes to meet such a person. And when you finally comes into your arms, it comes at a bad time. The devil get the younger Holbein and all the women of Henry VIII decapitated and decapitated! Oh, life is complicated!

She leaned forward and looked at him strangely. He was when her eyes were getting bigger and more thoughtful. What was there? to see him already? Suddenly she lowered her eyes and went red like a schoolgirl.

He lost control of himself and woke up. "Is the Hour at? "He asked.

She winced and straightened her hair. »What hours de? "

"The scheduled break," he said. "I was mine Relatives guilty. "

"Oh." She looked at the clock and said, "You still have Time. Good night!"

"Did I sleep?"

Page 38

"Hopefully," she said.

"Did you snore?"

"No."

"Something of forgetfulness!"

At that moment a gentleman passed the hall. A gentleman who wore a white beard and dark glasses. He looked into the compartment and slowly walked on.

Miss Trübner asked: "Do you know this gentleman?"

"No," replied Mr. Struve. »But I have the dull feeling feel as if I would make his dear acquaintance very soon. -

He should be right.

When he was on the ferry between the islands of Zealand and Laaland

Left compartment to stretch his feet, he met the gentleman again

the. The latter just stopped in front of one of the passengers and asked for it

Fire. Someone who was suspicious should notice that

Man holding out his cigarette to the white full beard

Sterte.

Remarks between strangers tend not to be whispered

the. Too much caution is reckless.

The old man went on.

Rudi Struve made a pilgrimage afterwards.

The old man looked at the compartment windows.

Struve followed this look and noticed a man who

looked out of a third-class coupe and, as the old gentleman

came by, squinting an eye.

And this man had one below the eye that he squeezed

striking red nose.

Struve's nose looked familiar. He went to the railing and

spent five minutes on the Baltic Sea, herring gulls and the

Buoys marking the trajectory channel ... Then he turned

and watched the third-class coupe it had done to him.

Next to the man with the red nose, he spotted the little one

Gentleman with his ears raised. And the third one, too

that Amalienborg had seen before.

And crouched in front of them, between all the gallows' faces

the good-natured, gigantic lodge tourist, who with Irene Trübner in

d'Angleterre had been sitting together!

Rudi Struve did not understand this grouping. What did the athle-

to look for tables between so many crooks? Or

shouldn't he be a biedermañ at all?

Struve quickly retreated. He hurried to the endurance run his coupe. Hopefully in his absence there was no surprise started! He jumped up the carriage stairs and hurried through the floor. Shortly before the compartment, he braked and forced himself one comfortable walk on.

Miss Trübner was still sitting in the old spot and pondering.

He sat in his corner.

She turned her face to him and suddenly raised her eyes his head away.

He followed her eyes and looked at the luggage net. No, that Suitcase was still there.

She smiled and asked: "Are you playing hall post with yourself?"

He didn't understand what she wanted.

"It's your hat," she said.

He took it off. There was an envelope in his hat band.

"Funny," he said, taking the letter and opening it.

On the letterhead it was written, in large block letters:

If you put yourself in danger, you will perish!

He folded the bow and put it in his jacket pocket and frowned.

"Something unpleasant?" She asked.

"Oh where," he said, trying to smile harmlessly. "On Joking from an old friend! -

CHAPTER 6

O H , THIS Z OLLBEAMTEN !

Gjedser had long since happened.

The customs and passport control was already before entering the trajectory been done. The steamer and the railroad car down there Ship's belly swam in the Baltic Sea, and the Danish coast turned pale.

Butcher Külz got up and reached for his suitcase.

"Where do you want to go?" Asked Storm.

'In the dining room. I'm hungry. Come with me, sir

Storm? I'll buy a round of aquavit! "Külz laughed fatherly.

"You have to be patient for a moment, my dear

"said one of the passengers. "The ship's duty wasn't there yet."

"Nan!" Storm called, and did so in astonishment.

"But we've already passed customs control!" Said Külz.

"There will be another check on the trajectory," he explained well informed passenger.

"I don't get it," said Külz. "It was on the way here not done."

"Did you come on the German trajectory?" Asked another third fellow traveler.

"Yes, on the German one!"

"There you go," said the well-informed man. "And now we're going on the Danish. You are more thorough there. -

"These damn bureaucrats!" Growled Philipp Achtel.

"Double-entry bookkeeping," said another passenger ironically.

"All right," said Külz and sat resignedly on the green ones Pants. "Just wait and see."

Mr. Achtel lifted his suitcase down and put it on the bank and opened it. "Hopefully it'll be quick. I'm thirsty."

Mr. Karsten looked out the window and said after one

For a while: "Someone is coming in uniform. That seems the subject to be de. -

The coupe door opened. A man got in. He was wearing a blue one Sailor's hat with gold trim and a wide wheel jacket. He saluted and made lengthy statements in a foreign language.

Philipp Achtel answered him, shook his head and pointed

Page 41

inviting on his suitcase.

The customs officer rummaged around in it, doing a pretty nasty one Face and saluted again. Now the other passengers opened their suitcases and bags. The uniformed man did his job.

"Did you smuggle cigarettes or chocolate?"

Storm asked in a whisper.

"No," said Külz, closing his suitcase with a heavy heart on.

The officer came up to him and asked various questions in his language. che.

Herr Achtel jumped into the breach and spoke lively on the Man one. He put his arm around Külzen's shoulder.

The officer reached into the suitcase and fetched a white, large one Ball out and asked something.

"He wants to know what that is," said Philipp Achtel.

"This is my nightgown if he doesn't mind," answer te Külz irritated.

The others laughed. Eighth explained the importance to the official the linen robe. The man stuffed it in the suitcase, worked then closed the trunk lid, looked sternly at the passengers, saluted briefly and climbed out of the car.

Külz breathed a sigh of relief, closed his suitcase in relief and carefully key in the wallet. 'An uncomfortable one He said. 'I am very grateful to you for helping me have stood. I thought he was going to wear my nightgown confiscate! "

"And now you can go into the dining room, dear Külz,"

Little Storm said. 'I'm staying down here. I can't today See water. And certainly not Aquavit! -

"We reserve your place for you," said Karsten.

"Thank you very much!" Said Külz. "They're all so terribly nice, too me. I feel like your grandfather. "He took his

Suitcase and opened the car door. Before he went down, he reached into it Jacket pocket, took out a box and smiled maliciously.

"You see," he said, "and I smuggled cigarettes gelt! "

"You're a murder guy!" Cried Mr. Storm appreciatively.

And Papa Külz proudly climbed out of the compartment onto the ship plan - ken.

The passengers of the first and second classes had

gant and bright dining room or stood in active admiration for the elongated boards on which the Lobster from Swedish fruit with sweet cream everything to find what your heart and stomach could desire. They loaded theirs Porcelain plates with the magnificence that came and returned lustful back to their tables.

Many have traveled this path many times. Because whether you ate nothing or a bit - the price was the same.

The Baltic Sea made waves. Sometimes popped up under the Windows open the sky, and sometimes the sea. Particularly Tired travelers found knife and fork from their hands and pressed her lips tightly together. What a pity!

But in general there were no incidents. -

Mr. Struve had sat down with Irene Trübner, even though when he was approached her table, looked uninviting. Now

he ate eagerly. She poked around in a number of salads with a fork.

"Afraid of the slim line?" He asked.

"No," she said. "I'm not scared at all."

"It's worth a lot," he said.

They examined each other, kept silent, and continued eating. There Master butcher Külz appeared on the scene, including the knot and suitcase, and looked around. When he saw Miss Trübner covered, his features lit up. He carefully walked over it mirror-smooth parquet until it stood in front of her table. He bowed and asked if it was allowed.

She smiled gently and nodded.

"Külz," said the old Tyrolean and lifted the velor hat.

"Struve," said the young man.

The master butcher took a seat and looked around the area.

"Aha! Here is self-service. Like in the people's kitchen." He rose again. "May I ask you to take good care of my suitcase?"

he asked the young lady and winked significantly.

Then he moved away.

"You know the man?" Asked Struve.

"Since yesterday. A decent man. -

"You are less trusting of me."

She sat up straight and said majestically:
time! -

He was silent and dealt with his chicken salad.

Then Papa Külz returned. He balanced a heavily loaded

the plate, squinted at his suitcase and sank exhausted into it
Chair. "The purest delicatessen," he said. »I'm afraid
already said, I would come over because of the stupid second customs control
not at all for eating! -

"What for?" Asked the young man.

"Because of the second customs check," said Külz. »On the German
There's no such thing as a steamer. Only on the Danish. Well, that
does the bureaucracy. And double-entry bookkeeping. "He laughed well
in a good mood and went to eat.

"A second customs check?" Asked Struve. "Then when?"
Külz chewed. "Ten minutes ago. A man with a disgusting
it was my face. He had a pelerine around. Wasn't he?
with you too? -

"No," whispered Miss Trübner. 'He wasn't with us, sir
Külz. "

"You seem to be treated individually here," Rudi said
Struve tight. "I'm starting to think that the second control is in
in one compartment. "

Mr. Külz's goose liver pate got stuck in his mouth. He
struggled down the bite and asked, "What do you want
say with it? "

»That you look more for luggage in your coupe than for them
The other passengers' suitcases, "said the boy
Man. 'Of course I don't know why. But any
It should have had a reason. -

Külz stared at Miss Trübner and silently moved her lips.
His bushy gray mustache trembled like aspen leaves. Hastily
he reached for his suitcase, put it on his knees, pulled the port-
monnaie and took out the case keys.

"Not here!" Said Miss Trübner. It sounded like an order.

Mr. Struve looked nervously from one to the other.

"I'm going crazy," muttered Külz. "If the Lord is right,
I can hang myself up. -

"Now don't lose your head!" Said Miss Trübner and
stood up. 'I sit in a deck chair outside. You, dear
Mr. Külz, make sure somewhere where you are unobserved,
whether the second customs check was normal. And then
Please come over to my deck immediately. "

Butcher Külz got up, took the suitcase and left
the pompous dining room with tired steps. Being with tasty

dishes of garnished plates remained as an orphan.

Irene Trübner moved away through the side door leading to the led deck.

The young gentleman, whose name was Rudi, followed Külz at some distance, positioned himself in front of the washroom and waited.

Miss Trübner had taken a seat on the deck. The chairs ben you were empty. The wind whistled and the clouds were in a hurry.

A fishing boat swayed on the horizon. Sometimes he disappeared behind glass-green mountain peaks. Sometimes he got high lifted. Up to the sky.

Heavy steps approached. She turned her head.

It was Külz and Struve.

The young man had underpinned the old man as if he were leading a sick man. He also carried the suitcase. A piece of white linen looked out.

Külz sat next to the young lady. "Away!" He said only.

"Away!"

"You have to tell the captain immediately," said

Mr. Struve energetically. "The second customs check was a bluff. Sir Külz has been robbed. Nobody is allowed to board the ship in Warnemünde left before he has been examined by the police. "

"Don't interfere in my affairs, please!" Said

Miss Trübner.

"Why in your affairs?" He asked. »Mr. Külz is stolen, not you! "

"But she!" The butcher murmured. 'But the Miss!

The miniature was hers! "

"The miniature?"

"For six hundred thousand crowns," stammered the old man. doubts. "I can never replace that for you. Never, miss. "

"There's no question of that," she said. »The responsibility I carry the word alone. -

"Great!" Said Mr. Struve. "And you refuse to- to notify the captain? "

"I firmly refuse!"

Papa Külz put his hands over his face and shook it Head. "Oh, people are bad," he groaned. 'Me too

cheat! The customs officer was wrong! And the passenger who is from the talking on the second check was wrong! "

"Calm down, dear Herr Külz," said Miss Irene

Page 45

Trübner. "The miniature was wrong too!"

D ER K OFFER AND THE Z IGARREN

The three of them were leaning against the railing. Irene Trübner stood between them two men. Papa Külz had taken off the brown velor hat taken, the storm blew through the gray hair and looked-te smiling incredulously at the sea. He felt like he was very much been sick and as if the doctor had just said: Now you can get up again, master!

The gentleman, whose name was Rudi, eyed the young girl next to leaned against him and didn't know what he was doing in general should think of the thing.

"Excuse me, dear Miss," said Mr. Külz. "I am still completely messed up. First the fright and now the joy.

I least understand one thing. If the miniature me stole these mouse hooks was wrong, you needed me not persuading her to be real! -

"Yes, Papa Külz! I had to tell you that," she said.

"Are you angry with me for that?"

"Not in a dream," he said. 'You've got me powerful took my arm. But be bad, no, you can be bad really not. And why, "he asked the girl," why had to Are you persuading me that the fake miniature is real? "

»For a very simple reason! Because there are two miniatures gives! One wrong and one real! -

The two men almost lost their balance.

"Yes," said Irene Trübner. »The American collector, to which the original belonged had a copy made years ago.

From an American Holbein copyist. She was on Exhibitions shown instead of the real miniature without anyone knew about it. To display the real one was too risky. infor-only the collector and his curator were lubricated. And recently that Auctioneer. Mr. Steinhövel automatically acquired the copy 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 are actually sending Mr. Külz the copy

and told him it was the original. ”

"It's very important to me," growled Külz. »But I know I also really liked it. -

Miss Trübner said with a suspicious glance

Struve: »Since noon yesterday, I had the unmistakable feeling that I was observed and followed at every turn. Sir

Külz said, however, that I was just nervous ... -

"And that it would go away after the first child," said

Chuck with a smile. 'But Miss Trübner said that it could last that long they weren't. ”

"This is a factual opinion," remarked the young man.

Irene Trübner ignored this and continued: “In the afternoon the newspapers reported that works of art were of a million crowns had disappeared. It was not subject to no doubt: I was trapped. I didn't know what to do. Until I had the idea of ??asking Mr. Külz for help. ’

her hand gratefully on the old man's loden sleeve. »We stayed sitting in the hotel for a long time. If, as I assumed, observed, it had to be noticed. We went to Amalienborg and sat down on a bench where we did not overhear but watch could be tested. We were probably followed. ”

"I do!" Said Mr. Struve. And as the other two him

Looking curious, he improved. »You are dead certain followed! That is clear from the robbery of the copy! -

"But if we had been followed," continued Miss Trübner,

»Then our next encounter had to be carefully observed twice become. That was to be expected. And that's why I determined it Train station as a meeting point. A dozen hospitals could easily hold on. They had to see that I was pretending to be Mr. Külz do not know. And they had to see that I secretly emphasized him Package slipped! In her opinion, only the mini be. So they had to steal from Mr. Külz. ”She giggled blissfully like a fried fish. “Well, my bill was correct. Mr. Külz was robbed! The miniature is gone! Luckily the wrong cal! ”

"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 give you that

If the truth had been said beforehand, the bluff would have failed. Because you

Page 48

are far too honest a person to pretend-

The thieves would have looked at the tip of your nose that we they wanted to put in. ”

"Honor me," said Külz. "Go on! What will happen now? ”

»Now the gang is convinced to own the real miniature Zen. And you won't notice anything about our move before Berlin. ken. ”

"Excuse me to interfere," said Struve.

"But of course you have to pretend you know about the thief-didn't steal anything. ”

"That's the main thing," the young girl said. "Otherwise everything was in vain. ”

Mr. Struve thought about it. Then he said: "That would come for Lord Only now is Külz 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 glad that I am could make useful. For the time being, however, I have had enough of India nerspielen. I feel horrible. And besides, I have Hunger."

"Of course you can eat before you ..."

"Before I do something?" Asked Külz. »Should I maybe now-a long black beard? Or jump overboard and crouched after the ship? ”

"The task is more difficult," said the young man. "She have to get back into your coupe! -

Startled, Külz took a step back and raised a defensive both arms.

'And you have to talk to the passengers as if not the slightest thing happened. ”

"Then I'll jump lifters overboard," said Mr. Külz dull.

"You have to go back!"

"Good," replied the old giant. "As you wish. Then turn but unfortunately to the scoundrel who told me about the second customs trolled around the neck. You can take poison on it. men, gentlemen! With such a tramp I should be friends entertained? 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. "Leave me now not in the lurch! Please please! Otherwise everything we achieved was have no use. "

Külz stood undecided and struggled with himself. Then turned he turned and went to the stairs.

"Herr Külz!" Called Rudi Struve.

The butcher stopped.

"A corner looks out of your suitcase. You have to Put away before you get on the train! Otherwise one knows that you Know. "

Külz looked down. "Oh," he said. "My nightie!"

Then he climbed down the stairs melancholy.

Philipp Achtel stepped back from the coupe window and whispered: tung, he is coming! -

The others sat down casually and tried hard harmless faces.

"What do we do if he has noticed something?" Asked Karsten.

"He didn't notice anything," said little Mr. Storm. "The it doesn't suit him. -

"What if he happened to notice it?" Asked Karsten. "It should after all, it has already happened that you are in your suitcase looking for something, even if nothing is missing. -

"We'll see," said Eighth. 'He can't adjust! And if he has noticed something, then we will do what the boss ordered. "

"He can drink!" Storm murmured. "But salt water is not Aquavit. "

Then the door opened. And the man who is so charming was spoken, came puffing into the compartment.

"Welcome!" Cried Mr. Achtel. »Did the food tastes? "

"The cold buffet up there is great," said Külz. "I could eat again! 'His mouth watered. He thought sadly of the starters he left in the dining room and coughed noisily so that your stomach wouldn't ren heard. Then he carefully lifted the suitcase and put it down tenderly into the luggage net, as if it contains Danish fresh eggs. The others smiled at each other. If he knew, they thought.

Little Storm grinned like a devil.

Papa Külz sat down, stretched out his legs and reached into them

Breast pocket. He pulled his hand back thoughtfully. Then shook he angrily his head and awkwardly got up again.

"What are you looking for?" Storm asked nervously.

"Oh, just my cigar case," answered Külz. »It's in the suitcase fer. "

The others sat there as if struck by lightning. Now take that Misfortune its course, they thought.

Oskar Külz took the wallet out of his pocket and brought it the suitcase key to reveal.

Herr Achtel was the first to take his seat. "Why the circumstances?" he cried jovially. He passed his case over. 'Smoke once a cigar of mine! -

"Or from me!" Interrupted Karsten.

Another asked: "You don't smoke cigarettes at all? How how about a lucky strike? "

Papa Külz looked at the cases and boxes that came out of him stretched out, not without emotion. »Extraordinarily loving dig, gentlemen! But I can't accept that! -

Mr. Philipp Achtel seemed offended. »Do you want to insult us gene?"

"Guard!" Said the old man, startled, and stuck keys and wallet away again. »I have cigarettes myself. They have but I smuggled for my children. "He glanced at Ach- over the case, hesitated and finally reached for it. "I'm so free." Three passengers set him on fire.

Külz sat down and looked at the round with emotion. The means the scoundrel who cheats on him with customs control he left out. "So many lovely people," he said, and then he gasped comfortably to himself.

The others took a deep breath and smiled winningly.

"An excellent cigar," said the butcher.

"Not too strong and not too mild. May I ask what you do for it have paid?"

Mr. Achtel named the price. Then Mr. Storm did the math how quickly German Reichspfennige were thirty ore.

"I'll never learn that," said Papa Külz. »Yesterday I actually got a six-pfennig stamp in Copenhagen! If my boyfriend wasn't Storm, I would be stuck been. "He laughed. The others laughed too.

"By the way, I left the card in the hotel," admitted

Page 51

Mr. Külz faithful. »My Emilie will think I died
ben! "

"You don't die that quickly," said Philipp Achtel.

"Well," said Mr. Storm. "Sometimes it happens very quickly." He
said nothing and clasped her hands so that her fingers cracked. "I
I knew a man who was a cashier for a big one
Bank..."

Papa Külz looked at his friend Storm with wide eyes.

"And?" He asked worriedly.

Little Storm waved it off. "Why stir old wounds?"

he said moved. "The man was my friend."

"Calcification?" Asked Külz.

"No. He was on the street when he had bank money with him
addressed. He was asked to fire if I am not mistaken. And then
he fell over. "

"Heartbeat?" Asked Külz.

"No. A knitting needle. Spitz filed. Pushed between the ribs
KISSING. "

Papa Külz shivered.

"What there is," said Mr. Eighth and could hardly do it
believe it. "There are such bad people!"

"Yes," said Külz. "You're right." He threw a crushing
the look in the corner where his enemy was sitting. Then he thought it over.

"But luckily most people are decent."

The others nodded.

"Undoubtedly," said Mr. Eighth. »What else should we do
gene?"

The others eyed him disapprovingly.

Külz looked out of the window and winced.

Because the white-bearded gentleman from the pension stood at the railing
Curtius and looked over.

CHAPTER 8

D AS M ÄRCHEN FROM BRAVEN M ANN

The sun pushed the clouds apart like double doors and the trajectory "Danmark" and the rest of the world shone. You shone following an old custom, just and unjust and made no exception.

Is it really pure generosity that she shines on everyone? wondered the gentleman, whose name was Rudi. It will be convenience nothing else. If you imagine that it only shines on the good guys, and not the bad guys - what trouble and what complications! He had closed his eyes and lay lengthwise in a board chair. For the keepers of order, he meditated, it would of course be more if it were different. They just went to the sun shone on the streets and squares and quickly arrested everyone People who would not be illuminated by the sun! It's all- However, it is questionable whether the criminals in such circumstances I still didn't go for a walk.

He stretched out his arms and lounged. And he thought: apparently they only went out at night. And with pouring Rain. - As a result, the countries would take six months of rain an unexpected upswing. Thanks to the influx of foreigners. Also those areas where the sun would not shine for months would flourish. Because how many people could still do without Dare to venture into the sun?

He smiled mischievously and painted himself with care and dedication, the logical consequences of his feeble-minded mortgage se out.

Irene Trübner, who was sitting next to him, looked at him critically, yours Forehead crease reached under the brisk hat. Would it take revenge that he had learned her secret? And if he's a dark marriage renmann was - why did he give her and Papa Külz useful advice ge? He knew her secret now. But what was his name?

Suddenly Mr. Struve laughed out loud and opened his eyes.

"Are you feeling too well?" She asked.

"Frankly speaking, no. But I was just imagining how the world would look if the sun only shines on the righteous and leave out the unjust. "

»Then what would the world look like? I'd rather know how you

saw. "

"Well, what do you think? Brilliant white or like a sun
nenfinsternis? "

"Maybe checkered," she said.

"Ask your instinct!" He advised. And he added pathetically:

"The train of the heart is the voice of fate."

"That I'm not laughing!" She said sternly.

"Guard!" He changed the subject. »Hopefully you donate
Mr. Külz in his coupé no harm. -

»You can see at first glance that Mr. Külz is a decent
man is! "she explained and looked at her neighbor.
throw full.

"Sleight of hand! When I'm thirty years old, mine have
excellent properties gradually from soul to soul
Face talked through! Then you will say ›Rudi‹, ›I have
Then you were wronged. Can you forgive me? ‹Who knows
whether I do it. "

"Do you really think he'll wreak havoc?" She asked.

The young man replied: "I love this magnificent old man
Man. But stupidity is unpredictable. "

Irene Trübner looked worried.

"Courage," he said. "Things will go wrong." Then
he closed his eyes again and devoted himself to the sun
seem that no difference between the just and the unjust
makes. He fell asleep over it.

He woke up when someone shook him. It was Irene cloudy
ner. "Forgive me," she whispered. 'But Herr Külz claims that
Gentlemen with the white beard and dark glasses yesterday
met in Copenhagen in the evening. -

Oskar Külz, who sat in a free chair and the suitcase
had nodded conscientiously, nodded heavily. "Yes, in
the Curtius Pension. On the Osterbrötchengade, or like the street
is called."

"After all, everyone has to live somewhere," claimed
Struve. "So why shouldn't he be in the same guesthouse with you?
have lived?"

"I didn't live in the Curtius Pension. I just went
to drop Mr. Storm in there. "

"Who is Mister Storm?" Asked the young man.

"A friend of mine. A very nice person. I met him

yesterday in the hotel where I also know Miss Trübner
nenlernte. He helped me at the kiosk when I asked for stamps. The
I forgot to put my card in the box. ”

"Oh dear," said Miss Trübner. "Your poor wife!"

I put Rudi Struve on curiously. "Meet Mr. Storm
again, dear Herr Külz? -

"Yes. Towards evening. By chance. He was standing in front of an art
business. And I spoke to him. He claimed that the Aquavit was in co-
penhagen better than anywhere else. And then he invited me. -

"And then he drank you under the table?"

"At the end, under the table, to be honest, sir
Storm. When I wanted to drink to him, he was gone. He was sitting next to his
chair and was no longer together. Only when the
Waiter poured cold water over his head, his address fell
back on. ”

"The said Pension Curtius."

"Quite right," said Külz. 'I delivered it there. The host
people had gone out. There was only a single gentleman. A tenant.
With a white beard and dark glasses. He only lived
one day there and therefore did not know whether Storm was actually in the
Pension stayed. I unloaded Storm on the sofa in the dining room
and drove to my hotel. ”

"What is it that irritates you?" Asked Struve. 'Why should he
Gentleman with a beard and glasses do not travel to Berlin if he enjoys it
makes?"

"You suddenly became so good-natured," said Miss
Troubled annoying.

"I want to please you," said Rudi Struve. "I know,
You appreciate that. -

"Leave the nonsense!" She asked.

"All right." Struve turned to Külz. "You met Mr. Storm
probably at the train station again today. -

"We had agreed on it," said Külz. »I was glad not
Having to travel alone, but with a friend. Especially
because of the miniature in my suitcase. ”

"Did you tell him about it?"

»Allow me! If not the guy at the window the story
with the second customs check, everything would have gone well
But of course everyone else in the compartment is on this fraud
fallen! ”

"All nice people, aren't they?" Struve asked.

"Very lovely people," confirmed Külz.

"Of course," said Struve. »A question, dear Herr Külz. How did you actually come into the nice coupe? Did you want to go in? Or Your acquaintance? ”

'I actually wanted to go to another compartment first. But there was one old lady in there. And Mr. Storm is superstitious. Bring old ladies against him misfortune. I had to be considerate of that. ”

"Of course," said Struve.

»Then Mr. Storm found our coupe. He asked a gentleman who looked out the window to see if there was any room left. ”

"And there were just two places left?"

"Yes."

'And the gentleman who looked out the window was copper-red Nose, ”Struve guessed. "Right?"

Miss Trübner was amazed.

"And whether!" Cried Papa Külz. »A great time! Another very lovely person. He travels to Warnemünde. There he visits his Wife and his two children. -

"The dear little ones." Rudi Struve laughed.

"But that's strange," said Külz. "Exactly the same said the guy who put us in with customs control! ”

»The pronounced family sense of red-nosed men seems to not to be taken very seriously. And now another humble question, dear Mr. Külz. -

"You are welcome."

»The occupants of your coupe certainly don't know each other!-

"Beware! It's a real, colorful travel

society. But, as I said, they are all lovely! And so loving

worthy! I just wanted to get my cigar case out of my suitcase.

Do you think they allowed that? Locked out! Everyone offered

to me, as if on command, cigars and cigarettes. It's a shame that

You haven't seen that. I was out of cases and cigarettes

box almost besieged! It was touching! -

Rudi Struve could no longer remain serious. He laughed his bright irritatingly cheerful primate laugh.

Papa Külz was indignant. "What is so funny about that? Just

because strangers are polite and courteous? Very

It's not nice, young man. ”

"No," Struve said. "It's not fine, but understandable."

He was serious again. "Madam, I think it is urgently needed to put Mr. Külz in the picture. Who knows what everything else happens. -

Irene Trübner nodded imperceptibly.

"Dear Mr. Külz," said Struve. "I have to tell you a story telling stories you don't know yet. "

"Go ahead!"

"Well - once there was a man who was decent and that's why everyone else was just as decent. "

"Once upon a time?" Asked Külz. »That sounds like a fairy tale!-

"It's one too," said the young man gently. "The good man, of which we are talking, came one day in a strange one City in a strange hotel and met a beautiful princess there know who asked him for help. Since he was a good man, he was of course, immediately agree. The beautiful princess was made by a band of robbers chased it on a precious piece of jewelry apart from the one she owned. Some robbers saw this Conversation between her and the good man from afar. they thought their part and decided to make friends with him. Therefore one of the robbers spoke to him. A person who stands out strangely transparent and raised ears. Of the good man thought the other was also a good man. But when the really good man with the persecuted princess the hotel When the tramp left with two of his buddies behind him Pairs ago. Are you interested in the fairy tale? -

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Külz. "There were beautiful princesses always a weakness of mine. -

"Well. When the good man said goodbye to the princess had divorced, the little guy decided to drunk the other do. Because the robbers hoped he would be from the good man only drunk to learn the princess's plans. The guy with the slipped ears ran into the good man by chance Path. And they went to the tavern themselves. Now it came to pass but that the good man tolerated more schnapps than the little Gauer. And so it happened that the good-hearted, good man put the robber in delivered his apartment. The innkeepers weren't there because of that Apartment had no landlords at all, but was a robber's cave. The man with the white beard and dark glasses, who the door unlocked, was the robber captain. And crouching in all rooms his subordinates. - The good man delivered the drunk

Robber off and went home. That he was alive and well-came, it was because the gang still needed him, and to others that such good men in fairy tales are very influential have guardian angels. -

Papa Külz sat silently in the chair. His mouth was wide open, and the gray bushy mustache trembled.

"The next day," said Struve, "the beautiful princess handed over the good man the jewelry that the gang of robbers want to rob-te. Some robbers saw that. Shortly afterwards the thief dived, so had strange ears, and they were looking for a suitable railway compartment. Of course, they do not sit in the compartment in which the brave Man wanted, but in that from which a person with a red Nose looked out. It was no wonder. Because the man with the red nose belonged to the same gang as the thief with the ears slipped. And not only these two were part of it, but all the men who sat in the railway compartment and pretended to be be strange to each other. -

"You mustn't say that!" Herr Külz only whispered it. But when he let the other man look at him with kind regret for a long time sinking his head as if ashamed of those people.

The young man continued with his fairy tale. "They had one Made plan. The plan was not bad. Because he was on one built a mighty foundation. On the gullibility of the good man. One of the gang appeared as a tax collector. They opened the luggage, and so he stole the jewelry from the suitcase without it the good man suspected. Only when he was hungry Leaving the compartment, they became restless. The jewelry they had though. But if the good man in his absence now

Suitcase opened and noticed the theft? They were like everyone People of their stroke, extremely focused. Robbery and murder are closely related. But the good man returned and was after still friendly to them. So he couldn't know any of this sen. Only when he got up and took cigars out of his suitcase When she wanted to go there was a tremendous shock. He was allowed to Open case at no cost! That's why they all hurried and offered the man cigars and cigarettes. And he was because of him was a good man, from so much amiability to tears touched."

Mr. Struve paused.

Master butcher Oskar Külz from Berlin was leaning forward. His

The face was blood red and the fists lay on it like hammers
Kneel.

"The fairy tale goes this far," Struve said. "But it is
not finished yet."

"Yes!" Mr. Külz got up. "The fairy tale is over!" He took hold of it
his stick and walked, without saying more, with heavy steps
to the stairs.

The young people looked astonished at the old hunched giant
to. Then they jumped up at the same moment and ran to
ter 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.

"Pay off!" Said the old man. "I'm killing the rags.

With the palm of your hand. Let me go!"

"No," said the young man. »And when I am with you
should be thrashing around here on the deck, although you
are thical! And if we are then taken to the hospital
should! I won't let you into your coupe in this condition! -

Mr. Külz, this good-natured person, raised his fist around him

To beat the gentleman who was called Rudi.

Then Irene Trübner stepped between them and said: "Papa Külz! What
comes to mind! I think you want to help me? "

"Everything has its limits," he growled. 'Except my stupid

Well, of course. "Then he lowered his raised fist and said
to the other: "Excuse me!"

"Here you go."

Miss Trübner hooked herself under the and angry giant
pulled him step by step toward the onboard chairs. "All robbers
you won't be able to kill. "

"No. Only the one in the coupe. -

Rudi Struve laughed. Then he said skeptically: "With ten fingers
fighting ten revolvers is a matter of taste. "He squeezed it
good man in a chair.

For a long time they sat together without a word. Irene Trübner showed with
hand to the horizon. The German coast came into view.

"It doesn't work!" Said Külz after a while. 'I can with that

Guys don't stay together. It really doesn't work! I climb
in Warnemünde. Otherwise an accident will happen. I have to leave immediately
Ship down! -

CHAPTER 9

K ÜLZ LEARNS HIS LAST F RAU KNOW

The train had left the steamer in Warnemünde. And now drove again, as befits railroads, between meadows and fields and past villages and herds of cattle. A traveller, who fell asleep shortly after Copenhagen and only now woke up could hardly have guessed whether he was still in Denmark or already was in Mecklenburg. The two landscapes are mutually exclusive Confused similarly.

A white-bearded man was talking in a second-class compartment Gentleman who wore dark glasses with a Krefeld textile factory edging about European foreign trade. They discussed that through new situation created by the world war. You talked about the Years in which Europe attempted suicide on a large scale undertook, from the other continents, the former buyers European goods that had been used wisely. The other con-inks had made themselves industrially independent.

The two men weighed the dangers facing a continent how Europe grows by having to import raw materials and can no longer do anything except cash.

Then a little gentleman passed outside in the corridor. A gentleman who characterized by raised ears. He didn't look away into the coupe.

But the white-bearded gentleman's interest split. The Participation in European trade rapidly declined. In the end he got up, murmured an apology and hurriedly left the floor.

The little gentleman stood at the end of the wagon and looked as if he dreamed himself, from the window of the beautiful German Landscape beyond.

The white-bearded man came up to him. "I told you that you shouldn't come here!" he whispered angrily.

"I can go again," suggested the little one.

"What's up?"

»Külz has disappeared!-

"Certainly?"

"Unless he's on the locomotive. But we didn't want to go there check."

Page 60

"Leave your stupid jokes!"

"Steinhövel's secretary is gone too."

The other stroked his white beard.

"And the young man who's been on the girl's skirt since yesterday hung - -

"He's gone too?"

"It's gone too!"

They looked out into the landscape. Over there was a dilapidated
ne windmill. On a gentle green hill. Waved all around
the fields. The wind caressed her.

"Did they notice anything?" Asked the little gentleman softly.

"Then the police would be there."

"Maybe she's waiting at the train station in Berlin."

The white-bearded gentleman frowned. Then he said: "Al-
les get off in Rostock! I live in the Hotel Blucher. As professions
sor horn. Don't all climb out of the same car! Spread out
and sit down in the Cafe Flint. In the first floor. Provides a post
out! I'll come over and give new instructions. "

"Good, boss!" Said Storm. "Will do." Then he returned
his wagon back.

The other stayed at the window for a while. The crying
Rostock's mountain gardens passed. The big new clinics
in sight. The gentleman went into his compartment and took out the suitcase
the luggage network.

"Well!" Said the Krefeld manufacturer. "I thought you were leading
to Berlin too? -

The other put his hat on his head, put the paletot carefully
wrinkled over his arm and said: "I changed my mind. I
want to see Rostock again. Especially old Alma
mater. I studied here for three semesters. Something is caught in the
Feeling firm. I just saw the old venerable brick churches
Pop up. No, I cannot continue. Who knows what
expected in Berlin! "He laughed. »Such a romantic North German
Small town speaks more to the heart. -

"Vivat, crescat, floreat!" Claimed the Krefeld manufacturer.

"Undoubtedly," said Professor Horn. "Et pereat mundus!" He
lifted the hat and stepped out into the hall.

The train stopped shortly thereafter. The professor got out, left
the train station and strolled through the mansion streets. Later waved
he took a taxi, climbed in and said to the chauffeur: "Hotel

Page 61

Blucher! "

He leaned back in the back and thought: Steinhövel's people have disappeared. The police didn't bother us. What should that be called?

The suitcase was on his knees. He looked at him tenderly and seemed satisfied.

The Hotel Beringer in Warnemünde is located on the beautiful broad Promenade and close to the lighthouse, which is in front of the long stretched stone jetty rises.

There have just been three new guests in this renowned inn relegated. They had taken three adjoining rooms men and met after they literally in the hotel lobby.

"There we are!" Said Rudi Struve. 'I have before warned to get out. You did it anyway. What do we do now?"

"An excursion," suggested Irene Trübner.

"The fault is up to me," said master butcher Külz. "I have make me silly Added. But there are cases where I see red. I really am, without wanting to praise myself Soul of man. But what is too much is too much. -

"Now, please don't blame yourself, Papa Külz! Sir Struve sees ghosts. Our gang of robbers is surely glad that she stole the miniature from you. And she's just waiting in To be able to immerse Berlin. -

"As you wish," Rudi Struve said politely.

Irene Trübner looked happily out of the hotel window. "Here I am, I will stay here Tomorrow we will take the first train to Berlin. It's early enough. "She turned to the young man. "Or are you expected in Berlin? -

"At most from my landlady," he said. "I'm sure she's scared because of the rent. Incidentally, I am a completely alone orphan senknabe. Without wife and child. -

The young lady hurried to change the subject. "Rather Mr. Külz, I have a request for you. -

"Already fulfilled!" He said.

"Call your wife!" Asked the girl. »Since Sunday Your family in trouble. Nobody knows where you are. The view You left your card in Copenhagen. I can not do this watch longer. -

Külz grimaced.

"If you're not on the phone, I'll do it," she said, wanting to rise.

"Don't!" Külz held up his arms defensively. "When a young lady informed my wife by phone that I was in Denmark and I stopped in Warnemünde, I drive Not at all back to Berlin! -

"Are you afraid of your wife?" Asked the young man.

»No, but before the side effects! You know mine Emilie doesn't. Otherwise you wouldn't ask such unnecessary questions. Emilie can be very loud. "

Irene Trübner looked at him waiting.

He rose with a groan. 'All right. What man needs He must have. "After this basic remark he made went to the hotel office and made a long-distance call to Berlin.

The two young people were alone.

"Where do you live?" Asked Rudi Struve.

"At the Hotel Beringer."

"Not possible," he said. "However, I meant where you were in Berlin live. -

"I see. On Kaiserdamm. -

"So what's there?" He said.

"Yes."

»Because I live on Holtzendorffstrasse. There we have it not far from each other. -

Papa Külz stood dimly in a phone booth and waited grumpy about the connection with Berlin.

At regular intervals he called out: "Hello, hello!" Most of all he would have attached again. He could do the noise that awaited him

Save until tomorrow. He was already halfway to that

Put the handset back on the fork.

There was a crack. And in Berlin someone called: "Hello? Here Meat shop Külz, Yorckstrasse! -

"Is it you, Emilie?" He asked.

He didn't get an answer.

"This is Oskar," he said. "I just wanted to tell you that I come home tomorrow. So you don't worry unnecessarily. -

Again no answer.

'I was in Denmark for a few days. And now I'm in warning opening. Well, I'll tell you all about that later. "

Still no answer.

This is the calm before the storm, he thought, looking for new sprächsstoff. »How's the business going? And what does Fritzchen do Whooping cough? »What else could he ask? Nothing came to him anymore on. "Hello, Emilie! Did you lose the language? -

"Oscar," said his wife in a trembling voice, "Oscar, how could you do that to us? "

He couldn't believe his ears. She cried! He was on everything else been composed. If it were possible, pots and plates he would have expected to deliver dishes by phone would fly to the head! Instead, did his Emilie cry? "But, but," he said. And: "Well, well, you old walls."

She continued sobbing persistently.

"Now stop the howling!" He growled. He was whole himself touched. Such a surprise! He hadn't known that his Woman could cry. Although she has been married for thirty-five years were.

Ms. Kütz sobbed as if she wanted all the missed opportunities catch up.

"Let it be," he comforted. 'I'll be home tomorrow.

And what should the clientele think when you cry behind stand the shop board! Hold a rag under cold water and put it on your eyes. "

She blew her nose and started to speak. But then she thought and continued crying.

"I think the doorbell rang," he said. "Well then farewell, Emilie! See you tomorrow, greetings to the kids! "Quickly he hung up the receiver.

He stopped outside the phone booth and rubbed himself probably the chin.

I should have done it twenty years ago, he thought.

Now it is too late. Now howl no longer helps. Then he went sam back to the hotel lobby. To the table where the two young sat against people.

At the same time, a white-bearded gentleman left the cafe Flint in Rostock by a man who stood there, giving fire and said, "Storm is supposed to get two men in the car to Warning-send me. Five others have all trains here at the station control coming in from Warnemünde. -

"Good, boss." replied the man.

Page 64

“And whoever discovers the three immediately calls Professor Horn in the hotel Blucher on! Go up and let yourself be relieved. You go with Warnemunde. ”

"So what's going on?"

"Shut up!" Replied Professor Horn, pulling politely in front of the another hat and went across the street.

CHAPTER 10

S AALPOST IN T ANZDIELE

Although it was already evening, Irene Trübner insisted on the
from her planned trip.

They got the ferry across the Warnow and drove
then by tram, the tracks of which are immediately behind the sea
the rest of the coast through moor and heath to Markgrafenheide,
the terminus.

From here they walked on lonely paths through the forest.

It was quiet like in a church when there is no service. But

The wind that came from the sea roared above the tree tops.

It's strange. In the forest you think more than anywhere else

his childhood. At that time the trees seemed much, much higher,

than they were. And the thicket of the bushes much, much impenetrable

safer and more scary than today. At that time it was still believed that

Little Red Riding Hood must have met the bad wolf very close-

se. And when you met a lumberjack and his wife,

one dreamed at night that one had the parents of Hansel and Gretel

met. Those parents who abandoned their two children in the forest

because the income decreased.

At this age you can see the home of elves and

Dwarfs. Then years follow, when it is considered a transshipment point for home

tenderness. And finally the time comes when he remembers

one only to the boards that are made in cutting mills

Trees are made, and that no man more than four

Boards needed to be kept safe, albeit without windows that

to start the last journey.

And the forests will always rustle. And always

Run wind lightly over the top. - Oh, it would be worth a lot

if you could believe in the migration of souls. But who

has the strength to do it?

Irene sat down in a meadow close to the edge of the heather

Clouds into the green grass. Then she even lay down and stared

through the latticework of stalks and leaflets up into the blue

Sky. The two men squatted on the

Lawn and sat there as if they were visiting Chinese. The

Crickets matched her mandolins. The haymakers practiced

Leap. And a gullible lemon moth - or was just

short-sighted? - sat down on the fabric flower, which on Miss Trüb-
his hat was sewn on. It took him minutes to defraud
noticed and disappointed and fluttered away without honey.

Rudi Struve said: "You should stay here. We could be three of us
Build huts. What do you make of it? Mr. Külz would go wild
Making rabbit veal liver sausage and Wiener schnitzel. young lady
Trübner could pick blueberries and boil linden tea.
And from Bucheckern, I heard, you can even get rolls
to bake."

"And you," asked Irene Trübner, "don't want anything
to do?"

"I would bring eels and flounders home."

"Can you fish?" Asked Külz.

"No. I take the tram to Warnemün-
en and bought the fish in the smokehouse. "

They laughed and were funny.

Until they noticed that they were sitting in an anthill.

When they got to Warnemünde it was dark. They still went
out onto the pier and leaned against the stone parapet for a long time,
that strictly separates land and sea.

It is a pity that this spectacle is accessible to all people
is. Some are not worth it.

When the three passed the lighthouse on the way back,
they met a man who seemed familiar to Mr. Struve. He
wasn't sure where to put the guy and said his

Do not accompany any of it.

Miss Trübner stopped in front of a dance hall and studied
the signs that were placed in the front yard. On these reeds
The spa guests were informed that in the evening a costume ball
would take place. By the way, under the motto: "A night in St. Pauli".
Costumes, it was said, were welcome, but by no means inevitable
casual condition.

"We're going to this ball!" Decided Miss Trübner.

"Better not," advised Papa Külz. 'I think we should be up
make it invisible tomorrow. -

Rudi Struve agreed with him. »We can also dance in Berlin
lin, "he said.

Miss Trübner vigorously disagreed and called the two
spoilers for men.

"You are a small child," said Külz. »We are getting cozy

Eat supper, drink a pint and go in the mouth.

We have to get up early tomorrow morning. ”

It was nothing to want. She finally threatened to become a mother-go alone. It's not your fault.

"Terrible, terrible!" Said Kütz. »Because it happens that I fall asleep as soon as I listen to music. Especially after Dinner. I had to get up early at five in my life-sen. I'm also unmusical like a hippopotamus. - But what was left for the men? Of course they gave to.

When they arrived at the Hotel Beringer, they separated for a short time. Then they had dinner together in the veranda.

"We completely forgot," said Rudi Struve, "after the To inquire about the result of the phone call you are having with your Have led his wife. ”

At first Papa Kütz did not know who we were talking about.

"Oh!" He finally called. »As soon as someone says about my Emilie she is my wife, she becomes a complete stranger to me. Why are you saying not immediately ›wife‹? Emilie is my wife! Everything else is exaggerated. ”

"Did she scold a lot?" Asked Miss Trübner. 'It was very arg? ”

"That's it," said Kütz. »I still can't believe it ben. Emilie didn't scold at all. The first time since our Wedding! -

"What did she do?"

Papa Kütz was embarrassed and took a sip before he went omitted closer. "She cried!" He said then. 'She has the first Cried. ”

"For joy?" Asked Struve.

The old man nodded. 'Scary, isn't it? I was dead Schrocken. But she actually cried. Like a child. she brought not a word out. -

"There we have it!" Said Mr. Struve. 'If you were twenty Years ago would have run away, her wife -

Excuse me! - Your wife cried with joy even then. -

“I was thinking exactly the same thing when I picked up the phone again hung up, ”Kütz replied. “All of life would be different become. ”

"Nicer," said the young man.

The butcher took another sip and said -

on: "God protect you, it shouldn't have been. Well, it was like that how it was, very funny! -

The young man stayed on the subject. "After all!" He objected.

»You have to look at the case as an example. You have to use draw application from it. -

"For example?" Asked Irene Trübner excitedly.

"If I should ever get married," said Rudi Struve, "then de as soon as my wife - sorry! - my wife quarrel looking to go to Copenhagen. -

The young lady rose. »I seem over the moment to be fluid. I am not aware of such wisdom

sen. - I'll pick up the men in five minutes. To the ball! -. You leaned down and went to her room.

The two men raised their glasses and winked at each other funny too.

"The women can't take such talks," said

Külz. "But seriously, my dear: If you are married then go to Copenhagen before it's too late! -

"Must it be Copenhagen?"

"Beware! All right to the North Pole! The women notice only what they have in us when we're not at home. -

"So much for the geography of marriage," said the young man.

'May I ask you to understand our grief, which is all too understandable to water with Beaujolais? -

"You may," replied Oskar Külz. "Cheers, young man!"

"Cheers, old man!" Called Struve. "If it weren't for the women, there would be no excitement for us. And what would life be without Excitements!"

About the Chaussee, which leads from Rostock to Warnemünde,

a chain of cars. There were six Rostock taxis. In the first

Car that illuminates the night-time street with its headlights

a single passenger sat. White bearded and with dark glasses.

He opened the sliding window that separated him from the chauffeur.

"Faster!" He commanded. "Not everyone has as much time as you."

"If we hit a tree, we won't be quicker in Warnemünde," said the chauffeur.

"Faster!" Ordered the gentleman. »Without contradiction! I will replace you the tree. "He looked through the small window in the back of the car.

wall. The five other cars drove in single file behind him

ago.

Messrs Storm, Achtel and Karsten sat in the second car. And a fourth that looked like a wrestler. Big and beefy. With a neck like a tree stump. They smoked and entertained were quiet.

"A terrible habit from the boss!" Asked Philipp Achtel firmly. »If you blow me up through the night, I want to- at least know why and for what! -

Karsten said: "He'll have his reasons. For fun he won't throw the program over. ”

The wrestler nodded heavily. »I have the feeling that there should be a little brawl tonight. ”

"All right," growled Mr. Eighth. »But I'm a thinking man and demand to know the connections! One is after all, not a policeman! -

"On the contrary!" Storm laughed.

"I don't care why I make whom disabled," explained the wrestler. "The main thing is that I get my fee."

"Prolet!" Said Mr. Eighth.

"Now don't let your bird out!" Cried Karsten. "The boss knows what he wants. Whether he ties it to your nose or not. ”

"You shouldn't put anything on a red nose like that," said Storm.

Things were going high in the dance hall in Warnemünde. The spa guests had appeared in all kinds of disguises. Some came late cally. Other than sailors. Still others antique. Nobles too from the Rococo era arrived.

Colorful silk paper was over the electric lighting fixtures. pier excited. Streamers flew from the numerous corners, Lodges and niches on the parquet. The place was apparently built by a very romantic architect. All over It was swarming with small stairs, cozy corners and delicate pillars. You could have played hide and seek.

The chapel was very spirited. And although Irene cloudy had chosen a table that was far from the orchestra master butcher Külz fought as soon as he had sat down, already with sleep.

The young people were sitting next to him, smiling and closed to protect his sleep.

"I warned you," said the old man. "I do not know,

how it's related. But when I listen to music, I'm exhausted. -

»I don't think that's due to a lack of understanding of music

Struve remarked politely. »I am much more convinced that you get tired of sheer musicality! ”

"Right!" Said Külz, pleased. "That's the way it is! The louder the musical the more tired I get. - So, now take care of the parkett! "

"Shouldn't we rather keep you company?" Asked young girls.

“No, you shouldn't. March away with you! -

They got up and meandered past tables

Stumbling steps and getting lost in corners, right down to the parquet. she danced a slow waltz together.

Rudi Struve said: »This place seems to be a Gothic to have built the 10th century. -

"Do you know anything about Gothic?" She asked.

"No. But I also understand the twentieth century Nothing."

The slow waltz never ended. When the chapel

But it ended up applauding until she did

followed a tango. The man on the drums sang one

Text that was unquestionably created by the author's dozen had mixed up older hits.

Irene Trübner said: "It sounds like an Irish stew."

"It has to be that way," he said. »The audience wants the old ones

Hear songs again and again. Therefore, the hit manufacturer

don't write anything really new. Even if he could. ”

When the tango ended, they hiked back to the table.

Papa Külz was asleep. Each time he exhaled his bristles

Whiskers. They saw and listened to him for a while. Then

Struve said: "Shall we put him to bed?"

At the same moment, Külz opened his eyes and studied

amazes the pleasure-seeking environment.

"Oh," he said then. "I didn't even know where I was!"

He wanted to continue talking. But suddenly his eyes widened

and round like a doll. He stared at the table in amazement.

The young people followed his gaze. Miss Trübner was

white as a limestone wall and whispered hoarsely: “It's not that possible."

There was a packet on the table!

It was the same package they had in Copenhagen at noon
Mr. Külz had plugged in when they went through the railway barrier!
And it was the same package that Mr. Külz had on the truck
"Danmark" had been stolen by a false customs officer!
The old man touched his head. "Am I still sleeping?" Asked
he.

"No," said Rudi Struve. "But why are you so
excited? "

Külz leaned over to him, pointing to the uncanny
Parcel and whispered: "That's the wrong miniature!"

Struve looked at Miss Trübner. She nodded.

"And there is a letter next to it," says Külz. He reached for it.

The young man called the waiter, who was leaning against a pillar.

"There was a stranger to us in the last few minutes
Table?"

"I noticed nothing, sir."

"Or did a messenger deliver something?"

"Not that I know of, sir."

"It's good," said Struve. "I thank."

The waiter withdrew.

Butcher Külz took the reading glasses out of the jacket and
opened the envelope. When he put on the glasses and the letter
pulled out of the envelope, his fingers trembled. He folded it
Spread apart and read what was on the sheet.

" We are indeed," it said in the letter, "to Frechheiten JE
accustomed to the degree But what you afforded us
is undoubtedly the pinnacle of insolence. And you want
be a decent person? Shame yourself! Goodbye!"

He handed the letter to the other two.

Despite the serious situation, Rudi Struve had to laugh. »The Gau

"They're morally indignant!" he said. "That too. It will
always beautiful. -

Irene Trübner sat pale and silent in her corner, pressed the
Handbag close to himself and looked around with fearfully erring eyes
yourself.

Mr. Külz was outraged. "Should I be ashamed?" He asked angrily.
tend. »No one in my life has ever done that to me
say daring. And of all people these are the first! "He
thought. Then he said affectionately: "Besides, I have
believed himself to be the real one! -

»You can tell your friends from the coupe, the next time we see them, »Rudi Struve suggested smiling in front. "Our robbers love to write letters." He nodded cheerfully to Papa Külz. »With me they have already corrected respondiert. "

"Then when?"

»While I have your coupe on the tractor this afternoon looked a little closer, they secretly stuck a bouquet to the hat. »

Miss Trübner was startled. "So that's it!"

"Did they insult you too?" Asked Oskar Külz.

"No, just warned."

"Why didn't you tell me the truth on the train?"

asked Irene Trübner.

"What for?" He smiled. 'You would only have looked after me provides. Or not, beautiful princess? »

"I want to go to the hotel," said Miss Trübner excitedly. "I wants to go to the hotel on the spot. I won't stay here a minute longer! -

"Unfortunately, that is not possible," said Rudi Struve. »Do you think the guys just brought us back the wrong miniature and then went to Berlin? -

"What do you think?" Asked Külz.

«What's the last remark in the letter you just got Struve asked.

Butcher Külz unfolded the bow again, looked inside and read: "Goodbye!"

"Just! We cannot take a step outside the door without at least a dozen strong men attack us. -

"Enjoy yourself," said Külz. 'And I have my stick in the Hotel left! »He leaned over to Miss Trübner and asked quietly:

"Where's the real miniature?"

"I - I have her with me." She clenched her teeth to not crying.

"You'll get the moths," said Külz. 'I feel like in a besieged fortress. »

"Fortunately our fortress has restoration operations," said Struve. »Food and drink are provided for the time being.-

"If only I hadn't forgotten my walking stick!"

Papa Külz again.

"The stick wouldn't help you either," Rudi replied

Page 73

Struve and began to carefully examine the faces of the other guests to undergo testing. 'If you have any idea what a plan our friends have put together! -

Irene Trübner whispered: "I'm freezing."

Külz waved to the waiter and said: "Three large cognacs. But a little suddenly! -

CHAPTER 11

D ER K OSTÜMBALL GOING TO E NDE

The "Night in St. Pauli" continued. It is one of the most irritating experiences you can have: indifference to feel the environment. And who wouldn't have felt it yet? The Kapelle played no less loudly and exuberantly than before. On the tables, boxes and niches were more and more welcoming. The streamers were moving, from the chandeliers and columns hanging capitals, like curtains on open windows. The empty bottles of wine multiplied like rabbits. Guests gin
New guests appeared.

"What do you keep squinting at the door?" Asked Kütz.

»We will hardly be brought in another miniature! We have both of them already. -

"That's just it," said Rudi Struve.

The butcher groaned. "On such a powder keg I haven't sat in my whole life. Even though I was nonier!" He waved to the waiter. "Upper, three more cognacs!" Like a worried father, he looked over at Irene Trübner.

"And our princess says nothing?"

She winced. "Gentlemen! You are in a horrible situation. What do you two actually have to do with the whole thing? How? I ask you to put me on the spot leave alone! Go to the hotel or drive to Berlin or to Copenhagen! Drive wherever you want! But go She!"

"And what about you?" Asked the young man.

"Oh, I know how to help myself," she said. »I send an a waiter or a cigarette boy to the nearest cop. "

Rudi Struve raised his eyebrows. 'Are you going to tell me what the next cop to start with two dozen criminals? "

She did not answer.

"It's six hundred thousand crowns," he continued. "One has already for three marks twenty pfennigs two to three adult men beaten to death. -

She said: "I can also call the Rostock police headquarters. fen. "

"Of course you can," he admitted. "But it becomes a purpose

hardly have it. Because we are unquestionably surrounded, madam!
Completely changed! Our friends also have certain ro-
a post on the arterial road to Warnemünde,
who will contact the siege army by phone
can, if necessary. And as soon as this post reports
that a robbery car is on the way, the gentlemen turn us
Necks around. Then no police headquarters will help. -
Papa Külz was getting angry. "Stop it!" Said
he. 'You may be right. But what should we do? Up to
wait for our funeral? That is not my strength!"
"Neither do I," said Struve. "If we only knew approximately
what the guys are up to! ”
They were silent for a long time and looked shocked at the turkey
that surrounded them and did not concern them in the least.
The waiter brought the three cognacs.
"Well, cheers!" Growled Oskar Külz.
They raised their glasses.
Rudi Struve put his glass down without drinking. He
looked at the door and said: "Now it's getting serious! I ask the oh
to keep it stiff! -
The other two followed his gaze. And Papa Külz
gulped in amazement. Because Messrs Storm and Eighth stood
the middle of the bar! Behind them, a number of men pushed through the
Door that also seemed to belong to the gang.
"I wouldn't have thought that possible!"
Mr. Struve. »An open robbery? In the middle of peace? '
pulled himself up and pulled out an empty bottle of wine from under the table.
"Do you have anything left?" Asked Papa Külz. He was
suddenly out of the house and beamed all over the face.
The young man held out a bottle. "Here!" He whispered.
"I'd rather have my stick." Külz seemed very attached to this
hanging stick.
Irene Trübner said resolutely: "Give me one of those
Grenade! "
"Nonsense!" Said Külz. 'If it's club swinging here
comes, quickly sit under the table and hold on
close your ears! -
"I don't even think about it!"
"For my sake," Struve asked. "Your future husband would do it to us
never forgive if you took Schmissee on this scale and

look like a corps student from tomorrow. -

"Please let my future husband out of the game," she said irritably. "Better watch out for the bandits!"

Storm and Eighth had sat down at a table and looked around the restaurant searching. When little Mr. Storm had discovered his old friend Külz, he greeted smiled with delight.

The old butcher got a fiery red skull. "So there was no cheek yet," he said. "I will him the wine bottle around the messed up ears until he like one wall covered with pieces of glass! And the other one has me made it clear that he was visiting wife and children here! - "Humans don't stop learning," Rudi Struve claimed. In order to he should be right.

The next moment it went out in the dance hall Light! That fulfilled by at least one hundred and fifty people Local sank into black night. All stairs, niches, angles and boxes were in the dark. It was pitch dark as in a card toffelkeller.

The chapel broke off with a miss chord. Just the first violinist continued to play a few bars. Then he gave too it on. The dancing couples on the floor and the guests at the tables laughed out loud. Glasses fell over. It was tender in some corners. You could hear kisses if you had good ears.

Most thought the whole thing was a fancy idea of ??the direction. But then someone shouted: "Help, help!" It was a woman. What should that mean? Was it still fun? They all felt: It wasn't fun, and it never had been.

Now countless voices screamed in confusion. Tables and Chairs crashed over. Wood splintered. The waiters swore like the coachman. They were afraid that their guests might NEN. A mirror went into ruins. Or was it a glass door? Or a window? You saw nothing and drowned in noises. Cry, Screams and hysterical laughter mingled.

"Light!" Shouted the people. "Light, light!"

The mess was complete. Women were outlined clung to strange clothes, to tablecloths, to strange ones Arms and legs. Searched over those lying on the floor to escape others into the open. But where was the door? A chandelier shattered. It was raining glass. The screams for

The light and the cries for help grew wild and always sounded eerie. The hell was going on.

But a hell in which the devil and the poor sinners have nothing could see!

And then, after an eternity, it got light again.

How long this eternity had given - whether five or ten months grooves - nobody would have known to say that. Nobody asked.

But everyone stared around in alarm. Nothing could be worse Earthquakes can house.

"Like after the deluge," said the buffalo. she had saved himself on the shop board, knelt in a punch cake and had clenched his hands in a cherry pie.

The devastation was enormous. The guests resembled shredded Gypsies. Blouses were torn open. You saw jackets with one Sleeves and noble Spaniards in underpants. An elderly rococo The lady in disguise lay under an inverted table. she had Whipped cream with red wine in her hair and wailed miserably. Guests, you stumbled across, crouched on the floor and

held their heads. The wines and liqueurs made from glasses and Bottles had flowed into sticky puddles. The director rose erroneously over the rubble and rolled over the damage.

Women were looking for their husbands. Dented lovers were looking for theirs Girlfriends. Waiters were looking for their guests. The first violinist unconscious in front of the podium. The violin bow was broken.

One was reminded of Varus in the Teutoburg Forest. Only that itself the Roman general in no fiddle bow, but in a sword had fallen.

The violin was like a crushed cigar box. The saxophone Nest sat in the cello and struggled to get out.

A chandelier, numerous wall lamps, one window, one The glass door and a large mirror had broken. Where one stepped in, grated glass.

The director had the elder Rococo countess of the freed the existing table, picked it up and wanted to go to the washrooms lead. On this occasion, he slipped and fell into a Sherry brandy puddle.

Outside in the corridor, in front of the electrical cabinet Fuses, the cloakroom woman sat on the floor and had hers Knitting stocking in the middle of the mouth.

And stood above all the rubble and turmoil, up in his corner

Page 78

Butcher Külz from Berlin, upright, a god of
Revenge, and held a lonely chair leg in the mighty fist.

"Who wants to go to the hospital?" He called, looking around wildly. "I
do it for free! -

Nobody answered.

At his feet was a man whom he was in the dark around him
to render it harmless, the tie had contracted so tightly,
that the poorest had fallen without resistance. By the way, it was
a completely harmless guest, a freight forwarder from Güstrow.
And over the red-plush box parapet hung upside down
the third man, the head waiter of the restaurant. It was an empty one
Wine bottle hit and slightly damaged. He was straight
about to regain consciousness. The table was still on everyone
four. But the sugar bowl including the sugar cubes, the ash
mug with the ashes and a bouquet of roses with the vase that lay
everything on the blue suit of the freight forwarder from Güstrow.

"Just no false shame!" Cried the butcher and
the chair leg swung over the gray one like a Turkish saber
Head. 'Don't push. Everyone's turn! -

Fraulein Trübner was crouched in her corner. Your flirtatious hat
Chen had slipped. She was stunned, she had
Eyes wide open and held her handbag firmly to her chest
pressed.

Papa Külz looked around, nodded to the young girl
victorious and said: "You are gone, my dear child."

"Who's gone?" She asked.

"The criminals," he said proudly. "Besides the two guys here,
I killed. -

"But one is a waiter," she said.

He looked at the man hanging over the parapet. "This is me
but embarrassing. "

The other man, who was lying on the floor, pulled his tie.
ker, coughed and explained hoarsely: "I am a freight forwarder. How do you get
to strangle me? "

"You're not a robber either?" Asked Külz, startled.

"A robber? Are you dun? "

"I'm terribly sorry," stammered the butcher and
bowed. "Excuse me! Külz! "

"Ehmer," said the other. "Very pleasant!" He straightened
laboriously looked up and looked at the sugar cubes in despair

and the roses on his blue suit. Then he got up and limped from there. He took the roses with him.

"Well, I was right," grumbled Külz. "The Criminals are gone! -

Irene Trübner smiled. Suddenly she released her arms from her chest and stared at her purse. The zipper was open. she peeked in, lifted his head and whispered, as pale as death. door is gone! -

The chair leg fell from Oskar Külz's hand. He himself sank into a chair. Then he jumped up again, looked around and said: this young friend is gone too! -

"Who?" She asked.

"Rudi Struve."

"He too?" Irene Trübner shook her head and looked lost stupidly to himself. "He also?"

When the two constables arrived from the police station, were she was surrounded by the spa guests, whose clothes and suits suffered had. Damages were demanded in all keys.

"It's none of our business," said the guards. "Must do that Report it to the landlord. "

The guests rushed or hobbled to the buffet, as the case may be. outward The director stood at the buffet and poured a schnapps after him to change. He had lost his nerve and was hastily drinking a bottle empty that had remained intact. The two constables waded through the wreckage and went to the old cloakroom woman, whose experiences they had heard over the phone.

She was sitting outside in the hallway, holding her knitted stocking in the fiery hands.

"You saw the guys?" Asked one of the constables.

"Yes," she said eagerly. "There were two. They got through there the back door and opened the small electric closet. I asked what that meant. But they didn't answer at all.

I now wanted to run into the kitchen and get whom. Then he stopped me a firm. The other took my knitting stocking away from me. I was left mouth open in shock. And suddenly I had mine Knitting stocking in there. They put me on the chair and turned him so that I couldn't see what they were doing. Well, and briefly then it became pitch black. "

"And when it got light again?"

"The two guys were gone, of course," said the old woman.

"And I sat there with a sore throat."

"You don't know anything else?"

"That's all. And when I swallow, I have stitches. ”

"Swallow as little as possible!" Advised one of the constables.

The other asked, "Paul, do you understand? Not me!"

"Neither do I," said Paul. »Two men come, ma-
dark and run away again! And afterwards the place looks like
a junk shop. ”

"Maybe they were competition people," said the cook.
derobenfrau.

The sergeant grinned. They didn't know anything either. But
they knew better!

Now a tall old man appeared in the door frame. He led
a pretty young lady who is not particularly comfortable
len seemed. The man said, "We need to speak to you urgently.
Allow me, Kütz! -

»Claims for damages are to be made to the local owner.
said one of the constables.

Mr. Kütz laughed bitterly. 'If the landlord is six hundred thousand
Danish crowns left, we can try it! -

"Why six hundred thousand crowns?" Asked the protector,
who listened to the first name Paul. »Has something been stolen
the?"

"You are good," said Kütz. "You thought the electrical could work here
Light off for sheer pleasure? The lady is a miniature
been stolen. From from..."

"From Holbein!" Added Irene Trübner.

"First names?" Asked one of the constables.

"Hans," said the young lady.

Cried the other constable. 'At least that's something!

His name is Hans Holbein! -

"Who are you talking about?" Asked Kütz.

"Well, from the thief, Hans Holbein!"

"Human child!" Exclaimed Kütz. "Holbein is the painter!" He
stretched proudly. Knowledge is power. "The thief is someone else.
The thief is about two dozen thieves! Since Copenhagen
chasing us. On the traject they gave me a copy of the
stolen from nature. That was a brilliant idea from Miss Trübner.
But earlier they brought the copy back to me. she was laying
suddenly on the table. With a letter. And then it got dark.

When it got light again, it was Miss Trübner's handbag real miniature disappeared! The miniature was gone. The thieves were away. And a good friend of ours was gone too. True- apparently they dragged him along. Too bad. It was a very nice young man. From Berlin. His name is Rudi Struve. - Fraulein Trübner said: "Hopefully he is not serious happened! "She was silent for a while. Then she got up. "I must call Brussels immediately. My boss is in Brussels. I must report the theft to him. "

The two constables remained silent for a long time.

"Don't talk so much," said Külz. "Always pretty after the other! -

"Would you like to accompany us to the station?" Said one of the policemen.

"The gang can't be far yet. We have to immediately Notify the relevant areas. And the Rostock Presidium. -

The other sergeant opened the door. "May I ask?"

"Just a moment!" Asked Oskar Külz. »I have to order you Please note that I am the head waiter and a freight forwarder named Ehmer in the dark. I thought it would be thieves. "He was depressed. »But I also do everything wrong! "

"It's not that important right now," said one of the guards. master.

His colleague at the door repeated: "May I ask?"

Then a waiter stumbled out of the hall.

"Aha," growled Külz. "We haven't paid yet."

Irene Trübner took a banknote from her handbag and gave it the waiter the bill. "It's true," she added.

The waiter bowed low. "It wasn't because of that,"

he did. "The gentlemen left something on the table."

He was holding a package and a letter.

Külz grabbed hold of it. "The wrong miniature!" He cried. "And the

Letter in which the guys insulted me so. Give that

Stuff it here! "He pocketed both and said," Next, forget

I still have the kopp! 'He turned to the two constables:

"It does the calcification, gentlemen."

Irene Trübner whispered: "Please come, Papa Külz! We have- in a hurry! -

CHAPTER 12

VATER LIEBLICHS GROGKELLER

The six car taxis whipped across the night road again.

They drove back to Rostock.

The white-bearded gentleman sat in the last car. He had the dark one

Glasses removed. In the long run, black glasses hinder

the view. Especially for people with healthy eyes.

Professor Horn looked tense through the small window in the

Trailer tailgate. In fact, he didn't look through the window

ster, but through the hole that was created by the fact that he

Had cut out the window. A person who has a gun in

holds in his hand and expects motor vehicles to approach

where policemen are sitting may have a loopholes

use. But no window glass in front of it.

Professor Horn intended to put in the tires of such cars

he didn't like shooting holes in it. This is a relatively

ugly humane yet effective method, people who do it

in a hurry to prevent rapid progress.

In the first of the six taxis sat Messrs Storm, Achtel and

Karsten. And the man on the way to Warnemünde

Wrestler had resembled. He had changed in the meantime.

Not to his advantage. He had several on his low forehead

Bumps. And his nose was at an angle on his face and was

swollen. You might have thought he was in one

Threshing machine.

"You have to buy a new hat tomorrow," said

little Mr. Storm. »Your head is at least two numbers

men got bigger. -

"Nonsense trying to steal in the dark," growled the deformed

mated wrestlers. 'Now I don't even know who I'm going to

owe adornments. I would have liked to reciprocate. "

"You shouldn't be so petty," said Herr Philipp Achtel. "I

for my part, I'm glad that the raid took place in the dark. -

"How so?"

"Oh, suddenly there was a woman around my neck, a good two

Hundredweight with bones weighed. She clung to me, screamed

Help and wanted to be saved. Of all people! Lucky

that we'll soon be with Father Lieblisch. I can use a grog

chen. "

The wrestler became curious. »Why did you have in the dark realized that it was a woman? ”

"First name," said Eighth cynically.

Miss Trübner and Mr. Fleischermeister Külz were on the Revier in Warnemünde was questioned on their personal details.

They had presented their passports and the boy's name

To the man who had disappeared from the dance hall without a trace.

He lived in Charlottenburg on Holtzendorffstrasse, had that Miss added.

"The gang probably dragged Mr. Struve along," said the inspector said. 'He will have defended himself. He will He ran to stop them. And then you have overwhelmed him. ”

"Terrible!" Exclaimed Külz. "The poor boy! Who knows how and where we find him again. Hopefully he has no relatives. ”

Irene Trübner sank into melancholy and tried to get out of hers Gloves to twist a rope.

She almost succeeded. However, she was

broken. Brussels answered. The young lady hurried to the next room. mer. To the phone. The boss will be amazed, she thought. Hopefully he doesn't give notice until January 1st.

In the meantime, Mr. Oskar Külz spread through Mr. Storm and the remaining occupants of the third-class coupe in which he traveled was. He pointed out that it was Rudi Struve who took him with him Help a fairy tale about the public danger of the passengers had drawn attention.

Then Külz reported on his strange experiences in Copenhagen, from the "four-leaf horseshoe", from the Pension Curtius and the white-bearded gentleman with dark glasses. He got that Meeting with Storm at the Hotel d'Angleterre and before Antique shop in Bredgade after. And finally try he looked at the physiognomies Storms, Achtels, Horns and the to describe the rest clearly. Well, that's completely different People like a man like Oskar Külz failed.

The inspector asked short interim questions. A police officer protoco-llided 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. "Of from there you will then take the necessary steps. I-

Let the local customs station and the railway police inform you. Otherwise the gang may be driving back to Copenhagen.

Excuse me!"

"Please, please!" Replied the witness. "Now show what you do can! I would like to see what I do so much taxes for pay."

The inspector met Miss Trübner at the door. She said:

»Mr. Steinhövel awards ten thousand marks for the creation of the miniature. And tomorrow afternoon he meets in Berlin a. -

The inspector was beside himself. »Ten thousand marks reward?

We were still missing that! Now, starting tomorrow, all the people who are have too much time and too little money, run the booth down and join

Cover important news! "He moved away angrily.

"Well, child?" Said Külz. »Did your boss fire you out ert? "

"No. But he wants the miniature back! It's about the money not doing him. The Holbein miniature is five hundred thousand Mark insured. "

"What is there," exclaimed Mr. Külz. 'If I'm your boss if I bit my joy that the holbein was stolen, in the thumb and take the five hundred thousand marks from the Insurance! I would even write a letter to the gang, she shouldn't bring the miniature back for heaven's sake! "

»My boss loves art, not money.-

"This is pathological," said the master butcher. "Absolutely morbid. Hopefully it won't get worse. "

A quarter of an hour later, the police inspector brought his two Witnesses returned to the Hotel Beringer and asked them to be the closest To be ready tomorrow at six o'clock. He then fetches them in the car and accompany them to Rostock. The instances there still had to ask some questions.

He said goodbye.

"Now we can sleep peacefully," said Külz when he and Irene Trübner climbed the hotel stairs. "What's gone doesn't growl more. "He shook her hand. "Good night my child. tomorrow early we drive for the first time in the Green Minna. Hopefully I don't dream of it. "

"Good night, Papa Külz," she said wearily. "Sleep well!"

Then she unlocked the room door.

"Stop!" He called, reaching into his jacket pocket. "Do not you want Got your fake holbein back? "He held out the package.

"No," she said. »If the real one is gone, I need it too not wrong. It is not worth much anyway. Do you want him to Remember your Danish adventure? My boss did definitely don't mind. He doesn't collect copies. "

"As you like," said Külz. »Many thanks too. I'm going things hanging over the sofa in our shop. There is still for what little place. "He yawned and nodded to her. "That was a Day! Gentlemen! And where may our Rudi be now? I miss him almost. "

"Good night, Papa Külz," she whispered, quickly kicking inside her Room.

The net in which thieves are caught today is made of wire and means: the telephone network. The wires attached to tall masts moving through the country, buzzed. The report of the robbery of the Holbein miniature and the fact of high reward tended in all directions with lightning speed. In the newspaper buildings, the rotating machines were stopped. The nighttime expensive sealed two-column headings and left the news follow up on.

Lieblich's Grogkeller is in one of those Rostock streets, the lead steeply down to the harbor.

Unfortunately there are people everywhere whose lives guilty of it is that the penal codes are not abolished there are also bars and restaurants in every city meet dark livelihoods to develop their professional experience swap and indulge in the enjoyment of alcohol.

Professor Horn was the first to arrive at Father Lieblich's and let himself be lead immediately into the back room, on the door of which a sign is was brought. "Small club room" was on the sign.

Father Lieblich seemed to know the white-bearded guest, burst out Curiosity and died with respect.

"Out!" Ordered Professor Horn. »My people will be the same come. We wish to remain undisturbed. -

Father Lieblich retired submissively.

The professor took a seat.

Little by little, in small groups, the other fellow members of the »association-. They sat down next to those scattered around the room Tables. Father Lieblich served personally. They smoked and drank.

"We are complete," said little Mr. Storm suddenly. "Just the two that you left behind in the seaside resort of Warnemünde len. "

"It's good." Professor Horn waved to the landlord.

Father Lieblich rolled away.

The boss looked around the room. "I assume the police is already in the picture. We have no time to lose. I drive Quickly to the Hotel Blucher, get my suitcase, pay and state I'm going to Hamburg. Then I come back here and take my beard off. You others crumble as much as possible quickly. Storm and Eighth can arrange that. The main thing is that you march separately. Everyone is in Berlin on Tuesday! I'm going visit some northern German cities as an English tourist. The will be necessary in the interest of Holbein the Younger. -

The others smiled.

"Maybe I'll check the box," said the boss. "It may need 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 don't know," said Storm.

"But I know it," answered Professor Horn. »Has still have a question? ”

The others were silent.

"Good," he said. "Now give me the package and run away!" rose and stopped waiting.

Nobody moved.

"Go Go! Bring on the miniature! -

The men looked at each other in silence.

Each waited for the other to pull a packet out of his pocket will. They waited in vain. Professor Horn stamped it Walk on. "Who has the miniature?"

"I don't have it," said Philipp Achtel. 'I thought Klopfet she would have. He was closest to the table when the lights went out. ”

"I don't have it," said the man called Knocker. "As the light went out, a woman thought I was her husband. You stopped me firm and kept calling me Arthur. When I finally got to the Handbag could be empty. Then I thought Pietsch had it Miniature."

Pietsch was the guy who looked like a wrestler. He pours telte the demolished skull. 'I don't have it either. I reached out

after the bag. But before I got her, someone radioed me with a hard object on my head that I, about after the fourth blow, fell over. I thought Kern had it. ”

"No, I don't have it either," said the boy.

"Don't drive me crazy!" Cried the boss. "Twelve people from we were in the restaurant. Ten stood outside. It was all in last prepared. And now nobody wants the miniature! who has she?"

The men remained silent. The silence was frightening.

"Who has it?" Repeated the boss. He waved electricity and ach-tel. "Search!"

While Storm and Achtel all pockets of their club

When he turned around, Professor Horn checked his revolver. He did the same the thoroughness of the professional. Then he nodded thoughtfully. The Diagnosis seemed to have been satisfactory. He looked up.

Messrs Storm and Achtel had ended their work. she looked blankly at their boss and shrugged.

"Nothing to be found," said little Storm.

"Nothing," said Philipp Achtel. His face, with the exception the nose had turned very pale.

»The miniature has no doubt been stolen from the handbag said! ”said Storm. "But not from us!"

"The police will chase us," said Mr. Eighth. "But we are unfortunately 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 Blücher and make phone calls to Warnemünde. -

"And we?" Asked Storni.

"Stay here!" Growled the boss. »Only Karsten is coming!- He slammed the door. Karsten hastily followed.

CHAPTER 13

E IN K OMMISSAR HAS A T HEORIE

Professor Horn paced the hotel room like a tiger.

Karsten brought the toilet items out of the bathroom.

and packed the suitcase. "Calm down, boss!" Asked

he. »We already have a million. Leupold has been in since yesterday

Holland. Van Tondern has taken over the pictures. The trail is

blurred."

'I need to know how the holbein disappeared! I have to

knowledge!"

"Maybe he hasn't disappeared at all," said Karsten.

"If this Miss Trübner is no longer in his hand -

had a bag? "

»Don't talk tin! Of course she had it in her pocket! As they

going down to the parquet floor to dance, she took the bag with her.

Such a girl doesn't take a handbag that big

Parquet if there is no important reason! Where else this

Saint Bernard of a master butcher stayed at the table! excluded

closed! "

Karsten locked the suitcase. "And how do you explain that

the bag was empty when our people got in? "

"If I could explain that to myself, I wouldn't be so angry!"

The telephone rang. The professor picked up the receiver.

»Here Professor Horn! - Aha! Are you still alive? I thought you

make a moonlit voyage at sea! '

Communications made to him. Suddenly his face grew

unnaturally long. He asked hastily and hoarsely: "Do you know that

right? "He listened again.

Then he said: "The quickest way to get to Ro-

stick and stay in the grogkeller for the next few days. And move you

not away from the phone! Roger that? Leichsenring remains the girl

on the heels. What? Yup! Even if they go to China

Should drive! "He hung up.

Then he called Father Lieblich's grogkeller and asked Herr

Storm. "Hear 2u!" He ordered when Storm answered. "Let yourself be

Call the old man a reliable garage! Get involved immediately

few cars! You will be at the university in five minutes. This works out

Not? Then in four minutes! Why no cars? I see. - If

you can find something like that, it's fine with me. Yes / Yes. If already, because already! "He hung up and looked at Karsten, shaking his head and shouted: "Well, that's the summit!"

"What?"

"The young man has disappeared."

"What young man?"

»The one with Steinhövel's secretary and your Mr. Külz stuck! -

"He's no longer in Warnemünde?"

"No."

"Then he stole the holbein!"

"You notice everything too!" The professor rubbed his beard, as if he wanted to tear it off. »To mess up my craft! N / A wait, my boy! "

"He was smarter than we were," Karsten said.

"Sly? No. But prettier. Much prettier! I would have-easily let go of the eighth of the goose in love? Or Storm? With his floppy ears? Who of you would she be in are you supposed to gape? -

"I don't know," said Karsten. "And where's the boy now?"

The boss lit a cigarette and pawed thoughtfully yourself. »On the way to Berlin, I guess! Of course he knows that Steinhövel's secretary reported his disappearance to the police. So he can't go back to Copenhagen. The others Border posts are already informed. -

"He's just like us."

"We have to leave immediately. We'll be somewhere ferret. And if I take a close-up look at the streets to Berlin should search! -

"I want to make a suggestion," Karsten said.

"In fact?"

"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! What do you want your fingers in a mouse trap for? stuck? "

"That is out of the question!" Cried Professor Horn. "I let don't dance around on my nose by any amateur! The

Page 90

would be even nicer! -

"Maybe he's not an amateur at all. Maybe he's part of the kurrenz! "

"Because of me! And if he were Cagliostro personally - me wants to have the holbein. First, let's steal a fake certificate!

Then a green nose steals the original from our noses!

This goes too far! That's it! -

"Here you go."

»We will leave Rostock in a few minutes. It's going to be outside already bright again. We are calling from Berlin from Neustrelitz and signal him. Graumann likes to meet us with his people genkommen. And then we crush the Adonis! Only that Miniature must stay whole. You remember like the boy looked like? "

"Approximately."

»Write it down! So that Graumann and his people find the right one wipe."

Then there was a knock on the door.

The two flinched. Visits at dawn mean-

if they are dubious men of honor, rarely something good

th. Professor Horn reached into the pocket in which the revolver was stuck and shouted: "Who's there?"

"The maid," she answered outside in the corridor.

"I don't need you!" Cried the boss.

"Something has been given to the professor," explains the female voice.

Karsten pushed the bolt back, opened the door, took one

Received letter and closed the door again. He gave the letter to him

Professor.

The latter tore open the envelope and read something on the letterhead

was standing. His features grew more and more discouraged. Finally he threw it

Letter on the carpet, took his head in both hands and said

quietly: »That is too much! You can get cramps from that. Oh that

Halunke should get to know me! -

Karsten picked up the letter and read it. It was in log book

written and read as follows:

They like to write letters. I feel the same way. Furthermore, I am

Owe you an answer. Despite your well-

intended advice put in danger. Perished in it, would like

I inform you, I am not yet for the time being.

The attack on the dance hall was not staged badly. That you could not have known that I also rave about the old masters. Frankly, I am very excited to see who is faster. Whether you. Or the police. Or I.

See you in Berlin!

Holbein the Younger

After a while Karsten said: "Such a cheeky dog!" Then he sank into silence.

"And should I let him go?" Asked Professor Horn indignantly.

'I don't think you're serious! The whole industry would be one

Laugh at us for months! "He rang the maid.

She came, was plump and had red cheeks.

Horn stepped forward. »Who gave you the letter? On Delivery boy?"

"No," she said. 'He looked like a young man out of good House. First he was at the doorman and asked which one Professor's room lives. "

"He knew my name?"

"No. But he described the professor. The porter chic raised him up. He gave me the letter. And five marks. The letter should I hand in here. I should keep the money. - Then the junior the man went down and spoke to the doorman. Especially he wanted to know whether the road to Berlin in good condition would."

Karsten asked: "What did the gentleman look like?"

"Brunette," said the maid. "Grey eyes.

Slim. Beardless. Eighty-three tall. And collar size Fourty."

The two men looked at the girl speechlessly.

She laughed. "He counted it all up and said I had to be good notice. Because you would ask me about it. I loved that funny. He was very funny at all. And pretty. A picture of a man! "She went to the door. 'But he didn't have that for me applied. "She curtsied and wanted to leave.

"Stop!" Cried Professor Horn. "Did the gentleman drive away in the taxi?"

"No," she said. 'He had a private car. And gone

I don't think he's driving yet. He was sitting a minute ago at least still in his car down in front of the hotel and drank one Meat broth with egg. "

She curtsied and left.

A few hours later, Irene Trübner and Fleimaster Külz in Rostock and spoke to a criminal commissioner who sat across from them dead tired and unshaven. In front of him stood a steaming cup of coffee.

He drank in little sips and said, "I have to take you sorry for making me look so uncomfortable. But I have slept less than an hour. And on this miserable sofa! Before and after I had to deal with the unfortunate theft do that affected you. There were numerous orders to be made so that the one who stole the wife of Henry VIII did not escaped. Isn't it awful? Not even painted women are safe from lovers!" He laughed. Then he yawned heart-wrenched tearing. Then he shrugged, somewhat embarrassed drank coffee again.

"Cheers!" Said Herr Külz. »Is there anything new, Commissioner sar? "

"Not yet," said the officer. "But what in the short time could be done was done. The network is inexorable together. The fishing train is just around the corner, so to speak. -

"Hopefully you won't catch old boots!" Said Mr. Külz.

"Definitely not. I asked Berlin, Mr. Rudolf Struve from Holtzendorffstrasse to be arrested. -

Irene Trübner quickly bowed her head and stroked with trembling fingers her costume skirt smooth.

Oskar Külz was much more diffuse. "Allow me!"

he growled. »That is all sorts of things. A gang of boiled out Strolchen steals a miniature that cost half a million.

And because a brave young man defends himself, you take the same with. Please, something like that can happen. But that then the police want to arrest the young man instead of the gang of robbers arrest, that's new! It is too apart for me, I have to tell you say very openly! -

The inspector raised his hand. »Not so heated, dear Mr. Külz!

I have my own theory. It remains to be seen whether it is correct. -

"What is a theory?" Külz asked the woman
lein Trübner.

She replied, "If what you have to do is very difficult, make a plan that temporarily overcomes the difficulties

Untitled. "

"Then that's a theory?"

"Yes!"

"Aha," growled Klzl. "I've known that for a long time. I would know just not yet, as they say. My wife is very big in theories. I simply refer to this as 'lazy excuses'. - Children, I am glad that struve is not at home! Robbed by crooks and also being arrested by the police, that's a bit a lot for the individual. -

The Commissioner could not be disturbed. 'To be wrong human. But I hardly think I'm wrong. "

"You're wronging the young man!" Exclaimed Kuehl. »I am one pretty uneducated person who doesn't even know what one Theory is. But if I'm someone for a decent guy hold on, then he is too! -

"Dear Mr. Klzl," replied the commissioner politely but legal, "I have to refresh your memory. I know about a gentleman who spent many hours in an iron train coup sat together with a gang of criminals and every some of these rascals thought he was a man of honor. "

The old butcher got it from the cough. When he ended Could talk again, he said, "You're right, so sorry. I'm sorry." does. Still, I swear you're wrong.

After all, it was Mr. Struve who brought this to my attention made it a crook. "

The inspector waved it off. 'He just did it with Miss Trbner and you thought him the more decent! Also wanted he stays close to you to prevent the gang from stealing come. Well, and he finally succeeded. -

Oskar Klzl shook his head angrily. "You're wrong, even though what you say might be true. "

The Commissioner said patiently, "You have to wait and see. And now I would like to put a few questions to the madam.

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, "a couple just before I left Buy shoes that I put in a shop window the day before had seen somewhere between the Nytorv and the Radhusplads.

I walked the streets and looked for the shop window. Suddenly someone called my first name. I turned around. It was mister Struve. "

"How did he know your first name?" Asked the inspector. "I think you didn't know each other at all! "

"Mr. Struve said I loved his cousin from Leipzig so much resembled that he thought it was her. "

The inspector smiled ironically. »My dear Miss, too much is too much. Whether you believed this lie to Mr. Struve I don't know. At least I don't believe her! Under no circumstances! It is conceivable that you resemble his cousin. It is imaginable that you have the same first name as a young lady in Have Leipzig. But that they look alike and still the same name - forgive me, that's a tough piece! -The
The inspector looked mockingly at Mr. Külz. »What do you think of?"

Papa Külz shrugged. "It sounds pretty weird. The I have to admit."

The Commissioner turned to Irene Trübner again. »What is then happened? "

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 on the road I asked him to go his own way. "

"And then?"

"Then he went his way," she said.

"When did you meet him again?"

"The next noon. On the express train. He came to my compartment sat across from me and asked if we could get along again wanted to."

The inspector drank the cup and put it down with great difficulty back to the saucer. "It's all clear," he said. "Just one doesn't want to get into my skull. That despite these history still doubt that this Mr. Struve with is closely related to the robbery of the miniature! It lies on the palm of your hand! -

Oskar Külz said: "It should have happened before that appearances have deceived. "

"Certainly," the officer admitted. »Once it should happen be men. But only once! And that was a long time ago. In any case

Page 95

I prefer to accidentally commit a little wrong than knowingly to tolerate a great one. ”

"It's too high for me," said Papa Külz. »Before One week ago I thought sausage making was the most hideous job of the world. But I think it is still necessary to hash criminals terrible. "

"A true word!" Said the inspector. He got up. "I would like to ask you to take the next train to Berlin and to make himself available to the police headquarters there. -

"On the Alex?" Asked Külz.

"Totally right. At Alexanderplatz. The authorities and that of It will surely soon be Mr. Steinhövel's high reward succeed in getting the miniature and its thief. -

He took the two to the door. Just when he wanted to open it, killed the phone. He quickly went to the desk and picked up the receiver and answered. After a few seconds of listening, he said:

"Thank you, mister!" And put the receiver on the fork back.

Irene Trübner and Mr. Külz were waiting at the door. The commissioner said: "I have just learned that Herr Rudolf Struve is in his Berliner Apartment in Holtzendorffstrasse has been arrested. I may recommend me. -

CHAPTER 14

Is H ERRN S TRUVES ODD V ERNEHMUNG

A bus loaded with about two dozen men rattled now for hours on Mecklenburg Chausseen. First was he drove southwest. Up to Schwerin. Then he was suddenly turned east and, after a long journey, had strelitz happens.

The passengers were dressed up strangely. They had cardboard noses and martial, false beards on the face. Had on their heads they paper balloon caps and turbans. And held in your hands they drop-sides and balloons. The man next to the driver 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, EV -act. The inmates waved their balloons, roared Wanderlieder, laughed boisterously and called the women and children to those who stood by the path in astonishment to make concrete remarks. Well, such club trips are nothing unusual.

At most, it was striking that the noise and cheerfulness times when the last houses of a village were gone, as if chopped off. The occupants of the bus were silent then, looked unfriendly and dozed in half sleep in front of them out.

Didn't they want to disturb the peace of the forests and meadows? loading did they force their merriment so as not to scare away the game?

It was different. It didn't bother the passengers just be happy! The Fideli fell on the quiet country roads abolished them and they got badly pinched expressions.

The man who looked like a wrestler said to Philip Eighth note: »You can safely save your cardboard nose. Your real one Nose looks artificial enough. -

Mr. Achtel replied: "I prefer the police to stop today me for a skat brother from Rostock as a regular from Plötzensee. "

"If only the benches weren't so hard!" Storm growled. "There you can get appendicitis! -

"Take an example from us," said Karsten, "and sit down not just on the appendix! -

Behind the chauffeur, also a member of the club, Mr. Pro

professor horn. He no longer had a beard, was shaved to shine, looked often on a map that was on his knees and orientated himself.

Suddenly he shouted: "Warning, we're coming to a village! I want to ask me that you are funnier this time! In Neustrelitz you behaved as if you came from a funeral. "

The Skat brothers shoved the cardboard noses and beards, cleared their made a thorough effort and sang on Storm's advice: "Well, that Air goes fresh and pure. Anyone who sits for a long time has to rust! "The hint the "long sitting" irritated Mr. Achtel so much that he was wrong sang.

The village was reached. The residents stopped curious. The children hopped next to the bus and wanted balloons snag. And the masked prisoners blared their songs in the summer air that it had some sort. Then the chauffeur stopped. The passengers tumbled against and confused.

"What's up?" Asked the boss.

"Our young man is filling up!"

The inmates had suddenly fallen silent.

"Do you guys want to be funny on the spot?" Grumbled Professor Horn threatening.

The others immediately became loud and fidgety. To keep the the bus gathered servants, maids, and school children.

A turbulent hustle and bustle relaxed. Peasants looked new greedily from the windows of their houses. An ox cart pushed past the bus. One ox didn't want to go any further. A few Balloons rose. The children cheered and fought over Bliss. The scene was like a folk festival.

"Boss!" Said little Mr. Storm. 'Why is the guy sitting not in the car? "

"Paulig should check what's going on," Horn ordered.

The chauffeur climbed off the bus and went to the gas station to carefully make inquiries.

The others were nervous, and while they were with the village

People joked, they didn't miss a lot of questions

Head. Where was the young man they were chasing? Did he have one?

Breakdown? Why didn't he come back when he got out?

What the hell was the incident supposed to mean?

At last Paulig, the chauffeur, came back. He climbed up in a hurry its place, accelerated and drove on. Meanwhile, he explained

hastily: »The car was borrowed. Here the young man exchanged for another car. He still changes in Gransee once. This is so common on this route with rental cars. -

"And in Berlin?" Asked Professor Horn.

"In Berlin he has to deliver the Granseer car to Kienast," he said. clarified the chauffeur. "It's a garage at the Szczecin train station."

Professor Horn smiled with satisfaction. "Excellent! In Gransee we hold a minute. I call Graumann again.

He should post a few people in front of the Berlin garage. Our jun dear friend is trapped. ”

"Even if the police let our skat club go up first,"

Karsten said darkly.

Mr. Eighth gave him a rib joint. The others sang cheered and waved. The villagers also waved. The mechanic at the gas station greeted militarily and laughed all over the face. The children who ran next to the car stopped.

They were completely out of breath from laughing and running.

The bus disappeared into a cloud of dust.

A little girl had conquered a red balloon and stumbled home happily. - So everything has its good.

In the meantime, Mr. Rudolf became a member of the Berlin police headquarters Struve, residing in Charlottenburg, Holtzendorffstrasse 7, by one Commissioner questioned.

Struve was a small, stocky gentleman. With lively movements and with a blonde mane. He saw himself amused in the room around.

The commissioner was holding a kind of carpenter's pencil, frequently tapped the edge of the desk with the pen and smiled indulgently.

"Well, Mr. Struve," he said. "I hope you see that you Project has failed. Lighten your conscience! confessions reduce our work and your sentence! -

Then he leaned back as if he were sitting in the theater and waiting the peripetia of drama.

Mr. Struve made frog eyes. He had been around since he was had gotten out of bed the morning after, so much had happened to him hadn't understood that he really wasn't anymore wondered. On the other hand, of course, he was eager to know what to do wanted from him. It had to be found out! He seized so the word. 'Dear Commissioner, I would be

grateful every day if you expressed yourself more precisely. Watch You, I really want to tell you from your heart what you want from wish me to learn. If only I knew what it was about These! Can that be done? -

The inspector knocked on the carpenter's pencil Desk edge. »It certainly shouldn't be about the necessary precision missing, Mr. Struve. ”

"That pleases me."

"On whose behalf were you in Copenhagen?"

Mr. Struve raised his eyebrows in astonishment.

'Or did you act on your own? That would be natural also possible. Excuse me for this contingency mention second. ”

"Oh, please," said Struve. »So you pay homage to the look, I was in Copenhagen? ”

"Totally right. I do not doubt it."

"Unfortunately, mistake, Commissioner."

"So you weren't in Copenhagen yesterday?"

"Guess! I was not in Copenhagen yesterday. I was featured stern not in Copenhagen. And I was, in short, never in my life there! That may be a lack of education. But no reason to be arrested! -

"So you were home yesterday?"

"No," said Mr. Struve. 'It's a fallacy. I was he's still at home in Copenhagen. ”

"Too bad," said the inspector. “When you got home yesterday I could have sent you back there now. Where were you yesterday? ”

"In Bautzen."

"Where?"

»In Bautzen in Saxony. Bautzen is a very picturesque city. With old city walls and towers. You should consider Bautzen look at it once. -

"Gladly," said the inspector. »Thank you for the suggestions supply. So you were in Bautzen in Saxony. ”

"We get along," Struve replied politely.

'May I ask you to give me the name of the hotel in you stayed at? I register a conversation with Bautzen. I will confirm that you were there. And you are free. - Struve said nothing.

"Or should you have forgotten the name of the hotel?" Asked the inspector mockingly.

"No. But I never stayed in Bautzen. Rather I left in the middle of the night. I gave myself up the deceptive hope of living in my Berlin apartment to be able to sleep. If I had known that I was already would ring out after an hour and bring it to you I stayed in the picturesque Bautzen, however. -

"You're unlucky," said the commissioner.

"Since I've known myself," Struve said. "You can't do anything about it do. If it hits, it hits. "

»What are the names of your Bautzen acquaintances or business friends?- the official asked. "Somebody's going to find them let that prove your alibi! -

Mr. Struve was beginning to feel sultry.

"Hell again!" Cried the inspector. 'You will probably not just drove to Bautzen in order not to nights! "

"No."

"Or did you just want to look at the old city walls and towers th? "

"No. I went to Bautzen to speak to someone. "

"What's the name of the person?"

'Not high, Commissioner! It is not a person It's about a lady! "He rubbed his blond mane.

»Because Bautzen owns a city theater. And a feminine force I was once close to this stage. At that time, she wasn't in yet Bautzen. But only for one season. I went to speak to her chen. I went to the stage exit after the performance and waited for her. She came out too. "

"Not possible," said the commissioner.

"But before I could make myself sufficiently noticeable, there was another man's hand already. I didn't want to disturb. The both went arm in arm. And I went on the train court."

"You are really sorry," said the Commissioner. »So et- you rarely see anything of an alibi. "He thought and asked then: "But the day before yesterday you were in Berlin?"

Struve said relieved, "The day before yesterday? Yes!"

"Excellent! What's her phone number? We want yours

Page 101

Call maid. ”

"I'm sorry. I don't have a maid. My flat is so small ... -

The inspector waved away impatiently. »Where does your stay live tung? I'm going to send an officer over there. Or you don't have one Waiting, Mr. Struve? ”

"But! Of course! But my waiting only comes twice a week. And the day before yesterday she wasn't in mine Flat."

'Dear Mr. Struve! My patience is well known in the city. I ask them therefore in peace: with whom do you wish that I inquire should?"

“I don't know who to suggest at the moment. I I've always been at home in the past few days. ”

"And always alone?"

"Just, just," said Struve. 'Because I have a score for sixty instruments advertised. It is a cattle work. And when I was done I drove - -

"To Bautzen," added the commissioner.

"Totally right. What do you actually have against Bautzen? -

"Almost nothing," said the inspector. Then he rose crossed his arms on his chest and asked: "Herr Struve, where do you have the miniature? ”

"What miniature?" Asked the other in surprise.

"Have you never heard of Henry VIII?"

"Yes, yes. But what does that have to do with Bautzen, sir Commissioner? "

"And from Anna Boleyn?"

"Naturally!"

The commissioner leaned forward. »And from Holbein the boy ren? "

"Certainly, of that, too," Struve admitted.

“But the miniature that Holbein painted by Anna Boleyn and that Henry VIII as a gift - you don't know them? -

“No, I really don't know them. After all, I'm not one Art historian, sir! I am a musician!"

"Of course!"

"I have the impression that you don't care at all, that I was in Bautzen! ”Struve was genuinely hurt. "On the on the other hand, it is completely beyond me what the miniature of a

Page 102

beheaded Englishwoman has to do with Copenhagen. And why you make a point of not being in Bautzen, but in Copenhagen was. Be so kind and explain yourself better! -

"No," said the inspector. "I've had enough of it for now, to talk to you!" He pressed a bell.

A police officer appeared.

"Take Mr. Struve away again!" Ordered the inspector and went to the window.

CHAPTER 15

E IN S KATKLUB HAS K HUMMER

Shortly after Gransee, some members of the »Rostock Skat clubs 1896, EV -rebellious. And Storm, who is always on the side of his boss, agreed with them.

"What are you waiting for?" He asked nervously. »How long should let's just smash hiking songs and in the villages to play stupid August? Finally let Paulig out of his steamroller take out what's inside! We want to catch up with the young man and shoot him some holes in his tires. Then we button it take off the holbein and leave it tied well with Mother Green sit. We have ropes with. We make a solid package him and deposit him in a remote field of ears. Until you we find him, we're in Berlin. -

"Bravo!" Cried Philipp Achtel. »I like the folk songs gradually out of the neck! You only get thirsty. -

Professor Horn disagreed. "You mustn't forget that the police are alarmed," he said. »It's not a men's game very endangered. Why should we bang around the area? In Berlin is so much less noticeable. -

"And what is it," asked Karsten, "if the tramp is his rental car not pulled into the garage at the Szczecin train station? boy didn't fall on my head. Now if he got the car somewhere leaves and towers? Then what do we do? -

"Then we and Graumann's people look at the moon!" Said the wrestler enraged. »Berlin is big. I've already in learned at school. -

Professor Horn studied the map carefully. After some He said hesitatingly: "Because of me! If we had him before orange Catch the castle, that's fine with me. Otherwise it stays with Berlin. - The Skat brothers became mobile. "Paulig, step on the gas!" Shouted one. The chauffeur did his best.

"But just shoot in the tires!" Ordered the boss. 'Not in the Lord himself! You know I don't like that! "

Mr. Eighth curled his lips. »You should have an office judge," he said. "Then you could telephonize our trips lead. Or by registered mail. -

"If you only knew how much I would prefer that!" Said the man

Page 104

Boss. »But unfortunately you can't be left alone for a second!

We could earn double if I didn't also yours

Nanny should play! -

"Born stage stallion!" Murmured the wrestler.

Professor Horn turned: "What did you say?"

The other pulled his head between his shoulders. "Nothing," he clarified.

The Rostock bus whizzed at top speed

the country road. The passengers flew back and forth on their benches

and scolded like the washerwomen. - On lonely dirt roads

bumped estate wagons. A forest worker stood in a clearing

fe with hunting dogs. The dogs barked angrily.

Ten minutes may have passed. At last they discovered

a car driving ahead of them.

"A gray Opel," said Paulig. "That's him! If he doesn't

we caught him in five minutes! -

Professor Horn climbed up to the chauffeur and sat next to him

and pulled the revolver. Then he turned and said coldly, "Who

violates my orders, can run to Berlin! What

you don't have it in your head, you have it in your legs. Roger that?"

The answer was an indefinable mumble.

Then the gray Opel disappeared behind a bend!

The skat brothers held out their cardboard noses. They were feverish

with zeal for hunting. "Hopefully I'll meet where I'm going,"

Storm said to Karsten. "I've been so nearsighted lately." He

giggled badly.

The bus had reached the curve. He hurled. Paulig

braked. Then the hunt continued. But then Paulig took

em gas off.

The gray Opel stopped on the road barely fifty meters ahead of them.

edge. The young man had got out. He was standing next to the car

and talked to someone leaning on a bike.

Both looked at the bus. And someone - yes, that

was a field gendarme!

The Skat brothers went pale.

"Shoot away!" Cried the professor hoarsely. "To sing!"

Little Mr. Storm started a song. The others came up.

And while the prisoners on the field gendarme and hers

Whizzing past friend, they waved the colorful paper hats

and sang from the bottom of my chest: "I loaded my car! Full

Page 105

with young girls! -

It must be noted that the bearded voices shivered. But the field gendarme made no move to stop the bus. He looked behind with a smile and shook his head.

Paulig was driving like the devil now. Only after the next curve he dared to slow down. And very gradually the skat brothers' joy in singing also subsided and only one did all too understandable outrage place.

"Such a channel!" Cried little Mr. Storm. His voice went head over heels. 'I could strangle the guy! First he steals from us the holbein away from his nose, and then he joins in a policeman funny about us! -

Mr. Philipp Achtel waved his hands in the air.

"And this scoundrel," he shouted hysterically, "you only want him Broken car tire? Everything stops there! Whoever get it, it belongs in the animal protection association, but not here! -

Professor Horn had turned pale. You could see yourself his muscles of chewing moved under the skin. "Stop!" He called. And When the others looked at him, he said: "He has to pass us. We want to wait for him. "

"It's done," growled Paulig. The bus drove slowly. Of the Bus stopped.

"Enough joking!" Said Professor Horn. »This scoundrel is- be able to rush the police on our necks! It has everything Limits. If he comes past us, we will finish him off! -

"The first sensible word!" Said the wrestler. "May I prefer to settle with him? "

"Nice. Hit him over the fontanelles so that he could use for most hours! -

The wrestler grew sad and asked, "Why only for them next hours? Why not for a few years longer? "

"Not a word further!" Said Professor Horn.

They sat silently in their bus, waiting for the gray one Opel. The balloons moved quietly.

Cried someone. "He comes!"

The wrestler stretched. The revolvers were unlocked.

The chauffeur stood by. Over the grain fields

the wind blew. The ears bowed in the choir. A lark

soared upward. And from the stop of the Rostock Skat-

nothing became brothers!

Because the gray Opel was not alone on the way. Along the way cycled the field gendarme and talked to the young man.

The crooks put their guns away and didn't know what they should do.

The boss shouted: "Do you want to be funny, you idiots? Do you have no bags glued for a long time? "

That worked.

The Skat brothers awoke from their lethargy. They sang, their balloons twisted and waved as if they were on the Oktoberfest.

The gray Opel and the field gendarme stopped.

The occupants of the obscure bus outdid themselves. Your Joy no longer knew gryphons. Mr. Philipp Achtel yodelled, as if he was born in Berchtesgaden. The little gentleman Storm sang in a fistful head. Professor Horn struck like a Schuhplattler on both legs. Karsten delivered the emergency agile bass tones.

The young man in the gray Opel said: »A cheerful people! You could almost be jealous, sergeant! Well all of it Good everyone! "Then he raised a finger to his hat brim and drove off at a rapid pace.

The field gendarme came to the bus. »May I take the leader see the bill? "he asked. "If you break your bones, you shouldn't do it without official permission. "

Paulig, the chauffeur, fumbled angrily in his breast pocket. Finally he found the driver's license and handed it to the general intestine.

The policeman checked the document thoroughly. Finally he admitted it back and said: "All right! But please drive long-

Then he asked where and where and from drew attention to the next diversions. He seemed a lot To have time.

For a long time there was no longer anything to be seen of the gray Opel. Irene Trübner and master butcher Külz were from the Stettiner Station immediately drove to the police headquarters. Now they were sitting to the responsible commissioner and let him report what the arrested Rudolf Struve had said. Of the The report was fairly detailed and the two witnesses persisted. when the Commissioner had ended, in deep silence.

Finally Mr. Külz got up, slapped his hand
Knees that there was a bang and shouted: "Now someone's going to roast a stork!
I would have expected everything except that! If he's your room too
Would have processed small wood, please! Real anger is something
Gorgeous. Or he could have told you that it was none of your business
goes where he has been. Also a point of view! But that he is you
claims he was in Bautzen to hire an actress
chatting, and then he didn't even dare - that's
too much. Don't you think so too, Miss Trübner? -
Irene Trübner said nothing.

"Whoever lies, steals!" Said Külz angrily. "There I have
me again from top to bottom with my people-
knowledge embarrassed! He was in Bautzen, of all places
Zen! And he didn't stay the night, and he didn't hit a soul!
That is a completely boiled up boy! -
The Commissioner said: 'I have made Mr Struve
to be led. We'll see if he's forehead in your presence
has to stick to his claims. "

Miss Trübner was startled. 'He is coming here? I want
hen! "

"Excluded!" Said the commissioner.
Butcher Külz stroked her hand so gently he
would like to. "You can hide behind my back,"
he whispered.

The phone rang.
The inspector picked up the receiver and said,
Then he turned to his guests and raised the big lead
donates like a conductor. "Mr. 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 police officer, Mr. Rudolf Struve appeared
Holtzendorffstrasse. He was finished with his humor and
scowled. Should he tell again that he
was in Bautzen yesterday?

"My hat is going up!" Cried Mr. Külz. He pointed with
stretched arm on the little fat man with the artist's mane,
and then he laughed loudly and with astonishing perseverance.
By the way, he wasn't laughing alone. Miss Trübner closed
follow his example. Her laugh didn't sound that loud, of course

and not quite as cheerful. And in the end she even pulled her bath towel out of the handbag and wiped his eyes. But also she was serious about laughing.

The commissioner and the detained composer watched some-measured perplexed.

Mr Struve was the first to speak. 'Was so much applause I can't believe it,' he said grumpily. And because the laughter doesn't heard, he stamped his foot and shouted: "Am I here as Clown hired, Commissioner? "

"Excuse me," said Külz, "you are right. I am behaving me very rude. I definitely didn't laugh at you. But it it's too funny! "He started laughing again. He saw that Inspector said, "I know the Lord Not!"

The Commissioner leaned forward and asked: "What is this about?" be called? You don't know Mr. Struve? "

"No," answered Miss Trübner. "We haven't had that yet Pleasure."

»Are these the gentlemen with whom I met in Copenhagen the composer asked ironically.

"Maybe he was in Bautzen after all!" Cried Papa Külz and had to laugh again.

"Commissioner," said Struve hurt. "They got me but not interviewed to give insight to people I don't know to grant in my extremely difficult private life? -

"The gentlemen really don't know each other?" Asked the man Officials doubtful.

"No!" Said all three.

"Excuse me!" Asked Külz. 'But your real name is Rudi Struve? And do you actually live on Holtzendorffstrasse? -

"Thunder again!" Roared the composer. 'Now it will but it's too colorful for me! At first people don't believe me that I'm in Bautzen was, and I want to suggest that I was in Copenhagen! And now there is even something against me living in Charlottenburg and Struve's name! I can tell you one thing: I'm out Artistic circles. But we're not as crazy as here times in carnival! -

He rubbed his curls and trembled like red groats.

"Mr. Struve's name is Struve," said the commissioner. »The there is no doubt. -

"And I live on Holtzendorffstrasse too!" Called Struve.

"Unfortunately! Otherwise I wouldn't have been taken out of bed this morning. the! The gentlemen who were so lovely to wake me up will can confirm! -

"Of course, sir," said the inspector, and hung up all meekness he was capable of in his voice. »We are one Fall victim to error. We have been mystified. It has someone who was in Copenhagen for a few days and last night disappeared without a trace from Warnemünde, your name and yours Address served. Who it was, I am afraid we will soon not experienced. Was it a friend of yours? What to hold You of it? ”

"I have to ask very much!" Said Struve irritably. »I have no a criminal in my acquaintance! -

"If it wasn't a friend of yours," said the officer, "Then it was a stranger. A man who, before being started a raid, leafed through the Berlin address book or phone book and has given himself a name under which he will appear and could also disappear. ”

"I'll kill the guy!" Said Mr. Struve.

"You must have it first," claimed master butcher Külz. »I would have blatantly blamed our struve from Copenhagen, if he had told here that he had been to Bautzen to see himself to fear the companion of an actress. -

"I forbid any criticism," said the composer. »It is possible that you like a thief of art objects, than I am. But I don't care, sir! -

"Composers also sometimes steal," replied the master from Yorckstrasse. »No long legs, no- he laughed. Then he waved it off. 'I didn't mean to offend you ken. Allow me, my name is Külz! -When the other did not answer he asked, "Are you writing pop songs?"

"No," said Mr. Struve. 'No, you ignorant! And now I'm leaving home! In the Holtzendorffstrasse, my gentlemen! Or want me keep the police here as an involuntary comedian? ”

"Not so, Herr Struve!" Said the inspector. "I ask you in my name and on behalf of my Rostock colleague for accusation. "

"That comes from the theories," muttered Papa Külz. The commissioner did not understand him and continued: "In at the latest

Page 110

You are free for half an hour, Mr. Struve. I just have to complete the necessary formalities. Only thirty minutes left
Patience! And hold on, if I may ask for it, as well
Miss Trübner and Mr. Külz, to ours in the next few days
Available. "

"What you can rely on," said the composer. "It very much demands me to get to know the Lord who dares has to misuse my honest name. I am mine
Guilty father. He was an official! "

The inspector went around the desk and handed it to everyone the hand. "Things are getting complicated," he said. "Who has the Miniature stolen? "

"I don't know," said Papa Külz. 'But I bet half Ox against a bouquet of violets that our young man did not was! "He held out his arm, gallant as a bride's guide, to Irene Trübner. "So, now I'm going home quickly. The family and Emilie wait already! -

The young man who has been called Rudi Struve in recent days had meanwhile arrived in his apartment without being called come. This apartment was small and was on the fourth floor of the house at Kantstrasse 177. On the brass plate, the the hall door was attached, it said: Joachim Seiler.

Herr Seiler locked the door from the inside and put the safety chain on and went into the room at the end of the hall.

There was a low table next to the spacious couch. The young man took a packet from the inside jacket pocket and put it down gently onto the polished tabletop. Then he went into the hall back, hung up the hat and coat on the cloakroom and ordered into the bathroom to clean itself.

He was dog tired. And it was no wonder. When he went to the Drive through Mecklenburg and the Mark Brandenburg his rental car as agreed in the Kienast garage at the Szczecin train station delivered, he had noticed that some of his annoying figures looked extremely curious. He was in a hurry jumped into a taxi and drove away.

Still, there was no doubt about it. He was determined followed and knew where he lived! You just waited to the man with the white beard and dark glasses to go to the General attack.

Mr. Joachim Seiler looked at the face that came from the bathroom facing the mirror, nodded thoughtfully to himself and said, "Life is one of the hardest." Then he brushed the parting and went into the study. It bordered on the room in which, on a low table, the package lay.

He opened the window, leaned out and looked at the Road down. From the fourth floor, the world seems almost so small how she is. At first he could not find anyone who was special to him would have displeased. After a long search he noticed on the across the street, in the gate entrance next to Cafe Hofmann, two men looking up at his window. When she got away from felt watched, they bowed their heads and did nothing.

Joachim Seiler whistled to himself. The lyrics to the tune he whistled, said: "Greetings to God, everyone!"

Then he closed the window and looked through the mail that was his Waiting woman had put on the desk.

Ms. Emilie Kütz stood - thick and sedate - in the shop and selling bought meat and sausage wafers, as has been the case for thirty years. ren.

"Hasn't the master returned yet?" Asked the customer, who was served. Frau Kütz shook her head. "Not yet. But he send a postcard every day. I treat my Oscar from the heart that he would take a look around the world. He had to relax urgently. Of course he really wanted to take me away men! But one of us has to stay in the shop. "She liked that It's not easy to lie. But what went on in the conflict Home at Kütz? The main thing was that the sausage was good.

"Where's he now, the husband?"

"In Warnemünde. He even called yesterday! "(Finally a true one Word, thought Ms. Kütz.) "The trip through Denmark was pretty exhausting. Oskar is not used to traveling. And now he is resting a little more on the Baltic Sea. -

"He's right," said the customer. "Does he bathe often?"

"How so?"

»Salt water consumes and makes you tremendously nervous.-

"I don't think he's bathing," said the butcher's wife. "He has no swimming trunks at all. "

"Then, of course," replied the customer, breaking sensitively the subject. 'Give me three nice veal chops.

Not too fat. "

"Should I knock her?"

"I beg you." The customer looked at Mrs. Emilie Kütz Cut the chops from the chop piece and cut the bones through chopped the ones on display on the glass panels above the counter Sausages.

Then the door of the shop opened and master butcher Oskar Kütz appeared! He had a crisp, crisp apron bound, nodded to his dear wife and greeted the customer din.

This shouted: "I think you are at the sea?"

"Been," he replied. »Everything has an end, only the sausage has two! "To his wife he said:" Take care, Emilie! You are only supposed to Knock chops, not your messy hands! '

stick and took the hatchet from her. »Let me go! And look at you

what I brought back from my trip around the world! -
The butcher's woman disappeared into the shop, stunned.
The returned master knocked the chops, wrapped them up
and entertained the customer. "It's a journey, woman
Brückner. You experience more in one week than usual
Year."

"Yes, yes," said the customer. "If someone goes on a trip, it does
he can tell something. -

"Nah," said Kütz. 'He can't do that again! Before it doesn't
is in the newspaper, he has to hold his beak. How about
fresh meat salad? Or with a quarter of rolled ham? Of the
tastes like marzipan. -

"A quarter of tongue sausage!"

"It is also highly recommended," said the master, cutting a piece
Sausage off, weighed and shook his head. He had, completely against his
Habit of cutting off too much. 'May be more for a six
his? I got out of practice. You get that when
you go on vacation for the first time in thirty years! -
The customer agreed.

He wrapped up the purchases, calculated what to pay
was, put the pencil behind his right ear, collected, gave money
back and said, "Please honor us again soon!"

Mrs. Brückner left. The shop bell rang. Mr. Oskar Kütz
entered the shop.

His wife was sitting on the leather sofa and looked at him with a low growl
opposite.

"Well, don't cry now," he growled. "I kept it simple
no longer out. -

'Why didn't you tell me a word about it? Me and the children
we almost died of fear. Tell us you're going
Bernau! "

"Maybe I really wanted to go to Bernau," he said afterwards.
denklich. "That means that's just my theory."

"Theory?" She asked.

"Well. Theory is a foreign word for lazy excuses. It sounds
Better. "He laughed.

"You crook," she said, smiling. It was all my life
like this: If her Oscar laughed, then she had to smile. All-
but he hadn't had much to laugh about. And that was probably hers
Fault.

"What are the legs doing?" He asked.

"The old song. On Monday I had to lie down again.

Then Hedwig came over and helped. "

"A good child," he said.

"Yes. She brought me ants spirit. For rubbing in. The did well. "She looked around. »By the way, where is the Andean ken? "

"You're under it."

She turned to the wall and saw over the leather sofa, on a hanging a nail, the miniature holstein of the younger.

"It's not the real picture," he said. "Just a copy.

The real one costs half a million and has disappeared. But that I'll tell you later. "

Ms. Emilie Külz eyed Anna Boleyn very critically. »A painted woman! "she stated. »In addition deeply cut th! "

"You don't understand art," he said.

"No," she replied. "I'd rather have a bar of chocolate been."

There was a knock on Mr. Joachim Seiler's apartment door. Rang.

Knocked. Knocked with fists.

"I'm coming!" Cried the young man. "Hurry with a while!" He walked through the hall and looked through the peephole in the door.

The landing outside was looking resolute

Men stuffed.

"Who's there?" He asked.

"Criminal! Open!"

"Immediately!" Replied the young man, pushing the safety chain out of her hinge, unlocked the door and opened one

Gap wide. "You are welcome?"

One of the officers showed him a metal tag. »criminal police! You are strongly suspected of a Holbein Miniature that Mr. Steinhövel bought in Copenhagen len. "

Another of the serious men put a foot in the apartment, so that Seiler could not slam the door shut. And a third said dull: "house search!"

"There's nothing you can do about it," said the owner.

'However, I have no idea what you want from me.

Page 115

But I don't want to stop you from doing your duty. ”

"You can't," growled one of the many men and entered.

The hall filled with about a dozen and a half people. JE someone quickly opened the door to the back room, looked and suddenly shouted: "There is the package!" He ran the table.

His colleagues hurriedly followed.

For a moment, Mr. Joachim Seiler stood alone in the Hallway. Half a second later he rushed to the door of the room, beating her crashing and turned the key twice!

Then he ran into the study. To the phone. Picked up the receiver made contact with the raid squad and said

quietly: »Here Kantstrasse 177. Front building, four stairs. Yes.

Come immediately! It is very urgent. Two dozen officers

should be necessary. At least! ”He hung up, went into the hall and put on his hat in front of the cloakroom mirror.

The detective officers he had locked drummed

angry at the door. "Open up immediately!" Was shouted.

"Incredible! Imprison the police! Open! You will regret it! -

The young man said nothing. He left on tiptoe

his apartment and locked it carefully from outside. Then he drove with the elevator to the ground floor and rang the bell.

"A day, Herr Seiler," said the doorman. »What is it supposed to be? Is the water pipe dripping? Or has a fuse blown? ”

"No, Mr. Stiebel," said the young man, and pressed the button

Caretaker a bunch of keys in the callused right. »In a few

The raid squad will pull up in minutes. So be it

nice and give my keys to the officials, yes? You should

Evidence of the rearmost room. But not without guns
fen! "

Stiebel, the doorman, opened his mouth and nose.

"And one more thing," asked Herr Seiler. 'Make sure you

Returns the keys to you. I don't feel like staying in the hotel stay. ”He was gone!

Stiebel pocketed the keys and didn't know what he was doing

Talk to the tenant from the fourth floor. "It is

misery, ”he finally murmured. "So young and so crazy."

But he stayed in the hallway as a precaution and waited for him

Things that should come.

A large elegant car drove in front of a Berlin zoo tomobil before. The chauffeur got out and tore open the carriage.

A small, petite old man let himself be helped out and nodded friendly to the chauffeur. Then he said: 'I still need you.

Wait here!"

The chauffeur saluted.

The petite gentleman walked towards the villa.

A servant hurried down the stairs, opened the gate and locked leaned over.

"Are you all right?" Asked the gentleman.

"Yes, Herr Steinhövel," said the servant. 'And Miss Trübner is in the library. -

Mr. Steinhövel nodded and slowly climbed the stairs. In the servant took his hat and coat from the hall. Then he left petite old gentleman through the hall and opened the door to the bi- led library.

Irene Trübner, who was sitting in a chair in which the clarified Habsburg Josef II. jumped up, distraught and suddenly began to cry as if she had been waiting for days.

"But, but!" Said Herr Steinhövel, looking startled up his slim secretary. "Please don't cry!"

"Yes," she said just now. Then she was crying again.

He gently pushed her into Josef II's worry chair and sat up a taburette that stood next to it. 'Who could have guessed it a whole band of robbers had targeted our holbein? There- there was no herb against it. ”

She nodded, sobbed, and was completely distraught.

Mr. Steinhövel, who so far has considered his secretary only as an energetic pretty young lady knew, didn't know how to behave. At the he would have loved to pull out his handkerchief and blow her nose.

But that was probably not a good thing.

"I want to ask for my release," she stammered.

"But what should I do without you?" He asked Schrocken. 'No, my child, you won't do that to me!

I am an old man. I've got used to you. No, I don't let them out! -

She dried her eyes. "No?"

"Under no circumstances!" He called. 'Now tell me

First of all, calmly, how the story went on! -

"The day before yesterday," she said, "it started. At the Hotel d'Angleterre. I sat in front of the hotel and drank coffee ... -

Joachim Seiler sat in the front yard of Cafe Hofmann in the Kantstreet, drank a little Pilsner and looked intently at the house where he lived.

"Day, Seiler!" Said someone. »You're doing such a thing today nambulen impression. Where is it missing? -

"Human child, Struve!" Cried the young man with delight. "We haven't seen us in ages! -

"Always these exaggerations!" Said Rudi Struve. »On the pre Towards Friday we made a draw here for chess. If eternity is no longer the day after tomorrow. Judgment Day. -

He sat down. "Where have you been by now?"

"I had a lot of work," said Seiler. "And you? Is the C minor Finished symphony? "

"Not quite," said the composer, driving through the blonde mane. "I couldn't think of anything again. As usual.

And then I went to Bautzen. -

»Why exactly to Bautzen?-

'Because of an old flame. She is there at the theater. But she hasn't had time right now. "

"Aha!" Said Seiler.

"Guess," Struve said. 'And this morning I got out of it Criminal Police Picked Up! What do you say?"

"No! Are you serious?"

"Yes. And what do you think I did? I was

At least not in Bautzen, but in Copenhagen! That's how it starts.

I also didn't want to visit an old flame of mine.

I stole the picture of an English queen. Yes-well!"

"If all of that was true," said Joachim Seiler, "then you would sit yes, probably not here now, but would be better off -.

The fat little composer waved his arm threateningly.

"An imposter got my name. It is not incredible?"

"Incredible," said Seiler, looking intently at his across a house.

"If I catch the guy!" Cried Mr. Struve. 'I chop it in small cubes! -

"Right is happening to him," agreed the friend.

"Fortunately," said the excited composer, "I became a young girl and an old man with a mustache beard demonstrated. He looked like Adamson. Just much bigger and wider. And the two laughed when they saw me! That was my retung! "

"How did you find the young lady?" Asked Seiler. "She was pretty?"

"Very pretty. But what changes the situation? -

The other was the answer to the all too legitimate question relieved.

Because on the other side of the street two large tos. Many police officers jumped out of the car and crashed into it Front gate.

"Is that the house you live in?" Asked Rudi Struve.

"Totally right!"

Passers-by stopped. Shopkeepers stepped out onto the street out. Residents of the surrounding houses looked out of the windows. The casserole grew larger by the minute. Wild strangers people started talking to each other. Curiosity and fear the hazy summer air was even more oppressive than it already was.

"I seem to have my criminal day today," said the man Composer firmly. "Since when do criminals live in your house?"

The other was silent and kept his eyes on the front gate.

Struve shrugged. »You should finally go to the country pull. Back to nature, what? Flocks of sheep, daisies and simple-minded, unspoiled people around them! -

"Off to Bautzen!" Said Joachim Seiler. 'On the bosom of the Nature, or whatever your Bautzen acquaintance is called otherwise! -

"I am serious. Civilization is the death of art. -

"Quitter! The fact that you can't think of anything isn't a fact Reason to try the story, -explained Joachim Seiler.

The crowd that had accumulated in front of the house at Kantstrasse 177 got moving. She made way for the police officers who emerged from the Came out and about twenty serious-looking men escaped animals that are handcuffed together in pairs would have.

The prisoners were pushed onto the two ambulance vehicles ben. The police climbed behind. The buses drove from that.

Page 119

And slowly the crowd dispersed.

One of the waiters who had run across the street for details experienced, came back and wanted to the buffet to get his news auszukramen. The composer Struve held on to his tailcoat sleeve.

"What was going on, Herr Ober?"

"There was a burglar gang from a basement in the house 178 dugged out into the 177! The doorman has a noise heard and the police alerted. And as the burglars by that Crawl holes in the basement wall, they were, always pretty one by one, arrested by the raid squad men. "

"What did the gang in 177 want?" Asked Rudi Struve.

"If you only knew that!" Said the waiter.

Joachim Seiler laughed. "Maybe they wanted to is buying some postcards. "

"I don't understand." Struve shook the composer ne. »Why in the world did they move from one basement to the other others dug through! Then they could just as well directly in the 177 go! Why go to the neighboring house first? -

"Perhaps the straight path was too easy for them," Seiler considered.

"There are stubborn people."

The waiter knew better. "If she went straight to 177 they would have been discovered, after all. "

"However, they escaped the police in time," said Seiler.

"Of course," said the waiter. Then he stopped. 'You have it Caught anyway! "He considered for a while. "There should be one now Find people in it! But the basement must be right. "

"Why then?"

"The burglars looked battered. With lime stains on the suits. Like the upholsterer. Nothing becomes nothing. "

The young man didn't like to hear that. My apartment will be fine look out, he thought resignedly. Luckily I'm not going to able to see.

The waiter disappeared inside the cafe, but came immediately out again. "A letter for Mr. Seiler. He is in this eye look been given. -

Seiler tore open the envelope. The letter read:

We should have met each other earlier. And not as a competitors, but as companions. Maybe another time.

You were over me this time. My respect.

The young man pocketed the letter and looked around. He searched a gentleman with a white beard and dark glasses. In vain.

He ran into the cafe. "Miss," he called at the buffet. "Who has submitted the letter? -

"A great older gentleman."

"With a white beard?"

"No. Shaved. "

"Of course!" Cried Seiler.

"The gentleman looked like a scholar," said the young lady.

"You should have seen the man when he still had a beard-

te! It looked like a whole university! "Seiler ran into the Front yard and sat back next to Struve, who was on the marble tabletop composed. He had five with a small pencil parallel lines and dabbed a notehead next to the to change.

Seiler glowered at the street. Suddenly he twitched like electrified together and clutched Struve's arm.

"Don't bother me!" Growled the other. He whistled the topic he was had written down gently and quietly to himself. He was like a child the playground.

"Man!" Seiler shook the sound poet. 'Do you see that there elegant gentleman in a taxi? "

»Behind the van? Beside the tram? "

"Yes. The taxi cannot pass. We are lucky. Listen, my Boy! If you deliver this gentleman to Alex safely, you'll get a kiss on the forehead from me. "

"Leave it!"

"Do me a favor, Rudi!"

'I can't arrest a gentleman who is completely alien to me to let!"

"He's the leader of a gang of thieves!"

"If you are interested in that, please catch it yourself!"

"I don't have time," said Seiler. »Rudi, go! I tell you then also who was in Copenhagen as Mr. Struve Has!"

The composer came to life. »The one under my name

has a mouse? -

"This one!" Seiler folded his hands. »Now go ahead that you get away! The van can move out every second then! Then the guy is gone! -

"How do you know the wrong struve?"

Seiler leaned forward and whispered something in the friend's ear. (He it whispered so that readers would not yet know what he said.)

"Aha. Then you show me my doppelganger? "Struve floundered.

"Yes, but!"

"So close that I can stick one to him?"

»Even closer! Now get away. And remember the auto number!"

"Furioso in octaves!" Struve called, putting his hat on Mane, waved to an empty taxi and went to the 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 yes

Chauffeur: »Yorckstraße, corner of Belle-Alliance-Straße. It is urgent! Around- you can save yourself the hassle. I know the way. "

Irene Trübner had ended her story. She had nothing to do added and little concealed. Now she sat in silence genius Josef II and waited for her judgment.

"Bravo!" Said Mr. Steinhövel. "Bravo! You have famos dazed. At the idea, Mr. Külz instead of the original the Imi- tation, you can be proud. And why are you doing because of the Warnemünder Raid allegations? Dear child, the You would definitely have miniature in the pitch dark place been robbed! Either way. If not from the wrong struve, then all the more safely from the gang. The holbein has disappeared. I'm still happy with you. "

"You are very kind, Herr Steinhövel."

"Kind?" Asked the old petite gentleman in astonishment. "I try me to be fair. An old man doesn't like that heavy."

The phone rang.

Herr Steinhövel got up and went to the machine. He raised it

Listen. After a short time his wrinkled face lit up. "Did-

what? "he cried. "That's wonderful! We're coming! "He hung up picked up the phone again and turned. "What do you think?

The miniature is on the police headquarters! -

Irene Trübner asked hoarsely: "And Mr. Struve? I mean, the nice struve? That too? -

"No. The gang!"

"But she never stole Holbein!"

"Maybe yes? We'll know more soon, 'said the old man Collector and clapped his hands. »March, March! Come You, my child! "He opened the door to the hall.

The servant appeared.

"Hat and coat!" Cried Herr Steinhövel.

No sooner had master butcher Külz climbed onto the bus that stopped in front of his house when a slim young man did business entered.

Ms. Emilie Külz came out of the shop. "What the fuck his?"

The gentleman politely removed his hat and wanted to speak to the master.

"We don't buy anything," said Mrs. Külz.

The young man laughed. "But I don't want to sell you anything fen! "

"Then excuse me," said Mrs. Külz. "If someone want to speak to the master, it is always a business traveler. -

»I am not one. Be so kind and call your gate

We're acquaintances. "He lifted his hat a second time and called any name. He mumbled it so that he could didn't understand myself.

"Too stupid," she said. "My husband is out this minute the House. Can I tell him something? "

The young man rocked his head indecisively. »Difficult to chen. There are things that are best told only to those who tell them approach. Am I right?"

"It may be," she admitted.

"Will he be late?"

"If I'd know that! He was called five minutes ago. "You hesitated to speak.

"From the police?"

Frau Külz looked at the young man in surprise.

»I was there at the raid in Warnemünde. That was a Theatre! Did he tell you about it? "

She nodded.

"And now," continued the young man, "now I have learned something

what is closely related to this and which your husband will be interested. -

"Call him!" Advised Frau Külz. »He is in the police headquarters building on Alexanderplatz. The phone is in the shop. "

She pointed her thumb behind her.

"Oh no," said the young man. "Phones have sometimes two ears. It will be the best, I will come after noon once over. "

When Ms. Külz made no move to spontaneously contradict him

He said sadly: "Hopefully it won't be too late then."

The butcher's wife changed her mind. "You know what? If you are don't mind, you can wait here for my husband! If your time allows. -

The young man pulled the clock and looked at it thoughtfully

Dial. 'I still have a lot to do. But one

I can give up an hour. "

"That's right," said Frau Külz. She shoved him behind the door and opened the door to the shop. 'It looks pretty here colorful. Our actual apartment is on the first floor. -

"I think it's lovely," said the young man.

"Well, well. But what should you do? You can't keep going stand in the shop and wait for customers who don't come.

Especially since I've had it with my legs! -

He sat down and let himself be examined in detail about the leg problem

Inform Ms. Külz. She saved him nothing. When she went too much

When detail came, he cut her off and asked if someone's birthday have. »It smells like homemade cake!-

She smiled contentedly. 'It's because of Oscar. I quickly baked a cherry cake. Because he's back home. And since

all our children and in-laws are coming this evening

sons and daughters-in-law. And they bring their children with them! It will be a little celebration. About twenty people. "

"Happiness in the corner!" He said and looked around the room.

"You are extremely comfortable here!" His eyes stayed over the Stick leather sofa.

"He brought that back from Copenhagen," she said. "I

find the picture ordinary. That's not how you dress as a decent woman

on. The fabrics are not so expensive that you can be so economical with them would! The picture is not real either. -

Then the young man turned with interest to the framed one

Family photographs surrounding Anna Boleyn.

The butcher bombarded him with the first name of the photograph. Külz's kinship struck over his head together.

Then the shop bell rang.

"Customers," said Mrs. Külz. 'I have to get out. Hopefully Don't be bored! -

He reached for a sheet that was on the table. It was the all-common butcher newspaper. »I'll pass the time
ben! "

"Pretend you're home," she said.

"That's supposed to be a word," he said.

She smoothed the white star apron and disappeared into the the.

Mr. Steinhövel, Irene Trübner and butcher Külz were by a senior sergeant in the commissioner's room
tet. - The room was crowded with people. Almost two dozen serious looking men stood on the walls. The men were tied up in pairs.

The Commissioner welcomed the three new visitors. He was excellent good mood. "Be lenient," he asked. "I have guests. But I didn't want the gentlemen led away before I showed them to you have. "He turned to Miss Trübner and Mr. Külz. "The World is small. I should be surprised if you are not acquaintances would find. "

Miss Trübner held back. Oskar Külz, however, posed stretched out in front of the bandits and subjected them to closer genschein. First there was Mr. Philipp Achtel's schnapps vision with the sparkling red nose. Little Mr. Storm was also there the slipped, protruding ears. There was the uncomfortable one Person from the corner of the railway coupe who had declared on the Danish trajectory would have a second customs inspection. There was also the wrong customs officer himself! And many other travel Mr. Külz recognized endangered people. He turned to write around the table and said: "Commissioner, the world is really small! It I'm sorry to have to see people right here again. I would have preferred to meet her in the forest. You can do more of yourself go out. "

"But dear friend!" Said Storm. 'How do you talk to me?
us!"

"Shut up!" Growled the sergeant.

Külz took a step back. »Why should I shut up he asked indignantly.

"Not you!" Remarked Herr Philipp Achtel. »The State office means us! -

"Take away!" Ordered the commissioner.

"Finally," said Karsten. »After all, we're not in pan-opticum! "

"Out!" Cried the inspector.

The door opened. And the "Rostock Skat Brothers" were in Detention center cleared.

The inspector opened a window and took a deep breath. Then he returned to his desk and handed the man over Steinhövel a package. "I'm glad," he said solemnly, "to you to be able to refund the stolen miniature as soon as possible. who give quickly, give twice. -

The old collector, touched the precious parcel, received fang. "Thank you very much, Commissioner!" He wrapped the package out. A wooden box came out. 'Can you help us

make plausible how the holbein fell into the hands of this gang len is? We assumed the package was from the boy

The man who was wrongly called Rudi Struve was stolen. ”

The inspector shrugged, embarrassed. »The raid command was put into Kantstrasse about an hour and a half ago called. The gang was found in the clearly identified living voltage. The owner had the people in one of his rooms trapped and disappeared without a trace. -

"Great," said Herr Steinhövel. “And this patent Homeowner is probably the wrong struve? Or? -He opens nete the wooden box.

"You may be right," said the commissioner. »The tenant however, is called Joachim Seiler. Know if he's the wrong struve we don't yet. But it's being investigated. ”

"I don't understand it," said Irene Trübner. 'If this one Mr. Seiler was a thief, he would have had the miniature from his home after he locked the gang in there! -

"If our struve is your rope," said Oskar Külz, "then I repeat what I have already said to the Rostock Commissioner have: Our struve is not a thief! -

"And then what?" Asked the Berlin commissioner.

Page 127

The old collector had put a magnifying glass out of his pocket pulled and looked at the miniature as if she were a sick man and he the Family doctor.

The inspector stood up. "Well?" He asked. »Are you with us satisfied?"

Herr Steinhövel leaned back in the chair. "Not quite, Commissioner! What you kindly gave me ben, is unfortunately not the real Holbein. But the imitation! -

DIE MOTORIZED SCHNITZELJAGD

The commissioner and his visitors sat without one for several minutes
Bring out word. They stared at each other completely helpless
and were paralyzed with terror.

The detective was the first to find the language again. "The
is a copy? You're definitely not wrong, Herr Steinhövel? "

"I'm not wrong," replied the collector. "There is, and that
is not an exaggeration, no one in all of Europe who
I couldn't be as wrong as I am! "He laid the holbein
Imitation in the velvet-lined wooden box back and posed
the box on the desk.

Butcher Külz excitedly tugged on his bushy
Mustache. »It's the devil! There we run together
the police chasing a gang of crooks, and the gang chasing
a young man! And now the young man has instead of the real one
Miniature stole the wrong one! -

"I don't understand," said Irene Trübner. »The miniature was
but stolen from my handbag! As the light in the dance hall
burned again, my handbag was empty! -

"You may have been wrong," said the officer.

"Maybe you didn't have the original before the robbery, you did
the imitation in the handbag? "

"Excluded," said the young lady. »Completely
closed! The imitation had just reappeared from the gang
been brought. It was still on the table in front of Mr. Külz when it was
went dark! -

"That's right," the butcher confirmed. »Together with the
ashamed of the letter. "

"I'm puzzled," said the commissioner. "Mr
Steinhövel, is it possible that there are several imitations? -

"No. That's impossible."

"Then," said the Commissioner, "there is only one solution! If
namely, the miniature that we previously believed to be the real one, the copy
is necessary then the other one you have been using for imitation
looked at, be the original! Dear Miss Trübner, where is located
the second miniature? "

The young girl's lips were pale and trembling. "I

I gave it to Mr. Külz because he was so nice to me. I roof Mr. Steinhövel would certainly not mind. ”

Mr. Steinhövel pointed to the wooden box on the Desk stood. “We want the real copy to be Mr. Külz von Love to worship hearts as a souvenir. But what do you have now made with the miniature, Mr. Külz, my secretary to you gave yesterday and which now turns out to be the original? - The butcher slapped his knee. »It's a great thing Thing! ”He laughed out loud.

"Where's the miniature?" Asked the inspector nervously.

"It hangs in my shop!" Exclaimed Külz cheerfully. "About the old leather sofa. Besides the family photos! - The others breathed a sigh of relief.

“When my Emilie learns that we have a half over the sofa Million hangs, snaps them over. Do you know what she said when she saw the miniature? ”Külz paused. Then he drove continued: “She said she would have preferred a bar of chocolate. sen! ”

The others smiled accommodatingly.

"Well," said the commissioner. “There we have it again Lucky. I was already afraid that Mr. Külz would have had half the mil-leave lion on the train. ”

"Allow me," said Külz. 'A gift from Miss Irene you don't leave it! That would be a sin! -

"Dear Mr. Külz," asked the Commissioner, "be so kind and call your wife! Tell her we sent immediately a couple of officials. She should give them the little souvenir gene! We would like to give her a few bars of chocolate as a barter send it along. -

"Done," said Külz. He went to the phone. “But send You, if I may ask, civilians. Otherwise you think in the Yorck street, the chill got under the crooks. -

"As you wish!"

The master butcher turned the number dial and while he waited for connection, Miss Trübner snapped.

"Yes, yes," he said cheerfully. “If you don't see Papa Külz would have! ”

A voice answered in the set.

"Hello!" Exclaimed Külz. “Emilie, is it you? Yes, I'm still up the bureau. Now listen carefully! Don't be alarmed! We

want to send a few detective officers around. No no.

They don't want to take you with them. But the miniature. The mini door! Do you understand? How? Human child, the little picture I give you brought with me from the trip! That hangs over the sofa! Did you understand me? So what!"

Then you heard nothing from the apparatus for a while, then but a flood of words.

Mr. Oskar Külz suddenly leaned heavily on the writing table. Then, absentmindedly, he put the receiver down and stared at it. Inspector and the others approached and rubbed his forehead. He taps clumsily to his chair and slumped.

"What have you got?" Asked Miss Trübner, concerned.

"My miniature is gone too," he said softly.

The inspector jumped up. "What does that mean, Mr. Külz?"

"If only I knew that!" Said the troubled master butcher.

»A young man was there and wanted to speak to me urgently.

Emilie took him to the shop. There he could on me

wait, she said. Then running customers came. My

Frau had to go to the shop. And when she came back to the room was

the young man is no longer there. Of course she thought it was him

Took too long, and didn't worry anymore. And

Only now, when I called, did she realize that the miniature wasn't

More hangs over the sofa! The guy just got her off the hook

fetches and disappeared through the door leading to the hallway

the."

"That young man again!" Roared the inspector frantically and angrily threw the big carpenter's pencil into the paper basket.

Herr Steinhövel smiled wistfully. »I'm usually actually a friend of efficient young people. But this young man must I confess I'm a little too good. -

The inspector raised his head. "He has to go to the Warnemünder

Raid noticed that he accidentally stole a copy

would have. That's why he left the miniature when he saw the gang in his

Apartment included, right there. This made two things to him

successful. He had the competition off his neck. And also

could he expect us to keep the copy for a while for that

Would keep original. So he had a head start again! He drove on

Ms. Külz and calmly stole the original, the worthless and

hung on the wall unnoticed. ”

"And how could this ... this young man know," said Miss Trübner, "that the second miniature is with Mr. Külz was? The young man was no longer in Warnemünde de when I gave the supposed copy to Mr. Külz! This is but everything is very unbelievable! -

The inspector dismissed the objection. "He's got it easy tries! After all, the second miniature had to be somewhere. In addition, you must not forget one thing: crooks often have luckier than decent people. -

Butcher Külz murmured: "Always these theories!" Then he sank into cloudy thoughts again.

"What my secretary objected to," said Mr. Steinhövel, »undoubtedly has something for itself. It seems to me that we don't stop there knowledge."

"Theories," murmured Papa Külz. "All theories." Suddenly he rose and went to the collector. »But one thing is right! The Miniature is gone! Mr. Steinhövel, I owe you half Million. Not resist talking! I have six thousand on the bench Mark. They are yours. You also own my business. It is not bad. The location is good. I am moving in with my wife the children."

"For heaven's sake!" Cried the petite old art collector and raised his hands in defense. »What should I do with a meat start shit? -

"That is your business," answered Külz. »Sell the store the! I haven't been in debt all my life. In doing so it stays. I have no rest as long as I have a ho I have a button that I don't really need. All I have been yours from today. Maybe I can wear a few suits to keep. They wouldn't suit you anyway. We do it in writing later. "He sat down again and fetched with shaky fingers. like a cigar from the case.

"You are not at consolation!" Said Mr. Steinhövel. "First did you think you had the imitation? And secondly we will get the original again! Not true, Commissioner sar? "

"Of course!" Said the officer uncertainly.

"You don't believe that yourself," said Oskar Külz. "If this young man is really a crook, then see yours Holbein never again! You can take poison on that! "

"You don't seem to think much of the police," he said
Chief Inspector.

Mr. Oskar Külz did not hear the throw-in at all, but rather
nodded thoughtfully to the old art collector. "We do it
later in writing, 'he repeated seriously.

The composer Struve had been driving for more than an hour
the shaved gentleman! The two chauffeurs had very soon
realized that it was not a ride. Most of all
this became frighteningly clear to a chauffeur. When he stopped
wanted to inquire with his passenger about what to do with him
rushing aimlessly through dozens of main and side streets, remarkable
he said in the mirror that the noble gentleman had a revolver out of the
Bag pulled, the gun unlocked and in no misunderstanding
Way on the leather chauffeur jacket.

No words are needed in the most important situations in life.

- The chauffeur decided not to ask any more and least of all not
to keep. He stepped on the throttle and raced around the next corner.

The taxi that followed the first was a little more comfortable.

After a thorough search, the composer Struve found a bow
Music paper. He dismembered the bow and scribbled the
standing note hastily with his pencil stub. On every

The same text was written on the slip of paper: "Taxi IA 32.875 stop immediately
th! Passenger wanted criminals. In terms of Holbein miniature! -

Struve threw one at each traffic cop they passed
such notes. The bobby on Steinplatz pressed his slip
in the police patrol. The patrol notified her

four. The district inspector asked the police headquarters.

The responsible commissioner gave the necessary instructions. And it
did not take long, so numerous motor strips rushed through the
West Berlin and looked for the taxi IA 32.875.

At the Memorial Church, Professor Horn fell the first of these police
zei motorcycles. It stopped at Rankestrasse, and the passenger
pointed to the taxi.

"Drive in!" Professor Horn called.

"It's red light," said the chauffeur.

Professor Horn raised the revolver. And the taxi whizzed despite that
red light into Tauentzienstrasse.

Rudi Struve jumped up in his car. "Afterwards!" He shouted
frantic. "After!"

The hunt continued.

And right behind the two taxis the motorcycle swept with the police columnists writing.

The horns howled.

The passersby looked astonished after the cavalcade. Private-cars accelerated and tried to follow. The

Street was in a frenzy.

The first taxi stopped in front of the West Department Store. The driving guest jumped out and ran with great strides into the portal of the Department store. The second chauffeur also braked. "Are you waiting here! "Rudi Struve called and followed the refugee. Bumped into the portal Struve with the cops who just got off the motorcycle had risen. "Come on!" The composer shouted and fell spirited into the middle of the wave of the keen to buy. Professor Horn was gone.

"Have all exits blocked off," said Struve, and hurried Stairs too.

The visitors had just said goodbye to the commissioner want that when the district called Steinplatz and the text of the Zettels, who concerned taxi IA 32.875, passed through. The commissioner had ordered what was necessary. motor strip were sent off. It also became the city's arterial roads occupied. Nothing more could be done at the moment. Now the three visitors were sitting on their chairs again and result on the phone.

"Maybe we're 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 organizes this strange scavenger hunt? »

The officer shrugged. "I have no idea. Mögli-

It's the competition that gives him the knife. A lot of-it is also easily one of his accomplices, who only points to one wants to steer the wrong track. Who can know that? »

Butcher Külz said: »How I know the young man he personally distributed the notes. He simply takes us back the one on the arm! If you catch the taxi, who is not a passenger or a completely harmless person. - We are quite right! We have his honest familiar, and now he's presenting the bill to us oxen. - He took his head between his big hands. 'Such a scoundrel!

Because of him, I lost five pounds in two days. See
Look at that! ”He pulled his vest tight. “At least five pounds!
And he ruined me too! -

Herr Steinhövel smiled. 'Do you still want me yours?

Pass the butcher shop? -

"My business is yours," said Papa Külz. "And mine
Bank account too. Do what you want with it! I am with
everything ready! I move with my children to Emilie and help in
Load."

The telephone rang.

They eagerly bent over the inspector who answered. Would have
to find the taxi? Had the thief been caught?

"For you, Herr Külz," said the commissioner.

Külz picked up the receiver. "What's up?" Suddenly he got one
dead skull, shouted "No!" and threw the receiver on the fork.

The others looked at him curiously.

"Something stupid!" He said. "This is about half a million,
and my wife asks if I'm going to eat soon! ”

There was a knock.

A sergeant stepped into the room and took a stiff stance.

»A letter for Mr. Steinhövel! It was just handed in. -

The art collector received the letter. The Wachtmei-

ster withdrew. - Mr. Steinhövel opened the envelope, read it

Write and hand it over to the Commissioner without a word. He read it too
and passed it on to Irene Trübner and Mr. Külz.

"Oha!" Exclaimed Oskar Külz. »I know the handwriting! With this

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've got it under lock and key! ”

"We must have arrested only part of the gang,"
said the Commissioner.

Irene Trübner nodded. “The letter probably came from that
Gentleman with the white beard and dark glasses. I always had
feel like he's the leader. ”

"And what do we want to do?" Asked Herr Steinhövel.

The inspector rang the bell. »We drive ourselves

of course. I will send civil servants ahead. They should

Move house unobtrusively before we go inside. ”

The sergeant appeared. The Commissioner gave the necessary Commands. Then he said: "Come on! Let's go to the lion! -

They left.

The letter remained on the desk.

It read:

»The rulers affected by the robbery are

by politely asked to come to Beuststrasse 12a. -

All entrances and exits from the department store of the west were shut off. In front of the gates stood bobby and stopped the storm of passersby stood. Also stood behind the gates Bobby. They appeased the people pushing against them crowd that wanted out of the department store. It was a Noise like in the zoo before feeding.

The composer Struve raced over, followed by several officials all existing stairs, through all corridors, corridors and storage.

The department heads ransacked all of them with their employees

Angles and cabinets. They shone flashlights under them

Counters. They looked behind all the curtains. The elevators were

been shut down. 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 were always restless higer. And the bobby who accompanied Mr. Rudolf Struve became always tired and threw the little fat gentleman who led them increasingly suspicious looks.

Who knows what would have happened if not under

the passers-by in front of the department store a little girl of about six

Years ago! This child, whose name was Mariechen, was there too

his mother in Ansbacher Strasse. The mother traded with them

Outstanding all kinds of assumptions. Mariechen, on the other hand, sought the shop windows, carefree of problems.

Suddenly the child said very loudly and excitedly: "Mummy, look times! The big doll rattles her eyes! -

Everyone who had heard Mariechen's comment looked up

Command in the large shop window that is located first.

In the middle of the display, between coats, scarves, hats, pajamas and shirts, sat an elegantly dressed mannequin.

A distinguished older and smooth-shaven gentleman ...

"That's a human being!" Shouted a shrill voice.

CHAPTER 19

HERR KÜHLEWEIN learns the FÜRCHTEN

When the police car stopped in front of the building at Beuststrasse 12a,

The passengers initially widened their eyes. And the criminal

Commissioner said: "Since when have burglars been residing in Versi-

Security palaces?" He climbed out of the car and was the boy

Helping the lady and the two old men get out.

"These are the new methods," said Külz clarified.

Herr Steinhövel hesitated. "Whether we were wrong about the house number to have?"

Irene Trübner quickly went to her boss. »That's the company whose Copenhagen representative we have the miniature in front of a have insured for half a week! -

The Commissioner has already spoken to one of the goalkeepers concerned.

Then he came back quickly. "The director general is waiting for us. Of the

Porter is instructed to take us to the first floor. "

smiled. "I guess I can tell the people who moved the house send away? "

"Don't!" Exclaimed Külz. "Who knows what kind of one here again

Dizziness behind it! Maybe they want to trap us

lure, and the general manager and even the doorman are disguised-

te robber! Let your sentries go a little bit

here!"

"All right," said the officer, and went to the others who hesitated.

reluctantly followed, ahead. A messenger took her to the first floor and

led them into a luxuriously furnished reception room.

A little later the general director of the "Berolina" appeared, sir

Kühlewein. He looked very dashing and representative, made himself

acquainted with the gentlemen and was pleased how he

sounded, very extraordinarily, the famous art collector Steinhö-

vel to see with you.

After spreading quite a bit of charm, he sat down

and pressed the bell vigorously. Then he turned again

to the collector. "I'm about the deal between you and."

our society oriented only in large outlines. The abundance of

Business excuses me, I hope. After all, I think

heard you because of the miniature you in Copenhagen

acquired for six hundred thousand crowns and from Kristensen,

serm Danish general agent, with five hundred thousand marks have been temporarily worried. "

The others present were amazed and changed amazed looks. The dainty old Mr. Steinhövel thought of himself as art. "I was worried? Allow me, Mr. Kühlewein! I'm still always worried! With great concern! -

The director general didn't understand that. "But why then, dear ter Herr Steinhövel? -

An employee who may have been ringing the bell entered the room and bowed.

"Our authorized officer," said Kühlewein. "Dear Klapproth, here is the safe key. Be so good and bring us that Package containing the Copenhagen miniature. -

Authorized Officer Klapproth took the safe key and removed it yourself.

"Now it's thirteen!" Exclaimed Oskar Külz.

Herr Steinhövel tugged on his cuffs. "She must forgive, Mr. Kühlewein, that we are beside ourselves.

But the miniature you claim to have in your safe less than an hour ago Mr. Külz's apartment stolen!"

"Yes," said Külz. "It was hanging over the sofa in the shop."

Miss Trübner added: "Because we thought they were imitations. But that was a mistake. "

The general manager Kühlewein regarded the others like one Tamer may look at his lions when he is out of without a pistol and without a whip.

The commissioner intervened. "Two dozen are currently looking for ours Motorbike strips all over Berlin after a taxi, probably in the the miniature thief is sitting and wants to flee with the real Holbein! -

"But that's crazy!" Cried the general manager.

"I assure you" - that phrase came from his

Agent time - »I assure you that the miniature was not stolen has been, but lies safely in our safe and in will be handed over to Mr. Steinhövel in a few moments! -

"Error free?" Asked Mr. Külz.

"Completely excluded!" But suddenly the master became Director General uncertain. »The young lady spoke of an imitation tion. Should we have the imitation? "

"No," said Herr Steinhövel, and took a package out of the

Bag. "We already have the imitation."

Then the authorized signatory, Mr. Klapproth, reappeared and gave his Boss get the safe key and the package he should have-
len.

The others sat enchanted and stared at it
mysterious package.

"May I ask?" Mr. Kühlewein handed it over to the old man
Collector with a swinging hand gesture.

The latter hastily unpacked the package, wrapped the wooden box
and opened it.

"The miniature!" Whispered Miss Trübner. "Indeed!"

The collector pulled the magnifying glass out of his pocket and underscored the
miniature

a quick test, leaned back in the chair and muttered:

"Incredible! It's the real one! -

"Well!" Said the general manager. He turned to the
Authorized Signatory and said with a smile: "The gentlemen didn't want it
believe, but just claimed that this package was in front of one
Hour has been stolen and the thief is looking in with the miniature
Escape a taxi." He raised his eyebrows in amusement. "Lie
About Klapproth, how long has the parcel been lying intact on his
Waiting in our burglar-proof safe?"

The authorized officer leaned forward and replied softly:
half an hour. "

The director general of the "Berolina" jumped in horror. "What
are you saying? Just half an hour ago? Send that immediately
Employee who handled the matter! -

Authorized Officer Klapproth hurried out of the room.

Mr. Kühlewein wandered on the large soft tep-
nodded back and forth, covering the floor, and looked menacingly
the door. "You have to apologize," he began, "that I soo ..." -

"Come from the must pot," the butcher continued helpfully.

The general manager smiled bitterly. "Totally right. I found out
twenty minutes ago that Herr Steinhövel was on the way to the
Pick up miniature. When you appeared with a detective
I wondered a little. But it seems that I am
I'll find more opportunities to wonder today. "

"God forbid!" Said Külz. 'And we with you. Sit down
timely, General! It can't hurt! "Then turned
he turns to Miss Trübner. "I was sore in the head.

Is it definitely the real miniature? Or just a new one

Theory?"

"It's the original," said Mr. Steinhövel. "It's the only one what is certain so far. -

The door opened. A young man entered the room.

"One of our sub-directors," said Mr. Kühlewein, dig. "He knows the matter."

The young man who knew the matter bowed and came closer.

It was Mr. Joachim Seiler!

Apart from Irene Trübner, at first nobody understood why the old one Külz jumped up and danced like an Indian to the young man.

The chair fell over. Külz called "Hooray!" And pulled the sub-director the "Berolina" on his chest. "Bravo, boy!" He roared. "Us to lay in like that! You're a murder guy! "He laughed wildly. "I said right away that you weren't a real crook! "Then he proudly turned and pointed gravely at Seiler. "That's him, Gentlemen! That's him!"

"Who is that?" Asked CEO Kühlewein.

The detective commissioner said: "It is probably about the man who got the miniature from the living theft of Mr. Külz. -

"Almighty!" Muttered the general manager. You almost heard how goose bumps crawled over his back. "Seiler, you are one Thief?"

The young man shrugged, embarrassed. "It should be!

Dear Mr. Külz, I would like to ask for your permission at To steal from you! -

"As often as you want, my boy!" Exclaimed Külz. »I'm so glad that you are not a burglar, just break in! -

Joachim Seiler said: »It was pretty complicated. I had that Impression that the police are only a fraction of the gang in mine Apartment had caught. I actually only went carefully half in your sausage factory, Papa Külz. It would of course be just as good it was possible that the miniature was already in Herr Steinhövels Villa had arrived. But it was not. It hung over yours Sofa."

The old art collector had become thoughtful and asked:

"Did you know that in Warnemünde you didn't get the original, but who stole the copy? Or was it just a verse hen? "

General manager Kühlewein gasped for air. "What because? Has our Mr. Seiler already stolen in Warnemünde? - "Oh yes," replied the young man modestly. "It should be! You can't always do what you want. As the light in the dance hall went out, nothing could be done with ice gloves. I tore Miss Trübner's handbag, quickly reached inside and stole the miniature. "

The inspector eyed the delinquent suspiciously. "How then it happens that you stole the original in Warnemünde, that we found the imitation in your apartment? I thank you By the way, for the fact that you handed over the gang to us! - "You're welcome!" Said the young man. "Now what the two of them When it came to miniatures, the manipulation was very easy. Than the light gone out, the copy was still on the table. She was Mr. Külz just been secretly brought back 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 stole it me the copy! And I moved out with the copy. "He thought better of it and smiled amused. "Well. Now, of course, all participants some people believed that I had disappeared with the original! Thereby the gang lost to Miss Trübner and Mr. Külz teresse. From now on she pursued me and the supposed original in my pocket. That's how I succeeded, the guys from Warnemünde to lure me to Berlin. And then I hate her in arrest my apartment. It was relatively easy like you see. - And the real original was safe for the time being. And Miss Trübner and Mr. Külz too. -

"Great!" Cried the butcher. "Fabulous! If you like that what you hear could make you 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'm from my local cafe watched the raid squad ban de got out of my apartment, I got from the gang boss, by the way, who is still in freedom, a letter. Short then he drove past me in a taxi. He had been had a gorgeous white beard removed, but I recognized him Nevertheless. And now I got scared again. I drove hurry to Yorckstrasse and visited Ms. Külz. If the mi

niatur was there, it had to be brought to safety.

And so I stole after I stole the copy in Warnemünde also had the original in Berlin. Once you get up the inclined plane is no longer stopping. -

"And the man our motorcycle stripes are chasing is that Chief of the gang?" Asked the commissioner.

"We hope so," said Joachim Seiler. He was a little became aware and looked over at Irene Trübner, who thoughtfully looked out of the window.

"Can you witch?" Asked the inspector. "When did you Just found time, the slip of traffic in the west with those notes to the taxi number where your shaved robber Captain was sitting?"

"I can't do witches," replied the young man. "And with I have nothing to do with the notes. My friend Struve must distributed. -

Külz laughed tidily: »The little fat one from Bautzen is yours Friend? Well, listen, he did a nice spectacle because he was arrested. »

"I know," said Seiler. "We met in the cafe. And me hurriedly sent him after the robber captain. who knows where he is now. I hope nothing happened to him. » The Commissioner explained to the Director General why a composer named Struve had been arrested.

"Terrible!" Said Herr Kühlewein, stunned. »Under did our sub-director appear in the same name? -

"It had to be," claimed Joachim Seiler. »I was in Kopen have witnessed how Miss Trübner and Mr. Külz were structure of the gang were observed and followed. That's why I met the acquaintance of the to make both masters. I had to be close by if it should be serious! -

Irene Trübner said: "Herr Seiler even invented a Leipzig one Cousin named Irene. And a cousin who in Hanover as Oh-renamed his life. -

"The cousin was a lie," the young man admitted. "But the Ear doctor is correct! -

General manager Kühlewein wrung his hands. »What offenses didn't you actually commit in the few days? How?"

"Do you want an exact list?" Asked Seiler.

Page 142

"No!" Cried Mr. Kuehlewein. "No! Finally sit down

You criminal! -

Joachim Seiler took a seat. He was extremely hungry. At the
he would have loved to go to the next Aschinger pub on the spot.
fen.

During the detective commissioner the art collector and the
Director General in logical and historical order the adventurous
history of the two Holbein miniatures

the young man feared the young lady that his stomach could
growl.

When the Commissioner had finished his report, he rose
dainty old Herr Steinhövel, shook hands with the young man
and said: "Thank you very much and congratulate you

Your reward. "

"What reward?" Asked Seiler.

"Mr. Steinhövel has one for the replacement of the miniature
Reward of ten thousand marks suspended, "replied the commander.
commissar. »It is in all the sheets today!-

"I haven't read newspapers yet. One comes to
the young man said. "But you can get ten thousand marks
always need. -

General Manager Kühlewein was thinking. He processed what he did had experienced, and still did not know whether he was happy or not should annoy. It is sometimes difficult to get the right thing from both to choose. Especially for sober people who both
druß as joy costs effort.

Joachim Seiler relieved him of further thought and said:

“I have the impression that you are taking the measures that I need stopped, more or less disapproving! ”

"Quite right," replied the general manager.

"And you consider it," Seiler continued, "immoral for me to get ten thousand marks for it. -

"Quite right," said the general manager.

The young man got upset. His eyes flashed.

»In these circumstances I would like to inform Mr. Steinhövel that that I waive the reward that was intended for me. If there is one Should give funds to general managers in need, I suggest intend to transfer the ten thousand marks to this fund. And Lord I ask General Director Kühlewein to release me immediately.

Meal! ”He bowed briefly and went to the door.

But master butcher Külz was quicker. He posted himself in front of the Door and blocked the way. "What a hothead!" He cried. »The I don't. Is this an insurance company or one?

Kindergarten? Mr. Steinhövel has his holbein again. The Ver-security company saved half a million. The police have caught a gang of criminals. What else do you ask for from your employees, Mr. General Bureaucrat? ”

"Bravo!" Said Mr. Steinhövel, applauding silently.

“If you accept the notice, I'll hire the boy

Man off the spot. And the reward, dear Mr. Seiler, that is yours whether you like it or not! You will be me do not insult! -

Papa Külz put his arm under that of the young man and led him back into the room with gentle force.

Herr Kühlewein got up. He was self-conscious. 'I'll take Mr. Seiler's dismissal did not. The gentlemen excuse me.

The extraordinary session took an extraordinary amount of time

sprucht. I have to go to my office. To ordinary business. ”

He turned to Seiler. 'I want to speak to you before you

Get out of the house, mister director! ”

Then he moved away. Dashing and representative, as he did

was living. Practice creates masters.

After the congratulations with which the new

baked director had been showered, said Mr. Külz

peacefully: “This director general is smarter than I thought. He has

learned. At his age that is a downright superhuman

stung. ”

The detective looked at the clock and was surprised.

"I have to say goodbye. I have to go to the office too. The gang,

which Director Seiler kindly introduced into his apartment

I'm eager to talk to me in depth. ”

"Don't remind me of my apartment!" Asked the boy

Man. "I'm afraid the gang has when the raid commando

I moved, my modest furniture into barricades. ”

The art collector handed the young man a check. "Here

is the reward, director. For the one created in your apartment

of course I will pay for the damage. -

They shook hands. Seiler thanked him. The collector

waved. "This Holbein," he pointed to the wooden box, "meaning

For me, old fools do much more than express themselves in numbers

leaves. Miss Trübner will be so kind to you when it comes to procuring

to help the new furniture. -

"Great!" Seiler was thrilled. 'I think a lot about Miss

Trübner's taste. -

There was a knock.

A policeman entered and beat the heels together. "Mr

Commissioner, Inspector Kruger sends us. We should give you one

Show off man we from one in the department store of the west

Have brought out the shop window. Do we bother? The inspector said

here are gentlemen who identify the man and otherwise

could provide useful information. -

»Why don't you bring the whole examination

jail with? ”asked the commissioner. "So come in with the guy!"

The sergeant called something out into the corridor and went to the door

Page. Several police officers led an older, elegantly dressed

Gentleman into the room. He was clean-shaven, looked around calmly and

When he saw Joachim Seiler, he frowned.

Behind the officials, the fat little composer Struve in the room. The blonde mane hung in strands on his face. And the tie had slipped badly. 'I never hoped you see you again,' he said sternly to the inspector. Then he greeted the others. Lastly, his friend Seiler. »Human child, hopefully I found the right one. -

"It's the right one," said Seiler. 'The white beard is disappeared, and so did the dark glasses. But the Lord who so likes to write letters is left over. -

"Really," whispered Irene Trübner. "Now I recognize him too again."

"The gentleman from the Curtius pension!" Explained the master butcher Kütz surprised. "So I have to see you again!"

"I would have liked to have spared us the sight," said the arrest officer. courteously.

The detective asked: "What's your name?"

"Professor Horn."

"Shouldn't you be wrong?" Asked the inspector. "Would it be not equally possible that you are not a professor at all and Klotz be called?"

"That is also possible," said the gang leader. »It would be impolite to contradict you. "

"An unusual encounter," the commander said commissar. "It has happened many times that your company has one Theft was committed and we didn't get you. But that You failed to steal and we caught you anyway New."

"Indeed," said the professor. »A novelty! That's the one Young man to blame. "He pointed to Seiler. 'I believed until I got this Zimmer said he was a competitor of ours. And now I have to I regret to see that his talents are so-called useful link in so-called human society

Det. "He looked mockingly at Seiler. »It touches me painfully To see you in this environment. They rob themselves of many adventures and miss a big future. "He shrugged.

"I suggest that I be removed from here. "

"A proposal that has a lot to offer," said the Commissioner and gave a signal to the police. They left that with Mr. Klotz Room. - Struve was chosen by the commissioner for his success commended as a criminalist.

The composer fended off the compliments. »I just got it tan because Seiler has promised to show me the guy who illegally used my name. So that I can finally get rid of the slaps that slumber in me. ”

"You don't know who the wrong Struve was?" Asked Irene Trübner amazed.

"I have no idea," Struve said.

Külz smiled. "Well, you can put on your pipes now bring the man. ”

"What then?" The fat little musician stared at the butcher's stall. "The guy is in the room here?"

The others nodded.

"Rope," murmured Struve. "Which of the attendees was it?

Fast! Don't look forward to the long-abolished torture! -

"It was me!" Answered the young man. "Rudi, take it I'm not too bad. I just couldn't think of any other name. So, and now hit hard. I promise not to hit again. ”

Struve smiled sheepishly. Then he gave Seiler a powerful rip penschlag and said: »Among friends? Nope. Now I'm standing with two latent slaps in the face on Beuststrasse and don't know where away with it! -

"That must be a hideous condition," said the old petite che Mr. Steinhövel.

The Commissioner had gone to the civil servants who security buildings are still guarded with Send.

Herr Steinhövel had called for his car. she sat and waited. Külz described the composer's adventures the one that Seiler had passed between Copenhagen and Berlin. He rowed with both arms as he spoke and could not do enough. Already a few hours after they happen were the deeds of the young hero surviving-size.

The old collector listened with a smile and thought: The vernacular opens and behold, he has sixty-four teeth! Previously killed you kite, today you impostor. Only the minor matters vary. Myth formation survives technology. The more he got caught up in historical-philosophical conjectures, especially so he listened less.

Seiler wasn't listening either. He sat next to Irene Trübner and asked

like twenty-four hours ago: "Let's do it tolerated again? -

Leaving the question unanswered, she said, "I'm coming today evening in your apartment, Mr. Director, and I'll do the damage -is. Tomorrow we can buy new furniture.

I know different shops where you can work well and inexpensively serves. "He said nothing.

"Is it okay for you at about seven o'clock tonight?" She continued. "She live very close to me. Not on Holtzendorffstrasse true? What number, please? "

He looked at her hostilely. His eyes were like fiery coal len.

She said: "Oh no! You don't live in the Holtzendorff street. That was a lie, director! May I for that ask real address? But not just roughly, yes? "

He moved away from her. »I waive your kind cooperation. I can get myself a table and a couple of chairs. "

"My boss asked me to help you. I come around seven o'clock. I'm very concerned about business reliable. "

He slid back and forth in the chair as if he were sitting in one Spirit cooker in operation. 'I don't open. You need not to come. I cough for your help. I'd rather see you at end of my life in a chicken coop. -

"Around seven o'clock, then," she replied steadfastly. "It stick with it. -

Seiler's patience broke. He jumped up. "Submit yourself!" he shouted. "If you come, I'll throw you down the stairs ter! I live on the fourth floor, it's worth it! "Then he freaked out the room and slammed the door.

"Good heavens!" Said Klzl, startled. "What's up? then given? -

"Not the slightest bit," said Miss Trbner.

"Well, I don't know!" Said the fat little Mr. Struve.

"When someone tells me they're going down the stairs I would take it a little more seriously. -

"He didn't tell you, he told me," said she. "But there is a difference!"

Her boss, the art collector, rubbed his hands. That depended somehow associated with his poor blood circulation,

but always as if he felt particularly comfortable.

"If it wasn't a threat," he said sharply, "then it could only have been a declaration of love. "

"Really?" Asked Külz. "Well, I wholeheartedly congratulate you

Hearts, my child. I haven't been a sponsor in a long time. -

And although it's not common for people to go down the stairs thrown congratulations, tended

Irene Trübner the pretty head and said: "Thank you very much, mine Men's!"

A house messenger reported that Mr. Steinhövel's car had pulled up. You started out.

The art collector held the butcher back and gave it to him a wooden box. »I almost forgot! May I tell you the holbein copy that you have long owned, again, and now for always, give? -

Külz shook his hand and pocketed the box. "The should be a lasting memory for me. And I buy my Emilie a bar of chocolate."

The room was empty for half a minute at most.

Then Irene Trübner returned furtively, picked up the phone 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. »To the thunderstorm! who is there?"

"Irene," she said softly. "Shall we be friends again?"

Herr Steinhövel had taken a seat in his car. "Where is because 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's whole is definitely the right miniature. If it were the wrong one again re..."

Mr. Steinhövel laughed. "It's definitely the wrong one."

"By the wrong one, I mean the real one," said Papa Külz.

"All right!" The collector pulled the magnifying glass out of his pocket and worked

Page 149

opened the box, looked at the miniature he had given away, and startled. "Indeed!" He called. 'I have the original for you given! "

"Terrible!" Muttered Papa Külz. "Then the whole theater can start all over again. It is unimaginable! -

Mr. Steinhövel conscientiously looked after the real Holbein in the Breast pocket, Külz gave the other box and said: "Well is it true! -

At that moment Irene Trübner stepped out of the building and nodded happily to the three gentlemen.