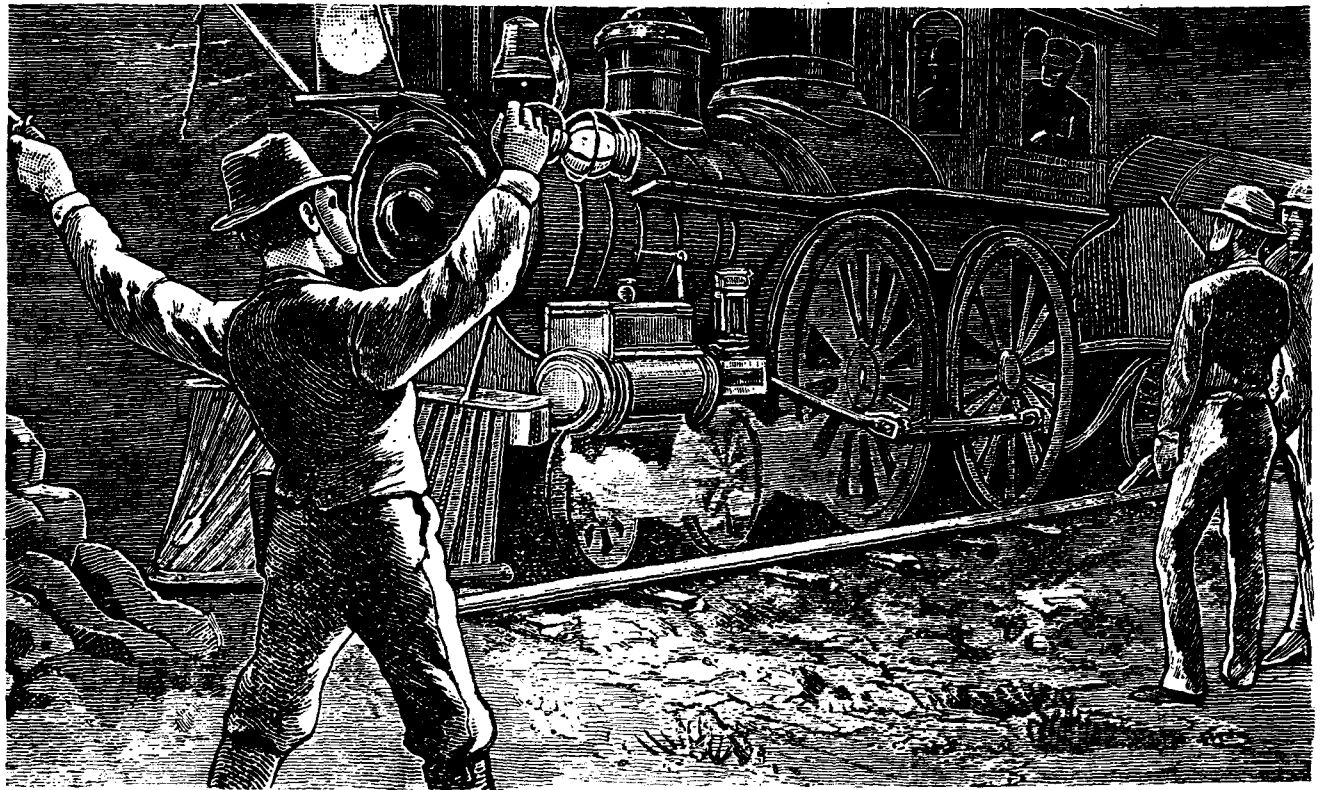


Shooting unarmed citizens and looting unprotected banks palled on Jesse James and his gang, so Jesse invented a new sport—train robbery

Apprentices at the job—practice soon brought perfection



From an old print

The Bad Man from Missouri

AT THE close of his exuberant career as a guerrilla, Jesse James, with a slug in his lung, lay unconscious by the side of a small stream in Johnson County, Missouri.

Meantime, his mother, the red-headed Zerelda, had abandoned Clay County, Missouri, where her two famous sons were born.

"She saw him coming," relates Jesse James, Jr., meaning of course that Grandma saw a Yankee approaching, "and when he arrived she threw a shovelful of hot coals from the fireplace in his face."

The gentleman thus treated made a quick get-away. But so did Zerelda. Told by the federal authorities that she had better "git," she got. She went to Nebraska. There, after he had been picked up and patched up by a sympathetic farmer, Jesse joined her.

Jesse, however, did not warm to Nebraska. It was too peaceful. He induced his mother to carry him back to old Missouri, where the atmosphere was still heavily laden with belligerency and the roadsides were still conveniently bordered by bushes.

The home-coming took place in August, 1865. In the town of Harlem, near Kansas City, Jesse was carefully nursed by his mother, his sister Susie, and his cousin Miss Zee Mimms, to

whom, as was romantically correct, he became engaged.

In October he left his fiancée and went back to his old home town, Kearney, in Clay County, where he at once "got" religion. He almost immediately showed the sincerity of his declaration of faith by adopting a profession which was, at that time in Clay County, looked upon with great favor by most of the citizens—banditry.

His physical condition was still such that he was unable to participate actively in the joys of the chase. However, he could plan excursions and share in the profits. In February, 1866, he sent brother Frank and a select group of friends to begin the life work of the James boys, by opening a bank in Liberty, the county seat of Clay County.

Lack of Pistol Practice

A YOUNG lady by the name of Long had received \$700 from the boys just to knock around Liberty and secure a little advance information for them regarding the habits of the bank clerks. The girl got the information, the boys got \$70,000, and an unoffending college student who happened to be standing on the corner got killed.

There were several arrests but no convictions. Jesse, not having been at Liberty, was not molested. That is, he was not immediately molested. But as time wore on popular opinion gradually crystallized around the idea that it was in the fertile brain of our young hero that the whole Liberty scheme had been hatched.

In pursuance of this idea, and just one day less than a year after the robbery, six men called at the James home-stead. Only four left it. The other two remained on a snow-covered front porch to bear mute testimony to the fact that a year's convalescence had impaired Jesse's shooting ability 66.66 per cent.

After this disgraceful exhibition of marksmanship Jesse left home. He left in a hurry. Crossing into Kentucky, he took up his abode with relatives in Chaplin. He was entertained handsomely by the proud citizens of two counties, and took advantage of his opportunity and cash to go down to Nashville, where

he was treated by an eminent lung specialist who benefited him considerably.

In the fall, this being the year 1866, his funds were low. So the gang again assembled, and the bank in Lexington, Missouri, was relieved of about \$2,000 of its cash.

Quiet reigned until March 2, 1867, when the bank at Savannah was visited. The gentleman who ran this institution was something of a scrapper, however.

Seeing five men, strangers all, ride up, and recalling what had happened at the bank in Lexington, he lost no time.

He closed his vault and opened his six-shooter. Five "expert shots" blazed away at him in return, knocked all the plaster off the inside of the banking-room, and then retreated, leaving the banker in possession of his money and one slight wound.

This ignominious defeat galled the boys considerably. It was fully three months before they perked up enough to pay a call in Richmond, Mo. Here they not only rehabilitated themselves financially by getting away with \$4,000 in hard money, but socially by killing the mayor of Richmond, the city jailer and the jailer's young son.

Warrants were swiftly issued for the arrest of eight men, all of whom had served as guerrillas under Quantrill and Anderson. When three—Richard Burns, Andrew McGuire and Thomas Little—were captured they were hastily and happily strung up by citizens who showed no inclination whatever to wait while due processes of law obstructed justice.

Then, probably because the Missourians were getting peevish and would, most likely, hang 'em all if they robbed any more banks, the freebooters transferred their attentions to Kentucky.

They first tackled the bank at Russellville, in that state.

Six men, carrying ONE pair of pistols apiece, took part in the enterprise, collected \$14,000, wounded three citizens, and beat it, for Missouri.

A fine chase followed. The posse pursued the bandits to the Mississippi and on through the rugged hills of the home state. However, in that first hunt nobody was captured.

Later, when the gang had split, the

By OWEN P. WHITE and WARREN NOLAN

Russellville contingent had better luck. In a drug store in Tennessee they picked up George Shepherd, who was given three years for his share in the exercises; while over in Missouri a bunch of vigilantes, at a distance of 115 yards, managed to put seven large-caliber lead balls into Mr. Old Shepherd, which was quite enough to cause him to go into immediate and permanent liquidation.

Of course Jesse James—who, it must be remembered, was never arrested and tried for anything in his life—claimed that he didn't have anything to do with them. In fact, in connection with the Russellville party, he even went so far as to write an unsolicited testimonial to his own good behavior.

Dodger and Alibi Artist

IN THIS missive Jesse asserted that he was at Chaplin on the day of the hold-up and could prove it. But that spells nothing at all. Chaplin is not very far from Russellville. He could easily have been at the latter place in the morning, when the bank was robbed, and back in Chaplin in the afternoon.

The interesting feature about this alibi letter is that if it proves anything at all to a student of Jesse's psychology it is that Jesse WAS at Russellville. The fact that he wrote about it clicks ominously with his behavior in later years when he wrote to newspapers about affairs which he did attend. In other words, Jesse had a letter-writing complex.

Even as Missouri had paid Jesse's upkeep and doctor's bills for a year and a half, so did Kentucky, not to be outdone in generosity, now give the lad a nice vacation. Almost as soon as their six-shooter smoke had cleared away



Frank, last half of James & James



Jesse and Frank were off on a long and expensive vacation. They went to California, Frank going overland, and Jesse by water, via New York, Panama and San Francisco.

During the several months that Jesse was away there was not a single bank robbery. No sooner had he come back—which he did without fanfare of trumpets and beating of drums—than the people's depository in the town of Gallatin open its doors to him.

Accompanied by brother Frank and Mr. Cole Younger, Jesse rode up to the bank, dismounted, entered, shot the roof off the cashier, took \$700 from the till and returned to the street.

They Wake Up Uncle Sam

BUT here he had trouble. His horse, frightened by something, broke loose and ran away, leaving Jesse to make his departure riding behind brother Frank.

In preceding bank robberies in which he had participated Jesse had been too cunning to leave any clues by which he could be identified. At Gallatin, however, he left one as big as a horse. Consequently he was immediately indicted for the murder of the cashier.

Jesse grinned when he heard of it. He grinned again when told that his name had been erased from the rolls of the Baptist church.

The Gallatin robbery and murder took place in December, 1869. It is not until June 3, 1871, that Jesse can be definitely located again—this time happily engaged with six other Missourians in looting a bank way up in Corydon, Iowa.

Disguised as farmers, the seven lads rode into the town, where, on that day and at that very hour, another Missourian by the name of Dean was delivering a political address. It was an auspicious occasion. Everybody who could get there was present on the courthouse lawn to listen to the spellbinder. Hence Jesse and his companions rode through deserted streets on their way to the bank. Three of them dismounted, walked in, presented their six-cylinder credentials, told the cashier what they wanted, and got it—\$40,000.

Putting the money in a sack and the cashier in the vault, they rode calmly back to the scene of the speechmaking, where, after listening for a few minutes one of the bandits interrupted the orator.

"Hey, there," he shouted, "kin I say something?"

"If it is important, sir," replied the politician, "I will yield to you for a moment."

"I don't know as it's important," yelled the robber, "but somebody just went by the bank and took the cashier and tied him up and put him in the vault. Mebbe you better send up and turn him a-loose."

But no one believed it, and the James boys rode away. It was at least an hour before the outraged banker was taken out of his safe.

Then the chase started. It led straight as the crow flies to Clay County. But as nearly all the loyal residents of that civilized community were ready to swear that their two most progressive citizens, Frank and Jesse James, had not been out of sight of home for six weeks, nobody was able at that time to tack the Corydon crime directly on them.

After Corydon came Columbia—a small town in Kentucky. No town boasting a bank was small enough to be ignominious in the eyes of Jesse and his fellow operators. Five of them, therefore, visited the village. At exactly 2:30 in the afternoon, on April 29, 1872, while two of the gang remained outside to shoo away the populace, the other three entered the banking-room and prematurely shot and killed the cashier.

"Prematurely," because the vault was locked, the dead cashier was unable to open it, so were the boys—and hence they got away with only \$200 in change which they picked up on the counter.

Mr. Bill Longley, one of the greatest gunmen ever produced by the prolific state of Texas, is said to have participated in this trifling episode. The other four were, as usual, the two

of less notorious criminals, deliberately tore up a part of the track, where it ran through a shallow cut fourteen miles east of Council Bluffs. Then they waited to see what would result.

The engine turned over. The engineer was instantly killed, the fireman was seriously injured, and the train was stopped.

All the passengers were made to stand and deliver, the express and mail cars were looted, and the next morning every telegraph wire in the world carried a message to his admirers everywhere telling them that Jesse James had established a new industry.

This was fine publicity, but it had its drawbacks. Before Jesse and his playmates realized it prices were on their heads in addition to their halos.

The gang therefore quietly "sloped" for Arkansas, where they remained for

robbers arrived at the station a few minutes before the arrival of the train and arrested the station agent and put him under guard, then threw the train on the switch. The robbers were all large men, none under six feet tall. They were all masked and all started in a southerly direction after they had robbed the train. They were all mounted on fine blooded horses. There is a hell of an excitement in this part of the country. (Signed) IRA W. MERRILL.

There was indeed a hell of a lot of excitement—not only in this particular part of the country but everywhere else.

Even the great Allan Pinkerton got so worked up over the Gadshill affair that he immediately opened a branch office in Kansas City and came down with some of his best men and sat in it so that he might personally supervise the capture of the robbers.

Three of these astute Pinkertons picked up a hot scent left by the Younger brothers and followed it—just a little too far! Which means, of course, that they caught up with the lads they were after—whereupon two of the man hounds retired permanently and forever from their profession. The third would have done so except for the fact that he happened to be mounted on a very fast horse.

In the meantime another detective, by the name of Whicher, was following in the footsteps of Jesse.

Some of Jesse's friends tipped the boy off, and gave him an accurate description of Whicher.

With two cronies Jesse posted himself in his beloved bushes by the roadside, waited for poor Whicher to show up, and when he showed up stepped out and stuck a gun in his face. The detective's body was found the next day, several miles away. Being a nice, neat young man, Jesse didn't want to mess things up too close to home.

They Did the Wrong Job Well

WHEN all the bad news reached Mr. Pinkerton in his armchair in Kansas City he almost had apoplexy. He marshaled his forces, calling in his most tried and trusted operators from all over the land. When this force was large enough, and at a time when he knew POSITIVELY that Jesse and Frank James were at home, he chartered a special train and sent his cohorts to Kearney after the boys. The cohorts, heavily armed with the customary artillery, and carrying hand grenades and fireballs to boot, reached their destination and silently took the road to the James homestead.

It was midnight, January 25, 1875, when this band of gallant men surrounded the house wherein lived the bold, bad lads, for whose blood they lusted so sincerely.

One of the bravest of the bunch sneaked up and quietly raised a window. Immediately an old Negro woman turned in an alarm. Mother Zerelda, followed by her husband, Dr. Samuel, and their two children, rushed downstairs. The man outside lighted a fireball and threw it into the room. It burst into flames, it lighted the interior, and then the man threw something else. This time it was a bomb, a hand grenade!

A terrific explosion followed. The Pinkerton cohorts fled—no one knows why, because Jesse and Frank had beaten them to that part of the game during the afternoon and were already miles away. When the neighbors arrived it was to find that the detectives had done only one thing well.

They had thoroughly martyred Jesse James by killing his eight-year-old half brother, Archie Payton Samuel, and blowing off Mother Zerelda's right arm. (To be continued next week)



Whicher, Pinkerton man hound, easily finds Jesse James—and his gun

James boys and a pair from the Younger family.

The rest of the year 1872 passed quietly into history—nine thousand berries plucked at the Kansas City Fair Grounds went with it—and, as a new crop had to be harvested, our hero led his band of gleaners down to Ste. Genevieve, Mo., where they gathered a crop on May 21, 1873.

Success was becoming monotonous. There was nothing exciting or exhilarating about robbing a bank, even if they did have to kill a recalcitrant cashier once in a while. So Jesse broached a novel idea to the boys. They whooped with glee.

They would become train robbers!

The first robbery was made on a Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific train. The plans were cold-blooded, diabolical and regardless of human life.

The gang, including our hero, his brother Frank, two Youngers and a pair

some time. While there, just to keep their hand in at the new pastime, they stood up the Hot Springs stagecoach and got away with a nice little jag of stuff—about \$2,000.

This sudden coup brought all the pursuers to Arkansas. Whereupon the boys, of course, went back to Missouri and pulled another train robbery.

This one took place at Gadshill, Mo., on January 31, 1874. Jesse, with unusual thoughtfulness, wrote an account of the affair himself. The robbery had been consummated and the train was about to move on, when Jesse handed the conductor a sheet of paper on which, all ready for publication, the following was neatly written:

TRAIN ROBBERY

The Most Daring on Record!

The southbound train on the Iron Mountain Railroad was stopped here this evening and robbed of \$—. The

The Speediest Sport

Ernest Quigley, who umpires the year around, ought to be qualified to say which it is

OF ALL the sports, which is the fastest, the hardest, the most scientific, the hardest to umpire or referee?

I put some of those questions up to Ernest Quigley, one of the best of baseball's major-league umpires. When the baseball season ends he starts as referee or umpire in leading football games—he has worked in the Harvard-Yale game many seasons. When football ends he swings into action as the nation's busiest basketball official. He is one of the few who know no rest from January to January.

"In discussing the rival merits of basketball, baseball and football," says this all-round official, "I have found this out: Basketball is the fastest game to handle. Baseball calls for quicker, keener judgment. And football makes the biggest demand upon both speed and quick judgment."

"Basketball is a much faster game than football or baseball. The action is almost continuous, and it is always at top speed. In a football game lasting two hours, I believe the records show that the ball is actually in play only 14 or 15 minutes. Everyone knows the intermissions in baseball, but there are no such delays in basketball. It is all speed—all action—and it calls for just as much science and team play. It has come on like a prairie fire in the past few years, and there are many more players than football would ever think of drawing."

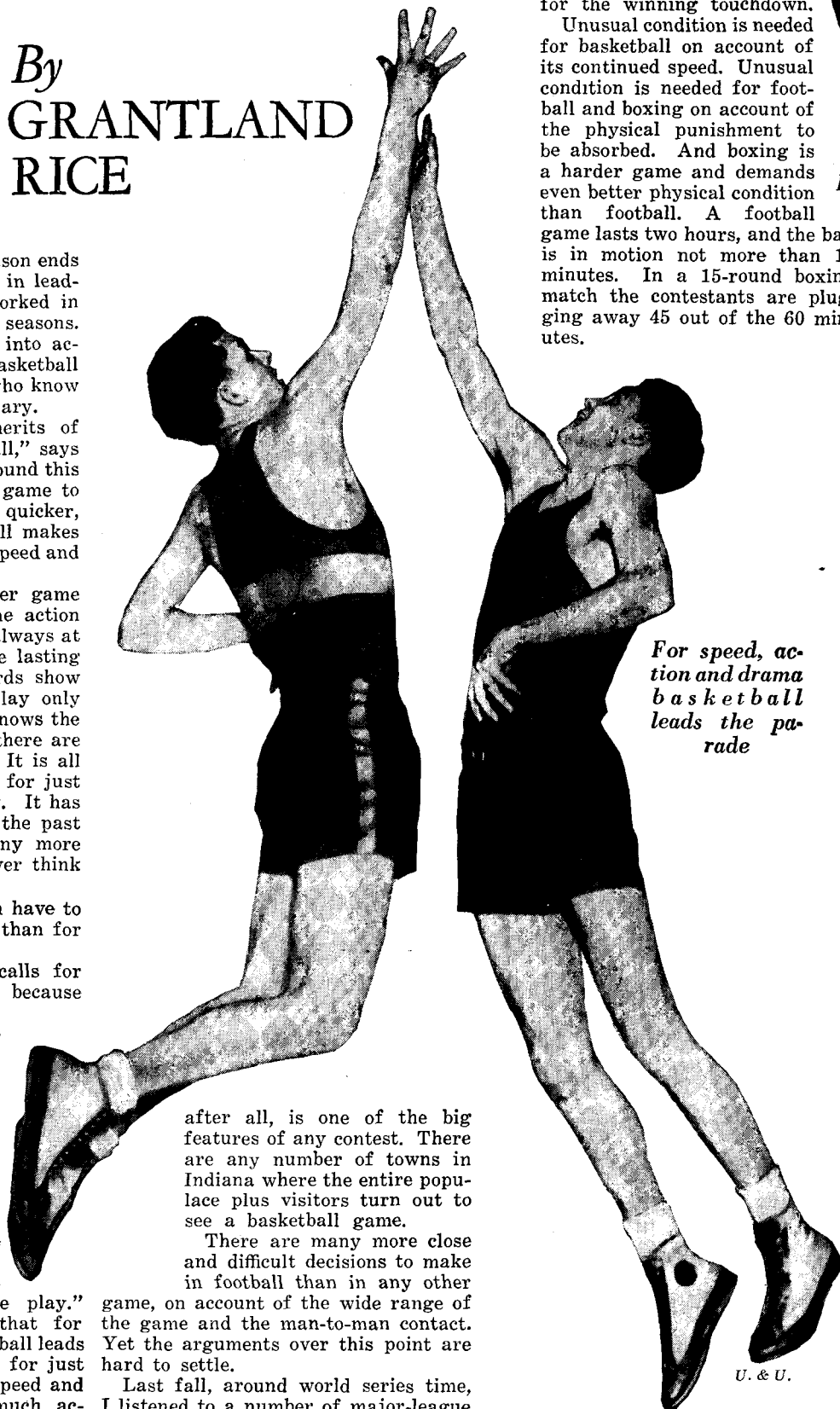
"Wind and general condition have to be much better for basketball than for either football or baseball."

"Baseball, in my opinion, calls for the quickest, surest judgment because everything happens in such a hurry. Take a runner going to first. He is traveling around at the rate of 9 yards a second. He is often thrown out by just a foot, sometimes less. A foot means just one twenty-seventh of a second."

"Football calls for much more action than baseball, for complete concentration and quick judgment. The scene shifts rapidly in football, and there are so many things to watch that might affect the play."

There isn't any question that for speed, action and drama basketball leads the parade. Hockey may call for just as much speed and just as much action, but there is much less scoring, and the scoring,

By
**GRANTLAND
RICE**



For speed, action and drama basketball leads the parade

after all, is one of the big features of any contest. There are any number of towns in Indiana where the entire populace plus visitors turn out to see a basketball game.

There are many more close and difficult decisions to make in football than in any other

game, on account of the wide range of the game and the man-to-man contact. Yet the arguments over this point are hard to settle.

Last fall, around world series time, I listened to a number of major-league managers discussing umpires with much bitterness. And late this fall I heard just as many football coaches discussing football officials with even greater bitterness. The forward pass in football with its various ramifications—such as the screen pass and interference with a receiver—have caused much of the trouble.

For example, in one big game I saw the passer swing wide before throwing the ball. As he ran, members of his own team broke through and began knocking down forward-pass defenders. It is illegal to take out a pass defender

or a pass receiver with the ball in the air, but the margin is often a matter of split seconds, and in this case the receiver was allowed to run for the winning touchdown.

Unusual condition is needed for basketball on account of its continued speed. Unusual condition is needed for football and boxing on account of the physical punishment to be absorbed. And boxing is a harder game and demands even better physical condition than football. A football game lasts two hours, and the ball is in motion not more than 15 minutes. In a 15-round boxing match the contestants are plugging away 45 out of the 60 minutes.



Ernest Quigley umpires any ball game

only fair condition when Dempsey floored him. Tunney had 14 seconds in which to recuperate. But a football player can take out 2 minutes. Fourteen seconds are none too long when Dempsey has landed on your jaw seven times.

The average boxing match doesn't call for unusually good condition, and there are not many good, fast fights, but when a good one comes along physical condition is a big factor.

There may be some argument as to whether football or fighting is the harder game, but Monte Munn, who has tried them both, votes for fighting.

"Baseball frequently needs a keener, quicker eye," according to Umpire Quigley, "both for player and umpire. Take the case of a fast curve. It may just shave the corner. It may pass over the corner and then curve away from the plate. It may miss the corner and curve in back of the plate. These are all matters of fractional inches. And the batter must make his choice in a tenth of a second as the ball comes winging at him in a pinch."

And if you don't think a fight is as hard to handle as a football or baseball game, you might talk with the referee and the judges of the Dempsey-Sharkey fight last summer. They failed to agree on a round. One would give a certain round to Dempsey, another to Sharkey, and the third call it a draw. There is always a wide disagreement in any fight that is not entirely one-sided.

One of the greatest and fairest of all competitions is an eight-oared race. Eight men get in a shell and they row the distance. No time is taken out and no substitutes can be rushed through the water to help. And they hit the best pace they can carry for four miles.

Few realize that an oarsman starts getting ready in the fall for the supreme test in May and June. The football player has just two and a half months in which to train, play and finish his season. The oarsman puts in six or seven months of hard work so that after rowing three and a half miles he may be in shape to meet any challenge with his power and his smoothness of stroke intact. And there is rarely any intricate decision from an official to decide the fate of the race.

When it comes to pressure and condition, stamina and strain, don't overlook those training for the 1,500-meter distance for the coming Olympic games. This race is now a sprint. Someone will have to move along at the rate of 4.10 for the mile to win. And if you happen to get a close look at the faces of those competing at Amsterdam next summer you will get a general idea of how far human suffering can go—and still carry on. I've seen more than one collapse under this modern pace. And more than one will collapse in the coming summer at Amsterdam.

The Human Race is Tough

"DEMPSEY," says Tunney, "recuperates quicker than anyone I ever saw. He can be half groggy and get all right again in 6 or 8 seconds." Suppose Gene Tunney had been in

