

PARALLEL STORIES OF FAMOUS CRIMES

By HENRY C. TERRY

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.'

A \$3,000,000 PLOT THAT FAILED

All the thieves whom it has been my lot to know intimately I have the kindest recollection of. Mose Vogel, though, was something intensely human about the man; a whimsical, humorous way that made you forget that he was one of the most desperate bank robbers ever dealt with by the New York police. He was closely associated with all of the best crooks of the world in his day, and his shrewdness and pluck made him in great demand as a partner, even though it was well known in the underworld that Mose had been born under an unlucky star. He met with more reverses than any crook I have ever known, and as I do not credit, of course, the infallibility of the little Goddess of Luck in guiding the lives of the knights of the dark lantern and Jimmy, I am willing to offer Mose's misfortunes as cumulative evidence of the final futility of crime.

He has long since passed to his final reward, but I remember as clearly as if it were yesterday his sitting in the old Mulberry street station and telling me how he and his gang all cleaned up \$3,000,000 from a Jersey City bank. But I will let him tell the story as he told it to me.

They were not up to our game, but they knew me and Dago Frank from a couple of tricks done in other places.

"I threw us down in great shape, but I never blamed him for it. He was always on the level, but inclined to take chances. Instead of keeping tabs, Dave—so he told me afterward—used to drop into Taylor's hotel and play billiards. He could beat about any one that handled a cue, and would play all night if he could get any one to stay with him. Our work went on, and we reached the top plate of the money box. Then it was only a question of drills, acids and jimmies to get through the plate. With good luck this would take only a few hours. I could almost feel the crisp bills in my fingers.

"Then came the end, suddenly and swiftly. We were in the pit working by the light of candles, and supposed that Dave was in the building somewhere. I was swinging a sledge, Johnson was holding the chisel and Dago was resting. I heard a slight commotion in the room above and thought that Dave had come in for something. A second later I heard a strange voice shout into the fireplace:

"Throw up your hands!"

"I looked up and saw two policemen's heads and two guns covering us. We threw up our hands. Then I said to Dago: 'Are you healed?' He replied: 'No.' So secure did we feel with Dave on guard that we had all left our guns in the room.

"I am going to make a break," I said. "I'm with you," said Dago. Johnson only cursed.

"Come out or I'll shoot," was the next order, and we climbed out of the hole, feeling pretty tough. There were six cops in the room and every one had a gun. A fellow came toward me with a slipper and I dashed for the window. I never reached it. A club got to me first. Johnson still cursed. Dago went through the cops like a shot, knocked a couple of them down, reached the stairs, jumped over the heads of several cops, and reached the landing. A fat cop who was too lazy to go upstairs stood in the hall, and before Dago saw him, the cop got in his work with the stick. Dave was in Taylor's hotel playing billiards when this was going on, and when he heard it went under cover. He did everything that was possible to aid us, and even went so far as to fix up a job to get us out of the Hudson county jail. But he didn't have enough coin. The three of us took our fifteen-year stretch at Trenton without a murmur, and Dave gave us all the luxuries that money could furnish there. I'm going on the level now, but it is not like the old times."

MOSE VOGEL'S STORY.

"It was along back in the seventies," said Mose. "That Dave Cummings, then in the height of his fame as a crook, met me on the Bowery, and we went together down to the old Atlantic Garden. Suddenly Dave turned to me and said: 'I think you are on the level, Mose.' I felt that this was a big compliment, coming from Dave, for he was an independent, high-strung fellow, who would pass up a thousand thieves without giving one the nod of his head.

"I told Dave that I had always tried to be square and to live up to that wheeze in the copy-books about 'honesty being the best policy.' He didn't ask me to go in with him then or even let out to me what was in his mind. That wasn't Dave's way. But I knew he had his eye on me as a bright lad that was sure to rise in his profession. He did ask me to step down to Murray's with him, saying he needed a little money and was in the mind to have a whack at Murray's game. He had just made a big haul somewhere and had about \$6,000; so I didn't think there was any chance of him going to work right away. But the cards ran against him and in less than a week the whole bank roll had passed into Murray's hands.

"Seeing how things were going with Dave I sort of held myself open, turning down several good offers of high class work. Sure enough he finally hunted me up. He had a newspaper clipping about a big special deposit, \$3,000,000, lying in a bank in Jersey City that he'd planted, and just waiting for somebody to come and get it. It made my mouth water to think of all that money.

"Dave said the work had to be started right away, before the money was paid out and so, after taking a look at my engagement book, I told him I was free to go to work any time. We went right up to Harry Hill's place that night and Dave introduced me to Ed Johnson and Dago Frank, a pair of A1 western crooks who had worked off several big tricks with Dave already.

"The next day we went by different routes to Jersey City and picked out a quiet boarding house near Union Hill. The real work of planning the bank then began for fair.

"It took a week to plant the bank. It came my lot to locate the vault. I did this by going in to look at a directory. I saw that it was an old-fashioned affair, built in the wall on the east side, near the entrance opposite the directors' room. We decided to go through the wall, and hired a room in the adjoining building, whose floor was several feet above the vault. I represented to the landlady that I was a sculptor recently landed from Italy, and wished to set up a studio. I had to pay about three prices for the room, as the landlady seemed to think that a sculptor ought to have barrels of coin. Well, we came near getting it.

"I sent several blocks of marble to the studio and commenced carving out the busts of distinguished men. Cummings, Dago Frank and Johnson were my assistants. I had a bed in the room and lived there, but my partners slept elsewhere. I had sledges, hammers and steel chisels to use in the sculpture business apparently. We made the attack on the bank through the open fireplace, and the ringing blows that were heard through the house made the tenants believe that the sculptors were very busy fellows. We did not do much work while the bank was open, but early in the morning and late at night pounded away at the stone and brick.

"It was tedious work, as we had to go through heavy blocks of stone which made up the outer wall of the vault. We removed the debris after dark, and let the janitress into the room every day to clean up. The hole in the wall was hidden at such times by a large screen. It took nearly two weeks to get through the stone, and then we found that we were about three feet above the big money box. This was made of heavy iron plates, and on top there were several layers of railroad iron, wedged in place so that they were about as solid as a mass of iron.

"We got rid of part of the iron, and then it was arranged that Dave was to do the outside work and give us warning of danger signs. We had no fear of the police, but there were a lot of secret service bugs flying

CAPT. M'HORNEY'S STORY.

Capt. Edward McHorney of the Jersey City police department, who was the principal factor in the capture of the First National bank burglars, was one of the bravest men who ever won a silver shield. Captain McHorney died a few years ago from a disease that was indirectly the result of the injuries he received during the struggle with Mose Vogel, and shortly before death sealed his lips told me this story:

"The capture of Vogel, Dago Frank and Johnson was due to the curiosity of a woman. Her name was Mrs. Francis, as I recall it, and she ran a boarding house over Taylor's oyster saloon, which adjoined the bank. One of the thieves—Vogel, I think—hired a room from her on the second floor, which adjoined the bank on the east, and opened a studio as a blind.

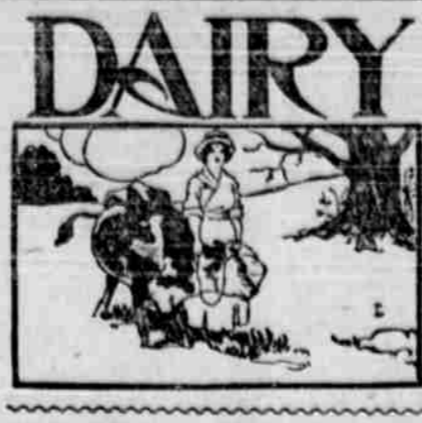
"Every morning regularly Mrs. Francis was called into the studio by the sculptor to clean up the place. The floor she always found covered with marble dust and chips of stone, and an elegant screen stood in front of the fireplace. The sculptor always sat near the screen with a big apron on and chatted pleasantly with his landlady.

"Things went on for a week or more in this way. The sculptor kept hammering away, and Mrs. Francis enjoyed her morning call. It was along about housecleaning time, and Mrs. Francis started in one morning to clean the windows on the sculptor's floor.

"In passing through the hall with a step ladder it struck her that it would be a good opportunity to see the sculptor at work. She heard him pounding on stone in the room, and cautiously put up the ladder in front of the door. The fan light was open, and it was this trivial oversight that threw down three of the best men in the business. How they came to overlook the fanlight I never could understand, as everything else in the room—keyholes, cracks and windows—were carefully covered.

"Mrs. Francis peeped inside. No one was in sight. She could see the blocks of marble, but no one was hammering on them. The sound was very distinct, and she wondered what it meant. She could hear voices, too. When her eyes lit on the open fireplace and she saw a piece of stone fly from it into the room she fell off the ladder. The noise in the room stopped. Mrs. Francis picked herself up and hurried away as rapidly as possible. She peeped over the banister and saw some one open the studio door.

"In a moment the hammering was resumed, and Mrs. Francis hurried to police headquarters. I was in charge, as Chief Edward S. McWilliams was in Philadelphia. Mrs. Francis told me her story. I knew at once that a gang of burglars had planted the bank. From the time that they had been at work I knew they must be close to the money. I rang for Detective Miles Bowie, and we went together down to



DAIRY

QUALITIES OF THE AYRSHIRE

Animal Is Quite Intelligent, Quick to Learn and of Retentive Memory—Easy to Milk.

The general appearance of an Ayrshire, as you look at her, is striking, but almost all of her and reserved energy. She is a healthy cow, rarely having ailments of body and udder, and you seldom see an Ayrshire cow but that has four healthy quarters in her udder and gives a uniform quantity of milk from each. She is a very persistent milker, giving a uniform quality well up toward calving, and many of them are dried off with difficulty.

She is very intelligent, quick to learn and of a retentive memory, easily taught to take the same place in the stable and, if required to change, will in a few days readily take the new place. She is quiet and pleasant to milk, not easily disturbed, and will as a rule yield her milk as readily to one milker as to another, and does not seem disturbed by any amount of noise in the stable.

As a dairy cow she is particularly adapted to the production of milk for the milkman and for table use, as her medium size, vigorous appetite and easy keeping qualities make her an economical producer, while her even, uniform production makes her a reliable supply, and the richness of her milk in total solids places it above suspicion in city milk inspectors. Her milk is particularly adapted to transportation, as it does not churn or sour easily, and when poured back and forth a few times will readily mix the cream back into the milk, which will not again readily separate, giving it a uniform quality until the last is sold or used. It has a good body, is rich looking and never looks blue. The milk itself being easily balanced with casein and butter fat, is a complete food, easily digested, nutritious, and is particularly adapted to children and invalids. Stomachs that are weak and unable to direct other milk find no trouble with Ayrshire cow's milk.

PROFITS INCREASED BY \$10

Dairyman Should Be Ready to Take Advantage of Opportunities to Reduce His Expenses.

(By J. E. DOHRMAN.)

If a dairy farmer were told that he could roll silver dollars down a hill and then pick up two dollars for every one he rolled down, and this statement was verified by some of his neighbors and hundreds of other dairy farmers in the country, that farmer would stay up nights and roll the dollars. But when told that he could double the profits by the use of the silo he becomes very indifferent and keeps on in the same old rut, feeding dry feed, wasting nearly half of his corn crop and doing a lot of unnecessary work. In these days of close competition, dairymen should be ready to take advantage of every opportunity to reduce the cost of production, and it will be found that it is easier, if the proper methods are used, to do that than to raise the selling price of the dairy products. The results are the same; a large net profit.

In the corn plant about 40 per cent of the feeding value is in the stalk and 60 per cent in the ear. When the ear alone is fed, nearly half of the corn crop is wasted.

Where the dry stalks are fed, at least half of them remain uneaten, while if stored in the silo the loss is almost nothing.

Every dairyman knows that cows will do their best on fresh June pasture. The grass is succulent and palatable and the conditions for a maximum milk flow are ideal. These conditions, however, do not last very long.

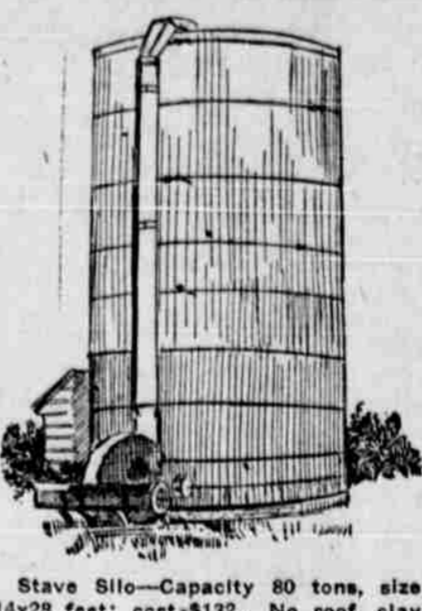
The silo comes as near to supplying the ideal conditions as anything that can be found, and it is available every day in the year. It provides a uniform feed for every one of the twelve months.

Highly sensitive dairy cows resent any sudden or violent change in feed, and will show it by a decreased milk flow. The change from fall pasture to dry feed is always followed by a shrinkage in the milk.

In changing from the pasture to the silage, the change is not so great, and often the cows increase the flow of milk when started on silage. Several dairymen have recently made the statement that the increased profits paid for the silo the first year.

Common Scrub Cow.
The scrub cow is altogether too common. Even though the herd is made up of nothing but registered stock, a rather strenuous campaign of selecting must be conducted all the time.

Pasteurized Milk.
In some states the law is that all milk after July 1 must be pasteurized before leaving the creamery. In Denmark milk is pasteurized at all times.



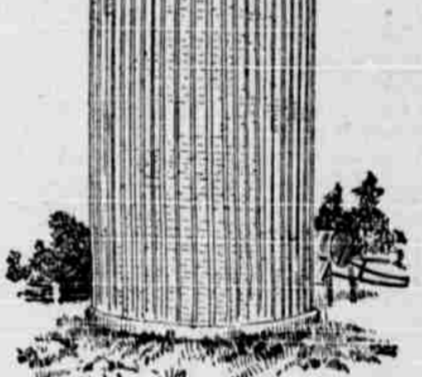
Stave Silo—Capacity 80 tons, size 14x28 feet; cost \$132. No roof, clay floor.

Modified Wisconsin Silo—Capacity 150 tons; size 18x30 feet; cost \$230, complete with roof and concrete floor.

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HOME TOWN HELPS

HAS WORTH IN EVERY LINE

- Clever Idea in Civic Alphabet That is Being Sent to Every Housekeeper in Atlanta.
- A—Aim to make Arbor day annual "clean-up" day.
 - B—Banish the tin can district from your city.
 - C—Clean up the backyards and alleys.
 - D—Destroy the rubbish by burning.
 - E—Educate housewives to demand clean markets.
 - F—Fine every club member who does not work.
 - G—Give free lectures upon civic improvement.
 - H—Have campaigns against unsightly billboards.
 - I—Interest city authorities in "clean-up" day.
 - J—Join all forces for the anti-dirt crusade.
 - K—Kill sidewalk spitting or it will kill you.
 - L—Let your slogan be: "Do it for home, sweet home."
 - M—Make requests of preachers for "clean-up" sermons.
 - N—Next to godliness is cleanliness.
 - O—Organize the children into civic leagues.
 - P—Plant trees, and then plant trees, and plant more trees.
 - Q—Question authorities about city expenditures.
 - R—Remember to plan parks and playgrounds now.
 - S—Study city ordinances and work for their enforcement.
 - T—Try to make the school buildings social centers.
 - U—Use every effort to arouse citizens.
 - V—Vanquish the opposition with good nature.
 - W—Wage increasing war upon all weeds, flies and mosquitoes.
 - X—Xact obedience to the city sanitary laws.
 - Y—Your city is YOU; never forget that.
 - Z—Zeal, courage and patience will "clean up" the city.—Atlanta Constitution.

PICKED OUT THE WRONG EYE

Physician Meant Well Enough but He Had Left the Motorman Seriously Handicapped.

Frank E. Payne, a member of the state railroad commission, said when investigating a trolley accident recently, he was told of a motorman on a work car who was running at high speed when the trucks left the rails because of snow and sleet, and the car was thrown on the side of the right of way, bringing up against a telephone pole.

"The motorman was not seriously hurt, but was cut and bruised about the head and face by flying glass. He was carried to a physician's office where his wounds were dressed and bandaged. When the physician had placed the last pin, he asked the wounded man if he felt like he could walk.

"Sure, I can walk all right," returned the patient, "but I wish you would fix those bandages so I can see."

"Why, man," returned the physician, "I left one of your eyes uncovered for the purpose."

"But, doc, that eye you left uncovered is a glass one!"—Indianapolis News.

ECZEMA IN RED BLOTCHES

205 Kanter Ave., Detroit, Mich.—"Some time last summer I was taken with eczema. It began in my hair first with red blotches, then scalp, spreading to my face. The blotches were red on my face, dry and scaly, not large; on my scalp they were larger, some scabby. They came on my hands. The inside of my hands were all little lumps as though full of shot about one-sixteenth of an inch under the skin. Then they went to the outside and between and all over my fingers. It also began on the bottoms of my feet and the calves of my legs, and itchy, oh, my! I never had anything like it and hope I never will again. The itching was terrible. My hands got so I could scarcely work.

"I tried different eczema ointments but without results. I also took medicine for it but it did no good. I saw the advertisement for a sample of Cuticura Ointment and Soap and sent for one. They did me so much good I bought some more, using them as per directions, and in about three weeks I was well again. Cuticura Soap and Ointment entirely cured me." (Signed) Benj. Passareo, Apr. 8, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address: post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L., Boston."

Not Necessary to Leave Home. In an effort to stop the migration of dying consumptives to the southwest, the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis will ask physicians to be more careful in ordering patients to go away, and will also ask railroads to discontinue their practice of selling "charity" tickets to those who cannot afford to pay full fare.

"No consumptive should go to Colorado, California, or the west for his health," says the association, "unless he has a good chance for recovery from his disease, and unless especially he has at least \$1,000 to spend for this purpose, over and above what his family may need.

"Tuberculosis can be cured in any part of the United States, and it is not necessary for a tuberculous patient to go west. Whenever possible, the National association urges tuberculous patients who have not ample funds to go to a sanatorium near home, and if they cannot do this, to take the cure in their own homes, under the direction of a physician."

The Main Impression.
"What did the minister talk about in his sermon this morning?"
"About an hour."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, etc. a bottle, always pain, cures wind colic, etc. a bottle.

About the only thing father gets on his birthday is a lemon.

NERVOUS DESPONDENT WOMEN

Find Relief in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—Their Own Statements So Testify.

Platao, Pa.—"When I wrote to you first I was troubled with female weakness and backache, and was so nervous that I would cry at the least noise, it would startle me so. I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's remedies, and I don't have any more crying spells. I sleep sound and my nervousness is better. I will recommend your medicines to all suffering women."

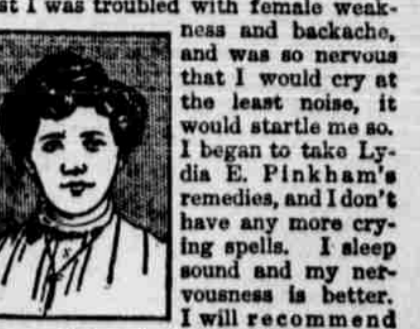
—Mrs. MARY HALSTED, Platao, Pa., Box 98.

Here is the report of another genuine case, which still further shows that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound may be relied upon.

Walcott, N. Dakota.—"I had inflammation which caused pain in my side, and my back ached all the time. I was so blue that I felt like crying if any one even spoke to me. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I began to gain right away. I continued its use and now I am a well woman."

—Mrs. AMELIA DARR, Walcott, N. Dakota.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.



Pettitt's Eye Salve. QUICK RELIEF SORE EYES.

W. N. U., SIOUX CITY, IOWA, 38-1912.

FOR USE IN MILKING COW

Invention of Florida Man Provides Vertical Partition Between Milk-er and Animal.

The Scientific American in describing a sanitary structure and milking appliance, invented by G. M. Lummis of Fort Myers, Fla., says:

"This invention provides a vertical partition interposed between the cow and the milk-er, and constructs the same with a large opening over and in which a flexible screen formed of rubber, skin or fabric, and having holes for insertion of the cow's teats, is applied so as to completely exclude foreign substances from access to the milk pail. Thus in place of taking a



Appliance for Milking Cow.

pail or milking machine to a cow when tied in the open or in a stable, the cow is taken to a particular structure and is confined therein while being milked. The engraving shows a cross section of a cow stall or stable and an adjoining compartment where the milk-er is located.

Extra Feed for the Cow.
Pastures have been good and returns at the pail commensurate, but keep watch now as the pasture dries that cows do not shrink in milk, for it will be nearly impossible to bring them back to a good flow. Cows fed seldom suffer as much from flies as those on straight grass, and the same remark applies to horses, perhaps because they are firmer and sweat less. Spring calvers are naturally giving less milk, and with young cows that are being developed it is very important they be maintained on milk if they are to be persistent milkers.

DAIRY NOTES

The Jersey Cow.
In proportion to her live weight the Jersey is the largest milker among the dairy breeds, and she can be depended upon to produce her product economically, says the Country Gentleman. In the St. Louis breed test the Jerseys consumed but 2,955 pounds of nutrient in producing a pound of milk solids. To produce the same weight of milk solids the Holsteins required 3,283 pounds of nutrient, and other breeds still more. As a dairy producer the Jersey unites quantity, quality and economy.

Cruelty to the Cows.
The milk-er who will thumb a cow for squirreling under the attack of flies ought to be hoisted out of the barn on the toe of the dairyman's boot.

Why should the hired man be expected to work ten hours or more in the harvest field and then while hot and dirty tackle the milking job?

Prepare for Future.
It is imperative that we provide some means of tiding the dairy herd over the season of falling pastures, instead of vainly regretting that it has occurred.

The dairyman who depends upon the pasture during the summer and hay during the winter to feed his cows is trading on treacherous ground.



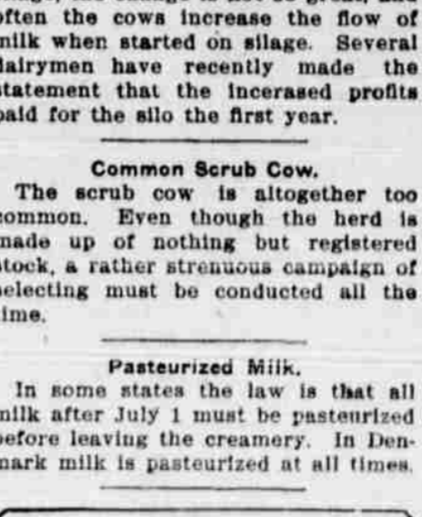
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Beautiful Parisian Streets. In the streets and boulevards of Paris, even in the business section, are trees and flowers and gardens. These have contributed largely to making Paris one of the beautiful and distinctive cities of the world. No where else in the world, perhaps, is the beautiful and the utilitarian combined to the same extent.

Women and Love.
Women for the most part do not love us. They do not choose a man because they love him, but because it pleases them to be loved by him. They love love of all things in the world, but there are very few men whom they love personally.—Alphonse Karr.

The Only One.
To every man the most beautiful woman in the world is that one he most sadly misses when she is gone and most gladly welcomes when she returns.—Galveston News.

Unpardonable Sin.
In religious controversy the unpardonable sin is attributing bad motives to those who differ from us.

Ye Hobby.
Have a hobby, yes, but don't compel other people to ride it.