

STORY OF A CHILD TURNS HIGH LIGHT ON DREAD SOCIETY

Black Hand Methods Attain Sinister Ingenuity in Mur- der of Children.

"SILENCE SIGNAL" HAS GONE FORTH

Harrowing Crime May Go Un- avenged for Fear of Vengeance by Members.

By THEODORE H. TILLER.

"HE WAS a vera big man with a slouch hat, like this, and a long, black mustache. He say that Theresa, and Freddy, and I should go with him and get candy. We walk a long way and when we get to canal where nobody can see, he pull a thing from his pocket and shoot, bang, bang, bang, bang! Four times. He shoot me first, then brudder Freddy. Theresa run and he shoot her twice.

"After that the man, he was Italian, go away. We stay in bushes all night for Theresa dead and Freddy sick and could not go home. I try to keep him warm. My arm hurt lots and I was scared and cried, but nobody would not come until morning."

It was a little six-year-old girl speaking, the lisp of childhood being scarce less noticeable than the broken English and the occasional lapses into the liquid mother tongue of Italy. She sat propped in her little cot in Faxon Hospital, Utica, N. Y., a bandaged and bullet-pierced left arm dangling a mute testimonial to the truthfulness of her words and to this latest evidence of the awfulness of the vengeance of the Black Hand.

In a nearby cemetery lay the body of her brother, a child of only thirty months. Here, too, rest the martyred remains of her girl companion, who just had reached the age of seven years. Somewhere, evading the justice the law is ready to mete to him, or seeking to escape the retribution that he knows might come should his grief-stricken fellow-countrymen set their eyes upon him, is the murderer.

This, in brief, told best in the words of the surviving little heroine and playing upon almost every human emotion, is the story that has come within the week to horrify a civilized country. If I can take you with me to the bedside of this child, to the Italian colony in Utica, to two comparatively humble sorrow-darkened home, you will better understand the tragedy of it all.

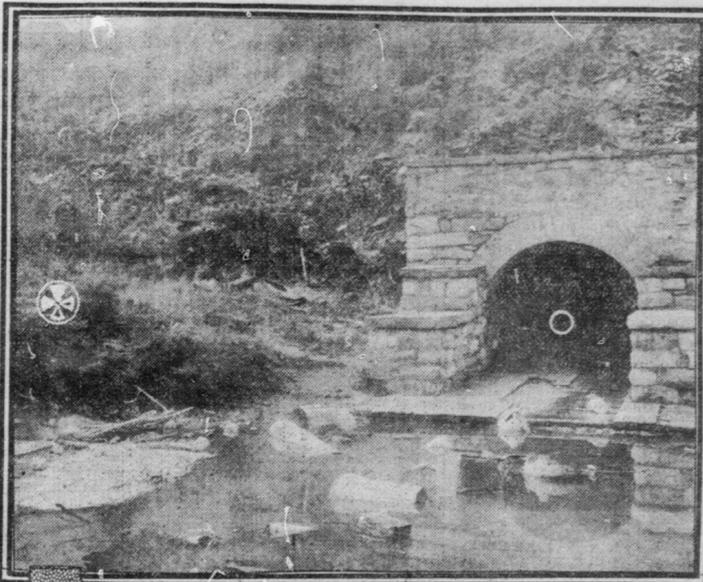
Many of us have learned to shudder at the mere mention of the Italian Black Hand, that secret society whose only certificate of membership is a dagger or a gun, and whose chief qualification for members is the spirit of revenge for real or fancied wrong. Wherever the sinister shadow of the Black Hand has fallen throughout this land we call free America, and the sections to escape it have been few. It has left a reign of terror and bloodshed in its

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Place Where the Terrible Crime Was Committed and Family of the Murdered Child



FANNY INFUSINO SURVIVING CHILD AGED SIX PHOTOGRAPHED ON HER COT AT FAXTON HOSPITAL, UTICA



SCENE OF TRAGEDY AT UTICA - MAYBE SPOT WHERE FANNY INFUSINO AND HER BROTHER WERE FOUND - OMAHA SPOT WHERE THERESA PROCOPIO LAY



MRS. RAFFAELE PROCOPIO AND CHILDREN. MOTHER OF MURDERED GIRL

wake. This condition is apparent in Utica today. Within recent years it has manifested its harrowing presence from New York to San Francisco and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf. In some instances, as with the lamented Lieutenant Petrosino, of the New York police force, the Black Hand has followed its intended victim back to the country in which the spirit of the Vendetta ever thrives and there, just as it slew Petrosino, as he did his duty in Palermo, it creeps up from the rear—and strikes dead.

But in no instance, it would seem, standing in the atmosphere of horror created by this latest outrage, has criminal cunning reached a state of more diabolical perfection, typifying the superlative degree of wanton cruelty, than that revealed in the lesson from Utica.

Picture first, if you will, a crowded street in the city's Italian quarter, the section, we may say, where the middle class reside, and where the fairly prosperous merchants are found. Within a half block of their home three happy children are playing. Whatever their nationality or circumstances, they are of the kind of which the Savior said:

"Whatsoever you do unto one of the least of these little ones, you do unto me."

Romp Hand In Hand To Play Their Games.

Hand in hand, the three—Fannie Infusino, aged six, her brother, Ferdinand, not quite three, and their companion, Theresa Procopio, aged seven—rumped down the sidewalk. From

nearby windows two mothers maintained an occasional watch, confident that their warning, "Don't be gone long," would be obeyed. The fathers were at work.

Suddenly, from an intersecting street, there appeared another Italian, tall, unkempt, of sinister appearance to those versed in the study of human character, but judged only by a seductive smile and a friendly manner by the three innocents. He took hold of Freddy's hand. The two little girls followed.

"Come ahead, I'll give you some pennies," said the stranger. Block after block was left behind them. The little boy grew tired. The rough grownup took him in his arms, marching ever onward toward the lonely spot where two baby lives were to be snuffed out. Fannie grew apprehensive. "Come on," said Theresa. "I know him. He knows my papa."

Let the surviving little girl pick up the narrative here. It will be told in her own way, just as she spoke it in

Italian to her father, a well-to-do merchant and as he translated it for me.

CHILD TELLS STORY.

"I did not want to go but the man would not let go of Freddy. I cried and after while Freddy cried. The man lick us and say he will lick us again if we cry. Then the man say, 'I take you over to my house and get supper. Soon you go back.' The man give Freddy a penny, but I tell him not to take.

"After awhile we go down a steep hill to the canal." (By this the little girl meant the culvert in the Eagle street ravine. Utica, culvert being a word, as her father explained, she was unfamiliar with.)

"After we get way down the man put us up against the rock side of the canal. Then he pull a big thing from his pocket and shoot, bang, bang, bang, bang!

Four times. He shoot me first and I throw up my hands and stoop down, like this. Then he put the thing right against Freddy and shoot. Freddy he fall. Theresa start to run and man shoot at her twice. Freddy and me try to climb back up hill, but Freddy cannot walk. He fall in the weeds. The man start off the other way, slow at first, then I hear him begin run fast.

"I could not make Freddy go home. He very sick and groan like this, all night. I call Theresa, but she do not answer. Theresa was laying down in the mouth of the canal (culvert).

"I try to make people hear, but it getting dark and nobody come by. I see a light in the house close by, but I cannot leave Freddy; he very sick and cold. We lay down in the weeds and it get darker and darker. Nobody come; train go by up above—come time, but

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Loss of hair is caused by the scalp drying up, or losing its supply of moisture or nutriment; when baldness occurs the scalp has simply lost all its nourishment, leaving nothing for the hair to feed upon (a plant or even a tree would die under similar conditions.)

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EVEN THE FATHER OPPOSES THEORY OF BLACK HAND

Significant Words Mean Vengeance, Say Those Who Heard Him.

MAY BE HELD BACK BY FEAR OF HARM

Weird Recital of Little Girl Who Escaped Only Clue to Murderers.

lined the three of them up against the stone mouth of the culvert and pulled the trigger of "a big thing he took from his pocket."

Had you seen this ravine of death so near and yet so far to the pulsating city life about it, you would agree with me that the imagination may run unchecked in picturing these twelve hours of solitude spent by Fannie Infusino. That they were endured at all, perhaps, is because she could not then, nor does she now, realize the tragic awfulness of her experience.

Scene Good Setting For Such a Crime.

More harrowing surroundings could not have been devised had this follower of Black Hand methods created himself the spot in which to perpetrate his deviltry. Nature had done but one thing to lessen the unattractiveness of the scene—it had provided an occasional cluster of goldenrod, and it was upon a bed of these—often called the national flower—that the wounded girl and her dying brother sought rest as would a stricken soldier upon the field of battle. Ten feet away, with the plank-bottomed culvert her only cushion, lay the suffering form of Theresa, whose breath left her body as the echo of the pistol shot died out in the ravine.

It was thus that they found the next morning, after the dark curls of the surviving little girl, reappearing now and then through the breeze-swept yellow goldenrod about her, had attracted the attention of a woman who occupied the home on the hilltop, not many yards away. Around her bleeding arm the Infusino girl had wrapped a bit of apron. Over the form of her little brother, who had moaned in his delirium the night through, she had thrown the remaining folds. That Freddy died the next day was not due to the lack of such feeble care as she could give in his last moments.

AROUSES A CITY.

The story of the finding of the small victims and the disclosure of the brutality of the crime, which swept through Utica like wildfire, and which immediately caused the offering of rewards aggregating \$3,000, is told by Mrs. W. C. Gray.

"I rose early," she said, "and while about my household duties I noticed through an upper window a little girl in the ravine below. Her head would appear for a time above the clusters of goldenrod and then disappear for an interval. I could see that she was endeavoring to lift something that lay beside her. Taking a fieldglass, I went to a higher window and at once saw the two children. Mr. Gray went down in the gulch immediately, together with

(Continued on Fifth Page.)

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