

SCOTT COUNTY KICKER.

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AN AWFUL STORY.

The Kicker has not given very much space to the developments in the police investigations, for to me the conditions have been known for years. But for my readers I will give the substance of the testimony of Ollie Roberts, the notorious panel worker, who testified before the police board, last week, in St. Louis.

Police Sergeant Connors and Patrolmen Haberstroh, Vollmer and Cantillon were on trial. These men were in control of the district where Ollie Roberts committed her crimes.

Ollie was recently released from the penitentiary, where she was serving a ten-year sentence for the murder of a man named Kelly. It was thought at the time of the trial that a police sergeant named Colestock committed the murder, and that she took the punishment on the promise that "powerful influence would be brought to bear to secure her pardon within a year." This was in the fall of 1904.

At the November election the old gang was routed in the state and the "powerful influence" lost its grip. But Gov. Folk released her so that she might testify against her accomplices in crime. When the investigation began Sergeant Colestock committed suicide.

For five years Ollie Roberts conducted an immoral resort near twenty-first and Chestnut streets, about two blocks northwest of Union Station. She was mistress of the house, but the panel workers connected with her had rooms elsewhere so they could skip when there was trouble. She was particularly active during the World's Fair, and when asked if \$100,000 would cover her stealings she replied, "I should say it would be too little."

When asked if panel workers could successfully operate without police protection she said "no."

She had an arrangement with the police to divide her stealings with them. The police were to afford her protection and "stall sucker." By stalling suckers is meant that when a fellow who was robbed complained the police were to throw him off by taking him to the wrong house, or arresting the wrong woman. If the sucker refused to be "stalled" then he was taken to the Roberts place and the money was found where they would say he had dropped it. In other instances Ollie would, in the presence of the police, give the man what he claimed he had lost in order to "avoid trouble." She said she never was arrested in her life except with her consent.

"Do you know Sgt. Connors and officers Haberstroh, Cantillon and Vollmer?" was asked.

"I have known them all since they got on the force," replied Ollie.

"Tell us how you met Connors."

"When he first came in our district we 'hid low' for awhile, because we heard he would not take money. We went out one night for the purpose of meeting him—Jennie Rogers, former Detective George D. Williams and myself—in a carriage. We ran into Connors in a quiet place. I think it was the corner of Twenty-third and Pine streets. When we saw him coming in the darkness Williams fired a revolver out of the window. Connors came a-running."

"Williams introduced us. 'This is Ollie Roberts. She is a good fellow,' he said. 'I want you to give her the same show as any other panel worker. She'll steal anything she can lay her hands on, but you'll always get half, so give her a show.'"

"Sure," said Connors, and he limbed in. We all felt relieved and offered him a drink. He said he didn't drink, but would smoke, so we drove to a quiet restaurant, where we drank and he smoked. We fixed it up then that he should have half of the touch when a sucker hollered."

"Up to this time, whenever Connors had come along, all the girls would hunk from the windows. Next morning Connors came along before I had got up. The girls started to run, as usual, but Connors came in and talked friendly with us."

"After that, did he take money?"

"He did," said the woman.

"For what purpose?"

"Stalling suckers," of course. The way he worked was this: When a man was touched and made a kick, the officer would ask him his name, whether he was married, what kind of a job he had, whether he lived in the city, and what rank his family had. Then he'd take him into all the other houses on the street and try to make him pick out the girl who had robbed him. If he was positive as to the house the officer would give a tip, and by the time they got there every body would be gone."

"How many times a day did this touch go on?"

"All the time. Sometimes there would be as low as ten, sometimes forty or fifty touches a day."

"How much has been stolen in your house alone during the time you have been in St. Louis?"

"Oh, it is impossible to guess."

"Would \$100,000 be a fair estimate?"

"I should say it would be too little."

"What was your biggest haul from one man?"

"I believe it was \$2,045."

"What happened to the 'sucker'?"

"Oh, he killed himself, I believe. A strange woman touched a man for \$1,700 once while I was in the house at 2126 Chestnut street. She tucked the money in her stocking, intending to steal away when the man was fast asleep, without leaving us a share. But she fell asleep first, so I stole in and took the money. We thought that as we would bear the burden we ought to share the profits, you see."

"Explain how you worked the panel game."

"I bored holes in the doors with a red-hot poker, stopping them with corks. I would watch, and when I saw a favorable opportunity I would slip in and take what the man had. Sometimes the 'sucker' would kick in the house. Then I would talk to him and try to make him see reason. Sometimes I would give the money back, telling him that I wanted no trouble. Of course, I would not give him the same money, but changed it. Sometimes I would drop the money on the floor near where his clothes were and find it there."

"Connors, Vollmer, Haberstroh and Cantillon were often present when we gave back the stolen money. They would all steer the sucker to some other house when the kick was made. Our transactions with the officers were daily."

"Was it thoroughly understood by them that orders were out for you to leave the district?"

"Of course. We frequently discussed it together."

"How did you evade going?"

"By giving different names, having other girls stand for keeper and by moving the furniture."

"How moving the furniture?"

"Well, one of the four men on trial would tell us the captain was rousing. Then we would load all the furniture into vans, while some straight policeman, who had been sent for by Connors, stood by and watched. We would roll around the block and move back in by the back door."

"Did you ever take the furniture out of the vans?"

"Never, for five years."

These are the conditions that existed in the metropolis of the state while Dockery, Seibert, Butler and Hawes were in the saddle. Harry Hawes was president of the police board at the time and wanted to be governor. Imagine what might have happened had he been elected.

And I want to call your attention to the morning papers of St. Louis. See what an effort they are making to have it appear that there are an unusual number of holdups and robberies in St. Louis since Gov. Folk took charge. And yet Ollie Roberts confesses to more crime in her house every day than the papers can now gather in the entire city. "Sometimes as low as ten, and sometimes forty and fifty touches a day," says Ollie.

And Ollie was only one of many in the same business. Why couldn't these papers tell it then? Why is it that these papers never tell of crimes and crookedness until it has become so notorious that suppression is impossible? Do the reporters "get theirs" also?

GOV. DAVIS WINS.

Gov. Davis defeated Senator Berry in their race for the United States senate in Arkansas. This is the first instance where a United States senator was elected by a direct vote of the people. Of course the legislature elects the senator next winter, but these men agreed to go before the people in a primary and let them decide who should represent them. Gov. Davis got nearly two-thirds of the counties of the state.

This is the governor that has been after the "business interests" of Arkansas. And now he is after the gamblers and saloon law violators at Hot Springs and elsewhere in his state. He says that the gamblers must go and that the saloons must close on Sunday.

The law-breakers seem to defy him and breathe defiance, but Gov. Davis is the man to make them hunt their holes. These outlaws are well supplied with blow, bluster and defiance, but when they see they are up against the real thing they will take their "personal liberty" outfit and move on.

While eating sausage a New York man bit something hard. Investigation revealed that it was a braasdog tag No. 2409. Oh, it's a sight—the stuff that we eat as "pure food." It all goes—if it pays.

5,000 SALOONS TO CLOSE.

Everywhere the people are after the saloons. Over in Ohio the legislature passed a law fixing the license at \$1,000 per year. A press dispatch from Columbus, Ohio, says:

"Thousands of men will be thrown out of employment by the enforcement of the Ohio \$1,000 liquor tax law, which has just been passed. The 5,000 proprietors of the saloons that will close will be out of employment. At least half of them have barkeepers, making 2,500 more. Many porters, men who get up the saloon lunches, and bakers thrown out of employment by the decreased demand for bread from the saloons, will lose their jobs. Brewery drivers and other employees at the breweries will also suffer, and it is said today that between 10,000 and 15,000 people in all will be out of employment."

Now, isn't it a pity so many people should be thrown out of "employment?" And what sort of employment? Of what benefit to any community is the work that these men do? They dish up booze and free lunches of salted fish and other stuff to make men crave drink. It would be quite as appropriate to say that the closing up of lawfully-licensed saloons would be a benefit to the community.

We understand the associated press dispatches as we do the metropolitan newspapers. The brewers and distillers own stock in these just as the railroads, bankers and allied interests do. They ring in the baker who bakes the bread for these lunches. It may be that the saloon does not add the consumption of one loaf of bread more. If men cannot get bread in the saloon they can get it at the restaurant—or at home. And if they are in the habit of getting their bread at the saloon the chances are that they have none at home.

It is utterly impossible to advance one single argument in defense of retaining the saloon. Not one good word can be said in its favor. On the other hand it has debauched our politics and practically ruined our government.

The contest between Joe Russell and W. J. Ward for the Democratic nomination for congress from this district is up and tuck. Four counties have voted and each candidate has two—with Russell slightly in the lead in the total vote. Russell carried Oregon and Pemiscot and Ward has Ripley and Dunklin. This is remarkable when it is considered that Ward is a comparative stranger, while Russell is well known and has all the politicians and the shoe-string editors on his side.

"Politics makes strange bedfellows." Sunday's Republic contained a whole page letter from W. J. Bryan. In the past the Republic contained all mention of Mr. Bryan to an obscure corner of the paper. Over in New York last week a Democratic club loudly cheered the mention of Bryan and speakers praised him. Has Bryan become "safe and sane" since his support of Parker?

The Kicker has a conundrum for Bro. Ake to solve: Which was the greatest joke, the meeting of the "peace conference" at the Hague, or the "pilgrimage" of the Democratic bunch to the tomb of Jefferson?

ABOUT PRIMARY ELECTIONS.

It is often said by politicians that the primary election is the fairest way of nominating candidates. I will try to prove that it is the most unfair when conducted as primaries are now conducted.

To entitle him to the distinction of a party nominee a candidate should represent the wishes of a majority. This is too often not the case. In several counties I notice that a half dozen or more men have announced for the same office with the hope of being the successful nominee. Say, for instance, that six men are running for the same office in a county with 2,000 votes for the contesting candidates. It is possible for a man receiving only 350 votes to be declared the nominee—and yet he has 650 votes short of a majority. Is it right to expect the remaining 1,650 voters who voted against the man that received the highest number of votes to whirl and support him in their judgment, they consider him unfit?

Take, for instance, the race for the Democratic nomination for representative in Scott county two years ago. The successful candidate was over 100 votes short of a majority. And this was brought about by circulating a report all over the county that one of the candidates, who was thought to be the strongest, had withdrawn!

Is this fair? Can a candidate who receives only about one-fourth of the votes cast be considered to be "the choice of the party?"

And there are many other things unfair about a primary—the dummy candidate, for instance, who is brought out to split the vote where an opponent is strongest. This is a common practice.

I have a plan that I believe would be fair. Let the people elect delegates to a county convention in the usual way. Let the first and second choices of the convention for each office be placed on the primary ticket—and no others. Then submit the matter to the people in the primary and let the ones receiving a majority be declared the nominees. In that way the choice of the party could be obtained—provided the voters of the opposing party were not permitted to vote.

To illustrate: Suppose Tom, Dick and Harry are all candidates for sheriff. Tom and Dick have the strongest following and the convention selects them. Harry drops out. The names of Tom and Dick are put on the ticket and the one that gets a majority is declared the nominee for sheriff. And so on with the other offices.

The Kicker has a conundrum for Bro. Ake to solve: Which was the greatest joke, the meeting of the "peace conference" at the Hague, or the "pilgrimage" of the Democratic bunch to the tomb of Jefferson?

COMING TO A HEAD.

The social and industrial conditions of this country are coming to a head just about as fast as possible—without severe jolts. The people are watching as they never watched before. Instead of shouting they have gone to thinking. It is impossible to shout and think at the same time. Politicians know this. That is why they have their political meetings honey-combed with professional papers to get the crowd started. That is why the saloon is indispensable as a center of "enthusiasm." "Whoop-ee! Hoory!" These are the exclamations the spell-binders welcome.

But the situation is becoming desperate. For years we have been "regulating trusts." Their encroachments have been so rapid and open that an occasional raid has been made to still the public. This or that trust has been yanked up for violation of the anti-trust laws. Like Ollie Roberts, the "Queen of the Bad Lands," of St. Louis, they were never proceeded against without their consent. A slight advance in the price of whatever the trust had a monopoly on paid the expense. If the proceedings were brought in a state court the matter was dragged along until after the fall election, when the state supreme court would dismiss the case on the ground that it had no jurisdiction—that it was a matter for the federal court to determine. If the case started in the federal court the result was the same—except that the matter was for the determination of the state courts.

There is a very stringent anti-trust law in the nation—enacted before organized capital became so offensive. It is the law, and if enforced, no monopoly could exist. But up to date, no court has been found—the judge of which feels that he has the power to enforce it. Yet the same judge will assume the power, in violation of the constitution, to throw a laboring man into prison without trial at the command of the aggregations of greed.

But things are coming to a head. I believe that President Roosevelt is honest in his effort to try to harness the trusts to some extent. He is a capitalist president through and through, yet he is no fool. He believes in "honestly acquired wealth" and plenty of force to protect it. After congress had voted an additional two millions to support the army, he asked for two million more for the navy. His doors are always open to a Rockefeller, a Morgan or a Rogers. They can walk right in without knocking.

But, as I said, he is no fool. If he could he would give something. But he is powerless. The special interests have blocked the way. They control his cabinet, the senate and the courts. He is helpless.

The recent decision of Judge Humphrey, at Chicago, in the beef trust case, has stirred the country as nothing else could. Nobody can defend it. The Globe-Democrat didn't try. It said nothing. But nine-tenths of the newspapers of the country have denounced it. The decision was so absurdly ridiculous that defense is impossible. And when it is that way you may know it is bad.

Here are the facts: A year ago a Federal grand jury at Chicago indicted the men—about a dozen—comprising the meat trust, charging them with violations of the anti-trust law. There are two sections that provide punishment. Under one section a violation is a misdemeanor and the punishment is a fine, or imprisonment or both. Under the other section a violation is a FELONY and the punishment is a term in the penitentiary.

These men were indicted as follows: Conviction meant a term in the penitentiary. The evidence was positive. Their own report to the government proved their guilt. There seemed no way around the penitentiary. But the lawyers for the trust started a plea that appeared ridiculous. They asked for immunity from punishment because the evidence of guilt had been furnished by the criminals themselves. And Judge Humphrey INSTRUCTED THE JURY to discharge the persons of flesh and blood and convict the "fictitious persons"—the corporation that exists only on paper.

When an Omaha jury turned Pat Crow loose the capitalist papers and the "best people" noticed the punishment that they must leave the country—that they were not good citizens and had no respect for the law. Pat Crow was charged with kidnaping Millionaire Cardday's boy. Have you heard any of our "best people" or the capitalist press suggest that Judge Humphrey had let him loose?

No-sir! Behind Judge Humphrey's decision is the army and navy to enforce it.

While this outrage was being committed at Chicago Attorney-General Hadley was having a tussle with the oil trust. It took him two months to get some of the men to talk at all, and Rockefeller never did talk. They are bigger than the law. In fact they make the law as well as the judges who interpret it. Hadley never did get Rogers or any other member of the trust to admit any material point, but the trust attorneys finally admitted that the Waters-Pierce and the Republic Oil concerns were owned by the standard—thus establishing the existence of a trust on combination to control prices. Now, when our attorney-general proceeds to proceed against the oil trust the decision of Judge Humphrey will be used as a "stall" block. That the men of flesh and blood are entitled to immunity because they admitted their guilt, but the "fictitious persons" are guilty! That is the law here. We are not governed by acts of legislation. We are governed by court decisions. And behind the court decisions is the army. "Anarchy" did you say? Well, it's worse.

While these occurrences have aroused the people of the central and eastern states the kidnaping and imprisonment of the officers of the Federation of Western Miners has aroused the west. This outrage would have aroused the whole nation had not the facts been suppressed. But the trusts are being put before the people just as fast as the papers not under capitalist control can do it.

On the evening of their arrest President Meyer had told his family good bye, went to the station, bought a ticket for the Black Hills, where he was to meet with branches of his organization. It is his duty to visit each lodge or "local" once a year, just as he was about to board the train he was arrested by Pinkerton detectives, and put in irons. The daily papers said he was trying to escape and was captured "just in the nick of time."

Haywood went down town telling his family he was going to take a Turkish bath and would not be back that night. He was arrested and ironed about 9 o'clock when leaving Federation headquarters.

Pettibone is a merchant and remained at home while his wife and a neighbor lady went to a theatre. He was arrested and ironed during her absence and was not even permitted to leave a note telling his wife of his whereabouts. All were taken to the county jail and before daylight they were put on a special train and taken to Idaho. All forms of law were ignored.

When Mrs. Pettibone returned she could find no trace of her husband. The house was lit up, but deserted. She called, but no answer. Afraid to stay in the house she walked the

porch and the side-walk in front of her home watching and waiting—full of apprehension. Day came, and then the morning papers. There she saw it, in bold, black type, what had happened.

Imagine her grief! She went to the Mayor home, and then to the invalid Mrs. Haywood to see what they knew. But they were as ignorant of what had happened as was Mrs. Pettibone before she saw the papers. Imagine the scenes in these homes. It can better be imagined than here described. The husbands and fathers kidnapped and spirited away into another state in the night without being permitted to see either their families or their attorneys!

To look at them you wouldn't think that such heartlessness is confined under the good clothes of our capitalists. But it is there. It is they who bring on the wars, the misery and want of every nation. They stop at nothing when it comes to removing obstacles to their dollar-making. Dollars! dollars! dollars! That is their one ideal, and we live to that which interests. Life or liberty is not to be considered—so long as it is not their lives or liberty.

In Idaho when the prisoners were refused bail they announced ready for trial. But trial was denied them and they were placed in three separate, dingy jails where they are not permitted to have newspapers nor to talk to anyone except the jailer. They are in solitary confinement and are not even permitted to have food sent to them for which they are willing to pay. They must eat the country prison food.

This is capitalism in "free" America. It is not so cruel in Russia.

"Sonny" Anderson, a negro convict in the Missouri penitentiary, sent up from St. Louis, and a guard named Wood lost their lives in an encounter at the prison last week, and two other prisoners were stabbed by Anderson. Anderson attacked the guard with a knife and cut two other convicts who tried to save Wood. Anderson was shot to death and Wood died from the effects of the knife wounds. Anderson was thought to be mentally off.

RATHER INQUIETIVE.

A prospective candidate dropped into the Kicker office the other day and inquired: "What do you charge to announce a fellow?"

"\$2.50," was the reply.

"That's cheap."

"But that doesn't include my share," I insisted.

"What do you charge for stall work?"

"\$1,000.00."

"How white can't stall them. What's the 15 cents for?"

"For a nap to wash up after stalling, entering the stable."

Gov. Folk has been "working" again. This time he held up the expense bill of Railroad Commissioner Joe Rice for investigation. Rice has in his expense account a charge for railroad transportation from Jefferson City to St. Louis and return at a time when the governor happened to know that he didn't make the trip. I don't believe that these railroad commissioners ever pay any railroad fare. They have been in this county several times during the past year and always came in private cars accompanied by railroad officials.

They must have some clean politics in St. Louis county—up there where the lid won't stay on. The present prosecuting attorney is a candidate for the Republican nomination for a third term. In a speech Monday he appointed showed that he was not only the state's attorney, but was on the pay-roll as attorney for six different public service corporations doing business in that county. In reply the public prosecutor made no denial and said he had no apologies to make. How's that?

A Word to Stockmen.

Farmers and stockmen everywhere realize the advantages of good blood in stock, and your special attention is called to Royal Duke, the Kentucky Jack. He was sired by Dan Whittaker's celebrated Jack, he by Royal Duke, registered in the American Breeder's Association of Jacks and Jennets, No. 72, page 102; he by Grundy Duke, he by Warrnick's Royal Duke; he by imported Esperero. His dam was a 14th hand jennet sired by Knuckel's imported \$4,000 Jack.

Royal Duke will stand the present season at the stock yards adjoining Benton. Terms, to insure, \$10. Care will be taken to prevent accidents but will not be responsible should any occur.

S. J. WADE, Owner.

REPUBLICAN MANS MEETING.

There will be a Republican mass convention held at Benton Tuesday, April 10, for the purpose of electing delegates to the State, Judicial and Congressional conventions. Also to reorganize the County Central Committee. All Republicans should attend. R. A. SPARKS, Chairman. H. B. WILLIAMS, Secretary.

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