

# SUBMARINES CROSS OCEAN

## DARING GERMAN U-BOATS POUNCE ON SHIPPING OUTSIDE 3-MILE LIMIT

### Four British, One Dutch, One Norwegian Sent to Bottom in One Day Off Coast of Massachusetts.

## ONE SUBMARINE ENTERS PORT

### With Flag Flying and Deck Loaded With Torpedoes She Delivers Message and Puts to Sea.

Newport, R. I.—The executive officer of the destroyer Ericsson returning early Monday from the scene of the German submarine activities off Nantucket, reported that nine ships had been sunk, and that three submarines are operating off the coast. This information, he said, he had on the authority of the captain of the Nantucket Shoals lighthouse.

Boston.—The submarine arm of the Imperial German navy ravaged shipping off the eastern coast of the United States Sunday.

Four British, one Dutch and one Norwegian steamers were sent to the bottom or left crippled derelicts off Nantucket Shoals.

So far as known there was no loss of life among the crew of the British steamer Kingston had not been accounted for.

A submarine held up the American steamer Kanaan, bound from New York with steel for the Italian government, but later, on establishment of her identity, allowed the American to proceed. The Kanaan came into Boston harbor for her usual call here.

The hostile submarine is believed to be the U-53, which paid a call to Newport Saturday, and disappeared at sunset. Some naval men, however, declared that at least two submarines are operating close to the American shore, though outside the three-mile limit.

The record of submarine warfare, as brought to land by wireless dispatches, follows:

Strathdene, British freighter, torpedoed and sunk off Nantucket, torpedoes taken aboard Nantucket Shoals lighthouse and later removed to Newport by American torpedo boat destroyers.

The Strathdene left New York Sunday for Bordeaux, and was attacked at 4 P. M.

West Point, British freighter, torpedoed and sunk off Nantucket. Crew abandoned the ship in small boats after a warning shot from the submarine's gun. Officers and men were taken aboard a destroyer.

Stephano, British passenger liner, plying regularly between New York, Halifax and St. John's, N. F., torpedoed southeast of Nantucket, bound for New York. Passengers and crew, numbering about 140, were picked up by the destroyer Balch and brought to Newport. The attack was made at 4:30 P. M.

Kingston, British freighter, torpedoed and sunk southeast of Nantucket. Crew missing and no one seen searching for them. This vessel is not accounted for in maritime registers, and may be the Kingstonian. The attack occurred at 6 P. M.

Bloomersdijk, Dutch freighter, torpedoed and sunk south of Nantucket. Crew taken aboard a destroyer. The steamer was bound for Rotterdam from New York.

The Bloomersdijk carried a crew of 50 men and a cargo of grain valued at \$500,000, consigned to the government of The Netherlands, according to W. Van Doorn, an official here of the Holland-American line. He intimated that international complications might arise.

Christian Knudsen, a Norwegian freighter, torpedoed and sunk near where the Bloomersdijk went down. Crew picked up by destroyers. The vessel sailed from New York Saturday for London.

Americans On Board Torpedoed Ship. The British steamer Stephano, carrying 41st and 39th second-cabin passengers, including many American tourists and a crew of 75, was sunk off Nantucket Lt hitship.

Traders Will Co-Operate. Bordeaux.—John Barrett, director-general of the Pan-American Union, who has been discussing Latin-American trade matters with manufacturers and financiers in France and England, said before sailing on the liner Lafayette for New York that he had found them in both countries planning to make greater efforts to improve commercial and financial relations with all America. Mr. Barrett's luncheon showed, he indicated, that the desire was to co-operate along this line rather than engage in ruinous competition.

Scientific Fund Provided. New York.—Application of the new scientific discoveries in science to the industries of the country as planned by the four leading engineering societies of the United States working under the auspices of the National Research Council received additional impetus Monday with the announcement that the resources of the Engineering Foundation, which provides an annual income of \$200,000, will be placed at the disposal of the council. Further financial aid will be furnished, it was announced, by an annual gift of \$5000 from Ambrose Swasey, of Cleveland.

Carranza May Not Run. El Paso, Tex.—"General Carranza has made no formal statement of his position," Consul Pesqueira said, "but there is a strong feeling among the men who are close to him in the national capital that he will not be a candidate."

By a recent decree issued by General Carranza the president will serve only one term of four years, as the decree specifies that there shall be no re-election to the Presidency.

# NEWS ITEMS

## Of General Interest

### About Oregon

## Oregon Has Overlooked Many Valuable Permanent Resources

University of Oregon, Eugene.—Among the coming great industries of Oregon, H. B. Miller classes flax growing, milk condensing, manufacture of fertilizer, raising of broccolis, and manufacture of lumber. Mr. Miller is director of the state university school of commerce, which makes investigations of markets and possibilities for industries.

Broccoli is pronounced well adapted to the Willamette valley climate, an excellent shipper, and usable when all other green vegetables are gone.

The sources of fertilizer may be two: from the nitrogen of the air and from the beds of certain south central Oregon lakes, notably Summer and Albert lakes.

For the manufacture of fertilizer from the air, Mr. Miller said great development of Oregon's 3,250,000 idle horsepower would be necessary; and this horsepower, he said, would play the greatest part in future economic growth.

"Oregon made a great mistake when it went extensively into the apple business," said Mr. Miller. "Oregon's apple production would be necessary; and this horsepower, he said, would play the greatest part in future economic growth."

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## UNDERFIRE

RICHARD PARKER  
BASED ON THE DRAMA  
BY ROY COOPER NEGRUE  
AUTHOR OF "UNDER COVER" AND "CHAPTER OF IT TALKS TO ADVERTISE"

SYNOPSIS.  
—  
George Wagstaff, daughter of Sir George, of the British admiralty, hints at a liaison between her governess, Ethel Willoughby, and Henry Streetman. Ethel Willoughby, a German spy, who is a German spy, about her failure to get at admiralty papers in Sir George's possession. He goes to the house of the German spy, and Redder (alias Brewster, the butler) is discussing the possibility of her going to Sir George's knowledge of the sailing orders to the British fleet. Though she believes him a French instead of a German spy, she refuses until he threatens her with the loss of her position. She agrees to marry him, as George is suspicious, but he puts her off. At sea George and his lover, Guy Falconer, leave Sir George, and Streetman makes an awkward attempt to talk politics with Streetman, the German spy, Sir George Wagstaff, British naval official, Ethel Willoughby, secret spy at the Wagstaff home. The party is discussing a play, Charlie Brown, naval adaptation to apply to the present war in Europe. Guy Falconer deposes that it was once he will go to Cuba. His mother and Sir George reproach him. Charlie says Guy is spoofing. Capt. Larry, Sir George's aide, tells him of her marriage and tells her that she is a German spy with a family in Berlin.

"Good God! Then it's come at last!" he cried in a ringing voice.

"And the fleet! What of the English fleet?" Ethel Willoughby exclaimed, as her quick mind turned inevitably to that most vital factor of Britain's defense. It was pure patriotism that prompted her question. For the moment all thought of Henry Streetman and his constant importuning vanished completely from her reckoning.

Sir George swept the little company with a rapid glance.

"You are all practically members of my family—at least I regard you as such," he said. "Redmond, you are an officer in his majesty's service—what I say is in absolute confidence."

Larry stood stilly at attention.

"Of course, Sir George," he answered.

Then Sir George told them what Henry Streetman would have given his soul to know.

"Winston Churchill went to Portsmouth this morning. The British fleet sailed this afternoon under sealed orders and Churchill has offered his resignation as first lord of the admiralty."

At that statement Ethel Willoughby sank slowly upon a chair. In their excitement the others did not notice her agitation. Nor could they have interpreted it had they divined it. Something in the manner of an inspiration had come to her—a scheme, plot, a stroke of genius perhaps. At all events, she saw in a flash how she might yet serve her country in a manner that is gratified to few women—or even men.

Meanwhile Captain Redmond pondered upon Winston Churchill's peculiar action.

"But why, Sir George—why?" he asked.

"Because he had no authority from parliament to give such orders. If England is not involved in the war, then Churchill alone is responsible for his action and his public career will be ended. If England goes to war, then the English navy has gained at once an early and tremendous advantage."

"But it means that Churchill believes England will fight," Ethel said.

"That England will have to fight," Sir George corrected her.

"Then the fleet—it did not disperse?" she questioned. "Where has it gone?"

Sir George saw no reason for telling them half truths.

"The most powerful fleet the world has ever known has gone to the North sea to the Kiel canal to bottle up the German navy, and that it will do, I'm certain. With the bulk of the German fleet unable to come out, we'll prove once again that Britannia does rule the waves."

His words thrilled everyone of them.

"And there's really going to be war?" Mrs. Falconer exclaimed in a wondering voice. "I never believed I'd live to see it."

"And a long, horrible war!" Sir George continued slowly. "We shall suffer very terribly—England, I fear, in particular, because we did not expect it. We've been so sure that it would never happen in our lifetime. Some day—yes! But not now! And we're not ready—not the least ready! We shall need every man."

His remark brought home to Larry Redmond a realization of the way in which the situation applied to himself.

"Then, in some ways, it's good I've come back," he commented. "I must report at once."

Guy Falconer turned to him with unbounded enthusiasm lighting up his young face.

"I'll go with you," he cried. "Is it too late to enlist tonight?"

"I'm afraid so," Larry said.

Guy's words struck his mother with a quick chill of fear. She rose hastily.

"Well, admitting that," Guy said, for he never plunged voluntarily into an argument with George, "admitting that, I've seen for the Palace and we've telephoned to Richmond for a table, so let's be hurry."

"I don't think I can go, after all," Ethel told them then. She knew that she was in no condition for the bantering give and take of dinner-table conversation.

"Oh, Ethel!" George cried in obvious disappointment. "And 'Oh, Ethel! Don't spoil the party!" Mrs. Falconer urged.

"Come on, Larry," said Guy. "By George, you do look grim—just the same as I did when George first refused me. Now I've got used to it."

While they were trying to persuade Ethel to join them, Sir George Wagstaff entered the room. He had heard their voices as he was passing through the hall on his return from his hurried visit to the admiralty. And since he had news that he knew would prove of great interest to them he had stopped on his way to his own quarters.

"By Jove, Redmond! I'm glad to see you!" he cried as soon as he caught sight of the returned wanderer.

"Thank you, Sir George! It's good to be back," Larry replied.

"As a Britisher, you've come home at the right moment," Sir George told him gravely as he shook the captain's hand.

"You mean that there's news of the war—bad news?" Ethel exclaimed, quick to grasp the suggestion of something serious in Sir George's words and manner both.

"Germany has declared that a state of war exists between herself and Russia. Our information is that France is mobilizing and will support Russia." Sir George seemed all at once years older under the added cares of the impending conflict.

"Why, of course I am, mother!" repeated after him.

"But, Guy—you've said you wouldn't fight!" his mother reminded him tremulously. Her feelings had undergone a sudden change.

"I know," he said, putting his hand upon her soothingly. "But that was when I didn't believe there would be

war. And now that it's come, I couldn't stay home, I couldn't!"

"That's the spirit, my boy!" Sir George told him with a renewed trust in British manhood.

"But, Guy—you mustn't! I couldn't let you go!" she told him brokenly.

He was sorry for her. And yet there was an unwonted sternness in Guy's face as he said:

"Mother, you don't want me to be a coward?"

"But, my boy, you're all I've got in the world! You're the only thing I've left!" And then she took him in her arms and sobbed. To her had come only a little more quickly than to other English mothers the realization that war demands of lowly and high alike.

"Don't cry, mother, please—don't!" Guy said gently. "You know I've got to go. I'll come back all right."

"Of course he will," said Guy. "And then I'll marry him." Guy had all at once assumed new proportions in her eyes. She had always been fond of him, from the time they were girl and boy together. But she had never taken him quite seriously. Now, however, she saw that Guy was a man, and that he intended to play a man's part in the approaching struggle. And in that moment Guy knew that he was more than worthy of her.

A new light shone in Guy's eyes as he turned to the girl.

"Will you really?" he asked. "You hear that, mother? Why, that alone is worth going to the front for—and I'll get a V. C. and be a hero and we'll live happily ever after."

Of such is the rosy optimism of youth.

George Wagstaff placed her hands in his.

"For once, you dear old thing, I can't argue with you," she said. And though she smiled at him, she had difficulty in keeping back her tears.

Guy Falconer stood very erect as he took his mother by the hand. He saw women in a new light now—saw and recognized the sacrifices they had inevitably to make in life's battles, since the beginning of time.

"Come on, mother!" he said gravely. "Take me to the barracks."

"My son, I'm proud of you!" she half-whispered, as she looked up at him through her tears.

"So am I!" added George Wagstaff. She had acquired all at once a new sense of proprietorship in Guy. "You'll write me?" she asked him.

"Every day!" he promised eagerly.

"And you—you will be careful, won't you, Guy?" his mother besought him, with her hands upon his shoulders.

"Of course, I'll be careful."

And then they had gone—Mrs. Falconer and George, hugging desperately to him who was dearest of the whole world to them.

Sir George Wagstaff turned to the others with an air of unfeigned pride.

"There's the true Englishman!" he said.

"And there'll be hundreds—thousands, like him—the flower of our country, who won't come back," Ethel said slowly. "Oh, it's too terrible!" The little tragedy had touched her to the quick. Beside it her own troubles seemed momentarily dwarfed.

"Yes, it is terrible," Sir George agreed. He had no illusions as to what war meant for England.

"I must go at once to the war office," Captain Redmond announced hurriedly. And he shook hands with Miss Willoughby. "Good-by, Ethel!" he said in a tone that was far more sober than was customary for him.

"I must return to the admiralty," Sir George said. "Coming, Redmond?" as he moved toward the door.

Larry had already started to join him when Ethel called him back.

"Larry, before you go, may I have just five minutes with you—alone?"

"Of course!" he assented. "You'll forgive me, Sir George?"

"Surely! See you again, Redmond!" And with that George's father left them—alone.

"Larry, when will you go to the front?" Ethel asked in a tense voice.

He set his cap and stick upon a stool before answering her.

"I don't know," he said. "I'm afraid I shouldn't be in the thick of the fight."

"You mean they won't send you?"

"I fear not, my dear. They'll want me—they've often said so—for something they call more important than being shot at. They'll use me in the special services—what you call a spy I suppose, though it's as good as any other way to die for one's country. It's my duty—though I'd not be too proud of it."

For a brief time she made no reply, as she pondered his words.

"Won't you let me help?" she asked him then.

"You?" He wondered what she could mean.

"I do so want to help!" she continued. "There'll be thousands of women who'll go to the front as nurses—millions to do the things at home. But can't I go to serve England—to be in the special service too?"

A shudder crossed his fine face at the mere mention of the undertaking.

"Oh, my dear, I couldn't let you! The risk for you'd be too great. I couldn't permit it."

But she would not be put down so easily.

"Think of the things a woman could do safely—without suspicion," she argued, "where a man would be useless."

"I know, I know—but I couldn't allow it. And your husband?" he questioned. He hardly thought any right-minded man would be willing to let his wife face such peril.

She turned to him impetuously.

"Larry, I lied to you," she confessed. "I'm miserable, wretched. I'm not happy with my husband. I've made a mess of things, like you. I want to get away. This is the only thing I can do for England—for you! Oh, please let me go—oh, please!"

He saw that she was sorely troubled—troubled that she was greatly half-frantic. And he had not the heart to deny her any solace, no matter where she might turn for it.

"I know how you feel," he said, "and you shall do this thing if I can arrange it."

Her heart went out to him in gratitude because he had understood.

"Oh, thank you, Larry! Thank you! Now, tell me—what am I to do? Where shall I be sent? Shall I be with you? She hoped that it would be so.

"No, my dear—not with me," he explained. "My job will be inside the German lines—perhaps in their very army."

His answer struck a chill of fear into her—for she could feel fear for him.

"But that's impossible!" she exclaimed incredulously. "You would be caught at once."

"Oh, I think not!" he reassured her. "The plan is all arranged—every detail—since before I went away. Now 'tis only for me to carry it out. But you can't be with me."

Her disappointment was obvious.

"But what shall I do?" she asked doubtfully.

"That we'll see. But somehow we'll be working together."

"For king and country!" she exclaimed, holding out her hand to him.

"For king and country!" he repeated after her, as he took her slight hand in his own strong one.

CHAPTER X.

Holed by His Own Petard. "Beg pardon, Miss Willoughby! A gentleman to see you, by appointment!" In his character of Brewster, Sir George's butler, the German spy Redder made his announcement in faultless fashion.

"Oh, in just a minute!" Ethel Willoughby told him. She knew that it was Henry Streetman who had re-

turned to see her. And to Larry, whose hand she had hastily dropped just as Brewster threw open the double doors, she said, when the pseudo butler had gone, "I may gain some very important information from this man. I can't explain more than that now. Will you wait in that room?" She indicated a door leading into a smaller room adjoining her sitting room.

"Yes, my dear—God keep you!" Captain Redmond answered. And he at once proceeded to carry out her wishes.

Ethel breathed a rapid prayer as she heard Streetman already mounting the stairs.

"Oh, help me to be brave! Help me to be clever—for Larry and for England!" She turned then to meet the man who had betrayed her, and against whose wits she had now undertaken to match her own.

Will this girl be able to deceive the spy regarding her intentions and invade him into permitting her to do as she likes?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## HOW SUNBURN MAY BE CURED