Hawkshaw "Mounties" "Get Their Man"

So Uncle Sam's Agents Also Resort to Fiction Sleuth Make-up

By ROBERT CAMPBELL

They live again—Hawkshaw, Lecoq, Sherlock Holmes, Old King Brady, Nick Carter. A Chicago judge, a United States Department of Justice agent, and a member of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police—with the aid of disguises—have just written a glorious trilogy of retributive justice.

It is the tales of Edgar Allan Poe, Wilkie Collins, Emile Gaboriau, Charles Dickens, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle come true—a stirring saga of relentless, unyielding, inexorable man-hunting. Colonel Culpepper, of ol' Virginny, suh, never had blood hounds that could find the trail—and keep so doggedly at it—until they had got their man.

Now for the three pulse-tingling human dramas. They run the category of crime—the full octave of iniquity—from Cain to Capone.

In Chicago Judge Francis Borrelli is one member of the bench who held no brief for gangdom. "Death Valley District" where he sat was overrun with thugs and picaroons. He demanded of the police that they "clean up." They would bring in a prisoner [illegible] but never were able to [illegible] guilt. Judge Borrelli [illegible]

Galney Seymour, 21, Indian Cowboy of the Apache Tribe, Who Was Ferreted Out by Alexander Street, Government Agent, and Charged With Miss Schmerler's Murder.

Several weeks went on. Then one day he summoned detectives and told them to bring in the members of the notorious "42 Gang"—and he handed the smirking detectives the names of sixty-eight men.

All submitted to arrest and came to court with a [illegible]—and then they gasped—there on the bench sat Judge Francis Borrelli—the "guy from the East on the make" they had known for the last three weeks—a tough looking egg with a gangster cap—and he had wormed himself into their confidence [illegible]

him if they'd known him as an instrument of the law—but the disguise—dressing like a night prowler—of strong-arm bimbo—and they had "come clean" to him.

Justice took no holiday that day—soon all were ticketed to Joliet. And the old "Death Valley District" is no longer the rendezvous of the bad hombre who pulled picket pins—it has ceased to be Chicago's cradle of crime spawning.

Now comes the triumph of the law in the wanton and bestial killing of Henrietta Schmerler, 24, pretty Columbia University co-ed, brilliant student, who went to the Fort Apache reservation near Globe, Arizona, to obtain data on Apache tribal life.

Her stabbed and crushed body was found in a ravine a half mile from the graveyard near the Roosevelt Indian school. For many a day—no clue—and then a grim, silent man took trail for Arizona from [illegible], Texas. Alexander [illegible]

Henrietta Schmerler, 24, Columbia University Co-ed, Murdered by an Indian.

[illegible] Department of Justice agent.

Like Judge Borrelli, had put aside the cloak of [illegible] Street had gone in for "counterfeiting"—the cloaking of his true appearance, the concealing of his rightful identity. And when he hit Gila county he was a cattleman.

He went among the Apaches. He let it be known he wanted horses—a bunch of 'em—there was to be a roundup drive back to the long horn country.

And then came the day when an Indian brave who had quarreled with Galney Seymour, 21, Indian cowboy, married and the father of a child, gave Street his first "lead."

[illegible]

Sergeant [illegible] Canadian Mounted Police [illegible]

[illegible]

"And so they scour the startled plain
And search at pain and fear;
[illegible] their little accept
[illegible] their duty clear!"
—Robert W. Service.

[illegible] He kept silent tongue. But [illegible] He took the name of "E. W. [illegible]." For many weary long [illegible] he was under surveillance—and [illegible] convinced he was "one of those [illegible]"—a "long sympathizer"—a firm [illegible] in the theory of government [illegible] which all property and means of pro[illegible] are held in common [illegible]

[illegible] to the Communists with whom [illegible] cast his fortunes.

[illegible] the sub-Arctic wastes he had [illegible] battled the frozen North with [illegible] detective talents. He had run down [illegible] not discovered for days [illegible] had been committed and when [illegible] storms and snows had wiped [illegible] clues. He had worked alone and [illegible] telephone or telegraph [illegible] picked up clues little [illegible] or guess—and tirelessly [illegible] the tiny threads [illegible] enough [illegible]

[illegible] wilderness he had coped with [illegible] criminals of a primitive world—[illegible] Indians, half-breeds—where [illegible] one's way was to lose one's life [illegible] death grapples with men [illegible] with the solitude of the wild [illegible] it was at least picturesque—and [illegible] was always the "Mounty"—but now [illegible] white man who [illegible]

[illegible] King, Chief [illegible] red for [illegible] years—this [illegible] placed at the [illegible] before set out to [illegible] Canadian justice [illegible]

[illegible]