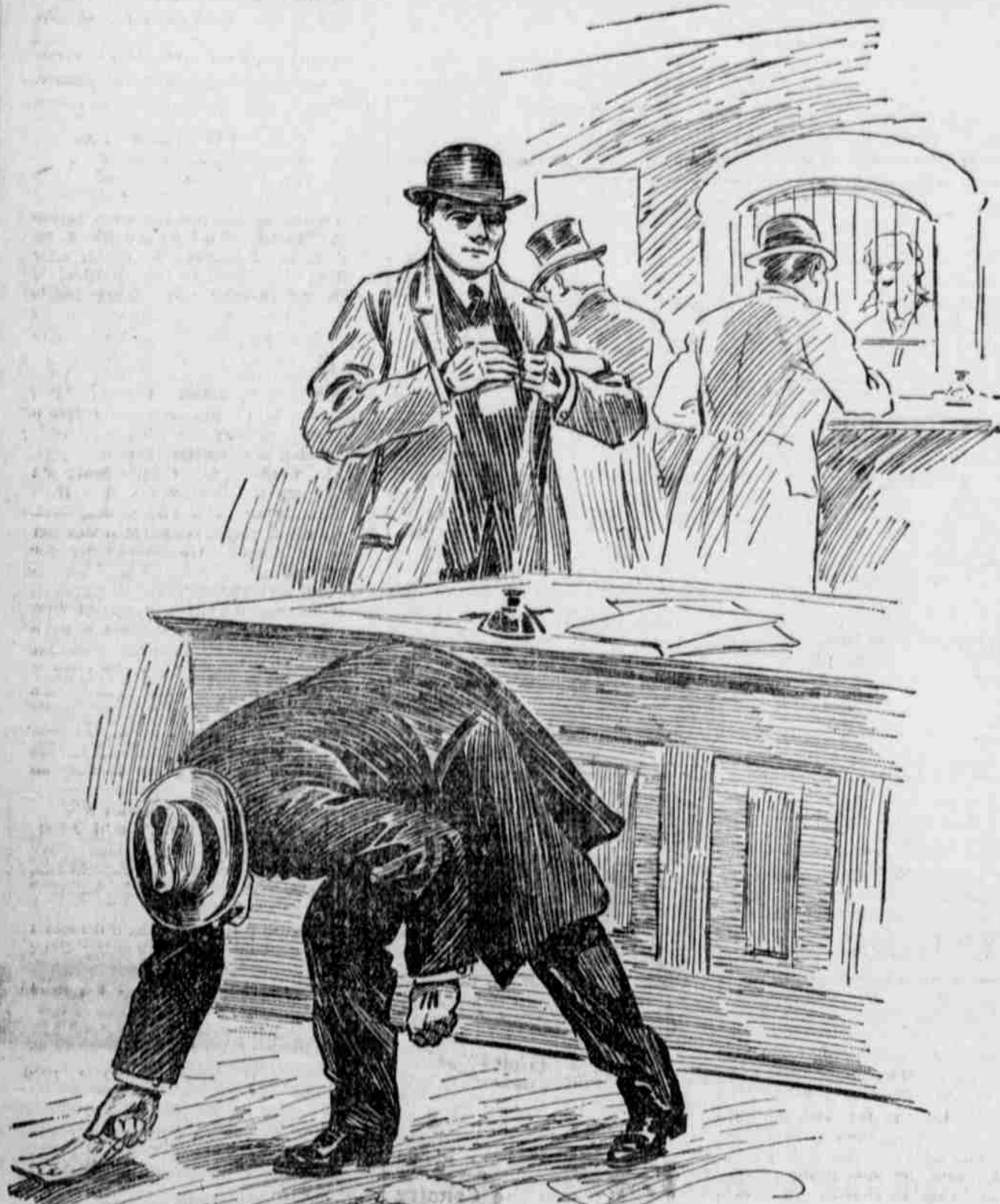


The Versatile Rogue

By George Barton

Frank Macy, Born in Freeport, Ill., Is Doubtful Hero of One of Superintendent Froest's Investigations.



THE DEPOSITOR GLANCED AT THE FLOOR ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DESK AND SURE ENOUGH, THERE WAS THE ODD NOTE.

THIS is a fragment from the biography of a versatile rogue—a man whose adventurous career leaps at a bound from Chicago to Cape Town, and whose criminal history is a part of the police archives of New York, Chicago, London, Paris, Vienna and Berlin. Beginning as a prototype of the Artful Dodger, he has gone from pocket-picking to bunco steering, and then run the entire gamut of crime, stopping only—providentially, perhaps—at murder.

Frank Macy, the doubtful hero of this queer story, was born at Freeport, Ill. There are many old residents in that place who still recall him as a precocious baby, a smart boy, and a clever youth. Freeport soon proved to be too small to satisfy his bulging genius, but even before he left his birthplace he made little excursions from the paths of virtue which, in the boy, are so often prophetic of the man's career. When he reached man's estate he was tall and as straight as an Indian. He had coal-black hair and a sallow complexion, which lighted up brightly whenever he was in a humor to be affable with his fellow-man.

It was in Chicago that Frank Macy first distinguished himself in crime. A little more than a dozen years ago an advertisement appeared in the Chicago papers stating that a wealthy widow, about to take a long trip abroad, was willing to sell her favorite horse "Dobbin."

After the money had been paid, and within 24 hours, Dobbin began to undergo a most curious transformation. What had been a magnificent specimen of horseflesh began to show strange signs of decrepitude. He shriveled up, as it were; it seems almost impossible to properly describe this marvelous transformation in mere words.

The scene now shifts from Chicago to Low's Exchange in Trafalgar Square, London. Wilkie at that time was the London correspondent of an American paper, and while standing in the corridor of this hostelry he was surprised to see his old-time "Gyp" friend, Frank Macy, enter and place his name on the hotel register. Macy

looked prosperous. He was dressed in swaggar style, wore a long coat, carried a heavy cane and had a sunburst of diamonds reposing amidst the folds of a blood-red cravat—in fact, he looked too vulgarly rich to be true. Wilkie consulted the hotel register and found that his erstwhile criminal friend had registered as Frank Macy. The change of attire and the assumed name were suspicious and the American lost no time in going to the telephone and calling up Frank Froest, one of the brightest detectives in Scotland Yard. Wilkie told Froest that it might be worth his while to come up to Low's and have a look at the latest addition to the American invasion of London.

Not long after the meeting in Low's Exchange all London became excited over what was called the "Cutlass Mystery." It began when a well-dressed, elderly gentleman of considerable wealth was found on the sidewalk with his head badly cut and the blood flowing from several saber wounds. He said he had no recollection of how he came to be in such a plight, and resolutely declined to give the police any information upon the subject. Two days later another man was found similarly wounded and in the same condition. He was not as close-mouthed as the first individual, and went so far as to say that his misfortune was the result of a card party in which he had participated the previous night. He was unable, however, to give the locality of the house, having been taken there by an obliging caddy whom he had sought with a request to be conveyed to some place where he could satisfy his desires to dally with the goddess of chance. In less than 24 hours from this time still another man was found with two saber cuts about his head, and then the "Cutlass Mystery" became the reigning sensation of London.

The next chapter in the history of this curious rogue occurred at the little watering place of Margate. A musical instrument dealer of London was taking his holiday at this resort and was enjoying himself in a manner such as is possible only to a London tradesman. As he was strolling along the strand he came face to face with Lacy, who was then a fugitive from justice. He grasped him by the coat,

"Mr. Lacy," he exclaimed, "I am so glad to see you."
"Why?" asked Lacy.
"Why," retorted the other, "because now you will pay me for the mandolin you bought from me about a month ago."

Lacy laughed.
"You will pay me, won't you?" cried the dealer, hysterically. "You wouldn't rob a poor man, would you?"
"Fare away," said the versatile rogue. "I'm havin' me holiday now, and I can't be disturbed by vulgar tradesmen."

Lacy immediately realized the mistake he had made and, learning the character of the telegram that had been sent to Scotland Yard, made quick preparations for shortening his vacation at the cozy seashore resort. He acted with characteristic disregard of conventionalities. He summoned a fisherman and hired him to take him out in a small boat, and hailed a Castle liner which was bound for South Africa. By the aid of a clever "cock and bull story" he induced the captain to take him aboard and before the Scotland Yard man reached Margate Lacy was calmly sailing the sea on his way to Cape Town.

Superintendent Froest immediately telegraphed to the authorities at Cape Town, describing Lacy, and instructing them to apprehend the man on his arrival at that port. Lacy managed to get ashore and strolled about the African city, admiring the botanic gardens and the astronomical observatory with the enthusiasm of a tourist whose only desire is to profitably while away an idle hour. He was inspecting the fine new docks of the place when the agent of Scotland Yard clapped his hand on his shoulder and placed him under arrest. Lacy submitted with perfect good grace and was formally lodged in jail at Cape Town. Arrangements were made to have him returned to England the following day.

But, alas! his satisfaction was premature, for the daring Lacy jumped off the train while it was in motion and disappeared in the depths of a South African forest. The officer had the train stopped at the next station and, with the assistance of several other men, made a search of the woods. They finally located their man in an empty house a few miles from the point where he had jumped from

How the Bulging Genius of This Lad Became Too Large for His Home Town—How He Spread It Out and His Ultimate Downfall—This Is a True Story.

the train. He was arrested "for keeps" this time, taken back to London, tried, sentenced and imprisoned.

After he had served his time he started on a tour of the continent, accompanied by a mysterious blonde woman who passed as his wife. He played cards, engaged in the pastime of bunco steering and varied these performances occasionally by assuming the part of the wronged husband. He had a scheme by which the bank could be broken, and offered to show the man how he could take a thousand dollars and come out with a profit of ten thousand. The man accepted this glowing offer, but instead of going to the house that was designated he notified the District police and the versatile rogue was once more arrested—this time under the name of Frank Tracy. He was released on bail, however, and soon after again sought the historic atmosphere of London.

His latest exploit is really deserving of a chapter in itself, but because of lack of space must be condensed into a few paragraphs. Superintendent Froest, who was always on the lookout for queer characters, learned that Tracy—as he now called himself—was in London 24 hours after he had set his feet on English soil. He instructed his subordinates to be on the lookout for Tracy, but otherwise did not give much thought to the man.

One morning the telephone bell at Scotland Yard rang, and the voice of an excited individual, who proved to be a clerk in a banking house near Leadenhall street, informed the authorities that a thief had entered the institution that morning and robbed one of its depositors of £200. There was much excitement; a crowd had gathered in the corridors, and in the confusion the thief had escaped with the money.

"Pardon me," said the stranger, "but you have dropped one of your notes."

The depositor glanced at the floor on the other side of the desk and, sure enough, there was a bank note.

"Thank you," he replied gratefully, and stooped down to pick up the odd note. The act only consumed two or three seconds, but when the depositor straightened up and was about to add the missing note to his pile he found, to his amazement, that the original package of money had gone, and with it the stranger. He gave the alarm and rushed out of the bank, but when he reached the street the crowd was so great that it was impossible to find his man.

When Superintendent Froest received news of the theft, he immediately dispatched one of his men to the bank, but, not satisfied with this, he resolved to go there in person as soon as he had finished the work in his private office at Scotland Yard. That only consumed a few minutes, and at its completion Mr. Froest pulled down the top of his roll-desk and hurried towards Leadenhall street. At Oldgate, where Cornhill and Leadenhall street converge, he saw a tall, well-dressed man, hurrying along amidst the crowd. It did not take him many seconds to recognize the man as his old friend, the versatile rogue, who had lived successively under the titles of Frank Macy, Frank Lacy and Frank Tracy. Instinctively the superintendent associated the fellow with the theft of the bank in Leadenhall street. He walked up and took Tracy by the arm.

"My dear friend," he said, "I would like you to go down to the office with me and have a talk over old times."

Tracy made no resistance—indeed, this was characteristic of the man. The moment an officer of the law touched him he surrendered without a struggle. The two men proceeded to Scotland Yard and Tracy, when searched, was found to possess the £200 which had been stolen from the depositor in the bank that morning. He was tried for that offense, convicted and served his time.

The versatile rogue is at liberty once again, and for the time being is honoring the United States with his presence. This brief sketch is not offered as a story of his life. It is only what it purports to be—a fragment from the life of a versatile rogue.

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HUMAN SALAMANDER

MARVELOUS PSYCHIC POWER IS DISPLAYED BY MECHANIC.

Feats of Fred E. Foskett Are Investigated by Prof. William James of Harvard and Others and Arouse Wonder.

Boston.—The marvelous psychic power of Fred E. Foskett, a young machinist of Orange, Mass., has attracted the attention of Prof. James of Harvard and other leading members of the Boston branch of the American Society of Psychical Research, who have given him tests.

The first of the tests was held at the home of Prescott F. Hall. Prof. William James and several well-known physicians were there, and test conditions as nearly perfect as possible were made. Foskett was seated in the center of a room before a small table. There he performed every feat of the Hindoo fakir and the Buddhist adept.

On the table was an ordinary kerosene lamp with a chimney and a flat wick, a pan and several quarts of alcohol. According to the reports of those present, Foskett succeeded in every test.

Before beginning the test Foskett took from 20 to 30 deep breaths.

The first test was made with ordinary sulphur matches. Foskett lighted half a dozen, one after the other, holding them with one hand so close to the fingers of the other that the flames curled around them. He then lighted the lamp and held his hands above the



FRED E. FOSKETT

wick, while the flames curled over them and the soot completely blackened them.

From one of these tests to another Foskett went, while the scientists held their breath and watched every motion until he came to the climax. In this he poured a quart of alcohol into his basin, lighted it and then washed his hands, bathing them for nearly ten minutes in the burning fluid, washing it up over his arms and to his face—literally bathing himself in blazing alcohol. That completed the test.

As soon as it was finished the physicians present examined Foskett, and they could not find the slightest trace of a burn or blister. Foskett told them that the flames did not give him the slightest sensation of burning; that he felt comfortably warm and pleasant, and nothing more.

The second tests were made the next afternoon at the home of Prof. James in Cambridge, and under the same conditions as the day before. Considerable mystery is thrown about them. Mr. Hall said they were so startling that he did not care to discuss them until they had been tried again. Another scientist who was there said that Foskett performed all of his experiments of the day before, and then "absolutely and positively dematerialized."

"He seemed to dissolve into thin air as we watched him. Was gone 41 seconds and then materialized. It was so startling that we, I am afraid, lost sight of the test conditions, and we have asked him to appear before us again. It seems unbelievable, but it certainly seemed so. We hardly know what to think about it."

Prof. James refuses to talk about the tests.

According to those who were present, Foskett seems in a passive state during the tests, and he says he thinks of nothing in particular. Those who examined him discredit the hypnotic theory. They believe he has some latent psychic force that never has been studied.

It is intimated that the secret lies in taking the deep rhythmic breaths, which, it is declared, is the foundation of the development of the power taught in India and the orient centuries ago. By certain methods of breathing, it is taught by the ancients that in solitude and fasting the power of handling fire, receiving messages from astral bodies and other phenomena can be accomplished.

Prescott F. Hall, of the American Society of Physical Research, said he was soon to prepare a report for a scientific publication. "Foskett's power," said Mr. Prescott, "is not hypnotic and it is a power well known in the orient, where fire handling is done extensively. It used to be a test to see whether a man was guilty or otherwise of a misdemeanor; if he took the fire test and was not burned, he was considered innocent; if he was burned he had to suffer the punishment."

THE GIRL AND THE LOBSTER.

Possibly Harmless Remark, Though Decidedly Malapropos.

Dorando Pietri, at one of the many Italian banquets given in his honor in New York, talked about professional athletics.

"Amateurism is no doubt more romantic than professionalism," he said, "but we live in an unromantic age."

He smiled.
"Only the other night, at one of your gayest Italian restaurants," he said, "I overheard a dialogue that illustrated forcibly the age's lack of romance."

"It was late. At the table next to mine a rich young Italian contractor was supping with a beautiful young girl. As the young girl played with the stem of her wineglass I heard her murmur:

"It is true, isn't it, that you love me and me only?"

"Yes," said the young man, 'though this lobster is certainly mighty good.'"

TOLD TO USE CUTICURA.

After Specialist Failed to Cure Her Intense Itching Eczema—Had Been Tortured and Disfigured But

Was Soon Cured of Dread Humor.

"I contracted eczema and suffered intensely for about ten months. At times I thought I would scratch myself to pieces. My face and arms were covered with large red patches, so that I was ashamed to go out. I was advised to go to a doctor who was a specialist in skin diseases, but I received very little relief. I tried every known remedy, with the same results. I thought I would never get better until a friend of mine told me to try the Cuticura Remedies. So I tried them, and after four or five applications of Cuticura Ointment I was relieved of my unbearable itching. I used two sets of the Cuticura Remedies, and I am completely cured. Miss Barbara Kral, Highlandtown, Md., Jan. 9, '08." Potter Drug & Chem. Co., Sole Props., Boston.

A SPEEDY ONE.



Miss Tapps—Of course, some typewriters are extremely expert.

Clerk—Oh, yes. I know of one who married a rich employer in less than three months.

The Common Strain.

The stress of life may touch some lightly, may appear to pass others by, but most men whom we meet, with whom we deal, who work for us or for whom we work, know well the common stress of humanity. If in all our human relations this thought could be kept before us it would revolutionize life. We would be humanized—ennobled. We would care for men as men. We could not escape the transforming realization of an actual brotherhood if we recalled and thought upon the undeniable fact of our own part in the universal brotherhood of the common strain.—Schuyler C. Woodhull, in The Bellman.

Mice on the Pillow.

"I'm not so much afraid of mice as some women," said she, "but I don't like them in my hair. The other night I finished a biscuit I was eating after I went to bed and naturally left some crumbs about, not meaning to, never thinking of mice."

"Well, about the middle of the night I heard scampering, and there were the mice all over my hair, trying to get at those crumbs."

"I tell you, I gave one shriek, sprang up, lighted all the gas in the room and sat up the rest of the night watching that pillow."

HER MOTHER-IN-LAW

Proved a Wise, Good Friend.

A young woman out in Ia, found a wise, good friend in her mother-in-law, jokes notwithstanding. She writes:

"It is two years since we began using Postum in our house. I was greatly troubled with my stomach, complexion was blotchy and yellow. After meals I often suffered sharp pains and would have to lie down. My mother often told me it was the coffee I drank at meals. But when I'd quit coffee I'd have a severe headache."

"While visiting my mother-in-law I remarked that she always made such good coffee, and asked her to tell me how. She laughed and told me it was easy to make good 'coffees' when you use Postum."

"I began to use Postum as soon as I got home, and now we have the same good 'coffee' (Postum) every day, and I have no more trouble. Indigestion is a thing of the past, and my complexion has cleared up beautifully."

"My grandmother suffered a great deal with her stomach. Her doctor told her to leave off coffee. She then took tea but that was just as bad."

"She finally was induced to try Postum which she has used for over a year. She traveled during the winter over the greater part of Iowa, visiting, something she had not been able to do for years. She says she owes her present good health to Postum."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read, "The Road to Wellville," in pks. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.