

"AUTO BURGLAR" IS CHAS. HOWARD

Man Dying at Passaic, NJ, Escaped From Charles-St Jail in 1905.

"Chicken Stall," Also Under Arrest, is Boston Girl, Police Believe.

Thomas Wandless, or Thomas Gilroy, or Hanley or Liandel, the burglar who was shot and fatally wounded while entering the home of Theodore Tapley, a wealthy contractor of Passaic, N J, Thursday evening, and who is now in St Mary's hospital in that city, is known to the Boston police as Charles Howard, and, according to Deputy Supt William B. Watts and his corps of detectives, he is one of the cleverest and most picturesque criminals that has ever been haled before the local bureau of criminal investigation.

The young woman who was with Hanley or Howard when he was shot by Mr Tapley, and who is alleged to have been the burglar's accomplice, is not known in Boston police circles.

At first it was believed that the woman who attempted to assist the wounded burglar away from the scene was May or "Mazie" Coyle, the young New York music hall singer, who was wedded to Howard in the Charles-st jail in this city a few days prior to the escape of Howard and his pal, Edward H. Carr, who were being held pending arraignment on scores of charges of breaking and entering dwellings in Boston and vicinity during the winter of 1905.

The Boston police learned yesterday that the wounded burglar, whom they are satisfied is Howard, is in a critical condition.

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"AUTO BURGLAR" IS CHAS. HOWARD

Continued From the First Page.

Just who the young woman, who is described as being scarcely more than a slip of a girl, is the Boston police are unable to state positively.

Through admissions made by the girl accomplice to the Passaic police however it is quite likely that the mysterious young woman at one time lived and worked in this city before she befriended Howard in his deeds of lawlessness.

She told the Passaic police she was Jean Mitchell, that she was 17 years old and that she first met Wandless, or Hanley as he is known to her, in Boston. She said she then worked in a department store and Wandless, or Howard, represented himself as being a traveling salesman.

That was in June last, and at that time the girl said she was living at 33 Massachusetts av.

May Be Morrison Girl.

At that address last evening, none of the occupants of the building at 35 Massachusetts av could remember any young woman of that name, but during the early summer there was a young woman, perhaps 20, who lived there. She was known as Jean Morrison, although she said her full name was Laura Jean Morrison.

This Morrison woman lived in style that would hardly be in keeping with a girl who was employed in a department store. She occupied a two-room flat and dressed well. She was pretty and

held somewhat aloof from the other occupants. Sometime during the month of July, or early in August, she disappeared from the Massachusetts av house and no one seemed to take enough interest in her to ascertain where she was going.



CHARLES HOWARD.
The Automobile Burglar.

One of the men occupants of the house last evening, when told of the arrest of a young woman by the Passaic police on the charge of being an accomplice to the wounded burglar, and after listening to some of the language which is credited to her in her alleged confession, said that he would not be surprised if the Passaic young woman and Laura Jean Morrison was one and the same person.

Girl With Few Confidants.

"Only that the Jean Morrison whom we knew," said the man, "is probably more than 17 years old. I should say she was about 20," and his estimate of her age was borne out by a young woman who was present. "But judging by the talk and slang phrases credited to the young woman in Passaic," continued the Globe's informant, "it would not be at all surprising if Jean Mitchell and Laura Jean Morrison were the same. The Jean who lived here was a pastmaster in the use of slang, and at times her conversation was not of the best."

Other than that one knew nothing could be learned of the young woman in this city. She was apparently a stranger, with few friends, and as far as could be learned she made few confidants.

The young woman now under arrest confessed to the police of Passaic, N. J. that she left her home in St. John, N. B. two years ago, "because it was too slow there for her."

It was remembered by occupants of the Massachusetts av house last evening that the young woman, who lived in a rear apartment on the third floor during the early part of last summer, spoke with a decided accent, and had once or twice mentioned having been in the provinces.

Shows No Emotion.

From what could be learned about the girl, who formerly lived on Massachusetts av in this city, she would in all probability have been a very apt pupil of such an experienced criminal as Howard.

She was flippant to a degree and at all times cool, calm and collected, and no situation she had ever been in in Boston could have abashed her.

She, then, is believed to be the "17-year-old girl" who referred to herself as Wandless' "chicken stall," and who in the Passaic jail, where she is held pending the result of Wandless' or Howard's injuries, lied calmly and dispassionately through the ordeal of five hours' grilling yesterday.

If the young woman, looking like a

pretty girl, with her hair done up and from whose delicate complexion a high flush came and went, not as a blush, but as a manifestation of perfect health, felt any emotion when told that Howard, her burglar-tutor, had less than an even chance to recover, her brown eyes did not express it.

She simply remarked that it was "too bad," and then turned to the police sergeant and nonchalantly inquired if all her hats and gowns were in the trunk found in her room.

Game in Burglar's Work.

It was this young woman, cold and stoical when confronted by a long term of imprisonment because of her part in the lawless deeds of Howard, who, when confronted with two gripbags full of loot and a trunkful of fine clothing that had been worn by herself and Howard on their various jobs of breaking and entering, blurted out:

"Well, as long as you've got the stuff and his record, I may as well 'blow the toot' (meaning that she might as well confess). She then went on to tell how she had met Howard in Boston, fell desperately in love with him and joined him in the burglary profession. That was last June, she said.

This is what the pretty young girl had to say of her burglar "pal" and sweetheart:

"He was the smoothest and cleanest man I ever met. He never concealed a thing from me from the first, and when he told me what he was doing and the kale it brought him in I was game. He was a dress suit burglar, or a 'supper worker.' He'd start out harnessed for a flash banquet and skin in a side window while the people in the house were eating. It did not take him long to corral a bundle, and then he would make his getaway before anyone knew, or even suspected he was not the swell guy he looked."

Tells of Boston Burglary.

The girl Jean told the Passaic police that her first experience in the burglary line was in Boston and she described a street that leads off Beacon st in the Back Bay.

From her description of the houses and grass plots, she probably referred to Gloucester st in telling of her initial experience she said:

"The first time I went out with him," referring to Howard, "he rigged me up in an evening gown and a big feather layout. The 'bulls' all gave up the low bend and never once did any of them tumble to our 'trim.' Was I timid about it? Not a bit. I learned my lesson like a wise poodle and I pulled Jim out of half a dozen tight 'fades.'"

"The very first time I went out with him he had to use his gun and I had to 'spill faint' to make a safe get away. That was in Boston, and Jim had picked a house on a little street off Beacon st, where they had long dinners. I was all dossed out in a new black velvet dress and looked some peaches and cream."

"We passed a line of drowsy 'bulls' in Beacon st and Jim gave them a million-dollar bow. We then turned down the side street to 'slough our make,'" which in plain, unadorned English means, robbing the house. "It was a cinch from the 'look,' as every room was dark except the dining room and Jim was 'soft as grease.'"

Works "Faint Stall."

"I piked along in front of the house, crossing over and back, and acting as if I was looking for my carriage. But Jim had no sooner got into the house than some old party, living next door, got 'hep' and came out 'ba-a-a-ing' like a wild ram."

"Jim was trapped two ways. The bunch at supper ran out and the folks next door piled into their little garden alongside. They were those open-face, spike fenced houses they used to build before the flood. I thought Jim was going to get it then, but as he ducked out the window he had jimmied, he pulled his gun and sent the neighbors scuttling. He had to shoot twice, too, to scare off the people behind him, and when I saw him hop the fence on the street, I spilled my faint."

"That was my stall; when I flopped with all my elegant fixin's and made a squeal before I turned white, the crowd pulled my way. This made it easy for him, for he could mingle in the crowds a minute and then edge off before the fly cops came."

Charge Pair With Breaks Here.

The girl also related other escapades in different parts of New England, and in New York and Philadelphia. She proudly boasted that she would have gotten Howard injured as he was away from the Tapley home on Thursday night, if there had been any carriages in the vicinity.

And that is the young girl the Boston police believe was with Howard in Boston less than a month ago. Howard, the headquarters detectives believe, was the principal in numerous dwelling house breaks in Dorchester and Roxbury a few months ago, and they are equally positive that he had a woman accomplice.

It was only five weeks ago that the janitor of a Roxbury apartment house detected a stranger leaving the building. A woman was standing across the street, acting as a lookout.

When the stranger, who is now believed to have been Howard, was detained he put up a strenuous fight and while he was grappling with the janitor, the woman across the street ran

away, and soon the stranger himself broke away.

Railroaded From Boston.

About a month ago Charles Howard, familiarly known to the headquarters men because of the notoriety he attained by sawing and filing his way out of the Charles-st jail in 1905, was arrested on suspicion in the South End by Inspectors Bur and Smith of Pemberton sq.

Howard at that time told Deputy Chief Watts that he was "off the stuff" and was behaving himself, and trying to be honest. However, Deputy Watts considered the city better rid of Howard and he was railroaded.

The dying and daring burglar, whom the police are certain is Charles Howard, first came to the attention of the detectives of this city in December of 1905.

In the fall of that year there was an epidemic of burglaries in Boston and vicinity, the Elm Hill district of Roxbury being victimized especially. Other sections of the city, Dorchester, Allston, Watertown and Brookline were also visited.

In November two thieves were detected working in a flat in the Elm Hill district and made their escape from an officer by jumping over fences.

On the morning of Nov 24 of that year patrolman Trainor of the South End came across two men with a horse and light democrat wagon on Shawmut av, near Briggs pl. As the men were acting suspiciously, the officer approached them and they jumped and ran away.

After another series of uninterrupted robberies in Worcester, Lynn, Watertown and other suburbs, Inspectors Conway, Cronin and Denessey were put on the case and they were soon on the lookout for Edward H. Carr, alias George Carleton, and his partner, who proved to be Howard.

Arrested in 1905 With Carr.

After some investigation the detectives located their men and Dec 7, 1905, they, visited 7 Oliver pl, a narrow thoroughfare running off Beach st, and found Carr. He put up a hard fight when told he was under arrest and threatened them with bodily harm if they approached, but was placed under arrest.

Satisfied with their arrest the inspectors started out to run down the other man—Howard. They visited the building, 161 Court st, and after a close watch spied their man coming through a corridor.

The police pounced upon him, handcuffed him, and locked him up in the Joy-st police station.

When the room and effects of the two men were searched quantities of stolen goods were found and Carr confessed that he and Howard had also robbed many persons on the street of jewels and money, making an especially good haul on the night of the Harvard-Yale football game at Cambridge in 1905.

The men were charged specifically with robberies in Roxbury and were committed to the Charles-st jail.

Saws in Wedding Cake.

Some time during the night of Dec 13, or in the early morning hours of Dec 14, Howard and Carr made their escape from the jail, the first double escape from that institution in 55 years.

The escape was characterized by daring and romance, for the jail authorities were of the belief that the instruments, saws and files, which enabled them to saw their way to liberty were furnished Howard by his 18-year-old bride, who was Miss Mazie Coyle of New York.

She was living with Howard at 161 Court st when he was surprised and arrested.

The sensational escape from the county jail was made on Friday and on the previous Saturday the Coyle girl called at the jail with a marriage license, which she had obtained at the register's office. She said she wanted to marry Howard simply for the purpose of giving a name to her unborn child.

Permission for the marriage ceremony was given by the jail officials, and later in the day the young girl called at the jail with Rev. Fr. McLeod of St. Joseph's church, West End, and the marriage took place in the office of the jail.

After the ceremony Mrs Howard went to a nearby store and purchased a wedding cake, and the officials were of the opinion that the saws and file were slipped into the middle of the cake before it was passed through the cell bars to Howard.

The jail delivery was discovered on Dec 14, and it was one of the slickest pieces of work witnessed in a number of years.

Howard and Wife Retaken.

The prisoners, Carr and Howard, after careful, studious work, had sawed through one of the bars on the cell door and stealthily crawling along the corridor made their escape to the yard, climbed a wooden fence, sawed through a bar on another window and running across the jail wall jumped a low wooden fence, climbed to the roof of the jail kitchen and then dropped from the top of the 17-foot brick wall to Fruit st.

The mysterious escape of Howard and Carr, at that time considered two of the most daring housebreakers in the country, caused a sensation and rewards aggregating \$50 were offered by Sheriff Seavey for their capture.

On Feb 8, 1906, Howard was captured in New York city, and shortly afterward his wife, Mazie Coyle, was also apprehended. The pair were brought back to Boston and during the latter

part of March Mrs Howard was placed on trial on the charge of aiding and abetting Carr and Howard to escape. Howard had previously been arraigned in the superior court and held in \$5000 bail by Judge Gaskill. The trial of the young woman was suspended because of her delicate condition.

Falls Heir to \$80,000.

Judge Stevens, in the superior criminal court on March 16, 1906, sentenced Howard to the state prison for a period of not less than four years nor more than six years. He had pleaded guilty to two counts of breaking and entering, although the police wrought a confession from him and Carr which implicated them in at least 50 breaks.

A year later, while serving his sentence in the Charlestown prison, he fell heir to an \$80,000 fortune left him by an aunt, Mrs. Ellen Willis Beven of Brooklyn, N. Y.

On a writ of habeas corpus, Howard was brought to the court house to testify in defence of Charles R. Hatch, one of the Charles-st jail officials, who was on trial for permitting the escape of Howard and Carr.

At that time, his counsel, Hon. Edward P. Barry of this city, appealed to Dist. Atty. Moran, and asked that his client be pardoned. Lawyer Barry claimed that Howard was no ordinary criminal, that his father was a well-to-do hotel proprietor in New York and that he had simply been a tool in the hands of Carr.

The late Dist. Atty. Moran did not hold out any promises, and Howard, or Wandless, as Mr. Barry said, his right name was, served most of his sentence, being released last April.

Mother Tries to Reform Him.

While he was an inmate of the state prison the real life story of this "Raffles" became known. His ancestry was traced to the earliest settlers of New York.

His mother, after the death of his father, married a Wall-st broker with a palatial residence at Great Neck, L. I. She has made unavailing efforts to save her son from a life of crime and shame.

Howard, or Wandless, was as a boy commander of a boys' brigade of the Bushwick av church in Brooklyn and was a winner of prizes in Sunday school. He was always considered a model boy until he suddenly developed a love for the "under world."

He had several tattoo marks inscribed upon his arms, and tattooing oftentimes proved his undoing.

He finally developed criminal instincts, ran away from home and made his way to the haunts of thieves in the slums of New York, until he became one of the most daring and expert of the lot.

For 10 years past he has seen his mother, who is now Mrs. Augustus F. Berner of New York, but twice, the last time just after his release from the Massachusetts state prison. He told her he wanted to live an honest life and she furnished a house for him and his wife at Hempstead, L. I.

Within a week he disappeared and wrote to his mother that his wife had run away and he had gone to Chicago to find her. What became of his wife, who had risked so much to gain him his liberty from the Charles-st jail, is unknown.

Burglars in Autos.

Wandless, or Howard, is registered in St. Mary's hospital in Passaic as Thomas Hanley, but he was also known on the Bowery in New York as "Sky Tommy" and as "Kid" Howard.

According to the New York police, Howard, in evening dress and accompanied by the girl, wearing a décolleté gown, would leave a hotel or furnished room house just after dark in an automobile.

They would drive to the vicinity of a house they had previously marked as a promising "plant." He would enter while the family was at dinner and the girl would serve as a lookout. The pair are said to have never worked after 8 in the evening.

If the burglar was caught he would make an excuse that he had got into the wrong house. The girl would come running up and substantiate his story. They never failed to get away in their automobile until Thursday night, when Theodore Tapley waited patiently in a dark room of his Passaic home while the burglar forced a window and then snatched him three times.

Lawrence J. Sweeney.