

A Shattered Romance

A True Story of the Secret Service

By COL. H. G. WHITLEY, Former Chief U. S. Secret Service

HE professional criminal's brain is a constantly working laboratory of the most ingenious plots for over-reaching the officers of the law. Ever awake, ever thoughtful and ever active—at glaring noonday as well as at black midnight—in the brown-stone front and lowly tenement—everywhere and at every hour is this insidious enemy of social order wide awake and on the alert.

It takes an acute mind and level head to contend against and bring the ingenious criminal to the bar of justice. During our civil war counterfeiting blossomed into a fine art. It became almost omnipresent in every channel of trade and the government detectives were impotent to totally eradicate the evil, expose the plots and defeat the operations of these criminals, until some time after peace had been restored.

To meet and destroy these vampires of society it was often necessary to resort to measures of seeming wrong, that good results might be obtained. One of the most ingenious criminals that fell into the hands of the secret service division during my official career was one Thomas Brownie, the son of a man of wealth, occupying a fine residence on an aristocratic street in New York City.

Young Brownie was possessed of a handsome, refined face, slight figure, polished address and the self poise of a man thoroughly trained in the best schools. Reared under the tuition of a good and tender mother and supplied with every luxury by a kind and indulgent father, it seems quite unaccountable that he should choose to enter the society of criminals. On account of his expertise in dodging the officers of the law he gained the confidence of many of the leading counterfeiters and forgers of the country. When I first learned of him he was leading the life of a man of inexhaustible means. His extravagance in dress and living was in keeping with the man of millions. Through various sources of information it was discovered that he was handling counterfeit money in a wholesale way and that he was connected with what was then known as the Miner gang of "Conslackra".

He had for some time been cute enough to deal in the bogus stuff in a manner to baffle the skill of the government officers. On more than one occasion when the officers thought him to be almost in their grasp, he would manage to elude them and disappear from their sight. The time came when neither the subtle ingenuity of his plans nor the wealth and respectability of his family served to shield him from the hands of the officers. He was a difficult man to capture, but notwithstanding his remarkable skill and adroitness he met his match at last.

It was while at the height of his criminal glory and while he was daily strutting Broadway with the air of a man of unimpeachable character and incalculable wealth that evidence sufficient for his conviction had been gathered and brought to my office. I at once directed his arrest and plans were laid for his capture.

At about the same time he suddenly disappeared from his usual haunts and the officers were unable to discover his hiding place.

Whenever the officers sought him in a place where his presence had been reported they were always just a little too late. The man they were seeking had changed his location.

When next heard of he would be in some other part of the city. In the course of time he was spoken of among the detectives as a will-o'-the-wisp, so he was forever flitting about.

Two secret service officers were detailed to keep a careful watch upon his father's aristocratic mansion. For weeks, night and day, this was kept up without success. The man we were in quest of never put in an appearance there. The only persons seen to go out and in were an elderly gentleman and a young woman of fine appearance, presumably his daughter. There were also two servants, neither bearing the slightest resemblance to young Brownie.

One of the detectives employed in watching the house was a propositioning young Italian. I will name him Louis Merito. He was well educated and of fine address. Watchful and of a nervous, sanguine temperament, he was nearly always sure of being the lucky one when sent with others to make a capture.

One pleasant afternoon several days after the young Italian had taken a position near the Brownie mansion, an elegantly attired young lady was seen coming down the front steps of the house, carrying a traveling bag. She entered a carriage in waiting and it rolled away at a moderate pace. Merito followed on foot and was able to keep the carriage in view. When the young lady crossed the gang plank of the steamer "Providence," then plying between New

York and Fall River, Merito was close at her heels. She stepped up into the grand salon and after moving about for a few moments, beckoned to a nut-brown chambermaid. When the servant came near the young lady opened a pearl inlaid portemonnaie, and taking from it a ten dollar bill, requested her to procure a stateroom and passage ticket to the city of Boston.

A few minutes afterwards the chambermaid returned and informed the young lady that the staterooms on the boat were all engaged.

The young lady seemed greatly disappointed and said it was a sorry predicament for her to be placed in; and if the deep drawn sigh she uttered was an index of her feelings at that moment, she was not only greatly disappointed, but at a loss to know what to do.

Merito, who was near at hand, was

even than the diamond solitaires that adorned her ears.

The detective's heart was throbbing wildly. He could scarcely contain himself. It was a case of love at first sight. The hot blood of the Italian was surging to his head. He was quite bewildered.

Collecting his scattered senses he was soon able to convince the young woman that he was a man of consequence, and that while their meeting was but casual, he was greatly delighted because of the opportunity offered to make her acquaintance.

It was late in the evening when they bade each other good night with a promise to meet again on the arrival of the steamer at Fall River in the early morning.

Merito had not only discovered that Miss Brownie was lovely and fascinating, but that she was frank, confident and truthful. She had nothing

as kind hearted as he was enterprising, and upon the impulse of the moment he pushed himself to the front and with the politest of French bows, said: "Please excuse me, young lady, I am very much pained to witness your distress, and I should be glad to assist you. If you will allow me I think I can procure you a stateroom."

In modest tones she thanked him for his kindness and confidently offered him the ten dollar bill that had been returned to her by the chambermaid.

"Never mind the money until I know what I can do for you."

He thereupon went below. The sister, he thought, is not responsible for the sins of her brother; besides, the making of her acquaintance might give him a better opportunity for discovering the whereabouts of the man he was seeking. In his imagination he was sure that she was going to meet him.

This was his opportunity, thought he. He would ingratiate himself into the good graces of this young woman and if possible learn the whereabouts of her brother.

The oily-tongued detective had no great difficulty in securing the coveted prize. Steamerboat clerks are always wise enough to reserve an extra ticket or two for special purposes.

When Merito returned to the grand salon and handed the young lady her tickets she was profuse in her thanks and expressed her deep obligation. As she held the tickets between her jeweled fingers she beamed a smile and displayed a set of pearly white teeth, encircled by a pair of ruby lips, and oh, such eyes! More sparkling

and rendered him his love and offered her his heart and hand.

The young woman, although seemingly overcome, was altogether too modest to accept. Somewhat taken back by this premature declaration, she was sufficiently self-poised to assure him that she was pleased to her attention. But she could not take any decisive step in so important a matter without first consulting her father.

She felt that it was her first duty to save her brother. To accomplish this she was ready to sacrifice life itself.

Merito, never at a loss for a subterfuge, proposed to interest himself and secure a condemnation of her brother's offense through the assistance of the Italian consul at New York. This ray of light was presented in fine Italian style and must have sounded hopeful to the ears of Miss Brownie. Her face now fairly beamed with joy as she assured him she would willingly give all she possessed in the world to effect such a result.

She promised to marry him should he succeed in saving her brother from prosecution for his past offenses.

The day following this I received at my New York office a letter marked "personal," which read as follows:

"Dear Chief:

"I write to inform you that I arrived here this morning in company with the sister of Brownie. Through cunning I made her acquaintance and learned everything. She is on the way to meet her brother Thomas. She tells me that he intends to remain outside

reports to the school authorities. The state provides all the materials for the games and work, and also pays for the luncheons. Basel has a population of 130,000, and last year 2,900 children were taken care of in these guardian schools. In addition to this work Basel has an organization known as the "Play association," which looks after games for young people. There is also another society, now 25 years old, whose special business it is to give instruction to and provide recreation for boys on Sundays and in the evenings,

are open every day, and from the middle of November till the middle of March, every evening. They can hardly be called schools, but rather recreation classes.

Under the teacher's direction the children play games, tell stories, sing, crochet, embroider, sew and so forth. In good weather they are taken outdoors for games or walks. Each class has about thirty-five children in it, just enough for the teacher or guardians to handle comfortably. An inspector visits the classes frequently and makes

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of the United States unless a compromise can be effected. She says he has offered to furnish information and will assist to break up the Miner gang of counterfeiters. If you will send me special authority and a guarantee that he will not be arrested I will go with his sister and coax him to come to New York. Please forward the papers to me here at once.

"Yours respectfully,
"LOUIS MERITO."

The case was an important one and required my personal attention. If a compromise could be made that would result in the conviction of such men as Miner, I was anxious to make it. I chose to superintend it myself, and the next train that left for Boston took me with it. When I arrived there on the following morning I went directly to the United States hotel, where I met a thoroughly astonished Italian. He was much surprised at my unlearned appearance.

I soon learned enough to place me in possession of the facts in the case so far as the detective was concerned. I then demanded a personal interview with Miss Brownie, which was soon arranged. After introducing me to the lady, Merito retired from the room, as had been previously agreed upon. I found myself in the presence of a tall and stately young woman, tastefully and fashionably dressed. She held in her hand a large fan which she wielded with consummate grace.

I found her fully posted on the nature of my business. Inviting me to be seated, she began the conversation and explained to me the proposed plan to Montreal, where she hoped to meet her brother, Thomas Brownie. She had learned through a friend that her brother was anxious to quit counterfeiting and that he could, if given an opportunity, put the government officers in a position to arrest a number of leading counterfeiters. She did not know the particulars, but was sure that her brother would, if permitted to return to New York, render the government important service. She said that her father had nearly lost his mind on account of the action of his son and that he was ready to undergo almost any sacrifice and pay any reasonable sum of money for the purpose of saving his boy.

With the said was quite reasonable, and after questioning her for some time I had about come to the conclusion that her offer, if carried out as promised, would be a good thing for the government.

There were a number of counterfeiters then on the market and I was exceedingly anxious to break up the gang by arresting its leaders and securing the plates. The Miner gang had cost and lost cost the government a considerable sum of money. While talking over the details of the proposed surrender I stepped to a window and raised the shade, upon which the sun shone brightly, lighting up the room and casting its bright rays fully upon the face of the lady before me. Drawing my chair a little nearer and resting in front of her I was enabled to look her straight in the face. My eyes resting on hers seemed to discern her. She blinked and turned her head. I straightened up a little and stared at her. She started to rise.

"Keep your seat," I commanded, in an authoritative tone.

At this moment I saw defiance mingled with terror in her eyes. At first I had noticed nothing in her appearance or actions to create suspicion. As was quite natural, she now seemed excited. This might have been attributed to a disturbed condition of her mind on account of the actions of her brother—a natural sequence under the circumstances. She again turned towards me and the sun shone upon her face. I at once detected the work of an artist skilled in the use of shades of paint. I noticed, too, that her hair had not the glossy appearance of natural growth. I was quite sure she was in disguise.

"Before this business goes any further," I said, "I want you to remove your false hair and wipe the paint and powder from your face."

"As I arose in front of her she started up with an indignant glare and attempted to push me away. In a flash I reached for her chin. Giving it a quick jerk, its fastenings gave way and it rolled on the carpet. There was no longer any use for concealment. Thomas Brownie stood before me. The game was up. There was no more room for dodging. He began peeling off layer after layer of his feminine apparel. When he had fully disengaged himself from his dressmaker's outfit he opened his traveling bag and proceeded to clothe himself in masculine attire.

Merito, who had during this interview remained in the hall, was now requested to come into the room. I handed him a pair of handcuffs and Brownie immediately put up his hands to receive them. He was completely done for and offered no further resistance.

In taking the trip on the steamer "Providence" and playing the part of a fascinating woman, it was not surprising that Brownie was able to dupe the detective. As a gifted impersonator he could reproduce to a nicety the tones and modulations of the detective's voice. His description and imitation of the impassioned love scene that took place between himself and Merito was very entertaining. Brownie was too crafty and gifted a criminal to run at large. He was put on trial, convicted and sentenced to the Albany penitentiary for a term of fifteen years.

Merito was so charmed and overcome on account of his escapade with Brownie that he lost his assurance and was unable to face his fellow officers. The last I heard of him he was on the Pacific coast.



THOMAS BROWNIE STOOD BEFORE ME!

"IF YOU WILL ALLOW ME I THINK I CAN PROCURE YOU A STATEROOM."

"KEEP YOUR SEAT," I COMMANDED IN AN AUTHORITY TONE.

HE WOODED HER IN THE MOST APPROVED ITALIAN STYLE.

Caring for the Children

Switzerland Solves Problem of How Young Felts of the Street Should Spend Idle Hours.

In the overcrowded quarters of every large city where working people live there are always many small children who are allowed to run the streets without proper oversight. In the largest cities, like London, Paris and New York, they are numbered by

thousands. With such surroundings and under such conditions it is not strange that a large percentage of them become criminals. The great question with the authorities is how to handle them and prevent them, as far as possible, from becoming criminals. Switzerland has solved the problem, partly at least. In the city of Basel, for instance, "guardian schools," organized and supported by the state,

are open every day, and from the middle of November till the middle of March, every evening. They can hardly be called schools, but rather recreation classes.

Under the teacher's direction the children play games, tell stories, sing, crochet, embroider, sew and so forth. In good weather they are taken outdoors for games or walks. Each class has about thirty-five children in it, just enough for the teacher or guardians to handle comfortably. An inspector visits the classes frequently and makes

reports to the school authorities. The state provides all the materials for the games and work, and also pays for the luncheons. Basel has a population of 130,000, and last year 2,900 children were taken care of in these guardian schools. In addition to this work Basel has an organization known as the "Play association," which looks after games for young people. There is also another society, now 25 years old, whose special business it is to give instruction to and provide recreation for boys on Sundays and in the evenings,

last year it had 24,000 children under its care. All of which goes to show that American cities might learn some good lessons from Switzerland and her cities.—Advance Magazine.

Handsome Footwear in Russia.

All Russians have a weakness for handsome footwear, and the result is that there are more pairs of showy boots worn in the czar's empire than anywhere else on earth. This preference extends to the women as well as to the

NOTES FROM MEADOWBROOK FARM

By William Pitt



To stimulate a large flow of milk, a cow must receive considerable protein in her food, in proper proportion to the carbohydrates and fat; this has long been an accepted fact, but feed high in the nitrogenous elements costs more than most farmers feel they can afford to pay. In view of the low price they are able to obtain for their milk, alfalfa contains a very high percentage of this nitrogen—in fact the highest of any of the forage plants usually grown.

The farmer has as much right as anyone to wear a good suit of clothes and adorn and beautify his home. In fact, it is his duty to do so. It is also part of his duty to furnish good reading matter for the family. We should strive so to elevate and dignify the business that any man could be proud to say, I am a farmer.

Only the best cows should be kept. If there is an abundant supply of fodder, wheat and oat straw, cows that will freshen in the spring can be cheaply wintered, and it will pay to carry them over.

Winter wheat should not be sown too early or its growth will become so rank and succulent that it will not withstand the freezes of winter, according to the Pennsylvania experiment station.

Horses are now being raised for particular service, and the commercial value of the animal can easily be increased 25 per cent. by generous feeding the first year after it is weaned.

The man who does his level best to succeed will never be an utter failure no matter what his ultimate financial condition. The only real failure is the man who never tries.

As a rough fodder for young animals alfalfa is unequalled, since it contains in generous quantities the well balanced properties necessary to healthy and rapid growth.

Dairymen recommend drilling six pecks of rye and four pecks of barley to the acre. The two grains make a thick growth and much finer herbage than rye alone.

Too many farmers keep their farm horses tied by the head all winter in a dark, stuffy stable without any ventilation whatever, and up to their hooks in manure.

In producing hogs either as breeders or for the pork market, the feed question is the predominant question, as it is the principal cost in growing the hog.

The hog that will turn back to the farmer the most pounds of pork in the quickest time for the feed that he eats is the one that he wants to make money with.

Weaning should not be a violent and abrupt function, but the young animal should be prepared by preliminary education for the first great ordeal of its life.

Mulch the asparagus bed with a good coating of straw manure and cut away and burn the tops as soon as the frost has blackened them.

Less than a score of years ago hogs were selling by the dozen for about the same money that a good horse will bring today.

Some of our experiment stations go so far as to say that an acre of rape will produce as many pounds of pork as an acre of corn.

Secure the small fruits from danger. Do this early to be certain of it, for small fruits will be of exceptional value next year.

The bush fruits, like currants and gooseberries, can be set in the fall in the same way as cane fruits, also grapes.

Endive is not seen in the garden as often as it should be. When well blanched it makes a delicate salad plant.

The little cracks in the poultry house are what play havoc with the flock, especially if they are where they will allow little currents of air to reach the fowls when on the roosts.

No one who knows anything about hens keeps a hen until she is three or four years old, unless she has superior qualities.

Heavy losses and much discouragement finds its source in improper management of breeding ewes during the late summer months.

Herbaceous perennials should be taken up every third or fourth year, the clumps divided and reset in fresh soil.

Fumigate the poultry houses or spray them with disinfectants before the fowls go into winter quarters.

It is unwise to permit the boar to be with the sow at all until he is at least seven months old.

Apples should be well faced in the barrel.

Many farmers make the mistake of thinking lime a true fertilizer, which it acts as an aid in the soil to allow other fertilizers to work. In this respect it might be called an indirect fertilizer. However, it has a small amount of real fertilizing value, inasmuch as many of the crops, clover and the legumes especially, require it in their growth. Most soils, though, contain enough lime for all plant needs, when other soil conditions are right.

A famous French poultry expert gives a simple and easy way of making hens lay in winter. It is simply giving the fowls grain that has been limed. Without showing especial fondness for such grain, fowls eat it all right. This diet is harmless, provided it is not continued too long. Wheat is generally used for this purpose, but barley, oats and corn can be treated in the same way.

The main ingredient of wood ashes is potash, an alkali, which, as all alkali, has the power of neutralizing acids. Hence the application of wood ashes on our soils corrects the acidity the same as caustic lime. The ashes also contain a considerable proportion of lime, which has the same action.

Nothing bespeaks the character of a man more than an attractive home, a well kept lawn and happy wife and family and those all represent giving attention to the often neglected odds and ends of our time.

A great many horses are going westward on the cow belt to help develop the industries of the Pacific coast. Eastern buyers find strong western competition in Iowa and Missouri.

Keep and breed and try some of your hens that you like, then if they demonstrate superior qualities hold on to them till they die, even if they run down to only fifty or sixty eggs a year.

If the six million farms in this country were laid out in one square tract they would comprise a tract of land almost half as large as the United States, or twelve hundred miles each way.

It is an excellent practice to look ahead and arrange some means whereby the ewes as soon as the lambs are separated can have a new growth of palatable forage to graze upon.

A tree or plant that has had all summer to grow in, and has become well established by a considerable root growth, stands a better chance to go through the winter safely.

The man who cannot milk without abusing cows has no business in the cow stable. A kick or blow will retard the secretion of milk and may injure the cow for time to come.

The care of the lambs so that they do not lose their lamb flesh is in accord with the feeding of all kinds of stock that we wish to prepare in good form for the market.

Land that has been seeded to crimson clover, and the crop turned under has been found to contain twice as much humus, moisture and nitrogen as that which has no clover.

Flowers in the window speak in an unmistakable language of interest in the things that add real charm and dignity to the daily grind and help to make life worth living.

Corn silage may be fed as soon as the silo is filled, provided you have cattle enough to eat all that has started to ferment or heat on top of the silo each time you feed.

There are two reasons why sheep are not more plentiful on the average farm; fences are not good enough to hold sheep and the mud is frequently fatal at lambing time.

With a nutritious supply of palatable pasture old ewes can be recruited up in flesh very rapidly and gotten into marketable condition before winter closes in.

An over crowded poultry house does not mean thrift for any, and especially for smaller and weaker ones, which are usually the young and smaller pullets.

The higher price is partly won by increased weight and partly by superior quality of well-covered soft-fleshed chickens.

Progress in farming is an individual problem from the solution of which the state, the nation and the world must benefit.

Hens that are good layers and that are old right will lay up to 40 per cent right through the first half of the moult.

Iowa is in a class by itself as a hog state. Apparently most of the corn grown in Iowa is fed to its 6,485,000 swine.

Many a man has been surprised at the effect of one load of barnyard manure scattered about under a tree. It gives new life and fruitfulness.

An ordinary 160 corn-belt farm can carry about forty dairy cows, but 240 sheep would test the pasturage harder.

Grape vines make a satisfactory fence if trained on five wires.

Peonies are highly ornamental and perfectly handy.

Don't let two cocks claw each other to pieces. Put the matter to arbitration and give each a separate flock.

The date on an egg is not what counts; it is the honesty of the man that puts the mark there.

The best soil for currants and red raspberries is a finely pulverized, well-drained clay loam.

The ground for small fruits should be fully exposed to the sun and air, and free from shade.