

MAN WHO TRAPPED 'FRISCO BOODLERS HAS FINE RECORD

CALLED KING OF DETECTIVES

William J. Burns, Most Clever of the Secret Service Agents Employed by Uncle Sam, Has Earned Proud Title by His Many Successes in Running Down Offenders Against the Law—His Methods Are Shrewd, Direct and Straight Forward, and He Has Yet to Record Failure in Any Case in Which He Has Been Employed—Land Grabbers, Boodlers or Counterfeiters All One to Him.

San Francisco.—William J. Burns, the United States secret service agent, who trapped every member of San Francisco's corrupt board of supervisors into a full confession of their guilt, is called "the king of detectives."

Although Burns has this international reputation as a detective, it is hard for his intimates to remember always that Burns is a detective. Thus Francis J. Heney, the prosecutor with whom Burns has worked through the land fraud cases in Oregon and in the San Francisco boodler cases, finds his associate a source of continual surprise.

"Burns amazes me," said Heney one day recently, as he looked out the window of his office in the unburnt "Western Addition" of San Francisco,



Trapping a Boodler.

while Burns was whirling by in his automobile.

"Look at him!" he exclaimed. "He is as placid and dignified as a lord in his carriage."

Burns was leaning back at his ease in the rear seat of the big tonneau, immaculately groomed, with a look of imperturbable boredom on his face.

The lawyers associated with Heney in the prosecution of Abe Ruef and Mayor Schmitz were in the room at the time, and they fell into a discussion of the man.

Methodical in Everything.

"What interests me most about Burns is that he never misses a meal," said Cobb, Heney's partner. "I never saw him in too much of a hurry to take his hour for dinner at the regular time. He is methodical in everything. It is all in a day's work with Burns, and when he turns in at night he sleeps like a top."

"Yet he never procrastinates," put in District Attorney Langdon. "I asked him the other night if he thought he could get a man we wanted and bring him to the office in the morning."

"What's the matter with getting him now?" said Burns. Taking down the receiver from the phone he called up a saloon. His man was there. Burns told him it would be better for his health to surrender himself at our office without delay. The man came at once."

"What interests me about Burns," put in J. Dwyer, another of the attorneys of the graft prosecution, "is his personakty. He gets the men he is after to like him. Ruef likes him now better than any of his own men. Those two swap stories to each other until you can't believe Burns is working all the time to land Ruef in San Quentin prison."

"He can mimic a Frenchman, an Englishman, a Dutchman to perfection, and the stories he tells sound like good fiction. I believe it is his magnetism as much as his persistence that wins for him."

His First Important Case.

This is the story of Burns' first important case, as told by himself: "It was in 1890, in St. Louis. A number of firebugs had been burning down houses for insurance money. They rented these houses; then they put in velvet carpets, elegant furniture, pianos and so forth, which they insured. As soon as they had their policies, they would move out the furniture. Then they would light a

two-hour candle, and at two o'clock in the morning the house would burn down with a complete loss. In this way they had got hundreds of thousands of dollars out of the insurance companies.

"When I was called into the case it had been pretty thoroughly gone over by Pinkerton men, who had located the suspects. The difficulty was to get legal evidence. Jim French, who later fled to Honduras, after having served his first sentence, which I got against him, was the leader of the gang.

"The difficulty in all such cases is to uncover the tracks of the criminals while avoiding direct methods. Instead of going out to induce some of the marked men to come to the front with a confession, I went to them under the name of 'Williams' and told them that I had been sent by the insurance companies to investigate the detectives that had been working on the case who were accused of misappropriating their expense money. While carrying on this 'special investigation' I was able to gather around me all the gang. From them I selected the one man who, I thought, could give me the evidence. This fellow, John Rudd by name, never knew until the day that he was called into the grand jury room that he had been aiding in the apprehension of the incendiaries.

Suspected Informer Killed.

"When all was ready I went before the grand jury and explained the case. The insurance agents told their losses and then we called in Rudd and explained to him his part in the case. After indictments had been brought in there was a terrible uproar. Some member of the grand jury told the gang that a man by the name of Burns had come before them and told the whole story. No one knew Burns. I had been going under the name of Williams, but the following night one of the gang was suspected by his fellows of being 'Burns' and was shot dead in a saloon. They never knew until the first day of the trial who I was.

Marsenal McDonata was trying the case. I was sitting beside him. When Rudd was on the stand he was asked, on cross-examination, to whom he had first told the story.

"To a man who called himself Williams," he replied.

"Do you know his true name?"

"I understand now that it is Burns."

"Oh, this mysterious Mr. Burns! How long is it since you saw him last?"

"Just now."

"Is he here now?"

"Yea."

"In this room?"

"He is sitting beside you," was the answer.

"This was the first that Jim French and the rest of the gang knew of the part I had taken in the investigation."

As Burns sat at his desk telling the story, he had the appearance of a banker explaining a deal in stocks. He is as far from the dime novel detective as he is from the wonderful Mr. Sherlock Holmes of Conan Doyle's novels.

"Chief Wilkie of the secret service once remarked to me," said Heney, "that Burns was a man with a sixth sense, who could tell as if by instinct when a man was telling the truth, and when he had told all he knew. My experience with Burns bears this out. Once in the Oregon land fraud cases I thought a witness was holding something back. Burns said he had told all he knew, and Burns was right. At another time I thought a witness had made a complete confession. Burns said: 'Keep at him!' sure enough the most incriminating part of his story came out afterward."

"One thing that has surprised me in Burns," added Langdon, "is this. He never wastes any time in bluffing. Every one here in town knows his automobile. But, do you think if he wanted you to-night he would stop a block away and send his machine back? No, sir. He would go straight to your door. Toot, toot, and ring the bell."

Never Wore a Disguise.

Burns himself has this to say about his work as a detective: "People seem to think that there is something uncanny about detective work. They imagine we go around

disguised in false whiskers and wearing blue goggles. I never use a disguise, except a change of clothes. But I can take one of my men and let you talk with him; then bring him in to-morrow and let you see him and you would not believe him the same man. Here in San Francisco every one knows me—at least all the grafters do—so it would be useless to try a disguise."

Burns' methods all through the Ruef case have been surprisingly open. When he started out to capture Ruef after his friends, the sheriff and the coroner, had been pretending to search for him in vain for a week, Burns assembled his posse in half a dozen automobiles in front of Heney's office; with Ruef's lawyers' offices but half a block away. He had ten men with him, but the open way with which he went about the job made the attorneys for the grafter think it must be all a ruse, and no effort was made to follow the party. They went straight to the resort at the Trocadero in the outskirts of San Francisco, where Burns knew that Ruef was in hiding. Burns had the house surrounded; then he walked in and surprised Ruef at dinner. He had his man back at Heney's office within three hours.

Surprising a Bribe-Taker.

Of his present work Burns himself says: "This San Francisco case is one of the most interesting I have ever had. Of course municipal graft cases are all of somewhat alike. You know who the men are who have got official favors. The first thing to do is to single out the official who you think will accept a bribe, and then get at him by inducing him to accept what he thinks is a bribe. Of course your money is marked. Then you surprise him in the act. After that you have him cold. Through him you get at the bribe-givers."

"When I started in on this work in San Francisco I expected to get after each of the supervisors singly, but one of the newspapers got wind of it and published the story how we were working on one man. That spoiled things for us, and I had to resort to other methods."

What Burns had done was to induce the proprietor of a skating rink who had fallen out with Mayor Schmitz to have an ordinance in his favor introduced in the board of supervisors. Then he arranged to buy the vote of one of them—Lomorgan by name—for \$500. Burns was concealed in the room when the marked money was passed. He pounced forth at the psychological moment when Lomorgan was taking the bribe.

A Boodler Trapped.

With the inside information of these two confessions Burns got to work on all the other supervisors. They were so scared that the whole 18 came through with a rush. When Heney

and then branched out into making hundred dollar bills.

"In the letter I opened I found three of the bills which were being sent to Taylor and Briddell by Kendig & Jacobs, cigar merchants in Lancaster, Pa., with whom they operated. I marked the bills, replaced them in the envelopes and remailed the letter."

"Later, when Chief Wilkie and I went to search Taylor and Briddell's place and put them under arrest I pried open a drawer in their desk. I found two of the three bills I had taken from the letter and marked."

"Wilkie was standing beside me at the time, and I said to him, loud enough for the two men under arrest to hear:

"That's funny. Jacobs told us there were three of these bills."

"Briddell bit at the bait."

"Burns," he said, "how many men have you got under arrest in this case?"

"I named every man who was connected with the case. None of them was under arrest at the time."

"That's enough for me," said Briddell. "We don't make any more trouble for you."

"He gave me his full confession on the spot. It was opening the letter that did the trick. Of course Jacobs had told us nothing."

Counterfeiters Caught.

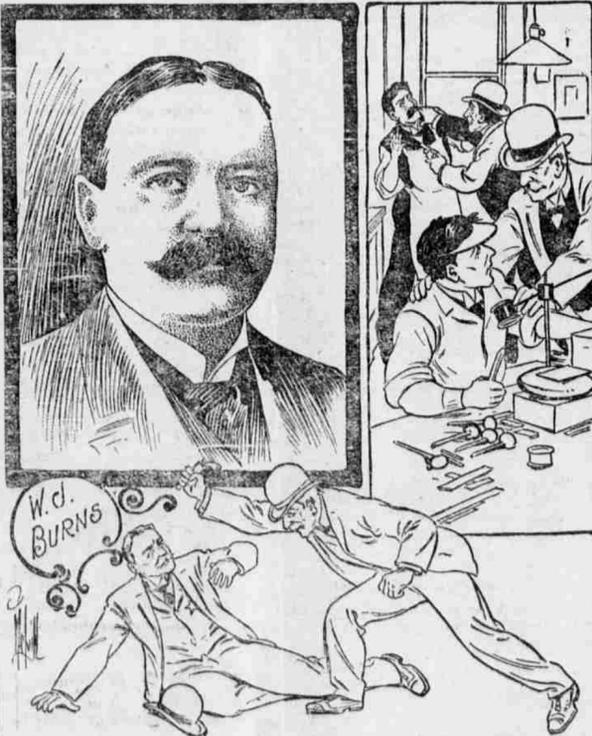
An illustration of careful detective work is Burns' method in running down two counterfeiters from Central America. They were Gen. Frederico Mora and Ricardo de Requisens. These two men had been making counterfeit bills in the United States of the 100 peso notes of Costa Rica. Our government was asked to apprehend the counterfeiters, and Burns was entrusted with the job. Others had worked at it before, but all Burns had to start with was a sofa wrapped up in burlap in which \$3,000,000 of the counterfeit notes had been stuffed for shipment to Costa Rica. On the burlap was the mark, "XX 1634."

Starting from this, Burns found that the burlap had been originally used in packing a shipment of overalls from a factory in Newburg. It was the shipping number. In Newburg Burns went over the books of the factory and found that those particular overalls had been shipped to a dry goods store in Long Island City. There they told him that they had recently sold a piece of burlap to an old lady by the name of Mrs. Chevins. It did not look promising.

But, when Burns learned that Mrs. Chevins had a son-in-law, one Ricardo de Requisens, who hailed from Costa Rica, he thought the trail was getting warm.

De Requisens was living with a young widow from Pittsburg at the house of his mother, Mrs. Chevins. Burns placed De Requisens and the widow under arrest. Then he sent one of his men to the jail with an alleged message to the effect that if he would produce the plates of the counterfeit notes the government would abandon his prosecution.

After the messenger left, De Requisens was visited by his mother-in-law. When she left him Burns followed her to her home in Long Island City.



held out promise of ultimate immunity every man jack of them was willing to squeal.

It looked easy. All things are easy to those who know how. Burns has not been doing detective work for nothing these 20 years.

Tricks of the Profession.

"But how about the tricks of the profession that one hears so much about?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, there are tricks. I can let you seal a letter with your seal, and I will take it out of the envelope, read it, and put it back, and you can't tell that it has been opened."

"In the famous 'hundred dollar bill' case in Philadelphia I intercepted a letter to Taylor and Briddell, the engravers who had spent \$100,000 in copying the paper on which the government money is printed. They had begun by counterfeiting cigar revenue stamps. They made \$250,000 at that,

Through a window he watched her enter the front room, take off her hat and place it with a chatelaine bag on the table. Burns slid into the house, looked into the bag, and found a letter there. In its place he put a dummy. This was easy, as there was no address on the outside of the envelope. But this left Burns in the dark as to whom it was meant for.

Later in the afternoon Mrs. Chevins came out and Burns followed her. She crossed the ferry to New York and went to Courtlandt street. As she was turning into a doorway Burns sent one of his men to say to her: "Be careful! You are being watched."

She turned and left the entryway. Burns immediately entered, and sure enough there was an engraver's office. Of course Burns got the plates and Gen. Frederico Mora and Ricardo de Requisens are serving their terms in prison.

SAMSON AND DELILAH

A STORY OF THE PERIOD OF THE JUDGES IN ISRAEL

By the "Highway and Byway" Preacher

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Scripture Authority:—Judges 16: 1-21.

SERMONETTE.

An Unworthy Love.—There are strange inconsistencies in the lives of good and great men, sometimes, just as we find in this incident from Samson's life. We marvel that one so strong could be so weak; that a man of such faith as to win a place in faith's gallery in the eleventh of Hebrews could fall so low; that a man of so intense a patriotism could play so completely into the hands of the enemy; and yet it only reveals the frailties of human nature. It certainly proves the scriptural declaration that the "heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked," and that "without God, man can do nothing" that is worthy or enduring.

Samson allowed this unworthy love to take possession of his heart and to exercise sway over his life, and there was only one inevitable outcome, humiliation, defeat, disgrace and anguish of body and spirit.

Samson loved Delilah. What was there in this woman that could appeal to the heart of a godly man? Nothing, surely, of the quality of goodness. It was a love based, not on character, but upon the outward, physical beauty which captivated the eye. Such love is always dangerous.

There is no more powerful influence over a life than that love which takes possession of the heart, for "out of the heart are the issues of life." If that love appeals only to the material and physical, high ideals are absent, pure motives are lacking and inevitably that life must sink to the level of the life on which that love is bestowed. This explains the moral decay and sad tragedy in many a wrecked life. Step by step the unworthy love gains ascendancy over the will until at last the complete surrender is made as was the case with Samson, and one finds himself shorn of his strength and undone.

But if that love is a worthy one, there can be no more potent influence for good over the life. It leads out from self. It finds inspiration and help to higher ideals. It welcomes the hardship and self-denial which are necessary to the attaining of those ideals.

And say not that we have not the power of control over our loves. We have! We can will to love worthily. We can curb the superficial emotions of the heart, and seek for those deeper expressions which will interpret the will and love of God in our lives. The affection that is bestowed apart from the Divine will and purpose is sure to lead astray. God seeks to share in all earthly relationships, and to the degree to which he is given his rightful place, to that degree will the life be blessed and be a blessing unto others.

THE STORY.

OF ALL the daughters of the Philistines Delilah was the fairest. None could compare with her in beauty of face and form, and with the physical charms there went a vivacity and cleverness which made her beauty well-nigh irresistible. Many were her suitors among the lords of the Philistines, and ardently did they besiege her heart with all the wiles of the lover's art, but to none did she give special encouragement. With bewitching coquetry she kept them dancing attendance to her and maintained her sway over them, so that the beautiful valley, through which ran the brook Sorek, where she dwelt, became known as the enchantress garden where the queen of hearts ruled supreme.

Now it chanced in the course of his erratic travels through the land, seeking here and there adventure, watching the Philistines and curtailing their power, and judging his own people, the Israelites, that Samson one day came into the valley of Sorek. When his presence became known to the Philistine lords who were sojourning in the place they were filled with fear, a condition of mind which was ill concealed from the eyes of the fair Delilah.

"Tell me, ye brave ones," she said, in tantalizing way as soon as she perceived the situation, "what there is to fear from this man, and he one of the despised Israelites? Are not the Philistines masters of the land, and do not the Israelites serve us?"

"Yea," they exclaimed, "but thou art not ignorant of what this man Samson hath already done to the Philistines? How he hath single-handed smitten our armies, and hath defied the strongest to bind or hold him? And that is not all," they went on,

with some heat, nettled by the incredulous smile which played over Delilah's handsome face, "for just the other day at Gaza when a company of picked men, the bravest of the Philistine army, lay in wait for him expecting certainly to kill him, he arose in the night and carried off not only the great massive iron gates of the city but the posts thereof as well, and the next day they were found at the very top of the hill that is before Hebron."

"Surely, he must be a wonder," Delilah exclaimed, with growing admiration, "I should like to see this mighty man—and I will," she added with decision after a moment's pause.

Samson had traveled far that day, and as he rested from the heat of the day under the shade of an olive tree by the brink of the trickling stream he fell asleep. How long he slept he knew not, save that as he awoke with a start he noted that the sun was nearing the western horizon and the heat in the atmosphere had given place to that cool current of air which always came down into the valley as the evening approached. He arose slowly and stretched his great form, and then, throwing his mantle over his broad shoulders and adjusting the girdle at the loins, he prepared to press forward. He had scarcely taken a dozen steps when he became aware that a pair of eyes were observing him closely from behind a bit of shrubbery. He stopped short. Was this a lurking enemy? Was this some cowardly Philistine seeking to take him unawares and to kill him? His brow darkened and his eyes flashed. A half dozen quick strides brought him to the side of the bushes, and hastily thrusting them aside he saw, not a burly Philistine with bow and spear seeking his life, but the beautiful face and form of a woman.

Half abashed that she had been caught spying upon him she let her eyes droop and half turned as though she would flee. And Samson, surprised beyond measure by the vision which met his eyes, stood in awkward silence, while his eyes drank in the grace and beauty of the woman before him.

She was the first to speak, asking with eager interest:

"Art thou Samson?"

"How knowest thou my name, thou fair one?" Samson replied, curiously mingling with his admiration.

"Ah! hath not the fame of thy valor spread throughout all the land?" she exclaimed, gracefully readjusting the folds of her robe and smoothing some of the stray locks of hair which the boisterous breeze had snatched from the wealth of black hair that clustered about her head and was sending in bewitching spray across the fair cheek.

Samson moved uneasily in his embarrassment, for he did not enjoy the words of praise or flattery, great, simple fellow that he was, and to change the subject he asked, in turn:

"And who are thou, my fair one? and why art thou out alone in this place?"

"I am Delilah, and to see thee am I come," she confessed, with a frankness that was charming. And she quickly added, in appealing voice: "And you will tell me all about the wonderful things I have heard concerning thee, will you not?"

"Nay, but the story of thyself would be a fairer tale," Samson exclaimed. "Where dwellest thou, that I may visit thee?"

"Thou shalt come and see," she replied, tripping off before him, while Samson eagerly followed.

That was the beginning of a love which took complete possession of his heart and life, so that he utterly forgot the obligations that rested upon him as judge in Israel.

And when it became known unto the lords of the Philistines that Samson was enamored of Delilah, they came up unto her and said:

"Entice him, and see wherein his great strength lieth, and by what means we may prevail against him; that we may bind him to afflict him; and we will give thee every one of us eleven hundred pieces of silver."

And as they spoke they spread out before her eyes the great shining piles of silver coin. Ah! how much finer that would buy for her dainty form. The more she thought of it the more she was tempted to strive to make it her own, and during the days which followed she plied Samson with questions, using all the winning arts of which her clever nature was capable, until at last one day she knew that Samson had revealed all his heart to her and that the silver treasure was within her grasp. And did ever sorrow or regret fill her heart after her lover had been bound and dragged from her side, one never knew, for there were other admirers to take his place and the wealth she possessed gave her all her vain heart could wish.

Museum of Clothes for Paris.

Paris is to have a new museum of an interesting character. It will be located on some unoccupied land bordering upon the Champ de Mars, and will come into existence without state aid.

The museum owes its origin to the painter, M. Maurice Lenoir, who is the president of the Societe de l'Histoire du Costume; M. Maurice Mambron, the well-known writer, who fills the vice chair, and among other distinguished members of the society—the patrons of the museum—is M. Edouard Detaille, the painter. The exhibits will consist of a wonderful collection of costumes, depicting the various costumes from the middle ages down to the end of the nineteenth century, which will be displayed on life-sized models.