



THE AUTHOR

In action as commander of the First Detective Division of New York, the turbulent, gang-ridden East Side. A few minutes before this photograph was taken, "Kid" Dropper, notorious gangster chief, was slain in a taxi cab at the doors of the Essex Market Court, one of the bullets ripping through Captain Willemse's hat. The murder was one of the most sensational in New York's criminal records, but neither the killing nor his own narrow escape seems to have disturbed Captain Willemse's good humor. Photo reproduced by the courtesy of the N. Y. World.

BEHIND THE GREEN LIGHTS

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Part Two

CHAPTER ONE

A PROSTITUTE, WHO WAS ALSO A HOP-HEAD, HELPED ME to solve one of my first murder cases. As a matter of fact, she solved it for me before I even knew there had been a killing in my district, and then told me where to find the body—and the killers.

Behind this simple statement of fact lies the secret of police operation in every metropolitan center and the root of countless little dramas that never appear upon the blotter but are the measure of a department's success or failure. Information, in a word, is the detective's stock in trade, information of the brand that he can't get with a rubber hose or a blackjack. Bull-dozing and threatening will not bring the allegiance he wants, although I have found a strong fist can work wonders in isolated cases. Of this, more later.

In 1913 when I received the coveted detective assignment to the Homicide Bureau, my friend, Inspector Cray, gray-haired now, but as friendly and unassuming as when I had known him over on Avenue A, called me to headquarters to see him.

He had gone far since the patrolman days and when he died during the régime of Police Commissioner Richard E. Enright, he was a deputy police commissioner. Inspector Cray probably was more feared and respected by the underworld than any other detective in New York in his day. From the advice which he gave me I learned why this was so.

"Cornelius," said he, "you will succeed in your new assignment only if you remember one thing above all others—

get yourself sure sources of information in the underworld. You could work in a city like New York for twenty-four hours a day and never walk into a crime. Criminals won't invite you around when they intend to pull a job. It's a case of wit, and you've got to beat them to it.

"Don't expect a decent citizen to come running to you with information. In the great majority of instances, honest citizens who may know something won't come near the police for fear of consequences. You can't get something for nothing. You've got to have people in the underworld who are obligated to you—something real, too, that they will appreciate. You'll probably be surprised to know that they'll give you a square deal if you play the game with them.

"Now, here is a warning you must never forget under any circumstances: Protect the men or women who are giving you 'info.' Don't let anybody, not even your superiors, know who or what your sources are, for a careless word in any quarter might be a death sentence for the squealers. Another point: Get acquainted with as many well-known criminals as possible—learn their haunts and their habits and all you can about their families and connections. Then, if you get secret information linking them to any job, you'll have a pretty good idea of how to find them. Now, go to it! Don't try to get something for nothing, and play square."

This advice applies to-day as much as it did sixteen years ago.

I saw a chance when the woman we'll call Foxy was arrested on East Fourteenth Street on a charge of soliciting. She was most certainly guilty. Fourteenth Street was in my district and several saloons and dives in the neighborhood were the rendezvous for gangsters, burglars, yeggs and similar types of bad men. Such gentry attract prostitutes as surely as fly paper draws flies, and Fourteenth Street was a thoroughfare much patronized by women of questionable virtue. I knew them almost as well as I knew the criminals.

Foxy was scheduled to appear for arraignment before the late magistrate, Peter Barlow. He was an old friend for

whom I had done some private investigation and I asked him to release Foxy on parole.

"Of course, I won't," he protested. "I'm going to send her to Bedford Reformatory where she belongs."

"Bedford? Why, Judge, don't you know she'll spoil all the other women there? Besides, that won't do the police any good, and if she's free she might help me."

The magistrate finally agreed, reluctantly, and Foxy, the associate of a tough crowd of gangsters, was paroled, quietly, in my custody.

"Say, why this interest in me all of a sudden?" Foxy demanded as soon as we were on the sidewalk, out of earshot of court officials and policemen. I looked at her a moment or two before answering. She must have been a fine looking girl once, I thought. Despite her hard life, constant use of opium and her thirty-odd years, she was quite passable in appearance, and showed good taste in her dress.

"Well, you're not a bad sort, Foxy," I began. "I just happened to have a little private case with the judge, and, seeing you in the courtroom, I thought I'd do you a little favor. Say, can you imagine eighteen months in Bedford without your hop? (Foxy shuddered, as I knew she would, for drug users, deprived of their pipe or shot, live in torment.)

"Now, listen, kid, you're not called Foxy for nothing, and you've been on the street long enough to know there's a reason for everything." I was talking business now, and Foxy understood.

"You know damned well I wouldn't go down to Jefferson Market and beg off for a cruiser if I didn't have an object in view. I don't expect to get something for nothing in this world, but I thought I'd do you the first favor and see how you'd act toward me in return. I want to get an earful once in a while, homicide cases preferred. I don't bother with small stuff. You can depend on me having a tight tongue in my head and there'll be no leaks to anybody. What's more, I'll see that the inspector's men leave you alone as much as possible, though that won't give you license to run

wild. I know you're laying in with a bad gang in Jones's dump. There's a lot of loose talk there. Some of it may be phony, for a guy hitting the pipe is liable to say anything. I'll take a chance on that and sift it for myself. Now, I'm not threatening you in case you don't give me 'info.' If you're not appreciative enough after what I've done and what I intend to do for you in the future, I'll let it go at that."

A little wait while Foxy thought things out, and then she replied:

"Well, sergeant, you're the first cop who ever gave me a decent break. I know you're working in the Homicide Bureau and don't bother with small stuff, for I've noticed you never make trouble for the girls working Fourteenth Street. I believe you when you say you'll keep your mouth shut. Don't be disappointed if I can't give you anything right away, but I'll get in touch with you as soon as I hear of a real one. The gang don't take me serious at Jones's. They keep right on talking, even when I'm laying in a bunk having a smoke. They figure a hop-head don't know anything. I'm not going to ask questions, but I'll be a good listener for you, sergeant."

And thus Foxy and I became allies.

We agreed on a doorway in Fifteenth Street, near Fourth Avenue, as a meeting place whenever she called me on the telephone or wrote to me under the name of Vera. And now for the results of my strategy.

Walking along Fourteenth Street at three o'clock on a certain morning, I met the girl near Fourth Avenue. She gave me a nod and I knew this to mean for me to hurry to our rendezvous. When I got there Foxy was highly excited.

"Where have you been to-night? I've been trying to get you for hours. Don't you know there's been a murder on Fourteenth Street?"

I didn't.

"Well," Foxy raced on, "it happened about four hours ago, but the cops on the beat don't know anything about it

yet. A fellow called Maxie Levine was killed in the back room on the second floor of No. 207 East Fourteenth Street in the Horowitz flat. I was laying in the joint to-night when I heard a fellow called 'Shooley' talk to several other fellows, telling how his mob had bumped off Levine. There were four men and two women mixed up in it: Moe Horowitz, Flo Horowitz, that Blouth woman (a well-known underworld character), Shooley and Pennitsky (also known to me and the police in general), and another kid whose name I don't know. There also was a lamister from Harlem in the crowd. He had nothing to do with the shooting, but was there when it happened."

Handy information for a detective who didn't even know a murder had been committed in his district. Shooley, I knew, was Max Minsky, a notorious criminal. But Foxy had even more for me.

"Listen, the whole gang is off to Detroit, with the exception of Shooley, the Blouth woman and the lamister. Shooley is in the Norfolk Baths and he's going to stick around and keep the gang posted on what's doing. The Blouth woman is up on the Fourteenth Street El station, waiting around until the cops discover the murder. Then she's to mingle with the crowd and report later to Shooley at the Baths."

Here, without opening my mouth, I knew not only there had been a murder and who was involved, but where the individual members of the band had flown. And still Foxy talked on.

"The murder was pulled at eleven o'clock. Shooley and the Blouth woman went back up to the room again at one o'clock and planted two guns on the dead man so that in case of a slip-up they'd have a good chance to cry self-defense. They put one gun into Levine's hand, cocked, and stuck another in his belt. When Shooley and Blouth walked into the hop joint later they were singing 'Good Night to Bright Lights.' Now I'm going to lay in there again to see if I can get some more. The reason why the others have skipped is that since

the murder took place in Horowitz's flat they were sure the police would look for Horowitz and his mob right away. I want to see you later in the day and I'll probably have more info for you."

We agreed to meet at two P. M., far uptown at Mott Avenue and 149th Street, where we'd be safe from observation. Then I walked up Fourteenth Street armed with about all the facts a detective, under ordinary methods, I couldn't have learned for days, if ever. Maxie Levine, I knew, was a young gangster freed from prison and who, according to underworld gossip, had been trying to lord it over his associates.

Near the house I met the policeman on post, Paddy Mullins, an excellent patrolman. He had heard nothing which was not to be wondered at. Together we entered the doorway at No. 207 and went to the second floor. We found the dead man lying in a hallway between the kitchen and living room, stretched on his back with a .38 Smith and Wesson in his left hand, cocked, and a .32 Harrington and Richardson in his belt. He had been shot several times in the face, head and back, and had been dead for several hours, for rigor mortis had set in. On the kitchen floor were several pillows and blankets and a hop outfit. Everything was in disorder, indicating a hurried flight. Drawers had been ripped off and discarded wearing apparel thrown about the floor of the living room. I directed Officer Mullins to notify his station and the coroner while I called up headquarters and asked for detectives. All arrived quickly. The coroner informed me solemnly that the man was dead from bullet wounds, and then went home to bed. This formality over, we detectives went to work.

As I stepped out on Fourteenth Street and looked up at the nearby El station, I found Foxy was right. There was Miss Blouth walking up and down and glancing down at the house, waiting for the crowd to get a little larger so she could mingle with it unnoticed. I walked up the platform and stopped before her.

"Good morning, Miss Blouth."

"Good morning," she answered. A hard looking woman of indeterminate age was Miss Blouth. She was trying her best to be innocent.

"What are you waiting here for?"

"A gentleman friend."

"Well, that's me," I said. "Allow me to inform you that you're the first one in the can in the Levine case."

"Me? What have I got to do with that?"

Miss Blouth, then, very apparently knew there had been a murder.

"That remains to be seen. You've stood too long on the top of an El platform to be waiting for one man. I know you of old and your working field in Fourteenth Street. You're not up here for your health. I am going to put you through a course of sprouts, anyway, for I know there's very little happens around that you don't know something about it. Come along, now and no argument."

We picked up Mr. Shooey at the Baths, incidentally discovering a number of other men who apparently couldn't go to sleep even in a public bath-house without guns under their pillows. We telegraphed Detroit and the police there picked up the Horowitz couple and Pennitsky. The fourth man in the case got away, somehow. The lamister we found next day in Harlem. He was deaf, dumb and blind at first, but after a lot of "persuasion" he told all he had done from the day of his birth up until the crime.

Assistant District Attorney Deacon Murphy was in charge of the case and within a few days we indicted four men for murder in the first degree, the missing man among them. The lamister was held in \$10,000 bail as a necessary material witness after he had testified before the grand jury.

Perhaps I should say here that I have reasons for not naming the lamister and the missing man, whom I shall call X. Both paid their penalty to society and have gone straight since. To-day X holds a good position, is married and the

father of a family. The lamister has a responsible position in New York. I don't intend to persecute them or to bring up an old disgrace which has been forgotten by all save themselves and the police.

We got a tip from Toledo that X was in that city and an incident then occurred which proves how easily a detective can make a bonehead play, particularly when he tries a bluff. X at that time was pretty well known in the underworld and one of the detectives working with me said that he knew him personally. So I sent this detective to Cleveland.

A day later I received a telegram that X had been arrested in Cleveland and extradition papers were forwarded. I was at the Grand Central Station to meet the detective and the prisoner handcuffed to him. When they walked off the train, the prisoner proved to be a man named Utz, a gun carrier for Dopey Benny. Utz was known in most large cities of the country as a notorious criminal, but he had no connection with the Levine case.

"Well, where's your man?" I asked of the detective.

"Here," replied the officer, indicating Utz.

"Hell!" I shouted, "why haven't you got the guy we want in the Levine case? You told me you knew him, and here you've extradited the wrong man. What have you got to say for yourself?"

The detective, red and angry, turned to Utz.

"Are you Utz? Well, then, how in the hell did you happen to come along with me?"

Utz was only too willing to explain, laughing gleefully. "It was this way," he related. "I was walking in Toledo with X, all right, and you walked up to us and called out his name. I answered you and you asked me if I was X. I said yes, of course. You see, I had an appointment in New York City, anyway, and was satisfied to let the State pay my expenses to come here."

If I hadn't been present, the detective would have battered Utz to a pulp right there in the station. I cut off his

angry complaints.

"You've pulled a bull," I said, "so take your medicine. You'll have to pay all the expenses of this trip for both of you. Don't put in any bill. Explain things to the district attorney so this bird'll be discharged. Take my advice. Make a noise like a clam or you'll be the laughing stock of New York."

The detective took his medicine and somehow saved his job. His play might easily have wrecked the case completely.

Meanwhile, I sent Flo Horowitz and Miss Blouth to the Magdalene Home in Dyckman Street, having them held under \$10,000 bail as material witnesses. Two days after they were there, I received a frantic call from the matron at the home asking me to come up and remove them at once. It seemed that Flo and Blouth, finding confinement a little irksome, had started a riot and nearly wrecked the place, driving out the special policemen on duty there as guards. Flo and Blouth had no respect for special policemen and would be nice only when they knew they were dealing with honest-to-goodness city cops. The home was in an uproar when I arrived, but the two women calmed down as soon as they saw me. I had sent them to the home because Flo was soon to become a mother, but there was nothing else to do but remove her to the prison ward at Bellevue.

There Flo gave birth to a child and, shortly afterwards, I went to see her and the baby in the prison ward. I will never forget it as long as I live. Flo proudly held up her baby for me to see, exclaiming: "Isn't it pretty?" But the doctor had told me that the child had been born blind, and Flo did not know. I regarded it as a godsend when the child died a little later.

Before the grand jury, Flo had talked frankly about the murder. Shooey, she said, had actually killed Levine. Maxie, it seemed, just out of Elmira, had fancied himself as a tough guy, and a gang leader, bought himself a gun and set out to become another Jack Selig. The gang had decided to get rid of him and Horowitz and Miss Blouth framed him by

saying they would have a nice girl ready for him if he came to the Horowitz flat. Maxie came, with the four men and two girls waiting for him and the lamister also present. Entirely unsuspecting, he had swaggered in, holding to the character he was trying to build for himself by greeting the crowd in this wise:

"Say, have any of you guys got any bullets?"

"Yes, you . . . we have!" said Shooley. Then Maxie got his bullets right out of the ends of the gangster's pistols.

Another murder case took me out of New York shortly after Flo's baby was born, and in my absence someone bailed out the lamister and he had dropped from sight before my return. Shooley's lawyer, feeling, therefore, that our case was badly handicapped with the lamister gone, was clamoring for an early trial to get the case out of the way before the fugitive could be traced. We couldn't delay much longer.

Once again it was Foxy who came to the rescue. We met again in the old doorway.

"The gang is going to beat this rap if you don't look out. The lamister's a lamister again. The gang's talking about it in the joint every day, and I'm sore because I don't want them to put anything over on you. Now, listen; he's lammed to Chicago. I've found out his father and mother are separated and that the father has a second-hand furniture store in Halsted Street, Chicago. Perhaps your man's still there."

I gave this information to Mr. Murphy.

"Get out to Chicago at once, and don't come back unless you get him," said the prosecutor. "The case comes before a jury next week and unless we have him here to testify, we can't convict. Don't miss him."

Police inquiries, resulting from Foxy's tip, developed the fact that the fugitive's father had had a great deal of trouble with his family. I easily found his store in Halsted Street and I had my cue. I told him I was going to settle in Chicago and had left New York because I was sick of quarreling with a nagging wife and a troublesome family.

"Why, I left New York for the same reason!" he cried.

We became very sympathetic and confidential. Finally I got what I wanted.

"I've got a boy who visited me a few weeks ago," said the father, angrily. "He stayed with me one night and on the next night he disappeared, taking my watch and chain and all the money I had in my clothes. What do you think of that for a son?"

I was indignant. "Why don't you have him arrested?" I was all ears for the reply.

"Oh, he's gone to Montreal. He had a letter in his pocket advising him to come there where things were wide open."

The father was as bad as the son when it came to searching another's clothes.

I arrived in Montreal on a Sunday morning, and found the temperature 27 degrees below zero—and me wearing a light fall overcoat, for it had been warm in New York. I lost no time in getting to police headquarters, arriving there at 7:00 A. M. The only officer in sight was an old policeman sound asleep by a radiator in the main office. I woke him up and told him who I was and what I wanted.

"Go right into the detective bureau and help yourself to anything you want," the desk officer said. I went in, but there wasn't a soul around. After making some audible comments to myself, I got on the phone, called some of the Montreal detectives I had met in New York, and in a short time had help. The Montreal man examined my photographs of the fugitive and recognized him as a man who had been hanging around a dive operated in Montreal by an ex-gangster from New York.

Now in every sizeable city in the United States, and the rest of the world for that matter, there are resorts which are rendezvous for criminals fleeing from arrest elsewhere. Usually, underworld characters know just where to go in each city for refuge. They hide for as long as they think they must, and receive funds if they're in need. Often the keepers of these resorts find a place for them with racketeers to whom their particular talents make them most

valuable. A New York criminal, for instance, knows where he can hide out in Chicago, Philadelphia, San Francisco or Detroit, and can find plenty of places in Brooklyn and the Bronx if he wants to stay close at home. Such a place was the Montreal dive.

I called up Deacon Murphy and got him out of his nice warm bed in New York.

"It's cold up here," I complained.

"Well, you'll be colder if you don't come back with your man," he answered. "The jury has been picked, and doctors and other witnesses have been on the stand to establish the corpus delicti. If you don't show up with your man in a few days, you might just as well stay right on up there in Montreal for we won't have any more use for you down here. Of course, I'm sure you'll get him." A joke's a joke, but it's not so funny when you're braving the Arctic in a spring-time rig.

We had a conference in the old Queen's Hotel and, since time was short, decided to try an old trick which works out well every once in a while. While two detectives were sent to watch the dive and others were hurried to cover the railroad stations, still others went to the telephone company officials, explained the situation, and had an operator especially assigned to help us. Then we set up headquarters in a room close to the gangster's resort, put a headquarters man on the phone there and gave the special operator the number of the telephone in the dive and in our own temporary post. These preparations completed, Detective Holmes of the Montreal police, myself, and a half dozen other detectives, descended on the dive and found the proprietor.

We told him whom we wanted and asked what he might know. As expected, he denied vigorously that he ever had seen the man. Threats that he would be put out of business if the man was found anywhere in Montreal failed to move him, even though we insisted the fugitive had been seen in his place.

Then we left, and as soon as we were out of sight of

his place, raced for our temporary headquarters. Within a few minutes our phone rang and the special operator reported that the proprietor had called up a rooming house only six blocks from where we were, and had told the landlady to get Mr. Jack Fisher on the wire. As soon as "Fisher" came on the phone, the operator reported, the dive owner had addressed him by his own name and said:

"Get under cover quick. You know where to go. All the Montreal dicks are looking for you, and they've got some big dick from New York with them. You're too wide open where you are. Hide quick. We'll get you some dough so you can blow out of town."

The trap had worked! We had the address and the alias of the fugitive. We hurried there, surrounded the block and had our quarry bagged. I spotted a sign: "Chambres A Louer"—"Rooms to Let"—on the door and had an idea how I might make the arrest without trouble.

While the other detectives waited for me, I rang the bell. An old lady opened the door. She spoke with a French accent and I addressed her in French. I told her that I was going to stay for a couple of weeks and would like to have a nice room.

"I'm from New York," I went on, "and feel kind of lonesome. My, it's terribly cold here."

"Oh, are you from New York? We have quite a few from New York stopping here." She mentioned a few names, among them that of Jack Fisher.

"Oh," I broke in, "is Jack Fisher here?" Then I described him and received the expected "yes."

"My, I'm glad. I won't be so lonesome and he'll be glad to meet me. Can you give me a room anywhere near him?"

"Oh, yes, I can give you a room next door to him."

"All right. I'll take that room. Is he at home?"

"Yes," she replied. "I called him a little while ago and he answered the telephone."

"That's fine. Let's go to his room and you call him out. Don't let on there's anybody here that wants to see him."

He'll be pleased to meet me!"

"He's stopping here with his wife," the good lady went on. "They are theatrical people."

A fast worker, I thought to myself as we went upstairs together. The landlady knocked on the door, calling out: "Oh, Mr. Fisher, I want to see you a moment."

"What do you want?"

He opened the door.

Then I stepped forward and into the room.

"Why, good morning, Mr. Fisher!"

"Well, what the hell do you want here?"

"Why, I just came to see you," I replied.

"Say, listen," he snapped, "I'm in another country and you can't extradite me. I'm only a witness." With that, he turned and addressing a beautiful young girl in the bed, he called out: "Hey, animal, didn't I tell you to get up!"

"Why, hello!" I turned to the girl. "How did you come to meet this bum?"

"Don't tell him anything," Fisher interrupted.

With that I landed on him, shackled him onto the bed, and announced: "I'm running this party now."

The landlady had become extremely excited and I told her in French that she was a mighty lucky woman, that this man's graft was robbing landladies and that I wanted him for the murder of a landlady just like herself.

"Now go downstairs," I said, "and open the front door, and more detectives will come into your place than you've ever seen before in your life."

She was glad to obey for I had made the case mighty interesting to her personally. As the detectives came up, I called them aside and told them to try another old police trick. I was going to be the "good fellow" and they were to treat the prisoner rough. "But don't mark him up, boys; in the belly, please," I warned. With such a trick, the prisoner usually opens up, to one side or the other. Just follow it along!

Holmes spoke: "What have you got here, Neil?"

"Oh," I answered, "I've got a fellow who had four innocent men indicted for murder in New York, and we have indicted him for the murder now. I'm going to lock him up here and bring him back to New York with me some time in the near future."

"Who's the girl?"

"I don't know yet. Let's talk with her."

She was frightened, but ready and eager to speak.

"I was stranded with a theatrical company here six weeks ago," she said. "Several of the girls had no money and we were picked up by different men. Fisher took me and after a lot of abuse, he forced me to work in a house. He brings me there every day and takes me out of there every night. I'm not allowed to write or telephone and I'm watched very closely."

I felt happy that I had caught Fisher for the sake of the unfortunate girl, let alone the Levine case. She gave us the address of the house where she had been forced to work and some of the detectives left at once to rescue the other girls.

Fisher was forced to dress. He became rather abusive and was treated accordingly. Then I stepped in with my "good fellow" act.

"Hold on there, boys," I said. "He ain't a bad fellow! I want you to take good care of him until I come back to get him."

"Oh, is that so?" said Holmes, looking at Fisher with as nasty a look as he could give. "We've got murderers enough in Montreal without entertaining any of your New York mob. After we get done with them here, they all give Montreal a wide berth."

With that, we went to police headquarters. The Montreal men were only too willing to bet me that he'd be ready to go back to New York with me that evening. I was satisfied he was in good hands. I asked the matron to take care of the girl's immediate needs and then called up Mr. Murphy in New York to tell him of the developments. He advised

me to bring the girl back with me and then to see that she reached her home safely.

"Now," said Holmes to me, "there's a good hockey game this afternoon. We'll go out and watch it and leave things to the boys."

The police gave me a pair of moccasins, a fur cap and a big thick woolen blanket, and I went out to the game looking like a Sioux Indian, but feeling warm and comfortable for the first time since I had reached Montreal, and I enjoyed the hockey, even at a temperature of almost thirty below zero. But I was worried when I got back to headquarters with the grinning Holmes.

"Bring up the prisoner," he ordered. A minute, and my man burst into the room, sprang like mad for the radiator and clung to the hot steam pipes, shivering and sobbing, his face blue with cold.

"What's happened?"

"Well," drawled Holmes, "we have a special cell for murderers. It's right down under the sidewalk and when it's thirty degrees below outside, it's about fifty in that particular cell for there's nothing but ice all around it. Your friend must have enjoyed himself for he's been down there all afternoon, just as he is. He's been dancing wildly and should be tired out. It's even colder at night, for we don't give them any-blankets."

The lamister had heard everything. It was my move and I made it.

"Well, I'm sorry for him, but I can't interfere in a foreign country." Then to the lamister, "Well, good-by!"

I turned as if to leave, but I didn't have to take a step. "For God's sake, Willemse, don't leave me up here with these fellows! God, take me back to New York to-night! I don't care if you charge me with a dozen murders. I don't want to go back down there again. Please, Willemse, don't leave me behind!"

"Oh, well, if you insist, you can go back," I remarked indifferently. But I gave Holmes a look which expressed

thanks and admiration. Our second trick had worked!

The necessary papers were produced at once and the lamister signed the needed waiver. Then I invited the detectives to dine with me at the Queen's Hotel, and took the cowed lamister and the girl along.

There was still more in store for me that evening. Midway through the dinner, a waiter stepped to my side, and, making certain that I was Detective Willemse, told me a "gentlemen" outside wanted to see me.

Out in the hall I found a man who looked like a gentleman well enough, but I knew him to be Lobster Gordon, an old New York thief.

"Well, what do you want?" I asked the unabashed Gordon.

"Oh, I've got a poke (a roll of money) here that I want to give to the lamister."

"Go in and give it to him. There's nothing to stop you."

"What? And give those Montreal dicks a slant at me! Nothing doing. Say—" and Lobster lowered his voice even more—"I was trying to get near you at the hockey game to-day but there were too many dicks around. You sure looked funny in that blanket. You give the lamister the money and I'll meet you at the train. Don't bring any of those mugs with you. All the hotels here are filled up with the best people in Canada, on account of the hockey game, and I'm going to get you the best fur coat you ever had in your life. I'll make sure I pick out one that'll fit you because I want to show you that I'm a regular fellow."

I didn't take advantage of old Gordon's offer, though I gave the money to the lamister. But I wasn't a bit surprised when some of the Montreal men told me that a lot of fine fur coats were being stolen in the city.

On the train back to New York that night, the lamister's girl told me her life story. She was a member of an excellent family. Like many other girls, before and since, she had come into New York at the age of seventeen to try for the stage and had joined up in the chorus of a musical show

being recruited for the road. It's an old story, of course. The show is stranded, purposely, and the girls, penniless, and hundreds of miles from home and protection, are seized by underworld characters waiting for just that opportunity, and then are mistreated so they never dare to go home or complain. I saw to it that the girl went home to her mother without a word being made public about her. Her friends and family never learned the truth, and her identity is one more secret that will pass out with me.

The prosecuting attorney at the trial of the Levine slayers was George Brothers, one of the ablest district attorneys I have ever had the pleasure of serving. The trial took place before Judge Mulqueen in the Court of General Sessions.

Flo Horowitz, who had testified freely before the Grand Jury, and who was one of our principal witnesses, sprang a great surprise on the court. Before the Grand Jury, she had told about the part Max Minsky, alias Shooey, had played in the murder, but on the stand in court, looking smack at Shooey himself, Flo said:

"Why, that is not the Max Minsky or Shooey that I was talking about before the Grand Jury. It was another Shooey and another Max, and that's not the man!"

I'm satisfied that the jury realized she was lying, for Shooey was convicted of murder in the second degree. I believe he wasn't found guilty of murder in the first because of the notorious record of the slain man. Maxie Levine had been a white slaver, a thief, and one of the lowest criminals we knew. Juries always take such a fact into consideration. Pennitsky and Horowitz also were convicted and received long prison terms. In the following spring, we again learned that X, who had been untraced ever since he gave the slip to our detective with Utz's aid, had returned to Toledo. I got him there, brought him in, and he was sent up for seven and a half to fifteen years.

After the break-up of the gang, Miss Blouth went living with a Chinaman. What happened to Flo Horowitz I never

knew. The three ring-leaders in the Levine murder have figured in other murder cases since their release from prison. They are hardened criminals. But at least we were able to land them behind the bars and keep them out of the way for years.

Thus, solely through the medium of a woman informant, the police smashed up one dangerous band of criminals. Without Foxy's help, they probably never would have been captured or convicted. As for Foxy herself, I'm glad to say that she managed to break off in the use of opium. She went west and lived respectably.

Moe Horowitz finally got his only a few months ago, at a time the police were hunting him in still another murder, the slaying in 1930 of George Hodson, ex-convict and former secretary of the Amazon Leather Goods Company of 151 West Twenty-Sixth Street, owned and operated by the Marshall Stillman Movement for the rehabilitation of former convicts. Moe, it seemed, since his release from prison in the Levine case, had been aspiring to leadership among the rehabilitated convicts!

On the night of last September 3, a sedan swung into Tiemann Place, a few feet east of Riverside Drive, a block south of 125th Street. There was nothing about the car to attract attention. In the tonneau, a handsome blonde girl was chatting with a man. Another man was sitting beside the driver.

"This'll do!" The girl's sharp remark reached the ears of passersby. The driver leaned across and opened the door of the sedan. A shove and the man sitting beside him fell into the street, landing almost at the feet of a pedestrian on the sidewalk. The car roared forward with a sudden acceleration of the motor and was gone before startled witnesses knew anything was amiss. The body was that of Moe Horowitz—taken for a ride. Now, I wonder!