



SENSATIONAL CAREER OF A REAL GIRL BANDIT

"QUEEN" OF A GANG WHICH OPERATED IN VERMONT—STORY OF THEIR CRIMES AND THEIR CAPTURE AFTER FIERCE BATTLE.

WHY LOVINA LANFEAR BECAME A ROBBER

Thought It "Couldn't Be Any Worse Than Working"—Evil Associates and Influences Work the Ruin of the Daughter of a Farm Hand.

Bennington, Vt.—Lovina Lanfear, a bandit queen at 18, is in the jail here. According to the officers, the girl is as desperate a character as ever roamed the hills of the Green Mountain state. The capture of the gang with which she was associated seems to bear out their assertion, for the girl and her pals were taken prisoners after a desperate battle, in which one man lost his life.

Lovina Lanfear is in the same cell in which Mrs. Mary Rogers awaited trial for the murder of her husband. Mrs. Rogers' case attracted world-wide attention because of the brutality of the crime of which she was found guilty. The Lanfear girl's case promises to become as famous on account of her youth and the peculiar circumstances surrounding her strange career.

A remarkable story is hers, one that makes the hearer pity her rather than blame the girl. Her face is pretty,

After she left Westcott the girl met Albert Ross, a member of the gang of bandits over which she soon ruled. In fact, he was the most desperate, and was the one to lose his life when the country officers and the gang met in battle.

Asked to tell her own story in her own way, she does so willingly, and with a freedom that in an innocent girl would be taken as naive, but in her case can be called nothing but abandonment.

"Certainly I'm guilty of being with the gang," she says, "though you couldn't call us bandits. We didn't do anything so horrible, and if we'd been let alone we'd have got away without causing any harm except taking what we needed when we could find it."

"Everybody around here knows me. I was born near Dorset, and went to the district school. I didn't care much for it, and used to stay away when I



but her life has left its marks upon her features, and the blue eyes that might have glanced with tenderness are now shifty and cruel, the mouth is set, and there are no roses in her cheeks, while her golden hair is tossed untidily over a frowning brow. She seems to be in the jail in rags, but has been given good clothes, yet she wears them with none of that pride with which a woman usually wears finery. Lovina Lanfear, in short, is a good example of the degradation to which a young girl open to evil influences can sink.

The girl bandit is the daughter of a farmhand, her birthplace being in Dorset, a near-by hamlet in the hills. "Violet," as she is called, was brought up in poverty and carelessness, her mother was weak, simple and careless of her children's well being, while the father was a brute almost passing description.

Last September she was married to a young man named Martin Westcott, who amounted to little. The girl is the mother of a child cared for at present by "Violet's" family.

Her married life was short, and when she and her husband were parted, living together they were separated,

could. Father and mother care? Not they.

"I married Westcott, but we didn't get along, so we just quit.

"I didn't care, because he tried to make me stay in the house nights when he was away, and I didn't want to. I like to enjoy life. Well, when he told me to go away from him, I went. I stayed at home a little while, and then met a fellow named Albert Ross, who was clerking at St. Putnam house in Bennington.

"We kept company, Al and I, and he worked at the hotel and over at the golf links at Manchester-in-the-Mountains. But finally we got tired of living around here, and thought we'd get out.

"The first night it was dark, and I got tired; so Al and I went into a barn to sleep till morning. We didn't know there was anyone in there, but we had hardly got inside when we heard our names called, and, looking up in the haymow, saw my cousin, Merritt Reed, and a friend named Dan Brockway.

"When Al and I saw the fellows we

there, and Reed told me that he and Brockway had given up their jobs and were going to be burglars. They had just robbed a store at Dorset and two or three houses, and they showed us a diamond ring, a watch, some other rings and a whole lot of stuff they had stolen and were hiding in the barn.

"When I told them Al and I were going away they asked me why we didn't join them. They said it would be a good thing for a gang to have a woman along, as she could do jobs that they would be caught trying. They offered me an equal share of everything, and said they would make me the 'queen' of the gang.

"Al didn't like the idea, but I said: 'Come along. It can't be any worse than working.' So he agreed to join, too, and we slept till morning.

"Early in the morning we left the barn and started north. Reed was armed, I knew, for he had shown me two big pistols, one of which he gave me. I don't know about the others, except that Al had a knife that he said he could use in close quarters if we got caught at anything. We walked all day, laying plans as to what we should do, and that night slept in the woods, making our beds of pine boughs. We were hungry, so I raided a hen roost near by, and that, with some veal that Reed stole, made our supper.

"The next day we went on to Pawlet, and that night we cleaned out a farmer's hen roost and all his clothes lines. Again we slept in a barn, and next morning tramped on to Granville.

"Our plans were not quite ready for the big trick we were going to try, which was the robbery of a bank in Manchester. We were not armed enough, and we didn't know the arrangements, so we decided to stay in Granville for a little while. So we stopped at the hotel over night. But the next day we thought we'd better go back, as it was rumored that we were being watched, and we didn't want to get caught and jailed for the simple little things we had already done. Besides, there was a jewelry store at South Dorset, kept by a man named Abrams. I thought it would be easy to get in there, and besides getting some diamonds, take what pistols and ammunition we might need for bigger work.

"It was a dark night, and we didn't expect we'd have any trouble over the Abrams trick. It was arranged that the boys should stand guard while I got into the store and cleaned it out. So I was to take the pistol that Reed had given me and protect myself if they didn't warn me in case of anyone coming, or if I should run across anybody in the store. About nine o'clock that night we got near North Dorset, where the jewelry store was and were just going down the road toward it when a team drove over a bridge that we would have to cross over a little stream.

"We tried to get out of their way, for none of us thought the team was after us. But the men in the wagon had lighters, and I saw that we were discovered. We had been followed. I yelled to the boys to run for their lives.

"I recognized some of the men in the wagon as they began to jump out, among them Constable A. C. Mason, of Pawlet, and a farmer named Black, near whose house we were overtaken.

"Merritt Reed ran first, and Ross right after him, but I didn't see where Brockway went. I wasn't going to run, thinking that the officers would follow the men and I could sneak away quietly. Besides, I wanted to see how Al Ross would come out of the scrape, and, if possible, help him. As soon as Constable Mason struck and commenced firing, then I drew mine, intending to use it if they fired at me.

"But before I could get a chance to fire I felt arms about me, and Farmer Black had me pinned. At the same time Reed, who was being followed by Constable Mason, turned and fired at him. I yelled for Al to help me, and he turned to come up the little hill down which he had run. As he did he must have got in line with Reed's revolver, for he suddenly threw up his hands and yelled: 'I'm killed!' Then he fell to the ground.

"Al's death made me wild. I fought and kicked to get free, and if I had there was no one to kill at that, for the constable's posse was a pack of cowards, and only one man besides Mason himself stood ground. That was Farmer Black, who caught me. The rest ran for dear life as soon as a shot was fired.

"Reed and Brockway got away during the excitement. Al was killed, though he gave the constable a good tussle right in front of me before he fell back dead. Then they carried his body to a little schoolhouse near by and took me to Farmer Black's for the night.

"They caught Brockway next day in the next town, but they haven't got Reed, and if I'd had any chance to get away they wouldn't have got me, either. Al has been buried in the pauper's graveyard at Pawlet. What they'll do with me I don't know. What do I care, sayway?"

Such is the story of Lovina Lanfear. Not highly romantic, as she tells it, but, from the very manner of its relation, a remarkable illustration of what a girl can become who is given her own way and allowed to run fast and free, even in so civilized a community as a New England state.

She will not be tried as a principal for the murder of Ross, for which he had been arraigned. The robbery charges against the gang will probably be prosecuted, though Lovina may be used only as a witness against the others.

PECK'S BAD BOY ABROAD

The Bad Boy Finds Germany Very Much Like Milwaukee—He Plays Mumbly Peg with the German Princes—He Entertains the Royal Family with "a Trick"

BY HON. GEORGE W. PECK, Ex-Governor of Wisconsin, Former Editor of Peck's Sun, Author of "Peck's Bad Boy" (Etc.) (Copyright, 1905, by Joseph B. Bowles)

Berlin, Germany.—My Dear Old Pummernickel.—Now we have got pretty near home, and you would enjoy it to be with us, because you couldn't tell this town from Milwaukee, except for the military precision with which everything is conducted, where you never take a glass of beer without cracking your heels together like a soldier, and giving a military salute to the bartender, who is the commander-in-chief of all who happen to patronize his bar, everybody here acts like he was at a picnic in the woods, with a large barrel of beer with perspiration oozing down the outside, and a spigot of the largest size, which fills a schooner at one turn of the wrist, and every man either smiles or laughs out loud, and you feel as though there

was happiness everywhere, and that heaven was right here in this greatest German city. There is laughter everywhere, except when the emperor drives by, escorted by his body guard, on the finest horses in the world, then every citizen on the street stops smiling and laughing, all standing at attention, and every face takes on a solemn, patriotic, almost a fighting look, as though each man would consider it his happiest duty and pleasure to walk right up to the mouth of cannon, and die in his tracks for his pale-faced, haggard and loved emperor. And the emperor never smiles on his subjects as he passes, but looks into every eye on both sides of the beautiful street, with an expression of agony on his face, but a proud light in his eye, as though he would say, "Ach, Gott, but they are daisies, and they would fight for the Fatherland with the last breath in their bodies."

The pride of the people in that moustached young man, with the look of suffering, is only equalled by the pride of the emperor in every German in Germany, or anywhere on the face of the globe. There is none of the "Hello Bill" sentiment we have in America, when the president drives through his peeps; many of them yell, "Hello Teddy," while he shows his teeth and laughs and stands up in his carriage, and says, "Hello Mike," as he recognizes an acquaintance. But these same "Hello Bill" Americans are probably just as loyal to their chief, wherever he may be, and would fight as hard as the loving Germans would for their hereditary emperor.

I suppose there is somebody working in Berlin, but it seems to me that the whole population, so far as can be seen, is bent on enjoying every minute, walking the streets, in good clothes, giving military salutes, and drinking beer between meals, and talking about what Germany would do to an enemy if the ever-present chip on the shoulder should be knocked off, even accidentally. But they all seem to love America, and when we registered at the hotel, from Milwaukee, Wis., U. S. A., the ladies began to get around us and ask about relatives at our home. They seem to think that every German who has settled in Milwaukee owns a brewery, and that all are rich, and that some day they will come back to Germany and spend the money and fight for the emperor.

We did not have the heart to tell them that all the Germans in Milwaukee were going to stay there and spend their money, and while their hearts were still warm towards the Fatherland, they loved the Stars and Stripes and would fight for the American flag against the world, and that the younger Germans spoke the German language, if at all, with a Yankee accent. Gee, but wouldn't the people of Berlin be hot under the collar if they knew how many Germans in America were unfamiliar with the make up of the German flag, and that they only see it occasionally, when some celebration of German days takes place.

Well, when dad saw the German emperor drive down the great street and got a look at his face, he said, "Henriety, I have got to see that young man and advise him to go and consult a doctor," and so we made arrangements to go to the palace and see the emperor and his son, the crown prince, who will before long take the empire in his hands, and while the emperor's hearts were still warm towards the Fatherland, they loved the Stars and Stripes and would fight for the American flag against the world, and that the younger Germans spoke the German language, if at all, with a Yankee accent. Gee, but wouldn't the people of Berlin be hot under the collar if they knew how many Germans in America were unfamiliar with the make up of the German flag, and that they only see it occasionally, when some celebration of German days takes place.



HAPPINESS EVERYWHERE.

"I asked the boys how their dad took it, and told them from what we in America heard about the emperor of Germany, we would think he would kill anybody who played monkey with him, but they said he would stand anything from the children, and enjoy it, but if grown men attempted to monkey with him, the fur would fly. The crown prince came in and was introduced to me, and he seemed proud to see me, 'cause his uncle, Prince Henry, had told him about being in Milwaukee, and how all the women in that town were his handsomest he had ever seen in his trip around the world, and he asked me if it was so. I referred him to dad, and dad told him the women were the greatest in the world, and then dad made his usual break. He said, 'Look here, Mister Prince, you have got to be married some day, and raise a family to hand the German empire down to, and my advice to you is not to let them run off on you no duchess or princess as homely as a hedge fence, with no ginger in her blood, but you skip out to America, and come to Milwaukee, and I will introduce you to girls that are so handsome they will make you use the mark, and if you marry one of them she will raise a family of healthy young royalty with no humor in the blood, and you won't have to go off and be gay away from home, 'cause an American wife will take you by the ear if you show any signs of wandering from your own fire side, like lots of your relatives have done.'

Gee, but that made the emperor hot, and he said dad needn't bust in any of his American ideas into the German nobility, as he could run things all right without any help, and dad got ready to go, 'cause the atmosphere was getting sort of chilly, but the emperor soon got over his huff, and told dad not to burry, and then he turned to me and said, 'Now, little American bud, what kind of a trick are you going to play on me, 'cause from what I have read of you I know you will never go out of this house without giving me a boost, and all my boys expect it, and will enjoy it, the same as I will; now let'er go.'

I felt that it was up to me to do something to maintain the reputation I had made, so I said, 'Your majesty, I will now proceed to make it interesting for you, if you and the boys will kindly be seated in a circle around me.' They got into a circle, all laughing, and I took out of my pistol pocket a half pint of glass, covered with ice, and with a stopper that opened by touching a spring, and I walked around in front of each one of the royal family, mumbly, "Ene-mene-mony-my," and opening the flask in front of each one, and pretty soon they all began to get nervous.

waiting for some one to break the ice, when some one told the emperor that an American gentleman and his boy wanted to pay their respects, and the emperor, who wore an ordinary dark suit, with no military trills, took one of the young princes he had been playing with, across his knee and gave him a couple of easy spanks, in fun, and the whole family was laughing, and the spanked boy, "tackled" the emperor around the legs, below the knee, like a football player, and the other princes pulled "him on," and the emperor came up to dad, smiling as though he was having the time of his life, and spoke to dad in the purest English, and said he was glad to see the "Bad Boy" man, because he had read all about the pranks of the bad boy and bid dad welcome to Germany, and he didn't look sick at all.

Dad was taken all of ahead, and didn't know what to make of the German emperor talking English, but when the ruler of Germany turned to me and said, "And so this is the champion little devil of America," and patted me on the head, dad felt that he had struck a friend of the family and he sat down with the emperor and talked for half an hour, while the young princes gathered around me, and we sat down on the floor and the boys got out their knives and we played mumbly peg on the carpet, just as though we were at home, and all the boys talked English, and we had a bully time. The princes had all read "Peck's Bad Boy," and the emperor and his boys have encouraged them in their wickedness, for the boys told me of several tricks they had played on their father, the emperor, which they had copied from the "Bad Boy," and it made me blush when they told of initiating their father into the Masons, the way my chum and I initiated dad into the Masons with the aid of a goat.

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that was out, and finally the emperor said, "I like a joke as well as anybody, but I can't laugh until I know what I am laughing about," and he told dad to make me show what was in the bottle, and I showed the bottle and there was nothing in it, and there they stood scratching themselves, and I told dad we better excuse ourselves and go, and we were going all right enough when dad said, "What is it you are doing?" and as we got almost to the door I said, "Your majesty, I have distributed impartially, I trust, in the royal family of Germany, a half pint of the hungriest peas that Egypt can produce, for they have been in that flask three weeks with nothing to eat except themselves, and I estimate that there were a million Cairo peas in the flask, enough to set up house-keeping in your palace, with enough to stock the palace of your crown prince when he is married, and this is that you may remember the visit of Peck's Bad Boy and his dad.

The emperor was mad at first, but he laughed, and when we got out of the palace dad leaned against a lamp post and scratched his back, and said to me, "Henriety, you never ought to have did it," and I said, "What could a poor boy do when called upon suddenly, to do something to entertain royalty?"

"Well," says dad, "I don't care for myself, but this thing is apt to bring on international complications," and I said, "Yes, it will bring Persia into it, 'cause they will have to use Porlan insect powder to get rid of them," and then we went to our hotel and bought fleas all night, and thought of the sleepless night the royal family were having.

Well, so long, old Pummernickel. Yours truly, HENRIETY.



DAD LEANED AGAINST A LAMP POST AND SCRATCHED.

RUSSIANS LIVING HIGH.

Aristocrats of St. Petersburg Spend Much Time Over Pleasures of the Table.

War or no war, the aristocratic Russian pursues his pleasures with an abandonment that speaks of unlimited resources or unlimited recklessness. The pleasures of the table are protracted to an inordinate degree. A lunch, in which the courses are plentifully watered with champagne, will spread itself through the afternoon. You may barely escape at five o'clock, though you begin to eat at one. The host never sits down, plying his guests with a succession of good things, liquid and solid. Even the afternoon tea is a grand affair, circles is a very formidable undertaking, it includes dishes of various sorts, in which meat will certainly figure, and Russian tea, served in a glass with lemon, is but the pale companion to sparkling champagne. The appearance of the streets tells of wealth, too. No finer equipages exist anywhere than those which, horsed with coal-black steeds, dash at full speed, in lofty disregard for the mere foot passenger, down the central strip of wood pavement in the principal "prospects," as the wider streets are denominated, holding the reins in his two hands, with arms outstretched, the driver, mediæval in dress, has the summary methods of a Roman charioteer. Indeed, there is something of imperial Rome in this second capital of the czar.

Deceased Wife's Sister Muddle.

Our refusal to recognize marriage with a deceased wife's sister, which is legal in the Australian commonwealth—has led to many complications in the inheritance of property. And very embarrassing social incidents have happened. One of the most unpleasant occurred during the reign of the late queen. Arrangements had been made by the colonial office for the presentation of an Australian cabinet minister and his wife at court, but when it was found that the lady was a deceased wife's sister, the proposed presentation was promptly overruled. Such an episode is not likely to be repeated, for King Edward, when prince of Wales, voted in the house of lords for the legalization of marriage with a deceased wife's sister.—London Chronicle.

PE-RU-NA STRENGTHENS THE ENTIRE SYSTEM.

Dr. S. Davidson, Ex-Lieut. U. S. Army, Washington, D. C., care U. S. Pension Office, writes:

"To my mind there is no remedy for catarrh comparable to Peru-na. It not only strikes at the root of the malady, but it tones and strengthens the system in a truly wonderful way. That has been its history in my case. I cheerfully and unhesitatingly recommend it to those afflicted as I have been."—F. S. Davidson.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peru-na, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. S. B. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

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Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve suffering from Indigestion and Bowel Complaints. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Headache, Nervousness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Constipation, Pains in the Side, BRITISH LIVER, They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

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DAXTINE TOILET ANTISEPTIC FOR WOMEN

TOILET AND WOMEN'S SPECIAL USES.

TICKLESONE TALKS

Prof. Sylvester Burnham was once asked by one of his not very indelicious students whether he thought Hebrew would be the language of Heaven. The genial professor replied: "I am not sure; but it would be safe for you to be prepared."

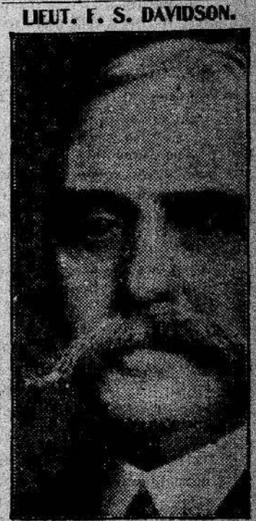
A man who is always on the lookout for novelties, says the St. James Budget, recently asked a dealer in automobiles if there was anything new in machines. "There's a patented improvement that has just been put on the market," replied the dealer, "folding horse that fits under the seat."

A lawyer named Patchell recently had a case in an Irish court, where the plaintiff in a breach of promise suit asserted that the defendant kissed her, but that she did not return his salutes. "Well, I never came across a girl like that," remarked Lawyer Patchell. "We won't go into these personal revelations here, Mr. Patchell," said the judge.

Senator Proctor, of Vermont, is reported to have said that the finest speech he ever made consisted of only four words. Senator Hoar in a speech in the course of which he chafed good-naturedly the senator from the Green Mountain state, made this little thrust: "No man in Vermont is allowed to vote unless he has made \$5,000 trading with Massachusetts people." Senator Proctor retorted: "And we all vote."

One of the quiet characters well known to old-timers of Portland, Ore., was Robert E. Bybee, familiarly known as "Bob" Bybee. He was a justice of the peace in Portland for many years. On one occasion, when a jury was being impaneled, one of the jurors, a well-known attorney, asked to be excused because he was a lawyer. "Well," said Bybee, "I guess that all the law you know isn't going to disqualify you from serving."

LIEUT. F. S. DAVIDSON.



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