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OCTOBER

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"SHE CAN'T PLAY A NOTE"

"This'll be Funny" they shouted as she sat down to play — *but a minute later...*

"I GUESS we're stuck right here for the afternoon," sighed Jane, as the rain began coming down in torrents. The usual crowd always gathered at the club on afternoons such as this.

"I suppose this means more bridge, and I'm tired of that," said John Thompson. "Can't we find something different—something unusual to do?"

"Well, here comes Sally Barrow. She might offer some solution to the problem," suggested Jimmy Parsons, with a laugh.

Poor Sally! Unfortunately she was considerably overweight. It seemed she was just destined to be heavy and plump. But the boys all *liked* Sally—she was so jolly and full of fun.

"Hello everybody," came Sally's cheery greeting. "What's new?"

"That's just it, Sally. We were trying to find some excitement and we've just about reached the end of our rope," replied John.

"Would it surprise you if I played a tune or two for you on the piano? I'm not awfully good as yet, but I'll try."

"You play, Sally? Don't be funny!" The very idea of Sally having talent in any direction struck everybody as a joke. Sally was good natured though. She didn't mind being laughed at—as long as John Thompson didn't join in the laughter. Sally liked John—more than she cared to admit.

The laughter became more boisterous as Sally walked nonchalantly over to the piano. Carelessly, she played a few chords. At this, everyone suddenly stopped laughing and turned to watch Sally. "Well, anyone could play a few chords," they thought. Then without the slightest hesitation and just as if she had been playing for years, Sally broke into the latest Broadway hit. Her listeners couldn't believe their ears! Sally continued to play one lively tune after another. Some danced while others gathered around the piano and sang.

Finally she finished and rose from the piano. John Thompson was at her side immediately brimming over with curiosity. He never knew she could play a note.

"Where did you learn? Who was your teacher?" John asked, "Why didn't you tell me about it sooner?"

"It's a secret—and I won't tell you a thing about it . . . except that I had no teacher!" retorted Sally.

Sally's success that afternoon opened up a world of new pleasures. John, particularly, took a new and decided interest in Sally. More and more they were seen in each other's company. But it was only after considerable teasing on John's part that Sally told him the secret of her new found musical ability.

Sally's Secret

"You may laugh when I tell you," Sally began, "but I learned to play at home, without a teacher. You see, I happened to see a U. S. School of Music advertisement. It offered a Free Demonstration Lesson so I wrote for it. When it came and I saw how easy it all was, I sent for the complete course. What pleased me most was that I was playing simple tunes by note right from the start. Why, it was just as simple as A-B-C to follow the clear print and picture illustrations that came with the lessons. Now I can play many classics by note and most all the popular music. And just think—the cost averaged only a few cents a day!"

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TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES

A MACFADDEN PUBLICATION

Vol. XIII October, 1930 No 7

CONTENTS

Cover by Dalton Stevens

NEXT MONTH: SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT!

MY GREATEST CASES
BY WILLIAM J. BURNS

A "SCOOP" for TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES!

The former Chief of the Bureau of Investigation, United States Department of Justice, founder of the William J. Burns International Detective Agency—and one of the greatest detectives of modern times—has written *exclusively* for TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES the *inside* on the most famous criminal mysteries with which he has been identified during forty astonishing years!

This month stalking a mysterious murderer—next month on the trail of a gigantic counterfeiting ring—now solving a deadly bombing—then matching wits with a master forger—Burns' career as a detective stands alone.

In this remarkable series, the American public will be taken behind the scenes while Burns, *for the first time*, trains the spotlight on the innermost, *hitherto unpublished* facts of the most amazing mysteries that this country has ever known!

The first of these sensational cases—a front-page crime which threatened to pass into the limbo of unsolved riddles—reveals the brand of detective work which has made Burns' name one with which to conjure!

UNPUBLISHED SECRETS of the SNYDER-GRAY MURDER

A crimson atrocity, smacking of the deeds of the Borgias! Such was the murder of Albert Snyder, prominent magazine art editor, by his wife, Ruth, and her lover, Judd Gray, in Queens Village, New York, in 1927.

The real facts—*the facts the newspapers didn't print*—coming from James J. Conroy, Assistant District Attorney of Queens County, will astonish you!

THE RIDDLE of the "6TH SEAL" CULT

A strange and bizarre cult, headed by May Otis Blackburn, a master-swindler who mesmerized the suckers with fantastic preachments and the practise of gruesome rites and weird ceremonials! That was the "Great 6th Seal" racket—one of the most daring bunco schemes in the history of the Pacific Coast.

Detective William M. Reed, of the Los Angeles Police Department, has prepared the *lowdown* on this amazing case expressly for this magazine. It's a *new* type of crime story!

KENTUCKY'S GREAT "RESURRECTION" MYSTERY

On the afternoon of August 18th, 1925, 16-year-old Mary Vickery, one of the prettiest girls in Harlan County, Kentucky, vanished. Several days later, a mutilated body was found in a desolate mountain tomb. The corpse was immediately identified as that of the missing girl—and eventually a man was sent up for life for murder.

Then, a year after her disappearance, Mary Vickery *reappeared* in the flesh and blood—well and happy. . . .

THE CLUE of the SUN-GLASSES

For brilliant detective work, the mystery surrounding the murder of beautiful Stella Kale is in a class by itself. Miss Kale's body was found at Salisbury Beach, Massachusetts, on June 6th, 1927. Near the corpse was a pair of sun-glasses. This was the only clue—but it sent the killer to the chair!

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART, one of the foremost of living authors, has written a fascinating article on detective stories which appears in this issue. In addition, the November issue will include other outstanding crime cases, written by America's leading newspapermen and detectives.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY NEW METROPOLITAN FICTION, INC., WASHINGTON AND SOUTH AVES., DUNELLEN, NEW JERSEY
Editorial and General Offices: 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Advertising Offices: Graybar Building, New York City
Edwin E. Zoty, *President* M. A. Wood, *Secretary* William Thompson, *Treasurer* Gilbert L. Parks, *Advertising Director*

Entered as second class matter, Sept. 27, 1928, at the Post Office at Dunellen, New Jersey, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at New York, N. Y.
Price 25c per Copy in U. S.—30c in Canada. Subscription price $2.50 per year in the United States and possessions; also, Cuba, Mexico and Panama. All other countries (including Canada) $4.00 per year.

Chicago Office: 333 N. Michigan Ave., C. H. Shattuck, Mgr. London Agents: Atlas Publishing & Distributing Co., Ltd., 18 Bride Lane, London, E. C.

Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.

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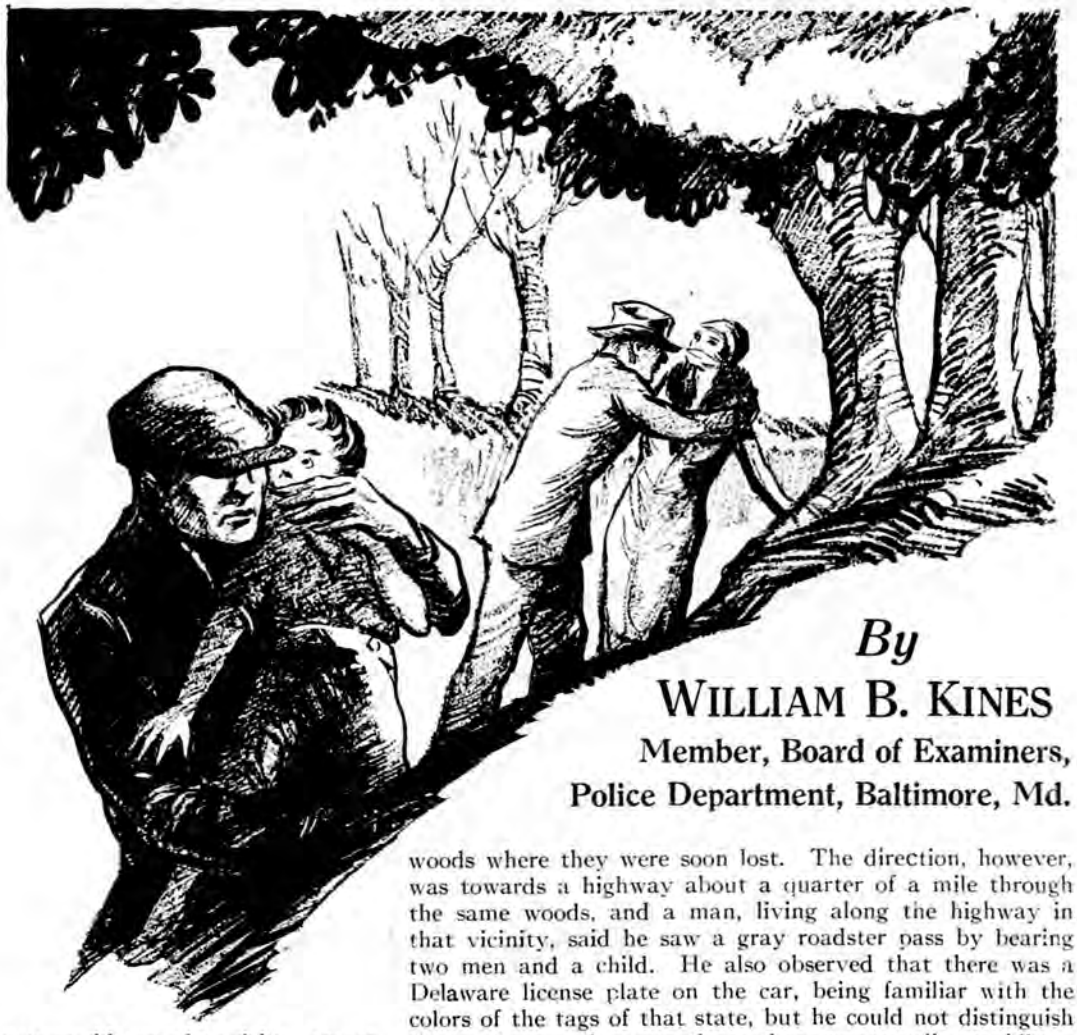

By

WILLIAM B. KINES
Member, Board of Examiners, Police Department, Baltimore, Md.

NOTE: *Mr. Kines, Member of the Board of Examiners, Baltimore Police Department, here presents to readers of* TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES *a hypothetical detective problem used in the official examinations.*

Can you solve it?

We anticipate presenting one of these problems each month, and the following month the official solution will appear in this department

Comments we receive from our readers, on the fact detective stories which we publish, indicate that thousands of persons are apparently interested in testing their own detective ability, although these same persons never expect to become detectives.

Here then is a test:

Solve, to the best of your ability, the detective problem presented on this page. Then, next month compare your solution with the official solution.

You may be surprised at your ability along this line.

IT is assumed that a four-year-old son of wealthy parents living in Philadelphia is kidnapped. He was under the care of a woman nurse who had taken him for a stroll along a country road, after she and the child had been driven by a chauffeur in the family limousine to a point near where the child was stolen. It had been the custom of the family to have the child driven to some public park each afternoon, where he was permitted to visit the zoo, or play about the grounds. Such a thing as driving the child and nurse out into the country, and the nurse leaving the car with the child for the evident intention of taking a stroll, had never occurred before.

The nurse said that after she and the child had walked a short distance, two men jumped out from behind trees, one of whom threw a bag over her head, while the other made for the child. The bag was tied around her neck and she was thrown to the ground. When she managed to untie the bag, no one was in sight, and she claimed she ran back to the family automobile.

The woman's description of the two men was rather vague. Police hastened to the scene, but the only things they found in the way of clues were footprints of apparently two men. One footprint, of apparently a left foot, seemed to be lacking in any heel indentation and may have been made by a man who was lame in the left foot. There was nothing about the bag to furnish a clue. There were no traces of automobile wheels and the footprints led into a woods where they were soon lost. The direction, however, was towards a highway about a quarter of a mile through the same woods, and a man, living along the highway in that vicinity, said he saw a gray roadster pass by bearing two men and a child. He also observed that there was a Delaware license plate on the car, being familiar with the colors of the tags of that state, but he could not distinguish the numbers on the tag as the roadster was traveling rapidly.

Before the mother of the child had married she jilted a suitor who later moved from Philadelphia, and just prior to that time he had been injured in an automobile accident along with other occupants of the same car, a description of which he had written to her and which letter she had retained.

The nurse was rather a reticent sort of person and had only been in the employ of the family for a short time. She proved an unsatisfactory subject to the police while being questioned, which aroused their suspicion, but she stuck to her story. In going through her effects the police learned that she had at one time lived in Wilmington, Delaware. The woman was finally discharged and disappeared.

The chauffeur who had been in the employ of the family for a number of years, said he knew nothing about the kidnapping and was evidently telling the truth. He did say that the nurse suggested the ride into the country, and, not being suspicious, complied with her wishes.

Two days later the parents received a letter, postmarked Wilmington, Delaware, typewritten in cipher, which no one seemed able to decode, and on paper with a water-mark reading "Ipso Xenia Bond, Del." The letterhead of the paper had been torn away and the typewriting showed the following peculiarities:

The letter "e" was blurred, the (*Continued on page* 112)

"Quick! Unlock that Door!"

A MOMENT of hesitation—then from Marette's slim black revolver there leaped a spurt of smoke and flame.

The special constable lurched back against the cell bars as the others stood bewildered before the sudden fury of this girl; while behind the locked door Jim Kent watched in tense silence, every nerve alert, every drop of blood in his body on fire.

Who was this "girl of mystery"? What had lured her, alone, into the remote wilderness? Why should she, rich, educated, beautiful, risk her life to save a self-confessed murderer from the hangman's noose? What strange story lay behind her own dark secret?

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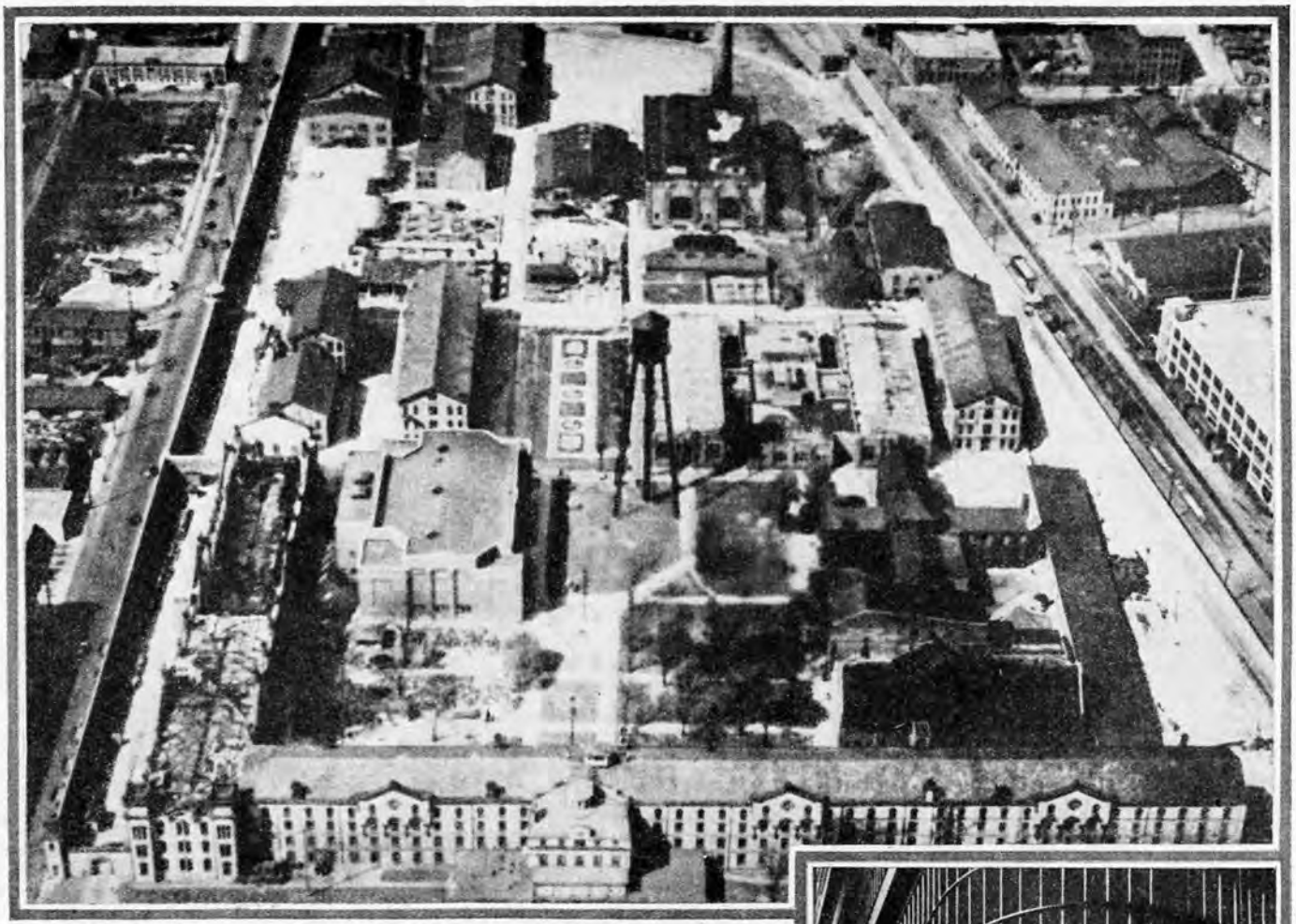
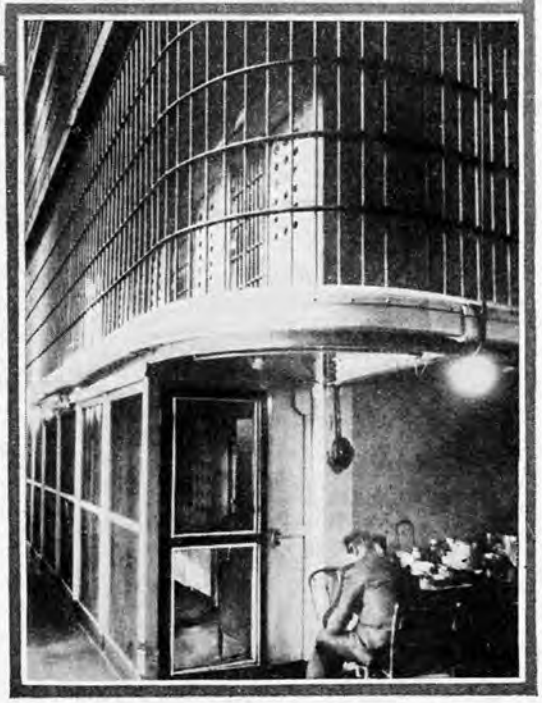




How To *Stop* Prison Riots!

Harder work—stricter discipline—and shorter sentences! Is this the answer to one of the greatest problems in America today?

By W. J. Kohberger

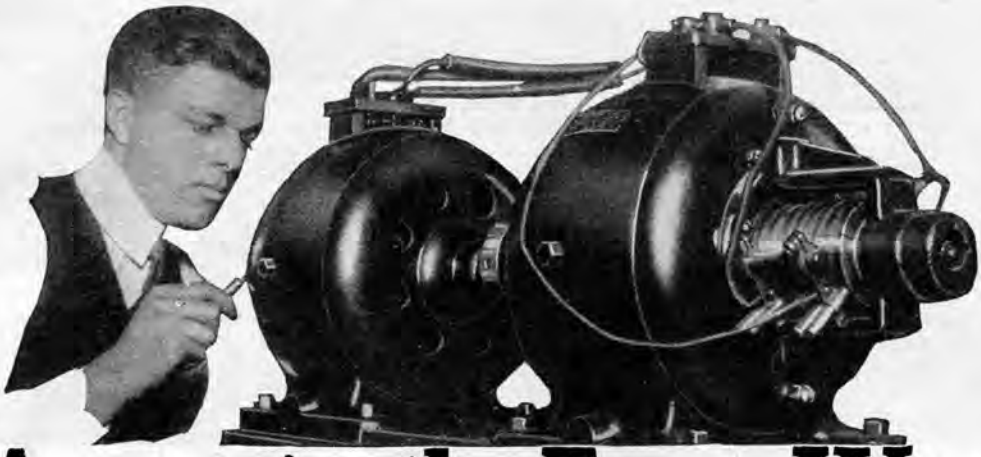
(*Top*) An aerial view of the Ohio State Penitentiary at Columbus. (*Above*) An interior scene

NOTE: The author of this short article is an employee of the Ohio Penitentiary, and for years has had ample opportunity to observe, first hand, the effects of long confinement on prisoners under conditions which prevail at the present time, not only at that prison, but many other prisons throughout the country as well.—Ed.

DURING the past two years, prison riots have been the rule rather than the exception; the last real one being that at the State Prison, Jeffersonville, Missouri, on March 26th and 27th of this year. The bitter threats of violence and serious disturbances at Ohio Penitentiary following the disastrous fire there on Easter Monday could not be called a riot in the true sense of the word, but was the inevitable aftermath of that holocaust that stunned a nation, unparalelled in world history.

The Missouri uprising was, fortunately, a bloodless one; but altogether too many lives have been sacrificed to prison riots in various parts of the country during the past few years. And not unnaturally, people are beginning to ask the reason for such untoward happenings and to wonder what conditions are responsible.

In answer, much has been said and much has been written, and the summing up seems to be: The penitentiaries are over-crowded; there is too much idleness; the sentences are too long and there are too few pardons and paroles. These answers are right, to a degree, at least, but Warden Rudolph, of Missouri sounds a new note when he says: "Missouri Penitentiary is no longer a kindergarten and (*Continued on page* 8)



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No Books-No Printed Lessons

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H. C. LEWIS, Pres. ***Established 1899***

500 S. Paulina Street • Dept. 70-94 • Chicago, Illinois

(*Continued from page 6*)

from now on 'special privileges' are a thing of the past."

In other words, Warden Rudolph brings out a new reason for the uprisings and sums up cause and cure in one short sentence.

Warden Rudolph could have summed up the cause and the cure in *one* word, "Discipline." For where discipline is lacking, either in the inmate body or among those who have to do with the operation of the prison, most anything may be expected. It is a deplorable, but, nevertheless, an incontrovertible fact that "outside forces" are responsible for the special privileges of which Warden Rudolph speaks. Outside forces do more to undermine the discipline of a prison than any other one thing. And these outside forces must be made amenable to discipline just as surely as the inmates of the prison and those directly responsible for what goes on in the prison. We must have discipline in handling what is termed "political pull," the thing responsible for unworthy prisoners having special privileges in regard to communicating with friends, receiving visits, etc. If unworthy prisoners are permitted to have things denied the rest of the inmate body —having them without having *earned* them by long periods of good conduct and undeniable proof of right acting and thinking; have them through "political pull"—the morale of the institution is slowly but surely undermined, the warden is rendered impotent and both the prisoner and the social body are injured.

I FEEL safe in saying that in every state one will find a few politicians who believe they are aiding their constituents by using their influence with those in authority to cause them to break the rules, *just a little,* to enable some prisoner in whom they are interested to have privileges the other prisoners do not enjoy. And this is done regardless of whether the prisoner in question has earned special consideration by his conduct over a period of incarceration of insufficient duration to enable the Warden and his officers to determine his worth, or lack of it.

This practice works a hardship on the wardens, not only by taking up their time, but by breaking down their reserve. It takes less energy to say "yes" than it does to say "no." And if pressure is brought to bear at a moment when the warden does not have the time to thoroughly explain in detail in order to hold the good-will of his influential caller, the warden will ofttimes sanction what his better judgment tells him is not best for the Institution.

Directly affecting the matter of discipline among the inmates is the fact that there is too much idleness in nearly every prison in the country. Prisons have changed for the better in some respects, but just as truly, in some respects, they have taken a backward step. For one thing, there are not nearly enough factories in the majority of prisons to keep all the prisoners busy. Then, while conditions are such as to make it easier on the prisoner, sentences have been lengthened all out of proportion.

In some states sentences for certain crimes have been lengthened many-fold. And from the combination of idleness and "long time" it seems that results not as favorable as those under the old system are obtained. A prisoner with a minimum sentence of fifteen, twenty, or twenty-five years, with the time slowly passing in idleness, often feels that he has nothing to lose, that he will no doubt die before the expiration of his sentence, anyway. Therefore he becomes reckless and heedless, willing to take the most desperate chance, caring little for the outcome in any case.

These harsh sentences are not uncommon. Here in Ohio Penitentiary we have nearly two thousand men serving from ten years upward. And this out of a total of about forty-nine hundred. And ten years in Ohio Penitentiary means ten years—if not more. What comfort is it to the prisoner to know that he is "pulling his time" much easier than under the old regime when the terrible fact stares him in the face that he must spend the best years of his life away from all that he holds dear? And spend it with nothing to distract his thoughts from the dreary monotony of his existence.

Each prisoner should be required, if he is physically able, to do hard, honest labor for long hours each working day of the week. For this productive labor he should be given plenty of good substantial well-cooked food, and should have a good bed to sleep in. Real honest-to-goodness work never hurt anyone. But real hard work is not pleasant. No one cares to be placed in a position where he will have to work like the very dickens long hours each day. But it won't hurt him if he is. And it will form habits of industry and thrift.

NEARLY two thousand men with minimum sentences of ten years or more! Would it not be better for them and for society if their sentences were but a fraction of what they are, but during these shorter sentences they were made to feel their confinement by industry, real hard work, strict discipline and a constant reminder that they had injured their fellowmen by their actions and were paying for those injuries and forming habits that would cause them to refrain from repetition of their untoward acts? For, according to our modern theory of penal procedure, the prisoner is kept in confinement for the purpose of *reformation* as well as for punishment and the deterrent effect on others.

Make the prison a hard, unpleasant place. Make the men there do two days' work in one so that they will get used to hard labor. Let men serve two or three years instead of ten or twenty. But *make these two or three years as hard as ten or twenty under the present conditions.* Then turn your man out before he is spoiled by excessive confinement. Send him out with a wholesome respect for the prison fixed in his mind; and a firm resolution to keep out of such places in the future.

Why take them away from their families—who are the real sufferers—for a long period of time, when "cramming" the devil out of them for a compartively short time will restore them to their loved ones, hardened for work, ready for work, and save the tax-payer the price of their keep as well as adding the worth of their productive labor to the community? When they gain their release and find that they have to work only about half as hard to earn a living outside prison walls as they had to work in prison, that fact alone will keep them from any desire to repeat. The man kept in prison a long time in idleness and camparative ease is going to have a hard time adapting himself to outside conditions. A man kept a short time at hard labor and under strict discipline is going to find it easy to fit into the social life of the community. He will know how to work, how to behave himself, and will be able to work and behave himself—and glad of the chance to do both!

Abolish special privileges. Do not allow interference on the part of influential outsiders. Make the sentences far shorter, but make the days, days of hard work and strict discipline. Teach the public that a prison is not a playhouse, but *HELL.* Keep this "hell" idea away from the prisoner. Show him that what is being done is being done for his own good. That there is no feeling of vengeance, no spirit of persecution.

It won't take long to prove that short terms of real hard work and strict discipline are far more of a deterrent than long terms in comparative ease. Make the prison a darned unpleasant place so that live, energetic men will be glad to leave, instead of a place of slothful ease and monotony where men rot through the long years, of no earthly use to themselves or anyone else.

New Books *and* Book News

ONE of the most extraordinary pieces of detective work that I have ever heard of has just been made public, in a scientific pamphlet issued under the auspices of a Boston research society. Here was a mysterious case where all the clues were several hundred years old. Yet the detective, by patient and plodding work, aided by a kind of inquisitorial genius often found in scientific laboratories, has exposed and unmasked one of the greatest hoaxes in history.

I refer to a book entitled *Pseudo-Prophecies and Pseudo-Sciences* just published by the Boston Society for Psychic Research. The author is my old friend, Doctor Walter Franklin Prince, the famous ghost-hunter and psychic detective who has tracked down and shown up more fraudulent mediums than any other investigator in America, not excluding the detective departments of the forty-eight states and the exploits of Samri Frikell and the late Houdini.

By all odds, Doctor Prince is the greatest psychic sleuth living today. Perhaps he is the most skilled and successful in the whole history of occult investigation. But in this note-book, he reveals himself in a new rôle. Instead of studying the lay-out of a sealed room, trying to determine where the ectoplasm comes from, he now turns his microscope and measuring tape on a mystery that goes back almost to the middle ages—the classic riddle of Mother Shipton's prophecies.

Any school boy is familiar with a part, at least, of that historic piece of bunkum—

> "*Carriages* without horses shall go
> Around the world thoughts shall fly
> In the twinkling of an eye * * *
> Iron in water shall float
> As easy as a wooden boat * * *
> Gold will be found, and found
> In a land that's not now known . . ."

It is maintained that the old witch, Mother Shipton, wrote and published the foregoing doggerel, and many more verses all filled with similiar prophecies, in the year 1448. If that is true, then Mother Shipton was a great seer and deserving of her fame. But Doctor Prince, the great skeptic, doubted it and started to investigate. The sources that he traced, the authorities he consulted, the deductions he drew from the evidence in the text itself, all surpass the garish, but unconvincing, tricks of the fictional detectives from Sherlock Holmes to Philo Vance. This is the real thing in deduction and Doctor Prince deserves recognition from the detective fraternity for his skill in exposing a racket almost five hundred years old.

—

TRUE stories of the detective methods of the police are told in a new book, *The Forgotten Clue* by H. Ashton-Wolfe, just published by Houghton, Mifflin Co. Here the author of *Crimes of Love and Hate,* presents a graphic picture by which the layman may understand the actual methods employed by the law enforcement departments of great cities in tracking down criminals. There are certain features in this volume that will seem new and strange even to the readers of True Detective Mysteries, but in the last few years, most of the information presented in this book has been given in the pages of this magazine.

The fault of *The Forgotten Clue* is that it is neither a text-book nor a novel, and falls between the two stools, not complete enough for a manual of police procedure, and yet occasionally too technical and stodgy for the general reader.

The emphasis is laid on the work of the Parisian Sureté and other French detection centers. In preparing his book, Mr. Ashton-Wolfe had the assistance of Doctor Edmond Locard, Chief of the Lyons Laboratories, and through the eyes of this official, the author was enabled to see many phases of modern scientific detection. This, as he tells the reader, is a very different thing from detection in the personal sense in which it is exploited in detective magazines and novels of the fiction type. Certainly this will not come as news to the old readers of True Detective Mysteries, who know as well as the next one the methods of the modern police, depending so much, as they do, on organization and method. But one not so familiar with police practice would undoubtedly be fascinated by much of this book.

The criminal identification system, including the Bertillon measurements and the finger-prints are described in detail, and eventually even the most seasoned police fan will come upon apparatus and technique that may be new to him. I was especially interested in the bullet identification methods, what we call, in the Police Department of the City of New York, the science of "ballistics." It appears, too, that the French detectives still lay a great reliance on disguises, which are rather a joke to American detectives, although even now employed with distinction by a few operatives. The greatest interest in the book lies in certain ingenius apparatus which, described in a fictional detective tale, would sound like the wildest romancing. I refer especially to the micro-camera invented by Doctor Locard which will identify a forgery of handwriting with uncanny accuracy. This and such curious instruments as the chromoscope, the whistling wireless apparatus and the spectograph, add an occasional note of a newsy, a journalistic and expository interest to a volume that otherwise goes over familiar, but always interesting ground.

—

Meanwhile, the publishers of novels continue to flood the market with cheap, implausible, even impossible yarns, hack stories of blood, horror, and incredible solutions, and a violent book price war has broken out. The two dollar detective novel was reduced to one dollar and now you can buy such books at cigar stands for fifty cents. In drug stores they are beginning to appear at thirty-nine cents. As if price had anything to do with it, if the book is undesirable—K. W.

How To Secure A Government Position

STOP WORRYING about business depressions and job hunting. Work for Uncle Sam. No special experience needed to get one of these attractive positions. It's easy if you prepare for it and it's my business to help you get it! For eight years I was a Secretary Examiner. I have helped thousands into well-paid Government positions, and I can help you get the job *you* pick. I know *how to train you* to get high rating in Civil Service Examinations, which will qualify you for early appointment. You get the job you want after passing examination—or my help *costs you nothing*.

Good Pay—Short Hours—Steady Work

Get rid of the bugaboos of "hard times," strikes and lay-offs that you must always worry about in ordinary jobs. Don't stick in the low-pay jobs that start you off in a rut and keep you there. Work for Uncle Sam in a fine position you can't lose for any religious, political or personal reasons. Get a Government position that's safe—that pays you from $1,700 to $3,300 a year to start—a "sure berth" where there are no strikes, lockouts or dull times, where you get vacation with pay, retirement pensions, 8-hour day, automatic yearly salary raises, unlimited opportunities for quick advancement and many other advantages you can't get anywhere else.

Why Worry about "HARD TIMES"?

A. R. Patterson

Get my BOOK FREE!

If you are a citizen, eighteen or over, you can get the Civil Service Position you want. Write today for my new free book that tells all about the Civil Service—the jobs open, how easily you can get *your* job, the pay, the vacation and all the big advantages of Government Positions. Find out just how I can help you land a steady, good-paying position in the Civil Service in Washington, traveling or near your home. Mail the coupon or a postal TODAY.

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184A Wisner Building — Rochester, N. Y.

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$1,900 to $2,700 a Year

Work 6 days, then 6 days off. Paid all the time. Opportunity for travel. 15 days' vacation and 10 days' sick leave every year with full pay.

Post Office Clerk
$1,700 to $2,100 a Year

Special clerks at $2,200 to $2,300, 15 days' vacation and 10 days' sick leave every year with full pay. Promotions to positions paying up to $4,700 a year.

City Mail Carrier
$1,700 to $2,100 a Year

15 days' vacation and 10 days' sick leave every year with full pay. Good chance for rapid promotion to bigger pay.

R. F. D. Mail Carrier
$1,800 to $2,300 a Year

15 days' vacation and 10 days' sick leave every year with full pay. A fine position for men in rural districts.

Internal Revenue and Custom House Positions
$1,100, $1,680 to $3,000 a Year

and up. Extra pay for overtime.

Postmaster
$1,200 to $2,500 a Year

This is a position of great importance. In small towns a position that can be made very profitable.

Departmental Clerk
$1,440 to $1,620 a Year and up to $3,000 a Year

30 days' vacation and 30 days' sick leave with full pay. Work in Washington or near home.

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Dear Mr. Patterson:
Send me your FREE BOOK about the Civil Service, and tell me how your coaching can help me land a Government position paying from $1,700 to $3,300 a year. This costs me nothing.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

(You must be 18 or over to be eligible for a position.)

FRED BURKE, Gangster—
As I Knew Him

By RAY RENARD
As told to FRANK CALHOUN

A former gang lieutenant spills the dope about one of the most desperate criminals of the century!

HAVE YOU SEEN THIS MAN?
This is Fred Burke—and there's a price of a hundred grand on his head!

EVERYONE remembers Chicago's sensational underworld murder, known as the "St. Valentine's Day Massacre," because it occurred on February 14th, 1929. The lurid details of this crime, played up in big newspaper headlines for weeks, came as a shock to the whole country. For this seven-fold killing Fred Burke, a Chicago gang leader, is wanted by the police. He is a fugitive from justice with a price of one hundred thousand dollars on his head. Burke is also wanted for another murder, the details of which I shall relate presently.

On the above mentioned date, three gunmen, disguised as policemen, entered a garage and ordered the seven men present to hold up their hands, lining them up against a wall. Then they proceeded to drill their helpless victims with machine-gun bullets. Of the seven bullet-riddled bodies, two were later identified as innocent bystanders, who, unfortunately, happened to be present in the room. The rest were gangsters.

The finding of ammunition in Burke's home helped to establish suspicion against him, as one of the three men disguised as policemen. According to newspaper stories, three leaders of the gang, one being Burke, were out to get two marked men and, to make sure the right ones were reached, killed five gangsters and two bystanders. Such is gang warfare—as I well remember!

ANYWAY, Burke is still at large, running loose in some community, no doubt, with a huge reward for his capture. Sooner or later they will get him and take him back to pay the penalty. That's the usual end of a crook's career, no matter how smart he thinks himself.

Freddie Burke first became known to me in 1923 back in St. Louis, Missouri. At that time I was a henchman in that notorious collection of bandits known as the "Egan Gang," under the leadership of William P. ("Dint") Colbeck. The Egan "rats," as they were called, were at the height of their power then, with plenty of protection from the police, as well as politicians.

One Sunday morning I had some very important business with another member of the Egan gang, Lee Tucker by name, so I jumped into my car and drove over to Tucker's house, which was located near Westgate and Delmar—a very high class neighborhood. Upon arriving there, about eleven o'clock, I was ushered into Tucker's private room, which he called his den, where secret conferences were held. This room was beautifully appointed, in keeping with the rest of the house, for Tucker lived like a prince, as indeed he could, for we were all making lots of dough.

I SAT down to wait, helping myself to cigarettes and booze—Tucker always had a supply of the best on hand. There was also a radio in the room, which was quite a novelty in those days.

"Dint" Colbeck, former chief of the Egan Rats, of St. Louis—and ex-boss of Ray Renard

After a few minutes, Lee Tucker came in, dressed in silk pajamas, dressing gown and slippers, for he had just gotten out of bed. We started at once to discuss the business. It was about a bank robbery we were planning, being a location we had spotted several months before. The bank in question was in the crowded shopping district. Our plans were all set ready for action.

"Tuesday morning's jake with me," said Tucker, "if it is with the rest of you boys."

"Well, the bank carries more deposits on Tuesday," I replied. "They clear with the principal bank on Wednesday."

"How about sitting in on a game tonight?" asked Tucker.

I hesitated, saying:

"Don't you think we'd better go out tonight and steal an automobile for Tuesday's job? This is Sunday night, you know, and there'll be good picking."

Just then we heard the door-bell ring.

"Wait until I see who it is," said Tucker, and left the room.

He returned a few minutes later with a tall, powerfully built man, fairly young and good-looking, whom I had never met before. Tucker introduced us, saying:

"Ray, I want you to meet this fellow. This is Freddie Burke. Fred, meet Ray Renard."

Burke and I shook hands, while Tucker continued:

"Ray, this fellow did time with me up at the pen when I was there."

Just then Burke interrupted, saying:

"I brought some tools over to fix your radio, Tucker."

"I CERTAINLY wish you would fix it. I'm lost without it when it won't work." Then Tucker said to me: "Burke installed this radio for me, Ray. You ought to get him to install you one."

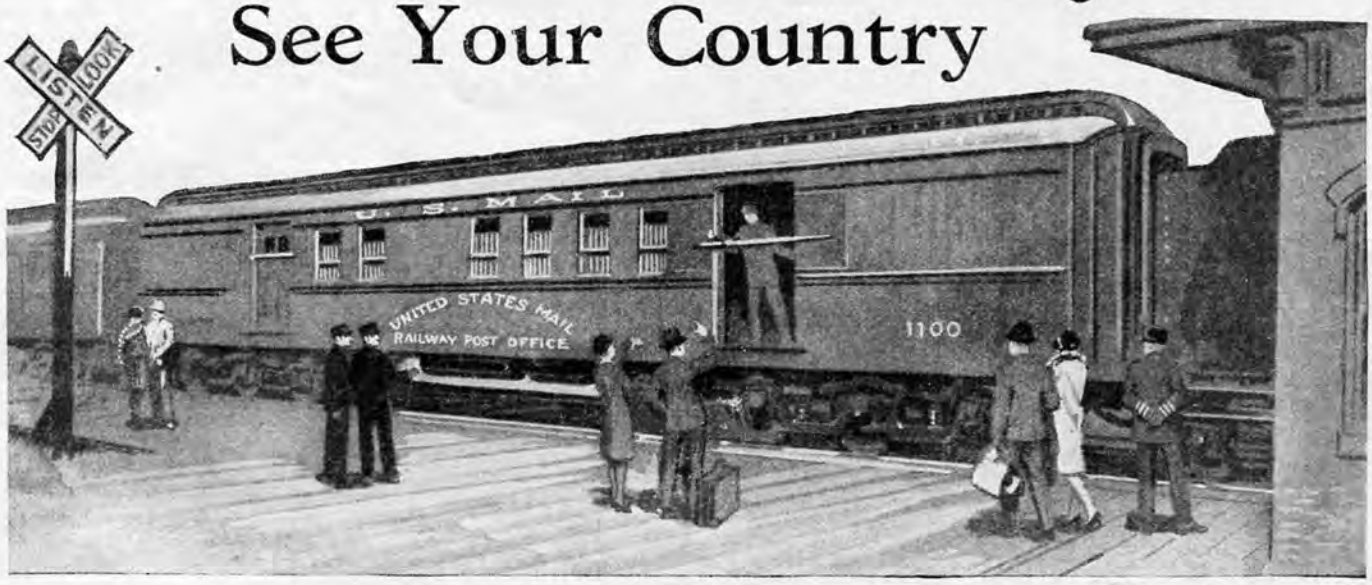
While Burke was tinkering with the radio, my friend Tucker set the liquor bottle in front of us, telling us to help ourselves, then left to get dressed. Left alone, I inquired of Burke:

"When did you get out of the pen, Burke?"

(*Continued on page* 14)

WANT A STEADY GOVERNMENT JOB?

See Your Country



BECOME A RAILWAY POSTAL CLERK

$1900 TO $2700 YEAR

WANT THESE GOVERNMENT JOBS?

City Postal Clerks **Inspector of Customs** **Rural Carriers**
City Mail Carriers **General Clerk in Government Offices**

STEADY POSITIONS

These are steady positions. Strikes, poor business conditions, lockouts or politics will not affect them. U. S. Government employees get their pay for full twelve months every year. There is no such thing as **"HARD TIMES"** in the U. S. Government Service.

RAILWAY POSTAL CLERKS

Railway Postal Clerks get $1900 the first year regular, being paid on the first and fifteenth of each month. $79.16 each pay day. Their pay is quickly increased, the maximum being $2700 a year. $112.50 each pay day. They also get additional traveling expenses when away from home.

PAID VACATIONS

Railway Postal Clerks, like all Government employees, are given a yearly vacation of 15 working days (about 18 days). On runs they usually work three days and have three days off duty or in the same proportion. During this off duty and vacation, their pay continues just as though they were working. When they grow old, they are retired with a pension. As Railway Postal Clerks are continually traveling they have an excellent chance to see the country.

CITY MAIL CARRIERS—POST OFFICE CLERKS

Clerks and Carriers get $1700 the first year regular and automatically increase $100 a year to $2100 and $2300. They also have 15 days' vacation. Examinations are frequently held in the larger cities. City residence is unnecessary.

GENERAL CLERKS (Open to men or women 18 or over)

Salary $1260 to $2100 and $2500 a year. Pleasant clerical work in the various government departments and offices at Washington, D. C., and other larger cities throughout the country.

WHAT WILL YOU EARN THIS YEAR?

Compare these conditions with your present or your prospective conditions, perhaps changing positions frequently, kicking around from post to pillar, no chance in sight for PERMANENT enployment; frequently out of a position and the year's average salary very low. DO YOU EARN $1900 EVERY YEAR? HAVE YOU ANY ASSURANCE THAT A FEW YEARS FROM NOW YOU WILL GET $2700 A YEAR, EVERY YEAR?

GET FREE LIST OF POSITIONS

Fill out the coupon. Tear it off and mail it today—now, at once. DO IT NOW—This investment of two cents for a postage stamp may result in getting a U. S. Government job.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
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Rochester, N. Y.

Rush to me, entirely free of charge (1) a full description of the position checked below; (2) Free copy 32-page illustrated book "Government Positions and How to Get Them!"; (3) A list of U. S. Government Jobs now obtainable with sample coaching; (4) Tell me how to get the position checked.

Railway Postal Clerk	**($1,900–$2,700)**
Post Office Clerk	**($1,700–$2,300)**
City Mail Carrier	**($1,700–$2,100)**
Rural Mail Carrier	**($2,100–$3,300)**
General Clerk	**($1,260–$2,500)**
Inspector of Customs	**($2,100 up)**
Immigrant Inspector	**($2,100 up)**

Name .....

Address .....

Use This Coupon Before you Mislay it—Write or Print Plainly.

$1,000 IN PRIZES

FOR BRILLIANT CRIME DETECTION

First Prize $500.00
Second Prize . . . $300.00
Third Prize $200.00

TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES will pay the above cash prizes for the best instances of individual detective work on criminal cases during the calendar year of 1930. It is the brilliant work of the individual in which we are interested, and to individuals performing brilliant feats of criminal detection will go the prizes, even though dozens of other detectives and police officers may have worked upon the same cases. In order that there may be a common basis of judgment, we have created an official form, a copy or copies of which will be sent free on request and which is to be filled out as indicated, by the police officers or detectives concerned or by their properly accredited representatives, giving the details of the cases being entered in this contest. This form contains all information and instructions necessary to the proper entering of all cases in the contest, and once filled in and returned to us, will require no further correspondence.

SUBMIT AS MANY CASES AS YOU DESIRE

INDIVIDUAL work upon all cases solved during the calendar year of 1930 is eligible for entry in this contest without regard as to whether or not the cases concerned have been published in TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES. A case to be solved within the meaning of this contest must have been brought to a point where the necessary indictments have been made providing for its proper prosecution in the criminal courts.

In order for you to enter a case it is not necessary that you personally worked upon it, but in each instance where a case is entered by a person other than the detective or police official who performed the feat of detection, the written consent of such detective or police official must be furnished. And it is further understood that the awards will be paid only to the individual detectives or police officials who actually performed the feats of detection entered for consideration.

You are not restricted to a single case but may submit as many cases as you desire. Already this year you have performed or know of the performance of one or more feats of detection worthy of being entered in the contest and during the remainder of the year you may perform or learn of the performance of several others. Therefore, do not delay but enter all available cases at once. As others become available from time to time, enter them also. Write for your entry forms today.

CONTEST RULES

1. This contest deals with detective work on criminal cases only.
2. Only cases submitted upon the regular printed form which we will furnish free upon request will be considered.
3. To be eligible for consideration, feats of detection submitted for consideration must have been accomplished in connection with cases solved during the calendar year of 1930 regardless of the dates of the commission of the crimes.
4. A case to be solved within the meaning of this contest must have been brought to a point where the necessary indictments have been made to insure its proper prosecution in the criminal courts.
5. All entries must be received at this office not later than 12 o'clock noon January 31, 1931.
6. There will be three judges in this contest, all men of high standing in the fields of literature and criminology. Their names will be announced before the close of the contest.
7. The decision of the judges will be final, there being no appeal from their decision.
8. Following the close of the contest the winners' names will be published in the earliest possible issue of TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES consistent with careful judging.
9. Any person professionally in the business of crime identification, investigation or detection is eligible to win a prize or prizes in this contest. Entries may be made directly by those who individually performed the feats of detection submitted, or by their properly accredited representatives.
10. Each entry will be judged entirely upon its merits as a brilliant piece of crime detection. To the detective or police officer performing the most brilliant feat of detection will be awarded the $500 first prize, to the contestant performing the second most brilliant feat of crime detection, the second prize of $300, etc.
11. In case of ties each tying contestant will receive the full amount of the prize tied for.
12. All contestants must agree to furnish upon request proper evidence of the truth of the statements made regarding the feats of detection entered for consideration in this contest.
13. Once an entry is submitted no further correspondence regarding it will be entered into.
14. Address all requests for contest forms, and all completed contest entries to Prize Award Editor, TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

(*Continued from page* 12)

"Been out about a year," he replied.

"About the same time as Lee," I remarked, studying Burke, as he worked. Certainly, he bore no marks of an ex-convict in appearance or manner. I remember that he made a very good impression on me, as he had on Tucker, only it was my way to hold off and not jump at conclusions. After a pause, I asked:

"How have you been getting along?"

"I've been eating regularly," he laughed, "but that's about all. A friend of mine owns this radio shop and he's been letting me hang around and learn the business."

"What kind of a racket did you fall on?"

"Automobile stealing," was his reply. "That's what I went up for."

"Are you still following that racket, Burke?"

"Well," he answered, "I'm figuring on getting away with some cars with a friend who owns a repair shop."

I knew the kind of repair shop he had in mind—a bunch of crooks who used their place of business as a blind for spotting and stealing automobiles.

"YOU'D better lay off stolen cars," I cautioned him. "That's been overdone in this burg and the police are onto every angle by now. They're watching things pretty close."

Tucker, who had returned fully dressed, heard my last speech and said to Burke:

"That's right, Burke. The automobile racket's played out in St. Louis. I'm sure fed up on it myself," he laughed.

For that was the offense which had sent Tucker to prison—car stealing. This was before his connection with the Eganites.

Burke had finished his work on the radio by now and the three of us were sitting around, drinking and smoking.

"A swell place you've got, Tucker," remarked Freddie. I noticed he had been taking in everything with admiring eyes. Later, I found out he craved luxuries and, no doubt, this was his motive for stealing, not a vicious desire to run amuck.

"So you really think you'd like to get in the racket?" inquired Tucker.

"I'm anxious to make some money—quick," he replied.

Tucker turned to me and asked:

"Ray, can't you fill Fred in on that job we're going to pull Tuesday?"

"Maybe I can," I replied cautiously, for it was not my way to rush into things.

It was time to go, so I stood up and found my cap. "I'll know by tomorrow and give Lee a ring so he can let you know, Burke."

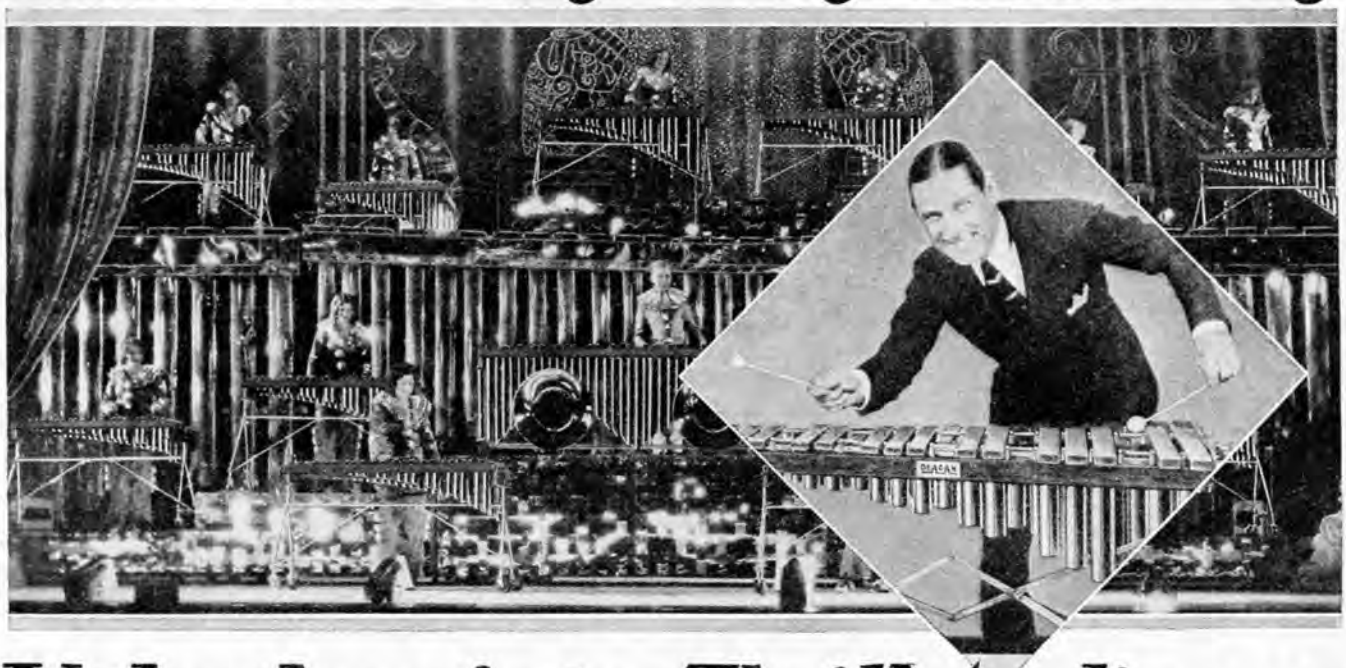
"Thanks, Renard," Burke could not conceal his eagerness as he shook hands.

On the way to the door, I made an appointment with Tucker to meet that night and search for the car we wanted for Tuesday's job. Selecting just the right machine was very important. It must be high-powered and in perfect order, as a stall might prove fatal. We, of course, never used our own machines on jobs like this. They might be identified.

So that night Tucker and I met, as agreed, and started out in my car. While we were riding around, looking, we got to talking about Burke. Both of us agreed he looked like a find, with his powerful build and deep, vibrating voice. Besides this he seemed quiet and not the type to

(*Continued on page* 16)

Start to Play Very First Day



Xylophonists *Thrill Audiences* after 5½ Hours Practice

Positive Proof That Here Is Easiest of All Instruments to Play. Free Lessons . . . . . Five Days' Trial . . . . . A Year to Pay

PICTURE in your mind this scene! The great Oriental Theater in Chicago. A "packed" house. A *super* stage presentation calling for thirteen Xylophones, played by charming misses, to accompany the world-renowned Deagan artist, Clair Musser.

The audience listens and bursts into raptures of applause. What would they have said had they realized that these Abbott dancing girls who produced such captivating music had never played a Xylophone before—that not one of them had more than *5½ hours' practice?*

Can anything prove more conclusively that in the Xylophone you have the *easiest* road to musical happiness? Just think—on the very day you get your instrument, thanks to an amazingly simple method, you play a simple melody. Soon—guided by the free, easy lessons—you learn to play more difficult selections. Then an entirely new life—a happier, fuller, more joyful life—opens up to you.

The same instrument that accompanied Admiral Byrd to the South Pole is now ready to provide fun and happiness for you.

The tantalizing music of the Xylophone is in demand everywhere. Master it and you are not only invited to all sorts of parties and gatherings, but you are the center of interest. Shoulders sway and feet begin to dance to the tinkling melody you provide. Hours and hours of delight. Pleasant duets with sweetheart, wife, sister or brother. The pride of every girl and the envy of every fellow!

$5 to $25 a Night For Work That Is "Play"

Xylophonists command big pay. $5 to $25 a night is not unusual. Orchestra leaders, radio directors, entertainment bureaus are all seeking good Xylophonists. The Musical Hallmans (Reading, Pa.) averaged $65 a week in spare time.

J. C. Deagan, Inc., world's leading Xylophone makers, now make it so easy to play this remarkable instrument that nothing need stand in your way. Easy lessons. A bona-fide 5-day trial in your own home that eliminates all risk. Such easy payments that you hardly miss them—can anything be fairer or more liberal?

Money spent for entertainment gives, at the most, a few hours' pleasure. The Xylophone gives an entire *lifetime* of joy.

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In the interest of your own welfare, send today for the 1930 edition of the big Deagan Book. It describes Deagan Xylophones, the artists who use them, the pleasure they give, the opportunities they present, the trail offer, easy lessons and liberal payment plan. The coupon is such a simple thing to fill in; yet it may mean the turning point in your entire career. Isn't it a good idea to mail it NOW, before it slips your mind?

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(*Continued from page* 14)

get excited on a job. Tucker told me more about him, said he was about twenty-nine years old and that he hadn't been long in the racket when they sent him up. I said:

"Listen, Tucker, we only need six men on the job and I've got four picked out already. We'll have to get two more out at the Club. You know, if we filled Burke on this job, our mob would be sore, because we took on a stranger."

"That's right," agreed Tucker. Then, after a while, he got an idea: "Say, Ray," he exclaimed, "I've got the answer. Tell the boys it was Burke's tip and he has all the information on the job."

"We could work it that way," I said.

About that time I spotted a big, new Cadillac in front of a nice looking home, and called his attention to it.

"There's one looks pretty good. What do you think about it, Tucker?"

LEE was an expert in judging and stealing cars. He got out, went over to the Cadillac and, with a piece of wire, soon had it fixed. Then he stepped on the motor and speeded away. It all happened in a few minutes. I followed right behind him to our plant where we hid the stolen car until ready for use. As I let him out at his door, I said:

"Tell Burke to meet us Tuesday morning at eight o'clock at the Club."

By "Club" I meant Maxwelton Inn, our mob's hanging-out place. It was a swell place with a bar, a restaurant and a cabaret way out on the St. Charles Road some distance from St. Louis. The property formerly belonged to the old Maxwelton race track until horse-racing was made unlawful. Then Dint Colbeck, our chief, leased the whole three hundred acres for headquarters and it sure made an ideal location for target-practice—the favorite sport of the "rats." They used to spend as much as fifty dollars a day for clay pigeons and ammunition. People used to say we had a machine gun planted on top of the Inn, but this was not true, though there was a regular arsenal stored away.

So, Tuesday morning, when I drove out to the Club, all the men were waiting with the stolen Cadillac and Burke. Everyone got careful instructions, for no stage play is rehearsed with more care than a well-planned hold-up. I was in charge and gave the orders:

"Now, boys, here's the dope. Two of you guys walk into the bank, hold up the force and get the dough. Two others remain at the door on guard and cover the customers. Number five stays outside to watch the entrance and see that no one goes inside or leaves the bank. I'll wait outside in the car."

Burke spoke up here:

"Can I go in as one of the first two men?"

He appeared very anxious to make good that day, it being his first bank robbing job. I hesitated for a minute, then saw he didn't seem a bit nervous or scared, so I replied:

"All right, Burke, you have a good, strong voice, and can give the commands. Let's see your gat."

He handed it over. I inspected it and found it well-oiled and a good make.

All the rest had been given their proper places beforehand. I suggested the following plan:

"Now, two of you go in the bank first and two more follow about ten feet behind. By the time Burke and —— walk to the far end of the bank, the second pair will arrive just inside the door. In this way, when the order is given to stick 'em up, the whole place will be covered."

They all agreed that this was the best way to manipulate the affair, so we were all set and ready to go. We all hopped in the car and I took the wheel, driving toward where the bank was located. Everyone seemed calm outwardly, but most of the boys usually broke out in a nervous sweat after it was all over. As we got near the spot, I said:

"It won't do to let the whole bunch out at once—might excite suspicion—so I'll drop you off two by two."

I drove down two blocks from the bank, dropped Burke and the second man off; then I drove down another block and let out No. 3 and 4. No. 1 and 2 walked along slow enough to allow the second pair to catch up, so that, by the time the bank was reached, they were strolling along, two abreast, ten feet apart.

Isadore Londe, participant in a big jewelry job in Detroit. Burke was also linked to this crime, but he went free while Londe went up

With the fifth man beside me, I parked a block away from the bank and waited until the last pair had entered the bank's doors. Then I drove up in front and let out No. 5. He sauntered up with an unconcerned air and stood in front of the bank. None of the passers-by had the least suspicions of anything wrong. Of course, I kept my motor going.

The boys were inside about three minutes, I should judge, though, naturally, it seemed a lot longer. Then they came out, got in the car and I drove away. We stopped at one of our plants to split up the loot, which amounted to about thirty thousand dollars.

The next thing was to get rid of the Cadillac, which we did.

Everyone was enthusiastic over the spirit Burke had shown and were keen to take him in our mob. We threw a big party at Maxwelton Inn that night and all the boys brought their wives and sweethearts. This was our custom when admitting a new member to Egan gang. Real champagne was served. This was not hard to manage, as bootlegging happened to be our chief side-line. In fact, Dint Colbeck soon gave up stealing altogether because there were bigger profits in handling booze.

After the party, some of us got into a stiff poker game and learned that Freddie Burke could play with the best of them. He came out the winner, taking home some two or three thousand dollars.

From then on, Fred Burke became a full-fledged member of the Egan "rats." We made him bank robbery specialist and no job was complete without his presence.

There was a big up-roar after this hold-up and a few arrests were made but the bank crew could not identify any of our boys. They had all worn handkerchiefs around their necks, which they pulled up over the face just before they entered the bank.

After a job like this is pulled, Egan gangsters always lay low for a while, for the guy who goes around flourishing some brand new bills excites suspicion. That's where an amateur gets caught. He's not used to having much money and can't resist the desire to spend like a drunken sailor. But Freddie Burke behaved like a veteran in this respect.

He was living with some family in a quiet neighborhood, not being a married man, and he stayed on for a while pretending to work at his radio job. Gradually, he moved into more expensive quarters and towards the last there was nothing too good for Freddie. His clothes were made by the best tailor, though he dressed very quietly and in good taste.

Freddie was a great lady's man, especially after he commenced to make big money. We used to joke among ourselves about the number of boudoir-keys he carried, but we never attempted to "kid" him on the subject. He had a keen sense of chivalry toward the opposite sex.

He liked to be seen in company with women who showed "class"—the kind who knew how to dress and wear jewels. I believe, down underneath, Freddie had social aspirations. Outside of "business hours" he didn't mix with the gang, but posed as an ordinary citizen.

THERE was one particular rich widow Freddie went around with more than any other. I recall the first time he brought her out to Maxwelton Club in his big Cadillac. She wore a flock of diamonds and was past forty. He seemed to prefer them about this age for some reason. Naturally, all of us were curious about the affair, which lasted as long as Burke stayed in St. Louis, to my knowledge.

I doubt if this Mrs. ——, whose name I won't reveal, knew Burke was a gangster. It was not generally known. Perhaps, if she had, she might not have cared, as many society dames get a kick out of being seen with a notorious gunman. Anyway, she seemed to be very much in love with him and, as far as I could see, Freddie felt the same way toward her. There was no reason for him to be attracted by a

(*Continued on page* 132)

A Sure, Simple, Easy Way to Reduce Your Girth 4 to 6 Inches Instantly—

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PERMANENT REDUCTION

No Dieting—No Exercise—No Drugs. *Results Assured*—or Not a Penny's Cost to You

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"Have worn a Director Belt and been much benefited, for which I am very thankful. When I started I weighed 227 lbs.—waist measure 46 inches. Felt slowed-up and very uncomfortable. Have reduced my weight to 202 lbs. and my waist measure is 40½ inches; digestion is much improved and am feeling fine again. I am writing to express my sincere appreciation for Director Belt. You are at liberty to use my name as a testimonial as it may help others."
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We want an opportunity to prove to you that Director will accomplish wonders in reducing your weight and waist measurement. So we ask permission to send you a Director for one week's free trial. Note how this remarkable belt produces an instant **improvement in your appearance** the moment you put it on. Note how much better your clothes fit and look without a heavy waistline to pull them out of shape. See how naturally and comfortably you attain a more erect carriage and enjoy a new feeling of ease and comfort and lightness when the overworked abdominal muscles are properly supported.

Don't continue to look this way

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You'll enjoy the big improvement in your appearance that Director gives you. You'll enjoy the new feeling of renewed life and vitality it brings. But best of all you'll enjoy the knowledge that **excess fat is surely disappearing** every moment your Director is on. Temporary relief is one thing. **A permanent reduction** of fat and waist measurement is another. **Director** gives you both. For **Director actually causes excess fat to be absorbed and eliminated.**

How Director Works

With every movement of your body, Director applies a firm but gentle pressure on the abdominal fat. Every time you take a step—every time you stand or sit down—every time you bend or twist or lean over—Director causes fat to be eliminated. This continued kneading motion during all your waking hours **quickly** and **permanently** absorbs excess fatty deposits. Within a few weeks or months—(the time required depending on the extent to which you are now overburdened with fat)—Director has accomplished a permanent reduction in a **natural way** without the slightest effort on your part. The strain and tension of excess fat on abdominal muscles is gone.

The "Director" will give you a waistline like this

Compare this delightful simple method—this satisfaction or money back method—with any other you have ever tried or heard about. Compare it with drugs—with starvation dieting—with violent enervating exercise—with expensive bath and massage treatments. Director is not only by far the most **sure** and **satisfactory** method of weight reduction, but the cost is so small as to be negligible in comparison with the benefits it brings.

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Director is woven on especially designed looms—from the finest mercerized web-elastic—all in one piece. There are no buckles, straps, laces, hooks or buttons to bother with. Each Director is fitted to individual measure, so no adjustment is necessary except an occasional taking in as the waistline grows smaller. It slips on easily and quickly and is delightfully comfortable to wear as thousands of business and professional men testify. It never puckers or gathers and always lies flat and smooth.

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We have tried to give you some idea of what Director is and how it is assured to reduce excess fat. But nothing we can say will be half so convincing as an **actual test.** So we invite a test on this basis. Use the coupon and send today for trial offer and directions for measuring. Wear Director for one week. Then, if you don't agree with each and every statement we have made herein, simply return the belt and we will refund your money promptly and the trial won't cost you a penny. We can think of no more fair or liberal offer than this. In fairness to yourself please make this test. Fill in and mail the coupon now.

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Give Us ACTION!

By

JAMES M. CLARK

Director of Public Safety

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

NOTE: James M. Clark, Director of Public Safety of the City of Pittsburgh, is one of the best known and most efficient police heads in the United States. He has taken an active part in ridding Pittsburgh of professional gangs and has done much to reduce that city's crime to a new low. Mr. Clark is an authority on certain phases of crime, especially the handling of youthful culprits.—Ed.

WHEN four things, now sorely needed, are accomplished, America's major crime problem will have taken a great step forward to a solution!

Until then, recognized authority will be forced to work under a highly serious handicap.

These four factors in the order of importance are:

(1) Imparting of summary jurisdiction powers to police officers and magistrates.

(2) Motorization of law enforcement squadrons.

(3) Use of radio in manhunts.

(4) A more effective method in dealing with young and raw recruits to the army of crime.

Of the four, summary jurisdiction appears to be the most important, but the other three cannot be discounted to any great extent by the forces of the law.

By this is meant the grant to police magistrates of power to inflict prison terms instead of fines, and without sending cases to the grand jury or other tribunals before sentence can be passed. In other words, if quick action is taken against a law offender and he is incarcerated as soon as possible without being permitted bond—and the chance to jump it, then, and only then, can the nation's crime record be mitigated.

It is the intention of the Pittsburgh Department of Public Safety to petition at the next session of the Pennsylvania legislature in 1931 for a city charter amendment governing such procedure.

Under the present situation here is what usually happens:

After the hardened criminal is impounded by the police he is hailed before a magistrate. To a great extent the magistrate's hands are tied by the statute of limitations.

Following the hearing of testimony, and knowing down deep in his heart that the criminal is a pernicious influence to society as a whole, the presiding official has but one procedure allowed him—that (*Continued on page* 74)

THEY LEARNED ABOUT GAMBLING FROM HIM!
The Great "A. R."—liar, chiseler and cheat. (*Top*) Rothstein's playground after dark

Here's the <u>inside</u> on the astonishing life and death of the Monarch of Easy Money—America's supergambler, racketeer and underworld King . . . "The Brain" who had his finger in every criminal pie . . . . Although he was never once convicted of a crime—<u>he paid the price in the end</u>!

THE REAL TRUTH *about* ROTHSTEIN!

TWENTY-THREE months ago, on the eve of the last Presidential Election—November 4th, 1928—Arnold Rothstein, Monarch of Easy Money, was sitting on top of the American underworld.

He was obviously master of all he surveyed with any interest, though just what his interests were remained scarcely more than a rumor during an astounding career. For he garnered millions, while stepping over, under, around and between the varied and suspicious forces of law and order.

This true master mind, perhaps the keenest unsocial brain in criminal history—maintained a spotless official record. He was never convicted of a crime.

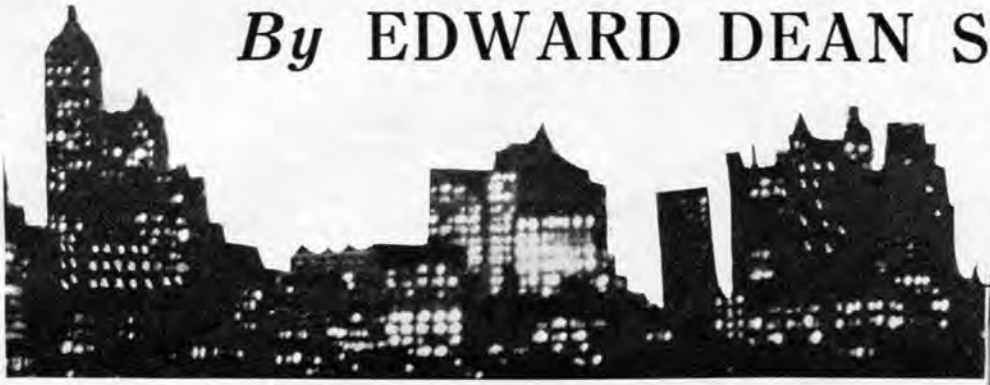
Known to honest policemen as a "cop shooter;" known to big thieves as a "fence;" known to Wall Street as the planner and backer of the only $5,000,000 bond theft in financial annals; known to gamblers as the greatest crap shooter of all time; known to organized baseball as the instigator of the worst scandal ever recorded in sport; known to prohibition authorities as the largest single banker of bootleggers in the country; known to the County and Federal District Attorneys as the brain behind the pitiful swindling of poor people in one of the most flagrant of bucket-shop collapses; known as the largest and trickiest bettor in all turf legends—it took Death itself to throw a shadow on the carefully protected Rothstein escutcheon. Seizure of his ultra-private papers unearthed $7,000,000 worth of habit forming drugs. That was that!

But on the eve of election, aforementioned, Rothstein, with $1,500,000 correctly placed on the results of the contest in city, state and nation, had reason to crinkle his poker face in a thin-lipped grin as late political predictions came in from all sources.

In truth, he had accurately anticipated nearly every development of Election Day—except his own death.

He went to his grave a winner—a winner of sums uncounted and never to be accounted for—just because a minor figure in the underworld decided that a rat may shoot at a king, to reprove the harsh old adage that "Smith and Wesson made all men equal."

By EDWARD DEAN SULLIVAN



There is none better qualified to write the inside story of Arnold Rothstein than Edward Dean Sullivan, nationally-known newspaperman and author of "Rattling the Cup" and other best sellers. Intimately acquainted with every nook and cranny of the New York and Chicago underworlds, Mr. Sullivan knows whereof he speaks.—ED.

Four hours before he received his fatal wound, Arnold Rothstein, meticulously clad and accompanied by his blonde and beautiful sweetheart, Inez Norton, dined at the exclusive Colony Club. He was elated at the trend of the pre-election reports, in unusually high spirits and, according to his companion, very much in love.

"I have never known Arnold to be happier than he seemed that evening," Miss Norton afterward explained. "He said that he hadn't a care in the world; that he figured himself one hundred percent correct in his judgment for heavy wagers on the election, and that he hoped soon to be free to marry me.

"I told him that what he said simply increased my desire to see 'Wedding March,' a movie playing at the Rivoli Theater, and later when it was time to go I called up a girl friend and arranged to go with her after leaving Arnold.

"Arnold and I drove to Lindy's Restaurant and I took the cab along after leaving him and joined my friend for the performance. I never saw Arnold again."

WHEN Rothstein entered the restaurant after leaving Miss Norton, he was first seen figuring with a pencil and later reading. He had made the place a sort of informal headquarters and invariably sat at the same table.

Along about ten-thirty he received a telephone call. Abraham Scher, who was behind the cashier's desk, took the call; did not recognize the voice which said:

"Tell A. R. I want to talk with him."

The cashier called Rothstein and after a few moments' conversation of a casual sort Rothstein hung up, went over to the table for his coat and hat, and said to Scher:

"McManus wants to see me. I'll go up to his room. I'll be back in about a half hour."

Subsequent investigation proved that "Bee" Jackson, a telephone operator at the Park Central Hotel put through that call from Room 349 at the hotel, the occupant of which was registered as George Richards, but who was in reality George A. McManus, gambler and friend of Rothstein.

As Rothstein strolled out into Broadway he had occasion to remember something that would make his impending election winnings unusually welcome. He encountered Jimmy Meehan, gambler, in whose luxurious apartments at Seventh Avenue and Fifty-fourth Street he had participated in a great and anything but remunerative card game, which lasted from the night of September eighth until the late afternoon of September ninth.

In the heat of that game Rothstien had lost $200,000 to Nate Raymond and half as much to Alvin C. Thomas, better known as "Titanic" Thompson. The game had been stud and at its conclusion Rothstein and Thompson had sought consolation by a few cuts of the cards at $40,000 a cut. When it was all over Rothstein borrowed $19,000 from Raymond for something which he had to do the the following morning. Nothing trivial in that group!

At any rate Rothstein now greeted Meehan pleasantly and handing him a gun said:

"Hold this for me, Jim. George McManus asked me to come up to his room, but I won't be long. I'll be back in half an hour or so."

Then Rothstein—"The Brain"—strolled north on Broadway toward the Park Central and his death.

It was nearly eleven o'clock when Thomas Calhoun, watchman, and V. J. Kelly, operator of the servants' elevator at the Park Central, found Rothstein, white-faced and in agony, leaning against the wall of the entrance to the servants' quarters on the Fifty-sixth Street side of the hotel.

He was trying to move along without aid and seemed to resent the effort of the men to help him. Meanwhile, "someone" had called the West Forty-seventh Street Station and Policeman William Davis, answering a box call, hurried to the hotel and found the three men at the servants' entrance immediately. Rothstein, slumping in the arms of the hotel employes, said to the policeman:

"An ambulance. I'm shot."

ROTHSTEIN'S whole conduct indicated that he knew he had received what would in all probability prove to be a fatal wound. He knew police and police knew him—well. His power was so great that he was treated with all the deference that might be

Circle indicates the suite in the Park Central Hotel, New York, where, it is alleged, a rat with a gun brought Rothstein's astonishing career to an abrupt halt

accorded a Police Commissioner similarly hurt. There was no evidence of any particular value gathered in the time that Rothstein lingered at the Polyclinic Hospital. So little evidence was gathered there and thereafter that the then Police Commissioner, Joseph A. Warren, was removed and subsequently died of a broken heart, after a complete collapse due to the maze of influence and complications in which he found himself. Soon after this epoch making, though casual killing, the Chief Inspector of the Department was removed; ten detectives were forced into retirement and twenty police officers of varying ranks put on trial on assorted charges of neglect, dereliction of duty and incompetence.

No witness ever found saw Rothstein in or near Room 349 on the night of the shooting. No witness was found who heard any shots fired. No witness heard Rothstein make any accusation against anyone. At least so the testimony ran.

One of the most valuable witnesses was Bridget Farry, a maid at the hotel. She testified before the Grand Jury and in the trial in which McManus was acquitted at the direction of the court, that she knew Rothstein, having worked for him at the Fairfield Hotel, which he owned. She had been injured while in his employment and he had paid her personally and made a very good impression on her by his consideration.

ALTHOUGH she entered the McManus room three or four times and worked from early afternoon until midnight on the third floor, she did not see Rothstein. She said that McManus, with a man whom she did not know and Ruth Keyes, a blonde girl from Chicago, who had merely been invited in for a drink by McManus, were the only persons she saw in the room at any time. Further, she testified that McManus had left the room at about ten-twenty and did not return.

One interesting feature of her testimony was that she had seen a man, whom she did not recognize, walk through an exit on the third floor just before eleven o'clock. This exit led to the servants' quarters below. This may have been Rothstein, for the Park Central covers a vast area and the maid, according to her own testimony, was nearly a hundred feet away from the man as he entered the door leading down to the servants' rooms.

If it were Rothstein it seemed incredible that—with his quick recognition of the seriousness of his wound—he would walk nearly a thousand feet through corridors and down three flights of stairs before falling or seeking aid.

The general evidence, such as it is and what there is of it—indicates that the shooting took place in McManus' room. Rothstein was known to have started for that room and investigation showed that a hole had been poked through a screen on one of the room windows which would permit the passage of a pistol. A pistol, subsequently declared by Sergeant Henry F. Butts, gun expert of the Police Department, to have discharged the fatal bullet, was found in the car tracks in Seventh Avenue, just opposite the room occupied by McManus.

The barrel of the pistol had been so dented and contorted by striking the pavement that very essential tests for rifling marks and scratches could not be made by any subsequent shots through the mutilated weapon.

NOTHING in the condition of the room offered evidence of value. There were no blood stains, but since the type of wound which killed Rothstein bleeds internally that proved nothing. There was no sign of disorder other than the usual whoopee tracks of assorted glasses and cigarette butts. McManus' overcoat was in the room.

Those who had been at Rothstein's bedside at the hospital included Anna Kenson, Martha Goerdel, Elizabeth Love and Doris Shubert, nurses; Doctors William A. Kellogg and H. L. Kellogg and Detectives Patrick Flood and John Green. He had not breathed a name—conscious or in delirium.

(*Left*) "Titanic" Thompson—one of the players in the famous game of stud which preceded Rothstein's death and during which the underworld king took a trimming

Lindy's, famous Broadway restaurant—Roth-Brain," on the night of November 3rd, 1928,

Of course, countless theories were advanced for the fatal shooting. Rothstein had dealings with gangs, dope peddlers, bootleggers and countless other types that include sudden death in their business routine when necessary. The fact was that the shooting had none of the earmarks of a gang killing. Gangsters are not in the habit of firing but once, or of aiming at the lower body—death is too uncertain that way—there is time for talk.

It was said that within two weeks before his killing an effort had been made to kidnap Rothstein and that it worked out in every detail except that the conspirators got the wrong man. Rothstein's possession of a gun early on the night of the shooting was shown to have no especial significance. He usually carried a gun if he had any consultations on with any of the "mobs" that he backed financially.

ANOTHER theory was based on Rothstein's somewhat threatening habit of pushing either a gun or his finger forward in his right coat pocket so that he always appeared to be "covering" people. It was suggested that someone, half drugged or drunk, may have shot first and thought afterward.

Rothstein had a contemptuous attitude about lower grade crooks and a great eloquence in expressing it. It was considered possible that someone in his cups might have punctuated a snappy reply with a single shot for luck.

The fact was that such myriad reasons for slaying Rothstein soon presented themselves that any theory—and nothing was available at any time except theory—seemed to have some merit.

He had carried the gun—he had employed a bodyguard. Back of his tangled and remunerative enterprises—and they were tremendous in scope—was a constant basis of fear, apparently.

One of the outstanding stories was that the shooting pivoted on the total of $361,000 that he had owed after the September frolic in Jimmy Meehan's apartment. Some top caliber gamblers were rounded up to prove it, but, although they admitted a tendency to gamble, they went no further than that. Gamblers are not garrulous!

Somehow there was a halt for a time in public interest in the death of this sinister figure. The elections took up a part of the slack of normal public interest, since it was one of the most interesting and bitterly argued elections in American history. Then, just as the public was beginning to wonder how this well-known man could be killed in the heart of the city with no progress whatever in the quest of the slayer, there came the sinking of the steamship *Vestris*, a terrific maritime disaster, to again delay the impending purge of public opinion anent the Rothstein fiasco.

Slowly but surely there came a tremendous pressure of public curiosity as the police bungled and became involved in recriminations, alibis and arguments with the District Attorney's office. Slowly the methods and connections and power of Rothstein began to be revealed and recognized as a possible incentive for the amazing laxity of the police.

PEOPLE wanted to know what about it. All about it!

Big people with influence, little people with votes, people with doubts, fears, suspicions. Suddenly the pot was boiling and involving the entire political structure of the city.

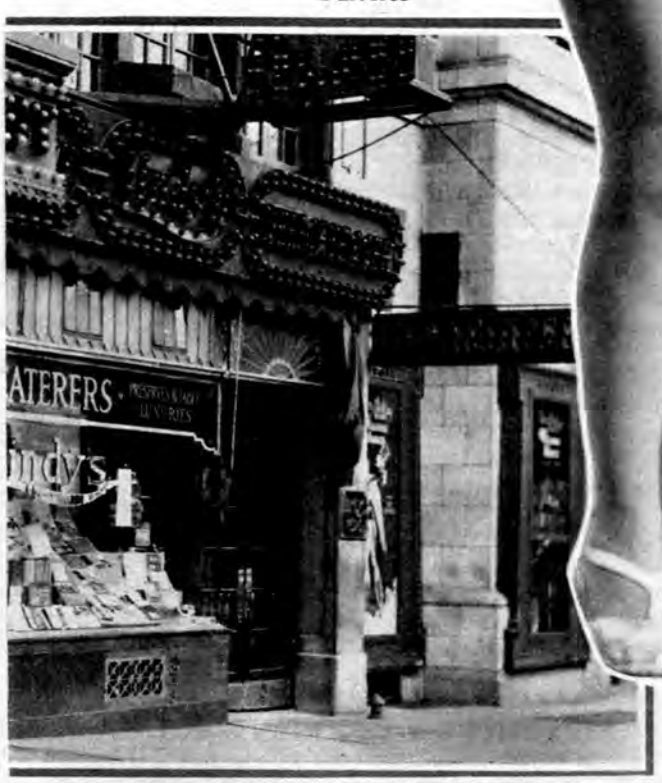
Things stirred at the City Hall. The Mayor wanted to know; his Police Commissioner couldn't tell him much. The conduct of every police officer connected with the case was thoroughly scrutinized. Everywhere there was evidence of inspired bungling.

District Attorney Joab Banton, disgusted with the lack of progress of the police, offered immunity—absolute—to any accomplice who would come to his office and give his staff something on which to base prosecution. The newspapers jibed, pointed out the torn holes in the city's protective fabric, jeered at the assorted factors involved in the labyrinth of headless and belated activity.

In the midst of the turmoil, George A. McManus, connected with the slaying from the first because he had called Rothstein to his death—whatever the circumstances—gave himself up. This he did in his own good time.

The authorities were glad indeed to have anything tangible,

(*Right*) The scintillating Inez Norton—Broadway showgirl—who intended to marry the Monarch of Easy Money when the latter secured a divorce



stein's informal headquarters—and where "The received the phone call that lured him to his doom

(***Above***) The living room of George McManus' suite in the Park Central. What actually took place there on the night of September 3rd remains —and probably *will* remain—one of the major mysteries of the decade. (***Left***) "Bee" Jackson, former hotel telephone operator, who put through the call that summoned Rothstein to his death

but it was rather clearly established that McManus was Rothstein's friend; that he had lost $51,000 in the game in which Rothstein had dropped the $361,000. But something had to be done and so McManus was indicted for first degree murder by Banton. The District Attorney declared, however, that he would not bring McManus to trial until at least one of his assumed confederates had been arrested.

Indictments had been found on December 4th, 1928, against McManus, "Gil" Biller, known as a pay-off man for McManus, John Doe and Richard Roe, two anonymous playboys who were believed to have been in Room 349 at some time or other on the day of the shooting.

OF a sudden there was a great hue and cry about the papers and vital personal documents of Rothstein, which, to put it mildly, flittered about in a most bewildering manner. Early in the investigation someone who knew Rothstein had said that if these papers were found some suicides might be expected.

The statement was soon retracted or denied, but the public mind returned to the subject, and public officials, reflecting the public's demands, got not only busy but dizzy.

District Attorney Banton talked in rather hesitant manner about these all-important documents. He said that he believed some of them were missing. He was not certain; he said nothing definite. He deposited two small boxes of papers with Judge Francis X. Mancuso, of General Sessions, who was soon off the bench as a result of the City Trust scandal, in which he was indicted. The public got the idea clearly that Banton believed these papers had been tampered with.

Finally, Nathan Burkan, a Tammany lawyer, was appointed counsel for the temporary administration of the Rothstein estate. Banton sent two men to look over all available papers and records, as did Charles H. Tuttle, United States District Attorney. Banton withdrew his men; then changed his mind and sent them back.

Eventually, on an order executed by Judge Mancuso, the papers went to the County Grand Jury. Tuttle complained but the papers were left with the Jury and when they had taken what they wanted the remainder were turned over to the United States District Attorney.

THERE was not a gesture for months until the beginning of the mayoralty campaign. Then Rothstein became as alive as if he had never been shot. No day in the campaign was complete without some mention by some candidate of Rothstein, or his friends, or his record, or his papers. Out of it all Thomas C. T. Crain, who left the Supreme Court bench to run for District Attorney against Frederic R. Coudert, Jr., Republican, announced that he would solve the murder of Rothstein fifteen days after his election on January first.

Banton, angry, announced that he was bringing McManus to immediate trial. He set a date before election but Judge Charles C. Nott, Jr., a Republican, decided that it would be wrong to conduct the trial in the midst of the hectic political campaign. He set the date for November twelfth, following the election.

McManus was tried, did not take the stand and was promptly acquitted, so weak a case being presented that Judge Nott instructed the jury to acquit. Soon after January fifteenth the newly elected District Attorney, Mr. Crain, went before Judge Nott and had the indictments against Biller, Doe and Roe dismissed.

Which speaks—or howls—for itself.

There was an element about Rothstein and his activities which had become increasingly amazing with the passage of time since his death. He did his furtive work with so scant and efficient a touch that months of hectic investigation—forced by the political necessities—developed but the merest

suggestions of what had brought him money and tremendous power. The very nature of his activities, at least his major activities, made secrecy essential and so deft was the Rothstein rule that when the king was dead his slaves, operatives and satellites seemed to vanish in the releasing air of his last breath.

Though there is a slight basis of comparison between Rothstein's position in the underworld and that of Lieutenant Charles Becker, long since electrocuted for a murderous error, they were essentially unalike. Becker, head of the police "strong arm squad," protected and took his cut from gamblers and built up an amazing power, but he was always removable. His actions—when things broke badly—were readily traced and proved. He was first removed from the police force and then from the face of the earth. In the fact that Becker was caught, that his crimes were spread upon the record, and that he was convicted, he differed vitally with "A. R.," whose initials were more powerful in their day and time than Becker's whole name, rank, gun and ruthlessly used power ever had been. Becker used his whole strength, influence and position to do things that Rothstein would have accomplished with a wink.

They were alike only in the fact that when their zero hours came along they took the politics of the nation's greatest town by the tail and produced chaos, recriminations, and a chorus of alibis that rose in mighty volume to the heavens.

Cast about as one will among the known factors of power in the American underworld there is no counterpart of Rothstein to be found. He was vain and proud of his smart and wrong-slanted qualifications, but he was content to show off to few persons. Those persons were invariably useful to him and were admitted to his small group of applauders solely on the strength of their value in his operations.

He did not pose for the town. He wanted no publicity and he resented it when he got it.

SCARFACE AL CAPONE, acknowledged head of the Chicago underworld, is a natural contrast to Rothstein, the master of Manhattan's twisted under strata. True, the loud-voiced "Fatty" Walsh was Rothstein's bodyguard, and bodyguards are a Chicago fetish of gang leaders. But in the Chicago underworld a horde of bodyguards are usual for a person of Capone's eminence. Walsh, whose "belly-bullet" received in Florida took him away soon after Rothstein's death, was the only protection "A. R." required, and until the night of his death it seemed unlikely that he even needed Walsh.

Two years ago in Miami, Capone had a home and attained a sort of bizarre social standing among thrill seekers. They went to his place and found him an amusing, unusual and rather interesting person. It was about his only social adventure. Rothstein, on the other hand, was tremendously concerned about his reputation and vigorously defended it even when taken into court the various times his activities got him there. He had money, good appearance and powerful friends, and he very frequently utilized these attributes to hurdle him into some social spot that was not so bad. He liked to be in any group that at least might pass for respectable or worth-while association. He did everything methodically—even the detail of occasionally proving that he could stir socially.

ROTHSTEIN'S pose was that of a Broadway figure, dinner-coated, bejeweled, and smooth of word and action. Capone poses not at all. He'd just like to live, but has reason to doubt that he will. His only desire is to be considered a business man, moneyed, but none too classy.

"I'm in business," Capone has said repeatedly. "All I do is supply a public demand in Chicago, where there were seventy-five hundred saloons before Prohibition interfered with this large business field. My town spent nearly a hundred million dollars for booze every year at the old prices. Nobody wanted Prohibition. Chicago voted six to one against it. Here was a business for someone and I'm a business man.

"My customers include some of the finest people in the world, but they call me a bootlegger. I violate the law.

If the underworld's master mind had followed the advice of the woman at the right, the photo below (they're removing his body) might never have been taken. The woman is the former Mrs. Rothstein—who vainly pleaded with the racketeer to hit the straight and narrow, She later married again

Well, say if I do; the finest people in the world—my customers—do, too. I say I'm in business. Hell, it *is* a business."

That is Capone, a notably square shooter—according to his lights—in a statement on one subject. In all Rothstein's career he never said that many words for public consumption on all the subjects which interested him and annoyed such police as he did not control.

TIME and again, Capone has made it obvious that he would be glad to quit his gangster rôle and spend his "gangster roll" in peace. Gang pressure prevents that. He's safe only as long as he continues to do things which he must conceal—that protects his associate gangsters, many of whom he could send to the chair with a word.

Capone's recent vacation at Holmseburg Prison and Eastern Penitentiary, is credited by those who know him well to his desire to get some surcease from the constant threat of death which followed the slaying of his rival "Bugs" Moran's seven lieutenants in the horrible St. Valentine's Day Massacre. He's sick of his racket—pay what it may.

There is no evidence that Rothstein ever had a desire to step out of his unique and commanding perch in the underworld.

Two of the gambler's fair friends leaving the hospital shortly before the end came

His power was constantly extending; he could "get away" with about anything he cared to in New York and well beyond its borders. He used force only as a last resort. Massacre methods were alien to the Rothstein manner. Money bought power and made brutality—in most instances—needless.

Since money had become the vital root of all the evil he was active in, it is not amazing to learn that Rothstein was literally money-mad. He talked of it, worked and gambled for it and spent it in considerable quantities only when it seemed probable that its expenditure would bring increased gold—quickly. He would listen with set and uninterested mien for hours to general conversation with but an occasional remark. But when anyone—literally *anyone*—with or near him prefaced a statement with "I'll tell you a way a fellow could pick up some money—" Rothstein was all attention. The word "money" was the open sesame to his undivided and unflagging attention.

It had always been so with Rothstein. To his intimate friends he frequently admitted that the chance to "get a bale of money" had been a lure to him from childhood.

"The first and only job I ever had just gave me material to shoot the works in a try for a bankroll. I went to work for my father in the wholesale print goods business and got as far as Chicago with some loose money, plenty more for expenses and a fine line of samples.

"I walked into some pinochle, thought I was good, and when my own money and my expense money was gone I gambled away the samples. There are some things you can't explain and knowing my dad I never tried it.

"I came right back to New York, got a job selling cigars and, since it took me to the pool rooms, I began laying my salary on the horses. There it lay.

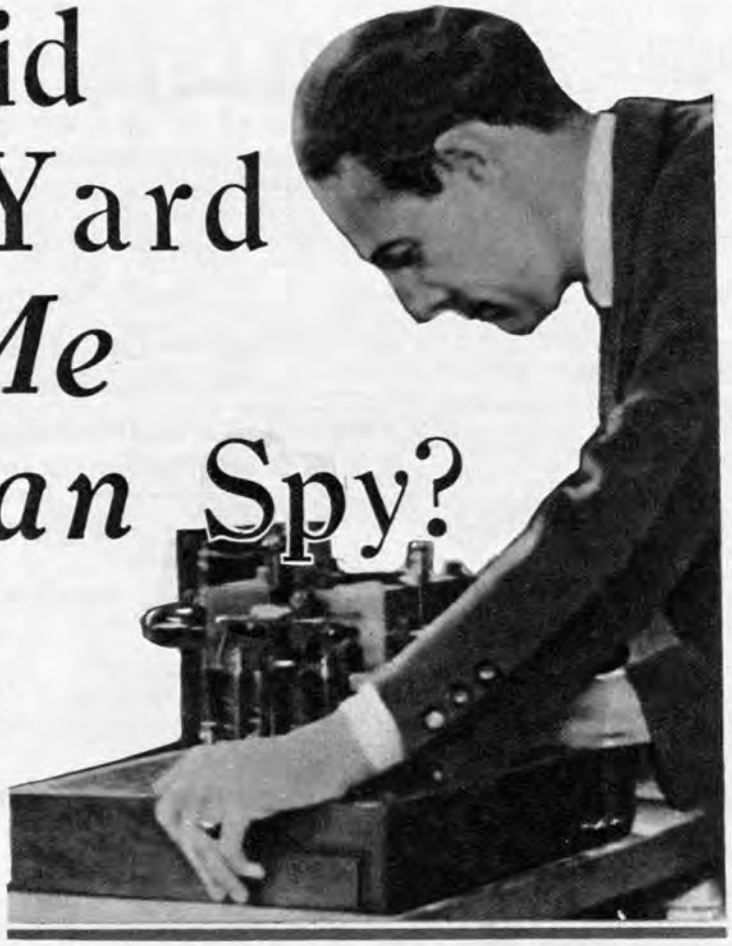
"ANYONE could tell there was something wrong with my way of betting, so I looked into the things and found I was on the wrong side, looking foolish. I got a job in a pool room, learned what it was all about and began making some money."

Records and details about the early years of Rothstein's life—and even his birth—are none too complete. Police investigation and assorted research indicate that he was born on Forty-eighth Street, between Third and Lexington Avenues, on January 24th, 1882. His parents were newly arrived from Russia and two of the five children of the family were born abroad. They had come to America by way of the Orient and had lived a year in San Francisco before coming to New York. They were quite well-to-do for that day and time in the neighborhood in which they lived—a neighborhood settled principally by Germans, Irish and Jews in the early exodus from lower Manhattan.

Rothstein's father is still alive, but has refused to make any comment upon the early life of "A. R." since his slaying. Abraham Rothstein, the father, is a respected factor and leader in the cotton and print goods industry and at seventy-three years of age is independently wealthy.

Friends of the family recall Arnold (*Continued on page* 76)

Why Did Scotland Yard Arrest *Me* as a *German* Spy?



Mr. Hammond in his laboratory

By
JOHN HAYS HAMMOND, Jr.
As told to
Colonel FRED H. THOMPSON

A noted American inventor reveals a strange experience, during which he just missed facing a firing squad!

Sir Basil Thomson, one of England's master sleuths, who grilled Mr. Hammond shortly after the latter's arrest

John Hays Hammond, Jr., is one of this country's very rich men. He is a famous inventor, holding more than 500 patents, and one of the world's outstanding radio experts. His home is at Gloucester, Mass., where he is spending millions on the construction of a Gothic castle, overlooking the Reef of Norman's Woe, and filling it with rare art treasures collected in the far corners of the earth.—ED.

LOCKED in the secret archives of war days is the explanation of a strange adventure that might have had a tragic ending for me. Details of this extraordinary affair can now be revealed. Some rather highly placed personages are involved in the story.

Whether I was the victim of a mysterious and rarely clever German plot, or of some strange error, I have never been able to discover. I only know that during the early days of the World War I was secretly arrested by the British as a German spy, and for a few hectic days I faced the possibility of being shot in the Tower of London.

If this story reaches the right eyes in England and Germany, now that the greatest war in history is fast becoming only a memory, it is possible that someone may solve the mystery for me.

When the war broke out in 1914, German agents were very active in this country, among them Captain von Papen. I was then only twenty-six, but I had achieved some success as an inventor and radio expert, and so I became the subject of the intense interest of the German agents. They wanted access to my laboratory secrets in the hope of finding something that would be helpful to the German High Command.

Captain von Papen, as a member of the German Diplomatic Corps, enjoyed good social standing, and he went out of his way to meet me. He was quite industrious in his efforts to cultivate my friendship and gain my confidence. I was not particularly flattered by these attentions, but I treated him courteously.

About this time I conceived the idea of my alumino-thermic projectile. This projectile was designed to spew over the landscape about 100 pounds or so of molten metal heated to about 6,000 degrees Fahrenheit. In addition to this incendiary feature, I also invented the idea of putting into the projectile ingredients that brewed hydrocyanic or prussic acid while the missile was in flight. The impact would squirt out this poison an instant before the explosion and the fumes would kill anybody who came into the vicinity to fight the conflagration.

WHEN I had completed the details of this new weapon, I gave the specifications to a trusted representative and sent him to London to offer it to the British Government, to be used upon the Germans. My representative got to London all right, but he found that getting the ear of the British authorities there was a very different thing from getting an audience with the right people in Washington. His most persistent efforts failed to break through the suave reserve of English officialdom.

It was quite obvious that the lesser bureaucrats to whom he was able to gain access regarded him as just an American and a rank outsider trying to butt (*Continued on page* 88)

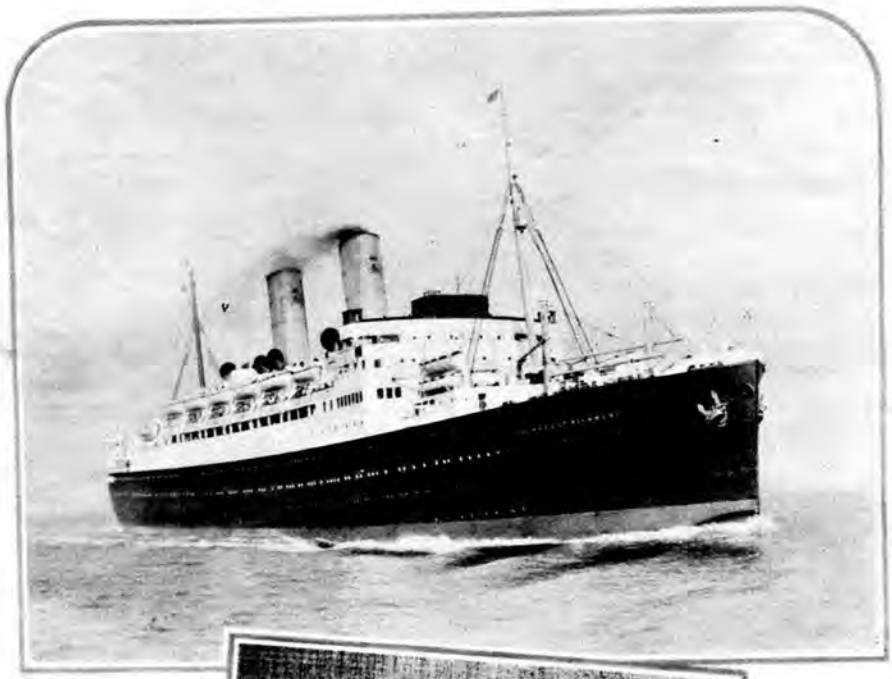
The *Astonishing Case* of the

This master swindler might have got away with it—but he couldn't resist a pretty face!

By H. A. CROWE
Manager, Criminal Division,
William J. Burns International Detective Agency
Representing the American Bankers Association

As told to FORREST S. NICHOL

BANKS are constantly on guard against criminal enemies both within and without their own organizations. The former include hold-ups, safe-crackers and forgers. Crimes of the latter, the "inside" kind, are often particularly baffling, because their principals, through the positions of trust they hold, are able to cover their tracks and defer detection in ways that outsiders could not.



A case of this kind recently came to light and, in an effort to learn the true story of this crime, I decided to interview an authority on the subject. There seemed none abler to tell me the "ins and outs" of this case than H. A. Crowe, manager of the Criminal Division of the William J. Burns International Detective Agency, Inc., who is in charge of the Agency's work for the American Bankers Association. As it happened, this case that had caught my attention had been investigated under the direction of Mr. Crowe.

MR. CROWE'S offices are in downtown New York, where millions of dollars change hands hourly and where dwell the master men of American finance. I found Mr. Crowe busily engaged looking over a mass of criminal reports, occasionally interrupted by the necessary discussion of important bank crimes that were under investigation for the Association from coast to coast, and giving instructions over the telephone to his own corps of investigators, who are constantly engaged in the pursuit of running down criminals that attack New York banks via forgery and hold-ups. After consulting him and making inquiry elsewhere in the financial district of Wall Street, I pieced together the history of this, one of the most remarkable bank swindles in recent years.

(*Left*) Radio photo of the fugitive crook—Westergaard—sent from New York to London to establish his identity in the English metropolis. (*Top*) The S. S. *Duchess of Richmond*, where Westergaard fell in love with a pretty passenger—thus enabling sleuths to re-discover his trail. (*Opposite page*) Irene Pashkova, scintillating Russian dancer—Westergaard's "flame" at the time of the swindle

C. P. SOLEM WESTERGAARD was the principal in this case. Entangled with his destiny was a woman who was a beautiful dancer and a bright spot in New York's night life. A girl whom the chance accident of steamship travel threw into his company also figured in the case of Westergaard, but it was the dancer he pursued when he first embarked on the crime for which he is now paying the penalty.

The $60,000 loss in the Westergaard Case was sus-

BANK CLERK AND THE RUSSIAN DANCER

tained through a forgery of foreign transfer orders ostensibly drawn on a prominent bank in Berlin, Germany. The victim was a New York bank, a member of the American Bankers Association. When the Burns Agency was informed of the loss on November 15th, 1929, it sounded so much like a previous case that the same investigator who helped solve that case was assigned to it.

On reaching the bank this investigator was supplied with the original alleged transfer orders. He was told that the New York bank received on October 12th, apparently through the mails, an order for $23,800, bearing a request that it be transferred to the account of one J. H. Stone in another prominent New York bank. The money was immediately transferred as directed and a verification of the transfer sent by mail to the Berlin correspondent.

On October 16th a similar order was received requesting that another $36,200 be transferred to J. H. Stone in the same bank. These instructions were complied with and a confirmation mailed to the Berlin bank.

The first confirmation evidently went astray, as it was November 15th before the Berlin bank cabled the New York bank that they had not instructed that any amount be transferred to J. H. Stone. When the signatures on the alleged forged transfers were compared with the official signatures on file in the New York bank, it was obvious that the suspected transfers had not come from Germany, but that the signatures on them had been traced from the genuine by someone in New York City. Consequently, no investigation was ordered in Berlin.

(*Above*) Postal written by Westergaard (*top*) to Miss Pashkova (*right*), in which he calls the dancer "Toodles" and sends his "best wishes and most affectionate remembrances"

THE investigator proceeded to the second bank, where he learned that a party calling himself "J. H. Stone" had several weeks previously opened an account with $200 cash, giving his occupation as a mining engineer and his address as 121 East 60th Street, New York City. Investigation at the East 60th Street address revealed the place as an apartment hotel, but neither the superintendent, the switchboard operator, nor any of the occupants had heard of Stone. They remembered mail coming there addressed to Stone, but this mail was turned back to the postal authorities

In the meantime the bank where the mysterious J. H. Stone carried his account supplied the Burns Agency with a transcript showing that on October 22nd, $23,800 was credited to the Stone account. On the same date Stone withdrew $20,000 but was warned by the teller that he should not carry that much cash on his person. Consequently, Stone redeposited the $20,000, but between October 28th and November 4th he gradually withdrew the entire $60,200. He had not been seen since.

Not being able to pick up the trail of Stone, the investigator returned to the bank and made a careful comparison of the genuine transfer forms of the Berlin bank with the forgeries. He found every indication that the forged forms had been printed in America. The documentary bond used for the genuine transfer forms and those of the forgeries were the same, each being printed upon a cheap grade of American paper. The investigator then undertook the task of learning the names and addresses of the distributors of this paper. He found that only one concern in New York City handled this documentary bond and that they had it made for them especially. This concern furnished the names and addresses of all the printers in New York City that purchased this particular grade of paper. After going from printer to printer, the investigator finally located, on November 22nd, a reputable New York printer in the downtown section who stated that he printed the forms for a party whom he thought to be the New York representative of the Berlin Bank. The printer stated that he could positively identify the man who gave him the order. His story follows:

"ON September twenty-ninth, nineteen twenty-nine a man giving his name as 'Mr. Hoskins' came in and ordered one hundred and fifty transfer forms. The same man called for the printing when it was finished and in a day or so he returned and stated the forms were not good enough and would not be accepted in Germany. This time the operator furnished the printer with an engraved plate and a sample piece of a genuine transfer order that was in use by the Berlin bank, ordering the printer to do the job over and requesting that the color of the paper and ink should match more perfectly. The job was remade and when Hoskins returned for it he seemed well satisfied with the work."

The proprietor of this print—shop and two of his employees gave a good description of the man who ordered the work done and that description tallied with the description of Stone, to whom the $60,000 was originally transferred. The investigator then returned to the defrauded bank to check on former employees for a comparison of descriptions.

The defrauded bank, with numerous branches and thousands of employees, was wide awake to the adoption of any and all plans for the safeguarding of their depositors' funds. Consequently, it had a strict rule requiring a photograph with every application for employment. The descriptions of the mysterious Stone and Hoskins tallied perfectly with that of a former bookkeeper in the foreign department, Christian Pedersen Solem Westergaard, who had been on this bank's payroll off and on since early in 1924, but who had resigned on October 29th, 1929. He had said he was going to Seattle, Washington.

Westergaard's photograph was immediately shown to the printers, where three positive identifications were made. Likewise the bank, where the account was carried under the name of Stone, recognized Westergaard's photograph as Stone. A comparison of Westergaard's handwriting with that on the withdrawal checks and the signature card of J. H. Stone denoted conclusively that Stone, alias Hoskins, was none other than Westergaard.

It was at this juncture that one of the employees of the defrauded bank handed to the investigator a postcard depicting a Denver, Colorado, scene and bearing the writing of Westergaard.

The postcard was postmarked "Limon, Colo., 4:30 P.M., November 18, 1929." This did not alter the plan of investigation, as there are numerous ways to have postcards and letters mailed at great distances from where the writer is located. Therefore, the investigators continued their efforts to obtain a lead in New York.

PROCEEDING to 39 West 94th Street, the address that Westergaard had placed on record as his residence, it was learned that he moved to 3610 Broadway over a year previously. At 3610 Broadway, it was found that Westergaard had moved several months previously to 34 West 94th Street. The latter address he had left April 2nd, 1929, with the information that he would be residing at 9406 34th Road, Jackson Heights, Queens, Long Island.

Although occupants of the apartments named were thoroughly questioned, no information of value could be obtained from a single person. They all stated that Westergaard was of a very peculiar disposition, talked little and received company very seldom, if at all. At any time he did talk, it was in a braggadocio manner concerning purported former business transactions in France, London and connections in the moving picture business in Hollywood, California, always winding up with the statement that he would soon proceed to Hollywood and reenter the moving picture business.

Having been unable to trace Westergaard from 9406 34th Road, Jackson Heights, the investigator returned to the defrauded bank and questioned every employee who had the slightest acquaintance with Westergaard. One employee finally remembered that Westergaard was very friendly with an engraver whose name he could not recall, although he remembered the concern where Westergaard's friend was employed. On learning the address of the concern, the investigator proceeded there and, after several hours' effort, located Westergaard's friend who stated, without knowing the reasons for the inquiry, that Westergaard had been residing very recently at 129 East 24th Street. The informant also stated that if Westergaard could not be located at that address, a Russian art model, whose name he could not recall, could be located and she could probably give the present whereabouts of Westergaard.

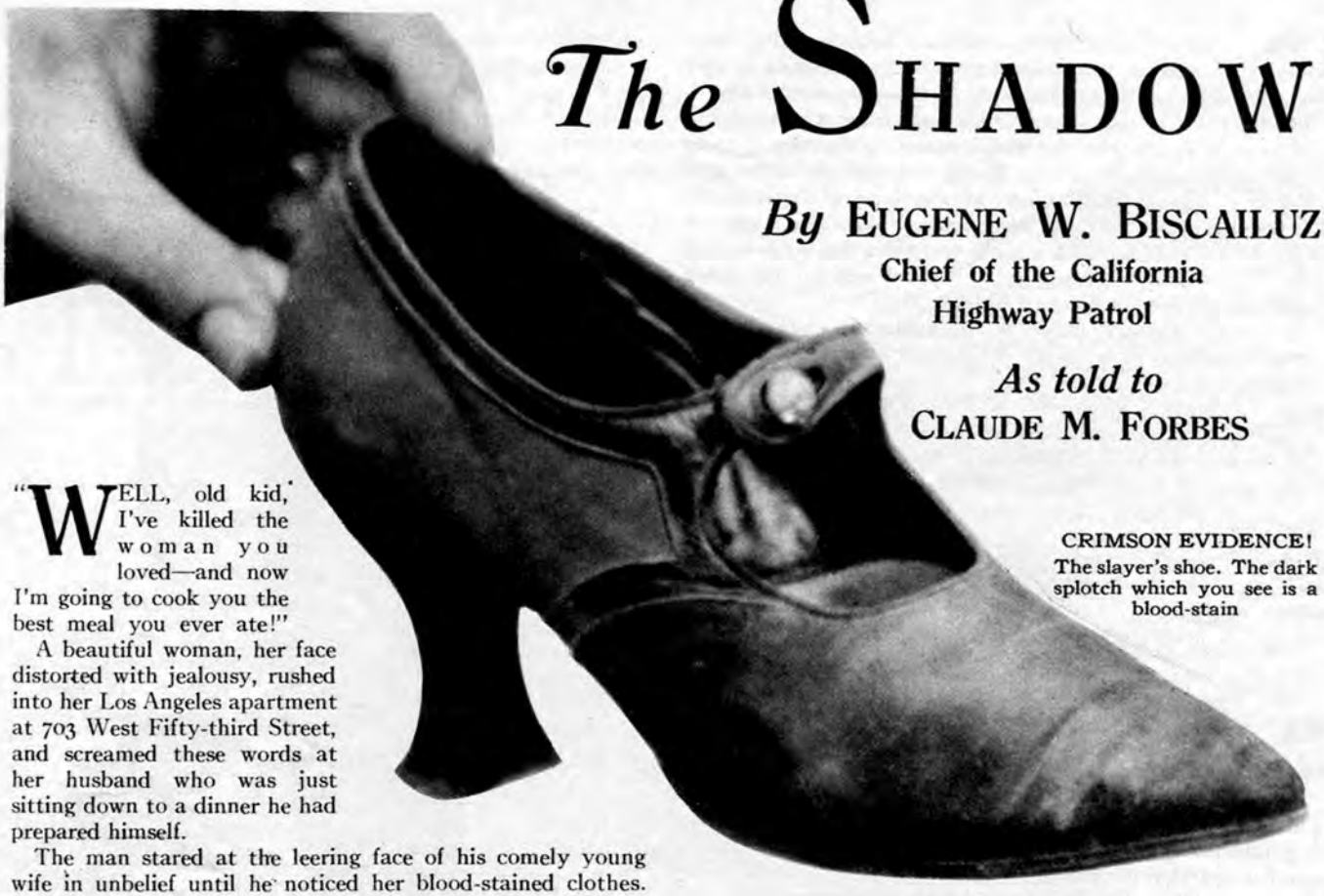
On November 23rd, the investigator arrived at 129 East 24th Street, but Westergaard had gone. He could not ascertain exactly what date Westergaard departed, but he was advised that it had only been recently that a truck, bearing some kind of Norwegian name, had called there and departed with a steamer trunk designated to some point in Norway. An investigation at the Norwegian Consulate was immediately made in New York City and, by telegraphic request, the Burns Washington, (*Continued on page* 127)

The dancer in a favorite pose

The SHADOW

By EUGENE W. BISCAILUZ
Chief of the California
Highway Patrol

As told to
CLAUDE M. FORBES



CRIMSON EVIDENCE!
The slayer's shoe. The dark splotch which you see is a blood-stain

"WELL, old kid, I've killed the woman you loved—and now I'm going to cook you the best meal you ever ate!"

A beautiful woman, her face distorted with jealousy, rushed into her Los Angeles apartment at 703 West Fifty-third Street, and screamed these words at her husband who was just sitting down to a dinner he had prepared himself.

The man stared at the leering face of his comely young wife in unbelief until he noticed her blood-stained clothes.

Then he realized that she was telling the truth—that his wife was really a murderess and that at any moment now the firm knock of the Law might be heard at the door. He knew that they must act—and act quickly if they wanted to avoid immediate arrest!

It was the evening of July 12th, 1922.

At almost the same moment that this scene was being enacted, Mrs. Velma Weitz, a bookkeeper, was driving past a secluded spot on Montecito Drive in the hills northeast of Los Angeles. Upon rounding a sharp curve on the steep grade, the woman nearly swooned with fright when she saw the mangled body of a half nude woman lying by the roadside. She paused for a moment to make certain her eyes had not deceived her and then drove madly down the hill and telephoned for police.

OFFICERS Harry M. Hill and Frank Corcoran answered the call. They found the body of a young woman, about twenty years of age, lying by the roadway. The head and upper part of the torso were covered with blood which oozed from more than forty distinct wounds inflicted with a blunt instrument. The skull was badly crushed, apparently by a large rock which was found resting on the right arm and shoulder. The murder had been committed less than an hour before, the officers believed, for the body was not yet cold.

The lower part of the body was nude as though someone had grasped it by the feet and dragged it from the roadway causing the clothing to be pulled up over the torso. Contrary to later reports, the lower part of the body was not wounded or mutilated in any way except for one small scratch on the left thigh.

In making his preliminary inspection of the scene, Officer Hill found a piece of cheap wrapping paper and two pieces of blue string a short distance from the body. Some distance farther down the road the officer found a woman's brown straw hat, apparently belonging to the victim. It had been trampled in the dust and was soiled with dirt and blood, giving the impression that it had been kicked about in the death struggle.

INNOCENT VICTIM!
Alberta Meadows—pretty widow—slain by Clara Phillips in California's love murder

UP and down the dirt road for some distance were women's footprints outlined clearly in the dust. No print of a man's shoe was visible. About thirty feet from where the body was lying Officer Hill found the tracks of a small automobile where it had been turned about by its driver and driven back down the hill. Close by this spot was an empty pint whiskey bottle. Officers Hill and Corcoran were satisfied that they had unearthed valuable information.

Later when Detective Lieutenant F. L. James arrived at the murder scene he found the handle of a hammer which had been broken off near the head. It was lying close to the body, but had been overlooked in the shadows by the first arrivals at the scene of the atrocious murder. The hammer was covered with blood and it was easy for the officers to surmise that it was the death weapon. These were the clues in the hands of the Los Angeles police when they began their

in GREEN

"I've killed the woman you loved—and now I'm going to cook you the best meal you ever ate!"

Here's the low-down on the Clara Phillips case —one of the most astonishing crimes of the century!

HAMMER MURDERESS!
Clara Phillips—auburn-haired ex-chorus girl—who, goaded on by the green specter of jealousy, committed one of the most brutal murders in the history of California

investigation of this baffling case. The officers, of course, did not know of the scene between the husband and wife at this time. Later, by a trick of fate, the case was placed in the hands of the Sheriff's office.

ALL night long the detectives worked on the case in an effort to discover the identity of the slain woman or to find some trace of her slayer. At dawn the case was at a standstill and the investigators paused for their breakfast eagerly hoping that the stories in the morning newspapers would bring some relative to the morgue who could tell them the name of the murdered girl.

But the day wore on, and though hundreds of persons passed through the morgue, no one could name the girl.

As time passed, weird stories regarding the crime were circulated. Scores of sensational theories were advanced and whispered until many accepted them as fact. Even the police and Sheriff's office inclined to the belief that such a brutal murder must have been the act of an arch fiend, probably a man with saddistic tendencies.

Women throughout the city were warned to be careful. Police extended themselves in rounding up all transients and demanding an accurate account of their whereabouts at the time of the crime.

But except for the odds and ends picked up at the scene of the crime, no clue of value was found.

The crime was within the city limits of Los Angeles, so I did not concern myself particularly over its solution, except to keep a close watch of reports to see if any tips worth investigating might have been telephoned in during the night. In the afternoon, nothing of importance having developed, I left the office to attend the funeral of a friend.

Shortly after I left, the telephone began ringing repeatedly. An attorney named John Haas stated that he wanted me to call at his office at once on a matter of utmost importance.

When I returned I was met by a frantic office force keyed up to a tremendous state of excitement over the insistent and repeated calls for me from Attorney Haas. Sensing that something of unusual importance was about to take place, I called for Captain A. C. Jewell, Chief of the Civil Department, and Frank Dewar and Joe Nolan, two of my most competent investigators, and went to the attorney's office.

There I found the attorney locked in his private office with a young man—a pitiful tear-stained, bedraggled figure of a man. Obviously he had suffered a great deal and apparently had come to Attorney Haas to make some sort of a confession.

ATTORNEY HAAS called me into his office and pointed to the man.

"I want to introduce you to the husband of the woman who killed Alberta Meadows," the attorney said. "This is Armour Phillips, Mr. Biscailuz. Mr. Phillips has just told me that his wife, Clara Phillips, a former chorus girl, killed the girl whose body was found on Montecito Drive yesterday, and that the girl was Alberta Meadows, a bank clerk."

The importance of this statement stunned me, for if it was true, then in a single moment I had learned the identity of the slain woman and the name of her murderer. I asked Phillips if Attorney Haas' statement was true, and the man nodded his head in mute confirmation. And then I asked him to tell his story to us. Frank Dewar, who from this time on conducted the investigation, at my request took detailed notes. The statement by Armour Phillips as taken down by Dewar follows:

"Last night as I was about to sit down to supper, Clara

Deputy Sheriffs Frank Dewar and Joe Nolan compare the broken hammer handle—found at crime scene—with another hammer of the same make

came home with her clothes covered with blood. She was leering at me as she entered the kitchen and yelled, 'Well, old kid, I have killed the woman you loved and now I'm going to cook you the finest meal you ever ate.' I asked her what she meant and she replied that she had stood enough of Alberta Meadows' homebreaking and that she had taken her for a ride, beat her brains out, and after leaving her along the side of the highway had taken Alberta's car and come home to tell me about it. If it hadn't been for all the blood-stained clothes and the blood-stained hammer which she held in her hand I couldn't have believed her.

"AFTER the first shock, I realized that something must be done right away, so I put her in the bath and assisted her in scrubbing her body. I burned some of her clothes and then insisted that she get the other girl's car away from the house. We then—she in Alberta's coupé and I in my own car—drove to Pomona, about thirty-five miles east of Los Angeles, where the coupé was abandoned. We then returned to the city.

"I was scared to come back to the house and every car that I could see in the rear vision mirror seemed to be filled with officers. I was afraid to speed for fear that I might be stopped for a traffic violation and the motor cop would see Clara.

"However, I reached home without trouble, but I knew that it would be only a matter of hours till the detectives would be on Clara's trail, so I persuaded her to pack her things and leave town at once. I didn't have any ready cash for her railway ticket so I took her to the Baltimore Hotel and promised to have the necessary fare by morning, as I intended to get a few dollars from each of my friends believing that by doing it this way I wouldn't arouse any suspicions.

"I was afraid of everything and suspicious of everybody and I knew I had only a few hours to get her out of the way. After she got to her room and in bed she immediately went to sleep and I tip-toed out for fear she'd wake up and become hysterical. All night long I walked the streets. I was afraid to ride in the car lest I'd have an accident or something that might spoil my plans. Several times I determined to get a gun when the pawn shops opened and do away with both of us, but I guess I didn't have the nerve to hurt her.

"Well, by eight o'clock I had enough money raised to send Clara to El Paso, Texas, and a few dollars left over to take her across the bridge to Juarez, Mexico, where she was to remain until I closed up my affairs in Los Angeles and could pick her up for a flight into the interior of Mexico. I felt relieved after I saw her safely away on the train, but after she had gone and I commenced to realize the terrible thing she had done—the papers were so full of it, you know—I again became scared to death. Every one of my friends would ask me if I had read of the awful murder up on Montecito Drive, and they all wondered who she could be. I couldn't stand it any longer so I came to Mr. Haas, whom I heard was a square shooter, to get his advice. And here I am, gentlemen, I didn't have a thing to do with the murder of Alberta, but I *did* help the murderess to get away, and Mr. Haas advised me to tell it all."

This astounding confession by Phillips placed in my hands the key to one of the most brutal murders in the history of Los Angeles. And this coincidence also gave me one of the most difficult tasks of my official career, for although the solution appeared to be in my hands, other complications arose which many times threatened to undo everything.

The first thing I did was to order Dewar and Nolan to capture Clara Phillips as soon as possible. Within a few hours these officers had effected the fleeing woman's arrest at Tucson, Arizona. City Detective Jesus Camacho, veteran Tucson detective, found Clara Phillips asleep in her berth travelling under the name of Mrs. Clara McGuire.

DENYING her identity, Mrs. Phillips indignantly demanded an explanation for her arrest.

"I am Mrs. Clara McGuire of Los Angeles," she told Camacho. "I have done nothing wrong and you will have to give a very good explanation for this indignity."

Camacho informed the woman that she was wanted for questioning concerning the death of Alberta Meadows in Los Angeles. The woman still denied her identity and disclaimed any knowledge of the crime. Her attitude was unflinching. Then the Tucson detective noticed on one of the woman's shoes a dark splotch—later proved to be a blood-stain!

While Mrs. Phillips still was denying her name he quietly

emptied her pocketbook in an effort to find some mark of identification. At first it seemed nothing was there that would identify her, but eventually Camacho spied a small pasteboard box containing needles and thread, and written faintly on its bottom was the name Clara Phillips.

While Camacho was questioning Mrs. Phillips in Tucson, Dewar and Nolan were faced with the sad task of informing Fred A. Tremaine, Los Angeles carpenter, of the death of his daughter, Alberta Tremaine Meadows, a young bank clerk whose husband had died six months before.

The girl's father denied indignantly the report that his daughter had come between Mrs. Phillips and her husband. This denial was confirmed a short time later when the two officers inspected the dead girl's apartment. There they found her diary which carried a detailed account of her movements and thoughts.

This diary became one of the most important bits of evidence in the trial which followed. It told of the constant sorrow in the heart of Alberta Meadows over the loss of her young husband, who had been electrocuted while working on a power line.

Almost all of the girl's spare time had been spent in keeping the grave of her husband freshly banked with flowers, the diary showed. A few short words of prayer here and there convinced us that the young widow was a devout Christian.

And, in between the lines, indicated by a terse comment here and there, we could read the story of Alberta's acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. Armour Phillips. It was obvious that Alberta did not consider either of them close friends because of their irreligious habits:

THUS the investigation continued, with Dewar and Nolan working nearly night and day to obtain every piece of evidence possible before the case became "cold."

All these developments had occurred on July 13th, the day following the murder. When Phillips first told his story to me, I refused to release it to the newspapers until the officers had verified it. When its truth was established and Clara had been arrested in Tucson, I called in the reporters and gave them the story.

The next morning all the newspapers carried lurid stories of how the brutal murder of Alberta Meadows had been solved by the Sheriff's office. The public was intensely interested.

However, the case could not yet be considered complete by any means. We would have to check the movements of Mrs. Phillips and her husband for the entire day preceding the murder and also those of Mrs. Meadows before we could hope to establish a case.

Dewar and Nolan undertook the task immediately, but had scarcely commenced their supplementary investigation when another woman entered the case and supplied another voluntary statement which proved to be an eye-witness story of the slaying.

EYE-WITNESS!

Peggy Caffee, the show girl who saw Clara Phillips take the life of Alberta Meadows—but who at first held back her astonishing story under threat of death. (*Below*) Peggy points out the horror scene to a sleuth

THIS young woman was Peggy Caffee, also a show girl, who once had danced in the chorus with Clara. She walked into Central Police Station with her husband and told of how she had been with Clara Phillips nearly the entire day of the murder and had witnessed the brutal slaying. Clara had beaten Mrs. Meadows to death with a hammer in a jealous frenzy, Mrs. Caffee said, and although she saw the tragedy she was afraid to come forward until Mrs. Phillips was in custody for fear that Mrs. Phillips would kill her too. Mrs. Caffee's story, in brief, follows:

The two women had met on the morning of July

11th and spent some time in discussing their domestic difficulties at which time Mrs. Phillips confided that she feared her husband was going with "some girl." In the afternoon they went shopping and Clara bought a pair of white slippers, a pair of white hose, a silk skirt and a hammer.

The following day the two women met again, spending the morning on a trip to Long Beach by interurban train. Returning that afternoon they met Alberta Meadows at a parking lot where she kept her Ford coupé and Mrs. Phillips requested Mrs. Meadows to drive her to the home of a sister.

DRIVING out north Broadway the three women soon came to the foothills which separate Los Angeles and Pasadena. Clara suggested that Alberta turn aside on Montecito Drive. About half way up the steep hill Clara requested the driver to stop and the three women got out of the car.

Clara then started an argument with Mrs. Meadows, accusing her of accepting gifts from Armour Phillips, and when the girl denied the charge Clara struck her over the head with the hammer. When Mrs. Caffee attempted to restrain Mrs. Phillips, she said, the latter turned on her furiously and threatened to kill her. Mrs. Caffee fled screaming down the road until, exhausted, she leaned against the bank to rest. Then, glancing back, she said she saw Clara Phillips kneeling over Alberta Meadows' form on the ground beating her on the head with the hammer.

And then Mrs. Caffee fainted. When she awakened a few minutes later it was to see Mrs. Phillips driving rapidly down the hill towards her and urging her to get in. Clara's face and hands were smeared with blood, Mrs. Caffee said. The two women rode on in silence for about ten minutes. Mrs. Phillips was the first to speak.

"If you ever open your mouth about this, I'll give you the same," she said.

Little else was said on the journey back to Los Angeles. Mrs. Phillips, during the trip, borrowed Peggy's gloves to cover her blood-stained hands and Peggy wiped the blood from her face. After letting Mrs. Caffee out near her home, Mrs. Phillips drove on to her own apartment.

Peggy Caffee's story apparently was the missing link in our case. With Detective Lieutenant Herman Cline, later chief of detectives and now retired, Dewar and Nolan went over the story checking every detail. At last they asked Peggy if she would repeat the story in the presence of Clara.

Mrs. Caffee agreed to do this provided we would protect her from the other woman's wrath.

Meanwhile Sheriff William I. Traeger and Mrs. Traeger, who was acting as his police matron on the trip, were returning Clara Phillips to Los Angeles. We met the train at Shorb, a small station east of Los Angeles, and in Clara's compartment confronted her with Peggy Caffee, who repeated her story.

Clara, calm in the hour of her ordeal, only smiled at the other woman's accusation. She refused steadily to make any admission implicating her in the crime.

There remained only three questions to ask Mrs. Caffee.

"Is this the Clara Phillips you refer to in your statement in which you accuse her of killing Alberta Meadows?" Detective Lieutenant Cline asked.

"This is the woman," came the answer coolly.

"AND is this statement made freely and voluntarily on your part, without promise of immunity or hope of reward?" the officer continued in the litany of legal phraseology.

"Yes."

"And it is true, is it not, that no force or violence has been used upon your person to cause you to make this statement?"

"It is true," Peggy said softly.

A few minutes later we were back in Los Angeles and had transported Clara Phillips to the county jail, where she was held on a charge of suspicion of murder. Within a few days she was officially charged with killing Alberta Meadows in an indictment returned by the county grand jury.

During all this time Mrs. Phillips firmly denied her guilt. But she stoutly declined to make any statement concerning the

case. We all believed that if Clara Phillips would but tell her side of the story now it would help her, for by this time the evidence was so strong that I could not see how the woman hoped to escape the death penalty.

But this was not the time chosen by the "Tiger Woman" to tell her story. When the case went to trial she took the witness stand, much to our surprise, and told an amazing story of love and intrigue, of neighborhood gossip, hates and quarrels and finally detailed from the witness stand how another woman had killed Alberta Meadows on the lonely mountain road.

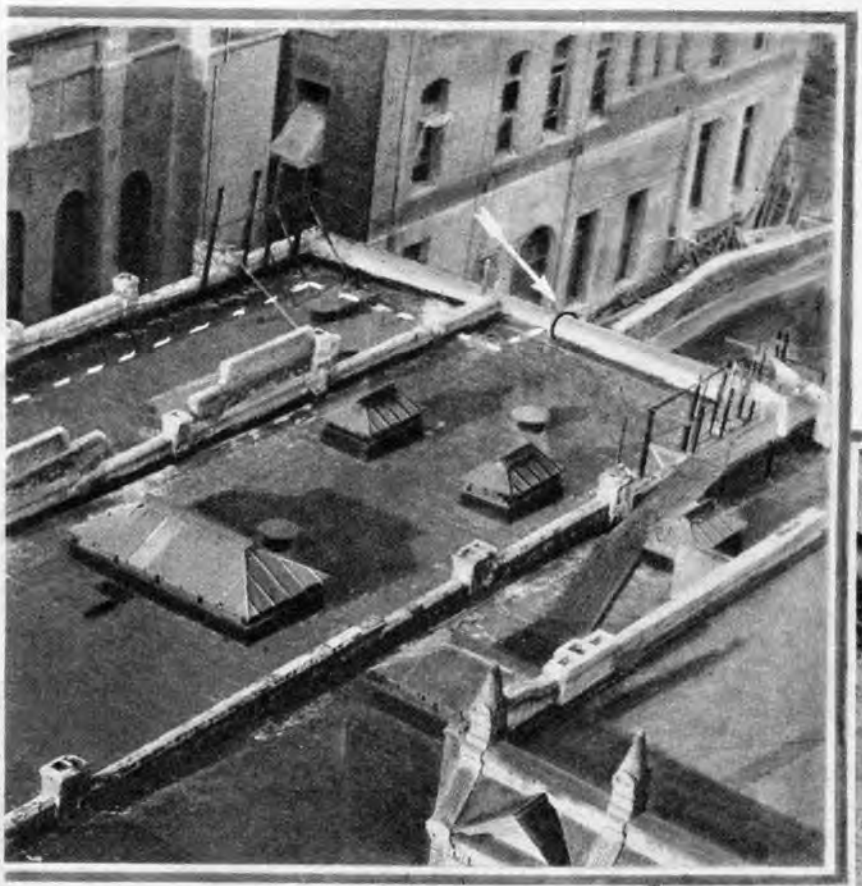
Had we been deceived by Peggy Caffee's story? If so, how had she hidden from us the true identity of the slayer, for we had found much corroboration of her statement? I wondered if it could be possible that this woman too might have been involved in the murder plot. These questions when presented forcefully in court by the defendant for a time threatened to disrupt the orderly procedure of the trial and

Phillips to and from the place over a narrow bridge which connected two wings of the building across a lightwell.

Prosecutor Fricke opened the trial precipitantly, foregoing the formality of an opening statement outlining what the State expected to prove. Realizing that the trial would be a lengthy one, he began at once to present his case to the Court as rapidly as possible.

AFTER hastening through the formality of establishing the identity of the victim, the Prosecutor started the foundation of his case by introducing testimony of other employes at the bank where Alberta Meadows had worked to prove that Clara Phillips had shadowed her rival for several days before the crime.

This surveillance began on July 8th, 1922, witnesses said. Later it was proved that on the morning of this date Mrs. Phillips had had a violent quarrel with her husband and the name of Alberta Meadows had been mentioned repeatedly.



(*Left*) Showing how the love killer—with outside aid—made her sensational night escape from the Los Angeles County Jail following her conviction. Arrow at left of photo points to hook which fastened rope ladder at a point directly above the window of Mrs. Phillips' third-floor cell. The bars sawed, the hammer murderess descended to the roof of the adjoining building and thence to the ground by ladder at spot indicated by second arrow. (*Below*) Matron shows how Clara Phillips left cell. (*Circle on opposite page*) Clara and her husband, Armour Phillips, who tipped the authorities to the fact that his wife was a slayer—after he had aided her to escape

they came close to winning an acquittal for Mrs. Phillips.

The trial of Clara Phillips, vivacious auburn-haired actress, for the murder of Alberta Meadows proved to be a veritable drama of human emotions with the courtroom of Superior Judge Frederick W. Houser as the stage.

The setting, of course, was severe, for justice is more concerned with results than with ostentation.

SEATED at her counsel table with her attorney, Bertram A. Herrington, Clara was the center of attraction in the courtroom. At the other end of the table sat Charles W. Fricke, Deputy District Attorney prosecuting the case, assisted by W. Maxwell Burke. Mr. Fricke has since become a Superior Court Judge, while Judge Houser has risen to the Appellate Court bench.

So crowded was the courtroom on the eighth floor of the Hall of Records that it was necessary to take Mrs.

Upon calling at the bank, Clara posed as an old friend of Mrs. Meadows who had just returned from a long journey.

"Don't tell Mrs. Meadows that I called," she said. "I have just returned from a long trip and want to surprise her."

With this remark the actress retired to the ladies' waiting room where she sat reading a magazine until 1:30 P. M. When the bank closed at this hour Mrs. Phillips followed Mrs. Meadows to the parking lot where she kept her automobile to see whether or not she was secretly meeting Armour Phillips.

Clara again was seen at the bank on the afternoon of July 12th at about 3 P. M., according to O. L. Callan, a bank guard. This was about two hours before the pretty young bank clerk was killed.

Then came a note of tragedy in the scene as Fricke called Genora Tremaine, Mrs. Meadows' young sister, to the witness stand. Tears dimmed the eyes of the jurors and many of the spectators as the girl told of her last meeting with her sister.

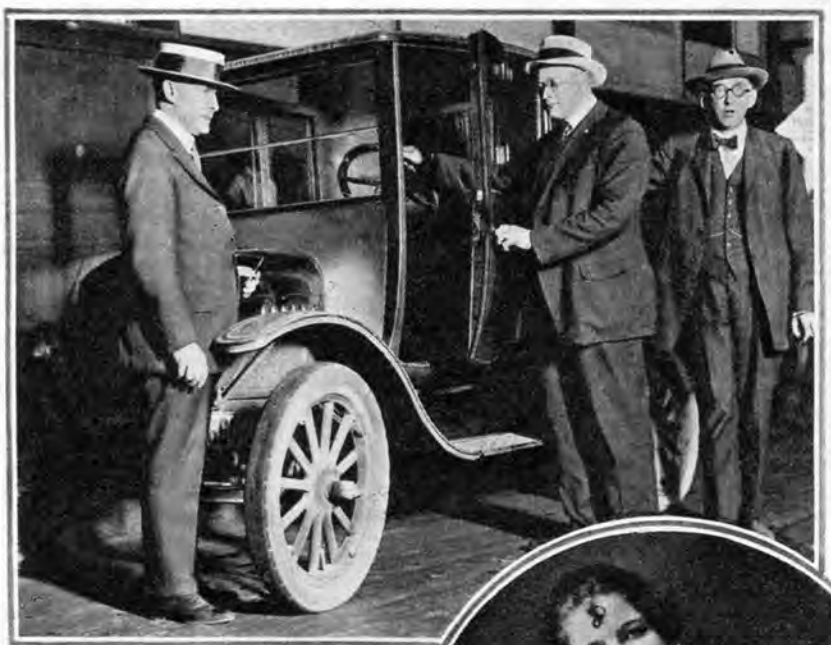
The two girls had left home that morning together, she said, and arriving at the bank Mrs. Meadows had drawn $100 from her account. Fifteen dollars of this sum was given Genora for spending money and Alberta kept the remainder. The sisters then bid each other a happy goodbye and went on their separate ways. That was the last time Genora saw her sister alive.

Throughout this dramatic phase of the trial Clara Phillips sat quietly beside her attorney, outwardly unmoved. At times she smiled her flashing stage smile. It seemed impossible that she could have been the brutal slayer of Alberta Meadows.

But the State pressed relentlessly on, forging another link in the chain of evidence with the testimony of Mrs. Harry Warren of 758 East Avenue Forty-three. Mrs. Warren stated that on the evening of July 12th, leaving the Griffin Avenue street car at Avenue Forty-three she had noticed three women driving a Ford coupé.

"And who were these women you saw in the automobile?" Fricke asked.

"Mrs. Alberta Meadows, Mrs. Peggy Caffee, and Mrs. Clara Phillips," came the positive answer. Mrs. Meadows was driving the car, the witness said.



(*Above*) Alberta Meadows' car, in which she unwittingly drove her slayer to the spot where the murder was committed. (*Right*) Clara in her chorus girl days. (*Top*) The vivacious murderess *en route* to her trial

"THAT is all," Fricke concluded.

"No cross-examination," Attorney Herrington added without rising from his place at the table.

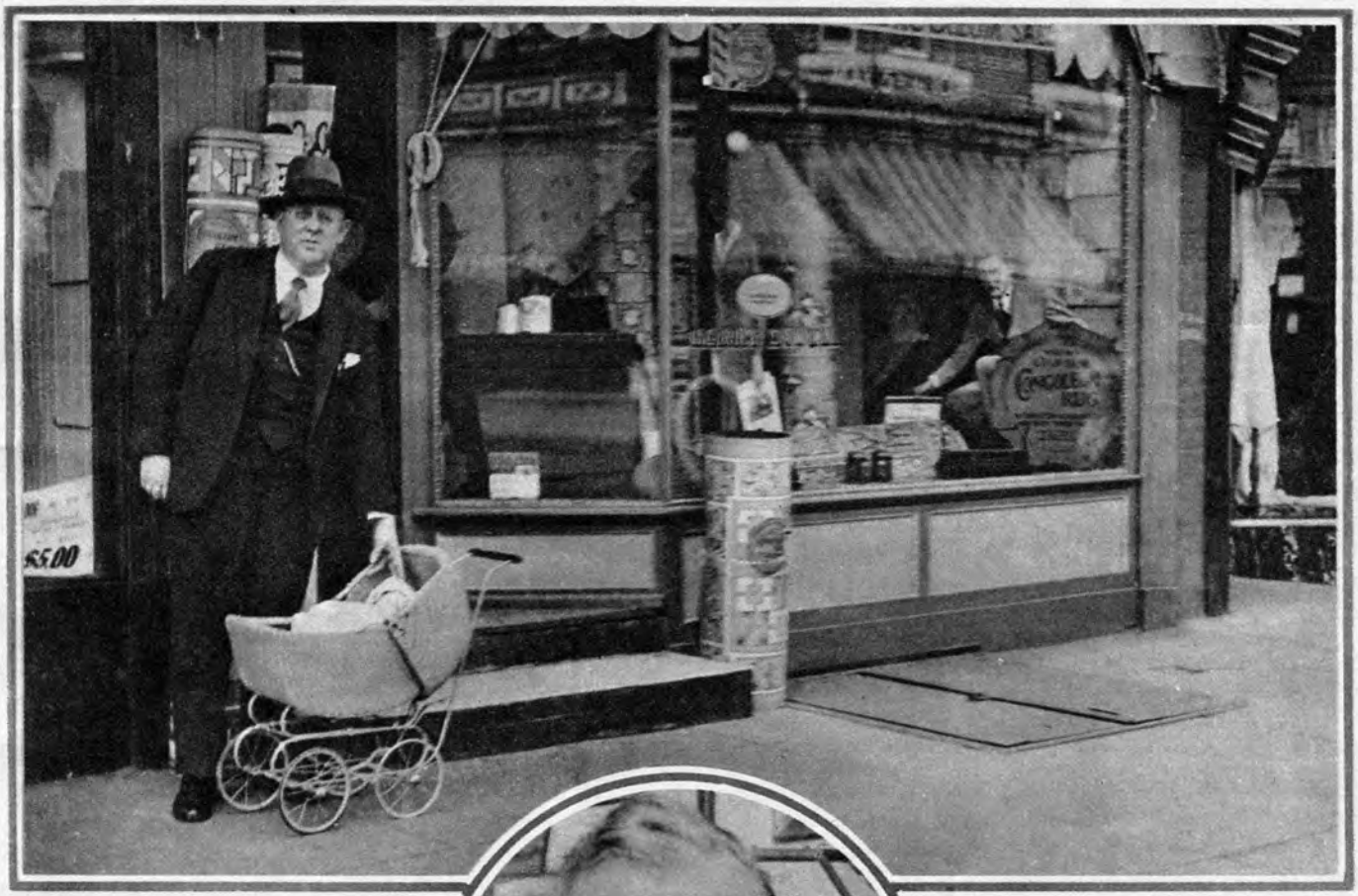
"Call Mrs. Peggy Caffee as the next witness," Fricke said rising and walking to the corner near the jury box. The courtroom became quiet with suspense as the State's star witness walked toward the witness stand with downcast eyes.

Mrs. Caffee was a notably different type compared with the scintillant Clara Phillips. Her demeanor was quiet and reserved. Her movements were slow and deliberate. Mrs. Phillips from her seat at the counsel table with her flashing smile and rapid movements still remained the central figure on the "stage" although every eye rested on Mrs. Caffee as she was sworn and took her place on the stand.

At the very beginning of the woman's story it became apparent that she had become a witness to the brutal murder of Mrs. Meadows only by a strange whim of fate which caused her path to cross that of Clara (*Continued on page 91*)

The BLONDE, *the* DOLL— *and the* MISSING BABY

By JAMES J. McGETTIGAN, JR.
Former Chief of the Murder Squad
Philadelphia County Detectives
As told to A. J. FOGLIETTA



A prize-winning child, snatched from its perambulator . . . a tiny wax figure substituted . . . . Then the tip—"Find the blonde in the red hat!"

(*Above*) James J. McGettigan, Jr., photographed at the spot where little Corrine Modell was kidnapped. The baby carriage and the doll are those that figured in the crime. (*Left*) General Smedley D. Butler, a prime factor in the frenzied search for the abductor

IT was a happy mother who wheeled Baby Corinne Modell's perambulator to the front of the Modell Upholstery Store at 116 South Sixtieth Street, Philadelphia, the afternoon of May 5th, 1924.

Corinne, ten weeks old, had easily won the blue ribbon at a neighborhood baby contest. Admiring neighbors gathered to pay tribute to the chubby little Miss who had been proclaimed queen of her neighborhood's babyland. They laughed in delight as she gurgled approval of their caresses.

Honors rest lightly upon babies, however, as Corinne soon demonstrated. For while a few neighbors still lingered, she closed her eyes and was soon off to that land of slumber known only to babies.

"Mama," Corinne's father said to his wife, Eva, "It is such a nice warm day that I think we should let baby sleep out here. It will do her good."

Mr. and Mrs. Modell entered their store. It was then about 1:30 P. M.

The blue ribbon baby and its mother—Mrs. Eva Modell

A half hour later, Mrs. Modell emerged. She went to the baby carriage and peered under its hood to see if the child was still sleeping.

She gasped in horror at what she beheld. Then, realizing what had occurred, she screamed.

The baby was missing! She had vanished as though some evil spirit, jealous of the honors bestowed upon her, had spirited her away!

In the place where she had been resting lay a lifeless, wax doll.

Soon the cry—"*Baby Corinne has been kidnapped!*"—resounded throughout the neighborhood.

The mother collapsed and was carried into her husband's store. The husband was too shocked to take prompt action. Neighbors rushed in to console the grief-stricken parents.

Someone summoned police of the Fifty-fifth and Pine Streets Station. Lieutenant Charles Bauswine, District Commander, and two plainclothes men hurried to the scene. They made a preliminary investigation; sent in a flash to detective headquarters at City Hall, and notified surrounding police districts. A cordon of police was placed about the West Philadelphia section. All railroad stations and main highways were closely guarded.

GENERAL SMEDLEY DARLINGTON BUTLER, United States Marines, then Philadelphia's Director of Public Safety, was present at detective headquarters when the report was made.

Displaying that characteristic which has made him a ranking officer in the United States Marine Corps, General Butler quickly dispatched every available detective in the bureau to the scene. He himself led a detail of "blue coats" to the West Philadelphia section and combed the district thoroughly for some trace of the abductor.

The city was thrown into feverish excitement when news of the kidnapping broke. Citizens formed posses. Newspapers emblazoned the story in streamers across front pages.

Mayor W. Freeland Kendrick publicly announced he would pay a reward of $1000 to the person furnishing police with information leading to the capture of the kidnapper and the recovery of the baby. This offer was matched by the West Philadelphia Business Men's Association and the Mutual Trust Company.

Many individual posses, the $3000 total rewards acting as an incentive, sallied forth to capture the abductor dead or alive.

I was assigned to the case by my own superior officer, Major Samuel O. Wynne, Chief of Philadelphia County Detectives (now Colonel Samuel O. Wynne, Prohibition Administrator for Eastern Pennsylvania).

Little did I realize the amazing story I was destined to find at the end of the trail. Little did I dream that within the domains of "sleepy, old Philadelphia," I would uncover a tale which would defy conception in even the most vivid imaginations of the wildest fiction or movie scenario writers.

Three questions were paramount in my mind as I drove to the scene of the crime. They were:

1. Was the kidnapping committed by one person?
2. If so, what was the kidnapper's sex?
3. What was the motive?

The street on which the Modell store and home are located is one of West Philadelphia's principal business thoroughfares. I reasoned it was impossible that the kidnapping had not been witnessed by someone. I felt confident, therefore, I would be able to ascertain the answers to the first two questions by interviewing residents of the section and pedestrians.

With these solved, I concluded I would be able to at least form a motive theory. If the kidnapper was a man, or more than one person, the act was doubtless prompted by a mercenary reason, such as obtaining a ransom.

If it was but one man, the crime could be attributed to anyone of three things. The man was a diabolical fiend; ransom; or he saw in the child an opportunity to settle an old grievance with the Modell family.

If, however, the kidnapper was a woman, and providing she was not in league with another person, then I thought the crime was not prompted by any of these motives. For I had learned from experience that women, especially those not having children of their own, invariably committed such a crime merely to appease their longing for a child.

THE reader cannot understand how far wrong my first impressions and deductions were until he has read the story.

When I arrived at the scene of the crime, I found approximately 5000 persons milling about in the streets. I left my cab and pushed through the crowd. Feeling was running high. Here and there I heard persons exclaim that if the kidnapper was found the mob would string the guilty one up.

Arriving at the edge of the mob, I could see the perambulator. I noticed it was the type used by children in pushing baby dolls about—in front of the store. Uniformed police stood guard to protect it from the curious. Recognized by them, I passed through the line and examined it.

I could see the doll, covered with a rumpled silk blanket, in the spot which had been occupied by the prize baby. I removed the blanket and took out the doll.

Then I entered the store and questioned Modell. He first told me of the show. The baby had been entered as a doll, she was so tiny, thus explaining why a doll's perambulator had been used.

In answer to my questions he said he did not know of anyone he considered an enemy. He did believe, however, that ransom may have been the motive, explaining that anyone knowing he was in business for himself would think he was wealthy.

I then obtained a description of the clothing the child was clad in and left the store. The clothing consisted of the usual baby white under-things, little white kitted booties, and a long white silk dress and bonnet.

My first move after leaving the Modell store was to conduct a one-man house-to-house canvass of the homes and stores on Sixtieth Street in hopes of finding someone who had witnessed the kidnapping, and to settle in my mind whether or not more than one person was implicated in the crime.

For many hours, while police of the large eastern cities were in the throes of an extensive man-hunt, and while other detectives were running down countless reports, I walked through the neighborhood questioning residents and pedestrians.

I failed to obtain a single clue. No one in the section had

been an eye-witness, as far as I could find out.

Next I directed my search to finding the store in which the doll, substituted in place of the baby by the kidnapper, had been purchased. It was a new one and had obviously been bought within the past few days.

I located the store. It was situated a few squares away from the Modell home and was the only one in the section selling that particular type of doll.

The store superintendent informed me it would be impossible to trace the purchaser. His firm, he said, carried hundreds of such dolls in stock and he produced sales slips to show that more than a hundred had been sold within the last few weeks.

To search any further for the purchaser, I decided, would be like looking for the proverbial needle in the haystack. I reluctantly discarded the doll clue and started back for the Modell store.

DEFIANT!

This actual photograph shows the eyes of the abductor's husband, as they looked on the day that the police visited his home to arrest his wife—whom he believed innocent of the crime

WHEN I arrived at the corner of Sixtieth and Market Streets, I stopped under the elevated structure, running along Market Street, to await a traffic signal before crossing the street. I was meditating upon my next move, when a woman's voice at my side startled me.

"Say mister," I remember how she saluted me, "you're a 'dick,' aren't you?"

I started to speak to her but she interrupted me.

"Move back into the shadow of that 'L' pillar, big boy," she said.

As I did so, I took a good look at her and saw she was obviously a woman of the streets, one of those poor creatures just on the edge of decline.

After I had backed into the shadow of the pillar, she spoke.

"Listen fellow, I spots you for a cop the first I sees you this afternoon, and I lays for you since. Say—how'd you like some dope on that kidnapping around here to-day?"

"What!" I ejaculated, "why, what do you know about it?"

"Just as I thought," she exclaimed, "I knowd you was a cop. Well, this afternoon I walks right by that store where the kid's taken from, see. I sees a woman standing there looking the kid over. Course I don't give it a play until news gets around that the kid's stolen. Then I figures maybe that blonde dame I sees has something to do with it. I thinks of going to the coppers with the dope, but—well, you know how it is, coppers and me ain't just the best of friends. So I lays around thinking I'd see one of you 'dicks' who looks right to me and spill him the 'info.' So I picks you out and waits."

I asked her what sort of a looking woman she had seen.

"Well," she replied, "she's a tall, heavy set, blonde. Might have been a good looking dame in her times, but she looks to me like the old crows nests are growing under her eyes. As I remember her, she had on a red hat and a black coat. I could tell she's a blonde because her hair stuck out the sides of her hat."

"Say," I asked after she had told me this, "what's your idea in telling me all this? Did you see about the rewards and figure to cut in on it?"

"Naw," she responded.

I thought I saw a little wistful look spread across that otherwise hard countenance before me.

"You see," she continued, "It's like this. I ain't always been pounding the sidewalks. Once I had a good home and a good man. And—there was a kid once. Good looking kid. Thought the world of him. He died, and well—me and the old man splits.

"He finds a dame he likes better and I gets the air. So you see, I knows what it is to have been a mother and lose a kid. So when I sees about this kidnapping to-day, it kinda gets me thinking of my poor kid and the kind of life I might have had if he lived. The more I thinks of it, the more I thinks of that poor mother whose kid's been stolen. So I thinks I'd better tell some coppers about it."

I remember I was somewhat touched by the woman's story and thought her information was sincere. I asked her if she had seen the woman as she left the vicinity of the Modell store.

"THE BLONDE IN THE RED HAT"

Who was she—and what was her strange motive for the abduction?

"COURSE now," she responded, "I aint saying the woman takes the kid, see. I aint sure. But when I sees her again after I walks by her, I notices she has a bundle with her. Soon after I hears about the kidnapping and ducks, because you know when you cops starts out on these things you picks on dames like me just on general looks."

"Did you notice whether this woman met anyone?" I asked.

"Naw," she replied, "she's alone the whole time I sees her."

I felt the woman's

(*Continued on page* 100)

INSIDE STORY of OHIO'S

NEVER in prison history, has there been such a shocking catastrophe as this Easter Monday horror—this hideous carnival of madness, terror and death in which 322 HUMAN BEINGS met a fate which they could not possibly deserve!

I WAS alone at my typewriter in the press room of Central Police Station at 5:30 o'clock on the afternoon of April 21st, 1930.

Police reporters for the afternoon newspapers had returned to their homes or offices. The night shifts had not yet reported to work.

Through a partly-opened window a brisk, cool wind wafted into the press room which was quiet except for the occasional clatter of my typewriter.

It was that deadly interlude when, in a city the size of Columbus, the afternoon papers have just ceased in their mad scramble for news and the morning papers have not yet swung into the feverish activity of getting their first edition rolling.

On my desk were a number of clippings from the afternoon newspapers. Rewrites. Inconsequential news. Minor accidents, small robberies and petty crime accounts. The life of a police reporter seemed dull, just then.

I reached for a telephone to check the condition of an accident victim reported dying in the afternoon editions. But I was not destined to speak to the girl on the hospital switchboard that day.

Just across the narrow drive from Central Station the alarm gong in No. 1 Engine House was tapping off a fire location. I counted and checked the strokes of the gong.

Dublin and Dennison Avenues—*Ohio Penitentiary!*

Neglecting the formality of doors I crawled through the press room window onto the ramp outside. Standing on the running board of my roadster I shielded my eyes from a dropping glare of sunlight. At the west-

(*Top*) Stemming the fury of the flames in I and K cell blocks. (*Center*) Staving off the Grim Reaper by means of artificial respiration. (*Left*) Scene in the smoke-filled prison yard after the inferno had taken its toll

PRISON HOLOCAUST

The author of this story was the first newspaperman to reach the scene of the Great Ohio Penitentiary disaster. He is, therefore, in possession of the real facts and is, in this story, presenting them to the public for the first time.—ED.

By

GENE FORNSHELL

Chief Police Reporter

The Ohio

State *Journal*

ern edge of the penitentiary enclosure I saw wisps of smoke arising. I could not tell how serious it was from where I was.

I jumped into my car, started it and pulled out from a parking space into the street. Just ahead of me a fire truck clanged a warning and charged through a thin trickle of traffic. The penitentiary was but five blocks away.

"Woolen mills on fire," I reasoned to myself as, stepping hard on the accelerator, I fell into line directly behind the fire truck. It provided admirable interference.

The woolen mills within the penitentiary had been ablaze a year before. Although there had been no loss of life it had made a fairly spectacular front-page story.

FOUR blocks, three blocks, two blocks. Rapidly enough we were cutting the distance that separated us from the gray stone buildings whose walls enclosed 24.7 acres of ground and a prison population of 4363 men.

Suddenly I heard a strange sound. I lowered the window of my car. The noise grew in volume. *It was exactly like the hoarse, incoherent voice of a fan-packed stadium.* It was, although I did not realize it at the time, the voices of thousands merged into one raucous requiem.

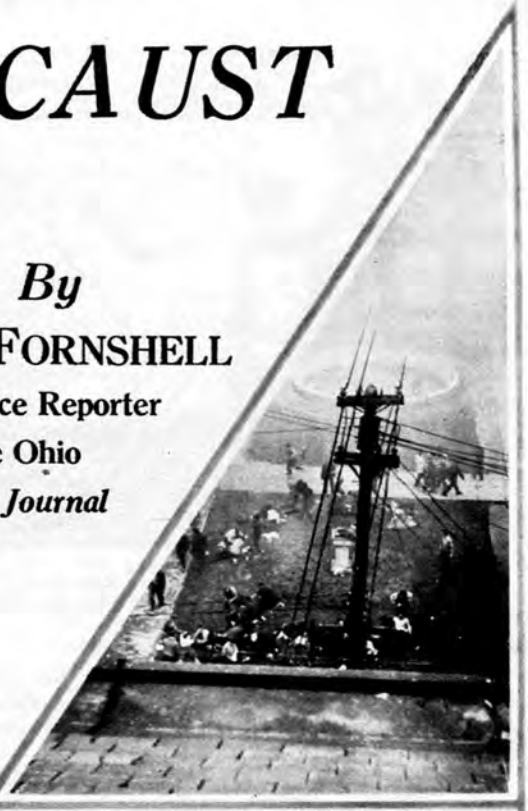
Violent deaths and other tribulations of the world are the daily fare of the police reporter. Yet, I still feel uncomfortable when I think of that babel of voices, so nearly resembling the cheers of a football field, pleading, not for touchdowns, but for mercy—for life.

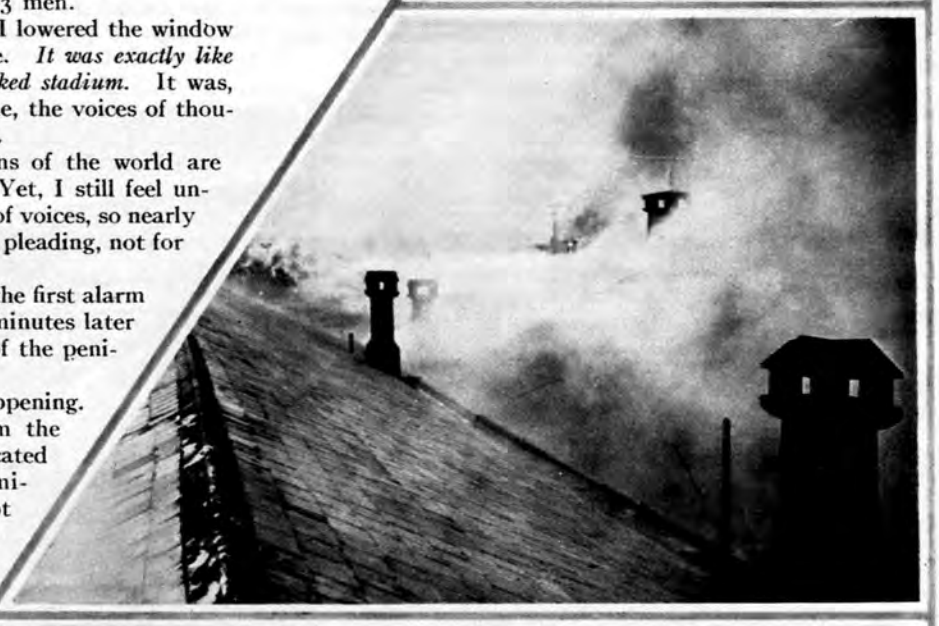
It had been exactly 5:39 P.M. when the first alarm sounded. It was not more than two minutes later when I jumped from my car in front of the penitentiary.

One glance told me what was happening. Smoke and flames were spurting from the roof of cell blocks "G" and "H", located at the southwest extremity of the penitentiary yard. It would be men, not the machinery of the woolen mills, that would be endangered.

The penitentiary stands in the midst of a factory district. The factories were closed for the day and there were few witnesses to the beginning of one of the ghastliest Easter Mondays in the history of civilization.

The nearest telephone I knew to be in the lobby off the guard room. Tak-





(*Top*) The horror courtyard receives its first consignment of the dead. (*Center*) The block shed roof where the Red Terror seethed and crackled above the weakening cries of the trapped convicts. (*Right*) Stark drama on the Stage of Life

One of the National Guardsmen who took up a vigil on the prison towers, eagle eyes glued on the cons who threatened a break after the fire

Another guardsman, inside the walls, reporting to the Warden's office on the threatening riot

ing the short flights of stone steps leading into the Administration Building two at a time, I reached the phone and asked the operator to get in touch at once with the *State Journal's* editorial room.

The lobby of the Administration Building is only a few hundred feet from the scene of the fire. Smoke already was seeping into the corridors and fighting upwards to the warden's residence.

Just inside the main gate Warden Preston E. Thomas was issuing terse, staccato orders to a small group of guards. He already had ordered a second alarm turned in, had ordered the release of those men in smoke-filled cells and now was pressing shotguns into the hands of the guards.

ONE of the men I recognized as Deputy Warden James C. Woodard. He immediately went inside to take charge there.

Connected with my office I immediately appraised them of the situation and requested that at least two men be sent over at once to help me cover the story.

I then followed the Warden to the front lawn of the penitentiary where he was taking a rapid and thorough glance at the situation there. He already had made a hurried survey from inside the walls.

"Pneumonia," I heard him mutter to himself as I followed him across the lawn. "They've got to get those boys out or they'll die of pneumonia."

His first thought, then, was of his men.

Next he had directed his attention to the opening of the heavy gates at the southwest corner. After a delay of a few seconds, seconds that seemed hours, the huge gates swung open. A score of firemen sprang into action.

I wondered why the Warden thought it imperative to take up a watchful position outside the walls. Not until later, in a conversation with him, did I learn the real truth.

Ohio Penitentiary for the past three months had been seething with the same quiet but dangerous spirit of revolt that recently had spilled blood in widely separated State Prisons of America.

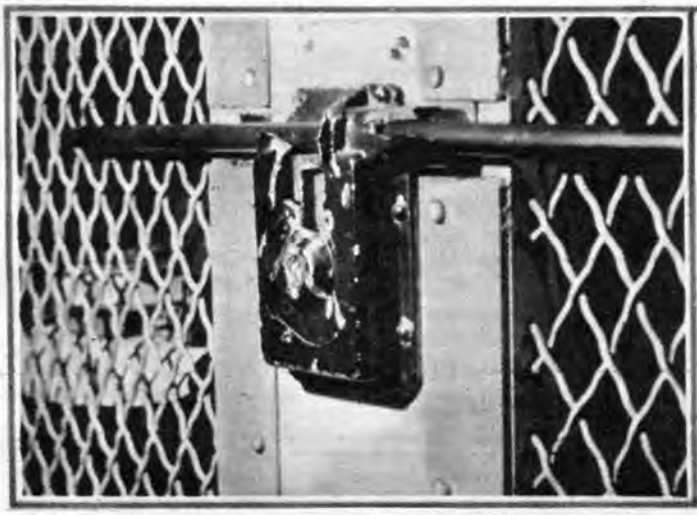
Three months ago, I learned, the Warden had unearthed a plot whereby a man was to receive $200 for bringing into the prison enough nitro-glycerine to demolish one complete wall.

Small wonder, then, that the Warden should want to safeguard against any cleverly timed attack from the outside.

When he had first seen the slight wisps of smoke from the prison yard he had, naturally enough, discounted any danger other than that which might be caused by smoke-irritated lungs. His first thought was of the State's wards.

Now, realizing that if the blaze were only a screen for a wholesale jail delivery his presence outside would be more important, he thought of the danger of 4363 criminals turned loose upon a city less than 100 times as large. His second

Some of the lucky ones who were able to smash their way out of their cells. Note the door in the background, bulged out when the occupant of the cell used his cot as a battering ram



Showing how cell locks were splintered with sledges to permit the rescuers to get to the trapped men

Where Death arrived! The unfinished and unoccupied cell block, where the conflagration had its origin

thought was of society that had entrusted him with these men.

I returned to the Administration Building. Presenting my credentials to the guard on the first gate I made my way in, went down the steps into the smoke-filled guard room and passed through two mechanically-controlled iron doors that separate that room from the prison yard.

Death Row cells where men awaiting execution were saved from the raging inferno. Arrow indicates Cell 16, which Doctor Howard Snook—slayer of Theora Hix—occupied before he went to the chair

I scarcely had reached the yard when I realized that confusion reigned inside the prison. Flames now were leaping high into the air from cell blocks "G" and "H." Block runners and guards were smashing windows from block sheds.

The babble of voices that had been one huge, weird roar now took on the individual notes of human terror and torment.

Screams and curses raged through the choking air. Pathetic shrieks of agony chilled the hearts of desperately working guards, firemen and prisoners who knew that they could not move fast enough to stem a lurid tide of death.

The gates of the bull pen once more opened. Joseph Mills and Cleland Anderson, *Ohio State Journal* reporters sent to assist me on the story, came into the yard.

But, for half an hour, we were beaten. The entire prison yard was filling rapidly with a dense pall of smoke. Only dimly could we see that flames were spreading from the burning block shed roofs to the adjoining "E" and "F" dormitories.

And "E" and "F" dormitories were all that separated the present raging inferno from the Administration Building, its offices and the Warden's residence. If the spread of flames was not stopped immediately all of the men in the penitentiary might face death.

AT 5:48 o'clock a third alarm was sent in by Assistant Fire Chief C. W. Ogburn, the first fireman to enter the blazing tier.

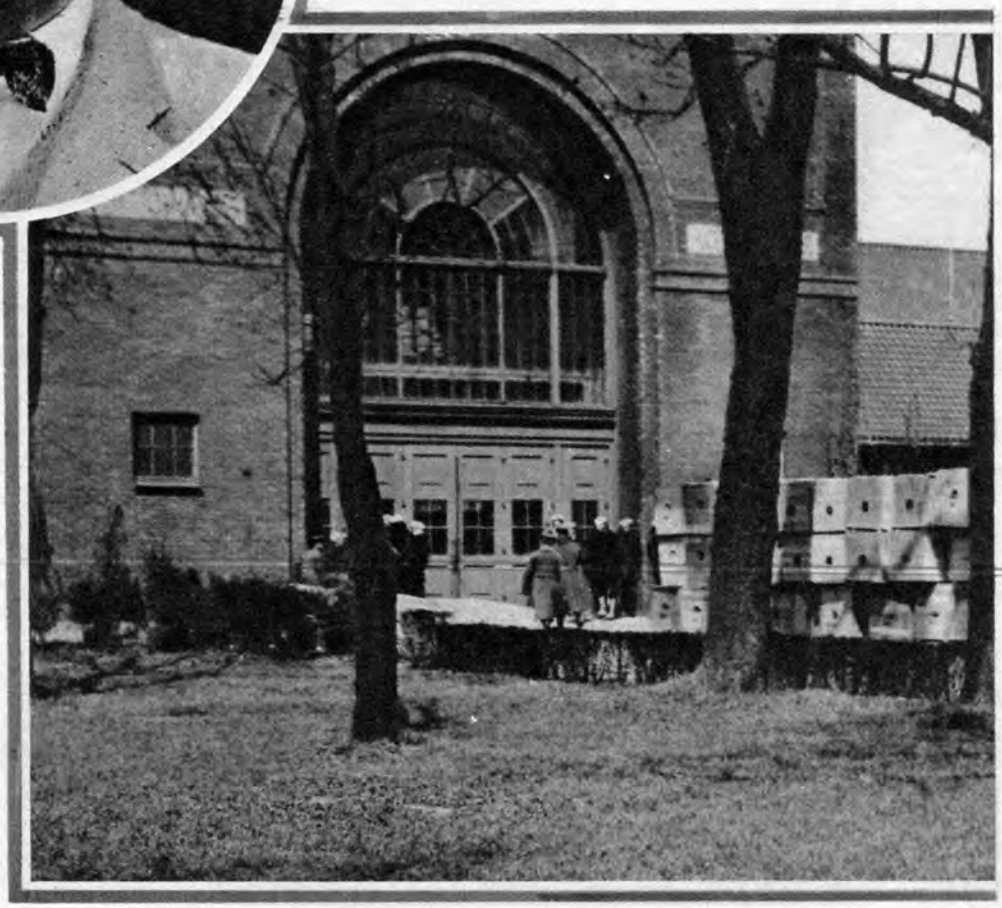
At 6:03 P.M. Fire Chief Al E. Nice ordered a general alarm, calling in every available piece of fire-fighting apparatus in the city.

The first alarm had been turned in by Howard C. Miller, a trusty and driver of state cars for the penitentiary. He was returning to the penitentiary, after having delivered a message, when he noted the smoke.

Mills, Anderson and myself groped through the suffocating smoke, hugging the wall of a building. We could see nothing.

A few feet farther on, nearly strangled by the smoke, my companions hurled themselves face downward on the grass. I stumbled forward a few steps more. I placed a handkerchief over my nostrils, but that helped very little. My lungs ached with pain.

My head reeled and throbbed. I had lost all sense of direction. Not even the ground was visible in that torturing blackness.



(*Above*) Warden Preston E Thomas. (*Right*) The bodies of the men who have received their last sentence

Suddenly a strong arm clenched mine in a grip that ordinarily would have hurt. I was jerked into an office which I had not even known I was passing. A tall young convict in trusty's garb, grinned at me.

"Better get a little fresh air," he suggested.

Thankfully I breathed the comparatively clear air of that office during the following five minutes. To this day I do not know who my rescuer was, but if he reads this he will know that I am appreciative of his timely help.

After a short rest I again entered the prison yard. The smoke, driven by a brisk wind, was lifting. But that same wind was spreading destruction that few of us then comprehended. Greedily the flames licked at the slate-covered roof whose tinders had been drying since the completion of the cell block in 1834.

I found Anderson and Mills and together we made our way to the burning cell block.

While we were crossing the yard some prisoners shouted to us above the pandemonium.

"*There are hundreds of men in there burning like rats! We want you fellows to write this thing as it really happens. That's all we ask,*" they said.

The prisoners at all times that night seemed anxious to help us or to vouchsafe any information requested.

Convicts who had been liberated from the lower tier cells by frantically working guards had literally torn to pieces a prison yard tool shed. Armed with crowbars, picks, shovels and sledge hammers, they dashed into the burning building and smashed cell locks and entire doors.

I could see unconscious prisoners lying on the floors of their cells, now, while guard and convict rescuers pounded on stubborn locks.

Other poor devils clawed at the bars that imprisoned them and belabored the air with the shrill, unearthly shrieks of stark madness.

Occasionally a swinging crowbar swished by accident between the bars of some cell door and crashed, with a sinister thud, into the flesh of a maddened convict inside the cell.

Other prisoners sought refuge from the suffocating smoke by wrapping themselves in soaked bed clothing, by overflowing their wash basins and lying face downward in the meager rivulets of water thus created and even by immersing their heads, for brief moments of respite, in the lavatory bowls of their cells.

On the topmost or sixth tier, where vengeful flames gulped at the men who never escaped, were convicts

Denominational lines swept aside, the chaplains of various faiths pronounced final rites for the dead

tearing at the white-hot bars of their cells, gesticulating with hands that now were mere brittle stubs of charcoal and sobbing out curses on the society that crowded them into *a prison designed to hold between 1600 and 2200 men.* One by one they shrieked their dirges of dreadful death and dropped to their cell floors like victims of some relentless plague.

In the prison yard firemen were fighting prisoners in a vain effort to keep them from entering the building which now was unsafe. Assistant Fire Chief N. C. Ijams, injured in a hand-to-hand battle with a group of convicts, was sent home.

Out-numbered by the liberated prisoners, the firemen could do little but direct cooling sprays on the convicts who, bent on life saving missions, fought through to the blazing

Amanda Thomas, eighteen-year-old daughter of the Warden—and the heroine of the fire

tier to recover the bodies of dead buddies and, sometimes, brothers.

Many prisoners who escaped the blaze later perished in valiant rescue work.

When, maddened by the horrible sights before them, convicts greatly handicapped the best efforts of firemen, Chief Nice delivered an ultimatum to penitentiary authorities.

"Either the firemen must be protected," he said, "or we can't fight the fire."

Guards immediately were detailed to assist the firemen.

The vanguard of a death toll that on the morrow was to shock a nation, now made its way into the prison yard.

White and colored prisoners, carrying their hideous freight, emerged from the flame-swept building.

"Gangway for a dead man," they shouted. Or, in a more optimistic tone, *"Here comes a live one!"*

As the victims were carried from the structure they were placed on the lawn. Instructed rapidly by police and firemen, the prisoners applied artificial respiration to those overcome. Others were given first aid for their burns. Still others were covered with blankets. When the supply of blankets ran out, shirts and rags of sufficient size to cover the faces of those who had "gone out the back door" of the penitentiary, were utilized.

Now a new danger threatened!

Several hundred released prisoners were enjoying the liberty of the prison yard. In spots groups were congregating. Members of these groups were cursing certain guards and threatening them in no uncertain terms.

"Those damned 'screws' (guards) ran out of the blocks

Mothers, wives and sweethearts of the victims awaiting admission to the morgue containing the bodies of their loved ones

with the keys," the men growled in an ominous tone.

And those harshly muttered criticisms later were to be investigated in the strenuous prison fire probe conducted by Governor Myers Y. Cooper.

Other guards, however, were heroes to the prisoners. Guards Fred Little and William Baldwin, among the first to liberate a large number of trapped men from their cells, were heartily praised.

In the rear of the mess halls, located just east of the center of the penitentiary yard, more mutiny brewed. There, congregated a group of several hundred men who refused to take part in the rescue work.

They jeered, instead, at the toiling penitentiary guards, firemen and police. Approximately 300 of the latter, under Chief Harry French, had appeared on the scene a short time after the first alarm.

(*Above*) Charred remains of roof of G and H cell blocks, where the prisoners were trapped like rats

(*Left*) Part of the crowd which gathered outside of the penitentiary when the holocaust broke

IT was a member of the "Dining Hall Crowd", I believe, who opened yet another hazard before firemen had conquered the flames in the troublesome "G" and "H" cell blocks.

I was walking among the bodies on the lawn, seeking identification of the dead when, suddenly, I noticed a policeman running from the woolen mills, a bit north of the burning "G" and "H" cell blocks.

His warning threatened to loosen a new terror within the penitentiary walls.

"*The woolen mills are on fire!*" he shouted.

Hurriedly firemen dispatched equipment from the main blaze where 140 firemen with eight pumpers were sending water through twenty-three hose lines. Two lines were turned into the mill.

Within five minutes one of these two lines had been cut!

Was one of the worst prison riots in history impending?

Many within the walls shuddered at the imminence of this new trouble as police and guards drove back the rebellious, jeering members of the Dining Hall Crowd.

The new fire, which started near a first-floor entrance at the northeast corner of the woolen mills, was extinguished ten minutes later by firemen. Fire officials agreed that it undoubtedly was of incendiary origin.

While the grim threat of open mutiny spluttered and seethed, handicapping the important work of saving lives, trapped men begged shrilly to be saved or shot—and died with garbled pleas upon their baked lips.

On the sixth tier, where every occupant died, two convicts, unwilling to face the horrible and certain death by suffocation, slashed their throats.

"Wild Bill" Donovan, notorious Ohio gangster, staggered out on the lawn with a groaning man—the twelfth he had rescued. Then Wild Bill collapsed. His valedictory was simple.

"*I've done my part,*" he said softly, just before he died.

One of the 150 doctors who had reached the prison within an hour after Miss Amanda Thomas, daughter of the Warden, had sent out telephone calls for medical aid and Federal troops, applied a stethoscope, then shook his head. Someone tossed a blanket over Wild Bill's face.

I paused beside one body. It was that of a convict whose scorched fingers, even in death, clutched what remained of a charred bible.

Convicts now were lowering bodies of dead and living fellow prisoners from the upper tiers with ropes. Once a rope slipped and a body descended upon those waiting below. Again a rope slipped, and a living convict kicked spasmodically in midair and was hanged.

Live convicts, reaching the ground began to clamor.

One shouted. "Tell 'em I'm safe. Tell 'em I'm all right. Send it to Youngstown and sign it Sal. Tell 'em I'm safe. *Sign it Sal!*"

Soon similar cries were taken up by hundreds of men, who wanted their relatives notified that they had not perished.

Ray H. Coon of the Ohio State *Journal* staff was broadcasting a radio account of the fire over WLW, a Cincinnati station. Soon WAIU of Columbus and twenty-eight stations linked to the Columbia chain were giving the world its first radio description of a catastrophe of national interest. The stations cooperated with the prisoners who had escaped and sent messages of assurance to troubled relatives from coast to coast.

ONE of those to broadcast an account of the fire was Otto W. "Deacon" Gardner, a Negro convict. He later received a check for $500 from Columbia Broadcasting System for his few minutes as an announcer.

As word of the calamity spread, telegraph offices were taxed. Early Tuesday the Columbus offices estimated that they had sent out 235,000 words on the Ohio Penitentiary fire. Demands for pictures came from all over the country. Newspaper reporters and photographers were arriving from other towns by train and plane.

The first removed dead had been carried to the basement of the prison hospital. But, so rapidly were those burned to death or suffocated being removed, that the meager cellar space soon was filled, and the lawn was used as a death bed.

One hundred and forty-seven of the available hospital cots were occupied, but convalescent prisoners got up from their beds to make room for the fire victims. The total number of beds was 160.

A convict whom I later learned to be John Angelin, twenty-nine, serving life for murder, reeled (*Continued on page* 120)

BLACK HAND EXPOSED

At Last!

By Detective ALBERTO VERRUSIO RICCI ("Buffalo" Ritchie)

HOW and WHY does this insidious secret society—this sinister murderous band—spread terror to the far ends of the earth?

This sleuth has taken his life in his hands to tell you!

(Detective Ricci, descendent of Neapolitan nobility, came to this country at an early age, later turning to sleuthing as a life work. Ricci, long marked for death because of his vigorous crusade against the Black Hand, is now in a more precarious position than ever, owing to his daring exposé in these pages. He is now actively engaged in detective work in McKean County, Pennsylvania.—Ed.)

Mussolini — one of the Black Hand's bitterest foes

Drawing by Harlan Crandall 3rd

THE Story thus far:

After tireless years of investigation, Detective Ricci has unearthed all of the secrets of the dreaded Black Hand organization. He has told of their unscrupulous actions and their "stop at nothing" ways of gaining their ends.

Detective Ricci cites the case of James Caputo who has been shot by the desperate Black Hander, John Rotundo. Caputo is near death, but he has told his story to Ricci and the great detective is investigating every clue.

Upon searching Rotundo's room, Ricci finds two old trunks. When he breaks the locks off he discoveres several deadly Black Hand weapons, and much to his surprise, a little black book which, upon examination, is found to be the actual Code and Ritual of the infamous Black Hand organization.

Detective Ricci continues his story:

PART TWO

UNDOUBTEDLY the people at large and the different officers of the law, whoever they may be, have already formed the idea that the Black Hand is an association of criminals that overrides the laws, extracts blackmail and executes vengeance on anyone who injures its members in any manner or form whatsoever. Its outrages and hostile attitude toward society are very distinguishable, nevertheless we have never known the particulars of their alliance which links one city with another; how the branches of the disgusting association are formed; who its members are; what the different degrees bestowed upon its adherents are; how they recognize one another and other important facts pertaining to it. Now,

this little Ritual, the original and only copy of the Black Hand by-laws gives us all these secrets, in fact, exposes them for what these fanatics really are. Making sure once again that the book was in the inside pocket of my coat, and giving orders to Mrs. Ateleno not to let anyone carry away any of the stuff from Rotundo's room, I parted from Chief of Police Dempsey with the intention of interviewing some of Rotundo's neighbors all alone, pertaining to his mysterious disappearance. First of all, I went to Mr. A. Labella—who incidentally was the owner of the house where Rotundo roomed and a next door neighbor of his. Point blank I asked him when he had seen Rotundo last, and Mr. Labella, being a good, reputable, law-abiding citizen, without making any pretenses or bones about my question, related the following information:

"I saw Rotundo last night on two instances—first time about eight P. M. He was leaving the front porch of his home where he had been sitting, and again a little before ten o'clock when he retired, going to his room through the back door of the house."

I CALLED Mr. Labella's attention to remember well if it was about ten o'clock or after that time that he had seen Rotundo retire, and he said: "Oh, yes, he said good evening to me and my wife before retiring, and only a short time after seeing Rotundo I looked at my watch to see if it was time for me to go to bed—so as to be ready for work on the next day—and my watch showed it to be only a few minutes after ten o'clock."

I realized right then and there that Rotundo, for reasons of his own, and to distract suspicion from him, had purposely drawn the attention of the Labella couple, not knowing at the time that James Caputo had not died and had already mentioned him as his assailant. When Officer Finger went to inquire about him, Rotundo must have made his escape through the back door of his residence, and so, unconsciously, Officer Finger had warned Rotundo that he was wanted by the Law. In a hurry, he must have gathered up his good clothes, objects of value and left through the back door which I had found open, when I first went to look for him. Unconsciously and inadvertently Officer Finger's visit to Rotundo's home, was practically a warning for the assailant to leave town. I would not place the blame on any one, but I thought it seemed rather strange that the house was not covered while the officer had gone to look for such a suspicious and dangerous a character.

At 10 A. M., in the morning of the 4th of July, I met District Attorney Kreiger, Undersheriff Paul Gaylor; and Chief of Police Dempsey. Together, we went to the place near the brickyard where John Rotundo had shot Caputo. I made my report to the District Attorney and told him about the bottle of oil, which he asked for at once. The bottle was brought to him and upon examining it instead of the contents being olive oil, it was crude and kerosene oil mixed.

I began to wonder why John Rotundo and James Caputo had hidden that bottle in the back yard. Why did John warn Jimmy not to tell his wife about it? And why, after he met Caputo, in going over to the brick yard, did he suggest that they walk on separate sides of the street? Why, besides the newspaper used to wrap the bottle, was a burlap bag around it too?

Putting things together and studying every particular minutely, I came to the conclusion that it had been John's intention to kill James Caputo; pour the oil over his body, place the bag on him and start a fire, thus burning Caputo until identification would be impossible.

I confided my thoughts to the District Attorney, and he considered them to be the most plausible, under the present circumstances.

Looking over the spot where Caputo was shot, I realized that it was only fifteen feet away from the place where only eight months before the body of Capito, had been found. Why this peculiar coincidence? Why had Rotundo picked this spot to take Caputo over and try to kill him? How did John Rotundo know every turn and lane in this part of the country?

I began to suspect, knowing the characteristics of the Black-handers, and speaking from a wealth of experience that I had gained through the investigation of this fanatical organization, that Rotundo had a hand in the murder of Jimmy Capito. Because of my absolute faith in what we term the hand of Providence, I will, and always do repeat that it is the *imponderable*, that, eventually will baffle the murderer and terrorist in his career of vandalism. With all his craft and cunning, with all his *sang froid* and obstinacy, he can never

Origine della Società Unita

Modo come si fa a ribassare la carica di tanti Camorristi per fare un Picciotto di Sgarro in

SUPPONENDO che in un locale vi siano cinque camorristi che ognuno, o pure sono franchi e liberi e non in attività. Possono benissimo formare ordinatamente Società Minore, nominando il Capo di Società la carica a tutti i compagni, e lui rimane come camorrista alla Testa della Società Minore che si formerà.

Fra i camorristi che sono stati fidormati precedentemente Picciotti di Sgarro, si formeranno Società e chiameranno Capo e Contabile e sempre sotto la direzione del camorrista alla testa, potranno dare Picciotti di Sgarro al Giovane d'Onore.

An actual photograph of two pages of the Black Hand *Code and Ritual—published for the first time.* This book, in its entirety, is translated into English in this amazing story

outguess fate. This is undeniably an established fact of his life routine.

Everyone knows, especially policemen and detectives, that one who is gifted with proper acumen for the task to fight crime, can see a great number of things that are invisible to the eyes and also it is quite possible for one to hear things that are not spoken.

The officer of the law must always nourish the personal conviction that the hardened criminal will, ninety times out of a hundred, return to a duplication of his last foul deed. Exceptionally, he may not actually do so, nevertheless, that is his tendency. Reasoning this thing over I felt assured that John Rotundo had been to that place before and in a commission of another crime because there was no other reason or motive for him being in that part of the country.

AFTER the District Attorney had obtained an affidavit from the people who were camping near the brick yard and to whom James Caputo had run for help, we were ready to go on our way. Before leaving this place, I thought to ask one of these campers if he had heard shots fired on the evening of July 3rd.

He told me, "Yes."

"Why, at least for curiosity's sake, didn't you see what it was about?" I asked him.

He answered, "You see it was the third of July, so I just thought someone was celebrating a little ahead of time."

I asked, "Who notified the Police Department?" He told me that a farmer about a hundred feet away, a Mr. Brenan, had telephoned for the police and an ambulance. I asked him, "Did you see anyone when Caputo came to the tent asking for help?" "Yes, I did, I could only see the back of a man but he was too far ahead for me to catch him. He was going toward the city," he said.

With this we returned to the Hospital to see Caputo. The District Attorney questioned James Caputo, the same as I did, and he obtained a similar declaration to the one I already had received from him the night before.

After the District Attorney left the hospital, I again asked Caputo if he had told the truth and he said, "Yes."

I said, "Oh, no, Jimmy. You are not telling the truth at all."

"Have you caught John Rotundo?" he said.

"Never mind," I said. "Now I will tell you the real story, but it is not as you told me."

I had concocted this story myself, knowing the physiological and natural tendencies of the protagonist of this lurid and vicious drama.

This invented, but very plausible and logical story of mine, would explain why James Caputo went far outside the city limit, in the shadow of the night, with a man of Rotundo's caliber. So I told the wounded man.

"Look here, Jimmy, you have not told me the truth as it is, nevertheless, I will tell you how you happened to fall for Rotundo's trap, which has nearly cost you the loss of your life. Rotundo has loaned you money, and at times bought food for your home. You haven't been working for quite some time, bills and debts were crowding you, so Rotundo thought to give you a chance to make a few hundred dollars. He told you that he had a friend of his, a farmer, who wanted his farm and barn burned up, so he could collect the fire insurance that covered them—when the farmer would have collected his insurance money he would have given to Rotundo the 10 per cent. Rotundo had promised in turn to give you half of the money that the farmer would have paid for having set it on fire. Rotundo had already secured a burlap bag and some crude mineral oil mixed with kerosene oil for the purpose. He gave it to you to keep until it was time for the job. You had this bottle of supposed - to - be olive oil for three days already, and you had it hid in your back yard. This is the truth, Jimmy, and not the story you told me. You see, the bottle of crude oil and kerosene and the burlap bag that you carried all the way to the spot where Rotundo shot you, was really meant to burn you up, beyond recognition, after he had killed you. Now what have you got to say about it?"

The author—and an actual photo of a knife which he wrested from a Black Hand killer

CAPUTO, taken all of a sudden off his guard, surprised and astounded, looked at me and after a moment's pause he slowly admitted that my story was just how everything had taken place, and he did not tell me at the beginning for fear of getting entangled with the law. I told him, there was no fear of that, as no arson was attempted or committed. Caputo wanted to know who had told me the facts of burning up the farm house, and if I had Rotundo under custody.

"No," I said. "He got away, but it is a question of time until we will get him, as we have sent circulars with his picture all over the country and practically closed every avenue of escape for him."

I asked Caputo what the motive was for Rotundo to kill him in a such barbarous manner, and without any preamble, he told me the same story as his wife had already related to me.

"Look here, Caputo," I said, "you know that Rotundo admired this woman with whom you eloped and that he is the kind of a man that won't let anything go unnoticed, so why did you get so intimate with him, knowing the hard feeling existing between you two?"

"You see, Mr. Ricci, I believed Rotundo when he told me that he wouldn't part with a man's friendship for any woman, and he has acted so courteous, so kind, that eventually I convinced myself of his being a sincere friend of mine and that the past was buried and a thing (*Continued on page 68*)

The Truth about Evansville's

Dashing Bill Bohannon—prominent lawyer and "lady killer"—whose murder brought to light a seething vortex of intrigue and scandal

Who murdered this ladies' lonely road—and who was the witnessed The sleuths were

By HARRY R. ANDERSON
former Chief of Police
Evansville, Ind.

"Bohannon's shot!"

From that moment on, for forty-eight hours, there came tense activity that finds its echo even now in everyday conversation.

"Bohannon's shot!"

Albert Felker, police reporter for the Evansville *Courier*, who was to play an important part in the case later, flashed the news to his city editor. His words exploded into the mouthpiece.

That was all Felker knew then and that was all, with the exception of unimportant details, that the newspaper knew when its final edition reached the streets five hours later. The *Courier*, in announcing the shooting of Bohannon, told of his wounds, his predelirium statements, his physical condition. But it could not tell where the shooting occurred, nor why.

Nor could it tell that three other lives that night had been swept into a swirling vortex of tragedy.

William O. Bohannon, the central figure in this drama of

"BILL" BOHANNON'S study of women began early. He went through numerous volumes; and he was busily engaged in turning the pages of an unauthorized edition when he was interrupted by the stabbing flames of a revolver in the dark.

Even in his college days, when he was preparing for a successful career in law, Bill Bohannon had acquired a reputation of "having a way with women." To this very day, near the campus of Indiana University at Bloomington, there is a trysting place that is known as "Bohannon's Hollow." There he had a love nest where he wooed ardently on spring nights when the full flush of youth was upon him.

OUT of school, Bill Bohannon married. But he could not be a one-woman man.

So when he came home one cool September night with two mysterious bullets in his body, the city was stirred by the buzz and hum of voices whispering, "Who is she?"

As Chief of Police of Evansville it was my business to find out the answer.

It was the night of September 14th, 1928. There was a lull at headquarters. Nothing was happening. Probably nothing would happen. But, police know, these quiet moments of cribbage games or checkers shift suddenly into gun play and startling death the next. Hours of calm change in a twinkling into swiftly lived minutes of violence or tortuous days of turbulence and unrest.

It might be such a night.

Suddenly, at 9 o'clock, words that were to stun a city crackled from the telephone.

This is the cornfield through which Bohannon and the mystery girl the former. A short time later, Bohannon drew up

Infamous "Bohannon Crime"

man as he kept a tryst along a blond mystery girl that the atrocity? puzzled, until—

As told to WARNER O. SCHOYEN
City Editor of
The Evansville *COURIER*

Pretty Norma Feuger, Bohannon's stenographer, who committed suicide shortly after her employer's mysterious death WHY?

passion and sudden death, was a successful Evansville lawyer. Well educated, well groomed, courteous, suave, he was a polished man of the world. His practise was good and growing.

He dealt in divorces mostly. Women. Bill Bohannon liked women. And—women liked Bill Bohannon.

And why not? Broad-shouldered, handsome, virile, he was at the same time mild-mannered, and had learned many soothing words and phrases in his years of dealing with women who poured out their marital sorrows to him in the privacy of his office. And he had that appeal of near swagger, born of confidence.

Too, he was always the gallant. Had not gallantry and chivalry meant so much to Bohannon, he might still be carrying on his intrigues today.

September 14th, 1928, was a Friday. Friday nights were Bohannon's "club" nights. His club, his wife understood, was political in nature and was secret unto holiness. Only those within its select inner circle were permitted to attend. He could not even breathe the names of its members to his wife.

At a quarter of 9 o'clock that night Mrs. Bohannon was seated in the living room of her comfortable home at 1201 Blackford Avenue enjoying a quiet chat with a friend, little knowing that tragedy at that moment was stalking at her door step.

drove on the night of September 14th, 1928, after the fatal attack on in front of his home—alone and dying

SUDDENLY she thought she heard her name called. The voice, it seemed, came from afar. Surely she was mistaken. Names come that way, hauntingly, in calm, peaceful hours.

But again—"*Lillian!*" There was no mistake this time. She opened the door and peered out.

At the curb stood her husband's automobile, lights burning and motor idling. She thought she saw him slumped in the seat behind the wheel.

Then she heard her name called again, not more than a hoarse whisper this time. There was calmness in the tone. The gallant William Bohannon would not alarm his wife.

With a shriek, she ran to the automobile.

"Honey, I've been shot," he whispered. "Two hold-up men—" and his voice trailed away into incoherent mumbling. There was only to be the words, "Honey, forgive me, you have been so kind," uttered in a lucid moment in the hospital, and then—silence.

Friends of Mrs. Bohannon came at her call and the attorney was taken to the Deaconess Hospital where I sent detectives to await any word that might issue from the operating room. Reporters also stood in restive inactivity in the

(*Above*) **Frank Paisley, who played a prominent part in the solution of the sinister riddle. (*Right*) Diagram of the crime locale**

silent lobby patiently waiting for a "break."

All they learned was that Bohannon had been shot twice, and probably fatally. One of the bullets had entered the abdomen and had emerged at the back. The other had penetrated the chest. Either was a mortal wound.

I went into consultation early. With Prosecuting Attorney E. Menzies Lindsey and Edward Sutheimer, then Chief of Detectives, we groped blindly for a lead.

Mrs. Bohannon, questioned, knew nothing. All we were sure of, with what meager facts we had been able to glean, was that it was to be a sensational case.

THE shooting of a prominent, respected attorney, no matter what the circumstances, promises sensations. Especially so if that attorney is not unattractive to women, nor blind to their charms.

Through the remainder of the night the real story behind the shooting was purely conjectural. Where had the shooting occurred? Surely not far from his home. For how could any man, we reasoned, drive his automobile any distance, being so badly wounded?

We were not satisfied that in his meager explanation to his wife he had told everything. Or even the truth. Someone had cause to shoot him. But who? And why?

With the coming day, as the attorney, unconscious, fought with his powerful physique a losing fight with death at the hospital, I set the entire police department to work in solving this puzzle.

His automobile, examined as soon as we got the report, revealed no clue. There was nothing to work on.

Yes, there was. Bohannon had come home with his vest buttoned and his coat on. Two bullets had pierced his shirt. Yet neither his coat nor vest showed any bullet holes.

He had been shot while his coat and vest were removed! Was it not a natural conclusion that he had been surprised with a woman?

Had Bohannon become too friendly with another man's wife? Had some sweetheart of another listened too attentively to his pleadings, and then told? Had some hired assassin "taken him for a ride?"

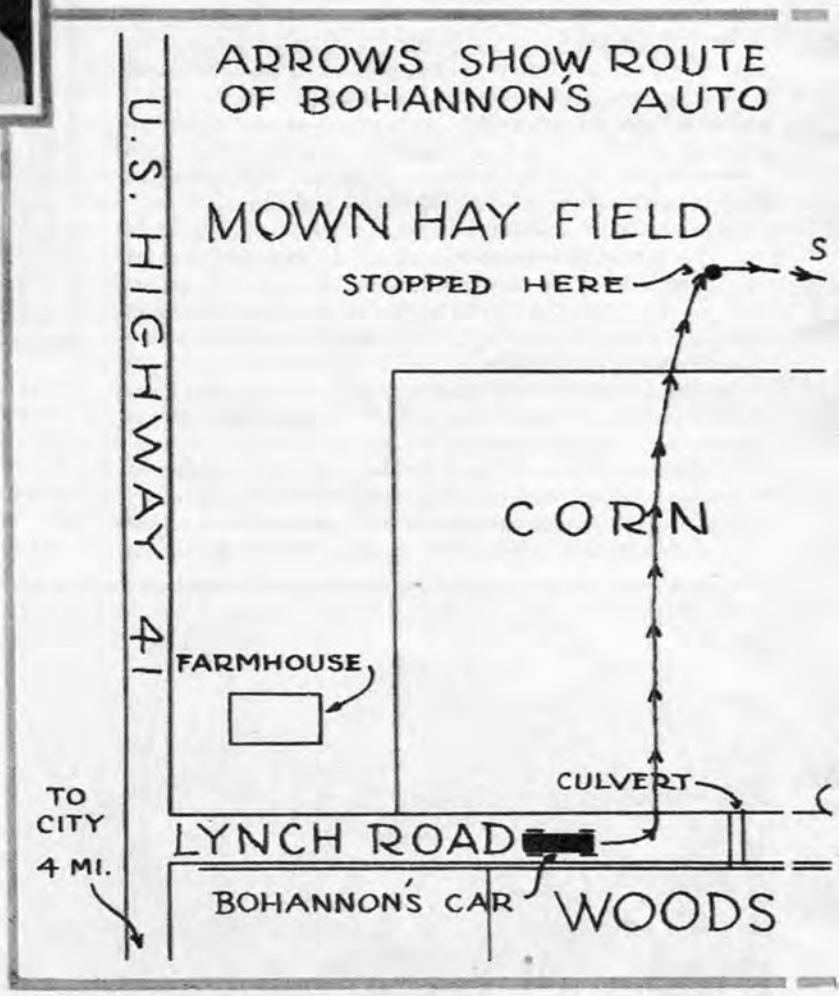
Coroner Max Lowe, an able investigator, interested in the case, was the first to issue a postulate.

"Bohannon was out with a woman whom he wants to protect," Lowe said. "They were parked along some lonely road near the city and were surprised by hold-up men. Bohannon resisted because he did not want the identity of the woman learned. He was shot."

It was reasoned that the shooting occurred near the city, because of Bohannon's physical condition. It could not have been within the city limits or someone would have heard the shots. No reports of shooting had been received at Police Headquarters.

He arrived home alone after driving—how far? Could his strength be measured in miles? Not many.

We were at a loss where to attack. But we were reasonably sure that at the bottom of it all could be found a woman. "Find that woman," I ordered. It was a harsh assignment.



It had long been whispered about, and now spoken openly, that this attorney had not been a model of constancy. Surely someone must know the woman—or some woman. If anyone did, he did not come forward that night, openly.

We questioned several women who, we thought, might be woven into the plot One of these left on a train for Chicago an hour after being quizzed. All gave satisfactory accounts of themselves for the night.

As the morning wore on it became increasingly evident that Bohannon was not to reveal more than he already had when he said "I've been shot by two hold-up men." His strength was leaving him rapidly. It was known that he could not survive. It was a matter of hours only, his physicians said.

At 9 o'clock that morning we got our first clue.

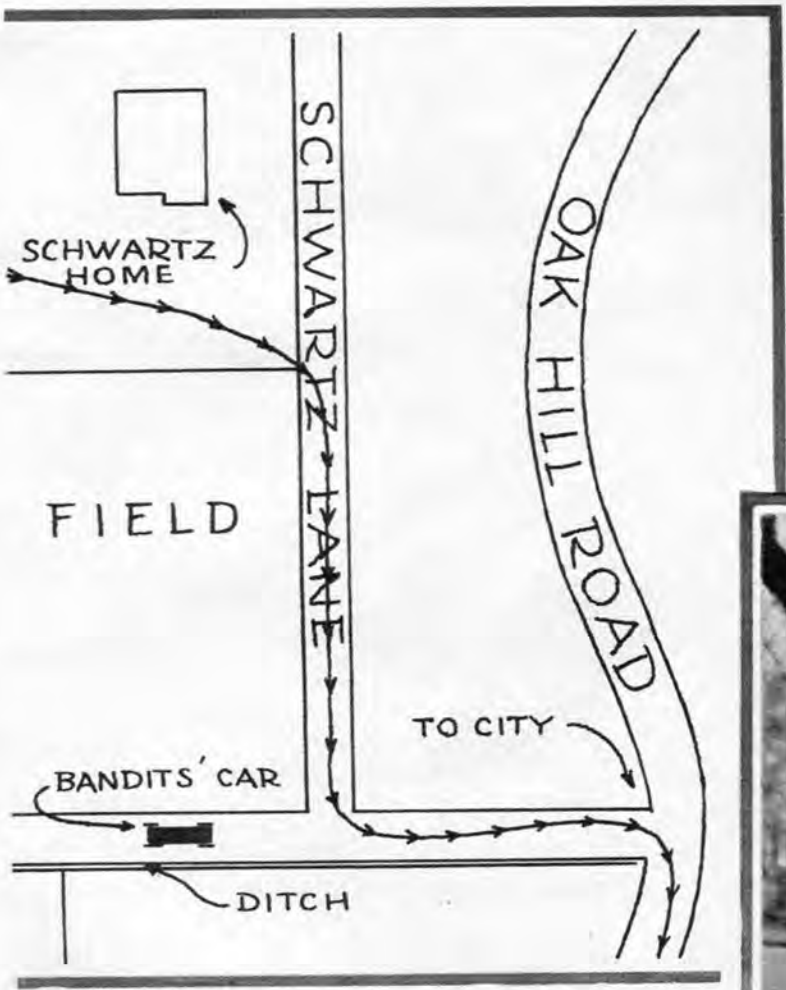
Detectives looking over Bohannon's automobile on the night before had missed a clue that was to help them piece the story of the shooting together. They found, clinging to the framework underneath the car, some cornstalks.

Bohannon had been on or near some highway where he must have driven through a corn field. That meant little, then. Every highway about the city lay through corn fields. And corn stands high in Southern Indiana in mid-September.

It was baffling. It appeared that there was to be no solution unless the woman herself came forward in an effort to help identify the bandits, or the bandits themselves would tell. It was extremely improbable that either should happen.

Detectives were sitting about mentally building up theories and blowing them to pieces again when at 10 o'clock in the morning the first real "break" came.

The body of a dead man was found at the edge of a corn field about four miles from the city.



Coroner Lowe, Sheriff Shelby McDowell and I were notified. The man had been shot twice, once through the right shoulder and once squarely through the heart.

The body was found by Henry Schwartz, a farmer, at the edge of his corn field. He was driving by with a horse and wagon when he spied it, partially hidden in a ditch. It would not have been noticeable from a speeding automobile.

The road along which the gruesome find was made is known as the Lynch Road. It is four miles from the city and at that time was a popular trysting place for couples who carried secrets in their hearts. It was out of the way and not often patrolled by deputy sheriffs.

We immediately, of course, linked it with the fatal wounding of Bohannon.

Bohannon always carried a gun. He was an expert in the use of firearms. It was his hobby to collect weapons—and shoot them. Not far from where the dead man was found Bohannon had a summer home on a tract of land where he also maintained a private rifle range. Here he spent many idle hours alone, coaxing vicious barks from a revolver or automatic with a teasing trigger finger.

Did he know, perhaps, that some time he was to be in desperate need of speedy action and deadly aim?

He never was known to drive his car without a gun handy. A specially constructed holster had been built into the driver's seat of his automobile where he could reach it easily with the minimum of suspicious movement.

Had he engaged in a gun fight with bandits, then it was almost certain that this dead man had tasted the fruit of Bohannon's hours of pistol practise.

The body found in the ditch was that of a young man, probably twenty, probably twenty-five, years old. He was of powerful physical make-up, with broad shoulders and bull-like neck. A wrestler, perhaps, or boxer. His face, with its strong set jaws, broad stub nose, and dark complexion, gave every appearance of a foreigner.

A FOREIGNER, perhaps, of some Southern European extraction. There are a meager few of those in Evansville.

Clutched in the dead man's right hand was a rope. A search of the immediate vicinity revealed a flashlight and a billfold. There also was evidence of a struggle. Not far away there was a wide swath cut through the field of corn, wide enough for an automobile to pass through. The corn was broken thoroughly and the path was fairly straight, indicating that the car must have been driven at (*Continued on page* 116)

(*Below*) Frank Mills, whose body was found along Lynch Road (indicated in diagram at left) the morning after Bohannon had been fatally shot. What part did this discovery play in the bewildering mystery?

I Know DESMOND

The FACTS *in this now laid bare for Can* YOU *spot*

"I have been maligned, and by innuendo, directly or indirectly, implicated in connection with the death of William Desmond Taylor," says Mrs. Charlotte Shelby, shown above with her daughter, Mary Miles Minter. "There is not a single word of truth in anything that has been said connecting me with the case . . ."

Douglas McLean—noted film luminary—a neighbor of Taylor at the time of the murder. Mr. McLean's wife saw someone "funny looking" slinking away from the movie director's home at the hour of the crime

By LIEUTENANT

ED. C. KING

Special Investigator,
District Attorney's Office
Los Angeles, California

As told to ALBERTA LIVINGSTON

THE story so far:

William Desmond Taylor, famous movie director, has been murdered in his fashionable apartment. The late Mable Normand was the last known person to see him alive, but she has been cleared of all suspicion. Mrs. Douglas McLean, wife of the famous movie comedian, saw a person whom she described as "funny looking" leaving the apartment about the time the murder was thought to have taken place. Edna Purviance occupied an apartment in the same building, but was ill at the time and saw nothing unusual.

A thorough investigation has brought out the fact that Taylor had lived a double life, having once lived in New York under the name of William Cunningham Dean-Tanner. He was married, but deserted his family. A younger brother did the same some time later. Recently Taylor had been having many love affairs with women, both married and unmarried, and according to Mary Miles Minter, he had been engaged to marry her.

It is thought that a Mr. Sands, his former secretary, is his younger brother because of facts arising from a bitter dispute between these two men. Dope is injected into the investigation, but nothing definite is arrived at concerning this.

Every possible clue is being checked and now the detectives have heard that two prisoners in Folsom Prison know the real murderer of Taylor. They are on their way to Folsom Prison.

Lieutenant King continues his story:

PART II CONCLUSION

WHEN I arrived at Folsom Prison I had a long talk with these two men, Charles Wadleigh, known as "Solly," and J. G. Barrett, alias "Black Buck" and "Black Bart."

"Solly" Wadleigh was a shell shock victim of the World War. He was not considered mentally responsible at the prison. He impressed me as being sincere in his statements, however, and not mentally so unbalanced as some might think. He had been received at Folsom as a recidivist,

Who Killed TAYLOR

black mystery are the first time! the killer?

Edna Purviance—Charlie Chaplin's former leading lady—who figured in the murder probe

"I am a great believer in the law of retribution, and I feel positive that some day this law will make good in the case of William Desmond Taylor," says "Cannonball Eddie" King, the man who has known *from the first* the identity of the person who killed the director (*shown above*)

having been sentenced to San Quentin from Sacramento to a term of five years to life on a first degree robbery charge. During his trial he had attempted suicide.

Barrett, or "Black Bart," impressed me as a person who would stop at nothing to gain his own ends. He had been badly shot up in attempted escapes, and carried many ugly wounds to show for it. He appeared to be one of those conceited, cock-sure individuals with an air that shouts at you. "Suppose I did commit the crime. It is so well covered up that you will never be able to prove it!"

Wadleigh stated that he and Black Bart had been engaged in narcotic traffic in Los Angeles, and that among their many customers were many movie stars. Taylor was trying to curb or break up the business of selling dope to his friends in pictures, with as little notoriety as possible.

For this interference on the part of Taylor, there was an understanding of some kind. Two well-known movie stars were in on the deal, and Taylor was shot and killed by Black Bart after he had had trouble with Taylor.

Wadleigh stated that on the night of the murder he was ordered by Black Bart to drive to within a short distance of Taylor's home. When they arrived Black Bart went in, shot Taylor, and came back at once, picking up one of the movie stars referred to above, a short distance from the house, and the other about a block farther on. They drove to 5th and Spring Streets, and on the way one of the movie stars passed a large roll of money to Black Bart. The two women then left the car at the corner.

Wadleigh further stated that Black Bart was getting money from someone outside the prison all the time—in his opinion from one or both of the two women—that he had bought his way into the prison hospital for $45.00, which had been paid to a crooked official, in the hope of escaping.

Black Bart, according to Wadleigh, was urging him to escape with him for the reason that he was afraid he would talk if left behind, but Wadleigh felt sure that once they escaped, Black Bart would murder him to silence him.

After talking with Wadleigh, I called Black Bart out and had a long talk with him. At first he was not inclined to talk about the Taylor case, and appeared greatly frightened at the mention of it. Finally, after much persuasion, he admitted that he had had a man driving for him, who was in the same prison, but he would not mention his name as "I never squeal on a buddy."

He then admitted that he was near Taylor's home on the night of the murder; that he did pick up the two movie stars referred to, and that there was a large sum of money passed between one of them and himself, but he would not say that he had killed Taylor. He denied that he had killed him, but when I asked him to be a good fellow and tell me what he had done with the gun, he said we could never prove him to be the murderer, and that he would be a fool

"I know who killed Taylor," said Ex-Governor Richardson of California (*lower right*). "A motion picture actress killed this director and I have positive proof to this effect." (*Below*) Liquor glasses found in the Taylor home directly after the slaying

to tell us anything or admit his connections with the case.

He would discuss his life in Los Angeles rather guardedly, and when I told him he could talk freely of his business, even if it were unlawful, as there was a statute of limitation, he laughed and replied, "But there is no statute of limitation for murder."

HE told me that he and Taylor had had trouble on three occasions; that Taylor was interfering in his business, which was narcotics; that he brought the stuff into the country from Mexico by airplane; that he did not make deliveries personally but had others in his employ who did.

I have neglected to mention that "Solly" Wadleigh had stated that Henry Peavey could verify his statements as he knew that Black Bart killed Taylor; that Sands was in on the job and that Bart had killed Sands to silence him, and that he had buried the body, but where he could not say.

After listening to both stories, which sounded very fishy to me, I decided to follow them up and make a complete investigation in an effort to prove or disprove their statements. At the end of my investigations, which consumed days and days, I was firmly convinced that the one and only underlying motive behind the whole affair was the desire for escape.

These two men had been much in each other's company. There was no need of their writing the notes to each other. Therefore, they had been written with the expressed purpose in mind that the officials would intercept them. Both were serving life sentences. A trip to Los Angeles meant an opportunity to escape. Even if they were not successful, they would have had the trip, and to a lifer, that much time spent outside the prison walls means much.

From time to time information regarding the whereabouts of Sands reached our office. Each clue was followed through to its source.

A man answering his description had joined an expedition to the Cocos Island, acting in the capacity of cook. A man of his description committed suicide in a small town in Kansas. He was seen here, there and everywhere.

An appeal was made to him through the press to come forward and clear himself of the murder charge, the D. A's office promising not to prosecute on the various other charges they had against him.

But Sands never showed up, which is not surprising. A man with a deserter's record, facing State's prison for forgery, burglary, and grand larceny, is not anxious to meet up with the police, notwithstanding any promise of immunity made by the District Attorney.

On March 16th, 1922, Mary Miles Minter sailed from San Francisco for Honolulu on the liner *Wilhelmina* under the name of Miss Juliet Shelby. In August she returned and there were rumors of a break between her mother, Mrs. Charlotte Shelby, and herself.

ON August 10th Miss Minter gave a statement to the press which confirmed these rumors and revealed her intentions of bringing court action against her mother in an effort to gain possession of the fortune she had made while in pictures.

"The gauntlet is down", Miss Minter is quoted as saying. "I want no reconciliation with mother. I most assuredly am going to file a legal suit against her for the return of at least a million dollars which I feel is rightfully mine. My salary while in motion pictures was more than a million dollars. Mother has handled all my money, made wise investments and prospered.

"I have been the wage earner—the family meal ticket ever since I was five years old. I wasn't given a chance to get more than three or four years of actual schooling. Mother was ambitious socially and financially, and I had to turn beauty and talents into cash.

"My last contract called for eighteen pictures for which I was to receive one million, three hundred thousand dollars.

When I asked mother for an accounting, she showed me figures —one hundred and seventy-five thousand credited to her; one hundred and sixty-five thousand credited to me; all household and living expenses for the three of us, mother, my sister Margaret, and myself, had been deducted from my share.

"If I wanted ten dollars I had to ask mother for it. I am determined to live like other people—to live a life unhampered by maternal restrictions. I am sure there is no real love in my mother's heart for me. I have attained my majority now, and have reached a point where I am willing to lay my case before the public to gain my rights."

When this announcement was made, it was learned that Mrs. Shelby was ill at the Good Samaritan Hospital. When Mary heard of her mother's illness, she said, "Just an old ruse of hers. Whenever I have tried to secure a little freedom, she always flies into hysterics and becomes ill."

Mrs. Shelby declared that Mary was not capable of handling her own finances and that she must be protected from herself.

"Why, Mary cashed her last pay check, one hundred thousand dollars, and in three months it was all gone!"

MARY came back with the reply that the pay check only amounted to $63,000.00; that no sooner had she received it than she invested in Hollywood real estate which increased in value from $37,000.00 to $65,000.00; that she paid $7,000 income tax, all her living expenses, and still had some of the original amount left in the bank.

To this Mrs. Shelby only replied, "The greatest gift God gave me, I gave the world—and it devoured her."

Matters quieted down, Mary saying that she would wait until she was sure her mother had recovered before she brought suit.

On Tuesday, October 14th, the name of Miss Minter and her mother, Mrs. Charlotte Shelby, again occupied the front pages. Mary, for the first time, bared details of her romance with William Desmond Taylor, stating that they had, at the time of his death, been engaged.

"FOR more than a year and a half I have kept this secret. My love for William Desmond Taylor was the sweetest and holiest thing in my life," she said.

"Any girl would have been proud to be engaged to him as I was. I longed to tell the truth to the world. There was nothing to be ashamed of in my love. But, on the advice of my mother, I kept still. I wanted every one to know that I loved Mr. Taylor with the pure, wholesome love of a young girl. But the influence of my mother prevented me from making it known at the time of his death.

"I loved him the first moment I saw him. Today that love is as strong as ever—but the continual bitter opposition —he was too old—he was too this—and he was too that.

"Even he thought at first that there was too great a difference in our ages. 'You have brought me the greatest happiness of my life, but you have come at the time of the setting of the sun, while you are in the glory of your youth. I cannot allow you to sacrifice yourself to a man of my age,' he said one night when we were planning our future life together.

"When I was eighteen we were to be married. Then came his death. It stunned me. At that time all the pressure possible was brought to bear by those under whose influence I was to see that my engagement was kept secret. I mustn't talk—it would hurt my career—the same old story of hushing and shushing. The public must not know that I was engaged. I must be a little girl with long golden curls. It would never do for them to know that I was a human being."

If Miss Minter was stunned by the death of Taylor, her mother was knocked off her feet by Mary's story. When she read it in the morning paper, she was overcome—prostrated with grief. Rather than have the family history

(*Above*) District Attorney Buron Fitts, who drew bitter condemnation from Mrs. Shelby when he announced that, so far as he could learn, the woman was the only one who had never been subjected to a thorough grilling. (*Right*) The dining room of the murder house

aired in court, she announced that she was ready to compromise with her daughter. Financial matters were adjusted and the two became reconciled. Their names disappeared from the front pages. Mrs. Shelby went abroad and Mary went into seclusion.

District Attorney Woolwine resigned from his office and some time later passed away. He was succeeded by Asa Keyes, and the investigation continued in a haphazard sort of way for the next four years. As many as a dozen persons "confessed" the murder, none of whom could have had anything whatever to do with it.

Mr. Keyes finally marked the case closed, and thus it remained until December 21st, 1929, when Ex-Governor Friend W. Richardson, in an exclusive interview with a representative of the San Francisco *Call-Bulletin*, exploded what the newspapers later referred to as a "detonating political bombshell," and dragged the 8-year-old Taylor mystery from the records once more.

"I know who killed William Desmond Taylor," said the former governor. "A motion picture actress killed this director, and I have positive proof to this effect."

After going into the history of his differences with Asa Keyes, in 1926, Richardson said, "About that time I heard that a prisoner in Folsom knew all about this murder.

"I went to Folsom and investigated the case, then went to Los Angeles where I told the foreman of the Grand Jury and the chairman of the Jury's criminal committee that I had the solution of the Taylor murder mystery.

"My love for William Desmond Taylor was the sweetest and holiest thing in my life," said Mary Miles Minter (*above*). (*Bottom*) Hollywood, photographed from a hillside home

"I ASKED them whether the facts should be presented to the Grand Jury and if so, if there was any chance for an indictment. The answer was, 'No.' They explained that either Keyes or one of his deputies would be in the Grand Jury room and that before any person could be brought to trial for murder, the important witnesses would be spirited away, bribed or murdered.

"I returned to Sacramento, called the Prison Board and explained the situation. I told them that already the word was around that I had the solution of the murder, and that unless we took quick action the convict in Folsom Prison would be murdered.

"The convict was pardoned by me and the last I heard of him he was in Vera Cruz, Mexico."

When asked why he had not presented the facts to Buron Fitts, who eventually succeeded Asa Keyes as District Attorney, Richardson was quoted as saying that he "left the Governor's office before Fitts became D. A. Anyway, the witnesses we had then probably we could not get together now."

Governor Richardson further claimed that Asa Keyes, who is even now in the County Jail awaiting the outcome of his appeal on a conviction of bribery, had "stepped on the case."

This, Keyes from his cell denied, declaring that he was being used as a political football. He issued a formal statement in which he said:

"If Richardson has the proof why doesn't he produce his evidence now? Murder never outlaws. The murder happened in nineteen twenty-two when Thomas Lee Woolwine was District Attorney, and while Buron Fitts and I were both deputies in his office. No stone was left unturned then or since to uncover the secret of the murder."

When questioned by representatives of the press regarding this new development, the present D. A., Buron Fitts, refused to comment other than to say that he might question Mrs. Charlotte Shelby regarding the matter, as, so far as he could learn, she was the only one who had never been subjected to a thorough grilling.

This remark drew a bitter condemnation from Mrs. Shelby, who, in a signed statement, asked that she be cleared of all suspicion in connection with Taylor's death. She said, in part:

"After seven years of silence I now unsolicited give my first published statement regarding reference made to me in connection with the death of William Desmond Taylor.

"I feel in justice to myself, my name, my integrity and my rights as a citizen of the United States, that I must express my indignation at the injustice done me. I returned from Europe, after three and a half years spent in search of health, on November seventeenth of this year.

"I have been maligned, and by innuendo, directly or indirectly, implicated in connection with the tragedy.

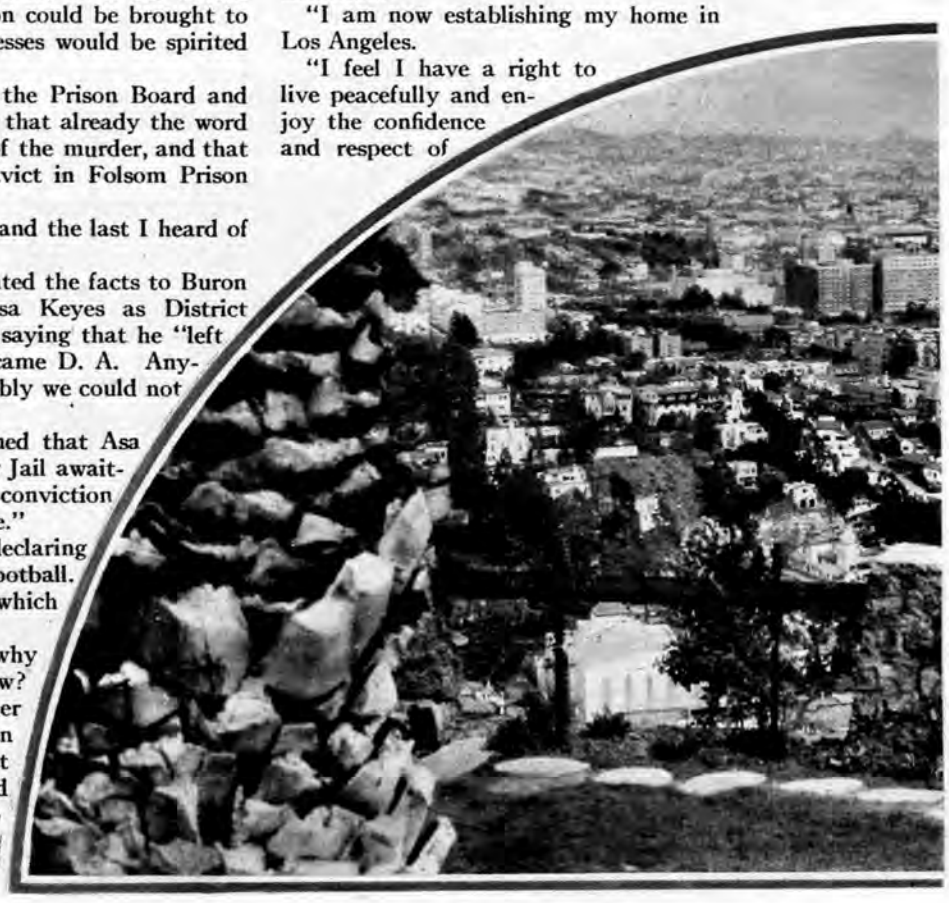
"There is not a single word of truth in anything that has been said connecting me with the case, nor has any public official the slightest evidence which would serve in any way to prove, or even indicate, that I ever did have, or know information which would lead to the arrest of the person responsible for Mr. Taylor's death.

"I have nothing to conceal. I am willing, and have always been, to talk to any authorized person from the District Attorney's office, and will repeat to the District Attorney what I am saying now if he wishes to see me.

"I now appeal as a woman of honor and integrity, one who never wronged anyone, contrary to all reports to the public, for justice and to clear my name of slander and misrepresentation.

"I am now establishing my home in Los Angeles.

"I feel I have a right to live peacefully and enjoy the confidence and respect of



of my fellow men." Thus she ended her statement.

Neither Mrs. Charlotte Shelby, nor her daughter, Mary Miles Minter, have ever been accused of anything by the District Attorney's office.

The ex-convict to whom Governor Richardson referred was known to be one George Hefner. Hefner's complete statement was as follows:

"I came out of Texas, a green and uneducated young fellow in my twenties, and got in with a bad bunch in Southern California. They were smarter than I was, and altogether too fast company for me, but I was useful to them in doing odd jobs, and I can see now they carried me along to make me the goat.

"This clique was primarily engaged in the dope racket. There was a lot of money in it. They got the stuff off the boats at San Pedro and cleared it through a pharmacy in Los Angeles.

"One of these crooks was Edward Sands, who had ostensibly worked as a chauffeur and valet for William Desmond Taylor. Actually, Taylor was distributing a lot of 'hype' to people in the movie business, including the actress who committed the murder.

"Taylor and Sands had a falling out. Taylor left on a trip and when he returned he publicly accused Sands of robbing his home of clothing and jewelry. Sands didn't make any pretense of working for Taylor after that, but I think the robbery was all the bunk, for Sands continued to deliver dope to Taylor and get his money for it.

"Sands must have been about forty years old. He was a pretty good sort of a guy, for a crook. He always treated me square and I always got my money on time.

"I met him about six months previous to the murder on a movie location in Santa Ana Canyon. I was doing some electrical work for the company, and he drove Taylor out in Taylor's car. We got talking and became friends.

"Word was passed around in this dope ring that Taylor had turned 'rat' and was tipping us off to Federal officials. I heard several conversations in which it was remarked that Taylor would be 'bumped' off if he didn't play square. At first I paid no attention, as a lot of that sort of talk was going around; but they kept repeating it and pretty soon I got really interested and began to think they meant business.

"On the evening of February 1st, 1922, Sands and I were out at Redondo Beach on a job and saw Taylor and two motion picture actresses having dinner at a cafe.

"We went back to town and Sands went to his apartment for a few minutes, while I waited outside. He told me when he came down that he had just talked with Taylor on the telephone, at Taylor's home, and that we were to deliver some 'hype' to the latter.

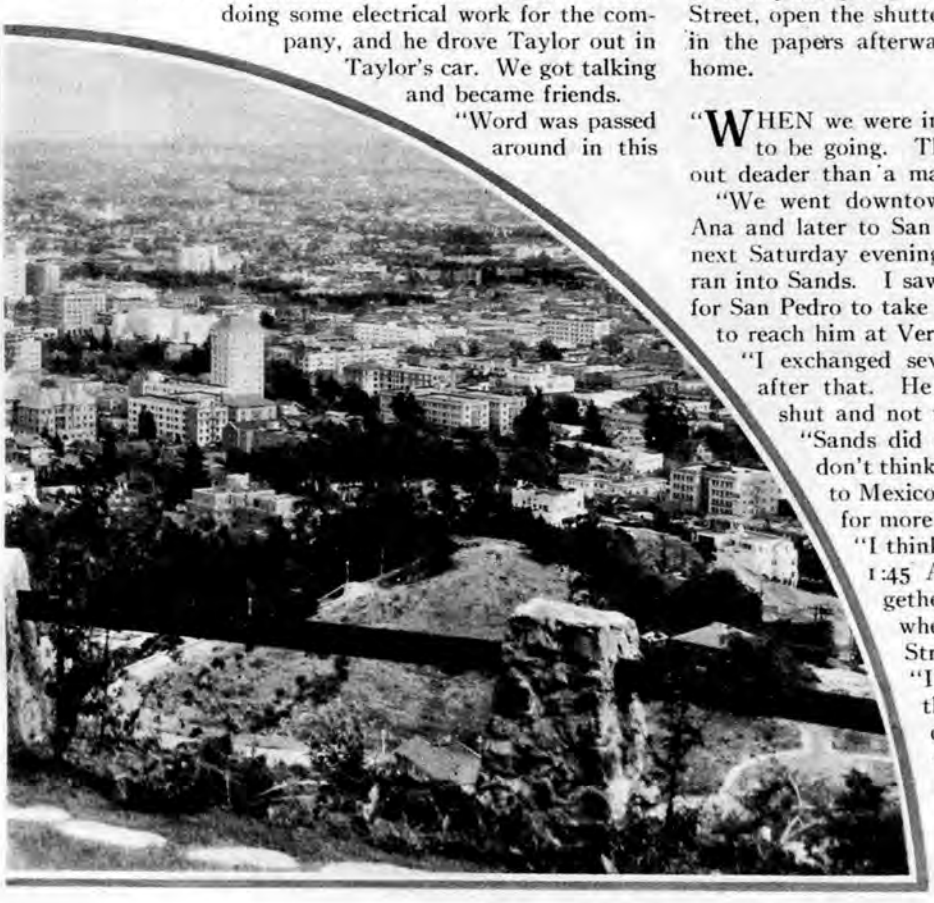
"Sands went and got a big limousine, which he said was Taylor's and had been loaned to him. He picked up his stuff at the pharmacy, and we drove out to Alvarado Street.

"This was about two o'clock in the morning. We parked the car across the street from Taylor's bungalow court. Sands and I left it and crossed Alvarado Street. There was another limousine at the opposite curb, with a driver at the wheel and the motor going. A woman was coming down the short steps from the entrance to the bungalow court. She was wrapped in a fur coat, either black or dark brown. I recognized her.

"She passed Sands and me and got into the limousine hurriedly, and drove away.

"Sands told me to wait for him on the sidewalk, while he went in with the bundle. He came back almost immediately and hurriedly crossed the street to our car, motioning me to step lively with him. As we left the curb I noticed a man in the bungalow court at the rear, adjoining Taylor's home, but directly facing Alvarado Street, open the shutters of a window and look out. I read in the papers afterward that this was Douglas McLean's home.

The late Mrs. Lew Cody—the Mabel Normand of the silver screen. Mabel, known as the best-hearted girl in Hollywood, had a hand in the riddle, according to those not acquainted with the facts. Those in the know, however, never mention Mabel's name when they speak of the *real killer*



"WHEN we were in the car, Sands said to me: 'It's time to be going. The old man's got his. He's stretched out deader than a mackerel.'

"We went downtown and separated. I went to Santa Ana and later to San Pedro. I went back to Los Angeles next Saturday evening to find out what was going on and ran into Sands. I saw him next day, too. He was leaving for San Pedro to take a boat for Mexico, and told me where to reach him at Vera Cruz.

"I exchanged several letters with him at Vera Cruz after that. He kept telling me to keep my mouth shut and not to mention his name.

"Sands did not kill Taylor; I'm sure of that. I don't think he meant to run away when he started to Mexico; I understand he was going to arrange for more narcotic shipments.

"I think Taylor was shot down between about 1:45 A.M. when Sands and he talked together on the telephone, and 2:30 A.M. when we beat it from the Alvarado Street address.

"I did not travel with the gang after that, and, having lost the guiding hand of Sands, I got into several jams and was sent to Folsom. At the prison I told something of this to Buck Cook, who squealed to the prison officials.

"Thomas Gannon of the prison board then called (*Continued on page* 113)

The scene of one of the Jersey Kid's cleverest jobs—a loan office at 5146 Market Street, Philadelphia. The loot: sixty grand

How We Trapped the Jersey Kid

A vanishing sharpshooter, leading striking terror into the hearts defying

Such was the Jersey Kid—

MORNING of August 3rd, 1929, found the "Jersey Kid" and his gang still at large. The slaying and robbery of a public utility cashier in New Jersey had been laid to the ruthless cunning of this outlaw chief as well as a $60,000 jewel robbery in Philadelphia, and other daring crimes. Police were without a single lead to his hiding place. The night before, capture of him and some of his followers had seemed certain. Twenty-four hours later he had struck again and had escaped from the scene of his latest crime, as brutal as any of the many in the past.

Where had this desperate band of outlaws fled?

What new atrocities could be expected of them?

These were questions being asked by police of a number of cities who had scores to settle with this vicious aggregation, led by the Jersey Kid, sometimes known as Frank McBrien,

"WELL, BOYS, THE JIG'S UP"

These were the debonair Jersey Kid's sentiments when the sleuths slipped on the bracelets. The Kid is second from the left

By Inspector
WM. J. CONNELLY
Commanding the Philadelphia Detective Bureau

As told to
WILLIAM VALENTIN

a pack of murdering plunderers, of the citizenry—and openly the bulls! a modern Jesse James. . . .

The New York apartment house where the outlaw chieftain was finally tracked to his lair. Nabbed with him was the woman who posed as his wife—the fiery Mabel (Red Head) Davis (*inset*)

or Francis Murray, or any one of a dozen other names.

A hideout of nearly three weeks was to be ended by the robbery of a shoe factory pay-roll, planned by the gang for August 2nd. This information had been obtained by Murphy, a detective of my own squad, while planted in a Twelfth Street rooming house in Philadelphia.

We visited the factory at Twelfth and Wood Streets to acquaint officials there with what we had learned.

"Don't offer any interference," I told them. "We'll be well prepared to get the gang as they try to escape."

And so it was agreed.

We had planned everything and felt sure that at last this desperate criminal and his henchmen would be caught in the act of sticking up the shoe factory pay-roll.

The living room of the desperado's New York apartment as it appeared after examination by detectives. Arrow points to a copy of the December (1929) issue of TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES, in which the Kid learned—*too late*—that the crook can't win!

A machine gun trap was laid for the gang. We believed every avenue of escape was blocked. But things went wrong.

Imagine our despair as we saw our plans, so carefully laid, crumble and fail.

The armored bank car, bearing the pay-roll, instead of stopping at its accustomed place in front of the plant, pulled into a side street. The payoff window in the factory had been moved to a more protected position. Stories of the expected hold-up spread rapidly about the establishment.

Here's the hole which the bandit tribe cut in a partition of the building housing the loan office in Philadelphia, to facilitate the big jewelry haul. Inspector William J. Connelly is seen at the right

Suddenly a man was seen to emerge from the shoe factory doorway. Twice he wiped his face with a white handkerchief. At this signal, with a roar of racing motor, an automobile parked a square away, and containing four men, sped over Wood Street. In a moment it was out of sight, rounding the corner of Eleventh Street with drunken recklessness. But it was not fast enough to prevent Detectives Murphy and Hicks from getting a good look at the machine and making the license number—N. J. C-27,340.

THE man who had displayed the handkerchief was grabbed by detectives as he fled down Twelfth Street. The prisoner was well known to us—Louie Levin, notorious "fence."

"What's the idea?" he protested as one of the men grasped his coat. "You ain't got nothing on me."

We led Louie back to the factory. He had been loitering about the establishment for some time, a porter informed us.

"He asked me what time we paid off. Said he had a date with one of the girls and wanted to get away early," the factory workman related.

Now Louie is a pretty slippery customer. On several occasions in the past we had brought him in for questioning, but each time had to let him go. Couldn't get anything on him. He's a smart bird.

We started working on him as soon as we got him back here in the Hall. (City Hall detective headquarters.) But he kept his mouth tight. We couldn't get a thing out of him and it began to look as though he was going to give us the slip again. You know you can't send a man to jail for taking a handkerchief from his pocket.

Meantime we had been at work tracing the auto license of the car, suspected to have been occupied by the hold-up men. It had been issued to a Walter Tully, an Audubon, New Jersey business man. We sent for him.

"I loaned the car to my brother Robert to take a couple of girls to a party," he offered in explanation of the whereabouts of his machine.

"My record is clean," he protested under further questioning. "You can call the police where I live and do business, if you have any doubts about me. I don't have any more idea where Bob or that car is now than you do. For that matter, I probably know considerably less."

"Sure he's O.K.," a New Jersey police official assured us over the telephone.

But when Tully left I had him followed by two men, who later reported that he had gone home after a brief visit to a house at 1720 Green Street.

This Green Street house was to prove an important link to later developments.

THE description and license number of Tully's automobile seemed to stand out in challenging boldness on a telegraphic communication we received on Monday August 5th, relative to the Bradley Beach murder. John Smith, Chief of Monmouth County Detectives, in charge of the Bradley Beach case, sought information regarding a Stutz sedan and a Pontiac cabriolet, used by the killers.

The sedan, we learned, had been stolen from a Philadelphia physician. The cabriolet was the Tully car.

I got in touch with Chief Smith by telephone right away. We agreed to meet in Audubon where I proceeded by automobile accompanied by Detectives Mock, McDevitt and Kelly. Walter Tully was taken into custody despite his protests and removed to Freehold, New Jersey, the county seat of Monmouth County in which Bradley Beach is located.

Now on the morning of August 3rd, I learned, George Danielson, 65-year-old messenger had left the First National Bank of Bradley Beach, just as he had done on many Saturdays before, carrying the pay-roll of Steiner and Son Company, Inc., a pajama manufacturing concern. The money was wrapped in an old newspaper, intended to disguise the valuable contents.

As Danielson approached the entrance of the factory on the north side of Fourth Street, two well-dressed men, perviously seen loitering in the vicinity, walked behind him.

Two shots were fired in quick succession.

As the messenger staggered and fell to the sidewalk, these men grabbed the package of money from beneath his arm. They tore the newspaper covering from the bundle as they leaped to the running board of a sedan drawing away from the curb.

"They got me and the pay-roll," Danielson whispered as George B. Bennett, of Bradley Beach, the first to reach the scene kneeled beside the dying man.

The robbers had acted so quickly that Danielson didn't have the opportunity to draw a pistol which he carried in his pocket. He lapsed into unconsciousness almost immediately, and died shortly after his arrival at the Spring Lake Hospital, where he had been taken in the automobile of Harold Steiner, member of the firm whose pay-roll he had tried to defend. A wife and several children residing in Spring

Lake survived him. He was not given a chance for his life.

The flight of the robbers had been witnessed by two young women, employes of the Steiner mill—Eleanor Lanning of Asbury Park and Pauline Mihalick of Belmar, New Jersey. They ran to a window at the front of the factory when they heard the shooting. They described the men they saw running from where Danielson lay as being well dressed. Both wore dark clothing and panama hats, the young women said. One man they said was quite tall and had a small black "Charlie Chaplin" mustache, while the other was described as being much shorter—probably about five feet, three or four inches.

Bennett told detectives that he ran from a building on the opposite side of the street in which he had been working when he heard the shots, but was unable to supply information of any importance about those who had done the shooting.

MORRIS SHAPIRO, proprietor of a fruit store near the First National Bank, told detectives of seeing a couple of men apparently watching Danielson's movements for several days past.

Descriptions of two of three men, who had the gas tank of their automobile filled at a Bradley Beach service station, supplied by the proprietor, seemed to tally with that of the men who fled with the pay-roll. William Shafto, the filling station owner, said the car driven by the men he described, bore a Pennsylvania license.

An auto which Shafto said he believed to be the one that had stopped at his place earlier, was found shortly after the murder, with the engine still warm in Ocean Avenue near Fifth. A cap evidently belonging to one of the robbers was found inside. Later the car was claimed by Doctor Norman L. Jameson, who had reported its theft June 28th.

The occupants of this abandoned machine seemed to have accomplished their getaway without being observed.

Monday following the murder, August 5th, was well advanced when we had the first real break in the case. The abandoned sedan was traced to a small hotel in Asbury Park.

"The man who drove that machine left here several days ago," an attendant of the hotel told New Jersey detectives. "I haven't seen him since. Some friends of his were around here later, but they also left—in a dark red Pontiac, a closed car. I remember it because it had green wire wheels. It seems to me that the car had a New Jersey license."

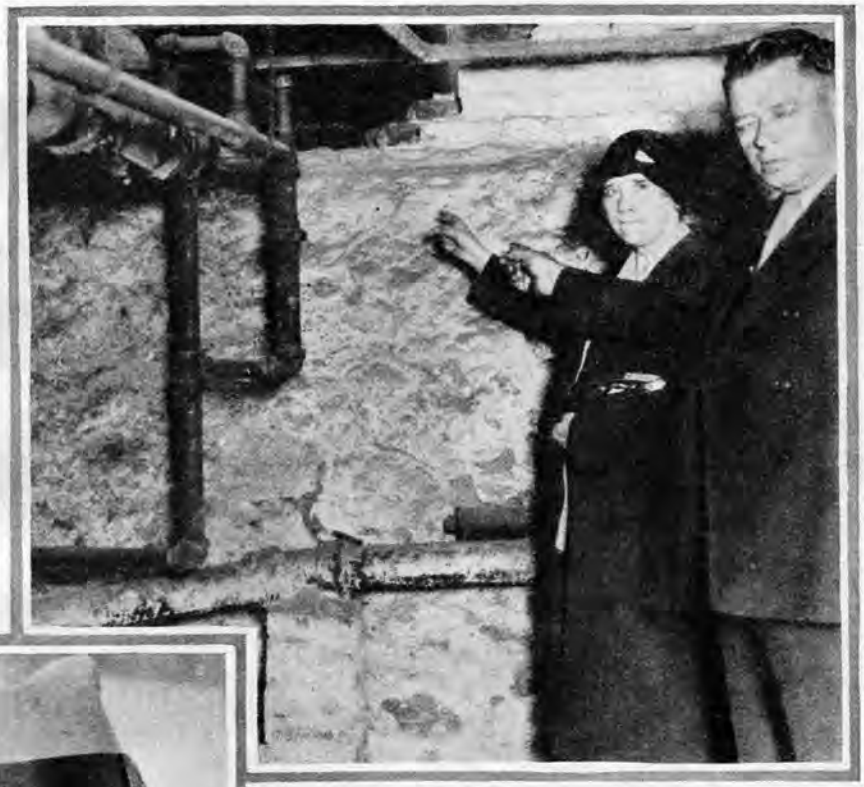
"Can you recall the number?' Chief Smith prompted. "Take your time and think carefully."

"I wouldn't want to say for certain," he hesitated, "but I think it was twenty-seven something."

That was enough for us! His description of the car was almost identical with that of the one observed speeding from the Philadelphia shoe factory after the hold-up attempt.

But Walter Tully seemed like a high type man. We learned that he had attended a military school rated highest in the country, and he and one of his brothers had made records for themselves on the athletic field.

"I loaned my car to my brother Robert and had no idea of him using it for any other purpose than the one he professed when he borrowed it—to take a couple of girls for a trip," he still insisted, under repeated questioning.



The cellar of the home of William Ryder—one of the Kid's henchmen. Investigators point to the cache of the swag obtained in a daring hold-up, pulled off in a New York office of a well-known insurance company

S. S. Van Dine, the noted detective story author who tried to trap the Jersey Kid—and failed

We were skeptical of Tully's story and doubted that he had told us all he knew. He was finally held on $40,000 bail to await developments. The bail was later reduced to $1,000.

DETECTIVES had been posted to cover the Tully home to be on hand in the event of Robert's return and to learn what they could of him from persons in Audubon.

Detective Lieutenant Benz of our office worked on this end of the investigation with Detectives Sacco, Mustoe, Shields and Kent of Chief Smith's staff. I also included Detectives Murphy and Hicks in this detail, because they had had the best opportunity to observe the men who fled in the Tully car from the scene of the attempted hold-up of the shoe factory. Some valuable information was collected by the men of this group, regarding the fugitive.

Robert Tully, they learned, was a seaman and was supposed to be booked to sail in a few days from a Camden pier aboard a tanker bound for South America.

Murphy located a picture of Robert Tully, or "Arrow Smith" as he was known, which was quickly copied in our photographic room. Hundreds of these prints were distributed among police of Pennsylvania and New Jersey over a wide area and to ship captains and (*Continued on page* 106)

The Former
MRS. FRANK SILSBY'S OWN STORY

THE story thus far:
The former Mrs. Frank Silsby's inborn curiosity and adventurous spirit have led her into strange paths. As a little girl she lived amid respectable surroundings with the best of domestic care. Later she married a minister's son and became the mother of two children. Then strange voices called and she ran away to New York City where she fell in with underworld characters.

In Greenwich Village she met Frank Silsby, master criminal, whom she thought to be a lawyer. They were soon married. For a time Silsby made trips out of town and came back with large bundles of currency—then came a trip from which he failed to return.

He wrote an affectionate letter to his wife telling her to forget him, that he was incarcerated in Stillwater Prison, Minnesota, for a term of forty-five years. But his wife refused to forget him and set out to free him. She succeeded in having his sentence reduced to fifteen years. Then her luck went bad until she met an old friend who told her that if she got to the right man, Frank could be freed. They arrange a party wherein Mrs. Silsby will use her charms on the Colonel, whose keys will open any door in Stillwater Prison.

The story continues:

A favorite portrait of the author

A carefully plotted frame-up against a powerful political leader—her one chance to free the man she loves!

Will the intended victim fall for Mrs. Silsby's desperate scheme?

As told by Herself

PART THREE

I EXTENDED my hand and the Colonel beamed as he took it. The look in his eyes announced louder than his voice could have done that he liked the bait.

It was an excellent dinner and the Colonel was convinced that he was one of the most fascinating men I had ever met. I ignored my old friend Tommie and listened to the Colonel's every word. His tales of travel to Chicago and Kansas City stirred me. Wasn't I an extensive traveler, too?

Would I have dinner with him tomorrow night if my old friend, Mr. Williamson did not object? He could come along, of course, but then it would be so much nicer if the two of us were alone. There was a time, I coquettishly told the Colonel, when we might have consulted Mr. Williamson, but that was long, long ago. In those days he might have denied me this pleasure, but, to whisper the truth, Mr. Williamson always had been a bore. If he had been interesting I would have married him. Of course, I would have dinner with the Colonel, and we wouldn't drag Mr. Williamson along, either. That is, I would have dinner with the Colonel if he was not married. Was he? No, indeed, he lied.

There were dinners for several nights, taxicab rides and handholding. Then, "Couldn't we have dinner alone, dear girl?"

"Of course, but where?"

"Suppose I get a comfortable suite across the river in St. Paul?"

"But, colonel——"

"It will be all right, perfectly all right."

"Of course, Colonel, I'm not a school girl, and besides, I trust you implicitly."

The Colonel was to call for me at seven and we would motor to St. Paul. I notified Tommie, who gave me these instructions: "First, see that your watch is in time with mine, to the second. Here is a powder. See that the Colonel takes it, in coffee, tea, milk, water, highball, or whatever he's drinking, at exactly 8 P. M. In fifteen minutes it will do its work on him and he'll be out for at least a half hour. I'll register at the same hotel and let you know my room number. When the Colonel passes out, call my room. I had a friend, who is a photographer, come up from Chicago yesterday and he is a shark at playing house detective. Now, do your stuff and call my room when you're ready."

THE Colonel called for me at seven, and we took a cab to St. Paul. At 7:45 I was making the highballs and at 8 P. M. the Colonel got his sleeping potion. At 8:15 he was snoring, and I called Tommie, who came to my door a few minutes later and introduced a little man with a small satchel. "This is 'Jake the Flash'," he said.

They worked swiftly and in three minutes the Colonel was in his underwear and there was a quart bottle of whisky near him. I mussed up my hair and got close to the unconscious Colonel. Boom! went the flashlight. "Stay there," said Tommie, "we want another." After the second picture was taken, Tommie said to me, "Now, beat it to your hotel and catch the late train for Chicago. I'll see you there in a day or two," naming one of the leading hotels. Two days later Tommie arrived in Chicago and gave me the details of what (*Continued on page* 82)

Black Hand Exposed At Last!

(Continued from page 51)

of the past to be forgotten by everybody."

Doctor Smith came in just then to visit Caputo, and kindly requested me not to bother the sick man any longer for that day. I did as requested, in the meantime I asked the Doctor about the wounded man's condition, which he termed as precarious. He might go at any time. Only a miracle would save his life. With that I left the hospital and went again to Caputo's home.

Arriving at the house, Mrs. Caputo cordially invited me in. After a few words of cheer, I asked her if she knew that her husband already had a wife and child in Italy. She said she knew that, through having read some of her husband's mail that came from Italy, but she did not know this at the time she married him. I asked her if she knew that Jimmy was a fugitive from Justice, being that an indictment for exploding firearms was found in the file record of the District Attorney's office.

IN fact, during my investigation, I had found out that Caputo was a real Don Juan and also, that just a little time before he eloped with the woman who seemed to be the cause of his being shot by Rotundo, he had got himself involved with a young girl in Salamanca, New York. When the brothers of the girl went over to advise Caputo to stay away from their sister, Caputo had pulled his gun and fired a shot, which luckily did not injure anyone. James Caputo then ran away and was never heard from again, until the near tragedy took place on the outskirts of Olean.

Mrs. Caputo professed that she didn't know anything of this affair. While talking to her, I was looking around the room, wishing and hoping to run into some more tangible clues that would help me to locate Rotundo. Through the open door of the bedroom, which was directly opposite from where I was sitting, I saw a trunk which drew my attention. It seemed as if it was out-of-place, as though it didn't conform with the rest of the furniture, so I asked, "Whose trunk is that?"

"Rotundo's trunk," she said.

"How does it happen to be here?"

"Rotundo, when he brought it here said that it didn't fit in his room where he boarded and he wanted Jimmy to keep it here for him."

"How long have you had the trunk here?" I asked.

"About three months," she replied.

"Do you have a key for it?"

"No," she said.

"Well, I am going to open it," I told her.

"All right. Go ahead. I don't want it any longer," she remarked.

I broke the lock and began to search the trunk. In it were two large framed photos. One was Rotundo's father and the other was his mother, being that the names were written on the back of each. I found a photo of himself, in a cavalry uniform of the Italian army; a few Italian books; and an overcoat.

Searching the overcoat, in the inside pocket, was a package twelve inches long and about eight inches in circumference, which was wrapped in a newspaper. I opened it and found four sharp carving knives; two of which were practically new and two covered with a dark-colored substance apparently shown to be dried human blood. You could see on one of the knife blades, the prints of a forefinger and a thumb, as if they had been run over the blade in order to wipe the blood off.

The newspaper in which they were wrapped was dated October 14th, 1927. As if it was the voice of God, I knew they were the weapons with which James Capito's throat was slashed from ear to ear and his body taken over to the brick yard.

The newspaper date, in which the knives were wrapped helped me to believe that Rotundo was the murderer of Capito.

PLACING the knives in my pocket, I took leave of Mrs. Caputo and I rushed over to the District Attorney's office in Salamanca. There I looked at the record on file, of the coroner's report of the knife wounds inflicted upon the body of James Capito. I explained my late discovery to the District Attorney. I asked him to kindly get a chemist to analyze the blood-stains that were on the knife blades.

An analysis proved that the stains were human blood as I had predicted and felt. Furthermore, investigation that followed this gruesome discovery of the bloody knives, brought to the surface the revelation, that the last man that was in company of Capito the night before he was found killed, was no other than our John Rotundo. By circumstantial evidence, I knew that Rotundo had killed Capito, but all my evidence pertaining to this murder was suspended in the air by a thin thread of none too good evidence, being that this case was not an ordinary case. It would have taken a very intelligent jury to see through the pre-arranged manner with which James Capito's murder was perpetrated.

After having conferred with the District Attorney Kreiger, we thought best not to give out any of the facts of my late discovery. Taking leave from the District Attorney, although very tired and in need of sleep, I went back to Mrs. Ateleno, Rotundo's landlady. Once there, I thought I would not be too polite with her in my questioning, so bluntly I said to her, "I am afraid I have got to take you to Little Valley Jail. You know that Rotundo, when Officer Finger came in, was in the house. You know, too, that John Rotundo went out through the back door with a bundle containing all his good clothes and that besides his belongings upstairs in his room, he had another big trunk which you never told me anything about." It seems that my abruptness brought the desired effect upon her. Mrs. Ateleno admitted that she saw John going out through the back door and that he had moved his big trunk away from his room some months before. I asked her where he had taken it and she said down on West Water Street, where he lived before he came to live in her house. I believed what she said.

I went at once to Water Street and there I found out that in the month of November Rotundo had asked permission to bring his trunk there, for awhile, being that his room was too small to keep all his belongings and that about three months before, he had come after it and taken it away again. I could see through these different movings around of the trunk that Rotundo wanted to divert the law from taking possession of it in case he would have been held for the murder of James Capito. I felt, too, that I had practically an air-tight case against John Rotundo for a murder so satisfied with the turn of things, I went to take a rest that I needed so much.

THE next day after I had a good rest, I went to the hospital to visit Caputo. On the way going to the room I met Doctor Smith and he told me that James Caputo was out of danger and recuperating above expectations. Really, the miracle was taking effect. I was glad of the news because of the fact that Caputo was a young chap of only twenty-five, gifted by nature with good looks and ingratiating manners and I felt he had much to live for. I thought it was unnecessary for me to visit him.

Two weeks had already passed since the attempt upon Caputo's life was made and although I had kept constantly on the lookout for clues as to the whereabouts of John Rotundo, still we were no farther ahead than at the beginning of the investigation.

On my rounds through the Italian section of Olean, New York, I ran into a well-known Blackhander who lately had converted himself to a better mode of living and whom I knew to be a man to be trusted to an extent; when he saw me he winked his eye and nodded his head; a signal that meant he wanted to speak with me, but at some place where nobody could see us and I purposely cut through a small lane at the end of which I waited for him to reach me.

When he came, he informed me that from reliable sources he had found out that John Rotundo was working in a tile factory at Carbon, New York, a small suburb of Rochester. At once I summoned Deputy Sheriff Paul Gaylor Special Deputy "Dusty" Miller, and together the three of us, at breakneck speed, went to Carbon. Arriving at the factory of the tile concern, we informed the Superintendent of our mission. He willingly offered his assistance, taking us around the factory. While looking for Rotundo I had my hand on my pistol, already cocked, knowing as I previously stated of Rotundo's viciousness and the quickness of his trigger finger. I imparted this instruction to my comrades, too. In a certain department of the factory we found the foreman, who recognized the photo of Rotundo which we carried with us, as that of a man who lately had been put to work in there and since the day before, had not reported for work.

I asked the foreman, "What name did

(Continued on page 70)

(*Continued from page* 68)

he give? Where did he claim to have come from?" The foreman went over to his desk where he kept the time cards and brought a card back to us.

Rotundo had assumed the name of Arnesto Pizzini, an Olean Blackhander who had been killed three years before. He claimed his last residence to have been Hornell, New York. I asked the foreman to describe this man to us.

He said, "The man was about forty-five years of age, five feet, nine and weighing about a hundred and seventy pounds. His face was clean shaven, his features were very ladylike. In fact, I would say his complexion was too light for the average Italian. In all, I would call him a good looking man. When he walked his head was always down and his hat was over the top of his eyes. His shoulders were quite stooped and he was very distant with his fellow workers."

This description assured me beyond doubt that our man had been working there—and I quickly surmised too that some Blackhander had tipped Rotundo off that the officials were on the right trail after him.

We thanked the superintendent and foreman for their assistance, and went to look around among the different Italian families living in this locality, and we asked if anyone had taken in a new boarder or roomer lately. No one had, in the past few weeks, taken in a boarder or roomer.

A grocery store lady, Mrs. Rosario, had seen this stranger in her store at different times buying some groceries such as ham and cheese and bread, which showed that Rotundo was not doing any cooking. She herself had made inquiries and found out that he was sleeping in an old abandoned railroad boxcar; that previously was used for shelter by railroad workers. We traced the box-car and looking into it, we saw that it had been used recently. Nevertheless, there was no trace of John Rotundo. Rather disappointed, we went back to Olean.

WE followed several other tips and leads given to us, which unfortunately proved to be false alarms.

Eventually James Caputo got well but, there was still an indictment hanging over him for having exploded firearms in the public streets of Salamanca. Attorney Edward Kreiger realized that Caputo was an important witness for the Commonwealth; held him under bail for five hundred dollars, which amount his brother-in-law signed for.

A few months after Caputo's attempted murder in an interview he had with me, he confided that he was in fear of his life for having made and signed an affidavit against Rotundo. To avoid further trouble he decided to go back to Italy to his first wife and child. I encouraged him not to have any fear and that I would advise him about that after I had spoken to the District Attorney.

I reported to the District Attorney the conversation I had with Caputo and I suggested to him that it would be a good idea to permit Caputo to go back to Italy, so that Rotundo, finding out that Caputo, the plaintiff for his last attempt of murder, had gone away, of course would feel that there was no case against him and with that Rotundo might come back to Olean or to a nearby city. It would then be our chance to arrest him for the murder of James Capito.

The District Attorney thought my suggestion to be a good move on the part of the Commonwealth so he brought Caputo for sentence before Judge Orla Block.

A suspended sentence was imposed upon him and with that Caputo's relation with the Law was ended.

Mrs. Caputo, assured that her husband already had a wife in Italy when he married her, started proceedings for an annulment of their marriage.

John Rotundo is still a fugitive from Justice. He never fell for the trap we had laid for him and the prospects are, that we will never see or hear of him again.

However, on investigating Rotundo's last attempt of murder, we have obtained, as I have previously stated, the secrets—by-laws and code of the nefarious Blackhand association, so, after all, if I didn't get the culprit, I have come into the possession of secrets that are sure worth more than the very life of the scoundrel who has escaped the clutches of the Law.

—o—

The following is an exact translation of the actual Code and Ritual of the Black Hand published first in Spain and translated and presented here (as far as we know) for the first time.

First Duty of the Society of Humility

IT is severely prohibited to permit anyone to read this book; not even to a companion either of the Majority or the Minority Corps—or to any member of family—such as father—mother—brother—sister or wife. It is also rigidly prohibited to reveal the possession of this book, because if it is found out who revealed the possession of it, he will be brought before the Tribunal of the Society of Humility, and punished with death—with no consideration of mercy—and if anyone intercedes, he too will receive the same punishment.

Note: The career of a person joining the Blackhand organization has five different degrees to climb, that is, from the bottom of the ladder to the top, namely:

Youth of Honor	(New Recruit)	Degree
Picciotto	(Ruffian)	Degree
Camorrist	(Master)	Degree
Contaiolo	(Bursar)	Degree
Capo	(Leader)	Degree

Origin of the Three Chevaliers of Spain

During the year 1417, in Seville, a city of Spain, three Spanish Chevaliers named respectively Gasparre, Malchiorre and Baldassarre, that in jargon were called Osso, Mastrosso and Calcagnasso, gifted with a lot of energy and cunning, decided to take a vacation, going to a nearby city with this end in view. Tired out from the stress of the trip, and feeling in need of food, they entered an Inn. There having satisfied their appetites, during the interval between a few glasses of wine, the three Chevaliers picked up a conversation with the host; Gasparre, being the eldest of the three, addressing the host, said: "Tell me, my good man, what causes the deadly quiet here? To us the city seems wrapped in gloom. We have noticed only a few people going about and all the shops are closed as though the city were in mourning. Would you tell us what grief has befallen the people of this community?"

To this sympathetic inquiry of the three Chevaliers, the host readily replied:

"Gentle Chevalier, I will tell you willingly. I would have you know that, in this afflicted city, besides having the misfortune to be dominated and ruled by priests, there is an old custom in vogue that whenever a young girl rouses the wicked desires of the Inquisitor, he sends for her with the pretense of consecrating her in holocaust to the Catholic religion, but this is only a ruse so he can obtain the girl, who really will be sacrificed to satisfy his sensual and brutal desires. Just lately this has happened to an honest and beautiful young girl, who, wary of the Inquisitor, refuses to go. For this act of disobedience she has been arrested, and now is lying in jail waiting for her death sentence." Tears were profusely running down the face of the host as he told the sad story.

THE three brave Chevaliers, on hearing the pitiful narrative, were greatly touched, and they were angered at the wickedness of the Inquisitor, so that all of the three Chevaliers, as one man, said to the host: "Brace up, dear companion, we appreciate immensely the nobility of your heart, and for this we invite you to be one of us in the business of freeing this girl—if you will guide us to her, being that you know the city and her whereabouts. From this very moment, we are ready, even at the cost of our lives, if necessary, to cooperate in gaining the girl's freedom." The host, accepting the noble proposition of the three gallant Chevaliers, suggested the name of a trusted friend of his, who would surely be only too glad to join the rescuing party. The Chevaliers acquiesced to the wish of the host, and the five men began their work in an effort to give liberty to Humility, such being the name of the imprisoned young girl. During the night, the five men went to the prison where Humility was being held, and with some trick accosted and captured the sentry, who had the girl in custody. Binding and gagging him, they took possession of the prison keys, entered and took out the girl. To prevent her being rearrested, they decided to pass her through Regular Channel, a river that divides the city, another sentry of the Inquisition being stationed at the bridge. Getting hold of a rowboat, they crossed the river, landing at Direct Lane—that being the name of the street.

When all the six persons had landed safely on the other side of the river, the five men, the rescued girl being placed aside, took an oath of faithfulness to each other. Entrusting the young girl, Humility, to an honest and respectable family, the three Chevaliers, bidding the

host and his friend a fond farewell, started to walk towards Palermo in quest of adventure for Camorra (graft). This city at the time was under the control of the Spanish Government. Arriving at Palermo, they began to lay the foundation for the Camorra (graft).

(*Note*: From this allegory, the Black Hand organization acquired the name for its Society of Humility and the different pass-words, that the reader will notice in reading the ritual of these fanatical by-laws and code.)

FOUNDATION OF THE SOCIETY

THE word Camorra derives from the Spanish word: Gamour which means: to obtain by force. The Camorra consequently was invented by Spanish people. Three Chevaliers of Spain, gifted with energy and cunning, started out in quest of adventure, urged by the principle to lay the bases for the foundation of an Honorable Society. Their names were: Gasparre, Melchiorre and Baldassarre that in jargon they changed to: Osso, Mastrosso and Calcagnasso. Arrived in Palermo, in an uninhabited region, under the shade of a leafy tree, they sat down and began to play cards. Two were playing and one keeping a record of the players' points. After a number of games, the two players, each claiming to be short of his money, began to argue, each one asking the other to account for the money he was short. The third one, acting as arbiter, permitted them to argue until the two put their hands on their knives. Then he explained himself with these words:

"Comrades—what good will it do to shed blood? Blood should be conserved, not spilled. You have played and I have won. I have your money. Out of every lira that you have gambled, I have taken four cents. You have laid down five lire each. You, Mastrosso, have won fifteen games and you have won fourteen. You both played one lira at a time. I have taken as Camorra (graft) four cents a game, totalling five lire and sixteen cents; and that amount is now mine, inasmuch that what I have taken from you gambling is Camorra (graft).

"You see this tree? From this day on, it will be baptized the Tree of Knowledge. Behold the stem which must represent the leader of the Honorable Society. Behold the branches that must represent the arm of the Society (that is, the Camorrists). Behold the smaller branches of this tree which represent the Picciotti di Sgarro (ruffians). Behold the flowers which represent the Giovani d'Honore (recruits). And all those leaves that you see on the ground are leaves that, not having the strength to keep their place upon the plant, fell, and they represent our comrades who have fallen into disgrace. If this tree is uprooted by a storm or by the police, this tree will revive more strongly and vigorous than before. (This signifies that if a leader and his Circle should be arrested, some flower, some member, will remain outside and will replant once more the tree of the Society).

"Under this tree, Fate has formed a tomb covered with a gravestone which represents nothing else than the strong personality of the Camorrists and other members. Everything that is discussed must be a secret that will remain buried in this tomb covered with this gravestone."

They embraced, then, as good comrades, exchanging a warm kiss and handclasp and started on their route.

Arrived at Naples, the two card players asked Comrade Osso about the Camorra (graft) he took while they played cards at Palermo; and Osso, who was forming a branch of the Society of Humility (according to the rules) divided the same Camorra. Just at this time, a young fellow was coming along. Osso needed a cigar, and giving the young fellow a lira sent him to buy one. The boy returned from his errand with a cigar and 17 cents in change. When told the change was a penny short, he answered that he took that penny for Camorra (graft). Then Osso kissed him and turning to his colleagues, said:

"Comrades, this is the first Picciotto di Sgarro (ruffian)." From that moment, they searched for Camorra.

Court-room scene in Italy, showing more than one hundred members of the Mafia in specially-constructed docks. Several hundred members of this branch of the Black Hand were rounded up and sent to prison—all a part of Mussolini's campaign to smash the infamous organization

RULES FOR FORMING THE SOCIETY

THE Society can be formed in Testa (with a chief) and Indrina (with three Camorrists).

(*Note:* The society formed with a regular and properly elected leader is intended for a branch of the Black Hand organization, that at its beginning, had five camorrists as its charter members.

A branch formed with a Trinity is meant for the one that had only three Camorrists as its founders and is minus a regular leader, because it takes at least five Camorrists to conform properly to the organization rules to found a branch of the Society of Humility.

Among these three Camorrists, either the oldest one or the one considered best adapted for leadership will be chosen temporarily.)

Keeping strictly to the rules of the Organization, a Circle numbering 24 Camorrists, 48 Picciotti, and 96 Youths of Honor, is called a Cavalry corps.

The 48 Picciotti di Sgarro (ruffians) serve to accompany a Camorrist, one as bodyguard and one to serve him. The Piciotto, in turn, is entitled to have two Giovani d'Honore (Youths of Honor) for the same reason. The leader of a Circle directs this group of men of honor. Like on a tree, the branches, the leaves and the flowers are the very life of the tree (though the tree governs them), so the Camorrists are considered to be the crown and the branches of the Society. The Picciotti represent the little branches (circles) that obtain substance from the bigger branches, that is, from the Camorrists and for this reason the Picciotti must blindly obey the Camorrists as their wise masters.

Suppose you have to divide a chicken. To whom would you give the breast, the wings and the feet? Certainly, the breast would go to the Leader, the feet to the Picciotti and the wings to the Giovani d'Honore who fly here and there, obeying all the commands received and diverting suspicion. For this, one must conclude that the leader is a wise and conservative man comparable to an old man who has need of soft flesh to be able to chew well.

The Branch has its secret sessions at least every eight days in a locality chosen by the leader. Extraordinary sessions can be held in exceptional cases. If a branch fails to hold a reunion for 29 days, automatically it is considered dissolved, and the positions of leader and bursar likewise fall into abeyance.

WHEN the Branch is active, a Camorrist for the day must be appointed.

(*Note:* By an active Branch is meant that the members forming its Circle are properly reunited and acting strictly according to the rules and code of its by-laws. By the Camorrist for the day is meant that each day a different Camorrist will act as a lookout man for the moral and financial interest of the Branch and at end of the day, report everything that has come under his observation to the Leader of that Circle.)

If the Branch is acting in a locality a little dangerous, another Camorrist must be appointed for good order.

(*Note:* By dangerous locality, is meant that there is some kind of dissension or misunderstanding with the members of another branch that is active in that same locality, and to prevent arguments or disputes between the two circles, an extra Camorrist will be added to keep peace and good order.)

This is a general rule which holds for the majority corps as well as for the minority corps.

(*Note*: All the Branches of the Black hand organization are divided into two bodies or corps—namely: The Majority and The Minority Corps. The Majority Corps is composed of all the members possessing the degree of Camorrist. These, with their leader and bursar, form the Majority Corps. The Minority Corps is composed of the Picciotti (ruffians) and the Giovani d'Honore (recruits), practically the understudy of the Camorrist. This Corps has a leader too, chosen from among themselves, but he is always under the supervision and command of the Majority Corps.)

The sanctions of the Society are two: Provisory and affirmative.

The provisory sanctions or suspensions are those that are brought before the comrades by the Leader of the Branch when the Circle is being formed, and the comrades will either accept or reject them. If accepted, they become affirmative as long as the Branch is active. But they are subject to be changed as deemed advisable by Camorrists who from time to time may join the Circle.

The affirmative sanctions (or suspensions) are: 3 days, 15 and 29 days; 3 months; 6 months; and 11 months and 29 days. Both these sanctions are sacred and inviolable once accepted and cannot be rejected.

A comrade, culpable toward another comrade or toward the entire Society of trivial offenses, or of the commission of acts that in some way, blots decorum, both as a man and as a Camorrist: for instance, to get beastly drunk, to gravely annoy a comrade, make a hubbub in the street, will be formally accused of either light or grave negligence punishable with from 9 to 29 days of suspension. In a more serious case the suspension may be still more drastic. The same may be said of other small infractions that may be committed.

The principle of the Camorrist is based upon honor and fidelity, as well on his own account as on account of his comrades. Deception, stains on honor, infamy and other serious matters are characterized as accusations, and the Camorrist who renders himself guilty of such will be entirely divested, and in many cases, the Tribunal of Humility, purposely formed for that end, will put him out of the way by knife-thrust. They will throw dung in his face and kill him outright when there is question of the said Camorrist having committed a great infamy or exposed the Society to continual danger.

Instances where the Camorrist is guilty of a violation that is not of a serious character, his good record will be considered and he will be placed on probation, which means that the Society will give the said Camorrist the opportunity to rehabilitate himself. During the probation he will be left in the dark as to what the Branch does, and kept under observation.

Ordinarily, probation lasts for six months, during which period if the Camorrist has conducted himself with decorum and honor and given positive proofs of penitence, the Branch will reinstate him. The same holds good for the Minority Corps which includes the Picciotti (ruffians) and Giovani d'Honore (Youths of Honor).

SOCIAL DOWRY

THE social dowry is seven-fold, namely: Policy—False Policy—Humility—Faith—Cards—Knife—and Razor.

1. Policy must be used with members and comrades of the society and even with people outside of the Organization who are deserving of it.

(*Note:* Policy in the parlance of this organization is not meant for the political moves of elections and voting, but it means that the members of the organization should possess, or make a study of a method of suave, insinuating, convincing discourse; and to possess or acquire an ingratiating, deceiving, affected personality in approaching people.)

2. False Policy is to be used with infamous people.

3. Humility must be mutual among members and companions, being that among them, there shall never exist indifference and haughtiness.

4. Fidelity. The word itself implies its meaning.

5. Cards—to be used in obtaining Camorra (graft and extortions).

6. Knife—serves to defend the honor and blood of the Society and its members. In reference to the Picciotto (the Camorrist understudy) the knife is meant to be used in defense of the sage masters, and in a case where a Camorrist happens to be disarmed, the Picciotto's compelling duty is to give his master the weapon, stand at his back, and defend him strenuously, if need be, at the cost of his life.

7. The Razor, being an insidious weapon that enters with ease and comes out causing bitter pains, is the weapon with which to slash and mark those guilty of infamy.

(*Note:* So wherever you may happen to notice a foreigner, and in particular an Italian whose face carries the indelible mark of a razor slash, it may be that either some time past he had an encounter with his adherents, or a private, law-abiding citizen has refused to submit himself to a request of extortion of the repulsive organization.)

RESERVATIONS OR SUSPENSIONS

THE suspensions given to the comrades who are guilty of trifling violations, or serious ones, are provisory and free.

The provisory suspension is valid for three days; after which the accused is rendered free.

The free suspension will keep the member from any action, at times up to 29 days. During the time of the suspension, the member has no right in the distribution of the spoils of the Branch, as his share will be kept in Baciletta (the Society's funds).

After judgment of the violation, if the suspension is found to be just, as a consequence of it, the amount of his share of the Camorra (graft) will be divided

among his comrades, at the next division. Although under the by-laws, the Camorra is sacred and inviolable, nevertheless a common rule requires that when a Camorrist is suspended, he cannot demand any of his rights, regardless of whether they are just or unjust.

The suspensions both provisory and free are given by the Camorrist of the Day when there is question of a Camorrist, or by the Picciotto of the Day in the case that it pertains to the Minority Corps. But in both instances it must be specified whether the suspension is provisory or free.

In cases where suspensions are made upon the responsibility of the branch, these are always considered free, and judged accordingly.

A suspended Camorrist remains always in the dark about what the Society practises, and it is his duty to abstain from assuming any knowledge of the Circle and from discussing it even with his comrades. If the suspended Camorrist is called by the Circle for the discussion and decision of his transgression, and is found guilty on other charges, too, that result from the said discussion and those accusations for which he was suspended prove much more serious than at first sight they seemed, the case will then be tried on its merits.

The Circle decides the day on which to meet for the extraordinary session of judgment. The Sacred Tribunal of Humility will be composed of eight judges—and a Presiding judge.

Baciletta (Treasury)

WE have spoken of the baciletta. The Society intends to represent with this word, the sacred, and inviolable place, where this sacred Camorra (graft) is accumulated.

The non-effective Camorrist in a locality where the Society is active, is always duty-bound, if the occasion rises to obtain Camorra, not let the opportunity escape. When he has obtained the camorra, he must bring it intact to his branch, which will give him a third part of the amount.

Easiest Manner in Which to Recognize the Camorrist of the Day

IF a Camorrist, on being put in prison wants to find out if he has any active comrades there, all he has to do is to take a hat, a handkerchief or any other object, and declare that he wants to sell it. It is the duty of the Camorrist of the Day, if one happens to be present, to at once interest himself in the sale, with the motive of receiving his rights of Camorra from said sale.

(*Note:* In the past, the Italian prisons had not many cells but instead a large room that held from twenty-five to forty prisoners. Therefore, it was easy for the delinquents brought there to still proceed with their mode of living. It is only lately that single cells were installed in the Italian prisons.)

The same applies, if a Camorrist happens to be at a fair where he is a stranger in the locality. A Camorrist can always demand his recognizance and entrance into a circle of the Society no matter whether he is transient or permanent. In such cases, the Branch, by means of certain little tricks, will try to assure itself of this Camorrist's credentials, employing such subterfuges as this:

The strange Camorrist will be told that the Society there is in debt. For example, 100 lire. He must perforce put in his share. Having accepted the proposition, he will figure out how many Camorrists are there. For instance, if there are 12 Camorrists, the shares will be 8 lire and 11 cents. This totals the required amount. He will pay his share of the money and then right back demands to share in the 100 lire, which divided by 12 will give him his money back again. In that way, they will see that he is a man who knows his game. Otherwise, they will know him for a "false alarm" and that money has been extorted from him, as such.

What further startling truths will be revealed in this actual Code and Ritual of the dreaded Black Hand? What are their complete duties—the procedure of their meetings—their rights? What happens when a Black Hander goes to jail? How do they recognize one another? What are the divisions of the society and what are the privileges of its members? Detective Ricci takes his life in his hands and fearlessly exposes all of the inner secrets of the Black Hand organization in the November issue of True Detective Mysteries. Don't miss it—on sale at all news stands October 15th.

Give Us Action!

(*Continued from page 18*)

of a small sentence or a nominal fine. Nine times out of ten the fine provided in the law governing such cases is small—often less than $100. Seldom does the amount go unpaid. The suspect goes out into the city streets again, wreaking his flaunts against organized law and again engaging in a career of nefarious deeds.

Summary jurisdiction would be a panacea for the evil:

Presiding magistrates would be granted power to sentence to prison without imposition of fines, putting the "fear of God" into offenders' hearts.

Instead of being freed, the suspect would receive nothing but a prison or workhouse term. He would have ample opportunity to think over his predicament while enjoying the hospitality of the state behind bars, and to determine whether or not crime really paid. This, coupled with judicial cooperation by recognized courts over the nation, looms on the horizon of law enforcement as the accredited practice of the not too distant future.

The foot patrolman is out of date—as much as the old cavalry troops are in modern warfare.

If an efficient warfare is to be waged by the police against organized crime, all departments must be motorized.

Practically all professional bank robbers, bandits, stick-up artists and murderers who take victims for "rides" are aided by fast motor cars. Figure out, then, how much chance a common patrolman has in effecting captures under such circumstances.

Before he has had an opportunity to spread an alarm, the fugitives have sped away. Police departments must have fast motorcycles and armored cars. The sooner the better. I look forward with eager anticipation to the time when this will have been accomplished.

Automobiles used by policemen in patrolling beats and chasing law breakers will have to be equipped with radio. The City of Detroit has taken a most progressive step forward in this matter. Results accomplished so far have shown the value of such a system.

In broadcasting information relative to the apprehension of criminals, police channels will have to be confined to one wave band on the air. Receiving sets attached to cars should, then, be tuned to that one wave—and that one only.

Thus there would be no opportunity for officers to forget their own wave length and tune in on some jazz program from another broadcasting station.

It is also safe to predict that within the next five years all metropolitan police departments will be fitted out with aeroplanes. It is not necessary to state what efficient results will be accomplished with a motorized and air-minded force.

At various times many persons have asked me how Pittsburgh compares with cities of equal size in the problem of youthful criminals, as well as to the extent of professional crime operations here.

Pittsburgh, for some reason or other, is notoriously free of organized professional criminal gangs. Its problem lies with the depredations of youths and young men in their early twenties, who want to live by their wits.

It is not whiskey and neither is it dope that has set them on the road to ruin; all objections to the contrary notwithstanding. All the jobs they have committed—stickups, murders, blackjackings, et cetera, have been done with a clear head and a steady trigger finger.

The same is true in most every other city if the truth were made known.

Prohibition has been blamed for many things, but I will say without fear of contradiction, that it has caused little delinquency in this city.

I have interviewed youths, both boys and girls, arrested in connection with various crimes of a serious nature. They have come clean and told all.

Many, according to their narratives, came from homes where parental discipline was notoriously lax. Some of them followed the road for "a thrill." Instead of the parents bringing up the children, the opposite was true.

Parents didn't care what happened to their offspring. They were too busy attending parties, movies and other forms of nocturnal entertainment. While they were so indulging, their boys and girls were pushing automatics into the faces of unsuspecting gas station attendants and frightened drug-store managers.

Answers to the question, "What prompted you to do it?" were usually:

"Everybody else has a lot of dough. We wanted some too. Crime seemed to pay!"

But does it?

A few weeks later they were languishing in reformatories and prisons. Reformers have asked me that if, in the past, most youthful criminals have been boys, how is it that girl criminals are on the increase in the United States.

That answer is easy.

It is only natural that a boy seeks the company of a girl. For a time things run smoothly. He gets hard up and pressed for cash. As he becomes more desperate he broaches the subject of assistance in his deeds to his sweetheart. Two can work better than one. Her affection has probably grown strong enough to command her to do his bidding. The result is another girl delinquent.

Therefore, it can be readily seen that the problem of saving the juvenile criminal is one of reformation for them and of education for parents. It is America's most serious problem.

The remedy—or rather, I should say, the preventative—of youthful crime ought to be some more of those good old-fashioned wood-shed conferences between fathers and sons and mothers and daughters, with a shiny razor strop or hickory switch as the prime instructor, motivated with a lot of good "elbow grease."

All the solutions offered by social workers and psychologists couldn't do as much to effect a reckoning as this method.

Pittsburgh police, in conjunction with those of other cities, are now taking the attitude of "Big Brothers" to juvenile offenders. Instead of assuming the rôle of a foe, they are doing all in their power to offer counsel and aid.

They are trying—and succeeding, too—in a great measure, to show these boys and girls that crime at its best is a losing proposition. Delinquents can see it in the faces of hardened criminals—and from their mouths too—that the best policy to follow is that of staying on the beaten trail of righteousness and to organize themselves for useful careers.

The future will reveal how much this will have done, for the reclaimed youths of to-day are those who "will turn around the wheels" in years to come.

Before concluding, I want to say I am in hearty favor with the idea of police training. The public has learned that the blue coats patroling beats are not the blustering and heartless specimens fiction has painted them. That might have been true in the past, but not now.

Instead, officers have been

taught courtesy, a thorough knowledge of laws and a distinction between cases that call for criminal procedure, against those having a civil case background.

The old fashioned induction of recruits to police power, without training, little experience, still less knowledge of law procedure, has passed into an official limbo.

To take its place have come young men, eager to learn, anxious to do their duty as they see it—impartially and squarely; willing to enforce the law, desirous of ingratiating themselves into the respect and confidence of the public, and who at all times act like gentlemen.

The Real Truth About Rothstein!

(*Continued from page 26*)

as an unusually stout boy, when at the age of fourteen or fifteen he moved with his family to a house in East Seventy-ninth Street between Second and Third Avenues. The father, in that neighborhood and throughout his business and social contacts, was revered for his deeply religious nature and unfailing and spectacular philanthropy. But Arnold, although a laughing and mischievous boy, was soon known for his gambling tendencies and his uncanny ability to legitimately come into possession of articles bought by others in the block. He carried dice always and was known as a crack hand in rolling them. At any stage in his career he would bet anything he owned on anything, instantly—and was notably lucky.

When he went to Grammar School at Seventy-seventh Street and Amsterdam Avenue he shattered no records as a scholar. He was a wizard at arithmetic, then and throughout his career, and he was credited with a quick wit, but in such mundane matters as spelling, geography and grammar, he lost all stance and fell back two grades during his course.

Rothstein struggled through grammar school so slowly that when he entered the Boys High School, near Sixth Avenue on Forty-sixth Street, he was a freshman with his brother Fred, two years his junior. His brother completed the course, but Arnold, a heavy winner financially in the school-yard and vicinity, but an increasingly careless scholar, left at the end of his second year.

AT this juncture Rothstein was a mild-mannered, amusing and pleasantly spoken young man, who had achieved a great reputation for skill in the billiard rooms near the new Rothstein home in Ninety-third Street, between Columbus and Amsterdam. He had no regular companions and, although inoffensive, he was utterly disinclined to be on familiar terms with anyone or to discuss his winnings, losings, skill or affairs even with those whom he met rather constantly.

Even this early he was a familiar figure far from his habitat and interests, down on the lower East Side in the vicinity of "Big Tim" Sullivan's Hesper Club. He was known as a "wise kid" but even then he had the reputation of being what is now called a "chiseler." No one was safe from his smart depredations. He worked with no one; he worked anyone. If there was a scarcity of suckers he had no objections to tipping over a wise guy for his bankroll in any adroit manner that suggested itself. He was too smart for comfort, even in his own tricky fraternity.

At the time that young Rothstein began to be known on the lower East Side among the gaudily garbed gamblers of the day, Herman Rosenthal was president of the Hesper Club. Rosenthal, later to be murdered at the behest of Lieutenant Charlie Becker, who died in the electric chair for the crime, was friendly at that period with Sam Schepps, "Bridgie" Webber and "Bald Jack" Rose, or Rosenthal, all of whom were to be involved in the murder plot against him in later years. They all casually got to know young Rothstein and kidded among themselves over the fact that *always* he had a bankroll.

Those who knew Rothstein in his later years, when he was suspected of being a king pin in the narcotic traffic of the country, have denied with amused tolerance the suggestion that he was a drug addict. They intimate that he was too smart and careful of himself to take the slightest chance about it and that his abstinence from tobacco and alcohol was but an indication of his meticulous protection of his health.

Yet even in the old Hesper Club days Rothstein was known at all of the larger hop joints of the East Side and he had a strange habit of being in the company of drug users then and in after years. Once in an East Side raid he was arrested in a drug round-up, but subsequently released and many years later he was taken in during a raid at the joint of Quong Wan, in Sixth Avenue, north of Forty-third Street. He was again released, asserting that he had merely delivered a message for a friend there.

Two former Assistant District Attorneys recall that Rothstein was early mentioned as the young man behind two elaborately planned East Side badger games. In both instances the persons apprehended had stellar lawyers and were quickly released in the early stages of their trials. In practically all of his underworld dealings Rothstein's rôle was that of the power behind, contributing only brains and money to questionable enterprises.

He was later close to such superswindlers as "Nicky" Arnstein and "Dapper Dan" Collins and known to have backed them and to have sided with them when they were jammed, but there is no indication that he was ever active in their

operations personally. He was merely "near" them as he was near every type of criminal activity that paid in real money. And anyone who knew Rothstein knew that he wasted no time near anything that did not bring him some personal return.

Apparently the ambition of his life and the whole motive of his operation was to amass wealth and to keep his purposes and activities secret. On this note it may be said that his life was a complete success from his own viewpoint. Constantly suspected, and very seldom trapped, he provided one clear example of his cheating proclivities while employed at his first pool room job in Forty-sixth Street.

ONE of his fellow workers discovered that Rothstein was taking bets for himself after races had been won and when Rothstein knew the winners. The fellow employe, a straight-shooter, caught Rothstein red-handed and upbraided him. Rothstein shushed him, admitted his guilt and offered to cut him in for a piece of the profits if nothing was said about it. The offer was refused and the man, a sheet-clerk, insisted that he would tell on Rothstein unless Rothstein withdrew from the pool room. Rothstein quit and continued other gambling associations until he opened his place in Forty-fifth Street and began to be accepted as a gleaming factor in that lane of high-lights and deep shadows—Broadway.

Even the casual recollections of those who knew Rothstein early make it clear that—despite his excellent parentage—he was naturally a "grafter", as pool room hangers-on were then generally called. Even when young he was not menaced by the pool room associations. On the contrary, he was something of a menace himself, since his quick brain and lack of scruple was constantly "loading the gun" for others. Whenever a jam developed he was found to be near it but not in it, a habit he cultivated to the end of his career.

Early and late Rothstein was an "idea shooter." He was not in the habit of advising the young to commit crime, or directing his mature associates into trouble in later years. He just sprung "suggestions" and was invariably around at the pay-off if they worked out and notably absent from the scene if they went wrong. Just an influence—and invariably a bad one.

IN his high school career he took no part in athletics. Due to his early backwardness as a pupil he was older than most members of his class, but it is remembered that his entire tendency was to stay aloof and he was a candidate for no teams or committees. But when school teams were active he was on the side-lines betting the right way, usually. He had no enthusiasm or interest in the results of contests other than in the results financially to himself. Many associates of these days have been found and concur in the estimate of the Rothstein of those days as a sarcastic, smart, unsociable and cuttingly witty person who constantly sought a bet on any issue. Never did he evince the slightest interest in girl friends in his early years.

It was typical of Rothstein that he indicated rather than proved his superiority during his school days. In at least two instances he is known to have "dogged it" in fights at high school. In both instances he had a good explanation the following day anent his refusal to fight. Throughout his life he opposed quarreling.

Both of the high school quarrels that he strolled away from were based upon insinuations against his honesty. In one instance a fellow student lost a "really" or agate and accused Rothstein of purloining it; in the second episode a pair of loaded dice were the issue, in which matter it was at least true that the second thief was best owner. In both cases Rothstein indignantly denied any connection with the lost articles. That fact meant little, for in those days and later days, including his last day on earth, the veracity of "A. R." on any subject was a matter of great question. He was a bold and conclusive liar.

In his heyday Rothstein always dismissed stories of his youth, or any reference to it, with a bored gesture. But he talked often of his first real and sizable gambling experiences backstage of the old Victoria Theatre, at Seventh Avenue and Forty-second Street, which was better known as Hammerstein's, and was owned by the picturesque and temperamental Oscar, long dead.

With a tough group recruited from the omnipresent pool rooms between Fourteenth Street and Forty-second Street in that day he matched notable skill and craftiness in crap and card games. Then and always he was classed as "smart" rather than "bad." He was a watched player always, but with an admixture of skill and clever "kidding" he eased out of tight places built on the suspicions or proved conclusions of fellow players. His wit saved him repeatedly in greater issues and dangers up to the night that he failed to "kid" his way out of the course of a steel jacketed bullet. He was unfailingly in quest of "suckers." A fellow with half a jag on in the old days at the Victoria was sure to note Rothstein in the hazy group around the dice pit or the card table. Rothstein neither smoked nor drank, his recreation was winning money—or getting money by means not involving tedious work.

As a consistent winner and a suave "chiseler" Rothstein was getting to be well known in 1907 with the minor Broadway group. Then his father, worried by his son's ample funds and lack of steady employment induced him to accept a position on the road, selling cotton goods wholesale. Rothstein paid not the slightest heed to the business and found that his stride in gambling was completely upset immediately. His pinochle experience which gave his bank roll to Chicago gamblers and his expense funds and samples as well, was the outcome of his feeble gesture at becoming a man of business. He was then twenty-four years old and the Century brought him straight back into the Broadway life that he never again deserted during his career.

Along about 1909 Rothstein began to be recognized as a major Broadway personage. He was not only getting the money but some of his wise cracks were beginning to circulate around The Hardened

Artery, as he called Broadway. Such fabulous coiners of slang and *bon mots* as "Tad," the beloved cartoonist; Wilson Mizner, playwright, and Frank Ward O'Malley, star reporter of the *Sun*, met and were interested in him. He became one of a select group of Broadway figures at Jack's famed restaurant.

IT might be said that these stellar wiseacres of Broadway learned about gambling from him. They were interested in anyone who was good at anything and since Rothstein, with his life study of the subject, was a master of arts in gambling, these observers of life gave him ear, eye and a place to sit down amongst them. Of course they had not the vaguest part or interest in his operations, they merely found him as absorbing as any magician is to his audience and they were not provincial enough to seriously question the source of any wit. In fact there are indications that they may have paid for their association with "A. R." quite apart from the priceless tender of their excellent company and valuable time.

Rothstein was ever ready to bet but there have been countless instances set forth to prove that he was not above setting things for his bets so that he was not merely gambling—just finding some money. In the street he would frequently arrange, quite apart from current conversation with a companion, to bet a quarter on each passing automobile number (odd or even). Bets like that naturally must be on the level.

But he had other bets that seemed entirely inspirational which were in reality carefully planned, as in the one known instance when he, while sitting in a restaurant, made a bet on the color of the hair of the next ten persons entering the place. His three companions quickly selected dark hair, blonde and gray—leaving Rothstein only red. He insisted that that gave him no chance and selected bald heads. Of the next ten, eight were bald—two chance customers dropping in who had hair. The next five after the ten were all bald, Rothstein had arranged it. It wasn't particularly the money, it was the fun of winning it; the matter of being smart.

SO in view of many revelations of that kind a certain game which Rothstein's friends learned from him at Jack's in the heyday of that great eating place probably cost them money. It was called "Dough Poker" and was played with money.

For example, Rothstein would take a single bill off the vast and crisp roll of bills which he invariably carried. One or more of his companions would draw forth from a modest handful of bills a single one. If the number on Rothstein's was, for example, D45991904C he would doubtless win for that would be in poker terms three "9's" and two "4's"—a full house. His opponent might have a bill numbered M074272069 but his pair of "7's" and "2's" would be unavailing against Rothstein's hand.

It was to be assumed that the excellently tailored, heavily "heeled" and amusing Rothstein was dependent upon luck in these pleasant pastimes, but he was a consistent winner and the procedure of getting nice poker hands on the outside of his roll was really a very simple one.

Something tangible developed in the mysterious financial manipulations of Rothstein in 1910, when he opened his first gambling house in an English basement in West Forty-fifth Street. Things broke well for him and more and more he was recognized as a Broadway "somebody." He dined rather regularly at Rector's, usually with a girl of blonde persuasion for company, and was almost daily to be seen in the Waldorf Astoria's internationally noted Peacock Alley, which at that time was a rendezvous for women of beauty and men of money.

In this year, or in 1911, Rothstein took a private house in the West Seventies, a most pretentious establishment containing—in perfect taste—treasures of art in painting, weaving and sculpture. He cultivated a wide circle of "friends" who in no known instances ever got to know him intimately. He amused them, interested them, dined them, but withal and in every possible circumstance gave the impression that he was giving a performance, rather than mingling sociably. He had an abrupt way of indicating to guests that they were about to go; even as he had an abrupt way of terminating conversations with individuals the moment a sufficient pause made departure possible.

At this juncture Rothstein—twenty-seven years old—was a very attractive figure. He dressed quietly and excellently, was about five feet eight inches in height, slim and well built, and had a remarkably white and smooth skin. His eyes—his most remarkable feature—were sparkling, dark brown and unwavering.

Rothstein then and later had a new type of poker face. He did not merely remain expressionless when a crisis—gambling or otherwise—was on, rather his specialty was to show a definite emotion contrary to his feelings. Those who remember him over years always had an impression that he was a laughing type of man, but keener analysts have asserted that they had never known him to laugh heartily. His eyes never altered with the gesture of a smile and the smile itself was observable as a mere grimace, with shrewd calculation clearly obvious. Some of his pictures have preserved this in an amazing manner, the first glance indicating a smiling, good-appearing man, and closer scrutiny showing an almost vicious expression as to eyes, and teeth showing in what might accompany a snarl.

Rothstein was proud of his appearance and as careful of it as he was of his reputation. He put in plenty of time preserving both. He was particularly proud of his teeth, which were false after 1910 when he replaced his own with a complete upper set which was a marvel of workmanship and is said to have cost $3,000.

He was proud, too, of his excellently formed and white hands which were so marvelously skillful. The threat of flesh alone annoyed his vanity, and although he became heavier with advancing years despite careful eating and a never failing routine of exercise he had an unusual grace of carriage involving almost panther-like movement. He had so extended his early natural grace, suavity and pose as a gentleman, that in his later years he became rather obviously posy and obsequious. He

was a little bit too smooth for comfort or for reality; being graceful and gentle to the point of snakiness.

HIS quickness of movement was tangibly registered at one time when things were "hot" in the New York gambling fraternity and Rothstein, with a bodyguard, was seated in a Forty-third Street restaurant at a carefully selected table.

The place began to fill up and Rothstein and his guard, uncertain of some of the faces of newcomers, were uneasy. Finally, something went wrong with the light switch as someone downstairs in the kitchen of the restaurant made an adjustment. The lights were out but a moment but when they flashed on again, Rothstein, a moment before calmly dining, was ten tables away from his own.

His increased bulk in the last years of his life—he was never fat—was due to the fact that he discontinued for obvious reasons his almost invariable custom of walking home in the early mornings, after a night of gambling. It had been his custom for years to buy some figs on leaving a gambling soiree and walk slowly home, no matter how far that might be from the gambling place. He disliked all medicine, regarding walking as the best of all exercises and figs as the only necessary addition to careful eating for the maintenance of good health.

IN these dawn strolls he always walked along the outer edge of the sidewalk as a protective measure, not only against a possible hold-up, but because of a frequently expressed amazement at the fact that "so few people get killed in a big town by things falling or people jumping out of high windows. When you pass a skyscraper it's taking a hundred-window chance to one that something will crown you."

Naturally, and before the tangled skeins of his unlawful interests made extreme caution necessary, Rothstein was uncanny in his power of observation. No person in any group felt that he had been ignored when Rothstein entered a room and threw a lightning glance about him. If a stranger were included in the group the final action of Rothstein's glistening eyes would be to settle on the newcomer. He particularly prided himself on his ability to read character or motives in any face—instantly.

The very secrecy which was part of "A. R." mitigated against his fame, or infamy, becoming broadcast. But as early as 1909 he got into the papers in a not discreditable way.

As has been explained, Rothstein was a wizard with a cue. He was always willing to bet on his luck—with super adjustments of trickery—but he was tremendously proud of his ability on the green baize and would bet his efforts against those of any contestant, with no interest whatever in how good the contestant might be, or think he was.

With a group of friends, Rothstein was dining at Rector's old and famous restaurant on the night of November 18th, 1909. In the group was a well known and socially correct person of the time, Jack Conaway of Philadelphia. Conaway, popular on Broadway and an eminent horseman, had recently won a magnificent gold trophy as champion pool player of the Racquet Club of his home town. He was not concealing the fact that he had won it, deserved it, and craved new worlds to conquer.

The group of friends, knowing that Rothstein was proud of his ability and impressed by Conaway's recital of the manner of his recent victory, promptly began "ribbing" Rothstein. Here was an opportunity to prove some of those allusions he had made to his mastery of the game. What about it? And for how much? When? Where?

Rothstein, laughing heartily, but totally on the alert, took any and all bets and said that if it satisfied Conaway the match would be played at once. The entire group, picking up a few friends on the way, went to McGraw's Billiard Rooms on Broadway near Thirty-ninth Street. There were indications that Rothstein had an interest in this popular establishment.

The first match was for fifty points and Conaway had no difficulty in winning it. Again they played, this time for a hundred points and Rothstein won as handily. A third game of a hundred points was won by a margin of one point by Rothstein, who gave a marvelous exhibition in coming up from almost certain defeat.

Game after game followed, and at three o'clock Friday morning—the games having started at nine-thirty Thursday night tentative preparations were made to close the place for the night—with Rothstein more than $2,000 ahead.

Conaway protested that he was just getting into his stride—asserted that Rothstein had shown more luck than talent and asserted that he would pay for the lights and tip every attendant $25 if they would stay and let the game proceed. At a sign from Rothstein his proposal was accepted.

All day Friday Conaway played brilliant pool, only to invariably lose the games which were played doubles or quits—for the purpose, as "A. R." explained, of giving Conaway a chance to clear up his losses. By afternoon, each player was having his head doused in water at regular intervals. But it was Conaway who was all wet—out $4,800 at four o'clock in the afternoon.

By this time the news of this spectacular pool match had traveled all about Two-Times Square, as Rothstein called it. The great rooms of the McGraw establishment were crowded to the ceilings and police kept the curious off the stairs leading to the street. By midnight the two players were reeling about the table as though intoxicated—they had introduced the first race of the headless marathon vogue into sport and, even that early, the spectators were absorbed in the spectacle of this mad demonstration of endurance. The players' eyes were glazed, they were white-faced and perspiring but they were both in stride and shooting top caliber pool when at three o'clock Saturday morning McGraw insisted that they quit: "before my floors fall in with this crowd or both of you die on the table."

CONAWAY, still out $3,000, urged "just one more string" and when the game finally terminated at four-thirty he was out nearly $5,000 to the tight-lipped "A. R." With this money came a measure of fame, for the New York papers carried accounts

of this thirty-two-hour test of skill and endurance in which Arnold Rothstein, for the last time, was known and tabulated as "the son of a wealthy cotton manufacturer."

Conaway, convinced as were hundreds of others during Rothstein's life that Rothstein merely "had been lucky," arranged a second match for Philadelphia one month later—a straight bet of $5,000 on a hundred point game. Rothstein won it by four points and it apparently dawned on Mr. Conaway that Rothstein either was a good pool player already or showed considerable promise.

Considering Rothstein's prior and subsequent record among the gambling fraternity, it seems unlikely that these closely contested matches that gave Rothstein $10,000 in winnings were entirely on the up and up. If nothing more serious was involved Rothstein's knowledge of character was a formidable factor in his victories, in all probability. He would know what to say or do and when to say or do it to suavely upset his adversary. At any rate education is cheap at any price and perhaps Mr. Conaway's ten grand was well spent; it all depends upon one's viewpoint and bank balance.

EVEN at that time there developed a situation which proved that the more one knew of Rothstein's methods, the less enthusiastic one became. After a brief period in his early Forty-fifth Street gambling place Rothstein moved over to a more elaborate establishment in Forty-sixth Street where he took in a partner. The partner was William Shea, a Tammany politician, who having been a foreman in the Department of Water Supply, Gas and Electricity, had suddenly popped out of a manhole one day with a clear insight of the general political situation and a sound theory regarding how to make money without getting spots on one's jumpers. He not only knew everyone in power but he had known them "when" and his general information—such as it was and what there was of it—made it possible for him to ask small favors of the powers that were.

From the outset, Shea looked askance at Rothstein in their joint venture. They were making money and plenty of it, but when Shea came to count up he could never be certain that he was getting what was coming to him. He might have been wrong but he thought Rothstein was anything but wonderful.

Things came to a show-down when Charles G. Gates, son of the noted plunger and speculator, John W. Gates, dropped into the Rothstein-Shea rendezvous one night and bet wrong to the extent of $40,000 on the roulette wheel and at faro bank.

Vernie Barton, friend of Rothstein, picked up the younger Gates at Jack's restaurant. At the time, John W. Gates, who frequently referred to his son as a rimless cipher, was recuperating from a major operation and Charlie Gates was so deeply affected that he had dined with total lack of wisdom and miles too well.

He informed Barton that everything was exceedingly satisfactory in the Gates menage and in the world at large, and that to add to his high good humor he had recently taken $31,000 from the bookmakers. He had been devoting himself assiduously to business in the Texas Oil Company and had reached a point where he was ready and deserving of recreation. His favorite recreation, inherited, was gambling. So presently he was being recreated amply at Rothstein's place.

From fifties to hundreds to thousands he tossed into the games. Finally, when the quietly smiling Rothstein stepped up and told him he'd better wait for Lady Luck to come his way again, Gates owed the $40,000. He was one of those noted asses who devote a lifetime to proving their title of "Good Loser" and without so much as a tremor or a slightly idiotic word he wrote his check for the amount and handed it to Rothstein. Rothstein, as a gesture to show how little it all mattered, tossed the check to his partner, Shea. He was never to see it again.

Shea, doing the right thing by the somewhat dizzy Gates, decided to take him to his hotel, but *en route* stopped at the bank—the first all-night bank in New York—and cashed the check. That was the end of Shea's partnership with Rothstein. There was no mystery about Shea's attitude, either.

"I've got it and I'll keep it," he explained to anyone even lightly interested. "This just about squares Arnold Rothstein and Bill Shea. Maybe's he's on the

Inez Norton as she appeared shortly after Rothstein's death

level but I couldn't prove it for you. That's a funny joint and he can have it. Some of his friends have a quaint way of winning on the last turn of the box. I'm for a man being kind to his friends, but not with my money. If Arnold wants any part of this money or me, all he's got to do is to come and get it."

Arnold did come after him—and in a white rage. It was a week later when, after making every effort to locate Shea, Rothstein encountered him in the old Knickerbocker Bar at Forty-second and Broadway. There was a hot exchange of words, but when it became clear that Shea was ready for any eventuality Rothstein, glaring his hate, eased himself out of the place and thereafter ran the gambling establishment alone. Later it was a generally accepted fact that to annoy or upset Rothstein was virtually a matter of life or death, but there is no indication that he ever got his money from Shea or that any harm came to Shea for crossing the increasingly powerful Rothstein.

The Broadway gambling group were about evenly divided on the subject of Shea's action, and there was an instinctive belief that it was perhaps well based.

Other gambling houses were added to the Rothstein group and in 1912, when Herman Rosenthal was killed in front of the Metropole in Forty-third Street, Rothstein had attained such eminence in the Roaring Forties that he was mentioned as one of the big contributors to the grafting Strong Arm Squad under Becker.

Although Rothstein had married Caroline Green in 1909 when she was a featured player in James T. Power's splendid show "Havana," she first became generally known as his wife during the tremendous ruction raised by the murder of Herman Rosenthal by "Lefty" Louie, "Whitey" Lewis, "Dago" Frank and "Gyp the Blood," at the order of Lieutenant Becker.

It took all of Rothstein's adroitness to keep out of that gambling-police-political mess and at this time Mrs. Rothstein made her first emphatic demand that Rothstein take his winnings—and they were ample even that early—and "quit the life."

Throughout his nerve-racking career she stayed by him loyally until about a year before his death. Then, in some period of stress regarding drug activities, she demanded that he take the millions which were now his and "buy some happiness for both of us."

Rothstein's reply was that it was too late. He said that his interests had become so large that others were dependent upon him and that he felt that he would be considered a welsher if he quit just because he had earned and won a few millions.

After his death, Mrs. Rothstein explained that she told him that the nervous stress and uncertainty of his life was prostrating her and affecting his health, but he was obdurate.

"You go and get either a separation or a divorce," said Rothstein. "I love you, always have, always will, and I'll do what I can to square things for many a kindness. I'll give you twenty-five thousand dollars a year unless you marry again; fifteen thousand a year when you marry, and twenty-five thousand again the day you are left alone for any reason. I hate to have you go after all these years, but there's not much happiness for you as things are, and there is no interest or future for me if I change them. We'll part friends."

Within a few months he was seen constantly in the company of the beautiful Inez Norton, former show girl, whom he planned to marry. He had provided for her liberally in his bitterly contested will. Of that—more to come!

Next month Edward Dean Sullivan continues his sensational exposé of the real "inside" on Arnold Rothstein's gripping career. No other master-mind of the underworld ever met with more hair-raising experiences nor found himself in tighter corners in the land outside the law than did Rothstein—the man who ruled Broadway's racketeers. Don't miss the next instalment of this great gambler's life in November TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES. On news stands October 15th.

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The Former Mrs. Silsby's Own Story

(*Continued from page* 66)

had happened after I had departed.

Here is Tommie's story: "As soon as Jake finished his flashlights, he returned to the room and developed his plates. Then he dashed over to a little studio where he had made a deal to print his pictures. He was back in the room with plates and prints before the Colonel came to. Presently, the Colonel began to ask what had happened. He wished to know whether he had fainted. Then I opened up on him. A fine fellow he was to drug my little girl friend. Heaven knows what would have happened if I hadn't suspected him of being a rotter and arrived just in time. Then I showed him the plates. He turned a sickly green, but being a shifty citizen himself, even though wearing a cloak of humility, he became suspicious.

"Then, realizing it all, he asked: 'How much do I pay to get the plates and pictures?'

" 'What are they worth?' I asked.

" 'Five grand.'

"I shook my head and he doubled the offer. Again I shook my head and this time I remarked, 'Money couldn't buy them.' 'It's a plot to ruin me,' he groaned. Again I shook my head and he asked, 'Then what do you want?' When I told him that we planned to obtain the release of Frank Silsby he brightened up a bit. Then we got down to business. 'Frank is as good as out now. Run along home to the babies. I'll let you know when to come back,' " he said.

I WENT back home and a month later Frank was set free, and walked out into the sunlight. Tommie had failed to let me know so that I could be there to greet Frank when he was released. That was a bitter pill to swallow, for I learned that I was not the only woman who was awaiting him. There was a beautiful blonde.

During the incarceration in Stillwater Prison of my husband, I knew the curse of an aching heart, but I was destined not to know the true meaning of the word heartache until after he regained his liberty. When I mentioned the preceding statement that I was not the only woman waiting Frank's release, I did not mean that the other woman was waiting at the gate. Helen was in the background during the time Tommie Higgins was directing the drama which reached its climax when I resorted to blackmail in the effort to get my husband out of prison. I did not know of Helen, but even if I had I would have carried on, just as I did.

An hour after Frank walked out into the sunshine, he sent a telegram to me in New York, urging me to meet him in Minneapolis. I found him at a hotel and in the room was Helen. My first question was: "Who's the blonde?"

Frank grinned and said: "It's all right, it's just a business deal of which Helen is a part. I'll tell you the whole story, or better still, I'll call Tommie Higgins and let him explain it. Run along, Helen, and tell Tommie I want to see him."

While waiting for Jimmie, Frank said he planned to pull one more "big job" and then call off his battle with the Law. We would take the children, move to some quiet place and forget the past. All that was needed was a temporary stake, and Tommie was going to see to that.

Tommie knocked at the door and Frank introduced me. I knew then that Tommie had not confided in Frank and that my husband knew nothing of the risks he had taken, and the risks I had incurred to secure his freedom. Tommie shook hands and spoke to me as though I was a stranger. Then he started talking: "I'm on the inside of a big deal," he said. "War savings certificates of the five dollar denomination which are so perfect that not even a postoffice inspector can tell a genuine from a counterfeit and they can be obtained in unlimited numbers. Frank can dispose of each lot for forty thousand and keep twenty thousand. Now I realize that this is going to be tough on you, but speed is necessary and Frank and Helen are leaving to-night for St. Louis. This is the plot: Frank and Helen are on their honeymoon; they call on a broker and explain that they received five thousand dollars worth of these stamps for a wedding present. They need money, but don't want the folks at home to know it; and they don't know how to dispose of the stamps. They will be glad to accept a twenty percent discount for the certificates. It's a cinch."

"How long will Frank be away?" I asked.

"Frank can be home in a month with one hundred thousand dollars."

"Go ahead, Frank," I said.

Why didn't I go with my husband and play the bride to his bridegroom? I'll answer that right now: In the first place, I would not have engaged in the risky business of trying to sell counterfeit stamps at that period of my career, and, in the second place Frank would not have permitted me to take the chance, if I had wanted to.

WAS my reaction to this bride and groom plot one of jealousy? No, I was the wife of a crook, and this was a business proposition in crookdom. If there was anything between Frank and Helen I did not know it, nor did I think about it. I never asked one question about the trip and I'll tell you why. If I had asked Frank, and he had replied in the negative, I might have thought he was lying and I would have hated him for it. If he had answered in the affirmative, I would have hated him for double-crossing me. Therefore, I went on without asking a question. Queer. Perhaps, but true, nevertheless. I was too happy in the knowledge that my husband was free and had plans for the future to think about other things. I regretted that he had to leave at once, but I had waited years for him and I certainly could wait a few more weeks. For once the voices did not whisper and I returned to New York to await Frank's homecoming.

Soon after my return to New York I received a letter from Frank stating that he expected to visit me within a short time. There were several other messages, and then I received an unsigned telegram which stated, "See you tomorrow about six." Frank was coming home! What joy! We were to be together at last. I made great preparations for his homecoming and purchased food for an elaborate dinner which I cooked myself. I bought two bottles of old wine and the children were dressed in their best. I was breathless with excitement when the door bell rang at 6 o'clock and I rushed to the door to throw myself into the arms of my long-awaited husband when, to my surprise, Tommie Higgins and not Frank, met my gaze.

"Where's Frank?" I asked.

"Haven't you heard?"

"No, what's happened?"

"Hasn't Frank written?"

"Not recently—tell me, what is it?"

"Frank's back in Stillwater Prison."

Tommie led me into the living room where I could hear the children asking, "Where's daddy, where's daddy Frank?" I couldn't answer. Frank back in Stillwater! All my efforts in vain! Poor Frank, and yes, poor Freeda! Tommie was tugging at my arm and saying something. "Yes, Tommie, what is it?"

"Rotten luck, old girl. Wish I could see you through this, but I've got to beat it myself. I'm in the same jam, too, only uncaught, and I'm quitting the country tonight. But when it's safe I'll come back. Don't be too down-hearted. Here's a little present for you. Goodbye until I can come back and maybe we can get Frank out of prison again—we got him out once."

The little present was a package containing $10,000 and pinned to the first bill was a note which read: "This will keep you going until I help to return Frank to you."

It will be recalled how Frank came to grief at Hotel Jefferson. He was talking to another crook, a man who was not involved in the war savings certificate deal, when the police recognized the crook and took Frank along to headquarters where he was held almost a month before he was identified and sent back to Stillwater as a parole violator.

Awaiting a day when Frank would come back to me, I sought companionship in the underworld of New York, and there met with the strangest adventure of all.

DOWN through the ages since Cain killed his brother Abel, the crimson hand of the slayer has written part of the history of the world. The Old Testament, in part, is an encyclopedia of murder. Violation of the fifth commandment—"Thou shalt not kill"—has supplied the *motif* for some of the greatest dramas and much of the finest literature. Learned men and women, and at least one president of our country, like so many of the rest of us, have found diversion in that type of story which awes by disclosing a slain body in the first chapter, and thrills by arresting the murderer and solving the crime in the final chapter.

The strange story which I am about to relate deals with two murders, but the usual motives of gain, fear, hate, vanity, revenge, jealousy or ambition are not in-

(*Continued on page* 84)

Minister's 9-Year Old Boy Runs $3 into "Fortune"

Former Poor Country Preacher Now Reveals Small Son's Secret That Saved Family Home and Brought Prosperity and Happiness. Tells Easy Way for Any Man or Woman to End Money Worries. A Remarkable Story of Dramatic Facts More Thrilling Than Fiction Because It Is True. A Life Drama With a New Kind of Happy Ending That Will Probably Amaze You Because It Shows How You, Too, May Find the End of the Rainbow.

"I Now Have No Fear of Financial Problems"

As Related
By REV. C. V. McMURPHY

WITH a sigh of despair Rev. McMurphy thought of the hopelessness of his present situation. Would the little home he had just built for his loving family be snatched away, he thought. How could he ever meet the builder's notes that would soon be due? How could he even earn a living, now that their little car had broken down and they were no longer able to travel their district to carry on their ministerial work. The outlook was surely despairing! Then as swiftly as misfortune had darkened their home, the darkness vanished. And it was his little boy who lifted the shadow. "Daddy," he exclaimed, "don't worry any more. I have a way out of our troubles." Excitedly he told his astonished father of an article he had read about the president of a million dollar institution in Ohio who had founded a plan to help worthy men and women out of their financial troubles. Breathlessly he told that he had written this man—Curtis W. Van De Mark, called the great public benefactor because of the noble work he is doing for others.

Eagerly Rev. McMurphy read every word about the vast business of this big institution scattered all over America—business so widespread that it is possible to help local men and women in a pleasant, dignified way. "What a generous offer! And how easy and simple, too. The end of my financial worries," exclaimed Rev. McMurphy! Why, he even offers to make a local profit-sharing "pardner" of everyone who follows his easy plan. "How can such a thing be possible?" thought Rev. McMurphy. Yet it must be true. He won't even let anyone risk one penny buying anything. He just wants you to follow his simple plan in full or spare time.

"Why, Daddy," said the boy, "even I can do this easy work. Let me try—please. Just loan me a few dollars to pay my expense, Daddy." Awakened by the courage and enthusiasm of this 9-year-old child, he accepted this man's generous offer. But he also determined to allow this child to complete his wonderful lesson in courage and faith, so he let him go out alone to see what he would do. "My little boy came back in an hour with profits of nearly $3.00. I said to myself: 'If this child can make that much, I can make twice that amount.' And I took up the work. I assure you I now have no fear of financial problems. The notes on the house have been burned and we have a nice car to ride around in and attend to our church affairs. Last Saturday I went out after 2 o'clock, made $30.00 and was back before sunset. If all the underpaid country preachers could learn what a great opportunity awaits them with you there would be fewer long faces from financial problems and more good cheer in preaching the gospel." This true story of Rev. McMurphy's is simply an example of the many letters Van has received from men and women whom he has helped toward ending their financial troubles.

Now Van Offers Cash to Other Honest Men and Women

For Just Saying 20 Magic Words to 10 Ladies and Following His Simple Instructions

Get Van's Cash Agreement
Let me show you how to get the money you want—
$15 in a Day Full Time?
$3 in an Hour Spare Time?
and I will gladly send you my Written Agreement, legal and binding upon me. The more time you devote to this business the more money you get. VAN.

You don't need to sell a thing to get this cash. This is the new, sensational plan of the famous business genius—Curtis W. Van De Mark — the wizard who has already put more than 30,000 men and women on the road to prosperity. "Conservative" leaders called Van "crazy" for making this radical cash offer. They said it would ruin "conservative" traditions. But cooler heads called it a master stroke that would prove a tremendous boon to prosperity. Van not only makes you his profit-sharing local "pardner"—but he will actually pay you a cash penalty if you don't make $15 the very first day.

No Need to Sell Anything

To Get This Cash Penalty

$25,000.00 Bond Backs Our Products

Countless housewives have learned that they can make big savings on our amazing bargain offers. So in almost no time the sale of our products has expanded almost to the "bursting" point. Now we must hurry and employ 1100 more local men and women to take care of new and regular customers in each town. Time must not be wasted! Expense must not be considered! Orders must be filled quick! Customers must not be kept waiting! Big money for our representatives means nothing to us from now on! So I have smashed the so-called "conservative" business traditions. I now offer every honest man and woman steady work and will pay actual cash for just a few hours of their time. You don't need sales experience. What I want is sincere men and women who will be as honest with me as I am with them.

I Pay You a Cash Penalty

If You Don't Make Big Profits The Very First Day

Just say 20 magic words to 10 ladies—20 secret words that have proven almost magical money getters for over 30,000 of my "pardners"—an amazing yet simple 20-word sentence that took me 35 years to discover and I will pay you an actual cash penalty if your first ten calls do not show you a big profit. I allow you to make a profit on every order my customers give you. So what is to stop you from making as high as $35.00 in a day like some of my other "Pardners?"

I Send You $18 Worth of Goods

to start you (retail value) at my risk. Send no money for this generous offer—just mail application below. I don't let you risk one penny. I take all the chances. Maybe you think this is just ordinary work. But don't be mistaken. If you treat me fairly I'll set you up in a business of your own. I'll tell you a priceless secret that will get others to make money for you. Right now I promise to help you toward ending you money worries forever, and I am known to 30,000 "Pardners" as the man who always keeps his promises. Mail the application below right now for our cash penalty agreement. Start in spare time if your wish and I'll still give you my cash offer. If you are a married woman you can surely devote a few spare hours a day. My plan is a funny one. Some of my women "Pardners" have actually made more than their husbands in a few hours of this pleasant, dignified work.

Rush Application Send No Money

This announcement will probably "upset" the nation. Untold thousands will apply for these openings. The time to act is NOW! Tear out the Application below and mail it quick. Send no money. *This is not an order. You do not pay anything for this offer. Nothing will be sent C. O. D.* Curtiss W. Van De Mark, *President*, The Health-O Quality Products Co., Dept. 2004-KK, Health-O Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

CURTISS W. VAN DE MARK, President,
The Health-O Quality Products Co.
Dept. 2004-KK,
Health-O Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Dear Van: I hereby apply for opening as "Pardner" in my town to start on your new cash penalty plan. Send your sensational offer of $18.00 worth of products (retail value) to start me and your written warrantee. Also tell me how I can make money introducing you to 10 ladies and using the 20 magic words and other instructions. **This is not an order—send nothing C. O. D. I risk nothing.** I want $..... per hour.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

(Continued from page 82)

volved. Love prompted the first. The second, resulting from the first, was inspired by a desire for justice. I shall not disclose the true names of those involved, but let me introduce the characters: Jewel, the girl; Jim, the philanthropic social worker; Ben, the detective; and a crook known as "The Dude."

Jewel was from a small, middle-western city and held a position of trust in a New York mercantile establishment. Jim was a man of means devoting his time and money to social reforms and the rehabilitation of ex-convicts. Every large city has its quota of such men or women. Ben was a dishonest detective who never hesitated to fasten a crime on a known criminal whether or not the criminal was innocent. "The Dude" was a professional wooer who used his guile, appearance and gift of conversation to prey upon women for financial gain. His absence from underworld haunts usually meant that he had found another victim.

The Dude had met Jewel before I knew her. How she crossed his path, I do not know. He courted her and asked her to be his wife and she accepted, with no knowledge of his character or activities. A few weeks after they became engaged the Dude told her that if he had $8,000 he could make $50,000 within twenty-five hours, without risk. She "loaned" him $8,000 of the funds of the company which employed her. Ben, the detective, arrested her when the shortage was discovered and she confessed the theft. She had seen the Dude only once between the time she gave him the money and her arrest, and on that occasion he had told her that he had lost the $8,000 as well as a big sum of his own, and for her to please stand by him.

"No matter what happens, don't tell anyone that you gave the eight thousand to me, and when it is all over we will be married," he told Jewel. She stood by him and did not tell why she had stolen the money. Every effort was made to induce her to disclose what she had done with it, but she refused. Her employer offered to drop the prosecution if she would make restitution, but she said she couldn't. In the end she was sentenced to five years in a women's reformatory.

She was paroled after serving a little more than two years, but during her stay in prison she learned the truth about the Dude from a woman whom he had taught to steal and who was serving her fourth prison term.

It was after Jewel's release that I first met her in the office of Jim, the wealthy social worker. She had gone to him for advice, because she was being hounded by Ben, the detective. He thought she still might have the $8,000 and had shadowed her repeatedly in the hope of extorting part or all of it in exchange for his silence.

TWO weeks after Jewel got out of prison, the Dude was found dead in his apartment, shot through the heart with his own pistol. A few hours later, Ben arrested Jewel and according to his story, had a perfect case against her. He had been trailing her at odd times for weeks in the hope of finding out about the $8,000, and on the night before had trailed the pair to the Dude's apartment, where he had waited outside for an hour and had then departed, intending to resume the trail the next day. When he arrested Jewel she was leaving her rooming house with a packed suitcase.

Ben claimed she had made a verbal confession, admitting she had killed the Dude, and hinted that he had other evidence which he would produce at the trial. But the girl, upon her arrival at the precinct police station, denied having made a statement. Jim and I visited her after she had been transferred to the Tombs, where Jim's influence obtained for us the privilege of a private conversation during which we learned the rest of her story.

Jewel really loved the Dude, despite the fact that he had caused her to be sent to prison. She was determined to hold him to his promise of marriage, and then, as his wife, hoped to reform him. It had been only after the long, dreary days of search that she had located the Dude in an underworld haunt. Fearful that she might yet tell the truth about the embezzlement he pretended to be glad to see her and after professing his love, again promised marriage. He gave her money and bought her some clothing.

Then Jewel saw the Dude with another young woman, the kind of a girl she had been until she met him. She stopped them on the street, and while the Dude threatened murder with his eyes, told the girl her story. The young woman thanked Jewel, hailed a passing taxicab and disappeared.

The Dude, telling Jewel that she had prevented him from obtaining the "stake" he needed so that he might marry her, cursed her for a fool. They had then gone to his apartment and she had killed him when they got there.

When she told Jim this in confidence, he advised her to remain silent; he was determined to save her from another prison sentence, and there were tears in his sympathetic eyes as we left the prison.

Then came an unexpected development. Ben, the crooked detective, was found dead with his own revolver lying beside him in the apartment of Jim, the social worker. The newspapers said that, after confessing to Jim that the arrest of Jewel in the murder of the Dude was a frame-up on his part, Ben telephoned his captain before firing a bullet into his own brain, and said: "What I am about to do I am doing for the good of the Department."

The papers said that remorse was responsible. There could be no doubt about the facts—it looked like suicide, all right. But was it?

DID Ben, the crooked detective who had railroaded many innocent men to prison commit suicide or was he murdered? Here is the story of what happened. Jim was determined to save Jewel from another prison sentence and appealed to the district attorney and the prosecutor. Moved by Jim's plea, they offered to recommend ten years' imprisonment. Jim said he would discuss it with Jewel, but instead, sought out Ben.

"Do you think the girl who killed the Dude can beat that case?" he asked Ben.

"Not a chance in the world. She's sure to get life," was the answer.

"Surely the district attorney will not try her on a charge of first degree murder," said Jim. "I understand there is no evidence of premeditation and I have been told you may have difficulty in establishing a motive."

"Well, I've known you a long time and I'll let you in on a little secret," said the detective. "I've got some evidence that I haven't shown to anyone yet. I picked it up the morning I looked through the Dude's effects and I thought I'd keep it until you sentimental birds got busy, and then surprise you. Here, read this."

Ben took a letter from his billfold and handed it to Jim. It was a note to the Dude from Jewel, warning him that unless he terminated his affairs with other women at once and kept his promise to marry her she would kill him.

"There's proof of premeditation," said Ben, "and the letter establishes the motive as jealousy."

"I'm very much surprised," said Jim. "I'm glad you let me see the letter. I wash my hands of the young woman right now and I will tell the district attorney so. By the way, Ben, if I give you some information will you swear not to disclose it to a living soul, not even your own captain, until you complete the case, and make the arrest?"

"You know I will."

"Come up to my apartment tomorrow night around eight. Don't tell anyone you are coming. Understand?"

"Sure, I'll be there."

Jim had weighed Jewel against Ben and found the latter wanting.

Ben kept the appointment.

"Do you remember the —— murder case?" Jim asked.

"I certainly do. There's a reward of ten thousand dollars for the capture of the slayer."

"SUPPOSE I tell you that I not only know the identity of the slayer, but know exactly where you can arrest him?"

Ben whistled softly and murmured, "Ten grand. That's tall money."

"Yes, I know about the reward," said Jim, "but I am not interested in that. Neither is my informant, who will be here in a few minutes. But we are both interested in secrecy; our names must not be mentioned. You can leave here tonight and by noon tomorrow have your man in handcuffs. But you must not tell a soul, not even your captain, that you are going."

"I couldn't leave town without getting permission from the captain."

"Then phone him and let me take another look at the letter the girl wrote the Dude while you are doing so."

Ben produced the letter and Jim read it again.

"I've got the alibi you can use for going out of town," Jim said to the detective as he handed back the letter. "Tell the captain that what you are about to do is for the good of the service. Then tomorrow afternoon, when he gets a telegram from you telling of the arrest you have made he will have the surprise of his life."

"That's a crazy idea and against all rules of police duty, but I'll take a chance on getting away with it with old Captain ——," said Ben, who thereupon called his superior and, after telling who was phon-

(Continued on page 86)

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ONLY ONE FACTORY AMONG 50 could give this *sensational Value.* Only our enormous buying power could beat down the price to *$39.95.* This 3-piece Bedroom Suite is the biggest bargain in furniture history—a tremendous saving opportunity that may not come again for many years—and we'll pledge our 37 years' reputation on it. On CREDIT. Only $1 Down. 30 Days' FREE Trial in which to decide. Take a Whole Year to Pay.

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Every piece is made of fine hardwood, unusually sturdy, and finished in light satin walnut, exquisitely shaded. Deep line decorations, accented by shading, set off the lovely big French Gold and green center decorations, which match the French Gold finish of door and drawer pulls. Crowns on mirror frame and head of bed are dainty maple finish. Rosette decorations complete the design of this lovely suite. The last word in style, it will make a new room out of your bedroom. Just the suite you have always hoped to have for your very own—and of course you always expected to pay twice this Bargain Price.

The Dresser

Just imagine these features! The adjustable plate glass mirror, 24 x 14 inches, is placed between shapely turned posts. Top is 36 x 18 inches. There are three full width drawers, beautifully decorated. The satin walnut finish is enriched by French Gold finish decorations and handsome drawer pulls.

Chest of Drawers

A place for everything—this roomy, decorated chest is 48 in. high overall, with top 30 x 18 in. It contains four roomy drawers, which are enhanced by line decorations. Bottom drawer displays a big decoration in French Gold and green.

Handsome Double Bed

Shapely headboard has maple finish crown decoration, with shaded gold and green motifs on head and footboard. Headboard is 51 inches high overall, footboard 32 inches. Full double size, 4 ft. 6 in. wide.

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(Continued from page 84)

ing, said: "Remember, Captain, what I am about to do is for the good of the department." Whereupon he hung up the receiver.

Returning from the phone, Ben laughed, "The captain wanted to know the details and began questioning me, but I hung up on him and I guess when this thing comes out in the papers he'll get over any soreness."

"I wish our informant would hurry along," said Jim, looking at his watch. "I've got an appointment. But while we're waiting I must tell you of a narrow escape I had in this room the other night. I was sitting right where you are when that door opened and a man walked in with a revolver that looked like a police weapon. By the way, let me see what a policeman's gun really looks like at close range." Ben took his police pistol from its holster and handed it to Jim, who examined it closely.

Then there was a flash and a roar, and Ben slumped in his chair.

Jim put the weapon with its one discharged cartridge in the detective's right hand, placed the note which Jewel had written in his own pocketbook, and walked to the telephone and called the precinct police station.

"A city detective just committed suicide in my apartment," he was saying. "He told me that he had framed a girl in the Dude murder case. I had gone out into the other room to get him a drink——"

The State's case against Jewel was dismissed, but that was not the end of the story. When Jewel, now steeped in the sin of the underworld, learned from her benefactor, Jim, that he had killed Ben to save her from prison, she demanded and got several thousand dollars from Jim on threat of exposing him. Jewel had learned a lot of things in prison.

FATE plays strange tricks on the little specks called human beings. Ben, the crooked detective, was buried; Jewel disappeared, and Jim went to Europe. I sat in the living room of a little apartment, reading to my children, Stanley and Ethelline—my little "Buddy" and "Sis." As I looked at them, tears came to my eyes, for something deep within me said accusingly, "You are not a good mother." The terrifying pictures of my experiences passed in review, and I was sickened. My life had been a horrible mistake and the underworld no longer held a fascination for me. I wanted to be through with it and the little bit of good within me grew strong for the first time in years, drowning out the voices of evil to which I had listened. New voices recently had been saying, "Go home to your babies; go back to those who love you before it is too late."

Suddenly the tears ceased and I jumped to my feet. "Buddy, Sis," I exclaimed, "how would you like to go on a visit?" They danced, clapped their hands, and Buddy did his imitation of a clown's flip-flop. My mind was made up; I would forget the past for the sake of my children. I would be a good mother!

Just then the door bell rang and a moment later I was in the arms of Frank Silsby. His five years of absence made him, of course, a stranger to the children, but in twenty-four hours they were calling him "daddy."

Fate had been kind to us. First, I had succeeded in getting Frank's forty-five year sentence reduced to fifteen years and now, in even a shorter time than we expected, he was again a free man.

Isn't it odd that a man who will shoot his way out of a tight place and probably never suffer one stroke of conscience because of what might happen, can love and fondle little children? What is in these men? I've never found out. Thieves and killers, when not thinking about, or actually engaged in criminal pursuits, are not very different from normal persons.

Just at the moment that I had determined to forget the past and go home, Frank was granted a pardon on condition that he leave Minnesota, where he had been imprisoned for almost five years, returned and forty-eight hours later I was listening to his plans for the future.

"I'm all set for a campaign that will pay big dividends to make up for the five years of hell I have just gone through," he said to me. "Society will pay me. I'll write a chapter in criminal history that will be long remembered."

"Frank, you are embittered," I protested.

"You bet I'm embittered, and that bitterness is going to put cash in a dozen safe deposit boxes. I've got everything figured out. I'll be the kind you read about in the magazines."

"LISTEN to me," I begged. "I, too, have studied crime and criminals. I've watched the feeble efforts of men who were as determined as you. I've seen them pay, one by one, and death or long prison sentences, disease or insanity, are all they get out of it. You talk of becoming a master criminal. What man can produce a clear title to that degree? There is no such thing because no man has mastered crime! You may beat the game for a little while, or, perhaps, for a long time, but in the end the game will beat you."

"I'll show you how to beat it," he replied savagely.

"Frank," I pleaded, "do one thing for me, just one thing. Get a job and go to work; you're young and clever and I want a chance to become a good wife. Give me that chance, Frank—it's the only favor I've ever asked of you."

"I'll make a million dollars, Freeda," he replied.

"Take twenty honest dollars a week, Frank, for a starter in any kind of a job."

"I'll buy you diamonds and an automobile——"

"I don't want them, Frank; I want peace and quiet."

"I've made my plans and connections. When I make my pile——"

Far into the night we argued, but I, being a woman who loved a man, gave in to his entreaties.

Two months later we were in a middle-western city and Frank was the leader of a pack of human wolves—deluded fools who listened to his talk of millions. Some of the most daring crooks in the country, as he had predicted, were flocking to him and the dollar-starved horde of politicians, crooked lawyers, tipsters, fences, bondsmen, alibi artists and all the other individuals who connive with crooks to aid them in beating the Law, were on his heels.

There was I, paying the penalty in hourly torture of mind, as will every woman who follows a crook into the underworld.

FRANK, as leader of the pack, had two separate establishments; one where he met the gang, the other where he lived with his wife and her children. Events moved swiftly. Robbery followed robbery; murder followed murder. Stool pigeons were caught and killed and members of the band were touched by the icy finger of death.

There were innumerable forays against the Law; banks were robbed, safes were blown, pay-rolls were taken and thousands of dollars poured in. Frank never told me any details, but I could always tell when he was leaving to "pull a job" and the newspapers gave me the rest of the information. There was always that lingering, farewell kiss, and a warning that it might be the last. Then one day I said to Frank: "Isn't it about time to quit?"

"What do you mean, quit?"

"Haven't you piled up enough money?"

"Enough? I haven't got five grand."

"But the gang has cleaned up a quarter of a million."

"Sure, but it's all gone."

"Gone where?"

"Bondsmen, lawyers, tipsters, fixers, alibi guys—it takes a lot of dough to operate in these days."

"When are you going to begin saving?"

"Pretty soon. We'll make a big haul and then——"

A BIG haul. Every crook's pipe dream, and they awaken from the dream to find themselves in hell or the penitentiary! The weeks dragged into months, and I began to learn some of the details of the "inside" of Frank's operations, and swiftly came to the conclusion that crime will continue until such a time as an aroused public opinion stamps out the practise of sworn officers of the law and supposedly honest citizens aiding and abetting criminals for financial gain. Frank was smart, and clever, but I quickly realized that without the aid of people such as this he would be in another penitentiary.

The law of averages, if not the laws of man, eventually sends all crooks to prison, grave or gallows. All day I waited for my husband, Frank Silsby, who was on his latest foray against the law, and as night came without any word of him, my nerves were raw as I kissed the children and put them to bed. Nine o'clock passed and no word. Then came midnight. Time was dragging and the minutes seemed like hours to me as I waited and prayed that misfortune might spare my loved one. Then came two o'clock. At two-thirty I heard a short, sharp sound of an automobile horn in the alley—*our prearranged warning that misfortune had overtaken Frank!*

What has happened to Frank Silsby? Will all of Mrs. Silsby's efforts to keep him out of jail—to make him go straight, be in vain? Has the final crash come at last? Next month's instalment is sensational in its revelations! Don't miss it—in November TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES on all news stands October 15th.

All These Gifts GIVEN!!

Here's A Real MOVIE MACHINE Not a Toy

GIVEN

Send No Money We Trust You — Satisfaction Guaranteed — ACT Quick!

Full Size Real QRS DeVRY Movie Projector GIVEN

Everybody knows QRS DeVry for high grade Movie Machines — First time ever offered on this plan. This machine has the exact parts used on machines selling for $50.00. Don't compare it to the Toy Machines that are offered. This DeVRY projector has the expensive precision film CLAW MOVEMENT which feeds the film steady and perfectly no matter how fast you turn the handle; used only on the highest priced machines. Has *Spring Film Gate* to hold the film firmly in position at all speeds.

Film Sources Unlimited The film used is 16MM. (Narrow Gauge) — one foot of which is equal to 2½ feet of standard film. This film being the same as that used in Home Movie Projectors, we direct you to free movie sources of film; or you can rent, buy or borrow your favorite releases.

FULLY GUARANTEED QRS DeVRY Co. one of the largest makers of Movie Projectors fully guarantees this machine. We furnish a 110 Volt 50 Watt Lamp with this machine. The lens and optical system is of the best. Machine provides for rewinding. Comes in green, crackled finish, complete, ready to plug in and operate.

MAIL COUPON for 20 bottles Liquid Perfume which sells at 15c to start, giving Perfume Novelties free. Remit and select choice of premiums as per plans in new big premium catalog.

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Girls! This is a high grade Organdy dressed Doll, with unbreakable head. Given for selling only 20 bottles Liquid Perfume at 15c (Perfume Novelties free). We even pay postage on doll and perfume.

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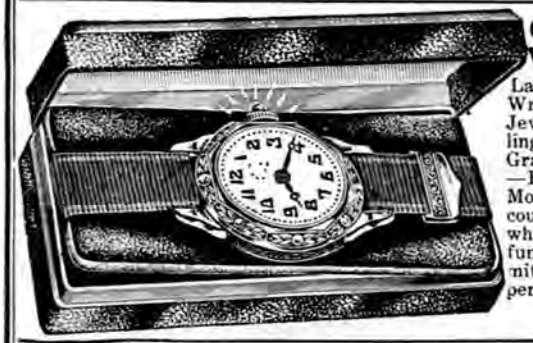

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Latest design Ribbon Wrist Watch — Jeweled Movement — Jeweled tip—Black Silk Ribbon—sterling clasp—charming tonneau shape—Graceful and adorable. Small and dainty —Fancy engravings front and back. Movement guaranteed ten years. Mail coupon for 20 bottles Liquid Perfume which sells at 15c to start, giving perfume novelty free with each bottle. Remit and select choice of premiums as per plans in new catalog sent with order.

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Suitable for Boys and Men — New Model—White Metal Case—10-year Guarantee Movement. Complete with latest style adjustable chromium Metal mesh band. Mail coupon for 20 bottles Liquid Perfume which sells at 15c to start, giving perfume novelties free. Remit and select gifts as per plans in new catalog. Send no money. We trust you. Write now.

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Nationally known make licensed under RCA Patents. Quality parts are throughout. Gorgeous Cabinet, size 17x22x13 ins.—of Walnut. Regular retail price $60.00. Safe delivery guaranteed. The greatest value of all time. Merely give away Perfume Novelties FREE with 20 bottles Perfume at 15c and we will send this marvelous Radio according to offer in catalog.

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Here is a Toilet Set you will be proud to possess. It consists of 10 full-size pieces as follows: Hand decorated Parisienne Ivory Comb, Brush, and Mirror, Face Powder, Lip stick, Rouge, Perfume and Manicure implements. All sent to you postpaid for selling only 20 bottles Liquid Perfume at 15c each (Perfume Novelties free with Liquid Perfume helps sales). Greatest value for the least effort. Write now.

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This Big Rifle is yours for selling only 20 bottles of Liquid Perfume at 15c each (a Perfume Novelty free to help sales). We pay postage. Send no money. We trust you. Mail coupon now. ROBERT MORE CO., Dept. PM-96 CHICAGO

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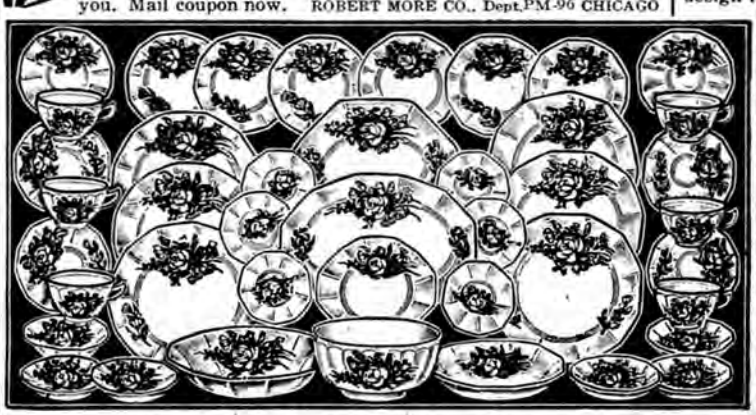

Really beautiful Octagonal shaped dishes, daintily decorated with distinctive rose design in natural colors. Cream white semi-porcelain ware composed of 6 plates, 6 cups, 6 saucers, 6 breakfast plates, 6 deserts, 6 bread and butter, or pie plates, bowl, meat platter, bread plate, cake plate, salad and vegetable dish. Mail coupon for 20 bottles Liquid Perfume to start, giving perfume novelties free. Remit and select choice of primiums as per plans in new catalog. Send no money.

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Please send me 20 bottles Liquid Perfume (with 20 gorgeous Perfume Novelties) to sell at 15c a bottle and give the perfume novelties free. Will remit you within 30 days and select premiums or take cash commission as explained in big catalog. Order shipped same day received, postage paid.

Name .....

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Print Your **LAST** *Name Only in Spaces Below*

Why Did Scotland Yard Arrest Me as a German Spy?

(*Continued from page 27*)

into a jolly old war that the English were bally well able to take care of themselves. My representative finally left his drawings and models in the custody of some third assistant secretary, hoping they might eventually reach the desk of someone in authority. He also left his London address, then went back to his hotel to kick his heels and wait.

Several days passed, and then one night the German zeppelins raided London. Incendiary bombs, as well as powerful explosives were dropped. At 3 o'clock in the morning, British soldiers and secret service men burst into the hotel room of my representative and rushed him to the British war office. At last, he found, he had reached his objective. He was in the presence of the "higher ups" he had not been able to reach before.

There on a big desk was the stuff he had been lugging around, the specification for my alumino-thermic projectile. He gladly answered the questions fired at him like bullets by the stern-faced officials. Yes, those were the papers he had brought to London. Surely, he assured them, it was a secret, all particulars of the alumino-thermic projectile I had invented had been carefully guarded.

ABOUT this time my representative began to realize there was something ominous in the atmosphere. Would he be good enough to explain, came the demand, how it happened that the German zeppelins had just dropped on London some duplicates of the Hammond alumino-thermic projectile? There was something very suspicious about it, he was told. Hadn't this alleged secret invention already been sold to Germany?

My representative soon discovered that he was lucky to get out of England safely and be permitted to return to the United States, instead of being thrown into prison. His report to me caused an investigation that revealed how the Germans probably got the idea for the incendiary bombs they dropped on London. We found that one of the employes of the drafting room at my laboratories had German affiliations, and that he had been seen talking to strangers with drawings of the new alumino-thermic projectile in his hands. He was immediately discharged.

The United States Secret Service discovered that a "maid" employed in the home of one of my engineers was really a young man in disguise. Secret service took charge of this imposter. What was done with him I never learned.

In the meantime, I had worked out a marvelous scheme for electrical control of torpedoes, so that they could be discharged in salvo or as desired by the officer on the bridge. I also had some other interesting war ideas, and I decided to go to England myself and present my inventions for the consideration of the British Government.

The steamship on which I was crossing the Atlantic was out only a few hours when I realized that three of the passengers were decidedly interested in me. These three men were dissimilar types and apparently unknown to one another, but they evidently had a common purpose of keeping a close eye on me and trying to scrape an acquaintance with me. If I leaned over the rail, I would discover one of the three suspects right beside me. When I sat down in the saloon there would be one of the three in the next chair.

I was accompanied by my secretary and a friend who is now a famous artist. I told them of my suspicions.

My English friend laughed at the idea. "Just war neuroticism," he insisted. "Everybody is imagining German spies. Most of them are a myth."

But I felt that I had some tremendously important war secrets in my custody, and so I didn't intend to take any chances. I arranged that either I or my secretary would watch our cabin every minute. The important documents were hidden among the luggage in the cabin. I also did my best to avoid the three persistent strangers. I was convinced they were German secret agents.

SOMEWHAT piqued by my British friend's skepticism, I proposed a test one evening. I believed the test would be convincing even to him. "We'll take a stroll on deck," I proposed, "and you will see those three men follow me. Then I shall try something that ought to convince you."

We had been on deck but a few minutes when we saw two of the suspicious strangers walking along just ahead of us, and the third right behind us.

"Do you know von Papen?" I asked my English friend, loudly enough to be overheard by the three men. He said he did not.

"I met him in New York," I then said in a loud voice. "Von Papen is one of the biggest blundering idiots I ever knew."

Then in a low tone only for my friend's ear, I said: "Now watch those men disappear. You will see I have got rid of them."

I was right. The trio left the deck at once. But I took care not to be on deck at night alone, or to expose myself to the risk of foul play. If I were thrown overboard it might insure that my inventions should not be used against Germany by England, even if Germany could not get them.

It was not until the ship reached Liverpool that my real adventure began. Before any of the passengers were permitted to go ashore, half a dozen men came aboard and sought me out. They announced they were from Scotland Yard, and they insisted that I go to my cabin with them. When we were in my cabin they demanded that I show them the "pypers."

I thought I would enjoy having a little fun with the secret service men, and so I decided to try some American bluff.

"How do I know you are from Scotland Yard?" I demanded. "I think you are German spies."

The leader protested vigorously. He assured me: "Oh, no! Really, now, we are from Scotland Yard. See, here is my card of identification."

"That doesn't prove anything," I insisted. "That's probably just a German forgery. You know who I am and you are trying to bluff me into turning over important secrets intended for the British Government so you can send them to Germany."

My bluff went over fine for a little while. The Scotland Yard men did their best to convince me they were not imposters.

They kept demanding to see the "pypers" I had brought to England with me. In response to each demand I would hand over some satchel or small piece of luggage I knew contained nothing but personal effects.

THE Scotland Yard men finally told me that I was under arrest as a suspected German agent and spy. It had been quite evident to me from the first that they had a hot tip of some kind, and that they were thoroughly convinced they had the right man. They hadn't believed for a minute that I was John Hays Hammond, Jr. They thought I was trying rather cleverly to pass myself off as the American inventor.

I remembered the three men who had annoyed me during the early part of my voyage. Had they through some secret channel caused me to be denounced to the British Government as a German spy to checkmate the purpose of my visit to England? Had it been arranged for some secret documents, identifying me as a German agent, to fall into the hands of the British Secret Service?

I realized that an amusing situation was becoming rather serious. But I was not really worried. I knew that my family was highly connected in England as well as in the United States. My father had been the special representative of the President of the United States at the Coronation of King George V, outranking on that great occasion even the American Ambassador to the Court of St. James. I had met members of the British Royal family, and my father and mother and I were friends of the Princess Louise and the Duke of Connaught, sister and brother of the British king.

So I mentioned some of these facts to the Scotland Yard men and suggested that they telephone to some of these distinguished persons, to find out who it really was they were annoying with their unwelcome attentions before they got themselves into serious trouble.

The detectives had a whispered conference which resulted in my being told that "the Inspector would be delighted to have you go ashore and have tea with him, and then look around Liverpool a bit as his guest."

So I was taken ashore, treated to tea, and then escorted around Liverpool for hours by the police inspector. He was exceedingly polite, but very careful that I should not get out of his sight for a moment.

In the meantime, it later appeared, the other Scotland Yard men were very busy telephoning. But British telephone service in wartime was far from being satisfactory, and the detectives were unable to get their important calls through from

(*Continued on page 90*)

read how JESSE POMEROY

Pomeroy after half a century in jail

FIENDISH KILLER OF GIRLS AND BOYS was caught!

TERROR reigned in South Boston! Its childhood was menaced by a fiend in human form. Child after child fell victim to a wanton assailant until the total was counted by scores. Police and vigilance committees searched constantly, ran down every possible clue, yet no trace of the miscreant could be found. Month after month the death list mounted constantly while those of his victims who survived were maimed in mind and body. Public indignation was fanned to fever heat. Mothers dared not let their children venture on the streets unattended.

And then, finally, the finger of suspicion pointed at a gangling youth named Jesse Pomeroy. He was located, accused and convicted. Today, more than fifty years after beginning his sentence behind prison walls, his name is still one to strike terror into the hearts of New England youth.

James R. Wood, founder of an internationally famous detective agency, was a member of the Boston Police force when Pomeroy was being hunted. In THE MASTER DETECTIVE, October issue, collaborating with Lowell Ames Norris of the Boston *Sunday Herald,* he has supplied a complete account of Pomeroy's notorious career. It recalls not only his crimes and conviction but also the amazing history of the more than fifty years he has served in prison. It reveals how Pomeroy, about to escape, was betrayed by the prison cat. It tells how he almost blew up an entire section of the jail. It exposes his method of cutting through solid masonry—an attempt to escape that was discovered just in time.

This history of Jesse Pomeroy is a story of crime detection and expiation that will hold you spellbound from beginning to end. Look for it under the title "The Inside Story of Jesse Pomeroy." It is illustrated with sensational fact photographs and is complete in THE MASTER DETECTIVE for October.

Real Solutions of Real Crimes

THE MASTER DETECTIVE publishes complete inside stories of actual crime solution. Many of them come to you direct from the official records. They are reported by the detectives themselves or by newspaper men who are closely in touch with every twist and turn of the cases. For that reason MASTER DETECTIVE stories are outstanding in detective literature. Time and again they prove that truth is indeed stranger than fiction as they disclose the amazing vagaries of the human mind as crooks try cunningly to hide their tracks. They prove that in actual fact the so-called "perfect crime" does not exist. You will be spellbound at the skill and tenacity with which police detectives and private operatives get their man no matter how well covered are the clues, no matter how devious the trail. Add THE MASTER DETECTIVE to your list of reading today!

CONTENTS

The Master DETECTIVE

OCTOBER ISSUE ON SALE SEPTEMBER 23RD

MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, Inc.
1926 Broadway, New York, Dept. T.D.M. 103,

Gentlemen:

I am enclosing $1.00 for which please enter my name to receive THE MASTER DETECTIVE Magazine for the next five months beginning with the current issue.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

(Continued from page 88)

Liverpool to London. They showed up again, finally, and there was another whispered conference.

I was then taken to London and very closely guarded all the way. I was escorted from the train to a government office where a solemn conclave of high officials, including Sir Basil Thomson, then head of Scotland Yard, was waiting to question me.

The detectives had been exceedingly polite to me on the train. They explained that I was being given a very high honor of a special escort to London, something one Scotland Yard man told me was an honor he had never before known to be accorded any other visitor to England. I took that statement with a very large grain of salt. I knew very well that I was a prisoner, and that they believed they had made a most important capture of a very dangerous and exceedingly clever spy.

I walked into the presence of the high officials awaiting me, trying to appear as smiling and debonair as possible. I startled them as I entered the room by saying: "I wish to thank you gentlemen for not hanging me to a yardarm in Liverpool."

They looked at me in astonishment.

SIR BASIL THOMSON, said to have prided himself on being a marvelous questioner of prisoners, capable of extorting the innermost secrets from the subjects of his inquisitions, took charge of the interview. He was brutal and direct in his methods. He opened up by demanding: "How well do you know Captain von Papen?"

I replied with a smile that I had known von Papen quite well in New York. After that the questions came thick and fast, and right to the point. The incident of the alumino-thermic projectile and the incendiary bombs from the raiding German Zeppelins was brought up.

I felt cool and confident, for I had nothing to conceal. I answered everything promptly and frankly.

But I soon realized that some of the grim-faced officials who were bombarding me with questions and whispering together were convinced that I was a wonderfully clever and very dangerous German agent. Some of them quite evidently believed that the quicker they terminated my career before a firing squad in the Tower of London the better it would be for England. Several of them were positively vicious in their attitude.

I was told at last that I could leave. I went to a hotel and soon discovered that I was being very carefully and somewhat clumsily watched. One of the Scotland Yard men was established in the next room.

The next day I went to the various government offices with which I wished to take up my war ideas and made appointments to see the officials in charge. When I went back later to keep the appointments I was suavely informed that the persons I wished to see were engaged. This sort of thing went on for a week or so.

I could see that it all was a scheme to give me plenty of rope until the Secret Service men watching my every movement had discovered certain things they evidently wished to know about me. Perhaps they hoped to capture other German agents through some slip on my part or effort to establish communication.

I should have gone to the American Embassy as soon as I realized what I was up against, but I didn't. It was about a week before I recalled that the military attache at the Embassy was a personal friend. I looked him up and told him the story.

He got a good laugh out of it, and told me he would have things fixed up right away. I went back to my hotel, where a young secretary from the American Embassy presently called on me. The young man asked me a number of questions about my family. My answers appeared to be satisfactory and he seemed to be convinced that I was really John Hays Hammond, Jr.

IT wasn't very long after the young secretary's departure before my telephone began to ring. One after another, the various officials who had failed to keep appointments and the others who had conducted the German spy inquisition telephoned or called in person to present the most earnest apologies. They couldn't do enough for me. I was offered every attention, social and official. Doors of the highest government officials with whom I had business were wide open to me. My inventions and war ideas were eagerly welcomed.

I was puzzled, and I went to the young secretary at the American Embassy and asked him for the explanation.

"It is the most extraordinary thing that has happened to me in the War," he replied. "But my lips are sealed. It is an official secret. I can tell you nothing."

One of the board of officials that questioned me on my arrival in London escorted by Scotland Yard men told me this: "We thought it was a neatly arranged German set-up when you came in here. It was really quite clever, we thought, a German spy disguised as a gentleman and with a secretary. We really admired the way we thought the Germans had done it." He couldn't or wouldn't explain how I came under suspicion, however, or talk about the sudden change of attitude.

I have never found out what brought me under the suspicion of being a German spy; what hot tip caused the Scotland Yard men to intercept me on shipboard in Liverpool harbor, or what became of the three men I believed to be German spies who annoyed me on the voyage.

These are still secrets of the British War Office and Scotland Yard, that probably are buried somewhere in the dusty archives of the war days.

HAVING narrow escapes seems to run in the Hammond family. My father was sentenced to death by the Boers when the Doctor Jameson raid precipitated the Boer War. My father was saved by the firm demands of President Cleveland, who told President Kruger of the Boer Republic that if he harmed my father it would mean war with the United States. Years later when my father was the special representative of the United States at the coronation of King George V, he sat beside General Botha, the representative of South Africa, and once my father's captor in the Transvaal. They became fast friends.

I would like to know the secret of this strange experience of a decade and a half ago I have just narrated for the first time. If any who read these lines secretly figured in the affair, perhaps he will solve the mystery.

The Shadow in Green

(*Continued from page* 38)

Phillips whom she had not seen for more than two years.

"I met Mrs. Phillips about two years and three months ago," the woman said, "when we were both dancing in the chorus at the Broadway Pantages Theater."

Shortly after this meeting, Mrs. Caffee continued, they became separated and she left Los Angeles not to return until July 1st, 1922. The next meeting occurred on or about July 6th, when the two dancers met by chance on Broadway while shopping.

On July 11th the two girls met again, this time by appointment after Clara had called up and urged Peggy Caffee to accompany her on a shopping tour. As the two girls passed the parking station where Alberta Meadows kept her automobile, Clara stepped in and inspected the car telling the attendant that she wished to use the machine. The attendant stated that Mrs. Phillips first must obtain the owner's permission, and she left to return a moment later and take the keys from the ignition lock.

Clara stopped after walking a few doors down the street and examined the key-ring carefully, Mrs. Meadows said. She then returned to the parking lot and replaced the keys in the car.

The prosecution contended that Mrs. Phillips hoped to find a key to Alberta's apartment on the ring and with its aid gain admission to the other girl's home and search it for evidence of her friendship with Armour Phillips.

With the failure to find a key, Mrs. Phillips apparently changed her plans hurriedly and cancelled the shopping tour until that afternoon at 1:30 o'clock.

"AND what did Clara Phillips purchase?" Fricke asked, leaning over the stack of law books on the table.

"She purchased a pair of slippers, and a silk skirt and silk hose and a hammer," Mrs. Caffee answered.

One by one Fricke sought to trace the respective articles to the store in which they were purchased. The shoes were bought at the Star Shoe Store, the witness remembered. The hose and skirt were purchased in different department stores on Broadway.

As Fricke arose and paced up and down in front of the jury before asking the next question, the courtroom became tense with expectation.

"You have referred to her purchasing a hammer. Did she buy a hammer before or after she bought the shoes or slippers, and the stockings and the skirt?"

"The hammer afterwards."

"Where did she purchase the hammer?"

"In the basement of the five and ten cent store."

The eyes of the jurors, the judge and everyone else in the courtroom were on Clara Phillips. The actress half rose from her chair, glared straight at the witness and cried:

"Tell the truth Peggy, *you* bought that hammer!"

"Clara Phillips bought that hammer herself," Mrs. Caffee stated firmly.

The witness went on to describe their

entrance into the store basement and how they passed by a music counter which faced a hardware counter.

"Did Mrs. Phillips say anything to the saleslady when she purchased the hammer?" Fricke asked.

"No, not while I was there. She was looking for a large hammer—picked the hammer with a claw—and asked me if that would take out tacks, and I said it was large enough to take out tacks or nails, and then I walked to the right where the music counter is facing the counter where the hammers were, the music counter is to the right of that, and I walked over there, and asked Clara to come over as soon as she purchased the hammer, to this music counter, that I wanted to hear the music, and I walked over there. After she left the hammer counter she says, 'Oh, come on'."

According to Mrs. Caffee, she and Clara Phillips then walked from the basement of the five and ten cent store, Clara carrying the package containing the hammer which later was used to kill Alberta Meadows.

Caffee said she was seeking Alberta Meadows' apartment!

DEFTLY Prosecutor Fricke drew from Mrs. Caffee this information to substantiate his charge that Clara Phillips had followed Mrs. Meadows and planned her murder for several days.

Continuing, Mrs. Caffee stated that she waited outside the apartment house while Clara Phillips entered. In a moment the actress returned stating that the landlady had said that Mrs. Meadows was not in. At Clara's suggestion, the two women then went around to the rear of the apartment house and walked up the back stairway. Again Mrs. Caffee was requested to wait, and Mrs. Phillips went on alone. This time Mrs. Caffee concealed herself in a washroom while Clara continued on down the hallway and peeked through the key-hole into the apartment, Peggy testified.

Finding the apartment dark, Mrs. Phillips returned and they both left the apartment house quietly, the witness said, taking a street car to Peggy's apartment where they spent the night together.

Clara Phillips (*wearing picture hat*) being arraigned before Superior Judge Houser

Returning from their shopping, the two women called at the room of an actor whom Clara asked for a drink, but the actor stated he had no liquor. Clara talked to the man in low tones for five minutes, Mrs. Caffee said, and they left for her apartment.

The remainder of the afternoon was spent quietly in Peggy's apartment. It was then that Clara first spoke openly of her fear that her husband was "going around with another girl."

"I told her not to believe what other people said, and Clara did not mention the subject again," her friend told the jury.

At 7 o'clock in the evening, Clara invited Peggy to accompany her to the apartment of a girl friend and they went by street car to Pico Boulevard and Grand Avenue. Here Clara summoned a taxi and they rode for several blocks eventually arriving at an apartment house. Mrs.

Early the next morning Mrs. Phillips and Mrs. Caffee took an interurban train to Long Beach where Mr. Caffee was employed as an oil worker. Meanwhile, Clara had expressed an urgent desire for a drink of whiskey and Mrs. Caffee admitted taking her to the apartment of a friend for that purpose. After considerable delay, the man obtained a bottle of whiskey stating that he had to drive to Seal Beach, fifteen miles away, to get it. The contents, with the exception of one drink, were consumed by the two girls, the man who obtained the liquor and his roommate, according to Mrs. Caffee. As one of the men was about to take the last drink, Clara asked for it and carried it with her wrapped in a paper when the two girls left a few minutes later.

Slowly but surely the prosecution led Mrs. Caffee to the climax of her story. Nervously, Mrs. Caffee continued her narrative, telling how she and Mrs. Phillips were driven back to Los Angeles by the two men they had met in Long Beach and how they then waited across the street from the parking station for the arrival of Mrs. Meadows when she came from work.

"When Alberta Meadows eventually arrived Mrs. Phillips introduced her to me," the witness said.

"Alberta, I want you to meet Peggy. She is a friend of mine." This was the introduction. Then—"Alberta, will you drive me out to my sister's house?" Mrs. Meadows readily agreed to the suggestion. With this the three women entered the automobile. Mrs. Meadows drove, Clara sat in the middle and Mrs. Caffee sat on the right hand side of the car. Mrs. Phillips promised to direct the driver to where her sister lived.

Driving out North Broadway, the small automobile crossed the Los Angeles River, and proceeded on its way to the tryst with death.

AT last, after many turnings, the machine began laboring up a winding grade. It was Montecito Drive, a new street recently graded to exploit a subdivision.

Halfway up the hill Clara asked Mrs. Meadows to stop the car so that she might talk to her. The three alighted and an argument started almost at once when Mrs. Phillips stepped up to Mrs. Meadows and cried:

"My husband purchased you those large tires and that steering wheel," Mrs. Caffee testified.

"Did Mrs. Meadows say anything to that?" Fricke asked.

"She said, 'Why no, Mrs. Phillips; I purchased them myself.'"

"'He did,' Mrs. Phillips cried angrily, and struck Mrs. Meadows on the right side of the forehead with the hammer," Mrs. Caffee said.

"As Mrs. Phillips struck, Mrs. Meadows ran down the hill screaming, 'Lady, *save me!*' and I started and could not catch up, and I went to the top of the hill screaming for help.

"After going around a curve a little way, I stopped to rest and in a moment I heard voices. Cautiously I returned towards the car and saw Mrs. Meadows and Mrs. Phillips in conversation about five yards from the machine. They were walking along arm in arm.

"I walked past the door of the car waiting for them to step in first. They walked right directly around the car, and then Clara screamed at Mrs. Meadows, 'He also purchased you that wrist watch!'

"Mrs. Meadows stated that she had purchased it herself and had the bill-of-sale she could show her.

"'He did,' Mrs. Phillips cried, and struck Mrs. Meadows in the forehead with the hammer."

Mrs. Meadows put her hand to her forehead and swayed. Believing that Mrs. Phillips intended to injure Alberta Meadows seriously, Mrs. Caffee declared, she tried to subdue her, but Mrs. Phillips turned on her with the fury of a tigress and cried:

"Damn you, get away, or I will kill *you!*"

"I was terribly frightened," Peggy sobbed, "and started running downhill blindly. As I was running I could hear

steps, and I thought Mrs. Phillips was right at my heels, and I really couldn't go any farther.

"Finally I staggered to the side of the road to lean up against the bank and rest and glanced back towards the car and I saw just hands going up and down, and Clara was kneeling over the body. Her arms were all red, and my knees were weak and I couldn't go any farther. Then everything went black.

"After that I don't remember anything until I heard Clara. I was—I must have been lying there. My clothes were dirty; I was getting up from the ground, brushing my clothes. I must have fainted. Clara was driving the car towards me and tooting the horn. Clara said, 'Get in.'"

The witness shuddered at the recollection. Her hand shook slightly as she poured a glass of water from a pitcher and drank a long draught.

"WELL," Peggy continued, "her face was covered with blood, her dress was covered with blood and her gloves, that she pulled from her wrists, were wringing with blood.

"She opened her purse which she had her rings in, and I don't know whether she dropped her gloves in Mrs. Meadows' bag or on the floor. The hammer-head was lying on the floor of the car. Then she asked me for my long black gloves. She told me to help her on with the gloves. I was putting the right glove on, and she was holding the wheel of the car with her left. I took her handkerchief and wiped the blood from her face."

Driving on down the hill the two women once more were nearing the city. Alberta Meadows lay a bleeding corpse beside the road a half mile back. The sun was nearing the western horizon and soon the curtain of night would bring its welcome shroud to conceal the battered torso lying beside the road.

"I turned to Clara," the witness said continuing her story, "and asked her how she was going to get home and if her conscience did not hurt her, and Clara said, 'No, I would kill any woman who would take my husband from me!'"

Then Clara turned to Peggy savagely. "Don't you tell your husband or I will kill *you*."

Driving on, Mrs. Phillips finally let Mrs. Caffee out at Pico Boulevard and Figueroa Street and the latter returned to her apartment. Mrs. Phillips returned to her own home. Her confession to Armour Phillips and flight to Tucson, Arizona, followed immediately, Prosecutor Ficke contended.

During the cross examination that followed, Mrs. Caffee was forced to repeat her story in minute detail, for Attorney Herrington was determined to develop the slightest discrepancy in testimony in favor of his client.

The trial wore on. Clara continued to sit calmly in her chair at the counsel table. The crowds continued to throng the courtroom and the attorneys continued their quibblings over legal technicalities. And, bit by bit as the immaterial testimony was sifted and discarded from the facts, the story of Clara Phillips' life came out.

When the attorneys had finished there was nothing in the woman's life that had not been told to the jury, and most of this story was introduced by the defendant

in a frantic effort to save her life.

And the picture painted to that jury by Clara Phillips' attorney was that of a true and loving wife. Even though the prosecution had introduced testimony indicating that Mrs. Phillips had committed a fiendish murder, the fact remained that the Clara Phillips shown to the jury by the Defense was a very attractive and human woman intensely in love with her husband. What would the jury's reaction be to these conflicting pictures paraded before it?

And this question in the minds of the jurors was just what Herrington wanted as the foundation for his defense.

IN the closing phase of the trial, Mrs. Phillips took the stand in her own behalf and testified at length about the death of Alberta Meadows. The courtroom was filled with breathless spectators gathered to hear the beautiful actress tell her story. That it would differ from Peggy Caffee's, no one doubted, but would the story be a confession to the crime?

Slowly Mrs. Phillips related her story. It seemed that it would be identical with Peggy Caffee's version, at first. The first surprise came when Clara testified that Peggy Caffee was the woman who bought the hammer in the five and ten cent store. "I loaned her the money to buy it," Clara said.

With this new twist the audience leaned forward with new interest. When Clara's attorney finally led her into the story of the killing of Alberta Meadows, the jurors were given another surprise. Beginning with the argument between herself and Alberta Meadows on lonely Montecito Drive, Clara said:

"I accused Alberta of going around with my husband and she admitted it.

"And then I told Alberta that I thought she was dirty," Clara declared from the witness stand. "I told her I thought she was dirty at heart, dirty as a dog—that is exactly what I told her.

"Well, Alberta couldn't seem to think that way," Clara added. "She couldn't seem to think the same way I did about it. She said, 'No, I am not dirty,' and that she loved Mr. Phillips and that he loved her and that Mr. Phillips and I were mismated, and they were going away together. And again I said that I thought Alberta was dirty.

"With that she hit me in the face with her fist and in a moment we were fighting. I was fighting her, and we were hitting and kicking and wrestling, and I don't know how many times she struck me, and I don't know how many times I struck her.

"And then Alberta got hold of my little finger and started bending it back. It hurt so that I felt sick. I called, 'Peggy, come here. Help me!' She came running up and started hitting Alberta on the head with the hammer."

After submitting to a pitiless cross examination, Clara left the witness stand. Her story had differed radically in only two places from that told by her friend, Peggy Caffee, but the actress failed to remember many of the details related by Peggy.

But Clara's resourceful attorney had still a secondary defense which he found necessary to introduce fearing that the jury had not believed her story. Depositions were then introduced to show that Clara Phillips was subject to epileptic seizures. Witnesses were called to prove that she had suffered from such a seizure when she first heard rumors from neighbors that her husband was going with Alberta Meadows.

Delving deeper into the family history, nearly a dozen depositions were introduced to prove that Clara Phillips' mother had suffered from epilepsy for years and that her father, John Weaver, also suffered from epileptic seizures during which he became extremely violent.

THERE followed a procession of psychiatrists who testified that a person suffering from epilepsy of a psychic nature might become violent and kill someone and not remember anything about it except perhaps a few details here and there which might be brought back to their minds by so-called "islands of memory."

But the State also had a procession of psychiatrists.

The whole question before the Court became whether or not Clara was sane or not at the time the crime was committed—if she killed Alberta Meadows. To escape punishment for the crime under the California law, Mrs. Phillips would have to prove that she was sufficiently insane at the time to be unable to distinguish between right and wrong.

Deputy District Attorney Fricke sought to offset this defense by bringing out in his questioning of alienists that Clara apparently knew that she had done wrong or she would not have asked Mrs. Caffee to keep the matter from her husband.

AS the trial entered its closing phase, Fricke sprang a disconcerting surprise placing additional weight to the truth of the story told by Peggy Caffee. This surprise was a rebuttal witness—Mrs. A. W. Crandall of 3216 Arvia Street. She took the witness stand and swore that she saw Clara Phillips and Peggy Caffee together in the five and ten cent store basement on July 11th, 1922, and that Clara Phillips bought the hammer used to kill Alberta Meadows.

The Defense, however, fought stubbornly on in the face of these surprises. Attorney Herrington used all of his skill to protect the life of his client, but slowly the web of evidence closed in as inexorably as the approach of night.

Clara witnessed the approach of the end bravely, although her warm smile flashed less frequently now.

On Friday, November 10th, 1922, both the Prosecution and Defense rested their cases. Monday, November 13th, the arguments began and the case was given to the jury by Judge Houser on November 15th.

The hammer murderess and her guard, Frank Dewar, nearing Los Angeles—and Justice

It took the jury just twenty-four hours to reach a decision. Standing near the Judge's bench in the dimly lighted courtroom, the clerk read in sing-song drone the following verdict:

We, the jury in the above entitled action, find the defendant, Clara Phillips, *guilty of murder*. And we further find that it is murder in the second degree." The last sentence had saved the woman from the death penalty.

For the first time since her trial began, Clara seemed to wilt in her chair. The light of hope, for a moment, vanished from her lustrous eyes. Her soft auburn hair seemed to droop about her pallid face. But it was only for a moment. Bravely she walked from the courtroom and returned to her cell and laid plans for appeal.

Meanwhile the actress spent her idle moments in making fancy work or caring for bouquets of flowers sent to her by an unknown admirer. She kept the vase sitting on the window ledge between the bars so that the flowers might breathe the

first drafts of fresh air and catch the first rays of the rising sun.

The days passed slowly and the hope of a new trial vanished. The sentence to life imprisonment in San Quentin Prison was passed. Clara continued to hope, but often wondered for what.

And then one morning, suddenly there came a turning point in her affairs. The matron called at the woman's cell at 6 A. M. to rouse her and found the cot empty. A hasty search of the cell showed it to be utterly vacant. A glance at the cell window showed that two bars had been sawed away. Clara Phillips, elusive Tiger Girl, was gone.

It was the morning of December 5th, 1922.

Where had Clara Phillips gone? Our search for her proved absolutely fruitless. Our investigation into how she had escaped yielded no better results. Nearly four months elapsed before a slender, almost intangible clue, disclosed the woman's whereabouts to us.

THE escape of Clara Phillips from her cell on the third floor of the old Los Angeles County Jail created a sensation throughout the entire Southwest. Particularly in Los Angeles, public interest reached a state of intense excitement.

In the first place everyone wanted to know how a lone woman could escape from the third floor of the jail unless someone on the inside of the building had aided her. Gossip spread, and soon the skeptics advanced the theory that the sawed bars were merely provided as a lure to distract the attention of the investigators from the real path of escape. And these same skeptics argued that the real path of escape was down the stairway and out the front gates of the jail, Clara Phillips gaining her liberty by posing as another prisoner who was released on that date.

Sheriff Traeger and I checked all these rumors as carefully as if they had been entirely true. But the fact remained that Clara Phillips in some manner had sawed the bars of her cell and escaped to the roof of an adjoining building from which she slid down a rope into an alley and was free. We found unmistakable signs supporting this theory and nothing whatever to substantiate the other thousand and one rumors afloat.

That some outsider had aided the woman, I was certain, but who it was or what the motive was I could not guess. All of Mrs. Phillips' immediate relatives were able to prove positively that they were not in the vicinity of the jail on the night of the escape.

After questioning every attache of the jail I decided that Clara could not have escaped that way. There were too many persons whom she would have to have passed and I knew that she could not bribe or fool them all.

Standing out above all the theories and guesses was one pertinent fact, disconnected from all of its fellows, yet insistently present in our minds throughout this phase of the inquiry. This was the presence of several dark blue threads on the rough ends of the sawed bars on the inward side of the window.

A close check of the list of clothing which Clara had in her cell convinced me that these threads had not come from her clothing. Then how in the name of com-

mon sense had these threads gotten there? It appeared obvious to me that whoever had crawled through the window catching his clothing had been going out instead of coming in. Here was one of the most baffling riddles of the case. Many months filled with despair, excitement, and fatigue were to pass before we ever found the answer to the problem.

As the weeks wore on public opinion hardened against us. The attitude of some who did not know how hard we were working on the case seemed to be that we did not care if Clara Phillips was re-captured or not. We did care, for at this particular time we all deemed it of utmost importance that we not only perform our duties with extreme diligence, but that the public confidence in the administration should not weaken. Therefore we labored harder than ever.

WEEKS passed and grew into months, for the new year came before we had found a single clue disclosing the whereabouts of the missing woman. We had expended large sums of county funds as discreetly and frugally as possible in financing an exhaustive inquiry into the escape, but there seemed to be no answer to the riddle. Yet we labored on.

And while we worked, there was one man in particular who stubbornly clung to our theory that Clara had escaped with the aid of a confederate and fled at once from the United States into Mexico or some other Central American country.

This man was Morris Lavine, until recently a reporter for the Los Angeles *Examiner*.

For weeks Lavine conferred with me almost daily trying to devise some scheme or trap whereby we could find out where the woman was hiding. We tried watching the mail of every one of her relatives but not a line passed which would indicate in any way that anyone knew more than we did of the affair.

At last Lavine figured out another possible means of producing a real clue. His scheme was this: Anyone fleeing from justice and remaining in hiding must have money. We knew that none of Mrs. Phillips' relatives was particularly wealthy and therefore it was reasonable to suppose that if they had financed the escape they had not been able to supply her with sufficient funds to last indefinitely.

Consequently, Lavine reasoned, other sums of money would be sent to the fugitive from time to time by relatives and friends and probably were passing to and fro beneath our noses all the time in some manner with which we were not familiar.

Acting upon this theory Lavine decided to brush up on his ideas of banking procedure to see whether or not it would be possible for money to be sent from one country to another without it being readily traced.

In the end this proved to be the hunch that solved the case. Checking with international banks, Lavine discovered that there were only two banks in Mexico at that time which were accepting drafts from the United States. These banks were in Mexico City. This made the task of tracing money transfers much easier. Accordingly, Lavine got in touch with private detectives in Mexico City and ordered them to check any money transfers to Americans coming from California, Texas and New Mexico, where Clara Phillips was known to have relatives.

It was just a guess, of course, that Mrs. Phillips had gone to Mexico and not to Canada or some other foreign country. But it was a logical guess, for in her original flight from Los Angeles immediately after the murder of Alberta Meadows, Clara had started for Mexico.

To our surprise, within a few weeks Lavine received a definite clue from Mexico City. This clue was that a small sum of money had arrived there by draft for an American named Jesse Carson. The money was mailed in an envelope stamped with the name of a Galveston church. Further inquiry disclosed that the money had been sent by a woman who was closely related to Armour Phillips!

Pouncing upon this clue, it did not take long to find that Clara Phillips, another beautiful woman, and a man had been seen together frequently in Mexico City. But it seemed impossible to trace them to their hiding place, for obviously they had

Interior view of Clara Phillips' cell, showing the window through which she made her night escape

bought or otherwise obtained the protection of officers.

AS the search broadened, however, fate took a hand in the game of chance at Guatemala City where a café brawl was reported in which a party of two American women and one man were noticed. This party proved to be Clara Phillips, her woman companion and the man we believed to be Jesse Carson.

Again the chase was on. We found that apparently the party was in need of cash, for it was reported that Mrs. Phillips had sold her diamonds just before leaving Mexico City. The party was next traced to San Jose de Guatemala, thence by coastwise steamer to Amapala, port of entry to Honduras from the Pacific side. From Amapala the party fled by ferry across the bay to San Lorenzo, a jungle landing for some boats, and obtained rides on trucks to Tegucigalpa. The two women attracted considerable attention because they were dressed in riding habits.

Here the pursuit reached its climax. Fatigued from their long journey the women were in no condition to press on. Likewise, we believed that their funds were running low and that they would be unable to arrange for a secure hiding place. Within a few days after the party arrived at Tegucigalpa we succeeded in having them detained temporarily until it could be determined definitely whether or not Clara Phillips was one of them. This was on April 18th, 1923.

Inasmuch as the woman's capture was effected directly through the efforts of Lavine, he was the first person to leave for Tegucigalpa to identify her. On May 7th, following a 4,000 mile trip across the United States to New Orleans, thence by steamer to Puerto Cortez, Honduras, and overland by mule back to Tegucigalpa, Lavine met the woman face to face and telegraphed back to Los Angeles that she was Clara Phillips, the hammer murderess. And, further, the telegram stated that Clara's woman companion was her baby sister, Etta Mae Jackson, who had stood by her throughout the trial. The man in the party was Jesse Carson, a soldier of fortune.

The moment we received this information in Los Angeles, immediate steps were taken to extradite the woman to California. After many conferences it was decided finally that I should go to Honduras to bring Mrs. Phillips back to serve her sentence. Mrs. Biscailuz was appointed as official matron to accompany me. Eventually we were appointed as official State agents to carry out this mission.

But I did not want to attempt the task without an assistant, for I well knew the rigors of the tropical Honduran climate with its lurking fevers. Then, too, there always was the possibility of encounters with bandits. In any of these events there should be more than one man in the party to carry on if the other became disabled.

ACCORDINGLY I persuaded the Board of Supervisors to provide sufficient funds for another officer to accompany me. I selected Walter Hunter, an able young officer in the Sheriff's office who spoke Spanish fluently.

At last we were ready to sail, but our extradition papers had not yet arrived from Washington. After considerable delay we decided to leave at once and have the papers forwarded by fast mail after us. Following a ten days voyage we arrived at La Libertad, San Salvador, where we debarked and hurried on overland to San Salvador and La Union. From La Union we entered a launch and crossed the gulf of Fonseca against the advice of natives who cautioned us against leaving in the face of a storm that was brewing. This nearly proved to be the end of the expedition, for the tiny vessel began to leak during the height of the storm and only energetic bailing kept the gunwales above water.

When we arrived at Amapala wet and bedraggled, but still enthusiastic, we were met by Lavine who guided us as we pressed on to San Lorenzo. The following morning we chartered an automobile for $250 and drove the remaining 100 miles to Tegucigalpa in five hours arriving there on May 18th, 1923.

This was the beginning of a lengthy fight against almost unsurmountable odds involving politics and intrigue which might have at any moment led us into international complications.

Clara Phillips as she appeared upon arrival back in Los Angeles after her capture in Tucson

We were received by Franklin Morales, American Minister to Honduras. He proved to be our best friend in the extradition fight that followed. Our first discouragement came the following morning when the extradition papers supposed to have been forwarded to us directly from Washington, failed to arrive.

The next day we sent a special messenger fifty miles to get the mail, hoping that the papers would arrive, but he returned empty handed. Telegrams to Washington and Los Angeles failed to untangle the red tape which tied our hands.

Meanwhile Clara Phillips and her pretty sister had taken advantage of their acquaintance with certain government officials to start a campaign of propaganda against us, building up public sentiment in their favor. One of these public officials who sided with Clara was Zuniga Huete, Minister of Justice of Honduras at that time, one of the most influential positions in the republic.

Realizing our precarious position, we immediately made friends with President Rafael Lopez Gutierrez through the American minister. Colonel Hipolito Retes, Jefe de Police, also became our staunch ally in the extradition fight.

Zuniga Huete made the first move in the fight by signing an order for the release of Etta Mae Jackson from jail. I did not want this to happen for I feared that once she was released she would be plotting and endeavoring to aid Clara to escape. We moved quickly and persuaded the President to countermand the order. While these events were transpiring, our hope that the extradition papers would arrive in time to aid us began to dwindle.

Then came one of the little unexpected complications which easily might have developed into trouble for all of us. It seemed that Lavine, eager to obtain a photograph of Clara and her sister standing in the balcony window of the prison, had hired a native boy with considerable ability, to photograph the women from an adjoining roof.

The lad carried out his end of the agreement faithfully until he was seen by Clara and her sister. They immediately screamed

Peggy Caffee giving the investigators a minute description of the murder of Alberta Meadows

imprecations at him and the boy hastily left his vantage point. As he trotted beneath the window, one of the women threw a pitcher full of water out the window intended for the benefit of the embryo photographer.

But such incidents as this were not unusual in the life of the young native who for the first time had gotten his hands upon a real camera. He slid adroitly under the window and was several feet away when the water landed squarely upon the head of an important public official closely allied with Zuniga Huete.

The youth and Lavine's camera were seized and it required many apologies and a great deal of diplomacy to restore the strained calm which had existed before.

DURING this time my assistant, Hunter, was not idle. He had his own system of making friends with the police. When we left Los Angeles I saw Hunter pick up a dozen nickel plated deputy sheriff's badges which had been cancelled several years before, and toss them into his suitcase. He declined to state his motive.

In Tegucigalpa I still wondered what the young deputy had in mind. I found the answer to this question early one morning as I was walking down the street. I saw three husky young native officers lined up in front of police headquarters at attention while Hunter paraded up and down before them haranguing in Spanish outlining the duties of efficient policemen. Upon the breast of each officer glistened one of the nickel-plated badges.

Thereafter these three officers, of their own accord, became our official bodyguards, remaining with us until we reached the seacoast safely. The badges always were displayed conspicuously.

Despite all our precautions the situation gradually became worse, however. The ill-feeling of certain public officials who obviously were seeking the favor of Clara Phillips and her sister, became stronger. Still the extradition papers did not arrive.

Following a secret conference we decided to attempt a bold stroke—to kidnap the two women and take them to the seacoast hoping that by that time we could complete extradition arrangements. At the same time we would be removed from the immediate presence of our political enemies and perhaps beyond the range of their influence.

We chose 3 A. M. as the hour of our departure and guarded our plans with utmost secrecy. Late that night I arranged for the use of every automobile in the city capable of running—there were two of them. At 2 o'clock on the morning of our departure the jail guards awakened the two women who immediately declared that they would not dress or accompany us.

Hunter took charge of this situation at once.

"You girls can either get up and dress or we will roll you up in blankets and take you as you are. You can just bet your last peseta that this party is leaving Tegucigalpa right now!"

Clara and Etta Mae dressed docilely after this denouncement, and accompanied us to the waiting automobiles quietly.

LEAVING the city as secretly as possible, we did not fear any immediate pursuit, for there were no cars that could be used. We raced eastward as fast as possible, however, fearing that Zuniga Huete might intercept us by telegraphing ahead to friends. We soon had to send our cars back and continued on, sometimes on foot, sometimes on mule-back and at other times by trains of the most primitive sort.

Once *en route* we passed an ambuscade just a few hours before friends of Huete arrived to intercept us. What would have happened in that event is difficult to imagine. Another time we were stopped by a band of soliders with orders to seize the two women and take them to Omoa Prison, which I knew meant delivering them almost directly into Huete's hands.

I wriggled out of this situation by obtaining official permission from the President to transport our prisoners to Puerto Cortez where we would hold them until the extradition problem was settled.

After a long and tedious journey we arrived at the sea port, weary, sick, and discouraged. No extradition papers were there and we could not seem to untangle the red tape which had gathered around the case in Washington.

Meanwhile Clara and Mrs. Jackson had not been idle. Through their friends they had obtained an attorney and instituted *habeas corpus* proceedings in the Supreme Court of Honduras demanding their instant release. We battled hopelessly with our problem trying to find some way out of the mess before this matter was disposed of.

At Puerto Cortez we were guests at the Cuyamel Fruit Company Hotel. Clara and her sister, though technically prisoners, had their freedom and made no effort to escape. They, like myself, had a hunch that the Supreme Court was about to act in their favor.

Frantically Hunter and I conferred with Frank Shaw, American Consul at Puerto Cortez. He gave us every cooperation but we could find no answer to our dilemma.

Mrs. Phillips and Mrs. Jackson viewed the situation with amusement. They now began to chide us openly about our predicament, knowing that we would not dare attempt to kidnap them from the country and risk any international complication. I was deeply worried.

One night the chief of police of the city and one of his lieutenants called at the hotel to see Clara and Etta Mae, spending several hours visiting with them. They whispered together and giggled frequently. We looked on helplessly for there was nothing we could do.

The next morning I received word that Consul Shaw wished to see me. I visited his bungalow fearfully. The news was what I expected. Our extradition papers were still held up somewhere and the Supreme Court of Honduras had just decreed that we must release the prisoners from custody until we received proper credentials.

There was only one thing left to do if we were to succeed in our mission. That was to persuade Clara Phillips to return to Los Angeles with us voluntarily, waiving extradition.

I FELT if I were to succeed in this I must not risk the first move personally. Therefore I asked my friend Lavine, who by this time was in the good graces of both Clara and her sister, to sound them out and if possible suggest that they meet with me and discuss the question of waiving extradition. I wanted them to feel, to a minor degree at least, that they had come to me on the matter and that I had not brought up the subject.

The meeting was arranged. Desperately I fought my crumbling self-confidence and tried to put up a bold and confident front. My argument was brief.

"We have followed you all the way to Honduras and arrested you," I said, "and now it appears that lacking the proper extradition papers we cannot leave the country. Clara, don't you believe it would be better to come back to your own country and fight this thing out there?"

"I don't quite agree with you there," Clara interjected.

"Well," I added dejectedly, "if you won't come back I'll remain in Honduras and keep you under constant surveillance until our necessary papers arrive, and then you will have to return with us anyway."

"Go on with your argument, Mr. Biscailuz," the woman chided. "I know that I am not even now your prisoner for the chief of police whispered to me last night that the Supreme Court had freed me."

This statement stunned me for I had believed that our prisoners had not yet heard the news. Gathering my flustered thoughts together I launched the argument again.

"Clara," I said, "it is a matter for you to decide after all. It is true that you have friends here with influence who are bending every effort to help you. But they are doing it for a purpose. If you accept their favors they will exact a price in return. If you remain in this country as the mistress of some influential man you will soon find yourself discarded and in a worse position than if you had returned to California and to prison. Then you will realize the price you have paid. Think well before you decide!

"You had better return to California with still the hope of appeal and preserve your self-respect. You can do this by waiving extradition."

CLARA remained silent for a long time. There was nothing about her to suggest the Tiger Woman now. A slight frown clouded her brow. Her lips trembled a little. Could it be that my argument would win?

"Mr. Biscailuz," she exclaimed suddenly. "If I didn't waive extradition and return with you it certainly would wreck your political career, wouldn't it?"

"Not particularly," I said. "Remember that I will not return without you if I have to remain in Honduras the rest of my life!"

"Well," she added in a tired voice, "I have made up my mind. I will waive extradition and return to Los Angeles with you on one condition—that you will not throw any stumbling blocks in the way of my appeal or oppose any effort I may make for parole should I have to serve my term in prison."

I agreed to this proposal readily, for it was a fair bargain. I was surprised that she had not tried to take advantage of my awkward position and demand that I secretly aid her in her fight for freedom.

The extradition waiver was soon prepared and signed. What a glorious relief it was! But still I found that I was not beyond the influence of Zuniga Huete. After we had completed arrangements to sail the next day on a coastwise boat, its sailing was delayed for some strange and unaccountable reason. I always suspected Huete, but my suspicions may have been unfounded. At any rate the poor chap is dead now, having been killed in a revolution two years later.

At last we arranged passage on the steamer *Copan* of the Cuyamel Fruit Company Line and departed for New Orleans. We arrived there on May 29th, 1923. We were a tired lot. Clara and her sister were disconsolate as we gradually neared the end of our journey. The wharf was crowded with curious people and we were

besieged by newspaper men, for the difficulties of our pursuit and capture of Mrs. Phillips had been broadcast through the entire country.

By this time our funds were exhausted. I wired to Los Angeles for more money, but it failed to arrive before train time the next morning. I did the next best thing and arranged for the Southern Pacific to transport the entire party on credit, and we were on our way West.

ARRIVING at Los Angeles we made but a forty-five minute stop and then proceeded straight to San Quentin Prison where Clara Phillips was placed in the custody of the warden. I was taking no more chances upon her escaping from my custody.

The woman was soon to experience another bitter disappointment. Her attorney, Herrington, had died suddenly during Mrs. Phillips' flight from the United States and the legal time limit allowed for appeal had passed. There was nothing left for her to do but to serve her sentence.

Thirty days later our missing extradition papers arrived.

Clara has now served nearly seven years in prison. A year ago she filed an application for parole but the prison board announced that it was not yet ready to consider it. Perhaps within the next few years she will be free. She still maintains her attitude of hope.

But the story does not end there, for on October 19th, 1929, a well known Los Angeles business man came to the Sheriff's office and made a statement which provided the solution to Clara's sensational escape.

Because of promises made to this man at the time of his disclosures, I can not give his name. But on file at the Sheriff's office is his statement which asserts that he met Jesse Carson in Denver, Colorado, on September 10th, 1925. The man asked aid in obtaining treatment at Mayo Brothers Clinic, our informant stated. This man boasted that he was Carson and admitted freely that he had aided Clara Phillips in her escape from the county jail in Los Angeles.

To effect the escape, Carson is reported to have said, he sent the bouquets of flowers requesting that they be placed in the window, thus exposing the location of her cell.

THEN one night Carson slipped into the alleyway on the east side of the old jail building and mounted to the roof with a rope ladder secured with a hay hook. He next sawed the bars to Clara's cell and entered to find her asleep. When Carson shook the woman to awaken her she screamed with fright. He hastily slid beneath her cot as a matron came running down the hallway to see what was wrong.

"There's a man in my cell," Clara sobbed hysterically.

"Nonsense," the matron said. "There is no man here. You must have had a nightmare."

Carson remained quiet under the cot until Clara again went to sleep. Then he again awakened her, this time tightly clasping his hand over her mouth until he had quieted her fears. The woman dressed hastily and was helped to escape through the window to the roof of an adjoining building. The blue serge threads we found in the window were from Carson's suit, if his story is true.

AFTER hiding in Monrovia at the home of a friend for several days, Carson and Clara Phillips again took to flight, this time in an airplane, but crashed late at night in a ball park near San Bernardino, according to the story told by our informant. From there they made their way to Chicago, New Orleans, Tampico, Mexico, and Mexico City where they were joined by Etta Mae Jackson, the "baby" sister.

I doubt if all the details of this story apparently told by Carson are true, for he frequently colors his stories slightly for effect. I do believe that he engineered Clara Phillips' escape, however, for he admitted it freely when we questioned him in Tegucigalpa. At that time we were too busy returning Clara to Los Angeles to serve her sentence, to concern ourselves with Carson and his minor crime. Today, his offense is long since outlawed and Carson may return to Los Angeles without fear of prosecution.

The Blonde, the Doll—and the Missing Baby

(*Continued from page 41*)

tip was good, but didn't know how to repay her. I thought of the reward. Maybe, if her information proved to be valuable to me in solving the mystery, she would be able to share in it. I so informed her and was astonished by her reply.

"Nix! Nothing doing! Guess I been soft enough. But to get in on that reward? Say that sure is a laugh. If any of the mob hears I been talking to cops what's they gonna think of this bimbo? Why I'd stand about as much chance as a snowball in hell. Naw. Guess I'll just go along pounding these bricks. Well—guess that's all. Look for the blonde in the red hat and black coat. Hopes for the mother's sakes you finds the kid. So long and good luck, big boy!"

I scratched my head and looked after the unfortunate woman as she drifted off into the Market Street crowd.

FUNNY how some of those dames are, I thought. Here is a woman living in the dusk of our world, selling her soul for a few paltry dollars. Yet when it comes to possibly sharing in a big reward, she is afraid of that element which drifts about in the twilight of the underworld—her world.

I watched the woman until she was out of sight. Then I retraced my steps and walked in the direction she indicated the blonde had taken.

When I arrived at Sixtieth and Sansom Streets, approximately two squares away from the actual scene of the kidnapping, I met an old acquaintance, one John Allen.

He had heard of the crime and asked if I was assigned to the investigation. I told him I was and then informed him of my talk with the strange woman.

His interest was immediately aroused. When I told him of the direction in which the woman had walked at the time the informant had seen her, he exclaimed:

"Why, Jim I saw that very woman this afternoon. She had on a black coat, red hat, and she had a baby in her arms! She ran through an alley on the south side of this street (Sansom) and I think she went clear through to Walnut, although I am not sure. She seemed to be excited about something."

This certainly was welcome news to me! It was the second part of the first definite tip which had come to me throughout the entire day. I left Allen and went through the alley he said he had seen the woman run through.

At the Walnut Street end I spoke to two boys who said they had seen the woman come through the alley earlier in the day. They agreed she had on a red hat, black coat, was carrying a baby, and that she had continued across Walnut Street and entered a court leading to Locust Street, one square south.

I KEPT trailing the woman for several hours on the night of May 5th, until I had traced her to Fifty-sixth and Pine Streets. I was convinced that the scarlet woman had put me on the right track, and that the blonde, if she was the kidnapper, had committed the crime. That she had acted alone was obvious to me because not one person who had seen her after she left the Modell store site said she had met anyone.

The suspect, I learned from persons living on Pine Street, had been seen half running and half walking, east on that street. They said she kept to the south side of the street until she neared Fifty-fifth, when she crossed to the north side.

I deduced she had purposely crossed to avoid *walking in front of the very doors of the Fifty-fifth and Pine streets police station with the kidnapped baby!*

The station house, to clear the minds of the readers, is located at the southeast corner of the street.

A fire house is adjacent to the station house. I knew that firemen, while awaiting alarms, were accustomed to sit on benches in front of their house, and decided to question men who were on duty that afternoon.

I spoke to Firemen William Simpson, John Gray and Charles Potts. Each said he had seen the woman. Simpson explained that the manner in which she acted led him to believe that the baby she was carrying was either sick or injured and that the woman was looking for a doctor. He said when he arose to assist her, she crossed the street and kept running.

Late that night the blonde's trail carried me into Black Oak Park, located near Fifty-third and Pine Streets.

The park, so named because of its great black oak trees, is unlighted at nights save for a few arc lights on its outer edges.

I tramped through it for an hour, using my flashlight to find my way about. I thought that the woman, if she were really

the kidnapper, might have taken refuge in the darkness of the park and remained there until the streets were deserted rather than chance detection in broad daylight. Although I searched through the entire park, I failed to find a thing.

Coming out of the park I met a Mrs. Birdy Quinn, who lives at 4812 Larchwood Avenue. I informed her of my quest. She asked me to give her a description of the woman. After I had done so, she said:

"I saw that woman come out of this park by the Fifty-second Street gate about 4:30 this afternoon. I didn't pay much attention to her except to notice that her face was red as though she might have been running."

Leaving Mrs. Quinn, I went to a nearby drug store and summoned County Detective Frank Rogers who was on duty at City Hall Headquarters. I instructed him to meet me at the 52nd Street gate of the park.

When he arrived, we entered. For many hours we searched. Finally we separated. Rogers took one direction and I took the other.

About 2 A. M., I heard Rogers call me. I could see his flash circling in a signal to guide me to the spot where he was standing.

"I've found something, Jim!" he exclaimed when I reached him. "Look at that!"

He pointed his light in the direction of the base of one of the huge black oaks.

Resting against the trunk of the tree was a white, knitted bootie!

After this discoverey we left the park and summoned a cab. We drove direct to the Modell home and were met at the door by Mr. Modell. I asked him to identify the bootie and then asked him not to reveal our discovery for fear that if the kidnapper learned we had obtained a clue the child would be killed to get her out of the way.

This find conclusively proved in my mind that the blonde was the kidnapper.

But—who was she?

Where had she taken the child after she left Black Oak Park?

Was she still in the city or had she fled?

What was the motive?

These were the questions which confronted us when at daybreak of May 6th we went back to the vicinity of the park to question residents of the streets nearby.

Throughout all of that morning we continued our interviews. All our efforts, however, were in vain. It seemed as though the woman and child had completely vanished, leaving nothing but a little white knitted baby bootie behind as the only clue. Her trail had come to an abrupt end.

WE went back to headquarters. Here we were besieged by a corps of newspapermen. Many leading newspapers, including those in New York City, Chicago, Baltimore and other cities in the East had sent reporters to cover the story.

Throughout the rest of the day we were deluged with crank letters. Many wild rumors emanated from various States throughout the East. Reports were circulated that the mutilated body of an infant had been found on the outskirts of Al-

bany, New York. A check with police of that city, however, proved the child was not the Modell baby.

Another report caused us to send detectives to the Delaware Water Gap and the Pocono Mountain regions in Pennsylvania. These sleuths failed to uncover anything.

These rumors tended to further deepen the mystery.

I reconstructed the crime in my mind and went over the trail taken by the woman in her flight. Because of the fact that I had decided the woman was the abductor, and had apparently worked alone, I formed the theory she was hiding in the very neighborhood where the crime had been committed.

I reasoned that all railroad stations, main highways, trolley cars, taxicabs, bus routes had been thoroughly guarded and checked up on within a few hours after the crime. This, in my mind, made it almost impossible for the woman to have fled the city.

I left my office at 7 P. M. and went out to confer with Lieutenant Bauswine at the Fifty-fifth and Pine Streets Station. I informed him of my theory.

HE disagreed with me on the theory that the woman was in hiding in the West Philadelphia area, pointing out that although his men, cooperating with city detectives, had searched every nook and corner of the various districts, they had failed to obtain a clue.

While we were talking the 'phone on his desk rang. He answered and in a few seconds turned to me and said a woman was calling for me.

The woman refused to give me her name. She said she had called my office in City Hall and had been informed to call me at the station house. She asked me to meet her at the corner of Fifty-second and Lancaster Avenue. I made the appointment with her.

Once again I summoned Detective Rogers. He arrived as I prepared to leave. I informed him of the telephone conversation adding that I thought we might be able to get some information out of the woman because she had said she had a "red hot" tip on the kidnapping.

At the appointed time Rogers and I arrived at the corner. I recognized the woman who met us. She was a Mrs. Lena Churchville, widow of a former city policeman, who lived at 5146 Kershaw Street.

She explained that on the afternoon of the kidnapping she was walking by Black Oak Park when she saw a woman, whom she recognized as living near her, come out. She was carrying a baby.

"Now, Mr. McGettigan," Mrs. Churchville's statement to me was, "another woman in the neighborhood told me that this same party just had a child yesterday. It's beyond me how a woman could be walking through city parks so soon after a birth. Don't you think it sounds unusual?"

Mrs. Churchville said she knew the woman's name, but did not know her exact address although she lived on Warren Street between Fifty-first and Fifty-second Streets. The woman's name, she said, was Mrs. Mary De Marco.

She agreed to walk by the woman's home, saying she knew the house when she saw it, and drop an empty cigarette box in front of it. Rogers, in the meantime, was to station himself at the Fifty-second Street corner, while I waited at Fifty-first. Mrs. Churchville walked by the De Marco home, dropped the box, and continued up the street and disappeared around the corner. I followed her, noticed the number of the house as I stooped to retrieve the cigarette box—it was 5136—and then joined Rogers.

I instructed him to summon City Detectives James Mulgrew and George Niedenthal. When they came, I told them of our find. They wanted to crash into the house immediately, but I restrained them.

"Mrs. Churchville may be wrong," I said. "Maybe the woman did have a child and we would be in a fine mess crashing into that home and probably frightening her to death."

I then thought of a plan and explained it to them.

"Suppose," I said, "we pretend there has been a holdup in the neighborhod. We'll run into the house and say we saw one of the holdup men enter it. Then while we are searching for him, we can look around. If we are wrong, all good and well. If we are right, all the better."

They agreed. Fortunately for us, we found the door had been left unlocked. We entered. Rogers and I dashed up the stairs to the second floor, while Mulgrew and Niedenthal ran into the dining room.

When we arrived at the second floor, we heard voices in a front bedroom and entered. A woman with blonde hair lay in bed. Nestled in her arms was an infant. The woman was wearing an ordinary, plain white nightgown and a white boudoir cap. The child was lying with its face down upon the woman's breast, as though being nursed.

Two elderly women were also in the room making tea over an electric heater.

This is the scene which was enacted in that room. The blonde cowered in bed and hurled a tirade of words at me, in which she was joined by the other women.

"What is the meaning of all this?" she demanded. "What do you mean by breaking into my bedroom at this hour?" (It was then about 10:30 P. M.)

"Lady," I explained, "there has been a holdup in the street. I'm a police officer and thought I saw one of the bandits run into this house."

"No man has entered here," she responded. "But I do expect my husband home any minute. You've upset me terribly. Can't you see I've *just had a baby?*"

I apologized and looked under the bed as though really searching for a man, and at the same time attempting while arising to get a good look at the baby. The woman apparently surmised my objective and kept the child's face turned towards her chest.

"It's an outrage," she screamed. "If anything happens to me you'll be responsible. You'd better get out."

I was actually fooled by her. I thought Mrs. Churchville might have been mistaken, and tried to soothe her. As I was doing so her husband pushed past Rogers and entered the room.

HE was a short, stocky-built Italian, barely able to speak English. In broken English he hurled a verbal barrage at me. He threatened me with all sorts of retaliations, saying he was a politician in his ward and that he would go down and see "Generale Bootleer."

I asked him his name. He responded:

"Me Antonio De Marco. Dese lady ese my wife. She joosta hada a bambina. You makea her seeck. Go way, pleeze."

A thought entered my mind. Turning to Mrs. De Marco I said:

"I'm awfully sorry for having upset you. If you need your doctor I'll call him from the corner drug store. What is his name?"

She hesitated and responded:

"His name is Doctor Thrush." Then she hastily added—"but you needn't call him. I suppose I'll be all right after I quiet down."

"By the way," I next inquired, "when was the baby born?"

"Yesterday afternoon," she replied.

Again apologizing, I first motioned Rogers to go downstairs and I followed. Joining the other detectives, we left. Mulgrew and Rogers explained they had not attempted to stop De Marco from coming upstairs because they knew that Rogers would keep him covered in the event he started any trouble.

As we walked towards the corner of Fifty-second and Warren Streets, I chanced to look back, and saw De Marco emerge from his home. He walked to a house a few doors away. Telling the other detectives to go around the corner, I ducked back into the shadow of a building and waited for him to come out.

Within a few minutes he came out, and walked to his own home. He was carrying a shotgun with him!

Joining the other detectives, I instructed them to keep the De Marco home under guard, while I made an attempt to locate the Doctor Thrush, whom Mrs. De Marco had said attended her. I went through a telephone directory at a nearby drug store and found but one doctor under that name listed. He was Doctor Melton C. Thrush, 3507 Spring Garden Street. I called his home and office, but could not get a response.

Returning to Fifty-second Street, I met Mulgrew. He said Rogers was guarding the back of the house while he and Niedenthal were keeping guard at the Fifty-first and Fifty-second Street corners. I told him I was going to Doctor Thrush's home in the hopes of finding him there, and instructed him to inform the other detectives to arrest the woman on suspicion if she emerged from the house carrying a baby.

I arrived at Doctor Thrush's home at about 3 A. M. of the morning of May 7th. He was in bed but arose when I informed him of the nature of my call. I asked him if he had delivered a baby for Mrs. De Marco the afternoon of May 5th. He responded that he knew the woman well, having attended her for years, but that he could take an oath that she had not given birth to a child within the past few years.

I explained to him that I suspected Mrs. De Marco was the kidnapper of the Modell baby and asked him to accompany me to her home. He agreed.

We drove to the neighborhood and joined Detective Mulgrew. He summoned Rogers and Niedenthal. We agreed that

we would crash into the house on Warren Street at precisely 7 A. M.

At the designated time, we chopped down the front door. With drawn revolvers we entered.

De Marco, aroused by the noise we had made in chopping down the door, was prepared for us. He stood on the second floor landing with the shotgun in his hands. He ordered us to leave. I knew we were in for some shooting and tried to worm around to get in a position to shoot at him.

AS I did so he placed his shotgun to his shoulder. We all ducked behind a partition just in time. He fired. The walls directly over us were peppered with the shot.

I leaned out of my hiding place and fired one shot at him. It missed. I later found the bullet imbedded in the wall directly over the spot where he had been standing.

In a few seconds we heard something clatter down the steps. Rogers peered out and noticed that in some manner De Marco had dropped the gun. The young detective bounded up the steps and reached De Marco as he attempted to dash into his wife's bedroom. He placed his revolver against the man's head and commanded him to stand still.

We could hear Mrs. De Marco screaming and an infant crying as we dashed up the steps after Rogers.

I entered the bedroom alone, while Doctor Thrush, Mulgrew and Niedenthal remained in the hallway.

Mrs. De Marco was sitting up in bed.

"Come on, Mrs. De Marco," I ordered as I pulled the bed covers off, "get out. It's all up now. I've got you right."

She started to scream. I reached over and snatched the baby away from her.

"You'll pay for this!" she shouted. "I'll get you! Give me back my baby. Call Doctor Thrush; tell him I want him. He'll tell you it's my baby!"

At that very minute Doctor Thrush entered.

Mrs. De Marco cowered when she saw him. Then she pleaded:

"Tell him Doctor, didn't you deliver this baby for me the afternoon of May 5th?"

The doctor patted her sympathetically on the back.

"Now, now," he said. "Mrs. De Marco, I want you to tell this man the truth. You know that baby is not yours. Why, that child is more than two days old. You know I didn't deliver a baby for you."

I knew when I heard this that I had reached the end of the trail.

We arrested both Mrs. De Marco and her husband, and took them to the Fifty-fifth and Pine Streets Station. We placed Mrs. De Marco in charge of a police matron, while we questioned her husband.

He told us he actually believed the child was his and that his wife had fooled him. He said he shot at us because he believed we intended to harm his wife and baby. After this we told the matron to bring Mrs. De Marco into Lieutenant Bauswine's office.

FOLLOWING a brief questioning, she gave us the confession which created a great sensation at the time. It has since appeared in every leading newspaper

in the country as well as several in European countries. It was the most astonishing and amazing account of a crime I have ever heard in all my police experience, one worthy of the imagination of the greatest of fiction writers. Her confession absolutely cleared her husband of implication and brought the Modell case to a fitting climax.

The confession, as dictated to a stenographer and signed by Mrs. De Marco, reads as follows:

Some time ago, when I was a young girl, I had a false love affair with a prominent man who lives on the Maine Line. (This is Philadelphia's most exclusive residential suburb.) A child was born—out of wedlock. He is now a cripple.

For six years I raised and kept him. Then I met Mr. De Marco. He was so kind and generous to me. We married. For two years he kept asking me why we didn't have children. I wanted to please him, but couldn't make him understand that nature itself had turned against me. I was paying for my girlhood sin with the loss of God's greatest gift to women—that of bearing children.

I brooded over the fact that I couldn't satisfy my husband's one desire, that of becoming a father. He is an Italian, and Italians are great believers in having families. I was afraid I would lose his love.

Finally after I had gone to several doctors and asked them to aid me, I devised a plan to deceive Antonio. I would have a child. His desire must be fulfilled. So one night, when he came home, I informed him he could expect a child. His joy was unbounded. He kissed me; made a big fuss over me; and was just like a great big kid. For eight months he kept telling his friends he was about to be a father. He planned a huge christening, such as only Italians can hold, and he invited all our friends. He made extra barrels of wine, and gave me plenty of money to buy baby clothes.

At last the ninth month came along. Antonio became impatient. I was terror stricken at having deceived him. Many times I thought of telling him the truth, but was afraid. Finally I decided to kidnap a child. On the afternoon of May 5th, I was walking by the Modell store. I saw the baby. She was just young enough for my purposes. I thought of a plan and went to a department store a few squares away and bought a doll. Then I went back. When no one was looking I picked up the baby, put the doll in its place, and walked away. At first I put the child under my coat as though she was a bundle. I was afraid I would smother her, however, and took her out when I got to Sansom Street.

I went through the alley. I finally got to Black Oak Park and rested for a few minutes near a tree. When I started out I met a woman who looked at me in a strange manner. Then I ran. When I finally got home, I noticed the baby had lost one of its booties. I thought of going back and look for it but was afraid. Then I went to bed.

When Antonio came home from work I told him the baby had arrived. He was overjoyed, and summoned some of his friends. They were all so nice to me. Two women, whose names I won't mention here, came to my house and took care of me. Oh, I was so happy and then—the police came. Yes, I am guilty—may God save me—I am guilty, but I only did it to try and hold my husband's love.

(Signed) MRS. MARY DE MARCO

After Mrs. De Marco had made her confession, we sent two officers to the Modell home to summon the parents. Shortly before they arrived, news broke that the baby had been found. A great crowd of West Philadelphians stormed the station house. Reserves were called to keep them in check. A great cheer arose when General Butler, who had worked tirelessly throughout the entire investigation, arrived from City Hall to personally take command of the police.

AN interesting explanation of the manner in which the woman deceived her husband was later explained by Mrs. De Marco. When he returned to the home after the child had been found, he discovered a small box under the bed. In this box there was a baby's nursing bottle and fresh milk.

Mrs. De Marco said that her husband was under the impression that the baby was what is known as a "breast baby," that is, feeding from the mother's breast. In reality, it was a bottle baby. Whenever she wanted to feed the child, she found some pretext on which to send her unsuspecting husband out of the room. As soon as his back was turned, she would lean over the bed, get the bottle and place it under her nightgown with only the nipple protruding so that the baby could feed from it. She claimed her husband and the two women, whenever they came in, never suspected her. She further explained that she had obtained the milk by sneaking downstairs while her husband was still sleeping that morning and taking a pint of milk up to the bedroom with her.

The neighbors were easily fooled because of the fact that they first entered Mrs. De Marco's bedroom approximately four or five hours after the supposed birth. Baby Corinne, being an unusually small baby, could easily have passed for a child much younger. This fact was substantiated by physicians who called to examine the child shortly after it was found in Mrs. De Marco's possession. They explained that an infant, from the time of its birth until it is three or four months old, shows very little change, and that an unusually small baby, as was true in the Modell case, could easily be mistaken for a child much younger.

The neighbors did not bathe Mrs. De Marco, merely attending to her feeding, such as preparing meals, cleaning up the room and taking charge of the home. They afterwards swore to the District Attorney that they had not even handled the baby, Mrs. De Marco refusing to permit anyone to do so.

The scene of the Modell parents' reunion with their child was pathetic. I took Baby Corinne, as newspapers referred to her at the time, and handed her to the mother. The latter was so overjoyed that she even threw her arms about General Butler and kissed him.

On May 19th, less than two weeks after she had been arrested, Mrs. De Marco appeared in Quarter Sessions Court before Judge William C. Ferguson. She pleaded guilty to the charge.

When I took the stand and read her confession, she jumped to her feet and then kneeled before the bar of justice. She sobbed:

"I am guilty—oh, My God! I am guilty—Please save me, someone, I merely did it for my boy and the man I love!"

Her impassioned plea aroused the sympathy of the fickle public. Two weeks before they had cried for her blood. Now many were hoping the court would release her with a suspended sentence. Judge Ferguson did the only thing he could under the law. He sentenced the confessed baby thief to two and a half to five years imprisonment in the Philadelphia County Prison. The woman took the sentence calmly.

Mr. De Marco, who in the meantime had been released, was in the courtroom. After sentence had been passed, he came to me and declared he still loved his wife, though she had deceived him, and that he would welcome her when jail doors opened to liberate her.

THAT afternoon, I received a 'phone call at my office. A woman spoke to me.

"This is the woman you spoke to at Sixtieth and Market Streets a couple of days ago," she said. "I see by the paper the kid's been found and the woman goes to the 'Moya' for a stretch. Gee! I'm glad you found that kid."

It was the woman of the streets who had given me the tip which led to the blonde's arrest. That was the last ever heard of her.

—o—

NOTE: Mrs. De Marco was released last year, after serving most of her sentence. De Marco made good his promise and was waiting with McGettigan when she was released. De Marco, during his wife's incarceration, devoted his paternal love in caring for his wife's crippled youngster.

Another interesting phase of the case is that on May 7th of each year, and in celebration of the day when Baby Corinne was returned to her parents, McGettigan visits the Modell home. He is the honored guest at an elaborate feast of thanksgiving. Baby Corinne is now a big girl, and listens in wide-eyed wonder as her parents and McGettigan relate the thrilling story of the time she was kidnapped.

The $3,000 reward was divided among various persons who aided in the investigation. Neither McGettigan nor any of the other detectives received a penny of it. The "lady of the streets" who gave McGettigan his first lead in the case never claimed a cent of the reward and we have never heard a word from her since.

McGettigan, Rogers, Niedenthal, Mulgrew and a few other sleuths who had worked unceasingly for forty-eight hours without sleep or rest to solve the case, were commended at a public demonstration by General Butler, Mayor Kendrick, and the Philadelphia City Council.

How We Trapped the Jersey Kid

(*Continued from page 65*)

others engaged along the New Jersey and Philadelphia water fronts.

On Friday, August 9th, Chief Smith received information that a man supposed to be a sailor and answering Robert Tully's description was staying in a Camden saloon on Front Street near the docks.

Chief Smith, accompanied by a number of his own men, joined Camden police in surrounding the place. A search of the premises revealed Tully hiding in a room on an upper floor.

Before being removed to the Freehold Jail, Tully was taken to the Plaza Hotel in Camden where in a room engaged by the detectives, Miss Naughton, my secretary, waited to take stenographic notes of any statement the prisoner might make.

But Robert Tully had no intention of making any statement.

"I have been advised to say nothing," was the only answer the prisoner would make to the multitude of questions fired at him by the detectives.

Now while Tully's arrest in itself had contributed little to aid us in the hunt for the Jersey Kid, it was largely responsible for an event of great importance to the pursuit of the notorious band, which came the following day.

THE surrender of Russell A. Baxter, employee of the Steiner Mills and reputed tipster in the robbery, came as a result of his reading in the newspapers of Tully's arrest.

"I can't sleep, it has preyed upon my mind so," Baxter said and seemed relieved as he began dictating a statement to Miss Naughton.

"Now since your arrest we have arrested another one of your mob, and after talking to him for several hours, he blames the whole thing on you and Robert Tully, and I want to know how truthful you are going to be. I want you to mention all those implicated in the murder in Bradley Beach," I told Baxter, resorting to the ruse of another arrest in the hope of forcing the truth out of him.

"I don't know the others—only Tully. It was bad enough to have been in a hold-up, and now it is a murder."

The nervous manner in which he talked clearly indicated that Baxter was thoroughly alarmed over the predicament he was in.

"Just picture this man who went out in the morning, trying to protect other people's money, leaving home in good health and brought home dead. Just imagine his family. How would you feel if it were someone belonging to you?"

The vision which this thought raised in the prisoner's mind, I could see, was not a pleasant one, and it was in a very weak voice that he made his reply.

"I wasn't with them when it happened."

"The only way to do is to be truthful. Get your side of the story in. You realize the sorrow you are going to bring on your wife and child," I told him, and as he nodded his head, continued my line, which I knew was boring into his conscience.

"You and the murdered man worked in the mill together, didn't you?"

"We never worked together. He never worked in that mill."

"How did you get in with this gang?" I prompted him.

Shifting about in his chair nervously, he launched into his story which he continued for nearly an hour without interruption save for an occasional question from us. Most of the time he kept his eyes glued on Miss Naughton's pencil as it moved across the pages to jot down the stenographic notes of his confession.

"I will tell you from the time I met Tully in Asbury Park. In July I went to the house of a friend of mine, by the name of Flannery; I was drinking and Flannery said a fellow by the name of Bob Tully was looking for me last night. Next night I met Bob in Flannery's house. My wife and child were there to see the people and asked me about the trolley car place. I told him I didn't know anything about it. Then he said, 'how about your place, could I get a job?' and I said, 'You will have to file an application,' then he wanted to know how many worked there and about how much they got.

"He went out and we went home.

"I met him again and he wanted to know how the money was brought to the place and I told him and then he wanted to know what the man who delivered it looked like and I told him that I had only seen him once myself. Some fellow working in the place showed him to me. I told Tully how he looked and he said, 'How does he carry it?' and I told him I didn't know.

"That was Friday night. Saturday morning, Tully stood in front of the bank and saw the man come around the corner and go in the bank. Later he followed the man to the railroad tracks and saw him go into the office with the pay-roll.

"I HAD an appointment with Tully to see him on Saturday, but he didn't show up. Didn't see him until the following Tuesday, the last week in July.

"Tully said, 'I saw that man go down with the money, I'm going to Philadelphia to get a man, if we don't do it this Saturday, we will the next.' That was 'long about the third or fourth week in July.

"One night I met him, across the street from the Bradley Beach Police Station. He had another fellow with him and he introduced him, but I didn't pay any attention to the name. I would know him if I saw him.

"The next time I met Tully, I said, 'Where is the other fellow?' and he said, 'He went to Newark to have his teeth fixed.' That is the last time I saw him until the Saturday night after the hold-up.

"Saturday my wife called me to go to work, but I didn't get up. I was too sick. She wakened me about 10:30 in the morning and told me about the man being shot. I got excited and didn't know what to do. I could not sleep and it preyed on me all that week. I didn't think they would do anything like that."

"What about your share?" I asked him, anxious to hear his version of the disposition of the proceeds of the hold-up.

"They never mentioned my share," Baxter insisted.

"After the man was shot I stayed in the house all day. At seven o'clock I went to Flannery's and he said, 'Bob called on the telephone and said he would call back. I was there about five minutes and the 'phone rang and Tully told me to meet him at Eighth and Kingsley. A fellow brought me down and I got out of the car and met Tully. He had the Pontiac. I got in the car and he said, 'I want you to put these guns away and some money, until I get a chance to get it.' I let him put it in my house. There were four guns wrapped up. I never touched them. That is the first time he was in my house. He had the guns wrapped in one package, and the money wrapped in another in gray paper.

"He gave me sixty-four dollars in two dollar bills and said, 'Get rid of these guns.' I didn't know what to do. 'What do you want me to do?' I asked him and he said, 'Keep them. I will send for them. They cost thirty-five dollars apiece.'"

"I said, 'I don't want them,' and I put them in the chest.

"HE got back in the Pontiac and went down to the Vergemere Hotel. He stayed about a half block away and I went down and asked Mr. Lenox or Jack Holland and he told me to tell Frank that the blond-haired fellow in Room Twenty-four wants his valise. I got the bag and we went out to Shark River and threw it in.

"Coming back he wanted to stay at my house, but I told him I didn't have room. We went to Ocean Grove and he got a room. That was between eleven and twelve o'clock Sunday morning. I talked to him and said, 'Who did the shooting?' and he said, 'You don't know him,' and I said, 'You didn't do it?' and he said again, 'You don't know him.' That is all he told me about it. I left him and came back and didn't see him again until he was arrested.

"Wednesday, August 7th, I worked all day and when I came home about six o'clock, I saw a man sitting in the front room of my house talking to my wife. The man had a black briefcase, and I didn't know who he was. He handed me a note that said:

"'Dear Russ, give the packages I left with you to this man and get rid of the guns.'"

"What did you give this man?" I asked Baxter.

"Two packages of money. Bob told me to keep the silver. He said, 'That's yours.' I took out one hundred dollars before handing over the packages."

He identified the messenger as William Ryder and said that Ryder knew the packages contained money, explaining:

"The note asking me to deliver it to him was written on a card with his name on it. He told me that he lived at seventeen-twenty Green Street, Philadelphia."

Here was the Green Street house again! Could it be possible we had overlooked an important lead in our search by failing to more thoroughly investigate the character of this house and its occupants the night of Walter Tully's visit there, I wondered. I made up my mind to know that place from cellar to garret as Baxter finished.

This rooming house was located in a neighborhood once the acme of refinement but of late years a constant source of trouble to police.

So with this knowledge it was no surprise to us to learn that it had been frequented by persons of, at best, questionable reputations. Ryder was the proprietor of the establishment. He was out of town, in Boston, we learned. But he reported to my office in two days after receiving a telegraphic summons.

Ryder's appearance was disarming. Mild-mannered and soft-spoken, he was not one to be associated with thugs and killers.

That he stood in fear of McBrien and his followers was evident during a preliminary examination. And when he became aware that we knew of his connections with the gang and the penalty which this association might entail, a new terror rose to grip him.

"We can't promise you anything," I told him. "But the virtue of your intent in telling us all that you know about these men certainly will react to your advantage when you are taken into court."

FINALLY, after a day of intermittent questioning, Ryder announced his decision to make a statement and said he was ready to tell all he knew. Here is his story, an amazing picture of the desperate character of the men we sought.

"They rushed down to Bradley Beach, the Friday night they tried to pull the Philadelphia job," he said in launching into his confession. "Four men to my knowledge. One man, 'Lefty,' that is the only name I knew him by; one Robert Tully, who is now under arrest; one James Browne, or Berger, alias Weston, alias Page, alias 'California Eddy,' and the fourth man known to me only as Mac—the Jersey Kid. I also know that Russell Baxter was the tipster. This knowledge I gained from listening to the conversation these above-mentioned men held in a room in my home.

"They drove down in a 'hot' car and another, the Pontiac used in the Twelfth and Wood Streets job. I heard nothing until nine o'clock Sunday morning when in rushed Mac looking for the rest. They drifted in then and later started for Camden—went to Nick's place."

"What was the first knowledge you had of the Bradley Beach job?" I asked Ryder.

"Sunday. They told me that was where they just came from. I got the whole story, when Browne came back that night. They went to take the payroll, he said, and the pay-master went for his gun and as he did he was shot. He said, 'We made an awful rumble when we knocked the pay-master off, but it can't be helped now. "Whitey" has got to lay up because they made the numbers of the car.' By Whitey, he meant Tully. He said Whitey was going to lay up in Nick's place and he is going to fix him up. He said, 'Mac has his money, but I ain't got my end, neither has Tully. Tully was supposed to bring the two ends, but got cold feet and switched it to the tipster.' From their conversation about guns, I learned that Tully had a .45 caliber revolver and the other three spoke about .38's.

"On either Tuesday, August 6th, or Wednesday, August 7th, I was leaving

my home with my wife and daughter for a trip to Ocean City, and when going out the front door Browne came up the front steps. He told me the biggest part of the money was still in Bradley Beach and asked me to go there and take a note to Flannery who would get Russell Baxter to give me the package I was to bring back.

"GOT down to Bradley Beach just before dinner time and there was no one home on Fourth Avenue at Baxter's house and drove my wife and daughter to the beach. Then I returned to Baxter's house for a second time, knocked at the door and heard word to come in. Stepped inside and Baxter was playing with his baby on the floor.

"After I had introduced myself and handed him the note Browne had given me, he went into another room and came back with the two packages and said it was all there excepting the fifty dollars he extracted from each pile. I came back to Philadelphia and a short while after arriving at my home, Browne arrived and offered me two hundred dollars for my trouble which I politely refused and he left, telling me to keep a closed mouth if I knew what was good for me."

"How would you describe the four men implicated?" I asked Ryder. "Start with McBrien."

"Mac is the only name I knew him by. He was about five feet, eight or nine inches tall and about thirty or thirty-two. Smooth, coal black shiny hair, large bushy eyebrows, and had a habit of letting the stubble grow, looked as though he needed a shave. He had exceptionally long fingers, peculiarly long. When he was dressed you would take him for a professional man. Well dressed. Never saw him but what he had a Panama hat. He had a blue suit, and sometimes wore white duck pants, white shoes and a dark coat.

"Mac seemed to be the leader of the whole gang.

"The second man I knew by the name of Lefty. He was the oldest of the bunch. I should judge him to be about forty, five feet, eight or nine inches, one hundred and eighty pounds, heavy build, dark brown, dirty looking hair, which always looked as though it needed a wash. Sloppy dresser, gray striped trousers and coat, baggy, needed pressing and wore a cap. He was more of a pugilistic type, entirely different from the others. He belongs in Newark. They sent him a telegram, telling him to come to Philadelphia. Bob Tully sent it over my telephone.

"The third man was James Browne or Berger, California Eddy. He was about five feet, three inches, between twenty-five and twenty-eight years old, one hundred and forty pounds, with dark wavy hair worn pompadour style, black pasty complexion, sallow as though he needed a wash. He was sunken in the jaws, long thin face. He had the prettiest teeth I have ever seen in a man's mouth. He had been having his teeth fixed at a high class dentist in Newark. The dentist was upstairs over a bank. I think it was a branch bank, but I don't know the name of the street where it was located. All I know is that I heard him tell the others he was pumping the dentist. He was wanted in San Francisco or Los Angeles for robbery.

"The fourth man was Tully, whom you have under arrest."

"Did you know Tully's brother, Walter?" I asked Ryder.

"Yes," he replied. "The night of August second, after leaving your office, he came to my house looking for his brother, or California Eddy.

"He said, 'Where is Eddy? He got in a helluva jam.'

"I did not know Tully had a brother but when this man came to the house, looking like Tully and asking for Whitey and Eddy I asked him if he was Whitey's brother and he said he was."

It was the same four with the addition of Eugene Riley, a former New Jersey state policeman, and Louie Levin, that Ryder implicated in earlier crimes committed by the gang.

Riley has since been convicted and is serving a ten- to twenty-year sentence in the Eastern Penitentiary, where Louie Levin is doing a two- to twenty-year stretch.

Originating in the West, the gang slowly worked eastward, staging some of its most daring and brutal performances in the vicinity of its most recent crime. The hold-up and murder of Frank B. Lee, Newark, New Jersey cashier on November 10th, 1928 was one of the first.

Robbery of $60,000 worth of jewelry from the Brooks Loan Office, at the busy Fifty-second and Market Streets corner in Philadelphia, in broad daylight followed on June 17th, 1929.

A shot fired as a signal by one of the gang who had entered the store to redeem a pawned watch just as the big jewelry safes were being opened, had summoned others of the band who entered from all directions, several descending from a stock room above the store, to which they had effected an entrance by cutting through the partition which separated the room from an apartment which the band had rented.

"They started talking the night after the Brooks affair, about where to dispose of this swag," Ryder later related, describing how the gang congregated in his house after the hold-up.

"They engineered it from the apartment over the Brooks' store. They said it took a devilish long time, boring through that wall. Riley was the first guy to go in the place and get the low-down. He pawned the watch. They talked about the surprised look on the clerks' faces when they jumped the counter and pushed them down on the floor. Somebody threw a cigarette on the floor and tossed it where they were keeping the victims near a pile of paper which would have ignited if somebody hadn't called attention to it and stepped on the butt.

"They mentioned the name of Louie Levin, as where they would have to get the swag. After awhile they decided that the best thing to do was to go out. I took it for granted that they had gone to Levin's house. The next I saw of any of them was when Riley came back to the house drunk. When he was arrested a short time later, they said it was his own fault for getting lushed up (drunk) and talking his head off.

"Lefty and Mac took the jewelry to New York City, and came back with the cash, between seventy-eight hundred and eight thousand dollars.

"You remember the insurance job uptown, the Metropolitan Insurance Company, over the Uptown Theater? The same mob did that. That also was on a Monday. That was Mac's job. Supposed to be a star tipster."

The gang had held up the insurance company offiees, locking an elevator operator with several of the concern's clerk's in a room while they ransacked the safes, proceeds of which had been hidden in Ryder's cellar, money boxes and envelopes in which the money had been carried off being found in the cellar of the Green Street house some time later.

"You say when you last heard of them they were bound for Norfolk?" I asked Ryder.

"Yes, I think Browne had relatives there. When he left my house his last words were, 'Norfolk, Virginia bound.'"

Their departure from the Green Street house might have been for another planet, in so far as we were able to learn of their whereabouts. If Berger or any of the others did go to Norfolk, they either did not tarry long, or had a hideaway, so well concealed that it defied our best endeavors to locate it, because we "fine tooth combed" that locality without finding a trace of the gang.

Two months had gone by with the usual collection of valueless tips, when we uncovered some information that put us on a warm trail again. It proved an unfailing rule in the successful pursuit of criminals—find their women and eventually you will get them.

And so after we learned the identity of Lefty Long's girl and followed her from a house near Fifteenth Street and Columbia in Philadelphia to her home on Tampa Street, it was no surprise to see him enter the house a few days later as we watched from a vacant house opposite.

We had no attention of arresting him on sight, neither was it our intention to let him give us the slip. Our plan was to let him have a little rope, keep him under surveillance on the probability of his leading us to the hiding place of other members of the gang.

For several nights we watched Lefty when he would call at the house, and sometimes through the brightly lighted front windows see him visiting with his sweetie. He did not seem in the least apprehensive of discovery.

But he got wise to our watching him and disappeared as suddenly as he appeared. He made one of my men, I later learned.

The next we heard of him he was locked up in the East Orange, New Jersey jail. On November 19th, he had been captured in trying to elude police after attempting to hold up the Ampere Bank and Trust Company of East Orange.

His attempts to obtain funds, in this manner, for defending Tully and others of his companions, when brought to trial, had failed. His flight from the bank in a taxicab ended abruptly when the motor was wrecked against a telegraph pole by a terrorized driver. His attempt to shake off pursuers by dodging in a convenient speakeasy also failed when an eye-witness of the accident, directed police to his shelter.

Another member of the Jersey Kid's band was behind prison bars.

But it was McBrien whom we wanted most, and it was less than two months later that we were set on his trail in a most unusual manner.

I was sitting in my office late one night in the latter part of November. A nice appearing chap, refined looking, entered.

"Are you Inspector Connelly?" he asked.

"That's me. What can I do for you?" I inquired as I invited him to have a chair.

"Inspector," he said, "I think I can give you a line on a fellow you want. I am here to make a deal with you. If you will help me in a way I will name, I will give you information that will no doubt be of value."

I began to be a little leery of my visitor. Many came to us from time to time with what would seem to be "red-hot" tips but which upon investigation generally proved to be the product of an overworked imagination.

When he said the man he wanted to tip me off to had run away with his wife I became convinced that my visitor's case was just another where it was intended to use the police as the arm of vengeance.

But when he commented that his wife's paramour, John Davis by name, was also known under the name of Murray and had described him, my interest was thoroughly aroused.

If he had studied Ryder's description of the Jersey Kid, he couldn't have come nearer to duplicating it.

"Where are they living?" I eagerly inquired.

He gave me the address—a house on City Line in the northern section of the city. He had been gone from my office but a short time when I, accompanied by Detective Mock, Kelly and McDevitt, started out to look the place over.

When we got to the house, we found it vacant. We rang doorbells in the neighborhood, sometimes posing as insurance agents, again as credit raters and sometimes frankly admitting our mission. It developed that the people who had lived in the house had moved to Higby Street, in Tacony, a community in the northeastern section of Philadelphia.

Arrived at this house we found that it also was vacant, and this time it seemed as though our trail had ended at a blank wall.

"They moved to New York," persons in the adjoining house informed us. Their description of the couple who had lived there, however, convinced us that we were on the right trail.

But New York is a big city and a place where one might easily hide. The possibilities of finding our man by so general an address seemed slender. However, we determined to go there and consult with New York detectives hoping for a break of some kind. In other words we played a hunch.

We left Lieutenant Benz with a number of detectives to make a canvass of the neighborhood, hoping to pick up the name of the movers who had transported the possessions of the missing couple, or obtain some other information that

might put us on the right track. They did a good job and in short order we had, with the aid of our automobile division, located the moving-van people who had taken McBrien's things to New York.

I had told Benz, if he was successful in locating the mover not to attempt to bring him in for questioning until he had communicated with me. I was taking no chances of McBrien being tipped off by a friendly mover before I arrived in New York City, close enough to move quickly on our man.

We had hardly entered the New York Detective Headquarters when I was informed that Philadelphia was calling me.

"We've found the moving concern," Benz informed me over the wire. "I'll soon have the driver of the van who did the job and getting the address we want.

"If your man comes through, don't let him talk to anyone until I have an opportunity to verify the information," I warned Benz after congratulating him on the good work he and the men working with him had done.

Things looked good. It seemed as though we were finally getting a few of the breaks.

The Kid was living with his new sweetie under the names of Mr. and Mrs. Davis, in a second floor apartment of a house on West 169th Street, it was learned from the moving van driver.

We obtained that information on December 2nd.

With the cooperation of John D. Coughlin, former head of the New York detective force, and a detail of men working with him out of the Wadsworth Avenue Station, plans were laid for the capture of McBrien.

We hurried to the apartment house and distributed our forces at strategetic positions, intended to cover every possible avenue of entry or escape from the house. As it proved later we were either not quite so clever as we thought we were, or one of our detail momentarily relaxed his vigilance.

Through the balance of the day, all during the Third of December we continued our watch from vantage places, concealed from those passing through the halls or in the vicinity of the apartment house.

On the morning of the fourth, Detective Mock, on guard near the door to the apartment occupied by McBrien, suddenly signaled that he heard the sound of voices within. There had been some doubt about the Kid being inside, but scraps of conversation we overheard from beyond the door relieved our concern. Though at the time we hadn't the slightest idea of how he had entered.

Everything was set now, for one of the big acts in the pursuit of the Jersey Kid.

Two of my men, McDevitt and Kelly, were posted in a court-yard in a position to command the fire escape leading out of the rear of the McBrien apartment. Several New York detectives were assigned places across the court with command of the windows of the apartment. Inspector Coughlin stood near the door with Mock and myself.

Hours seemed to have passed without event when shouting from the court-yard attracted our attention. McBrien's girl had made her appearance on the fire escape and had defied the commands of the detectives to descend until they had threatened to shoot her.

To have climbed the fire escape to seize the girl, detectives would have been forced to do just what McBrien hoped for, expose themselves to his pistol fire.

The fire escape was constructed with a swinging section at the bottom which must be lowered to permit descent to the yard from the upper floors. The girl declared that she couldn't make it work.

"All right then, jump," Kelly shouted to her.

"I'll kill myself if I do," she shouted back.

"All right then swing by your hands from the bottom section and drop to the ground and you won't hurt yourself," McDevitt shouted back at the girl.

"If you don't come down off there we'll start shooting."

"For God's sake don't do any shooting," the girl cried as she followed instructions of the detectives and lowered herself to the ground.

By this time, many residents from other apartments in the building, and from adjoining houses and streets, attracted by the shouting, had assembled about the building and, in spite of the efforts of police, stood dangerously close in the event of any gun play.

We started pounding on McBrien's door calling to him to give up.

"You might as well come out Mac," I shouted at the apartment door. "We've got you bottled up and you can't escape. The house is surrounded."

"Go to hell!" was McBrien's only reply.

"You haven't a chance," Coughlin shouted back.

A torrent of profanity was the only answer.

Coughlin turned to one of his aides:

"Go get some tear gas tanks and a couple of those gas bombs," he ordered. "We'll smoke this baby out."

Returning to McBrien's door, Coughlin again directed his remarks to the man inside.

"Suit yourself, Mac. We've given you a chance to come with us peacefully. Now we'll try something else. We'll find out how good you are."

There was silence on both sides of the door for a while. We said nothing, neither did the Kid. We were waiting for the arrival of the gas bombs.

"Here we are," Coughlin announced, as several officers appeared with the tear gas equipment. "We'll have this lad out of there in short order now."

McBrien's voice was heard again.

"Give me a couple of minutes to think things over," he demanded.

"You've had all the time you're going to get," I called to him. "We're all set and we'll knock hell out of this joint unless you come out and give up."

McBrien's reaction to this ultimatum was prompt.

"Don't turn that—damned gas loose on me. *I'll come out!*"

"Toss your rod out the door first," I ordered as I saw the apartment door opening.

A pistol fell on the floor at our feet, and as McBrien's door swung farther back, we kept the entrance covered. We were dealing with one of the trickiest criminals known to the police. We

couldn't afford to take any chances.

A tall dark-haired and foppishly dressed young man stepped out in the apartment house hall. McBrien, "The Jersey Kid", was in our custody at last. He walked down to a waiting patrol wagon between Coughlin and myself, with other detectives following. At the Wadsworth Avenue Station we found the Kid's girl, Mabel "Redhead" Davis awaiting us.

Search of McBrien's apartment resulted in the discovery of a bank book with a record of deposits for several hundred dollars. On a cover of the book, he had written a note to his parents in which he said good-bye to them.

"It's all over now," he wrote.

Later, when we had questioned him, we more fully appreciated the desperate character of the man we had been dealing with and realized the small consideration which he might give to a human life which might interfere with his wishes.

"If that door hadn't been lined with metal," McBrien vindictively informed us, "I would have plugged all youse birds. It would have been easy if it had just been a case of boring through wood. But you had me beaten on that score."

The mystery of how he had entered his apartment was explained by McBrien while we talked with him in the station house. He said he had hoisted himself up to his apartment in the dumb waiter, but when he tried to escape by the same means, the lift jammed.

Police of several cities immediately upon learning of the capture of McBrien, sought to gain custody of him. Bradley Beach wanted him; Philadelphia was ready to go the limit to get him in its jurisdiction, and Newark also strongly pressed its claim and finally won. Our men had worked tirelessly in the campaign against the Kid and his band, but we were satisfied when it was agreed to turn him over to the Newark Police, to stand trial for the murder of Frank Lee.

On January 28th, of 1930, McBrien and three companions, former members of the gang—Joe Rado, Louie Malanga and Victor Giampietro—were sentenced to die in the electric chair on March 9th.

"Can't you make it sooner?" McBrien flippantly inquired of Judge Dallas Flannagan after sentence had been pronounced.

On Robert Tully the doors of the New Jersey Penitentiary have already closed—for life—if he serves the full sentence, meted out to him by Judge Jacob Steinbach, sitting in the Monmouth County Criminal Courts. After admitting the guilt of his client, Tully's lawyer made a dramatic plea to the jury for mercy.

"Christ extended mercy to the malefactors—bandits we call them to-day—who hung on either side of him while he suffered on the cross," the lawyer solemnly reminded. "You can do no less for this misguided fellow."

Disposition of the case of Long still pends, and Browne, or as he is better known, California Eddy continues to be a fugitive.

We'll eventually get him. Some day he will make a mis-step and he will join others in paying the penalty for their far-flung programme of outlawry.

The others, arrested in the general round-up—Ryder, Walter Tully, Mabel Davis, have been freed, placed on probation or given deferred sentences, according to the merits of their individual cases. They have suffered a penalty of one sort or another. Some must live in fear of their lives for a long while to come. It is their punishment for a companionship with outlaws. Others who at one time worked with the gang have no doubt escaped punishment and still constitute a menace to the community in which they stay. But with the capture of McBrien, Long and Tully, a gang as vicious as the most notorious that roamed the West in the last century, passed into criminal history.

—o—

THE 'JERSEY KID' AND 3 OF GANG PAY FOR MURDER

Squealer, for Whom Police Tried to Win Pardon, Goes to Chair First

ONE PROTESTS INNOCENCE

Frank McBrien Convicted With Men of Killing Newark Garage Cashier

Special to the New York Telegram

TRENTON, July 23.—The "Jersey Kid" and his mob today had paid the price for the shabby fame they shared in the underworld.

Four of them went to the chair last night in State's prison here for the murder of George B. Lee, garage cashier shot during a $3,000 stick-up in Newark on October 15, 1928.

Frank McBrien, the sullenly silent leader of the gang, was the "Jersey Kid." He was captured in a New York apartment. Victor Giampietro, 24; Joseph Malanga, 32, and Joseph Rado were the others who died. Another comrade in crime was killed in Chicago during a revolver duel with police.

Squealer Goes First.

Giampietro was the first to die. He was "the squealer" who turned State's evidence and had expected a pardon for his services. William J. Egan, Newark Director of Public Safety, asked Governor Larson to pardon Giampietro, but was refused.

Rado, a crooked smile on his lips, addressed the thirty witnesses as the guards buckled on the straps.

"I want you gate crashers and spectators to know that I'm innocent despite what McBrien said. Tell the whole world that," he said in a muffled voice.

"Okay, Boys."

"The Jersey Kid," smiling nervously, bade a casual farewell to his two companions as the guards came for him after Giampietro had died.

"Okay, boys," he said.

"Goodby, Mac."

"So long, Kid."

The "Jersey Kid" sucked deep on his frayed cigar. The smoke blew back into his cell.

"Well, I guess I'm ready," he told his guards and shambled forward to his death.

Test Your Detective Ability

(*Continued from page 4*)

letter "z" was out of alignment, while the letter "m" looked more like an "n".

The problem is:

Who kidnapped the child and how was it planned?

How could the kidnapper be traced, located and perhaps made to reveal the whereabouts of the child?

—o—

SOLUTION OF LAST MONTH'S PROBLEM

THE first problem to solve is whether the woman was killed by a man or by a woman. The finger-print on the lens of the bifocular glasses, the sachet-bag which also had the same fingerprint and the peculiar odor, all indicate that a woman, other than the dead woman and her maid, had been in the room, and these clues would point to a woman as the slayer. The next point involved is to locate the woman. The snap-shot picture of herself and some man would furnish the principal clue along this line. The maid, or some other friend of the dead woman, would perhaps know this man and in all likelihood he was a married man, as the dead woman had the reputation of having had affairs with married men. If the man could be located in such a fashion, it would not be difficult to find his wife. She, in all probability, would be the woman in the case. The bifocular glasses, the finger-print on the lens, the sachet bag would be strong connecting links, not to overlook a typewriter that will be considered later in this solution.

Assuming that the man in the picture could not be located, the identity of the slayer could be ascertained in the following manner:

It would be natural to infer that the slayer wore the bifocular glasses, and that the glasses were made in the same city in which the tragedy occurred. With very few exceptions no two pair of bifocular glasses are exactly alike. They could be taken to each of the opticians in the city, the lens compared with the prescriptions they had on hand, and if they tallied it would be an easy matter to compare the finger-print with the owner of the glasses.

The peculiar odor of the sachet powder would be another fairly important clue. The problem indicates that this peculiar powder had been used by some woman for a number of years and this could be traced to some department store, where a fairly good description could be had of the purchaser.

A more important clue is the letter in code and the peculiarities of certain letters of the typewriter.

First to decode the letter: In language the vowel "E" appears more frequently than any other vowel and the vowels "I" and "A" next in order. The letter "Z" in the code letter represents the vowel "E", while "D" and "V" respectively represent "I" and "A". With this much information the code could be made up as follows:

Z equals E, A equals F, B equals G, C equals H, D equals I, E equals J, F equals K, G equals L, H equals M, I equals N, J equals O, K equals P, L equals Q, M equals R, N equals S, O equals T, P equals U, Q equals V, R equals W, S equals X, T equals Y, U equals Z, V equals A, W equals B, X equals C, Y equals D.

It now appears that something like the following is found in the letter:

Dtp hfs'o ijhjnaj rj.

This if deciphered would read:

You can't deceive me.

With such a code it is natural to assume that something would be found in the letter that would throw some light on the tragedy. The absence of finger-prints on the letter proper would indicate that the writer had used gloves in its preparation, while the finger-prints on the envelope could be traced to the postman who handled the letter, the maid who received it and the victim who opened it. The presence of the peculiar Oriental odor on the letter, the same odor on the sachet bag and the reference in the diary to Sachet Nippon would further connect a woman as the slayer.

With the above solution the tragedy could be figured out in this way:

The dead woman had been a stenographer and had corresponded with another woman stenographer, using a code in this correspondence. In later years the second woman married and the first woman tried to alienate the affections of the husband. This brought about the letter the victim received the day of the tragedy. In it the second woman intimated that she was coming to see her to thresh out their differences, which she did. A quarrel resulted and the second woman shot her.

In all probability, in the apartment of the second woman would be found the typewriter with the "L" out of alignment and the "E" with a distinct blur, and also the automatic pistol which was used in the tragedy.

To Newspapermen; Police Officials and Detectives

If you have in mind any fact case, with actual photographs, deemed suitable for publication in this magazine, please address the Editor, TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES, 1926 Broadway, New York City, and ask for our "Letter of Suggestions," covering full information relative to writing the accounts of fact crime cases for this magazine.

I Know Who Killed Desmond Taylor

(*Continued from page 61*)

me and asked me what I knew about the Taylor murder."

Shortly after Governor Richardson made his startling charges, Otis Hefner was found by a newspaper reporter, living under the name of Arthur Nelson, in Redwood City, California. Hefner repeted his story as told above, stating that both he and Sands had positively identified the motion picture actress seen rushing from the apartment.

No sooner had the Taylor case resumed its place on the front pages than Henry Peavey, ex-servant and valet of Taylor, was located in Sacramento. While Hefner's story covered events immediately after the murder, Peavey told a story purporting to reveal what had happened the preceding evening while Taylor was still alive.

"I WENT to Taylor's home about 7:00 o'clock in the evening. I wanted to check out for the day. When I got to the door of the room I heard loud talking inside and hesitated to go in.

William Desmond Taylor as an actor, in the early days of the movies

"I recognized the voice of the girl, who was a prominent motion picture actress and who had formerly been on much more friendly terms with Mr. Taylor.

"I had an appointment downtown, so after waiting for about ten minutes, I knocked on the door and opened it. I saw Taylor and the actress. I told Taylor I was leaving, closed the door, and went out, leaving them together.

"I learned later from Taylor's chauffeur that he phoned the house at 7:20 and got no response, and when he found the place dark later, he went on home.

"The murder was evidently committed then, between 7:10 and 7:20 P. M. and Taylor's body was found next morning in the room where I left him with the actress.

"I know she was very angry with him because he did not care so much for her as he once did, and was paying attention to another motion picture actress."

When Peavey had finished his story he assured his questioners that he was eager to come to Los Angeles and tell his story to the Grand Jury.

"You didn't tell this same story at the Coroner's inquest?"

"No, they wouldn't let me. They tried to shake my story. They threatened me. I didn't change my story, but I left out the part about the row at Mr. Taylor's."

"What do you mean by 'they'?"

"The District Attorney's office."

We placed no stock in Peavey's statements. We had questioned him thoroughly a number of times immediately following the murder, and he had never told us any story that would indicate that Taylor had been murdered by a motion picture actress.

I am sure that he told everything he knew at the beginning. He was the pride of Central Avenue at the time (Los Angeles' negro belt)—bought himself a new pair of spats, and became the most important person in town in his own estimation. If he had known more he would have sprung it for the added glory and glamour.

There were those who thought he was concealing something at first. But, after some newspaper boys took him to the cemetery and sweated him over a gravestone, and couldn't get any more out of him, they were satisfied.

As for the District Attorney's office not allowing him to testify to the full facts at the coroner's inquest, I don't believe he could have testified to anything correctly at the inquest. He took one look at Taylor's body, became half hysterical, and his chin shook so that we could hear his teeth chatter all the way across the inquest room.

WE had no more confidence in the story told by Hefner than the one told by Peavey. In my opinion he had concocted his story of events in the Taylor mystery from reading newspapers and discussing the crime with other prisoners for the sole purpose of effecting his release, and so successful had he been in convincing Governor Richardson of the authenticity of his statements, that the executive paroled him in 1925. Hefner violated this parole, was sent back to prison, only to be re-paroled again in 1926.

But, not wishing to leave any stone unturned, my boss, District Attorney Buron Fitts, ordered me to go north for an interview with Hefner.

On Friday afternoon, January 10th, 1930, I took the Owl train to San Francisco, where I interviewed Mr. Crissey and Mr. George Powers, of the *Daily News*, as it was they to whom Hefner had told his latest story.

Hefner, they stated, was living at 205 Redwood Avenue, Redwood City, which is located on the peninsula some thirty-five miles south of San Francisco.

Mr. Powers explained that one Tommy Jones, who had been living with Hefner, and working with him at the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, of San Mateo, California, was thought to be the missing Edward F. Sands.

Jones, who, according to Mr. Powers, fitted the description of Sands, had, within the last few days, disappeared from his hotel and his place of employment. There was a portion of his salary still due at the company office, which Jones had failed to collect.

On Saturday afternoon, January 12th, I took a machine from San Francisco and drove to San Mateo, then to Hefner's home in Redwood City. While in San Mateo I went to the Pacific Gas and Electric Company and talked with R. W. Briggs, gang foreman of the electric lines, who explained to me that Tommy Jones had been employed as a lineman and worked under his supervision.

Mr. Briggs produced his time book

Taylor as an officer in the British Army during the World War

which showed Jones had not quit his job within the last few days, but on December 6th, 1929; and stated that the description of Sands did not fit the description of Jones in any way, Jones being a much younger man.

I showed Mr. Briggs the picture I had of Edward F. Sands. Mr. Briggs called several linemen who knew Tom Jones very well, and all stated that the picture of Sands could not possibly be the picture of Jones.

Mr. Briggs also explained that Tom Jones was an extremely ignorant man; that he could scarcely read or write, and had trouble signing his own name. He was a Southerner and spoke with a distinct southern drawl, talking continually of coon hunting and 'possum hunting in the South. Jones, when he left the employ of the gas company, had stated that he was taking his wife and two children to the vicinity of Phoenix, Arizona.

I THEN went to the St. James Hotel where Jones had formerly lived, and was told by the landlady and several of the roomers that Jones couldn't possibly be Edward F. Sands.

Having established conclusively that there could be nothing to the Sands story as concerned Tom Jones, I proceeded to the Hefner home in Redwood City, where I found the house locked up with the curtains all pulled down. The mail box contained mail from several days.

I returned to San Francisco for the night, but early the next morning I again set out for Redwood City, determined to watch the house of Hefner for his return. About 9:00 A. M. I telephoned Edward Whyte, State Parole Officer, and he informed me that if I would come immediately to his office in the Ferry Building, San Francisco, he would produce Hefner for me, as Hefner was in hiding at Whyte's suggestion to keep away from newspaper men.

I went directly to Whyte's office, and after a few moments' conversation, he brought Otis Hefner from an adjoining room.

Tall, lean and bronzed, there was little about Hefner to suggest the ex-convict. No trace of prison pallor was left and the deep tan of his face gave his eyes an intense appearance.

Hefner started to repeat the story he had told the newspapers, but before he had talked two minutes, I was convinced that he couldn't possibly know anything of the details of this murder.

"Hefner," I said, "you're lying to me. When you first told your famous yarn to Ex-Governor Richardson, you lied. After you told your first lie, you've been forced to tell a thousand others to cover up. Now, come clean. Am I right?"

A broad smile—a sigh of relief—tears

Captain Jesse Winn, one of the sleuths who worked for years on the Taylor mystery

trickling down his cheeks—then Hefner replied:

"Yes, King, you are right. I told a lie to get out of Folsom Prison and I've been compelled to tell many others to keep out. I have been working hard since my release to re-establish myself as a good citizen. My wife has been sick. We are paying for our little home and it just about takes all I earn. During the three years I have been out, I have never left home except during working hours."

After several further remarks, I decided I did not wish to interview him any further, but I wanted him to tell his story first-hand to Mr. Fitts. He agreed to go to Los Angeles with me provided I would agree to keep the newspaper men and cameras away from him.

He explained that he did not want his wife to know of his former prison record. She was seated in his machine with their young baby out in front of the Ferry Building. He wanted me to go down to

the machine with him and explain that he must go to Los Angeles with me, but merely as a witness in an important matter. He asked me to avoid all mention of his past life.

This I did, meeting Mrs. Hefner and the baby. We made arrangements for Hefner to take the wife and baby to the home of Mrs. Hefner's sister in Oakland, there to remain until his return to San Francisco.

Mr. White, parole officer, confirmed his statements, adding that Hefner had accounted to him for every penny of the money he had earned at hard labor for the past three years; had lived a straightforward and upright life ever since his release on parole; and regardless of his fake story, he thought justice could best be served by allowing him to return to his wife and baby, so, after a talk with the District Attorney, we furnished him transportation and allowed him to return home.

With the revivified search for a solution of the eight-year-old mystery of who killed William Desmond Taylor, came other "confessions" from all over the country.

A man in Birmingham, Alabama, confessed that he had been an eye-witness to the murder. He claimed to have been hidden behind the piano in Taylor's apartment where he had sought refuge, when Taylor and a woman whom he named entered.

This woman soon left and a second woman entered, dressed as a man. Taylor reprimanded her for masquerading and they argued over the woman's demand for money. Taylor gave her a check which she tore to bits.

As she was about to leave, the "confession" continued, this woman drew a gun and shot Taylor. By shifting his position, he could see Taylor as he slumped down in his chair and crumpled to the floor.

This "confession" was highly imaginative, practically improbable and undoubtedly false. The piano in Taylor's living room was a small baby grand model and it would have been next to impossible for anyone to hide behind it and escape detection. We examined the room for hiding-places and eliminated the piano the first day of the inquiry. There was not a place in the room where a man could possibly have remained hidden.

There were many other discrepancies in his story. He described a vestibule and there was no vestibule. He described Taylor's desk as a "colonial" style desk, while in reality it was a small roll top desk with pigeonholes.

Whoever murdered Taylor slipped in through the front door when Taylor accompanied Mabel Normand from his home to her waiting automobile.

When Taylor re-entered the house, his murderer stepped out from behind the partially open front door and shot him from behind. This fact alone proved the falsity of his story, which he had so constructed that the assailant had to shoot from in front.

Since the re-opening of the case, we have been receiving as high as 100 letters a day, coming all the way from the Yukon on the North and Florida on the South.

And, it is remarkable how many persons in the United States have vital information concerning the murder. I don't understand how they've kept their secrets locked up in their breasts for the past eight years.

All they need is an opportunity to come to Los Angeles, and according to their letters, the mystery would be solved. I might add that we are expected to pay the freight both ways.

But not all of these letters are from cranks. Some are from serious-minded persons who are really trying to aid us in the investigation.

To-day the Taylor case is listed among the great unsolved crime mysteries of the world, the chances being good that it will stay there.

Dope, love, jealousy, revenge, blackmail—all have entered into our investigations.

There was never a particle of *real evidence* to connect Taylor with a dope ring.

The only way love and jealousy entered into the case was through the admission of Mary Miles Minter, who confessed unashamedly that she loved William Desmond Taylor.

Never, for one moment, have I suspected Mabel Normand of knowing anything about the murder. I questioned her many times when she was completely off her guard. If she had known anything, the truth would have come out.

The revenge motive was found only in connection with Sands. Taylor had threatened his arrest and filed charges against him.

Taylor's unlocked home and his way of living without a retinue of servants made it comparatively easy for his slayer to enter his bungalow, shoot him and get away without leaving a single clue.

As stated in the opening paragraph of my story, almost from the first hour of my investigation, I have *known* who committed this murder. But knowing it and proving it are two separate things. However, I am a great believer in the law of retribution, and I feel positive that some day this law will make good in the case of William Desmond Taylor.

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Notice is hereby given to all who have submitted stories that the same must be ORIGINAL and TRUE.

The Truth About Evansville's Infamous "Bohannon Crime"

(*Continued from page* 55)

an exceedingly high rate of speed.

There was no gun to be found. Bohannon's gun had not been located although it was known that he had carried one on the night before.

But who was the dead man? Papers or letters that he might have carried were missing. There was not an identifying thing about him.

The body was brought to the undertaking parlors of Klee and Burkhart in Evansville. Here the clothing was carefully guarded by officers who looked it over minutely for any trace of identity. His cap, a trademark revealed, had been purchased in Detroit. His suit had been bought in Chicago. A painstaking search finally revealed, indistinctly, a laundry mark.

This laundry mark was simply the letters "F. M." While we looked upon them as being of some value, Felker, always an enterprising reporter, took it upon himself to trace the letters through the city's laundries.

Of the more than a dozen, there were only three that used the initials of a patron's first and last names as identification.

The first of these, Felker learned, had no customer whose name corresponded with the initials "F. M." The second, he learned, with hopes rising, had one.

"But I know him," the bookkeeper said. "He lives at —." That left only one.

The last proved more promising. The letters were used for one customer. His name?

"Well, he always brought his laundry and always called for it." They did not know his name nor his address. But he was "middle-aged, dark, and of a slightly foreign cast."

"Middle-aged." Felker walked away from the telephone, beaten. The man on the morgue slab still held his secret.

We were definitely certain, however, that the dead man and the wounded Bohannon had met on that Friday night. There could be no other conclusion. The tracks of the automobile that had driven through the corn field corresponded to the tread of the tires of Bohannon's car. There were cornstalks on the framework of the auto. And a little later we learned from Mrs. Bohannon that the billfold found was the property of her husband.

Mrs. Bohannon also brought out another fact that was to clinch the theory that her husband and the unidentified corpse had fought a duel to death. She brought forth the gun that Bohannon had carried the night before. She had found it in his automobile and had hidden it.

The gun was of the caliber that was used in the killing of the stranger. Three shots had been fired recently. Then the gun had jammed.

Bohannon's billfold was empty. There was no money in the pockets of the dead man. In fact, they had been turned inside out. There was no money on the ground about the scene of the struggle. The absence of this important evidence pointed unmistakably to the presence of a fourth person at the trysting place, a companion of the dead man. And had not Bohannon said there were "two hold-up men?"

So, instead of one mystery that faced us when that Saturday morning broke, we now had three. Who was the dead man? Who was his companion? Who was the woman in the case? We knew that at least two of the questions had to be answered before we could hope to learn the third and last.

Meanwhile, hundreds of persons, in an endless line, the morbidly curious and those who thought by chance they might be able to recognize this mysteriously silent person, passed through the morgue. They looked at his face, shook their heads, and passed on. They paused outside to stand in sombre groups and speculate on his identity.

HE looked like a wrestler, they said. Then someone remembered that there had been a wrestler with a carnival in Evansville the week before. His name was Frank Martin. "F. M." Lorin Kiely, an attorney and a wrestling promoter, was called in.

"Well, he looks something like him, but I wouldn't be certain."

The carnival at that time was appearing in Hickman, Kentucky, and a long distance telephone call was placed in an effort at solution. The hopes of the authorities were doomed to failure. They were informed that the wrestler was still with the carnival and was not, so far as anyone knew, carrying any bullets in his body.

The sands of Bohannon's hourglass of life were running low with the passing of the day and his lips remained silent. Toward dusk it appeared that the stranger was to lie unidentified throughout the night and possibly for all time.

Shortly before 5 o'clock in the afternoon Arthur B. Burkhart, the undertaker, was standing beside the form of the dead man when he heard a girl of about eighteen gasp and say, "Poor Frank."

He seized the opportunity.

"Did you know him?"

"Yes." She caught her breath. "He roomed with the Meadors on Harriett Street. I knew him. Frank was a good boy."

Burkhart in his excitement failed to get her name.

AT about the same time Patrolman Collison received a "hot tip" from a friend who visited the morgue.

"I didn't know him," Collison was told. "But I know where he lived. He has a friend at 1314 Harriett Street and lived there."

Collison immediately relayed his information to headquarters. An investigation was under way at last with something tangible to work on.

Strangely enough, the man they were about to arrest had passed through the morgue that afternoon and had spent many minutes gazing in silence at this puzzling corpse.

His face, those who later recalled having seen him at the morgue said, revealed no clue as to the turmoil that must have raged within. As the face on the slab yielded no trace of the grimness it had known in the few tragic moments before

life was snuffed out, so that face of his buddy bore a mask that was impenetrable.

Police officers going to 1314 Harriett Street were informed that the Meadors had moved that day. They now lived at 1102 Harriett Street just two blocks away.

Frank Paisley was the man arrested at the Pearson Meador home. He was twenty-four years old and came from Essex, Missouri. He had, so far as we then were able to ascertain, no police record and the story he told of his connection with the dead man was not incriminating. Instead, convincingly believable.

The dead man was Frank Mills, Paisley said. Mills was only nineteen years old. He came from Chicago, where he had a wife from whom he was separated. His real name was Milchunas and he was of Lithuanian parentage.

Mills and Paisley had worked together in Detroit and had come to Evansville about six weeks before, where they obtained work in a furniture factory. However, business was dull, and they had been laid off. They had not worked in two weeks.

He and Mills, he said, started out the evening before in Paisley's automobile. In Garvin Park Mills saw a girl acquaintance and left Paisley. The latter, after riding about for a few minutes, returned to his rooming place.

There was no flaw in his story. There was nothing to attack. Paisley, the elder Meador and his son, Lee, told officers, had returned early the night before and had played cards with members of the family. There was nothing in his demeanor, they said, that might indicate any fierce mental unrest. He acted as usual, they said.

Paisley, as well as Mills who roomed with him, was a well-behaved young man, sober and industrious. Surely the police couldn't suspect that Paisley had had anything to do with the crime, even if Mills had, which they also found it hard to believe.

We were not satisfied. Paisley was taken to Police Headquarters for further questioning. While he was there Detectives Charles Freer, Paul Newhouse, and Opal Russell went to his room, where a search revealed a revolver. With this they returned to headquarters.

An examination proved that it was of the same caliber as the one with which Bohannon was shot. It had been fired recently.

CONFRONTED with the gun, Paisley still maintained that he knew nothing of the crime. Questioning was continued, intensely, unabatingly. Within an hour he blurted out a confession.

"About 6:30 o'clock in the evening of September 14th," Paisley's confession started, "Frank Mills and I left our Harriett Street home in my car. We drove out State Road No. 41 and turned east about a mile north of Pigeon Creek and went east about one mile. Mills directed me to stop by the side of the road near a woods.

"Mills told me he wanted to catch a couple parked on the road and take the man out of the car and get the girl. Mills had a gun in his possession and showed it to me.

"After I had stopped the car as Mills directed he took a window cord rope about ten feet long out of his pocket. We got out of the car and down in the ditch on the south side of the road. Mills cut the window cord, gave me half and kept half. Mills had his gun with him and told me to bring along the flashlight that I always carried in the car.

"We waited in the ditch one and a half or two hours and then a car drove up from the west and stopped at the side of the road near the ditch in which we were hiding and about two hundred feet west of my car.

"When Mills saw this car he said to me, 'That's it now.' I do not know whether he knew the occupants of the car.

"Mills told me that he would hold the gun on the man and that I should cover him with my flashlight and tie him with the rope.

"We stooped low on our hands and feet and crawled down the ditch to the parked car. When we got to the car I went up on the right side and Mills came up from the right rear. I flashed a light in the car and saw a man and girl in the rear seat. They were in an embrace. I asked them what they were doing. Mills then was at the back of the car. I ordered the man to get out of the machine, saying, 'Buddy, come out of that car.'

"The man did get out of the car on the same side I was on and next to the ditch and stood near me.

"I ordered him to put his hands behind him so I could tie him. Instead of putting his arms around behind him he started arguing with me. Mills came around from behind the car and the man turned around and faced Mills, who had him covered with a revolver. The man started arguing with Mills and Mills ordered him to face away from him so he, Mills, could tie his hands. The man started to turn around and just then it looked like he fell partly into the front door of the automobile. I think it was then that the man with the girl got his gun.

"Mills dragged the man out of the car and they both fell in the ditch. The man landed in the ditch on his back and right side. Mills landed on his feet, standing almost over him.

"Mills shot the man with his revolver while in this position and the man in the ditch shot twice at Mills and once at me. I jumped in the ditch and ran east. I heard Mills fall. I ran about ten feet in the ditch and lay down on the ground and the shot passed over me as I did so.

"I looked around and saw one man get out of the ditch and get in the car and drive away east. The car passed on the road near where I was hiding in the ditch.

"AS soon as the car passed, I went back to where Mills was on the ground in the ditch on his left side. I called to him, but he did not answer. I couldn't hear him breathe so I thought he was dead.

"I picked up Mills' gun and started back to my car, walking along the ditch. The man with the girl had given Mills his pocketbook while he was arguing before the fight. He wanted to buy off Mills so he would not touch the girl. Mills gave this pocketbook to me. As I was walking down the ditch to my car I passed a culvert and threw the pocketbook and flashlight under it to get rid of them.

"Mills told the man that he wasn't after money but wanted the girl. He had told me that he pulled these tricks before. He said it was safe because most of the time these people caught along country roads at night wouldn't raise a yell about it for fear of publicity."

Paisley said that he then drove to his home where he put the gun in a dresser drawer without removing the shells.

The confession was signed in the presence of Coroner Lowe, Ira C. Wiltshire, now Chief of Detectives, Philip C. Gould, and attorney and friend of Bohannon, and myself. It was obtained a little after 7 o'clock, Saturday night.

At 8:55 o'clock word came from the hospital that Bohannon had died.

With Mills and Bohannon dead and the identity of the woman still unknown, we had only the words of Paisley for the story of the tragedy enacted along the Lynch Road on that fatal Friday night. Paisley disclaimed knowledge of the identity of the woman. It seemed certain then that her identity would never be known.

But within the next twenty-four hours the city was to be rocked by another sensation.

What happened to Bohannon and his girl companion after the shooting we pieced together in the light of evidence gathered.

Badly wounded, but with a sense of honor that probably saved the girl from shameful violence at the hands of Paisley and Mills, Bohannon drove from the scene at a furious rate of speed. He started down the road toward the Oak Hill Road. Then as he saw the Paisley automobile parked on the highway, he veered desperately to the left and cut through the corn field belonging to Schwartz.

Schwartz, who had heard the shots, had come to the field. He said Bohannon's car cut a swath through a quarter of a mile of high corn. Then, entering a hay field, it stopped. Here Bohannon got out and removed the corn stalks that had gathered on the fenders and bumper of his automobile.

Thinking the car contained corn thieves, Schwartz called to the driver. The motor roared again and the car shot out at a breakneck pace. Schwartz fired twice with a shotgun over the car, he said.

Picture Bohannon. Already in a state of intense fear, mortally wounded, fleeing for safety, two more shots were fired at him. Had he fallen into a trap from which there was no escape? He answered the latest volley with a furious burst of speed.

He turned to the right and continued through the hay field until he struck the private road leading to the Schwartz home. He drove along this road until he emerged on the Lynch Road again, some distance ahead of the bandits' car, then, turning to the left, sped on to the Oak Hill Road.

Then home.

THE city was tense with excitement Sunday. On the lips of all were whispers of conjecture as to who the woman might be. There were many names mentioned.

Too, there were other theories advanced in the privacy of homes and in the gossip on street corners. Had Bohannon's slayer been paid to kill him? Did Mills know when he said, "That's it now," who the car's occupants were? Was Mills a hired assassin paid by some wronged husband or outraged lover?

On the theory that Mills may have been in contact with Bohannon at some previous time, we brought Miss Norma Feuger, Bohannon's stenographer, to the morgue to look at Mills. She had never seen him in the lawyer's office, she said.

We were inclined to believe Paisley's story—that Mills had gone out for the purpose of rape, with robbery as a secondary motive, and that Bohannon had merely been a victim of chance. But even to-day in Evansville when the famous "Bohannon case" is mentioned there are many who believe that Bohannon died, not for what he did that night, but for previous philanderings.

Late Sunday afternoon, Felker, a reporter, hammered away at Captain of Police August Heneisen for permission to talk to the prisoner.

"He hasn't told all," Felker argued. "We can get a new confession out of him."

So persistent was he that finally Captain Heneisen and Felker went to the prisoner's cell. Felker had studied the case and had convinced himself that Paisley's confession had not been the truth.

Felker is a smooth worker. He started in on Paisley, quietly, with an assumed air of hero worship. He wanted an interview for his paper, he told Paisley, from Paisley's own lips. Paisley listened. For the first time since his arrest he heard sympathetic words. He fell quickly into the confidential tenor of the conversation. Felker's questions were penetrating. Carefully he noted the answers.

"But how," Felker asked, "did it happen that Mills did the shooting when he had the rope in his hands? How could he handle a gun with both hands occupied?"

"Well, he did it," Paisley said, hesitatingly.

Felker continued, with Captain Heneisen now and then interspersing questions. Paisley was weakening.

"Paisley, come clean," Captain Heneisen spoke softly, but imperatively.

The prisoner hung his head.

"*I* killed Bohannon."

The words were quietly spoken, but neither Captain Heneisen nor Felker doubted for a moment but that the truth was on its way out.

"I couldn't sleep last night," Paisley started. "I won't be able to sleep until I get this off my chest. They might hang me, but I guess I've got it coming to me."

THEN his confession came, freely and without effort at concealment. He was unburdening his soul. Then he could sleep.

On the whole, his story was the same that he had told the night before, but varied in its essential details.

Paisley said he wanted to commit robbery only but that Mills insisted on "getting the girl." Paisley argued vainly against it and when Mills ordered him to tie Bohannon's hands behind his back, he refused.

"Hell, I'll do it myself," he quoted Mills as saying. Mills then handed the gun to Paisley and grappled with Bohannon, with the result that they both fell into the ditch. As they got up Bohannon fell against the door of the automobile.

"I thought he was reaching for a gun," Paisley said, "and just then Bohannon fired. Mills reeled and fell as Bohannon shot again."

Paisley then fired twice at Bohannon, he said, and then ducked, he said, just as Bohannon's gun barked for the third time.

During the argument and shooting, Paisley said, the girl in the car was screaming at the top of her voice.

Paisley did not believe he had hit Bohannon, as the latter entered his automobile and drove off without apparent effort.

The prisoner had served in both the Navy and the Army and had become an expert pistol shot. But it was dark and his target was not clear. He fired more in self defense than anything else, he said.

Mills, Paisley said, had engaged in numerous other cases like the one he had planned for that night, when he lived in Springfield, Illinois. He told Paisley that he and a buddy would hold up a car at some trysting place, tie the man and then attack his girl companion. He never met with much resistance, he said.

This second confession was a "break" for the newspaper. But there was another, more important "break" even then being prepared.

At 8 o'clock that night Norma Feuger, Bohannon's stenographer, committed suicide by drinking carbolic acid!

Paisley had said he did not know the woman. He had seen her for a fleeting instant only, when he flashed his light on the couple in the rear seat of the sedan.

"She was young and she was a blond." That was all he could say.

Norma Feuger, young and blond, was twenty, and pretty. She was gentle and quiet. No mention had been made publicly of her name, although at the time she so dramatically entered the picture Prosecutor Lindsey was out at the Bohannon home questioning Mrs. Bohannon about her.

No taint could be placed on her spotless reputation. She had been reared in the quiet little Indiana town of Gentryville, and was as peaceful and tranquil, seemingly, as the little village that holds a store of Lincoln treasure. It was at Gentryville, historians say, that Lincoln gained the nickname of "Honest Abe" while a clerk in Jones' store.

NORMA came to Evansville two years before and entered business college. She had been a good student; not brilliant, but one who attended to her work and did that work conscientiously, thoroughly, and well. She had no other interests, her friends said.

To them she was known as a gentle, unassuming girl who took life more or less seriously. She had none of her own generation's love for excitement and thrills. She neither drank nor smoked, attended dances infrequently. She was a "girl without a date," as her best friends described her after she had elected to pass out of life by her own hand.

Why had she, whose name had not been mentioned, who had given no reason for suspicion, projected herself so suddenly into the case by so sensationally dropping out of it?

We all accepted it as self-condemnatory. We did not say so publicly.

Let's see what Norma was doing during those hours between the time Bohannon left his home until she swallowed poison in the kitchen of the modest little house where she lived with her widowed mother.

Bohannon left home Friday night about 7 o'clock. Norma at that time was seen by a minister friend getting on a Weinbach Avenue bus which would take her to Eighth and Main Streets. At 7:30 o'clock Bohannon had been recognized by a friend who saw him seated alone in his parked automobile near Eighth and Main Streets.

Bohannon appeared at his home at 8:45 o'clock, mortally wounded. Norma, her mother said, returned home between 8:30 and 9 o'clock. There was nothing in her demeanor, her mother said, that might indicate that she had passed through any soul-stirring experience. Her mother did not question her about where she had spent the past two hours nor did the girl offer an explanation. Norma never did speak much anyhow, so her silence was not strange.

The following day—Saturday—Miss Clarice Cummings, one of Norma's girl friends and her closest companion, called her by telephone. Norma seemed utterly surprised to know that her employer had been shot. But she also was depressed by the news. Surely not surprising, as she had been employed by Bohannon for more than a year. Bohannon had been interested in the girl, his wife said, and often had taken her home from his office in the evening. With Mrs. Bohannon he had taken her riding.

Norma went to the office that Saturday morning but took the afternoon off, as had been her custom. During the afternoon she called at the hospital, but was denied admittance to the attorney's room.

In the lobby she met Mrs. Bohannon.

"Mrs. Bohannon, may I have a minute with you? I want to talk to you," she said.

Just as the conversation was about to begin Mrs. Bohannon was called to her husband's side. She never saw Miss Feuger again.

Norma remained at home Saturday night, depressed and moody, interested only in the outcome of Bohannon's condition.

Sunday about noon Miss Cummings called Norma by telephone again and they went to Garvin Park, where they spent the afternoon. There they discussed the shooting and Miss Cummings even ventured a guess as to whom the woman might have been. Norma had little to say about it.

THEY returned home late in the afternoon. Norma, instead of remaining at home, walked to a corner drugstore, where she bought a four-ounce bottle of carbolic acid. She didn't know what her mother wanted it for, she told the clerk. She drank a Coca Cola and then went home.

Her mother asked her if she wished something to eat.

"No, I don't feel hungry, mother. I just had a 'coke'," she replied, then went to her room.

A few minutes later she returned and walked into the kitchen. There, after an instant, her mother heard her groans and rushed out to find her dying. Close against her mother's breast, death came.

Police found, strewn about on the floor of the kitchen, tiny bits of paper containing now undecipherable writing. Another paper carried this message in Norma's handwriting:

"I want my mother to have everything I own . . . Norma."

What might the tiny bits of paper reveal?

Why had she torn that note into bits. Or had someone else destroyed it? Does someone know, today, what Norma wrote in those torturing minutes when she was laying bare her soul?

Paisley could not tell whether Norma was the girl with Bohannon. He was brought to the morgue. He looked into the face of the girl who lay there, "young and blond." But he did not condemn the suicide. He shook his head and said, "I don't know."

His death was to be demanded by the State later. But he escaped the penalty

of the electric chair and now is a lifer in the Indiana State Prison at Michigan City. He was brought from his cell into Circuit Court one morning, suddenly, and on a plea of guilty was sentenced to life imprisonment over the protests of Prosecutor Lindsey. Judge Charles P. Bock, who passed judgment, has said that he never will sentence a man to the electric chair.

Evansville still talks about "the Bohannon case." And when it does, it always comes to this: Was Norma Feuger, pretty and blond twenty-year-old stenographer, the companion of William O. Bohannon, wealthy and prominent divorce lawyer, on the night of his ride to his last assignation?

Or was Norma Feuger an innocent dupe of the fates, who, when she feared that the pointing fingers of shame and scorn might be directed at her, sought refuge in suicide? The pretty blonde took the answers with her.

Inside Story of Ohio's Prison Holocaust

(*Continued from page* 48)

into the hospital, gasping for breath.

"For God's sake, Doc," he sobbed, "give me something to brace me up. I just found my two brothers out there on the lawn. They're both dead."

John Anderson of Greenfield, serving fifteen years for cutting with intent to kill, staggered into the prison yard bearing a burned, still form—the sixth he had removed from the charnel cells.

"My kid brother, Doc," he explained to a nearby doctor as he deposited the body on the ground. "I prayed to the Lord—and I haven't prayed often—to save Bob until I could get to him. I made my way along the cell block. It took six times. But I found the kid. Fix him up, will ya, Doc?"

IT was a young doctor who had applied the stethescope while Anderson talked. He looked away, uncomfortable, reluctant to drive another barb into the seared mind of this panting man.

"I'm sorry," he said.

"Sorry?" Anderson rejoined thickly. "Sorry? Oh, my God!" he groaned, and buried his face in the grass next to that of the "kid brother."

Never in its history, not even in 1849 when cholera raged through the prison, killing every third prisoner and taking a death toll of one hundred and twenty-one, had Ohio Penitentiary seen such horrible sights. Convicts from the lowest walks of life became heroes.

Guards and firemen, attacked by hysterical men they sought to aid, understood and eschewed retaliation.

But the ominous, vindictive spirit of the Dining Hall Crowd did not cease to threaten.

Midway between the dining hall and the woolen mill which they had set afire was parked a tank truck of the Columbus Fire Department. It contained 2000 gallons of gasoline for use in fueling fire trucks.

Unobserved, members of the crowd crept to the rear of the truck, turned on a petcock, cast a blanket beneath the trickling explosive liquid and then, from a safe distance, tossed lighted matches toward the blanket.

Again a wholesale prison break loomed. Again the lives of hundreds within the walls were endangered.

But, fortunately enough, the tiny flares were being thrown *against* the wind.

I saw some plucky fireman leap into the truck, start it and drive to safety amid the hisses and haphazardly thrown stones sent after him by the Dining Hall Crowd.

Having been robbed of their sinister plaything the crowd now started to boo and ridicule a group of city policemen stationed at the woolen mill door. Three of the officers, Patrolmen Edgar Butler, Carl Danner and William Smith, walked over toward the mocking group, hoping to quiet them.

Unarmed, I decided to accompany the officers. When, however, I saw the convicts slowly, but in a distinctly menacing manner, come forward toward us I changed my mind and walked back to the mill.

Suddenly the Dining Hall Crowd charged, cursing, yelling and waving their fists. The first serious uprising with attendant bloodshed seemed inevitable.

The policemen drew their revolvers.

Penitentiary guards shouted for the police to sheath their weapons. They followed the advice, beating a hasty retreat amid a shower of bricks. One of these I saw strike Butler on the head. He told me, a few minutes later, that he thought he had been struck with a blackjack.

Now the Dining Hall Crowd vented its spleen on the mess halls. Windows and window frames were smashed and, as a *coup de grace*, the men ran through the building, upsetting furniture, strewing the floor with tableware and attempting to start more fires.

Attracted by the din, a group of guards left the main fire and routed the unruly convicts who now reverted to their former sullen, mumbling mood. Often they would curse doctors who asked them for assistance in lifting some unconscious convict.

The spirit of rebellion soon spread to the scene of the main fire. A policeman who was attempting to set up an acetylene gas lamp was attacked by a prisoner who struck him with a brick and then kicked the lamp to pieces.

FIREMEN who were attempting to dig a heavy ladder truck from the soft earth in which it was sunk to the hubs could have accomplished the task in fifteen minutes under ordinary working conditions.

But, hampered by convicts who threatened bodily harm, the firemen worked for two hours to extricate the truck and then completed their task only after a group of guards formed a cordon around the truck.

Still the heroic rescue work continued.

Harry Stutz, one of the country's leading jockeys in 1925, who had been "sent up" for embezzlement from Cincinnati, carried out men weighing twice as much as himself. Once he collapsed, was sent to the hospital for treatment and returned again to fight his way into the burning block.

A Negro convict led out of a cell by other convicts, said: "I can walk. Leave me loose."

They released their grips. He swayed a

bit. Then his legs capsized beneath him.

"I can't walk," he moaned. He shuddered a bit and died.

From one of the death cells was carried Gus Socha. Gus had a premonition of death, for on his back, pinned to his shirt, was the following note: "Notify John Dee, 932 Armory Avenue, Cincinnati."

"Big Jim" Morton, one of the country's most desperate bank robbers, saved more than a score of men before smoke took away consciousness. Later, he was revived.

The Red Cross, through Robert Bondy, its eastern division manager, had offered assistance. The Salvation Army workers under Major John J. Allan gave first aid and took dying messages.

Reverend Father Albert O'Brien, assisted by Dominican fathers from a local parish, and the Reverend Mr. K. E. Wall, prison chaplains, hurried to give spiritual consolation to the dying.

Hundreds of nurses offered to enter the gray enclosure to assist the 200 doctors now there, but prison officials thought it best that no young women be permitted inside. Every possible assistance from the outside was offered.

Into the Warden's office a runner brought a message. Warden Thomas, who during the seventeen years of his administration had kept the prison clear of major riots or disasters, received him.

"The dead, sir," the man said, *"now is more than 200."*

The Warden's face, already lined with worry, blanched. He bowed his head as though he had been struck and clenched the table for support. Then he stiffened, turned to the record room into which smoke was seeping, and directed trusties who were placing the "pockets" or criminal records of individual convicts in fireproof vaults, to obtain identifications of the dead as quickly as possible and to notify relatives.

It is doubtful if, from the tangled skeins of that hellish night, there will ever be woven a complete and clear story of the greatest prison disaster on record.

To do so would require the gathering of innumerable loose ends, of the pathos and bathos, the romance and the stark realism of the last moments of 322 men who died and the withering experiences of those who escaped, maimed, blinded or stark mad.

Necessarily any depiction of that gruesome chaos must treat of individual cases. Kenneth D. Tooill of the Columbus *Dispatch* caught much of the spirit of that hideous night. In a story which appeared the morning after the fire, Tooill wrote:

"Convicts—but human beings. One of their number, who had escaped the flames and lung-shriveling fumes that belched from the doomed cell block, and searched tirelessly along the corpses for his cell buddy, throwing the beams of his lantern into one horrible face after another, proclaimed it to the world with a voice shaken with agony.

"'Christ above. We're human. We ain't rats. Why did they have to die like this, father?'

"The priest, who had seen enough to line his youthful face and set his jaw sagging like an old man's, shook his head and passed on.

"Heroism, cowardice, bedlam, agonizing death—*hell!*

"'It's like the war,' one prisoner mumbled as he leaned against a tree for support while his swimming eyes surveyed the sodden corpses.

"'The war,' his companion almost shouted. 'Don't try to tell me this was like the war. I seen both, brother. Over there we had a chance for our lives. We had two legs and could run, if we couldn't fight. But not here. There was nothing to do but scream for God to open those damned doors. And when the doors didn't open, all that was left was to stand still and let the fire burn the meat off and hope it wouldn't be long about it.'

". . . . . It wasn't all hideous madness, though. It required a clear brain, a fast-working brain, to seize pencil and paper and to scribble, as the flames crept close—

"*'Dear Mother—'*

"The paper was scorched and water-soaked when they pried it from the stiffened fingers of a huge black man. He still held the pencil as he lay under a gray blanket in one of the rows upon the turf of the quadrangle. When the flares set off by the camera men lighted his ebony countenance there was no fear visible in it. Only resignation.

"Then there was Pete. No last name—just Pete to the men in gray and a number to the officers. Pete was in the hospital having his 'good' arm dressed. His other arm has been useless for years. It's full of machine gun slugs. But the 'good' arm did heroic work last night. It pulled man after man from the blackened cells. Some of them were alive. One that was not alive was Pete's buddy, his cell mate. Pete tried to get him out of the smouldering cell, but he 'came apart.' Pete was raving about it and trying to rub his own eyes out, so a hospital intern had to tie his 'good' arm down.

"'The radio has been saying I'm dead. Jeez! My mother will go crazy. Goin' outside, buddy, pretty soon? Will you drop her a wire or something? She's up in Mansfield and she's old. Just let her know Eddy is O. K., will you?'

"THOSE who were going 'outside' took Eddy's and half a hundred similar messages. Rules? There may have been some against it, but here was a plea that could not be denied. Not if one caught a glimpse of the eyes of the fellow who asked it."

Fate played many a strange trick.

Garland Runyan violated his parole. Monday morning he was returned to Ohio Penitentiary. Monday night he was dead.

Albert Holland of Coshocten, admitted for burglary late Monday afternoon, died a few hours later. He was a cousin of Irene Schroeder, blonde gun-girl of Pennsylvania.

Charles Sholkey, a prisoner from Toledo and one of those quartered in the death trap range, startled some of the 760 other men who had just returned from their evening meal by shouting, *"Fire!"*

But Sholkey was known as a practical joker and the men continued to listen to their radios, write letters or play cards until they observed the blood-red reflection in factory windows across the street from the penitentiary. And then, it was too late.

Ironically enough, the seven men in Death Row condemned to die soon at the State's hands, found themselves occupying the safest place on the penitentiary

grounds. Fate played many strange tricks.

Nearly as safe were the adjacent cells occupied by members of Company "K", the incorrigibles.

Ironic, too, that the fire which was destined to kill one or more prisoners from fifty-eight of Ohio's eighty-eight counties, should have created the comparatively small property loss of only $11,000.

AMONG the dead upon the lawn was Oren Hill, a former penitentiary guard. In 1928 Hill aided John Leonard Whitfield, notorious slayer of a Cleveland policeman, to escape. In accordance with Ohio law he had been serving the maximum sentence (life) of the man he had aided.

Another who died in the fire was Robert Stone, confessed slayer of Railroad Detective Charles Thurston, brother of Howard Thurston, the famous magician. Stone had been sentenced to life imprisonment.

Interviewed in the hospital, where they had been carried by convicts after collapsing, Guards Captain Thomas Little and W. C. Baldwin, heroes of the fire, were loathe to accept credit.

"Yes," Captain Little admitted, "I guess my buddy and I must have let four hundred and fifty men out of these sections. *No man could have worked on the top tier.*"

On the top tier, it will be recalled, all convicts died. On the fifth tier, immediately below, only thirteen escaped.

Guard Baldwin described their efforts. "I went through the third tier of "G" section unlocking doors while Little was below me. After I got through there I climbed to the sixth tier and tried to unlock the doors. It was so hot there that the keys jammed in the locks and we had to break them open. Nearly all the men up there were already dead.

"I went out from smoke on the sixth tier and some of the convicts carried me out into the yard. The smoke was terrible and I still have a pain in my chest."

Incidentally, the cell tiers where men died like poisoned flies was the scene of an attempted escape two days before the fire when three men were surprised trying to saw out, I later learned.

Floodlights borrowed from Olentangy swimming pool and installed, with National Guard machine guns, on the walls, now aided those seeking identification of the dead.

The response from the Ohio National Guard had been immediate. Units came to the scene from Columbus, Lancaster, Chillicothe, Springfield, London, Circleville, Delaware, Newark, Marion, Washington Court House and other parts of Ohio.

With nearly 2000 prisoners in the yard shortly before 11 P. M. when Fire Chief Nice reported the blaze entirely under control, threats of mutiny were being bluffed by the presence of troops from the Tenth U. S. Infantry, Fort Hayes, a Columbus army post. They were the first military aid to arrive.

Then Tenth Infantry was followed shortly by Colonel Robert Haubrich, commanding the 166th Infantry. Twenty-five deputy sheriffs under Chief Deputy Sheriff Harry T. Paul and naval militiamen likewise were on hand.

With the searchlights throwing their revealing beams on the ghastly, corpse-strewn prison yard, officials noted serial numbers of each prisoner which they obtained from shirts of the victims.

First official count of the dead was announced by Dan Bonzo, chief record and parole clerk. He placed the total dead at 276. The final count, including two who died in the hospital within the next two days, was 322.

YET another ironic note was added when the starting point of the blaze was found to have been in wooden forms into which the cement of a new, fireproof cell block, "I" and "J" was being constructed adjoining "G" and "H", the death block, also considered fireproof. The forms had been soaked with an oily preparation to prevent the cement from sticking. When these forms were ignited the slate-covered timber roofs of the "G" and "H" blocks caught fire and spread their lethal flames and suffocating smoke.

Newspaper men on the outside now were being denied entrance. Checking hastily, I found that no one else from my paper was inside the walls. Although I had copy to turn in I decided that my move was to let the office look for me.

They did—finally obtaining permission from the Warden to let others from my paper inside. I then left and turned over my information to a rewrite man.

By the time I returned, the bodies all had been removed from the building and every effort was being exerted to identify prisoners.

While checking over numbers along the rows of dead on the lawn, I came across Howard Crandall, a Cleveland convict who had escaped uninjured. From the inside of his coat peeped a small kitten. I asked him where he had come across his friend.

"Oh, that's Flossie," he said with a grin. "She got damned near drowned by the firemen."

Pressed for details, he told me how, when working in the upper cell block tiers to remove bodies, he found the kitten, half-covered by water, lying in a corridor. He said he didn't think she was alive, but she was a pet among the men, so he stuck her in his pocket and brought her out into the purer air. He could feel her breathing a bit, he said.

"I placed her on the grass and used artificial respiration. It worked, all right, and now she's nearly dry," he concluded.

But there was small humor to be gleaned from that courtyard of death. Trouble again loomed in "E" and "F" dormitories, temporarily thrown out of use by smoke and water, when convicts engaged in fist fights over ownership of water-soaked trinkets abandoned when they fled from their cells.

Those who could find them were placing their belongings in blankets, taking them into the yard and sitting on them while awaiting assignment to new quarters.

For the fourth time that night the alarm of "fire" startled those in the yard. The Dining Hall Crowd which had been herded into temporary portable quarters just east of the dining hall had set fire to one corner of their new residence. It was extinguished, hurriedly, by firemen.

No one by this time was permitted to enter the prison armed. The rule was imposed for two reasons. First, the sight of any weapon other than a mace seemed to

antagonize the prisoners. Second, should a group of convicts succeed in disarming one or more men the bloodiest prison riot in history might occur.

SHORTLY after mid-night Ohio National Guard trucks were being driven into the stockade to remove bodies to the Horticulture Building at the State Fairgrounds.

Fifty embalmers under Carrol B. Weir of the Fisher Broad Street Mortuary were waiting, commissioned by the State, to take charge of the embalming. Among them was Jack Cannon, All-American football player of Notre Dame University, a student of embalming.

Each body was dressed in cotton underclothing, socks and a dark, cheap suit, the best that could be provided in such an emergency.

Shortly after five o'clock Tuesday morning Warden Thomas who had, as one newspaper aptly put it, "undergone an ordeal that would try the soul of any man," was subjected to another worry.

County Prosecutor John J. Chester, Jr., appeared at the Warden's residence, according to the Warden, demanded room for an office there—which was denied him—and notified the Warden that he was beginning an immediate probe of the fire.

I could not help but feel sorry for the Warden who after a sleepless night of horror, the worst, perhaps, in his life, was being battered with questions fired at him by Chester.

Once, when he responded a bit numbly and vaguely to some query fired at him, Chester said: "Don't scramble around. You will answer my questions if I have to take you down to court."

But the grilling by Chester was broken up when Governor Myers Y. Cooper, who had made a hurried trip to Columbus from White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, where he had been enjoying a vacation, announced that a probe would be begun later Tuesday by Attorney General Gilbert Bettman.

Chester announced that he would ask of Hal H. Griswold, State Director of Welfare, that Warden Thomas be suspended temporarily until completion of the investigation.

The inquiry, which got under way with Griswold at the helm, gave every indication at the outset of resulting in a maze of contradictory evidence.

It was contended that there had been much confusion as to the whereabouts of keys necessary to release the imprisoned convicts after the alarm had been given. It likewise was intimated that the ensuing delay was to some degree responsible for the awful death toll.

Six persons were questiond at the start. They were: Edward Jenkins, sergeant of guards; James C. Woodard, deputy warden; John Hall, night captain of guards; Warden Thomas; Liston G. Schooley, a trusty and former Cleveland councilman sentenced with his son in connection with park purchase scandals and C. W. Ogburn, assistant fire chief.

Woodard said that there were twelve keys to the cell block, two to each of the six ranges. The keys to each tier, he said, would unlock either side. They were kept in the guard room so that they could not be obtained by prisoners.

Woodard said that he ordered convicts in the sixth tier to be let out first.

Hall said that he walked into the guard room at 5:40 or 5:45 P. M. preparatory to going on the night shift at six o'clock. When he saw the smoke, he said, he ran into the inclosure and ordered guards to raise windows and let the smoke out. He said he saw Guard Thomas Watkinson on a range trying to unlock cells. Occasionally, Hall said, Watkinson fell.

WARDEN THOMAS said that at the first outcry he had gone to the yard, noted the smoke and ordered Guards Baldwin and Little to "hurry them up" (meaning the keys). He said he then ordered a second fire alarm turned in and went outside to take charge of the guard detail there.

Schooley told how he communicated with the telephone exchange within the walls, spreading the alarm.

As the investigation continued, discrepancies crept in. Guards Baldwin and Little testified that Guard Watkinson, dubbed by the prisoners, "the little Englishman," had the key to the range door through which they had to pass before gaining access to the cells proper. They said that on arrival in the corridor Watkinson said he had no orders to turn over to them any keys and that Captain Hall would have to issue such an order.

Testimony indicated that before entrance finally was obtained between five and ten minutes had been lost, while prisoners shrieked to be released or shot.

Baldwin said that Little finally took the keys from Watkinson when they were unable to find anything with which to break their way through the cage or range door.

Watkinson, summoned before the investigating committee which now consisted of Attorney General Bettman, First Assistant Attorney General Earl C. Shively, Special Counsel Joseph C. Godown, State Welfare Director Griswold and County Prosecutor Chester, denied this.

He said that he did await orders from Hall, but that Hall told him, "Don't open that door," meaning the cage door leading to the second, third, fourth, fifth and sixth ranges in the cell block. He also contradicted previous testimony by asserting that he, himself, finally opened the door for Baldwin and Little.

Warden Thomas announced that as a result of the delay stories told about Watkinson, he had suspended "the little Englishman."

It was at about this time that I first learned of a condition that had been in existence at Ohio Penitentiary. It explained why, on such short notice, the national guard and police units had been able to place their men so strategically.

Some weeks before the fire, according to Miss Thomas, the Warden's daughter, it had been arranged with the adjutant general's office, the regular army and the Columbus police that they would immediately send their men upon call from the penitentiary.

So confident that trouble threatened was Warden Thomas that he conferred with these outside departments, arranged direct telephone connections and furnished them blueprints of the penitentiary layout checked with advisable placement points for men.

Captain Hall, now called before the

committee, *denied that he had requested Guard Watkinson to keep the door closed.* Later, Guard Hubert L. Richardson was further to complicate testimony concerning the keys and range door, about which such heated argument raged, *by asserting calmly that the cage door had been open when the fire started.*

A BIT of humor was injected into the investigation when a colored prisoner, George W. "Cleveland" Johnson, after having testified for fully half an hour, was asked what crime had brought him to the penitentiary.

"Perjury," he answered.

Upon rumored stories told us the night of the fire to the effect that guards had shot down prisoners in cold blood, Griswold late Tuesday, ordered all bodies at the fair-grounds examined for bullet wounds. The weary corps of embalmers began undressing scores of bodies.

Charles Myers, superintendent of the State Bureau of Criminal Identification, with his assistant, Edwin Yantes and S. M. Current, state Bertillon officer, headed a squad of finger-print experts at the fair-grounds morgue. Included in this group were John R. Blake of the Dayton Police Department Identification Bureau; John E. Davis, former head of the Bertillon system at Ohio Penitentiary, now in charge of that work for the Columbus Police Department and Homer Richter, Davis' assistant. Richter worked for thirty hours without sleep in the grim task of identifying positively the hundreds of dead.

These men were hampered in their task by the fact that hands and arms of some victims had been consumed by fire. In other cases fingers were in so brittle a condition that finger-printing became impossible.

By noon, Wednesday the task of embalming and identifying the dead was completed. All of the bodies were placed in caskets and arranged in alphabetical order with the exception of approximately fifty who were unidentified and unclaimed.

At three o'clock Wednesday afternoon the huge crowd of relatives who since midnight Monday had crowded about the doors of Ohio Penitentiary were permitted by National Guardsmen to enter the Horticulture Building to see or search for their dead.

Only one escape was announced. Michael Dorn, thirty-three, of Wood County, serving one to fifteen years for burglary, on the night of the fire donned a civilian suit of Doctor George W. Keil, prison physician in charge, hung a stethescope around his neck and, disguised as a doctor, walked through a group of guards and three iron gates.

When he was returned May 3rd, after capture in Cleveland by Detective Harry McCue, Dorn was not placed in solitary confinement as had hitherto been the iron-clad custom of Warden Thomas.

"He beat me fairly and squarely. He exhibited no violence. Why should I punish him further?" the Warden said.

On Tuesday afternoon, the day after the fire, a small blaze believed to have started from unextinguished embers in "E" and "F" cell blocks almost threw the penitentiary into a panic. It was extinguished rapidly, however, by prison guards.

At nine o'clock on the night after the fire the lights in the prison dormitories blinked, a warning signal that all cell lights would be extinguished and prisoners locked in their cells for the night within fifteen minutes.

However, when guards attempted to lock the cells they found rags, paper and tobacco stuffed in the door keyholes.

The prisoners were grumbling and *flatly refusing to be locked up for the night.*

WHEN at eleven o'clock the same night the prisoners ordered and received 200 gallons of coffee, heavy guards were placed at the southwest and northeast stockades.

That indicated but one thing. With its thousands of surly convicts roaming free in the corridors, *Ohio Penitentiary was preparing for new trouble.*

Whether or not the fire and subsequent events were, as one famous ex-convict, now one of the country's foremost advertising men and lecturers asserted, a "grapevine" plot directed by Soviet Russia, or whether it was the work of a small clique of prisoners who hoped to break during the confusion of a fire within the walls, probably never will be determined.

Unquestionably, as Warden Thomas pointed out, the fire was fostered by the same mutinous spirit that prompted seven other riots in a period of ten months beginning July 22nd, 1929, at Clinton Prison, Dannemora, New York.

Lengthening of prison terms with lessening of hope for pardon or parole was directly blamed by the Warden for such occurrences.

It generally was accepted and later confirmed by investigating committees that the probable origin of the fire was incendiary.

Warden Thomas, some time after the fire, intimated to a friend of mine, that even so appalling a catastrophe as that in which 322 men lost their lives, was utilized by political factions in an effort to strike at the prison regime. The Warden showed my friend a letter from one of the worst criminals within the walls, a man wanted by Federal authorities upon his release, *in which the convict promised to make sensational disclosures of inhuman and brutal treatment of prisoners to a prominent county official.*

That part of the spirit of rebellion which seethed for days, displaying an openly grave danger to society and the lives of those guarding the prison might have been excited by politically ambitious officials who mingled with the prisoners at the very moment when the fire was claiming its terrible toll, is another thing difficult to prove.

Yet the facts remain that "inside dope" points to instances where the Ohio Penitentiary tragedy became a political football and *it is undeniable that certain politicians were inside the walls both shortly before and likewise during the horrible holocaust.*

Two days after the fire, exploded Smith and Wesson .38 caliber shells were found in the fire cell blocks. Again the inquiry took up the tales of prisoners shot by guards. Again the inquiry failed to substantiate these rumors.

One explanation was that guards, noting the blaze and unable to attract attention with their whistles, shot into the air.

The tacit explanation, which I believe correct, was that the shells were "planted" to create a new sensational angle.

For the first time since the fire Warden

Thomas went inside Wednesday, April 23rd, to order resumption of work in the prison shops.

Feeling, however, was mounting against the Warden and a hysteria born of witnessing horrible sights and fostered by taut minds unrefreshed by sleep, now manifested itself.

The prisoners refused to work.

At 1:10 A. M. Thursday between twenty-five and fifty prisoners working on the night shift in the prison power house, deserted their posts and disappeared into the yard.

On Thursday, little more than twenty-four hours before the time set for John Richardson, Akron slayer, to die in the electric chair at Ohio Penitentiary, Governor Cooper granted the condemned man a stay of execution.

This move was translated as a desire to prevent antagonizing the convicts, and that it was a wise one was indicated when, shortly after the reprieve had been granted, the convicts sent word that they demanded the halting of the execution. Another demand which they made was for a larger supply of tobacco. It was granted.

Attorney General Bettman now asked Governor Cooper to suspend, temporarily, the Warden.

Warden Thomas, apprised of the request, said he would fight the move which he termed a "giving away on the part of regularly constituted authority to the red shirt element."

And the red shirt element within the walls, according to Colonel Haubrich, who said the prisoners were organized and had leaders, comprised only ten percent of the prison population.

The Governor flatly refused to suspend Warden Thomas.

Penitentiary authorities now issued the statement that the situation was "by far the worst since the fire."

And such was the case. Approximately 2000 convicts on the loose, in absolute control of the inside of the prison, again stayed up all night, roamed corridors, refused to be locked in their cells, played radios, drank 900 gallons of coffee furnished them, gambled and jeered at guards.

Once again a major disturbance was side-tracked when guards squashed another false rumor. The rumor issued from the Coal Company of 150 Negro prisoners. They said that there was a plot afoot to blow up their dormitory.

Four days after the fire, while convicts told the inquiry board stories ranging from accounts of the fire to tales of alleged brutality at the hands of guards, the prisoners continued their policy of "passive resistance."

At times they shouted that they wanted Deputy Warden Woodard made warden. At other times they said their only demand was the removal of Warden Thomas. The hysteria against the Warden was apparent when Floyd Logan, Detroit *Times* photographer went inside the walls with a pass signed by Warden Thomas. His plates were smashed and he was forced from the yard by convicts.

Strangely enough, Company "K", the desperadoes of Ohio Penitentiary, comprised fourteen of the most orderly members of the huge prison body. When other convicts wished to release them from their cells they at first refused to be released and shouted, "Let us alone." Death Row's seven members, immediately adjoining Company "K", also were quiet.

At four o'clock Friday afternoon the State paid its last respects to forty unclaimed and unidentified convicts who were buried in a huge single grave in Eastlawn Burial Park, Columbus.

ON the Saturday night after the Ohio Penitentiary fire, another fire alarm brought newspaper men to the institution. Prisoners again were shouting warnings, but the blaze soon was discovered by guards to be a burning bed in a wooden dormitory housing 400 prisoners. It was extinguished before the city fire department arrived.

A former penitentiary chaplain brought to the outer offices a list of demands and statements said to constitute the "passive resistance" policy of the prison organization which was known as the "Forty-For-Facts."

It contained the following clauses: "Look after the men first; keep together until the present Warden is removed; keep radicalism suppressed; no plots to escape; no demands; but not return to the old cell block; only do the work necessary to maintain the well-being of the prisoners, particularly of the injured in the hospital; only enough barbers to take care of emergencies—the rest of us will go unshaved; absolutely no violence."

With the prison disaster inquiry now in its closing stages Don Thomas, Dayton, Ohio, attorney and son of the Warden made the request, which was granted, that his father be permitted to place still further information before the committee.

Warden Thomas, accordingly, told the committee that the fire was the beginning of an attempted break patterned after that at Auburn Prison when the Warden was removed and certain reforms instituted.

The Warden said that the Columbus Fire Department objected to a prison fire company on the grounds that it merely served as a hindrance when they were called; that systematic theft of gasoline lately had been uncovered; that certain prisoners had predicted that the penitentiary would be in flames Monday and that he knew that prisoners planned for months to assassinate him in the prison yard if a wholesale break contemplated by them was not effected.

Sergeant Harry Hostetter of the prison guards supported the last-named disclosure with the following testimony:

"The prisoners had the break all planned. They have planned to get the Warden on his way to court (prison court), put a knife at his throat and bring him to the gate. There, with the knife at his throat, they would make him open the gate or cut his throat."

CHIEF HARRY FRENCH of the Columbus Police Department testified that he had advised the Warden to stay outside during the fire and that he would have opposed any move by Thomas to enter in fear of precipitating a riot.

Chief French further disclosed for the first time that he and Safety Director McCune had hurriedly left the inside of the penitentiary on the night of the fire when they were told that prisoners planned capturing them and holding them as hostages.

Patrolman L. W. Vest, of the Columbus Police Department, told of being shown a box of weapons, files and saws taken, he

said he had been told, from clothing of dead convicts at the fair-grounds morgue.

After a week, during which prison authorities humored the demands of the prisoners in control of the inside of Ohio Penitentiary, Warden Thomas announced a show-down.

"There will be no more concessions," he said, Sunday night, April 27th. "Tomorrow work will be resumed within the walls."

The air now became electric.

At 6:40 A. M. Monday, police, heavily armed, were moved in behind an augmented prison guard with the orders, in event of hostility, to "shoot to kill."

The leaders of the "passive resistance" organization were seized. They were Albert Farr, Murray L. Wolfe, Charles J. Quinlan, Edward Dolan, Louis Wolfe, James R. Winning, Percy J. Sullivan and Roy Steele, all long-term prisoners.

Deputy Warden Woodard established a deadline.

"There should be," he told the surly convicts, "no prisoners west of the powerhouse and none north of the chapel."

Hundreds of revolting convicts were transfered to London Prison Farm, but the rebellious spirit still was active.

The crisis arrived shortly before 11 A. M. Tuesday, April 29th. It was a crisis that threatened more loss of life than the fire had exacted.

Unruly convicts from White City, a cell block adjoining the guard room, and so named because of its white interior, began throwing bottles and other missiles at the wood and beaverboard partition that separated their quarters from the guard room.

Guards, armed with shotguns, arranged themselves at vantage points along the wall. An order to move back to their cells was greeted with curses by the prisoners.

Suddenly one of the prison guards saw George Tonoff, a prisoner serving three to fifteen years for burglary, perched on a tier above the milling group of convicts. According to the guard Tonoff pointed a revolver at the guard room and fired.

The prison guard, a World War veteran, took careful aim. The prisoners charged. The guard opened fire and Tonoff dropped with a scream to the floor.

Guns blazed. Shrieking curses the prisoners dashed for shelter.

Suddenly the realization of a new peril dawned upon Captain W. M. Floyd, who had been cut by flying glass.

"Henderson and Broyles are out there, somewhere, in White City," he shouted above the roars of guns.

Henderson and Broyles were prison guards.

At that moment, five minutes after the fusillade had begun, Colonel Haubrich ordered guards to cease firing.

Was the bloody riot of Cañon City to be re-enacted?

SOMEWHERE in that surging group of infuriated prisoners were two guards who, as hostages, might face certain death. Eagerly, fellow guards called their names.

There was no response.

Then someone shouted: *"Here comes Henderson!"*

And, walking rapidly through a group of prisoners came a 67-year-old captain of guards. It was Henderson. National Guardsmen and prison guards pointed their rifles at prisoners who seemed about to molest him. He reached the guard room safely.

"Several of the Company 'K' boys were near me, but made no move," he told his rescuers. "I waited until the shooting had ended. Then I heard you calling and came through all right."

Where was Broyles?

Suddenly those on watch saw the younger guard running down the corridor. A bit pale, he rushed into the opened door. It clanged shut on the prisoners inside.

He said he had been in a cell with four prisoners, but they were frightened by the shots and he felt safe. He ran the gauntlet of retreating prisoners, he said, until he was safe.

Pointing to the gun of a National Guardsman, Broyles said: "That gun looked like an awful big hole as I came through the door."

Only one other prisoner, Jewell Joffa, of Lucas County, serving three to seven years for larceny, was shot in the uprising. Neither of the men suffered critical injury although a bullet had shattered Tonoff's hips.

With the first demonstration of hostility squashed, approximately 660 members of the White City gang were searched and marched, May 1st, to the "tented city", an enclosure of eighty-eight tents occupying 240 square feet and surrounded by an eleven-foot wire fence surmounted by three strands of barbed wire. The temporary quarters were necessary until locks on the demolished White City cell doors could be replaced or repaired.

A unique situation in Ohio Penitentiary history occurred when convicts liberated the seven inmates of Death Row and John C. Lord alias Williams, condemned to die for the slaying with Charles "Sonny Boy" Hannovich, of Cleveland Patrolman Dennis Griffin, began looking for his former crime partner who had squealed on him following their arrest in Chicago last February.

Although Lord did not find Hannovich, whom he referred to as "Alibi Ike", a group of convicts beat up "Sonny Boy" who was serving a life term for the same murder.

The Death Row men, four of whom had mingled with other convicts and had been furnished prison garb to replace their civilian clothing, were sorted out and transferred to cells at Columbus City Prison.

PRISON authorities now announced, "The war is over." But two other major disturbance threats yet were to spread new terror.

Just before midnight, May 7th, the convicts inside the wired enclosure made their last spectacular gesture of defiance. They set fire to the "tented city."

Once again the sky was red as eighty-eight tents caught flames fanned by a strong wind and were destroyed.

No alarm was turned in, guards made no move, prisoners raised no disturbance and the "tented city" burned while those inside the stockade who had carefully placed their bedding and personal belongings in one corner, watched.

Prison attendants now announced that no new sleeping quarters would be arranged. For several nights the prisoners

slept in the open. Once again machine guns dotted the walls and the military force at the prison was augmented.

Some hours after the burning of the "tented city" a machine gun manned by National Guardsmen accidentally was set off. James W. Ross, forty, serving a ten-year sentence for burglary and larceny and Albert Freemen, twenty-five, serving a ten to twenty-five-year sentence for manslaughter, were killed. Both were Cleveland men.

Ross was a survivor of the fire horror and Freeman one of its heroes. A third man, Ernest Warren, forty-five, also of Cleveland was grazed by one of the two bullets that were accidentally unloosed upon the convicts.

With the rehabilitation of the cells at Ohio Penitentiary and the transfer of radical or stubborn prisoners to other Ohio institutions, the State Prison once more resumed its routine life.

But the "Easter Monday" tragedy had not yet claimed its final toll.

There was an anti-climax, pathetic and macaber.

There was an after-piece in which eight innocent lives were taken.

That anti-climax is the story of Mrs. Ethel Yelden, forty-four-year old mother of ten children.

On the night of May 7th, while the flames of the "tented city" were painting the sky a brilliant red, Mrs. Yelden sobbed out her story to Columbus detectives who sat at her bedside in a hospital.

Mrs. Yelden had sold papers on the street corner to support her ten children, four by a first husband; six by a husband serving a sentence in Ohio Penitentiary.

She told police how she had bought a gun, how for some days she had planned to kill those children by her second husband.

She told police how her plan had worked perfectly, with one exception—she killed a seventh child, a child by her first husband.

"I fed them all, prepared them for bed and then called them into one of the bedrooms, one by one," she said. "As each came in, I lifted him or her into bed and shot.

"If the child appeared the least bit scared or seemed to sense what was happening, I shot right away."

Mrs. Yelden talked gently. She had to, for there had been another slight hitch in her plans. The last bullet, the one she had saved for herself, just missed her heart. Later, she died, but now she must tell detectives her story.

"I simply couldn't go any longer under the terrible strain. I was afraid my second husband would be released from the penitentiary and come home," she explained.

AND the "strain" that she couldn't stand, the strain that made her kill her seven children ranging in age from twins of three years to a girl of eight, never was made generally public.

True, the public knew that as a result of the fire, paroles were being generously handed out to prisoners in an effort to reduce still crowded prison conditions.

But the public didn't learn, as did Mrs. Yelden shortly before she concocted her plot of destruction, that the father of six of her children was discovered by Bertillon officers at Ohio Penitentiary, who accordingly marked their records, to be a light-skinned Negro.

Still another echo of this great holocaust was heard at the London Prison Farm.

Sam Mazello, thirty, of Trumbull County, a parole violator and one of the Ohio Penitentiary convicts transferred to London Prison Farm was shot and killed by guards May 30th when, after forty-eight hours of rioting in their cell block, forty-seven transferred prisoners rushed the block door, according to news dispatches.

The dispatches said that Superintendent W. F. Amrine, who ordered guards to fire upon the charging convicts, said that they had accummulated bits of paper, rags and rubbish and planned starting a fire and attempting an escape during the confusion.

The Astounding Case of the Bank Clerk and the Russian Dancer

(*Continued from page* 31)

D. C., representatives investigated at the Norwegian Legation; but Westergaard had not requested any passport or any other cooperation from either the Consulate or the Legation in obtaining passage from this country or at least not under the name that he had previously claimed as his own.

BY this time several of Westergaard's passing acquaintances had been located at various places in New York City. All of these acquaintances stated that the last they saw of Westergaard he said he was going to leave immediately for Culver City, California, to accept a position with some foreign moving picture company as treasurer, with a salary of $6,000 per year. This company was supposed to make pictures in this country and Europe.

Regardless of the fact that the East 24th Street informants had stated that his steamer trunk was labeled for Norway, the investigator realized that to obtain a lead to his present whereabouts, the Russian model would have to be located. Consequently, all investigators were instructed to redouble their efforts to find among the numerous art models in New York City the particular one with whom Westergaard had become infatuated.

It was a case of "find the woman." The Burns investigators had little to go on, because New York is full of models and dancers drawn from all parts of the country by the lure of its lights and gaieties. Their description of the girl was not very complete. Moreover, when they sought information about her at places that might know her, they were frequently rebuffed by persons who suspected them, possibly, of having intentions which might get her into trouble.

The investigators knew that the girl

they wanted was small in stature and a good dancer. This information, of course, was not of much use in tracking her, but in asking about her they would identify her by saying that she had a good friend who was a bank clerk with ambitions to enter the moving picture business in California. But when the investigators came out with these details they would often meet with a lot of questions in return, all to the intent of finding out why the girl was wanted. Progress was slow, so a new line of inquiry was started.

A recheck of information already gleaned was made and then a person was found who recalled seeing Westergaard frequenting a Greenwich Village night club with a certain woman. Proceeding to that club, and using a careful pretext, the investigators learned that the first name of the girl was Irene. But the proprietor, in furnishing this information, said that in the many times the pair had visited his club they did not seem particularly intimate or indeed that the girl had shown much interest in Westergaard.

Then on the evening of November 26th, the Burns investigator located Irene Pashkova in a dancing school on Eighth Avenue, New York. Miss Pashkova was shocked to hear that Westergaard was wanted on a criminal charge. The investigators reassured her that she would not be involved in the proceedings in any way and that, as in all such cases, her information would be considered confidential. Miss Pashkova, however, of her own accord later gave the story to the newspapers.

From Miss Pashkova the investigators learned of a story of unrequited love for her by Westergaard. From her statements, and messages sent her by Westergaard, it was made clear how, after committing the crime, he sought desperately to have her accompany him to what he thought would be safety in Europe. Women brought no luck to Westergaard. It was his acquaintanceship with women that made it possible for justice to trail him.

After obtaining the money and making the first of his importunities to have Miss Pashkova accompany him, Westergaard went to Washington on November 6th to obtain a passport from the Norwegian Legation. There was some difficulty, as Westergaard had to be careful not to obtain a passport under his right name. Instead, he obtained one for a name made up of two of his real names. When it seemed he would succeed in these preparations for flight, he wired Miss Pashkova that "Will have definite news for you tomorrow. All well and with love." He signed the message "Calle," a name he had used in his acquaintanceship with Miss Pashkova.

AS the Burns operative confirmed later, Westergaard obtained a passport under date of November 7th in the name of Christen Pedersen. He gave his occupation as civil engineer, and his birthplace and home as Selbu, Norway.

Westergaard requested from the Legation an introduction to a local bank, saying that he wanted to forward some thousand Norwegian crowns to Norway, but this the Legation refused. He stayed at the Hotel Willard while in Washington. His preparations made, on November 7th he sent the following telegram to Miss Pashkova:

> ARRIVING NEW YORK, PENNSYLVANIA STATION, ON *MONTREALER* FRIDAY 8:25 P. M., LEAVING SAME STATION ON SAME TRAIN TEN MINUTES LATER. TELEGRAPH ME YOUR AGREEMENT TO JOIN ME ON THE TRAIN. ALL WELL AND WITH LOVE. PEDERSEN, HOTEL WILLARD, WASHINGTON, D. C.

But things did not go as Westergaard wished and on November 8th he sent another telegram, as follows:

> IMPOSSIBLE TO DELAY DEPARTURE BEYOND SATURDAY. PREFERABLE TO LEAVE BEFORE. HAVE BEEN ADVISED NOT TO STOP OFF IN NEW YORK. CAN POSTPONE LEAVING WASHINGTON UNTIL SATURDAY, SAME TRAIN AND TIME AS ALREADY ADVISED. LET ME KNOW IMMEDIATELY WHAT YOU INTEND TO DO. PEDERSEN.

Westergaard knew that time was precious and that any minute the detectives might run across a clue that would put them on his trail, but Miss Pashkova continued to refuse him the answer for which he hoped. He waited until November 9th and then boarded a train that brought him to New York that evening. Miss Pashkova said she met him on the train and went with him as far as New Haven. Westergaard begged her to marry him, saying she could first, if she liked, visit her mother in Chicago. He even showed her $10,000 in cash to prove that he could provide for her. He wanted her to join him in Montreal and sail from there to England with him, but Miss Pashkova would not be tempted. The train rushed over the rails after leaving New Haven with Westergaard alone, bringing him into the Canadian National Railway terminal at Montreal the following morning. He went to the Mount Royal, largest hotel in Montreal, arranged for steamship accommodations and continued to entreat Miss Pashkova to accompany him. One of the telegrams he sent her read as follows:

> HAVING NO REPLY TO MY EARLY AFTERNOON MESSAGE TO TWENTIETH CENTURY, DOUBT UTILITY OF SENDING ANOTHER ONE. HOPE EVERYTHING TURNED OUT AS EXPECTED AND THAT YOU ARE ALL RIGHT. ARRIVED MONTREAL ACCORDING TO PLANS, STOPPING AT HOTEL MOUNT ROYAL. RATHER LONESOME FOR NEWS FROM YOU. LOOKING FORWARD TO HEAR FROM YOU TOMORROW. WRITING YOUR MOTHER TONIGHT. KINDEST REGARDS TO HER AND ALL MY LOVE TO YOU. CALLE.

THIS was sent to Chicago, as Westergaard was under the impression that Miss Pashkova went to her home there after leaving him. Receiving no reply from her, he queried her at New York.

> HAVING NO RESPONSE TO MY PREVIOUS WIRES, NOR ANY ONE.

RETURNED TO HOTEL MOUNT ROYAL. AM PUZZLED WHAT TO THINK. WISH YOU WOULD AT LEAST RELIEVE ME FROM THIS UNBEARABLE WORRY CAUSED BY NO WORDS FROM YOU WHATEVER. I AM AGAIN LOOKING FORWARD TO TOMORROW'S DEVELOPMENTS AND SEND YOU MY BEST LOVE. CALLE.

Finally Miss Pashkova replied, and Westergaard sent the money with which to pay her fare to Montreal.

"What a relief to hear from you," he wired. "Sent money immediately on receipt of your message. Had been out to dinner and movies between eight and eleven o'clock. Hope you can make morning train as every hour counts now."

There were more telegrams sent by Westergaard to Miss Pashkova while he courted arrest by delaying his departure, but this, the final one, tells the story. It read:

WITH NOT A WORD FROM YOU TWENTY-FOUR HOURS AFTER I WAS TO MEET YOU HERE, I CAN ONLY SAY GOODBYE TO YOU IRENE. DEAR, MAY GOD FORGIVE YOU AND BLESS YOU. WITH MY HEARTIEST WISHES AND LOVE, AS EVER, CALLE.

While in Washington, Westergaard had converted the cash into letters of credit, one for $12,000 and one for $8,000, and also into travelers checks of different denominations. Thus, when he left Montreal, Westergaard was a rich but disappointed man. However, another girl was to take a place in his heart and, incidentally, lead to his ruin.

After Miss Pashkova was interviewed, a Burns operative was immediately sent to Montreal. Westergaard had left a fairly ample trail behind him. There was an undelivered telegram from Miss Pashkova's mother at the Mount Royal which he had left too soon to receive. Inquiry showed he had bought a ticket to Liverpool on the Canadian Pacific Railway steamship *Duchess of Richmond* on November 15th, saying that his wife might accompany him, but that an illness might prevent her from doing this. It was also ascertained that Westergaard had sailed on the *Duchess of Richmond* and that he had arrived in England.

This meant the chase had shifted 3,000 miles to Europe. The Burns Agency immediately cabled a message to its London representative to pick up the trail of the fugitive. This turned out to be a difficult task.

THE London detective began by making the rounds of the most fashionable hotels in that metropolis, but without success. He made inquiry at the Canadian Pacific offices in Cockspur Street, but they had no record of Westergaard. He called at the famous Bow Street Police Station, where all aliens must register if they wish to stay in England more than two months. But Westergaard had not registered.

The London operative then took a fast train for Liverpool, where many of the trans-Atlantic liners dock. Proceeding to the office of the Canadian Pacific he found from the ship's manifest that a passenger named Christen Pedersen, aged thirty-six years, described as a construction engineer, had landed from the *Duchess of Richmond* on November 23rd. Inquiry at travel and ticket agencies, taxi stands and at the porters' room and luggage office of the Lime Street railway station failed to trace him farther. A round of the Liverpool hotels showed that a man with a name like Pedersen had registered, but he turned out not to be the man sought. There was no record of Pedersen at the alien's registry.

The local immigration offices confirmed that Pedersen had entered the country as an alien and not as a transient, which meant he intended to stay in England some days at least.

The day after he arrived in Liverpool, the detective went aboard the *Duchess of Richmond* and inquired among members of the crew. It appeared this was another case of "hunt the woman," for it did not take long to discover that Westergaard or Pedersen, while on the voyage, had picked an acquaintance with a seventeen-year-old girl who will be known as Mabel Mulberry. This girl was traveling from a Canadian city to meet her mother in England. While Westergaard had left no address, Miss Mulberry had given an address which, while not accurate, was sufficiently so for the astute detective to determine where she had gone when she landed.

WESTERGAARD had posed as a man of wealth while on the voyage. He had called himself the president of the Selbu Paper Manufacturing Company of Norway and gave out that he was president or a director of some company importing oil from the United States into Norway. On leaving the ship, he gave the cabin steward a tip of $12. Much of the time he had spent in Miss Mulberry's cabin, where they could be heard playing the phonograph.

Inquiry at the address given by Miss Mulberry in the Liverpool suburb disclosed it was the home of her maternal aunt. Her mother had met her at the dock and the two had stayed at the home of her mother's sister for a day or two and then the two had gone on to London. Miss Mulberry had made no mention of Pedersen or Westergaard, but the detective felt sure that he had followed her to London. He found out the mother's address in London and followed them there.

Miss Mulberry's mother lived near Hyde Park, London. The Burns detective followed to that address and, after some discreet manoeuvers, soon established that a man named Pedersen or Patersen was a frequent visitor there. Further, this Pedersen said that he was president of the Selbu Paper Company and that he had other important interests. He and Miss Mulberry often went out to dine and dance together.

The very night the detective located Miss Mulberry, she and Westergaard went to the fashionable Hotel Splendide to a dance, where they partook of wine and remained until early the next morning. However, Westergaard was around to see Miss Mulberry early the same afternoon.

The detective then went to Ronald

Rubenstein, of Rubinstein, Nash & Co., and asked if it would be possible to tie up the funds that Westergaard was squandering. It being a Saturday, it was necessary to act promptly before offices closed for the day. Accompanied by Mr. Rubenstein, the detective went to the Bank of Montreal's branch at 47 Threadneedle Street, where the manager informed them Westergaard had a £600 letter of credit drawn on the branch and that he had already cashed checks against this credit.

It was explained that the bank could not stop payment on any check against this letter of credit, as checks could be honored at any one of a world-wide list of offices. It would be necessary to circularize all these offices to stop payment on such checks, and this could not be done without a court order. It was evident that Westergaard's early arrest was required to stop the disbursement of the stolen funds.

Then the detective and Mr. Rubenstein hurried to Scotland Yard, the famous headquarters of the London secret service, where they saw Inspector Prothero in an endeavor to get a provisional warrant for the arrest of Westergaard. But here there were complications. Mr. Prothero said there was little or nothing he could do at this stage because Westergaard had committed no crime in England and that it was up to the United States Legation. He placed Sergeant Ress of the Criminal Investigation Department at the service of the Burns agent in case the latter obtained a warrant.

The Burns agent together with Mr. Rubinstein and Sergent Ress then hurried to the United States Consulate at Harley Street. There, after a debate with officials, they were referred to the United States Embassy. They went to the Embassy and there learned that it would be impossible to obtain a warrant in England against Westergard unless there was official proof that a warrant against him had been issued in the United States. This proof would have to be forwarded through diplomatic channels by way of Washington.

IT was agreed by an Embassy official that he would cable Washington immediately for confirmation of the existence of a warrant and that on receipt of this information he would apply to the magistrate at Bow Street for a warrant for the arrest of Westergaard on extradition proceedings. It was hoped by all that this confirmation would arrive by Monday, for at any moment Westergaard might move out of British jurisdiction.

A cable was sent to the New York offices of the Burns agency telling the vital necessity of obtaining a warrant there for Westergaard's arrest in order that the London Embassy might act. Meanwhile, Westergaard was evidently so ignorant of how close the Law was on his heels that it was felt unwise to run the risk of warning him by having him shadowed. Instead, he was allowed to continue his daily and nightly excursions with Miss Mulberry.

Meanwhile, it began to look as if the United States warrant might be issued too late. Westergaard began to grow a small mustache and from a word or two he let drop it appeared he was planning to flee to the continent on December 4th. He and Miss Mulberry made two trips to the King's Cross Station, whence traffic to Scotland and the north of England starts.

Meanwhile, the New York office of the Burns Agency was busy. Since the bank which had been defrauded was a National Bank, it was possible to apply to the United States District Attorney and through him obtain a commissioner's warrant for Westergaard's arrest. However, since there was no photograph of Westergaard in London, the latest scientific marvel was brought into play and a photograph of the missing bank employe sent through the ether to London. This, with the cabled confirmation that the warrant had been issued, was sufficient for London to act upon. In the midst of his preparations for a life of happiness with Miss Mulberry, Westergaard was arrested.

Imagine the feelings of the young and innocent girl when she learned that the great Norwegian industrialist was no other than an absconding bank clerk. Imagine Westergaard's feelings when he realized that his pursuit of the two girls

Another study of the fascinating Pashkova

—one a sojourner in the vortex of New York's night life, the other a school girl too young to well know even the meaning of marriage—had been the means by which the long arm of the Law had reached across the sea and brought him back to the scene of his crime.

MISS MULBERRY faded quickly out of the picture and by now her association with Westergaard probably seems nothing but a confused dream. Miss Pashkova at no time displayed much concern at the fate which was dawning for her admirer. As for Westergaard, it was not long before he was back in New York, awaiting in the Tombs Prison the punishment for his breach of trust.

After Westergaard was taken back to New York as a fugitive from justice, the story of his downfall was pieced together by the investigators assigned to clearing up the case. A trip made to Washington

for a legitimate purpose was shown to have set up the train of incidents that led to his brief space of existence as a wealthy man and then a term of years in the prison.

By his own relation, Westergaard went to Washington in the summer of 1929 to see if he could obtain a patent for a device which would save wear and tear on socks. Finding that this was a matter for a patent lawyer, he returned disappointed. On the way back from Washington, a young man, who Westergaard said gave his name as Fred D. Hoskin, entered the car, put his baggage above Westergaard's head and took the seat opposite him. They struck up a conversation and Westergaard proceeded to tell the stranger his troubles.

Westergaard's new found friend, by his account, was a sort of promoter. He showed great interest in Westergaard's device and started discussing ways and means for raising the funds to exploit it. Back in New York, Hoskin took to calling on Westergaard in the latter's Jackson Heights apartment, sometimes bringing a set of girls along. Once or twice Hoskin took Westergaard driving in a motor car.

All this was harmless enough and no more than might have been the experience of any chance train acquaintances. But, after the friendship had become a little stronger, Hoskin began to make suggestions as to how they could raise capital for Westergaard's invention which should have warned Westergaard that temptation was being placed in his way. Had he realized then what he was being led to, this story would not have been written.

At first Hoskin's suggestions appeared legitimate enough. He told Westergaard that he had a friend in Germany who would transfer some money to the United States which they could use for their purposes. At first Hoskin did not go into details as to why or how this money would be transferred, but, gradually and insidiously, he made his plan known. He finally made it clear that this money was to be transferred by means of fraudulent documents.

By his own admission, Westergaard allowed himself to be drawn into the trap. His friend asked him if there was an account for any bank in Dresden, Germany, in the New York bank where Westergaard worked. Westergaard recalled such an account, but it was of an amount too small for the purpose at which Hoskin was hinting. There was further questioning by Hoskin, and then Westergaard admitted that there was a Berlin bank which had an account of about $100,000 in the New York bank.

SOON after this information had worked its way into Hoskin's mind, he presented himself at the bank where Westergaard worked. They talked about transfers of money received from Europe. Westergaard worked. They talked about from Europe were made by cable, the confirmations being sent by mail. In the case of the Berlin bank in question, mail transfers were entirely used as confirmations for cabled orders. The two conspirators, for this they had now become, looked over the forms used by the Berlin bank in confirming transfers of money to New York. These all had printed across them "confirmation of cable." This would seem to preclude their use in a fraud, but the crafty Hoskin was equal to the occasion. He suggested having forms printed without the "cable" notation, and when Westergaard questioned how they could obtain forms like those printed in Germany, Hoskin waved aside his objections and said that would be easy.

The events as reconstructed after Westergaard's capture sustained those discovered by the Burns operative in his original investigation. By dint of shopping around, paper and type corresponding with the transfer form of the Berlin bank was discovered. An order for from one hundred to two hundred of the forms was placed with a printer. These Westergaard called for during his lunch period. The forms having been obtained, it was necessary to obtain signatures for them. Westergaard therefore got the necessary signatures from checks in the files of the bank.

The hardest part of their unworthy task was still ahead of Westergaard and Hoskin. They had to forge the transfers so that they would pass the scrutiny of the bank's officials. To this end, they sat up at night practicing the signatures, but with so little success that Westergaard was afraid to go ahead with the plot.

The plan was to put the forged transfer in the bank's office mail box with the morning's mail. It would then go through the routine and be honored or rejected on the grounds it was spurious. If the former, the plotters had succeeded. If the latter, there was a chance that the perpetrators of the attempted fraud would never be discovered.

Nevertheless, Westergaard was nervous. At least twice Westergaard took forged forms to the bank and lost his nerve. Finally Hoskin asked for a showdown. On being told of Westergaard's fears, he demanded he be given some of the spurious transfer blanks. Taking away a handful of these, he said he would see Westergaard the following day.

SURE enough, next morning Hoskin was waiting for Westergaard in the lobby of the building in which the bank was located. He showed two forms on which signatures had been forged so cleverly that Westergaard thought they would escape detection. Hoskin wanted them put in the mail basket immediately, but Westergaard thought it was too soon. The two men talked until Westergaard began to fear that some bank official seeing them might become suspicious. Hoskins then left.

Westergaard went to his quarters in the bank and, waiting a good moment, put the forged transfer in the mail box. The crime had then been committed.

There was a painful period of waiting. Then Westergaard learned the transfer had passed scrutiny and that the fund was now available for the fictitious Mr. Stone in another New York bank. Thus emboldened, Westergaard repeated the action with another forged transfer a few days later.

How the proceeds from the forged transfer were collected by Westergaard has already been told. What Westergaard

had in mind was to use the money to start a company to develop his invention which, of course, was to be a great success. With the profits of this in his hand, Westergaard purposed bargaining with the surety company which had bonded him. He thought that in return for paying back the money taken from the bank he would be granted immunity from prosecution.

Nothing of this high-blown scheme materialized. Westergaard and Hoskin talked a lot together about forming their company, at one time considering capitalizing it at $200,000. Hoskin did actually obtain $5,000 for organization expenses but he disappeared with this and has not been seen since. His temporary wealth failed to help Westergaard in his pursuit of Irene Pashkova.

It was left to Westergaard to stand the racket. Recently, he pleaded guilty to a charge of embezzlement before Judge Francis S. Caffey in Federal Court and was sentenced to spend two and one-half years in Atlanta Penitentiary. Pashkova paid a belated visit to the court, saying she would do what she could to help him. But Westergaard was beyond help. What, indeed, could the dancer have done for her ruined admirer? His fate was now sealed and she was helpless.

Thus we see that even men familiar with the ins and outs of banking cannot hope to rob our great fiscal institutions with impunity. If Westergaard, with all of his knowledge of banking procedure, should be so promptly caught in the toils of the Law, how little chance there appears for others to prey upon our banks. They stand as examples of the axiom "you can't win."

Fred Burke, Gangster—as I Knew Him

(*Continued from page* 16)

woman's money, as Burke was making plenty of it himself by that time.

Burke kept himself clear with the police for a long time, though some of the Egan gangsters, including myself, were getting plenty of newspaper advertising. Hardly a week went by but some of our arrests or trials were written up in big headlines. But Freddie kept himself away from publicity, that is, for a while. When he did get in the papers, they surely spread him all over the pages!

All the while he was identified with our crowd, Fred was making side trips to nearby cities in Illinois, coming back with a lot of dough. He and another gangster, Isadore Londe, pulled a big jewelry robbery up in Detroit for which Londe is now serving a fifteen year penitentiary sentence. But Freddie was released after being arrested on suspicion.

You could find Burke out at the Club outside of "business hours," that is, when he was not with some of his lady friends. Target-practice seemed to be his favorite pastime, outside of gambling. He was one of the best shots we had, but I don't believe he had murder in mind. In our racket, a man's standing is rated according to the speed and accuracy of his shooting so, in order to become a leader, Burke knew he must be a crack shot.

There was a graveyard located next to Maxwelton Inn out of which the boys used to get much grim humor. It looked like Fate had placed it there as a constant reminder of the penalty we would have to pay sooner or later. Burke seemed to take delight in making such remarks as:

"Well, they're taking that bird for a ride," when a funeral procession went by the Club.

A few of the more hardened gunmen often used the tombstones as targets. People used to complain, but nobody interfered with us. They were afraid to do anything as it was well known that Dint Colbeck had plenty of political power. He was a Committee-man.

Gambling was Freddie Burke's great pleasure. He played a very conservative game of poker and usually came out with the roll.

He had another racket of shooting craps. This one he always pulled on the way to Louisville when we took in the Kentucky Derby every year. There are always a great many millionaire sportsmen on the trains and Burke would get them in a game all the way up and back. He also pulled this gag at the hotels. The Derby is the great Mecca for crooks as well as gamblers. I could spot any number of them. The Egan gang always sent a delegation every year, when the great racing event comes off.

I didn't see much of Freddie toward the last of my St. Louis days. For one thing court trials and consultations with my lawyer took a lot of time. Then Burke was careful not to be seen with other members of our crowd, especially when we were standing trial. When I did see him, it was usually at the Club. I'd spot him and say:

"Hello, Fred. How are things coming with you?"

"Pretty good," he would reply. "Just been up in Detroit."

He was always making trips to nearby cities. In this way when St. Louis got too hot for him, he had made contacts in other places, such as Detroit, Springfield or Chicago.

Freddie grew more and more prosperous, drove two high-powered cars and kept up several expensive establishments. When he is at the height of his power, the bandit forgets everything but the desire for more money. Never does he take into consideration that it all can't last forever. Perhaps Burke kept thinking he'd stop after the next job—but he grew too confident of always fooling the public!

Some of the outside gangsters had been arrested in connection with the murder of Patrolman William E. Griffen at Telegraph Inn, out in St. Louis County. The men were down and out and one of their friends came out to Maxwelton Inn to see us about pulling a job and getting them on their feet again. This man said he had a place all spotted and all he needed was cooperation.

"Well, what is the dope?" Dint asked him.

"The United Railways," he answered.

The mob went over to the United Railways, raised a rough-house and proceeded to give the place the "bum's rush" and put about sixty thousand dollars in "meal sacks."

Some shots were exchanged with the employees but nobody was hurt.

Some time in 1924, Burke was tried in connection with a small mail truck robbery and again went free. The judge who tried this case made the following statement to the jury who acquitted Burke:

"You have just released into the community one of the most infamous ex-convicts in the United States. It is an insult to the people of St. Louis for an apparently intelligent jury to acquit a man on the evidence presented in the case. Look out for him from now on. He is Dint Colbeck's right hand man, the only difference between them being that Colbeck planned big jobs and this defendant and his cronies executed them."

How truly the judge's prediction has turned out to be. Because of politics mostly, Burke went free to carry on his life of crime, adding murder to theft!

About this time I declared myself with the gang and my life was in danger every moment of the day. I was sick of the blood-thirsty type of "gorilla" which now made up the Egan "rats"—youngsters

Oliver Dougherty, who was involved in a St. Louis railway stick-up with Burke

mostly who wanted to kill in order to show Dint Colbeck, their hero, what they could do.

It was my testimony that sent Dint Colbeck, Egan Chief and political boss, of whom the judge spoke with such contempt, to the penitentiary for a two hundred and fifty thousand dollar mail robbery. This was after he had tried to double-cross me on a deal.

After these arrests, Burke never returned to St. Louis, to my knowledge, except for short trips. He knew the police were on his trail and it wasn't a healthy place to hang around any more.

THAT was the last I heard of Fred Burke until I read of the St. Valentine murder of which he is accused.

It is my personal opinion that Burke did not do the actual killing of the seven men but that, if he did, it was a "pay-off" job. Fred wasn't the kind of man to hold grudges or seek revenge.

Back in the days when he was trooping with the Egan gang, he had the reputation of being a square-shooter with his pals—always kept out of the quarrels and gang-fights. Of course, Dint Colbeck's political power might have had something to do with this. He would call up the police station after one of the boys had been locked up in the holdover on some charge or other and say:

"Got a guy by the name of 'Chippy' Robinson locked up there?" After they had said 'Yes,' he'd tell the police they had pulled a boner and picked on the wrong bird. Then he'd put them on another trail.

We never worried about bond-makers. Dint Colbeck would just ring up some guy he had something on and tell him to go down and stand our bond.

In the beginning of my story, I spoke of another murder of which Burke is accused. I also give the facts connected with this affair, according to my best information.

CHARLES SKELLY, a motor-cop, was shot down by a motorist in Benton Harbor, Michigan, on December 13th, 1929. There was apparently no motive for the crime. The policeman was twenty-four years old and unmarried.

The man charged with this killing is Fred Burke, who was then living in that city under the name of "Fred Dane." Two months previous to the crime, he had bought a home on Lake Shore drive, the prize residential boulevard bordering the lake south of Benton Harbor, and had been living there with "Mrs. Dane"—to outward appearances, a wealthy, respectable married couple.

All this was while police were still combing the country for Burke in connection with the St. Valentine murder. While masquerading as a peaceful citizen, Fred was pulling off some big hold-ups in nearby cities—as it was discovered after this shooting, which I shall describe.

But for the accident which led up to the killing of Skelly, Burke might still be living in his Lake Shore home. It was a slight dispute over the sum of five dollars which cost the young motor-cop his life and cost Fred Burke the loss of his fortune in ill-gotten gains. His nerves must have run amuck since the old days when we trooped with the "rats"—he was cool then.

It seems that Burke, or "Dane" as they called him in the accounts, was driving to the railroad station to meet his wife, who was returning from Chicago. Being late, he drove pretty fast. Near the downtown district of Benton Harbor, his bumper scraped the fender of a flivver driven by a young farmer, George Kool, from Buchanan, Michigan. The farmer was very angry and demanded that Burke pay him five dollars for the scratched fender. Burke just laughed and drove on. Kool followed and overtook him at Main and Broad Streets.

Burke could probably have left him behind easily out in the open, but there were city speed laws to observe.

The farmer forced Burke to stop and they again renewed the argument. By this time Fred was getting a little out of patience, though, as I remember, he was cool-headed. Officer Skelly heard the loud voices, dismounted from his motorcycle and went up to the pair.

He demanded an explanation of the dis-

turbance and, when neither seemed able to offer one, said:

"Come along to the station and maybe you can agree."

With this, he stepped on the running board of Burke's car. Burke drew a pistol. It barked once! Skelly, with a bullet in his abdomen, dropped off the running board, though still able to stand erect. Before the policeman had time to draw a gun, Burke's pistol again flashed, sending Skelly rolling over on his back. A third bullet struck him above the kidneys and he lay motionless—dead!

THEN Burke, gun in hand, wheeled his car around, facing the gathering crowd like a cornered tiger. No one offered any resistance. Still holding the pistol, Burke sped south. Most of the bystanders did not realize what had happened until it was all over and too late.

A man-hunt was started after the killer. One searching party found his car wrecked in a ditch minus two wheels. Gashes on a nearby telephone post told where it had grazed before settling in a ditch.

Eye-witnesses told how, after the accident, a motorist, never identified, came out from the cross-road and halted to offer assistance to Burke. Burke, with drawn gun, jumped in beside the man and ordered him to drive off.

The next place they picked up his trail was at Stevensville, a hamlet three miles further south. Here the Postmaster told of seeing a man, who answered "Dane's" description, jump from a car, toss a five dollar bill to the driver and stand waiting in the road.

Later, Fred Wishart, a farmer in the vicinity, told his story. He was driving to St. Joseph, it seemed, when "Dane" waved his gun at him to stop, which he did. The bandit, still packing his gat, climbed in beside Wishart and was driven back towards St. Joseph, where he jumped out, handed Wishart a five dollar bill and strolled through a field—the last trace of him.

It occurs to me how much trouble Burke would have saved himself by giving the first farmer, Kool, five dollars for the grazed bumper. But it is a trivial argument like this which makes or mars a man's life!

Through the license number of the wrecked car, the owner was traced to "Fred Dane." Police at once dashed to his home on Lake Shore Drive, where they found "Mrs. Dane," but not Fred. They began to search the house.

Concealed in a closet they found an arsenal—machine guns, sawed-off shotguns and pistols together with stacks of ammunition!

Further search brought to light bonds amounting to $352,000.00 concealed in a pillow-case! This was subsequently identified as loot taken by five desperados, who held up the Farmers and Merchants Bank at Jefferson, Wisconsin, at noon, on November 7th, 1929.

What a shock it must have given the good neighbors of "Dane" to learn that he was perhaps the most notorious bandit in the country! By this time, he may have settled down in another quiet district, as headquarters, while he explores new fields for future "jobs."

There's an old saying, "Give the devil his dues," which I use in judging Burke. I don't believe he would have shot the young policeman, except for fear of arrest. He was afraid they might search his home and find the loot, as well as the arsenal, and it would be all over for him. As I said before, Freddie Burke was not a killer.

To one who has been in the racket for fourteen years like myself there's a lot of difference between the dangerous man who shoots for love of killing and the type, like Burke, who kills only when necessary for his escape.

Rewards totaling a hundred thousand dollars were offered for the capture of Burke. All surrounding cities, such as Cleveland, Detroit, Milwaukee and Chicago, were asked to search their gangdoms for trace of the bandit, but again he slipped through the fingers of justice.

So that is the first and last of Freddie Burke according to my knowledge.

I am giving this account to the public—as I did my other first hand stories of the underworld—in the hopes that it may have some effect toward wiping out crime. Exposure, I believe, is the first step toward this end. The young boy thinks twice about following in the footsteps of his bandit "hero", when he sees his dashing "hero" changed into a gray-clad convict behind drab prison walls.

The Murder in the *Locked* Room

By Alan Hynd

THERE is little doubt that the murder of Isadore Fink, New York laundryman, on an evening in February, 1929, is one of the most bewildering mysteries with which American detectives have dealt in recent years. The case remains distinctly in a class by itself, owing to the fact that circumstances similar to those surrounding the murder had occurred before only in fiction!

For four years Fink, an unmarried young man in his late twenties, had conducted a laundry in a single room on the ground floor of the tenement at 52 East 132nd Street.

To his few acquaintances, Fink often expressed the fear that he would be held up while working in his little shop late at night. Therefore, he was very cautious and always kept the front door locked. When customers called, Fink would open the door slightly, peer through and upon recognizing them, allow them to enter, locking the door again when they departed.

The room where the laundry business was conducted was quite small, being less than twenty feet square. There were two doors and one window in the place. The rear door separated Fink's place from a small apartment, occupied by an aged colored woman. This door had been barred on the inside for so long that the lock was rusty. In one of the walls was the window, on the outside of which were several iron bars set close enough together to prevent ingress of a man by that means. The front door—the one through which customers entered—had a bolt on the inside. A glass transom—barely large enough to admit a small boy, was above this door. There were no secret panels, stairways or other means of entrance or exit from the place; just the two doors and the window.

ON the night in February, 1929, Fink made a delivery to a customer who lived a few blocks away, and returned to his laundry shortly after 10 o'clock. This fact was established by an acquaintance who saw him entering his place of business. At 10:30 o'clock, the old colored woman who lived in the rear heard shots and agonized cries which she immediately recognized as coming from Fink's place. The cries were followed by a dull thud. Desirous of helping the laundryman in his apparent distress, the colored woman pounded on the door which separated her place from the laundry, but received no response. She then ran into the street and notified a policeman.

Hastening to the front door of the laundry, the policeman found it locked. He, too, pounded on the door, but everything within was as quiet as a tomb.

Seeing a light through the closed transom above the door, the copper concluded that somebody must be in the laundry, so he went into the street, found a small boy and boosted the lad up to the transom. With much difficulty, the boy banged open the transom, which had been locked from the inside, forced himself through the small aperture and dropped into the room. He immediately opened the front door, which had been securely bolted from the inside, and admitted the policeman.

Fink was lying on the floor in the rear of the room, near the door leading into the apartment behind the laundry. He had been dead only a short time; his body was yet warm. There were two bullet wounds in the man's chest, near the heart, and a similar wound on his left hand. Death had probably been almost instantaneous. Powder marks were found near each of the three wounds, indicating beyond doubt that the shots had been fired at close range—probably within six inches. No trace of a pistol was found, which completely eliminated the suicide theory.

When detectives from the East 126th Street Police Station arrived on the scene, they tried to reconstruct the crime.

AN examination of the door leading to the colored woman's flat disclosed that it was bolted on the inside. Then, too, unbroken cobwebs were found over the upper part of the door, clearly indicating that the door had not been used for some time.

The sleuths next focused their attention on the lone window in the room. It was locked from the inside, and the iron bars without had not been tampered with. These bars, as has been stated, were too close together to permit the entrance or exit of a human being through the window. The glass in the windows was intact, no bullets having been fired through it.

As to the front door and the transom, the patrolman testified that they were locked from the inside when he arrived.

Could Fink have been shot by someone who fired through the transom? The sleuths pointed out that the shots had been fired at close range, that the bullets had taken an even, not downward, course through the body, and that the body was found some fifteen feet from the transom.

How, then, had the murderer escaped? And *where was he when he did the shooting?*

Fink was undoubtedly slain while *in* the laundry.

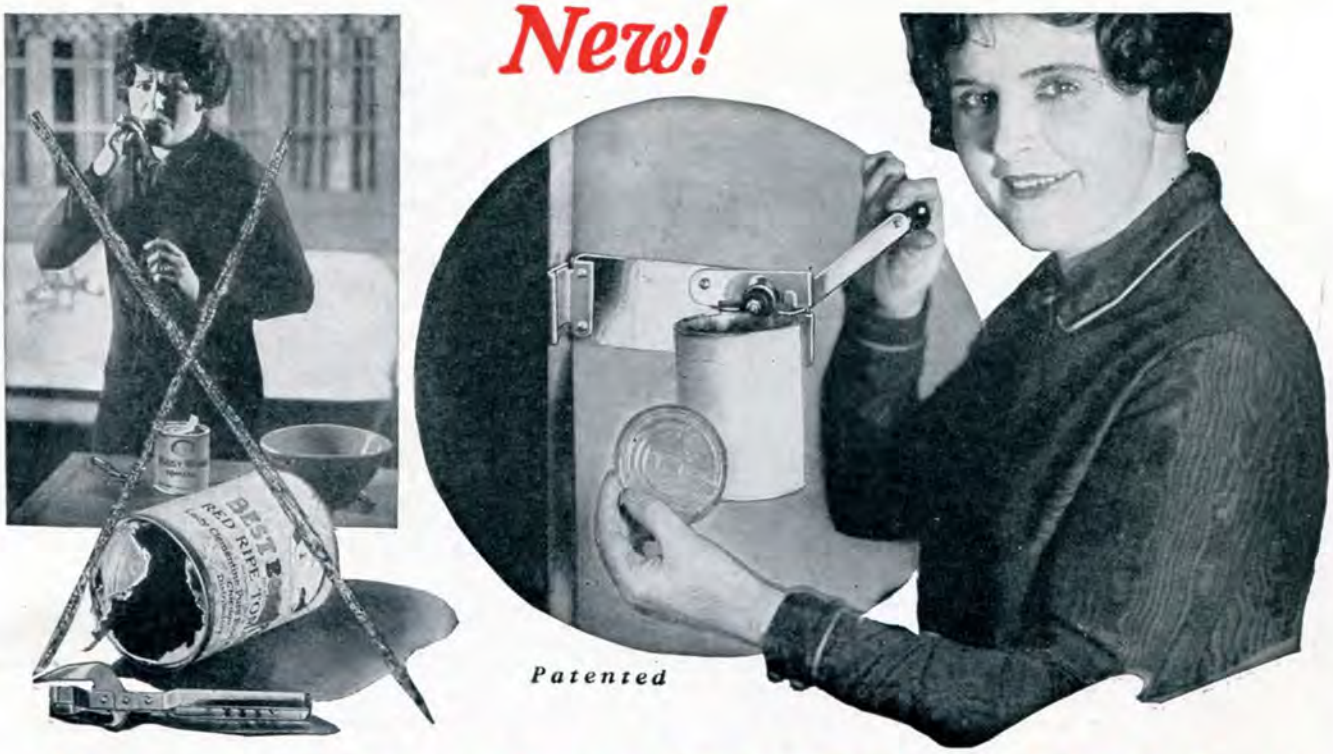
It was not possible that the murderer had made his exit through either of the doors or the windows, as has been shown. And he would have needed the powers of a magician to escape through the undersized transom.

Detectives spent days at the scene of the murder, hunting for a trap-door or some secret passageway which would explain the riddle of the slayer's escape. But nothing of the sort was found.

The sleuths are still trying to figure out *who* murdered Fink, *where* the slayer stood when he fired the death shots, and *how* he made his Houdini-like departure. Fink had no known enemies, though his strange behaviour in bolting his door after customers left, certainly indicated that he believed he had reason to fear for his life.

There *must* be a perfectly natural answer to the enigma, because this case actually happened.

What is *your* solution?



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WOMEN universally detest the old-style can opener. Yet in practically every home cans are being opened with it, often several times a day. Imagine then, how thankfully they welcome this new method—this automatic way of doing their most distasteful job. With the wonderful little Speedo can opener you just put the can in the machine, turn the handle, and almost instantly the job is done.

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The Speedo holds the can—opens it—flips up the lid so you can grab it—and gives you back the can without a drop spilled, without any rough edges to snag your fingers—all in a couple of seconds! It's so easy even a 10-year-old child can do it in perfect safety! No wonder women—and men, too—simply go wild over it! And no wonder Speedo salesmen sometimes sell to every house in the block and have made up to $8 in an hour either spare time or full time.

Generous Free Test Offer

Frankly, men, I realize that the facts about this proposition as outlined briefly here may seem almost incredible to you. I'll grant you that the profit possibilities are so tremendous that it's impossible to give more than a mere hint of them here. So I've worked out a plan by which you can examine the invention and test its profit possibilities without risking one penny of your own money.

READ!

One of my prospects told me she could get along with the old can opener she had been using for years. Two weeks later her husband ordered a can opener from me saying that his wife had cut her hand badly with her old can opener.—W. L. GODSHALK, Pa.

Mail the Coupon Today

All I ask you to do is to fill out and mail the coupon below. You do not obligate yourself in any way whatever. I'll rush you the details. Get my free offer while the territory you want is still open. I'll hold it for you while you make the test. I'll send you all the facts about some others making up to $100 and even more in a week with Speedo. I'll also tell you about another fast selling item in the Central States line that brings you two profits. All you risk is a 2c stamp—so grab your pencil and shoot me the coupon right now.

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Yes, rush me details of your FREE TEST OFFER.

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☐ Check here if interested only in one for your own home.

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3 Genuine Axminster RUGS 27 X 52 in $9.65 on Credit—$1.00 a Month!

Send Only

$1.00 down

Please accept this "get-acquainted" offer without the slightest feeling of obligation. We want to show you, entirely at our risk, what an UNUSUAL bargain this is and what **WONDERFUL** money saving values we offer *on easy monthly payments*. Send only $1.00 deposit with the coupon below and we'll ship these 3 handsome genuine Axminster Rugs direct to your home on

30 Days Trial

Yes, we want you to see what a wonderful bargain this is. We want to show you, too, how easy and convenient it is to deal with Straus & Schram by mail, how we *save you money* on everything for the home and give easy monthly payments besides. Once you've tried our way of shopping, we are confident you will buy from us always as thousands of others all over the country have done for 48 years. But we leave that to you. If, after 30 days trial, you are not *delighted* with these rugs, with the quality, the beauty, the bargain value, send them back *at our expense*, and we'll refund your dollar deposit plus all transportation charges. Fair enough, isn't it? If satisfied, easy payments; yes, only—

$1.00 a Month

If you decide to keep the 3 Rugs, just send us $1.00 a month until you have paid our sensational sale price—only $9.65. Isn't that an EASY way to buy? And save money, besides! Please don't delay for we have only a limited supply of rugs for this bargain offer and we wouldn't like to have you miss this opportunity.

Soft, Thick Axminsters

These rugs are extra thick, high pile, genuine Axminsters. **Only $9.65** for all three on this offer; they would be good value at $13.50 cash.

All three are of identical quality—expertly woven of wool face yarns in a soft, thick, high pile that you will fairly sink in to. The tightly woven backs insure long wear. Each pattern is distinctive in design and coloring. Soft, rich, harmonizing colors, guaranteed absolutely fast. Size of rugs 27x52 in., easy to handle and clean.

There's a place in every home for these exquisite rugs; here and there in the dining or living room, in bare spots or right over your large rugs they lend color and charm to the room; at door entrances they protect your larger rugs from wear; in bedrooms or bathroom, they give welcome comfort to bare feet; fills any bare spot in any room, beautifully! Will stand hardest wear.

Order by No. C7544A. $1.00 with coupon; $1.00 monthly. Price for 3, only $9.65.

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Enclosed find $1. Ship the 3 genuine Axminster rugs as advertised. I am to have 30 days free trial. If I keep the rugs I will pay you $1.00 monthly. If not satisfied, I am to return the rugs within 30 days and you are to refund my deposit plus any transportation charges I paid.

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Name _____

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