

GIRL LEADS GANG WHICH SHOT FOUR

Lillie De Marco and Three Others Captured Following Holdup and Murder in New Jersey.

Philadelphia, Oct. 7.—Subjected to the third degree at detective headquarters for hours, Lillie De Marco, the alleged 19-year-old girl chief of a band of robbers, who yesterday held up the automobile of A. J. Rider, president of the New Jersey Cranberry Growers' association at Athol, N. J., a desolate hamlet 10 miles from Hammonton, N. J., wounded him, his daughter and another man and killed his brother, Henry D. Rider, of Howell, Mich., made damaging admissions at noon today, according to Captain Tate, of the detective bureau.

The girl admitted that she and three men companions had motored from this city and were at Athol, N. J., at the time of the shooting. She admitted she had heard several shots after the chauffeur of the automobile had stopped his car not far from the spot where a number of men, she said to have been masked, held up Rider's car in an attempt to steal the pay roll of \$5,000 being taken to the 300 employees at Rider's cranberry logs.

Giuseppe Russo, an intimate friend of the De Marco girl, the police say, Frank Vessella, the chauffeur and Frank Ladona, the three other prisoners held here in connection with the crime were similarly grilled today and admitted they had taken an early morning ride from this city to Hammonton. They also admitted they had been at the spot indicated by the DeMarco girl.

The circumstances of the tracing and capture in this city read like fiction. Following the holdup, the bandits disappeared into the woods, where they are said to have hidden their automobile. Fate decreed that one of the license tags fell from the car as they fled. This was recovered by a citizen and turned over to detectives who arrived on the scene from Mount Holly, N. J. The Philadelphia police, with this clue, made the arrest late last night.

PEACE TALK IS REVIVED

Gerard on Way From Berlin With Request to Wilson to Use Good Offices, Is Report.

New York, Oct. 6.—The New York Evening Post today publishes a story saying that it has been learned from a trustworthy source that Ambassador James W. Gerard, now on his way back from Germany, will by next President Wilson a request that the president use his good offices in suing for peace with the allies.

Germany has definitely decided to apply to President Wilson, the article reads, "to use his good offices in suing for peace with the allies. This was learned today from sources in a position to have absolutely trustworthy information on these matters.

"It is understood that Ambassador James W. Gerard, who is on his way over here, will lay the matter before President Wilson within a week. . . . It is a fact, however positively it may have been denied officially, that the possibility of President Wilson acting as mediator has been discussed by German officials with Ambassador Gerard. It is therefore by no means surprising that the reports now take definite shape in connection with Mr. Gerard's trip to this country."

Ambassador Gerard is on the steamship Frederik VIII, due in New York about Tuesday next.

M'CORMICK IS SUED BY JEREMIAH O'LEARY

Head of Truth Society Would Find Out If "Hyphenate" Is Libelous Term.

New York, Oct. 7.—Vance C. McCormick, chairman of the democratic national committee, announced that he had been served with a summons of a suit of \$50,000 brought against him by Jeremiah A. O'Leary, president of the American Truth society. Mr. McCormick said he had not been apprised, however, of the charges upon which the suit was based.

Mr. O'Leary declared that he instituted the action to find out first whether hyphenism, as it is called, is libelous and, second, whether it is consistent with Americanism.

Mr. O'Leary said he presented a statement attributed to Mr. McCormick criticizing him for sending an "insulting message" to President Wilson. In that message Mr. O'Leary criticized the president for not enforcing American rights against Great Britain, and informed Mr. Wilson that he would not vote for the reelection of the president. Mr. Wilson replied that he would "feel deeply mortified to have you (Mr. O'Leary) or anybody like you, vote for me," adding, "since you have access to many disloyal Americans and I have not I will ask you to convey this message to them."

BOARD IS FAVORABLE
Washington, D. C., Oct. 6.—That the new eight-hour commission named by President Wilson will make the most favorable report possible on workings of the law is the comment here. General Goethals, before congress acted, issued an eight-hour order in central zone, and men, Interstate Commerce Commissioner Clark, an Iowa man, was grand chief of the conductors, and George Ruble is an administration man.

THE BEST MAN

By Grace Livingston Hill Lutz
Author of "Marcia Schuyler," "Dawn of the Morning," "Lo, Michael!" etc.
Philadelphia & London, J. B. Lippincott Company.
1914.

CHAPTER I

Cyril Gordon had been seated at his desk but 10 minutes and was deep in the morning's mail when there came an urgent message from his chief, summoning him to an immediate audience in the inner office.

The chief had been blue eyes and shaggy eyebrows. He never wasted words; yet these words when spoken had more weight than of most other men in Washington.

"There was the briefest of good-morning gleams in his nod and glance, but he only said:

"Gordon, can you take the Pennsylvania train for New York that leaves the station in 20 minutes?"

The young man was used to abrupt questions from his chief, but he caught his breath, mentally surveying his day as it had been planned.

"Why, sir, I suppose I could—if it is necessary," he hesitated.

"It is necessary," said the chief curtly, as if that settled the matter.

"But—half an hour!" ejaculated Gordon in dismay. "I could hardly get my own things and back to the station. I don't see how—Isn't there a train a little later?"

"Later train won't do. Call up your man on the phone. Tell him to pack your bag and meet you at the station in 20 minutes. You'll need evening clothes. Can you depend on your man to get your things quickly without fail?"

"There was that in the tone of the chief that caused Gordon to make no further demur.

"Sure!" he responded with his usual business like tone, as he strode to the phone. His gaze was passing off "Evening clothes," he questioned curiously, as if he might not have heard aright.

"Yes, evening clothes," was the curt answer, "and everything you'll need for daytime for a respectable gentleman of business, you understand."

Gordon perceived that he was being given a mission of trust and importance, not unaccompanied by mystery perhaps. He was new in the secret service, and it had been his ambition to rise to his chief's good graces. He rang the telephone bell furiously and called up the number of his own apartments, giving his man orders in a breezy, decisive tone that caused a look of satisfaction to see about the fine wrinkles of the chief's eyes.

Gordon's watch was out and he was telling his man on just what car he must leave the apartments for the station. The chief noted it was two cars ahead of what would have been necessary. His gray head gave an almost imperceptible nod of commendation, and his eyes showed that he was content with his selection of a man.

"Now, sir," said Gordon, as he hung up the receiver, "I'm ready for orders."

"Well, you are to go to New York, and take a cab for the Cosmopolitan hotel. Your room there is already secured by my name. It is John Burnham, the name of the hotel and the number of your room are on this memorandum. You will find awaiting you an invitation to dine this evening with a Mr. Holman, who knows of you as an expert in code reading. Our men met him on the train an hour ago and arranged that he should invite you. He didn't know whom they represented, of course. He has already tried to 'phone you at the hotel about coming to dinner tonight. He knows you are expected there before evening. Here is a letter of introduction to him from a man he knows. Our men got that also. It is genuine, of course."

"Last night a message of national importance, written in cipher, was stolen from one of our men before it had been read. This is now in the hands of Holman, who is hoping to have you decipher it for him and a few guests who will be present at dinner. They wish to use it for their own purposes. Your commission is to get hold of the message and bring it to us as soon as possible. Another message of very different import, written upon the same kind of paper, is in this envelope, with a translation for you to use in case you have to substitute a message. You will have to use your own wit and judgment. The main thing is, get the paper, and get back with it, with as little delay as possible. Undoubtedly your life will be in danger should it be discovered that you have made off with it. Spare no care to protect yourself and the message, at all hazards. Remember, I said, and the message, young man! It means much to the country."

"In this envelope is money—all you will probably need. Telegraph or phone to this address if you are in a trouble. Draw on us for more, if necessary, also through this same address. Here is the code you can use in case you find it necessary to telegraph. Your ticket is already bought. I have sent Clark on to the station for it, and he will meet you at the train. You can give him instructions in case you find you have forgotten anything. Take your man with you, and telegraph back to your stenographer, that this is all. Oh, yes, tonight, while you are at dinner, you will be called to the phone by one of our men. If you are in trouble, this may give you opportunity to get away, and put us wise. You will find a motor at the door now, waiting to take you to the station. If your man doesn't get there with your things, take the train, anyway, and buy some more when you get to New York. Don't turn aside from your commission for anything. Don't let anything hinder you! Make it a matter of life and death! Good morning and good luck!"

The chief brot a big, hairy hand that was surprisingly warm and soft considering the hardness of his face and voice, and the young man grasped it, feeling as if he were suddenly being plunged into waves of an unknown depth and he would fain hold to this strong hand.

"He went out of the office quietly enough, and the keen old eyes watched him knowingly, understanding the beating of the heart under Gordon's well fitting business coat, the mingled elation and dread over the commission. But there had been no hesitancy, no question of acceptance, when the nature of the commission was made known. The young man was "game." He would do. Not even an eyelash had flickered at the hint of danger. The chief felt he would be faithful even in the face of possible death.

Gordon's man came rushing into the station just after he reached there himself. Clarkson was already there with the ticket. Gordon had time to scribble a message to Julia Bentley, whose

Gordon walked nervously up and down the grass at the side of the track, looking anxiously for a sign of the wrecking train. The thought of Julia did occur to him, but he put it impatiently away, for he knew just how poorly Julia would bear a delay on a journey even in his company. He had been with her once when the engine got off the track on a short trip down to a Virginia house-party, and she was the most impatient creature alive, although it interested not one whit to any of the rest of the party whether they made merry on the train or at their friend's house. And yet, if Julia were anything at all to him, would not he like the thought of her companionship now?

A great white dog hobbled up to him and fawned upon him as he turned to go back to the train, and he laid his hand kindly upon the animal's head, and noted that its eyes upon his face. He was a noble dog, and Gordon stood for a moment fondling him. Then he turned impatiently and tramped back to the car again. But when he reached the steps he found that the dog had followed him.

Gordon frowned, half in annoyance, half in amusement, and sitting down on a log by the wayside he took the dog's pink nose into his hands, caressing the white fur about his eyes.

The dog whined happily, and Gordon meditated. How long would the train wait? Would he miss getting to New York in time for the dinner? He would miss the chance to rise in his chief's presence, the chief would expect him to get to New York some other way if the train were delayed. How long would he have to wait on possibilities?

All at once he saw the conductor and the white car about in his eyes. Evidently the train was about to start. With a final kindly stroke of the white head, he called a workman nearby, handed him half a dollar to hold the dog, and sprang.

He had scarcely settled himself into his chair, however, before the dog came rushing up the aisle from the other end of the car, and precipitated himself muzzily and noisily upon him.

With a start and perturbation Gordon hurried the dog to the door and tried to fling him off, but the poor creature pulled back and clung to the platform yelping pitiously.

Just then the conductor came from the other car and looked at him curiously.

"No dogs allowed in these cars," he said gruffly.

"Well, if you know how to enforce that rule, I wish you would," said Gordon. "I'm sure I don't know what to do with him."

"Where has he been since you left Washington?" asked the grim conductor in a suspicious tone.

"I certainly haven't had him secreted about me, a dog of that size," remarked the young man dryly. "Besides, he isn't my dog. I never saw him till he followed me down to the station. I'm as anxious to be rid of him as he is to stay."

The conductor eyed the young man keenly, and then allowed a grim sense of humor to appear in one corner of his mouth.

"Got a chain or a rope for him?" he asked more sympathetically.

"Well, no," remarked the unhappy attaché, the dog "Not having had an appointment with the dog, I didn't provide myself with a leash for him."

"Take him into the baggage car," said the conductor briefly, and shooing him away into the next car.

There seemed nothing else to be done, but it was most annoying to be thus forced on the notice of his fellow travelers, when his commission required that he be as inconspicuous as possible.

At Jersey City he hoped to escape and leave the dog to the tender mercies of the baggage man, but that official was craftily waiting for him and handed the animal over to a stout porter, the master with a satisfaction ill proportioned to the fee he had received for caring for him.

Then began a series of misfortunes. Disappointed that the stout porter had beside him, and behind him a voice continually whispered his chief's last injunction: "Don't let anything hinder you."

Frankly he tried first one place and then another, but all to no effect. Nobody apparently wanted to care for a stray white dog, and his very haste aroused suspicion. Once he came near being caught as a dog thief. He could not get rid of that dog! Yet he must not let him follow him! Would he have to have the animal sent home to Washington as the only solution of the problem? Then a queer fancy seized him that just in some such way, the Miss Julia Bentley being shadowing his days for nearly three years now, and he had actually this very day been considering calmly whether he might not have to marry her, just because she was so persistent in her taking possession of him. Not that she was unattractive, of course; no, indeed! She was stately and beautiful and had never offended him. But she had always quietly, persistently taken it for granted that he would be her attendant whenever she chose; and she always chose whenever he was in the least inclined to enjoy any other woman's company.

He frowned at himself. Was there something weak about his character that a woman or a dog could so easily master him? Would any other employe in the office, who trusted in his great commission, have allowed it to be hindered by a dog?

(Continued next week.)

War and Insanity.
From the Chicago Evening Post.

Dr. William Graham, superintendent of the Illinois State Hospital for the Insane, has greatly lessened during the war period. His statement is sustained by official statistics and by the observation of other British alienists.

The cynic might be tempted to remark that the madmen are at the front, and any aberrant minds left at home are in contrast with the denizens of Europe's trenches; but the cynic's comment is not the real explanation.

Dr. Graham elaborates his statement by saying it is especially noticeable that there are many fewer cases of insanity among women. On the surface this may appear surprising. The grief and anxiety to which a multitude of wives and mothers have been subjected ought to have been expected to unbalance many minds. Such has not been true may be accepted as sustaining the theory that feminine insanity is largely due to the tremendous pressure of domestic routine, with its innumerable and ceaseless small annoyances and vexations. It is true that thousands of women have been absent from the war; they have escaped to a freedom of life and an economic independence denied them in the days of peace. Eager burdens have been thrust upon them, great sorrows have come to them, but they have had room and liberty to bear and face them.

It is the cramped, narrowed, prodded mind that goes distraught. Health and mind are to be found in freedom, space and adequate occupation. The lesson is one not merely for Europe, but for all countries; not merely for the mental welfare of women, but for that of men. An enlightened civilization, organized to afford ample opportunity for all and freeing men and women alike from the cumulative pressure of life's nagging ills, will soon lessen the number of asylums necessary to care for its insane.

Immaterial.
"Scientists are now generally agreed that drunkenness is a disease, and that the man who drinks should be treated by a physician."

"Oh, well, most men who drink don't care who treats them."

CHINA WANTS OUR GOODS

American Manufacturers Are Meeting Favorable Reception at Hands of Orientals.

The Chinese are beginning distinctly to favor American goods and regard America as a model from a manufacturing as well as governmental viewpoint, according to Maurice Benjamin, general manager of the Oliver Inport and Export company, Shanghai, China. In spite of the famine in freight, he says, American manufacturers are not only gradually finding their way into China, but are being sought by the Orientals.

"The tremendous disturbances in Europe have not failed to leave traces in China," he said. "In this high freight rates have played no small part. China wonders why so large a nation as America should have no mercantile marine. In some lines where only \$10 per ton was paid before the war for transportation from the United States west coast to China, as much as \$40 per ton has recently been paid."

"I believe the day is not far distant when we will see a new China. When the 400,000,000 people there begin to want machinery, railways and other requirements of civilization, America will benefit. It is a common error to think that the Chinese are too inveterately conservative to adopt Western civilization. The cost of living of Chinese in towns where there are Europeans has probably doubled in the last few years."

The Formula Failed.
Willie had disobeyed again, and his mother had sent for a switch, declaring that she meant to "wear him out."

"Now, Willie," she demanded very solemnly, "do you know what I'm going to do with this switch?"

"Yes'm," he answered promptly, "you're going to shake it at me and say, 'Willie Parsons, if you ever do that again I'll switch you good!'"

But she didn't.—Christian Herald.

Important to Mothers.
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* in Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Out Comes the Truth.
"I suppose," said Singleton, "that you were deeply touched when your wife presented you with this easy chair on your birthday anniversary."

"I sure was," replied Weddery, sadly. "I was touched for fifty dollars to pay for it."

Autumn Melancholy.
The campaign brings a tuneful cheer once more to every spot. The autumn days which now appear are melancholy—not.

The fermenting power of brewers' yeast has been increased by five minutes' exposure to ozone.

COLD IN HEAD CATARRH
INSTANTLY RELIEVED BY THE OLD DR. MARSHALL'S CATARRH SNUFF
25¢ AT ALL DRUG STORES OR SENT BY MAIL TO DR. W. L. MARSHALL, MFG. CO., CLEVELAND, O.

"ROUGH ON RATS" Ends Rats, Mice, Bugs, etc. Indoors, 15c and 50c. SIOUX CITY P.T.G. CO., NO. 42-1916.

Women Once Invalids

Now in Good Health Through Use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Say it is Household Necessity. Doctor Called it a Miracle.

All women ought to know the wonderful effects of taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound even on those who seem hopelessly ill. Here are three actual cases:

Harrisburg, Penn.—"When I was single I suffered a great deal from female weakness because my work compelled me to stand all day. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for that and was made stronger by its use. After I was married I took the Compound again for a female trouble and after three months I passed what the doctor called a growth. He said it was a miracle that it came away as one generally goes under the knife to have them removed. I never want to be without your Compound in the house."—Mrs. FRANK KNOLL, 1642 Fulton St., Harrisburg, Penn.

Hardly Able to Move.
Albert Lea, Minn.—"For about a year I had sharp pains across my back and hips and was hardly able to move around the house. My head would ache and I was dizzy and had no appetite. After taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills, I am feeling stronger than for years. I have a little boy eight months old and am doing my work all alone. I would not be without your remedies in the house as there are none like them."—Mrs. F. E. Yost, 611 Water St., Albert Lea, Minn.

Three Doctors Gave Her Up.
Pittsburg, Penn.—"Your medicine has helped me wonderfully. When I was a girl 18 years old I was always sickly and delicate and suffered from irregularities. Three doctors gave me up and said I would go into consumption. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and with the third bottle began to feel better. I soon became regular and I got strong and shortly after I was married. Now I have two nice stout healthy children and am able to work hard every day."—Mrs. CLEMENTINA DUBBERING, 34 Gardner St., Troy Hill, Pittsburg, Penn.

All women are invited to write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for special advice.—It will be confidential.

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Had It Over Washington.
First Thinker—There's one day I have it over Washington.
Second Thinker—I'm your friend, so I'll listen to it.
First Thinker—He couldn't tell a lie, I can.

Manchester, England, has a glass bottle famine.

The tremendous disturbances in Europe have not failed to leave traces in China," he said. "In this high freight rates have played no small part. China wonders why so large a nation as America should have no mercantile marine. In some lines where only \$10 per ton was paid before the war for transportation from the United States west coast to China, as much as \$40 per ton has recently been paid."

When Work Is Hard

That kidney troubles are so common is due to the strain put upon the kidneys in so many occupations, such as: Jarring and jolting on railroads, etc. Cramp and strain as in barbering, moulding, heavy lifting, etc. Exposure to changes of temperature in iron furnaces, refrigerators, etc. Dampness as in tanneries, quarries, mines, etc.

Inhaling poisonous fumes in painting, printing and chemical shops. Doan's Kidney Pills are fine for strengthening weak kidneys.

An Iowa Case.
O. W. Emery, retired farmer, West Des Moines, Iowa, says: "My back got so bad I couldn't get much rest and often had to be propped up with pillows. The pain was terrible and it seemed as if my kidneys were being torn loose. The kidney secretions were painful in passage and I lost weight until I was but a shadow of my former self. Dr. Doan's Kidney Pills restored me to good health and I haven't had any kidney trouble since."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Constipation Vanishes Forever
Prompt Relief—Permanent Cure
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Purely vegetable—act surely but gently on the liver. Stop after dinner—cure distress—cure indigestion, improve the complexion, brighten the eyes. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

Asen's Wood
COLD IN HEAD CATARRH
INSTANTLY RELIEVED BY THE OLD DR. MARSHALL'S CATARRH SNUFF
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