

Ketchum's Gambling Casinos Don't Trust Their Patrons, It Appears: Roulette Wheels Hidden at Night.

KETCHUM, Ida., Oct. 18.—A few items of no great moment:

At the gambling casinos in Ketchum they take the big, beautiful wheels off the roulette tables at the end of play every night, and lock them up. Why?

Because if they don't, people come in and paste numbers on the wheel—say three or four "2's"—and then play that number the next night, and it's quite a while before the dealer realizes what has happened.

I always knew that beavers built dams. But I never knew why. Now I know. I asked a woodsman about it.

It's because beavers are vegetarians. In fact, they eat almost nothing but bark and twigs from trees.

They can't get out and forage much in winter on account of the deep snow. So they build dams to create still, deep water, then put bark and twigs in the pool in summer, and it settles there for the winter. When the freeze comes, they build houses on top of the ice or on the bank at the edge, with an entrance to the pool through the bottom of the house. Then in winter they go down in the pool and get their food.

There are lots of beaver dams around here. It isn't true the beaver uses his flat tail as a rudder in swimming, and to smack the water as a warning to fellow beavers when danger comes near.

Real Cowgirl Cooks Breakfast

Our breakfast is cooked every morning in the little coffee shop back of the hotel by an interesting woman. She has been a cowgirl most of her life, following the rodeos. She took first prize in Tucson once for being the bow-legged girl in the rodeo, although she wasn't.

She followed the rodeos for 12 years. Her last performance was in San Francisco just a couple of years ago, at a horseback marathon. After they'd ridden for two weeks the promoter called it off, and none of the riders got a dime.

Her name is Norma Middleton. She looks even in dress-up like the back of a horse. She said she was a cowgirl, and she was. She must be young, although she has a 19-year-old daughter following her mother's footsteps around the rodeo circuit.

She is one of the wonderful sort of people you meet in the West. Loyalty is all over her. If you were in trouble you'd like to have her around. She is calm, and can get things done.

She learned to roll her own cigarettes years ago while riding in a boxcar with horses from one rodeo town to the next. If you took her into a Manhattan cocktail lounge in evening dress nobody would ever suspect that she could ride a bronco.

She is so genuine, and we think so much of her, that when she and her husband left yesterday for New Mexico we had lumps in our throats.

My Diary

By Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt

Enjoys Lunch With Biographers In U. S. to Gather Book Material.

PATCOQUE, N. Y., Sunday.—It was a glorious day in the country Friday and I had a good ride in the morning. Lunch was entertaining for two biographers were there. One was an Englishman, who is over here collecting material for his book, and the other, Mr. Emil Ludwig, who is back to collect material for the book which he got under way when he came over last summer.

The Englishman, Mr. Basil Maine, seems to have gathered so many ideas already that he said he had been obliged to write them down. Though this material probably is not in the sequence it will eventually appear in a book, he felt he would have a more vivid record of his impressions.

I think it is particularly interesting to us to find out the impressions which people from other nations gain while here. One hears, of course, complaints that so many people come to this country and after a brief and superficial visit write their impressions, giving as facts what can only be their own personal reactions.

Others' Impressions Valuable

This complaint is justified. The writings are often misleading, but, on the other hand, if people come here and honestly write what impresses them and we know their background, I think it is a valuable study for us. It forces us to see ourselves through the eyes of other people who know their own country, even if they do not know ours, and who can therefore teach us much as to the effect we have on others, though they may not really interest us at all.

The drive to New York was beautiful, but all the way down I thought about the visit I was about to pay to my friend, Mrs. Grenville Emmet. I kept thinking of her sad journey home from Vienna. Her husband, our minister to Austria, had made an outstanding name for himself as a diplomat and was universally beloved. The loss to his family is such a terrible shock, that you imagine what a terrible strain those days were.

People like Grenville Emmet are needed in the world. He was always kindly considerate and courteous. One can only hope that his example may serve to make other people follow in his footsteps. One thing is sure, his memory will always be beloved.

New Books Today

HISTORY has honored Andrew Jackson's era with his name, but it hasn't often clothed him with greatness. Usually the picture has been one of an impetuous, fighting, illiterate man of the people, saddling the spoils system on America, planting the nation into dangerous fiscal and other policies.

Marquis James' **ANDREW JACKSON: PORTRAIT OF A PRESIDENT** (Bobbs Merrill) revises that estimate. The book takes up Jackson where Mr. James left him in "Andrew Jackson: The Border Captain," with Old Hickory's friends shoving him into the campaign of 1823-24. Jackson polled more votes than any other candidate, but the choice went to the House of Representatives. There, Speaker Henry Clay maneuvered John Quincy Adams into the Presidency and Jackson into his successful campaigns of 1828 and '32.

Well-documented and thoroughly readable, this is a personal as well as political history. From the soldier's retirement to The Hermitage, Jackson emerged as a great popular leader and able executive whose major decisions the author finds were wise.

Few men, it seems, have so shaped the country's course. Frontier gallant, military hero, an aristocratic Southern planter yet worshipped by the people, the seventh President gave America a spectacular eight years. Along with his strong-arm solution of South Carolina's attempted secession, his hard-fisted collection of the French debt, the Texas adventure of his soldier comrade Sam Houston, and his defeat of the privately controlled Bank of the United States, the volume deals in spicy detail with Jackson's defense of the notorious Peggy Eaton.

Often Jackson acted without waiting for public support. "When a majority was not at hand, he endeavored to create it. . . . He was the majority pro tem," the author comments.

"Time and again, heedlessly and needlessly, he exposed himself to destruction by the popular will. That the people did not destroy him bewildered the opposition. . . . Jackson's luck was the kind that gains respect for the proverb that fortune favors the brave."

Mr. James, whose Pulitzer Prize biography of Sam Houston (*The Raven*) started him on a seven-year study of Jackson during which he examined 40,000 letters and other manuscripts, has gone behind the Jackson legend to get the story of a colorful, historical figure. (By L. H.)

Brady Gang Reaches End of Trail

Hoodlums' Mistakes Give Police Clues Which Result in Capture

(Fifth of a Series)

By Jack Heil

THE shrewdest of crooks makes mistakes, and Al Brady was no exception. He was kill-crazy — and woman-crazy — and, to a gangster, the latter is the more dangerous of the two.

His two pint-size lieutenants had the same failing, the failing that led to the downfall of them all.

Brady made another mistake. That was when he dropped the diamond salesman's card out of his pocket on the Lima sidewalk.

Following the receipt of the information on the jewel peddler from Police Chief Ward Taylor of Lima, Detective Sergeant Sol Corsi and Eugene Spain set out to run it down.

In Indianapolis Lieut. Roy Pope with his homicide sleuths, Arch Ball, Burl Dillehay, Alfred Schultz and Elbert Romeril, checked and double-checked every tip until they found the quarters of two men who drove a sedan and traveled under the names of Earl Gentry and Lee Jackson.

Posing as insurance adjusters, they had rented rooms in the respectable home of J. O. Hadlock on N. Talbot St. and about under the house at least, conducted themselves as gentlemen. They had an occasional visitor, called Bill.

"They must have been very fond of music," Mr. Hadlock told Lieut. Pope, and Matt Leach, then captain of Indiana State Police. "One of them often carried a violin or a banjo case."

HE had gone to Crawfordsville over the preceding week-end and had not returned to Indianapolis until Tuesday, the day after Sept. Richard Rivers was killed. His roomers were gone and so were the instrument cases. Detectives did find several detective story magazines and police badges.

Meanwhile, in Chicago, Sergis Corsi and Spain had located the jewelry salesman and convinced him he'd better talk and talk fast. He admitted he had disposed of some of the stolen jewels from Ohio and still had more.

"Who'd you get it from?" Officer Corsi asked. The man didn't recall at first but the detectives quickly refreshed his memory.

"Guy by the name of Al or Elmer Borden is the boss of that mob," Officer Corsi was told by the fence. "They've hoovers from down around Indianapolis. Maybe they killed that sergeant down there night before last."

"Where is he now?" Officer Spain demanded.

The early morning hours of Thursday, April 30, found Sergis Corsi and Spain at the swanky Sheridan Plaza, 4605 Sheridan Road, on Chicago's North Side. They checked their information with hotel employees and then took the gangster completely by surprise. With him was his sweetheart, the young woman he had picked up in New Orleans the month before, and who had abandoned her husband to cast her lot with the gangster.

Officer Corsi identified her as Mrs. Margaret Barker Larson, 21 and pretty.

THEN one of the strangest characteristics of the Indiana gangsters cropped out. The gunman readily gave his name as Elmer Borden and the story he told surprised everyone from Supervising Capt. John P. Stege down.

He boasted of the jewel robberies in Ohio, the killing of Sgt. Rivers and the murder of the Piqua grocery clerk, Edward Lindsay.

He named his pals readily, but the names he gave meant nothing. Elmer Martins, Jimmy Williams, Lee Jackson. Then he admitted he was Al Brady.

"Why did you kill Sgt. Rivers?"



Sheriff Clarence Watson of Hancock County, Ind. (upper left), kept the Brady gang under lock and key without trouble.

until one morning when Al Brady jumped him, slugged him and freed his two gangster friends.

The girl who left her husband to live with Killer Brady is shown at upper right. She is Mrs. Margaret Barker Larson of New Orleans.

In the inset is former Capt. Matt Leach of the Indiana State Police, and at lower right you see Brady being questioned by Chicago's state attorney, William B. Crawford.

Chief Morrissey asked Brady when he arrived in Chicago a few hours after the arrest with Lieut. Pope and a squad of detectives.

"To keep out of the pen," Brady replied.

"And young Lindsay?"

"He made a pass at me."

With the arrest of the jewelry salesman and his wife on charges of receiving stolen property, Chicago police recovered thousands of dollars worth of the loot from the Greenville and Lima jobs. Detectives found a coupe in a lot that contained part of the gang arsenal, five pistols and scores of shells and dark glasses.

Brady was returned to Indianapolis 12 hours after his arrest and with him went his sweetheart.

"He can't be a killer," she told Chief Morrissey. "I love him. I'll marry him if he goes to the chair."

IT was two weeks later that the persistent Officers Corsi and Spain located one of Dalhove's sweethearts and persuaded her to talk the machine gunner into the police net.

Tough as he claimed to be, Dalhove talked long and loud and questioned Brady's admission that the latter had killed Sgt. Rivers.

"I knocked the cop off," he boasted. "Like his chair, he admitted the jewel robberies and he gave the detectives a half hour's amusement as he related the hijacking episode of the month before."

"They even took Brady's gun," he snorted. "But it's hot. It's the one that killed Lindsay."

The day following Dalhove's arrest, May 16, Indianapolis police raided the home of Clarence Lee Shaffer Jr. on S. Lyndhurst Drive, and nabbed the kid gangster without a struggle as he sat reading a magazine.

Puzzled police listened as he immediately disputed the rival claims of Brady and Dalhove as to who shot the police sergeant.

Shaffer told of his flight from Chicago through eight states after the arrest of Brady. But out of all the talk came a raid on the garage on Park Ave. and the confiscation of the gang arsenal, including the military machine gun, gas bombs, grenades, rifles, shotguns, revolvers and even tracer bullets.

They told of the cracks they had made between themselves before and after the jobs and how many "cops" they expected to kill. The fourth man, Lieut. Pope learned, was Charley Geisking, wounded in the Lima gun battle, but the most elusive of the four.

THE quartet was indicted for the Rivers murder on May 19 and shortly thereafter their attorneys obtained a change of venue to take the trial from Marion County to Hancock County and the three killers were moved from the jail in Indianapolis to the ancient cage at Greenfield.

Sheriff Clarence Watson had no trouble with his prisoners as the days and weeks passed.

The hunt for the fourth member of the gang, the wounded Charley Geisking, continued through the summer and into September before Police Chief Elliot Knight of Henderson, Ky., picked up a lanky youth in a parked car there with two girl hitch-hikers.

Chief Knight found the car had been stolen in Danville, Ill., but it was the surgeon's kit in the machine that set him to thinking. The man answered the wounded Geisking's description and within two hours Chief Knight had positive identification. Geisking was immediately returned to Indianapolis on the Rivers murder indictment and lodged in the Marion County Jail.



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Like his mates, Geisking loosed his tongue, but he took care not to brag of any killings. He revealed the traits of each of his former pals after Chief Morrissey and Mr. Leach had convinced him he'd been double-crossed.

Rivers never would have been killed if Al Brady hadn't made me go to the doctor," he sneered. "I had to dig the slug out myself, anyway."

But as Geisking talked, Brady, Dalhove and Shaffer were doing a lot of planning. They had no intention of facing a jury.

The town of Greenfield will not soon forget that Sunday morning of Oct. 11, 1936.

SHERIFF Watson turned the trio loose in the bullpen for breakfast. As he opened the iron door, Brady leaped, threw his 150 pounds on the Sheriff. The officer handled him like a baby but in the instant when he concentrated on his attacker, Dalhove struck with the strength of desperation. Somewhere he had obtained a heavy iron bar. It crashed onto Sheriff Watson's skull but it couldn't knock the sturdy officer from his feet. Brady tore the budgeon from Dalhove's

hand and rushed at the fighting Sheriff.

The melee was out in the corridor now and the midge Dalhove dashed out and into the Sheriff's office in search of weapons. The Sheriff's sister, Edna Tinney, grabbed a gun at the sound of the commotion outside, but Dalhove caught her by surprise and yanked the gun from her hands.

His mates were battling the bleeding but still fighting Sheriff at the outside door now. He was more than holding his own. He picked up Brady, dashed him to the pavement outside and jumped on him. Just as Shaffer rushed to the aid of his pal, a passing motorist, Edgar D. Riden, took in the situation and jumped from his car.

Dalhove jolted him with the mug. Mr. Riden swung at the mugger who immediately cut loose with the gun, two slugs whizzing past Mr. Riden's ears and one passing through his clothing. The excited Dalhove was shooting wide.

Mr. Riden's wife was forced from the family car and, with Sheriff Watson finally down, the gangsters piled in and raced toward Indianapolis.

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NEXT—Police Pick Up Bandit Trail.

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Our Town

By Anton Scherrer

In the Days of Natural Gas Here A Furnace Could Be Operated For Flat Annual Service Cost of \$20.

JOSEPH GARDNER, the tinsmith, urged me to drop everything and have a look at something queer on the lawn of the old Judge Sullivan place. He said I'd find it on the Michigan St. side of the property about 20 paces east of Capitol Ave.

I found it all right. It's a four-inch pipe coming out of the ground, and extending about six feet into the air. That isn't the end of it, though, because coming out of the pipe is a cluster of five smaller ones which extend another two feet. It surprised me all right, because I hadn't seen anything like it since I was a kid. I'll bet it's the only one left in Indianapolis.

Fifty years ago, every block in town had two of the Sullivan pipes. That was when we had natural gas. They were vents. The pipes led down to the main gas line and were supposed to catch and carry off gas escaping through loose connections. They did, too, because I remember that we kids used to light newspapers, and throw them up around the top of the pipes. Sure, it set the surrounding atmosphere on fire.

Come to think of it, we natural-gas kids were lucky to live when we did. We didn't have any coal to shovel, and there wasn't any wood to carry. All we had to do was to turn a key, and we had all the heat we wanted. The gas for a cooking stove, I remember, cost \$5 a year; for a furnace, \$20, no matter how much we used. Then, if ever, was the abundant life.

Pastor Feared Destruction

At that, we had some kickers. The Rev. David Swing, I recall, got terribly worked up about it, and delivered quite a sermon in the course of which he said: "Marriages should increase under this cheapness of warmth in the parlor and under the pot, but while this broad grin of complacency is occupying all these numberless faces what does good Mother Earth think of all this business of meddling with her internal affairs?"

The Rev. Mr. Swing, I remember, was worried sick for fear a vacuum would be created. "If Indiana and this general region should sink a little," he said, "the lakes would rush into the homes of all those jolly gas users; the St. Lawrence would pass toward the Gulf of Mexico over places where Toledo and Indianapolis are now dancing in such high glee."

Dr. Daniel A. Thompson was worried, too, but for a better reason. Interviewed, he said that "the thing that is mostly responsible for the increase of certain eye diseases is natural gas. It has an extremely dry heat, and this would naturally reduce the atmosphere to a peculiar dryness."

That was something we kids could understand, because following the fire engines the way we did those days, we couldn't help noticing that houses equipped with natural gas seemed to burn a lot faster than those without gas.

Jane Jordan—

Youth Today Refuses to Accept Social Rules of Older Generation.

DEAR JANE JORDAN—Your article on petting, necking, et al., was all wet. Why hand out dynamite to your childish public? Even if the explosive is damp, as my adjective would imply, your readers are not competent to handle it. I was a great belle (a lady) and never kissed anyone but the man I was engaged to and married. It has been a long, happy marriage (ask our children). Also let me tip off the girls to the technique of how to catch 'em—the Greeks called her Diana, and she's never been beaten. She has chastity and a fleet foot. The whole male sex springs after her, at least any male worth bailing.

MINNIEGIGGLE.

ANSWER—Of course there is a great deal of truth in what you say. The men do sprint after the girl who runs away, if she is charming and provocative, and run from the girl who sprints after men. I do not believe that our modern girl has lost sight of this fact. The only difference between her and her Victorian mother is that she may pause for a kiss or two before she runs, or turns to the competition, which amounts to the same thing.

Running away is an instinctive feminine wile not confined to chaste Diana. The experienced Grecian heathen, Annelis instructed 18-year-old Crystal thus: "If you want to make a man wildly in love with you, let him see you can do without him. When he thinks he has you all to himself, he is likely to cool down."

The point I mean to make is that the fleet foot is as beguiling in the unchaste as the chaste.

Today's girl does not draw the line sharply as her mother, but she has her own limits. She is neither untouchable, according to Victorian ideals, or unchaste according to modern ideals. The boys aren't so sure about how they should treat her. If they are too respectful they have an uncomfortable feeling that she may be making a fool of them, and if they go too far they get their faces slapped.

I cannot make a high school girl accept her mother's idea of no kiss unless it seals an engagement any more than I can make her wear her mother's bathing suit. Either way she would feel conspicuous and out of step with her time. About all I can do is help her to see that it is dynamite, and aid her to avoid disaster, if I can, or to rebuild her life if disaster occurs.

The patriarchal method of avoiding disaster was to prolong the infantilism of their girls. By expensive chaperonages and cruel social punishments they sought to keep dynamite out of reach by putting off emotional maturity. Our own age simply will not put up with it. Our girls receive their emotional education in their own fashion through the mistakes and heartbreaks of courtship instead of waiting until they're married to learn about love. It is disconcerting to note that they turn out about as well as their mothers, though they put up with less before filing suit for divorce. It is comforting to the older generation to call the young all wet, but it is wasted breath just the same.

JANE JORDAN.

Jane Jordan will study your problems for you and answer your questions in this column daily.

Walter O'Keefe—

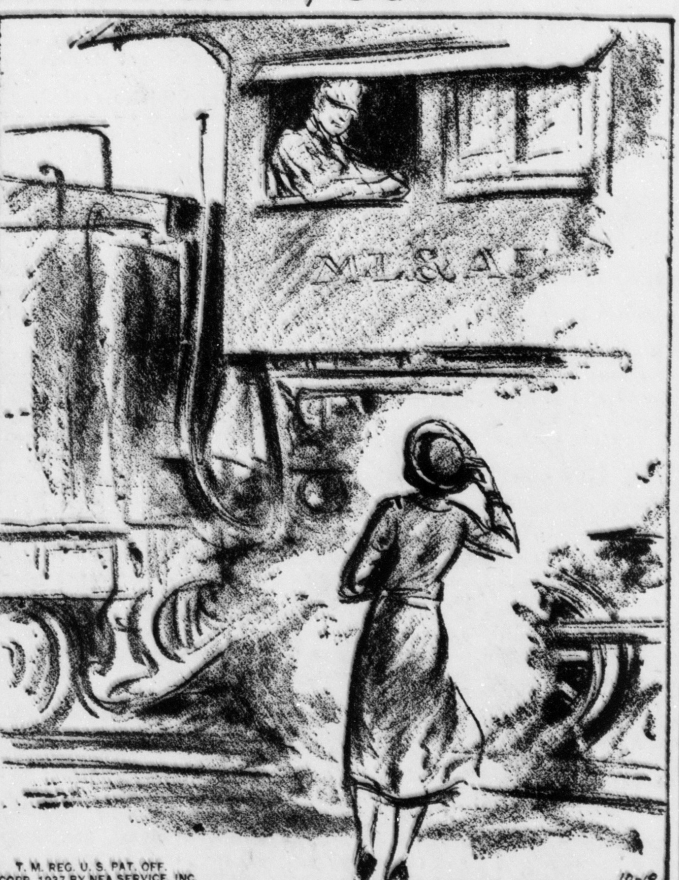
LAST Tuesday night the farmers weren't the only ones who had their ears glued to the radio, hungry for a morsel on which to feed their hopes.

In the financial district there's a great cry now to "save the brokers!"

To Washington the slump of the market since last August has been more embarrassing than the Justice Black issue and for the present F. D. R. is giving it the same treatment. He won't talk.

Not long ago the Wall Streeters were worrying whether they'd be caught for income tax evasion. Now it's more serious. They're afraid they'll be charged with vagrancy.

Side Glances—By Clark



"Now do try to get in on time this evening. We're having guests for supper."

A WOMAN'S VIEW

By Mrs. Walter Ferguson

FREDERICK H. STINCHFIELD, head of the American Bar Association, put himself into an embarrassing position when he called for a manifestation of public faith in lawyers, warning that President Roosevelt disliked the legal profession and was determined to destroy the Supreme Court.

It might be well, however, for Mr. Stinchfield and his followers to give some thought to the lower courts, some of which today are in dispute with the people. They can do more to harm legal authority than any President. For the will of the people still issues the ultimate mandate on most national issues. And if there has been a wave of rebellion and if Mr. Roosevelt succeeds in his attempt to alter the Supreme Court it will be primarily because some lawyers over a long period of years have had so little respect for the spirit of law.

Within the memory of men still living the legal profession has fallen from its former high estate into the very shadow of the underworld. Today it is more feared than trusted by the poor.

The condition of many municipal courts is unspeakable. City politics is in its present mess largely because so many men with legal education are in full charge, working night and day to defeat the real purpose of prescribed codes.

There are many honorable men practicing law and practicing it with uprightness, but even they can hardly deny that nothing in our country needs reforming quite so much as their profession.

Jasper—By Frank Owen



"There's a curly-headed rival giving him competition with his girl!"