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What I Think About Undiscovered Murders.

Reminiscences of Sir Robert Anderson, K.C.B., LL.D., Late Head of the Criminal Investigation Department, New Scotland Yard.

What Sir Robert Anderson does not know about the crime and criminals of this country would not be worth anybody's while to inquire about. For many years he was head of the Criminal Investigation Department of Scotland Yard, during which time he had the handling of many notorious cases, and became familiar with the methods adopted by most "habitual" criminals. In the course of a chat with Sir Robert at his town house, the distinguished ex-police chief related some interesting reminiscences of his career.

Sir Robert entertains very strong opinions on the subject of what are popularly known as "unsolved mysteries"—that is to say, prominent cases of crime (usually murder) where the culprit is not taken and convicted. These are usually regarded by the uninitiated as "police failures," whereas the police are very often, in such cases, well aware of who the criminal is, but in the absence of sufficient legal evidence of guilt are unable to make an arrest. So the man goes free. It is a case of moral versus legal proof. Sir Robert related the particulars of one such case, which came within his own personal knowledge.

Strangled in an Empty House.

"Some years ago, while I was at the Criminal Investigation Department," said Sir Robert Anderson, "a brutal murder was committed in London. A woman was found strangled in an empty house. At first it appeared a most mysterious affair. The utter absence of any clue was one element that turned my thoughts into a certain channel and directed suspicion toward a certain individual, a near relation of the dead woman. During the not surprising failure of the police to effect an arrest, this individual protested vehemently against the brutal murder of his relation being allowed to go unpunished, serving out unmeasured censure upon the 'inefficiency of the police.'

"I decided to test the correctness of my suspicions by wholly exceptional means. So I sent for the man and saw him alone in my office room. He was very voluble in protesting with great animation that he would give anything in the world to discover the murderer. Presently I asked: 'Have you ever heard of a case where the image of a murderer was seen in

the eye of his victim?' 'Yes,' he replied, in a lifeless tone: 'I have heard that talked about.' After a long pause, during which I kept my eyes fixed upon him, I said: 'I know who the murderer is.' 'Oh, I'm glad,' said he, with a leaden look and in a leaden tone, and then sat silent with averted eyes. After waiting in vain to hear something more from him, I bade him 'Good day,' and he left the room without another word.

The Famous Camp Case.

"No student of human nature could miss the significance of all this; and in France the man would have been detained and questioned and cross-questioned until he confessed his crime. But in this country there must be legal evidence to justify an arrest, and evidence there was none; so he passed out into the street, and if still alive he is walking about an 'undiscovered' murderer."

Sir Robert Anderson has also strong views on the subject of how the efforts of the police are seriously hampered by the acts of unthinking and stupid people, and by way of illustration he mentioned the Camp case, where a young woman of that name—a barmaid at Walworth—was murdered in a carriage on the South Western Railway. The particulars are as follows:

On Thursday, February 11th, 1897, when the 8.25 train from Feltham arrived at Waterloo, the dead body of a young woman was found in one of the carriages by a carriage cleaner. She presented an unpleasant spectacle, having been severely beaten about the head by a heavy weapon. There were indications in the carriage that a severe struggle had taken place, and there was much blood about. No weapon was to be found, and the only clue if such it could be called, was a pair of bone sleeve links, which lay upon the floor of the carriage. The body was still warm; the crime therefore must have been recently committed. The victim turned out to be the Miss Camp already referred to.

The murderer had succeeded in making his escape from the carriage, after having partly hidden his victim's body under the seat. The murderer was never taken, although the weapon—the unusual one of a pestle—was subsequently found by the side of the line, it evidently having been thrown through the carriage window by the murderer.

An Amateur Burglar.

Remarkable to relate, the police knew nothing of the murder until

hours after the discovery was made. The body was conveyed to St. Thomas's Hospital, where it lay. A police-constable happened to see it being taken through the streets, found out that a murder had been committed, and reported the fact to the "Yard."

Therefore, before the officers could get to work on the case all evidences had been destroyed and their task rendered extremely difficult. Is it, therefore, surprising, in the circumstances, that the case became an "unsolved mystery?"

"By the way," continued Sir Robert, "much has been said and written about burglars, and I recall an innocent experience of my own of the kind, the particulars of which you may like to hear. Many years ago I was living with the late Charles Reade, the novelist, at Albert Gate

the house he christened 'Naboth's Vineyard,' and which figured in his story, 'A Terrible Temptation.' One night I came home late, and I discovered that I had forgotten my latch key. Failing to make the inmates hear me, I determined to make a burglarious entry into the house. Now, it requires a considerable amount of pluck to be a burglar, as I myself realized that night. I jumped down into the area and tried to force the kitchen window. I should explain that my experience at police courts had given me a theoretical knowledge of the art of burgling a house.

Enjoying the Joke.

"I tried to force the catch of the window, but being a new one it resisted all my efforts to move it. I was nervous over the business, in spite of the fact that I had nothing to fear from discovery, as a burglar would naturally have had. When I fancied somebody was coming I dodged into the coal-cellar and hid myself. When I thought the coast was clear I came out again. Failing with the catch, I decided to break the glass. I did so, and the noise it made at dead of night sent my heart into my mouth. Again I retreated to the cellar. Several people were attracted, but, failing to notice anything wrong, they departed. I then succeeded in getting into the house.

"The next morning, the broken window being seen, the police were sent for. It was clear to them that a burglary had been committed, but remarkable to relate, nothing was missing or even disturbed. It therefore became an 'unsolved mystery.' When I subsequently explained matters to Mr. Reade he enjoyed the joke immensely."

Sir Robert Anderson, during the period of his service at Scotland Yard had to do with some redoubtable criminals, but perhaps the cleverest and most remarkable was one known as Raymond, alias Wirth, and Sir Robert proceeded to tell me something about this adroit and skilful wrongdoer.

"Raymond began his criminal career very early in life"—thus Sir Robert—"by being convicted of a big crime in New York. He was one of the most accomplished criminals of our time. He it was who stole the Gainsborough picture, which Mr. Aspinall had just before paid £10,000 for. He engaged in nothing but big schemes. He was a very Napoleon of crime. One of his greatest coups was the theft of a large consignment of diamonds while on their way from Kimberley to the South African port. He first went to South Africa to reconnoitre and pave the way for the contemplated coup. He had plenty of money, and he spent it freely. He discovered that if the diamond convoy from the mines were delayed in transit the stones would be kept in safe at the port till the sailing of the next boat.

Daring Diamond Robber.

"He managed to get wax impressions of the key of the safe, and made himself very friendly with those in charge. He gave a farewell dinner, and then sailed for England. After a few months he returned again to Africa, skilfully disguised and under another name. Having ascertained that a valuable convoy was coming down country, and would have to cross a certain ferry to get to the coast, he released the ferry boat and sent it adrift. This caused the convoy to be delayed, and the stones were accordingly deposited for the time being in the safe, a key for which Raymond had obtained.

"Suffice it to say that those diamonds, to the value of £90,000, reached England in the possession of Raymond. He subsequently sold many of them to their original owners in Hatton Garden!

"He kept up his criminal career to the end. All the time he lived in fine style. When he knew he was 'wanted' by the police he used to 'sham sick' and keep himself indoors, being attended by a doctor. In this connection one of his medical attendants had a nasty shock. Having been attending him a good while, and failing to discover anything the matter with him, he came to the conclusion that his patient was one of those neurotic individuals who suffer from imaginary complaints. One day he entered the patient's room somewhat abruptly, and was astonished to see his patient leap up in

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And you will find it the best cough syrup you ever used—even in whooping cough. You can feel it take hold—usually stops the most severe cough in 24 hours. It is just laxative enough, has a good tonic effect, and taste is pleasant. Take a teaspoonful every one, two or three hours.

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bed and present a revolver at his head! Raymond thought he was a police officer. He was, however, able to explain matters satisfactorily, and the affair passed off as a joke."

Deceived by Women.

Some of these big criminals, Sir Robert remarked, end very dearly. He mentioned the case of an old rascal named Powell, who had been arrested in connection with a bond robbery, and detained in France. Before he left England he gave his wife an open cheque, so that in the event of anything going wrong she might draw money to keep her going in his absence. Instead, she drew the whole of his money and decamped with another man. Powell subsequently died in want in the streets of Southampton.

The "wife" of another criminal known as "Shrimps"—most habitual criminals have nicknames—proved unfaithful in the same way, and he was so cut up about it that he filled his pockets with stones and jumped into the sea.

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A Fur-Bearing Fish.

The polar trout, the only fur-bearing fish known to natural history, is the latest contribution of the Arctic regions, according to John Bunker, of Northwood Centre, N.H., who reached Boston to-day from a two-months' exploring trip in Greenland. He brought photographs and specimens of a strange fish, which he has called a polar trout.

This peculiar denizen of the polar seas resembles a square tail trout in shape and gameness, and attains 10 to 15 pounds in weight. The skin is covered with a fine brownish fur, resembling the texture of moleskin. This fur is lightly spotted with white. Bunker caught three specimens, two in a river and one in a small head water pond, about 200 miles north of Baffin's Bay.—Fishery Gazette.

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