

William J. Flynn, Chief of the Secret Service

He Talks About the Sleuthing Business

Crime, He Thinks, Is Caused by Rum, Idleness, Poverty and Environment—How He Takes the Trail of a Bad Man or Gang and Follows It Year After Year—Hunting Down Counterfeiters.

A NEW man, and a big man in his dimensions, in his energy and his stirring achievements along his line, is hereafter to guard the President and to "apprehend," making use of a professional and favorite verb of his own, such criminals as may counterfeit the bonds and currency of the United States.

In the meanwhile, up to March 4, he will protect Woodrow Wilson against the schemes and attacks of lunatics, anarchists and other assassins. William J. Flynn is his name. Going further, he is one of the greatest of living detectives. Better still, borrowing a phrase and a testimonial from John F. Wilkie, whom he succeeds as chief of the Secret Service, "he is an absolutely honest man."

A real detective does not look like a detective. Nor does Flynn. He is six feet in stature and must weigh 300 pounds. His hair is black, though he is forty-five years old, and his eyes, large and uncommonly intelligent, are very brown. Unnecessary words, in his opinion, are as wasteful and unwise as unnecessary motions. He has been in a "battleground" for fifteen years. Most of the time he was stationed in New York, the busiest center for the coming of spurious silver in the United States, also the greatest market for bogus bank notes, and the meeting place of the outlaws engaged or about to be engaged in that perilous and most unprofitable business.

Counterfeiting has never paid. All counterfeiters, if they live into old age, die beggars. At least half of their days, moreover, are spent in prison. Still, many men turn to counterfeiting in the teeth of all experience. So, Flynn has had no leisure in which to cultivate the pleasant art of conversation. He is as blunt and matter-of-fact as J. P. Morgan. One would guess, looking at him speculatively, that he has owned elevators, farms, and factories out West or was digging tunnels and building skyscrapers somewhere in the East.

Hangs on Like Bulldog.

Large, mountainous, almost, up and down as well as circumferentially, Flynn is lively of head and brisk of foot. Pounding has been at the bottom of all his success—persistent pounding of the man or the gang he has set out to break. He never forgets, nor does he ever give up. After seven years of steady work he put the 40 members of the Luppulo-Morella band of blackhanders and counterfeiters in the penitentiary. He "picked them up," as he told me, one at a time, always getting nearer and nearer to the leaders. Luppulo and Morella were finally "apprehended"—every one in the secret service knew they would be, with Flynn, tenacious and tireless, on their track. Luppulo, who once was Mr. Flynn's associate in Atlanta for twenty-five years. Morella's sentence was even longer.

"I would describe a detective," Mr. Flynn replied in answer to a question, "by saying that ought to have some natural ability, though that is secondary, and a whole lot of common sense." Thus, also, spoke the man who has spent \$200,000 last year chiefly by hunting grafters. "There is nothing else in it," Flynn said to me. "Apprehended" every one in the secret service knew they would be, with Flynn, tenacious and tireless, on their track. Luppulo, who once was Mr. Flynn's associate in Atlanta for twenty-five years. Morella's sentence was even longer.

"I would describe a detective," Mr. Flynn replied in answer to a question, "by saying that ought to have some natural ability, though that is secondary, and a whole lot of common sense." Thus, also, spoke the man who has spent \$200,000 last year chiefly by hunting grafters. "There is nothing else in it," Flynn said to me. "Apprehended" every one in the secret service knew they would be, with Flynn, tenacious and tireless, on their track. Luppulo, who once was Mr. Flynn's associate in Atlanta for twenty-five years. Morella's sentence was even longer.

and rubber boots belong to melodrama—best seats in the house only twenty cents. Likewise to literature. Steady hammering—that's my doctrine and advice. It won't do to drag me into the pressure of later matters. Reserve a place for it in the corner of the head, remember it, think of it, and keep hammering away, here a little and there a little, until the men one is after are either apprehended or dead."

"That's what you did with respect to Luppulo and Morella?" I asked him. "Yes, if you want to drag me into the discussion of a principle that I meant to be general and not personal. Yet the case of the men you have mentioned proves the truth of what I have said. Luppulo and Morella are Italians. We picked up the minor members of the bunch man by man. The two leaders, however, were hard to get, staying in the background, making plans and letting their confederates circulate the counterfeit money. Some of the bills were printed in Italy."

"The gang had meeting and working places in Poughkeepsie, Brooklyn, New York City, and Highland, a village several miles back in the country from the banks of the Hudson. The counterfeiters were made from photographic plates and were fair imitations of \$5 and \$20 bills. Italians in all parts of the United States bought the notes at an average price of 25 cents on the \$1. We learned some of the facts immediately after Luppulo and Morella got into operation. A man now and then would be arrested and sent to the penitentiary. One day we found \$2,000 of counterfeit American and Canadian money under a bed in an Italian tenement."

How Counterfeiters Are Caught.

"I shall not explain our methods. That would be foolish. It can be said, however, that spurious notes get into banks among the deposits of grocers and small merchants. An expert receiving teller knows them at a glance. He immediately sends word to us. We take the counterfeit bill to the merchant who deposited it with the bank in the hope that he will remember the physical characteristics of the man from whom it was received. Ordinarily he can give us no help. The same counterfeit slips into other banks. So we keep on going to tradesmen, tobacconists and solicitors until we find some one who can fully or partly describe the person we are hunting. After that, things move more easily for us. We eliminate suspected criminals whom the description does not fit. By and by we catch the man we are after. It is a long, tedious task, but it is interesting to the detective who likes his business."

"At the end of the seven years, Luppulo, Morella, and all their confederates were in the penitentiary under sentences ranging from 12 to 30 years. They took an honest man to Highland, their manufacturing headquarters, and under threats of death, compelled him to do their printing. We learned his story and he assisted us considerably. The photo-engraving plates on which the counterfeiters were printed disappeared, however, before we could get the plant at Highland. Nor have we ever found them. A Morella counterfeiter is occasionally taken in at some bank, which sends a few of the notes which he has printed to the secret service. They are still in circulation."

How the Black Hand Works.

"Your predecessor, Mr. Wilkie, I remember," says you have done more to break up the Black Hand organization in New York than has any other detective."

"That was kind of Mr. Wilkie, but the Black Hand is still murderous and busy. The Luppulo-Morella gang were also blackmailers, robbers and assassins. They committed, I am sure, at least 25 murders. The Black Hand is causing the spookiest of a large city a great deal of trouble. Luppulo killed a man in Italy and then fled the country. He was tried, though absent, convicted and sentenced to 15 years in Italy. That was the only light case in Italy. An accused person, even if he is not in custody, can be put on trial,

and if found guilty, can be condemned to the penitentiary.

"Morella was a forger. He also escaped from Italy. Both men found their way to the United States. They were criminals, you see, in the Old Country, and continued as criminals after reaching America. Practically all Black Handers are of the same stock. They leave Italy after their release from prison or to escape prison and coming to this country rob and blackmail those Italians who are making an honest living. Often they turn murderers simply to terrorize their intended victims or to close the mouths of those who are charging them with their crimes. Their capture, because of the fear they inspire, is very difficult."

"Several small tradesmen, neighbors, perhaps, to show a common practice among Black Handers, will receive letters on the same morning. They are ordered to pay a certain person or society \$100 or have their stores or shops blown up just over their places of business. The bomb that destroys their property, therefore, will also, in all probability, injure or kill their families. They are badly frightened. The logical thing under such circumstances would be to call in the police. But the panic of the man named Barnham so great that they begin to get their money ready. They may be assassinated, they understand, if they attempt any measures against the blackmailers."

A Black Hand Leader Appears.

"Then in a day or two a stranger appears among them. He talks in their own language, discusses Italian subjects, and presently he mentions the extortions, robberies and murders of the Black Hand organization. The merchants realize at once that he is a Black Hand leader. They know exactly what is expected. So they give him the letters and begin negotiations. They plead poverty. One hundred dollars apiece is more money than they possess. The stranger takes the letters saying that as a favor to them he will bargain with the man who has authority to refuse the payment. On his return, they are assured that \$50 will close the transaction. He pockets the money and walks out. The victims never say a word. They are glad to escape with their lives. If they about refuse to be blackmailed, a bomb will soon show them, if they live through the explosion, that they have mighty poor judgment in certain matters of diplomacy and business."

"Tell me the story of John Davis, the English counterfeiter," I said.

"From my point of view, Mr. Flynn answered, "John Davis is a remarkable character. There are men who excel him as photographers, or as etchers, or as engravers, but he is the ablest all-around counterfeiter in the world. Moreover, aside from his skill as a mechanic, he is a very shrewd and resourceful individual. I am glad to say that a sentence of 12 years in the penitentiary, which he served for an involuntary retirement from his customary employment. He is now safe within the walls of the Atlanta penitentiary. I have no objection to his liberty, and I feel sure he will come straight to Washington and call on me. We met each other twice under peculiar circumstances, and both times he was one of the biggest and most interesting that has occurred within my experience."

Copied Old Brockway's Plan.

"About 14 years ago a counterfeit \$10 note was put in circulation at a race track near the city of New York. The scheme was similar to the one originated many years ago by William Brockway, who studied chemistry at Yale University, and later ranked first among the counterfeiters of his time. Brockway planned to make bets of \$25 through the confederates on a special day at all the race tracks in the United States, and get good money in change for the bills of a large denomination. Brockway's plan failed; he was caught before he could put it into execution. The one tried later by Davis, the copy-

you understand, was moderately successful.

"It developed that John Davis, whom I then knew as John Leiberman, was the leader to the band. He got away but we apprehended all of his associates, and sent them to the penitentiary. At this point John Davis himself drops out of my story for a time. His name will be there, but so shadowy in outline as not to be recognized by an outsider. He vanished, as I said, but he was not forgotten. Shortly afterward a man who gave his name as Jacob Stern asked the paying teller of a New York bank to give him American currency for \$100 of English bank notes. The teller was suspicious. He told Stern that the clerk in charge of the foreign exchange was at luncheon, and to come back in half an hour. Then he called me on the telephone.

"I was at the bank when Stern returned. The notes, I had seen, were counterfeit. I apprehended Jacob Stern and took him before a United States commissioner. He said he had found the money in the street. We did not disprove his statement and he was released. He went to St. Louis, but we kept our eyes on him just the same. When Stern and I left the bank two of his confederates, one of whom the young man named Barnham so watched us from the opposite sidewalk. They had over \$100,000 of counterfeit Bank of England notes on their persons. I knew nothing about them at the time—the fact came out afterwards. They guessed that Stern was in trouble and caught the next ship back to England. This ends the second section of the story about John Davis."

Wherein John Davis Blundered.

"In the meantime the Davenport counterfeit, as it was called, was being passed on innocent bystanders in London. It was not a very good imitation of the original. The watermark on the complicated watermark on its paper for protection. Its notes otherwise are easily copied, being plain English and containing no special markings. The solicitors of the bank offered a large price for the Davenport plate. Advertisements were published in the newspapers of England. The money would be paid and no questions asked, the lawyers promised. John Davis walked into their office one morning and claimed the reward of all our detectives. The rest of the story is a matter of fact. The man who had been blindfolded, as a matter of fact the Bank of England had not yet discovered that he had counterfeited one of its notes and that his watermark was even better than the one that had imitated Davis believed that the bank was trying to get his plate. Also, he was sore. Barnham, one of his partners, and the other of the counterfeiters, an Englishman who had run away to South Africa with \$300,000 of the counterfeit notes. Davis thought he would claim the reward and start the detectives on the other side of the world. He was disappointed, was telegraphed to South Africa by Scotland Yard. Barnham, on deck, as his vessel was nearing port, saw a police boat coming out. He was a sly old party and heaved his counterfeit overboard."

Davis Comes to the United States.

"I went to London as a witness against Davis. The solicitors, you see, after some conversation an explanation, called an officer and had John Davis pinched. The upshot of the whole matter was that detectives from Scotland Yard, when they had a reward of \$1500, and warned him never again to set foot in Great Britain. He was a dangerous man and they wanted to pass him along to some other police force. He was already a noticed into the United States. Soon after I learned that someone was trying to exploit a counterfeit \$10 note. The man had been made a few samples had been run off, and a group of little merchants on the East Side of New York were arranging to sell



counterfeit money to friends and customers at about one-third of its face value.

"We located the printing plant at Revere, in Massachusetts. The building stood on a hill, and, therefore, we had to approach it carefully. One of our men, short of stature, dressed in the uniform of a telegraph messenger, rapped on the door. Just then a covered wagon drove up to the house. On the seat, wearing a grocer's apron, sat another of our detectives. The rest of us were lying down on the bottom of the wagon among some empty baskets. When the door was opened the supposed messenger boy showed an alleged telegram. The next moment all of us were in the house. John Davis and I were surprised to find ourselves face to face. We got everything—men and the plate. The whole gang, including the small merchants, were sentenced to the penitentiary.

"Our work most of the time, however, is less spectacular. It is drudgery, as is all labor that is useful and produces results. The little counterfeiter who spends a dollar for plaster, base metal and plating material, causes us a great deal of bother. He makes \$20 worth of spurious quarters and destroys his molds. Then he passes his

THE LADY'S FAN BY JAMES MURNANE

THERE are few private residences in Berlin. Even very wealthy people live in apartment-houses. These are guarded by a concierge, who locks the front door punctually every night at 10 o'clock. To get in or out after that time it is necessary to possess an iron house key of huge dimensions. Each tenant has at least one of these instruments, which are exceedingly uncomfortable to carry about. But this story is about a tender and not a key. One of the women about whom I have read for years is Mrs. Lily Brand, relict of a Westphalian manufacturer, who, one fine day, took the praiseworthy resolution of departing for a better world and leaving half a million behind him in this. His death was the only sensible act he ever did. Mrs. Brand came to Berlin like an enchanted princess, who had been until then held captive by a factory chimney. She brought with her the habit of blowing gently over her arms, as if still wishing to remove stray specks of coal dust. In other respects she was snow white, pure to the most recent recess of her heart—a charming little person with slim, white hands, whose eyes fell on the man with a longing and trusted adoration. Smiling wistfully, she sat waiting for—Love.

We all paid our court, but we were none of us good enough for her. We were too shallow, she said. It was only our pretensions that were deep, faintly—

"He must be my fate, as I shall be his," she once said to me with a melancholy upward glance of her eyes, "but he must have the strength to renounce, as I shall have." She sighed deeply, I also sighed. And then we laughed at each other.

It happened about the same time that a famous singer appeared in Berlin to fulfill a short engagement at the opera.

with which the hyper-sensitive feminine imagination haunts the appearance of such a measles. We all know how infectious the fever is.

After all, is not the tenor the ideal male? He wears the glorious costume of the soldier, crams a hero's life of gallant feats into a few hours every evening, and carries his magnetic high C like a tenor. Who can wonder at his success with the weaker sex? He delights their eyes, excites their imagination and soothes their senses. The only thing he usually lacks is the feeling for ideal love. We to the romantic woman who thinks to find in the man what the singer promises so sweetly.

Mrs. Brand caught the universal intoxication even more violently than did the others, for in her the soft longings of the love-craving woman were united with the fascinating terror of the curious child.

Fairly beside herself with delight, she returned from the opera, where she had seen him for the first time in all his glory, received with cheers, bombardment with laurel wreaths.

Two days later she obtained an invitation from a friend, a leader of society, which bore in one corner, plus the engraved formula, the penciled words: "He will be there."

She smothered her slender figure in a billowy ocean of lace, and with trembling hands fastened fragrant roses in her tresses. Fair and timid as a water nymph who gazes for the first time on the splendors of the upper world, she entered the ballroom. He had not yet arrived. It was even feared that he might at the last moment decline. Men like him could allow themselves such little irregularities. Breathlessly waiting she sat there, and with her all the others.

Toward 10:30 o'clock a joyful flutter ran through the room. From the hall came the glad news. The door opened. It was he. His tired glance swept negligently over the room, seeking his hostess, whom he scarcely knew. A Byronic look of hair fell gloomily over his forehead. A faint, exotic scent emanated from his person.

"It is he—he is my fate!" whispered Mrs. Brand, and lowered her sparkling

glance to her lap, for she could scarcely bear the dazzling sight of him.

He disappeared into one of the deserted adjacent apartments. It wasn't worth his while to waste time on conversation.

Later it was whispered about the rooms: "He will sing!"

"Oh, dear," whispered Mrs. Brand, "I shall never be able to bear it! I know I shall do something foolish!"

He appeared again on the surface. His gloved hands swept nervously over his temples, at which the gloomy look fell lower over his eyebrows. Evidently he was imitating Rubinstein.

He began. He had chosen Tosti's wailing aria, "Vorrei morir," the same with which Merczawinski reaped such rich triumphs later. A world of immeasurable woe streamed out of his mouth. The tones lashed the women's nerves like whips. There lay in that the wild outcry of the folled seeker of happiness, the last breath of one blissfully dying. The mad grief of Laocoon was written on the singer's brow. His dimmed eye roamed about the room as if seeking to cling to something before it broke. And behold! It rested on Mrs. Brand's lovely little person!

An electric shiver ran down her back. "Vorrei morir," she repeated dreamily. Her eye had looked upon her savior—now she could die.

At supper-time the hostess came to her, and pressing her hand with the touched emotion of a benefactress, whispered: "Thank me, Lily; you are to sit on his left!"

I took her in to supper. It was no pleasure. I can tell you, for that night I was air to her. Her eyes devoured my every gesture. She breathed in the gusts of air his waving sleeves created.

He drew off his gloves and threw them into an empty wineglass. A veritable arm of diamonds glared on his long, yellow hands. Between his fingers clung little grains of powder, which he rubbed lovingly into the skin.

He was monosyllabic—great men always are.

Once in a while he tossed his hostess a compliment, as one throws a bone to a little dog. She gnawed at it blissfully.

"It is he—he is my fate!" whispered Mrs. Brand, and lowered her sparkling

glance to her lap, for she could scarcely bear the dazzling sight of him.

He disappeared into one of the deserted adjacent apartments. It wasn't worth his while to waste time on conversation.

Later it was whispered about the rooms: "He will sing!"

"Oh, dear," whispered Mrs. Brand, "I shall never be able to bear it! I know I shall do something foolish!"

He appeared again on the surface. His gloved hands swept nervously over his temples, at which the gloomy look fell lower over his eyebrows. Evidently he was imitating Rubinstein.

He began. He had chosen Tosti's wailing aria, "Vorrei morir," the same with which Merczawinski reaped such rich triumphs later. A world of immeasurable woe streamed out of his mouth. The tones lashed the women's nerves like whips. There lay in that the wild outcry of the folled seeker of happiness, the last breath of one blissfully dying. The mad grief of Laocoon was written on the singer's brow. His dimmed eye roamed about the room as if seeking to cling to something before it broke. And behold! It rested on Mrs. Brand's lovely little person!

An electric shiver ran down her back. "Vorrei morir," she repeated dreamily. Her eye had looked upon her savior—now she could die.

At supper-time the hostess came to her, and pressing her hand with the touched emotion of a benefactress, whispered: "Thank me, Lily; you are to sit on his left!"

I took her in to supper. It was no pleasure. I can tell you, for that night I was air to her. Her eyes devoured my every gesture. She breathed in the gusts of air his waving sleeves created.

He drew off his gloves and threw them into an empty wineglass. A veritable arm of diamonds glared on his long, yellow hands. Between his fingers clung little grains of powder, which he rubbed lovingly into the skin.

He was monosyllabic—great men always are.

Once in a while he tossed his hostess a compliment, as one throws a bone to a little dog. She gnawed at it blissfully.

"It is he—he is my fate!" whispered Mrs. Brand, and lowered her sparkling

glance to her lap, for she could scarcely bear the dazzling sight of him.

He disappeared into one of the deserted adjacent apartments. It wasn't worth his while to waste time on conversation.

Later it was whispered about the rooms: "He will sing!"

"Oh, dear," whispered Mrs. Brand, "I shall never be able to bear it! I know I shall do something foolish!"

He appeared again on the surface. His gloved hands swept nervously over his temples, at which the gloomy look fell lower over his eyebrows. Evidently he was imitating Rubinstein.

He began. He had chosen Tosti's wailing aria, "Vorrei morir," the same with which Merczawinski reaped such rich triumphs later. A world of immeasurable woe streamed out of his mouth. The tones lashed the women's nerves like whips. There lay in that the wild outcry of the folled seeker of happiness, the last breath of one blissfully dying. The mad grief of Laocoon was written on the singer's brow. His dimmed eye roamed about the room as if seeking to cling to something before it broke. And behold! It rested on Mrs. Brand's lovely little person!

An electric shiver ran down her back. "Vorrei morir," she repeated dreamily. Her eye had looked upon her savior—now she could die.

At supper-time the hostess came to her, and pressing her hand with the touched emotion of a benefactress, whispered: "Thank me, Lily; you are to sit on his left!"

I took her in to supper. It was no pleasure. I can tell you, for that night I was air to her. Her eyes devoured my every gesture. She breathed in the gusts of air his waving sleeves created.

He drew off his gloves and threw them into an empty wineglass. A veritable arm of diamonds glared on his long, yellow hands. Between his fingers clung little grains of powder, which he rubbed lovingly into the skin.

He was monosyllabic—great men always are.

Once in a while he tossed his hostess a compliment, as one throws a bone to a little dog. She gnawed at it blissfully.

"It is he—he is my fate!" whispered Mrs. Brand, and lowered her sparkling

glance to her lap, for she could scarcely bear the dazzling sight of him.

He disappeared into one of the deserted adjacent apartments. It wasn't worth his while to waste time on conversation.

Later it was whispered about the rooms: "He will sing!"

"Oh, dear," whispered Mrs. Brand, "I shall never be able to bear it! I know I shall do something foolish!"

He appeared again on the surface. His gloved hands swept nervously over his temples, at which the gloomy look fell lower over his eyebrows. Evidently he was imitating Rubinstein.

He began. He had chosen Tosti's wailing aria, "Vorrei morir," the same with which Merczawinski reaped such rich triumphs later. A world of immeasurable woe streamed out of his mouth. The tones lashed the women's nerves like whips. There lay in that the wild outcry of the folled seeker of happiness, the last breath of one blissfully dying. The mad grief of Laocoon was written on the singer's brow. His dimmed eye roamed about the room as if seeking to cling to something before it broke. And behold! It rested on Mrs. Brand's lovely little person!

An electric shiver ran down her back. "Vorrei morir," she repeated dreamily. Her eye had looked upon her savior—now she could die.

At supper-time the hostess came to her, and pressing her hand with the touched emotion of a benefactress, whispered: "Thank me, Lily; you are to sit on his left!"

I took her in to supper. It was no pleasure. I can tell you, for that night I was air to her. Her eyes devoured my every gesture. She breathed in the gusts of air his waving sleeves created.

He drew off his gloves and threw them into an empty wineglass. A veritable arm of diamonds glared on his long, yellow hands. Between his fingers clung little grains of powder, which he rubbed lovingly into the skin.

He was monosyllabic—great men always are.

Once in a while he tossed his hostess a compliment, as one throws a bone to a little dog. She gnawed at it blissfully.

"It is he—he is my fate!" whispered Mrs. Brand, and lowered her sparkling

glance to her lap, for she could scarcely bear the dazzling sight of him.

He disappeared into one of the deserted adjacent apartments. It wasn't worth his while to waste time on conversation.

Later it was whispered about the rooms: "He will sing!"

"Oh, dear," whispered Mrs. Brand, "I shall never be able to bear it! I know I shall do something foolish!"

He appeared again on the surface. His gloved hands swept nervously over his temples, at which the gloomy look fell lower over his eyebrows. Evidently he was imitating Rubinstein.

He began. He had chosen Tosti's wailing aria, "Vorrei morir," the same with which Merczawinski reaped such rich triumphs later. A world of immeasurable woe streamed out of his mouth. The tones lashed the women's nerves like whips. There lay in that the wild outcry of the folled seeker of happiness, the last breath of one blissfully dying. The mad grief of Laocoon was written on the singer's brow. His dimmed eye roamed about the room as if seeking to cling to something before it broke. And behold! It rested on Mrs. Brand's lovely little person!

An electric shiver ran down her back. "Vorrei morir," she repeated dreamily. Her eye had looked upon her savior—now she could die.

At supper-time the hostess came to her, and pressing her hand with the touched emotion of a benefactress, whispered: "Thank me, Lily; you are to sit on his left!"

I took her in to supper. It was no pleasure. I can tell you, for that night I was air to her. Her eyes devoured my every gesture. She breathed in the gusts of air his waving sleeves created.

He drew off his gloves and threw them into an empty wineglass. A veritable arm of diamonds glared on his long, yellow hands. Between his fingers clung little grains of powder, which he rubbed lovingly into the skin.

He was monosyllabic—great men always are.

Once in a while he tossed his hostess a compliment, as one throws a bone to a little dog. She gnawed at it blissfully.

"It is he—he is my fate!" whispered Mrs. Brand, and lowered her sparkling

"Environment is the principal cause of them rum, idleness and poverty."

"How did you develop into a detective?"

"The Secret Service of the National Government would suit me better. I thought of plain plumbing, though I had a shop of my own, and also had served an apprenticeship at stone carving. Federal prisoners, I knew, were kept in the Ludlow street jail, until liberated or convicted. A burglar is a place as deputy warden purposely to make a study of counterfeiters. They told me their stories and explained their methods. When I thought I was fairly competent to match my wit against theirs I went to my Congressman, and he helped me with the appointment. After a year and a half in New York, I was sent to Pittsburgh and placed in charge of the work in Western Pennsylvania. That territory was promptly cleaned up, and then Mr. Wilkie ordered me back to New York, making me head of the service in that city."

"I might have become a promiscuous plumber had I stuck to my shop and original business, but I am glad I followed my own path and did some of the work in Western Pennsylvania. That territory was promptly cleaned up, and then Mr. Wilkie ordered me back to New York, making me head of the service in that city."

"What are the causes of crime?"