

CRIMINALS OF THE WORLD'S GREAT CITIES

IX. Captain Donaghy and the White Case

Captain James J. Donaghy, chief of the detective bureau of Philadelphia, is a fine type of the level-headed investigator of crime of the present day. He has been in the department for 20 years; he never sees a disguise of any kind in his life; he knows every rule of the game, and has occupied every separate position in the service from that of sub-station man up to the responsible post which he now fills with signal success. He was the conspicuous figure in the famous White murder case, although he modestly disclaims the credit, saying that the glory belongs to the entire police force of the Quaker City. The story, outside of its own interest, is important as a fair illustration of the unromantic and business-like methods now generally used in the detection of criminals in the large cities of the United States.

While they were talking, James A. Donaghy, a member of the detective staff, passed the open door of the outer office. Quirk espied him. "Hello, Jim," he cried. "It had been raining cats and dogs" all the afternoon. Donaghy entered the office water-soaked from head to foot. "What's the matter with you?" said Miller. "You ought to know," was the rejoinder. "You sent me down to Media to get a pickpocket." "Did you get him?" "Sure," said the rejoinder, "and got soaked in the bargain." "Well," said Miller, "we've got something bigger than a pickpocket to look after now, listen." Donaghy listened. And the more he heard the more absorbed he became. He forgot about his wet clothes. He forgot everything but a desire to get on the track of the man or men who had so foully murdered an innocent gentleman. "What is this case," he asked. "It was Robert J. McKenty, another member of the detective staff, afterwards marked out to be a member of the Mayor's cabinet." Donaghy, as a result of the conference, immediately started for the scene of the murder. It has since been said that the White tragedy was "his case." He protests against this distinction. "It was a case of team work," he says. "Thirty detectives and over 2000 policemen were engaged on the White case, and they made good." At any rate, Donaghy made good because less than an hour had elapsed before he was in conversation with a youth named Ralph Hartman, who testified that he had seen two colored men near the scene of the murder shortly after 10 o'clock, and he talked to one of them, Beat of all, young Hartman, who had intelligence beyond his years, was able to give a vivid description of the scene. Hartman was employed as a messenger in the Powelton-Avenue Station of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and knew every foot of the ground in that neighborhood. Donaghy felt instinctively that the knowledge possessed by this boy would prove to be the foundation on which they could build their case.

They came from north and south, from east and west. They came singly, they came in pairs, they came in squads, and when the Chief finally counted his prisoners he found that he had 155 colored men—all suspected of the murder of Professor White. What if they were all minnows, and the big fish had slipped through the net? These 155 were lined up with their hands on and young Hartman was brought into the room. It was a motley gathering. Probably 15 uglier men had never

brought in the work of elimination began. Donaghy and McKenty were intrusted with a delicate task. Some of the suspects were obviously out of the question. For instance, mulattoes were set aside. So were several one-eyed persons. So was a lame man. And the work kept on until the list of possibilities was reduced to 15. These 15 were lined up with their hands on and young Hartman was brought into the room. It was a motley gathering. Probably 15 uglier men had never

"Ralph" said Donaghy, "point out the man who spoke to you on Thirty-second street last night." The boy looked over the row of negroes fearfully. His glance lighted on one and then another. Everybody in the room felt the strain. He was silent—silent for what seemed to be many minutes, but what, in reality, was only seconds. Presently he went over and touched a bony negro on the shoulder. "That's the man." The fellow indicated gave a shudder and

had been arrested at daylight on the railroad near Germantown Junction. He was subjected to a severe cross-examination, and finally admitted being near the Powelton-Avenue station the night before and even acknowledged speaking to Hartman, but protested vehemently that he had nothing to do with the murder of Professor White. Ivory was short in stature, with skin as black as anthracite coal, and very repulsive in appearance. He was pronounced to be the lowest type of the uneducated negro. The detectives resorted to every device known to the profession to get the truth out of him. He was, finally, after an hour of the "sweating" he blurted out: "Well, I done told you I was there, but I wonly lived there a few days and had given 'Buddy' the watch to pawn for him." He was put in a cell and Donaghy and his associates started out for more evidence. They obtained a description of the watch that had been pawned by Professor White. The number of the case was 25,875, and that of the movement 25,532. These numbers were telegraphed to every pawn broker and every watchmaker in the city.

The negro finally said that a certain lady of color, named Dolly Gray, who lived in Harrisburg, could prove that he was at the state capital on the night of the murder. Donaghy patiently traveled up the state in search of Miss Gray. By the main thoroughfare and yet grotesque incidence, the lady happened at that time were grinding out "Dolly Gray" by the room, and as Donaghy came to the little street where the Dolly Gray of another color lived, two street pianos, on either end of the thoroughfare, struck up "Dolly Gray." The number of the case was 25,875, and that of the movement 25,532. These numbers were telegraphed to every pawn broker and every watchmaker in the city.

On the night of May 19, 1903, Professor Roy Wilson White, a fellow of the law school of the University of Pennsylvania, and a lecturer on Roman law at the famous seat of learning, was mysteriously and brutally murdered.

Professor White, although a man of less than 20 years of age, had already won an international reputation in his special branch of study. He was quiet and unassuming in manner, and enjoyed the reputation of being the most popular instructor at the university. So far as known, he did not have an enemy in the world, and the news of his murder came as a terrible shock not only to his family and friends, but also to the thousands of students with whom he had come into intimate contact during the period of his tutorship.

On the day of the murder all of his movements were accounted for from the time he said good-by to his family in the morning until the last moment he left the classroom for the night. During the afternoon he had a long talk with one of his associates concerning a work in which the two men were mutually interested. He took dinner alone at a small hotel near the university, and after that lectured to the law class under his usual auspices. He was confident and enthusiastic, and never appeared to better advantage. About 5 o'clock at night he left for his home in Germantown, a suburb of Philadelphia. He started in the direction of the Powelton-avenue station of the Pennsylvania railroad with the purpose of boarding the train for Harrisburg.

Less than an hour later a policeman walking along Thirty-second street, adjoining the railroad tracks, stumbled against a body on the sidewalk. It was quite dark in that section—in fact it was afterwards declared to be the darkest spot in all of Philadelphia. The officer flashed a light on the body, a mass before him, and was shocked to find a man, mangled and bleeding. His head was crushed and he was unconscious. The body was turned inside out and his gold watch was missing. The little green bag that he always carried by his side was scattered under his lifeless head. It contained among other things a text book on "Pleading"—a book from which Professor White had been lecturing that evening. Some notes on sheets of paper, which he had utilized in his "Quiz" class were also in the bag. A pocketbook contained a life insurance policy, an invitation to a class reunion at another state and a few dollars in greenbacks. A few yards away, imbedded in the soft earth, was an iron bar, quite thick, and about 18 inches long. It was such a thing as is used on the platforms of freight cars. The disfigured body was removed to the university hospital, and the best medical skill was directed to its recovery. But it was too late; the vital spark had fled and all that the professors and students had left to them was the memory of Roy Wilson White's gracious life.

The shocking nature of the crime seems to have aroused the authorities into instant and energetic action. The superintendent of Police Quirk and Chief of Detectives Miller held a consultation to determine what should be done.

Several conclusions were forced upon him. One was that the murder was committed for money and that the murderers were started and ran away before they secured all of their booty. The footprints in the soft clay—large, clumsy, heavy-looking footprints—indicated that more than one man had fled across the road leading to the railroad tracks. The dreadful manner in which they mutilated the body proved that they were brutes. Besides this Donaghy was convinced that they were men totally devoid of education. He deduced the fact that they had evidently not even bestowed so much as a passing glance on the books in Professor White's green bag. It is a hard truth, but the fact of education or refinement is irresistibly attracted by a book. If a volume is lying on a table even in the house of a stranger, he can no more resist the temptation to pick it up and go through the pages than a moth can avoid the flame. The murderers evidently had not the slightest curiosity toward the little work in the green bag.

The detective's summary, therefore, was that the crime had been committed by two or three men; that they were negroes; that they were brutes and uneducated, and that the motive was money. How near he was correct shall presently be seen.

The murder occurred on Saturday night. Between that time and Sunday morning the 30 detectives and 2000 policemen—many of them had been in the streets since the church bells were calling the people to worship the officers began to bring in colored men from all parts of the city.

When the last of the prisoners had been assembled before. They looked brutal and all of them seemed capable of murder. Could the boy tell one from the other? Could he identify the man who had spoken to him the night before? Would he be confused? Would the crowd puzzle him?

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THE MAN SANK TO THE SIDEWALK WITH A GROAN

The Bicycle is Returning to Popularity

Bicycles are coming in again. There may be no doubt about it. This time they are coming with a sane, healthy revival of an exercise that is of general utility. Manufacturers and dealers in the two-wheeled, silent steed supply rational reasons for the statement. For example: An Arch-street concern that has been selling bicycles for more than 20 years sums up the situation in this manner: "From Jan. 1st to Jan. 1st, it sold 435 new wheels. Thus far this year, with seven weeks, including the Christmas season yet to come, it has sold 142 new bicycles, and these all of one make.

Old Wheels Being Rebuilt. Proportional increase in trade is reported by other dealers and several of the department stores that sell bicycles. The manager of one asserted that even this increase might not be taken as a fair indication of the degree of the revival of interest in the bicycle. "Thousands of wheels are being dug up from barnyards, cellars, attics and other obscure places for stores to which the wheel, in its sudden slump from its popularity into general disuse some seven years ago, was consigned ignominiously, and are being brought in for repairs and rejuvenation. There are so many of those wheels still in fairly good condition that a few dollars will make as good as new that the revival of wheeling will have to be well advanced before the trade in new wheels will even begin to renew its former proportions.

clerks and messengers, and they are kept up in the same sort of style that an English house would care for its horses. The wheels are important factors in everyday business life abroad. Some day our commercial houses will learn how valuable every minute of a business day can be made, and we will see bicycles and tri-cars in every store. Staid old England is showing us the way to hustle.

Bicycle Popular in Europe. In Europe the use of the bicycle never became the abuse that brought that vehicle to its downfall in America. Its growth was not so sudden and its use, save for the absence of thousands of bicycles which were produced in a state never declined. Trade statistics show this fact. Referring to this phase of the trade, an American observer recently returned from Europe says: "I have seen more bicycles during the last few months than I ever dreamed were in all the world. From the time I landed at Liverpool till I took ship for home at Cherbourg, it seems to me that I have been seeing nothing but bicycles. The roads are black with them on week-days, and they fairly clog the highways Sundays and holidays.

Motor Cycles in Demand. There is a rapid development of the motor cycle trade also. These fully meet the American objection to the work of self-propulsion. There are several firms making motor cycles, and they have been brought into a state of closely approaching perfection. The mechanism has been made extremely simple, with the chances of its getting out of order reduced to a minimum. The cost also has been greatly reduced. Such a machine of 1 1/2 horsepower that can travel more than 25 miles an hour for a day at a time will weigh but little more than 100 pounds, and may be bought for \$150, or less than an average road horse. For \$200 a fine domestic machine that will travel 35 miles an hour may be had, and for \$240 one may buy an imported motor wheel of three horsepower and great strength.

Motor wheels of great speed and durability weighing only 75 pounds and are on the market, but they are made abroad and the duty of 45 per cent is added to the European catalogue price. One of the surest indications of the increase in the ordinary bicycle demand is to be found in the increase of prices. A good, serviceable wheel may be bought for \$29, but the better quality of wheels have advanced in price during the last year from \$30 and \$40

English Show Places Burden to the Owners

It is a pathetic fact that there are several men in the United Kingdom who would consider themselves on the brink of bankruptcy if they were reduced, by any evil stroke of fate, to a mere pittance of \$1000 a week—who would find it simply impossible to "rub along anyhow" on the income of a simple millionaire, which would be barely sufficient in some cases to pay the expenses of the lordly pleasure-houses which they have inherited from their ancestors.

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