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YANKS PERFORM AMAZING FEAT

"Greatest Naval Offensive of the War," Say Naval Authorities.

MINE NORTH SEA ENTRANCE

It was America's Solution of Submarine Problem and Was So Effective It Rendered Hun U-Boats Almost Impotent.

Fort Monroe, Va.—Lying at anchor in Hampton roads off Old Point Comfort is the United States mining cruiser...

The feat which these men achieved was the mining of the entrance to the North sea from Scotland to the coast of Norway...

It was America's solution of the German submarine problem, a solution so thorough and effective that it rendered the German submarines almost impotent.

The British previously had mined the English channel, but the enemy submarines came out from the bases at Ostend and Zeebrugge and into the North sea...

Invited Yankee Aid. The British naval authorities, realizing late in 1917 that the North sea would have to be blocked...

The American navy, having just at that time completed with success experiments on mining apparatus far more dangerous, delicate, and powerful than any heretofore used...

For that purpose the mining cruiser squadron was organized in December, 1917. This squadron is made up of ten vessels and is under the command of Capt. R. R. Belknap, U. S. N.

One of the officers told a graphic but brief story of the desperately dangerous job to which he and his squadron mates were assigned.

"Navy men now call it the greatest offensive of the war," he said. "It solved the submarine problem and it might have been the agency for the destruction of the German navy sooner or later had not the war ended when it did."

"Until a month ago I hadn't heard from Ralph for two years and a half—even before America got in the war I was held up. I didn't know whether he was in the army or not—but I was sure he was, because—well, because he is an American."

"After awhile we heard from some friends that he was in the army—and that he had come over here. That was all I ever knew. It's nearly five years since I have seen him!"

"Of course it was awfully hard—I couldn't get word to him and he couldn't to me. My husband used to tell me it wouldn't help Ralph any for me to cry. I tried not to—before the rest of them anyway. My daughter got worse steadily—she is no better. We couldn't get the proper food for her after awhile. And she hated to see me worried about Ralph, so I used to try to keep up before them."

"Last January my husband came to Coblenz about his citizen papers. An American soldier in Ralph's company who was in the office heard his name and asked him if he was any relation to Ralph. He didn't tell him Ralph was in Coblenz, but went after Ralph. He didn't tell Ralph his father was here. When they met they couldn't believe their eyes."

"Ever since then I have been trying to see Ralph. He couldn't come to Weisbaden because it was out of the American area, and I couldn't get through until today—more than two months."

"They asked her if her Ralph had changed much in all that time. "Oh, yes—very much. But do you know, I think it is because all that long time when I didn't know where he was or how he was—I got in the habit of thinking of him as he was when he was a baby—I kept seeing him as a baby and remembering the way he felt when he was little. Isn't that queer? And now look at him!"

"And the corporal tried not to see the adoration in her eyes. "Five years is a long time to wait to see your boy," she murmured, and kept her eyes on him. Again she had forgotten the people around her."

"The corporal cleared his throat. "This is why I ask you if you could keep my mother, Miss Woodsmall. I didn't want her to come unless she had a good place to stay. Ah, e-e-r—thanks awfully."

"And that is the story of how the Hostess House happened to entertain the only known A. E. F. mother who has visited the Army of Occupation."

"The Germans never came out after us, and so here I am."

Says He Has Leprosy. Kansas City, Mo.—Shahin Krakarlan, thirty, an Armenian, is being held at the German hospital here pending the outcome of an examination by physicians as to his condition. He claims to have leprosy. He is employed by the Union Pacific railroad.

Krakarlan came to America seven years ago, he claimed. Several Kansas City physicians refused to treat him, he said.

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HOSTESS HOUSE FAMILY REUNION

How It Happened to Entertain Only A. E. F. Mother Who Visited Army of Occupation.

BIG CORPORAL DUTIFUL SON.

No Knightly Courtiers Ever Acted With More Gallantry to Lady Fair Than Did He and His Doughboy Pals to This Little White, Haird Woman Dressed Exquisitely in Black.

By GRACE GOULDER.

(With the American Y. W. C. A. Over-

Coblenz, Germany.

March 28 (By Mail.)

It happened right here in Coblenz. A big corporal came into the Y. W. C. A. Hostess House and asked for the director, Miss Ruth Woodsmall, who comes from Colorado Springs, Colo.

"Could my mother stay here?" he began at once, trying his best to cover his excitement. "Your mother!" gasped Miss Woodsmall. "How did your mother ever get here?"

"Well, she isn't here yet, but if she comes will you keep her?" "Of course I will, but—"

She didn't finish, for the boy had smashed his cap back on his head and was out of the door on a run.

The corporal's visit remained a mystery for two days. Then one evening just at dusk a little white haired woman dressed exquisitely in black appeared in the sitting room of the Hostess House, and the corporal was hovering behind her, trying to be beside her and back of her and in front of her all at once.

He was carrying her coat—a big fur one. With them were three doughboys, pals of the corporal. They tried to keep in the background, but their eyes were glued on her face.

Everyone in the sitting room sat at attention. There are no English speaking men or women out of uniform in the Third Army area. Yet here was a woman in civilian clothes. Mothers are unheard of with the army. But this was a mother, everyone knew.

After awhile someone found out about this mother. Had Been Interned During War. She and her husband, who were born in Germany, but had been naturalized, lived in San Francisco. Before the war they left for Weisbaden, Germany, that their invalid daughter might have treatment at this famous health resort.

They brought their other children with them. One was Walter, a small boy, and the other was Ralph, now Corporal Stepp of the American Army.

When the war was declared they sent Ralph back to America, because he was of military age, and they did not want him to fight for the Kaiser. Then America entered the war.

Mrs. Stepp—Mrs. Anna Stepp she is—told this part of the story: "Until a month ago I hadn't heard from Ralph for two years and a half—even before America got in the war I was held up. I didn't know whether he was in the army or not—but I was sure he was, because—well, because he is an American."

"After awhile we heard from some friends that he was in the army—and that he had come over here. That was all I ever knew. It's nearly five years since I have seen him!"

"Of course it was awfully hard—I couldn't get word to him and he couldn't to me. My husband used to tell me it wouldn't help Ralph any for me to cry. I tried not to—before the rest of them anyway. My daughter got worse steadily—she is no better. We couldn't get the proper food for her after awhile. And she hated to see me worried about Ralph, so I used to try to keep up before them."

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"Ever since then I have been trying to see Ralph. He couldn't come to Weisbaden because it was out of the American area, and I couldn't get through until today—more than two months."

"They asked her if her Ralph had changed much in all that time. "Oh, yes—very much. But do you know, I think it is because all that long time when I didn't know where he was or how he was—I got in the habit of thinking of him as he was when he was a baby—I kept seeing him as a baby and remembering the way he felt when he was little. Isn't that queer? And now look at him!"

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Hero Mine

By R. RAY BAKER

(Copyright, 1918, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Verna Pomeroy had a mania for heroes. "I will marry the man who goes through fire, water, blood and iron for me," was the way she expressed it. Many there were who would have been willing to go through water, provided it was not too deep; and also through blood, as long as it was not of their own or their shedding; but as to fire and iron—well, the former was a little too much to expect and the latter was difficult.

If Verna had waited a few years she would have experienced no difficulty in finding a hero for herself. They are plentiful nowadays, but they were scarce when Verna was twenty-one and the "pretty stenographer" in Jones & Jones' real estate office on the fourth floor of the Ashton building.

Somehow Verna figured that Dan Williams was destined to be the man. He was a fireman in the station house three blocks down the street, and he clung rather heroically, she thought, to the red juggernaut that roared and screeched past the Ashton on an average of at least four times a day. There was a man who would at least go through fire, and certainly through water, and probably meet the other requirements. He was a strapping, blond young man, with strength rippling through every muscle, and he was very good for a hero worshiper to look at.

"Some day he'll prove to be my hero," she had decided on the day Dan followed his pet mattress cart in its wanderings from the station house across the street to the Pomeroy residence, where Verna happened to be seated on the porch reading "Brave Men I Have Met."

That's the way they got acquainted, and since then Dan had wooed Verna through the fourth floor window every week day and in the parlor of her home every night when he got time off.

When the siren of the ladder truck gave vent to its mournful shriek Verna always would look up from her typewriter and exchange a wave of the hand with Dan as the red demon dashed by.

But Dan was not the only one who wooed Verna through the window. Ben Vincent rode past the Ashton building twelve times a day. His pace was not as swift as his rival's, however, because his vehicle was a street car. When he approached Verna's window he always stood on the rear platform and waved one of his hands while the other rang up fares.

Verna liked Ben fully as well as Dan, but his life was so prosaic it offered few heroic possibilities. He had dark hair and eyes and his face was attractive, but he failed to come up to the fireman's shoulder and there was no noticeable bulge just above the elbow.

His acquaintance she had formed when she moved to a residence in the suburbs and was obliged to use a trolley car twice each day.

Ben's dark complexion was another handicap. Verna had half that she liked to hear called "seven locks" and her eyes were not a similar hue; and she had read that a person should marry an "opposite."

That's the way things stood when the rivals met one night a half block from the Pomeroy home. The conductor had been calling on Verna and the fireman knew it and waited for him. They both happened to be off duty, but Ben had been the first to ask her for an engagement.

"I've been waiting for you an hour," Dan announced as he stepped out from the tree against which he had been leaning. "You've been in Miss Pomeroy's parlor altogether too long. I can't stand for that."

Ben had no relish for a fight—not with those six feet of muscle—so he kept his temper in leash.

"Sorry I don't please you," he replied with sarcasm-sprinkled coolness. "I didn't know Miss Pomeroy and you were engaged."

The fireman knitted his brows into a savage scowl and looked disdainfully down at the pebble in his highway of love.

"Well, we aren't," he declared. "There is no engagement yet, but there is going to be. She wants a man, and I'm it—see? She isn't going to tie up with a shrimp like you, so you better make yourself scarce around her. I'm just warning you, that's all."

About this time Fate decided to take a hand in the affair. So a janitor went to sleep in the basement of the Ashton building late one afternoon and a cigarette dropped from his mouth into a barrel of excelsior. The Ashton was a frame relic of past architectural grandeur and the flames ate into it as a famished lion eats into a chunk of red beefsteak.

The janitor awoke, choked with smoke, and staggered to safety. The occupants of the building dashed pell-mell to the street by means of the stairway and the meager fire-equipments facilities. The elevator boy deserted his post and fled with the rest.

Verna's bosses were playing golf and she was alone in the office cleaning up a pile of work. She had herself some of the qualities that heroes and heroines are made of. So she remained in the office and put valuable papers in the safe, while fire crept up the outside and inside of the building and smoke seeped through the floors.

"There's lots of time," she told herself and kept rummaging for one very important document she had been unable to locate. She finally discovered it on a file on the junior partner's desk. Tossing it into the safe, she slammed the iron door, turned the knob and hurried into her coat and hat.

As she opened the office door a wave of heat and smoke rolled in upon her. She coughed and drew back for a moment, then dashed for the stairway.

But the flames had been there first and there was no stairway. By this time she was really excited. She ran to the elevator entrance and pushed frantically and vainly on the bell. Baffled, she stood in a daze in the midst of stifling fumes which were becoming more dense with every minute that passed.

"Dan will save me!" she cried, and she struggled to her feet and ran back into the office, throwing open a window. Indistinctly through the smoke she made out a crowd assembled across the street. Bells were clanging as fire apparatus darted up and down the thoroughfare.

"Dan!" she cried, with all the power of her lungs. Repeatedly she called the name, while flames stole closer and closer to the fourth floor.

Presently she heard an answering shout, and a huge, light-haired fireman stood out in the center of the street and waved a hand at her the same as he had waved it countless times from his red demon.

He disappeared from her view. The heat grew more intense and the smoke got thicker. They were gorging themselves. "Suddenly she saw something rising before her—an extension ladder. It wobbled and quivered before the window and then slowly the ends settled against the ledge. She looked down, and there he was—the man—fighting his way up, inch by inch, through a shroud of yellow flames and black soot.

In a few moments he would be at the window and she would be saved. A dense cloud reached out, enveloped the ladder and blotted out the fireman from sight. When it rolled away there was Dan on the ladder—faltering. As she watched he shook his head, pointed at the flames above him, and slowly began to descend. Verna fainted.

The next sensation she experienced was one of being jolted. She opened her eyes and discovered she was in a street car which was bumping swiftly over the rails. She was half reclining on a seat—and she was the only passenger.

There was a step in the aisle and she saw a bedraggled figure in a blue uniform standing over her. It was Ben.

"How'd I get here?" was her first question after a silent moment of contemplation and wonder.

"I put you there," he responded simply. "I'm taking you home as fast as I can. My machine (he laughed dryly) was stopped by the fire. I saw you at the window and went after you."

She took a long breath of relief or two to get her lungs full of air or something. Then she noticed that about his forehead was a bloody handkerchief that his cap could not entirely conceal.

"Where'd you get that blood?" she demanded, shuddering.

He fumbled with his transfer punch.

"It wasn't much of a hurt," he said, "although it did bleed a lot. You see, I was able to reach you by running the elevator, which I found standing open. There was a regular blanket of fire in the shaft, but I guess the soaking I got from a hose when I made the run for the building helped to keep me from burning up. I got the blood when I rammed my head into the iron gate at the fourth landing, thinking it was open. The blow sort of dazed me, but I managed to open the gate, picked you up in the office and bent it back down the elevator with you. I bet I made an awful dent in that gate. My head feels like it had busted right through the iron."

Verna reached up and clasped one of his hands.

"Ben," she said, "do you know you have all the qualities of a regular hero?"

Ben smiled and looked at her.

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ALLIED SUBS PERILED

Were Constantly Harried by Their Own Warships.

British Submarine Nearly Destroyed by American Vessels While Being Tested.

London.—One of the greatest perils to allied submarines during the war was attack by friendly destroyers. A submarine was assumed to be an enemy when sighted by the ships of any allied nation and it was up to the submarine to show recognition signals if she was not German.

But if it was a destroyer that sighted the submarine she was always making for the little craft by the time the recognition signals could be shown. A slight hitch in getting up a flag or firing a rocket would mean the submarine would be forced to seek safety beneath the surface.

Probably the last attack of this sort was made by American destroyers on a new British submarine of a large type. She was being tested when sighted by the destroyers and they made for her full speed. Something happened to the signal system, and the under-water vessel submerged as depth charges began to tear up the water. One charge shook her until the crew thought she was doomed.

The submarine was constructed to dive 320 feet, but that was forgotten as charge after charge exploded nearby. Finally she struck bottom at 900 feet and it was found she was not badly damaged. She was kept on the bottom until her commander was certain the destroyers had gone. Then she was cautiously brought to the surface.

"She don't need any more testing after that experience," the commander reported to the officer in charge of the submarine base.

BRITISH DEFEY FOE'S MINES

Invention of Naval Officer Enabled Ships to Push into Heligoland Bight.

London.—Mines and mine fields were rendered obsolete by the development of the "paravane," the invention of Lieutenant Burnley and constantly urged upon the British navy by Admiral Sir Hedworth Meux. This instrument was officially adopted by the navy early in 1918 and was so successful that special factories were built for its construction.

It is now learned that the British grand fleet on several occasions pushed right into the bight of Heligoland, which, if mines mean anything, would have been a death trap for ships. German experts never solved the mystery. From the time of its adoption to the close of the war only two warships were reported having been sunk by mines. The most recent use of the "paravanes" was on the occasion of British warships entering the Baltic through a closely mined straits area. The steel wire mooring ropes of the mines are said to have been cut by the paravanes as a string is cut by scissors.

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