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THE ANARCHIST MILLIONAIRE

Scotland Yard differs on many subjects amongst itself, but it is agreed upon one point, and that is that the most dangerous, slippery, and remarkable "crook" it ever had to deal with was George Ferdinand Springmull von Weissenfeld.

They nicknamed him the anarchist millionaire, partly because he devoted a considerable proportion of the money he acquired by a life of crime to furthering the anarchist cause, and also because many of his chosen associates, both men and women, were revolutionary anarchists of a pronounced type, says Pearson's Weekly.

He came of a good family, and was exceedingly well educated, having graduated with high honors in science, medicine, and literature at one of the principal German universities. But he was a born criminal, and a dangerous one; a throw-back to the aboriginal savage.

A little matter of forgery and attempted murder made his native land too hot to hold him, and he fled to England. This was in 1880, and it did not take him long to blossom forth into a professional blackmailer and swindler of a peculiarly odious type.

Once he found himself in the clutches of the law, and received a well-merited sentence at the Old Bailey of twelve months' imprisonment with hard labor. His temper was not improved by this taste of oakum-picking, and he vowed that he would never do another "stretch" (year's imprisonment), no matter what came. After this he always went armed.

His specialty about this time was bogus company promoting, and he did remarkably well out of it from his point of view. From one concern alone he netted \$200,000. Another yielded him \$370,000 in six weeks. He opened more than one hundred different banking accounts in as many different names, and he kept an album in which he entered his different aliases side by side with his own proper signature. This album is now preserved as a curiosity at Scotland Yard.

As has been intimated, he swore that he would never be taken alive, and although as a result of his colossal frauds half the detectives in Europe were presently searching for him, it looked as if he would beat them all.

His cunning was almost superhuman, and he took no chances. He employed a small army of private detectives to shadow the Scotland Yard detectives who were trying to shadow him. He rented a fine house in an assumed name, of course—near Wembley Park, and spent thousands of pounds in constructing subterranean passages leading to secret exits, through which he could escape, if need be, when hard pressed.

Scotland Yard heard of the existence of this den, and raided it, but the bird had flown. Next he was heard of at another place in London, where he was engaged in printing and issuing vast numbers of books of a kind about which the less said the better.

This house was also raided, but once more the wanted man had disappeared. The detectives found, however, evidence of his many side enterprises in the shape of six of the newest and most expensive kind of linotype machines, together with many thousands of objectionable books, all newly-printed. These were destroyed on a magistrate's order.

The search for the master criminal was continued, and at last he was located in a large mansion in Cambridgeshire, known as "Edenfield." This house, which stood in its own grounds, had been chosen for its seclusion, like the one at Wembley Park, and, like it, too, it had been fitted with an elaborate system of sliding panels, secret chambers, and subterranean passages.

All this was known to the Yard, and it was known, too, that an armed and desperate man lurked within. Consequently, it was determined to send three of the very best men available to enter the house and effect the actual arrest, while other plain-clothes officers were detailed to watch the various exits in the grounds outside.

The officers told off for the dangerous part of the job were Chief Inspector Arrow, Detective-Inspector Sweeny, and Sergeant-Inspector Badcock.

These were experienced men, and they laid their plans well. One went up to the door, disguised as a tradesman's assistant, and knocked. The other two were in hiding in the shrubbery near by.

At the knock the door was opened ever so little, and before it could be closed again the three detectives were inside. Instantly a shrill whistle was sounded from within, and when the house was searched the anarchist millionaire was apparently nowhere within it.

There were plenty of servants about, of both sexes, but they one and all professed to know nothing. The detectives searched high and low for nearly two hours, but their search was in vain. Yet that the wanted man was somewhere within the building was certain. Every exit was being watched by their colleagues outside, and these had made no sign.

At length, just when they were on the verge of despair, a secret panel was discovered, and this, on being forced open, revealed a passage just broad enough to admit one man. It was pitch dark within, but out of the darkness came the sound of suppressed breathing.

Here, then, was their quarry. But which one of the three detectives was going to risk almost certain death by hearing him in his den now he was at bay?

The question in reality admitted but of one answer. It is an unwritten law of Scotland Yard that the post of danger shall be given to the junior, for that way lies promotion, and promotion is, of course, the most ardently to be desired thing amongst all branches of the police service.

So to Sergeant-Inspector Badcock was assigned the duty of entering the secret passage so luckily discovered, and dragging thence into the light of day the worse than wild beast that lurked within.

Quietly, and without the least trace of bravado, he accepted the mission. Stepping from the room into the cavern-like passage—being a tall man he was compelled to adopt a stooping posture—he called to the wanted man, telling him that he was a police officer, that the game was up, and that he had better surrender himself quietly.

No verbal answer was returned, but out of the darkness came the sharp click of a revolver being cocked. Badcock felt that life or death was a matter of moments only, and he bounded swiftly forward, still keeping bent nearly double, both because the height of the passage did not admit of a perfectly erect posture being maintained, and also because by doing so he stood a better chance of not being shot if his assailant aimed high, as men firing when greatly excited usually do.

The passage ended in a door, and Badcock could hear his man fumbling at the handle inside. But he could not get out that way, for it had been locked from the outside by Inspector Arrow's orders prior to the raid.

Realizing this, the hunted man faced about, pointed his revolver at his pursuer, and tried to pull the trigger. But Badcock gripped his wrist with fingers of steel, and the weapon dropped with a clang on the stone floor.

It was a pitiful figure of a man that was dragged out into the light of day a few seconds later. His face was livid, his features were working convulsively.

"Water!" he gasped. "Give me water!"

A servant ran and fetched some, but the glass slipped from his nerveless fingers, his jaw dropped, and a moment later he fell dying to the ground.

A coroner's jury said it was apoplexy. But was it?

The anarchist millionaire, who was also, it must be remembered, a doctor, and a skillful chemist, had long had in his possession a gold signet ring in which was hidden a powerful poison.

When he was arrested this ring was on his hand, but the secret receptacle behind the seal which had contained the poison was empty.

Anyway, he was dead, and the world was well rid of him. Had he stood his trial, there would have been revealed the most remarkable criminal romance of modern times.

We seek a lawyer to protect us from our neighbors and a doctor to protect us from ourselves.

MANTOBA IS QUITE OLD.

For 200 Years Fur Traders Kept Most Settlers Out of It.

It may surprise many people who as late as ten years ago looked upon Manitoba as on the edge of the world to know that Manitoba probably is the oldest settled section of the North American continent west of the Mississippi River and north of New Mexico. It was near the present site of Winnipeg that Lord Selkirk settled his Red River colonists in 1813.

Away up in the Peace River country, 200 miles north of Edmonton, the Hudson's Bay Company has a wheat mill that has been in operation for fifty years. And Edmonton is 1,000 miles west of Winnipeg and about 300 miles north of the United States line. The mill grinds wheat that is grown in the great fur region.

As a matter of fact western Canada was thoroughly explored many years earlier than was the district between the Missouri River and the Pacific coast in the United States. But for 200 years it was exploited by the fur traders, who discouraged every effort to turn it into an agricultural region. The factors of the fur companies resisted the incoming of the farmer.

The American is ubiquitous in western Canada now. He is on the farm, in the towns, in the cities, in the irrigated districts, working hard and setting the pace for his neighbors. They have caught the boom spirit from him, and some of them, like the young Scot, even go him one better at times.

Yet they have reasons to boast, says the Columbia Magazine. Ten years ago Winnipeg had only 40,000 inhabitants. Ten years before that it was a small town. It is now the largest single inland grain market in the world.

Saskatchewan, the middle of the three prairie provinces, is an empire in itself covering an area of approximately 250,000 square miles. Only the southern half has been touched, and less than a quarter has been developed to any extent. Still it does fairly well. In 1900 its wheat crop amounted to 3,443,871 bushels. Now it raises from 75,000,000 to 100,000,000 bushels annually. Its oat crop has grown from 1,800,000 bushels in 1900 to more than 100,000,000 bushels annually.

Alberta, the province just west of Saskatchewan, is following right along. It is in the northern part of Alberta, near Calgary, in the Bow River Valley, where the largest single irrigation project in the world outside of Egypt has been undertaken by the Canadian Pacific Railroad. Three million acres are to be irrigated when the work is completed; about half a million acres are now under the ditch.

YEAST AS A FOOD.

Can be Made Into "A Tasty Paste" to be Spread on Bread.

The cleanest lager beer sometimes contains numbers of yeast cells, says Pure Products. Still larger numbers are often found in ale and in Weiss beer, which probably gives these beverages some of their desirable properties. But by far the largest amount of yeast which finds its way into the human digestive system is introduced with bakery goods which have been made from flour.

Yeast is a fungus and belongs to the same family as the mushroom, for which most people have a distinct liking. The age long use of yeast for bread raising purposes proves that this fungus is capable of thoroughly agreeing with the human organism. In view of this fact it is somewhat surprising that immense amounts of beer yeast are annually allowed to go to waste from every brewery in the country.

There are several circumstances which have seemed to stand in the way of employing beer yeast in food production. The two principal ones are its dark color and its bitterness, due to the simultaneous use of hops in the brewing processes.

These properties of beer yeast, however, may easily be removed. Beer yeast is not suitable for baking purposes because it grows in a old medium and does not possess a great enough raising power for the purposes of the baker. There is no question about the nutritive value of yeast, since weight for weight it is quite comparable in nutritive value to the best beef.

For direct consumption in the fresh condition yeast must be put into a suitable form. According to the method of Klebschmidt, compressed yeast which has been deprived of its bitter substance may be melted with edible fats, such as butter, the result being a very tasty paste which can be spread directly on bread. Dry yeast can be used in this manner, and experience has already shown that the addition of yeast to certain sauces and salad dressings is attended with very favorable results. However, it is necessary that the question should receive a thorough study from experts on cooking.

FLASHLIGHT ADVENTURES.

Outdoor Night Photographers Must Be Resourceful Men.

"The biggest flash I ever used in outdoor night photography," says an English writer in the Strand, "was in 1901, when I flashlighted on the stroke of midnight the annual New Year's Eve gathering of Scotsmen outside St. Paul's Cathedral in London."

"I think I may justly claim that this is the largest flash that has ever been used, and it created an altogether unlooked for sensation. The subject was a difficult one and had never to my knowledge been attempted before, for even at this date flashlight photographs in the open air were something of a novelty."

"Taking with me a special illuminating powder of my own invention I perched myself up on a windmill overlooking the churchyard, the vast area of which it would be necessary to light up if my photograph was to be of any value. I therefore used an extra amount of powder, and on the stroke of the hour pressed the button."

"There was a loud report and what appeared to be a vivid sheet of lightning shot up into the air, the effect of which was remarkable on the waiting crowds below, busily engaged in singing 'Auld Lang Syne' and grasping one another's hands with good wishes for the New Year. Instantly there was a dead silence which lasted for quite an appreciable time, and then the people began asking each other what had happened."

"I am afraid that innocently enough I alarmed some of them rather badly, for I was quite unnoticed aloft and there were many among the crowd, which instantly began to disperse in all directions, who went home with the uncomfortable conviction that they had witnessed an omen of evil import for the coming year. Others again were inclined to think that it was a satellite that had mysteriously dropped from the heavens."

"The intense brilliancy of my illumination was such that, as I afterward learned, the flash was seen at Elstree in Hertfordshire, twelve miles away. It also attracted considerable attention in the newspapers, several of which contained references to it during the week, and in fact it was not until my photograph was published in one of the weekly illustrated papers that the mystery was solved."

"A picture of Sir George Martin playing the organ in Westminster Abbey is not exciting in itself, but it is a good example of the difficulties often besetting the flashlight photographer. As the organ loft was very small there was not room to operate and I was at my wits' end to know how to take the photograph, for I was unable to place my camera far enough away from my sitter."

"At length, however, I saw a way out of the difficulty. I fixed a rope to the end of the organ loft and tied my camera on the end of it in such a position as to allow the lens to project through Sir George's peephole. I then let off my flash with my camera in mid air."

"A chapter of accidents occurred when I went to Southampton to photograph the home coming of Gen. Sir Redvers Buller from South Africa. A fog made the time of the ship's landing uncertain, but late at night a reporter running toward the docks shouted to me that the ship was just coming in. I rushed back to my hotel, grabbed up a box of flash powder and a snapshot camera and dashed into the kitchen commandeered a saucepan lid in which to fire the powder. Then I set off post haste for the docks, picking up en route a reporter to whom I gave the news."

"The ship was just coming alongside when we got there, and as it was necessary for me to take a position well above the level of the ground we climbed up into the loft of a convenient shed overlooking the scene. It was quite dark in the place, but as we could just see a door on the opposite side we made a rush toward it. Then without the slightest warning we both almost disappeared in a heaped up pile of some soft fluffy choking substance."

"We had, it appeared, broken into a grain warehouse, the loft of which was being used to store some kind of fine middlings. The awful stuff was several feet deep all over the floor, and through it we floundered and struggled, gasping for breath and well nigh suffocated. At length, however, we fought our way through and reached the door just as Gen. Buller was stepping on the gang way, but fortunately for me an officer went up to speak to him and detained him for a little while."

"I hastily poured the powder into the saucepan lid, gave it to my friend to hold and told him to ignite it with a piece of lighted paper as quickly as possible. Then steadying myself against the doorpost, I held the snapshot camera in my hands as firmly as possible and waited."

"At first my friend was unable to ignite the powder and the anxious moments were flying all too rapidly when suddenly it flared up. My unfortunate companion, taken completely by surprise, was sent flying on his back with some badly burned fingers and a shock to his nervous system."



ous system. The resulting photograph, however, was, all things considered, very satisfactory."

A SELF-MADE MAN.

General Nogi Tells of His Early Struggles.

Men are not "self-made" in Canada alone. Do not these reminiscences of General Nogi, the famous Japanese soldier, recall the pluck, determination and industry which have raised more than one poor boy of our own land to eminence?

"My father could not give me the education other boys in the clan were receiving," he writes in Nihon no Shonen. "I had to stay at home. But one day I said to myself, 'Come what may, I must learn while I am young. Life without some sort of achievement is not worth the living.'"

"So I pleaded with my father, and at last prevailed upon him to send me to a dormitory known as the Shudoba, from which I was able to attend the clan school."

"My days at the dormitory were days of hardship. It was under the control of the clan government, and sheltered about sixty boys, all under eighteen years of age, for in those days a boy was supposed to reach manhood at eighteen, and what 'man' would live in a dormitory?"

"Things have much changed since that time. In those days the boys brought their own unhulled rice to the dormitory and pounded it for themselves in the mortar provided for their use; there was not a shop in the place where you could buy hulled rice. The boys, too, had to cook their own rice for themselves and to collect their own fuel from the neighboring woods."

"There was also a stable attached to the dormitory, and it was the duty of the boys to groom the horses. As the poorest lad in the dormitory, a great deal of work fell upon my shoulders. I pounded rice for the others, I went into the woods to gather fuel. I cooked the meals and I groomed the horses."

"There were no currycombs or clippers in those days. I had to singe the horses' coats with improvised torches made of dry twigs, and chop the straw for their bran mash as well as I could, and all this for want of labor-saving contrivances entailed much expenditure of time and trouble."

"In addition to all this manual labor I had the usual school lessons to attend. Never very strong, I found my double task a severe strain on my powers of endurance, and I began at times to doubt whether I should be able to go through with the task I had set myself. But I never allowed myself to lose heart."

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Edward is an Excellent Type of the English Boy.

The Prince of Wales was born at White Lodge, Richmond Park, in 1894, his Royal Highness was baptized there some three weeks later as Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David, thus combining the names of his father, his grandfather, and his great-grandfather with those of the patron saints of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales. In April, 1907, he passed the qualifying examination for the Royal Navy, and on May in the following month entered Dartmouth College. On the accession of his father, King George, to the throne on May 6th, last year, the young Prince succeeded to the Dukedom of Cornwall and to the Scottish titles of Duke of Rothesay, Earl of Carrick, Baron of Renfrew, Lord of the Isles, and Great Steward of Scotland, and on June 23rd he was created Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester.

On the following day he and his brother, Prince Albert, were consecrated in the private chapel of Windsor Castle by the Archbishop of Canterbury, among the assisting clergy being the Rev. H. D. Wright, clergy being the Rev. H. D. Wright, by whom the young princes had been prepared for the ceremony. The investiture of the Prince as a Knight of the Garter will be fresh

in public recollection, and only recently his Royal Highness has been rated as a midshipman in his Majesty's fleet, with seniority from the day of the Coronation, when, in the ancient Abbey of Westminster, he led the line of illustrious men and bearers of honored names and ancient titles who did homage to a newly-crowned sovereign, and when he swore to be his father's "liege man of life and limb, and of earthly worship." These are the leading events up to the present time in a life which has so far necessarily been one of preparation for the great career which lies before the Prince of Wales as heir to the throne. Of his home life it need only be said that, under the care of a devoted mother, he has grown up a splendid example of the best type of English boy—earnest and enthusiastic in the performance of all the duties devolving upon him.

AN ORIENTAL DETECTIVE.

Teapot Was Used to Find Money and Jewels.

Tea may be considered as a drink of the sages, but one would hardly expect the teapot to play the part of a judge. Yet Margaret Cotter Morison says in "A Lonely Summer in Kashmir" that not infrequently it is called upon to perform that function as well as its legitimate one. The author, in one of her tenting trips, lost a box containing one hundred rupees and some jewelry. Knowing that it must have been stolen in the night, she called for her servants.

They showed much surprise and distress. They searched the woods, and found the empty box thrown away by the thieves in their haste.

I sent for the native police. They proved to be more curious and picturesque than effective. They would arrive each morning in a bevy of over a dozen, tell the servants openly that they suspected them, and sit in a ring and cross-question them for endless hours, trying to trick them into saying something which could be taken as an acknowledgment of guilt. In vain I tried to point out that this would only put them on their guard; it was to no purpose. The police were too happy over the bustle and importance the occasion offered to adopt outside suggestions.

In one elaborate function I was asked to take part. I was placed in solemn state in an easy chair in front of the hut, and round stood a wide circle of turbaned natives. In front of me, on the ground, squatted the chief of police; to my relief, he could talk no English. My young cook squatted opposite; a small native teapot was placed between them, and close at hand five tightly rolled scrolls of paper, on which, I was told, were written the names of my five servants, one on each.

The teapot had a broad rim round the top. The chief of the police on one side, and the cook on the other, each placed a finger under the rim, and held the vessel loosely suspended between them.

Placing one of the scrolls in the spout, the policeman explained that if the paper held the name of the thief the vessel would give sign.

Two papers passed the ordeal. When the third was put in, the teapot made a semirevolution, and almost fell from the hands.

There was intense interest. The inspector put aside the paper, remarking that in it was the name of the thief. At the fourth scroll the teapot swerved again, but remained immovable during the test of the fifth. The scrolls were then thoroughly shuffled and a second trial given them. The teapot made its signs at the two same names.

The inspector then said that, as I was so tender of my servants' welfare, they would be given a chance of restoration before they were accused. A heap of loose earth was dug at the back of my tent after dark. Each servant, in turn, was to go alone and cast a basketful of earth on the heap. In this way it was hoped that the holder of the stolen goods would make restitution, in which case no questions would be asked.

After dark I heard the shoveling. After a while the inspector and I went out to the heap and carefully sifted the dirt. We found nothing.

Later, the two servants were arrested and put in jail. When they were released they immediately paid me for three weeks' wages, that being the time of their imprisonment.