e Case Book of a Private Detective

True Narratives of Interesting Cases by a Former Operative of the William J. Burns Detective Agency

By DAVID CORNELL

THE HOLLISTER

JEWEL ROBBERY

The Story of a Mysterious Theft One Monday morning in August, 1910, the Independent Burglary Insur-ance Company called up the office of the Burns Detective Agency and requested that an operative be sent to

"Cornell," said the manager to me "you haven't had any experience in the burglary insurance line, but I guess you can handle the work. Go over and see what's up. And, say, Cornell, remember this: this agency is retained by the year by this insuance company. One of our big cus-tomers. Treat their work accord-

ingly. found the offices of the Indepenlent Company in a Forty-second street building not far from Fifth aveaue. On presenting my card I was ushered at once into the private office of the vice president, Mr. Blaney.

"Ah! The man from the Burns Agency?" said Mr. Blaney. "Cornell is the name? Ah, yes; glad they sent rou, Mr. Cornell. We've heard somehing of your work. You've never andled an yof our cases, have you?" "Not any," I said.

Well, fortunately this isn't a complicated case, or at least we don't think it is. It's merely a case of investigation to assure ourselves of the propriety of a policy holder's claim. A mere matter of form, almost. We always investigate all claims for payments, you know. Sometimes we are convinced that something is wrong; then we instruct your agency to find something for us to start a fight on. In this case, it isn't anything like that In brief, Col. Malcom P. Hollister's home up on Long Island sound was entered by burglars Saturday night and Mrs. Hollister's diamonds and pearls, valued a \$75,000, and insured with us for \$50,000, were stolen. There is scarcely the slightest possibility that there is anything wrong in the case. Col. Hollister is a fine, highminded man, a gentleman of the old school. He has paid this company thousands of dollars in premiums for the last ten years and never presented a claim before this. We are all of the opinion that we will pay his claim in full, in due time. But—as a matter of form, you understand-we're sending you down to look the thing over. Be careful, Mr. Cornell, but be careful of our interests as well as the feelings of Col. Hollister and his family. Assure yourself that the burglary was committed, that Mrs. Hollister's jewels were stolen, and report. That

is the case." That was enough, for before I had got through with it the Hollister case had developed into a case so sensational, so full of strange features that the Independent Burglary Insurance Company never dreamed of, that even today it is spoken of in the office of the agency as "The Hollister Job."

Being new to the work of investigating burglaries for the insurance way considerably different from that gator. I did not go to the scene of up among the hills of Long Island on out all about them that I could. the sound. I had heard of it as a I ran down all the information I good example of what taste and modtoo, in the same indirect way. He cated. was a retired bond broker, approxi- I arrived at the station, Soundmately 65 years old. His first wife hurst, near noon and registered at years ago he had married again, this clerk at the hotel dined at my table distinction in Bernard Shaw's plays, glary had not become known, and There had been some opposition to the clerk did not hesitate in discuss Mr. Hollister's two grown sons by his house on the Sound. first marriage. After the wedding this

with a twinkling of his eye. "He isn" rich, you know, not New York rich, comfortably fixed, very com fortably fixed now, since he took my advice and handles the family pocketbook himself."

He laughed reminiscently, and I chuckled with him.

"Yes," he went on, "the old man had to be advised a little bit some time ago. I advised him. Mrs. Hollister—fine woman, lovely lady, but inexperienced in handling large sums of money, you know—had been given a free swing at the colonel's bank ccount. By jove! I tell you she tore hole into it for two or three years Yes, sir! Nearly had the colonel off his feet. I said to him, 'Colonel, only one thing for you to do. Shut down on Mrs. Hollister. Don't let her handle dollar. Otherwise you'll be selling that happy home of yours up on the

"And he shut down?" I asked. "Yes, yes. Closed down on her tight. For about a year she's had to go to the colonel for every cent she got, and, believe me, sir, the colonel has been careful, very careful, indeed. O, yes, the colonel is safe enough financially. Anything up to a million should say.

I thanked my new found friend for his friendliness and confidence, and went further on my way, rummaging around Wall street to find all I could about the state of Hollister's finances. There was little enough to find. Apparently the colonel was sound so far as money was concerned, and Glavis was the only man who knew that there ever had been any financial difficulty between him and his wife. Everywhere that I investigated I found Hollister spoken of in the highest terms. He was a fine, honorable gentleman. Mrs. Hollister wasn' so well known among the colonel's friends. In order to make my investigations thorough I got on a Broadway car and rode up to the theatrical district, to the office of a friend of mine who conducted a booking agency, There I gathered that Mrs. Hollister. formerly Margaret Wynderly, was not as happy with her rich husband as she had expected to be. It seemed that Mrs. Hollister had expensive tastes. The colonel did not approve of them. At one time, so the gossip of the Rialto had it, Mrs. Hollister had gone so far as to threaten to go back to the stage to earn money gratify her whims.

All these minute investigations may seem to the layman to be superfluous in a case like this. What could the Hollister's family affairs have to do with the advent of a burglar in their home? I could not answer this question any better than the reader at the beginning of my search, but success ful detective work is largely a mat ter of watching the small things. It is the small things that the wrong doer falls to cover, not the large ones; and it is among these small things that the careful detective will often find the tiny item that puts him on the trail of something big. I had no employed by the experienced investi- up the Hollister family circumstances I only knew that it was my duty a the robbery. The Hollister home lay an investigator of this case to find

erate wealth-moderate for New York next morning, I bought a ticket to -could do in making complete a the station on the Long Island Road, home. I had heard of Col. Hollister, where the Hollister home was lo-

had died many years before. Five the little hotel in the village: The time taking for his bride Margaret and I led him to talk about the Hollis-Wynderling, the Margaret Wynderling ter family. I was surprised to find who for a brief space had won such that even there the news of the burthe match at the time on the part of ing the people who lived in the big

"I've got a cousin who takes care opposition was said to have simmered of their launches and boats," said he, down until now report had it that Col- "and I know about all that's going on onel and Mrs. Hollister were happily up there. And let me tell you, mister, at peace with all the world, especially those rich folks don't have so much including Hollister's two grown sons. smoother sailing than us poor ones. I had seen pictures of both the Colonel and his young wife in the so- we do. Why, here two months ago ciety sections of the papers. The this spring, Mrs. Hollister had some Colonel was an ardent member of the of her old theatrical friend; out for Nassau Hunt Club, and Mrs. Hollister a visit, and they were raising Ned worth and so was eliminated.

was credited with having developed out in one of the big launches, and I spent a long hour studying the was credited with having developed as great interest in availation. This served to keep them both in print served to to discuss the served to a great interest in aviation. This Old Hollister came running out in a

nally, and falls down on

"Search me. He always has money, ough. I've heard that old Hollister sort of takes care of him. Don't be-lieve it, though. The boy is a cheap, bright-light sport."

"Was that bunch of theatrical peo-ple up there last Saturday night?" I

"Sure thing," was the reply.
"Was the brother with them?"
"O, yes. But I didn't see him drinking around here that time."
I bought the clerk a cigar and strolled away toward the Hollister

Instead of going at once to the the house I walked twice around place sizing it up as if I were a burgiar looking for a place to enter. One could hardly imagine a harder prospect from the burglar's point of view. The house was upon a bluff overlooking the Sound. All around it ran a red brick wall 12 feet high. On top of the wall were long iron spikes. On the side fronting toward the Sound was the lodge of the boatman; in the opposite corner of the grounds was a small living house, evidently the home of the gardener, while in another corner were the stables and garage, with living quarters for coachman and chauffeur. To enter that house a burglar would have to scale the wall, risk detection from one of force open such windows as were in the three outlying houses, cross a the Hollister house requires considlong open space, and break into a house which obviously was well protected with safeguards. The more I looked at the house the more I be-came interested. If a burglar had entered and stolen those lewels he must be a man whom it would be an interesting task to run down. But had burglar entered? Were there any burglars out of prison just then who would venture such a task?

I ran over the list of two-story

At the Ho

ed at once in to Col. Hollister on in-forming the butler of my mission.

"Rather late in getting here," said the colonel. He was an old man, and he was not happy, judging by his ex-pression. He called Mrs. Hollister. around and smoked for awhile until yet somehow I could not get rid of the with me. I led the talk to the hotel and sat She was a young charming woman, yet somehow I could not get rid of the with me. I led the talk to the t in her own home—playing a part. To-gether they took me over the scene of the robbery. Mrs. Hollister had been accustomed to keeping her jew-els in her dressing table in her room. The room was on the second floor Saturday night, while they were have ing an informal little dinner down-stairs, the window of the room had been opened, the jewel drawer had been forced and the jewels taken.

"A plain case of robbery by some one who had studied the premises for a long time," said the colonel. I asked a score of questions

throw them off the scent, and in the meantime I took a careful look at that window. It was 30 feet from the ground, in a flat wall. I looked at the marks on the frame; and then nearly whistled in surprise. The marks were made by some clumsy round instrument not at all resembling the efficient jimmy of the experienced burglar.

"An amateur's job," said I to my self. I looked more closely, and saw that the window never had been for-ced open at all. It had been left unlocked! The marks had been put in for a blind, or I was no judge. erable leverage; and the marks of the tool used are sure to sink deep into the wood. In this case, the surface of the frame was only bruisedscarcely dented at all. The windows were not locked when the burglar came to do his work! Whoever had done the job had done it from the inside. The window had no part in it.

I thanked the Hollisters for their courtesy, excused myself because it was growing late, and said it would ask her if she will see you alone. If

"Because," said he, "Mrs. Hollis ter's brother's reputation is no secret to me. And Mrs. stollister's affection for him is known to be almost like

We sat still and looked at each other for several long, allent seconds. The Chief waited for me to speak. "Chief," I cried, "we'd better find this brother right away." He burst out into his hearty laugh.

"Right, Cornell," he said. "But don't worry. I've had the whole office combing Manhattan Island for him ever since you telephoned in what you had found. If we don't find him soon the chase may be a long

"Why?" I asked. "Because-unless we're all fools at reading the signs-that boy knows something about who got Mrs. Hollister's jewels, and if he does I'm afraid

he wouldn't be disposed to stay on this side of the water any longer than he can help.

Why?" I asked again. "The Hollister jewels are too well known on this side to be sold here. And the brother, if he is in on this, will want to be in at the sale. Fortunately, you saw the light in a hurry and reported at once. I immediately go into communication with every ocean steamship line and told them to keep an eye open. Hollister hardly can get out of this country unless he's already left the city to take boat at some

other port." While we were sitting thus a tele phone call came for the chief. It was from Slavin, one of our men in this

"Hollister is under shadow," was Slavin's report. "He's just reserved a birth on the Franconia, to sail tomorrow morning. He's sticking close to his room in the Delmont Hotel in the meantime"

"Don't lose sight of him on your life, Slavin," said the chief, and rang

"That about settles it," he said, turning to me. "Cornell, call up Mrs. Hollister, get her on the wire, and

wish it. It is all up to you."

"What is it?" she whispered. "O, what is it? Tell me."

"Mrs. Hollister," said the chief, "hasn't your brother been pressing you to give him large sums of money lately?"

Her eyes ran from one to the other of us, seeking to read what we knew. She wasn't acting now, and I felt

"How do you know that?" she

"that Colonel Hollister refused to give you any more money to give your She sank into a chair and eat star-

ing at us in terror.

"Mrs. Hollister," said I as gently as I could, "when you saw me looking at that window didn't you see that I knew just as well as you did that no burglar ever had forced his way in

She was dumb with terror; she strove to speak but the words would

"And don't you know that my sus picions naturally pointed to your brother? And just now we've learned that he's booked to sail on the Franconia in the morning."

"And, Mrs. Hollister," said the chief

with a gentleness I never had sus-pected him of, "we'd have to arrest your brother on suspicion if he atempts to sail-knowing what we do." "What do you want me to do?" she

cried suddenly, flinging out her arms.
"Don't hurt that poor boy! What do
you want me to do?"

I looked at the chief. "Mrs. Hollister," said he, "we are

only engaged to investigate this case for the Independent Burglary Insurance Company. Our duty at present merely is to report that we do not advise the payment of your claim without fur ther investigation. Then we will be instructed to continue our investigation at once. Which means that our duty would force us to take your brother into custody."

She thought it over for a few minutes. Then she went into the hall and called for her wraps and the big

"Where are you going madame:" asked the maid. "I've got to run in to the Delmont

Hotel," said Mrs. Hollister calmly, "I have an appointment there for this evening. Late that night Col. Hollister called

up Mr. Blaney of the Independent Burglary Insurance Company.

"I say, Blaney," said he, "drop that claim we presented for Mrs. Hollis-ter's jewels. "auckiest thing in the world just happened. Mrs. Hollister's brother just came out to the house and took a walk down by the beach and found the jewel case with the stones all in it lying under a their escape.—Yes; probably escaped in a motor boat up the sound.—Yes. Smart boy, that Mrs. Hollister's brother, Blaney. I'm going to do something handsome for him.—Yes; drop the claim completely. The jewels are back here safe in the he and that's all we care for. Good night, Blaney, good night."

A few days later the news of the attempted burglary of the Hollister home leaked out, and the newspapers made a great ado over the finding of the stolen jewels. But I wonder what they would have done had they known at the time that what I have told here is the real story of how the Hollister iewels did not disappear.

LIKE MESSAGE FROM DEAD

Photographs of Fez Massacre Viotime Are Found After Their Death.

Like a message from the grave have arrived at the office of L'Illustration in Paris some photographs taken just a few days before the massacre at Fez, in which the photographer him-self, Jean Bringau, and his young and charming wife, met their deaths, together with other members of the

On the day following the signing of the treaty acknowledging the protec-torate by France the sultan invited to their wives. Mulai Hafid was in excellent humor, and was particularly attentive to Mme. and Mile. Regnault, Mme. Jacques Dumersnii, wife of the deputy for Seine-et-Marne, and Mme. Max Choublier. M. Bringau was also present, and the suiter leads to his disciples that this method alone would best suggest.

II. JESUS THE PROVIDER (vv. 1-10, cf. Matt. 15:32-38.) his palace several French officials and their wives. Mulai Hafid was in excelpresent, and the sultan insisted that he photograph the party. Mulai Hand also operated the camera himself and

took several pictures.

A few days later while M. and Mme. Bringau were breakfasting with some friends the revolt of the Shereefan The chief smiled quizzically. "Why, because I happen to have a heart and a wife, Cornell." he said. "I see now how this thing is going to work out, and—and I want to spare Mrs. Hollister. Darn it, man, women are made queer. We'll give Mrs. Hollister a chance to—to save her brother."

I called up Mrs. Hollister and asked if she would consent to see me alone without her husband's knowledge.

"Why?" she demanded.

To ennot say over the phone. Mrs. friends the revolt of the Shereefan troops began, and the crazed soldiers started their bloody work. The plates of L'Illustration's pletures were found in the ruins of M. Bringau's dining room, and were later developed in Paris.

Two young sports met on Ruclid avenue Tuesday marning. One was a muchy person who had all the money

was given the fleating soap and the bath brush and a rubber elephant to blay with, and was then left to her tell. Yet she hollered.

Then her mother called up to her: "Keep your mouth shut while you see in the tuh."

"Why?" insisted the voice.

"You'll know why when you awallow lot of scapp water."

By E. O. SELLERS, Director of Evenin Department, The Moody Bible Institut of Chicago.)

LESSON FOR OCTOBER 27.

WANDERINGS IN DECAPOLIS.

LESSON TEXT—Mark 7:31-5:10.

GOLDEN TEXT—'He hath done all things well: He maketh even the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak."—Mark 1:37 R. V.

Last week we saw our Lord in the region of Tyre and Sidon dealing with the Syrophenician woman. In v 31 (R. V.) we now see him journeying back towards the Sea of Galilee through the border of that section con-taining ten cities, for that is what the

word Decapolis means.
1. JESUS THE HEALER (vv. 31-17). Jesus had gone north seeking rest but he "could not be hid," and now upon his return he continues to meet these sad cases which need healing, and who are brought to him by their intensely interested friends. Jesus does not need beseeching. He whose heart was touched with compassion is ready to hear the faintest cry.

This first section is rich with suggestions. Jesus takes the man apart suggesting the necessity for individual personal dealing with God. Men are not saved en masse but as separate individuals, it could not be otherwise and have a man retain his personality. To work any cure for our sins Jesus demands our individual attention. Then Jesus placed his fingers in the man's ears; suggesting the added emphasis that we must come into personal contact with God if we would be healed. We may stop to reason (Isa, 1:18) with him but our sins, that be as scarlet, will not be removed unless we come by personal, individ-ual, experience under the blood, (Eph. 1:7).

"His blood avails for all our race, His blood avails for me."

Moistening the man's tongue with his own saliva suggests that the source of healing is to be in Jesus' own per-Son. Our salvation is not in the words he spake, nor the life he lived, but the life he gave (Heb. 9:12-14).

Fellowship With God

Jesus also looked to heaven, indicating that we must continue in fellowship with God, and also indicating his bunch of sand grass. Yes, yes; found own fellowship with the father. Jesus them—all of them—yes; the burglars sighed over the wreck of sin. The son must have dropped them in making of man came to bear our sorrows and to share our griefs. (Isa, 63:9). Attention has been called to the sighs and the tears of Jesus. If our praywere more accompanied by tears and heartfelt sighs they would be more powerful. (cf. Romans 8:26). It is equally true that if our sighing were accompanied by more prayers we would accomplish more in his king-

After these preliminary and suggestive acts Jesus spoke the one word "Ephphatha"—Be opened—and deaf ears were opened to words of praise and counsel and to the cry of distress Loosed was the man's tongue to speak his word of personal testimony and to witness for his healer. Read Isaiah 32:1-4 and 35:4 5.

sons of state admontshed those present not to tell broadcast about the cure that had been effected, as such a course would attract the multitude and Jesus was beginning to avoid the crowds as much as possible. There were other occasions when Jesus commanded those whom he had cured to witness for God, Luke 8:39. It is noticeable that this was an instantaneous, full, and complete cure, for the man "spoke plain." So in him we are

complete (Col. 2:10) or whole.

Why is it that in a majority of cases Jesus spake and 'twas done, while here there was a seemingly progressive cure? One answer would be

1-10, cf. Matt. 15:32-33.)

The tremendous stir Jesus caused is graphically suggested by Mark in verse one of this section. From far and near they had gathered and now at the end of the third day their small supply of food is exhausted. We are told by John (6:26, 27) why they had followed him, still they were deeply interested in him and considered him to be a property (John 6:14). Neverto be a prophet (John 6:14). Never-theless Jesus was moved with a compassion then, even as now he is moved when he beholds us in our unworth-

No Hunger Too Great.

The compassion of Jesus is a very active principle, it does not consist of sighs and immentations, or of investigations and condemnation of conditions. His compassion causes him to act. But the disciples are aghast at his suggestion that he feed this multitude of "about four thousand." "Whence shall one be able to fill these men with brand" (R. V.)? On the other occasion Jesus had asked Philip, who lived in the near-by town of Bethnalds, where they might find bread; but now they are in a desart place. It may seem strange for the disciples to ask such a question. He had fed a larger number with smaller resources, but is not this precisely what we are in constant denger of doing? Present difficulties always outweigh past deliverances. If, however, we will but remain with Jesus we too shall be fed. No hunger is too great, no difficulty is unsurmountable if we remain closs by his side.

After taking stock (v. 5) Jesus commands the people to sit dows. He received their seven loaves (v. 6) and brake and gave, first to the disciples, and through them to the people. Such

EEKING TO PROLONG LIFE

lation during working hours of and hig things, too. Certainly this

the gentleman burglar-but Peters

was, in the Federal prison at Leaven-worth and so was eliminated.

house in this fashion; then I went back to the hotel and called up the

whom I knew to be at liberty then. be necessary for me to pay another she asks why, tell her it's about her None of them seemed of a class to short visit to the house in the morn-perform a job like this. There was one man whom the job fitted—Peters, "I see that the man who did this ment."

"I see that the man who did this ment."

job is an old experienced hand," I said, as I took my departure. "The signs of an old-timer's work are all over the job, I'm afraid we'll have

a hard time recovering your jewels, Mrs. Hollister, if we ever do."

She sank into a chair and sat

The chief smiled quizzically, "Why,

staring at us in terror."

the back part of the growded ball