

MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE

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DETECTIVE BURNS'
OWN STORY
OF HIS GREAT CASE
"The DYNAMITERS"



WILLIAM J. BURNS

DURING THE LAST SIX MONTHS HE HAS BEEN CONSTANTLY BEFORE THE PUBLIC IN A SERIES OF SENSATIONAL CASES, SUCH AS THE BRIBERY INVESTIGATION IN THE OHIO LEGISLATURE AND THE ARREST OF THE LOS ANGELES DYNAMITERS

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

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THE DYNAMITERS

A GREAT CASE OF DETECTIVE WILLIAM J. BURNS

BY

HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS

BURNS had slipped the catch on the door of the Pullman state-room. He had taken off his coat and thrown it up on a hook. He had drawn an unexpected revolver from nowhere, slapped it down on the seat opposite him, and covered it with a pillow. Now, in his shirt-sleeves, with his legs outstretched, at his ease, he looked out of the window at the world from which he had momentarily escaped,— a standstill world through which the train was flying,— and he yawned a little at it, comfortably, and folded his arms tightly on his comfort, and hugged a slow, contented sigh.

Here he was, then — the "great" detective, who had proved himself cleverer than the cleverest counterfeiters that the country could produce, who had come out of the government Secret Service with the name of being the best operative that the department had ever known, who had made possible the success of the graft investigation in San Francisco, and ferreted out the evidence of the public-land frauds in Oregon and California, and pitted himself against public corruptionists and "yeggmen" and railroad thieves and bribe-taking legislators and murderers and dynamiters, successfully, without a failure, year after year. "Never-Fail Burns"! Here he was: one of the most conspicuous veterans of the social struggle of our day, apparently perfect for his particular work in the world, as interesting as genius — and as inscrutable. What was the power hidden in him that had made him what he was?

He had been for three days in Indianapolis,

"cleaning up" the evidence against the men whom he had arrested for dynamiting the Los Angeles *Times* building in California; and during those three days he had been living, like a celebrity on tour, in the eyes of all the reporters of the town. He had been followed, wherever possible, by detectives "for the defense," employed to find out what he was doing, whom he was seeing, where he was searching. He had moved through this observation and surveillance with an easy, jovial manner, laughing and talking in the hotel lobby or on the street, without a trace of the manner of the traditional "sleuth," without so much as a glance behind him or a confidential word out of the corner of his mouth. And during the whole time he had been secretly meeting and directing his operatives, consulting with the police, and gathering by telephone and telegraph the evidence and corroboration of witnesses against the men whose movements for months past he had been carrying — mapped out to the last detail — in the silence that lay behind his breezy public manner and his candid, uncunning smile.

The Art of "Disguising" Naturally

William J. Burns is concededly a great detective; but any one who had watched him for those three days would never have suspected that he was a detective at all. His art is the sort that conceals itself naturally, as if in the mysteries of intuition. Not only is his personal appearance a perfect "disguise," but the outward habit of his mind is as good as an alias.

His portraits represent him as a large, dark, presumably slow-moving person of the well-known police-captain type. He is red, brisk, rather small in stature, with the general appearance of a prosperous business man, quick in his movements and gestures, and altogether "dynamic" in his effect. He is as far from the typical police detective as he is from the "pale and penetrating" Sherlock Holmes. He is the son of a merchant who happened to be elected to the board of police commissioners in Columbus, Ohio. He interested himself in the local detective work as inevitably as genius of any sort is drawn to its aptitude. He had "the gift." It shows on the surface of his personality as little as skill in mathematics might, or the ability to guess the answers to charades.

*Investigation Was Begun a Month Before
the Los Angeles Explosion*

When he began to talk about the case of the Los Angeles dynamiters, it was amusedly, with the pleasure of a business man relating the intricacies of some "deal" that he had just closed successfully. "You see," he said, "we began on this investigation away back in September, a month before the explosion in Los Angeles. September the fourth, 1910. Sunday night.

"At least, that was the night of the dynamiting that we were first called in on.

"On Sunday night, September fourth, about half past ten, there were two explosions in a foundry belonging to Lucas & Sons in Peoria, Illinois. One wrecked the foundry and the other damaged a big hoisting-crane in the yard; and the night watchman would have been killed if he hadn't been met just outside the building by some friend who was going by and stopped to talk to him.

"Almost at the same minute another explosion blew up some bridge-girders that were lying in the yards of the Peoria & Pekin Union Railway, about four miles away, in East Peoria, across the Illinois River. The explosive was evidently nitroglycerin; it had gone through a big, solid girder like a paper hoop, and fused the edges of the hole in a white heat.

"There had been rain around ten o'clock, and some of the yard watchmen had taken shelter in an empty box-car. They came out again at ten-twenty. Ten minutes later the explosion broke up their box-car, so there wasn't enough of it left to clear away. If they hadn't got back on their job as soon as the rain stopped, they would never have punched another time-clock."

He laughed good-naturedly. "The girders belonged to McClintic, Marshall & Company of

Pittsburg, one of the largest concerns of this kind in the world. They were building the bridge across the river for the railway. They wired my Chicago office, and I sent out one of our best operatives to get on the ground and begin."

The Campaign of Dynamite

He put out an explanatory hand, arrestingly. "Now let me tell you, first, that these Peoria explosions weren't anything new in their line. The 'International Association of Bridge and Structural Iron-Workers' had called a national strike against the American Bridge Company, in August, 1905, because a sub-contractor was hiring non-union men. Two or three attempts were made during the summer and fall of 1905 to dynamite works that the company was engaged on; and some non-union workmen were assaulted — one blinded on a Buffalo job by having acid thrown in his face, and a time-keeper there beaten unconscious; and twice dynamite was found in the fire-boxes of hoisting-engines — and that sort of thing. Then, on May 1, 1906, most of the large structural iron companies got together, under the name of the 'National Erectors' Association,' and declared for the 'open shop' — for the right to employ union and non-union workmen as they pleased, and for the power to protect their companies and their investments from the absolute and irresponsible dictation of walking delegates, such as the notorious Sam Parks. So the fight for the 'closed shop,' which the unions were trying to force on the companies, naturally spread all over the country."

He had put on a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles. He drew from the pencil-pocket of his waistcoat a little note-book, the pages of which he began to turn as he talked; but it was impossible to know, from his absent-minded manner, whether he was aiding his memory with the book or whether he was seeking something else in it while he continued with his narrative. It is a manner that is well known to every reporter who has interviewed him while he was busy — while he was glancing over letters at his desk or reading a newspaper at a café table. And the reporter will have noticed that his apparent absent-mindedness never betrays him into any inadvertent admissions, though it seems to prevent him from hearing questions to which he does not wish to reply.

He went on: "That was the year — 1906 — that a policeman was killed on the Plaza Hotel job in New York City, at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street; fifty union men attacked three policemen and the non-union workmen in the

building, you remember, and killed one of the policemen. The Pittsburg Construction Company had explosions on contracts they were doing in Newark (New Jersey) and Cleveland, and at Whiskey Island, near Cleveland. McClintic, Marshall had an iron mill burned in Conshohocken, Pennsylvania. A man employed

Amounts to a "Reign of Terror"

"It was in 1906, too, that they found the first 'clockwork bomb'—on a Pittsburg Construction Company's job in Cleveland. I'll explain what I mean by a clockwork bomb in a minute.

"In 1907 the troubles seemed to localize in



JOHN J. McNAMARA

SECRETARY-TREASURER OF THE INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF BRIDGE AND STRUCTURAL IRON-WORKERS. HE IS CHARGED BY DETECTIVE BURNS WITH FINANCING THE CAMPAIGN OF DYNAMITE OUTRAGES

by the Fort Pitt Bridge Works people, in Follansbee, West Virginia, was lead-piped and his skull crushed so that his mind was destroyed, and an American Bridge Company's watchman was shot and killed near Pittsburg, and there were a lot of assaults like those, and some dynamitings—but not many dynamitings.

Ohio. The American Bridge Company lost a hoisting-engine in Cleveland, and there were explosions on a Cleveland Short Line bridge and a viaduct at Mills Creek on the Lake Erie. A McClintic, Marshall man had his skull fractured by an assailant at Pittsburg, and a foreman on a Pittsburg Steel job in Ashtabula, Ohio, was assaulted, and he shot and killed one of the men

attacking him. The Cleveland local union was involved in this assault, and the Erectors' Association got the idea that the Cleveland union was responsible for most of the explosions.

"In 1908 the dynamitings amounted to a 'reign of terror.' We were given a record for that year of twenty big explosions on different works, besides four attempted explosions and three cases of tampering with machinery. There were explosions in Cleveland, where some girders were blown up; in Elsdon, Illinois, where a building was wrecked; in Clinton, Iowa, on a railroad bridge; on a Pittsburg Construction job at Chicago; on a bridge across the Raritan River at Perth Amboy, New Jersey; on a B. & O. bridge near Bradshaw, Maryland; on the Chelsea Piers in the city of New York; in bridge materials for the American Bridge Company in the Pennsylvania Railroad yards at Philadelphia; on a bridge over the Miami River at Dayton, Ohio; on railroad bridges or viaducts at Bay Chester (New York), Aikin (Maryland), Somerset (Massachusetts), Buffalo, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and in buildings at Cleveland and Kansas City — and so on. On the night of

July 1 a bridge was blown up on the Lehigh Valley Railroad at Buffalo just a few minutes before a passenger train was due, and the train was stopped within two hundred feet of plunging into the wreck and killing the passengers.

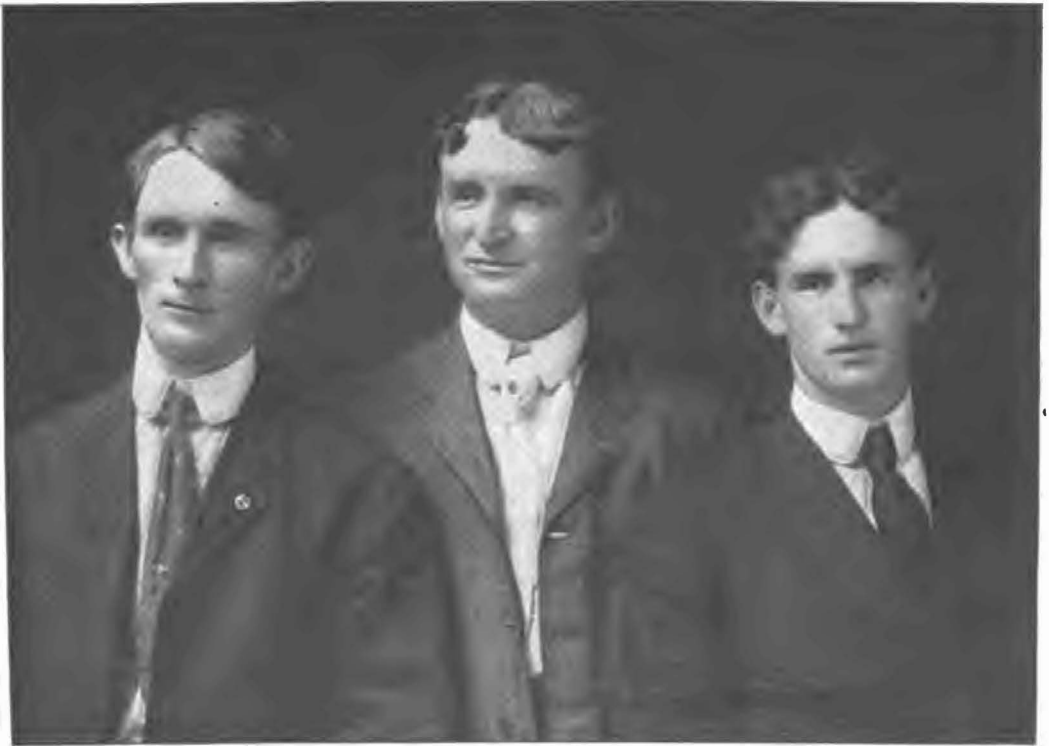
"The thing got so bad that a war wouldn't have been much worse. For 1909 and down to the time of the Peoria affair in September, 1910, we made a list of thirty-five destructive explosions, three other unsuccessful attempts, and seven assaults on workmen. A viaduct in Hoboken, New Jersey, was blown up in March, 1909, by a charge of dynamite that wrecked several neighboring buildings and nearly killed a number of people who lived around there. A viaduct over the New York Central tracks in Buffalo, New York, was wrecked in October, 1909, by an explosion that drove pieces of a bridge column through the walls of the near-by houses. A trestle for a street railway in Pittsburg was blown up in the night, July 15, 1910, and if a street car had been passing at the time all on board might have been killed. In Indianapolis, early in the morning of October 25, 1909, four simultaneous explosions wrecked buildings on which a contractor named Von Spreckelson was working. One damaged the Central Union Exchange building, another the Public Library building, a third Von Spreckelson's planing-mill, and the fourth his barn; the latter took fire from the explosion, and burned horses, carriages, and automobiles. A New York Central bridge across East Ferry Street in Buffalo was dynamited, in mistake apparently for an 'open-shop' bridge that was being built near by. Materials belonging to the Pennsylvania Steel Company were dynamited on a pier in New York City in May, 1910, and after the explosion parts of an alarm-clock and a dry battery were found — indicating the clock-work bomb. There were other explosions in Chicago, Buffalo, Cleveland, Pittsburg, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Kansas City, Boston, Detroit, Salt Lake City, Omaha, Green Bay (Wisconsin), Steubenville (Ohio), Indiana Harbor (Indiana), Mount Vernon (Illinois), Davenport (Iowa), Greenville (New Jersey), Superior (Wisconsin), Clinton (Indiana), and elsewhere. After an explosion in the plant of the Pan-American Bridge Company at Newcastle, Indiana, the works were 'unionized,' and a member of the executive committee of the International Association of Iron-Workers assured the general manager that the company wouldn't be molested again.



DYNAMITE FOUND IN THE VAULT OF THE IRON-WORKERS' UNION AT THEIR HEADQUARTERS IN THE AMERICAN CENTRAL LIFE BUILDING, INDIANAPOLIS

Detectives Put on the Trail Without Results

"Now, of course,"— he put up his note-book and took off his glasses,— "of course, all these



THE THREE McNAMARA BROTHERS

JOHN J., SECRETARY-TREASURER OF THE IRON-WORKERS' UNION, IN THE CENTER, AND JAMES B. ON THE LEFT. HOGAN McNAMARA, ON THE RIGHT, IS NOT IMPLICATED IN THE DYNAMITING CASE

plants and buildings and bridges and viaducts weren't being destroyed without some attempt being made by the companies to find out who was destroying them. A number of different detective agencies had been put on the trail. One had drawn \$40,000 without turning up a dynamiter. Some of the city authorities had offered big rewards — the Mayor of Indianapolis had offered \$10,000 for the men responsible for the Von Spreckelson explosions. But the detective agencies had kept turning in reports of the 'to-be-continued' sort, — just going to catch the villain in the next chapter all the time, — and there didn't seem to be any prospect of arresting any one, much less of stopping the explosions. Consequently, you see, the call from McClintic, Marshall & Company put me on my mettle. I resolved to get those dynamiters and to get the 'higher-ups,' if there were any behind them."

He threw out an emphatic forefinger. "I'm no respecter of persons when they're criminals. If I had found evidence in this case to implicate the president of the largest corporation in the United States and the board of directors, I'd have been right after them all. That's my business, my calling. I'm conducting a de-

detective agency. When I'm employed to find out who committed a crime, I go out to find him. I don't care a row of red apples who he is or where he is. The people who call me an 'enemy of labor' for running down these dynamiters are as muddle-headed as the jawsmiths in San Francisco who called me an 'enemy of capital' for going after the big fellows in the graft investigation out there. When I have my case against a criminal, I put the clamps on him just as quick whether he has diamond rings on his fingers or callouses as big as hoofs. That's none of my affair."

Burns has a cool blue eye. Now, as he grew angry, it grew colder. He speaks always with precision and an exact enunciation; now, with his indignation, he put, not more volume, but more force into his voice, and his utterance became more incisive and his tones more penetrating. And here he showed one of the secrets of his success — an aggressive personality, dominating, assured, forceful, convincing. It is this power of conviction that overwhelms the prisoner and draws from him the confession with which a Burns case almost always culminates. It is this self-assurance that carries him through the dangers of a chase, ready at any turn to

outface suspicion not merely plausibly but with angry innocence. Having once formed his "theory" of a crime and laid out his road to the capture of the criminal, it is this belief in himself that makes it possible for him to work himself and employ his operatives for months on a trail, confidently, after the men who started him have lost heart and refused to pay the expenses of his investigation — as they did in the Los Angeles case. Burns, in fact, is a great detective because in many ways he is a great character.

The Finding of the Clockwork Bomb

When he had relieved his indignation against the men who had been accusing him of "conspiring with capital to crush labor," — and had rounded out his opinion of them in two or three sentences of comprehensive and soul-satisfying invective, — he continued with the Peoria case:

"The explosions at the Lucas foundry hadn't left any clue to anything there; but in the railroad yards at East Peoria, among the bridge-girders, a watchman had picked up an unexploded clockwork bomb. Now, then!" He plucked up his shirt sleeves to clear his wrists for explanations. "They had sawed out a piece of board about the width of a barrel-stave and, say, nine inches long, and they had fastened a small dry battery to it with wires that held the battery lying on its side. In front of the battery they had fastened a little alarm-clock. There was the usual thumb-key on the back of the clock to wind the alarm, and they had soldered to the flap of this thumb-key a thin strip of metal bent down in such a way that if the key were turned the strip would make a contact with another strip that had been attached to one of the poles of the battery. A telephone wire led from the clock to a ten-quart can of nitroglycerin; and there was a fulminating-cap on the end of it, in the glycerin. Another wire completed the circuit from the battery into the cap.

"That's a clockwork bomb. Now, suppose you set the alarm for ten-thirty. At ten-thirty the mechanism of the bell will be released, the alarm goes off, and the thumb-key of the alarm revolves backwards — the way the key does in these clocks. In its first revolution the metal strip on the key strikes against the metal strip on the battery pole, and the current of electricity explodes the cap in the nitroglycerin, and everything in the vicinity goes to glory in little bits. There is nothing left to show what touched off the explosion. And the men who set the alarm are miles away, establishing an alibi.

"Well, here we had their machine, and we went over it and over it, without finding any-

thing that we could lead out from. It had been made as prettily as a toy, and it was evident that the man who had made it was expert with his tools and took joy in his work. The soldering was 'professional.' The wiring was neat. The clock was small enough to be a size for the battery, and the wooden base had been sawed down to be an exact fit. It was all new and bright. You could imagine the man who made it holding it off on the palm of his hand, and putting his head on one side, and being proud of it.

"The trouble with it was that everything about it was common hardware stock. There was no home-made evidence to start a suspicion from. It was like trying to identify a man by a new pair of shoes that he had made himself and never worn; all you could tell by them was that he must have been a cobbler. And yet, as the case turned out, that clock-and-battery contrivance made 'the rope to hang him.'

"At first sight the nitroglycerin can looked more important for us. It had evidently been made especially for its purpose, out of an extra heavy tin. On the metal was stamped — with the letters reversed so that they would read correctly only from the inside of the can:

X PENNSYL OLD METHOD

IX

OPEN HEARTH

X CUMMY MCFARLAND & CO.

But here again there was no label. The stamp in the tin was obviously put there by the maker of the metal. And there was nothing to show where the glycerin had been purchased.

"In a field beside the railway yards one of our operatives found a wooden box in which the glycerin can had been packed in sawdust. He gathered a sample of the sawdust and put it aside. All sawdust looks alike to you, probably. But that sample of sawdust proved to be another 'clincher.'

"An examination of the box showed that it had been constructed of two boxes of equal size; the ends of both had been knocked out and the sides joined together with cleats. One box was marked 'NEO black,' and the other 'NEO purple.' Our operative concluded that they had probably contained either paint or ink. Ink suggested the 'Neostyle.' He found that there was an agent for that machine in Peoria, and he hunted up the shop. There were a number of discarded boxes in the man's cellar, but he set no value on them; he gave them away to any one who asked for them, and they were even to be had without the asking. That clue ran out, consequently.



THE THREE McNAMARA BROTHERS AND THEIR MOTHER

"I'm telling you all this to show you how difficult it is to get a start — in a true detective story.

The Process of Elimination

"While we were working on these various 'leads,' a number of our men had been busy in Peoria and its vicinity, trying to find some traces of the dynamiters, either at livery stables where they might have hired a wagon, or at hotels where they might have stopped, or in the neighborhood of the yards or the foundry where they might have been seen. Nothing was discovered. We ran down a number of suspicions of different people in Peoria, and found that they couldn't have been implicated. And by a process of elimination it became evident enough that the dynamiters had driven to Peoria — in an automobile, probably — with a supply of their bombs, and placed these and set the alarm-clock hours before the explosions, and made a clean 'get-away' in their car without attracting any notice.

"However, we had been finding out some things about nitroglycerin. It can't lawfully be shipped on the railroads. If it's delivered at all, it goes by horse and wagon, from the factory. It seldom travels very far from the place of its manufacture, because of the danger of handling it. Besides, *there is no standard can for the trade.* Every manufacturer makes his own cans, and the cans are more or less distinctive.

"These apparently unimportant facts proved highly determinative.

The First Clue

"There was a man named M. J. Morehart, agent for the Independent Torpedo Company, in Portland, Indiana, about two hundred miles from Peoria. He read the description of the can, as circulated in the newspapers, and he suspected that it might be one of his. He was brought to Peoria, and he at once recognized the can as one that had come from his factory.

"That was our beginning. Things began at once to unravel. We found that on August 20 a man calling himself 'J. W. McGraw' had seen Morehart in Portland, and asked wholesale prices on nitroglycerin, and arranged for the purchase of one hundred quarts, to be used, he said, in a quarry owned by 'G. W. Clark,' of Indianapolis, on rock that was 'too hard to dynamite.' His story was plausible. He haggled about the price. He talked of having bought glycerin in wholesale quantities from another agent of the company. He was businesslike in his negotiations; and he left Morehart without giving cause for any suspicion.

"On August 29 he telephoned from Muncie, Indiana, and arranged to accept delivery of one hundred quarts of nitroglycerin from Morehart on the highway outside Albany, Indiana — since the law forbade the transfer of the explosive within the town limits. He met Morehart on the country road, in the appointed spot, with a light express wagon containing two packing-cases, some sawdust, and a long-handled shovel; and Morehart helped him pack the ten ten-quart tins in his boxes, with the sawdust around them. He paid Morehart \$130 for the

hundred quarts, giving him about half of a roll of bills from his pocket to make up that amount; and he explained, at parting, that he was going to drive to Muncie and transfer the explosive to an automobile and take it on to Peoria. That was the last Morehart saw of him.

On the Track of "McGraw"

"We went to Muncie and found the hotel where he had registered as 'J. W. McGraw,' and we took a tracing of his handwriting. We found the livery stable where he had hired the express wagon, and the store where he had bought the shovel, and the farm-yard where he had stolen the sawdust from a pile beside a new barn. There was sawdust still in the bottom of the wagon, and sawdust at the roadside where he and Morehart had packed the cans; and all this sawdust matched the sample taken from the discarded 'Neostyle' box in Peoria. We traced him back to Muncie, traced two men in an auto out of Muncie to the Illinois River, and there we lost them.

"So, as the result of about three weeks' work, we had several good descriptions of 'J. W. McGraw,' a specimen of his handwriting, a plain trail connecting him with the Peoria explosions, and one of his clockwork bombs. We had arrived also at the probability that he was one of a band of men who were using nitroglycerin in large quantities, and making 'infernal machines' with the skill that comes only from experience, and ranging long distances in their operations, and going well supplied with money for their work.

"Now, as I told you a moment ago, 'McGraw' had told Morehart that he wanted the glycerin for a 'quarry' in Peoria owned by 'G. W. Clark' of Indianapolis. The fact that 'McGraw' had actually gone to Peoria showed that he wasn't a very fertile liar. It seemed likely that he might have been equally clumsy in mentioning Indianapolis. That's exactly the sort of little clue that a criminal is sometimes caught by.

"Our operative, Detective Allen, who had opened the trail in Peoria, went to Indianapolis to search for 'G. W. Clark,' an owner of stone quarries. There wasn't any such man to be discovered in Indianapolis. But there were traces of two men, one of whom answered the description of 'McGraw,' in certain quarters in Indianapolis; and these two men had been overheard talking familiarly of a John J. McNamara, secretary-treasurer of the International Association of Bridge and Structural Iron-Workers.

"This was the labor union that had been fighting the Erectors' Association to compel a 'closed shop,' you understand. Its headquarters

are in Indianapolis. If its funds were being used to pay for a campaign of dynamite outrages, the secretary-treasurer would probably handle the money.

"We had learned in Peoria that some time before the explosion in the railway yards, John J. McNamara, the secretary-treasurer, and H. S. Hockin, a member of the executive committee, had called on a railroad official in Peoria and warned him that unless the work on the bridge were unionized there would be trouble. I detailed a number of our operatives to watch the union's headquarters in Indianapolis, to shadow John J. McNamara, and to 'run out' every one with whom he connected."

The Real Burns

The Burns who was talking now was not the Burns who had gone smiling about the streets of Indianapolis. Neither was it the indignant Burns of the dominating personality. His eyes had puckered in keen wrinkles; he rubbed his thumb down the edge of his jaw, thoughtfully, protruding his chin; he picked out his sentences as carefully as if he were on the witness-stand. And it is this aspect of him that is the real one, probably. Burns is naturally shrewd, silent, reserved, and cautious. In repose his face is that of a worried man of affairs, and he looks "sandy Scotch" rather than the ruddy Irish of his public appearance. This is the Burns who lays out the "theory" of a case, with a logical imagination, for the other Burns to work on — who remains concealed behind the bustling joviality of the celebrity in the public eye — who conceives in silent astuteness the arguments and persuasions that draw the final confession from the criminal who has been only half caught.

He drew down the blind on the car window — against the afternoon sun — and squared his shoulders into the corner of the seat. "It was well on towards the end of September before we concentrated on Indianapolis," he said. "And on the first of October the *Times* building in Los Angeles, California, was dynamited.

The Labor War in Los Angeles

"At one o'clock on the morning of October 1 — while the printers and stereotypers and the office staff of the *Times* were getting out the morning issue of the paper — there was a terrific explosion in an interior alley behind the building. It blew down almost the whole of the south wall. Some of the more heavily weighted floors collapsed. Fire sprang up from the basement, and before help could arrive from the



THE BARN NEAR INDIANAPOLIS THAT WAS RENTED BY JOHN J. McNAMARA, SECRETARY-TREASURER OF THE IRON-WORKERS' UNION, FOR THE STORAGE OF A PIANO-BOX IN WHICH TO KEEP "OLD RECORDS." THE BOX, WHEN OPENED, WAS FOUND TO CONTAIN DYNAMITE AND NITROGLYCERIN

fire department the wrecked building was in flames. Twenty-one bodies were taken from the ruins — bodies of men who had been either killed by the explosion or burned to death. All of them were heads of families, with wives and children depending on them. Some of them were union men, and none of them, as far as I have been able to learn, had been guilty of any offense against union labor or anything else.

"While the police were still holding back the hysterical wives and relatives outside the fire lines, later in the morning, word came that another bomb had been found in the basement of General Otis' home — Harrison Gray Otis, the owner of the newspaper. The gardener had found it — a suit-case — and telephoned to the police. A couple of detectives went up, and carried the suit-case into the road, and started to cut it open with a knife. They heard the alarm whir, and they ran. The thing exploded and left nothing but a hole in the ground.

"Then a third bomb was found beside the house of the secretary of the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association of Los Angeles. A police officer went there and cut the wires that connected the battery with the fulminating-cap in the dynamite, and this bomb was saved. It proved to be an exact duplicate of the one that we had found in Peoria — battery, clock, and all. The alarm had been set for one o'clock, — the same as on the *Times* building, — but I understand that it had been wound too tight.

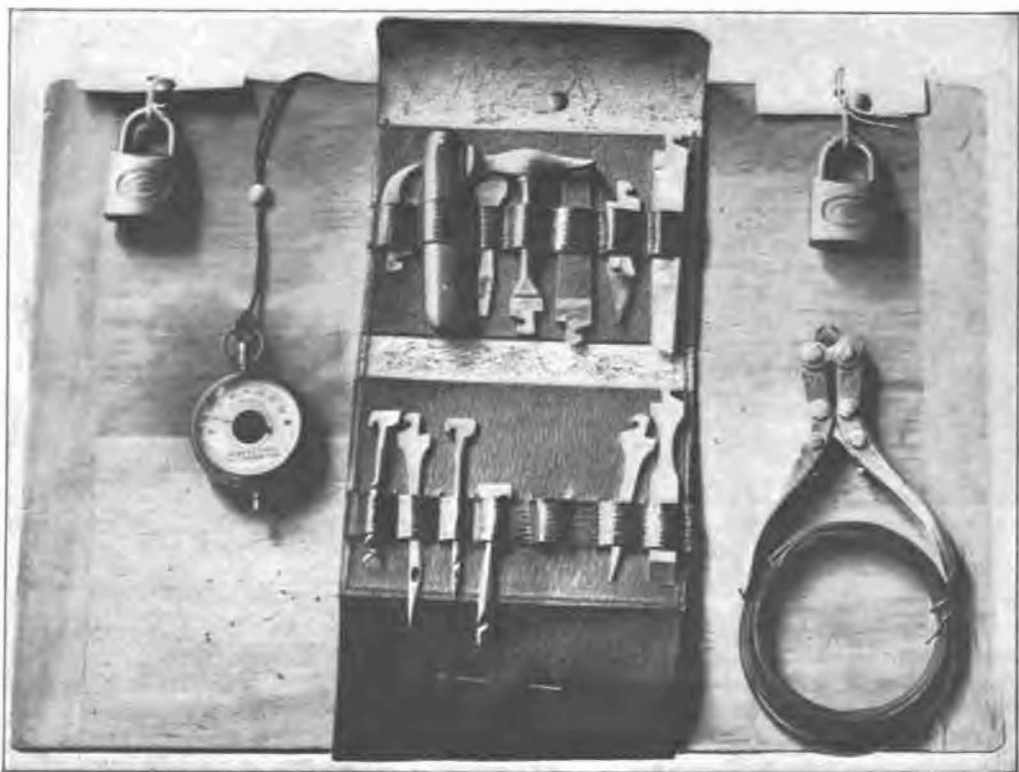
"There had been a strike of the Iron-Workers in Los Angeles, and the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association had been helping in the fight for the 'open shop.' So had General Otis,

in his newspaper. An 'Anti-Picket Law' had been passed, and there had been a number of arrests under it, and a union labor leader had been imprisoned for assaulting a non-union workman, and altogether things had been pretty warm. When the two bombs were found, after the explosion, the town went panicky. It looked as if some madman were loose with enough dynamite to destroy all Los Angeles.

"I was on my way there to attend the annual convention of the American Bankers' Association — whose detective work is all done by our agency — when I got a wire that Mayor Alexander of Los Angeles wanted me to undertake the investigation of the dynamiting. I telegraphed our operative, Detective Allen, to come on from Indianapolis, because he would be able to identify the bomb if it were one of the 'McGraw' pattern. And, after a meeting with the Mayor, I started to work.

On the Trail of "J. B. Bryce"

"The trail was as plain as the lines in the palm of your hand. The dynamite in the bomb was a high-explosive — 80-per-cent — gelatin. And dynamite of that grade is little used and is invariably made to order. We soon found the office of a powder company in San Francisco where the order for it had been taken. On September 24 a man giving the name of 'Leonard' had called there to purchase dynamite for his employer, 'J. B. Bryce,' and he had asked for the 80-per-cent. They asked him what he wanted it for. He said he wanted it to blow up stumps with. They objected that it was too



A KIT OF TOOLS TAKEN FROM A SUIT-CASE FOUND IN THE POSSESSION OF JIM McNAMARA AND ORTIE McMANIGLE WHEN THEY WERE ARRESTED. ON THE LEFT IS A BATTERY-TESTER, USED TO MAKE SURE THAT THE CURRENT OF THE CLOCKWORK BOMB WOULD BE STRONG ENOUGH TO EXPLODE THE FULMINATING-CAP

powerful and dangerous an explosive to be used for that purpose. He replied that there were some boulders to be blasted, too, and that anyway 'Bryce' wanted the 80-per-cent, and he had to get it.

"Later 'Leonard' and 'Bryce' called together and paid for one thousand pounds of 80-per-cent, and took a receipt, and were told that the explosive would be delivered to them at the company's works in Giant, California. The officials of the powder company had been made suspicious by the actions of the men, and they warned the secret service department of the Southern Pacific Railroad of the purchase of the dynamite — because they thought it might be used to wreck a train. When the dynamite was ready for delivery they warned the railroad detectives again, but no attention was paid to them.

"The men called to get the dynamite at the factory in Giant; but they came without the proper order for delivery from the San Francisco

A third man, giving the name of sent to get the order. Then the together in a small power boat,

to carry away the explosive from the Giant works, and no more was seen of them.

"We found the place where the boat had been hired; we discovered that the dynamiters had changed the name from the *Peerless* to the *Pastime*; and we traced it in its cruises from place to place. We turned up the remainder of the dynamite in a house in South San Francisco, where all but one or two boxes were still stored, each box wrapped in burlap, and all covered over with a tarpaulin that bore the name of the maker. He identified it as one that had been bought by a man named 'Capp'— the man 'Morris,' who had called for the order for the delivery of the dynamite. 'Capp' had actually given the tarpaulin dealer his home address, and there we found that he was a David Caplan, a San Franciscan, who had never had any connection, apparently, with the labor unions. We had no difficulty then in identifying 'Leonard' as M. A. Schmidt, a former Chicagoan who had been rooming in a house in Mission Street. He had at one time been a member of the Mill-Workers' Union in Chicago, but he had apparently not been connected with the unions on

the Coast. And finally we found where 'J. B. Bryce' had been rooming, too; but we could learn nothing of him, except that he was apparently the leader of the three.

*"Some of This Story Can't Be Told
Till the Trial"*

"Of course, they had all disappeared, and I can't tell you how far we trailed them, nor where we lost them — for reasons of policy. There's some of this story that can't be told till it's told at the trial. We don't want anybody arranging any alibis in advance.

"One thing that puzzled us was the fact that no one answering the description of 'McGraw' of the Peoria explosion had been working on the Los Angeles explosion; yet the two bombs were exactly alike. Then there was a difficulty that never arises in the detective stories of fiction: the money wasn't readily forthcoming to carry on our investigation. The Mayor had been paying me, as he had promised, for the work; but there were others in authority who did not trust me any more than they trusted other pri-

vate detectives. And I didn't blame them. Private detectives, as a class, are the worst lot of blackmailing scoundrels that live outside of prisons. I have stated in all my public utterances that to follow the calling a man should first fortify himself with a reputation for honesty and integrity — then he need not care what people say about detectives.

"The authorities wanted me to make daily reports of what I was finding, so as to show progress; but I was resolved not to report anything to anybody until I had caught the criminals, because I didn't know where there might be a 'leak.' The Mayor was even called before a Grand Jury to report what had been done in the way of getting evidence; but I had not told him anything, and so he had nothing to tell. Our Los Angeles manager was also called to appear; but I had been handling the case myself, and he knew nothing of it. Our office was broken into that night, and the desks and the filing cabinet forced; but all our reports on the case were in safety-deposit vaults at Chicago.

"The end of it was that I had to go ahead and finance the investigation myself. It cost me



THE KEYS THAT WERE FOUND ON THE DYNAMITERS, AND SOME OF THE LOCKS TAKEN FROM THE BOXES IN WHICH DYNAMITE WAS STORED



ORTIE McMANIGLE, THE DYNAMITER
WHO CONFESSED

\$14,000 before I landed the McNamaras and McManigle, but I knew that I could get them and I was not worrying. I knew that our operatives in Indianapolis were watching the right rat-hole, and I intended to keep them there as long as I could raise the money to pay their wages.

"Now see how simply my 'theory' worked out. 'McGraw' hadn't been concerned in the Los Angeles affair, and he didn't know that every one hadn't forgotten about the Peoria explosions, so he came back to Indianapolis to get into touch with John J. McNamara, the secretary-treasurer, and our men recognized him as answering the description that we had of 'McGraw,' and they proceeded to 'tail' him. They 'took him' back to Chicago, where he had his wife and family. His real name proved to be McManigle,—Ortie McManigle,—and we investigated him and put another squad of operatives to watch him and his house.

"One day he took a train to a place called Kenosha, in Wisconsin, and our men followed him and saw him meet a man who answered the description of 'J. B. Bryce' of the Los Angeles trail. 'Bryce' turned out to be Jim McNamara, a brother of the secretary-treasurer, living with his mother in Cincinnati. And after that, wherever those men went, night or day, singly or

together, they had a body-guard of operatives tailing them.

"Tailing": the Suspects

"And there's the trick that solves most of the detective mysteries in these days—the 'tailing.' It's what good palming is to sleight of hand. It's the thing the operative has to learn before he can move on a case at all. He has to learn to follow a man on the street, in railroad trains, on street cars, in hotels, picking him up and dropping him and picking him up again, without ever really losing sight of him and without ever being seen or suspected himself. We kept track of McManigle and Jim McNamara, in that way, for months. Our men even followed them on a hunting trip, and 'roped' them, as we say—made friends with them and camped and hunted with them. We got a wholesome respect for Ortie McManigle's and Jim McNamara's ability with a gun, too. They could stand off at a good distance and roll a tomato can along the ground with revolver shots.

"McManigle has told us, since, that they never saw a sign of any one shadowing them. And they were always 'testing' themselves. They would turn a corner and then hide, and watch to see if any one was following. They would go long distances on unfrequented streets, watching behind them. They would jump on a street car and ride a while, and get off again and go in another direction in another car, and watch all the time to see if any one got on or off after them. They did that sort of thing on the night that they dynamited the Iroquois Iron Company's plant in Chicago. They both had parcels in their hands, and we could guess that these were bundles of dynamite by the respect they had for them. But they dodged and doubled about so much that our men had to drop them. Our men had orders to drop them always, rather than betray themselves. We were determined to find out to whom they were responsible,—from whom they were getting money and orders for their work,—and it would have been fatal to let them suspect that they were being watched.

Dynamite Carried on Passenger-Trains

"McManigle disappeared from Chicago for ten or twelve days at one time, and we find that he went to Los Angeles to blow up the auxiliary plant of the *Times*—not satisfied with the original outrage! But this auxiliary plant was too well guarded, so he dynamited the Llewellyn Iron Works as an evidence of good faith, and came back home again. He carried the dynamite



RIFLE FOUND IN THE DYNAMITERS' SUIT-CASE. IT IS FITTED WITH A MAXIM SILENCER—FOR SHOOTING NIGHT WATCHMEN WITHOUT RAISING AN ALARM

mite and fulminating-caps from Chicago, on the train, in a hand-satchel. Imagine what would have happened to the passengers on that train if a little accident had exploded the satchel!

"Well, so it went on, until I decided that we had all the evidence we needed and couldn't get any more without an expenditure that I couldn't afford to make. We determined to arrest the dynamiters the next time they went on a 'job,' and we planned to take McManigle and the two McNamaras together, or simultaneously, so that no one would be able to warn the others, or remain free to destroy the evidence that we thought we'd find if we could get to it first.

"In a campaign of this sort, the arrest is as important a piece of detective work as anything in the whole business.

"On April 11 our operatives, following McManigle and Jim McNamara from Chicago and Cincinnati, met in Toledo and wired us: 'Number one met number two.' That was our signal to begin. I went to Chief of Detectives Captain

Stephen B. Woods at Chicago Police Headquarters to get assistance, and I sent my son Raymond, the manager of our Chicago office, with more of our men and two Chicago officers, to Toledo, with instructions to seize the dynamiters, if possible, with the bombs in their hands. Our party registered at a hotel opposite the one in which McNamara and McManigle were stopping, and watched them all day. It became apparent that they were not going to do any dynamiting in Toledo. Next morning they went to the railroad station and bought tickets for Detroit. They watched till the last moment before they got on the train — to be sure that they were not followed!

"They sat in a day-coach full of women and children, and they had suit-cases that presumably contained dynamite,— besides being fully armed, of course,— and our detectives decided not to tackle them where a blunder might cause a great loss of life. Coming into Detroit, they showed a good deal too much interest in several bridges that they passed. It became plain that Detroit was to be their objective point. As a



THE SUIT-CASE CHECKED IN TOLEDO BY JIM McNAMARA. THE DARK SPOT IS A STAIN FROM NITROGLYCERIN THAT SOAKED OUT OF DYNAMITE

matter of fact, we learned later that they had five 'jobs' to do there!

"When the train stopped, they got off and scrutinized every one who came out of the cars, and then they wandered around the streets rather aimlessly until they came to the Oxford Hotel. Our men watched them register and argue with the clerk,— who wasn't able to give them a room right away,— and then they checked their suit-cases. That was the cue for

matter?' McNamara kept demanding. 'What's this for?'—

Outwitting the Dynamiters

"We had arranged to take them on a charge of safe-blowing, because we were arresting at the same time some twelve yeggmen who were wanted for cracking safes in banks belonging to the American Bankers' Association; and we



DETECTIVE WILLIAM J. BURNS (ON THE LEFT) "CLEANING UP" EVIDENCE IN INDIANAPOLIS, FOLLOWED BY NEWSPAPER REPORTERS

the arrest. The lobby was crowded with a theatrical troupe, and McNamara elbowed his way through towards the door, with McManigle following. McManigle was in handcuffs before McNamara missed him. We grabbed McNamara at the door. As it happened, they had left their revolvers in the satchels — along with a rifle that was fitted with a Maxim 'silencer' for picking off night watchmen, six clock-batteries of the Los Angeles and Peoria pattern slightly improved, caps, wires, tools, and even a battery-tester. 'Well, what the hell's the

made the charge to them that they had blown open a safe in Chicago on the previous Saturday night — knowing that McManigle had been down on State Street, in Chicago, on Saturday night, shopping with his wife and children, and believing that he would think he could easily prove an alibi on the charge. We took them to the Detroit police station and made this charge against them, and — as we had expected — McManigle agreed to sign a waiver and return with us to Chicago. McNamara stood out for his 'rights,' but McManigle per-

sueded him to sign, too, and come along. And he came."

Jim McNamara Would Blow Up the Whole Country to Get His Rights

Burns remained a long time silent, musing blankly, and thoughtfully fingering his mustache. "They were both frightened," he said at last. "They didn't know what they were really wanted for, and they didn't know how to find out. McNamara said: 'You don't want me for a Chicago job. You want me for a Los Angeles job.' Our men didn't enlighten him, but he guessed it. He tried to buy them off. After some talk to the effect that they were not 'fools' and knew good money when they saw it, he offered them twenty thousand dollars to let him get away. My son Raymond objected that this was not enough — that it would 'have to go too many ways.' Then he offered thirty thousand. Raymond asked where he would get so much money. He answered: 'From the higher-ups.' When he found that he was merely being played, he gave up that attempt.

"He talked a good deal on the train, justifying himself in what he had done, because he had done it, he said, to further the cause of union labor. When one of our men objected that the killing of innocent printers would not advance the cause of union labor, he replied: 'I'd blow the whole damn country up if I thought it would get us our rights.' I did not see him until he arrived in Chicago. I told him what the charge against him was. I warned him that he was in a serious situation. I advised him that, of course, whatever he said would be used against him, and advised him not to make a statement under any circumstances. He replied that he hadn't anything to say.

"McManigle, when I saw him, was rolling cigarettes and smoking nervously. I warned him as to his rights, as I had warned McNamara; and then I went over the case with him, telling him where he had been and what he had been doing for months past, and proving to him that we had a perfect and complete case against him, and left him, saying that if he concluded he wanted to see me he could send for me. A few hours later he sent for me, and gave me the truth about the whole conspiracy. There was no 'third degree' used. I have never used it in my life.

"It was necessary to wait for the extradition papers from California before we could proceed with our arrests. McManigle and Jim McNamara had been caught red-handed — but John J. McNamara was another sort of game. We knew that we could not expect to find him carrying bombs in a hand-bag. We knew that

if we arrested him prematurely, without the papers from Los Angeles technically perfect to hold him, he would get out of jail on a bond and destroy any evidence of his complicity, and finally escape us.

"But while we were waiting we had to prevent him from taking alarm. Our men who were watching him reported that he seemed worried and uneasy. There had been no explosion in Detroit. The two dynamiters, of course, couldn't send him any explanations. Their silence would be suspicious.

"I got McManigle to write a note to his wife telling her that 'everything was O. K.,' and I sent the letter to Detroit and had it mailed back to her from there. I was calculating that, no matter how worried J. J. McNamara might be about his brother and McManigle, he would not be in any fear for himself. He would suppose that the two men, if caught, would 'stand pat,' and trust to him and their other friends to assist them at their trial. He wouldn't guess — any more than McManigle had guessed — how complete our case was against him.

The Arrest of the Union's Secretary-Treasurer

"When the papers arrived, they were brought by the assistant prosecuting attorney of Los Angeles, with two Los Angeles police detectives and a deputy sheriff. We went to Indianapolis and appeared before the Governor. He found the papers correct, and necessarily he authorized the warrant for McNamara's arrest. That warrant was taken by the Los Angeles officer and presented by him to the Chief of Police of Indianapolis, who detailed two of his men to take McNamara into custody. I accompanied them to the headquarters of the Iron-Workers' Union, where the executive committee had been in session all week. We knew from our men that John J. McNamara was still there. An Indianapolis officer knocked at the door and asked for McNamara. The man who had answered the knock said, 'I am that gentleman.' The officer replied: 'The Chief of Police wants to see you.'

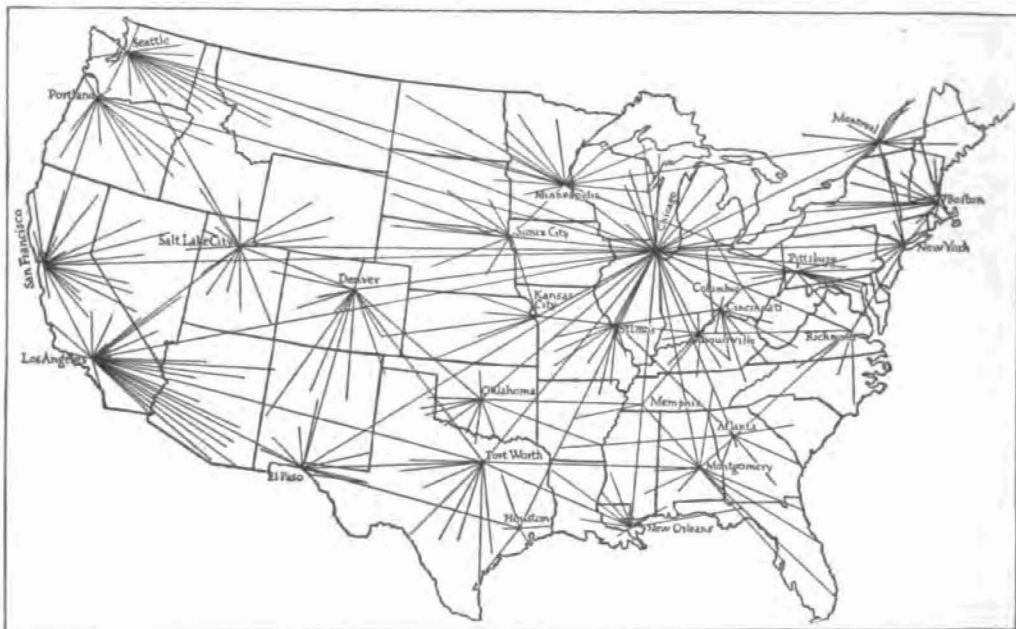
"He looked over at us and turned pale, but said nothing. He was rather tall, well built, neatly dressed, smooth-shaven, with gray hair and good features. I saw that we were going to have no trouble with him. He prepared silently to accompany us.

Legal Formalities Scrupulously Observed

"At police headquarters, the Indianapolis chief of detectives, in the presence of the super-

intendent of police, read the Governor's requisition and the warrant of arrest to McNamara, and proceeded to search and 'book' him according to the regular routine. He was then taken by the Indianapolis officers before Judge Collins, who had always heard such cases, and Judge Collins examined the papers and found them correct. According to the law, he had only to determine the identity of the prisoner, so as to make sure that he was the man named in the papers. McNamara said: 'I don't deny that I'm the man.' There was nothing left for the

Namara in the auto, I started out, with Indianapolis officers, armed with search warrants, to find whether McManigle in his confession had told me the truth about where the men had their explosives hidden and their clockwork bombs. We rode out Washington Street in an automobile on my directions, and turned to the right at a road that McManigle had described to me, and continued until we came to the railroad tracks, and then kept on to the left until we came to the farm-house of a man named D. Jones. I had never made the trip before,



THE BURNS WEB

A MAP SHOWING THE OFFICES OF THE BURNS DETECTIVE AGENCY AND THE TERRITORY THEY COVER

judge to do but to turn him over to the Los Angeles detective, James Hosick, who was the agent named by the State of California and by the State of Indiana to transfer the prisoner to Los Angeles. Hosick took McNamara back to the desk sergeant, had the things returned to him that had been taken when he was searched, and put him in an auto to start him on his journey to the Pacific Coast.

"Throughout the whole proceedings every legal formality was scrupulously observed; but I knew that we were dealing with men who were dangerous, and I had our movements planned and prearranged so that if there were any dynamite bombs handy we might proceed too silently and too swiftly to be intercepted or overtaken. That was the alleged 'kidnapping' of John J. McNamara!

"As soon as Hosick had departed with Mc-

and naturally my knowledge of the road seemed uncanny to the police officers, since they did not know that McManigle had confessed.

"Union Records" that Were Packed in Sawdust

"Jones answered our summons at the door. He was in appearance a mechanic, as he was in fact, for he was an iron-worker and a member of the union. We asked him to take us to his barn. It was now seven o'clock in the evening and growing dark. Jones brought a lantern and the barn key. When we entered the barn we saw a piano-box in one corner of it, beside the grain-bins, opposite the stalls. 'Jones,' I said, 'whose box is that? Whom does it belong to?'

"He replied, 'To J. J. McNamara.'

"'What is it doing here?'

"Why, he has it to keep books in."

"What sort of books?"

"Records—the union's old books."

"Didn't you know there was dynamite in it?"

"No!" He grew so frightened that he could scarcely answer.

"The box was locked with a heavy padlock. We opened it with one of the keys that we had found on Jim McNamara in Detroit. In the sawdust with which the box was packed were forty pounds of dynamite and a small tin of nitroglycerin. I asked Jones: 'What sort of books did you think they were going to pack in sawdust?'"

"He replied that John J. McNamara, the secretary of his union, had hired storage-room in the barn to keep old books and records, paying a year's rent of sixty dollars in advance; that McNamara had bought the piano-box at Baldwin's music store in Indianapolis, and the smaller box that went inside it; that McNamara had hired him to buy the sawdust and haul it and the boxes to the barn; and that there *bis* part in the affair had ended. His wife corroborated him. Their statements were taken down in due form by the police.

Dynamite in the Union's Vault

"Our next step was to make speed back to the American Central Life building, where the police officers were still on guard at the doors of the executive committee's council-room. There we found a safe which the union officials declared themselves unable to open. The superintendent of police sent for an expert safe-cracker. When the safe had been drilled and forced, the books were taken from it for examination. And all this was done by authority of search warrants, in a criminal case.

"Then we proceeded to the basement, where the union had a sort of 'vault' that had been built by Secretary McNamara's orders—for the storage of more 'books,' apparently. None of the keys in my possession would open it. A police officer forced the hasp of the padlock, and we found, on the floor inside, four packages containing, in all, about eighty pounds of dynamite, each package wrapped in newspapers, and a corner of each torn open as if to make a hole for the insertion of a fuse. We found also fourteen of the little alarm-clocks that were used to explode the bombs, a box of fulminating-caps, some yards of insulated wire, a number of the metal strips that were to be attached to the thumb-keys of the alarm-clocks, and some odds and ends of electrical apparatus to be used in the manufacture of 'infernal machines.' Also we found a sort of valise of 'fiber-board,' spe-

cially made to fit exactly one of Morehart's ten-quart tins of nitroglycerin so that it might be carried handily.

"We found on the bureau of John J. McNamara's bedroom, in his boarding-house, another of the little alarm-clocks; and the police of Cincinnati found tools, wire, a battery-tester, and a lot of interesting correspondence in Jim McNamara's house.

The Charge that Burns "Planted" Evidence

"They're saying I 'planted' these things before I found them. Well, if I were the most fiendish murderer that ever drew the breath of life, I might have 'planted' dynamite in the piano-box in Jones' barn. But how would I persuade John J. McNamara to buy the box and have it placed there for me and have the sawdust hauled to pack it with? What sort of records does a labor union pack in sawdust in a country barn? How did I get a lock on the box to fit James McNamara's keys? How did I arrange it so that McManigle's keys would duplicate them? How did I get all the materials of clockwork bombs placed in the labor union's vault, built by its secretary's orders—materials that were the same as those in the bombs found in Peoria months before, and in Los Angeles months before, and in the suit-cases that McManigle and Jim McNamara were carrying when they were arrested in Detroit? The thing is not worth discussing. It is not only humanly incredible: it is humanly impossible.

"Next we went to Tiffin, Ohio, and found a cache of five hundred and forty pounds of dynamite in a shed on property that belonged to McManigle's father. We found the quarry from which this dynamite had been stolen, and the liveryman from whom McManigle and Jim McNamara had hired the horse and wagon that they used to haul the explosive from the quarry to the shed in Tiffin. We found a suit-case soaked with the nitroglycerin from dynamite in the railroad station in Toledo where McNamara had left it. In short, having rounded up the three men together, we were able to find all the evidence we needed to support every detail of our case against them, even without McManigle's confession. Do you mind if I take a little nap?"

Burns "Has Some Fun" with the Constables

It certainly seemed as if he had earned it; for, if he had been asleep in the forty-eight hours previous, no one had heard him snore. He

laughed to himself as he settled back against the cushions; and it was anything but the laughter of guile. "We had some fun with those constables, anyway," he said.

As a matter of fact, the "fun" that he had had with the constables makes as good an example of Burns' simple and effective sleight of hand as any case of his that could be recorded. This is what it was:

A warrant had been issued for his arrest in Indianapolis on a charge of "kidnapping" John J. McNamara, and he came to Indianapolis — to attend to the final details of the "investigation" — knowing that the county officers would be waiting to arrest him. But, instead of slipping into town in an automobile, he arrived by train; and, instead of hiding in some friend's house, he went to the most conspicuous hotel in the city and registered, but asked the clerk not to give out the number of his room. He called his men to him by telephone, consulted with them in his apartments, and was receiving his friends openly some hours before the county constables could convince themselves that his name on the register was not a clumsy ruse to mislead them.

By observing the coming and going of visitors, they decided what floor he was on; and two constables were posted at either end of the corridor to watch doors. This interfered with Burns' activities; he wished to see several men who could not now get access to him. He took his hat in his hand, humped up a shoulder, shortened one leg, and limped down the hallway past the constables to the elevator.

"You see," he explained afterward, "they did not know me by sight. They had my description, but that did *not* include a limp. I waited at the elevator shaft — with one of the constables not three yards from me — till the cage came. Downstairs I straightened up and walked out."

He met the men whom he wished to see, returned to the hotel, rode up in the elevator, and

limped past the constables to his room again! Simple? Yet an elaborate disguise would not have been any more effective.

The joke was too good to keep. The reporters who had recognized him downstairs were laughing at the constables. They raided the room into which they had seen Burns go. As soon as they knocked on the locked door, Burns said to his assistant, "Open it." He stepped into the bath-room and turned the catch. There were three doors together on that side of the room — the bath-room door, the door of a clothes closet, and a locked door leading into the next apartment. The constables tried all three, and, concluding that the two locked doors opened into the next room, they went back into the hall to make their way into that closed apartment. Burns came out of the bath-room and went on with his work.

Absurd? But that was an element in its success. The constables would hardly suppose that he would do anything so inadequate as to lock himself in a bath-room.

"They just wanted the satisfaction of turning a cell key on me," he explained afterward. "I held them off till I was sure that bail had been arranged, and then I went down to the courthouse and surrendered myself."

It was good comedy. And it was more. It was an instance of how surely Burns can "out-guess" the man who is pursuing him as well as the man whom he pursues. His manner throughout was as natural and easy as a trained actor's. He invented the simple tricks of deception without so much as a shrewd pause of thought, busy with other matters on his mind. When it was all over, he laughed and went to sleep — to waken in Columbus, Ohio, where another squad of his operatives had trapped and exposed a band of corrupt legislators by tactics that he had laid out, in a campaign of which he had been receiving reports even while he was dodging the constables in the Indianapolis hotel!