

The Clew of the Liquor Bottles

Edited by William J. Bacon

A True Story of the Secret Service, as Told by Capt. Dickson

SOME years ago, before I became connected with the United States secret service in the east, I was engaged by a member of the western express companies to do some special work for them," began Capt. Dickson. "My headquarters were in Denver and my work, on the whole, was decidedly interesting. One adventure in particular made me proud of my service for our company, although it was largely a matter of luck that brought about my success in that instance. I am a firm believer in luck, for it plays an important part in every man's life, and it has figured to a large extent in my own affairs. I am free to confess.

"A daring express robbery had been committed in the western part of the state, near the Utah line, by three men. The messenger had been murdered and the passengers throughout the train robbed of all their money. The hold-up men secured something more than \$15,000 from the express company's safe and fully \$5,000 from the passengers. They took nothing but money, however, leaving valuable jewelry, diamonds and watches with their owners, and ignoring the parcels in the express car. This circumstance showed that the gang was composed of experienced thieves, for money is the hardest thing in the world to trace.

"I was notified of the robbery on the afternoon of the second day after it occurred, and although I hastened to the spot with all dispatch and made my arrangement by wire, it was room of the third day before I alighted at the nearest station. Here I had arranged for two horses and a prospector's outfit, deeming it best to follow the bandits in the disguise of a miner, as the robbery had been made at a point near the mining region of southwestern Colorado, and I expected to find the criminals at some of the numerous mining camps.

"I have never been a believer in disguises except as to clothing. All efforts to change the face with grease paints and wigs and the like only tend to attract attention and direct suspicion to the man thus togged out. The casual observer might not notice the deception, but the criminal, and especially the hunted criminal, is no casual observer. He has formed the habit of noticing everything, and he will detect the least false point in a man's appearance and shun him as if he were afflicted with the plague.

"A change of dress will work wonders in a man's appearance. If a man can wear other clothes than those he is accustomed to, and wear them easily and naturally, he can more effectively disguise himself by this means than he can with all the wigs and paints and whiskers in existence.

"Coming across the continental divide, I had suffered a slight attack of indigestion. I sent the porter after a flask of whisky, asking for a certain brand. He returned in a few minutes with one of the diminutive little bottles customarily sold on sleeping cars at a quarter a bottle. It was not the kind I had ordered, but the porter explained that this was the only brand of liquor the company sold, and I had to be content with it. The label of the bottle stated that it was put up expressly for the company.

"On reaching my destination, I immediately assumed the character of a miner and set about my inquiry. There was little information to be gathered beyond what was contained in the express company's report of the robbery, of which I had a carbon-copy. Satisfied that time spent here would be wasted, I set out for the scene of the robbery, riding a wiry little pony and leading another on which was packed my outfit of grub and cooking implements and miner's tools.

"The place was a desolate spot. The road ran through a broad alkali valley which had not, at that time, been brought under cultivation by irrigation. It was easy to pick up the trail of bandits and follow it across the valley in a southerly direction to the foot-hills of the Rockies, where the trail disappeared, the rocky ground leaving no trace of hoof-prints.

"From this point on it was to be a matter of luck and guesswork. I believed my men had made for Telluride, Ouray, Silverton or some other mining camp, but I was not rash enough to venture a guess as to which it might be at that stage of the game. These camps, with their rough, shifting population, offered capital retreats for criminals, and from past experiences I knew that my three rogues would, in all probability, remain in one of these camps until the excitement from the robbery had subsided, and then make for civilization to spend their money.

"For three days I drifted at random through the mountains, following trails and paths, for there were no roads, endeavoring to pick up some clew or find the place where my party had spent the first night after the robbery. The hold-up had occurred about noon, and, by hard riding, the three highwaymen could penetrate some ten or twenty miles into the fastness of the mountains before it became too dark to travel further. It was out of the question for any one to advance through that region after dark. I hoped to find the place of their camp, and felt sure I would do so by persevering.

SAYS BRAIN DOES NOT FEEL

French Professor Declares Stomach Is Emotional Center.

The solar plexus is the emotional brain, says Prof. Francois Guyot. An emotion that attacks us is felt there first. Thus, if we feel anxiety it may give us, if severe, a positive stomach-ache. It may even be productive of nausea.

While the brain does the thinking,

"Late the third afternoon I stumbled on the ashes of a campfire, and close beside it, among the firs and cedars, I found where horses had been tied. This was what I had searched for, and I felt sure that I would here find something of value. I placed a short distance from the place so I would not disturb it, leaving my examination until the next morning, when I would have a good light, it then being too dark to attempt such a thing.

"That night, by the light of my campfire, I read again the report of the robbery as given by the train hands. Near the last of it was the account of the sleeping car porter who related, with evident grief, that he had been relieved of \$6.15 in silver, and that the bandits had rifled the liquor cabinet of the buffet, taking with them all of the whisky and a few bottles of the rarer and stronger wines.

"Early next morning I examined the deserted camp of the highwaymen. There was nothing but a burned-out pile of ashes and charred sticks and a few empty bottles. The bottles gave the clew for which I searched. The highwaymen had certainly made their



ONE OF THE MINERS THREW THE DOOR WIDE OPEN

camp here. Each bottle bore the label of the sleeping car company, and some of them were the diminutive flasks of which I had drunk one on the trip from Denver. There was not a scrap of paper anywhere else to be found.

"Elated with my success, I made a survey of the country and discovered a half-obscure trail leading farther into the mountains. I took up this trail and followed it as best I could until nightfall. Often I lost it, and sometimes I spent an hour or more casting about to pick it up again, as I have seen hounds baffled on the trail of a fox. About three o'clock that afternoon I found something that made my eyes sparkle. Shattered into a thousand pieces was the remains of one of the small whisky bottles on a large flat rock beside the trail where it had doubtless been cast in a playful mood induced by its contents. Among the fragments I found the label of the car company.

"It was the dry season, and this was in my favor, for no rains came to obliterate the trail. For five days I followed the bandits across the hills and through the valleys, verifying my route from time to time by fragments of broken whisky bottles along the way, and at the places where they had camped for a night. The buffet-car must have been well stocked, for I found many bottles in this journey.

"The trail eventually came to a well beaten road, which, from my map, I learned was the stage and mail route from Montrose, the nearest railroad point to Ouray, then a rather insignificant mining settlement. I lost no time in getting to Ouray, for it was impossible to trail my men along this road and I was sure they had headed for the mining camp.

"Two days were spent at Ouray without finding a trace of the three

men. They had not stopped there certainly, so I took the trail to Telluride, a mining camp farther on in the mountains. Telluride was then a camp of 800 or 1,000 souls, and there was a bit of a mining boom on which daily brought new prospectors to swell its citizenship, fatuous souls brought there by the greed of gold—a lure that never fails to attract victims in swarms. For three days I searched in vain through the saloons and dance halls and other places where the rough miners congregated without finding a trace of my three rogues. That inflexible sixth sense of mine was doing its best to keep me longer in Telluride, although my judgment told me to move on to Silverton; but in the end my intuition won the fight and I remained.

"One evening I was drinking with a raw-boned miner. The whisky was abominable. The distillery where it was made would never have recognized its product in its present form. I complained of the poor quality of whisky and asked my acquaintance if there were not some better stuff to be found in the camp. He said there was not, at any of the bars, but that he had been given an amazingly good drink by a miner, whose name he mentioned. He said it had been in a little bottle which held just enough to tease one, but it was the best liquor he had drunk since he left Kentucky many years before. He licked his lips in pleasant memory of the drink.

"I almost gave myself away, so keen was my pleasure at this chance remark. I inquired about the gen-

"It would have been the rankest folly to have attempted their arrest without assistance—although I did tackle such a job once in my salad days, as this scar will testify," and he pointed to an ugly wound at the back of his neck, partially covered by his flowing gray locks. "But that is another story. I decided to call on the United States deputy marshal, a man of tigerish bravery, for assistance. There was no chink or crack in the door through which I could gain a peek at the interior of the cabin, so I dropped down on my hands and knees and crawled around to the back of the cabin where I thought there might be a window. There was a window, but it was closed with a heavy shutter, and I could not find any point to peep through; but I did find something on the way around. My hand touched something round and smooth, and I clutched it involuntarily. It was one of the little whisky flasks. After I had left the cabin I struck a match and examined it. The label of the car company was still on it.

"The deputy marshal was found at one of the dance halls and he soon summoned a reliable posse. We surrounded the cabin, from which still issued the sounds of revelry. The men were stationed at every point about it. Then the marshal and I rapped on the door. In response to our summons one of the miners staggered across the floor and threw the door wide open. We tripped him up and rushed over him into the cabin. The men were too drunk to make any resistance, and we captured them without

erous owner of the good liquor, with a show of indifference I was far from feeling. He was a late arrival, it seemed, and lived in a shanty far up on the mountain-side with two companions. The three were making a rather poor attempt to work a claim they had preempted.

"Getting away from my loquacious miner-friend, I climbed the steep trail to the cabin and set about an investigation of it with great caution. The men were at home, and from the sounds issuing from its closed doors I guessed they were having a rare old time that evening. I approached to the very door and listened with my ear to the planks to sounds of revelry within. The men were gambling and drinking, and I could hear the clink of coins and the rattle of bottles and the ribald jests with which they made their bets and gloated over their winnings and cursed their luck when they lost. I heard sufficient to make me sure that my much-sought bandits were in the cabin, although there was no direct mention of the express robbery.

Pittsburg Man Is "Loaded"

Perfect Fiend to Quote Statistics, According to Writer in Harper's.

The Pittsburger can carry more figures of large denomination on his person without your suspecting their existence than any other citizen of the United States. He is a reservoir of decimals and statistics. He must have ample justification, however, before he turns the spigot, but when he does there is a torrent no man can stem.

If provoked and inclined to extend himself, in a five-minute talk he can fill you so full of miscellaneous indus-

tries—natural gas, steel rails, tin-plate, petroleum, steel pipes and sheet metal, fire bricks, tumbrels, tableware, coke, pickles, and all that sort of thing—that you will begin to feel like a combination delicatessen and hardware store.

I have not begun to enumerate the different data I have collected on this subject, as I have no desire to make the reader feel small or to lose confidence in himself. As I have pointed out before, the Pittsburger, or the man who is under the influence of Pittsburg, must be provoked before he unburdens.—C. H. White, in Harper's.

Trap for the Piano Tuner. "No, now don't you take that piece

of chamois," said the man at the desk, as the hand of the woman wandered in its direction. "I bought it a nice looking piece, but I bought it specially for a purpose. I telephoned the man to come to-morrow and tune my piano. In the morning before I come down here I'm going to lay this piece of chamois across the keys. Then when I get home I'll know whether he has tuned it or not. If it's gone, he has; if it's still on the keys, he hasn't."

IN THE LIMELIGHT

VISITOR FROM JAPAN



Vice Admiral Baron Sotokichi Uruu, chief of staff of the Japanese navy, who is now visiting in this country, is a distinguished veteran of the wars between Japan and China and Russia. He was trained in the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, as one of the 15 students permitted to study there as an act of international courtesy. His student years were from 1877 to 1881, and he is remembered by practically all who were at the academy during that time.

At the age of 52, Uruu is one of the 13 vice admirals of his country. His friends see an admiral's place for him before he reaches retirement. His service has been continuous in the navy since 1881. After his graduation from Annapolis, in that year, he went to Europe, where he spent two years, and then returned to Japan to become a lieutenant in the Japanese Naval college at Tokyo. After service afloat on several ships he was detailed to the general staff department in 1888, and made second in command at the great Yokosuka dock yard. In 1891 he was given command of the Akagi and a year later became naval attaché at Paris.

For four years he served at the French city, and on his return was given command of a cruiser. In September, 1897, he sailed as captain of the Fuso, for service on the coast of the Russian possessions in Asia. His promotion to rear admiral occurred in 1900, and in the naval maneuvers of 1903 he was made chief of staff of the first division. Later in the same year he was given command of a division of the second squadron. In the Chinese war he commanded naval forces at the battle of the Yalu.

With this training Uruu went into the war with Russia as a rear admiral, having charge of the fourth squadron of the Japanese fleet. His action at Chemulpo was the beginning of the war.

In front of Port Arthur the guns he commanded did destructive work, and in the battle of the Sea of Japan he commanded the light cruisers, under Admiral Togo. With the admiral on the west, Uruu on the north and Kamimura on the south, the Japanese fleet closed in upon the Russians, pounding them to pieces and driving them toward the coast of Japan.

NEW ALASKA GOVERNOR

Walter E. Clark, correspondent in Washington of the Seattle Post-Intelligencer and a member of the New York Sun bureau at Washington, has been appointed governor of Alaska by President Taft.

The position was offered to Mr. Clark three years ago by President Roosevelt, but at that time Mr. Clark wished to remain in the newspaper field. He was not an applicant for the place because, particularly, Mr. Clark is familiar with Alaska. He went to the territory first in 1900, to wrest a fortune from the gold fields. He failed in that, but acquired such an interest in the country that he revisited it in 1903 and in 1906.

Mr. Clark was born in Ashford, Conn., in 1869, graduating from the Connecticut Normal school in 1887 and from Wesleyan university in 1895. Succeeding graduation, he entered newspaper work as a reporter on the Hartford Post, coming to Washington in 1895 as telegraph editor on the Washington Times.

Gov. Hoggatt was appointed three years ago, and has, like all governors of the territory, had much trouble. He has been opposed by factions and warmly supported by others. He got tired of it all and resigned to enter private business.

REFUSES VICE-PRESIDENCY

Don Enrique C. Creel, the Mexican diplomatist and governor who has refused to be considered as a candidate for the vice-presidency of the Mexican republic because he is in favor of the election of the present incumbent, is known as one of the most progressive men of affairs of his country. He is a bank president, a railroad vice-president, and director in an insurance company. In earlier days he has been a merchant, a school teacher, a newspaper man, a tanner, a farmer and a miner. Those were the days when he was educating himself, before he became as wealthy as he is to-day.

Half of Senor Creel's success may be fairly claimed by his friends this side the Mexican boundary, for his father was a Kentuckian who went to Mexico with Gen. Taylor, married, and became a Mexican by adoption. The son has become an important figure in Mexican affairs, having served as governor of Chihuahua, a member of the national congress and speaker of the house, before he came as ambassador at Washington in 1906. His wife is the beautiful daughter of a leading general in President Diaz' army, and will some day come into a handsome fortune from her father. It is considered that some day when Gen. Diaz shall have insisted upon retiring from the presidency, Senor Creel has an idea of succeeding to that position.

QUITS AT OSLER'S AGE LIMIT

Henry E. Huntington has gradually given up his business interests in the east that he might give his time to farming in southern California, and has left for the new villa he is building at Oak Knoll, near Los Angeles.

Mr. Huntington has purchased many paintings within the last eight months. Among the canvases shipped to the west were several by Sorolla, the Spanish artist, whose pictures were on exhibition recently in New York under the auspices of the Hispanic society. George Romney's picture of the Morseley children was one of the pictures sent to Oak Knoll.

It is Mr. Huntington's belief that the soil and climate of southern California are capable of producing all sorts of tropical fruits, and his time henceforth will be devoted to proving this theory on his ranch of 480 acres. Some years ago Mr. Huntington determined to retire from active business when he was 60 years old, and for more than a year he has been preparing for this retirement by gradually relinquishing the active management of one after another of his great interests. The chief one was the traction system of Los Angeles and southern California.

BELIEVES WAR A NECESSITY

Bishop Samuel Fallows, who asserted in a sermon in a Chicago church that war is a necessity, the soldier quite as indispensable a person as the judge, fighting a virtue and the peace advocate mostly mollycoddles, is one of the most noted churchmen in the country. He is head of the Reformed Episcopal church and it is notable that his interests lie in many and varied fields outside his episcopal duties. He has been president of the board of managers of the Illinois state reformatory for some years, is chairman of the University association, has been president of a university, superintendent of public instruction for Wisconsin, sociologist and settlement worker. He was a Methodist preacher for 16 years before changing to his present religious home.

During the civil war Dr. Fallows was a chaplain, colonel and brevet brigadier general of union troops. He has been rector of St. Paul's church in Chicago since 1875.

America's Cocoa Consumption. The imports of crude cocoa into the United States in the calendar year 1908 amounted to \$7,419,700 pounds, valued at \$12,999,836. The imports of the year previous were 912,147 pounds less, but the total value was \$2,155,743 greater. In other words the market value of the cocoa imports dropped from 17 1/2 cents per pound in 1907 to 13 1/2 cents in 1908. The United States is the largest consumer of cocoa, the world output of which is about 340,000,000 pounds. The leading countries supplying the American markets are

the British West Indies, which sent 27,945,871 pounds in 1908, while 17,026,116 pounds came from elsewhere in the West Indies and Bermuda; Brazil furnished 15,301,524 pounds, while 18,779,886 pounds came from elsewhere in South America. Crude cocoa ranks as twenty-fifth in importance of merchandise into the United States.

A Strong Character. "And do you think that your son will succeed in life because of his college education?"

"No, in spite of it."

BURDENS LIFTED

From Bent Backs.

A bad back is a heavy handicap to those of us who have to work every day. Nine times out of ten, backache tells of kidney weakness. The only way to find relief is to cure the kidneys. Doan's Kidney Pills have given sound strong backs to thousands of men and women. Mrs. Wesley Clemens, 311 Marion St., Manchester, Ia., says: "Constant work at a sewing machine seemed to bring on kidney trouble. The kidney action was irregular and the pains in my back and loins so severe I could hardly endure it. Doan's Kidney Pills made me feel better in a short time, and I took them until entirely free from my trouble."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

THE HINT GENTEEL



Mr. Saphead—By Jove, it's nearly 12 o'clock. Perhaps I had better be going.

Miss Smart—Well, they say "Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day."

Sheer white goods, in fact, any fine wash goods when new, owe much of their attractiveness to the way they are laundered, this being done in a manner to enhance their textile beauty. Home laundering would be equally satisfactory if proper attention was given to starching, the first essential being good Starch, which has sufficient strength to stiffen, without thickening the goods. Try Defiance Starch and you will be pleasantly surprised at the improved appearance of your work.

A Significant Test. "So you don't think the common people have the nerve to defy those who seek a system of financial oppression?"

"I am sure they haven't," answered Mr. Sirius Barker. "Look at me. I'm just as sensitive to injustice as anybody. And yet I never hesitate about handing a head waiter a comfortable tip for doing nothing except look naughty."

To Check Spread of Trachoma. It has been reported that the disease known as trachoma, or granular eyelids, has been spreading rapidly among the Indians. To check this trouble congress appropriated \$12,000, placing it in the hands of the commissioner of Indian affairs, for the immediate investigation and treatment of the disease and to check its spread.

With a smooth iron and Defiance Starch just as well at home as the steam laundry can; it will have the proper stiffness and finish, there will be less wear and tear of the goods, and it will be a positive pleasure to use a Starch that does not stick to the iron.

His Professional Habit. "How did that sculptor leave his affairs?"

"In a strictly professional condition."

"What do you mean?"

"In statu quo."

Lewis' Single Binder gives the smoker what he wants, a rich, mellow-tasting cigar.

Occasionally a dressmaker gives her husband fits.

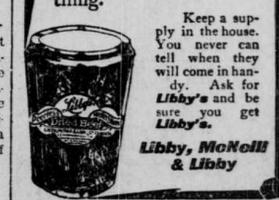
Libby's Food Products

Never Vary in Quality or Taste

because the utmost care is taken by Libby's Chefs to select only the choicest materials, and put these up in the same careful manner every time. You are thus assured of uniform goodness, and this is the reason that the use of Libby's gives such general satisfaction to every housewife.

- Try these Libby's Foods
- Dried Beef
- Mexican Tamale
- Ham Loaf
- Oh! Oh! Carne
- Vienna Sausage
- Evaporated Milk

For luncheon, spreads or every day meals, they are just the thing.



Keep a supply in the house. You never can tell when they will come in handy. Ask for Libby's and be sure you get Libby's.

Libby, McNeill & Libby

LAND—IRRIGATED—LAND. Perpetual water right; fine water; productive soil; easy cultivation; 30 lbs. wheat per acre; 2 1/2 to 3 bush alfalfa; beautiful climate; free timber; easy terms; write here. LIBBY'S LAND CO., Beck Springs, Wyoming.