

HOW YOUNG CALLAGHAN MADE GOOD IN THE SECRET SERVICE



Bismark Aloisio, a silver dollar counterfeiter, partner of Dante Baganoe

Clifton B. Layton, son of prominent family, who had a note raising outfit in his possession when arrested

John McManus, arrested in Butte for passing counterfeit one dollar coins

Bogus Ermoine, a Bingham miner who counterfeited nickels

If you were the wise W. J. Flynn, head of the government secret service department of the United States, and Guiseppe Morello, with his partner, Luppo the Wolf, both counterfeiters, murderers, forgers, and one a leader of the most successful black-hand gang that has ever operated in New York, were bothering you; if you had arrested Morello a dozen times for counterfeiting and each time he had escaped through some technicality that shrewd lawyers had arranged for him, and you had finally become convinced that he and his gang had discovered the identity of practically all your expert operatives, what would you do?

You would never guess what Mr. Flynn did, so there is no use of speculating about the various plans he might have made. We will tell you right off the reel.

He knew of a lad in the service out in the west, scarcely twenty-three years of age, who for several years had handled successfully the biggest government land fraud cases in Colo-

rado. He wired him to come to New York. This is how Tom Callaghan got his first big boost. He had made a name all right for nerve and sagacity out in southern Colorado, where it is no picnic to hunt down men who would defraud the government and who, to succeed, count assassination as only one little event in the day's work. But it was the biggest little old village in the world where he was to make a national reputation.

Flynn gave him the details of the case and he was instructed to go to it. For seven months he lived for a greater part of the time in a shabby tenement house across the street from the Morello-Luppo the Wolf, headquarters, and shadowed them constantly.

Morello was some fox himself, employing usually four shadows to see that he was not shadowed, so the young lad from the west got used to shadowing the shadows.

Talk about stories of Old Sleuth, here was a young western boy flung into the very whirlpool of crime that no imagination, even that of Conan

Doyle, has ever been able to truthfully depict in fiction. It is a long story, the tale of those seven months; the getting of evidence that finally convicted probably the greatest counterfeiting gang that ever operated in this country, the breaking up of the boldest crowd of blackmailers that has ever existed in the United States.

A tale that involved gang murders such as the Barrel murder (the killing of Petto the Ox), that led young Callaghan to the secret meeting places of the blackhand around the wharves of the Brooklyn water front, that involved him in the intimate life of as desperate a crowd of foreigners as the government ever contended with and this is how the "kid secret service man from the west" made good. He delivered the goods during these strenuous seven months; was on the ground to help in the arrest of Morello, Luppo the Wolf and eleven others of the gang and so thoroughly had the evidence been gathered that Morello got twenty-five years in prison for counterfeiting and Luppo the

Wolf thirty years, while none of the others received a lesser sentence than fifteen years. In addition, the government had been busy ferreting out the records of Morello and Luppo the Wolf in Italy and when their long sentences finally expire, Morello must serve seventeen years in the old country for forgery, and Luppo the Wolf twenty years for murder. Altogether quite considerable terms of prison life.

There was a famous diamond smuggling case that involved months of work all over Canada and the smugglers finally landed. There was a big opium smuggling case also successfully handled, and then work laid in more pleasant fields. Callaghan was selected as one of the secret service guards for President Taft at his summer home in Massachusetts, and for a time at the White House. He was appointed to the personal guard of Wilson from the time of his election until a year ago last January.

Many interesting stories he could tell if he would about the personal

habits of the president and former president and the means that the United States secret service takes to guard the life of the chief executive.

He might tell of how Taft liked speeding, while out in his motor car and how Wilson never permits the chauffeur to drive faster than fifty miles an hour, even on the smoothest of country boulevards; how Taft would sometimes snatch a little sleep in his automobile; of Taft's fondness for bridge whist; and when he sometimes lacked a player of inviting one of the secret service men to take a hand; of the geniality and democracy of both men in their association with the men immediately surrounding them; of the more intimate habits of presidents and their immediate families and many sidelights on their lives, their idiosyncrasies and their nonchalance over possible danger of personal harm.

He could tell, if he would, of the many adventures of himself and Jimmy Sloan, the most known of pres-

idents' body guards, but just now he is very busy out here in Zion.

He enjoys the distinction of not only being the youngest secret service man in charge of a government department, but also probably the youngest operative in the employment of the government. He is just a little more than twenty-nine now and contrary to all well established fiction authorities on the lives of great detectives has never been shot up, beaten up, and, to hear him tell it, never found any very grave dangers.

Out in Salt Lake he is in charge of the secret service work for Utah, Montana, western Wyoming and Idaho. His present service began a year ago last January, and since then he has gathered into Federal toils ten counterfeiters, while before one counterfeiter each year or so was the record.

The government is especially finicky about men going around and trying to palm off duplicates of Uncle Sam's money. There is no expense it will not go to to catch a man who is even coining nickles at the rate of a few a

week. If it should be necessary he will be followed over the entire civilized world and usually, in the end, he is caught. And this is the work in which young Tom Callaghan especially shines.

There was a case here last August of Dante Baganoe and Bismark Aloisio who saw a get-rich-quick scheme in the manufacture of silver dollars. Both were waiters. Baganoe had been a worker in plaster of paris. Aloisio had saved up a bank roll. They rented a pretty cottage out in Cliff place and also a shack down an alley way along the railroad yards below Fifth south, and purchased at various Salt Lake places a plumbers furnace, materials and drugs, explaining that they were manufacturing jewelers. Their purchase had hardly been made when Callaghan had gotten the tip and was on the job. Disguised as a tramp section hand he and one of the sheriff's officers spent two weeks, for a large share of the time playing cards in a box car conveniently drawn on a spur of track near the Baganoe-Aloisio

shack, and then came the arrests in which Callaghan and Sheriff Jack Corless shared honors. The men were taken completely by surprise. Three sets of fine moulds were found and several spurious dollars.

Baganoe pleaded guilty and was sentenced to two years. Aloisio was given eighteen months. Both were young in the game. One was but twenty-nine and the other twenty-four years of age. They were not able to get even a start in this district. The dollars were clever counterfeits. They were made from tin and antimony and lead with a silver wash, costing altogether not more than seven or eight cents apiece, and were easily passed in saloons and among places frequented by laborers.

There was the case of Rollie York and Edward Carr, both policemen in Oakland, and on the side successful counterfeiters for more than two years, passing from twenty-five to thirty thousand dollars worth of counterfeit five dollar gold pieces. They were

(Continued on Page 16.)



Dante Baganoe, sentenced to two years for making and passing counterfeit dollars, partner of Bismark Aloisio

James Fogarty, partner of Frank Critchley, arrested for making and having counterfeit coins in his possession

Frank Critchley, partner of James Fogarty, arrested for making and passing counterfeit silver dollars

Walter McGovern, alias Curlep, burglar and counterfeiter, sentenced for passing twenty dollar gold pieces