The U-Boat

I don't hold much with war. Not that I can't enjoy a scrap—you ask Sullivan about that—but when a fella captures a submarine 'e should be allowed to keep it until 'e can get home.

It's not easy to capture a German submarine without doing any damage. Mindjer, I had to break a few noses and some of the carpets wanted cleaning afterwards, but there was no great damage to the ship itself. Anyways, it was the fault of the Germans themselves in the first place.

I was coming home in the Awlova, an old tramp belonging to Demitrioff Caracappoulis Constantinople,, the Welsh shipowing firm of Greenock.

Why in blazes the squareheads wanted to waste torpedoes on that old packet I can't understand, except they thought she was a submarine. Well, we was nearly a sub ourselves, anyways. Whenever she left port she dived under and came up at the other end. She'd ship water in a dry dock. She could manage six knots with a push from a tug. I remember she made Cardiff one night at six and a half because the Chief Engineer heard that 'is wife 'ad gone to stay with her mother at Aberdeen for the week-end; but the Old Man played up Old Harry because the Chief shut the steam off the whistle—wouldn't have made the speed otherwise. So the Captain arrived home to a cold supper.

This has nothing to do with the story, but whenever I think of that old hooker I think of farmers. We had just picked up the Lizard Lighthouse one night in the war and we was bowling up the channel just like a lame duck after a bath in a brewery. Up came one of them naval destroyer boats.

"Hey!" 'e sez, "yer mustn't hang around 'ere like this. Get a move on. Heave up yer anchor and go full speed."

Royal Navy or no Royal Navy, the Old Man and the Chief Engineer told 'im lots of things that wasn't too polite. We weren't surprised at 'im being surprised that we was going full speed.

"All right," 'e sez when he got a chance to speak, "put a few more lumps of coal on yer fire and get more speed, there's German subs 'round 'ere."

"Then 'e was off like a shot, and his wake from the propellers stopped us dead all standing.

Well, the old Awlova kept coughing away, and when the flood made we began to make headway.

Just about the time that the Chief and the Old Man finished their game of cribbage there was a bump just as if we'd hit the dock gates. There was a roar and the waterworks fell on the bridge deck.

"What's that fool of a Fourth playing at now?" sez the Chief.

"One for 'is nob," sez the Old Man quickly. "That's a torpedo," 'e went on, dashing out on deck.

So it was. It was all over for the Awlova. Not a man was hurt, but Chippie played up Old Harry because because 'e'd got a pair of trousers drying in the stockhole. We was busy swinging out the lifeboats when we got another torpedo into No. 1 'old and 'er 'ead begun to settle down for all the world as if she was tired and was going to lie down to it comfortable-like. We just got away in the boats in time when over she went like a playful puppy wagging her tail. We lost everything, so we kept a good look out for the German sub. We wanted to tell him a few things that was brewing in our minds.

There was one bright spot in this affair: Ginger lost his concertina. If only Ginger and his concertina had been taken by the Germans we'd ha' been satisfied—and serve them right.

Out of the darkness came that submarine, as we thought, so we let fly all our weapons, seaboots, knives, boat-stretchers and all. The Captain of that destroyer showed us that 'e could swear as good as any real sailorman, but 'e took us aboard all the same. On the way to port this naval bloke talks to us nice.

"Why don't yer join the Navy?" sez 'e. "Then whenever yer meets the enemy," 'e went on, "yer'll have some guns to hit back at 'im. Those 'oo wants to go 'unting for German subs," sez 'e, "put yer 'ands up."

That's 'ow I joined the Navy for the duration, as they called it.

'Bout a month after that Ginger and me was sent off to join a little tub of a thing that was called a chaser. 'Er name was the Julia Anne. Ginger said it was unlucky. 'Is first wife was called that name. By that time I was taught 'ow to salute admirals and officers, and 'ow to keep step, and a lot of things that no sailorman wants to know. We was allowed a bit of fun once in a way. Whenever we found a mine we was allowed ten minutes throwing lumps of coal at it until some real naval fella caught us at it and got cross.

Glory of glories! Then we met the German sub. We didn't know 'e was there until our stern was blown off with a torpedo. We had a lot of these 'ere depth charges aft, and they made an 'ellova bang. When I came to the surface I struck out for the Julia Anne; but she was nowhere to be seen, so I did the next best thing: I hung on to a grating.

Now let me tell yer a grating is the cussedest thing in the world if you want to get on top of it. 'Bout a cables' length away I spied Ginger and some others on a "carley float"; so I said what I wanted to say about the grating and struck out for the float. Just then Ginger and the rest of them commenced yelling out. I thought at first they weren't anxious to have me share it, so I told them what they might expect in a few minutes.

"Look out!" bawls Ginger, "Look out!"

"That's more than you'll be able to do when I've planted me 'bunch of fives' between yer eyes," sez I.

Just then I was lifted clean out of the water and I found meself hanging on the wire forestay arrangement of a German sub as she came awash. I steadied meself and made my way to the conning tower just as we were abreast of Ginger and 'is crowd.

"Knock 'is face in for me," sez Ginger, "and I'll call off the four plugs of tobacco that yer owes me."

"Ow the 'ell does per open these things?" sez I. I thought I 'eard Ginger say something about a tin opener, but by that time 'e was far away. I took off a seaboot as a reserve to me sheaf knife, and waited for the conning tower to open. Then the lid of the conning tower began to lift and I waits till it was just 'igh enough to give me arm-room and I plugs the squarehead right on the nose. When a German swears it's just as if 'e'd swallowed some 'ot spuds and was trying to cough them up again. Somebody passed him an automatic, so I plugged him 'arder than ever and 'e dropped down below. As they were trying to close the lid again, I slipped me seaboot in, and the language was something awful. To make it more homelike they brought a couple of fellas to swear in English, but I could give 'em both points in that. It wasn't long before they found out about the seaboot, and every time a hand came up to free the boot, I jabbed with me sheaf knife.

All this time we was hustling along about eighteen knots and Ginger was out of sight. Close beside me was a periscope which was home two blocks, so I spared a few precious seconds to slip me sock over it. It wasn't long before they was swearing in several other languages.

Nearly taken unawares I was. A long arm shot out and nearly grabbed me whiskers as I ducked. Another arm shot out with a waving automatic pistol, blazing away like a maxim gun; but I lost my knife. After pushing me gun inside the conning tower I let 'em 'ave four quick shots which stopped the bad language.

"Open this blankety blank conning tower!" sez I as polite as I could, "or I'll blow yer all to blazes. Don't wait till I lose my temper," I tells them.

"Let's talk quietly about this," I heard somebody say, "I'm the Captain of this under-sea boat," sez this fella, "What do you want?"

"Will yer surrender?" sez I, "and come quietly?"

"One minute, sir," sez this squarehead.

"None of your lip," sez I, "and don't 'sir' me!"

"Very good, sir," sez 'e. "We'll surrender."

Just then half a dozen arms grabbed me all over. I hadn't an earthly, for they had a back door to that submarine somewhere at the after end. 'Fore yer could say, "Dandy funk," there was I trussed up like a chicken and being lowered into the conning tower.

Now the innards of that ship was a proper box of tricks all right. There was me with wheels and levers all round.

"What the blazes sort of trick was that?" sez I to the Captain.

"All's fair in love and war," sez 'e slowly. Then 'e sez, "And how's Mr. McGinty?"

So I sat up and looked 'ard at 'im.

"Do you remember the old Brenfield?" 'e went on, "You taught me a lot. I was an ordinary seaman with you as bosun."

"Yes," sez I, "And I'm going to teach you some more. I'll show you the way to the East coast—the 'Umber will do."

"Ho! ho!" 'e laughs, "Good old McGinty!"

Suddenly someone yells out and the Captain barks out some orders.

"There now, McGinty," 'e continues after a while, "you're just in time. That's one of your destroyers and you'd ha' been dead if——." Just then there was a terrific bang.

"That's nothing," 'e sez, "only a dud. No use us going up now," 'e sez, "that destroyer might damage us."

"Where are we?" I asks 'im.

"Fifty feet below," was 'is reply.

"All right," I sez, "'ead 'er round for the 'Umber and put some speed on."

"Very good, McGinty," 'e replies with a laugh.

"Well, he treated me fine with a good feed and dry clothes.

"Come on, McGinty!" 'e yells after a while, "We're nearly in port."

So up we goes on deck, and darn near alongside we were. We had our flags flying and there was no less than three red ensigns flying over the submarine. I was glad to see that 'e 'ad some sense and gave the credit to the Merchant Service and not the Navy.

"This doesn't look like the 'Umber," sez I.

"Perhaps it's been changed since you last saw it," 'e tells me.

"Then they've been mighty quick," was the reply. "I only left there the night afore last."

"Don't you know Goole?" 'e asks me. "It's on the way to the Nottingham Docks."

Just then we slips alongside a quay. The bands were playing and whistles blowing, and I was wondering 'ow they found out ashore that I'd captured a German submarine.

"Hurry up, McGinty!" sez the submarine Captain. "I've got something here for you," and then 'e 'ands me a piece of paper. "Read it," sez 'e, "read it." So I did, and this is what it said:

"This is to certify that Albert George McGinty, sometime A.B. and Bosun in the British Merchant Service, did capture single handed on the high seas the German Uuterseeboot No. 147, on the afternoon of September 23rd.

"He further materially assisted in the safe navigation of the said capture to the naval seaport of Wilhelmshaven by not interfering too much. For this valuable service the Fatherland is grateful.

"Signed,
"Count Von Dunlopper and Bache Sphringe."

When I looked around to speak my mind 'e was talking to some officers, so I walked across slow and determined-like.

"Come here, McGinty," sez 'e very pleasantly. "There's a Danish steamer what wants an A.B. quickly, but don't forget that you're to sign on as a Turk, otherwise you'll remain in Germany as a prisoner of war. Goodbye and good luck. Hurry up or you'll miss yer passage."

So I hurried up.—From "Carry On."

"I shall leave all my property to my wife on condition that she marries within a year." "Why do you say that?" "I want someone to be sorry I died."

The value of the production of the fisheries of Canada for the year 1927, was $49,460,600.

Sea Fleas in English Waters

DUCHESS OF YORK ATTENDS MOTORBOAT RACING

Competitors rounding the mark in the motorboat trophy race, which was witnessed by the Duchess of York at Hendon.

Know Your Car's Stopping Distance

A good auto driver must know in what space he can stop if necessary to prevent accident. Considering that your brakes and your head are in perfect condition, how far will your car go before coming to a stop from a speed of 45 miles an hour?

With everything in your favor, and when your car has two-wheel brakes, you may stop 187 feet from the place you began to apply the brakes. If you have four-wheel brakes, you may make the stop in 124 feet. If any one of the factors mentioned above is against safety, you will go farther before you can stop.

At 45 miles an hour you travel 66 feet a second. At 20 miles you go 29 feet; at 30 miles speed it is 44 feet; at 35 miles the rate is 51 feet a second, and at 40 miles, 58.6 feet. Of course, you will hit 50-mile speed frequently when not pursued by a road cop. You then go 73 feet a second. All of which must be reckoned with when you want to suddenly stop. It is the foolhardy driver so dependent upon being able to stop who meets with accidents.

A Summons

So live that, when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustain'd and soothed
By an unflatering trust, approach thy grave
Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams. —Bryant.

Three Orders

"We have," says Ruskin, "among mankind in general three orders of being—the lowest, sordid and selfish, which neither sees nor feels; the second, noble and sympathetic, but which neither sees nor feels without concluding; and the third and highest which loses sight in resolution and feeling in work.

Mother and Babe

A babe is a mother's anchor, she cannot swim far from her moorings; and yet a true mother never lives so little in the present as when by the side of the cradle; her thoughts follows the imagined future of her child; that babe is the boldest of pilots, and guides her fearless thoughts down scenes of coming years.—H. W. Beecher.

There are 581,000 acres planted to potatoes in the nine provinces of Canada this year.

"Did you notice that woman in front of us with the chinchilla coat?" "Er—no dear. Fact is, I was dozing most of the time." "A lot of use you going to church."

Preparing Trophies for Mounting

Every hunter or fisherman would give an eye tooth to have a mounted trophy over the fireplace in his den to which he can casually call his visitor's attention and then enlarge on how he got it. Most sportsmen, when they get their chance, bungle things because they don't know the best method of preparing their prize for shipment to the taxidermist.

One big man in this line says that fully seventy-five per cent. of the heads received from hunters who have done the work themselves and slightly less than half of those received from guides are not so handled that they will produce the best mounted heads.

In antlered game remember not to cut the throat of the kill. Stick it back of the shoulder to bleed it. Then, reasonably soon, skin out the head. Start at the base of the horns. Cut a line back from each to form a "V." From the point at which they join cut back along the top of the neck to a point above the shoulders. This will leave the throat of the trophy as viewed from below, smooth and natural.

Now cut a circle around the base of the neck. Be sure to get it well back. More character, more real form of the animal may be suggested by including plenty of the skin back of the base of the neck than any other way.

The next step is to "shuck" out the neck and head. Simply start cutting the skin loose from the flesh,, working back from the cuts. Finally you'll come to the horns. Here use a heavy screw driver. Salting is the next move. Lay the skin on the ground, peg it out, or do the same thing by spreading it out on the wall. Rub in salt. Ordinary dry commercial salt or table salt will do. Watch the wrinkles. Don't let them form. Let it become about three-fourths dry. Then roll the skin with hair inside and ship.

Tickets By Instalment

The London and North Eastern Railway are responsible for introducing into the railway system an entirely new idea for inducing people to travel on the railways. It is reported that theiy have opened up in the Middlesbrough and Redcar districts a system by which people intending to go on holidays can pay for their rail journey on the weekly instalment method. The money is collected each week by one of the company's men and is then placed to the account of the individual. Obviously, states the English "Railway Review," the scheme is one which is specially introduced for the purpose of making it easy for wage earners to have the train fare paid at the time they intend travelling for their holidays. It is reputed that the scheme is one from the suggestion box on that line, and that the official responsible for the idea is being given permission to try it in this particular district.

Five Minutes' Labor Pays Electric Costs

Return From That Amount of Daily Toil Provides for Home Illumination

The average unskilled laborer now works four hours a day to pay for food for his family and less than ten minutes for lighting his home.

"In 1879, when the first electric filament lamps were produced, all artificial light was obtained from open flames. If the unskilled laborer at that time had to use as much light, obtained from gas flames, as is now used in the average home, which is still far from adequately illuminated, it would have cost him two and one-half hours of labor per day. If he had used tallow candles to obtain the same amount of light he would have had to work twenty-four hours each day to pay his lighting bill. He earned $1.43 per day at that time, compared with $3.20 per day now. When we take into account the much lower purchasing power of money now the decrease in cost of light is even more striking.

"Twenty years ago the cost of a forty-watt lamp was 27 per cent. of the total cost of the lamp and the energy it consumed throughout a life of 1,000 hours. Now the cost of this lamp is only per cent. of the total cost of lamp and energy during its entire life. Obviously, the cost of a forty-watt tungsten lamp is not one-tenth as important as its luminous efficiency.

"The average family now spends less than 7 cents per day for electric lighting. It should spend nearly three time sas much, at the present average rate for energy, in order to enjoy convenient and adequate utilitarian lighting. If the average unskilled laborer receives 40 cents per hour, it is obvious that his lighting would cost him ten minutes' labor per day if he used as much artificial light as is used in the average home. But he does not; therefore, he works less than ten minutes a day to provide artificial light for his home. Assuming that the workman now who spends the average amount for electric lighting receives 80 cents per hour, then he pays only five minutes' labor each day for the light in his home.

"A recent survey shows that 47 per cent. of the families in this country have an average annual income of $2,000. Since they spend about 1 per cent. of this for lighting their homes, they also work about five minutes a day to pay their lighting bills. Surely the convenience, utility and psychological value of better lighting in the home is worth more than the earnings of five minutes per day for half the families in this country.

"Even many persons whose annual incomes aggregate many thousands of dollars display an attitude toward the cost of lighting which plainly demonstrates an incorrect value scale. The lighting of the homes of these persons is paid for by the work of a fleeting fraction of a minute."

AND IS USUALLY ALL AT SEA

"Why do you call Bill 'Old Salt?' He's not a sailor."

"Well, he's in the shipping office of a big grocery house."

Earnestness

Without earnestness there is nothing to be done in life; yet even among the people whom we call men of culture, but little earnestness is often to be found; in labors and employments, in arts, nay, even in recreation, they plant themselves, if I may say so, in an attitude of self-defence; they live, as they read a heap of newspapers, only to be done with them; they remind one of that young Englishman at Rome, who told, with a contented air, one evening in some company, that "to-day he had despatched six churches and two galleries." They wish to know and learn a multitude of things, and not seldom exactly those things with which they have the least concern; and they have the least concern; and they never see that hunger is not appeased by snapping at the air. When I become acquainted with a man, my first enquiry is; With what does he occupy himself, and how, and with what degree of perverance? There answer regulates the interest which I take in that man for life.—Goethe.

The output of gold from mines in the Province of Ontario for the first six months of this year had a total value of $15,977,980, an increase of $224,368 in value over the corresponding six months in 1927.

Nell—"Is your husband very affectionate?" Dell—"He must be. He's had the same typist for quite a while now."

Millions Throng Coney Island

NEW YORKERS SEEK RELIEF ON SWELTERING DAY

The blanket of humid and intense heat hovering over New York and its environs drove millions of suffers to Coney Island.