POOR DOCUMENT

MC 2035

Calmly Walked Out Of Jail

Murderer Made Startling Escape From Auburn

Not Captured Yet

Dangerous Criminal Knocked Down Aged Trusty With Club and Left in Warden's Uniform

Auburn, N. Y., April 19—A pale little man of thirty-two, admitted murderer of one, and suspected of having murdered three other men, at least, with a prison record extending back to his early boyhood, and from thirty years to life yet to serve in New York's prisons, was meekly working in an inconspicuous corner of Auburn prison yard this afternoon.

As aged Keeper John Betts, was passing, carrying his loaded revolver, the docile little prisoner uttered an inconsequential pleasantry, and the old man smiled and started to answer. It had been a long while since this wan prisoner had been taken out of solitary confinement in a dark cell, after at last apparently resigning himself to his fate and deciding to "be good." Suddenly the old keeper's wrist was gripped in a clutch which made his loaded weapon useless. A heavy stick of wood previously unnoticed, lay on the ground nearby, and with it the murderer hammered his old victim senseless, then dragged his body farther into the obscurity of the corner, and with lightning speed changed costumes with the keeper, stole his revolver and keys, and strolled to the gate leading into the yard of the women's prison. In the blue costume, of the keeper he passed through this strange yard unobserved, and in a few minutes Reynolds Fosbrey, called by New York police officials, the most dangerous and vicious animal with whom they have ever had to deal, was again at large.

When the alarm was finally sounded and guards commenced to scour the countryside, Fosbrey had vanished. No one could be found who had seen him after he had calmly unlocked and walked out of the outer gate of the women's yard, and, remembering the accounts of this man's nearly uncanny genius at escaping from the closest confinement previously, the guards commenced looking for a discarded keeper's costume and word was flashed over the wires throughout the country for all authorities to be on the lookout for Fosbrey and for a certain young woman who tried to commit suicide a year ago.

Was Fourth Attempt.

It was Fosbrey's second sensational escape, and his fourth recorded attempt to escape, and the certain young woman had been involved in each previous attempt. In September, of 1912, Margaret Ryan, a young woman, according to the police reports, smuggled muratic acid and a slender steel saw into Fosbrey, her sweetheart, while he was in the Tombs in Manhattan, charged with the murder of Morris Schwartzkopf, a Delancey street jeweller, and with the murder of Walter Mozeritz, a Brooklyn haberdasher. The acid and saw were found and Fosbrey was placed in solitary confinement in the prison with a trusty conveniently on guard. Four days later he escaped. How, the police were never able to learn, but it was believed that he had succeeded in retaining part of the acid and another saw, and had used a stout oak stick as a spike to climb the high outer wall.

He was found living in a Bronx flat with the woman in the case, arrested after a fight, and soon afterward brought to trial. Fosbrey said he was a cocaine fiend, and under the influence of the drug when he committed the Schwartzkopf murder. The other could not be proved on him, and he was allowed to plead guilty of murder in the second degree and sentenced to from twenty-five years to life in prison. Margaret Ryan was held for a while and released.

From Sing Sing Fosbrey was sent to Dannemora, where he could be more closely guarded. He worked in the tin shop, and made a bomb out of two tin cups filled with some of the gasoline intended for blow pipes in the shop. It was found just before it was intended to explode and set fire to the shop, and the little prisoner's plan to escape during the ensuing confusion was foiled.

He was placed in a dark cell and permitted to exercise only in a small stone-walled square with bars at its top. In December of 1913, a keeper discovered that for a long while Fosbrey had been working on these bars with an iron log which he had loosened from his prison bed, and which he replaced daily after a few minutes' work on the upper bars. When discovered he had the bars almost loose enough to escape. He was transferred to Auburn and is said to have become a "model prisoner," to such an extent that his earlier boast that no prison on earth could hold him very long was more or less forgotten.

It was a circumstance connected with the last unsuccessful attempt to escape that caused the guards to look for a discarded uniform in the woods near the prison.

CONGRESSWOMAN IS MOST MODEST MEMBER

Washington, April 19.—Miss Jeannette Rankin of Montana, the first woman member of Congress, made her debut today in the printed pages of the congressional directory, a publication of biographies and governmental information published at the beginning of each congress. Miss Rankin used just five words in her biography, to wit:

"Jeannette Rankin, Republican, of Missoula."

It was not generally expected that the "Lady of Montana" would tell her age, but it was assumed she would speak of her early life, election and work for the suffrage cause. Instead, Miss Rankin supplies the shortest biography in the directory. The usual crop of biographies of fulsome praise written by first termers is missing, for some reason, from the publication, which came from the printer today. Most of the new members discuss their careers in a brief and matter-of-fact way. There are a few of the older members who vie with Miss Rankin in the brevity of their sketches. Representative Caraway of Arkansas, uses barely a line, and so does Representative Griest of Pennsylvania; Martin of Illinois (a new member); Meeker of Missouri; Sanford of New York; Senator Harry Lane of Oregon, and Representative Dillon of South Dakota; Buchanan of Texas; Johnson of Washington, and Cooper of Wisconsin.

Among the lengthy biographies are those of Senators Henry Cabot Lodge and Henry A. Dupont, and Representatives John E. Baker of California, and Ezekiel Candler of Mississippi.

Referring to the defeat of Representative Cullop of Indiana, Oscar E. Bland, a new member, says: "The intensity of Indiana political campaigns is a matter of common knowledge and the second Indiana district is the state's bloodiest battleground."

NEW POST FOR CROWN PRINCE

He Now Commands Centre Army Groups on Western Front.

Amsterdam, April 17.—The German Crown Prince now commands the German centre army groups on the western front, according to the Frankfurter Zeitung. On the crown prince's right is Crown Prince Ruppecht of Bavaria and on his left Grand Duke Albrecht of Wurttemberg, who previously commanded the German forces in Flanders.

It was recently reported in the Entente press, says the newspaper that the German crown prince had been sent home to Berlin in disgrace.

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MOST OF BRADY'S MANY DOLLARS TO CHARITY

Gems Worth $1,000,000 Go to Friends — Brother is Cut Off With $700

The New York Times learns that all of James Buchanan Brady (Diamond Jim's) diamonds and other stones, valued at $1,000,000, are to be distributed among his friends, and that nearly all of the remainder of the estate of several millions will go to the New York Hospital in West Sixteenth street to establish the James Buchanan Brady Foundation for a urological institute, similar to that at Johns Hopkins Hospital at Baltimore, which he previously endowed with $200,000. Johns Hopkins Hospital is to receive an additional $200,000.

About $400,000 goes to various charities. His brother, Daniel M. Brady, receives only $700. His sister, Mrs. Hattie E. Mathieu, will receive the income on $25,000. It was intimated that some of the relatives of Mr. Brady might contest the will.

None of the relatives has yet seen the will. The document, which covers some six typewritten pages, and was dictated by Mr. Brady, expresses in detail his personal reasons for the disposal of his estate. It is now in the possession of James M. Gifford of Gifford, Hobbs & Beard. The four executors, which include the Columbia Trust Company and three of Mr. Brady's business associates, heard the will read at the office of Mr. Gifford. Mr. Brady's pricate secretary, Richard C. Crowley, was present as the representative of the estate.

$25,000 to Each Partner.

To four of Mr. Brady's associates in the firm of Manning, Maxwell & Moore, of which Mr. Brady was the head, he gives $25,000 each. Ten charitable and benevolent institutions are to share equally in the distribution of $100,000. Among these are the Catholic Orphan Asylum, the Newsboys' Home and the New York Fresh Air Fund.

Mr. Brady gives $10,000 to an aunt, and in addition to the trust of $25,000 for his sister, he leaves her son a trust fund of $25,000.

Friends of "Diamond Jim" Brady were not surprised when they heard of the small legacy to his brother. One of these friends recalled that Daniel M. Brady and his brother had not been on intimate terms for some years. What had kept them apart no one professed to say, but it was said that they had not spoken to each other for nineteen years. The will makes no reference to this, but "Diamond Jim" inserted a clause regarding the legacy to his brother, in which he stated:

"My brother is wealthy and needs no money from my estate."

Daniel M. Brady, who is president of the Brady Brass Company, 95 Liberty street, declined to make comment when told of the terms of the will.

Frederick Housman, 20 Broad street, one of Mr. Brady's intimate friends, is to share in the distribution of the diamonds. The others who will receive part of his gem collection will not be known until the will is filed. They are said to include a score or more of Mr. Brady's close friends, some of them well known men and women, and a few Broadway associates.

"Aha!" said the head clerk, "I'm glad to notice that you're arriving punctually now, Mr. Slocombe!"

"Yes, sir, I've bought a parrot."

"A parrot? What on earth for? I told you to get an alarm clock."

"Yes, sir. I did. But after a day or two I got used to it, and it didn't wake me. So I got the parrot, and now, when I go to bed I fix the alarm clock and put the parrot's cage on top of it. When the alarm goes off i sarles the parrot and what the bird says would wake up anybody!"

Re Criticism of Americans

Unfair Prejudice Held in Some Places

Halifax Writer's Ideas

Attacks Those Who Display Wrong Feeling and Pick Out Worst of Nation as Representing the Whole

(Halifax Recorder.)

It cannot be denied that there is, among certain classes of our citizens a strange prejudice against the people of the United States. This prejudice is due to various causes, and, perhaps, the most potent cause of all is an illogical assumption that a certain type of shallow and boastful American tourist sometimes encountered in this province is a true type of the people of that great nation. To be influenced by or to entertain such a notion about the American people is just as unreasonable as to assume that a certain type of bumptuous Cockney is a fair type of the people of the mother country. Edmund Burke has said that you cannot indict a whole nation, and assuredly you should not judge a whole nation by its poorest type or its most objectionable class.

The prejudice against Americans does not exist in any marked degree in any part of Nova Scotia except some sections of Halifax. But it is displayed, now and then, by more than one class in our city. Even since the United States has joined the other great nations in the world-fight for liberty and humanity, there still lurks in some quarters this curious prejudice, and we still hear occasionally criticism of the people of the neighboring republic.

One afternoon during this week a respectably dressed citizen, apparently about thirty years of age, was standing on the rear-end platform of a tram car in the city and loudly expressing his view of the American people. His unfortunate fellow-passengers crowded on the platform were compelled to listen to his observations. "Why didn't the States come into the fight earlier?" he asked. "The war will be over in three months and we don't need 'em." No one replying to these remarks, he proceeded to add: "I guess we could win in this fight without 'em." The word we must have been used by him in a very broad sense, as, owing to the diminutive height of the speaker he could not qualify as a combatant even for the "bantam" contingent. However, he made up for lack of size by his fierce facial expression and belligerent tone. "I have no use for the Yankees." he added, as a final and conclusive judgment on the subject.

He evidently considered that the term "Yankees" was intended to apply to all the people of the United States, and he probably clung to the old notion that all Americans spoke with a nasal twang and were greatly addicted to tobacco chewing. This individual was probably never nearer to the United States than Point Pleasant Park, but he spoke like an oracle and was plainly full of conceit and prejudice.

Men of his stamp know nothing of the achievements of Americans in this war. Doubtless he would have been amazed if informed that more than 20,000 Americans had voluntarily gone to the front to serve with the Allies in this war. If this diminutive critic were told that many young Americans have already in this war given up their lives on behalf of liberty and freedom he would not have believed such a statement. It is true, however, that some of the bravest fighters who have been killed at the front were young Americans. In the battle of Arras this week a young Texan in one of the Canadian corps attached a small American flag to his bayonet as he charged with his Canadian comrades. He fell wounded in the gallant charge.

Our little circle in the tram-car would have "no use" for the young Texan. Last week a fund of $25,000 was raised at Harvard to create a memorial fellowship for Victor Chapman, a brave young American aviator who was killed in a battle with German aircraft over Verdun. Another young American of the highest type, James R. McConnell, a graduate of the University of Virginia, and a son of a railway president, joined the French aviation corps, and after brilliant and daring service was made a sergeant. He was killed in action recently. Another young American, Henry Suckley, a graduate of Harvard of the class of 1910, won the Croix de Guerre and subsequently lost his life while driving wounded soldiers from the front to a base hospital near Saloniki. Another young American, Robert Waarren, a Rhodes scholar and son of the president of an American college, lost his life while gallantly serving with an American ambulance corps. All these brave young Americans and thousand of others of similar character went to the front voluntarily to fight for human rights under a foreign flag, and for democratic principles which know no frontier. The whole civilized world should be proud of them.

Again, if we regard the statesmen who from the beginning of the war presented from the platform the true principles involved in this war, no men of any country have advocated these principles more ably, more ardently and more vigorously than Ex-President Taft, Elihu Root and Theodore Roosevelt. Again, if we take the great journals of the world, none stand higher in splendid patriotic service in this war than an American newspaper—The New York Times, which in loftiness of tone, pure patriotism and breadth of view had far surpassed its great London namesake.

In discussing the people of the United States let us be fair and take the best type rather than the worst. The American press in referring to the Canadians participation in the war has been generous in praise. They take the best Canadians as the true type of our country and ignore the type represented by the little critic on the tram-car. It is probable, indeed, that they would have "no use" for him

FATHER ADAM.

(A. N. S. in Weekly Scotsman.)

In the last issue, in the ever-attractive and informative column of names, you say re the oldest name in the world—"Adam, in Hebrew, means 'red earth.' It has always been a popular Christian name." There is, however, a still better interpretation, interesting to Scotsmen, too, for we bear the record among the nations in keeping the name of our "first parent" to the fore, and Scottish hearts beat kindly a' the warl' over. Considerable lexicographic authority, it must be admitted, can be quoted in defence of the translation given last week, and 99 per cent of Hebrew Bible students in even theological Scotland would give that as "about it." But you will not get a genuine Hebrew, a Jew, to allow that metallic, mechanical modernism.

The pure Jew, with the light of the Promised Land in his eyes, absolutely rules out the pottering with red clay. He holds that Hebrew cannot be read through European or American spectacles. He says—When the Almighty—blessed be He—created man in His own image, He passed His invisible hands round the globe, gathering dust ("aphar," flying "stoor") of every clime; and, holding it before His face, He breathed upon it as it fell, trembling, through His fingers at His feet. And man appeared—"a living soul"—crowning the work of the heavens and the earth by linking in human life the feet, the hands, the face, and the breath of the Creator with all the world.

"Likeness of the Living One."

Literally, "red earth" is translation, not of Adam, but "Adama"—color of blood, color of life. Astronomy, verifying this, shows that the earth is a red star. Adam means "likeness," life likeness. "Dam" means "blood"—the most wonderful thing in the world; "Dim," 'to make life-like." Ancient Hebrew roots are biliteral, and the grammatical architecture compared with our English is as the trees of a forest to a wood merchant's stackyard. Philology is transposing the Babels of the world's tongues into crystal streams of ennobling, meaningful music, and research in physiology is revealing worlds hitherto hidden from us, and restoring worlds long lost to us, and strangely and strongly endorsing the Oriental explanation of Adam, 'the likeness of the Living One."

The fact that the name has always been a popular Christian one is not to be accounted for by any connection between Christianity and "red earth," but by the belief that mortal humanity was made in the image and after the likeness of everliving Deity. "The blood thereof is the life thereof." The river of human, living, wonderful blood, in which for a brief time we all float, must, as every other stream, have a source. According to Bible story, "Adam, which was the son of God," was its magic fountain.

In the course of an interesting article on the evolution of the bayonet, a writer in the London Globe says: Our present weapon is seventeen persuasive inches of finely tempered forged steel. It is a trusty weapon, which has to prove its worth in the factory before being carried to the field. The test is rigorous and exacting, for it has to spring back straight after being pulled through a full-quarter circle. The slightest flaw and it will never go out to teach the gentle German the absolute impossibility of Kultur and civilization existing in the same world.

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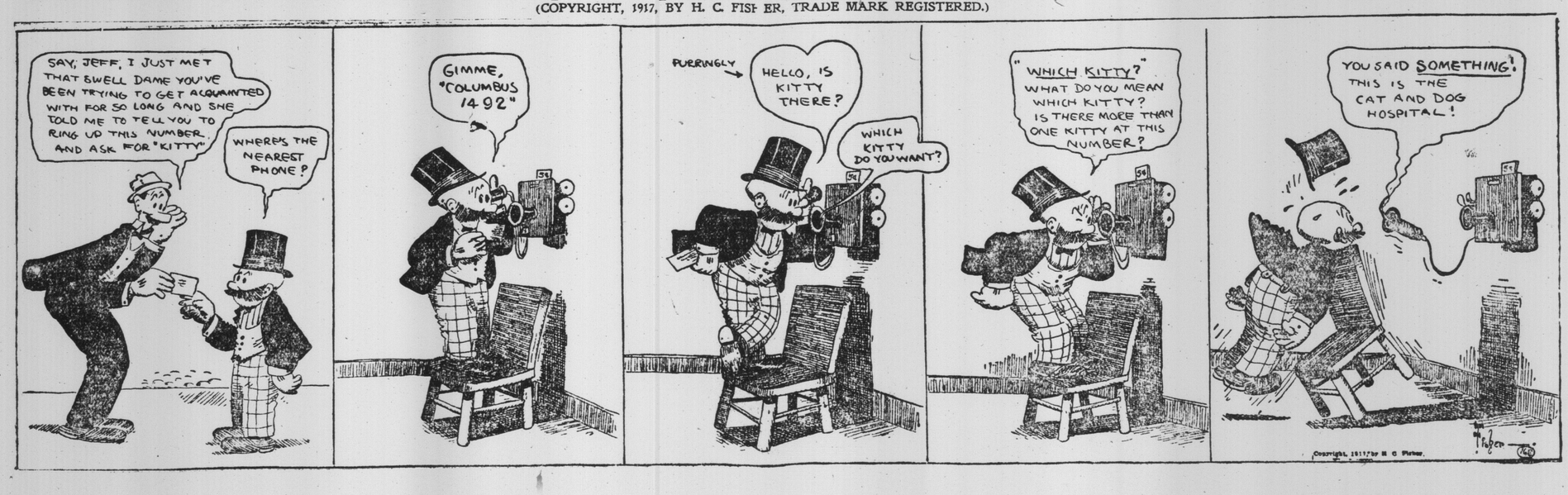
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