

# Raising War's Sunken Ships Will Science Find the Key To Ocean's Treasure Chest?

### Will Method That Raised the F-4 at Hawaii Reclaim Vessels U Boats Sent to Bottom, Some Treasure-Laden, Then Give Back to Man Neptune's Fabled Hoard of Gold, Toll From Mariners of Old? If So, Rich Reward Awaits the Seekers.

By Robert Welles Ritchie

TURN loose your imagination—it's not hard to do on a night when you've heard the clock strike three and you're still broad awake. Conceive yourself in a place which once was the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean in the vicinity of the British Isles, or between Italy and Spain, where the Mediterranean used to be; all the water, you know, has been conveniently swept away by one of those cataclysms that are so logical at 3 A. M. You are in a super-flivver, capable of travelling great distances in a short time and without bumps. What are the prevailing features of the landscape?

Ships and more ships. Sad, up-ended shapes tilted against cliffs and with smokeless funnels at impossible angles; ships with great jagged holes in their hulls and a raffle of bones caught under their fallen rigging; the bare ribs of ancient craft which went adventuring when Elizabeth was Queen.

And within the cavernous interiors of these ships—here imagination ceases—you'd pause to paw over lost stores of gold, of silver and precious stones. Millions in treasure!

Lost—all lost to the world which once claimed these solid and enduring shapes of precious metal and costly gems for which puny men fought and schemed and died. Lost because certain numbers of fathoms of water lay between them and recovery, and man, with all his ingenuity, could not become a fish and dive, even though he made of himself a bird to fly.

But are these treasures of sunken gold and drowned diamonds utterly lost forever? Until science has said its last word and man's ingenuity acknowledges itself utterly baffled, the beguiling thought that some day the ocean floor will yield a part, at least, of its captured treasure remains to play upon our imagination. Progress in deep sea salvage is advancing rapidly. To-day men do feats in defying the killing pressure of great depths which would have been counted impossible twenty years ago. Perhaps the time is not far distant when the frigate Lutine, sunk in 1799 with nearly \$5,000,000 in minted sovereigns aboard her, will yield untarnished gold; when the Lusitania with its treasure room may be recovered from the deep.

Not the least bulk of the great war's material waste is represented by the enormous tonnage sent down to the sea's bottom by German submarines. No reliable figures are available to carry to us the total of craft wiped out or the aggregate of imperishable valuables put out of the reach of man by the pirates under the Maltese Cross. It is safe to say that in the near four years of warfare more vessels have been snatched beneath the waves by German bomb and torpedo than were overwhelmed by storm and accident in fifty years before.

And some of these destroyed vessels represent the goal of scientific divers' fondest hopes.

Take the steamer Ancona, for instance, sunk in the Mediterranean; specie to the value of more than \$1,500,000 lies in her submerged strong-room. The Lusitania is known to have had indestructible cargo aboard valued at more than \$5,000,000. After the steamship Geelong went down in the Mediterranean under the secret German thrust it was printed that jewels belonging to an Indian maharajah which were worth \$4,000,000 had been swallowed by the sea. The Japanese steamship Yawaka Maru staggered to her death in the same waters with \$12,500,000 in gold aboard.

Some other treasure ships, not victims of the war, but still tempting to the submarine seeker of wealth, are the Merida, sunk off Cape Hatteras in 1911 with \$1,000,000 in gold and silver; the Oceana, sunk off Beachy Head, England, in 1912, \$5,000,000 in specie aboard; the Islander, lying in 230 feet of water off the Alaskan coast, with \$2,000,000 worth of miners' gold dust in her purser's safe; the General Grant, wrecked in 1894 and only eighty feet down off the rocky coast of the Auckland Islands.

The greatest ocean treasure house of all lies at the bottom of Vigo Bay, in Spain. There seventeen Spanish vessels, carrying over \$100,000,000 in gold, emeralds and diamonds from Spanish America, were sunk by combined attack of English and Dutch vessels. Not 150 feet of water covers this last hoard. From time to time lucky fishermen have brought to the surface this and that fragment of the whole dazzling store; but these strokes of fortune serve only to whet the appetite of the sub-sea adventurers.

Oddly enough, it was a diving enterprise, having nothing to do with the recovery of lost treasure that blazed the way for experiments in super-diving which may result in uncovering some of the sea's jealously guarded pelf. This was the masterful work in raising the U. S. Submarine F-4 from the bottom of Honolulu Harbor several years ago.

Through some accident, whose exact nature has never been determined, the F-4 went to the bottom in 300 feet of water. A wrecking squad from the Brooklyn Navy Yard was sent out to Hawaii to undertake the seemingly hopeless task of lifting the wrecked "sub" to the surface.

Divers found it next to impossible to work at such a depth; but they persevered and finally managed to bend cables around the forward and aft parts of the hull. The submarine was dragged by these into shallower water. Then the cables parted.

Fearing that further dragging would wreck the hull completely, the divers tried a new method. They took down with them six specially constructed cylindrical pontoons, each thirty-two feet long and twelve feet in diameter. These were permitted to fill with water and, thus water-logged, were lashed securely to the sides of the sunken submarine. Then through pipes a powerful pump discharged the water in these pontoons and replaced the fluid with heavily compressed air. The F-4 came to the surface and was towed to drydock.

Now a company has been formed, in which two of the men responsible for this salvage method have a place, to exploit the pontoon plan of raising submerged wrecks. It has been demonstrated that such work can be done in 300 feet of water, at least. Whether any bulk larger than a submarine will respond to such treatment remains to be seen.

A gold recovery contrivance utilizing the principles of the suction dredge has been tried with some degree of success on the wreck of the Lutine, which sank with \$6,000,000 in specie aboard her in the mouth of the Zuyder Zee, 1799.

This method calls for the lowering of a steel tube to the debris of the ancient wreck—long since disintegrated—and the application of heavy suction through the pipe. What comes up is strained through a sieve at the stern of the salvage vessel. In 1911 a company tried this plan of gold recovery and got—something; just how much never was disclosed.

Many fantastic diving bells, submarine grippers and the like have been exploited for the benefit of stock sales. But the Post Office inspectors as a rule have been more keenly interested in these triumphs of imagination than the "sucker" with money to invest.

The most successful salvage operations—in point of actual treasure recovered—in recent years were conducted on the wreck of the Empress of Ireland, which sank in the St. Lawrence River in May, 1914, with \$1,000,000 worth of bar silver and securities in her strong room. Despite the swift current and the 150 feet depth at which they were forced to work, divers without any fancy apparatus and at great peril recovered half the silver bullion and all the mails.

## First Woman Historian.

THE first woman historian to attain wide fame was Mrs. Catherine Macaulay, an Englishwoman, who died in 1791. She wrote a history of England which was famous in her day. Mrs. Macaulay was born in Kent, the daughter of John Sawbridge, and at twenty-six married Dr. George Macaulay, a London physician. She was a staunch believer in republican principles, and her historical works reflect her keen devotion to the cause of liberty. Mrs. Macaulay corresponded with George Washington for several years, and in 1785 was a guest at Mount Vernon for three weeks.

# Daily Magazine

## Striking Hats for Midsummer Wear

MILITARY INFLUENCE SHOWN IN SILK CREATIONS IN AMERICAN "OLIVE-DRAB" AND FRENCH "HORIZON BLUE"—VELVET JOINS WITH STRAW IN EFFECTIVE COMBINATIONS, WHILE ORGANDY FINDS FAVOR IN BECOMING DESIGNS.



A military suggestion is embodied in this smart, air-curved hat in olive-drab silk bands at side.

The influence of war-time fashions is reflected in this unusual model of French blue raffeta.

One of the season's novelties; elaborate use of velvet combined with straw.

Mid-Summer hat developed with orchid color organdy platings.

Modish motor hat of sand color cut velvet, draped with navy blue chiffon, veiled with narrow silk fringe.

## Glossary of War Words Now in Common Misuse

By Arthur ("Bugs") Baer.

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- NEAR-NEWS—News deleted by the censor.
- NEAR-BEER—Beer diluted by the censor.
- WAR BREAD—So called, because it would start a war anywhere.
- PROFITEER—A patriot who is behind the President. He is too wise to get in front, where the President could watch him.
- FOOD RIOT—Hash.
- BULLSHEVIKI—Political coolies.
- NIGHT LETTERGRAM—A night telegram that won't get there if a cow gets on the track.
- VON HINDY—Nut. Former general who now talks to himself and cuts out paper dolls for an answer.
- SWIVEL CHAIR CAVALRY—Draft age husky who works for one dollar a year. Should send his salary to the Conscience Fund.
- HYPHONATE—Nephew of Uncle Sam by a former marriage.
- CANNED MEAT—Can of deadly explosive with a short fuse. Unhealthy beef at a healthy profit.
- REPRISEAL—Made in Germany. Kicking a guy in the stomach because you broke your fist against his jaw.
- CASUALTY LIST—New York towns which have voted Dr.
- RIVETER—A laborer with three valets.
- PROPAGANDA—Poison gas inhaled through the ears.

He—When angry you should count ten before you speak. Father—Is that young man economical? He—Oh, I can always think of something better. Daughter—Yes, father; whenever we stop to count.—Boston Transcript.

## Thief Can't Pick Your Pocket Without "Alarming" You

A BRIGHT electrical genius of New York City has recently taken out a patent on an electric attachment for pocketbooks and such, and intended to be carried on the person, so that when the ever-present pickpocket attempts to remove the pocketbook or wallet from your hindmost pocket, an electric bell kindly signals the news so that you can then presumably right-about face and nab your man—pernaps.

The electric alarm actuating device is made separate from the pocketbook or wallet and it is provided with a switch on the exterior, so that the owner can open the electric alarm circuit when he wishes to remove the wallet or other papers himself, without starting a riot explains the Electrical Experiment.



As will be seen, the inventor has gone to considerable pains to make doubly sure that the pickpocket, no matter how well educated he may be in his crafty art, shall not be successful even if he tries to cut away part of the special pocket in which the wallet is placed. To this end he provided a double wall on the protective pocket-holding the wallet or pocketbook, this wall containing two oppositely charged metallic plates, or other suitable arrangement of wires or conductors, separated by a layer of insulation. When the protective contacts will come together and ring the bell.

# Husband Killed, Home Sacked Brave Frenchwoman Served Wounded of France at Front

### Dr. Antoinette D'Artagnan, Here in New York After Breakdown Caused by Labors Which Won Her Four Decorations, Tells How War Horrors Were Brought Home to Her.

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall

HER husband died at the Marne, and the next month her chateau was ravaged and her household servants murdered before her eyes by the German invaders. She herself was badly wounded, but twelve days later she was taking care of wounded French, Belgian and English soldiers at La Panne. For two years she worked steadily as doctor, nurse, ambulance driver for France. Then she was gassed, in 1916. Still she continued to labor in the French hospitals until her indomitable will for service could no longer control her physical disabilities. Last November she came to America, and now she is working in the clinics for mothers held by the Bowling Green Neighborhood Association and the Salvation Army. Alas, she is not ashamed to admit, she is earning her own living as a physician at No. 111 West 124th Street, although Dr. Antoinette D'Artagnan bears one of the golden names of France and wears four medals for distinguished war service—three of them presented to her, respectively, by King Albert of Belgium, Gen. Pau and Gen. Petain.

There are high lights of tragedy in Dr. D'Artagnan's story, which she told me yesterday with considerable reluctance and only after I had promised to make it clear that there is much which "I cannot remember," in her own weary phrase, as a small clenched hand brushes her too white forehead in a wearier gesture. She has "supped full of horrors," and it is upon the sufferings of tortured women and children she befriended that her mind dwells more than on the details of her personal adventure.

"My husband was a colonel in the French army," she told me. "He had a title, yes, but never mind about that. He was of the old French family of D'Artagnan, which Dumas has made famous. Our chateau was three miles from the Belgian border, so beautiful, so quiet! We lived there simply and happily, except that my children all died when they were very young. That is how I came to study medicine and received my diploma from the University of Chelvedu; I wanted something to distract my mind.

"When the war broke out, of course my husband went at once to the colors. I never saw him alive again; there was not even time to hear from him. He was killed in September in the fighting at the Marne, and his old servant brought home his dead body. I might have gone to the south of France, but there was no one to stay in our home except me, and the peasants nearby looked on me as a sort of protector.

"It was in October that the Germans came. With me at the time were about fourteen old servants; the young ones all had gone to the war. I ordered them to let fall the port-cullis, but of course, no defense of our old moated castle was possible. The Germans simply shot at the stone walls until the stones fell into the moat and then they walked across.

"There was great confusion and my servants were running about and screaming. I had to watch the invaders destroy my pictures and my furniture. The last thing I remember was standing in the courtyard and seeing them stab with their bayonets my old coachman. Then it is all dark. I do not know what they did to me, how I escaped, what happened to my household. I hope that the Germans found the wine cellar and became so interested in it that my poor servants had a chance to escape.

"People cannot understand," Dr. D'Artagnan protested again, passionately, "when I say that I cannot fill in the blank of the next twelve days. But it is all a haze, and the next thing I remember clearly is standing by the bedside of a wounded soldier in La Panne, Belgium, and taking splinters of shrapnel out of his leg. My right hand was bandaged; it had been wounded by shrapnel. My left arm had been broken in two places. I do not know how I got there.

"When I think of what I have seen I want to go back and kill, kill, kill! Germans. I am not lenient toward them, as so many of you Americans are. I lie awake at night and think of the tortured women and children I have nursed. Oh, it is bad enough to torture men, soldiers, against whom you fight, but the Germans take helpless women and little children for the most careful and scientific mutilation and abuse. You do not know—you cannot be made to know what is a far away from you. I take my meals in restaurants and I hear people complaining because they cannot get their article of food. I think of the French women whom I have seen gathering thistles to make soup, and my own food almost chokes me.

"And in all France," the last Dr. D'Artagnan concluded solemnly, "there are no children any more. There are only little old men and old women who have forgotten how to smile."

## German's Live Wire Trap Failed to Catch American Patrol

AN American patrol, having passed the first line of German entanglements and approached the second line on a recent raid, was suddenly cut off by a current of electricity sent along the wire line. Instead of attempting an immediate return to their trenches, which would have meant certain death from electric shocks or machine gun fire, the Americans clung close to the earth, reports the Electrical Experimenter, and, later, when the electricity was cut off, returned in safety to their positions.

It was a thrilling experience for the patrol. The men set out from the American position in the hope of encountering the enemy at a point in the German trenches. They had succeeded in getting through the first line and had reached the second line when they were cut off by the electric current. The patrol returned safely to their positions when the electricity was turned off. Usually a high tension alternating current is used in the potential of several thousand volts is necessary.