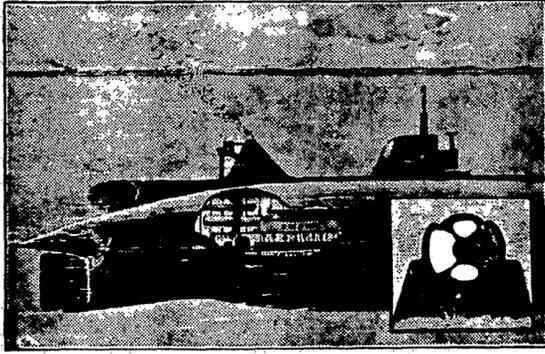


## WOULD TRAIN SEA GULLS TO DETECT GERMAN SUBMARINES



Cross section of a submarine, showing how new device will release bait for sea gulls in the new method of training them to follow the undersize craft.

If the scheme of Dr. A. D. Pents, Jr., of New Brighton, L. I., works out the Prussians will have an immense number of new enemies added to their already long list of foes. Doctor Pents wants to mobilize the sea gulls against the U-boats and teach the "feathered airplanes" to act as scouts for the allies.

Chimerical as that may sound, it is receiving the serious attention of the navy department and has been endorsed by distinguished scientists and men of note. The National Association of Audubon Societies has taken a decided interest in the matter, and it is through that association that Doctor Pents has made the scheme public.

"The U-boat menace is so serious," says T. Gilbert Pearson, secretary of the association, "that every means should be employed to counteract it. Naval officers who have discussed this matter with me believe there is merit in the scheme proposed."

"I consider the submersible craft as a gigantic fish, the presence of which can be detected at a considerable depth by the sharp eyes of the sea gulls, for these creatures are nature's airplanes. In the U-boat some the British officers have from time to time learned of the presence of the German under-

sea fighters through the action of the gulls, as flocks of the birds are frequently attracted by the shining periscopes.

"The appliance we consider using is a hopper, 54 inches long, made of sheet steel, and securely bolted to the top of the submarine. In this receptacle chopped fish is placed. This bait rises to the top of the liquid in the container, and from time to time may be released by the turning of a crank by an operator inside the submarine.

"The gulls would soon learn to associate food with the submerged submarine, just as they do with surface craft, which they accompany for miles in quest of refuse. Once they have seen food emerge from one underside boat, they will pursue others of the same type, so that in time these white-winged aviators would be marking the course of concealed U-boats.

"On clear days the flight of gulls may be observed for five miles. Gulls are known to travel for hundreds of miles, and are frequently seen in mid-ocean. Owing to the protective measures of the National Association of Audubon Societies, they have greatly increased in numbers on these coasts, and it is estimated that there are half a million of them about the waters of New York harbor alone."

## NAME AERIAL HIGHWAY IN HONOR OF WILSON

Plans for Aerial Jitneys Safe as Filmyer Now Occupying Attention of Orville Wright.

Plans for airplane jitneys, as safe as a silver, and aerial highways crisscrossing the American continent with seven-mile stops, are occupying the time, genius and energy of Orville Wright, Dayton inventor, who, with his brother, made the airplane practical. Wright is not much interested in battle cruisers of the air, although he admits they are important to win the war. Wright views the airplane as a messenger of peace and not a tool of Mars. Hence his activity in behalf of aero jitneys.

A dozen years ago the first successful flight of a heavier-than-air machine was made by the Wright brothers in Dayton, O. Orville Wright now believes the next ten years will mark even greater use of the air machines.

"As soon as the war is over I expect to see the whole country mapped out with aerial highways," says Wright. "Along these routes, say every seven miles, there will be alighting places and hangars. Thus, with a person flying from a half-mile to a mile above the ground, it will be possible to glide to the next landing place, should engine trouble develop between stations."

"After the war flying will become popular, and comparatively cheap."

Wright said that the need was for a low-priced machine, with about 100 horse power and efficient wings and high stability, so that little landing space is needed.

The Aero Club of America is campaigning for air travel routes, so that manufacturers of airplanes can deliver their product to army training stations by air. The air line will be between New York and San Francisco and will be known as the "Woodrow Wilson Aerial Highway," in commemoration of the \$640,000,000 war-airplane budget.

## TEA GUEST PROVIDES SUGAR

Strange Social Customs Arise From British Sweetening Shortage.

Compared with America's average consumption of 90 pounds of sugar per person a year, England and France are almost without this commodity. The English person, who in pre-war times consumed his 93 1-3 pounds a year, is now allowed one-half pound a week. In Paris the allotment is but 18 pounds a year.

The British government has been careful to announce that it cannot guarantee that even the half-pound allowance can be obtained, and a sugar card for a family is issued only for the number of persons sleeping in the house.

In a public restaurant, if sugar is taken in cereals, the person must do without sweetening in his coffee. It is now customary for a lady, invited out to tea, to take her sugar with her. She is also expected to bring her own cake.

## ORGANIZED IN 1776 MINUTE MEN DISBAND

Company With Long and Distinguished Record in American Wars Disbanded.

A military organization that was organized in Virginia a few weeks after the declaration of independence, in 1776, passed out of existence when three Virginia infantry regiments were consolidated to form the new One Hundred and Sixteenth Infantry. This organization was formerly known as the "Culpepper Minute Men," and was organized in Culpepper county, Virginia, in 1776, by John Jameson, the first captain. Jameson, who was later a colonel, will be remembered by schoolboys as the American officer before whom Major Andre was taken for examination after he had been arrested following a conference with Benedict Arnold. The company served with distinction throughout the Revolutionary war, as history shows, and from the time it reported to Governor Patrick Henry, at Williamsburg, in 1776, until the present, its members have had a share in every war in which the United States has been engaged. At the time of its absorption by the new One Hundred and Sixteenth Infantry it was known as Company B, Second Virginia Infantry. The records of the company show that Chief Justice John Marshall served with the Culpepper Minute Men as a private during the Revolution.

## WOMAN, 85, TAKES UP CLAIM

Mrs. Malinda Franklin Enlarges Her Cattle Ranch in Montana.

Instead of sitting on a front porch knitting, as most women of her age do, Mrs. Malinda Franklin, eighty-five years old, recently came to Billings, Mont., and filed on an additional homestead of 160 acres.

Six years ago she filed on 170 acres in Carbon county. She still lives on that place, raising live stock. The tract which she recently filed on adjoins her original filing.

"I do not think much of grain," Mrs. Franklin said. "I've got a nice bunch of calves. They're getting big and I need more pasture to keep them until they are grown."

## GERMANY SEIZES WATERWAYS

Government Control to Continue After the War.

Measures are being taken in Germany for the militarization of all canals and inland waterways. Owners of vessels on inland waterways will be obliged to offer transport facilities according to a fixed schedule of rates.

This plan, it is stated, will remain in force for the duration of the exceptional circumstances of war economy. During the transition period after the declaration of peace the control will continue, for the transport of the returning troops and war material, as well as the expected vast increase of business traffic, will strain to the utmost all means of transport.

## STRUCK OUT

By HENRY L. STERRETT.

"I do so love a good game of baseball, and I suppose yours will be a battle royal. I expect to enjoy it greatly."

The speaker was a beautiful damsel of nineteen, a "co-ed" in a fashionable university. She was shy-eyed, demure, clever and bewitching, with a figure and manner that had set the students by the ears. The young men owed allegiance to rival universities, rivaling each other in sports and collegiate attainments and last of all were rivals for the favors of Miss Edith Marsden.

"Of course you pitch," said Edith, turning to Hal Stone, a blond giant burdened with a heavy club, garnished by a huge knot of purple ribbon; "and of course you expect to win?"

"That's my intention," was the modest reply. "By the way, Miss Edith, can't I prevail on you to wear our colors?" untying the ribbon and offering it. "You shall be queen of love and beauty, and spur us on to victory."

"How nice. Yes, I'll wear them as it is championship day. What is your offer, Mr. Carlyle?"

"I regret that I have no banderole to offer, nor scarf of our colors with me," said Tim Carlisle. "Purple is fit only for royalty, fair lady, and I felicitate my foe on his happy thought. Yet we crown our queens of love and beauty as Americans with a red, red rose. Will you accept this one?"

"Oh, how charming!" exclaimed the girl as she inhaled the fragrance of the flower. Her cheeks were as red as the rose itself as she noted the appeal in the eyes of her cavalier. "You too, will win?"

"We hope so," was the quiet answer. "You see we want that pennant."

It was a battle royal. Two teams more evenly matched rarely meet on the diamond. Ten thousand people yelled when the teams trotted on the field ready for the fray. A man clad in white duck with an air of importance, walked to the home plate, brushed it off, tossed the broom to the mascot, looked at his watch, and then at the sky. Carlisle stalked slowly toward the box while his men scattered to their positions. Then the white man tossed a white ball and some words out to Tim, but no one heard his remark. For seven innings neither side scored. But in the eighth big Harker, for the purple, found a ball to his liking, and swung on it. When it came back to the diamond the big man was panting on the bench. Maroon failed to score and the purple was one run to the good.

Three men on bases and two out was the record in the ninth when Hal stepped to the plate. Victory was in the end of his bat, and he knew it. He smashed the first ball and it sped as an arrow straight for Tim's head. His hands flew up and the pitcher rolled on the earth while two men trotted in. Then the cunning boxman rose and showed the ball lightly squeezed in his hands. The man in white made a haughty gesture and the Maroons came in. It was still one to nothing, with the odds in favor of a tie, at least. Stone kicked, but to no purpose. He saw Edith wildly applauding his enemy's brilliant play, and his face grew black. He was unsteady by his anger and three sharp hits sent a man over with the tying run. His own swiftness and skill prevented the loss of the game.

Then Tim stepped to the plate. Hal determined to strike him out, or put him out of the game. He had hit every time at bat, so the big fellow sent in a lot of big benders curving dangerously near the batter's head. Tim saw the play, and stepped back to protest. Then he faced his man in rage. In came another swift inshoot. It struck Tim fairly on the temple, and he fell as if shot. Hal rushed to his fallen enemy, wringing his hands, but Tim was out of the game. Then things settled down again, and the game proceeded. Maroon made no more runs, and the teams squared away for the extra inning. Stone looked up to see Edith, but she had disappeared. In fierce wrath he sent the ball so far out that it never got into the game again. He scored the winning run, for the rattled Maroons failed. Purple was champion.

Stone rushed from the field in triumph, seeking for Edith. He found her in the reception room of the clubhouse kneeling beside the couch on which Carlisle rested. Tim's head was bandaged, but as he held the hand of the girl he seemed to care little for his injury.

"Miss Edith," blurted Hal, "you said you'd wear the winner's colors. I claim your promise."

"I have kept it, sir," said the girl with quiet dignity. "I have told Tim so. This," indicating the rose, "is the winner's colors. You struck out, Mr. Stone," she added, pointing meaningfully to the recumbent figure on the couch.

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## Our Selected Army.

"The advantage of universal service," says ex-President Taft, "is that it puts every man in the place best fitted for him."

"It's like the case of the captain of the man-of-war. He saw a new band on the rail."

"What was this chap in civil life?" he demanded.

"A milkman, sir, was the reply."

"Then," roared the captain, "to the pumps with him at once!"

## VIEWS OF A CYNIC.

No girl wants a secret marriage—still it is better than none.

When fame does not come to the average man it roosts on his tombstone.

It is difficult for a man to convince a woman that she is in the wrong when she knows she is.

Occasionally a girl marries a man just to keep him from hanging around the house every evening.

Married life is a game of questions and answers. It's the wise man who asks few questions, and a wiser one who gives brief answers.

The people who don't work believe labor to be the salvation of the rest of us.

Matrimony is that part of life indicated on love's map as the horrid zone.

Most of the great inventions of the world are due to men. They haven't any hairpins to do things with.

Wouldn't we be great if we were an great as we think we are?

If you want an amusing companion find a woman with a past. Her reminiscences are always interesting.

Pride makes some people ridiculous and prevents others from becoming so.

The only way that a true gentleman will ever attempt to look at the faults of a pretty woman is to shut his eyes.

## "THE WORLD DO MOVE"

Concrete floors can be made almost noiseless by covering them with heavy tar paper, attached by cement.

An automobile jack and pump have been combined in a single tool by a recent invention. One handle operates both appliances.

For cleaning white shoes a powder-holding glove has been patented, powder being applied through an opening while the glove protects the hand.

A machine has been invented by a Milwaukee man that soaks, brushes, washes, sterilizes, rinses and cools bottles at a speed of 100 a minute.

To lessen the consumption of gasoline by automobiles an inventor has patented a device to introduce live steam or vapor into the intake manifold.

A street car rail with notches in the sides into which paving blocks fit and make a smoother surface than ordinarily has been invented in France.

An electric flashlight has been patented that automatically switches on the current when it is held horizontally and cuts it off when in any other position.

Connections which permit a person to telephone from a moving street car to any other instrument in a city's telephone system have been patented by a Philadelphian.

Horses imported into Argentina are taught to avoid a poisonous weed that the native animals shun naturally by forcing them to inhale smoke from burning piles of the weed.

For reviving sod by introducing air and moisture an inventor has patented a spiked roller, the penetration of the spikes being regulated by small wheels that help support it.

Resuscitation apparatus designed by a Tennessee inventor is featured by a large vacuum cup intended to manipulate a person's chest and produce artificial respiration.

In a German steel works a hydraulic press that can exert a pressure of 11,000 tons has replaced a steam hammer that shook the earth for a long distance every time it was used.

## THOUGHTS TO THINK OF

Haste has its head set to win without considering the consequences; hot-headed haste in error ends.

Profits cease to be profitable when we spend all and save none; the outlay surpassing his pay turns the wage earner into the vagabond.

Fame is not found in the easy road and to win success is to work; to gain a name you must play the game from morn until late at night.

## IN THE BIG CITIES

Atlanta, Ga., is to have a big shell factory.

New York theaters will pay war taxes monthly.

Buffalo plans to employ women on street railways.

St. Louis claims to lead the world for business.

## HIS SENSIBLE QUESTION.

"Mamma—"

"Now, sonnie, don't ask me any more foolish questions."

"I just want to ask one little, teeny question, mamma."

"Well, you may ask it if it is a sensible one, but I am tired of the willy ones you generally ask."

"Well, mamma, is papa your husband?"

"I don't call that a sensible question. You ought to know that without asking. Of course he is."

"Well, mamma, I know, but I just wanted to ask a really sensible question. If papa should die and go to heaven, what relation would you be to God?"

## A Phenomenon.

Mr. Braggleday had once been on a tour to Egypt and couldn't forget it. Everything reminded him of something else that took place on that memorable trip. His friend Johnson was admiring a beautiful sunset one evening.

"Ah," said Braggleday, "you should just see the sunset in the East!"

"I should like to!" said Johnson. "The sun always sets in the west in this ordinary old country!"

My wife's people's birthdays are like his insurance due. It seems to me that every month there's always one or two.

## Ever Notice It?

"That's what it is," said the man who was evidently thinking aloud.

"What is that?" queried the party with the rubber habit.

"It is hard to believe a man is telling the truth about a thing when you know you would be were you in his place," answered he of the audible thoughts.

Inspired Recipient. "How did Mr. Grabcock succeed in getting Mr. Grabcock to attend church regularly?"

"She persuaded the new rector to play Mr. Grabcock a game of golf. The rector beat Mr. Grabcock so badly the old gentleman said any man who could play golf like that ought to be able to preach a smashing sermon, so he went to church."

Man and Turdie. "After a man gets in the soup," mused the ragtime moralizer, "he's no good."

"That's where he differs from a turdie," rejoiced the dippy demoralizer. The latter is no good until he finds himself in the consomme."

## The Night Hawk.

"What's the Old Hounder doing now?" "Trying to get the gang to stay another hour while he tells them how much he thinks of home."

## HASTE NOT

"Fardon me, but I mean, did I ask you in the letter you received whether you cared?"

"Is it possible you do not remember what you wrote me?" she inquired, with beautiful firmness.

"Why, of course; but I fear there has been some mistake."

Miss Crawford was not only amazed, but she was apparently quite angry. As for him, he was in agony of doubt.

"Fardon my awkwardness," he said with a smile, "and I will explain. Last night I had to write two letters. One asked you to go with me to see Cyrano de Bergerac. The other was written for a friend, who asked me to write it as if I were addressing the woman I loved."

"Then," said Edith, with a sort of sweet dismay, "this letter was not for me?"

"Oh, yes it was. It went straight by mistake. That was all," said John. "But what becomes of the invitation to see 'Cyrano'?" asked Edith.

"Bother 'Cyrano!' cried John, now grown entirely brave. "What I want to know is whether you accept the invitation to become Edith Sainsbury?"

"I suppose I will have to, for I am dying to see 'Cyrano.'"

And that is how it came about. (Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

## INSPIRED LETTER

By W. KENNEDY.

After dinner John Sainsbury was paired to his rooms with nothing more serious upon his mind than the writing of two letters. It was a clear, cold winter evening, with just a bit too much of a whipping wind to be comfortable, and it was with a sense of relief that he entered his comfortable apartments and found a cheerful fire blazing in the grate in his sitting room. Sainsbury was one of those young fellows who may be described as "nicely fixed." His apartments were not "too much," but just right. He dropped into an easy chair and ran his eye casually over the evening paper. Then came a parenthetical smoke, and he sat down to his desk to write his letters.

Sainsbury's two letters were as dissimilar as it is possible to imagine. One was merely a note to Edith Crawford asking her to go with him to see 'Cyrano de Bergerac' the latter part of the week. Yet how fondly he wrote it. He began the note "Dear Edith," writing the words with a care, and he sat admiring his own reasoning though he knew he was merely writing for his own edification and that the aristocratic Miss Crawford would never see what he had there written. He scribbled the name all over the page and then, with a sigh, laid the sheet aside and began to write the formal note which he always sent to Miss Crawford. Sainsbury was so deeply in love with this lady that it actually scared him.

The second letter which he had to write was for a friend who was in love and wished to send a beautiful letter announcing this fact to the woman he adored, but did not know how to do it. "Write me a letter, John," said Dick, "as if you were writing for your own girl." John endeavored to follow out these instructions. He did not know the name of Dick's sweetheart, and in order to do his best he addressed the letter to Edith Crawford, intending to leave her name out when he copied the letter. He found it easy to write under these circumstances, and when it was concluded he read it over and glowed with the beauty of it. He could find no fault with it, and he felt that he could not improve upon it by rewriting it. So what was the use of rewriting it? Dick had to copy it anyway in his own scruffy hand, so he took out a couple of envelopes and addressed them and enclosed the letters, having forgotten all about leaving Edith Crawford's name in his friend's letter.

The next day at the bank he was rung up by his friend Danieles. "I can't find Dick over the telephone," said Dick over the telephone. "I didn't know that you sent me a letter addressed to a friend of yours, did you? What's up, anyway, old boy?"

John remembered then that he had forgotten to erase Miss Crawford's name; and he blushed through the phone as he replied: "Oh, that's all right. Just scratch her name out and I think it will do."

"You haven't given yourself any sleep, have you?" said Dick.

"Could it be that he swapped the letters and sent Edith's to Dick and Dick's to Edith? The idea was just amusing until he remembered that Edith's name was in the beautiful letter."

It was impossible that he could have made such a mistake, but he was vaguely uneasy about it, and then John had happened out to Miss Crawford's to see the matter at rest.

He found her in the drawing room alone, and looking pensively into the fire. How beautiful, how tender, how dainty she was in the freights glow!

He broke it awkwardly: "Did you get a letter from me?"

"Yes," she answered with adorable softness.

"Well, did I—did you—can you tell me what I wrote? I mean did I say—"

"I do not understand you, Mr. Sainsbury," said Miss Crawford, more distinctly.

"Fardon me, but I mean, did I ask you in the letter you received whether you cared?"

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## TIRED OF THE GAME



"Todd tells me he has moved his gasoline tank into his garage."

"But that's awfully dangerous. The garage may catch fire at any moment."

## Birthdays.

My wife's people's birthdays are like his insurance due. It seems to me that every month there's always one or two.

Ever Notice It? "That's what it is," said the man who was evidently thinking aloud.

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