

CHICAGO'S BOMB MYSTERIES

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"Who controls gambling in Chicago? A combination controlled by one man, who caused No. 31 to be touched off, who has monopolized the hand-book game and put out of business hundreds of men that have been in the business all their lives. Can you blame them for throwing bombs?"

"One man has leased the service wire and has whipped every one into line, so that if you don't send your bets to him you can get no service, and if you try to run independent the 'dicks' raid your place, while his places run unmolested. In other words—do business with that man or quit. Can you blame the people he put out of business? When that combination is broken up the bombs will cease, and not until then."

"FROM ONE WHO KNOWS."
"P. S.—The next one that cackles, that man will hear personally."
The Chicago outrages are not confined to bomb-throwing, but include incendiary fires, wrecking by improvised battering-rams, cutting of telephone cables and numerous other acts of vandalism. They began with the blowing up of the residence of John Hill, Jr., at the time he was fighting racetrack gambling around Chicago, and resulted in putting out of business all the racetracks, many of the grandstands having been burned to the ground. The Chicago Telephone Company, which furnishes wires to the Tennes syndicate of poolrooms, has been a heavy loser from the series of explosions. Telephones and switchboards are a part of the equipment of the hand-books and poolrooms.



FRED A. BUSSE, MAYOR OF CHICAGO

Through the four-story building at No. 111 Madison street the explosion swept like wind, the force taking everything before it. The headquarters of "Mont" Tennes, king of the gambling clique that is now in power, was on the second floor of this building, just above the place where the fuse had been ignited.

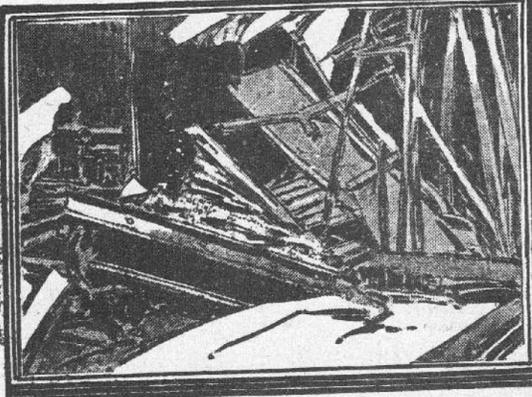
This was Tennes' clearing house and the place from which all his syndicate business was conducted. During the administration of Mayor Dunne, Tennes had been forced to move out, but after the election of Mayor Busse he moved back again and established a clearing house close to his old quarters, where he previously had a system of spies and guards who defied the police.

And in all the series of outrages no arrests were made until the state of Illinois came to the city's aid. The United States government also has taken a hand.

The few arrests that have been made all came to nothing. Those made by the police seem to have been purely superficial.

Who is the mysterious bomb thrower? This is the question of the hour in Chicago.

Some say he is a fanatic reformer who has adopted



AFTER THE EXPLOSION OF BOMB 29



WRECK OF A SALOON



"HELLO! Is this the City Press association of Chicago? Well, I've just touched off another one at No. 261 Wabash avenue. There's a gambling place on the fourth floor there. Listen, and you'll hear the building go up, about ten minutes from now."

Boom! went the explosion, on time to the very minute—no close to the time the newspaper men received the telephone message as to prove that the mysterious dynamiter had worked with a time fuse. The building, a five story brick, at the precise address given was almost entirely wrecked. As usual, the police denied that any gambling had been going on there, but a bridge whist layout in one room, a lot of racing "dope" and all that goes to equip a poolroom and bookmaking establishment in another—all this on the fatal fourth floor—proved that the bomb-planter's tip was reliable, as it had been scores of times before.

The above reads like the opening of a first-class mystery story, or Conan Doyle detective novelette, does it not? But it is no such thing. On the contrary, it is the literal and serious transcript of an almost every day incident of real life in Chicago since the bomb-throwing reign of terror began, now two years ago.

More bombs have exploded in Chicago during these two years of Mayor Busse's administration than in ten years of St. Petersburg and Moscow combined.

Yet the bomb-thrower still goes free. Nobody has ever been convicted of any of these dynamite outrages, now numbering nearly a hundred. Not a single arrest was made until the state authorities took up the matter. Three men were rounded up on suspicion, and released upon their readily establishing alibis.

The blasts are attended with greater property loss than were caused by the anarchist riots in 1886, or in the times when Lucy Parsons and the other radical agitators were said to hold secret sway. Five hundred buildings have been wrecked by 33 large dynamite bombs, the first of which was exploded soon after Mayor Busse took office and the word went out that Chicago was to be an open town. Great gaps have been torn through the brick and stone walls in the loop district—the heart of the city—by the terrific force of the explosions, and streets spattered with brick, stones, glass and timbers hurled from the bombarded buildings are becoming common sights in the western metropolis. Scores of people have been seriously, some fatally injured. Many more are nervous wrecks.

The great significant fact is that nearly all of these bombs have been aimed directly at gambling houses or at property owned by or closely associated with notorious gamblers or gambling institutions. Many gambling halls have been blown up with dynamite, and many more have gone out of business through fear that the bomb's lightning might strike them next.

There is not a district of the city that has not known the destructiveness of the explosions. There is scarcely an inhabitant of Chicago who is not familiar with the loud, hard, reverberating detonation peculiar to the explosion of a dynamite bomb.

On the night following the day on which Chicagoans read of the anniversary celebration in Rome of the Haymarket riots in Chicago, a bomb was exploded and another gambling house was blown to perdition, with great destruction of surrounding property.

It used to be that the mayor and the chief of police would give out statements to the effect that there was not a gambling house running within the city limits of Chicago. But these statements have been entirely dis-

"Injured by bomb explosions" are assuming formidable proportions, and one or two deaths may result from the injuries thus far inflicted. More than 100 persons were injured in the explosion in the rear of the Title and Trust building, one perhaps fatally. Eight suffered serious injuries from the blowing up of the Manning & Doves saloon and gambling house at 321 State street.

Probably the most remarkable feature of the outrages is the daring displayed by the bomb-thrower. He sends the newspapers warnings and comments on the explosions; he makes a practice of telephoning the City Press association, a news-gathering agency maintained by the different Chicago newspapers, giving notice that fuses have been lit and telling the place where a bomb is about to explode. His method of calling up the newspapers to tip off his explosions and his anonymous letters giving the careful details of his plans, serve as drum and cymbals to advertise the helplessness of the police and to spread consternation throughout the present administration, from the mayor down. The letters are all written in the same handwriting, and never yet have his tips failed to prove true.

In one of the latest of these tips the bomb-thrower promises a "double-header" for the next explosion. He says:

"The next one will be a double-header, and will be close enough for the chief and his boss to hear it sputter. They know where the layouts are, and it will be dead easy for them to guess where the next noises are coming from. Many more to follow unless the solid lid is put on. The gang must close—double dose next. Some poor bartender may get pinched for the job, but wrong one again. Will have him in 24 hours—NIT."

This note was received the day after the police had promised to have the bomb-thrower captured in the next 24 hours. It was written on a postal card. On the address side of the postal this derisive statement appeared:

"Why don't Shippy hire some tin stars from Indianapolis?"

This letter is in direct line with another which ran:

"It is highly amusing and ridiculous to see by the different papers that 'touch' No. 31 was caused by labor troubles. Did labor troubles cause the other 30 'touches'? Were the places touched off scenes of labor strikes, or owned by people antagonistic to labor unions? Look at the list. Where is the big clearing-house? Do the papers know? Is it near the scene of No. 31?"

After No. 31
The next will be a double header and will be close enough for the chief and his boss to hear it sputter
They know where the layouts are and it will be dead easy for them to guess where the next noises are coming from
Many more to follow unless the solid lid is put on
The gang must close—double dose next
Some poor bartender may get pinched for the job but wrong one again—Will have him in 24 hours—NIT

POST CARD SENT BY THE DYNAMITER.

ordinance for the suppression of vice in Chicago will be openly violated tomorrow night, through the political immunity enjoyed by Alderman John Coughlin (Bath-House John) and Alderman Michael Kenna (Hinky Dink), the two aldermen of the First ward, comprising Chicago's notorious "Red Light District." But for the enormous political pull enjoyed by these two aldermen, this bomb would have caused the suppression of the Coliseum orgy. As it was, however, 15,000 people, mostly gamblers and denizens of the underworld, women in tights and all manner of suggestive costumes, and men who own and frequent the First ward resorts, crowded to the great building and drank and caroused all night. Daylight revealed a scene of drunken men and frazzled women lying about on floors strewn with champagne bottles and fragments of costumes, wigs and ornaments torn away in the wild revels of the night.

It was the explosion at State and Congress streets, known as Touch No. 30, partially wrecking the recruiting station, which started the government forces on the track of the dynamiter. This explosion was in a hotel district; men and women came rushing from their rooms in the Auditorium and Annex, the Elk hotel and the five or six other hostilities of lesser fame in the immediate vicinity. On the southeast corner of State and Congress streets, and on the opposite side of Congress street, the plate glass windows in the store of Siegel, Cooper & Company were shattered.

Two days later, while the police were still searching for the thrower of bomb No. 30, bomb No. 31 exploded in the heart of the downtown district, wrecked the rear of the Chicago Title & Trust building, a skyscraper at No. 100 Washington street, and damaged every structure in the block bounded by Washington, Clark, Madison and Dearborn streets, and also the Boston Store, which is bounded by Madison, Dearborn and State streets. This explosion took place on Sunday night at 11:20 o'clock. It was louder and sharper than a thunderbolt, and was heard all over the loop district. Pedestrians were showered with glass, which came pouring down from the windows of the buildings for blocks around, and men, women and children were hurled to the ground.

Almost before the building had ceased rocking under the strain 100 girls in the exchange directly over the wrecked part, cut and bleeding from flying glass, ran through the clouds of smoke and soot toward exits. Many of the girls fainted. Some had to be carried from the building. This bomb is said to have contained at least 25 pounds of dynamite.

The blast came from a manhole over a conduit in Calhoun place, familiarly known as "Gamblers' alley." It is in the rear of the four-story annex of the Chicago Title & Trust Company. Here the "Central" and "Randolph" exchanges of the Chicago Telephone Company are located.

Fifty cables, lying in the telephone company's wrecked conduit, were stripped, broken and twisted into knots, with the result that 25,000 telephones in the downtown district were put out of business.

this method of suppressing the gambling in the city. Some believe his identity will be discovered in a man made reckless by despondency over the loss of his fortune in the gambling houses who has dedicated his life to the work of revenge.

Some theorize that he is a vindictive dope fiend suffering from a real or fancied wrong—a man whose sense of cunning has attained abnormal development from the use of the drug at the expense of his other senses, including regard for morality, law or right of property.

It is probable that there is no other city in America where gambling dens are frequented by women so extensively as in Chicago. They are regular patrons of the Chicago gambling places in the basements along South Clark street, where the mysterious forms of Chinese gambling are indulged in. Not only do they patronize the regular poolrooms, but there are poolrooms and such resorts for the exclusive patronage of women. Several of the feminine gambling houses have been raided by the police. One of the most recent was a woman's poolroom, where handbooks were being made on the races at Hamilton and Sheephead Bay. The place was conducted by "Ted" Nevin, a young man who is not on the inside of the gambling ring. The dope sheets and lists of patrons presented to the court during the trial of Nevin showed that the women placed their bets under such names as Tillie, Eva, Mollie, Lillian, Nellie and initials, such as M. B. R., etc. Some of these are known to be prominent women of Chicago, but only the proprietors of the game were taken in the raid.

The Chicago newspapers have done everything but print the names of those whom they believe to be back of the bomb throwing. But the parties so pointedly indicated walk the streets every day with impunity, and seem to have no fear of the police.

The Chicago Daily News in a recent issue says:

"The man who heads the conspiracy to commit bomb outrages is a former safe blower. He has enjoyed immunity for years in certain quarters and is now a man of wealth. This man lives with his family in Chicago, and walks its streets daily, as does the man he has been employing recently to explode the dynamite—another 'pet' man," as the "regular" safe blowers are called, in distinction from the "eggmen" or tramp safe blowers. Others who have been aids in his operations include a man who was once a constable and two other men involved in sensational crimes in Chicago. It was discovered that these men began their operations as a result of the bribery to dynamite Hill's house. The amount paid was \$200."

GILA MONSTER NOT HARMFUL

Experiment Proves That Bite of Desert Lizard is Not Necessarily Fatal.

The other day I came across a fine, large Gila monster (Heloderma suspectum) waddling along a dusty trail, nosed it with a piece of string and carried it to camp. "You want to be careful how you handle them things,"

Sonora warned me. "Many a fellow has died by being bit by 'em." I asked for particulars, names of the victims, dates and places of their untimely demise, writes J. W. Schulte in Forest and Stream. "Well, I myself never seen any one bit by 'em," he answered, "but I've heard of 'em plenty. Any Mexican will tell you that their bite kills." I used an old washtub for a pen for

my lizards and that evening when Enders' chickens went to roost I captured a lean and venerable rooster for an experiment I had in view. In the morning, grasping the bird by the legs, I thrust it time and again head first against the head of the monster, but the latter only shrunk back and slughily attempted to turn tail to the attacks. I goaded it with a stick, even switched it with a willow cutting, but nothing I did aroused its ire. Finally I killed the heloderma, made an incision in the rooster's thigh and

inoculated it with the well mixed blood, saliva and fluid from the former's mouth, throat and upper and lower jaw.

"I'll bet that rooster'll be dead in an hour!" exclaimed Sonora, who was assisting in the experiment.

"I don't know about an hour, but I'll bet he'll be dead before night," Old Timer offered.

Three days have elapsed and except for a slight lameness the rooster has shown no effect of the ordeal. At this moment he is scratching around at

the head of his harem and crowing as nonchalantly as ever he did. I have concluded that the Gila monster has no poison glands. Portions of unswallowed food may and doubtless do ferment in its mouth at times, and thus a person bitten by one may be poisoned.

Tombstone Mortality.
Nobody ever dies in Tombstone unless they bring it "with'm" or fall into a 600-foot vertical shaft or buy an automobile or "sass" their mother-

in-law or try to thaw out powder or mistake cyanide of potassium for sugar or start off a county seat removal racket. Some died of old age, some old partners of Daniel Boone, but none has ever been known to die from physical irregularities contracted in Tombstone, aside from the above mentioned cause, and occasionally an abnormal tightness around the throat, superinduced by a coil of Manila rope, or from a cold caught through a hole made by a 45.—Tombstone (Ariz.) Epitaph.

It contains the phosphate of potash from wheat and barley which combine with albumen to make the gray matter to daily refill the brain and nerve centers.

It is a pity that people do not know what to feed their children. There are many mothers who give their youngsters almost any kind of food and when they become sick begin to pour the medicine down them. The real way is to stick to proper food and be healthy and get along without medicine and expense.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

FAINT HEART AND FAIR LADY

Chances Good That the Ancient Adage Once More Proved Withered of Man Who Uttered it.

He was afraid to tell her right out and out that he loved her, so he began in a round-about way, hoping she would catch his drift, then betray, by her confusion, her own feelings. He didn't dream but that she loved him, but thought that she, like himself, was afraid to demonstrate it.

"Heart trouble?" she repeated. "Are you sure you've heart trouble, Alfred? You know indigestion is very like it at times."

"Oh, I know I've got heart trouble all right. I—can't you see it yourself?"

"Why, how silly, Alfred; no one can see heart trouble; they have to feel it. Have you taken anything for it?"

"No, not yet, but I—I want to, don't you know?"

"Then why don't you?"

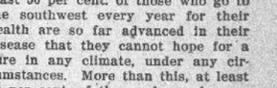
"I—I would; that is, if I could get it."

"Can't you get it, Alfred?"

"I—I don't know."
"Have you tried?"
"No, not yet."
(Silence for two provoking minutes.)

"Alfred!" (coldly.)
"Yes?"
"Let's have a game of checkers."

THE ANSWER.



Youngster—What's the most aggravating thing during married life?
Oldster—Why, the woman.

Vainly Seek Health in Southwest.
According to a statement of the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis fully 7,180 persons hopelessly diseased with tuberculosis annually come to die in the states of California, Arizona, New Mexico, Texas and Colorado, most of them by order of their physicians. The statement, which is based upon the testimony of well-known experts, and all valuable statistics, shows that at least 50 per cent. of those who go to the southwest every year for their health are so far advanced in their disease that they cannot hope for a cure in any climate, under any circumstances. More than this, at least 60 per cent. of these advanced cases are so poor that they have not sufficient means to provide for the proper necessities of life, which means that 4,315 consumptives are either starved to death or forced to accept charitable relief every year.

Not Ambiguous at All.
The donkey is—or has been—associated with party politics in other countries besides our own.

In one of England's elections a candidate for parliament, the late Lord Bath, called attention to himself by means of a donkey, over whose back two panniers were slung, bearing a ribbon band on which was printed: "Vots for Papa."

It must be added, however, that in each pannier rested one of Lord Bath's daughters.—Youth's Companion.

Adjustable.
Aunt Anne, an old family dorky, was sitting with knees crossed in the kitchen, when the young daughter of the house entered and, impressed with the hugeness of the old woman's feet, asked what size shoe she wore.

"Well, honey," replied Aunt Anne, "I kin wear eight's; I generally wear nine's; but dese yer I see got on am twelve's, an' de good Lawd knows dey huts me!"—Everybody's Magazine.

SENSE ABOUT FOOD

Facts About Food Worth Knowing.

It is a serious question sometimes to know just what to eat when a person's stomach is out of order and most foods cause trouble.

Grape-Nuts food can be taken at any time with the certainty that it will digest. Actual experience of people is valuable to anyone interested in foods.

A Terre Haute woman writes: "I had suffered with indigestion for about four years, ever since an attack of typhoid fever, and at times could eat nothing but the very lightest food, and then suffer such agony with my stomach I would wish I never had to eat anything."

"I was urged to try Grape-Nuts and since using it I do not have to starve myself any more, but I can eat it at any time and feel nourished and satisfied, dyspepsia is a thing of the past, and I am now strong and well."

"My husband also had an experience with Grape-Nuts. He was very weak and sickly in his spring. Could not attend to his work. He was under the doctor's care but medicine did not seem to do him any good until he began to leave off ordinary food and use Grape-Nuts. It was positively surprising to see the change in him. He grew better right off, and naturally he had none but words of praise for Grape-Nuts."

"Our boy thinks he cannot eat a meal without Grape-Nuts, and he learns so fast at school that his teacher and other scholars comment on it. I am satisfied that it is because of the great nourishing elements in Grape-Nuts."

"There's a Reason."
It contains the phosphate of potash from wheat and barley which combine with albumen to make the gray matter to daily refill the brain and nerve centers.

It is a pity that people do not know what to feed their children. There are many mothers who give their youngsters almost any kind of food and when they become sick begin to pour the medicine down them. The real way is to stick to proper food and be healthy and get along without medicine and expense.

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