

Frederick, the Chairman of the Ladies Fair Committee, and the managers generally. When Lawyer Oliver P. Buel, the President of the Society, told him that the opening of the Nursery had cut down the work of the St. Vincent de Paul Conference nearly one-half, because it had enabled so many poor women to become self-supporting there was nothing for it but to make the tour of

of the store No. 27, Fifth Street, at Tombs. Police Court they gave their names as Frederick Rice, eighteen years old, of No. 2 Pike street; James Sullivan, eighteen years old, of No. 247 Clinton street, and Daniel Greenhauser, sixteen years old, of No. 250 Clinton street. The youngsters were remanded, so that the police might secure their companions.

is one-quarter of an inch, and the largest is eleven and one-half inches. It is composed of over 1,000 cigars, and it required about eight weeks' labor to construct it. It was presented by vote to some fortunate person at the Cigar-Makers' Ball Thanksgiving Eve. Benjamin H. Collins, Chief of the Tobacco

Police Court and held for examination. Miss Hughes's Reception. Miss Rose Hughes gave a Thanksgiving reception Wednesday evening at her home, No. 608 Tenth avenue. A pleasant evening was spent.

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STORIES OF THE NEWS.

IV.

A NATURAL CRIMINAL.

Why J. F. Adams Ate His Thanksgiving Dinner at Sing Sing Yesterday.

LIKE AN ACT FROM A MELODRAMA.

Joining the United States Army to Escape the Express Company Detectives After a Transcontinental Pursuit.

One of the newly arrived convicts who took their Thanksgiving dinner at Sing Sing yesterday was J. Frank Adams.

Standing among the gang of criminals as they went up the river the day before to the State's criminal colony there was nothing in Adams's appearance to indicate the typical lawbreaker. He had a frank, open countenance, lit up by a pair of blue eyes, which seemed to beam with honest candor. Yet the note of dishonesty, all the more dangerous because so artfully concealed, was there.

His story is the story of a persistent criminal. He committed repeated embezzlements in the face of a certainty of detection. After exposure and opportunities of reform repeatedly gave way to his thieving propensities. The social philosophers nowadays talk glibly of "natural criminals"—perhaps Adams was one. At any rate here are the facts:

AN ACT FROM A MELODRAMA.

He managed somehow to evade punish-

ment until this last offense, and only an unusual chain of circumstances resulted in his apprehension. To avoid arrest after his flight he joined the United States Army on the Pacific coast. There he was in the line of promotion, to which his natural abilities entitled him when of a sudden his regiment was ordered to Fort Wadsworth. Here he was accidentally and dramatically brought face to face with an accuser, and his arrest resulted.

Adams was arraigned in the Court of General Sessions a day or two ago on an indictment charging him with embezzling \$185 from the American Express Company, and after was sentenced to imprisonment in Sing Sing by Judge Fitzgerald.

When he emerges from the grim iron portals which have closed upon him, and shuffled off the stern moral coil of prison life, he will be three years older than he is to-day.

When sixteen or seventeen years of age

Adams learned telegraphy. This is an employment well calculated to sharpen a boy's faculties, and listening to the continual stream of humming news on the wire is a liberal education in itself. Young Adams soon began to ponder on the dull problems of money-getting and the bright visions of money-spending. With little more than the income of a counter clerk he slowly acquired the manners and tastes of a millionaire. In the ordinary humdrum of every-day work, these inharmonious elements of his existence stretched his moral nature until it snapped.

Five years ago he was employed in the Western Union telegraph office at Auburn, N. Y. He had not been long in that city before he met Miss Kate Fowler, the pretty daughter of a well-to-do dressmaker. His handsome face and engaging manner won the young lady's heart, and after a brief courtship they were married.

For awhile they were very happy. The young husband prospered. They lived prettily and well. The wife was prudent and the household lived within its means.

HIS FIRST PECULATION.

But one day Adams came home with a cloud on his brow, and from that day their troubles began.

The cloud was that of the first dishonesty and it has never been cleared away. The motive for this first misstep is hard to find.

A few months afterwards Adams came in at noon and informed his wife that he was going away for a few days. He never went. He was arrested the same night, charged with stealing money from the Western Union Telegraph Company.

The young man offered to make restitution, and it is said succeeded in getting his mother-in-law to mortgage her house for \$3,500 to pay off the amount of his defalcation. This created trouble with his wife, and soon afterwards it is said that Adams left her to her own resources and came to New York.

After knocking about the city for a few days he secured employment with the American Express Company as clerk in the general offices at 65 Broadway. Through strict attention to his duties Adams succeeded in ingratiating himself with the offi-

cers of the Company, and was finally appointed Private Secretary to Mr. H. S. Julier, the manager.

But his inclination for other people's money asserted itself again. It may be that the immoral die of Adams's nature was cast with his first theft, and that face to face with his own soul he already recognized himself as a natural criminal, and was unconsciously waiting for a chance to test the sharpness of his wits in a fight against the law. He promptly began a long series of petty peculations.

After a while he became fascinated with the race track, and the pleasures of a daily plunge on the horses at Linden, Sheephead Bay, or Monmouth Park. Apparently he was not dissipated as far as wine or dissolute women were concerned. But the race tracks were enough. They required more money than his salary.

A SYSTEM OF THEFT.

He finally evolved a systematic scheme for defrauding the express company. He adopted a principle of taking out to the cashier letters marked "expense" on various amounts, and forging the initials of Manager H. S. Julier thereto. The rest was easy. He obtained whatever amount the letters called for, and spent the money in whatever way he wished.

The snowball of theft once started it rolled on and gradually grew until his petty peculations amounted to something like \$500.

Then all at once there came a crash. The "expense" boomerangs began to come back and one day when Adams came down to the office and took off his coat and sat down at his customary desk in Manager Julier's office he was confronted with the cold, clear facts of his crime.

He broke down and confessed, but promised to make immediate reparation. In charge of a detective he visited Auburn, where he endeavored to obtain his mother-in-law's consent to a further mortgaging of her little homestead. He was repudiated by both mother-in-law and wife, and came back again to New York.

A HYPOCRITICAL LETTER.

On the morning after his arrival Manager Julier found the following letter from

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LETTER.
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Hundred and Twenty-seventh street and
Lexington avenue, out of two truck loads of
bottles. Carroll ordered them for his uncle,
John Carroll, of No. 129 West Thirtieth
street, who is a bottle dealer and who trades
with Mr. Gufenhager. Young Carroll dis-
posed of the bottles for himself and
pocketed the proceeds.

Adams on his desk. No confidence was
placed in the statements. Only a few of the
speculations are mentioned. But as the
letter of a persistent criminal it may be
worth printing:

MR. JULIER: I cannot stand my conscience
any longer and I must come right out and make
a clean breast of this expense business. Since
you spoke to me about it I have scarcely slept a
night and it has been simply impossible for me
to keep my mind on my work, and I cannot en-
dure it. Come what may, I will tell you all and
trust to your good judgment what is proper to
do. Besides the expense to Denver I have three
others out, or four in all, as follows:
Denver.....\$126.19
St. Paul.....163.08
Kansas City.....110.00
Galveston, Tex.....116.00
Total.....\$515.27

When you asked me if there were any others
besides the Denver one, I said "No," and all
that prompted me to tell the untruth was a
temptation to do so and the fearful realization
of the wrong I had done. I grasped at the straw
of hope that the drafts would be paid. All the
fearfulness of my trouble nearly drove me crazy,
for I knew that if my wife should hear of it she
would never be able to leave her bed, where she
has been lying so long.

My sufferings for the past few days have been
terrible, and I would rather come right out and
confess all than suffer so for a day longer. I did
not send these expenses out with any intention
of defrauding the Company, and I have never
sent out a new one to give me money to take up
one returned. The one I returned to Denver
was the only one I sent back. They were all
personal debts to me and I had assurances that
they would be paid, but, as soon as you spoke to
me, I telegraphed the different agents to return
them at once addressed to you. The one from
St. Paul is here now, and I inclose all the papers
herewith.

The money I received on them I sent home to
meet heavy expenses that were coming on me
through my wife's long sickness, and being so
hard pressed for money I wrote these several
friends, asking them to pay these up and help
me out, notifying them when I would send the
drafts. I did not think at the time of what I was
doing, but when you spoke to me it brought me
to my senses and I determined to have them re-
turned and confess all and ask for your mercy.

I have not got the money to pay them off now,
and it is utterly impossible for me to raise it in
any way at present, and I can only ask that you

will retain me in the Company's service until I
can pay it all back by monthly payments of \$50
Please allow me to do this. It is the first and
only time that I have proven unworthy of my
trust, and I cannot excuse myself for being led
to do as I have, only by saying that the press-
ing need of money drove me until I did not re-
alize the mistake I was making. I am fully
aware now of the gravity of my crime, and ask
your leniency for my wife's sake.

Please don't cast me out and destroy my whole
life, and by God's help I will prove to you that
I am worthy of your assistance. If you will only
take up the amount I will pay you \$50 each
month until it is paid, or as soon as I can secure
what is due me I will turn it over to you. I can
refer you to my former employers as to my char-
acter, and inclose you a letter written me by
Mr. Abold, the manager of the Western
Telegraph Company, where I was employed
about four years; and I refer you to Mr. S. B.
Gifford, Superintendent Western Union Tele-
graph Company, Syracuse, who was my Super-
intendent while I was his manager at Auburn
office for three years previous to my coming to
this Company which I did to better myself. I
have worked faithfully since I came, and have
been treated kindly by all, and there is no one
to blame for my mistake but myself.

I know that if my wife knew of my fall she
would never stand the shock, and it is for her
sake alone that I plead. I feel perfectly willing
to have my habits, etc., thoroughly looked into
and assure you that this is my only breach of
confidence. I have always tried to lead a
straightforward, honorable life, and was work-
ing hard to secure a place in life, and God knows
nothing but distraction made me make such a
blunder.

What I have written above is the truth, and
whatever you decide to do I thank God that he
has enabled me to tell you all. This is my first
experience of the kind, and with his assistance
it will be my last. Please give me one more
trial, and I know you will never regret it, and
that God will bless you for raising one who has
fallen by the way. Truthfully yours,
J. F. ADAMS.

GIVEN STILL ANOTHER CHANCE.

The letter was full of pathetic fictions,
well calculated to deceive. The Auburn
embezzlement and other dishonesties were
boldly denied. Mr. Julier is reputed to be
the most humane of men. Although he
would not clear the matter up by an outlay
from his own pocket, he told Adams that he
would be given another chance if he could

There are almost daily conferences at the
Custom-House regarding the classification
of dutiable articles. Yesterday a number
of merchants and manufacturers met in
discussion of the classification of iron and
steel wire. Monday a conference on crock-
ery was held.

arrange to pay the amount of the embezzle-
ment. In the office of the Company there is
an old friend of Adams, who has known him
from boyhood. For the sake of old times
and old associations, this friend came to the
rescue and made good out of his own sav-
ings the amount due the Company. Now,
note the gratitude existing in the breast of
this criminal.

Time passed on and Adams appeared to
have become the most meek and lowly of
men. He went and came, and came and
went, as steadily as clock-work, and attended
to his duties promptly and thoroughly.

THE RULING HABIT OF THIEVERY.

As the sequel proved, the manner was
assumed for a purpose. Six months after-
wards Manager Julier came down to his
office one morning and found a note await-
ing him. It ran something like this:

"I am called to Ottawa, Canada, by the
serious illness of my sister. I will return in
a few days unless detained by her death."

The note was signed by Adams. Mr.
Julier at once became suspicious that all
was not right, and an investigation de-
veloped the fact that Adams had not gone to
Ottawa. Upon this came the discovery of
other embezzlements. Little by little, as
fast as the investigation could be pursued,
it was ascertained that the amount, includ-
ing many items, involved something like
\$600. All this happened in August, 1889.

A LONG CHASE FOR THE CRIMINAL.

The proverbial tenacity of the express
companies was well exemplified in this case.
Detectives were put upon Adams's track, and
then ensued a dodging chase of thousands
of miles. From Kansas City to Omaha, and
from Omaha to Denver, the detectives fol-
lowed their man, always just at his heels, but
never close enough to catch him.

Finally, both pursued and pursuers ar-
rived in San Francisco. Here all trace was
lost, and for months the detectives wan-
dered around the Western Coast, like blood-
hounds casting about for a scent.

In the mean time Adams had enlisted in
the Tenth Battery, at that time stationed
on the Pacific Coast. Keeping aloof from
the outside world, he buried himself, so to
speak, in the Government service and de-
voted himself strictly to his work. Being a

bright young man, he became a favorite
with the officers and was placed in the line
of promotion. Adams devoted himself to
study, and would have procured an appoint-
ment as Second Lieutenant within a year.
This is the story the officers told in court,
whither they came to plead for him.

A few months ago the Tenth Battalion
was ordered to come East and relieve the
Battery at Fort Wadsworth.

It was Fate.

Adams was thrown between the danger of
detection for a crime that had grown cold
and the crime of desertion. He chose the
former alternative, and came to Fort Wads-
worth with his Battery.

He kept closely to the fort and seldom
went abroad.

He never crossed the bay to the scene of
his old exploits, but would sometimes sit on
the big guns and gaze across the water for
hours at a time.

A DRAMATIC MEETING.

But Sunday before last, while wandering
idly about the fort, he came face to face
with a man whom he at once recognized as
an employee of the American Express Com-
pany.

The recognition was mutual.

Adams knew that he was lost. Without a
sign he went back into the fort and awaited
the end. It came sure and quick.

The man who had recognized him re-
turned to the city post-haste and notified
the officers of the Company. Detectives
were sent down the bay and Adams was ar-
rested.

The officers of the fort visited the express
office for the purpose of making a plea for
Adams.

There they learned of his repeated crimes
and were astonished. When arraigned in
the Court of General Sessions Monday,
Adams looked careworn. The Clerk read
the indictment in a droning voice, after
which the Judge said: "Prisoner at the
bar, you have heard the indictment against
you. Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"I am guilty," was the reply.

The Judge then passed sentence, and an-
other life that might have been filled with
noble deeds passed into the shadow of the
bars.