

# MYSTERY OF FATAL WALL STREET EXPLOSION IS SOLVED

quarters had been torn off. Only red chips and splinters and twisted lengths of the iron wheel rims, scattered for half a block in either direction, remained of the wagon.

The first seconds of horrible silence immediately following the shock ended in a terrific tumult of the screams, crash of falling glass, rattle of falling pieces of sashweights and the deepening uproar of fear and anger from maddened thousands rushing out from all the great buildings. The first thought of the unconsciously lucky driver over in the Volk office shack was for the horse and wagon. What had happened to them while he was away? It is an unforgivable offense for a driver to have to report damage done to a team which he has left on the street. He ran out of the swarming, hysterical mob, milling about on the street. He worked his way through the settling dust past to the Assay Office, and found the mangled carcass and red splinters—all that was left of his charge.

## DID NOT REALIZE WHAT WAGON CONTAINED.

No more than before the explosion did he realize that the death and destruction all about him had radiated from the load on that wagon which he had brought nearly to the appointed spot. He did not realize that those who engaged the wagon and his services meant to let him take his slim chance for life with all the other hundreds who were swarming about in the streets near the contractor and the hated foremen and the members of the up-start Wreckers' Union—"Brindell men."

A few moments later the driver reappeared at the Volk office shack on the sidewalk shelter.

"Let me telephone!" he said. "I would right away telephone the boss. My horse is killed. That is my horse down there, dead."

Nobody paid much, if any, attention to him. He was not able to reach the telephone. He was half-crying from fright and excitement, due both to the boss and to the explosion. He clamored along on the over-sidewalk structure trying to tell somebody in apparent authority about his troubles.

He told them to Raymond Clark, the chief foreman of wreckers, a Brindell lieutenant, in charge of Volk's laborers.

Clark was too busy to bother with him. Clark had very serious worries of his own. The death dealing blast meant to him things which the crowds in the street knew nothing about—just as it did to Volk, the contractor. Each of them then believed the bomb was meant for himself. They were later to take a broader view of it and include everybody on the whole building project among the intended targets.

Agent Walsh of the Travelers' Insurance Company, which had issued policies protecting Volk from suits for all accident damages, took exception to the number of persons who were using the sidewalk protection staging for a spectators' stand. He went to Abraham Fleisher, a partner of Volk, and ordered the structure cleared. Clark and his men carried out the order. They did not molest the troubled driver. Fleisher neglected him.

"Put that man off, too," he called to Clark.

"That poor fellow is all right, boss," said Clark. "He lost his horse in the explosion. It was his horse that was killed down there. He's just been telling me about it."

## DRIVER OF WAGON NOT MOLESTED.

When the driver went away or where he went no man about the spot noted. Nothing at the time seemed of less importance. For it was not then known, even to Albert Volk or to his partners, foremen or workers, that the dead horse and the driver had brought the explosion to Wall Street. The employers had a fairly clear idea as to why it had been brought and what it meant—reproach.

The police traffic rule which delayed the driver of the wagonload of explosives entirely defeated by the delay it imposed the real purpose of the perpetrators of the crime. Strangely enough, not only were Volk and his partners, Abraham Fleisher and Michael Sheriff, and the "strong arm" committee of Brindell picked men and the eighty-five members of the made-to-order Local No. 1486 unscratched, but not a single chunk of sash weight landed injuriously on the Stock Exchange Annex site. And yet one piece of the death-dealing iron was hurled to the deck of a ferryboat in the North River!

It is not likely that the driver, once he realized how nearly concerned he had been in the terrible business, ever told a soul except his boss of his experience at Broad and Wall Streets. Some of the investigators believe that if he had talked he would have been done to death as the surest way of stopping his mouth. There are a few who believe he is dead. Certainly those of the contractor's office and working force who were closest to the solution of the plot became first forgetful and then dumb as they began to realize what would happen to those who "talked." But Clark did not become dumb soon enough. He has been shot by a would-be assassin within three weeks.

Clark talked little enough, even then. He repeated to three reporters the story of the appearance of the driver on the shelter bridge and his plaint about the dead horse. He described the man, said he was obviously a Pole or a German, spoke with a halting accent, was not apparently very intelligent and was dressed in shabby working clothing.

Within a week Clark had "gone dumb," as they say in the housewrecking trade. He denied he had ever seen a man who said he was the driver of the explosive-carrying wagon. He denied having seen the reporters. He was called before the Fire Marshal and the District Attorney. In each place he insisted to reporters his denial of the whole incident. So strongly did he insist on the falsity of the earlier interview with reporters that one of them left his employment because of a charge of carelessness in accepting an unverified interview from another reporter.

## HEARD CLARK TELL OF WAGON DRIVER.

But Clark had nevertheless told the story to an experienced member of The Evening World staff. Within the present week The Evening World has found two business men of high standing to whom Clark told it the afternoon of the explosion, and to whom he mentioned it again when explaining to them the attempt to assassinate him three weeks ago. And so certain are these two business men of the justification for Clark's frightened silence that they would not talk to The Evening World's investigator at all until they had a promise guaranteed by higher authority than that of the reporter that their names would not be published.

On the Volk & Company payroll a subordinate foreman with Clark is James Reilly of Huron and Manhattan Avenues, Long Island City. Reilly is a protégé of Robert P. Brindell of the Building Trades Council. Reilly lost three fingers in an accident while working as a dockworker. Brindell was at that time the leader of the union of dockworkers and some months since helped Reilly get compensation in the sum of \$5,000. Brindell also got Reilly employment under Volk as a foreman on the Stock Exchange Annex contract and Reilly became, therefore, a member of the Inspection and Entertainment Committee charged with responsibility for driving all members of the old Housewreckers' Union out of the trade.

Part of the \$5,000 compensation which Brindell secured for Reilly was spent for an automobile. Raymond Clark and Reilly were constant companions outside of working hours joy-riding in this car.

The two in this automobile arrived at Reilly's Long Island City home after 1 o'clock the morning of Oct. 17 last. They put the car in the garage. As they were coming out of the garage they were confronted by three men. In the dark neither Clark nor Reilly could see these men's faces.

## CLARK IS SHOT FOR TALKING.

"Which one of you is Reilly?" asked one of the three strangers.

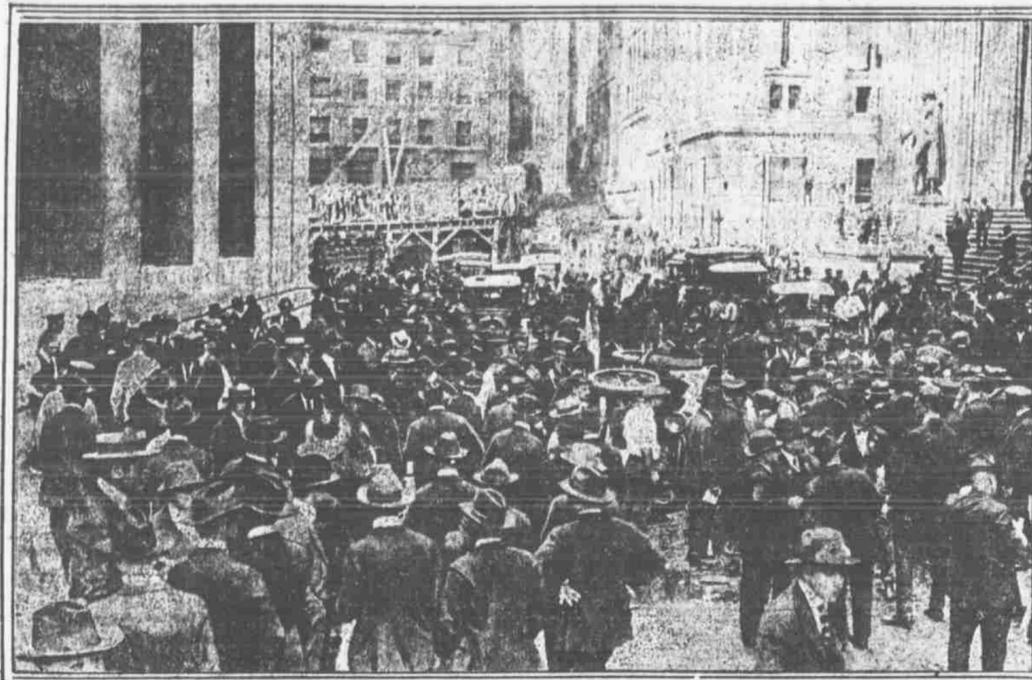
"I'm Reilly," said the assistant foreman.

"Then you are Clark?" said the man, turning to the chief foreman.

"I'm Clark," answered Raymond Clark.

Instantly there were three pistol shots. One of them was fired by the man who had asked the questions. He held the muzzle of his revolver so close to Clark's coat that the cloth was singed. The revolver was pointed at Clark's heart. There was a heavy, old-fashioned gold watch in Clark's left hand waistcoat pocket. It stopped the bullet, though the shock stunned Clark and the impact left a superficial wound on the flesh over the ribs. Another shot crossed

## LOOKING TOWARD THE STOCK EXCHANGE ANNEX



INTERNATIONAL WALL ST. LOOKING TOWARD BROADWAY

Clark's left shoulder. The third missed. None were fired at Reilly. Neither Clark nor Reilly knows whether all three shots were fired by one man or by more than one. The three strangers ran away.

Reilly called for help. Policeman Kenny came and took Clark to the Greenpoint Avenue Police Station. Thence he was sent to the Greenpoint Hospital in charge of Dr. Presky, an ambulance surgeon. A few hours later he was put under arrest as a material witness as to the shooting of Daniel Mulligan of No. 301 First Avenue, Long Island City. This was merely in accordance with the police custom of arresting or detaining all persons applying at hospitals for treatment for unexplained gunshot wounds after a shooting affray. Clark proved he knew nothing of Mulligan's shooting and was released by Magistrate Dale Oct. 19. He went first to his home at No. 276 Winthrop Avenue and then back to his job at Broad and Wall Street.

He reported his absence was due to his being "shot by fellows who had been trying to get him out of the way ever since the big explosion, when he said he could identify that driver." He gave no explanation of his shooting to the police.

Meanwhile the Detective Bureau of the City Police and the Department of Justice and the Burns Agency and other professional and volunteer detectives caught at the first and most popular way of attracting attention and making their work popular. There was just one generally acceptable explanation for a bomb explosion between the office of J. P. Morgan & Co. and the U. S. Sub Treasury, in the heart of the district which Farmer and Labor Candidate Christiansen had been denouncing as the "cesspool of Un-Americanism," "Anarchists! Bolsheviks! The Third Internationale!"

There was one bit of evidence (or rather several bits) to support this plan of investigation. These were torn scraps of paper on which were printed with separate rubber type incoherent threats of the "Anarchist Fighters." They resembled certain more neatly printed circulars used by the miscreants who sent out the postal bombs and planted the set bombs all over the country more than a year ago. These papers were found in the mail collected by a postman on Broadway near Cedar Street, just before or just after the explosion. The Evening World's investigation has brought nothing to light regarding these pieces of paper.

It may be that they were put in the mail box by the same mis-

creants who sent the poor fool driver of the dynamite wagon on his errand; it may well be that Anarchists wandering loose in the neighborhood of the explosion disturbance thought it opportune to put the printed warnings where they would fall into the hands of a man who would be sure to transmit them to the Federal authorities and thus give the Red Radicals "credit" for the upheaval.

But nobody undertook to look for an explanation as simple as a reckless, murderous assault for revenge and terror by individuals who knew themselves to be the helpless victims of unrighteous tyranny by corrupt and corrupting union "leaders." The reverberations of the explosion went all over the world. Some cause bigger than a grudge against those guilty of a grievance against an inconspicuous and helpless union of foreign-born laborers had seemingly to be set up as a motive to get any credence at all.

## FAIL TO FIND MAN WHO SHOD THE HORSE.

The city detectives set out on a hunt for horsehoes and horse's ear tags. There was a praiseworthy, conscientious effort by shop-to-shop visits to blacksmiths to find out who owned the horse and wagon through an identification of the shoes torn from the feet of the dead horse. The city was plastered with posters bearing photographic facsimiles of the horse's shoes and hoofs. "Experts in explosives" were consulted for wise opinions based on what eye witnesses thought the smoke and dust cloud had looked like at a time when no two pairs of eyes saw any one thing in the same way.

The Federal detectives devoted themselves to a winnowing over of all information regarding Red radicals which had been collected by the extraordinary efforts of the service during the war. Not the least bit of evidence was gathered that any political revolutionary workers of violence or advocates of violence had been preparing for a demonstration in Wall Street or even in New York before the explosion. The publicity bureaus were full of promises of such information to come "at the proper time." The promises were allowed to die out and be forgotten.

The private detectives led by Burns talked mysteriously and importantly of the "Third Internationale," the worldwide terrorist branch of the commune as already established in Soviet Russia.

They were all groping. Not one of the Governmental or private

agencies had an explanation satisfactory to the intelligent men in charge of their own work. In the mean time the building trades, employers and workers alike, knew where there was a sufficient motive to explain the crime. The building trades, employers and workers alike, had no desire for any sort of an upheaval of public interest or curiosity about the conditions prevailing in their business and employment. The prospect of a general lifting of the lid in the building business was not much less fearful to them than the prospect of another bomb, to be employed in the Building Trades Employees Building in 33d Street, or the Building Trades Council Building in St. Mark's Place.

It was not until the Lockwood Committee exposed some of these criminally unrighteous Building Trade conditions that the city and Federal and private detectives began to gather some of the material which had already been collected by The Evening World. To-day the detectives under Capt. Busby and Acting Sergt. Gagan of the Police Headquarters Bomb Squad, Chief William Flynn's Federal men and the private detectives are all of them busy looking through the membership rolls of Housewreckers' Union No. 95 to find men who might have been so false to modern labor union principles and the teachings of Gompers and Frayne and their own outspoken advocate of law and order, William Zaranko, as to blacken their organization's good name by a crime of private vengeance as horrible and wicked as the Wall Street explosion. The information is in the hands of the counsel of the Lockwood Committee and is considered in framing questions to witnesses in public hearings and before the Grand Jury.

## MAKE-UP OF LOCAL NO. 95.

Housewreckers' Union of New York, Local No. 95 of New York City, has a membership of 1800. It is chartered by the American Federation of Labor. It is made up of men who have made their living by laboring at razing buildings on New York streets for twenty years. The work is dangerous; it involves the use of dynamite; the overturning of heavy walls; the sundering of steel welded girders. The members of the Housewreckers' Union have a clearly established reputation for skill and swiftness and for preventing accidents. The union had also an enviable reputation for faithfulness to the interests of the employers with which it makes contracts. In the testimony of William Waitel of the Garden City Wrecking Company of Long Island City; L. J. Cohen, Charles H. Wallas of the Gowanus Wrecking Association and Albert Volk himself there are repeated tributes to the excellence of the work of the men of this union. Waitel swore that he collected \$37,000 from the Fuller Construction Company after the Fuller people had forced him to discharge the workers of Local No. 95 and substitute workers of the rival Brindell union No. 1486, and that the sum represented the added cost to him of doing work which he could have done at an expenditure of \$12,000 had he been allowed to use workmen from Local No. 95.

The President of the Union now is William Zaranko. It is sometimes known as "Zaranko's Union." For many years it was known as the "Polish Union" because about three-quarters of the members have always been Polish born. The rest are Italians, Finns, Russians and Scandinavians. When Zaranko first organized them they were working for thirty-five cents on hour or less and for as many hours as the employer pleased without extra money for "overtime." Zaranko got their American Federation of Labor charter for them about seven years ago. Their working conditions were bettered under Zaranko's administration until they were receiving \$1 an hour and were working eight hours a day only.

Zaranko became involved in an ugly squabble in the union about four and a half years ago and quit as president. He became a traveling organizer for various international unions included in the American Federation of Labor. He returned to this city and the Presidency of Local No. 95 last summer when the union was entering its fight for existence in conflict with the Brindell Building Trades Council Dockbuilders and House Shoers (and Wreckers) Union, Local No. 1456.

It is typical of Zaranko's qualities of leadership that the husky, simple-minded lads of the old union have given to him increasingly loyal support from the very beginning of his losing fight. They gather at the headquarters at No. 64 East Fourth Street and watch for his coming each day as eagerly as school girls await the coming of a favorite teacher.

But the comparison can go no further. There is nothing school-girlish about their debates and their story telling as they sit and play cards in the waiting room and curse Brindell and his allies. They talk of little else than their card playing and their hatred for Brindell and the Building Trades Council. They mix the two. When a man with a combination including kings is "called" in a poker game there is one

(Continued on Third Page.)

## LONDON MOB BEATS PANKHURST'S GIRLS

Employees of Communist Paper Refused to Observe Armistice Ceremony.

LONDON, Nov. 11.—The girl employees in the office of Sylvia Pankhurst's Communist paper, The Workers' Dreadnought, in Fleet Street, were beaten and the offices upset just after 11 o'clock to-day by an angry crowd.

The leaders of the mobbers alleged that during the two minutes of solemn silence in honor of the fallen dead, as provided for in the Armistice Day programme, some of the women in the office "were singing, dancing and banging tin cans."

A mob of men and women, said to have been led by workmen, invaded the Dreadnought offices. Papers were strewn about the place, and then the men stood aside while the women invaders gave the girls in the office a sound trouncing. This continued until the police arrived.

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George W. Loft

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For Friday and Saturday, Nov. 12th and 13th

CHOCOLATE COVERED NUT NOUGAT—If you like caramels, you will Nougat, for they belong to the same family. These are candy bars of California Honey Nougat, generously spangled with a delicious mixture of finely chopped nuts and blanketed with unexcelled, fragrant Chocolate. SPECIAL. POUND BOX 24c

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Our Two Big Week-End Extra Specials

CHOCOLATE, VANILLA AND MAPLE COCONUT DON BONNS—These are big melting morsels of delicious Sugar Cream and the choicest San Blas Lardless Coconut presented in the pleasing flavors of Chocolate, Vanilla and Maple. 10c per box. SPECIAL. POUND BOX 64c

MILK CHOCOLATE COVERED MARSCHON CO. CHERRIES—The biggest, reddest, ripest cherries, abundant with sweet, luscious juice, are each dipped in rich Fondant Cream and then luxuriously covered with our famous Premium Milk Chocolate. Our price, 75c goods. SPECIAL. POUND BOX 69c

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