

APTAIN JOHN THORNHILL of the fishing tug Petrel, of Au Sable, was in a bad humor when he stepped from the wharf to the deck in the first gray light of an October Thursday. On the evening before he had asked Marie Vigeant once more if she would marry him; and Marie, the prettlest black-haired, rea-mouthed girl in Oscoda, nad told him again that she did not know.

"I do like you, captain," she had answered, "but how much, or if enough-who knows? I don't. I like you when you come to see me; but when you are away I am not desointe, like the girls in books,' I can still dance with Tony Perrault, or go to the theater with Tom Allen. Oh, no! I think it is not enough."

Then Captain John had marched down the street of the little Huron port, his beels ringing on the sidewalk, his face glum enough, but with a masterful poise of his shoulders and head. Marie looked after his plert figure with a certain approval as she threw a "Good night" after him and turned from the gate toward the house, her eyes twinkling a reply to the lights that gleamed at her through the windows.

So the captain of the Peirel was sore-hearted in the morning, and his outward sourness was not lessaned when the owners of the tug came over and borrowed the Petrel's dook and all of her stock of provisions for another tug which had to hurry down the lake. Thornhill, they said, would be back in port by 4 o'clock that arternoon, and there was enough cooked winff aboard for the noon dinner.

By 7.50 the Petrel was eighteen miles out on Huron, down where the

miles out on Huron, down where the

grounds, and the three men, besides the captain and engineer, who comprised the crew, were busy hauling in the nets, each one a half-mile long, and dumping the shining captives into the live-well. By 2.30 the last net was lifted and set again, dinner was eaten and the Petrel, lifting and plunging in a sharp sea, poked her nose into a freshening northwest wind and start-

Captain John did not know whether he had been asleep or not, but he was out of the pilot house with a jump as soon as he heard the noise. Two more jumps took him to the botler house. Paquin and Mailhot were there with him. Arsnault, the enginoer, met the three of them at the door. The boiler house was full of hissing steam.

"She's bust!" said Arsnault. "Where?"

"Dunno yet." Into the thinning steam the engineer plunged to work with valves and stopcocks. "Guess it's the coll," he called. "She's put out the fires, anyway." Then he added, victously, "And we ain't got an inch of pipe or an elbow or a pipetool aboard."

Up in the pilot house Le Baun was Up in the pilot house Le Baun was trying to keep the Petrel's head up to the wind, but, with her steerage way gone, she fell off and wallowed, the waves slapping her sides and sending spurts of white water across her deck. Mailhot and Paquin looked at each other with the slow comprantension of the French-Canadian of the upper country, while Arsnault peered and pried about his engine.

"It's the coil, for sure," he called to Thornhill.

to Thornhill. "Can you get at it and fix her up?"s gineer. "Fix! With these?" He held out his bare hands. "Maybe I can do something," he added, more hopeful-"when I find the break and see what it looks like."

"Then I guess it's drift a while." remarked Captain John.

And drift it was all afternoon. An old tarpaulin, rigged as best they could, kept her head on to the seas. For supper they ate the scraps left from dinner. Paquin, on investigating, found a sack partly filled with what had been flour and was now a sickly paste, and heaved it overboard with an angry grunt. The fish were raw, and they had no means of cook. ing them.

They got out their lights and drifted all night, steadily to the southeast, out into the lake. In the intervals of chilled, uneasy slumber, they calculated how soon they would be picked up. It was bound to be soon; there were too many vessels passing up and down for them to go unnoticed many hours.

With the dawn of Friday, gray and cold, the wind shifted to the south, blowing harder, and the Petrel drifted farther out, plunging and yawning in the ugly cross seas. For breakfast

in the ugly cross seas. For breakfast they had all the water they could drink, the crew chewed tobacco, and Arsnault tinkered at his engine.

It was almost noon when a yell from Mailhot, at the helm, roused them. His pointing hand showed them a schooner, everything reefed down, staggering along, close-hauled.

"By gar! I know dat schooner," sald Faquin. They were all watching her. "He's de Keetchen, of Sarehia. I know heem by de beeg patch on hees bow. He geet dat on Mackinac, wen he's bust hees bowfast as

de coal dock, an' de Ossifrage sho's heet heem wen she's come in. Ole man Papineau she's own an' sall heem. You know ole Papineau, Pete. She's t'ink dat schooner de honly peb'

"She's the only pebble for us just now, anyhow," said Arsnault. about time they dropped some of that canvas if they want to bring up anvways close."

The schooner was rapidly nearing them. Her seamy, black side was uplifted almost to the keel, and the white water spread upward in a rush-Ing sheet from bow to stern. Along her windward rail were figures, with their faces turned toward the tug. "There they go," Arsnault said.

"Now she comes about." Paquin and Mallhot raised a cheer which died in their throats. The schooner's sheets were paid out, her head fell off, and, with a freer helm, away she sped, not toward, but from. the helpless Petrel.

On the tug the men, grasping the rail with rigid hands, stared incredulously with gaping mouths.

"Yell!" cried Thornhill. "Make s

signal." Their coats were waving wildly in the air, and they shouted until the beating of their hearts choked their dry throats. Not a sign came from the schooner; only the stretch of tumbling water steadily widened. Suddenly Paquin threw his coat upon the deck and, leaning far across the rail, shricked a curse after, the flying schooner.

It was just as the early evening was closing down that the steeringgear broke. With the redden swinging of the tug, the tarpaulin at her head broke from its filmsy fastenings and was lost in the dusk overside. They made a drag by bringing forward three nets, and letting them out over the bow, a mile and a half of meshes against the strength of the waves and the wind. The Petrel rode to her floating anchor, and Thornhill jammed the long furnace poker into the hole in the rudderhead to serve as a tiller.

Saturday broke grim and gray. In the early morning the wind shifted to the west-northwest, grew to a gale, and the gale swelled to a hurri-On the wind came, driving sleet and snow, the air grew bitter cold, and the water froze on the deck. For the five men on the Petrel the whole world was lost, except for a narrow space of lashing waves and

narrow space of lashing waves and blinding snowdrift.

All day they fought for life. The tug grew heavy with the seas she shipped, the pump could not be worked, and the five fell to desperate bailing. Their faces grew drawn and pale, with heavy lines about their lips; hunger started from their haggard eyes. They worked with feverish energy, varied by intervals of apathetic idleness.

A heavy sea tore loose the pilot

A heavy sea tore loose the pilot aguse and drove the netreel from the

deck. Paquin, furious with hunger, tors " worman's face came before his a fish to pieces and devoured it. He grew whiter still and deathly sick and the others, seeing him, toiled on, faint with want of food. Since Thursday night they had eaten nothing, and yet they must fight the

Darkness fell and still they toiled on, now two, now three, now all of them. How they came through that night Thornhill never knew. His body worked mechanically, but, at times, his mind was far away, looking at the tolling men from a great dis-tance. He saw Oscoda and the people there. They watched the lakeport bulletins of the storm, and, after each new one turned hopelessly away.

He saw the wife of one man of the crew and the mother of another bolding to each other in silence. On the outer edge of the little crowd a woman stopped and asked a question. As she turned away he saw her face, and called to her, "Marie!" But there was no sound, and the woman did not here.

not hear.

The fourth day came, and still the gale and the killing cold. Still they worked, but now as men almost without hope. Thornhill knew that somewhere ahead of them, waiting, lay the long north rocks, far out from shore. How long could their desperate efforts endure? He looked at the men, toiling on, with pinched, blue faces and bleeding hands.

She might be sorry for a time. The other men had wives or mothers. Those at home should know, some day, how it ended. On a leaf of his soaked notebook he managed to pencil a few words. A bottle and

a cork would do the rest. The men watched him as he wrote, and muttered to one another. Arsnault came to him as he threw the

"The men threaten to stop work," he said. "They say it's no use, if you have given up. That bottle scared them."

"Given up? I?" Thornhill faced the men. He was still the captain. "You fools," he cried, "get back to work! Do you think I've given up because I threw a bottle overboard to bring

The men stared at him.

"Yes—to bring help." He answered their unspoken question. "There's a top current here that will take that bottle twice as fast as we are drifting. It'll be on the beach by Kincardine or Port Eigin tonight. That white rag on top will make some one see it, and a tug will be after us tomorkow. Le Baun, pile into it! Paquin! Mailhot!"

In the night the gale dropped a lit-

In the night the gale dropped a lit-tle. With the first light of morning two men worked feverishly at the broken boller. They tore away the end of the boller house to get at the

breat, and, with bleeding nands, got off the boller head. A cold chisel and an az served for tools, and the limber chains made a turnbuckle to pull together the broken ends of the coll. ,

As they worked, they glanced, from time to time, to where a foaming line of white showed to leeward. Far in the distance, now and then, as the Petrel rose on a wave, they saw the shining roofs of a town. Six hours later, just as the red sun broke through the heavy, purple western clouds, a battered, wheezing craft, that once had been a tug, crawled alongside the pier at Kineardine, on the Canadian shore.

In Oscoda a straying theatrical company was playing "The Streets of New York." Some one, sticking his head in at the front door, called, Thornhill and his men are just land-

in' at Johnson's wharf."

In five minutes the players quit with a laugh; the house was empty. In another five minutes John Thornhill, marching up the street, the center of a sharing them.

hill, marching up the street, the center of a shouting throng, felt a hand sitp into his and hold it fast; and the prettlest black-haired, red-mouthed girl in Oscoda whispered, answeries his eyes:

"I know now, John. It is enough."

And the bottle? The bottle and the message were found and sent to him on Christmas day, just one hour before Marie Vigeant lost one name and gained another.



## STORY OF WAR

future. The fact that with a great numerical superiority of these vessels when the war started, France failed to

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**Vacations** J. W. BITCHIE, Agent, modern warfare. Information as to their number cannot be given out but their coast of Demark. The kaiser and German begiven out but their coast of Demark. The kaiser and German known that Tirpitz made the navy denelles, the Sea of Marmora and above all in the Adriatic where over half the Torments the Allies.

Torments the Allies.

Torments the modern warfare. Information as to their naval officers remarked that the object of the ficers remarke

The German Nay?

By Carl W. Ackerman.

(Inited Press sharf correspondent.)

Early on the same sharf correspondent.)

Strong Submarine Fleet.

The explanation is amount of the navel so of not little surprise to naval experience and the same strated, France failed to make any effective showing was a mast cot of not little surprise to naval experience to make experts.

Strong Submarine Fleet.

The explanation is almost the war.

The explanation is amount of the navel is the same than any many in any previous the hard and then retire before a stronger to admiratine war gainst mere hard and then retire before a stronger to admiratine war gainst mere hard and then retire before a stronger to admiratine war gainst mere hard and then retire before a stronger to admiratine war gainst mere hard and then retire before a stronger to admiratine war gainst mere hard and then retire before a stronger to admiratine war gainst mere hard and then retire before a stronger to admiratine war gainst mere hard and then retire before a stronger to admiratine war gainst mere hard and then retire before a stronger to admiratine war gainst mere hard and then retire before a stronger to admiratine war gainst mere hard and then retire before a stronger to admiratine war gainst mere hard and then retire before a stronger to admiratine war gainst mere hard and then retire before a stronger to admiratine war gainst mere hard and the retire before a stronger to admiratine war gainst mere hard and the personnel of the nave, in the personnel of the nave, in the personnel of the nave in the spice of the nave in the personnel of the nave in the pers

Von Tirpitz was the originator of the submarine warfare against merchantmen. His chief opponent was the Chancellor von Bethmann-Holwegg. When the original change in the submarine policy was made last fall, von Tirpitz, who wanted to resign, remained although all his friends as section chiefs in the navy were removed. The successors were supposed to be "anti-Tirpitz,"

Von Tirpitz Made It One of these new officers I knew very rell through personal contact every day in the press department. He cam-in, inspired with many of von Tirpitz ideas, but because he was brought in by a new regime he was not overly friendly to the Grand Admiral. Last March, when von Tirpitz' resignation was accepted by the Kaiser, I was in the navy department talking to this official. Von Tirpitz telephoned and asked him to go for a walk in the Tiergarton. A few weeks contact had made the two intimate friends. The next day I saw von Tirpitz. There was nothing to indicate he had been defeated. He held his head as high as ever. He walked in the same firm, confident way. The same cheerful expression was on his face. He had fought hard and long, lifteen years for a principle. long, fifteen years for a principle— a strong, aggressive may; and he had been successful. He was confident that the spirit he had hammered into every one connected with the unvy would re

It would be a mistake to say that be cause von Tirpitz fell the unvy fell with him. The navy is as strong and aggressive a weapon as ever. As political power it is not so prominent. Tirpitz, since hast March, has been in the background. His friends have been fighting the chancellor so far without success. Tirpitz fall cleared the political atmosphere of Germany's internal affairs. It placed von Bethmann-Holwek firm in the saddle as the chancelor and right hand political adviser of the kaiser. It did not rob the navy of Tirpitz' inspiration. This is indicated most by the fact that the kaiser congratulated you Tirpitz among the first aggressive a weapon as ever. As politigratulated von Tirpits among the first

UST stop -- a long, long time -- or a short, short time JST try a service that an-UST make a start toward better health-enjoy the marn-ing - noon-evening meal— UST meet and hobnos

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not win a war without fighting, without striking before the enemy is ready."

This was von Tirpitz' policy in the sive anavy and, despite his downfall na the allies. chief, the policy has remained.

## The Italian Navy.

has taken a quietly energietic but pow-

The destroyers numbered 44 and the high seas' torpedo boats 28, while there were 44 first class torpedo boats, 14 second class and 5 third class. Twenty two submarines completed the flotilla.

The destroyers numbered 44 and the Her Under-sea Velies.

Italian submarines trequently steal into hostile waters with favorable results. One recently penetrated into the very harbor of Trieste and sank an enemy transport. The loss of the

destroyed, is one of Germany's greatest reserve trump cards.

(Deleted by the censor).

Tirpitz always will be recognized in Germany as the man who put aggressiveness into the nexy. And the chief point in all Germany military moves has been "Be on the offensive." Italians afterward were called on to carry thousands of Serbian soldiers through the dangerous waters between not win a war without fighting, without striking before the enemy is ready."

This was von Tirpitz' policy in the Albanian coast to Sardinia and Alabanian and Alabanian and Alabanian coast to Sardinia and Sardinian and Alabanian coast to Sardinian and Alabanian coast to Sardinian and Alabanian coast to Sardinian and Alabanian Months ago the Duke of Abruzzi was

reported to have invited the Austrian admiral by wireless to come out and right. The alleged invitation has never By John H. Hearley.

(United Press staff correspondent.)

Rome, July 2 — (By mail.)—In the dan of the allied war the Italian navy Pola. The movements of the Italian cas taken a quietly energietic but powerful part.

At Italy's plunge into the European strife the was assigned the naval task of patrolling the Mediterranean, the Adriatic and Agran seas. The destruction many of these fights were staged.

Adriatic and Agrun seas. The destruction of Austrian commerce, the protection of allied territory and the working of discovered, have a ready shelter along discovered, have a ready shelter along discovered, have a ready shelter along their Dalmatian coast in any naval emergency. The Dalmatian shore has countless hiding places whose entrances ing toward these ends, was put into the hands of Duke Luigi of the Abruzzi. Like Cadorra's, his first met was the expulsion of politics from his organization. The process made him some enemies, but it won his country a really effective arm of war.

Duke Luigi had a fair naval foundation of proved a success, it is asserted. Italian proved a success, it is asserted. Italian

mies, but it won his country a really effective arm of war.

Duke Luigi had a fair naval foundation for, the inauguration of Italy's war at sea. The latest official statistics of the Italian may show its footing in times of peace, more than two years ago. The types then listed included 23 first class battleships, 5 second class, 2 third class, 4 fourth class, 19 fifth class and 8 sixth class.

The destroyers numbered 44 and the high seas' torpedo boats 28, while there

Strength of Fleet. my transport. The loss of life among

(Continued from Page Three.)

(Conti and Julius Caesar.

tried out by the government before the War. This was the invention of Robiols

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