

GREAT OF THE WORLD'S GREAT

Superintendent Froest and the Versatile Rogue

BY GEORGE BARTON

Frank Froest, superintendent of Scotland Yard, is a man whose entire adult life has been spent in the business of criminal investigation. He has risen from the ranks to the highest position that can be attained by an English detective. An episode in the story that follows was the prelude to a lasting friendship between Frank Froest and John E. White, now the chief of our government secret service. At the time Froest was a sergeant-detective in Scotland Yard, and White the London correspondent of a Chicago daily. The name of the chief character has been disguised, for obvious reasons. For the sake of a connected and complete narrative, one incident has been introduced which will probably be entirely new to Superintendent Froest. I am sure he will look lightly upon this permissible embellishment of an otherwise veracious story from actual life.

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(Copyright, 1908, by W. G. Chapman.)
This is a fragment from the biography of a versatile rogue—a man whose adventurous career leaps at a bound from Chicago to Cape Town, and whose criminal history is a part of the police archives of New York, Chicago, London, Paris, Vienna and Berlin. Beginning the prototype of the Artful Dodger, he has gone from pocket-picking to bunco steering, and then run the entire gamut of crime, stopping only—presumably, perhaps—at murder.

Frank Macy, the doubtful hero of this queer story, was born at Freeport, Ill. There are many old residents in that place who still recall him as a precocious baby, a smart, cocky little youth. Freeport soon proved to be too small to satisfy his bulging genius, but even before he left his birthplace he made little excursions into the world of crime, which in the boy are so often prophetic of the man's career. When he reached man's estate he was full and as straight as an Indian arrow, with coal black hair and a sallow complexion, which lighted up brightly whenever he was in a humor to be affable with his fellow-man. It was in Chicago that Frank Macy first distinguished himself in crime. A little more than a dozen years ago an advertisement appeared in the Chicago papers stating that a wealthy widow, about to take a long trip abroad, was willing to sell her favorite horse, "Dobbin." It was with extreme regret, of course, that she took this step, but necessity knows no law, and hence this magnificent animal was to be sacrificed at a private sale. The animal was described as being sound, a specimen of good breed and yet with a record fast enough to satisfy the most sportsmanlike driver. There were several nibbles at this inviting bait. One Chicago sportsman, who had recently acquired riches, resolved to acquire "Dobbin" at any price. He examined the animal with a critical, if inexperienced eye, and was given the impression that the animal along the lake front and boulevard. As a result of this he parted with 500 good American dollars and in return received the much-loved "Dobbin." After a month or so had passed, and within 24 hours, Dobbin began to undergo a most curious transformation. What had been a magnificent specimen of good flesh began to show strange signs of decrepitude. He shivered up, as it were; it seems almost impossible to properly describe this in mere words. It was necessary to be seen to be fully appreciated. Anyone who has seen the tall, erect form of Dr. Jekyll gradually sinking into the personality of the abject, cowering, and trembling Hyde can get some faint glimmering idea of the change that occurred when the noble Dobbin became a spavined, knock-kneed, and decrepit animal. It is not to be wondered at that the sportsman who had made an old street car horse blush for very shame. The instance of the

first Dobbin was duplicated, not once, but a dozen times, and after many of the wealthiest men of Chicago had been victimized the police began to investigate. They were stimulated and assisted in their work by John E. White, who at that time was in charge of the criminal department of one of the leading papers in Chicago. After a short time it was discovered that the "Gyp" game, as it was called, was being worked by a gang of confidence men, headed by Frank Macy. A warrant for his arrest was issued, but before it could be served he had fled from the jurisdiction of the local court.

The scene now shifts from Chicago to Low's Exchange in Trafalgar Square, London. White, at that time was the London correspondent of an American paper, and while standing in the corridor of this hostelry he was surprised to see his old-time "Gyp" friend, Frank Macy, enter and place his name on the hotel register. Macy looked prosperous. He was dressed in the swaggar style, wore a long coat carried a heavy cane, and had a number of diamonds reposing amidst the folds of a blood-red cravat—in fact, he looked too vulgarly rich to be true. White consulted the hotel register and found that his erstwhile confidence friend had registered as Frank Macy. The change of name and the assumed name were suspicious, and the American lost no time in making inquiries, and calling up Frank Froest, one of the brightest detectives in Scotland Yard. White told Froest that it might be worth his while to look into the matter, and a look at the latest addition to the American invasion of London.

Froest followed the advice of his friend and made a look at Macy. He looked at him shadowed day and night, and after a week's work was in possession of his history. He found, among other things, that Macy had become a card shark of the first water. He had traveled across the Atlantic Ocean in luxurious style and had made his expenses and a comfortable margin besides by his cleverness with which he played the noble game of poker with his fellow-passengers. On arriving in London, he established a gambling house in the West End, where he met with the most brilliant success.

Not long after the meeting in Low's Exchange all London became excited over what was called the "Cutlass Mystery." It began when a well-dressed, elderly gentleman of considerable wealth was found on the sidewalk with his head badly cut and the blood flowing from several saber wounds. He said he had no recollection of how he came to be in such a plight, and resolutely declined to give the police any information upon the subject. Two days later another man was found similarly wounded and in the same condition. He was not as close-mouthed as the first individual, and went so far as to say that his misfortune was the result of a card party in which he had participated the previous night. He was unable, however, to give the locality of the house, having been taken there by an obliging hawker whom he had sought with a request to convey him to some place where he could satisfy his desires to dally with the goddess of chance. In less than 24 hours from this time still another man was found with similar cuts about his head, and then the "Cutlass Mystery" became the reigning sensation of London.

In the meantime Frank Froest had been hard at work, and although the results were not very promising, he knew that he was on the scent and that it would only be a question of time when he would solve the problem. The culprit was located and he remembered taking the first victim to the house in the West End. Other threads were bound together and finally all the evidences pointed to a house operated by Frank Macy. It seemed that, in each instance, the victim, after losing his money at cards got in a rowdy mood and the paragon of the street, but Macy himself fled from the police. The next chapter in the history of this curious rogue occurred at the little watering place of Margate. A musical instrument dealer of London was taking his holiday at this resort and was enjoying himself in a manner such as is possible only to a London tradesman. As he was



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exactly serious, would the house was raided and all the paraphernalia captured, but Macy himself fled from the police. The next chapter in the history of this curious rogue occurred at the little watering place of Margate. A musical instrument dealer of London was taking his holiday at this resort and was enjoying himself in a manner such as is possible only to a London tradesman. As he was

strolling along the strand he came face to face with Macy, who was then a fugitive from justice. He grasped him by the collar and exclaimed, "I am so glad to see you." "Why?" asked Macy. "Because now you will pay me for the mandolin you bought from me about a month ago."

Macy laughed. "You will pay me, won't you?" cried the dealer, hysterically. "You wouldn't rob a poor man, would you?" "Fudge away," said the versatile rogue. "I'm havin' me holiday now, and can't be disturbed by vulgar tradesmen." When the musical dealer made a third appeal for his money Macy invited him to go to a warm climate, with such

Declares Alaska Will Raise Grain for World

Minnesota Man Says Yukon Country Is Favored With Climate No More Severe Than North Star State.

Special to the Pioneer Press by E. Benson.
SINCE my return to Minnesota, after an absence of 18 years, most of which was spent in the Yukon territory and Alaska, I can sarcastically call "Seward's Ice Box," and later "The Home of the Eskimo, the Seal and the Polar Bear," I felt called upon in the interest of those who may be contemplating going to the North country, to answer the many criticisms, some just, but mostly otherwise, of things in the northwestern part of North America. I feel confident in my ability to write on this subject after all the years I have taken in the pleasures and suffered the hardships such as any pioneer may expect in any new country. Nearly all of my time has been expended in exploring and prospecting, and I have seen things that have not been viewed by others, having traveled hundreds of miles in virgin country with no companions other than my horses and dog.

merit enough to justify the amount of money that is being expended. No Booms for Boomers.
We have no boom here, nor boomers. All the mines I know of are being opened up by men of experience, such as the Guggenheims of New York, the Reichsids of Detroit, the Wormans of St. Louis, and many other people and corporations of that character. The people above mentioned have invested in the Yukon some value over \$1,000,000 worth of mining machinery. In the past two years, yet the outside world hears nothing of it. The White Pass & Yukon Railway alone has expended \$10,000,000 in the White Horse copper region, and I understand will extend its road down through the Norderskold valley (which is very rich in mineral and agricultural lands) to a point on the Yukon River near Five Finger Rapids, where there are vast deposits of bituminous coal, and will be largely used by the smelter companies in the reduction of gold and copper ores. I understand there is a company organized at the present time to erect large smelters at or near White Horse. This is the only real problem, one which is of great moment, as there is no fuel obtainable here as there is a poor grade of soft wood, which on account of the difficulty of obtaining it, is a high priced commodity. It retarded the country's progress in the adoption of modern mining machinery, which is necessary to the development of a mining country. Besides a recent contract has been let by Eastern capitalists and mining men to build a railroad from Cordova on the west coast, running through the Copper River and White River mining districts, to cost \$25,000,000. The railroads will open up winter roads for the horses of prospecting outfit to furnish the growth of grasses in winter months, and they invariably come out in the Spring in excellent condition. I find that the general opinion here in Minnesota, so far as the Yukon is concerned, is that the country through which I have traveled is wholly unproductive. A more erroneous impression could not be conceived, as the climate cannot be so very severe when I state that it has been my practice for a number of years to turn loose the horses of my prospecting outfit to graze on the growth of grasses in winter months, and they invariably come out in the Spring in excellent condition. I find that the general opinion here in Minnesota, so far as the Yukon is concerned, is that the country through which I have traveled is wholly unproductive. A more erroneous impression could not be conceived, as the climate cannot be so very severe when I state that it has been my practice for a number of years to turn loose the horses of my prospecting outfit to furnish the growth of grasses in winter months, and they invariably come out in the Spring in excellent condition.

leads them to climb upward when the shooting commences. Mountain goats are also still quite numerous in certain parts of Alaska, and the bucks sometimes attain a weight of 250 pounds. Their flesh, of course, is not very good, but makes excellent food for the dogs. Wolves are not numerous in the North, but those found are of large size. Wolverines are very plentiful in this country, and are considered a nuisance by the prospectors, on account of their stealing proclivities. Other fur-bearing animals are numerous, such as foxes, the skins of which range in price from \$4 for the red to \$100 for the black. Lynx are plentiful, and their skins range from \$2 to \$3. Marten is plentiful, and their skins range as high as \$25 each. Mink bring from \$3 to \$8, and many other fur-bearing animals, too numerous to mention. Of the bird family, too, we have geese, swans, ducks, spruce hens, grouse, pheasants and ptarmigan. The latter game bird is to be found from the southeastern part of Alaska to the Arctic Ocean. I have not attempted to mention all of the different kinds of animals and game birds to be found in this country, but I believe I have mentioned enough to show that so far as meat is concerned, we are well fixed. I may add that we have no snakes of any kind in the Yukon Territory or Alaska. If these words should reach anyone who intends to immigrate to the North country, let him remember that gold nuggets are not found on trees, nor should he expect to get something for nothing. For those who are industrious, sober and honest, and have a rugged constitution and grit, can expect good returns for their labor, time or investments, and when you are there, do something, don't do as many have done before, who have gone there and always waited for something to turn up. Remember Secretary Seward's words when the Russian Minister suggested to him that tomorrow they would draw up a treaty transferring Alaska from Russia to the United States, and Mr. Seward answered: "Let us make the treaty tonight."

Will Raise Grain for World

The one feature that prominently comes to me is the fact that in the valley of the Yukon such a thing as a blizzard is unknown, in fact, very little wind is evidenced in any time. I feel that you will know that the climate cannot be so very severe when I state that it has been my practice for a number of years to turn loose the horses of my prospecting outfit to graze on the growth of grasses in winter months, and they invariably come out in the Spring in excellent condition. I find that the general opinion here in Minnesota, so far as the Yukon is concerned, is that the country through which I have traveled is wholly unproductive. A more erroneous impression could not be conceived, as the climate cannot be so very severe when I state that it has been my practice for a number of years to turn loose the horses of my prospecting outfit to furnish the growth of grasses in winter months, and they invariably come out in the Spring in excellent condition.

Development Only Begun.

As a mineral producer up to the present time, Alaska and the Yukon country has been chiefly known for its placer gold mines. It was not until the Klondike excitement in 1897 that this country received much attention from the outside world, but since that time has produced \$150,000,000 in gold, and the country is not as yet exhausted. There is plenty of room for the prospector, many of which of late have turned their attention to quartz mining, with unusually good results, and in a few years we shall see this country leading the world in the production not alone of gold, but silver, copper, lead, antimony, coal and oil, and many other minerals. I have seen myself, copper nuggets weighing over two tons, and solid lodes of copper and gold over 500 feet in width. It is true that hardships innumerable are being met with by the advance guard of the north, the prospector, and that only strong men should go there, those who are willing to bear their hardships without complaint. To those who are not strong men, the opportunities, providing they do not get dis-

Game Is Abundant.

The country, where it has not been settled a long time, abounds with game of several kinds, and is the sportsman's paradise. There are the bear of different kinds, the brown, the cinnamon, the silver tip grizzly, the black and the blue glacier bear. Some are of a large size, and excepting the black bear, they are all more or less independent and excellent sport to the hunter. I have seen a bear track that was 12 inches wide, and I have seen a bear that I believe weighed 1200 or 1400 pounds. Some interesting bear stories could be written, but time and space forbid at this time. Of the other kinds of game, there are the moose, to be found in many different parts of this country. They are all of a large size, and in some portions of the country, where they have not been much hunted, are quite tame. Next comes the caribou, of which there are different kinds. The largest of the caribou family is the mountain caribou. I have seen one that measured nine feet from the ground to the tip of his horns, and weighed 500 pounds. The caribou is the easiest of all big game to hunt. Their curiosity brings them into trouble, for on seeing a hunter sitting down they will approach him to find out what he looks like, and a few bullets will begin to whistle that they are brought to their senses. These caribou seldom if ever travel singly, but roam about in bands as large as thousands in one drove. I have counted 220 mountain sheep in one place. The flesh of the mountain sheep is undoubtedly the best of any wild or tame animal. They are still very numerous in parts of this country. It requires some exertion on the part of the hunter to get them, for he must climb mountains and get above them, because their instinct nearly always

The Monitor.

Washington Stars
O' clock a-starin' on de mantel shelf;
Nuffin much to do excep' a-talkin' to hisself.
Tellin' 'bout de seconds an' de minutes an' de hours.
Contintin' or de days between de snowstorm an' de snows.
Jes' a talkin' story, for de mos' he has to say.
Is, "Yess, dere was jes' about de same thing today."
An' de days, dat's still a-comin' you is in de party much de same as you was used to in de past.
So, whate's de good 'n' waitin' if you sees a thinkin' dat de laughter may be better after while?
An' 'bout de good 'n' singin' 'bout de hopes of long ago.
When de present has its prospects same as what de past could shew?
Say, chillun, is you strivin' on an' shillin' in de now?
Or is you jes' complainin' 'bout de whifor de de how?
An' 'bout de future dat'll end you on de shelf.
Wif nuffin much to do excep' a-talkin' to yourself.

Giving Their Voices a Thorough Trying-Out

Ambitious Young Women Who Bother Opera Singers, Encouraged by Their Teachers.

THE SLIM GIRL carrying the roll of music stepped into the elevator. Behind her came the elderly woman with a worried look. "Let us off at the second floor," she said. "Is that the floor that Mrs. X lives on?" The two women had half an hour before gone up to the sixth story to call on another singer quartered there. The elevator was long enough to permit the artist, which she had a number of going to the opera house, to know what was meant by the visits of young women with rolls of music and solicitous companions. It was the first time, however, that he ever had known the same aspirant to visit two singers within such a short time. When the industrious couple reappeared in the elevator a little later he was not surprised to hear the conversation between them, says the New York Sun.

"You will pay me, won't you?" cried the dealer, hysterically. "You wouldn't rob a poor man, would you?" "Fudge away," said the versatile rogue. "I'm havin' me holiday now, and can't be disturbed by vulgar tradesmen." When the musical dealer made a third appeal for his money Macy invited him to go to a warm climate, with such

to me. They want merely to be able to say that one more prima donna had sung to a song. Every singer at the opera-house has to put up with this nuisance. The requests come from all quarters. All kinds of wires are strung up to the opera-house, to be of the least benefit to a girl, one of the American prima donnas said. "I might be a little more patient about the nuisance. But I know that I am expected to do nothing but sing. There is less opportunity to do anything else when the teachers also come. They were on terms of intimacy with the famous singers. One teacher has his arms full of autographed pictures just to impress his pupils. Another calls the young girl names to give an impression of intimacy. It is a mighty weak sort of sister in the Singing Teachers' Association who cannot get up enough acquaintance with a well-known singer to justify her in taking two or three pupils there during a winter. If she has more push than the others she may manage to make a circle that includes several prima donnas. The business advantage of such an acquaintance is not to be overlooked. "I think you are going to have a nice kind of voice that Mrs. Nordica had," one of the teachers will say. "I'm going to take you to sing for her." Then by hook or crook the amiable singer is persuaded to make an appointment to sing before the pupils, who, not, however, described as possessing the same kind of voice as the prima donna. She is merely said to be a singer who is not to be overlooked, and encouragement. The singer wants to do a favor to the teacher and for that reason consents to the martyrdom. "I had one girl tell me calmly after she had sung for me that I was the sixth woman to tell her in a month that she did not seem to be singing enough to make it worth her while to take lessons. Then she rattled off the names of my colleagues in the opera-house. "I had one girl tell me calmly after she had sung for me that I was the sixth woman to tell her in a month that she did not seem to be singing enough to make it worth her while to take lessons. Then she rattled off the names of my colleagues in the opera-house.

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