

LONE TRAIN BANDIT WITH A "BAGMAN" ROBS PASSENGERS

"Real Robber With Gun," He Makes Porter Tell Those Who Think It Joke.

ESCAPES WITH MONEY.

New Yorker Among Victims of Serio-Comic Holdup on Michigan Central Road.

CHICAGO, Jan. 22.—With the assistance of two reluctant but badly scared porters, a lone bandit held up four passengers on the rear sleeper of the Michigan Central passenger train due here from Detroit at 7.30 A. M. to-day. It was a serio-comic affair which netted the bandit something under \$300.

The robber entered the train at Jackson, Mich., and left it about fifteen minutes later when Louis Thomba, one of the porters signalled for the emergency brakes.

T. Meritta, porter of the car entered, was the first to view the robber, who pointed a pistol at him and handed him a bag.

"Here," said the bandit, who was dressed in a black and white check suit and wore a cap pulled down over his eyes, "you go ahead and wake the passengers. Tell 'em there's a robber wants their money. No monkey business. I've got three or four pals with me."

Meritta took the bag—or hat, he is not sure which, but thinks it was a bag—and shook the occupant of the first berth he came to.

"Excuse me, sir," said the porter, "but there's a man here says give him your money."

"Aw, shut up! Quit your kidding and let me sleep!" came the angry reply from the berth.

"Tell him I'm a real robber with a gun," interposed the bandit, who poked the weapon between the curtains, whereas there was a tinkle of coins falling into the receptacle in the porter's hands.

From A. M. Todd of Chicago the robber got \$125, from Herman Marks of Detroit \$100 and from F. B. Palmer of New York a sum not named.

"I don't know how much," said Palmer, "but it was what spare change I had with me."

Later it was learned that the fourth passenger robbed was L. J. Rhodes of Chicago.

"When the porter told me a gentleman wanted my money I told him porters usually did. The next instant I found it was no joke, for the bandit pressed his pistol against my head. He got only a few dollars from me."

There were about twenty passengers in the car and most of them did not know that anything had happened until they arose this morning. The robbery took place at 1.45 o'clock. There were no women in the car.

The conductor of the train was authorized for the statement that there was but one robber. One porter thought there were four of them and the other thought there were five. The conductor said that so far as he was able to learn the bandit's comrades existed only in some excited imagination.

Among the passengers were F. E. Willis and Paul Smith of Detroit.

JACKSON, Mich., Jan. 22.—Deputy sheriffs, police officers and railroad detectives are searching for the bandit who robbed four passengers of Michigan Central Train No. 7 near here early to-day. They believe he returned here after escaping from the train. It is said three other men left the train when the robber jumped off, but the officers believe they were tramps stealing a ride and had nothing to do with the holdup.

STEAMSHIP IN DISTRESS?

The tank steamship Herman Frank, bound for the Bulgarian Prince of the Prince Line, bound from Tyn, England, was anchored off Sandy Hook with smoke coming from her hatches and was asking for assistance.

The Herman Frank marine observer reported that the Bulgarian Prince was about five miles off shore within thirty signaling distance and showed no indications of having received appeals for help. A message had been sent from the Prince Line office here by one of the pilot boats to anchor outside and await orders.

Don't Let Your Stomach Trouble You

When you feel miserable, run down, have a bad taste in the mouth, coated tongue and frequent headaches, it is a sure sign that your stomach, liver and bowels are not in order and need a good, thorough cleansing at once.

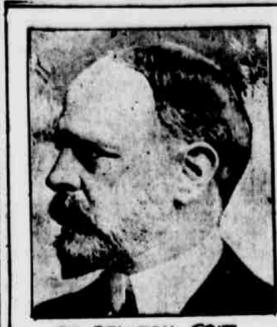
EX-LAX

The Delicious, Laxative Chocolate

will cleanse your system in a natural, healthy manner, without pain or griping. Ex-Lax will relieve your bowels of the undigested waste matter, and in several hours your head will be clear and your eyes will sparkle.

One 10c box of Ex-Lax is enough to convince you. Get it at your drug store to-day. 10c, 25c and 50c.

America Will Produce First Superman of the World, Declares Dr. Stanton Coit



DR. STANTON COIT

"He Will Be a Mixture of All the Races of Mankind, and Where Else Are They Being So Completely Amalgamated as in the United States?"

"The Superman Will Excel as Son, as Father, as Patriot—He Will Be the Personification of Sanity," Says the Ethical Culture Leader.

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall.

The superman is to be an American product.

He is promised us by Dr. Stanton Coit, leader of the London Ethical Culture Society, but formerly head worker of the University Settlement in this city. He has recently returned for a brief visit, and, as an earnest eugenicist, he is convinced both that we have superman material and that we know how to use it.

Despite all the absurdities committed in the name of eugenics, the idea of making a stronger, cleaner, more joyous humanity appeals to many to whom the old goals seem not worth the race. They are the men and women who, as Shaw writes, "no longer believing that they can live forever, are seeking for some immortal work into which they can build the best of themselves before their refuse is thrown into that arch dust destructor, the cremation furnace."

That is the instinct back of the eugenic movement, although not every eugenicist is intellectually honest enough to admit it. As for the method of producing the superman, each worker for race betterment has his own theories. For obvious reasons Dr. Coit's conclusions are interesting to us.

AMERICA WILL PRODUCE THE FIRST ONE.

"The first superman will be born in America," he explained to me, "because, as Luther Burbank says, the superman will be a mongrel. He will be a mixture of all the races of mankind, and where else in the world are they being so completely and democratically amalgamated as in the United States? Already the American is a type, to be distinguished as once from the English, who are descended from the same stock as the first American settlers."

"Also you will have a superman before other nations because you will go thoughtfully and energetically about the business of making one. You act after profound thought and you exert a remarkable will power. In England, the blond, broad-shouldered Englishman admitted with a smile, "we crawl and blunder along."

"As one of your greatest statesmen said, you 'muddle through somehow,'" I quoted, and Dr. Coit nodded, with another amiable smile. "Now, you can tell me," I added, "what a superman will be like. Do you see him as Mr. Shaw's good-looking philosopher-athlete, or what?"

"The superman will be first of all a good citizen. He will not be one of the narrower specialists, an artist, an athlete, a financier. He will excel as son, as father, as patriot. He will be the personification of sanity. In working out his physical development we shall probably evolve a man who is tall, strong and beautiful as a Greek god. His mind will be keener and his conscience more active than those of the average man to-day. But his most salient

characteristic will be his devotion to the welfare of the community. "Every man should be a potential Lincoln or Washington. If the Mayor of New York dies there should be a hundred thousand other citizens ready to take his place."

That isn't exactly a Bertillon description of a superman, but it is detailed and tangible compared with other definitions. "How do you, as a eugenicist, picture the evolution of such a type?" I asked.

"In the first place, I am opposed to hasty law-making," Dr. Coit pronounced, decidedly. "Such a difficulty as that into which the State of Wisconsin has got itself seriously hurled the cause of eugenics. Only a few doctors in the whole State can make the elaborate tests demanded before they are permitted to issue health certificates. I understand that one judge has already decided that one judge has already decided the new law to be unconstitutional."

SOCIETY CAN CONTROL PHENOMENON OF FALLING IN LOVE.

"I believe in working through the church and through society, rather than by direct legislation. It is nonsense to say that society cannot control the phenomenon known as 'falling in love.' Among certain native tribes in Australia there is a rigid social custom which forbids any man and girl of the same tribe to intermarry. The consequence is that the young men and women of the same tribe are absolutely indifferent to each other. Now, if savage races can so restrain their natural instincts through custom alone, civilized nations should have no difficulty in exercising a like control.

"There is both positive and negative eugenics, you know. For putting the latter into practice it is only necessary that our boys and girls be brought up to believe certain persons unmarriageable. In this list would be included drunkards, persons suffering from contagious disease, the mentally deficient and confirmed criminals. If society as a whole would take up the task, our young people would readily learn not to fall in love with these unfit specimens of humanity."

"And what sort of marriage does positive eugenics encourage?" "The ideal marriage is based on a combination of sentiment and prudence. The one unforgivable wrong a woman does a man is when she marries him without feeling in her heart that he is the only man in the world for her, that she cannot be happy without him. On the other hand, her parents ought to make certain inquiries as to his health and life history, if possible, as to the history of his family.

"A combination of the French and American marriage customs will be made by the eugenic marriage of the future, in my opinion. Fathers and mothers will not assume the indi-



front, hands-off attitude which is too frequently theirs in this country. But the young men and women will be allowed to meet frequently and to become really well acquainted.

"The range of selection should be greatly increased from what it is at present. The scheme discussed in some quarters of municipal dance halls or social parlors seems to me most interesting, particularly when we have raised the standard of purity among men and thus eliminated the possible dangers of such meetings."

"You don't believe, then, that eugenics will do away with love-making?" I suggested. "Some persons think the time is coming when we shall be married by percentages and catalogues."

"Never!" asserted Dr. Coit, with comforting emphasis. "In fact, marriage without love cannot possibly be eugenic. That is why I am so opposed, not merely to the woman who marries for money, but to her who marries for a home, a bare living. It is excellent that women in increasing numbers are becoming economically independent, able to wait till the right man comes along."

"On the other hand, it is a pity that persons strongly attracted to each other should be unable, for economic reasons, to marry and become parents. Therefore, I believe that the State should pay salaries to its mothers, and thus refute the economic argument advanced against large families."

Then Dr. Coit gave definite proof of his genuinely romantic predilections. "I believe in the marriage of the millionaire's daughter and her chauffeur," he confessed. I believe in the marriage of the millionaire's son and his stenographer. These are often really eugenic matches, perfect samples of natural unions. The persons whom society, in the narrow sense of the word, terms its inferiors, are frequently superior in body and mind and soul. On the democratic romances of America rests another hope for the superman."

"It is indeed unwise, in my opinion, to marry a man passionately devoted to the acquisition of money. In one or two generations this tendency is likely to develop into insanity. Sometimes it doesn't wait so long. I know of a multi-millionaire in this city who confesses that, if his wife spends five cents more on a dress than he expected her to spend, he worries about it all day long. Can you call him sane?"

"Is it true that woman will do the proposing in the case of the eugenic marriage?" I asked, finally. Dr. Coit chuckled. "A friend of mine," he countered, "told me he was going to call on a lady in preference to going out with her. He said that the last lady he had invited any place had proposed to him in a hansom, and he thought it was taking an unfair advantage of him! I don't believe that the eugenic marriage will effect any startling change in the matter of proposing."

Only one "BRUNO QUININE" has a LAXATIVE BRUNO QUININE. Look for the signature of J. W. Dewey, M.D., on the box. Cure Grip in Two Days. 10c and 50c.

THE WOMEN RISE AND THROW OUT MAN CHAIRMAN

"Liar," Cries One of Their League When He Talks Up, Independent-Like.

GOING TO MAKE A STIR.

Meeting Arranges Demonstration to Make Mayor Notice Girls Need Work.

A man standing at bay against a roomful of women was the rather unusual spectacle presented in the rooms of the Women's Trade Union League, No. 48 East Twenty-second street, to-day.

It was a meeting held to consider the best means of relieving the distress caused by unemployment among the working women of the city. The Women's Trade League had nothing to do officially with the meeting, which was organized by the Women's Unemployment Committee of New York, formed by Miss Axelrod, a girl who has had personal experience in meeting the difficulty women have in obtaining work in this city.

Mr. Karibecht of the Industrial Union League had explained while occupying the chair that the objects of the meeting were to call a mass meeting in Cooper Union and arrange a parade around the City Hall to make the Mayor take immediate action for the relief of the unemployed.

Then he put his hands on the table and got serious. "A young lady," he declared, "who is a member of the executive committee of the Women's Trade Union League, told me last night that unless the league could run the affairs of the unemployment committee to suit itself that they would not give a cent to help the girls in their fight for publicity, and she gloated over the fact that the Cooper Union officials wanted \$45 for the use of the hall and that the girls did not have the money to pay for it."

"You're just an ordinary liar!" cried Miss Pauline Newman, standing up at the back of the room. "I did not say I was a member of the committee. That's the No. 1. And I didn't say the league wanted to run this business. I said that if we subscribed the money we had a right to know what is being done with it. Then we began talking about economic determinism and other rubbish. The sooner you quit your fine phrases and get down to business the better."

Miss Mary Dreier, President of the Women's Trade Union League, and a sister of Mrs. Sarah Robbins, the wife of the millionaire soap manufacturer of Chicago, tried to make peace, but Mr. Karibecht would not listen.

"I came here to tell you," he shouted, "of a practical proposition. It's no use looking to the League for assistance, or to any other league or union. You cannot rely on the Socialist Committee or any of the self-appointed labor leaders."

"What is this man doing here?" asked Miss Newman. "Is this a woman's meeting?" "I'm here to propose"—began the chairman.

"It's a man's prerogative to propose and a woman's to dispose," said a voice from the audience. "My plan," shouted Karibecht, "is to appeal to the rank and file for funds. Don't have anything to do with the Women's League."

"Will you sit down?" cried Miss Schneiderman. "We want to talk business, not listen to your eloquence."

"I'll now sit down," replied Karibecht angrily, "till I've said what I came here to say. The men—"

"THAT WAS ABOUT ENOUGH FOR HIM, AS HE LEARNED."

"Unless you sit down I'll appeal to the reporters to put you out," said Miss Schneiderman, an official of the Women's League, advancing on the chairman with fire in her eye.

Four or five other women closed around the mere man, "determination" written large upon their faces. He made a brave but futile struggle and was finally ejected amid general uproar.

"It's all very well," he said as he went through the door, "but you know I can't hit back."

Then the women ran the meeting and made their own arrangements for the demonstration. They held an informal meeting on the steps outside and decided to hold a meeting, also on Monday, in St. Mark's Church, St. Mark's place, and run the whole business themselves.

"KILLED AT PIT BOTTOM. Boiler Being Raised Falls and Crushes Through Platform.

The cable by which a boiler was being raised this afternoon from the thirty-foot foundation for an apartment house at Fifty-fifth street and Park avenue broke and the boiler falling, smashed a platform raised over the edge of the pit on which Engineer James Dooley was operating the winch.

Platform and winch fell into the excavation and Dooley was carried to the bottom, where the boiler crushed him to death. He was forty-two years old and lived at West Third street and Blinnock avenue, New Brighton, R. I.

Alleged Slayer of Woman Indicted. The Grand Jury to-day indicted Oscar Vogt for murder in the first degree. He is charged with killing Agnes Guth, with whom he lived at No. 204 West Eighty-fourth street, Dec. 3. He stabbed her seven times because she refused to give him money. He then stole \$25 and ran away. He was captured and is now in the Tombs.

Brooklyn Girl Asks Iowa Sheriff To Find Her a Husband in the West



Mrs. CYRILLE BREILIGNIERE

She May Be a WIDOWER; May Have ONE CHILD, No More; May Have NO MONEY, So He Has a GOOD JOB; Must Have GOOD TEETH; Must Be a WESTERNER, Big and Strong.

The fact that she was married at fourteen and widowed at sixteen did not take the romance out of the life of Mrs. Cyrille Breiligniere, of No. 331 Schermerhorn street, Brooklyn, as she admitted herself to-day. She longs for the golden West, and is expecting any day to get an offer of marriage from some stalwart son of the plains. The telegraph betrayed her secret after she had written the Sheriff at Des Moines, Iowa, under the name of "Stella Long," and a reporter went to her home seeking "Miss Long."

"Does Miss Stella Long live here?" he asked. "No," she does not," whispered the door and carefully closed it before continuing. "What do you want with Stella Long on occasions?" Then the girl added excitedly: "I know. You want to know about the letter I wrote to the Sheriff at Des Moines, Iowa. Did you come from Des Moines?"

On being told that the caller simply wanted information about the letter the girl said: "Shucks! I thought I was getting an answer in person." Then she continued: "Have you seen the letter?"

A copy of the letter as telegraphed read: "Sheriff, Des Moines: 'Just a few lines to ask a favor of you. Will you advertise in your Western papers for a husband for me? I am eighteen years old and I think I am just old enough to settle down in life. I weigh 114 pounds, am 5 feet 1 1/2 inches tall, and have blue eyes and chestnut hair. I don't care for the men in this part of the country. I prefer a Western husband. There is no money backing me; all I have to give is love and all I want is a good husband. I remain, 'MISS STELLA LONG, 'No. 331 Schermerhorn street, Brooklyn, N. Y.'"

A copy of the letter the Sheriff has written the girl, but which she has not received, reads: "Dear Miss Long, Brooklyn, N. Y.: 'Your letter inquiring for a husband received and noted. I congratulate you upon your wisdom in coming to the best city in the best State in the Union for a husband. 'I think we can safely promise to fix you out. We will furnish the license free, also a Judge to perform the ceremony and flowers for the occasion, and every man in the court house will witness the ceremony and lend every effort to make the event the social success of the court house season. 'J. F. GRIFFIN.'"

"My right name is not Stella Long," the girl continued. "It is Cyrille Breiligniere, and I am a widow. I was married when I was fourteen to an electrician, and two years ago he died. I am now living with my mother, Mrs. Hattie Smith, and I do so want to marry a big, strong West-

ern man. He must have good teeth. He mustn't be bald, and I don't want red hair on my next husband. 'I won't even have a widower, provided he has only one child. He mustn't nag and I won't, and he needn't have big bunches of money if he just has a good job.'"

HEAVY MEAT EATERS HAVE SLOW KIDNEYS

Eat less meat if you feel Backache or have Bladder trouble.

No man or woman who eats meat regularly can make a mistake by flushing the kidneys occasionally, says a well-known authority. Meat forms uric acid which excites the kidneys, they become overworked from the strain, get sluggish and fail to filter the waste and poisons from the blood, then we get sick. Nausea, rheumatism, headache, liver trouble, nervousness, dizziness, sleeplessness, urinary disorders come from sluggish kidneys.

The moment you feel a dull ache in the kidneys or your back hurts or if the urine is cloudy, offensive, full of sediment, irregular passages or attended by a sensation of swelling, stop eating meat and get about four ounces of Dr. Dewey's Tonic from any pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast and in a few days your kidneys will set free. This famous tonic is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice combined with herbs, and has been used for generations to flush and stimulate the kidneys, also to neutralize the acids in urine so it no longer causes irritation, thus ending bladder weakness.

Dr. Dewey's Tonic is a powerful and gentle diuretic; makes a delightful effervescent, lithia-water drink which every one should take now and then to keep the kidneys clean and active and the blood pure, thereby avoiding serious kidney complications.



Large Bottle, \$1.00. Your Druggist Can Supply You. H. T. Dewey & Sons Co. MAKERS OF PURE WINE AND GRAPE JUICE. 150 Years in Business. Our Guarantee.

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this alone is actually packed and sealed where grown. All the native virtues retained; all impurity excluded.

White Rose CEYLON TEA

A 10c Package Makes 40 Cups.