

SYNDICATE MILLER STOLE MILLION!

LESLIE CONFESSES!

WAS BACKED BY HIGH INFLUENCE.

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Cecil Leslie, "press agent" and employee of the Miller 500-per-cent swindle, made a long confession to The Evening World. Briefly epitomized, Leslie says:

The Franklin Syndicate was a colossal bunco game. Miller must have gathered at least \$1,000,000 out of the scheme—probably more.

Miller had behind him more political backing than any schemer, swindler or gambler this country ever knew. Politicians of highest rank, Senators, Assemblymen and leaders of both parties were his clients.

The syndicate's stock market connections were fairly tales. When Leslie last saw Miller the latter had \$10,000 in jewelry on his person and always carried immense sums of money in his pockets.

Miller's deposit of \$100,000 in the Wells-Fargo Bank is in the name of W. F. Zimmerman and has not been withdrawn.

The syndicate was organized with its first clients from among members of the church in which Miller taught a Sunday-school class.

Police Captain Lee's wife was an investor. A great number of policemen and firemen were also investors.

Schlesinger boldly alluded to clients as "these suckers." Leslie resigned before his indictment and told Capt. Lee's sergeant in the Vernon avenue station, Brooklyn, that the concern was a swindle. The sergeant said he would inform the captain.

Through a grocer's boy Leslie was informed of his indictment. The same night, while detectives surrounded his house, Leslie jumped over the back fence, took a car under their noses and came to Manhattan, taking a train to Utica.

In another State a detective followed Leslie, who turned on him and frightened him into sudden flight by threatening to shoot.

Leslie is now out of the State, but The Evening World knows where he is.

AMAZING STORY OF THE SWINDLE.

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As nothing has ever been told in public print of the real inside history of William F. Miller's syndicate game, established in Brooklyn, I propose now to give to the readers of The Evening World all the facts that I have in my possession concerning the swindle.

I do this for the reason that I wish to set my position in the case plainly before the public and to tell of the great injustice that was done to me when I was indicted as a partner in this colossal bunco game. That is what I have in my possession concerning the swindle.

At the outset, I wish to say that no man was ever so falsely accused as I, and that the District-Attorney, the police and everybody employed in the Franklin Syndicate know to a certainty that I was nothing but a paid employee, that I had no interest whatever in the concern, except to draw my salary, and above all, that I was not in any way a party to the swindling schemes of the man who engaged me to work for him and who is now in jail.

To sum up briefly, how much money I made by my connection with Miller's syndicate, I may say I was in the concern altogether six weeks, that I resigned after the first four weeks of my employment, and that I received less than \$300 for my services. That is what I made and all I made. Miller must have gotten out of the scheme \$1,000,000.

How much more I do not know. There is no doubt in my mind that William F. Miller (or, as they used to call him, W. F.) had behind him in his swindling career more political backing than any schemer, swindler or gambler that this country has ever seen. He had as clients, to my knowledge, politicians of the highest rank, Senators, Assemblymen and leaders of both parties. The line of his political influence could be traced from the strongest man of the State down to the smallest ward-heeler, all of whom were indirectly in his pay. That is, they received their bribes either in dividends of 10 per cent a week or in commissions for bringing customers to him.

This influence extended not only throughout New York State, but it spread from Maine to California, and included police officials, firemen and office-holders, not only in Greater New York, but in hundreds and hundreds of small localities all over the Union.



WILLIAM F. MILLER FROM HIS MOST RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.

It is impossible to convey a comprehensible idea of the scope or possibilities of Miller's scheme. He had for clients the rich, the richest, the poor and the poorest, the domineer and the dominated, the doctor and his patients, the butcher, the baker, the candle-stick maker and his customers, the bootblack, the housewife, her husband, her brothers, her sisters, and even members of his own family.

HIS FRIENDS DIDN'T LOSE.

It is safe to say, though, that the list of names are not included in the list of losers. Had it not been for the newspaper notoriety and for Miller's shortsightedness at the critical moment there is no telling where he might have stepped in his fortune-making. In comparison with him the wealth of the richest man of to-day would have ultimately compared with his as a pigny to a giant.

Think of it, in a little house that he rented for \$20 a month in one of the poorest districts of Brooklyn, this boy was able to witness daily hundreds of persons fighting each other with all their might and main to give him their money.

HE STANDS BY HOAR.

BOSTON, Feb. 13.—John M. Merriam, a lawyer, is-day resigned as a member of the Middlesex Club, a prominent Republican organization, at the banquet of which last evening Congressman Cushman, of Washington, attacked Senator George F. Hoar for his attitude on the Philippine question.

In a letter to the Secretary of the club Mr. Merriam said he resigned as a protest against the remarks of the Congressman.

Planned Train, Don't Touch. Publication between New York, Chicago, Indianapolis and St. Louis via Pennsylvania Railroad.

BOYS SHUT IN HOUSE DIED OF STARVATION

10 P.M. EXTRA

BOY FELL ON SWORD AND IS DYING IN HOSPITAL.

Little Charlie Haight, eleven years old, of 4 Howard street, Newark, fell on a sword while playing soldiers and is dying in the German Hospital in that city. The sword was of wood. The point entered his abdomen to the depth of four inches.

The boy with great courage pulled the blade of wood from the wound and with his companions ran to a doctor nearby. He was hurried to the hospital, where it was said he would die. The accident happened yesterday.

NEW YORK MAN NON-SUITED IN NEW JERSEY

Marcus B. Tidy, Jr., of 328 West Twenty-ninth street, who sued the Erie Railroad Company for \$15,000 damages for false arrest, was nonsuited by Judge Child in Newark today. Tidy tried to ride from Newark to New York on a ticket for a trip in the opposite direction. He was arrested and sued.

GIRL TRIED SUICIDE WITH ACID

Janie Rathbun, thirteen years old, of 402 East Eighty-second street, attempted suicide this afternoon by taking carbolic acid. She was taken to the Presbyterian Hospital in a serious condition.

LATE RESULTS AT NEW ORLEANS

FIFTH RACE—On Feb. 1, Palermo 2, Seattle 3, Get 3. SIXTH RACE—Geopha 1, On 1, Right Night 2, Fekness 3.

CONNECTICUT IS FLOODED.

Winsted, Conn., Feb. 13.—Nearly every town in Northwestern Connecticut is experiencing the worst flood in years. Traffic on the Naugatuck division of the New York, New Haven and Hartford and the Central New England Railroads is impeded by washouts.

At Ore Hill, on the latter road, 200 feet of track are undermined and trains are stalled. Mad River, which runs through the center of Winsted is above its banks and Main street is submerged. Business is generally suspended and no less than fifteen factories were obliged to shut down on account of high water.

It is a common sight to see small wooden buildings go down Mad River. The east part of the town is under three feet of water in places. Employees of the Winsted Shoe Company were brought to Chestnut street in boats this noon, the water being so deep and wild.

Convict Illustrates Prison Paper. The Star of Hope, the paper issued bi-monthly by the Sing Sing convicts, contains in its last issue two color portraits, one of Washington, the other of Lincoln. Convict No. 35 engraved these and used for tools old nails and scraps of iron hammered into shape.

It Means and No Witness to Unusual via Pennsylvania Railroad. Over 500 cars there via any other road.

Bodies of Two Little Fellows Found in Deserted House.

MISSING SINCE LAST AUGUST.

Locked in Closet and Perished After Vain Efforts to Escape.

The bodies of Martin Loeffler, of 119 Edgecombe avenue, and Charles Byrnes, of 115 Edgecombe avenue, who disappeared on Aug. 1 last, were found this afternoon in a closet of a vacant house at 108 Edgecombe avenue. Byrnes is nine years old and Loeffler twelve years.

The bodies were decomposed. Byrnes was identified by a pair of glasses that he wore.

They had probably starved to death in their narrow prison. Cornelius Hearn, who was employed as a watchman in the building, disappeared on Oct. 2.

There is no trace of him, and the police think it is strange that he should not have discovered the presence of the bodies and reported the case.

IN NEW UNFINISHED HOUSE.

No. 108 is a new flat-house and has never been occupied. When it was completed it was locked up, and all that remained to be done on it was the plumbing.

Hearn, the watchman, was a shiftless fellow, addicted to drink, and when he vanished no one wondered at it. Young Loeffler and Byrnes told their parents they were going out in the Bronx to gather apples on the morning of Aug. 1. That was the last seen of them.

The contract for the plumbing of the flat-house was given to Charles Darmstadt, of 203 Eighth avenue, and this afternoon he sent Percy Tombs and John Tierney to begin the work.

When the men entered the house they were almost overcome with the strong odor. It was strongest on the second floor. They opened a closet built into the wall and there found the bodies of the boys.

The inside of the door had no knob upon it, so that a person entering and closing it would be unable to get out again unless the door was opened from the outside.

The body of Loeffler was without clothing, that of Byrnes was clothed only in trousers. It was apparent that the boys had suffered intensely from the August heat in their dark, narrow prison.

ENTOMBED BY WATCHMAN?

The supposition is that they were placed

ing hide and seek and went into the closet and closed the door, to emerge no more.

There is a suspicion in the neighborhood, however, that they may have teased the watchman, and he made their prisoners in the death hole on the second floor.

The police say that any person who was in the house after the boys disappeared until October, nearly two months, must have been made aware of the presence of the bodies.

The closet is so built that a person shut in it could cry at the top of his voice and he would be as remote from aid as though he were buried a mile underground.

Had the house been tenanted even in other parts the boys would have had small chance of being rescued.

It is recalled that the week of the appearance of the boys was intensely hot.

TORTURED BY THE HEAT.

The close, dark place in which they were confined must have been like an oven, and, added to the terror of the conditions, thirst must have soon begun to torture them.

Loeffler must have been the first to suffer keenly. He stripped himself. Perhaps Byrnes was too weak wholly to do so. There was a bruise on his forehead, as though in his frenzy he had dashed his head against the door.

How long they beat upon the door and cried for help that never came, before unconsciousness came to them, no one will ever know.

The whole city was searched for their pictures published in the newspapers and the river was dragged, and their parents had given up all hope of ever hearing from them.

Little is known of Hearn's antecedents and the police are busy looking up record and seeking to find some trace of him.

BRITISH AGENTS SLAM

RANGOON, British Burmah, Feb. 13.—British Commissioner H. B. Sutherland, who had been opposing the demarcation of the Burmah-India boundary, have been murdered in Moulmein District.

Captain Linton was wounded, and