

CRIMINAL RECORDS OF THE WORLD'S GREAT DETECTIVES

BY GEORGE BARTON

Chief Brooks and the Man With Lazy Eyes

James J. Brooks has been called "one of the bravest men that ever lived," and anyone who had the privilege of his acquaintance will endorse this description. As an internal revenue agent he was instrumental in breaking up the infamous "Whisky Ring," which swindled the Government out of millions of dollars. In recognition of his good work, General Grant appointed Brooks chief of the United States secret service, a post which he filled with distinction and which he retained during the administration of President Hayes. After leaving the Government service, Brooks organized a private detective agency. He died in Pittsburgh four or five years ago.

he peculiarly said might interfere with his flight. On another occasion, just as they were ready to strike the blow, Brooks turned into Appletree alley and was lost to sight in the turnings of that narrow thoroughfare.

One foggy night, however, all the conditions were favorable, and it was determined to do "the job." All that afternoon and evening the three men waited around the corner where Brooks was expected to appear. Neil Barlow was on hand with his yellow-wheeled carriage to carry the assassins to a place of safety. Albern and Harrison hid within the shadow of a big doorway. Presently Brooks appeared, striding along at his usual fearless gait. One of those subconscious flashes of the brain which come to all, but which can be explained by few, impressed him with the belief that his life was in danger. He knew that he had been shadowed, but he had not altered his daily routine in the least.

As he reached the corner of the street he paused for a moment. At that instant Albern rushed from his place of concealment with a cocked revolver in his hand. He aimed at the head of the unknown detective. His hand trembled a bit as he pulled the trigger and the ball instead of going into the brain penetrated the back of Brooks. He fell to the sidewalk.

As he did so Harrison joined his confederate and, pulling out a blackjack, began to beat the wounded man about the head. A mist spread over his eyes, but by a powerful effort he opened them and glanced up at his assailant. A mark that Harrison wore slipped down to the lower part of his face, and Brooks beheld his eyes—a pair of lazy eyes—which even the excitement of the moment failed to rob of their habitual indolence. The next instant the men had rushed to the corner and leaped into the carriage. The driver whipped up his horse and the vehicle dashed away. As it passed the prostrate man he lifted his eyelids feebly for a second time and noticed that the carriage wheels were painted a bright yellow. The next moment he fell back unconscious, but indelibly imprinted upon his memory was the vision of a pair of lazy eyes and two yellow carriage wheels.

Brooks hovered between life and death for many weeks, but a naturally rugged constitution saved him from his country. When he left his bed his luxuriant black hair was perfectly white—the lasting memento of an awful experience. The authorities offered big rewards and the unknown offenders were bitterly denounced. Brooks said nothing, but at all times and in all places he was haunted by the memory of the lazy eyes and the yellow carriage wheels. He grimly resolved that before he died he would see those eyes staring at him from behind the grated cells of the penitentiary.

For weeks after his recovery Brooks haunted the business section of the city in search of the carriage with yellow wheels. In that time he discovered many vehicles painted that color, but not one that impressed him as being the particular wagon of which he was in quest. His superiors urged him to take a much-needed vacation. He agreed to stop his work—with a mental reservation. And that reservation was his dogged determination not to relax in his effort to discover his assailants. He made several trips to the seashore, but after about a week always returned to the city to pick up the scattered threads of his investigation.

One day, to his delight, he discovered a wagon that answered the description so vividly pictured on the retina of his memory. It was an ordinary tumble-down public hack, but the yellow spokes glistened in the sunlight and filled the detective's mind with visions of the man he had sought so long. At the moment he saw the hack the driver, a burly, red-faced fellow, whipped up his spavined nag and with unprintable words urged it to greater speed. A conveyance was standing by the curb. Brooks jumped in, shouting to the caddy:

"Keep that hack in sight if you want to earn a double fare."

The instructions were carried out to the letter. The street was crowded with trucks, trolley cars and express wagons, but the hack with the yellow wheels stood out prominently through them with unbelievable ease and swiftness. Brooks kept the first team in sight always. Once or twice there was a blockade, and the fear of losing his game almost reduced the detective to the verge of nervous prostration. But caddy invariably caught up the trail and followed the hack with the certainty and swiftness of the hound that is pursuing the fox. The hack finally led them to the main street of the city, and they went in a straight line toward the river front. Within half a mile of the river Brooks saw a man standing in the middle of the street, looking anxiously toward the approaching conveyance. The driver leaped out of his seat, and opening the door of the vehicle, said to Brooks:

"I'm afraid we're stuck, sir; but if you make haste you can overtake him."

Before the man had finished speaking Brooks was out in the street.

The driver pointed to a hack just on the edge of the wharf.

"There he is, sir."

The detective thrust his fare in the cabman's open palm. He said, more to himself than to the other:

"I believe he's going on the ferry-boat."

"That he is, sir; he's bound for Camden."

Brooks made his way out of the cab, and, gaining the sidewalk, ran rapidly toward the ferry-house. The gates leading to the boat were open and he could

the Pacific Slope. He had not seen him in years. He paused long enough to make some incoherent remarks expressive of the joy he felt in the meeting. He concluded with:

"See you later."

The next instant he was bounding toward the boat. The last bell had rung while he was talking. The gangplank had been pulled in, and as Brooks reached

phia, knowing that he would have to begin his search all over again.

He never murmured. Patience and persistence were his two strong traits. One afternoon he was rewarded by a second sight of the yellow-wheeled carriage. This time he did not lose sight of the vehicle. He followed it to its destination, and in 48 hours had secured a complete history of the team

He was morally satisfied that Barlow was one of the men who had tried to murder him. From that moment Barlow was spotted. At home and abroad, waking and sleeping, he was kept under constant surveillance.

The detective indeed felt somewhat humiliated at having permitted the thugs to escape at all. They had clearly outwitted him, even though it was done with the aid of a pistol and a blackjack. He admitted that he had been beaten. That could not be helped, but to stay beaten—that would be a disgrace. He learned among other things that Barlow was a prominent politician. He had served time for stuffing the ballot box, and was one of the parasites who make a living by hanging onto the coatsails of those who are more fortunate in life. Reasoning thus, it was not difficult to assume that his unknown associates were also engaged in the National game.

Consequently election night found Brooks in the vicinity of the morning newspaper offices mingling with the patriots who were scanning the election returns. After a while the detective went up to the editorial rooms of one of the newspapers where he was intimately acquainted. From this point of vantage he not only learned the latest news but also gazed out upon the crowd that thronged the street curb to curb, apart in front of the building was densely packed with thousands of excited, cheering men. Their faces were a study—some handsome, some scowling, but all filled with ardent interest at the sight of the returns which were being flashed over the wires from every section of the country. The big electric arc lights made the scene as bright as midday. Brooks scanned that array of upturned faces with a professional air—the intelligent interest of one who is a student of humanity.

Suddenly his gaze rested upon one particular countenance that was different from all the rest. What differentiated this man from all the others he asked himself. The answer flashed through his brain instantly. It was in the eyes! Those mirrors of the soul that so often and so eloquently portray man's character. Amid that sea of eager, restless, ever-moving eyes, this particular pair of optics remained motionless. They were more than that. They were absolutely languid. Suspicion turned to conviction. Brooks could have shouted for very joy. It was the man with the lazy eyes! He hastily summoned a special policeman who was in the neighborhood.

"O'Leary," he said, "you know most of the crooks in this town, don't you?"

"I do," replied O'Leary, unhesitatingly.

"Well, get your gang out of the crowd in the crowd there. Don't you see? About two rows from the car track. He's standing next to a letter carrier. Do you know whom I mean? The man in the brown suit."

"I see now," said the officer after a pause.

"Do you know him?"

"I do," replied the special with confidence.

"Who is he?"

"Why, that's Hughie Harrison."

"What's his line?"

"Oh, everything—he's what we call a handy man."

"Well, I want him."

Brooks smiled grimly.

"I can't tell yet; it may be for something more serious than that."

"Well," said the special, "I'll try to get him for you."

The two men started downstairs and made for the street. The crowd was so dense that their progress was slow. Finally they reached the spot for which they were bound, but their man had quietly slipped away. They searched for an hour after that, but could find no trace of the fellow. Did he know that he had been discovered? Had he guiltily fled or merely left in the natural order of things? There was no answer to these queries. In any event Brooks had his name and his record and that meant much.

The following day the detective located the lodging of Hughie Harrison. It was a disreputable section of the city and the landlady with the craft of her kind denied all knowledge of the man. Brooks, well armed, haunted the neighborhood. He determined to personally keep watch on that particular house. He had an officer detailed to assist him in case of an emergency. "Water was approaching and the days were bitterly cold. One hazy afternoon the door of the lodginghouse opened and a medium-sized man in a brown suit, came out of the house. The fellow had the big collar of the garment pulled up about his face, effectively disguising

his features. Giving the tip to his assistant, Brooks followed the man. They had not gone many blocks when the big-coated one realized that he was being shadowed. He quickened his pace and soon reached a narrow street lined with secondhand clothing stores. The sidewalk was crowded as Brooks experienced some difficulty in keeping his man in view. At times he was almost lost in the length of his prey; again the pursued would be half a block in advance of the pursuer.

Presently the man disappeared in the most unexpected manner. They were in the middle of the block and there were no courts or alleys in sight. But he was lost to view as completely as if the sidewalk had opened and swallowed him. Brooks followed the man until he had disappeared through a doorway. He was sure that he had seen the man's face. The man's eyes were a pair of lazy eyes, and his coat was a brown suit. Brooks followed the man until he had disappeared through a doorway. He was sure that he had seen the man's face. The man's eyes were a pair of lazy eyes, and his coat was a brown suit.

ONE morning in the Spring of 1878 General Grant sat at his desk in the White House, puffing away at the ever-present cigar and gazing blankly into space, when his messenger announced Senator Cameron, of Pennsylvania.

"Now him in at once," said the President.

After the first greetings had been exchanged, Senator Cameron exclaimed with marked earnestness:

"Well, General, I have the man you're looking for."

"Who is he?"

"James H. Brooks."

"Do you think he'll fill the bill?"

"I'm sure of it. He fears neither man nor the devil. He is as straight as a string and will be absolutely loyal to you."

It was in this manner that James J. Brooks came to be selected to destroy the "whisky ring," a combination whose operations were bringing scandal upon the administration of General Grant.

Brooks immediately proceeded to New Orleans, where, with the aid of competent assistance, he detected and destroyed the illicit distilleries and landed their backers in the penitentiary.

After that the intrepid revenue agent transferred the scene of his operations to Philadelphia. Strolling through the thickly populated section of Port Richmond—the northern district of the Quaker City—he noticed a thin cloud of smoke arising from a bonfire that had apparently been lighted by some chivalrous boys of the neighborhood. He carefully scattered the smoldering embers with his foot and proceeded on his way. A curious accident had happened. That night a corps of Government detectives appeared on the scene and three notorious "moonshiners" and their assistants were arrested and sent to jail. A fully equipped still was in operation in a cave in the vacant lot, and the prettily boyish fire had been lighted to distract attention from the smoke which necessarily arose from the illicit distillery.

Conspiration prevailed among the violators of the law. The thought of losing their profitable business drove them to desperation. A council of war was held in a saloon on Water street and it was openly announced that two had been subscribed for the purpose of "putting Brooks out of the way." The two were the tough volunteers for the hazardous enterprise. The trio, whose names were to become infamous, included "Bob" Albern, who had appeared in the criminal dock as often as he had fingers and toes; Neil Barlow, a hackman without scruples; and Hughie Harrison, a desperado who was known as "the man with the lazy eyes." Fifty dollars were paid down as an evidence of good faith, and a portion of this was immediately spent by the conspirators in celebrating the anticipated success of their unholy mission.

In the meantime Brooks continued making his daily rounds unconscious of the fact that a price was being placed on his head. He was a quiet, unassuming man. He made no boast of his ability, and he made no attempt to attract attention to himself. He was a man of few words, and he was a man of few friends. He was a man of few enemies, and he was a man of few admirers. He was a man of few regrets, and he was a man of few fears. He was a man of few doubts, and he was a man of few questions. He was a man of few answers, and he was a man of few questions.



AT THAT INSTANT ALBERN RUSHED FROM HIS PLACE OF CONCEALMENT WITH A COCKED REVOLVER IN HIS HAND.

see the hack with the yellow wheels going on the boat. The first bell had sounded its warning. Brooks calculated that he would be in time with a few seconds to spare. He reached the ticket office, tossed in his pennies and received his bit of pasteboard. As he turned around a heavy hand fell on his shoulder and a hearty voice cried out:

"Well, of all things in the world! Jim Brooks, as I'm a living man! This is a cure for sore eyes!"

He recognized the man at once. It was John Harkins, an old colleague, with whom he had spent many a happy day on

the foot of the slip the iron gate closed with a bang in his face.

He was furious. He stood there in his impotent rage watching the boat as it churned its way toward the Jersey side, carrying as the most valuable part of its cargo one cab with yellow wheels. His first impulse was to murder Harkins—the innocent cause of his chagrin—but on second thought he compromised by making an engagement to take dinner with him. Brooks crossed the river on the next ferryboat, but all in vain. There was no sign of the cab on the other side of the river, and he returned to Philadel-

and its driver. The carriage was owned by a liverman, who hired it out to Neil Barlow by the day. On some days, by reason of dissipation, Barlow did not call for the vehicle, and on such occasions it remained in the stable. It was a significant fact that the team was out on the day that Brooks was attacked and that it did not return to the stable until late that night. Moreover, Neil Barlow had engaged the team as usual on that day and had given the owner 50 cents more than the regular fee. The detective was delighted with these discoveries.

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Posthumous Honors for Zola

Statue Dedicated to the Philosopher and Novelist.

IN the tree-bordered Place Dauphine, Paris, there was unveiled and dedicated last Monday a statue to one of the most spectacular and possibly too, out of the most able sons of France—Emile Zola. The 61 years of his life were filled with much of hardship, many disappointments, and, toward the close, bitterest enmity, but death brought an end to all that and present-day France practically honors one in honoring the memory of the son for whom she did none too much while living. Scarcely 12 months ago Zola's remains were exhumed from their resting place in one of the Parisian cemeteries and reinterred with pomp and circumstance in the Pantheon itself—the French Westminster Abbey.

The ceremonies fell most appropriately for it was on the 13th of January, ten years ago, that all Paris was stirred by the appearance of an open letter, addressed to the President of the republic, beginning with the now famous phrase "J'accuse." It was that which reopened the Dreyfus case, and, indirectly, led to the tardy rehabilitation of the unjustly disgraced officer. Zola himself never lived to see the consummation of that greatest wish of his life, but his country fully recognizes the great part he played in its most striking modern drama.

The statue is eloquent of it. Begun by Constantin Meunier, the Belgian sculptor, it was to picture only Zola the author, but Alexandre Charpentier, who was chosen to complete the work on the recent death of Meunier, broadened the conception till now it represents Zola the patriot first, with the philosopher and novelist held subordinate. The principal relief on the pedestal reproduces the historic scene in the Assize Court, when Zola appeared before the tribunal, supported by Picquart and Clemenceau, the latter now Premier. Two other reliefs suggest the man's literary and "doctrinaire" labors, with figures of a miner and a nursing mother, portraying, respectively, the ideas set forth in his novels of "Le Travail" and "Le Condamné à Mort" and "Le Docteur Mystère."

If, to one conversant with the life-story of the man, it seem strange that France should invariably grow so en-

thusiastic over his memory—at his funeral marching thousands strong behind the hearse, turning out by thousands again to witness his reinterment, and (undoubtedly) filling the Place Dauphine to its capacity to see the dedication—it must be realized that Zola was, after all, so typical a present-day Frenchman that he may fairly be considered the very personification of the modern Parisian. When Nietzsche defined him as "The delight to stink" he was but grossly exaggerating one trait in the man's make-up, even while exemplifying his own clever but revolting cynicism. France thinks of Zola rather as a patriot than as a realistic novelist, and she is the more fond of him because he was spectacular in his methods and sentimental in his mode of thought.

Born in the French capital on April 2, 1858, inheriting all the characteristics of his French mother and none of his Italian father's, educated in Paris at the Lycee Saint Louis, though never graduating, Emile Zola spent all his 61 years under the tri-color. Then began his life of poverty, and even when the clerk in an obscure bookshop had trained himself to novel writing and won a following, he found his popularity mercurial, while the ease and aim of his literary labors was never denied him—again and again was he black-balled for the "Academy"; his bank account might grow huge by (and did), but he was never to sit with the "Forty Immortals."

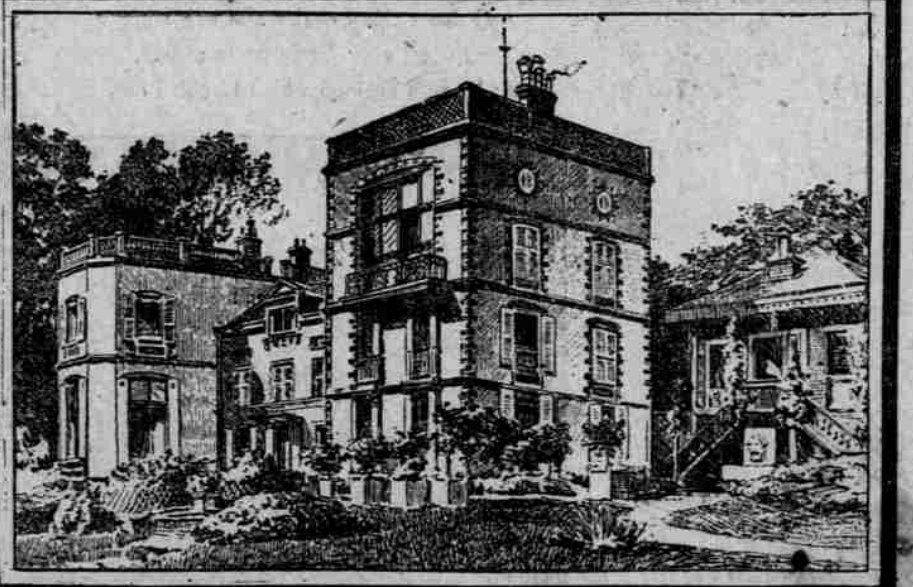
Let it be added that the despised candidate will be remembered long after the very names of the vast majority of academicians are quite forgotten. With all the obvious faults of his style and the unhealthy tone of much of his work, it still is to be admitted that no other has drawn nearly so well the panoramas of the gay city of today—especially there where the Seine curves beneath its frequent bridges, past the City and the Latin Quarter, between the imposing Hotel de Ville and the majestic, gray bulk of Notre Dame.

Novels With a Purpose.

Zola wrote all his life; wrote from a great love of literary composition, and usually at so white a heat as seriously to impair his work. A chance to go into a successful publishing house, to learn the business and climb, was



EMILE ZOLA, TO WHOSE MEMORY PARIS TO-MORROW DEDICATES A STATUE



ZOLA'S COUNTRY HOME AT MEDAN, NEAR PARIS



AUBREY BEARDSLEY'S CARTOON OF ZOLA, DEPICTING THE JOY WITH WHICH HE WOULD RECEIVE WORD OF HIS CONTINUED REJECTION BY THE ACADEMY.

the final series of "Les Quatre Evangelistes" in these stories distinct and very clearly specified evils were set forth, and "Fecundite" and "Le Travail" made even more of a stir in the literary world of the Continent than had "Nana" or "Le Reve." "Verite" (Truth), third in the list, surpassed its fellows. Its inspiration was drawn direct from the Dreyfus case, an affair of only yesterday. The Roman Church was attacked with unmitigated violence, suppressed practices within its fold being exposed in a detail that was certainly horrible and probably much overdrawn. The trial and conviction of the Captain, however, had stirred the novelist as he had been stirred by no other spectacle of wrong, and "Verite" was simply the vent for his wrath, which he hurled unbridled denunciations at the methods which he thought largely, if not wholly, responsible.

The Final Tragedy.

"Justice," which was to close this series, was yet unfinished when, on September 9, 1902, all Paris was shocked by the news of the author's sudden death. Suicide was suggested, but the circumstances seemed to be in the light of further investigation, wholly accidental. A defective chimney exhaling coal gas during the night prostrated both M. Zola and his wife. When they were discovered his life was extinct; Madame Zola recovered.

How even could have, still stirred the volatile French capital, was stirred by "L'Affaire Dreyfus," with all its political and religious ramifications. An immense wrath sent by the prison of Devil's Island, on the remote coast of the French Republic, passed through the streets of Paris, speaking in the grave and dwell with emotion of Zola's fate upon those weeks when Zola was dedicating his every thought and effort to reversing the unjust sentence that lay upon a wholly innocent man. The tomb itself was inscribed with the single word, "J'accuse."

WARWICK JAMES PRICE.

No Bills.

Visitor—Is your father at home?
Little Daughter—What is your name, please?
Visitor—Just tell him it is his old friend, Bill.
Little Daughter—Then he isn't in. I heard him tell mamma if any bill came he wasn't at home.

spurred by the young man that he might give every minute to his writing. His first novel, "Contes a Ninon," appeared when he was but 24, and scarce a year followed that did not bring its title to the rapidly growing list: "La Confession de Claude" in '65; "La Voie d'une Mort" in '66; "Les Mysteres de Marseille" and "Theresia Raquin" in '67; "Madame Ferrat" in '68, and so on. Between 1871 and '92 were published 29 novels under the collective title of "Les Rougons-Macquart." "Man is mastered by society" may