

ROBBERS BATTLE FOR \$100,000 GEMS

**Beat Knickerbocker Hotel
Guest, Scale Walls of Build-
ing and Are Captured.**

SQUIRT TABASCO AT POLICE

**Sought Jewels Just Bought by
Texas Oil Producer—Caruso
Slept Through It All.**

In a burglar chase that far outdid the realistic thrills of the motion pictures two Spaniards fled, human fly fashion, down the outside walls of the Hotel Knickerbocker early yesterday morning after they had beaten a guest in trying to steal \$100,000 worth of jewels from his room.

Exhibiting greater audacity than any thief heretofore encountered by the police in the so-called "crime wave," the burglars tried to fight off four patrolmen, armed with revolvers and nightsticks, by shooting tabasco sauce into their eyes with small squirt guns. Result: ambulances. Surgeons sewed up the burglars.

In the half light of dawn yesterday morning Patrolman Charles Frayler, who was standing near the Times Building at Forty-second Street and Broadway, saw two men running around the immense coping that girdles the Knickerbocker Hotel at the third floor. Apparently the men were in a hurry to reach the roof of the three-story building in Broadway directly behind the hotel.

Revolver in hand, the patrolman ran across the street and shouted to the men to go back into the hotel. They continued their course around the narrow ledge and Frayler, who is one of the crack shots of the Police Department, put down a barrage directly in front of the "human flies." Chips of bricks, gray stone and flattened bullets flew from the wall of the structure to the Broadway sidewalk.

Suddenly the burglar in the lead decided that it would be unsafe to go on. He turned on the ledge, thrust his foot through a heavy window, and disappeared into the building, followed by his companion. Showers of glass fell to the pavement below.

Scene Inside the Hotel.

The next scenes of this realistic flight were not seen by the crowds that had been attracted from Times Square and nearby streets by the shouting and the shooting, but the man who was inside that room when the window was smashed is ready to testify anywhere that his one scene was worthy of any "movie thriller." He managed to keep his name off the police records, but his experience is written boldly in the history of nightmares. This is what he said:

"I heard a glass palace tumble down. Cold winds from an ocean, with snow! I leaped from bed. A hurricane of cold rushed through a window. I was hurled to the floor by a figure that was feeling around in the dark for the door. I got up again. Another figure, like a typhoon, rushed through the room and I fell again. The door slammed. Then I awoke and ran into the hall. Two men were disappearing into the elevator shaft."

Before this scene in the third-floor room had been ended every exit of the hotel was covered by a policeman. Whistles brought them from all streets leading into Times Square.

Seizing the cables of the elevator shaft the human flies slid to the basement. There they opened the doors carefully and stole out into the grillroom on the Broadway side of the hotel to fill up their tabasco guns again—although they had a bottle of the blinding sauce in their pockets. It was in this room they were subdued by the long nightsticks of Patrolman Frayler and his companions.

Beaten By Spanish Robbers.

While the burglars were losing consciousness in the basement their victims in a suite on the fifth floor were just regaining their senses after a terrible beating by the Spaniards. They were Aloysius Broderick and his wife of Dallas, Texas. Broderick is Vice President of the Producers' Oil Company there and, although he maintains a home

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here at 815 Park Avenue, was staying temporarily at the Knickerbocker.

The Brodericks had visited several Fifth Avenue jewel shops yesterday and one of the ornaments on their dresser yesterday morning was a pearl necklace valued at about \$50,000. Other jewels, purchased during Monday afternoon, were in the room when the couple returned from the opera on Monday night.

At 6 o'clock yesterday morning Mr. Broderick was awakened by a noise at the door of the suite adjoining his rooms. As he tiptoed across the room the door opened and a man entered. Quickly the man saw the white night suit of Broderick and struck him on the head with a hammer before he could utter a sound.

A second man entered the room and together the two men left Broderick unconscious on the floor and sought to stifle the screams of his wife. They tied her tightly with strips of bed clothing after they had inflicted a slight wound on her wrist and beaten her severely. Broderick was quickly regaining his senses during this operation.

Apparently the two burglars feared to try to escape through the hall and down the elevator, lest some one might have heard the screams and be waiting for them outside the door. They opened the windows, prepared a small handhold with torn bed clothing and prepared to

make their "human fly" descent to the third-story ledge.

As they began the descent Broderick began again to fight them, and they gave him a second and more effective hammer blow on the head. He regained consciousness again in time to get to the lower part of the hotel to see the tabasco sauce go down ignominiously before the walnut night sticks.

Texan Had No Weapon.

He was covered with blood, and as a surgeon from New York Hospital sewed up his scalp he said:

"I left my gun in Texas this time because I heard it was against the law to have one in your possession here and because I never would have expected any trouble. Those tabasco burglars certainly are the hot stuff."

The two burglars were taken to the West Thirtieth Street Station, where they were the curiosity of the policemen and detectives all day.

"They certainly had some nerve," said Patrolman Frayler, "trying to fight a squad of New York cops with tabasco sauce. Why, that's the stuff we eat on oysters!"

A formal statement given out by the management of the Knickerbocker Hotel said that the men registered at the hotel on Monday night and were assigned to the room adjoining that occupied by the Brodericks, although no preference had been expressed. The men signed themselves on the hotel register as Raymond Rodriguez and Ariano Heva of Bridgeport, Conn. At the police station they refused to give their addresses and said they were sailors from Barcelona.

Before the policemen took their prisoners away from the Hotel Knickerbocker a clerk from the Hotel Wallick in Times Square looked at them and said he believed that one of the coats worn by the men had been taken from the room of George Bastany, a guest there, early on Monday morning. The circumstances of the entry into the room on the fourth floor at Wallick's were similar to those of the burglary in the Knickerbocker, he said, the guest awakening in time to prevent loss of all his

valuables. The management of Wallick's denied last night that any such robbery had taken place there.

After surgeons had treated the two burglars for the wounds inflicted upon them in their fight with the police, detectives were summoned from all the big hotels in the expectation that the two burglars might have been the men responsible for some of the hotel jewel robberies, which have reached the total loss of between \$500,000 and \$750,000 in the last six months.

The police said last night that they believed the men had registered in at least eighteen hotels here under various names. Handwriting on the registers is being compared with the signatures of the men on the Knickerbocker books. Detectives from the Hotel Endicott at Columbus Avenue and Eight-first Street said positively that the men had registered there, and similarly positive identifications were made by other hotel men, whose names were not disclosed by the police. Detectives from the Waldorf-Astoria told of having ejected one of the men from the lobby as a suspicious loiterer.

Detectives from a private agency said they believed they had information in their records to show that one of the men, who was deeply pockmarked, was a notorious international thief who had served several terms in foreign prisons.

Because of the hard fight put up by the Texan the two thieves were able to get away with only a few articles valued at about \$4,000. These were recovered by the police and restored to the owner. The \$50,000 pearl necklace was on the dresser under a pile of clothing and out of sight of the burglars. The recovered articles included a diamond mesh bag, diamond pins and studs, and two watches.

Detectives said yesterday that the only touch needed by the burglary and pursuit to make it more dramatic was that of Enrico Caruso, clad in his Don Juan suit and armed with a dirk, chasing the thieves around the third-story ledge. Caruso's suite is on the seventh floor of the Knickerbocker, and he slept through all the commotion, as did most of the other guests.