

THE CASE-BOOK OF A PRIVATE DETECTIVE

BY DAVID CORNELL

Inside History of the Methods Employed in Criminal Investigation, Embracing True Narratives of Interesting Cases by a Former Operative of the William J. Burns Detective Agency.

THE GOVERNOR'S COUP

How a Righteous Bill Was Forced Through the Legislature

(Copyright, 1912, by International Press Bureau.)

Editor's Note—In order that no annoyance may accrue through the publication of these narratives to persons involved therein, other names and places have in many instances been substituted for the real ones.

The investigation of the means and ways employed in the election of a certain United States senator, with its middle-of-the-road exposures, and counterplots, has enabled the newspaper reading public to get an occasional glimpse of the parts that private detectives occasionally are asked to play in the politics of this country. There is a certain type of politician who is a good patron of a certain type of detective agency.

"Go out and get something on this guy," says the unscrupulous politician to the unscrupulous detective, handing him the name of a political opponent.

Then the unscrupulous detective, of which, unfortunately, there are so many in this country, proceeds in the most unscrupulous manner to "get something on" the man who is to be harmed. This is happening every day in this country. The Burns agency never took any such business, or, for that matter, any sort of business which was not entirely square and above-board. But we have been called into service in several political fights, and there is no more exciting detective work than when two groups of politicians begin to fight one another with the help of "investigators."

A young governor in a certain state which cannot be named had come into office on a reform ticket. The state officer I will call Braden. The state of one in which he was the chief executive is one in which the manufacturing interests predominate, and up to the time of Braden's election these interests had controlled the statehouse and what went on there as completely as if it had been an annex to their business, which is just about what it was. Sometimes the state had a Republican governor, sometimes a Democrat, but it didn't make any difference, for the manufacturers' governor before he had gone far in his term of office, and the same was true of the state legislatures.

The state house here was situated at the top of a hill, from which a street car ran down to the business district of the town. At the foot of the hill, directly down from the main entrance of the statehouse, was a little hotel. The top floor of this hotel was reserved year in and year out for the lobbyists of the interests. The state fancied that its affairs were administered from the noble structure on top of the hill; but every body in politics of big business knew that the real office was down in the top floor of the old hotel at the foot of the hill. There probably had been millions of dollars paid out to crooked legislators in that old building. Certainly there had been more bills passed down there than on the floor of the house.

Naturally a state with its affairs administered in this fashion did not care much for the welfare of the common people. The factory laws of the state, for instance, were about the most backward in the country. They were all made and passed solely for the benefit of the manufacturers, and the interests of the workers. A manufacturer in this state could use a man, woman or child of any age under any conditions and for any number of hours; he was not liable for what happened to them in his shop. Wages consequently were low and conditions were bad for all the working people in the factories. They were getting the worst of it in every way, shape and manner; and so they

woke up and made a fight and elected Braden governor. Braden was a remarkable man. He was the son of parents who had ground out their lives in one of the big mills of the state. He had begun his own active assistance as a boy in one of those same mills, beginning to work at eleven years of age. The mills didn't kill him, however. He was made of tough stuff, and at eighteen he was working his way through college and playing quarter-back on the football team. He came out of college and went into a little law office up the state. He was a brilliant lawyer and attracted the attention of the interests. They sent for him and made him one of their counsel. He put in five years at it, then he resigned to fight the same interests that he had worked for.

He settled down in one of the big mill towns and opened a small law office and let it be known that he would take any workingman's case, no matter what it was or how small the chance was of getting a fee. He admitted that he expected to come near starving at this game, and he did; but he made more friends than any other man in the state. He began to be the people's leader. He was forty-two when the people suddenly discovered that they wanted him for their governor, and into the statehouse he went, the sworn enemy of the interests that had run the state for years.

He carried into office with him enough reform legislators to give the interests a fright. Two of these representatives were Murray and Schoenlein, who were looked upon as the governor's first lieutenants in the fight for reform.

One of Braden's first acts brought on the inevitable fight between himself and the lobbyists. He introduced through one of his reform legislators a factory inspection bill, and before the lobbyists had fairly got their machinery of delay and suppression in "working order" the bill swept through both houses and was passed by a big margin. Next was announced the preparation of a child labor bill, and by that time the fight was on.

The lobbyists got their machinery going. They opened their check books and went into action. They knew how the game was worked. Presently the reform legislators began to look less like reformers. One by one they began to admit that there might be some sense in the contentment of such a bill might deal the state an irreparable injury. One by one they began to hesitate. The first thing Braden knew he found himself face to face with a proposition like this: He had to get that child labor bill passed or admit that he had lost his legislature—and it didn't look as if he could do it.

"I don't know a thing about it, sir," and gave me a little wink. "Good enough," I said, laughing. "I guess we've fixed his clock this time, all right."

I looked over the ground for three or four days, then I went to Braden's old friend and said: "Is there a reform newspaper in any town in the state that you can get control of?" "Why?" he asked.

"If there is, buy it," I said. "Buy it, and let me appear as your editor, and let me hang around that hotel down there waiting for the interests to hand him his bit of coin, before he begins his fight on the governor." He sat and thought for a long time. "My boy," he said, at last, "that's a big idea you've got in your head. I do believe it. Yes, there is a paper we can get control of. It will take \$20,000, but I'm game if you can show me how the thing is going to work out."

"Well," I said, "I've got to get in with that bunch and get in right or there will be nothing doing. They're too wise and too old at the game to let any secrets slip except in their own bunch. I could stay there a year and be no wiser than I am now, unless I got in right. By playing the part of a crooked newspaper owner, willing to sell his soul for money, I'll be one of their own kind."

The paper in question was a small daily in a nearby town. It was in bad financial condition, and Braden's old friend soon raised the money for its purchase. I got a dowry and old newspaper man from New York to come out and take charge of it, and the day the ownership changed hands we came out with a front page editorial announcing a change of policy. Where before the paper had sought only to harm business—in a Pickwickian sense—and so to harm all classes, it was now going to help business all it could. We did not say so in so many words, but we hinted that we were not at all in favor of Governor Braden's "draught and unreasonable onslaughts on the great interests that have made the prosperity of the state possible." My newspaper man was a peach; he could write as if he really meant anything he said.

I got some new cards printed as publisher of the "Cronkton Daily News," and continued to live at the hotel in the capital city. I had boys from the paper coming in to see me, had letters and packages addressed to me under my newly assumed title delivered at the hotel, and soon my identity was well established among the coteries that made the hotel its home.

One morning we published a clever, veiled attack on Governor Braden. That afternoon a big, genial looking man stopped me in the hotel lobby and said: "Mr. Cornell, I've never had the pleasure of meeting you. I'm Goldfarber, attorney for the Union Milling company. I want to congratulate you on that masterly editorial on the governor this morning."

"Have you seen what the governor's own papers say about it, Mr. Goldfarber?" I asked, and I showed him a reform paper that I had just bought, which bore the headlines: "Cronkton News in the Hands of the Gracious Formerly Respectable Paper Seller Out to the Interests."

We laughed heartily over the story and adjourned to the bar. I told Goldfarber that I had bought the Cronkton News because I thought it a good business proposition—if it was run right. There was plenty of advertising to be had if its editorial policy was right. I proposed to keep it right. I hoped Mr. Goldfarber would remember me if he happened to speak to the advertising manager of the Union Milling company.

He certainly did. Next day there came by telegraph an order for a full page ad to be run daily for a month, and a check in full payment for the same came in the first mail.

To show its gratitude the Cronkton News ran a laudatory article about the Union Milling company and about the men who were at its head. My editor made the company look like the foundation upon which the welfare of the state rested and its owners like unselfish benefactors of the human race.

This was kept up until five large companies were running big ads in the News and until we had written them up favorably. I was on friendly terms with the five lobbyists who represented these concerns. They were the men who really had been running the state, and obviously they were the ones who were behind the detection of Governor Braden's one-time reform legislature. If I could learn what they knew about the change of heart three times after the labor bill had been introduced, I would have finished my case.

One day Goldfarber came to my room and said: "Suppose you send a man up to interview Murray and Schoenlein, those celebrated reform friends of the governor. They might have something interesting to say."

I took the hint and wired my editor to get on the job himself. Murray and Schoenlein up to now had been steadily standing by the governor, pledging themselves to fight for his reforms to the last ditch. But the interviews they gave to my editor were made of different stuff. They had been voting and talking against the best interests of the state. They would stop doing this. The governor was a headstrong fool, who persisted in trying to ruin the state in order to further his own ambitions.

"The bunch has got to them," said my man, reporting to me. "I could see it in their eyes. They've been taken care of by your friends the lobbyists." We printed the interview and editorially lauded Murray and Schoenlein for being courageous enough to do their duty by the state in spite of the lash of a political boss like the governor.

Next day Goldfarber came to me with an editorial which he had written and which he wanted me to run. "The Cronkton News will run anything," I said; "but for editorials its rates are very high."

"How high?" he asked. "Twenty thousand dollars a year," I said. "I'll raise it before noon," said he. In that way I got the money back that had been paid for the Cronkton News.

I had decided that Murray and Schoenlein would be easier to "get" than any of the lobbyists. They were a pair of ignorant fellows who until they had worked as mechanics for a living, I knew that they were now enjoying a prosperity that would soon turn their heads. I decided to help the turning.

The two legislators were staying at the smartest hotel in the city. Presently there were two stylish young women staying at the hotel who flattered the pair, we were after by seeking an introduction. The women were in the pay of Braden's foxy old friend. It didn't take long to make the inexperienced Murray and Schoenlein fancy that they were a pair of big game.

They began to hang in the dim room of the hotel, bought a motor car each, and generally began to play the parts of a couple of fools caught by the attractions of a couple of clever, smart-looking women.

It doesn't take long for that kind of a pace to bring out the brasserie. This was established by the lobbyist wife, which causes a more effective circulation of the air, and therefore removes the carbonic acid gas more speedily.

For the first experiment a tantalum electric lamp was burned; for the second experiment a Westinghouse light of like candle power was used. Tests made after a three hours' burning showed that the electric light increased the amount of carbon dioxide by 1.054 per cent. The gas light by only 0.131 per cent. The fact that a larger amount of carbon dioxide may be found where electric lights are used has been attributed to the hot air which causes a more effective circulation of the air, and therefore removes the carbonic acid gas more speedily.

Preconscious Youth. A teacher, discussing the wild animals to be found in the midland states, asked her pupils to name some of them. To her surprise one little fellow calmly suggested: "Lions and tigers."

"But where are they to be found, Johnny?"

"In the menageries," was the quick reply.

Callers Had Prior Claim. Comedian's Message Had Merit of Truth as Well as Also Being Highly Opportune.

H. C. Barnabee of the old Bostonians was engaged in a poker game at a Chicago hotel. There was a big pot on the table, Barnabee and one other player being the only two not scared out. The two eyed each other wickedly. Barnabee, vis-a-vis took two cards on the draw, and comedian said one. The opposite man found he had not believed the three jacks he was holding, but he felt sure he would beat the two pair he felt Barnabee had. To bring matters to a crisis he pushed forward all the chips he had, and waited inquiringly.



Within two weeks our women had heard all about how Murray and Schoenlein had been reached.

"And there's lots more where that came from," boasted Murray. One evening one of the women said: "There's a friend of mine stopping at the hotel who is interested in a bill for a dam across a river up the state. He said he would like to meet some representatives who would listen to reason. He's a millionaire."

Murray and Schoenlein said they wouldn't mind meeting the friend if it could be done in secret. It was a meeting was arranged in a room at a hotel, and they met Dawson, of the Burns agency, acting the part of a millionaire. Dawson had his bill already drawn and showed it to them at once. It purported to be a bill-faced steal of a river to make power for a mill about to be established.

"I'll raise \$1,000 apiece to you fellows," said Dawson. "If you'll introduce the bill, I'll pay anything you need to get it passed. And when she's through I'll give you each \$2,500."

"Give us the thousand now," said Murray. Dawson paid it out. Schoenlein took the bill and stowed it away in an inner pocket.

"I'll go through sure," he said; "we've got this legislature by the horns." Governor Braden, four of his friends and myself heard and saw all that went on from peep-holes in the next room. The money that Dawson handed them had been marked and viewed by all of us that morning.

Murray and Schoenlein left the hotel and went down a side street. They hadn't gone far before they were seized, gagged, dumped into a closed motor car and whirled up to the residence of Governor Braden's old friend. There Governor Braden, his four friends and myself searched them and found and identified carefully the money and bill that Dawson had given them in the hotel. The gags were then removed from their mouths, and in the locked library we went to work on them.

Braden said: "I want to get that child labor bill passed, and I've been forced to take means like this to do it. You're going to help me pass it in order to save yourselves from exposure. I don't want to hurt you. You've done a couple of good and useful things for the state. If I can't, I can put you in the penitentiary, where you won't do any harm for some time. Now, you are going to give me the dope on how the legislature has been bribed by the lobbyists, first, and after that you are going to vote and work for that labor bill as if nothing untoward had happened. Either that or you are going to the pen. Take your choice."

We worked over them all that night. When we were through we had a detailed and signed confession of how they had been bribed, how other legislators had been bribed, and who had done the work.

"So far so good," said Braden. "Now we want the fellows who did the bribing. You say Goldfarber passed you the money. All right, you go and call Goldfarber to a room in the hotel down there and tell him you need \$500 apiece at once. We will pick out the room for you."

They did this. They engaged a room and sent for Goldfarber. He came in, smiling, and they told him what they wanted. "If we don't get it we'll forget you paid us anything to fight that labor bill," said Murray, obeying Braden's instructions.

"Tut, tut, boys," said Goldfarber. "What's a thousand dollars between friends?"

He was handing over the money when the two photographers we had stationed behind openings cut in the walls of the room shot off their flashes.

Goldfarber ran like a thief. Next day Braden sent a note to him telling him that if opposition to the child labor bill were continued these two would be published. He sent him prints of the photos, too. Goldfarber took a look at them, and packed up and left the capitol—forever.

The threatened opposition to the labor bill did not materialize. Various legislators were notified that they were released from their obligations to the interests and were at liberty to vote as they pleased. They voted with Braden and the bill went through.

A few days after its passage the Cronkton News quietly went out of business. A lot of people wondered why; it had seemed to be doing so well of late. Murray and Schoenlein resigned from the house soon after the labor bill was passed. They said that politics was too strenuous for them.

DIVERGING PATHS OF DUTY

Husband and Wife at Odds Over the Old Question of Public and Private Life.

Alleging that her husband called her down for devoting too much of her time to lecturing before the Parents' Teachers' association, and said to her: "You ought to be at home with your husband instead of telling other people how to rear children." Mrs. Janet S. Kroeck of Los Angeles, author of books and lecturer on subjects dealing with perfect human love, ideal motherhood and the enlightenment of fatherhood, has filed suit for divorce. One can but sympathize with this abused woman, comments a Springfield (Mass.) newspaper. If in the accomplishment of her great mission it has been necessary to neglect her own interests, to forsake the joys of ideal motherhood and leave her husband unenlightened by fatherhood in order that she might with pen and tongue

lead the great world into the path of perfect human love, it should have been her husband's part unselfishly and uncomplainingly to share her burdens and deprivations and cheer her on in her great work. Apparently he was one of those hard, practical, unemotional men that think perfect human love and ideal motherhood and the enlightenment of fatherhood, like charity, should begin at home, and it may be that he entertained the ridiculous notion that his wife could accomplish far better results by setting a good example than by all the talking and writing she could do in a lifetime.

Queer Uniforms. From a story related by an Ohio business man it appears that in certain ways China is becoming Americanized. This gentleman, who recently made a tour of China, was in Canton when that city passed under the control of the revolutionary forces. Observing several companies of those troops as they marched past his hotel, the traveler noticed that they wore an unusual uniform. Curious to inspect it at closer range, he advanced, and he was one of those hard, practical, unemotional men that think perfect human love and ideal motherhood and the enlightenment of fatherhood, like charity, should begin at home, and it may be that he entertained the ridiculous notion that his wife could accomplish far better results by setting a good example than by all the talking and writing she could do in a lifetime.

Effect of Artificial Lights on Air. Tests on the influence of light sources on the air of a dwelling room have just been made in a room 14 feet long, 12 feet wide, and 12 feet high, provided with one door and two windows, also a latticed ventilator 8 inches from the floor and one on the opposite side 4 inches from the ceiling.

For the first experiment a tantalum electric lamp was burned; for the second experiment a Westinghouse light of like candle power was used. Tests made after a three hours' burning showed that the electric light increased the amount of carbon dioxide by 1.054 per cent. The gas light by only 0.131 per cent. The fact that a larger amount of carbon dioxide may be found where electric lights are used has been attributed to the hot air which causes a more effective circulation of the air, and therefore removes the carbonic acid gas more speedily.

Callers Had Prior Claim. Comedian's Message Had Merit of Truth as Well as Also Being Highly Opportune.

H. C. Barnabee of the old Bostonians was engaged in a poker game at a Chicago hotel. There was a big pot on the table, Barnabee and one other player being the only two not scared out. The two eyed each other wickedly. Barnabee, vis-a-vis took two cards on the draw, and comedian said one. The opposite man found he had not believed the three jacks he was holding, but he felt sure he would beat the two pair he felt Barnabee had. To bring matters to a crisis he pushed forward all the chips he had, and waited inquiringly.

"Is that all you have?" asked the sad faced comedian before he looked at his hand.

lans put his head in the door, and said: "Mr. Barnabee, there is a gentleman in the parlor who wants to see you."

"Wait just a minute," said Barnabee. He carefully played his cards and found that he had filled his hand. Then he turned to the man in the doorway and said calmly: "Kindly tell the gentleman that I have called."

Among the Explosions. "You have tried to fasten a government on the lips of the American republic!"

"Yes," replied the Chinese philosopher, "but up to the present time we have been able to get much beyond the Fourth of July accident."

Elaborate Apology. "What do you mean by waving that red flag and stopping the train?" asked the irate engineer. "You wrong us," replied Meandering Millie. "We were holding a little meeting. What you saw was the new, re-architected version of the Oshuntauquillute."

TEN

SPACE!

Girls!

Very SWELLEST CAN FIND ANY DNTO OR ANY OLD All we ask is, Come SKYTY, we can please everyone. QUALITY

Case of \$1.00 worth or BEAUTIFUL CALEN—these for your HOME.

25c pound

15c pound

10c pound

CHOCOLATES

"CANDY KITCHEN"

E CANDY MAN

SPACE!

\$2.45

head to foot. As a store we will sell Men's

\$9.95

\$13.95

\$3.25 to \$7.00

25c

\$1.95

purchase until Christ-

Market Street

Pickels' Book Store

OTHER

if you have one of our your home? By every sold in Brantford.

Man!

until you have looked will be satisfied that our

at \$18.00

ed Moffat Coal Ranges Potts, of Market Street. in a piece of Furniture. we will hold it until you

ISHERS

Johnson

TREET

pen Evenings Till 9.30

Bowl

ONERY STORE

is the time to get the goods at the very lowest. Special candies made day, and something every day in the week. from... 10c to 60c lb.

of Toronto