

"DER TAG" FOR BRITISH FLEET IS FULL OF HUMAN INTEREST

Eyewitness' Story of U-Boat Surrender Makes Greatest Naval Historical Incident a Thrilling Narrative of Retribution That Appeals Strongly—No Signs of Any Change in German Discipline.

New York.—The most remarkable element of this remarkable war has been its coincidence, says a correspondent of the New York Sun who witnessed the surrender of the first lot of submarines by the Germans. On that tense November morning when through the gray mists of the North sea came creeping the first score U-boats to surrender to the British navy I stood at the port rails of the destroyer, H. M. S. Melampus.

The setting for the last act of the terrible sea drama of this century was fitting—a still morning with the mists just breaking, a forlorn silver moon lingering, though the red sun was beaming through in the east. Above our heads was a patch of green and lemon sky, and the North sea lay with hardly a ruffle, gray with a hint of gold, like the pulsation of a hidden light.

A British light cruiser—one of the newest—with destroyers on either flank headed in the line of surrender. Two German hospital ships used as transports—the Sierra Ventant and the Titania—followed them. One after another, long low phantoms, some white, some dappled, some black, came out of the mist, their crews standing on deck like a black fence, no colors showing and no sound.

After some maneuvers the procession stopped and before us lay seven submarines, with others out of vision. The sun had grown stronger and the light cruisers and destroyers were peked out in white in their beautiful subtle shapes against the grayness, Admiral Tyrwhitt's flagship, with its yellow flag, in the chief position.

As one looked at the destroyer carrying the British submarine commanders and crews who were to take over the German submarines the British ships seemed to form a circle, and everywhere one turned there was a British white ensign at the peak. The British ships, too, had stopped and seemed to lie expectantly watching the final event.

As one gazed in the silence, this circle of white ensigns and silent ships and the sense of everything focussed on these low, strange marine shapes, hardly out of the sea, was thrilling. To a spectator, the flags seemed as eternal as the hills that looked down on Childe Roland at the hour of his fate. But when the German submarine navy came to its dark tower today there was no bugle blast. The event was accomplished with English decorum and German stolidity.

One Captain Even Wept.

One German commander protested against navigating his vessel into harbor, and his protest was recorded, and he navigated his ship into harbor. Another commander broke down as he left his ship and could not conceal his tears. Another, when the British commander went on board, was unable to speak for a minute, and had to signal to a subordinate to carry on. The commander of the first submarine which the British boarded took his Iron Cross from his neck and ground

Boy Convinces Father He Can Make Good

Oak Park, Ill.—In order to convince his father that he can make good on a business proposition, Stephen Horton, son of Benjamin P. Horton, wealthy citizen of this village, has taken to shining shoes, making \$10 a week. He is "delivering the shins," too, patrons say.

It under his heel. Some of the submarines were left bare below. Others left sextant, compass, glasses and many articles. In one submarine a melodeon was left as if Germany had no more songs to play. One man left his ship with his guitar under his arm.

As we first caught sight of the submarines our destroyer was crowded with the young British submarine commanders and their crews in a state of exhilaration and high frequency. Only the day before the captain of the Melampus had been decorated with the Distinguished Service order for an exploit against a submarine eighteen months back. His delight at the scene before his eyes was indescribable. And nobody can indicate what it meant in general to these men when they beheld the vessels before them they had sought for through privations and fastings and dangers as knights did for the thing they love.

I have heard the phrase about eyes dancing, but I never saw the fact till then. One of them turned to me, and said: "You don't realize the humiliation of it. Fancy throwing in your hand like that. Now if it had been a scrap! It must be terrible for that bunch."

Many officers seemed to feel that side of it. They knew what it meant to have a submarine, and they knew what pride of the sea meant. They could understand what the German officers felt. Afterward, when the Germans were on board our destroyer and you saw their faces plainly, and they saw the British navy face to face, that sight was overpowering. The men felt it too.

"You could feel sorry for these poor blighters if they had been destroyer men—but these—"

This destroyer was probably typical of the destroyer class.

Spoke of It as "Der Tag."

One of the British submarine commanders, who spoke of this as "Der Tag," as nearly all of them did (one of them called it "Der Tag Nacht Den Tag"—"the day after the day"), said that he would not forget this day. "It is the anniversary of the day a year ago when they did down my brother."

Among the party on the Melampus was the captain of an Atlantic liner who had been sailing through the "tin fish" since the war began and who had had a great liner, the apple of his eye, torpedoed in the Mediterranean when carrying nearly 3,000 troops, of which he had lost 140.

It was appropriate surely that the mercantile marines who had fought these U-boats that now lay helpless before us all through the four terrible years should have been present at the death. All the appalling tales of heroism and death and suffering in the annals of the merchant service seemed to come to a head in the sight of these low ships on this day of days.

Anchored in a wide line, several miles in extent, our little gray motor-boat went dancing across the sunlit water. Each trip we carried four British submarine commanders and their crews. Each time a pretty similar scene was enacted.

The ceremony was not like the ceremony when Nelson's captains took over an enemy ship. The English commander invariably saluted as he went on board and the German acknowledged the salute, and in reply to a request for his papers handed over a blue tracing of his vessel or other technical papers, and gave its number—hitherto strictly withheld.

After the Germans came into the harbor, were taken off the submarines and were taken back to their own transports on two destroyers, one of which was the vessel I was on—the

Chicken Thief Spends Ten Years in Jail

Pittsburgh, Pa.—Of the last fourteen years Andy Pastor has spent ten of them in the workhouse because he is unable to keep out of other people's chicken coops. He appeared in court again the other day, charged with chicken stealing, and was given two more years.

H. M. S. Melampus—the officers came over the sides, saluted and there the ceremony ended. The guard was mounted forward and aft to prevent intercourse with the British crew, but that was hardly necessary. The comments of the crew were very unfavorable and chiefly turned on Lewis guns and bombs.

"Look at them Iron Crosses! What did they get them Iron Crosses for? For doin' down sailor men and women and children—the Belgian Prince, Landoverly Castle! That's the sort of thing for the Iron Crosses they're wagging about. Look at them!"

Very Strange Sight. When some of the men looked with an attempt at superciliousness at the crew that had clustered aft one of our men replied by pointing meaningfully to a depth charge on the side. The German submarine men knew well what that meant in the past. It was a very strange sight, the German officers and men on the British destroyer gazing across a few yards of space to the British seamen gazing at them. What waves of will and heart must have passed back and forward in that crowded boat, what pages of racial history!

There was no sign of any change in German discipline. The officers were as one expected; and the men were as one expected; everything the officers commanded was immediately obeyed. There was no sign of civilian committees, except that there were two men in civilian clothes on the bridge of the Titania. Strangely enough, there were two similar figures on the bridge of the British Melampus, two shabby-looking journalists. And so again the Wolff bureau can lift its witching voice and tell the despondent Huns the British sailors' soviet was in command of the boarding operations.

The last event of the day was seeing the German submarines, now purged of their crews, lying in bunches of three securely moored in the inner harbor of Harwich.

It was growing dark and their curious ghastly shapes recalled other ghosts—ghosts of women and children and merchant seamen—pallid, bloodless human faces floating onto the lift of the water in the gray deserted wastes of the Atlantic.

HAS 300 STORM PHOTOGRAPHS

State Meteorologist of Kansas Has Largest Collection Outside of Weather Bureau in Washington.

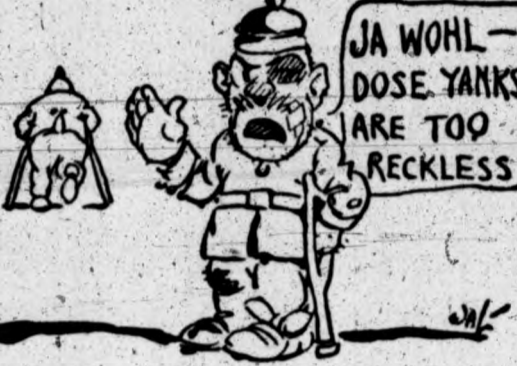
Topeka, Kan.—S. D. Flora, state meteorologist of Kansas, has what is said to be the largest collection of photographs of tornadoes, cyclones and dust storms of any weather bureau in the United States, outside of the Washington (D. C.) office. He has some 300 photographs in his collection, most of them of Kansas storms.

Among them are the Omaha (Neb.) storm of March, 1913; the Elmot (Kan.) tornado of June, 1917; the Great Bend (Kan.) cyclone of November, 1915; the Coffeyville cyclone of 1917, and the tornado at Garfield park here in June, 1917. One of the photos shows 1,200 dead sheep, another the side of a house blown away and not a single thing missing from the rooms, and a church completely destroyed except the steeple.

WASHINGTON SIDELIGHTS

Yank in Repose the Finest Piece of Camouflage

WASHINGTON.—The American fighting man is a puzzle to the French and German peoples. He seems to them to be a dual personality. In repose he is the finest example of the art of camouflage that the great war has produced. In action he is exactly what Sherman said war is.



The French grew sick at heart waiting for the Yanks. And when the Yanks came the French were disappointed. The Yanks were big and husky. But they were very young and they were all smiles and laughter. They bought everything in sight and never asked the price. The French had hoped to see grim, world-wise, veteran fighting men. Could these frolicking boys fight? If they couldn't—

When these same Yankee boys not only stopped the Hun in his triumphant advance on Paris, but also drove back his selected shock troops, and kept them on the run, it is no wonder that France went delirious with ecstasy. They saw in Chateau Thierry the turn of the balance. They knew Paris was saved. They knew the war was won.

The German officers believed—and told their men—that the Yankees would not come; would not be equipped; could not fight. Official expressions from the firing line reveal the German emotions when the Yankees finally got into action: "We can kill them, but we can't stop them." "Every time we fire on them, they charge." "Tell them to surrender and they say 'Go to hell!'" "They keep on coming at a machine gun till they get it; this weakens our morale." "Too reckless; in too much of a hurry." "Devil dogs."

In short, the Hun is echoing the Spaniard of 20 years ago: "They tried to take us with their bare hands."

And now the German people in the occupied territories are finding out that this same "Devil dog" is the decenter fellow in the world.

Lieutenant and Clerk Who Got Another Chance

A SECOND LIEUTENANT stepped into a Washington store the other day and asked a clerk for a certain article. The clerk produced the article and listened while the lieutenant gave certain orders. Now, this firm had been dealing with the government department with which the officer was connected for many years and knew exactly how the department wanted its orders handled.

When this was suggested to the lieutenant he was wroth and told the clerk that he wanted the goods fixed in such-and-such a way. The clerk once more remonstrating, the second lieutenant cried out: "You are impudent; I'll report you to the proprietor."

"That clerk was impudent, and I want him discharged," exclaimed the officer, getting down to business at once with the proprietor.

"Tell me about it," said the "boss." A recital of all the iniquities of the clerk followed, ending with the demand that the man be "fired" at once.

The boss called in the clerk. The lieutenant repeated his story. The clerk said it was substantially correct and went out.

"Well, is he discharged?" asked the lieutenant.

"No; I think I will give him another chance."

"He ought to be discharged! He ought to be discharged! Why should you give him another chance?" exploded the lieutenant.

"Well," said the proprietor, sitting up straight in his chair and speaking for the first time in slightly raised voice, "I am going to give him another chance so that if you ever come in this shop again and act and talk as you have he can knock you down. If he doesn't do it he certainly will be discharged. Good day."

Warrior's Vision of the "Garden of the Brave"

SIR JOHN FOSTER FRASER has what he calls a vision that can never be realized—a "Garden of the Brave." He says of this vision: "My mind travels back across the Atlantic to that great stretch of land where for years guns used to reverberate, and now all is silent. The people are wondering what they are going to do in that region. There are many generous Americans who would like to find the means whereby torn towns and disrupted villages could be brought into their own again."



"I know there are many French people who believe it would be better if instead of that great forest were allowed to grow over the mightiest cemetery in the world. I sometimes picture that it would be well that that great land where lie so many of our brave dead were made into a Garden of the Brave."

"I would like to see, and I do see sometimes, in my vision, the flowers of America growing over where lie so many of her gallant sons."

"I know there will be mighty stretches of fleur-de-lis marking the sleeping place of 1,500,000 brave Frenchmen. I would like to see the blooms of Belgium nodding over the graves where brave Belgians sleep, and I know that out there I would like to see a mighty avenue of maple trees telling the place where the Canadians rest, and there will be mighty masses of the wonderful Australian wattle showing where the Australians are sleeping; yes, and I know that out there, too, will be great sheaves of green, the shamrock coverlet for the brave Irish; and there will be roses everywhere, the white rose and red rose, the roses of Old England, of Lancaster and of York, telling where 500,000 brave Englishmen lie.

"Perhaps out in that Garden of the Brave I would come across stretches of heather, beautiful gold-purple heather, where dead Scotch soldiers lie.

"That is the vision that comes to me. It can never be realized, but one cannot shut it out."

Necessity of a National Chamber of Agriculture

A CORRELATION of industry and education with agriculture is perhaps our greatest national opportunity, and anything that leads in this direction is sure to bring its reward. The Morrill act of half a century ago gave to the agricultural colleges. Later legislation gave us the county agricultural agent or adviser. Both have had far-reaching and beneficial effects. But in general our national system of development has been more factional than co-operative. There has been comparatively little correlation between agriculture and business, or between agriculture and education, and this sin of neglect has caused all of us to suffer.

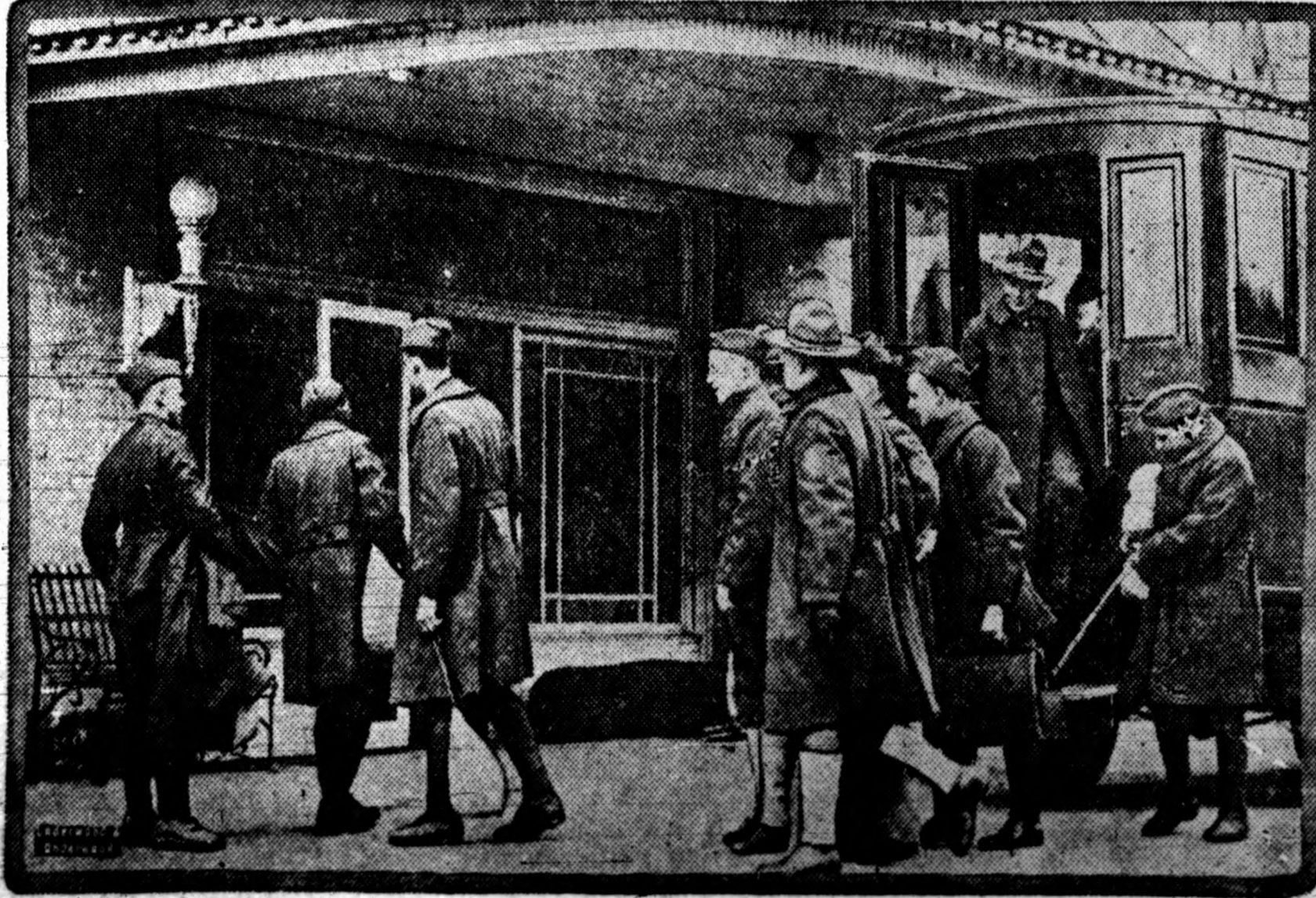
The fertility of the soil and the increase and improvement of farm produce have ceased to be problems merely for the individual. They are live problems for the nation and must be seriously taken by the nation.

And now another phase is evolving that can bring a sane, far-reaching and comprehensive organization among the workers in agriculture. With 75 per cent of all counties operating under a practical, successful and necessary local agricultural improvement association plan, how easy and natural that these be grouped on a similarity of soil, climate and crop basis into perhaps a dozen groups or districts, with stated district and national conferences.

Thus we have the natural and needed evolution of the national chamber of agriculture, just as purposeful and powerful, just as nonpartisan, just as necessary for the nation as the chamber of commerce of the United States.

One of the real problems of such an association would be to study costs of production, transportation, manufacture, and harmonize selling prices with these, only after labor has helped to decide the part to which it is entitled.

WHERE DISABLED YANKEES ARE RECUPERATING



Entrance to the West Baden hotel, West Baden, Ind., which has been taken over by the United States government at an annual rental of \$150,000 to be used for the treatment of disabled soldiers. Thousands of wounded fighters will be nursed back to health at this hotel, famous for its mineral springs and baths.

Suffered For Years

Back and Kidneys Were in Bad Shape, But Doan's Removed all the Trouble

"My kidneys were so weak that the least cold I caught would affect them and start my back aching until I could hardly endure the misery," says Mrs. D. C. Ross, 973 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y. "In the morning when I first got up, my back was so lame, I could hardly bend over and any move sent darts of pain through my kidneys. It was hard for me to walk up stairs or stoop, and to move while lying down sent darts of pain through me."



"The kidney secretions were scanty and distressing and the water remained in my system, making my feet and hands swell. There were dark circles under my eyes and I became so dizzy I could hardly see. I had rheumatic pains in my knees and it was all I could do to get around. For years I was in that shape and I wore plasters and used all kinds of medicine to no avail until I tried Doan's Kidney Pills. They rid me of the trouble and strengthened my back and kidneys. When I have taken Doan's since, they have always benefited me."

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