

ROUND-UP of "Australian Mac"



"You're Wanted for That \$375,000 Bank Robbery." "Is That All? I Thought It Was Something Serious," Replied the Cracksmen General.

THEY'VE got "Australian Mac" at last! But it was some job. It cost \$25,000 on both sides of a fight that involved the implacable British Government and big John MacNamara, the right name of a criminal who is called the most extraordinary safe blower and bank robber in crime annals.

To-day he is in the jail at New Westminster, B. C., doubly guarded, after a struggle to extradite him from the Tombs in New York City that took fifteen months. Backed by United States Senator O'Gorman's law firm, MacNamara battled all the way to the United States Supreme Court.

"What am I wanted for?" growled MacNamara when detectives first tapped him on the shoulder up on Amsterdam avenue.

"The \$375,000 robbery of the New Westminster bank," was the reply.

"Oh! Is that all?" sneered the captive. "I thought you wanted me for something serious."

But a little thing like that caused MacNamara to pour out money like water in trying to keep out of His Britannic Majesty's dominion and caused Ambassador Bryce to work as hard as if he had been negotiating a new arbitration treaty with the United States.

While thousands of yards of red tape were being unrolled "Australian Mac" enjoyed himself as best he could in the Tombs, for bail had been refused, and the big fellow was the leader of the indoor sports in the delectable prison of the metropolis. He had toothsome lunches prepared in his cell on an electric stove—such delicacies as lobsters a la Newburgh, chops, kidneys and bacon, Spanish omelets and what not. Even bottles of cocktails were on MacNamara's sideboard, and every afternoon for months poker parties were held in his quarters in which notorious prisoners shuffled the cards.

It was as merry as prison life could be. Money can buy many favors, even to those behind the bars!

But it's very, very different to-day. Hard and fast they've got him in a British Columbian prison where there are no privileges to be purchased and where the provincial authorities are anxious to keep him for many a long and dreary year.

BY A PHYSIOGNOMIST.

(Who did not know in advance the character of the subject.)

An unusually phlegmatic temperament, with a strong inclination to accept adverse fate with the greatest fortitude.

Considerable talent for organization, added to persistence. Extraordinary cunning is shown, combined with the power of making seem plausible any statement, no matter how much at variance with the apparent facts it may be.

Keen mental vision is shown, but the tendency to gain a desired object at the expense of integrity.

Aggressiveness, love of home and family and contempt of the scruples that govern most men. One who would be certain to be a success in a chosen field of endeavor.

But MacNamara had won an important victory before they were able to drag him across the continent. Ambassador Bryce failed to connect him here with the great bank looting. But he did prove that MacNamara had been seen cranking an automobile that had been stolen by the robbers and abandoned in their flight. Consequently he was extradited on that charge. They'll attend to the rest now.

"Pretty tough to be taken just for a joy ride," growled MacNamara to United States Marshal William Henkel when that valorous official turned him over to Canadian detectives. "But there's still a hard job ahead."

A remarkable man, in his way, is "Australian Mac."

When he left here he was the same old unshaken, hold-your-nerve-and-temper Mac who was accused of being the ringleader of many big robberies. For MacNamara has brains.

"MacNamara is no small thief," said Deputy Police Commissioner Dougherty of New York City. "His pals include some of the most expert bank robbers and safe blowers in the country, and he is their general."

And MacNamara looks as distinguished as any general. Six feet and an inch high, weighing more than two hundred pounds, he is always carefully dressed in clothes of the latest cut and looks anything but a criminal. His eyes are big and blue and frank-seeming, and a smile that disarms habitually lingers about his lips.

"Australian Mac" is accused of conducting his strategic campaigns from a fine home at Fort Lee, N. J., where he had lived for years and where he was looked upon as a responsible citizen. But during the free and easy days of Abe Ruef and Mayor Eugene Schmitz in San Francisco Mac ran notorious places called The Turtle and The Log

Cabin. He was "in right" in those times. For his money obtained for him protection—protection with a double knitted heel and toe.

The New York police list MacNamara as a bank sneer and professional burglar. They have him mugged and numbered and measured. They know the length of his ear, the side of his collar, how many scars he bears and where they are. He's card-indexed and cross-indexed, photographed head on and sideways. But the whole of him is nerve and indifference. It would bore him to be shocked; it would grieve him to manifest surprise, and he is admitted to be a seventh wonder to the men who throw a drag net around the crime world and sort out the many queer fishes that get their fins and gills caught in the meshes.

But it's hard to get the goods on "Australian Mac."

It is a frequently voiced utterance on some big burglary:

"That looks like 'Australian Mac's' work."

Once in a while, after some job, MacNamara is conveniently near by, apparently waiting for the detectives' arrival with the old show of ennui, the same "Oh, is that all?" inquiry, and with a pleasant and cultivated tongue that volunteers little worth-while information yet makes itself thoroughly entertaining.

Many times they've tried to involve him without success. His skill in covering his tracks is shown in the case of the New Westminster robbery, which was one of the biggest ever accomplished on this continent.

MacNamara has been identified here as a stranger who opened a real estate office in New Westminster and appeared to be plausible, prosperous, progressive and an acquisition to the community. Like "Get-Rich-Quick" Wallingford, he began negotiations to buy various buildings, talked largely about constructive plans that he had in mind, and was welcomed with open arms. It wasn't long before he became acquainted with the officers and clerks of the branch of the Bank of Montreal in New Westminster and studied their ways.

A certain clerk always slept in the bank, which was also guarded by a Chinese night watchman. On the night of Sept. 14, 1911, that clerk slept elsewhere and a band of expert safe blower entered the bank by means of a false key, overpowered and bound the sole guardian, and with picks and crow-bars made a way through the brick lining surrounding the money vault. Then they penetrated another lining of steel that formed the inner protecting jacket of the great safe. After drilling the safe and filling the holes with nitroglycerine they exploded the "soup" by charging the metal of the safe with electricity from one of the lighting wires in the room. So securely had they wrapped the vault with rugs and carpets that a policeman sleeping in a house next door was not aroused. The loot was packed in bags and off

When the Honeymoon Stops Shining

from "The Honeymoon Express"
AT THE WINTER GARDEN
WORDS BY HAROLD ATTERIDGE MUSIC BY JEAN SCHWARTZ



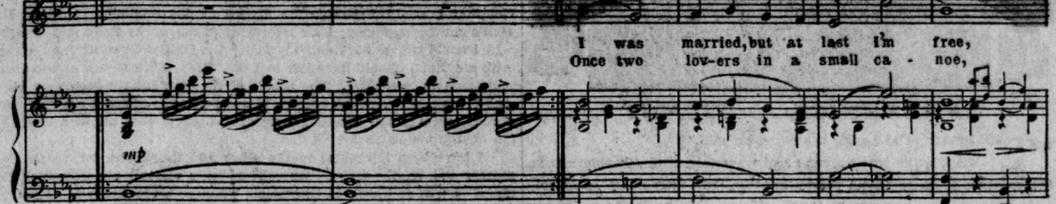
JEAN SCHWARTZ

Andante moderato

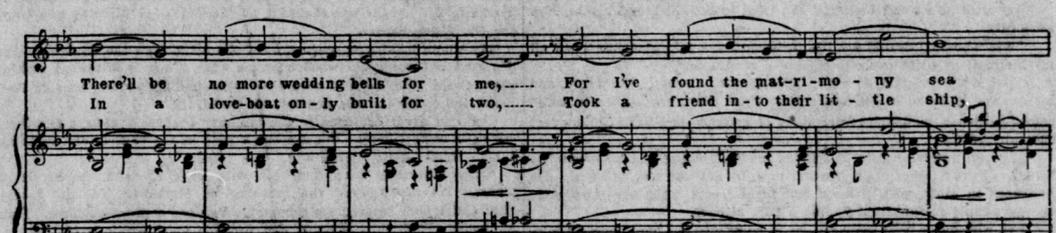


VAMP Till Ready

I was married, but at last I'm free,
Once two lovers in a small canoe,



There'll be no more wedding bells for me, For I've found the mat-ri-mo-ny sea
In a love-boat on-ly built for two, Took a friend in-to their lit-tle ship,

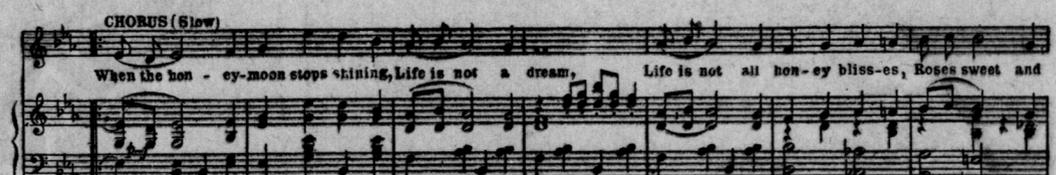


Is -n't deep but shal-low as can be, A lit-tle wedding bell can oft-en ring your knell.
And the friend spoils both those lov-er's trip, The entrance of a friend can make the love joys end.

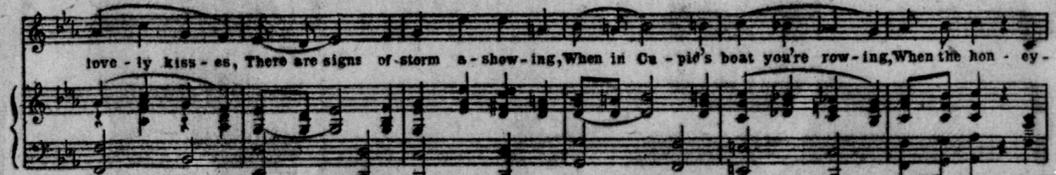


CHORUS (Slow)

When the hon-ey-moon stops shining, Life is not a dream, Life is not all hon-ey bliss-es, Roses sweet and



love-ly kiss-es, There are signs of storm a-show-ing, When in Cu-pid's boat you're row-ing, When the hon-ey-



moon re-fuses to shine..... shine.....



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went the robbers in a stolen motor car. Their booty was mostly in \$5 and \$10 notes. Some \$25, \$50 and \$100 notes were also garnered and a large quantity of gold. Off they sped for the Fraser River, and on the way the automobile broke down. Burdened by such a huge sum, the robbers cached \$11,000 under a wooden sidewalk, where it was accidentally found after a year. Then a roaming small boy found \$35,000, one-third in gold, hidden under the bridge spanning the Fraser River. Still another \$5,000 in gold was recovered from a tramp who had found it lying in the street in New Westminster and started on a glorious spree. George Hendricks, a Buffalo gambling house keeper, was amazed when he found that he had accepted \$1,000 in bills which the police showed him were part of the loot and

which he had deposited in the bank. In rounding up the robbers the tireless police have already in jail Charles Dean, alias Hoffman, arrested in Los Angeles; Charles Butcher, alias "Long Charley," arrested in Detroit, and "Dayton Red" Foley, caught in Toronto. They have never let up in the hunt, and two more are yet to be caught. "Australian Mac" does not lack old friends and companions in jail.

Here's a Stenographer Actor.

When I graduated from a school of commerce I was, of course, a stenographer, but all during my school days

I had been mixed up in amateur theatricals and now I determined to get into the profession. I answered an advertisement for supers for "Hearts Are Trumps" at the Columbia Theatre, Brooklyn. I was engaged at 50 cents a performance, which was \$1, less 50 cents for the super captain, so that I received \$3.50 a week for making up as a butler and walking about the stage with a tray of wine in the first act. As soon as I got into the company I went to the business manager and told him I was a stenographer and had serious aspirations stageward and that I was capable of playing parts as well as handling the stenographic work for the business end of the show. The consequence was that instead of being dismissed with the

supers at the end of the two weeks' engagement at the Columbia Theatre I was put on the regular payroll and went on the road with that show and was with it all season. I did the shorthand work for the business manager and all the principals in the company, was given a speaking part and another pantomime bit, had full charge of the supernumeraries, making them up, taking care of their wardrobe and rehearsing them, and whereas I had started as a super at 50 cents a show, when the show closed my name was on the programme and I was drawing \$35 a week as actor, stenographer, assistant super captain and public stenographer for the company. Since then I have combined acting, press agent's work and stenography with profit and success.