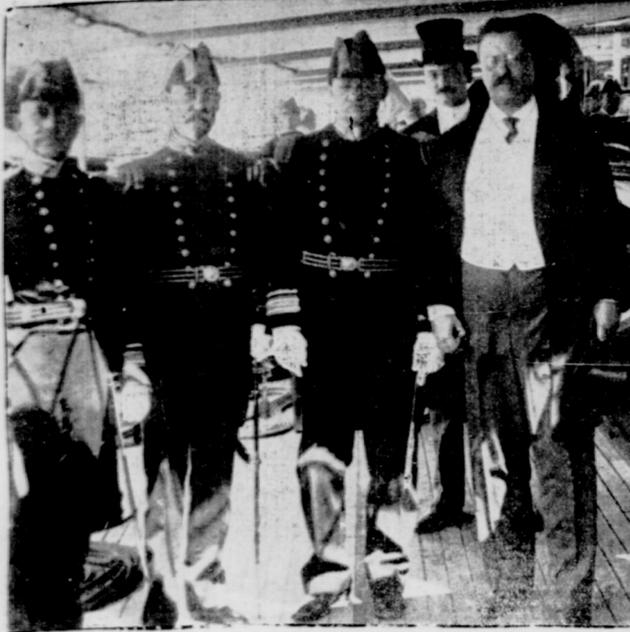
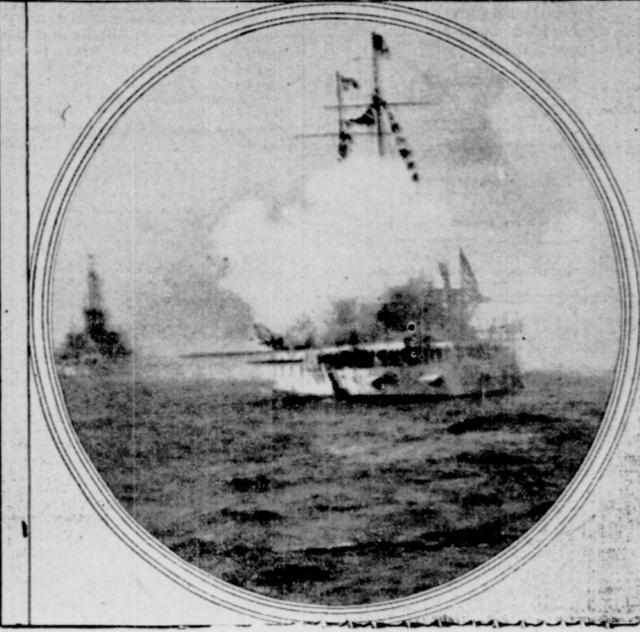




THE GREAT NAVAL REVIEW AT OYSTER BAY.



PARTY ON BOARD THE MAYFLOWER. Rear Admirals Brownson, Davis and Evans, Secretary Loeb and President Roosevelt.



THE FLAGSHIP MAINE SALUTING.



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND SECRETARY BONAPARTE.

H. OELRICHS DIES AT SEA

WIRELESS BRINGS NEWS.

Was Weakened by Work Following San Francisco Disaster.

By a wireless message sent yesterday from the North German Lloyd steamship Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, which is due to arrive in this port to-day about noon, Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs was apprised of the death of her husband on board that vessel on Saturday last.

When the message was received Mrs. Oelrichs was at Newport, R. I., where she had been spending the summer with her sister, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, jr. She immediately started for this city with her son, Hermann, jr., and Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt, going to the Hotel Belmont.

Later Charles M. Oelrichs, Mr. Oelrichs's brother, joined the party. "I can't even believe it yet," said Herman Winter, representative of the steamship line.

Mr. Winter said that when Mr. Oelrichs went away on June 12 he was very far from being a well man. "He was a sufferer from diabetes, and I believe Bright's disease," said Mr. Winter, "and he went abroad in the hope of getting re-



HERMANN OELRICHS. Whose death on the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse was reported by a wireless telegram yesterday.

He spent some time at Carlsbad, and also visited other European health resorts. Judging from his last letter, announcing his homecoming, he had been benefited greatly by his trip, for it was written in a most cheerful, even jocose vein.

Mr. Winter remained at the office of the North German Lloyd company until nearly midnight, in the hope of getting some further word from the Kaiser Wilhelm, but none came. It is believed that upon the arrival of the Kaiser Wilhelm the body will be taken to the Oelrichs home, at No. 1 East 57th street. Until late yesterday the house had been boarded up for the summer, but in the afternoon the boards were removed from the windows and doors and preparations to put the house in order were in progress.

When seen last night Mr. Vanderbilt said that there would be a funeral service to be attended by the relatives at the home of Mrs. Oelrichs. The burial, he said, would be at Woodlawn. He said it was expected that the body would arrive here this morning.

Immediately after her arrival in this city Mrs. Vanderbilt took charge of the funeral arrangements. She went to St. Patrick's cathedral, where she saw the sexton, and it is understood that arrangements were completed. After several efforts, Mr. Vanderbilt, it is said, obtained permission from the Collector of the Port to have Mr. Oelrichs's body removed from the steamer at Quarantine.

SUFFERED FROM FRISCO FIRE.

If Mr. Oelrichs had been in bad health the fact was not generally known. When he went abroad it was understood that he was suffering from the strain of his efforts to relieve the sufferers from the San Francisco earthquake and fire. Mr. Oelrichs had lived in the Golden Gate City the greater part of the last seven years. In an interview immediately after the disaster he said: "I lost all my personal effects except the suit I have on and two flannel shirts. I am too exhausted to think connectedly."

Mr. Oelrichs was born in Baltimore June 8, 1850. His father, Henry Oelrichs, being a prominent

Continued on seventh page.

STENSLAND ARRESTED.

CAPTURED IN MOROCCO.

Chicago Bank Wrecker Cleverly Caught After Long Chase.

Tangier, Morocco, Sept. 3.—Paul O. Stensland, president of the Milwaukee Avenue State Bank of Chicago, was arrested here this morning by Harry Olson, Assistant State's Attorney, who had followed the fugitive from Chicago, through England and Spain to Gibraltar, and this port, where the prisoner arrived last night.

After his arrest Stensland was conducted to the United States Legation, where he was detained in custody.

Chicago, Sept. 3.—A cable dispatch to "The Chicago Tribune" from Tangier, Morocco, to-day announces the capture in that city of Paul O. Stensland, the president and manager of the Milwaukee Avenue State Bank, which closed its doors on August 6.

The arrest was made by Assistant State's Attorney Olson, of this city, who, with a representative of the "Tribune," has been on the trail of Stensland since August 13.

Stensland had many friends among women in this city, and one of these, feeling that she had not been treated by him with due consideration, went to the "Tribune," a few days after his flight, with information regarding the direction in which he had gone. A request was made that a representative of the State's Attorney's office be permitted to accompany the "Tribune" representative on the quest for the fugitive. State's Attorney Healy agreed, and sent Assistant State's Attorney Olson.

It was ascertained that Stensland had fled from Chicago on July 12 to New York and sailed on a steamer of the White Star Line for Liverpool. He remained in that city for two days and then took a steamer for Gibraltar, which he reached on July 27. From there he took a boat for Tangier. The "Tribune" correspondent and Assistant State's Attorney Olson were hot on his trail, and arrived in Tangier about one hour after he had left it for a trip to the east coast of Africa. It was ascertained that he had deposited \$12,000 in a bank at Tangier, and, believing that he would soon return, the two men decided to await him there.

A reward of \$5,000 had been offered for the arrest of Stensland, and, since his departure from Chicago, many detectives had been on the hunt for him.

Henry W. Hering, formerly cashier of the Milwaukee Avenue State Bank, learned early in the day of the arrest of Stensland and expressed his pleasure. He said that he was surprised that Stensland had been taken alive. At the office of the State's Attorney all information regarding the name of the woman who had indirectly caused the arrest was refused. It was announced that Assistant State's Attorney Olson had, since embarking on the pursuit of Stensland, posed as the son of "Olson," the name used by Stensland, declaring that he was anxious to overtake his "father," who was travelling just ahead of him.

The closing of the doors of the Milwaukee Avenue State Bank, which occurred on August 6, probably caused more anguish and suffering than any similar event in the West in many years. It was followed by several suicides. Several people were driven to insanity. Stensland lived a fast life, spent money recklessly, speculated wildly, and in one way and another made away with about \$1,000,000 of the money of the bank before the crash came. More than 22,000 families had money deposited in the bank, and the failure came as a crushing blow to the majority of them.

Stensland fled northward, and it was found that for years he had plundered the bank by means of forged notes, the juggling of the books, direct embezzlement and bogus mortgages.

LA SOUFRIERE ACTIVE.

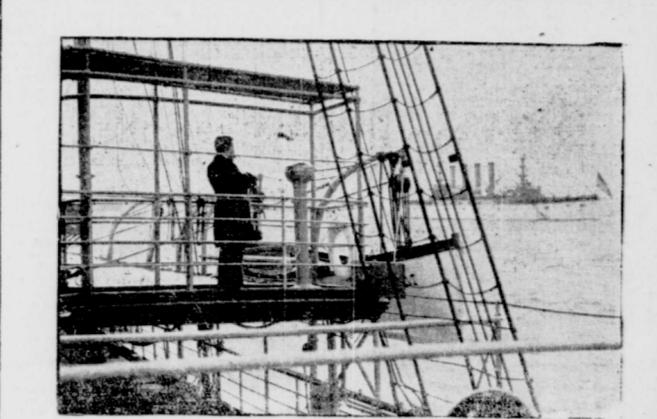
Flashes and Detonations Observed—Clouds Obscure Crater.

Kingston, Island of St. Vincent, Sept. 3.—Police officers stationed at Chateau Bel Air, near the Soufriere volcano, reported yesterday that twenty-one detonations were heard, and that many flashes were observed over the volcano between 3 and 5 o'clock in the morning. There have been no distinct signs of activity since. The crater is enveloped in clouds and the heat is oppressive.

GOLD BOUGHT IN LONDON.

A Million and a Quarter Obtained for the United States.

London, Sept. 4.—It is understood that the United States has obtained \$1,250,000, about half the gold available in the market, at about a farthing above the market rate.



THE PRESIDENT ON THE BRIDGE OF THE MAYFLOWER.

KILLED UNDER HIS AUTO.

Charles W. Lynde Thrown from Car and Crushed to Death.

Charles W. Lynde, a wealthy resident of Patchogue, Long Island, was killed yesterday afternoon, when his big touring machine overturned on the South Country Road, half a mile from the village of Islip. Mr. Lynde, Miss Arlene Chandler, and his chauffeur were in the car. Mr. Lynde was driving it at a lively pace along the road, when he quickly turned to let another car pass. In doing so the big car skidded, and all were thrown out head foremost. Lynde struck a stone and the machine fell over him.

Neither Miss Chandler nor the chauffeur was injured seriously. Dr. H. B. Delatour was summoned. When he arrived Mr. Lynde's heart was still beating, but he died a few seconds later. The body was taken to Daly's morgue.

Mr. Lynde was the son of Charles R. Lynde, a wealthy lawyer, of Brooklyn, who died in 1894. His mother was the daughter of George Wesley Harper, of Harper & Bros. He was graduated from Princeton in 1881. After his graduation he gave himself up entirely to a roving life. He served three years in the 7th Cavalry. He married Miss Mary Ward Wright, daughter of Judge Wright, of Trenton, when he returned. About this time his money was gone, and he went to work for \$12 a week.

Two boys were born to them, and for a time they were in straitened conditions. Lynde tried the orange growing industry in Florida; then he became an advertising agent. In 1892 he went to Australia, where, after years of struggling, he struck a quartz mine and the money flowed to him. His share in a few months was \$100,000. In March, 1895, he came to this country and found that his father had died and left him \$330,000. His two children were dead and his wife, in the meantime, had obtained a divorce.

CAPSIZED IN RACE.

Commodore Schabbehar and Party Upset by Squall on Hudson.

Hastings-on-Hudson, Sept. 3 (Special).—What might have ended in a serious accident took place this afternoon at the races of the Tower Bridge Yacht Club on the Hudson, it being their annual fall regatta. In the last race of the day Commodore George E. Schabbehar's sloop yacht Iris was more than half a mile in the lead, when she was hit by a small and capsize. On board of the yacht at the time were her owner, who was at the wheel; Mrs. Schabbehar, Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Brown, H. A. Dean and a crew of two men.

When it was seen that the Iris had capsized excitement ran high at the clubhouse, as all the members thought the Iris so heavily ballasted she would surely sink; but she remained afloat, and those on board managed to keep above water by holding on to spars and rigging.

Among the first to arrive at the scene of the accident were N. Cook, measurer of the Tower Bridge Yacht Club, in his yacht, Marguerite, with some friends, who were sailing in the races, and Irving L. Smith, who was sitting at the clubhouse watching the races, and went to the rescue in a rowboat.

Mr. Cook took the two women in his yacht at once to the clubhouse, where they were revived after considerable difficulty.

Mr. Smith pulled Mr. Brown and Mr. Dean into his rowboat and took them to the clubhouse. Mr. Schabbehar and his crew stayed by the overturned yacht, which was towed to Yonkers by a launch.

Mr. Schabbehar is a trustee of the Dobbs Ferry Savings Bank, and a director of the Dobbs Ferry National Bank. He lives at Dobbs Ferry.

THE BOSTON AGROUND.

Cruiser Goes Ashore in Heavy Fog—Report She Was Wrecked.

Seattle, Sept. 3.—The cruiser Boston, on her way to target practice in the Gulf of Georgia in a heavy fog to-day, ran aground on Orcas Island in the San Juan group. She was pulled off at high tide by the destroyer Paul Jones and proceeded apparently uninjured.

An early report received in this city said that the Boston hit a rock off Anacortes, Wash., and was sinking.

MEXICO SEIZES SMACK.

Another American Vessel Confiscated—Crew in Jail.

Galveston, Sept. 3.—The Gulf Fisheries' smack Aloha, which put into Arcas Reef, 130 miles off Mexico, in Campeche Gulf, from rough weather, has been seized by a Mexican gunboat. A cable dispatch says that the smack and one-half of her cargo have been confiscated, and that the crew of fourteen men have been imprisoned for violation of the fishing treaty rights. This makes the third vessel which this company has lost by Mexican seizure, the two others having been sold with their cargoes.

LION LOOSE IN THEATRE.

Tears Horse with Claws—Audience Greatly Excited.

Much excitement was caused in and about Hammerstein's Victoria Theatre last night, when Nero, the big Numidian lion used by "The Great Lafayette" in his last scene, became unmanageable and attacked the attendant. The roaring of the lion aroused the big audience to a high state of excitement, and scores had started to leave the house when the management declared that there was no danger.

Back on the stage a dozen hands with loaded revolvers were chasing the lion. The more shots were fired, the wilder the beast became. It rushed toward the basement door with a terrific start. Lafayette's pet horse, was in its way, and it drew its huge paw down the animal's body, tearing it open and causing it to scream with pain. The horse will probably have to be shot.

Two policemen joined the chase and the beast finally curled itself up in a corner of the basement. A minute later it rose up and without a pair of disconcerted marched to its cage on the stage floor.

Oscar Hammerstein was smoking a cigar in front of the house when the reporters cornered him. "What are you talking about?" he asked. "That wasn't a real lion, it was only the papier maché one."

But the big audience did not look at it in that light. It seemed to the audience a bit too realistic for papier maché.

SEVEN THOUSAND LETTERS STOLEN.

Railroad Official in Cracow Confesses Theft—Money from America Taken.

Vienna, Sept. 3.—Seven thousand unregistered letters sent by Polish laborers in the United States to Galicia, most of them containing money, were stolen in the last two years in Cracow. A railroad official, Baron Gostkowski, who was arrested September 2, charged with the theft, to-day admitted stealing all the letters, but refused to make known the amount of money he had found in them.

GETTYSBURG AND WASHINGTON TOUR September 23, via Pennsylvania Railroad. Six-day trip. All necessary expenses, \$22 from New York. See Ticket Agents.—Adv.

BIG GUNS SALUTE PRESIDENT

Nation's Chief Reviews Pride of Navy from the Mayflower's Deck.

AMERICA'S GREATEST MARINE PAGEANT

Perfect Weather Crowns Successful Event at Oyster Bay—Mr. Roosevelt Enthusiastic—Addresses Marines.

[By Telegraph to The Tribune.] Oyster Bay, Sept. 3.—Roosevelt luck and Roosevelt weather joined hands to-day to make the greatest naval review in American history a perfect success. It rained "cats and dogs" last night, and all the weather prophets on the Sound predicted that the affair would be a damp and dismal failure. It stormed as though it would never let up, while the President and his family were waiting at the W. Emlen Roosevelt pier to be conveyed to their respective ships; and it came down in sheets while the President was making the journey from the dock to the Mayflower. It still rained as he climbed the ship's ladder and stood with hat in hand while drum and trumpet gave him the honors due his station and while the band played "Star Spangled Banner." As the music ceased playing the national anthem a husky blue-jacket hauled the President's flag to the Mayflower's peak and one of the port rifles fired the first of a twenty-one gun salute. Scarcely had the smoke left the cannon's mouth, and two or three seconds before the starboard gun took up the count of the salute, the sun broke through the ugly clouds, the rain stopped as if by magic, and a cheer of joy rang from end to end of the mighty gathering of ships. The President laughed from sheer happiness at the good omen, and as he passed down the line shaking hands with Senators, Representatives and distinguished diplomats, every one congratulated him on the "luck" that was his and the navy's. "I insist that it is Mrs. Roosevelt's weather, not yours, Mr. President," exclaimed Congressman Mudd, of Maryland. "You're right," agreed the President; "spoken like the chivalrous Marylander that you are. It is Mrs. Roosevelt's weather and Mrs. Roosevelt's luck."

It was just 10:55 a. m. when the President stepped over the side of the Mayflower. Several hours before that time the fleet of pleasure craft from New York, Connecticut and even more distant states had been gathering about the triple column of white hulled warships, and the President's launch in making the journey to the yacht was almost obliged to pick its way through the maze of tugs, sloops, catboats, excursion steamers and all sorts and conditions of nautical fry that spread over the waves at the harbor's mouth. Two minutes after the President finished his handshaking, Secretary Loeb drew his attention to the tug Eugene E. Moran, chartered by the newspapers of New York. The Moran bore a great white placard across her pilot house reading, "Pres Bot."

"Reformed spelling, reformed spelling," shouted the President at the top of his voice. "By George, that is good," and his infectious laughter was heard and taken up aboard the "Pres Bot." "Have you inspected the Louisiana, general?" asked the President, as he shook hands a few minutes later with Congressman Meyer, of New Orleans. "No? Well, I am for her. She's all right. Louisiana forever, I say! I have a youngster who thinks she is all right, too, and he's on board the Louisiana to-day. After awhile I'm going on board that ship to inspect her and to see how that youngster is behaving himself."

The President's youngster was Master Archie, who decided several days ago that if he witnessed the naval review at all he wanted to do so from the deck of Captain Coudon's monster, which has just been added to the navy. Kermit, Quentin and Miss Ethel witnessed the show from the Syph, in company with their various relatives, and were entertained at luncheon after the review by Mrs. Newberry, wife of the Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Mrs. Longworth and Theodore, Jr., the remaining daughter and son of the President, were not in the East and did not witness the review. Mrs. Roosevelt and Mrs. Bonaparte, wife of the Secretary of the Navy, were the only women on board the Mayflower, and enjoyed every minute of the day. They would have joined the other women on the Dolphin but for the fact that etiquette demanded the presence of some of the fair sex to receive the fleet commanders when they came to pay their respects to the President on the Mayflower. Precisely at 11 a. m. the Mayflower's anchors were hauled up and she left the harbor to make the journey around and through the fleet. As she left her anchorage the Des Moines, lying near, started the bombardment of salutes on the part of the reviewed. It was then or never with New York with a distinguished personnel of foreign military and naval attachés and domestic statesmen, and if the Mayflower left her without hearing her salute, she would not hear it at all. The fleet was reached at 11:30, and the Maine began pounding out the twenty-one gun salutes, which from that moment made continuous din for an hour and a quarter. As the Mayflower steamed down the line each ship took up the cannonading and went through the official count until every unit in that magnificent array had spoken in powder praise of the man who stood on the bridge with the Secretary of the Navy. The white smoke from the mouths of the death dealers soon enveloped the waters of the Sound in a silvery fog through which the sunlight barely filtered. The President's face, as he stood on the bridge of the Mayflower with Secretary Bonaparte, was eloquent of patriotic enthusiasm and happiness. He felt that that wonderful array of warships was largely his work, and every one of the 15,000 jacks and 800 officers who manned them rendered him credit for the achievement. It was in reality almost as much the Roosevelt navy as it was the United States navy which the President reviewed. As each ship passed before his eyes the President exclaimed his delight at its spick and span appearance and its fighting trim. Every coat of paint was as spotless as a woman's new dress, and every piece of metal from the masts to the water lines shone like burnished mirrors. The Mayflower completed her trip around the fleet at 12:45.

As soon as the last ship was passed the President and the Secretary of the Navy came down from the bridge and the Executive joined the members of the House and Senate naval committees, who were seated in chairs on the forward deck. "Any man who fails to be inspired by such a sight as this," exclaimed the President, as he took a chair in front of Representative Foss, "is a mighty poor American. Every American who sees it ought to be a better American." Then he added, to the Congressmen: "This is the direct result of your work, gentlemen. But for your foresight we would not have had the money to build this navy, every ship of which is ready to go into action at a moment's notice—to-day, if the need were to arise. And it has all been done within the last ten years."

"The credit belongs to you, Mr. President," exclaimed Congressman Meyer. "No more than to you, general," exclaimed the President, quickly. "I don't see what more we can do for Louisiana," laughed Congressman Foss. "We have given her our largest ship, but if General Meyer keeps up his good work we'll probably have to construct a Louisiana No. 2."

The President chatted for a time with the Senators and Congressmen and then took his station near the top of the port ladder to receive Admiral Evans and the captains of the fleet, who came to pay their respects to him and to partake of his hospitality in the beautiful dining room of the yacht. The fleet commanders came in the order of their rank, and each received the proper "flourish" of trumpets or "ruffles" from the drums due his shoulder straps. The President and Secretary Bonaparte, Mrs. Roosevelt and Mrs. Bonaparte greeted each naval officer as he appeared. All the visiting officers came in full dress uniform, except the commanders of the torpedo boats and submarines. They appeared in dress uniforms, because they had none other to wear. Space is at such a premium aboard these little boats that the officers do not carry their gold lace with them. As soon as all the captains, commanders and lieutenants had arrived and had been made welcome the President, Secretary Bonaparte and Admiral Evans led the way below to the dining room, where a buffet luncheon was served. The space was limited, but from the satisfied appearance of the crowd that left the vicinity of the centre table every one's hunger was well taken care of, and several of the guests remarked that they wished fleet reviews were of more common occurrence.

Following the luncheon the President's invited guests took their departure, and soon afterward the Commander in Chief, accompanied by Sec-