

PIRATES HAVE A NEW LEADER

Dismissal of Admiral von Capelle Is Expected.

HE FAILED TO MAKE GOOD

The Reported Change That Is Being Made In the German Admiralty May Be Taken as an Indication That the Apostles of Friglitfulness Are Not as Powerful as They Were Previously.

It looks as though Admiral von Capelle, one of the leading spirits of Hun piracy, will have to go. He is at present "on leave," to quote the German announcement, and his post as the Kaiser's Imperial Minister of the Navy has been filled for the time being by Vice-Admiral Behncke. Ever since it became certain that the submarine policy fathered by von Tir-



ADMIRAL VON CAPELLE.

pitz and pressed by von Capelle had proved a failure, his position has not been any too secure. Then came the mutiny in the Kiel Canal, when German sailors killed their officers because they objected to being ordered to sea and death in the U-boats. At that time von Capelle came very close to being retired, but the Pan-Germans saved him, as they feared that the new Minister of the Navy might not be an apostle of frigitfulness. That they were right in their guess is indicated by the choice of Behncke. Commenting on the appointment, the Tageblatt, of Berlin, recalls that Admiral Behncke, when deputy chief of the Admiralty staff, told the American naval attaché at Berlin that, although the staff was convinced the employment of U-boats would greatly influence the rapid conclusion of peace, regard must be paid neutral ships and human life aboard all mercantile vessels, whether under neutral or enemy flags. He is quoted as having said that the German Admiralty staff did not wish to employ submarines in defiance of international law.

Birds In War.

For years an ardent sportsman, Capt. Herbert W. McBride naturally turned for relaxation to observation of such animal life as he could find on the battle's edge when he got to the war, and his relation of these observations forms by no means the least interesting part of his book, "The Emma Gees." He writes: "The birds of other forms of wild life seemed to be little affected by the continual noise of shells and guns. Pheasants, partridges, and rabbits were numerous at one point in and behind our lines, and I have seen them running about, feeding or playing, when shells were falling and bursting all about them, without showing any signs of fear," he writes. "Indeed, they were sometimes killed by the shells, especially shrapnel, but those unhurt would carry on with the business in hand indifferent to the fate of their companions." Robins, sitting out in front on the barbed wire "were often used as targets by men firing experimental shots." A pair of swallows reared a family in a dugout, the nest being "within a few feet of my head when I was in my bunk." The account of the doings of a pair of magpies is worth quoting:

"I watched a pair of magpies who were building a nest in a tree near our station. A shell had struck the tree, below the nest, and had cut it in half, while a large branch had lodged just above the nest. The whole thing was swaying dangerously in the light breeze, and a strong wind would surely bring it down, but that pair of chattering magpies appeared to be debating whether to continue their work or move elsewhere. One would hop down to the place where the shell had hit, and, cocking his head this way and that, would let loose a flood of magpietalk that would bring his mate to him, and then they would both investigate, flying to the shattered place, clinging to the bark, and picking out splinters and pieces of wood. Then they would go up aloft and consult about the nest itself. I watched them for the better part of an hour, when the verdict appeared to be to 'take a chance' and go ahead with the building.

A DILEMMA.

The Outstanding Literary Joke of the Year.

Some years ago, in the days before the war, when the world was still trying to be polite about the high and mightiness of the Prussian war lord, and trying hard not to laugh at the "Ho, way there; goose-stepping" of the Prussian army, as Carlyle might have expressed it about any army but the Prussian, it was suddenly enabled to vent all its pent-up amusement in one wild shriek of laughter by a poor cobbler in the mark of Brandenburg, one hailing from a little city called Koepenick. The cobbler found the calling of making boots a dull one. He was built for greater things, and he knew it. And so one day, having noticed the standing and deportment of countless officers, both ober-officers, and unter-officers, he conceived the idea of personating one of them. It was no sooner said than done, and behold our good cobbler at the head of a squad of men, imperiously commanding from the local barracks, setting out for a neighboring small town, and, arriving there, arresting the mayor and the corporation, placing them under lock and key, mulcting the town in serious damages for an imaginary offence, and departing. The cobbler was caught, of course, tried, and imprisoned, but he earned the gratitude of Europe.

Now it is a long cry from the mark of Brandenburg to Printing House Square, the historic home of the Times of London, but Printing House Square has had its Koepenick incident, and, whilst the parallel cannot be carried a step further, the world is grateful for the incident. It took the form of a letter which arrived at the office one day before Monday, May the 26th. This letter contained a poem signed "Rudyard Kipling." History does not yet relate what emotions it was read, what vistas of recollection it opened out, recollections of the "Seven Seas," the "Recessional," and a great host of other masterpieces. History, indeed, relates no more than this, that on Monday morning, May the 26th, "The Old Volunteer" made its bow to the readers of the Times over the signature of "Rudyard Kipling," that within a few hours of its appearance the Times received a letter from Mr. Kipling to say that he did not write it, and that the next day the Times came out with an apology and an assurance that the forger was being tracked to his lair.

But nothing could get over the horror of the poem. For indeed it must be said it is more than cowardly stuff. Not all of Mr. Kipling's work, it is true, reaches the heights of excellence, but "The Old Volunteer" is terrible.

"I can hear the bugle calling
And it don't want me.
While the superannuation-chap
O' Germany
'S a fighting for the Kaiser in
But our order's for the young 'uns
O' the old Brass-Band."

And so it goes on through three dreary stanzas, concluding with the following enormity:

But there's be a better Judgment for
The last Relay:
I shall hear the bugle calling,
And, I'll march that Day."

And the Times! Well, the Times, like a certain notorious monarch, "is loser either way." It apologized, of course. But that did not seem to make the difficulty any less. There appeared, indeed, to be no way out for the Times. It could not say the thing was well written, for that would have been an impossible reflection on its own literary judgment. And if it ventured to say what it really thought of it, from a literary standpoint, there was always the remorseless recollection that it had never questioned its authorship. Worst of all, perhaps, the inevitable inference from any such adverse criticism would be that the Times was ready to publish any kind of literary outpouring, always provided it was over a great name.

A dilemma, indeed. But the great paper may surely take heart of grace. For a great laugh is precious at all times.

Take German Trade.

The manufacture of "engalith," which is the term used in England to designate the composition known as "galalith" in Germany, has been undertaken by three concerns. Large quantities of this substance are being made for war purposes, as well as for export to this country, France, Spain and Italy. It is produced in rods, tubes and sheets, and in some sixty different colors, and is worked up into a great variety of articles, such as buttons, combs, beads, hair and hat pins, hair and clothes brushes, toilet articles, carriage and motor fittings, pencils, penholders, telephone accessories, scientific and electrical instruments and fittings, switchboards, labels, pipe stems, cigar and cigarette holders, umbrella handles, piano keys, chessmen, dominoes, draughts, dice, counters, pocket and fruit knife handles, paper knives, photo frames, finger plates and jewelry; but being slightly hygroscopic is not adapted for articles that have to come into frequent contact with water or acid, such as table knife handles, bathroom tiles or basins, fountain pens, fishing tackle, electric storage cells, and tooth brushes. "Engalith" is an excellent substitute for celluloid, although it cannot be used to replace the latter in the manufacture of very thin articles.

Twenty-four Hour Times.

In China time is calculated on a basis of a 24-hour stretch instead of two twelve-hour periods, as we are still doing. This is indicated by a time-table of the Shanghai-Nanking Railway. We have, for instance, Tanyang, 12.09; Chinkiang, 12.52; Nanking, 14.15; Pukow, 15.30. Italy also is using 24-hour time.

THE PELICAN.

The Brown Pelican Is No Destroyer of Food Fish.

What a wonderful bird is the pelican. His bill can hold more than his belican;
He can keep in his beak
Food enough for a week,
But I don't know how the pelican.

—From the ballad of the pelican as quoted by W. D. Howser, poet of the Fish and Game Commission of Tennessee.

The tenth convention of the International Association of Game and Fish Commissioners, which held its session in New York recently, gave the brown pelican a clean bill of health as being no destroyer of food fish, thanks to T. Gilbert Pierson, of the National Association of Audubon Societies.

Mr. Pierson told the delegates, who came from various states in the Union, how he stood up to his waist in swamps in Louisiana, Texas and Florida, with mosquitoes feasting upon him, trying to learn definitely of the fish-eating habits of the pelican that the three states accused of being responsible for their depleted fisheries last year.

Pelicans, when disturbed, it seems, disgorge their food, and when Mr. Pierson could get near enough to a rocky shore to investigate the contents of the bill that in an adult bird will hold four quarts. The Audubon man found that pelicans are decreasing in the Gulf states very rapidly, and he estimates that the 50,000 to 65,000 pelicans that breed in the reservations do little or no damage to food fish, for their diet consists of menhaden principally, varied with mullet, pig fish, pinfish, herring, with an occasional crabs, of which only two are food fish whose price in the markets does not exceed four cents a pound.

The pelican is of more value as a curiosity in Florida, Mr. Pierson said, than in any other form, and thousands of feet of film are used yearly in photographing the bird, and the picture postcard is an industry of some account throughout Florida.

Dr. Wm. T. Hornaday remarked that "if the quail and grouse are to be saved there must be long closed seasons, killing of cats and other vermin, the suppression of free ranging dogs during the breeding and rearing seasons, the utmost possible feeding and sheltering of quail in winter and the eliminating of the deadly and now universal pump and automatic guns."

Shell Shock.

The way in which shell shock manifests itself varies greatly in different individuals, so that it is not possible to give a description which covers every case.

Sometimes these symptoms are chiefly mental. The man suddenly loses his courage, breaks into a cold sweat, and cannot think or act. He becomes dazed, does not obey orders, feels as if he were in a dream, and is conscious condition wanders off, not knowing where he is. If questioned he can give no account of himself, does not know his name or his regiment, has no memory of the past; and when taken back to a hospital does not remember any of the past events of his life. Shown pictures of his family or letters from his wife, he does not recognize them, and thus for weeks he may remain in this state of double consciousness—as it is called—or amnesia, incapable of any mental or physical activity. Such cases—not unknown in civil life, but exceedingly rare—are very common among these shell-shock patients, and may last for months after they have been sent home.

Sometimes the mental state is not one of obscured consciousness but rather of excitement. The mind is continually on the qui vive for sights and sounds. The man starts and runs automatically at any noise, jumps or twitches like one with St. Vitus' dance, or trembles like one with shaking palsy. Such a man cannot sleep, or, if he does, wakes suddenly with dreams or visions of horrid sights and sounds—starts up in a tremble, with every sign of intense alarm, and in a semi-conscious state fights all who try to calm or restrain him. He may have vivid hallucinations, seeing the sights of trench or battle just as if they were going on about him, and manifesting all the emotional effects which these sights would ordinarily awaken. A Canadian who had suffered thus, and had apparently recovered, was standing on the City Hall steps at a recent parade when an automobile tire suddenly burst with a sound like a gun. He immediately lost all control of himself—ran shouting through the crowd, fought the police who tried to restrain him—was in a state of intense excitement which could not be quieted, trembled like a leaf, and panted as if exhausted, and not for four hours did he come back to his normal state of mind—and then he had no memory of what had occurred.—Scribner.

Old-Fashioned Business.

Apropos of the Old Lady of Shoe Lane, as the now defunct Standard of London was called, being the first English newspaper to print a serial story, a well-known editor used to tell a story of when Anthony Trollope came to him to arrange for the appearance, serially, of "Doctor Thorne." The editor offered £2,000, but Trollope wanted £3,000, and when the editor objected, the author offered to toss him for the other thousand. "But I felt unsettled," he went on to say. "I felt mean. I had refused a challenge. To relieve my mind I said: 'Now that is settled, come over to my club, where we can have a quiet room to ourselves, and I will toss you for that thousand with pleasure.' But Trollope wouldn't."

Switzerland will supply 1,000,000 watches for the American army. The most important point in filling a silo is to see that the tramping silo done.

How About Your Danger Zone?

YOU'VE got it—every human being is born with it—your large intestine, or colon. It is a large tube—a reservoir or sewer—intended to collect waste matter and remove it from the body.

Plug it up with waste, neglect it, and you're sick on your feet. The waste matter stagnates, undergoes decay, fermentation and germ action. Dangerous poisons are produced, that can easily be absorbed and carried all over the body.

Allow constipation to become established, and you are liable to become definitely and miserably sick—and not on your feet either. You have broken Nature's laws.

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Move to Save Wild Turkeys.

The prisoners in the state penitentiary of Washington run, among other things, a game bird farm. Until lately they have raised wild turkeys for the Thanksgiving dinner for the convicts.

The fact that wild turkeys have been killed in such numbers in the forests of the western part of the state that they have almost disappeared has caused the state game warden to decide to take up the business of raising them on a larger scale and flocks will hereafter be liberated each summer to populate the woods.

The wild turkeys are larger and harder than the domestic breeds, and the warden, whose name is L. B. Darwin, is experimenting with cross-breeds. He hopes to develop a bird that will be useful to poultrymen and yet be able to sustain itself in the woods.

No Alarm.

"Did you hear there was a great breaking out at the jail?"
"What was it? The worst characters there?"
"No; the measles."

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