

## WHITTEMORE, KING OF BANDIT GANG, IS PUT TO DEATH

I Wish to Say Good-by, He Tells Witnesses to Hanging.

By United Press

BALTIMORE, Aug. 13.—Richard Reese Whittemore, bandit leader and murderer, was hanged today.

With his death, the last but one of the Whittemore gang, whose depredations netted them more than \$2 million dollars, has paid the penalty of crime.

Death, disease and prison have claimed the others.

Whittemore, who was 28, went to the scaffold almost unmoved at the prospect of death.

### Relatives Barred

"I wish to say good-by. That is the best I can wish for anyone," was all he had to say as he stepped to the gallows in the presence of a roomful of disinterested witnesses. He was alone as far as human sympathy was concerned, for his wife and relatives had been barred.

Whittemore died for the murder of Robert Holtman, a guard at the Maryland penitentiary here. He killed Holtman while escaping last year and was caught after a series of robberies and crimes that stirred the East by their daring and success.

Promptly as the clock pointed to midnight, and it became Friday, the 13th, guards entered Whittemore's cell. He was handcuffed and led to the death chamber.

### Like a Stage

The narrow, white-washed room was brilliantly lighted. At one end, set like a stage, rose the concrete balcony of the scaffold, with its steel death-trap. Under the glaring light the spectators stirred and shuffled restlessly.

A door on this balcony opened,

**THIRTY YEARS OF HEALTH TROUBLES ENDED HE STATES**

Indianapolis Man Tells About the Wonderful Work of Konjola.

"If anyone happens to ask me about Konjola, I am going to tell them this medicine completely ended the health troubles which I suffered for 30 years, and it did all this after I had doctoring with great care and took medicine upon, medicine, and



MR. BEN H. VEST

tried expensive treatments during the years that I was trying to get well," said Mr. Ben H. Vest, well known Indianapolis citizen, living at 3030 Euclid Avenue, this city, while talking a few days ago with The Konjola Man who is at Hook's Drug Store, Pennsylvania and Market Streets, Indianapolis, daily meeting crowds of local people and explaining this celebrated medicine.

"I was a sufferer from stomach, liver and kidney trouble, which kept me on the sick list most all of the time for several years," stated Mr. Vest. "My kidneys would not function properly, and when I took remedies for my trouble it necessitated getting up a dozen times a night. Pains would shoot through my back, my limbs would swell and draw up, and my liver was so torpid that I was greatly troubled with constipation, dizzy spells, and general bowel trouble. The condition of my stomach grew worse the past few years, and finally I wasn't able to digest a single thing I ate. Anything sour or sweet would throw me into such misery that I thought I couldn't stand the pains any longer. After meals I would have vomiting spells, and a dreadful hot feeling in my chest and around my heart. Hot fever and cold chills caused me a lot of discomfort during the day and I was never able to get over a couple hours sleep each night. There is no doubt that my condition was at its worst stage when I decided to take Konjola, and yet, as bad as I was, this medicine seemed to go to the very source of my trouble almost at once. I kept getting better every day, and I took several bottles until now my whole system has been cleansed of all the poisons that caused my misery and my stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels are in better condition than I can ever remember before. I am not troubled with pains in my back and limbs, because my kidneys are in good working order. My bowels are regulated, liver is more active, and the dizzy spells, hot and cold flashes and smothered feelings are entirely gone. My stomach is so improved that I can eat sweet and sour foods, and never have indigestion afterward. My whole system has undergone a complete change, and it is hard to realize I am the same person. I give all my thanks to Konjola for the wonderful way I feel, and cannot help but recommend it."

The Konjola Man is at Hook's drug store, Pennsylvania and Market Streets, Indianapolis, where he is daily meeting the public and introducing and explaining the merits of this remedy.

Konjola is also for sale by every Hook drug store in this city, and by all other druggists in outside towns.—Advertisement.

and Whittemore appeared, a slim boyish figure, shrouded from neck to ankles in a black garment, beneath which bulged his shackled hands. A doctor and a guard accompanied him.

### He Smiles

He smiled faintly as he looked at the crowd below.

The black death-hood had hung from his neck. Then it was pulled over his disarranged hair. The noose was slipped tightly about his neck. He stood rigid.

"What a nerve," whispered a spectator, as Whittemore gave his last good-by.

### Mencken There

H. L. Mencken, magazine editor, was among the spectators, turned to the man beside him.

"There are mighty few witnesses here who could have spoken anything as calmly," he said.

There was a new stir on the illuminated stage.

Guards about the prisoner stepped back, leaving Whittemore standing on the steel trap. One walked to an adjoining room where the lever springing the trap is located.

The trap was sprung at 12:07 a.m.

### Pronounced Dead

Twelve minutes later, Whittemore was pronounced dead.

Twenty-four minutes after midnight, Dr. Albert Anderson, penitentiary physician, permitted guards to cut the body down.

The half-hundred witnesses slowly filed out. Mencken was discussing with friends the comparative merits of the electric chair and the scaffold as instruments of capital punishment.

In the midnight streets, crowds still lingered.

### Precaution Taken

Every precaution had been taken to prevent any demonstration at the execution. Two guards at the main entrance to the prison had carefully examined all admittance cards. Tear gas bombs had been stored in readiness.

At the Supreme oil station, Bluff Rd. and Troy Ave., contents of a pay phone and fifteen gallons of gasoline were made away with.

ness for any riot outside. But there was only one cry—from the prisoners' cells—as the trap was sprung. Whittemore's calmness at his execution was typical of his attitude since he was found guilty of Holtman's murder. He was visited in his cell by the Catholic and Protestant chaplains of the penitentiary, but merely listened to them politely. He gave no sign of interest.

The fight to save him made by his wife and by G. L. Pendleton, a Negro lawyer, who took the case when Whittemore was penniless, seemed to interest him little.

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