

ST. JOHN STAR, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1904.

THE BREAKS OF JAPANESE BULLETS.
A Chat With an Army Surgeon.

It is perfectly true, I believe, that the Japanese soldier is using a bullet of smaller calibre than has ever been used before in war, said an army surgeon to the writer; and it is no doubt equally true, as reported, that Russian soldiers shot clean through the body with one of these tiny bullets might go on fighting for hours and scarcely even know that they had been hit; but when they tell us that these bullets often leave no marks of entry or exit—well, I draw the line there.

The modern bullet is a very remarkable thing, and some of its funny ways, which I witnessed in the late American-Spanish war, I should set down as freaks of the imagination if I had not seen them with my own eyes. Take this case for example. One man was shot completely through the body from side to side by a Mauser bullet; both lungs were traversed, but he had no symptom, not even bleeding, and all that was visible was a tiny red spot where the bullet had entered the body and a similar tiny spot where it had come out. This man actually did not know that he had been hit at all, and at his leg had not been broken by a second bullet he would never have been in hospital at all.

No, I scarcely think a man could survive if he were shot through the heart, though it is conceivable that he might if the bullet struck the heart just as it was drawn back together in its violent contraction; if the heart were on the other beat, and therefore distended and softer, it would probably be so lacerated that death must ensue. I recall one case where a man was shot through the breast on the left side, the bullet entering about a quarter of an inch below the nipple and passing out at the back, shattering the shoulder-blade. In this case the surgeon all agreed that the bullet had passed through the pericardium or covering of the heart, and more than one declared that the heart itself had been penetrated. Oh, yes, the man lived right enough—indeed, his life was never in any danger.

Talking about freaks of bullets, in one case I remember the bullet entered the left chest, passed through the body and out of the abdomen, then went through the air for a foot or so and landed in the right thigh, about halfway to the knee. In another case a man was wounded in the shoulder by a Mauser bullet, which ploughed its way around the chest under the deep muscles and lodged in the left arm, shattering the humerus. This was a bullet—a wound in the right shoulder, but no bullet; the bone of the left arm broken, but no wound to be seen. However, thanks to the X-rays, the bullet was located in sixty seconds.

What hundreds of lives these wonderful rays must have saved already, by the way, and what agonies of pain instead of spending hours, it may be, in probing for a bullet and perhaps never finding it, the X-rays will discover it for us with unfailing accuracy in a few seconds or minutes—the time ranging from five seconds for a wound in the hand to perhaps a quarter of an hour for a bullet deeply embedded in the body.

The modern bullet, as I have said, is a most remarkable and, indeed, an unaccountable thing. If you fire a Mauser bullet into a bag of sand, a can of water, or a dead body, the shattering effect is terrible; but fire at a living body and a similar bullet will pass through as cleanly as a steel settee, leaving two tiny marks of entry and exit and boring a hole as neatly through a bone as if it had been drilled.

Major bullets fired experimentally into the skulls of dead men splintered them into fragments; and yet they pass through the skulls of a living man, leaving just two tiny holes. A remarkable thing, too, is that a man may be shot through the brain and yet live to tell the tale; though naturally the majority of men thus shot die, chiefly through the poisoning of foreign matter brought into the brain by the bullets.

It is a curious fact that a man has a better chance of living when a bullet has passed clean through his chest than when the chest is opened and the bullet remains. In many of the former cases, barring severe hemorrhage, the symptoms are often mild, some of the patients being confined to bed for a few days only.

BIG SHARK IN CAPTIVITY.

A nine foot shark, said to be the biggest ever kept alive in captivity, is now in the Aquarium at the Battery, Manhattan. He was captured off Rockaway beach last Wednesday by E. W. Brown, a seine fisherman.

Brown hauled in his seine to find the monster shark struggling in the net. He was almost overcome by the shark's efforts to break through the strong seine and Brown and some comrades easily held him. They put him in a skiff or scow, and determined to take him to the city, put the scow on a launch and landed him at the Battery, in charge of a fisherman named Schmor. The Aquarium people gave him \$30 for the big fish.

The authorities put the big fellow in the shark tank with some smaller brethren of the finny tribe, and a huge turtle weighing 500 pounds. The shark's journey had not done him any good, however, for he lay dormant for a couple of hours. Then he began to wake up. He had a notion to show he was boss of the tank and he smashed the turtle up against the side to prove it. The turtle made for a corner and stayed there. When the shark drove the smaller fellow sharks all over the tank for half an hour to show he was "it." They decided he was, for none retaliated in his attacks on them. After that the big shark looked out at the visitors as they came to test the theory that a shark won't attack a man. The aquarium authorities are very proud of the acquisition.

INFORMATION WANTED.

"How much do you say?" queried the man who had finally decided to dispose of his horse and buy a auto. "The price of that machine is \$2,000," replied the dealer.

"And—do you want it gentle and sound and not afraid of the cars?" Philadelphia Press.

Among the hundreds of dress-makers in this city are at least scores of GOOD ones. A woman who has a poor dressmaker is handicapped even more than the man with bungling saloon. And once again, here the want ads. offer to her full emancipation—for she will find for her the right dress-maker.

Robertson, Trites & Co (LIMITED).

Never forget that our guarantee goes with every sale we make. If our Goods are not as we represent them in every particular, bring them back and get your money. We shall not be satisfied unless you are.

WARM UNDERWEAR.

The cool air the last few days has created a feeling for warmer under-clothing. The "Watson" Ribbed Knit Underwear is made in all styles for Infants, Children, Misses and Ladies. It's a celebrated brand and guaranteed not to shrink, each garment is stamped "Watson's Unshrinkable." We have just opened a complete range in Vests and Drawers to white or natural wool and fleece-lined, and intend holding a

SPECIAL SALE FOR TONIGHT, MONDAY, TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY.

Extra Special Value in Vests and Drawers, at 25c. each.
Extra Special Value in Vests and Drawers, at 40c. each.
Extra Special Value in Vests and Drawers, at 55c. each.

OTHER SPECIALS.

Knitted Corset Covers, Nursing and Out Size Vests.

FALL JACKETS.

A very large assortment of new styles, mostly semi and tight fitting. Made in the season's popular cloths such as: Coverts, Beavers, Vicuna, Cheviots, etc. In Black, Fawn, Grey, Navy, Brown and Fancy Tweeds. Prices: \$5.25, \$7.00, \$7.75, \$9.00, \$9.50, \$10.00 to \$22.00. All subject to the 5 per cent. discount.

A Special Underskirt INDUCEMENT.

Six new styles made to our special order at the following prices: \$1.17, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.25 each. If you linger too long some of the best may be gone when you do come.

Satin Finished Black Sateen Waists, Two New Styles, at \$2 and \$2.25 each

Cash.

How are you buying this fall? Cash or on Credit?
Is not the pay-as-you go plan the best? Many think it best, because when you pay cash you are sure to buy at the lowest market price. When you pay cash you realize how much you are spending. When you pay cash you never over buy.

When you pay cash you buy at a cash store (if you are wise), where there is only one price and the rich and poor are treated alike.

When you pay cash for a few months you will not willingly go back to the old style credit system. Not if you are like the majority of buyers.

Saturday Night

Smallware Counter.

New Fabric Gloves, Black and colored, 25 to 65c. pair.
New Neck Ribbon, Black and Colored, 18 to 60c. yard.
New Belt Buckles, Oxidized and Gilt, 14 to 50c. each.
New Handkerchiefs, Plain and Fancy, 2 to 25c. each.
New Hair Pins, Black Combs and Side Combs.
New H. S. Linen Collars, 18 to 22c.
New Fancy Buttons (all kinds).
New Face Veilings, Black and Colored.
New Pearl Headed Pins, 5c. card.
New Belt Forms.
New Val Lace and Insertion.
New Neck Wear, 25c. to \$1.45 each.
New Belts, Black, White and Colors, 25c. to \$1.00.
New Black Cashmere Hose, 25c. to 75c.
New Ribbed Hose for Boys (Maple Brand).
Small Ware Counter.

AMERICAN FLANNELLETTE Waisting.

Sixty New Patterns. French Flannel Designs. New Patterns for Dressing Jackets. New Patterns for Wrappers. New Patterns for Children's Dresses. For 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22c. yard. All Cashmere Finish and Assorted Colors.

NEW FALL SHADES IN French Kid Gloves OUR SPECIAL, \$1.00 Pair. They Give Satisfaction.

We always have Special Values In White Table Linen. Ladies' - Wear - Exclusively. 25c. Pair. Robertson, Trites & Co (LIMITED), 83 and 85 CHARLOTTE ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.

SPORTING. The Ring.

HOW THREE MIGHT LICK JEFF.

(New York Journal.)

Could Jeff beat three men in one evening? That's the question which has the sports chipping just now. A great many think that if the big fellow were to fight Sharkey, Corbett and Fitz ten rounds each on the same evening that the task would prove too much. Others are just as certain that the big fellow would get away with the job, and think that he would be favorite in the betting at that.

Jeff at present is better than he has ever been before in his life. Now he knows his strength, knows what he can do, and knows that there is no man in the world who has an equal chance with him in the ring. On the other hand, Fitz, Sharkey and Corbett have gone back. Time has put them to the bad some, and they are not capable of putting up the grand fight they did years ago. If Jeff beat them before, when they were better than now, why shouldn't he do it again and do it quicker? His last battle with Fitz lasted eight rounds. Why couldn't he do it again in five? His last battle with Corbett went ten rounds. Couldn't he beat him quicker, now that he knows Jim better? Sharkey went 20 and 35 rounds with Jeff on two different occasions.

The champion in defense of himself says that Sharkey was the lucky one, having caught him out of condition on both occasions. Men that Jeff has beaten easily have beaten the sailor quicker. Can't Jeff do it? Thirty rounds is nothing for Jeff to fight. He does that most every day in training. Counting his ten or 15 rounds of boxing, rope skipping and bag punching, and it equals 30 rounds in the ring. Even though the three men did last the ten rounds each, Jeff would surely get the decision, even though he didn't knock them out, but he would be a different man if he knew that he had to knock them out. It would be like the fight he had with Munroe. That would be no fancy work, no feeling his man out. It would be a struggle from the tap of the gong, and any one who fights Jeff punch for punch, as this would be, is doomed for the mat before the fifth round.

In the last fight with Fitz there was plenty of chance to see what Jeffries can do when he gets the fighting blood in him stirred up. Fitz jabbed him five rounds, battering his nose, closing an eye and cutting a gash in his cheek an inch long. The big fellow could not

me if I fought Jeff after trying to show him everything I know about the game.

"Haw-haw-haw," laughed James J. Corbett, when I explained the champion's proposal to him.

"Haw-haw-haw! That's the funniest joke I ever heard. I'll have to work that into my little talk."

"Why, Jeff is the greatest fighter in the world. I'll tell anybody that. He can beat me, Jimmie, I made it. I'll admit that he can beat Fitz, too, and Sharkey. But three fresh men! It's a good joke."

"Jeff can hit the blow of a pile-driver, but he isn't a machine. He can tire, and if he was once tired enough to lose his speed it would be as easy to beat him as any other big fighter."

"If it wouldn't be such an unfair advantage, I'd like just for fun to take a whirl at Jeff after he had fought Fitz and Tom. It would be an easy championship."

"Now, look here. In our last fight in Prison, I know that Jeffries was tired and distressed at the end of the eighth round from the pace I had carried him, although he had enough left to get me in the tenth."

"A fast ten rounds with me would leave him in bad shape for the next fellow, even if I didn't take him with punches. He never could get me in ten rounds. If I fought Jeff again I would train for my old speed. I made a mistake last time by slowing down and trying to match him in strength."

Said Tom Sharkey: "Say, 'I'm' in on that. The other fellows don't need to waste any time toasting up to see who has got to go on first."

"I want the first ten rounds. Some dub might happen to lick me, but there's one fellow I've got the Indian sign on. Jeff could not put me out in a year. Give me the first chance, and if I don't get him myself I'll leave him so bad the next fellow will have a cinch."

"How! I'll go in at the bell, bang, bang. That's the way to lick Jeff. Swing 'em in so fast he will forget that fancy work he's been studying up."

"Jeff may know a little more than he did when I fought him, but not much. He's a natural fighter and he knows how to fight without anybody showing him. He could not get me in 25 rounds, and it's a pipe that he would blow up before 25 rounds. He'd be Jeff if Fitz got after him after I had rubbed him in the corners. Fitz would kill him."

And then came ruly Robert.

"He never would do it," said Bob, wisely. "Jeff hasn't forgotten how I whalloped him in eight rounds in Prison. Jim is the greatest fighter. I helped make him a top-notch boxer, when I travelled with him after our last fight. It would be a good joke on

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ALL THINK IT'S A HUGE JOKE.

(By Robert Edgar.)

NEW YORK, Sept. 8.—James J. Jeffries, coming to the conclusion that he never will find another fighter nippy enough to meet him in the ring on even terms, has issued an original challenge. He defies any three heavyweight contenders in the world to fight him in the same ring, on the same night, one after another. Each bout is to be for ten rounds, unless a knockout puts it short—30 rounds of fighting for the champion, if each of his opponents goes to the limit.

In any case the referee is to count up the points against him, and in his favor, and if the three succeed in out-fighting him, the champion states, he is willing to give up the big end of the purse.

Incidentally he suggests Fitzsimmons

THE BASHFUL MAN'S ORDEAL.

It was difficult Mr. Dodd's one opportunity to hear a famous preacher in an equally famous church, so, although he knew that he should be obliged to leave the place shortly before twelve o'clock in order to catch his train, he decided to hear as much as possible of the service. The usher ignored the visitor's plea for an inconspicuous seat, and proceeded to escort him up the broad central aisle—which timid Mr. Dodd remembered ever afterwards as being about four miles long—to a seat only three rows from the front.

Long before time for the sermon poor Mr. Dodd began to nerve himself for the long trip down the aisle.

It was twelve o'clock and the sermon was well under way before the troubled listener finally managed to summon sufficient courage to make a start. Rising cautiously to his feet, he faced the congregation and began to tip-toe down the aisle. Before he had taken three steps he discovered to his horror that his left shoe was creaking with an ominous creak that increased in volume with every step, to the visible amusement of the congregation.

His countenance became suffused with blushes. It was not a warm day, but by the time Mr. Dodd had reached the door perspiration stood in beads on his forehead and his collar showed signs of wilting. As the door closed behind him he gave a long sigh of relief and unburdened himself to a loiterer in the vestibule.

"By thunder," he exclaimed, as he mopped his crimson brow, "I wouldn't do that again for five pounds!"

But he had to do it for less than that. The very next moment the color receded from his countenance and he turned pale green.

"By Jove!" he groaned, "I've got to go back after my hat!"

A QUIET LITTLE GAME.

(Harper's Weekly.)

A New York woman who has been spending the summer in the Adirondacks tells the story: "The colony of summer residents," she said, "consisted of a dozen apparently straight-faced and mild-mannered ladies who spent most of their playing hours. When they asked me to join them I told them—sure of my escape that I never played anything but poker."

"Why," one of them whispered, "that's just what we like best. We'll have a quiet little game with a small limit—what do you say?"

"When we sat down my hostess remarked casually that we would play a five-dollar limit, and that my pile of chips represented \$100. When we finished, one of the old ladies had won \$250, another \$105, and the third had lost \$225. I considered myself lucky to get off with a loss of \$125. As we rose from the table, the mild-mannered old lady who had invited me to play leaned over and said, 'I am so sorry, my dear; but how would you feel if we had been playing for real money?'"

THE FEATHERS ON A HEN.

(St. Nicholas.)

A very unique feather guessing contest was recently conducted by a prominent company manufacturing food for poultry. Five hundred in prizes were offered for the best estimates or guesses as to the number of feathers on a hen. The first prize was \$100.

Thousands of guesses were received, including some very amusing ones. One party, who was probably looking for some "catch" scheme, estimated "none at all." Many estimates in the hundreds of thousands were received, several in the millions, the highest estimate being 699,999,997.

The correct number was found to be 8,120.

The company says: "We feel a pardonable pride in having contributed to poultry science an item of information actually new."

The lack of advertising judgment is often responsible for lack of business success.—Advertising World.

THREE MILLION FRANCS AS PETTICOAT LINING.

Fortunes Found in Curious Places.

It is only a few weeks since M. Bous-signe, a Parisian, discovered a nice little treasure concealed in one of the very last places where he would have expected to find it. He had inherited from an aunt a small statuette, in which he attached very little value, but which nevertheless he placed as an ornament in one of his rooms. As luck would have it, his maid in dusting the statuette one day dropped it on the floor and, presto! out rolled from its hollow interior a package which on examination proved to contain notes of the value of 11,000 francs, as well as a costly diamond ring. This is by no means the only occasion on which a statue has been made to serve the purposes of a bank. A few years ago an art collector of Kharkoff, in Russia, purchased a statue of the Apollo Belvedere, of which he was very proud. One day his children, when playing, upset the statue and broke it beyond all possibility of repair. The father, who he saw his prized statue in fragments, was furious; but consolation came to him in a most unexpected form. On examining the fragments he found concealed in a hollow limb a roll of Russian bank notes of the value of 1,000 roubles. With the notes was a memorandum by a Chevalier Prokhoroff, dated 1848, to the effect that the concealed money was the fruit of gambling, and that it was his intention to use it in the building of a church.

A still more curious hiding place for treasure was that chosen by Pere Antoine, a hunchback beggar, who used to hang about the church doors of Paris soliciting alms. When the hunchback died, his nephew applied to the authorities demanding that a post-mortem examination should be made. The request was granted, with the result that it was found the hunch was false, and that in its fraudulent interior were stored the beggar's savings, amounting to \$6,000 francs. Pere Antoine, it was also discovered, was an ex-convict, who owed his freedom to the influence of a well known deputy.

An inquest held at the St. Pancras Coroner's Court some time ago over the death of Samuel Mott revealed another treasure—a small one, it is true—concealed in a most remarkable place. Mott had a wooden leg, and an examination of this limb revealed ten sovereigns concealed in it. The precaution was a very wise one, for it came out in evidence that for some weeks the deceased had been rarely sober, and it would have been difficult to say if it had not been so artfully and effectually concealed.

There was considerable interest in the pastime of an old lady who, wherever she went, carried with her an old box, apparently full of pieces of scrap iron. The box was a subject of jest and ridicule among her neighbors; but the old lady could afford to smile at their jokes. For it was, in fact, the most valuable box anywhere in the district. When she died the box was found in an outhouse, open to anyone who cared to inspect it; and under the surface layer of old iron were found 5,000 golden sovereigns, the savings of a life-time.

In another case known to the writer, after the death of an old woman, the north of England who had for years been in receipt of outdoor relief from the parish, a sum of £200 was found in a number of tin cushions scattered about her one room. When Miss J., a notorious Devonshire miser, died, it was found that her pillow contained securities and bank notes of the value of over £18,000; while at an auction sale of the contents of a Lewisham lady of miserly instincts, the purchaser of her piano stool found a small mine of gold in horse hair stuffing, and a gentleman who bought her bedstead discovered £500 hidden away in one of its hollow legs.

A sensation was caused by Jasany, in Roumania, not long ago by the death of a Miss Balach, whose eccentricities had for years been the gossip of the town. Although it was more than suspected that she was rich, her possessions were examined after her death and not a trace could be found of her supposed wealth, until, on going through the articles of the deceased, it was discovered that one of the petticoats seemed stiff, as if heavily lined. The petticoat was ripped open and revealed notes of the value of 200,000 francs sewed under the lining.

The discovery naturally stimulated the zeal of the searchers. Further petticoats were examined and in all large sums, in notes, were found concealed. The total amount of the treasure which had served as lining for Mrs. Balach's petticoats was no less than 5,000,000 francs.

ALCOHOLISM IN GERMAN SCHOOLS.

An interesting investigation on the prevalence of alcoholism among school children in Germany has recently been published. Its author, Dr. Goldfeld, believes that the situation is serious, and should be brought to the attention of the parents by means of addresses at meetings and by the distribution of essays on the evil effects of alcohol. The investigator is medical officer of the public schools of Schoneberg, a suburb of Berlin, and his examination included 67 children, 47 of whom were in a boys school and 20 in a girls school. Of these 49, or 81.3 per cent, were accustomed to drink from one to two glasses of beer daily, while 22, or 32.8 per cent, took spirits more or less frequently. The favorite beverage was malt beer, but all kinds of beer and various kinds of spirits were taken, the sweeter liquors being preferred by the girls. Dr. Goldfeld was informed by the teachers that the children addicted to the use of spirits were especially lazy, absent-minded and inclined to lying. Another children non-parenting. Heed Dr. Goldfeld's warning.—Harper's Weekly.

SUBTERRANEOUS.

Mrs. Wise—This new girl Mrs. House-keep's not must be a jewel.

Mrs. Newcomb—Why, she complains about this one more than any of the others.

Mrs. Wise—Of course, she wants the rest of us to think the girl isn't worth stealing.—Philadelphia Press.