

The World's Greatest Detective Cases

How Inspector Byrnes of the New York City Police Bluffed a Desperate Criminal Into a Confession of Murder.

by NAZARIENE DAAN KANNI-BELLE.

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New York, or, indeed, the United States as a whole, has rarely produced a detective who became so world famous as Inspector Thomas Byrnes. He began his career in 1863 in the New York police force, and eventually became its head and one of the best respected and most feared police chiefs in America. He received many offers of honors from other countries, but declined them on the ground that he considered it a sufficient honor to be a citizen of the United States. He wrote a book, "Professional Criminals of America," which has become a classic in literature dealing with criminals. It was due to Inspector Byrnes that the well-known and dreaded "Third Degree" came into use in America. The following story illustrates Inspector Byrnes' methods of using the "Third Degree," and so playing on the nerves of a prisoner till he confesses. The chief of the New York police retired in 1886 after 23 years' service.

Mrs. Louis Hanier suddenly sat up in bed and listened intently in the darkness. In the room below her keen, strained ears caught the sound of cautious movements and low, hoarse whispers. With a shaking hand she awakened her husband and in a low voice told him what she had heard.

She had hardly finished speaking when the crash of a falling glass from the bar of the wine shop Louis Hanier kept roused his half-awake senses to their fullest pitch of watchfulness. The Frenchman was a brave man, and without hesitation he sprang out of bed with a cautious warning to his wife to stay where she was.

"I'll creep down and get the police," he said.

By the light of a gas jet, which was usually left burning all night, the wine shop keeper saw the head and shoulders of a man ascending the stairs.

"Who's that?" he cried.
Almost before he had finished speaking the man below raised a revolver and fired. The bullet went through the unfortunate man's heart, and his terrified wife rushed out of bed, only to find her husband breathing his last. With a sobbing cry of despair she flung open her bedroom window and pierced the stillness of the night with her shrieks of "Murder! Police! Murder!"

Below, four men were moving swiftly. The sound of the pistol shot and the shrieks of the bereaved and frightened woman above told three of them only too plainly what had happened. The fourth had murder on his soul, but all knew that they would have to sink or swim together, for the law would be merciless if it caught them. One quick glance upon the deserted street, and the four were soon swallowed up in the darkness of the fatal December night.

It was just after 1 o'clock in the morning that Inspector Byrnes received the following message:

"Louis Hanier, aged 52, owner of cafe and wine shop at No. 144 West Twenty-sixth street, has been shot and killed; murderer escaped."

Byrnes Arrives.
The little cafe and its owner were well known to the police. Unlike so many New York drinking places, it had a good reputation, and the murdered proprietor was known as a peaceable, law-respecting man, with a wife and three children.

When the inspector arrived on the scene of the murder he found one of his subordinates in charge. The body of the dead man had been removed into the bedroom, where Byrnes found the sobbing widow and her three scared, fatherless children. His first step was to prevent a blundering official from arresting Mrs. Hanier because her nightdress was stained with blood.

"Look there," he said sarcastically, pointing to the youngest child's nightdress, which also was stained with the blood of the dead man. "I suppose she helped to murder her father."

There was, however, practically no clue whatever to go upon. Although Mrs. Hanier was able to say that she had heard voices, she had not seen a single one of the burglars. In the bar, however, there were four tumblers, three of which smelt of whiskey, and the fourth of absinthe. It seemed probable, therefore, that four men had been concerned in the attempted burglary and the murder. Nothing had been taken, though undoubtedly the burglars had forced their way in with the intention of robbing the safe of its Christmas week takings, for the murder had been carried out on the fourth day after Christmas.

Rarely had a detective a more apparently hopeless task to tackle, but Inspector Byrnes had been up against more than one hopeless task in his life and won through. The first clue which came into his hands was from the bullet found in the

murdered man's chest. This bullet came from what is known as a 37-caliber revolver, and Inspector Byrnes sent a police notice round to all pawnbrokers, warning them to take particular notice of any one pawning such a revolver.

Suspicious Four.
Byrnes argued that the murder having been carried out by what were professional crooks, they would not throw the revolver away, but would obtain what they could for it when they knew the police were on the lookout for the owner of such a revolver. And Inspector Byrnes let it be widely known that he was after such a man in order to scare the murderer into getting rid of the incriminating evidence against him. He knew the minds of criminals well enough to know that if once he could get them scared he had got them beaten.

Good detective work depends upon good organization, and the chief of the New York police took other steps as well to trace down the wanted men. Though chance, he knew, would probably put a clue in his way, organization would go a long way to help that chance to come along. It was probable, he reasoned, that the four men would meet together in one of the many low drinking saloons in the French quarter, where the murder took place, and in one of the most likely he placed one of his assistants, a particularly smart girl who had helped him before, as a waitress.

This was where chance helped the inspector. She had only been in the place a week when she reported that a party of four came in regularly.

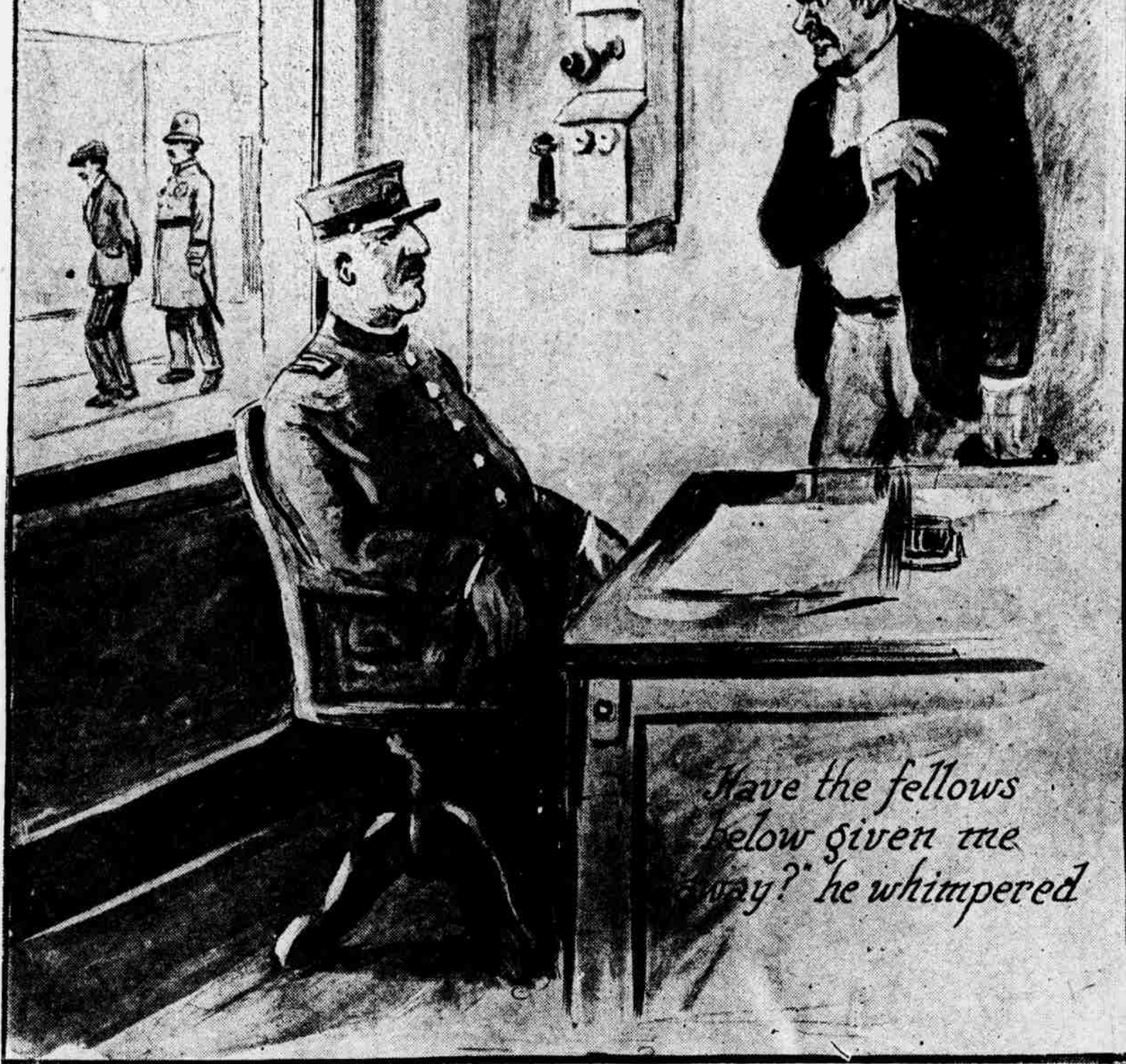
"I have only found out the name of one, a young fellow named Banfield," she said. "He's a tall, rather handsome and intelligent-looking man, who seems to be a cut above his companions. They are undoubtedly criminals."

"What makes you think they had anything to do with the murder?" asked Byrnes.
"Why," replied the girl, "Yesterday I was pinning up your placard offering \$500 reward for the discovery of the murderers, when I found they were all looking at it. I pretended to take no notice, but I heard Banfield say, 'There's a chance for me to pick up a bit tomorrow.' One of the men told him to shut up, and they all got up and went out shortly afterwards."

"What was the man like who told Banfield to shut up?"

The girl produced an immediate description.
"He's a repulsive, bull-necked man, walks with a swagger, and appears to be the leader. It was he who gave the signal to go. He's got the face of a brute."

"Try and get hold of his name the next time they drop in," said the detective. "What do they usually



have to drink?" he added casually.

"They always have the same," replied the girl. "The bull-necked man has absinthe, and the other three whiskey."

The detective started. In the glasses on the counter of the wine shop of the murdered man three had had whiskey and one absinthe? The coincidence was too strong to be overlooked. He felt sure that he was after the right man if he could only get sufficient evidence against them.

Unknown to his able girl assistant, another of the Inspector's assistants was stationed that day outside the saloon, and relieved at intervals by other detectives. Disguised as Italians, with a barrel of apples for sale, it would have taken a skilled crook to recognize in them members of the New York police force. These men were put on to watch, and make themselves perfectly familiar with the faces of the suspected men in order to be ready

when necessary to shadow them or carry out their arrest.

The inspector's reasoning of the ways of crooks held good. He had argued that the murderer would, if he were a professional crook, attempt to sell or pawn the fatal weapon on the principle that any criminal hates to throw anything away on which he thinks he can raise money. A few days after the report of the sham waitress the detective received a message that a 30-caliber revolver had been pawned the previous day. The pawnbroker's description of his customer tallied closely with that of one of the men given by his girl assistant in the saloon.

The Net.

Slowly the net was beginning to be fashioned which was to catch the four men in its meshes. Disguised as a pedler, one of Inspector Byrnes' assistants traced every man to his lodging place, and soon the famous

detective was in possession of all details about the suspected men.

Banfield, he learned, had been a draftsman in an architect's office, but had become mixed up with bad companions and had lost his job. The other three were crooks, two of whom had already passed through the hands of the police, while the third was a man named McGloin, the one whose description tallied with that given by the pawnbroker and the sham waitress. He was a well-known burglar, who had more than once threatened that he would allow himself to be caught.

But here the luck of Inspector Byrnes seemed to desert him. Although he was convinced he now knew the murderer, it was a very different matter to prove it in a court of law. Week after week slipped by with the four men being constantly watched, but the police got no further. And every week one newspaper or another criticized Inspector Byrnes and printed articles on the inefficiency of the New York detective force.

Byrnes, however, knew that sooner or later he would get the opportunity for which he was waiting, though eventually, as is generally the case with successful men, he had to go a long way towards making that opportunity. One day he made up his mind to arrest the four men and try to bluff them into confessing or to giving him a valuable clue to the actual murderer of a man's life.

With three other detectives he arrested the four men while they were having a game of pool one morning. None of the men was charged with the murder of the old cafe keeper, and, in fact, not the slightest reference was made at the time of their arrests to the murder. When McGloin was arrested the famous detective ordered one of his assistants to search him in front of the others. From him was taken a watch, and this Inspector Byrnes examined with ostentatious care, comparing it with a paper he had taken out of his pocket.

"That's the watch," he said finally. "Take him along to the station and charge him with the theft of it." McGloin went quietly for the simple reason that he had obtained

The "Third Degree," Introduced to U. S. Detectives by Thos. Byrnes, Has Solved Hundreds of Baffling Mysteries.

the watch legitimately and could easily prove it.
"Aw, you don't get me that way," he said contemptuously. "I bought that watch."

The Third Degree.
All the way to the station he was thinking what fools the police were, and how easily he could get out of the charge brought against him when he appeared before a judge. But if McGloin had only known what was in the mind of Inspector Byrnes he would have gone to the cells in a very different spirit, for he would never leave them a free man again. On just as flimsy excuses Banfield, Squires and Rogers, the other three, were placed in the police cells, each to play his part in the drama which was to have its final act staged in the execution shed.

The inspector left several days slip by before he prepared the stage for one of the most remarkable studies of the criminal mind which has ever been carried out. Several times his prisoners protested that they ought to be brought up in front of a judge, but the famous detective put them off by telling them that he was making full inquiries about the charges against them and as soon as he was ready he would formally charge them and not before. He had a reason for this keeping of the four men, all in separate cells, for he knew that slowly they would begin to get afraid, each afraid of what the others might do or say. And the detective knew that once he got them into that state of mind they would be more likely to incriminate themselves.

The first act in the drama he had prepared for was played in Inspector Byrnes' room at headquarters. This room is worth describing, for it had been carefully arranged in order to make McGloin lose his nerve and break down.

Setting the Stage.

First of all, a glass case containing the ropes which had hanged murderers caught the eye. Each terrible relic of the last minutes of a man's life was plainly labeled with the name of the law's victim, and the date upon which he met his fate. A chair had been placed for McGloin beside a window looking out upon a small courtyard. Anyone sitting in the chair would have the full light on his face, while Inspector Byrnes would be sitting in shadow. All around the room were mirrors, so that the detective could see all that happened without moving. Here is Inspector Byrnes' own description of what happened in that room after McGloin had been brought in and directed to sit down.

"I talked with him a while, then touched a button as a signal that Rogers was to be led across the yard in plain view of the prisoner seated at the window. I pretended to be busy at my desk, but was watching McGloin's face. A sudden pallor appeared thereon at the sight of Rogers and he turned his eyes in my direction. In them was the glare of a hunted animal at bay. I asked him several trivial questions about the old watch, which lay upon the desk in front of me. Five minutes later another signal was given to the staff downstairs, and Squires was taken across the court, where McGloin could see him.

"The rack never inflicted greater agony upon a human creature than the prisoner was suffering. He tried to laugh at one of his own phrases, but it was a ghastly mockery, for tears were in his eyes and large

heads of perspiration upon his forehead.

"That's a pretty bad gang you belong to," said I.
"We don't mean no harm to anybody," he replied, with a tremor in his voice. "We get a little full of booze sometimes, but nothin' worse. How do you make a living? When do you get your money? You for your supper? I asked casually, as if a natural inquiry.
"You see, it's like this, Mr. Inspector—"

A Picture of Terror.

"That explanation never came, for, while putting my query I had again pressed the button, and Banfield, unseen by the other two prisoners down stairs, was given the parole. The officer having him in charge had been directed to call Banfield's name to McGloin, seated in the window above.
"Although I couldn't see into the court, I knew exactly what was occurring below. McGloin's face became a picture of terror. Throwing himself down upon his knees, the panic-stricken brute crawled towards me, wringing his hands and begging—

"Oh, Mr. Inspector, be good to me! I'll do anything for you. What do you want me for?"

Instead of replying, the detective pointed to the glass case.

"Those are rather interesting," he said. "I'll tell you their history."
He absolutely ignored the terror in McGloin's face and appeared not to notice how violently the criminal was trembling. Slowly he related the history of each rope and the details of the men it had sent to eternity. Each had a murder to tell, and at the end of the last story the detective suddenly snapped out the question—

"What do you know of the Hanier murder?"

"Nothing," cried McGloin, his nerves now strung up to the highest pitch.

"You know nothing about a case that has filled the papers for weeks?" echoed Byrnes.

"Well, I only know what I've read in the papers," replied McGloin doggedly.

Byrnes was silent for some time. Every minute that passed he knew would make the man facing him feel more and more uncomfortable, and that was precisely the state into which he wanted him to be. McGloin had already lost his nerve once, and the second time he would probably break down completely.

Quietly and unseen by McGloin, Byrnes pressed a button on his desk. Immediately, without any warning knock, the door opened and a man in civilian clothes entered the room. McGloin gave a gasp when he saw him, for it was the pawnbroker with whom the 37-caliber revolver had been pawned. Without saying anything, the pawnbroker walked over to the desk of the inspector and laid upon it a revolver in full view of McGloin and walked silently out of the room.

Confession.

The uncanny stillness, the absence of any word either on the part of Inspector Byrnes or the pawnbroker was too much for McGloin.

"What do you want?" he burst out.
"I want to know all about the murder of Louis Hanier," replied the detective. "You know," he added suddenly, "and you are from now under arrest for killing him."

McGloin collapsed in his chair. He made a desperate effort to control himself, but failed.

"Have the fellows below given me any news?" he whimpered.

"They want to save their necks, I suppose," replied Byrnes, without giving the direct answer.

"I knew there were a pack of curs," said McGloin savagely. "They're as guilty as I am, curs them."

The sweat was pouring down his face, for the strain of the last hour had been more than he could stand. He broke down completely and confessed in full the part he had played in the murder. Each of the other three men under a searching cross-examination by Byrnes corroborated another in the details of the crime. They admitted that they had broken into the cafe in order to rob the Frenchman of the large sum of money which they knew he would have as a result of his Christmas trade. When Hanier appeared at the head of the stairs McGloin had raised his revolver and fired at once without giving the unfortunate man a chance.

An interesting sequel came to light after the arrest of McGloin became known. Inspector Byrnes sent for the girl who had helped him so much at the beginning to track down the wanted man. She was told that she would receive the \$500 reward for the help she had given the police.

"Is Mr. Banfield in it?" she asked.
"Yes," replied the detective.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "Oh!" and placing her hand over her heart, she burst into tears. "Oh! don't hang him, don't! He's lots of good in him. He's only got off the track. He loves me, and I love him. Save him, Mr. Inspector, save him!"

Throughout the trial the unhappy girl, a picture of grief and remorse, haunted the court room and the prison. She frequently bought Banfield comforts. "I never saw a purer or more devoted love in any woman," said Byrnes afterwards.

McGloin made a desperate fight for his life, but it was of no avail. He was convicted in March, 1882, of the murder of the cafe keeper and executed. His companions were sentenced to 20 years' imprisonment. What became of the girl who had brought her lover so near to the scaffold was never known, for she disappeared completely after the trial.

(Another World's Greatest Detective Story Next Sunday.)

PRETTY PAL

By EDWARD DOHERTY

THE greatest contrast between his wife and the pretty pal, Jimmy Turner thought, lay in the shape, size, and complexion of their hands.

Mrs. Turner's hands, playing a supper sonata on the gas burners of the kitchen stove, were coarse, rough, red. Her fingers were short, stubby, calloused, and unlovely; though there was no question as to their deftness and capability. Her nails were—well, just nails.

The pretty pal's hands were long and slim, white and dimpled, and the slender fingers were tipped with shining beauty.

One pair of hands was always skimming over typewriter keys, turning gracefully the pages of fashion magazines, patting a wad of sunny hair, or playing with something—so it seemed to Jimmy Turner.

The other pair had known little play, opened few magazines of any kind, wandered over no typewriters, enthrallled nobody by its beauty—it had been employed mostly for utility.

Jimmy worked in the loop, and his was a responsible position. Among his other duties he had that of writing the signature of S. Lee Barker on numerous, if unimportant, letters.

It was an important consideration, to Jimmy, that Mr. Barker had not asked any one else to write that famous name. Nobody could put the flourish to it that Jimmy could. It didn't procure him any more money, this task, but it made him feel more content with himself.

Besides it was a recognition of his usefulness. He had worked for the firm for 20 years, and he felt it time his value was acknowledged.

He sat at a desk a little removed from the others in the room, and nearer to the stenographer than was good for him. He couldn't help watching her.

She was a pretty girl, and Jimmy's eyes felt rested when he looked at her. Sometimes he consciously avoided looking, but the noises she made all day long, with her machine, her vanity case, her candy box, her pencils, her papers and carbons, or her dainty mouth, forced him to turn his head.

Jimmy hadn't thought much of Gladys when she first came to work, or, for that matter, much about her. Mentally he had criticized her hat with its great dangling bunch of black and red cherries, her silken blouse, her short skirts, her odd handbag, and even the way her hair was arranged upon her forehead.

"Why will they wear those stiffs instead of heels?" he asked himself, "and how do they ever manage to get around on them?"

Yes, Jimmy was even a little irritated with the newcomer, until she laughed aloud one afternoon. It was a beautiful thing, that laugh, as sweet as the chirp of an April rain-bow to his eyes. And thereafter she was his pretty pal, and nothing that she did was wrong.

It got so he used to think of her the first thing in the morning, while Mabel was out at the ags range, in her faded blue cotton kimono, her hair untidy, her eyes still full of sleep.

And the more he thought of Gladys the more—and paradoxically the less—he thought of Mabel. He couldn't help the contrast. He couldn't help wondering why Mabel seldom smiled and never laughed any more, why she was so plain, so unromantic.

He never thought of Mabel these days after he had left the house. His day was filled with Gladys. He would sit back in his chair, when she had left the room, and compare her to springtime and flowers and rippling streams, the splashes made by leaping fish, the chiming of bells and the music of flutes and fine old violins.

Gladys was full of joy. She laughed at everything. Jimmy used to think up things to make her laugh at; and it was hard work, too, and not at all necessary.

She laughed at his interest in a new dress, a saucy hat—"outré," she called it—the shape of a new handbag, anything or everything. She didn't have to have anything in particular to make her laugh.

Jimmy got so full of her he could hardly wait until he got to the office to say, "Hello, there, my pretty pal." But he said that only to himself. To her he said, "Good morning, Miss

Hagen, lovely weather," then waited for the laugh.

At evening when she was putting on her hat, and talking to the men who were always clustering around her, he would say, "Good night, my pretty pal. I won't see you till tomorrow," and then, aloud, "Good night, Miss Hagen."

A dozen times a day he would say it to himself—"pretty pal, my pretty pal." Sometimes he said it with a little shame, sometimes as if the words were magic, and again with a sneaking thrill of adventure. But never could he make himself say it aloud.

Once he called himself—to himself—an old poll parrot, and he blushed deliciously.

Jimmy did not love Gladys Hagen and he knew it. He loved the beauty of her, the grace of her, the vibrant sweet laugh of her. That was all. He told himself again and again there was no wrong in this—but even so he felt a tiny bit guilty because of this secret love; and he was quite bitter over his narrow life, his bald head, his shabby suit, his bowed legs, his tired and tattered wife.

He hated to go home. It was always the same. Goodby to Gladys, her departure with the bunch of young clerks, the purchase of the evening newspaper; the long ride on the "L," standing up and swaying, trying to read and keep his feet from under other feet, clinging with one arm to the strap until it was weary, then substituting the other arm; his wife over the gas stove, arms bared to the elbow, coarse hands, red fingers, a hot damp smile on her hot damp face; the evening meal, eaten in silence; the reading of the headlines, a look at the sporting page and the comics; lights out; bed.

Jimmy and Mabel had been married 20 years, and Jimmy had begun to wonder if all marriages turned out like his, so flat and stale, so cheerless, so common; the same routine, night after night. He decided he could not stand it any longer. He was going to break the routine. He was going to have at least one night he would never forget.

On this particular day Jimmy hustled out at noon and bought two

tickets for the best show in town. Then, with guilt written all over his face, he stepped into a store and bought a two-pound box of candy. He hadn't bought candy for 10, 12 years—more than that, maybe. Any way, he figured he had a right to buy candy for a friend.

He would go to Miss Hagen's desk and give her the candy and ask her to go to the theater. He would explain that Mabel never ate sweets, and that she didn't care for the theater. No, perhaps he had better say Mabel had gone out of town. Perhaps, too, it would be best to write Gladys a little note.

It was a perturbed little bow-legged, bald-headed man who sat in Jimmy Turner's desk and waited for Gladys to appear. He was anxious, and worried—and, though he wouldn't admit it, a little relieved. He wouldn't have to ask her until she came. He wanted to do so badly—and yet he didn't quite dare.

When 3 o'clock came and Gladys was still absent he strolled to another desk—a little self-consciously, but braving it out—and asked in as slipshod a manner as he could: "Where's the handsome steno?"

The young cub snickered, and Jimmy blushed and began to stammer.

"You, too?" said the clerk. "Poor little Jimmy! You, a married man! Fix her shaw!"

Jimmy was covered with confusion, but he stuck manfully to his question until he learned what he had sought to learn. Gladys had called up, saying she had a toothache.

The candy was in Jim's overcoat pocket when he reached home, and he was still absent he strolled to another desk—a little self-consciously, but braving it out—and asked in as slipshod a manner as he could: "Where's the handsome steno?"

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had been something strange in the timber of his wife's voice. Not in what she said—she had said it nearly every evening for 20 years—but in the way she said it.

He passed that over. He was mistaken. But when Mabel suddenly rested her head on her arms and started weeping—noisyly—Jimmy knew he had not been mistaken at all.

"What's wrong?" he asked.
"Nothing," she said. "Nothing at all."

When a weeping wife tells her husband that it's nothing, the wise husband knows he has somehow committed a great blunder. Jimmy was wise. He knew he had blundered. But how? He was sure Mabel knew nothing of Gladys. So he asked her again, this time more gently.

"Toothache," she said.
"You don't act like you had toothache," said Jimmy. "Tell me, now, there's a good girl, what is the matter?"

Mabel got up at that, tumbling the chair to the floor in her haste. She put her hands over her face, her poor red ugly hands, and wept almost hysterically.

Jimmy took her in his arms, and learned the truth. It was their 20th wedding anniversary, and Jimmy had forgotten it. He hadn't spoken even a pleasant word to her in months. He didn't love her any more. She had tried so hard to be a good wife to him. She had toiled for him 20 years. She had rubbed the skin off her knuckles washing his underwear and his shirts; she had ruined her hands and reddened them ironing his collars, and cooking his dinners, keeping the house clean for him.

"Look at those hands," she demanded suddenly, holding them out before him, turning them to show the palms and the backs. "Look at those hands that I was once so proud of. They were beautiful when I married you. Look at them now, Jimmy Turner. Twenty years. Slaving. Nobody else in all the world would work for you like I have. But I loved you. I was a fool! Do you love me? I can't even get a pleasant look from you—and today—"

"There, there, sweetheart," said the soothing Jimmy. "I didn't forget."

He gave her the candy, and the theater tickets.

She was transformed. She was a girl again, the wife he used to know. She gave him a hundred kisses, she squeezed him. She ruffled his hair. She laughed until she cried, and cried until she laughed.

"No one could ever love you like I do," she said, and ran to get dressed for the theater, munching chocolate and trying to talk through it.

She left Jimmy dazed, shamed, and yet jubilant.

He was shamed because what his wife had said to him was true. It was his fault that her hands were red and ugly. He had squeezed the whiteness and the shapeliness and the tenderness out of them. He had even squeezed the joy out of her life.

And then, when he had made her a frump, what had he done but compare her to a younger girl? A chit of a girl who had never worked for the comfort of any man, whose hands were still white and glorious, and whose laugh—

Jimmy's meditations were cut short. Mabel was standing in the doorway, dressed for the show. She was dressed in prim oyster linen, a shiny brass brooch at the throat, her old shoes, her ridiculous old hat with its faded flowers, her mended old gloves, and that terrible thing that once had been a coat.

"How my pretty pal would laugh at that!" Jimmy said to himself. He could even hear her laugh, and it enraged him. In that minute all the love that Jimmy Turner had ever felt for Gladys Hagen was put aside forever.

"Ready?" he asked. "I've been waiting weeks for this one night. I wanted to surprise you, dear. That's why I didn't tell you soon as I came in. You know what I was thinking when I watched you cooking dinner? You were turning the gas up and down, you know, now this burner, then that. I thought of the organist at the cathedral playing a wonderful hymn.

"Come on, we mustn't be late—my pretty pal."