

# SEARCH FOR GARRIE JONES STILL GOES ON.

## HOW LITTLE MARION CLARK, THE STOLEN BABY, WAS RECOVERED.

Life Size Picture of the Kidnapped Child, Published in the Journal, Enabled the Bright Postmistress, of St. John's, to Identify the Little One When "Jennie Wilson" Brought the Baby With Her for Letters.

Marion Clark is found. She is alive; she is well. Throughout all the hazard of her

testily almost: "Have you any mail for me?"



Miss Mamie Gonkling.

She saw the baby and Jennie Wilson on the street, and told her father, who went to Captain McClusky.

perious adventure she has returned un-

marked, uninjured.

At this moment she lies safe in the haven of her mother's arms, a little waif as strangely returned to her own as if the sea had given up its dead.

beneath the baby cap.

You may call it chance—yet it is not chance. It was through the forethought, the intelligence of the Journal that Marion Clark once more has come back as out of the grave.

Remembered the Picture. The thought flashed upon the good woman. The door had hardly closed when the postmistress was delving among the papers upon the table.

You recollect, perhaps, the Journal's first step when the news of her disappearing first went abroad? You recollect the posters, the engravings, the photographs of the child that the Journal scattered throughout all that broad territory covered in its circulation?

With a little cry of triumph, she drew one forth, and peered at the page. That "come in here a moment!"

It was through this, then, that Marion Clark, mourned as if dead, was brought home safe and sound to her mother.

Mr. Conklin! Mr. Conklin," she cried, "come in here a moment!"

To begin at the beginning. Over the hills beyond Haverstraw lies the town of Slatsburg. It is an insignificant hamlet, perhaps, when you compare it with the breadth of New York. But it is not too insignificant for the Journal to go among its people.

One look sufficed. Mrs. Cary dropped the paper, and ran to the door. The woman was trudging up the dusty village road, the baby still leaning laughing upon her shoulder. There was no mistake in Mrs. Cary's mind. If the baby face itself had looked laughing out of the page itself, she could not have felt more certain.

Thus, when the Journal published the news that Marion Clark had been stolen from her home, Slatsburg had the news little later than New York.

"I am sure I could swear to it," she cried. "That is the child!"

The abductors forgot this, no doubt. They forgot that there is no place between the farm house and the city home, where the Journal does not go. It was the forgetting of this that trapped them.

"By thunder!" cried her companion, "it is, for sure."

Just one mile south of Slatsburg is the post office of St. John. Here comes the mail for all the outlying farms, and with it the Journal.

Mr. Cary wasted little time. "You find the Sheriff right away," she cried; "you get Mr. Charlston as soon as ever you can. We must find out for certain."

In charge of this post office is Mrs. A. B. Cary, a woman of more than usual intelligence. Like every other woman that has heard the story of the kidnapping she has been deeply concerned.

They found the Deputy Sheriff and told their story. Charlston was up and doing in a moment. He spent the night trudging down that hurrying, hastening creature last seen trudging the country road with the child in her arms. The trail led swiftly to the place.

She knew, as every other woman knew, through what torments of misery and frenzied fear the poor mother was passing. She, like every other woman with a heart, wished that she could offer comfort and consolation. This is true, for she had said as much before opportunity brought its chance.

Under the lee of the Ramapo Mountains is the home of Mrs. Oakley. It is no different than all the other farmhouses scattered along the hillside. It is a quiet place, far from observation—almost lost, in fact, in the midst of that country solitude. To this place led the chase.

A Woman's Intuition. Wednesday the mail at St. John brought letters from a stranger. The address was "Jennie Wilson, St. John, N. Y."

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Her memory recalled no such person. There she put the letters in the general box and thought no more of them.

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There came a strange young woman into the St. John post office Wednesday, and with her was a child in arms. It was a pretty child, in truth, one that you would look at twice. Its hair was as yellow as unweaned silk, its eyes were blue, bright and big, laughing with their infant intelligence, playful and pretty.

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The woman seemed hurried. She walked in hastily, and made for the letter boxes beyond.

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"Is there any mail for Miss Jennie Wilson?" she asked.

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The postmistress was staring at the child. It was a pretty baby, she thought, but where had she seen it before? She was puzzled. The young woman spoke again, mechanically Mrs. Cary sorted over the letters. There were two addressed to the name given by the woman. Mrs. Cary gave them to her, and the woman turned to the door. Over her shoulder peered the little face, the sparkling blue eyes, the chubby cheeks, the aureole of golden hair fringed

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GREATEST GAIN EVER MADE BY ANY NEWSPAPER. 32,240 MONTHLY OVER MAY LAST YEAR. Read Journal "Want" Ads. and your wants will be filled.

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Facing the Kidnapper. The woman, Jennie Wilson, stood before the door. Her face worked with potent emotion; her eyes flashed an inquiry.

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"I want that child," he said. There was a pause. The woman stood staring at him, silent and defiant. A man walked into the room, eyed the Sheriff sharply and seemed ready to make trouble.

"I want that child!" said the Sheriff, "and I want it now!"

"What child?" she demanded defiantly. The man said nothing; his air of defiance had died. He seemed unearring and idle of the consequence.

"You've got Marion Clark, the stolen baby," said the Sheriff, quietly, "and I want her."

"I have no child," the woman protested shrilly. "It's a lie!"

The Sheriff merely repeated his demand. "Come now; give me that child. I have a warrant for your arrest."

The woman gasped. But her determination was sturdy.

"I haven't any child," said she, "I tell you it's a mistake."

"It's all up," said the man, suddenly, breaking silence, "you'd better give him the child."

"You shut up, McNally!" said the woman. "I tell you I haven't the baby."

"Ah! Come now," said the man, "it's all up, I tell you. Tell him where the baby is."

Sheriff Gets the Baby. The woman gave a despairing gesture, and turned. The Sheriff followed, a veritable shadow at her heels. But he did not forget to watch out of one corner of his eyes, the sullen, scornful man in the background.

The woman led the way to a rear room of the Oakley house. There upon the bed lay the baby. It was sleeping. His chubby hands were clenched, its long lashes lay upon its cheeks. It was breathing with a soft and regular cadence, the sleep of infant healthfulness.

"There it is," said the woman, despairingly; "it's the Clark baby, all right. A little more and we would have got away."

"Get your things on," the Sheriff commanded, and listlessly the woman put on her wraps. The Sheriff looked at her critically. She was young, passably comely, and hardly the kind of woman one would expect to do a deed of daring like this.

"But you're not Carrie Jones," remarked the Sheriff. "You ain't a bit like all the descriptions I've read of her."

"No, I'm not Carrie Jones," admitted the woman.

"The Sheriff tried to 'pump' her. But she bit her lips and was silent upon this matter. She had made up her mind—silence was her best strength then.

"Do you want me, too?" asked the man. The Deputy Sheriff looked at his warrant, then at McNally.

"No," he said, "I have no warrant for you."

The man started to go out. "Hold on, there!" cried the Sheriff; "that's your name, by the way?"

"J. J. McNally," said the woman. The woman was ready to leave. Charlston leaned over the bed and picked up the baby.

"Come, Marion," said he, "we'll go home now."

The baby awoke, smiling. It grasped the officer's coat sleeves with its little hands. The woman sighed deeply and followed.

Let "McNally" Go. Charlston led the way to the office of Justice Herbert, of Garnerville. McNally called out a brisk good-by.

"I'll be back later," said he. He took the 2 o'clock train from Slatsburg for New York; the villagers saw him go.

It is evident that the two had prepared to desert the baby. When Charlston caught them they were just starting to take the train for Slatsburg for Goshen.

The Sheriff found that the baby was not to go with them. Thus a few moments before the abduction, a light-haired woman, who wore a blue mackintosh and a wide straw hat with a black band, came to her and engaged a hall bedroom. She paid \$1.75 for a week's rent, saying she might stay two weeks or a year.

"She told Mrs. Conkling that she might bring her baby, who was now staying at her sister's, on the following day. This woman had a bundle, which she left at the house and upstairs. The child had taken her with her."

Exhibits the Hat. Captain McClusky showed a conical buff straw hat, with blue and white chiffon trimming around the brim.

"The woman tried the hat on Mrs. Conkling's baby, and seemed pleased with it. Mrs. Conkling had a hat just like this one made for us later, and we had a dozen copies made of it, or this hat was used to disguise the stolen baby."

Captain McClusky resumed the thread of his story and said:

"The following day, Sunday, after 3 p. m., Mrs. Conkling saw this woman coming into the house and upstairs. The girl, who carried the child, fell on the bed and collapsed."

The women sat around all Sunday afternoon. At 7 in the evening the light-haired woman, who gave her name as Mrs. Davis, left the house and returned in two hours. The three slept in the one room that night.

Wanted One Cow's Milk. "Monday morning they fed the baby. They got a fresh egg and asked where they could buy one cow's milk. The light-haired woman said the baby was hers, and that the dark-haired girl was her sister. Mrs. Conkling remarked how fond the baby was



CROWDS CHEER MR. CLARK AND THE BABY AT THE HOUSE OF JUSTICE HERBERT.

Through all the country round about spread the news that Baby Marion had been found, and crowds hurried to see her. They saw Mr. Clark arrive, saw him recognize his stolen child and then gave vent to their feelings in cheers. Later they shook hands and congratulated the father.

## CHIEF M'CLUSKY TELLS HOW THE BABY WAS FOUND.

Head of the Detective Force Reveals Step by Step How, from a Clew Found in Brooklyn, Marion Clark Was Traced and Ultimately Recovered.

## CROWD CHEERED FATHER AND BABY.

Hundreds Awaited at Weehawken the Journal's Special Train.

"I have identified my baby—accept my congratulations."

Captain McClusky, waiting at Police Headquarters for news from Mr. Clark, received at 7 p. m. this message by telephone. He lacked only this to complete his certainty that the search was complete, and was ready to tell his story.

"Last Thursday," McClusky began, "we traced the nurse girl known as Carrie Jones to the house at No. 231 Twenty-seventh street, near Fifth avenue, Brooklyn. Mrs. James Cosgriff, who keeps the house—it is a frame cottage—and rents furnished rooms, told us that on Saturday, May 20, the day before the abduction, a light-haired woman, who wore a blue mackintosh and a wide straw hat with a black band, came to her and engaged a hall bedroom. She paid \$1.75 for a week's rent, saying she might stay two weeks or a year."

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"I've found Mrs. Cosgriff through an anonymous letter, one of at least 2,500 which we had read and study. She herself was the sender of this tip. Detective-Sergeants Higgins and Armstrong showed Mrs. Cosgriff the picture, which she positively identified. In addition to the likeness, she told us of a remark to the child made by the nurse girl. It was, 'Show us the picture, Brown laughs,' and the child threw up its hands—so and crowded. That was one of the child's characteristics Mr. Clark had told us."

"Mrs. Cosgriff showed that the baby's clothes had been changed between the time of the abduction and the time the woman went to her house on Sunday. The baby had on the new hat in place of her own and a slip of cheap material in place of the old rose-colored dress. The nurse girl had taken off her checked waist and wore a brown jacket and her own black brilliantine skirt and a brown straw hat. The light-haired woman had on Carrie Jones's checked waist."

Their Destination. "We had to have several interviews with Mrs. Cosgriff. At last she remembered that she had heard the two women mention some place ending in 'burg' on the way to the farm for the two would be \$2.50. She also heard the nurse girl say, 'I wonder how she'll feel to-night.'"

"On the strength of this we had the hats made and sent men to all the 'burgs' on the railway time tables up the Harlem, Hudson and West Shore and Erie roads. We had Detectives Armstrong and Reider in Haverstraw last night, within ten miles of the baby."

"On Monday I received a telegram from Slatsburg, from a citizen, telling us to send a man to identify a baby. Detective Herley started at once. At 2:50 he telegraphed:

"Pretty certain we have Clark baby here at Garnerville. Send man with Mr. Clark to identify at once. Will await your orders at West Haverstraw."

Baby Identified. "At 8:22 we got this from Herley: 'Have had Mrs. Carey examine baby; found identification complete.'"

"And later he wired: 'I want to say that at no time in the history of the Detective Bureau have so many men been out of the city on any one case. Nor have we handled any case of so great magnitude of this kind. I am calling in my men from the points as they telephone to report. Reider has just come in, very sore at being so near the baby without getting it. My men have worked incessantly with the greatest needers of the city.'"

"But about those hats I had a little 'stunt' on the reporters, hadn't I?"

"Now as to the correspondence with the abductors: The morning after the kidnapping this letter was sent to Mr. Clark, Herley on the copy paper, as in the case of the 'Three' letter. It bore no signature and consisted of these words: 'This is the greatest news of the year. We have found your baby. It is in the city.'"

Another Letter. "On Wednesday morning a letter in the same hand was received. It contained an Agnus Dei, and two medals on a piece of baby ribbon, which the Clark baby wore. The letter was mailed in New York on Monday, at a time when the two women must have been in Brooklyn. I read:

"We will return your baby at once, and we do not wish one cent from you and are sorry for you of fabric who will never see it. We have your child, Journal and so forth, is as great as the provincial grass, and swallowed a good story really, and has been in hysterics half the time since we have had her detained in our place. You get her well and a perfect little girl, and you will get her back safe and sound for my tenchment. That is when these crazy, erratic, dope-lifting reporters get their feet on the ground."

Child's Little Trick. "We found Mrs. Cosgriff through an anonymous letter, one of at least 2,500 which we had read and study. She herself was the sender of this tip. Detective-Sergeants Higgins and Armstrong showed Mrs. Cosgriff the picture, which she positively identified. In addition to the likeness, she told us of a remark to the child made by the nurse girl. It was, 'Show us the picture, Brown laughs,' and the child threw up its hands—so and crowded. That was one of the child's characteristics Mr. Clark had told us."

A Fiendish Letter. "These two were the only letters from the abductors."

"Now, I will show you a letter whose fiendish cruelty of purpose astounds and horrifies me. I had no idea that there were such people in the world. This letter, in an envelope with a mourning band, is, in my opinion, the work of a criminal of the first order. I stopped his game as soon as I received it. I stopped from off the child to show good faith and convince you I am sincere. We pay attention to any communication unless signed:

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As the Journal's special train, bringing back to a distracted mother little Marion Clark, backed in at the Weehawken terminal of the West Shore Railroad, the curious and sympathetic crowd gathered at the depot stood in awed silence, some in fear that a demonstration of applause might, after all, be unmerited, others silently praying that the good news of the child's recovery was true.

They looked with eager eyes as the first passengers alighted, but when from the second car there stepped briskly an athletic young man, carrying in his arms a blue-eyed, golden-haired baby, which he pressed to his bosom, to return the childish caresses she lavished upon his cheeks, a cheer went forth from the waiting throng.

It was not the boisterous cheer of men amused, nor the cheer of men gratified in their senses by some passing fancy, nor the cheer of those applauding a sentiment dear to their convictions. It was a cheer in the minor key, if the paradox is permissible.

There was in that loud cry, Mr. Clark came down the aisle of the station, exultation over the Journal's success in recovering the young father with the baby in his arms, came into the main inclosure of the station, the anxious crowds surging around him, all could see the bright blue, sparkling eyes of the little one. Those near enough could hear her baby prattle as she stroked the cheeks of her father with the fat, dimpled little fingers that seemed as pink and white as though they had never left a mother's care.

As the gone sounded for the ferry's starting the little girl's laugh or father's burled her cherub face in her father's bosom.

There were none on this memorable trip to the Hudson from Weehawken to West Forty-second street who did not covet a glimpse of the child so happily restored.

But this fear was soon dispelled. As the young father, with the baby in his arms, came into the main inclosure of the station, the anxious crowds surging around him, all could see the bright blue, sparkling eyes of the little one. Those near enough could hear her baby prattle as she stroked the cheeks of her father with the fat, dimpled little fingers that seemed as pink and white as though they had never left a mother's care.

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