

THE MAKING OF A THIEF.

Poor "Diamond Dick," Who Was Sentenced to Wear a Convict's Stripes for Five Years Yesterday, Was an Innocent, Home-Loving Boy a Year Ago.

When He Met the Adventuress Grace Cobe and Because of His Infatuation for Her He Repeatedly Robbed His Benefactor, Pawnbroker Simpson.

The young man—he was hardly more than a boy—stood up at the bar of Part I. of the Criminal Sessions Court yesterday morning to receive sentence for the crime of burglary. His name was Patrick Forrestell, and he had confessed to stealing about \$100 worth of diamonds, jewelry and valuable goods from the pawnshop of William Simpson, No. 91 Park Row.

Two weeks ago to-day he was arrested as he was leaving the pawnshop with more than his confession and sentence have been pronounced quickly. For the next five years he will be a convict in the State prison.

The young woman, beautiful in face and figure, was also sentenced by the court on the same count yesterday. She had confessed to receiving stolen goods and to pawning them.

She received her sentence of three years in the penitentiary with as calm an expression as though she had no personal interest in the matter whatever.

A CURIOUS CONTRAST.

The young man and the young girl formed a curious contrast as they stood at the bar in the Criminal Court together. His boyish face, innocent of beard, was white and trembled; his lips trembled, his eyes had in them both shame and despair. He did not look at all like a burglar, nor, indeed, like a criminal of any kind.

There was nothing cunning in his face. It was not the typical countenance of the crook which one sees in a "rogue's gallery"; it was rather that of a youth who had almost unwittingly fallen into trouble, and was heartily ashamed and penitent.

She had much of the beauty which Forrestell had previously stolen, and she had pawn-tickets for the rest of it. Nearly all of the property was returned to Mr. Simpson by the other pawnbrokers in the General Sessions Court yesterday, and the diamonds made a glittering show as they were turned over to their owner.

And now for the story of young Forrestell's life, and how he was brought to ruin and disgrace.

Patrick Forrestell, sr., was an honest, hard-working farmer near the town of Waterford, in Ireland, some thirteen years ago. He had a large and growing family. It was hard to support them in the old country; rent was high and crops were uncertain, so, in 1878, he immigrated to this country with his wife and children. At about the time of his arrival William Simpson, the rich pawnbroker, bought a farm near Tremont, at the northern boundaries of this city.

Patrick Forrestell applied for work and was put in charge of the farm. He has been there ever since, and is known to all around him as an honest, hard-working, God-fearing man, who has always striven to do his duty and bring up his children properly.

A HOME-LOVING BOY.

His son Patrick, jr., was an innocent, home-loving boy, fond of books, dutiful to his parents and with apparently no guile in his nature or viciousness in his disposition. He was what is known as a "good boy," and his parents were proud of him. He lived a peaceful, happy, beautiful life on the farm until three years ago. Then, having arrived at the age of sixteen years, he was taken by Mr. Simpson into the pawnshop on Park Row to act as a clerk and to learn to be a business man.

Mr. Simpson had great faith in the boy, and trusted him implicitly. He intrusted him with the custody of many thousands of dollars' worth of goods, gave him the keys of the safe and, in short, reposed as much

confidence in his integrity as he could have done in his own son.

And young Forrestell was long faithful to his trust. He had been carefully brought up and had never done a dishonest thing in his life. The pawnbroker's valuables were safe in his charge.

Every evening, as soon as the place was closed, young Forrestell went straight home to the farm. He had never known any dissipation and had never cared to stay out late at night.

No matters went on for more than two years. The young man continued to give satisfaction to his employer and his future seemed a bright one.

IN A BARREN CONCRETE HALL.

One evening something detained young Forrestell a little later than usual and when he got to Harlem he found he had missed the train which he usually took to the station at Tremont. He had a little time on his hands and he wandered down into Third avenue with no object except to walk around until his train should leave.

In passing a saloon or "summer garden," as the place is for some unknown reason called, he heard the sound of music. His curiosity prompted him to go in.

He found there a large room filled with little round tables and chairs. A small stage was at one end of the room, upon which a young woman was singing in a cracked voice and waiters were hurrying to and fro with drinks. A bar stood at one side. Young Forrestell had never been in such a place before. He sat down at one of the tables and ordered a lemonade.

While he was sitting there listening to the music he was embarrassed by a young and beautiful woman sitting down at the same table. He arose to go, but she begged him to remain and entered into conversation with him. He sat down again and listened while the woman talked and chatted gaily. He was dazzled and fascinated. That was the beginning of the young man's downfall, which culminated yesterday when he was

sent by the Recorder to pass five years in a felon's cell. It was the preliminary preparation necessary to the making of a thief.

GRACE COBE APPEARS.

The young woman was Grace Cobe, aged nineteen years, beautiful as a vixen, dangerous and cruel as a tigress, the pet of a gang of thieves, the instrument through which their victims were secured.

It did not take the young adventuress long to gain the confidence of the unsophisticated farmer's lad, and before they parted she had learned enough to convince her that he would "prove a gold mine" if he was properly developed, as she expressed it.

When young Forrestell went home that night it was late and he was in a mental condition such as he had never experienced before. For weeks he met the young woman night after night and became desperately in love with her. In his infatuation he squandered every cent of his poor savings.

When he had no more money he was in despair, but the young woman still held him in the toils. She vowed that she loved him passionately and the poor weak boy believed her.

INTRODUCED TO HER FRIENDS.

It was at about this time that Grace introduced young Forrestell to some "friends of hers," young men, gay fellows, learned in all the wickedness and vices of this city and ready to teach them to the country boy. He was fascinated by them, as he had been and continued to be with Grace, but he felt his poverty even more keenly than before.

Then came the temptation. Guardedly at first, then more openly, then insistently they hinted and suggested how he should rob his employer, the old pawnbroker, his benefactor.

At first the young man was indignant, but his honesty was not proof against the siren voice of pretty Grace or the taunts and sneers of her friends. He consented to become a thief.

This step was hastened by the fact that he

had been discharged from Simpson's employ. The dissipated life he was leading nullified him for the performance of his duties, and he was told that his services were no longer wanted.

"GET EVEN WITH HIM."

"Get even with him," said his new companions.

That night—it was early in October last—he "got even."

He had a key to the pawnshop and there was nothing to prevent him entering and taking what he liked. He contented himself with stealing from the safe two pairs of diamond earrings, a diamond bracelet, a diamond stud and a fine gold watch—in all worth about \$5,000. There was nothing to prevent him taking twenty times as much, but, not being a full-fledged professional crook, he was satisfied with the smaller amount.

He at once went to the fascinating Grace and emptied the booty into her lap. She rewarded him with a smile and dubbed him "Diamond Dick," a name which tickled his boyish fancy, greatly, for he adopted it as his title several times thereafter in his correspondence with other members of the gang.

POOR "DIAMOND DICK."

Poor Diamond Dick! He didn't reap much benefit from his first burglary. Grace at once adorned her fair person with some of the diamonds, but the others she gave to one of her young man friends to pawn. She kindly gave Forrestell \$10 of the money she received for them. When he wanted more she pointed her pretty lips and told him to rob the safe again.

Having once fallen the rest was easy and natural, and several times he visited the pawnshop and took diamonds, therefore. But he always gave them to the young woman who had caused his fall, and she always gave him absurdly small sums for his share of the proceeds.

It was all for her that he was leading the life of a crook, and he would probably have

cheerfully committed any crime in the calendar at her request.

But her growing coldness to him, after all his efforts to please her, had its effect, and he at last determined to leave her—go to the West and lead an honest life again. The poor boy did get as far as Chicago, but he was much too valuable a tool to be let go easily, so one of the gang was sent after him to bring him back.

BACK IN THE TOILS.

The beautiful Grace, this agent said, was heartbroken at Forrestell's desertion. So back he came, and once here he was induced to commit further robberies. The last one led to his detection and punishment, and the rest is known.

"I have never had to defend such an innocent client as young Forrestell," said Counselor Thomas J. Sullivan yesterday. "Of course I do not mean that he did not commit the crime for which he is punished, but I do mean that he was incapable of resisting the influence of the gang of thieves who used him for their purposes. Even now he is madly in love with the adventuress, Grace Cobe, and would suffer anything to save her."

Grace Cobe sat in a room in the Tombs after her sentence yesterday. A World man had called to see if she would tell what she knew of young Forrestell's fall. She smiled and showed her pretty white teeth, and her eyes were full of merriment as she said:

THE ADVENTURESS SPEAKS.

"Why, the young idiot was stuck on me, and I worked him for all he was worth! That's all. I would have worked any man the same way if he'd been foot enough to let me. Did I care for him? What? That boy? Of course not; I'm not quite a fool."

And in a cell in another part of the same prison poor Forrestell was seen. His first question was about Grace, and when he was told that she was sentenced to three years' imprisonment he said:

"Poor girl! This disgrace will kill her!"

Justice Murray held him for examination.