

STORIES of AMERICAN CITIES

Staged Battle Royal Far Below Earth's Surface

BROOKLYN.—When Thomas O'Malley regained consciousness in the Wilhamsburg hospital, he hastened to reiterate the statement he had made just before they began to sew him up. It was a succinct statement in Mr. O'Malley's well-known manner. It was to this effect:



"I can lick him."
In another part of the institution they were ministering tenderly to Andrew Peransky, who, however, after careful thought, declined to make any statement for publication. The surgeons believe that with complete rest, and if there be no complications, he will be able to leave the hospital within 60 days.

O'Malley and Peransky are, or were employees of the contractor who is tunneling the new subway tube in the vicinity of North Seventh street. The men employed there work in a caisson under high air pressure. O'Malley and Peransky, both registered for the draft and neither returned to work that day.

They entered the air chamber in the same cage the other day, and a glance at him convinced O'Malley's gangmates that it would be just as well not to cross him. Peransky, however, was in that state of exuberant Americanism which made him careless of who listened when he spoke up.

In any event, after they had been in the air chamber less than 20 minutes somebody behind, but within earshot of O'Malley, gave utterance to the opinion that there was a man among them who had neglected to register for the draft because of anti-British prejudices of long standing. O'Malley turned and saw Peransky standing grinning at the jester and the jest.

They had been fighting furiously for 20 minutes when Policeman Dalton, summoned by a foreman on the earth's surface who had received a distress signal from the earth's interior, arrived and stopped the fighting with a few well-aimed blows of his club. He had found the belligerents rolling on the floor of the air chamber, while their companions stood about terrified, in fear apparently that the fighters would do some damage to the walls of the air chamber and be the death of all hands.

Dalton explained afterwards that the two men had reached that point of fighting exhaustion where the task of separating them was not one to draw heavily on the resources of a trained policeman.

Mr. O'Malley is undecided about returning to subway work. He says that, after a holiday especially, the high air pressure is apt to go to his head and make him insensible to logic and logical consequences.

Many Feline Aristocrats in Maine Coast Towns

BANGOR, ME.—Summer visitors to Maine coast towns marveled at the great number of handsome, long-haired cats to be seen in those places, even in the homes of the poorest people, and also at the number of old men and women who derive profit by breeding them.



The progenitors of these feline aristocrats were brought to Maine many years ago by shipmasters trading up the Mediterranean, from Persian and African ports. Some highly successful breeders of Angora cats live in Penobscot bay towns, and they ship cats all over America.

"The Angora," said one of these breeders, "is larger than the ordinary cat, or at least looks large because of the greater thickness of the fur. The 'coon' cat, so called, is a hybrid, an accident. The long-haired cat is liable to skip for a generation or two and then come back with qualities superior to those of its forbears. A white Angora with orange eyes is a valuable animal, worth as much as \$100 in some places. A 'coon' or Angora male, with tiger stripes of black and gray, will bring \$25 to \$50.

"If you see a cat with odd eyes—that is, with one eye red or orange and the other blue—you can be sure it is deaf. Yet it will catch as many mice as any other.

"The average life of a cat is about ten years, although I have some fourteen and fifteen years old. I feed my cats on fresh fish when I can get it. It is not as heavy as meat and the cat is not so liable to disease. Milk is very good, but cats prefer fish to anything else, except beef. If you feed a cat on beef once it will want it ever afterward.

"Many cats have the habit of licking the hair on their breasts with their tongues. They get little mats of hair in their stomachs, and unless they get rid of it it will finally cause death."

Just Needed \$10,000, So He "Drew" It From Bank

NEW YORK.—A tall, well-dressed young man, carrying a small suitcase, entered the Atlantic National bank, Broadway and Warren street, by way of the employees' entrance, walked into the paying teller's cage, opened his suitcase and nonchalantly proceeded to peek it with money. When he had \$10,000 tucked away, he closed the bag and walked out.



Chief Clerk C. E. Smith and Joseph Baunel, another clerk, saw the young man as he emerged from the teller's cage. The young man, who, it was revealed later, was Melvin Kipford, twenty-six years old of Harrisburg, Pa., told the clerks that he was making a study of money and his eccentric habits. Needing some specimens for his laboratory, he had just taken what he thought he would require.

When the clerks attempted to hinder his exit, Kipford drew a revolver and started to run. The clasp on the suitcase became unfastened and \$5,000 dropped in the corridor of the bank. Kipford ran down Barclay street to Greenwich, where he was stopped by Traffic Policeman James Smith, who placed him under arrest.

At the police station Kipford said he had stopped at the bank earlier in the day to change a \$5 bill, and seeing the money in the teller's cage went out and bought a small suitcase and returned for some cash. He declared New York was no town to be in without money.

He said he had no registration card and never had heard of the draft.

Little Bride's Dream of Fine Home Faded Away

CHICAGO.—It was a nice farm Bert Manning picked out for his bride to see. The wheat and cornfields showed heavy yields. Fat cows grazed in the pastures. The house was commodious, sheltered by trees, and deep in vines and flowers. Louise Haug, the little Chicago dressmaker, was entranced. It was the place of her dreams.



"I can't take you in now," said Manning, as they drove past in his automobile. "I don't want my house-keeper to know I am going to be married. But we will live here soon. This is our nest, honey."

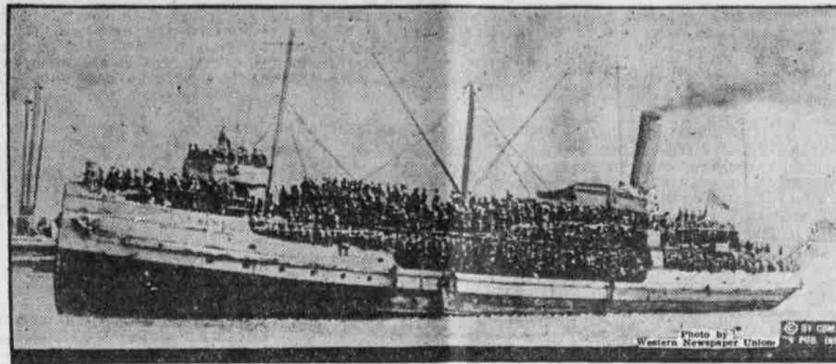
They were married and lived happily for five days at the home of the dressmaker's brother-in-law.

"Let's go to the farm now," said the bride. Manning agreed and packed the trunks in the automobile. Then he suggested that his wife draw her \$1,600 savings and take it to Hammond, the town nearest the farm. She gave him the money for safe keeping.

"Now we will go just as soon as I get the gas," said Manning. He stepped into the car and started after gas. He is still going.

Mrs. Manning told the police, and detectives are looking for Manning. He met his bride seven weeks ago through an advertisement in a German newspaper, in which he posed as a "wealthy bachelor," and said he wanted a German girl for a wife.

YANKEE FIGHTERS NEARING COAST OF FRANCE



A host of khaki-clad soldiers of the United States lining the rails of an American lighter as they get their first view of France where they are about to disembark.

POISON GAS SHIP IN RACE WITH U-BOAT

Destroyers Appear as Shell Falls but Ten Feet Off Stern.

HAS HUGE CARGO OF DEATH

Freighter Develops Engine Trouble and Falls Behind Convoy—Submarine Bobs Up and Begins Hurling Shells.

By FRAZIER HUNT
(In the Chicago Tribune.)

An American Naval Base in France. A lad from the U. S. S. Destroyer 552 had just finished narrating how close they had come to getting a submarine on the last trip when they had brought in a big convoy of troopers.

"Some boat she is," he remarked offhand. "We did seven thousand knots last month and in three sub fights. Say, what was those funny steel drums you had piled on the deck of your old cargo ship when you come in yesterday?"

A lad from the Atlantic freight ferry boat turned to the destroyer gob.

"Those steel drums you asked about didn't have nothing at all in them except about a million gallons of the most dangerous poison gas ever made. Can you imagine what would happen if a torpedo or even a shell had hit one of those tanks?"

This ship, which we shall call the Terrance, left New York as part of a convoy of 15 stores ships.

Cargo of Death.
On this trip it was carrying several thousand steel drums of poison gas that the army needed badly. It was a dangerous cargo. Any explosion on board would tear open these drums of concentrated gas and in ten seconds choke the crew to death. The only hope would be to use respirators, so a hundred gas masks were borrowed from the army and the executive officer of the ship called all hands for instructions three times a day.

The first ten days of the trip were uneventful. Then the Terrance's engines began acting badly. It could not make the required ten knots and slowly it fell behind. There were not sufficient convoying destroyers to have one remain behind, so all that stood between the Terrance's drums of death and a German submarine was the fore and aft guns.

Finally, at six o'clock one evening, the gas mask drill just had ended when the lookout in the crow's nest shouted down that a submarine was coming to the surface on the port side, some 8,000 yards astern. And here was the Terrance with crippled engines hobbling along six or seven knots an hour, with the convoy 20 miles ahead.

"Open fire with the stern gun. Call general quarters. Send S. O. S. to the convoy. Send word to the chief engineer," were four orders the skipper on the bridge gave first.

Through his binoculars he could see the submarine coming to the surface. Even now the Terrance's stern gun was peppering away shots, but falling short of the mark by 1,500 yards.

In half a minute more the submarine's conning tower opened and men

crawled out and uncovered the submarine's two guns. In another minute the first shell came whining toward the Terrance. It, too, fell away short.

Call for Help.

In the radio room the operator was pounding out the call for help, and now came the answer that the destroyers were coming to aid. Down below the whole engine force was working madly. Suddenly a miracle happened and the starboard engines began supplying power to the propeller. From a bare seven knots the ship jumped to ten—then eleven, twelve.

Meantime on the bridge the officers with gas masks strapped at alert position were getting the thrill of their whole life as the old boat picked up speed. Sub shells now were falling within 300 yards of the ship.

With the Terrance's new speed the sub gained slowly, but the skipper and officers knew its guns would outrange their own and soon find a mark. It was a great race with life or death for the goal.

Then from the edge of the world

DYE INDUSTRY GROWING

Government Report Shows Remarkable Progress Made.

One Hundred and Ninety American Firms Now Make Dyes and Drugs.

Washington.—The remarkable success of the American chemists and chemical manufacturers in developing the dyestuffs industry, when the supplies of dyes from Germany were cut off, is strikingly shown in a report just issued by the United States tariff commission entitled, "Census of Dyes and Coal-Tar Chemicals, 1917."

At the outbreak of the European war, Germany dominated the world's trade in dyes and drugs derived from coal-tar. Before the war, seven American firms manufactured dyes from imported German materials. In 1917, 190 American concerns were engaged in the manufacture of dyes, drugs and other chemicals derived from coal-tar, and of this number, 81 firms produced coal-tar dyes from American materials which were approximately equivalent in total weight to the annual output of the 190 firms, exclusive of those engaged in the manufacture of explosives and synthetic resins, was over 54,000,000 pounds with a value of about \$69,000,000.

Large amounts of the staple dyes for which there is a great demand are now being manufactured in the United States. A few of the important dyes, such as the vat dyes derived from alizarin, anthracene, and carbazol, are still not made. The needs of the wool industry are being more satisfactorily met than the needs of the cotton industry.

The report gives in detail the names of the manufacturers of each dye or other product and the quantity and value of each produced, except in cases where the number of producers is so small that the operations of in-

NEW ZEALANDERS EAT PRISONERS, HUNS TOLD

London.—New Zealand troops always eat their prisoners. Such is the latest output of the German behind-the-lines propaganda which recently armed the Americans with tomahawks and shotguns.

"First the New Zealanders give you cigarettes, then you figure in their menu," officers had informed a bunch of Huns recently captured. They refused the cigarettes.

came the smoke of destroyers shooting ahead like flaming arrows. Thirty knots and more they were making. In another minute they could trace their outline. But the sub was nearing, too. One shell broke less than thirty yards away.

Seconds seemed like hours, but each brought the rescuing destroyers nearer. They were heading straight for the sub, and no sub cares for that. There was one more shot, then the gunners ran to the conning tower and climbed inside. Two minutes later she submerged. Their last shot hit within ten feet of the Terrance's stern.

ALABAMA BUCK KEEPS WORD

Former Negro Preacher Evolves Perfect Answer to Theology of Huns.

Paris.—"Rev." Arthur Jefferson is his name. Before the war he used to "preach 'roun" in northern Alabama. Now he's the buckest buck private in a negro regiment that has already earned fame in the line. He evolved the perfect answer to Prussian theology 15 minutes after he got into that line. The Germans opposite—it was a quiet sector—had hung out a big sign bearing the Potsdam profanation, "Gott mit uns."

Arthur Jefferson took one long look at it. Then he disappeared into a dugout. He appeared later with the legend, laboriously inscribed on a box: "Germans: Consign your souls to the Lord. In 'bout four minutes your bodies going to belong to Alabama." And they did.

CHASES KAISER IN SLEEP

Ohio Man Dreams He's Fighting Germans and Shoots Self in Shoulder.

Toledo, O.—John Brooks, while dreaming he was fighting the Germans and had the kaiser chasing upstairs in the palace at Wilhelmstrasse, drew a revolver from beneath his pillow and fired at the fleeing Hun. Doctors called to take care of Brooks said that the bullet had passed through his shoulder, but that he would recover.

CHARGES DEATH TO SAVE MEN

American Staff Officer Falls Mortally Wounded in Gallant Action in Lorraine.

With the American Army in Lorraine.—The fighting on the new American front in Lorraine was featured by the gallant action of an American staff officer.

When the officer saw there was danger of part of his advancing forces being outflanked by German machine gunners he personally led his men in a charge against the guns.

He captured one gun himself and his men took the others. The officer was wounded, probably mortally.

The officer's troops belonged to the division operating on the eastern wing of the American offensive sector. They had taken the village of Norroy and were pressing onward in the face of opposition from machine gun nests.

The irregular advance suddenly exposed one unit to a flanking fire and the officer forgot that he as a staff officer was supposed to stay away from the fighting and rushed in.

HEARD and SEEN at the CAPITAL

Inside Information as to End of the World

WASHINGTON.—Knowledge has no fixed notch. It is on a movable scale that climbs up and reaches around and dives down, like that crane thing that scooped out the Panama canal. We want more knowledge, as a ship's wants a swifter record, the airplane a greater altitude, as man, generally, demands a higher development than his forbears ever dreamed of. We will always want to know more and more and more. Self-satisfied attainment means rust, and rust means failure. And we know no such word as fail. But it isn't a good idea to know more than our share.



For one case, a woman in a car was providing thrills for the woman next. She had learned through some inscrutable source unknown to man—certainly not to any newspaper man—that the world was coming to an end two weeks from that date. The other woman had her doubts.

The prophet-lady was so sure of her Bible signs that she was going to cash her bond and take her money out of the bank and pin it inside her dress for safekeeping.

The other woman, naturally, inquired as to the sense of taking money into the next world, especially as it was earning interest in the bank. This phase of the situation had its weight.

"That's so. There'll be \$6.25 coming to me in January—almost enough to pay the taxes on my lot. I guess I'll let the money be and just cash the bond. No, I won't, either. I read in the paper the other day that they are going to be worth a whole lot more after the war. It's awful hard to huffer die without knowing how the war ends and see the boys come home, but we gotta go—all of us. There'll come a rain of fire and after our bodies are burnt to ashes some of us will be saved and the others will be weepin' and wallin' and gnashin' of teeth."

"You've got it down pretty fine, haven't you? But, say, Mame, if we get burnt to ashes what will we do for lungs to weep and wall with, and teeth to do our gnashing?"

Foolish? Of course! But, if you hear a couple of women pattering along like that, isn't it the most natural thing in the world to tab them down, when you can come across nothing better?

And if so be the proper study of mankind is man is there any law against counting in woman?

Boy's Sense of Chivalry Wouldn't Let Him "Squeal"

HERE is the story of a war worker. When you see that term "war worker" you usually mean "girl," but not this time. The phrase means just one Washington boy, a young fellow who got himself a job for the summer in one of the newly established wartime bureaus. He is a bright, ambitious boy, and thought that he might as well be helping Uncle Sam and earning a little money at the same time as "playing" all summer long like the thoughtless butterfly you study about in school.

The way the story comes to me, he had not been on the job long until one day a packet of letters was missing. The letters had been intended for a filing case, and now they were gone. A man was working on the files while the boy happened to be in the room.

After search had been made for the letters, with no results, the boy was called in by the chief and asked if he had seen the letters. He replied that he had not, as he had not. The next day the boy was dismissed.

"If you did not take the letters, son—and I know you didn't," his father said to him, "why didn't you tell the chief about the man being in the room?"

"Well, it was like this, dad," the boy replied. "I only wanted to work for the summer, and that man has a steady job. It doesn't mean very much for me to lose the job, but I guess it would mean a whole lot for him to have lost his. So—"

And the father is proud of his son, and you can't blame him, although you may think that the boy made a big mistake in so calmly allowing himself to be "fired" without protest.

Wounded Soldiers Want Help, Not Sympathy

DO NOT lavish too much sympathy upon the convalescent soldier back from France, warns Major Baldwin, chief of the educational service, in a statement explaining the reconstruction work done at Walter Reed hospital.

"A great many persons have unconsciously tried to spoil these men by misdirected sympathy," said Major Baldwin. "That is why there are certain restrictions in regard to visitors at the hospital."

"The patient is not a child, neither is he a sick man, but a new type of man that has met with a physical disability, with the accompanying mental shocks. He must be returned to society as a normal member.

"The important problem is to help him to develop the proper mental attitude toward his disability, his future outlook and toward others, or he permanently becomes a dependent or a derelict."

The reconstruction work at Walter Reed hospital, which has assumed such national importance, and which is becoming a demonstration and training school for other hospitals, began in a small way, with a few instructors and a limited number of returned soldiers.

There are at present under construction four large shop buildings—one for lathes and heavy machine work, another for electrical work, including telegraphy and radio; another for woodwork, including cabinet making and carpentry, and the other for printing, photography and classes in drafting. There is also a two-story school building near completion, which will be used for academic subjects. More than 700 men are at present pursuing courses in 30 different lines of activity.

Successful War Waged on Flies and Mosquitoes

THE campaign waged here since early in the spring on disease-bearing flies and mosquitoes by a force of 150 soldiers under Lieut. E. H. Gibson, formerly of the department of agriculture, has been most effective in ridding the camp of insect pests which formerly claimed this section of the country as a favorite stamping ground.

Figures given out by Maj. I. W. Brewer, camp surgeon, show that from a record catch of 128,000 flies in traps which were set in various barracks, mess halls and other buildings July 2, the number caught gradually decreased to one-fourth that figure on August 30, the season of the year when they are most prevalent.

There are approximately 10,700 flies to the quart. The figures show that 12 quarts were caught on July 2; five quarts August 12, and three and one-half quarts August 30.

Nearly every one of the 100 or more commissioned officers who were sent back from the front to give engineer troops in the United States the benefit of their special training and experience in battle have been assigned to regiments at Humphreys by Brig. Gen. Charles W. Kutz, camp commander.

Just how long these officers will be retained in this country before being sent overseas with new regiments cannot be predicted, but it is likely they will be retained for two or three months at least.