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STOLE $20,000 EXPRESS MATTER

How Detectives Disguised as Workmen Followed the Robbers, Arrested Them and Secure the Goods.

NEW YORK, May 16—No ordinary citizen who saw two small delivery wagons trailing a pondreous van through East Side streets Monday realized that the procession was a police chase after $20,000 worth of stolen property.

The delivery wagons contained 20 detectives in chaege of Lieut. Vachris and assisted by chief special agent Mayo of the U. S. Express company They were packed into the small cart like figs in a box.

The van, heavily loaded with express matter, was followed on each side of the street by men sauntering singly or in pairs. These were the men whom the police had marked for arrest.

The "chase" led from the branch office of the U. S. express company, at 35 West 3rd street through West Broadway, Spring street and the Bowery, to a stable in Rivington street between the Bowery and Chrystie street.

The stable in the rear of a big tenement and is reached through an alley from the street. The van turned in, So did the men who had been following on foot.

A block or two back the detectives left their delivery carts and most of them went into a dry goods store to examine shirts and cravats.

Half an hour later a signal rang out from the direction of the stable Detective Fassuli had been inside and had waited until the van was unloaded before calling his comrades.

The detectives on the run swarmed through the alley, and before the alleged robbers knew what was happening ten were under arrest. They were taken to headquarters charged with grand larceny.

It was about two weeks ago that Lieut. Vachris got his information that a big express robbery was being planned. It was expected that the attempt would be last Thursday, but nothing happened then. Ever since then the neighborhood of the express company's branch offices have been constantly covered by detectives disguised as laborers and drivers.

Late on Monday afternoon a van of the Dochtermann Van and express company which does considerable work for the U. S. Express company, drove up to the Third street office It was loaded with all sorts of valuable express matter, cut glass clothing, furs, books, etc., which had been shipped for Pennsylvania and western points. It was to go to Liberty steet and ferry and across to Communipaw.

As it started off a group of eight men was seen to seperate and follow it. At the same moment a young fellow slouching in the seat of a delivery cart clicked to a bony horse and drove after the van. The young fellow was Detective Upton of the central office.

The other cart, filled with private detectives, got into the parade a little farther down the line of march.

The alleged robbers seemed to have no idea of their danger until they found themselves trapped in the stable.

The men under arrest are Charles B. Miller, Michael Palansky, Herman Green, Rudolph Turner, Joseph Ross Isador Bolins, Morris Berger, Marry Miller, Samuel Fischer and Michael Rich. The latter two were in the stable when the van arrived. They said that Green, Palanasky, Ross, Harry Miller abd Berger were represented in the rogues' gallery.

There had been several serious express robberies within a few months.

About a month ago a van containing $50,000 worth of goods disappeared and was found empty at 1st avenue and 22nd street.

THE CHURCH A SURE SAFE GUARD IN LIFE

What Mount Zion Was to the Devout Hebrew in the Early Times so Should the Church be to the Devout Christain of the Present Day Who is Assailed by Many Temptations.

A Sermon which has attraction was preached by the Rev. Dr. Theodore S. Henderson, pastor of the Hanson Palace M. E. church, Brooklyn, N. Y, recently. A part of it only is herewith given. The subject was "If I Forget Thee." The text was from Psalm cxxxvii: 5 and 6:

If I forget thee, O Jerusalem,
Let my right hand forget its cunning,
Let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth,
If I remember thee not.

Dr. Henderson said in the course of his sermon.

The singer of this song we muse over was neither without a theme nor without such announcement of it that everyone could fail too catch its mighty meaning or the rhythm of its music. He was in a distant city in captivity. Babylon, full of palaces and power, was the scene of his song. But his theme? What was it? Was it Babylon? Nay. The scene of his song was Babylon; but the theme of his song was Jerusalem. Jerusalem was his home; the place about which clustered all the memories of his best life and love. Zion was the favored hill on which the Temple was built, and around that Temple hovered every recollection of religious education and inspiration. Here was this lonely singer, with yearning soul looking back to his home and his church—expressive of all that was deepest and divinest within him—with an alert memory recalling under the deprivations of his exile the blessings of his beloved Zion. What Mount Zion was to the devout Hebrew, so should the Church of Christ be to the devout Christain. This is the theme of our song; the Church of the Living God. Why celebrate her praises? Why should I forget?. Why should I not remember her? The asking questions crowds the memory and mind with adequate reasons.

Has not the church been to you a place of salvation? Birth places are always interesting; more than that, they are heart compelling. It is neither the size nor the architecture of that house which holds you a willing captive to its charm; neither the furniture nor the bric-a-brac grips your conscience nor stimulates your intellect; neither the name of the town nor the day of the year seems quite so important to you as the humble home where you were born. And dare we suggest that it is weakness so to regard our birthplace? Whether that was expressively luxury or poverty, whatever may have been the size and beauty, it was still the place where you were born, and as such it has been a factor in your character development. Can you recall it? Do you love it? Your love for it tests your genuineness and greatness. If such should be our grateful recollection of the body, what shall be said of the sanctity of the birthplace of the soul? You may never be able to locate the precise spot in the church building where you consciously sealed your covenant with Jesus Christ, to be his follower forever. But it was in the church, or through the ministry of the church, or because of the blessings of the church in your home that you were led to choose the life of a true child of God.

Has not the church been to you a place of spiritual education? Have not the home and school and the church been the three great educators of your life? It is possible to develop the love of nome without developing the love of God supreme Father; it is possible to develop the love of learning without developing the love for the Supreme Teacher. For education is far more packing the mind with information; it is the molding of the whole life of man by God-like ideals. If life is more than brain then education is more than the polishing of the intellect. The drag and the drift of the world is to the lover the fairest ideals of God for man; the task of the church is to educate man in the ideals of God. Six days of hard pounding against unyielding barriers; six days of subtle temptations to compromise just enough to take the keen edge from conscience; this is life, and where can a man go to tone up his moral and spiritual ideals if not to the church of Christ? Has not the church been to you a place of consolation? You have a secret agony which you have carried through the years, a hidden ache or buried pain an unutterable longing for that which would be to you divinest joy and continuous contentment if you could possess it. No one knows of your lonely heartache except God alone. He has been the sole witness of the tears which you have shed in the night; facing your Gethsemane you have tried to sing a song of trust and triumph. Those nearest to you know nothing of your hidden yearning, your buried love, your unquenchable craving; they hear you sing with the lips but the silent sigh is heard only by God. Whither will you go for consolation? To the church of the living God. Where else can you hear the voice of Jesus saying so plainly, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest?"

Has not the church been to you a place of inspiration? The stress of life saps our spiritual energy, depletes our spiritual vituality, weakens our spiritual virility, removes the elasticity from our spiritual step and and flash of God-like enthusiasm from our eyes. We say we are depressed. We need uplift, encouragement, reinforcement in spiritual purpose. To hearten a man is to help him at a point of direct need. What depressed men need is not so much alleviation as inspiration; not release from tasks, but reinforcement of spirit to perform the tasks which God has given them. Under the insistent strain and druggery of duty life is apt to become stale and seemingly unprofitable. Where, then, shall man find courage to undertake anew his own tasks? There is no place of inspiration like the church of the living God. You do not go to church to get excused from your duties, but to see them as God sees them and then go out and perform them; you do not go to church to hear how it can be transfigured and be a help in bringing in the Kingdom of God on earth. You go to church for inspiration to live your life in the lives of others, to live for the sake of others, to

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TO BE GREAT ONE MUST ACT

Shakespeare Dwells With the Dreamers Who Think Great Things But Achieve Nothing.

(Copr. 1909 by Bradley-Garretson Co. Ltd).

Be great in act, as you have been in thought.
—King John, Act V., Sc. 1.

The world is full of men who have "nothing done but great things undone." Imagination creates great poems, makes eloquent speeches, paints magnificent pictures, invents splendid instruments. Potential poets, orators, artists and inventors abound. Here and there a Shakespeare, or a Milton, a Raphael or a Titian, a Burke or a Webster, a Watt or an Edison raises his head out of a crowd out of a crowd of dreamers and takes his place among the illustrious men of action.

Not frequently some youth is described as a promising lad, a young genius. He is remarkably precocious in thought, far in advance of his years. When he reaches maturity his friends are amazed to find that some comrade of whom nothing was expected has passed him in the race for distinction. He may have had breadth of mind, predominating imagination; the other may have narrowness of soul, but he was developed on the side of will, which so far as this practical world is concerned is infinitely better than imagination. The greatest men are those in whom penetrating imagination and strength of will are equally combined.

Shakespeare is supreme in literature. There is the clearest evidence that his dramas are not the product of mere imaginative genius. They are more largely the product of his genius for work. His series of eight historical dramas is, in many ways, his greatest achievement. Wherein lies this greatness? In the profound grasp of social and political questions, in an intimate knowledge of the facts and characters of each historical period. He conceived a great series of dramas, his imagination bodied them forth, and he at once went to work to prepare himself to give them tangible form. The very urstlings of his heart were the firstlings of his hand. He studied the history of the country; he reconstructed the characters of by-gone ages; he made use of any historical studies he found at hand. Shakespeare's plays are all evidences that he was great in act as he was in thought. Milton for many years had been dreaming of producing a great piece. Opportunity was lacking, but, when the fitting moment arrived, he acted and produced an immortal poem. Epics and dramas have been and are being dreamt out daily; the man of action is required to give them form.

Thousands have gazed upon noble statutes, sublime paintings and listened to inspiring music and have been impelled to create, in their imaginations, statutes, paintings and music. But they fail to put their thoughts into action. Doubtless some of these dreamers are the imaginative equals of the great poets, painters and musicians under whose influence they have come, but they have come, but they lack the patient industry, the power of taking infinite pains, the determination not to be overcome. In every great artist's career there have been times when he has felt that he could never approximate his ideal. If he were less than the greatest he allowed the difficulties to conquer him, if he were of the stuff that heroes and masters are made of, he braced himself and with renewed energy faced his difficulties and usually won.

Every great invention is an evidence that some man was as great in act as he was in thought. From the beginning of the nineteenth century occasional dreamers conceived that sound might be carried to a distance over a wire and reproduced. Alexander Graham Bell, a Scotch lad, had his imagination stirred by this thought. To think with him was to act. Laboriously he toiled to give material shape to his dream. It took years of experimenting, study and privation, but continuous action combined with buoyant imagination and faith in himself brought success. A thousand examples might be given from the modern world to prove that it is only by being as great in act as in thought that anything worth while is achieved. The failures are for the most part those who dreamt, but did not act. King Richard II. was a dreamer with a lofty conception of kingship, but he never got farther than the conception. Henry V. had an equally lofty ideal, but with him thought and action went hand in hand.

The greatness of the Elizabethan age lies in the fact that it was a time of action. England conceived it possible to take first place among the nations, her seamen promptly sailed forth to explore the ends of the earth.

Often some individual is pointed out as a pronounced failure; he had great promise, qut he lacked the energy to act. Many a tramp on the wayside has had the dreams of a Shakespeare or Wordsworth. It is often the case that men who can rise to the most sublime heights may, under other circumstances, sink to the lowest depths. It is action that saves. When the wheels of industry are whirring and the rattle of the reaper in heard in the fields, there is happiness in the nation; when the factories are silent and the fields uncultivated, there is sorrow. The greatness of nations and individuals can be measured by the action they display in working out their thoughts.

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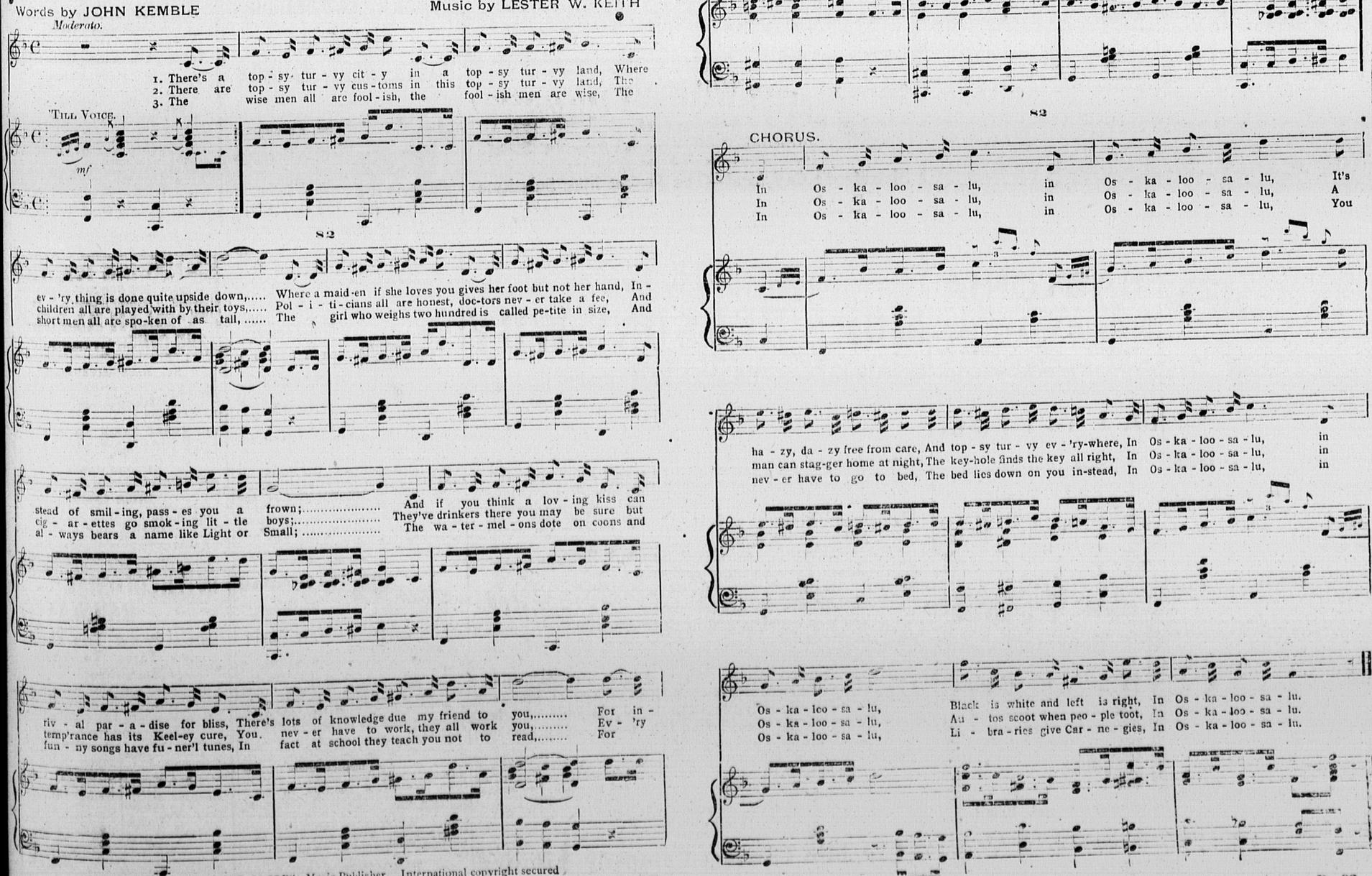

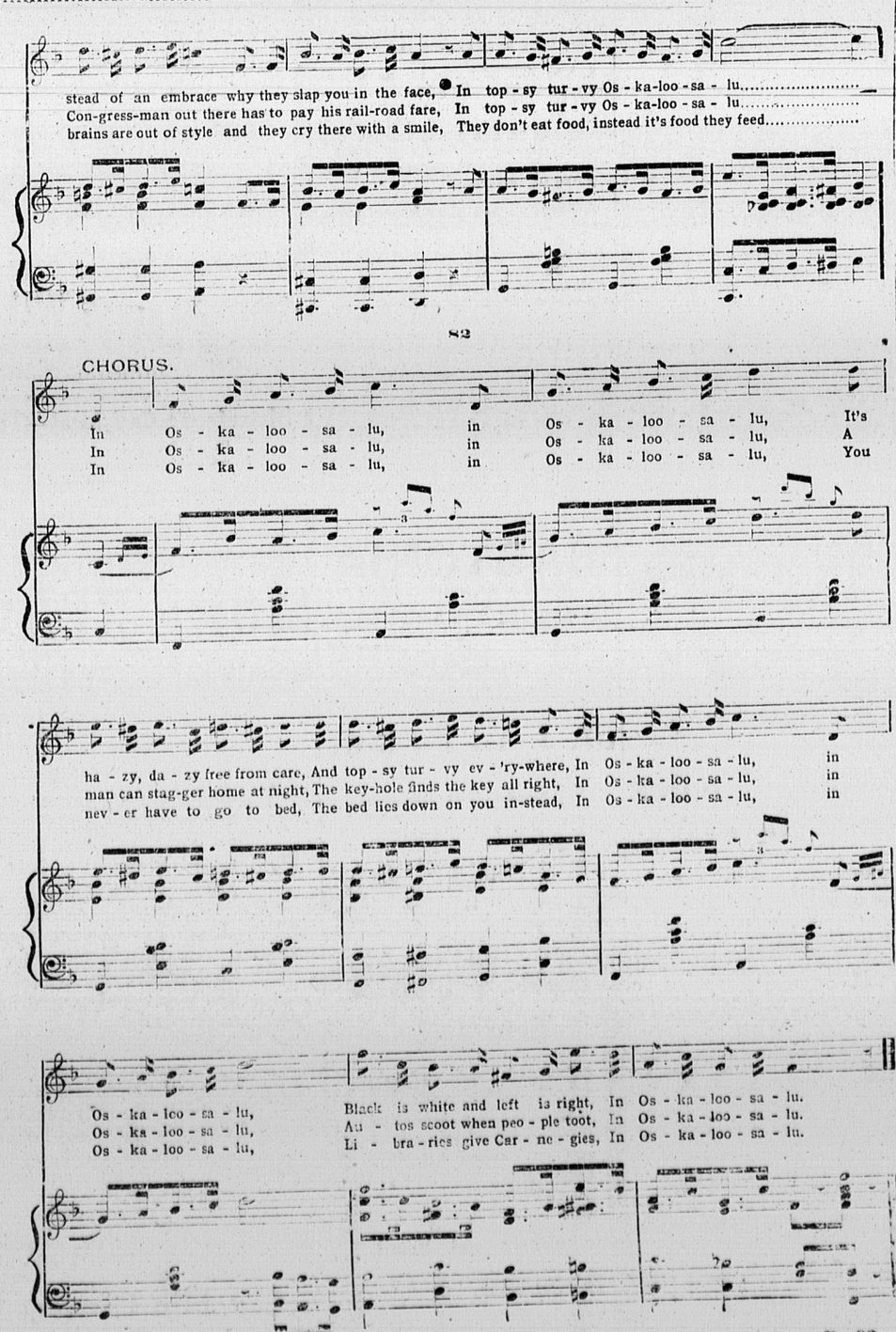

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