

LESSON TAUGHT BY YEAR OF THE WAR

Truths Brought Home to Americans by Great Fight for Democracy.

ALL CAN SHARE IN BATTLE

Send Your Dollars to Government—
Rout Our Enemy Within Our
Gates—Your Patriotism
on Trial.

By GELETT BURGESS of The Vigilantes.

What have you learned from this first year of the war?

Have you learned that no peace is possible but one founded upon the triumph of democracy?

Germany's faithlessness to her treaty agreements in Belgium has had its sequel in her deceit in Russia. German's frightfulness is the deliberate policy of autocracy in its design to enslave the world. All pretenses of liberal reforms have been drowned in the rising lust for world-conquest.

Intoxicated by self love and ruthless ambition the Kaiser and his war lords seek to bring all civilizations under the reign of brute force. Nation after nation has fallen their prey. If we are to survive, that malign doctrine of might-makes-right must be destroyed forever.

Have you learned that you, too, can fight in the battle for freedom?

Lend your money to the Liberty Loans; give it to the Red Cross. Every dollar lent the government helps equip a soldier; every dollar to the Red Cross succors him in his time of need. If you are a patriot you can no more keep out of these "drives" than, if a soldier, you could refuse to go over the top into No Man's Land.

Dollars Are Soldiers.

Dollars are soldiers, too! Your dollars will fight to end the war. Each private may think his own worth small—but all together they make an army. Your dollar seems small, but if each does his share the war will have sufficient backing.

For your boy's sake, if he is "over there," subscribe! You would not refuse to help a pal? Well, you have a million pals! Help them!

Have you learned that the enemy is here—with us, too?

The soldiers' blood, in the trenches, is not only drained by flying shells—it is sucked by rats and lice. Here at home we have a human vermin preying upon us. Just as evil and insidious as the trench pests are the pro-German spies and propagandists and the pacifists who seek to impede or discountenance the war. Watch them, watch for them, seek them out.

Let not seditious word or act go unreported. Let the alien enemy subject declare plainly where he stands, whether he is for us or against us. If German born, urge him to join the League for Americans of German Origin and thus manifest at once his ineradicable love for the fatherland and his devotion to his adopted country. Those who are not for us are against us!

Have you learned that your patriotism is being tried by your faith and your works?

Be not cast down by defeat. Spread no rumors of calamity. When the dark days come, encourage the timid and fearful, reprove the alarmist and back-

LEADS BRASS BAND



A woman's military band which can be used to replace some of the numerous military bands which have gone to the front, is being organized in New York. The band will play at recruiting rallies and for other patriotic objects. Miss Annabelle Boyer, the young lady shown in the photograph, has been selected as drum major of the new organization. She is already very proficient in the twirling of the baton.

THE LITTLE LAD

By Agnes Lee of the Vigilantes.
To me it's always the little lad
Afraid to speak his name.
But he was one of the first to go,
When his heart received the flame.

He used to steal from the shadowy room,
And over the lighted stair,
If dismal tales were being told,
But he won the Croix de Guerre.

He clutched my hand when the thunder broke,
He paled at the lightning's glance.
But he met the Teutons face to face,
And fell with the sons of France.

WAS HE ENEMY ALIEN? NO, NEEDED A SHAVE

Portland, Ore.—Hans Beltke escaped being interned as an enemy alien by a close shave. When he came out of a logging camp federal officers picked him up, chiefly because of his Bolshevik-like whiskers. In the county jail he borrowed a razor and when he got through he was revealed as an eighteen year old youth.

Seeks Job as Shipbuilder.

St. Louis, Mo.—Mrs. Minnette Sayback of this city, an expert with carpenter's tools who can build almost anything from toys to ships, has volunteered her services to Uncle Sam as a shipbuilder.

THEIR WAR AIMS WELL DEFINED



The chauffeurs of this American truck company leave no doubt as to their war aims. All their trucks have been similarly decorated with these attractive and threatening designs.

SINKS SUBMARINE UNDER HEAVY FIRE

Seaplane Persists in Attack While
Shelled by Six German
Ships.

THREE OTHERS DESTROYED

British Airmen Calmly Drop Bombs
as Enemy Shells Burst—Depth
Bombs Prove Effective When
Aviators Sight U-Boats.

London.—Under a heavy attack from three German submarines and three German destroyers, a British seaplane recently persisted in her efforts against another enemy U-boat and succeeded in sinking it before being damaged by the fire of the other enemy warships.

The seaplane was on patrol duty at 8:30 o'clock in the morning when a submarine was sighted on the surface with a man standing forward by the gun. Increasing her speed, the seaplane dropped to an altitude of 600 feet and released a bomb.

As she swooped around to repeat the attack a shell from the U-boat burst in the air 50 feet from the propeller. It was seen that the bomb had made a direct hit, a big rent being visible in the deck of the submarine. Just then out of the mist ahead three more enemy submarines, followed close by three destroyers, appeared.

Attacked by Six Vessels.
All six vessels maintained a hot fire against the seaplane. However, a second bomb dropped on the disabled U-boat. It exploded 15 feet ahead of the bow of the submarine. The whole craft shook and then sank quickly in a pool of oil, bubbles and wreckage. The seaplane, having no more bombs, and as the destroyers were coming near, returned to its base.

Seaplanes also have accounted for three other submarines. In one case two large seaplanes attacked a submarine on the surface, with two Germans standing on the conning tower. One plane dropped a bomb to the starboard of the U-boat while the other placed one squarely in front of the conning

tower. The explosion of the second bomb was followed by several explosions within the submarine, which disappeared.

Sank Two Others.

Diving from a height of 4,000 feet to 1,200 feet, another seaplane dropped a depth charge on the spot where a submarine had disappeared. When the water subsided, the shape of the submarine could still be seen below the surface and a second bomb was dropped, "after which the ship disappeared."

An enemy submarine with two periscopes and about 200 feet in length was sighted by a seaplane on patrol duty. The seaplane descended 3,300 feet to a height of 80 feet and dropped two bombs as the German submerged. One of the bombs made a direct hit just behind the conning tower. The submarine turned upside down and sank. Oil and wreckage later came to the surface.

FORTUNE WAITS FOR BURNS

Heir of Civil War Volunteer Who
Never Returned Can Claim
Windfall.

New York.—Boy! Page Mr. Burns! Paging the Mr. Burnses of the country is precisely the task confronting T. M. Sacklin of No. 5 Beekman street, who is in charge of a large sum of money seeking an owner—first name and present whereabouts unknown.

Here is how it happened:
When Lincoln called for volunteers in '60 David Burns, then living at No. 135 East Twenty-first street, this city, stopped his work and marched off to battle. He was in such haste to respond that he notified no relative and made no disposition of a tidy bank account.

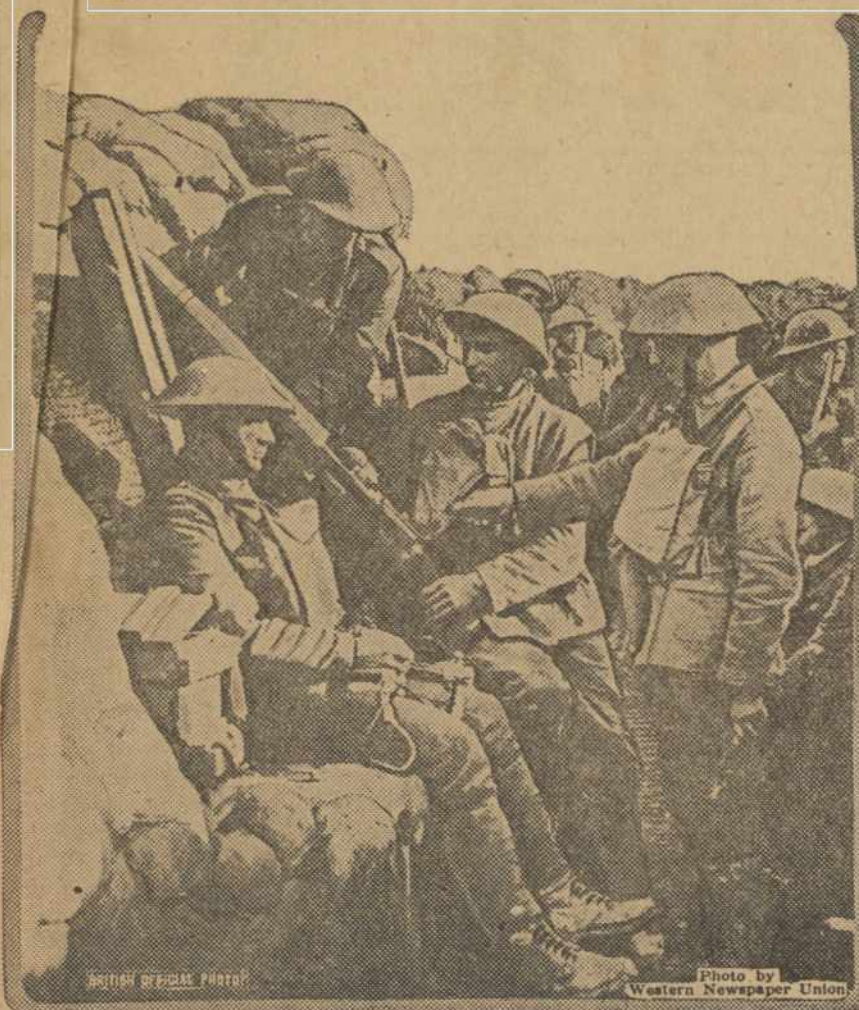
David Burns never came back. His unclaimed earnings lay in the bank, swelling by the increment of interest until now they represent a large fortune even in these days. The windfall is awaiting the claim of the right Mr. Burns.

Rolling Canteens.

Washington, D. C.—The Red Cross has added a new and picturesque branch to its many activities in Italy by sending two "rolling canteens" to the front.

The object of these canteens, which are really kitchens on wheels, is to furnish hot food to soldiers in first-line trenches.

ON THE BRITISH FIGHTING FRONT



Lookout man watching through the trench periscope for enemy movements while his comrades are overhauling a machine gun.

AMERICAN FACES DEATH TO GET OPPORTUNITY AS MANUFACTURER

Story of Meteoric Rise of Man From Poverty to Leading Builder of
Airplanes in England—Without a Penny, He Joins British
Army and Deliberately Breaks Rules to Employ
Talents in More Effective Service.

London.—With all of its cases of meteoric rises from poverty and humbleness to wealth and success, the United States furnishes nothing more striking than that of J. A. Whitehead, president of the Whitehead Aircraft company of England, but it should be stated that Mr. Whitehead, though a Britisher now, has American citizenship papers and got his business training in San Francisco.

Unknown two years ago, Mr. Whitehead now is one of the most prominent men in Great Britain, and in its industrial life is easily one of the most shining figures. He started his career two and a half years ago with no asset in the world except credit with a small hotelkeeper in a London suburb. Now he owns the biggest airplane factory in Great Britain and has under his ownership 450 acres of factory buildings and airdromes. His first pay roll was \$35 a week, with borrowed money. His pay roll now is \$80,000 a week. He recently obtained permission from the treasury department of England to increase his capitalization by \$5,000,000, and so complete was the confidence of English investors in his ability to "make good" that the amount was subscribed before the bonds were issued.

Airplane Yet in Infancy.

Mr. Whitehead is a far seeing man. He says the airplane business, despite its magical development during war time, is just in its infancy; that when the war is over there will be flying machine services for mail and passengers and expresses all over the world, and that where thousands of machines are required now tens of thousands will be needed after the war. He predicts that the airplane industry will see the same wonderful transformation that the automobile industry experienced some twenty years back.

Furthermore, Mr. Whitehead says that the day the war is over he will start machines on a flight to New York, and he has no doubt that within a short time he will have established, in co-operation with others, a regular mail service between the metropolises of Europe and the metropolises of the western hemisphere.

It is, of course, not possible to go into details in describing the airplane works which Mr. Whitehead has built. It is one of the wonder spots of England, and the thousands of employees whom I saw at their work one day this week are turning out these "eyes of the army" at a rate which may well cause alarm to the Huns, who perhaps as soon as anyone else realized that the great war would be won in the air.

Mr. Whitehead believes that the war will be won in the air, and he says there is no question that the English manufacturer, supplemented by his American industrial captain, will provide the machines which will give the allies an overwhelming superiority.

At a recent luncheon given at Mr. Whitehead's home, Bueloch house, on the Thames, he told privately the story of his marvelous career. This is it:

Sentenced to Be Shot.

At the outbreak of the war Mr. Whitehead, then on the sunny side of forty, was in San Francisco just getting on his feet after a rather adventurous experience which had taken him to all parts of the world and in a way gave him the reputation, as he now humorously says, of a "black sheep."

The turning point in his career had come at Monte Carlo some years before. He received financial aid which enabled him to shift his course in life and take a turn for the better.

As soon as war was declared, although he had become an American citizen, he enlisted in a British regiment and came to England. He was at the battle of Antwerp, and there, after watching the work of enemy airplanes, reached the conclusion that airplanes would decide the war sooner or later.

To get out of the army was not an easy task. He did it by insubordination, and when sentenced to be shot produced his American citizenship papers and said that he didn't think the authorities would kill him. They didn't. They paid very little attention to his claim that he had committed a breach of discipline for the sole purpose of employing his talents in a more effective way to the service of his country. He was sent back home with a black mark against him, filled with chagrin, but glowing with confidence that he could manufacture airplanes on a big scale and be a factor in the determination of the world struggle.

He had not a cent. He had no friends who could help. His parents, quite naturally, turned a deaf ear to his overtures for aid. His first step was to go to the war office and, as he laughingly says, with true American optimism, ask for an order to build airplanes. When asked if he had a factory he replied that he had. Then he went out to look for one, so that the government authorities could verify his statement.

Commandeers a Machine Shop.

Out in a London suburb, where he had a hotel man for an acquaintance, he found an old machine shop in which were a few lathes and some benches. He inspected it as well as he could through the windows, borrowed a pot of paint and a brush and ladder and began to paint his name on the front of the building. He had it fairly well done when a man came along and said:

"What are you doing there?"

"I am painting my name on this building."

"And what are you doing that for? That's my building."

"Oh! is that so? Then you are just the man I want to see."

Mr. Whitehead took the owner of the building to the aforementioned hotel and bought luncheon for him. He told him of his airplane dream, and Vaughan Thompson—for that was the name of the owner—was impressed by it. He said:

"It sounds very good to me. If it will help win the war I am for it. I am going to the front tomorrow, and you can take the building and do what you want to with it. And I have two hundred pounds cash, and as I don't expect ever to come back you can take that, too, and use it the best way you can. It will be at your disposal in a month."

Contract for Six Flyers.

Mr. Thompson went away. He was killed, as he predicted, just a year from that day.

and they will be as good as any other maker in the country can give you."

They gave him a contract for the six. An inspector reported that his factory was of sufficient capacity for a trifling order of that kind, and thereupon the 450-acre Whitehead company began its career.

On the strength of his order for six government machines Mr. Whitehead was able to make such purchases as he needed for his small undertaking. He also borrowed \$35 to pay two mechanics who helped him the first week. From that the industry grew. He surmounted obstacles that would have awed almost anyone, and did things which astonished the cleverest business men of England. But he achieved results. He finished his six machines in far less than the specified time, and then he got a contract for a hundred.

The works grew; and the orders grew also. He built a great airdrome facing a field of hundreds of acres, and, to the amazement of government officials who thought his field was no use as a training station because of the fact that a river flowed through it, he buried the river. He diverted a stream so that it is now not to be seen on his property.

The lunch which he gave the other day marked the end of the second year of active full operation. There is no telling where it will end.

HUNS HAVE NEW AIR DEVICE

Electrically Charged Wires Hung From
Captive Balloon Menace
Hostile Flyers.

Amsterdam.—At Zeebrugge, the German naval and aerial base on the Belgian coast, the Germans have adopted a new method of catching hostile airplanes. Toward evening, the frontier correspondent of the Telegraaf reports, the Germans send up 12 captive balloons without crews and attached to electrified steel cables.

The electric barrier is said to constitute a menace to all airmen coming into contact with it.

The Germans, it is added, have also manufactured a new and improved type of airplane. It is fitted with three propellers, one being so arranged that it can keep the airplane stationary above a certain point for a few minutes, thus permitting the bomb-thrower to aim with greater accuracy.

DAD TO HAVE SERVICE FLAG WITH FIVE STARS

Pittsfield, Mass.—There's a service flag with five stars at the home of Paul A. Jones. But that's not enough, he thinks. He is planning to add three more stars.

Walter, the youngest, who will be eighteen soon, plans to enlist and two more sons are in class A1 of the draft. Five are already in various camps throughout the country.

Five of the boys have "war brides."

NEW STYLE OF PATRIOTISM

Former Sailor Offers to Clean, Press
and Repair Clothing for
Drafted Men.

Dewey, Okla.—Aaron Hanning, former sailor, now owner of a cleaning and pressing establishment, has offered to clean, press, repair and send home the clothing of any drafted men of this city and vicinity, when they exchange their civilian clothing for the uniform of Uncle Sam. In case the men have no home he will store their clothing and keepakes for them. All this is without cost.

MONARCHS OF CUBA



The royal palm trees of Cuba are protected by the government. They may not be cut or injured for commercial purposes. Expert climbers are employed to remove the leaves and the seeds from which high-grade oil is manufactured. The trees are over 200 feet high, and the manner of scaling them is interesting. A close view of how the climbing is done