

one-dollar bills. We at once saw that they were not torn by the rats, but that they had been pulled apart by hand. A rat makes a clean cut when it eats a greenback. It does not masticate the whole bill, but it cuts holes in it and gnaws out a piece here and there. His notes were all torn in little pieces. We then turned him over to the detectives. They traced him and they found that he was, as he claimed, a farmer peddler, who had gone to Oregon, and made there \$1,500 by jumping a man's claim. He had brought this money back to Pennsylvania, and had deposited it in a bank. It is my belief that he drew it out in large bills, say, twenties, fifties and hundreds. He then pinched a corner or a little strip off of the top of each of these bills. This would not be noticed, and would not hurt his passing the bill and having it changed for smaller bills. The small bills he would again deposit, and again draw out the money in large bills, pinching off the ends, so that he finally got the pieces which made the representation of \$21,000. He was a great rascal, and I wanted Chief Brooks of the secret service to see him. I remember he came into the department that day with a rank cigar in his mouth. It was so bad that I had to tell him he must not smoke while in the redemption bureau. He was loud in his language and very profane, and I told him he must not swear before the ladies. It was shortly after this that we went up to see Chief Brooks. Mr. Brooks is a kind of a Sunday school man. He likes to warn boys against entering the paths of crime, and before we came to business he told me of a Sunday school meeting which he had just attended in Philadelphia, and a speech which he had made to the boys. He then talked at length with the swindler, while I sat in the background. When we left, however, I saw the swindler throw his arms around Mr. Brooks' neck, and heard him say this: "Brother Brooks, I am a good man. I never smoke; I never swear. I am a poor, humble follower of the lowly Jesus, and I want you to help me to get back my money." The rascal had heard Brooks' remarks about the Sunday school, and he thought he could work upon him in this way."

"Is not money often lost through the counters, Mr. Relyea?" I asked. "You have a large number of women here who handle hundreds of thousands of dollars a day. I should think it would be easy to slip out a bill now and then."

"Such a thing is impossible," replied the chief. "The money all comes to us done up in packages from the banks. The amount in the package is marked, and the woman who counts it is responsible for the amount she receives. They come in packages of a hundred bills. If the packages are not as marked the woman must report them at once to the chief, and the bank stands the loss. If she makes a mistake or passes a counterfeit she must make the mistake good. After the money is counted it is cut lengthwise in halves, and one-half goes to the Secretary's office and the other half to the counters of the register's office. Here it is recounted, and there is, in fact, no chance for the slipping out of bills, as you call it. We had, however, one case of this kind, and the woman who did it probably stole thousands of dollars from the government. This woman's name was Mrs. Ernestine Becker. She had been in the department for

twenty-five years, and she was appointed through the influence of President Johnson. She was considered a very good counter, and up to my taking charge of the redemption bureau she was not suspected. Toward the last of her career, however, she grew reckless. She spent a great deal of money. She came to the department every morning in her carriage, with her driver in livery. Mr. Hyatt was treasurer at that time, and he and I usually walked down together, because we were too poor to afford a carriage. I saw this woman, and it seemed strange that she should live so well on \$1,600 a year. She had a house in the city and one in the country, and she had sent her boy to Europe to be educated. Upon inquiry it was stated that she received a fortune from the death of relatives.

"Another thing that created suspicion was the fact that it was discovered that she had one name in the department and another outside. She had been married twice, and on the treasury rolls her name was Mrs. Becker, while outside she was Mrs. Smith. Well, one evening we found an error in our accounts, and this error was traced to Mrs. Becker's desk. I asked for her the next morning, intending to give her a little scolding for her carelessness. She was not present; she had remained away from office without leave. This had happened quite frequently, and I gave orders for her papers to be examined, and for the money she had counted to be gone over. There was only the account of three days which had not yet been sent to the macerator. In the money she had counted during those three days we found that she had stolen \$940, and she had probably been stealing for no one knows how long at the rate of \$300 and upward per day. She accomplished her thefts in a curious way. She would take ten bills, and, by tearing and pasting, so manipulate them that she would make ten short bills out of nine ordinary bills. This done, she would put the tenth good bill in her pocket. I don't know whether she did her work at home or at the department. I have understood that the trick dates back to the days of the war. There is no telling how much she stole. She had a lover, who I think, was the chief devil in the plot. He was a married man, and it was shown that she had loaned him large sums of money. The woman died of cancer not long after she was discovered. I do not think she was ever sent to prison."

The most of the money which comes to the United States treasury from the banks is sent in by express. It is wrapped up in packages about the size of a square loaf of bread, and the bank that sends the money puts its seal on both ends. If this seal is broken, the Treasury Department refuses to receive the money. If it accepts it, and the money is short, it is a question whether it was stolen by some of the employees of the department or by one of the bank clerks. A number of instances are known of such packages being opened, and of nothing but strips of newspapers being found in the place of the notes. In such cases if the express company cannot prove that the theft took place at the bank or at the treasury they pay the bill and refund the money. The chief of the redemption bureau, during my visit, sent for a package of \$10,000 worth of such money. It came from a national

bank at Bridgeport, Conn. He showed me how the express messengers sometimes took a hot knife and raised the seal, and were thus enabled to get out the bundle of greenbacks, and to put in their places bundles of newspaper slips. He says that this form of stealing grows less, however, from year to year, and that the express companies now put such packages in safes which are not opened until they reach their destination. Not long ago a package of \$5,000 came looking apparently all right. On being opened it was found to contain only \$500, the other \$4,500 having been stolen. The express company made good the loss.

A noted express robbery was that of a clerk named Winslow. This occurred in 1876. Winslow took a package containing \$12,000 in \$100 notes, which had been put up and ordered sent to the National Bank of Illinois. Winslow knew that this package was to be sent out. He prepared an envelope just like one of the regular official envelopes and had it filled with blank paper. He had sealed it with the office seal, and when he got his hands on the package of genuine notes he put it in his pocket and substituted his blank paper package for it. The fraud was, of course, at once discovered, and within a month the secret service bureau were on the track of the thief. He had grown frightened and had left a package containing \$12,200 at the home of the chief of the secret service. This was traced to him, and he was arrested, convicted and sent to prison.

A clerk named Halleck created a big sensation about a year before this. He was acting in the cash room of the Treasury Department, and he had a confederate in the shape of a saloonkeeper in Washington named Ottman. He took a package of big notes one day and handed it through the window of the cash room to this man Ottman. The package contained \$47,000, the most of which was in \$500 notes. Halleck, it is said, handed the package to Ottman, who took it and ran away. There was, however, a third party in the plot, a sporting man named Brown. He got hold of some of the \$500 bills, and it was through his betting with these on the race track that suspicion was called to him. He was arrested and turned state's evidence, implicating Halleck and Ottman. The result was that \$29,000 was gotten back, but the jury which sat on the cases of these two other men disagreed and they escaped punishment.

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#### POINTS ON A MILITARY SUBJECT.

CANNONVILLE, Utah,  
Aug. 5th, 1895.

There has come to the knowledge of the writer the fact that in the short space of sixteen months since the organization of the National Guard of Utah a great number of the line officers have tendered their resignations for one cause and another, but the real cause appears to be a failure on the part of the officers to peaceably and agreeably get along with the enlisted men under their authority, or dir ect command. This is to be deplored and should not exist in the guard. We are creditably informed of