

The Naughty Little Milliner

A TRUE STORY OF THE SECRET SERVICE

By Col. H. C. Whitley, Former Chief United States Secret Service



HE sympathy of the public is usually bestowed upon the weaker sex, although Heaven knows it is a mistake to suppose that the weakness of humanity is confined to woman alone. Certainly in matters of love and sacrifice she often proves herself the stronger, and in criminal ways her powers of invention have many times reached the acme of perfection. The subtle devices resorted to by women for pulling the wool over the eyes of the officers of the law are frequently more misleading and difficult to penetrate than the most scientific roguery planned by men.

The several novel expedients resorted to by the Widow Wood, better known in police circles as "The Naughty Little Milliner," for throwing dust into the eyes of the detectives, is judged a marvelous exemplification of female ingenuity.

It was along in the early seventies when it became known that there was circulating about New Orleans a dangerous counterfeit five dollar treasury note, likewise a pretty good imitation of silver half dollars. A number of these had five dollar bills were received at the banks and might have passed along undetected had not one of the bankers, more discerning than the others, made the discovery that these notes were counterfeit, though they were well calculated to deceive the average tradesman. The bogus half dollars had been coined with steel dies and were exact facsimiles of the genuine in all except the metal they contained. They passed readily among the foreigners, especially about the French market.

Operator James Fitzpatrick, who was at that time in charge of government secret service affairs in New Orleans, began an investigation for the purpose of ferreting out the source of this bad money. After weeks of anxious watching it was learned that a young girl who daily visited the French market for the purpose of buying family provisions had, as regularly as she came, left a bogus half dollar. She wore a tattered dress and there was a sorrowful expression settled about her pallid yet interesting features. It was the gentle and dejected expression of her countenance that first attracted the attention of Officer Fitzpatrick. The Gascon and French markets were the scene of his daily rounds. He had never made a complaint in regard to the bad money, as they could readily pass it off on one another or at the coffee houses along the river front.

Following the girl one day the officer traced her to a little variety store on St. Joseph street, near the corner of Tchoupitoulas street. After a short time had elapsed the girl came out of the shop. She was now attired in somewhat above the common garb. Unobserved by her, the officer watched her movements until she finally went into a small grocery store. When she came out she carried a package. It was plain that she had made a purchase. When the girl was well out of sight the detective stepped into the little store and requested the Creole boy in attendance to let him see the money that he had received from the girl that had just left the place. It was a new five-dollar note that the boy handed out. Looking it over carefully it was found to be one of the bogus kind.

The officer made a plausible explanation that he thought sufficient to satisfy the curiosity of the boy, and was now quite certain that he was on the track of the source of the counterfeits and that the occupants of the little variety store were the distributors of the bogus stuff.

Opposite the variety store across the street was the sign "Furnished Rooms to Rent," and Fitzpatrick was fortunate enough to be able to hire a front room where he could sit at the window and watch the suspected place. In the course of time he learned that the occupants were mother and daughter. The mother was a widow, quite pretty, about thirty years of age. Her daughter was not more than twelve or fourteen. As the wheels of time rolled on it was learned further that the husband had died but a short time before and that the family had entombed in New Orleans. It was likewise discovered that the little store was a resort for persons who would bear watching. The officer noticed that the woman who was the occupant occasionally left this place of business carrying a basket on her arm and that she was always looking over her shoulder and peering about as if she suspected she was being watched. Tracking her one day, she led the way to the St. Louis cemetery on Basin street. Approaching a tomb, she knelt down before it and bowed her head as if engaged in prayer. Leaning against a tomb nearby was a well-dressed man apparently waiting for some one. As the detective carefully sauntered along he drew near the stranger, and as he did

so he saw a signal of recognition between the man and the woman. The latter, having completed her seeming errand of love, peered cautiously around for a moment and retired from the cemetery. The detective thought she might have come there to meet this man, but had been fooled in her intentions by the appearance of a third person.

It was Sunday that the occurrence described took place. On the same day of the week following the detective, disguised as a decrepit old man apparently almost blind, went into the cemetery early and took a seat beside a tomb not far from the one upon which the woman had placed the flowers the Sunday before. It was nearly noon-day when the suspected woman with her basket upon her arm came in. The basket was filled with flowers as before. She was dressed in deep mourning and seemingly bent on a sorrowful errand. This time she did not kneel, but sat down beside the tomb and bowed her head as if in contemplation. After a short time the stranger of the week previous entered the cemetery and approached the sorrowing woman by a circuitous route. Neither of these persons seemed to take any notice of the old man leaning upon the nearby tomb. The stranger and woman met and engaged in conversation. They were partially concealed from the view of the old man, who now straightened up and hobbled towards them, upon which the stranger suddenly bolted over an adjoining tomb and took to his heels. The disguised officer rushed up to the widow and demanded to see what she carried in her basket. Upon an examination it was found to contain a set of dies for coining imitation silver half dollars.

The woman was arrested. Her little store was searched, but nothing of an incriminating nature was found there. The woman said her name was Wood, and that her husband had died but a short time before. She had since his death regularly visited the cemetery every Sunday for the purpose of decorating his tomb. She had a young daughter to support and had been sorely pressed for money. The dies which she carried in her basket had been left with her by a man who asked her to sell them for him. On second thought she had resolved not to comply with his request as she feared such an act might be wrong. She had gone to the cemetery that day for the purpose of returning them.

Her explanation was not altogether satisfactory to the mind of Fitzpatrick. The Widow Wood, notwithstanding her professions of innocence, was placed upon trial charged with having counterfeit dies in her possession. There was no question in regard to the possession of these dies—but did she have knowledge of their nature, or was she a victim of a cunningly devised scheme of a person who was seeking to dispose of them.

There were at that time existing in New Orleans as in other cities at least two classes of persons subject to sit on juries. On the one hand there was the fellow with the dark brow, who thought there was no great harm in passing counterfeit money. On the other, there was the man who would scorn to commit a crime himself or have a neighborly feeling for any person engaged in swindling the public, yet whose sympathy might get the best of him when called upon to sit upon a jury and try a woman for an offense.

The Widow Wood told a lame story in regard to the counterfeit dies, but the tale of her struggles to maintain herself and keep her head above water was touching in the extreme. It brought sympathetic tears to the eyes of the warm-hearted and chivalrous southerners. They could not think of convicting her.

One evening a few months subsequent to the widow's honorable exonerated, a good-natured gentleman, a member of the jury that had acquitted her, was on his way to his home from his office on Carondelet street. He suddenly felt his coat skirt pulled. Turning around he was not a little astonished to find himself confronted by a prepossessing woman whom he could not remember ever having seen before.

"Are you Mr. Chappela?" she asked in a sweet voice.

Without further ceremony she introduced herself as Mrs. Wood, the lady who had been falsely accused by a United States detective. She said she had approached him because she had learned that he was a benefactor to the worthy poor and that she now stood sadly in need of assistance. Her story was that she and her daughter of tender age had been keeping a small variety store and had become heavily involved in debt. Through humiliation and want she had managed to struggle along and eke out an existence. An attachment had now been issued and a keeper put in her little store. Tears glistened in her beautiful brown eyes as she narrated her pitiful tale. She had \$10,000,000 that would soon come to her from her father's estate and if she could

only save off the trouble for a short time.

The good hearted southerner's sympathy was not confined to words alone. He went at once to her little store and paid the \$300 demanded by the keeper and left her \$100 besides to relieve her immediate wants.

It was only a few days following this when Detective Fitzpatrick concluded to enter the Widow Woods' place of business and make a thorough search. He had obtained some new evidence in regard to her dealing with "queer" money.

When he entered the suspected place he discovered that it was nearly empty. Everything of value had been removed. A number of cheap artificial flowers, bits of worn ribbon and lace and empty handboxes constituted the stock. It was all appearance and no value. The little room in the rear of the place had been the Madam's living quarters; it also was empty except a few tattered garments strewn about.

What puzzled the detective most was to account for the removal of the goods without attracting his attention. The movements of the woman had been carefully watched and the detective had recognized the Carondelet street broker as he visited the widow's store, and the exit shortly after of a man very much resembling the stranger who had met the Widow Wood in the cemetery on the occasion of her arrest. It finally came to light



THE STRANGER WHO HAD MET AND ENGAGED IN CONVERSATION WITH THE WIDOW'S DUSTLE.

that the broker had been done out of four hundred dollars by the widow who had planned the "keeper" scheme with a confederate.

After diligent search about the city the detectives were unable to learn the whereabouts of the widow, who had skipped out for parts unknown. Detective Fitzpatrick was fortunate enough to secure a photograph of her, and a number of copies of it were made and forwarded to the branches of the secret service in the various cities of the country.

She was first recognized in Cincinnati where she had offered a five-dollar counterfeit bill. When arrested and searched, no other bad money was found upon her person, and she was released for the want of sufficient evidence.

A secret service officer carrying the widow's photograph was sure he had met her while on his way from Washington to New York. He was not quite certain, but was sure enough to attempt to follow her for the purpose of learning her location. She probably "tumbled" to the detective while he was eyeing her intently. She did not affect to notice him, but managed, however, to give him the slip.

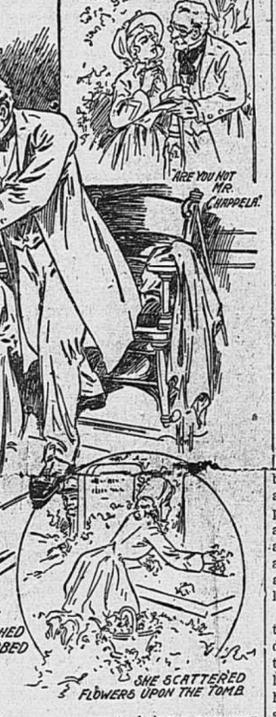
Just before the train arrived at Jersey City, the suspected woman got up from her seat and stepped into the ladies retiring room at the front end. The detective was keeping his eagle eye on this place when the passengers in front of him arose to leave the car. He worked his way as rapidly as possible towards the front exit, and rushing to the ferry landing, he took a position where he could carefully view the face of every woman entering the ferry boat. Not seeing the suspected woman he was the first to spring ashore on the New York side where he again scanned the faces of the women as they passed. He was disappointed and ready to kick himself when he realized how neatly he had been done for.

New York city affords one of the best covers for all classes of criminals. Here the thief mixes with the throng and passes along unnoticed. It was a

year or more after the occurrence of the incident just related, when the same detective while rambling about the city chanced to meet a well-dressed woman who bore a marked resemblance to the little milliner. She turned her head and gave him a side glance as he passed. He kept along at a considerable distance and turned just in time to catch sight of her as she stepped into Johnson's millinery establishment. Taking up a position at a point diagonally across the street, and sheltering himself a little in a doorway, he was enabled to distinguish persons as they passed in and out of the shop. While he stood watching, a bright looking boy came along with a bundle of newspapers under his arm. The detective called him up and bargained with him to do a little "piping" for him. When the suspected woman came out of the millinery store she was pointed out to the boy who was told to follow her and, if possible, trace her to her home. The boy was promised \$5 for the job if his information proved to be correct, and he was to meet the officer later and report. When the boy came back to the officer he had followed the woman to a little shop on Ninth avenue. He said she went in and took off her bonnet as though she belonged there.

The detective reported meeting the woman who had so nicely escaped him and had located her in a small store on Ninth avenue where there hung over the door a sign that read "Fine Millinery Work Done Here." It was quite reasonable to believe that the woman was none other than the naughty little milliner from New Orleans and that she was then doing business in New York. Officer Fitzpatrick of New Orleans was the only detective on the force that could positively identify her, but it wouldn't do to bring him for that purpose as she would be sure to see him first, and having been put upon her guard she might fly away.

The idea was to plan a ruse for the purpose of capturing her with evidence to convict. For this purpose



THE STRANGER WHO HAD MET AND ENGAGED IN CONVERSATION WITH THE WIDOW'S DUSTLE.

It was necessary to bring a new man into the field, and I chose an elderly gentleman who was then employed.

He was a countryman born, and did not have to act the part, as it was perfectly natural to him. He appeared simple in his ways, but was in reality remarkably shrewd. The little milliner might have been surprised one morning to receive a visit from a country dressed old gentleman, and she blinked her large brown eyes as he entered her little shop. But her lips resumed a business smile as she said, "Be seated, sir."

The room was neatly furnished, and there was a display of ready-made bonnets, flowers, etc. The door of her little trimming room in the rear stood open, and it was plainly seen that the floor was littered with bits of ribbon, clippings of velvet and small remnants of silk and lace. The old gentleman smiled pleasantly; the woman gracefully sank into her chair. She folded her hands in her lap and inclined her head coquettishly to one side and looked like a polite interrogation point. The old gentleman explained that his daughter who lived over in Jersey had asked him to purchase a nice bonnet for her, and as he passed along the sidewalk he had read her sign and just stepped in. He told her that the novelty of a bonnet making concern had always attracted his attention and that he would like to talk with her about her kind of business.

"Of course I will tell you all about it," she said good humoredly. "I guess you will get tired of listening before I get through."

She was a good talker and appeared to be a woman of refinement and education as she prattled along. She said she had once been rich but had been unfortunate; her husband had died from disease and a young and only daughter had been killed in a railroad accident. As she talked glibly she was all the while exhibiting her stock in trade.

"Here," said she, "is a lovely bonnet that I trimmed for a rich lady, but it has not been called for. A fine look-

ing lady came in here one day and tried on my bonnets; she wanted a nice one but I could not fit her. She said she lived somewhere in the suburbs and she was in a great hurry. She finally picked out one and said it would do well enough for size, but she wanted it trimmed differently. I have made the alterations as she described but have not seen her since. I have made bonnets for a number of wealthy people. Some of my customers ride in their carriages within a block of my store and walk the rest of the way; as it would not do for them to be seen in a little store like this. They have recognized the fact that I make the swellest bonnets and sell them at about half the price asked in the large millinery parlors."

"Well, I declare," said the old gentleman; "that is about the kind of a bonnet I want."

"I thought you would fall in love with it," said the little milliner, "as it is beautiful. The woman hasn't called for it, yet even if I thought she would, I will sell it inasmuch as it is going out of town and I can make her another just like it."

After haggling about the price for a time the old gentleman concluded to buy it.

"I will take it along with me," said he, as he laid down a twenty dollar bill of the National Shoe & Leather bank to pay for it.

The milliner picked up the note and looking it over for a moment, her face lit up with a smile of pleasant sarcasm, as she said, "Look here, old fellow, this bill won't do."

The curious expression upon her face was certainly amusing, and the countryman thought he noticed a lurking smile upon her countenance that betokened sympathy and indicated that she was posted on that kind of money.

"Look here, I know that stuff as well as you do, so you just keep it and give me something else."

They stood and looked each other in the face. There was a mutual sympathy—two souls with but a single thought.

"My name is David Kirkbride," naming a well-known counterfeiter. "Good, gracious," exclaimed the woman, "why didn't you say so? I have never met you before, but I have often heard my friend Eva Cole talk about you. What were you thinking about when you came in here?"

"Oh, just about what I told you; besides I thought it was a good chance to shove a twenty."

"Why," said she, "I buy these bonnets at Johnson's and keep them for a stall. If you really want this one you are welcome to it."

As she became more confidential she said, putting on a peculiar smile. "Suppose I had given you your change in a bill like this one," as she produced a five dollar bill.

"Well, well," said the old fellow, "it would have been all right with me. But I am keeping pretty shady at this time; I carry my stuff concealed in my tobacco pouch and only keep a little on hand at a time."

"Oh," said she, "you men think you are smart at doing things, but you're slow. I was arrested in Cincinnati by the city detective because I offered a counterfeit bill in payment for a pair of gloves, but they searched me at the police station and couldn't find any of the 'queer' about me. I put up a nice spiel and was very indignant, and Jim Ruffin, the chief of police, got scared and turned me loose."

"What do you think! I had more than a thousand dollars of those five-dollar bills with me at the time, but they couldn't begin to find them. Just look here," she said; and reaching her hand into an opening in her dress she pulled a string and drew her bustle to the front.

COLUMBIA AND CAROLINA HAD TO HIRE THE WASHINGTON

EXAMINATION OF TEACHERS

System Practiced in Each County Produces Confusion.

"The present method of granting teacher's certificates in this State has produced a chaos which only one in actual touch with the situation can appreciate." This statement is made in the annual report of W. K. Tate, supervisor of rural elementary schools, in his report made to the State superintendent of education, which will be sent to the general assembly.

It is pointed out that the State board of education sends out twice each year a uniform set of examination question for teachers' certificates. The papers written in answer to these questions are graded by 43 county boards of education, with 43 different standards. On the results of these examinations county certificates are issued. Some counties recognize the certificates of other counties, while other counties do not.

Speaking of the certificates of teachers, he says there is in existence no complete list of qualified teachers of the State and that the compilation of such a list is impossible. "This fact," he continues, "prevents a free exchange of teachers from one county to another and makes the teacher's agency the principal method of communication between teachers and school boards."

He comes to the conclusion that at least one-fourth of the common school teachers are paying tribute out of their salaries to school teachers' agencies.

WOMAN WALKED MANY MILES.

Went From Columbia to Washington to See President Taft.

To keep "an engagement" with President Taft on January 22, Julia Irene Davis, colored, recently discharged from the South Carolina State hospital for the insane, walked from Columbia, S. C., to Washington, and called at the office of the district sanitary officer to "commit herself until the date set for her audience" at the White House.

"Just send this to Bob Fitzsimmons," she told an official, handing him a note which read:

"Dear Bob: Will you kindly come to Washington City at police headquarters and bring all the things this tag calls for and oblige yours, 'LULA IRENE DAVIS.'"

"Left Columbia on November 11," she said, "with \$3.60 and I still have 5 cents left. A few days ago I got a letter from the president telling me it would be all right if I would call at the White House."

SOUTH CAROLINA INDUSTRIES.

Col. Watson Prepares Some Very Interesting Statistics.

The total capital invested in all industries in South Carolina this year was \$5,889,199, compared with \$5,203,199 in 1909, according to reports received by Commissioner Watson from over 2,000 concerns in the State. There were only 662 concerns to report last year and this is the cause of the great difference in the amount invested. Approximately \$30,000,000 represents the amount of new capital put into industries in South Carolina during the year.

The value of the annual product of all industries was only \$6,000,000 greater in 1910 than 1909, although there were nearly 1,500 industries reported.

The reason given for the slight increase is that practically all of the textile plants of the State were closed for several weeks during the summer. There was a decrease of 3,000 in the total number of persons employed.

The salaries of employes was \$2,000,000 less than in 1909.

Want a Rate Expert.

A rate expert and a special inspector will be recommended in the annual report of the South Carolina railroad commission, which will be sent to the general assembly. The commission claims that these two men are absolutely necessary to secure the best results for the people of the State. It is recommended that the two positions carry salaries that will insure securing the services of the very best men possible.

High School Inspector's Report.

"However unpalatable and unpopular the statement, it is but plain truth to say that the State has blundered badly in establishing four institutions of higher learning."

Thus W. H. Hand, State high school inspector, analyzes the educational situation in South Carolina.

He declares that "unfortunately for the cause of education itself in South Carolina, higher education has received attention almost to the neglect of secondary education."

A Bloody Christmas.

The Christmas season in South Carolina proved a bloody one, and twelve killings were reported from sections of the State within three days.

Only One Lynching in 1910.

In the list of lynchings for the year 1910 South Carolina is given one. That is correct. Heretofore this State has usually been given a few extra ones for good measure. The lynching this year was in Newberry.

Distinguished Englishmen Coming.

From the University is announced the visit of Sir Horace Plunkett, the "British Pincot," at Columbia on January 6 at a conference to be held at the State university on "Rural Life."

The Kershaw Annexation.

The commission appointed to make an investigation of the proposition of annexing 48 square miles of Kershaw county to Richland county awarded the contract for the survey

Mrs. Daniels Tells How She Solved That Problem and Several Others As Well.

Slip, Ky.—"I was so sick for 3 or 4 years," says Mrs. J. F. Daniels, of this place, "that I had to hire my washing done most of the time. I had given up hoping for a cure, but my husband kept begging me to try Cardui, so at last I began to take it, and I hadn't taken half a bottle before I could tell it was helping me. Now I can do my washing and tend my garden. I am fleshier than I ever was before in my life and Cardui made me so. I believe that I would have been in my grave, if I had not taken Cardui. Your medicine is all right. I can't praise it too much."

Cardui is purely vegetable and gentle-acting. Its ingredients are mild herbs, having a gentle tonic effect on the female constitution.

Cardui makes for increased strength, improves the appetite, tones up the nervous system, and helps to make pale, sallow cheeks, fresh and rosy.

Cardui has helped over a million weak, tired, worn-out women, and should certainly benefit you.

Try it today.

N. B.—Write to Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions, and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper, on request.

HIS VIEW.



"They call that a statue of Victory; it must have been a hot fight."

SUFFERED FIVE YEARS.

Doan's Kidney Pills cured my joints stiff and ankles badly swollen.

Mrs. L. Skaggs, Louisa, Ky., says: "Five years my kidneys acted wrong and my back was painful and scanty. I was nervous, restless and felt constantly tired out. Dropsical swellings appeared in my ankles and my joints became stiff. Backache made life miserable. After using other remedies without relief, I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills and continued with them until cured. Time has proven my cure permanent."

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box, Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

A Christmas Criticism.

Orville Wright, discussing flying in New York, said to a reporter:

"The French claim to make the best machines, but our foreign order books tell a different story. Our foreign order books give the game away like the little 'Joy' from the Christmas tree. I got from the tree this year a pair of trousers, and, waving them around his head, he electrified the entire Sunday school by shouting in a loud and joyous voice:

"Oh, ma, these pants must be new. Pa never had a suit like that."

Malady Worth Having.

"I can't understand my husband, doctor; I am afraid there is something terrible the matter with him."

"What are the symptoms?"

"Well, I often talk to him for half an hour at a time and when I get through he hasn't the least idea what I've been saying."

"Don't worry any more about your husband. I wish I had his gift."—Stray Stories.

Not Serious.

"I hear there are grave charges against Senator Jinks."

"What are they?"

"The sexton's bills."—Baltimore American.

She Raved.

Mr. Burble—that elocutionist is some queer, isn't she?

Mr. Bored—A raving beauty.

OLD COMMON SENSE.

Change Food When You Feel Out of Sorts.

"A great deal depends upon yourself and the kind of food you eat," the wise old doctor said to a man who came to him sick with stomach trouble and sick headache once or twice a week, and who had been taking pills and different medicines for three or four years.

Tecumseh a Great Chief

Sham Battle and Strategy Were Favorite Diversions of Famous Indian Warrior.

Tecumseh seems to have had a passion for war. His pastimes, like those of Napoleon, were generally in the sham battle field. He was the leader of his companions in all of their sports, and was accustomed to divide them in parties, one of which he always headed, for the purpose of fighting

ing mimic battles, in which he usually distinguished himself by his activity, strength and skill. His dexterity in the use of the bow and arrow excelled that of all the other Indian boys of his tribe, by whom he was loved and respected, and over whom he exercised unbounded influence. He was generally surrounded by a set of companions who were ready to stand or fall by his side.

It is stated that the first battle in which he was engaged occurred on Mad River, near where Dayton stands, between a party of Kentuckians, commanded by Col. Benjamin Logan, and some Shawnees. At this time Tecumseh was very young and joined the expedition under the care of his brother, who was wounded at the first fire.

It is related by some Indian chiefs that Tecumseh, at the commencement of the action, became frightened and ran. This may be true, but it is the only instance in which he is known to have shrunk from danger, or to lose the presence of mind for which he was afterward remarkably distinguished.

It is recorded that when Tecumseh was notified to move his band of Indians outside the government land, specified in the treaty of Greenville, he replied:

"These lands are ours; none has a right to move us because we were the first owners; the Great Spirit above has appointed this place for us, on which I light our fires, and here

we will remain. As to boundaries, the Great Spirit above knows no boundaries, nor will his red people acknowledge any."—Drake's "Life of Tecumseh."

Painted.

Mrs. Styles—I see that hand-painted hats are a millinery novelty for women who are opposed to the destruction of birds for their adornment.

Mr. Styles—Well, they ought to go with some faces, all right.—Yonkers Statesman.