

BLOW UP OWN BOAT TO SAVE IT FROM TURKS

Two Picket Boat Crews of British Sailors Daringly Destroy Stranded Submarine.

MAKES A THRILLING STORY

Admiral Calls for Volunteers to Go on Perilous Undertaking in Dead of Night—Searchlights and Enemy Shells Play About the Nervy Crews.

London.—An extremely interesting account of the destruction of the British submarine E-15 in the Dardanelles to prevent her from falling into the hands of the Turks is given by one of the men who took part in the exploit. It will be recalled that the E-15 went up the Dardanelles at daylight on April 17 in an attempt to torpedo a Turkish ship at the Narrows. The boat ran ashore in Kephez bay a few miles west of Chanak, on the Asiatic shore.

The accident to the E-15 was discovered by the brother of the submarine's captain, who went up as an observer in an aeroplane to watch the dash of the small craft commanded by his brother. It was he who reported to the admiral commanding the British fleet that the conning tower of the frail boat was closed and that a Turkish destroyer was standing by evidently planning to begin salvage operations.

Extracts from the story, printed in Blackwood's Magazine, follow:

"The conning tower and a little of the whaleback were showing above water. Submarine B-6 went up, but could not do anything, as the current was so strong. She fired one torpedo, but could not see if she hit. That night two destroyers went up the strait to attack E-15. They got fairly near her, but saw nothing to fire at."

"Volunteer Crews Only." "As a last resort the admiral sent the following: 'Two picket boats from Triumph and Majestic are to attack E-15 tonight with torpedoes fitted to dropping gear. Lieutenant commander E. G. Robinson of Vengeance will be in charge of operations. Only volunteer crews to be sent.' This officer was ordered to take charge, as his ship had been on patrol at the time E-15 struck, and he knew exactly where she was.

"You can imagine the order rather astonished us, as it was almost certain death to take small steamboats right up under the enemy's guns, and into water every inch of which was covered by powerful searchlights.

"At 5 p. m. we hoisted out our picket boat and fitted the dropping gear. We also placed a Maxim gun in the bow, rifles and ammunition and a life belt for each man. I was ordered to cut down the crew to the smallest possible number. Many men wanted to go, but I settled on two seamen gunners for the Maxim, four seamen torpedo men (two each side), one leading stoker, two stokers and a torpedo petty officer to act as coxswain. So altogether we had one officer (myself) and ten men, also Lieutenant Commander Robinson, who was in command of both boats, and Midshipman Woolley, also from the Vengeance.

"While it was still light the captain kept about three miles outside the entrance, with our boats on the side of the ship away from the shore, so that the enemy, even with powerful glasses, could not have any idea of what was going on.

"Weather Was Too Fine. "At 6 p. m. the weather looked very suitable—overcast, with a slight haze over the land and indications of light rain—but later it cleared up and became too fine for our liking.

"At 10 p. m. the Majestic's boat arrived, with Lieut. C. H. Godwin, R. N., in charge, and shortly after we pushed off, with my boat leading and the Majestic following about 800 yards astern. "It was a bit eerie, steaming along in the pitch dark with all lights out in the boat, toward the distant searchlights, not knowing whether death or life awaited one.

"The whole distance was about 12 miles from the ship, the last five being the really dangerous part. Up to there one's only danger was mines, and, as we only drew five feet, we hoped we would go over them all right, though it was quite on the cards we would bump a floating mine.

"We kept nearly in the center of the channel to avoid being spotted by the Suandere No. 7 searchlight, which was not a very high one. We had come along quite unobserved until we were abreast of it, passing the smaller searchlights without much trouble. Unfortunately the men stationed near the Suandere searchlight saw us and started off firing 6 or 12 pdr. shrapnel.

"Thus the ball opened—we still had three or four miles to go. We continued our way and approached the other searchlights. The alarm having been given, all the other searchlights came on and sent their beams searching round to pick us up, and as each beam struck us, bang would go another gun. A few seconds later we would hear a ping as the projectile whizzed past

NEW WAY TO MAKE RAIN

Lyerly, Ga.—Colquitt Chambers of Roosevelt believes he is a rainmaker. A few days ago he killed a large black snake and hung it up in a bush. A shower came up and gave him a wetting before he could reach shelter. A day or two later he mowed some hay, and this, he thinks, brought another rain.

Now people in every section are killing snakes and hanging them up and mowing hay to bring rain.

us, or a sharp metallic crack as a shrapnel burst just over our heads. In Glare of Searchlights.

"Presently we arrived in the vicinity of the stranded submarine. By this time eight searchlights were trained on our boat, and we were being fired on from six directions. The noise of the guns and the splashes in the water and the powerful beams of the searchlights must have made an effective scene. Personally, however, I had not much time to consider the artistic side of it, as I was steaming zigzag courses to puzzle the gunners, gradually getting near to the place where we thought E-15 was. The Majestic's boat had been fired on, but not to such an extent, as we, being the leading boat, received at first most of the enemy's attention.

"We saw a dark mass which we thought must be the submarine (there was no searchlight on it, so we could not make sure), and the order was given to fire one torpedo, which we did, but as we heard no explosion concluded we had missed.

"The current was very strong and rather like a whirlpool in Kephez bay, so steering was very difficult, and it was an effort to keep one's head with the noise of guns all round us and the dazzle of the searchlights.

"We steamed up a short distance and turned round intending to close again and fire our other torpedo, but suddenly saw the Majestic's boat in trouble and the crew calling for help. It appeared that coming up behind us, and while the searchlights were focused on us one of the beams passed us and shone right on E-15, and the Majestic's boat was luckily only 200 yards away and saw it. Godwin immediately fired one torpedo, which did not strike the object. At that moment his boat was struck by a shell under the water line aft and commenced to take in water rapidly. He gallantly turned his boat toward E-15 again, steamed in a bit and fired his second torpedo, which caught E-15 just in front of the conning tower and on the forward whaleback of the hull, making a fine explosion. I consider this was a very brave deed, as Godwin knew he was in imminent danger of sinking, but ran in again to have a second shot.

"Wounded Man Overlooked. "When we saw them their stern sheets were awash and it looked as if they might have to swim for it. We maneuvered the boat to go alongside, but the current was terrible and it made the handling a very difficult matter. The enemy saw the disaster and redoubled their efforts. The sea all round us was a mass of splashes from projectiles, some of them 15 to 20 feet high, while the water where the shrapnel burst was pitted as if by heavy rain. How it was we were not hit I cannot say—one would imagine it was impossible to come out of such an inferno. All I can say is that God preserved us and not a shot actually hit, though we were one and all wet with the splashes. After some difficulty we got alongside the Majestic's boat and they jumped on board. We were very delighted to hear that they had been successful and had done the job of torpedoing E-15.

"As we steamed round again preparatory to heading out we saw a man crawling out of the other boat's stern sheets. He had been forgotten in the hurry of the moment. It looked like suicide to go back, but of course we could not leave him there, so maneuvered close again and shouted to him to get into the water and swim toward us, which he did, and we hauled him into the boat unconscious. Godwin, who looked after him, had him put down the forepeak and it was found that his legs had been crushed through the explosion of the shell which struck the boat. He was the only man in the stern sheets and in the dark they overlooked him when it came to abandoning their boat.

"The enemy evidently thought that there were men still on the sinking boat, as they kept their searchlight on her and concentrated a heavy fire also. They must have wasted a few hundred rounds. This enabled us to steal away quietly, and, as there was about a four-knot (or even more) current running, we soon got some distance away. We had steamed over two mine fields to get to E-15.

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MISS THEODORA BOOTH



Miss Booth is the daughter of Ballington Booth, founder of the Volunteers of America, and granddaughter of the late William Booth, founder of the Salvation Army. Miss Booth has had success for three years with unfortunate men and women through the Volunteers of America in the congested portion of New York.

When we got alongside her and asked for a doctor he found that the wounded man was dead. The commander of the Majestic, with the true old navy touch, instead of congratulating us all on the success of the expedition and his people on their lives being saved, only asked them if they had saved any of the boat's gear!

"Having put the party on board, and the dead man, we shoved off and tried to find the Triumph, which was about three miles away. At night time in war, when all lights are out and deadlights down, it is hard to see even a big ship. However, we found the Triumph and arrived alongside at 3:10 a. m., having had an exciting time and an extremely interesting adventure.

After hoisting my boat, in I went and reported myself to the captain on the bridge, who was very nice about it all and also said he had not expected to see us again.

"Lieutenant Commander Robinson was in charge of the operations and in my boat, and I carried on under him. To him the greatest credit is due, and I am glad to say he has been promoted to commander for his gallantry displayed on this and several previous occasions."

CELL KEY DID THE TRICK

Escaping Prisoner at St. Louis Police Station Thought It Was a Gun.

St. Louis, Mo.—Using a tin spoon and a shoestring to open the door of his cell in police headquarters, J. J. Hartwell, bandit suspect wanted in Butte, Mont., was subdued by a guard using a brass key as a pistol and put back into his cell.

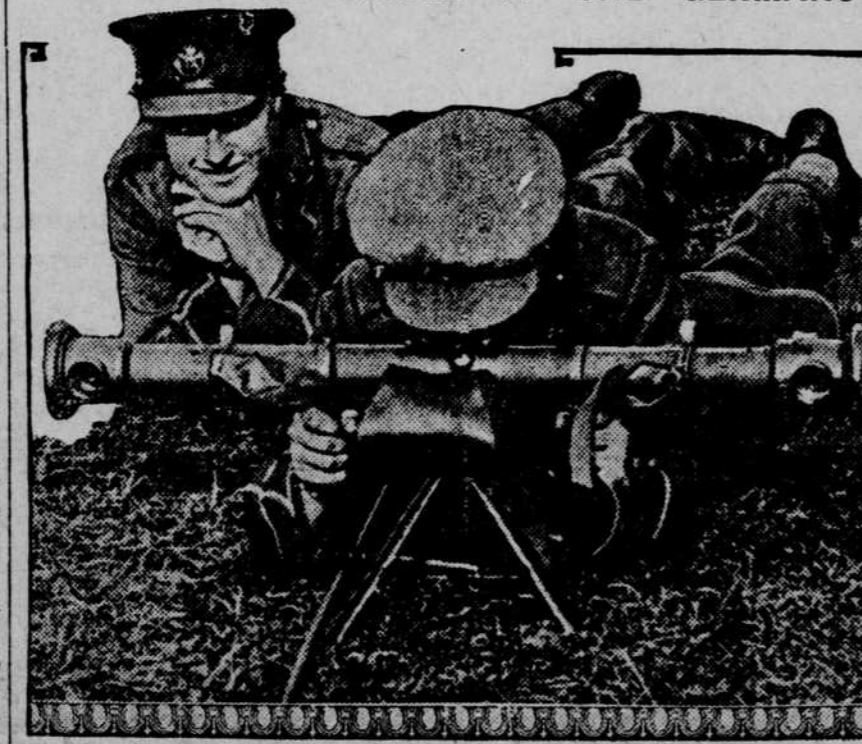
Hartwell had picked the St. Louis lock and opened the door and was about to make for a rear window when he was captured by Parker Thompson.

As Hartwell left the cell Thompson pounced upon him, pointing his big brass key at the prisoner and ordering him to hold up his hands. The prisoner thought he was "covered" with a revolver and raised his hands.

Hen in 500-Mile Hatch.

Cottage Grove, Ore.—A hen set here completed her hatch 500 miles away. When Bert Nokes prepared to move to Spokane he decided to ship his hen and eggs by express. Chicken fanciers smiled, but when biddy arrived in Spokane she had in no way changed her mind about raising a family. Nokes announces that twelve of the fourteen eggs hatched.

GETTING THE RANGE OF THE GERMANS



British observation officers with a range-finder noting the elevation at which the guns must be fired to strike the position of the Germans.

Medals Have Their Duty.

Hiawatha, Kan.—Gold medals for prize crops are so numerous with S. G. Trent of Hiawatha, who has just been designated at the Panama-Pacific exposition as champion corn grower for Kansas, that he uses the prize medals as paperweights in his mill office.

Trent has no formula of secret practice that enabled him to raise the 117 bushels to the acre and win the prize. The corn was grown on his father's farm five miles southwest of town. In a field of 18 acres Trent measured off

an acre, planted Boone County white corn, cultivated it just as he would an ordinary crop, and gave it no special attention of any kind. The corn grew and made him 117 bushels.

A Blushing Bride at 79. Grant's Pass, Ore.—The oldest couple ever married in Josephine county have just started on their honeymoon. John M. Jones, the bridegroom, lacked only two months of eighty years, and the blushing bride was seventy-nine years old.

PACKING CHLORINE FOR THE FRONT



Workmen in a munitions factory near London packing chlorine for shipment to the front. All of them have to wear respirators.

CUPID IN WAR TIME

Weddings in a Hurry Are Now the Fashion.

Romance Surrounds Almost All War Marriages and All Records for Speed Are Shattered—Charters Ship for Ceremony.

London.—A newspaper edited and published in some inexplicable manner by the British soldiers in the trenches has the following society note concerning the recent wedding of a young officer:

"Twenty-four hours after the ceremony the bridegroom left for Boulogne by the famous 'one o'clock special' from Victoria station, and before midnight he was cozily installed in the 'Carlton' dug-out, pelted with something far hotter than confetti or old shoes. His bride went back to her mother's and dreamed of the time when he'd come again—unannounced as good fortune is, and equally hard to recognize.

"We're eating cake here, and wearing the mufflers her bridesmaids gave us. Meanwhile the colonel is writing a letter of thanks and promising to keep an eye upon young D—for a day or two, until his head comes down out of the clouds, and the sniper becomes a real institution to him again."

Weddings in a hurry are now the fashion in Britain and honeymoons, far from being a real moon in length, are often not even a day. Better be a wife for five minutes, one bride is quoted as saying, than an old maid all your life. Another woman was heard to remark: "Thank God, he was my husband for a fortnight before he was shot. Now he can claim me in heaven."

The other day a Glasgow man received a summons on an hour's notice to attend the wedding of one of his soldier friends. The intrepid son of Mars had arrived unexpectedly and astonished his own particular corner of the world by announcing that he intended to be wedded and away in thirty-six hours. The best man was afterward heard to assert that the excitement of arranging and carrying through the ceremonies at the registra-

QUEEN TURNS NURSE



The queen of Bulgaria, whose ability as a nurse has been manifested time and time again since she established in Sofia one of the finest and best equipped hospitals, has again taken actively to the work which she loves so dearly. The alleviation of the sufferings of her subjects has always been the thing nearest her heart, and so, while the soldiers of her kingdom are marching to the war, she is devoting her time and attention to nursing the sick orphans in the orphanages of her country.

NOVEL FEAT IN SURGERY

Dallas.—With two ten-inch strips of skin knitting perfectly on his back, David Reed of Denison, a Missourian, Kansas & Texas railroad engineer, presents what surgeons here state is one of the most remarkable surgical cases ever known in the Southwest.

Reed lost two-thirds of his skin surface by escaping steam in a train wreck four months ago. Physicians at the time believed he would die, but

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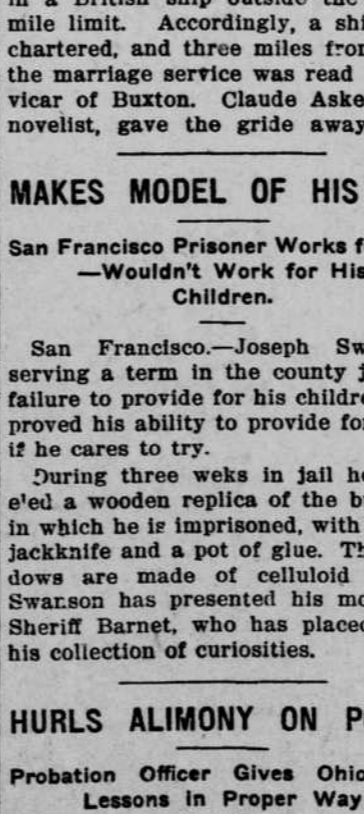
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CRAWL TO FREEDOM TANK IN LITTLE

Prisoners Make Daring Escape From German Camp.

Cut Barbed-Wire Fences and Flew in Night—British Sergeant Tells King of Remarkable Feat of Self and Private.

London.—An interesting account of the escape from Germany of two prisoners of war, one a sergeant and the other a private of a British light infantry regiment, has just come to light through the audience granted by the king at Buckingham Palace to Sergeant Birley and Private Haworth.

King George personally questioned the two soldiers at great length regarding their escape. The story told by Sergeant Birley was particularly interesting.

"It took us just four days and five nights to get free of German soil after we had once broken out of our prison at Westphalia," the sergeant said. "I went to the front with my regiment, the First Gloucesters, as soon as the war broke out, and was captured on October 29, 1914, near Ypres. On the way to the prison camp in Westphalia we were pretty roughly treated. One night fifty-three of us were locked in a church and had nothing to eat for more than twenty-four hours. At last they emptied a basket of moldy bread on to the floor and left us a bucket of water. During the train journey fifty-three of us were crammed into a closed railway van for fifty-six hours. Only once were we allowed to get out, and that was for a few minutes. For food we had some scraps of bread."

"At the camp I made several plans for escaping, but never got a favorable opportunity. I managed to get myself transferred to another camp and there began to make my plans which have succeeded so well.

"It was not an easy matter. The camp was, of course surrounded by a high barbed-wire fencing. On each of its four posts a sentry was posted, and night four powerful acetylene lamps lighted up the whole of the camp.

"The great night came. We waited till one of the sentries had his back turned, and then wriggled on our stomachs to the fence. I then managed to sever one strand of the fence and to my mind, the tang of it made the greatest noise I've ever heard. But the sentry walked on. With beating heart I snapped the second strand. That made an awful noise. Still the sentry walked on. Then we crawled out, free men. I am glad we outwitted that sentry, as he had caused us a lot of trouble.

"We had to crawl for 100 yards before we could get any sort of shelter, and then we moved away as quickly as we could in the circumstances. During the night a compass which I had was a real friend.

"The only food we had was a few biscuits and a little chocolate. Whenever we came near a farm the watch dogs barked. In the nights that followed the dogs always smelt us when we were stealing apples in the orchards. For three days we had no other food but apples.

"It wasn't safe to travel by day. Although we had plenty of tobacco, I had laid it down that there was to be no smoking day or night until we were out of the country. The smell of English tobacco might easily put an inquisitive German on our track.

"When we actually crossed the frontier into Holland we were in a pretty bad condition, so cramped with sleeping out in the wet and our feet swollen and bleeding we could hardly stand. The first Dutch farmhouse was a godsend."

"Two members of the medical profession were recently made as one on the high seas. They were Dr. Percy Wallace (First British Field Hospital to Serbia) and Miss Dora Woolcock of the Wounded Allies First Field Unit to Montenegro. It was when they arrived at Saloniki that Doctor Wallace and Miss Woolcock decided to marry. She was bound for Montenegro, he for Serbia. They found that the wedding could only be performed after a three weeks' residence, unless the marriage could take place in a British ship outside the three-mile limit. Accordingly, a ship was chartered, and three miles from land the marriage service was read by the vicar of Buxton. Claude Askew, the novelist, gave the bride away.

"During three weeks in jail he modeled a wooden replica of the building in which he is imprisoned, with a saw, jackknife and a pot of glue. The windows are made of celluloid panes. Swanson has presented his model to Sheriff Barnett, who has placed it in his collection of curiosities.

MASCOT GETS HIS



"Ginger," mascot of the battleship Oregon, recently got lost while on shore leave. Later he showed up along the water front and was given five days in the brig for failing to show up at four bells in the evening.

HURLS ALIMONY ON PORCH

Probation Officer Gives Ohio Man Lessons in Proper Way to Pay.

Akron, O.—Probation Officer Switzer recently gave Harry P. Hood instructions as to the proper way to pay \$5 a week alimony he was ordered to give his wife.

Hood tied up \$4.50 in a small package and threw it upon the porch of his wife's home. Mrs. Hood asked Switzer to make Hood give up the additional 50 cents, and added that it would be more satisfactory if in future the money was paid through the court.

BANS DOPE KISS IN PRISON

Seattle, Wash.—County Prison Superintendent Hally has put an official ban on the kissing of women prisoners by visitors.

A few months ago he gave notice that no more kissing would be allowed in the visitors' lobby of the men's section, following the discovery that "dope" in various forms was being transferred to prisoners by the hip-tip route. A similar discovery, he says, was made in the women's ward.

WOMEN REPAIR THE ROADS

Hammonton, Okla.—Their husbands busy harvesting the crops and attending to other farm work, the women of Spring Creek neighborhood, near here, got out and repaired the roads, and did a good job.

Luke Trent, the mail carrier, complained about the culverts and bridges being out. The men were too busy with other work. Trent said he would have to quit carrying the mail if the roads and bridges were not fixed. The women used a plow and a scrap-iron and in two days had the work done.

HISSING JAUNT

Does Serpentine Tango in Chicago Street, Causing No Little Excitement.

"GOOD BUY" FOR SAM

Soda Fountain Attachment Picked Up by Junk Dealer Does Some Startling Things When Attacked by Purchaser.

Chicago.—Sam Shamburg, dealer in rags, old iron, and related products, made a good buy recently. He came across a second-hand liquid carbonic acid tank such as is used in soda fountains.

He took it to his emporium at Chestnut and Franklin streets and, being a prudent person, he saw a varied profit to be had in dissecting the tank.

The nozzles of such tanks are made of brass and brass is a readily salable metal. Hence Sam would remove the nozzle first. He stood the tank upright and hit it a crack with a sledge.

A Little Hissing Jaunt.

A truly alarming thing occurred. As if resenting the violence of Sam's attack, the tank hissed with remarkable humanness and, without further ado, set off up the street in most shocking haste.

It so happens that the factories in this vicinity are discharging their hundreds of workers at this time of day and the majority of these are girls. When these young women saw a hideous gray object, foaming at the mouth, hissing like a sea serpent, and swizzling up the street like an intoxicated muskellunge, they thought the city had been attacked by German submarines and a torpedo had gone astray.

A Hissing of Skirts.

Well, sir, they say up along West Chestnut street there never was such



Set Off Up the Street.

a hissing of skirts and such a screeching of terror nor such a scramble for something to get behind since the Chicago avenue water main burst.

Daniel Matthews, a driver for P. D. Carroll, an expressman, tried to guide his horses out of the way of the rambling tank, but it's hard enough to dodge on foot, let alone trying to dodge with two horses and a truck. The hissing monster hit one of the horses and fractured a leg.

Meanwhile Sam was doing a serpent gallop after his runaway junk, and was losing by a mile, when the angry tank gave a last hissing gasp and fell dead.

STARTS AUTO; CAN'T STOP IT

Yells to Watching Wife: "Phone to Garage and Tell Me Next Time I Come By."

Shenandoah, Ia.—A Shenandoah business man purchased an automobile and after a lesson in driving started out by himself. From her window his wife proudly saw him whizz by, well up to the speed limit. In a few minutes he came back again and then again and again.

Finally he shouted to her as he went by, "Say, Lizzie, telephone to the garage and find out!"

He completed the sentence the next round,—"how to stop this darned thing and tell me the next time I go by."

FORMS A "DEVIL'S ROSARY"

New Mexico Snake Killer's "Beads" Are Hundred Rattlers of Reptiles.

Tucumcari, N. M.—One hundred rattlesnakes is the record of C. T. Taylor of Lordsburg, who claims to be the champion snake killer of eastern New Mexico. He now has a hundred rattlers on a long string which he calls his "devil's rosary."

Taylor says this is the dangerous season for rattlers, as they have been shedding their skins and are partially blind and very mean.

FLOOD LIFTS COW INTO TREE

Among Other Freakish Stunts in Maryland It Steals Barrel of Vinegar.

Frederick, Md.—Queer freaks were played by a clowdburst which swept over a section of Frederick county. County Commissioner Frank M. Stevens of Creagerstown lost two cows. He found one of them in the fork of a peach tree seven feet from the ground. Samuel Geisbert of Creagerstown, who thought he had taken every movable object from his cellar, lost a barrel of vinegar.

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