

Parading Escapades of the "Jesse James of the East"

ON the floor of a cell, with a small window through which any but he could see 25 miles of the beautiful Champlain Valley, a stalwart man sat hunched up on a mattress, rocking to and fro in a manner almost as aboriginal as the blanket he wore. Over his sightless eyes was a bandage. It is always there, as if to shut out the light that never enters. He passed and raised his head as we entered.

"Perry, here's a friend of yours," said Dr. C. H. North, medical superintendent. "How are you, Perry?" greeted the visitor.

The man in the blanket wrinkled his brow a moment.

"Why, how are you (calling the correct name)? But I want to tell you, now, that you don't tell the truth."

The scene was the State Hospital for the Insane at Dannemora, N. Y. The man with the bandage over his eyes was Oliver Curtis Perry, perhaps the most daring bandit ever known in the State of New York. The visitor had not seen him for eight years. In all that time there had been no communication with him, and yet, from the voice, the notorious highwayman remembered him and, after just four words had been spoken, called him by name.

That is only one of several things which made the visit to the blind insane bandit remarkable. His wonderful memory is but one of several things which put him in a class by himself. He is blind as a bat. He destroyed his own sight. He is classed as an incurable paranoiac, yet he has a mind which is a perpetual puzzle to the physicians who have been studying him for years.

In another cell, with a pleasant outlook and touches which gave it a home-like appearance, sat an elderly man perusing a book, which had been worn thin from constant fingering. As his visitors entered he arose most decorously, extended his hand and, after apologizing for his lack of camellia for guests, asked about some of the actors who were prominent 25 and 40 years ago.

"I suppose Billy Mould's place and 'There's all gone by this time' he said, sadly.

"Yes, they are," was the reply. "Well, do any of the old crowd still hang around the St. Denis, the Morton House and the Ashland?"

As he spoke the aged man carefully wrapped his much-thumbed book in paper after paper and tenderly placed it in its accustomed place in a corner.

The prisoner was James M. Dougherty, central figure in one of the most sensational murders in the New York of a generation ago; the man who followed Mary Anderson around the world and jumped into the front pages of all the newspapers of the country by leaping out of a box in the Fourteenth-street Theater and rescuing the famous actress from the clutches of a stage villain. Dougherty is the humorist of the prison. He is an harmless as a house cat—while he is imprisoned. He is, like Perry, one of the puzzles of the medical profession, one of the most interesting—from a scientific viewpoint—paranoiacs in the world, or at least in prison.

There are many hundred insane prisoners in Dannemora. There are murderers of every degree. There are men who are harmless as children and others who await only an averted glance to commit another murder. From all the prisons of the state the insane are transferred to Dannemora, and there they remain, with very rare exceptions, till they die.

Of them all, Perry and Dougherty are by far the most interesting. To the casual visitor they give no evidence of mental unbalance. In fact, it is only the expert in mental diseases who can recognize their symptoms of unsteadiness. Both are paranoiacs. Both have been studied by the insanity experts of many countries. Both have their photographs in standard books on paranoiacs. Both are pointed to as exaggerated yet perfect types of the paranoiac.

It is perfectly safe to say that nearly every one who remembers the exploits of the two men believe them to be dead. They belong—especially Dougherty—to another generation. Their escapades are traced in the memories of people of a past generation. However, they are not only alive, but they are well. And one of the most astonishing things about them is the condition of their health. Each is as sound as a dollar. Perry at 41 is a veritable giant in strength and stature, with the promise of a life which may take him into the century class. Dougherty at 35, as sturdy as an oak, and the physician sees no reason why he shall not live to round out a century also. Perry is what might be called a "crank" on fresh air and exercise. Dougherty just lives. In many ways the two men present an interesting and mystifying antithesis. In every way they furnish a complete source of information for the physician. Neither expects ever to be released. Neither apparently wants to be released, although both talk frequently about it.

The author of this article was permitted recently to see both men and to talk with them. He had seen Perry before—in 1907—and at that time had agreed to tell about alleged food riots which Perry described. He did not do so, and to that fact may be ascribed Perry's opening remark:

"You don't tell the truth."

Perry now weighs about 200 pounds and is powerful enough, the keepers say, to tear an ordinary man limb from limb if he were so disposed. Bling as a bat and self-contained, he talks but seldom with the other prisoners and spends practically all his time in his own cell, protected from the air only by a suit of underwear and his Indian blanket, which he wears like a toga. He has not worn clothes for 29 years. He says the prison tailor cannot fit him, and he always was esthetic. For six years he did not eat. He said the food was unfit for human consumption. Yet he permitted the physicians to feed him through a tube, and on the diet he grew to be the perfect physical specimen he still is. He is a brilliant talker. He writes with fluency and dashes off—in his mind—rhymes which come very close to being poetry.

"I have written an acrostic," he said when the writer talked with him, "which spells 'Honorable Governor Whitman' and I would let you have it to print only you lied to me when you said you would write about the food riots and didn't. Anyhow, I will release it because I think it is pretty good, but I shall speak it so fast that you can't take it down."



Perry Robbed an Express Train Running at High Speed

Good, but I shall speak it so fast that you can't take it down."

He spoke it too fast, indeed, for transcription, but not so fast to conceal some of its splendid phrases. He has no notes of it. Like everything else, he carries it in his mind. He has written scores of verses and he never forgets them. His talks of philosophy, of psychology, of mental derangements in a way which causes the physicians to marvel. He argues with a skill and comprehension which are amazing. Yet he is in Dannemora because he is insane, and there he will remain, because the physicians say he is one of the most remarkably developed paranoiacs they have ever seen.

Many will recall the exploits of Perry. He was the Tracy of the East. He colored his acts with sensationalism which must have aroused envy along the frontiers of the West and set examples for many a mining camp. He was born in Amsterdam, N. Y. At 14 he was a burglar. At 18 he was a brilliant youth, but dangerous. A little later he was in prison in Stillwater, Minn., and there, it is assumed, he got inspiration from the records of the James boys. In 1891 he committed an express robbery on the New York Central Railroad, near Syracuse. He sawed a panel from a door, picked the lock and stole about \$5000.

Encouraged by his success in the first job, he committed a second one in February, 1892. It was this one which started the state and subsequently made Perry the hero of a dozen or more dime novels. Going aboard an express train at Syracuse, he climbed on the roof, and while the train was dashing along at 40 miles an hour he swung a rope over the roof, fastening it to the cable on one side, and let himself down on the other. With a revolver he smashed the glass in the door and while still going at a mile a minute reached through the glass and commanded the two messengers to hold up their hands and unlock the door. This they did.

Perry looted the safe while the messengers, one of them having been shot and severely injured, lay in a corner. He then detached the express car and these back of it and after the cars came to a stop backed away, covering with a six-shooter the other trainmen who had been alarmed. A pursuit which required columns to tell about then followed. Perry got on a locomotive and backed and filled while officers in another locomotive passed him. Shots were exchanged as the huge engines passed each other. Perry was finally caught and sent to Auburn Prison for 49 years.

He escaped twice. In Mattawan he rigged up a device to let needle-pointed weights drop into his eyes. The sight was almost destroyed. A short time later he finished the job of ruining his sight by rubbing ground glass into them. That was 15 years ago. Since that time it is said he has not been able to distinguish even the most glaring sunlight. He is now blind. He told the writer once that he put out his eyes because he thought then perhaps he might be liberated, inasmuch as he would certainly be harmless.

"I had another object," he said. "I thought my sister might come to see me. No one ever did come to the prison. She didn't come after all, and so I am blind without accomplishing anything. But I guess it doesn't matter."

Two years ago, after his remarkable

abstinence from solid food, Perry started to eat. He gets all he wishes. During the several years when he refused to eat the physicians observed him closely and to their surprise found that his physical condition remained perfect. He gave no reason for refusing to eat except that the food didn't suit him.

Perry is easily the hero of the institution. His record is known to all of the inmates who are able to comprehend anything. To them he is Jesse James and all the rest of the bad men squeezed into one. They admire him in a manner understood only by those familiar with the premium criminals place upon daring and daredevil escapades. And then he is the hero of their story books. As youths they help light the long hours of his incarceration, but he is unbending. He

formed the classics of their school days.

The physicians have tried all manner of discipline, mixed with kindness, tolerance, suavity and coaxing, to get Perry to live as other men do and did on the bridge and Dougherty was asked up in the Oak-street station.

The city was shocked. It was considered fortunate, however, that there had been only one victim of Dougherty's wild mania. He was convicted of murder in the first degree and was committed to Sing Sing Prison for life. This was in 1892. From there, a few years later, he was transferred to a hopeless paranoiac to Mattawan, from which he tried to escape, and a few years ago was sent to Dannemora, where he expects to make his home for the rest of his life.

A murderer at heart when at liberty, he was transformed as a convict into the meekest, most affable and most shrinking person imaginable. For a few years he occasionally spoke of the other physicians whom he had intended to kill, he talked of getting out to avenge himself on the men who had driven him, as he said, to murder. But gradually he settled into a satisfied state and during the last 20 years or so has developed a sort of humorous philosophy which gives the physician attendants and other patients a great deal of amusement. Like Perry, he gives not the slightest evidence of insanity. He has no "grouch." He does not blame any one for his failure in life. He might easily roam at large anywhere without betraying his real mental condition. He can think not only coherently but logically and profoundly. He can focus his mind on the most abstruse problems and solve them with a skill and an accuracy which are nothing short of marvelous. It is only on the one subject—that of his first and only love affair—that he loses himself, and were it not so impossible there would be little in his delusion to indicate to the average mind that he is insane. He is today just as much in love as ever, although he never knew the woman on whom he centered his insane affections, has never heard from her and has been behind bars now for almost 30 years. After he gets well enough acquainted with one he will go to the corner of his cell—it is really a bedroom—take out the package which he so carefully wrapped in four covers of paper and display the worn, thumbed volume. He has had it for ten years and reads it frequently.

"It is her memories," he says, and it is. "You see, I have written on the sides. That is my interpretation of her thoughts. The book was written for me, but, of course, no one knows it. Some day I shall have it printed with my interpolations. No, I have never heard from any one since I've been here. I'm an old man now. They say I don't object. They feed me well enough, and perhaps some day they'll let me go out and look New York City over. It's a long time now since I've seen it, and I understand it has changed a great deal. Fourteenth street was the center of things in my day."

"Would you behave yourself if you were set free?" was asked.

Dougherty smiled.

"It really doesn't make any difference whether I would or not. I wouldn't get out, anyhow. But I wouldn't hurt any one now. I used to think there was a conspiracy on the part of the physicians to ridicule me and to keep me in an institution, but I know now there was no such thing. I've no hard feeling for any one."

The man's eyes wandered for a moment and a changed expression came into them.

"Anyhow, I suppose they're all dead by this time," he said, with a touch of grim regret.

The opinion of the physicians is that if Perry were free he would become an exhorter or evangelist, and that if Dougherty were liberated he would cunningly set about finding such of his physician colleagues as were still alive and attend to them one at a time, until he was sent back to an institution.

Greenwich crop. Greenwich remembers him well. A Virginian, he was graduated at 21 from the Naval Academy in the class of 1885. His record there was sensational, for not only did he graduate at the head of his class, but his marks excelled the highest record ever made there up to that time. Joyously the authorities packed him off at once to Greenwich, for this was the sort of material it was looking for.

Three years later the young American was graduated from the Royal College, and again was there a sensation, for he had duplicated his performance at Annapolis; he led his class and established a new record for high marks. All of his English classmates he left behind.

It was about that time, it might be remarked parenthetically, that England began to find the presence of American students at this naval college embarrassing.

Not that the English officers were jealous of young Taylor, far from it. He is held in the highest esteem in the British service, and the British Institute of Naval Architects has conferred its gold medal on him, the very first American ever so honored. Another instance of British regard for him came four years ago.

The fact will be recalled that in 1911 the liner Olympic collided with the British cruiser Hawke in the Mersey and badly damaged the warship. Thereupon the admiralty sued the owners of the Olympic for damages, asserting that the suction from the Olympic had drawn the Hawke into the collision. The owners defended on the ground that the Hawke blundered into the liner and that there was no suction.

The contention of the admiralty was new in British jurisprudence, although not new in America. Accordingly, Admiral Taylor was borrowed by the British government as its chief expert in upholding its suction theory. His testimony won the case for the government, reinforced as it was, by practical demonstrations which he conducted in the British navy's model tank at Greenwich before the trial judge, Justice Evans, who, by the way, has been hearing the American prize cases recently in England. Justice Evans, in finding for the government, would not go so far as to accept the simple American language describing the suction, the word "suction," but dubbing "hydraulic interaction," and decided Admiral Taylor's explanation of the accident was correct.

Following his graduation from

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HOW UNCLE SAM BUILDS HIS SEA CRAFT

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 25.—Away back in the '80s, when Secretary Whitney started to build the "new Navy" for the United States—that navy which afterward took the pleasing name of the "white squadron"—he had to send abroad for the plans of the first modern ship of war, the Baltimore, which he proposed to construct.

That was because this Nation had fallen far behind in naval construction. Uncle Sam's so-called warships were mostly wooden craft, that depended as much upon sail as upon steam for propulsion. Very graceful appearing craft they were, but of about as much military value as a fleet of excursion boats. No modern ships of war were being built in this country; no one had skill in building them.

But times have changed. Within the personnel of the Navy there has been developed a corps of naval architects the superior of which does not exist anywhere. This corps makes the plans for all of the Government's war craft, except the submarines, which have been built on plans furnished by the patentees of the several types in use, and now the corps is making some plans for submarines also.

There are 75 of these naval architects in the Navy. They make up what is known as the construction corps. Congress, at its last session, provided for a gradual increase until the number reaches 95. From time to time different members of the corps, after having given up their private life to become highly paid executives of shipbuilding plants. Their going is not a dead loss to the Government, for they contribute to the shipbuilding resources of the Nation, and, as the country has come to realize, particularly in recent months, anything which does that is of value. Moreover, they can be relied upon to return voluntarily to the service of the Government in time of vital need. So the country contains today, in public and private service, a considerable number of highly trained naval architects. A few years ago it had none.

Starting to build modern ships of war less than 30 years ago, long after all other powerful nations had been engaged in the task, the construction corps has come to a place of leadership in naval architecture. It has developed many things that other navies have adopted. For example, it

as it sees fit these plans are worked out in detail.

Then bids are called and contracts are awarded to private yards, or work assigned to Government Navy-yards as the authorities may determine. But, whether the work be done in private or public yards, a force of naval constructors is put on each job to see that every item of the work is properly done and that every ounce of material is up to standard, just as in the construction of a building the architect is in charge over the actual builder.

That, briefly, is an outline of how Uncle Sam goes about getting his fighting ships.

As indicated in the foregoing, the bureau of construction and repair at every stage must work in conjunction with the two other bureaus involved. For example, it is determined to build a battleship. The bureau of ordnance has definite ideas as to how many guns what size guns should be placed on board this craft, and what amount of armor the hull should carry. The bureau of steam engineering knows what space it will require for the machinery it has planned to propel the vessel through the water at the speed desired. But the bureau of construction and repair has to plan a hull which will carry all of this ordnance and all of the machinery and provide room for the crew, and still make the speed desired.

It requires no chart to show the interdependence of these three bureaus in making a definite plan. The bureau of steam engineering has nothing in common with the bureau of ordnance, but the bureau of construction and repair has everything in common with both.

To get a real and unbiased appreciation of the excellence of this corps of naval architects of ours one would best go abroad. Grand Admiral von Tirpitz, for one, holds the American construction corps in high regard. He has hesitated to borrow liberally from its ideas, and he has observed them develop. And the British Admiralty—well, it knows all about the American construction corps, and it has an eye on the personnel of that corps. For example, it wouldn't mind having David Watson Taylor, chief constructor and head of the bureau and the corps, in its own establishment, for it has good reason to know the quality of Admiral Taylor, and, on occasion, with the consent of this Government, it has

borrowed his services in an expert capacity.

To understand all this you must know something of the genesis of this corps and of the career of Admiral Taylor.

He is typical of the corps as he heads. To go back a bit:

In 1842, when the United States Navy was a pretty good navy, as navies went in those days, and long before it fell upon those evil days which followed the Civil War, the construction corps was organized. Up to the period of the war the members of the corps were chosen by promotion from the ranks of civilian foremen and draftsmen. This continued, with modifications, until 1879, when Secretary Richard W. Thompson, appreciating the great advances that had been made in naval architecture, determined on a policy of having the corps made up of officers of high technical education, each with an Annapolis education as a basis for his technical education. Accordingly, in that year he selected two graduates of the Naval Academy, Bowles and Gatewood, and, with the permission of the British government, sent them to the Royal Naval College at Greenwich, where British naval architects are educated. These two gentlemen were the pioneers of the corps as now constituted. Later other graduates of the Naval Academy, in like manner, were sent abroad for the same purpose, some going to France and some to Germany, but most of them to England.

Late in the '90s the British government began to repudiate its generosity in giving its educational facilities to American officers. Other nations were asking high favors, and to grant all would prove embarrassing. Hence, having received the hint, the American Government ceased the practice of sending its officers to Greenwich.

Then was devised the plan under which officers of the corps are now given a technical education. The Massachusetts Institute of Technology established a three-year course in naval architecture, which course had to be approved by the naval authorities, and now, each year, the required number of Annapolis graduates, after having had two years' sea duty following graduation and having shown special aptitude for the profession, are sent to the institute to take that course.

Up to 1899 there were only 40 officers in the corps; a few years after the number was increased to 75, and this year an increase to 95 has been authorized, which number will not be reached for several years.

Admiral Taylor was in an early