

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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A \$3,000,000 PLOT THAT FAILED.

Of all the thieves whom it has been my lot to know intimately I have the kindest recollection of Mose Vogel. There was something intensely humorous about the man; a whimsical, humorous way that made you forget that he was one of the most desperate bank robbers ever dealt with by the New York police. He was closely associated with all of the best crooks of the world in his day, and his shrewdness and pluck made him in great demand as a partner, even though it was well known in the underworld that Mose had been born under an unlucky star. He met with more reverses than any crook I have ever known, and as I do not credit, of course, the infallibility of the little Goddess of Luck in guiding the lives of the knights of the dark lantern and jimmy, I am willing to offer Mose's misfortunes as cumulative evidence of the final futility of crime.

He has long since passed to his final reward, but I remember as clearly as if it were yesterday his sitting in the old Mulberry street station and telling me how he and his gang almost cleaned up \$3,000,000 from a Jersey City bank. But I will let him tell the story as he told it to me.

MOSE VOGEL'S STORY.

"It was along back in the seventies," said Mose, "that Dave Cummings, then in the height of his fame as a crook, met me on the Bowery, and we went together down to the old Atlantic Garden. Suddenly Dave turned to me and said: 'I think you are on the level, Mose.' I felt that this was a big compliment, coming from Dave, for he was an independent, high-strung fellow, who would pass up a thousand thieves without giving one the nod of his head.

"I told Dave that I had always tried to be square and to live up to that wheeze in the copy-books about 'honesty being the best policy.' He didn't ask me to go in with him then or even let out to me what was in his mind. That wasn't Dave's way. But I knew he had his eye on me as a bright lad that was sure to rise in his profession. He did ask me to step down to Murray's with him, saying he needed a little money and was in the mind to have a whack at Murray's game. He had just made a big haul somewhere and had about \$6,000; so I didn't think there was any chance of him going to work right away. But the cards ran against him and in less than a week the whole bank roll had passed into Murray's hands.

"Seeing how things were going with Dave I sort of held myself open, turning down several good offers of high class work. Sure enough he finally hunted me up. He had a newspaper clipping about a big special deposit, \$3,000,000, lying in a bank in Jersey City that he'd planted, and just waiting for somebody to come and get it. It made my mouth water to think of all that money.

"Dave said the work had to be started right away, before the money was paid out and so, after taking a look at my engagement book, I told him I was free to go to work any time. We went right up to Harry Hill's place that night and Dave introduced me to Ed Johnson and Dago Frank, a pair of Al western crooks who had worked off several big tricks with Dave already.

"The next day we went by different routes to Jersey City and picked out a quiet boarding house near Union Hill. The real work of planting the bank then began for fair.

"It took a week to plant the bank. It came my lot to locate the vault. I did this by going in to look at a directory. I saw that it was an old-fashioned affair, built in the wall on the east side, near the entrance opposite the directors' room. We decided to go through the wall, and hired a room in the adjoining building, whose floor was several feet above the vault. I represented to the landlady that I was a sculptor recently lauded from Italy, and wished to set up a studio. I had to pay about three prices for the room, as the landlady seemed to think that a sculptor ought to have barrels of coin. Well, we came near getting it.

"I sent several blocks of marble to the studio and commenced carving out the busts of distinguished men. Cummings, Dago Frank and Johnson were my assistants. I had a bed in the room and lived there, but my partners slept elsewhere. I had sledges, hammers and steel chisels to use in the sculpture business apparently. We made the attack on the bank through the open fireplace, and the ringing blows that were heard through the house made the tenants believe that the sculptors were very busy fellows. We did not do much work while the bank was open, but early in the morning and late at night pounded away at the stone and brick.

"It was tedious work, as we had to go through heavy blocks of stone which made up the outer wall of the vault. We removed the debris after dark, and let the janitress into the room every day to clean up. The hole

in the wall was hidden at such times by a large screen. It took nearly two weeks to get through the stone, and then we found that we were about three feet above the big money box. This was made of heavy iron plates, and on top there were several layers of railroad iron, wedged in place so that they were about as solid as a mass of iron.

"We got rid of part of the iron, and then it was arranged that Dave was to do the outside work and give us warning of danger signs. We had no fear of the police, but there were a lot of secret service bugs flying around. They were not up to our game, but they knew me and Dago Frank from a couple of tricks done in other places.

"Dave threw us down in great shape, but I never blamed him for it. He was always on the level, but inclined to take chances. Instead of keeping tabs, Dave—so he told me afterward—used to drop into Taylor's hotel and play billiards. He could beat about any one that handled a cue, and would play all night if he could get any one to stay with him. Our work went on, and we reached the top plate of the money box. Then it was only a question of drills, acids and jimmies to get through the plate. With good luck this would take only a few hours. I could almost feel the crisp bills in my fingers.

"Then came the end, suddenly and swiftly. We were in the pit working by the light of candles, and supposed that Dave was in the building somewhere. I was swinging a sledge, Johnson was holding the chisel and Dago was resting. I heard a slight commotion in the room above and thought that Dave had come in for something. A second later I heard a strange voice about into the fireplace:

"'Throw up your hands!'"

"I looked up and saw two policemen's heads and two guns covering us. We threw up our hands. Then I said to Dago: 'Are you heeled?' He replied: 'No.' So secure did we feel with Dave on guard that we had all left our guns in the room.

"I am going to make a break," I said. "I'm with you," said Dago, Johnson only cursed.

"Come out or I'll shoot," was the next order, and we climbed out of the hole feeling pretty tough. There were six cops in the room and every one had a gun. A fellow came toward me with nippers and I dashed for the window. I never reached it. A club got to me first. Johnson still cursed. Dago went through the cops like a shot, knocked a couple of them down, reached the stairs, jumped over the heads of several cops, and reached the landing. A fat cop who was too lazy to go upstairs stood in the hall, and before Dago saw him, the cop got in his work with the stick. Dave was in Taylor's hotel playing billiards when this was going on, and when he heard it went under cover. He did everything that was possible to aid me, and even went so far as to fix up a job to get us out of the Hudson county jail. But he didn't have enough coin. The three of us took our fifteen-year stretch at Trenton without a murmur, and Dave gave us all the luxuries that money could furnish there. I'm going on the level now, but it is not like the old times."

CAPT. M'HORNEY'S STORY.

Capt. Edward McHorney of the Jersey City police department, who was the principal factor in the capture of the First National bank burglars, was one of the bravest men who ever won a silver shield. Captain McHorney died a few years ago from a disease that was indirectly the result of the injuries received during the struggle with Mose Vogel, and shortly before death sealed his lips told me this story:

"The capture of Vogel, Dago Frank and Johnson was due to the curiosity of a woman. Her name was Mrs. Francis, as I recollect it, and she ran a boarding house over Nates' oyster saloon, which adjoined the bank. One of the thieves—Vogel, I think—hired a room from her on the second floor, which adjoined the bank on the east, and opened a studio as a blind.

"Every morning regularly Mrs. Francis was called into the studio by the sculptor to clean up the place. The floor she always found covered with marble dust and chips of stone, and an elegant screen stood in front of the fireplace. The sculptor always sat near the screen with a big apron on and chatted pleasantly with his landlady.

"Things went on for a week or more in this way. The sculptor kept hammering away, and Mrs. Francis enjoyed her morning call. It was along about housecleaning time, and Mrs. Francis started in one morning to clean the windows on the sculptor's floor.

"In passing through the hall with a step ladder it struck her that it would be a good opportunity to see the sculptor at work. She heard him pounding on stone in the room, and cautiously put up the ladder in front of the door. The fan light was open, and it was this trivial oversight that threw down three of the best men in

the business. How they came to overlook the fanlight I never could understand, as everything else in the room—keyholes, cracks and windows—were carefully covered.

"Mrs. Francis peeped inside. No one was in sight. She could see the blocks of marble, but no one was hammering on them. The sound was very distinct, and she wondered what it meant. She could hear voices, too. When her eyes lit on the open fireplace and she saw a piece of stone fly from it into the room she fell off the ladder. The noise in the room stopped. Mrs. Francis picked herself up and hurried away as rapidly as possible. She peeped over the banister and saw some one open the studio door.

"In a moment the hammering was resumed, and Mrs. Francis hurried to police headquarters. I was in charge, as Chief Edward S. McWilliams was in Philadelphia. Mrs. Francis told me her story. I knew at once that a gang of burglars had planted the bank. From the time that they had been at work I knew they must be close to the money. I rang for Detective Mike Howie, and we went together down to Exchange place, where we could pipe the bank.

"Mrs. Francis told me that four men were in the gang, and after a long wait we saw two of them come out of the boarding house. In a few moments the two other fellows came out, and they all crossed the terry to New York. I knew one of them. He was the best looking one in the gang. I had played several games of billiards with him at Taylor's hotel, and was beaten every time. I found out afterward that he was Cummings.

"Howie and I crossed over to Nafew's saloon, and got a small colored boy who worked there. We took him into the boarding house and pushed him through the open fanlight into the studio. The kid jumped into the hole in the fireplace, saw the condition of things there and came back scared half to death.

"Then I waited at the house until three of the gang came back. They seemed to be in a hurry, and went to work in the vault late in the afternoon. Cummings did not return. I knew the trick was about to come off, and he had been left outside to watch.

"I sent Howie to the station house for the men, and when they returned, after making sure that Cummings was not on the lookout anywhere, I sent two men to the roof of the house, stationed three others in the bank, and the rest I placed on the stairs. Howie and I, with four big nifty men, made for the room. The sound of the hammering was very distinct, but I could not tell whether the three men were in the hole or not.

"I stood flat against the studio door, and placed Howie and two policemen behind me. It was a ticklish moment, and I'll admit I felt a little uneasy, as men of the kind we were going up against are very handy with guns. I gave the signal in a low voice, and we threw ourselves against the door. It was important that the locks and bolts should be broken at the first effort, so that the gang would not have warning.

"The door flew open, and I landed on my hands and knees in the middle of the room. The place was empty, and I jumped for the fireplace with my revolver in my hand.

"Howie, one of the stoutest-hearted boys I ever knew, got there ahead of me and shouted to the gang to throw up their hands. In the hole were three men on their hands and knees and I heard them whisper to each other, but could not tell what they said. I knew that they would not give up without a battle and I felt relieved when one of the policemen shouted: 'Here are their guns, Cap.'

"They were unarmed, and I knew I had them all safe. The three fellows climbed out of the hole with as unly expressions on their mugs as I ever saw. One of them kept swearing all the time. They kept their hands above their heads, but I could see that they were sizing up the game as they crawled into the room. Before we had a chance to grab them, one fellow gave me a vicious kick in the abdomen, and started for the window.

"My men would have killed him if I had not called them off. Another of the thieves made for the door. He was a black-looking devil and had the courage of a lion. Why he was not killed I never could understand, but I suppose we got a little careless when we found out they had nothing to shoot with and gave them more of a chance. But we got the handcuffs on them and landed them in the station house.

"There was a sequel to this capture which created even greater excitement than the attempted bank robbery. The thieves 'squealed' at their trial and said that Captain McWilliams and Detective Doyle, who was McWilliams' confidential man, were in the scheme to rob the bank and were to be rewarded with a share of the proceeds for giving them protection.

"The trial of Captain McWilliams and Doyle was the most sensational one ever held in Hudson county. The thieves told of their various meetings with Doyle. A diary was produced containing a record of the conversations with him and the convicts swore out a very stiff case. A point that was made to count strongly against Captain McWilliams was his absence in Philadelphia when the trick was to have come off, but all the jury would not believe the testimony of the men who had been thieves all their lives in preference to men of good reputation and the jury failed to agree. McWilliams spent a fortune in his defense, gave up the police business and became a detective at the Astor House. Doyle was ruined and drank himself to death.

WHO & WHO - and Why

THINKS MARKETING ONE OF LOST ARTS



Many influential and prominent women of New York city are actively co-operating with the city commission in furthering the adopted plan for the creation of public markets. Among the most enthusiastic, who is waging a systematic campaign for the creation of such a system, is Mrs. Elmer Black, the international peace advocate.

"Our plan now before the city authorities is a feasible one," said Mr. Driggs, "and one which both Mr. Miller and myself have given months of study to after long investigation of the subject in this and other countries. We are asking for five blocks, convenient to all lines of transportation, in Little West Twelfth street. The land would cost around \$3,500,000 and the buildings about that much more.

"Such markets are certain effectively to reduce the cost of living and at the same time encourage farming interests. As it is now, the actual loss to farmers is great, especially in such cases where, because of congested freight conditions, owing to inadequate handling facilities, the stuff is allowed to rot before it reaches the market."

Mrs. Elmer Black, who has made a comprehensive study of foreign markets, declared that the American woman, if she wants earnestly to help reduce the cost of living, must follow the example set by her European sister and go to market.

"Marketing is practically a lost art in the cities of this country," she declared. "Women will shop for half a day for a yard of ribbon at a bargain sale, and then rush to the delicatessen or little nearby grocery, or perhaps use the phone to get their food supplies."

JUDGE SWANN ON THE "INNER CIRCLE"

"They worship no God save graft, and they bow down at the shrine of their idolatry!"

In these words Judge Edward Swann of the court of general sessions in New York, summed up the police situation. Judge Swann has been a careful and patient student of the police system for many years. He has upon numerous occasions seen fit to speak about police matters from the bench.

He has listened, with astonishment at times, to the testimony given by policemen and police detectives at the trials of men charged with being common gamblers. And upon more than one occasion he has heard the foreman of a jury return a verdict of "Not guilty" in gambling cases where the district attorney had to rely almost exclusively upon the testimony of policemen and their stool pigeons.

Judge Swann was asked if in his opinion and from information that had come to him in his official capacity gambling houses and disorderly resorts could exist unless the police stood for such places and for the violation of the law.

"You cannot make me believe that such resorts could run wide open, or run at all, for any length of time, unless the police knew about it," he said. "I wish to say right here that the police department is as a rule made up of a lot of honest, courageous, fearless men. I am very fond of the every-day policeman. But in this present inquiry that has been brought about by the brutal murder of Herman Rosenthal it is shown that graft exists in the police department today."

MAKES BIG GIFT ON KRUPP CENTENARY



In honor of the centenary of the great Krupp works at Essen the company has donated \$2,500,000 to be distributed as gratuities to the 70,000 workmen, as welfare funds for citizens of Essen, and for the army and navy.

Dr. Sydow, the Prussian minister of commerce, who attended the celebration, announced that a large number of orders would be conferred on Krupp employees by the emperor.

Frau Bertha Krupp von Bohlen and Halbach, the richest woman in Germany, whose wealth is estimated at \$70,000,000, was hostess to kings.

The celebration, for which preparations have been going forward for nearly two years, was attended by Emperor William at the head of a brilliant galaxy of his fellow German sovereigns, generals, admirals and civic dignitaries.

The festivities lasted an entire week and were of a most imposing and memorable character. The chief feature was a great pageant, which symbolized the substitution of firearms for the old weapons of the middle ages. The principal scene of the pageant was an episode from the life of Emperor Maximilian I, and 250 retired officers of the German army played the parts of knights.

VINCENT ASTOR SENDS ROSES TO J. J. VI

According to the announcement given out by Dr. Cragin, the Astor family physician, John Jacob Astor VI is getting along beautifully. The lusty infant's mother is also doing well. As for the little heir, he is phenomenally healthy and picking up weight amazingly.

The servants of the great Astor mansion at Sixty-fifth street and Fifth avenue continue in a state of strenuous activity receiving presents for the heir and multitudes of messages of congratulations for the mother.

William Vincent Astor acknowledged the arrival of a half-brother by cabling to a Fifth avenue florist to send Mrs. Astor a magnificent bunch of American Beauty roses. Other members of the Astor family have also sent flowers and presents.

There was also a cablegram from Vincent Astor congratulating his stepmother. The young head of the American branch of the Astor family, who may have a legal battle on his hands to defend his \$150,000,000 inheritance from partition in favor of the new-born heir, is motoring on the continent with his mother, Mrs. Ava Willing Astor, and his sister Muriel.



NEWS of MISSOURI

PAROLE SYSTEM PLANNED.

Pardon Attorney Denton Preparing a Bill to Be Introduced.

Jefferson City—Pardon Attorney Charles A. Denton is preparing a bill for introduction into the next general assembly, establishing a parole system in Missouri, and creating a state board of pardons. This would take the place of the board of prison inspectors and do away with the office of pardon attorney.

As a basis for the parole system the bill seeks to substitute for the definite the indeterminate sentence. The difficulties of paroling convicts under the present system lies in the fact that they are sentenced for a fixed period of time.

Under Denton's proposed law the trial court would sentence the person convicted to imprisonment in the penitentiary, without designating the length of imprisonment in years.

The length of imprisonment imposed under the indeterminate sentence system would depend largely upon the circumstances surrounding the offense, the previous reputation of the convict or lack of efforts at reform and his general conduct in the institution.

Several states in the Union have adopted the indeterminate sentence, and Judge Denton says it has worked well.

FIRE IN INSANE ASYLUM.

Administration Building at Farmington, Costing \$40,000, Burns.

Farmington—The administration building at state hospital No. 4 was destroyed by fire. The fire is supposed to have caught from a tinner's furnace, as tinner were at work on the building putting on a new copper roof. They temporarily left their work at 1:30 o'clock and went to the hospital warehouse after more material, and it was during their absence the fire started.

It was discovered by one of the attendants a few minutes afterward, and although the hospital fire department made heroic efforts to save the fine building, the flames spread rapidly to every part of the structure. The Farmington fire department was called out, but the hose connections would not fit the fire plugs at the hospital and they fought tender but little service.

The burned building was a handsome three-story structure, built of stone, occupied by the offices of the institution and their families. It was built in 1901 at a cost of \$40,000. All of the hospital records and some of the furniture were saved.

SIXTY-FOUR YEARS ON ONE FARM.

Woman of 79, Mother of Seven Children, Lives in Clay County.

Geary—Mrs. Rebecca Baldock, who lives three miles south of Evans, has lived in the same neighborhood for sixty-seven years, and on the same farm sixty-four years. She is 79 years old.

Mrs. Baldock was born in Clay county, and came to this section when but 7 years old. The thirteen years she spent on the farm where she now lives, were split just five miles from there. She is the mother of seven children, four of whom are living. Her husband died in 1877.

MORRIS WON TRUN AGAIN.

Republican State Chairman Will Decline to Accept Renomination.

St. Joseph—When the new Republican state committee meets at Jefferson City September 10, C. D. Morris, of St. Joseph, will decline to succeed himself as chairman. He said that he has had enough of it, and positively will not serve again.

Morris says the office makes heavy demands on his time and he thinks the burden should be passed about among the Republican leaders of the state.

Hadley on the Fish-Fry Controversy.

Jefferson City—Gov. Hadley says there is no merit in the controversy that has been carried over from last year between the officials of the State Game and Fish League of St. Louis County and the employees of the United Railways as to the right of the latter to seine fish in Creve Coeur lake for their annual fish fry. He says the lake is not navigable and that as the railway company owns more than half of the water front, it is a question if it would not have the right anyway to seine nongame fish out of the resort. In any event, the governor says, when the state game and fish commissioner has granted a permit to seine the lake, as in the present case, there is no issue left.

Springfield—After taking several ballots the jury in the case of James Miles, accused of the murder of Esos Rush, brought in a verdict at Ozark finding the defendant guilty and assessing his punishment at ten years in the state penitentiary. Miles was unopposed by the verdict and appeared to be as unconcerned as any of the spectators. It is probable his attorneys will ask for a new trial. If it is denied, an appeal will then be taken to the supreme court. Miles killed Rush in a next shop at Branson last January.