

# The Daily Herald.

VOL. VII.

FREDERICTON, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1902.

NO. 262

264

## A Champion Detroit Plunger.

### Remarkable Career of Frank C. Andrews

#### NOW IN PRISON FOR WRECKING FINANCIAL INSTITUTIONS.

Detroit, Sept. 4.—Frank C. Andrews twelve years ago came from a farm in Macomb County, Mich., to Detroit. He was then nineteen years old. He had a common school education, \$4 and the audacity of a Napoleon.

Today Frank C. Andrews, aged 31, is in jail with a sentence of fifteen years' imprisonment in the Jackson Penitentiary hanging over him, while his attorneys are preparing to exhaust every legal resource to procure for him a new trial.

In the twelve years since he came here he has made \$2,000,000 for himself and lost it, has wrecked a state savings bank, has forced a national bank out of business, and has scattered a matter of \$662,000 in worthless certified cheques around Griswold Street in the way of souvenirs of his achievements.

All this was accomplished without assistance. Both as a millionaire and as a bank wrecker Andrews was self-made.

When Andrews came to Detroit he found employment in a real estate office. One of the members of the firm was afterwards sent to the penitentiary. Andrews, after three or four months with the firm, applied for a position with Homer Warren, a leading real estate dealer and a very popular young man. Mr. Warren had heard of the young clerk as possessing great energy, and was willing to give him a trial. He asked Andrews what salary he wanted. Andrews said that, while he wished to avoid appearing grasping, he thought he ought to have \$25 a month.

Warren gave him \$50 per month. During the first year Andrews received his salary and made \$3,000 for himself in private deals. The next year he became a member of the firm.

For the following six or eight years Andrews was known only as a successful real estate dealer. He worked hard and made no bad habits. He made money, a good deal of it.

Then in 1898 the bacillus of copper speculation struck Detroit. Andrews dealt heavily in the stock and fortune favored him. Griswold street, the Wall Street of Detroit, now looked upon the former country boy as a shrewd man.

It was in the winter of 1900-1901 that Andrews became a public personage. He had won the confidence of Henry Stephens, millionaire lumberman and financier, and it was understood he had the Stephens's millions back of him. His personal operations had gone far beyond real estate and copper.

He was a director and first vice-president of the City Savings Bank, one of the minor institutions of Griswold Street. He was exploiting gold mines and electric railways and making big deals in real estate.

Everything he touched yielded a profit. With the aid of the Stephens financial prestige Andrews assisted in the organization of the Detroit Trust Company, and the reorganization of the Preston National Bank. Before the young man finished he had shaken up Griswold Street extensively.

Men who had studiously ignored him found he could not be ignored. Sometimes when they came to make peace with him they found the terms humiliating, but they surrendered and swallowed their pride.

The State Legislature was in session in the winter of 1901, and Andrews suddenly appeared in the sky as a political meteor. Many years before he had sold a lot to D. W. H. Moreland, a member of the Board of Public Works, and out of this transaction grew a warm friendship. Moreland was a huge, self-assertive politician who had come to the front in the regime of Hazen S. Pingree.

Andrews, losing the political fight, became close in financial relations with the McMillans. Senator McMillan, recently deceased, was the leader of the Republican party of Michigan. The alliance gave Andrews a great deal of additional prestige.

In 1900 Andrews was appointed police

commissioner, a position he held up to the time of his arrest.

He was a busy man during the summer and fall of 1901. He was building a large apartment house in a fashionable part of the city, and was preparing to erect an eighteen storey building on some of his downtown property.

He had just unloaded one electric suburban railway and was constructing another from Grand Rapids to Holland. He was exploiting the Ophir mine, in which he held several hundred thousand shares of stock. He was interested in Mexican railway and mining concessions.

He had opened an office on Wall street in New York. He had become to all intents and purposes the city savings bank. He had the confidence of nearly every banker of the city, although everybody knew he was speculating heavily—nobody but Andrews knew how heavily.

He kept no books. His memory and a pocket memorandum supplied all the records he needed for transactions aggregating millions. He was feverishly active and at times seems to have chased securities from one end of Griswold Street to the other for the mere excitement of the thing. His patronage was immensely profitable to the banks. He would sometimes ask to have cheques for \$100,000 held over for twenty-four hours or kept out of the Clearing House for that day, but his kiting propensities excited no distrust. Besides, the banks charged him handsomely for these concessions, and believed with him in his destiny.

It was his practice in negotiating loans to allow the bank to make its own terms as to security. His usual method was to rush into the cashier's office with a bundle of securities, throw them on the desk, and ask for \$50,000 or \$100,000, sign a blank note, tell the cashier to fish out what securities he desired for collateral and figure up the discount.

Then he would disappear like a whirlwind, to return in an hour, gather up the remaining securities, take a cheque for the loan and dash down the street like a stampeded steer.

It was asserted at his trial that he never made out deposit slips or kept any track of his bank account. He took up his notes when they were due, raced his securities out of one bank into another, and was a never-failing source of dividends to all the institutions he patronized.

In the late fall Andrews began to plunge on Amalgamated. He knew nothing about the state of the copper market commercially, but he took it for granted that any stocks on which he plunged must necessarily advance in value, for the very reason that he was buying them. There were no natural laws of trade that he concerned himself about, and he was ignorant of the fact that certain citizens of New York, who controlled the destinies of Amalgamated, were weary of acting as caryatides for the copper market and getting ready to quit, with the inevitable results.

Andrews proceeded to load up on Amalgamated from 90 to 120, and when the slump came he found himself in a financial quicksand. Good money followed him in a desperate effort at extrication. He thought the market would recover and that he could recoup his losses.

In a short time he had formed an endless chain between Boston and Detroit. His business was divided among brokers and nobody suspected the extent of his speculations.

In the last months of his skyrocket flight his transactions aggregated more than \$20,000,000, the greater part of it in Amalgamated. He had overdrawn his account at the City Savings Bank a little matter of \$900,000. The directors knew nothing of this. Andrews had tossed all his own money and nearly a million of the bank's money into the game, and still it was running against him. Amalgamated did not recover and finally he called out his Old Guard for the last charge.

With certified cheques to the face value of \$662,000 from the City Savings Bank, in which he was already overdrawn to the amount of \$900,000, Andrews rushed down Griswold Street and gathered in nearly a million dollars' worth of securities held by other banks. Just what became of all these securities nobody seems to know. Andrews himself has never been able to tell a coherent

story about the final hours of the fight, but the banks still hold the cheques as securities of his last visit.

On the morning of Saturday, February 8th, the directors of the City Savings Bank were informed that Andrews had been allowed to overdraw his account in the sum of \$900,000, and that certified cheques had been issued to him without consideration for about \$700,000 more. Directors of other banks were taken into confidence, and a desperate effort was made to save the City Bank. It was thought the other banks might be able to carry it along a few months until it could be absorbed, but when the full extent of Andrews' operations was understood, it was evident that the load was too great.

The bank opened for business Monday morning, but the State Commissioner of Banking took possession and closed the doors.

For thirty-six hours Andrews had been endeavoring to explain to a committee of the Clearing House and to certain personal creditors how the crash had come. He seemed to regard it only as a temporary check in his operations. He failed to see that there was anything criminal in looting a savings bank. He left his Woodward Avenue mansion to occupy a room at the Cadillac, where he could confer the more conveniently with his creditors, but was unable to understand why so much fuss should be made about his transactions.

At the notion of arrest he was paralyzed with astonishment. Of course, he had wrecked the bank, but he would straighten everything up in a few weeks. It was like allowing a note to go to protest, annoying, but not serious.

In the evening he was compelled to resign his office as Commissioner of Police. That same evening he was arrested by two detectives, who had a high personal admiration for him, and nearly broke down during the performance of that most disagreeable duty.

Nearly all of his influential friends that had exalted him in the hours of his prosperity disappeared like mist. It was with difficulty that he could procure signers to his bail bonds of \$10,000. About the only men that remained his friends in adversity were the men that had been his friends in the struggling days when he was a clerk in a real estate office.

#### BABY'S OWN TABLETS.

Help Little Babies and Big Children in all Their Minor Illnesses.

When your child—whether it is a big child or little baby—suffers from stomach or bowel troubles of any kind, is nervous, fidgety or cross, and doesn't sleep well, give Baby's Own Tablets. This medicine is the quickest and surest cure—and the safest, because it contains no opiate or harmful drug. No matter how young or how feeble your little ones are the Tablets can be given with a certainty that the result will be good. For very young infants crush the Tablets to a powder. Mrs. Geo. W. Porter, Thorold, Ont., says:—"My baby had indigestion badly when he was about three months old. He was constantly hungry and his food did him no good as he vomited it as soon as he took it. He was very thin and pale and got but little sleep, as he cried nearly all the time, both day and night. He was constipated; his tongue coated and his breath bad. Nothing did him any good until I got Baby's Own Tablets, and after giving him these a short time he began to get better. His food digested properly; his bowels became regular, he began to grow, and is now a big, healthy boy. I always keep the Tablets on hand and can recommend them to other mothers."

The Tablets can be obtained at any drug store or you can get them by mail, post paid, at 25 cents a box by writing direct to The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

"What is the serious looking man's business?" That of an attorney answered Miss Cayenne. "He has it a specialty of getting people who were threatened with official investigations out of trouble." "But he looks so very artistic. I felt quite sure that he paints. No he whitewashes."—Washington Star.

#### One Common Cause of Headache.

Perhaps the most general cause of headache and pain across the eyes is nasal catarrh. The simplest cure is to inhale the medicated vapor of Catarrh-zone which traverses every air cell and air passage of the throat, lungs and nose. It kills myriads of germs at every breath, clears away mucous discharges, preserves and heals the membrane. Catarrh-zone is just a splendid remedy for headache, and its action is certain and unerring in diseases of the Throat and Lungs, Deafness, Bronchitis, Asthma and Catarrh. A trial will convince the most sceptical that Catarrh-zone is all right. Large size \$1.00; trial size 25c. Druggists, or Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

#### THE SKUNK FLOURISHING NOW Happy Perfumed Animals are Keeping Bangor People Guessing.

(Bangor News.)

Bangor people do not need to consult books on bird and plant life at present to become aware that the skunk is flourishing and growing fat and numerous within the limits of the municipality.

Losers are generally bashful about telling of personal encounters with the loud members of the cat family. But occasionally a bright little story will leak out. Names are generally eliminated through proper respect for six-shooters and ten-sided cudgels.

A west side citizen, near sighted and fat, has just held the last sad rites over a new suit of clothes and other articles, has incurred the enmity of his family and is at present boarding. He has a son, luckily, who has a proper sense of humor and a passion for circulating good stories. So the neighborhood has been put on the inside.

This man was walking home a few nights ago, late. The air was crisp, the stars glittered above him, business was prosperous, his health was good and he felt altogether at peace with the world. He saw a little black and white kitten in the road. He had a liking for cats in general and for stray kittens in particular, so he stopped. That is where he lost.

"Come, kitty, come," he crooned. "Kitty, here." No response, and he started for the road.

"Kitty, kitty, kitty, here, come here k\*\*\*\*!!!"

Then he thought that he was a survivor of Mt. Pelee. His poor tired head wandered and he clutched at his collar to free his throat from the terrible gases that swept down from the crater. The stars swam above him.

His wife came down to let him in. She didn't know. Very soon she did however. The unhappy husband disrobed himself on the lawn and went to the bath room by a ladder. He bathed once, and twice, and continued the operation. He thought he was still a survivor of Mt. Pelee, but his wife informed him in firm tones through the key hole that he wasn't.

Then he comprehended and sneaked to a cot in the lumber room for the night.

#### The Savings Bank of Health

Is lots of red and vitalizing blood to nourish and invigorate the body. If your blood is thin and watery use "Ferrozone." It supplies the necessary elements such as phosphorus and iron, and quickly restores lost strength and spirits. Ferrozone is an unequalled restorative for the tired, the sick, and the run down; it stimulates the appetite, aids digestion, soothes the nerves, and makes the system too healthy for disease to exist. No tonic does so much good in a short time as Ferrozone. Get it today from any drug-gist for 50c. per box, or six boxes for \$2.50. Sold by C. A. Burchill.

Dr. Hamilton's Pills cure Constipation.

A despatch to the London Daily Express from Lisbon, says that a rumor that has been current for a time has been developed into a grave scandal. It is alleged that the Government owing to its need for money, has pawned the Crown jewels, which are worth a fabulous amount. They included the famous diamond encrusted scepter of Don Juan IV, which is valued at \$5,000,000.

#### IT ISN'T TALKING THAT COUNTS

It is our earnest desire to make you a regular and pleased customer. We do not believe in long and tiresome arguments. Our large stock of pure drugs, proprietary medicines perfumes and toilet specialties and our close prices, will impress you more favorably than long newspaper talks.

#### HAVE YOU USED IT?

Have you used Paine's Celery Compound? If not, we strongly recommend its use if you are nervous, weak, run down, or suffering from neuralgia or blood diseases. Paine's Celery Compound is the most reliable and efficacious medicine now before the public for rebuilding lost strength. Our stock is always fresh and pure. J. M. Wiley, Druggist, Fredericton, N. B.

Now that Cap. Berner has millionaire Drexel and his yacht at Labrador it is up to the Cap. to explain the necessity of having at least \$50,000 for a moonlight excursion up to the North pole.

#### Do You Belch Gas?

If you have uneasy sensations in the stomach a bad taste in the mouth, head-

ache—remember that ten drops of Polson's Nerviline in sweetened water is a quick and certain cure. Nerviline aids digestion, dispels the gas, makes you comfortable and free from distress at once. Nerviline is just splendid for Cramps, Colic, Dysentery, Stomach and Bowel Troubles, and costs only 25c. Better try it.

Dr. Hamilton's Pills cure Constipation.

## Re-Building

The Broken Down Structure.

### PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND

Repairs The Diseased Parts Of The Human Body and Establishes Health, Comfort and Happiness.

Can we re-build our pain-racked, emaciated and wasted bodies? Yes, the work can be done even though the spark of life glimmers but fitfully and feebly. The work of re-building can only be effectually accomplished by the use of Paine's Celery Compound, that marvellous medicine that has saved so many lives in the past.

Paine's Celery Compound, nature's fortifier and builder, acts directly on the great nervous system, giving pure, vitalizing blood, nerve force, digestive vigor, refreshing sleep and increased weight.

Begin the good work of health-building to-day. Take home a bottle of Paine's Celery Compound, use it faithfully and you will have cause for rejoicing and thanksgiving. Mr. C. E. Holman, 262 King St., West Hamilton, Ont., happily saved from a complication of serious writes as follows:

Having been troubled with a cough, debility and general depression of spirits I used a number of medicines but received no benefit from them. I was advised to use Paine's Celery Compound. I procured the preparation and began to use it with wonderful benefit. I am now convinced after using several bottles of this unequalled medicine, that no other can compare with it in any respect. I am now a changed man; my health is renewed, depression of spirits gone, my appetite is good and I can sleep well. I will always say a good word for Paine's Celery Compound."

Bill—"Why, 'aven't you 'eard? 'Is Majesty's bin and 'ired it to go and see the coronation. And they've took it away to 'ave noomatic tires on!"

THE BUYING PUBLIC NOW A DISCRIMINATING PUBLIC.

Merit and Excellence Always Win.

## MALT BREAKFAST FOOD

After Tests And Trials Is Pronounced To Be The Healthful and Best Of All Breakfast Foods.

Before the advent of Malt Breakfast Food, a vast number of breakfast cereals (called health foods) were put on the market. To-day many of these are only known to the memory of the Grocer; others are making a hard struggle for existence. When Malt Breakfast Food appeared, its many excellent qualities were sufficient to make it an immediate home necessity. Tests and experiments proved it to be the most healthful of all breakfast grain foods. It possessed merit and excellence; it became the favorite of thousands of homes, and will ever hold its place. Your Grocer sells it.

Passenger (to driver on an old-fashioned omnibus) "Ulloah, Bill! Watcher drivin' this old knife-board for? Where's your own 'bus?"

## ALCOHOL AND DRUG USERS.

Victims of the above habits will be interested in the discovery of a harmless antidote which quickly and permanently removes all desire for liquor and drugs. This medicine has been publicly endorsed before Congress of Bishops and at Father Matthew's Anniversaries, also by Clergymen from their pulpits and by temperance societies of all denominations. Interested persons can obtain full particulars from Mr. Dixon, 81 Willcox St., Toronto, Canada.

Life is one continuous round of unfinished business.

In washing woollens and flannels, Lever's Dry Soap (a powder) will be found very satisfactory.