

TRUE HISTORY OF JESSE JAMES GANN

By William A. Pinkerton.
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THE detective agents throughout the United States over 60 years of many railroads, express and stage companies and the American Bankers' association, cooperating with police officials, United States marshals, sheriffs, railroad detectives and various other authorities, who enforce the law, we have frequently been engaged in the arrest and prosecution of the now almost extinct outlaw criminal, familiarly referred to as the "hold-up" robber, who engaged in train robbery, bank looting and where hold-up methods are used.

My father, the late Allan Pinkerton, my brother, Robert, and I, in years passed, were personally engaged, and also cooperating with others, in arresting and prosecuting many criminals of this class, frequently recovering part of their stolen plunder and proving the evidence leading up to their convictions.

Many Criminals Brothers.

It is somewhat remarkable and peculiar that many of these criminals were brothers, or members of one family. Of those I recall the Reno brothers, John, Frank, Sam and Bill; the Reitenhouse brothers; the Miles brothers; James K. and Joe, all of Indiana; the Farrington brothers, Levy and Hillary, of West Tennessee; the James boys, Frank and Jesse; the Younger brothers, Cole, Jim, John and Bob; the Logan brothers, Harvey and Louie; the Collins brothers, part of the Sam Bass gang, Joel, William and Albert; the McDaniels brothers, part of the Jesse James gang, Bud and William of Missouri. The state of Missouri, strangely enough, produced more train robbers than any other state of the Union. These bands, for many years, retarded progress in western Missouri. The Dalton brothers, Bill, Bob, Emmett and Gratton of Kansas; the Burrows brothers, Rube and Jim of Alabama; the Sontag brothers, John and George of Minnesota; the Gatos brothers of California; the Jones brothers; the McCarthy brothers, Tom and Bill of Colorado; the Cook brothers, Bill and Jim of Arkansas, who were part of the Dalton gang, and the Carver and Kilpatrick brothers of Texas.

The "hold-up" robber originated among the bad men in the gold mining camps, unsuccessful as a prospector, too lazy to work, and with enough bravado and criminal instinct to commit these crimes. He first successfully robbed prospectors and miners of gold nuggets, bank notes, and other valuables, becoming bolder, looting stages and eventually after the railroads were built, "hold up" railway trains and robbed express cars.

During the civil war there were a number of "dare-devils" from the southwest engaged in guerrilla warfare, who were the pride of the states which sent them to the front, as a result of their ambuscades, raids and lawless acts during the war, were received as warriors when they returned home. This can especially be said of the James boys, the Youngers, the Renos, the Farringtons and the bands who operated immediately after the war. During the war they experienced a reckless life, which they longed to pursue, eventually engaging in these crimes. The overdrawn newspaper accounts of the exploits of the Renos, James, Youngers and others of their class, was responsible for many of their imitators.

James Family History.

Among the Kentuckians who settled in Clay county, Missouri, before the war were Dr. and Mrs. Samuels and their sons, Frank and Jesse James, who were sons by previous marriage, who when the war broke out, joined the Quantrell band, carrying on a guerilla warfare. After the war the James boys, under the leadership of Bill Anderson, with some other members of Quantrell's organization, began prowling through west and southwest Missouri and eastern Kansas, looking for what spoils they could get. From that time until April 3, 1882, on which date Bob Ford, for a reward of \$10,000, offered by Governor Crittenden for Jesse James, dead or alive, killed him in his home at St. Joseph, Missouri, and until October 5, 1882, when Frank James surrendered to Governor Crittenden in Jefferson City, Missouri, these outlaws, operating with Cole, Jim, John and Bob Younger, Clell and John Miller, Charles Pitts, the



WILLIAM A. PINKERTON

Tompkins brothers, Im Cummings, Dick Liddell, Bill Anderson, and other members of Quantrell's band, committed a series of the most despicable crimes of that period in Missouri, Kentucky and Minnesota. "Hold up" with force and arms banks in the day time, robbing trains at night, murdering respectable citizens who attempted to resist them

and killing officers who attempted to arrest them. The published tales of their deeds of daring were ridiculously over-drawn and misleading, and contained many glaring mis-statements. At the time Jesse James was killed and his brother surrendered, the statement was made that neither was ever

arrested or captured by any officers, state or federal. Judge Philander Lucas of Liberty, Missouri, before whom the James boys were once arraigned, states that during 1886-1888 both men were disarmed, arrested and taken to the county seat and there confined. About 11 o'clock one morning the James boys, with Clell Miller, Jim Foele and George White, rode into Liberty, firing off their revolvers and acting like a lot of Indians. They entered McFert's saloon, had drinks, and as they left the saloon Sheriff Richards "stuck up" the James boys and marched them into the courthouse. As a matter of fact, there were at that time no charges against them, for what killing and robbing they had done had been committed in time of war and as an act of reprisal on the enemy and they were released.

ROBERT A. PINKERTON

Immune at Their Homes.

As a rule, after each crime they would return to their home, Clay county, Missouri, and where they were virtually immune from arrest, either through fear of them by the respectable element or through the friendly aid they received from their admirers. June 3, 1877, the James and Younger brothers on a raiding expedition, visited Corydon, Wayne county, Iowa, having learned the taxes were collected about this time and intended to rob the county treasurer, whose office Jesse James entered, requesting that a \$100 bill be changed, but the clerk informed him that the county treasurer, who held the combination of the locked safe, was attending a public meeting on the outskirts of the town, where a proposition to build a new schoolhouse was being discussed. Just as James was leaving the building, the clerk told him that he might get the bill changed at the new bank across the square, which had been opened that day and had one half of its capital on deposit. Hearing this James consulted with his associates, and the robbery of the new bank was agreed upon. When James offered the \$100 bill, the cashier opened the safe to change it, but facing the new customer found himself looking into the muzzle of two revolvers. Other members of the band had meanwhile entered the bank, all forcing the president and cashier to a back room, empty of the contents of the safe, about \$15,000, into a saddle bag and, just as they were leaving the bank, the clerk a new deposit, a negro preacher with a handful of money, and ordered him to drop his money in the saddle bag, which he did. The robbers then mounted their horses and in fleeing from the town, passed the public meeting where the new schoolhouse proposition was being discussed, began firing their revolvers and rifles in the air, informing the committee that the Corydon bank had just been robbed, and that they had better get back in town and start a new bank quick.

This is the first robbery in which the James and Younger brothers were engaged and that was under the investigation of Robert Pinkerton, then quite young, with a posse traced the outlaws through the lower counties of Iowa into Missouri, but before the Missouri line was reached, most of the posse returned to Corydon, excepting an Iowa sheriff, on the trail of the James boys. As far as Cameron Junction, a cross-road station, where he returned for additional help, but Robert Pinkerton, who followed the trail, determined where the band had separated, part of them crossed the Missouri river, while the others crossed at Ferry, on the Mill ferry, all meeting afterwards at the Old Blue Mill, which stood on a bluff, from which point all rode together, going south.

ALLAN PINKERTON

Robert Pinkerton, recognizing the uselessness of continuing alone, returned to Liberty, Missouri.

Their First Train Robbery.

On July 29, 1873, they committed their first train robbery on the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific railroad, when they wrecked a train 15 miles east of Council Bluffs, Iowa, murdered the unarmed engineer, wounded the fireman, injuring several of the passengers and robbing the express car of a large amount of money.

It is a rather strange coincidence that three years later while investigating the Gadshill train robbery on the Iron Mountain road, Joseph W. Wither, one of our detectives, was killed by the James band at the crossing of the Lexington and Independence road.

January 31, 1874, they committed their second train robbery on the Iron Mountain road at Gadshill, Missouri, dragging the train to a standstill and "holding up" and robbing it of \$10,000. They were aided in this robbery by the Younger brothers, Clell Miller and Jim Cummings. It was in the investigation of this robbery that on January 10, 1874, Joseph Wither, one of our detectives from Chicago, was killed by Jesse James at Rocky Ford. They overpowered him, put him on a horse in company with Clell Miller and carried him from their home in Clay county, Missouri, to near Independence, Jackson county, Missouri, where they assassinated him while bound with ropes and left his body lying on the crossroad.

A few days later Louis Lull, a former captain of police in Chicago, but then in our employ, in company with an ex-deputy sheriff and a man named Daniels met John and Jim Younger on a road near Monticau Springs, St. Clair county, Missouri, and in the effort to arrest them Lull was mortally wounded, although he killed John Younger. Daniels was seriously wounded. Lull lingered about six weeks and then died. The James boys' band also committed robberies on the Union Pacific railroad at Munsey, Kansas, in December, 1876, where \$50,000 was stolen, but McDaniel, one of the parties, was arrested with part of the booty and was killed when he attempted to escape. They also committed a robbery on the Missouri Pacific railroad at Ottumwa, Missouri, July 8, 1876, when \$17,000 was stolen.

Northfield Bank Robbery.

The next serious crime they engaged in was in September, 1876, when they attempted to rob a bank at Northfield, Minnesota, and killed the cashier, J. L. Haywood. Citizens of the town opened fight and killed Bill Chadwell, Clell Miller and Charley Bob and Jim Younger were wounded. Cole Younger picked up Bob and carried him away on his horse. A few days later, Cole, Jim and Bob Younger, surrounded in a swamp, were captured, tried and sentenced to life imprisonment in Stillwater, Minnesota.

September 16, 1893, Bob Younger died in prison. July 10, 1901, Cole and Jim Younger were pardoned by the Minnesota state board of pardons. On October 18, 1902, Jim Younger committed suicide at St. Paul, Minnesota.

Frank and Jesse James were also concerned in the Northfield raid. Jesse was badly wounded, but Frank stuck to him and managed to get him over into Dakota and thence to the Missouri river, where they stole a skiff and made their escape.

April 3, 1882, Bob Ford, a former associate of the James boys, killed Jesse James while he was hanging a picture on the wall in his home at St. Joseph, Missouri. Bob and Charles Ford surrendered themselves for this crime and were sentenced to death, but pardoned by Governor Crittenden and paid the \$10,000.

Later Frank James surrendered himself to the Missouri authorities, stood trial and was acquitted of the Gallatin, Missouri bank robbery. Governor Crittenden refused to surrender him to the Minnesota authorities. He subsequently settled in western Missouri, and so far as I know, is now living a straightforward life.

Both Jesse James and the Youngers are all buried at the scenes of their boyhood days in western Missouri. The only one of the exploits of this band had more to do with making of bad men in the west than anything which occurred before they began operating or since.

Titled Society Woman Tries Life as Gypsy



Lady Arthur Grosvenor as Sarah Lee, licensed hawker, driving her gypsy van through Oxfordshire. The peeress in her gypsy costume is on the right.

LONDON—Recent announcements that Lady Arthur Grosvenor—whose husband is a son of the late Duke of Westminster—and one of the most exclusive and fashionable women of English society, is spending a holiday in touring with a caravan in true gypsy fashion, have left the most interesting particulars of this titled lady's whim untold.

"Caravanning" has been for some years past a popular diversion of society. The coming of summer each year has witnessed the appearance of an increasing number of these traveling homes wending their way quietly among the by-paths of rural England. But it has remained for Lady Arthur to go her sister enthusiasts "one better"; she has adopted the gypsy life in every sense of the

word—in dress and appearance, in mode of traveling and living, in vocation and even in name, for she has assumed the typical "handle" of "Sarah Lee."

Disguise Is Complete.

Few people would recognize Lady Arthur Grosvenor in "Sarah Lee," hawker of baskets, in a flaming red skirt, blue jersey, slouched straw hat and immense hanging earrings, who drives her caravan sitting in front in true gypsy fashion, with legs dangling. Certainly the farmer who gruffly refuses her permission to rest her caravan in his field for the night does not, and certainly the wives who quarrel with her over the price of one of her gaudy colored baskets which festoon her caravan do not. A dainty and petite gypsy who makes

life have been looked after and a man

Even the small details of true gypsy

ple screams and caws from a cage hung on the side of the larger van, while three dogs, of a considerably better class than are usually found with gypsy caravans, fill in the picture and complete the illusion.

For more than a week past "Sarah Lee" and her caravans have been making their way through Oxfordshire, carefully avoiding the beaten paths. The amateur gipsies get up about five o'clock in the morning, and Lady Arthur does the cooking. Tea, bacon and eggs are the almost invariable menu. At 8 a start is made and 12 sees them again tied up in some field for lunch—a cold lunch usually. Travel is then resumed until early evening when camp is made for the night. Fifteen miles is considered a good day's journey.

Farmers Are Inhospital.

But while travelling "Incog." has its advantages, it also has its drawbacks. Gipsies are not the most welcome people to the average farmer and few of the latter will allow these nomads to camp in their fields. They are not allowed to camp in the roads and this has frequently been the cause of no little annoyance and trouble to Lady Arthur Grosvenor. Upon several occasions she has been compelled to travel many extra miles before she could find some one who would take her in.

Lady Arthur is one of the best horse-women in England and passionately fond of country life, horses and dogs. She is interested in gypsy life and was one of the first subscribers to the Gipsy Lore society. A daughter of the late Sir Robert Sherriff, she was married to the second son of the late Duke of Westminster in 1893. They live at a beautiful country home, Broxton Old Hall, near Chester.

That a book based on her experiences will follow her trip some of her friends are sure, but Lady Arthur herself declines any such serious intention "at present," she adds—which may mean something and may mean nothing.

English Politician's Busy Wife.

Lady Randolph Churchill in the Gentlewoman.

The wife of a prominent politician described to the writer a typical day of her life in London during the season. Having risen at 8:30, before breakfast, at which meal she digested the newspapers, she attended to her household duties, read with the children for half an hour, had an Italian lesson and a dancing lesson.

Then in a fast motor speed to a committee meeting for the dissemination of free trade literature. A hurried luncheon preceded a lecture on Plato—a rush to the house of commons to hear an attack on her husband's policy and here, answer—whirled home in the motor, she had time for a hasty visit to the nursery, before scrambling into her clothes for a big dinner, where she naturally arrived late and breathless. A few rubbers of bridge, then a political party, and finally a ball at which she danced vigorously until 2 a.m.

Burglary That Reformed a Convict

LONDON—Through the recent recapture of two convicts who escaped from Dartmoor prison there has been brought to light the story, never heretofore published, of the romantic sequel to another escape made 10 years ago.

Escapes from the most famous of Britain's penal institutions are exceedingly rare and seldom does the fugitive succeed in retaining his freedom for more than a day or two at most. The prison is situated in the midst of a desolate moorland region and is surrounded by bogs and morasses, which offer tremendous obstacles to the convict who makes a bid for liberty. If he betakes himself to the few roadways he is almost certain to be caught, because they are carefully watched when it becomes known that anyone has escaped. Stimulated by the reward of \$25 which is paid for the recapture of a prisoner, the farmers join in the man hunt zealously. Before he dares enter a town the fugitive must manage to exchange his jail uniform for ordinary clothing. This he can obtain only by stealing it. Destitute of money he has to resort to the same method to get food, while still wearing the garb that brands him as a criminal "doing time." Escape from within the prison walls is almost impossible—except in sensational novels. It is only when fogs come up suddenly, as they are apt to do on the moors, that those who are working outside the prison occasionally find a chance to give the guards the slip.

Fog Aids Escape.

A gang of 60 men were working on Christmas eve, 1897, in the rear of the prison and some distance from it, when a fog was observed sweeping down upon them. Three of them—Ralph Goodwin, William Carter and William Martin—decided to bolt when the mist enveloped them. At a signal given by Goodwin the three men dug their fingers into the earth, threw the handfuls of soil into the faces of the guards and took to their heels. The warders were thrown into temporary confusion, but soon recovered. "Cover them; fire!" shouted the chief warden. Shots rang out; a scream followed and Carter was picked up dead with a bullet through his heart. He was undergoing a life sentence for a brutal murder of an old maid and only through the skill of his counsel had succeeded in cheating the gallows. The retribution that had overtaken him, it was generally felt, was a just one. Martin was soon afterwards brought

to bay under a tree. He threatened the warden who had run him down with a lance of grass, but he was seized by a bludgeon and carried insensible to the jail.

Hears Bullet Whizz.

As Goodwin leaped over a hedge he heard Carter's death shriek and felt the whizz of a bullet that just missed his own head. Not knowing whether he ran he fled blindly in the mist and fast gathering darkness. For hours he kept going, floundering often waist-deep through the bogs, imagining that he was putting miles between him and the prison.

When dawn broke, to his dismay, he discovered that throughout the night he had been describing a circle around the jail and was still within reach of a rifle from the posts of observation on the wall. Sinking on all fours, he wormed his way up one side of a tor, screening himself behind the boulders, plunged boldly down the other side and then dashed into the thick of the fog again. His Christmas day was spent in picking his way through bogs, fording rivers or leaping streams. When night fell, famished and spent, he broke into a house, stole the remnants of the Christmas dinner and a suit of clothes. He was far from suspecting it at the time, but it was through this burglary that he got a chance later on to redeem his past life. Attired in ordinary clothing he was no longer a convict, and he was able to hide from everybody he met. Striking the railway and making occasional detours for the purpose of "pinching" food and throwing pursuers off the scent, he reached Devonport during the third night of his freedom.

Betrayed by Nerves.

But his nerves were in bad shape and they betrayed him. In the early hours of next morning he was prowling about on the outskirts of the town and passed a policeman on the other side of the road. The policeman had a dog with him. The dog, animated by mere canine curiosity, scuttled after Goodwin. Thinking that the animal had been set on his track by the policeman Goodwin started to run. Up to that time the policeman had had no suspicions of the man, but he had concluded from his actions that there was something wrong about him. Leavelling his pipe at him (English policemen seldom carry revolvers), he threatened to shoot him if he didn't stop. Goodwin succumbed to the bluff and surrendered. The story of his escape and recapture was, of course, published at the time. It is the subsequent career of the con-

vict which has just come out that throws a halo of romantic interest around him.

Helped by His Victim.

William Johnson, the man from whom Goodwin had stolen the clothing and a belated Christmas meal, was a man of generous humanitarian feeling. He had read Charles Reade's "Never Too Late to Mend" to some purpose. He visited Goodwin in prison and became deeply interested in him. He formed the opinion that Goodwin had good stuff in him, that it was misfortune that had led him into crime, and that given a chance to make a start somewhere where his record was unknown he might do well.

When Goodwin had finished his sentence Mr. Johnson defrayed his passage to South Africa. There he made an honest living. When the war broke out, under the name he had assumed he joined one of the corps of irregular mounted infantry. His pluck, daring and efficiency, for he was a splendid rider, gained him rapid promotion. For the war closed came the tidings that Sergeant — of Bethune's Horse had been killed in a gallant attack on the enemy. It is known to only a few that the brave sergeant who gave his life for his country was the ex-convict who had made such a desperate struggle to regain his freedom at Dartmoor.

Wanted—A Pat Crowe.

[Pat Crowe has been put on trial in Council Bluffs, charged with a streetcar holdup committed in 1905.]—News Item. Way out in distant Omaha. And, too, in Council Bluffs. Whenever a crime is committed. Do they gather in the town? Oh, no, they have a simpler plan. That's far ahead of that. The boss detective tells his men, "Go out and round up Pat."

It makes no difference what the charge. From past to present. Or any other old degree. Or whether 'twas done yesterday. It saves a lot of work and time. To put it up to Crowe. "Wouldn't you appear Pat spends his days. Forever doing time? But 'tis not so, for there'd be. None to accuse of crime. They bring him in and turn him loose. And let it go at that. Well knowing that are very long. They'll stand in need of Pat. Now, here at home it looks like Pat. Would welcome be indeed. To give our sleuths a chance to rest—A thing they seldom want. As when investigators search. For mythical John Doe. Just think of all the time they'd save. By judging Patrick Crowe."