

# NEED PATRIOTISM TO END THE WAR

"Wake Up, America!" Should Be Slogan of People of United States.

## TEXAS AVIATOR IN WARNING

Depreciate Patronizing Air of Some Americans New to War—Boasts Offered Friends in France, Who Understand.

Austin, Tex.—Sergt. H. Clyde Balsley is the first Texan to return from France as a hero of the flying service of the Lafayette Escadrille, of which he is a member. Young Balsley's home is in San Antonio, and he is a former student of the University of Texas. He came to Austin a few days ago upon invitation from his old-time friends in the university to relate his experiences. He is home on convalescent leave, having just recovered from wounds received when attacked by a flock of German airmen. He fell with his machine from a height of 12,000 feet to an altitude of 2,000 feet, when he managed to right his airplane and land safely behind the French lines. He spent three years in the flying service.

**Patriotism Must Be Aroused.**  
"Wake up, America!" should be the slogan of the people of the United States, Sergeant Balsley said while here. "It is so terribly necessary—and right now—that the whole country be filled with patriotism. It must feel that on it, and it alone, rests the outcome of this war. Until that time I do not believe America's best efforts can be put forth. For while no one, I think, would want to take one iota of cheerfulness or happiness away from our soldiers, still we who are at the front—the allies and the French—feel that Americans are too cocksure—too full of braggadocio. Confidence is all right, but a man who does not measure the enemy's resistance and take into account that he is fighting to the death, may stand to lose vast odds just because of his shortsightedness."

Balsley spoke of bombing Germany with American airplanes.  
"Of course, it will take time. From the French viewpoint it will be 1919 before Americans can really go in in great forces, because she must get her planes built and transported, and it takes time, time, time. We really think that in 1918 America will only be able to take charge of some sections of the front, and that it will be two years before she can really make herself felt in the real struggle."

Of German atrocities, Balsley would not speak.  
"I feel as though I never want to shake hands with one of them again," he declared. "In the whole world there is only one I regard highly, and he is in San Antonio; and because I felt he was so different I have hunted him up. But only those who have actually known the meanness and cruelty of their methods 'over there' can understand what a terrible thing their disregard of every principle of right means."

Balsley has many souvenirs of the war—several bayonets, a cap taken from a German prisoner, some shells, a German artillery belt, etc. In a worn bit of cloth he carries the shell which, bursting, shattered his thigh.  
"The nurse gave it to me after the operation," he explained.

In enlarging upon the American attitude as viewed from the foreign standpoint Balsley went into details.

## KICKS BOMB OUT OF WAY

New York Carpenter's Curiosity Gets Better of Him and He Returns to Investigate.

New York.—Salvatore Nuccio, a carpenter, stumbled over something when he went home the other night, kicked it out of the way and entered his room.

When his curiosity got the better of him he went out in the hall and struck a match. The "something" was an 8-inch bomb.  
It had failed to explode because the fuse had been wound too tightly.

## ONE LOOK IS SUFFICIENT

Court Rules It Saves Pedestrian From Liability for Contributory Negligence.

Olympia, Wash.—One look up and down the street is sufficient to save the pedestrian from liability for contributory negligence if he gets hit by a jitney or other vehicle, which he did not see in crossing the street, according to a ruling of the state supreme court in confirming a judgment for \$250 against Oscar Peterson, a jitney driver, in favor of John Redick. The driver appealed on the ground that Redick had not used proper caution in crossing the street.

## Lad in the Rank.

Waco, Tex.—Carl M. Palmer, twelve years old, of Sunfield, Mich., is believed to be Uncle Sam's youngest soldier. Carl enlisted last summer, claiming his age as eighteen. The boy's sister disclosed his age when she visited camp, and upon hearing praise from Capt. Hogarth, said "And just think, he's only twelve years old!"

"I speak of American braggadocio as I have seen it in France and in Paris and as I have seen it from the French angle. So many of the boys who have gone over have more or less adopted the attitude of 'Well, we're sorry for you Frenchies, but you don't know how to fight. Now that we've come over we'll show you a thing or two.' Of course we that have been born and reared in America understand that attitude. War is so new to this great peaceful country that even after these years of the

# GERMAN PRISON BLIGHT IS HINTED

360 British Released From Ruhleben by Exchange Have "Barbed Wire Fever."

## 'PALL OVER ENTIRE COUNTRY'

Report Few Trains Running, Stations Deserted, Smoke From Few Chimneys—Fuel Shortage in Germany Acute.

London.—All England has been stirred by the return of 360 soldiers and civilian prisoners of war from Ruhleben, Germany, some of whom are fishermen who were surprised by the Germans in the North sea immediately after the declaration of war, and had therefore been prisoners almost from the first day of hostilities.

It is not because of the stories they tell, for their lips have been sealed so far as their own sufferings are concerned by order of the government. The remark of one of the civilians to an old friend who met the party—"We are fairly all right, but we have all got barbed-wire fever"—is said to contain the whole story. Englishmen know what that means, and there is nowhere any desire to reverse the government's order.

**Symptoms of Barbed-Wire Fever.**  
"Barbed-wire fever is the nervous strain that is telling with increasing force—especially in the case of the older men, who cannot take so much exercise—upon the hundreds of men who have spent over three years on that unhappy course," says the Manchester Guardian.

"They were bitterly disappointed that the attempt of our government to abolish Ruhleben altogether by an exchange, however it might advantage

struggle it is impossible for us to realize how big a thing and how terrible a thing we are up against. We are like a big overgrown boy trusting to his large muscle and cheerfulness against a prize fighter whose methods he knows absolutely nothing about, and therefore he cannot know how strenuous an adversary he has to underestimate his strength and to patronize others who seek to caution him against the fighter. The French do not understand this at all and are inclined to resent it. This, to my mind, is one of the unfortunate facts so far as our 'going over,' and I believe our officials when they come to realize, will try to eradicate the spirit and put us on more of a 'comradeship' basis towards those who have suffered so much and whom we have gone out to help."

the Germans, came to nothing, and many of the repatriated men are convinced that there may be an increase of mental cases if Ruhleben continues much longer. You could see the marks of nervous excitement on many of the faces, and probably the reaction from being set free will be felt severely by the men of more sensitive minds."

From a few of the civilian prisoners something of the condition of affairs in Germany was learned—illustrations supporting the general impression, according to the Daily Telegraph, "that the war has entirely changed the conditions of life in the enemy country, which has ceased altogether to display that air of cheerful prosperity which characterized the Germany of peace days."

Germany, it was said, presented the appearance of a country "under a blight."

## Germany Under Blight.

"I was very much struck when traveling through the country," said one of the men, "with the dead look of everything. Even in one of the great towns through which we passed there seemed to be little going on, and the railway stations were almost entirely deserted. On the line between Spanlau and Hannover we did not see a single passenger train, and the goods traffic appeared to be quite negligible. The fields were devoid of cattle, and on the whole journey I saw less than a score of sheep."

Other men with observant eyes had come to the conclusion that the fuel shortage in Germany must be acute, because though the weather was bitterly cold smoke could rarely be seen issuing from chimneys. Another thing that struck them was the extent to which women are doing work on the railways. They were seen acting as firemen on locomotives and as plate layers.

## PHOTOGRAPHING ENEMY TRENCHES FROM AIR



The effectiveness of our gunfire depends greatly upon the observations of our airmen who photograph the enemy's lines. The airplane grafex shows the simple yet efficient manner by which these snaps are taken.

## FAITH IN RED CROSS

Confidence of Wounded Tribute to Organization.

Discharged Veteran Tells of Heroic Devotion to Duty While Under Fire.

Chicago.—"What could any army do without the Red Cross?" asks Sergt. Ronald Kingsley, late of the Fifty-eighth Canadian infantry, who is a veteran of the French front permanently discharged because of injuries received in battle.

Sergeant Kingsley answers his own question.

"I think that probably the greatest tribute that can be paid to the Red Cross is the confidence of the wounded man. He feels that no matter how badly wounded he may be, if once he gets to the Red Cross man his life is safe."

"I witnessed an incident during the battle of the Somme which I shall never forget. A Red Cross officer and four stretcher bearers came to the sup-

port trenches for some wounded men. The officer raised a Red Cross flag in plain view of the Germans and with his men began to dress the wounds and finally to put the soldiers on stretchers. As they walked off the Germans deliberately fired on the party and the officer went down. He got up and started again, but was hit a second time and did not get up.

"Almost at the same time we heard a salvo of German three-inch shells, which wounded all the stretcher-bearers and the wounded soldiers received new wounds. Yet, in spite of this, another Red Cross party that same day went out and brought in wounded men. Need one say anything more? I think not."

The work of the Red Cross on the battlefield goes on night and day. Invariably the men and the ambulances are in range of enemy guns. Devotion to duty characterizes the Red Cross workers and the American boys are stimulated by this assurance.

Toronto firms turned out 7,000 pounds of oleomargarine a day, and cannot supply the demand. It sells at 32 cents a pound.

# HEARD and SEEN at the CAPITAL

## His Last Pair Went the Way of All Eyeglasses

WASHINGTON.—Now that spring seems on the way, I am put in mind of something that happened to a certain popular young employee of a certain indispensable government department. These happenings occurred last spring, so if you feel the call of the wild sun, remember these lines, and beware.

Look well to your eyeglasses, spectacled readers. You should worry if eyeglasses and spectacles are not exactly the same—it's the same family.

The birds were singing last spring; the sun was warm; all nature was indulging in harmony. The government employee rounded up a party of friends, one of whom owned a launch, and the crowd went down the river for an outing. The employee of Uncle Sam took with him four pairs of eyeglasses, as they were to stay down river several days, and eyeglasses are easily broken.

During the days that ensued three pairs of glasses were broken, until he had gotten down to his last pair.

One evening the party took a trip in an automobile. On the way back later, through some mismanagement, the car went over in the ditch and its contents spilled into the road.

Nobody was hurt, but the government employee had that last pair of glasses knocked off his nose.

They searched the road, but were unable to find the aids to vision. The man had the notion that they had fallen on the grass, and were unbroken.

He clung to this hope after they had returned to the launch.

"Jim," he told the colored man-of-all-work, "tomorrow morning early you go back up the road to where we had that spill last night and see if you can't find my glasses."

"The next morning, when the government employee awoke, he recalled his glasses, and wondered if Jim had gone after them.

"I can see him now," he said. "Now he is coming down the road, now he is looking in the grass—ah! there they are."

Jim had got ahead of him, however, for no sooner had he thought this than that early bird Jim hove in sight at the head of the ladder running down into the cabin.

"I found 'em, I found 'em!" shouted Jim, holding the glasses aloft in triumph.

Then Jim slipped and broke the glasses into a thousand bits.

## One Answer to the Question That Is Universal

HE WAS a youngish man with friendly eyes, and he had stopped short in his swinging stride to greet a plainish woman old enough to be his ma. Having shaken hands as if they meant all that a handshake stands for, the woman, with the freedom of kindly association, started the talk:

"What have you been doing with yourself all this time? I hope you are going to tell me that you have found the best wife ever."

"No, still sticking to my hobby—everybody ought to have a hobby. I prefer dogs, myself, because they are honest and loyal, but I also have gone in for—"

"Dogs are all right, but you are too fine a chap not to marry and settle down. Your natural environment is the home, and you should have one."

"Marriage is generally a matter of settling up."

"You can't fool me with a cheap cynicism like that. I know you too well—and while a hobby is fine—"

"I ought to give it up and be a hubby? Not much! My income isn't in the limousine class, and even in the spring my fancy doesn't run to human fashion plates—though I've got a tremendous liking for my women friends, understand. As I was saying, I've gone in lately for shells. A shell gives you a live interest in the water it comes from. Got an abalone last night from a friend who sat in a glass-bottom boat on Carmel bay, while he watched a Jap cut it from the rocks 20 feet under the blue. And when I get through in France—oh, yes, shells of another sort. Been in the medical corps for a year now—I'm going to travel all over creation hunting for specimens. Ever study 'he colors of a shell. Just to give you an idea—"

Which is just one answer, girls, dear, to the universal questionaire: Why bachelors?

## Rather Took the Wind Out of Matthews' Sails

BOB MATTHEWS, one of Billy Sunday's piano artists, told the following story on himself: He says that he always wanted to "get something on" Rodeheaver, his coworker, but that "Rody" was pretty hard to beat, and that he never got a chance to crow over the latter until lately.

Bob was out in Kentucky, and while there was made an elder in his home-town church. "At last," he thought, "I've got something on Rody. He's not an elder in any church."

When Bob met Rodeheaver next time he told him about his becoming an elder.

He looked at "Rody" to see how impressed he was, and found he wasn't impressed a bit. "You don't seem very much impressed with the fact that I am an elder," said Matthews.

"Oh, it's fine, of course," replied "Rody," "but it reminds me of a colored man I used to know."

"This fellow was a chicken-stealing, good-for-nothing darkey. But one day he announced to the owner of the plantation that he had been elected an elder by his comrades."

"You an elder?" cried the owner. "Why, you chicken-stealing, good-for-nothing Sam! How did they come to make you an elder?"

"Well, boss, it was dis way," explained Sam. "De rough el'ment in de church des riz up in dey might an' say, 'We wants representation.'"

## Prominent Capital Women Enjoy "Camp Breakfast"

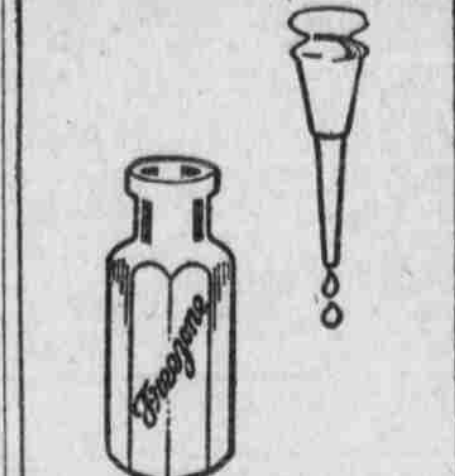
THERE was a decided slump in frills and furbelows apparent recently at the Congressional club when that famous organization had its annual breakfast for the club membership, says a correspondent of Women's Wear.

Three hundred women, wives, daughters and sisters of senators and representatives in congress, past and present, of cabinet ministers and others in high official station, were present at a trench breakfast. The "feast" was served with the same utensils and in precisely the same manner as "chow" is dished up in army camps and cantonments or in the trenches. The menu, too, was identical with that Uncle Sam provides for the men in khaki. The official women of Washington got a "taste" of war provender, each woman carrying her "food pan" got her portion dished up to her as her turn came in the long line which wound about the "chow wagons" to be served before she made her way to the long tables upon which were stretched a width of white dillcloth, and practically nothing else. A glass of water marked each "cover."

It was exclusively a woman's party, nevertheless the speakers' table presented a very martial picture with Miss Mabel C. Boardman, commanding general of the National Red Cross Lay Service, in full uniform, flanked by Mrs. Alan Dawson, wife of a one-time minister to Spain, her full dress uniform as a lieutenant in the Red Cross Motor Ambulance service, and a third officer in her remarkably becoming uniform of a Red Cross commander in the refreshment division.

## YOU'LL LAUGH! DOESN'T HURT TO LIFT CORNS OUT

Magic! Costs few cents! Just drop a little Freezone on that touchy corn, instantly it stops aching, then you lift the bothersome corn off with the fingers. Truly! No humbug!



Try Freezone! Your druggist sells a tiny bottle for a few cents, sufficient to rid your feet of every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and calluses, without one particle of pain, soreness or irritation. Freezone is the mysterious ether discovery of a noted Cincinnati genius. Great!

**Soldiers to Learn Cooking.**  
Mrs. William Jay, Mrs. Iselin, Mrs. Alfred Anson and Mrs. C. B. Mitchell of New York city announce that there is a great need for cooks for the navy and army and that a fund of \$60,000 is necessary. The New York cooking school, of which these women are officers, aims to teach the men how to cook with variety, cleanliness and thrift.

## Strength Gave Out

Mrs. Schmitt Was Miserable From Kidney Trouble Until Doan's Came to Her Assistance. Now Well.

"My kidneys gave out during the change of life," says Mrs. Margaret Schmitt, 63 Alabama Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. "My back ached and pained as if it were broken. When I moved in bed, sharp, darting pains caught me across my back and I couldn't turn. Mornings I was stiff and sore and it felt as if heavy weights were tied to me. I was so worn-out, I often came near falling from dizziness and flashes of fire would come before my eyes, blinding me."

"I had the most severe headaches and my kidneys didn't act regularly. The secretions passed too often and caused much distress. I was hardly able to do my housework and just to walk upstairs took all my strength."

"As soon as I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills, I improved and six boxes put me in better health than I had enjoyed for years."

Mrs. Schmitt gave the foregoing statement in 1914 and on April 5, 1917, she said: "My cure has been permanent. I keep Doan's on hand, however, and take a few doses occasionally."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60¢ a Box  
**DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS**  
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

## How Telephone Equipment Prices Have Increased

Here are a few figures showing the advance in prices of telephone equipment during the last three years:

Glass insulators—from \$19.07 to \$25.00 per 100.

Iron telephone wire—from \$3.70 to \$8.25 per 100 pounds.

Copper telephone wire—from \$25.00 to \$68.00 per mile.

Telephone poles—from 36 to 57 per cent depending upon kind and size.

These are a few of the items selected from more than 600 articles used in the telephone business.

The steadily increasing cost of telephone materials is a problem which is daily becoming more serious for the telephone companies.

