BRIDGEPORT DAZED BY PEACE PUZZLES

Ending of War Brings Problems to Manufacturers and Workmen.

OPTIMISM IS PREVALENT

City Counts on Its Adaptability to Bridge Transition Period.

From a Staff Correspondent of THE SUN.

BRIDGEPORT, Dec. 13.—This war inflated city is counting on its adaptability, its normal diversity of manufactures, to carry the community through the readjustment months without serious trouble. It believes it is now standing on the edge of business depression, but will be able to bridge the cut between war and peace prosperity far better than towns which mushroomed as munition centres and are nothing more.

Before the war it was Bridgeport's proudest boast that it produced about every conceivable thing, from corset strings to submarine boats. The city's conversion to war production; the overnight erection of new plants and expansion of old ones; the doubling of population as workers from everywhere were attracted by the hysteria of competitive bidding for their services before America entered the war; the strikes of men and women already getting fabulous wages; the restoration of economic order by the President and the Federal war boards—all this is an old story.

It was to get the new story—what is happening to Bridgeport now—that a SUN reporter explored the city today. And everywhere he heard the prediction that the city can take care of itself, after a few sagging months, by the mere restoration of its normal industry, enlarged by the greater demands for normal products that are expected as soon as the channels of business everywhere are cleared.

Is Not a Munitions City.

The visitor was assured that the rest of the world had a wrong idea about Bridgeport. It is not a munitions city. It had merely become so temporarily. Its fortunes did not depend on war. Of all the great factories that have been making the instruments of war on a large scare only one, the Remington plant, which first made guns for the Russians and later Browning machine guns, was wholly new. The Remington plant, with its 10,000 employees—at one time there were 14,000—presented the greatest problem. According to one rumor, it would manufacture cash registers; according to another, automobiles, the company itself saying nothing at all, perhaps not having come to any decision yet.

Admittedly it would take some time for "the Remington" to make over for any sort of peace time product; admittedly there was danger of a big layoff, but it hadn't come yet.

As for the other big factories it was said that most of them had their plans made. The Lake Torpedo Boat Company would be busy for two years at least on its present contracts in the American naval programme. The Union Metallic Cartridge Company was always busy in peace time and would continue to be. The corset companies would be only too glad to turn from gas masks to their ordinary line. The American Graphophone Company, which had been on war work, had plenty of normal business ahead.

Such was the more optimistic view. The manufacturers themselves are not so confident. They are sure that eventually they will have all the work they can attend to, but they are not at all sure about their supplies. Although the Government has reversed its priority schedule, now giving the materials that were "non-essential" the right of way over the materials that were "essential," the quickening of traffic is not nearly as quick as the Bridgeporters would like to have it.

High Prices a Drawback.

Moreover, there is a disposition to postpone ordering supplies because present prices are deemed prohibitive in a world restored to a competitive basis. And as for the labor question it is far from answered. The unions in Bridgeport, as elsewhere, profess to be intent on maintaining the war standard of wages. They insist that nothing they have gained shall be let go. Machinists who have been getting eighty cents an hour on war work say they must get eighty cents an hour on peace work.

Three hundred of them recently went to Housatonic as day laborers at fifty-five cents an hour rather than accept sixty-five cents offered by Bridgeport manufacturers. For their part the manufacturers speak of the increase in wage scales caused by the war as a "war bonus" and say that the bonus naturally ceases with war. Whereupon the worker replies that as they were enabled to meet war time living conditions only by the so-called "war bonus" the cost of living must go down before they can think of accepting a cut in wages.

The manufacturers are rather embarrassed by this logic, for thus far the living cost in Bridgeport hasn't abated at all. Rents, groceries and clothes are no cheaper than they were a month ago. In fact several Bridgeport restaurants raised their prices 5 cents per portion only yesterday. In only one single item has peace in any way affected the worth of a dollar for the better, and that should be heralded far and wide. The price of shaves and hair cuts has been cut 10 cents.

As Bridgeport is essentially an "open town" and less than 10 per cent. of its workers were unionized, the manufacturers do not expect any widespread trouble before labor is persuaded to accept the view that the war is over.

No Enforced Idleness.

There is no enforced idleness in Bridgeport now. This is asserted by the United States Employment Service, the manufacturers and others and attested by the appearance of the city. The saloon is an infallible barometer of idleness. The Bridgeport saloons were so bare to-day that their proprietors looked as if prohibition might be welcomed.

Immediately after the signing of the armistice few war contracts were cancelled. Recently cancellations have been ordered in great numbers through the local branch of the Ordnance Department. The first effect of peace was the stoppage of overtime and holiday work, for which double wages had been paid. It is estimated that it meant a reduction of $580,000 a week to 40,000 war workers, or an average of $13.50 a man. That the cut was not ruinous is suggested by the fact that the savings banks received in November the largest deposits in their history and made a record of net gain over withdrawals of $1,378,143. Despite the emphasis the workers lay on the cost of living there is a suspicion that a great many of them have laid by out of their swollen wartime wages enough to tide them over a considerable period of slackness if it comes. Similarly the manufacturers' profits have been abnormally large, and they too are prepared for the worst.

The Bridgeport branch of the United States Employment Service and the War Comunity Board seems to be doing a good job in its effort to make the transition period as easy as possible for everybody. It has nothing to do with wages; it places men and women where it can at whatever pay is offered. It finds that the demand for workers now is about as large as it was in wartime, but that the wage offered is usually lower, and that a good many workers who have lost their jobs are holding off in the hope that some miracle wil nullify the law of supply and demand and make permanent war's artificial standards.

Real Test Yet to Come.

The service is directed by A. W. Burritt, a man of large lumber and banking interests, who has devoted himself to the Government during the war and who has the confidence of the public. Mr. Burritt, while reporting that thus far Bridgeport has been able to absorb all the workers who have to change jobs, admits that the time for a real test of its powers has not yet arrived.

The majority of the released workers are not from the great war factories but from the myriad shops of sub-contractors which made tools gauges and other essentials for the great factories. When war contracts were suspended the first thing the big manufacturer did was to suspend his contracts with the smaller fry, which in turn laid off their employees who were on war work. These employees are mostly machinists and tool makers, who were getting the top labor prices. They will be needed again in the revamping of factories for peace production, and can in fact find work right now at lower pay than they have been getting.

"Cancellation of war contracts," said Sam Lavitt, business agent of the machinists' union, "has practically closed the small shops, which laid off a majority of their men two or three weeks ago. These men can get other jobs, but won't take 'em."

"Why not?" THE SUN reporter asked.

"Because the war standard of wages must be maintained," said Mr. Lavitt. "The manufacturers want to pay 65 cents an hour to toolmakers who have been getng from 80 to 90 cents, and 45 or 50 cents an hour to machinists who have been getting from 60 to 80 cents. The manufacturers are trying to break down the standard and the men won't stand for it.

"We have a programme that would prevent both wage cuts and layoffs. That is, let the manufacturers continue to pay the same wages they have been paying and if necessary reduce the number of hours so that everybody could keep working at the old wages until we get adjusted to peace production and the hours could be increased. Suppose a factory has 1,000 men and now has work for only 500. Instead of laying off 500 let it cut the working day from eight to four hours, and keep on that way until business picks up.

Ordnance Company Closes Shops.

Business Agent Lavitt asserted that "all the factories were laying off help right and left," but explained later that he had in mind the small shops of the sub-contractors. The only wholesale scattering of workers has been done at the factory of the Liberty Ordnance Company, which has dismissed about 1,100 in the last few weeks. This plant, which the Government took over from the German owned Bridgeport Projectile Company, which was trying to corner the supply of raw material so the Allies couldn't get munitions from America, was later devoted to making guns in the rough for the United States.

The Locomobile factory, which has been making trucks for the Government, is understood to have orders which will keep it busy indefinitely. The Singer factory, which has made parts of Browning guns, will revert to sewing machines. The Max Ams Company will not have to reconstruct its big plant, which has been making airtight food containers for the army. The American Chain Company is supposed to be only too anxious to get back to its wonted habit of turning out chains for automobile tires. The brass factories, of which Bridgeport has a number, report a shortage of material.

There was a flurry a few days ago over an assertion that returned soldiers were not receiving proper consideration from the manufacturers. Business Agent Lavitt complained to THE SUN reporter that men in uniform were being turned away from factory doors for fear "they might prove too independent" in case of labor troubles.

Director Burritt of the United States Employment Service said he had investigated this matter and there was nothing in it. Virtually all employers, he said, had promised to take back the men gone from them into national service, and were making good. The returned soldiers, said Mr. Burritt, had the preference over other men. That is, there were jobs for them, but at the current rate of pay, whatever it was. They did not receive higher wages than others doing the same sort of work because they had been soldiers.

Population Soars.

The war rush boosted Bridgeport's population from less than 100,000 to about 175,000. Mr. Burritt and several manufacturers said they devoutly hoped a great many of the men and women who left their homes and came here to make more money than they had ever dreamed existed would return home now that the war was ended.

Admittedly the city is indebted to these pilgrims. It could not have done its war job without them. It will need some of them to take care of the increase of peace time production over what it was before the war.

"But," Bridgeport argues, "after all most of these people do not belong here. Wherever they came from they will do about as well in reorganized industry as they could possibly do here. We believe that in the transition from war to peace we can absorb our normal population and maybe a little more—but if those floaters will only go home they will help us tremendously."

Thus far, however, the exodus has not started. The lure of Bridgeport is not yet dimmed. Right up to the day the armistice was signed the city was crying for more and more workers. Some factories never did have enough. Not until certainty elsewhere replaces the glamorous uncertainty of Bridgeport will there be any considerable defection. A war engrossed city such as this has been cannot shake itself back to the hard realities of peace in a day, nor has it done so in the month that has elapsed since the German plenipotentiaries wrote their names on Marshal Foch's little dotted line.

Manufacturers differ among themselves as to how abruptly the Government ought to cancel war contracts. At one extreme is De Ver H. Warner, head of the Warner Bros. Company, corset manufacturers. His recommendation is "a short, sharp, serious period of readjustment—almost precipitate—to get the country changed over, to a peace time basis quickly, ready for the period of the greatest prosperity in our history."

"It's industrial surgery, that's what it is," said Mr. Warner. "We have got a bad job that has got to be gone through with. Why not do it quickly and have it over with? If the Government will cancel contracts freely and give the manufacturers a free rein to buy materials and get on a peace basis I think this country with its American initiative will quickly recover. I believe that in that way the whole affair would be straightened out in from three to six months. There is no question that there will be a great call for our products abroad.

Looks for Quick Recovery.

"I think the dropping out of munitions making will be offset pretty quickly by the domestic trade. There are eight million workers on war munitions in the country, but there will be a great shortage of labor on the domestic basis. Bridgeport, even though it manufactures great quantities of munitions, ought to be the first city in New England to recover from the change, because of the great diversity of its manufactures. No doubt many workers will be forced to have a little idle time. The slack times may last a few months, but there should be no suffering if the people will be reasonable.

"The good workman need not fear, for there will be work enough for him. The only ones who need to fear are those who are overpaid and know it themselves. Many have been working for wages they know they can't earn:

"In this factory we shall endeavor to keep everybody busy right along by manufacturing stock and piling it up until the market opens for it."

Other manufacturers voiced the often heard argument that the war orders should be stopped gradually in order to give more time for readjustment, but whether they will or not millions and millions of dollars worth of work is being stopped abruptly. A Government agent advised THE SUN man to come back in January. 'You'll find a different situation here then," he said.

Walter B. Lashar, president of the American Chain Company, one of Bridgeport's biggest manufacturers, reported that instead of laying off help the company expected to take on a few workers, as there was more than enough commercial business on hand to replace Government cancellations.

Summarizing his opinions, George S. Hawley, general manager for the Manufacturers Association, said: "I believe there will be an unsettled interim, which will bring about considerable inconvenience, but there need be no great hardship."

BAKER GIVES MEDAL TO GEN. MARCH

Award Was Recommended by Gen. Pershing.

Special Despatch to THE SUN.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 13.—In the presence of a large gathering of army officers and with appropriate ceremony Secretary of War Baker to-day presented a Distinguished Service Medal to Gen. Peyton C. March, Chief of Staff. Gen. Pershing on December 7 recommended that this medal be awarded to Gen. March "for exceptionally meritorious and conspicuous service," and President Wilson approved the award. Gen. Pershing said:

"As commanding General of the army artillery of the First Army he initiated and prepared the plans for the organization of the artillery of the American Army in France. As Chief of the Staff of the United States Army he has rendered service of inestimable value to the country."

Secretary Baker, in presenting the medal paid high tribute to the services of Gen. March, both here and abroad. In accepting it Gen. March said:

"Mr. Secretary, I accept this Distinguished Service Medal with a particular feeling of pleasure because it comes to me as the result of a straight military recommendation for service performed on both sides of the Atlantic and not merely in recognition of the distinguished office which I hold by law as military head of the United States Army.

"We have authorized the bestowal of a number of these medals on officers serving in France and I shall take pleasure during the next few days in recommending to you, Mr. Secretary, the names of officers at home whose services to the country have been of inestimable value.

"I should say in addition, Mr. Secretary, that I feel particular pleasure in what you said to me personally because while Gen. Pershing knows what I did on the other side you know better than any one what I have done at home. That adds to the medal."

PEACE CURES SHELL SHOCK.

Armistice News Ends Suffering in 2,200 Cases.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 13.—More than 2,000 American soldiers in France suffering from shell shock were cured by news of the signing of the armistice, Surgeon-General Ireland to-day told the Senate Military Committee. Of 2,500 shell shock patients, the General said, all except about 300 were well almost immediately.

"It was the greatest experience in psycho therapeutics known," the committee was told.

100,000 Tons of Coal for Holland.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 13.—The War Trade Board has agreed to allow Holland 100,000 tons of coal provided it is transported in Dutch ships. The Netherlands Governmeat accepted the offer to-day.

NEW CLUB FORMING AT WHITE SULPHUR

Dr. Freeman Goes to Springs to Supervise Work on Mountain Trails

MORE COLONISTS ARRIVE

Several New Yorkers Among Visitors to West Virginia Resort.

Special Despatch to THE SUN.

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, W. Va., Dec. 13.—Dr. John Freeland has arrived from New York to supervise the construction of his new Kate's Mountain Club, work upon which is rapidly being pushed so that it may be completed early next year. Dr. Freeland played golf to-day with Clarkson Runyon, Jr., and Charles A. Thieriot of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Coolidge arrived from Washington to-day to spend several days. Daniel H. Reed of New York is here, accompanied by Dr. S. Nelson Irwin, Miss Corbett and Miss Stewart of New York. Other New York arrivals are David L. P. Odell and G. Veit.

Ensign Stanley Mortimer, Jr., of Newport, who drove to-day with his mother, Mrs. Stanley Mortimer, will return home next week.

Lieut. A. Stuart Lyon of Buffalo was in the saddle to-day. Lieut. Carl W. Timson of New York was out driving to-day with his father, James Timson.

Mrs. E. P. Morse has returned to Brooklyn to pass the Christmas holidays.

PIKE—MORROW.

Boston Man Weds Daughter of Philadelphia Physician.

Special Despatch to THE SUN.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 13.—Miss Mary B. Morrow, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. James A. Morrow of this city, was married to Robert F. Pike of Boston on Wednesday.

J. Kenton Eisenbrey and Francis B. Reeves lead the cotillion at the regular meeting of Mrs. Charles Stewart Wurts's dancing class in the Bellevue Stratford this evening.

Dr. and Mrs. George A. Piersol have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Margaret Wessell Piersol, to Capt. Robinson Murray, 38th Infantry. Both Miss Piersol and Capt. Murray are in France.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Edmunds of Baltimore have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Mildred Servis Edmunds, to Lieut. William Rayner Dean of Chestnut Hill. The marriage will take place in January.

Mrs. George Gilbert Deaver, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Henry, has arrived in Cairo, Egypt. Dr. she went to join her husband, Dr. George Gilbert Deaver, who is stationed there.

ORNSTEIN—MALLET-PREVOST.

New York Girl Becomes the Bride of Russian Pianist.

Miss Pauline C. Mallet-Prevost, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Severo Mallet-Prevost, was married to Leo Ornstein, Russian composer and pianist, yesterday morning in the home of her parents, 1155 Park avenue, by Magistrate Frederick J. Groehl. The parents of the bride and a few intimate friends witnessed tthe ceremony.

The bride wore a travelling costume of gray velvet and a hat of the same material with plumes to match.

After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Ornstein left for the South. They will return to New York soon after Christmas. Mrs. Ornstein is an accomplished musician but has never appeared in public.

MRS. PRATT WINS DECREE.

Divorce Granted to Wife of Army Officer by Newport Court.

Special Despatch to THE SUN.

NEWPORT, Dec. 13.—A decree of divorce was granted to Mrs. Beatrice M. Pratt from her husband, Lieut. Alexander D. B. Pratt, in the Superior Court here to day before Justice Rathbun on the grounds of neglect to provide and extreme cruelty.

Mrs. Pratt had been here for several days. She started for New York this evening.

U. S. SQUADRON IS AT POLA.

Jugoslav War Vessels Hoist American Colors.

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 13.—An American squadron has arrived at Pola, formerly one of the principal Austrian naval bases, and has taken over the command of the port.

Jugoslav war vessels in the harbor have hoisted the American flag, according to a telegram from Laibach.

ROCKAWAY PLANE TO TRY ATLANTIC FLIGHT

Navy Pins Hope for First Honors on New Machine.

Special Despatch to THE SUN.

BALTIMORE, Dec. 13.—It is possible the United States Navy may claim the honor of being the first to perfect an airplane for transatlantic flight. This was demonstrated to-day when several Naval officers from Hampton Roads, Va., gave aerial exhibitions over this city while the Southern Commercial Congress was in session.

After alighting, these officers explained the technical and mechanical qualities of their planes and spoke enthusiastically of a machine now at Rockaway, N. Y., which, they said, is the first of a series to be constructed for transatlantic flight. This plane is of the same type as those that flew over Baltimore to-day but is built on a larger scale. It is equipped with three Liberty motors and is capable of carrying forty-five passengers.

Numerous trial trips have been made from Rockaway Beach recently with the forty-five seats occupied, the officers said.

In the attempted flight across the sea, which the officers say will be made in the near future, the machine probably will not carry more than five or six occupants.

BANDITS ROB BANK IN BROOKLYN; KILL 2

Continued from First Page.

In the taxicab were found two hats, a raincoat and a white silk muffler.

Certainly it is not extravagant to write that the annals of crime in New York do not reveal a bolder, wickeder deed. The invasion in broad daylight of a bank located in a populous, stirring section, the easy and unhurried bearing and methods of the killers, the swift and cold blooded murder of two men who failed to raise their hands at the word of command, the robbery of the teller's desk in the plain sight and presence of twenty persons, customers and staff; the deliberate retreat, with its deadly menace to anybody offering interference; the flight eastward, after pursuit by the bank's treasurer, David Morehouse; the instant pistolling of a police officer who tried to interfere, and the escape with more than $13,000 supply the pattern of a criminal exploit so amazingly desperate that were it to be heard upon the melodrama stage or seen upon the motion picture screen would evoke chuckles of derision.

Came Out of Manhattan.

That it should happen in Brooklyn, staid, respectable Brooklyn (by tradition at least) and to a bank so situated as is the East Brooklyn Savings Bank are facts so remarkable as to be grotesque. It was, however, a crime which came out of Manhattan seemingly, committed by men who cannot be assumed to be local bandits, since one threw off the impression of being or having been a soldier with a middle West accent.

It was noted by men whose senses were painfully acute that the tall killer spoke with a twang that controlled a Scandinavian twist of English and that the smaller also had the twang and drawl. But who they were is still blank guesswork, while such a search is being made for them as has not stirred the Police Department in years.

The first espisode originated in front of the Hotel Navarre, at Seventh avenue and Thirty-eighth street, Manhattan. George H. McCullough, driver for the Black and White Taxicab Company, which has a stand at the Navarre, was waiting for a fare at about 1 P. M., when the tall man and the short man approached him and asked him if his car were free. He said yes, and they told him they wanted to go to Brooklyn. He asked what address they wanted, and the tall man replied that there were several. They would tell him exactly when they got across the bridge.

McCullough, who is 20, a slightly built, good looking lad, with a face which may have been unusually pale last night as he sat under questioning in the bank itself, with short, black hair, eyes that are either dark blue or dark hazel and a head which seems unusually broad at the forehead and unusually narrow at the chin, was puzzled about the commission.

Hindsight or otherwise he wondered about these customers, he says, noting too that they were remarkably polite in their attitude and talk. That curious fact was noted all through the run of the tragedy. Treasurer Morehouse noted it with a gun staring him in the face. Albert Freeman, assistant paying teller, marked it as he heard the words spoken that signalled the death of Peal, "Throw up your hands!" softly spoken words, a command without a trace of real threatening or apparent menace.

Miss Genevieve Brady, Liberty Loan clerk, whose desk gave her a startling view of the savage raid as she clung to her chair too unnerved to run for the door, observed this lethal courtesy. Others found it rising to the surface of their recollections hours after the deadly thing had been done.

McCullough drove them as ordered, going south in Manhattan by Seventh avenue, Thirty-fourth street, Fifth avenue and so eastward and southward to the Manhattan Bridge. Once over the bridge he asked for further instructions and was told to keep going. "Just move along," said the tall man quietly, "we'll tell you later." The taxi turned into Myrtle avenue and the tall man directed McCullough to stop at a corner saloon.

The passengers went in and had a drink, McCullough declining, and were back in a few minutes. They went along Myrtle avenue until they came to Kent avenue, where McCullough was ordered to pull up at the southeast curb. The passengers alighted in the manner of men who had no particular business and lots of time to do it in.

"We'll be gone only a few minutes," said the tall one.

McCullough watched them, as has been told, until they entered the bank at the corner a block to the west, when his attention was diverted.

Old, Conservative Bank.

The bank, organized in 1861, the day Beauregard turned his cannon against the American flag in Charleston harbor, is an institution regarded with particular favor in eastern Brooklyn. It is old and solid and conservative. It is managed by agreeable people. It has enjoyed uninterrupted prosperity of the correct sort. The home it has filled for these fifty-seven years was once a mansion of the too familiar bleak and ugly type, red brick, square as a barn, somewhat dismal in all of its outer aspects.

Eugene F. Barnes is its president and the other officers are John H. Ireland, vice-president; William A. Graham, second vice-president; David Morehouse, treasurer; Henry W. Coons (one of the murdered officials), assistant treasurer, and in addition to the officers named Henry von Glahn, John T. Barry, Robert L. Wensley, Frederick E. Gunnison, Edgar J. Phillips, George Nicholson, A. Remsen Boerum, Harry A. Moody, Alfred S. Hughes, James Sherlock Davis, Edward F. Geer and Luther M. Werner, directors.

Its deposits are $9,500,000, and it has a surplus of $900,000. One may see from all this that it isn't the stolen money that the bank is so grieved about. It is the brutal murder of two officials who had spent a lifetime in the service of the bank. Coons had been with the institution for thirty years and Peal had been there for sixteen.

Business was humming through the customary routine of midafternoon when the bandits stepped through the doorway. The long, rectangular banking room was pretty well occupied indeed. Ten men and a woman of the staff were at their desks or on their feet behind the grill. A dozen depositors were fronting the windows or in the act of closing some affair. At the very first window in the grill, the window nearest the door leading from Myrtle avenue, De Witt C. Peal, the paying teller, was busy at his work.

Some stacks of currency and some piles of coin were at his elbow, but the bulk of the cash necessary to his day's work was in two drawers of the counter at which he stood, currency in the left hand drawer, coin in the right. Peal is dead and nobody of the bank knew last night within hundreds of dollars how much cash was in the currency drawer and how much in checks, though it is assumed that the robbers got at least half their loot of $13,112.85 in cash, perhaps more.

Location of Officials.

At Peal's right, a few feet away, at the deposit window stood another teller and a few feet still further to the right and toward the back of the room was the "new accounts" window, which occupies a peculiar importance in the story. Ten feet back of Paying Teller Peal was the assistant treasurer, Henry W. Coons, busy for the moment at a big steel sheathed filing case desk near the open doors of the vault.

Not far from him, back of the line of grill windows, was Albert Freeman, assistant paying teller. In the rear of the room, seated at his desk, was Treasurer Morehouse. A grill, seven feet high, separated these and others of the staff from the open floor where depositors came and went.

So many persons took keen note of the conduct of the pair who entered at 2:20 P. M. that there can be little doubt of the fidelity of their compared recollections. Tall man and short man walked into the counting room in the easiest, most natural way imaginable, showing not a trace of hurry or excitement or desperate purpose.

Freeman, not especially occupied, noted their appearance closely and his description of them tallies with that given by the chauffeur and by others. The tall man, carrying himself like one who had known the bite of a drill master's tongue, wore a long army raincoat of the familiar style, an army soft hat and a white silk muffler. He seemed to be about 32, 5 feet 8 inches tall, or some such matter; tall by comparison with his very short companion.

He was slimly but apparently strongly built, weighed 135 or 140 pounds, showed a smooth face without a touch of beard or mustache, had a reddish complexion and sandy hair and blue eyes with an amiable, friendly look in them. The other could not have been more than 5 feet 5 inches, looked 35 or 36, was dark of hair and complexion and was smooth shaven. He wore a black Fedora and a dark blue overcoat, belted.

No Suspicion Aroused.

Naturally no suspicion was aroused by these, so commonplace was their entrance. The staff observed that the tall man stopped in front of Peal's window, taking some papers out of an inside coat pocket as he rapped for Peal's attention. He fumbled with the papers long enough to give his partner time to walk to the back of the counting room and reach the gate there, which led into the grill from the open part of the room.

Noting that, the tall man instantly produced a revolver—a long barrelled, blue steel revolver which looked to Treasurer Morehouse very much like an army Colt .38—not an automatic but one of the old fashioned revolvers. Peal looked up squarely into the black circle of the point which the tall man had thrust through the grill.

"Throw up your hands!" the tall man ordered, and never was that bandit's command delivered with such silken politeness. This may have been the very thing that deceived the unfortunate Peal, this disarming politeness, though more likely the man was simply paralyzed with amazement and his brain failed to register the idea. On his desk, not a foot from his right shoulder, lay a .38 calibre revolver. Yet he made no move toward it. Freeman, behind Peal, was not deceived. He sensed, he says, the robber's deadly purpose, and he fairly screamed at Peal:

"Damn it, put up your hands, Peal!"

The paying teller never moved a muscle. The robber repeated the order, his voice hardening. Peal's arms remained dangling. Then the robber fired squarely into Peal's breast, the bullet piercing his heart. As Treasurer Morehouse ran from his desk Peal collapsed at his feet, face forward, his arms thrown widely.

Counting Room in an Uproar.

The counting room was instantly in uproar. Several customers, among them Collier Russell of 155 Greenwich street, Manhattan; Mrs. Katherine Reed of 127 Hall street, Brooklyn, and William H. Draxdorf of 642 Myrtle avenue, ran toward the back door or, shouting for help, cowered against the walls yelling in sheer excitement. The tall killer swung from the grill and threw a vicious glance at his partner, who, revolver in hand, was fumbling at the grill gate with his free fingers and failing to open it because he couldn't get the trick of the mechanism of the catch.

"Get that gate open, you damned fool!" the tall man shot back. "Hurry!"

The short partner worked desperately, but failed to make headway. As he turned away and ran toward the wide, deep window which stands at the height of one's chest at the "new accounts" shelf of the grill the tall man tried to get into the gate at the front of the bank. He ordered Assistant Treasurer Coons to open it. Coons refused, and without another word the tall robber shot him in the abdomen. Coons fell groaning.

Freeman was in plain sight and also received the order to open the front gate. He said nothing, but backed and dodged until he found the shelter of the tall steel filing case. Two bullets pursued him, both missing.

The short killer turning to the "new accounts" window ran plump into Treasurer Morehouse, who was trying to get to the back door to give an alarm. He thrust a revolver into Morehouse's face, demanding that Morehouse open the rear gate. Morehouse, too excited and horrified to know the risk he was running, brushed the revolver to one side and ran for the door. Why he was not shot down is one of the mysteries of the whole affair.

Out into the street he plunged and ran to the middle of the corner of Myrtle and Franklin avenues, and there for the next minute or two was to be seen and heard the extraordinary spectacle of a stout, middle aged Brooklyn banker standing in the open street and screaming at the top of his lungs. The whole district simply erupted into the street. The Franklin saloon poured out its customers. So did a cigar shop or two, a small restaurant and a dozen groceries. People gathered miraculously at the bank doors and around the whole corner.

Tragedy Still Moving.

Inside the tragedy was still moving. The short killer, disappointed in Morehouse, surveyed the open window under the "new accounts" sign and then dived through it head first. It was just wide enough and deep enough to let through his body. Picking himself up like a cat he ran along the back of the grilled counter, jumped over Peal's dead body, snatched open the two drawers of money, disregarded the coin, piled the bundles of currency, largely bundles of $5, $10 and $20 bills with an accumulation of checks, into a bag he produced from inside his coat, sprinted back the way he came, dived outward through the window and walked to the front of the counting room to join his partner.

The latter all this time, after failing himself to get behind the grill, had covered the whole room with his waving pistol, shooting at times to make his meaning clearer. Whether he shot in threat or earnest one doesn't know, but no further killings were done.

The two left at once, not having been ten minutes on the job. They walked out as serenely as good men leave church of Sunday morning—walked out cool and smiling, but they carried their guns and they fired over the crowd as they went down the steps and turned to their waiting car. The crowd kept still—it didn't even yell—such is the potency of ready pistols, and not until the Black and White taxicab had whirled around the corner of Kent avenue did anybody make a move.

The first action was taken by Detective Albert Doody of the Tenth Precinct, Brooklyn, who was riding on a Myrtle avenue trolley car. He sprang from the car and tried to intercept the taxi, just missing his wild snatch at the driver, but the tall devil shot him to the earth and forced the driver ahead swiftly.

Commandeers Motor Car.

Treasurer Morehouse ran to an automobile, the very same that Chauffeur McCullough had stared at in a spirit of Christmas reflectiveness, since it was the one loaded with toys for the Christmas trade, and commandeered it. It belonged to Solomon Uberall, a storekeeper of the neighborhood who was loading in his toy supply. Uberall's nephew went with Morehouse in frantic pursuit of the car, but they were outengined and outmanoeuvred, and the streets were so slippery from moisture that too much speed was dangerous.

The fleeing bandits recognized this fact because they did not push their faster car as any dazzling pace. The chase went through Kent avenue to De Kalb avenue, eastward to Nostrand avenue, then north to Vernon avenue, east again to within 200 feet of the Vernon avenue police station, where Morehouse's commandeered car bucked like a broncho and stopped business for the day.

The robbers were away and out of sight around a corner when Morehouse ran into the police station to be told that the police were already on the job. There was nothing for him to do but go back to the bank.

A few minutes later Chauffeur McCullough, seemingly scared half out of his wits, walked into the Hamburg avenue police station and told of the story he knew or guessed. The police held him and took him at once to the bank. Then there was an imposing gathering of police officials.

Borough Inspector Thomas Murphy took charge with District Inspector Formosa and a number of captains, lieutenants, sergeants and plain privates of both the uniformed and plain clothes forces. Acting Commissioner Leach arrived from Manhattan at 5 P. M. and assumed control. They quizzed McCullough up one side and down the other, but he stuck to the story which has been sketched out here. Then they locked him up for the night.

Mr. Peal was killed instantly. He lived with his wife at Pacific street and Franklin avenue, 1121 Pacific street, and was 40 years of age. Mr. Coons died in the hospital at 6:15 P. M. He, too, was married, lived at 422 Fennimore street and was 45 years of age.

It was many hours before the shaken, startled district subsided to its customary placidity. For half the night the police heads and detectives worked with the bank as their headquarters. Orders were sent out in the usual way to watch all means of exit from the city.

Descriptions were prepared and telegraphed broadcast. Detectives were sent out by whole squads. Commissioner Leach said that actually 10,000 men had dropped all business to look for the killers. Of theories there were many, but none was better than a guess.

The police believe the thieves were familiar with conditions at the bank, knew that it was in a quiet neighborhood and that at the time they selected for the robbery there would be few depositors in the building. The manner in which the robbers went about their work indicates also to the police that they were not new hands. The positions they took up in the bank when they entered the place enabled them to cover every person in the place.

Police Department Orders

The following member of the force is relieved and dismissed, awarded the following pension to take effect 12 P. M. December 12:

PATROLMAN.

Thomas F. Alderoft, No. 10041, 82d Prec., on police surgeon's certificate, at $625 per annum. Appointed January 28, 1897.

TEMPORARY ASSIGNMENTS.

SERGEANT.

John F. Brennan, 45th Prec., to Headquarters Div., Training School, for 20 days from 8 A. M. December 15.

PATROLMEN.

Edward F. Ozab and Roland Osterhaus, 46th Prec., to Headquarters Div., Bureau of Repairs and Supplies, to duty in Division of Repairs, for 19 days from 8 A. M. December 13.

John J. Keane, 78th Prec., to Headquarters Div., Div. of Transportation, for 16 days from 8 A. M. December 16.

Thomas Ward, 85th Prec., to Headquarters Div., Div. of Transportation, to duty in bicycle repair shop for 16 days from 8 A. M. December 16.

From precincts indicated to Headquarters Div., Div. of Transportation, to duty in automobile repair shop for sixteen days from 8 A. M. December 16:

William Walsh, 47; Henry J. Grippen, 88; George Wilmarth, 42.

From Div. of National Defence (special war pay roll) to precincts indicated for 20 days from 12:01 A. M. December 12; indefinite leaves of absence are hereby revoked:

Arthur S. O'Neill, 24; William J. Ferguson, 76; John T. Kelly, 29.

From precincts indicated to Headquarters Div. to duty in office of bookkeeper for 16 days from 8 A. M. December 16:

Edward O'Brien, 101; Charles Montante, 49; John Kieslinger, 14.

From precincts indicated to 24 Insp. Dist. to duty in front alleged disorderly hotels for 16 days from 8 A. M. December 16:

Jacob Saylor, 33; John McCormack, 37; William Wilst, 21.

From precincts indicated to 5th Insp. Dist. to duty in front of alleged disorderly hotels for 16 days from 8 A. M. December 16:

Frank J. Woods, 1; John P. Morras, 21; Matthew A. Neely, 96; Bernard J. Moore, 49; Matthew Dacey, 76; John Fitzgerald, 28; Edward A. Conrad, 36; Amander O. Hayes, 23; James Nolan, 50; George Ludwig, 87.

From precincts indicated to 6th Insp. Dist., to duty in raided premises for 16 days from 8 A. M. December 16:

John Conway, 7; William Fitzgerald, 12; Thomas Collins, 26; Edward Potter, 27; John Downes, 40; Edward V. Roch, 116; Thomas McNamara, 21; Thomas Collins, 23; John Higgins, 27; Edward Smith, 28; Frederick K. Osborne, 31.

From precincts indicated to 10th Insp. Dist., to duty in raided premises for 16 days from 8 A. M., December 16:

Cornelius O'Leary, 67; Henry P. Freud, 78; Thomas J. Larkin, 14.

From precincts indicated to 11th Insp. Dist., to duty in raided premises, for 16 days from 8 A. M., December 16:

James Tormey, 104; Thomas L. Donovan, 106.

Frederick Heidtmann and Charles McTernan, Div. of National Defence, assigned to clerical duty for 16 days from 8 A. M., December 16.

The following leaves of absence are authorized, without pay:

PATROLMEN.

William B. Mott, 23d Prec., for 15 days from 8 A. M., December 16.

John H. Graham, 74th Prec., for 1 day from 12:01 A. M., December 22.

Daniel F. Cashman, 74th Prec., for 1 day from 8 A. M., December 23.

Warren N. Williamson, 12th Prec., for 1 day from 4 P. M., December 13.

Daniel A. Fitzpatrick, Traffic Div., subdiv. B, for 2 days from 8 A. M., December 11.

Harry Leddy, Traffic Div., subdiv. C, for 2 days from 4 P. M., December 10.

John E. Sheridan, 7th Prec., for 1 day from 4 P. M., December 23.

Charles Fries, 7th Prec., for 1 day from 4 P. M., December 23.

The following applications for full pay while on sick report are approved:

PATROLMEN.

Peter M. King, 58th Prec., from 9:30 A. M., December 8, during disability.

Joseph T. Hofstadt, 105th Prec., from 12:05 P. M., September 14, to 12 noon, September 19.

Daniel Moloney, 105th Prec., from 4 A. M., September 24, to 12 noon, October 16.

John Cassidy, 116th Prec., from 12 noon, August 1, to 4 P. M., December 4.

Thomas Reilly, Traffic Div., subdiv. C, from 8:30 P. M., December 2, during disability.

William H. Traendly, Traffic Div., subdiv. D, from 8:30 A. M., November 21, to 12 P. M., November 22.

The following sick leave is granted:

PATROLMAN.

Philip Ammon, 97th Prec., for 15 days from 8 A. M. December 14.

RELIEVED FROM SUSPENSION AND RESTORED TO DUTY.

PATROLMAN.

George Wagner, No. 676, 42d Prec., to take effect 4 P. M. December 12.

The following resignation is accepted, to take effect 12 P. M. December 12:

PATROLMAN.

Charles Blaich, No. 485, 18th Prec.

CHANGE IN NAME.

On reading and filing copy of order of the Supreme Court, State of New York, authorizing Jacob Winitsky to assume the name of Jacob Winitt on and after the 29th day of January, 1918, it is hereby directed that the records of this department be changed so that the name of Patrolman Jacob Winitsky, No. 1645, Div. of National Defence (war pay roll) shall appear as Jacob Winitt and that copy of the order of the court be filed with the Municipal Civil Service Commission.

DEATHS.

ACTING DETECTIVE SERGEANT—FIRST GRADE.

William F. Ryan, No. 100, Detective Div. 12th Detective Dist., died at 2 A. M. December 12, at his residence, 157 Reaman street, Brooklyn