

## BRITAIN'S NAVY AT WAR BRITISHERS TURN TABLES, AVENGE COMRADES' DEATH

Churchill Relates How German Fleet Is Sent To Bottom in South Pacific—Emden Is Also Destroyed by Co-operation of Allies.

### XIV—CORONEL AND THE FALKLANDS—(Continued).

By WINSTON CHURCHILL.

We had now to meet the new situation. Our combinations, such as they were, were completely ruptured, and Admiral von Spee, now in temporary command of South American waters, possessed a wide choice of alternative. He might turn back into the Pacific, and resume the mystery tactics which had been so baffling to us. He might steam northward up the west coast of South America and make for the Panama Canal. In this case he would run a chance of being brought to battle by the Anglo-Japanese squadron which was moving southward. But of course, he might not fall in with them, or, if he did, he could avoid battle owing to his superior speed. He might come round to the east coast and interrupt the main trade route. If he did this he must be prepared to fight Admiral Stoddart; but this would be a very hazardous course, possibly leading to the Falkland Islands on his way, and arrive unexpectedly on the South African coast. Here he would be met by the Union Government's expedition against the German colony in full progress and his arrival would have been most unwelcome. General Botha and General Smuts, having suppressed the rebellion, were about to resume in a critical atmosphere their attack upon German South-West Africa, and a stream of transports would soon be flowing with the expedition and its supplies from Cape Town to Luderitz Bay. Subsequently, we alternatively to this intrusion, Admiral von Spee might steam up the African coast and strike at the whole of the shipping of the expedition to without means of defending itself against him.

All these unpleasant possibilities had to be faced by us. We had to prepare again at each of many points against a sudden blow; and, great as were our resources, the strain upon them became acute. The first step was to restore the situation in South American waters. This would certainly take a month. My minute of inquiry to the chief of the staff, written an hour after I had read the first news of the disaster, will show the possibilities which existed. In this grave need my mind immediately turned to wresting a battle cruiser from the grand fleet which, joined with the Defence, Carnarvon, Cornwall, and Kent, was under the command of an overwhelming superiority.

#### Director of Operations Division.

1. How far is it, and how long would it take Dartmouth and Weymouth to reach Punta Arenas, Rio de Janeiro, or Abrolhos respectively, if they started this afternoon with all despatch?
2. How long would it take—  
(a) Kent to reach Rio and Abrolhos?  
(b) Australia (1) without and (2) with, Montevideo, Valparaiso, and Iquique, and also Iquique and Newcastle to reach them?
- (c) The Japanese 2nd Southern Squadron to replace Australia at Iquique?
- (d) Defence, Carnarvon and Cornwall respectively to reach Punta Arenas?
- (e) Invaluable to reach Abrolhos, Rio, Punta Arenas?
- (f) Hizen and Asama to reach Galapagos or Esmeraldas?

W.S.C. 4-11-14.  
But I found Lord Fisher in a better mood. He would take two battle cruisers from the grand fleet for the South American station. More than that, and much more questionable, he would take a third—the Princess Royal—for Halifax and later for the West Indies in case von Spee came through the Panama Canal.

## Severe Kidney Trouble

Mrs. F. Rinehart, Campbellville, Ont., writes:

"I had trouble with my kidneys and very frequent urination. This was followed by pains which at times were very severe. The doctor said I had inflammation of the bladder and that an operation might be necessary. To Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. From the first few doses I felt the benefit. The pains left, urination was corrected, and I have had no recurrence of these ailments."

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One pill a dose, 3 times a day. All dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto

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Left: Admiral Sturdee, to whom was entrusted the task of running down Admiral von Spee after his defeat of Admiral Craddock off Coronel. Right: Sturdee's flagship, H. M. S. Invincible.

promontory, sharply visible in the clear air, were a pair of tripod masts. One glance was enough. They meant certain death. The day was beautifully fine and from the tops the horizon extended thirty or forty miles in every direction. There was no hope for victory. There was no chance of escape. A month before, another admiral and his sailors had suffered a similar experience.

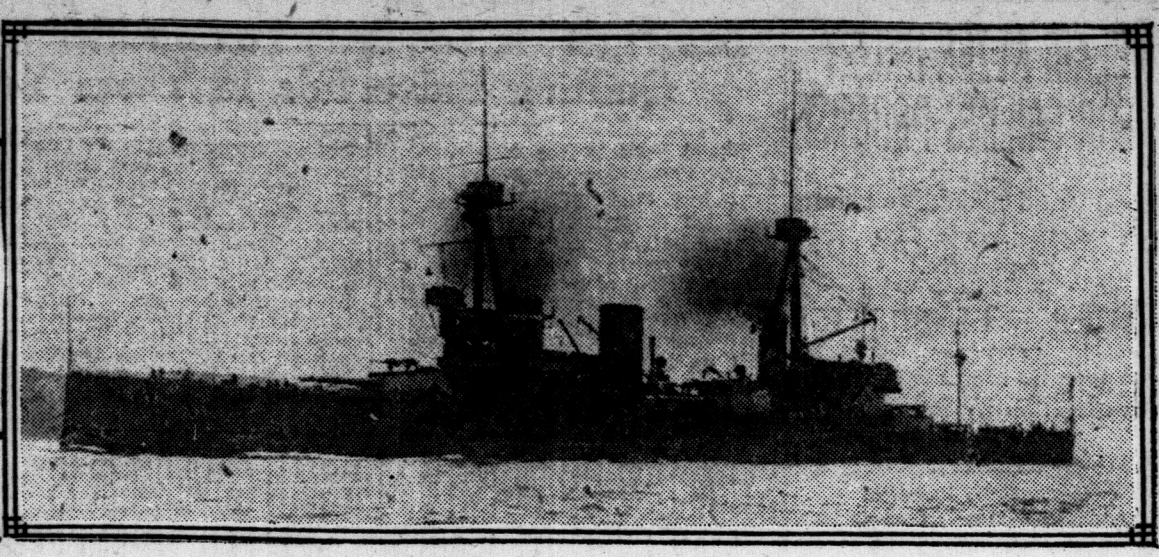
At 5 o'clock that afternoon I was working in my room at the admiralty when Admiral Oliver entered with the following telegram. It was from the governor of the Falkland Islands, and ran as follows:  
"Only dreadnoughts had torpedo."

prizes that these last words sent a shiver up my spine. Had we been taken by surprise and, in spite of all our superiority, mangled, unready, at anchor? "Can it mean that?" I said to the chief of the staff. "I hope not," was all he said. I could see that my suggestion, though I hardly meant it seriously, had disquieted him. Two hours later, however, the door opened again, and this time the countenance of the stern and somber Oliver wore something which closely resembled a grin. "It's all right, sir," they are all at the bottom." And with one exception so they were.

"Only dreadnoughts had torpedo."

(Continued tomorrow)

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## MY THIRTY YEARS IN BASEBALL

By JOHN J. MCGRAW.

The Mutton Pie Episode in London—Playing Before the Khedive of Egypt—The Federal League's Offer to McGraw—Why the Federal League Died.

(Released exclusively through the North American Newspaper Alliance.)

Two days before that now historical game in London at which the king appeared, Harry Sparrow, acting as business manager, told me that Ted Sullivan had just awarded the catering privilege at the game to an Englishman who had been hanging around ever since it became known that King George would be present. "That means," he said to Harry, "a crowd of thirty-five thousand or more."

We didn't know then that a great crowd of English people would always go to any sporting event that the king graced, whether they knew anything about it or not. The American ambassador, though, had that in mind when he asked King George to come. He was a baseball fan and wanted us to make a good showing. The most concerned man, though, was this English caterer,



McGraw's Giants, on their trip around the world, found the Japanese excellent ball players and enthusiastic fans.

Several times while I sat on the bench he came to me all a-flutter. "I say, Mr. McGraw," he would start, "when is the intermission?" "Oh, any time," I would reply, laughing, never taking him seriously. In the meantime Sparrow was stalling him off. Finally in the seventh inning, when a lot of Americans stood up to stretch, he returned.

"I say, Mr. McGraw, this can't go on. I must insist on knowing when the intermission is." "Why, what's the matter with you?" I asked. "Don't you know that baseball does not have any intermission?" "My God!" he exclaimed, putting his hands to his head. "I am ruined. What will I do with my mutton pies?" "You can bring me one if you want to. What's the idea?"

"I say, in cricket, you know, the consumption of mutton pies in the intermissions is quite enormous. I am stocked quite heavily. I insist upon an intermission. I—"

At that moment Faber hit the ball on the nose for a home run that broke up the game. The next day the English caterer called at the hotel and insisted on being paid seventy-odd pounds for mutton pies and tea that he had prepared for the intermission. I put the matter up to Sparrow and, if I remember right, he compromised by giving the fellow a couple of hundred dollars.

make. As to salary, I was told I could write my own ticket.

I declined this immediately.

Often I have been asked for an opinion as to why the Federal League failed. The answer, to me, seems simple. In the first place, its executives were not men of baseball experience. In the second place, there are not enough good ball players in this country for three major leagues. We even have difficulty in finding enough stars for two leagues. Consequently the Federal League, being the newcomer, could not get enough good talent to offer serious competition. Their only chance was to offer as good if not better baseball than the National and American leagues. This they could not do. Had there not been a settlement with them the Federal League would have died just the same.

I found that several of my players had been approached by the Federal League agents, but there was nothing doing. I found also that, during my absence, the New York club, my employers, had traded off Herzog, my third baseman, for Bob Bescher. This was quite a surprise to me. It resulted in my having to make several trades to strengthen up my club again.

The need of a third baseman, following the accident to Hans Lobert later on, eventually brought about my trading Larry Doyle, Baby Doll Jacobson and Herbert Hunter for Heinie Zimmerman.

In the bust-up of the Federal League I took over Benny Kauff and Eddie Rousch. I paid \$25,000 for Kauff, figuring that he would be a good attraction on account of his hitting, then much talked about.

Often I have observed criticism of what sport writers call my mistake in letting Rousch go and keeping Kauff. As a matter of fact I bought Rousch because nobody else would take him at that time. He was not considered a star. I paid \$6,000 for him. I took him on the recommendation of a couple of old players, figuring to use him in a trade—anyway I decided not to let him get away at that price.

The only man who ever told me that Rousch was a better ball player than Kauff was "Germany" Schaefer. A lot of them talk about it now, but old "Schaefer" was the only one to hold that opinion in advance.

Poor old Schaefer, he's gone now. There was one of the most delightful and whimsical of personalities. To this day I smile when I think of his very serious announcement to the newspapermen, during the war, that he had changed his name to "Liberty" Schaefer. He got this witty notion from a sign he saw where the word "sauerkraut" had been changed to "Liberty cabbage."

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### ASK YOUR NEIGHBOR

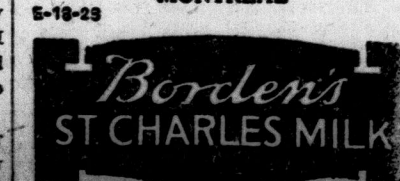
There is hardly a neighborhood in Canada where women cannot be found who have derived benefit from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. For nearly fifty years this botanical medicine has been overcoming some of the worst forms of female ills. As one woman has been benefited by its use, she has told others, who have used it with the same good results; so the use of this great medicine has spread from shore to shore by the recommendation of those who have found it good. Therefore, ask your neighbor: let her tell you from experience the benefit which ailing women derive from its use.—Adv.



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## THE STRANGER

By JOHN GOODWIN

### CHAPTER XIII. Wolves of the Street.

Joan turned the corner into Bedford Square with her little head in the air, and a pleasant tingling sense of triumph. She was quite as surprised at herself as Messrs. Bell and Vallo had been surprised at her.

It was rather wonderful that she had outpaced two keen men who were determined on their own way, and apparently carried her point. A week ago she would have been utterly incapable of it. Now there was an impulse deep down in Joan's heart that gave her courage to face anything.

"I have been a day to mark with a white stone," she said to herself, "and now I'll go to the office and hand in my papers. I don't think, perhaps, I've treated Miss Puttock very well."

Joan walked her way to Tallis street, not hurrying herself at all, and turning the angle of the big block of offices she nearly ran into a tall and beautifully dressed young man who started back with an exclamation, and raised his hat.

"Miss Ayre!" he cried. "How fortunate—I have been hunting for you everywhere. Just inquired at your office."

"Ah!" said Joan, twinkling, "and what did they say?"

"The clerical person with the frizzed hair seemed very angry somehow. But she only said you hadn't been there."

"Quite right, and I'm not going to be there," said Joan, smiling. "I've just come from Mr. Theophilus Bell, though, and he was much more interesting."

"Have you?" said Philip eagerly. "I wanted to talk to you about that. We can't discuss it here though, and it's getting late. Look here, Miss Ayre—will you do me the honor of dining with me? The Savoy's the nearest place."

"The Savoy?" said Joan, her eyes sparkling. "I've never been there in my life. Thank you—I should like it. But I can't go there like this."

"Of course you can't," said Philip, "but as we are, if you'll forgive my stopping a taxi, and in a trice they were whirling along the Embankment."

Joan leaned back in her seat. It occurred to her that two days ago she had been sitting in the same place, and looking at the same people, and she felt a little differently. He would have paid her a gallant and probably a daring compliment on her dress and appearance, and she would have been rather the air of conferring a favor.

Now, however, he was silent and rather reserved. It seemed to Joan that he looked at her a little sadly. She herself was conscious of a thrill of intense happiness, seated at his side, while the evening lamps of London streamed by and the pleasant breeze blew out to the call of the great city.

Mottisfont asked no questions; he talked only of trivial subjects till they reached the restaurant. The place was packed, and the management soon found Philip a character. Little two-seated table in a corner of the balcony overlooking the river.

"What a lovely view!" said Joan, "I would have turned me away." "If I told them who you really are," replied Mottisfont with a smile, "the managers would come and bow to the ground before you, and you would be the best table in the house and ask what air you would like the orchestra to play. Shall I tell him?"

"No!" said Joan, "I don't want to tell them. How beautiful this place is, and how wonderful it must be to be rich."

A perfect little dinner was served, to which Joan paid no great attention. She told Mottisfont all that had passed between her and Mr. Bell. He listened eagerly and his face lit up.

"Splendid! You have done exactly the right thing," he said. "Now I can put you on to an honest solicitor, who will guard and not rob you. We'll make those two knaves sit up!"

"And you will fight my case for me—before the House of Lords?" "You must let your solicitor arrange that," he said smiling, but his eyes answered for him. "Solicitors are not allowed to tout for clients."

"What a lot of stupid rules!" said Joan, "but if I pay a solicitor, she added, "I shall be a little nod, he must do what I tell him. Then you think it is all plain sailing?"

Philip's brows knitted. "I don't say that," he answered, "for I see rocks ahead. These two adventures of yours probably have some vital evidence. They might hold it up and try to plunder you. I am always for fighting a sharper and never for minding terms with him. But if you are determined on paying your debt under that wicked contract—"

"I have said so," returned Joan steadily, "and I repeat it. What does it matter when I shall have a million? Just what people call on the make—like so many others?"

"You are charitable indeed. A man who makes terms like those with a defenseless girl, and trades on her ignorance," said Philip gravely, "should be answered with a horse-whip. Neither parents nor friends. Unless," he added, looking at her almost sternly, "you will come home as a friend. There is nothing I would not do for you."

Joan's heart leaped. "Except take up my case for me straight away, when I ask you?" she answered. Philip smiled.

"Great ladies can command poor barriers," he said gently. A lamp rose in Joan's throat; she stared at him a little pitiously.

"Please do not talk like that," she said in a low voice. "You are mocking me." She sat up, and smiled at him. "I feel more like Cinderella among the ash-tree than a great lady. Who knows if I may ever be one? I think a sort of madness came over me today. I have thrown away my work. I have been crazy and extravagant."

Mottisfont's eyes traveled over the things Joan wore with some surprise. "There was a check for three hundred pounds," he said, "which I have broken into it. I did not tell you that. She related rather confusedly now it had happened. Mottisfont looked frankly horrified. "You let those rascals force money on you?" he exclaimed. "Why, this is the worst thing yet! Surely you can see they have done some to get you in their power? At any rate you must be free of debt to them! Here at last is something I can do for you." He changed color, and his words faltered. Miss Joan—you must let me pay this debt. There is not the slightest difficulty about it. Repay it whenever you please, but you must not refuse."

Joan's face slowly tinged with pink as she looked him in the eyes.

"I cannot thank you enough," she said, "but this is utterly impossible. Why?"

"You would rather be under an obligation to those ruffians than to me?" he said bitterly.

"I am under no obligation to them at all; it is purely a business matter. Perhaps I was foolish, but I shall repay them that money with the rest I am very grateful to you. Your offer is kind and chivalrous. I am sorry I cannot accept it," said Joan with absolute firmness. Philip's face was stern and his mouth tight set.

"You have got to get rid of the debt somehow, and I will see to it that you do," he said, "and you are spilling my money."

"Don't scold me!" exclaimed Joan pathetically. "Please! This is the happiest day I ever had and you are scolding me!"

Philip looked at her with exasperation and then laughed. "I ought to scold you ferociously, but I can't," he said. "And you are looking happy again. I like to see you look happy—it is what you were made for. But mind, I hold to what I said. My eyes tell me that you are a bright spot about this. Those parties would never have advanced you a penny unless they had been certain. I foretell success for you!"

"Success!" echoed Joan. "I know I am sure of it. She rose, and now I have been so busy, and so glad to me and the day has ended perfectly."

Philip saw her to the embankment and put her on a tram. She would have walked home, but she was so tired that she could not. She walked home, but she was so tired that she could not. She walked home, but she was so tired that she could not.

He was unconscious of a tall shadow that dogged him some hundred yards behind, walking as noiselessly as a ghost with rubber shoes. Mottisfont's head was bowed, and he seemed to be looking at the ground.

"She cares a little," he mused. "Does she care? What a strange creature! I, the man who could not afford to marry, to whom no woman and a high career were all. And the girl I love is rich, and a great deal more. Yesterday I believed her as much below me as now she is above me. And yet—"

He was clearing the end of the passage when a shadowy figure sprang from behind a door, and with a quick intent look, Mottisfont leaped back and landed with his legs sending one of his assailants staggering. The other two were upon him; a heavy instrument grazed his head as he ducked, bringing a flash of stars before his eyes and descending on his forehead. He fell, and his shoulder. He reeled and fell, and his head struck the ground. He was unconscious.

After that Philip had only the vaguest notion of what happened. He seemed to be in a room, and a heavy curtain was drawn. He felt a sharp pain in his head, and he was lying on a bed. He was alone.

One of his late assailants, who had plowed into the fray like a whirlwind. There were oaths, a choking cry, a dull crack of beheading, and then silence. Mottisfont drew out a police whistle that he always carried and blew it. A constable rushed in, and Mottisfont said, "One of my late assailants, who had plowed into the fray like a whirlwind. There were oaths, a choking cry, a dull crack of beheading, and then silence. Mottisfont drew out a police whistle that he always carried and blew it. A constable rushed in, and Mottisfont said, 'One of my late assailants, who had plowed into the fray like a whirlwind. There were oaths, a choking cry, a dull crack of beheading, and then silence. Mottisfont drew out a police whistle that he always carried and blew it. A constable rushed in, and Mottisfont said, 'One of my late assailants, who had plowed into the fray like a whirlwind. There were oaths, a choking cry, a dull crack of beheading, and then silence. 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