

GANGSTER PROMISES TO TELL A STORY THAT WILL BE APT TO STARTLE NEW YORK

New York, March 29—Promising to tell a story that will startle New York, Richard Reese Whittemore of Baltimore, leader of a gang implicated in at least four murders and in robberies totalling \$1,000,000, today sought freedom for his wife, "The Tiger Girl," indicted for a hold-up of her own.

Whittemore Cracking.
Weakened by two confessions, the six men on the street, I'll startle most highly organized bands ever captured have begun to talk, Whittemore, hitherto defiant, being the last to "crack."

"If they will release my wife, turn her out on the street, I'll startle New York with what I can tell," he says. "I'll give up the works and astonish the city."

Dist-Atty. Banton said he would give consideration to the request provided Whittemore would give definite information on half a dozen recent robberies in which \$830,000 in cash and jewelry was stolen.

Jack Graemer, who is regarded as the real brains of the band and the man who disposed of stolen diamonds, was also on the verge of breaking down, Banton said.

Already implicated in four murders, the gang has been connected with the slaying of Thomas Langelio through a confession made by William Ukleback. Detective John Guidetti of Hackensack said last night. Langelio, known as "Chicago Tommy" was found dead in North Arlington, N. J., last February.

Fences Pay Quickly.

The "perfect crime" system outlined by Anthony Paladino in a confession Wednesday named the jewelers through whom the gems were sold. The "fences," his confession said, paid within three or four days for stolen jewelry and on one occasion made payment and took the loot within a few hours of its theft.

Police today were making intensive search for these men, several of whom have been regarded as respectable business men. "My whole energy is being spent on the apprehension of the people who made it profitable to commit these crimes," Banton said.

The confession held up by police 36 hours because it outlines a system almost failure proof, revealed that the gang operated with the precision of a business corporation. The 22-page document gave intimate details of a series of mysterious robberies and described the minute precautions taken in each case.

It revealed that the band worked

as a unit each man assigned to his part and rehearsed in advance whenever possible. Members of the gang usually mixed with passers-by at the scene of a robbery, watched with loaded pistols for possible interference and then joined the actual robbers later.

Whittemore's offer to tell everything came after a visit from his father who arrived from Baltimore and urged his son to make a clean breast of everything.

Father in Tears.

At first Whittemore listened without apparent emotion to his father's pleas, but later said he would break his silence if "The Tiger Girl" were freed.

"Well, Pop," he said at one point "I guess its all over now." The elder Whittemore, grief-stricken and in tears, soon afterward left his home.

Whether Whittemore will be returned to Baltimore to stand trial for the murder of a prison guard a year ago will probably be decided Monday. Assistant State's Attorney Edgett of Baltimore believes that the Maryland authorities are entitled to the gang leader. Although Banton has indicated New York will not press its right to try him, Buffalo seeks him for the murder of two bank guards in a \$93,000 hold-up there.

Another gang of "night club" robbers, most of them still in their teens, also was in custody today. Six youths and their girls were held in a series of robberies in small shops. Five of the youths were held on homicide charges as the result of shooting a Jamaica man.

The youths all dressed in the height of fashion, and the girls one of them a bride of three months, made their headquarters in a cabaret in the negro section of Harlem.

"What makes you say your father doesn't like dogs, Bobby?"

"Cause he told my big sister if she brought that jazz hound around again he'd kick him out."

Guyler—Don't you think the baby looks like me?

Nast—Well, I think he has your nose.

Guyler—Yes; he had it last night, as you can see by the scratches on it.

He—What can I say to you after I say I'm sorry?

She—Nothing to me, but you can say plenty to the confectioner and the florist.

BLOOMFIELD RIDGE.

Bloomfield Ridge, March 29—Mrs. Alfred Carson had the misfortune to lose all her hens while she was visiting at Pleasant Ridge. Her chief loss was a fine Plymouth Rock.

Mrs. Harry L. Norrad and Miss Carson were selected as a committee to purchase a new organ for the Methodist Church.

Mrs. John A. Spencer recently was the guest of her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Purdy of Boiestown.

Mr. and Mrs. Elman Green are receiving congratulations on account of the birth of a daughter on the 21st inst.

Paul Harris son of William Harris Pleasant Ridge, a few days ago was severely injured when bitten by a dog.

Sixty-five dollars was realized March 19th for the purpose of purchasing seats for the school house. The money was raised by means of a pie social, fancy sale and dance.

James E. Spencer who has been working as cook with the Colter Lumber Co. at Boiestown has returned home.

The Seabee Lumber Co. mill at Boiestown closed for two months on the 22nd inst.

Hauling wood for Anderson's mill is the order of the day.

At the Holtville pie social the highest price realized for a pie was for that of the teacher Miss Helen Underhill, six dollars being bid.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Moir left on Monday last for Hartland.

Miss Susie M. McLellan who is attending Fredericton Business College spent a few days at her home here.

John A. Spencer has finished his winter's operations on Hughes' Book for the Miramichi Lumber Company.

Miss Jean S. Calhoun is visiting her sister Mrs. Stuart Spencer.

Wilfrid Hunter passed through here on Sunday.

A card party and basket social was held at Boiestown March 17th. The proceeds were for the Ladies' Guild.

Miss Alda G. Draper, teacher at Bloomfield Ridge attended the pie social at Holtville.

Miss Marjorie Dunphy of Durham Bridge has accepted a position as assistant teacher in the school here. Her department opened on the 25th with large attendance.

James Hinchey has returned from the lumberwoods with his team.

At present the roads are in fine condition.

Miss Sadie Nodwell, teacher at Bloomfield Ridge attended the St. Patrick's Day card party and dance at Boiestown.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bruce of Hayesville are being congratulated on the birth of a son March 21st.

The Baptist Church will have an

ABOUT YELLOW PAPERS, PICKLES AND ROSES

"What is so-called yellow journalism?" John K. Winkler, former New York American reporter, asked and answered this question the other day," says Philip Schuyler in the "Printer and Publisher."

"It is a type of journalism that intuitively grasps and panders to the yearnings of the 95 per cent," he said. I think every moron in America, male and female, and Shubert chorus man is reading with interest these days the intimations of the Cathcart-Craven case. Every man of them would like to be an Earl of Craven, every woman a Vera. The yellow press, and most newspapers, I think, have at least one or two yellow streaks in them, merely provide means of escape for the repressed rabble."

Writing for multitudes of vicarious Veras and men who dream of a Craven escapade has been Winkler's business for 15 years. Now a magazine writer, he calls this past work by a far less pleasant name than even this implies.

But this catering to the subconscious selves of spinsters, unhappy wives, shop girls, stenographers, hungry flapper and the masses of men who yearn with Babbie to follow the Earl of Craven to the African veldt with the shadowy nymphs of their dreams, must, in Winkler's opinion, be accepted as an important part of any newspaper man's philosophy, if he wishes ever to please the public that pays for the papers.

Winkler became unpaid publicity advisor for Mrs. Anne U. Stillman, and in that capacity aided in "personalizing" her to newspaper readers as the "nation's sweetheart." Because of this experience and others in his career of sensational journalism, he has reached the conclusion that "we are all Veras and Cravens at heart."

"We are all, I believe, subconscious wastrels and romanticists," Winkler said in explaining his philosophy. "We all yearn to be a Cellini or a Casanova. Even a Y. M. C. A. secretary gets a thrill reading of a sex scandal in the newspapers."

"A reporter in sensational journalism should be serious with the 95 per cent and cynical and satirical with the five per cent. The brainy reporter, and I mean men like Irvin Cobb, Herbert Bayard Swope, and Frank O'Malley, are men who recognize that news is simply a commodity to be peddled like pickles, let us say. The great majority of people like pickles."

"Some two hundred years ago an English comedian cracked the line that roses bloom only in June, while pickles are beautiful all the year round. After all newspaper men are dealing with delicatessen minds. Most of the time we are writing about pickles, not roses."

"The technique of the ideal reporter is probably the most exacting in the world. He must be able to step from the level to a West Jamaica negro elevator man to a Social Register drawing room without marring his stride."

Probably, although he did not say so, the quotation from Walt Whitman lingers in Winkler's mind:

"O something pernicious and dread! Something far away from a puny and pious life!"

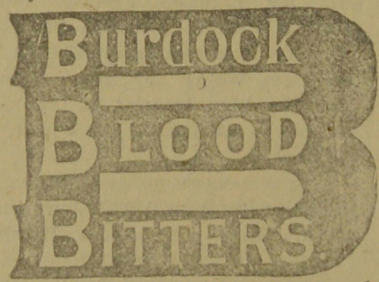
Easter concert Easter Sunday night. The Methodist Sunday School will hold a concert on the night of Good Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex Green are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son.

Mrs. Alex. Norrad has been visiting her sister Mrs. Alex. Palmer, Parkers Ridge.

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Mr. Cland Melanson, Castleford, Ont., writes:—"In regard to your remedies I have to say that B.B.B. was the only medicine I could get to relieve me of my boils and carbuncles. I had forty-three at one time, and my doctor told me to take



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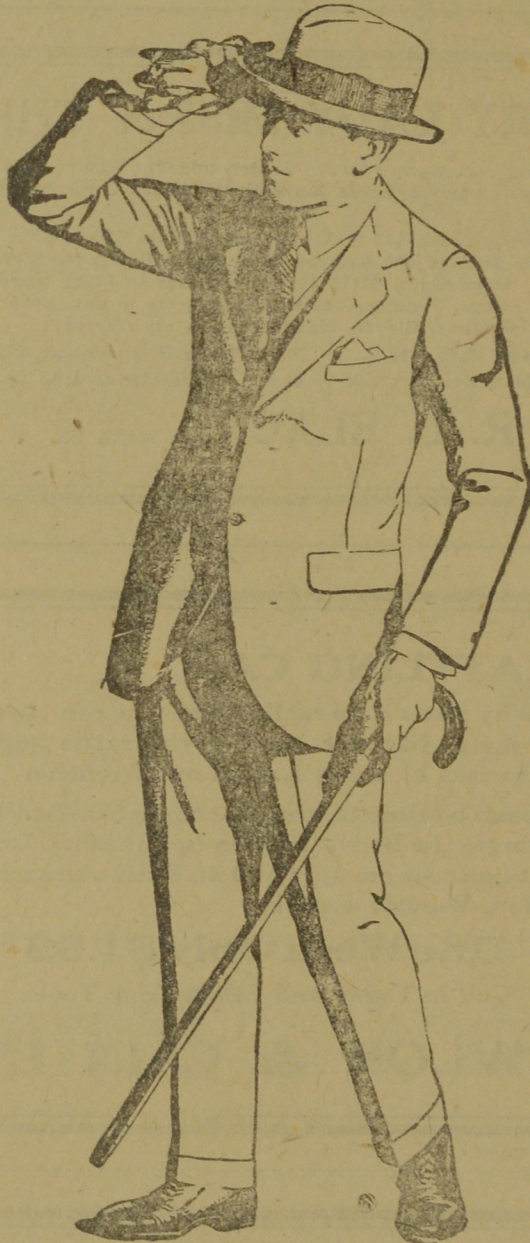
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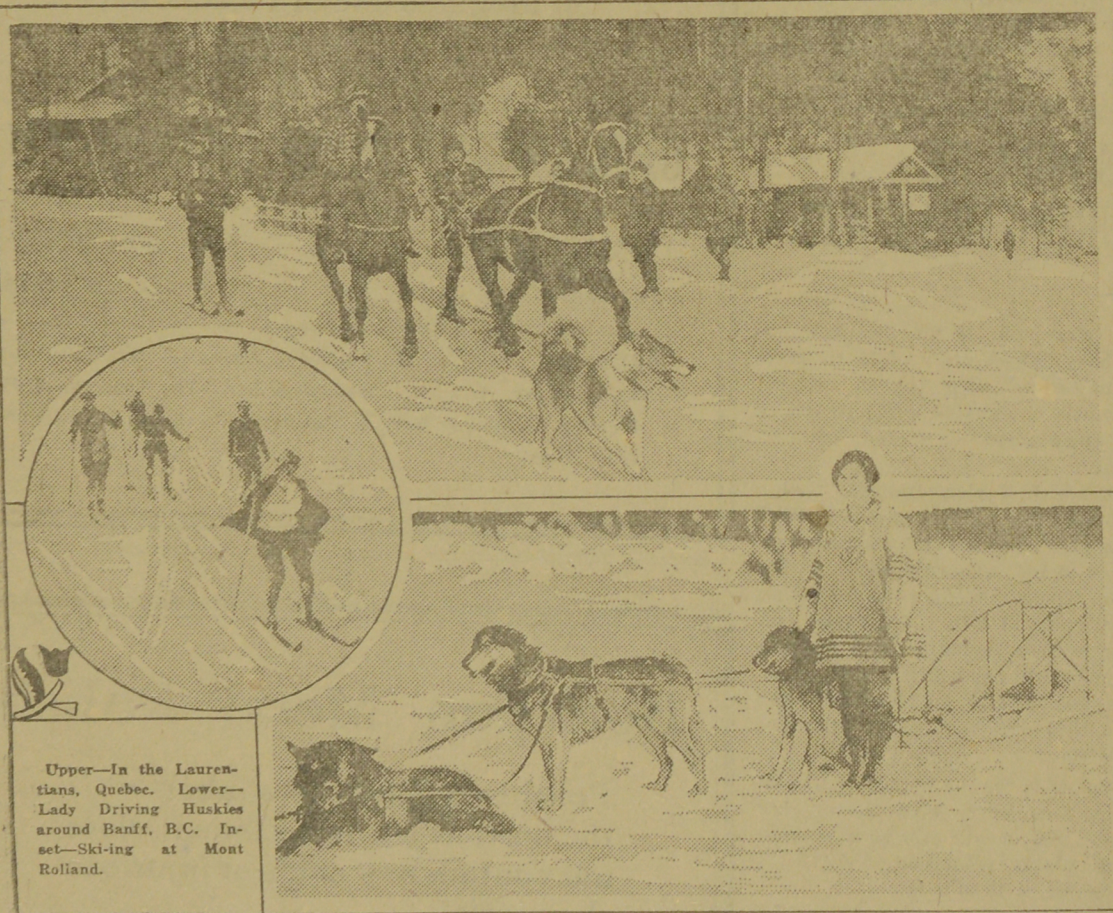
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WINTER SPORTS IN CANADA



Upper—In the Laurentians, Quebec. Lower—Lady Driving Huskies around Banff, B.C. Inset—Skiing at Mont Rolland.

Canadian winter sport enthusiasts feared that the lack of snow would prohibit the usual activities this year in the realm of skiing, snowshoeing, tobogganing and hockey. But "Our Lady of the Snows" lived up to the name bestowed upon her by a brilliant writer, and long before the winter was half through a deep, luxuriously soft white blanket had fallen, clothing trees and rivers and mountains in a popular shade of white.

For the Laurentian mountains in the province of Quebec, flew thousands of city dwellers for joyous holidays at every opportunity. Such swarms of sport lovers were there that the Canadian Pacific Railway provided special coaches for skiers where accommodations were made for skis. At Mont Rolland, Piedmont, St. Marguerite and Shawbridge, resorts were overcrowded.

Once among the picturesque hills and vales of the Laurentians, numerous parties made excursions into

the fastnesses of the ghostly forests. Some climbed to the tops of the mountains to see more clearly the marvels of nature's beautiful colors in the heavens. Others, driving along the roads in crammed sleighs, watched the sun, like some golden orb in the distance, roll over slowly on one side as it descended at the end of a gorgeous day to give the world rest in darkness.

At Revelstoke, British Columbia, mountain gliding gained its popularity overnight. A long thin line of hardy enthusiasts would stand at the top of a hill. Then the line would break as they went plunging downward, scattering in all directions, through trees and shrubs, to the road thousands of feet below.

At Banff the Winter Carnival provided thrills for the large number of visitors there. Queen Gabrielle officially opened the Ice Palace, a number of young ladies organized hockey teams while others donned the garb of the Indian guide and learned to drive teams of huskies.