

"QUEEN OF RUM RUNNERS," IN BIG LIQUOR-SMUGGLING PLOT, SHIELDS MISSING MILLIONAIRE PROMOTER WHEN RAID COMES

IN THE SHADOW OF PRISON WALLS, GIRL ADVENTURER SMILES UNDAUNTED

HIGH SEAS ROMANCE REVEALED BY LAW'S DESCENT

Yacht Edith, Laden to Gunwales With Liquor, Puts Out From Bermuda to New York With Pretty Girl in Command.

"More was seen through the stern light's screen, Chartings undoubt where a woman had been, Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum! A flimsy shift on a banker cot, And the lace stiff dry in a purplish rot, Oh, was she wench or a shuddering maid, Faith, there was the stuff of a plucky jade! Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!"

OFF-SHORE a trim yacht danced saucily at her cable, riding high and evidently eager to get away. Launches, laden to the rail with heavy cases, putt-putted steadily out to the point and the merchandise they carried was stowed deeply in her hold. Inch by inch she settled deeper.

On the deck, directing the stowage, stood a woman, young attractive and active. The vessel was a yacht—that was obvious—but no name showed on bow or stern, no owner's flag fluttered in the wind, and she was stripped of all the brass and painted fripperies that are considered essentials of a yacht's equipment among yachtsmen.

Launch after launch drove out to her, case after case was unloaded, and slowly the yacht steadied and met the winds stubbornly where before she had swung forward coquettishly to every gust. She was carrying every ounce she could with safety—and perhaps a little more.

This was last March in Bermuda, when the rum runners were gathering for a dash to the American coast—and the yacht, for all the screening of stern and bow, was the Edith, the only one of the fleet that carried a woman.

THE RUM RUNNER SAILS.

That woman, according to the United States District Attorney, was Mrs. Edith Stevens, a slip of a girl of nineteen years, who said when she was arrested the other day that she lived at 456 West One Hundred and Fifty-second street, New York city. The yacht is declared to have been owned by Antonio Casese, a millionaire tobacco merchant of Ozone Park, Long Island, who is charged with operating a fleet of smugglers from the Southern Isles to the American coast, and of these it is said the Edith was named for the fair prisoner.

Capt. Charles Oman commanded the yacht, which sped north with the mysterious woman passenger aboard and about 2,000 cases of contraband liquor snugly stowed in the hold. With favoring winds and fair weather, the Edith, unmolested, made port on March 25, and preparations were rushed to run the cargo ashore at Bayville to safe storage.

But right there the plot sprang a leak. While there was still 1,800 cases of high-grade liquor aboard, prohibition agents raided the yacht, discovered the cargo and confiscated it, arresting all hands.

THE WOMAN ESCAPES.

The mysterious woman had gone ashore as soon as the yacht was moored. Where she had gone, none of the crew could, or would, tell. Who she was, they had not the slightest idea. She had directed the loading; her orders were obeyed as coming from one in authority, even by the captain, but

as to her identity—well, sailors don't ask such questions in such a business, and that was that.

Even when Captain Oman was arrested and tried for smuggling, he did not reveal the identity of the mysterious super-cargo. He described her, but a seaman's description of a pretty young woman is never definite and the captain went to Atlanta prison for a year and a day without revealing the secret.

But the prohibition enforcement authorities traced the ownership of the yacht to Casese and arrested him. He was held in bond of \$5,000. He put up the bond promptly and then faded from official vision. When the time came for his trial he was reported missing. Inquiry in Ozone Park showed that he had a wife and children there—but as to his whereabouts or the whereabouts of the rum-running girl, no information could be gathered.

ANOTHER SMUGGLER SAILS.

Yet on the day that Casese was released under bail, pending his trial for liquor smuggling, another mystery ship left port. The staunch and swift trawler Ripple slipped quietly out from the dock at Columbia street, Brooklyn, bound for Bermuda and a cargo of liquor. Casese and a woman saw the craft off, it is declared, and then on a swifter vessel they steamed to Bermuda, passing the trawler en route, but giving no sign of recognition.

They are charged with having arranged for another cargo before the Ripple reached the Isles and with then loading the trawler with case liquor and ordering it to speed homeward, where arrangements were said to have been made for the discharge of the cargo.

Whether Casese and the woman returned on the trawler with the rum is not yet known to the authorities. The Ripple anchored off Ambrose Light, in New York harbor, late in May, and several of those aboard went ashore.

A fleet of motor launches, under cover of darkness, sped out to the trawler and half the contraband cargo was transhipped in safety and landed. Then, for reasons as yet unexplained, the trawler pulled her mudhook and docked at the foot of Columbia street, whence she had sailed.

RAID UNDER GENFIRE.

The faithful motorboats followed, and working swiftly the crews raced against time to empty the trawler's hold, but as in the case of the Edith, there was an interruption. A squad of prohibition officers appeared abruptly. The motor fleet withdrew and streaked down the bay as the intruders called for a surrender of the ship.

The Ripple crew refused. Pistols were drawn and there was a sharp skirmish, punctuated by leaden pellets, but no casualties. The traveler surrendered as reinforcements strengthened the officers. All aboard were arrested as material witnesses and \$30,000 worth of liquor was seized with the ship.

But the girl wasn't aboard and Casese was not in sight either. Ownership of the trawler was registered in the name of the captain of the craft, but after the

prosecuting officers were through with him they declared that Casese was the owner. A warrant was issued at once and he was called on to give himself up. But the man, with only \$5,000 bond between him and freedom, declined. He was branded a fugitive from justice and the bond was forfeited.

FIND THE WOMAN.

Peter J. Brancato, Assistant United States District Attorney, declared that the woman who had sped the "Ripple" off from the Brooklyn dock with Casese was Mrs. Edith Stevens, and he asserted further that she was the woman who has figured in all the rum running transactions charged to the tobacco millionaire.

Casese is said to have been ready to stand trial on the indictments growing out of the activities of the "Edith," but when the "Ripple" was also seized, he is declared to have drawn large amounts out of several banks in town, wiping out his accounts entirely, and then cut his cable completely.

For weeks they searched for him fruitlessly. Then they turned to the quest of the mysterious woman. After days of espionage, Mrs. Stevens was arrested on Broadway near the address she gave as her home.

Mrs. Stevens denied flatly the charge of conspiracy in connection with the rum running. She admitted that she had been aboard the "Edith," but insisted that she knew nothing of the trawler "Ripple" and that she had played no part whatever in the transportation of liquor.

The address she gave as her home is a rooming house, supervised by Mrs. Edith Sequine, who said that Mrs. Stevens did not live there nor did any person resembling her.

Taught a lesson by the flight of Casese, the prosecutor demanded that Mrs. Stevens be held in the highest possible bail under the law, and the Federal Court in Brooklyn fixed \$20,000 bond. Unable to meet this high stipulation, Mrs. Stevens was committed to Raymond Street Jail pending trial.

Meanwhile the Federal officers arrested Joseph Bartolin, chauffeur employed by the tobacco merchant, and held him on a charge of conspiracy. Mrs. Stevens retained Wallace E. J. Collins, former United States Attorney, and now counsel for Casese, to represent her.

She remained silent for a week after her arrest and prepared to fight the case to a finish. The Federal prosecutor is working on a mass of evidence which he believes will show that the tobacco millionaire was the promoter of a huge plot by which vast supplies of liquor were to be smuggled into this country in a fleet of vessels and that the girl prisoner was one of the trusted lieutenants in the conspiracy.

Mrs. Stevens is reported to have been separated from her husband, but she will not discuss this phase of her life. After her arraignment, a man rushed into court and declared himself her



"HE WILL COME BACK TO ME!"—Deserted by her companion in romance of high seas, Edith Stevens refuses to testify against him in what is declared to be one of the greatest rum running plots since prohibition was made law.

husband. He asserted that his wife was absolutely innocent of the charges brought against her and he added that he had no idea how or where she met the tobacco merchant. Then the stranger left court, hurriedly.

THE GIRL TALKS.

In an interview granted exclusively to the Hearst papers Edith Stevens shed a flood of light on her share in the adventurous career of Antonio Casese, the tobacco magnate, who embarked in the mysterious shipping enterprises.

She is a slim, soft-voiced girl who looks less than her nineteen years and not at all the smuggling queen pictured by the prosecution. For the two years after she left school, Edith was an adding machine operator in a Manhattan office, but finally, she said, she just had to quit that tiresome task to

follow the call of the open road, for as she explained it: "Oh, the figures on the adding machine used to get all mixed up in my head and I couldn't sleep

nights for seeing the eights and sevens and wicked little threes and fours and the long rows of ciphers. Even when I could sleep, I saw them. It was tiring, terribly tiring. I quit."

ENTER ROMANCE.

Edith quit and soon after met an actor. She would not tell his name, except to say that it was not Stevens. She was seventeen and he was thirty-four, she said, and added:

"But he treated me as though I were his own age and the stage—well, the stage is not what it seems from this side of the foot-

get along and the glamour of the stage faded and—"

And then came Casese into her life, in strange circumstances. Edith was in a cemetery in Brooklyn with her mother, planting flowers on the grave of her grandmother. They saw a big car flash past them, and as they left the car came hurtling down the inclined road and Edith was nearly struck.

Antonio Casese, forty-odd years, and handsome in a heavy fashion, alighted and asked if she had been injured. The girl was drawn to him, for opulence radiated from the man. He offered her a card. Before another week went by they had met again, and finally there came a trip to Florida and, as the girl added, with a flash of humor:

"I spent last winter in Palm Beach and I'm spending this summer in jail. Even a society leader could not ask more contrast!"

Antonio Casese put the girl first in his affections, and they visited the Bahamas together, though she said:

"I did not know he was married. He never spoke of his wife. Yes, I liked him very much. He is a fine man in every way. And he will come back to help me straighten this out."

DEFIANT IF DESERTED.

When told that he had jumped his \$5,000 bond and that she was left virtually alone to face the music, Edith retorted:

"Yes, but I'm kept here only because they think they can use me to trap him. I know that. But I've told them that I never knew anything of this rum business. I was not a part or partner in any smuggling conspiracy."

"I just wanted the good things of life, like any other girl, and that is why I'm here. I didn't ever know what business Mr. Casese was in. He never mentioned it to me, and I didn't ask. When I went with him on the yacht I thought it was just a pleasure trip. But I'll say now that a girl should find

out what business a man is in any way before she goes away with him."

She denied that he had taken her diamonds. She appeared indifferent to the evidence that he had deserted his wife and children and left them penniless and had taken every cent he had from the local banks. The girl adventurer, after two swift years of modern romance, still retained hope, and when her actor husband called she declined to see him.

THE STORY OF THE POOR YOUNG MAN AND THE RICH YOUNG WIDOW

By SIR HALL CAINE

LORD CARSON is reported to have said in the House of Lords on the occasion of the debate on the honor: "What a world of shams we live in!" There has been an interesting illustration of his dictum in the high courts during the past week.

The facts of the case being tried were as follows:

1. A poor man, named James Conway Davies, became engaged to a rich young widow, named Lucy Lady Markham.
2. The rich young widow made no concealment of the engagement and on more than one occasion spoke of the poor young man as her intended husband.

3. At Cannes the rich young widow met a newspaper proprietor, Lord Riddell, and not long afterwards an "unofficial" announcement of her engagement to the poor young man was published in a certain newspaper.

4. On this disturbing fact the poor young man and the rich young widow took counsel together and decided neither to ratify this "unofficial" announcement nor to contradict it.

"BADLY TREATED."

5. Then the rich young widow changed her mind, broke off her engagement to the poor young man and married somebody else.

6. Whereupon another news-

paper published a paragraph ("inspired" by its editor) saying that the marriage of the rich young

widow to somebody else disposed of the rumor that she had ever been engaged to the poor young man

at all, and generally implying that the poor young man had acted like a cad in not denying it.

Of these facts the poor young man brought the second newspaper into court on the charge of

libel, and, the foregoing facts being given in evidence, the defense was withdrawn on an apology being given in evidence, the defense being promised to the poor young man and the costs of the action being paid.

So far so good, and everything as it ought to be. But now came a burst of wisdom from the bench. It was from Mr. Justice Darling, whose judgments are not usually distinguished by pomposity.

"If that is all that the case was brought into court for—to vindicate Mr. Davies' character," he said, "I think Lady Markham has been badly treated. The lady's

name ought never to have been mentioned."

Think of it! It was not denied that the rich young widow had been really engaged to the poor young man, or that she had really discarded him." But because their engagement had not been "officially" announced it was held by the judge that she was not really to blame, and therefore ought not to have been mentioned.

It is the old story. The young woman who has been jilted is an object of pity. The young man who has been jilted, and makes a fuss about it, is a figure of fun. What a world of shams we live in!

Bankrupt Austria Is Home of Millionaires

By KARL H. VON WIEGAND.

VIENNA, Aug. 26. ON the verge of national bankruptcy, Austria is the country of the millionaire, and Vienna has more people with an income of a million than perhaps any other city in the world—a million crowns.

There are few people in Vienna whose wages or salaries do not exceed a million. But an Ameri-

can dollar buys approximately 23,000 crowns, and with \$50 you can buy more than a million crowns.

The Viennese have become expert mathematicians, and even the small children can reckon in astronomical figures that are astonishing. This knowledge of calculation is absolutely essential to them in their shopping and in making change.

A pair of shoes, it is expected, will cost 200,000 crowns this winter, and a suit of clothes an even million. A loaf of bread is 16,000 crowns, a street car fare at present is 260 crowns, and a pound of meat 5,000 crowns.

The city lamplighters draw a salary of close on to 2,000,000 crowns a year, while street car conductors and motormen now get

a little more than 3,000,000 crowns a year. After several Socialist cabinets found it impossible to realize their beautiful theories and discovered they could not run the country any better if as well as capitalists, the government has gone over to the other extreme, and now has a "sky-pilot" as chancellor in the person of Dr. Seipel, a Catholic monk.