

REGISTRATION
LAW PASSES
HOUSE, 72-12

Evans of Newcastle Offers

Only Opposition to
Ballot Plan.

BANK BILL ADVANCED

\$106,720 Is Added to State
Budget; Heated Debate
on Bus Measure.

The voters' permanent registration law, a Democratic platform pledge, was passed Thursday night in the house of representatives by a vote of 72 to 12.

The United States bureau of investigation was requested by the state department in the spring of 1929 to help Canadian authorities locate one Harry Oliver.

"Caution advised," said the communication.

"Harry Oliver," said the warrant, "did with intent to defraud, feloniously utter a Western Union Telegraph Company money order for \$2,500, knowing it to be forged."

The story began at Port Colborne, Ont., where Nick Vanderveer was engaged in the legitimate sale of liquor.

A ruddy-cheeked man, wearing nose-glasses, and notable chiefly for a shabby manner of being well-dressed, was speaking:

"I have a money order for \$2,500 at the telegraph office, Mr. Vanderveer. At least it ought to be there by this time. Let me telephone them."

The liquor dealer passed the telephone.

"This is Mr. Harry Oliver," said the customer. "Have you a money order for \$2,500?"

Mr. Vanderveer heard the reply distinctly for Oliver held the receiver a little distance from his ear.

"Yes, Mr. Oliver, it's here."

"Thank you. I'll come down and get it right away."

But before he left, Mr. Oliver commented: "Mr. Vanderveer, that it would be a great favor if he accepted the money order in payment for liquor, saving a lot of valuable time."

Mr. Vanderveer agreed and Mr. Oliver disappeared. Mr. Vanderveer found money waiting at the telegraph office, all right; but there was only \$93, which Oliver had sent to himself. Mr. Vanderveer had been tricked out of \$2,407 worth of good liquor.

" # # #

WHEN Special Agent J-15 had some information about Oliver's whereabouts. He had been traced by Pinkertons and federal marshals to New Brunswick, N. J.

But Oliver was hard to grasp. There was only \$93, which Oliver had sent to himself.

Jannatz was taken to a hospital, badly injured.

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WHEN Special Agent J-15 started on the Oliver case, these unencouraging details were all he had to work on.

He made routine calls on the federal marshal at Trenton, at Pinkerton headquarters, and the local police authorities.

Oliver must have received word of his whereabouts—the Nest, Donohue's roadhouse, and various gambling houses in north New Jersey—reported he had not been seen for some time.

Deputy Marshals Jannatz, Van Camp and Yeager were on duty outside the house.

Suddenly the doors of the garage flew open and out sped an automobile.

The marshals got a glimpse of Oliver at the wheel, a sawed-off shotgun upright in the seat. Before they could intercept him, the car was roaring down Livingston Avenue.

So J-15 returned to New Brunswick and went over the case thoroughly. He went to the post office, and found that a letter for

Oliver bore a return address on West Seventy-eighth street, in New York City. He searched the place, but found no one who knew the fugitive.

One afternoon J-15 was watching the house from a vantage point some distance down Livingston Avenue, when he had occasion to help an old crippled woman across the street.

Jannatz was taken to a hospital, badly injured.

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THE old lady hobbled away, still muttering her thanks.

It was several days later, in the bureau office on Lexington Avenue, Manhattan, that J-15 chanced to hear the telephone operator arguing at the switchboard.

"There's no one named Jones here," she said. "This is the United States bureau of investigation, but we have no one of that name."

"I'll take the call," said J-15, remembering his use of the alias.

It was a voice J-15 never had heard before.

"You don't know me, but you helped a friend of mine the other day—an old woman on Livingston Avenue. Remember?"

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