

Confession of Burglar Hamby "A Second Jesse James", -Judge Fawcett

Sensational Street Robbery In Shadow of County Jail Introduced Chicago to Hamby

And in St. Paul He Started Out to Rob a Bank One Day and Robbed a Laundry Instead, Incidentally Learning to Distrust a Woman's Word, for on This Job a Woman's Wit Fooled Him and Saved Her Money.

By Martin Green PART THREE

WITH his share of the proceeds of the Plum Coulee robbery added to his bank roll, Hamby was in comfortable circumstances. He did not linger in Manitoba but hurried down into the United States and struck out for the Pacific Coast, where he heard of the arrest of Kerenski. At that time the police were really looking for Hamby, as it was known that he had taken part in the Plum Coulee affair, and he kept under cover for several months. The spring of 1914 found him in Omaha, Neb.

Hamby is mysterious about what he did there, but confesses he "made" a bank in Omaha and another in Sioux City, Ia., in 1914. Both jobs were highly successful. Whether he robbed the bank in Omaha first and then went to Sioux City or worked in the reverse order, Hamby refuses to state. The cities are less than a hundred miles apart.

In the latter part of 1914 Hamby uprooted on his old stamping grounds in Oklahoma. The police records credit him with robbing a bank on the outskirts of Kansas City about this time. Hamby denies that he performed this job.

For the purpose of concealing the date of a robbery in Peru—although why he should seek to conceal it is beyond me—Hamby perpetrated the only trick that I can trace in our collaboration in preparing this history. Hamby told me he spent most of 1916 in Honolulu, Shanghai, Hongkong, Kobe, Yokohama and other places in China and Japan. He said he sailed from San Pedro, the port of Los Angeles, in February, 1916, and returned to Seattle in the fall. But Hamby figured in a sensational hold-up and robbery near Cagna Potos, Peru on July 4, 1918.

CHICAGO STREET HOLD-UP WAS ALMOST IN JAIL'S SHADOW.

On the night of October 31 or November 1, Hamby and a partner perpetrated a street hold-up in Chicago in the shadow of the Cook County jail. Hamby says he is not particularly proud of this job.

"I didn't plan it," he explained. "I was in funds and went into it to help a friend who was broke. He said he would feel more confident if he had me with him.

"He knew that two messengers employed by the Devine Dairy Company went to a bank in North Clark Street every Saturday evening with about \$1,500. He knew the route taken by the messengers and had picked out a spot where he thought they could be held up.

"The day of this job was one of those gloomy, smoky Chicago days. We planted an automobile at Illinois and North Clark Street, and strolled down to intercept our men. They passed us, bound for the bank. One of them had a package wrapped in newspaper under his arm. This was the haul. If you didn't know what it was you might think it was a roll of laundry.

"The messengers turned into a dark street a little way north of the river, and we turned after them. While we hadn't anticipated holding them up at this particular point we figured we might as well and we started toward them.

"One of the men started to run across the street. In the semi-darkness I couldn't tell whether he was the one with the money or not, but I took no chances and fired at him and he dropped, but he wasn't badly hurt, I believe.

"My partner rushed up to the other man, who yelled, 'Here it is!' and handed him the bundle. We walked right into the crowd, reached our automobile and did a getaway. I remember in making our escape we passed half way around the Cook County jail, which covers a full block.

"After dismissing our chauffeur we went to a room and unwrapped the parcel. Instead of \$1,500 it contained only between \$700 and \$800. I was pretty sore at the outcome. I felt like an employee would feel who thought he was going to get \$50 a week and opened his pay envelope and found only \$25."

"The street hold-up created quite a stir in Chicago and Hamby quietly departed for St. Paul.

PLANNED TO ROB BANK—ROBbed LAUNDRY INSTEAD. As he was planning a bank hold-up in St. Paul he was living in Minneapolis. Early in December he had been spending a lot of money and had had a lot of the necessity to "make" some money was imperative. How Hamby started out one day to rob a bank and wound up by robbing a laundry is related here just as it really occurred. (The Haystack Mystery.) (To Be Continued.)

The Evening World Daily Magazine

If a Woman Wants to Swim Why Not Let Her Dress Like a Swimmer?

Boston Beaches Let a Woman Swim Without Stockings; Fairfield Beach (Conn.) Permits the One-Piece Suit; Deputy Commissioner Ellen O'Grady Has Sensible Views—Why Doesn't Coney Island Give Women the Freedom of the Seas?

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall

THE wartime censors are losing their jobs. Alas, the censors of peace we have always with us—and just now the busiest of them all are the watchdogs of morality on the Atlantic seaboard, the Catos of the beach, the censors of the bathing suit.

Isn't it about time for New York to formulate and public opinion and policy in dealing with bathing suits and the women who wear them? Instead of regulations characterized by a Puritanism amounting to prudence—regulations outgrown long ago by less sophisticated and intelligent communities—may we not have peace, in this peace summer of 1919, between the thousands of women who long to dress suitably for the most glorious and invigorating of all sports, and official and unofficial "reformers"?

Just the other day a woman was brought into the Coney Island Court because she was wearing a bathing suit and a sweater UNDER a skirt while walking in Ocean Parkway. And how did the policemen who arrested her know what was under her outside garments? It was alleged in the courtroom that they deliberately lifted her skirt in order to see!

"You had no business to see if she had on a bathing suit," exclaims Giesmar bluntly to the sealous policemen. "If she did have a bathing suit under sweater and skirt she had a right to go anywhere she pleased. If she wanted to go shopping attired in such a manner she was at liberty to do so. It is a man's privilege if he wants to wear a bathing suit under a sweater and trousers to be at liberty to go to business if he so desires. This is a free country, and as long as people obey the law they may do as they please."

Yet this woman's arrest was but a particularly glaring instance of the vexatious and unfair treatment of women bathers hereabout. Why, for example, should those at Coney Island be forbidden to follow the truly sensible fashion of going into the water without stockings? Of the thousands of Boston women who bathed at Revere Beach last summer the majority were stockinged. Why may not New York women be equally emancipated?

Anybody who knows anything about sea bathing, particularly surf bathing, knows that wearing a fur coat into the water would be hardly less uncomfortable than is the wearing of stockings. They are promptly choked with sand and drag down the feet when one attempts to swim. If the waves are at all heavy they are pulled off, despite the most careful fastening. At Rockaway Beach the bathing houses will only sell stockings, instead of renting them with suit and cap, because they are so frequently lost.

There absolutely is no reason for making a woman wear stockings in the ocean. Who is responsible for proscribing them? I know for New York "one authority" who is NOT responsible, and that is Deputy Commissioner Ellen O'Grady. "I don't insist that stockings shall be worn with bathing suits," she told me. "I know that many poor women cannot afford to wear them." Who is ordering these "shackles" for New York women? And, if they must wear 'em, why should not men be compelled to do likewise? Why have a double standard of morality for bathing costumes?

Over at Fairfield Beach, in Connecticut, they have the double standard with the reverse English. Although no man is allowed to wear a one-piece bathing suit, women are permitted to do so. And quite right. For this is the distinction made at Fairfield Beach, and it seems to me an eminently sensible suggestion for New York beaches. "Women may BATHE," the new rules say, "in one-piece suits minus stockings. If a woman remains on the sand for exposure—to the sun—she must wear a skirt and stockings, which may be discarded when she goes into the water."

There you have the same differentiation between the woman who wants to perfect her swimming with the fewest disadvantages of entangling folds of cloth, and the daughter of the old ditty, who would "hang her clothes on the hickory limb and not go near the water." It is just the old, essential differentiation between decent liberty and indecent license. And New York might as well wake up to it.

Even the dry goods stores this season are discriminating in their advertisements of bathing apparel between "sea suits" and "beach suits." Since this city has not yet attained the enlightened viewpoint of Fairfield Beach, the one-piece suit cannot be sold to women. But the next best thing is the new and popular "sea suit," comprised of one-piece tights reaching to the knee and over them a knitted wool jersey, with not a surplus inch of fulness and without sleeves. It is a costume admirable for swimming.

On the other hand, the "beach suits" for the "sand bathers" are most elaborate in drapery and trimming, and are furnished with all accessories in the way of stockings, shoes and corsets.

Personally I would deliver gladly to the un-tender mercies of the censor any woman who wastes perfectly good time sitting on the beach in a bathing suit, when she might be diving through the waves or floating over the tops of them. But if a woman wants to swim, just let her digress the pari—just as she is allowed to wear a "gym" suit in the gymnasium, or a short-skirted uniform with puttees on the seat of a motor ambulance, or a low-necked decollete gown in the ballroom? Are you trying to safeguard the morals of that sporty old sea-god, Neptune?

Make the tide-water line of curling foam the Hindenburg line for the bathing-suit censor. Give to New York women the freedom of the seas!

Modern Facts and Figures. THE United States Government last year spent \$22,000,000 on the work of preparing and issuing the various war loans.

The San Florentino, the largest tank steamship ever floated, recently made her maiden voyage from Liverpool to Tampico, Mexico. She has a carrying capacity of 135,000 barrels of oil. Despite the superstition which attaches to the sea, she carried thirteen passengers on her initial trip.

American silk factories are now turning out products worth \$500,000,000 yearly, against \$250,000,000 at the commencement of the war. In 1900 our output of silks was only \$100,000,000.

Will a "Prince of Wales" Again Set Styles For Men of Society's "Smart Set"?

The Present Prince of Wales, Who Is to Visit Society in America, Already Has Been Accepted in England as Fashion Leader, Just as His Grandfather Was When He Was Prince Albert Edward



By Zoe Beckley

NEWS comes that Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David, Prince of Wales, shows decided tendencies to be what might informally be termed a chip of the old block. The twenty-five-year-old Prince has, it appears, inherited his famous grandfather's love of distinctive apparel, and has been accepted as fashion leader for the smart young Englishmen of the day. He is coming to the Newport colony this summer. Men and matrons who know human nature, and especially American human nature, need no further proof that he will be as popular here as he is in Britain.

It is your "human" fellow who cares about his clothes. Your intellectual may go mooning about in rumpled boots and baggy trousers, shapless coats and top-wired hats. But your "live wires" and your "mixers," your "good fellows" and your "regular guys" are almost without exception men who, like the late King Edward and his grandson, the Prince of Wales, give a thought to trouser-creases and have an eye for a snappy waistcoat-line and a good, live check for sporting knickers. The movies prove that for all George V.'s excellence as King of Great Britain and Ireland and of the British Dominions beyond the Sea, Defender of the Faith and Emperor of India, he is not the influence that has caused his heir to be known as "the best-dressed royalty in Europe."

Assuredly the young Prince of Wales inherits from that exceedingly human, amiable boulevardier, King Edward VII, some of the vanities that made the world of fashion catch its breath at each appearance of the popular ruler at racetrack or court.

There was that famous coat, for instance, the "Prince Albert," named for his father, and so dubbed outside the United Kingdom but never within it (as Bologna sausage is unknown in Bologna).

Photographs and sketches in the five publications of twenty years ago show Edward in dashing pose wearing the double-breasted frock coat, silk-lapelled and ample-skirted. In 1900 the sartorial journals experienced thrills of excitement at discovering King

From now on Manhattan refers only to New York proper and Mar- tini means nothing at all. Hotel bars are closed and rooms now cost more. They'll be worth it. Where else are you going after 11 P. M., if not to bed? The restaurant prices think it's leap year. History will repeat itself—thusly: After forty days and forty nights Noah sent out a bird, and the bird came back with a twig and Noah knew that the land was dry. After forty days and forty nights—particularly nights—the Tired Business Man sent out a clerk. And the clerk came back with a jag, and the T. B. M. knew that the land was wet.

From now on a Broadway roof resort is the same as any other—there's water on the roof. And that's all. Broadway-to-day is as dry as dust. And with only water to wet that dust, Broadway's name is Mud. To add to human burdens, ice is going to be scarce this summer. Especially in highballs. The ice man no longer calls at the corner saloon. Not even after working hours.

We know where you can still get a bucket of suds. But you have to go to a laundry—and it's 2 per cent. Sapolo. American Anti-Saloon League opens an office in London. Figure they can take the grog out of the fog and it won't be mist. The United States is the second thing that Congress has made dry.

The First Day of Thirst

"Broadway To-Day Is as Dry as Dust, and With Only Water to Wet That Dust Broadway's Name Is Mud"

By Neal R. O'Hara.

Copyright, 1919, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.) HEER up, Everybody. Two-cent postage and — per cent. beer, beginning to-day.

Two-cent postage is all right, but — per cent. prohibition is where the kick comes. Revise that last statement. There isn't any kick. You don't have to break the pledge to-day to get a drink. You have to break the law.

The only thing they've left us is wood alcohol. We don't like to knock wood, but it's terrible stuff to drink. It's what they use in alcohol lamps. O. K. to light a lamp with, but we don't want to get lit that way. The lusher that used to depend on a bartender for alcohol now depends on a barber.

The barber gives him hair tonic. And it's surprising the number of men that have dandruff of the liver. There's only one law in prohibition—you can still get alcohol for mechanical purposes. And filling up a tank is "for mechanical purposes."

Last night the Family Entrance became the Family Exit. And last night was the End of the Ninth. We had our Last Bat. Of course to-day isn't Sunday but the bartenders are sleeping late the same.