

## A STOLEN TRUNK

Containing Twenty Thousand Dollars' Worth of Jewelry.

### A RICH HAUL INDEED

And While in Charge of the Adams Express Company, Too—The Robbery Was Executed With Such Adroitness As to Baffle the Best Detectives—History of the Remarkable Case in Reply to a Correspondent's Inquiry.

A correspondent says: What has become of the treasure trunk belonging to Mr. Edward W. Martin of Providence which disappeared so mysteriously with its \$20,000 worth of jewelry on the 28th day of last September?

That is the question that has been puzzling the Adams Express Company officials, the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad managers and the whole Pinkerton detective service and the police departments of Providence and Boston for weeks.

This precious piece of baggage contained jewelry enough to have decked a multimillionaire's bride—solid gold necklaces of the most exquisite workmanship, dozens of them, in fact, in such bewildering variety as to satisfy even the most whimsical feminine taste. There were locket chains, too, four feet in length. There was fine gold worked into every conceivable form of pins and brooches, bracelets and rings. A hundred pounds of jewelry in a single casket—stolen and not a clew to the delectable express robbers.

The robbery, it is certain, was an astonishingly ingenious and successful one. The detectives engaged on the case have evolved a theory of the manner in which it was carried out. After laboriously examining every scrap of evidence connected with the robbery they have come to the conclusion that this was the most probable course of the thieves.

While the trunk was being loaded on the express car at Providence, one of the thieves in the uniform of an expressman or a railroad employee came on the platform and made himself useful in moving baggage. It was dark at the time. When all the baggage was put aboard, the thief managed to secure himself in the car. It was sealed up and started for Boston with him aboard.

Then how was he to get away with the trunk? On board the car were two large trunks, both addressed by the thieves to their confederates in Boston. The thief on the car put the precious trunk containing the jewelry into one of the large ones and locked it in. Then he got inside the other large trunk and locked himself in. Doubtless he was well padded and supplied with air holes. He must have suffered considerably when the baggage smashers were handling him, but a thief will suffer anything for a prize like this.

When the car reached Boston the two trunks were forwarded without creating any suspicion to the addresses marked on them. These are three reasons that make the foregoing the most plausible explanation. First, the trunk of jewelry was certainly put in the express car at Providence. Second, the car was sealed up so that it could not have been entered during the journey. Third, the trunk was not visible when the car arrived at Boston.

The Jewelers' Protective Union declares that it will spend \$20,000, the full value of the trunk, if necessary, or even more, to recover it and the contents and capture and convict the thieves. When Mr. E. W. Martin, of Providence, made up his mind to take a trip to Boston on the 28th day of last September, he thought he would take special precautions about his trunk. Instead of having it checked as common baggage he had it turned over to the Adams Express company to be carried as express matter.

The expressman called at Mr. Martin's place of business in the Manufacturers' building, corner of Sabin and Aborn streets, in Providence. He made out a regular receipt for the trunk on one of the express company's blanks, and asked the value of the trunk.

"Mark it, 'Value not given,'" said one of Mr. Martin's clerks, and the receipt was filled out accordingly.

With a trunk containing \$20,000 worth of treasure it may seem strange that Mr. Martin did not put a high valuation on it to make the express company take extra care of it.

Perhaps he thought it would be safer if its real value remained unknown. Then, too, there would be a slight difference in the express company's charges—50 cents for an ordinary trunk and \$10 for one priced at \$20,000.

So Mr. Martin's treasure in its rawhide leather covering began its forty-four mile journey to Boston in the rough and tumble manner of anybody's old trunk.

The only difference was that it was a little heavier for its size than the ordinary trunk, so the expressmen grunted and swore at it a little more than usual as they tossed it from sidewalk to wagon and from wagon to the Union station platform at Providence that Saturday evening.

That is the reason also that they remembered this particular trunk when questioned about it two days later by their superior officers.

Mr. Edward W. Martin, the owner of the trunk, is the senior member of the firm of Martin, Copeland & Co., of Providence. They are jewelry manufacturers. Mr. Martin does most of the traveling for his firm. He carries not simply samples as ordinary jewelers' drummers do, but actual stock.

The red, rawhide trunk that he packs this precious merchandise in holds enough to stock a good sized jewelry store with gold chains, necklaces, bracelets and rings. Millions of dollars' worth of gold have been carried about the country by Mr. Martin in this red trunk during the past ten years. Sometimes he checks it like ordinary baggage, but as a general rule he has it carried by the express companies.

As a further precaution he has the contents of the trunk insured in the Jewelers' Protective Union. So Mr. Martin felt no anxiety in starting this \$20,000 piece of baggage in advance of him that Saturday afternoon. He had it tagged for delivery to D. C. Percival & Co., 375 Washington street, Boston, a wholesale jewelry house, with whom he has large dealings.

The following Monday morning Mr. Martin took an early train for Boston. When he arrived at D. C. Percival's office a little before 10 o'clock he found that his trunk had not been delivered. He telephoned the

Adams Express Company to learn the cause of the delay.

They answered that no such trunk had been received from Providence. Mr. Martin excitedly told them that he held their company's receipt for his trunk and he should expect them to trace up and deliver it to him at once, as it contained \$20,000 worth of jewelry.

This was the first intimation the express company had that they had a treasure box of such sort on their hands.

Mr. C. S. Spencer, the Boston manager, started a lively search for the trunk at this end of the line. Every pile of packages in the express company's quarters at the South Union Station was overhauled in search of the missing red rawhide trunk.

It was not to be found. Word was telephoned to the main city office in Franklin street to hunt for it there and in every branch office throughout the city.

Carrying the investigation still further, Mr. Spencer found that this trunk had been waylaid Saturday afternoon. It had been packed in a certain express car.

Ordinarily an express messenger goes in every express car. But the car containing the jewel trunk was so full that no expressman was sent with it. This would have enabled the robber to carry up his operations in the car undisturbed, although it would have left him but little room. The rigid rule of the company was followed, however, of sealing the car. This was done by clamping a round piece of lead over a wire twisted around the car lock. This particular car had been filled and sealed in Providence Saturday night. It had been attached to the train leaving there at 5:30 Sunday morning and due in Boston at 6:30 a. m.

The man was called up who had received the car and whose duty it was to check up the contents.

When questioned about the car's seal he said it had shown no signs of being tampered with.

But where is the red rawhide trunk that should have been in that car? asked the manager, showing the way bill which described Mr. Martin's baggage.

"I cannot account for it, sir," said the clerk. "I listed Sunday morning the entire contents of that car for delivery and that trunk was among them."

Here was the great mystery, and one it seems that can only be explained by the trick already described.

It was at first suggested that the trunk might have been stolen from the car after it was unsealed and opened, when the checking clerk's back was turned and before he had time to list it for delivery.

This seems impossible, for the car had been sidetracked and run up to the Adams Express company's own platform in the rear of the South Union Station. Note but the express company's own employees are allowed on that platform.

The appearance of a stranger there on Sunday morning when the checking up of the cars was being done would have attracted attention at once. In fact, an especially strict watch was kept on account of the local expressmen's strike at that time. Every employe of the company was closely questioned on this point. Not one had seen any outsider that morning inside the gates which bar out the public from the platform.

Even if a thief had managed to get upon the platform how could he have managed to take away a too-pound trunk without being detected in the act.

Yet the treasure trunk was on the way bill.

It had surely left Providence. Or, at least, it had been trundled out on the platform and was intended to go into that car.

A careful investigation was also begun at the Providence end. The trunk was traced through every hand that it had passed through.

The driver who had issued a receipt for the old looking red rawhide trunk at Mr. Martin's office remembered delivering it at the express company's office at the Providence Union station.

The man who took it from the wagon recalled putting it in a certain corner of the freight room.

The man who trucked it out of the freight room an hour later called upon a trainman to help him lift it up into the express car. The trainman also remembers the red trunk he "gave a lift on it," as he says.

The express messenger who had charge of the car then listed this precious rusty red trunk on the Boston waybill.

So there is no doubt the treasure box got so far on its way.

But how could it have been abstracted from a locked and sealed express car between Providence and Boston? Only by the presence of a concealed thief in that car.

Every stage of its progress seems to be accounted for—and yet the trunk didn't "materialize," as the spiritualists would say.

This robbery was executed so adroitly as to recall the inscrutable operations of that king of express thieves, Oliver Curtis Perry, whom the police of the whole country tracked for years before they captured and convicted him.

Chief William B. Watts of the Boston police detective bureau and author of the famous detective book, "Our Rival, the Rascal," regards this as one of the cleverest pieces of express robbery that has been done for years.

Mr. Leith of Pinkerton's New England agency and I," he said a few days ago, "are now following up valuable clues in Boston and other cities. We are looking up the people who would be likely to do a job of this sort. Besides this, we are keeping a watch on all 'fences' and pawnshops. But not a piece of jewelry answering to the description of that in the missing trunk has yet come to hand."

"This trunk of jewelry may have been spotted by some professional thief weeks or months ago, when Mr. Martin was on some previous trip. The fellow may have laid a deep plot and taken that particular time for putting his plan into operation when the Adams Express company was overworked, on account of the strike among the local Boston expressmen."

"Of course, the trunk may have simply gone astray. But if it was stolen we will surely catch the thief sooner or later."

Mr. George C. Leith, New England manager for Pinkerton's National Detective Agency, has taken charge of the case for the Jewelers' Protective Union.

"Of course we are working on the theory that this trunk was stolen," he says. "I have a case in mind that occurred on February 8, 1894, that may prove to be almost a parallel to this. At that time a trunk containing \$15,000 worth of jewelry was stolen at Springfield, Mass. The thief was captured, convicted and sentenced."

Clean patent leather with the French harness paste sold by saddlers. Apply it lightly and then polish with a piece of black cloth. Patent leather treated thus rarely if ever cracks.

## THINGS HEARD

And Contradicted by a Cynical and Pug-nosed Scribe.

### NORTHERN VS. SOUTHERN IRISH

The Best Americans of Celtic Extraction Come from the South of Ireland The Scotch-Irish Myth—Old Fables and Old Women's See-saws Exploited by Experience and Reality—Contrasts of Life Seen in an Evening's Stroll on the Avenue.

In a group of gentlemen in an uptown hotel last night discussions were many and views on men and things quite divergent. Finally the subject of Irishmen's contributions to the greatness of the United States was taken up, and in the course of being thrashed out developed into the rival merits and native ability and fame of Northern and Southern Irish. Said a flat-footed correspondent of a metropolitan newspaper with a decidedly orange shade of feeling:

"All the Irishmen who ever amounted to anything came from the north of Ireland."

"Oh! that is because your people came from the north," said a little eye-glassed, pug-nosed type of the Southern Gael.

"Yes and I am proud of it too."

"Well—your swelled head will be considerably reduced about your ancestry when I get through enumerating the south of Ireland Irishmen who became famous in these United States," retorted the pug-nosed little one, his eyes snapping viciously.

"Drive ahead now Tippy and let us hear just one" sneeringly rejoined the Orange-man, by descent.

"Well," resumed he who was addressed as Tippy, "I need only state at the outset that all the Irishmen prominent in American or British journalism were of pure Celtic extraction and south of Ireland—Irishmen from McGahan the liberator of Bulgaria to Edmund O'Donovan the famous 'war correspondent of Merv.'"

In the Revolutionary war the north of Ireland furnished Montgomery, an ex-English officer, whose services were ended abruptly by being killed before Quebec.

The south of Ireland furnished a long and distinguished list of soldiers from O'Boylan, commander of O'Boylan's Dragoons, to Fitzgerald, the favorite aide-de-camp of the immortal Washington. Boylan was brother of the Catholic Bishop of Cork and Fitzgerald was a Limerick man.

In the Civil War Thomas Francis Meagher and that other pure Gael, General Michael Corcoran, won distinction.

In arts and sciences the south of Ireland Irishman puts it all over the northern Mick. Take Collins, the Cork man, who is the father of our Weather Bureau, and first perfected the system by which storms along the Atlantic coast were foretold, thus saving thousands of lives and millions of dollars in shipping.

Then we have Holland another Corkonian who has invented the terrible submarine boat for our navy. St. Guaden's the Sculptor Balfie the opera composer, Michael Banim the novelist, Lever, Lever and Tom Moore. Why sir the only Irish who live in history, either in letters, art, science and war are the pure blooded Gael the southern or Connaught Irish. Your so-called mythical Scotch-Irish are only money makers and die in fame with the generation that produced them," and the little pug-nosed eye-glassed Kerryman concluded with a grand flourish as the group of listeners good-naturedly applauded his able efforts in behalf of Tippy, Corkonians and Kerryman.

The north of Ireland champion replied by inviting the group to "take something."

Colonel Dick Blunkatt, a fine specimen of the Celtic Irishman, and who had from neutral ground in the centre of the island, was found later on in the evening entertaining a group of hotel loungers with some Irish fables containing moral riders. Said Col. Dick:

"I have always tried to live up to three things I heard when a little barefooted boy in Ireland."

"What are they Dick?" smilingly inquired a six-foot-four Congressman.

"Well, sir—that honesty is the best policy, never take a bye-road instead of the main road, and never sleep in a house where an old man is the husband of a young woman."

"There must be a story in connection with these sage admonitions, Dick," encouragingly remarked the Congressman.

"There is," responded the celebrated earl-marshall of Crede, and I will tell it to you. "In my country it is the custom every year for a number of stalwart peasants to go over to England and earn the rent for the landlord by reaping the English harvest. One of this class of peasants lived with an Englishman for a whole year at the annual compensation of twelve guineas, with the proviso that if his conduct was not perfect the wages would be forfeited. At the end of the year the Irishman said 'I want to return to my wife and three children in Ireland, and I have come for my wages.' His English master acknowledged that the poor Irishman had faithfully earned the money, but said he, 'Pat, I will give you what is better than gold, and here is one guinea for traveling expenses. Now, said he, never take a short cut, but keep in the middle of the road; never sleep in a house where an old man is married to a young woman, and remember that honesty is the best policy. Here are two cakes which, on your arrival at home, you can divide with your wife and children.'"

Poor Pat started for Ireland, and on the road fell in with two peddlers. The three men came to a bye-road and the two peddlers decided to travel by the short cut. Pat refused and was laughed at. Pat reached a wayside inn and having regaled himself he was wakening an evening smoke before retiring; when he discovered that the old landlord had a young wife. He therefore was preparing to leave when the two peddlers arrived bleeding and battered. They had been waylaid and beaten and robbed. When Pat informed them that he was leaving the inn, they again laughed at him and announced their intention to stay all night. Pat slept in an adjoining coach house and during the night was awakened by the voices of a man and woman whom he heard plotting to kill the old landlord.

Before sunrise Pat was up and on the road to the next town twelve miles distant. When he arrived there the town was all excitement over the murder of the landlord and the arrest of the two peddlers on whose clothes blood spots were found. Pat walked back the twelve miles to assist the innocent and unfortunate peddlers. He told his story to the judge and

identified the man and woman he heard plotting. These two confessed, the peddlers were released and Pat was presented with twenty-five pounds by the judge and the peddlers gave him twelve pounds each. With a light heart Pat reached home at last, he found the wife and three little ones in dire distress. The roof was leaking, no food in the house and rags on his wife and little ones. But there was suppressed joy nevertheless other than the joy of Pat's return. On inquiring the cause his wife informed him that the big squire jumped his horse over a fence that morning and lost his purse. Her little Mikey found it and they would now buy food, clothes, etc., and repair the roof. But Pat said No! Take the money right up to the Squire. The wife took the money and gave it to a servant at the great house. When she returned Pat put the cakes on the table, and breaking them out rolled six sovereigns from each of the two cakes. The next morning the Squire called and Pat told him about the purse but the dishonest servant had not returned it to the Squire and had slammed the door in the face of Pat's wife. The Squire found the dishonest servant and discharged him. He repaired Pat's house, sent his children to school and from that day on Pat and his family prospered."

The colonel concluded with a beaming face and his auditors applauded the story as the renowned "fighter" of western criminals and bad men linked arms with a friend and left the hotel.

### THE RABBIT IN TRADE.

Millions of Pounds of Meat and of Skins Exported Annually from Australia to Europe.

Rabbits are small things, but, like microbes and measles, they play havoc with men and things when they get thick and spread over large areas. They literally eat up things. New South Wales, Australia, once had nearly 100,000,000 sheep. That colony now has less than 50,000,000. The droughts of the country have been bad enough, but the rabbits have been the worst pest which ever afflicted the land of the New South Welshmen. The area really devastated by bunny is more than 100,000,000 acres. In one year there have been killed over 25,000,000 rabbits, and their skins paid for by the government under the "rabbit destruction act." Probably twice as many died on the grassless plains, by poison or from starvation or thirst in their own warrens within the fenced-in area or out upon the bare, broad earth from which they ate every vestige of grass or leaf which fed them and the hapless sheep of the western backwoods along the Darling river and its contiguous territory. London is opening a frozen-rabbit market for the colonies. There were imported into Great Britain last year more than 40,000,000 pounds of frozen rabbits and more than 10,000,000 rabbit skins for fur and spin users. This is some compensation, but not enough for the loss of 50,000,000 sheep in one colony—fully 30,000,000 of the loss being due directly to the devastation of rabbits—and the financial wreck of the banks of the country in 1892 when financial institutions closed their doors with liabilities at more than \$10,000,000. The Australian rabbit is becoming the commercial competitor of the Australian sheep, both for the grass on the ranch and for the consumptive market of the frozen meat trade. Australia ships as much of one as the other.

### IT RATTLED HIM.

The Baby Had a Tooth and He Thought the House Was on Fire.

"Women are so impulsive," said an East end man the other day. "I was awakened from a sound sleep Sunday morning by my wife crying in an excited manner: 'Henry! Henry! come quick! I sprang from bed and ran to the head of the stairs and at once smelled smoke. Then I shouted: 'Take the baby, run to the corner and turn in the alarm!' I scrambled back to the room, and snatched up some clothes, thinking I'd put them on later. Then I grabbed little Elizabeth, who was sleeping with me, under my arm, and dashed down stairs. 'Where is it?' I exclaimed, running here and there to locate the fire. Behold my wife was sitting in the dining room with the baby in her lap as calm as could be, with nothing out of the usual, except a smile of joy on her face."

"Why don't you get out of here? Do you want to be burned alive? I shouted."

"Why, Henry, what in the world's the matter with you? Are you crazy?"

"No, I'm not crazy. I want to know where the fire is?"

"Fire! there is no fire," said she.

"What did you yell fire for, then?"

"Well, what in thunder is it, then?"

"Why, Charlotte has a tooth."

"Goodness, I thought the house was on fire."

"How stupid," remarked my wife, coolly, as she placed the baby in her high chair and started for the kitchen. "Why don't you put Elizabeth down? Do you intend to carry her under your arm all day? And you had better get dressed, too; breakfast is almost ready."

### Bad Habit of Mouth-Breathing.

Attention should always be paid to the habit of mouth-breathing. It is often due to a certain growth in the top of the throat, back of the palate. This, in time, affects the child, causing the mouth and nose to grow larger. It not infrequently gives rise to a deformity of the chest, which may lead to a pair of weak lungs and consumption. Consult a physician, and, if necessary, operate as soon as possible. The removal of the growth is very simple and in no wise dangerous.

### Preoccupation.

"Why do you speak so slightly of that eminent scientist?" "I didn't mean to speak slightly of him," answered the young man with the striped shirt front. "But it does seem peculiar to me that a man who knows just when the next comet will arrive and just how far it is to the moon should be so utterly ignorant when it comes to a question of when it's time for dinner or what train to take to get to the nearest town."

An Atchison man who had a good job, was always looking for something to do on the side; in order that he might make extra money. He neglected his main work for the side line, and was discharged. There is a suggestion in this for lots of people.—Atchison Globe.

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