## THE CONFESSIONS OF A WOMAN ROGUE

## A True Document of Wonderful Human Interest

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AM thirty-eight years old and I have a criminal record of twelve years. My face is in the Rogues' Gallery in New York, Scotland Yard gave me a weary chase, and for years the police of Paris and Berlin were nightmares to me. I have tasted the hitterness of prison life, having been tried and convicted for forgery in Chicago.

I make this hald statement neither in a spirit of brarado nor as a secker after sympathy. As I would home with Jacques Lutreau or a charlty institution tell a father confessor the story of those blackened well, possibly I drew the long end after all. years, truly and as simply as their complexity will permit. I here set forth the narrative.

Scoffers there be in pleafy to cry that such a tale of woman's degradation will serve no good purpose. But Hving as I have, through almost every phase of life, as you will presently see. I have learned that even the most sordid story can point a moval.

My reformation comes through no religious enthushasm. I know no creed, and since I was ten years. old have never attended a religious service except while I was in prison. Nor am I a would be reformer, I am just a woman whose veneer of crime did not stiffe that longing for a woman's birthright, the love of an honest man, home and children,

Sometimes it was mighty hard to keep that little flicker plive, but it was the one human thing in my life, and I felt that if I let that go I would go down to the lowest dregs. I told the prison chaplain about it one day, and the way he took my hand in his and the things he told me were sweeter than water to the thirsty traveller. From that day I got a fresh grip on my liftle shred of hope, and though I had hard running and stumbled more than once after the prison gates. were opened, I won my birthright. I have a husband who knows my past but loves me devotedly; I have a home, and, joy of joys, I have a son! To you women who have always been good these three things may seem commonplace, but to me their possession is a blessed miracle for which I lift up my heart daily in joy and gratitude.

Before I turn back the years to what to me was the beginning of things the story of my mirror must have a place, as my face has played no inconsiderable part In my career. I have been called beautiful; at twenty I passed for sixteen, at thirty-eight my most severe critic would tax me with only thirty years. My gay little Freuch mother bestowed upon me great, dark eyes, a laughter loving mouth filled with small white teeth, and a spirit of unquenchable youth. I am slender but not tall, have small hands and feet, and my father's gentle blood has etched my features into lines of refinement.

My mother was a dancer in the Kiralfy ballets, my father was a young man who belonged to a wealthy old family. They had neglected the formality of a wedding ceremony and my arrival was doubtless far from welcome. These details I learned in after years, though I have never been quite clear as to who tided me over the period of my early infancy. Certain it is that my mother did not burden herself with the cares of the nursery. My father I only knew from a little faded photograph given to me after my mother's death.

My first memory dates back to a convent, where I was one of many blue aproved children. The ringing of a bell and the marching in line ordered our days in ceaseless monotony. In the morning a great clanging ended our dreams and we hurried into our clothes,

Latreau's home, after our one small, poorly far-

give Jacques Latreau the bandu af the doubt which to fuggle the routette wheel- I say juggle advisedly, I say that he tool now home with him without any and I could go him one better on the Wicks that had definite plans for my future. Force(plans in hitter mule from the most noted eard sharp on the Continent, need of spirit I have been tempted to think otherwise. But my shar performance, and one that Eutreau but in my life there has been no time for hatred, gloried in, was to hold a cigarette in my right hand, take me, so of the two evils left to choose from, a - the conjection table or go through my neighbor's pocket with equal-ease

> At fiftgen I had become a sieight of hand artist and Lutreau never fired of putting the through my paces.



## LUTREAU MADE ME COPY SIGNATURES OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

nished room, seemed a luxurious affair. As a matter into the world can cry. My poor little butterfly ness dealing and knew nothing of crime; therefore

About this time Lutreau brought home a facsimile of of fact it was a fairly comfortable flat, three flights up, a signature, "James Henry Brown"-I could write it over a grocery store. A living room, with an alcove, now blindfolded! Over and over I copied this autowhere Lutreau slept, a bathroom and a combination graph null a perfect signature came from my pen; his eyes, until the man read his meaning. This look kitchen and dining room held out before me a visin them I wrote the name on a blank check, and James of comfort of which I had never dreamed, But I was Henry Brown himself would have sworn that his ZBra's, too heartbroken to care about the new things. I cried hand, not mine, had written it. Strange as it may my lonely little heart out, as only a child cast out alone seem, I had been kept in complete ignorance of bush laid his hand on my bare shoulder and leaned over

is the name he went by at that time - 1 and going to partien I took up his pursuits for pastime. I learned well, I cannot tell you just how it happened. Zika his face. Smart, English cut clothes well padded, on drank absinthe and waxed ardent, I smoked my gave him additional size, and lifts in his shoes made cigarette and watched the smoke rings, and-presto. him tailer. change!--I felt the case slip into my blouse against my heart, which was thumping like mail.

Nothing out of the usual occurred for almost an our being recognized. majice or recriminations here of an unchasitable blowing the smoke into sayriad rings, while with my hour, and the play grew heavier as time went on spirit. In any event, no one che wanted no or would left hand I could manipulate the secret springs under I had gone back to the table opposite Lutreau, when I felt horribly awkward at first, but soon grew to like Zika's voice, very calm and very clear, broke in.

"No one is to leave the room; I have been robbed;" and looking up we found Zika guarding the door with revolver in hand to emphasize his words. For Lutreau claimed for me. In reality I was almost a moment my heart stood still, but I did not move. and in a flash the slide under the table giving access

silently, the case was shut in the table. But it was Lufreau took me sight seeing and sometimes to the a close shave, and for days I was too aervous and theatre, but the greater part of the time I gave to too sick at heart to work.

Zika, despite indignant protests, compelled every one in the room to undergo a thorough searching. When he left I felt sure that he was only partially convinced that he had lost the jewels elsewhere. That night's work put our place under suspicion and was the beginning of the end of our sojourn in Paris.

Zika came but once after that. The same night two strangers joined in the play. Lutreau gave me a look which signified that I was to drop out of the game, and I brass that something was an 20ha was a little I knew that something was up, Zika was a little beast; the bold look in his ferret eyes always made me shiver.

I had never been confronted with the sex problem. Lutreau had made me his partner in crime, but he had sheltered me from contact with what he called the "filth" of his rellow creatures. Of the awful barter and exchauge between men and women I was absolutely innocent at that time. I am not sure but that

more of men and their morals.

Lutreau was a queer chap. I had always known that he was not related to me in any way, but he never referred either to his past or family. That he was born a gentleman is beyond question. In his habits and dress he was refined to the point of fastidi-ousness. Never, even in the little New York flat, did he appear before me in négligé, and my first lesson from him was that I must not come out of my room in habits and dress he was refined to the point of fastidifrom him was that I must not come out of my room in the morning in my night dress. In fact, I remember that when he provided me with a dressing gown I thought this article of apparel was a very remarkable and unnecessary addition to my wardrobe. I never saw Lutreau give even an admiring look to a womau; he showed impartially, to men and women, a charming, suaye cordiality. I do not think women cared for him. He was too impersonal.

If in the gambling rooms a man came too close to me or attempted any familiarity, Lutreau had a fashion of looking at him long and slowly, a steely light in flared up to a danger signal on that last visit of

The little beast-I cannot call him anything elsemy chair until his hot breath was on my cheek. He

And so we come to "Uncle Jock." Jucques Latron sound life we left, and as Latron was my only com- tion to my distike of Zika, but I took my cue and- side, whiskers that changed the entire expression of

He looked like a prosperous business man, and as his English was perfect there seemed little chance of

Those boyhood days of mine often come back to me, the freedom from skirts. I looked ridiculously childish, and the mother old soul who attended to our needs would not believe that I was the fourteen years that eighteen

Lutreau had left the name of Janvier in Paris; we to the secret workings of Lutreau's wheel came to were now Middleton, father and son, and our first few Another quick change, the springs worked months in London were uneventful. We lived quicity, reading and drawing. Lutreau brought home a lot of topographical maps and had me copy them, and after-ward draw them from memory. He also had me ward draw them from memory. He also had no familiarize myself with some rough sketches of build-ings that looked like prisons. I began to wonder what s in his mind

He received long letters with foreign postmarks, which he answered at length, and then he began to go out alone a great deal. One night a queer looking man, with bushy beard and hair, came to see him.

my realizing what a miserably lonely life this was for a girl of eighteen! At the time other girls are just on the threshold of all that woman holds most dear was alone through the long days, and many nights, a London ledging house, disguised as a boy, a London ledging house, disguised as a boy, with had one friend in the world, save Lutreau. In his absence I had not a soul to speak to but the serving woman. Happily, I was ignorant. I knew nothing but the niche I was accustomed to occupy, so I had no fret-ting soul to darken my days. I did chafe a bit at the constant confinement, and, as I began to show it is the awakening, when it did come, was not all the harder for this ignorance. I have matured very slowly, mentally and physical ly. My youthful looks are the outward sign of very slow inward growth. Doubtless if I had been with women or girls of my own age I would have known more of men and their morals.

There began to be many letters, written in what I supposed to be Polish, for me to sign. Lutreau would sometimes bring in two or three at a time, with either a written or photographic copy of the signature to be forged. He was mightly engrossed, and 1 knew that some big job was brewing.

I cannot tell you very clearly what the job is its entirely was or whether or not it was of international importance. Lutreau never vouchsafed any whys or wherefores. I was only an integral part in his schemes, and from his point of view it was not necessary for me to know anything but the part I was to play. All that he told me was that I was to go to the embassy next day; was, ostensibly, to know but one language and was to perform the duties of a page according to instructions. But I must keep my ears open for every bit of French conversation, must memorize it and make notes of it. The important thing was to gain entrance to a cer-

tain room. Lutreau gave me explicit directions as to its location and contents. On a large table I would find charts; among them were three blue ones inter lined with red, which I must endeavor to make miniature copies of in the routh. In a secret drawar of a cabinet in the room (Latreau gave me a diagram of the cabinet and a key which he said would unlock it) was a bundle of letters tied together and fastened

standing in line while the monitors washed our faces braided our hale and fastened refractory buttons. Another clang and we marched to prayers, then on to breakfast of bread and milk, on to the schoolroom and on and on to the various tasks of the day, the bell ringing out at every interval until bedtime found the silent, joyless line with measured stop headed for the dormitory.

When I was in prison, robed in the garb of shame and forever marching from one task to another, 1 harked me back to those blue clad days of childhood so far away and yet so like in the stekening routine. Now when I think of those sad faced little ones a surging pity fills my heart and I toss my boy until he crows and gargles and register a vow that one child grew more like his former self. at least shall have his full portion of laughter and sunshine.

One day a wonderful little lady came to the conventand fook me away. She was young, and I was so awed by her heauty and the gay ribbons and feathers that bedecked her that I could not remember to call her mother. I know now that the home my mother took mu to was untidy and tawdry, but in it I learned to laugh and to play and blossomed out audd the gay whatter of mother's visitors, who came in and out at all hours with an entire absence of ceremony.

I lived with mother for five years. When I was almost ten she died, and one of mother's visitors. whom I had been taught to call "Uncle Jock," took me home with him and my education began.

That no fault of the grievous years shall be laid upon my mother, I must pause to tell you the impress she made upon my life. I have thought it all out since, and I look upon the few years with her as the leaven of my maturity. Although she did not favish upon me any great amount of affection, and certainly did not discipline me or teach me any of the things mothers usually impart to their children, she did teach use to meet the ... uffets of fato with a brave front and smiling lips.

I have often heard her say, "Laugh to trouble), the world does not like and people." That she lived up to that precept I know, for often we were hungry and cold, especially when mother became ill and could not dance any more. Her face grew white and ploched and her eyes looked very hig and bright, bur even to the end she would try to sit up and laugh and grateful, and certainly I never fell for him the least hatter with the duncing girls and queer looking men bit of affection. Just why I cannot explain, unless who cause to our timy room. When I sure her after was intuition, for the beenest cruving of my life has her eyes had closed for the fast fline the sufficient always been to love and be loved. hovered about her lits.

I have known a lot of ballst give since, and they all seem presented of that generous quality that prompted thine was the one who came to be twice a week to wash those Kirally girls to share their slender purses with and clean. Ignorant as she was, I took comfort in her mother and ms. If their moral standard is more has presence and looked forward to her days of work. than the accepted one it is because they have never been taught to think beyond their toes. Their lives are frightful grinds and the reaction furns them into greaponable oblidren, so my first impression of westann was that to live from day to day, headless of the future, and to follow the guidance of any one who tasking questions, and fatteend never speke of like afwas kind enough to do the thinking, was a very satismanufaline for a woman's life.

other when wines was bride and beautiful reality to me after those negative days in the convent.

It will give you a glimpse into the contradictions of Luireau's character when I tell you he gathered up all of mother's trinkets and poor little souvenirs and arranged them in my room; even her dancing shoes and frock of tinselled gauge were earefully put in a box and laid on my dresser. He also told me of my father and gave me the worn photograph. For a little while he left me above with my grief. He was very quiet and walked the floor unconsingly, but one night a lot of mea cause in. Next morning when I awoke they were still playing cards, and after that Lutreau

He was disgusted beyond measure and gave way to a volcanic explosion of French imprecations when he discovered that I could only read by spelling out the words, and could not write at all! Lutreau was highly educated, master of several languages and an omnivorous render. He took me in have and taught me daily to such good purpose that at fifteen I was reading Balzae and De Manpassant in the original. But I must not go ahead of un story.

The lessons followed the vagaries of Lurrenn's moods rather than a set course of study. Reading, writing, bits of philosophy and classic lore were jumbled together for me to austimitate as best I could. And when Lutreau found that I was auchidestrous he taught me sleight of hand tricks, at which he was very clever. I wonder yet if this freak of nature was

responsible for my subsequent enter. faitreau had good reason to keep his knowledge of this tricky art is secret. I found our "magic seances, as he called them, great fun and worked hard to perfeet myself. My one talent is drawing. This interested Latreau greatly and he obtained a good feacher for me. I liked the drawing better than the writing, though I developed great facility with pen work. Has Introdu made me copy algorithms over and ever until I could practically duplicate them, and it was very

All the while I was instying my scrawny, childless looks bohind. " Latreau fed and clothed me well, and I not sure that he never spoke one barsh word to me but I do not think that I over was troubled to feel

No woman ever cause to the dat and I soon that signi of mother's friends. The only woman I knew at that

The granding became a algivity occurrence. I could hear the whir of the conjects which and the clima of gain, and sometimes angry words, but I soon became nervatomed to three gounds and stept as pencerfully as If I were in the convert. I amptired the habit of int fairs. Naturally of a gay temperaturent, my reach row paramount, and I made the most of the imper-

ate the signature with anything; in fact, I did not know the yellow slip was a check.

Three days later we made an abrupt departure from as he bade me say goodnight to the company. the flat and sailed for Cherbourg. For the first time in my life I was moved to wonder. Lutreau started on the Journey disguised as a feeble old man with a while beard. We were booked as father and daughter under the name of Janvier. Long afterward I discovered that Lutrean had obtained \$5,000 on that signature, "James Henry Brown."

But before this discovery my eyes had been opened to Latreau's game, and I was no longer an unsuspecting tool or lay figure. I cannot explain even to myself the thing in me that took me, acquiescent and unprotesting, from one job to another. Psychologists have ling his absence. pointed out to use that my reasoning powers at that purposes were undeveloped. They also insist that Lutreau worked out a clever scheme of his own in my education. From other quarters has come the sugges tion that I was hypnotized. But that theory is expieded by the fact that I kept right on in my criminal arear after Lutreau and I had parted company.

Nature gives short shrift between girlhood and womanhood. I left New York an undeveloped girl, after two weeks in Paris I saw things through a

Laureau kopt to his disguise, but he had me fitted out with lots of pretty clothes and had me taught to do my bale and hands and how to wear my clothes until I shone forth as a young woman of fashion.

Our quarters were much more pretentions than our flat over the grocer's, but the roulefte layout and card tables gave a familiar air to the place. Women is well as men came in and out, drinking much shainthe and smoking many eigarettes. Latroau had discurded the feeble carringe, but retained the white buir and close white beard, dressing immaculately in the latest finihion. We prospered, he presiding with dignity over the roulette table, I blowing smoke ings and answoring his signals, or but it is hard to write-it burts now to think of those terrible days,

forwers times there were gay pariles at the cafes, in which Latvenu never Joined. Some of my new friends were kind and jolly, and I saw Parts, and Parls went to my head, and I quivered with youth and the joy of life. A great many people came to our apartment, and we took some more rooms, Everyhim way bright and gay and going beamifully until Count Zika began caming. From the first I thought blue abominable, but he lost his money with good strate, and so I reled to stand his attentions or best

The tright finally cause when for the first time I came fave to face with the penalty to be exacted if we were discovered. Even now I turn sick when I think of it. Ziha was known to earry a pocket ense containing some valuable lewels and Laureau plauned in pull off the jub before he should gop frequenting our place. I usually took up my end of the job with team of apicit only requalies by that of my I hated the prospect of this job in proporhad no time for words. Lutreau's face grew fairly black with anger, though his voice was steady enough

After I left the room words were passed, provoked by a sneering remark from Zika. Just what was said I never knew, but, though the incident raised no uproar, the affair did not tend to help our position.

The two strange men alternated with other strangers in dropping in, but Lutreau was on and took no chances, playing a straight game and keeping me idle. But there was little money in that, and he began to absent himself more frequently and for longer periods. What his occupation was while away I did not know, but I was not allowed to see any one dur-

We had an old French woman who was maid of time were entirely dormant and that my faculties all work and chaperon as well. How she could lie! other than those developed by Eutrem for his own. I have heard her swear by all the saints to tales that could only be evolved by a perfervid imagination. Lutreau would never let me scold her for this lucorrighle untruthfulness; he insisted that she was too fine an article to be spoiled; besides he believed in every one working out his own salvation.

"Non-interference with others," he would say, "is the basic principle from which is evolved the only selistaciony form of existence

I have found this bit of Lutrean's idle philosophy to he a very good precept. At all events, I did not interfere with Marie, and her glib tongue stood me in good stead.

I affixed many signatures to various notes and checks during those last days in Paris, and I feit instinctively that some change was at hand.

Latreau woke me one morning at two o'clock; we got a few things together and were out of Paris hefore sunrise. We left Marie at the apertment, with instructions to remain a week longer; she was then to join us at a small resort in the Alps. This, of course, was a ruse; we did not see Marie again. If she ever went to the rendezvous she found only her return face to Paris, which Lutreau was careful to mull in Paris, so that there would be no telitate postnark.

When we left our apartment we drove ramidly to a small house in a dingy quarter of the city. Latreau paused, after dismissing the cab, and prered about him before he approached the house, the door of which sitently opened in us. There were a few hurried words with some one, I could not see whether it was a man or a woman, the hall was in such total days. ness. Latreau ied me to a shabby room and told me to don the clothes that were lying on the hed. In twenty minutes we left the house by a tack entrance that took us through a long, dark alley into another street. Lutreau was garbed as a priest, I as a Sister of Charity. In this disguise we went to Brussels, doubled back and in a week's time were in London. installed in comfortable lodgings. But, ains for the vanily begot of my prety Paris frocks;

I was introduced to London as a curly headed boy in fromsers. Eton coat and broad white collar: Latreau wore his own black half, which was lightly. sprinkled with gray; a black mustache, and bideous

with a large black seal,

Had it occurred to me to object to such a tremes dous undertaking Lutreau's matter of fact manner of giving me my orders would have precluded any such rebellion on my part. But it was a very fright-ened small boy who went to the embassy next day in company with a smooth faced young Russian. vho met us in Trafalgar square.

This part of my story may sound rather inclodin-matic, but crocks, especially the educated class, do not go in for that sort of thing. They lay out their plans as carefully as a man who is following the ordinary business pursuits; it is all business to them and they work accordingly. The lay of this job was fairly safe and undoubtedly ciever. There were two the young Russian, who was an under secretary, and his put, an older man, who was working as a butter. They could not de the work cut out for me, but they could make opportunities and screen me while I pulled it off. It was safe that a pretty boy of such obvious youth and innocence would be beyond the pale of suspicion. I was to go home at night, so

there was no danger that my sex would be discov 10000 I had wondered how Lutreau had got

the embassy; that was explained when I found that the butler had engaged me and was to give me us

While my position was safe enough, for the first week the job looked hopefees to me. No one was allowed in the room but a middle aged man who worked over the chart table all day, carefully locking the door if he left the room for a moment. The re-sponsibility of planning was spared me. I reported ach night to Lutreau, and though he made ment, all the while plans were materializing for me to weomplish the insk.

The guardian of the room was called away. Lafter ward found that a decoy letter had taken him is Paris. On the day of his departure I reported as our earlier than usual, and with the aid of the butler gained entrance to the chart room. The ale pretence of having some occupation in the a olabug library, and arranged a signal to notify me danger was only a minute's work to get the b ters, but before I had time to more than glauce at the charts, the sharp tap agreed upon warned me to av out as quickly as possible. I paid two other visits a room that day, under similar conditions, but in little headway. The charts were complicated and the rough, loursted ontline I could make seemed to conver little meaning of the original.

We got the letters and my sketches out of the house s quickly as possible. In assisting the young Secre tary into his topcoat it was a simple matter for us to all the documents into his parket without being observed. We planned another visit for the next norming, at an earlier hour. I did not have any nerves a that time, so went about my duties of fetching and arrying, in undisturbed spirits.

Of course, there was a chause that the polders is the fatters might be discovered, but that was not for one to worry about. Lutreau had never been sor-chiner with me or in the vicinity. Fraulein calls every hight at nine to take me home, walting for ho in the servants' hall.

There was a banquet at the embassy that night, and during its progress it became necessary for ne-carry a message in to the First Secretary. The less (Roi jeweis and gowns of the women were dazd) and I enjoyed the scene as I stood, salver in boy within the order of the scene of the stood of the following the valiting for a reply. Suddenly a voice that fair roze my blood rose above the bin of the gay conve

"What a pretty boy?" The drawling tone focused every eye upon me, and backing up I net the level gaze of Zika. There was no inistaking his expression. He knew me,