

TRUE DETECTIVE STORIES

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ALL criminals are firm believers in the great power of "luck." If a safe be blown and the blowers get away with a bulging sack of plunder no small part of the resultant success is attributed to good fortune. If plans equally well laid suddenly go to pieces when a policeman appears that is bad luck. At the crucial moment fortune's smile changed to a frown. It was only a chance that the officer was not elsewhere. Luck was "bad." Such is the belief of criminals.

Circumstances like the ones I am about to relate accentuate this belief. One of the brainiest criminals who ever operated in this country had conceived a plan by which he hoped to get several hundred thousand dollars. Before he made a move he had worked out his scheme in his mind to the last detail. He intended there should be no hitch. He had successfully engineered other great ventures of the kind and he felt that he knew what to do.

At a certain stage of his operations it became necessary for him to take a small piece of work to a job printer. I do not know how many job printers there are in New York—probably a great many thousand—and no doubt he did not know. All he wanted was to have an impression made from a certain plate he had brought with him.

So far as he knew there was no reason why he should seek out one printer in preference to any of the others. He therefore did what any one in the same circumstances would have done, took his job to the first printer he found.

Of the thousands of job printers in New York I am quite sure I do not know more than six. It so happened, however, that one of the six was the man to whom the criminal took the engraved plate from which he wanted a proof.

Within two hours the printer came to my office. I was chief of the New York division of the Secret Service at the time.

"Something strange occurred at my place this morning," he said. "A man brought a steel die with '1000' and a piece of scroll work engraved upon it. Said he wanted a proof. I didn't like his looks and told him to come back to-morrow afternoon."

"What kind of a looking man was he?" I asked. "Oh, a tall, lank old fellow with gray whiskers."

"What makes you think there is something wrong about his request for a proof of the die?"

"I don't know as I can tell exactly. He simply made a bad impression on me, but he may be all right at that. I thought, though, that I ought to come down here and tell you about him."

I accompanied the printer to his place of business, where he showed me the die he had described, and gave me a proof of it.

When I saw the proof I was as suspicious about the matter as the printer had been—and as much puzzled. I had no doubt that the die was made for the purpose of aiding in the production of some sort of counterfeit, but whether government bonds or something else I did not know.

"This man is coming to get his proofs to-morrow afternoon?" I asked the printer.

"Yes, he said he would."

"Well, I'll have a man up here watching the place all day. He'll watch everybody who goes in and comes out. When the man who brought this die goes out you follow him to the door and signal to the man whom I shall send up here in the morning. He'll be waiting on the other side of the street."

The next morning Clarence R. Eves took up his position in front of the printing office, prepared to stay, if necessary, all day or many days. He had not been waiting long, however, before he saw something that opened his eyes wide. A tall, gray-whiskered man jumped from a car in the middle of a block, stopped a moment, looked carefully in every direction, then entered the printer's place of business. Eves was not close enough to be absolutely certain, but if this man was the one he believed him to be he was a criminal who never started a swindle that he did not intend to run into six figures. He would wait until the man came out and see if the printer gave the signal.

For five minutes Eves waited. Then the stranger appeared in the doorway, and Eves, who had drawn nearer, got a good look at him. There was no longer any doubt about his identity. This man was William E. Brockway, the most expert counterfeiter in the country—the man who sold Jay Cooke \$90,000 worth of counterfeit government bonds that the Treasury Department redeemed, believing them to be genuine. And, as Brockway descended the steps, the printer appeared at the door and gave the signal.

When Eves came back to the office and reported what he had learned I felt that I had again been thrust into a race with the elusive Brockway. I had caught the man a few years before, in a big counterfeiting deal, and months were required to run him down, so I was prepared for a long chase. And the first thing to do seemed to be to write to Washington and find out what particular bond the old man was evidently preparing to counterfeit.

I sent a proof of the die to Chief Brookes and in a day or two was informed that it was a facsimile of no part of any government bond. Evidently my chase after Brockway was to end before it had fairly begun, as government funds could not be used to catch other than counterfeiters of national securities. I therefore turned over all the facts to the New York Police Department.

This was in March, 1883. I paid no more attention to Brockway until August of the same year, when Chief Brookes informed me of a rumor that the aged man was about to spring some sort of a counterfeit bank note and ordered me to look him up and keep him under observation.

I put two men on his track and in a little while found him living in Greenwich street under his old alias of "Colonel E. W. Spencer." But in his old age experience and caution had made him a hard man to follow. He never took a direct route to any place. He doubled and turned and twisted, jumping off from and on to cars in the middle of the block, turning sharply around corners and resorting to many other tricks to elude possible pursuers. Time after time the old man took the Sixth avenue elevated and alighted at Twenty-eighth street, but never were the men able to follow him to his destination. He would stand at the corner of Twenty-eighth street for a while, go down Sixth avenue a block or two, dart over toward Broadway and disappear. No one could follow him because no one dared get close enough to him to turn as sharply as he did. He was looking for "shadows" and would have quickly spotted any detective who came near to him.

I was nevertheless determined that Brockway should be followed and after turning the matter over in my

A WONDERFUL MAN WHO LOST HIS LUCK

By A. L. DRUMMOND, FORMERLY CHIEF OF THE U. S. SECRET SERVICE.

mind for a little while I decided to press into the service my small boy, Lewis E. Drummond, a lad ten years old. I brought Lew to the office, showed him Brockway's picture and then told him what I wanted him to do.

"Go up to Sixth avenue and Twenty-eighth street with these men," I said, "and play around the station until you see the man whose photograph I have shown you come down the stairs from the station. Take some marbles along, play on the sidewalk around Brockway wherever he goes and see what place he enters. The men whom I am sending with you will never be more than a block or two away, and after you get through they will bring you back to the office." The boy was taken to the designated corner and left to stand guard at the station while Blackwood and Glau-

the hotel. Nor did we learn quickly who was the tall, fine looking man with iron gray hair and whiskers with whom Brockway was once seen in the hotel. Brockway did not intend that even the fact of his acquaintance with the man should be known. Often they would pass each other in the hotel without speaking.

I was convinced that this second old man had something to do with the work of old man Brockway. I therefore sent another of my men, Francis R. Kelly, to take a room at the hotel for the purpose of learning the name and the business of Brockway's friend, together with the number of the room that Brockway visited. Kelly quickly learned that the stranger had room No. 36 on the third floor and that this apartment was the one Brockway visited. From the hotel regi-

convicted that after all they were not counterfeiting any kind of government security.

I expressed this opinion to Chief Brookes.

"What makes you think so?" asked the chief.

"Because they are not going about it as they would if they were counterfeiting Treasury notes or government bonds," I replied. "Furthermore, there are circumstances that indicate that they are making railroad bonds—perhaps of the Union Pacific or Northern Pacific Railroad Company."

"Then you feel absolutely certain in your own mind that the operations of Brockway and his band, whatever they may be, have nothing to do with any securities issued by the government?"

"I do."

"Well, then, there is nothing for us to do but to turn the case over to the New York Police Department again."

I disliked to drop the chase just as I was about to overhaul Brockway and his friends, and as it happened I did not have to. When I laid the facts before Inspector Rymes he asked me if I would not take charge of the men whom he purposed to assign to the case. He said I was familiar with all the facts, while he was not. I consented to do so, and he at once directed his men to report to me for orders and also to make to me in writing their daily reports.

About the time the case was being shifted from the government to the city of New York Brockway moved from his house in Greenwich street to West Eleventh street. I at once placed Detectives Field, McCloskey, Mangan and Slevin in a room across the street, with instructions to take turns in watching him, and they reported that Brockway continued to make daily visits to the Lexington avenue house in which Foster lived. Sometimes Martin and Foster went to Brockway's house, but never together. Each of the trio sometimes carried packages, and Brockway was seen to carry packages to a place in Division street where he was supposed to have a room. Altogether the circumstances seemed to indicate that they were putting the finishing touches on whatever they were making.

I therefore planned to make an immediate raid on Brockway's house and the place in Lexington avenue at which Foster stayed. I had no evidence of crime, therefore I had to get search warrants. I could not get search warrants without making a long affidavit before Recorder Smyth and having Detective Cosgrove, of the New York Police Department, make a similar one. The affidavits made, the warrants were issued and the detectives, including some Secret Service men, were divided into two squads, whose duty it was to break into the two places at the same moment when the word should be given to do so.

Brockway, however, by reason of his customary un- business, changed the programme a little, though he did not alter the general result. Detective Cosgrove at one o'clock in the afternoon left his room across the street from Foster's place, in Lexington avenue, long enough to report that all three were in Foster's room.

But before he could get back Brockway had gone. Detective Heard gave chase, however, caught Brockway on a Sixth avenue elevated train and took him to the station house.

The raid on the Lexington avenue house was facilitated by the possession of a little knowledge gained during the long days of waiting. The men on watch had observed that when anybody came to the door and rang the doorbell once he was never let in, while each of the trio always rang twice and was immediately admitted. So when the raid was made the bell was rung twice, the door was speedily opened and the detectives rushed in. Foster and Martin were at once placed under arrest and then Foster's room was searched.

The search amply justified the arrests. Strewn about on tables and tucked away in boxes were plates, stamps, dies and packages of bond paper. Even the type used to print the certificates on the backs of the bonds was found standing. And the bonds were not those of the United States, but of the Central Pacific Railway Company and the Morris and Essex Railroad Company.

Brockway's house, in West Eleventh street, contained nothing to indicate the criminal nature of its occupant's business, but Martin's room in the St. James Hotel was literally a storehouse of counterfeit. Besides dies, seals, tracing paper and things of that sort there were fifty-four counterfeit \$1,000 bonds of the Morris and Essex Railroad Company. Twenty-one of these bonds lacked only the signatures to make them ready to put on the market, and the spurious bonds so closely resembled the genuine ones that P. R. Pyne, one of the officers of the company, said he would have instantly redeemed any of the bonds if they had been presented to him when due for payment. And the other thirty-three bonds required only numbers and signatures.

When the prisoners were brought into court for arraignment Brockway for the first time in this case saw me. He beckoned to me to come over to where he sat, and I did so.

"Did you put up this case?" he asked.

I nodded my head.

"Then I'll plead guilty," he replied.

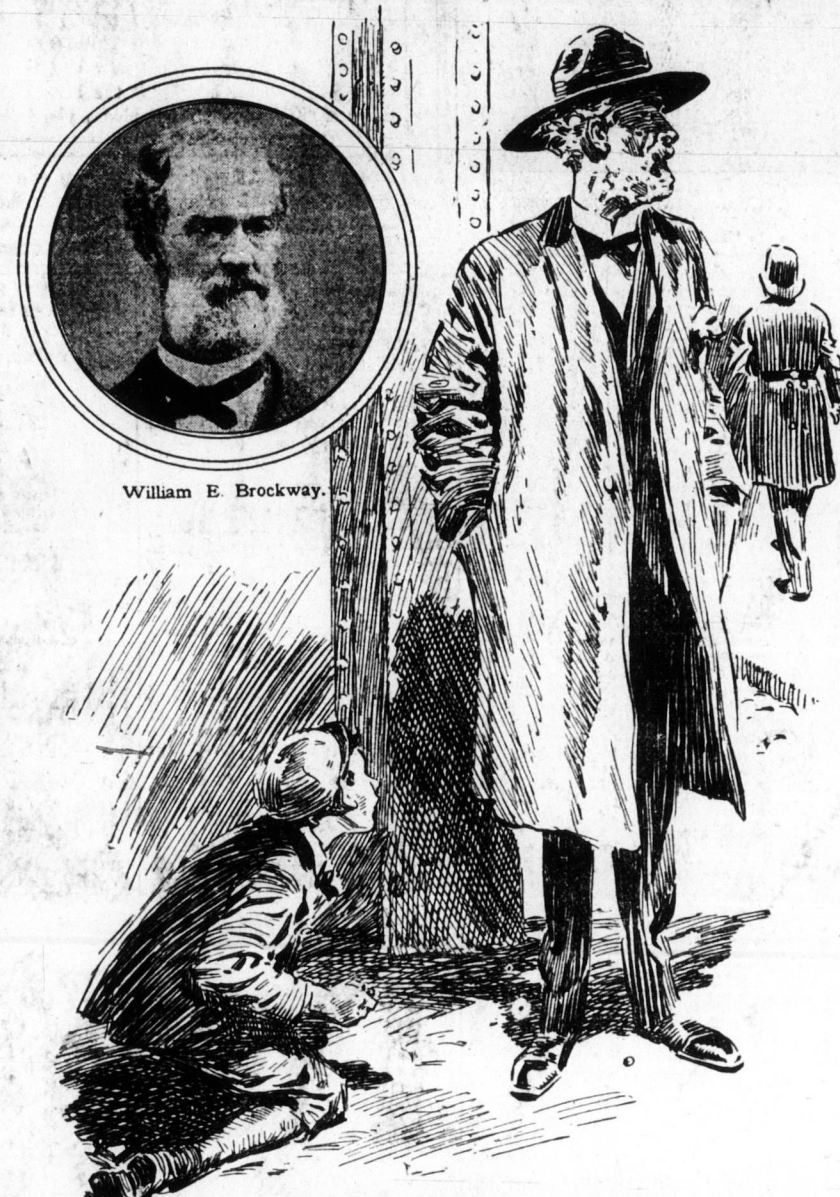
Brockway whispered to his counsel.

"My client," said the attorney, addressing the Court, "does not wish to contest the indictment against him."

"I suppose you know," said the Judge to the lawyer, "that in New York such a plea means guilty. If your client so pleads I shall sentence him at once."

Again Brockway whispered to his counsel, then arose and pleaded guilty. He was sentenced to five years' imprisonment. Martin got a ten years' sentence and Foster was never tried.

That's what Brockway and his kind call hard luck. They had planned carefully. They had even procured a bunch of quills with which to sign the Morris and Essex bonds, merely because Samuel Small, president of the company, always wrote with a quill; and these sharpened feathers were found beside the bonds when the raid was made. But Brockway in the spring of 1883 had had luck in selecting a printer, and it was this unfortunate circumstance before the end of the year that helped to put him in prison.



William E. Brockway.

Lew Was Playing Marbles Around His Feet.

del, who accompanied him, drew away to a safer distance. Early in the afternoon Brockway came down stairs from the elevated station and the boy saw him.

Brockway, as usual, stood around the corner for a few minutes for the purpose of seeing if any suspicious persons might be lingering near. While he was getting the lay of the land Lew was playing marbles around his feet and once shot a marble between his toes.

The old man noticed the youngster, patted him on the head and started down Sixth avenue.

Lew as quickly moved his marble game and went dancing down the street, sometimes ahead of Brockway, shooting marbles back toward him, and sometimes behind him, firing them in front of him. Apparently he was very much engrossed in his play, but in fact not so much so that he did not see Brockway turn into Twenty-sixth street toward Broadway. And over this critical block, where my men had always lost Brockway, because they dared not get near him, the boy trudged along until he saw the man go into the St. James Hotel, which at that time stood at the corner of Twenty-sixth street and Broadway, where the St. James Building stands now.

We had at last really got on Brockway's trail, and in a few days we found him going to a house in Lexington avenue. The following day he went again, remaining nearly five hours, and on the evening of the third day he was seen eating supper in the basement. Visits of such length and frequency convinced me that he went there for no lawful purpose, and I put men to work watching the house. Brockway every day continued to come and go, and toward evening of each day a small middle-aged man, who looked like a country merchant, was seen to go out for a stroll, as if, having been sitting all day, he sought to limber his muscles. Finally the small man and Brockway were seen to come out together, and then I sent a description of the small man to the chief of the service at Washington.

A day or two later Chief Brookes sent me a photograph of a man.

"Your description," he wrote, "seems to fit the man whose picture I enclose with this letter. If so, the man you have seen is Nathan B. Foster, an old time counterfeiter, of Bradford, Ill."

I showed the photograph to the men who were watching the Lexington avenue house.

"That's the man we've seen," they said. "He's the one who walks out with Brockway."

Meanwhile things were happening at the St. James Hotel. Brockway had been a frequent visitor at the place, going upstairs and oftentimes remaining four or five hours. These facts we did not learn in a minute, as we dared ask no questions even of the clerk in

ter Kelly tried to learn the name of the occupant of room No. 36, but failed, the man having been a guest of the house so long that another register was in use at the time of his arrival.

While Kelly was wondering what he would do next it chanced that the unknown old man one day came down to the writing room in which Kelly was sitting, took a letter from his pocket, read it, tore it up, wrote a letter, directed an envelope, tore up the envelope, directed another and mailed the letter he had written. When Kelly had an opportunity he gathered up the scraps from a waste basket and brought them to me.

They were very interesting scraps. I was busy a long time at putting these bits of paper together, but when I had finished I was pretty sure who the stranger was. This is how I figured it out.

The letter that the man drew from his pocket, read and tore up was addressed to "Friend Lew," but bore no signature. The envelope that the stranger directed and then destroyed was directed to W. R. Armstrong, of Chicago. Neither then nor later did Armstrong figure in the case, but the moment I looked at his name I thought I recognized the same writing that was on a letter destroyed three years earlier by James B. Doyle, a friend of Brockway, when he was arrested. I knew the letter destroyed by Doyle was written by Lewis R. Martin, a noted counterfeiter, and fortunately I had preserved the bits of paper that Doyle had thrown away.

I brought out the old Doyle letter, the pieces of which had been carefully pasted on cardboard, and compared it with the envelope that the stranger in the St. James Hotel had directed. The similarity was striking. I was convinced that the man at the St. James was Lewis R. Martin. And, as I knew Martin by sight, while he did not know me, I went up to the St. James to have one of my men point out to me the occupant of room 36.

I was not mistaken. Sitting on a lounge in the hotel office was Lewis R. Martin.

This discovery cleared up the case perceptibly. A remarkable trio had been brought to light; Brockway, the most expert of engravers and printers; Martin, also proficient in the same lines, and Foster, an old time manufacturer of gold coin and distributor of all kinds of counterfeits.

Furthermore, the activity of the three men indicated that whatever they were making was well on its way toward completion. Brockway visited two or more steel plate engravers, and in the company of Foster, was seen in another place examining what proved to be an embossed seal. Yet, the more active Brockway and his friends became the more thoroughly was I

LATEST IN POPULAR SCIENCE.

Minerals That We Eat.

MOST people know that the human body contains mineral constituents in the form of salts of magnesium, lime, potash, soda and iron; but, with the exception of the phosphate of lime, of which our bones are largely composed, these are generally thought of as impurities, or at any rate as accidental constituents. Persons who object to common salt as an article of food may sometimes be heard to justify their opinions by the statement that salt is a mineral and that mineral matter of any kind is an improper adjunct to food. These persons would be surprised to know that not only common salt, but the chlorides, sulphates and phosphates of various metals are classed as foods in all treatises on the subject of nutrition. A recent writer, Dr. Henry R. Hopkins, president of the New York State Medical Society, asserts that the rôle of these mineral foods in nutrition is much more important than has been imagined. If the relative importance of foods depends on their intimate relations to life and its manifestations, such as sensation, growth and repair, mineral substances, says Dr. Hopkins, certainly should stand at the head of all our lists. First among foods he would place air and water, although the former does not enter the system by way of the digestive tract. These are both mineral in nature. Immediately after them he places the salts, which, though they are not important in building up the bodily structure, except for the bones and the teeth, and although they do not furnish energy by their oxidation, yet play an indispensable part in the control and organization of all the phenomena essential to life.

Engines That Fly.

THE number of motors constructed for use on aeroplanes is very large. Those, however, that have been actually used in flight are very few, and fewer still of the remainder are capable of being used, as we are assured by a recent writer. In this country authentic flights have been made only by the Wright brothers' machines and by three belonging to the Aerial Experiment Association at Hammondsport, N. Y., called, respectively, the Red Wing, the White Wing and the June Bug. These last use the Curtiss engine, which is a motor much more closely resembling that of an automobile than any others in existence, thus proving that successful flight does not depend on any special form of engine. Aeronautical engineers in Europe had been trying to build an engine combining unusual lightness with great power, and Wright's achievements went contrary to all their theories. When he began his tests flights of a few yards at a time were regarded as great feats. One of the distinctive features of the Wright engine is that the fuel is supplied by direct injection. The most successful fliers after Wright, Farman and Delagrange, both use the Antoinette motor, built by Voisin Brothers and designed by Levasseur, a pioneer in light-weight engines. These have large numbers of cylinders, none less than eight and the more powerful sixteen to twenty-four. Farman and Delagrange use the type having eight cylinders and developing fifty horse power. These, like Wright's engine, are water cooled and take their charge by direct injection. The lightest and most original of aeroplane motors is probably that designed and built by Robert Esnault-Petrie, who has used it on an aeroplane of his own. The parts are ingeniously built and combined so as to save all possible weight. His seven cylinder thirty-five horse power motor weighs only 114 pounds.

Is Concrete Good for Everything?

ABOUT everything except wearing apparel and table utensils is now made of reinforced concrete. The use of this material has taken on the qualities and dimensions of a fad—one of those accessions of temporary mania by which the great American public is subject. Sometimes it is roller skating, sometimes bicycling; just now it appears to be concrete. With-

out prejudice to the undoubted advantages of this compound as a building material it may be foretold that some few objects made of other substances will remain to us. In the last few years the enthusiasts have begun to build highway bridges of reinforced concrete floor slabs on account of their permanence, rigidity and steadiness. Apparently some of the designers forgot that with these advantages goes increased weight, and the road builders, coming after them, have made the matter worse by loading these structures with macadam. Result—collapse. Within three months two new bridges have given way from this cause, one of which was not quite completed. In one case the contractor, wishing to give good measure, made his floor eight inches thick instead of six, so that when the bridge was turned over to the authorities it was already overloaded by twenty-five pounds to the square foot. Then the road gang, who appear to have been equally lavish and generous, built up the macadam twelve inches thick at the crown, whereas the plan called for a uniform three-inch layer. This added forty pounds overweight a square foot, a total of sixty-five. As the total provision for "live load" was only one hundred pounds to the square foot, it is not to be wondered at that the first heavy load brought the bridge down. English engineers charge that the Americans do not know how to build large bridges safely.

Why Is the Sea Salt?

LEARNED treatises have been written on this subject, but they may all be boiled down to this—the sea is salt because there is salt in it. There is just as much salt on the globe as there was when it had first cooled to its present temperature, and as this substance is soluble in water it is not to be wondered at that a large part of it has gradually accumulated, in a state of solution, in the ocean. Geologists now generally hold that all the salt in the sea was brought down to it by rivers. All running water is very slightly salt, and constant evaporation in a basin without outlet concentrates this salt until the solution is saturated. Witness the Salt Lake of Utah and the Dead Sea, both lakes with no outlets and both saltier than the ocean. According to this view the sea is simply a great lake, with no outlet, and is therefore salt for precisely the same reason that Great Salt Lake is.

This view, however, hardly takes into account the enormous quantity of salt in the sea. Sea water holds in solution about 3.5 per cent of various salts, so that if we should be able to evaporate the whole mass there would be left enough solid matter to cover the whole globe to a height of about 125 feet. This mass is equal to all of the two Americas above water. Andes, Rocky Mountains and all. If one-quarter of the earth's mass above sea level had been solid salt and all this had been dissolved in the sea that body would have been no saltier than it is. Suess, a German geologist, believes that the salt originally came from the depths of the earth through volcanic vents. Modern eruptions discharge much salt and much acid capable of forming salts by union with various metals. One South American volcano when in eruption discharges daily about thirty-three tons of hydrochloric acid. In early geologic ages, when volcanic action was great and widespread, much salt must have been added to that already on the earth's surface, and this, according to Suess, now exists in solution in sea water.

An Advertising Balloon.

AMERICANS are said to lead the world in advertising enterprise, but apparently the French are the first to use the dirigible balloon for this purpose. A portable balloon, of the type used by Comte Henri de La Vaulx, is to be used for spreading abroad the name and virtues of Le Petit Journal of Paris. It is filled with coal gas, has a detachable sixteen horse power Clerget motor and will carry a crew of two, besides two passengers. The name of its proprietor is emblazoned in huge letters on its sides. A balloon of this type recently made a three and a half hour run in the environs of Paris and was at the starting point in two hours more, being packed into a wagon at the close of the trip.