

WHY CRIME DOES NOT PAY

Strange Hiding Places Where Criminals Conceal Their Plunder Until They Dare Sell It to the "Fences" and How Thieves Themselves Are Sometimes the Victims of Robbers

Written by Sophie Lyons

STRANGE as it may seem the criminal often faces the greatest risks and the most perplexing problems after his plunder is actually in his hands.

Where to hide his booty so that neither the police nor some other thief will find it and so that he can easily recover it as soon as he dares is the problem every criminal has to solve. If he is wise he works out a careful solution of it long in advance of the robbery itself.

A large part of my fame in the underworld was due to my resourcefulness in hiding stolen money and goods. Time and again other criminals have entrusted to my good judgment the proceeds of crimes in which I had no active part. "Sophie will find a way when no one else can," was an expression you would often hear when thieves were discussing their plans.

Yet, with all my cleverness, I was not always able to keep our plunder from getting out of our hands. Time and again I have returned to what I thought the safest of hiding places to find the police had been there before me. And occasionally it was some treacherous and unscrupulous citizen of the underworld who turned the tables on me in this way.

One of the most ingenious ways of hiding plunder from the prying eyes of the police was that used by Harry Raymond, once when he was bringing to America \$40,000 worth of stolen diamonds. Harry had purchased the stones from several well-known European thieves and was on his way to New York by way of Montreal to dispose of them.

On the voyage across a number of state-rooms were entered and robbed. The victims made loud outcries to the captain who promised that the police should be notified as soon as the steamer reached Canada.

Although Raymond had had nothing to do with the robberies he feared the Montreal detectives might recognize him and try to connect him with them. So he left the steamer before it reached Montreal and set out by train for that city.

But this ruse produced an effect exactly opposite to what he had intended. The captain promptly telegraphed the Montreal police what he thought of Raymond's suspicious action in leaving the steamer at Rimouski and this resulted in a detective being sent to meet his train.

Luckily for Raymond his keen eyes detected the detective's presence in the car before the latter detected him.

His first thought was for the safety of the stolen gems which he carried in a money belt around his waist.

Hurriedly taking the gems out he hid them up in a small package that looked as if it contained anything but a small fortune.

But where to hide it?

As Raymond cast eagerly about for some place where his plunder would be safe until the police should cease their activities, he noticed a crack along the edge of the fire-board behind the stove, which heated the car.

The board was loose—by prying at it with his fingers he pulled it out, just far enough to admit the package of diamonds.

Holding a newspaper in front of him to conceal his movements he quickly slipped the precious package through the opening and snapped the board. Then, having no longer any reason to fear arrest he waited calmly for the detective to identify him.

First, however, he noted with a pencil on the edge of his cuff the number of the car—1703. He was risking his diamonds on his ability to locate the car bearing that number later on.

The police found it impossible to charge Raymond with any crime, for he had nothing incriminating in his possession, and there was no evidence to convict him of the robbery.

beries on the steamer. Unfortunately he had been arrested on a Saturday afternoon, and so it was therefore Monday before he was free again. This gave car 1703 a start of nearly forty-eight hours.

Raymond went straight from the jail to the railroad yards. Handicapped as he was by the necessity of concealing the reason for his interest in this particular passenger coach, it was hours before he could lay hold of any definite clue to its whereabouts.

The trail led first to Ottawa, then back to Nova Scotia, then across the American boundary into Maine. For a week Raymond lived on railway trains, ceaselessly pursuing the elusive car night and day.

There was something almost human about the way it escaped him just when he was on the point of overtaking it. Once, when he was only a few minutes behind the train to which No. 1703 was attached, the car was switched off to a branch road. Raymond, ignorant of this fact, travelled a hundred miles in the opposite direction before he discovered his mistake.

Every hour's delay increased his fears for the safety of the diamonds. There were a thousand and one chances which might arise to prevent his recovering them—the car might be sent to the shops for repairs or it might be destroyed in a wreck or some inquisitive passenger might pry the fireboard open and discover the package.

But Raymond's perseverance was rewarded at last. Late one afternoon as his train drew into Quebec his eyes were gladdened by the sight of car No. 1703 standing on a siding, empty, evidently tied up there for the night.

When darkness came it was the work of only a few minutes for Raymond's deft fingers to pick the lock on the car door. Prying the fireboard open, he reached his hand down behind it—there were the diamonds just as he left them.

Not infrequently some other thief will discover the location of a robber's hiding place and help himself to the plunder or to as much of it as he can carry away. This is exactly what happened to more than half of the \$53,000 in gold which Browning and Brady, the desperate train robbers, stole from an express car near Davisville, Cal.

I have told you in a previous chapter how these two bandits held up the train and frightened the express messenger into admitting them to his car by their cold-blooded threats to kill the engineer.

The booty they got consisted of a large iron strong box containing more than \$50,000 worth of specie and gold dust.

They loaded this into the locomotive and raced down the track for two miles or so. There they dismounted and started off across country.

But their booty was too heavy to carry any great distance, particularly as they were in momentary fear of being overtaken by one of the posses which had probably already taken up the chase.

After stumbling through the darkness with their cumbersome burden several hundred

yards they gave up the task in disgust and decided to bury the box and return for it later.

The spot they selected was at the entrance to a wild, lonely gulch. They dug a deep hole, placed the box in it and filled it up with earth, marking the top of the mound with two big stones.

This was a desolate, thinly settled section of the State, with no houses for miles, and the robbers felt their loot would be safe there forever.

They planned, however, to return for it within a few days. But on reaching San Francisco they found the public so stirred up over their crimes and the police so active in trying to run them down that they decided it was not safe to try to recover the gold at present.

Lack of ready money soon drove them from cover. Within a few days they added to the long list of crimes for which they were already wanted a brutal murder and several daring robberies. Then, as I told you some weeks ago, came the train robbery at Wheatland, when Browning was shot dead and Brady fled to the mountains.

For several months Brady kept out of reach of the posses which were scouring the State for him. He might never have been captured had he not been forced to come down to a settlement for provisions.

He walked into a little crossroads store and asked for some canned goods. While they were being done up, Brady picked up a newspaper.

Suddenly, as he read, he began to tremble like a leaf—his bronzed face turned a hay-white. He seized his package of food, threw down a bill and, without waiting for his change, turned and ran from the store.

The merchant was curious to know what item of news could have excited his customer so strangely. A glance at the page of the paper he had been reading showed a long account of the fruitless search for Brady, the train robber.

That was enough for the storekeeper. Hurrying to a telephone he confided his suspicions to the sheriff, and within half an hour every able-bodied man in the country was in pursuit of the bandit.

They took him by surprise high up on the mountainside and succeeded in capturing him without firing a shot. At first he stoutly protested his innocence, but two days in jail broke down his nerve and he confessed everything.

"We never spent a penny of the money we got at Davisville," he declared, "and you'll find it all in the strong box just as we buried it that night."

Officers went to the spot he indicated and dug up the box. But they found it contained



No. 1—The Train Robbery.

Moved by their threats to kill the engineer, the express messenger opened the car door and let the two robbers in. They quickly overpowered the messenger and made escape with a strong box containing \$53,000 in gold.



No. 2—Burying the Treasure.

The strong box was too heavy to carry any great distance, and so the robbers decided to bury it and return for it later. The spot they selected was a lonely gulch when they had no idea there was any one to see them.



No. 3—Caught at Last.

Before the bandits found it safe to return for the treasure one of them was shot and killed in a desperate attack on a train. The other fled to the mountains, where he was finally run down by a sheriff's posse.



No. 4—More Than Half the Gold Gone.

The bandit confessed and led the officers to the spot where he and his comrade had buried their plunder. The iron chest was found just as he had said, but it held less than half the original \$53,000.



No. 5—A Clue to the Mystery.

In their efforts to account for the missing \$36,000 the attention of the police was directed to a man whose poverty had suddenly changed to wealth about the time of the train robbery. He was arrested in the fashionable restaurant when he had gained reputation for lavish spending.



No. 6—How the Robbers Were Robbed.

The man confessed that he had seen the robbers bury the treasure. After they had gone he dug up the strong box and taken as much of the gold as he could carry—\$36,000. All but a small part of this he had squandered in riotous living.



SOPHIE LYONS.

Put Your Baby in a Bird-Cage

IN the crowded sections of the big cities the "baby brigade," with a nurse girl or a mother standing watch over each infant, has long been a familiar sight. If a baby is to thrive it must, of course, be kept out in the open air and sunshine. This has meant that somebody must stand constantly on guard to see that no harm befalls it.

A unique plan to relieve busy mothers of this exacting duty without depriving infants of the sunshine and fresh air they require has recently been worked out by Mrs. Robert C. Lafferty, of Baltimore and New York. Strangely enough, Mrs. Lafferty doesn't happen to have any children of her own, but her observation of the troubles of other women set her to working out a plan to meet the difficulty, and the infants' "health crib" which she invented was the result.

The health crib is used practically as a bird cage. It is made of willow and stands about two feet high, is nearly two feet wide and is two and a half feet deep. Placed in this cage-like affair baby is absolutely safe. He can't get out to hurt himself; it is padded so that he can't hurt himself while in it, and it is so screened and covered that nothing can get in the crib to hurt him. Inside of the willow latticed walls is mosquito netting to keep out the insects. The top is solid to protect the infant from articles that might be dropped through.

In the crowded cities, where lawns and meadows are scarce, the baby cage will prove most useful. To meet city requirements the cage is made to stand on the window ledge! There isn't the slightest danger of the cage with its precious inmate falling out of the window, as it is securely clamped to the window frame.

The Baby-Cage in Use, as Seen from the Inside of an Apartment, and, on the Right, How the Baby-Cage Looks from the Outside.

