

PARALLEL STORIES OF FAMOUS CRIMES

By HENRY C. TERRY

(Copyright by F. L. Nelson)

THE WELLS-FARGO MILLION DOLLAR EXPRESS ROBBERY.

HAD the plot to rob the Red Star express on the Erie at Port Jervis, New York, some twenty years ago succeeded, it would have been the greatest haul ever made in a train hold-up. That it did not succeed is due to the cunning and faithfulness of an old employe. A cool million in gold was the stake played for and so bold were the men who planned to take it that the detective assigned to the case refused to believe that the attempt actually would be made. The story, as told by the principal actors on each side, is a splendid illustration of the fact that no matter how carefully a crime is planned the criminal cannot take into account all the details, the failure of only one of which will lead to detection.

BOB FUREY'S STORY.

"The touch-off on the Red Star Express? Do I recall it? Well I should smile. That was one of the biggest and neatest jobs ever put up in New York. It was a hair-raiser from start to finish. A job like that ought to have been worth a million. It would have been but for one of the unexpected things that come around to crooks as well as to other people.

I tumbled on the business by accident one afternoon as I was going from Washington to New York. I was sitting in the smoker puffing away on a bit of Havana, when a couple of gents dropped in and took the seat in front. I did not pay any attention to them until I overheard them talking about money bags and gold coin. I picked up from their conversation that they were agents for an express company that had a contract for hauling money for the government, and had charge of the stuff while it was in transit from Washington to the mint in Philadelphia or to other eastern cities.

This of itself did not specially interest me, but when I heard them talk about how carelessly the coin was handled by the agents east of Chicago, a territory in which the cars were believed to be perfectly safe, I began thinking a bit. Before I reached New York I had made up my mind to pick up a few additional facts on this subject. If it turned out as rosy as these fellows indicated I would teach some of them a lesson in the art of performing their duty. I learned from them incidentally that the Red Star Express, on the Erie, carried more money than any other company, and that the agents guarded \$1,000,000 about as closely as the ordinary citizen would a nickel.

I gave these citizens a silent vote of thanks when we parted. Immediately afterward I began an official investigation. I had learned the trade of machinist when I was a young fellow, so the first thing I did was to make application for a job in the Erie railroad repair shops in Jersey City.

While working on the car I got acquainted with Pop Thompson. He was called Pop because of his general good nature, and not because he was old. I made myself as friendly with him as I could. I found out where he lived in Lafayette, N. Y., a little station up the line a ways. I hired a room in a boarding house near him. We met very often, and he seemed to take a fancy to me. After a while he talked quite freely about his business, though it was always about trips that he had made and never about trips that he was going to take.

When I got this far into the scheme I called in Johnny Dobbs, Big Jim Brady, Walt Herrick and Pete Durand, four of the wisest crooks that ever lived, and put them onto Pop and his car, with the idea that one of them would stick to him every day and go away with him on every trip to get the run of the business. In this way Johnny Dobbs picked up in Chicago that Pop had a weak side. In short, he was leading a double life. Nothing could have suited me better, for that gave me a chance to pull him into the traces.

There was no longer any use of my working in the shop, so I quit and went to Chicago to wait for Pop to turn up. It was some weeks before he landed there, but I fixed it so that I would meet him coming out of his home No. 2 in Chicago, which gave me a chance to call him down. He was not as much surprised as I thought he would be, and it was not until he got ready to return home that he suggested that it would be well to keep quiet what I had seen.

I promised never to mention it, and returned with Pop. It was the first show that I had to throw out any feelers. I gently, rather playfully, hinted that Pop was carrying a large amount of money for other people, and it was a wonder to me that none of it had ever stuck to his fingers. Pop manifested more interest in this talk than I had ever hoped for. He said he was tired of working for nothing. He hinted that if I could suggest any

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."

plan to make a big roll of money he was willing to listen. Then I gave him the idea, cold and plain, of hitting a rap at the Red Star car.

Pop drank in all that I said like a very thirsty man, agreed to meet me the next day and give me his views. He was on deck at the appointed time, and promised to furnish me with the information about the car and its load of coin, if I would do the rest of the work and fix it up so nothing would point to him. This seemed all right. If the thing was pulled off he could get his share of the boodle and quit his job when he felt like it. He was willing to make the dust, but had been trained so long on the honest line that he could not become a full-fledged thief at a jump.

Pop went along in the regular way, as it was arranged that we were not going to make the strike until the fall shipment of gold to Chicago. The time was left to Pop to select. We got the tip on Monday, that on the following Wednesday night the Red Star car would go out from the Erie depot with the big load of shiny metal. We fixed up everything to carry out our trick. I had a long talk with Pop. He was so inquisitive about all the details of robbery, and insisted upon knowing everything that we were going to do before hand, that I became suspicious of him.

One of the gang had been on his track every day without his knowledge, and had never seen or heard anything wrong, so I thought maybe I was not fair with Pop to doubt him. After thinking it all over I concluded that the safest way to deal with Pop would be to fool him by giving him a ghost story about the details. I told him the train would be flagged about five miles west of Port Jervis and the safes dumped from the car. A wagon would be in readiness to take the safes. They would then be blown open on the road. The plan was to bury the gold in a safe place and cart away only the greenbacks.

Wednesday night came. The car pulled out of the depot with Pop on the first watch and his partner in the sleeper. The gang were all in the smoker. After we got in motion Pop let us into the car. We started at once on the big safe and had no trouble getting into it. Pop, of course, did not know the combination. We got out the small safes—there were four of them—and they were very heavy. Pop said the cargo was nearly all gold and the prospect was very bright.

A few miles this side of Port Jervis, at a place agreed upon, and about ten miles from where Pop had been given to understand that the robbery would take place, I gave the signal. We forced the door of the car and dumped the safes while we were going at full speed. About a quarter of a mile beyond, a red light was waved in front of the engine. The train stopped. We jumped when the train lacked up, and the red light disappeared. We put Pop to sleep in the car with a tap on the head and closed the door, so that nothing was known of the robbery until the train reached Port Jervis. Then we had a hustle for fair."

DETECTIVE M'QUILLAN'S STORY.

I was sitting in my office late one afternoon when a messenger called and said that a detective was wanted at the office of Wells, Fargo & Co. for special business. When I got to the express office I was told what seemed to me to be a very fishy story about an attack that was going to be made upon the Red Star money car.

The tip that the robbery was going to come off had been given to the company by Ike Thompson, who went by the name of "Pop," one of the best agents in the express car service, but I thought that there must be a mistake in it somewhere. His story was that while he was in Chicago on one of the regular trips he went to the house of his sister-in-law, and when he left he was accosted by a fellow whom he had known in Jersey City as Luke Sanderson, one of the workmen in the Erie Railroad shops.

In some way or other Sanderson had got the idea that the woman Thompson had called upon was his wife. Sanderson knew that Thompson was married and had a family in Lafayette, N. Y., and he took pains to suggest to Thompson that it would go very hard with him if the company should learn that he was not living on the level, as he was earning hardly enough money legitimately to run two homes. Thompson did not stumble to what Sanderson was driving at until they were on the way back to Jersey City, going with an empty money car, when Sanderson suggested that there was an easier way to make a fortune than working for it.

Thompson is a very foxy fellow, and determined to lead Sanderson on with the belief that he was ready to go into anything that would pay big money, and he managed his part of the affair so well that Sanderson never dropped to the fact that he was being jollied.

I was not sent for until several days or weeks afterward, as Thompson

and the officials were not any too anxious to divide the honors in the case, as success made a big thing for all the company's employes who figured in the case. Thompson had several interviews with Sanderson, and from what he said had got him worked up to a high pitch over the robbery and the gang were anxious to spring the trick.

I listened to the tale, and was very skeptical. I did not believe that any top-notch crooks would have gone into such a scheme with Thompson without first being assured that there was no possible chance of a throw-down.

I asked for a sight of the crook, to see if I knew him. A meeting was arranged, at which I was present, and when I got my peepers on the bold Sanderson my old heart gave a thump. I recognized him at a glance as Bob Furey, a crook on both sides of the ocean in some first-class jobs.

Thompson was to figure only as a second fiddle in the transaction, and was to get an even share in the swag with the others when the money was divided. It was not necessary for him to have a knowledge of the details of the plans which Furey had put up to work off the money bags. The gang wanted a big boodle, and so long as we were on to their game I suggested that we should not give the gang the tip until there was really a big load of dust on board the express car, just to give the gang the laugh when they got the throw-down for losing such a dandy bundle.

The day was finally set for the robbery. Thompson succeeded in getting all the details, so that it made the work dead easy on paper. The signal to hold up the train, it was arranged, would be given after leaving Port Jervis on the Erie railroad, which would be the signal for us to do our little act and land the gang.

The train with the Red Star car was booked to leave the Erie depot at 6 o'clock in the evening, and in the morning I sent four men to Port Jervis to take up a position where the red light was to be given at night. I got a telegram that they had landed all right and in the evening, when the train pulled out of the depot, I was aboard with six lusty fellows, who would rather fight than eat.

I saw Thompson before the train started but did not speak to him. He indicated by a nod of the head that the gang were on board the train in the front cars, and everything looked rosy. The train pulled out on time, and we went humping along at a lively rate, as we were on the fast express. I had given instructions to my men what to do when we got to the holding-up place.

I knew every foot of the ground on the Erie, and when we got within a few miles of Port Jervis I began to feel just a little bit nervous. While I was running all the details of the attack over in my mind the train slowly pulled up, but did not come to a full stop. I looked out of the window, but did not see anything. In a moment we were pushing up the hill to Port Jervis at full speed. When we pulled up at the little depot I jumped off the car to take a final look at things, and as I passed the Red Star car I heard a moan. I listened and it was repeated several times. I could not understand it, but I felt that something had gone wrong.

I did not want to make a foolish break of any kind, so I first went to the engineer and asked him what he had stopped for before reaching Port Jervis. He said that he saw a red light swinging on the track, and slowed up. The light had disappeared before he got to it, and he could not understand it. I knew the meaning of it, and saw the game in a second. The gang had fooled Thompson by giving him a wrong description of what was going to be done. This was verified when I reached the Red Star car. The lock had been broken off, and inside the car was Thompson, lying on his back well done up.

He was partly conscious, and knew enough to tell that the thieves had fooled him, and had dumped the safes on the track about three miles east of Port Jervis. They had jumped off the train when it slowed. But if Thompson had been fooled he had fooled the gang also, for he had flung the kit of tools which was to be used to open the safes off the car, and it was dollars to doughnuts they would not be able to find them.

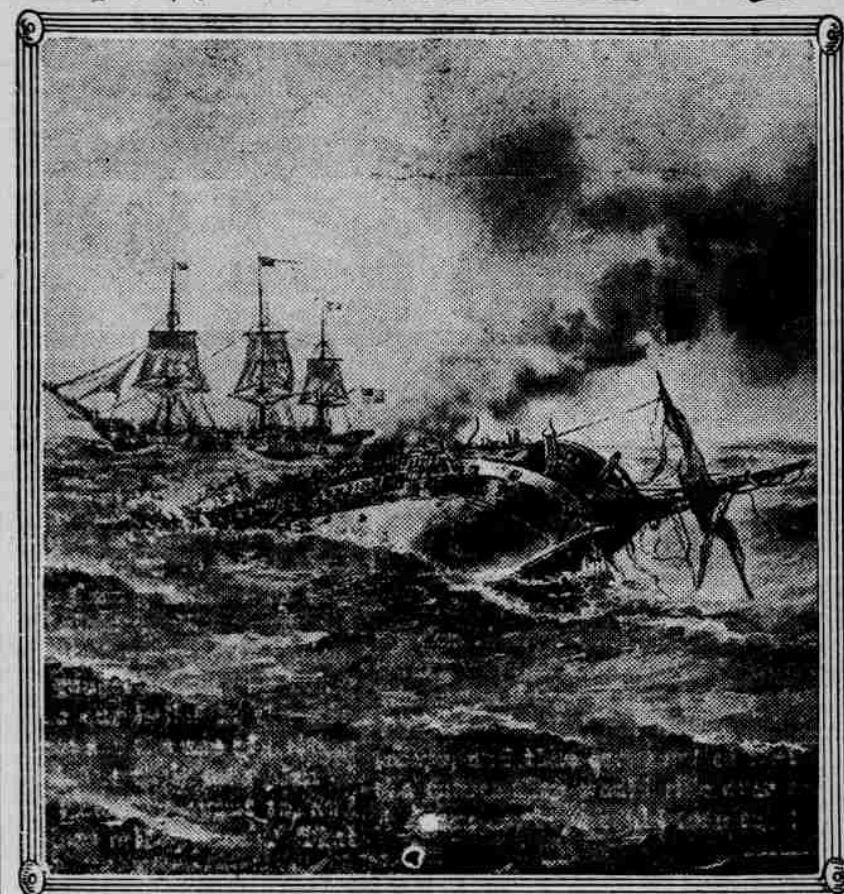
I got an engine at the depot, and in ten minutes I was on the way back with my men. Before reaching the place I noticed lanterns flashing along the track, and I ordered the engineer to run past the lights a half mile or so before slowing up. As we went by the spot I saw the gang at work carrying the safes to a wagon. We stopped after turning a curve and started back on foot.

The thieves, I concluded, had discovered the loss of the tools, and instead of trying to open the safes had decided to carry them away and break them up at their leisure. When we got back to the place the gang were about ready to move and I ordered my men to wait until they all got into the wagon before making the attack.

We stood in the shadow of the trees on the roadside until the wagon came up, and then I gave the signal. One man seized the horse's head and turned him into a fence, and the rest of us covered the gang with guns. Two of the gang jumped and were shot. The others threw up their hands.

We took the whole outfit to Port Jervis, and Walt Herrick died on the way. Durand was shot in the chest, but recovered in time for the trial. With the conviction of Johnny Dobbs, Jim Brady, Bob Furey and Pete Durand and one of the most notorious gangs of safe breakers was broken up.

CONSTITUTION'S MIGHTY BLOW WON A FLAT



SINKING OF THE GUERRIERE

LATE on the afternoon of August 19, one hundred years ago, Captain Isaac Hull, one of America's greatest naval commanders, won a wager of a hat from Captain James Richard Dacres of the British navy. In addition to the hat, the Englishman lost the first action between frigates in the war of 1812, and his country suffered a blow to its pride and prestige from which it was long in recovering. A few days later the Constitution, one of the vessels which the British commanders had sneeringly called the "fr-built Yankee frigates flying a piece of striped bunting at their mast-heads," appeared off Boston lighthouse gally decked with flags and proudly passed up the harbor to tell of the capture and destruction of the Guerriere.

Only a month before this momentous engagement Captain Hull had had an exciting experience with the Guerriere and her consort, the Beville and Eeolus. These three vessels pursued the Constitution for more than 66 hours and Captain Hull escaped only by indomitable perseverance and most skillful seamanship, putting into Boston for supplies.

Early in August the Constitution started out again on a hunt for the enemy, and on August 19 a sail was sighted that proved to be a British frigate which, from her maneuvers, was evidently desirous of engaging. When the vessels were three miles apart Captain Hull sent down his royal yards, reefed his topsails and sent the crew to quarters. This crew was remarkably disciplined and drilled at the guns, and more than that, scarcely a man of them but had a score to settle with the English. On the bare backs of most of them were the scars made by the lashes of the brutal English press gangs, and many were descendants of American sailors who had suffered martyrdom in the British prison ships during the Revolution. Hull himself kept in mind the fact that his father died in a pest ship from the cruel treatment he had received.

Hull Wanted the Hat.
Soon after 4 o'clock the two frigates exchanged ineffectual broadsides while maneuvering for position and constantly drawing closer. About 6 o'clock Hull, becoming impatient, ordered the Constitution to be steered directly for the enemy and rapidly closed upon his port quarter. By the orders of Hull the Americans now ceased firing and made all preparations for an effective broadside, reloading the guns carefully with round shot and grape and training them upon the British ship. The Englishmen were to be seen working their guns steadily, and their frequent cheers were plainly heard. What followed is thus told by Edgar S. Maclay in his "History of the Navy":

"As yet no order had come from the quarter-deck of the American frigate, and perfect quiet prevailed along her decks as the men stood by their guns, nearly all of them barefooted and many stripped to the waist, ever and anon casting inquiring glances at their officers. At this moment a shot struck the Constitution's bulwarks and threw innumerable splinters over the first division of the gun deck, wounding several men. Observing the effect of this shot, the Englishmen gave three cheers; but still the American frigate remained silent. First Lieutenant Morris now approached the quarter-deck, where Captain Hull was coolly pacing back and forth, and said: 'The enemy has opened fire and killed two of our men. Shall we return it?' 'Not yet, sir,' was the response from the quarter-deck, and the men saw their mutilated shipmates hurled below to the surgeon's table, while they stood silently at their guns in momentary expectation of meeting a similar fate. Nothing but the perfect discipline in the American frigate restrained the impetuosity of the gun crews and prevented them from returning the Englishman's cannonading. Three times Lieutenant

Morris asked if he could open fire, and three times he was answered with a calm 'Not yet, sir.'

"But at last, having gained a position about 40 yards off the enemy's port quarter, Captain Hull gave the order to fire as the guns bore. In an instant the frigate belched forth a storm of iron hail that carried death and destruction into the opposing ship. The splinters were seen to fly over the British frigate like a cloud some of them reaching as high as the mizen-top, while the cheers of her men abruptly ceased and the shrieks and groans of the wounded were heard. The Americans had struck their first earnest blow, and it was a staggering one. The Englishman felt its full weight, and perhaps for the first time realized that this was no child's play."

British Vessel Shattered.
Serving their guns with extraordinary rapidity and accuracy, the Americans inflicted great damage on the Guerriere's hull and rigging, and a round shot brought down the Englishman's mizenmast. This brought the Guerriere up into the wind and the Constitution got in two raking broadsides. The vessels came together with the Englishman's jib boom extending across the Constitution's quarter deck. Both crews prepared for boarding, but the rolling of the ships prevented this. Meanwhile the sharpshooters in the tops were working with energy and several officers and many men on both sides were killed or wounded. Captain Hull stepped upon a chest to lead the boarders, but a seaman pulled him down, begging him not to so expose himself while wearing "those swabs," referring to his epaulets. The ships were so close together that an American sailor, after firing his pistol at an Englishman, threw the weapon at his enemy, hitting him in the face. Another of the Americans, young John Hogan, won a pension just about this time. The American flag at the main top gallantmast head was carried away by a shot and Hogan ran up the rigging and nailed the flag to the mast, descending unhurt. Captain Dacres was among those wounded by the riflemen, a bullet striking him in the back.

The frigates now fell apart, and in dropping astern the Guerriere's bowsprit struck the American's taffrail, her foremast was slackened and her foremast went by the side, falling across the main stays. This brought down the mainmast and the vessel fell into the trough of the sea, a complete wreck, at each wave rolling the main deck guns in the water.

Captain Hull, seeing that the enemy was done for, drew off to repair damages so that he should not be caught by any other British vessel that might come along, and returning later, sent Lieutenant Read to take possession. Captain Dacres reluctantly admitted that he could not continue the combat and accompanied Read to the Constitution. As he came up the side on a rope ladder Captain Hull assisted him, saying: "Give me your hand, Dacres. I know you are hurt." And when the conquered commander offered his sword, Hull cried: "No, I will not take the sword from one who knows so well how to use it, but I'll trouble you for that hat."

The wager on the outcome of a possible meeting between their respective frigates had been made before the breaking out of hostilities.

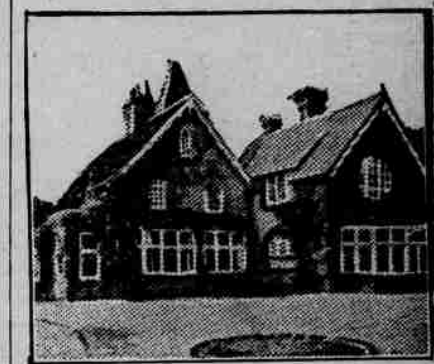
Hull did all that was possible to relieve the suffering of the wounded Englishmen. The Guerriere was found to be in a sinking condition and was blown up.

This victory of the Constitution was the first of moment won by the Americans in the war and cheered up the young nation mightily. It was followed by many another, one of the most famous being Commodore Perry's victory in the battle of Lake Erie, the centenary of which is to be celebrated next summer with great ceremonies and long continued fetes.

OLD VANDERBILT RURAL HOME

Little Place, Called "The Stream," in Leased by Millionaire's Wife in England.

London.—Mrs. Alfred Vanderbilt, formerly Mrs. McKim, has been making extensive alterations to the house called "The Stream," at Betchworth, near Reigate, in Surrey, of which she took a seven years' lease last fall, a few months before her marriage to Alfred Vanderbilt. She is much attached to the place, although neither the house, which is a small one, nor the grounds, are particularly attractive. In fact, many of the people at Betchworth on learning that she had plenty of money said in amazement, "Whatever does she want to come to a hole like this for?" When she returned from her honeymoon almost her first remark was, "Oh! How glad I am to be back here again. Now I can rest and keep quiet." Since her return this sentiment has grown



Mrs. Vanderbilt's English Home.

stronger and she has bought the house and grounds.

Since winter many improvements have been made that were badly needed, for the dwelling had been empty for five years before she took it. An additional plot of land has been bought from the trustee of the previous tenant, an outside broker whose business fell upon evil days. A garage has been built capable of holding several cars.

Miss Ethel McCormick, who was Mrs. Vanderbilt's companion at the time of the marriage, still remains a close friend and is constantly at Betchworth. Some months ago, while she was being driven in a dog cart by Mrs. Vanderbilt from Reigate the horse bolted and upset both women and the groom, who was with them, out of the cart. The horse was a young one from Vanderbilt's stables at Hendon, and Manager Wilson has since had instructions to see that quieter horses are sent to Betchworth.

COLLIES TO HERD REINDEER

Uncle Sam Hires Blue-Blooded Scions to Teach the Piebald Canines of Alaska.

Seattle, Wash.—Lass and Major, blue-blooded collies, who date their ancestry back to the coming of some Collie William the Conqueror to Bonnie Scotland, have been hired by Uncle Sam to educate the dogs of Alaska. Their particular field of activity will be instructing collies, shepherds and huskies of the wild north in the herding of government reindeer.

When the steamship St. Helens sails from this port Lass and Major as well as four other collies of less aristocratic strain will be passengers. They will be in charge of A. N. Evans, superintendent of the northwest district for the department of education. Among the places they will visit will be St. Michael, Teller and St. Lawrence Island.

At the last local bench show Lass and Major took blue ribbons and special prizes against the field. They were purchased from Mrs. A. Stinson of this city recently, and Major made the transfer memorable by falling into the hands of the pound master. He was rescued from prison by W. T. Lopp, chief of the Alaskan division, department of education, very much soiled and worn out with his adventures about the city. At herding collies excel every breed of dog known to man, and Lass and Major, being almost intelligent enough to speak English, are expected to accomplish wonders with the native dogs of the north. Some doubt is expressed whether or not they will readily learn the Eskimo and Indian dialects of northern dogdom, but Mr. Lopp and Mr. Evans think that a short acquaintance in Alaska will make them proficient in tongues.

SPOUSE FLIRTS WITH SPOOKS

Denver Woman, Asking Divorce, Brings Singular Accusation Against Husband.

Denver, Colo.—Charging that her eighty-year-old husband possesses a spirit more youthful and that while she knows where his mundane form reposes at night, her own spirit is unable to follow his Lotherio-like roving on the astral "Great White Way," Annie L. Thompson, wife of one of Denver's most widely known millionaire spiritualists, has filed suit in court for separate maintenance, a share in her husband's fortunes and confirmation of the deed to her home.

Policeman Prevents Suicide.
Chicago.—Had it not been for the prompt action of Policeman Charles Wilson of the North Halsted street station, Harry Meyer, 5133 South Morgan street, would have ended his life from suicide bridge in Lincoln park. The policeman arrested Meyer on a disorderly charge.