

General Smuts' Plan for a League of Nations

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The Nation

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CAPT. M'CALL DIED

HERO, SAYS OFFICER

"Come On, Fellows, Give Them Hell," Were His Last Words

"Come on, fellows, give them hell!" These were the last words of Captain Howard C. McCall, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph E. McCall, 4201 Walnut street, who was killed on July 25 while far ahead of his company in the desperate advance south of Soissons, according to Lieutenant Douglas Byrd, of New York, who has just arrived from overseas.

Captain McCall led the charge, echelon formation, and went down before a avalanche of machine-gun bullets from guns hidden in the wheat field in front of his position, according to Lieutenant Byrd, who was the second lieutenant in the same company.

"We could not get to him at first," Lieutenant Byrd, who is a cousin of the late Cyrus E. Posa, secretary of former Mayor Blankenship, explained. "He lay out on the field mortally wounded until we had cleared the wheat field. Even if we could have reached him, though, it would not have saved his life, as the wound was fatal—right through the abdomen."

"He was a brave officer and was admired by his men, who followed him into the very jaws of death. We had many officers there south of Soissons who were hard to replace. The whole Fifty-ninth Infantry was hard hit in both officers and men."

"Captain McCall was killed in the morning attack and the loss later in the day was even worse than at the time of his death. The wheat field lay calm and serene before us until we started off again, F Company leading. Then the machine guns opened up, seeming to shear the tops from the wheat like a giant scythe. F Company was almost annihilated. The survivors came tumbling back into our ranks, and it was several hours before we could get straightened out and take up the attack again."

"Our division, the Fourth, was green when it started south of Soissons. It was a veteran unit when it was finally relieved in early August, south of the Vesle and west of Fismes. We had advanced to the bottom land on the south bank of the river with the Germans pounding us from the hills beyond. How the boys stuck there, I don't know. It seems an impossibility to look back on it now. I do know that when the Seventy-seventh relieved us we gave up the tank gladly."

FAVOR ROOSEVELT BOULEVARD

Oak Lane Residents Would Change Northeast Drive's Name

A resolution endorsing the changing of the name of the Northeast boulevard to the Roosevelt boulevard was sent to Councils yesterday by the Oak Lane Park Improvement Association. It was read in Select Council and then referred to the Fairmount Park Committee of Councils.

Hungary to Divide Lands

Basel, Switzerland, Feb. 7. — Count Karolyi, the President of Hungary, has informed his Cabinet that the division of lands shall commence as soon as the land reform act is published according to a dispatch from Vienna. The first land to be divided will be the estates of Count Karolyi at Heves.

ALLIES FIRED ON U. S. SUBMARINES

Undersea Fighters Also Forced to Dodge American Destroyers' Fire

A L-2 OFTEN IN PERIL

Lieutenant Umsted Describes Narrow Escapes From Destruction at Friendly Hands

[This is the second of a series of articles on the exploits of crews of American submarines in the war zone.]

How American submarines pursued themselves against the guns of Yankee destroyers and depth bombs blasted by the English in an interesting phase in the work of the undersea fighters.

In the long months of war service these tiny boats had many narrow escapes. That a part of the fleet was not sent to the bottom of the English Channel by American and British shells is due to the quickness of the sub commanders. The fleet is now at the Philadelphia Navy Yard.

"We had to prove our innocence," said Lieutenant Scott Umsted, of the A L-2, and were given such a short time to make out a case that we developed wonderful speed. German subs held no particular terror for us, but we tried to avoid such an ignominious end as being sunk by one of our own merchantmen or destroyed by a well-placed Yankee shell.

"It was difficult for the Allied naval staff to distinguish between a friendly and enemy submarine. When caught on the surface we fired a signal bomb that issued forth a colored smoke. The color was changed from day to day in order to prevent the Germans from using this signal scheme. But firing a bomb was a task that had to be accomplished in big time, for the destroyers and other surface patrol boats had no chance. They blazed away at us and many times came very near the mark."

Lieutenant Umsted, the Wilkes-Barre, Pa., man who served on the A L-2, prior to joining the A L-3, told today of a few hair-raising experiences.

"The submarine," said the youthful officer, "is the sea rat of the navy. As an effective weapon of offense it has no peer and because of its ability to play the game of hide and seek it is the most hated craft in the world. Blue-jackets are courageous men and willing to fight, but the submarine does not permit itself to engage in anything that resembles a fair fight. It sneaks upon its victim, lets go a torpedo and then crawls into that great hole under the surface of the sea."

"Is it any wonder that the navy men on surface ships eliminate the rules of fair play when fighting one of these monsters of the deep?"

"On the night of June 5 last we were cruising off the mouth of the English Channel. The sea was not heavy, but a thick mist prevailed and created a condition that was not to our liking. Suddenly a ship loomed on our starboard beam and before we could fire a signal bomb he had brought one of his bow guns into action. It proved to be an American destroyer and without doubt they are the best gun handlers in the world. That chap sent a shell directly over us. We let go a signal bomb, but in the thick mist the search on the destroyer failed to distinguish it. He sent a second shot over us, but again missed. Down went our hatch and down went the A L-2 to a safe depth."

Element of Luck Enters Game

That it was easy for U-boats to hit merchant ships was emphasized by Lieutenant Umsted. To illustrate how the element of luck enters into the sub-

marino game he told the following story:

"Although our position was known to the 'Willie' navy men, it was not easy to avoid them, for merchant and troopships under naval convoy do not hold to schedules. Often we would find ourselves within range of navy guns, and to avoid destruction we usually submerged. It was safer to duck than to be hit and then have a naval court of inquiry fix the blame for our sinking."

"One night late in July we were cruising near Bishop's Rock and found ourselves in the midst of thick fog. They were being convoyed through the submarine zone. Think of what an opportunity a German boat would have had! Luckily we were friendly, but rather than take chances with a signal bomb we ducked under the surface."

Pennsylvania supplied a great number of men for this dangerous service, and among these were many officers, recent graduates of the Naval Academy, who had specialized in submarine work. One of these men, Lieutenant Commander P. M. Huntington, had an interesting experience against a German U-boat. He was commander of the A L-3, and was being escorted by one of the enemy boats. The story of the encounter is told by Lieutenant Commander T. R. Thompson, of Detroit, Mich., and now commander of the vessel.

Bloodless Battle Full of Thrills

"It was a bloodless battle," says Commander Thompson, "but gave us a thousand thrills. Our ship was on a similar mission, and after a minute's study I discovered that it was a German U-boat in the disguise of a trawler. A sail was up and served to camouflage the submarine so perfectly that it had fooled me. Just as I made my discovery the German discovered that a Yankee sub was after him. To fire a torpedo we had to turn in order to have our bow pointed toward him. The German sensed our move when we attempted to turn, and he also started to go down, and before we could bring our torpedo to bear he was under. We went down and after a few minutes the surface we stopped our motors. Through listening devices we could hear his motors, and when we made out his course we were compelled to make frequent stops, and these stops enabled the German to gain on us, and eventually escape. It was our purpose to ram him, but we were unable to do so."

Secret of German U-Boat Revealed

The following story told by "Commander" Thompson illustrates the hazards attached to submarine service and why the German crews revolted.

"In the closing days of the war," began the officer, "we had some close calls. One I recall very vividly. It occurred one night late in October when we started for our base in Bantay Bay. I was on the watch at the time, and Percy Roderick, of Portland, Me., was with me. Just ahead of us we made out the outlines of a long craft. We took it for a German sub and made ready for an attack. I ordered a splash and, in an instant the chthon was sounded. Roderick slipped down the conning tower and I after him, but Roderick's coat caught on a butterfly nut that protruded from the steel plates. Much to my horror, I found that he was jammed tight in the conning tower and it was impossible for me to close the hatch. In a few seconds the boat would be under the surface with an open hatch and all would be lost. It didn't take long to solve the problem. I took a firm grip on my signal rifle and just jammed Roderick through that tower. It was hard work and Roderick had a real German attack, but we went through and the hatch was closed."

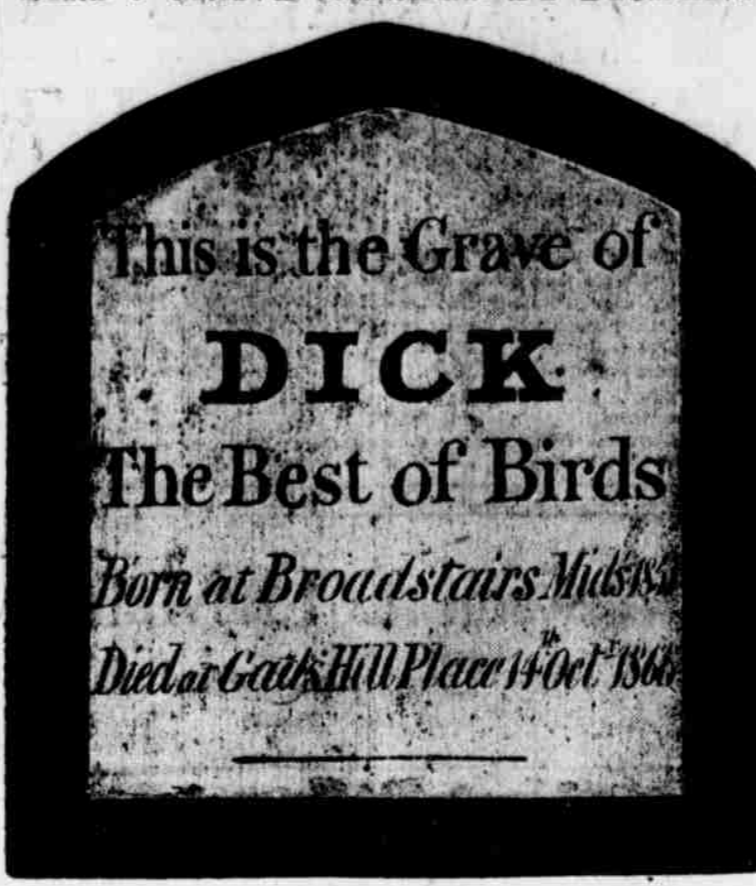
Roderick was carrying the sextant box and as he fell to the deck it fell from his grasp. Unfortunately, the box struck Lieutenant D. R. Lee, and when I landed on the deck blood was streaming down his face.

"But we didn't have long to think of this difficulty, for in an instant there was a terrific explosion that shook the boat. Then there was a second that seemed a bit closer. We figured them out as shells and rose to the surface. When our conning tower was out of water I lifted the hatch and appeared through the opening. In one hand was Old Glory and in the other my signal gun. A third shell had exploded and fragments struck the tower. The craft proved to be a British trawler. When the shipper discovered our identity, he sent over a signal. 'Did we do you any harm?' We flashed back, 'No, thank you,' and proceeded on our way."

Life aboard a submarine in the war zone proved such a tax on the mental and physical energies of the men that they were unable to remain on patrol more than eight days.

"I do not wonder that the German crews revolted," said Commander Thompson when discussing life in an undersea craft. "To begin with," said the officer, "the quarters are so cramped that it is impossible for a man to live anything like a normal life. Add to the physical discomforts the mental strain, and one can appreciate that this branch of the service is not a rest cure."

BIRD'S GRAVE MARKED BY DICKENS



Charles Dickens placed an inscription over the grave of little bird "Dick, the best of birds," his daughter's pet. There is now a wooden tombstone over the grave. The original stone is in possession of Charles Sessler, of this city. The stone was given Mr. Sessler in 1913 by the famous novelist's daughter, Mrs. Kate Perugini.

"JACK" SPROUL TO STUDY LAW

Son of Governor Registers as Student at Penn

Lieutenant "Jack" Touch Sproul has registered as a student at the University of Pennsylvania Law School. He will begin his legal studies next week. The son of the Governor was gassed and wounded in France while serving with a machine-gun company of the Fourth Infantry, a regular army unit. He was a student at Swarthmore College, class of 1917, but left before graduation to attend the Fort Niagara camp. He received his degree with his class. While at Swarthmore he was a baseball and basketball player of skill. In 1916 he was captain of the Little Quakers' basketball quintet.

Lieutenant Sproul is the second war hero to enter the Penn Law School, the other being Lieutenant O. J. Graham, a third-year student, who was gassed and wounded in the Argonne forest while fighting with the 216th Infantry.

INJURY NOT DEATH CAUSE, Compensation Claim Resulting From Blow on Head Disallowed

Harrisburg, Feb. 5.—The State Compensation Board yesterday refused compensation in the claim of Berry versus Victor Coal Mining Co. (Cocombany, holding that a blow on the head was not sufficient to cause death from a hemorrhage five days later. The board granted new hearings in Tolson versus Reading Coal and Iron Company, Pottsville; Flais versus McKnight, Pittsburgh; Covello versus Turner Concrete Steel Company, Philadelphia; Murray versus Otis Elevator Company, Philadelphia; Sealish versus McConway & Torley Company, Pittsburgh.

DICKENS ANNIVERSARY IS CELEBRATED TODAY

Philadelphian Has Stone Novelist Placed on Pet Bird's Grave

The man who wept over the woes of the Little Nells and Oliver of this world and placed an inscription over the grave of "Dick, the best of birds," his daughter's pet, would surely have warmed all through his great loving heart at the victory won for humanity by the war.

It is for this reason that the 10th anniversary of Charles Dickens' birth is being celebrated today by Dickens lovers with greater inspiration than ever before.

F. Hopkinson Smith in his "Dickens' London" mentions his visit to the grave of Dick in the following words: "One of the men on the grounds of Gad's Hill showed me the grave in which the 'best of birds' lies buried, Dick, who passed away at Gad's Hill Place October 14, 1868. There is now a wooden tombstone over it about as large as a shingle. It might have been made of one, and a bed of panicles lend their fragrance."

This "shingle" is a copy of the original stone now in the possession of Charles Sessler, of this city. The copy was placed over the grave by Charles Dickens, Jr. The original was given Mr. Sessler in 1913 on a visit he paid to his old friend Mrs. Kate Perugini, the

famous novelist's daughter "Katie," as he always called her.

The following letter of authenticity accompanied Mrs. Perugini's gift:

July 23, 1913, 32 Victoria road, Kensington, West.

Dear Mr. Sessler: In accordance with the promise I made, I write to tell you the history of the little tombstone I gave you, which has on it a short inscription composed by my father, and which was placed by him over the grave of my sister's little bird Dick in the garden of Gad's Hill Place. When we left Gad's Hill after my father's death my sister "Mamie" brought away with her the little tombstone, and after her death it came into my possession.

Meanwhile my oldest brother, Charles had gone to live at Gad's Hill with his family. Wishing that everything there should be as it was in his father's lifetime he had a copy made of the tombstone and placed it where the original now in your possession, once stood.

Hoping that you will find satisfaction in the story and particular account, and with very best regards to Mrs. Sessler and your son, I beg to remain, Very sincerely yours,

KATE PERUGINI.

See Katie Dickens, daughter of Charles Dickens.

I will send this statement to my aunt to sign after signing it myself. The inscription reads: This is the Grave of Dick, the Best of Birds. Born at Broadstairs, Midsex.

1881. Died at Gad's Hill Place 14th Oct., 1868.

The Dickens Fellowship will give dinner tonight at 8 o'clock in the Adelphi Hotel. In the absence in Florida of Judge John M. Patterson, president of the branch in this city, Thomas O'Connell will preside. Charles Sessler is an honorary president. Speakers will be former Governor Miles Delaware; John Grubel and the Rev. Joseph M. Corriean, of Overbrook Seminary.

PAUL CRET HOME SOON

Architect Expected to Return to University in March

Paul Cret, noted architect who fought with the French army from the beginning of the war until the armistice was signed, is expected back at the University of Pennsylvania, where he was professor of architecture, some time next month.

Professor Cret was discharged from the French army in January. The Croix de Guerre was conferred upon him for exceptional service.

In a letter to Dr. Warren P. Laird, head of the architectural school, Professor Cret writes:

"After accompanying the First Division in Lorraine, at Cantigny, on the offensive of July 18, at the St. Mihiel affair, north of Verdun, and on the triumphal march to Coblenz, I had finally to leave the American army, my age placing me among those to be set free this month. I received a letter of thanks from the general, and the Croix de guerre from the French command."

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