

HOIST BY HIS OWN PETARD

A True Story of the Secret Service
By
COL. H. C. WHITLEY
Former Chief U. S. Secret Service



DURING the sixties and the early seventies of the last century, counterfeiting blossomed into one of the fine arts, and to such perfection was it brought that, in many instances, it was exceedingly difficult to detect the bogus stuff from the genuine.

As insidious enemies of the people in every walk of life, counterfeiters may well be classed among the most subtle and dangerous persons with whom officers of the law have to cope. Ever wide awake and on the alert for treachery in their own ranks, these crafty rogues can only be captured and convicted by means of carefully baited traps, or by what is generally known as the stool-pigeon system.

Counterfeiters are divided into six distinct classes: First, the capitalist or proscriber; second, the engraver; third, the printer; fourth, the wholesale dealer; fifth, the retailer; and sixth, the shover or circulator. The capitalist is the most difficult man to reach as he seldom handles any of the plates or spurious money. Hence the chief offender in this line may walk calmly about, defying the detective, each tacitly understanding the other in his relative position; one suspecting and watching, the other patiently and tirelessly picking up, crumb by crumb, convicting evidence.

The methods pursued by detectives to entrap counterfeiters are rarely better illustrated than in the following account of the capture of William M. Gurney, alias "Big Bill," the Koniack-er, one of the foremost wholesale dealers in "queer" of his day. He was born of respectable parentage, reared in the quietude incident to country life, educated and supplied with a sufficient amount of money wherewith to live like a gentleman and, strangely enough, he chose a path that led to his ultimate ruin.

In the excitement of those tumultuous days the city of New York was well stocked with men possessed of a genius for concealing and concealing crime. Perhaps no other city in the civilized world has ever afforded a better opportunity for fleeing the public. Gurney had been handling counterfeit money for several years but had managed to escape punishment. He was one of the chief distributors for Joshua D. Miner, who was the head and front of a powerful octopus whose tentacles were stretched out in almost every section of the country.

Gurney was by no means unattractive in appearance, and there were few men walking Broadway in his day whose physique could compare favorably with his. He stood six feet two inches in height and was correspondingly well proportioned, while his expansive chest and well-developed limbs gave him the appearance of a man possessing the muscular strength of a giant. His black eyes were sharp and severe, or mild and pleasant, to suit occasions. In conversation he was easy and interesting and, among strangers, would readily have passed for a gentleman of marked ability. To be a leader among the counterfeiting fraternity seemed to have been the crowning glory of his highest ambition.

In the spring of 1869 I was appointed chief of the government secret service and, though I had had experience with General Butler in New Orleans, and later in the internal revenue service, I was unknown among the counterfeiters.

Shortly after my appointment I received information, at my headquarters in Washington, regarding a rather unique affair that had taken place at one of the drinking resorts on Houston street, in New York city. William Gurney, with his characteristic push and daring, had invited a party of "greenmen" to partake of a banquet at this place. There were 24 persons present at this function, three ex-detectives being among the number.

On the following day I was furnished with the particulars of this remarkable assembly, and the ex-detective who reported it also provided a list of the banqueters. Among other things I learned that my appointment as chief of the secret service was discussed at the affair, and pronounced a good joke upon the government. Gurney addressed his guests, boastfully declaring that "the new chief might do for a preacher or an internal revenue clerk, but that he could never cope with shrewd men like the queersmen."

"Now is our opportunity," he said, "to reap a rich harvest." At the same time he advised his friends that he was going to take the new chief into his confidence and keep him well stuffed with felicitous information. "In the meantime," he continued, "I will draw out from him his plans and keep myself posted as to his proposed movements."

This plan pleased the fancy of the queersmen, and they agreed that Gurney was a great man. They were seated at the tables imbibing wine, and they drank to Gurney's health while the ex-detectives and counterfeiters jostled elbows and handed jokes good-naturedly as they contemplated the easy times in store for them. When sufficiently filled with wine and enthusiasm, they capped the climax by hurrahing for his satanic majesty. The feast of Belshazzar was

a tame affair in comparison with the indulgence of these men. If there were any letters of warning upon the walls, all were too drunk to read them, or they lacked a sober Daniel to interpret them.

Under the circumstances it seemed advisable to allow these merry plotters to pursue their way unmolested until sufficiently off their guard to permit the successful carrying out of a plan to entrap and apprehend the entire party.

Much of my time was now spent at my New York office in Bleeker street where, in due time, Gurney called upon me for the purpose of "paying his respects and tendering some information in regard to counterfeiting."

The artless appearing fellow said that when quite young he had been foolish enough to engage in counterfeiting, but had long since abandoned it and was now ready to render the government such assistance as he could. I affected to receive him with open arms, and apparently gulped down as truth everything he had to offer. Gurney, that worthy had been coming to my office every few days to work what he said, and that he was regarded as a valuable ally. I always received him kindly, and assured him that I had no desire to make arrests unless forced to do so, and that I did

pled Bower cautiously, "but I do not like to take the chances any more."

"Oh, h—l," replied Gurney. "We've got everything our own way now. The government detectives are all green men and there's no danger of getting caught unless a fellow goes and gives himself up." Taking from his wallet a \$20 counterfeit note on the National Shoe and Leather bank of New York city, he added: "Here's something good enough to deceive the disciples."

After some parleying Bower accepted \$300 of the "queer" for the diamond, and I now instructed Bower to stay away from Gurney for a couple of weeks.

While Bower had been working Gurney, that worthy had been coming to my office every few days to work what he said, and that he was regarded as a valuable ally. I always received him kindly, and assured him that I had no desire to make arrests unless forced to do so, and that I did



YOU ARE A GOOD ONE



FERRY PL



THE MINISTERIAL-LOOKING MAN WITH A QUICK MOVEMENT, SNAPPED HANDCUFFS ON GURNEY'S WRISTS

THE DETECTIVE STRETCHED OUT SEVERAL OF THE FELLOWS

not believe in using harsh measures unnecessarily. Gurney fairly chuckled at this simplicity and was thrown completely off his guard.

He assumed an air of great mystery and spoke of the possible existence of counterfeit plates that might be reached for a reward. He would not, he declared, accept a dollar for his personal services but, because of his great fancy for me, was ready to assist in every way possible. He was permitted to blarney along and play the game to his own liking, secure in the belief that he was completely deceiving the government officials.

In the meantime the services of an old counterfeiter, fresh from the penitentiary, had been secured. Many of his old confederates were now operating with the Gurney gang and, through him, Bill Butts, a fresh-looking detective from one of the western states, was introduced to several of the men who made their headquarters at a saloon on the Bowery. Butts informed the barkeeper of the saloon that he had just served a term for "shoving the queer."

At first the counterfeiter and thieves hanging around the place appeared to be suspicious of Butts. One day, however, when these villains were drinking beer in the back room of the place, a fight arose. The detective went in with the rest and stretched out several of the fellows, though he was badly beaten up in the end, and in addition was robbed of his pocketbook and watch.

The ethics of the criminal profession are peculiar. When a crowd of crooks fight they frequently rob one another, and if the victim calls in the police to recover his property he loses the confidence of the rogues

for months, and secured evidence to convict about twenty of the Gurney party.

While Butts had been busy with the gang of shovers, Bower had been devoting his time to Gurney and the other leaders. On one occasion Bower purchased \$500 of counterfeit money from Gurney, and this he handed to me as I was on my way to dinner at the St. Clair house. As I entered the restaurant I met Gurney looking as cheerful and innocent as a Raphael cherub. The rascal appeared with a bland smile and informed me that he had come there especially to see me about counterfeiting transactions out west. I took him by the hand, thanked him, and invited him to dine.

We selected a table where Gurney could talk without being overheard. His information, as usual, was indefinite, hearsay, with no particular point to it. He told me that my policy of being easy with the counterfeiters was working like a charm—that there was no counterfeit money in circulation in the east—in fact, he had not seen a bad dollar in six months. At that very moment my hand was resting on the package of counterfeit money that had just been purchased from him by Bower.

A few days later Gurney told Bower, in a boasting way, of this interview and, in a burst of enthusiasm, declared that everything about the government detective's headquarters was known to him before it transpired. He asserted that he was one of my assistants, and was so puffed up over his imaginary success that he really believed he knew what was going on in my office.

The time now seemed ripe for the arrest of the entire party who had

who took part in the fray. But if he keeps silent it is conclusive evidence in their minds that he cannot stand investigation, and this establishes his character beyond doubt. It is accepted by them as sufficient voucher that he is a member in good standing in the brotherhood of crooks, and he is then admitted into full fellowship.

Shortly after the melee one of the crowd suggested to Butts that he call in the police. He promptly replied: "No police for me," and the detective was thereupon received without hesitation or mental reservation. During the next seven or eight months Butts worked with this gang of counterfeiters as a shover of queer.

"Counterfeit shovers," as they are called, usually travel in pairs. One fellow carries the bogus money and remains outside, while the other takes one bill, enters a place of business, purchases some trifle, tenders the counterfeit note in payment, and receives change in good money. If this precaution were not observed, the possession of other counterfeit money, in case of detection and arrest, would indicate guilt and lead almost inevitably to conviction.

Detective Butts, however, did not pass any counterfeit money but used instead a good bill in the place of the one he received from the carrier. That was kept for evidence, and in this way he deceived the queersmen

discussed my qualifications over their wine at the banquet on Houston street. Bower had completely won Gurney's confidence. Telling him that he was about to take a trip to Texas, he inquired if he could buy \$3,000 in counterfeit money at a wholesale figure.

"Of course, any amount of it," answered Gurney.

A deal was arranged for its delivery on the New York side of Fulton Ferry. Bower was to be at a designated spot at a certain time, and Gurney was to pass along, hand over the spurious and receive good money in payment.

At the appointed time there was a large crowd standing around the ferry landing waiting for the boat. Bower was the first to see Gurney, who stood a seemingly honest tinsmith with a joint of stove-pipe under his arm and a pair of snippers in his hand. His clothes and the soot upon his hands and face bore unmistakable witness to his calling. Near by, looking in another direction, stood a stoutly-built business man of ample girth. In one hand he carried a hat box, in the other a valise. In the immediate vicinity was a tall, reverential side-walker, with neat side whiskers, whose white tie and the ministerial cut of his coat were in keeping with the antinomious expression of his face.

When the ferry boat struck the dock Gurney stepped off, peered cautiously and carefully around, scanning the faces of those who were standing near. Being satisfied that there were no suspicious persons about, he drew a package from under his coat and stepped toward Bower to deliver it.

At this instant the ministerial-looking man raised his hand. The fat man dropped his luggage and the tinsmith his tools. Both seized Gurney by the arms and held him while the tall brother, with a quick movement, snapped handcuffs on his wrists. Everything was done so quickly that Gurney did not have time to catch his breath before he was securely ironed.

The prisoner was taken to the secret service office. I removed my side whiskers and made some change in my clothing, then entered the office and shook hands with the crestfallen criminal.

During that day and evening the government officers were engaged in arresting the shovers of the gang, against whom Butts had secured evidence. Two of the ex-detectives, guests at Gurney's banquet, had already been arrested for passing counterfeit money—one at Pittsburgh and the other at Cincinnati. By 11 o'clock that night the officers had arrested 20 of the gang. They were arranged in a circle at the office, and the right hand of one was handcuffed to the left hand of the next. Gurney, appropriately, happened to be the center-piece.

I could not help a feeling of pity for the unfortunates, but they had voluntarily preyed upon society and transgressed the laws of their land, and the common weal required that they be punished. They were all tried and convicted, most of them entering a plea of guilty.

The boastful Gurney now fully realized the trap into which he had fallen. He had been hoisted by his own petard, a circumstance that seemed to humiliate him almost beyond measure. With little or no pressure he weakened and confessed that he had received his counterfeit money from Joshua D. Miner, who was the capitalist that owned the plates upon which the National Shoe and Leather twentys were printed.

Among the secret service officers Miner was known to be a counterfeiter, but on account of his great wealth and political standing, he was considered a difficult man to grapple with. He was a large city contractor at this time, and employed about one hundred men opening up a new road at the end of Ninth avenue.

Gurney was altogether too timid to make a deal with Miner in order to give the officers an opportunity to capture him red-handed, but he finally agreed to go with me to see Miner who, he believed, would surrender the \$20 counterfeit plates for the purpose of shortening his sentence.

Leaving a carriage on the boulevard, I walked with Gurney a short distance on Sixty-ninth street toward Miner's house. We met Miner on the sidewalk and I was introduced by Gurney, who then explained the trouble he had gotten himself into. Miner said he could do nothing for him and, as a last resort, I requested Miner to step aside with me, where I told him that I was convinced that he was the owner of the counterfeit plates of the National Shoe and Leather bank. This he frantically denied, but I insisted and threatened to arrest him. He finally said that he would make an effort to secure the plates. I knew what this meant and, upon his promise to meet me the following day, I left him.

Miner appeared on time, but was still doubtful in regard to his ability to make the surrender demanded. He was a hard nut to crack but, before we parted, I succeeded in convincing him, by the use of language not less threatening than it was forcible, that it was for his interest to surrender the plates. This he now promised to do and, shortly after another interview at his home, I received a check for a piece of baggage at the Grand Central depot. A detective went to the baggage room at that spot and obtained an old hair trunk in which were found the plates.

According to promise, Gurney, through my intercession and explanation, was given a sentence of seven years instead of the maximum sentence of fifteen.

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ADVISES CARE OF CHILDREN

"When Home Becomes a Sweat Shop Laws Should Interfere," Says a Woman.

"It is nonsense to talk of the preservation of the home, when the mother is forced to supplement the family income. The children of such homes would have far better care in day nurseries. The home into which the mother brings outside labor is neither home nor factory."

Here is sense, rather than sentiment, for which we may thank Miss Frances Perkins, executive secretary of the Consumers' League, who looks thus squarely at a situation upon which most of us drop a tear rather than a thought.

"Many of the poorer families think that as long as their children do not actually die they are fulfilling their duties as parents toward them. But the child is entitled to something better than that, and if the something better is away from home, and in a day nursery, then the day nursery is the proper place for the child."

"This does not apply entirely to the families in actual want. It is just as true of the small dressmaker, or of the women of any of the minor trades who bring their work into the home. The moment this is done the place is no longer a home. The beds are half made, the rooms are in disorder, and the meals improperly cooked."

"I think I would be inclined to believe it would be better for the child were the state to take care of it in some way. I believe in many cases, even were the wages of the man provider raised, the wife and mother would continue the home labor. In many Italian and Hebrew homes now there is the home work of the mother and child labor as well, although the family could get along without either one. They are probably saving for a home in the country, or maybe simply for a bank account, and as long as the mother and children remain actually alive they do not consider the work may be harmful. From homes like these it would be better if the child were taken and cared for by the state."

Tact and No Tact.

The difference between a man of quick tact and one of no tact at all may be illustrated by an interview which took place between Lord Palmerston and Mr. Behnes, the sculptor. Rev. E. J. Hardy gives it in his book, entitled "How to be Happy Though Civil."

At the last sitting which Lord Palmerston gave him, Behnes opened the conversation with:

"Any news, my lord, from France? How do we stand with Louis Napoleon?"

The foreign secretary raised his eyebrows for an instant, and quietly replied:

"Really, Mr. Behnes, I don't know. I have not seen the newspapers."

The announcement of the second Lord Lytton's appointment as Viceroy of India, at a time when the government was keeping it a secret, was one of the greatest feats of Delane, the famous editor of the Times.

Delane was sitting at dinner next to an eminent physician, who happened to mention that Lord Lytton had consulted him that morning as to the fitness of his constitution to withstand the Indian climate.

Delane wisely asked no questions, but drew his inference from what he heard, and the next morning the Times announced the appointment of Lord Lytton as Viceroy of India.—Youth's Companion.

"Onion" Dish Cost Him \$50.

When Lester Darrow, wealthy resident of Middleboro, Ohio, asked his cook to prepare some onions for dinner a few days ago, he did not know that this special dish would cost him \$50. It did, however.

When six fine looking onions were placed on the table at noon, Mr. Darrow's appetite waxed keen and he started to eat one of them. It did not exactly suit his taste and on close inspection he found that the supposed onion was anything but one. He then asked the cook where she had procured the "onions," and she told him she had found them in the barn, where she had thought the gardener had left them.

At once Mr. Darrow remembered that he had placed in the barn six gladiolus bulbs which he had imported from Japan at an expense of approximately \$10 each, and he soon discovered that it was these bulbs that the cook had prepared for his dinner.

That Telephone Habit.

"The telephone habit has a strong grip on us," said a New York clergyman, as reported by the Sun, "and its influence on our vocabulary, our conversations and our lines of thought is quite remarkable. I had an amusing instance of just this very thing the other Sunday afternoon. I was going over with my children the various statements in the Lord's prayer. I tried to make each sentence plain and practical. When I'd finished my oldest boy asked, 'What's amen, father?' I hesitated to get some easy answer that they'd remember, when the youngest little chap spoke up and said, 'Why, amen's just "ring off," isn't it, father?' Then, as I supposed I looked somewhat amused and shocked at his interpretation of the word, he added: 'Amen's just more respectful 'cause you're talking to God, but it really means ring off.' As an example of the ever-present thought of the telephone I think this is hard to beat."

Great Prospects.

"I'm at the end of my rope! Every resource I have is gone and I'm broke at last."

"Have you borrowed all you can?"

"Borrowed? No, I haven't tried that."

"And you say you are at the end of your rope. Why, man, you haven't even started!"

Obedying Commands.

"Do it now!" urged the irrepresible inebriated agent, as a climax to his long talk, obey the impulse!

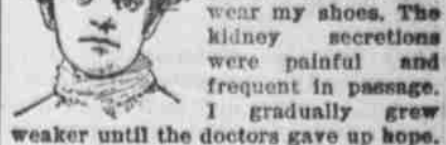
"I will," firmly said the harassed victim, rising from his chair and advancing toward the astonished agent; "do you prefer being kicked out, thrown out, or merely pushed out?"

WELL AT LAST.

Ferrible Kidney Trouble Cured After Doctors Gave Up Hope.

Mrs. F. M. Hill, 158 W. 10th St., Waterloo, Iowa, says: "It makes me shudder to think of my awful suffering. I was languid and weak and never free from dull pain in my back. My hands puffed and my feet became so swollen I could not wear my shoes. The kidney secretions were painful and frequent in passage. I gradually grew weaker until the doctors gave up hope. It was then I began with Doan's Kidney Pills and soon improved. Continued use cured me."

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.



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Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take so easily.

Can You Blame Him? "Pa, what does 'skeptical' mean?" "That describes a man's feelings when a woman tells her age."

Sore throat leads to Tonsillitis, Quinsy and Diphtheria. Hamlin's Wizard Oil used as a gargle with the symptoms of a sore throat will invariably prevent all three of these dread diseases.

Pride. "Chicago has a lot of local pride, hasn't it?"

"Well," replied Mr. Lakemish, "it depends on whether you are talking about baseball or the grain business."

A Sure Sign. "I understand, Mr. Roubein," said the visitor, "that your son is devoted to the turf."

"Ya-aa, I reckon he is," said the old man. "Jabes kin lay down on the grass for hull hours 'bout making no complaint."—Harper's Weekly.

Good Arrangement.

A genial looking gentleman wanted an empty bottle in which to mix a solution, and went to a chemist to purchase one. Selecting one that answered his purpose, he asked the shopman how much it would cost. "Well," was the reply, "if you want the empty bottle it will be a penny, but if you want anything in it you can have it for nothing." "Well, that's fair," said the customer; "put in a cork."

CURE THAT COLD TODAY



"I would rather preserve the health of a nation than be its ruler."—MUNYON.

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Swiss "Guardian Schools"

Solving the Difficult Problem of Caring for the Children of the Street.

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 last few cities, like London, Paris and New York, they are numbered by thou-

sands. 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" or-

ganized 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 guardian to handle comfortably. An inspec-

tor 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 lunches.

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 the 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.

Would Do His Best.

"I believe I am to be placed in juxtaposition with the general," whispered the influential citizen at the banquet.

"Why—or—I can't quite do that, you know," said the head waiter, with a vague smile, "but I'll seat you right next to him."—Chicago Tribune.