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## CRIME AND BLOODSHED

### BANDITS WARRED AGAINST SOCIETY FOR MONTHS.

The Men Were Finally Captured  
by Police after a Desperate Struggle.

Lawlessness becomes fairly rampant at times on the other side of the "Herring Pond," says an English paper. Not even in the annals of the Wild West, however, when, in days gone by, men shot one another on sight for trifling differences of opinion, and then treated the murderer to a dose of lead—can such a story of crime and bloodshed be found as that concerning the bandits of Chicago, who were executed about six years ago. It furnishes, too, a striking illustration of the perils of the American detective and at what terrible cost he performs his duties at times.

Early on the morning of Aug. 20th, 1903, three young bandits walked into the sheds of the Chicago City Railway Company and held up the cashier for the night's earnings. In doing so they murdered two men and wounded two others. Thirty minutes later they were sitting in the underbrush of Jackson Park waiting for the day to bring light enough to divide the plunder. Then they calmly boarded a street car, rode over to the West Side, read in the early morning papers the account of their exploit, and chuckled over the reward of \$5,000 offered for their capture.

It was the climax to a number of other audacious and

### MERCILESS OUTRAGES.

and the police strained every nerve to find the guilty bandits. At first the task of running the murderers to earth seemed hopeless. The only clues were certain exploded cartridges which proved that automatic revolvers had been used. The same kind of shells had been found at the scene of several other hold-ups, and since this weapon was new to the highwayman industry, the police naturally concluded that the same persons were responsible for all the crimes.

Then out of the clear sky came the thunderbolt of discovery. A young man named Gustave Marx, who had been drinking heavily, showed an automatic revolver in a saloon, and boasted that the police could not take him alive. Chief of Police O'Neil detailed Detectives Quinn and Biall to arrest Marx. As he saloon which he frequented they found this young man. He was quiet, self-contained, and master of himself. Apparently he had nothing to conceal from the world, but when the detectives stated their mission his true nature flared out.

There was a sudden gleam of steel, a flash, a report, and Detective Quinn pitched forward in his tracks, dead. Biall was saved only by a hitch in the working of the weapon. Before Marx could right the defect in the mechanism Biall was grappling with him for dear life. Assistance came to the detective, and he succeeded in securing his man. In Marx the police felt confident they had secured one of the murderous gang of bandits who had

### TERRORIZED CHICAGO FOR MONTHS.

It having been arranged among the bandits that if any member of the gang was caught the rest were to dynamite the prison to secure his escape. Marx grew moody and bitter when he found no rescue was attempted, and concluded that his accomplices had deserted him. Perhaps in pique, perhaps in fear, he blurted out the full story of the robbery and murder at the sheds of the Chicago City Railway Company. Thus the police discovered that there were four in the gang—Gustave Marx, Peter Niedemier, Harvey Van Dine, and Emil Roeski.

Ultimately the police tracked the last three to some rough country in Indiana, where they were living in a small dug-out on a hill top which commanded the approach from the railway embankment below. Up

this incline the police had to charge. The officers advanced in a circle and were allowed to get so near that they thought the robbers had escaped. Driscoll, one of the detectives, picked up a stick and flung it playfully at the hut. There came a flash, a sharp report, and Driscoll fell forward. At the same instant Roeski appeared at the door, and was ordered to surrender. He darted back into the cave, and promptly the magazine guns of the bandits began to volley at the officers.

Concealing themselves behind trees and bushes as best they could, the police

### RETURNED THE FIRE.

Suddenly, through the smoke, two men ran crouching from the dug-out. One of them, Emil Roeski, sped away in flight, but Harvey Van Dine, the second outlaw, was made of different stuff. He had been a soldier in Cuba, and had seen service in the Philippines. He retreated slowly step by step, keeping up a withering fire meanwhile.

A minute later Niedemier emerged from the hut. The two young desperadoes were not in the least excited by the firing, but backed away toward the tracks of the Michigan Central Railway. The revolvers in each of their hands speaking steadily. Detective Zimmer exposed himself slightly, and Van Dine shot him through the arm. Before he fell to the ground another bullet from Van Dine's revolver had entered his head.

Hampered as they were with killed and wounded the police were obliged to give up the chase for the moment. Van Dine and Niedemier cut across the country till they reached the track of the Pennsylvania Railway. Here they boarded a switch engine which laid on the side track, and compelled the driver to run them down the line. The fireman attempted to grapple with them and was shot dead. Now, however, the whole countryside was roused. Hundreds of men were in pursuit and ultimately the two bandits were obliged to abandon the engine and take to a swamp. Here they were sighted by the pursuers, who turned loose

### A VOLLEY OF BIRD SHOT

upon the weary refugees, which caught Niedemier full in the face, while Van Dine received his share in the hands, face and throat.

"The game's up," said Niedemier, and Van Dine nodded a surly assent. The two thereupon emerged from their shelter and surrendered. Chained wrist to wrist, their hair matted with dried blood, their eyes haggard, and their faces pallid, these two bearded outlaws—for neither was more than twenty—were put aboard a train for Chicago.

That night they sat before Mayor Harrison and Chief of Police O'Neil, calmly confessing their share in the four months' war which they had just finished waging against society. Marx and Niedemier, posing as desperadoes of the worst kind, even confessed to murders which they did not commit. Yet it is probable that Niedemier, as a boy of fourteen, shot a detective in Ontario for ordering him from the top of a freight train.

In prison Niedemier made two attempts to commit suicide, but he did not succeed; and ultimately, together with Marx and Van Dine, was executed, while Roeski received a life sentence. Thus the curtain was rung down on one of the most amazing episodes in the history of Chicago; for, including themselves, eleven lives had been sacrificed to pay the penalty of their wild attempts to disregard the laws of society.

### SENTENCE SERMONS.

It is easy to show mercy to our masters.

Truth is found only by following that you have.

Character is what we wrest from temptation.

One may fight a lie and still not follow the truth.

Life's danger lies not in its heights but in its cliffs.

Temptations to wander never assail a hitching post.

He cannot attain greatness who cannot admire it.

It's no use preaching on sunshine if you live in the fog.

## NEW VICEROY OF INDIA

WHICH OF HIS PREDECESSORS  
WILL HE FOLLOW?

How Lord Minto Has Rescued India From the Grip of Anarchism.

A correspondent writes The London Daily Chronicle from Calcutta as follows:—

Lord Hardinge is confronted with an exceptionally difficult task in being sent to India, but he has one great advantage. His two predecessors have provided him with inimitable object lessons as to how the country should be governed and how it should not. If he goes wrong after noting the contrast between the methods of Lord Curzon and Lord Minto—and the results—he will be more to blame than either of them.

If there is a danger in appointing a man of Lord Hardinge's antecedents to the Viceroyalty, it is that he has spent much of his life in a bureaucratic atmosphere. It is absolutely certain that if he has become imbued with that atmosphere he will fail as Lord Curzon failed. It is a pathetic fact that, although Lord Curzon came out with a strong prejudice against the bureaucratic principle, and made more than one determined attempt to override it, he speedily became a convert to it, and towards the end of his career in India stood forth as

### ITS ZEALOUS CHAMPION.

His inherent tendencies were too strong for him. He was a bureaucrat of bureaucracy. That is why he was drawn into errors which, coming at the time they did, have had a most serious and lasting influence upon the loyalty of British India.

Lord Minto leaves India, having achieved the almost incredible task of rescuing it from the grip of anarchism by the administration of drastic purgatives, and at the same time building up anew the loyalty upon which his predecessor had made such an exhausting drain. He has done this, speaking roughly, by never allowing the man to be merged in the official by bringing his strong commonsense and good feeling resolutely to bear upon every question, and refusing to be flattered or hoodwinked into any policy of which his conscience disapproved.

It has been a tremendous struggle. The forces of officialdom are powerful even in England, as Lord Morley knows; but in India they are almost irresistible, and to have done what the retiring Viceroy has managed to do in spite of them argues a capacity which few people would have given the quiet little man credit for. Of course he has frequently been compelled to give way. The point is that Lord Minto has succeeded in his main object—that of tranquillizing India and setting its feet once more upon the paths of

### ORDERLY PROGRESS.

Not least among the factors which have helped Lord Minto has been the steady courage with which he has pursued his policy, in spite of opposition on the right hand and the left, in spite of threatened breakdown in health, in spite of more than one attempt upon his life. A weak man might easily have allowed himself to be stampeded by the anarchist outrages into reaction pure and simple. So far, was this from being the case with Lord Minto that he laid his reform schemes before the Legislative Council the very day after the last and most daring of these outrages had been committed.

It is true that he deported a dozen or so agitators from India, and kept them in prison without trial for some months. But what is not perhaps realized as it should be is that but for Lord Minto and Lord Morley these men would be in prison to-day. It is notorious that the bureaucracy was solid against their release, and it is also notorious that if the officials had their way there would have been deportations upon a very much larger scale. While on the one hand Lord Minto has been execrated for deporting a dozen men, on the other hand he has been sworn at for not deporting a thousand. And when he had the hardihood to release the nine Bengali deportees at the beginning of this year, you would have imagined that there was going to be another "White Mutiny" in Calcutta!

Now that he is going, both Indians and Europeans are beginning to realize

### WHAT HE HAS DONE.

The former see their public activities broadened and quickened, with self-government crowning the long vista. The latter look round them and find the country tranquilized without any of those terrible effects which were so confidently predicted from the "pro-native" policy of the Viceroy. And it has just begun to dawn upon them that the man who has brought about these

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### A STIRRING FINISH. Interesting Story of a Race Across the Atlantic.

Racing across the Atlantic Ocean in a forty-rater seems like a dangerous undertaking. Such it proved to be, says Mr. G. E. Hopper, who had the experience some years ago on board the Arrow, the British winner over the American Old Glory. The start was made, Mr. Hopper relates in Cassell's Magazine, in the month of December from Southampton. The goal was to be Sandy Hook. For the first few days of the contest nothing of any importance happened; but then the wind increased, and by nightfall was blowing a gale.

The sea was getting worse every moment, and the yacht was shipping a lot of water. I could see that the skipper was uneasy. The great seas came hissing along, even under a small trysail, the yacht had too much canvas set. About midnight a great wave struck the boat, and she was thrown upon her beam-ends. The shock brought the swinging lamp in the saloon down with a crash. I tried to cross the room, but a great mass of water rushed below, drenched me, and half-filled the place. The skylight had been smashed by the waves.

I reached the deck, soaked through and shivering with cold. The night was inky black and the sea was rougher than ever. The waves seemed to tower over our little ship as if they wanted to crush us. Everything was black except the foam cap of the great seas; that shone in a strange, unearthly way. The skipper took the helm himself, and tried to get the yacht before the wind; for like most of the yachts of that period, she was too much cut away forward to lay to with safety.

As the night wore on, the storm increased. It seemed to be only a matter of time and chance when we should be overtaken by one of the great waves and sunk under its pressure.

About four o'clock in the morning we shipped a lot of water, and decided to try to see whether the vessel would ride with a sea-anchor. Two small casks were made fast with a stout piece of wood, and to this a strong line was made fast.

Once headed to the wind, we lay in comparative safety. At length day dawned, and with the force of the waves broken, we felt reassured.

Soon after this adventure the wind went down, and we made sail again. For some days we had splendid breezes. All this time we had heard nothing of our rival, but we believed that she was a hundred miles astern by now. News from a passing liner, however, told us that she was two hours ahead. We sent up our largest club-topsail on hearing this, and in spite of the risk, set a jib-topsail.

During the next two days we were signaled by two liners and a brig. The Old Glory was still ahead, first by a few hours, and then, a little later by one hour and twenty minutes. Thick weather prevented our seeing her.

The next morning the sun came out of the mist, and by ten o'clock the horizon was clear. To our joy, we saw the Old Glory away to the northwest, reaching away to the west under a press of sail. Foot by foot we gained upon her, but we knew that we were now quite near to the American coast. Should we manage to win, or would the American keep her lead?

For some hours we gained, then the wind dropped a little, and the American, with her larger sail area, seemed to draw away again. Just

at that moment the shores of the New World came into view.

The wind increased, and we began to gain once more. But Sandy Hook was in sight. Foot by foot we came up with our rival; the people on the steamers roared their excitement, and the bands played British and American tunes. Half a mile from the finishing-level, and we were overtaken by a British battleship on her way to New York. As she passed us the men lined up on the deck and cheered and cheered again. The band played "Rule Britannia," and we crossed the line, the winner of the great race by fifty-five seconds!

### THE JUNIOR PARTNER.

How He First Came to Find Favor With His Employer.

"Our junior partner," said a business man, "came to us as a boy. We had two boys at that time, both equally promising, but one of these boys has since risen only to be a junior clerk in our shipping department, while the other has now become our junior partner. How did we come to know which was which? I will tell you.

"When I came down to the store one morning I found one of the boys sweeping the sidewalk and he was sweeping against the wind. Dust and litter blowing back over the space he had swept, and he was going back to sweep it up again. Nice boy and meant well, but lacked the kindling spark of quick intelligence. It didn't dawn on him that he was sweeping the wrong way.

"Next day I found the other boy sweeping and he was sweeping the right way, with the wind. No dust and litter blowing back, to be taken up again with loss of time, but everything going with him. He was sweeping the sidewalk cleaner, making a better job of it, and in half the time. Even at that age the boy had good sense and intelligence, a faculty for doing things the right way, and this faculty he developed more and more strongly as he went along."

### ALPHONSO'S CHILDREN PUNY

Inherit His Weakness rather than Their Mother's Health.

More stories on good authority are being heard to the effect that Spain's royal children have inherited the weakness of their father rather than the blooming health of their mother. The Prince of Asturias, to be sure, resembles the Queen and seems fairly strong, but is lacking in vitality and is very slow in developing. He is unlike the ordinary, vivacious Spanish youngster of his age, and much prefers sitting absolutely still with his little hands gravely folded to running about in the palace gardens.

Prince Jaime, the second boy, has been suffering from St. Vitus dance for some time, and this and his generally delicate health have been traced to a growth in his throat. The doctors have decided not to operate on him yet, as they think he may outgrow it. The King, of course, suffers in a similar way, and the doctors have always hesitated to operate upon his throat. Prince Jaime is to be kept in the sea air as much as possible. The baby Princess Beatrice also is an extremely delicate child.

Faith is not preserved by embalming it in ancient verbiage. It's always tomorrow's burden that breaks the back of today. Faith is often the sense for fact as set above all fallacies.