

New Army Bullet.

It would seem that in the type of bullet about to be adopted by the army there is a potent argument for peace. This bullet is a third lighter than any now in use, but it is most deadly. Its penetrating power is such that at a mile it would pass through 15 men, if these had the mischance to stand in line in front of it. At short range, says the Philadelphia Ledger, it will go through 39 inches of seasoned oak. At 500 yards 32 inches of white pine fail to stop it, and at 1,000 yards it is equal to piercing 14 1/2 inches. The day when safety lies in dodging behind a tree appears to be passing. The strong point about this admirable bullet is the flat trajectory. With the present style of bullet, fired at a target 1,000 yards distant, one could stand with perfect immunity at many points between the muzzle and the target, as at 50 yards the missile would pass 17 feet over his head. The new bullet shows a ten-foot rise at this distance. Almost the entire space between muzzle and target would be a zone of danger. Only one fault is found by experts with the modern bullet, and this is a lack of accuracy. They think this may be overcome, and even if it shall not be remedied a regiment advancing and sowing the field ahead with bullets capable of penetrating whatever they happen to hit would disconcert the enemy. It is not probable that advocates of peace will admire the fresh device for promoting the effectiveness of troops, but they may gain some comfort from the thought that an implement so destructive might give pause to the impulse to declare war, and, anyhow, that a battle marked by its use would be brief.

The Motor-Eye.

To the Academy-neck, the bridge-brain, and the cycle-arm, must now be added the motor-eye, and the wonder is that it has remained unnamed and undiscovered till "Marmaduke" has, this week, introduced it in the "Graphic," where it is written that the medical profession has to deal with. It appears that those who are continually rushing through the country in a motor-car cause the eye to take a too rapid impression of the things it encounters, and that this affects the mechanism of the eye. Nature did not prepare us for the conditions of modern times, and while it is adapting itself to them many unforeseen circumstances must occur. But nature has at all events been good to us in this respect, that whenever there is need for the coinage of a new term the talent is always at hand to supply it. And when it is the name of a new malady, then this talent rises to positive genius, with the result that the nation's vocabulary increases by leaps and bounds.

The National Debt.

Only about \$180,000,000 of the present bonded debt of the United States is redeemable within three years, and there should be no difficulty in paying that amount within the period, says the Bankers' Magazine. More than \$118,000,000 is not redeemable for nearly 19 years, while nearly \$596,000,000 has 24 years to run. It is true that the government has reduced the rate of interest. In 1894 \$25,000,000 of the debt bore 2 1/2 per cent., \$50,000,000 five per cent., and the remainder four per cent. Now \$235,000,000 bears four per cent., about \$64,000,000 three per cent., and nearly \$118,000,000 two per cent. Of the long-time bonds, however, the interest on \$118,000,000 to maturity will amount to 75 per cent. of the face value, and on the \$596,000,000 to nearly 50 per cent.

The "intellectuals" of Sweden have been much exercised over the king's refusal to ratify the election of Prof. Schuk, of the University of Upsala, to the Swedish academy, although he was elected by an overwhelming majority of the academicians. The reason of King Oscar's opposition to him is that he has written a history of Gustavus III., the tone of which is displeasing to the present sovereign. Partisans of the professor have been saying that this is going a long way for an offense, since Gustavus III. has been dead much more than 100 years, and considerably antedated the founding of the present Bernadotte dynasty. But apparently the "freedom of teaching" is doomed to meet snags now and then, in Sweden as well as in America.

There are too many attachments to our schools—indeed, it has come to pass that they are schools and sometimes more. They should be simply schools, says the Indianapolis News. At least social distractions should be kept out of them. Parents, often at large expense, send their children away to boarding school that they may have time for their studies and be freed from the demands of society. But we are making our high schools social institutions. This, we think, is a tendency that should be checked.

Some of the Russian nobility have started the first golf club in their country. Doubtless they have already installed an expert inspector of golf balls to weed out any small dynamite bombs that may become mixed with them.

You will have to show St. Joseph, Mo., that there is any fun in the bargain counter jokes. One woman was fatally hurt and a number of others were injured there, a day or two ago, in a bargain rush.

# HOW STENSLAND WAS CAPTURED

## Story of the Pursuit and Apprehension of the President of the Wrecked Milwaukee Avenue State Bank of Chicago.

### Run to Earth at Tangier, Morocco, the Man Chiefly Responsible for the Ruin of Thousands of Poor Depositors in His Institution Comes Back to the United States to End His Life in the Penitentiary—Days and Nights of Misery Since His Flight from Chicago.

Chicago.—The story of the pursuit and capture of Paul O. Stensland, president of the wrecked Milwaukee Avenue State bank, is one of the most dramatic in the history of those all too frequent events. Traced from this city to Tangiers, Morocco, he was apprehended there by Assistant State's Attorney Olson, who was accompanied by a representative of the Chicago Tribune. Not less interesting is Stensland's account of the circumstances leading to the wrecking of the bank and the despoiling of thousands of depositors of the poorer class of the savings of their lifetime. Told in detail by the Tribune representative the story is as follows:

It was the old story of a woman scorned that led to the finding of Stensland's trail. One of his numerous friends who thought she had been shabbily treated put the authorities in possession of the first hint as to the fugitive's whereabouts. Her information was indefinite, but investigation proved its probable accuracy.

Finally, on August 13, it became certain that he was in Tangier and had been for 16 days. The facts were laid before State's Attorney Healy. He was asked if he could send a man with a representative of the Tribune to an unknown destination, where it was expected to find Stensland or his trail. Mr. Healy accepted the proposition and Assistant State's Attorney Harry Olson was ordered to meet the representative of the Tribune in New York on Monday, August 20. The next day Mr. Olson and the Tribune man sailed on the liner Kaiser Wilhelm II.

Paris was reached Monday, August 27, and was left Tuesday at noon. Madrid was reached Wednesday afternoon, August 29, and Gibraltar 26 hours later. On Saturday morning, September 1, the boat was taken for Tangier, the Moorish city being reached early in the evening.

Back to Gibraltar. All Saturday night and until four o'clock Sunday afternoon, September 2, the investigation proceeded. At every town Stensland's tracks were uncovered and the last clew pointed to the Grand hotel at Gibraltar. It was as follows: Assistant State's Attorney Olson had represented himself to the keeper of the hotel where Stensland stopped at Tangier as his son. Stensland, as has been stated, is traveling under the alias of P. Olson. The names were the same and the two men do not look unlike. The hotel keeper believed the story, but could give no direct information as to Stensland's whereabouts.

As he was riding to the hotel at midnight after getting the governor of the French bank out of bed, a voice from a Moorish cafe sung out: "I say, Olson, I think I know where your governor is."

We dismounted as the hotel man continued: "You left the old man in 'Gib.' A friend of mine just come over on the night boat says he saw him at the Grand hotel."

When we left Tangier Sunday afternoon, September 2, for Gibraltar to run down the Grand hotel clew we left 25 Moorish and Arab scouts to guard all the entrances and exits.

Less than an hour after the Oldenburg, the German steamer bearing Stensland from the Rock to the Moorish coast, reached port our Arab chief of scouts sent a cable to us at Gibraltar announcing the arrival of the boat and the presence on board of the man we wanted.

Hired Special Steamer. We began negotiations for a special steamer to bring us back to Tangier. Finally a small steamer was chartered and permission obtained from the officer of the guard to leave port.

At midnight we turned tail on the Rock and headed across the straits. It was four o'clock in the morning when we rounded Malabat Point and saw the red light above the gate of the city of Tangier.

The steamer Oldenburg lay half a mile off shore. We hauled alongside and asked if the passengers had landed. It was great relief to hear that they had not, as we feared that if so Stensland might have been warned

and started for the interior. This would not have prevented his capture, but would have delayed it and made lots of trouble.

Stensland Comes Ashore. Forty minutes later a boat put off from the German steamer and headed for the pier. In the stern sat Stensland, looking fat and hearty. He climbed up the steps to the wharf chatting gayly with four German fellow passengers.

We trailed slowly behind Stensland up the steep, hilly streets. When the British post office in Soko Chico square was reached Stensland entered. "Any letter for P. Olsen?" he asked. "No, sir."

"If any comes I want you to please forward it." "All right, sir. Please write your forwarding address," said the clerk, pushing forward the book in which such instructions are written.

In a firm hand Stensland had written "P. Olsen, British post office," when Olson and I stepped up. I tapped him on the left shoulder and said:

"Write your own name, Stensland, and instead of 'Morgador,' where you think you are going, write it 'Chicago,' where you really are going."

Then occurred a sublime flash of nerve on the part of the husky Norseman. Gripping the pen in hand and shaking as if with palsy he forced the pen across the paper and wrote "Morgador" after the name he had already written there before I had interrupted him. Then he turned like a wolf at

course to argument and threats, telling him we would follow him to the end of the earth and capture him eventually, salvation came from Minister Gummere. James Martin, of the American legation staff appeared with a note from the minister saying if I had notified the state department he would take the responsibility of detaining Stensland, pending advices from Washington.

By this time the fugitive banker had wilted and he agreed to return to America with us any way we chose without process.

During the long afternoon in the office of the American consul Stensland talked broken heartedly with us and finally made a full confession to Assistant State's Attorney Olson in my presence.

Puts Blame on Cashier. He said: "I cannot understand how the shortage can be \$2,000,000. To my certain knowledge my liability to the bank does not exceed \$500,000. Anything over that must have been stolen by Hering."

"My indebtedness began a long while ago, in 1896. It was a small affair, a small amount, and God knows I never intended to steal. I was in a tight hole and needed money. I put my own note, genuine, not a forgery, in the box. Then it was suggested to me that the bank examiner would stand for it, and he did."

"I never threw away money in any direction in my life. I never spent over \$5,000 a year. I always was a worker. I never loafed in my life. I always was the first man at the bank and the last to leave it."

"The money I took was invested, year after year, in an endeavor to make good. Every dollar went into real estate or business."

"They were bad investments and today I am arrested, a fugitive, with the certainty of a prison cell. And I am

and happened to look down on the main deck and saw my trunk with my full name staring me right in the face. I nearly fainted. I got down as soon as possible and sat on the name for the rest of the voyage."

Stensland's life of exile was hell on earth, according to Stensland. From the moment he left Chicago his every waking thought was pregnant with fear and his every sleeping moment filled with terrifying visions.

Stensland's Life in Tangier. Stensland's life in the Moroccan seaport had not been one of unalloyed happiness. He arrived in Tangier July 28 by the steamer Gibel from Gibraltar. He apparently made previous inquiries regarding the hotels, avoiding the large and prominent ones. He climbed the hill on which the quaint Moorish town is built, entered the city gate, and walked to the Grand Hotel Oriental.

Stensland evidently thought himself absolutely safe from pursuit, or, like the majority of fugitives, became careless as soon as he set foot on foreign soil. The day after his arrival he amazed Proprietor Sterwind by exhibiting, as Sterwind said, "an awful lot of money and a great number of big bills."

As a banker Stensland knew which was the best bank in Tangier, and, mounting a mule, with a small satchel in hand, rode to the Comptoir National d'Escompte, where he said he wanted to make a deposit and open an account.

When he dumped \$12,000 on the counter the eyes of the clerk bulged out, and he called M. Gaurant, the governor, who questioned the prospective customer. Stensland, in answer to M. Gaurant's inquiries, said he came from America, and when further questioned as to why he carried money in such shape and had no letter of credit, said he thought he would get the worst of exchange and concluded it was best to carry currency.

Stensland soon became a conspicuous figure in Tangier. The Oriental hotel stands just between the Mosque Dramaakebir and the Cafe Francaise. Stensland gave the mosque the cold shoulder, but the Cafe Francaise, the Cafe Imperial, and the Cafe Turkesque found a good customer in him. Every night he climbed the hills and wound his tortuous way through alley-like streets, from one to the other. Mme. Yvette, at the Francaise, was his favorite chanteuse.

Spanish Dancer His Favorite. But his real favorite was Senorita Vittoria, a Spanish dancer from Seville, who performs with exceptional abandon the fandango at the Cafe Imperial. Her partiality for him aroused a feeling of jealousy in the breast of an Arab chief who enjoyed the smiles of the danseuse until Stensland appeared on the scene.

After his arrest and confession Stensland was a broken down, aged man. All night he wept continuously and at times his paroxysms of tears so alarmed the guards they were on the point of calling a doctor. Stensland suffered also severe physical pain in addition to his mental agony.

On Friday, September 6, instructions from the state department at Washington were received by Minister Gummere to surrender Stensland to the custody of "James Keeley and Harry Olson as the officially appointed agents of the United States." We gave a formal receipt for the prisoner, Stensland himself signing it as a witness to our signatures.

The first step after receiving the prisoner was to arrange for safeguarding him. Accompanied by an attaché of the United States consular office, we at once rode to the Kasbah, which is the joint Moorish prison and administrative building. The basha, Sid Cadour Belghasi, was found sitting in the mesoor, or "salon of complaints," where he receives those who are wronged and want stern and instantaneous Moorish justice.

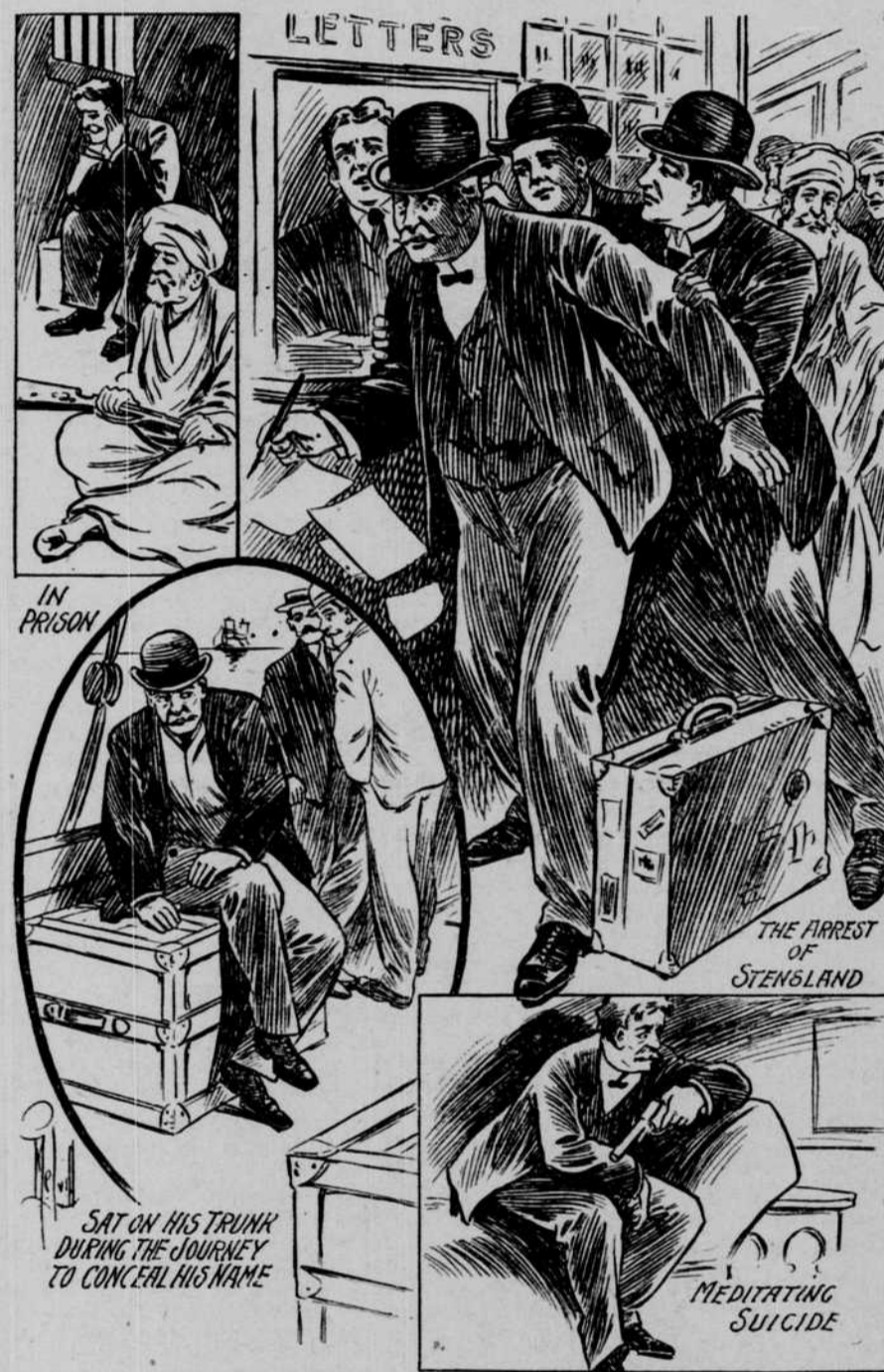
Through an interpreter we informed the basha that Stensland had been turned over to us and that we wished to make arrangements for properly safeguarding him until the time of our departure.

The basha expressed great appreciation of the honor done him in asking his aid and said that a cell in the prison was at our immediate disposal, at the same time calling an officer of the guard to show it to us.

Declined Offer of Cell. The cell was extremely uninviting, and we had heard horrible stories of what had taken place behind the ramparts of the Kasbah. We decided it would be neither humane nor politic to confine Stensland there, as Assistant State's Attorney Olson wanted to bring home a live man, not a corpse.

Arrangements finally were made for a guard of six soldiers under the absolute orders of ourselves. Two were to be placed on the roof, two at the only door, and two inside. The prisoner was moved to his new quarters at once, there to remain until arrangements for transporting him to the United States had been made.

September 12 Stensland and his captors left Tangier for New York on a German liner which had called at the port by request of the state authorities at Washington.



SAID ON HIS TRUNK DURING THE JOURNEY TO CONCEAL HIS NAME

THE FAREST OF STENSLAND

MEDITATING SUICIDE

IN PRISON

LETTERS

## Physical Unfitness of School Children

By E. A. KIRKPATRICK, Department of Psychology and Child Study, State Normal School, Fitchburg, Mass.

able intelligent teachers to judge with some assurance of the physical condition of children in some instances.

One of the most common diseases (in the moist climate of the east at any rate) that interferes with successful school work is adenoid growths and enlarged tonsils. The best mode of testing for this disease is to place the finger on one side of the child's nose so as to close one opening to see if the child can with mouth closed breathe through one nostril. In the worst cases the child cannot breathe with the mouth closed, even if both nostrils are open.

Care needs to be exercised in testing for defective hearing (which is

To expect teachers to be able to always tell when children are physically unfit for school work is to demand of them that to which the trained physician is sometimes unequal. Suggestion may, however, be given that will enable

often associated with adenoids) to prevent the child from getting suggestions through other senses than the ear or from the voice of the observer.

Tests for nervousness are often needed because teachers get used to their children and are then unable to see the peculiarities that are indicative of abnormal nervous systems. Children may be asked to stand with hands stretched out in front to observe for the nervous hand described by Dr. Warner and for lack of erect symmetrical position, and to stand with eyes closed, hands stretched out at the side while observations as to swaying and unequal elevation of hands are made, or to sit perfectly still for a minute or two while the number and irregularity of movements are noted.

Physical tests and measurements made one or more times each year indicate whether the bodily conditions are favorable to physical vigor and the ability to endure any unusual strain, but in detecting temporary unfitness for work tests cannot take the place of the keen intuitions of the experienced teacher.

Origin of Bride Cake. Bride cake is a relic of the Roman confarreates, a mode of marriage practiced by the highest class in Rome. In confarreatio the bride was led to the altar by bachelors, but con-

ducted home by married men, and the ceremony took place in the presence of ten witnesses by the Pontifex Maximus, whereupon the contracting parties mutually partook of a cake made of salt, water and flour.

## THE LADY IN THE COAL MINE

As Dan Gronoway, foreman of the colliery was directing the installation of a new wire cable in the tittle, he was signaled by a good-looking, stylishly dressed young woman standing on the track by the box car loader.

"Mr. Gronoway?" she chirruped extending a gloved hand to the sooty one of the mine boss reluctantly held out.

"The same, ma'am," said Dan, with the air of a man to whom time is money.

"My name is Ethel Hunter," she said, in a friendly way. "I am traveling representative for the Ladies' Delight, a beautiful publication, and when I sell so many copies I get a teachers' course free in the university."

"Yes'm," was the foreman's brief response, as he began edging off. "I want to go down in the mine."

"The de—! I mean, yes'm," said Dan, recovering himself.

"When can I go?" "You can't go at all."

"But I have a written order from Mr. Thurston, the manager."

"Then let Mr. Thurston come and show ye around."

The young woman looked with troubled eyes into the stern face of the foreman.

"I heard you were such a nice man," she said.

"They be telling lies on me," returned Dan, though not unkindly. "But, look a here, Miss—er—"

"Hunter."

"Miss Hunter—it's as dark as a stack of black cats down there, and there be mule trains whizzing by every blessed minute, and the cross entries has got water in 'em and there be rats as big as cats."

The young woman burst into tears. Several men had gathered around, during the colloquy and looked sympathizingly at the fair petitioner.

"And I wanted to be a teacher, so as to support my poor old mother and little brothers and sisters!" she sobbed.

A slight framed, wiry man touched the foreman on the arm.

"I'll go with her, Dan," he whispered.

The good samaritan was Jack Richards, a shot firer. The young woman with a big family responsibility wiped her eyes and looked gratefully at the slight framed knight. By a contented shrug of his shoulders Dan indicated the washing of his hands in connection with the whole fool business, and returned to his wire cable.

As the seven o'clock whistle was splitting the air above the engine room of No. 8 the next morning the lady with a mission appeared at the tittle and sought her cavalier. She was attired in a coarse black garment and wore a heavy shawl over her head, but it did not hide seductive little curls which peeped out over the white forehead.

At the bottom Jack filled and handed her a pit lamp, which she took gingerly and transported at arm's length. The shot firer loaded her with advice, which she took with murmurs of gratitude.

When they got out on the far entries, where the miners were at work the lady proceeded to business.

In most of the rooms it was not necessary to go into details about the widowed mother and little children before the dollar came for the Ladies' Delight. Where they didn't have the money, she took an order on the treasurer. Not a man balked. It would look mean, they thought, to turn down a handsome lady who had defied the horrors of the underground world to visit them.

The woman solicitor had a way of talking which made each man think she had gone down on purpose to see him. They had never heard of the Ladies' Delight, and wouldn't have known it from an almanac of the vintage of '76, but they did know this young woman knew how to talk, and that she was brave and pretty.

At the end of the second day, when a complete haul had been made in the mine, Miss Hunter turned to her escort.

"I guess you think it funny, Mr. Richards," she said, "that I go down in the mine after men to sell them a woman's paper rather than see their wives, who are up on earth."

"It did look a little odd at first," replied the shot-firer, "but I believe I know the reason now."

The lady smiled.

"I began in the mines of Wyoming," she said, "and then through Kansas. I've been in every mine in this district. Out there at 61, where they employ Italians and negroes who can't read, over half of them subscribed. If I'd worked them on top I wouldn't have taken six subscriptions. Now, you've been good to me, my friend, and I—"

"Don't mention it," said Jack, backing off.

She was reaching into her handbag where she kept her money.

"Yes, sir," she said, firmly, "I will. You've been with me two whole days now, and I know the time of a gentleman of ability is worth something. Here—take this."

She handed him a small, square package, neatly tied up. The shot-firer thanked her warmly and assisted her into the cab which was waiting for her. Then he opened his present. It was a picture of the young woman who was gunning underground for a college course.—N. Y. Sun.

The King's Welsh. The king, who was prince of Wales for a longer period than any of his predecessors, is said to speak a few words of Welsh. There is a story told of a Chicago girl, the daughter of a millionaire, who, in the days before his majesty had ascended the throne, had determined to visit England. A friend found her studying Welsh, and in reply to a question the girl said: "I'm going to be presented to the prince of Wales when I'm in London, and I should like to be able to speak to him in his real native language."

## PERUNA PRAISED



MRS. ESTHER M. MILNER.

Box 321, DeGraff, Ohio. Dear Sir:—

I was a terrible sufferer from pelvic weakness and had headache continuously. I was not able to do my housework for myself and husband.

I wrote you and described my condition as nearly as possible. You recommended Peruna. I took four bottles of it and was completely cured. I think Peruna a wonderful medicine and have recommended it to my friends with the very best of results.

Esther M. Milner. Very few of the great multitude of women who have been relieved of some pelvic disease or weakness by Peruna ever consent to give a testimonial to be read by the public.

There are, however, a few courageous, self-sacrificing women who will for the sake of their suffering sisters allow their cures to be published.

Mrs. Milner is one of these. In her gratitude for her restoration to health she is willing that the women of the whole world should know it. A chronic invalid brought back to health is no small matter. Words are inadequate to express complete gratitude.

Plans Monument to Negro Poet. The Rev. Dr. David W. Clark, of Cincinnati, is making an effort to secure sufficient money to erect a monument over the grave of the late negro poet, Paul Laurence Dunbar. Mr. Clark's father was a slaveholder, but he says "the man who wrote 'When Mandy Sings' and 'When the Corn Pone Is Hot' deserves a monument."

The extraordinary popularity of fine white goods this summer makes the choice of Starch a matter of great importance. Defiance Starch, being free from all injurious chemicals, is the only one which is safe to use on fine fabrics. Its great strength as a stiffener makes half the usual quantity of Starch necessary, with the result of perfect finish, equal to that when the goods were new.

"Chili" or "Chile." There have been many arguments during the last few weeks as to whether the name of the earthquake-smitten country should be spelled Chili or Chile. Chile is the Spanish and Chilean form. The name is commonly explained as an old Peruvian word for snow, the allusion being to the Andes; but "Chili" has also been identified as a native South American word, "chiri," meaning cold—which would make it really the "chilly" country. As to the meaning of "Ondes," there is plenty of choice. The word has been variously interpreted as signifying the haunt of the tapir, the region of copper, the home of the Antl tribe and the site of the "Ondenes," Spanish gardens on the mountain terraces.

DOCTOR DESPAIRED

Anæmic Woman Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Recommends the Pills to All Others Who Suffer.

Anemia is just the doctor's name for bloodlessness. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure anemia as food cures hunger. They cured Mrs. Thomas J. McGann, of 17 Lincoln Place, Plainfield, N. J., who says:

"In the spring of 1903 I did my usual house cleaning and soon afterward I began to have the most terrible headaches. My heart would beat so irregularly that it was painful and there came a morning when I could not get up. My doctor said I had anemia and he was surprised that I had continued to live in the condition I was in. I was confined to my bed for nearly two months, the doctor coming every day for the first few weeks, but I did not improve to amount to anything. Altogether I was sick for nearly two years. I was as weak as a rag, had headaches, irregular heart beats, loss of appetite, cramps in the limbs and was unable to get a good night's sleep. My legs and feet were so swollen that I feared they would burst.

"Before very long after I tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I felt a change for the better. I have taken about twelve boxes and although I was as near the grave as could be, I now feel as if I had a new lease of life. I have no more headaches, the heart beats regularly, my cheeks are pink and I feel ten years younger. I feel that I have been cured very cheaply and I have recommended the pills to lots of my friends."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists, or will be sent by mail on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes \$2.50, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

CURES CONSTIPATION

Relief that comes from the use of pills or other cathartics is better than suffering from the results of constipation, but relief and cure combined may be had at the same price and more promptly, for

Lane's Family Medicine

is a cure for constipation, and the headache, backache, sidache and general debility that come from constipation stop when the bowels do their proper work.

Sold by all dealers at 25c. and 50c.