TRUE DETECTIVE STORIES A Genius Who Went Wrong

BY A. L. DRUMMOND, FORMERLY CHIEF OF THE U. S. SECRET SERVICE

(Copyright, 1908, by the New York Herald Co. All Rights Reserved.) OR many years prior to 1880 the country had been flooded with counterfeit Treasury notes and spurious United States bonds. The Treasury notes were of large denominations; some for

\$100, some for \$500, some for \$1,000. All of the notes were splendidly engraved and perfectly printed, as were the bonds. The most dangerous of these notes, however, was one for \$100 that purported to have been issued by the Pittsburg National Bank. A hundred sheets of silk thread fibre paper had been stolen from the mill at Media, Pa., which made bank note paper for the government, and the counterfeit Pittsburg note was printed on this stolen paper.

Whenever one of the spurious notes appeared it was traced back as far as possible by secret service operatives. Usually one bank had sent it to another, or a collector of customs had sent it to a bank. In no case did the trail lead to a person who might well be sus-

In 1880, while I was chief of the New York district of the secret service, a counterfeiter who had often given to me information concerning members of his craft came into my office in the Post Office Building. In the course of a half hour's conversation he said he vished he could get into the Eastern Penitentiary of Pennsylvania to see old Jack Cannon, who was serving a ten years' term for forgery.

"Old Jack always promised me," said he, "that he would get me some \$100 bills, but he never did. He had to get them from 'Long Bill,' and I guess Jack never happened to run on to him."

I made no comment, but I put the name "Long Bill"

down in my mind and that night I went to Washington. The next morning I visited the chief of the secret service, repeated the remark, told him why I did not dare ask any questions of my informer and asked permission to go to the Eastern Penitentiary and visit Cannon.

Chief Brookes was sceptical. He did not believe

Cannon would give me any information. I told him I thought I could get what I wanted without Cannon knowing he had given it to me. Mr. Brookes agreed with me that the plan was worth trying and let me

The next day I called on old Jack. For an hour or more I talked with him about everything that happened to come up-old friends, old times and so onand just as I was about to go, I said:—
"You could never guess whom I saw the other day—

an old friend of yours"—at the same time mentioning the name of the man who had spoken of him. "He said he wished he could see you," I continued; "that you had promised to get him some \$100 notes from 'Long Bill."

'Oh, from old Brockway," he said with a smile, as

"On, from old Brockway, he said with a said, as if piecing out my sentence.

I dropped the subject immediately, and in a few minutes went away. I had got what I went after. I now knew the identity of "Long Bill."

William E. Brockway sometimes travelled under his own name, but more frequently under the alias of Colonel E. W. Spencer. He was a remarkable man, In his youth he had been employed in a bank in New Haven, Conn. The bank, under federal law, printed and issued its own notes. The boy Brockway worked the press. One day, when the directors were not looking, he ran a sheet of lead through instead of a sheet of paper. Instantly he had an impression of the plate from which the notes were printed.

from which the notes were printed.

Brockway had a confederate in this, his first criminal undertaking. They had both looked forward a long while to this day. The confederate had paid Brockway's expenses while he was taking a course. in electro-chemistry under Professor Silliman, at Yale. Brockway was an apt pupil. When he finished his

Brockway was an apt pupil. When he finished his studies he was an expert chemist.

The first use to which he put his new knowledge was to place a coating of copper on the sheet of lead that bore the impression of the bank note plate. This done, he had as good a plate as the bank had. And he and his confederate printed notes—plenty of them. The notes were sent out all over New England, and they looked so good that the bank that was supposed to have issued them accepted some. Brockway had forged the signatures of the bank officials and imitated them so well that they went unchalled of the superior of the bank officials and imitated them so well that they went unchalled of the superior of the bank officials and imitated them so well that they went unchalled of the superior of the bank officials and imitated them so well that they went unchalled of the superior of the bank officials and imitated them so well that they went unchalled of the superior of the bank that, the big man had fastened a piece of white arrival, the big man had fastened a piece of white bank of the bank that, the big man had fastened a piece of white arrival, the big man had fastened a piece of white arrival, the big man had fastened a piece of white arrival, the big man had fastened a piece of white arrival, the big man had fastened a piece of white arrival, th lenged for some time.
This was in 1851. His success seemed to make him

a monomaniac. He became convinced he could surpass even the government in making notes and bonds. In a way he succeeded. I have in my office now a facsimile of one of his counterfeit United States bonds upon which some of the engraving is better than any work of the same kind that appears on a genuine bond. He sold Jay Cooke \$90,000 worth of counterfeit seven per cent thirty year bonds that the government unhesitatingly redeemed—and then recovered the money from Cooke by suit after it was learned that they were counterfeits. But when I had conthis man with the fraudulent one hundred dollar Pittsburg National Bank notes I couldn't find him. The government did not know where he was. I couldn't find any one who did. Nor did I dare ask those who might know-criminals like himself. word might send him flying. All I could do was to make indirect inquiries and wait.

I was in a court room one day when a lawyer whom I knew came over to me and asked me why didn't arrest old man Brockway. I told him I would be glad to do so, but didn't know where he was.

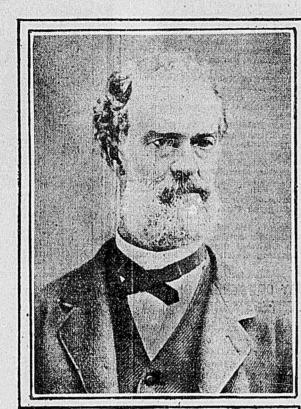
"Why, he is living over at Canarsie, Long Island," replied the attorney. "He goes by the name of Colonel E. W. Spencer. He has a boat, goes out fishing every day and lives in fine style. I know all about him, because I am the attorney for his wife,

who is getting a divorce." The next day I went to Canarsie, taking with me Dan McSweeney and James J. Scanlon, two of my men. Ostensibly we wanted to fish. We went to the only boathouse on the beach and tried to hire a boat. The proprietor showed us several, but none suited Finally I pointed to a boat that was swinging at anchor a little distance away and told him I would like that one. He said he was sorry, but the craft to which I pointed, as well as the others with round bottoms, all belonged to private individuals. talked a while longer and then I spoke of another boat that pleased me, asking him who owned it. He

said that was Colonel Spencer's boat. We didn't haggle over boats any longer, but engaged one that was big enough to carry the three of us safely and started out. While we were pulling away from the shore I looked Spencer's boat over carefully so I could recognize it thereafter without trouble, and for the next hour we fished, first in one place and then in another. But wherever we went one of us always had his eyes on Spencer's boat.

A little after noon a man, whom I recognized as Spencer-or Brockway, to use his real name-came down to the beach, accompanied by a tall, big man, clambered into the boat and pulled away. We kept away from them. There was no warrant out for Brockway, nor had I any evidence upon which to ask one. What I wanted was to get some. So we went back to the boathouse, paid for our boat and went up to King's hotel, the only place of the sort in Canarsic. What I wanted was to establish McSweeney in the hotel where he could watch Brockway. On the way to the hotel I noticed that a view of the boats at anchor could be had only from the rooms on the west

So when we reached the hotel I told the proprietor I had with me a man whose physician had ordered him to go to some seaside place where he could have a sunny room. It was then midsummer and most resorters were in search of shady rooms, so the hotelkeeper had no difficulty in accommodating me. He said he had precisely the sort of room my friend wanted—a large, roomy parlor on the second floor, west. McSweeney looked about as much like an invalid then as Jim Jeffries does now, but he agreed that the room seemed to be of the sort that was necessary to improve his health, though he afterward told me in private that he almost roasted in it. Then Mc-Sweeney begged Scanlon to remain with him. Scan-



William E. Brockway

lon said he couldn't, but promised he would visit him as much as possible. The fact of the matter was, I didn't want to put two men on the job at first. I wanted to walt and see if more than one was required. McSweeney remained at the hotel fifty-nine days, during which time he saw Brockway and the big man go fishing many times, and traced Brockway to his home in the twelve hundred block in Broadway, Williamsburg. McSweeney knew the house in Broadway was Brockway's home, because the first time he en-tered it he saw him kiss a woman who was apparently his wife-a fact that was afterward definitely ascertained.

By this time it was autumn, and, the fishing season being over, we could no longer watch Brockway at Canarsie, Nor was there more than one house in the vicinity of his home. This house was a big residence, set back in large grounds, and belonged to a wealthy New York hat manufacturer named Burr. I couldn't attempt to shadow a man like Brockway from the street, so I sought and obtained from Mr. Burr permission to station a man in his house.

The first day that my man took up the watch from this point he saw the big man who had fished with Brockway at Canarsie enter the house. He remained perhaps an hour and then went back to New York, my man trailing him to an apartment house in Thirtythird street, West. Then I moved McSweeney to a second floor room opposite the apartment house and provided him with a pair of opera glasses. He reported at once that Brockway had visited the house in the evening, and that, immediately following his

figured that they were forging the signatures to

A day or two later the big man was followed to the general delivery window at the post office and heard to inquire for mail for James Brace. Another man followed Brockway to a house in Brooklyn that was found to be the home of Charles H. Smith. Smith also was seen to go to the home of Brockway. At this point many things began to happen at once. McSweeney rushed into my office one day and reported that Brace at that moment was down stairs to get his mail, and, he believed, was about to leave the city. McSweeney and I hastened down to the post office. Brace was pointed out to me and I followed him to a ticket scalper's office. Brace said he wanted a sleeping car ticket to Chicago. Asked if he had his transportation he replied in the affirmative, saving he intended to go over the Erie at half-past seven the

Before I saw him at the Post Office McSweeney had seen him buy an expensive travelling bag, and after he left the scalper's office I followed him to a clothing store, where he bought an expensive overcoat, paying for it with a big bill. As soon as he went out of the store I went to the proprietor, showed him my card, and asked him if the man who bought the coat had not paid for it with a one hundred dollar bill. he replied; "what's the matter, is it coun-

Let me see it a moment and I will tell you," I said. He showed it to me. It was a genuine bill. The next night McSweeney and I were at the Jer-sey City station of the Erie half an hour before train time. We had waited only a few minutes when Mc-Sweeney dug me with his elbow and said, "There's

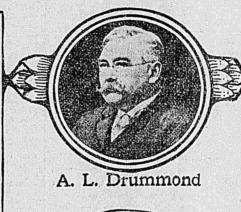
I looked and saw a chin whiskered man of Brace's build and size, 275 pounds, carrying a travelling bag and coming toward us. As he came nearer we both saw it was not Brace, though the resemblance was startling, considering his unusual bulk. We had ceased the discussion of the peculiar fate that should send Brace's double to the place where we were looking for him when Brace himself appeared. We followed him into the train and learned that he

was indeed bound for Chicago. Then I sent a telegram to W. W. Hall, who was in charge of the Chicago office of the secret service, asking him to meet the train upon which Brace was travelling and arrest him on a charge of embezzlement I didn't know that Brace had ever embezzled anything, but I did believe that he was a counterfeiter, and I wanted to see if a search of his person and effects would not reveal something that would justify his arrest on a charge of counterfeiting. Whether any such evidence would be found or not, I did not want Brace to know that I suspected him of counterfeiting, because if I did not get him in Chicago I expected to get him later.

Hall was at the train and promptly took Brace into custody on a charge of embezzlement. Brace, who was a big, fine looking fellow, played the grand and lofty. He told Hall he had made a mistake—that he was a business man, not an embezzler, and that sooner he was released the better it would be for Hall But Hall told him he would have to be searched. and that, furthermore, he would have to go to jail. Nothing incriminating was found on his person. He had considerable money, but no more than a man of his appearance might be expected to have. Then Hall asked him for the key to his travelling bag.

At this Brace demurred. He could see no reason why a gentleman should be subjected to such an in-There had been a mistake, which Hall might better rectify than to search the effects of the victim. But Hall insisted upon having the key and got it.

In the travelling bag, besides the usual effects, Hall found \$204,000 of United States six per cent bonds. Hall and the officer who accompanied him expressed



Charles H. Smith

surprise at the discovery of so large an amount of securities and said something that indicated their belief that the bonds were not genuine. Brace smiled

'You gentlemen evidently are not accustomed to the sight of government bonds," he said. "If you don't know genuine bonds when you see them take them to the largest banker in Chicago and ask him

to tell you whether they are all right or not."

That seemed to be a good way to test the bonds, so Hall adopted it. A banker whose name is known all over this country looked the bonds over carefully and said he would give one hundred cents on the dollar for them.

"You see," said Brace, triumphantly, "what I told you was true. Now let me go. I am James Brace Doyle. I am a man of means, as you see. I do not have to embezzle anybody clse's money—I have enough of my own."

Things began to look bad for Hall, who did not know the real reason I had for wiring him to arrest Brace, or Doyle, as I shall henceforth call him, for that was his real name. But before letting him go Hall thought he would take one more precaution—he would wire to Washington and ask the chief of the secret service if he ever heard of James Brace Doyle. As quickly as an answer could come this message was delivered:—

"Yes. Blg counterfeiter. Hold him." The chief knew I was on the trail of Brockway and Smith, who, I had learned, was an engraver, so the

same day he sent me a telegram to this effect: "Doyle's bonds were altered, not counterfeited, so it is a case for the police, not for us. Turn it over to

Inspector Byrnes. Nevertheless I called upon the Superintendent of the Brooklyn police force for an officer and the next night went to the home of Charles H. Smith. As the door opened and the policeman became visible to those a man jumped out of a side window, taking the sash with him. The man who jumped was Smith's son, who was expecting a visit from the police on quite a different charge. The officer and I went inside, where we first encountered Mrs Smith and her daughter, a fine girl of perhaps eighteen. A moment after we entered the old man came from an adjoining room, inquired what was the matter and I told him he was under arrest on a charge of counterfeiting.

"This is blackmail," shrieked Mrs. Smith, who

seemed likely to become hysterical.

"Mrs. Smith," said I, "you have no reason to make such a remark. You and your daughter will now go into another room while I talk to your husband. Gently guided by the policeman, the women left the room, and I had just begun to question the man when his wife started to make unpleasant remarks in a voice so loud that we could hear it.

"Mind the officer, mother, and don't talk," said Smith, and from that moment she was quiet. Then, as rapidly as I could make accusations against Smith he denied them. He knew Brockway, but he had never made any plates for him, nor had any counterfeit bonds or notes been printed in his house.

In short, he was guiltless of any crime. "Smith," said I, "you are an old man. They tell me that you have lived twenty-six years in this house, next door to the home of the superintendent of police And, while I know you have engraved counterfeit plates, your friends tell me you will not lie. Where are the plates you made for Brockway?

Tears began to trickle down the old man's face and for a moment he did not speak.

"He's got them," he finally said. The ice thus broken. Smith made a full confession. in which he told of making numerous sets of plates for Brockway, though he denied that any impressions except proofs had been taken in his house from them. He said Brockway once printed twenty notes in the house, but he destroyed them because they were im-

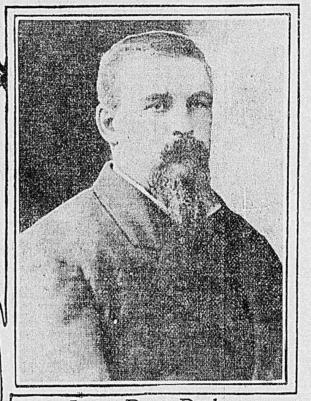
"Now, go and tell your wife and daughter," I said, "Han you have got to go with me down town and that you do not know when you will come back. Tell them you will have to appear in court to-morrow, at which time something may be learned regarding your future movements."

After a tearful parting between Smith and his wife and daughter, he accompanied me to the station house, where I reduced his confession to writing and he signed it. And while I was taking Smith into custody Detectives Scanlon and Blackwood were arresting Brockway, a performance that was accomplished without incident, Brockway simply insisting that he knew neither Doyle nor Smith and had done

no counterfeiting.

The next day I visited Brockway in the prison in which he was confined and told him of Smith's confession. He said he supposed one man could lie about another if he felt so inclined, and Smith had evidently chosen to lie about him. At any rate, he "All right, Brockway," said I, "If you have noth-

ing to say to me, I have nothing to say to you except this:-I know you are guilty, and I am going to prove it. If you felt disposed to do so you might say some thing that would lessen the severity of your sentence. You will never have so good an opportunity to speak



Tames Brace Doyle

as you have to-day. As soon as your arrest becomes known the people where you and Doyle have been staying will get rid of some of your belongings. They will get rid of them to protect themselves. These things you can turn over to me now, if you will, as you can turn over other things of which no one knows but yourself. However, it is for you to decide what He said he had nothing to say, and I left him,

A few days later I met Brockway's attorney, an eminent lawyer whom I knew well.

"Well," he said, "I see you've got Brockway,"
"Yes," I said, "It took a long while to land him,
but we finally turned the trick."

"What kind of a case have you got against the old man?" he asked.

"I don't think that question is quite a fair one," said I, "but I don't mind telling you that I've got a strong one. If old Brockway has got money enough to buy twelve jurors he can get free. If he has only enough to buy eleven there will be a disagreement,

because our case is so strong that the twelfth man will stand out forever for conviction."

"That's unfortunate for Brockway." said the law-yer. "However, I want to do the best I can for him. What kind of a recommendation would you feel disposed to make if he would tell everything he may

"If Brockway will plead guilty," said I, "and agree to take a ten years' sentence, I should feel that he ought to be given it."

The lawyer thought such a sentence would be too severe, since Brockway then was fifty-eight years old. In his opinion, if Brockway would make a full confession and plend guilty to what was then known confession and plead guilty to what was then known as a criminal information, he ought to be permitted to go on suspended sentence, provided he would surrender all the plates used in making the counterfeit notes and bonds that he had put into circulation.

"In any event," continued the lawyer, "will you meet Brockway if I make the necessary arrangements? And will you promise not to use against him anything he may tell you?"

told him I would and the meeting was arrange Before going to see Brockway I had prepared a list

of the various plates that I wanted him to turn over to me. As soon as I saw him he asked me what I wanted him to surrender.

"The things noted on this list," said I, handing it

The old man read it over carefully.
"Will you be satisfied with just these?" he said.
"Not if there are others," I replied. "I want them

Then he talked for an hour about other things. during which time he was apparently sizing me up to determine whether he could trust me, and then made

a full confession. That night I, went to Washington, where, the next merning, I told the whole story to the chief and asked him to ascertain from the Department of Justice what assurances, if any, would be given to Brockway, provided he would plead guilty to a criminal information. The department replied that if the plates were surrendered it would be glad to approve any recommendation I might make with regard to the disposition of Brockway. The government was extremely eager to get the plates and was disposed to be lenient, if necessary, to get them. Furthermore, as the chief said, we did not have enough evidence

feiter, but we could prove nothing specific against him. And we couldn't get the plates unless he would tell where they were, The next morning I saw Brockway and his attorney again and told them the result of my trip to Washington. Brockway said the plates were buried in ead caskets in a forest near Richmond Hill, Long

against Brockway to hold him over night. The situa-

tion was in his hands. We knew he was a counter-

The next day, which chanced to be the day prior to Thanksgiving, Brockway, his attorney, District Attorney Tenney, a deputy sheriff or two and myself went to Richmond Hill to unearth the plates. Brock-way pointed to a spot beside a chestnut tree, and cauway pointed to a spot beside a chestuit free, and cantioned the man who swung the pick not to strike too hard. But the pick went deeper and deeper, and nothing was found. Brockway was plainly puzzled. He said one other man knew where the plates were, and visions of trenchery evidently began to play across his mind. Then he suggested that he might be mistaken in the tree he had used as a landmark, and pointed to another spot. Almost the first blow of the pick brought a metallic sound. A few more blows and the caskets, made of six inch lead pipe flattened and soldered at the ends, were lying on the grass. We opened them, and found twenty-two sets of steel and copper plates that had been used to print the \$100, \$500 and \$1,000 notes that had been troubling bankers for years, together with the plates used to print many kinds of bonds. We also found a set of half finished plates that were to be used to make

But this was not all. We found \$350,000 in counterfeit \$100 notes and a quantity of stolen fibre paper. The notes and the blank paper were in glass jars. The plates had been shellacked and wrapped in flan-nets. There was not a spot on them.

Doyle was tried in Chicago, convicted and sentenced to twelve years' imprisonment. Smith, although his uncorroborated confession would not have been sufficient to convict Brockway, was released because he nevertheless enabled me to force Brockway's hand. Brockway was let off on suspended sentence, according to agreement, and in 1883 was sentenced to Sing Sing for five years for counter-feiting the bonds of the Morris and Essex Street Railway Company. In 1896 he was sent up for ten

years for counterfeiting a \$1,000 United States bond.
Brockway made and sold hundreds of thousands
of dollars' worth of counterfeit notes and bonds.
When he was arrested for selling the bonds to Jay Cooke that the government redeemed, his wife drew from her bosom forty \$1,000 bills and handed them to the clerk of the court as bail.

"And that was the only time I ever had any money in my life," said Brockway—"the time I did business

with Cooke. Which was true; for it kept him broke to keep

Making the Oyster Produce Pearls.

Nothing but the keen desire of greed could have his, own advantage, suggested such a feat, a determination to spur the molluse to a greater industry in the production of a jewel that must have charmed its first discoverer by no longer secret. The shells are gently separated its soft and splendid beauty. We shall never know who it was that first persuaded the oyster to do what nothing but an oyster can do, who goaded and harrassed that torpid intelligence to minister to the vanity of men. But he deserves an immortality of

fame that can never now be conferred upon him. The problem was no doubt first suggested by the fact that even among pearl bearing oysters the number of shells containing pearls was very small. Scores might be opened without the sight of a single treasure to reward the seeker. If the oyster had any free will in the matter at all-and it is hard to associate the oyster with the idea of free will-why should a single specimen yield the shining jewel while its comrades for yards around were content to lie in unproductive sloth? The conditions of temperature. food and location were identical. Why, then, these differences in activity?

The Chinese had solved the problem even before it had presented itself to the Western mind. The guileless Celestial knew how the milk got into the cocoanut, or rather the pearl into the oyster shell, long before the Western mind had evolved the poetic but not very profound theory that pearls were congealed dewdrops, although how the dewdrop penetrated the bivalve was never clearly stated.

The dewdrop theory finally gave way to the more tolerable belief that pearls were the eggs of the oyster; but even then no one seems to have wondered why the number of pearl bearing oysters should be so small and at a time when race suicide had not become a human, much less than an animal, failing

But to return to the Chinese, who was at work upon this problem many centuries ago, but who has never shown any great eagerness to share his knowledge with the "white devlis" of the outside world. The Chinese speedily discovered that the pearl was due to nothing more than an attempt on the part of the oyster to protect himself from the irritation of

The oyster, beneath a rough and forbidding ex- mistress may be otherwise engaged. terior, conceals a tender and sensitive nature, and of the unwelcome guest, he proceeds to cover it very liberally timed

HE man who first persuaded the humble and smoothly with a secretion similar to the nacre with lethargic oyster to work for him achieved a which he lines the interior of his own shell, and the victory over the animal creation as worthy result is a pearl. The process is simplicity itself of our laurels-at least at the point of in- when you know how it is done, and the ingenious genuity—as the subject of the horse or the Chinese proceeded at once to turn his discovery to

Dr. D. T. Macgowan, in the Journal of the Society of Arts, tells us something of a process that is now and the nucleus of the pearl is inserted under the fleshy mantle within. A small fragment of mud is used for the nucleus or else a tiny leaden image of some god. When these have been placed in position the shells are allowed to close and the animal is carefully placed in a stream of water and fed regularly with manure. When the shells are opened the inserted articles, finely coated with nacre, are removed. As a rule the original nucleus, grain of sand or leaden image is extracted from the pearl and the cavity left by it is filled with wax.

Since that time the manufacture of artificial pearls has become an extensive industry, in which the Japanese have especially excelled. A large area of sea bottom in the province of Shima is devoted wholly to the purpose, and it is said that a million oysters have been laid down, all of them containing the irritating nuclei, which the unfortunate animals are coating to their own destruction. Four years are allowed for the process, and the resulting pearls, while by no means perfect, are sufficiently attractive in appearance to have a market value,

That they are not equal to the pearls naturally produced is a proof that something still remains to be learned. Evidently the oyster himself is yet in tenacious possession of exclusive information. The artificial pearl is not so beautiful, it is not so well shaped, and its lower surface is usually without any lustre at all. Such pearls are therefore unsuitable for necklaces, but they can be readily adapted to those other forms of jewelry wherein only half the pearl is in sight, such as rings and brooches. It may e that the oyster, although he is notoriously uncom mittal, can yet be persuaded to give up his secret. Time and continued experiment may show the mys-

Hotel Accommodations for Dogs.

W ITHIN a few days an elaborately equipped room has been opened to room has been opened in one of New York's most sumptuous hotels for the accommodation a foreign intrusion, such as a grain of sand, into his of pet dogs. It is designed to offer every comfort to the most carefully reared dog while its master or

The dogs are checked in the care of a maid. A long it will sometimes happen that a fragment of rose felt want is thus satisfied. A man or woman taking or an atom of shell is washed by the tide into his a dog out for a stroll may thus be relieved of the refortress and refuses to be dislodged. Making a sponsibility while lunching or making a call. No revvirtue of necessity and annoyed by the angularities ular fee is charged, although the maid is, as a rule,