

500 GERMAN AIR RAIDS IN ONE DAY

Fliers Fought 209 Battles and Winged 16 Foes, Berlin Says

London, Oct. 25.—German aeroplanes on the Somme front made more than 500 raids on the Anglo-French positions on October 22, according to the Overseas News Agency.

THANKED FOR PLAGUE FIGHT

Kingsbury Receives Letter from Commissioner Emerson

Cabbages for Fair Souvenirs

For a Quick Pick-up Luncheon try that most delicious, nourishing, whole wheat food, Triscuit, the shredded wheat wafer-toast.

NORSE MAIL SHIP HELD UP BY GERMANS

London, Oct. 26.—The Central News learns that a German warship stopped a Norwegian mail steamer which left Bergen Monday for Newcastle.

U-BOAT PLOT SEEN IN LINER'S MOVE

submarines and their crews, as Captain Hinch did at Baltimore with the liner Neckar.

Willehad Tied to Dock Built for Submarines

The North German Lloyd steamer Willehad, which took refuge in Boston soon after the beginning of the war, was taken to New London on August 25 last under command of Captain Jachens, and was tied up at the pier of the Eastern Forwarding Company.

POISON BOMB REPRISAL HINTED AT BY GERMANS

Berlin (by wireless to Sayville, N. Y.), Oct. 25.—Referring to the official German announcement of Monday that hostile aeroplanes which attacked Metz dropped bombs which emitted poisonous gases, killing five civilians and making seven ill, the "Lageblatt" says the poison in the bombs causes intense suffering and death in a few days.

ASKS U. S. TO ESPOUSE CAUSE OF THE ALLIES

Attitude of Neutrality Unworthy, Pleads American Rights League

The American Rights League, through the publication of a message signed by forty-three American citizens who are at present in Europe, makes an earnest plea for the United States to cast aside its neutrality and openly to espouse the cause of the Allies.

"The humiliating attitude of moral neutrality is unworthy of us," the statement reads. "Our sympathies should be open and pronounced for those who defend what we approve and love. Our fathers died for the democratic liberty in which we live to-day, and the cause of Washington has become the world-cause for which the Allies are making the extreme sacrifices. Those who die for this liberty to-day will pass it on to the children to-morrow. We were in the vanguard of liberty; now that the main hosts of democracy are engaged, how can we remain indifferent?"

The signers of the message are A. Platt Andrew, James Mark Baldwin, James R. Harbord, Charles Inman Barnard, H. O. Beatty, Laurence V. Bonet, Walter V. R. Berry, Charles Butler, Charles Carroll, B. H. Conner, William Davenport, Berry Wall Duvivier, William Morton Fullerton, Walter Gay, James A. Jackson, Raymond J. Knight, Adams Gibbons, Persifer Frazer Gibson, Robert Grant, Jr., Alexander Harrison, Alfred S. Heidelbach, George Herron, C. T. Hill, John J. Hoff, George Howland, Ridgway Herbert, James Benson Kennedy, Dr. P. H. Lines, Randolph Mordecai, George R. Ostheimer, Dr. Charles Riggs Parke, F. J. Parsons, Charles Prince, George P. Crowell, B. B. Sanderson, Edward Tuck, H. W. Thornton, L. F. Tyeffer, Sidney Veit, the Rev. Samuel N. Watson, Whitney Warren, Francis R. Welles and Edith Wharton.

WOULD TURN CLOCK FORWARD

Advocates Take Steps Toward National Convention

The first steps toward holding a national convention of "turn-the-clock-forward" advocates in this city in December were taken last night at a meeting of the turn-the-clock-forward committee in the office of Marcus M. Marks, Borough President.

Escaped in Smoke Screen

Luckily, the engines were workable and she escaped under cover of a smoke screen, which is a considerably thick proof pad of impenetrable beat-linac, and in still heavier hangs for hours. But it saved that boat.

The Fight's the Thing

The senior service does not gush there are certain formulae appropriate to every occasion. One of our boats who was knocked out early in the day and lay helpless, was sighted by several of her companions. One of them reported her to the authorities, but being busy at the time said he did not think himself justified in hampering himself with a disabled ship in the middle of an action.

God of Sea Battles at Jutland, Says Kipling

Continued from page 1

It rests with commanders whether they shall spend a free hand at first or save for the night work ahead; risk a possibility, or hang on coldly for a certainty. So in old whaling days did the harpooner bring up or back off his boat till some shift or feat of the fish's bulk gave him a sure opening at deep-sea life. And then comes the question of private judgment: "I thought so and so would happen; therefore, I did this and thus."

Things may or may not turn out as anticipated, but that is merely another of a million changes of the sea. Take a case in point:

A flotilla of our destroyers sighted six (there had been eight the previous afternoon) German battleships of kingly and imperial caste very early in the morning of the first of June and duly attacked. At first our people ran parallel to the enemy, then, as far as one can make out, headed them and swept around sharp to their left, firing torpedoes from their port, or lefthand tubes. Between them they hit a battleship which went up in flames and debris.

But one of the flotilla had not turned with the rest. She had anticipated that the attack would be made on another quarter and, for certain technical reasons, she was not ready. When she was, she turned and, single handed (the rest of the flotilla having finished and gone on), carried out two attacks on the five remaining battleships. She got one of them amidships, causing a terrific explosion and flame, which rose above the masthead, which signifies that the magazine had been touched off.

She counted the battleships when the smoke had cleared, and there were but four of them. She herself was not hit, though shots fell close. She went her way, and, seeing nothing of her sisters, picked up another flotilla and stayed with it till the end.

So the friend waited on the sun with the necessary implements (which, luckily, had not been smashed, and in due time said: "The greatest of positions at this time is thus and thus."

Exchange Compliments

The friend reached a port correctly enough, but to this hour the tow, having known the friend at Dartmouth, insists that it was pure luck and "Joss," which is luck, fortune, destiny, the irony of fate or Nemesis. It is the greatest of the battle gods that move on the water, as I will show you later.

Knowledge of gunnery and a delicate instinct for what is in the enemy's mind may enable a destroyer to thread her way, slowly, or speeding and twisting, between heavy salvos of the opposing fleets. As tall waterspouts some, she judges where the next grove of them will sprout. If her judgment is correct, she may enter it in her report as a little feather in her cap, but it is "Joss" when a stray two-inch shell, hurled by one giant at some giant ten miles away, falls on her from heaven and wipes out her and her profound calculations.

This was seen to happen to a Hun destroyer in mid-attack. While she was being laboriously dealt with by a four-inch gun, something immense took her and—she was not.

"Joss" is, too, when a cruiser's eight-inch shot that should have raked out your insides, from forward boiler to ward room stove, defects miraculously, like a twist dragged through deep water, and almost returning on its track, goes unburst and leaves you unharmed by the breath of a nail from three deaths in one. Later, one single splinter, no more, may cut your oil supply pipe as dreadfully and completely as a broken wind screen in a collision cuts the surprised motorist's throat.

Then you must lie useless, fighting oil fires while the precious fuel gutters away, till you have to ask leave to escape while there are yet a few tons left.

One ship, who was once bled white by such a piece of "Joss," suggested it would be better that the oil pipes should be led along certain lines which she sketched. As if that would make any difference to "Joss" when he wants to show what he can do.

"Joss" Known to Them

Our sea people, who have worked with him for 800 years, have acquired something of "Joss." Of large terrors in thick weather or under strain, to mistake friends for enemies. At such a time, if your heart is full of highly

organized hate, you strive frantically and efficiently till one of you perishes. And the survivor reports wonders which are duly witnessed all over the world. But you were "Joss" you reflect.

You put two and two together in a casual, insular way and arrive—sometimes both parties arrive—at instinctive conclusions which are not to be trusted. It does not concern the Jutland fight, but another little affair which took place a while ago in the North Sea.

It was understood that there were certain types of cruiser which would not be taken part in a certain show. Therefore, if any one saw cruisers very like them he might blaze at them with a clear conscience, for they would be Hun boats, and one of our destroyers in the thick weather, as usual, espied in the silhouettes of cruisers exactly like our own steaming across the haze.

Said a commander to his cub with an inflection which neither period, exclamation nor interrogation mark can render, "That is them."

"As my sub," said the commander, "your observation is strictly in accord with the tradition of the service. Now, as man to man, what are they?"

"Well," said the sub, "since you put it that way, I'm d—d if I'd hear it."

And they didn't, and they were quite right. The destroyer had been off on another job and "Joss" had jammed the latest wireless orders to her at the last moment. But "Joss" had also put it into the hearts of the boys to save themselves and others.

"Joss" Tricked Germans

I hold no brief for the Hun, but, honestly, I think he has not lied as much about the Jutland fight as people believe, and that, at least, "Joss" sank a ship. I am the more confirmed in this belief by a still, small voice among the reports, musing aloud over an account of the battle, which is the only one witnessed by one of our destroyers, the voice suggests that what the destroyer saw was one German ship being sunk by another. Amen.

Our destroyers saw a good deal that night on the bridge, as usual, some of them who were working in "areas of comparative calm" submit charts of their tangled courses all studied with notes along the zigzag something like this:

8 p. m.—Heard explosion to the N. W.

A neat arrowhead points that way. Half an inch further along, a short change of course and the word "explains the meaning of "sighted enemy cruisers engaged with destroyers." Another twist follows:

9:30 p. m. passed wreckage, engaged enemy destroyers, port beam opposite courses.

A long straight sketch without incident, then a tangle and "picked up survivors of so and so."

A stretch over to some ship that they were transferred to, a few minutes' stroyer on parallel course, hit 0.7 a. m. passed bows of enemy cruiser sticking up. 0.18, joined flotilla for attack on battleship.

So it runs on—no little ship in a few short hours passing through more wonders of peril and accident than all the old fleets ever dreamed. In years to come, maps will collate all these diagrams and argue over them. A lot of the destroyer work was inevitably mixed, as in bombing down on a trench, as in the scuffle of heart of a football scrum. It is difficult to realize, when one considers the size of the sea, that it—that very size and absence of boundary which helps confusion. To judge the sort of a situation has been quoted before, I believe, but it is good enough to repeat many times.

From a nineteen-year-old child in a destroyer to a man, aged seven, minus one leg, in a hospital: "I'm so awfully sorry you weren't in it. It was rather terrible, but I love, missed it for anything. I don't think a thing one wants to make a habit of. I must say, it is very different from what I expected. I expected to be excited, but was not a bit. It's hard to express what we did feel like, but you know the sort of feeling one has when one goes to bat at cricket and rather a lot depends upon your doing well, and you are waiting for first ball. Well, it's very much the same as that. Do you know what I mean? It's a feeling not quite knowing what to expect. One does not feel the slightest bit frightened, and the idea that there's a chance of you and your ship being scuppered does not worry one's head. There are too many other things to think about."

They switched on their searchlights and started firing like nothing on earth. Then they put their searchlights on us, but for some extraordinary reason did not fire on us. As, of course, we were going full speed, we lost them in a moment, but I must say that I, and I think everybody else, thought that that was the end. But one does not feel afraid or panicky. I think I felt rather cooler then than at any other time. I asked lots of them afterward what they felt like and they all said the same thing. It all happens in a few seconds. One hasn't time to think.

"But never in all my life have I been so thankful to see the daylight again, and I don't think I ever want to see another night like that. It is such an awful strain one does not notice it at the time, but it's the reaction afterward. I never noticed I was tired till I got back to the harbor, and then all I did was to sleep and sleep like a dog. We were seventy-two hours with little or no sleep.

"The skipper was perfectly wonderful. He never left the bridge for a minute for twenty-four hours and was on the bridge or in the chart house the whole time we were out (the chart house is an airy dog kennel that opens off the bridge), and I've never seen anybody so cool and untroubled. He stood there smoking his pipe as if nothing out of the ordinary were happening.

"One quite forgot all about time. I was relieved at 4 A. M., and on looking at my watch found I had been up there nearly twelve hours, and then discovered I was rather hungry. The skipper and I had some cheese and biscuits, and ham sandwiches and water on the bridge and then I went down and brewed some cocoa and ship's biscuit."

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HOPES COUNT MAY END FIFTH AVENUE RUSH

Association Urges Drivers to Use Park Avenue

In the hope of encouraging the use of Park Avenue as a popular thoroughfare for vehicles that have to "go right through," north or southbound, the Fifth Avenue Association has made a count of traffic on Fifth Avenue between Thirty-fourth and Forty-eighth streets, and has prepared a set of figures which were made public yesterday.

These statistics show an increase over the count made by the Police Department in November, 1915, and over the association's own count, taken two months later.

At Fifth Avenue and Forty-eighth Street the total number of vehicles moving north and south in ten hours was 12,497, the empty vehicles being 1,083. The count at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street showed 17,151 vehicles, 2,514 being empty. At Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street the checkers recorded the passing of 11,492 vehicles, the count of empties being 2,186.

THE CALIFORNIA'S KEEL LAID

Vallejo, Cal., Oct. 25.—The battleship Oregon, built on the Pacific Coast many years ago, was the guest of honor to-day at the keel laying of the super-dreadnaught California at Mare Island navy yard. The California should be ready for launching January 1, 1918, and in commission the following year.

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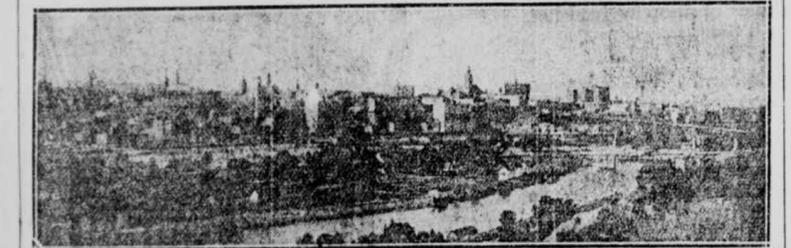
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VIEW OF THE CITY OF ST. PAUL FROM THE WATER.

Commercial Centres

There is no other business daily in the country which goes to the commercial centres so generally as does The Journal of Commerce.

The various departments of The Journal of Commerce are practically as important to the merchants of other cities as they are to those of New York. Take for example the department of Ship News.

Even in cities like St. Paul where The Journal of Commerce must necessarily arrive twenty-four hours or more after publication it is still of great use on account of the completeness and the detail of its Business News.

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