

# PARALLEL STORIES OF FAMOUS CRIMES

By HENRY C. TERRY

# THE CRIMINAL Tells How He Planned the Deed and Sought to Close Every Avenue of Knowledge Leading to His Guilt. The Detective Shows How Futile These Efforts Were and How the Old Adage, Murder Will Out, "Always Holds Good."

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## THE WELLS-FARGO MILLION DOLLAR EXPRESS ROBBERY.

AD the plot to rob the Red Star Express on the Erie at Port Jervis, New York, some twenty years ago succeeded, it would have been the greatest haul ever made in a train robbery. That it did in a train robbery, the cunning and faithfulness of an old employee. A cool million in gold was the stake played for and so bold were the men who planned to take it that the detective assigned to the case refused to believe that the attempt actually would be made. The story, as told by the principal actors on each side, is a splendid illustration of the fact that no matter how carefully a crime is planned the criminal cannot take into account all the details, the failure of only one of which will lead to detection.

### BOB FUREY'S STORY.

"The touch-off on the Red Star Express! Do I recall it? Well, I should think so. That was one of the biggest and nearest jobs ever put up in New York. It was a hair-raiser from start to finish. A job like that ought to have been worth a million. It would have been but for the fact that the crooks who came around to crooks as well as to other people. I tumbled on the business by accident one afternoon as I was going from Washington to New York. I was sitting in the smoker puffing away on a bit of Havana, when a couple of gentlemen dropped in and took the seat in front of me. I did not pay any attention to them until I overheard them talking about money bags and gold coin. I picked up from their conversation that they were agents for an express company, that had a contract for hauling money for the government, and had charge of the stuff while it was in transit from Washington to the mint in Philadelphia or to other eastern cities.

This of itself did not specially interest me, but when I heard them talk about how carefully the money was handled by the agents east of Chicago, a territory in which the cars were believed to be perfectly safe, I began thinking a bit. Before I reached New York I had made up my mind to pick up a few facts on this subject. If it turned out as rosy as these fellows indicated I would teach some of their lesson in the art of performing their duty. I learned from them incidentally that the Red Star Express, on the Erie, carried more money than any other company, and that the agents guarded \$1,000,000 about as closely as the ordinary citizen would a nickel.

I gave these citizens a silent vote of thanks when we parted. Immediately afterward I began an official investigation. I had learned the trade as a detective when I was a young fellow, so the first thing I did was to make application for a job in the Erie railroad repair shops in Jersey City. While working on the car I got acquainted with Pop Thompson. He was a good fellow because of his general good nature, and not because he was old. I made myself as friendly with him as I could. I found out where he lived in Lafayette, N. Y., a little station up the line a ways. I hired a room in a boarding house in Jersey City, very often, and he seemed to take a fancy to me. After a while he talked quite freely about his business, though it was always about trips that he had made and never about trips that he was going to take.

When he was far into the scheme I called on Johnny Dobbs, Big Jim Brady, Walt Herick and Pete Durand, four of the wisest crooks that ever lived, and put them onto Pop and his car, with the idea that one of them would stick to him every day and go away with him on every trip to the run of the business. In this way Johnny Dobbs picked up in Chicago that Pop had a weak side. In short, he was leading a double life. Nothing could have suited me better, for that gave me a chance to pull him into the racket.

There was no longer any use of my working in the shop, so I quit and went to Chicago to wait for Pop to turn up. It was some weeks before he landed there, but I fixed it so that I would meet him coming out of his home No. 2 in Chicago, which gave me a chance to call him down. He was not as much surprised as I thought he would be, and it was not until he got ready to return home that he suggested that I should be well to keep quiet what I had seen.

I promised never to mention it, and returned with Pop. It was the first about that I had to throw out any feelers. I gently, rather playfully, hinted that Pop was carrying a large amount of money for other people, and it was a wonder to me that none of it had ever struck to his fingers. Pop manifested more interest in this talk than I had ever hoped for. He said he was tired of working for nothing. He hinted that if I could suggest a plan to make a million, he would be willing to listen. Then I gave him the idea, cold and plain, of hitting a rap at the Red Star car.

Pop drank in all that I said like a very thirsty man, agreed to meet me the next day and give me his views. He was on deck at the appointed time, and promised to furnish me with the information about the car and its load of coin, if I would do the rest of the work and fix it up so nothing would point to him. This seemed to be a good thing. If the thing was pulled off he could get his share of the boodle and quit his job when he felt like it. He was

willing to make the dust, but had been trained so long on the honest line that he could not become a full-fledged thief at a jump.

Pop went along in the regular way, as it was arranged that we were not going to make the strike until the fall shipment of gold to Chicago. The time was left to Pop to select. We got the train on Monday, that on the following Wednesday night the Red Star car would go out from the Erie depot with the big load of shiny metal. We fixed up everything to carry out our trick. I had a long talk with Pop. He was so inquisitive about all the details of robbery, and insisted upon knowing everything that we were going to do before hand, that I became suspicious of him.

One of the gang had been on his track every day without his knowledge, and had never seen or heard anything wrong, so I thought maybe I was not fair with Pop to doubt him. After thinking it all over I concluded that the safest way to deal with Pop would be to fool him by giving him a ghost story about the details. I told him that he would be flagged about five miles west of Port Jervis and the safes dumped from the car. A wagon would be in readiness to take the safes. They would then be blown open on the road. The plan was to be carried out in the morning, and to carry away only the greenbacks.

Wednesday night came. The car pulled out of the depot with Pop on the first watch and his partner in the sleeper. The gang were all in the smoker. After we got in motion Pop asked me into the car. We started at once on the big safe and had no trouble getting into it. Pop, of course, did not know the combination. We got out the small safes—there were four of them—and they were very heavy. Pop said the other was nearly all gold and the prospect was very bright.

A few miles this side of Port Jervis, at a place agreed upon, and about ten miles from where Pop had been going to take the car, the wagon would be waiting. I gave the signal. We forced the door of the car and dumped the safes while we were going at full speed. About a quarter of a mile beyond, a red light was waved in front of the engine. The train stopped, and a bumper was thrown against the car, and the red light disappeared. We put Pop to sleep in the car with a tap on the head and closed the door, so that nothing was known of the robbery until the train reached Port Jervis. Then we had a hustle for life.

### DETECTIVE McQUILLAN'S STORY.

I was sitting in my office late one afternoon when a messenger called and said that a detective was wanted at the office of Wells, Fargo & Co. for special business. When I got to the express office I was told what seemed to me to be a very fishy story about an attack that had been made upon the Red Star Express car.

The tip that the robbery was going to come off had been given to the company by Ike Thompson, who went by the name of "Pop," one of the best agents in the express car service. I thought that there must be a mistake in it somewhere. His story was that while he was in Chicago on one of the regular trips he went to the house of his sister-in-law, and when he left he was accompanied by a fellow who had been known in Jersey City as Luke Sanderson, one of the workmen in the Erie Railroad shops.

In some way or other Sanderson had got the idea that the woman Thompson had called upon was his wife. Sanderson knew that Thompson was married and had a family in Lafayette, N. Y., and he took pains to suggest to Thompson that it would go very hard with him if the company should learn that he was not living on the level, as he was earning hardly enough money together with his wife to run the family. Thompson did not stumble to what Sanderson was driving at until they were on the way back to Jersey City, going with an empty money car, when Sanderson suggested that there was an easier way to make a fortune than working for the railroad.

Thompson is a very foxy fellow, and determined to lead Sanderson on the belief that he was ready to go into anything that would pay big money, and he managed his part of the affair so well that Sanderson never dropped to the fact that he was being jollied.

I was not sent for until several days or weeks afterward, as Thompson and the officials were not any too anxious to divide the honors in the case. I thought that there must be all the company's employees who figured in the case. Thompson had several interviews with Sanderson, and from what he said had got him worked up to a high pitch over the robbery and the gang were anxious to spring the trap.

I listened to the tale, and was very skeptical. I did not believe that a not-too-crook would have gone into such a scheme with Thompson without first being assured that there was no possible chance of a throw-down.

I asked for a sight of the crook, to see if I knew him. A meeting was arranged, at which I was present, and when I got my peepers on the bold Sanderson my old heart gave a thump, for I recognized him. He was a man who I had seen on both sides of the ocean in some first-class jobs.

Thompson was to figure only as a second fiddle in the transaction, and was to get an even share in the swag if the thing was pulled off he could get his share of the boodle and quit his job when he felt like it. He was

One Thing Certain. Mr. Nesdrom—"If you refuse me my life will be filled with bitterness and gall." The Widow Bullion—"I don't know about the bitterness, but you're there with the gall, all right."—McNally Monarch.

Varying Grades of Cavalier. The finest cavalier is the beluga, prepared from the roe of the white sturgeon; little less fine is the serriguna, prepared from the sterilized sturgeon. Both are put up at Astrakhan, Russia.

work off the money bags. The gang wanted a big boodle, and so long as we were on to their game I suggested that we should not give the gang the tip until there was really a big load of dust on board the express car, just to give the gang the laugh when they got the throw-down for losing such a dandy bundle.

The day was finally set for the robbery. Thompson succeeded in getting all the details, so that it made the whole thing as easy on paper. The signal to hold up the train, it was arranged, would be given after leaving Port Jervis on the Erie railroad, which would be the signal for us to do our little act and land the gang.

The train with the Red Star car was booked to leave the Erie depot at 6 o'clock in the evening, and in the morning I sent four men to Port Jervis to take up a position where the red light was to be given at night. I got a telegram that they had landed all right and in the evening, when the train pulled out of the depot, I was aboard with six lusty fellows, who would rather fight than eat.

I saw Thompson before the train started but did not speak to him. He indicated by a nod of the head, and their gang were on board the train in the front cars, and everything looked rosy. The train pulled out on time, and we went bumping along at a lively rate, as we were on the fast express. I had given instructions to my men what to do when we got to the holding-up place.

I knew every foot of the ground on the Erie, and when we got within a few miles of Port Jervis I began to feel just a little bit nervous. While we were running all the details of the attack over in my mind the train slowly pulled up, but did not come to a full stop. I looked out of the window, but did not see anything. In a moment we were pushing up the hill to Port Jervis at full speed. When we reached the little depot I jumped out of the car to take a look at things, and as I passed the Red Star car I heard a moan. I listened and it was repeated several times. I could not understand it, but I felt that something had gone wrong.

I did not want to make a foolish break of any kind, so I first went to the engineer and asked him what he had stopped for before reaching Port Jervis. He said that he saw a red light swinging on the track, and that the light had disappeared when he got to it, and he could not understand it. I knew the meaning of it, and saw the game in a second. The gang had fooled Thompson by giving him a wrong description of what was going to be done. This was verified when I reached the Red Star car. The lock had been broken off, and inside the car was Thompson, lying on his back well done up.

He was partly conscious, and knew enough to tell that the thieves had fooled him. The light had been on the track about three miles east of Port Jervis. They had jumped off the train when it slowed. But if Thompson had been fooled he had fooled the gang also, for he had flung the bit of tools which was to be used to open the safes of the car, and it was dollars to doughnuts they would be able to find them.

I got an engine at the depot, and in ten minutes I was on the way back with my men. Before making the place I noticed lantern flashing on the track, and I ordered the engineer to run past the lights a half mile or so before slowing up. As we went by the spot I saw the gang at work carrying the safes to a wagon. We stopped after turning a curve and started back on foot.

The thieves, I concluded, had discovered the loss of the tools, and instead of trying to open the safes had decided to carry them away and break them up at the depot. When we got back to the place the gang were about ready to move and I ordered my men to wait until they got into the wagon before making the attack.

We stood in the shadow of the trees on the roadside until the wagon came up to us. Then I gave the signal. One man seized the horse's head and turned him into a fence, and the rest of us covered the gang with guns.

Two of the gang jumped and were shot. The others threw up their hands. We took the whole outfit to Port Jervis, and Walt Herick died on the way. Durand was shot in the chest, but recovered in time for the trial. With the conviction of Johnny Dobbs, Jim Brady, Bob Furey and Pete Durand, the most notorious gang of safe breakers was broken up.

### CALLS SON BY TELEPATHY

Mother's Illness Draws Him From Mountain Camp to Pasadena Hospital.

Los Angeles.—Telepathic messages from a sick mother to her son at his sick mother's bedside in a Pasadena hospital, according to a statement he made. He said mysterious manifestations turned his thoughts to home and caused him to worry about his father and mother and experience the sensation of groping in the dark for an object which he instinctively knew was there.

He told a companion and when the feeling returned he said: "I have felt it! Whether it's 'at' I am going home." When he reached his home in Pasadena his father told him his mother was in the hospital. Comparison of dates showed the first feeling came on the day when he died and his mother became ill.

Arrested for Shooting Spirits. St. Louis.—Sergeant Barlow arrested a man giving the name of C. E. Drayton when the latter was caught in the act of shooting at dry spirits. As praying in the streets, Drayton started firing and explained that a spirit was after him.

### FORTUNE FOR ILLEGAL SON

Father Advertises for Kin, Now Fifty-Two Years Old, Whom He Plans to Give \$50,000.

Philadelphia, Pa.—The following advertisement in the newspapers tells a remarkable tale of an old wrong, with the attempt of the father to right himself after fifty years of silence: "In the spring of 1859, a few miles from Lancaster, a boy child was born to a German girl named Caroline, who a short time after died, but the child lived. If any one can give any information about this kindly write to C. J. Nyholm at 178 North Third street, Philadelphia."

Mr. Nyholm is an insurance broker and at his home he told the story of an aged and grief-stricken old man who in his declining years desires to locate the child of whom he is in search. He has not seen the child since 1858, when it is thought that the young man went to Lancaster, being somewhere in the farming section of that time. The father intended to marry the mother of his offspring, but went to the Civil war, when he was mustered out he found she had died during his absence.

Black Cat at Tunnel Opening. Chicago.—Ahead of the first street car that passed through the new North La Salle street tunnel walked a black cat. Officials of the Chicago Railway company, who were the first passengers, laughed nervously when asked if they were superstitious.

Fall on Pair of Shears Kills. Sharon, Pa.—Stephen Disler, twenty-two, was killed at the Sharon Steel works by falling on a pair of shears. His body was mangled.

# PARISIANS DINE WITH THE COWS



IN Paris it is the fad just now to dine with the cows, the practice being supposedly an aid to health. Our photograph shows Madge Lessing and Marquerite Syva, American singers, in the stable of the Restaurant Prie Catalain in the Bois de Boulogne.

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A mass of official correspondence, which also was filed, completes the story and indicates generally the delay in the state department at Washington with the British foreign office to secure a remedy for the abuses.

The second Casement report indicates that Peru not only did nothing to stop the atrocities, but had no intention of taking any action. All the measures taken by that government were dilatory and feeble and wholly ineffective. None of the reforms promised by Peru according to Sir Roger's report has been carried out. The civilized methods of the plantation have been abandoned and the old rubber collecting methods resumed. The returns show that the 12,000 tons of rubber collected in 12 years produced from \$5,000,000 to \$7,500,000 and entailed the death of 30,000 Indians, whose bones are scattered through the forest and have made certain places repulsive to the eye, according to Sir Roger, is strictly British, as the whole output of the region is placed on the English market and conveyed from Iquitos in British boats. Some employees are British subjects, and the commercial future of the district is dependent on British capital.

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# BEST FLOOR COVERING

RUGS AND MATTINGS COME IN MANY DESIGNS. Housewife Has a Wide Variety to Select From for Use in the Summer Months—New Patterns Are All Artistic.

Fretful of all the mattings to be laid down when the carpet is taken up for the summer is the Japanese kind, which comes in flower and lattice patterns and in an extensive variety of colors and shades. Not in favor and practically to these mattings are the carpets of a vegetable fiber printed in conventional ingrain patterns and, like the old fashioned ingrain, reversible.

If the floor of the living room is of hard wood and can be polished, it will be more sanitary if not wholly covered. Instead have a number of small and easily shaken rugs. All of the new patterns in woven rag rugs are artistic as well as abnormally cheap, and there are also attractive looking rugs of braided woolen strips which will stand any amount of wear.

Palm leaf and Nacajo blanket designs are among the rugs of Dutch or palm fiber, which are just the thing for a summer living room floor, and in woven grass there are rugs of two colors—yellow, with blue, green, tan or white, and tan with rose or green. Others are in natural tone with a color stenciled border. Bright hues band the braided rush mats which answer equally well for the living room, and in Japanese cotton, which are prettier in white and blue, but which come in other colors.

If, however, the housekeeper wishes to put down a rug which harmonizes with her printed cretonne draperies and furniture coverings, she should have one of the Eastern rugs of Japanese cotton, which are prettier in white and blue, but which come in other colors.

Practical Bed Spreads. Practical housekeepers who believe in saving themselves unnecessary bedspreads in lieu of those of heavier and more expensive materials like Marcellise and Irish linen. Really artistic are the bedspreads of English printed cotton showing a white ground and a pattern in quiet shades of various colors. The soft and truly American are the blue and white spreads in Kentucky designs which are said to be non-fadeable and equally enduring as the natural linen covers which have plain centers and colored borders. Rather more unique and just the thing for a summer sleeping room are the covers in German linen in Biedermeyer design showing an all-over connecting pattern in gold, white and black; green, white and black or blue, black and white. Any of these covers may be finished at top and bottom with fringe or a valance of one of the plain colors may be attached to their sides.

Biscuit Dough Pudding. Beat three eggs with one cup of sugar; add three tablespoons of cornstarch or four of flour, one and one-half tablespoons of butter, the grated rind of one lemon and the juice of two lemons in four cups of water. Line pudding pan with biscuit dough, put in mixture, cover with another piece of dough; prick with a fork, sprinkle with sugar and bits of fruit and bake for 30 minutes in quick oven. Got hot or cold with milk or cream.

Pilgrim Salad Dressing. Break three eggs into a porcelain lined boiler; mix into them (seasoned) one egg white and a tablespoon of sugar; beat vigorously together with a wire egg beater for four minutes and then add half cup of good cider vinegar. Beat thoroughly and add a cup of sweet milk and beat again. Boil until it assumes the consistency of cream, then remove from fire and beat into it nearly half a cup of butter.

When Breaking Eggs. Very frequently when separating the whites from the yolks of eggs, the yolk becomes broken and falls into the white.

Dip a cloth in warm water, wring it dry, and touch the yolk with a corner. The yolk will adhere to the cloth and may easily be removed.

Rhubarb Custard. Stew about 1 1/2 pounds rhubarb and 1 cup of sugar. Make a soft custard of 1 pint milk, 2 eggs, 1/2 cup sugar and 1 tablespoonful of cornstarch in a double boiler. Let both cook, then pour custard over the rhubarb. Rhubarb is much better stewed in double boiler, too, using no water.

To Soften Canned Fruit. Take candied fruit which has become too hard to use, put in a crock or earthen dish, and place in a moderate oven for 15 minutes and remove from the oven. It will be soft and juicy as when first purchased. Hard lemons may be softened in the same way.

When Breaking Eggs. Very frequently when separating the whites from the yolks of eggs, the yolk becomes broken and falls into the white.

Dip a cloth in warm water, wring it dry and touch the yolk with a corner. The yolk will adhere to the cloth and may easily be removed.

To Save Linen. If you desire to store your linen for any length of time, never starch it. It will crack and wear more quickly than if constantly in use.

Rinse the articles quite free from starch, dry and fold away in blue paper. This will prevent them from turning yellow.

Mountain Dew Pudding. Three crackers rolled fine, one pint of sweet milk, yolks of two eggs and a small piece of butter. Bake one-half hour. Beat the whites stiff, add one-half cup of sugar, spread over pudding and brown in oven.

Cucumber Fritters. Peel and grate three full grown, tender cucumbers. Press all the juice out of the pulp and add to two cups of the pulp one-half cupful of cream, a cupful of flour, one teaspoonful of melted butter, a level teaspoonful of salt and half a saltspoonful of white pepper. Beat four eggs, yolks and whites, separately, very light, and add to the batter, which should be thick. Have ready a kettle of boiling fat and drop in one large spoonful at a time, removing as soon as crisp and brown. Serve as you would fried oysters.

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