SINKING OF AUDACIOUS PROBLEM FOR EXPERTS

HOW AUDACIOUS WAS SUNK STILL A GREAT PUZZLE

Experts Speculate Whether Mine or Submarine Was Responsible.

ANSWER MAY CHANGE POLICIES OF NATIONS

Was it a submarine that sank the superdreadnought Audacious, one of the most powerful of England's first line fighting ships? That is the question that has been keeping naval experts speculating since the news of the destruction of the Audacious reached the public. The answer, so naval men say, may have much to do with the future building policy of the navies of the world.

Weeks before the Audacious disaster, however, the submarine proved its effectiveness in actual warfare in the open sea. Everybody knew that Germany had evolved from the comparatively small underwater fighters a sure weapon of offence that was all the more terrible because of its unknown possibilities.

"By mine or submarine" read the report on the sinking of the Audacious. All sorts of rumors and reports followed, but if Germany has a submarine able to operate as far from its base as the north coast of Ireland, where the Audacious went down, she has something, the experts agree, that has previously existed only in the dreams of the inventors; something that means that Admiral Scott of the British navy came very near the truth when he predicted just before the war that the perfecting of the submarine had made the superdreadnought obsolete.

It is definitely known that Germany is using several submarines in the North Sea that are a mystery to all but the builders, the Admiralty and their crews. Every great Power throws a mantle of secrecy about its submarines, and the books that deal with fighting ships, while ample in detail about the dreadnoughts, chronicle the submarines are so many plus, or put a question mark in the column devoted to "now building." But no nation has guarded her secrets more jealously than has Germany.

An American Notion.

Everything written about submarines, therefore, is "subject to change without notice." It is quite possible, however, that behind the terrible menace of the German unterseeboot may lie a Yankee notion. Word has reached here that the Germans have a type of submarine that crawls along the bottom like some fabled sea monster, threading its way safely and even swiftly among the hills and valleys of the ocean bed, as well as across its plains, able to pass beneath mines set to entrap it, to navigate surely the most tortuous channel and strike death to the great ships swimming above. If they have, Capt. Simon Lake of Bridgeport, Conn., taught them how to build the boat that both crawls and swims.

Capt. Lake built the Argonaut, the first submarine to navigate successfully the open sea. He spent two years in Germany in 1905 and 1906 and during that time acted as expert adviser to the Krupps, who were then building the first of the history making submarines. Two years before that he had perfected the "bottom wheel" type of submarine, which was approved by the United States Army Board.

Capt. Lake said yesterday that he has since received word that the Germans have adopted the "bottom wheel" type and that he has seen enough of the wonderful skill and patient care of the German builders to believe that they may have developed wonderful possibilities in ocean bed navigation. In this country and England the wheel type was abandoned some time ago in response to a demand for greater speed and larger boats.

The history of the submarine begins in 1776, when David Bushnell sent a primitive under water craft against the English warship Eagle. Robert Fulton, acting under the personal authority of Napoleon, constructed two "dive boats" for the French in 1801. They were reported as fairly successful in trials, but were never put to the test of actual use. And in 1864 the Confederate submarine Hunley begins the long list of lives lost in the daring attempts to solve the problem of conducting warfare beneath the water. She sank four times "owing to lack of longitudinal stability" and cost thirty-two lives.

But the real history of the submarine in modern warfare begins on September 6 last, when a German submarine sank the English light cruiser Pathfinder. Then came in rapid succession the sinking of the English armored cruisers Aboukir, Hogue and Cressy, the destruction of the light cruiser Hawke, the successful attack on the torpedo gunboat Niger by a submarine that made a daring raid in the Downs, and the sinking of the light cruiser Hermes.

Before that with all its improvements the submarine had been the unknown quantity in the war experts' calculations. All the world wondered and shuddered and naval men began to revise their schedules of values as between the submarines and the great surface fighters. The actual loss to the British navy in attacking power was slight, but the moral effect was beyond estimating. "Sooner or later," said the experts, "the submarine will cripple or sink a capital ship." Those who believe that it was a submarine and not a mine that accounted for the Audacious hold that the question was swiftly answered.

Submarine Still in Infancy.

Capt. Lake recalled these facts as he sat in his office at the Lake Torpedo Boat Company in Bridgeport, which looks out over the harbor. The walls of the office are hung with photographs of submarines making the trials in most of the waters of the world, and there are diagrams and drawings of even more terrible under water fighters which as yet exist only in the mind of the inventor or on paper. Capt. Lake, broad shouldered, keen of eye, with hair scarcely touched with gray by the touch and go game with death which is all in the day's work for the submarine experimenter, glanced out to where the old Argonaut rested in the mud and smiled grimly.

"What has happened is only a beginning," he said. "The submarine is getting its first real chance to show its power as an offensive weapon. You'll hear more presently."

But before he went on to tell what he knew and was willing to reveal of the beginnings of the German unterseeboot he sketched the beginnings and development of the submarine in general. It has already been shown that those beginnings are more remote than most people who look upon the submarine as the latest word in naval warfare recall. Nevertheless the submarine is that last word and she began to be taken really seriously only a comparatively few years ago.

The French, more minute than other nations in classification, divide their under water boats into two classes, submarines and submersibles. The term submersible was first applied to the French submarine Narval to distinguish her, by reason of the manner in which she submerged, from submarines previously constructed of the Gymnote type. The Gymnote was built in France in 1888 and was a diving boat, that is, she was fitted with horizontal rudders located at the stern which, by causing her to plunge, were able to make her submerge against a certain amount of reserve buoyancy always retained by the vessel. The plunging was in effect practically an imitation of the gambollings of the porpoise.

The diving type has been the favorite with most inventors during the last fifty years and of this class were all the submarines of the British and United States navies up to a few years ago. Capt. Lake, who designed and perfected the even keel submersible which does not dive, but sinks beneath the surface on even keel, the Lake features being adopted by the French in the construction of the Narval, pointed out that the list of accidents to boats of the diving type makes sad reading. He contends that most of the submarine disasters have been due to the use of the diving principle.

Leaving aside the question of which is best, all submarines, with modifications, belong to one of these two types. And those now on the active lists of the navies of the world or building range from tiny boats of a few hundred tons displacement to such giants of subsurface craft as those for which specifications have been prepared for the United States navy, displacing 1,200 tons and twice the size of any submarines known to be afloat. They will be more than twice the size of the German U-9 class, one of which wrote the most thrilling chapter in submarine history when it sank the Aboukir, Cressy and Hogue in a short action during which only one of the English ships got even a sight of its tiny but terrible adversary.

There have been many subdivisions of the two general types which have been described, but none more interesting, perhaps, than the "bottom wheel" type brought into prominence by the report of the German submarines that "crawl on the bottom." That is Capt. Lake's invention and he believes in it.

"I feel certain," he said, "that it is the 'bottom wheel' boat that has been doing some of the things that have startled the world. I know that the Germans are building the Lake type of boat in all essentials. They began incorporating the special features of my boats when they first started their under water fleet. I was called in to advise the Krupps. No, I didn't sell them my patents. I wasn't protected by patent in Germany."

Boats on Wheels in Use.

British reports of what the German submarines have done are proof positive, the Captain thinks, that the boats on wheels are being used. There was a London cable to THE SUN on November 14, for instance, which said: "One of them (the submarines) has been daringly reconnoitring in the neighborhood of Dover and tried to torpedo a patrolling cruiser, resting at intervals on the sea bed to save fuel."

Resting on the sea bed can only be done, Capt. Lake says, by the "bottom wheel" type. Submarines not so equipped would pound to pieces in the laziest ground swell even if lying in water of considerable depth.

When Capt. Lake first tried out the "bottom wheel" idea several years ago he used fixed wheels, but found that the pounding of the boat when resting upon the bottom made them impracticable. He got around that difficulty by hanging the wheels on movable arms so that the wheels might keep contact with the bottom while the boat rose and fell. Then instead of having a wheel on either side and one astern like a tricycle he put on two wheels just beneath the keel, one well forward and the other nearly amidships.

"The boat doesn't actually rest on the wheels," he explained, "and the wheels are in fact a kind of anchor that engages the bottom just enough to hold the boat steady and keep her on her course in spite of currents. When in travelling along the bottom the wheels meet an obstruction, say a mudbank or a rock, they are pushed up against the boat's bottom and the boat rises on even keel, passes over the obstruction and goes on its way.

"Only with such boats as these, I believe, could the Germans have operated in heavily mined waters. With such submarines as we and the English have it would be taking too great chances. The British submarines have to maintain a certain speed to keep the proper equilibrium and the wash from boats running at such speed would set off the mines even though the boat avoided actually hitting them. But a submarine of the 'bottom wheel' type can easily creep along the ocean floor and actually see the mines when operating in such waters as the English Channel."

Capt. Lake thought it more than possible that the Germans have built a "bottom wheel" submarine mine planter, of which he has plans. He said that the Germans have seen the drawings and that a hint would be enough for them. The possession of such a vessel would account, he said, for the wide distribution of German mines along the English coast. It was possible, too, that it was a giant "bottom wheel" boat, manned by a crew of unusual skill and daring, that attacked the Audacious.

What advances the Germans may have made with this or other types of submarine is suggested in a recent despatch from Copenhagen, which said that "two large submarines, four times as large as any previously known, are being tried out at the mouth of the Elbe." These boats were described as planned to be able to remain at sea for forty days on their own resources.

In proof that his speculations about the possibilities of the "boats that crawl on the bottom" were founded on something more than the enthusiasm of the inventor, Capt. Lake brought out the report of the army board on the trial of the Protector in 1903. It is said among other things:

Russia Already in the Field.

"The boat can lie for an indefinite time adjacent to the point to be defended in either cruising, awash or submerged condition, by its anchors or on the bottom, ready for instant use and practically independent of the state of the water, or can patrol a mined or unmined channel, invisible to the enemy and ready to discharge its torpedoes at all times."

The allies are not wanting in this type of boat, although only one of them may be quickly available. Capt. Lake said that the Russians have six "bottom wheel" boats, but that he believed that all but one were at Vladivostok, one remaining in the Baltic at Libau. But he pointed out that submarines of the sort now in service have been transported many thousands of miles on flat cars. It would not be difficult, he thought, to bring the Vladivostok fleet back to the Baltic, and he added that it would be quite easy for the Germans to transport submarines from Kiel to a French channel port, providing they held the port, for a raid in force on the English fleet.

He was present at the tests of the Russian submarines and described an under water feat suggestive of what the Germans may be doing. In one test the problem set six submarines was to come in through a very crooked channel six miles long to the Libau breakwater without being discovered. Five of the competing submarines were picked up by the observers, who sighted their periscopes long before the breakwater was reached. The sixth, a "bottom wheel" boat, seemed to have disappeared for good. Finally she was discovered away inside the breakwater. She had passed unseen, negotiated an S turn in the channel, passed under a bridge and had brought up at a chain ferry at the entrance of the war harbor. "The Russian officers were astounded," said Capt. Lake, "and when they asked the commander of the submarine how he did it, he said: 'I couldn't help doing it. The boat got in the groove and she stayed there; it was like driving in a deep rut.'"

Capt. Lake seemed to think that perhaps he had made out so strong a case for what he believes to be the type of boat that the Germans have developed that folks who read that Uncle Sam had discarded the wheel type in order to secure greater size and speed might get worried. He rubbed his chin thoughtfully.

"I'm building for the Government now, and I mustn't give away any secrets," he said, "but I'll tell you this: We've improved things to such an extent that now we can locate an enemy's vessel without coming to the surface and can go to the attack as mortally as a bloodhound follows a trail."

The Latest Thing in Submarines.

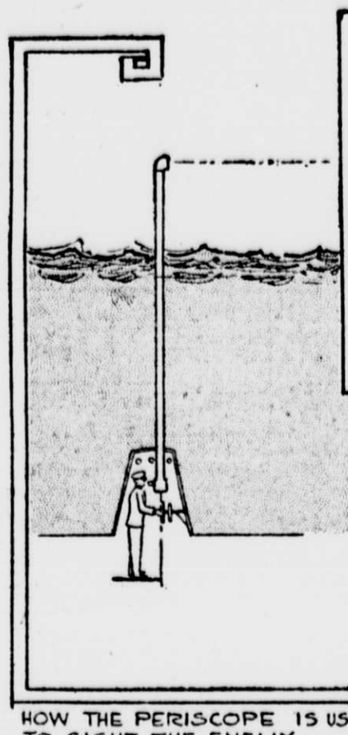
As the SUN man was leaving Capt. Lake led him through the shops to the basin, where the old Argonaut lay looking like some uncouth sea snail cast ashore. Near by, on the stocks, stood the latest thing in undersea fighters, her long waspish body brilliant in its priming coat of red. The old Argonaut looked about as dangerous as a canal boat, but there was something menacing about the very look of its latest child. But Capt. Lake is, if anything, prouder of his Argonaut than of the later and greater submarines of his contriving, and he reminds you that the Argonaut, in 1898 or thereabout, travelled several thousand miles under her own power along the Atlantic coast on the surface, and ran several hundred miles totally submerged upon the bottom. She made the trip unassisted and alone from Norfolk to New York, a performance which long stood and in some respects still stands as a record.

Soon, at any rate, the Argonaut will be no more obsolete than her prouder sisters now in commission. The feats of the German under water boats have set all the Powers building. Six giant submarines are reported as authorized by Germany, and rumor has it that England is building a giant of giants which will have a displacement when submerged of 1,500 tons, oil motor horse-power 6,250, a surface speed of twenty-four knots, an under water speed of eighteen knots, a surface cruising radius of 2,800 miles and an under water radius of 200 miles.

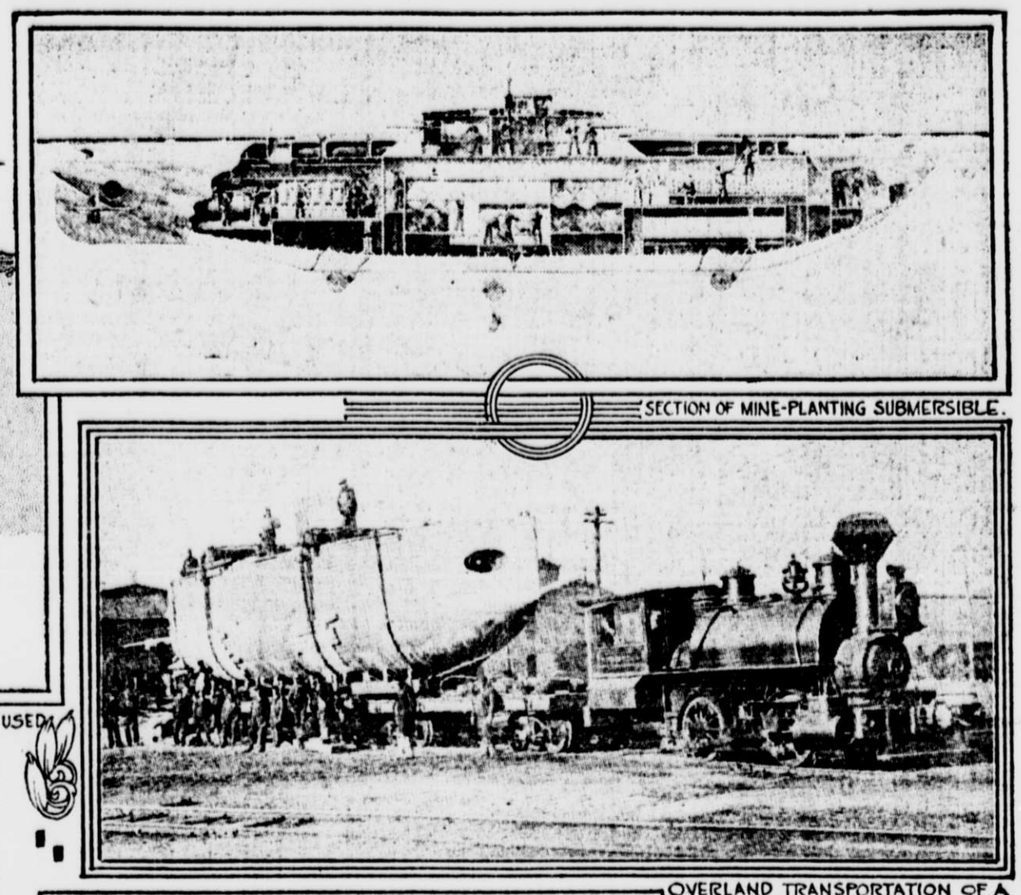
That our own Government is fully awake to the possibilities of the submarine has already been shown. Congress recently authorized the expenditure of $4,460,000 for eight or more of these boats, and a clause in the enactment provides for the construction of a "fleet submarine of not less than twenty knots speed." Her motive power will be Diesel engines and she will burn heavy fuel oil instead of gasolene. She will have a cruising radius of about 3,500 miles and will be able to keep the sea with the fleet.

Thomas A. Edison has lent his genius to the problem of making these boats safer and has produced a special storage battery to replace the present lead ones which generate chlorine gas when their cells become flooded with salt water. The Government has announced that preliminary tests of the new battery were entirely successful.

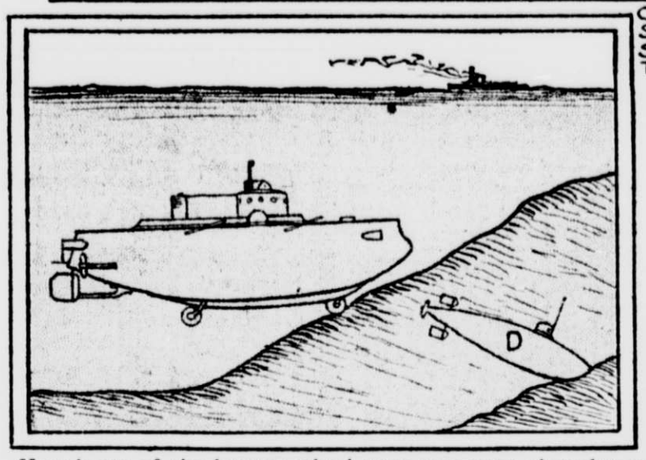
So while the day of the superdreadnought is not yet ended it is certain that the once unknown factor of the submarine is now partly calculated and that it is one of the big things to reckon on in future naval conflicts. And if the submarine enthusiasts are right and the news of the next few months proves that what the Germans have done is "only a beginning" the next book that rates the fighting strength of nations at sea may begin with the submarine and end with the dreadnought, reversing the rank they now hold in the navy lists of the world.



HOW THE PERISCOPE IS USED TO SIGHT THE ENEMY.



SECTION OF MINE-PLANTING SUBMERSIBLE.



How boats of the bottom wheel type surmount obstacles or bodily rise over steep grades of the water bed. The small scale figure "D" of a boat of the diving type shows what would happen to a vessel of that sort striking a similar grade while making a dive.

OVERLAND TRANSPORTATION OF A SUBMARINE - THE GERMANS ARE SUPPOSED TO HAVE THUS TRANSPORTED BOATS.

VETERAN OF 1870 WOULD ENLIST TO AVENGE SON KILLED IN 1914

Special Correspondence to THE SUN.

PARIS, Oct. 20.—A man of threescore and ten years, carrying an old fashioned cavalry sword, appeared at the Invalides last week and wanted to enlist.

"But, sir," said the sergeant, "you are too old."

"Too old!" retorted the veteran. "Never too old to ride a horse and swing a sabre so long as there is a Prussian in France. I charged with Gen. Marguerite and the cuirassiers at Reichoffen. I was a young man then—and now, after more than forty years, I want to charge them again; for revenge, because yesterday I heard of the death of my only son."

They sent the old man home with a promise that his application should be considered. He is a veteran of 1870; with his wife he keeps a little cafe restaurant in a Paris suburb. They had one son, for whom they had denied themselves everything.

Then came the war. The boy was mobilized—in his father's old regiment—and the first news of him after his departure was the brief notice, "Mort au champ d'honneur." The old man rose to his feet and went up to his bedroom. When he returned his old sword was in his hand. "There is a gap in the ranks of the old regiment," he said. "I must take the place of my son."

FRANCE CALLS JOFFRE HER SILENT GENERAL

Great Military Leader Is as Modest as He Is Capable, Says Observer.

NOT OF NAPOLEON'S TYPE

Special Correspondence to THE SUN.

LONDON, Oct. 27.—The *Times* prints an interesting pen picture of Gen. Joffre, the great French military leader, from its correspondent in Bordeaux. The article in part is as follows:

"Some declared that Joffre is of the school of Napoleon. It is a generalization no more accurate than other generalizations. Nothing could be further from the wars of Napoleon than the great battles on the Marne, on the Aisne and now in the north. In themselves they do not present anything like the tactical interest of those examples of military skill of a hundred years ago. And the aeroplane is responsible. It sees everything from its elevated vantage point; from it nothing is hidden.

"Thus the art of war has been robbed of that element of surprise which afforded Napoleon dramatic opportunity for the display of his genius. His object was to discover the weak spot in the enemy's lines, and having discovered it to hurl upon it all the forces at his command. His success depended upon the speed and sureness with which the great blow could be struck. A premature revelation would have spoiled all. But a coup of the sort is no longer possible, for a manoeuvre on the one side is met instantly by a manoeuvre on the other.

"War now consists in a series of parallel movements; its art has changed. It would be scarcely an exaggeration to say that it does not exist. The two armies turn about each other like boxers in the preliminary phases of a fight. They pivot clumsily to catch each other at a disadvantage, and that is practically all the art of it.

"The rest is a dingdong battle of resistance, of marching and counter marching. Anything less like Napoleon's way of making war it would be difficult to imagine. It is like playing bridge with your opponent looking over your shoulder. He knows when you are finessing and when you are playing for an opening. In those conditions how is it possible to gain a brilliant victory by great crushing blows, having calculated the 'psychological moment'?

Not Spectacular Warfare.

"This is as far from present realities as Napoleon's canter on his white horse along the line on the eve of battle on a visit to the outposts. You could not imagine Joffre cantering from Dunkirk to Belfort before breakfast at the moment of beginning the battle which lasts weeks and not merely a single day.

"Thus all the conditions of warfare have changed and with them the mentality and methods of commanders. Joffre is rarely seen on horseback; but he has much the figure of the Corsican, short and stout, and giving the impression of power. He spends a part of each day in a long, low, rapid motor car visiting the lines. It is impossible to visit all the points, much must be left to the corps commander after the general plan is settled; this robs a generalissimo of personal contact with his troops; he is more or less unknown to them, and Joffre probably has to show papers to his sentries. He wears out two chauffeurs a day in his rush from point to point.

"But beyond that Joffre must hold the wires in this tremendous system. You have to imagine him passing long hours in an unpretentious room with a receiver to his ear. His assistant generals bend over maps and examine attentively the lie of country; but Joffre has no need of that; rivers, mountains, valleys are engraved deeply in his brain. His chief characteristic is calmness. He is as calm in war as in peace. And that quality has bred confidence. He has confidence in himself and has given it to others.

"He lives apart from press reclame; he does not seek it and he dislikes it. To those who attack him and to those who defend him he shows an equal indifference. Junior officers sometimes take up the cudgels for him in a newspaper, for Joffre has made enemies like most strong men, but he disregards their good offices just as he disregards criticism. None can say that he owes his promotion to having defended Joffre. Military merit is the only quality he recognizes.

"But if he appears to take no notice of attacks, particularly in the popular press, he is none the less very open to ideas and listens attentively when a likely plan is presented to him. He knows how to combine the best in his own and other people's projects. He is modest as he is unassuming. His readiness to accept suggestion has fostered the belief that he is an adapter and organizer rather than strategist. He is both. His campaigns show the soldier as well as the engineer and organizer. But his great maxim is that in war nothing can be improvised. Every detail must be thought out; that marks his superiority over other modern commanders.

Unites Best Military Brains.

"His achievement is the formation of the General Staff. He has brought together the best military brains in France and co-ordinated and controlled their efforts. He has exercised politics, that bane of the French army. It is the more to his credit, for his own political opinions are opposed to those of his chief coadjutors. A Republican and Freemason, he is surrounded by men who are Catholic and disposed to cavil at the present Constitution; but it makes no difference to his appreciation of them.

"His chief confidence is given to Gen. Pau and Gen. de Castelnau, neither of whom belongs to his school of politics; and when he arrived at power, on Pau's recommendation to the War Council, he soon showed that politics meant nothing to him; his advent as commander in chief was followed by the departure of the Parliamentary soldiers, who should never have been drawn from their natural obscurity.

"The result of his firmness and singleness of purpose is that he commands the greatest fighting machine in the world, from which every other consideration than that of efficiency has been obliterated. When it was necessary to break the careers of five generals who had shown weakness in manoeuvres he did not hesitate. His own career has been one of great rapidity. He was bachelor of science at 16 and entered the Polytechnique, the French Woolwich, at 17.

"Then came the war of 1870, in which he distinguished himself as second lieutenant, and then work on fortifications. He managed those of Paris so well that MacMahon made him captain at 22. He became such an expert in constructing defences in various parts of the world that he feared to be doing that and nothing else for the rest of his life. 'I want to command troops,' he said, and the chance came in Cochin China and the Sudan, where he avenged the massacre of the Bonnier column and planted the Tricolor on Timbuctu the mysterious.

"Few of his pupils at Fontainebleau, where he became professor of military construction, thought of him, I imagine, as the future commander in chief. He has no parade, no pose, and is not at all the type of beau cavalier dear to the hearts of romantic French demoiselles. He is just a plain soldier, modern and scientific. He is a savant without the faults of a savant. His mass of theory is leavened by a high sense of the practical. He understands the common soldier and what to expect from him."

Boom of Cannon Puts End To Soldier-Priest's Talk

French Stretcher Bearer, Who Got Leave to Hold Mass on Sunday, Preaches in Uniform to Be Ready for Instant Service.

HARDENED VETERANS WEPT AT HIS SIMPLE WORDS

A Frenchman, a veteran of 1870, who has been greatly disappointed this year because the War Office would not find him something to do on active service, said the other day to THE SUN'S *Paris correspondent, "Translate the first column of to-day's 'Matin' and send it to* THE SUN *if you want to give them a true picture of how French officers think and act to-day."*

As the speaker has spent many years in America and is, indeed, a naturalized American, his suggestion has been followed.

Special Correspondence to THE SUN.

PARIS, Oct. 27.—This story was told me by a military doctor at Bar-le-Duc, this month of October, 1914.

We had arrived by night at the little village of Vassincourt. As soon as the wagons had been placed in position and the usual measures taken, we rushed upon our grub, all being dead with hunger. The cook hadn't time to draw any fresh meat so he fixed us up with a "singe a la sauce tomate" (literally "monkey," as canned meat is called in the army, and tomato sauce), fine enough to make us lick our fingers. The appetite appeased, in comes the orderly.

"Mon Capittaine," the brave army service corps always call me Captain because I wear three stripes, "there's a man here who wants to speak to you."

"Let him come in."

In came one of my stretcher bearers, a fine fellow, quiet and calm, who, I believe, had never addressed a word to me.

"Monsieur head doctor," he said, "tomorrow is Sunday. I want you to give me leave for mass at the church here."

"What? You are——"

"Yes, I am curate in my little country parish."

"Granted."

"Thank you, Monsieur le medicin chef."

He had hardly left when somebody said, "Suppose we all go to his mass." With one accord our mess decided to be present in a body at the stretcher bearer's mass. Fraternally, the two other ambulances of the group were notified, and they jumped at the idea with enthusiasm.

Sunday morning came. As I am the senior officer present I was allotted the place of honor in front of the choir and my confreres, the officers of the service, took their places; behind us the nurses and bearers who had come because we had come, and the service men who came to see what the nurses and bearers had come for.

The officiating stretcher bearer entered and the first thing that struck me was the sight of his red trousers below his alb and chasuble. But bless my soul! We were in front of the enemy and soldier priests had no time to take their uniforms off, and anyway what would they put on instead?

You know what a mass is, so I need not describe it. In the first place I could not, not having attended one as far as I can remember since my first communion, except for an occasional wedding or funeral, and that hardly counts.

All I remember is that at first I was very uneasy, as I didn't know when to sit down, rise, or bend my head. So I decided to remain standing up, but I saw the nurse who was assisting the priest make me a sign with his hand, "Sit down," and then a minute later his hand signalled, "Stand up." He no doubt was a seminary pupil and knew these things. I set the example as my seniority required and the three ambulances followed me like one man.

But voila! All of a sudden our stretcher bearer priest turned round and started in to speak to us. The animal! He began by telling us there were nothing but soldiers in the church and all present at the mass were there for their country, although many were of such an age that they might have remained at home in peace. And he went on that many of us neglected the good God and his churches a little, but that, at the bottom, we all served him by our acts. It was much better, he said, not to be forever invoking the support of the Lord, and proclaiming that He was on our side to the very badges of our sword belts, and to pay a little more regard to his teachings, the first of which was to be good to others and not cut a brother's throat.

And after that he began to speak to us of our families, our anxious wives, our little ones that we might never see again, as has happened to so many of our corps who have died in doing their duty.

And at this minute I felt something moist trickling down my nose. I took a glance to my right and saw our chemist—you know the sort of man who believes in nothing, not even in medicine—and he was making a horrid grimace to prevent his feelings being seen, and on my left was the other doctor in chief, convulsively blowing his nose.

I pulled out my handkerchief and blew my nose. On every side it was a concert. Everybody had to blow his nose. From the choir to the door everybody was trying to look as if he wasn't crying, but just had a bit of a cold. And away down at the back some one was sobbing convulsively. It was Sidi, a veteran soldier of Africa, who in the civil is guardian of a square somewhere in Montmartre.

Just at this moment as if to give us a chance to hide our snuffing the whole church began to vibrate and notes began to resound which came from no organ. It was the cannon just at our side. A rush to the doors. I had just had time to see the priest after blessing us with a wide sweep of the arm hurry off to the vestry to change his priest's robe and become a soldier once more.

It proved the last mass for several of those who were there that fine autumn Sunday. It was the last mass also for the poor church where we had wept. It too had the death of a soldier. It was burned by the Prussians.

WAR HITS OSTRICH TRADE

South African Feather Dealers Threatened With Ruin.

Special Correspondence to THE SUN.

PORT ELIZABETH, South Africa, Oct. 16.—Ostriches are being sold for less than single feathers used to bring. Never since the ostrich feather industry assumed commercial importance has the market depression of the local market been equalled or even approached.

Several of the most prominent feather houses have discharged employees for the time being, ceased business. In the Orange Free State twenty ostriches were sold recently for $1.25 each. Of course these birds were not first class ones, but a year ago any living fowl that could grow an ostrich feather would easily have brought ten times that much.

The local market closed on July 14 until July 28 to await the result of the London sales opening on July 27. Trouble in Europe postponed these sales until August 10. In the history of the London ostrich feather sales this is the first postponement.

It is difficult to see how conditions can be benefited by closing the market, as there are heavy stocks on hand and the birds are producing feathers all the time. Meanwhile no sales are being made here because the dealers have signed an agreement neither to buy nor sell until the reopening of the market.

There is no questioning the fact that the ostrich feather market is in a precarious condition. A leading Oudtshoorn dealer who has been in business for years said to-day that early in 1913 his superfines brought $260 a pound. This year he had to sell the same line for $87.50 a pound. This price was for the finest male whites, the best feathers produced.

PAYS TRIBUTE TO JAURES

Anatole France Praises the French Socialist.

Special Correspondence to THE SUN.

LONDON, Aug. 8.—The following tribute to the late Jean Jaures, the great French Socialist, has been specially written for the Manchester *Guardian* by M. Anatole France:

"I say it with mingled pride and sorrow—he was my friend. I knew him in his most intimate moments. Great man as he was, he was simple and warm-hearted in his private relations. He was the very embodiment of sweetness and kindness; of all the gifts with which nature had endowed this superman of loving was perhaps the one that he used in the fullest measure. I have heard that mighty voice, whose clear and terrible echoes resounded through the world, become, in speaking to a friend, tender and caressing.

"His learning was sure and profound. It extended beyond the limits, wide as they are of social questions to the whole field of the intellect.

"I shall be forgiven for recalling a day during the Dreyfus affair when we were with Jaures in the lobby of the Chamber de Justice. After giving us a comprehensive and profound epitome of the case which was troubling every conscience he quoted some of the finest lines from the poets of the Louis XIII period and augmented upon them with exquisite ease.

"Less than a month ago I went with him at his house at Passy. Sad as we were, so poor, and yet so glorious, he him reading a tragedy of Euripides in original. His mighty intellect was at relaxation in turning from one work to another, and rested from one only to take up a new one.

"Serene in the possession of a conscience, pursued by ten thousand and made the target of calumnies, he hated none. My heart is too full for speech. I can only mourn. My grief chokes me. Never to see him again—that great, that mighty genius, that noble reality.

"I offer with respectful tenderness profound sympathy to his widow, his children, his friends, his colleagues, to the great Socialist party. In him he still lives. ANATOLE FRANCE."

ERECT HINDENBURG MONUMENT

BERLIN, via London, Oct. 16.—The telephone girls of Koenigsberg, East Prussia, have sent a "Liebessocken" (love sock) to Hindenburg, the "liberator of Prussia." The package was accompanied by a little poem. The first monument for Von Hindenburg has been erected at Berlin, in the Eberlein Museum. It is a bust of the General, with the inscription "Hindenburg, the Victorious Leader of the East Army, 1914."