

THE BERTILLON SYSTEM FOR BANK EMPLOYEES



Montgomery's Mutual Home in Pittsburg

The Clark Cashier of the Enterprise Bank, who filled himself

Nowhere else in the world, other than in Pittsburg, so far as known, has the decree gone out that bank employees must submit to the photographs and measurements of the Bertillon system. Yet this comes as the sequel to the most amazing series of bank lootings that mankind has ever known, perhaps.

Within the last three years it is estimated that something like \$7,500,000 has been stolen by dishonest bank employees in that city. This is at once an unenviable and a unique reputation. In fact, it has seemed, of late, a dull year in Pittsburg when a few millions do not find themselves equipped with wings that make the Wright brothers look like crawlers, and Delagrè and Farman resemble Icarus after the wax melted.

are still insistently pursuing their arrangements, and one large institution has made it a rule that every employee shall make monthly affidavits as to all his actions and as to his positive knowledge that no other employee has, during the month employed, committed any act that may be in the least suspicious in nature.

of escaping the penalty for his share in the crime, had given up his identity and his home to wander amid agonies of dread until his fearful spirit could no longer bear the strain.

remarked the judge—and the two prisoners grinned. So they are serving their sentences, while Grace Laughrey, the handsome girl who shared Wray's stolen riches and stuck to him as faithfully as a wife when he fled to Toronto, was the ten years that will elapse before the pair are set free again.

While the gamblers were enjoying the Union Trust Company's cash, the bucket-shops were getting during the year between March, 1907, and March of this year \$520,000 taken from the Farmers' Deposit National Bank by Henry Reiber, the paying teller, and John Young, the auditor.

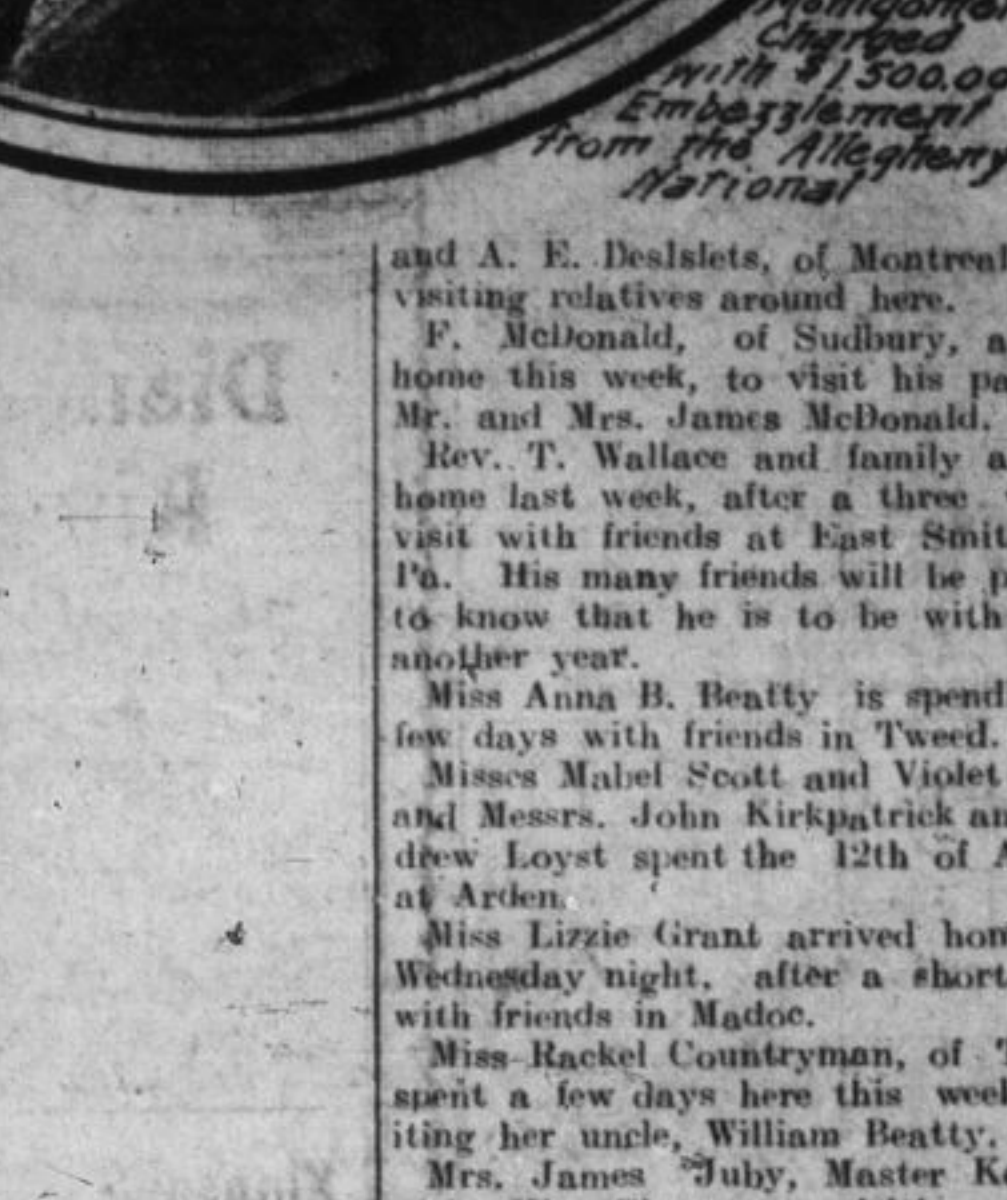
They proved themselves fools as simple over wily and crafty adventures as the boys of the Union Trust did over crooked cards. For ten years those two presumably experienced financiers had been stealing \$1,105,000 from the Farmers' Deposit Bank, and no one, among other officers or directors, had suspected them.



Grace Laughrey who fled with



National Bank Examiner W. L. Folds



William Montgomery Cashier with \$150,000 Embellishment from the Allegheny National

and A. E. Deslèts, of Montreal, are visiting relatives around here. F. McDonald, of Sudbury, arrived home this week, to visit his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James McDonald.

Miss Anna B. Beatty is spending a few days with friends in Tweed, and a few days here this week, visiting her uncle, William Beatty.

Miss Lizzie Grant arrived home on Wednesday night, after a short visit with friends in Madoc.

Miss Rachel Courtney, of Tweed, spent a few days here this week, visiting her uncle, William Beatty.

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The Aged Hod Carrier Toiled up the Leader with his Load of Bricks. "Mike—oh Mike!" called the Foreman from the Ground Below.

"What is it, Sor?" panted the Weary Old Man, halting in his Creaking Aton at the Fourth Story.

"You must be a Shanay yo tuk in Saturday's Race?" "I do, Sor," responded the Aged Hod Carrier, as his Sweat Dripped to the Distant Earth.

"Well, Mike—listen: Ye've lost yer money!" "Oh, well—aisy come, aisy go!"

"And the Aged Hod Carrier on up the Leader with his Load of Bricks—From 'Tender Tales of the Sporting Life.'"

"Easy come, easy go," might be the motto of Pittsburg, that city of the Vulcans which, having made this the age of iron for the rest of the world, has transformed it into the age of gold for itself.

The wealth of the great iron interests is flung largely into the banks of Pittsburg; tribute is taken from coal and oil, from the traffic east and west, from the state and the city themselves as rich depositors, and from the people individually, who constitute one of the leading municipalities in the United States.

The term "Pittsburg millionaire" has already replaced, even in the most distant capitals of Europe, the earlier pseudonym for lavish American riches the "New York millionaire"; and that later incarnation of Midas, the "Chicago millionaire," turning up in Berlin to pluck a prince for his daughter, would be asked to wait until his highness had considered the steel stocks and the railway bonds of the Croeseus from Pittsburg.

And the inevitable divorce would come booming along with a good deal more excitement and expedition than used to be regarded as really good form.

"Easy come, easy go," the rest of the world has come to see stamped on all of Pittsburg's "robbed pieces"; and, from the pleasant complacency with which the flight of the millions appear to be viewed there, Pittsburg itself hasn't worried so very much over its losses.

State and city's moneys, flying here there and everywhere during the years when the cashier juggled them, invested him with the right to demand that his political allies come to his aid.

Under Pittsburg's uniquely facile flipping of its coins, the powerful politician, even when under arrest for embezzlement, can compel the flow of gold back to his emptied bank vaults as secretly and as smoothly as he could start it pouring forth.

While the fate of the Allegheny National's money still hung in the balance, pending the decision of Montgomery's allies as to restitution of the million that had gone, a man returned to Pittsburg who, for nearly three years, had left the police bitterly regretful that the Bertillon system was not compulsory there before the Enterprise, National, of Allegheny, collapsed in October, 1905.

He was Thomas W. Harvey, teller of the Enterprise, who, in vain hope of escaping the penalty for his share in the crime, had given up his identity and his home to wander amid agonies of dread until his fearful spirit could no longer bear the strain.

He surrendered himself to the federal authorities and, on the same day, was sentenced to seven years in the penitentiary—and that with no more notoriety than if he were a purse snatcher. Pittsburg was learning to wash its dirty linen with neatness, silence and dispatch.

It was a political bank, like the Allegheny National, and hundreds of thousands of its deposits had gone out to politicians on notes which, unsecured at best, had disappeared when the cashier, T. Lee Clark, both poisoned and shot himself to make sure of death.

Still, while the Allegheny National's malodorous record hung heavy on the Pittsburg air, the dead hand of Cashier Clark exercised its influence from the grave. As quickly as Pittsburg could, with the gaze of the financial world fixed upon its new ambition to retain some of her bank deposits for the people who owned them, she indicted on May 13, Frank T. Thompson and F. B. Rager as two of a gang of card sharps who, during the four years that were marked the city's spoliation, took from her bankers and bank clerks \$1,000,000 of the easy money that drew barpies thither as to a feast.

Crooked poker, "brace" faro, "fixed" roulette—the whole range of gambling tricks that should not have deeded the veriest tyro in the "sporting life"—had been used on the avid Pittsburgers until the blacklegs themselves were almost ashamed of taking their money. Clark, before he killed himself, let them swindle him out of \$100,000.

The gamblers with their share of \$1,000,000 out of the loot, were only the inevitable attendants upon the general tyro of speculation. The clerks had the shining examples of their cashiers to emulate.

And they did emulate, with the women as well as with the cards. The women sometimes—only sometimes—stood by them when the penalty was to be paid.

But nobody is certain yet whether even that will clip the wings that grow, in Pittsburg, on the American double eagles.

Most of the work in disclosing the recent remarkable chain of Pittsburg bank robberies was done by National Bank Examiner William L. Folds. And a most interesting chapter was added to the story only the other day, when it was announced that Mr. Folds had been transferred, at his request, from the Treasury Department to the Department of Justice.

In other words, Mr. Folds has become a secret service official, devoting himself to detective work to ferret out and bring to punishment the men having connection, no matter how remote, with recent bank robberies.

So far as known, it is the first time that a bank examiner has had himself transferred to Uncle Sam's detective force, and most interesting developments are expected from the work of Mr. Folds.

The Lesser Evil. Jones had an extremely resourceful chauffeur. The other day while they were going down a city street something went wrong with the machinery, and after sundry twistings to and fro the motor ran into an apple stall and stopped.

"Well," said Jones to the chauffeur, "We have got pretty easily out of the scrape anyhow. It seems to me though as if you rather meant to run into that apple stall." "So I did, sir," replied the chauffeur with pride. "You see the only alternative was to go into Blank and Co's plate-glass window, which would have cost you twenty pounds; as it is, we have got off with ten bob."

Notes from Flinton. News of the Week Gathered by Correspondent. Flinton, Aug. 12.—Married, at Flinton, by the Rev. R. W. Irwin, at the house of the groom's father, Charles July Thomas, his second son, to Miss Edith Sagar, of Bancroft. The pretty bride was attired in a blue costume, trimmed with lace and white ribbon. The bride was assisted by Miss Florence Brushie, while the groom was supported by his brother, Tennet.

At the Roman Catholic church, on Aug. 10th, by Rev. Father Shallon, Charles Brushie was married to Miss Plet, of Bridgewater. An entertainment was given by the bride's parents on the occasion of the event. Dancing appears to be all the rage, as no less than four have been given of an evening in different places and all were well attended.

On Friday, the 17th inst., there was a heavy clap of thunder with the sun shining brightly, and no clouds, a rather peculiar incident. The report was as loud as a cannon. A pine tree was struck by lightning and torn to pieces. Marsh hay cutting is the order of the day. The weather is warm and all that can be desired for the work. Other crops look airy well. Apples and blackberries are very plentiful.

Joseph Allaire is renewing old acquaintances at the home of his childhood. The residence of Frank Clark, a few miles from Flinton, was struck by lightning, but members of the family escaped.

Messrs. Alfred Keoch and M. Kimmerly, of Deseronto, are spending a few days with R. W. Kimmerly. J. Brown and W. Harrison spent a few days at the house of James Banford. Prof. C. Deslèts, of Pennsylvania.

Black Watch A new sensation. A real pleasure. The big black plug. Chewing Tobacco.

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BRAZIL TO GO TO WAR. Trouble Lies With the Buffer State of Uruguay. London, Aug. 15.—The Chronicle publishes an interview with a gentleman well versed with all matters pertaining to South America, particularly the government and finances of Brazil, where he resided and carried on business for years. He expressed surprise that there should be any doubt of Brazil's intentions of embarking upon a costly venture of warships, and added: "It means war, a war that we in Brazil have known to be inevitable for a long time." He proceeded to explain that the trouble lay with the buffer state of

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CAUGHT EAST AUTOISTS. Reckless Drivers Fined and Made to Pay \$200 Damages. Hamilton, Ont., Aug. 15.—Four residents of Columbus, Ohio, riding from Toronto in a touring car, ran into James Steven's rig near Stony Creek. The vehicle was smashed but the autoists sped on for Niagara, without waiting to make amends. Constable Springstead telephoned to Winona and the men were held up at the point of the gun. They each paid a fine and left \$200 for the owner of the rig.

A Child Can Prepare Jell-O THE DAINTY DESSERT Simply Add Boiling Water, Cool and Serve. All grocers sell it. 10 CENTS PER PACKAGE.

Fun In The Press. Doctor Republican. It may be wise to hunt, after a breeze. And at a summer boarding table eat. But a hammock, strung beneath one's backyard tree. Is hard to beat. 'T may be wise to seek the ocean's foam, Or go 'twixt mountain breezes' seem like wise. But just the same, a rocking chair at home Seems mighty fine. It may be wise to camp, at fancy price, Or where the city mists play beach banks. But Home, Street Home, where never falls the rain, Is plenty, thanks!