

COUNTERFEITERS OPERATE IN A NATIONAL BANK

By an Ex-Operative of the Secret Service

Here Is a True Story of the Uncovering of the Country's Worst Gang of "Shovers of the Queer."

Champagne Cases Furnish Secret of Odd Plot, Unearthed by Captain Dickson—Recounts an Assistant Gardener and Expose of Workings of System Quickly Follows—Cashier Is Placed Under Arrest.

CAPT. DICKSON and I were again foregathering in front of the cheery log fire at his home. He launched into a capital story of counterfeiting in high places.

"I was once stationed in the city of a great international exposition, to watch for counterfeiters that were expected to put out the customary counterfeiters. For the first month or so of the fair there was nothing to do but lounge about the office and, like Mr. Micawber, wait for something to turn up. The four of us who were assigned to this monotonous duty soon grew weary of the inactivity and were on the point of asking for a transfer, when an excellent imitation of the ten dollar gold-piece made its appearance in large numbers. After that, none of the four of us had any cause for complaint on the score of stagnation.

"Saunders and McGrath, two of my companions, by means of a miserably scrawled, anonymous note to the chief of police, secured information of mysterious boxes coming by night to a bank, and it required but a small flight of the imagination to evolve a plot in which the great financial magnate, the president of the bank, was the central figure, regardless of his high social standing, his reputed fabulous wealth, and his irreproachable character.

"I selected the cashier at the factory as my man, and Murphy took the teller of the bank, the man who made up the pay-roll each week. For ten days we shadowed them with dogged persistence. They were both men of the town and both were members of the better class of clubs and moved in the most exclusive circles of society. These matters rather strengthened our belief that the counterfeiters were for neither of the men was wealthy, and playing society is an expensive game at best.

"But in all our pursuit and in all the lavish expenditures of these young spendthrifts not once did either of them pass or attempt to pass one of the counterfeit coins, so far as we could gather. I don't think they could have done so without its being discovered, so thoroughly did we track them in every turn and move they made during the period we had them under observation. They lived together in a handsomely furnished flat, with a small army of servants, and they entertained lavishly. Their table was of the best and their wines of the rarest vintage.

"We decided that nothing was to be gained by shadowing them further, so we left them to their frivolous social duties. About this time Saunders and McGrath came tagging home, conveying the bank president, tucked out and disgusted with their fruitless journey.

"The night of their return Murphy and I held a conference with them, at which it was practically agreed that the bank president was innocent, and that there was nothing else to do but take him into our confidence and make the bank itself our point of operation.

"I watched the teller very carefully that week, and especially on the day when he made up the payroll for the factory, which was called for by Saunders. The sack, contained both gold and silver, but there was not a single coin in the lot which had not been given birth legitimately at some one of the government's mints. Saunders made sure of this before the sack reached the factory.

"The cashier, a man named Powell, and the teller both kept close watch upon me while I worked in the big vault, as was their duty, and this gave me scant opportunity to investigate the sacks of gold piled away in a pretentious row on a low shelf. In moving them, I thought that some seemed lighter in weight than others, and as this would be valuable information if true, I hit upon what I thought was a rather ingenious way of determining if my surmise was correct.

"Concealing my pen-knife in the hollow of my hand, with the blade open, I selected one of the sacks of ten-dollar coins which seemed to be lighter than some of its mates, and, as I



IN THE CHAMPAGNE CASES I FOUND THE MOULDS AND OTHER ACCESSORIES OF THE COUNTERFEITERS.

moved it from the shelf, I cut the cord which fastened the mouth of it while the attention of the inquisitive cashier and teller was directed elsewhere.

"Having shaken the mouth of the sack open and frayed the ends of the cord so that my ruse would not be detected, I purposely stumbled and fell as I crossed the vault. The coins poured out upon the steel floor of the big vault in a bright yellow stream, rolling hither and yon, while I sat dejectedly in the midst of the golden flood and rubbed my knee and cursed.

"The two bank officials showed lively concern at my stupid accident, and both set about gathering up the coins. I assisted them as much as possible, but my pulse was beating too fast for my help to amount to much. My ruse had fully served my purpose. The ring of the coins upon the steel floor of the vault had not been true. They had rung dull and heavy, and I knew them at once for their real false character. The verification of this fact came when I fingered them deftly, as I restored them to the sack where they had come. There was no mistaking the feeling of them. They were greasy and slick; that silky touch which discloses the spurious coin in the dark as well as in the light. Every one I touched had that slippery, soapstone surface which counterfeiters cannot overcome except by the use of metal of the same fineness as that of the genuine coin.

"As I replaced the sacks, after cleaning the shelf, I was careful to weigh each of them in my hand. There were 15 sacks, each containing a thousand dollars in half eagles, which were light in weight.

"I now felt sure of my ground, but it was still necessary that we secure proof against the teller. I had not suspected the cashier, until his evident trepidation when I spilled the sack of gold.

"The mystery was now more complex and interesting than ever. While I had discovered the big reserve of the counterfeiters I had no evidence against any one, and was still afraid to make arrests. I wanted the makers of the coin and their machinery, and wanted them badly, for this was the biggest case that I had thus far in my career been engaged upon.

"That night I did some tall thinking, and also made a secret trip to the banker's residence, which I carefully examined from the outside, going over the extensive grounds about the house and the outbuildings at the imminent peril of being shot for a burglar. Here I discovered only one thing

of importance. In the stable I stumbled on an empty champagne case, which was of the same brand as one I had noticed in the vault of the bank. It might mean something or nothing, but I had long ago learned to take particular notice of small things, and many is the valuable clue that this habit has given me.

"Since the return of Saunders and McGrath, they had been working on the clew of the anonymous letter, and the information it contained about the mysterious boxes which had been seen to arrive at the bank at night. They had located the author, a discharged messenger, who bore a grudge against the teller to whose instance he attributed his discharge. From the messenger they learned that the boxes had been delivered at the back entrance of the bank late at night. They had been brought to it in a one horse express wagon, but the wagon had not displayed a license number and the driver, although muffled in a great coat, had evidently not been a regular expressman, so the messenger informed them. He gave a fairly accurate description of the wagon, which had been of peculiar construction.

"I had seen just such a vehicle at the banker's residence, a sort of delivery wagon which seemed to be employed in hauling feed for the extensive stable of the banker, as it had been filled with sacks of oats and bales of hay when I saw it.

"The next morning I reported sick at the bank, but my service with the banker was not at an end. I had shifted my position from janitor at the bank to assistant gardener and general factotum at the president's residence. Armed with a note from the banker to the gardener, I put in my appearance at his residence. The gardener didn't seem to like my appearance. He regarded me with cold suspicion, while he read the note from his employer, and it seemed to me, he rather reluctantly accepted me as his assistant. I verily believe he would have driven me away on some pretext, if it had not been for the explicit terms of the note the banker had written at my dictation.

"The gardener was a tough looking customer. There was an atmosphere of suspicion about him which put me on my guard and caused me to watch him with caution. He was a smooth individual, however, and I had served in my new capacity for three days without discovering anything worth mentioning, when he set me at the task of wheeling out the ashes from the big bin in the cellar. The bin was

situated at the rear of the furnace, near the entrance of the basement, and in passing to and fro at my task, I noticed several wine-cases piled in a dark corner of the basement. I took advantage of the first opportunity to examine them and, while the lids were securely nailed down, I found, by lifting them, that they were as heavy as chunks of lead.

"That night I burglarized the banker's basement, while two of my companions kept watch outside to see that I was not disturbed. In the champagne-cases I found the moulds and other accessories of the counterfeiters, and a large quantity of metal and newly manufactured coins.

"Before we left the banker's residence, the gardener was a prisoner, and before the night was over we had nabbed Mason and Tarley and Cashier Powell. The gardener turned state's evidence and gave the whole held out firmly to the last. They were convicted only after considerable difficulty. Except for the assistance of the gardener in securing evidence, we should never have been able to have made out, against them, anything more than a strong circumstantial case. We recovered about \$10,000 from the culprits, and in the banker's vault was more than \$18,000 of the counterfeit money. The night watchman at the bank was also implicated and convicted.

"The gardener, who had many aliases, was an old offender. He had worked at one time in the 'Frisco mint, and was regarded as a skillful workman. After leaving the mint, he had put out a gold coin of the twenty-dollar denomination, but had been caught and had served a prison term for it. He had drifted east, after serving his term, and had figured out the plan which he had there put in operation. He had manufactured the coins, using the big furnace at the banker's residence for that purpose, and had secured the three society men, all of whom were heavily in debt and therefore ready victims, to palm off the money. Their method was to take good money from the bank vault and replace it with the bad, which they worked off at the factory in the weekly pay roll. The cashier at the bank had secured the place for the counterfeiters at the banker's residence, but this had not been with any particular design further than it was a place that was especially suited to the necessities of the counterfeiters."

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SUPPOSED CORPSE SHOCKS MOURNERS

HE SITS UP WHILE UNDERTAKER IS PREPARING HIM FOR BURIAL.

LATTER SEES THE BODY HEAVE

Speaks When Hand Is Plunged Into Jug of Cold Water—Able to Converse with Family in a Short Time.

London.—A Rochdale undertaker met with a startling experience the other day. During the last few days a traveler named James Fegan, 26 years of age, whose parents reside in Christian street, Preston, has been seriously ill with pneumonia at his lodgings in Rochdale. During the whole of Thursday night he was extremely ill, and apparently died at seven o'clock Friday morning.

A brother and sister of Fegan, who had been summoned from Preston, and the inmates of the house assured themselves that the man was dead, and straightway began to make arrangements for the funeral. The blinds were drawn and the doctor was informed that death had taken place. He prepared the customary certificate and arrangements were made about some insurance money.

The undertaker was informed, and three hours after death was supposed to have occurred he proceeded to the lodgings of Fegan. When he reached the room he found the man's head propped up with pillows rather high, and one of the pillows was removed in order to secure a more correct measurement. The undertaker, Albert Heywood, had already taken one measurement, and was proceeding with a second in order to verify the first, when he was startled to see the body slightly heave. At first he thought he must have been mistaken, but after waiting a second or two the body heaved again, and there was a slight twitching of the eyelids, which had been closed by the person who had "laid out" the body.

Mr. Heywood informed the brother, who commenced to shout wildly:



"Oh, I'm Cold," Muttered the Supposed Dead Man.

"Jim! Jim!" and shook Fegan vigorously. In response Fegan slightly moaned. A doctor was sent for, and the sister, who was in an adjoining room, was summoned. As soon as she learned that her brother lived she fainted.

Mr. Heywood then plunged the man's hands into a jug of cold water, and the shock caused him to speak. He muttered: "Oh, I'm cold." He had lain in a cold room three hours, with only a sheet covering his body. By means of brandy Fegan revived so much that in half an hour he was, with assistance, able to sit up in bed. Medical attention was given, and later in the day he had recovered sufficiently to converse freely with his relatives and friends.

Bees Object to Moving.
Woodbury, N. J.—William Rambo, bus driver of this city, had an experience that he long will remember. He was engaged to take a hive of bees from North to South Woodbury, and, thinking they would rather occupy one of his buses than an express wagon, he placed the hive on the front seat. When German street was reached a few of the bees came out to investigate. They didn't like midwinter moving, and called to others to come out. A council of war was held, and then the bees opened for business. Several tackled the horses, others the driver.

In the melee the hive was upset and Rambo came out victor, but he doesn't care to haul any more bees.

Amputates Wife's Foot with Razor.
Vassar, Mich.—Because his wife said she would rather have him perform the operation than a surgeon, Herman Strieter, who lives near her, amputated his wife's foot with a razor. Mrs. Strieter had been suffering from a peculiar disease which had settled in one of her feet. Two physicians advised amputation. Mrs. Strieter gradually grew worse and her husband, at her request, without the assistance of a surgeon, performed the operation with a razor. Gangrene soon set in and the woman was taken to a Saginaw hospital.

Worthily Won Record.
Brig. Gen. George H. Torney, the new surgeon general of the army, is a Baltimorean by birth. The Sun of this city says of him: "He achieved his principal distinction, perhaps, in the work of sanitation following the San Francisco earthquake and fire calamity in April, 1906. He was then in command of the hospital at the Presidio, and all the details of the army's medical relief work fell to him. The sanitary conditions of San Francisco were made safe within one week

EAGLE THRASHES A CAT, THEN AWAKENS POLICE

BIRD ROUTS TABBY, AND WHEN TAKEN TO STATION INVADES DORMITORY.

New York.—Nature fakers and others who may think a cat can whip a gray eagle are respectfully referred to Joseph Solomon, who runs a butcher shop on Madison avenue, and Abraham Tfeffer, who helps him. They got their information at first hand the other afternoon, when they saw a half-grown eagle easily whip a large cat.

It is Solomon's practice to have refreshments in his apartment in the rear of the store just before the late afternoon rush sets in, and the other day while he, Tfeffer and Mrs. Solomon were discussing the repast a



Tom Was Getting the Beating of His Nine Lives.

fearful squawking arose in the backyard, where Solomon daily throws scraps for the benefit of the cats of the neighborhood.

Rushing out they found Tom Grady, the largest and handsomest tiger cat in the district, in battle with a bird, with other cats fleeing in all directions from what looked to be a feathered Johnson in action. Tom was getting the beating of his nine lives when Tfeffer got a large bag and threw it over the bird.

Then, followed by a large crowd, he ran to the station. He arrived there so excited that he could not say anything to Lieut. Connors but "bird cat." Connors was still wondering what was wrong when the bird answered the question by breaking out of the bag and flying straight for his head. Connors sidestepped, and the bird flew into the inspector's room, where policemen were playing checkers. They dropped the checkers to chase the bird, which made a line for the third floor, where more tired policemen were dreaming.

Thence the chase led to the inspection room once more, policemen in all states of dress and undress aiding in the pursuit, which, seemingly, was to be endless, until Hugh Montgomery, the doorman, came to the rescue. Hugh goes fishing a great deal in the summer, and had a small net used to catch minnows handy. Deftly he threw it over the bird, and in a short time it was in an improvised cage, and the station settled down to its normal condition.

On examination the eagle was found to have escaped all but minor injuries at the hands of Tom Grady, and now awaits a claimant.

FAIR INDIAN MAID STOLEN.
Tahlequah Cherokee Girl Has the Time of Her Life.

Muskogee, Okla.—Because she possessed a lease which half a dozen oil companies sought, Susie Turner, a Tahlequah Cherokee Indian girl, who lacked one month of being 18 years old, has spent that month in fairyland. Kidnapped at night on a street of Tahlequah and driven 45 miles in a train to catch a train, the young Indian girl was hustled into a Pullman state-room on the Katy Flyer, hurried out of Oklahoma, married to her sweetheart on the train, wine, dined and entertained at the expense of one of the rival oil companies, and has just been returned to Oklahoma, 18 years old. Mrs. Moses Harris, and legally able to sign over a lease to the spendthrift oil men.

When a girl Mrs. Harris inherited valuable oil lands and as the day of her maturity drew near several concerns, among them the Holdenville Oil Company, appeared in the field as rivals for the rich leases. It was when the bargaining was just reaching a climax that the Holdenville crowd kidnapped the girl and kept her in the fairytale of the east until she was old enough to give them the much-sought-for lease.

Oddly Cured by Tramp.
Worcester, Mass.—Unable to leave his bed for three years, James A. Sutton, at his home near Rochdale, entertained a tramp the other evening. The tramp told Sutton to get up and walk, saying: "I think if you tried you could get up and walk."

Mr. Sutton got onto his feet and found he could stand. When he did this the tramp looked surprised, and started to the door. Mr. Sutton spoke, saying: "Come back, come back, and stay the night with us." But the tramp had disappeared in the darkness.

ARCTIC TEMPLE OF ICE.

Crystal Palace Found by Ill-Fated Erichsen Expedition.

New York.—Amid the bleak, icy deserts of Greenland the survivors of the recent ill-fated Erichsen expedition discovered a sight of majesty that soled them for months of darkness, tedium and suffering. They found a crystal palace of superhuman architecture, vaster than a dozen cathedrals and Egyptian temples, resplendent with jewels and endless decorations of ice. Created by nature in a forbidding wilderness, it frightened the eyes of



Entrance to Huge Ice Cave.

the explorers and awed them with an imagined magnificence. The dreams of poets and the fancies of epic bards were surpassed by this vision of colossal loveliness, which the painter, Achton Friis, a member of the expedition, endeavored to carry away for the benefit of dwellers in civilization. More than a mile in length, the lofty nave of this arctic temple of ice was pierced at intervals with windows sparkled on columns and cubes and immense clusters of stalactites like pendent jewels. An iridescent glow, as if from opals and diamonds, suffused the lighter spaces and shaded into the bluish twilight which reigned in solemn transepts. The painter despaired of comprehending even the elusive colors that emanated from every surface and were infinitely toned by combination and reflection.

Through the center of the ice palace flowed a stream of water, whose occasional ripple and plashing fall broke the majestic silence. The human voice reverberated weirdly against the massive walls and the arched roof. A tone of mystery or of giant power was repeated by the invisible spirits of the north. There were echoes like chiming of bells, matching the fairy decorations of the nave. A huge dissonance caused by the cracking of a distant floe rumbled through the cavern as if it were the beginning of a prelude on an organ appropriate for an Arctic temple. What strains of might and of brooding softness would be required in such music!

In habited latitudes the architecture of frozen water is regarded as a pleasing fantasy, something which lasts a few short months and disappears. Far north it is possible that ice palaces and temples should endure without change longer than human structures of stone. The carcasses of prehistoric monsters have remained inviolate in arctic tombs for thousands of years, while granite pyramids have worn away and Babylonian civilizations have been buried deep in the earth. Some day the world may decide to store its most valuable records for posterity at the poles.

TWO COUNTRIES, ONE LEGATION.
Denmark and Sweden in Same Building in Washington.

Washington.—Sweden and Denmark occupy the same legation building in



New Swedish-Danish Legation in Washington.

this city. It is a coincidence that both countries go into the new Washington home with new representatives, Sweden with M. Herman de Lagercrantz and Denmark with Count Moltke, both men of experience in diplomacy and of considerable wealth. Countess Moltke, the wife of the new Danish minister, is as wealthy as her husband, young and interested in Washington society, so that considerable entertaining will be done in the right-hand side of the legation building, occupied by the Danish representative.

M. Lagercrantz, besides his wife, brings with him two daughters, Misses Eva and Mary. Both are good musicians and linguists.

A Temperance Movement.
"George," spoke his better half, "you are interested in the temperance movements, are you not?"
"Why certainly I am," he answered.
"Well, suppose you go out and make a few of them with the pump handle. I am in need of a pall of water."

Not Interested.
"You really ought to take up the study of reincarnation," said the young woman of great mentality.
"Not I," answered Mr. Dustin Stax.
"These investigations are giving me all the trouble concerning my past that I can handle at present."—Washington Star.

BREAKFAST, SOCIAL FUNCTION

At One Time Particularly English Form of Entertainment.

The customary breakfast given at the opening of the legal term by the lord chancellor in the house of lords to about three hundred guests is an institution which goes back to the days of the versatile Brougham. For the last 40 years it has been held in the house of lords, but at an earlier

date it was given in the lord chancellor's residence. It is a relic of the times when breakfast was a great social function.

Many other great men had what may be termed the breakfast habit. Thus Mr. Gladstone was a regular giver of breakfasts and a constant attendant at them when given by others. Of recent years, however, the breakfast has fallen into desuetude as a so-

cial function, except at the universities, where young men are still found who are capable of consuming three or four courses and the while maintaining a genial flow of elegant conversation.

Recently an attempt has been made to revive the breakfast. Thus the king in 1907, at Newmarket, issued several invitations to breakfast parties. To our ancestors the meal was a solid one, of many dishes of meat, qualified by sack possets or small beer, the ancient equivalent of soda water. Tea

was not known, and coffee was only to be found in the medieval analogue the modern museum.—Tit-Bits.

Armenia is a country of strong contrasts, of opposite extremes, of heat and cold, light and shade, drought and moisture, and contains many mysteries awaiting solution. The ethnologist is still in doubt as to what branch of the great European family the Armenian people belong to; the philologist has not yet classified their language, the antiquarian knows next to nothing of their early history.

after the disaster. This work won for the new surgeon general enthusiastic public praise from the mayor of San Francisco, the governor of the state, the officials of the citizens' relief committee, the Red Cross authorities, Surgeon Gen. O'Reilly and even Secretary of War Taft. Mr. Taft has borne this record in his memory ever since.

The man who hasn't the vigor to be vicious usually prides himself on his virtues.