

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 MYSTERY OF DOBBS FERRY.

ANY persons are still living who recall the shock that went through the country at the news that Andrew Temple, a wealthy New York banker, had been foully murdered and robbed by his own son in his palatial Dobbs Ferry house. This is the intimate story of the men who actually planned the crime, their hopes, their fears, their ambitions. Secure in their ill-gotten gains they believe that no eye can reach them, that justice, for them, is truly blind. Then comes the story of the detective, like an inexorable fate, that tears down the elaborate edifice of lies and, in pointing out the true criminals, saves the life of an innocent man.

CHAN WOOLEY'S STORY.

"I was the principal figure," said Chan Wooley, "in what was known as the Dobbs Ferry mystery, and if I had not a good strain of blood in me somewhere, an innocent man would have suffered a severe penalty, and there were certain circumstances connected with the case which might have resulted in his being put to death.

"The man who makes his living out of thievery, if he wants to be successful, must always have his eyes and ears open for tips. The tips that he gets may sometimes be like the tip from the race track tout, but to get the most out of the business everything must be followed to the end. My old side partner was Andy Spangler, who was the son of a preacher and well educated, and we went into trade together as card sharps. At one time there was no better game than this, provided always that you did not go against professionals, who were ready to scrap at the slightest sign of crookedness. We went about the country as gentlemen of wealth, and were in any kind of business that would be likely to gain the confidence of our neighbors and lead them into a game with an idea that they would get a fair chance.

"It was Andy's proud boast that he never skinned a man who could not afford to lose the money, and it has been my effort in all the crooked transactions that I was ever in to divide only the wealth of men who would not miss a few dollars. This shows you the effect of example and sound teaching. It is the petty crook, the mean thief, who would take the last dollar from a poor man, who is despised and brings discredit upon all classes of thieves.

"Andy and I had many a trip on the Mississippi in the days when the high rollers used to put up a cotton crop on a single deal, and with all our cleverness we sometimes got the wrong end of the stick. The longest trip that we ever made was around the world, and a pack of cards paid our expenses everywhere. We played about all the games known in the different places we visited, and often lost money, but when we got a chance with our little pack there was nothing that any one could do to touch us. When we became too well known all over the country to do business with hotel guests, we dropped the cards and went in with big Jim Shandley and his gang of bank wreckers on the famous tour which they made in this country and Canada. We went everywhere, and cleaned out safes with a rapidity that set everybody's tongue a-wagging, and made people take their money from banks and lock it up in a stocking at home.

"It got tired of being a sport with an income, and when I got a good show I drifted back to New York and went in with Andy and Billy Peters in the gambling business. There wasn't any protection from the police then. All you had to do was to throw open the shutters and begin business. We started two places; one at the corner of Sixth avenue and 28th street, to catch the hotel people, and the other at the Bowery and Houston street, to cater to the dead game sports, who were ready to shoot at a moment's notice. We made money fast, and Andy and I left the running of the houses to Peters, who had the reputation of going on the level, while we tried the Wall street game. This was a game, and the first one we had ever struck, where we were the suckers. They got our coin as fast as we put it in, and when our luck was the worst, Peters gave us a ripping dig, by skipping away with the bank-roll, which was a big one, because the games then were run without limit.

"While I was trying to pick up something out of the wreck, and kept the game going on borrowed capital, I met a young fellow named Robert Temple, the son of a banker. He came to me with a complaint that the house owed him \$3,500. He claimed that he had won that amount while Peters was in charge, and I did not dare dispute it, for we had not made it known that Peters had given us a cold shake, as, if we had done that, we would have lost our customers in a night. Gamblers are a superstitious lot, and none of them will play in a house where the bank-roll has been stolen. Temple seemed to me a pretty good fellow, and I paid him his money. He played steadily for a couple of days, and I got the money back and more with it. I had many a talk with Temple, and found that he lived in Dobbs Ferry, in a splendid mansion. I judged that he was the black sheep in the family, for his brothers were all in business, he told me, and he did nothing but blow in an allowance which he received from his father.

"During one of our chats he told me that his father kept a big bank-roll in his safe at home, and the only reason he gave for it was that the old man was getting cranky. I became deeply interested in the story, owing to the hard times that had struck the firm of Wooley & Spangler, and tried to get Temple to fix a limit on the old man's pile. He couldn't or wouldn't do it, and I sent Andy up to Dobbs Ferry to take a look at the Temple mansion, to find out what sort of a prospect there was for an exchange of the Temple bank-roll. The house was far in the country and about on the dividing line with Hastings. Andy came back with a report that the game was as easy as the kick of a goose, and the coin-box was like finding it in the street. I did not exactly relish going back to old tricks, but something had to be done, and that was all there was about it. The plan of the house showed that it was adapted for second-story work, and there were only two men who lived in it. One was my young friend Temple and the other was the old man. The other inmates were women; two or three daughters and domestic servants. Andy was not able to get the location of the strong box, so as to know what tools could best be used to open it. Did you ever know that safes must be tackled in different ways when made by different makers?

"We picked out for our visit a very stormy night, when we knew that young Temple was in the city blowing in his allowance. This left us only the old man to deal with and the women. We went up the river on an early train as far as Yonkers and there I got a carriage from a solid friend of mine who knew enough to keep his mouth shut and ask no questions. We reached the Temple house before midnight. All the lights were out and Andy went up a pillar on the back piazza to the roof and fastened a rope ladder for future use. We got into the house in about five minutes. We went to the different rooms on the second floor and found old Temple alone in bed asleep. There was no one in the adjoining rooms, and I woke him up. I made things plain to him; it was simply to give up the safe combination or lose his life. He was badly scared, and said that he would open the strong box. He got up, shaking like a leaf, and took us to an office off the dining-room. I made lights in several rooms so that the light in the office would not attract attention, while Andy had the old man working on the lock. When I returned to the office the old man groaned suddenly, placed his hand over his heart and fell heavily against the safe door. He was unconscious, and we carried him into another room, opened the safe and cleaned it out. We reached New York before daylight with a big roll of securities and \$45,000 in money."

"I reached the Temple mansion the morning after the robbery, and the first salute I got was that Andrew Temple had been murdered by thieves during the night. The family physician was present to attend to the women in the household, who were suffering from severe shock, and he informed me that Mr. Temple had been killed by a pistol wound in the forehead. I looked at the dead man and saw just above the temple a small hole which looked like the wounds I had seen made in the head by bullets, and I took it for granted that the physician was correct. I had a murder then upon my hands, as well as the robbery, which only became an incident in the investigation. I followed the usual form, which is a second nature to the detective, of looking over the details of the robbery, to see if the work had been done by experts or chance visitors. I hunted high and low about the premises, and I could not find the slightest indication as to how the thieves had gained an entrance. I had it upon the words of the servants and several members of the family that every window and door had been found locked in the morning, when they had examined the house, with the exception of the window on the second floor over the piazza, and this was never locked.

"It would not have given any good second story men trouble to have reached the window by climbing from the stoop, but there were no scratches anywhere to show that this plan of entrance had been adopted. The work on the safe showed clearly that first-class men had been on the trick, and the lock had been operated by knocking out the spindle in the combination and working the tumblers. The burglar-proof compartment had been battered in by some system that I was not familiar with, and it was a wonder to me that the noise had not been heard by everybody in the house.

"Mr. Temple's body had been found in the dining room adjoining the office, and his appearance indicated that he had been dead several hours. He was dressed only in his nightshirt, and there were several slight black and blue marks on his shoulder and back which might have come from a fall. His bed-clothes were not disturbed any more than a person would ordinarily disturb them in getting out of bed, and I could not see any reason for his going down stairs without his clothes, or, at least barefooted. A peculiar circumstance was that he had two large revolvers in his room, and they were found where they were usually kept. It naturally struck me, that if he had heard thieves working in the lower part of the house he would have armed himself, before starting out to make an investigation. Any sane man would have taken that precaution. Moreover I could not understand how a pistol shot could have been fired in the house without arousing the family. The safe had been cleaned out entirely, and even papers had been taken—which were of no value or use to any one except Mr. Temple. I thought a few days later that I had found a solution to many of the peculiar circumstances, but in fact I was miles away from the truth.

"After Mr. Temple was buried a search was made for his will, and one was found in his desk in his office in this city. It was dated ten years before his death, and it gave Robert Temple, the oldest boy, one-third of the estate, after providing for Mrs. Temple, and the remainder of the estate was divided equally among the four children. Bob Temple seemed to be the only one who was pleased over the will. The day after the will was read I received word to call upon Lawyer Trumbull, Mr. Temple's lawyer. He informed me in the presence of two of Mr. Temple's children, that several months before his death, Mr. Temple made a new will in which Bob Temple had been left a small allowance, instead of the bulk of the estate. Mr. Temple's reason for doing this was to prevent Bob from squandering the money in riotous living and gambling, and the lawyer was positive that the will had been kept in Mr. Temple's safe at home. He had seen it there two days before the robbery.

"With this information in my mind it seemed to me that the person most interested in the death of Mr. Temple was his son Bob, and the more I thought of it the stronger became my conviction that Bob had a hand in the robbery. The way I figured it out was that Bob, who spent most of his time away from home with a fast set, had found out about the making of the will which cut him off. He put up a job to get the will, and brought the thieves to the house and let them in with his keys. They went to work on the safe and the old man heard them. He called from his room to know who was there, and Bob answered. Then the old man came down to see what was going on. Bob knew that stealing the will would amount to nothing without the old man's death. I believe that it was the intention of Bob to kill the old man before he left the house. When Mr. Temple entered the room Bob, or perhaps one of the crooks, shot him. Then the way was easy for the thieves, and easier for Bob to win his fortune. The evidence pointed in this direction, and some enterprising reporter got hold of some of the facts and published a story about the loss of the will, and some facts which Bob Temple would have to explain.

"Bob's family turned against him bitterly, and I was on the point of putting him under arrest when Lawyer Trumbull received a letter containing the missing will from a person who said that he was one of the crooks. The letter gave another piece of startling information to the effect that Mr. Temple had not been shot, and the wound in his forehead had been made by falling against the safe. To verify this the body was exhumed, and the wound in the head was found not to have fractured the skull. I found on one of the hinges of the safe a few spots of blood, and the sharp point of the hinge had undoubtedly made the wound.

"With the shadow of suspicion removed from Bob Temple, I took him into my confidence and found him to be the best one in the family after all, in spite of his wildness. He told me all about his habits, and recalled that one day he had spoken to Chan Wooley about his father's wealth and the valuables that he kept in his safe. I became a regular visitor in Wooley's gambling house, and one evening I noticed a ring on the finger of one of the dealers which resembled one that had been taken from Temple's safe. After the game I arrested the dealer. I accused him of committing the robbery and murder. He told me the ring had been given to him by Wooley. I got a sample of Wooley's handwriting and found that it was similar to the writing in the letter written by the crook who returned the will. I arrested Wooley, and when he learned of the evidence against him he admitted his guilt, but would not give away his partners. He suffered punishment alone, and crooks everywhere sounded his praise."

"Farrell Did Not Falter. James A. Farrell, of the United States Steel corporation, has a reputation for courage. He learned the steel business from the beginning, and is thoroughly familiar with the dangers of the mill, blast furnace and mining men are called upon to guard against.

President Farrell, recently, was making a tour of inspection of mining properties in Klondike coal regions in Pennsylvania. At the Lambert mine of the Frick Coke company he was about to step aboard the cage leading to the mine when the superintendent warned him that slate was falling in the mine, and advised him not to take such a risk.

"Are the men working in the mine?" Mr. Farrell asked of the superintendent.

"Yes," replied the superintendent. "Then I do not see why I should hesitate to enter the mine," replied the steel corporation's president, concluding with an order to lower the cage.—Wall Street Journal.

Rats Slaughtered in Millions. Fifteen million rats have been sacrificed for the sake of the preventive measure against the spread of plague brought forth by the metropolitan police board of the city of Tokio. This enormous number of rodents had been purchased by the authorities from the residents and killed since the first case of the pestilence was discovered in the capital in December, 1902.

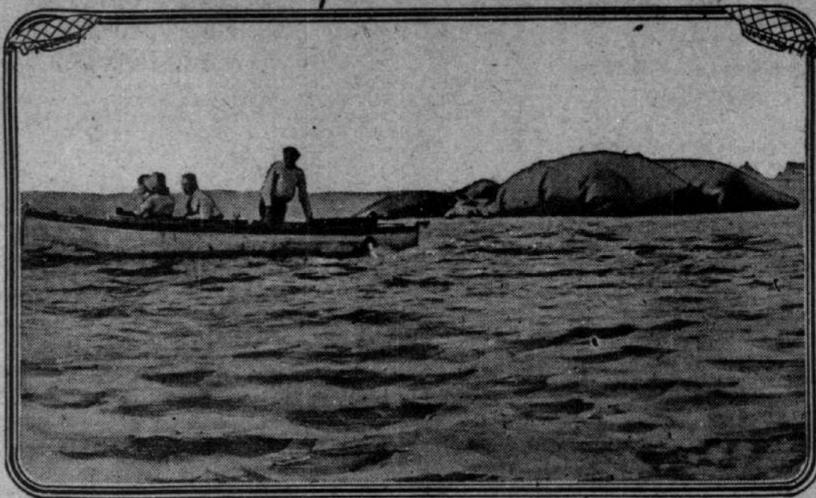
Lion Mangled His Trainer. Chicago.—An enraged lion in an amusement park attacked and injured John Hoffman, a trainer, his right shoulder, side and leg and both arms being frightfully mangled before the beast could be forced off. The lion has killed four attendants in ten years.

Sinking Into Quicksands. Valuable Flint Sand Mines and Pasture Disappear in Bowels of Earth. Lewiston, Pa.—McVeytown, a village eight miles west of here, bids fair to outclass the anthracite regions in expensive and dangerous cave-ins, and the natives anticipate a drop into the bowels of the earth at any time. Three months ago there was a cave-in of the "Dull" mines of the Pennsylvania Glass Sand company that carried away 90 feet of the main thoroughfare.

An effort was made to close the breach by dumping thousands of tons of earth and rock from the mountain side, but it seemed to be the bottomless pit, and one morning the residents awoke to find the gap had widened to such an extent that the pumps had been foisted and the mine had to be abandoned.

One morning recently the people awoke to find that another cave-in had occurred during the night, which carried away the pasture for more than a

GREAT VANIMAN BALLOON CATASTROPHE



OUR illustration shows rescue boats searching for the bodies of Melvin Vaniman and four of his airship crew after the dirigible "Akron" was blown up one-half mile in the air off Atlantic City. The gas bag of the airship is seen floating on the water.

GIRL IS A RECLUSE

Young Woman Jilted by Fiance Leads to Act.

Spends Her Time Working on Farm, With Only Two Deer Hounds For Her Companions—At Times Self as Man.

Santa Monica, Cal.—Like a chapter from a novel is the present career of Miss Alma Pittlizer, a handsome young woman, who, wearing male attire, is living the life of a recluse, apart from all relatives and friends, in the beautiful Topanga canyon, eight miles north of this city.

Several days ago a friend of the young woman's father, who was a visitor at one of the mountain resorts, recognized her and urged her to return home, but without avail.

Miss Pittlizer declared she had left all her old life behind and did not wish to return.

"I am living contentedly here, next to nature," she said, "free from everyone, and I do not care to go back to the sham social life, where there is no real happiness. All I desire is to be let alone. Tell my people that I am happy and contented here in the mountains with my dogs and ranch."

Eight years ago the young woman, who was then nineteen years old, and had just been graduated from high school, was living in a beautiful home at Walnut Hills, a fashionable suburb in Cincinnati.

She was one of the belles in the younger social set, and a short time after her graduation was betrothed to a young lawyer of that city, the marriage to take place the following year. Miss Pittlizer was happy at her contemplated wedding and took pride in exhibiting her engagement ring to her wide circle of friends.

LIGHTNING STEALS TEETH

Jerseyman Won't Sing Any More When a Frisky Bolt Is Reported Near.

Pitney, N. J.—The next time Walter Campbell of No. 136 South Broadway catches a bolt of lightning trekking for him he will not await its coming with complacency. He will bolt for door or window, or even tuck himself in the chimney place. The reason for this is that recently Campbell, who had gone into his home after dealing death to bugs on his potatoes, sat down in an armchair and began singing. He was reaching to sob when he lost consciousness. When he regained it he found that three teeth in his mouth were not where they had been.

He recalled a streak of lightning that had come unannounced through the door, that had struck his teeth and then darted for the door as if it had been playing tag with him. He could not account for the lost teeth, except on the theory that the lightning either had burned them to a liquid, had swallowed, or taken them out the window with it. Neighbors who had seen the freak of the lightning hurried to the house, expecting to find Campbell dead. He was alive and hopeful, but resolute that never again should lightning find him singing except through clenched teeth.

Will Dig for Buried Money

Administrator of Eccentric Man's Estate Warns Private Treasure Seekers Away.

Great Barrington, Mass.—When Nelson Noteware, an eccentric hermit, of Sheffield, died in his mountain hut last winter a report spread that he had buried money in various places on his premises, and several citizens of Sheffield announced that they would dig up every foot of the ground in search of it.

Frank J. Davis, administrator of the estate, published in a local newspaper a notice "that all persons are forbidden trespassing on the premises of the estate of Nelson Noteware."

Being asked, if he believed there was money buried on the Noteware property Mr. Davis said: "I am inclined to think there is. When Mr. Noteware was taken sick he sent for me to take care of him. One day some money was wanted and he told me to go to a certain part of the room and I would find a box containing money. I did so, but could find nothing. Then, working himself along from his chair to the spot he had indicated, from a lot of old cans and kettles he dug out a tin box, such as baking powder is put up in, full of silver coins. On another occasion he told me to look beneath a certain jar for some money. I did so, but could find nothing. Then he went to the spot and shoved the jar aside and, lifting up a board, dug from the ground a good-sized tin box crammed full of folded bank bills and silver pieces.

"While he was yet able to be about

sooner or later, and the matter is being discussed at all gatherings of farmers. The irrigation plan of Arthur Seabrook, in Cumberland county, has been visited by men from all over the country, and they are delighted with the results.

Dr. John C. Cury, former councilman of this city, who has a small truck garden surrounding his pretty home on Holroyd place, installed an experimental plant this spring, and it is now in full operation. It is known as the "overhead system," and is operated every day with the best of results. Two long lines of overhead pipes with operatives at regular distances are stretched the entire distance of his lot, at the end of which a well is dug. The water is raised from the well by a gasoline pump and forced through the pipes, which are so arranged that they can be turned to throw the little streams in any direction desired; water can be turned into a spray or thrown out to fall like a gentle or heavy rain.

KNOCKED SENSELESS IN CAB

Engineer Hit With a Rock—Fireman Takes Charge of Engine to Avoid a Collision.

Louisville, Ky.—Fireman C. A. Leatherman of the Illinois Central railroad, speeding through the darkness twenty miles an hour with the rear lights of the first section in view, turned in his seat to see why his engineer, Louis Bullock, didn't slow down for Big Clifty, and discovered the engineer huddled on the floor of the cab with a smear of blood on his face. Leatherman brought the train to a standstill in time to avoid a collision and then turned his attention to the unconscious engineer, who apparently had been struck by a rock which was lying beside him among splinters of glass from the shattered cab window. Physicians at Big Clifty pronounced Bullock's injuries not serious.

MAN MAKES HIS OWN "RAIN"

Woodbury Farmer's Little Irrigation Experiment Works Well in New Jersey.

Woodbury, N. J.—While the frequent rains have diverted attention from irrigation to some extent among farmers, yet this up-to-date method of farming is bound to come in south Jersey

Paris.—Quite a sensation has been created in fashionable circles here by the accounts of the exciting affair which has occurred at the Imperial Country Club at Nice. A matrimonial dance was being given the other afternoon, and as many as 500 persons well known in society were present when the Marquis de Montebello was up to a tea table at which Baron Meyronnet de Saint-Marc was seated in company with several ladies, and tapping him on the shoulder, said: "Eh, bien, on ne danse, pas après huit!"

GREW OUT OF A DUEL

Ejected Man Had Slapped Friend's Face and Accidentally Struck a Lady, Whereupon Everybody Present Literally "Went for" Him.

M. de Saint-Marc, who had not recognized the voice, turned around to see who was speaking to him, but received a heavy blow in the face. The blow had been dealt with a man, which, as it rebounded, hit M. de Saint-Marc, who was seated by the side of M. de Saint-Marc, on the same table. This was the signal for an extremely exciting scene. So indignant were the people seated at the neighboring tables at M. de Montebello's conduct that they literally "went for" him. Servants followed suit, and several ladies joined in the attack, some using teacups at him, one of which caught the head waiter in the head, injuring it severely. At last, after having been soundly belabored, the Marquis de Montebello succeeded in beating a retreat, but he was pursued as far as his automobile by waiters and women, some of whom tried to

Will Dig for Buried Money

the place, but not strong enough to work, he never wanted me or anybody to go to a certain part of the premises that he was in the habit of visiting frequently. I have always believed that it was because he had money buried in that vicinity. When the weather becomes settled I shall make a systematic search."

MUMPS DIDN'T STOP HIM

High School Boy Captures First Prize as Orator Despite Swelling of His Jaw.

A little thing like mumps couldn't keep Herman Vall, son of County Commissioner Harry L. Vall, from getting into the annual oratorical contest at University school. His physician told him to stay in when his two cheeks swelled out like circus balloons. "Bah," said Vall—and the "bah" hurt him. But he called a cab in the evening and, when his turn came to speak, he turned loose a storm of oratory that won him first prize over four competitors. He talked on "The Hudson Bay Company." His schoolmates went away wondering whether he'd surprise them again by coming out to represent the school in the tennis championship matches. Vall qualified for the finals before he got the mumps. Vall's oratorical efforts won him the Sherman prize, offered annually by Mrs. Henry Sherman, mother of a one-time university student. Second honors in the oratorical contest were carried off by Benjamin Foss, who spoke on "The Commission Form of Municipal Government."

BRISON ON MOUNTAIN TOP

One of Most Beautiful and Healthful Spots in Switzerland Chosen for Model House.

Geneva.—A general increase of crime in Switzerland may be expected when the underworld learns of the government's plan for the erection of new model convict prison on the top of the Realy mountain, in the Canton of Uri. The location is 5,060 feet above sea level, and is considered one of the most healthful and beautiful spots in all Switzerland. The building alone will cost \$400,000.

REACTORY ADVISOR

Just the same, the trout wants to be mighty careful how he swats the fly.—Boston Globe.

CHASE BARON FROM FASHIONABLE CLUB

Society Women Among Those Who Joined Waiters in Hastening Noble's Departure.

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The Marquis Beat a Retreat. split in his face, which was already covered with blood. The Marquis de Montebello has telegraphed the following version of the incident to the Figaro and several other journals: "This afternoon at the most elegant social club at Nice, in the presence of at least 500 persons, Baron Jacques de Saint-Marc, president of the club, whose face had already been slapped at the Cannes Polo Club last week by Baron de Pontevillat, was struck with a cane several times because of the Marquis de Saint-Marc's refusal to accept the jury of honor which the Marquis de Montebello deemed indispensable to know whether his character, past and present, admitted of a hostile meeting in the regular manner."



The Marquis Beat a Retreat.

This scandalous business arose out of a grudge which originated in the resignation by the Baron de Saint-Marc of the vice presidency of the new Cercle de la Mediterranee, of which the Duc de Montebello was president. The baron's example having been followed by thirty of the members, there was a certain amount of bad blood. The Baron de Saint-Marc and the Comte le Bret had even appointed seconds while they were in Paris, but the affair was referred to arbitration and had been settled without a hostile meeting. A few days ago, however, the Baron de Pontevillat struck the Baron de Saint-Marc in the face on the ground of the Cannes Polo Club, and the latter promptly sent his seconds with a demand for satisfaction, but the Marquis de Montebello and M. Homelle, acting for the Baron de Pontevillat, asked that the matter should be submitted to arbitration. This was declined by M. de Saint-Marc's seconds, who argued that this premeditated assault was too serious to admit of such a course, and when they reported the result of their mission to their principal he sent a strongly worded letter to the newspapers and said that he would have his aggressor tried in the local police court.

Boy a Savage

Chicago.—"The boy is a growing savage. The school educates him; the home lodges and feeds him. It's up to the Sunday school to civilize him," says Rev. C. B. Hall, secretary of the Cook County Sunday School association.

Will Ship Mansion by Express

Paterson, N. J.—Robert L. Mellroy purchased a handsome Chicago mansion this week for his country estate. He will rip out the mahogany with which it is finished, box up the blocks of masonry, and ship the house piece by piece.