

### How Criminals Are Traced by Their Work

Each Lawbreaker Specializes Along Certain Lines, and It Is Found That He Nearly Always Leaves Some Telltale Clue.

THAT criminals specialize in their acts of violence is known to everyone who is interested in detective work. But that they also specialize in their methods of committing particular crimes is not so generally recognized. Yet, by means of certain earmarks, so to speak, that they quite unconsciously make, a well-informed detective is enabled very often to lay his hands on the perpetrators of certain acts when a less experienced man would fall for lack of more definite clues.

One store burglar, for instance, will always enter through the fanlight over the front door, another by breaking in at the back. One will pry open the iron bars of the back window; another will prefer to come down through the skylight in the roof. One man will force an entrance to a flat by means of false keys; another will jimmy the door; a third will use the fire escape. Moreover, they will repeat the same act in the same general neighborhood and at or about the same hour of the day or night, as the case may be, with results disastrous to themselves and satisfactory to the representatives of the law.

It may be easily seen then, how a detective with a long experience and a wide acquaintance with the most active crooks and their methods will find the task of tracking down his man comparatively simple. The crime itself generally suggests the safe responsible for its commission; the exact methods may actually indicate the individual.

Many a time when a burglary has occurred and the criminal has vanished, leaving apparently no marks by which he can be traced, police officials have been able to produce him in court within a few days, to the utter astonishment of all concerned. But the following stories will reveal the secret of this seemingly marvelous feat, through, to the credit of the department be it said, it requires no small practice and perspicacity to perform it.

An example of the fire-escape burglar is Harry Cohen, alias Katz, who works at night. His method is to rent a furnished room in the neighborhood in which he proposes to operate. Then he enters an apartment house by way of the fire escape, burglarizes several flats, takes all the money and jewelry he can find, but touches nothing else. Specimens of safe burglars are Solomon Schmidt, Gordon, alias Simonski, and Masinfessky, alias Polish Jake. These men never blow a safe; they invariably "rip" it in the back by what they term a "can-opener," a specially constructed crowbar of massive jimmy, with which great leverage may be obtained. They do their work always between Saturday night and Monday morning.

"Funeral" Wells, on the other hand, is a pickpocket specialist well known to the police. It is his boast that he never goes to a funeral without picking a pocket, and never picks a pocket except at a funeral.

A few weeks ago Jacob Kosofsky was convicted for the fifth time of sneaking into the basement of a dwelling and creeping upstairs to the bedroom to clean out the clothes closets of the family.

On each occasion he gave the same excuse for his presence—he had been sent by a tailor to get clothes to be pressed and had got into the wrong house by mistake.

"Till tapping" is a specialty of a lower order of crooks, and for years six men, headed by Jack Keeley, "worked" the saloons, grocery and delicatessen shops down Eighth avenue, up Ninth avenue and down Tenth avenue of lower Manhattan. They always selected Monday morning for the work, figuring that the owner would not have had time to bank the money taken in on Saturday and Sunday.

One man's job was to discover where the money was kept. This he did by making a small purchase, tendering a \$20 bill in payment for it, and watching where the change was taken from. Then he signaled a confederate outside. The two next started an excitement by pretending to steal a milk can or to fight among themselves—anything to get the proprietor out of the store and give the first man a chance to steal the money.

Sometimes Keeley would enter a saloon and pretend to be a building inspector or a health department man, and while the bartender was investigating some "violation" that the thief would announce he had found in the back room Keeley or a confederate would steal the cash. So notorious was this band of crooks that whenever a crime of this sort was reported to the police they at once looked up the members of the gang and found out what they were doing that night.

Keeley, however, had a specialty all his own, which finally led to his undoing. He would rush into a grocery store with a hat in his hand.

"I bet a man outside that this hat wouldn't hold three quarts of molasses and he bet me it would. Now, let's see," he would say.

"Of course, the hat would not hold three quarts," but the groceryman was interested. Just to prove it, and thinking he would be paid, he would fill the hat with molasses. Whereupon Keeley would jam it over his eyes and face, grab his watch and pocketbook, loot the cash register and run.

The last time he did this was in a grocery store at Sixteenth street and Ninth avenue, New York. Keeley reported to the police at once, and they, recognizing the criminal by his methods and knowing that he had a sweetheart in Brooklyn, waited for him at the bridge. There they arrested him and found the watch that he had stolen from the grocer in his pocket. Keeley was five years in Sing Sing, but when he came out he started at his specialties again. He was the notorious "Molasses Jack."

A specialist of another sort was John Kirk, who served about 20 terms in the workhouse, usually for the same offense—stealing in New York. He was last arrested in May, 1912, and died in the city prison of heart disease on May 26 of that year. Kirk would walk from the Battery to Harlem looking for tar to steal, and his last exploit was a theft from the New subway excavation in Center street. He was practically the only thief in New York who made tar a specialty, and when contractors complained to the police that

# The American Girl Abroad

By Harrison Fisher



IV.—HOLLAND.

Exactly as she eagerly read it again and again in the favorite story book of her childhood, so the American girl abroad, seeking quieter scenes after her Parisian experiences, finds the pocket edition of the sturdy Dutch people.

A rosy-cheeked, flaxen-haired girl, with the inevitable two braids thick as her fat little wrists, her full skirt red, her tight-fitted smock blue, her square-cornered apron white, and her stiff white and delft blue cap demurely crowning her head, comes clack-clack-clackety-clack along the narrow medieval street. The American girl figuratively rubs her eyes—for, miracle of miracles, 'tis the Wilhelmina of her precious story book come to life! "Mina, little Mina!" the American girl calls softly before she realizes it. 'Tis she! For does not the quaint and dainty little creature turn at the sound of her name and smile shyly up at the queenly beauty of the West?

Along presently troops a gawky lad with baggy blue trousers not quite making his ankles, and a black cap all but hiding his yellow locks. Glowing cheeks, too, is he. Another miracle—'tis sturdy little Jan of that old book in the flesh! "Jan! oh, Jan!" the American girl calls. Again she does not dream—for he turns and flashes two rows of glistening teeth in his broad, frank smile.

All about her are the squat windmills that the story told about and that her young eyes often beheld in fancy's realm laboriously and creakingly at work. Now they are creaking and groaning in reality, their clumsy-looking sails flapping lazily in the wind blowing in from the Zuider Zee. Everywhere, too, canals streak the low-lying landscape, and their boats, with whole families dotting them—mothers knitting, children scampering

about—move placidly on to their various destinations. On the pasture lands behind and beyond the dikes and sand dunes are the selfsame grazing cattle of the book—or, at least, their living successors. And, oh, wonderful to behold, the gorgeous tulips of those youthful pages are growing in rich profusion before her eyes.

And what is that on the chimney top of yonder quaintly gabled cottage? Why—no, it cannot be—yes, yes, it is the stork's nest of the story; and the stork is there, too, standing on one long leg and looking wisely down his impossible nose into the chimney. Unconsciously, remembering the immortal legend woven about the stork by Dutch mothers hundreds of years ago, the American girl's gaze drops to the doorway for sight of a fat little Dutch baby, and, as though it were all stage arranged and timed, out of it toddles the fattest, cutest, cunningest and dearest little Dutch child a North Sea breeze ever gave red cheeks!

"Oh, surely, surely, it is Story Book Land all over again," the American girl breathes softly, as tender memories of her childhood's make-believe companions flood in upon her.

And in Story Book Land she spends many happy days, wandering leisurely from furthestmost Groningen to uttermost Zeeland, fascinated afresh each day with land and people. And ever and anon, with true artist's inspiration, she preserves on canvas her impressions of some particularly quaint bit of landscape, the while a group of yellow-haired and radiantly-garbed children look on with shyly smiling lips and wondering big eyes of Saxon blue, the living images of Jan and Wilhelmina, Anna and Laura of that old story come true.

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they had been stolen the detectives knew for whom to look.

Almost as unusual as his case is that of another man who was before the Court of General Sessions no less than eight times. His specialty was breaking the plate glass windows of saloons. He would go around from one to another, drinking and would refuse to leave at closing time. The proprietor, of course, would have to put him out.

Then he would walk into the street, pick up the first stone he saw and hurl it through the plate-glass window. The judges had sent this man to prison so many times that they finally came to expect his appearance about once a year. The last time he was asked: "How is it that you always do this thing in exactly the same way?"

"I don't know," was the reply. "I can't help it. I feel that I just have to do it."

And here, it may be remarked, is one

particular in which at least the lower order of criminal seems to differ from the ordinary man—in the matter of brains. In this he is abnormal, the parts of his mental mechanism being seemingly in some way defective, or at least not co-ordinating in such a manner as to render his acts logical.

It is to his interest, if to anybody's, to conceal his identity and to avoid mannerisms or fads from which a keen intellect might deduce his participation in any given occurrence of crime. Yet this he seems unable to do.

Of course, he must needs specialize in one particular branch of crime, for any career, lawless or otherwise, requires a certain amount of training, and every man's capacity for work is limited.

For instance, an accomplished safe blower will rarely be a good pickpocket or a gunman an expert forger. Each action requires native ability as well as special preparation. But there is no

reason, psychological or otherwise, why they operated in New York City some years ago.

But Dr. Flower was very fond of oil paintings with Israel trees in them, and had them hung in different offices he controlled. And Goslin liked carpets with a peculiar pattern in them, and selected them for the different rooms in which he worked. Detective Barney his, and others recognized Flower's idiosyncrasy. Consequently both men were tracked.

Were it not that criminals thus repeat their misdeeds in substantially the same way each time and incidentally betray their personal habits of thought and action, it would be impossible for the police officials to follow up and convict as many lawbreakers as they do.

Every detective force in the country recognizes this psychological principle and works upon it, but the law does not recognize it and refuses to let the

jury share the detective's knowledge.

When a crook is brought to the bar of justice that body is kept in as profound ignorance as possible of the accused's life and character. His record, for all they know generally, may be absolutely unblemished, and in their eyes he is innocent till proved guilty.

Should the defendant take the witness stand the evidence which led to his arrest may be drawn from him on cross-examination, but he is not compelled to take it, and "his neglect or refusal to do so shall not create any presumption against him."

Should he, on the other hand, interpose the old familiar alibi, the case frequently turns on the question of his identity, and in such an event the jury is often hard set to get at the truth of the matter.

Exchange. Silk is made by one species of the worm and is sold for by another.

### The Harem Is Passing in the Orient

A Noticeable Decline Is Reported in Ancient Customs, and a Better Condition for Women Is Coming to the Front.

DOUBTLESS had they known of it in proper season the jolly hachas, at many times its real value, for the cruise to the Orient would have canceled their reservations—for the peep into a real Turkish harem, which was one of the big things promised them, must be foregone! The harem, as such, is being evicted, slowly but surely, from all the territory westward of Adrianople—along with the passing of the Grand Turk.

Was America far not, as yet, felt the full effect of what has occurred there in the Balkans. All the vast, fertile plain of Macedonia, the garden spot of the Levant, is now open to tillage, with life safe to the husbandman, as it hasn't been since the Turk came into Europe. As a result, Roumanian and Bulgarian and Serb and Greek, even the Croat and the Magyar, who had been saving to emigrate to the distant America, where people spoke strange tongues and had strange ways, and where it meant years and years of work to accumulate enough before one could come back and visit home folks, are now turning to Macedonia and coming in, buying farm land and settling up in a region where tillage is as at home, where the language, the customs, are substantially the same, and where one can take fourth-class passage on the trans-Macedonian Railway and be home inside of 12 hours.

All of which means that where the hated Turk lorded it over the Christians just two, three years ago, the Christians, now in preponderance, are giving such of the Moslems as remain in a given locality notice that there's been a change in power.

And it isn't in the nature of things, with an untutored peasantry, not to make it mighty unpleasant for people who, along with their ancestors for generations, would murder these peasants in cold blood, seize their crops and extort unjust taxes, steal their daughters and perform indignities without number. Wherefore, in constant streams, the Moslems are moving out of Europe, taking their most precious possessions with them, selling their stock and their implements for a song and passing across the Horn, or at least making for Constantinople. Along with this passing of the Grand Turk comes the passing of the harem out of Europe.

Strangely enough, there is possibly no institution in the Orient in regard to which there are more current misconceptions than the Turkish harem, other than the one belonging to the Sultan. It is, for example, the almost universal opinion in the Occident that the harem is of whatever size its owner may desire to make it; that polygamy is limitless Turkey over, and that the social life of the land is nil. As a matter of fact, the home life of the average Mohammedan is ideal, the share taken by the three wives (for at three the limit is set for anyone but the Sultan) in the message of the household makes the burden of good house-keeping so light that the Turkish dames necessarily have time to idle and loiter in the fashion in which we usually find them pictured.

The real harem is but seldom visited by the American of masculine gender. Even the men's part of the house is unique enough, though, to repay his coming. To begin with, one does not enter a Turkish home directly from the highway; in fact, there are no doors opening upon the street. The house is built to face upon a garden surrounded by high walls and entered by a heavy gate. At this gate the knocker is set and no one would think of entering without waiting answer to the summons. This is done in order that the Turkish women, should there be any in the garden, may either let down their veils or else retreat to cover. Wealthier homes have a porter stationed just inside this gateway to attend the summons, and in Salonica a black slave (for slavery is not dead at all) often attended this duty.

Crossing the yard one enters the house, the harem or the selamluk, according as you were bound for, the women's or the men's apartment. Curiously enough, while the harem is mentioned abroad constantly, the selamluk, which is quite evident, is seldom heard of outside the East. It is simply the men's apartments, as the other is lady's boudoir. Its only essential difference is the fact that lattices are absent from its windows and that the low, little stool of jubebe paste, or Turkish delight, found in every well-regulated harem, is replaced by a large, heavy chair. Cigars, too, are placed in the harem, too, but not in such quantities.

Both in the furnishing of the harem and of the men's apartments of the Turkish home, simplicity is the rule. Beds and chairs, except in the residences of some of the progressive young Turks, are unknown, being replaced by the divan; usually a mere bench extending around three of the four walls of the room and made comfortable with cushions. Tasty soft cushions and long bolsters, worked in gilt and silver thread, adorn these and upon them the inmates lounge. In the center of the room is a brazier, with charcoal, and here the water boils perpetually for the Turkish cafe. Little coffee mills, of the thickness of a pump handle and fitted with brass, lie about ready for moment's use.

Doors abound, but always ajar, save where the heavy leather portieres fill the void, and windows are also numerous. Rooms are much alike the household over. Frequently there are but two or three, the lower floor of the dwelling being given over to the owner's business.

Housework in such a home devolves largely on the first wife. She rules, the others obey.

The choice of a wife in Turkey is an interesting event. The usual custom in the selection of a queen of the harem is for the mother of the groom to note the girl she meets from time to time and then tell her son about them, if some of her descriptions prove particularly alluring, he will arrange to meet the father of the girl and settle with him upon the dowry. Not alone that, but the amount of the dowry to be settled on the girl is also carefully fixed and put in writing by the card. Divorces may be had without any cause in Islam—Philadelphia Inquirer.