

The Evening World Daily Magazine

THURSDAY, JUNE 20, 1918

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First American Submarine Had Trial Off U. S. Coast Where UBoats Sank Vessels

Survivors of German Submersibles' Attacks Cared For in Same Hospital at Lewes, Del., Where Injured Crew of Fulton, One an Austrian Naval Officer, Were Taken Sixteen Years Ago, When Explosion Ended First Sea Trial of Holland Boat.

Remsen Crawford, reporter who accompanied the Fulton on a tug, saw the accident and wired the first story to The Evening World, writes again to-day description of what happened.

By Remsen Crawford

WHEN we ran the first submarine boat out of New York Bay on an experimental trip, under the auspices of the United States Navy, just to see whether a submarine would ever be available for anything more than coast defense inside of an inner harbor, there were no comers to keep it a secret.

In fact, we had aboard a Lieutenant from the Austrian Navy, and the navies of England, Russia, Japan and France had been taking notice. The Fulton, a tiny little craft of the Holland type, and second only to the first of the flotilla which John P. Holland was striving to create for Uncle Sam, the first being the Holland, had already performed feats which had attracted the attention of the navies of the world. She had gone down to the bottom of the sea at New Suffolk, L. I., and remained all night. This had never been heard of before, though there had been submarine inventions since the days of David Bushnell, who had worked against enemy boats along this line in the days of Washington in the Hudson River.

It was purely an American idea. But, when we see that the idea is being worked against America to-day and that victims of German submarines are being cared for in the very hospital at Lewes, Del., where our first little craft went to grief and we cared for an Austrian Navy Lieutenant whom we had taken on the experimental trip, it can only be defined as the worst of mistakes on the part of our Government at the time, or the froxy of fate, or in the fable that tells of the snake that bit the farmer who had warmed him in his bosom.

The submarine flotilla of every nation on earth to-day gets its origin from the disaster which occurred to our little Fulton that morning while rounding Delaware Breakwater in a heavy sea with half a gale going. England bought five of them and has been perfecting the type ever since. France bought five, after having tried out several of her own inventions and casting them aside. Russia bought six and offered fabulous prices for the patent rights. Japan bought five. So that all the submarine boats in the world to-day have been improved from the Holland type which was immediately seized upon as the only type of the submarine warfare machine that offered a prospect of success.

Just at the break of day on April 23, 1902, our little crowd began to gather at one of the lonely piers in South Brooklyn. Of course, Capt. Frank Cable, Mate Harry Morrell and the gunner and other members of the crew were around the little fish-like craft, the Fulton, all night. She was a treasure then, coveted by the military and naval experts of the world. But, as daylight came we were all assembled and introductions were in order. There was Lieut. Arthur MacArthur of the United States Navy, who had charge of the experiment, and a son, by the way of Gen. MacArthur, then Governor General of the Philippines. Then there was Lieut. Oscar Kohlen of the Austrian Navy, and Lieut. C. P. Nelson of the United States Navy, and Charles Bechtold, gunner, who was to show the way a submarine can throw torpedoes in open sea—up to that time doubted the world around. There were others.

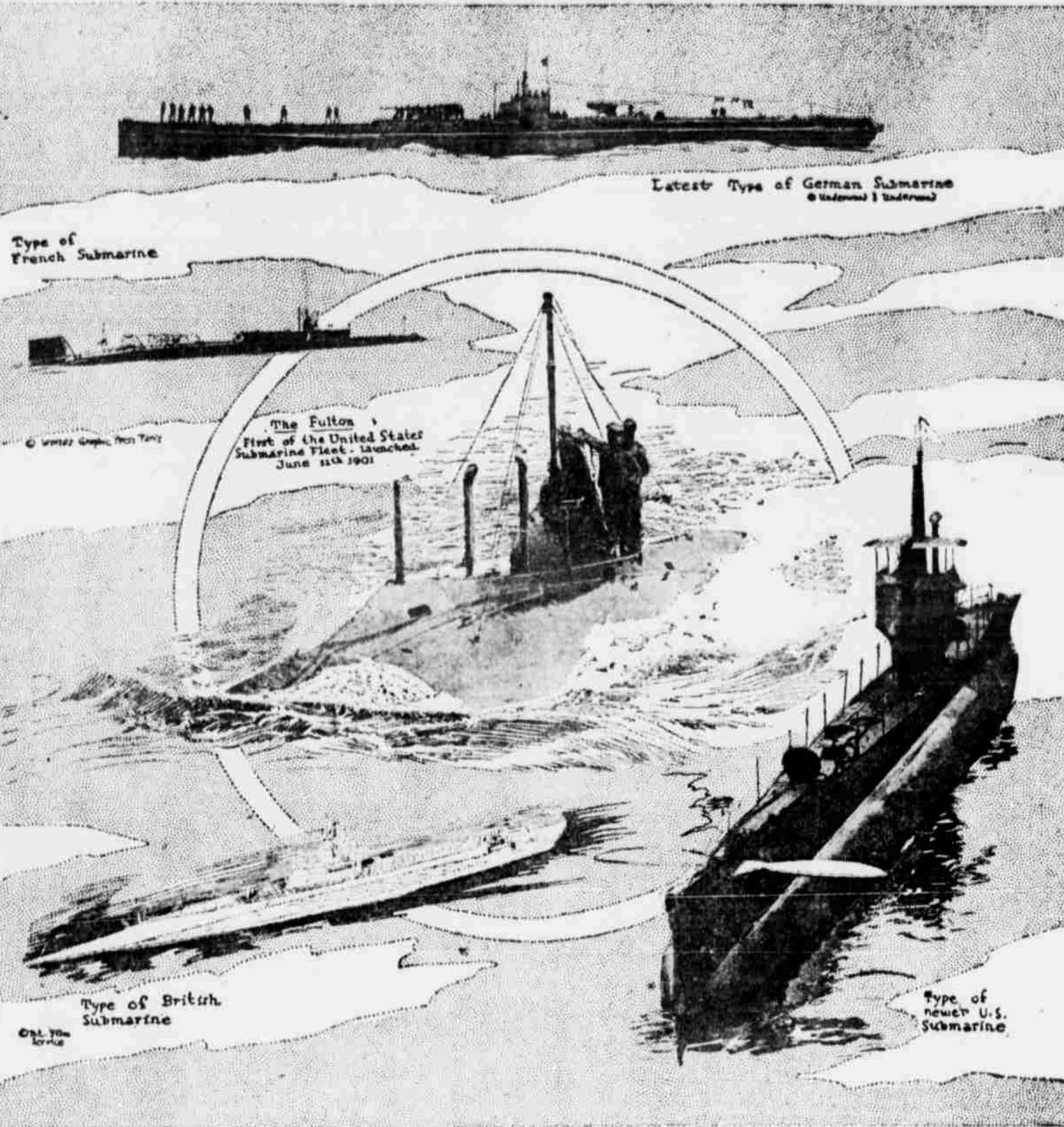
When we gathered in the cabin of the Storm King, a conveying yacht of the type King, for our daylight breakfast we were all hungry. I remember the fried eggs, the steward cooked and my amazement to behold the gastronomic feats of the Lieutenant from the Austrian Navy. I was a little bit amazed at my own performance, for fried eggs had never been a falling with me. I was then a reporter for The World. There is an old saying that reporters never sleep and actors never eat.

We got off before the first streaks of the sun had guided the riggings of the ships in Erie Basin. Not a scud there but understood well the significance of the trip. It was to determine whether a submarine boat could ever be sent to open sea and do defensive work outside of a land-locked harbor. Uncle Sam had found out that one could live and spend the night at the bottom of a harbor while a storm was raging in Peconic Bay, L. I., but nobody ever dreamed that a submarine would ever be able to tackle the briny deep.

Every nation doubted it at the time. Rear Admiral O'Neil of the United States Navy had even reported to Washington that the submarine would never be anything but a "wears-crow of the sea." Russia was a little bit dubious to the extent of offering \$500,000 for the Fulton and her patent rights, and, as I look back on it now, why was Lieut. Oscar Kohlen of the Austrian Navy, so inquisitive as to be present?

The Fulton, U. S. Navy's First Submarine

CONTRASTED WITH MODERN SUBMERSIBLES ALL DEVELOPED ALONG LINES THE FULTON PROVED PRACTICABLE SIXTEEN YEARS AGO.



A Letter From Sergeant Dick

Between Pains in the Vest (See Appendix, Paragraph 2) He's Doped Out a Fat Scheme—Lightning Rods for Those Tin Trench Opera Hats, and He's Glad He Lost His Appendix, as It Will Leave More Room for Medals, but Most of All He Yearns for a Pair of "Express Dice," Which Stop Only at "Seven" and "Eleven"—Those He's Operating Now Make Too Many Local Stops.

BY ARTHUR ("BUGS") BAER

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COMPANY "Z" SUPPLY TRAIN, NEWPORT NEWS, VA.

DEAR BUGS:

So far as the war is concerned, I am still out in the corridor. I have taken a vote among me and decided that Newport News should be changed to Bad News. I am just as far away from the front as the Kaiser's six sons. Put on a feed bag of that Chicago tinned meat and discovered that you can't keep a good ham down. Just escaped from the hospital after three weeks in the pajama cavalry.

The army surgeon is wearing my appendix for a watch charm. He cut through six suits of winter underwear and then sewed me up again. I had to sew the underwear myself. I have stitches in me like an American League baseball. Nothing to do here but think. I certainly am a ringer for Rodin's statuette of "The Thinker." The resemblance is spontaneous, especially as the statuette's skull is also made of marble.

If you are friendly with yourself, don't ever pack your vest with any of that Chicago bizzard table d'hote. If you do, you will run the triple clef scale of anguish from do to do. It defeated me. And I can eat anything if somebody else pays for it.

Chinese crew of a spurios versenkent boat are quarled here. Chinks are all right. Outside of the three-mile limit, they wouldn't shoot a friendly game of crap with me. Said they didn't understand the game, and when I told 'em I had no objections to that they still refused to rumber the old festive bones.

I want you to shoot me those old express dice you blundered me with last summer. The ones that only stopped at seven and eleven. The honest I operate with now make too many local stops. With a good set of express dice I can win Newport News in three shakes. Unless my dice show some profit soon I'm going to cut 'em open and

remove their appendices. Somebody must have fed 'em meat. The Chicago brand.

As I expect to leave this old country flat in a few weeks, I wish you would write to me. In English, if possible. I need something to act as a letter of introduction in Europe, and if I get ketchy by the Germans I will need a passport. Your letter will act as both. Anybody would have a helluifer time dopping it out. Ask the boss. He knows.

While riding the cot in the hospital I figured out a way to grab off some coin. Be a profiteer. It's stylish. Between pains in the vest I doped out some fat scheme. Why not lightning rods for those tin trench opera hats? There are three million iron derbies in the army now. And three million lightning rods would net me a profit of one billion bones. That would be enough money to win the war and have enough left over to start another one.

You know some guys down in Washington. If you can scatter some of your influence and have a bill passed compelling tin-hatted doughboys to wear lightning rods I will go fifty-fifty with you. I will collect the coin and give you half of the lightning we catch.

Hurry up, as I will soon start commuting between this neck of the woods and Europe. Remember me to the birds on The World. Glad that I lost my appendix, as I have more room for medals.

Don't forget. Yours till the Hudson runs uphill. DICK.

IT CURED HIM.

AN elderly man once consulted Sir William Gull, the eminent physician, about stomach complaints, but there was a formidable obstacle to diagnosis in the patient being deaf, says Tit-Bits.

"What do you have for dinner?" roared Sir William into his right ear.

"Oh, no," was the reply; "plenty of that—two miles regularly after breakfast and two miles before dinner."

"How long do you lie in bed in the morning?"

"Well, doctor, I shall be sixty-nine this day three weeks."

Without further parley the doctor gave him some simple prescription.

At the door the man turned round and, in the loud, rattling tones of one very deaf, called out: "Doctor, can you cure deafness?"

Sir William shook his head and made his lips express "No."

"I thought so. You've been very kind to me; therefore I make you welcome to this prescription" which he pulled from his pocket, adding: "It cured me."

Prophet Who Warned Kaiser 1918 Would Bring Danger, Foresees Victory of Allies

Prof. Zancig Ten Years Ago Told Wilhelm This Year Would See Him Hemmed In by Enemies, but Kaiser Started the War Just the Same!

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall

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TEN years ago he told the Kaiser that 1918 would be the most dangerous year of his (the Kaiser's) life—that he would be "hemmed about by enemies." Yet the Kaiser went right ahead and started the war. Now he is indeed "hemmed about by enemies," who are devoutly hoping that the rest of Prof. Julius Zancig's remarkable prophecy will come true and that the present year will be of all years most perilous to the House of Hohenzollern.

In the mean time Prof. Zancig, a blue-eyed, modest, simply mannered Dane, is proving every afternoon and evening at Luna Park, Coney Island, that the human poll is just so much window glass, through which he can look to read the thoughts inside. Or, putting it another way, he himself is the sensitive plate on which the thoughts of others make a photographic impression which he can see and read aloud.

It was in 1908 that he was commanded to visit the imperial palace at Potsdam. There he met the Kaiser himself, the Kaiserin, the Crown Prince and his young wife, Princess Cecilie. "Something came to me," he recalled yesterday, "and I told the Kaiser that the years 1916, 1917, 1918 would be the most dangerous in his life, particularly 1918. All about him I seemed to see people striking, striking at his throne, his power, even his life. I did not say, in so many words, that the danger would come in the form of war. When speaking to royalty it is not wise to be too frank. But I warned him of peril, and I warned the Crown Prince that his life would be in even greater danger."

"Were they pleased?" I asked. For I remembered four lings from a certain Indian ballad of Rudyard Kipling's. Like this they go: "Heart of my heart, is it meet or wise To warn a king of his enemies? We know what heaven or hell may bring. But no man knoweth the mind of the king."

"They didn't like it at all," smiled Prof. Zancig. "They sat up very stiff and wrinkled their foreheads and were very cold. But Crown Princess Cecilie giggled. She and the Crown Prince seemed like a pair of children at the time when I saw them. The Kaiser was an intensely dominant figure. I know I thought that even the officers of his own household didn't dare call their souls their own. When he said 'Come!' they came; when he said 'Go!' they went; if ruled by fear, not by love. If he ever slain, I see the killing done by one of his own countrymen, for they do not love him."

"I met King George and Queen Mary," he replied to another of my questions. "King George is much stiffer than his father, although he is absolutely under the thumb of his wife. And she certainly has the brains of the family."

Prof. Zancig refuses to pose as a 99 per cent. rain-or-shine prophet, but he says frankly that he has a very strong "impression" about the question which interests all of us just now: "I am convinced," he assured me, "that the war will end in February or March of 1920 and that the Allies will be victorious, thanks to the help of the Americans. The first decisive superiority will be gained by the Allies on the sea. I do not know how the land victory will come; maybe it will be due to troubles within the German Empire. That will be dismembered finally into many states and the power of the Hohenzollerns will be broken. But I think that the Kaiser will die a natural death—provided he is not slain by one of his own people."

Newest Flag on Allies' Front Ghost Banner of Old Poland

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A NEW flag has taken its place along the bastions of liberty where the battle clouds lower over the fields of France. A Paris despatch on Wednesday told of the first regiment of the new Polish division raised by patriots to fight the German hordes having received its battle flag from the hands of Allied commanders and faring forth to place the strength of its rifles in the dike to stem the Teutonic flood.

A new flag? Yes, new to this generation and to this century—odd twist of history—the golden lion rampant on a blood red field which loyal Poles carry into battle is the oldest national standard of any in the twenty-one flags of the nations leagued against the two Kaisers; older by several hundred years than the triple crosses of Britain and elder brother by centuries to our own Stars and Stripes.

The flag of Poland unfurled to the winds of France on Wednesday is a ghost banner come back from dead centuries to make vivid the dreams in the hearts of all loyal Poles. For the first time in 105 years it floated over the heads of armed men. During all those years, and for a long period before Napoleon made a pretense of restoring the ancient kingdom of Poland this rampant golden lion was proscribed by the laws of tyrants—to have it in possession was to court death.

This world war has brought to light many emblems of submerged peoples—the six-pointed star of David, hope of the Zionists for a re-established Jerusalem; the flag of the Czech-Slavs and the Albanians and even a new standard of a new Kingdom of Arabia. But to none of these attach the romance and the tragic cycle of hopes crushed and martyrs slain that cling about the revived battle standard of Poland.

The history of the rampant golden lion is the history of a great people who through their one single national weakness were cheated of a powerful place in the family of nations and brought low in subjection. What was once a great Slavic state in the heart of Europe, with borders stretching from the Danube River almost to the line of Berlin, and whose might threatened inferior Prussia and puny Russia, became a memory after 1795. This memory Napoleon cruelly revived when in 1809 he established the shadowy Grand Duchy of Warsaw, more

for his own purposes, and permitted a Polish Legion of fierce warriors help him fight his battles against the rest of Europe.

With the French Emperor's retreat from Moscow in 1812, even the shadow of Polish sovereignty passed forever and the rampant golden lion existed only in scrap and in the closets of patriots.

Poland first emerged from the shadows surrounding the great Slavic invasion of Europe as a mighty state in 1386, when Queen Hedwig became the bride of Jagiello, Grand Duke of Lithuania, and her spouse was elected King of united Poland and Lithuania. Here was a savagely warlike people who for years had been fighting the Teutonic Knights, a semi-religious body of brigands and professional soldiers, suddenly become the strongest people in northeast Europe.

By wars and more wars Poland waxed stronger during the centuries. She fought the Turks, she fought the Swedes, she fought the wild Russians of Muscovy until her shadow spread over all Europe.

But in the very turbulent and bellicose spirit of the Polish nobles lay the germ of the nation's undoing. They would not bend to authority at home any more than to the sword of the enemy. The loose knit republican form of government, which elected a king rather than suffer the accident of birth to fill the throne, could not command obedience from its subjects in times of stress. From 1572, when King Sigismund died, Poland began to slip into the shadow that finally engulfed her.

Frederick the Great of Prussia— forerunner of the present Wilhelm— and Catherine the Great of Russia were the arch-thieves elected by fate to commence the plundering of the great state which could not rule itself. In 1772 Russia took 1,636 square miles of Polish territory; Prussia gobbled a slice and to Austria was tossed the share of the spoils.

With cynical disregard of rights, the imperial ghouls attacked the body of Poland once more in 1793 and the unhappy country was reduced to one-third its original size. Under Kościuszko, who fought in our own Revolution, and other patriots, the remnant of Poland made a vain effort in 1794 to throw off the foreign yoke and in October, 1795, the third and last partition of the land was made. Warsaw, the ancient capital, fell before Russian guns; King Stanislaus Poniatowski was carried an exile to St. Petersburg, and Poland was no more.



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