

WHO CAN WRITE

BEST WAR STORY

Wherein an Attempt Is Made to Show Mr. Creel Better Work by Other Swivel Chair War Correspondents.

(George Creel, censor-in-chief of the United States, now admits that the glowing report of the great victory of the American fleet over submarines was written by himself for publication on July Fourth to stir up patriotism. He says it was "elaborated" from "cryptic" reports sent by the commander. Officers of the fleet two days later declared there had been no fight, that no submarines were seen. Secretary Daniels denies this denial, and the denials of Daniels are now being denied by other denials.)

The following story is written to show that others can write just as good copy sitting safely in the office as Mr. Creel can. Anybody can write swell stories when not handicapped by facts.)

SOMEWHERE, SOMEPLACE, SOMEHOW (Not Delayed a Second by Any Censors, Because It Was Never Sent From Any Place)

A terrific battle ensued here yesterday afternoon, with American troops again triumphant.

The battle began when a flock of submarines tried to attack a troop ship. The brave American laddies saw the swarm of submarines surrounding them, and at a signal all dived overboard and attacked the submarines with corkscrews that had once been used for other things in the United States navy.

All the U-boats were nailed in this manner as rapidly as they came to the surface. The German commanders were nonplussed, not to say obfuscated at the Americans' daring. They petulantly demanded what the American soldiers were doing in the water boring holes in their nice new U-boats, and it is reported that several of them got so impertinent that they were beaten up by the brave Yankee lads before they could be placed in irons.

German commanders complain bitterly against the trickery of the Americans. They charge that the troopers have sneaked up on them in the night and painted pictures of warships on the glass of their periscopes and that this has led them repeatedly to run half way round the world in the belief they were chasing an enemy before learning of the dirty trick played on them.

The American troops were able to accomplish these wonders in capturing the whole fleet of submarine vessels because of a wonderful invention of Major Bloodboil, of North Carolina, a close friend of Secretary Daniels, who has given the world a combination flying ship and submarine.

This boat is called the Sea-Gull-Shark. It flies over the water watching, watching, watching for U-boats, and when it sees the shadowy form

of one floating underneath the waves it swoops down on it. By jerking a lever on the downward flight the craft is changed into a submersible and has been known to chase a U-boat thousands of feet under water.

The Sea-Gull-Shark noticed the fleet of U-boats coming, and after sounding the cry of alarm gave chase to one. The brave American troops were in readiness as a result of this warning, and just as the boats came to the surface they dived as one man into the water with their corkscrews in their mouths.

"Make 'em look like Swiss cheese," cried Capt. Harold Hoofinger as he gave the command, for the boring-in tactics.

"But, Cap," spoke up Lieut. Bob Wire, "The Swiss have no navy."

"Neither will Germany have a navy if George Creel's typewriter can last a few days longer," was the gallant response. "Men, you may bore when ready."

The fight was a short and merry one. The enemy, taken completely by surprise, did not understand what it was all about until the water began pouring into their U-boats through the cork screw holes.

"Ah," said Commander Haasenpfeffer of the U-naughty-sixteen. "There must be a leak somewhere."

Capt. Hoofinger, American commander, wired Secretary Daniels at the close of the engagement:

"You may say without fear of successful contradiction that we have bored the enemy and they are ours, in fact they seem insufferably bored."

So complete was the American victory that it is now believed there is not a U-boat left in, under or on the seas. American ingenuity and a twin six typewriter have triumphed.

If Censor George Creel's ribbon doesn't break and the letters stay in place—which they don't do on this machine—the whole war ought to be over in a few days now.

ANONYMOUS

I get some fierce communications about my warlike rhymes; my talks about the scrapping nations, it seems, are simply crimes. "If you're so fond of red disaster, why don't you go and fight, and Europe's plains with carnage plaster?" Thus many people write. And some are men who thus assail me, and some are worthy dames, and in one thing they never fail me—they do not sign their names. I've had a thousand bitter letter's since first this war uprose, from readers who are chronic fretters 'cause we must come to blows. They talk as though they'd like to jail me for boosting warlike games; and in one thing they do not fail me—they never sign their names. Oh, readers of this moral paper, this clean, uplifting sheet, if you don't like my daily caper, jump on me with both feet. But be good sports, and when you're jumping, let me know who you are; it will inspire me when I'm humping to write new songs of war. With caustic words you lam and whale me, as I toil in my hames; and in one thing you never fail me—you do not sign your names.

THE FOURTH OF JULY IN BERLIN

Berlin, July 4.—An enthusiastic celebration of the Fourth of July was held here to-day.

The exercises were opened at dawn with a salute of 21 strafes for England, after which the Committee on Incendiarism burned Uncle Sam in effigy.

One of the most spirited contests was the potato race. The successful contestant was he who could find the potato.

A contest between machine gun squads took place to see which squad could put the most bullets in the Declaration of Independence at a given distance. Other features:

Guessing contest. When will we win the war?

Sack race, in which soldier teams contested to show which could sack a miniature city in quickest time.

Barrel (house) race. (To).
Fireworks display, showing Prussian heaven.

(Note.—Owing to the scarcity of fats and oils it was decided not to have the climbing the greased pole contest.)

(Note.—For a similar reason and owing to the added fact that one could not be found there was no greased pig chase.)

READY—WHEN WANTED

The following stirring prose, poem by W. J. Lampton in the New York Herald, has an inspiring strain, and if it correctly represents the attitude of the male population of the United States foretells a tremendous effort.

Up from the coasts and hills of Maine, where the spruce gum is a source of gain, where the ice crops in the rivers grow and the pine woods' splendor hide in snow—every man is ready! Down in the solemn Everglades in the orange orchards' pleasant shades, by the rivers still and dark and deep, where the lazy alligators sleep—every man is ready! Off in the Texas cotton fields, where the plains stretch out and far away from the dawn to the going down of day—every man is ready! There in the big, strong Keystone State, whose brawn and mettle have made her great, where the sturdy miner and millhand give to labor the heart that makes it live—every man is ready! Out in the blizzardous, cold Northwest, where the zero weather will stand the test, where the tops of the mountains scrape the skies and the wheat fields yield their golden prize—every man is ready! Out on the California strand, where the sun shines soft on a promised land, where the roses bloom and the hillsides laugh with the fruit whose blood the gods may quaff—every man is ready! Still on, to the Puget country, where the mountains loom through the misty air, where the great primeval forests stand as sentinels that guard the land—every man is ready! Up in the fields where the daisies bloom, down in the city's dingiest room, out on the plains or in the hills, deep in the mines or in the mills, from everywhere they're answering strong for right against the Prussian wrong, that every many is ready!