

Rope on His Auto, New York Police Shadow Atlantan

"Frenchy" Arrives in New York and Here Is Story He Tells of His Experiences After Frank Lynching.

Warning to Georgia automobilists:

Do not, if your car bears a Georgia license tag, expose any hemp rope or shovels while traveling in, around or about New York.

Be guided by the experience of Jules Biscayart, widely known as "Frenchy," who was shadowed even into Central Park by detectives.

Until his identity was revealed and he was vouched for by New Yorkers, according to his story, the Atlanta autoist was in danger of the third degree at the hands of detectives who believed that he was one of the Frank "vigilantes" who had autoed up to New York.

Here is the story as "Frenchy," who is widely known as the proprietor of an auto repair shop, tells it:

"George Ruddy and I had driven to New York in my racing machine. To the back of the car I had tied a coil of hemp rope and a shovel for the purpose of pulling the machine out of bad spots in the road.

Asked About Lynching.

"The rope, together with a shovel, were in plain view. We reached New York shortly after the news of the Frank lynching, and stopped at the home of Captain L. H. Shaw, of the Brooklyn fire department, at 1078 Dean street. Captain Shaw is a step-brother of Ruddy. The Shaw home is two blocks away from the home of Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Frank, parents of Leo Frank.

"Everybody in Brooklyn was talking about the Frank lynching. People saw our Georgia license tag, and crowded around us to ask questions about the case."

But the license tag did not create anything like the attention that was commanded by the coil of hemp. The coil on the Georgia car created a buzz of comment that spread to police headquarters, it is said.

"I hadn't any more than got washed up," continued "Frenchy," "before I discovered somebody on my trail. Everywhere I went he 'shadowed' me. I'd loaf around soft drink places, and he'd loaf there, too, keeping an eye on me.

Spoiled Our Pleasure.

"He spoiled my pleasure. One afternoon I went out with my girl, and the 'shadow' chaperoned us splendidly. I took her back home before the afternoon was over, rather than subject her to the humiliation. That night I decided I'd get rid of him, so I called her up and promised to go to Central Park in a taxicab.

"We taxied to the park and hunted the darkest and most secluded bench in the place. We hadn't been seated more than fifteen minutes before here came the flashes of a pocket lamp, and I discovered my friend, the 'shadow,' hunting me.

"That spoiled our evening, so we came home. As I came out of the house, he was standing across the street. He followed me to Captain Shaw's home. When I got there, Ruddy was worried and he asked me:

"'Frenchy,' did we run over anybody on the way up here?"

"Not that I remember," I told him.

"Did we do anything unlawful on the way?" he asked again.

"Not since we bought that milkshake on Sunday in Virginia," I told him.

"Well, we're wanted for something," he said, and right away I knew he was being shadowed, too. I hadn't let on to him that I had one on my trail, and he had been keeping it from me, also. We shook hands in misery.

"Ruddy told his step-brother about it, and Captain Shaw communicated with the police department. He found an official order commanding the cap-

tain of the precinct where we were stopping to have shadowed "Two men who drove roadster, "Ga. 17199," with shovel and hemp rope on back—suspected of being Georgia lynchers."
"Captain Shaw relieved the police department's suspicions, and we were able to continue our visit in peace and privacy."