Second Section--Pages 7 to 12

# Grand Forks Herald.

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## VAST NAVY IS BEING BUILT BY BRITISH

### Gigantic Task Undertaken —Beatty's Battleship Squadron Viewed.

London, Aug. 5.—(Correspondence of the Associated Press.)—There is a certain small section of British water front where more ships are under construction today than the entire ship building facilities of any other nation could undertake at one time. They include every type of craft from submarines to battleships and from steam trawlers to Atlantic liners. Most governments lay down their battleships and cruisers singly, and the lesser craft perhaps in pairs, but here battleships loom up as twins, light cruisers by the half dozen, destroyers in rows of ten, with many braces of long submarines, and an occasional monitor.

The war fleet under the hammer and the paint brush here would rank in the naval list above the establishments of several modest maritime powers. It could demolish the two squadrons which fought the battle of Manila bay with one volley, and then steam against the combined American and Spanish fleets of Santiago with confidence. And the merchant ships in the stocks are as many as the United States mercantile marine has added to its register in several years.

"We have trained crews ready to step on board all these ships as soon as they are fitted," a naval officer remarked.

Under tutelage of Hugh Law, nationalist member of parliament for Lord Donegal, a party of correspondents spent a crowded day on land, on water, and on ships in dock, at this base. They saw some things which they are not permitted to describe in detail, and many things which they cannot describe for lack of technical knowledge; for the ordinary man the visit furnished mostly illumination upon the vast scale on which sea power is arranged, and upon the kind of men who manage it, and their hard but cheerful lives.

The general stage setting for this swift review of the fighting and trading vessels under construction consisted of several miles of water front lines as thickly as could be crowded with skeletons and hulls. The stocks carried everything of the final type—until next year, or next week, for every naval campaign means new ideas, new devices, new lines of construction. Two years of active service under war conditions have brought a great advance to the British navy already acknowledged to be leader in most naval matters. Every ship and every detail of a ship, is the last word in its class, according to the warbought judgment of engineers and fighting officers. In one noticeable detail at least British naval architects appear to have been converted to the principle of one feature of American warships.

The monitors make an appeal to an American because there is a suspicion that other navies were disposed to scoff at them for years. Yet here they are, with all their superficial changes and embellishments a tribute to what the brain of John Ericsson conceived in the sixties. The monitors have been very useful to the British navy in this war. They have been employed in the shallow waters off the coast of Belgium, and even more effectively at Gallipoli. The correspondents there described them fully. Two or three strata of the outlying hull may be penetrated by torpedoes, and the monitor can still keep at work with her guns.

Two battleships, almost prepared for the water, according to information rendered, are expected to demonstrate themselves the most efficient machines of their family ever commissioned, and they look it. The battleship standing in the timbers on land with all its lines revealed, showing its adaptability for speed, presents a different picture from the fighting ship seen above water and has a suggestion of a racing yacht. These had been constructed in something like half the time consumed in making a big warship in pre-war days. There were several so-called destroyers certainly as long as many light cruisers of earlier times, ten of them extended side by side in one row, and others elsewhere.

Just where the super-destroyer leaves off and the light cruiser begins is not a matter of length today. Beyond the destroyers was a line of long thin skeletons of submarines, whose size could not be judged at all accurately in a passing view, even if it could be reported. Compared with the now old fashioned submarine they are as the Aquitania to the Philadelphia.

Floating alongside a dock was a brand new submarine, painted and polished like a touring car fresh from the shop. Her young commander stood alongside and proudly pointed out some of her attractions. From his transparent enthusiasm she might have been a pleasure yacht instead of the vehicle for the most dangerous form of adventure that fighting men undertake. "Of course we are not in the same class with Horton and Holbrook," he explained, "but I hope you will hear something from X-17," pointing to the number painted on the turret. He observed also that this thing could submerge in twenty seconds.

From this largest shipbuilding station in the world, with its miles of smoking factories, and with its reverberating clangor of thousands of hammers ringing upon steel, the party traveled over night to the most extensive naval base in the world. There was a place where ships run in for repairs, for oil which is almost the only fuel of these days, for ammunition and stores. Here they are replenished, refitted, repainted frequently, and then disappear into the mists of the North sea, of which a typical one was encountered on the morning of this visit.

The shipbuilding district was a realm of private enterprises, factories and yards where rich firms carry on their own work independently and with no visible traditions of discipline, and no outward signs of professional comradeship, except perhaps in the luxurious offices decorated with models of dead and gone ships dating from eras of wooden and iron hulls, where the directors entertain their friends in peaceful times and now by brief but earnest after lunch speech gave unneeded assurances they were working as hard as the men who wear gold braid.

The naval yards present an aspect of their own. Their whole area and their activities certainly are as diverse as those of the shipbuilding community, but all is under one management and one directing brain. There is much more to naval organization than meets the eye in the big fleet putting to sea, and the shore force has its all important work even if less spectacular and less appreciated than that of the fighting men. The naval captain in actual control of this establishment invented the remarkably complex spotting system which governs the fire of ships in action, and probably he and the officers of his staff draw pay which is a mere fraction of the salaries commanded by the superintendent of a ship founders' yard, if the financial recognition governments give their naval officers can be called pay.

Two years ago this was a great naval base, according to reputation, but now its extent and the array of docks and shops and barracks has been so multiplied as to make it a truly vast one.

The force of skilled and common workmen is larger than can be kept at constant employment for they must be able to grapple with emergencies and with quick operations on a big scale. Wireless is a great aid. Every squadron coming into port telegraphs its needs, even the humble submarine does the same. The materials and the men are ready on the docks and in the supply ships when the fighting craft appear. There was an example on view. One of the most massive and swiftest warships in being was shored up inside a drydock, and that necessarily one of the largest docks constructed, to have her hull scraped. Incidentally advantage was taken of the time, as is customary, for a thorough overhauling of every detail of the ship's machinery from keel to topmasts. Fifteen-inch guns, six-inch guns, turret machinery, every detachable or movable fragment of the whole complex creation was being detached, and inspected, scrutinized, tinkered, polished and oiled. Several hundred workmen were engaged. Miles of wires were strewn above decks, apparently in hopeless tangles, but the expert workers handling them knew what all the ordered confusion meant. The plain citizen who wrangles to achieve a modest rectification of a telephone wire gone wrong would here find cause for prayerful wonder.

Doubtless all navies do the same thing, but one gathered the impression that it is about the ultimate illustration of efficiency in complicated and concentrated work. Through it all the sailor man displayed his adaptability to sleep in impossible places and positions under impossible circumstances.

The trip included a view of Beatty's battleship squadron. There they were—and that is about all that can be said. They were prepared to steam for action at five minutes' notice, and they did not care to steam for action with a cargo of newspaper men and a nationalist member of parliament. These could not decently be thrown overboard and obviously were not worth a moment's delay. One ship carried into the Jutland battle an army officer on leave from France who was calling on a brother on board. He returned, fortunately, published it, as his mature and well considered judgment, that he felt more at home in the trenches. Two destroyers conveyed the visitors around the squadron. There was considerable fresh paint visible in splashes, more on the German officially sunk Warspit than elsewhere, but what that meant in the way of damage was Greek to the outsider. Two facts impressed an American. That the commanders of the larger ships averaged about ten years younger than the commanders of ships of the same class in the American navy, and the number and variety and adaptability of the supply craft, the navy's commissary department.

The only thing approaching leisure discovered was on some of the destroyers. These sea scouts work in shifts. Four days on active duty (a very active duty) four days in port ready to start at the drop of the hat, and four days outfitting with more or less shore leave, is their program.

Some information and scraps of gossip of the battle came out in the course of talk. One item was that Admiral Beatty went through the fight on the bridge and did not take the protection of any of the armored places which builders make for shelter in battle, and he was under heavy fire. Another, that when the Marlborough was hit by a torpedo, and all believed that she had only a minute or two to live, her commander issued two orders. One was to close the watertight doors that she might float as long as possible, and the other to fire all guns at utmost speed where there was a reasonable target. He wanted her to put in as many blows as she could at the last moment, thinking with all others on board that the last moment had struck. There leaked out a seeming concensus of opinion that a certain high officer is considered just, without bowels of mercy for carelessness or slackers, and yet men like to serve under him.

Then an incidental reminiscence by a surgeon on one of the ships which had the good luck to escape being hit. He was below of course, waiting for the wounded, and playing the hardest part that can be experienced on a ship in action. Even harder than the engineers and stokers in the depths, who work without seeing or knowing what goes on above, and how goes the battle, because he was neither working nor seeing. The great guns were rocking the ship and none below knew whether it was victory or all to the bottom. One of his men was absorbed in a novel, paper covered and frayed. Probably where heroic Algernon leaps overboard and rescues blushing Madeline from the jaws of the shark. "I thought, he will never turn over the page," said the young surgeon, a Canadian. "I admit I thought it was a bluff. He did turn the page, and kept on reading and turning them over. I was thinking about home and mother."

On this big ship, as on all the cruisers and destroyers, there was one strong reminder of their work. About all the smaller guns were stacked shells; shells lining the sides like Nanking plates on the walls of a porcelain collector, and shells in boxes, and in baskets. "Shells, and more shells," apparently is the motto of the navy, as it is of the army.

## RAILROAD PRESIDENTS SUMMONED BY WILSON; MANAGERS STAND PAT

Railroad presidents summoned by President Wilson to Washington, because managers could not agree with union officials. Left to right, top: A. J. Earling, St. Paul; D. E. Willard, B. & O.; Hale Holden, C., B. & Q.; Fairfax Harrison, Southern; Samuel Rea, Pennsylvania; E. P. Ripley, Santa Fe. Center: Samuel Felton, C. & G. W. Below, left to right: L. F. Loree, D. & H.; B. F. Bush, Mo. Pac.; W. H. Truesdale, Lackawanna; A. H. Smith, New York Central; William Sproule, Southern Pacific; Howard Elliott, New Haven.

Washington, Aug. 21.—The representatives of the 225 railway systems of this country, operating over 1,700 railroads, failed to agree with President Wilson and the union men, so Wilson commanded the railroad presidents to come to Washington in person.

The presidents of railroads summoned by Mr. Wilson to appear and discuss the situation are all men holding the presidency of the largest railroad systems in the world. Practically all of them have grown up in the railroad business from young men, several of them starting in to work for a railroad when sixteen or eighteen as section hands and gradually worked their way to the top. It is perhaps for this reason more than any one else that the men selected were chosen, because of their supposed knowledge of the laborer's and railroad workman's problems.

The men summoned were Daniel Willard, president of the oldest railroad in the United States, the Baltimore & Ohio; Samuel Rea, the Pennsylvania; A. H. Smith, New York Central. F. D. Underwood, Erie; William Truesdale, Lackawanna; Howard Elliott, New Haven; Hale Holden, C. B. & Q., and spokesman for the presidents; L. F. Loree, Delaware & Hudson; B. F. Sproule, Southern Pacific; George W. Stevens, Chesapeake & Ohio; Samuel M. Felton, Chicago & Great Western; Fairfax Harrison, Southern Railway; E. P. Ripley, Santa Fe; A. J. Earling, St. Paul.

Never in the history of the American people have they been confronted with an industrial crisis as great, as far-reaching, and as personal to every man, woman and child as they have had placed before them during the past two weeks.

### TRAPSHOOTING.

(By George Peck.)

He was a brand new game warden and had in no sense been spoiled by the little touch of rural politics which had punctuated his spotless career. He had heard of the grafter and his methods, but when Fate directed his steps to this honorable position, it directed wisely, for its choice was an honest man who would do his duty.

And so, when he heard the report of a shotgun one day in early July, his jaw set firmly and he turned his head quickly to get the direction. Again and again he heard the report and finally located the source beyond a lonely hill. Stealthily he took the trail of the miscreant and shortly came upon two of them standing beside an automobile, one with the telltale gun in his hand and the other holding a piece of machinery, undoubtedly a part of the automobile. He would remain in seclusion for a bit and perhaps catch this hunter in the very act of breaking the law.

Then, much to his astonishment, the man placed the gun to his shoulder, said pull, and instantly a black object was projected from the machine which the other man carried. With a quick aim the gunner fired at the flying object and a puff of black dust showed that his aim was accurate and he had centered the charge. As a game warden, he was wise in his generation for he did not disclose his identity. On the other hand, appearing as a curious bystander, he soon learned that the greatest thrill-producing combination for the out-door man is a handtrap and a shotgun.

### Target Records of Vessels as Given Out Are Questioned

Washington, Aug. 21.—How Secretary Daniels managed to give hits on a hypothetical target in the spring practice of this year, as compared with fifty-one actual hits out of 756 shots fired at an actual target was explained today by Congressman A. P. Gardner of Massachusetts.

Coincidentally Mr. Gardner introduced a resolution in the house asking Secretary Daniels to tell the public how many shots were fired by these six battleships—the Nebraska, Kansas, Louisiana, Virginia, New Jersey and Rhode Island—in the target practice of February and March, 1916, and how many hits on the actual targets were allowed at the time by the chief umpire on the spot.

According to Mr. Gardner, the actual targets used in the practice were 90 feet long and 30 feet high, while Secretary Daniels has computed the hits on a mythical target 600 feet long and 30 feet high. When the photograph of the "splash" of a shot showed that it hit near the actual target, Daniels counted it a hit, according to Gardner.

### German Catholics Holding Meetings

New York, Aug. 21.—The German Catholic central verein began its annual convention here today with a meeting of the committee on resolutions. This afternoon there was a meeting of the executive board of the German society followed by a reception to delegates of whom there are about 3,000.

The Catholic press association also continued its convention. After listening to addresses in the morning, the delegates attended a luncheon at the Catholic club.

There is complaint in South America about dishonest American dealers and shippers. It is said that they do not compare favorably with the dealers of nations in Europe with which South American countries formerly dealt. Of this the Cleveland Leader says: "Such folly may cost the manufacturers and merchants of the United States the larger part of the trade which they have been able to win in South American markets, as soon as the return of peace revives European competition in Latin-America. A great opportunity is apparently endangered by greed and want of business honor."

LOT SALE!

Aug. 23, 1916

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Her Face Was Terrible to Look At. Would Scratch and Cry. Had to Tie Her Hands Up.

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"When baby was four months old her face became very red and rough and the skin cracked and bled. Water oozed out and wherever the water came it would form big scales, and each cheek was a mass of thick scales. Her face was terrible to look at. She would scratch and cry and we had to tie her hands up.

"A friend told me about Cuticura Soap and Ointment and we got them. Now she is healed after using three boxes of Ointment and three cakes of Soap." (Signed) Mrs. Amanda W. James, 36 Moore St., St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 25, '16.

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Remarkable Road And Race Track Records

JUNE, July and August have recorded a series of remarkable racing records achieved with the aid of Goodyear Cord Tires.

These victories are valuable because they offer corroborative evidence of the very qualities for which Goodyear Cord Tires are famous.

The terrific speed of the shorter contests, and the sustained speed of the longer ones, are added proof of that stoutness, liveliness and speediness which every Goodyear owner experiences in every-day use, and which led to the adoption of Goodyear Cord Tires as standard equipment on the Franklin, the Packard Twin-Six, the Locomobile, the Peerless, the White, the Haynes Twelve, and the Stutz.

Goodyear Cord Tire achievements to date have been as follows:

World's record for one mile on one-mile track, Des Moines, Ia., June 25, 1916, De Palma driving Mercedes car. Speed at the rate of 103 miles per hour.

World's record for 5 miles on one-mile track, Des Moines, Ia., Lewis driving Crawford car, 3 minutes, 2 seconds. 98 miles per hour.

Fourth place, 150-mile race on one-mile track, Des Moines, Ia., June 26, 1916, Lewis driving Crawford car.

First place, 50-mile race, on one-mile track, Des Moines, Ia., June 26, 1916, Lewis driving Crawford car. 89 miles per hour.

Second place, 20-mile race, Des Moines, Ia., June 26, 1916, Lewis driving Crawford car. 92 miles per hour.

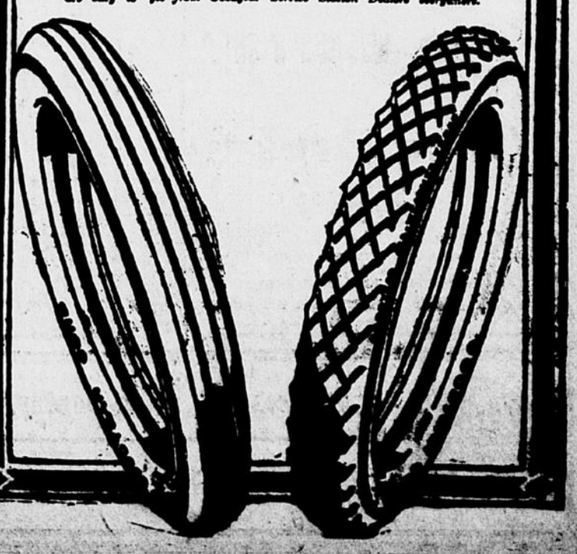
Second place, 10-mile race, Des Moines, Ia., June 26, 1916, Lewis driving Crawford car. 90 miles per hour.

First place, 5-mile race, one-mile track, Des Moines, Ia., June 26, 1916, Lewis driving Crawford car. 90 miles per hour.

First place, 100-mile race, 1½ mile dirt track (poor condition), Kansas City, Mo., De Palma driving Mercedes car. 63 miles per hour.

First place, Eddie Rickenbacher driving Maxwell car. Third place, Lewis driving Crawford car. Fourth place, De Palma driving Mercedes car. Fifth place, Henderson driving Maxwell car.—350-mile race on 2-mile track, at Tacoma, Wash., Aug. 5, 1916. Speed of winner 89 miles per hour.

In this race, the biggest event of the season on the Pacific Coast, and one of the few races recognized by the American Automobile Association, Eddie Rickenbacher won on Goodyear Cord Tires without tire trouble. He changed his four tires for safety's sake only. Lewis who won third changed but one tire. De Palma who won fourth changed but one tire. Henderson who won fifth went through the entire race without a stop.

GOODYEAR AKRON CORD TIRES

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