

# Forgets Cynic Code; Is Killed

## Beau Brummel Safe Cracker and Outlaw Among Outlaws, Slain in Revenge.

San Francisco.—Clyde Hilliard, Beau Brummel safe-cracker, outlaw among outlaws, and feared for his trigger-finger, lived by a strangely cynical code:

"Never accept any man as your friend!"

Forsaking that code Hilliard died recently, a bullet in his brain, fired by an unknown hand.

With his death, San Francisco's underworld chortled. In the dank, smelly places where criminals planned and plied their trade there were smirks that bespoke a grim jest.

For the underworld had won a long and cunning race with the police to "deal justice" to this self-styled leader of its realm.

It had evened the score with Clyde Hilliard's too-well-known automatic.

Long ago the dapper "lady's-man-crook" had set cold lead as the penalty for those who should seek to cross his path, and he paid the same price.

They found his body, face down, in the dirt alongside the Skyline boulevard, south of San Francisco, early on the morning of September 20. A bullet wound was in the back of his head. Clyde Hilliard had never had a chance.

Half a mile distant, crawling on her hands and knees through the brush, blood streaming from a bullet wound in her temple, they found Gladys Fleming.

Hilliard, disbeliever in men, was never without his "woman."

Identification of the two was not immediately established on the morning of the crime, but when police had wiped aside the shroud of mystery they nodded knowingly.

"Well, boys, the score's tied!" said one of them.

Hilliard had gone the way he had sent Gene Bowen, ex-convict and member of the former's gang of master crackmen, in a Green street apartment on the night of August 5.

Gladys Fleming, by chance of fate, had taken the same medicine that Hilliard meted out to the dashing Dorothy Wilson on the same night he killed Bowen—a bullet in the temple. Both women lived.

Score is tied.

So the score, in the main at least, was tied, so far as the underworld went. But this same underworld was now a good jump ahead of the police.

True, long ago the police had cornered Jim Fleming, second husband of the wounded Gladys, and sent him away to the "big house" at San Quentin for the killing of a "copper," but in this race to "get" Clyde Hilliard the "element" had won—hands down.

With a combination of hair dye, an alias and native cunning, Hilliard had slipped through the police net when it seemed that naught could save him. He had moved for a time in the circle that knew him best, undetected. He had played his game with the affections of women, and well.

But Clyde Hilliard discounted fate, and once placed on the defensive, he forgot the code by which he had lived:

"Never accept any man as your friend!"

Then they "got him."

The murder of Gene Bowen and the shooting of Dorothy Wilson in the Green street apartment, police said, had been "plain slaughter." The victims never had a chance. It was a "falling out of thieves," the detectives held, and later Mrs. Wilson bore them out.

Hilliard, she said, had not liked Eugene Bowen's division of the spoils in a recent gem robbery. So he took his long-avowed method of settling such disputes. Knocking at the door of the apartment in which Bowen and his sweetheart lived, he had spoken his greeting to the two within with a fusillade of pistol shots.

Bowen fell dead. Dorothy Wilson, lapsing into a state of coma from the effects of her three wounds, was de-

termined to "get" Hilliard if it took her dying effort.

Reaching a pencil and a piece of paper and dropping to the floor she scrawled:

"Clyde done it—330 Post stre.—"

When the police came she was unconscious. But they knew the rest of the unwritten story. Clyde Hilliard had "done it."

Drag-Net Thrown Out.

The drag-net was quickly thrown about the city and a systematic search of the underworld haunts was begun by the homicide squad.

They found that Hilliard and a girl named "Gladys" had hastily left their apartment at No. 1635 Polk street, where they lived in luxury as Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Bronson.

Two days later Dorothy Wilson had sufficiently regained her strength to identify positively rogue's gallery pictures of Hilliard as the slayer of Bowen.

"And if you don't get him, we will!" she told the police.

But Clyde Hilliard had not played his game so long for nothing, and he fooled both the police and the underworld. Fooled them until the game got "too easy," and he threw caution to the four winds. That was along in September.

On the night of September 16, Charles Brown, dapper but gray of hair, and somewhat sour of disposition, gave a "party" in a Sacramento street apartment. Liquor flowed freely and the general hilarity became obnoxious to other tenants in the building. The police were called when Brown's nervous trigger finger let loose three shots through a door panel.

Charles Brown and his six companions—four of them women—were jailed. One of the women was named "Gladys Grayson."

"What's the charge?" Brown asked the desk sergeant.

"Disturbing the peace," was the answer.

"What's the ball?" asked Brown.

"Two hundred dollars apiece," answered the sergeant.

Charles Brown plunked down \$1,400 in currency on the sergeant's desk. Five minutes later he and his companions walked out of the hall of justice and disappeared into the night.

That was the beginning of the end of Clyde Hilliard. Twelve hours later the police fingerprint system had revealed that Charles Brown, released on bail for disturbing the peace, was none other than Hilliard, long sought as the murderer of Bowen.

It was the first clue the police had been given, but also it was the first clue that had come to the underworld friends of Eugene Bowen and Dorothy Wilson.

Knew "Water Was Hot."

Hilliard's hand had been "tipped." His new haunts, his new "make-up," his new aliases—all had been bared. And the hunted slayer knew that "the water was hot."

Scarcely forty-eight hours later and his body had been found by the Skyline boulevard, his wounded girl companion nearby.

Hunter Rides Deer Two Miles in Bush

Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.—To ride two miles through the bush on a deer's back is the thrilling experience narrated by Eugene Guzzo, 582 Albert street, West, who has just returned from a hunt at Goulais bay.

"We were walking along a trail not far from Goulais bay," Guzzo said, "when we saw a deer lying under a tree. At first we thought it was dead. On going close to it, it did not stir, and then we decided to roll it over."

"I got hold of it by the horns. Immediately the deer jumped up, with me on top as though I was riding horseback. The deer gave me a merry ride for two miles."

Two hastily filled suitcases found 500 yards away added to the story.

The victim had been shot and hurled for dead from a speeding automobile. Identification of Hilliard satisfied the police of the motive for the killing. It was revenge. But how did the underworld "get" the wary Hilliard?

Gladys Fleming, recovering from her wounds in the San Francisco hospital, reluctantly gave the answer days later, after hours of grilling.

"Clyde forgot his code," she said.

"We knew we were in a dangerous position after our arrest in the Sacramento street apartment," she told the officers. "Clyde knew he hadn't a minute to spare. So we planned a quick getaway to Los Angeles."

"Just how to make the grade was a tough one to figure out and Clyde seemed worried."

"We were living in an apartment in the downtown district. Well, about two o'clock on the morning of September 20 there came a rapping at the door. With his gun in his hand Clyde answered."

"A man who seemed to be our friend declared the 'bills' were on our trail and that we'd better sneak fast. He had a machine, he said, and would see that we got to Los Angeles. It was a stolen car, he said."

"Clyde always maintained that no man in the world was his friend, but this time he forgot his code. So we packed our grips and jumped into the man's car. We were headed for Los Angeles and when he took the Skyline boulevard it seemed reasonable enough. It was as we were riding along that he made some pretense about engine trouble, stopped the car, whipped out a revolver and opened fire."

Clyde fell first. Then he got me. He threw us out and disappeared."

Gene Bowen had been avenged.

Refuses to Tell.

Gladys Fleming, wife of a murderer, consort of another, has steadfastly refused to bare the identity of the man who killed Hilliard and shot her, although they are satisfied that she is aware of his identity.

"Underworld ethics? No! Just fear!" said the officers.

Hilliard's death revealed the strange complexities of his nature. In the suitcase into which he had hurriedly thrown his belongings the police found mute evidence that the man he had been accused of killing was none the less his friend. In a double-backed picture frame they found two pictures. One was of Hilliard, the other was of Eugene Bowen. Back to back.

Big Jim Fleming, second husband of Hilliard's wounded consort, apprised of the shooting, in his cell at San Quentin, enjoyed his own inward chuckle at the gunman's fate, and bared his reasons for it.

"Hilliard was a crook among crooks," he said. "He was a robber of robbers, and he pilled a rotten trade with a high hand."

Who fired the bullet that wrote "finis" on the last chapter of Clyde Hilliard's life even the police do not expect to discover.

The underworld will never tell. Gladys Fleming will never tell. Dorothy Wilson received the news of the slaying of Clyde Hilliard with an un-suppressed smile.

"Well, Gene still has his friends, I see!" she said.

The Wilson woman has declared, however, that she is "going straight."

The law never did have much success with Clyde Hilliard. Seven times between 1913 and 1925 he had been jailed in connection with as many robberies, burglaries and safe crackings. But the underworld "king" always had uncanny luck. His record shows nothing more than a scattering number of county jail sentences.

Good Idea

Cleveland, Ohio.—Under some circumstances it seems to be a good thing for a young lady to tilt back in a chair and put her feet on a desk.

Miss Frances Perking, an official welfare worker of New York, delights in doing so. She says that it is beneficial for workers who stand a lot, in that it makes the blood rush the other way, and some factories use the idea in rest periods.

To Tax Bachelors

Rome.—Italy is a prolific nation and intends to remain prolific, says Mussolini. Therefore he is going to tax bachelors, beginning New Year's.

Girl Fights Off Cougar

Moscow, Idaho.—Laura Hamm, twelve, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James A. Hamm of Deary, a short distance from here, was attacked by a full-grown cougar, which sprang upon the neck of the pony upon which she was riding to school. The girl escaped with but a few scratches, and hunters have been scouring the woods for the big cat and two others seen in the vicinity.

Welcome Tourists

London.—Tourists from the United States to Europe in 1924 spent a sum estimated at £70,000,000, the Residential Hotels and Caterers' association was told.

# HE WAS THE COWARD AND HERO

By CHARLES BRIGHT

(Copyright by W. G. Chapman.)

HERO? I? Louis, whom the boys surnamed Louis the Debonair, because of my atmosphere of general well-being? Listen, then, and I shall tell you the truth about my exploit.

I am not ashamed to say that when General Joffre ordered me from my position as typewriter to the commissariat department to share in the perils of the trenches my first impulse was to fly. I, a man of forty-seven, with a girl larger than I care to think about, and a family of seven, a beloved wife in Paris, weeping her eyes out, should I then play the hero?

No, gentlemen. It was my firm resolve, from the moment I was ordered to the front, that I would be taken prisoner. Better starve in a Boche prison camp than lie, a corpse, upon the plains of Champagne!

In our trench we were only forty feet away from the enemy. They used to shout brutal taunts at us, and our men replied with jests. We painted sausages on paper and stuck them over the parapet to be fired upon. The bullets whizzed above my head and made me tremble. The exchange of pleasantries was horrible, in the presence of death?

A hero? I had less wish to be a hero than anything I know of. I must be taken prisoner. But how? My nerves were all unstrung by the terrific noise of the cannons. The shells flew over us. Sometimes great craters were formed by the explosion of the hideous missiles which were called Jeaneans. I trembled, I feared, I could not hide my cowardice. Nor did I wish to do so. I would have been branded a coward forever if only I could have been restored to my weeping Annette, and my darling Jeanne, Pierre, Marie, Antoine, Louise, Philippe and Auguste.

At last I summoned courage to go to my colonel, "My colonel," I said, "I am useless here. I am a family man, and my nerves will not endure this strain. When I must die, let it be of apoplexy or measles, not of a Jeanean. Send me to the rear in charge of the regimental commissariat supply."

The colonel was an older man than I. He struck me in the stomach, causing a pain most acute.

"We shall teach you, Louis," he said. "Tonight you will go out on listening patrol!"

I nearly swooned at the brutality of his words. I knew what that portended. The listening post, between the lines, where the star rockets went up, disclosing all who were above the trenches, exposing them to those hideous shells. . . . I fell upon my knees.

"Mercy, my colonel!" I exclaimed. "Have you no children?"

"Fifteen hundred," he replied sternly.

I rose and stared at him in hopeless fear. Fifteen hundred children! And yet he could face this inferno!

"All the men of my regiment are my children, Louis," he answered. "And you," he added kindly, clapping his hand upon my shoulder, "are one of them. So we shall make you a brave child! Go!"

I went with shaking knees. I knew that it meant certain death. But after a while an idea came to me, at first only a dim hope and then a happiness, finally an ecstasy! I would go and take advantage of the darkness to crawl away. I would render up myself to the sausage-eaters! I would become a prisoner.

We started out toward midnight. My teeth chattered as I crawled through the maze of barbed wire in the wake of the little lieutenant, accompanied by two other men. We all carried bombs. We had six apiece. If the pin was pulled out the thing would explode in fifteen seconds. Merciful heavens! Father of seven! And Annette weeping her eyes out for me in Paris!

It was pitch dark, and when the hideous rockets went up we flung ourselves flat upon the ground, and happily escaped detection. At last we halted in a traverse. It was twelve yards from the enemies' lines. We could hear them talking among themselves. We listened.

And then, as I lay there, looking for my chance to dart down the trench, and yet not daring to, there happened the most terrible thing that I have ever known in my life. The German mine went off!

I had no time to be afraid. I felt myself rising, amid a din of the infernal regions, and I wondered whether I should travel as high as the moon. Up I went—and then I must have lost consciousness, for I opened my eyes to find myself lying in a huge crater, amid perfect silence.

The lieutenant and my companions were nowhere to be seen. I lay in a pool of what I thought was my blood. But after a while I discovered that it was only water. I was absolutely unharmed.

My hopes went up. Now I could surrender. I should become a prisoner until the war was over. Annette, Jean, Pierre, Marie, Antoine, Louise, Philippe, Auguste would see me again. I listened. All about me I heard the Boches talking in their guttural tongue. In front of me, behind me, and on each side of me were the enemy. To which, then, should I surrender?

It puzzled me. If I went right, those on the left might be indignant, and fire on me. But I must certainly surrender to some party of them, for there was not a Frenchman left in the trench which they had blown up. I crawled out of the crater, and my hand touched something round and smooth which made me recoil in terror.

It was a skull, the grisly skull of a dead man? So I thought for a few moments. But no! It was a bomb—one of the bombs which we had brought with us. The pins had not been moved, they had not been discharged when the mine went off, though tons of earth were thrown all about us.

I touched it more easily and then its neighbor. Then a sort of curiosity overcame me, and I counted the bombs. There were just eighteen of them—my six and the six of each of my companions, the brave fellows who now lay buried under the great heap of debris that formed the side of the crater.

My blood began to rise. Assassins! I shook my fists at the Boches. Did they stop to think what they had done before they massacred a brave lieutenant and two soldiers of France? The little lieutenant had looked like my own Jean. Perhaps he had a mother somewhere, waiting for his return.

"Rendez-vous!" shouted a harsh voice at my side.

The invitation to surrender, spoken in an execrable intonation, brought me back to myself. I started, and saw three Boches with fixed bayonets leveled at me. I heard a cry on my other side. I looked around. Six Boches stood there. And they were coming up before me and behind me. I was trapped. I dived into the crater, and as I did so the whole eighteen bombs rolled down after me like skulls.

I trembled, I shook with fear. Then suddenly a hideous sentiment took possession of me. I, a Frenchman, the father of seven children, to surrender to a pack of cowardly Boches? I saw red. Stopping I gathered up a bomb, removed the pin, and hurled it with all my might into the faces of the nearest party.

It exploded with a terrific crash, and the whole six took to flight. But on my other side the party of three were already topping the crater. I saw their bayonets gleaming, and I picked up another bomb and flung it at them. I laughed at the detonation. When the smoke cleared away nothing was seen.

I heard the shouts and groans of the wounded Boches, but they did not move my heart. I hurried back after bomb, before, behind me. I gathered up the remainder and ran into the Boches' trench. I saw the frightened pack retreat, and I rushed after them, bombing them. With my right hand I hurled the deadly missiles, while with my left I withdrew the pins. In an incredibly short space of time I had cleared the trench. I paced it like a victorious lion.

And then suddenly the realization of my folly came to me. I, who had wished to yield, had permanently alienated my friends the enemy. I became frantic.

"I surrender! I am Kamarad!" I shouted. But there was none to answer me. I was alone, like Crusoe, in the hostile trench. I thought of Annette, of Jean, Pierre, Marie, Antoine, Louise, Philippe, Auguste. I sat down and hid my face in my hands and wept.

Suddenly the air above me hissed with bullets. I covered in terror at the bottom of the trench. The battle had begun again. I heard an earth-shaken tread. A company advanced at the double, with bayonets fixed. The foremost man leaped into the trench. I looked down. One bomb remained. I raised it to remove the pin. Then I saw that the blue uniforms were of our Frenchmen, and that the man with the sword raised to cut me down was the colonel.

I stopped. I let the bomb fall. The tents were streaming down my cheeks. But the colonel took me into his arms and embraced me—yes, before all.

"It is thou, Louis, who has won this trench, single-handed!" he cried in credulously.

"I do not know, my colonel," I answered, shaking with terror. "I wish," I added, "now that I have been with the listening post, to return to the commissariat."

"No, Louis," he answered. "The regiment has need of brave men like thee in the fighting line."

Later they pinned the cross upon my breast. And I, Louis, the pride of the regiment, know that I shall never see my family again. Coward I am, and unless I can manage to be taken prisoner I shall die a dog's death in the trenches. My heart melts when I think of Annette, of Jean—

Chorus Might Have Been More Careful

At the Central hall, Westminster, London, the audience, before the meeting began, was singing some lusty choruses. It was in the middle of one of them when the side door opened, and the speaker and other important persons streamed onto the platform.

There they were marshaled in their places by the busy secretary—"The bishop of Omega will sit on the right of the chairman—Sir Alpha Beta, will you come forward?" and so on; and while all this was proceeding the audience was singing with all their might and main was "Bring them in! Bring them in from the fields of sin!"

Alaska's placer gold reserve is estimated at \$369,000,000,000.

# Improved Uniform International Sunday School Lesson

(By REV. F. B. FITZWATER, D.D., Dean of Day and Evening Schools, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)  
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Lesson for January 2  
THE CHRISTIAN A FOLLOWER OF JESUS

LESSON TEXT—Mark 1:16-20, 2:13-17; 1 John 2:6  
GOLDEN TEXT—And said unto him "Follow me," and he arose and followed Him.  
PRIMARY TOPIC—Learning from Jesus.  
JUNIOR TOPIC—Enlisting with Jesus.  
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—What It Means to Follow Jesus.  
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Receiving Jesus as Saviour and Lord.

I. Jesus Calls Four Men to Follow Him.

1. Who they were (vv. 16, 19).  
Simon and Andrew, John and James, two pairs of brothers. It is usually wise to engage in the Lord's service in fellowship—in pairs. This is not only necessary for effective testimony, but for needed fellowship on the part of workers and protection of the witnesses.

2. From what they were called (vv. 16, 20).  
They were called from positions of definite service. God always chooses His servants from the ranks of the employed.

3. To what they were called (v. 17).  
"To become fishers of men." These men no doubt had been successful as fishers. The qualities which made them good fishermen, namely, patience, bravery to face the storm at night and perseverance which led them to toil all night, though no fish were caught, would make them good fishers of men. Winning souls for Christ requires great patience, bravery and perseverance. Becoming fishers of men is the most important business in the world. It is the hardest work in the world to do.

4. The cost of obedience to Christ's call (vv. 18, 20).  
Obedience to Christ's call meant sacrifice, painful separation, to give up all business interests and leave their father behind. Regardless of the cost they yielded prompt obedience. They put their trust in Him who called them, believing that He was able to supply all their needs.

5. Their reward (v. 17).  
These four men have wielded wondrous influence in the world. Their names have become immortalized. Had they remained at their business they would only have been humble fishermen.

II. Matthew Becomes a Follower of Jesus (Mk. 2:13-17).

Matthew was a despised tax gatherer under the Roman government. For a Jew to fill such a position was to become unpopular. Since they regarded taxes paid to the Roman government as unlawful extortion, a member of their race engaging in the business of tax collection was to be exposed to shame and contempt.

1. Observe the abruptness of this call (v. 14).  
While sitting at his place of business he heard the call of Jesus.

2. The definiteness of the call (v. 14).  
It was to follow Jesus. To follow Jesus means to learn of Him and to engage in service for Him.

3. His instant decision (v. 14).  
Matthew did not stop to reason on the question, but rendered definite and instant obedience. He openly gave up his business and identified himself with the Lord. Happy is the man who has the good judgment to instantly respond to the call of the Lord even though it may be costly. Matthew made a feast and invited many of his publican friends to meet his newly found Saviour. This had a twofold objective:

(1) An expression of grateful appreciation to the Lord for His saving grace.

(2) To bring his former friends and associates into touch with his newly found Saviour. It is natural for those who have found the Lord to desire to bring their friends into touch with Him.

III. Walking as Jesus Walked. The Supreme Test of Abiding in Him. (1 John 2:6).

Abiding in Christ means to have experienced the life of God in Christ, to have come into contact with Christ's personality and to be consciously living in fellowship with Him. Christ's oneness with the Father and His devotion to His will is the supreme and grand example. Anyone who pretends to abide in Christ, who is not walking as He walked, is not entitled to the claim of Christian. The walk of the Christian implies the whole of his life. The reality of our profession is determined by the consistency of our walk.

"Ye Must Be Born Again"

Wesley, who, it is said, preached three hundred times from the words, "Ye must be born again," was asked, "Wesley, why do you preach so often on 'Ye must be born again?'" Because," said Wesley, "ye must be born again!"—King's Business.

Forgiving

And be ye kind to one another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you.—Paul.

# ANCIENT MAPS ARE HOBBY OF NOTED MANITOBAN SAVANT

In His Mammoth Collection is the First in Which the Discoveries of Columbus Appear.

Winnipeg, Man.—Not to be outdone by St. John's college here, which boasts of a collection of ancient books, many of them dating back to 1500, Dr. Charles N. Bell claims to have the most complete set of ancient maps outside the walls of a historical museum.

Doctor Bell's collection of maps has a continent-wide distinction, one of Labrador having been consulted by authorities in connection with the privy council hearing in London concerning the ownership of that bleak country.

Perhaps the most curious map in the collection is a reproduction of the first map of the world in which America is represented. This map, drafted by the old Spanish cartographer, Juan

de la Cosa, in 1500, eight years after Columbus discovered the New world, is a remarkable reproduction. It is in sections, upon which an attempt was made to represent forests, beasts, birds, boats, etc., in order that it might be a compendium of general description as well as a chart of distance and locality.

The oldest original map in the collection is an Ortelius of 1570, representing the earth. The existence of the north and south continents of America was then known, of course, but cartographers were a little vague about the shape of South America. In the old Ortelius map it is shaped and tinted like an orange. Dolphins sport in mid-Atlantic, with here and there a caravel; all the physical features are named in Latin.

Coming down the centuries, there are, to mention only a few: An original map illustrating Capt. John

Monck's voyage to the Hudson bay in 1619-20; a "Map or General Carte of the World," drafted in 1609 and dedicated to King Charles II; a "Map of the North Pole and Parts Adjoining," drawn in 1680, dedicated to the Earl of Plymouth; maps of the Great Lakes and Michillmackinac forts, 1744.