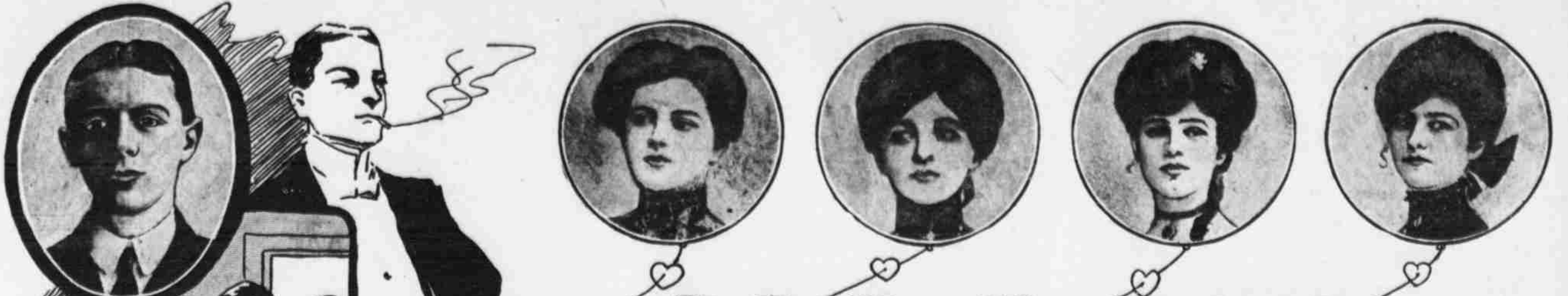


THE QUADRUPLE LIFE LED BY FREDERICK MONKS

How for more than a year he led four separate existences under the same name and formed the central figure of a mystery that baffled the police of Scotland Yard. An accountant by day, a professional bicycle rider in one suburb and a society man in another in the evening, and a burglar late at night. Engaged to marry four different girls at the same time, his courtship led to detection.



The Four Young Women to whom he was engaged and whose photos were found in his rooms

A CLERK by day, a society man some evenings, a professional bicycle rider on other evenings, and a burglar in the late hours of the night was Frederick Monks, a London man, who has just been sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment for robbery. He is the only man ever known in the annals of the London police to live a "quadruple life," and his career forms one of the strangest chapters in the romance of roguery ever revealed to the public.

The strangest feature of Frederick Monks' quadruple existence was that, while he lived four widely divergent lives, mingled in four different classes of society, had four sets of friends, and maintained four characteristics, he kept the one name, Frederick Monks. In this fact, he afterwards said, lay the secret of his success.

In the morning Frederick Monks, in plain attire, took a seat at his desk in a large importing house in the city, where he was employed as an accountant. His demeanor was modest and unassuming. He was deferential to his employers and quietly congenial to his fellows. He ate his modest lunch with them, talked with them on the only subjects on which clerks usually talk, and drew his thirty-five shillings a week.

Clerks Chaff Him.
"That bicycle rider?" he would say in response to the good natured chaffing of his friends who asked him about the professional athlete who had won the three mile race at the rink the evening before. "No, I don't know him! He can be no relative of mine, even if his name is Frederick Monks. Of course, I'm not a bicycle rider. If I could win £50 for riding around a racetrack in eight minutes, do you think I would add up figures for 35 shillings a week? Not me."

At 3 o'clock in the afternoon Frederick Monks, accountant, would close his ledgers, carefully hang his threadbare office coat on a peg, and leave the place, his day's work being ended.

Walking a few squares he would take a bus and ride to a quiet street near Kilburn Park road, N. W., where he lived. Once at home he entered a gymnasium, where he put himself through an hour's hard exercise with dumbbells, weights and pulleys, and Indian clubs. Then, after a shower bath and a rub down, he would don a suit of riding tights, put on his outer clothes and a heavy sweater, and go to a nearby rink and ride his bicycle for an hour. A sponge bath, another rub down, this time by his trainer, a substantial supper—and Frederick Monks, professional bicycle rider, after an hour's rest, was ready for a race.

Wins Many Races.
At the gymnasium and in the riding rink Frederick Monks was no longer the modest, deferential, unassuming clerk. He was loud voiced, much given to swaggering, hearty, bluff, and a good fellow. He swore much, drank nothing, and smoked a little. No one of his acquaintances dreamed that he could and did transform himself into a mere bookkeeper every day in the week, Sundays and holidays excepted. The name of Frederick Monks was known in every sporting circle in London. His name was familiar in every sport-

ing newspaper. He won many races and was undisputed champion of his class. And at this time—that was a year ago—he was only 19 years old.

On the evenings in which Monks was not riding in a race or training he became a different Monks. His dress suit, top hat, and patent leather shoes fitted him as well as his racing togs, and he wore them with the easy grace of a society idler. He had a wide circle of acquaintances in Haverstock hill, another portion of London—and in Haverstock hill no one presumed to know anything about Kilburn Park road and professional bicycle riders.

Society's Favorite.
In Haverstock hill Frederick Monks was known as a man of good position in the city, of some means, and of good breeding. He was frequently invited to parties and receptions, often made one of a theater party, and sometimes was invited to a half holiday, over Sunday house party in the country.

Monks was fond of society, especially that of young women. He naturally attracted them, for he was of athletic build, rather more than good looking, always dressed in fashion and in strictly good taste, and was well educated and apparently refined. So popular was Frederick Monks with the young women of his acquaintance that at the time of his arrest he was engaged to marry four of them, one living at Salisbury, one at Fulham, one at Lambeth, and another at Maida Vale. In his rooms at his own home in Kilburn Park road were found their photographs, and with each photograph was a package of letters, all of a most loving character.

Monks' love for the affection of young women was the strangest feature of his character. After his arrest he boasted that he had made ardent love to many women, that he had won the love of many, and that he had promised to marry a number of them; but he declared that no woman ever loved him to her sorrow or to her shame. He won the love and trust of many and betrayed none.

families apparently had an entirely different circle of acquaintances.

Name on All Lists.

Going to headquarters, the detective secured a list of mysterious burglaries committed in London for eighteen months previous to Sept. 1, 1904. Selecting the ones reported from Lambeth, Fulham, Salisbury, and Maida Vale—for they all seemed strangely similar—the detective began a canvass, applying at each house that had been robbed for a list of the guests each had entertained only a day or two previous to the robbery. With a dozen or more of these lists in his possession the

Frederick Monks was advertised to appear at the Princess rink as a contestant in a hundred mile bicycle race, and the detective secured a seat near the rail. For a long time he was unable to get a clear view of Monks, but when he did he became convinced that Monks the rider and Monks the clerk were one and the same. This was the clew that led to Monks' undoing.

The detective's next discovery was that Frederick Monks of Kilburn Park road frequently came home at a late hour at night. The detective watched and one evening followed his suspected man to a private home in Maida Vale, where, in evening dress, he made a social call upon a young woman. The evening clothes identified Monks as the society man, and from that time on he was carefully shadowed.

Engaged to Marry.

The detective soon learned that Monks, the society man, was engaged to marry a girl in Salisbury and another one in Maida Vale. Going boldly to the girl in Maida Vale the detective revealed Monks' perfidy. The young woman in anger gave the detective a letter she had received only the day before. It read:

Dearest: I am thinking of you always, and your "good little talks" are influencing me in the right direction. Never have I realized so much as last night the power for good possessed by one who is blameless. I cannot see you tomorrow night, as I promised, for I have an invitation, which I cannot refuse, to a party at Haverstock hill. With love and kisses, FRADDIE.

The detective decided to follow Monks to the "party" in Haverstock hill. The "party," however, proved to be a



At his desk.



In Society



The Burglar.

The Races.

Monks easily was able to maintain his character as a society man of leisure, and to dress the part, from his winnings as a professional bicycle rider; but even if the cash prizes he won were insufficient he had another and a more sinister source of income.

Burglar by Night.

Late at night Frederick Monks forgot that he was a clerk, or a bicycle rider, or a society man, and became a burglar—and the police are ready to testify that he was as skillful and as daring a man as ever wore a mask and used a jimmy.

For two years a series of daring burglaries in Lambeth, Maida Vale, Fulham, and Salisbury had puzzled and baffled the police. In almost every instance the houses burglarized were entered between 2 and 3 o'clock in the morning, and within a few days after the family had given a party or a dance. This coincidence, however, did not strike the London detectives for some time.

Finally one detective took a list of the guests at a party in a house that had been burglarized on the following evening. The list gave him no clew, for all the names seemed to be those of men above suspicion. Going to another house that had been robbed under similar circumstances the detective again secured a list of the guests. The only coincidence was that the name of Frederick Monks was on both lists. No other name appeared on both lists, and the two

detective became convinced that there was a peculiar significance in the fact that the name Frederick Monks appeared in all of them, but that in other respects no two lists were alike. Apparently Frederick Monks, whoever he was, was on intimate social terms in a dozen different circles.

The directory gave the detective no clew. There were dozens of Frederick Monks. But the thief-taker copied the names and addresses of all and began a discreet investigation into the character of all of them. By a process of elimination he soon reduced his list of Frederick Monks to three.

His Steps Shadowed.

At the importing house the detective learned nothing but good of Frederick Monks. His employers gave him the best of characters. The detective saw Monks at work at his desk, followed him to his lodgings in Kilburn Park road, and found nothing suspicious.

burglary, with Monks as the uninvited guest, and he was arrested in the act. His conviction and sentence followed.

The police have since learned that Frederick Monks is an assumed name and that the man who for two years has lived four lives is the son of a wealthy family of high position. He refuses to reveal his true identity, however, and declares that when his sentence expires he will lead an honest life in one of the English colonies.

Why not Begin Playing Football at the Age of 3 Years like this Boy

EVERY boy, these days, tries his hand at football, encouraged by the hope that when he is bigger he will be a member of a high school team or even a college team. Most boys say that the only way to learn the game is to begin when you are real young. John Shed Holden, the son of J. E. Holden, says that 3 years old is the time to begin. He is 4, and he has been playing for a year. Last Christmas he asked Santa Claus to bring him a football and sweater, and then he got to work. When asked if he likes the game this little Trojan answers: "Like football? I guess I do. It's the stuff. My brothers, they like it, too. James Edward and George Francis are their names. We three play together. This is how we play football: James stands here and George is there, and here's me. I kick the ball like this."

John does not find himself at a disadvantage making snowballs any more than in playing football. His brothers admit the John snowballs are as firm and hard as can be. This 4 year old is one with his brothers in all sports except in shooting. He is sensitive about his brothers having air-guns, while he is only allowed a bow and arrow. But football, thinks John Holden, is the best sport for a boy, and the kicking of a ball is most fun. He is willing to play with his brothers now, but when he goes to college he says that he'll "show the big boys how to kick a ball."

Girls Can't Kick.

"Wait, John; not so fast," interrupted James. "She's a girl, so I don't think she knows much about the game. You see, when John kicks the ball we grab for it. If George catches the ball I tackle it, and if I catch the ball he tackles it, and we both try to toss it back."

Though John Holden is 4 he is going to kindergarten, and he says that he will not be there long before every boy is fond of football. He is willing to teach them, but he is going to reserve the kicking of the ball for himself. When asked if he was going to have his course of instruction educational, he answered: "No, I won't teach the girls; they ain't got no stuff; they can't kick." There is only one little girl John Holden wants to teach football, and that is his baby sister. She is just 16 months old, but John thinks she can begin soon. "She'll do it all right; she won't let us boys touch her now. She's dreadfully strong. I'll just take her out and let her kick."

Fun in Snowballing.

John is of the opinion that snowballing, after football, is the best sport for boys. "I guess we do have fun playing snowballs, don't we?" he asked of his brother. "It's the best sport on earth. We each build a fort, and it's all closed up, and when we throw our balls we rush out and then rush back again."

