

UNCLE SAM'S WAR ON GET RICH QUICK CROOKS By Elmer R. Kincaid

Post Office Inspector Tells of His Thrilling Pursuit of This Brand of Criminal, Which in Majority of Cases Is Guided By the Brains of a Woman—Baffling the Lowly Yeggs and Outwitting the High Brow Sharper.

MONOTONY has no place in the life of a post office inspector. There are so many nimble-witted sharpers at large that scores upon scores of them daily run counter to the Federal laws, especially those pertaining to the United States mails. My work as an inspector covers an experience of many years in which I served my time stalking outlaws in the Tennessee mountains, or tracking down the most resourceful and cunning of get-rich-quick artists of the biggest cities of the east.

"I shall devote the greater part of the space allotted to me here in telling of my pursuit and capture of the get-rich-quick operators, nevertheless, an experience in which I was made to look so cheap, and so amateurish by three raw, green mountain boys remains so fresh in my memory that I can't resist the temptation to tell of it here. It was detailed to investigate the robbery of a post office far back in the Tennessee mountains. The post office in question was fifty miles from Obion, the nearest town. I went to Obion and learned from Jeff Lowell, the postmaster, that I would have to make the trip on horseback and he volunteered to show me the way.

It was a long ride and a hard one, but we finally covered the distance and soon got down to all the facts available. There were no tangible clues at hand. The only threads we could pick up that were worth investigating was the fact that three boys, brothers, ranging from twelve to sixteen years of age, were living in a hut far up the mountain side. None knew how they lived, or from what source they derived the little money they offered in payment for the occasional purchases they made at the country store. They were orphans and following the death of a ne'er-do-well father struck out for themselves and built the little hut in which they lived. Their reputations were unsavory to say the least.

Boy III in His Hovel.
There, apparently, was nothing by which the boys could be connected with the robbery, but Jeff and I started out to look them over and then fill them if possible. After a tortuous climb up the almost perpendicular and rocky trail we arrived at the hut, the door of which was ajar. Opening wide the door I entered, and here huddled on a pile of straw and covered by a frayed and ragged blanket lay a boy, his sunken cheeks, hollow complexion, dull lustreless eyes and emaciated form clearly indicating that he was suffering from the ravages of malaria fever, prevalent in that district. The boy was almost too ill to talk, but we finally learned that he was the second, or, as he put it, the "middle brother," the eldest and the

youngest having left home an hour earlier to shoot a squirrel or two for the day's dinner.

Deciding to scout about the premises a little, we emerged from the hut and had walked only a short distance when we spied one of the brothers approaching. He had seen us first, all right, for his rifle, although apparently carelessly carried, was trained directly at us.

I called to him that we had come to have a talk with him about the post office affair, and the best thing that he could do would be to join us where we could talk at closer range. He said he preferred to remain where he was, but as for the post office robbery he didn't know anything about it and he would not talk about it if he did. By this time I had managed to draw my revolver, but the boy was too quick for me. He slowly raised his rifle to his shoulder and drew a careful bead on my friend Jeff.

"You can shoot me as quick as you damn please," the youngster drawled, "but the moment you raise that gun of yours I'll blow the top of Jeff's head off."

The little rascal had us all right, so it was a case of parley. I suggested that we discard our weapons and then sit down and talk like two sensible human beings. He agreed, so we threw our firearms aside.

No sooner had Jeff's and my pistol struck the ground, however, than a voice almost in my ear drawled: "Now 'aint all you been here long enough? Suppose you lights out and starts for where you all belong."

Boy in Tree Trapped Them.
Jeff and I wheeled around and looking directly overhead spied the third boy perched on the limb of a tree, a big rifle, its barrel sawed short, pointed directly at his head. This young scamp had been in the tree all the time and could have blown the tops of our heads off at will.

No argument was necessary. As we moved toward the first boy recovered his own rifle and Jeff's and my revolver, as well as, and slowly advancing ordered us to stand "hands up." Then he marched us off to a safe distance where we were again halted. The smaller boy scrambled down the tree and mounted guard over us while the elder brother started into the hut. He was out in a second, supporting his ill and stricken brother. He got the sick boy over the fence and then, calling to our sentry, the three of them scrambled off in the underbrush and that was the last we ever saw of them, or of my revolver either, for that matter.

When we recovered from our surprise we sat down and laughed until our sides ached. Those three little rascals had made us look as cheap as a pair of plugged nickels!



"You Can Shoot Me As Quick As You D— Please, But If You Raise That Gun, I'll Blow the Top of Jeff's Head Off."

Fortunately, for my reputation as an inspector, we picked up new clues to the real perpetrators of the post office robbery, arrested them and got their confessions.

Soon after being transferred to the New York division I was assigned to those cases where the mails were being used in schemes to defraud. There were many such cases to be run down, but none seemed to have the ramifications of a fake mining stock scheme in which the promoters were on a fair road to clear up millions unless they could be checked with a sudden pinch. The company under exploitation was the Dos Estrellas Mining and Development Company and those behind the swindle were Louis Prince, well known as "The Bucket Shop King," J. Walter Labaree, who owned half a million while conducting a chain of bucket shops; and George W. Emmanuel. Prince, after I had cleared up the case, jumped his \$5,000 bail and went to Paris where he made a fortune in picture concessions.

said. "The hole was only about eighteen feet square, but by taking photographs of the excavation, which later were enlarged, there was shown a greatly magnified view of the diggings.

"There were a few photographs of a flourishing stamping mill in full operation. This mill was represented as their own, although as a matter of fact they had never seen it. No sooner were these photographs obtained than the schemers incorporated the Mutual Trust Company of Mexico, which company, according to the prospectuses and other literature guaranteed the stock and bonds of Dos Estrellas Mining Company, on which the promoters agreed to pay two per cent. a month, dividends. But the crowning achievement of the schemers was an additional guarantee of the stock and bonds of the fake company by Speyer & Company, of Mexico City. This name was similar to that of the big New York bankers and the lams never even took the trouble to find out that the two concerns had no connection whatsoever."

This information came so pat and such aid was further vouchsafed by my informant that after verifying it in spots, we despatched Post Office Inspector Hamilton to Taxco, Mexico, where the bogus mine was located, while I mounted guard in New York. In the meantime I managed to get hold of a full set of the literature and learned that all and more than my informant had told me was true. Mail was still pouring in on the swindlers and from one of their office clerks, who I had succeeded in winning over, I learned they already had taken in a sum in excess of a million dollars.

A Gigantic Swindle.
In ten days I heard from Inspector Hamilton. Conditions in Mexico he reported were even worse than we had feared. The little hole in the ground hadn't a semblance of ore in it, and the photograph of the stamping mill was that of one belonging to a reputable concern doing business miles distant. The trust company had no assets, whatever, and its "palatial offices" consisted of one tiny back room on the top floor of a tumble-down building in an obscure street.

With this information at hand we knew it was time to swoop down on our quarry. We made our raid late one Saturday afternoon. We seized Prince and Emmanuel at their desks and while we were grilling them Labaree came stalking in. We were dumbfounded to see him there, for we had supposed he was employed by the Quibdo Gold Dredging Company. He protested that he had no connection with Dos Estrellas Company other than as a customer, but we deemed it safer to take him into custody also. Later we found he was just as deep in the mire as the rest of them and his indictment and conviction speedily followed.

More Lams Are Slaughtered.
A five million dollar swindle is of sufficient magnitude to entitle it to mention here. This outfit consisted of the Burr Brothers and their victims could be found in every State in the Union. Our department was bombarded with complaints from so many persons that I was not only detailed to

the case, but was told to get busy at once and make my pinches before many more lams could be led to the slaughter. It was a day or two before I could get a look at their literature and, as usual, their glittering prospectuses were filled with rosy promises, although the initiated could see cheat and fraud written in every line. The promoters in this concern spent most of their time traveling about from big city to big city and that made it hard for me to ascertain the identity of all concerned in the food of profits they were rolling up each day. To make a clean job of it I wanted to arrest all of the principals at the same moment.

After prowling around for a day or two, I wormed myself into the good graces of a young fellow who was paying marked attention to the young girl who acted as confidential secretary to one of the Burr Brothers. This girl liked a good time, was fond of gay little dinners, theatre and supper-parties.

Girl Reveals Secret.
It was at one of these little midnight suppers when the bright lights, enspiriting music and sparkling wines had the effect of loosening her tongue and waxing confidential she told her young escort (my stool-pigeon) that Sheldon C. and E. H. Burr were in New York City; Preston Burr was on the Pacific slope, probably in Spokane, and C. H. Tobey, another partner, was visiting relatives on a farm in Michigan.

In a few hours we had the wires hot. Spokane inspectors were instructed to get after Preston Burr at once. In the event of his making his way towards Portland, Ore., inspectors at that city were ordered to be on the alert. The latter move was wise, for Preston Burr did jump Spokane for Portland.

An inspector who went to the Michigan farm sought Tobey red-handed, while we seized E. H. Burr at his office together with his books, records and the correspondence that had been pouring in on him, thus giving us a fair idea of the number of the victims. We found Sheldon Burr in the parlor of a Christian Science leader, and broke up his earnest conversation with his fair hostess. The whole outfit was arrested on the same day, and this we regarded as a master stroke.

The firm had advertised steak in a fake mining scheme and their prospectuses were so attractively worded that the "suckers" fairly fell over themselves to get a nibble at the golden bait. In all they sold upwards of \$5,000,000 for which they received \$1,000,000 in cash. They had much negotiable paper in their safes, many of the victims having given their city, suburban or farm homes in exchange for the stock. All of the principals were convicted and sent away for terms they richly deserved.

But as long as the world continues to revolve I guess the get-rich-quick artists will find victims for their nefarious stock. Just after the average person something that is a trifle above the legal rate of interest and he will fall all over himself to get in on the bonanza, sacrificing without further thought that which has taken years of toil and care to accumulate.

DICTATOR IS DEAD BY ASSASSINATION

Mechado Ruled Brazil With an Iron Hand Ever Since the Overthrow of Dom Pedro.

AS A POWERFUL MAN

Twelve Trucks Loaded With Floral Tributes, When His Funeral Passed Through the Streets.

United Press Staff Correspondent RIO DE JANEIRO, Nov. 1.—(By AP)—Machado, the dictator, is dead in a hotel lobby here, on the evening of September 8, Pinheiro Machado, big-framed, hawk-nosed, eagle-eyed, imperious, was murdered by Manoel de Paiva Coimbra de Sa, a fellow politician and acquaintance, a political fanatic, his crime, Coimbra says only, you may accuse me as you will. You abuse me as you will, but my army men will applaud me. Machado had predicted his assassination for thirty years. Established a republic twenty-six years ago, Brazil has been ruled for many years by a will as imperialistic as that of the Dom Pedros of the pire days. A man of dynamic force, ruthless courage, Latin political and boundless ambition, Pinheiro Machado held the political destiny of the country securely.

During the last three years, the opposition to "Pinheiroism" increased, and times armed revolutionaries were tipped in the bud, and the general feeling of insecurity had a very depressing effect on business. A man in Brazil had so many enemies—or so many friends. The length of the man lay in his power and reward friends, and his enemies dealing with enemies. With the news of the dictator's death, mounted patrols appeared like lightning before all public buildings, in process and meeting places and surrounding the homes of all prominent politicians. General Machado's body was taken to his home in Rio Grande de Sul. Mounted police broke the path

through the surging crowds for the twelve great trucks loaded with wreaths of flowers and bronze, floral tributes estimated at a value of more than twenty-thousand dollars.

The escort was democratic in the extreme. Wooden shoed workmen held the cords to the casket next hand to the gold braided officials, and barefooted and almost shirtless negroes rubbed elbows with frock coated senators.

Jose Gomez Pinheiro Machado, general of the army, vice president of the federal senate, and senator ever since the first congress of Brazil, was born in S. Luiz, state of Rio Grande de Sul, May 8, 1847, was the son of an army surgeon. Dr. Antonio Pinheiro Machado, of modest fortune. He left school to enlist as a volunteer and became conspicuous in reckless daring in the Paraguayan campaign. Together with Venancio Ayres, he organized the first republican club in his state. This club, under Machado's leadership, was one of the most important factors in the bloodless revolution that deposed Dom Pedro and established the republic in 1889.

Although sixty-eight, he did not appear an old man. Six feet tall, broad shouldered yet slender, with a heavy shock of wavy hair brushed back from his forehead; heavy jaw, "Roman" nose, piercing dark eyes, he had the appearance of his character—proud, commanding, merciless and strong. He always carried arms. It was told that a political enemy made repeated threats against Machado's life and that Machado heard of it. Saddling his horse and taking three or four henchmen, he set out on the trail of his would-be slayer, found him in a drinking place on a frontier village. Surrounding the house, gun in hand, Machado walked in, stood before him a moment, presented him the revolver with the command that he kill himself. It is said that the man took the revolver and without hesitation, shot out his own brains.

It is too soon after the event to predict the effect of the assassination, but that it will be far reaching on the political and commercial development of Brazil is believed.

Far from the Battle Line.
Charles City, Iowa. It was General Lee who complained to the president of the southern confederacy that he had made a mistake and put all the good generals in charge of the newspapers, which seems to be somewhat the trouble with Great Britain just now.

Class in Arithmetic!
Waterloo Times-Tribune: Question: If there are forty-five drunks in prohibition Des Moines, population 100,000, on Monday morning, how many will there be in Sioux City, population 60,000, police court, the first Monday morning in January?

Late Market Quotations

Lamson Bros. Daily Grain Letter. CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 6.—Wheat—Profit taking brought a sharp reaction from an early bulge and wheat closed unchanged to 1/4 lower. The expectation of larger receipts in southwest and a liberal movement in the northwest, where Chicago interests are buying freely for shipment here, had a depressing effect on the nearby deliveries. The possibility of unsettled weather, which was construed as bullish, was welcomed by the winter wheat farmers, who have been complaining of dry weather. Primary receipts for the week show an increase over those of a year ago, of nearly a million bushels. The visible, out Monday, afternoon will show an increase hardly to be compared with that of last year which was over two million bushels. Considerable export business was worked on today's break, although the figures have not been given out. While the buying side appears more attractive, purchasers should exercise patience and avoid buying on the bulges.

WHEAT—		Open.		High.		Low.		Nov. 6.		Close.		Nov. 5.	
Dec.	1.04 1/2-3/4	1.04 1/2-3/4	1.05 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.04 1/2
CORN—		60 1/2-3/4		60 1/2		60 1/2		60 1/2		60 1/2		60 1/2	
Dec.	60 1/2-3/4	60 1/2-3/4	60 1/2	60 1/2	60 1/2	60 1/2	60 1/2	60 1/2	60 1/2	60 1/2	60 1/2	60 1/2	60 1/2
May	61 1/2-2	61 1/2-2	62 1/2	61 1/2	62 1/2	62 1/2	62 1/2	62 1/2	62 1/2	62 1/2	62 1/2	62 1/2	62 1/2
OATS—		38 1/2-3/4		38 1/2		38 1/2		38 1/2		38 1/2		38 1/2	
Dec.	38 1/2-3/4	38 1/2-3/4	38 1/2	38 1/2	38 1/2	38 1/2	38 1/2	38 1/2	38 1/2	38 1/2	38 1/2	38 1/2	38 1/2
May	39 1/2	39 1/2	39 1/2	39 1/2	39 1/2	39 1/2	39 1/2	39 1/2	39 1/2	39 1/2	39 1/2	39 1/2	39 1/2
PORK		14.25		14.50		14.25		14.40		14.25		14.25	
Dec.	14.25	14.25	14.50	14.25	14.50	14.25	14.40	14.25	14.40	14.25	14.25	14.25	14.25
Nov.	16.32	16.32	16.42	16.32	16.32	16.32	16.32	16.32	16.32	16.32	16.32	16.32	16.32
LARD—		8.90		8.90		8.90		8.90		8.77 1/2		8.77 1/2	
Nov.	8.90	8.90	8.90	8.90	8.90	8.90	8.90	8.90	8.90	8.77 1/2	8.77 1/2	8.77 1/2	8.77 1/2
Jan.	9.05	9.05	9.05	9.05	9.05	9.05	9.05	9.05	9.05	9.05	9.05	9.05	9.05
RIBS—		10.22		10.50		10.22		10.50		10.15		10.15	
Nov.	10.22	10.22	10.50	10.22	10.50	10.22	10.50	10.22	10.50	10.15	10.15	10.15	10.15
Jan.	8.95	8.95	8.97	8.92	8.92	8.92	8.92	8.92	8.92	8.92	8.92	8.92	8.92

generally higher. The close this afternoon was up 2 1/2 and 2 above the close a week ago.

Corn also was higher throughout the week, closing today. Final prices today were up 2 1/2 and 2 1/2 above last Saturday's close. Strong buying and the wheat strength, chiefly were responsible.

Oats prices showed little fluctuation all week, the general trend being upward in emulation of the trend in the other grains. Prices closed today 1/4 and 1/2 higher than they closed a week ago.

Provisions were sharply higher this week. There was good buying nearly all week.

Liverpool Close.
Wheat unchanged to 1/4 up; corn unchanged; oats, 1/4 lower.

Cleanings.
Wheat and flour, 918,000; corn, 3,000; oats, 70,000.

Northwest Wheat Receipts.
Minneapolis, 80, cars; Duluth, 520 cars; Winnipeg, 1,613 cars.

Chicago Estimates for Monday.
crops, 35,000; 130,000 all next week; cattle, 18,000; sheep, 20,000; wheat, 143; corn, 183; oats, 297.

Peoria Cash Grain.
PEORIA, Ill., Nov. 6.—Corn—Receipts 43 cars old, 27 cars new; market unchanged to 1/4 higher. Old—No. 2 white, No. 3 white, No. 3 yellow, No. 3 mixed, 65c. New—No. 4 white, 61c; No. 5 yellow, 59 1/2c; No. 6 yellow, 58 1/2c; No. 4 mixed, 61c.

Oats—Receipts 21 cars; market unchanged. No. 3 white, 35 1/2c; No. 4 white, 35 1/4c; sample, 34 1/2c to 35c.

hogs. Most of the cattle, sheep and lambs were consigned to killers direct.

Hog receipts 10,000; estimated 11,000; left over, 1,964; market opened slow, \$7.55; a slow, \$7.55; closed, \$7.55; light, \$6.25@7.30; mixed, \$6.35@7.55; rough, \$6.25@6.40; heavy, \$6.25@7.45.

Cattle receipts 500; market weak; steady; \$6.30@8.90.

ST. LOUIS Live Stock Close.
ST. LOUIS, Mo., Nov. 6.—Hog receipts 4,000; market steady on best, weak to lower on others. Mixed and butchers, \$6.75@7.25; heavy, \$7.15@7.25; rough, \$6.50@6.65; light, \$6.80@7.20; pigs, \$6.25@6.75; bulk, \$6.90@7.15.

Cattle receipts 500; market steady. Top \$10.30. Sheep receipts 600; the market steady.

Omaha Live Stock.
OMAHA, Neb., Nov. 6.—Hog receipts 3,600; market lower. Heavy, \$6.70@6.90; light, \$6.80@7.00; pigs, \$6.50@6.85; bulk, \$6.75@6.90.

Cattle receipts 400; market steady. Steers, \$6.50@7.00; cows and heifers, \$5.50@7.00.

Sheep receipts 200; market steady. Yearlings, \$6.00@6.60; wethers, \$5.50@5.80; lambs, \$8.50@8.85.

Kansas City Live Stock.
KANSAS CITY, Mo., Nov. 6.—Hog receipts 2,000; market steady. Bulk, \$6.75@7.05; heavy, \$6.75@7.05; light, \$6.75@7.05; pigs, \$6.25@6.75.

Cattle receipts 800; market steady. Steers, \$6.50@10.25; cows and heifers, \$6.00@9.25; calves, \$6.00@10.00.

Sheep receipts 1,000; market steady. Lambs, \$8.25@8.75; yearlings, \$6.25@6.75; wethers, \$5.50@6.25; ewes, \$4.75@5.75.

Chicago Produce.
CHICAGO, Nov. 6.—Butter—Market unchanged. Eggs—Market higher; receipts 2,265 cases. Firsts, 29@30c; ordinary firsts 27@28 1/2c; at mark, cases included, 20@29c.

Potatoes—Market higher; receipts 54 cars. Michigans and Wisconsin, 40@52c; Minnesota and Dakota, white, 45@55c; Minnesota Ohio, 45@52c.

New York Stocks—Close.
A. T. & S. F. 168 1/4
American Smelter 92 1/4
American T. T. 128 1/4
B. & O. 39 1/4
B. R. T. 183 1/4
Canadian Pacific 62
C. & O. 42 1/2
Erie 42 1/2
G. N. 126
Illinois Central 108 1/4
L. V. 81
Missouri Pacific 7 1/2
New York Central 102 1/4
N. H. 115 1/4
Northern Pacific 60 1/4
Pennsylvania 82 1/4
Reading 101 1/4
Southern Pacific 101 1/4
U. P. 137
United States Steel 88
W. U. 85
Western Electric 49
Studebaker 162 1/4