

GERMANS SHOOT DOWN 6 BALLOONS

Twelve Observers in One Day Trust to Parachutes in Leaps for Life.

PERIL IN BURNING GAS BAGS

Flames Likely to Overtake the Descending Observers—Many Narrow Escapes From Death—One Relates Experiences.

Behind the British Lines in France.—Leaps for life from burning observation balloons when attacked by German airplanes were described by observers of the British Royal Flying Corps to an Associated Press correspondent when he visited one of their camps behind the lines a few days ago.

A balloon ascent at the front is never a light undertaking, and on one day recently when the correspondent visited a station in a fairly inactive part of the line six balloons containing 12 men were shot down by German airplanes, all within sight of one another.

One of the 12 officers who were compelled to reach terra firma by the parachute route told the story of his trip.

"We were perched at 3,500 feet," he said, "and had been up only half an hour when a column of smoke two miles southward attracted our notice. 'There goes No. 16,' said my observer. 'Two white flecks floating earthward told us that the two passengers of the balloon had got clear in time. Just then two similar specks appeared suddenly from under, another balloon warning us that the Boche was out for a wholesale killing this time. Six more white specks now appeared, and, since it was evident that the entire line was being attacked, I gave the order to haul down.

Sudden Attack by Airplane.

"At 1,000 feet, I ordered the winch stopped. No more balloons had been attacked, and although ours was now the only one up, I could see British fighting planes ascending from the aerodromes behind us to chase away the enemy. So I decided to venture up again. We ascended to 3,000 feet this time, and soon were at work again.

"Then suddenly something happened. It happened swiftly as in a dream. We didn't even see the German Albatross approaching, but our ground officer and his scouts gave us the alarm just a second or two before the hawk was on us. I heard my observer, at the telephone, say suddenly, 'What's that? Stand by! Good Heavens!' Then he turned calmly to me and said with a smile, 'Sorry, old man, we must get out at once.' He helped me over the side first.

"I dropped and heard a 'wump' as the parachute left its case. This was the last sensation I attempted to analyze as I fell like a stone for 300 feet. I saw the balloon shoot violently upward, and then my view was blotted out by a large white umbrella which suddenly appeared above my head, and I realized that the parachute had opened. I didn't look down, as I felt my body awaying easily in the breeze. The roar above told me that the Albatross

had done its work and the balloon was afire. You cannot, of course, maneuver a parachute, and there is always the possibility of the burning balloon overtaking you and burning your only means of escape.

"But before I reached the ground I saw far in front the Albatross crashing to earth minus a wing. She had been hit by a cluster of anti-aircraft shells.

"The next thing I knew was that I was lying in the middle of a plowed field, while a short distance off I saw my observer coming across toward me.

Narrow Escape From Death.

All 12 of the officers of the wrecked balloons escaped safely on this occasion. They are not always so fortunate. At this same station a few days before an officer was shot and killed when dropping in his parachute. His balloon had been set afire by a German airplane, and, as usual, he and his companion took to their parachutes. They had hardly got clear of the balloon when the attacking air-

plane swooped down on them, as the officer gun in full play. One of the officers was killed, and, although the other escaped, his parachute was torn by a bullet.

The balloon commander told the story of an officer who had gone up alone and whose balloon was shelled when flying at 4,000 feet. On these occasions it is dangerous to haul down, for the position of the winch is thereby given away to the enemy gunners. At last, after a cloud of shrapnel smoke had appeared almost under the basket and no response came down the telephone wire to inquiries as to whether everything was all right, the ground officer gave the order to haul down. Ten minutes later the car touched the ground, and the observer was found lying at the bottom of the basket, unconscious but unhurt. It was a bad case of shell shock, from which the officer was several months in recovering.

A few days ago, at a nearby station, a balloon suddenly caught fire, for no apparent reason. The two observers tried to escape in their parachutes, but the blazing balloon overtook them, and they were killed. Theories as to the cause of the disaster were numerous, but the one most generally accepted was that the balloon had been fired by an electric spark from a thunder cloud.

WORK OF CENSORS FULL OF THRILLS

Women of England Find in It a Most Attractive and Lucrative Profession.

HELP DRAW NET ON SPIES

System is Perfect; One Marvels How German Secret Agent Can Slip Through, but Slip Through He Does.

London.—The latest and, to a woman, the most attractive profession is that of postal censor. To the well-educated woman in her service, the postal censorship offers opportunities for advancement not to be found elsewhere. The pay ranges from \$7.25 a week while learning, rising by increments of \$1 to \$15 a week, the maximum for an examiner, with additional war bonus. There are at least fifty women earning more than \$1,000 a year, supervising thirty or forty examiners each. They have all risen from the ranks.

Now they hold the proud title of D. A. C. (Deputy Assistant Censor), to which they have been elevated not so much for their languages as for their general capacity. One girl of nineteen, engaged two years ago as a typist at \$5 a week, rose to \$15 within six months. Another, beginning at \$10, drew \$20 within eight weeks.

Yet the plainest of the deputy chief censor is that "we cannot get enough of the right kind of women to be censors." The latter is the executive head of that vast machine, created mainly for restrictive measures, which yet feeds with valuable information not merely the war office, of which it

now forms an integral part, but the admiralty, the foreign office with its off-shoots, the propaganda department, contraband committee, and on which the whole of our blockade activities are based.

Is there enough of the right kind of woman anywhere? The right kind of woman has many avenues open to her. Some offer service in France—adventure, romance, the making of history, the glamor of the uniform and a chance of honor and glory. But the woman censor, catch spies though she may, gets but little limelight.

Heroines in Bureau.

There are women in the censorship today with three or more years service who are not least among the heroines of war. They work in secret and in silence, behind closed doors, and their successes are hidden. They will not even tell their friends where they work, let alone what they do. Although the women examiners of mails number some 2,000, against some 500 male examiners, there has been little mention of the women. The recent decision of the authorities to remove some of the secrecy which shrouds the woman censor will lead the right women to apply for the work, though naturally there will be no disclosure which can possibly be of use to the enemy, and the discipline habit of calling everything confidential will continue.

The necessary qualifications are not merely languages, and what they do is not just to read other people's dull letters, as seems the general impression; it is much more interesting than that. There are women there who know no tongue but their own; they have been chosen for their judgment and their unquestionable discretion besides their education and general knowledge. One would emphasize the value of judgment and the opportunities for exercising it; it is a question of weighing up facts and coming to wise and reasonable decisions the whole time. To women with a happy blend of imagination and common sense the work is absorbing, at times thrilling.

It is an experience and an education, a privilege to be part of this wonderful mechanism, even as the humblest cog in its wheel of progress; to observe the details of its construction and to watch it expand week by week.

Censor Tightens Net.

For as the war widens the censor thwarts his net still further overseas tightening it until one marvels how the German secret agent can slip through its manifold meshes. Slip through them he does, and that is why the country needs her daughters to help to outwit him.

In the women's army or navy the average pay of officers is \$625 to \$875, with free quarters. They must leave their homes, and to the woman who is settled in London this is a difficulty. But if the London dweller has not the robust health that enables her all day to stand on her feet, though she can do a good day's work "on her head," if her family falters at the thought of France let her come forward to the censorship and stay in England. Here, as an ordinary censor or examiner of mails, she will have responsibility, with scope for individuality and the great chance of bringing a spy to book by her keenness in drawing close the net.

ROAD BUILDING

TO MAINTAIN GRAVEL ROADS

Never Hard and Smooth Enough to Prevent Immediate Rutting by Wheels of Wagons.

Gravel roads are never hard and smooth enough when opened to travel to prevent almost immediate rutting by the wheels of heavily loaded wagons. In fact, a gravel which contains enough clay to pack immediately under the roller or in a few days under travel will always prove to give a muddy road when the frost is going out in the spring and during prolonged wet spells at other seasons of the year. If such gravels are found on a road they can be greatly improved by covering the surface with a thin layer of sandy gravel, applied when the road is soft and allowed to mix under travel, the road being kept smooth by the frequent use of the road drag.

On any gravel road, dragging with a suitable road drag should begin after the first good rain following the completion of the road and be continued after each subsequent rain until the



Well-Kept Gravel Road.

road surface becomes so hard and smooth that heavily loaded wagons make no impression on the surface. But dragging must be frequent the first fall until winter sets in and the following spring until the middle of May or the first of June. After that the dragging will not be very effective, unless the rains are of long enough duration to soften the surface slightly, and may therefore be less frequent. But dragging will be found very effective and efficient in the late fall and in the spring when the frost is coming out and before the gravel is fully settled.

MUST MAINTAIN GOOD ROADS

Too Much Money Spent for Construction and Too Little for Proper Maintenance.

In many a county in the South the condition of the roads is the same as those which the editor of the Clinton Democrat describes as existing in his county. He says:

"We can't survive the impression that we have wasted a lot of money; that we have built a lot of roads that have gone back to their former condition, from neglect; that we have burdened our posterity with a debt that has proved to be a rather bad investment. We have burdened our children with the bonds that will be mighty hard to pay, and we will have to answer for a great deal, if for their \$150,000 we leave them a legacy of mud-holes, a heritage of sand and water. One of the main defects in our present program, we think, is the fact that we are spending all of our money on construction and are not taking proper thought for the maintenance of the roads."—The Progressive Farmer.

TO MAINTAIN CONCRETE ROAD

Observe Same Rules of Drainage as Apply for Earth Roads—New Surface for Concrete.

The maintenance of concrete roads consists of observing the rules of drainage as for earth roads, and in filling with tar any cracks that may develop. Nothing can be done for the surface when it begins to deteriorate and break down. It will serve as a base for some of the higher types of bituminous surface, and after the concrete has served its usefulness it should be resurfaced with a bituminous wearing surface.

Every State After Funds.

Every state in the Union accepted the terms of the federal road act and applied for the funds thus made available.

Prevent Foundering Horse.

Never water or grain a horse that is much heated—to do this is likely to "founder" and so ruin him.

Favor Wide-Tired Trucks.

Wide-tired trucks for farm hauling are gaining in favor among those who have put them in use.

NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

Capital City Full of Uniforms Without Glitter

WASHINGTON.—Washington, in a few central respects, must in these days remind a Civil war veteran of the time when the capital swarmed with the soldiers of the Union. There were certainly never more generals and admirals on the streets in 1861-65 than there are today, writes "Nomad" in the Boston Transcript. Uniforms are as numerous on Connecticut avenue as civilian suits. The atmosphere of the place is military. But the Civil war veteran, suddenly dropped down in Washington now, would not know the city for a war city nevertheless. This drab dress, this intensely neutral cloth, would not represent soldiering to him at all. It would seem to betoken some sort of custodianship at a club or a public institution. Not a sword at a man's side—not a gun on a man's shoulder! Gold lace conspicuous by its absence—from soldiers, though to be sure, the admirals are still permitted to wear it. All the people bustling madly about like a lot of bank messengers or parcel boys, intent upon nothing but business. Instead of soldiers bivouacked on vacant lots, as in the Civil war, Washington is full of great barracklike, temporary buildings, mostly made of some kind of stucco, though some are of wood, within which hundreds of women are writing in a whirling fashion on typewriters. Mixed up with these women are men in these drab suits, either superintending or interfering with their operations. This war, so far as the casual visitor at Washington can observe, is being fought by a woman with a typewriter.

All the space that was occupied during the Civil war by the war department and all its officers, clerks and servants would scarcely suffice today for one of the numerous bureaus of the department which were entirely undiscovered in 1865. And consider that in 1861-65 the typewriter did not exist, and that every letter, order, memorandum, record and reference was written by hand!

There are times when argument is so much language gone to waste, and this seemed to be one of the times, besides: The woman who had backed Angelo knew that the patron of sand art was visioning with memory-eyes, some dabber under the board walk, who was doing fat angels and things to the fall of nickels, while she leaned over the railing with a companion who had kept loving step with her womanhood until they came to a cemetery gate. Then she began to recall past pictures.

Here's one: A blue sea billowing into a beach, with two soldiers drawing straight lines on the sand to let the waves know how far they may roll in. His Royal Foolishness, inside the lines, sits in his throne chair to see that the sea obeys his orders, and while he does it the breakers crash in—and in—and in; over the lines, up to the throne chair—as if any Canute that ever lived can hope to own a world that belongs to the people thereof—

Here's a better one: A park in Syracuse, with Archimedes on a bench drawing mathematical circles in the sand. You can see that the Roman invader rushing toward him is about to cut him down, and that Archimedes knows it. But there are more important things to be considered.

"Don't spoil the circle!"

You can hear his warning cry as his blood soaks into the sand, but you know that Archimedes did not die, because he is living now. And will keep on living so long as there is an earth and men on it, with stars above and water beneath, and—

This is the best one of all:

Another place of sand—with a white-robed figure stooping to write a sentence—

Patron of Sand Art Reminds of Other Pictures

THERE is one woman in this town for whom Michael Angelo lived in vain. You couldn't call it a personal grudge, seeing she had never heard tell of him until another woman happened to say things about his art—and at that, all she did was to claim that no painter ever made better pictures than the ones she saw on the beach at Atlantic City.

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Changes Wrought in Washington by the War

PENNSYLVANIA avenue used to be a stately thoroughfare on which you could promenade nonchalantly from the capitol to the White House, viewing at leisure the massive government buildings, the souvenirs in the curio shops, the marble statuary and the creeping trolleys. It still has the same old shooting galleries, and the "rooms for 50 cents," and the hand-painted Martha Washington china plates and the miniature Washington monuments with thermometers attached, in the shop windows, but Pennsylvania today is an Appian way along which surges constantly a continual stream of ebullient, energetic, endless humanity and vehicles. Potomac park used to be a place where you could ride dreamily along in your open barouche on a Sunday afternoon with an occasional nod to a passing cabinet officer or congressman; now it is a North sea, where on a splendid spring Sabbath is mobilized a fleet of allied "Joy wagons" that strive constantly for the sane privilege of pursuing the even tenor of their way unmolested.

If the city of Washington is ever threatened by an unexpected invasion, as was Paris in the early days of the war, the secretary of war has only to commandeer the motorists in the District of Columbia as Gallieni mobilized the taxicabs of Paris, and he can rush up troops enough from Camp Meade and Camp Meigs and marines from Quantico, Va., to save the day.

What She Thought About the Early Spring Hat

SHE looked as if she had stepped out of a fashion sheet into the car. Being a sunshiny day with chill streaks in it, she had combined a fur coat that rippled down to boot tops with gray kid with a hat of glazed gray straw guarded in front by a steel grill cut in the shape of a sword. But you can't always tell what sort of impression you are going to make on the everyday human mind. Two passengers—good-hearted, double-chinned daughters of the people—seated across, considering Madam Fashion Sheet from the viewpoint of wearers of tabby black velvet hats bought last fall to wear until warm springtime—and maybe after. The one who was pony-skinned whispered admiring astonishment, but the other, coated in a weave that began somewhere in New England as Persian lamb, voiced criticism with a loudness that showed for excellent lungs.

"Well, sir, before I'd wear a light straw hat on a cold day like this, with a fur coat like that, I'd stay home. Don't look worried over it, neither."

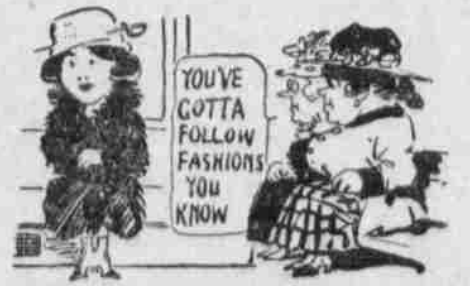
"Well, it's the fashion—an' you gotta follow fashion if you got the sponges—everybody does. I think it's kinder stylish, myself. Must be cold to the head, though."

"I should say so. You don't hatter wear straw hats before Easter just because the stores put 'em in the windows. A woman with all them clothes oughta sure have some scraps home to make herself a warm hat for winter like this. Before I'd come out in a summer hat like that on a day like this I'd cut off a piece of my coat and make me a turban—you can get any shape you want for ten cents."

"My gracious, woman, you wouldn't ruin a dandy coat like that, would you? That coat cost money—and look at Daisy Blankers. She had on a white straw hat at the movies the other night."

"She's nothin' to go by—the poor coot—only gettin' five a week and wearin' yell'r shoes almost up to her knee j'ints! That woman looks as if she made good money—but all I gotta say is she don't show sense to match."

But she did have more to say, only—enough is always enough.



POILUS HURRYING TO THE FRONT



A French portraitee on a narrow gauge railway carrying a load of Poilus to the front lines in the Somme sector.

GIVE BOMBS TO TOTS

Soldier Tells of Inhuman Acts Practiced by Boches.

Deadly Missiles Disguised as Toys and Set to Explode at Certain Time.

Chicago.—The thrilling story of his experiences against the Huns in France was told by Sergt. Christopher Jones of the Royal British Field Artillery, in the psychopathic court here.

Three times he was wounded and five times he went through the horrors of being gassed "over there." He has been doing duty at the British recruiting office here since his discharge in 1917. He still carries a piece of shrapnel in his skull, received at the Battle of Ypres, when for five days he lay in a shell hole, without food or drink, until a hospital dog rescued him.

Jones was in the fighting at Albert when that city was attacked and the cathedral destroyed.

"That was where the Boches gave bombs to the children, bombs painted like toys and set to explode in a few minutes," said Jones. "The poor kids, they never had a chance. Yes, I saw some of these explosions. And I saw old women given the bayonet.

"We charged them, but our officers wouldn't let us kill them. We had to take them prisoners when they hollered 'Kamerad.'

"When I was captured the Boches threw me into a 40-foot pit with a lot of other prisoners. They told me I could get out if I worked in the munition factories. I told them to go to h—, and stayed in the pit.

"One night two of us overpowered a guard, climbed upon the rope which they used to let water down to us, and escaped. We went through woods and swam rivers until we got to the sea. We got on a fishing boat and woke up on the coast of France."

Lean Sharks Busy in Army.

Camp Sheridan, Montgomery, Ala.—In an order from the war department officers are warned to keep a sharp lookout for lean sharks, many of whom have been reported operating in Na-

THE RED SACRAMENT

By Amelia Josephine Burr of the Vigilantes.

A comrade's blood had stained their ration red;

The very wine of life was in their bread

And yet on that grim sacrament they fed

And rose up strengthened to fulfill the task

The dead man left undone.

O God, we ask

That we by sorrow may be doubly strong

To fight thy war against imperial wrong

Until the dragon—or ourselves—be dead.

Our home, our birthplace, our native land.—Southey.