ENGLAND'S GREATEST DETECTIVE'S CAREER

Sleuth of Scotland Yards Tells How $10,000,000 Worth of Stolen Property Was Recovered and 3,000 Men Arrested, Among Them the Cleverest and Most Desperate Criminal of Modern Times—Thrilling Stories Concerning Many Criminals

By Ernest L. Heitkamp.
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LONDON—Ten million dollars' worth of stolen property recovered and 3,000 men arrested—amongst them many of the cleverest and most desperate criminals of modern times. That is a record which, shared between half a dozen detectives, would suffice to give each one of them a claim to more than ordinary distinction. Considered as the work of one man alone, it stamps Inspector John Walsh, the famous Scotland Yard sleuth, as a veritable Napoleon of his profession.

Thirty years of Mr. Walsh's life have gone to the compilation of this record, in the course of which, incidentally, he has been brought face to face with death over a score of times. And now he has retired from official service to establish an international detective bureau, for, with all his gorgeous opportunities, he has never "feathered his own nest"—a fact which would assuredly give him another claim to distinction had his career lain in America.

Tells Life Story.

He told me something of his life story yesterday and I found it far more fascinating and interesting than any detective work of fiction. It deals with thrilling adventures and hairbreadth escapes and captures of world-famous criminals. It brings one in contact with royalty—with the sovereign of nearly every nation in Europe. It takes one scurrying over the world in pursuit of murderers, counterfeiters, forgers, dynamiters and anarchists. Told in detail, it would make a most interesting book, but I have space only for a brief chapter.

Mr. Walsh is a big man. He stands 6 feet 2 inches and tips the scales at 225 pounds. He is an Irishman by birth with the typical Irishman's love of fighting, for as he told of his "scraps" with criminals one could not help perceiving that he rather enjoyed these contests. His eyes are small and have the quick all-embracing glance of the highly-trained stalker of criminals. His shoulders, slightly stooped, suggest great physical strength. Hands that are large and muscular and wrists that are square bear out this impression. Altogether he is a formidable figure.

By way of drawing Mr. Walsh out I mentioned the well-known fact that Sherlock Holmes had very little respect for Scotland Yard and its methods. Mr. Walsh smiled broadly as he said:

Sherlock Holmes Is Foolish.

"I have very great admiration for Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. He has a wonderful imagination, but it is foolish to compare his creation, Sherlock Holmes, with the detective of today. Everybody must know that Holmes' keys are made to fit his own locks. But Mr. Holmes and his methods in real life, pitted against a Scotland Yard man, and he would not be one, two, three."

Mr. Walsh is probably the most famous protector of royalty in the world. He is the favorite of kings, of queens and princes. Immediately upon their landing in England for many years past, it has been the practice of the British authorities to deliver royal visitors into the care of Inspector Walsh. It speaks volumes for the thoroughness of his work that harm has never befallen a royal person upon whom he was in attendance.

"Royalties, and especially reigning sovereigns, are in receipt of hundreds of threatening letters every week," said Mr. Walsh. "Little or no attention is paid to the great majority of them. The late Queen Victoria received a very great many, but I know that she was in no fear of assassination.

"Royalty is not guarded as strongly as is the common belief. Usually two men are assigned except in special cases. For instance, when the czar of Russia visited England, all the available men at Scotland yard were sent out to be in personal attendance upon him. His guard consisted of 10 detectives in addition to his personal staff.

Many Narrow Escapes.

"I have been in many tight places, but I think the adventure that brought my life into most peril was the arrest of a gang of safebreakers in the old Seven Dials, in the early days of my career. I was attached to the Bow-street station. The Seven Dials, in those days, was one of the worst, if not the very worst, place for criminals in the world. Every type of crook sought refuge there.

One of the worst gangs of this district included among others probably the most desperate special safe man in the history of crime, 'Blinkey Tim' Davey, and his partner, Morrison. The gang had committed a series of bold and successful robberies in the north of England and had come to the Seven Dials to enjoy the proceeds. I noticed Davey at a race meet very flashily dressed and with plenty of money. I was known to him, so I put another man onto him and he was followed to a house at King's Cross. Subsequent watching showed that the men entered the house only from the rear, the front being perfectly dark.

"We finally decided upon a raid, and three of us repaired to the house one night after Davey had been followed there. One man remained on the outside while another man and I let ourselves in by a false key. As we entered we ran plump into Davey and four other men. Davey seemed to be the only one armed and his gun stared me right in the face.

"'Put your handcuffs on the floor,' he said, 'or you're dead men.'

Breaks Criminal's Ribs.

"I saw there was no good delaying matters, so, making a bluff to obey, I jumped at Davey and before he could pull the trigger knocked the revolver from his hand, and in a moment was rolling on the floor with him. My companion grabbed the gun and held the other four men at bay. I broke two of Davey's ribs in the fight and we finally handcuffed the men and took them to the station.

"From an address book I found among Davey's things, I rounded up 'Pumby' Jacobs, one of the most notorious receivers of stolen goods in the country, and recovered about $50,000 worth of stolen goods.

"Another case in which I had a very narrow escape was the arrest of one Dempsey, who was wanted for highway robbery. I located Dempsey in a house in Queen's street in Seven Dials and decided to arrest him there. He got the tip from some one and was prepared. Two of his pals stationed themselves on the roof of the house adjoining his, and, as I passed below, let a coping weighing about 300 pounds come down. It missed me by a couple of inches and a flying piece broke the leg of a man at my side. I did not get Dempsey that day, but I did eventually, and saw him sent away for ten years.

"What do I consider my best job?" said Mr. Walsh, in answer to a question of mine. "It is hard to say, but perhaps the arrest of the Russian rouble note counterfeiters deserves that distinction. Thousands of these notes were put into circulation on the continent by a gang composed of Russians and Poles to the number of ten, living in Paris, Berlin, Vienna and Amsterdam. So very clever were they that they successfully defied detection for many months. The leaders of this gang had been in the United States, Posinoski having 'done time' in New York and Dempski having had the same experience in Chicago.

"Eventually finding things pretty hot for them on the continent, the gang came here, but made frequent trips between London and the big cities across the channel. They did not attempt to pass any of their fake money here, however, and I stumbled on them quite by accident. I was at the Alexandra Park races one day when a well-known crook whom I knew came up to me and handing me what was apparently a Russian note, asked me if it was any good. It seems that he had got it from a young Russian girl who in turn had received it from a Russian whom she had never seen before. I brought it to the city, found that it was one of the now famous roble-notes with which the continent was being flooded and the quest for the counterfeiters was begun.

Picks Up Trail.

"I got in touch with the girl and for days upon days was with her. My patience was finally rewarded when she pointed out the man who had given her the note. I followed the man to Kensington and from that time on the house and its occupants were never unwatched. We picked the whole ten men up, one at a time, and followed them all over the continent. Finally we had enough evidence against them to convict and decided upon a raid of the Kensington house. Two of the gang were in Europe, but, on the night we entered, eight of the men were in the house. We had previously got a man in touch with the gang and unknown to them, had obtained impressions of the keys to the front and back doors of the house.

"Now to understand just what happened I must go ahead of my story and tell you that the gang had prepared against a raid in the following way. Instead of hiring only one house, as we thought, they had hired as well the two houses above them on the street. They had cut connecting doors between the three houses, but these were blind doors and could not be seen very easily. They figured on going through to the third house and thence to the street.

"Six of us entered the house, leaving some men at the front and back in case of an escape. The gang heard us, and, taking the alarm, passed through the blind doors to the third house. We thought they had gone upstairs and were about to ascend when in the rush I fell against the blind door and it gave way.

"'Hello, what's this?' says I, and while three of the men went upstairs three of us went through the blind door into the next house.

"In the meantime the gang had attempted to leave by the front door of the third house and had been discovered by our men waiting on the outside. The alarm was given and we all filed into the street. We got five of the gang, but Posinoski, Dempski, and a fellow named Leveshon refused to come out. The men we had captured said all three were heavily armed and had sworn not to be taken alive.

Works Novel Scheme.

"We were at a loss how to get at the men, as we were not anxious to lose our lives, until I hit upon a novel scheme. Three of us went into the middle house and posted ourselves by the blind door leading into the house where the three men were hiding. Then the fire brigade was called out and a stream of water played on the house. It was not long before the three men emerged through the blind door, to be promptly captured."

Inspector Walsh's arrest of Francois a famous French anarchist, was one of the most sensational in the history of crime. In this arrest he was assisted by three men from Scotland Yard, including Superintendent Melville. Francois and another man named Mennier were suspected of dynamiting a cafe in Paris and had escaped to England. They were desperate men, and Francois had sworn never to be captured alive. In telling of the arrest Mr. Walsh said that a delay of a few moments undoubtedly saved his life as well as that of another inspector.

"Francois," he said, "had taken a floor of a house at Poplar and four of us went down there. We did not want to approach the house openly, and as luck would have it while we were discussing plans the tenant of the house came out. I got into conversation with him and finally got him into the public house in the corner. He told me that Francois was a very peculiar man; that every time anybody knocked at the street door he looked out of the window, and that he had taken the carpet off the stairs so that no one could go up quietly to his rooms. It was evident that we were going to have trouble, and it was finally decided that Inspector McIntyre and I should go up and that Superintendent Melville and the other man should remain below.

Drink Saves Life.

"'One more drink,' said McIntyre to me. 'You know it may be our last, John.' We had the drink and it undoubtedly saved our lives, for while we delayed Francois took one of his very few excursions from his rooms. He passed us just as we emerged from the public house, with an oil can in his hand. We let him pass and in a few minutes he returned. As he passed us I spoke to him by name and he replied. I then grabbed him and we rolled in the gutter. He was a small man, but a perfect Samson in strength. It took all four of us to get the handcuffs on him, and make matters worse the crowd that had gathered sided with him. There was danger of interference until I yelled, 'Don't meddle. He's Jack the Ripper.' Then we had all we could do to prevent lynching.

"How very near we were to death we did not realize until we made a visit to Francois' room. The door was screwed down so that it opened but a foot—just wide enough to admit one man at a time. On a table facing the door was a fully loaded revolver and 15 cartridges. Francois told me that he was prepared to shoot us one at a time as we came into his room and then make his escape through the rear window."

Fought Forty Thieves.

Inspector Walsh joined the Metropolitan police force in 1878 and was immediately attached to the Bow street station. Here he early won his spurs by his work in breaking up the famous "Forty Thieves" and other criminal organizations. So rapid was his advance that in six months he was made a detective, and in 1883 he was transferred to Scotland Yard.

During his 30 years on the force the aggregate amount which he has recovered in money, precious stones, plate and property does not fall short of $10,000,000, Mr. Walsh says.

"I always had an aptitude for detective work," said Mr. Walsh, "and I joined the force with that end in view. Even as a boy I was intensely interested in the solution of crime problems and read a great deal of literature dealing with them."

I asked Mr. Walsh for an estimate of Scotland Yard, and he said:

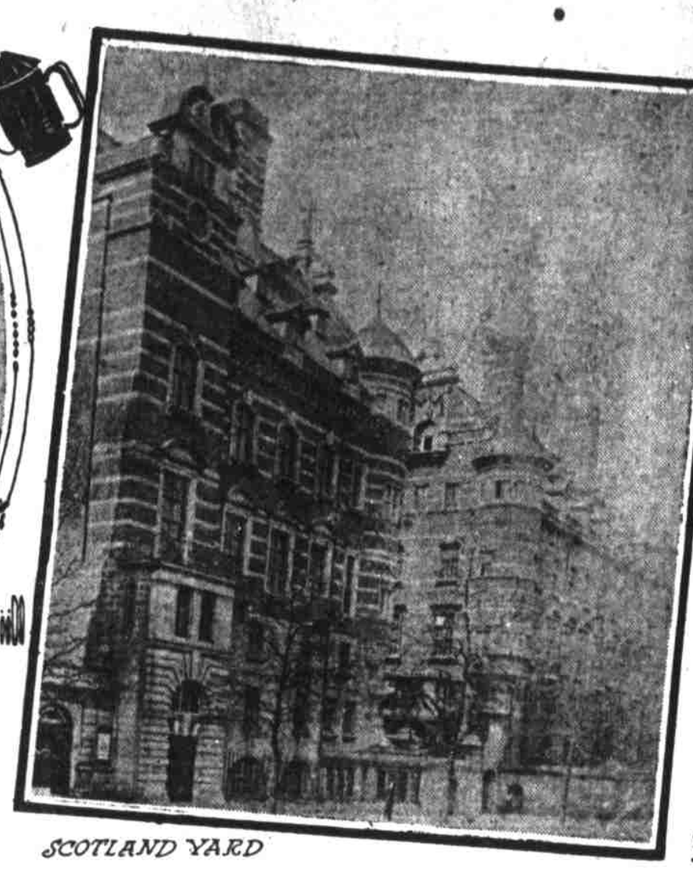
Scotland Yard Is Best.

"I have traveled in almost every country in the world and am pretty well informed concerning their police systems. Scotland Yard is undoubtedly the best in the world. I believe it is as near perfect as such an organization can be."

I spoke of some unsolved murder mysteries which had recently come to my attention in London, noticeably the famous "studio murder" and the "Merstham tunnel murder," and asked Mr. Walsh if he thought Scotland Yard was as good as it used to be.

"Better," said he, "much better than it ever was before. You must know that there are cases here where it is not convenient for Scotland Yard to take the public into its confidence. I cannot tell you the inside facts, but I can say that Scotland Yard was pretty well satisfied with its investigation of those cases. Nowadays you don't hear of any big hauls being made by burglars or highwaymen, the race tracks were never cleaner or safer, and crime is steadily on the decrease."

INSPECTOR JOHN WALSH, MOST BRILLIANT OF ENGLISH DETECTIVES WHO IS RETIRING AFTER 30 YRS. SERVICE



SCOTLAND YARD

"BLINKEY TIM" DAVEY A DESPERATE CRIMINAL WHOSE CAPTURE NEARLY COST INSPECTOR WALSH HIS LIFE

FARMING UNDER THE ARCTIC CIRCLE--Instead *of* Being a Stern, Forbidding and Barren Region, Alaska Raises All Sorts of Fruits and Vegetables

By John E. Lathrop.

THOSE who have been accustomed to regarding Alaska as a stern, forbidding region, barren of vegetation, will read with surprise the reports filed at Washington by officials of the department of agriculture, who have charge of experiment stations in the northern territory. With one report came photographs of native strawberries which have been cultivated and which compare favorably with the berries grown in many parts of the United States for the regular market.

Also it is claimed that the livestock industry promises finely as proven by the herds bred at the government stations, illustrated by photographs accompanying the reports.

Perhaps, most surprising of all is the statement that good progress has been made in propagating nursery stock of fruit trees, and that it has been demonstrated that such fruits may be grown with profit.

Ten years ago, when the great "stampede" took place into the Klondike and Alaska by placer miners, thousands pouring into the region which had been regarded as coated the year around with ice and snow, the public thought vegetation was entirely lacking there, and none expected ever to learn that men were foolish enough to pay heed to agriculture.

Miners Overlooked Farming.

Miners going down the Yukon river in small boats were amazed at several mission points along the river to see cabbage, oats and some other products growing in a small way in tiny gardens. They also saw stacks of hay during the summer, to be fed to the few dozen draft animals there were in that country, at a market value of from $30 to $100 a ton.

They saw occasionally wild berries nestling in hillsides, warmed by the continuous sunshine into marvelous growth and maturity in a few weeks.

Yet they gave no thought to these things, looking on gold as the only product, and seeing nothing potential in these evidences of agriculture. They bought cranberries from the Indians, trading them often bacon, of which the aborigines are fond, and occasionally obtained a bit of other native fruit at fabulous prices.

But almost as soon as the first stampede landed at Dawson and Circle City, respectively British and American territory, Secretary Wilson of the agriculture department ordered his experts to go north and survey the country over to learn what were the possibilities of husbandry. For a couple of years they prospected, not for gold, but for the elements of nitrition in the gold-bearing soils and the climatic conditions to justify making extended experiments in their line. They reported to Secretary Wilson, and that enterprising and tireless cabinet minister ordered them to go back and go to work to develop husbandry where everyone thought there could be no husbandry.

From Sitka northward they studied the conditions; they erected buildings and dug up the dirt, and now are able to conscientiously tell the world that some day Alaska will produce enough to supply its own wants along that line.

Progress in Agriculture.

So far north as the Yukon river valley where it makes its sweep above the Arctic circle the government experts have prosecuted their labors and hold out hope to the miner of the northland that before long he will buy abundantly in his local market of fruits, vegetables and grains and forage, at prices not beyond his reach.

Those who have been in that region know that already the horse has largely supplanted the dog as a draft animal. When the stampeders first invaded that country the canine drew all freight, carried all "grub" supplies in the wintertime, and was the sole means of transportation. Nowadays, the horse performs much of the work of hauling, even in the dead of winter. To sustain these animals hay must be had, and it is cut on the bottoms in many localities in great abundance.

The department of agriculture is experimenting in adapting native plants to cultivation, engrafting, or fertilizing them with the pollen of hardy varieties from regions farther south, so that gradually it is developing a system of plant life suited more to prolific production, possessing the qualities needed there where the summer season brings practically continuous sunshine, and withstanding the severe winters.

Secretary Wilson, who is deeply interested in the advancement of agriculture in Alaska, now has the laugh on those who essayed to prove that his efforts to introduce scientific agriculture in Alaska were foolish waste of money. His subordinates have carried out his instructions so well that substantial progress is shown now.

SENSE OF HONOR

Woman's Special Code for Conduct Toward Her Husband.

From the Pall Mall Magazine.

A well-known American warder said to me: "I have been in prisons for men and in prisons for women. Discipline in the former is child's play compared with the latter. As soon as a man realizes there is no use in resisting he gives in. But the women, even when we put them in straitjackets, always manage to extricate at least one finger and to agitate that in a rebellious manner!"

In the matter of conduct toward husbands and consideration due to the "better half" there is an especial code of honor. It has the stability that sanction by women of all countries gives it, but it does not resemble any code that a man would observe toward another man, nor which a woman would employ toward any human—except her husband. This code includes the right to search pockets, consult notebooks, open letters, read those already opened. It includes the right to confound household and personal accounts, to use on self the money intended by the master of the house for paying bills. This system is not frequently practiced, perhaps, and less frequently admitted, no doubt, yet we remember one newly married woman who announced as a little triumph, "When I buy for myself something I don't like I just sell it to the house!"

The peculiar indulgence which the conjugal state seems to call for as regards the weaker sex in matters of honor more or less delicate was thus strikingly summarized by a philanthropist accustomed to all sorts and conditions of people. Among the poor whom she visited there was a woman who in a fit of rage or jealousy had killed a man. In relating to me the case the philanthropist concluded sadly, "Yes, she killed him, and he wasn't even her husband!"

WHAT IS YOUR INFLUENCE? Stop and Ask Yourself What You Are Doing and What People Have to Thank You for, to Justify Your Existence

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.
(Copyright, 1907, by American-Journal-Examiner)

HAVE you ever stopped to ask yourself what sort of an influence you are exerting on your associates?

When you have called on an acquaintance, or met a friend accidentally, has it occurred to you that you left some impression, some change of atmosphere, for better or worse?

Not long ago a lady was ushered into the home of a mutual friend. The friend had passed through a sudden calamity a few months previously and was trying to regain her old wholesome view of life by avoiding as much as possible all talk of sickness, trouble and gloom.

The lady who called is a woman of talents which have been recognized; she is of fine presence, dresses with elegance, has a devoted husband who is respected among men, and earth's choicest pleasures have been laid at the feet of this pair.

Yet this thrice-blessed woman walked into the home of the convalescing friend with the face of a martyr. "I am a bundle of quivering nerves," was her first greeting. "Every step I took walking down the street I felt all my nerves centering in my brain with throbs of anguish."

"But you look the picture of health and vigor and opulence," I protested. "Oh, you do not know," the elegant martyr answered. "I have been through such a strain for years—I have borne such burdens! My work is very exhausting, you know."

"We all bear burdens in this life," I said. "That is what life means. And your work has brought you splendid returns. You have every reason to be happy and grateful."

"Oh, but I wondered this morning as I walked along if it was worth all it costs. I am so nervous"—etc., etc., etc.

And then for another half hour the brilliant woman continued to talk of the strain of life, the drudgery of work, the ingratitude of the world, the sensitiveness of her nerves, until the beautiful spring day seemed like a March equinoctial chill with east winds and cold rains.

It never occurred to this gifted and fortunate woman that she was guilty of as great a sin as if she had entered that house and robbed the hostess and her guests of their jewels.

Yet he who depresses and saddens another by his pessimistic talk and his recitation of physical ailments does a far greater wrong than he who takes his purse.

Thousands of these mental house-robbers are walking boldly into the homes of friends and acquaintances all over the land and stealing the accumulated cheerfulness of months. Yet the cheerfulness so stolen becomes ashes so soon as it is taken and the thief goes forth no richer, while the victim is the poorer.

For not only are such people thieves, but they are vandals as well. They take only to destroy. It is often a wonder to me how women who pride themselves upon their refinement and who avoid whatever seems common and vulgar can place themselves upon such a common and vulgar level with the great army of whiners.

There is nothing in the world so common and cheap as the habit of talking about nerves and life's burdens and physical ailments and mental depressions to every casual acquaintance.

Yet it is almost impossible to receive a caller or to attend a social function without listening to this kind of depressing conversation. Where a friend has been through great trouble and is broken on the wheel of sickness or sorrow we should be willing to listen at times and comfort and soothe. This is one of the affairs of friendship. But I have observed that it is not the people who go through the Gethsemanes of life who are the complaining pessimists.

It is usually those who have five blessings to each annoyance, and who have health and wealth to brighten their ways, who go about in the guise of human wet blankets.

If you stop for one moment and count over your friends who leave you with new cheer and courage and hope after a call, you will be astonished to find how few they are.

After you have made this count then ask yourself how you are affecting your friends.

What do you talk about when you meet them? Your ailments? Your misfortunes? Your disillusionments with life? Do you leave a question mark after the words happiness, loyalty, truth, goodness, an even God? Do you leave your friends with less faith in humanity and divine love after you go out, and with less courage to go on with the battle of life?

If so, keep away from people until you get control of your better self. Put yourself in training with the invisible helpers, who will come to your rescue if you stop talking of your unbeliefs long enough to give them a chance to make you believe. They are divine, yet they are not omnipotent. They need your help to reach you. Space is full of these great invisible helpers. They have passed through the earth plane centuries ago and have grown wise with experiences in other realms. Instead of proceeding on to enjoy the selfish pleasures of heaven, they have chosen to be "first aids" to suffering humanity for a cycle.

They will give you strength, light, wisdom and power if you turn to them. They will help you to waken the divine self.

They will give you a sense of exultation and exaltation in coping with the sorrows of earth, and they will make you ashamed to talk of nerves and physical weaknesses and temporary ills in this brief, beautiful life. They will give you vibrations from the great center and make you a kind of human radium which shall give forth healing rays of happiness, strength and love to every living creature, animal or man.

There is no greater sin than robbing your humanity of hope and courage.

There is no deed greater than inspiring humanity with aspirations.

Everywhere you go, wherever you call, whatever you say in conversation even the most casual, you are leaving an influence for good or ill, for hope or despair, for faith or scepticism.

Which is it?

HOW ALBATROSS FLIES

The Unexpected Discovery Made by a Snapshot.

Snapshot photographs are constantly adding valuable facts to the stores of science. They are able to detect and analyze motions too quick for the eye to follow. A recent instance of the application of photography to a disputed question in natural history, says the Philadelphia Record, is an experiment made on a vessel from British Columbia to San Francisco, one of the passengers thereon being a scientist in the employ of Uncle Sam.

A large albatross had been following the steamer and keeping pace with it for several hours, and the wonder grew among the watchers on shipboard as to how the bird was able to fly so swiftly while apparently keeping its wings extended without flapping them. As this is a common manner of flight with the albatross, the explanation has been offered that the bird takes advantage of light winds and air currents, and so is able to glide upon what might be called atmospheric slopes.

As the albatross sailed alongside of the ship, about 15 feet away, the scientist snapped his camera at it and obtained a photograph which astonished him and his fellow passengers.

The photograph revealed what no eye had caught, the wings of the albatross, each some five feet long, raised high above its back in the act of making a downward strike. The explanation naturally suggested is that more or less frequently the bird must have made a stroke of this kind with its wings, although the eye could not detect the motion, and that the camera chanced to be snapped just at the right moment.