



## "The Killing of Jim Mann"

By THE  
GENTLEMAN AT  
THE KEYHOLE

THE oratorical clash between Senator Joseph T. Robinson, Democratic leader of the Senate, and Senator Tom Heflin started reports in Washington that a physical encounter between the two was imminent. Senator Robinson is a man of physical courage and quick temper who has been known to use his fists effectively on occasions which seemed to him to warrant it. And Heflin is renowned for having shot at a "sassy" Negro on a street car, furrowing his cranium and wounding a bystander in the leg.

So some of the Democratic colleagues of the two occupied themselves with seeing to it that there should be no encounter between them at the Democratic caucus, called for the morning after.

Nothing dire happened. Heflin overslept and did not appear. He was content with putting it in the Record that 5,000 or so letter writers approved of him. The Democratic party officially washed its hands of him and left it to Alabama to finish the job three years hence.

The incident recalls what is known in local annals as "the killing of Jim Mann." This occurred when Tom Heflin was a member of the House. Jim Mann, the Republican leader, was an able but rather intolerant man, given on occasion to bitter speech. He made an attack upon Heflin which was the sensation of that day. It was personal and savage.

Heflin was then fresh from his encounter with the Negro. Congress was full of romantic Southerners who knew perfectly well what a Southern gentleman would do when subjected to such a tongue-thrashing as Jim Mann had administered. So the whisper ran around that a physical encounter was imminent, reminiscent of the days when members of House and Senate used to adjourn their debates to the Bladensburg road and poke pistols at each other's breasts.

Senator Ollie James, big and romantic, from the Dark and Bloody Ground of Kentucky, early in the evening following the passage at words in the House, called up Secretary Joseph P. Tumulty and said in an agitated voice: "Joe, I'm afraid there's going to be bloodshed. I've done what I could to prevent it. You're a friend of Tom's, and if you know Jim Mann come and help me keep these two men apart."

Mr. Tumulty thought the reports greatly exaggerated. However, he went over to the Willard Hotel, where, making the usual rounds, the two enemies were likely to meet. He sat down with Ollie James, awaiting the course of

events. A few minutes later in came Jim Mann. He went to the cigar counter in the lobby and leaned over it, buying a smoke and chatting with the clerk.

"It's brave!" said Ollie, in a choking voice. "I warned him not to come here. My God, it's brave!" At that moment in walked Tom Heflin. He never even noticed the advantageously placed back of Jim Mann, but, coming directly to the two spectators, said, "Hello, Ollie! Hello, Joe! I've been looking for you. Say, I want to tell you a story."

### A Sign from the South

"MY GOD, it's brave!"—Ollie James' exclamation was pretty nearly the exclamation of Washington when Senator Robinson spoke his mind. Heflin's castigation had waited a long time for two reasons: Nobody in the Senate likes to tackle Heflin. He stops at nothing.

Then too there were few senators in a position to answer him. No Catholic senator could answer him effectively, neither could any senator close politically to Governor Al Smith. And it was not any Republican funeral. Only a Southern senator opposed to Al Smith's nomination would be effective, and then only one capable of giving and receiving hard knocks. And the Southern senators had shrunk from saying what might be construed as being sympathetic to Al.

No senator in a long time has lifted himself so much in the general esteem as Mr. Robinson did by his rebuke of Heflin. There had been a disposition among critics of affairs here to sniff at Mr. Robinson. Every floor leader of the Upper House is slightly ridiculous because no one can lead the miscellaneous hosts that call themselves either Republican or Democratic. And Senator Robinson, powerful physically and having a mighty voice, is a little heavy-handed for the business of leading a party that for the most part is not easily distinguished from its rival.

To him the maintaining of Jeffersonism seems no light matter, and to cynical Washington, observing the numbers of kinds of Jeffersonians there are and how hard it is to tell some of them from the Hamiltonians, it seems slightly grotesque. But what he lacks in ease he makes up for in sincerity and courage. He rose to the one great occasion in Democratic party history in recent years, at what seemed some risk. His speech was a sign that the South is turning to Governor Smith, and it has contributed toward that inclination.

# The Nickel Shocker

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been folded that Charlie might be more comfortable while waiting.

More than twenty oxen and a hundred hogs had been barbecued that the throng might not suffer from hunger. It was observed that Charlie ate with high relish.

Eventually Charlie was fetched up the steps, and the office seekers respectfully withdrew, but not until each had shaken his hand and expressed profound sympathy.

"It is your turn now," said the sheriff. "Have you a speech to make?"

"I have," said Charlie, "and it will take a deal of time."

"Speak up," said the sheriff. "A man has a right to a last word."

"Aye, speak up, Charlie, me boy," yelled the crowd.

And Charlie spoke for more than half an hour, concluding with a complete confession of his crime and a fervently uttered hope that the young people present would profit by the example he was about to set.

"Now that's a brave lad for you," cried one of Charlie's brothers.

"It is that," agreed the father. "And it was no justice he got in the court."

### Three Cheers for the Queen!

APPARENTLY Charlie had not thought of that, but he hastily made up for it by agreeing in a loud voice that it was no justice that he got.

"Charlie," said the hangman, fluffing the black bag and nudging the condemned, "it may be as you say, but it's a late day to be saying it. So come on now, because we've not all day to be standing here, with many of the people having a long distance to go home."

This appealed to Charlie to be reasonable, so he swelled his chest and roared:

"Three cheers for her gracious Majesty the Queen!"

They were given with great violence. "And three cheers for Mr. Daniel O'Connell!" bellowed Charlie.

The ground rocked. (I quote the Gazette's account.)

"And three cheers for the Emerald Isle!" screamed Charlie.

"In the ensuing pandemonium, which lasted for more than a quarter of an hour," said the National Police Gazette, "Charlie Coghlin was effectively hanged. The affair bore the result of increasing the population of Guelph by several hundred because a large number of the visitors who had come to behold remained to become residents of the sprightly town."

One day in the winter of 1846 Wilkes was informed by one of his numerous volunteer tipsters that a man "of more than ordinary address" had been drunk in a house in Walker Street for two or three days. There was nothing particularly startling in this intelligence, and Mr. Wilkes explains that, after all, while such a situation was to be deplored, it was really none of his business.

But it so happened that at the same time the friends and relatives of John B. Gough, the temperance advocate, had advertised that Mr. Gough was missing and that they feared that he had been murdered by his foes, the saloon keepers.

Now, Mr. Wilkes bore Mr. Gough no love at all since the night when they had met and Mr. Gough insisted upon praying for him. Mr. Wilkes resented being prayed for, and Mr. Gough retorted that it made no difference what Mr. Wilkes desired, he was going to be prayed for.

"Pray for yourself," shouted Mr. Wilkes. "You've been a drunkard most of your life, and I've never taken a drink. Also you've been in jail more than I have."

Mr. Wilkes and his faithful reporter, Mr. Frost, put on their tall hats and greatcoats and walked around to Walker Street.

"After mounting two flights of stairs in a rickety rear building," wrote Mr. Wilkes in the issue of the following

week, "we followed the first passage that offered, to a back bedroom, and there found him, the mere shadow of a man, pacing the floor with tottering and uncertain steps."

"He was as pale as ashes; his eyes glared with a preternatural luster, his limbs trembled and his fitful and wandering stare evinced that his mind was as much shattered as his body. Beside him stood two terror-stricken wretches in the shape of women, and on the table of this den of infamy sat the curse of the inebriate. The pompous horror had dissolved from its huge proportions and had shrunk into a very vulgar and revolting commonplace."

"In fine, the man was drunk!"

And so on for columns. For a few days the daily newspapers avoided the sensation, but eventually they were compelled to take it up when Gough, goaded to desperation, confessed that it was all true, but added that he had been drugged. Further egged on to defend himself, the temperance advocate made a stammering threat to sue the National Police Gazette for libel.

"Mr. John B. Gough," wrote Mr. Wilkes, "threatens us. So be it. He has fetched upon his own head this new calamity. We give him one month to file his case in the courts. If he does not do so in that time, we shall speak again."

A month elapsed, and Mr. Gough had failed to file suit.

"We shall be fair, even to Mr. Gough," said the Gazette. "We generously extend the time for filing the suit another week. Hurry, Mr. Gough!"

But Mr. Gough was still reluctant, and Mr. Wilkes spoke.

"Mr. John B. Gough," he wrote, "ignores our generosity. He has not filed his case against us, if, indeed, it may be a case. Therefore we take action. We have today instructed our lawyer, Mr. Enoch E. Camp, to file suit against Mr. Gough for slander. He has nominated us as a liar. We wish to be rid of the imputation. Unless Mr. Gough waits upon us and apologizes, we shall proceed with our suit."

Mr. Gough did not quite apologize, but he was sufficiently humble to suit Mr. Wilkes, whereupon the National Police Gazette dropped him except for occasional references to Goughiana and Goughing.

This spirited foray into the very heart of the temperance movement fetched upon the Police Gazette the accusation of being the organ of the underworld, but Wilkes replied to this with a series of crusades against the bagnio, the river pirates, the divers or street bandits, the resurrectionists or grave robbers, the knucks or pickpockets and the immigrant shavers. He published a dozen scalding articles demanding that the city abolish all alleys, particularly Murder Alley, Dutch Mary Alley, Blood Alley and Midnight Alley.

"Our city," wrote he, "festers with rapes and seductions, almost all of which occur in alleys. Therefore abolish the alleys and safeguard our womanhood."

### Wrath Abounds!

THE Gazette's terrific attacks so enraged the pirates, the thieves, the resurrectionists and other tough elements that the cellar wherefrom the weekly was issued was almost constantly in a state of siege.

But rioting did not take a serious form until one night in 1850, when the wrath of the united criminal underworld was brought to a head by an item published on the third page and which, of itself, was quite innocuous.

"Thirty dollars reward is offered by the mayor of Baltimore for information of the murderers of Jason Johnson," it read. "This must be a political gesture or else a distortion of fact. The reward should go to those public benefactors who removed Jason Johnson."

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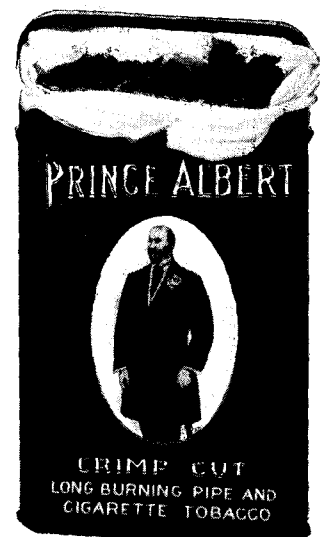
P. A.  
hits me  
right where  
I live

COME to think of it, I've been smoking Prince Albert for so many years, I couldn't say just *when* I started. P.A. is as much a part of my day as a good breakfast. I'd as lief go without one as the other. Open a tidy red tin and you'll know how I get that way.

Fragrant, I hope to tell you. Then you chute a load into your old pipe and apply the match. Cool as a landlord demanding the rent. Sweet as the proof that you've already

paid. Mellow and mild and long-burning . . . it seems like you never *could* get enough of such tobacco.

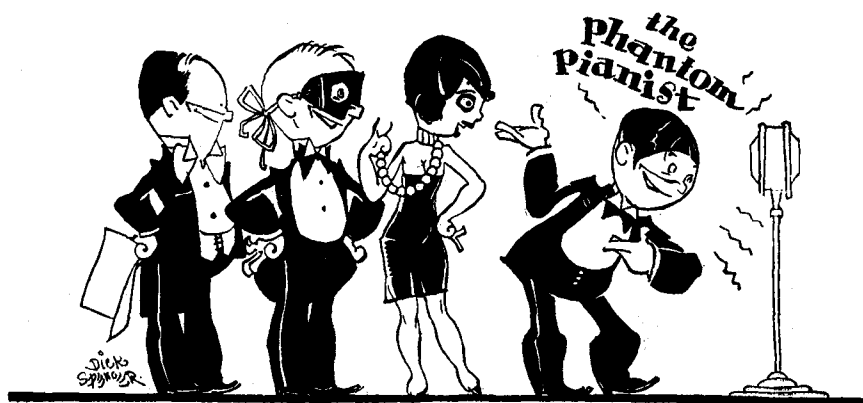
No wonder this friendly brand outsells every other on the market. No wonder one pipe-smoker tells another about the National Joy Smoke. If you don't know Prince Albert by personal pipe-experience, it's high time you got together. Millions of contented pipe-smokers will say the same thing.



*More value all around  
—TWO full ounces in  
every tin.*

**PRINCE ALBERT**  
*—the national joy smoke!*





## The Aureate Songster

"THE Baritone with the Golden Voice will now sing. . . ." That announcement over the air is but an example of the fact that one of the most successful tricks in the art of showmanship is a mantle of mystery cast around the personality of a performer. It invariably arouses curiosity and then interest proportionate to the ability of the artist. That is why we have had Silver-Masked Tenors, Phantom Pianists and other unnamed stars who have won a place in the ethereal Hall of Acclaim.

The Golden-Voiced Baritone is a Blue Network star who is one of the band of pioneers laying the foundation for a permanent broadcasting technique distinct from that of older forms of musical entertainment. In fact he is quite an

By  
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old-timer as time goes in radio. He first sang to radio fans in the dim and distant past of broadcasting when WJZ was struggling along on the roof of an industrial plant at Newark, N. J. A little later he became one of the first regular radio artists by joining the original Eveready group. A couple of years ago he cast his lot definitely with radio by signing an exclusive contract, and thereby became a member of the National Grand Opera Quartette.

In private life this baritone with the golden voice is known as Theodore Webb—but after all what is a name when a fine voice is lulling to contentment the vagrant thoughts that would otherwise obsess a listening mind?

### Martial Midgets

IT SEEMS quite possible that in the very near future a great deal of man's work will be done for him by vast armies of invisible particles waging a war upon one another.

A young German scientist has developed a three-element tube in which positive ions move steadily but irresistibly through the phalanxes of electrons and by their conflict cause the tube to deliver more work in the form of greater amplification. That is the actual result, yet there is no eye known to science through which we can see these mighty mites warring upon one another.

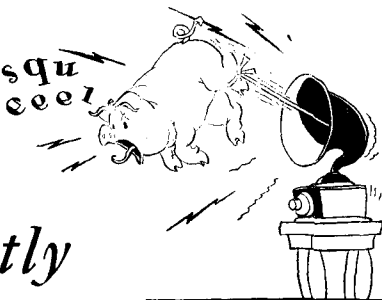
### Eric Says It Isn't Bull

ERIC PALMER, who runs a most engaging column in the Brooklyn Times, declares that with the aid of Kenneth Lindsay Allardye Arnott, one of his Scottish pals, he has discovered the radio Eden. This ethereal Garden of Receptive Delight is located on the British Riviera where the waters of the Atlantic lave the Cornish Coast. At this charming spot it is possible to pick out of the air the entertainment

of four continents, while but a scant fifteen miles away the natives wear out their ears listening for ethereal waves that never come. The enchanting paradise for radio fans is Buh in Cornwall. Somehow the name of that town doesn't look just right, and I can't help wondering whether or not it was the victim of a compositor's whim or just a plain typographical error.

### The Modern Horror

THE greatest horror in history was the Black Hole of Calcutta, where the Nawab Surajah Dowlah jammed 146 people into a small guardroom. Now comes the attempt of the Federal Radio Commission to force six hundred broadcast stations into space for no more than one hundred. Twenty millions are beginning to feel the pressure and they'll soon be yelling blue murder.



## Done Too Neatly

SOME little time ago I was asked by a friend to take a look at his radio set, which had acquired the most pernicious habit of squealing since he had moved it from one part of the room to another. A quick examination revealed the cause.

In shifting it to the new position my friend had very carefully brought the antenna wire around the back of the cabinet in order to keep it out of the way and make a neat-looking job.

The cause of his trouble lay right there. The aerial was very effectively coupling the different coils together and causing the set to squeal. By the simple process of bringing the antenna direct to the set and clearly away from the back of the cabinet the trouble was eliminated and the set worked properly once more.



# The Nickel Shocker

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Friends of Mr. Johnson resented this and came from some distance to force the editors of the Police Gazette to eat their words. Four of them entered the cellar where the editors held forth, and two left under their own power, but with sundry dents in their anatomies. The others were carried out with bashed-in skulls.

### The Panic All But Stopped It

THAT started it! Led by Boss Harrington of the Washington Market Gang, about fifty mobsmen, including such celebrities as Nobby McChester, Country McCloskey, Deaf Martin, Stewart Sharpless of Albany and three celebrated Amazons (Lizzie the Poor Beauty, Donkey Dora Cole and a particularly ferocious female who was respectfully called Mrs. Annie Speight), literally flattened the place.

Sergeant Belcher, Editor Wilkes and Reporter Frost were sent to the hospital, where the latter died. There was a brief pause in the progress of the National Police Gazette, and the records are contradictory, but it is clear that five of the attackers were killed in the street fighting which followed the demolishing of the Gazette's plant.

The panic of 1857 all but stopped the National Police Gazette while Wilkes was exposing the Dead Rabbit Riots as politically inspired to divert the public's attention from municipal frauds.

The sheriff descended upon him for debt, and he surrendered the Gazette to

George W. Matsell, one time chief of police for New York City, who was a dull and uninspired man under whom the Police Gazette lost character, prestige and circulation.

Mr. Matsell disposed of the bedeviled journal in 1872 to two engravers to whom he was in debt and who installed an Englishman, Herbert R. Mooney, as editor. But Mr. Mooney could not stop the decay. In 1877 it seemed inevitable that the Police Gazette should expire.

And along came a debonair, electric young Irishman, Richard Kyle Fox!

Magically the National Police Gazette arose from its own ashes. With a sixteen-page roar it swept America with pictorial and written sensation. All pretense of crusading was abandoned. Mr. Fox aimed to please, and he did so.

For more than thirty years thereafter the National Police Gazette was the arbiter of the masses in sports and the gay life. Mr. Fox was a business man. He died worth two million dollars. And he took the Police Gazette over when he was as poor as George Wilkes.

Another article by Walter Davenport about the Police Gazette will appear in an early issue

# Blood Money

Continued from page 24

you haven't had much use for me, Olive—I know that. But right now you're all upset—the show closing, and everything. There's lots of new productions, Olive. You oughtn't to have much difficulty—" "Think so? Well, maybe you'll get a surprise about that. Maybe I'll do something else."

He looked at her. "I guess I know what you mean," he said very quietly. "And believe me, dear, I—I won't stand in your way if you want to ditch me. He's rich and—and—"

He stopped, fidgeted a moment, then took the fifty dollars out of his pocket. From it he peeled a five-dollar bill, then laid the rest on the table.

"She didn't speak. "I'm leaving you a little money. It's fifty dollars, all but five. I need that to see me to Chicago."

Olive looked up. The money on the table riveted her attention.

"Fifty dollars?"

"Yes, Olive. I heard that Broadway Jane was closing—so I didn't want you to be broke with me out in Chicago. It'll help tide you over till you get into a new show."

"Where'd you get all this money?" she asked.

"That's all right. I earned it. Don't worry about that. I earned it. You ask Harry Stevens about it if ever you see him. Maybe he'll tell you. Good-by, Olive. I won't ever bother you any more—unless—unless you want me for something. Don't forget. General Delivery, Chicago, will reach me."

She said nothing. She didn't believe he was going. Even when the door closed she didn't turn her head. She heard his footsteps descending the stone stairs. All right—let him go. He'd be back in an hour or so, anyway. Well, it wouldn't make any difference. She was through. She had made up her mind about that. She'd leave him—run away—enjoy life while she was still young—

Charlie Welland stopped at a lunch-counter. He ate a good meal, bought some sandwiches, then lit out for the

freight yards. Back in the two-by-four apartment the hands of the cheap clock on the dresser pointed to 1:30 A. M. Olive was standing by the table, looking down at something. At length she turned and walked swiftly to the door. There she hesitated and stared fixedly at an old overcoat hanging from a nail. Suddenly she grasped it in her fingers, and with a convulsive sob buried her face in its folds.

So it goes.

Twelve hours after the final curtain had descended on Broadway Jane, Olive was studying herself in the tilted mirror of her lopsided and wormy bureau. A full and complete effect was denied her. First she sat down, then she stood up; then she got on a chair to view the reflected high heels, the slim and graceful ankles. The conclusion was that the new dress, the new hat, the new shoes and the new silk stockings became her exceedingly well.

At a quarter of one she had an appointment at the Waldorf. Olive's heart palpitated a little as she noted the nearness of that hour. What would it result in? Last night he had seemed to take everything for granted. She was a bit afraid of him. Not that he had ever annoyed her. Lorne McAllister wasn't that sort. But somehow—when he got talking and started telling her things about what he could do for her and where they'd go and all that—she felt weak, unable to decide, and—afraid of herself.

The girls had told her not to be silly. It wasn't every day that a Lorne McAllister came along. "Don't be a nut, Olive! You got outa it—while you can. Them looks you got ain't gonna last forever. If Santa Claus brings you an apartment on Riverside Drive with a grand piano in it and all the fixin's—just you grab it and hold on for dear life. Wring every nickel outa the guy—and you'll be a lady. Stay in the show business and ten years from now you'll be peddling peanuts down at the Battery. Believe me, kid—I'm telling you something." (Continued on page 42)