

### ESCAPE BY A SEWER LIKE JEAN VALJEAN

Only These Two Hold-up Men Reverse Route, Beginning by Dive Into the Hudson—Crawl Hundreds of Feet.

New York, June 15.—By diving into the Hudson River and crawling back into Manhattan Island through a sewer, as Jean Valjean fled through the sewers of Paris in "Les Miserables," two hold-up men escaped the police after robbing a meat market at 618 West Thirty-ninth street.

In their fruitless pursuit of the robbers detectives from police headquarters, not only leaped into the river and risked death with a tide rising under a pier, but crawled several hundred feet up into the sewer.

It was a case of many thrills. Dominick Henry, the Deputy Chief Inspector of the Police Department, who had hurried to Thirty-ninth street to direct the chase, said last night at police headquarters that it was the most fascinating police pursuit he had ever seen in his long experience as a policeman in the city.

Ten wet policemen from the West Thirtieth street station were willing to admit as much—and here's the story: Joseph Bush, who runs a small shop at 618 West Thirty-ninth street, hardly more than a step from the river, was just counting up the receipts from a heavy day's business when two men stepped into the shop and ordered him to throw up his hands.

They grabbed the money, about \$1,600, and hurried out without the usual threats of death if the police were called. The butcher said that the hold-up men acted in a most leisurely way, as if they had been depressed by the heavy heat of the day.

The hold-up men had not reached the corner before the butcher had Spring 2100 on the wire and was excitedly pouring his alarm into police headquarters and the West Thirtieth street station. So fast did the police respond to the call that the butcher had not finished the details of his story before police headquarters before detectives in a high power car were at his door—a run of more than nine blocks in five department time.

Butcher Pilots Detectives. "They went that way," shouted the butcher, as he pointed toward the river. "Close up shop and come with us," said the detectives. "We're going to catch these fellows and we will want you to identify them."

The butcher leaped into the automobile, and before he had struck leather the police chauffeur had the car in high gear and was shooting the short distance toward the river. This was fewer than ten minutes after the actual robbery.

Butcher and detectives were amazed to see the two men sitting on a stringer of the pier at Thirty-ninth street, leisurely counting out a roll of notes and dividing the loot. The robbers apparently were not so amazed, but before the detectives could start shooting the men had crammed the money into their pockets and dived off the pier into the Hudson. Amette Kellerman couldn't

beat them in their leisurely, plumb-like method of diving. Where the men went down the police saw a few bubbles. Knowing the way of the rivermen, the detectives felt sure that the men would not emerge from the river where they had leaped in, but might come up under the pier and seek the 500 feet of the big platform.

The tide kept rising, so that the detectives had to dive deeper to get under the pier. Other policemen, reserves who had been called from the West Thirtieth pier, thinking that the tide would reach every hiding spot under the pier and force the men out in an attempt to escape death by drowning. The men did not come out.

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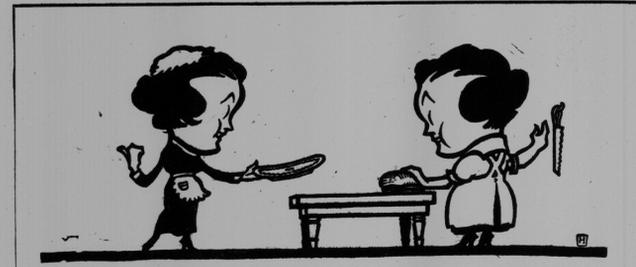
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of the apparatus that he wanted some rubber-bound wires strung so that the police divers could get in under the pier with the powerful torches and poke into every cranny as yet untouched by the rising tide.

Working swiftly, the electrical men quickly had several powerful lights ready and the detectives, holding the wires in their teeth, dived into the deep and crawled up under the pier. They threw beams into every dark corner, but found no spot where even a rat could hide much longer with the tide coming up so swiftly.

Finally they found a sewer opening in an obscure spot deep under the pier. It was wide enough for a man to crawl through if he wished to feel his way in the Blackness as a rat would. The detectives crawled far back into this opening, with their strong lights showing the way, and finally they came to several openings through which a fugitive might have escaped to the open air on Manhattan Island.

When Robbers Emerged From Sewer. They found that one of these openings came up in a coal yard, which is unfrequented at night, and through this the men might have escaped. It is not far from the vacant lot where Patrolman Neville was slain several months ago—one of the deserted spots of Manhattan Island.

Scores of policemen started to search the neighborhood for the fugitives, but late last night had found no trace of them. After about two hours Inspector Henry returned to headquarters and left the task to the patrolmen and detectives. He was convinced that the fugitives had seeped by their daring methods, but would be captured when a general alarm was sent out.

The market is owned by Benjamin Diamond and Herman Zarkin, who are partners under the name of M. Eostein & Co.

### A SOLDIER FOR SIXTY YEARS

(Toronto Globe)

It will seem another age when Sir William Otter ceases to march at the head of military processions in Toronto. It may perhaps be inferred that his retirement from the Canadian forces after sixty years of service will not mean his retirement from processions, for it would seem that this still young old man would continue his connection with such events as long as his legs will carry him.

Sir William's life-time has embraced about everything worth while in Canadian military matters. It is true that some events took place in 1812 and again in 1887, but from 1861 onward he has been connected with practically everything of a military character in which Canada has taken part. First he was a member of the early volunteers, then in 1864 he became a lieutenant in the Queen's Own Rifles, and his long connection with that famous corps will figure in the history of Canadian arms. He was one of those defending the country from the Fenians in 1866 and 1870. In the early stages of the organization of the Canadian permanent force he was Commandant at Stanley Barracks, in this city. Even to a Canadian soldier of sixty years' standing there have not been really many opportunities at war, but General Otter has had his share. He went to the prairies in 1885 to help quell the Red Rebellion, making a famous march across the triangle of the then open west. Between whiles he visited Great Britain with Bailey teams, hobnobbed with British officers and passed their examination, so that when the South African War opened in 1899, though well on to sixty years of age, he was placed in command of the first Canadian contingent. This was real war, and the general was wounded by a bullet in the neck, which he recovered sufficiently to rejoin his men. Such a background put him naturally in command of the Canadian troops at the Quebec Centenary in 1908, and after that he was Inspector-General of the Canadian Forces until 1912. He still wanted to serve his country when the Great War opened, offering to work "in any capacity," and though the post of Director of Instrument Operations does not sound exciting, it brought many vexatious problems.

The other day the general marched in the Garrison parade in Toronto, and one recent night he attended his favorite Masonic Lodge, and thus his life will doubtless proceed for years to come. He is past seventy-eight and still appears in good form, Canada's supreme example of the professional soldier retired from business.

HANDLED TRAFFIC SMARTLY. Boys Complimented by Deputy Chief of Police Geddes.

(Toronto Telegram) At every point I saw the boys in charge no hitch occurred. Many of the boys acted as if seasoned veterans. There was no spirit of levity. The boys took the matter seriously, and deserve much credit for the splendid way in which they handled the traffic. No accidents occurred. I think it was a splendid idea.

So spoke Deputy Chief of Police Geddes in commenting on the work of the 150 captains of School Safety Patrols, who, assisted by policemen, directed traffic at 150 traffic points at 4 p. m. yesterday.

The captains arrived a little before 4 o'clock, and after a few minutes' instruction from the traffic officer, took the whistle and manipulated the traffic signals.

At King and Young streets over-

### SUMMER DAYS AT THE LONDON ZOO



This little chap is apparently having the time of his life clinging to the shaggy coat of the camel's neck while it takes him for a joyride around a London zoo.

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