

TYPEWRITER FORGERY

The LATEST THING IN CRIME



Miss Giulia E. Ivey, Innocent Writer of Bogus Will

QWERTYU
QWERTYUIO,
QWERTYUIOP A
QWERTYUIOP ASD
QWERTYUIOPASDFG

qwertyuiopasdfghjkl
ertyuiopasdfghjklz
t yuiopasdfghjklzxc
u iopasdfghjklzxcvb
'opasdfghjklzxcvbn

Some Letter Characteristics of a Typewriter They Remain Throughout Its Life.

SDFGHJKL ZXCVB NM
g h j k l z x c v b n m
& () = @ # + & *
28-07

Dear Cousin

I am going to Florida next month, &

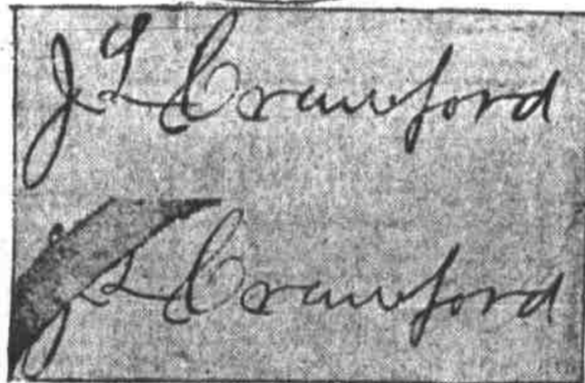
will stop over at Philadelphia and see you &

serious trouble with my heart, and want to b

before I go. You will remember that I had

drop off any moment.

A Peculiarity of the Forgery Machine. The Letter "H" Steps Apart from its Neighbor.



An Overlooked Detail in the Crawford Case. Similarity of Signature Indicated Forgery

a month, and made him the sole heir, upon her death, of the widow's mite left for the support of Mrs. Crawford. He thought he'd better take the money right away.

Judge Sandow made the obvious decision that, in view of the complete settlement of the estate under the original will, Mr. Schooley would have to sue for it.

He sued. The verdict sustained the first will. He appealed, carried his claims to the Supreme Court, hired a lawyer who was himself a millionaire, secured a Supreme Court ruling that threw the case back into the lower courts—and was arrested for forgery.

A girl gave the clue. She was Miss Giulia Ivey, employed in June, 1906, in the office of George M. Weller, an Easton insurance agent, as typewriter.

Seeing one of the many reports of the will contest



A.G. Kupetz, Expert Who Demonstrated the Typewriter Forgery

tured the detection of handwriting forgery when he wrote "Foul Play"—as convincingly as the living expert, Kinsley, demonstrated that the late John Hay was the author of "The Breadwinners".

The most recent as well as the most sensational of all typewriter forgeries—perhaps the most daring and thorough of all forgeries ever known—affords the most illuminating example.

In February, 1905, there died of heart disease at Indianola, Fla., a Pennsylvania millionaire, James L. Crawford, of the city of Scranton. His will, probated in due course, left his estate to his widow and his stepson, James G. Shepherd. The estate, as duly, was distributed in the ordinary course of court procedure.

He had a cousin, George B. Schooley, engaged in the fertilizer business in Philadelphia, who owed him \$11,000—money loaned on notes to tide the cousin over periods of unremunerative trade.

Fifteen months after the Scranton millionaire's death the cousin went to Judge Sandow, in Scranton, with a will and codicil, duly signed and witnessed, although in the form of a letter addressed to him, which released him from the \$11,000 obligation of his notes; told how Crawford thought more of his cousin than any other relative he had; gave him \$200,000 in cash and \$500,000 in stock, with a special income of \$10,000

How an Effort to Steal a Million Dollar Estate Was Detected

FORGERY by typewriter, a new phase in the eternally mutable phases of crime, has suddenly leaped into a conspicuousness which fairly dwarfs the mystery and romance of the old-time forgery of handwriting.

Within a single year, upon charges of forgery by typewriter, the possession of a fortune of millions has been in dispute, while upon the identity of the work done by particular machines the guilt or innocence of officials of a great commonwealth has been argued in the criminal courts and the conduct of the United States government itself has been seriously involved.

Under an aspect totally new, by methods totally unfamiliar, the evil which appears to endure in humanity has acquired a dismaying renaissance; and, instantly upon the uprear of this newest hydra head, the agencies of justice and of law have responded to the imperious need of defense.

Today, with the startling existence of a wholly new order of crime, there is a wholly new system of protection, constituting together a remarkable modern embodiment of the most ancient of human dramas, the constantly warring forces of Evil and Good.

WITH the advent of the typewriter, the automatically registering machine, wherein the letters were all cast in the same mould, wherein complete elimination of personality was attained, it seemed at first that forgery, most difficult of all offenses, bade fair to be invested with the possibilities of an epidemic.

With the realization of the absolutely impersonal quality of typewriting and of its facility for signature upon checks, important letters and documents where the individuality of chirography was essential, it appeared that forgery by machine must forever remain impossible.

The true outcome had to await the full quarter of a century which has sufficed to bring the typewriter, like the telephone, into the intimate utilities of everyday life.

It is a curious outcome, and one, as yet, realized in its significance by only a few even among the typewriting experts of the country, although the courts and the Congress of the United States are already being forced to take cognizance of the very facts which whole bodies of those experts unite in denying.

NEITHER GAIN NOR LOSS

Neither more nor less than in the old days of forged handwriting, forgery by typewriter affords the same opportunities to the criminal—and affords the same chances of detection by the trained investigator.

And so crime, in its combat against the right, has neither gained nor lost a point by the changing of its grip; and justice, in its unending struggle to maintain its supremacy, has not in the least emerged from the deadlock with its ancient antagonist.

The criminal suit, involving men who had occupied high state offices in Pennsylvania, which followed the exposure of extravagance in the building of the Harrisburg Capitol—an expose that attained national notoriety—had one of its most thrilling chapters in the examination of expert witnesses, called to prove, for the defense, that the same machine wrote an impor-

tant letter signed by Huston, the architect, as well as a supply page from one of the books of account dealing with quantities of material furnished.

"How many typewriters of that make," demanded the prosecuting attorney, "are there in use?"

"I should say 50,000," responded the expert on the stand.

Yet, although every one of those 50,000 machines had been most scrupulously constructed to perform identical work in every smallest particular, both experts were able to swear positively to the peculiarities of the machine which did those two pieces of typewriting.

The faces of 50,000 Canton Chinamen could look no more alike to the Caucasian stranger eye; the handwriting of 50,000 Americans could display no more obvious differences to the expert.

In the submarine investigation, which during the late winter and spring has so occupied the attention of Congress and of the country at large, the House committee on the investigation became determined to trace every ramification of the charges; and a number of anonymous letters sent to various people in Washington acquired an importance never suspected at the time of their original receipt.

Masses of typewritten matter, submitted by Representative George L. Lilley, were turned over to such famous experts as William J. Kinsley, David N. Carvalho and Albert S. Osborn, men noted for their skill in identifying handwriting, who, as the typewriter has become the new tool of crime, have devoted themselves to the study of the manifold peculiarities of its product.

They made their comparisons, and they swore, unequivocally, that the machine which wrote the anonymous letters was the same machine on which Abner E. Neff, of the Lake Torpedo Boat Company, wrote the documents submitted to the committee by Congressman Lilley.

How, in the light of the seemingly similar results obtained from every machine of the same make, has it become possible for man's mind and man's eye to discern individual distinctions as surely as Reads pl-



tionate address of old acquaintance, "I couldn't full, if you can realize what that means."

"Oh, Beh!," grieved the drummer. "I wish there was a drummer's job that went without samples."

"There isn't any, Charlie," said the hotel clerk, encouragingly. "If there was, we'd both be happier men."

THIS shows that the popular opinion of great men is not always correct; hotel clerks do not know everything.

There are drummers who work without samples, and they are the greatest drummers of the world. Usually, they sell the biggest things in the world.

Drummers Without Samples Who Make Big Sales

THE drummer leaned over the desk of one of the big Washington hotels in the afternoon of one of the closing days of Congress, and he looked imploring.

"Four trunks," he said, solemnly. "And I'll take anything. I've just got to have a room to show my stuff."

"Charlie," rejoined the austere clerk, his tones belying the affable address of old acquaintance, "I couldn't full, if you can realize what that means."

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There are far fewer drummers without samples than there are samples without drummers, for the marvelous history of the mail order business and the wonderful results of permanent exhibitions, such as exist in both America and in Europe, have shown that even the ubiquitous drummer is dispensable under special conditions.

It has not been so very long ago—no more than five years—that many firms in the East fancied they saw ahead a millennium wherein the drummer was not and "the goods sold themselves."

They have changed their minds, and the drummer is on his job as expensively as ever—perhaps more so, for living and traveling expenses steadily climb, and the outrageous \$12 a day traveling limit of the decade past has become the equally outrageous \$15 of the present.

That's with samples. Without samples it is likely to be \$50 and even \$500 a day, for the no-sample drummer is liable to be the president of the company, who carries no baggage beyond the glad hand and some equally glad rags.

No such salesman was ever known in Washington as the late Charles W. Cramp, whose shipbuilding company supplied the American government with ships enough for a navy, unless it was the first of the Winans dynasty, from Baltimore, who supplied Russia with railroads enough to make it a nation.

Drummers of those callings are oftentimes so nobly disinterested that they take a pride in being above the selfishness of turning in expense accounts; and the temptation to work in a new spring suit or to swap a walking pocketbook sample with another drummer for the collapsible baby carriage that's needed at home are trivialities they disdain.

But no man, on or off the road, could ever be persuaded that somehow, some time, the thousands they lay

out do not creep back into their bank accounts.

The late Charles Yerkes tackled London with nothing but his record and his nerve. But London is still grumbling over his tuppenny tube, and Yerkes got back his expenses without itemizing the account.

It may be of interest to know that recent records of our foreign trade in such knickknacks as locomotives showed that, in spite of the bitter competition of Europe, we have managed to garner in during a single year \$5,022,405—and that without having drummers carrying around in their grips any large number of driving wheels and boilers. Yet there are drummers who sell locomotives, some of them going as far as Japan.

Of passenger and freight cars, during a single year Argentina bought \$105,147 worth; Brazil, \$133,578; Mexico, \$714,529; and France, \$280,989, with Egypt taking \$401,181 and Canada, \$375,612.

Nowadays these figures are piled up by real drummers, by men whose business it is to get the orders rather than by those more glorious members of the craft who have attained the apotheosis of promoter or head of the firm.

And they are the salesmen who encounter the difficulties, the hardships—and the expenses—typical of the genuine salesman.

Russia some years ago had announced her intention of spending millions in Manchuria—on railway construction, special building and other work required for the military and industrial utilization of the province.

From Europe and America there assembled in Vladivostok the expert salesmen of the world.

ford, or was Crawford's ghost—and he had little faith in ghosts.

Justice now moved swiftly, and yet took time to grind exceedingly fine. In the course of one of the most sensational trials known to the state's criminal history, the bold conspiracy of Schooley was exposed—how, in the same manner, humanity in general, like will, that it was an outrage that Crawford had not, at least, canceled his debts of \$1,000; how he gave to Miss Ivey the People's Coal Company letterheads, on which he wrote the will at his dictation; how he induced Charles Reidel and Albert Bahman, a couple of New Jersey men, to whom he sold fertilizer, to witness both will and codicil.

MADE A HARD FIGHT

The prosecution bought, from Mr. Weller, in Scranton, the machine on which Miss Ivey had played the ignorant accomplice. By good chance, it had not been overhauled for repairs from the time when the forgery was committed.

But, on the other hand, it was of a make in which all the types are on a single main plate, in the form of the segment of a circle—a form which never allows an individual type to run out of alignment and leaves a remarkably regular appearance to the work.

Proof-complete, convincing, overwhelming proof—was needed by the prosecution, not only for the conviction of the forger, but really to preserve to the widow the immense inheritance his claims endangered.

Schooley was a man of perfectly good repute; he had amassed ample resources for an expensive legal battle, and he had the most sublime assurance ever seen in a court of law. He was a hard man to beat.

But the proof came. Kinsley, the handwriting expert, demonstrated that the forger had gone to a Philadelphia maker of rubber stamps, to whom he gave an old letter of his cousin's. Of course, the rubber stamp man turned out a stamp that was a perfect copy. Schooley, to make things look convincing, had put in the codicil important bequests to himself, so that he used the stamp twice, instead of once, as would have sufficed for the plain will.

The very perfection of resemblance between the two signatures was indisputable evidence of the forgery, for no man ever wrote his name twice in precisely the same manner. Humanity in general, like the New York official who profanely declared his independence not long ago, is very far from being a rubber stamp.

Photography and the microscope proved that he had hired a printer to forge the very letterheads. His printer deceived Schooley to Schooley's full satisfaction, but failed to deceive the microscope, as the comparison of any two capital T's—to say nothing of other type discrepancies—made obvious.

Adolph G. Kupetz, the office expert in Philadelphia of the company that makes the typewriter, fairly crushed the forger's defense. He showed how the type bar material, of rubber, in time assumes some slight warping, different in every bar, yet imperceptible to the naked eye.

PECULIARITIES OF THE MACHINE

The small f on the Weller machine slanted a little to the right, when the letters c and h appeared together, a space slightly more than the normal appeared; at the top of the right-hand peak of the letter y, a tiny fragment was broken off—scores of peculiarities, as it appeared under the microscope, which had developed in the course of a few years, in the one machine so constructed that the personality of the human operator, her touch, her varying conditions of energy, her countless characteristic touches, were absolutely eliminated.

The will itself, when compared with copies made on the particular machine which Schooley used, and Kupetz, the expert, convicted the daring forger.

He brazened it out for weeks after his conviction. But the damning document, by which he had hoped to rob the widow of his dead benefactor, and the machine which displayed almost human individuality in the accomplishment of his crime, remained proofs of guilt unescapable.

His accomplices confessed. The whole imposing structure of his forgery collapsed. And at last, only a short time ago, the arch-criminal realized the futility of fighting longer against the chain of evidence which he himself had so cunningly forged.

Sentenced to ten years imprisonment in the penitentiary, his fraudulent witnesses, Bahman and Reidel, sentenced to the same term, the curtains fell in the Scranton court upon this most startling crime by typewriter, with Schooley the fugitive, a confessed forger, being led to jail, when the mother of Bahman, tears streaming down her face, begged for her son's release, and the aged father, lunging himself upon him, tearing his still impudently composed features with his finger nails, and shrieking: "You put the devil into my boy! He never did a wrong here in his life. I'll tear your eyes out!"

This case proved that a typewriter forgery is no more safe than the old kind done with pen and ink; that human ingenuity and Sherlock Holmes methods may reveal a crime even when it seems best hidden.

all the rest of the world put together.

"We will deliver," announced a German drummer, "the locomotives you need within eight months."

"And I," retorted the American, "will deliver them in sixty days at a price 20 per cent. less than any firm in Europe can quote you."

The American and the Russian, amid a chorus of derision at the American bluff, quietly departed. A little later the American paid a rouble a word for a cable to his home company.

A drummer from Chicago, whose line was agricultural machinery, proposed to the locomotive man that they jointly charter a steamship. The agreement which was entered into proved the starting point for a line of steamers running regularly from New York to Vladivostok.

The locomotives and the farming implements were delivered on time, and Russia was not only frank to admit that they were superior to the European products, but was rejoiced to find herself emancipated from the thrall of European domination in supplies.

Her officials were induced to come to the United States and study with their own eyes the facilities of the land that could accomplish such wonders. The results have been of a magnitude so impressive that the prestige remains even after the dislocations of war's defeats.

When Charles M. Schwab went to Russia just after that country's war with Japan, his purpose, it was understood, was to sell battleships, or at least armorplate for battleships. For obvious reasons this drummer did not carry samples with him. Nor do the representatives of English shipbuilding firms when they go to Japan to sell warships.

Drummers who sell wagons, traction engines and other such things to agricultural communities do not carry samples. In fact, there are many in various lines who travel sampleless, yet make big sales.

A New Face

OF COURSE, the militia is composed of first-rate men now, but years ago a detective, inspecting a militia corps for a "wanted" criminal, happened to stop opposite a certain rucker.

"Come, this can't be the man, surely!" exclaimed the colonel. "He's the best man I've got in the battalion. You don't mean to say you know him?"

"No," replied the detective. "I don't. He's the only man in your regiment I don't know, and I was wondering where he came from!"—*The Bits.*