

True Detective Stories

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In the detective business no incident is so small that it may not lead to the most important disclosures. Therein lies the fascination of the work. Early in January, 1881, I was asked to help apprehend William Burns, otherwise known as "English Billy," who had been shot while attempting, in company with another man then unknown, to pass counterfeit money in Stamford, Conn. I made a search of the New York hospitals and finally found him in the surgical ward of Blackwell's Island. When he recovered I took him before Commissioner Shields, but the Stamford authorities failed positively to identify him. They were morally certain he was the man they wanted, but they could not give unqualified affirmative answers and he was discharged.

The incident seemed ended, but I thought I would watch Burns a little while, just to see who his friends were and what he would do. I put Daniel McSweeney on his track when he left the courtroom and told him to shadow the young fellow.

McSweeney watched around for a day or two and learned that Burns seemed to be one of a gang of good-for-nothing men who made their headquarters in the resorts around Chatham square. Who these men were McSweeney did not know. He only knew they spent their time playing pool, drinking, gambling and so on.

The secrets of such men, if they have any, can be gained only by slow, painstaking effort, and the fact that their companion Burns was a counterfeiter seemed to make it worth while to learn more about them. So when McSweeney reported for duty the next morning I called him into my office.

"Dan," said I, "I want you to go down and camp with this crowd and find out who they are and what they are doing. Get yourself a room in a cheap lodging house, rig yourself out in some old clothes, gradually give them the impression that you are a crook and see if you cannot uncover some counterfeiters among them."

From that day on until the end of the case Daniel McSweeney was to Chatham square near Daniel McSweeney, United States Secret Service operative, but "Dan" Dugan, living without visible means of support and presumably a criminal. He established himself in a fourth floor back bedroom in a lodging house that decent men never entered. His days and his nights he spent in the places in which the gang stayed. He played pool with the pool players, cards with the card players and, so far as appearances were concerned, became as much of a loafer as any of them.

After he had hung around with them for three or four days he disappeared from their haunts for a day. When he returned to them he brought with him four or five watches with which I had provided him. Some of the watches had an inch or two of chain hanging to them, the links having been snipped off in the pe-

been caught, but I like to sleep nights and I couldn't if I had that on my mind."

Dan, however, was only drawing back to make a plunge. Together we fixed up a letter from his supposed friend in New Orleans, in which McSweeney was asked if he could not buy for him in New York \$600 worth of counterfeit silver dollars. Directing the letter to Dugan at his Chatham square address, I enclosed it in another envelope and sent it to New Orleans to be mailed back.

When the letter was delivered to McSweeney he tore off the signature to create the impression thereby that he was trying to protect his friend and showed the communication to "Scotty" Sullivan.

"This crazy man at New Orleans can't get enough counterfeit down South," said Dan, "and is now sending North for it. I hate to touch the stuff, even to buy it for him, but he did me a good turn once when I was in a tight place and I must do it. Have you got \$600 worth about you, 'Scotty'?"

"Scotty" hadn't. He was so small a dealer that he had to pick a pocket to get money enough to buy the lead and antimony with which to get a manufacturer to make \$100 for him, and Dan knew it. But the plan was to make "Scotty" believe he had got against a big customer, so he would spread the news among other and perhaps larger members of the gang. All that "Scotty" could rake up was \$50 worth of trade dollars, which McSweeney bought, initialed and turned over to me.

The deal over, Dan went on with his pool playing and for a day or two reported nothing of much importance. He soon came in, however, with a worried look on his face. He had been in trouble. He did not know whether he had done right, but he had engaged in a fight with one of the gang. It came about this way:

Dan and a crook named William Saunders were playing pool.

"What were you coming out of Drummond's office for this morning?" asked Saunders.

"Who is Drummond?" asked Dan.

"Drummond is the New York chief of the Secret Service. I guess you know him well."

"I never heard of him, and any one who says I was ever in his office is a liar," said Dan, laying down his cue.

"Who said so?"

"Scotty" Sullivan told me," replied Saunders.

"Scotty" was just in the act of trying to make a fine shot at another table. He was still fiddling with his cue when the sound of an angry voice caused him to look up.

any other way toward giving him the complete confidence of every member of the crowd. From that moment they entertained no doubt concerning him. He was one of them, ready to pick a pocket, buy stolen goods, or, on a pinch, get counterfeit money for his friend in New Orleans.

As a result events moved rapidly from that time on. In a little while McSweeney had bought some counterfeit money from Saunders, who, he learned, was a manufacturer of spurious coins; from Edward King and Charles J. Wilson, also manufacturers, and from John Farrell, alias Jack Barrett, who was with Burns at Stamford the night Burns was shot. As rapidly as he could make the deals without exciting suspicion he also bought from Christopher McDonald, another manufacturer, and from Samuel Baker, Robert Kelly, James R. Hyde, James F. Murphy and David Angelo. William Burns also sold him a few pieces, and, after great effort, he succeeded in making purchases from Martin Leonard, saloon keeper and leader of the gang, and from Ann McCormack, Leonard's common law wife. Altogether McSweeney bought, marked and turned over to me counterfeit money that he had bought from sixteen members of the band.

The next thing was to get the men under arrest. If officers with warrants for the whole lot were sent out to scour the Chatham square resorts not more than four or five could be picked up before the news of their capture would cause the rest to flee. So it became necessary to get them by ones and twos without letting any knowledge of their fate get into the newspapers or otherwise to become public until the whole sixteen, or most of them, at any rate, were in prison.

We were delayed a little by reason of the fact that Baker had gone to Washington to pick pockets during the inauguration ceremonies of President Garfield, but at last we got under way. McSweeney lured "Scotty" Sullivan down near the Post Office Building, where officers of mine were lying in wait. An apparent attempt was made to arrest both of them, but McSweeney, of course, was permitted to get away, while "Scotty" was taken to the station house and put where newspaper reporters could not find him. Then I conceived the idea of establishing headquarters in the old International Hotel, which stood on the present site of the Park Row Building. At the head of the stairs in this building I hired a number of rooms and the plan was for McSweeney to lure the members of the gang, on one pretext or another, to these rooms, one of which he pretended to be occupying.

The plan worked well. McSweeney with a companion would come up the stairs and start to enter one of the rooms. Two or three of us would slip up behind them, grab the one we wanted in such a way as to pinion his arms to his sides and hustle him away. One by one we put them away in this manner until perhaps eight or ten had been picked up. Then I made up my mind we would go to Martin Leonard's saloon and get him and the woman with whom he lived.

Leonard and his barkeeper were both bad men. Besides the customary cheese knives and implements of that sort, they also had, as we afterward found, more revolvers and knives than they had hands to use. I knew that if we walked in and tried to take them by force it would mean a fight in which we might be compelled to kill one or both of them to prevent being killed. So McSweeney, at my suggestion, went into the saloon and asked for a glass of beer, while we waited outside near the door. Having taken his drink he came out, passing through the short swinging screen and then called back:

"Oh, Martin! Come out and see the scrap!"

Martin hustled around from behind the counter, and the moment he came through the door we grabbed him around the arms and snapped the handcuffs around his wrists. He didn't seem to know what was going on until he heard the click of the cuffs, which he then gave such a wrench that it seemed as if he would break them. His barkeeper, who was also a dealer in counterfeit, followed at his heels, and we gathered him in in the same manner. Then we went upstairs and took Ann McCormack, Leonard's wife.

At one o'clock in the morning we were hammering on the door of Saunders' apartments, on the fourth floor of a lodging house in Second avenue above

Houston street. Over the transom we could see a dim light, but repeated knocks brought no answer. We burst in the door, and Saunders' wife, clad only in her night clothing, flew at us like a tigress. Catching sight of McSweeney, she turned on him as if she would have torn him in pieces, calling him all the vile names to which she could lay her tongue.

"Danny Dugan!" she shrieked. "I knew you were a copper all the time. I always told Bill you'd throw him down and now you've done it."

It all happened so quickly that Saunders, who had been asleep, had barely time to rub his eyes when he was also put under arrest. Both were compelled to dress and were taken to the station house.

Two hours later, or at three o'clock in the morning, we were at Edward King's home, on Forsyth street, near Rivington. King lived on the third floor, rear, of a tenement, and, like the other house we visited, a

came back; at any rate, he always had an excuse when Dan tried to bait him down to the place where the rest of us were waiting to get him.

More than that, Burns had told McSweeney he would kill me on sight. He never forgave me for arresting him after he had been shot in Connecticut and had "gotten away clean," as he expressed it. McSweeney believed he meant business and warned me not to get in his way.

"You have a wife and family, Chief," McSweeney said, "and if I can get Burns up here I will arrest him. He has no feeling against me. At any rate, you had better let him alone."

"All right, Dan," said I. "Get him if you can, but I am willing to take a chance on him if it so happens that you cannot get him up to the room."

All other means having failed to get Burns, several of us started out one day to arrest him. On the way to the place where we expected to find him we met him in the street.

"Hello, Billy," said McSweeney. "Where are you going?"

Burns mumbled something about being in a hurry and started to run. Dan took after him, but Burns was the better runner. Instantly McSweeney and all the rest of us began to yell "Stop thief!" A big policeman, hearing the cries and seeing the fleeing Burns, swung his night stick on him and Burns dropped. Nor did he get up until he was picked up. In one hand was clasped a dagger. In one of his



HE THEN GAVE SUCH A WRENCH THAT IT SEEMED AS IF HE WOULD BREAK THEM.

light was burning, but knocks brought no answer. So we burst in his door.

We might have thought we were in a mint. Silver coins of all denominations were scattered about the rooms—for King and Wilson, who were found in bed, were at work when we came. Molten lead was in the melting pots, the molds were lying open, and everything was as it would have been if two men who had been at work all night had suddenly stopped for a moment.

We found more than four hundred counterfeit coins, all of which had been made since sundown. And talk about your Central American military costume!—a pair of spurs and a Panama hat—the room in which these men worked was so hot that they wore nothing out handkerchiefs under their chins.

With these men behind the bars with the others, the only important man who was still out of jail was Burns—"English Billy." Many a time McSweeney had tried to inveigle Burns to the International Hotel, but without success. Perhaps Burns had noticed that the men who walked away with McSweeney never

pockets was a revolver. In his scalp was a gaping wound seven inches long.

The entire sixteen having been arrested, their trials followed in due order. Fourteen either pleaded guilty or were convicted. Dennis Glennon was the only one who was acquitted, and Joseph Delehant, for some reason that I could never understand, was not tried. Leonard, the leader of the gang, was given a ten years' sentence. His wife was sent up for two years. Burns was given five years. Two were let off on suspended sentence and the others were given from one to three years each.

The next day after the arrest of Burns I was talking with the policeman who assisted so materially by knocking him out with his club.

"That was a bad man that you helped to arrest yesterday," said I, adding a few particulars about his crimes and desperate character.

"You don't say so," said the giant Irishman, who had made a seven inch wound in Burns' scalp. "If I'd known that I'd hit him harder."

(THE NEXT STORY IN THE SERIES WILL APPEAR NEXT SATURDAY.)



BIFF—BANG—WENT HIS FISTS.

culiar manner that thieves know so well. The ring of another watch had been wrenched out, as pick-pockets by a quick twist remove the ring of a watch that they want to steal.

Between games of pool and at other appropriate times McSweeney showed these watches to some of his friends. They looked at them with interest. They also looked at McSweeney with interest. Here was a man who was buying stolen goods. They often had stolen goods to sell. With this man they could do business. And, as a matter of fact, this theory proved true. Within the next few days McSweeney bought from members of the gang several stolen articles, which he turned over to me, properly initialed, for identification.

As the relations between McSweeney and his new friends became more intimate remarks began to be made to Dan about counterfeit money. No one admitted that he had any to sell, but the drift of the conversation always simmered down to the fact that if McSweeney—or "Dugan," as they called him—wanted to deal a little in spurious silver some of the crowd could stock him up. Dan, however, always shook his head. He was not in the business. He wouldn't touch a bit of counterfeit. It was dangerous, and, besides, it was not in his line. And even when Daniel Sullivan, who was known to the trade as "Scotty," urged McSweeney to take a chance, at the same time offering to sell him the goods, Dan waved him away.

"It's too risky for me," said Dan. "Those who want to can handle it—and some good men do—but I will not. I have a friend down in New Orleans who has made a barrel of money in this way, and he's never

"Did you tell Bill Saunders that you saw me coming out of Drummond's office this morning?" asked Dan.

"I guess I did—for a saw you."

Bill bang went the fists and in less than half a minute "Scotty" was lying on the floor with one eye in process of becoming a deep black. Other members of the gang rushed in and pulled Dan from his place on "Scotty's" chest.

"It was only a joke," explained Saunders, who had started the trouble by telling the story to Dan. "Scotty" had sold you a little stuff and wanted to make sure that you were 'on the level.' He asked me to tell you he had seen you coming from Drummond's office just to see how you would act. If you were a copper he thought he could tell it."

"It's all right about its being a joke and about 'Scotty' trying to see if I was a copper," said Dan, "but nobody can talk that way to me. If I hadn't knocked Scotty out, then he would have meant it. Having knocked him out, he didn't mean it. All I've got to say to you fellows is that I'll break any man's head who says he ever saw me come out of Drummond's office. I don't have to make a living that way."

This is the story that Dan told to me, while his face wore a worried look.

"Maybe I did wrong, Chief—I don't know. Did I?"

"Dan," said I, "it is always a very serious thing for an officer to assault a citizen. But if any of that gang should ever again tell you that he saw you coming out of my office hit him harder than you did 'Scotty.'"

As a matter of fact, Dan's frenzied defence of his honor, resulting as it did in Scotty's black eye, did more than he could have so quickly accomplished in

CALDWELL'S RIDE.

BY F. W. EDDY.

UNION SQUARE put Caldwell in a romantic mood that morning. It had for him the smell of a holiday, with its russet foliage, its carpet of crumpled green and its denuded flower beds. The burnished sky and mellow air were equally seductive, as if nature had laid itself out to make a truant of him.

Caldwell's specialty lay in being out of the common run. In his own phrase, he was an "autumnal ground hog," seeking his burrow in June and emerging only with the scent of assured frost. In summer he dragged himself to work, yawned through his daily task and limped back home with all his spirit wrung—or sizzled—out of him. Now he was again in his element.

"In weather like this," he said to himself, "I would like to be well enough fixed to telephone to the office that I am not coming down."

Not having reached that estate, and as he was due at his desk in the next ten minutes, he filled his lungs with the air of promised frost and cast himself into the flow of travel on the busy sidewalk.

Holiday reflections stayed with him as he walked, and they still occupied him when, turning into Sixth avenue, he almost ran into a sign which read as follows:

Wheels by the Hour.
Special Price for the Day.
Reduced to
Only 25 Cents.

Next to having the day at his disposal, Caldwell thought the noon hour on a wheel would be just to his liking. It was no weather for violent exercise, but how he would enjoy filling himself with the soft air, pedalling without effort, quietly, gently and only so fast that the air might fan him, down to Washington square, up Fifth avenue to Madison square, over to Gramercy Park, across to Stuyvesant square and back to the office through Union square, all within an hour. "If it was only Tuesday instead of Thurs-

day," he sighed. Caldwell's purse habitually became lean by Thursday.

The bicycle sign came between him and his accounts. His desk mate, Phillips, worked on like a machine while Caldwell felt under constant restraint lest he write "only 39 cents" in place of figures properly belonging to his entries. It was plain that Phillips had no sentiment and that it would be waste of breath to talk of perfumed air and russet trees to a man who plodded like a farm horse in all seasons. But Caldwell reflected that with the plodder Tuesday and Thursday were financially alike. Phillips might not long for the beautiful, but he took care of his money, and when he called on the cashier on Saturday it was only to add the wages of another week to a store of savings already comfortable.

That morning the conduct of Caldwell toward Phillips denoted a fondness not usually apparent in their relations. He filled his ink well for him, offered him fresh pens, praised the neatness of his work, and at noon brought him his hat. They went out together, and at the street door Caldwell said, "Great day, Phillips; don't you think so?"

"Weather never bothers me," was the indifferent reply.

"A day like this makes me want to get out," Caldwell went on eagerly, "and all the morning I have been thinking of a bicycle ride, just for the noon hour. I am hungry to fill myself with this air on a wheel, pedalling quietly and gently and just fast enough to be nicely fanned, down to Washington square, up Fifth avenue to Madison square, over to Gramercy Park, across to Stuyvesant square and back to the office through Union square, all within an hour. My pocket gets poor toward the end of the week, you know, but if you wouldn't mind helping me out with half a dollar I will hand it back to you on Saturday when we get our pay, and be ever so much obliged."

"Mr. Caldwell," came the cold response, "if you are so hungry as you say for splay air you had better find a way to feed yourself. I look on that sort of thing as

waste and I am not lending money for it. For some sensible use I might lend, but for this purpose I refuse—on principle."

Caldwell had appetite for only the scantiest luncheon. The fresh air seemed to mock him. Rather against his will than by design he drifted in front of the haunting sign which had drawn a considerable custom for the noon hour. He saw clerks like himself mount and ride gayly off. Some girls from neighboring stores hired wheels. He watched for several minutes a stout woman whom the sign had attracted. She had difficulty in mounting, even when assisted, and lost nerve completely when she began to pedal. As she fell the third time a voice behind Caldwell said, "Looks as if she were getting more than she expected for her money." When Caldwell saw that the speaker was Phillips, he counted ten to himself to curb his resentment and said in the blandest tones:

"She would do very well with a little help. It is as simple as walking. If you were on a wheel, Mr. Phillips, you would go like a bird."

"You don't really think so?" queried Phillips.

"I am positive," Mr. Phillips, and you will never have a better chance. Here I am to help you, and this is a bargain day—price reduced to only 39 cents an hour."

Phillips and Caldwell entered the place. Caldwell selected the wheels and Phillips paid for an hour's hire. Assisted by Caldwell, Phillips found mounting most easy, and with Caldwell beside him he moved along, indeed, as freely as a bird. At a corner soon after the start Caldwell stepped aside for a passing cart and removed his hand from Phillips' saddle. Minus this support the bird lost poise and sprawled to earth.

"My dear Mr. Phillips," explained Caldwell, "you should have followed my instructions. I warned you not to think of your balance, but to sit straight and keep your eyes well ahead. It is perfectly simple. Let me show you."

Phillips jogged at his side, while Caldwell fed his hunger with the nutritive air, pedalling quietly, gently, and only so fast that the air fanned him, down to Washington square, up Fifth avenue to Madison square, over to Gramercy Park, across to Stuyvesant square, and back to the office through Union square, all within the noon hour.