

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 GREAT NEW YORK TRUNK MYSTERY.

VERY criminal believes that he is shrewder than the police. If he saw certain detection confronting him crime would be rare. The very care taken by a murderer to conceal his tracks often leads to his discovery. Such was the fate of Capt. Edward Unger, whose murder of August Bohles, and the elaborate methods he took to throw the police off the track rank as one of the greatest "trunk mysteries" this country has produced. In the following fascinating parallel Capt. Unger tells of his crime. Inspector Byrnes then tells of his following step by step the tracks of the murderer, until the crime was fastened upon him.

CAPTAIN UNGER'S STORY.

I was a murderer. I had killed my best friend. I pressed my hands over my eyes and tried to shut out from me the horrible truth. Ugh! There was blood on my hands. This then was the end, the end of Capt. Edward Unger. No it was not the end. "Never," I cried in my agony, "shall it be said that the honorable career of Capt. Edward Unger, the medal of honor man of Wilson's Zouaves, who won his spurs on a dozen bloody battle grounds under the old flag has ended like this."

My honorable career. Long since the war I had bared it for the life of the low dives along the Bowery, for the association of thieves, for a quidam alliance with the police who learned that when information was needed of a certain crook or a certain crime, Capt. Edward Unger was the man to seek. And for this reason they did not inquire too closely into my own dark actions.

The man I killed was August Bohles, whom I had known intimately for three months. In October, 1889, I was running a little saloon on Eldridge street. The business was not good. I advertised for a partner with some money to go into some other business. Bohles answered it. He was a fine looking fellow, a German, who had been in this country several years and had made money in the butcher business in Chicago. I liked him from the first glance. He seemed to reciprocate the feeling. He was at that time in the sausage business, and offered to put up the money if I would go into a scheme to make sausages of horse meat with him. I agreed, and he came to my house to live. I was then living in two rooms on the fifth floor front of 22 Eldridge street with my son Edward, a lad of seventeen.

Bohles and I got along very well together, but we did not do much in the sausage line, and I was trying to sell my saloon. He had money in the bank, and paid half the household expenses. Things ran along smoothly with us until the night of Jan. 20, 1887. Bohles had been drinking a little that day. So had I, but neither of us was under the influence of liquor. As we finished supper my son, Edward, went out and left us alone. I sat at the table reading. Bohles lay down on the sofa, and slept.

It was a bitter cold night, and the fire got low. Bohles woke up shivering and growling about the cold. I jumped up quickly and began fixing the fire. The stove was near the head of the sofa. I had to bend on my knees to stir up the coals with a poker. Bohles said that he had a bad dream. He seemed to be angry. I spoke to him quietly, but he replied with an oath. I rebuked him and kept poking at the fire.

He leaned toward me so that his face was close to mine and hissed an insult in my ear. I pushed his head away and he snuck back on the sofa. I thought that would be the end of it, but he jumped up suddenly and caught hold of the poker. He was stronger than I, and took it from me. He struck at me with it, and at the same time grabbed a carving knife that had cut the food for both of us. I saw that he was not himself by the look on his face. When he came toward me I retreated to the rear room.

Unfortunately there was a hammer on a chair. Mechanically I picked it up. I told Bohles he was making a fool of himself, and had better go back to the sofa. He thrust at me with the knife, and I hit him in the head with the hammer.

Suddenly I became possessed of a desire to kill. I could think of nothing else. When I got near enough to him again I struck him with all my strength on the head. The hammer head sank out of sight in his skull. The blood and brain that flew only added to my frenzy. I struck him again after he lay dead on the sofa.

It must have been fully a half hour before I realized that he was dead and I had killed him. Then came the torture of horror. The horror passed before the instinct of self-preservation. My first impulse was to fly. I put on my overcoat to run away. Then I heard a voice which said, "You're a fool. Get rid of the body, say Bohles has gone to Germany. The law will never know." I heard this voice so

often that I decided to follow its counsel.

It was getting late. My son was likely to come in at any moment. I lifted up the body, put it in the bed-room, and covered it with the cot that Bohles had slept on. Then I set to work to destroy all evidences of the murder. I had hardly got through wiping up the blood when the boy came in. I told him Bohles had gone to Chicago and would not come back.

How was I to get rid of the body? I thought of burning it up, selling it to medical students, throwing it overboard. Then I hit upon what I thought was the best plan, but in my excitement I overlooked the very things that would have saved me harmless.

I thought I was cool, but, in fact, I must have been at a white heat. On the day following the murder I went out and bought a saw and a large rubber cloth. I drank whisky to steady my nerves. I pulled out the body and laid it on the rubber cloth, which I had spread on the kitchen floor. The very carving knife which Bohles had intended to stick me with I used to cut off his head. It made me sick at first, but I had a flask of whisky which helped me.

I put the head out of sight, as the eyes, which were wide open, made me uneasy. Then the work was easier for me. I used the knife and saw to cut off the legs and arms. Then I took the body and forced it into Bohles' trunk. I put the legs and arms on top of the body.

The head I carefully wrapped up in old clothes and newspapers, and put in a bureau drawer. I got the room cleaned up late in the afternoon, and went out with the trunk on my back. It was heavy, but I managed to carry it to a liquor store in Grand street, where I arranged to leave it over night. Then I went to the room and got the head. I thought as I walked along the streets that everybody was looking at the head. I could hear the voice of Bohles in my ears all the time. I got on the Williamsburg ferryboat at Grand street, and stood in the cold in the rear of the boat until the middle of the river was reached. Then I dropped the head overboard. I thought I heard a cry as it sank out of sight. When the head was disposed of I felt that the crime could never be discovered. I slept easy at home that night.

The next day was Saturday. I got an Italian to help me carry the trunk to Henry Bense's saloon at 395 Kent avenue, Brooklyn. I got a label marked "John A. Wilson, Baltimore, Md., to be called for," and pasted it on the trunk. Then I made arrangements to ship the trunk. I called upon Mr. Siegel in Brooklyn, a friend of Bohles, and told him Bohles had gone to Chicago to live. I had examined everything in the trunk, and did not find anything that would lead to identification, in my opinion. I returned to Bense's saloon on Sunday, and learned that the trunk had been sent. I felt safe then. In the reaction I drank, drank until I could drink no more. There did not appear to be any way in which I could be connected with the headless body that would be found some day in the express office in Baltimore, and I actually felt happy. I began to scheme how to get \$1,600 out of the bank that was in Bohles' name. Then with-out warning the blow fell. I was arrested on the charge of murder.

INSPECTOR BYRNES' STORY.

When the attention of the officials in the Adams Express office in Baltimore was directed to the trunk marked "John A. Wilson, Baltimore, Md. To be called for," by the disagreeable odor which emanated from it, there was a suspicion that something was wrong. The trunk was put in an open room and was kept for three days. No one called for it and the advice of Chief of Police Frye was asked.

The trunk was broken open. The mutilated body of a large-sized man was found in it. There was no head. The legs and arms, which had been cleanly cut off close to the body, were lying on top of the remains, with a lot of bloody paper and clothing around them. The body and fragments were carefully examined for marks that might lead to an identification. All that could be found was a crooked little finger on the left hand. Matters were at a standstill so far as the police investigation was concerned, when the attention of Inspector Byrnes was called to the case.

"I was about going home," said Inspector Byrnes, "on a Wednesday afternoon when I received a telegram from Chief Frye of Baltimore. A headless body! That was certainly a novelty, and I became greatly interested. I telegraphed for further information. In the answer were three important items. The first was the address of a butcher named Siegel, in Throop avenue, Brooklyn; the second, a label of Westcott's Express, in this city; and third, a label of The London and Manchester Plate Glass Company, 73 and 75 Wooster street.

"I telegraphed for the trunk to be sent on at once. I learned that it had been seen by reporters and concluded that the fact that I had been notified

would appear in the papers here on Thursday morning, and if it should meet the eye of the murderer, in case he had not left the city, he would do so at once. It was a case of jump and get there. I explained the situation to Detectives Von Gerichten, Titus and McLaughlin, and started them separately on the Siegel, the glass company and the Westcott Express clues.

"The Siegel clue fell flat; the glass company threw a little light on the mystery, but the Westcott Express proved to be the turning point in the case. It was learned from the Brooklyn office of the Westcott Express that a trunk had been sent to Baltimore from Bense's liquor store, at 395 Kent avenue, several days before. Bense told Detective McLaughlin that a man, a perfect stranger to him, had brought the trunk to his place with an Italian. Bense remembered the names of Wilson and Baltimore.

"I made up my mind from the fact that the trunk had been taken to Brooklyn from this city. That would be a guilty man's natural device to hide a crime.

"I reasoned that the trunk had been taken probably from the east side, and from some house near the Grand street ferry.

"Upon this supposition I sent out a lot of men to go through the records of express companies to see if any of the expressmen remembered a trunk like the one Bense had seen. Good luck attended this effort, and it so happened that at the very first place—it was Dodd's express—at which Detective McLaughlin called he learned that a similar trunk had been taken from 546 West 40th street to 22 Ridge street.

"At the 40th street house it was learned that the trunk belonged to August Bohles, a butcher, and the receipt for the trunk in Ridge street was signed by Edward Unger.

"I put a watch on the house at 22 Ridge street. It was learned from the neighbors that Unger—Capt. Unger he was called—still lived there, but the man named Bohles had gone to Chicago. The first real connection of one of the men with the trunk was made when the detectives heard the description of Capt. Unger. It was the same as that given by Bense.

"The men had only a short time to wait when Capt. Unger came to the house. He was arrested, and was brought at once to police headquarters. He laughed heartily when accused of murdering Bohles. He said that Bohles had gone to Chicago, and he could bring him to this city with a telegram.

"Unger lived on the fifth floor, front, and in the room was found abundant evidence of butchery of some sort. The carpet was stained with blood, and a hammer, saw and knife had particles of blood on them near the handles. There was a great blood stain on a sofa. Bense was brought from Brooklyn, and positively identified Capt. Unger as the man who had brought the trunk to his place. I learned from Mrs. Siegel the important fact that Bohles' little finger on the left hand was crooked.

"Unger had an iron will and more nerve than any man I ever met under similar circumstances. "I placed the saw, knife and hammer on my table, and I sent for the captain. He gave a careless glance at the tools and sat down. I talked with him, not about the crime, and at the same time kept handling the tools. He did not say anything about them nor did I.

"The trunk with the remains had arrived from Baltimore, and I had them and the bloody sofa that was in Unger's room brought to police headquarters. I let the captain stay in the dark for awhile, and then I had the trunk and sofa placed in the corridor near his cell door.

"After a while I went down to the cells and stood in front of Unger's door. As I said nothing, this made him uneasy. After fifteen or twenty minutes I said:

"Come out here, Cap. I want to see you a moment."

"All right," he responded.

"He stepped slowly out of the cell, and as he passed me, I slapped him on the back. He turned quickly, and there I stood, pointing at the open trunk, with its horrible contents in full view. Unger jumped, put his hands over his eyes and staggered backward. I helped him gently to the bloody sofa. He sat down without looking. I did not say anything, neither did he. I could see him pull himself together to face me. As he took his hands from his eyes he saw the blood spot on the sofa. He jumped to his feet, and I motioned for a detective to lead him to the cell. Then I said: 'Now, Cap, any time that you wish to talk to me I will be in my office.'

"He gave me a glance which reminded me of a beast at bay, but I saw that his spirit was broken. It was only a little while when Detective Hickey came to the office with the information that Unger wanted to see me. I fixed the bloody tools on the table, and alongside of them a package of labels of the glass company in Wooster street, which had been found in his room.

"The captain looked defiant when he came in, but it was only the last bluff.

"Well, inspector, I can't beat this game. What do you want to know?"

"Who killed Bohles?" I asked quickly.

"I did," he replied, and he acted as if a great load had been lifted from his mind. Then he told the story of the butchery, and claimed that it was done in self-defense. He was sent to Sing Sing for twenty years. He told me that Bohles was looking over his shoulder all the time, and the spectre made him insane a short time after he was taken to Sing Sing."



WHY COWS STOOD IN WATER

Artistic Limitations Responsible for Characteristic Attitude of the Humble Bovine.

In a north of England town there was a shiftless man who would never accept gifts outright, although he was always depending on charity, says Al Priddy in his book, "Through the Mill," relates the Youth's Companion. He painted landscapes, and my aunt, when benevolently inclined, would hire him to decorate our walls with rural scenes, highly colored in glaring tints, as if nature had turned color blind. Not one stood on the vivid green hills.

"Jorvey," she remarked to the old man, "why do you always put the cows in the water?"

"It's this way, Mrs. Brindin," the old artist responded. "You see, ma'am, I never learned to paint hoofs."

He Was Willing to Work.

The Democratic members of the house of representatives have been besieged ever by a horde of office seekers, willing to nerve their country.

"It is refreshing," said one representative in discussing the office question, "to hear of an aspirant for public office who frankly admits his ambition, yet disdains to seek a position in which he will have nothing to do but to draw his salary."

"Two wayside pilgrims were talking over things when one of them asked: 'Dick, you ain't a-banker' after no government place, are ye?"

"I don't mind sayin' I'd take one of 'em if I could git it," responded the other, "but I don't want no job that's all fat. I'm willin' to earn my wages."

"An' what sort of job would be about your size?"

"Well, I'd like to fill fountain pens for some assistant secretary of the treasury,"—Judge.

Making Himself at Home.

Doris was radiant over a recent addition to the family, and rushed out of the house to tell the news to a passing neighbor.

"Oh, you don't know what we've got upstairs!"

"What is it?"

"It's a new baby brother!"—and she settled back upon her heels and folded her hands to watch the effect.

"You don't say so! Is he going to stay?"

"I guess so,"—very thoughtfully "He's got his things off."

Insular School System.

The remarkable development of the American public school system in the Philippine islands, which has been modified during the last ten years to meet local conditions, is to be carried on with still greater vigor. The federal bureau of insular affairs has recently completed the election of over 100 American teachers for service in those schools, all of these young men and women coming from the best universities, colleges and normal schools in almost every section of the United States, and were selected from a larger list of eligible candidates than ever before applied for such positions.

Rare Books for Harvard.

Harry Elkins Widener, who was lost on the Titanic, had a very valuable collection of books, and these will go to Harvard university. His grandfather, P. A. B. Widener, will provide a building in which the books will be adequately housed. The collection includes a first folio Shakespeare, a copy of Shakespeare's poems in the original binding, and what is described as the finest collection in the world of Robert Louis Stevenson's works.

Congratulated.

Prize Fighter (entering school with his son)—You give this boy of mine a thrashin' yesterday, didn't you? Schoolmaster (very nervous)—Well I—er—perhaps—

Prize Fighter—Well, give us your 'and; you're a champion. I can't do nothin' with 'im myself.—Punch.

A man spends a good portion of his time deceiving himself, and a woman spends a good portion of hers before a mirror. It's the same thing.

BEYOND LIMIT OF PATIENCE

Uses of the Telephone Will Be Apt to Condone Mr. Busman's Brief Loss of Temper.

He was just about exasperated with the telephone, was Mr. Busman. Ten times that morning he had tried to get on to a number, and each time something had prevented him from speaking. Either it was "number engaged," or the person he wanted to speak to was out, or else he had been suddenly cut off. At last he got through.

"Hello!" said he. "Is Mr. X. there?"

"Yes," replied a voice. "Do you want to speak to him?"

That was the last straw. Back came the reply in icy tones: "Oh, no! Nothing of the sort. I merely rung up to hand him a cigar!"

TOO MUCH.



I begged Loraine to smile to me, For I with love was daft. She smiled! She more than smiled, for she Just held her sides and laughed!

SCURF ON BABY'S HEAD

Campbell, Va.—"I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment for scurf on my baby's head and they made a complete cure. It came on her head soon after birth. It broke out in pimples and itched and she would scratch it and cause sores to form. Her head was very sore and her hair fell out in bunches. She was very cross and fretful and could not sleep at night. I tried many remedies, all failed, then I tried Cuticura Soap and Ointment and they commenced to heal at once. I put the Cuticura Ointment on, and a half hour after washed her head with the Cuticura Soap. I used them a month and she was cured entirely." (Signed) Mrs. W. B. McMullen, Mar. 8, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."

Red Cross Seals Being Printed.

Seventy-five million Red Cross seals are now being printed for the holiday sale of these anti-tuberculosis stickers for 1912. The National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, which in co-operation with the American Red Cross will conduct the sale, makes this announcement, and states further that the outlook this year is bright for a higher sale than ever before.

The seal this year is said to be the best of its kind that the Red Cross has ever issued. The design is in three colors, red, green and gray. A Santa Claus head in the three colors is shown in the center surrounded by holly wreaths. In each corner is a small red cross. The seal bears the greeting, Merry Christmas, Happy New Year, American Red Cross, 1912.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

The New Sport.

"These here New Yorkers is bound to have their sports, I see," said Uncle Silas.

"In what way?" asked the boarder. "Why," said Uncle Silas, "sence they give up horse-racin' they've gone in heavy for the turkey trot. Don't seem to me's if that would be very excitin'."—Harper's Weekly.

ELIXIR BABEK STOPS CHILLS

and is the best kind of tonic. Your Babek acts like magic; I have given it to numerous people in my parish who were suffering with chills, malaria and fever. I recommend it to those who are suffering and in need of a good tonic.—Rev. S. Szymanski, St. Stephen's Church, Perth Amboy, N. J. Elixir Babek, 50 cents, all druggists, or Kloczewski & Co., Washington, D. C.

A Year Hence.

Miss Dinningham—Mamma, do you think papa knows Harold is going to call for me in his aeroplane? Mamma, O, I think so, dear. He's been hanging around the skylight with a clock all afternoon.

TO DRIVE OUT MALARIA

Take the OLD STANDARD GLOVES' KASTLELESS CHILL TONIC. You know what you are taking. The formula is plainly printed on every bottle, showing it is simply quinine and iron in a tasteless form, and the most effective tonic for grown people and children, 50 cents.

Eph Wiley says he has noticed that the man with a long chin is the one most likely to accentuate it by wearing whiskers.

HAD THE BANDMASTER SAID

Governor Suffered Because His Request Was Not Couched in Plain Enough Language.

Mr. Melvil Dewey, state librarian of New York, said recently that libraries would do well to furnish free music rolls for player-pianos, just as they now furnish books.

"In Toledo," said Dr. Dewey the other day, "my project has been lately inaugurated. It will accomplish much for the musical art."

Then, apropos of music and ignorance, Dr. Dewey told a story. "A certain governor," he said, "was being lunched at a seaside town. During the repast the local band played on the beach outside the hotel. The drum was in charge of a blacksmith, and he beat it so reasonably that at last this message was sent out:

"The governor requests the drummer to desist."

"The bandmaster was puzzled by this message for a moment; then his face brightened in a smile, and he said:

"More drum, Joe; the governor likes it."

Our Feathered Friends.

Rose Pastor Phelps-Stokes, during a recent visit to Philadelphia, told a charity society a country-week story. "Under an old apple tree," she said, "I gathered a half-dozen little country-weekers about me one August afternoon, and, holding up a book, I said: 'Now, children, I'm going to read to you. This is the book. It is called "Our Feathered Friends." Who are our feathered friends, does any one know?"

"The urchins on the grass regarded one another doubtfully; then a little chap piped in a shrill key: "Angels?"

Awful.

A West End woman called the attention of her husband to a little baby which was trying to sleep on the porch of its home on the opposite side of the street.

"It's lying on the bare boards, isn't it?" he observed.

"Yes, they haven't even placed a rug for the little chap to rest his head on."

The husband took another look. "And what do you think of that?" he ejaculated. "They haven't even painted the boards."—Youngstown (O.) Telegram.

"Exclamatory" Was Right.

Mrs. Mason's colored washerwoman, Martha, was complaining of her husband's health.

"Why, is he sick, Martha?" asked Mrs. Mason.

"He's v'ry po'ly, ma'am, po'ly," answered the woman. "He's got the exclamatory rheumatism."

"You men inflammatory, Martha," said the patron. "Exclamatory means to cry out."

"Yes, ma'am," replied Martha, with conviction; "dat's what it is. He hollers all the time."—Judge.

Real Problem.

"Do you think we can defeat this man?" asked the campaign manager. "Yes," replied Senator Sogham, "but I won't be satisfied with that. What I want to hand him is some kind of a defeat that he won't be able to use as a personal advertisement for future business."

WIRE FENCING.

Both welded and wrapped for stock, pigs, poultry, garden and lawn, all sizes. A good heavy hog proof 28" fence for 15¢ per rod. Send trial order. ROOFING of all kinds, galvanized and painted steel, rubber and gravel coated. We have a good rubber roofing for 75¢ square, all complete. Send trial order. Mention this paper. Pidgeon-Thomas Iron Co., 94-96 N. 2d St., Memphis, Tenn.

Their Feeling.

"Well, old sport, how do you feel? I've just eaten a bowl of oxtail soup and feel bully."

"I've just eaten a plate of hash and feel like everything."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A free thinker is a man who isn't married.

Paxtine Antiseptic sprayed into the nasal passages is a surprisingly successful remedy for catarrh. At drug-gists, 25c a box or sent postpaid on receipt of price by The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass.

A Skeptic.

"Do you believe in ghosts, Willie?" "No, not unless I'm alone in the dark."

Five or Six Doses of 666

Will break any case of Chills and Fever, and if taken then as a tonic the Fever will not return. Price 25c.

Does a girl take a stitch in time

when she mends the clocks in her stockings?

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

It's difficult for a man to be upright

after he is down and out.

O'BRIEN'S MISTAKE.



Doran—O! looks coyrage, but O! don't look recklessness wid it.

Horan—O! told O'Brien the same t'ing wad day when he wor thyrin' to show how brave he could be in an argymint wid 'is wife.

WHERE DOCTORS FAILED TO HELP

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Mrs. Green's Health—Her Own Statement.

Covington, Mo.—"Your medicine has done me more good than all the doctors' medicines. At every monthly period I had to stay in bed four days because of hemorrhages, and my back was so weak I could hardly walk. I have been taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and now I can stay up and do my work. I think it is the best medicine on earth for women."

—Mrs. JENNIE GREEN, Covington, Mo.

How Mrs. Cline Avoided Operation.

Brownsville, Ind.—"I can say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done me more good than anything else. One doctor said I must be operated upon for a serious female trouble and that nothing could help me but an operation. "I had hemorrhages and at times could not get any medicine to stop them. I got into such a weak condition that I would have died if I had not got relief soon. "Several women who had taken your Compound, told me to try it and I did and found it to be the right medicine to build up the system and overcome female troubles. "I am now in great deal better health than I ever expected to be, so I think I ought to thank you for it."—Mrs. O. M. CLINE, S. Main St., Brownsville, Ind.

ALABAMA NEEDS 50,000 FARMERS

Dairymen and stock raisers to supply best local markets with butter, poultry, vegetables, hogs and cattle. The best lands in the world can be had at \$5.00 to \$50.00 per acre, on easy terms. Let us help you to get a farm in Alabama, where the climate is delightful, where you can raise several crops each year on the same land, and find a ready market for the same. We are supported by the State and sell no lands. Write for information and literature.

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stimulate the torpid liver, strengthen the digestive organs, regulate the bowels, cause easy for sick headache. Unequaled as an ANTI-BILIOUS MEDICINE. Elegantly sugar coated. Small dose. Price, 25c.

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FIFTEEN THOUSAND ACRES.

Must be sold in a body. No trading. If you see a description of this property and the price you will want to