

EXPLOITS OF FLEET OF BRITISH SUBMARINES IN THE BALTIC SEA

Little Squadron Long the Terror of German Warships and Transports—Sink Nine in One Day—Three British Craft, Since Self-Destroyed, Attack a Whole Hostile Armada—Entered and Charted Every Harbor on Baltic.

Describing the work of British submarines in the Baltic and their destruction to avoid capture by the Germans, the Petrograd correspondent of the London Morning Post says: "Under all the circumstances it is perhaps rather a marvel that the Germans did not make a glorious capture of nearly every submarine we had in the Baltic. They captured none, and they destroyed none. There is not a German harbor in the Baltic that our submarines have not entered and charted for their own convenience, creeping under mine fields and through channels so shallow as hardly to admit of this hazardous maneuver.

"We never had more than nine submarines in the Baltic, and we still had seven when the end came. One of our boats put down nine enemy transports in a single day. Russia knew and openly admitted last summer that it was the British submarines which held Petrograd intact.

"When Royal went it was obvious that the end was near. The British submarines, still seven in number and all in fighting trim, had by this time moved over to Finland, and ultimately concentrated, with their stores and workshops ashore, and a huge barge for floating mechanics in the harbor of Helsingfors.

"Sunk to Check Foe. With three or four warning parties jealously eyeing the British ships and stores and the Pownerstsch (commander) bringing their news-gossip to the British crews of the submarines on every occasion, and with the absence of law and order in Helsingfors, opportunities for every kind of trouble were plentiful, and extreme tact and firmness were needed to bring things to a successful issue. As a result, not a single ounce of any kind of metal—British property, some of it priceless nowadays here—will ever fall into human hands, either those of the Huns or the White Guards, or the Finnish Red Guards, or Russian Toovaristich. All seven submarines, the repair-shop barge, and every scrap of stores lies safely in minutely disintegrated form at the bottom of the Baltic.

"In charge at Helsingfors was Lieut. Commander Downie. The task of destroying some £3,000,000 worth of British Government property to save it from the Germans, who had already landed at Hango, was his last duty. Plans for the private sale of enormous quantities of stores of all kinds—metals and composites, electric fittings, etc.—were canceled when it was discovered that arrangements existed whereby all such matters of priceless value to the enemy were to be handed over to the Germans wherever found. It was decided to put British property to the bottom.

"That fraction of the British navy which was under Russian orders in the Baltic consisted of submarines, which I will call (because these were neither their letters nor their numbers) Alpha 2, 10, 11, 20, and 21 and Beta 29, 30, 33, and 36. The Alpha class was fairly large, carrying thirty-odd men. The Beta was an older type, with about half that number.

"Attacks German Armada. The biggest thing the Germans have done in a naval way in this war was the landing on the Islands of Messel and Dago. Certainly the only effective opposition they met at sea came from British vessels, three in number. Of the four Beta boats one was undergoing repairs at the time, leaving three available—29, 30, and 33. These three went into the thick of things and gave the Germans a very unwelcome surprise. Failing an adequate intelligence service, the British submarines took sight for themselves of the oncoming armada of dreadnaughts, cruisers, destroyers, and transports, and plunged into their midst. Everything was against our submarines, but they all came out of it alive, and the enemy did not.

"Captain Sealey, in Beta 30, was of the true British type, the finished article of the British navy. Beta 29 was commanded by Commander Downie, whose record proves him perfectly true to type; but it was his first command.

"The Germans, notwithstanding convenient arrangements made for the maximum of immunity, were mistrustful of the British boats, and the armada moved inside a ring of destroyers and other smaller craft. Sealey, taking a comprehensive glance at their dispositions, dived under five of the destroyers nearest to him, the same tactics being imitated by Commander Downie and by Beta 33. They came up inside the protective ring, to be immediately assailed from aircraft and ships with a rain of missiles—in particular with so-called deep-sea bombs.

"Sealey coined his objective—one of the dreadnaughts—dived and fired two torpedoes at a range probably too short for the run of either torpedo, for the dreadnaught escaped. But one of the torpedoes passed on and put down a destroyer on the other side of the engineering flag.

"Sealey then passed practically

under a dreadnaught and came up on the other side, still within the engineering ring of destroyers. Turning, he rapidly selected another objective, and then dived to get it. This time he put down a transport carrying hydroplanes—a particularly useful shot, for these hornets, besides bombarding our craft, which were, of course, quite visible at fighting depths under water, also kept the ships informed where deep-sea bombs would best serve the Germans. Sealey damaged a cruiser so badly that he was able to chase her for many hours, but could not overtake her.

"All this time hydroaeroplanes were dropping deep-sea bombs upon all three boats, while every ship was pumping shell and deep-sea bombs in their direction, according to the signals of the hydroaeroplanes. Whether by good luck or more artful dodging Beta 30 got no more than a few tremendous jerks from these deep-sea bomb explosions. Beta 33, though never actually struck, suffered so terribly from these repeated shocks that she was left helpless, unable to tell anything about her self except that her skin was unimpaired. Smashed gauge glasses left her ignorant of her depth, her margin of buoyancy, what power was still available to move or lift, sink or drive her, and she was absolutely blind besides. She simply carried on and finally beached herself and was blown up by her own crew after all her valuable fittings had been removed. Beta 29 had the extremely bad luck to get aground in a tight place and suffered injuries which would be summarized in the case of an ordinary ship as 'in a sinking condition.' Commander Downie, however, stuck to it and got off."

CANADIAN "BULLDOG" RESTING IN KENNEL



The Canadian "bulldog" seems to be a very harmless creature in his "kennel," but when he is let loose on the Germans he lives up to his name.

COOLS OFF IN JAIL

Party by Name of Chill Gets Heated Over War. August Chill of Pine Bluff, Ark., undertook to chill the efforts of the United States to whip Germany. Now Chill is cooling off in jail, awaiting action of the federal grand jury. Chill, despite his worldly prosperity, remained loyal to the Fatherland, and when the United States entered the war against Germany Chill got busy. He is specifically charged with obstructing the draft, failing to register as an alien enemy and declaring publicly that the Germans would win the war and that within two years Americans would be living under German rule.

POTATO BREAD FORBIDDEN

Shortage of Tubers Results in Change of Swiss Order. The Swiss military department has rescinded its order to bakers commanding them to use potato flour or potatoes, either raw or boiled, in making bread.

The potato supply is very scarce in Switzerland. While the bakers formerly were commanded to mix potatoes with bread flour, they now are expressly forbidden to use any potatoes in making bread.

Knitting Honors Claimed. Holding a record of having knitted four dozen sweaters, three dozen helmets, several dozen wristbands, kneecaps, abdomen bands and other necessary articles, Mrs. Amelia Delporte of St. Louis, is believed to be the champion knitter of the country. She has a son serving in the army.

CITY'S FIRST AND LAST FALL

Jericho's Siege and Capture One of the Spectacular Stories of the Old Testament.

On the morning of Washington's birthday Gen. Sir E. H. Allenby's Australian troopers rode as conquerors into a little village of huts, noted geographically as being the city of lowest elevation on earth, and in Biblical history as being the scene of the Promised Land, observes the Minneapolis Journal.

In the Canaanite days Jericho was a fortified city, commanding both the lower ford of the Jordan and the route leading up to the highlands of Judea. The story of its siege and capture and the destruction of its population is one of the spectacular stories of the Old Testament, which contrasts strongly with its gentle seizure by a Christian army in a year of our Lord thirty-five centuries later.

According to the Old Testament story, the city was left desolate with a curse from Joshua upon the man who should attempt to rebuild it. And it is related that Hiel, the Bethelite, who did rebuild it, lost his two sons in the construction of the wall as punishment for his temerity.

It was at Jericho that Joshua instituted his campaign of frightfulness upon his enemies; and it was on the Jericho road leading up to the Judean highlands that Jesus laid the scene of the story of the Good Samaritan who gave first aid to a wounded enemy. The advance from Joshua to Jesus in the human ideal of duty toward one's enemies is the very measure of the spread between the ideals of Hindenburg and Allenby on the same question.

This war is fundamentally a completed between the ideals of modern brotherhood and ancient overlordship; and now here is the contrast more noteworthy than in this little village of Jericho, where the people today are safer in the hands of their enemies than they were under the rule of their own people. The world, with the exception of Germany and Turkey, has traveled a long way between the two falls of Jericho.

ROMEO WAS CLAD IN KHAKI

Played the Popular Game, Choosing the Dinner Table to Work on Affection's Wages.

It is natural that we should be eager to do whatever we can for the boys in khaki; but sometimes, when the patriotic zeal is not accompanied by a sympathetic imagination, the beneficiary may pray to be delivered from our friends, writes "An American Woman" in the Outlook.

A homesteak had a likely way to attract an atmosphere like that of his own home or else the exotic flavor the expectation of which has helped him to undertake the great adventure so cheerily.

In our family among my neighbors the son of the house was scandalized when one of their guests at Sunday dinner made the perfectly simple and natural request that he be permitted after the meal to repair to the kitchen where the pretty waitresses was. Permission was denied, but young Romeo was not discouraged, and his letter came "To the Girl That Waits for Mrs. So-and-So: You are the best ever. Are you keeping company with anybody?" He pulled his name and a few personal details, and this delicious bit of identification: "If you don't know which sculler wrote this, it is the one that touched your hand under the dish when you passed the potatoes."

Russia a Puzzle Even to Tolstoy. "How can one understand chaos?" is the reply Count Ivan Tolstoy, son of the famous Leo Tolstoy, writer, philosopher and mystic, made to the question as to his interpretation of conditions in Europe.

If such a man as Count Tolstoy is at sea in regard to Russian affairs, it is surely pardonable for Americans to be in ignorance of them. The count says that the real Russia has not been consulted at all in the recent changes there. The real Russia is peasant Russia and peasant Russia has been ignored. The count pleads for American sympathy for his people, who, he says, have been deprived and mistreated.

The crime of all the Russian leaders, he says, is that they have been following their own programs and ignoring the peasants, the masses. What will come out of the present chaos the count professes he does not know.

Long Leaves Are Most Economical. A loaf weighing one pound contains 11 per cent of water, if it is round and only 34 per cent if it is cylindrical. Therefore, she who buys long loaves gets 140 grammes more actual food for her money than she who buys round loaves.

The reason for this is that the sphere is the figure that contains the largest possible volume under the smallest possible surface, and, as evaporation is a matter of surface, this is greater from a cylinder than it is from a sphere of the same weight.

The Precious Parcel

By WALTER JOSEPH DELANEY

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"A precious parcel, Miss Lane," spoke Hall Barton, secret service man. "It represents the best roundup of the department for ten years. See," and the keen-eyed, pleasant-faced sleuth flipped over half a dozen bundles of greenbacks and then rolled them up in three manilla paper coverings and placed, the package in front of the pretty stenographer employed by the Merchants Bank of Woodville.

"What am I to do with it, please?" she inquired.

"Just lock it up somewhere and I will call for it in a day or two." Then his voice dropped to a whisper and the janitor, putting the place in order, failed to catch the import of the subdued tones.

The detective smiled, and Nellie smiled, too. She nodded her head intelligently and arose and placed the package in a drawer and locked it.

"I will have the cashier place it in the safety vault in the morning," she said, but her visitor did not seem in the least anxious about a package which, judging from the contents, represented a large surface value.

It was after banking hours, but Nellie had some pressing work that would keep her late at her desk. Mr. Gregory Valle and his son, Clinton, had gone to a bankers' convention at the county seat and would not return until later.

"Young Mr. Valle told me that I was to bring you a hot supper from the hotel when I come on watch duty at nine o'clock," the janitor said.

"Mr. Valle is very thoughtful," murmured the young lady.

"And he will call when the eleven o'clock train comes in to see you home safely," he told me.

Nellie fluttered and flushed. She more than liked Clinton Valle. It was a strange circumstance, her present environment. Gregory Valle, after operating his old established bank on a humdrum basis for a quarter of a century, had decided to put in plate glass and marble counters and electric lights. Of course an up-to-date stenographer and typist must follow. Nellie Lane had been hired from the city and a Jewel of industry she proved. At the very first Clinton Valle had fallen in love with her. Now Clinton feared and Nellie suspected that the precise and cold-blooded father would replace her with a successor to break up their budding love romance.

Not that Mr. Valle did not value Nellie at her true worth, but she was poor, and his son could take his pick among a choice levy of heiresses, and money was the god of the old banker.

The janitor pulled down the shades and left the bank. He was to return in four hours. Nellie got out a great pile of papers and began to work. She was fully engrossed in her task, an hour later, when she started, palmed and stared with a thrill at three men.

"Don't scream or stir, or get hysterics, little one," spoke their leader smoothly. "We're here to do a job and all you've got to do is to keep quiet. She's your special care, Jim," and tranquilly one of his pals slouched into a seat opposite Nellie, revolver in hand.

"We have three safe hours," resumed the leader. "Get out the tools. Of course the stuff is in the vault. Rig up the oxyacetylene torch and we'll burn out the locks."

Nellie was helpless to defy or baffle the cracksmen; but she thought hard. She knew that aside from the regular funds, the bank carried all the cash tax collections of the district, amounting to half a million dollars.

"What's 'pleasing you' projected the main burglar, as Nellie indulged in a gleesome chirp of a laugh.

"I was thinking you'd waste your time," replied Nellie coolly. "There are two more doors to get through and a double safe to—"

"Crack!" grinned the burglar.

"Yes," nodded Nellie. "Begones, you will speak the beautiful locks and you'll look wicked enough to carry off a lot of stuff belonging to the clients and—"

HOW DOGS ARE BEING TRAINED TO AID BLIND FRENCH SOLDIERS

—Training of dogs to lead the blind has become an important institution where thousands of animals will eventually be prepared to lead sightless soldiers. The work is being done under the direction of the military authorities by amateurs who owned kennels of police and hunting dogs before the war.

Several hundred poodles are continually trotting about the neighborhood and through the village, some of them "graduates" of the big training school, leading "pottus" who left their sight in the trenches or in the battlefield. This real experience puts the finishing touch to the dog's education. The training is divided into two periods, during the first of which the dog learns what is called "carriage," or road behavior, and resistance from quarrels and abstinence to temptations to playing with other dogs, neglect of garbage boxes and butcher shops. Next he is taught to avoid obstacles and how to pick his way across the street with regard to vehicles. Then he is turned over to a sightless hero of the war and kept under observation for a few days to make sure that his training is complete.

The blind man, too, requires a little training with the dog, for he finds it an entirely different matter to follow the string after having been led by the arm. Guided by a person, he abandons himself to his conductor and loses all notion of self-reliance, feeling that he is dominated by another will than his own. Consequently he insufficiently develops his remaining senses to make up for the one that is lacking. Led by a dog which must be ordered, no matter how efficient his training, he develops the sense of touch and hearing with remarkable rapidity through the necessity of remaining constantly attentive.

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CONSIDERED IDEAL WAR CROP

Why the Cultivation of Artichokes is Being Encouraged by the French Authorities.

Jerusalem artichokes, the sort grown in Michigan, are being boomed in France as an ideal war crop, for the reason that they grow quickly and abundantly in any kind of ground except that which is wet and marshy. They derive most of their sustenance from the air and not from the earth, but the richer the earth the larger will be the tubers.

Henri Blin in La Nature gives some instructions about their cultivation. The tubers should be planted as soon as the frost is out of the ground, at a depth of from two to three inches, in rows about 12 inches apart and about nine inches between tubers. As soon as the shoots appear they are to be thinned; in May they are to be earthed up and again in June. The cultivation is like that of potatoes.

They may be harvested by the end of October and the harvest will last until the end of March, for frost does not injure the tubers at all, so they may be left in the ground all winter. Jerusalem artichokes will yield from 22 to 24 tons to the acre and 10 to 12 tons of excellent forage, which should be cut in September.

How Soldier Sacrificed Himself. Corp. Homer Wheaton, the first Syracuse (N. Y.) boy to be killed in action in France, lost his life by throwing his body over a grenade knowing that it meant instant death to him, but in doing so saved the lives of four comrades near by. This information was given by Sergt. Edward Creed of the 101st regiment, who has just returned from the trenches.

Sergeant Creed says the five were in a dugout preparing for a raid in No Man's Land and were heavily armed with grenades. One fell to the floor, the pin dropping out, and it would explode in five seconds. Corporal Wheaton without any hesitancy leaped forward and dropped on the bomb to save his comrades. He made no effort to grab it, but deliberately sacrificed his life to protect the others. It exploded, instantly killing him.

How Girl Found Lost Watch. As the result of a dream, Miss Besie Burns, an employee of the Eaton Rapids woolen mills, Charlotte, Mich., has found a gold watch she lost several weeks ago.

Miss Burns had advertised the loss and had given the timepiece up for lost when she had a dream one night that the watch was secreted among a bunch of papers in a filing cabinet in the mill. She told this to her parents the next morning, but they laughed at her. However, the dream was so vivid that she looked in the filing cabinet and found her timepiece just as it appeared in her dream.

How Wounds Are Now Treated. A. Wildt uses an ointment of boric acid, to which he adds one, two or three drops of a 1:1000 adrenalin solution to each five grammes of ointment. The results obtained were a decrease in proliferation of granulation tissue, "narrow cicatrices" and limitation of the wound secretions. Munchener Medizinische Wochenschrift.

Her One Romance

By RUTH EVELYN PETERSON

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"Walter! Walter!" "Sh-h!" ordered Miss Dorothy Worden, and waved a scarf toward the big wire cage hung from the top of the porch.

She flushed and was generally embarrassed for some one was passing the house, and Miss Worden was a sensitive soul and experienced a certain sense of guiltiness. But to the passer by the sudden outburst of Miss Worden's well-known parrot conveyed no secret. A name, and a common one, had no particular significance to unenlightened ears.

There had been an hour of quite rare romance in the lonely life of Miss Worden, but she had hidden its details and even its memories from all outsiders. She was thirty and designated as an old maid.

Fate had been kind to her. A brother, fortunate in his business affairs and generous in his gifts to his only sister, had provided her with a cozy home and a settled income. She was naturally sweet tempered, she had not allowed her sympathies to grow old and she was the favorite and confidant of all the younger set of the town.

Lovers had passed her by. For six years after girlhood the care of her invalid mother had taken all her time and interest. By that time she was twenty-eight, and with a sigh she had accepted the inevitable.

"I am quite on the shelf," she told one of her near and dear friends. "And that is not a very sad fate, for I have never had time to think of love and cherish any romance memories."

But sentiment came to Miss Worden with a visit for two weeks at a summer resort. The doctor had advised her that she needed and deserved a change and a rest after the death of her mother. It was one day while strolling down the beach that a well-dressed but unobtrusive gentleman half passed by her. She was seated watching the waves and the sports in the surf when the same man passed her. She noted that he slowed down in his pace. He hesitated, then he lifted his hat and approached her.

"Pardon me, if I have made a mistake," he said courteously, "but are you not Dorothy Worden—forgive me, Miss Worden?"

"That is my name," acknowledged the lady. "May I ask—"

But his clear, honest face had become radiant. He extended his hand readily and, somehow won with those friendly earnest eyes, she allowed her own to rest in his.

"You don't remember me," he smiled. "I don't wonder. I made little impression with my personality when I was a boy. Less as I drugged along as a punn. I am an old schoolmate of yours. I am Walter Clyde."

Her face lit up in turn. Ah, she fully remembered him now! It was like traversing a page from an old treasure book to go over the incidents of their early childhood. She recalled how he had spelled her down, and he related an incident where he had been punished for some trivial fault and she had wanted to go home with him and comfort him. It was a delightful week for these two lonely ones. He told her of his daily work. He was a traveling salesman, and she in turn apprized him of her life history since they had parted. Playfully he called her Dorothy, and asked her to address him as Walter, as she had done in the dear old days of childhood.

"I am coming to see you next time my route covers Milton," he told her, and when they parted Dorothy felt as though suddenly she had been lifted away from a newly found paradise.

And when Miss Worden got home it was a comfort to speak his name to herself. But wise old Polly heard her, and hence the call, loud and mischievous, whenever the observant parrot comprehended that it tensed her.

It was three months later when a lonely man turned his face in the direction of Milton. He had his longings to see his old-time school friend. He had his misgivings also. Somehow that chance meeting with Miss Worden had filled his life with a new interest. Did he exaggerate in his conception of the warm interest she had evinced in his affairs? That might have been simply a friendly and courteous act.

Walter Clyde reached Milton and inquired his way to the Worden home. He located it. The neat rose-scented garden, the vine-embowered cottage enchanted him. He found Miss Worden absent from home, probably shopping in town or visiting a neighbor. He sat down on the porch step, wondering if he would be welcome.

"Walter! Walter!" He started to his feet. At first he believed it was Miss Worden calling him. Then he noticed the parrot in its cage hanging from the porch ceiling. "Walter! Walter!" He began thinking. A most agreeable smile crossed his face. He was a slow man, but a seasoner. Had Miss Worden taught the clever bird to speak his name?