

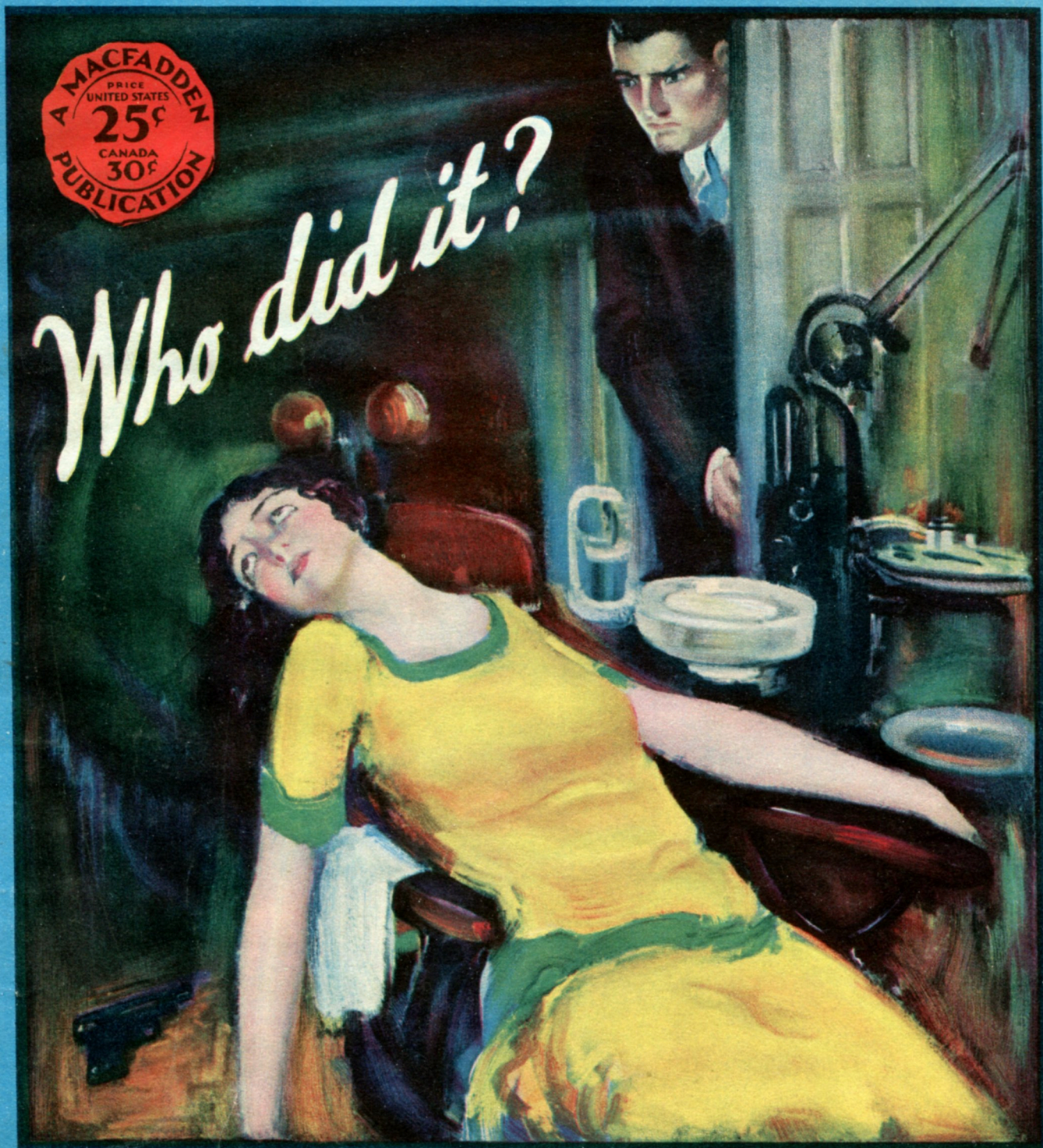
The STRANGE DEATH of BEAUTIFUL ELIZABETH GRIFFITH

TRUE  
★ **DETECTIVE**  
MYSTERIES

APRIL

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The PARROT, the TRUNK and the MURDER



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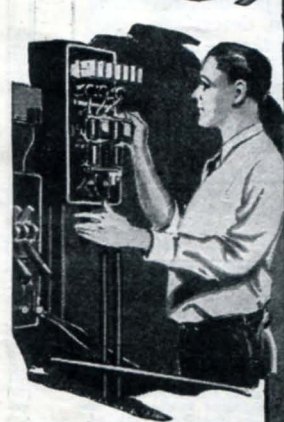
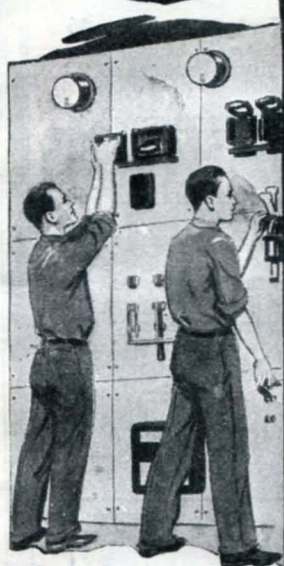
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# TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES

A MACFADDEN PUBLICATION

Vol. XI

APRIL, 1929

No. 1

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## Next Month: The MURDER MYSTERY in STONE CANYON

### HOW the CRIME of the CENTURY Was SOLVED

The famous Doctor Cronin case, of Chicago, is known throughout the civilized world—but not the story we are going to publish, written by a man who was there—saw it all—knew those who took part in this shameful crime! Don't miss the inside on this great mystery case that baffled millions!

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"Who knows the heart of a boy?" Fathers and mothers will understand that question—but who understood, or ever can understand, the case of 13-year-old Jackson Warren, of Syracuse, thought to have killed his own mother and father? This is a mystery that will grip you!

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### This Young Girl's Awful Fate

—pretty Barbara Mauger—nineteen, attractive, in love with life—why should she become the prey of buzzards in Stone Canyon? Had she first become the prey of a human buzzard? Your heart will be stirred to pity when you read this great fact story of a young girl's awful fate!

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### WHO Was ELSIE SIGEL'S SLAYER?

The inside story of New York Chinatown's most fiendish murder. Elsie Sigel was the attractive granddaughter of General Franz Sigel of Civil War fame—yet Death, no respecter of persons, revealed her crammed into a trunk when detectives . . . The man who tells this story was there—he opened the trunk . . .!

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# ...Raised His Pay \$4800\* After Reading This Amazing Book Which Is Now **FREE!**

\*Based on the combined experiences of F. B. Englehardt, Chattanooga, Tenn., A. F. Thompson, Sioux City, Iowa, B. F. Boilon, Columbus, Ohio, and many others.



## Caught in a Rut

I wonder I put up with it as long as I did! Every day was filled with nothing but deadly routine and monotonous detail. No freedom or independence. No chance to get out and meet people, travel, nor have interesting experiences. I was just like a cog in a big machine with poor prospects of ever being anything more.



## Long, Tiresome Hours

Every hour of the day I was under somebody's supervision. The TIME-CLOCK constantly laid in wait for me—a monument to unfulfilled hopes and dying ambition. Four times a day, promptly on the dot, it hurled its silent challenge at my self-respect, reminding me how unimportant I was and how little I really **COUNTED** in the business and social world!



## Low Pay

Paid just enough to keep going—but never enough to enjoy any of the **GOOD** things of life every man **DESERVES** for his family and himself. Always economizing and pinching pennies. Always wondering what I would do if I were laid off or lost my job. Always uncertain and apprehensive of the future.



## Desperate

Happened to get a look at the payroll one day and was astonished to see what big salaries went to the sales force. Found that salesman Brown made \$200 a week—and Jenkins \$275! Would have given my right arm to make money that fast, but never dreamed I had any "gift" for salesmanship.



## A Ray of Light

Stumbled across an article on salesmanship in a magazine that evening. Was surprised to discover that salesmen were made and not "born" as I had foolishly believed. Read about a former cowpuncher, Wm. Shore of California, making \$525 in one week after learning the ins-and-outs of scientific salesmanship. Decided that if **HE** could do it, so could I!



## The Turning Point

My first step was to write for a certain little book which a famous business genius has called "The **MOST AMAZING BOOK EVER PRINTED**". It wasn't a very **big** book, but it certainly opened my eyes to things I had never **dreamed of**—and proved the turning point of my entire career!

## What I Discovered



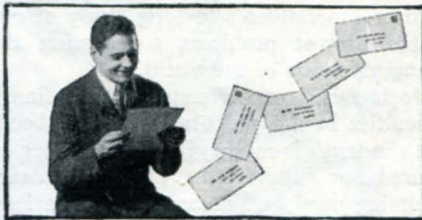
Between the pages of this remarkable volume, I discovered hundreds of little known facts and secrets that revealed the **REAL TRUTH** about the science of selling! It wasn't a bit as I had imagined. I found out that it was governed by simple rules and laws that almost **ANY** man can master as easily as he learned the alphabet. I even learned how to go about getting into this "highest paid of all professions". I found out exactly how Mark Barichievich of San Francisco was enabled to quit his \$8 a week job as a restaurant-worker and start making \$125 a week as a salesman; and how C. W. Birmingham of Dayton, Ohio, jumped from \$15 a week to \$7500 a year—these and **hundreds** of others! It certainly was a revelation!

So typical and numerous have these experiences been met by N. S. T. A. trained men that they now include an amazing Double Money Back Bond. This is a written pledge that unless N. S. T. A. training adds at least a certain minimum figure to your income, the course costs you nothing.



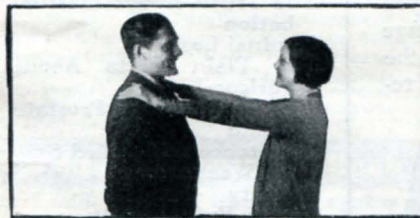
## An Added Income Guarantee

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## FREE Employment Service

Last year requests from all over the U. S. and Canada were made for over 50,000 N. S. T. A. trained salesmen. This Employment Dept. is conducted as a **FREE** extra service to N. S. T. A. graduates. When I was ready the Employment managers found me over a dozen good openings to choose from—and I selected one which paid me over \$70 a week to start.



## Was It Worth It?

Today my salary is \$4800 greater than ever before! No more punching time-clocks or worrying over dimes and quarters! **NOW** my services are in **REAL DEMAND** with bigger prospects for the future than I ever dared **HOPE** for back in those days when I was just another "name" on a pay-roll!



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This is an age of plain thinking and frank speech. No longer can a big, vital problem like the sex question be hidden away as a thing to be ashamed of. People are demanding the truth about these things.

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is a fearless, ringing challenge to prudery and ignorance. It contains the fruits of Bernarr Macfadden's lifelong study of one of the biggest problems confronting the young manhood of the world.

He has had to surmount extraordinary difficulties in the preparation of the book. But the truth is mighty! It can neither be ignored nor suppressed. There was overwhelming need and demand for a fearless, plain-speaking book on sexology. The wall of ignorance that was wrecking millions of lives must be broken down.

The book was written, published and placed on sale. Today in tens of thousands of homes this great work is one of the chief factors in promoting health, strength and happiness.

### Life's Handbook

Manhood and Marriage enters the sanctuary of the most secret phases of your inner life. It grips you with suggestions

that are personal and confidential. It furnishes definite and practical information on vital subjects, pure in themselves, which are frequently surrounded with vulgar mystery.

The problems of man frequently assume tremendous importance. They thus become a source of worries that ultimately assume a tragical nature. And the need for the answer to the query "What shall I do?" often grasps the victim with terrifying intensity.

It is well, therefore, that conditions and problems of this sort should be clearly and emphatically presented. For the outcome may mean success or failure, health or disease, or even life or death. Both single and married men needed to know the facts, so Bernarr Macfadden spent more than a quarter century compiling the authentic information given you in this book.

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This big book is so powerful, so crammed full of facts hitherto neglected by old-fashioned sex hygiene, that we sincerely believe it should be in the hands of every man. Therefore, we do not hesitate to send it to you upon approval. You need send no money now—just fill out the coupon and mail it today. The book (in plain wrapper) will be sent to you by return mail. When the book arrives, pay the postman \$3.00 plus a few cents delivery charges. Then take five full days to read and examine it thoroughly. If at the end of that time you do not think that Manhood and Marriage is worth much more than \$3.00, return the book and your \$3.00 will be cheerfully refunded.

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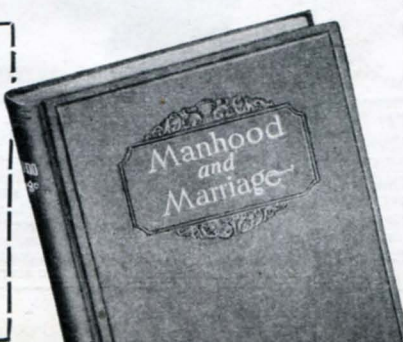
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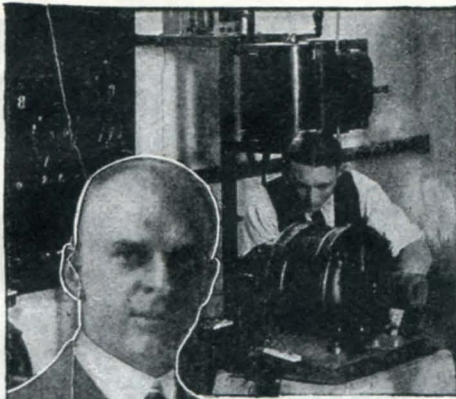
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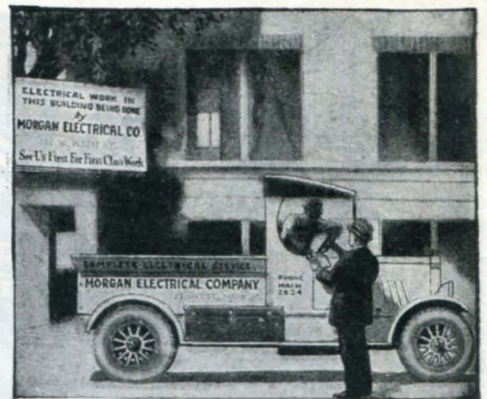




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I am looking for ambitious young men who are dissatisfied both with their present pay and future prospects. I want to show them how easily they can get into Electricity—how they can increase their earning capacity and multiply their chances to get ahead many times—simply by switching over to similar work in Electricity.

Perhaps you are doing routine office work today in a line where your progress is slow and limited. Then let me show you how you can get one of the many office positions in the Electrical line. And how, with your present business experience, plus a knowledge of Electricity, you can earn a much bigger salary and advance rapidly to highly-paid executive positions.

Or if you are a mechanic—wondering how you can avoid remaining a mechanic all your life—I'll tell you how to become first, an Electrical mechanic, and then show you how you'll be in line for quick promotion to Expert, Engineer or Superintendent.

So when I say "ELECTRIFY your future" I mean here's the winning combination: Add a knowledge of Electricity to what you already have learned in factory or office or store. Then take that knowledge into ELECTRICITY—where you can sell it for a bigger salary and a brighter future.

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You may wonder how this is possible. But the explanation is really simple: The Electrical industries are growing so rapidly that the supply of trained men cannot keep up with the demand. There are more good jobs open, always, than men capable of filling them. We are in close touch with many big employers and they tell us they can place all the trained men we can supply.

And because we know all this, and how amazingly Electricity continues to grow into new fields, and because we know the right kind of training equips a man to get and keep a good Electrical job—we have dared to make this guarantee and to back it with our entire resources of over \$2,000,000.00. Get in touch with me, and I'll show you that you can get an Electrical job and raise—without risking a penny of your money.

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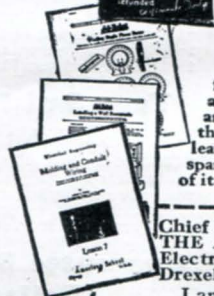
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Age..... Occupation.....



# I Sell Records a Queer Way

So people tell me, because I will gladly send to any person who sends me his name and address, a selection of ten records absolutely ON TRIAL, entirely at my risk. Choose any records you want.

Furthermore, I positively insist that you return the records to me at once, if they are in any way inferior to records that sell for three or four times as much. Don't be "sorry" for me, but shoot the records back, and let me stand the postage expense both ways, unless the records are better, clearer and richer in tone than any records you have ever before had, at any price.

I have built a million-dollar business in records on just these "queer" methods, trusting absolutely in the honesty of my customers, and making them the sole judge of whether or not the records will cost them even one cent.

I've built these records to give you pleasure, enjoyment and some real honest good times for months and years to come. I've tried to study the wishes and tastes of the great music-loving public and I've collected in this list below, the very CREAM of my entire catalog. All the records are electrically recorded—and

## Any 10 Records \$1<sup>98</sup>

Send No Money  
—  
10 Days' Approval



### Special List of BEST Sellers

- |                                    |                      |
|------------------------------------|----------------------|
| Me and the Man in the Moon         | Sonny Boy            |
| Girl of My Dreams                  | Hallelujah I'm A Bum |
| Ford Has Made A Lady Out of Lizzie |                      |
| Wreck of the Old 97                |                      |
| All By Yourself in the Moonlight   |                      |
| Rovin' Gambler                     |                      |
| My Blue Heaven                     | Red Wing             |

nearly all of them have been done within the last few months, and are in the very latest and best style of the present day. They are all in the standard ten-inch size with music on both sides and play on any phonograph, just like 75-cent records. They include the most recent hits, as well as famous old favorites, and I'm willing to stake my last dollar that they are GOOD.

Choose any ten records you want and simply write their catalog number on coupon below. Send no money. See terms on coupon and see how fully I protect you in every way.

### POPULAR AND STANDARD SONGS

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 2432 Sonny Boy Dancing 'Neath Dixie Moon                       | 2381 Ford Has Made a Lady Out of Lizzie                             |
| 4228 Hallelujah, I'm A Bum The Dying Hobo                      | Clancy's Wooden Wedding   |
| 2452 All By Yourself in the Moonlight Every Day                | 2366 My Blue Heaven Back of Every Cloud                             |
| 4225 Rock Candy Mountain Bill You Done Me Wrong                | 4141 Wish I Was Single Again If You Want to Find Love               |
| 4232 Button Buster (the Laughing Record) Common Bill           | 4160 Sweet Hawaiian Kisses Blue Hawaiian Moon                       |
| 2407 Girl of My Dreams Dear Old Pal                            | 4118 May I Sleep in Your Barn Tonight? When I Saw Sweet Nellie Home |
| 2437 There's A Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder When You're Not Here | 4117 Where River Shannon Flows Rose From Ireland                    |
| 4180 Blue Ridge Mountain Home Lane of Dreams                   | 4171 Red Wing Waters of Minnetonka                                  |
| 4174 Casey Jones Waltz Me Around Again Willie                  | 4119 Hand Me Down My Walking Cane Captain Jinks                     |
| 4167 The Preacher and the Bear The Sting of the Bumble Bee     | 2334 Terrible Mississippi Flood End of Shenandoah                   |
| 4178 Break the News to Mother Bird in a Gilded Cage            | 4038 Sleep Baby Sleep (Vodel) Roll On Silvery Moon (Vodel)          |
| 4185 Picture That's Turned to Wall White Wings                 | 4090 In Baggage Coach Ahead Under Some Old Apple Tree               |
| 4209 Oh Dem Golden Slippers Kingdom Coming                     | 4086 Floyd Collins' Fate Pickwick Club Tragedy                      |
| 4131 Wreck of the Old 97 Wreck of the Titanic                  | 2272 Rudolph Valentino Little Rosewood Casket                       |
| 4170 Gypsy's Warning Don't You Remember                        | 4150 New River Train Show Me My Mammy                               |
| 4227 Climbing Up Golden Stairs Lindy Lou                       | 4172 Wreck of Number Nine Freight Wreck at Altoona                  |
| 2398 Ramona Valley of Memory                                   | 4173 Boston Burglar Cowboy's Lament                                 |
| 2426 Jeannine, I Dream of Lilac Time Come Back to Romany       | 4198 My Old New Hampshire Home Ida Sweet as Apple Cider             |
| 4135 Rovin' Gambler Little Log Cabin in Lane                   |   |
| 4133 Jesse James Butcher Boy                                   |   |
| 2453 Me and the Man in the Moon Dancing with My Baby           |   |

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 4069 When Roll Is Called Up Yonder Throw Out the Life Line | 1540 Old Man Sunshine Sidewalks of New York                       |
| 4091 Old Rugged Cross Beyond the Clouds                    | 1559 I Loved You Then as I Love You Now Gee but I'm Blue Over You |
| 4057 Jesus Lover of My Soul Safe in Arms of Jesus          | 1510 Ramona If I Didn't Love You                                  |

### INSTRUMENTAL

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 4193 Whistler and His Dog Powder Puff                        | 1585 All By Yourself in the Moonlight Let's Pretend           |
| 4189 Drowsy Waters Herd Girl's Dream                         | 7029 Mississippi Mud Blues I'm a One-Man Gal                  |
| 4162 Blue Danube Waltz Skaters' Waltz                        | 1488 Among My Souvenirs Some Day You'll Remember              |
| 4138 By Waters of Minnetonka Over the Waves                  | 1463 My Blue Heaven Found Best Girl of All                    |
| 4068 Arkansas Traveler Turkey in the Straw                   | 1497 After My Laughter Came Tears Carry Me Back to Con-nemara |
| 4136 Humoresque Spring Song                                  |   |
| 4061 Listen to Mocking Bird Song Bird (Both Whistling)       |   |
| 4217 Irish Washerwoman Mrs. McLeod's Reel                    |   |
| 4016 Irish Jigs and Reels, No. 1 Irish Jigs and Reels, No. 2 |   |
| 4218 Merry Widow Waltz Lullaby From Ermine                   |   |

### RACE RECORDS

- |   |
|---|
| 7021 I Need a Good Man Bad Can't Be Worried Long          |
| 7033 Hit Me in the Nose Blues It's All Coming Home to You |
| 7032 Who Is Ya (1) Preaching Who Is Ya (2) Preaching      |

### BLUES

- |                                       |
|---------------------------------------|
| 7023 John Henry Blues St. Louis Blues |
| 7025 Yellow Dog Blues Hard Time Blues |

### POPULAR DANCES All With Vocal Chorus

- |                             |
|-----------------------------|
| 1582 I'll Get By What A Day |
|-----------------------------|

### COMEDY

- |  |
|--|
| 4002 Flanagan's Second Hand Car Hy and Si and the Line Fence       |
| 4004 Flanagan in Restaurant Flanagan's Married Life                |
| 4230 Uncle Si at Village Barber Uncle Si and Hiram Swapping Horses |
| 4168 Jail Birds Wedding Bells                                      |
| 4211 Andy Goes a-Hunting Andy Gets Learnin'                        |

### HAWAIIAN

- |  |
|--|
| 4156 La Golondrina Dreamy Moon             |
| 4023 My Old Kentucky Home O Sole Mio       |
| 4084 Aloha Land Honolulu Bay               |
| 4009 Palakihio Blues One, Two, Three, Four |

## TEAR OUT COUPON AND MAIL

MUTUAL MUSIC CLUB, TR-44, 135 Dorchester Ave., Boston, Mass.

You may send me on 10 days' approval 10 records listed below by catalog numbers. When the 10 records arrive, I will pay postman a deposit of only \$1.98 (plus postage from factory) in full payment. I will then try the records 10 days in my own home, and if I am disappointed in them or find them in any way unsatisfactory, I will return them, and you agree to refund at once, all that I have paid, including my postage expense for returning the records.

1.....	6.....	Write three substitutes below to be shipped only if other records are out of stock.
2.....	7.....	
3.....	8.....	
4.....	9.....	
5.....	10.....	

IMPORTANT  Place cross mark in square at left if you wish three 10-cent packages of steel needles included in your order; recommended for these records.

Name.....

Address..... (Write Clearly)

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



# THIS MONTH'S CONTRIBUTORS

**T. R. PORTER**, whose story *The Shadow that Saved a Life*, appears on page 42, this issue, is a free-lance and special feature writer who for thirty years has been connected with the *Omaha World-Herald*, although always remaining a free-lance. He has the unique record of having written a feature story every day for more than twenty-five years.

It is safe to say that in his thirty years as special writer, Mr. Porter has covered more Western events of note than any other living newspaper man. He was on intimate terms with many of the great plainsmen—Deadwood Dick, Diamond Dick, Doc Carver, Lone Star, Buffalo Bill—and received many "inside" stories from these great frontiersmen and scouts. He knew Red Cloud, American Horse, Yellow Smoke, and many of the big Indian chiefs of their day. He is considered an authority on the famous Custer battle.

In the Presidential election year, 1916, when Woodrow Wilson and Charles E. Hughes were the nominees, Mr. Porter traveled 60,000 miles, writing politics, visiting practically every State except those east of the Hudson River. He got home in November, just in time to vote, and two days later had an assignment to fourteen States on the subject *If America Gets Into the War, Will There Be a German Menace in This Country?*. He finished this assignment one week before America entered the great conflict.

He spent six months among the ancient ruins of southern Mexico for the *New York Herald*; wrote the *American Invasion of Western Canada*; interviewed Henry Watterston at Miami, Florida, for the *New York Sun*; covered the great San Francisco Earthquake for a number of papers; wrote *Yellowstone* for the *Union Pacific*; investigated the unemployment situation in the Pacific Northwest; and surveyed the water supply on the Crow Indian Reservation, in Montana, for the Burlington Railroad. He many times interviewed James J. Hill, the "Empire Builder," and E. H. Harriman, "Wizard of the Rails"; knew many of the other big railroad men of the country, and enjoyed a reputation among them of never misquoting them, nor of taking advantage of any "slip of the tongue" they might make.

Porter covered the trial of Pat Crowe, a notorious bandit, for kidnaping Eddie Cudahy, now president of the Cudahy Packing Company; spent six weeks with Billy Sunday; wrote the famous trial of Mae Wood against Senator Tom Platt of New York; spent three weeks reporting the trial of a preacher accused of killing eight people with an axe at Villisca, Iowa; and covered *The Remedy* speech of Thomas W. Lawson, of Boston, the Wall Street plunger. Following the arrest and confession of the famous "sniper" murderer several years ago, Porter wrote 14,000 words in six hours, handing "takes" of 100 words to telegraph operators, and had his complete story in *New York* five minutes after he wrote the last word.

In his office in Omaha Mr. Porter has an index-record of everything of note that has occurred in the trans-Missouri country in the last thirty years upon which he worked as a newspaper man.

Mr. Porter is a brother of Colonel Garnett



Photo by Heyn, Omaha

T. R. PORTER

Clay Porter, of Winnipeg, who wrote the much-talked-of *Strange Story of the Lost Millionaire* for this magazine, the sequel of which appears in this issue.

**ARTHUR CHAPMAN**, who wrote *On the Trail of "Black Bart," California's Lone Highwayman*, appearing on page 39, this issue, occasionally drops in at this office. He is a quiet man who has little to say, but is an expert listener. Since he is among those present in *Who's Who in America*, we thought he ought to have something to tell our readers about himself, but he thought otherwise, persisting there was nothing to tell.

However, he was finally persuaded, and this is his reply:

... Since you insist, I suppose I will have to give some account of myself, so here goes:

Some years ago a new managing editor of the *Chicago Daily News* asked every member of the staff to write out a full account, setting forth individual accomplishments and just what the writer was doing. Some of the boys pounded away at considerable length at their typewriters, but after long thought I was able to set down only one word: *Reporter*.

That would about cover it today. I have been in and out of newspaper work; article-writing, fiction for magazines, and verse—and all of it seems just reporting. I started at the printer's case on the Ottumwa (Iowa) *Democrat*, and after one day's effort the boss thought I might make a better reporter than printer. The matter is still open to argument. Anyway, I went to reporting and it was not long before, at the somewhat peevish request of my boss, I again sought other fields.

My next move was to find a job on the Rockford (Ill.) *Register-Gazette*. Having been born in Rockford, the home folks were more tolerant of me than Iowa proved to be. But, looking back on those cub days, when I was turned loose by a generous manage-

ment to write anything and everything that fancy dictated, and then to read proof and help make up the paper, I can see that I must have stretched toleration to the breaking point.

Like all ambitious Middle Westerners, my goal was Chicago. I found a place on the *Chicago Daily News* under H. T. (Butch) White, one of the greatest newspaper men I have ever known. He was a man of original ideas and would run poems or humorous sketches on Page One. If I couldn't hit the front page with a news-story, I would try putting over a verse, or 'round-the-town sketch. When Mr. White took charge of the *Denver Republican*, I asked for a job and got it.

I stayed in Denver 22 years, writing editorials and conducting columns of verse and paragraphs, and for the last three years being managing editor of the *Denver Times*. During those years I traveled over the West a great deal. To me it is still the most interesting part of such of the world as I have seen. The cowboy era had not passed. I have been out with cowboys, sheepherders, wolfers, forest-rangers and Indians. Have been over most of the big reservations from Crow to Navajo.

Along about 1911, when I was running a column of verse and paragraphs for the *Denver Republican*, I wrote some lines entitled *Out Where the West Begins*. Not having any idea that they were going to be popular, I didn't copyright them. The verses are still going around on postcards, wall cards and sofa-pillows and have been set to music three or four times and sung by Schumann-Heink and many others. About once a month somebody tucks them away in a new anthology. Queer game, writing. Prospecting isn't half as much of a gamble.

Have had two books of verse published: *Out Where the West Begins*, and *Cactus Center*, by Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. Two novels by the same house: *Mystery Ranch* and *John Crews*; also a short *History of Colorado*, by Rand, McNally. The first-named book of verse has gone into thirteen or fourteen editions, I believe, but let it not be assumed that I drive a Rolls-Royce.

Some nine years ago I tried the newspaper game in New York City and did reporting, rewrite and Sunday feature articles for the *Herald-Tribune*. Left there four years ago for free-lance work in the magazine field.

Have two sons in newspaper work in New York. A third son, now a sophomore at Amherst, seems to be headed for the same field.

When it comes to seeking recreation, I can listen to grand opera by the hour, but I'll have to confess that hitting the trails in the Far West, and fly-fishing when the tang of Spring is in the air—well, there's nothing else quite like it!

—o—

Here is the first verse of that famous little poem, *Out Where the West Begins* by Mr. Chapman, above referred to:

Out where the handclasp's a little stronger,  
Out where the smile dwells a little longer,  
That's where the West begins;  
Out where the sun is a little brighter,  
Where the snow that falls is a trifle whiter,  
Where the bonds of home are a wee bit  
tighter,  
That's where the West begins.



**173 PIECES ONLY \$29.95**

**110 Piece Dinner Set**

**13 Piece Rose Glow Glass Water Set**

**Rose Tinted**

The entire 13 pieces are decorated with a design like the 110-piece dinner set, producing a uniformity of beauty and coloring. Both the jug and glasses are in the very latest rose glow tint, and the decorations are put on practically as they are applied to the dishes, rich and colorful. Set includes a quaint shaped jug of 11-2 quart capacity, with 12 8-oz. tumblers for water, grape juice, ginger ale or any other beverages.



**50 Piece Silver Set**

**\$1.00 Down**

**A Complete Service for 12 People**

**brings this Complete Outfit On Free Trial**

An astounding price-smashing bargain:—think of it, 173 pieces of china, silver and glassware—a complete service for 12 people. Just \$1.00 with coupon below brings the outfit to your home on 30 days free trial. The 13 piece glassware set is included free—but only if you send at once. Examine the value, the quality, the beauty of each piece. Then go to your local dealer and compare prices—yes, even spot cash prices. See how much you save on this amazing offer. After 30 days trial and use, if you're not delighted with this sensational bargain send it back at our expense and we'll refund your dollar plus all transportation charges you paid.

**\$2.70 a Month** But if you decide to keep the outfit start paying only \$2.70 a month until you've paid our special sale price—only \$29.95—for the entire outfit with the 13-piece glassware set FREE. Think of it, almost a year to pay. Where else can you find such a bargain and on such easy terms?

**Send Coupon NOW!**

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**173 Pieces In All—**

**110-piece Decorated Ivoryware Dinnerware set**

Rich creamy ivory color, each piece of a distinctive shape and design, gorgeously decorated with an artistic cluster of flowers, including asters, bluebells, violets and tulips all in their natural colors, forming a magnificent contrast on the field of creamy semi-porcelain ware. Each piece is triple baked by the tunnel kiln baking process, producing a perfect glaze semi-porcelain finish. Consists of 12 dinner plates, 9-inch; 12 breakfast plates, 7-inch; 12 coupe soups, 7½-inch; 12 fruit saucers, 6¼-inch; 12 oatmeal dishes, 6¼-inch; 12 cups; 12 saucers; 12 bread and butter plates, 6-inch; one oval vegetable dish, 9-inch; one round vegetable dish, 9-inch; one sugar bowl and cover (two pieces); one platter, 10¼-inch; one platter, 13-inch; one covered vegetable dish (two pieces); one gravy boat; one gravy boat stand; one bowl, one pint; one cream pitcher; one pickle dish; one butter dish, 8¾-inch.

**50-Piece Silver Set**

Each piece is heavily silver plated on nickel silver base. The set is made up of 12 knives, 12 forks, 12 dessert spoons, 12 teaspoons, 1 sugar shell and 1 butter knife.

**13-Piece Glassware Set FREE, if you send at once. See description above.**

Shipping weight of complete 173 pieces about 130 pounds.  
Order by No. G2918A. \$1.00 with coupon, \$2.70 a month. Total bargain price, \$29.95.

**Send Coupon!**

**Straus & Schram, Dept. 2604 Chicago, Ill.**

Enclosed find \$1. Ship the special advertised 173-piece outfit (13-piece Glassware Set FREE). I am to have 30 days free trial. If I keep the Outfit, I will pay you \$2.70 monthly. If not satisfied, I am to return the Outfit and you are to refund my money and any freight or express charges I paid.

**173-piece Outfit No. G2918A, \$29.95**

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street, R.F.D. \_\_\_\_\_  
or Box No. \_\_\_\_\_  
Shipping Point \_\_\_\_\_  
Post Office \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
Married or Single? \_\_\_\_\_ Nationality or Color \_\_\_\_\_



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VEST POCKET  
Bring You  
\$95 a  
Week**



**CARRY** this amazing new adding machine in your vest pocket. Make \$3.00 an hour showing it to storekeepers, bookkeepers, professional men and others. Agents cleaning up with this fast seller. Everyone who does any kind of figuring needs it and will buy on sight.

**Complete Adding Machine Only \$2.95**

**VE-PO-AD** duplicates work of large adding machines. Sells for only \$2.95. Adds, subtracts, multiplies—in a *flash*. Always accurate—never gets out of order. Over 200,000 in use. You make **100% profit** on every sale. Man! If you ever had a chance to **CLEAN UP BIG MONEY**—here it is!

**Sample Ve-Po-Ad FREE**

You don't need experience. Shapiro made \$175 his first week. Others make \$50 to \$100 a week regularly. You can sell as many as 3 Ve-Po-Ads an hour—over \$4.00 clear profit for you. Grab this quickly! Write at once for full details of **FREE Ve-Po-Ad** offer and my **MONEY-MAKING PLAN**. Do it NOW.

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**New Model  
Men's  
Strap  
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**CUT PRICE  
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**\$3.85**

Two years written guarantee given with this full jeweled elegant wrist watch. Your choice in square, tonneau or cushion shape—same price. Radium dial, tells time in dark. Accurate timekeeper, tested and adjusted. Rush your order. Quantity limited. Send no money, pay postman \$3.85. **JENKINS, 621 Broadway, New York, Dept. 4-F-41**

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## I Want 700 Agents at \$90 a Week

**Men and Women! Write me today and by this time next week I can place you in a position to make \$2.00 to \$5.00 an hour in your spare time, up to \$15 a day full time.** Thousands of our representatives are making that and more with our **New Plans**. Simply introduce and take orders for famous **World's Star Hosiery, Underwear and Rayon Lingerie** sold direct from Mill to Home—a complete line for whole family. Permanent customers and repeat orders. No investment needed. Complete selling equipment furnished **Free**. No C. O. D. No deposit. **Write Quick** It's a chance to make thousands of dollars. Exclusive territory. Extra Service Awards. Cash Bonus. Promotion. No experience needed. Write today for all particulars. **WORLD'S STAR KNITTING COMPANY, 5034 Lake Street Bay City, Mich.**

## Will the Ambrose Small Mystery Yet Be Solved?

(Continued from page 57)

Ambrose Small in West Africa in October, 1926. [Small disappeared in 1919.] I was an agent for an English firm there. You meet so few white men there, in remote sections, that you do not forget them easily. He was using the Congo boat to get up the coast, and was accompanied by another white man.

"He came to lunch with me the next day, and talked most interestingly of his travels through the South Sea Islands, New Zealand, and a bit of the East. Just before parting with the man with whom he came into my place, a world traveler whom I had met several times, Small was asked to put his autograph in a book the other man carried.

"I distinctly remember him signing, 'A (something) Small.'

"October 19th, 1926, I sailed for England, and several months later I was with a friend who had been in Canada some years. As I was then intending to locate in Canada, I talked much of the country with him. He, in turn, asked me about Africa, and I told him the last man I had seen there from America, was a chap named Small. Small had not told me he was from Toronto, but I implied that he was at least an American.

"My Canadian friend then remarked, 'Why, maybe that is the Small!' He then related to me the case.

"It was the first time I had ever heard the circumstances. As soon as I arrived in Toronto, I made inquiries, and I am convinced that the man I met in West Africa was the lost Toronto millionaire. Naturally, I anticipated quite an amount of skepticism. Though in one quarter what I had to say was given credence, yet in another, the quarter in which I would have expected it to receive attention, I was given an extraordinarily peculiar reception. It is as much that peculiar reception as anything else, that has caused me to write this letter.

"I would not, however, care to write the details of the interview I had in Toronto, but if you or your representative will call on me, I will be glad to give you information that will enable you to find the man who obtained, in my presence, the autograph of Small.

"One thing I feel certain of—that is, that A. J. Small is not dead!"

I AT once wrote C. H. J. Snyder, managing editor of the *Evening Telegram* of Toronto, giving him the facts of the letter. He sent a reporter to see Mr. Tomlinson, whom he found to be a man of mature bearing and excellent reputation. He caused to be published a summary of the letter, and an effort is now being made to find the man who was with the one believed to be Small, in order to obtain his autograph book. This really might determine whether the chap was Small, as his signature was very peculiar. Tomlinson explained that a signature he had later seen, known to be Small's, was identical with the one he saw signed in West Africa. Small's picture, too, he thought, showed an unmistakable resemblance.

Readers of my previous story will, of course, recall that A. J. Small had told many people, just before he disappeared, that as soon as he completed the deal that made him a millionaire, he was going to travel extensively with Mrs. Small. He was at least going around the world, as that had always been his ambition. *The day he made his million he disappeared.*

From Wichita, Kansas, comes another letter that has a bearing on the case, as suggesting a possible solution. It is signed by Doctor M. T. Young, surgeon and physician. He mentions that, after reading the story, he finds a possible solution in the suggestion that A. J. Small had suddenly become stricken with amnesia.

Amnesia may be caused by a fall, a blow on the head, or some slight derangement of the nervous system, he explains. It may wholly destroy that part of the mind where consciousness of identity is centered, or speech or locomotion. It is a disease that seldom operates the same on two persons.

Then he recalls a case when he was a medical student, in Wichita—and here is a story that suggests the long arm of coincidence.

Doctor Young said in 1880 he had a friend named Edward Brown, cashier of the State Bank at Wichita. He was a young man of most regular habits, married, and with a happy family. He lived near the river, three blocks from the street-car, in rather a remote section. He always caught the same car home, and knew the driver well.

One evening, he left the bank as usual, caught the same car as usual, and started toward his home. He was not seen again.

The next morning his hat was found near the sidewalk. It was dented as if by a blow. There was blood and matted hair on the inside. The bank books were found to be in order, and all the money was there. There was no known reason why Brown should have disappeared voluntarily.

AND now for the sequel. Two years later, a tramp appeared at the door of the "Widow" Brown. He was apparently weak-minded, dirty, ragged, pitiful. Mrs. Brown saw something in the pathetic spectacle that was strangely familiar. She spoke her husband's name, and the tramp began to cry. Neighbors were called. It was her long-missing husband. There was an old scar on his head, corresponding to what would have been made through the dented hat. The theory was that he had been struck by a hold-up man. The Doctor adds:

"The blow brought on a case of amnesia. Gradually sanity returned, but even when the man appeared at his own home, he did not then realize his identity. Later he fully recovered, and again took his place in business."

This, Doctor Young suggests, may (Continued on page 12)



# "Don't make a monkey of yourself"

cried Bob as

I sat down at the piano

**B**OB was always putting his foot into things.

I was spending my vacation with him when I met his cousin, Helen. Instantly all other girls faded out of my life. It was love at first sight. But unfortunately she didn't seem to feel the same way about me.

Like all young lovers, I confided my troubles to the nearest willing ear. It happened to be Bob's.

"You've got nothing to worry about," he insisted when I finished my tale of woe. "Just leave it to me. All you need is a little publicity. . . ."

Right then and there I knew I should have kept my mouth shut.

The very next day he announced that he'd just had a long talk with Helen and, according to him, "put me over big."

"Boy! What I didn't tell her about you is nobody's business!" he exulted. "When I got through with my little song and dance about what a whiz you are at the office, I pulled my trump card . . . and believe me, it boosted your stock sky high!"

"What was it?"

"Well, you see, she's crazy about music. So I conveniently forgot that you can't play a note, and told her you are an accomplished pianist!"

"But Bob . . ."

"Not another word! I've got you sitting pretty, now. If by any chance you're asked to play—just say that you've strained your wrist playing tennis. I'm some little fixer, eh, what?"

That very night we were all invited to the Carews' party. On the way over, I sensed a big difference in Helen—a difference that made my heart beat fast with a new hope. Perhaps, after all, Bob was a good fixer.

A little later in the evening we were all gathered around the piano, listening to the rather indifferent performance of one of the guests.

## I Am Asked to Play the Piano

"I'm just dying to hear you play!" cried Helen. "I've heard so much about your talent! Won't you play something for us?" "Yes!" "Yes!" "Please!" came from all sides.

With a smile I bowed low . . . and replied that it would be a pleasure!

Glancing up I saw Bob's grin change to amazement. This was not part of the plan! Calmly ignoring his frantic signals I walked over to the piano.

Quick as a flash Bob followed me. "For the love of Pete get away from that piano," he whispered excitedly. "Don't make a monkey of yourself. If Helen ever hears you play she'll think everything else I told her is bunk, too!"

Turning to the guests in an effort to save his own skin, Bob announced, "Perhaps we should wait until some other time. You see, his wrist was slightly sprained in tennis this afternoon, and . . ."

"Oh, that's nothing!" I broke in, and as he looked at me dumfounded, I sat down at the piano.



Without any further hesitation, and with a secret smile at the surprise I had up my sleeve, I began the first notes of Irving Berlin's famous "Russian Lullaby"! The tantalizing, irresistible strains seemed to throw a spell over the guests. One by one they quietly moved nearer the piano until soon I was completely surrounded by rapt listeners.

Bob was so stupefied that all he could do was to stand there in open-mouthed amazement.

On and on I played—losing myself in my music. I forgot Bob's astonishment—forgot the glow of admiration in Helen's eyes—forgot everything but the beautiful melodies that always opened a new world for my enchantment. Swept away by the sheer magic of Berlin's genius, I was unaware of the silent tribute that followed my playing until thunderous applause shook the room.

That brought me to myself with a start. For the rest of the evening I was the lion of the party.

Bob could hardly restrain his curiosity until we were safely home.

"Boy! You sure stopped that party dead!" he

exclaimed. "You could have knocked me over with a feather when I heard you actually playing! Why didn't you tell me you knew how?"

"You never asked whether I knew how to play," I countered.

"Of course not! Last summer you didn't know one note from another—how was I to guess you'd blossomed into an accomplished pianist overnight?"

"Not overnight, exactly!" I smiled. "Although it almost seemed that way! Remember that Free Demonstration Lesson in music I sent for?"

"You don't mean the one that was supposed to show you how to play without a teacher, do you?"

"The same! All the fellows said it was a fool stunt and that I was crazy to send for it. Well, it happened to be the best bit of luck that ever came my way! I didn't say anything about it because I didn't want every one laughing at me when I sent for the course. That course certainly is wonderful!"

"So you really are an 'accomplished' pianist. The joke's on me, all right!"

"Oh, I wouldn't say 'accomplished,'" I laughed. "But enough of a pianist to get a lot more fun out of life than I used to!"

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(Continued from page 10)

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have been the case with Ambrose J. Small. Perhaps he is a wanderer somewhere in the world, unable to identify himself! Such pathological cases are innumerable all over the world, the Doctor adds.

Now, for the coincidence:

As a "cub" reporter, I was working in Wichita in 1888, and handled the case of Ed Brown's disappearance. Through the years, the facts come back to me like a dream. I was a reporter on the *Evening News-Beacon*, later changed to the *Beacon*. The managing editor was John S. Richardson, who had recently gone there from Chicago. Years later I met him, and he was holding a responsible position on the *Chicago Daily Chronicle*, since defunct. The then Senator Forwell, of Illinois, had leased the paper from Henry M. Allen, former Secretary of State of Kansas.

Anyway, I well recall what Doctor Young relates—how I was sent on a hurry call out to the home of "Banker Brown—mystery stuff—get a hack!" These were Richardson's words. When a reporter was given authority in those days to spend money for a hack, it had better be a big story!

I FOUND the facts as Doctor Young now relates. But I can go further. Mrs. Brown, to support herself and children, organized a private school. It was human interest stuff. And, as illustrating what a good newspaper man Richardson was, he said:

"Keep in touch with that lady, young fellow! Brown may come back—perhaps they will find his body! Anyway, you may get a scoop!"

And I did. Nearly two years later I received a phone call from Mrs. Brown. She asked me to hurry to the house. There were a few old friends present, and—Ed Brown! I was the only newspaper man there. But he could give me no coherent explanation of his wanderings. He was a sick man. Later, as Doctor Young recalls, he *did* recover, but not while I was there did he return to the bank. So, it's like turning back the clock forty years.

And, here is something that may develop for the detectives. It is a letter dated September 7th, Green Bay, Virginia, on the letter-head of Charles L. York, M. D. The physician asks:

"Would there be any interest in following up a lead that promises firsthand information regarding Amby Small after his disappearance? If interested, please answer."

I did answer, and reported the circumstance to the authorities. I have not heard again.

The case seems to have especially interested physicians. For instance, I have had two very illuminating letters from Doctor J. P. Dugger, Garden City, Kansas, the first dated August 24th, in which various angles of the case are discussed.

From Altoona, Pennsylvania, under date and address of September 3rd, R. B. Stanner, 235 S. Franklin Street, Allentown, came a letter saying, "Send some photos and detailed description. If this is not Small, he has a good double!

Stop off and see me, if you can."

H. L. Stevenson, of Eagle, Colorado, who signs himself, "Agent, D. and R. G. Ry.," wrote me at length, making some rather startling suggestions about the watch Small was supposed to be carrying at the time of his disappearance. But since the suggestions reflect on certain persons rather strongly, I will not give details.

Albert L. Wyman, of 86 Prospect Street, Little Falls, New Jersey, devoted two pages of a typewritten letter to a very sagacious analysis of the facts as related in the magazine story; but, like several others, he casts suspicion upon some people too directly.

From San Francisco comes a letter from old Charley Matlock, one-time famous as an associate of the best detective talent in North America, a man with whom I have worked on several great mystery cases, he as an officer and I as a newspaper man. He gives his address as the Elks' Club, and discusses various angles of the mystery. In conclusion, he says:

"Of course, Small is dead, and most likely the victim of kidnapers. But it does seem to me some of the old bunch could have gotten at the bottom of the mystery."

THESE are fair samples of the widespread interest the story in TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES attracted, in all classes. Three high court judges in Canada, and one governor in the States, have discussed the case with me after reading the story. So it is possible there will be still further developments to relate in the near future.

Incidentally I might mention that a relative of Ambrose Small in Toronto, who did not receive any of Small's money, was infuriated with the story. He claimed that the facts as presented were of a character to shield the person or persons he infers murdered his relative. He went so far as to publish a four-page circular giving his personal views, expressed in violent language, and in which he also pointed out what he alleged were inaccuracies in my account of the case. But, as my article explained, the whole story goes deep. One cannot put names in an account like this merely on suspicion.

This world-famous case is still a deep mystery.

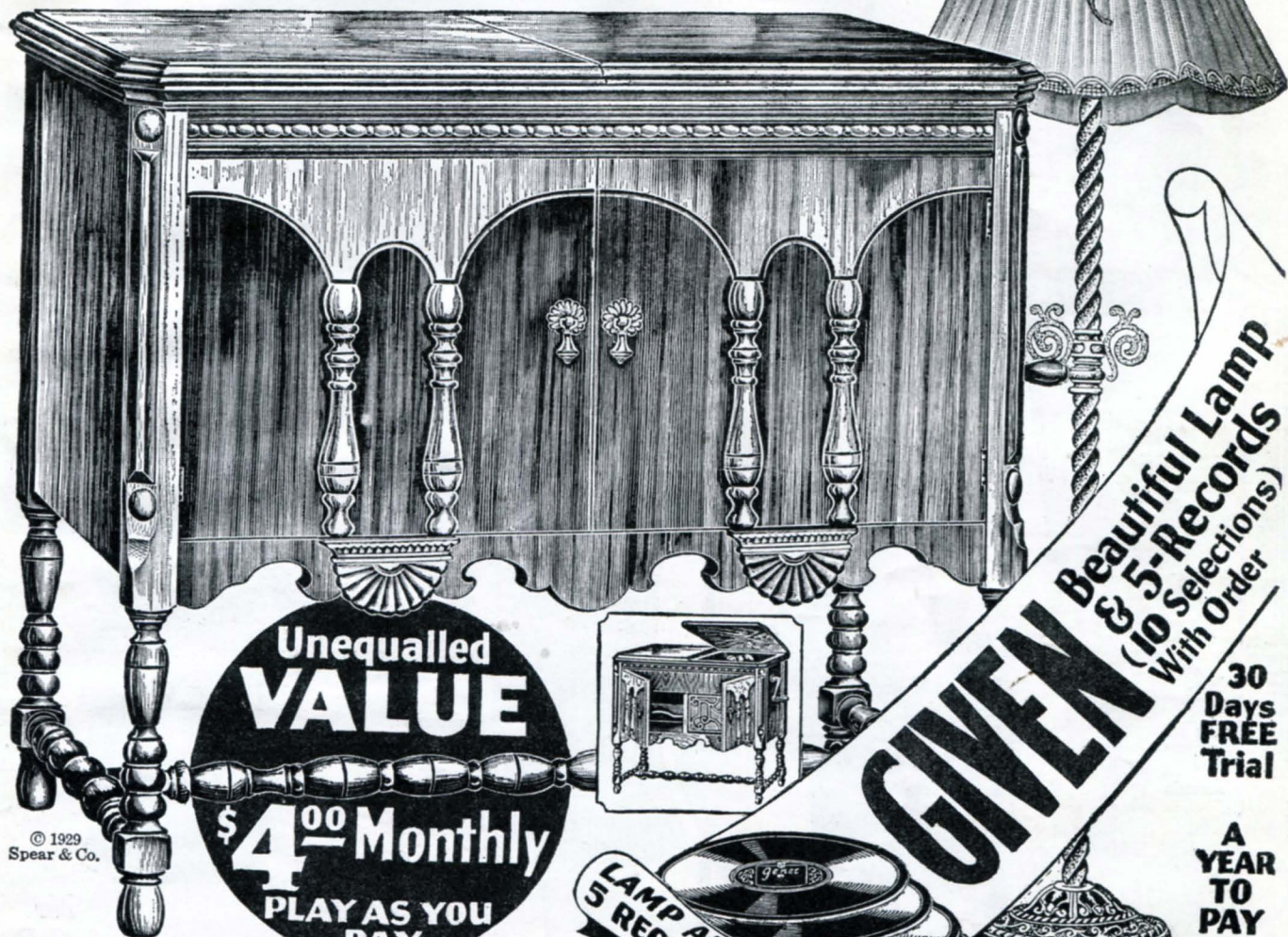
*Will Doctor Langsner solve it?*

An authentic, complete story of the Booher case, in which Doctor Langsner figured so prominently (as mentioned in the foregoing account) will appear in an early issue of TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES. It is a first-hand, inside story written by Jack Kelly of the *Edmonton Journal* and is illustrated with the actual photographs. Mr. Kelly was on the scene from first to last. Don't miss this colorful account of Western Canada's most sensational murder case in years.

**STUART LAKE**, formerly of the *New York Herald*, will give the inside facts on the famous Becker case (in which five men died in the electric chair) in next month's issue of this magazine—one of the most sensational exposes ever printed.



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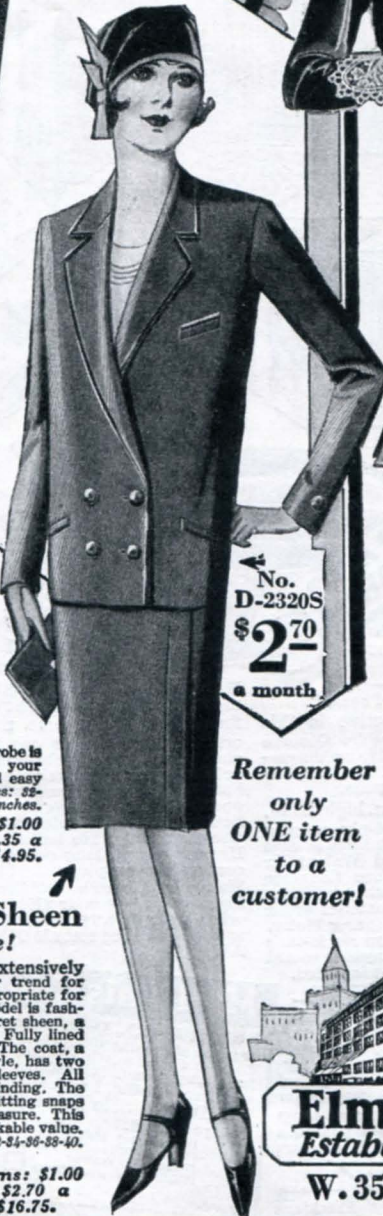
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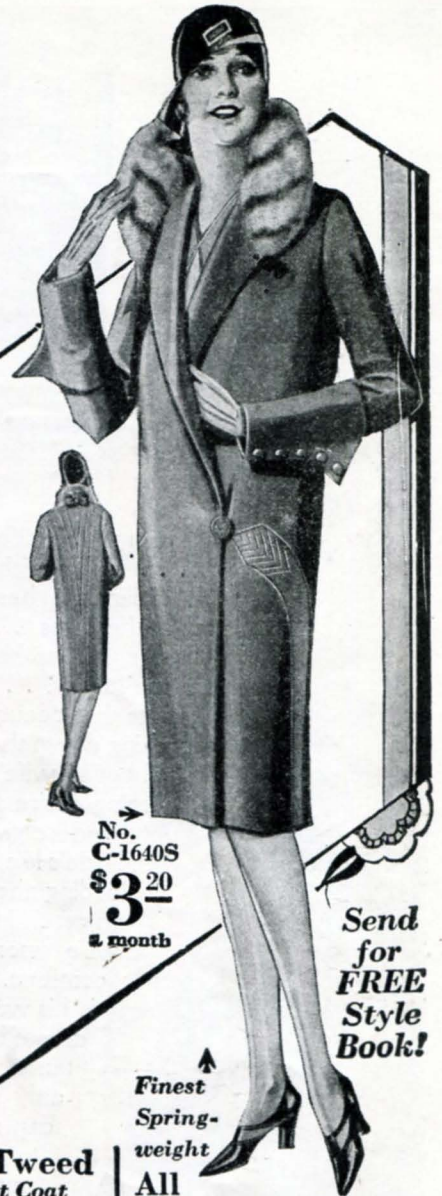
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By George William Wilder

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No mystery best-seller ever gripped the imagination as did the series of horrors daily unfolded by investigators.

In this, the greatest man-hunt of centuries, in first one city then another in the United States, and reaching to China itself, the quarry was protected with consummate skill by soft-footed Chinese tongmen who stopped not even at further cold-blooded murders to protect a member of their Brotherhood.

It smashed through the barriers which had protected fallen young women living in the shadowlands of opium dens and dragged them protestingly into the open; revealed a hitherto hidden world where incredible depravity was practiced in the heart of the greatest city on the globe; crashed to ruins its underground burrows and scattered its slant-eyed gunmen and breeders of vice and violence!

Pervading all was the hovering spirit of a murdered martyr, the beautiful twenty-three-year-old granddaughter of General Franz Sigel of Civil War fame, who had foregone a life of social pleasures to devote herself to the care of New York Chinatown's outcasts!

So unspeakable were the conditions disclosed that only mere glimpses were fit for print in a daily paper. Those, however, were lurid enough to satiate the curiosity of the most morbid, and served as a camouflage to obscure *the real detective work being performed in the case.*

We have the inside story of this sensational crime and will print it next month. It will be told to readers of **TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES** by the man who had direct charge of the case, and who, from beginning to end, was in the thick of the fight to bring the murderer to justice—Inspector Ernest Van Wagner, now commanding the Staten Island (N. Y.) Police Department, under New York Headquarters.

He it was who first opened the murder trunk in which the unfortunate girl was found in that stuffy little room over Sun Leung's chop-suey restaurant. He it was who started out on the fiendish killer's trail; who kept on when the outlook was dark, discouraging—almost hopeless.

He will tell the *real* story.

*Don't miss this.*



# The *STRANGE DEATH* of

By MARY CHENOWETH  
of the Louisville *COURIER-JOURNAL*

**L**OUISVILLE, Kentucky, has been the scene of many a deep mystery, but perhaps no crime case that has ever happened there has been more baffling in its various phases than the mysterious death, ten years ago, of Elizabeth Ford Griffith, beautiful seventeen-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John T. Griffith.

The circumstances were dramatic.

On the morning of the day before Christmas, 1919, Elizabeth kissed her mother good-by, and left for work.

"If I don't come home for supper, Mother," she called back over her shoulder as she tripped down the walk to the street, "you'll know I stayed down-town to finish my Christmas shopping!"

Was it possible this lovely girl of seventeen, who, to all outward appearances, was happy and at peace with the world, *then* knew of the tragic fate she was to meet within a few short hours?

On the face of it, it seems impossible—at least, highly improbable. Yet, no one can tell.

The facts are that at five o'clock that day, only nine hours after she had left her home, the mother, grief-stricken, had received news that her daughter had committed suicide. Her child's parting kiss was still warm on the mother's lips. Had it meant a long farewell? Did the girl know to what she was going? Did her lingering over that mark of affection in the morning indicate a fear in her heart of what was leering at her just ahead, that she had decided to meet, and yet, that terrified her? Was her apparently genuine happiness only a cloak to mask this fear?

*Or, was the unfortunate girl suddenly engulfed in the blackness of a night to which there was no dawn, and which she had not anticipated?*

What hidden tragedy lay in the silent grip of those last nine hours?

**F**OR the past ten years I have been a reporter on the Louisville *Courier-Journal* and the Louisville *Evening Times*, and the story which I am about to tell was one of the first of its kind with which I was directly connected. For that reason it has always held intense interest for me. I did not get "in" on the story until the third day, but the early

proceedings were related to me by Doctor Theodore Singer, the deputy coroner, who was assigned to the case when the call was received.

"The staff in the Coroner's office," Doctor Singer said, "was preparing to leave early, in order to be home in time for Christmas Eve celebrations, when, shortly after four o'clock in the afternoon, Doctor Christopher Schott telephoned that his stenographer had committed suicide. He said he would be up at once in his own car to take either Doctor Roy Carter, the Coroner, or myself to the scene of the tragedy. Doctor Carter was not in, and the assignment went to me.

"Within thirty minutes I was in Doctor Schott's car, and we were speeding in the direction of his office. Doctor Schott gave me as much of the details as possible on the way, and by the time we reached the scene of the tragedy, I was fairly well informed about what I was to face.

"**T**HE girl had shot herself, Doctor Schott explained, between noon and three-thirty o'clock, during a period that he and a little neighbor child were delivering Christmas presents to his patients.

"Was Miss Griffith despondent, or in failing health?" I asked, "or could you assign any other motive

which would have driven her to commit such a deed?"

"No," the physician answered, "except that she was a nervous, high-strung girl, and was easily upset. But she was the best office girl I ever had. She was engaged to be married to a young Army officer—"

The house in which the tragedy occurred was a three-room affair built on the front of a lot adjoining a drug store. The front room was used as a reception room; the second, a consultation room; and the third, in the rear, for general use.

"I found the body of the dead girl," Doctor Singer continued, "lying on her left side partly between the consultation room and the third room. Blood had flowed from a bullet wound in her left breast. Near her hand, almost within the clutches of her still warm fingers, was a forty-five-caliber army Colt revolver. Traces of tears were on her lovely face, but she must have hoped to carry her secret in silence to the



He was known as "Louisville's Smiling Doctor"—Dr. Christopher Schott, leading figure in this sensational mystery case. Did he kill this beautiful young girl who trusted him? "I would not have harmed a hair of her head!" he insisted, when charged with having murdered her



# Beautiful ELIZABETH GRIFFITH

**LOVE! JEALOUSY! DESPAIR!**—which of these three devastating emotions, bursting into flame, brought tragic end to the triangular romance of the Louisville physician, the gallant young Army officer, and the 17-year-old Kentucky beauty? **"SHE COMMITTED SUICIDE!"** said the Doctor; but black Suspicion, pointing its accusing finger, retorted: **"YOU MURDERED HER!"**

grave, for she left no farewell note or word of any kind to explain the deed. Doctor Schott's statement threw absolutely no light on the affair, so far as motive was concerned.

**"I**t has always been my custom," Doctor Schott explained to me, "to remember my patients with gifts at Christmas, which I would deliver in person. Laurene Gardner, the child of a tenant of mine, asked to go along this year, for the automobile ride. We left the office about noon with the first lot, returning again about one o'clock for more presents.

"Elizabeth seemed to be in good spirits, and waved to us as we drove away. When we returned again at three-thirty, we found that the double-door between the front room and the consultation room was



closed. I called to her, but received no answer. Just then a patient came in, and when I tried to open the door, I found it was locked from the inside. I took a small key from my pocket and unlocked it.

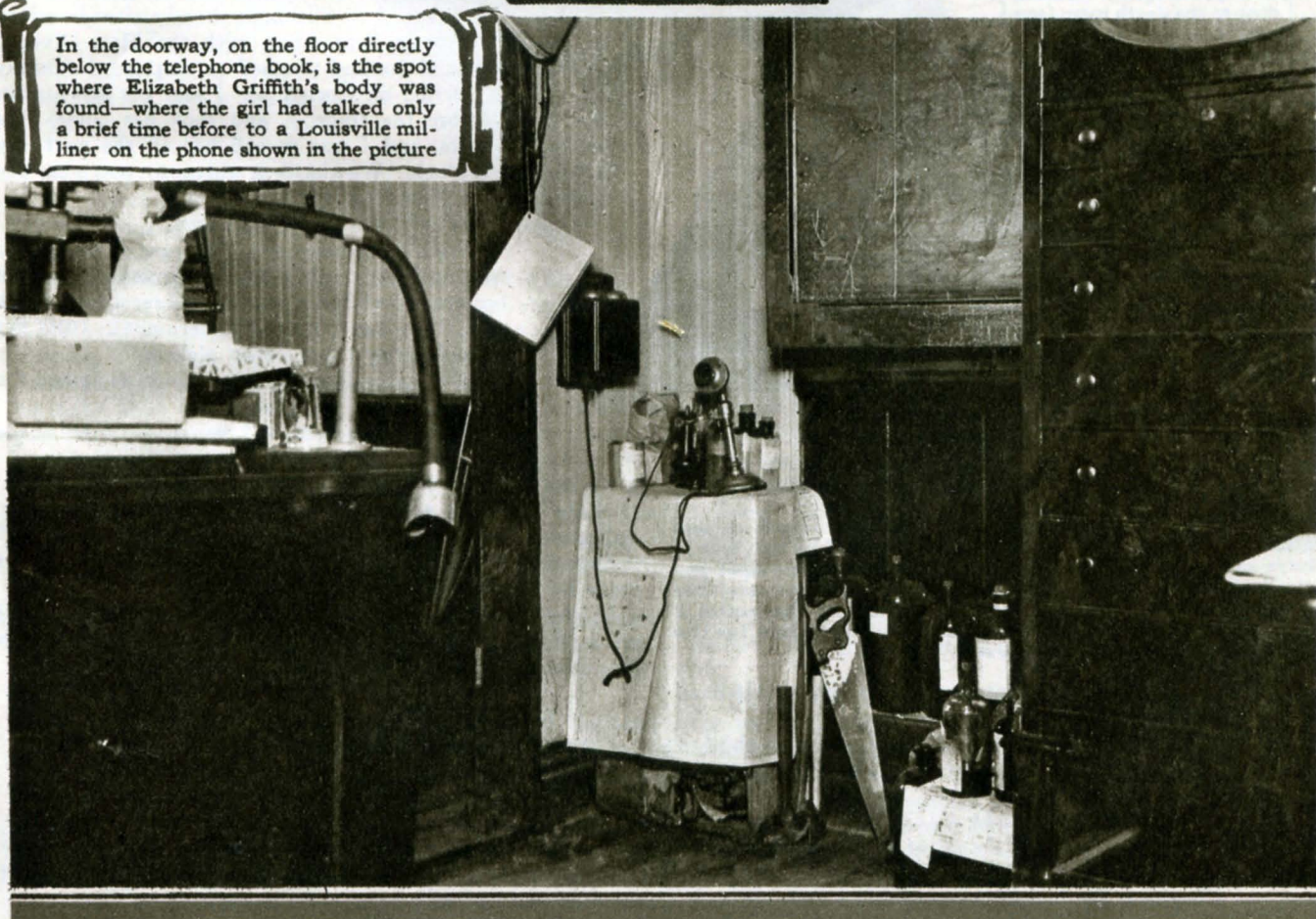
"Elizabeth was lying in the doorway to the third room. I examined her, and found she was dead. I immediately notified the Coroner."

"Laurene, the Doctor's thirteen-year-old companion on his gift-distributing trip—as bright a child as ever lived—gave the same outline of events as presented by Doctor Schott.

"While we were making the preliminary

*"I have always been good to you,"* wrote lovely Elizabeth Griffith (pictured at left) to Doctor Schott; and then, on the day before Christmas, she said over the telephone to a caller: *"Christmas means nothing to me. I am too sad to care."* Thirty minutes later she lay dying!

In the doorway, on the floor directly below the telephone book, is the spot where Elizabeth Griffith's body was found—where the girl had talked only a brief time before to a Louisville milliner on the phone shown in the picture





arrangements preparatory to sending the body to an undertaking establishment, the telephone rang. It was Miss Griffith's little brother, who had called to ask whether his sister intended coming home for supper or remaining downtown, as she had indicated when she left home in the morning.

"Let me speak to your mother," Doctor Schott said to the child. Then, as gently as possible, he told Mrs. Griffith the story of her daughter's tragic end.

"Oh, my God!" the mother cried. *"My little girl never took her own life!"*

"The Doctor heard the receiver clatter to the floor, and learned later that she had fallen in a faint.

"The body was removed to an undertaking establishment, where an autopsy was held by the Coroner."

**A**MOTHER'S instinct is keen. Was Mrs. Griffith right when she said that her daughter "never took her own life"? Doctor Roy Carter, the Coroner,



Photo by Collins, Victoria

*"That door could easily be latched from either side by a small instrument!"* said Captain DeForester (shown above) then Chief of Detectives of the Louisville police, in speaking of the all-important point of the latched door to the death room (see double-door shown in drawing on page 22)

*"Elizabeth Griffith was slain as she fell to her knees, and begged for mercy! This was the happiest moment in Doctor Schott's life!"* said Robert H. Lucas (at right) the brilliant young Prosecuting Attorney



Canfield & Shook Photo, Louisville

thought so. Read his statement following his examination:

*"In my opinion, a bullet of the caliber which caused Elizabeth Griffith's death, if it had been fired by her, would have caused a larger bruise than the small blue spot encircling the wound. There were no powder burns on either her clothing or body, and from the range of the bullet it seems that it would have been almost impossible for the girl to have fired the shot herself."*

So flashed the Coroner's statement in the press. He fixed the hour the shot was fired at two-thirty.

And so, to Captain William H. DeForester, then chief of the Louisville detective force, fell the task of unraveling the mystery.

If the girl was murdered—who did it? And why?

If it was suicide—what was the secret in the dead girl's life?

At this point, also, began my own connection with the story of Elizabeth Ford Griffith.

The autopsy revealed absolutely nothing which would lead to a motive for either suicide or murder. Captain DeForester and his staff went back to the scene of the tragedy. Examination for finger-prints was made in every part of the house.

The detectives began to work on the theory that a dope fiend might have entered the office while Elizabeth was alone, in an attempt to rob the medicine cabinet, and, when she remonstrated with him, become enraged, and killed her. This was given consideration at first, because Doctor Schott's office had been robbed several months before. Neighbors were questioned, but no one had been seen to enter or leave the office. No suspicious characters had been noticed hanging around.

The bullet which caused Elizabeth's death took an odd course. Entering her left breast, it went downward through her body, and came out between the fourth and fifth ribs. Continuing its course, it *embedded itself* in the lower corner of a dresser cabinet.

It would have been impossible for the slayer to have fired the shot while the girl was standing, the detectives maintained, unless the slayer stood on top of the cabinet! She was in a stooping or kneeling position, they argued, and to substantiate this theory they held that the shot was fired from the consultation room. It will be recalled that the body was found lying in the doorway partly between the consultation and rear rooms.

Relatives and friends were questioned closely, and Captain DeForester and his staff spent one entire day at the military camp where Elizabeth's fiancé was stationed. He was a handsome young Army officer, an overseas veteran of the World War, who had taken part with great credit in the Battle of Soissons. He had recently returned from France and was stationed at Camp Zachary Taylor, about three miles from Louisville. His name was Captain George K. Jordon.

**C**ONCERNING his engagement to the dead girl, Captain Jordon is quoted in the records as saying:

*"I became engaged to Elizabeth shortly after I arrived at Camp Taylor in September, with the First Division from France, and we had planned to surprise the family by getting married on Christmas. I met her downtown the night before the tragedy, and took her home. We exchanged gifts, and I was to call her up the next day about one o'clock. We decided, then, to postpone the wedding until New Year's."*

"Why?" the detectives asked.

"Well," he answered, "because I wanted to wait until my mother could be present, and again because we wished to wait until I received a check which was due from the Government. I left her home shortly after eleven o'clock."

"Did you call her at one o'clock, as agreed the night before?" they asked.

"I could not, because I was made officer of the day."

"When did you first learn the news of her death?"

"Late the next afternoon, when Katie May, her sister, called me up at the Camp. I rushed immediately to her home."

Superior officers at the Camp corroborated every statement made by Captain Jordon.

In the meantime, the police, in going through the dead girl's effects, had found a newspaper clipping marked with blue pencil, which read:

*"Who was it that took the pains to tell your husband the one awful mistake in your life? Was it the man who persuaded you to make it?"*

Was this a clue? Did Captain Jordon have a rival? If so, who was the other man in the life of Elizabeth Ford Griffith? Captain Jordon's answer was that he loved and trusted the girl, and had asked her to be his wife.



"Had there been a quarrel?" the young officer was asked.

"Absolutely not! We parted on the most affectionate terms. Elizabeth told me she was once engaged to a doctor, but she never mentioned his name. I was convinced that she loved me, and I felt I had no right to question her about a previous love affair which had happened before she became engaged to me."

Mrs. Griffith was questioned.

"Was your daughter ever engaged to a physician?" she was asked.

"Oh, yes, indeed!" she answered. "*She was once engaged to Doctor Schott!*"

Everything was breaking around me at once. The story grew more tangled with each day's proceedings, each event seeming to draw the net tighter around a certain figure.

ON the third day of the investigation, Doctor Schott was arrested, and lodged in the Jefferson County Jail, charged with the murder of Elizabeth Ford Griffith. The bullet which pierced her heart had come from Doctor Schott's own revolver, which was found lying by her side. Where was he between two-fifteen and three o'clock on that eventful day? The Coroner said the shot was fired about two-thirty.

"You've made a terrible mistake, Captain!" the accused man said to the veteran chief of the detective department, as he made the arrest in the office of De-Lozier Moxley, Doctor Schott's counsel.

"Never mind that now—just come with me!" Captain DeForster answered.

Once behind the bars, the physician lost the confident, unafraid manner which had characterized his bearing during the first part of the proceedings.

On the morning of his arrest, the body of Elizabeth Griffith was buried in the single-grave section of Cave Hill Cemetery, the South's most beautiful City of the Dead.

It was the news story of the hour, and where in all fiction could you find its equal? Christmas, and a postponed wedding . . . a beautiful young girl, a gallant Army officer, who carried a wound stripe as a

token of the great World War, whose rival was the genial, gray-haired physician and man of the world . . . while, between them, lay the snow-covered grave of the girl both had loved. . . .

IT will be necessary at this point to go back a few years into the lives of Elizabeth and the Doctor. Doctor Schott, forty-two years old at the time of the tragedy, a bachelor, and extremely attractive to women, met Elizabeth when she was fourteen and he was thirty-nine.

She was a beautiful, half-grown girl, precocious, fairly well versed in the ways of the world, while the physician, a bit blasé, but still keen to the charms of the fairer sex, brushed aside the gap in the years between them, and a warm friendship soon developed into love. Before Elizabeth reached her sixteenth birthday, she was engaged to the middle-aged physician.

But, as the reader knows, Fate, which is to play an important part in the story, has decreed that youth shall seek youth; and it was not long before Elizabeth began to look for the companionship of younger men. She may have believed,

as many girls do, that this was the best way to keep up the interest of her worldly-wise lover; but he grew more and more distrustful, and a serious quarrel resulted in a broken engagement.

Elizabeth had been acting as stenographer and office assistant for her fiancé. After the quarrel, she left his employ, and entered a training-school for nurses. It was not many months, for she was a very beautiful girl, before she met and became engaged to the Captain.

The fact that Elizabeth had once been devoted to her former sweetheart, and that he had attempted to play with her youth, is shown by the following letter, written by her to the physician shortly after the engagement was broken, which fell into the hands of the investigators:

**DEAR DOC:**

*Did you ever stop to think that the time might come*

*when I would not want to come back? You seem to think you can take or leave me at your will. I admit that I*



In this house, on the eve of her wedding, the 17-year-old Kentucky beauty, Elizabeth Griffith, died when a .45-caliber bullet crashed through her aching heart—a prayer on her lips, her lovely face wet with tears. Why? How? Who fired that fatal shot?



waited patiently, and prayed for you to come back to me, but now it could not even be if you wished it. Your unjust suspicions have settled that forever. I will never marry a man who does not trust me.

Let me relieve you of all responsibility, for I have gotten to the point where I do not even want to come back. I have no feeling for you other than indifference. It does not matter to me whether you come or go.

It's Hell to feel that way, and I never thought I could feel any other emotion for you but love, so you see it has come to the quitting for good between us. Don't bother to think of me personally again, as I feel absolutely impersonal about you.

However, I would like to be friends, and would like to keep on fixing your books. In fact, I need the money. You know, Doc, I can't like any one man longer than three months at a time. It will be hard for you to find another girl who is as interested in your work as I was. I have always been good to you.

Everyone wants to know who the good-looking man is on my dresser. Don't bust. It's you.

Regards and best wishes,

Elizabeth.

LATER, Elizabeth returned to the employ of her former sweetheart with the intention of maintaining a Platonic friendship. She was, as will be recalled, now engaged to the Captain. Certainly, a more impossible situation could not be imagined; but Fate was weaving its web.

And so time went by until the day before Christmas. Elizabeth's marriage to the Captain was rapidly approaching. It was, in fact, the beginning of the end between the Doctor and his pretty assistant.

Did Doctor Schott then make one last appeal, and, failing, snatch the revolver in a jealous rage and fire the shot which pierced her heart, as she fell on her knees and begged for mercy? The detectives said that she was in a kneeling position when the shot was fired.

"Did you hear a pistol shot?" the physician was quoted as asking Mrs. Ellis Rudolph, a neighbor, when she met him standing in front of his office at two-thirty-five o'clock on the afternoon of the tragedy. He was alone at the time, according to her story.

"I think I did," she answered.

"Did anyone else hear it?" Doctor Schott then asked, in great agitation.

"I don't know, but I'll go and see," the woman replied, and went into the drug store to seek the information. But when she returned a few minutes later, Doctor Schott had disappeared.

As a spider weaves its web, the chain of evidence was wrapping itself rapidly about the genial physician. His

first strategic move was to employ Robert J. Hagen and Clem Huggins, two noted criminal lawyers, to act as co-counsel with Mr. Moxley, and together the three men prepared what proved to be a brilliant fight, to save their client from the electric chair.

Fiction plays strange tricks with Fate in an author's development of a plot, but there are times when Fate plays far stranger tricks in the lives of human beings. And Fate, the most cruel monster man has to fight, did not deal kindly with Doctor Schott.

Public sentiment was running high against the physician. The story of the girl found shot to death in the office of her former lover on the eve of her wedding to another man, touched the heart-strings of thousands; and on the morning of the examining trial, it required an extra detail of police to keep back the crowds which surrounded the Court-House.

The Prosecution and the Defense lined up for battle, both apparently equally confident of success. The advent of Huggins and Hagen into the case gave an added touch of sensationalism. Matched against the legal talent of the two attorneys, whose names had been linked with some of the South's most noted criminal cases, was Robert H. Lucas, the young prosecuting attorney, now Collector of Internal Revenue for the State of Kentucky.

"The State," Prosecutor Lucas said, "will base its charge of murder on the motive of jealousy." The defense attorneys held to the theory of suicide.

Doctor Singer, the first witness for the State, outlined the details previously set forth, as to the finding of the body. The body, he said, was still warm when he arrived about 4:30, and he estimated that the girl had been dead about an hour, and that the fatal shot had been fired about 2:30. This was during the period, Doctor Schott said, that he and Laurene Gardner were delivering Christmas gifts to his patients.

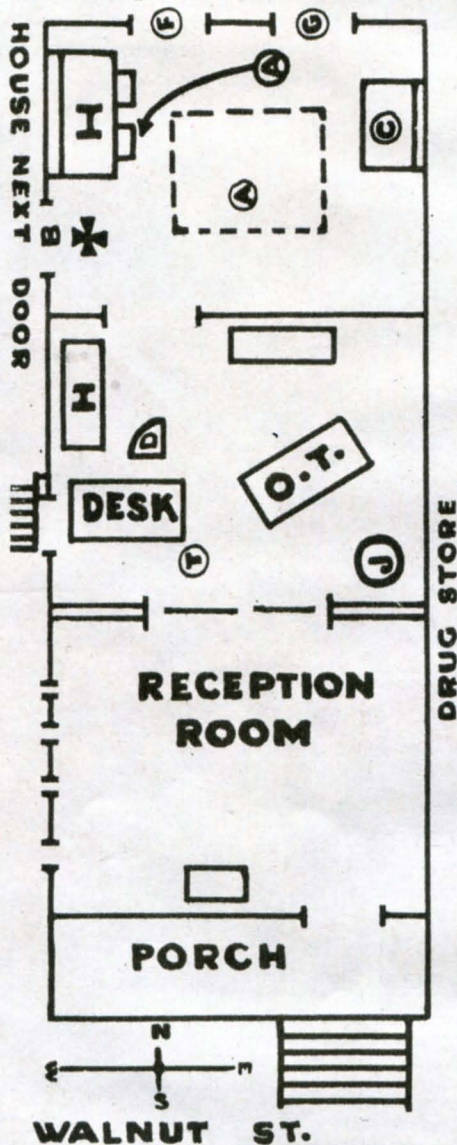
ASKED if he had found out to whom the pistol belonged, Doctor Singer said:

"Yes, the pistol belonged to Doctor Schott."

Doctor Carter, the Coroner, told of holding an autopsy, and finding no powder burns on the clothing or body.

"Could this girl have walked or run eight or ten feet, after the shot was fired?" Prosecuting Attorney Lucas asked; and the Coroner answered, "In my opinion, she could not."

Captain DeForester told of experiments which showed that the locked doors between the front room and the consultation room, where Elizabeth's body was found, meant nothing. This under ordinary circumstances, he



By courtesy of the Louisville Times

Diagram showing the interior of Doctor Schott's office. (A—with arrow) Drawer where bullet lodged. (A—in dotted square) Skylight. (B) Door, permanently closed. (C) Folding bed. (F) Rear window. (G) Rear door. (H) Cabinets. (J) Stove. The room in which the desk is shown is the consultation room, and it was in the doorway, between this room and the rear room, that the girl's body was found. The double-door, which was found latched, is shown between the reception room and the consultation room. "From the range of the bullet, it seems that it would have been almost impossible for the girl to have fired the shot herself!" testified Doctor Roy L. Carter, the Coroner (above) who examined the body



said, would tend to show that the girl had locked herself in the room before committing the deed. "But," he continued, "we have made tests, and find that the doors could easily be latched from either side by means of a small instrument!"

This point was an important link in Doctor Schott's story, and one on which he relied to substantiate his theory of suicide.

As one witness after another testified against the physician, he became more noticeably pallid; but the trial was destined to upset his story far more than he realized even then.

When Captain Jordon was called to the stand, Doctor Schott evinced no little interest, and leaned forward in his chair for a moment, as if to attract his attention. But the Army officer was too used to discipline to notice his rival, and leveled his eyes directly on the prosecuting attorney.

The Captain said that he was with the Seventh Field Artillery, First Division, Camp Zachary Taylor. He had been engaged to the dead girl several months, he testified.

"How often did you see her after meeting her?"

"I saw her approximately every other evening. I visited her home sometimes once or twice a week. Sometimes I would take her home from up-town."

"When did you become engaged to be married to her?"

"We were engaged some time before I went on leave, which was November fifteenth—just a few days before."

"When did you first plan to get married?"

"We planned to get married on Christmas Day."

"When was the second time you planned to get married?"

"On or near January first."

"Why did you change the time for the marriage?"

"ELIZABETH wanted to get a few things, and because of financial circumstances we agreed to get married about the first of the year."

"Why would the first of the year have made any difference in your financial circumstances?"

"On the first of the month I had a check coming of approximately three hundred dollars, to be deposited in the bank."

"Did Miss Griffith ever show any disposition to be sad?"

"No, she was of a happy disposition. Elizabeth would get angry sometimes, but she never mentioned anything about suicide. I saw her last the day before her death. I called her up in the afternoon, and Doctor Schott answered the telephone. He told me that Elizabeth had left a message for me to meet her at the same place, or something of that sort."

"I took her home, and stayed just long enough to find that she could not open the door with a broken key, and to show her a Christmas gift I had for her."

Captain Jordon said they had turned on the porch light, and he showed Elizabeth the Christmas gift, and then left for

the car. The next word he had received, he said, was the news of her death telephoned to him by her sister.

AMONG the most damaging witnesses to take the stand against the accused man was Miss Katie May Griffith, Elizabeth's sister. Her evidence began to play havoc with Doctor Schott's story that he had not been in his office from one o'clock until three-thirty, when he and Laurene Gardner found the body.

An interesting part of Katie May's testimony follows:

She said that she saw Elizabeth last at quarter to eight that morning, having ridden to town on the street-car with her. Elizabeth appeared in good humor when she left her, she said.

"Did you call Elizabeth on the telephone that day?"

"I called her twice."

"When was the first time you called her?"

"I called her first at ten o'clock in the morning. I had received a bonus at my office, and was very happy."

"Were you in the habit of calling your sister on the phone?"

"I called her nearly every day. I would call when I thought the Doctor was out, because I didn't like Doctor Schott, and didn't want to hear his voice, even over the phone."

"Have you ever called when Doctor Schott answered?"

"Yes, a few times."

"Do you know the Doctor's voice?"

"Absolutely. I would know his voice anywhere!"

"When did you call the second time?"

"At one-fifty."

"How do you know it was one-fifty?"

"I looked directly at the clock."

"Who answered the phone?"

"Doctor Schott."

"What conversation did you have with him?"

"I SAID, 'Hello, Doctor. Is Elizabeth there?' He called Elizabeth. I said, 'Hello, Sis! Will you bring a package of coffee home with you to-night? Mamma called me and asked me to bring some home, but I'm not coming home early to-night.' She said she would bring it. I said, 'Are you coming home early to-night?'—and she said she didn't know."

"Are you positive that you heard the Doctor's voice when you called?"

"I am positive that I heard Doctor Schott's voice."

"What was the tone of Elizabeth's voice?"

"Elizabeth's voice indicated that she had been in a quarrel."

"What was the tone of Doctor Schott's voice?"

"The same as ever."

"Have you any reason for your aversion to Doctor Schott?" she was then asked.

"No—I can't help it, and he knows it."

"Did Doctor Schott have any influence over Elizabeth?"

"Doctor Schott had a hypnotic influence over my sister!"

Attorneys for the defense objected to this, but the objection was overruled. Katie May explained that when Elizabeth was away from Doctor Schott's office, they "could do anything they liked with her," but when she was at Doctor



Here is the Defense battery of noted criminal lawyers who undertook to prove that Doctor Schott *did not* murder Elizabeth Griffith. (Right) Robert J. Hagen. (Center) Clem Hugins. (Above) DeLozier Moxley. It was in Moxley's office that Doctor Schott was arrested. The big point in the Defense was a test of the death gun, on a piece of cheesecloth

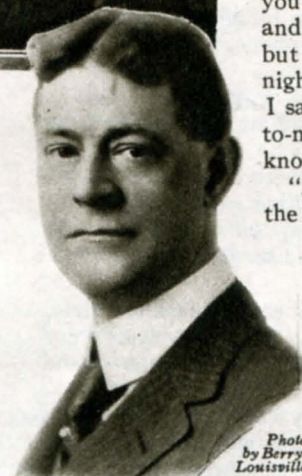


Photo by Berry, Louisville



Schott's office he seemed to have her under complete control.

"When did you first learn of your sister's death?"

"When I got off the car, I met a neighbor. She said, 'Have you heard the news?' I said, 'What news?' She said, 'Elizabeth's been killed!'"

Clem Huggins, cross-examining, asked Katie May:

"You say you saw Elizabeth on the car that morning?"

"Yes."

"Didn't you see her at breakfast?"

"Yes, I saw her at breakfast."

"Well, you saw her twice then, on Wednesday morning, instead of once." Katie May nodded, a little bewildered at this. "When did you say you called Elizabeth the first time?"

"About ten o'clock."

"How did you know it was ten o'clock?"

"I looked at the clock."

"Is the clock near the phone?"

"Yes, the clock is a little to the left of the phone."

"Do you always look at the clock when you use the telephone?"

"Yes."

"You make a mental note of every telephone conversation, then, do you?"

"Yes."

"How do you know the Doctor's voice?"

"I would know it in a million!"

"Was he ever at your house?"

"Yes, he has been at our house frequently."

"You remember his voice above everything else, don't you?"

"Yes, I remember it above everything."

"You remember it above clocks, also, don't you?"

At this point Prosecutor Lucas objected to the kind of questioning, and Huggins agreed to change it.

"How many times have you talked to Doctor Schott over the telephone?"

"I have talked to him two or three times. I knew it was his voice, because he was the only man in the office. His voice is like his manner. Nothing has any effect on his voice or his disposition!"

"What did you ask over the telephone?"

"I asked, 'Is Elizabeth there?' He said, 'Elizabeth!'"

"He only said one word, and you recognized his voice?"

"Yes, I recognized his voice. The way I hate him, and the horrible feeling I have for him—he wouldn't have to say *anything* over the phone, and I'd know it was he!"

"Did Elizabeth's voice sound happy?"

"It certainly did not. I could always tell when she had a fuss with that doctor."

"Don't you know that Elizabeth committed suicide because of the postponement of her wedding?"

"No, I don't! *I think she was killed by a man who was insanely jealous and wanted her for himself!*"

**WILLIAM J. Ryan**, prominent Louisville athlete, known as "Babe" Ryan, another witness very damaging to Doctor Schott, followed the sister of the dead girl to the witness-stand.

His testimony was featured by a slight tilt between Prosecutor Lucas and Attorney Huggins, which brought about the only ripple of amusement in the otherwise tragic proceedings.

"Have you had any experience as an umpire of baseball and football games?" Prosecutor Lucas asked.

"Yes—ever since I left school."

Attorney Huggins for the defense objected to the question, and Prosecutor Lucas, in defense of it, said that Ryan's having been an umpire would show that he was level-headed, a calm thinker, and a man who knew what he was talking about.

Huggins answered:

"I don't see how his being an umpire would show whether he was a slow thinker, fast thinker or freethinker!"

Ryan testified that he had seen Doctor Schott in front of his office about two-thirty on the afternoon of the tragedy, going directly toward his automobile. The little girl was not with him—he was alone, Ryan said.

The witness fixed the time by a telegram which he had sent at one-fifty, after which he had left the branch office to walk to his home. On the way home, he testified, he passed the physician. In the meantime he had stopped to eat two sandwiches, and he arrived home before three o'clock.

On cross-examination, Ryan's testimony, unshaken, only served to blacken the clouds hanging over the head of the accused man. Attorney Hagen for the defense asked the witness:

"You say that you sent a telegram at one-fifty. Is it not possible that you talked as much as ten minutes while sending it?"

"Yes, it could have been ten minutes."

"How long did it take you to eat those two sandwiches?"

"I COULDN'T say, exactly. It might have been five or ten minutes."

"Then you may have occupied ten minutes with the telegram, and fifteen with the sandwiches?"

"Yes."

"You had no reason to hurry home, had you? And you stopped to look in a window; so it might (Continued on page 65)

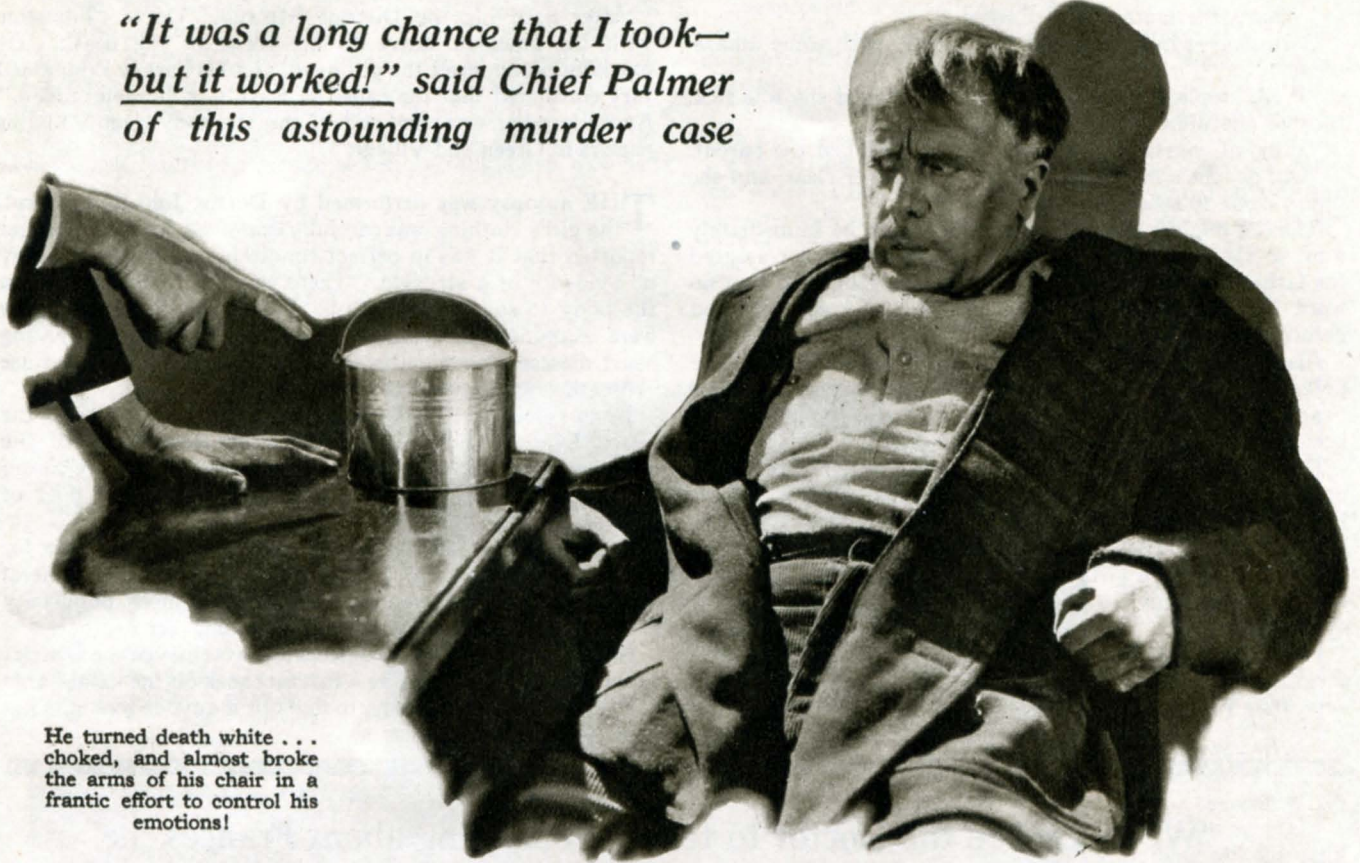


Doctor Schott (above) and another view, taken at his trial (center). Katie May Griffith, sister of the dead girl, said of him: "Doctor Schott had a hypnotic influence over my sister . . . I think Elizabeth was killed by a man who was insanely jealous, and wanted her for himself!" On the other hand, when detectives commented on the beauty of Elizabeth's face, as she lay dead in the Doctor's office, Doctor Schott, who was standing by, burst out: "Don't discourage me, or I'll blow my brains out! I loved that girl!" (Below) Dan Newman, Doctor Schott's Nemesis. It was Newman who sent Doctor Schott to his fate



# PHANTOM FINGERPRINTS

*"It was a long chance that I took—  
but it worked!" said Chief Palmer  
of this astounding murder case*



He turned death white . . . choked, and almost broke the arms of his chair in a frantic effort to control his emotions!

*By* JOHN D. PALMER

Former Chief of Detectives, Michigan State Police

*As told to* ALAN HYND

**B**ACK in the fall of 1922, I received the following telegram from John E. Jones, District Attorney of Ontonagon County, Michigan:

*Please come immediately to Ontonagon and personally investigate mysterious death of Frances Panion.*

When I received the telegram, I was in St. Joseph County, which is located at the southern tip of Michigan, on the Indiana border. I had just "cleaned up" a murder case, and the prospects of digging into another death mystery caused my blood to tingle. So I shot a wire back to District Attorney Jones, advising him that I would arrive in Ontonagon the following afternoon—September 28th. Little did I realize that I was about to delve into what proved to be one of the most baffling mysteries which the Middle West has ever known.

Ontonagon, which is the seat of the county bearing the same name, is situated along Lake Superior, in the northern peninsula of the State, and is in the heart of what is known as the "copper country." Arriving there about four o'clock in the afternoon, I at once proceeded to the District Attorney's office.

Mr. Jones had suddenly been called to Marquette to try a case for the Government, but his male secretary awaited me, and, after the proper introductions, acquainted me with the salient facts regarding the death of the Panion girl almost six months previously. The facts in the case were as follows:

At North Lake Mine, several miles from Ontonagon, lived Mr. and Mrs. John Panion and their three daughters. Panion, of Croatian ancestry, was caretaker of "Deserted Mine," a

property which had not been in operation for some time. The oldest of the Panions' three children was Frances, age fifteen, a striking-looking girl who looked quite mature for her age. Frances attended high school at Greenland Village, which was about six miles from her home, and walked to school and back each day.

The Greenland school was the nearest educational institution to the Panion home. The route which Frances took was a lonely one—along deserted railroad tracks which were hedged in by trees on either side. Midway along the girl's daily six-mile journey was Greenland Mine, long since deserted. No caretaker was stationed at this mine because the property was considered useless, having been worked to such a depth that the cost of extracting ore exceeded the financial returns on the mineral. Since several of the mines in that particular territory had closed down, the population had dwindled almost to nothing. In fact, there were no occupied homes whatever along the railroad tracks between the Panion home and Greenland Village.

**O**N the morning of April 4th, 1922, Frances left home shortly after seven-thirty to begin her trek to school. During the night a foot of snow had fallen, and the storm was still raging. The girl's mother came to the front door with her, kissed her good-bye, and watched her until she was out of sight. Frances expected her father to accompany her home from school that afternoon, as Panion was to be in Greenland Village later in the day.

Shortly after noon, John Panion arrived in Greenland Village and went to a grocery store near the school to purchase



two days' provisions. It was recess time at the school, and a girl friend of Frances' stopped into the grocery to buy a pint of milk. When she saw Panion, she rushed up to him and asked:

"What's the matter with Frances?"

"Nothing—why?" retorted the father, with some amazement.

"Well," replied the girl, "I was wondering if she was sick, because she didn't come to school to-day."

"Why, of course Frances is in school!" replied the parent.

"Oh, no, she's not, Mr. Panion! I'm in her class, and she didn't come to school to-day."

"That's mighty funny," said Panion, and he immediately went to the school to investigate. Frances' teacher assured the father that the girl had not reported to class, and that no word had been received from her. Nor had she returned home, the father learned.

Alarmed, Panion at once notified the Greenland Village police, and a search was instituted. Inquiry revealed that Frances, who was a popular figure in the village, had not been seen there at any time that day.

Panion and the other searchers then proceeded to check up the route between the school and the Panion home. For the first three miles, they carefully searched among the trees along the railroad tracks without finding the slightest trace of the missing girl. A high wind had arisen and was whipping the snow, so that footprints were obliterated in short order.

Finally the searching party came to Greenland Mine and decided to do some probing in and about the property, in the hope that Frances might have taken shelter there from the

Johnston, the Coroner, who had for years administered to the miners in that section of the country. Visiting Doctor Johnston was an old college chum, a chemist of some renown, who was attached to a big laboratory in Chicago.

After notifying the District Attorney, Doctor Johnston, with the chemist, drove to the scene of the death. He officially pronounced the girl dead, and his hastily summoned jury concluded that the cause of death was "undetermined." An undertaker was then called, and the body removed to his parlors in Greenland Village.

THE autopsy was performed by Doctor Johnston. First, the girl's clothing was carefully examined, and the Coroner reported that it was in perfect condition and bore absolutely no evidence of a struggle. There was not a single mark on the body to suggest foul play. Finally, the internal organs were examined and found to be quite normal, eliminating heart disease, appendicitis and similar ailments as the cause of death.

Doctor Johnston's chemist friend then took parts of the heart, liver, lung, stomach and colon, together with the contents of the lunch pail, and returned to his Chicago laboratory to make tests to find if the girl had died of poisoning.

The body was officially turned over to the undertaker for burial, which was held in Greenland Village. The funeral was attended by a large crowd, owing to Frances' popularity and the strange circumstances surrounding her death.

Greenland Village police officers and attachés of the District Attorney's office then made a careful check on the inhabitants of the neighboring territory, to find out if anyone was missing;

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**"When I asked the Doctor to tell me something about Frances, he said at once that *she had been ravishingly beautiful.***

**"This gave me a thought! In the committing of this horrible crime, had the alluring physical appearance of this 15-year-old-girl...?"**

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storm. Panion's attention was at once drawn to the powder magazine, a short distance from the main mine shaft. A door stood ajar.

Entering, Panion found his daughter lying on the floor, dead!

The body was cold, but not frozen. The girl was lying on her left side. Her clothing was not disarranged in any way. She still wore the woolen mittens which had so often protected her hands from the biting lake winds of northern Michigan. Her hat and hair were in order, showing no signs of a struggle with an assailant. Her face rested on the palm of her left hand, while her right hand reposed over her breast, giving the body all the appearance of being in a sleeping position.

HER lunch pail, which had contained two meat sandwiches and two cup-cakes, was on the floor near the body. The lid of the pail had been removed. One of the cup-cakes had been about one-third eaten; the rest of the food remained intact.

The floor of the powder magazine did not reveal any footprints—not even the girl's. And, of course, there were no footprints outside of the building, aside from those made by the searchers, owing to the rapidity with which the snow was drifting.

One of the policemen hurried back through the storm to Greenland Village, where he reported the death to Doctor

but this investigation led to no information tending to throw light on the mystery.

Six days after the death, the Chicago chemist turned in his report. In his analysis of the organs, he had found a slight trace of *carbon monoxid poison* and also about one-sixtieth of a grain of *strychnin*. The food in the lunch pail was also found to contain quantities of strychnin. However, the chemist added that the carbon monoxid had not been the cause of death, and that the amount of strychnin found had also been insufficient to kill.

Coroner Johnston promptly confined a number of rabbits in the powder magazine for forty-eight hours. At the end of that time, the animals were killed and their blood sent to the Chicago laboratory for analysis. The test showed, however, no trace of poisons of any sort.

Doctor Johnston's next move was a trip to the Panion home, where he searched high and low for poison, without finding anything. The case, after that, was, so to speak, up in the air and remained so until the time I was called in more than five months later.

WHEN the District Attorney's secretary had completed outlining these facts to me, I rented a room at the Lake Shore Hotel in Ontonagon and began to give myself a stiff quizzing, as it were, in an effort to deduce a possible motive for murder—if the girl *had* been slain. However, after turning the facts over in my mind for several hours, I was



still as much mystified as ever. Along about nine o'clock I decided to go to bed, get a good night's rest, and make a fresh and early start next morning.

Arising at six A.M., I had breakfast and then rented an old flivver, so as to appear as inconspicuous as possible. I drove to the Panion home, arriving there before nine o'clock.

John Panion answered the door. He was a man of exceedingly sturdy physique, being all of six feet in height. He was about forty years of age, had blond hair and sharp, blue eyes, presenting a rather striking figure.

When I made my identity known, Panion flushed deeply and immediately stated that he was sure his daughter had been murdered.

"Whom do you suspect, Mr. Panion?" I asked him.

"Nobody — I do not know."

"Do you think Frances might have committed suicide?"

Panion scoffed at this.

In a little while, Mrs. Panion appeared. She was still greatly affected over her daughter's death and begged me to find the slayer, as she, too, was certain that murder had been committed. As I was talking to Mr. and Mrs. Panion, their two remaining daughters came in, and both began to sob bitterly when their dead sister's name was mentioned.

During my conversation with Panion, it developed that he had often aided officers of the law in running down petty crimes among the miners. I asked him if he thought that anyone whose path he had crossed in this way had held a grudge against him. The reply was emphatically in the negative.

After talking with the Panions for more than an hour, I drove to Greenland Village and sought out Coroner Johnston. The Coroner, well along in years, had been practicing medicine in the copper country since the beginning of his professional career. He was a fine old gentleman, and seemed quite willing to cooperate with me, although at the very outset he opined that the case was one which would forever remain a mystery. Among other things, Doctor Johnston said that he had brought the three Panion children into the world.

WHEN I asked him to tell me something about Frances, he said at once that *she had been ravishingly beautiful*. The Coroner then repeated what the District Attorney's secretary had told me—that the girl was both physically and mentally developed beyond her years. Her physical appearance was that of the average girl of twenty or twenty-one, Doctor Johnston said.

The Coroner went over the other details of the case, deviating in no way from what Mr. Jones' secretary had said, but supplying me with no new information.

By this time, one thing particularly impressed me: Both the Coroner and the District Attorney had commented on the child's physical beauty. This gave me a thought! In the committing of this horrible crime, had the alluring physical appearance of this fifteen-year-old girl who appeared to be twenty or over, inspired the real motive?

I then asked Doctor Johnston if, in his examination of the body, he had found any evidence of the girl's having been criminally assaulted. He shook his head, adding that he was sure that such had not been the case.

I inquired whether it were possible that the girl could have been attacked in such a manner that no evidence would be visible, but the Coroner replied with an emphatic "No!" He had considered that particular phase very thoroughly, he explained, before arriving at his conclusion.

"WAS your friend, the chemist, positive that strychnin had not caused death?" I asked.

"Positive. He only found one-sixtieth of a grain," was the reply.

Doctor Johnston then politely informed me that I might just as well give up the task of trying to ascertain the cause of Frances' death, because I was too young a man to unearth anything which he and others of his years and experience had not observed and considered. I

replied, smilingly, that I was going to stick to the job if it took me ten years.

"Good luck to you, then, son!" he said as I left him.

My third major step was the questioning of Frances' chums at high school, in an effort to learn whether she had been involved in a love affair which her parents hadn't known about. I was told, however, that although Frances had been the pride of the school, she always steered clear of boys, and was never known to have a beau!

One girl told me that many of the boys at school had literally beseeched Frances to give them "dates," but that these proposals had always met with a polite but firm refusal. The child, I was informed, had devoted her entire energy to study while in school, and was always at the head of her class. Still, this information didn't fully convince me that the girl never bothered with men.

By this time, I'll admit that I well realized I was up against a tough proposition. If the death had been clearly a matter of out-and-out murder, I could have been guided in my work by the evidence at the scene of the crime—the manner in which the murder had (Continued on page 69)



Despite her pitiful pleas, he forced her to . . .



# The "TIP-OFF"

*"For God's sake, don't do that!"*  
*shouted "Blackie," his face ashen.*  
*Lieutenant Pruett, about to toss*  
*away what he held in his hand,*  
*laid his gun down and gingerly*  
*opened the package. He, too,*  
*turned suddenly pale at what he*  
*saw there....*



"They sure gave this one the 'works'!" Detective Lieutenant Bob Pruett, of the Los Angeles Police Department, viewed the remains with a grim smile, resolving that the safe crackers who pulled this neat little job, would get theirs later!

A "MOB" of daring safe crackers was preying on merchants of the east-side business district in Los Angeles. For six months prior to May 1st, 1924, the Police Department was subjected to scathing criticism for its inability to cope with this "mob."

The files of the Department bulged with complaints from irate owners of clothing stores, jewelry shops, restaurants, pawn shops, *et cetera*. In almost every instance, they reported:

*Entrance effected by means of a rope dropped through the skylight . . . safe blown . . . money and jewelry stolen.*

For months, the down-town district had been rigidly patrolled from darkness to dawn, without a single suspect being apprehended. It had remained for two detectives to stumble across a tip, and pursue it diligently until the guilty parties were in custody.

At two o'clock on the afternoon of April 29th, 1924, Detective Lieutenants R. L. Pruett and E. D. Kopytek, while cruising aimlessly up and down East Fifth Street, observed a suspicious-looking individual loitering near the entrance to a jewelry store.

He did not notice the officers' approach.

"What's your name?" Kopytek's voice startled the man out of his absorbed contemplation of the jewelry display.

"Who wants to know?" was the belligerent reply.

"I do," said Kopytek, turning back his coat lapel for a brief instant.

"Oh, excuse me! I didn't know you was officers. My name's Harmon. I'm workin'—" no doubt anticipating a vagrancy charge—"just got a day off."

"Yeah? Well, better be on your way!"

"Say! Wait a minute!" The man evinced a sudden friend-

liness. "I can put you boys next to somethin' . . . if you're interested. I know where there's some hot stuff bein' handled!"

"Do you? Where?" The officers put little faith in their informant.

"Over to the El Roy Hotel. There's two guys comin' in there ever' afternoon to see a couple o' janes—an' flashin' jewelry an' a wad of bills that'd—"

"What room?" asked Pruett, interrupting him.

"Forty-six. Ask for Nellie an' Maud. They'll be home, an' like as not those fellows are there right now. One of 'em's as tall as a telephone pole—the other about my size. You can't miss 'em!" The stool-pigeon hesitated, and looked suddenly apprehensive. "Don't say I tipped you off, though, will you?" he finished.

"Okay. Mum's the word! We'll look 'em over."

"Probably sore because someone moved in on his sweetie," Kopytek observed, as they moved away.

"That—or else he's trying to divert suspicion from himself," suggested Pruett.

They turned in the direction of the El Roy Hotel. In the lobby, they went at once to the desk, made an inquiry, and were told by the unshaven clerk that Nellie and Maud were "busy"—to come back later.

"What's their room number?"

"Forty-six," was the indifferent reply.

"We'll just drop by and let 'em know we're here," said Pruett.

A MOMENT later, the two detectives stood outside the door numbered 46. Pruett knocked.

"Vice squad!" he said quietly. "Open up!"

After a moment's delay, the door opened and a hard-visaged blonde girl faced them.

"What's the rap?" she demanded.

"Just looking around," answered Pruett amiably. "Who're the boy friends?"

A swarthy, black-eyed, black-haired young giant rose from a rocking-chair.

"They call me 'Blackie'—short for Jack Black," he announced swaggeringly. "Anything I can do for you?"

"What's your occupation?"

"Steam-fitter—when I'm workin'."

"Why aren't you working?" Kopytek inquired.

"Why ain't I? That's what I'd like to know. Try and get a job in this damn' town!"

"And you?" Pruett turned to the other youth, who looked



# on ROOM 46

By  
MADELINE KELLEY

not more than twenty. Of medium height, slender, and with a dangerous light in his cold, gray-blue eyes.

"Sam Martin's the name."

"On vacation, too?"

"Well—" he drawled, "the upholstery business is pretty dull right now."

Pruett turned to his partner. "Better vag 'em, I guess. They don't look good to me."

"But we're not broke!" protested the man called "Blackie." "We've got a room——"

"Where?"

An ominous silence fell over the group.

"Can't tell, eh? I thought so," said Pruett.

The younger man came to life. He turned to face Pruett. "We've got a room in a hotel near here, honest to God!" "What hotel? Be careful, now. We're going to check you up."

"The Niagara," was the sullen reply.

Pruett started toward the door. "Stay here, Kopytek, while I phone and find out if they're telling the truth."

He left the room, returning a few minutes later.

"I guess they're all right," he announced. "The clerk says they're registered in Room Nineteen." He faced the two men, on whose countenances relief was plainly written. "Better see about getting work, you two!" he said shortly. "Next time we catch you hanging around here in the day—"



What Lieutenants Kopytek and Pruett found! Not much—only a shimmering array, worth over \$12,000.00, carelessly dumped into the battered steamer trunk as though it was so much junk! Above are the "soup" boys themselves, (left) Jack Black, known as "Blackie" to his familiars, the man who wanted to "get a clean shirt," as a stall for time when the detectives had him cornered; and his pals, (center) Homer France, *alias* Sam Martin, and (right) Jack Brown



time, you'll both do thirty days, so just watch your step!"

With this admonition, the officers left, closing the door quietly behind them.

Outside, they boarded a street-car on Spring Street and went directly to the Niagara Hotel.

Hurriedly obtaining a pass-key from the clerk, they entered Room 19.

After a brief search, they discovered a battered steamer trunk, shoved back in the far corner of a dark closet.

Kopytek drew it out into the room, pried the lock loose—and gasped at what he saw. He beckoned Pruett to his side.

A shimmering array of jewelry gleamed from the depths of the trunk. The lambent flame of diamonds and sapphires flashed from necklaces, rings, bracelets, cigarette cases and watches. Costly opera-glasses were mixed with an assortment of marvelous silverware. Dumped carelessly in with the sparkling gems, was money: several thousand dollars in bills of five, ten and twenty dollar denominations; a dozen packages of silver coins, still neatly confined in bank wrappers.

"GOOD Lord! Looks like a bank job, as well as burglary," breathed Kopytek.

The quiet turning of a key in the lock brought them sharply to their feet, with drawn revolvers.

Blackie slouched through the door, and stood rooted to the spot, at sight of the detectives.

"Stick 'em up!" snapped Pruett, and, as the command was reluctantly obeyed—"Search him, Kopytek!"

After a thorough "shake-down," which revealed no weapons, Blackie was permitted to lower his hands.

"Where'd you get this stuff?" demanded Pruett, pointing to the opened steamer trunk.

"Where?" repeated Blackie, playing for time. "We bought it . . . got it from some second-hand dealers!"

"Maybe you can think up a better one, on your way to the Station," Pruett said dryly. "Sit down there in that chair till we finish searching this dump!"

A look of cunning came into the cornered man's eyes.

"Can I get myself a clean shirt first?" he queried.

"We'll get your clothes—all you'll need," replied Pruett, and while Kopytek kept the prisoner covered, he went to the dresser and jerked open the long top drawer. Instead of wearing apparel, it contained a large parcel, wrapped in heavy, brown paper.

Pruett picked the parcel up, and made as if to toss it onto the bed.

"For God's sake, don't do that!" shouted Blackie, his face ashen.

Pruett laid his gun down, and gingerly opened the package. . . . He, too, turned pale when his eyes fell on its deadly contents: a bottle of nitroglycerin, a box of caps, several feet of fuse, a heavy coil of rope, two fully loaded six-shooters, and, in addition, a complete burglar's outfit—jimmies, hammers, crowbars and punches.

"My God! I can't believe it!" Pruett's eyes were shining

with excitement. "Kop, we've got those safe crackers, sure as you're a foot high!"

So elated were the detectives at this discovery that they viewed their trembling prisoner almost with affection.

Further search revealed a second bottle of nitroglycerin in the pocket of a shabby sweater hanging in the closet. Still more of the deadly fluid was found in an innocent-looking cough-sirup bottle on a shelf of the bathroom cabinet.

"Oh, boy," exulted Kopytek, "I know two good 'soup' men who are just as good as on their way to the 'Big House' right now!"

"Watch him, Kop, while I phone for some men to come down and stake for his partner. And don't take any chances!" Pruett warned.

Kopytek regarded his prisoner with satisfaction.

"One move out of you, big boy, and you'll go out of here feet first! By the way, what's your real name?"

"What d'you say to you and your friend splitting this swag, and letting us have an hour's start on you?" proposed "Blackie," the safe-cracker, to Lieutenant Kopytek (left) when the latter had Blackie under guard in Room 19. Note the bottle of nitroglycerin in Kopytek's hand. (Below) Here a second supply of "bottled murder," found in the safe-blowers' room, is being examined gingerly by (left to right) Detective Lieutenants Pruett, Savage and McCaleb, and Captain Cahill



"I don't care to do any talking till I've seen a lawyer."

"Suit yourself," was the indifferent reply. "You'll need several attorneys to get you out of this jam. You fellows have been getting by a good while. How many stretches have you done, to date?"

"None! First time we've ever been caught."

"What's your partner's name?"

"FRANCE. Homer France. And Jack Black's my right name—if that means anything." Blackie studied the pattern in the carpet intently. Finally, he lifted his eyes to the level of Kopytek's gun.

"What d'you say to you and your friend splitting this swag, and letting us have an hour's start on you?" he proposed hopefully.

"Fat chance!" the detective replied contemptuously.



Shortly afterward, Pruett returned, with two more men of the plain-clothes division, who were left on stake to await the return of Homer France. That individual, however, failed to show up at the Niagara.

It was later learned that it was the habit of the two burglars to enter their room singly. If the man who went in found everything "in order," he signaled to his waiting confederate by raising the window shade half-way. Otherwise, the blind remained lowered. On the occasion of Blackie's arrest, Homer France was waiting across the street, and when his partner failed to raise the shade, he took alarm and fled!

**R**EALIZING there was no way in which he could escape punishment for his crimes, Jack Black—in a signed confession implicating Homer France and one Jack Brown—admitted having participated in *forty-seven* safe burglaries with the use of explosives. He also told the officers that, had

manner—to learn what he could regarding France's whereabouts.

To all of his questions, she stubbornly replied that she did not know where "Homer" was, and, if she did, would not tell.

Exasperated, Pruett brought her to the Station.

After an hour's fruitless grilling by Captain "Billy" Cahill, in command of the Robbery and Burglary Squads, she was released.

"Trail her," ordered Captain Cahill. "She's sure to connect with France sooner or later."

The girl had gone less than two blocks, when she darted into a drug store. Pruett and Kopytek lingered outside until she emerged from the public telephone booth. She walked rapidly south on Broadway to Fifth; turned east on Fifth and proceeded to Los Angeles Street.

There, on the northwest corner of that intersection, fidgeting from one foot to the other, stood Homer France, alias Sam Martin!

Two minutes later, he was in custody.

**T**ELLING their stories to the police, Blackie and France revealed that they had started their careers of burglary and safe cracking at a very tender age. Practicing on minor jobs in different sections of Arizona, Oklahoma and Oregon, they had gained confidence with each successful exploit, preparatory to pulling off the really "big stuff" in the larger cities.

Following is an excerpt from the confession of Homer France:

*Question:* Regarding the nitroglycerin which was used in all the safe jobs in Los Angeles: where did you obtain this "soup"?

*Answer:* I made it out of dynamite. They were leveling off some hills near Beverly, California, and I saw them using dynamite, so later that evening, about 5:30 P. M., I came back and stole fifty sticks, a box of bonnets (caps), and about sixty feet of fuse. Then, I made it into nitroglycerin—sometimes in the river jungles, sometimes in my hotel room—by suspending the sticks over a pan of boiling water, so they wouldn't touch the hot pan beneath. After the nitro had been extracted from the dynamite, I would skim it from the surface of the water and bottle it.

*Question:* How did you enter the building at 126 South Main Street, when you burglarized the California Clothing Company?

*Answer:* Jack Black (Blackie), Jack Brown and I were looking around for a place to go into, and we saw this store. We went in, looked it over and bought some clothes. Later that night, Jack Brown rented a room in the hotel above this store, and Blackie and I came up later. *We cut a hole through the floor of the room into the store below, and dropped a rope down. I entered by sliding down the rope.* After I got into the store and was all ready to shoot the safe, Brown signaled me to lay low. Then, I saw a cop and a night watchman standing in the doorway talking, so I had to wait several minutes, till they left. When Brown gave me the O. K. tap, I blew the safe. Only got about \$260.00 in cash and a couple of watches. I then climbed back up the rope, into our own room. We covered up the hole in the floor with blankets, and moved out.

In less than two months from the time Jack Brown was brought down from San Francisco, he was in San Quentin Penitentiary, serving a term for Second Degree Burglary.

Homer France and Jack Black were sentenced on August 8th, 1925, to serve from twenty-five to forty years each for the crime of Burglary with Explosives. They appealed their

Two more of the safes blown by the burglars. (Right) This job was pulled in a clothing store. The safe shown below proved a disappointment — it was found to contain only books! Note blankets piled on the floor to deaden the noise of heavy steel door falling, after the charge of nitroglycerin. One would think that after such an explosion, the sound of a door falling wouldn't matter—but these safe crackers thought otherwise!



he been permitted to obtain possession of the nitroglycerin under pretext of hunting for a clean shirt, he would have threatened his captors with the death-dealing explosive in a desperate attempt to make his escape from the Niagara Hotel.

Incidentally, a further search of the safe-burglars' effects revealed a letter from Jack Brown, the third member of the trio. It had been mailed from the Mint Hotel, San Francisco, and contained an urgent invitation to his buddies to join him in the northern city at once, as he had several good places "spotted." He enclosed roughly drawn sketches of three locations, emphasizing the ease with which entry could be accomplished.

A telegram to the San Francisco Police Department resulted in the immediate arrest of Brown, and his return to Los Angeles to stand trial.

The day after the arrest of Jack Black, Detective Pruett called on Nellie—the girl of the blonde locks and brazen



conviction and fought the case bitterly for almost two years, dragging in every technical legal point their lawyers could conceive of. The outcome showed that it would have been wiser to accept the first verdict, for, in the end, the Supreme Court ruled in favor of the People of the State of California, and on May 14th, 1927, Homer France and Jack Black entrained for San Quentin Penitentiary to begin their long terms of penal servitude.



(Above) Dick Graham, alias H. A. Richards, Eddie Morgan, John Marsh, et cetera, ex-con and safe burglar, victim of a mad death chase in which the Law "beat him to it."

(Right) The old vacant house, next door to the St. Regis Hotel, showing Graham in his death leap at the moment the bullet (see dotted line) from Lieutenant Pruett's gun reached his heart, ending his career of crime then and there, but not until he had almost put an end to Pruett in his desperate fight with the detectives



(Below) Bob Pruett in a more formal pose, the sleuth to whom the number 13 has no significance—except good luck. He was married on the 13th, started work in the Los Angeles Police Department on the 13th of January, 1913, was called in by Chief of Detectives Herman Cline on Friday the 13th, to be assigned Badge No. 13—and still he can laugh at "unlucky 13!" "Thirteen is my lucky number," he repeated, when told that the Los Angeles underworld had offered a "bonus" of \$1,000.00 to any man who would "get" him, for what he did to Graham

his followers promptly headed for other fields of endeavor. On Friday, the 13th of August, 1926, Chief of Detectives Herman H. Cline summoned Lieutenant Pruett to his private office.

With some dismay, Bob observed a half-dozen of his brother officers standing about the room. What was up now? Was he being called upon the carpet for some forgotten infraction of rules?

"Bob," said Chief Cline, his blue eyes twinkling with mischief, "it's been called to my attention that you've made a public utterance to the effect that the number *thirteen* holds no terrors for you. Is that true?"

"YES, sir!" replied Bob, greatly relieved. "I consider it my lucky number. I got married on the thirteenth, I have thirteen chil—well, not quite, but almost . . . and I started to work for the Department on the thirteenth day of January, nineteen-thirteen. It's brought me luck, so far."

"That's fine. I'm just about to present you with *Badge Number Thirteen!* It's lain on the shelf for *thirteen* years—begging for a chance to decorate some policeman's coat. Whadda y'say? I've had it all shined up for the occasion."

Lieutenant Pruett fumbled inside the pocket of his plain clothes, and produced Badge No. 257, which he proffered to his Chief.

"Tickled to death to make the exchange," he said, smiling.

"By George! I believe he would!" exclaimed Chief Cline, to the interested onlookers. Then: "I was only kidding you, Bob—you don't have to wear Number Thirteen. We just wanted to see what you'd do—"

"But I *do* want to wear it!" Bob insisted.

"You mean that? All right, here goes!" The commanding officer of the Detective Bureau pinned the badge inside Bob's coat lapel. "Good luck!"

And exactly one week later, Officer Pruett had an opportunity to put the omen of good or ill luck to an acid test.

AT seven o'clock on the morning of August 20th, the switchboard operator at Central Detective Headquarters received a frantic call from the manager of a chain grocery store on Riverside Avenue.

"I've been robbed! Send a bunch of detectives, *quick!*"

Officers R. L. Pruett, S. J. McCaleb and R. V. Savage, commanded by Captain Cahill, responded to the call.

A battered safe bore silent testimony to the crime that had been committed. The door—blown from its hinges—reposed a few feet away on sacks of sugar, piled there to deaden the noise of its fall. Papers were strewn wildly about. The cash compartment was, of course, empty.

Finger-print Expert George Denhart was summoned, and obtained several good photographs of impressions carelessly left by the marauders.

Residents in the immediate neighborhood were questioned, but no one had so much as heard the sound of the explosion. It was not until the attendant in charge of the corner filling station was interviewed, that a clue (Continued on page 103)





"I don't know  
her! I don't  
know her!" he  
gasped

*"De nite witch did dis," read the crumpled  
note found near the body of pretty 14-  
year-old Ruth Cronik, brutally murdered.  
"Nite witch"—night watchman? Was that  
the clue to this baffling mystery?*



# The HORROR *in* the BASEMENT

By Detective W. W. ROGERS

As told to JACK WOOTEN

*NOTE: For the protection of those concerned, the actual names have been withheld, in this true account of a famous case.*

AT three-five o'clock Sunday morning the telephone at Police Headquarters rang. Three of us made a break for the receiver, and Adams was successful in reaching it first. Some seconds after he had said "Hello," I heard him exclaim to the party at the other end of the wire: "You say there's a white girl *dead* in the Pendil Factory?"

The day before this, Saturday, had been a holiday. Industries in Ralston, the Southern city on whose police force I was serving at the time, had been closed. A good time had been had by all, so far as we could learn. Things had been quiet, however, for a holiday. We had had a rest in so far as strenuous work was concerned. There had been one or two robberies—in fact, we had just got back from a call some ten minutes before the telephone rang. Adams and myself had gone out on the case, leaving Powers, the third call officer detailed for Headquarters duty, to look after other calls.

And since things had been so quiet, with a holiday spirit in the air, the report that came in and was transmitted to my ears by the exclamation of Adams struck me with even more force than it would ordinarily have had.

As soon as I heard Adams' words, I reached for my coat, and dumped my cigarette in a spittoon. Adams curtly told the caller over the telephone that we would be right over, hung up the receiver, turned quickly and shouted to me:

"Come on, Boots,"—my nickname—"let's go to Kennedy Street! There's a dead girl at the blooming Pendil Factory! That was the Negro night watchman down there talking to me."

IT took us only a jiffy to jump into our car and start at breakneck speed for the Pendil Factory. At the corner of Peach and Blossom Streets we stopped to speak to Sergeant Stantz, who stood there talking to the patrolman on the beat. Because of the nature of the case, we thought it advisable to take our superior officer with us. In a few words we told him of our mission. He got in the machine, and away we went.

In a few minutes we were at the factory. It was a four-story structure. With the exception of a light burning on the ground floor, the building was dark.

We jumped out of the automobile, fully expecting someone to meet us; but there was, apparently, nobody around. We hurried to the door, shook it vigorously, but found it locked. We were beginning to believe that we had been made



party to a holiday joke, when I noticed, through the wired-glass window in the door, a Negro coming slowly down the steps from the second floor of the building. He had a lantern in his hand. It was George Lemuel, the night watchman.

We could plainly see that the Negro was nervous as he fingered at the latch. Pretty soon, however, he succeeded in opening the door, and admitted us. I said to him, "Where is she?"

The man motioned downward. "Down in de basement, boss," he quavered, "down in de basement!" The lantern shook in his hand, and cast fantastic shadows on the wall behind him.

He led us back some twenty-five feet to a scuttle hole that had been cut in the floor to allow entrance into the basement. A ladder acted as a substitute for stair steps, and down it we clambered, with the night watchman leading the way.

Once in the basement, we followed Lemuel back 150 feet to a shaving bin, located in the darkest and dirtiest corner of the building. This bin was close to a furnace, and was used to hold barrels of shavings which were utilized in the winter to fire the boiler.

UPON our arrival at this bin, Lemuel set his lantern down on the ground. Pointing to a figure lying there in the dirt, he croaked: "Dere she is, boss!"

By the glow of the lantern Adams, Sergeant Stantz and myself stood there looking down upon the form of a young girl. She lay flat on her stomach, with her head twisted to one side and her arms folded under her. I bent lower and, with the aid of my flashlight, made a closer examination of the body.

I was there  
alone when she  
walked in

While I was examining her head, Adams went around to the feet of the motionless figure. Sergeant Stantz stood by my side.

I first noticed that the girl's curly hair was ruffled, as if she had been engaged in a scuffle. We could not get a very good look at the body in its present position, so I motioned to Adams to help me turn it over. I caught the girl by the cheeks and my fellow officer took her feet. When we turned her over, the gases that had accumulated in her stomach came out of her mouth, making one of the strangest and weirdest sounding noises I have ever heard.

We found that the girl's eyes were closed. She appeared to be about thirteen or fourteen years old. She was a very attractive girl, well developed for her age. Her mouth was shut tight, the tongue being tightly clamped by her teeth.

There was a bruise, about three inches in diameter, around her right eye, as if she had been struck with a fist. A gash on the left side of the back of her head was also noticeable. Cinders were up her nostrils and matted in her hair, indicating that she had been dragged on the dirty basement ground. Sergeant Stantz later found the path made by the body as it was pulled by human hands.

Tied tightly around the girl's neck was a wrapping cord. It had been pulled so cruelly tight that it had sunk deep into the flesh, and would possibly have gone unnoticed had it not been for the fact that where the knot had been tied there was a small piece hanging out.

Her face and hands were the color of a ginger-cake colored girl. Noting this, I looked up at Sergeant Stantz and said quickly:

"This is a Negress!"

My superior officer bent down, and after a brief examination agreed with me that the girl *did* look more like an Ethiopian than a member of the Caucasian race.

Further examination revealed a clot of blood, about the size of the crown of a straw hat, near the girl's waist line. Continuing our scrutiny of the body, we found that same dark-colored skin. We were just about to agree unanimously that the girl was a Negress, when Adams happened to pull down her garter. Then we learned that the night

watchman had been right in telephoning that a white girl had been found dead in the basement of the Pendil Factory! The strangulation from the cord around her neck had caused her skin to take on the brownish color so evident over most of her body.

After some fifteen minutes of examination of the lifeless form I rose, and my eyes fell on George Lemuel.

"DO you know this girl?" I asked pointedly.

"Naw, suh!" came the response.

"How did you come to find her?" I demanded.

The Negro hesitated. I could see by the glow of the lantern that he was plainly nervous. His eyes seemed to drop somewhat. Finally he said:

"Well, boss, I has to punch de clock on de second floor every thirty minutes. I had jest made my two-thirty o'clock punch when I has to come down in de basement to de toilet. While I'se down here I looks over and sees a light object. As you all knows, yestidy was a holiday an' I thought some ob de boys in de factory was tryin' to play some sort of a trick on me, so's to scare me. I picks up mah lantern an' walks over towards de light object, an' I finds dis white lady dead!"

"Did you touch her?" I asked.

"Naw, suh!" The Negro rolled his eyes and shuddered, as he replied.

"How did you know she was dead, then?"

"Well, I reckon I jest guessed hit, boss."

"You said you came down here to the toilet," I reminded





him. "Why did you come away down here—isn't there one on the second floor?"

"Yas, suh," he answered, "but dat's foh de white folks, boss. Dis one down here am foh colored folks."

"You're in a big four-story building by yourself," I said. "How would anyone have known you had been in the upstairs toilet to wash your hands, without climbing away down this ladder to the darkest, dirtiest and dingiest place in the building?"

"Hit's a rulin', boss, an' I comes where I belongs," he answered.

I waited a few seconds after the Negro's answer, and then I said to him:

"George, I don't believe a word of your story! Here we've been over twenty minutes examining this body, and if Mr. Adams hadn't pulled down the girl's garter, we would have gone away thinking she was a colored girl. Now, you say you don't know the girl, and yet you stumble over her down here in the dark, and with just one glance conclude she's a white girl! You conclude she's dead without even touching her to find out for yourself. And, coupled with these facts, you say you came down here to wash your hands when there was a wash-room five feet from you upstairs!"

I TURNED to Adams and Sergeant Stantz.

"I think we had better lock this man up," I declared. "What do you all say?"

Adams turned to George Lemuel before answering.

"How did you know this girl was white?" he demanded.

Lemuel stared at the officer a minute. His voice shook as he replied:

"Well, boss, dere ain't nuthin' but white ladies workin' in dis factory, an' so when I sees dat figure lyin' over dere, I figures dat one ob de work ladies has been killed—an' I gits scared an' phones de police."

"Killed!" I exclaimed sharply. "How do you know someone killed that girl?"

The Negro jumped as if he had been shot.

"I reckon I jest guesses at hit, boss," he said simply.

"Well, George," I replied, "we are going to have to lock you up until we find out something further about this dead girl. I'm not going to put handcuffs on you now, but you stand over there by Mr. Adams until I look around to see what else I can find."

Without a word, the night watchman obeyed my orders; but I noticed that he took good care to stay as far away as possible from the dead body lying there on the ground, as he walked over to take a stand by my fellow officer.

Sergeant Stantz and myself now began to make an inspection of the surroundings. While we were looking around, I noticed a small scrap of crumpled wrapping paper lying about one foot from the body. I stooped down and picked it up. By the aid of my flashlight I noticed that it had been written upon. Scrutinizing the paper, I managed to make out the following words:

"De nite witch did dis. . . ."

I consulted my companions and read the paper aloud.

"'Night witch——'" I looked closely at George Lemuel. "I wonder, George," I said quietly, "if those words were intended for 'night watchman'! I've never heard of a 'night witch,' have you?"

The Negro cowered under my glance. He lowered his eyes, but made no reply. I was afraid to say anything further to him at that moment, for fear of having a dead Negro on our hands. Instead, I turned back to the dead body on the ground for further examination. I had hardly done so, however, before Sergeant Stantz caught me by the arm and exclaimed:

"Look, son, this girl is minus one slipper. I wonder if we can find it somewhere around here?"

Leaving George in the custody of Officer Adams, the Sergeant and I made further investigation of our surroundings. We found nothing else near the body, but about ten minutes later, following the path made by someone in dragging the body through dirt and cinders in the basement, we came to the elevator shaft. And there, as if having been thrown from an upper story down, was the girl's little black slipper.

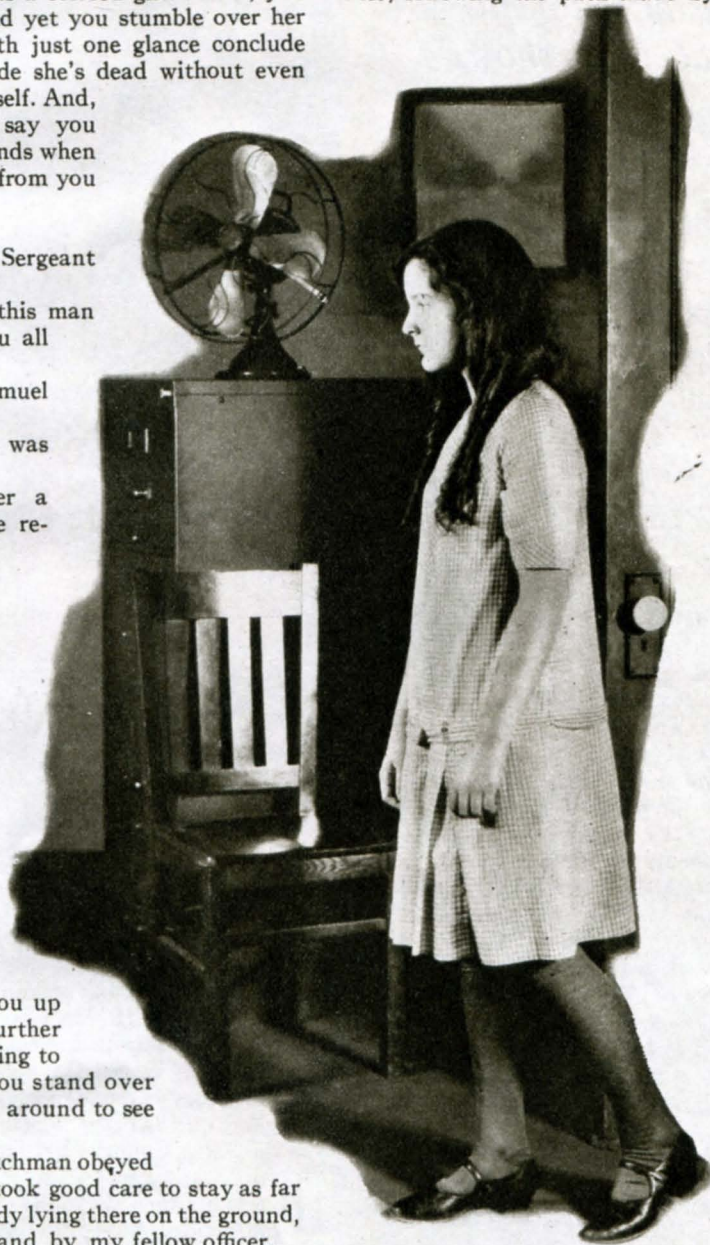
Five minutes after making this find, the two officers and I led George Lemuel up the ladder and through the scuttle hole to the first floor of the building. We then went to a well-furnished office on the second floor, in order to get to a telephone.

IT was always our custom, upon finding people mysteriously dead and after making a preliminary examination, to get in touch with members of the detective force. We also had to notify the Coroner and await his instructions before moving the body. Something had to be done with George Lemuel, and therefore we had to put in a call for the patrol wagon.

Sergeant Stantz telephoned Sam Rose, Chief of Detectives, and after briefly outlining what we had found, told him to hurry on down to the Pendil Factory. Adams called up the police station and ordered the patrol wagon. While they were attending to

these duties, I was again questioning the night watchman.

He stuck fast to his statement of how he had found the body, and flatly denied having ever seen the dead girl before in his life. Finally, just as a fellow sometimes gets stumped in figuring out a mathematical problem and lays it aside until his mind is fresh again, so I ceased my cross-examination of George Lemuel for the time being. Leaving Sergeant Stantz and Adams to question him further, I picked up the telephone and called the Coroner, (Continued on page 105)





# Blowing the "WORKS" in

*A spotter had marked the exact point for the fatal bullet to pass through the partition—to bump off Ricci! An accomplice gave the signal—an automatic cracked—and the gangster fell dead! Who fired that fatal shot?*

**By FELIX DE MARTINI**

formerly of the  
Homicide Bureau,  
New York Police  
Department

*As told to*  
**ISABEL STEPHEN**

I DON'T want to pose as an all-conquering sleuth—a superman throttling the denizens of the underworld single-handed, or anything like that. A knowledge of the psychological make-up of Italian criminals, patient plugging, and an occasional streak of good luck have been responsible for most of the good breaks I have had in making important captures.

All three of those components were about equally divided in the trick I turned the time the barriers of silence which protected that pack of human wolves known as "The Navy Street Gang" (so named after their hang-out in Navy Street, Brooklyn, though their claws reached over every part of New York City) were broken down. Hundreds of detectives worked on that case; it was just Chance that allotted to me the opportunity to deal the death-blow.

It would take huge cisterns to hold all the ink which has been spilled in describing the misdeeds, trailing, capture and trials of this pestiferous murder gang. In the whole history of the New York Police Department, it stands ingloriously preeminent in viciousness, horror and animalism; sordid intrigues, distorted ambitions and heinous betrayals. For two years its crimes baffled detectives.

Imaginative "feature" writers, juggling a few known facts and creating fictitious master minds, built up lurid stories around its members.

For the police to have told reporters the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, during the course of their investigations, would not only have served to obstruct justice, but would undoubtedly have led to wholesale slaughter. That's why accounts built around newspaper clippings differ materially from the true facts in the case.

I'm glad to have this opportunity of debunking the un-



"How is it, Peaches, that a superior girl like you could have put up with this criminal so long?"

wholesome glorifying of human coyotes into brilliant master minds, modern "Robin Hoods," and so on, such as have appeared in certain periodicals, in describing the machinations of the Navy Street Gang.

This story is founded on notes I made while personally working on the case, on police records, and on data filed away in the Kings County District Attorney's office.

IT was between the hours of midnight and six o'clock in the morning of November 28th, 1917, that I got the "lucky break" of which I spoke above.

The morning before, two detectives attached to Brooklyn Police Headquarters had brought back from Reno a man named Ralph Pepi, *alias* Ralph Daniello, also known as "Ralph the Barber"—and a young Brooklyn girl with whom he had eloped.

Ralph Daniello, which was the name by which he was best known, had been tried for, and acquitted of, the murder of Louis Demaro, another gangster, shot and killed May 7th, just a short time before he had fared forth on his romantic



# New York's UNDERWORLD

adventure. He admitted his association with the gangsters of Navy Street and Coney Island, but it was impossible to get sufficient evidence to convict him.

In spite of his philandering, Daniello, paradoxically enough, was devoted to his wife and children, who had gone to Italy shortly after his arrest on the murder charge.

On their journey back to New York, these two detectives were careful to keep away from the subject of the Navy Street mob. Daniello, however, kept throwing out hints that he would not be unwilling to be cross-examined or coaxed into telling what he knew about them. These hints were ignored even when Daniello mentioned grievances he had against his fellow gangsters: that they had not helped him in his "trouble," nor had they sent money to Italy to his family as they had promised to do.

By questioning him right then and there, they might have managed to obtain some valuable information—or they might have obtained merely some more intangible "tips" which would annoy the guilty parties without giving us anything definite enough to convict them.

So, as the train rattled along, the detectives allowed Daniello's bitterness to feed upon itself, trusting that when he was emotionally gorged enough, he would explode with something we could use to really dynamite the Gang.

**J**UST about the time of their arrival, I was sent over to Manhattan to investigate a homicide case which had all the earmarks of Navy Street gunmen warfare. It involved a close friend of Daniello's.

A young dandy named Andrea Ricci had been shot to death in a Manhattan gambling-house during the early hours of the morning. He had been seated at a table, with his back against a thin, wooden, partitioned wall, playing cards. On his right hand was a doorway. The assassin had fired his gun from the other side of the partition, a spotter having previously marked in pencil on the paneling the exact spot the player's head would be on the opposite side when he sat back. Someone in the card room had obviously given the signal to the gunman through the doorway at the moment Ricci's head was in the fatal position. The shot had blown off the entire top of the player's head.

I found myself on the same familiar sterile ground: the same types of suspects, the same possible motives; the same protestations of ignorance; the same apparent seal of secrecy at all points.

On visiting the apartment of "Peaches" Casazza, the dead man's sweetheart, I learned that she was out of town, holidaying with a girl friend down at Atlantic City. If she had not returned the following day, I planned to follow her to the seaside resort.

That brought me close on midnight. I had just got into bed that night when the telephone rang.

"Inspector Cray wants you to come to the Station House



"God—I wish I could forget him!"

immediately!" The desk lieutenant's voice rasped with excitement as he spoke. "It's very important!"

*Click!*

Hastily, though reluctantly, I got into my clothes and left the house. Those "hurry" calls usually meant just another homicide case. Left to themselves, the gangsters would finally end up by exterminating their whole breed—but such gorillas are careless marksmen; innocent bystanders are likely to be potted. Besides, we were in the dark as to their racket.

**M**EN with records were throwing away big money every night in the underworld gambling places, with no visible means of acquiring it. The police knew, of course, that they were engaged in some crooked work; yet were unable to find out exactly what it was. They had been "frisked" many times for revolvers; with a cock-sure suavity they submitted to the search, confident in the knowledge that nothing would be found on them.

From the expression on Inspector Cray's face, I surmised immediately on entering his office that something far more important than a gang killing had broken.

"Daniello says he's ready to blow the whole works!" he said, as soon as I asked him what had happened. "He insisted on seeing you first, though. I'll have him brought right in."

Within a few minutes an officer brought along the gangster. He was a well-built young fellow, about five feet, seven inches tall, smooth-shaven, with a deep scar running across his forehead—memento of a narrow escape from death. The suit he wore was unrumpled in spite of his imprisonment, and somehow or other he had managed to keep his hair groomed and even his finger-nails in perfect condition.

"I've decided to come across," he said, in a level, unemotional voice. "And what I can tell you will clear up the whole



Navy Gang situation. But I want to tell it to you, De Martini, alone, first."

I could easily understand this attitude. Daniello knew me personally and by reputation. Crooks look on all members of the police force with unmasked suspicion—as a gang representing Law, warring against their gang representing Lawlessness. To Daniello, Inspector Cray was an unknown chief of that "gang." The gangster was as wary of strangers as a stray dog.

I have always given crooks a square deal. I understand their way of looking at life. They lie because they believe they have everything to lose by telling the truth—about themselves. While a detective is doing his darnedest to figure them out, they are doing their darnedest to outguess the detective.

"Before I say anything, De Martini, I want you to give me your word of honor that I'll have police protection," Daniello resumed, after a dead silence of a minute or so, during which the only sound in the room was the *tick-tick* of the large clock on the wall. Though his eyes were as cold and expressionless as dark-brown marbles, and his firm lips scarcely moved as he spoke, a cigarette I had handed him suddenly snapped in his tensed fingers; the two pieces fell to the floor.

SIX months before, while he stood in the shadow of the electric chair, accused of the murder of Demaro, not a hint of information had passed his lips. He must have known as well as the police did, that, since the girl with whom he had eloped had married another man who had accompanied them, there was every likelihood that he would be released within forty-eight hours. Was his bitterness against his fellow gangsters strong enough to force him to risk his life when the jail door clanged behind him, and he was outside looking back?

With that sixth sense possessed by many criminals, Daniello seemed to read my silent inquiry.

"I'm sick of this life, and I want to go straight," he offered, and I listened to his explanation somewhat cynically, making no attempt to conceal my unbelief. Neither did I refer to the comments he had let fall during the trip from Reno, regarding his gang's failure to help his family when he had been obliged, for some unknown reason, to flee New York City.

"I'm sick of the game, and I want to get out of it—and the only way I can get out of it safely is to give the whole works away," he amended. "The way the Gang's been treating me lately shows they're through with me. And when they're through with a man, they bump him off—unless he gets them first, and this is the only way I can get 'em!"

"All right, Ralph—fire away!" I accepted this as the true reason for his offer to turn informer.

"You'll give me your word of honor I'll have police protection from the mob? You know they're pretty bad, but you don't begin to guess what a bad lot this mob is. They'll stop at nothing!"

I gave him the requested assurance. Then, for an interval of several minutes, there was silence. Presuming that he was feeling about for a place to start, I gave him a lead.

"Just what is the racket of the Navy Street Gang?" I asked.

"They have a racket, of course—do quite a bit of grafting on the gambling places and Italian storekeepers; but it doesn't amount to much," he said very slowly. "Mostly, Brooklyn has been used lately as a place to bump off the *padrones* and members of the mob who for one reason or another it has been decided . . . to dispense with."

It would be more picturesque if I were to translate the gangster's language into the so-called "underworld slang," but I'm sticking to the truth—and besides, Daniello was speaking to me in Italian.

"I know most of the mob only by their nicknames, but my pal, Andrea Ricci, knows their real names. He wants to get out of the game, too, and is ready to come across. . . . Bring him in and he'll come across all right. . . . He let me know, when I was in Reno, that the Gang seemed to be acting sort

of leary toward him. Better get him before they get him. . . ."

I didn't tell him that they had already "got" his pal; quite probably, his death had been timed to shock Daniello into panic-stricken silence. At that moment Andrea's body was lying in the city Morgue. For once the underworld grapevine messenger service had failed. Daniello had been in the District Attorney's office, being interrogated on the abduction case, while visitors had attempted to get the words of warning to him.

This information would have been a setback to him, but beyond assuring him that Ricci would be picked up at an early hour I, naturally, made no further comment on his friend.

"You go ahead and tell me all you know, and then I'll check it up with what Andrea has to say," I suggested grimly, implying that I wasn't altogether ready to accept his story as the truth.

It took hours to get his statement. A very brief outline of the history of the real Gang, as he gave it, is as follows:

In 1912, Giosue Gallucci started blackmailing small storekeepers in Harlem's east side, his headquarters being a ramshackle building which became known as "The Murder Stable," thus named because of the many murdered men found in it and its vicinity. The stable was owned by an old woman called Pasquarella Spinella, who was killed on March 20th, 1912, at 334 East 108th Street. Ostensibly Gallucci derived his livelihood from a coffee shop in the neighborhood. When his right-hand man, "The Gymp," was found dead there one morning, Gallucci told the police "The Gymp" had demanded money of him, and he had killed him in self-defense.

With Gallucci were three Morello brothers, and two brothers named La Monte. They were joined by a boss gambler named Pellegrino Morano. They waxed wealthy. Morano became ambitious, but took the hint and retired after a bomb had been placed in front of his house. Charlie Baker and Nick Delgaudio, friends of Morano, were not so willing to permit Gallucci to control the situation, so they were killed off.

Gallucci became known as "King of Little Italy," until 1915, when he and his son Luca were shot.

"If I get well, I will attend to them!" the dying "king" gasped to detectives.

But he never got well; neither did his son.

THE Morello brothers succeeded in leadership, and were recognized as the wealthiest Italians in Harlem. The La Monte brothers and Joseph de Marco were killed.

By this time, operations of the original Gang, Daniello explained, had extended from Harlem to Westchester, Brooklyn and Yonkers.

Nicholas Morello formed a partnership with Eugene Ubrico, the son of Camille Ubrico, who owned a number of houses on 116th Street. This pair of leaders was disposed of in Brooklyn, September 8th, 1916.

Before he had an opportunity to seize leadership, Giuseppe Verrazano, one of the wealthiest gamblers in the four districts, was shot to death as he sat at supper in the Italian Gardens on the night of October 6th, 1916.

And with the death of Verrazano passed the last of the big leaders.

"The chief form of graft," Daniello went on, "is levied on gambling-houses. *Padrones* exact tribute from every Italian gambling game in Harlem, Westchester, Brooklyn and Yonkers. When word is brought that there is an unauthorized gambler operating, or if a house is not operating well enough, or if any of them refuse to give up to the collectors, the *padrone* for that particular district calls two or three gunmen to him, gives them weapons, and instructs them to 'get' the men.

"The gunmen work on regular salaries: young unmarried fellows get from ten to fifteen dollars a week, and the married men get twenty-five dollars. Others in the mob work as collectors, spies and confidence (Continued on page 95)



On the *TRAIL* of

“BLACK BART,”

California's  
Lone  
Highwayman



“Black Bart”—the man of mystery, whose crisp order, “Hands up!” chilled the hearts of hundreds of victims

*Hidden back of a fictitious name, for 7 years, single-handed, this daring man of mystery averaged 4 stage hold-ups a year—vanishing like a specter in the shrubbery, with thousands of dollars in gold bullion, cash and gems!*

Who was he?

By ARTHUR CHAPMAN

tification impossible. “The Devil himself!” one victim gasped.

This quality of unreality was intensified by the ease with which the bandit eluded pursuit, after he had gathered up his booty and departed from the scene of a hold-up. He would disappear in the forest, and skilled men would hunt in vain for his trail. Elusive as a will-o'-the-wisp, he vanished as completely as if the earth had swallowed him. This added, perhaps, most of all to the atmosphere of mystery which surrounded him from the first, and which stamped him as separate and apart from the ordinary run of bandits.

True, Black Bart's trail was not steeped in human blood. He had never *killed* a man in carrying out his hold-ups. Never once had he fired at stage driver, express messenger or passenger, in collecting his tribute.

**B**UT he did not have to shoot. There was something in his bearing which exacted obedience. He handled his deadly-looking, sawed-off shotgun with the skill and steadiness of an expert. The nerviest of men shakily “hoisted” when Black Bart boomed:

“Hands up!”

Always about him, there persisted that air of mystery. Somewhere, between the hold-ups which he staged so regularly, he must be taking part in the daily affairs of men. But where—and how?

Was he a rancher, a cowboy, or a city dweller? Did he have a criminal record, or was he some apparently respectable

“**W**HO is ‘Black Bart,’ the stage robber?”

For seven years the State of California asked this question, and found no answer. For seven years detectives, sheriffs and State rangers vainly hunted the man who held up stage after stage, and who wrote mocking verses, signed “Black Bart,” to show his contempt for the Law.

The mysterious highwayman always worked single-handed, and he established a record which never has been equaled by any other lone bandit on record. *Twenty-eight times* he held up stages, robbing strong boxes, mail-pouches and passengers. Always, he succeeded in escaping.

Terrifying of aspect when he stepped from the roadside, his face hidden in a flour sack and his dark eyes glittering from peep-holes which he had cut in his improvised mask, under a black derby hat, Black Bart chilled the hearts of brave men. No driver failed to hold up his hands when the bandit leveled his double-barreled shotgun and, in a hollow, sepulchral voice, commanded his victim to “stand and deliver!” There was something supernatural about this apparition at the California roadside—something unreal in those hollow tones which boomed forth from behind the mask that made iden-



citizen who was playing a Jekyll-and-Hyde rôle—a highly regarded member of the community to-day, and the fear-inspiring "Black Bart" to-morrow? Men looked askance at their neighbors, but year after year his depredations went on, without the slightest clue coming the way of the authorities.

The rewards upon Black Bart's head mounted to a staggering sum. Thousands of dollars would fall into the purse of any man who caused the arrest of this mysterious hunter of the California highways. But the rewards might just as well not have been offered. Who could capture a shadow? And who could identify a face that was never seen, always hidden, as it was, behind an encircling mask of white?

To make the case the more remarkable, this lone bandit appeared at a time when it was thought that outlawry had been stamped out in California. One by one the great bandit leaders, like Murietta and Vasquez, who headed organized gangs of as many as 100 men, had been hunted down by State rangers and sheriffs' posses. Bojorques, and the tigerlike Juan Soto, had been killed. Scores of bandits had been slain by Wells Fargo shotgun messengers or fighting stage drivers. Besides, towns and villages had sprung up everywhere, and fertile valleys, such as the Sacramento, the San Joaquin and the Santa Clara, were on the way to becoming great agricultural communities. It looked as though banditry could not hope to make headway against the forces of civilization—and yet Black Bart accomplished the seemingly impossible!

**H**IS first stage hold-up was on an August day, and proved to be a modest beginning. The stage was on its way from Fort Ross to Russian River. There were no passengers aboard, nor was there a shotgun messenger in charge of the Wells Fargo treasure box. The driver rode alone, but who would think of danger amid such peaceful, well-ordered scenes? It was a typical summer day in California—just warm enough to be soothing. Distant hills carried a thin veil of haze. Insects droned. The driver of the stage almost went to sleep to the monotonous music of the jangling harness, as the horses jogged on through the dust.

Suddenly a man appeared at a bend in the road.

"Hall!"

Rearing and snorting, the startled horses pulled back at the sharp command and sudden apparition.

The driver saw a stocky, well-set figure, masked in white. Steely eyes glinted from the peep-holes in the flour-sack mask. Most compelling of all, a double-barreled, sawed-off shotgun was pointed the driver's way—unwaveringly.

Another command came, as the driver halted his team:

"Throw out the treasure box!"

There was nothing to do but comply. The masked bandit "had the drop." The Wells Fargo box was tilted over the side of the stage, and thudded into the dust.

"Now throw out the mail-sacks!" was the next command. Again the driver complied.

Making sure that the driver was not armed, the bandit proceeded to the work of forcing open the treasure box. This was not difficult. The contents, amounting to \$325.00, were taken by the robber, who then leisurely ripped open the mail-sacks and inspected any letters that looked as if they might contain money.

His day's work done, the bandit again took up his shotgun and ordered the stage driver to go on his way. The driver needed no urging. He galloped his horses to the nearest sheriff, and reported the robbery. The sheriff was soon on the scene with deputies, but no clue could be found. The trail of the robber ended in the dust at the side of the road.

The countryside was searched, but nothing could be fastened on anyone. The driver could add no details, except that the bandit was very *courteous*, in direct contrast with most of the stage-robbing fraternity!

In a little while, the incident was forgotten.

Several months later, however, there came a reminder in the form of another hold-up. And this time Black Bart introduced himself personally to the authorities with whom he was to be at war for seven years to come.

He had selected the stage from Quincy to Oroville as his next means of collecting tribute. He halted the stage at a convenient bend in the road, as in the preceding hold-up. Again came the hollow-voiced command, from behind the flour-sack mask, to throw off the treasure box and mail-sacks. This being done, the robber ordered the driver to go on his way. When the stage disappeared, the bandit opened the treasure box and rifled the mail-sacks, the total yield in cash, bullion and jewels being given out later as \$600.00. But the general belief was that the robber obtained much more than the authorities cared to admit.

After he had collected his booty, the bandit sat down and wrote a doggerel rhyme, which he "dedicated" to Wells Fargo & Company! The lines, in firm, clear handwriting, he fastened to a tree, where they were found by the armed men who arrived later on the scene. The gently sarcastic verse written by the stage robber read as follows:

Here I lay me down to sleep  
To wait the coming morrow.  
Perhaps success, perhaps defeat  
And everlasting sorrow.  
Yet, come what will, I'll try it on . . .  
My condition can't be worse . . .  
And, if there's money in that box,  
There's money in my purse!

BLACK BART, P. O. 8

No doubt the bandit was moved by something more than a mere desire to taunt his victims, in writing these lines. The signature, *Black Bart*, with its pun on the word "poet" ("P.O.8"), indicated something of vanity in the writer's character—and also a streak of humor! He had given himself a catchy name, and he wanted to set people talking about him. He wanted to let the authorities know that they were dealing with no *ordinary* stage robber!

The bandit's poetic effort had the desired result. The name of Black Bart was soon on every tongue, and appeared in big type on the front pages of newspapers all over the country. California's poet-bandit had caught the popular imagination. People wondered where and when he would strike next, and how the authorities would meet the challenge so boldly given.

**T**HE first rewards posted for information leading to his capture were not large, showing that authorities had not fully realized Black Bart's possibilities as a disturber of transportation. The Federal Government and the post-office authorities offered a combined reward of \$500.00, to which the Wells Fargo company, stung by the bandit's impudent joke, added \$300.00.

*This total of \$800.00 was eventually increased to \$18,000.00 as Black Bart cunningly staged one successful hold-up after another.*

The bandit's first poetic gesture was his last. He had established his name and fame, and thereafter he settled down to the grim business of robbery on the public highway—abandoning poetry entirely.

Apparently, he had worked out a regular system of procedure. He did not make one hold-up follow too closely on the heels of another. He waited two or three months—or, perhaps, six months—until excitement had died down and vigilance had relaxed. Then he struck again. His hold-ups averaged about four a year. Sometimes they would take place in one part of California, sometimes in another. In every instance he seemed to be astonishingly familiar with the country, and evidently he had made preliminary plans which enabled him to make a quick, easy escape.

And always, in his hold-ups, he was the "gentleman"! He never used profanity. He seemed genuinely sorry when he had to rob passengers—but "business was business." He finished each job quickly, expeditiously, courteously.

After the "poetic" robbery, Wells Fargo & Company resumed the practice of putting shotgun messengers on stages. It was their business to sit, with a shotgun between their knees, ready to shoot down anyone who tried to get the treasure box. But Black Bart timed his appearances so



cunningly that he caught one messenger after another, off guard—and his hold-ups continued without interruption.

George Hackett, a Wells Fargo shotgun messenger, came closest to "getting" Black Bart—only the plunging of horses saving the bandit's life this time.

It was on a July day, when the bandit, stooping low as he emerged from the underbrush, held up one of the LaPorte-Oroville stages. Black Bart, according to his habit, screened himself behind the horses as he leveled his shotgun at the driver and messenger. The horses began to plunge wildly.

Taking a desperate chance, Hackett brought his shotgun to his shoulder, and fired.

The rearing horses interfered with his aim. Driver and messenger expected a return shot from Black Bart, but, with a mocking laugh, the desperado darted into the bushes. As he disappeared, the plucky messenger fired again, but once more luck held, and the bandit escaped.

**H**IS greatest "haul," it is believed, was when he held up the stage from Covelo to Ukiah. It was generally assumed that he took in a large amount of bullion as a result of this hold-up, for he waited several months before he staged another. Then he held up the stage from Weaverville to Shasta.

In all these hold-ups, he left absolutely no clue to his identity. He was the man of mystery—the "shadow of the chaparral," as the Californians called him, referring to his elusive disappearances in tangled shrubbery (*chaparral*).

Most remarkable of all, through *twenty-eight* hold-ups he had not fired a shot! Nor was it until this twenty-eighth and

final hold-up that the authorities found any clue to his real identity.

**I**T was Black Bart's last appearance as a highwayman.

On that day, the stage from Sonora to Milton was stopped near the little settlement of Copperopolis. The driver, J. McConnell, was alone.

When the dreaded and now familiar apparition appeared at the roadside, McConnell recognized it instantly, and stopped his team. He was a brave man, but he knew it would be folly to resist that masked figure. He unhitched his horses, at Black Bart's command, and drove them behind the wagon. Then he watched and waited, while the bandit went through the treasure box and mail-sacks.

The treasure box proved unusually difficult to open. In breaking the lock, the bandit cut his hand. Blood was found, afterward, on the way bill, which certified to the contents of the box—a total of \$4,800.00 in amalgam, gold-dust and currency.

Having collected his booty, Black Bart prepared to leave. Just as he was disappearing into the bushes, an Italian boy, carrying a rifle, rounded the turn in the road. McConnell signaled him to hurry, and to keep quiet. The boy ran forward and, as he came up to McConnell, the stage driver seized the rifle and fired after the bandit. Apparently the shot missed, for the sound of Black Bart's deep laughter came back to McConnell's ears. Running into the bushes, on the bandit's trail, McConnell fired again, but without result. Black Bart had cheated death once more.

But, this time, his getaway was not so clean. He left two important clues!

(Continued on page 100)



"Hands up! Throw down the treasure box!" This is the way they pulled the real ones in the days of Black Bart, with masked bandits advancing from all sides



# The SHADOW that



By  
T. R. PORTER  
of the  
Omaha  
WORLD-HERALD

(Left) The famous "shadow picture" that saved Erdman. The exact time it was taken in the afternoon, to the fraction of a minute, was figured out astronomically by Father Rigge (shown on page 45). Note the shadow on which the astronomer made his calculations, running across the wall of the church, in the upper right-hand corner

**M**EN have been saved from death sentences in many strange ways, but it remained for an Omaha lawyer, turned detective, to save his client from a charge of attempted murder by the evidence of a *shadow*—the shadow of a church steeple!

It was the most unique case I ever handled in my twenty-eight years of newspaper work. As a reporter, I worked on this mystery, and later was in the court-room when the "shadow" was introduced into the evidence. I saw the interested expression on the faces of the men of the jury, saw the look of dismay on the face of the prosecutor, and heard the report of the jury which set the accused man free because of the alibi of the shadow. In Omaha police and newspaper circles, it is still spoken of as "the shadow case."

The "shadow" was cast by a church steeple. And a photograph of this "shadow" is what figured so prominently in the case on trial.

Tom Denison was political "boss" of Omaha. Denison was a gambler—one of the "square" kind. His word was just as good as that of any banker, or preacher, in Omaha. If you bought a horse from Tom Denison on your own judgment—well, look out! You were using your own judgment, and your eyes were open—or should have been. But if you were buying a horse from Tom Denison and explained to him that you knew nothing at all about horses, at the same time appealing to him for the qualifications of the horse under consideration, you would get the exact truth from him as to that particular horse.

Earlier, Denison had been a gambler in Leadville in the palmy days of that Colorado city. He had owned a gambling-house in Denver. He had had an interest in the biggest gambling-house in Butte, Montana. He had owned gambling-houses in many other Western cities. Then he came to Omaha, started a gambling-house, and got into politics. In time, he became political "boss" of the town. It was said no one could be elected in an Omaha city election without

first arranging the matter with Tom Denison. It was said that no one could conduct a "game" in Omaha without giving Denison a rake-off.

One of Denison's henchmen was Frank Erdman. Erdman was the man who was saved by the "shadow."

Erdman had "done time" in prisons in a half-dozen Western States. When he came to Omaha, he just naturally drifted into what was called the "Denison gang."

But, after a while, Denison and Erdman came to a parting of the ways. Erdman was "fired" from the "gang," and lost Denison's support.

Erdman was known as a desperate character. There were nine notches on his gun—and he carried two. Whether these notches were *legitimate*, we never knew. But they were there. After his falling-out with Denison, Erdman announced that he was going to put a stop to gambling in Omaha, no matter whose game it was. So he started raiding games.

**O**UT in East Omaha old "Fatty" Blaisdell operated a saloon and gambling place combined. The gambling room was on the second floor.

One night, when the game was particularly lively and a pretty stiff sum was on the green tables. Frank Erdman quietly entered the room, stood with his back to the door, and called:

"Hands up!"

In each hand Erdman held a gun, and each gun was sweeping the room. And both weapons were cocked, it could plainly be seen.

Every hand in that room reached promptly for the ceiling. Next, the men were ordered to stand facing the wall, and they all obeyed. Erdman took all the money in sight on the tables, backed out of the door, and made his escape.

The gamblers didn't dare make an official complaint to the police! They were all lawbreakers, and Erdman had taken



# SAVED a LIFE

*All hope seemed lost in one of the most amazing trial scenes ever witnessed in an Omaha court-room, when John O. Yeiser produced the "shadow picture," and, in effect, said: "Gentlemen, all your testimony against this man goes for nothing. Here is proof of it from the heavens themselves!"*

nothing except stakes in a gambling game.

It was discovered that Erdman, in preparation for his clean-up "campaign," had left his regular haunts and was living undercover, fearing assassination. He came out only at night, and then secretly, just to make a raid on some gambling den. He didn't give the "enemy" a single chance to bump him off. The gambler who saw Erdman in those days, saw him behind a gun—and the gun was cocked and ready for business!

**TOM DENISON** came home to his cottage, out at Fifteenth and Burdette Streets, one Sunday afternoon. The date was May 22nd, 1910—the time, two-fifty P.M. He found, on his front porch, a strange suit-case. He started to pick it up. Then he noticed a *thin white string* running from a hole in the valise to a

screw-eye fixed in the porch floor. It meant only one thing!

Denison didn't pick up the grip. Instead, he quickly telephoned the police.

The police responded. So did the newspaper boys. One of the detectives cut the string and picked up the suit-case. It wasn't far to the railroad tracks and across to a sort of waste-land between the tracks and the river. The detectives and the newspaper men took that grip down near the river and investigated it. But their investigations



Photo by Bostwick, Omaha

Tom Denison, Omaha political "boss," out for a canter on one of his favorite saddle horses. They were out to "get" Denison, and he walked to the very edge of the diabolical death trap set for him—when a thin white string caught his observant eye! What quickly followed made police history!

However, if the newspapers didn't have a clue that Monday morning, they had one by Monday afternoon.

A half dozen men reported to the police that on the Sunday afternoon on which the infernal machine was found on Denison's porch, they had seen Frank Erdman within a block of Denison's home and going in the direction of that house. Furthermore, he was carrying a grip that looked just like the grip found on Denison's front porch, which contained the dynamite. They all set the time as two-thirty in the after-

did *not* include pulling that little white cord!

Instead, the police cut out one side of the grip. Inside, there were enough sticks of dynamite to blow up Denison's house and all the other houses in that end of town! An ingenious arrangement would have fired off a revolver and exploded the dynamite, if the grip had been picked up with the string still attached to the screw-eye.

**SOMEbody** had undoubtedly made an attempt to blow up Denison and his entire family.

Monday morning the newspapers had front-page stories, with pictures of the grip and contents, of Denison's home where the infernal machine was found, of Denison himself, *et cetera*. But they didn't have a clue as to who had put that grip on Denison's front porch, in broad daylight, in a thickly settled neighborhood.



noon. Each of these men spoke of having seen two young girls, dressed in white, following along behind Erdman.

Later, the presence of these two girls, and the exact time of their presence behind Erdman, became of vast importance in the case.

But curiously, all these witnesses were connected, in one way or another, with the gambling "ring." There might be a question as to their credibility before a jury. However, they told their stories to the prosecutor, and a warrant was issued for Frank Erdman's arrest. His undercover retreat was quickly found by the police, when they wanted him, and he was arrested.

Erdman had no friends and was unable to obtain bail. So he went to jail while awaiting trial.

In addition to having no friends, Erdman had no money. In his extremity, he sent for Attorney John O. Yeiser.

**YEISER** was a Quixotic sort of lawyer. It never seemed to make much difference to him whether a client had money, or not. He loved a fight, and if the case looked as if there was a good fight in it, Yeiser would take it, and often pay the costs of the suit himself, just to get the case before the court.

So Yeiser took the case to defend Erdman, and all the pay Erdman could give him was one of his guns—the one with the nine notches. That's how we knew of the notches. And Yeiser found a mighty slim case for his client, too.

Erdman claimed a "put-up" job. He declared he was being railroaded to prison because of the enmity of the gamblers. He told Yeiser he had been in his room that Sunday afternoon until long after the suit-case was found on Denison's porch. But he had no proof of this. Because he had been keeping undercover to prevent his enemies from finding him, he had no witnesses.

**THOSE** were the conditions when the case came to trial. Erdman was charged with attempted murder by dynamite.

I sat in the court-room that day, and saw the jury selected. Yeiser fought to get a jury composed of plain, ordinary citizens. And the prosecution was so confident of its evidence that it, too, wanted a jury of that same kind. So a jury was obtained without much trouble.

Three witnesses went on the stand. They told of seeing Erdman with the suit-case in his hand, out in Denison's neighborhood that Sunday afternoon. Erdman walked with a slight limp. The three witnesses identified the man with the grip by this limp, as well as by a checked suit and checked cap which he wore. And there sat Erdman in the prisoner's box in court, wearing that checked suit and checked cap, right in front of the jury!

These witnesses told of seeing Erdman within one block of Denison's house, where he turned into the alley at the back of Denison's home. This, they testified, was at two-thirty P.M. And the infernal machine was found on Denison's porch at two-fifty P.M., twenty minutes after the witnesses said they

saw Erdman carrying the grip up the alley. And each of the witnesses spoke of seeing the two girls in white a few yards behind Erdman.

The case went on through the afternoon, and on until about the middle of the next morning. Then the prosecution played its trump card.

The last two witnesses for the State were placed on the witness-stand. They were two girls, sisters. They lived out near Denison. They were absolutely trustworthy. There was no question of their good faith.

They were the girls in white who had followed Erdman down the street toward Denison's home.

I sat at the reporters' table and heard these two girls testify. They had been to church that day. They had been confirmed. The church was sixteen blocks from their home, but they had walked home after the confirmation.

As they walked down Sixteenth Street a block from Denison's home, they testified, they had seen a man dressed in a checked suit, walking with a slight limp, and carrying a suit-case in his hand, turn into the alley back of Denison's home. The younger sister testified that she had, in a spirit of

fun, mocked the limping stranger and had, herself, tried to imitate that limp.

They set the time at two-thirty Sunday afternoon. The next day, when they read the story in the newspapers, they had remembered the limping stranger with the suit-case, and reported their story to the prosecuting attorney.

Things certainly looked bad for Erdman when, about half-past eleven that morning, the State rested its case, turning the two sisters over to Yeiser for cross-examination.

The girls had been very positive as to the time of their seeing the limping stranger. They had come home right after church, and the time checked accurately with the stories told by the other witnesses.

**WHEN** Yeiser started his cross-examination of the two girls, he had no particular line upon which to question them. He was just "prospecting." That was what he told the newspaper reporters later on. So far he had not been able to produce a single piece of evidence to confute the stories told by the witnesses for the prosecution. It appeared that the jury would probably find a verdict of "Guilty" without even leaving their seats.

Yeiser started questioning the girls as to their movements after the confirmation exercises were

over—hoping to find some inconsistency in their testimony. "What did you do first after leaving the church?" he asked of the girl who was then on the stand.

"Why, we stopped with the other members of the class and had our pictures taken," answered the girl.

"Where did you go?" asked Yeiser.

"We didn't go anywhere," answered the witness. "One of the boys had his camera, and we all stood by the steps of the church and had the picture made right there."



Photo by Steffens, Omaha

The man who defended Erdman in his now famous trial—John O. Yeiser, of Omaha. He loved a good legal fight, if it "looked hard enough"—and whether there was any money in it, or not, mattered little to him!



"Have you got one of those pictures?" asked the lawyer. "Yes," replied the girl. "We just had some prints made, and I have one here in my bag!"

She produced the print and handed it over to Yeiser. "The Court will take the usual two hours' recess!" here announced the Judge. "Mr. Bailiff, take charge of the jury. The next sitting will be at two o'clock."

The lawyers gathered up their papers and started for their offices. The newspaper reporters rushed off to write their stories of the morning's trial, and to forecast a quick ending that afternoon with the conviction of Erdman.

Attorney Yeiser took the snap-shot of the confirmation class along with him to his office. After lunch, he sat at his desk, checking up on questions he wanted to fire at the two girl witnesses that afternoon, and thinking about what his plea to the jury would be.

His eyes fell on the picture. He took it up and looked at it.

There were six girls and three boys in the group. He picked out the two sisters whose testimony was—probably—going to send Erdman to prison for life.

Along the right side of the picture was a sharp, dark, angular shadow.

"Wonder what made that shadow?" Yeiser said to himself, as he rested and waited for time for Court to convene.

"Must have been some part of the church — probably the steeple," he muttered, answering his own question.

**YEISER** thinks deeply. He has written a book on immortality, in which he attempted to prove, by means outside the Bible, that the soul is immortal. The book had wide distribution, although at first it was printed just for his friends. Another book of his deals with evolution, and deals deeply with that subject, too. He is also the originator of a system of finance now under consideration by China, France and by Soviet Russia.

He looked more closely at the shadow cast by the church steeple in the snap-shot of the confirmation class. The more he looked, the more he thought; and the more he thought, the more interested he became.

Finally, he called a taxi and rode out to the astronomical observatory of Creighton University, where he conferred with Father William Rigge, astronomer of the university.

**WHEN** Court convened at two o'clock that afternoon, all were there—judge, jury, witnesses, lawyers, audience and

"gentlemen of the press." A quick outcome was expected.

Yeiser cross-examined the two girls very briefly, but was careful to have them fix the time they had seen Erdman near the Denison home.

"What time did you walk down the street behind this man with the lame leg and the checked suit?" he asked.

"At two-thirty in the afternoon," reiterated the witness.

"Are you sure of this time?" he questioned.

"Absolutely sure!" replied the witness.

"It was two-thirty!"

"And it was after you had had your pictures made at the church?"

"Yes," replied the witness.

Yeiser turned to the Court.

"Your Honor, I have just discovered new evidence in this case—very material evidence. I would like until to-morrow morning to present it to the Court!"

"I object!" said the prosecutor. "Let's finish this case right now! The evidence is all in."

**"OVERRULED,"** ordered the Court. "Mr. Yeiser, you may have until to-morrow morning to present this evidence. But I warn you to be prepared to proceed with the trial at that hour!"

And Court was adjourned for the afternoon.

"You fellows better be here on time in the morning," Yeiser affably warned us newspaper reporters. "Something might happen!"

He refused to say more, and we went back to our offices and wrote new reports to take the place of the stories written for the afternoon editions.

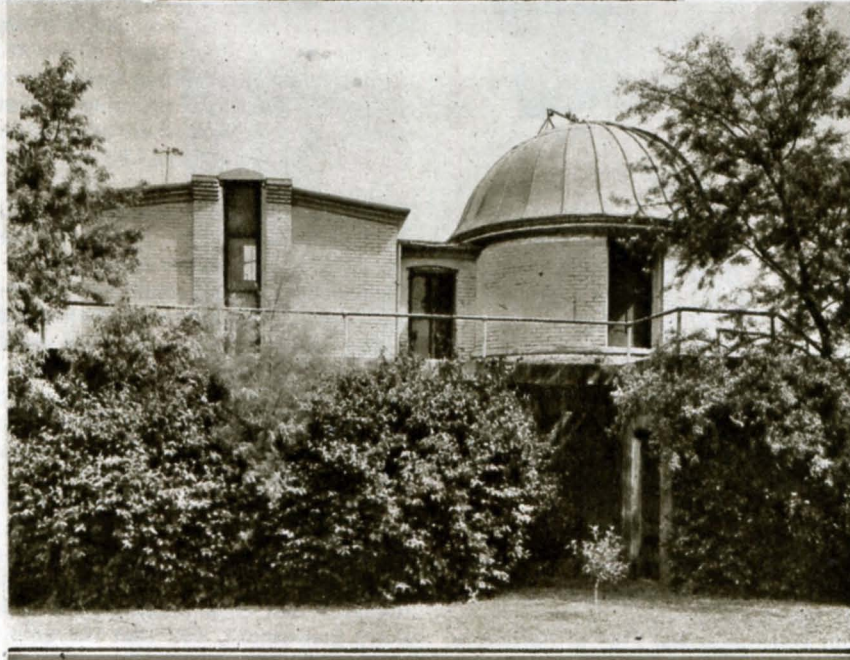
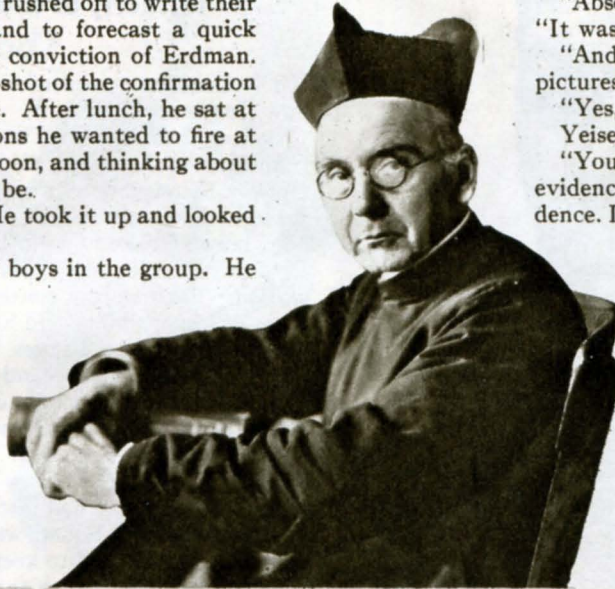
**NEXT** morning that courtroom was crowded an hour before Court convened. Yeiser had something new. And there never was any telling what John Yeiser would spring on a jury.

The first witness was a small, sharp-

faced, gentle old man in the black garb of a Jesuit priest. He was Father William Rigge, astronomer and scientist of Creighton University.

Yeiser got right down to business. He handed Father Rigge the snap-shot picture which had been identified the day before as having been made immediately after the close of the confirmation exercises on the afternoon the dynamite was found on Denison's porch. By questions, Yeiser brought out Father Rigge's important position as astronomer at the University.

(Continued on page 120)



Upper photo by Dewell, Omaha

Lower photo by Bostwick, Omaha

(Above) Father William Rigge, astronomer and scientist, of Creighton University, Omaha, whose astronomical calculations and testimony on the "shadow picture," turned defeat into success for Erdman, on trial for attempted murder. (Below) Astronomical Observatory of Creighton University. Father Rigge's office and laboratory were in this building, as well as his telescopes, and it was here he made his involved calculations from observation of the planets and stars



# The PARROT, the TRUNK



Inspector Byrnes, Chief of the Detective Bureau of the New York Police Department, at the time of the "Trunk Murder"

By  
JOSEPH W. GAVAN

formerly of the New York *TIMES*

The detective consulted a time-table. "Just an hour from now, Inspector!" he said.

Byrnes then handed Titus the telegram he had received from Marshal Frey, and told him to go at once to Baltimore. He was to telephone or wire all particulars of the mystery that he could gather at the earliest possible moment. Half an hour later, Titus and John D. Lindsay, of District Attorney Delancey Nicoll's staff, were on their way to the railroad station. Each wore a contemplative air. Each had a keen sense of responsibility and loyalty to his chief.

In the meantime, Byrnes had assigned other detectives to visit pawn-shops and second-hand clothing stores, in order to trace the murdered man's clothing and jewelry which, the telegram stated, had been stripped from the body before it was thrown into the trunk. The head of the Missing Persons Bureau was asked to throw a dragnet over the city, and to ascertain if any men had just disappeared.

The Steamboat Squad was directed to patrol the North and East Rivers, and to keep a sharp lookout for all floating objects, particularly such as might conceal the head of a man. Stool-pigeons also were requested to visit the resorts of Italian counterfeiters and members of the Mafia, and to report immediately any information they could pick up that might lead to the identification of the murdered man. In short, there was no place in New York where criminals were wont to congregate that was left "uncovered" by the police.

IT was a distressing and ghastly sight that met the eyes of Detectives Titus and Lindsay, when the murder trunk and its contents were placed before them in Baltimore. The trunk had an oval top, and smelled to high heaven. Inside was still packed the mutilated body of what had once been a man. The limbs had been severed with the greatest care, the head and neck removed from the torso in a manner that suggested the work of a skilled surgeon, the legs cut from the trunk, and the feet from the legs. Everything about the dismemberment showed that the person who did the cutting was no novice at dissection.

Titus noticed that the hands of the murdered man were soft, and bore no indications of manual labor; that the fingernails were well manicured; that the victim was well nourished, and fastidiously careful of his person. Titus also noticed that the neck had been severed by a razor or some other very sharp instrument, and that the amputation of the legs had been done by a saw. Then he asked Marshal Frey for particulars.

The Marshal told him that the trunk had arrived in Baltimore by the Adams Express on Sunday, January 22nd. It was addressed to "John A. Wilson, Baltimore, Maryland." Underneath the address were the words:

"To be kept till called for."

There being no callers for it on Sunday or Monday, the trunk was taken Tuesday from the Calvert Street station to the company's freight station on North Street.

When it was turned over to the baggage-master, the latter had exclaimed explosively:

"Oh, my God! The smell from that trunk is horrible—there's *some dead thing* inside! Send for the police!"

Superintendent Shuler was sent for, and had the trunk removed to the Central Police Station, where the lid was torn off and the horrible sight revealed.

The Baltimore police and Detective Titus figured that the

ALL was quiet in New York Police Headquarters. It was a Tuesday morning, late in January. Inspector Byrnes, Chief of the Detective Bureau, was congratulating his subordinates on the absence of mysterious crimes and crimes of violence, and the Police Commissioner was telling visitors from Canada that New York was the best governed and most peaceable city in the world, when a messenger boy, in a perfect lather of sweat, rushed up to Inspector Byrnes with a telegram. Across the envelop was stamped in large letters:

"IMMEDIATE AND URGENT!"

The Inspector at once tore open the envelop, read the message, and told the messenger that there was "no answer." His face looked suddenly grave.

The message came from Police Marshal Frey of Baltimore. Briefly, it stated that the headless and dismembered body of a man had been discovered *packed in a trunk* which had been shipped the previous Saturday from New York to Baltimore; that the murderer had cut up his victim as a butcher would a calf; and that indications pointed to the crime having been committed in New York.

Now, when such knowledge as this comes to the head of the detective force of any large city, one of the results is certain to be screaming head-lines in the newspapers, and editorial demands for immediate action on the part of the police. In this astounding moment, Byrnes prepared for action. With the promptitude and energy which always characterized him, he summoned a battalion of detectives, including George Titus and William W. McLaughlin, Magin and Von Gerichten; and Police Headquarters at once became a beehive of activity.

"What time does the next train leave the city for Baltimore?" the Inspector asked Titus.



# and the MURDER

*The little parrot screamed:  
"Where's Gus? Where's  
Gus?" WHERE WAS  
Gus? The detectives  
wanted to know!*

victim weighed about 160 pounds, was five feet, nine inches tall, and of fair complexion. As the head and neck were missing, no one could fix the man's age. The inside of the trunk was covered with blood, indicating that the ghastly packing had been done before *rigor mortis* set in.

The newspaper reporters now pressed Titus for his opinion about the crime. Nothing in the world affords a reporter so much satisfaction as gathering up the details of a bloody and mysterious murder, and writing them up with aggravating circumstantiality. He takes a living delight in this labor of love—for such it is to him, especially if he knows that he has secured a "beat" on the hated rival across the street. The Baltimore newspapers were hungry for news, and their representatives used every trick known to the profession to wheedle some out of Titus.

"A PATIENTLY planned, cold-blooded killing, done by one of the most vengeful and abnormal characters that any novelist could invent!" was all the detective could be induced to say. His face was very grave as he left the Police Station to communicate with Inspector Byrnes.

Meanwhile, Marshal Frey had called all his detectives into conference. Recalling the adage that "two heads are wiser than one," the Marshal asked each man for his opinion as to where the murder was committed and its background, telling them that any theory or train of thought that might lead to results was to be welcomed at the present juncture.

Some of the detectives expressed the belief that the crime had been committed in Chicago, and that the trunk had been shipped from there to New York and reshipped from New York to Baltimore in order to mislead and puzzle the police. They based this theory upon a tag tied to one end of the murder trunk, containing a label of the Chicago & Rock Island Railroad, Dearborn Station. Marshal Frey had fallen in with this idea, and had sent a telegram to the Chicago police at the time he sent a similar one to Inspector Byrnes.

A few of the Marshal's detectives conjectured that the murdered man was an Irishman who had been "removed" by agents of some secret revolutionary organization for some real or supposed treachery to Ireland. Others thought he was a Sicilian counterfeiter, done to death by the Mafia for disloyalty to his associates, or failure to give them a proper "split" of the proceeds of some sale of spurious money.

"Whatever opinion I may have is not of any value as evidence in the case," Detective Titus replied enigmatically.

The Coroner gave Titus permission to take the murder trunk, and the body of the unfortunate man whose dismem-



Detective William W. McLaughlin, who was assigned to the "Trunk Murder" case. Because of his efficient work he was later promoted to the position of Chief of Detectives

bered remains found temporary sepulture therein, back to New York; and the curtain fell on the Baltimore act of the sad drama, leaving the crime as deep a mystery as ever.

WHEN the murder trunk and its gory contents arrived in New York, Inspector Byrnes made a careful examination of the handwriting of the address to which it had been sent. The script was in a bold, businesslike hand, indicating a man accustomed to writing, and of more than ordinary intelligence. The ink with which it was written was blue—an unusual shade. The trunk was of cheap material, and differed in no wise from the ordinary traveling affairs.

Byrnes was closeted in his private office for a long time with Detective Titus. When he emerged, there was a puzzled look on his face. Titus had reported that one of the murdered man's fingers was deformed as a result of having been broken and improperly set, and that it was possible some doctor might remember having been consulted about it.

On hearing this, Byrnes paced his office restlessly. One well acquainted with the astute detective might have noticed an unfamiliar tension in a man usually well composed. Had the Baltimore detectives overlooked this finger? They had overlooked, or withheld from the reporters, other clues, each of which might lead to the apprehension of the murderer or murderers, but the Baltimoreans purposely withheld information from the newspaper men, fearing that its publication would apprise the slayer of clues in their possession, and thus defeat the ends of justice. Marshal (Continued on page 76)



# How "Silent Phil's" Racket TRAPPED HIM

**CAUGHT WITH THE \$10,000.**

**Sneak Thief Who Robbed Metropolitan Bank  
Went by Train to New York.**



HOW THE METROPOLITAN BANK WAS ROBBED.

**He is Philip Lambele of Chicago and Admits the Theft  
—Every Dollar Found Upon Him—His Picture in  
the Rogues' Gallery—How His Confederate Helped  
Him on the Telephone.**

This drawing from the *Boston Globe* of June 23rd, 1899, shows how Silent Phil worked his racket

**P**SYCHOLOGY, now enjoying quite some popularity among readers whose literary diet is not wholly restricted to fiction, was for years generally regarded as "high-brow stuff." Nevertheless, many of the principles of this science have always been utilized by detectives in ferreting out perpetrators of crimes. One of the fundamental requisites of a successful detective is a knowledge of human nature, to be able to figure out how an individual will act under varying circumstances, the influences of environment and association, so that he can outsmart the crook. It is only within recent years, however, that any serious attempt has been made to systematize such knowledge and apply it in regular police practice and procedure.

Psychology gives explanations for human actions, and the motives behind such actions. Many of our actions are

*"Silent Phil" Lambele had his own pet racket—and for 29 years he followed it! Then came a time . . .*

**By FRANK DONOHUE**

shaped and controlled by habit. Habitual criminals usually find that there is one branch of crime in which they are most successful—in which they become adept. Some criminals, especially safe men ("box" men, or "yeggs"), loft burglars and flat thieves, acquire so definite a technique that often the police can at once recognize a "job" as the work of So-and-So, as plainly as if he had left a signed confession behind him. Of course this is not proof, but it is a definite clue. It is the crook's individual method or mode of operating; or, in police parlance, his *modus operandi*.

**I**NTERWOVEN throughout the long criminal career of Philip Lambele, known to the underworld as "Silent Phil," run repeated visitations of his Nemesis—*modus operandi*.

His known criminal record dates back to 1894, when, at fifteen years of age, he was first arrested, in Chicago on a larceny charge.

In 1896 he came to the attention of the New York City police through his bold attempt to rob the banking house of Zimmermann & Forshay, at No. 9 Wall Street. Working with a confederate, who engaged the cashier in conversation, young Phil, with the aid of a hook that he had up his sleeve, reached in under a wire screening and fished out a bundle of bills, which fell to the floor. An office boy noticed him picking up the bills and gave the alarm, which resulted in the capture of Phil. He at that time gave the name of George Shea.

In 1899 he repeated this trick in Boston. The following account in newspapers of that time, which gave him front-page notoriety, will show how closely his *modus operandi* followed that of 1896:

—o—

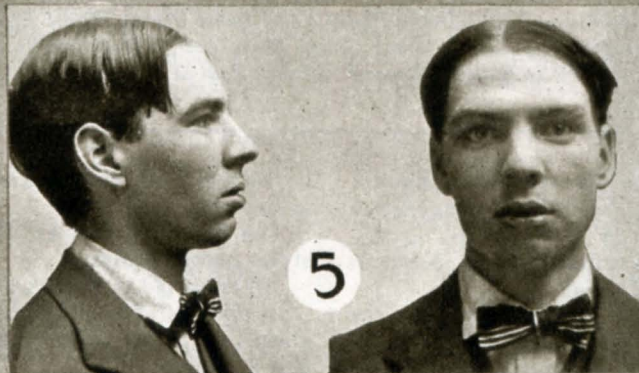
One of the cleverest thieves in this country—Philip Lambele, also known as George Shea—was captured here (New York City) last evening in less than six hours after he had walked out of the Metropolitan National Bank in Boston with a package containing \$10,000.00.

From the manner in which the thief had operated, as well as from the description that was given of him, Captain McClusky believed at once that Lambele, whose picture is in the Rogues' Gallery, was the man wanted. He called several of his shrewdest detectives to him, told them of the man he suspected, and assigned them to the railroad stations, steamboat piers and ferry landings, to watch





**H**ERE "Silent Phil" Lambele is shown at the various periods of his career, in his long trail of crime: (1) Dec. 18, 1894, as Philip Lambele, at the age of 15; Chicago. (2) Sept. 2, 1896, as George Shea; New York. (3) July 26, 1898, as Philip Gansett; New York. (4) July 30, 1898, as Philip Gansett; New York. (5) July 12, 1899, as Philip Lambele; Boston. (6) May 3, 1903, as Paul Adams; Newark (N. J.). (7) Sept. 1, 1903, as Paul Johnson; Milwaukee. (8), Nov. 3, 1903, as Paul Johnson, received at Wisconsin State Penitentiary, Waupun, Wis. (9) May 26, 1913, as James Dovono Evans; Toledo.  
(continued on page 51)





for Lambele, in case he should come directly to New York.

Up to dark last evening it was supposed that the theft was the work of only one man. Investigation at that time showed conclusively that such was not the case. Two men, at least, were concerned in it. This is how the biggest robbery Boston banking men have experienced in years was committed:

C. S. Delfendahl, the paying teller, was at his desk, when the thief stepped to the window and asked for information regarding sending a money order to St. Louis. The paying teller advised the man to go to the post-office.

The stranger seemed undecided, and while he stood apparently meditating, the teller stepped away from the window for a moment to answer a telephone call (made by Lambele's confederate).

"Hello — three-two-nine-seven."

"Metropolitan National Bank?"

"Yes."

"Is this the paying teller?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Delfendahl?"

(The paying teller had hurried to the telephone closet and was anxious to get away as quickly as possible, as this was his busy hour.)

THE paying teller: "Hello! What's wanted?"

"Is this Mr. Delfendahl?"

"Yes!"

"Does Mr. Mitchell have an account with the Metropolitan Bank?"

"What Mr. Mitchell? I don't recall the name; wait a moment and I'll see."

"No, you needn't bother about that; wait a moment; perhaps I have his full name in my book."

There was a pause, perhaps for two minutes. In the meanwhile the paying teller waited anxiously—and impatiently.

"Well, never mind; I can't seem to find it. I'll call you up later."

The telephone lines were disconnected. The teller went back to his window. He heard an exclamation from the stenographer.

"Did you pay that man any money?"

"What man?" he asked.

"Why, the man going out the door."

The teller looked and saw a man leisurely passing through the outer door.

"No; I gave nothing to him," was his reply.

"Well," the stenographer said, "he has a bundle of bills."

Instead of chasing the man, the paying teller, all unsuspecting because of the man's coolness, proceeded leisurely

to count his cash. He was shocked almost to insensibility when he discovered that \$10,000.00 was gone.

IN New York City Detective Raehume was assigned to the Grand Central Station to meet the train from Boston.

For the purpose of gaining an opportunity to scrutinize all the passengers on the Boston express, due at six o'clock, he decided to go to Harlem and board the train at 125th Street. He believed that he would thus get a better look at them than he would have if he waited until they were hurrying a way from the station. He also feared that the thief might get off at 125th Street.

Detective Raehume, on boarding the train, went through the drawing-room cars. It was not until he reached the smoking-car that he caught sight of a man who looked like Lambele. He was certain that the young man who lounged so coolly in a seat in the center of the car, and puffed at an expensive cigar, was the person he sought. The detective decided to watch him and arrest him when he reached the Grand Central Station.

One of the first to leap off the train when it reached the station was Lambele. He had

no satchel. He walked leisurely toward the exit, smoking as he went.

The detective was at his heels, and as he reached the street accosted him:

"Hold on, old man, haven't I seen you somewhere before?"

Lambele turned quickly, freeing himself from the detective's grasp. As he did so, he looked the detective full in the face and answered:

"I think you are mistaken, sir. I never saw you before."

Except for a rapid movement of his eyes he appeared to be perfectly calm, and for a moment Raehume feared he had made a mistake. But he said:

"Well, maybe I am mistaken, but I'll take the risk. I think you are the man Captain McClusky wants; so you had better come with me to Police Headquarters."

Lambele declared that he was a reputable citizen, and that he would not go to Police Headquarters.

"Oh, you can't bluff me like that," said Raehume. "Your picture is in the Rogues' Gallery."

At that Lambele made a break to get away. A crowd had collected about the two men, and as Lambele jumped, he bumped into a man hard enough to knock the latter down. The collision stopped Lambele a moment, and

HERE is a briefed, "so far as known" list of Lambele's arrests and charges made against him at various times, covering a period of about 29 years in his colorful career, in which his *modus operandi* in the thefts, hardly varied:

- o—
- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 1. Dec. 18, '94, Chicago; larceny                | 13. Sept. 1, '03, Milwaukee; bank robbery  |
| 2. Feb. 28, '95, Chicago; grand larceny          | 14. Sept. 28, '12, Chicago; murder   |
| 3. July 2, '96, Chicago; larceny                 | 15. May 26, '13, Toledo; bank robbery  |
| 4. Sept. 2, '96, New York; bank robbery          | 16. May 24, '16, Detroit; attempted bank robbery   |
| 5. July 26, '98, New York; suspicion             | 17. Dec. 20, '16, St. Louis; larceny   |
| 6. July 30, '98, New York; grand larceny         | 18. May 16, '17, Cleveland; larceny  |
| 7. June 22, '99, New York; fugitive from justice | 19. Dec. 21, '19, Chicago; drug addict and disorderly person                                   |
| 8. July 12, '99, Boston; bank robbery            | 20. May 4, '22, Cincinnati; grand larceny  |
| 9. May 5, '02, Chicago; disorderly conduct       | 21. July 17, '22, Chicago; identified as thief in \$11,500.00 bank robbery but not apprehended |
| 10. Jan. 8, '03, Chicago; grand larceny          | 22. Feb. 10, '23, Louisville; forgery; committed suicide on arrest                             |
| 11. Mar. 10, '03, Chicago; murder                |  |
| 12. May 3, '03, Newark, (N. J.); grand larceny   |  |
- o—

FOLLOWING is the list of his 13 aliases, but to the underworld he was always known as "Silent Phil": Doctor Philip Kolb; James Dovono Evans; Paul Johnson; August Berger; George Shea; George Shay; George West; Philip Gansett; Paul Adams; Philip Bailey; Thomas P. Stewart; Paul M. Powers; Albert C. Barr.





**T**HE pictures of Lambele, continued

on this page from page 49, show the effects of a life of crime in the features of the man as he becomes more and more hardened. Note No. 13 in which he has "a yen on." (10) June 24, 1913, as James Evans; Ohio State Penitentiary, Columbus. (11) May 24, 1916, as Philip Bailey; Detroit. (12) Dec. 20, 1916, as Thomas P. Stewart; St. Louis. (13) May 16, 1917, as Albert C. Barr; Cleveland. (14) Dec. 21, 1919, as Paul M. Powers; Chicago. (15) May 4, 1922, as Doctor Philip Kolb; Cincinnati. (16) Feb. 10, 1923, "Silent" Phil; Louisville.

No. 16 shows Lambele as he lay dead, shortly after he had committed suicide on arrest at Louisville, on a charge of forgery—Silent Phil's "last arrest." Here he is silent at last, with his troubles over; but strangely enough, his sobriquet of "Silent Phil" was given him by the underworld, not because of his taciturnity, but because he never gave up on an accomplice, always "taking the rap" himself





before he had gone twenty feet the detective was upon him and grabbed him from behind. Lambele struggled violently, displaying considerable strength. The two men whirled around and finally fell, rolling over and over.

The detective called for help and a dozen citizens soon had hold of Lambele. Raehume put nippers on him. While he was doing so Lambele, Raehume says, whispered that he had \$10,000.00 in his pocket which he would give up to be let go. Later, Lambele admitted making the offer.

—o—

**L**AMBELE was returned to Boston and was sentenced to 2½ to 3½ years in Massachusetts State Prison. He was released February 4th, 1902.

In 1903, under the name of Paul Johnson, he robbed the Germania National Bank of Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Read the newspaper account of this and note the resemblances in *modus operandi*:

### GRABBED \$5,000 IN A BANK

#### Thief Reaches in a Teller's Window—Caught After a Flight

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Sept. 1.—A daylight bank robbery took place to-day at the New Germania National Bank on West Water Street. The thief was captured in less than a quarter of an hour after the robbery, and as soon as the rubbish heap into which he had thrown his booty could be searched the money was recovered. He got \$5,000.00 in brand-new ten-dollar notes.

A few minutes after 1 o'clock a stranger was observed standing near the grating at the teller's wicket. Before he could be waited upon there was a telephone call for the teller. This was answered by Assistant Cashier Martin Grottinger, who was at the window. While he was absent at the telephone booth the stranger was seen to reach through the bars and seize a package of money.

Alfred G. Schultz, cashier of the bank, sat at his desk in plain view of the window. He saw the man seize the money and he gave the alarm. Before the cashier and the other employees of the bank could realize what had happened, the robber was out in the street running like a deer. The thief was followed into the basement of a department store and caught.

He gave his name as Paul Johnson of New York City.

Lambele was tried on a charge of Grand Larceny, Second Offense, Armed with Weapon, and sentenced to fifteen years in the Wisconsin State Penitentiary, at Waupun. This is the longest "bit" he ever did. He was released August 17th, 1912.

On May 26th, 1913, as James Dovono Evans, Lambele again tried the same trick. He stole \$1,000.00 from the paying teller's window of the Northern National Bank, of Toledo, Ohio. On this he got four years in the Ohio State Peni-

tentiary. He was released from prison April 11th, 1916.

Again, on May 24th, 1916, as Philip Bailey, Lambele was arrested in a bank in Detroit, Michigan. He had a hook up his sleeve. For this he did six months in the Detroit House of Correction.

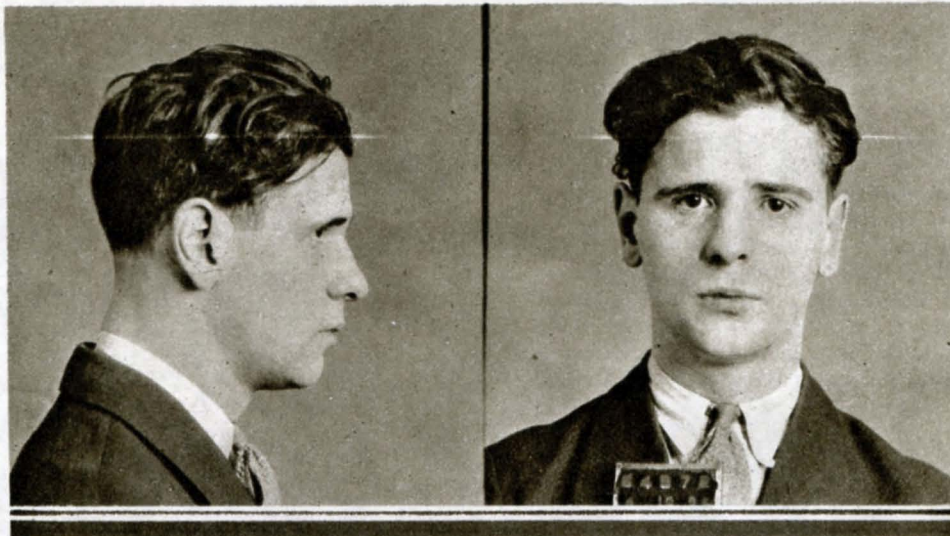
Note (see his record, shown on page 50) after serving nine years of a fifteen-year sentence, that *within 42 days of his release from the Wisconsin State Penitentiary, he was again in the toils of the law.* Long years back of prison bars did not seem to make him fear the consequences of again resorting to trying to beat the law. Note also that, after serving three years of a four-year sentence, within forty-five days of his release on April 11th, 1916, he was again back at his old trick and had been taken up in Detroit on a Grand Larceny Attempted charge.

**O**N July 17th, 1922, Lambele walked into the Merchants Loan & Trust Company, in Chicago, and went to the "officers' room." From the desk of one of the officers he took two travelers'-check books: one issued by the American Express Company, for \$6,979.00; the other issued by the American Bankers, for \$4,530.00. This time he got away clear, but *modus operandi laid the finger of suspicion on "Silent Phil."*

For seven months Lambele traveled all over the United States, leaving behind him a trail of cashed checks. In 1923 one of the private detective agencies working on the case discovered that Lambele was a drug addict, and so took the matter up with the Narcotic Bureau of the New York Police Department. In going over the case it was found that most of the checks had been cashed by haberdashers. It was also disclosed that Lambele invariably purchased a safety-razor when he cashed a check.

These *modus operandi* facts were embodied in a circular letter and sent out with photographs and finger-prints to chiefs of police and chief constables in every city of any size in the United States and Canada, asking them to

notify all "Gents' Furnishings" stores in their localities. As a result news came at once that he had passed through Buffalo, leaving checks behind, cashed in the *modus operandi* form. A few weeks later he was caught in Louisville, Kentucky. He was looking over some safety-razors in a haberdasher's shop in that city, and the proprietor called up the



Albert Lalonde, known in the underworld as "The Celluloid Kid," because of a peculiar trick he has of opening a lock with the use of a strip of celluloid

police, holding the suspect until an officer arrived.

Lambele was brought in, and when about to be conducted to the Identification Bureau to have his finger-prints taken, he suddenly snatched a .45-caliber automatic pistol from a desk drawer, where he had seen a detective place it, and fired a shot into his head, from the effects of which he died several hours later.

His wife was located in a hotel; a quantity of narcotics was also in his room. His wife was (Continued on page 84)



# The ST. LOUIS *Gang Rule* TERROR



"All you gotta do is to keep still, kid, and you won't get hurt!"

*Here are the inside facts on the notorious Egan gang, of St. Louis—a sensational exposé from Renard, member of that terrorizing band of criminals, who, now back of prison bars, can tell the real truth!*

## FOREWORD

**R**AY RENARD, alias "The Fox," marked for death by former gangster associates, has been a purse-snatcher, shoplifter, freight thief, payroll-bandit, bank-robber, gunman, gangster, and the lieutenant of William P. (Dint) Colbeck, leader of the Egan gang in St. Louis.

It was Renard who, breaking with the gang and discarding the code of silence of his one-time pals, took the witness stand in Federal court on three occasions and, with coolness and deliberation, testified to the facts that sent eight of his former associates to Leavenworth Penitentiary, five of them being Egan gangsters who received sentences totaling forty years.

Renard is the sleek, well-groomed type of criminal, who, when free, drives about in a high-powered automobile. He owned a suburban bungalow which was beautifully appointed and his kennel of dogs was the envy of his fellows.

Arrested 138 times, he has been accused of almost every crime on the statute-books, including murder. His career stamps him as one of the most desperate law-breakers of modern police history.

He is now serving a sentence of seven years in Atlanta Penitentiary for an old crime—the theft of merchandise.

By  
**RAY RENARD**

As told to  
**HARRY T. BRUNDIGE**

Recently he made the following statement: "I'm only twenty-five now, and when I have discharged my debt to society, if I'm not suddenly shot in the back, I'm going to follow the straight and narrow path, even if I have to take up where I left off nine years ago, driving a coal wagon."

**I**N the February and March issues, Renard told of his beginnings in a life of crime at the age of 14, of his first arrest, of the gradual hardening of his nature in association with tough criminals, and finally, after pulling off various robberies and stick-ups, how he came to join the notorious Egan gang, which day in and day out, plied its trade of robbery, extortion and murder.

One morning, Renard, Chippy Robinson and four others of the gang, after an all-night session of gambling and drinking, start out to stick-up pay-roll clerks of the Consolidated Coal Company, of Collinsville, Illinois. The clerks had the money in a black grip, which they had brought from the bank, and were in the act of unlocking the door of the Company's offices when Chippy, pointing a gun at them ordered, "Stick 'em up!" What happened next follows:



**W**E seized the black grip and money bag from the two terror-stricken coal company employees, and then backed into our waiting car. Chippy still kept our victims covered with his gun, but they were too petrified to resist, anyway.

Then we sped away.

We stopped to count the money, when we were a safe distance away. There was \$14,300.00 in bills, and \$164.00 in silver. We threw the silver away, drove back to the gang's headquarters at Maxwelton Inn, and split the money.

That job was easy.

There has always been a lot of mystery about who staged all the big bank and payroll robberies, but it isn't any mystery at all. Egan's Rats pulled almost every big job, and some of the little ones, in and near St. Louis between 1919 and 1925. The police were always puzzled, and didn't know which way to turn, but if they had forgotten about the line that divides the city and county and dashed out to Maxwelton Inn as soon as they got word of a big job, they usually would have found the robbers in the Inn, dividing the loot.

It's true that the police were handicapped. Even when they did get a fellow who was right for a job they couldn't make a case against him, because the people who had seen the robbery refused to identify the bandit who was caught. Most of these witnesses feared that their own heads would be shot off before going to court to testify.

Lots of times people would identify some member of the gang and then change their minds after thinking it over.

In these last few weeks I have been making up a list of the payroll, bank, mail and whisky robberies which we pulled, and by referring to newspaper clippings in my possession, figuring out the amount of the loot. I can't remember all of the jobs and there are some I don't know about for certain. But the list of jobs with which I am familiar in detail shows that the value of the loot stolen by the Egan gang between 1919 and 1925—cash, bonds and whisky—totaled \$4,685,770.00; and other jobs that I can't give exact figures on put this amount over \$5,000,000.00.

If the people of St. Louis had realized how much they were contributing annually to the support of that mob, the gang would have been put out of business long ago. Do St. Louis residents realize that there haven't been so many bank and payroll robberies since the leaders of the mob were locked up in Leavenworth prison?

**H**ERE is a list of big robberies which the Egan gang staged and in many of which I had a hand, during those years:

Baden Bank, April 10th, 1919; \$59,300.00.

Lowell Bank, April 9th, 1920; \$12,000.00.

Hodiamont Bank, October 21st, 1921; \$7,189.19.

Gravois Bank of St. Louis

County, March 6th, 1922; value of loot, \$3,500.00.

Messenger of the Water Tower Bank, April 4th, 1922; \$7,200.00.

Messenger of the Bank of Maplewood, January 17th, 1922; \$4,500.00.

Messenger of the Chouteau Trust Company, March 3rd, 1922. The loot, not included in my figure, was \$36,197.00, all of which was in checks.

Messenger of the Tower Grove Bank, July 5th, 1922; \$21,200.00 in cash and \$78,000.00 in checks.

Jack Daniel Warehouse, held up and robbed of whisky worth \$30,000.00 on December 8th, 1922.

St. Louis Mail truck robbery, April, 1923, in which bonds worth \$3,000,000.00 were stolen.

Staunton, Illinois, mail robbery, May, 1923, in which \$54,130.00 was stolen.

Messenger of North St. Louis Savings Trust Company, March 9th, 1923; \$360.00.

Anderson Laundry payroll robbery, January 12th, 1923; \$3,500.00.

St. Louis Dairy Company payroll robbery, May 22nd, 1923; \$3,400.00.

Granite City National Bank, April 25th, 1923; \$63,000.00.

Milking of the Jack Daniel Warehouse, summer of 1923, whisky valued at \$1,800,000.00.

Consolidated Coal Company payroll, November 15th, 1923; \$14,464.00.

Park Savings Trust Company, November 6th, 1923; \$2,380.00.

United Railways, July 2nd, 1923; \$38,000.00.

State Bank of Wellston, March 16th, 1923; \$18,000.00.

Wellston Trust Company, September 20th, 1924; \$40,000.00.

Citizens' Bank of Maplewood, February 26th, 1924; \$8,500.00.

West St. Louis Trust Company, January 15th, 1924; \$26,850.00.



We made them stand with their faces to the wall

**T**HE Tower Grove Bank messenger was an easy job. The messenger (Joseph E. Mossop) made his trips to and from the down-town banks on a street-car. A policeman always rode with him. The same crowd pulled the Tower Grove job that pulled the coal company job, but, if I remember right, we had Bill Engler with us, too. We followed the street-car in which the messenger and the cop (Patrolman Kunz) were riding with the money. I stayed in the car while the mob boarded it at Arsenal and Virginia. Chippy and Steve covered the cop while Londe and Dougherty got the dough from the messenger. Chippy took the copper's gun, and they jumped off and got back in the automobile. We got \$21,200.00 in cash and \$78,000.00 in checks.

"Big" George Ayers, who was picked up for that job, was identified as one of the bandits. He didn't have anything to do with it.

I remember one time, when the mob was trying to figure out a new job, that one of the gang suggested we get the messenger for the Chouteau Trust Company again, recalling that a few months before (December 8th,



1921) they had robbed him of \$8,100.00. It was agreed to try again, and we got him a few days later.

We parked our auto a few yards from the bank, and when the messenger (Edward Edwards) came out with the money, Chippy stepped from the automobile, stuck a gun on him, picked up the package which he dropped and got back in the car. It was a big package and we thought we had made a killing, but the \$36,000.00 which we got was all in checks—not a dollar in cash!

Another job was getting the messenger of the North St. Louis Savings Trust Company. He (William Pepper) put up a battle. Chippy cracked him on the head with his pistol. The way the man fought to save the package led us to believe it was a big haul, but we got only \$360.00. The messenger got a gold medal and deserved it.

There were a lot of jobs attempted which we did not get away with, of course. One I remember in detail. Bill Engler got a tip that a load of tobacco worth \$15,000.00 would leave the American Tobacco Company for the Terminal Railroad depot at a certain time. That was on January 25th, 1924. Engler, myself and a couple of others went out to get it. We trailed the driver (Stephen Schowe) to Laclede and Spring Avenues, where we stuck him up and took his truck. We drove him all the way to Affton, Missouri, for a blind, and made him get out there.

We drove the truck back into St. Louis and out to the barn of a receiver of stolen property on Italian Heights. We unloaded part of the tobacco that night and hauled it away. The next day we went back with another truck which we had stolen and put the rest of the tobacco in it. Just as we got in front of 3934 Shaw Avenue, the engine stopped. We learned later that we had left the choker out and that was what stalled the motor. We beat it, and later I and another fellow drove by in my automobile. The police had found the truck and were standing near it. I dropped down in the car as we passed, so the police wouldn't see me. They didn't notice us, and we kept on going.

AS I said, there are a lot of robberies that the gang pulled—a lot that I helped in myself—that I don't remember. I could sit down and tell robbery stories by the hour, but I'm not going to, because the details in nearly every instance are just the same.

There are some, of course, that I did not see, but I got the details later. The mob used to sit around the Inn and talk about old jobs by the hour. Take the Baden, Lowell and Hodiadmont bank jobs. They were pulled before I started trooping with the mob. But I've heard Chippy Robinson and Dint tell all the details, and give the police the horse-laugh for calling them "mysteriers." There are a lot of other jobs that I think I know about, but I'm not writing about things I merely suspect.

Those I have listed I know about, and am willing to go into court and testify to.

There was another occasion on which Oliver Dougherty, Isadore Londe and I were planning a payroll robbery on Washington Avenue. We all had guns, of course. We passed a bunch of police in an automobile at Twelfth and Washington. They saw us, and while they were turning their car around, we dashed north on Tenth Street and kept going. As we passed the North District Police Station at Deer Street and Easton Avenue, we tossed out our guns, and if the doors of the station house had been open the pistols would have gone right into the station!

A few days later, while I was giving a prospective job the once-over, Detective Sergeant Egenriether saw me. I was driving my car and attempted to make a getaway, but he followed in his car. I was leading by a couple of blocks when the railroad gates were lowered at the crossing at Newstead and Duncan, just a few yards ahead of me. I stopped at the gates and Egenriether, coming up, gave me a punch in the mouth. It was three days before Colbeck got me out of the hold-over.

He was a power in those days, and I shall now discuss him—the man who was for years the most feared in Missouri.

WILLIAM P. ("DINT") COLBECK'S rise to the position of "king of the gangsters" dates back to that night of October 31st, 1921, when a rain of bullets from the guns of hired murderers ended the life of Constable William T. Egan.

Dint can look a long way ahead. He grabbed Egan's crown, and surrounded himself with a bunch among whom were several cold-blooded killers.

He made the most of his outwardly pleasant disposition, and gained friends everywhere. He did favors for all who asked. He fronted for crooks, gave away money, played politics, delivered votes, slapped policemen of high and low rank on the back, sent them Christmas presents, and flattered everybody. He posed as a man whose closest friends were judges, police officers and big politicians, and he claimed to "carry the keys" to all the police stations and the St. Louis jail. He was always looking ahead to the time when he would be the "Big Boss" of St. Louis and St. Louis County.

It was Egan's death, as I said, that put Colbeck in power with the gang. When Dint came home from the war, Egan took a fancy to him. Dint had made a reputation as a fighter, and had come home a sergeant. He had hung around Egan's saloon before going over, and Egan used to show him off, when he came back.

Egan put him in business as a plumber. In those days Max Greenberg was Egan's right-hand man.

Egan sent Greenberg down south to bring a load of whisky up the Mississippi on a boat. Egan gave him a lot of money to buy the liquor. Max came back and said he'd bought the stuff, but that the boat sank on the way to St. Louis! Egan accused Max of giving him the double-cross, and their friendship ceased.

Soon after this, somebody took several shots at Greenberg while he was talking to John P. Sweeney at Sixth and Chestnut Streets. Sweeney had worked in the office of Lawrence McDaniel, who was circuit attorney. One of the bullets hit Greenberg in the jaw; another killed poor Sweeney. I wasn't with the mob then, but I've heard them tell that it was Egan who tried to get Max. Anyway, it was just a couple of weeks or so later that an automobile sped by the Egan

(Continued on page 110)





# Will the AMBROSE SMALL



(Above) Colonel Porter, who wrote the story

(Right) An exclusive photograph of Doctor Langsner. His life is in constant danger and it is next to impossible to persuade him to pose for a picture

**T**HE Strange Story of the Lost Millionaire, involving the puzzling disappearance of Ambrose J. Small, millionaire theatrical potentate, of Toronto, Canada, nine years ago, written by me and published in the September number of TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES, has an interesting sequel.

No actual light has been cast on the famous disappearance, but the interest awakened, not only in Canada, particularly Toronto, but in remote sections of the world, through the publicity, has disclosed new phases—some of them nothing short of sensational—which may ultimately result in solving the case that has involved so many astonishing features.

I have received scores of letters from all parts of the world,

*The body of the "Missing Millionaire," theatrical magnate of Toronto, has never been found—though for nine years the world-wide search has continued! Will Doctor Maximilian Langsner, famous Viennese criminologist, shown below, now unravel the baffling mystery that shrouds this amazing case?*



from those who read my previous story in TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES. Many of them have given the writers an opportunity to advance theories they have evolved, and a few have actually supplied information that the authorities are now engaged in probing.

Probably the most spectacular feature growing out of the story is that supplied by the interest displayed in the mystery by Doctor Maximilian Langsner, celebrated criminologist of Vienna. Doctor Langsner is the exponent of a school of "thought transmission" in Vienna, and is widely known for his success in solving criminal mysteries in many parts of the world. He was in western Canada, "looking over the country," he explains, when he first read the copy of TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES containing *The Strange Story of the Lost Millionaire*. He said he was immediately intrigued by the circumstances related.

**H**E began to make a study of the case. Apparently, he had other agencies through which he worked, for it is not of record that he, personally, has been in Toronto since learning of the case.

But in Edmonton, Alberta, Doctor Langsner recently announced, and was quoted in the public prints as saying, that he "**would solve the mystery, that Small had been murdered for his money, and that he would produce very shortly the skeleton of the victim, and cause the arrest of the murderer!**"

This sounds like a rather reckless boast, but the famous "thought transmission" criminologist has no mean reputation for keeping his word, especially among high police officials in several countries.

It happened that I was in Edmonton in July, writing for my press association the story of a quadruple murder at Mannville, forty miles away. A farmer's wife, Mrs. Eunice Booher, her son Fred, and two hired men, Gabriel Goromby and Wasil Rosyk, had been found at the farm home—shot to death. A twenty-one-year-old son, Vernon, had found them dead—according to his story—when he returned from the field.



# Mystery YET be SOLVED?

By Colonel GARNETT CLAY PORTER

General Manager, International Press News Association, Winnipeg

No stranger had been seen in the locality. The surviving son had a good reputation. The tragedy was a baffling mystery to the police. Posses combed the country; the hunt was futile. But the son's story did not click in all details. So the police held him "as a material witness," for they had absolutely no evidence of his connection with the gruesome affair.

ONE clue was found: an exploded .303 British shell, lying in a dishpan in the farm kitchen, near the victims. A neighbor owned a rifle that would fit such a shell, but the gun had mysteriously disappeared about the time of the tragedy. Booher, the suspected son, had been a visitor at the neighbor's home, and knew of the rifle.

Doctor Langsner was called in on the case. He visited Vernon in his cell. For half an hour he was alone with the

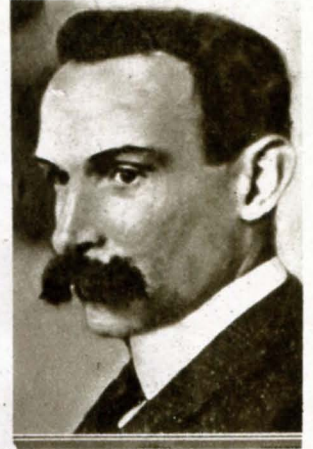


(Left) Rose-dale Ravine, Toronto, where the police excavated, expecting to find Small's body

boy. The criminologist sat in absolute silence, "reading" the boy's mind. Following the "thought impulses" thus received, he asked to be accompanied to the scene of the shooting. A detective on the case went with him. Almost at once, Doctor Langsner went to a clump of brush near the house, scraped away leaves, and unearthed a rifle. *It was the same that had once belonged to the neighbor.*

Confronted with the rifle which the exploded shell fitted, young Booher, the police asserted, confessed the crime. He had committed the murder, he explained—according to the police—because his family objected to his paying attention to a young girl of the neighborhood.

(Right) Ambrose Small, the missing theatrical magnate



(Below) Searchers digging for Small's body, under the direction of Detective Sergeant Austin Mitchell, following rumors of his secret burial



When Booher was brought to trial, charges of hypnotism and post-hypnotic suggestion, against Doctor Langsner, made the trial one of the most sensational ever staged in Canada. The outcome is now history. [See special announcement on the Booher case at the end of this story. Ed.]

I met Doctor Langsner — a

quiet, unassuming gentleman of highly nervous temperament. He, apparently, did not seek publicity, but he *did* give a "thought reading" exhibition, very privately, to a party of newspaper men, one of whom was Charles Morrison, managing editor of the Edmonton *Daily Journal*, a man of standing and experience, twenty-five years with the paper.

THE exhibition consisted chiefly of having the newspaper men hide things in the absence of the crime specialist, which he instantly found, without hesitation, when admitted to the room. Mr. Morrison admitted to me that the performance of Doctor Langsner baffled him, absolutely. He could not explain it except, as the Vienna specialist explained it himself, by "thought transmission." He told Mr. Morrison not once, but *repeatedly, precisely what he was thinking of*. He asserted that he could do this *nearly every time*. He could not explain his feats further than to assert that they were due to a sixth sense which he had discovered as a child, and had developed 100 per cent.

So this is the character who now has been brought into the "*Mystery of the Missing Millionaire*."

Among my numerous letters on the case is one of three pages, from F. T. Tomlinson, of 179 Gilbert Avenue, Toronto, Canada. He wrote that he had read the TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES' story on Ambrose Small. His letter follows:

"I am convinced that I met

(Continued on page 10)



# "Get *the Man Higher Up!*"

"Put 'em up!" I ordered



By **GEORGE J. HYAMS**, Private Investigator  
As told to **EDWIN A. GOEWEY**

**M**Y taxi turned into Vernon Avenue. On either side were ornate mansions, surrounded by carefully landscaped gardens dotted with luxurious foliage which partly hid them from the passers-by in the highway; the homes of the metropolis' wealthy and socially prominent residents. Two or three minutes more and I would reach my destination, the monster granite pile in which lived Wheeler Randolph, the city's dominant financier.

A few years previous—in my capacity of private investigator—I had rendered him a considerable service by recovering a great deal of money from an absconding relative. A mutual acquaintance had sent him to me in New York. Fortunately, I had been able to accomplish my task without publicity—something he desired because of the embarrassment it would have caused his family. Now he had sent for me to come to the city he lived in, to perform an even more delicate task.

Feeling to make certain that the tousled wig I wore was in place, I drew the brim of my hat further over my eyes, buttoned the turned-up collar of my raincoat about my throat, and grasped my cane.

The cab swung to the curb and halted with a squeaking of brakes. Glancing out into the drizzle, which added to the night's blackness, I noted only one other vehicle in the street, a limousine displaying only parking lights, almost opposite

the banker's house. The car might be there on a legitimate errand. But, considering my mission, I could afford to take no chances.

My driver reached back and swung the door wide. I stumbled out, leaning heavily upon my cane. As I drew a handful of coins from my pocket, I permitted a half dollar to fall to the pavement, certain the ring of silver would carry far. Uttering an ejaculation of impatience, I stooped as if to recover it, but purposely placed a foot over it. The chauffeur slipped from his seat to assist in the search. Both of us were bent double. But, while he hunted, my eyes were on the automobile across the way. As I had anticipated, the car was not vacant. Two blurred faces appeared at the windows—watching us.

"Lookouts," I said to myself.

**I** RECOVERED the coin, paid double fare, next moved toward the front door, counterfeiting the shambling of age. The servant who answered my ring, noting my shabby appearance, grudgingly took the letter I directed him to deliver to his employer, then closed the door carefully, leaving me standing in the shadows of the vestibule. But he was back, quickly. Entering, I brushed aside his efforts to relieve me of my coat and hat, and followed him to a great library where Randolph stood, my missive still in his hand.



*The city's criminal dope ring had wrecked the life of a rich man's son. "Get the unknown man behind this, dead or alive!" the heart-broken father instructed Detective Hyams. It was a lone man's fight against modern municipal corruption and underworld terror. Did the detective make good?*

As the door clicked behind me, and while I looked about to make certain the drapes covered all windows so we could not be observed by anyone outside, his smile of welcome gave way to a look of amazement.

"Why—this note said Mr. Hyams was——"

"I'll explain," I cut in. "But first, are you absolutely certain none can eavesdrop?"

"I can vouch for my servants' fidelity, and I'll make certain we are not disturbed." He crossed the room and locked the door, then turned. "Why did Hyams send you, instead——?"

"I'M glad you don't recognize me," I replied, placing my coat and hat upon a chair, then pulling off the wig and tossing it with them. "I very seldom resort to false hair; never in daylight. But in the dark and storm, I believe it served; helped me to appear as old as I wanted to."

"Now I know you, Mr. Hyams!" He gripped my hand. "But your old clothing, your unkempt hair, the stubble on your face—I don't quite——" He motioned me to a chair, and dropped into another.

"One of the reasons I'm more or less disguised, Mr. Randolph, is because you insisted in your letter that I consult you here and not at your offices at your bank. It would have been better at the latter, where I probably would not have attracted the attention of possible spies among the many who see you daily."

"But here, with my family away and only trusted servants about, the privacy is perfect!"

"You're wrong. Switch off the lights, peep from one of the front windows, and you'll note an automobile across the roadway."

He did as I directed, relighted the electrics, and resumed his chair.

"There *is* a car there. But there usually is one or more in the street at all times. What has this one got to do with your disguise?"

"I believe this house is being watched constantly, that all your callers may be trailed and their identity established.



*"Look out behind you!" came a shriek from Mae*

A test I made partly convinced me there are spies in that car. I expect to prove my suspicion when I leave."

"I can scarcely credit what you say."

"I'll be more explicit, but you mustn't be offended because of my blunt speech. Grasp these cold facts. This is one of the worst governed cities in America. For years the local crime situation has been so bad that it has been held up to ridicule in all decent communities.

**T**HE administration officials, with few exceptions, are in cahoots with the criminal element. The latter help steal the elections for the governing political machine, and in return are protected in their vice, which includes robbery, blackmail, bootlegging, dope selling—everything up to wholesale murder!

"There are judges here who will admit crooks to bail no matter how serious their offenses. Conklin, your Chief of Police, whom I know personally, and a majority of his men are honest. But they can make little headway against the criminals, because of lack of support from the administration



rulers and the big odds against them. Am I not correct?"

"What you state is the truth. Some of the newspapers have said as much."

"But what the newspapers didn't state was that *you big business men* are most responsible for the rotten condition. You permitted these crooks—in and out of office—to gain control here because you seldom suffered personally; except, perhaps, where forced strikes suspended building operations, and tribute was forced before work was permitted to be resumed.

"Recently, however, one angle of the terrible local conditions *did* hit you, Mr. Randolph. Then you became angry, and were seized with a sudden spasm of civic virtue. You attacked conditions in the newspapers—though keeping the real reason for your change of front undercover—and tried to organize the other men of wealth here to back a fight to compel a clean-up. You failed—for the others were too selfish to help and, for business reasons, they preferred to soft-pedal rather than give the city's scandals further publicity."

"True. But I dropped out of the limelight, waited a while, then sent for you to do something—quietly."

"You thought you did something clever. But you failed to give the crooks credit for the sagacity and resourcefulness I've found most of them possess. They were bound to make certain you'd abandoned your reform notions. I believe you have been under surveillance ever since you first declared yourself!"

"I suspected something of the kind at my offices. But out here—"

"Now, let us discuss your letter and its purpose. You seek revenge because your son, Herbert, has suffered through the local criminals. And yet, without any real effort being made by you or his mother to curb him, he has been running wild for years. Just another only son with unlimited funds to indulge in—"

"You are—ah—going pretty far—"

"No, I'm not! We must deal with all the cards above the table or we'll get nowhere.

"Herbert, at twenty, after being expelled from two colleges, is a physical wreck from drugs, obtained in resorts he frequented with other wealthy men's sons. You've sent him abroad with his mother and a physician to regain his health. And, because the crime shoe finally has pinched you, you send for me to break up the local dope ring."

"**N**OT only break up the ring, but get *the man behind it* and the other crime movements! For I'm convinced they're all intertwined. I know nothing positive, but according to rumor the situation is dominated and directed by some master criminal whose identity is known to but few and who, ultimately, receives a major share of the illicit profits.

"I don't trust the local officials, but I *do* trust you. I've tested your ability.

"You're to get 'the man higher up'—then name your figure. Understand me clearly. Get this man, dead or alive, any way which will terminate his activities, and I'll be more than generous. I'll do anything you desire of me. But I'm impatient for action. I only wish you'd come as soon as you received my letter."

"I did come at once."

"Why, it was a week ago that I received your cipher telegram stating you would see me, but might be delayed."

"Correct. What I knew of affairs here, coupled with the facts that you mailed your letter to me from another city, that you had me reply in cipher, and that you were afraid to have me come to your offices lest there be a spy among your employees who might spot me, satisfied me I'd better do a little advance investigating.

"I had to gain some first-hand knowledge of the local situation before beginning my work. For—and you know this as well as I—I must act practically alone. The instant I am spotted, and my mission suspected, the criminals and the officials will be arrayed against me. Were my real purpose to become known, I would be murdered without warning. I'm

not afraid to tackle this job, but I'm going to do everything possible to protect my skin."

"You think it's as bad as that?"

"*I know it.* I got off the train armed with two guns. I shall go armed every second I'm here. And if I'm cornered, I'll shoot to kill, for I've already discovered sufficient to realize this will be a fight without quarter. In my investigations to date, however, I've used disguises. I couldn't afford to be suspected before I even got started, because that would have resulted in a battle which would have put the criminals on their guard and ruined my usefulness."

"What are you going to do?" There was a hopeless note in his tone.

"I'm going to try to do what you desire—land this man higher up, and the others identified with the dope traffic. I hate dope traffickers as I do no other criminals. But I can't clean up your city completely. The decent element here must unite to bring that about, after I've finished my job. However, I won't make another move unless I'm to have a free hand, absolutely."

"I agree. What else?"

"Place twenty-five thousand dollars in the Harbor Bank to the account of 'James Williams.' I may have need for a lot of money. If I want to consult you, I'll find a way to see you alone. But the probabilities are, you won't see me again until I've made good—or failed. However, you'll hear from me frequently."

"**I** HOPE to God you make good—for my sake, and for the sake of other parents who do not realize the dangers—" A spasm of pain twitched his features.

"One thing more, and I'll be going. If you should not hear from me for three consecutive days, you'll know the crooks have 'got' me. Then go to Chief of Police Conklin, and tell him to get busy. I've already seen him, and he knows I'm working on a case here, though I've not confided its nature or your connection with it."

"You have made me anxious for your safety. How will you avoid those watching from the automobile?"

"I shall leave by the rear door. When I fail to reappear in front, it will excite some suspicion, of course. Better that, however, than being trailed. I must avoid that. You show me the way—then come back, and hide this coat and wig."

My purpose in having him accompany me was that I anticipated he would see enough to frighten him so that he would not confide in anyone, even his most intimate friend. The slightest gossip might put my life in jeopardy. As we left the house, we walked openly down a driveway toward the shrubbery which fenced the rear. At a turn, I drew him into the shadow of a clump of bushes.

"Look back toward the house and watch closely," I whispered.

The wait was only for seconds. Then a tiny flame flashed, and went out. A second followed suit. They might have been fireflies; but I knew otherwise. Almost immediately a trembling whistle, like the cry of a nightbird, sounded from the street in the rear of the grounds, perhaps 300 feet distant. There was a moment of dead silence, then a similar cry, fainter and further away.

"What does it mean?" he gasped, his lips close to my ear.

"That my guess is working out. There are watchers working with those in the machine. The lookout behind the house flashed a signal to those in the rear roadway; lighted and extinguished two tapers, I think. The whistles were made by men, not birds. You return inside, but keep in the shrubbery all the way. I'll manage to dodge them."

I moved away, crouching, walking on tiptoe and hugging the shadows. In holsters beneath my arms were an automatic and a long-barrel revolver. I drew the latter. Unless compelled to, I wouldn't shoot. But I was playing a lone hand against criminals who were demonstrating that they would leave no stone unturned to uncover any agency which might be operating against them; and I couldn't risk being spotted—yet. A fake hold-up would be (Continued on page 85)



# "DENVER DUDE"



By Warden  
"JIM HART"  
As told to  
JOHN W. GREY

"Well, I'll be——!" Kelly snarled. "The Warden of the Beecham stir!"

**DEBONAIR** Jack Kelly, alias "Denver Dude," crackman and hold-up expert, lands in Beecham Prison. His is the smile that won't come off—not even with the dismal prospect of a twenty-year stretch in convict stripes ahead of him!

Warden Hart admires his gameness, but, suspecting his scheming cleverness, watches him closely. Yet in spite of Hart's wariness, Kelly's wife smuggles a gun into the prison, tricks the Warden—and Kelly escapes with the woman, all done smoothly and without a hitch.

The Warden himself undertakes to bring them back, and finally, through letters to a twin sister of Mrs. Kelly, in Chicago, he trails the pair to Louisville, Kentucky.

Watching the house where they have gone in, he sees Kelly come out with two companions. Suddenly Kelly comes walking rapidly down the street, straight toward him. The Warden reaches for his gun. It is gone. Kelly is coming nearer, and——

**I** HEAVED a sigh of relief when Kelly, instead of stopping, brushed past me and dashed into the drug store on the corner. He had not recognized me!

Before he came out, an automobile pulled up in front of the place, and Kelly's companions got into it. Kelly joined them shortly, and they all drove off.

About twenty minutes later the policeman whom I had sent to the telephone came back to tell me that three detectives were on their way out to meet me. They came while I was talking to the officer. I introduced myself, exhibited my credentials, and then hurriedly told them what had occurred; after which I gave them the history of Kelly's escape from Beecham Prison.

"They'll be back," Detective Caruthers said. "Tomorrow morning we'll hear about some bank being robbed!" (Incidentally, the first edition of a Louisville newspaper the next morning carried an account of a desperate attempt to rob

*Which is strongest—a game man's determination not to "talk"—or authority to make him talk, with physical torture to back it up? Which would you say?*

a bank at Owensville.)

We "covered" the house until five-thirty in the morning, at which time Kelly returned — alone. We waited until seven-thirty, figuring that by that time he would be sleeping. I borrowed a gun from one of the detectives. Then we entered the house. Kelly himself opened the door, in his pajamas, and

beyond I had a glimpse of his wife in bed. I advanced into the room, holding my gun ready.

"Well, I'll be——!" Kelly snarled. "The Warden of the Beecham stir! What the hell are you doing down in this country, Warden?"

His wife turned white when she saw me, and Kelly backed to the bed as if to protect her.

"Good heavens!" she gasped faintly.

"I've been looking for you two birds for four weeks!" I said. "Since the day, four weeks ago, when you put one over on me. I quit my job to get you!"

"I guess you've got me now, all right!" snapped Kelly, venomously.

He agreed, however, quietly enough, to return with me. But his wife said she would "see me in hell before she would go back to Beecham."

She fought extradition, I won, and back she had to go. And when she got back, she was convicted for smuggling a gun into the prison and aiding a prisoner to escape, but received a suspended sentence.

**F**ROM here on my one ambition was to keep Kelly until he completed his term. I was well aware of the fact that he would attempt to escape again at the first opportunity,



and that his wife would probably aid him if she could.

Immediately after my return to the prison, I called all my keepers together and told them that I wanted them to keep tabs on Kelly night and day. I was determined that no slip-up on my part should again contribute to his aid.

Twenty-four hours after his return to the prison, Kelly turned up among the missing! Instantly all the other prisoners were locked in their cells, and the search began. He had been missed when the count was taken. The shoe-shop guard recalled having seen him in the line just a moment before the prisoners left the shop for the cell house.

"He was in the line," George Barr, the head shoe-shop guard declared, "but I don't remember having seen him after that."

**NONE** of the guards could account for Kelly's disappearance. The jail yard was lined with guards. The distance from the shoe shop to the cell house was about 150 yards.

How had he managed to get out of the line, and where did he go?

Nobody could answer these questions, so the only thing to do was to institute a search of the entire prison.

We started at the shoe shop, and "combed" it from one end to the other. No Kelly anywhere. From the shoe shop we went to the storehouse where the leather was kept, but no evidence of the missing cracksman did we find. Up and

tell every prisoner in the place that I am convinced that Kelly has gone over the walls!

"Some prisoner who knows where Kelly is hiding will tell him that we think he's gone. Some prisoner will tell him that the guards have been taken off the walls, and then, if my hunch is any good at all, Mr. Kelly will try to get over the walls just as soon as these stories have been relayed to him."

After this story had been in circulation for a few hours, I *did* take the guards off the walls. I took them off the walls and put them *outside* the walls. I increased the force so that Mr. Kelly couldn't get away. I had had three guards, but I put twelve guards outside the walls. I stationed them 100 yards apart, so that one could see the other. But a man, an escaping prisoner, coming over the wall, would not be able to see the guards on the ground below him, for the reason that the stone walk on the top walls projected out eleven inches, and the walls dovetailed in toward the foundation. He wouldn't be able to see the guards until he slid over the stone walk on the wall and started to climb down.

I had only one night guard inside the walls. I let that man make his rounds as usual, and I cautioned him to act as he had always acted.

"If anything," I said to him, "be a little careless, for I want this bird to think that he has beaten us!"

This night guard had always carried a gun, but on this

---

**"There was her head, protruding from the trap. From under the big, black cap which covered her head came horrible sounds.**

**"She was slowly strangling to death, gasping for breath. . . ."**

---

down the prison we went. Midnight came, and still we had not found him. I was frantic. After all I had gone through to capture this fellow, he had beaten me again!

The walls were heavily guarded, and I was certain that he had not got out. We searched every nook and corner of the big prison, but even though I had been at the prison for twenty years, and thought I knew every inch of it, we did not locate Kelly.

In view of the fact that I was sure Kelly was hiding in some part of the prison, I resorted to a scheme which I thought would bring him out. If Kelly was still within the prison walls, he may have contrived to lay in a stock of food and water to keep him alive until he got over the walls. I figured he had calculated how long he would have to remain in hiding before he could make the attempt to get outside. If he didn't get over the walls before his "grub" gave out, he would be compelled to obtain food and water from some prisoner. If I kept every man locked up, I could block this scheme and starve him out. It all depended upon keeping him from getting over the walls.

Seven days went by. Here is where I decided to resort to a little detective strategy. I called all my keepers together and told them my plan.

"Kelly's still inside the walls," I said. "I'll stake my life that he's hiding somewhere, and that somebody's feeding him. *Some prisoner who we think is all right, is feeding him right now.* We've got to match wits with this safe cracker. To-morrow morning we will circulate the story that Kelly must have escaped. We'll send all the prisoners back to work. We'll let it be known that we have taken all the guards off the walls, and I want every one of you men to

night I took the gun away from him. I knew what sort of man Kelly was. I had an idea what he would do if he ever got his hands on a gun! I made a good move when I took that gun away from the yard night guard, as you will presently see. .

I was so thoroughly convinced that Kelly would come over the wall, that I joined my men just as soon as darkness spread. I wanted to greet my determined adversary as I had greeted him in Louisville. The hours drifted by slowly—*nine, ten, eleven.* Finally midnight came, and still no sign of Kelly. I was haunted by the thought that he *might* have beaten me.

**A**T two o'clock it began to rain. It poured until three o'clock. I was deliberating whether to call it off or to keep up the watch until daybreak. Suddenly I heard a sharp, metallic ring over my head. I heard something strike the top of the wall. I knew what it was instantly. It was a hook thrown from the inside of the prison to catch on the top of the wall.

"Kelly!" I thought excitedly.

Something hit the ground beside me. It was a rope. Then I saw Mr. Kelly coming down the rope like a monkey. He threw up his hands when I put my gun on him.

"Licked again!" he laughed. "Seems like I can't beat you, Warden, doesn't it?"

When I got back inside the prison, I learned that he had knocked the night guard unconscious with a blow over the head. He probably thought he would get a gun from the guard. If he had got one, it is easy to imagine what he would have done with it, even if I hadn't got the drop on him when he came over the wall.



I was determined to make him reveal where he had been hiding, and who had helped him. I was certain he had had an accomplice. I really thought I could make him squeal, so I went to work on him. I hung him up by the thumbs for eleven hours, after which I let him rest for an hour and repeated the dose.

This is a severe punishment, and very few men had failed to weaken under the "hanging by the thumbs" ordeal. But Kelly never weakened. I pleaded with him to tell me where he had been hiding and who had helped him.

"I don't want to punish you," I said. "Tell me what I want to know, and I'll let you off."

"Warden," he said, smiling at me, "you can hang me until I die, but I'll never squeal on a friend. If you can't find out where I was hiding without my telling you where, you'll never know! I'll never tell you who tipped me that you were taking the guards off the walls."

I still entertained the hunch that I could break him, so I decided to give him the "leather." I hung him up by the wrists, and pulled him in the air till his toes just touched the ground. I had never seen a prisoner I couldn't make squeal under the "leather." They invariably pleaded for mercy when they had been hit ten or twelve blows with the heavy strap. After Kelly had been struck twelve times, I ordered the whipping to stop. The blood was streaming down his legs.

"Why not tell me, Kelly," I pleaded with him, "and save yourself all this torture?"

"I'm not a rat, Warden," he replied, "I can't squeal!"

I had to admire his courage in refusing to squeal on a pal, and ordinarily I would have ceased punishing him. But this was a serious matter: There was a place in the prison where a prisoner could hide and avoid discovery. I had to learn where that place was, or be everlastingly confronted with the idea of men escaping. I couldn't let my admiration for the bank burglar sway me. I had to make him squeal. I ordered the whipping boss to resume.

Not once did Kelly utter protest. I have never witnessed such an exhibition of bull-headed courage and indifference to pain. It was remarkable. Once again I halted the proceedings and pleaded with him to come across with the information that I desired, and once again he snapped, through lips drawn with pain:

"I'm not a rat, Warden! I—can't—squeal!"

I COULDN'T stand there and look at him any longer. He was covered with blood from his hips down to his ankles. I discontinued the whipping, and ordered Kelly to the dungeon. But before I left I said to him:

"Kelly, I'm going to make you tell me where you were hiding and who helped you, if it takes weeks of torture like this!"

"Don't waste your time trying to make a rat out of me," he said in a voice weak with exhaustion. "I'll never turn rat, so help me God!"

"All right," I said. "I'll see you in the morning. I'll repeat the dose in the morning."

I dreaded the ordeal of punishing him. He was a game fellow, and no red-blooded man likes to torture a game fellow. I sent the prison doctor to the dungeon late that night to examine Kelly. I was secretly hoping that his condition would be such that the doctor would advise against any more punishment. The doctor reported that he was all right—physically.

"His hips are sore and bloody, and festered from the strap," the doctor reported, "but his general physical condition is very good."

"I wish he would confess," I said wearily. "I hate to subject him to any more torture. I've never seen such courage in all my prison experience!"

"Still," the doctor went on, "if you don't find out where he was hiding, you will have many escapes. It seems to me that

you are justified in resorting to any procedure to make him divulge his hiding-place. If he knows it, other prisoners must know it, and if he ever gets away, you may be sure that others will follow him."

I had to strangle my feelings. Before I went to the dungeon that morning, I decided to send for Kelly's wife and have a talk with her. It had occurred to me that she might make him change his mind. I was willing to compromise with him.

I informed Mrs. Kelly that if her husband would tell me where he had been hiding that week, I would not insist on knowing who had helped him. I took her to the dungeon and let her talk with him. She pleaded with him to tell me where he had been hiding. He laughed at her as he had laughed at me.

THERE was no further whipping that day. I visited him seven or eight times, trying to make him tell me where he had been hiding.

"Forget about the accomplice!" I said. "Tell me where that hiding-place is, and I'll let you off."

"Nothing to tell you, Warden," he answered. "I've nothing to tell you."

She pleaded with him to tell



This angered me to the limit. "All right!" I said. "To-morrow morning I'll go to work on you again. I'll make you scream the truth from the prison roof!"

"The sky's the limit so far as I'm concerned," he replied grimly. "Let me know when I tell you, Warden, will you?"

I was more determined than ever to break him. It seemed to me that I had done all a man could do. He had refused to respond to my requests, so it was up to him if he preferred torture. He had chosen.

At seven-thirty the next morning, I summoned the whipping boss and the doctor both to my office. We went to the



dungeon. I unlocked the door with the big dungeon key.

"Come on, Kelly!" I shouted. "Hurry up!"

I stepped back from the door and took a seat on the bench along the wall. He didn't come out, so I shouted at him again. No response. Perhaps he was going to put up a fight. Perhaps he was ill, and unable to come out. I got off the bench and went over to the dungeon. He was not there! The dungeon was empty!

"By God!" I exclaimed. "He's gone again!"

"Gone?" the doctor gasped.

"Gone?" the whipping boss grunted. "How in hell did he get out of the dungeon?"

I was speechless. If the angel Gabriel had suddenly appeared in the cell house, I could not have been any more astonished when I entered the dungeon and discovered that "Denver Dude" was gone again.

"How, in the name of heaven, did he get out?" Here was another enigma to torment me.

I was the only man in the prison who carried a key to the dungeon; and this key opened the dungeon *only from the outside*. When I had gone off duty the night before, it had hung in the key rack in my office. Had he managed to get a duplicate of the key? It seemed incredible. On the other hand, the door was solid iron, and it had not been tampered with.

"Somebody must have opened the door from the outside," I concluded. No other hypothesis seemed possible. He was no Houdini. He couldn't put his hand through an iron door!

Well, after I discovered that he was gone, I ordered the whistle sounded sending all prisoners to their cells; and immediately afterward I instituted another fruitless search, which continued for nineteen days.

We combed the prison from top to bottom. The thought that he had beaten me at last, exasperated me beyond expression. I kept the guards on the wall for nineteen days and nineteen nights. Every prisoner was locked up for that time. I was convinced he was somewhere within the walls.

ON the morning of the twentieth day, one of the guards found him lying under a coal pile in the old boiler room in an emaciated condition. He was nothing more than a mass of skin and bones, and shiny-black as the coals themselves. He had lost approximately twenty-seven pounds. The doctor said it was quite evident that he hadn't had anything to eat during the nineteen days that he had been in hiding, and that he would have died of starvation if he had held out much longer. He had kept himself alive on water from a tap in the boiler room.

We sent him to the hospital, where, with careful feeding, he gradually recovered.

I never learned how he got out of the dungeon. That was

another mystery that was never solved, though I still believe an accomplice obtained a duplicate key and opened the door from the outside. I made all sorts of overtures to him, trying to persuade him to tell me how he had got out of the dungeon, but I elicited no response other than the reiterated "I'm not a rat!" Experience had taught me that I couldn't *make* him tell me, so I gave up the idea.

"I can't break him," I concluded, "so I'll do the next best thing—I'll ball-and-chain him!"

Accordingly, after Kelly's discharge from the hospital, I had the blacksmith weld a fifty-pound ball and chain to his two legs. Then, for a time, I thought all my troubles with "Denver Dude" were over. He couldn't climb walls now!

## CASH FOR OPINIONS

WHEN you have read this issue of TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES Magazine, let us know what you think of the stories it contains.

Which story is best? Which do you like the least? Why? Have you any helpful suggestions in mind?

Ten dollars will be paid to the person whose letter, in the opinion of judges in charge of these awards, offers the most intelligent, constructive criticism; \$5 to the letter considered second best; \$3 to the third.

Address your opinions to the Judges of Award, c/o TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y. This contest closes April 30th, 1929.

The three awards will be made promptly.

### PRIZES

for opinions on the

December TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES

were awarded as follows:

#### First Prize \$10

Mrs. Elizabeth A. Gammons,  
2 North Avenue, Attleboro, Mass.

#### Second Prize \$5

R. H. Duff,  
U. S. Naval Air Station,  
Coco Solo,  
Canal Zone, Panama

#### Third Prize \$3

Gertrude Vonne,  
9½ North Main St.,  
Mansfield, Ohio

FOR two years all was well. He never made another attempt to escape during those two years. I was reasonably certain that I had "sold" him on the idea that escape was impossible.

He seemed to be a changed man. For a time I thought he was repentant; therefore, I did everything within my power to make life easy for him. I permitted him to talk with his wife once a week for an hour or two. I really admired the fellow. I wanted to take the ball and chain off his legs.

One afternoon I met him in the yard, and began to talk with him about removing the ball and chain.

"Guess you would like to have that load off your legs, Kelly, wouldn't you?"

"I guess I would, Warden," he replied, grinning at me.

There was a smile on his face always. He was never abusive. Not once, during the years that he was in my

charge, did he abuse me. Very frequently he would say:

"No hard feelings, Warden—you're here to keep me from escaping, and I'm here to escape!"

When I talked to him that afternoon about taking off the ball and chain, I asked him whether he would attempt to escape if I took it off.

"If you'll give me your word as a man that you won't try to escape, I'll take it off!"

I had implicit confidence in him. It may sound strange to hear me say that, but I did. I would have staked my life on his word. I knew if he told me that he wouldn't try to escape, he *wouldn't*.

"You want me to give you my word as a man that I won't try to escape if you take this piece of jewelry off my legs, eh?"

"Yes, that's what I want, Kelly. Give me your word, and off it comes, right now!"

"No," he replied, slowly and meditatively, "I can't do that, Warden. I can't do that," he repeated, and shook his head.

"If I gave you my word that I wouldn't try to leave this joint, I wouldn't try to leave it. I'd stand by my word."

He was game and square! I really (Continued on page 73)



## The Strange Death of Beautiful Elizabeth Griffith

(Continued from page 24)

have taken you twenty or thirty minutes to walk down there?"

"Yes, it might have been twenty minutes."

"Then, with the telegram and the sandwiches and the walk, it might have been an hour before you reached Doctor Schott's office?"

"No, it wasn't that long!"

"How do you know?"

"Because I was home before three o'clock."

"Did you look at your watch when you got home?"

"Yes, I looked at my watch and said, 'I'm not so late after all—it isn't three o'clock yet!'"

"Do you know exactly what time it was when you looked at your watch?"

"No, but I remember it was *not* three."

"Then the nearest you can swear to the time is that it was *after* one-fifty and *before* three o'clock?"

"Yes. I am certain that I got home a few minutes before three."

Evidence of the jealousy evinced by the physician after Elizabeth had left his employ, following the quarrel which resulted in the broken engagement, was brought out by the State with the testimony of Charles Erhart, a private detective, who said he had been employed by Doctor Schott to follow Elizabeth. But he trailed her only for a day or two, he said.

**W**ITH a few remaining technicalities, the State reached a dramatic climax with the testimony of Detective Frank Elvin.

"I was assigned to the case," Detective Elvin testified, "by Captain DeForester. I arrived at the scene about five-thirty on the afternoon of the tragedy, and found Laurene Gardner and another detective in the office. I ordered the little Gardner girl home, because she was so young.

"Soon after I got there, I examined the drawer of the cabinet, and located the place where the bullet struck, about six inches from the top of the bottom drawer.

"Just at this time my partner picked up the bloody clothes, and said:

"'Elvin, this looks bad! A beautiful young girl in the bloom of life, and the Christmas smile fresh on her face!'"

"The Doctor jumped up, and grabbed my partner by the arm, and said:

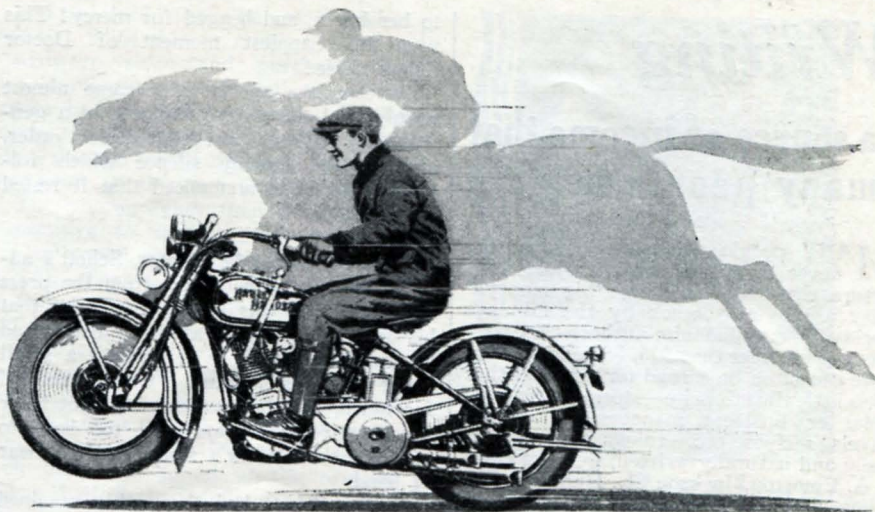
"'Don't discourage me, or I'll blow my brains out! I loved that girl!'"

"Doctor Schott then picked up the clothes, and began to smell them.

"'See, Detective,' he said, 'what a sweet odor they have! Everything about her always had a sweet odor! Mine always had the odor of tobacco, but Elizabeth loved that odor.'"

Doctor Schott broke down, weeping bitterly, at this point in the testimony, and women in the court-room began to sob. As the detective left the stand, the Doctor dropped his head in his hands a moment, but glanced up quickly when the prosecuting attorney suddenly burst out:

"Elizabeth Griffith was slain as she fell



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to her knees, and begged for mercy! This was the happiest moment of Doctor Schott's life!"

At this, the spectators became almost unruly, and the court-room was in a general stir. The Court rapped for order, and, in the deathly silence which followed, the State announced that it rested its case.

WHAT would be Doctor Schott's answer? Glancing up from the press table where I was seated, I noticed that his face was as pale as death itself, and his hand trembled, as it gripped a small paper he was holding. Court recessed for lunch, but the spectators did not leave the court-room. Seats were too hard to get, and the Doctor's story was too near at hand.

Doctor Schott had thoroughly regained his composure when he ascended to the stand immediately after the noon recess. It was to be a fight to the finish for his life, and he intended to make the most of the opportunity afforded him.

Questioned by his own defending lawyer, Moxley, Doctor Schott said:

"I first met Elizabeth when she was about fourteen years old. She, however, always made herself out a little older than she really was. She came to work in my office after I had known her about eight months, and worked for me off and on during the past two years.

"She was a beautiful young girl, a bright little companion, and I was lonely. And so in time I grew to love the child better than life itself. She never seemed exactly like a child, but more like a woman.

"I asked her to marry me. She consented, and I bought her a large solitaire ring, which she exchanged for a cluster. Things did not go smoothly between us. Elizabeth was young, and wanted to go round with boys, and we quarreled."

"You were forty then, and Elizabeth was fifteen?" interrupted the prosecutor.

"Yes," he answered.

"When you met her, you were thirty-nine and she only fourteen?"

"That is correct."

WHY was the engagement broken?" Prosecutor Lucas asked.

"For several reasons," the accused man continued in a steady voice. "We were on the finest kind of terms until the 'flu' epidemic. I had to cut out office hours. We had to stop taking calls, they were coming in so fast—and I was working day and night to keep up with my work. Elizabeth always believed that I could not get along without her.

"We had a tilt about something—some friend she had been out with, I believe—and I was very glum for several days, so the first thing I knew, she quit me cold—in the midst of all that work! It made me angry to feel that the girl I was going to marry would leave me in the lurch at a time like that. But I understood from some of her friends that she wanted me to ask her to come back.

"Elizabeth, in the meantime, had gone to the City Hospital to train as a nurse.

"One night a woman called me up, but refused to give her name, and said:

"Doctor Schott, do you know that

Elizabeth is going to get married?"

"I answered, 'Why are you telling me—she has a right to get married if she feels like it, hasn't she?'"

"You have not answered the question as to how you got her back the last time," the prosecutor said.

"Well, you see, Elizabeth had written me a letter, saying she would like to go on fixing my books [the letter referred to is printed on pages 21 and 22], and so I wrote back, and asked her if she cared to help me out."

"You knew, then, that she was engaged to Captain Jordan?"

"Absolutely—but I also knew that she was in love with me."

"Did you discuss the possibility of your marriage after she returned to your office?" Lucas asked.

"I never asked her to marry me after she told me she was engaged to Captain Jordan, but I knew that Elizabeth loved me, and I liked to tease her. *But I would not have harmed a hair of her head.* I never thought she really intended to marry the Captain, and I thought as time went on she would become more settled, and we could marry some day, but as things were then, we simply could not get along."

Doctor Schott then took up the chain of events on the day of the tragedy.

AS I have told you before, it was my custom to remember my patients with gifts. Laurene had asked to go along, and so she came over in the morning to help wrap the packages. She lived across the street.

"While we were writing the names on the presents, I handed Elizabeth a ten-dollar bill.

"I might as well give you your Christmas present, too," I said.

"She took it, and said, 'Thank you.'

"She reached down among the bundles and picked up a manicure set.

"Who is that for?" she asked.

"One of my girls," I answered, just to tease her.

"In a few minutes she came back and handed me an envelop. I opened it, and it contained the money I had given her for a Christmas present, with a note which read:

"If you don't think any more of me than *that*, you can take your present back."

"Don't be foolish, Elizabeth!" I said. "I am not giving anyone much this year."

"Laurene and I left for Parkland, and came back about one o'clock for the second lot.

"When I came in, Elizabeth said, 'Will you answer me one serious question?' I answered, 'That depends on what it is.'

"Will you tell me whom that ivory manicure set is for?"

"I don't see any reason why I should tell you," I answered, only teasing her; but I never dreamed she would take it so hard.

"I went on marking the presents, and writing *Merry Christmas* on the cards, when suddenly we heard her crying in the other room.

"My gracious," I said, 'you can have the set if you want it!' But she insisted on knowing whom the set was for. I had bought it for a crippled woman, a patient of mine, but I did not tell Elizabeth. I



had teased her far worse than that many times before, but I suppose she thought she could never get my love back. I would have kissed her, hugged her, petted her, or done anything to appease her, if I had dreamed she would do anything to harm herself. I loved Elizabeth, and her death means more to me than anything else in the world. I would not have harmed a hair of her head!"

"Where did you keep your pistol?"

"In the drawer of the cabinet, in the consultation room, where her body was found."

"Did she know where you kept it?"

"Why, certainly—she had seen it dozens of times."

Doctor Schott's testimony upset spectators, and it was several minutes before order was restored.

"Did you talk to Elizabeth's sister over the telephone about two o'clock?"

"I did *not*, because I was not there. I was up-town at that time. I *did* talk to Mrs. Rudolph in front of the office, and asked her if she had heard a shot. I also asked her if she would see whether anyone else had heard it. But that was after we found the body, and as I was leaving the office to go for the Coroner."

Mrs. Rudolph later admitted that she was mistaken in the hour when she had talked to the Doctor.

**T**HERE were tears in the accused man's eyes as he left the stand, but he was not alone, for there was scarcely a dry eye in the court-room.

*Was the tide beginning to turn?*

Next came loyal little Laurene Gardner. Young as she was, her story, which corroborated in every detail the testimony of Doctor Schott, through hours of the most grilling cross-examination, stood unimpeached.

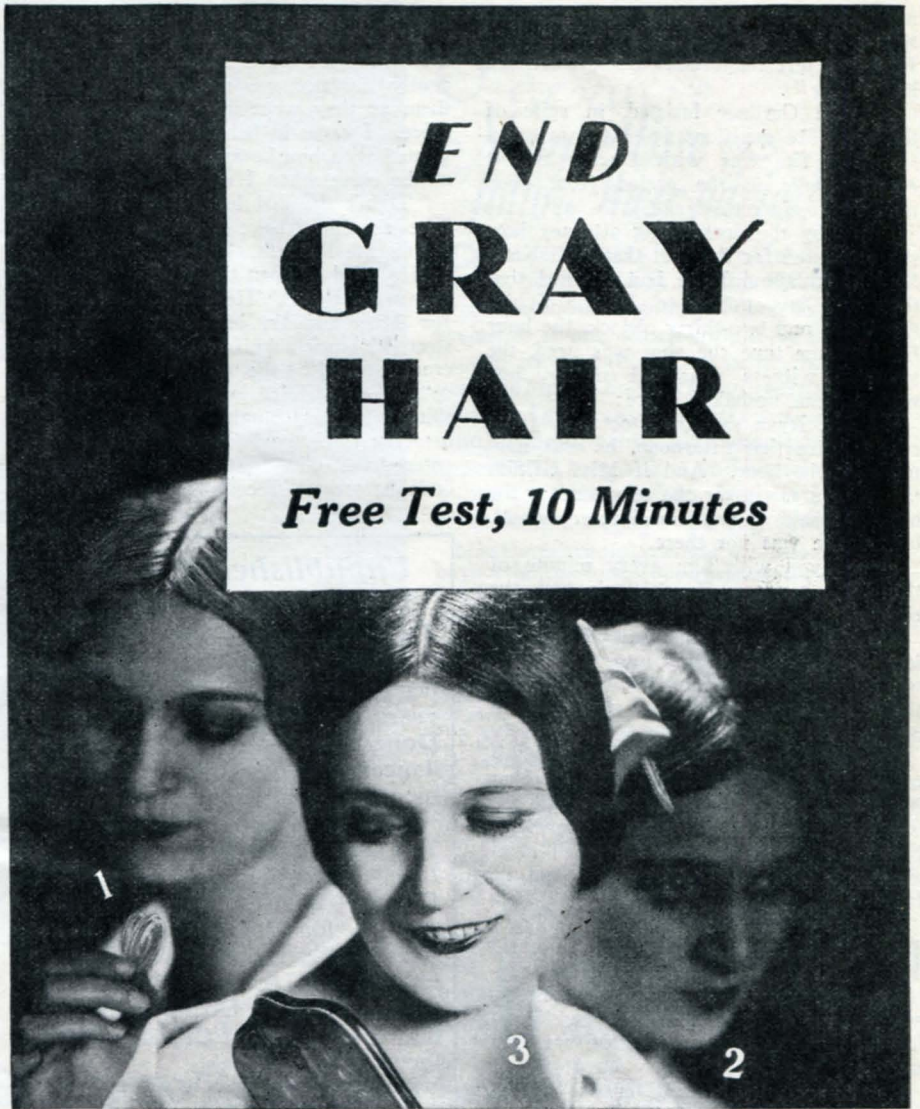
"I had gone to Doctor Schott's office on Christmas Eve morning, because he asked me to go with him to deliver his presents to his patients, and I thought I would help him get them fixed. Elizabeth got the office all ready, and the three of us began to wrap the gifts, when Elizabeth discovered a manicure set among them," the child witness said.

"Who is this for?" Elizabeth said, picking it up and handing it to the Doctor.

"For my other girl," he answered, taking it back. He looked at Elizabeth and smiled, but her face turned white

**For the Millions Who Love Dahlias**

**I**N the April issue of **YOUR HOME Magazine**, a Macfadden publication, Rev. Henry Irving Batcheller of Charlottesville, Va., noted dahlia specialist, supplies priceless information for every dahlia lover. Entitled *The Flower for Every Garden*, his splendid article should enable you to make your stand of dahlias the show spot of your neighborhood. By all means read it and the many other horticultural articles that are sure to appeal to every garden lover. On sale March 21st. Price, 25c per copy.



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and tears came into her eyes. Doctor Schott began to hum and whistle, and Elizabeth left the room. Soon we heard her crying."

Laurene Gardner insisted, in spite of the rapid-fire questions from the prosecutor, that she was with Doctor Schott every minute in the period from noon until the body was found.

Asked by the prosecuting attorney how she accounted for the fact that both Katie May Griffith and Ryan had testified that they saw and talked to Doctor Schott about two and two-thirty o'clock, the hour fixed as the time the shot was fired, the youthful witness answered slowly, but with a firm, unshaken voice:

"If Mr. Ryan saw the Doctor in front of his office that afternoon, he was mistaken in the hour. And if Miss Griffith talked to a man over the telephone at the hour she said, it was not Doctor Schott, because he was not there."

"Were you with him every minute of the time between one o'clock and the time the body was found?"

"Absolutely every minute! I did not leave him except to go into the houses to deliver the gifts, and he would sit in the machine and get the next present ready."

"Doctor Schott wouldn't take the manicure set out after Elizabeth cried so about it, and after we found her dead, the set was still lying on the cabinet. He didn't love any other girl. He only loved Elizabeth, but she was real jealous, and he liked to tease her."

**I**N corroboration of the alibi, counsel for Doctor Schott placed in the records a complete list of the houses visited, as follows (they were, by the way, verified by the persons to whom the presents were delivered):

Ida Bell Ewing, 1715 Duncan Street; five and ten cent store to get Christmas tags; Liberty Pressing Club, 412 West Walnut Street; Miss Mamie Whoerle, 408 South Campbell Street; Miss Elizabeth Neuman, 905 East Madison Street; Mrs. Philip Hahn, 909 East Madison Street; Miss Estelle Lortz, 841 East Chestnut Street; W. H. Robinson, 1207 Everett Avenue; Mrs. Lee Brown, 820 South First Street; Standard Dairy Lunch, Fourth Street and Broadway; telephoned office from Standard Dairy Lunch; Taylor-Bennett drug store—bought wrapping paper; to office.

Mrs. Ella Gerlach, the patient referred to by Doctor Schott as being present when he found the body, placed an important link in the chain of evidence which was gradually clearing the black clouds which had hung low over the physician's head for days.

"I never did like Doctor Schott personally, but I thought he was a good physician, and I allowed him to treat me," testified Mrs. Gerlach. "I arrived at his office at about two-thirty o'clock, but at least before two-thirty-five o'clock on the day of the tragedy. I knocked on the door, and there was no response. I then sat down a while, on the bench in front of the office. After sitting there a few minutes, I went to a grocery store across the street to inquire when he would return. I asked the time, and was told it was two-forty o'clock. I stayed there a while, and went over to the drug store.

"It was not long until I saw Doctor Schott coming in his automobile. He and the little girl were together. They evidently did not see me, and I followed them as they went up the steps into the office. I came in behind them. I remonstrated with him because there was no one at the office when I called.

"'Didn't the girl let you in?' he asked. 'She shouldn't have gone away without letting me know!'

"He tried to open the folding doors, but they were closed. He called several times for Miss Griffith, but, receiving no answer, he stuck a knife or key through the crack, and lifted the wire latch.

"He was filled with the Christmas spirit. He was laughing, and wishing me a merry Christmas. He and the little girl entered the office first. It was a few seconds before we recognized the girl lying

### Unpublished Chapters About Isadora Duncan

**I**N the April issue of **THE DANCE MAGAZINE**, there begins the story of the final years of the life of Isadora Duncan—the greatest American dancer who ever lived. Her autobiography did not complete the record of her spectacular life. *The Last Chapter of Isadora's Life*, beginning in the April **DANCE MAGAZINE** and continuing for the following three issues, tells the dramatic events leading up to her tragic and sudden death. Do not miss the first instalment of this important fact-narrative.

**THE DANCE MAGAZINE**—  
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on the floor at the doorway of the next room.

"Doctor Schott cried out:

"'My God, it looks like she's taken poison! What can I do? Please come here and help me. Speak to me, Elizabeth. . . I believe she is still alive. . . she's killed herself. . . .'"

Mrs. Gerlach said the physician had been changed in the instant from a happy man to a distracted one.

"The girl had fallen forward in the doorway," she continued. "A small amount of bloody foam was coming from her mouth. There was a small spot of blood on her dress.

"I listened myself for heart-beats, and told the Doctor there was nothing to do but call the Coroner, after he had vainly tried with his stethoscope to find signs of a heart-beat.

"I don't know Mrs. Rudolph, but I did hear Doctor Schott speak to a woman outside after the body had been found, and ask if she had heard a shot."

It was, however, with the testimony of George Beuchel, vice-president of one of the nation's largest sporting-goods houses, that the basis of the prosecution toppled. A test of Doctor Schott's pistol disclosed that it left no powder burns when fired at close range.

It was, as will be recalled, shortly after the war period that this tragedy occurred, and smokeless powder had just made marvelous strides in the way of improvement. This fact had not been taken into account in the building up of the prosecution.

"Is this smokeless powder?" asked Robert J. Hagen for the defense.

"Yes," Mr. Beuchel said.

"Smokeless powder does not leave a mark?"

"Not a very perceptible mark."

"Does it make any burn?"

"Very little."

Mr. Beuchel described the test with a piece of cheesecloth, and said that the mark of the powder could hardly be noticed when the gun was fired at from three to nine inches. He said that one time, when he was holding the gun about three inches from the cloth, a gust of wind blew the cloth up against the barrel of the pistol as it exploded, but the cloth did not catch fire!

**W**HEN all is said and done, the pitiful story of Elizabeth Griffith's dying words, at last revealed by Miss Jennie Brands, a Louisville milliner, could leave little doubt in the mind of the reader as to what actually took place.

I interviewed Miss Brands at the time, and shall never forget the feeling her story left with me.

"I am certain that I heard Elizabeth's dying words," Miss Brands said, "and a chill ran through me which I cannot explain. It seemed as if I were in the presence of some horrible suffering, or talking to someone in the clutches of death.

"I had received a bill from Doctor Schott which had been settled some time before, and I called Doctor Schott's office on the morning of the tragedy (not knowing then, of course, what the day would bring forth), determined to get the matter settled.

"Elizabeth told me that he was out delivering Christmas presents, and asked me to call again in fifteen minutes. Determined to reach the Doctor and get the matter of the bill settled, I called again and again, at intervals, until four o'clock.

"It may sound strange, but as the day grew older the girl's voice grew sadder. I talked to Elizabeth at exactly two o'clock. She was crying and said she was very unhappy.

"Have you received your Christmas gifts?" I asked her.

"'Christmas means nothing to me,' she answered, and her voice broke. 'I am too sad to care.'

"When I called again at two-fifteen, I received no answer, and I continued to call until four o'clock, when Doctor Schott answered."

**T**HE reader must have come to some conclusion, as I did years ago.

What is your answer? Murder—or suicide?

Although Doctor Schott was bound over to the Grand Jury, at the conclusion of the examining trial, that body did not indict, and he was once again a free man. But time was to tell its own story, and, as I have said, Fate did not deal kindly with Doctor Schott. The terrific ordeal he had passed through began to leave its marks early, as can be seen in the photo-

(Concluded on page 94)



# Phantom Fingerprints

(Continued from page 27)

been committed, and so on. But here was an instance where I was spending my entire time trying to find a  *motive for murder*, all the while facing the possibility that the girl might have died by her own hand.

As the investigation wore on, I became more convinced that Frances had poisoned herself. Strychnin found in the food in her lunch pail could very easily have been placed there by the child herself. It was also possible that she could have drunk a quantity of the poison from a bottle, thrown the bottle away, and then gone to the powder magazine to await death.

On the other hand, something within me told me to go on with the search. I reminded myself that a detective's chief asset is perseverance.

I WENT back to my hotel that night and started to figure out what I was going to do next. It suddenly dawned on me that I should begin a systematic quiz of everybody in Greenland Village who could possibly know anything about Frances. So, early next morning, I began this course of action in the grocery store where Frances' father had first been told about her disappearance.

The proprietor of the grocery store didn't know anything about the girl or her activities, other than that she had been of a happy disposition and very intelligent. But he advised me to go to a certain boarding-house near-by and ask the landlady if she knew anything about the girl. The woman, the grocer said, was quite "newsy," and in addition enjoyed a reputation which wouldn't achieve a 100 per cent rating under a searchlight.

It so happened that the landlady could tell me nothing about the dead girl, but, in the course of her conversation, she asked:

"Have you questioned the undertaker?"

I hadn't, and didn't see how he could supply any information of value. Nevertheless, when I left the boarding-house I went straight to the establishment of the man who had buried Frances.

Locating the undertaker without difficulty, I succeeded in striking up a conversation with him without letting him know who I was. I sized the man up as being the possessor of not too much intelligence, a person who was satisfied to drift along in life with the expenditure of as little energy as was compatible with a fair amount of comfort. I suddenly veered the conversation around to the Panion girl's death, and asked the man if he knew anything about the burial.

"Sure thing," he said. "I had charge of it!"

"Oh, is that so?" I said, feigning surprise.

"Sure, I buried the poor kid," he continued.

I suddenly remembered that, for no good reason, I had taken the word of the local authorities that the girl's clothing, at the time of her death, had been in perfect condition. And, likewise for no good reason, I had assumed that the apparel had been returned to the Panions and probably destroyed.



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I then revealed my identity, which made no impression on the undertaker, and asked him if he had noticed the clothing of the dead girl.

"Yeah, I noticed it. Why?"

"Well," I said, "I was wondering if it was in perfect condition."

"What do you mean?"

"Were there any marks on it to indicate that the child had put up a struggle with anyone?"

"None at all," said the undertaker. "You can see the clothes yourself if you want to!"

**T**HIS struck me as odd, and I asked: "Didn't the Panions destroy the clothing?"

"No."

"How do you know?"

"How do I know?" asked the man with some surprise. "Why, my dear fellow, they never called for the clothing! They left it here!"

"Where is it?"

"In a box in the wood-shed back of my house."

It didn't take me long to get to the wood-shed, where I located the clothing in its entirety. I asked the undertaker if the apparel had been examined by the chemist, and he said, so far as he knew, it hadn't. I was desperate for some sort of a clue, and felt that I might find it in the clothing, since it had not been subjected to an analysis. The apparel, which was musty from lying in the wood-shed for more than five months, consisted of shoes, hat, dress, petticoat, stockings, underwear, sweater, coat and gloves. Mrs. Panion promptly identified every bit of the apparel as that belonging to her daughter.

Calling at District Attorney Jones' office, I was informed that he was expected back from Marquette the next morning. So I retired early, confident that I was at last getting somewhere.

At eight o'clock the next morning, I was in conference with Mr. Jones. I told him just what I had done so far, adding that in my opinion an expert chemist should be called in to examine the girl's clothing. That was satisfactory to the District Attorney, who said that he would spare no expense to get the case cleared up at the earliest possible moment.

I at once sent through a long-distance telephone call to State Chemist Charles L. Bliss, at Lansing, asking him to rush to Ontonagon with the highest-powered microscope obtainable. Mr. Bliss replied that he would arrive early next day.

In the interval, it being my impression that the landlady at the boarding-house had not told me all that was on her mind, I went back for a second interview with her. After discussing various topics, I asked her, in a half-joking manner, if any of her guests ever jumped their board bills.

"I'll say they do!" she replied. "There's one guy now what I can't locate, who owes me a lot of money for back board."

"Who is he?" I asked.

"His name's Joe Stemac."

"When did he leave?"

"On April third, the dirty bum!" the woman replied, hotly.

I concealed my emotions as much as

I could, for this, I thought, was information of the most important kind. This man had fled one day before the finding of the dead body of Frances Panion.

**"H**AVE you any idea where Stemac is?" I asked the landlady.

"No, but I wish to God I did!"

Describing Stemac, the woman said he was about sixty-five years of age, five feet six inches tall, of sturdy build, ruddy complexioned, with straight, coarse, straw-colored hair. Like Panion, Stemac was Croatian. He had been arrested for bootlegging, the landlady confided, and had used all his cash to pay his fine. Work at the mines was scarce, and the man was sans cash after running afoul of the law. That's why he had been forced to run up a board bill.

I gave the landlady my promise that I would do everything in my power to land Stemac for her, after which I returned to Ontonagon and made inquiry as to Stemac's whereabouts. Nobody knew where the man was. It then occurred to me to make a search of the court records.

Doing so, I came across the interesting fact that none other than John Panion had signed the complaint upon which Stemac had been apprehended for bootlegging.

I called the District Attorney's attention to this, and he thought that it was possible Stemac had had a hand in Frances' death—but not probable. However, I telephoned Captain Downing of the Michigan State Police at Negaunee, gave him the "dope" on Stemac, and asked him to notify all State Police substations to be on the lookout for the blond Croatian. When I had finished talking, Captain Downing said that he himself had seen Stemac on the street at Iron Mountain, a considerable distance from Ontonagon, the day previous, and thought he could nab the man quickly.

However, I was so anxious to lay my hands on Stemac that I proceeded at once to Iron Mountain. It was my plan to pick him up on the board bill charge, which was sufficient to hold him until I had completed my investigation.

I had been in Iron Mountain only an hour when I spotted Stemac in a "blind pig." I told him I wanted him to come to Ontonagon with me, and he willingly complied. He feigned ignorance of the English language; although I knew he was not a fluent talker of English, I was certain he knew more of the tongue than he pretended he did.

Back in Ontonagon, I locked up Stemac *incommunicado*, and then went about the task of finding out more about the man. Among other things, I came across the more or less startling information that he had been intimate with the landlady at the boarding-house, and that he had done a six-year stretch in Marquette Prison for an attack on a girl!

**I**N the meantime, Chemist Bliss had arrived with a high-powered microscope and was not long in finding stains on the girl's clothing which indicated that she had been brutally attacked! The stains were not visible to the naked eye, but showed up plainly under the powerful lens.



I now had a reasonable *motive* for murder! The rest, I thought, would be easy. How wrong I was!

My next step was application for a court order permitting me to exhume the body. This was granted in double-quick time. Chemist Bliss took parts of the child's brain, heart, liver, spleen, kidney and bladder, and hurried back to the State Laboratory at Lansing, to make tests. Meanwhile, the District Attorney was well pleased at the sudden turn of events, but was skeptical as to our ability to preserve the evidence on the clothing until the time of the trial of whomever we might charge with the murder.

The next morning, I went to the jail and found Stemac on his knees, apparently praying. I removed him from his cell, took his finger-prints, and had him photographed. I asked him if he knew that finger-prints were for purposes of identification, and he answered in the affirmative. He was locked up again—still unquestioned about Frances' death.

I now wired State Police Headquarters for the assistance of Lieutenant George E. Karkeet and Detective Sergeant E. G. Ramsay. Upon their arrival, the three of us drove to the Panion home and told Panion that we wanted him to accompany us to the Greenland Mine. We had him point out just where he had found his daughter's body.

I noticed that the powder magazine was comparatively close to the old mine shaft, which was 800 feet deep and contained 400 feet of water. I reasoned that, if Frances had been slain by someone who knew the lay of the land, her body would have probably been dropped down the shaft. In this way, the slayer would have covered up his tracks completely and destroyed all evidence, as the chances are that the body would never have been found!

The more I thought of this, the more I knew that it was a decided blow to the theory that the girl had been slain—at least by the blond Croatian, who was familiar with the territory. I considered the possibility of the girl's having willingly gone into the powder magazine with a secret lover, and then having committed suicide when she realized what she had done. But then I considered the opposite side of the question. If the girl had been attacked, her assailant's mind might have been so befuddled by his crime that he never would have thought of dropping the body down the mine shaft. So I proceeded on the theory that Frances had been attacked and murdered, or vice versa.

When I retired that night, I well realized that a confession might, in this case, be the one thing in the world which would bring about a conviction.

**N**EXT morning I arose early, determined to take a long and brazen chance in an effort either to pin the murder on Stemac or to eliminate him entirely. Assuming that the man was guilty, I planned my course of action accordingly.

The chemist's analysis had proved that poison had been poured over the food in Frances' dinner pail. If Stemac had poured the strychnin over the food, he probably did so with his right hand while he held the pail with his left hand.

(I had noticed that he was right-handed.) With this in mind, I went to a hardware store and purchased an exact duplicate of the pail in which Frances had carried her lunch. I then went to the photographer's and had him paste a photograph of Stemac's left ring-finger-print on the pail, and photograph it. The photographer then doctored up the negative so skilfully that it looked as if an actual finger-print had been on the pail. The photo of the finger-print was then washed from the pail itself.

On my way to the jail, I stopped into the District Attorney's office, where I was informed that Chemist Bliss had telephoned his report. Bliss said that death had been caused by strychnin, explaining that the portion of the poison which had been found at the original autopsy had been insufficient to cause death, *but that the strychnin which had not been found had gone through the girl's system, and had beyond all doubt been the direct cause of death.* By this time, I was getting somewhere!

Lieutenant Karkeet, Sergeant Ramsay and John Panion accompanied me to the jail. Ramsay and Karkeet sized up Stemac as a degenerate type, concurring in my opinion of the prisoner. We brought Stemac into the Warden's office, Panion remaining in another room.

I first showed the prisoner his finger-prints and asked him if he remembered my taking them. He nodded. Then I produced the dinner pail, placed it on the table, pointed at it, and asked the Croatian if he knew *whose it was.* Stemac, as we hoped he would do, turned death-white when he saw it, choked, and almost broke the arms of his chair in a frantic effort to control his emotions! I felt that I had my man at last! I then showed him the photograph of his "finger-prints" on the pail, and could see by the expression in his eyes that he thought we had the goods on him.

It was a long chance that I took—but *it worked!* The prisoner frantically motioned the picture and pail away, and fell on his knees in prayer.

**W**HEN Stemac had been removed to his cell, I brought in Panion, stationed him on the other side of the bars, and told him to question Stemac in Croatian. The two men talked volubly for a short while. Suddenly Panion turned wildly to me and said that Stemac was confessing the crime, admitting that we had the goods on him and that further faking was useless! Panion passionately begged us to let him into Stemac's cell, so he could kill his daughter's murderer with his own hands. We had great difficulty in restraining him, and allowed him to go home only after he had given us his word of honor that he would not attempt to organize a mob to storm the jail.

The Warden of the jail had never had a suspected murderer in his custody before, and he secretly and promptly told each and every one of his friends all about it. As a result, within a few hours, dangerous mutterings were passing to and fro among crowds on the street corners, and talk of storming the jail was rife. We counteracted any such desperate moves by stationing a heavy guard around Stemac's prison.



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We set about the task of finding a dependable interpreter of Stemac's native tongue, and discovered that Father Riseak, a priest from Houghton, who spoke Croatian fluently, was visiting in Ontonagon. We asked Father Riseak to interview Stemac for us, and the priest consented. But, somehow or other, the cleric had not been told what Stemac was suspected of, and when the prisoner began pouring out his confession to the priest, the latter turned to us and burst forth with:

"This man is confessing a terrible crime! I cannot have anything to do with this matter, and must leave this place at once!"

We were in nothing less than a terrible quandary. The priest's religious scruples prevented him from being instrumental in obtaining what might be considered a religious confession to convict a sinner legally. Yet, we realized that if we didn't get Stemac's confession legally at the earliest possible moment, we would be out of luck because the prisoner might change his mind. In that case, I knew we would be stumped because, as I pointed out before, I believed a confession might be our only means of obtaining a conviction. It's one thing to have the goods on a suspect, and another thing to get a conviction in court.

But, as luck would have it, Father Riseak changed his mind, consenting to act in the capacity of interpreter rather than confessor, and stating that he considered it his duty to mankind to see that justice was done. So the priest heard Stemac's confession in detail, after first instructing the prisoner as to his constitutional rights—namely, that he didn't have to talk if he didn't want to. He got the whole appalling story, and translated it to one of the county stenographers. This was it:

**STEMAC** had quarreled with the landlady at the boarding-house and left after breakfast the day before the murder. That night he slept in the powder magazine, and decided to wait until Frances came by on her way to school in the morning. He knew her slightly as the daughter of Panion, whom he hated and upon whom he wanted to be revenged for having had him arrested.

When he saw the girl, he overtook her and forced her to accompany him into the powder magazine. Her frantic screams counted for naught in the raging snow-storm. In the powder magazine with his victim, Stemac produced a bottle of strychnin and forced the girl to drink some of it. He then assaulted her, went for a walk, ate some lunch which he had carried in his pocket, and returned to the powder magazine.

Frances was still alive, and Stemac again assaulted her. Despite her pitiful pleas that he spare her life, he forced her to drink more of the strychnin. The fiend then ate part of one of the cup-cakes in the girls' lunch pail, and when he had finished, poured the remaining poison over the food. Then he walked over a hill, and buried the strychnin bottle and the paper in which his lunch had been wrapped.

Stemac returned to the powder magazine an hour or so later, and found Frances dead. It was then that he

straightened out her clothes, braided her long, silky hair in the one plait in which she usually wore it, pulled her hat on her head, and carefully placed her in a sleeping position, intending to indicate that the child had taken the poison herself and then gone into a death sleep. Pretty clever! Then the fiend made his way to Iron Mountain, and remained there until I nabbed him in the speak-easy.

The morning following his confession, I took Stemac to Greenland Mine, where he reenacted his crime. He also showed me where he had buried the strychnin bottle and lunch wrapper, and I dug up these two pieces of evidence.

**SO** I left for home, happy in the satisfaction that comes with work well done. I was sure that Justice would take its course. But, picture my surprise one day early the following December, when I received a telegram from District Attorney Jones telling me to come to Ontonagon at once to testify at Stemac's trial! The man had changed his mind, pleaded "Not guilty," and decided to stand trial.

Stemac, I found upon my arrival in Ontonagon, had told his lawyer that his confession had been forced out of him via the third-degree route. So the State's forces were marshaled together, and Chemist Bliss took the stand. He pointed out to the jury, by the aid of a powerful microscope, the stains on the clothing, indicating an attack. During the interim, he had found two straw-colored hairs on the apparel, which were similar to Stemac's hair. These impressed the jury.

Father Riseak took the witness-stand and testified that the confession had been obtained without duress. Panion, on the stand, told about Stemac's having admitted the crime to him. I testified to the man's reenactment of the crime.

When Stemac took the stand, however, he denied any knowledge of the affair. It was then that District Attorney Jones pulled what is known as a "fast one." He gathered Father Riseak, Panion, Lieutenant Karkeet, Sergeant Ramsay and myself together and told us all to stare very hard at the defendant. When Stemac saw us all glaring fiercely at him, he began to wince. Then Mr. Jones shot this question at him:

"Did you assault Frances seven times?"

"No, no, no! Only twice!"

It was an old trick, but Stemac fell for it! He had admitted his guilt before the jury, which took just thirty-five minutes to bring in a verdict of murder in the first degree, without a recommendation for mercy.

In sentencing the prisoner, Judge Flanagan said he was extremely sorry that the laws of the State of Illinois did not permit capital punishment for such fiends. So Stemac was sentenced to a ninety-nine-year term of solitary confinement behind the grim walls of Marquette Prison.

**DETECTIVE** Lieutenant Jack Malina will tell in next month's issue how the police net was closed on one of the cleverest robbers in the West, "Texas Slim"—and how he was finally caught.



## "Denver Dude"

(Continued from page 64)

wanted to shake hands with him, and tell him what I thought of him.

"Then you haven't given up the idea of escaping?" I asked.

"No, I haven't," Kelly replied coolly. "I'll go the first chance I get, and if you were in my shoes, so would you! Isn't that right?" He looked me squarely in the eyes, and smiled.

I turned without a word, and left him there in the middle of the prison yard.

IT was along about this time that we began to prepare for the execution of Catherine Beel at the prison. Catherine had been convicted of murdering her husband. I was hoping that the Governor would commute her sentence to life imprisonment, because I didn't relish the idea of participating in the execution of a woman. Neither did my assistants.

All of us were more or less upset as the day of the execution drew near, and discipline was not so rigidly enforced as it had been theretofore. Everybody was on edge, officials and prisoners. Most of us were thinking of and sympathizing with the woman in the death house, who was crying and sobbing day and night.

On the day before Catherine Beel was to die on the gallows, Kelly disappeared again. Again his absence was not discovered until we took the count at six o'clock. The fifty-pound ball and chain reposed on the bed in his cell, with a note addressed to me. It read:

Dear Warden:

I hope you will pardon me for leaving on the eve of Mrs. Beel's execution. It isn't a very nice thing for me to do, but in view of the fact that I haven't had a chance to duck in two years, I must take advantage of this one. God knows when I will get another!

Please don't waste any time looking for me. I'm not in the prison. When you get this, I will be many miles away.

Your old friend,  
Jack Kelly

An escape on the day before an execution! Nobody but a prison warden can imagine what that means! I can't tell you what it meant to me and my assistants. It simply disorganized the discipline of the institution, and dynamited the morale of my men. I never really hated Kelly until that day.

"By God," I swore, "I'll make him sweat for this!"

There was something about that note which suggested that he hadn't got over the walls. Those words, "*when you get this, I will be many miles away,*" didn't sound genuine to me.

The yard boss appeared to be the last man to have seen Kelly. He said that he had seen him about five-thirty, or half an hour before we took the count.

"He's in the prison," I concluded. "He's trying to bluff me with this note!"

I couldn't possibly devote all my time to the search for Kelly. There were

many details to be attended to before the execution. The gallows were in the east cell house. All the prisoners were quartered in the west cell house. I had to arrange accommodations for the newspaper men and attend to a hundred other matters, all of which made it necessary for me to forget Kelly and turn the task of finding him over to the deputy warden. From time to time throughout the night I consulted with my deputy.

Day came, and no Kelly. The execution was scheduled for seven o'clock. I presume many people recall the execution of Catherine Beel. She was the first woman who had ever been executed at Beecham Prison. The man who built the gallows did a very poor job. He had miscalculated the drop necessary to break the poor woman's neck. When the trap was sprung, her body shot through it like a streak of lightning, but the head didn't disappear through the trap-door. The drop was too short. Her neck was not broken.

There was her head protruding from the trap. From under the big, black cap which covered her head came horrible sounds. She was slowly strangling to death, gasping for breath, half dead, half alive. It was a sickening spectacle.

When the execution was over, I took charge of the hunt for Kelly. I had been down in the old, deserted boiler room, and was on my way back to my office when I saw the undertaker's wagon heading for the gate. I blew my whistle, signaling the guard on the wall over the gate to stop the wagon. I ran over to the gate and asked the driver whether an officer had been present when the body of Catherine Beel was put in the wagon. The driver said that no officer had been present.

"Please let me have a look inside," I demanded.

The driver got down from his seat and opened the door. *There was John Kelly crouched in a corner behind the coffin!*

"ALMOST made it this time, Warden!" The old grin, a bit battered now, decorated his Irish face. "A little more, and I would have been out. Tough luck!"

"Very tough!" I snapped. "This time I'll punish you as you have never been punished before. I'll thrash you within an inch of your life, if you don't tell me where you've been hiding!"

"And you'll not punish me if I tell you?" he countered quickly.

"If you tell me the truth, I'll not punish you," I said. "But first of all I want your word that you'll speak the truth."

"On my word as a man," he shot back at me, "I'll tell the truth!"

"Let's have it, Kelly. Quick!"

"I was hiding under the gallows."

"You're a liar!" I shouted.

"Well," he said, "I'll convince you I was hiding under the gallows. You were standing to the right of the rope. I could see you through a crevice in the gallows floor. They didn't break Catherine Beel's neck when they sprang the trap. She strangled to death. I



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heard you say, 'Good God Almighty!' when her head didn't disappear. Here's some of her blood on my shoe—take a look!"

His shoe had bloodstains on it. I knew that he was telling me the truth.

I didn't punish him. I kept my word. But I did put the ball and chain back on his legs, and detailed a keeper to watch him day and night.

"If he escapes," I warned the keeper, "you lose your job. So keep a close watch over him."

THREE years and nine months drifted by. Everybody said Kelly was broken. The keeper who had been with him during those three years and nine months said Kelly was a changed man. He had got interested in the Bible. He read it incessantly. Eventually he talked "the better life" to other prisoners with whom he came in contact.

"There's nothing to this crooked game," he said. "All crooks are suckers, and when I get out of this place I am going straight."

"Can it be possible that this underworld panther has reformed?" I asked myself.

I had my doubts. Still, I was studying him. I admired him tremendously, and very frequently I thought: "What a man he would be if he ever decided to go straight!" He had all the qualities necessary to the making of a law-abiding citizen of the highest type.

I stopped to chat with him one afternoon in the yard. We discussed the Bible. I was wishing that he would ask me to take the fifty-pound ball and chain off his legs, but he didn't. Finally I asked him pointblank whether he had given up the idea of attempting to escape.

"Have I?" His face lighted up with a wan smile, and a wobegone, far-away look crept into his blue eyes. "How can I say yes or no, Warden? You must understand that I am a human being. I'm weak, frail, and, like every other man in this prison, I am subject to temptations. One moment I may resolve to do something. The next, the resolution may die. Don't ask me if I have given up the idea of attempting to escape. I can't say."

I thought I caught a note of remorse in his voice. He certainly didn't seem the same wild, care-free, chance-taking

Kelly of six years before. Much as I admired him, I was afraid of him—afraid that he would yet beat me if I took the ball and chain off him.

One night my wife and I were discussing him. She had talked with him many times, and, womanlike, she had a wealth of sympathy for the burglar. She pleaded with me to take that "terrible-looking thing" off Kelly's legs.

"He's been carrying it for nearly six years," she added. "Why don't you have a heart, and give the poor fellow a chance?"

I think I have always been more or less soft-hearted. My wife's plea moved me. The next day I ordered the bank bandit to the blacksmith's shop, to have the ball and chain taken off.

"Brace up, now, Jack!" I told him. "With good behavior, you'll have only a few more years to serve. Try and serve it, and go out like a man. If you run away, you'll never have any rest—the cops will be after you all the time. Forget about trying to escape!"

"I'll try," he said, "but I'm not promising you that I won't. I've never broken my word."

A week later Kelly disappeared again. I cursed myself for being so sentimental! My wife and I even had a little spat over the affair.

"I'll put a ball and chain around his neck when I get him!" I stormed. "He's got his last chance from me!"

TWENTY-FIVE days drifted by. Every part of the prison had been thoroughly searched. I had given up.

"He's beaten me at last," I thought.

The New England newspapers carried sensational accounts of the escape, and many stories centered around "the man who would never quit." They rehearsed in detail every attempt to escape he had made during the seven years he had been in my charge. When I was convinced that he had beaten me, I told the newspaper men some things about him that they didn't know. I told them that, although he was a crook, he was one of the squarest men I knew, with many of the qualities of the finest gentleman. I admitted that he had outwitted my entire staff.

Deep down in my heart I rejoiced at his escape, and wished him luck. One must always admire a courageous man,

(Continued on page 76)

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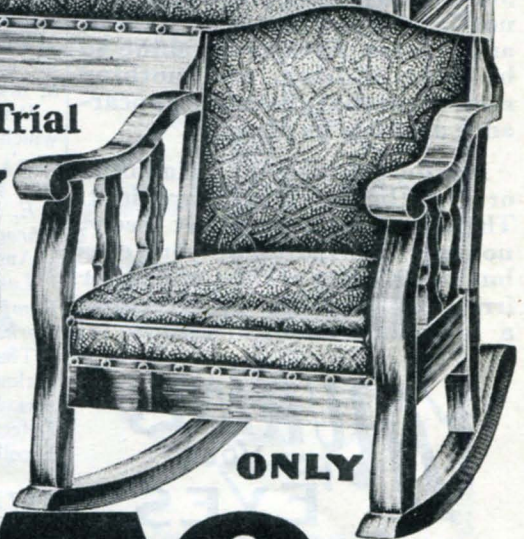


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(Continued from page 74)

and "Denver Dude" was certainly that. But he hadn't gone to liberty beyond the walls! Two months after the day he disappeared, we found his decomposed body between the bars in the middle of the sewer under the east cell house. The sewer gases had probably rendered him lifeless when he was strug-

gling through the bars. The big sewer rats had gnawed most of the flesh from his bones. I buried him in the prison graveyard beyond the walls.

I uttered a prayer and shed a tear when "Denver Dude" was lowered into his grave. He was the gamest man I ever met!

## The Parrot, the Trunk and the Murder

(Continued from page 47)

Frey thought that secrecy was absolutely essential at this stage of the investigation, and Detective Titus agreed with him.

The clues upon which the detectives now hoped to get at the truth of the tragedy included a white calico shirt with polka-dots, which the murdered man wore. Under an edge which was folded and apparently ironed with a sinister purpose was the name, *C. Kanfhold*.

This had been written in indelible ink, in script which indicated some attempt at disguise.

Beneath the white linen undershirt which was on the body, and stuck to the man's back, was a business card on which was printed:

*E. D. Siegel, Meats and Provisions, 205 Throop Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Another card read:

*London and Manchester Plate Glass Company, 73-75 Wooster Street, New York.*

These seemed clues indeed, and in this darkness even the faintest gleam of light was eagerly welcomed by the police. Detective Titus apprized District Attorney Nicoll, by telephone, of these developments.

WHILE this was transpiring in New York, Inspector O'Reilly, of the Eastern District of Brooklyn, was running down some clues which involved members of the Mafia. The Inspector believed that the murder bore all the earmarks of the malodorous assassination society, and that the victim had been drugged and rendered unconscious before he was killed. His men were instructed to make careful inquiries about missing Italians. Two detectives were at once dispatched to Siegel's butcher shop, with instructions to bring him to Police Headquarters if he refused to answer any question asked him or showed any sign of equivocating.

While writing these words, I can picture and even feel once again how much I, a newspaper reporter, was affected by the suppressed excitement of the sleuths when they entered the little butcher shop. I mentioned my feelings afterward to the detectives, and found that they had experienced the same thing.

Siegel, a mild-mannered man with gray hair and mustache and a strong, hawk-like profile, became terribly excited when asked if he could explain how his card got into the murder trunk. He gesticulated wildly, and flung his arms about in an attitude of consternation and despair.

"How do I know?" he exclaimed. "My business cards are lying around here by the dozen, and everybody who calls is at liberty to take one or more of them!" Then off came belt, apron and jacket. "I

do not know any man named C. Kanfhold," he stammered, "and I feel sure that those who butchered the man you speak of were not customers of mine!"

This latter remark, coming from a butcher, struck the detectives as rather ludicrous, but, looking at the man, they were impressed in spite of themselves by an eerie notion that what he said might be true. We all walked away, leaving Siegel wild-eyed.

The large force of detectives employed on the case, the frequent reports which they made to Inspector Byrnes, and the silence of the latter moved me profoundly. The detectives were divided in their opinions regarding the motive back of the butchery, and this was all-important, because without establishing a motive, an indictment for murder in the first degree would not stand. Some thought that the victim was an Italian blackmailer or counterfeiter, and that his butchery was the work of the Mafia. These theorists pointed to the horrible mutilation of the body as proof of Sicilian vengeance. Others believed that the crime was committed by an indignant husband smarting under the belief that the victim had broken up his home and dishonored his wife. A few imagined that the victim had been held up by a gang whom he had double-crossed.

Trunk manufacturers who examined the bloody trunk shook their heads, and expressed the belief that the box was manufactured in Chicago. Naturally, the question then arose again—was the murder trunk shipped from Chicago to New York, and later shipped to Baltimore to bamboozle the police?

Being a discreet man, all that Inspector Byrnes could be induced by reporters to say on this angle of the case was:

"I don't know *what* to think!"

THE situation was greatly complicated by an influx of letters from cranks and busybodies, offering theories and suggestions and supplying what some of them called "straight tips" to the police. Inspector Byrnes was getting more mail than ever before in his life, and so was Inspector O'Reilly.

A "hot tip" that the murdered man was a resident of Centerport, Long Island, and known there as "Chris Kanfhold," brought me to that resort in quest of a "scoop" one afternoon. The report ran that "Kanfhold" had been treading the primrose path of dalliance since he came to Long Island, and getting more than the yellow primrose. It further stated that he had disappeared some weeks back, and that his sudden exit from the neighborhood was connected with threats made by a married man and a confession by the latter's wife.



The alleged aggrieved husband was sought out and found. Asked if he knew "C. Kanfhold," the man cursed and spat out:

"I only hope that somebody around here had spunk enough to kill that blankety-blank Dutchman!"

These words summed up his opinion, his anger and contempt for the missing man. What he added was communicated by me to Inspector Byrnes, at whose request I withheld it from the newspapers.

Although Byrnes and his battalion of detectives were concentrating on New York for clues, and Inspector O'Reilly was hopeful that Brooklyn would supply the key to the mystery, Byrnes checked up reports from Chicago that an Irishman once prominent in Irish secret revolutionary societies had not been seen for several weeks, and that his friends feared that he had been slain by someone who wrongfully connected him with giving information to the British Government. This man worked for the Chicago & Rock Island Railroad, the card of which was found in the "murder coffin" in Baltimore. The fierce dissensions among the two factions of Irish revolutionists in Chicago at the time, and their charges that a British spy was high in the councils of the Clan-na-Gael, lent color to the theory, that the slain man was a Chicagoan.

**W**ORD now went through underground channels to the reporters, that Inspector Byrnes had sent an additional fleet of detectives into Brooklyn, with all the chances of failure to discover the murderer and all the chances of success as well, and that he had personally assumed charge of the invading host. This was news—front-page news, at that. It indicated that Byrnes was not at all satisfied with the work of Inspector O'Reilly and his men. Byrnes was never popular with reporters, nor even with many of his own detectives.

Titus and McLaughlin had more shining qualities as man-hunters, and a more extensive knowledge of criminals and their ways than Inspector Byrnes, but somehow I always felt that the roots of the latter's understanding went far deeper than those of any of his subordinates. His conscious mind would often hold to superficial and indefensible opinions, but every now and then something awe-inspiring would manifest itself in him, as if he were the voice of an inspired being. This made him more interesting, in my imagination, than any detective I ever met.

As a matter of fact, Byrnes never believed that the murdered man was an Italian. To his way of thinking, the body was too large and the skin too fair to support such an hypothesis. Well, there was much to be said on both sides of that proposition, and Byrnes was willing to accord his men a reasonably free hand in what, at the best, was no easy task.

In this connection, Byrnes told me that experience had taught him that many men who always were inclined at first to differ with the opinions of others, are the very people who end by madly adopting them.

"Will history repeat itself in this case?" I ventured to ask.

"As sure as to-morrow's sun rises!" he replied with some heat. A disdainful gesture expressed the rest of his thoughts.

At any rate, it was deemed necessary for some experienced hand to supervise the

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## Sh-h-h-----! (a secret!)

Not a soul will know just *what* you have done to make your hair so lovely! Certainly nobody would *dream* that a single shampooing could add such beauty—such delightful lustre—such exquisite soft tones!

A secret indeed—a beauty specialist's secret! But you may share it, too! Just one Golden Glint Shampoo\* will show you the way! At your dealers', 25c, or send for free sample!

*\* (Note: Do not confuse this with other shampoos that merely cleanse. Golden Glint Shampoo in addition to cleansing, gives your hair a "tiny-tint" —a wee little bit—not much—hardly perceptible. But how it does bring out the true beauty of your own individual shade of hair!)*

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624 Rainier Ave., Dept. D, Seattle, Wash.  
Please send a free sample.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

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Color of my hair \_\_\_\_\_



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In any case of pimples, blackheads, sore or itching skin, you must do TWO things! You must clear the skin of the pimples, blackheads, scales and blotches and also heal the sore and broken tissue. That's what Rowles Mentho Sulphur does—the sulphur clears the skin while the menthol heals. That's why this great combination is putting an end to skin troubles. One night sees a great change in the skin. In two or three days the skin is of a new, clear, healthy whiteness. All druggists carry Rowles Mentho Sulphur. Be sure it's Rowles.

operations in the Eastern District of Brooklyn, which had anything but an enviable-reputation among policemen at that time; and perhaps no better supervisor could have been found than Inspector Byrnes.

One day shortly after this, with the whole country watching the swiftly shifting scenes, the efforts to solve the mystery gave rise to new hopes when two of the Inspector's detectives reported that they had proof that the murder trunk had been shipped from the Eastern District of Brooklyn on Saturday, January 21st, by the Westcott Transfer Company, which delivered it to the Adams Express Company in New York that afternoon. The receipt which they exhibited confirmed this conclusion.

Through some secret channels and stool-pigeons whose names were not revealed, and whose method of operation is not general, the detectives obtained other information relative to the trunk which led the Inspector to believe that Brooklyn held the key to the mystery.

After studying the express receipt with the closest attention, Byrnes removed his eye-glasses. His eyes sparkled with excitement.

"Well," he remarked gruffly, "can you beat that?"

THE detective to whom this query was addressed smiled wanly, and tossed a card to the Inspector. On the card was engraved:

*Henry Bense, Wines and Liquors, 395 Kent Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

"The murder trunk was shipped from that guy's saloon!" said the detective, pointing to the name on the card.

Byrnes beamed across the desk at the detectives.

"Could Bense give any enlightened description of the man who shipped it?" he asked.

"He could and he did," answered the detective. "He told me that on the morning of Saturday, January twenty-first, a thick-set man, about fifty-five years of age, of medium height, with gray hair and gray mustache, came into his saloon. After buying some drinks and treating all hands at the bar, he asked permission to leave in the back room a trunk which he had on the sidewalk, until he got an expressman to take it away. The permission was granted.

"The man then asked for some mucilage and pen, ink and paper. The ink given him was blue, of the same shade as that with which the address on the murder trunk was written! Half an hour later, the expressman called for the trunk, gave Bense a receipt for it, and put it into his wagon."

The detective added that there was nothing to indicate with certainty that Bense was prevaricating or withholding any information that could throw further light on the tragedy.

Another new development, the strangest in the case, now engrossed the attention of Inspector Byrnes. One of his detectives made a report which filled him with radiant energy. This was to the effect that "something unusual" was taking place in the apartment of Edward Unger, on the fifth floor of a tenement at 22 Ridge Street, Manhattan. An elderly woman who lived in the tenement was complaining that the

rooms were the scene of misconduct of some kind.

"The parrot," she remarked to the grocer, "is raising the dickens! Nobody ever heard that bird screaming so loudly or so frequently. All I could understand of his gab was, 'Where's Gus? . . . Where's Gus? . . .'"

Inspector Byrnes was just about to send a detective post-haste to the house of the parrot, when another sleuth reported that a trunk like the murder container had been delivered by Dodd's Express Company from 546 West Fortieth Street a few months back, to the rooms of Edward Unger of 22 Ridge Street! Unger had signed a receipt for the trunk.

Now, Byrnes had good reason to know that 546 West Fortieth Street is in the heart of a district in New York City known as "Hell's Kitchen," famous in police annals for crimes of the most variegated and startling character. To venture there alone late at night was equivalent to making a rendezvous with death.

Could it be possible that the murder had been committed in Hell's Kitchen? This was a question that now loomed large in the mind of Byrnes. The character of the district made the conclusion extremely plausible. But there were other possibilities that might dim the new hypothesis.

Ridge Street was seldom on its good behavior. It was in the heart of New York's Ghetto, a district full of puddles and mud-holes, and obstructed with all kinds of peddlers' push-carts and every conceivable kind of rubbish. After nightfall its narrow, gloomy streets became the haunt of a flock of dangerous malefactors, panhandlers and tramps, who hid in doorways or deserted houses, and varied the monotony by robbing passers-by and throwing bricks at policemen.

NEVERTHELESS and notwithstanding, respectable people lived on Ridge Street, and resented any slurs cast upon it. When a detective called at the Unger apartment, he found the door locked. Climbing up by the fire-escape to the windows, he peered through.

At sight of him, the parrot began vociferating loudly, screaming at the top of his voice:

*"Where's Gus? . . . Gus Bohles! . . . WHERE'S GUS?"*

The tenement was inhabited by about fifty people. All those at home were questioned by the detective, and asked if they knew anybody who answered to the name of "Gus," or "Gus Bohles."

A shrug of the shoulders—"me no understand no Engleesh"—was the stereotyped reply.

The grocer next door, however, was more communicative. He told the detectives something that fired their imaginations, and filled them with renewed hope of solving the mystery.

A close watch was kept on the house by detectives until Unger's son, a weak-minded boy of seventeen years, came home in the evening. He had scarcely shut the door behind him when two detectives rushed in to the apartment.

The rooms presented such a spectacle, that the men remained for a moment rooted to their places with unspeakable horror!

Everything about the three squalid little rooms denoted that they had been the scene of a terrible crime not many days



back. The front room, and the sofa upon which somebody had been sleeping, were splashed with blood. There was blood in the sink in the kitchen, on a big carving knife, on a saw, on a sledge-hammer—on almost everything. The walls of the sitting room were covered with pictures, photographs, lithographs, and reproductions of engravings. Nearly all were of women clad only in their loveliness. Several books were scattered about. Among these was a paper-covered copy of Emile Gaboriau's *Monsieur Lecoq*, with the book opened at the description of the murder with which the story begins. Attempts had been made to wash the blood-stains from the floor, but the results were fruitless.

Young Unger was surly and uncommunicative. Threatened with arrest and the calaboose if he did not answer questions, the boy finally stated that he was employed in a printing office in Cedar Street. He had not seen his father for several days, he said, and gave evasive answers to all questions relative to the blood-stains.

"Where is Gus? Where is Gus?" screamed the parrot suddenly.

"That bird must love Gus!" remarked a detective.

"Gus used to bring it things it liked to eat," answered the boy.

The detectives glanced at each other swiftly. To their questions concerning "Gus's" identity and present whereabouts, young Unger replied gruffly:

"Gus was my father's partner in a saloon around the corner. He went to Chicago a couple of weeks ago."

"He must have some money, to be able to take such a trip," suggested a detective, who by this time had established pleasant relations with the boy.

"OH, he had money to burn!" replied the boy, adding, "He had a big wad in the Franklin Savings Bank at Forty-second Street and Eighth Avenue, and in Chicago and English banks."

"Don't you believe it!" remarked the detective.

"Well, I ought to know," answered the boy with some irritation. "I saw his bank-books, and I heard my father ask him to start me in the printing business—he said that I'd make good, and pay him every cent he lent me!"

"What did he say to that?" asked the detective.

"He said he could not spare the money," replied the boy.

"I suppose your father didn't like that?"

The boy smiled grimly, and said: "He didn't like it a small bit, and he told Gus that if he didn't come across, he'd feel sorry for it!"

"Did Gus have a trunk?"

Young Unger guffawed.

"Yes, and a big one!" he replied.

The detective asked another leading question regarding the shirt with the polka-dots, but the lad ignored it and changed the subject. And that was all of that.

Which brings us back once more to the elder Unger, and to Brooklyn.

Quick action by the detectives was now necessary in several quarters at once. Another watch was placed on the Unger home by detectives stationed in a room at 44 Grand Street, which commanded a view

**Bald Men Look!**

**FREE**

One Full Ampoule of my amazing hair fluid which I discovered myself and which grew hair on my head.

This Ampoule is absolutely free. Don't send any money. There is no C.O.D. No charge whatsoever. All I want is an opportunity to show you how easily I grew hair on my own and hundreds of other men's heads. Merely mail the coupon below for Free Ampoule.

**Here is How I Used to Look**

I was just as bald as this picture. It is a true photograph without any tampering or retouching. It is exactly like I used to look. Then look at the full head of hair I have in the picture on the left!

As I have stated so often, I don't know whether I am the first man who discovered this great secret, but I do know I have it, that I grew my own hair and that I am growing hair on the heads of other men all the time.

**Bald Men Grow Hair Quick!**

What I accomplished on my own head and on other heads I can do for you, provided you are under 45 years of age and loss of hair was not caused by burns or scars. Anyhow, I must succeed or you pay nothing. No apparatus. My home treatment is simple, quick, inexpensive,



**Here is Brennan**  
Brennan while he was bald.

And Brennan after Vreeland grew his hair. Write and I will tell you Brennan's story and give you his address.

**Mail This Free Coupon**

Mail the coupon today—Right Now—I will send you, immediately, one full Ampoule of my marvelous fluid which I discovered, of which I hold the secret and which grew my own hair on my own bald head. Besides the Free Ampoule of Fluid, I will send photographs, names and addresses of men and women who successfully used my Wonder Fluid for Dandruff, Falling Hair and Baldness.

**Here is Wiseman**  
Wiseman was bald like this.

But Wiseman grew this head of hair with my wonderful hair growing fluid. All about Wiseman and how he did it, if you write. You will get his address, too.



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**FREE COUPON**  
VREELAND 2704 Euclid-Windsor Bldg. CLEVELAND, O.  
Please send me, entirely free, one full Ampoule of the same Wonderful Hair Fluid which grew your hair.

My Name.....  
My Address.....  
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**I**N every woman's eyes slumbers enchanting loveliness that awaits the magic touch of this smart lash dressing to flower and bloom gloriously. For when the eyes are framed in a bewitching fringe of soft, luxuriant lashes they look their loveliest. And waterproof Liquid Wix achieves this sought-for effect without the slightest hint of artificiality. It is easy to apply and remove. It is safe. Where you buy your beauty aides purchase Liquid Wix. Only 75c, complete. Two shades, black and brown.

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If you send a DIME toward expenses. (A Large Aluminum Box of my Wonder Cream included.) Plain wrapper. IS IT WORTH 10c TO YOU? If not, your dime back by first mail. Address NOW, with ten cents only Madame G. C. Williams, Buffalo, N. Y.

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Needless for you to suffer the torture of piles when quick, sure, safe relief is so easy. UNGUENTINE RECTAL CONES soothe the dreadful itching, check the bleeding at once. At all druggists—75¢. Trial FREE. Write today. If a laxative is needed, also, use NOROL-AGAR. It is so safe and mild a lubricant that doctors prescribe it even for children. The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Dept. TD-4, Norwich, N. Y.

of Unger's apartment. Other detectives rushed over to Siegel's butcher shop in Brooklyn.

"Do you know a man named Ed Unger?" asked a detective.

"I do," responded Siegel, who by this time had become quite used to detectives. "In November last, he and a good-looking German about thirty-five years of age, with blond hair and mustache, about five feet, nine inches tall, called on me. Unger said his companion had just come from England, where he manufactured sheep casings used to pack sausage meat in. They asked permission to leave six kegs of the casings in my shop until they could sell them. I granted their request. On leaving, they took a bunch of my business cards with them, and if any of these have been used in any crooked way, Unger and his friend will be able to tell you! They sold the last keg of the casings a month ago, and that was the last I saw of them."

"Did you notice the kind of shirt that Unger's companion wore on that occasion?"

Siegel became very thoughtful. After some introspection, he replied:

"A white one, with black or blue little spots."

"Polka-dots, you mean," suggested the inquisitor.

"That's the right name for them, I believe."

After this, it was small wonder that the detectives could think of little else except to locate Unger! This does not mean that they ceased running down other clues, or that they felt certain that Unger was the real murderer. They felt, however, that he was the most substantial clue, and they had no evidence against anybody else that would justify a magistrate in holding him overnight.

But talking about Unger, and catching him, were two different things, as far apart from each other as the poles. Nobody in the house could throw any light upon his whereabouts. The janitress recalled that he and a handsome young German had quarreled one night, and that the German was seen no more.

**T**HE grocer from whom they purchased provisions said that Unger and the German lodger, "Gus," always left the key of their rooms in his store until they or young Unger returned from work in the evening. The lodger's first name, he said, was August. The neighbors called Unger "Captain," because he had served in the Navy.

In the belief that the Navy Department might furnish some tangible clue to Unger's hiding-place, Inspector Byrnes sent a detective to Washington. The latter returned with the information that Unger was dismissed from the United States Navy for stealing a bale of sheeting from the gunboat *South Carolina*, and that he had admitted his guilt to Secretary Welles.

From some mysterious source, Byrnes learned that Gus Bohles had lived for some time in Chicago, where he dealt in sheep casings. Thinking that New York was a better field for the business, Bohles came to New York and rented a furnished room at 546 West Fortieth Street. Immediately after settling there, Bohles had answered an advertisement in the *Staats-Zeitung* for a partner in a saloon conducted by Edward Unger on Ridge Street.

The men became partners, but the business had soon gone on the rocks.

Inspector Byrnes now had a light heart. He had connected the roomer of 546 West Fortieth Street with Unger, and had proof that the former had lived in Unger's rooms and disappeared after a quarrel with the latter over money matters.

The Inspector, however, was far from certain that he had evidence enough to convict Unger of having killed his lodger. He had a hunch that Unger was the murderer and Bohles the victim—but hunches don't stand in a court of law.

If Unger committed a murder, reasoned Byrnes, he must have had assistants or accomplices. Alone and unaided, he could not carry the trunk containing the mutilated body downstairs to the sidewalk; he could not have carried it over to Brooklyn. Moreover, Saloonkeeper Bense recalled that an Italian had helped to carry the trunk from the sidewalk to his saloon. These reflections worried Byrnes. He had no doubt that Unger was the key to the mystery, and that his arrest would dissipate all other theories.

**H**AD anybody else any possible motive to do away with Bohles, assuming that Bohles was the victim? The Inspector could learn of none. A man planful enough to have plotted such an awful butchery must have weighed his chance of covering up his tracks, and of snapping his fingers at the police and the Law.

No warrant had yet been asked for Unger's arrest, because, as Byrnes frankly told me—in confidence, of course—the police had no evidence against him that would warrant the Grand Jury's indicting him.

The detectives were given another big eye-opener when Peers & Brothers, printers, of 15 Cedar Street, by whom young Unger was employed, identified the card of the Manchester Plate Glass Company, found in the "murder coffin" in Baltimore, as one of those that they printed for the company. Strangely enough, young Unger admitted that he had brought a few of those cards to his father's home one night, and that Bohles had praised the workmanship.

Young Unger's admission caused the detectives to redouble their efforts to apprehend the boy's father. As mentioned before, his home was under the closest espionage by the police.

This espionage at last had results!

One day, a man came walking down Ridge Street, answering the description of Unger. He looked cautiously about the street and up at the windows in the tenement where the Ungers lived, and then furtively ambled away. Two detectives followed the suspect.

A half grin creased a detective's face as he approached the suspect and asked, apologetically:

"You are Captain Unger, are you not?"

"Yes," said the much-wanted man, coldly and disdainfully. "I am Captain Unger. Who are you?"

"We are police officers, and you had better come along with us!"

"What for?" demanded Unger, in a scornful tone. He was frightened, but tried to conceal his real feelings.

"Inspector Byrnes wants to see you at Police Headquarters," was the reply.



"Me?" grunted Unger, stalling for time.  
 "Yes, you and nobody else!"  
 A mad fury blazed in the prisoner's eyes; a convulsive sneer distorted his features.

"Let me see your badges, if you are policemen!" he demanded.

The insignia of authority shown him, Unger's expression underwent a complete change; his face evinced the perfect indifference of a man accustomed to such an ordeal. He accompanied the detectives without further ado to Headquarters.

In the meantime, Inspector Byrnes had set the stage for a "third degree" coup by which he hoped, in just such an emergency, to draw from Unger the awful secret which he thought the prisoner might be hiding. He felt certain that the suspect could not dissemble *when actually confronted with the murder trunk, the polka-dot shirt, and the implements with which the police believed the murder was committed.* He felt sure that the gruesome sight would force the most hardened criminal, if guilty, to lose self-control and to make some incriminating admissions.

Accordingly, Unger was confronted immediately with the trunk and other paraphernalia of the crime.

"Where did you see this trunk before?" asked Byrnes of the prisoner.

"I never saw it before!" answered Unger, with bluntness and directness.

"How about this?" asked Byrnes, holding up the white shirt with the polka-dots.

"Never saw it until now!" was the reply.

"Ever see those before?" queried the Inspector, pointing to the hammer, the saw and the razor.

"Never before."

THE prisoner's denials continued, as the bloody sofa and other telltale exhibits found in his home were indicated to him. He sat there facing his questioner with a scowl on his brow, his eyes dilating a little as they met the Inspector's glance. Then, when the questioning ceased, he volunteered one piece of information which nobody asked for, and which nobody particularly wished to hear.

"If I done anything wrong you've got to *prove* it!" he growled.

Cumulative evidence of the participation, at least, of Unger in the horrible butchery, had now reached a point where its weight was simply irresistible. He was locked up in a cell at Police Headquarters, and told to send for Byrnes whenever he wished to talk.

"This man, Unger, is clever," said the Inspector to me, "and it will not be easy to get him to talk. But I'm satisfied that the murder is no longer a mystery!"

Unger was placed in a cell between those of two thieves who hated a murderer just as much as any law-abiding citizen does.

The murder trunk and the bloody sofa were placed in front of the cell.

"You're trying to hang me, ain't you?" he sneered to Inspector Byrnes in caustic irritation, as he saw the trunk and sofa piled before his temporary prison.

"You know better than I whether you killed Gus Bohles or not," said Byrnes, with a beautiful assumption of indifference.

Inquiries at the Franklin Savings Bank had shown that in October, 1886—the year preceding the murder—Bohles had \$1,000.00 on deposit there, and that some time later



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**Don't starve—  
 don't follow follies—correct the cause**

SOME years ago, Science made a great discovery in respect to excess fat. A cause was found in a defective gland—the thyroid gland—which largely controls nutrition.

The thyroid secretion, when normal, helps turn food into fuel and energy. When it is scant, too much food goes to fat.

Many tests were made on animals which were over-fat. The reports proved that feeding thyroid brought reduction. It also brought new health, new energy. Then tests were made on people, with like results. Now physicians the world over combat excess fat in this way.

#### *A 21-year record*

WHEN this method met scientific approval, it was embodied in the Marmola prescription. It is compounded under direction of some of the greatest gland experts.

Now Marmola has been used for 21 years—millions of boxes of it. You can see in every circle how conditions have changed. Excess fat is far less common.

Marmola has been a leading factor in that change. Users have told others about it. The use has grown to enormous proportions. Now most folks have friends

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USERS of Marmola do not starve by rigid diet, though moderation helps. They do not overtax the heart by exercise. They do not spend time and money on mere follies, which never can reduce.

They aim at the cause, and seek to correct it in a scientific way. They take four tablets of Marmola daily. They know just what they are taking, and why. Each box of Marmola contains the formula complete. Also the reason for all good effects.

With reduction comes new vitality, new youth. Ask anyone about you who grew slender in this way.

#### *Do what they did*

TRY the method which has served so many for so long. Methods wrong and ineffective come and go. This right method grows and grows in favor as more people learn about it.

Go get Marmola, for the sake of beauty, health, vitality and youth. When you see all its good effects, tell your friends about it.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at \$1 per box. Any druggist who is out will get them from his jobber.

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he had over \$3,500.00. He was well and favorably known at the bank, where none believed that he had any enemies.

A great crowd of curiosity seekers edged their way into the Tombs Police Court on January 28th, when Unger was arraigned before Magistrate Duffy on a short affidavit of a detective, charging him with having murdered August Bohles. The prisoner was represented by Abe Hummel, of the law firm of Howe & Hummel.

When asked if he wished to say anything, Unger replied, with a slight sneer: "I'm not guilty; that's all!"

In the court-room, Saloonkeeper Bense identified Unger as the man who had brought the trunk to his saloon on Kent Avenue, Brooklyn, on the morning of the day it was taken from there by the Westcott Transfer Company's wagon.

"That man Bense is a liar!" roared Unger. "I never saw the fellow before, and I never stood in his grog-shop!"

Unger was held without bail, and returned to Police Headquarters.

ABOUT this time, August Belcher, a butcher, of 695 Ninth Avenue, New York, told Inspector Byrnes that Bohles had been born in East Prussia, and became a partner of his in Glasgow. Later he became a partner of a man named Forrester in Bradford, England, their business being the cleansing and preparation of beef and sheep casings for sausages. Bohles then came to the United States, and after a trip through Oregon and Washington, settled in Chicago. The preceding July, he had come to New York and sold sheep casings, until he became a partner of Unger in the saloon, and afterward in the sausage meat business. The partnership had continued up to the date of Bohles' disappearance.

With these and other facts in his possession, District Attorney Delancey Nicoll asked the Grand Jury to indict Unger for murdering Bohles. A true bill was promptly found. William F. Howe, of Howe & Hummel, appeared for the prisoner when the latter was called to plead to the indictment.

"Not guilty, your Honor," said Mr. Howe, who expressed the strongest belief in his client's innocence. "The whole thing is a pipe-dream of the police," added the veteran criminal lawyer. "The mystery is yet unsolved!"

And unsolved it undoubtedly was, while the following material questions remained unanswered:

"Has the dead man's head been found?"

"If the head has not been discovered, how can the *corpus delicti* be established?"

"If the *corpus delicti* be not established, how can there be a conviction for murder?"

"If Unger slew Bohles, how did he get the trunk over to Brooklyn? Who helped him to carry it downstairs from 22 Ridge Street to the sidewalk? Who assisted Unger in taking the trunk to Henry Bense's saloon in Brooklyn, and then disappeared?"

"Who witnessed the murder?"

"Apart from Unger, were there not others who would benefit by Bohles' disappearance?"

And all these questions were finally answered by the prisoner himself!

The continued presence of the gory trunk and other telltale evidence in front of his cell, finally weakened Unger, and led him, on January 31st, to seek an interview with Inspector Byrnes.

"I can't stand this any longer," he said shakily, pointing to the bloody trunk. "I defended myself! I killed Bohles. I had a right to do it!"

"He lived with me and my boy since December, and paid half the rent of our rooms, seven dollars and fifty cents a month, and one-third of the other expenses."

"On the night of January twentieth, I went to poke the fire in the stove. Bohles cursed me, and put his hand to his hip pocket. I thought he was going to kill me. I struck him on the head with the poker. The blow killed him."

"Then, fearing arrest and disgrace, I decided to hide the body. I put it under the sofa on which Bohles used to sleep, and left it there all night."

Unger stared at the floor a while in brooding silence. Pretty soon he resumed his story.

"THE following morning I made up my mind to cut the body in pieces. I tried to get a bag to put it in, but could not find one strong enough, so I bought a couple of yards of rubber cloth at eighty cents a yard to wrap it in. This I spread on the floor of the sitting room. First I cut off the head, next both legs and then the arms, close to the shoulders. But the legs were too long to put into the trunk, so I cut off both feet, and was then able to get all the parts in the trunk, except his head. I packed his head in a newspaper, put a string around the package, placed it under my arm and threw it into the East River from a Grand Street ferry-boat."

Here Unger paused, as if remorse had overcome him. He moistened his dry lips.

### Pursued By Outlaws and Officers

ON a road a hundred miles from nowhere, Jerry Maguire's swift car is passed by an even swifter motor-cycle, and Jerry sighs in relief. He had feared it was a cop. Yet something happened in that split second of passing—something which was to send Jerry driving desperately across the desert, pursued by outlaws and officers alike, by his side the sister of the girl with whom he had hoped to elope, and in his tonneau a fortune in one-thousand-dollar bills! Read what it was in *Reckless Roads*, a stirring serial of speed that begins in the April TALES OF DANGER AND DARING.

Eight other stories of action and adventure up and down the earth are in this issue, in addition to two articles about real men who risk their lives every day, and sixteen pages of rotogravure. The April TALES OF DANGER AND DARING, a Macfadden publication, price 25c, is on sale March 15th at all news stands.



When he had regained his composure, he was asked, "What did you do next?"

"When everything had been packed into the trunk and the lid locked, I gave an Italian twenty-five cents to help me take it downstairs and into a beer saloon on Grand Street, where I left it while hunting around for an express or a peddler's wagon to take it across the river to Williamsburg, in Brooklyn. Finally, I hailed a passing driver, and gave him fifty cents to take it to Henry Bense's saloon in Williamsburg, where I often spent evenings drinking beer and playing pinochle.

"Then I thought of Baltimore as the best place to ship the trunk to. I had often heard that the police there were a sleepy lot, and I thought they would not bother themselves about something that was not done in their burg!"

"Who helped you to take the trunk into Bense's saloon?" queried Byrnes.

"The Italian what keeps a bootblack stand around the corner. I gave him a dime, and a schooner of beer."

When Unger was brought to trial before Judge George C. Barrett in the Court of Oyer and Terminer, on February 13th, the feet of Justice had made a record quick pace. Crowds struggled for admission to the court-room to see one of the most cold-blooded murderers of the age. Women were in the majority.

FOR five days the prisoner listened to evidence showing that he had cut up Bohles as a butcher would a calf. The defendant was as silent as the grave. He seemed to take little or no interest in the stories told by the witnesses for the prosecution.

Lawyer Howe subjected the witnesses to a grueling cross-examination, but could not shake their stories in any way.

There was a great stir in the courtroom on February 17th, when Mr. Howe said:

"Captain Unger, please take the stand!"

Then, calmly, as if he were discussing the weather, Unger told a thrilling story, the story of a horrible battle of the tenements, that sounded like the dream of Eugene Aram from the lips of an accomplished actor.

Stated briefly, it was to the effect that he never intended to murder Bohles, but struck him with the poker in self-defense. When he saw that the blow had caused the death of his partner and lodger, he dismembered the body and disposed of it in the way indicated.

"Did you take any money from the man's pockets before cutting up the body?" asked the District Attorney.

"Yes, all he had—and that was only five dollars!" replied the witness in a hoarse, discordant voice.

"What did you do with the money?"

"Bought whisky and beer with it, and paid the Italians and others who helped me move the trunk."

On February 17th, the case was given to the jury who, after a few minutes' deliberation, found the prisoner guilty of manslaughter in the first degree. Judge Barrett was very much dissatisfied with the verdict, and told the jury that the evidence justified a verdict of *murder* in the first degree.

"The defendant's deliberate attempt to conceal the crime, the ruthless and awful

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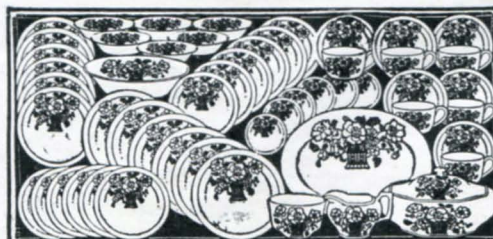
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manner in which he disposed of the body, and the carefully prepared story he told on the witness-stand, point to the consciousness of his guilt, and that that guilt involves wilful and premeditated murder," said the Judge. He imposed the maximum sentence upon the convicted slayer—twenty years with hard labor in the State prison at Sing Sing.

There are those who may think that the speedy solution of this mystery was an accident. As a matter of fact, there has

never been a successful man-hunt which was the more direct result of real detective instinct, power of penetration, imperturbable coolness, shrewdness, and hard work on the part of the police—faculties as rare as they are remarkable!

Detective William W. McLaughlin, who had charge of the case under Chief Byrnes, was highly commended for his handling of it. His two assistants were Titus and "Mike" Crowley. McLaughlin later became Chief of Detectives.

## How "Silent Phil's" Racket Trapped Him

(Continued from page 52)

the daughter of a prominent manufacturer in Indiana. She was returned to her people.

The arrests quoted here are only a few from the criminal record of a most colorful career. There are many other items in his record "so far as known." That phrase "so far as known" is always put on a criminal record, because the record is never assumed to be complete. He might have been arrested any number of times and not finger-printed—for even at this late date there are many police departments throughout the country without proper equipment, or experts. For instance, it was not until 1921 that so up-to-date and progressive a city as Louisville, Kentucky, established a finger-print bureau.

During his active career of 29 years—between 1894 and 1923—the only years in which Lambele was not reported arrested, or in jail, are 1897, 1918 and 1920-1921.

Of course the criminal record shows only the times he was caught, but Lambele was suspected of being connected with many large criminal enterprises. It is known that he was always well heeled and a high liver, and his connections with the underworld were such that he was always able to obtain bail, no matter how high the bond.

He was called "Silent" because he never gave up on an accomplice, always "taking the rap" himself.

### The Celluloid Kid

A FEW years ago about fifty flat burglaries occurred within the space of a few months in high-class apartment houses in a restricted residential section of New York, all within a radius of less than a mile. In each case there was nothing to show how the apartment was entered—all doors and windows being intact, and locked, as left by tenants when they went out. All these burglaries took place in the daytime, during the temporary absence of the occupants. In no case were finger-prints found, nor was any clue left, except—

At last, in going over "with a fine-tooth comb" the premises where one of these burglaries took place, one of the detectives found a small broken piece of celluloid card—practically a chip, with a worn, ragged edge. It didn't look important, but none of the tenants remembered seeing it before, nor could it be identified

as being part of anything in the apartment. It was found under the edge of a rug just inside the entrance.

The detective pocketed the piece of celluloid.

Later, in talking the matter over with his confrères, one of them suddenly recalled having heard somewhere of someone called the "Celluloid Kid." He explained that he had not given any thought to this cognomen, as he had associated it with "film," and assumed that it referred to someone connected with the motion picture world.

HOWEVER, careful inquiry, through underworld channels, soon resulted in the young man who carried that alias being "fingered" by an informer. If any reader does not know what "fingered" means, it may be explained that it is one of those singularly apt terms of underworld jargon meaning "to place a finger on," or, "to point out." It is usually done by the "stool" approaching the man to be identified, and by familiarly slapping him on the back, or shaking hands, or handing him something, or by any other prearranged signal, establishing an unmistakable identification.

Just as the detectives had located the abode of their suspect, and were "planted" on it, planning to tail him to a "job," his apartment was raided by detectives of the Narcotic Bureau. They had learned that one William Unkleback, one of Dick Whittemore's pals (Whittemore was later hanged at Baltimore, Maryland) had been smoking "hop" in this apartment. They secured an opium layout, a quantity of narcotics, and a trunkload of loot from burglarized apartments. It was learned that three trunks had previously been shipped to Canada.

The "Celluloid Kid," whose real name was Albert Lalonde, went to Sing Sing. He was only recently "sprung" (released), and if complaints of any more similar flat burglaries are received, the *modus operandi* file at Police Headquarters will at once point out the "Celluloid Kid" as a suspect. (See photo, page 52.)

There is another suspect on this particular list—the man who taught Lalonde. But at present he is doing a long "stretch." It is a difficult trick, but these two men worked it to perfection, and it is claimed that with a strip of celluloid they could spring any lock, except a certain well-known make.

While this overlapping of activities by two distinct squads of detectives deprived those who worked up the case of a glori-



ous culmination in effecting the arrest of Lalonde on a "job," it shows the efficiency of the police in tracking down Lalonde along two different paths. Anyway, he was due for a long "ride" and got it.

*Modus operandi* shows there is another way of opening locked doors from the outside—doors that are bolted on the inside. It would perhaps not be wise to explain this method here, but this much can be stated, however, namely, that the operation takes place through the keyhole.

## "Get the Man Higher Up!"

(Continued from page 60)

sufficient to enable them to study my features. After that, it would be next to suicide for me to go near an underworld resort.

Suddenly I paused, my pulses pounding. *A bird cry had come from within a few feet of me.* Unfortunately, I had walked directly among my enemies, who were closing in! High time to act. And better against one man than two.

Clubbing my gun, I made a slight sound with my foot, next uttered a hiss. The answer came at once, and a figure pushed around the bushes before me. I caught a momentary glint of light on a steel barrel.

Setting myself, I brought the butt of my weapon down. The unknown uttered a cry, and dropped. Whirling, I raced through the trees, reached and vaulted the rear hedge, and sped across the roadway. I heard a pistol bark twice, but the shots went wild. Shouts, and the shrill of a police whistle, drove me to greater speed. I gained the protection of the opposite hedge, dodged in the shadows to the next street, then through more yards until sounds of pursuit had died away.

**F**OR the moment, I had outwitted my adversaries.

Back in my rooms, I began to take stock of what I actually knew, and to plan for the future.

Up to a few months previous, a ring, with subdivisions in all parts of the city, had been responsible for most local crime. The openly acknowledged head of this gangster organization was one Barney ("Dynamite") Valenti, so nicknamed because his racketeers usually employed that explosive in bombs, when forcing settlements in fake strikes. He made a show of decency by operating one of the city's largest florist shops. However, it was generally understood he was only the mouthpiece for the mysterious master director, the one who not only planned the greater crimes and was paid a most liberal cut on all plunder and graft, but who dictated which men were to receive the political support of the underworld.

Valenti's lieutenant was a crook of the thug type and a known murderer, "Rags" Moscarello, who, it was said, while posing as the proprietor of a laundry, personally supervised the bombings and commanded the "torpedoes," or gunmen.

However, the Valenti mob was not then enjoying its former monopoly. Some months previous, Joe Carrome, a notorious dive keeper, and Angie, who passed as his wife, reached the city after being driven from New York by the police. The woman

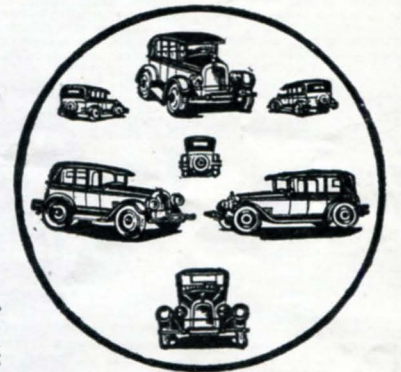
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began operating a *bagnio* in the unsavory Howard Street section, and Joe opened a cabaret, the "Golden Moon," next door. The place was ornately decorated, and employed a colored orchestra and many dancing girls. Though it was across town from the district in which the Valenti dives had become popular with the thrill seekers, it soon gained a notoriety which caused it to be visited by wealthy sightseers.

Prosperity caused the local Mafia to begin levying tribute upon Carrome. He paid a few thousands, then decided to fight back. Two Italian "torpedoes" from New York were sent for. Soon thereafter, three Mafia leaders were found shot through the back, near his dive. That ended Joe's blackmail troubles. And the killers went back East before being apprehended by the authorities, who were anxious to hang a few crooks—provided they were from out-of-town—as an evidence of their good faith as supporters of law and order.

**E**MBOLDENED by his success, Carrome organized a rather formidable mob of his own, and began cutting in on the business of the Valenti thugs—particularly in bootlegging, hi-jacking, and in providing men to slug either labor strikers or non-union workers, according to which side paid the bills. It also was whispered that Carrome was powerful in the dope game, his agents buying directly from the European exporters. Anyway, any narcotics desired could be purchased in his place, including the "smokes" doped with *Cannabis indica*, the Oriental drug. Naturally the more powerful Valenti crowd objected to the opposition, and there were some clashes and killings. But, up to the time of my arrival, the point of open warfare had not been reached.

Soon after I began my investigations, I had learned that young Herbert Randolph had obtained his drug supply in some of the cabarets presided over by the Valenti supporters. But, for the time being, I had centered my attention on the Carrome brothel, because it promised quicker leads. And, even though the Valenti and Carrome mobs were rivals, it was quite possible both were paying the same higher power for protection. Such a condition had obtained in other places. All I wanted to do was to get on the trail of the *master criminal* with the least possible delay, the side from which I obtained my tip making no difference.

One of my reasons for keeping close to Joe's was that, realizing he soon would have to combat attacks from the men he flouted, he had sent to New York for another gunman to act as his body-guard. This fellow was pointed out to me by one of my addict acquaintances the first night I visited the Golden Moon, and I was amazed to recognize him as "Dapper Jim" Miley, whose arrest I had caused the year before when he was a pathfinder for a band of warehouse thieves. As I had not appeared in the case, he did not know me. When he was "sent away," I was a bit sorry for him, for, though of good family, better looking than the average and always fashionably dressed, he lacked character, and had drifted into the underworld through bad companionship.

I guessed Dapper Jim had been paroled. But what surprised me was his new rôle

of *gunman*. He hadn't the necessary nerve. I figured he'd taken the job not realizing what he was going up against, and as a means of existing without returning to theft. Already I had scrapped acquaintance with him, and hoped soon to become sufficiently friendly to pump him.

Then there was another reason. Mae Hardy, a girl who sold cigars and cigarettes at the Golden Moon, I was certain could be useful to me if I could gain her confidence. She was vivacious, and presented a pleasing picture in her abbreviated skirt. I had talked with and studied her. And in her green-gray eyes I had read the experience of ages, while her mouth and chin betrayed will and stubbornness—the type of woman most dangerous when crossed.

Joe had lost his head over her, had tried to make love to her, and seldom lost an opportunity to pat her shoulders or otherwise manhandle her when she passed close to him. But she rebuffed his advances. For the handsome Jim had caught her fancy, and she made no pretense of hiding her friendship for him. Frequently, when he sat alone at a table, she would sit and talk with him. Joe objected to this intimacy, often abusing the two and ordering the girl to resume her work.

I felt that, some night, there would come an explosion, in this little triangle—or quadrangle—which would play into my hands. Possibly Angie, who must be aware of what was going on, and who possessed a bad temper, would do something which would cause Jim or the girl to talk.

**I** DIDN'T wake until noon of the day following my interview with Randolph. But I was refreshed, and eager to speed matters. Over my breakfast, I read a newspaper.

An article, under glaring headlines, stated that police patrolling the fashionable Vernon Avenue district the night before had been attracted by shots, and had found Jake ("Nails") Mong, a Valenti gunman, unconscious from a blow from a gun butt. He had insisted he was passing through the neighborhood alone when several unknown men had attacked him. The paper hinted Carrome thugs had committed the assault. Mong was arrested for having a loaded weapon in his possession, but, of course, was immediately admitted to bail.

The story gave me information I desired: It was the Valenti outfit, then, which was shadowing Wheeler Randolph. If Mong and the others believed a follower of Joe had been the banker's visitor, so much the better. The more ill feeling engendered between the rival gangs, the sooner the blow-off which would help me.

I telephoned Randolph. He had deposited the money as I had requested. And his instructions had been such that I cashed a check for \$5,000.00 without difficulty. Then I got in touch with Conklin by a means upon which we had agreed, and told him I desired to obtain an attorney who was absolutely on the level.

"Go to Dan Dorgan, and say I sent you," he advised. "He is young, but clever and fearless. He's after some big



office. He'll get it, and he'll give the crooks hell! Other attorneys have done the same thing. It proves to the criminals they're to be trusted. Some such, when they return to private practice, specialize in defending crooks, and have more business than they can attend to. Right now you can trust him to the limit."

Within an hour I had hired Dorgan paying him \$5,000.00 as a retainer. I put part of my cards on the table, and told him to procure a list of all the real estate owned by Carrone and Valenti. Knowing they were the kind of crooks who would trust few, I didn't believe either would have any holdings in the names of women. I asked for records showing the contractors against whom Valenti's mob had called strikes, and those who had escaped paying him tribute. Also, if possible, the names of any with whom the pair had big money dealings.

I wasn't certain of just what I was after. But I hoped to uncover some lead which would point toward the "big one" I was after. Experience had taught me that men of apparent respectability often were the brains of criminal outfits. If I learned of any such with whom the mob leaders had had big financial dealings, or any contractor whom Valenti had favored, I would try to learn if all their dealings were legitimate.

**A**FTER dark I headed for the district in which the Golden Moon was located, and prowled the streets. But my reward was nothing except to see a few decks of dope sold quite openly. Then I turned toward the cabaret, a bit put out at my lack of progress. But I was due for action, and sooner than I had anticipated. Within the next few days I had more narrow squeezes than I'd have imagined could have been crowded into so brief a period; more than I ever want to face again, no matter what the reward.

The cabaret was crowded when I entered, and for a time I circulated, exchanging greetings with addict acquaintances. After a time, Dapper Jim Miley came in, and seated himself near a side wall. I joined him. But he was obviously out of sorts. Then Mae joined us, placed her tray upon the table, and tried to cheer him up. She and I were laughing over one of her sallies when a shadow loomed above us. Looking up, I saw Carrone, his face crimson with passion.

"Damn you, Jim—didn't I tell you to keep away from this girl?" he snarled.

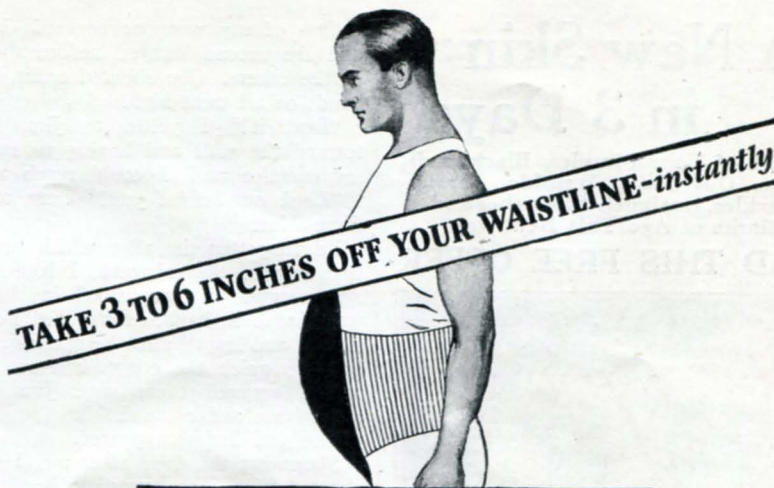
Next he bent and, with the back of his hand, struck Miley twice in the face. Mae uttered a shriek and tried to hold the brute, and I jumped to my feet, wondering what the next move would be.

For an instant the lad sat dazed. Then he reached for his gun. But he didn't draw. For two of Joe's followers were at hand, covering him with their weapons. Carrone uttered a taunting laugh.

"I'll settle your case, you double-crosser! My car's outside. You two take this mutt for a ride—a long ways into the country, where he'll cool off!"

I knew what the order meant. Jim was to be driven to some outlying district—and murdered. He was as good as dead already—unless I did something. My hands went beneath my armpits, and my guns came out.

"Put 'em up!" I ordered.



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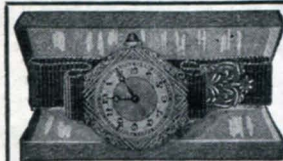
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One of my weapons covered Carrome, and the second swayed before the faces of the others. Joe shouted oaths, but the hands of all went high.

"Beat it!" I yelled to Jim, backing toward the wall and hoping to stand off my enemies until I could reach an exit.

"Look out behind you!" came a shriek from Mae.

I'd forgotten the alley which ran along that side of the cabaret! I leaped aside, and swung. A man stood in the doorway, knife in hand. I dropped him with a shot, and leaped into the opening. I had been so quick the others had not drawn, and I covered them until Jim worked around me and escaped.

The girl had disappeared.

Slamming the door after me, I glanced about. Men were running in from the street end; probably Carrome lookouts. I fired twice—high. They melted into the shadows. The open door of a tenement faced me. I flung myself through it, and raced for the roof. Shots from below added to my speed.

Exactly how I escaped, I never could recall. But I remember crossing several roofs, going down a fire-escape, then over fences and through yards, until I found myself in another alley which opened into a street a block distant from the cabaret. Paying no heed to those running toward where the firing had occurred, I made for my quarters. It was less than a mile distant, but I covered ten, frequently changing taxis and street-cars to throw any following me from my trail.

By the time I reached my rooms, I'd fixed upon my plans for the immediate future. In saving Miley, I had queered myself as far as my present rôle was concerned. Not only would I have to obtain a new hideout, but I'd be obliged to change my appearance so none of Carrome's mob would recognize me.

Packing my scanty possessions, I stole to the wharves and hid until daylight. It required the morning to make the necessary changes. But, cleanly shaved, with a mouse-colored wig, my eyebrows trimmed to half their former width, my skin reddened, and wearing new clothing of a rather extreme cut, and rimmed glasses, I was satisfied I could visit even the Golden Moon without being recognized! I knew from experience that it required less change in a person's appearance than I had made, to enable one to mingle freely without fear of detection among those he had met only casually.

The voice is most frequently the giveaway, and I would have to guard against that.

A traveling men's hotel was my new home.

AFTER luncheon I saw Dorgan, my new attorney. He had ready the list of real estate holdings of Carrome and Valenti—also, a piece of information that "clicked" to me as a real tip.

"As yet," he said, "I haven't been able to learn much about the business dealings of this pair. But note a discovery made by one of my men. The Valenti property in Hoyt Street, out in the west end, is a big garage. In it he keeps the machines in which he delivers flowers. Moscarello, Valenti's lieutenant, has his laundry cars

there, and there are also many trucks belonging to Richard Poindexter, one of the city's biggest contractors."

I was all attention on the instant.

"Has Valenti ever called a strike on this Poindexter, thereby forcing him to patronize him as a sort of bribe?"

"I doubt it. Poindexter is a powerful politician, controlling the administration vote in the west end. Even Valenti wouldn't dare molest him!"

However, I left the attorney with a hunch that I'd received a tip worth investigating before looking over the other properties; and I hastened to the garage. Only a glance was needed to arouse my suspicions. Separated from the garage by a wide alley was a Government warehouse, the kind in which I knew must be stored bonded goods, including liquors. Recalling that I'd been told that Valenti had recently been dispensing "real booze," I wondered if it were possible the crook had been obtaining his supplies from this warehouse.

WITHIN an hour I was with Garrison, head of the local customs service, to whom I had a letter of introduction from a Washington superior. I told him bluntly why I was in the city, and my suspicion concerning the warehouse. He admitted the liquor in the place hadn't been tested for some time, and willingly agreed to investigate. The man in charge of the liquor was a relative, and he vouched for his honesty. The great vaults in which it was kept were secured with a combination lock, of which only he and the guardian knew the combination.

Accompanied by a tester, we went there at once, locked ourselves in the vaults, and made tests. Almost immediately it was discovered that the barrels containing whisky along the wall next the alley had been tapped, part of the contents of each removed, and the bungs replaced!

By keeping a lookout that night, without the knowledge of the watchmen, we uncovered the secret of the liquor's disappearance. In the early morning hours the big gate at the alley entrance was closed, and a large truck was backed from the garage close to the warehouse. Next, a steel shutter, which no doubt had been pried loose weeks before, was lifted from its hinges, a man entered the vaults, opened several barrels, siphoned a portion of their contents into containers on the truck, then replaced the bungs. When the first car had been driven back into the garage, a second truck was loaded. Then the intruder closed the shutter behind him, and disappeared. Practically no noise was made, but had anything been heard by the watchmen it probably would have attracted no attention, as most garages in the section were busy cleaning trucks all night.

The customs men were for summoning help and raiding Valenti's place at once. But I dissuaded them by arguing that a bigger haul could be made if we discovered where the liquor was taken for distribution.

The plan fixed upon was to summon many trusty operatives soon after daylight, and have them take up positions so they would be able to follow both trucks. If the trucks appeared at different times, I would accompany those who followed the first. The second was to be seized



when well on its way across the city, and precautions were to be taken to prevent any further warehouse leaks.

Our vigil was not rewarded until nearly noon. Then a truck came from the alley of the type I'd seen the night previous. It was loaded with what appeared to be large barrels of paint. But I figured differently.

What amazed me most was the inscription, "Richard Poindexter, Contractor," on the truck's front! Second thought suggested the reason. Not only was it a good disguise, but few were likely to court the anger of this politician by interfering with one of his machines. And, all things considered, it looked as if he were "standing in with" the crooks.

I kept with the men who trailed it—to the buildings where Moscarello operated his laundry a considerable distance across the river, where the truck was run into a shed and left.

IT was the second truck which started fireworks.

Half-way across the city, it stopped before a dance hall operated under Valenti's name. But, as a barrel was being unloaded, it was surrounded and seized by Federal operatives, who caught the driver and two helpers off their guard and arrested them without a fight! The supposed paint barrels contained liquor. The case caused a sensation when given publicity in the newspapers. The prisoners, who refused to talk, were locked up. And, though the men were known to be Valenti followers, he denied he'd had dealings with them, that he had ordered the contraband left at his place, or that he'd consented to the use of his garage for illegal purposes. Poindexter was equally vehement in denouncing the men arrested, and in declaring his trucks had been used without his knowledge. Neither the contractor nor the Italian was arrested, the Federal authorities agreeing with me to give them more rope in the expectation of obtaining incontrovertible evidence against them.

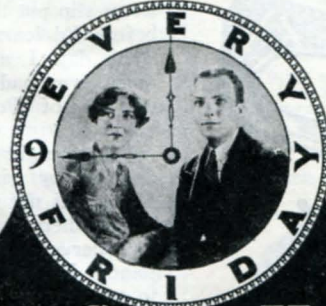
However, in arguing against disturbing Poindexter just then, I was actuated by a suspicion that he might be associated with the Italian in lines far more important than robbing Government stores and distributing the plunder. And the more I analyzed the situation, the more I became convinced of the possibility that he might be the man higher up I so eagerly sought; for he was wealthy, politically powerful, and was looked upon as a reputable business man. A little more time, and I believed I would be able to satisfy myself on this point.

One of the things I counted on to help me was a suggestion in all the newspapers that Carrone's mob had passed the tip on Valenti's booze racket to the Government. If Dynamite and his followers believed this, open hostilities would follow. And when thieves fall out, a detective is pretty certain to learn many things!

The following day, I telephoned Randolph that I was safe and making progress. Then, with the assistance of two of Dorgan's employees—men who did his sleuthing—I obtained some confirmation of another of my theories. By trailing some of the auto trucks which distributed Valenti's flowers, and others which handled Moscarello's laundry, we learned

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that the places at which these made bus-  
iness stops were, with few exceptions,  
cabarets and houses of ill fame over which  
these crooks exercised supervision. My  
belief was that the narcotics distributed  
were concealed in the flowers, and the  
liquor in the laundry bundles! I put off  
trying to clinch this point until a later date,  
lest a slip put the criminals on their guard  
before I'd learned more important things.  
That day I also learned that Valenti's  
mob never had forced a "hold-up strike"  
on any of Poindexter's building opera-  
tions.

When night came, I tested my new  
disguise by visiting the Golden Moon.  
Miley was not there, but Mae Hardy was,  
selling her wares as usual. That girl  
had nerve! But I regretted she'd not  
joined Jim in hiding. She was certain  
to see him, and by trailing her Carrome's  
men would uncover her sweetheart's  
hideout. I remained only a few minutes,  
keeping well in the background; then  
went to my room.

NEXT afternoon I again went to the  
Carrome place, knowing that if any-  
thing had happened to Jim, the hangers-on  
would be discussing it. There were only  
a few at the tables. Such talk as I heard  
was of no moment to me and, after a  
single drink, I started to explore else-  
where. As I reached the entrance I  
noted Joe, Marco Albruzzi (his chief  
lieutenant), and three other gangsters  
talking at the curb. Not wishing to test  
my disguise before so many of my ene-  
mies in broad daylight, I was about to  
head for the exit into the alley, when  
Albruzzi gave a yell—and dropped to the  
pavement.

Sensing a battle, I also dropped.

The next instant one of several passing  
automobiles swung close to the curb, a  
machine-gun began belching a swarm of  
bullets from one of its windows, and the  
air was filled with the rat-tat of rapid fire,  
and fearful shrieks! As I strained my  
eyes to obtain a further look at the man  
manipulating the murder weapon, Al-  
bruzzi and another pulled themselves to  
their elbows, and fired every shot in their  
revolvers at the disappearing machine. I  
was among the first to the sidewalk.

Carrome and two others lay sprawled  
there, riddled with bullets. . . . Obvi-  
ously, the Valenti mob had evened the  
score for the supposed squeal.

I hurried away as the police came on  
the run, and headed for the nearest Sta-

tion, where I told the sergeant in charge  
I'd wait for Chief Conklin, who I knew  
would be there soon. When the dead,  
including Carrome, were brought in, fol-  
lowed by Albruzzi, the other gangster  
and several witnesses, I learned that the  
attack had been carefully planned, two  
automobiles preceding the murder car to  
make an opening for the getaway, and  
two others following to block pursuit.  
The murder car, perforated with bullet  
holes, had been found empty, except for  
the abandoned machine-gun, one with a  
circular magazine which had contained  
100 .45-caliber cartridges, and several  
automatics. It bore license plates stolen  
from another State.

Conklin came speedily, and began ques-  
tioning the witnesses. While doing so, he  
recognized me, but made no sign.

Suddenly Albruzzi, who must have  
known the killers were of the rival mob,  
burst into a tirade against Miley, telling  
of his recent quarrel with Carrome and  
declaring he had recognized Dapper Jim  
as the one firing the machine-gun! I  
wasn't certain why he did this, though I  
knew he lied. Possibly he figured he was  
carrying out the dead man's grudge  
against Jim. Maybe he believed he really  
had gone over to the other side. Then  
a detective suggested to the Chief that  
Angie, jealous of the Hardy girl, might  
have planned the attack.

Conklin at once telephoned to Head-  
quarters to have Jim and the women  
rounded up and brought to the Station.  
Next he ordered the witnesses held in  
the rear rooms, and went into the cap-  
tain's office, nodding for me to follow.

"LISTEN, Chief," I blurted, without  
waiting for him to question, "Albruzzi  
is lying! By luck, I happened to be in the  
doorway of the Golden Moon when the  
murders occurred. I couldn't see the  
face of the man who handled the machine-  
gun, but he was right-handed. Miley is  
left-handed!"

"Well, I'm—!"

Next I told him what had happened in  
the cabaret the night I saved Jim from  
being given a ride, and that it was I, not  
Carrome or his followers, who'd tipped  
the Federal authorities to the booze  
racket.

"Fine, George, fine! I wish you were  
on my staff! Of course you believe  
Valenti's men did this killing?" I nodded.  
"I thought as much when I first heard  
of it, and already some of my best men

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are working along that line." He was interrupted by a telephone call. He stated the Detective Bureau had reported that, immediately following the murders, someone had informed Angie. She had packed her jewels, summoned a taxicab and disappeared. Later, I learned she escaped into Mexico.

"Well," I said, "if they get the other two, I wish you'd lock Miley up for his own protection. But please let the girl go! I think I can use her to clear up this case—to put me on the trail of the one who ordered the killings."

"I'll take that chance, George, if you'll promise to produce her whenever I say."

At that moment the door was thrown wide, and several detectives pushed Miley and the girl into the room. They'd been located on a tip from a Carrone follower who had trailed Mae to the hideout she and Jim had established after the trouble in the cabaret. The act of the officers was a blunder, for I had no time to escape before both prisoners saw me. And I realized, from the girl's look, that my changed appearance did not deceive her keen eyes.

When they had been questioned by Conklin, and both had insisted that they were together in their hideout when the shootings occurred, Jim was ordered locked up, and his sweetheart told she might go.

When he had been removed, I beckoned Mae aside.

"I saved this boy once, and I can again," I said. "I'll have Dan Dorgan take over his defense. But, if I do, you'll have to play my game, and not ask questions. We'll leave here separately. But I've got to talk with you. At eleven to-night, meet me at the corner of Ninth and Juniper Streets."

"I'll be there."  
The place of my appointment with her was not greatly distant from the section over which the Valenti crowd held sway. Once I had concluded my talk with the cigarette girl, I intended to spend the rest of the night drifting about the resorts. By listening to the gossip concerning the afternoon shooting, I might pick up some valuable tips. Never having been near the places in my present guise, I believed I was safe.

**A**PPROACHING the place of my rendezvous that evening by a round-about course, I had almost reached the corner when I heard a stealthy step behind. Before I could reach for a weapon, a gun was pressed against my ribs.

"Keep your hands down, and walk along with me," said the man at my side, softly. His weapon was in his pocket, pressing me through his coat. "One move, and I'll drop you!"

"All right," I replied hastily, falling into his step—more frightened than ever in my life. For, though a cap pulled low hid most of his features, I was certain I recognized the hulking form as that of the brutal Mascarello!

I had been so certain of my disguise, I'd been fatally careless. Some of the Valenti mob, watching the Police Station, had spotted me as a suspicious stranger and trailed me. I, coming into the Valenti district, had deliberately walked into trouble with my eyes closed. Unless I got a lucky break, my finish was probably not far off. Even if I wasn't bumped

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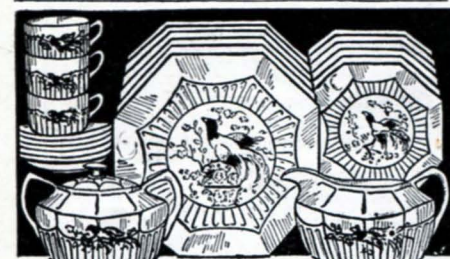
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off after being questioned, I'd probably be shanghaied aboard some vessel, taken out on the lake, knocked on the head and thrown overboard.

One block—two blocks, we covered. I didn't dare appeal to the few we passed. Then I heard running steps, and a woman's cry—right behind. The next instant, she'd pushed herself between us.

"Put 'em up!" she said, and her gun covered my captor.

With a jolt of surprise I recognized Mae Hardy. The thug uttered a snarl, and fired through his pocket. He missed. The girl's shot didn't. With a groan, the man pitched forward, a bullet through his pistol arm.

"Quick!" cried the girl, seizing my arm. We ran. A chorus of shouts came from behind. We turned several corners. Next she guided me through a dark tenement hallway to a rear flat, into which she pulled me, locking the door behind us. As she lighted a lamp, I glanced about, and was amazed to note that the place was cluttered with elaborate Oriental furnishings.

"We're on—the edge—the Chinese quarter," she gasped. "This place is the home of a woman who used to be a singer. The hop got her. She lives here with a Chinese, who runs the restaurant in the next street. I came here this afternoon to hide—after leaving the Station."

"ALL right, Mae—but I must thank you for saving—"

"Never mind that! I guess you're some kind of a dick, but you've helped Jim, and I had to see you through. I was in the doorway when Moscarello got you—"

"Then you know that bunch?"

"I worked in Valenti's dance hall for a week, then quit because I couldn't stand for him and selling the dope, as he made me do. . . . But, for God's sake, hurry! We may have been followed. Quick—what do you want of me? You've got to get out of here."

"Just a minute. Where did the dope come from?"

"Valenti supplied it. It was hidden in the dirt of the flower pots and plants he sent to the hall and other places."

"Great! And do you know who's behind Valenti—who's the man higher up, the one who bosses the mob?"

"I don't know. . . . exactly. But when they didn't realize I was near enough to hear them, I heard Valenti and Moscarello speak of someone they called 'Alaska' as the boss. . . . that's all. . . . Listen—do you hear those police whistles? They're beginning to search the quarter! Do as I say—quickly!"

The next moment she'd pulled aside a rug and raised a trap, revealing a flight of steps.

"That's your only way out! When you reach the passage at the bottom, follow it until you come to a door. The lock is on the inside, and it opens in an old shed in a lot. It's Hi Sing Li's secret passage for getting . . . something . . . in here. If you want to see me again, tell Jim. Good-by!"

She held the lamp until I was safely down the steps; then all went dark. With a gun in my right hand, I felt my way along the slimy wall with my left, reaching the door after what seemed an age.

A taper showed me the lock, a snap affair. The door opened noiselessly. I closed it, crossed through the shed, and faced a lot in which were many trucks. Crisscrossing through these, I passed some skulking figures. But none molested me.

Arriving at the street, the rest was easy. I hurried to the river, and hid among the freight on a pier until daylight.

But I didn't sleep. Instead, I used my time planning for a clean-up within the next twenty-four hours: one which I anticipated would shake the city as it hadn't been jolted for years!

Once the city was astir, I made my way to Dorgan's office. Reading the papers while waiting for him, I noted the account of the "attack" upon Moscarello—he was not badly wounded—and that it was credited to the Carrone forces. When Dorgan came, I related what had occurred, the confirmation I'd received from Mae that the dope was distributed in Valenti's potted plants, and that she believed the man higher up was known to the leaders of his mob as "Alaska."

"Then, by God, I think we've got Poindexter!" he exploded. "Listen carefully. My men have been going over his record, through old newspaper files and elsewhere. Years ago, when he was a young man, he operated a chain of dives in Alaska—until the authorities drove him out. Then he began his contracting career in San Francisco, coming here ten years ago. Valenti also came here from the West Coast about the same time. See how things dovetail?"

"Splendid! I'll telephone for Garrison to come here."

The customs man was delayed. But when he arrived, he spilled some news which set my nerves to pounding. This information had been supplied by the men he'd detailed to shadow Poindexter's every move.

Early that morning, a strike had been called on several of Poindexter's buildings. And not only had Valenti supplied the pickets to protect them, but the contractor had established headquarters at the Italian's florist shop.

"WHAT do you make of that?" asked Garrison.

"It's a blind, so the two can consult frequently without exciting suspicion. Things have been breaking so they're getting frightened, and we've got to move quickly to prevent them from covering their trails—to-night, if possible."

Then I told him everything I'd learned since seeing him last, and what Dorgan's men had uncovered.

Garrison agreed with me that we possessed sufficient evidence to warrant a big raid, and the rest of the day was spent arranging for the night's round-up. The plan, in brief, was as follows:

Valenti and Poindexter were to be trailed constantly if they left the shop. After dark, the Government operatives were to surround Moscarello's laundry plant and Valenti's flower establishment. Garrison and I would accompany the squad which would raid the latter. The rush at Moscarello's was to be made first, promptly at midnight, everyone there arrested and held, and a search of the place made. Immediately afterward, one of the operatives was to hasten to where our



men would be in hiding, and report. We expected to stage our raid of the florist shop about one.

**T**HE night favored our purpose, being dark and with a steady rain which kept most people from the streets. When Garrison and I reached the neighborhood of Valenti's shop, we found our men nicely placed. A report that the Italian and the contractor were still there, pleased us. However, realizing these two would battle to the death if given opportunity when the raid occurred, we determined to try to trap them from the rear if possible, thereby possibly saving the lives of some of our men who would break in the front way. In the rear of the shop was an alley which opened on a narrow thoroughfare, and was used by his delivery wagons.

Creeping through the alley, we reached the greenhouses, forced a door, and continued on until we came to the building proper. The windows were covered with metal shutters, so we could see nothing within. We turned to the door. Stooping, I found that a key was in the lock, the shank down so I could not see inside. But, through a considerable opening at the bottom, where the door had warped away from the sill, there was a trickle of light.

Instantly I was upon my stomach, peering within, into an elaborately furnished office, its floor covered with thick carpet and rugs. Valenti and Poindexter sat at a desk, talking earnestly. Fortunately, their backs were toward us. If we could cover these two before they realized their danger, the rest would be easy. But how?

Then I had a real inspiration! Whispering my plan to Garrison, I tiptoed back to where I'd seen a pile of wrapping paper. Taking a sheet, I returned. Garrison held my revolver and his own, ready for any slip. We were going to take a desperate chance, but one which I believed was worth the risk. With my knife blade, I intended to push the key from the lock! If it made no noise when striking the carpet—well and good. If its fall aroused the occupants, we'd be in for a finish fight!

I pushed. The key disappeared from the lock. I watched the men closely. They did not move . . . they hadn't heard! Stooping, I pushed the paper into the opening beneath the door. It required painstaking manipulation before I slipped it under the key. Then, with pulses pounding, I drew it toward me. Would the opening be sufficient for me to get the key through?

I'm certain my heart missed beats as I pulled out the paper and the key dropped into my hand. Garrison gave a grunt of satisfaction. But our joy was turned to consternation just as I was about to insert the key, for from within came the crash of a slammed door and the buzz of excited voices.

Looking through the keyhole, I saw something which turned me cold. Moscarello, one arm in a sling and the other waving wildly, his eyes wide, was talking to the others, who stood with revolvers drawn!

There was only one answer. Moscarello had escaped the dragnet about his laundry, and had hurried to warn his superiors!

Whispering to Garrison what I'd seen,

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I snatched my gun, put the key in the lock, and turned it gently.

"Ready?" I questioned.

"Go ahead!"

The next second, I flung the door wide and we leaped inside, covering the others, who cursed in chorus, but made no attempt to use their weapons.

"Drop the guns!" I ordered. "You're under arrest!"

"Like hell we are!" shrieked Moscarello, leaping around the desk and yanking open one of the drawers. My shot missed him. With another yell, he rose. I saw the black thing he held in his hand—a bomb. The others also saw, and started for the door.

"DOWN!" I bellowed at Garrison, at the same time firing at Moscarello. The bullet struck the brute in the chest. He swayed, the bomb dropped from his fingers, there came a roar and a flash—and we were hurled into the greenhouse amid a shower of glass and splintered wood.

When we managed to pull ourselves to our feet, cut and bleeding, our men—who had heard my first shot—were closing in from behind us, and through the opening where the door between the office and the shop had been blown from its hinges. Only a moment's investigation was required to show the bomb's toll.

Poindexter and Moscarello were dead. Valenti was unconscious, but breathing.

All were terribly mutilated.

That about ends the story. Valenti died on his way to the hospital without speaking. Some of the prisoners taken squealed, and what they confessed, together with my evidence and the seizures of narcotics and liquor at the laundry plant, Valenti's shop and other places operated by the gang, not only proved that the dead men were the leaders of the city's worst crime ring, but that Poindexter had organized the mob and been its master mind.

The Carrone band disintegrated, as Albruzzi scuttled away to a distant city, where he purchased a home and established his family.

Randolph was satisfied with my work, and made good his promise of an unusually liberal reward. Before returning East, I obtained the release of Miley, and Randolph supplied the funds for him and the cigarette girl to go to another place and make a new start.

**T**HE wiping out of the Valenti mob, and the exposure of Poindexter's double life, provided a six months' sensation in the city. But it did not result in a complete clean-up. The city may not be so bad as formerly, but conditions still remain pretty "rotten," for the old political machine continues to hold its grip on things.

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## The Strange Death of Beautiful Elizabeth Griffith

(Continued from page 68)

graph of him, shown on page 18, which was taken on the day of his exoneration by the Grand Jury.

"It was just the old, eternal triangle," he said to me, immediately after the trial. "Elizabeth and I played with Fate, and lost. She is gone, and I—I am a marked man—"

Doctor Schott never married, and as time went by, the smile which had gained for him the name of "The Smiling Doctor" changed to one at times almost melancholy. He moved from the office where the tragedy occurred, and established a sanitarium in another part of the city.

Time healed the wound between the physician and Elizabeth's family, for a few years later her body was removed

from the single-grave section of the cemetery to Doctor Schott's own lot, and a large monument erected to his dead sweetheart.

And so the world forgot the story of Elizabeth Ford Griffith.

**O**NE day last spring, I was seated in the office of United States Commissioner Arthur D. Kirk, when Doctor Schott came in.

He signed a bond for a prisoner, and the Commissioner remarked, as he left, that his actions appeared strange. I told the Commissioner the story of the Christmas Eve tragedy.

The reader may have some idea, then, how we both felt when the next day the papers carried in head-lines the news of

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Doctor Schott's death—a far more tragic one than that of his dead sweetheart. He had been shot by Dan Newman, an attendant in his own sanitarium. Once again the Christmas Eve tragedy of ten years ago found its way into the headlines of the press.

The Doctor's assailant was acquitted by a jury on the grounds of self-defense. The Doctor had been drinking, and threatened the life of Newman, the Defense maintained.

On the wall in Doctor Schott's room, when the Louisville Trust Company took charge of his estate, was a large picture of Elizabeth Griffith in a silver frame. In his will he had left his very considerable estate to his aged mother, who lived in Germany; but she, too, had died, never knowing, so the story goes, of the tragedy in her son's life. His estate is

to be divided among his brothers and sisters in Germany.

*Finis* was written on the final chapter, when his body was laid to rest beside that of his dead sweetheart—both graves at the foot of the monument he had himself erected.

The world condemned Doctor Schott, but I vividly recall an interview with him shortly after his arrest, when the whole world seemed black, and he stood in the shadow of the electric chair.

In answer to a question about his family, he said:

"My mother lives in the old country, and I have not seen her for a long time, but mark you—

**"If I were hanged on the highest hill, I know whose love would follow me still—**

**MOTHER O' MINE!"**

## Blowing the "Works" in New York's Underworld

(Continued from page 38)

getters who decoy men the *padrones* have decided to do away with.

"Then there's the artichoke graft—Italian dealers have to pay the *padrones* twenty-five dollars a load on every wagonful of artichokes taken from the Harlem or West Washington Street markets."

Continuing his amazing tale by giving an answer in the negative or affirmative to a list of "unsolved" crimes, Daniello told me that these *padrones* had been responsible for the following murders:

Felice Locullo, found in Skillman Street, with his throat cut, and Matteo Leone, in fight at Mulberry and Hester Streets, September 9th, 1915.

Luigi de Marco, murdered May 17th, 1916, in Navy Street, Brooklyn, by a member of the Navy Street gunmen in a fight for a rake-off on cocaine sales; out of this grew the killing of Giuseppe de Marco and Carlo Lombardi in a James Street restaurant, July 25th, 1916.

On July 22nd, 1916, Nicholas Avrono, of Brooklyn, called to Twenty-eighth Street and Second Avenue, Manhattan, by a message purporting to be from a woman, was met by a man who killed him.

Giuseppe Verrazano, October 6th, 1916, murdered in a Broome Street restaurant.

Giuseppe Bellasana, shot October 6th, 1916.

George Eposito, a truckman, shot in East 108th Street, November 9th, 1916.

Gaetano Delgandio, shot November 30th, 1916.

Antonio Lavelli, on Navy Street, Brooklyn, January, 1917.

Tony Lionetti, shot January 25th, 1917.

Giuseppe Chiarella, shot February 5th, 1917.

"**SALVATORE DE MARCO**, the brother of Giuseppe de Marco," Daniello went on, "who was killed in James Street in July, nineteen-sixteen, was called up about a month later by a girl he thought was a friend of his. She asked him to meet her under the Queensboro Bridge. A man, whom I know only by the name of 'Carlo the Sheik,' was there by orders. He sprang

out, grappled with Salvatore, and cut his throat.

"They make a practice of decoying members who are to be put away, from one borough to another, so as to cover up their tracks.

"I never shot a man. I was a collector, not a gunman . . . er," he hesitated, as I made a sound of impatience. Though he had been discharged for lack of proof in the killing of Louis de Marco, the police knew he had been present at the time of the murder. With the shrewdness of his kind, he explained then: "The only time I ever fired a shot was at the time we got de Marco; and then I only fired in the air."

He was safe enough in admitting this much, for, though he was making a statement that he was implicated in the crime, since he had been discharged he could not be tried over again for the same murder.

**EVERY** vestige of color had left Daniello's cheeks by the time we reached this point. He was as gray and haggard as the wintry dawn that was just then breaking in the skies.

"Now, what do you know about the men who shot Morello and Ubricaco?" I suddenly shot at him.

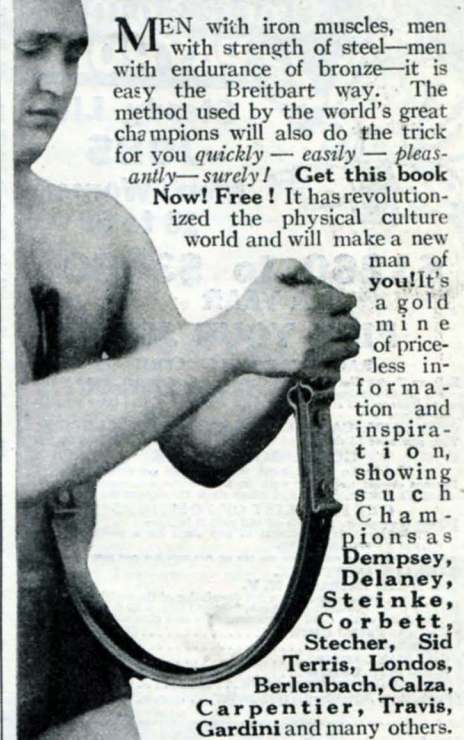
All night long, I had made my questions rather general. It was days before we obtained the full details. What I wanted, then, was to get the names of *living padrones* whom I could arrest. The Ricci murder, on which the underworld knew I was working, would act as a screen, keeping hidden the amazing revelations made that night. There were, Daniello told me, ten *padrones* and about forty hirelings working for them; I didn't want to give those birds an opportunity to escape.

"Honestly, I don't know much about that . . ." he began. "There was a *padrone* named Butch," he hastened to add, again noticing my impatience. It was going against the grain to implicate himself so much, and yet he was feverishly anxious to safeguard himself by having the entire Gang arrested.

"Yes, there was 'Butch,' and 'Lefty,' and 'Tony the Shoemaker'—"

"'Tony the Shoemaker'—he's a new one

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to me," I again interrupted. "What does he do—where does he live?"

This time a very decided shudder shook his entire body, as if a chill draft of premonition had struck him, before he answered:

"In Manhattan—east side or west side—I don't know. He's not one of the big ones—but look out for Tony Notaro and Nick Moran; they belong to the *Brotherhood of the Blood*," he almost whispered, referring to the dreaded Camorra society. "And there was Al Vallero. They were all there at the restaurant when the killing was arranged."

"Now, what about the murder of Giuseppe Verrazano? Were you present when that was planned?" I asked him.

"YOU mean 'Natty Joe,' the big owner of a string of gambling places? I believe his name was Verrazano."

Though Daniello may not have known many of the gunmen except by their nicknames, I knew perfectly well that he had known Verrazano personally and had, in fact, been quite intimate with him, as he was with others who, like himself, belonged to respectable families and were well educated.

Instead, however, of attempting to "sweat" him, I sent out for hot coffee and sandwiches before continuing the examination.

"Now, Ralph, don't lose sight of your motivation in wanting to have the entire Gang cleaned up," I reminded him after the refreshments were out of the way. "Why, and where, did they plot to do away with Verrazano?"

"He had a big chain of gambling places, and was getting too powerful," Daniello replied, taking a cigarette from the case I handed him and inhaling deeply before he continued. "Joe Giordano asked him to sell out, and he wouldn't. So one night we met in a Grand Street saloon—there were Giordano, 'Tony the Cheese,' and Butch. Giordano told us that Verrazano had to be killed that night. I said I wasn't a gunman, and didn't want to kill a man without orders from my boss—Andrea Ricci was my boss. Then Giordano said that Tony and Butch would have to do the killing. They protested, too. This made Joe mad. He said he would do the job himself, but that Tony and Butch would die the next day. That made them change their minds."

"Giordano led the two gunmen to a restaurant at Broome Street and the Bowery. It was shortly after midnight. There were a lot of actors and actresses from the Royal Theater, across the street, eating there. Verrazano saw them, and tried to hide beneath a table—but they got him! They pumped him full of lead, and all the people in the place got panic-stricken and tried to rush to the street. Two of them fell wounded, and the gunmen escaped in the panic. That was all. I didn't have anything to do with the shooting; I was just along to point him out. If I hadn't gone, Giordano would have shot me. He'd have said I was trying to protect Verrazano—that he was my friend, and I was a traitor."

"That's what happened when Tony the Shoemaker told Al Sgroia that he wanted the Morellos killed. In September, nineteen-sixteen, I think it was, in Lefty's coffee house on Navy Street, he said to Al: 'I want the Morellos killed, and I want you to do the job!'

"Al told him he couldn't kill Morello, because he was a close friend of his. Then Tony the Shoemaker—his real name, I believe, is Antonio Paretti—said: 'If you don't do it, we'll do a job on you!'—and he pulled out his gun. Then he said: 'You remember how they put it up to me, when they suspected Joe Chuck of being a spy? How they said, *Here's our proofs that Joe the Chuck is a spy and is giving out information to the Harlem Gang! Now, we don't have proof that you're a spy, too, but you can prove that you're not by killing Chuck!*'"

Daniello then told me how Tony, in order to prove his innocence of conspiracy, had lured the Chuck to the outskirts of Yonkers, telling him there was a chance to raid a fat card game. They motored to a secluded spot, and there Tony shot the Chuck in the head, and threw his body on the tracks to make it appear that he had been struck by a train.

I was sure that there was much more that Daniello could tell me, but we were both almost dead for want of sleep. Later on, Daniello would have to go before the District Attorney and repeat his story—and I had a lot of work ahead of me. So I left him to snatch a few hours' sleep in his cell, and I returned home to get some rest myself.

AT eleven o'clock I again visited the apartment of Peaches Casazza in the West Fifties. The days when the sweethearts of gangsters acted as gun-molls, boosters and street workers, have passed. With jobs as night club "hostesses," dancing instructresses, and "entertainers" for visiting "butter-and-egg" men offering lucrative returns for a minimum of effort, modern underworld girls have ascended the social ladder. They labor not, nor do they graft; they have become human bric-à-brac, most of their days being spent in bed, in beauty parlors, or attending matinées with others of their own circle.

Peaches proved to be one of those reasons why a gangster, in spite of his rich pickings, seldom has a bank account. Easy come, easy go. A high-priced apartment, smart clothes, taxicabs and lavish entertaining, made the money melt like butter in the sun.

My first ring went unanswered. It was probable that this lily of the field was still slumbering, I figured, and kept my finger on the bell. After a couple of minutes, the door was opened about six inches. I could see that it was guarded by a chain. In the darkness, only the hint of a face was seen.

"What d'you want?" a cross, sleepy voice demanded. "You might take the hint when a lady doesn't answer the door-bell, and not act like an alarm!"

"I want to see you, Peaches, and have a little talk about Ricci's death," I told her shortly. "I'm from Police Headquarters. You don't want me to stand out here and discuss it, do you?"

The door closed. I heard the chain clank and the nub slide along the groove. Slowly the door opened.

"Come in," a weary voice, from which all the peevish banter had vanished, invited.

I entered. The girl closed and again bolted the door. I followed her along a short, dimly lit hall and into a small, overfurnished room. She sank on a divan decorated with much-befrilled silk cushions, and vaguely waved her hand toward a comfortable-looking overstuffed armchair.

"Well, what do you want?" she snapped. "I was away when they got Andy, and I



don't know anything about the affair!"

Peaches was a pretty girl. We had met before, when she had been brought in, in company with a man charged with receiving and owning stolen property. At that time I had learned that she came of a good family and had been educated in a convent, which accounted for her degree of refinement and soft voice.

Some strange quirk in her mental make-up seemed to drive her to lawless associations, but she had informed me that she intended to turn over a new leaf and go straight.

There were dark circles under her large, velvety, pansy-brown eyes, which spoke eloquently of a sleepless night. In spite of her desperate attempt to act "hard-boiled," I could see that her lips trembled while she, with a gesture of nonchalance, snapped open a small silver vanity case as soon as she was seated, and started applying a red salve coating on their bloodless pallor.

Even though she had not been born and bred in the traditions of the underworld, four years' contact with its characters had built up a surface suspicious belligerency. In order to learn anything from her, it was first necessary to break down this barrier.

Detectives always find it far easier to deal with the toughest crooks than with these social Pariahs. We get to know, more or less, the best points of attack in breaking through the maze of fabrication and false leads professional criminals offer in attempting to hoodwink interrogators.

**T**HE best way, I have found, to deal with young women like Peaches, is subtly to attack their vanity—for almost invariably it is a feeling of inferiority which has led them to seek companionship among those of the lower levels. Because of their moral instability from childhood, they have found themselves shunned by companions in their own set; this develops an oversensitiveness or truculent aggressiveness, subject to very rapid changes of mood.

What I wanted to learn from this girl was whether the gang responsible for Ricci's death had been actuated by the belief that Daniello had turned informer, or for some other reason. The construction of my trap, which I planned to set for those he had mentioned, would largely depend on this.

It would be no use to ask her outright—probably she consciously knew nothing about the inside workings of the gangsters. Yet, for this very reason, if caught off her guard she might give me the very information I was looking for.

So, for upward of an hour, we fenced. The worried line, developed between her eyes, and the frequency with which she made use of her vanity case, evinced her confusion. Then, when I considered the psychological moment had arrived, I said, very quietly:

"How is it, Peaches, that a superior girl like you could have put up with this criminal so long? You must have known he wasn't worthy of you—that he lied to you, and never took you into his confidence. Did he have some hold over you, that you couldn't break?"

**A**UTOMATICALLY, the answer came, softly and with a sort of quiet puzzlement in her voice:

"I don't know how it was, De Martini. I used to think I could reform him." A little wry twitch of her lips interrupted for a second. "He used to promise, at first, that he was going to get a regular job and go



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straight—and I believed him again and again, though I knew he was fooling me. I wanted to believe. . . . Then, after a while, he got ugly when I brought up the subject. I threatened to leave him. The first, and second, and third time, he was awfully sweet about it. He could make me believe that black was white. I guess he knew I just couldn't stay away from him. . . . I don't know what it was. . . .

"But, lately, I was happy. He was going to leave for Italy and take me with him. . . . At least he said he would take me. I knew he was planning to leave, though. So many of his pals had been gotten by the padrones. . . .

"I don't know who was responsible for his death—and I wouldn't tell you if I did. I feel as if the whole world had stopped, and yet in a way, I feel free. He made me so unhappy—it was torture not to be able to keep my word and leave him, though I knew he wouldn't care. I know he was playing around with another girl—maybe he would have taken her to Italy with him. Now she can't have him, and now, maybe, I'll be able to snap out of this sometime . . . but now I'm not able to think straight. . . . I don't feel I'll ever be able to think straight again."

**A**LL this had been delivered in a sort of dazed, crooning tone. The girl was speaking more to herself than to me; I don't believe she was conscious of my presence by that time.

"Are you going to his funeral?" I asked her, almost in the same monotonous key in which her own voice had been pitched.

Slowly she shook her head. "No. They're taking him over to Brooklyn for the wake,"—mentioning a name and address. "They say in the papers the top of his head was blown off. His pretty, curly black hair! Gee, he used to be sweet. I'm going to try and remember him as he was when I first knew him. But, God—I wish I could forget him!"

With a quick twist of her slender body, she turned and buried her face in the pillows. I left the room and the apartment softly, so as not to disturb her. When she came to herself, I was pretty positive she would scarcely remember definitely what she had said in her trancelike state.

The name and address with which she had furnished me were familiar. The woman was known to the police by the nickname of "Close-Mouth Annie." When her first husband was murdered, I had worked on the case; though we were convinced that she knew the identity of his murderer, she kept her lips obstinately sealed.

Calling up the city Morgue, I learned that Ricci's body was right then being transported to Brooklyn. I planned to be present at that wake in the evening.

Somehow, the gang leaders had learned of the dead man's plans to leave the country—they knew he had been under police surveillance, and that it was probable that he would be picked up for a little session with the detectives before he was permitted to sail. He might turn informer—and he might not; but they were taking no chances. Dead men tell no tales.

**I**DID not believe that any of those responsible for his killing would be present at the wake. Well, I wasn't after them. But the men Daniello had mentioned to me

had been intimates of Ricci, and it would be a decidedly kind act on the part of Lady Luck if they paid their last respects to their dead comrade. I wanted to look them over—and net them without their suspecting for what crime they were being run in. Above all, it was necessary to keep the news of Daniello's extraordinary statement from seeping out to the underworld.

Before going to report to Inspector Cray, I dropped into the Raymond Street Jail to see Daniello, who was technically being held on the charge of abduction.

He was terribly shaken and nervous as he entered the Warden's office to meet me.

"Didn't I tell you what a bad lot the mob is?" he demanded, ignoring my greeting. "They must have heard about me, and killed Ricci so that he couldn't be picked up to substantiate my statements. He knew far more than I did, for he knew the real names of all the leaders, and I know only the nicknames of most of them; I don't suppose that will help you much in catching them."

No attempt had been made to keep the knowledge of Ricci's death from Daniello. I was perfectly well aware that it would only serve to make him even more desperately anxious to help the police clean up the Gang, as their freedom was a constant menace to him. The only reason I had not mentioned it to him was that I wanted the poor devil to have, if possible, a few hours' sleep—and, certainly, the news would not have acted as a sleeping potion.

True enough, such nicknames as "Lefty," "Butch," "Goat," "Sheik," "Choc," and so forth, are very common in the underworld. However, the eye of a lawbreaker is as keen for details as a hawk. I had little difficulty in obtaining from him minute word pictures of all important members, their characteristics, mannerisms and any other items which would serve to identify them.

**T**HE more I learned from Daniello of his intimate contact with the "big bugs" of the cold-blood organization, the closer I came to the conclusion that they had taken advantage of a certain simplicity in the man. Without scruple, they had picked his brains as a vulture picks the flesh from the bones of desert cadaver, employing their own weasel cunning to make use of his education and business knowledge. Yet, strange to say, he had never realized this; it was sheer, stark terror which had led him to betray them.

Their confidence was invaluable to us. That afternoon I learned from Daniello much which later helped to obtain convictions; the type of guns the Gang used; from whom they were purchased; the addresses of saloons and coffee houses where they were cached when not in use; the names of law-abiding people who were present on several occasions when the gangsters planned vicious killings.

The "Apaches" of bygone days used to meet and mature their schemes in back rooms of saloons or dirty underground dives; of recent years, when operations are on a much greater scale, liquor plays no part at these "conferences." Instead of "red-eye," coffee and French pastry are as apt as not to form the refreshments on these occasions. Formerly, the police were constantly raiding the notorious dens where well-known yeggs congregated; to avoid such disturbances, the most innocent of



bakery lunch rooms are now utilized as places of rendezvous.

By the time I paid my visit to Close-Mouth Annie's home, I was very well primed with descriptions of the men mentioned by Daniello.

The house where the wake was being held was a rather drab-looking, three-story decayed mansion. On the outside it was grimed with smoke and dirt; its window-panes alone shone speckless before closely drawn draperies.

My ring was answered by Close-Mouth Annie herself. True to her nickname, she returned no response to my greeting.

"I dropped in to have a little talk with you about Ricci," I informed her, pushing the door open quietly but determinedly. Annie needed no introduction from me; also, experience had taught her the wisdom of at least making no resistance to an officer seeking information.

As if she had not heard my explanation of my visit, she muttered:

"What are you doin' here again?"

"As I said, I came over to find out if you have any information that could help us in regard to Ricci's death." While speaking, I continued along the hall. The place seemed to be pretty well filled, and it was my intention to dig in with the rest of the mob.

"It's useless to talk to me. I don't know anything!"

"I SUPPOSE you people want to handle this in your own manner but you know it is the duty of the police to investigate, anyway. I would like to see the body."

Very reluctantly, Close-Mouth Annie led me to a room in the back of the house where Ricci's body was laid out. It was dark except for the flickering candles which were placed about the coffin. However, even in that dim light I recognized several of those present from Daniello's description, before they unobtrusively slunk into the shadows.

Ricci, Daniello had informed me, had been the most feared of all the gunmen in the entire mob. Although he was not a *padrone*, he had their confidence and their respect. Daniello, himself, had been *padrone* over the Mulberry Street district, but his pickings had never been so rich as those of his pal.

As a matter of form I questioned several of the mourners. They were not in the least bit alarmed—"someone else" had been responsible for Ricci's death.

On reentering the hall I heard the front door open. A tall, broad-shouldered man,

clad in a heavy tweed overcoat, was admitted. Close-Mouth Annie addressed him as "Lefty." Well—there was one who ought to know something! Lefty had been in three or four killings, according to Daniello's statement, acting as an actual gunman.

"What's your right name?" I asked him.

"Licato," he answered promptly and pleasantly.

"What are you doing here?" I said, echoing Close-Mouth Annie's words.

"Why, Andy was my pal. I have just got back from Boston, and came right over to see him."

I didn't want to create any suspicion, so, without further interrogations, I left the house.

However, once outside, I joined another detective who had been waiting for me. We took a plant in the hallway of a house facing that of Close-Mouth Annie.

"It looks corking good to me," I told my partner in a whisper, for in that district there are always listening ears. "Let's pick up Lefty."

Within half an hour Lefty came out alone. We followed him for three or four blocks before approaching him, so as not to alarm the others. Then we sneaked up on him.

"Where are you going?" my partner asked, placing his hand on the man's shoulder.

"Home," he replied.

"No, you're not! You're under arrest for having murdered Andrea Ricci. We have proof," I put in. We needed no warrant, as you can arrest a man on information and belief.

"Why on earth would I murder my pal?" he protested, but came along philosophically.

"Oh, that's an old gag," I said. "You eat and run together, and then you kill each other."

"But I can prove I'm innocent! I have an unbreakable alibi. I was in Boston at the time poor Andy was shot."

"Good for you! If you can prove you're innocent, you'll be released."

We took him and booked him at the Station House.

Lefty answered all questions with seeming candor. The examination was limited to Ricci's death; word of this was allowed to leak out to his naturally anxious pals.

The funeral was to take place the following day.

Now, it is the Italian custom for friends of the deceased to follow the hearse on foot to the church. On the day of the funeral,

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the commander of detectives arranged to have a number of men stationed a short distance from the church. While the escort following the hearse were well aware of our identity, they thought we were there to keep order in case rival factions should create a disturbance.

Very quietly, the men wanted were pointed out to the detectives standing on the side-lines—and so quietly that not a ripple of excitement was caused, ten men described by Daniello as leaders of the killers were picked up and taken to the Police Station.

All believed that they were being held in connection with the Ricci murder. They got the surprise of their lives when they learned that they were charged with the killing of Ubriaco and Morello in Brooklyn, and Verrazano in Manhattan!

A search of the coffee house belonging to Lefty disclosed the place to be a veritable arsenal. He, however, in his quiet, suave, efficient way denied all knowledge of the sequestered guns.

Unfortunately, before the entire mob was captured, the newspapers got hold of the story of the haul at Ricci's funeral, and announced it in flaming head-lines.

We had broken the back of the organiza-

tion by that time, however, and, with the exception of Tony Paretto, who was wanted for the murder of Verrazano, we had all the ringleaders in our hands.

Antonio Giordano was electrocuted; Lefty Esposito and Tony Notaro were sent to Sing Sing for from six to twelve years; Al Sgroia followed them with sentences of eleven years and six months; Pellegrino Morano was sentenced to not less than twenty years; Alessandro Vallero got Sing Sing for from twenty years to life.

DANIELLO was convicted of manslaughter in the second degree, but received a suspended sentence, and was later killed in New Jersey. Tony Paretto, threatened by a newly formed gang which discovered him when he came out of hiding after ten years' absence, gave himself up, believing that all witnesses against him were dead. He was mistaken, and went to the electric chair in February, 1927.

What happened to the others? One or two managed to flee the country, but the Morgue got most of them. The list would be too long to give here.

It was the end, forever, of the "Navy Street Gang." Once more New York had rid itself of an octopus of crime.

## On the Trail of "Black Bart," California's Lone Highwayman

(Continued from page 41)

Following the bandit's trail a short distance, McConnell picked up a black derby hat and a silk handkerchief. There was no mark on the hat. The handkerchief bore the laundry mark, F O X 7.

Taking these souvenirs with him, the driver went back, hitched up his team and drove on to Copperopolis, where he reported the robbery.

Would the handkerchief yield a clue to the mysterious Black Bart, who had been tantalizing the vainly pursuing authorities for seven long years?

IN order that this momentous question might be answered as speedily as possible, the services of Captain Harry N Morse, ex-sheriff and ranger, were called upon.

Harry Morse was regarded as the one man who could bring the terror of California's highways to justice, if the trick were to be turned at all. It was a job that called for a man who combined lion-like courage with the skill of a Sherlock Holmes. Skilled detective he was; besides which he already had an enviable record as a bandit hunter. It was he who had trailed down and wounded Bojorques, a murderous bandit, near San José and shot to death another desperado named Ponce.

Morse's greatest exploit, thus far, had been ridding California of the Mexican bandit, Juan Soto, known as the "Tiger." Soto was six feet, three inches in height, and of powerful build. He was brutal by nature, and fought with the ferocity of the animal for which he was named.

Morse trailed Soto to a lonely cabin. Regardless of the fact that Soto was surrounded by confederates, Morse entered the cabin, accompanied only by a deputy. Soto showed fight, and the deputy ran out of the cabin, leaving Morse struggling with

the bandit. Soto broke away, ran out into the yard, with Morse following—then turned, and leveled a revolver at his pursuer. Morse shot from the hip. His bullet struck Soto's revolver, knocking it from his hand! With a howl of rage, the bandit rushed back into the house, seized another weapon, and dashed out of the rear door. Morse fired again, and wounded the "Tiger" in the shoulder. Wildly, the desperate bandit turned and rushed toward Morse, who coolly fired again.

This time, the bullet found lodgment in Soto's forehead. The career of the dreaded "Tiger" was ended!

Morse's first procedure, when called in to track down California's latest terror, Black Bart, was to visit all the laundries in San Francisco, in the hope of tracing the laundry mark on the silk handkerchief which had been picked up by McConnell after the Copperopolis hold-up.

It was wearisome work, but the man-hunter stuck to his task with the persistence of the real detective. Books were gone over in laundry after laundry, without results. Nobody had ever used the mysterious marking, F O X 7.

Finally, in a laundry on Bush Street, between Kearney and Montgomery, the detective found the symbols he had sought! The laundryman, T. K. Ware, recognized them at once. He said they were used to designate the laundry of a customer of his, one "Charles E. Bolton."

"Bolton" is a mining man, and has been a patron of mine for a long time," said the laundryman.

This hint about "Bolton's" calling gave the quick-witted detective a cue.

"I have some ore that I want examined," said Captain Morse. "I understand that 'Bolton' is an expert, and is just the man



who might help me out in such a job."

Ware said that "Bolton" was out of town—in fact, had just left the city that morning. He lived at the Webb House, on Second Street, according to the laundryman. At Morse's request, he gave a good description of the mining man.

The Webb House was shadowed by Morse's assistants. Several days went by, but the mysterious mining man did not appear.

Finally, Captain Morse visited the laundry again, and once more engaged the laundryman in conversation.

"'Bolton' hasn't shown up," he said, "and I'm very anxious to have this ore examined as soon as possible."

**J**UST then the laundryman leaped to his feet and said:

"Why, *there he is now!* Come outside, and I'll introduce you to him!"

A well-dressed man, about fifty years of age, was walking down the street. He wore a modishly cut suit, and was swinging a light cane. A black derby hat was perched on his head at precisely the most correct angle. A bushy, black beard gave him a look of venerable dignity. He wore a large, diamond ring on one finger. From his scarf gleamed another diamond, nearly as large. He walked briskly, with military bearing. His shoulders were broad, and there was not the slightest stoop of age about him. He had high cheek-bones, and his deep blue eyes, in rather sunken sockets, had something of the look of a mystic in them. His cheeks were of good color. Altogether, he was anything but the criminal type the detective had expected to confront!

Gathering his scattered senses, Captain Morse went through the formula of the introduction. He had told the laundryman that his name was Richardson.

"Mr. Bolton," said the laundryman, "Mr. Richardson, here, wants to have some ore examined. He has heard you are a mining man, and would like to have you take a look at what he has."

"Pleased to do it, I'm sure," said Mr. "Bolton."

The detective listened eagerly to these first words from the lips of his new acquaintance. Captain Morse had heard stage drivers testify, one after another, that Black Bart, who had held them up, had a deep, hollow voice. The debonair "Bolton," certainly, had a voice that was *both deep and hollow*. Coming from behind a flour-sack mask, would not the hollowness of that voice be intensified?

Morse shook himself together at the sound of that voice. A moment before, he had been ready to give up. Surely, this jaunty gentleman of the old school, out for a stroll at five o'clock in the afternoon of a pleasant day in San Francisco, could not be the most dreaded highway bandit of the age! The very thought was ridiculous—and yet, there were those broad shoulders, those glittering dark eyes, and, above all, that deep, commanding voice!

Still debating with himself, Morse said good-by to the friendly and helpful laundryman, and started up the street with this pleasant new acquaintance.

More than once, during the walk that followed, the detective was all but compelled to admit that he was "licked," and that any attempt to connect "Bolton" with

Black Bart's crimes seemed foredoomed to failure. Not only that, but it would be a ridiculous failure. Morse had come prepared to do battle with another "Tiger," like the ferocious Soto; and here he was, strolling along the street, chatting with the most affable soul he had met in years!

Then would come the hollow tones of "Bolton's" voice, and Morse would resolve to go on with the show, even if it *should* turn out to be a farce.

"The ore is in my private office," said the detective. "I hope you don't mind accompanying me there. It's only a short distance away."

"Not at all!" said "Bolton." So, still chatting, the two walked down Bush Street to Montgomery Street and thence to California Street, to the office of Wells Fargo & Company.

Morse watched closely to see if "Bolton" displayed any trepidation as they turned into the Wells Fargo offices. Not a telltale sign rewarded his scrutiny. "Bolton" did not change color, nor did he cease to swing his cane jauntily and unconcernedly. Once more the detective was nonplused, but again he grimly resolved to see the thing through.

When "Bolton" was seated in an inner office, he looked about him curiously, but displayed not a sign of suspicion or fear.

Then—Captain Morse dropped his bomb. Assisted by another detective, he fired question after question at the suspect. *What was his name? . . . What was his business? . . .* The detective's voice rasped through the room.

"Bolton's" dark eyes temporarily lost their geniality. Deep in their sunken sockets they glittered, angrily.

"I am a gentleman!" he protested. "I don't know either of you, or in what way my business concerns you!"

"How did you receive that wound?" Morse shot at him. On Bolton's right hand there was a *fresh scar*.

"IT'S none of your business!" was the prompt reply. "I struck my hand on a car rail at Reno!"

"No, you didn't! You got it *when you broke open a Wells Fargo box a few days ago*, at a place a good distance this side of Reno!"

At this, "Bolton's" indignation knew no bounds.

"Do you take me for a stage robber?" he raged. "I never harmed anyone in my life, and this is the first time my character has ever been questioned!"

Again, the dignity and apparent sincerity of the man had a pronounced effect. The detectives were more impressed than they cared to admit.

Nevertheless, they had "Bolton" take them back to his room at the hotel. He went along readily enough, but the officers never for a moment relaxed their vigilance on the way.

The room was a typical hotel room. "Bolton" affably offered his self-invited guests cigars. Then he volunteered to show them anything they wanted to see. He pulled out the top bureau drawer himself.

Captain Morse bent over to examine the contents. He noticed several silk handkerchiefs, freshly laundered. He turned the corners up. *The laundry mark, F O X 7, appeared on each one!*



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The detective pulled out of his pocket the silk handkerchief which had been picked up at the scene of the hold-up, and compared it with those in the drawer. They were identical.

"Bolton" watched these operations closely, growing a little pale; but his attitude of injured innocence and bewildered indignation seemed absolutely genuine.

"I am not the only individual with this laundry mark on his clothes!" he exclaimed. "That handkerchief is mine, I admit, but I may have lost it, or it may have been stolen from me!"

**EVEN** stronger evidence, however, that he was not all he pretended to be, was found against him, when the detective picked up a Bible, lying on the table. On the fly-leaf was written:

*"To my beloved husband, Charles E. Boles."*

It was signed by his wife.

The detectives took the suspect to San Andreas, Calaveras County, near the scene of the hold-up. On the way, their man was full of fun. He laughed and joked in lively fashion, and regaled the detectives with stories of his experiences in the Army. Apparently the whole situation was striking him as absurd—and he had ceased to make threats of reprisals, and suits for damages which he would start when his character was cleared, and he was released!

It had become noised about that an individual suspected of being the dreaded Black Bart was being brought to San Andreas, and a big crowd had assembled when the trio arrived.

Cries of "Where's Black Bart?" rose when the officers appeared with the natty, smiling "Bolton." Apparently no one could believe that this distinguished-looking, middle-aged man was the grim highwayman who had so long held California in a grip of terror. "Bolton" relished the joke more than anyone else, when someone in the crowd mistook one of the detectives for the Black Bart suspect!

While they were making ready for the trip to the scene of the hold-up, Morse kept pounding steadily on the subject of the robbery. "Bolton" tried vainly to shift the conversation to other topics. The detective kept steadfastly to the one theme of the crime, and the punishment that was certain to be meted out to the perpetrator.

The strain was telling on both of them.

Then came the break.

"Bolton" leaned forward, and said:

"Mind you, I don't admit that I did this, but—*what would happen to the man who did it, if he should confess?*"

The veiled question came like a bolt out of a clear sky, but it did not find Morse unprepared. In a flash he knew that his first impression had been right, and that the man with the hollow voice was Black Bart! Also, he knew that his man was on the verge of a confession.

Morse explained that, while he could promise nothing definite, he knew that a confession would save the authorities much trouble and expense. In view of those facts, and also in view of the fact that no lives had been lost in the long series of robberies, he thought a confession would mean an extremely lenient sentence.

"Well, then, you're right. . . . *I'm Black Bart!*" said "Bolton."

Then Boles, as his real name proved to be, went on to give the details of his long career as a highwayman.

For years he had been employed about stage offices. In the course of his work, he had become more or less familiar with the inside working of the express business, particularly regarding shipments of bullion and other treasure.

Finding himself at middle age, with no financial resources back of him, and with no glowing prospects for the future, Boles concluded to turn highwayman. As a stage robber, he hoped to pick up, in a few years, enough money to enable him to retire on a comfortable income.

He studied the situation carefully, and, as he thought, covered his tracks so that detection would be difficult. He never staged a hold-up where he could be easily trailed.

He always established two camps. One of these was in the high hills, where he could scan the road and the surrounding country with field-glasses. Having familiarized himself with stage schedules, the average number of passengers carried, and other details, and having selected a good site for a hold-up, he would move to another camp, close to the road. Then, on the day when he figured that the treasure shipment would be above the average, he would step from the roadside in the character of Black Bart—always wearing a flour-sack mask which concealed his entire head.

**T**HE most astonishing part of Boles' story was his statement that the sawed-off shotgun, which had so often menaced stage drivers and Wells Fargo messengers, was never loaded!

"I hated the idea of bloodshed," he explained. "I wouldn't harm a human being! I preferred to take a chance, and bluff my way through with an unloaded gun!"

The police accepted this statement as the truth, in view of the fact that Boles, when fired on, had never sent back a return shot.

After he had made his astounding confession, Black Bart was taken on a trip of twenty miles to the scene of his twenty-eighth and final stage hold-up.

Unerringly, he led the detectives through the woods near the spot where the Copperopolis hold-up had occurred. Stopping at the end of a hollow log, he reached in and produced a canvas sack. In this sack was found, intact, the \$4,800.00 which had been taken from the Wells Fargo box and the mail-sacks.

This was the only restitution which Black Bart ever made.

No one, outside of those closely involved, knows how much treasure he actually obtained in his seven years of successful operation as a stage robber. In many cases it was believed that the losses given out were far below the actual amounts stolen. Black Bart had lived well in San Francisco. He had traveled a good deal between hold-ups. Perhaps he had spent all the money he had obtained at the muzzle of his unloaded shotgun, or perhaps he had thousands cached away. Nobody could tell.

In view of his confession, since the evidence against him was purely circumstantial, and also in view of his advancing



years, he was given a light sentence. He was sent to San Quentin to serve seven years—one for every year he had spent as a bandit.

While Black Bart was in prison, the authorities received letters from his wife in Illinois, telling what a model husband he had been. As the bandit's term neared its expiration, his wife pleaded with the authorities to see that he was sent back to Illinois, where a home awaited him.

But the quiet life of the Middle West was not for Black Bart.

On his release from prison, he called on the detectives who had been responsible for his arrest. He congratulated Morse on his good work, and apparently bore no one ill will. Then he visited other detectives in San Francisco, and told them how he used to drop in at a certain restaurant where they congregated, in order to joke with them about their failure to catch Black Bart!

Then he disappeared.

He did not return to his home in Illinois, where his wife awaited his coming. Nor did the natty and popular "Mr. Bolton" appear again in his San Francisco haunts.

As months went on, the rumor came that Black Bart had been seen in China. Then another rumor sifted back, to the effect that California's once-dreaded highwayman was living the quiet life of a rancher in Nevada.

**N**O one knows how much truth there was in any of the reports that came in from various parts of the world.

It may have been that in the Far East, where so many derelicts drift in the hope of beginning life over again, the word *Finis* was written to his astounding career. Or it may have been that he took up prospecting, and died alone in the mysterious desert fastnesses of the Southwest. We have no record of his death.

Such was California's lone highwayman, Black Bart—an enigma to the last.

## The "Tip-Off" on Room 46

(Continued from page 32)

was obtained. This young man, who worked the early morning shift, from two to ten A. M., declared he had heard no explosion. However, shortly after coming on duty, he had observed two men in a Jewett touring-car drive past his station several times. Anticipating a possible hold-up, he had jotted down the license number.

The car was quickly traced to a local automobile-for-hire agency. Joe Blum, the manager, informed the officers that the machine had not been returned, and that he had been just about to report it stolen.

"Do you remember the looks of the man you rented it to?" asked McCaleb.

"I'll say I do! Short, light-haired—'dish-faced.' Had kind o' greenish eyes—signed his name 'H. A. Richards.'"

Officers, disguised as attendants, were left on stake at the auto rental agency, and Mr. Blum was brought to the Detective Bureau. There, he was shown books containing photographs of hundreds of known criminals and ex-convicts.

**H**E had hardly scanned a dozen pages, when he identified the picture of one Richard Graham, Los Angeles, No. 10139.

"There's your man!" he declared emphatically. "I'd know him anywhere! He's the one that signed up for the Jewett—while his partner waited."

By no means convinced that the dealer's memory had served him correctly, but determined to overlook no possible lead, the officers investigated Graham's record.

It took only a few minutes to go through his "package" in the Bureau of Identification. Richard Graham, *alias* C. H. Letts, *alias* John Marsh, *alias* Eddie Morgan, was a two-time loser. In October, 1912, under the name of Richard Graham, he had been committed to Ione Reformatory on a charge of Contributing to the Delinquency of a Minor Child. According to the investigating officer's report, he had taken a young girl to the theater; afterward, at the point of a gun, he had forced her to accompany him to a cheap rooming house, where he registered himself and his child-companion as man and wife. Graham's

age was given as nineteen years at that time.

Before attaining his majority, he was released from the Reformatory, and immediately embarked upon a career of crime.

In November, 1913, he was convicted of Burglary, and sentenced to Folsom Prison as a "repeater," for a period of fourteen years. During the year 1916, he made his escape from the Prison Road Camp, and was not apprehended until July 10th, 1919, when he was again arrested at Alameda, California, for Burglary. This resulted in his return to Folsom, where he remained until discharged on November 4th, 1925.

*Photographs of finger-print impressions left by one of the safe blowers on the chain grocery burglary, compared identically with those on file for Richard Graham.*

Immediately after his record had been investigated, a telegram was dispatched to the Warden of Folsom Prison, requesting detailed information concerning Richard Graham, Convict No. 8912. The reply, received at seven o'clock that same night, gave the Los Angeles address of one Marie Smithers, with whom Graham had carried on an ardent and constant correspondence during his sojourn at the prison.

An hour later, Officers McCaleb and Savage called on the young lady in question.

They presented their cards.

"We understand you are well acquainted with Dick Graham," McCaleb said, by way of introduction.

"Yes."

"Know where he is?"

Miss Smithers' delicately penciled brows drew together in a frown of concentration.

"I'm not sure that I do," she said finally. "I haven't seen him in some time!"

"Think hard," counseled Savage. "We want to talk to him."

"I may have his address in a memorandum book in my dressing-room." Her white teeth flashed in an engaging smile. "Will you excuse me while I look?"

She glided gracefully from the room, closing the door quietly behind her. An in-

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stant later, the officers heard a second door closing.

"She's giving us the slip!" whispered McCaleb, jumping to his feet. "Head her off!"

Cautiously, Savage turned the door knob and stepped into a tiny vestibule connecting the living-room with the aforesaid dressing-room.

A voice, low and tense, caught his ear: "Gladstone 4137!"

Snatching a note-book from his pocket, the officer jotted down the telephone number.

"Room Five, please." He could barely distinguish the words.

Before the connection had been made, he jerked open the door and confronted the now white-faced girl, sitting at a small table, the telephone receiver held to her ear.

"Hang up!" Savage commanded curtly. "You ought to know better—with your experience—than to try to tip that yegg off while we're here! Get your hat and coat. You'll be more useful at the Station for the next few hours."

All trace of the genteel lady disappeared. "Say! Who the hell d'you think you are—breaking into my dressing-room? I guess I've got a right to call a friend—"

"Not that friend—not now, anyway! Will you come, or will you be taken?"

The furiously protesting girl was escorted to the waiting police car, and driven to Central Station. There, she was left in charge of a matron, with instructions to see that she was not given access to a telephone.

THE number, Gladstone 4137, which Marie had tried to call, was traced to Room 5 on the first floor of the St. Regis Hotel, where it was found that Graham was registered.

A cordon of plain-clothes officers immediately proceeded to the St. Regis. Captain Cahill, with Lieutenants McCaleb and Savage, went straight to the suspect's room. Receiving no answer to their knock, they obtained a pass-key, entered and sat down to await his return. A complete safe-blowing equipment was found in the apartment.

Other officers, in command of Lieutenant Pruett, were staked outside the hotel.

At ten-twenty-eight P. M., footsteps were heard in the hallway. Involuntarily, the officers in Room 5 tensed for battle. The door opened half-way . . . a chair

squeaked . . . the door was slammed shut. . . .

Dashing out in the corridor, the officers were just in time to see the figure of a man rushing toward the rear entrance!

Three police revolvers spat fire in the direction of the fleeing man. Untouched, he bolted through the rear door and made a flying leap of ten feet to the porch of an adjoining vacant house.

Captain Cahill's shouted command to halt was answered by a shot from the dark.

Smashing a glass window of the house, the fugitive paused just long enough to empty his gun at the pursuing officers. Then he ran to the front door. He jerked it open—and confronted Lieutenant Pruett! At sight of him, the desperado threw up his hands.

"I surrender!" he gasped.

PRUETT advanced with handcuffs, and reached for the yeggman's gun.

Without warning, the desperado gave Pruett a vicious kick on the right shin-bone, sending him sprawling to the floor. An instant later, the hunted man was running full speed down the street.

Groaning with pain, Pruett staggered to his feet, and again gave chase. The fugitive, encountering pedestrians who attempted to block his progress, felled one man with a blow from his revolver, then abandoned the sidewalk and darted into an alleyway. Doubling on his tracks, he again sought cover inside the deserted house. Pruett dashed around the adjoining house, sighting him again just as his quarry leaped through the still-open rear window, facing Pruett.

Pruett fired twice at the jumping figure. Both bullets struck their mark, and the human target fell, mortally wounded. He breathed his last as Lieutenant Pruett, limping painfully, reached his side.

Captain Cahill, with McCaleb and Savage, arrived a few seconds later, having been momentarily thrown off the trail by a bystander who sought shelter from the hail of bullets by darting into a garage.

The dead man's finger-prints established his identity, beyond question, as Richard Graham.

ON August 22nd, 1926—two days after this gun fight—a Los Angeles newspaper carried an item reading as follows:

**Thugs Put Price on Head of Cop!  
That an underworld gang has of-**

## Sir Hall Caine Writes on "Love"

AMONG the big features of PHYSICAL CULTURE Magazine for April, is Sir Hall Caine's great article discussing *How Much of Life Is Love?* This is the first of a startling series of articles on love, marriage and divorce, expressing the fruits of a lifetime of thought and philosophy by one of the greatest writers of modern times.

Typical of other important features in April PHYSICAL CULTURE you will find *How I Keep Fit at 55*, by Albert Payson Terhune; full of practical self-help and inspiration; and Carol Cameron's article, *What Do Men Like in Women?* analyzing that subtle and mysterious appeal to men possessed by women of charm—and telling how to get it.

April PHYSICAL CULTURE, containing nearly a score of equally vital and interesting features, will be on sale at all news stands April 1st. A Macfadden Publication. Price 25c.



ferred a "bonus" of \$1,000.00 to be paid to the man who "gets" Detective Lieutenant "Bob" Pruett, was the assertion to-day by Acting Captain of Detectives M. C. O'Connor. The "tip" is being run down, he says, and Officer Pruett has issued a challenge to any man of the underworld who cares to meet him with a view to settling the matter.

The alleged bonus offer is thought to be the result of the death of

Richard Graham, ex-convict, who was slain in a gun fight by Detective Pruett on August 20th.

TO date, no gangster has tried to carry out the dire threat against Lieutenant Pruett's life. Bob's challenge to any and all gunmen to meet him at any designated place, has not been accepted; and he goes gamely on his way, making good his slogan:

"Safety First for Safes!"

## The Horror in the Basement

(Continued from page 35)

explaining to him what had happened. He told us that he would arrange to have the body moved to a morgue immediately.

These steps having been taken, my fellow officers and myself decided to continue with the investigation until Rose, the detective, got down on the job. After a brief consultation, we determined first to try to have the dead girl identified. Suddenly I remembered that Miss Rutley, a very good friend of mine, was one of the forewomen of the factory. Perhaps she could help us out!

I lost no time in reaching Miss Rutley over the telephone. I explained to her what I wanted, and, though it was still before dawn, she agreed to come right away. As soon as the patrol wagon came for George Lemuel, we instructed the driver to take him on to jail and then go for the forewoman of the factory. Thirty minutes later Miss Rutley was there.

In the meantime, Rose, the Chief of Detectives, had arrived. Adams had gone back with the patrol wagon and our Negro prisoner, to take up his duties at Headquarters. Sergeant Stantz had also left to look after his patrolmen. That left only Rose, the forewoman and myself at the Pendil Factory. Together the three of us climbed silently down the ladder to the basement, which seemed menacing, now, with the horror of the still, motionless figure in the corner.

IT took Miss Rutley only a second to identify the dead girl as Ruth Cronik, one of the younger girls working in her department. Inquiring a bit into the character of the fourteen-year-old employee, we were told by the forewoman that, so far as she knew, Ruth had always been a hard-working, straightforward girl.

The tragic death affected Miss Rutley as one would expect such a shock to do. We kept her at the factory just long enough to get what information we desired, and then called a taxi and sent her home.

Detective Rose and I then got down to business. We discussed the case a few minutes, and concluded that the next step was to find out why the girl had been there at the factory on a holiday, and who had last seen her alive. Upon consulting the city directory, we found that the gigantic Pendil Factory was a corporation, with *Albert Y. Veriting* as president, and *Lanthro Toby* as secretary and treasurer. It was logical that we first call the president. We reached him over the telephone, informing him that "something" had happened at his factory, and that we wanted him

to come down and render us what aid he could. But he told us that it was impossible for him to leave, as the stork was hovering close to his home at that particular moment.

He referred us, however, to Lanthro Toby, the secretary-treasurer.

We immediately reached Mr. Toby's residence over the telephone. A feminine voice answered the ring. I asked to speak to Mr. Toby, and had scarcely delivered the message before a man's rasping voice came over the wire:

"Hello, hello, hello!"

"Mr. Toby," I said, "this is Rogers of the Police Department. Something has happened at the Pendil Factory, and we would like you to come down—right away, if possible. We will come for you."

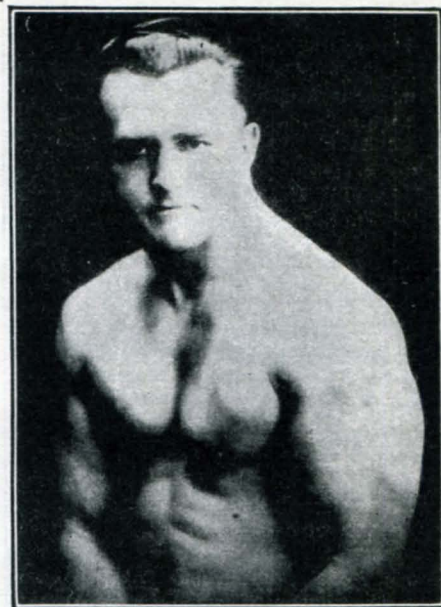
That was all I said. I did not tell him what had happened, and he did not ask me the reason for the mysterious call at that hour of the morning. He consented to come without another word of explanation from me, and said that he would be ready when we arrived.

Going out of the front door of the factory to get to the machine that was to take us to Toby, we met the automobile from the funeral director who had been requested by the Coroner to move the body to the morgue. I gave the men directions as to where they would find the body, and then we proceeded on our way.

Arriving at the house, we were met at the door by the wife of Lanthro Toby. We asked to speak to her husband, and almost immediately he came to the door. He approached us briskly, rubbing his hands together excitedly.

"Has anything happened at the factory? Has anything happened at the factory? Has anything happened at the factory?" He asked this question three times, in rising accents, and almost in one breath. I soon learned that this was his characteristic way of talking, when excited.

Now, I did not wish to apprise him, just then, of what had occurred at the factory—I had a hunch to wait and see what he might say, first. So, I hung my head and made no reply. He took a quick note of my move, turned swiftly to Detective Rose, and in the same excited manner asked him the same question. From police instinct, my partner realized that if I had wanted the man to know what had happened at the factory, I would have told him. The detective knew that I had been on the case at the start and was, therefore, in a



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and I offered something that would give you ten years more to live, would you take it? You'd grab it. Well, fellows, I've got it, but don't wait till you're dying or it won't do you a bit of good. It will then be too late. Right now is the time. To-morrow or any day, some disease will get you and if you have not equipped yourself to fight it off, you're gone. I don't claim to cure disease. I am not a medical doctor, but I'll put you in such condition that the doctor will starve to death waiting for you to take sick. Can you imagine a mosquito trying to bite a brick wall? A fine chance.

#### A RE-BUILT MAN

I like to get the weak ones. I delight in getting hold of a man who has been turned down as hopeless by others. It's easy enough to finish a task that's more than half done. But give me the weak, sickly chap and watch him grow stronger. That's what I like. It's fun to me because I know I can do it and I like to give the other fellow the laugh. I don't just give you a veneer of muscle that looks good to others. I work on you both inside and out. I not only put big, massive arms and legs on you, but I build up those inner muscles that surround your vital organs. The kind that give you real pep and energy, the kind that fire you with ambition and the courage to tackle anything set before you.

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Who says it takes years to get in shape? Show me the man who makes any such claims and I'll make him eat his words. I'll put one full inch on your arm in just 30 days. Yes, and two full inches on your chest in the same length of time. Meanwhile, I'm putting life and pep into your old back-bone. And from then on, just watch 'em grow. At the end of thirty days you won't know yourself. Your whole body will take on an entirely different appearance. But you've only started. Now comes the real work. I've only built my foundation. I want just 60 days more (90 in all) and you'll make those friends of yours who think they're strong look like something the cat dragged in.

#### A REAL MAN

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better position at that time to know what was best to do. So he did not answer Toby's question, either. He, also, hung his head.

The secretary of the concern grew still more excited. Turning to me, still rubbing his hands together, he spoke again: "Did the night watchman call up, and tell you anything?"

I studied him closely for a moment, and then I said, slowly:

"Mr. Toby, you had better get your coat and hat, and let's go to the factory and see what has happened."

He wheeled about, and faced the woman who had answered our ring at the door.

"Wife," he rapped out, "get my coat—get me my hat—get me my collar!"

Standing there in the doorway, he took the articles brought to him by his wife, put them on, and in a few minutes was completely dressed for the street.

We had a short distance to walk from Toby's front door to the spot where we had parked our car. As we made our way to the machine, I asked the young factory secretary suddenly:

"Do you know Ruth Cronik, Mr. Toby?"

"Does she work at the factory?" he countered quickly.

"I think she does," I replied. "Do you know her?"

He waited a moment, and then he said:

"I don't think I know her. I know very few of the girls by name, only by number, you know. I am thrown in contact with them only when I pay them off, you see. But I can look on my books and see if she works there."

We were at the car by this time. Before entering the machine, I turned to Detective Rose.

"Sam," I said quietly, "the undertaking parlor is on our way to the Pendil Factory. Suppose we stop by there, and let's see if Mr. Toby knows her?"

Rose sanctioned my suggestion by a nod of his head. Without another word I climbed in the driver's seat. Rose invited Toby to enter next, and when the Pendil Factory official was seated, the detective climbed aboard.

NOT a word was spoken by any of us from the time we left the home of Lanthro Toby until we reached the morgue. Once at the undertaking establishment, the three of us alighted. We were met at the door by Mr. Pease, the funeral director.

"I would like to see the girl you have just brought from the Pendil Factory," I said to the undertaker.

"All right, sir," he replied pleasantly. "Follow me."

He led us back through the chapel into the morgue. Motioning for us to follow, he entered the small room, which would measure approximately five by ten feet. I came as far as the door. Directly behind me was Toby. Detective Rose brought up the rear.

As soon as Mr. Pease entered the little room, he turned on a light that was covered by a green shade and was suspended from the ceiling by a drop cord directly over the dead girl's head. Still and peaceful she looked, in the white light of the lamp. A sheet covered her

body, up to her chin, and her dark curls, spread out, formed a soft pattern against it. Gently, Mr. Pease raised her head and turned her face toward the door. With this I stepped into the room out of the doorway, to allow Toby to enter, and looked at him inquiringly, as if to ask him if he knew her.

Half supporting himself on the door, the Pendil Factory official looked up—down—everywhere but directly at the still face before him.

He caught my eye, but just for a moment; then, a look of terror coming into his face, he started to back slowly away.

"I don't know her! I don't know her!" he gasped.

"How do you know you don't know her, when you haven't looked at her?" I almost shouted the words at the retreating figure.

Still backing away and waving his hands, he said again:

"I tell you, I don't know her!"

Detective Rose and I followed him to the front door. I stopped long enough to thank Mr. Pease for his courtesy, and then went out on the street to join Rose. Some ten feet from him was Toby, already making his way toward the car.

As the detective and I started for the machine, I turned to Rose and whispered:

"This fellow knows more than he'll admit, about that dead girl!"

"Well, we'll follow it up, old man," Rose answered softly.

THE three of us then got in the machine and drove to the Pendil Factory.

It was daylight by this time, and newspapers were already on the street announcing the tragic death of Ruth Cronik. A large crowd of curiosity-seekers had gathered around the factory when we arrived. Sergeant Stantz had stationed a patrolman at the front door, with instructions not to allow anyone to enter, except, of course, members of the Police Department.

Wedging our way through the crowd, we were admitted to the factory by the policeman. We went directly to Toby's office, where he opened his safe and took out what proved to be a time-book. Running his fingers down the page, he stopped at a name.

"Yes, Ruth Cronik works here," he said. Then, pausing for a moment, he looked up, and his eyes found mine. "By the way, I remember now," he continued, "—she was here yesterday afternoon, about twelve-thirty, for her money. She opened her envelope right here in this office. Suppose we look around—we may find where she dropped it. I remember distinctly, there was a dollar and twenty cents in it."

We looked around closely, but found no envelope. Presently Toby stopped in his search and, without a word, stepped just outside the door to the time clock that Lemuel, the night watchman, had been punching. He pulled a key from his pocket, unlocked the large clock on the wall, and took out a slip of paper. He then inserted a blank sheet in the clock. Next, he placed the slip on a box stationed by the timepiece and, taking



a pencil from his pocket, made a notation of the date—the date Ruth Cronik had been killed. He then walked back into his office and placed this slip on his desk.

I followed him into the inner room. "Mr. Toby," I said to him, "during all the time we've been here with you, you haven't yet asked *what happened* at the factory since we left your house. Now, come with us, and we'll show you what's happened!"

Without a word, the secretary-treasurer followed Detective Rose and myself back into the hallway. There I told him that we would first go down to the basement. Still silent, he went to the electric switch that controlled the current for the elevator, which, at that time, was stopped on the office floor. The three of us stepped into the elevator, and Toby ran it to the basement. Upon our arrival there, I led the way to the spot where the dead body of Ruth Cronik had been discovered.

While in the basement, I outlined in detail to the secretary-treasurer just what we had found after being summoned to the factory by George Lemuel. I pointed out to him the exact spot where Ruth had lain. Then I took the note we had picked up near her body, and read it to him. We then went back to the elevator shaft where the slipper had been found.

Throughout this entire ordeal in the basement, Lanthro Toby did not ask a single question nor offer a single suggestion. He followed us in silence, ghastly pale and extremely nervous. We, as the investigators, noticed this particularly—most especially, his lack of words.

I determined that he would say something, however, before he left the factory. So, after pointing out everything in the basement, I suggested that we go back up to his office. When we were again in the room on the second floor, Detective Rose, Toby and I sat down, and I began to question the factory official. Finally I asked him to tell us just what had happened the preceding afternoon, when Ruth Cronik had come for her pay.

"MR. TOBY," I said, "so far as we can learn, you are the last one to have seen the Cronik girl alive."

He hesitated for some moments, as if weighing his thoughts. Finally he whirled in his chair, and began to talk: "Ruth Cronik worked back in the metal room, and because we had been short of material, she had worked but two days last week. As yesterday was a holiday, I paid off in the factory on Friday. This girl wasn't at work then, though. So yesterday, at twelve-thirty, she came up as usual for her time. I was there alone, when she walked in. I paid her off. She opened her envelop, counted her money, and then went downstairs. That's the last I saw of her!"

I waited a few minutes after the man's explanation, and then I said:

"Mr. Toby, I'm afraid we will be forced to hold you a while for investigation."

He looked at me, still ghastly pale, but made no reply. We remained in the office only a few minutes after I had had my say. Then, quietly, I took Toby's

arm, and we left the room. After pushing through the crowd that still persisted in hanging outside the silent factory, the three of us once more entered the machine that had brought us from Toby's home.

Detective Rose took the wheel this time, and as we started to drive away, one of the police reporters of the local newspapers hailed us from the curb, and asked for a ride to Headquarters. In order to make room for the newspaper man, I asked Toby to sit in my lap. *All the way from the factory to the police station, I could feel the man trembling.*

THUS far throughout the investigation, it will be noted, I had taken charge. There was no distinction among the three officers detailed at Headquarters. We were all patrolmen of equal rank, and the only reason why I had been directing the inquiry into the death of Ruth Cronik, was the fact that I had taken the initiative—nothing more.

According to the rules and regulations of the Police Department of this Southern city that I was serving, the Headquarters patrolmen were supposed to make the preliminary investigation and then turn over the case to the detective force. With the arrest of Lanthro Toby, therefore, and the return to the police station that Sunday morning, my work was presumably over. The case passed then into the hands of Sam Rose, Chief of Detectives.

Promptly after we got back to Headquarters, I turned over to Detective Rose the note I had found by the side of Ruth Cronik, gave him a few minor pointers that I had picked up in my investigation and with which he was not acquainted, and then watched the detectives file upstairs with Lanthro Toby. The police station was a three-story building, and the detectives' den was on the third floor.

Thinking that my part in the case was concluded, I then checked off duty, got in an automobile and hurried home for some sleep. I left behind useful facts and theories for the detectives to thrash out, as well as George Lemuel, Negro night watchman at the Pendil Factory, and Lanthro Toby, secretary-treasurer of the concern. As I afterward learned, both of the detained men went through a grueling cross-examination a greater part of that Sunday morning and afternoon.

ABOUT four-thirty o'clock that afternoon I got out of bed, after some seven hours of rest. I went on the front porch of my home and was sitting there talking with my wife, when a newsboy passed by, calling an "Extra" edition of one of the newspapers. And there, in big head-lines across the front page, I learned that Lanthro Toby, who had been taken in custody by me that morning, had been released by the detectives in whose hands I had placed the case!

That night, down at Police Headquarters, I was the subject of much ridicule and criticism for having had Toby arrested. So far as most of the boys could see, there was no evidence that would even lead one to suspect that he knew anything in connection with the murder of Ruth Cronik, the Pendil Fac-

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tory girl. Even the Chief of Police was displeased with my action.

"How in the world, Rogers, did you figure out that Toby knew anything about this mystery?" he asked me.

"Well, Chief," I replied, "I had nothing to go by, except the man's actions and his silence. I thought it rather odd that he never had curiosity enough to inquire into the object of our call for him to come down to the factory. I wondered, too, why he said he did not know the girl when we went to the funeral parlor, and said this rather emphatically, without even looking at her. And then, when we got back to the factory and started prying into things further, he said that Ruth Cronik had been in his office the day before to get her two days' pay, and that he had given her the pay envelop!"

I then explained to the Chief how pale Toby had been throughout the time he had been a party to our investigation, and how he had trembled on the way from the factory to Headquarters while sitting in my lap in the automobile.

"That's easily explained," the Chief answered. "One has only to talk to Mr. Toby a few minutes, to find out that he is an extremely nervous man! It was perfectly natural for him to be pale during the time he was with you, and when you arrested him and started to the station, it was nothing out of the ordinary for him to tremble."

I didn't have any more to say, but I thought a great deal. Somehow, I could not help but think that the secretary-treasurer of the concern knew a great deal about the death of Ruth Cronik. I cannot say that I had any suspicion that he had actually killed the fourteen-year-old girl, but I was of the firm conviction that he knew more about the case than he had admitted. There was one remark he had made which recurred to me throughout that night. It had come in the form of a query, and had been asked at his residence:

"Did the night watchman call up, and tell you anything?"

The next day the detectives continued with their probe. There were some twenty-six working on the case, part on full-time and part on part-time. From information I picked up at Headquarters, George Lemuel, the night watchman, was the object of much of the probe. But the Negro stuck out for his innocence. He repeated over and over the story of how he had found the dead girl in the basement, and how he had called Headquarters immediately after making his find.

Three days passed, and still the detectives worked untiringly on the mysterious case. In the meantime I continued with my routine work at Headquarters, but through information picked up at the station, I kept in touch with the investigation.

ON Wednesday afternoon, about three o'clock, I had just finished my dinner when the telephone rang. Picking up the receiver, I caught a male voice from the other end of the line.

"Is this you, Boots?" the man asked. And, upon my telling him that it was I, he continued: "This is Russel, day watchman at the famous Pendil Factory."

Russel was a white man whom I had met on several occasions, while answering various petty calls around the factory. I answered:

"All right, Russel—what can I do for you?"

"Get up here to the factory as quick as you can!" came the reply, "I've got something to show you!"

The thought immediately flashed into my mind that Russel had found something bearing on the mysterious murder case. I lost no time in jumping on my motorcycle and hurrying to Police Headquarters. Since the case was in the hands of the detective force, I thought it was ethical for me to consult Chief of Detectives Rose before going to the factory. Upon my arrival at the station, however, I found Rose had gone on some other investigation. Detective Stuart, who had been working part of the time on the Cronik case, was in the office, and in order to avoid criticism from the detective department, I asked Stuart to go with me to the factory. We got in a machine and started out.

FIVE minutes later we were at the manufacturing plant, and found Russel waiting at the front door.

"I've got something upstairs that looks kinder suspicious to me," he greeted us, "and it might lead to something that will help you in the Cronik case."

"We need all the help we can get!" I commented, with a smile.

We followed Russel to the staircase and walked up to the floor above. From there he led us back into the metal room. It was in this same department that Ruth Cronik had worked.

Once in this room, Russel pointed out a Negro to us, as the black fellow bent over a wash tub. The man had some sort of a garment in his hand, and was scrubbing it vigorously. I recognized the Negro as Felix Jiles, whom I had arrested several times for minor offenses around the city.

"That Negro passed me a little while ago with a shirt in his hand," Russel explained, "and I noticed a big, red spot on it that looked like blood to me! I thought it might be worth investigating."

Detective Stuart, the day watchman and myself then walked over to where Felix was industriously scrubbing away. Catching him by the arm, I said:

"What is that you're washing, big boy?"

He looked at me, rather startled, and then grinned.

"Hit's a shirt," he returned.

"What are you washing it here for?" I asked.

"I've got a summons to de Coroner's jury," he said. "As dis am de onliest shirt I've got, I wants to look as nice as I kin. So's I've washin' hit!"

"Well, what is this red spot in this shirt?" I asked, picking up the garment from the water, and showing it to him.

"Dat's iron rust," he replied. "Mah ole woman hung hit out on de line, which had a nail in hit, an' hit got rusted!"

"The Coroner's jury doesn't meet until Saturday," I reminded him. "Why are you washing this shirt this early in the week, and why didn't you get your



old woman to fix it up for you?"

"Dis am de onliest one I'se got, an', as I said befo', I ain't got nuthin' else to wear."

"Do you work here, Felix?" I asked him.

"Yas, suh, I sho' does!"

"What do you do?"

"I'se de sweeper fo' de factory," he answered.

"Is that all you have to do?"

The Negro did not reply immediately. He shuffled his feet several times. Finally he said:

"Yas, suh, dat's 'bout all I does, suh!"

Felix's eyes were rather wild by this time, or I was badly mistaken. There was something about him that made me suspicious. I realized that I had been severely criticized for arresting one party in connection with this case, and that one man I had taken to the police station had been released. Was I going to take another chance in taking into custody another man for investigation?

For several minutes I inspected the shirt the Negro had been washing. And the more I looked at it, the more the spot on the collar looked like blood. Without wasting further words, I decided to arrest Felix Jiles and hold him until I could have the "iron rust" analyzed, and ascertain whether it would pan out to be blood. Turning to the Negro, I said quietly:

"I'm afraid I'll have to detain you for investigation, Felix. Get your coat and hat."

**W**ITHOUT a word, the Negro obeyed my command. A few minutes later Detective Stuart and I escorted him to the police car we had brought from Headquarters.

When we arrived at the police station, I turned Felix Jiles over to the detective department. I also put into the hands of Detective Rose the shirt the Negro had been washing, together with all other information I had gathered.

The Negro was taken up to the detectives' office on the third floor by Detective Stuart. Later on, the shirt was sent to the State chemist for an analysis.

After some two hours of cross-examination, Felix Jiles still stuck to his story—the explanation he had given us

at the Pendil Factory. Nothing could shake him. Detective Rose, however, thought it best to hold the Negro pending the outcome of the chemical analysis of the shirt. He was taken downstairs and locked up in a cell—incommunicado.

At midnight I went back on my eight-hour watch at Headquarters. In the meantime, the detective force continued to run down rumor after rumor that reached their ears and purported to concern the Ruth Cronik case. But none of the gossip got the department anywhere.

Time after time George Lemuel, the night watchman at the factory, and Felix Jiles, the sweeper, were put through severe cross-examinations. Yet, every time, they stuck to their original stories.

Friday afternoon came. Again I was called to the telephone at my home. This time the caller was Simpson, the turnkey at Police Headquarters. He informed me that Felix Jiles wanted to see me! The Negro seemed anxious to impart some kind of information.

Upon my arrival, I first went to Detective Rose. I advised him that Felix Jiles wanted to have a talk with me. Knowing that the man had been marked *incommunicado*, I asked the Chief of Detectives to allow me to see the Negro.

"**G**O to it, Boots!" Rose said. "See what you can get out of him!"

In company with Detective Stuart, who had been with me when Felix had been arrested, we went to Felix Jiles' cell. After passing the time of day with him, I let him know that the turnkey had said he wished to see me.

"Yas, Mist' Boots," he returned, "I wants to have conversation with you." "What's on your mind?" I asked.

"You'se used me right," he said simply, "an' I'm a-go'in' to tell you all I knows about what happened at de factory at de time dat young lady was murdered!"

What Felix confesses is so astounding that his listeners find it almost unbelievable—at first. Can there be a human monster so fiendish as to be guilty of the crime against little Ruth Cronik that the Negro describes? Felix accuses another man—but the detectives have only his unsupported word. What did the Negro tell?—whom did he accuse?—how

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## The St. Louis Gang Rule Terror

(Continued from page 55)

saloon at 1400 Franklin, while the occupants in the car pumped lead into the proprietor.

Colbeck took charge of things the next day, and you have to give him credit—he was some organizer!

When I joined the Egan mob, Colbeck was just coming into power. His influence grew until, at the time I went away to prison, he was the boss of St. Louis County. His word was law.

In another year he would have had the city of St. Louis just where he wanted it. Everybody was taking their hats off to him. It was "Dint this" and "Dint that." He made himself a power by doing favors, and by making people believe for a long time that he could do things that he really couldn't do. In the end, however, he got to the point where he *could* do all the things he promised.

EVERY time Dint would learn of some prominent man getting in a jam in the county, getting pinched for speeding or something like that, he would call the man up and offer to help him.

But he never did anything for anybody who couldn't do twice as much for him.

He had friends everywhere—in the Police Department, in the City Hall, the Municipal Courts Building, and up at Jefferson City.

Big business men used to come out to the Inn to eat and drink, and to order whisky and beer sent to their homes or offices. Colbeck always made it a point to sit down and talk to them. These big men used to take pride in saying to guests they would take out there with them, "This is my friend, Dint Colbeck!"

You know how the crowd always likes to be seen with champion prize-fighters and owners of horses that win the Derby? Well, it was the same way with the fellows I'm talking about. They liked to be seen with Dint—liked to call him their friend.

Frequently I stole automobiles of prominent citizens. Colbeck would call them up and say: "I heard you lost your automobile—I'm going to see if I can't find it for you."

After a while he would call them again, and say: "I found that car of yours—I'm sending it in to you!"

Colbeck made friends with policemen at every opportunity. He was always slapping them on the back and calling them by name. They liked it—just as everyone else did. He gave whisky and beer to a lot of cops, and even loaned money to some of them.

Many a St. Louis cop I've seen at the Inn around Christmas time—coming out for his Christmas whisky! I could give their names in a long list, but that would be rough on them, and I won't do so.

Lots of times, when some policeman would want to question a member of the gang about a robbery, the cop would call Dint by telephone.

"I've got to bring in Oliver Dougherty and Steve Ryan," perhaps the cop would say. "Where can I get them?"

Colbeck would promise to have the men meet the cop, and after the men had cleaned up, shaved and put on fresh clothing, they would go to the copper, who would make out a report that he had "picked them up" at such and such a place!

The Egan gang had the beer concession in St. Louis County, and beer came out to the Inn by the truckload and was distributed. If you wanted to sell beer in St. Louis County, you had to buy it from us, and at our price. After a time we got into the beer game in St. Louis, and handled a great part of what was sold there. Once I heard Dint call a man in St. Louis on the telephone. He said:

"Say, you've been selling beer in St. Louis! I'm running St. Louis, and, by God, you quit that racket or I'll blow you up!"

The fellow kept on selling, and so, I suppose, he fixed things up with Dint.

A couple of Italians were paid by the week to go out and look for moonshine stills. Every time they located a new one, the owners were notified that they had to pay so much per week to Dint, who collected from \$100.00 to \$500.00 a month from every moonshiner in the county. Many a still was blown up because the owner refused to kick in.

The crap games all paid tribute to Colbeck. Often Dint made more money out of the game than the guy who was running it!

HOUSES of prostitution also paid toll to the gang each month.

Anything that was off-color had to pay Dint.

When the Maxwellton race-track was sold and we had to move out on the Olive Street road, someone told Dint that the Ku Klux Klan had bought the place and was going to use it for meetings. Then a meeting of the Klan was held there, and Dint swore he'd blow the place up.

We got the dynamite, made a bomb and prepared for the job. Three automobiles carried the mob over to the track. Dint, Steve Ryan, Oliver Dougherty, Chippy Robinson, Bill Engler, Sticky Hennessey, Barney Castle, myself and some others made the trip. We got to the track early in the morning, and found two men guarding the place. One of the guards came running down to meet us, and, flashing a star, said: "Get the h— away from here!"



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"Chase yourself, or I'll blow you up!" Colbeck retorted.

The man recognized him. "Is that you, Mr. Colbeck?" he asked. "Himself," Colbeck answered. "Well, that's all right," he said, and he walked away.

Dynamite was put on three sides of the building and the fuses lighted. The old building rattled in ruins a few minutes later.

"That's that," said Dint. [The date of the dynamiting of the club building was August 5th, 1923. Renard's disclosure makes known for the first time the names of the persons who wrecked the building, and the reason therefor.]

A LOT of people have an idea that Colbeck would do anything he'd promise, and that if he was your friend he was a 100 per cent friend. Now, I'll tell you one.

One night Dint told me to steal a car. I got one from in front of an apartment on North Kingshighway. I took it out to the Inn. Soon after I returned, a man who was on a bond for one of the mob called Colbeck on the telephone, and said his automobile had been stolen, and would Colbeck try and locate it? Dint said he would.

Then he asked me where I got the car, and I told him. He told me to whom it belonged, and I asked him:

"Shall I take it back and get another?"

"No, we'll keep it," he said. That night the mob took the car out, and it broke down. They shot it full of holes and tore the top off.

Talking about bonds reminds me of the way Dint got most of them. Of course, there were always some good fellows who would sign a bond without expecting a fee. But most bondsmen wanted some money for the risk they took.

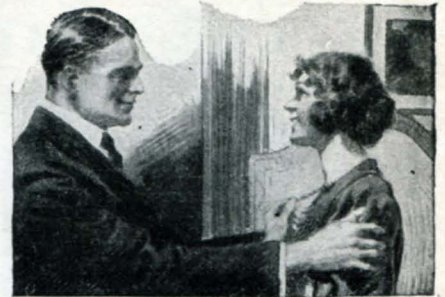
Back in the days before I started running with the Egan mob, I had always paid my bondsmen. But I never paid a dime for a bond after I started trooping with Dint, and some of the fellows who used to charge me money for bonds now signed them for nothing. Dint had them all scared. If one had the nerve to ask for money, Dint would tell him where to go.

At one time the amount of the bonds for all members of the gang totaled \$1,250,000.00. But the mob never paid a cent for the bonds. I remember one time that Dint called a man, and told him to be down at cor. at a certain time the next day to make a bond. The man said he would be there. Next day he failed to show up. Dint called him on the telephone.

"What's the matter?" Dint asked. "My wife won't let me sign the bond," he said.

"Can that stuff!" Dint told him. "You get down here and sign that bond, and get here quick!"

The guy came in a taxicab. That's the way most bonds were made. Threats and fear got the same action that money would, and in many cases fellows outwardly respectable but actually engaged in shady businesses signed our bonds to win the protection



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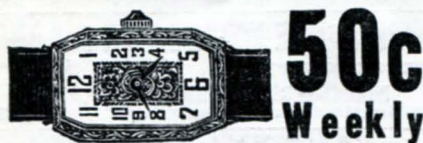
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we could give them if anyone bothered them too much about their way of making money. And by protection I mean the sort that a gang of hard-boiled guys with guns could give. Dint was the power in the background for a lot of "business men."

Dint never went out with the mob on robbery jobs, but he got his cut on everything, and no trick was turned without his permission. When anybody brought in a plan for robbery, we would all sit around and discuss it, and decide who was to pull it. Everybody got a cut, whether they helped or not. The slogan of the mob was "One for all and all for one."

**I**N that book, *The Three Musketeers*, which I like to read, those guys carried swords instead of gats, but they were the original gangsters and gunmen all right, and that's my favorite book.

When a job was to be pulled, Dint let everybody know about it, and warned them to get their alibis ready. Funny thing about getting an alibi. Those who were to pull the job didn't bother about getting theirs—if they got caught, the alibi would be framed for them later! But the ones who were *not* to take part in the job had to go out and prepare their alibis. The fact that I would be sitting out at the club when a trick was turned, didn't mean anything; that wasn't an alibi. The fact that I would be at home or out riding with my wife when a place was robbed, meant nothing.

A wife or home alibi is the worst kind. The best alibi is a "doctor" alibi, a "garage" alibi, or a "cop" alibi. You've got to get respectable people to back you up, or the alibi will fall flat. My pet stunt was to be seen around honest people at the exact time the job was to be pulled. I'd get in a conversation and then ask the time. I'd always let them know who I was. I would go into a business house and would do the same thing, or else I would take my automobile to a garage and stand around while a little repair work was done.

When I was working my kind of a job, I had to take a chance on being identified by the ones we stuck up, just like the others who were in on it. If we were identified, we would have our friends frame our alibis later.

It's easy to get honest people to lie for you. You'd be surprised!

The "doctor" alibi is one of the best. I'd go into the office of some first-class doctor, one who has an office girl who writes down your name and the time you arrived and departed. Lots of times I would find a cop on his beat, start a talk-fest with him and ask him the time. That was always a good alibi. There were a lot of cops who would tell the truth even for a gangster, and if you were talking to one of them at a certain time you could rely on his telling the truth.

**P**ATROLMAN William H. Anderson was one of the square-shooting kind—and yet, he was murdered.

There has been a lot of mystery attached to that murder, which was just a cold-blooded killing. I happen to know all about it, and shall tell the entire story.

St. Louis has always been puzzled over the murder of Patrolman Anderson. The poor copper's body was found before daylight on the morning of February 10th, 1924, lying on a sidewalk near the east or rear entrance to the bar of Edward M. ("Putty Nose") Brady at Vandeventer and Natural Bridge. There was a wound over his right eye, made by a club, and two bullet holes in the head, one in the neck, and holes in his clothing where slugs had missed the flesh.

The murder has remained a mystery—an unsolved crime. It should have been solved, for it was as cold-blooded a crime as was ever committed.

It could have been solved, too. There were people in that saloon who knew who committed the murder, and who knew why it was committed. Some of them would have talked if the police had grabbed them and charged them with being accessories to the murder. But the police never found them for questioning.

The trouble with the police who worked that job was, that they were looking for a  *motive*  when they should have been rounding up everyone who had an opportunity to kill Anderson. The motive didn't count, because there wasn't any!

Detectives are always looking for motives; they can't seem to go ahead with an investigation until a motive is established. If I were a cop, I'd work the other way round. I'd find out first who had an opportunity to commit a crime, and then figure out which of all the persons who had an opportunity had a motive.

**W**HEN Anderson's body was found he had on his mittens, his coat was buttoned, and his revolver was in its holster. That's why he was murdered! He trusted the wrong guys.

I knew Anderson, and he was a friendly cop. He wouldn't try to get you in a jam, if you were in the right. If he had you nailed, he took you in. He wouldn't be hard-boiled about it. He would just say, "Well, I gotta take you in to the station to see the Captain." A lot of other birds would give you a punch in the mouth and drag you to the call box by your coat collar. But not Anderson. He was a good guy—and that's why he was murdered.

There was a wild party at the "Putty Nose" joint on the Saturday evening before the murder. A lot of red-hots with their women were out there. There was plenty of drinking. Some time after midnight, Patrolman Anderson looked in. James P. (Jimmie) Miles, Jr., (since killed by policemen), was behind the bar, helping out for the evening as a bartender. Anderson walked over to Miles.

"You've got to quiet these people down," he said.

"They're not harming anybody," Miles said.

"You quiet them down, or I'll call the wagon and give you all a ride!" Anderson ordered.

"All right, chief—I'll tell 'em."

Anderson went out, and Miles cautioned the crowd to quit singing.

Some time after Anderson had de-



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parted, Eddie Linehan arrived in a taxicab. He was a hard-boiled bird, was Eddie—as tough a boy as ever carried a gun. He had been out to the Maxwellton Club on the Olive Street road, and was full of county hooch. He chinned with Jimmie, bought a couple of drinks, had an argument with another fellow, and then went over to a table with some other red-hots and sat down.

At five A. M., the whole party was hitting it up. There was singing and dancing and general merrymaking, with plenty of hooch being served every few minutes.

Everybody was drunk. About this time Patrolman Anderson returned to the saloon.

"When are you going to close up?" he asked Miles.

"What do you want to know for?" Miles countered.

"Are you going to raise hell all day Sunday, too?"

"There isn't any Sunday closing law, is there?"

"Your gang is making too much racket, and if you don't stop it and get out of here, I'm going to call the wagon!" Then Anderson turned toward the crowd in the wine-room. "You've all got to go home!" he boomed.

Linehan was on his feet in an instant. "Who says we got to go home?" he demanded.

"I say so," said Anderson.

"Who the hell are you?" Linehan demanded.

"Listen, my boy," said Anderson, kind of smiling and fatherly-like, "you're full of rotten hooch!"

"I'm as sober as you are!"

"Calm down, my young friend—"

"Friend, hell! Calm down yourself—why don't you beat it out of here?"

**T**HEN Anderson got mad and grabbed Eddie. In the brief scuffle he dropped his hat, but managed to get a good hold on Linehan.

"Will you be quiet?" he asked.

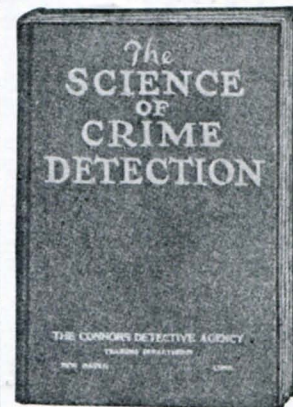
"Yes, damn you!" said Eddie, and Anderson released him.

"Have you got a rod on you?" the copper asked.

## To Our Readers

Most of the contents of this magazine come from leading newspaper men, detectives, and police officials. But we wish to make it plain that all readers of **TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES** are invited to send in, for consideration, fact stories of crime which they deem are suitable for publication herein. In writing for this magazine, please stick to the facts. Decision on manuscripts submitted will be made as promptly as possible, and we will pay at our usual rates, for those accepted. Actual photographs are desirable. Address: **TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES, 1926 Broadway, New York City.**

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"Find out," Eddie answered. Anderson frisked him, and took a gat and a holster from under Linehan's left arm.

"I'll have to arrest you," Anderson said. "Get his hat and coat for him, somebody."

They gave Linehan his hat and coat, and he put them on. Holding Eddie's left arm, Anderson walked toward the front door, which was locked.

"Where's the key?" Anderson asked. "I don't know," Miles answered.

"Never mind—I'll go out the way I came in," and he started for the back door with Eddie.

Miles had a bottle of beer in his hand during all this time. He still had the bottle when he followed Anderson and Linehan out of the back door, and onto the sidewalk.

"Here's your hat," Miles said to the policeman.

Anderson, with his right hand, was holding Eddie by the left arm. He had Eddie's gun and holster in his left hand. He released Eddie for a minute as he reached for his hat.

Linehan grabbed the bottle from Miles' hand and, turning, hit Anderson an awful crack over the right eye. Anderson fell with a groan, dropping the pistol. "Gimme my gat!" Eddie said to Miles. Miles handed him the holster.

Whipping the gun from the case, Linehan stood over the poor copper and emptied it into his body.

Anderson died instantly.

Linehan then turned to Miles.

"Well?" he demanded.

Miles was pale.

"Tough luck for the dump—but O. K.," he answered.

Everybody in the place knew what had happened. There was a roaring of automobile motors, a flashing of lights, and in a few minutes everyone was gone.

Anderson's body lay there, waiting for someone to find it.

Linehan drove back to the Maxwellton Club in a taxicab. Later that morning he told what had happened.

"Killed a smart cop," he said.

"What for?" he was asked.

"Tried to pinch me!"

"Tough luck—better lay low," he was cautioned.

All that talk about the gang having a law against killing coppers is plain rot. And all the conversation about Linehan's later being murdered because he shot Anderson is bunk.

I'll tell why Linehan was killed, but before that part comes, I shall relate some other hitherto undisclosed criminal activity. The Jack Daniel whisky robbery will be next.

**RECORDS** at the Central District Police Station show that the warehouse of the Jack Daniel Distilling Company, 3960 Duncan Avenue, was robbed twice. The records are technically wrong. There was only one robbery, and that was on December 8th, 1922. It provided a lot of prominent St. Louisans with their Christmas whisky—after it had been diluted, of course.

The big removal of whisky from the warehouse was in August, 1923, but that wasn't a robbery—you can't steal what belongs to you.

It was Joe Powderly (since murdered) who got the tip on the first Jack Daniel job. Powderly was never a regular member of our gang, but he brought in a lot of tips and took a hand in a job now and then. He came out to see Colbeck, and explained he had been hanging around the distillery and had got a line on how to stick it up. Dint called the mob together and explained the deal, which looked easy.

"I guess we'd better pull it," Dint said. "The mob can use a little real whisky for the holidays, and a lot of guys down-town have been asking for some pre-war stuff. Ray, you go borrow a couple of trucks. Powderly, you'd better take a final look and see that the lay is O. K. If you give us the go-go, we'll make it to-morrow night."

**I** **BORROWED** two trucks from a friend. Powderly returned and reported that everything was O. K., that it would be easy to stick up the watchman in the distillery, but that there were a couple of extra watchmen employed by other concerns near-by who had better be taken care of, too. (These men were W. G. Booth, watchman for the Granite Bituminous Paving Company, and Edward Boyd, watchman for the Stephan Coal Company.)

When we got ready to start, Dint outlined the plan.

"Ray, Red Smith and Chippy Robinson will stick up the watchmen in the warehouse. Eddie Linehan and Oliver Dougherty will get the watchmen who work at those other places. Better march them into the warehouse and guard them all together. Steve Ryan and Lee Turner can help out where they're needed. Better take a few of these other punks" (hangers-on at the Inn) "to help roll the barrels. Joe Powderly can point out everything to you when you get there."

We parked the trucks near the warehouse, and then went to the east side of the building, where there is a sliding steel door, and where Powderly said the watchman (William Sullivan) would come out to punch the call box and send out the "all's well" signal. We slipped up on him as he came out of the big steel door, and after he had punched the clock which rings the call bell, we punched him in the back with gats.

"Ease 'em up, big boy!" said Chippy. "This gat of mine might go off—it gets nervous when people holler!"

The watchman's hands went up.

"Where's your pard?" Powderly asked. "Inside," he gasped.

"Lead the way real careful-like," said Chippy.

The other watchman (Walter Eason) dove into sight just then, and I covered him.

We marched the two watchmen into one of the rooms, and we made them stand with their faces to the wall—their hands still waving shakily over their heads.

In the meantime Dougherty and Linehan, with the young hangers-on of the gang who were helping us, had gone to the two other places which Powderly had pointed out, and had stuck up the two watchmen there.

They were marched over to the dis-



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tillery and put under guard with the distillery watchmen.

"We're going to work, now," Chippy told the four watchmen. "Get me right—if any of you guys do any funny stuff, you'll have a funeral at your house day after to-morrow. And if any of you ever identify one of us for this job, you'll get a big dose of lead. See?"

One of the watchmen said he was cold—could they have their coats? (Funny, how guys get cold when they get scared.) Chippy, who would just as soon have killed one as have looked at him, fetched their overcoats, and then got them whisky kegs to sit down on. He even let one of the watchmen smoke a pipe.

"Now, if you guys are good, maybe we'll give you a good drink before we leave," Chippy promised them.

Then we went to work. We got a crowbar and forced a door to the room where the case liquor was kept. Everybody lent a hand and passed out the cases. Barrels were rolled out and lowered with the elevator. We put a good load on both trucks.

The gang had a great time. Every once in a while one would take a crowbar, smash in the head of a barrel, and sip a drink. Chippy rubbed a lot of it in his hair—said it made him smell good.

We made enough noise to arouse the whole city!

In the midst of our work a bell rang, and we all jumped.

"Burglar alarm?" demanded Chippy, aiming his gun at the four watchmen. "N-no—t-telephone!" stuttered one of them.

We marched him to the phone and made him answer it. It was his wife calling, I think.

"Tell 'em you're busy, to call later," I said. The man made that statement and hung up.

After cutting the telephone wires and giving the four watchmen some more advice about keeping still, we made our getaway and took the liquor to the Inn.

We had sixteen barrels and 120 cases. I received one barrel and seven cases for my share. I didn't doctor it, but sold it to some friends for \$2,200.00.

For weeks every bootlegger in town had Jack Daniel whisky. Some of it was the real stuff; most of it was doctored hooch.

**T**HE second affair at the Jack Daniel warehouse—the "milking"—was one of the biggest plots that a gang ever got away with in the United States. It was too deep for me. Colbeck handled the details. He had a meeting almost every day, down in an office building right near Uncle Sam's Federal building, working out the details of the job.

Rich fellows came to St. Louis from all over the country to get in on it. Dint sold shares on the job. If you had a thousand-dollar share, you were guaranteed at least \$2,000.00. At that time Dint had \$2,000.00 of my money, and he told me about the deal and said he would double my dough for me. He did.

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house had been bought by Dint and the crowd he was working with. The work of getting the whisky commenced.

Dint and the mob who were detailed to the job of loading the whisky, went in and out of the warehouse as they pleased.

I helped arrange to get ten trucks, and these were used to haul barrels to the warehouse and to haul them away after they had been filled with whisky. As soon as the old warehouse barrels were emptied, they were filled with water.

The trucks loaded with the whisky were taken to a place out on the Olive Street road. Dint had Chippy, Oliver, Steve and two others guarding the liquor with riot guns. Just as quick as the out-of-town men made deals, whisky was taken from the place where we had carried it, and shipped. Some went out on trucks, some went down the Mississippi in boats, and some was shipped in freight cars.

There were almost 1,000 barrels, and Dint told me later that they had been sold for almost \$2,000,000.00!

He said it took \$1,000,000.00 to swing the deal.

**THE** more I study the murders of Joseph ("Green Onions") Cipolla and his two-gun buddy, Everett E. Summers, the more I believe that, if Justice isn't blind, she certainly wears smoked glasses!

Not that Cipolla and Summers didn't earn the doses of lead that were passed out to them—they'd killed other men in their day. What I'm getting at is that, long after those two were buried, four poor birds had to go to the Chester, Illinois, penitentiary for a job that Cipolla and Summers pulled just before they passed out. The men in prison are innocent.

I know—because I helped pull the job for which they are doing time!

The murders of Cipolla and Summers have always remained mysteries. The police tried to solve them, but they never even had a hunch as to who killed that pair, or what they were killed for.

The bodies of Cipolla and Summers were found, riddled with bullets, on Shaftsbury Lane in University City. The best information the police could get was that bootleggers were to blame for the murders. The thing that seemed to worry the police was whether the men had been taken by surprise and killed, or whether they had been shot sticking up the owner of a still out in the country! Those theories made a lot of red-hots laugh.


The bodies were found on the morning of December 27th, 1921.

I wonder if it ever occurred to the police to connect the murders with another crime that had just been committed?

If they did think about it, they never made their thoughts known. If they had put two and two together, they would have solved that double murder in a few hours.

The facts are that the robbery of the Dupo State Savings Bank at Dupo, Illinois, on December 23rd, 1921—just four days before Summers and Cipolla were slain—was the thing that caused those two to be filled full of lead. There

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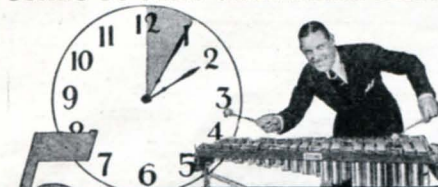
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wasn't anything mysterious about the murders, and the solution is as simple as can be. Here is the whole story for the first time:

Many people in St. Louis will remember that Green Onions Cipolla killed the rope bandit, Hayward Wilson, a Negro who attacked women after tying up their escorts. Green Onions had recognized the Negro on the street, and had made friends with him, helped the police set a trap to catch him, and then knocked him off. That was the first time he killed a man, but it wasn't the last. I've heard him boast that he had more than one notch on his gun.

Anyway, back in 1921, when Victor Miller was making it so hot for the crooks and when most of them had crossed the river to Madison, I met Green Onions and Summers, his buddy, who always carried a pistol on his hip and another under his left arm. He could use them, too.

**I**N December, Cipolla told me he had a plant at Dupo, and asked me to get a good automobile and help make the job.

I had trouble in getting a car, and Green Onions said he would get one. He had a little dough, so he went over the river and saw Whitey Doering, who, with Clarence ("Little Red") Powers and some other Eganites, owned a used-car company. Cipolla bought a Grant car from Whitey, and came on back over the river with it. The next day we pulled the Dupo bank job.

Summers, Cipolla, myself and a couple of Chicago red-hots made the bank with a rush. A young woman (Miss Hulda Briedecker), the bookkeeper, began to cry.

"All you gotta do is keep still, kid, and you won't get hurt!" Summers told her.

We looted the cashier's cage and got about \$11,000.00. Then we beat it.

A few days later, Red Powers sent word to Cipolla that he wanted to see him.

Red had a job for him, Cipolla told me, and asked me to go along with them. I said I'd stay over the river, that I was tired of sleeping on the boards in the Central District hold-over.

It's a good thing I remained in Madison, or I'd have been found out there in University City with the other two.

Summers went along with Green Onions, and they went out to a road-house on the Olive Street road to meet Red. Colbeck, Chippy Robinson, Steve Ryan, Oliver Dougherty, Red Powers and Sticky Hennessey were there.

"What in hell did you use our car for, in that Dupo stick-up?" Powers demanded.

"Who says I did?" asked Green Onions.

"The cops—they've traced that car back to our place. We're about to be charged with that job. The only reason we haven't been, is because the Dupo people didn't identify us!"

"I didn't know anybody would identify the car," said Green Onions.

"I think you're a dirty double-crosser!" Powers raged. "I think you wanted the police to get us!"

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Cipolla and Summers both swore they never dreamed of such a thing. They talked for a long time. Then the mob left, leaving Green Onions and Summers alone with Powers and Hennessey.

The four of them had some drinks, and the next thing Green Onions and Summers knew, they were looking into automatics.

"Say your prayers, you dirty double-crossers!" Powers ordered.

I don't know whether they prayed or not, but a minute later Cipolla and Summers were full of holes, and stone-dead.

Their bodies were wrapped in blankets, loaded into automobiles and taken over to University City, where they were dumped out in Shaftsbury Lane.

The police have always contended that they were killed as the result of a bootleggers' quarrel.

But that isn't the end of the story. Claude Bernero, Melvin Cramer, Peter McCann, Leo Hildebrand and another fellow were identified for the Dupo Bank job, and all but the fifth man were convicted and sent to prison.

They're still there.

Fifty-six alibi witnesses testified for the four defendants, Hildebrand, McCann, Cramer and Bernero, at their trial on the charge of robbing the Dupo State Bank. The witnesses swore that the four men were at a chicken dinner in the Jefferson Grill, East St. Louis, at the time the bank was robbed. Four other persons, testifying for the State, identified the men as the bandits. On May 8th, 1922, the four were convicted by a jury, and sentenced to imprisonment in the Chester penitentiary for from ten years to life.

**F**OOLISH young men who think it "smart" to associate with gangsters and other underworld characters, will find food for thought in the story of Joseph Powderly.

Joe was an honest young man who first admired gangsters, and then wanted to become one. But he didn't live long enough to realize his foolish ambition, for, right at the time when he thought he was getting hard-boiled, he was murdered by the "killer" whom poor Joe admired above all others.

Powderly's bullet-riddled body was washed up by the Mississippi River at the foot of Fillmore Street on June 3rd, 1923, nearly two weeks after he had been murdered. His name, like that of Green

Onions Cipolla, Everett Summers, Patrolman Anderson, and many others, is to be found on the list of unsolved murders at Police Headquarters.

There wasn't any excuse for Powderly's going wrong. His case was different from mine. When I trooped out with the Egan mob, I did so because I had already gone about as far as a crook could go. I was a red-hot, and it looked as if I could get some protection by running with the "Rats." When Powderly started hanging on, running with any of the red-hots that would tolerate him, he was clean. The police didn't have anything on him.

**P**OWDERLY was married, had a nice wife and a couple of kids, lived at 4555 North Broadway, and had a job as a stock buyer over at the National City stockyards.

I don't know how he started coming out to Maxwelton Inn. Somebody took him there, and he liked the place. He got to calling Colbeck, Robinson, Dougherty, Ryan and others by their first names. He liked all of us, would buy drinks, and make himself a good fellow. The gang finally felt free to talk of anything in front of him, and then he became a regular hanger-on. First thing I knew, he was bringing in tips on robberies. Then he started carrying a gun and going out on jobs with us.

Pretty soon Joe thought he was a real gangster, and he began to get "tough."

One night he shot up a saloon in North St. Louis, and was shot himself that night, although not seriously. That should have proved a lesson to him, but it didn't. He swore he was going to shoot it out with the fellow who had potted him, and vowed that he would put that saloon on the bum.

Now, that saloonkeeper was a good fellow, and a particular friend of some of the Egans. And when Joe bragged about what he was going to do, he signed his own death warrant. For D—, who heard him talking, made up his mind right then and there to kill him. And D— was the bad man poor Joe admired above all others!

On the night of May 24th, 1923, Joe was at Maxwelton Inn. This gangster whom he liked so well, and who had made up his mind to kill him, walked over to Joe's table.

"Watcha doing to-night?" D— asked.

### CAN LOVE LEVEL THE BARRIER OF DEATH?

**W**HEN a girl is passionately in love—and her lover dies—is there any chance for her to find happiness again? Alyce Graham found herself in this tragic situation—and was utterly desolate—until she made the most amazing attempt to achieve a spiritual union with her lover! You'll be swept off your feet by her weird and beautiful story! Entitled *She Walks in Beauty*, it's in the April GHOST STORIES, on the news stands March 23rd.

Another sensational feature of this same issue is:

### DID THE GHOST OF BISMARCK WARN THE KAISER?

—a fact account of the German Emperor's amazing encounter with—what? Was it a ghost? This is a truthful record of the strangest occult mystery on record. There are **SIXTEEN** other fascinating stories in the April GHOST STORIES—including *The Witch in the Next Room*, *Coins of Doom*, and *The Strangest Murder Trial*.

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P. F. Wengard, General Manager  
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"Nothing particular."  
"Want to go cabaretting?"  
"Sure!"  
Joe was elated at having D— ask him to step out with him.  
A minute later D— asked Joe if he had his gat. Quick as a flash, Joe produced it from his hip and then, kind of grinning, poked D—'s vest buttons with it. D— leaped back.

"Quit that, you damn fool, or I'll blow your head off! Don't play with me that way—I'm nervous!"  
Joe laughed. He thought it was a good joke. But he didn't know that the man he was joking with had planned to kill him within a few hours, nor that the man came within an inch of killing him right there.

After D— calmed down, he and Powderly were joined by Sticky Hennessey, and the three started out on what was to be Joe's last journey in this world. Some women were picked up, and a couple of joints visited where they had some drinks. Then they crossed McKinley Bridge and went out to Frank Hackethal's road-house at Long Lake, near Mitchell.

After they'd had a round of drinks, D— turned to Joe and said:  
"Let Sticky see your gat."  
Joe, the poor boob, produced it, and handed it to Hennessey.

Then D— winked at Sticky, and Sticky dropped Joe's gun into his own pocket.  
Joe was puzzled.

"Do you know why I brought you over here?" D— asked.  
"What for?"  
"To bump you off!"  
"Why—what—I—listen—"  
"I'm going to kill you."  
And then D—'s eyes narrowed until they were little slits; the blood swelled in the veins on his temples—he was the old "killer."

Poor Joe was dumb. He couldn't move.  
"For God's sake—my wife—"  
Joe made a move toward the door.  
Bang! Bang-bang-BANG!  
Joe limply sagged to the floor, looking up with agonized, questioning eyes at the grinning killer.

"Leave the women—let's get this bird away—they don't want any murders here. Get his feet!"  
It was D—, giving orders.  
They got Powderly by the feet, and pulled him out of the bar. He wasn't dead yet, but he died in a minute, as they were loading him into the automobile.

Some people arrived just then, and Sticky threw his gat on them and took the keys to their automobile, warning them to keep still. Sticky took the license plates from his car, and then D— said they would prop poor Joe's body up in the front seat so he wouldn't look dead. D— insisted on driving, and sat down by Joe's body. Sticky took a seat in the rear, holding on to Joe's coat to keep him from slipping.

After they got started D— stopped the automobile, lit a cigar, and stuck it between dead Joe's teeth.  
"How's the smoke, Joe?" he asked.  
"Like that cigar, kid? . . ."

## Getting Bald — and Lonesome!

Don't let this happen to you!

PEOPLE in the outside world judge you by appearance. Lack of knowledge of hair hygiene is the chief cause of loss of hair and baldness. Why lose your hair and the things you prize most in life when it is so easy to save it and renew its growth? But you must act quickly—the first step is

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One of Prof. Scholder's many famous patients

Professor Scholder examining specimens of hair

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I am enclosing a few of my hairs for analysis, with the understanding that you will tell me what to do to save my hair and renew its growth. This places me under no obligation whatever.

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"How's it feel to be dead? . . .  
"Are you enjoying the ride, Joe? . . .  
"Why don't you talk, Joe? . . ."  
They drove on, with D— asking ghoulish questions like that all the time of poor, dead Joe, and telling horrible jokes. Then Sticky asked what they were going to do with the body.  
"Get a rock, and we'll toss him in the river!" was the answer.

So now they are going to dispose of

poor Joe—the end of the long trail for him! After all, this is only an incident in the lives of these killers. As you continue this inside story of the real underworld, if you think these gangsters are acting cold-bloodedly, then the disclosures of inhuman cruelty and blood-thirstiness which will be revealed in next month's issue, will leave you stunned. Nothing like it has ever been printed before. Don't miss it in May TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES,

## The Shadow that Saved a Life

(Continued from page 45)

"Looking at that picture, Father, can you tell what time it was made?" he questioned the astronomer.

"Give me the date and I can tell you, *within one minute*, the exact moment this picture was made," answered the witness.

"How can you be so positive?" asked Yeiser.

"By the angle cast by this shadow in the picture!" replied Father Rigge.

"Mr. Court Reporter, will you read, from your official notes, the date this picture was made?" asked Yeiser.

The reporter thereupon, from his notes, gave the date the photograph was taken. It was the date of the attempt to dynamite Denison's home, of course.

"Assuming that that date is correct," stated the little man on the witness-stand, "this picture was made at 3:21 29/100ths o'clock (*twenty-one minutes and twenty-nine hundredths of a minute, after three o'clock*) on the afternoon of May twenty-second, nineteen-ten!"

But that time did not at all coincide with the time given by the two girl witnesses. It was almost an hour after the girls had arrived home, according to the time to which they had testified.

In fact, *it was a half-hour after the infernal machine had been discovered on Denison's porch!*

"Are you sure?" asked Yeiser.

"Astronomy is never wrong, although astronomers sometimes make mistakes," replied the man in black. "But I am correct. This picture was made within one minute of twenty-one minutes after three o'clock on the afternoon of the date given. I am allowing myself one minute leeway on either side of that point of time, but no more than that."

**THE INDELIBLE CLUE ON THE 20-DOLLAR BILL** is Jack Bell's inside story of the Virginia City bank hold-up which will appear in next month's issue of this magazine. In this connection, everyone who reads newspapers has heard of the famous chemist-criminologist, Prof. Edward Heinrich, of Berkley, California. Prof. Heinrich has played a prominent part in solving difficult and nationally-known crime cases, and here again was called upon by the authorities in their effort to convict the perpetrators of this daring hold-up which occurred in broad daylight on one of the principal streets of Virginia City, Nevada. Don't miss this thriller.

Many of our readers have been wondering who wrote that remarkable article, SPOTTING THE "JUNKIES," which appeared in last December TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES, and have written in and asked us about this. He is the same man who wrote MUGGING THE CRIMINAL, which appeared in our March issue under the pen name "Marvin Pinchot." He happens to have an aversion for publicity which is genuine, but in his contribution in this issue, we finally persuaded him to sign his own name—Frank Donohue. Mr. Donohue is one of the world's leading authorities on narcotics and the Narcotic Bureau of the New York Police Department is to be congratulated on having his services in their efficient and never-ceasing fight against the drug evil. Next month Mr. Donohue will contribute BOTTLED MADNESS!—a showing-up of the pitiful and awful toll the drug addict pays for his secret habit that leaves you stunned. Be sure to read this!





**Battling Nelson, the Durable Dane**

as he looked the day after he knocked out Joe Gans for the lightweight championship. Bat made 40 miles on a gallon with a roadster and 33 1/2 miles a gallon with a touring car. Bat writes: "Most of the public know me well enough to know that I never bunked them in my life. And when I say your vaporizer is all you say it is, I mean it."



**Okayed by "Cannon Ball" Baker**  
The Stransky Vaporizer has passed the rigid tests made on "Cannon Ball" Baker's Proving Grounds outside Indianapolis. "Worthy the investigation of every motorist," writes Baker. "A single trial will prove the worth of your vaporizer. I heartily recommend it to all motorists."

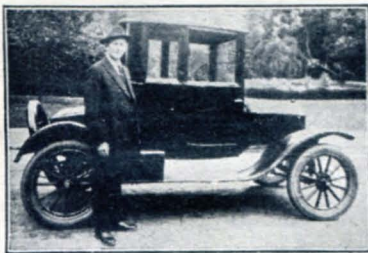


South Dakota, the site of presidential vacations, tall corn and "black b'ar," now boasts of the world's largest gas vaporizer manufacturer. The picture above shows the present Stransky office organization of 73 people.



**Drives 1300 Miles Without Buying Gasoline**

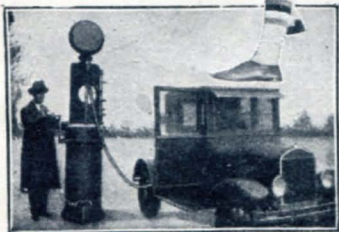
A remarkable test was recently made on the Stransky Vaporizer by J. R. Wood of St. Louis. On his Oldsmobile, after installing the Stransky, he drove 3,000 miles and averaged 30 miles a gallon. Thus he got in effect 1,300 miles of free gasoline.



H. H. Cummings has saved 1,905 gallons of gasoline on 50,000 miles. "I have used one on my 1922 Ford which I have driven over 50,000 miles," he says. "I am getting 30 miles a gallon."



Virgil Barnes, N.Y. Giant Pitcher, says: "Words cannot express my delight with the Stransky Vaporizer. I left New York City after the close of the baseball season with a vaporizer on my Chrysler 69. When I arrived in Holton, Kansas, I found I had averaged within a fraction of 40 miles per gallon of gas."



**Finds a Gasoline Well in His Own Back Yard!**  
Geo. South of Kansas City, Mo., owns a Ford coupe. "I am simply amazed," he writes, "at the wonderful results with your vaporizer. It sure saves the gas. It's just like finding a gasoline well in my own back yard."

**FORD**  
40 Miles on a Gallon

**BUICK**  
36 Miles on a Gallon

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1300 Miles of Free Gasoline

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**REDUCES CARBON**  
Without Touching the Engine

## Who Else Wants to Save Gasoline?

A SOUTH DAKOTA man has discovered an amazing gas-saving invention now installed on over three million cars of every make. Already over ten thousand car owners say it increases gas mileage . . . adds more speed and power . . . and saves an astonishing amount of money in gasoline and repair expense. There is a model for every car, truck, tractor or gasoline engine. Anybody can install it in a few minutes.

This invention is based on newly-discovered facts about potential gasoline power . . . startling facts, that few car owners know about. For example, it is now found that the average man wastes at least 20 per cent to 30 per cent of his gasoline through improper combustion. And many more interesting discoveries, too detailed to mention here.

Read on the right what other car owners say about it. Then accept the inventor's special introductory offer. He will send you samples to test without obligation to buy. If you find it doesn't do for you what it has done for other car owners, he will pay a cash forfeit for the few minutes you've spent in testing it.

Don't send a penny now. Simply send your name in coupon below and get full description of this queer little device that is saving money for other car owners. No obligation, of course. But if you really want to cut down the high cost of running your car, this is your opportunity. Tear out the coupon below and mail it to J. A. Stransky Mfg. Co., D-2130 Stransky Block, Pukwana, S. D.

**MEN WANTED**

Herrick made \$157 in one day letting Stransky vaporizers sell themselves on test. Territories open everywhere. Full or spare time. Check coupon below for details.

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D-2130 Stransky Block, Pukwana, S. D.

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My name is.....

Street.....

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

Check here if you want agents' proposition.

**FORD**

"I have used one on my Ford for over five years and have traveled over 35,000 miles. Never had any spark plug trouble. Have averaged 28 to 30 miles on one gallon of gas." J. H. Alruth, Iowa.

**CHEVROLET**

"You people claim a saving of 25 per cent and more. I found I was obtaining 43.8 miles to a gallon on a Chevrolet. The actual test surpasses your claim." M. E. Miller, Kansas City.

**BUICK**

G. M. Rathburn, Charleston, W. Va., has a Buick Six, with an old engine. On a 287-mile trip he got 19 miles to the gallon. He says it has saved him \$40.00 on one trip.

**NASH**

"I had a large Nash Six, which I drove from Los Angeles to San Francisco on 20 gallons of gas. Vaporizer paid for itself the first trip." H. T. McCallon, California.

**MARMON**

Beacon Holmes, garage owner, New York City, put a Stransky Vaporizer on a Marmon and says: "I increased Marmon's speed from 72 to 84 miles per hour—and a gain of 5 miles to the gallon of gas."

**PIERCE-ARROW**

Mr. Joseph Berger, New York City, writes: "I have one on my Pierce-Arrow and have greatly increased my mileage. I have never scraped carbon since I put on your vaporizer ten months ago."





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\$20.00 EVERY DAY—\$140.00 a week CLEAR PROFIT—Ours is what you or any other live wire can earn by simply placing these astonishing new "Automatic Salesmen" of newly patented MASTER KEY CASES on store counters. Here is a new way of raking in profits from AUTOMATIC SALES WITH WHOLESALE, using our successful, tested selling plans. Profits 100% SELLING THROUGH dealers—over 200% selling direct to consumer in full or spare time. This amazingly clever Key Case—retails for only 25c, although it is better made and better designed than ordinary cases selling at a dollar, at five dollars, or even more. Notice that the Genuine Leather is beautifully colored—comes in Cowhide finish, Scotch Grains, Black and Brown, Pebble Stone and other attractive colors; then you will know why several are bought at a time in different colors for separate sets of Keys. It has no sharp edges or points to catch or tear the pockets. It cannot rattle or scratch when on the dashboard of an automobile. Holds six keys, always in the same position. Works like a jackknife. Opens and shuts in an instant, with snap fasteners. See all these selling features for yourself—and then you'll KNOW why it is a cinch to earn \$20.00 a day—and more.

## A \$1.50 Investment Pays You \$1.75 Clear

Here's a big business that pays you absolutely astounding profits. Yet you get in it with practically no investment—the cost of half a dozen good cigars starts you up, and lets you see for yourself that THIS IS THE BUSINESS YOU HAVE BEEN LOOKING FOR! For an investment of \$1.50 you get sales of \$3.25—ABSOLUTE NET PROFIT OF \$1.75. And when you have gotten started, and buy in big quantities like scores of my successful wholesalers, your profits are very much greater.

## It Sells Everywhere—It's New!

When this key case was first put on the market, its instant popularity soon showed that the market for it was as big as the United States. You can place the Master Key Case Display with automobile and auto accessory dealers, drug stores, hardware stores, grocers, novelty shops, cigar stores, men's furnishings stores—hundreds of different places where the dealer is glad to accept your unusual offer.

## A Lifetime Opportunity With This Automatic Profit Maker

Just walk into a store and say, "Mr. Smith, let me put this beautiful Automatic Salesman of genuine leather key cases on your counter. Doesn't cost you a cent. I'll be round in a few days to collect for the Key Cases that your customers buy. Not a cent of investment for you, no trouble, and you receive a mighty sweet profit into the bargain." Can't that dealer refuse? You bet he won't—he'll grab at the chance—he won't let you get out of the store without leaving at least one Automatic Salesman. And when you come around again, it's a hundred-to-one shot that every Key Case is sold. WE PACKED 13 KEY CASES ON A CARD, INSTEAD OF JUST A DOZEN. The 13 cases, at 25c each, bring the dealer \$3.25, leaving him a clear profit of \$1.25 on every card—and making YOU a clear profit of one dollar. You can EASILY replace 20 cards with dealers every day—60 cards every 3 days. Your cost in lots of 60 is only

\$1 per card. Selling to dealers at \$2.00 per card, you make 100% profit or \$20 a day. And you don't even have to do all the placing yourself. You can easily employ other salesmen to place some of the cards for you, boosting your profits way up. And another thing—we haven't said a word about the repeat business. After dealers see what a whirlwind seller the Master Key Case is, they will want to buy from you outright, and will order again and again. Many retailers order from our wholesalers in six-dozen or gross lots. Believe me, that piles up the profits sky high!

### THE IDEAL PREMIUM GIFT

You can also get orders in big quantities by calling on users of advertising gifts, as the Master Key Case can be imprinted in gold, at small cost, with the advertiser's name. HAVE YOU THE COURAGE to get out of the rut and build a BIG, PROFITABLE BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN? If you have, mail the coupon today—NOW—before you turn this page.

Holds Six Keys Compact and Secure.

I GUARANTEE that you will sell these Key Cases and make \$20 a day. If you should fail to do so, return them and I will refund your money.

### Exclusive Territory to Producers Send Coupon Now!

Why delay? Rush the coupon NOW—and get started in the most amazingly profitable business you ever heard of. Show us you are a live wire—send in your order now—and we will protect you immediately in your territory. Remember, you have everything to gain and nothing to lose. Act at once—before somebody else gets your territory.

Ideal for the Auto. Keys can't rattle nor scratch the dashboard.



Comfortably fits the vest pocket.

Gordon Mfg. Co. (Dept. KD-64), 110 East 23rd Street, New York.

I enclose \$..... for which please RUSH me the order checked below and reserve the following territory for me exclusively:—

- ..... territory.....
- 12 Automatic Key Case Salesmen, each containing 13 Key Cases, for \$15.00. I am sending you \$5.00, balance to be C. O. D.
  - 1 Automatic Key Case Salesman containing 13 Key Cases, for which I am sending you \$1.50 (Money Order, Check or Stamps).
  - 1 Sample Key Case and further particulars, for which I enclose 25c (coin or stamps).

Name.....  
Address.....  
City..... State.....

**GORDON MFG. CO. Dept KD-64, 110 E 23<sup>RD</sup> St., N.Y.**