

## THE UNEXPLAINED VICTORIA CROSS

Thrilling Unofficial Narrative of How a British Navy Lieutenant, Single Handed, Captured German Submarine That Blew up Trawler he was Commanding; Victoria Cross Rewarded Feat of Valor.

(By Arthur Bennington.)

Laconic in their brevity are the official accounts of the deeds of valor for which the Victoria Cross is bestowed, writes Arthur Bennington in The New York World. Once in a long while, however, the annals of this most coveted decoration contain the bare announcement that it has been awarded to a certain soldier or sailor, and the world is left in the dark as to the specific reason. In these rare cases one bows with awe before the honored name for behind the silence of the record he knows that there is a feat of heroism so extraordinary, so important, that it has been deemed wiser to withhold it from the record until the war is over and the hero shall no longer be a marked man to become a special target for the enemy. Twice since the beginning of this war the reasons for which the Victoria Cross was given have been officially withheld.

The two men thus distinguished are Commander Gordon Campbell of the Royal Navy, and Lieut. Commander W. E. Sanders of the Royal Naval Reserve.

A British naval officer of high rank who was in New York on his country's business a few weeks ago told the story of the extraordinary feat that won the V.C. for one of these two men. He would not say which of them it was, and we shall probably have to wait until the war ends and the official Gazette sets at rest all doubts by publishing the record.

It is only fair to remark, however, that trawlers are commanded by Lieutenants of the Naval Reserve. The story told by the British naval officer in New York is of a feat so unusual and so picturesque that its recital loses little by the uncertainty as to whether his hero should be called Campbell or Sanders. Here it is:

Rolling slowly on the cold gray swells of the English Channel, westward over a certain number of miles of waves, then back eastward over the same miles, steaming steadily to and fro like a policeman over a lonely beat, a trawler was patrolling monotonously, the young Lieutenant who commanded his vessel, the tossing surface about him as a detective scans the faces of a crowd.

Nothing relieved the monotony of the rhythmic rise and fall of the boat and the westward and eastward patrol, except an occasional British or French cruiser and the regular exchange of signals with other patrolling trawlers as either end of the boat was reached.

The young Lieutenant had plenty of time to grow inwardly at his luck. Why was he not on some great battleship where there was at least room to stretch his legs, where one could keep dry and where there was some slight chance of battle, instead of in this bobbing tub where there was not room to whip a cat, where every wave drenched all on board with spray, and where there was never a show for

any sort of fight? What opportunity was there here to do anything that might win promotion, higher pay, a medal, a few days' leave. He had entered the Navy because he wanted to have a part in the fighting and here he was doing the work of a marine policeman.

A white streak—different to his practiced eye from the white streaks of breaking waves—tore through the water, coming straight toward him.

A shock, and it seemed as if an earthquake had struck the trawler. An explosion smashed her to bits in an instant, and the young Lieutenant found himself swimming with bits of wreckage and dying men about him.

Slipping out of the hampering folds of his great coat, he swam. He saw some of his men seize bits of wreckage and drift away. He saw the mangled bodies of others bob up for an instant in the trough of a wave. There seemed no place of wreckage big enough to support him. But he was a strong swimmer, and he kept afloat. He did not know in what direction he was swimming, he just swam.

Suddenly his feet struck something solid. He pushed back on it, and gave himself a forward spurt, but as he extended his feet backward again they touched that solid submerged something a second time. He rested his feet against it, and it seemed like a great smooth rock. But it was moving! It was coming up under him!

"The submarine that sank us!" This thought flashed into the swimmer's mind. Turning quickly in the water he saw already above the surface a pair of periscopes and the top of a conning tower with the sea water streaming down them as they rose.

He ceased swimming instantly, and braced his feet upon the slippery solid, which he knew now was the deck of the U-boat that had just sent his vessel and crew to the bottom. As it came up he came up with it. A few seconds more and the conning tower was out of the water and the decks afloat.

The eye of the Lieutenant was fixed upon little narrow trapdoor, expecting every instant to see it open and the head of the German commander emerge. He drew his Colt's automatic pistol from its case and poked it at the door. (The modern naval pistols are waterproof.)

Scarcely were the waves pouring off the glistening steel of the deck that was now above the surface than the door swung open and the face of a German officer appeared. The automatic pistol backed once, and the German lurched forward, springing into the air like a cat, the young British sailor seized the body of the enemy, that it might not be "drawn" back down the ladder and so make it possible to close the door and submerge again. He had aimed to kill and had made a bull's eye.

The body blocked the closing of the door. Still holding his pistol pointed toward the single exit, he squatted upon the shoulders of the



BEARS BIRTHMARK OF ZEPPELIN.

This child, born during an air raid over England, has the mark of a zeppelin on the left knee. The pouter is now thriving at the home which has been established at the Heritage School at Shalvey, in Sussex, for the sufferers from raid shock. The mother of the twin was a patient, but having recovered, is now a nurse. The picture shows the birthmark on the knee.

dead commander whose legs dangled down the ladder and might be pulled in by the crew below.

He waited for the second head to emerge. There were five shots still left in the magazine of his pistol and he planned that five more Germans should die. They must come up in single file. The doorway was so narrow that there was not room for more than one at a time.

He waited and waited, holding his pistol pointed through the open doorway that could not be closed because it was blocked by the body on which he sat.

Minutes passed. Still the second head did not appear. Would they rush him? Would they wait until he was too stiff with cold and wet to shoot straight? He thought of what the Germans below must be discussing. There were enough of them to overpower him if they could get at him. They could not know how many cartridges he had in reserve. They must know that the first five at least who came up would be killed. Were there five of them brave enough to commit suicide? For coming up the ladder would be sure death.

And still he waited. He expected they would rush him, and he was ready. But nothing happened. All that was now above the surface than the door swung open and the face of the man-made sea monster, Minute after minute passed. The Lieutenant was great and the Lieutenant lost all track of time. Motionless and wet, he began to feel numb. But his right hand holding the pistol never shook, and he never took his eye off the doorway.

After an interminable wait he became aware of a stream of smoke away from the doorway. For an instant he saw a British destroyer darting swiftly through the water and

coming in his direction. He stood up and waved his hand. A toot from the whistle informed him that he had been seen.

In a few minutes the destroyer was alongside. The Lieutenant, amid the cheers of the destroyer's crew, turned over to its commander the prize he had captured single handed, intact with all his crew save the one dead officer as prisoners. The Victoria Cross was his reward.

### SELFISHNESS OFTEN DISGUISED AS LOVE

Mohers Who Stand in the Way of the Advancement of Their Children.

Mother love is supposed to be the purest and most unselfish love in the world, but how often do you see a mother sacrificing her children to the pleasure she finds in their society. She may know that it is for their good to leave her, but she will not let them go.

No one of us but could point to a dozen old maids, eking out a bare existence at sewing or teaching or keeping boarders, living the barest and most forlorn of lives, who are the victims of selfish mothers who would not let them marry when they were young because their husbands would have taken them away.

And every village has its unsung martyr of a man, clerkling at a starvation wage, whose mother shut the door of opportunity in his face when he was a boy and she wept and begged him not to take the offer he had to do the thing he was born to do, in a wider field, far from home. And these mothers ruthlessly sacrificed their children on the altar of their own selfishness in the name of love.

The mother-in-law question which is the cause of more real misery and domestic unhappiness than anything else on earth, is nothing more less than the result of self-love, a man's mother is sure she adores her son. His wife is certain she worships her husband. Yet if the misguided man tries to put the two to living together they fight like cats and make his life unbearable because neither brother nor wife loves him enough to sacrifice her own little ways and opinions and get along with the other woman in order to make him happy and his home peaceful.

Jealousy is often excused on the ground that it is inspired by love. Some even go farther and say there can be no love without jealousy. That is true regards self-love, but real love knows no jealousy because it rejoices in the admiration that the one it loves excites, it triumphs in his or her triumphs, and it is made happy by whatever gives pleasure to its beloved.

Love a State of Action.

Real love has in it no room for mistrust or suspicion. It could not doubt its idol and still worship, and it is above the pettiness and greediness that would seek to monopolize every thought and interest of the one it loves. It is not true love, but self-love, that makes a man turn green-eyed if his wife shows frank pleasure in the society of some interesting man who happens to be at her

## SEEMED LIKE EVERY DAY WAS HER LAST

Mrs. Patterson Was on the Verge of Collapse—Takes Tanlac and Health is Restored.

"I believe in praising the bridge that carries you over, and that's the reason I'm always telling people about Tanlac, for it did more good to me than any other medicine I ever tried," said Mrs. Elizabeth Patterson, residing at 567 Richmond St. West, Toronto, recently.

"About three months ago I began to suffer from stomach trouble," she continued, "and it just seemed to go from bad to worse until I was alarmed over my condition. At first I lost all desire for food and could not swallow anything I tried to eat, then a heavy aching set in in my chest and seemed to spread over the region of my stomach and just below the heart. From daylight until dark I just went around in misery from this awful pain, and at times it grew so severe that I would almost fall on the floor, and would have to catch to the furniture and pull myself around. I was never down in bed with the trouble, but just kept dragging myself around the house unable to do anything, and feeling tired and worn out until it seemed like every day might be my last, and I was of the verge of collapse. I had tried several medicines and doctored but none of them did me a bit of good, so I finally decided to see if Tanlac would help me."

"Now I have never been much of a believer in patent medicines, but I can't wait anybody to know that Tanlac has relieved my troubles and has just done me a world of good. I haven't had an attack of stomach trouble since I finished my third bottle of Tanlac and I am feeling just fine in every way. The pains have left my side and stomach entirely and I'm getting stronger and better every day. That terrible aching through my chest and around my heart has disappeared. I have a splendid appetite now and enjoy everything I eat and it nourishes me and is building me up. I have the best reasons in the world for praising Tanlac, and I want others who suffer like I did, to know just this wonderful medicine will do."

Tanlac is sold in Brantford by Robertson Drug Store, in Paris by Apps Ltd., in Midway by Williams, in Middleport by Williams, in Orondaga by Neil McPhedden.

dinner party or that makes a wife go into hysterics if her husband dances twice with a pretty woman at a party.

No Love is not a state of feeling. It is a state of action. We are blasphemers when we talk of loving a person, yet do that person a more deadly wrong than hatred itself could invent. I know women who prate incessantly of their love for their husbands, but who are killing them with bad cooking, and harassing them into the grave with their extravagance.

I know men who make a great virtue of their absolute devotion to their wives, yet who never give them a penny to spend as they please. I know other men who, to gratify their own temper and spleen, say cruel and insulting things, when they profess to love, and who have never done one thing since they were married to make their wives happy.

Oh, there's plenty of love of the kind poets and romancers tell of—the love that takes itself out in fine, high sounding words, and sloppy

## EARTH AND SKY FULL OF SOUND

Vivid Description of Air Raid Over London, As Seen From a Height

Associated Press  
London, March 20.—The Manchester Guardian prints the following description of the recent air raid over London as seen from a height, by a correspondent:

"It was some time after the bursting of the maroons that the first sound of the attack was heard. It came from the north-east, a series of quiet, separate noises—plop—plop—plop—like porridge boiling. The firing died down and started again from the north in the same gentle way. Then it became quicker, and then died away in soft, flannelly noises.

"Suddenly the firing burst again to the north-west and also to the south, and some nearer guns began to bay. Then there was activity in the west, and we heard four or five harsh noises that we took to be bombs, accompanied by faster firing. The last movement was to the south and south-east, and the noise of the guns was near and loud, till the whole earth seemed full of barking and the skies of explosions.

"At the same time the unseen enemy, that had been bugging around our defences like mosquitoes round a net, tried again on the north. It was the last wrestle, and could not continue long. The enemy fell back and the firing died down until only a few distant guns were firing softly plop—plop—plop, like a sigh of relief. The raid was over."

### PUT CREAM IN NOSE AND STOP CATARRH

Tells How To Open Clogged Nostrils and End Head-Colds.

You feel fine in a few moments. Your cold in head or catarrh will be gone. Your clogged nostrils will open. The air passages of your head will clear and you can breathe freely. No more dullness, headache, sneezing, snuffling, mucous discharges or dryness; no struggling for breath at night.

Tell your druggist you want a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm. Apply a little of this fragrant, antiseptic cream in your nostrils, let it penetrate through every air passage of the head; soothe and heal the swollen, inflamed mucous membrane, and relief comes instantly. It is just what every cold and catarrh sufferer needs. Don't stay stuffed-up and miserable.

It is a state of action. We are blasphemers when we talk of loving a person, yet do that person a more deadly wrong than hatred itself could invent. I know women who prate incessantly of their love for their husbands, but who are killing them with bad cooking, and harassing them into the grave with their extravagance.

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Oh, there's plenty of love of the kind poets and romancers tell of—the love that takes itself out in fine, high sounding words, and sloppy

sentimentality; but of the real love that prefers another before itself there is very little.



## Capital Eyes!

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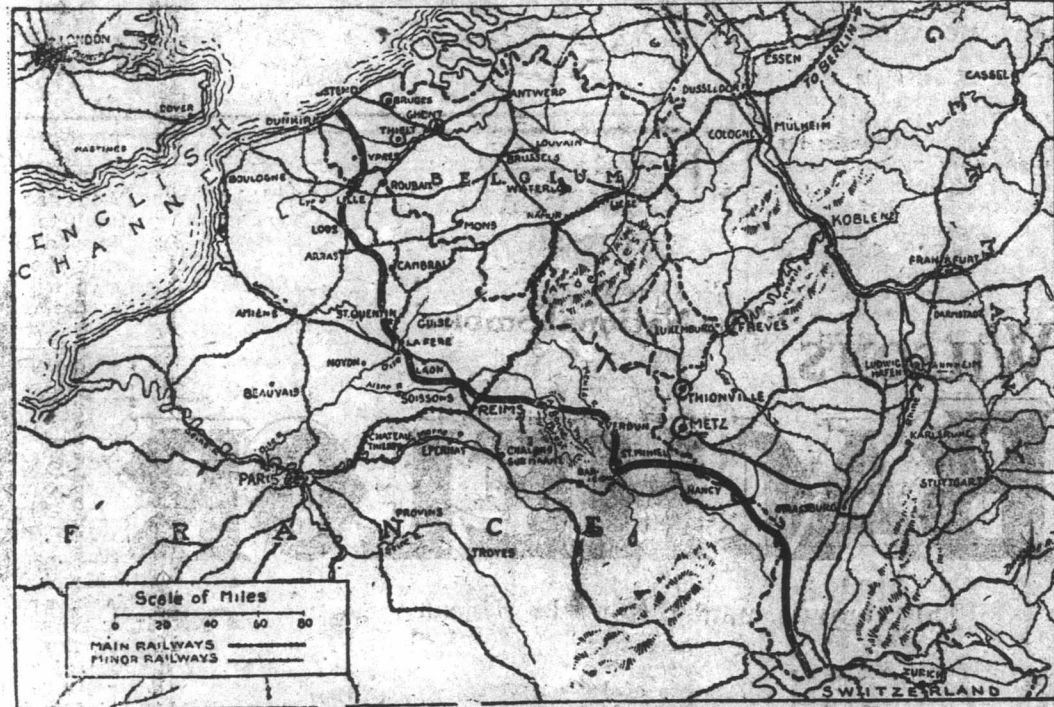
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WHERE ALLIED AIR RAIDS CENTRE.

The circles show the main objectives of the Allied air raiders. They divide into two groups. Those near the sea-coast of Belgium, not all of which are shown, where are the great airbases from which the raiders start for London, are attacked chiefly to check such raids. Those in the south, junction points of the vital railways on which the German armies depend, for food and munitions, are harassed to interfere with the supply of these armies.

Whatever happens, Pa'll be pleased

THAT SON-IN-LAW OF PA'S

--By Wellington

