

FOUGHT FOR HIS LIFE CHAINED TO BURGLAR

**Detective, with His Own Revolver
Pressed Against Him, Dared
Thief to Shoot.**

A WOMAN TO THE RESCUE

**Choked Criminal Assailant Till He
Gave In—Thrilling Story of a
Fight in Handcuffs.**

Detective James J. Brennick of the West 125th Street Station was troubled all last night with waking dreams that he had a bullet in his body. Sometimes it was in his abdomen, sometimes in his chest, and sometimes in his side. He could scarcely realize that all he had carried away as a reminder of the arrest of Gerald Chapman, alias George Clark, alias George Chartres, alias Maxwell Winters, long known to the police as a skillful flat and cottage robber, was a thrilling experience and a sorely chafed left wrist—chafed bare to the bone.

Brennick and his side partner, Detective James Morell, had been shadowing Chapman for some time. They traced him yesterday morning to a furnished room house at 212 West 120th Street. Just as they were ascending the steps there they met Chapman coming down with two suitcases in his hands. With an oath, he hurled the suitcases at them and rushed back upstairs. Brennick pursued, and on the fourth floor after a desperate struggle overpowered Chapman and led him, a prisoner, to the station, where he said he was a plumber and lived at 134 East 134th Street.

According to the police, Chapman confessed, after a close examination, that he had robbed houses in Stamford, Poughkeepsie, Danbury, Tarrytown, New Rochelle, and other near-by towns, and added that he had as accomplice a man named Burns, who also lived at the address in 124th Street, and whom he agreed to point out to the police on condition that he himself receive milder treatment at their hands.

Brennick noticed that the prisoner was constantly glaring at him and gnawing at his underlip; so he handcuffed Chapman's right wrist to his own left wrist before he went, accompanied by Morell, to the house at 134 East 124th Street. He left Morell on guard in the street outside, and went with the prisoner upstairs to the room said to have been rented by Burns.

Burns was not there, and the detective and his prisoner waited. Presently, Brennick says, Chapman pleaded that he felt ill and begged him to take off the handcuffs and allow him to go to the washroom on the rear of the second floor.

"No," replied Brennick. "Those handcuffs will stay on, but I'll go up with you."

Scarcely had they entered the narrow little washroom and closed the door behind them when the detective saw a small bag slip from around the prisoner's waist under his coat and fall to the floor. From it tumbled several gold stickpins, badges, and watches.

"Oh," said Brennick, "so that's what you've been hiding!"

And he stooped to pick up the fallen jewelry. As he did so the butt of the revolver in his hip pocket protruded for an instant.

Quick as a flash Chapman leaped upon him, and with his unmanacled left hand snatched the detective's revolver and pressed it against Brennick's abdomen.

"Now!" he shouted, with an oath, "take off those cuffs or I'll blow you to the devil."

Brennick thought, and thought quick. He could feel the round tip of the revolver barrel pressing against his body, and had a foretaste of what lead would feel like passing hot through his abdomen.

But he felt, too, that the barrel was tilted just a bit downward, and that the bullet, as he expressed it later, "would probably go through the groin or right leg, and not do much harm."

"No, I won't take 'em off," he replied. "You just shoot. You're harnessed to me for good, whether I'm dead or alive. Morell has got the key, and he won't do a thing to you."

Even as he spoke he grabbed the revolver barrel with his right hand and struggled to bend it still further downward, kicking furiously the while against the latched door of the washroom behind him.

The detective's free right hand was somewhat stronger than the left hand of his prisoner, but he could only force the weapon downward without turning it quite free of his body.

"I'll shoot!" Chapman kept panting, with heavy oaths, as he struggled; but he didn't shoot.

"You're afraid to," laughed Brennick, his face bathed in perspiration none the less, and his heels still raining kicks upon the locked door.

The washroom was far from the inhabited lower parts of the house, but the thunder of Brennick's kicks presently made itself heard below, and brought Mrs. Estella Benham, the landlady, puffing upstairs. She is stout and hefty, and good-looking. Without a moment's thought she hurled herself against the locked door. It broke open, but as she saw two men struggling within, and one of them armed with a revolver, she recoiled and started screaming back toward the stairs.

Chapman, at the sight of her, had turned his revolver from Brennick toward her, threatening to shoot her if she interfered. That gave Brennick his chance, and he kept the weapon turned safely away.

"He won't shoot!" he yelled. "I'm a detective. I've got him. Now, madam, grab his throat and choke him until his tongue hangs out!"

Mrs. Benham did as bidden, with such good will that Chapman's tongue hung out very soon, with an undisputable air of safety. He loosed his hold of the revolver, and Brennick, wresting it clear, threw it safely into the hall. Then, with a few fistic retaliations planted on his prisoner's ashen face, he put him once more in a state of submission.

"Don't let her kill me," pleaded Chapman, slowly recovering his choked-off breath.

Just then Morell, attracted at last by the sound of the struggle and the screams of Mrs. Benham, rushed to his partner's assistance. He helped him take Chapman to the station.

There the police found in the bag which had fallen from Chapman's waist twelve gold stickpins, two bracelets, a gold locket bearing the initials "H. B.," a silver watch with the name "William Ellery," a silver bracelet marked "A. D. L.," two necklaces of near pearl and jet, and a gold ring marked "A. A. P." They found also in the two suitcases Chapman had hurled at the detectives two suits of men's clothing, a dress suit, and an overcoat. Later, in a search of Burns's room, they found seventy-five pawn tickets and a photograph of Burns bearing his name.

Last night Detectives Morell and Flynn found Burns at Lexington Avenue and 124th Street and arrested him. They say he has served three years in Sing Sing for grand larceny.

Chapman, who was charged with felonious assault, assaulting an officer, grand larceny, and bringing stolen goods into the State, has a long criminal record, according to the police. They say his number is 11,507 in the Rogues' Gallery. In 1902 he was sent to the House of Refuge for burglary in the third degree. In 1907, as George Chartres, he was sentenced to a year in Elmira by Judge Rosalsky; on Sept. 22, 1908, to three and a half years in Sing Sing by Judge Crane for grand larceny in a Harlem flat robbery, and on July 20, 1908, he was arrested after a desperate struggle, in the course of which he jumped from a second-story window to escape detectives who were tracing another flat burglary in Harlem.