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ROSE'S OWN STORY OF THE KILLING.

And of His Connection With Lieut. Becker.

HOW HE BECAME COLLECTOR

Bald Jack in Confession Declares Becker Said to Him, After the Murder, "I Saw the Squealer and Would Like to Have Cut a Piece of His Tongue Off and Hung it Up as a Warning to Others."

The World presents Bald Jack Rose's own story of the killing of Herman Rosenthal, the gambler, at the Hotel Metropole in West Forty-third street early in the morning of July 16, and of Police Lieutenant Charles Becker's connection with the "removal." This is Rose's confession—"his squeal"—in full.

In August, 1911, I was part owner of a saloon at 155 Second Avenue. It was raided by Lieut. Becker and his strong arm squad. The next morning at Essex Market court at First street and Second Avenue, I met Lieut. Becker, and went up to him and asked him if it was a fact that he still had two unserved warrants against the place. He admitted that he had. I then promised to produce the missing case that was out but was in the warrants which I did, and the warrants were served on the street in front of the court. My reason for this was that I was anxious to get back and start operations at the same place, and could not do this with warrants out against the place, as we all knew it was a trick of men in charge of raiding squads to always hold out one or more warrants of a raided place to be used as a means of again raiding a place if they resumed operations, without going through the same process of securing evidence over again.

While these negotiations were going on between Lieut. Becker and me, we grew quite chummy, and soon I asked him what disposition would be made of the case and he said, well for \$200,000 I will guarantee to get the case thrown out, but as you must instruct your attorney to waive examination and I will take care of it down town, which I did. I paid him the \$200 in the bar room of Hirschhorn's saloon at Second Avenue and First street.

He then said he would like to meet me again and we arranged for a meeting on the following Sunday at 144th or 145th streets and Broadway as Becker and I then lived at that vicinity. I met him that evening in a taxi cab and we rode over to the Arrow Head Inn, where we sat and drank and talked. He told me that he was about to start out on a long line of raiding and he also intended to get some money for himself. He said that he wanted to show some activity first and then start in to get some money for taking care of some cases and he thought that I would make him a good man to collect for.

Agreed to Accept 25 Per Cent of Collections. I agreed to the proposition and the terms agreed upon was that I was to get 25 per cent of all my collections. At that conversation he told me that he had then in his possession a list of names of gamblers to be taken care of by Becker and I was to get 25 per cent of the money on the following day which would be applied for warrants but he said you can see these people and I will get \$500 for them. I will deliver the affidavit and go no further. I told him I would see them and report to him.

The night I saw them and explained the situation to Hoch and Armbruster and arranged to have them meet Becker the next day at Essex Market court, where our case was to be called. They came there and I introduced them to Becker, and Becker insisted that he would talk only to Hoch and together they walked down First street and had a talk with Becker and then went to meet Hoch and he will give you some money." I walked down, met Hoch, he handed me a package of money and I returned and handed it to Becker in Hirschhorn's saloon, where he was waiting for me.

I then met him a few days later and he told me to prepare to get busy as he said he was going to take care of a pile of big raids that would force all the gamblers to sit up and take notice. He then raided a place on Forty-fourth street and a place on Fifty-second street, and before the raids he told me to start out and begin to get keepers of gambling houses to pay me money for protection against being raided by the "strong arm squad."

I didn't have much standing in the gambling business and never was known as a collector or a man who stood in with the police, so I called on Bridget Weeber to help me out. He talked with Becker and Becker told him to help me, and he started out with me. The amount of the tariff agreed upon was to be \$300 a month. Those who made payment that night were Ludin —street; McDougal —street; Betz —street; McCullough on —street; Blumenthal & Tobin on —street made their payments direct to Becker but I secured my 25 per cent as I had spoken to them about it, but as I said before, they never knew of me holding such a position before so they made it a point to meet Becker each month alone down town.

Tells of Places Where He Gave Becker Money. I had Dollar John at \$300, Sam Paul at \$200; Jimmie Beattie at \$400; Curley on Tenth street and Fourth Avenue at \$200.

I used to meet him at different places to turn over what money I had to him. I used to meet him at my home mornings, or at the corner of 110th street and Broadway in the Lion Palace cafe, or in the subway station. A place we met often there at any other was the Union Square hotel, Fifteenth street and Fourth Avenue, where we always sat in the rear dining room and I frame every one of them up and send them to the river, for carrying concealed weapons.

I said, why most of these fellows have given up carrying revolvers on account of the severity of the Sullivan law. He said, what difference does that make? Zelig didn't have one. My men when they start out on these night trips always have a few spare ones that they will produce in the station house. Now, he said, it is one thing or the other. Rosenthal to be framed, or I will take care of the machine. All this while I was only thinking of my position, the fear of the crowd, who knowing I was Becker's collector, were accusing me of jobbing Zelig. I said to him I will send for Zelig's friends and talk with them.

Rose Sends for the Killers, Lefty Louie and Whitey. The first I met Harry Vallon and Bridget Weeber. I told them of all and they agreed with me that as far as I was concerned it was a serious matter, so we went to dinner at the Cafe Beau Arts and there telephoned and located two of Zelig's friends, Lefty Louie and Whitey. They came to the Beau Arts and we told them of my innocence and as proof of it Bridget paid \$250 to the Empire Surety company to release Zelig on bail.

We warned them of Becker's threat to frame everybody and begged them to stay off the streets and that the only remedy was the murder of Rosenthal as Becker said Rosenthal would make squallers out of others, and his murder would act as a warning to any future squallers. The next day Zelig was released on bond and I met him for the first time. I explained that I knew his case was a "job," also told him that it was only the beginning of the clear campaign of Becker and his men unless Rosenthal was murdered. Zelig wouldn't have anything to do with it and besides he said he wouldn't have any difficulty proving his innocence at the trial as he had many witnesses to prove his innocence.

I saw Becker and he asked me what I had accomplished. I told him everything was arranged and the men were out on the job. I also said that I hoped for the present there would be no more framing and he said there would not be. He kept asking me every day, Well, isn't that job done yet? I said, they are on the job. Well what is the trouble, all that is necessary is to go right up to where he is and blaze away at him and leave the rest to me. Nothing will happen to anybody that does it. I will take care of the matter.

Told to Do It After Torti Shot Zelig. I said all right. In the meanwhile the Torti case came up and Zelig was remanded to the Tombs in default of \$10,000 bail, and Becker at once came to see me and he said now is the time to get those fellows to croak Rosenthal. Zelig is in the Tombs, a lot of excitement about gangs, etc. Rosenthal can be murdered. It will be blamed to some gang trouble as he is known as a leader of gangs.

I argued that on the contrary it would hurt Zelig's case. That while Becker and I knew he was innocent, the general public who do not know the workings of the police figured he was guilty and he would be railroaded and my position was a terrible one.

Why, he says, now you leave it to me to take care of everybody. I said I had to get Zelig out of the Tombs first. I finally succeeded in raising the money for the bail, got Zelig out, gave him \$50, asked him to leave town until his case came up as I figured by that time Becker would be through as the head of the strong arm squad as there were rumors afloat to that effect.

I thought everything would blow over, but Becker kept asking, demanding why Rosenthal wasn't dead yet. I offered an excuse after another, until finally he said, I guess you can't make good on that proposition. I will have to do it myself. He then started to work on Bridget Weeber. He said to Bridget: I guess these fellows don't take much stock in Jack. I wish you would go after it for me, Bridget. After all the assurances he gave Bridget, Vallon and me about everybody who will have a hand in the murder, he suddenly said, But on the other hand if it isn't done quick I will do it myself and send everybody down town to state's prison.

Went Out to Fight Rosenthal. It was shortly after this that one night about 2 o'clock I was in Sullivan's restaurant on Third Avenue with Harry Vallon. Weeber came in and said there was some people around the baths waiting to see us. We went around and found three men waiting. Weeber sat aside and Vallon and me talked with them and they were very anxious to find Herman that night. We got a taxi and started up town and located Herman in the Garden restaurant with his wife and Jack Sullivan. We waited around until they came out and they started after him when they noticed a man following them all the way and decided that he was a Burns man, as there was a report around that Burns men were acting as bodyguards for Rosenthal, so it was put off again.

I reported all this the next day to Becker at the Union Square hotel and he was furious to think that such a chance got away. He said all this delay was getting dangerous as Rosenthal now had interested District Attorney Whitman and they were getting after him through District Attorney Whitman, and he had submitted affidavits exposing Becker and his methods and naming me as Becker's collector.

Becker said evidently Rosenthal has got corroboration as Jack Sullivan was keeping Becker posted to the effect that the district attorney would not let Rosenthal go before the grand jury unless he had corroboration, so Becker said Rosenthal has evidently succeeded in getting some testimony. He begged and pleaded that the gang be broken up and pleaded that the man that is stirring up all the trouble in New York and I want him murdered.

Intended to Do the Job Himself. I asked him how. Well, he said, after I left Jack Sullivan I instructed Otto to drive by the Metropole and to slow down without stopping. I intended if Rosenthal was there to take out my gun, blaze away at him and then tell Otto to keep going, but he wasn't there. I said, well, what about those fellows. He said, I will take good care of everybody concerned. To Weeber he said, see that these fellows get enough money to get out of town. Say about a thousand dollars between them which Weeber said he would. Which makes \$1,500 from Weeber.

He instructed us to wait while he went to the station house to see how matters stood. We waited at the door for a long time. Finally I saw a man go past in an automobile and I asked him to come back and take me down town, which he did, I got out at Fourteenth street, at Signal's house, woke them and found Vallon and Shepps in bed. They dressed and came out. I walked with Vallon to his house. Re- turned to the baths, undressed and laid around in misery. I got out about noon time to get ready to change my clothes when I saw an appointment Jack Sullivan made for me with some newspaper man and a subpoena server at the Garden restaurant.

Rose Hands Some Money to the Murderers. I went home, to 110th street, ill in mind and body. I remained at the house until I received a message from Shepps saying the people were waiting for me at the Garden restaurant. I went to the Garden restaurant. Weeber said I had better have money to give to the fellows for Becker, I told Shepps to get it and meet me at Fifteenth street and Eighth Avenue. When I met him and Weeber and two of the men who were in Weeber's the night previous, Weeber handed me some money. He said it was \$1,000. I handed it to these fellows and told them Becker said to lay low for a while and everything would be O. K.

I left them accompanied by Shepps. Went to Pollock's house where I collapsed. I was put to bed and asked Shepps to go out and in some way get word to Becker where I am and to have him call me up which he did. He laughed and joked and said, don't worry. Just a couple of days and everything will be O. K. That night Becker called me again and said get a J. J. Levy to look after the interests of the driver. I started Shepps out to get in touch with A. J. Levy. I later received word of another message that Levy had been retained. He kept in constant communication with me either by telephone or through Shepps, cheering me up. Finally on Wednesday morning I received a telephone message from him advising me to give myself up as they were asking for me in connection with the Gilbert affidavit.

I said, Charlie, I am almost crazy. I am scared and I don't dare let myself be questioned. I am thinking of you and I will surely make a mess of it. He said, well, I guess you are right; rest and stay there awhile until I phone you. I received another message later in the day telling me to come to Lawyer Hart's office as he wanted to see me. I told him I was sick. He said, well, I will send him to you.

Signs Affidavit Hart Prepared for. I remained in bed and telephoned to Dr. Friedman to Par Rockaway to come to me. About 1 o'clock that night Lawyer Hart and a notary came to see me and began questioning me. I was on the bed, asking to be left alone, but he was most insistent that everything was all right, all that was needed was the explaining away of the \$1,500 transaction and everything would be all right. I let him go on questioning me, and he put down whatever he wanted and I signed it.

Shepps who was in an adjoining room waiting, came in when they left and I said to him, Sam, I have been tricked and duped. It looks like Becker is trying to make me the "goat." Shepps assured me it was only my nervous state that made me think that. Why, he said, I had a talk with Becker and he said everything is O. K. Just sit tight, you and everybody else will be all right, he is looking after everything.

I felt reassured but all night rocked and tossed with a fever. On Thursday a. m., I got a newspaper and read A. J. Levy's statement about me, and I realized at once that there was treachery somewhere. I awoke Shepps and told him I was going to headquarters and give myself up, and he said, I had a talk with Becker and he said everything is O. K. Just sit tight, you and everybody else will be all right, he is looking after everything.

I then hired a taxi and started down town. Shepps all the while accompanying me and begging me not to do it before I consulted with Becker. But I was determined and continued at about Twenty-fifth street. I turned to Shepps to leave me, which he did. I went to headquarters and waited the arrival of Deputy Commissioner Daugherty.

Becker Appears at the Door "Pale as a Ghost." I was taken in the office with him and Hughes, and questioned about the murder. Then Daugherty left me, returned and left the door open, and Becker appeared in the doorway pale as a ghost. Daugherty said, shut the door, then he questioned me about Becker, the trick of having Becker appear in the doorway had its effect, my heart went to my stomach, and I denied any relationship with him.

Would Have Liked to Cut Out Piece of Rosenthal's Tongue. I went back and told Weeber and we waited a long while. He came along all smiles and we walked down to a doorway and started to talk. Jack Sullivan was there and walked down with us. As we got in the doorway a man came along whom we knew and Jack Sullivan didn't want him to see Becker so left Becker, Weeber and myself there while he went away to talk to this man.

I opened the conversation by saying, "My God, Charlie, this is horrible. There will be hell to pay." He said, "What is the matter, don't worry, leave all that to me." I asked, "Have you seen me?" and he said, "Yes, I saw the squealing bastard. I would of liked to taken my knife out and cut a piece of his tongue out and hang it on the Times building as a warning to possible future squallers." He said, "Well, it was such a trouble doing it myself," he said. I became tired waiting for you fellows to get the gang to do, so decided tonight to do it myself.

Miscellaneous Reading.

TARIFF FIGHT IN CANADA

Renewal of the Demand for Reciprocity With This Country. The eastern manufacturers and the other supporters of the present government are beginning to be thoroughly annoyed by the unrelenting demand of the west for wider markets, as evidenced in the recent Saskatchewan election, in which the sole issue was reciprocity. The campaign in that far western province was poorly reported in the eastern newspapers, but echoes of the fight are beginning to be heard here and the conclusion that the coming session of parliament will develop the greatest tariff fight ever seen in this country is irrefragable.

Two utterances have been made during the last week by men prominent in Saskatchewan which show clearly the temper of the west. The facts set forth in them may be summarized as follows: There is a possibility of another grain blockade this year, as previously pointed out several months ago in this correspondence. The railways undoubtedly have done their best to prepare for quickly handling the crop, the Canadian Pacific, which will handle the major portion of it and all of it practically east of Port Arthur after the close of navigation, having added greatly to its motive power and rolling stock, has largely reduced its grades and has double-tracked large portions of its main line, notably between Winnipeg and Fort William.

As the western crop increases the necessity of free access to the markets to the south becomes all the more urgent. Besides, it is pointed out that Great Britain is the only considerable European purchaser of Canadian wheat, and Great Britain has about reached the limit of her purchases of Canadian wheat, as there is no prospect of any considerable increase in the population of the British Isles. As the production increases, therefore, other markets for the grain must be looked for if the wheat growing industry of the west is to continue to flourish.

From Winnipeg to St. Paul is less than 500 miles and to Chicago it is only 900 miles, and the hauling of grain to those great markets does not involve the crossing of great deserts, or much more than sea weather. The prices in those markets are higher than in the Canadian grain elevators. The writer has observed the case of one gasoline engine in excellent condition being discarded by the operator, on the ground, that it could not be depended upon, when the only trouble was that the operator, despite repeated advice to the contrary, insisted on filling the lubricator with any oil that looked black and shiny. Use a good grade of gasoline cylinder oil and not more than the manufacturer's directions call for.

If ignition occurs any after the end one secret of successful operation is to know your battery. Every gasoline engine operator should have a battery ammeter which may be bought for a small sum, and with this the battery should be tested frequently. A good quality of dry cell suitable for ignition should be used before the piston reaches the end of the compression stroke in order that the piston may be started on the working stroke with the greatest pressure acting on it.

If ignition occurs any after the end of the compression stroke, a very great loss of power results. When it is necessary to change the time of ignition it can best be done by trial, the adjustment being made before the piston reaches the end of the compression stroke. Regulation of the gasoline valve in the carburetor will vary with different atmospheric conditions, and should always be set to secure against greatest power.

FEMININE AUTOCRATS. Women of Sahara Rule the Men With Rods of Iron. The Tuaregs, found in the vlyasset of Tripoli, are descended from the Auroorian of old, who in the fourth century took Leptis from the Romans after eight days' siege.

Among the Tuaregs, writes Hans Vischer in "Across the Sahara," it is man, the brute, who by all the laws of the country has to obey the women. Woman shows her proud face to all the world, while the man goes veiled. In the presence of a woman of noble birth men cover their faces and heads altogether. The women give the children what little instruction they have and train them to respect and obey them.

The stick he carries and the great wooden box into which he puts what his wife suffers him to have are all the man possesses and all he retains if for some reason his wife chooses to divorce him.

In that when a man goes out after sunset he is usually followed by a negro servant, sent by his wife to dog his steps, and vowe to him if he forgets his own home to take her. He will find the door shut and must count himself lucky if he is not put on to the street altogether.

The young man who in spite of all this wants to marry must pay a heavy sum for the bride, to obtain which he is obliged to look for other means than his usual work of the Arab trader. Thus he is forced into taking part in one of the annual razzias.

The women decide when the right moment has come, and the men sally forth against some luckless caravan or to the rich highlands of Tibesti.—Detroit Free Press.

The motor cycle is the younger brother to the automobile and is growing in popularity. Within the last twelve months greater progress has been made in motorcycle construction than in any previous year of its history.

In the days of the bicycle a century ago was considered a test of physical endurance. To cover the hundred miles the bicyclist bent low over the handlebars and peddled incessantly up hill and down dale. His eyes were blind to all beauties of landscape that the winding road unfolded. Only when he coasted down the slope that he had surmounted did he have a chance to straighten his back and look about him.

The motorcycle has been found indispensable by inspectors of roads, of telephone and telegraph lines. The country doctor gets a call over the telephone from a patient a dozen miles away and is at his side in less than half an hour. The rural mail carrier on his motorcycle distributes his letters along the country side as rapidly as the city postman makes deliveries in a single block.

Commercial travelers are taking more and more to the motorcycle, for it widens immeasurably the field of their usefulness and activity. A section of the police department of every city is mounted on motorcycles. In fact, there is hardly a branch of business which, having begun by experimenting with the motorcycle, has not adopted it.

In the army the swift, compact and powerful motorcycle has become extremely important. In this country and Europe there are corps of express riders mounted upon motorcycles. Military scouts and dispatch bearers race high speed along the mountains and footholds, hopelessly outdistancing the couriers mounted on horseback.

In cases of emergency it has been found possible to transfer substantial reinforcements to points fifty and even a hundred miles distant at a speed scarcely equalled by that of a railroad train. The battle of the future may be won or lost and the fate of nations decided by the motor driven bicycle. The motorcycle's importance and its sphere of usefulness are widening continually and no one can predict what its limits are.

The motorcycle of today is cheaper, more comfortable, cleaner, quieter and easier to start and to operate than any of its predecessors. One objection that the man of moderate means has found against the motorcycle has been its cost. This is rapidly disappearing. Motorcycles cost on an average of \$25 less this year than last. Nearly every manufacturer has lowered his price.

In some cases the reduction has been \$15 or \$20 and in others as much as \$50 to \$70. Owing to the first cost of materials and workmanship, it is hardly possible to make a motorcycle as cheap as the bicycle, but it is probable that it will not long before the thousands of people who have been riding bicycles will be able to afford to discard them for the speedier and more powerful machine.

Another fault that has been remedied in the motorcycle of today is the lack of speed in the ordinary bicycle saddle and the former modifications of it have been found to be uncomfortable and tiring. The experience of the automobile manufacturers has been drawn upon to correct this and it has been accomplished by the use of the floating or spring seat. One type of this plunger working in the rear diagonal frame tube. There are two springs. One takes care of the rider's weight and the other absorbs the road shocks.

This improvement is especially important because in going over rough roads the bouncing up of the rider sometimes comes dangerously near unsettling him. Another way of attaining the same comfort in the saddle is by using a spring frame. The springs are in the rear upper stays. By this arrangement the weight of the machine is carried by the springs.

The present tendency is to use larger tires than a year or so ago. The standard size for motorcycle tires has been 35x2 1/2 inches, but the 1912 machines in many instances are fitted with two and three-quarter inch tires, or at least with rims that will take tires of the 1912 model, which are just appearing the three inch tire is being tried.

It took a long time for the automobile manufacturers to devise and install a satisfactory self starter on their machines. Two or three years ago a self-starter was a rarity. Now practically every new machine is equipped with one. The motorcycle manufacturers have followed the same method of development, trying to figure out a foot starter that could be applied to their machines. At last one of these is now on the market.

The fact that so many motorcycles herald their coming by a series of explosions like the rattle of a rapid fire gun is no sign that the manufacturers have been idle or have made little effort to decrease the noisiness of the machines. Too many motorcycles still have their mufflers so as to make them ineffective, because the continuous trail of explosions that follow them attracts attention to their flight through the city streets. Some think it is a better warning signal than the horn and others just as fond of the noise. On the whole, however, the motorcycle is growing less and less offensive as a noisemaker. Last year's output of motorcycles was valued at about \$65,000,000.

Cod Industry is Growing.—The cod fish, though its habitat does not extend over as large an area as other species, says the World, the cod is only found in northern waters, and will live and thrive only in certain temperatures. Some day, owing to the wonderful asset which Newfoundland possesses in her cod fishery, she is destined to be the great fish depot of the world. It is estimated that the cod output of Newfoundland is valued at about \$10,000,000.

Notwithstanding that for 300 years the fisheries of these waters have been prosecuted by rival fishermen of two hemispheres, the largest catch of cod ever taken on the Newfoundland and Labrador coasts that was secured in 1909, the yield being estimated in weight at 1,500,000 quintals, or 201,000,000 pounds; to which may be added 200,000 quintals—the quantity locally consumed in Newfoundland during and after the fishing season. The value of the fish alone, without any regard to the by-products—oil, roes, skin, offal, etc.—is \$10,000,000.