

NIGHT BOMBING RAID DESCRIBED

Giant Machine Makes Successful Attack on German Railway Depot.

EXPERIENCE IS THRILLING

High Above Enemy Barrage and Searchlights Plane Wings Way in Darkness Till Lights of Objective Form Target.

By CAPT. PAUL BEWSHER.

London.—The observer settled himself beside the pilot in the big bombing machine. On either side the engines roared thunderously. The signal was given and the machine moved forward, turned into the wind and rushed across the grass into the dim night.

It climbed swiftly in wide circles, and below could be seen the dim countryside where a few scattered lights twinkled. Far to the right lay a winding river, like a thread of silver ribbon. Beside the silver ribbon, nearly 200 miles away, lay the German town which formed this night's objective.

In front of the two airmen glowed the phosphorescent dials of the recording instruments. Soon they registered sufficient height for the machine to turn toward the fighting line, up and down which great white star shells were rising, to hang suspended for a few moments before fading out into the darkness.

The wing-lights were switched off, the lines were crossed, and friendly territory left further and further behind.

Far ahead the glare of many blast furnaces could be seen, and above them the long, white fingers of German searchlights swept restlessly to and fro.

We flew on steadily, vainly sought by the searchlights and unscathed by the fierce barrage of shells which burst thickly far below them.

Over Enemy Territory.

Soon the first barrier of defense was passed, and for a long time we flew over miles upon miles of enemy territory, over dimly lit towns and sleeping fields and villages. We passed a big city lying on the bank of the river. We could see the bridges, black across the band of silver, and over the city swept three long searchlights. Still we flew on, leaving the city far behind. On either side the engines roared steadily. Behind us hung in readiness the yellow bombs.

When we had been flying over German territory for more than two hours we saw ahead of us on the river the lights of another big city. This was our objective, and at once the machine swept round toward it.

The observer crawled into the back seat, lying face down, opened the sliding door in the floor of the machine. Below him lay a square of moonlit country on which he could see a little scattered village and the edge of a forest. And then the twisting river came into his view. He leaned his head out of the hole and saw the black mass of the town a little ahead of the machine.

Already he had noticed the dark line of the railway running into the city. The pilot steered the machine round by the observer's directions, so that it might follow the railway, and so find surely the great railway junction that was to be the target for his bombs.

Two searchlights had now sprung up, and here and there in the sky burst a few random shells. He could see the puffs of smoke, white in the moonlight, drift beneath him.

Hit Railway Junction.

We ignored the searchlights and flew steadily on with engines roaring. The big city twinkling with hundreds of carefully shaded lights lay spread now below the observer's peephole. The fore-and-aft bar of the bomb sight drew near the station and touched it. The observer's hand reached out to the bomb release lever at his side.

The luminous range bars crossed the edge of the junction. He pushed the lever head over, drew it back and pushed it over again and again. Below he could see for a moment the fat cylinders spinning down toward the railway junction.

He climbed up beside the pilot and told him to turn. The searchlights erratically swept to and fro with every suggestion of panic, fear or lack of skill. The airmen laughed at them and, sweeping round, started on the long homeward journey.

The observer was looking down intently to the black triangular mass of the railway junction, with its crowded sidings. A great spurt of red flame leaped up at its edge as the first bomb exploded. Then another followed it, right in the junction. Then another, and yet another. The fifth caused a tremendous explosion, followed by blinding white flames—acres of it. Clearly an ammunition train had been hit.

Then the others burst, one after another, leaving the railway junction shrouded in a mighty smoke through which the red light of a growing fire glared dully.

Did He Really Mean It? Mount Vernon, N. Y.—A sign in front of a local theater reads: "To Hell With the Kaiser and Big Vaudeville Acts."

RED CROSS UNIFORM



The canteen uniform of the American Red Cross consists of an all-enveloping apron of Liberty blue linen with collar and cuffs of white lawn, and a veil and cap of Liberty blue tulle with a narrow edge of white lawn at the edge.—From Nurses' Outfitting Association.

GIVES UP LUXURIES

Canada Goes Limit to Help Win War.

People Refuse to Spend Money for Anything Except Patriotic Funds.

Vancouver, B. C.—Here are a few signs showing what Canada is doing to help win the war by conservation in civilian life.

The biggest result has been prohibition. The Dominion is dry as the Sahara.

The consumption of candy has been cut 50 per cent.

Picture shows and theaters have shrunk in number to a marked degree.

You can travel from the Atlantic to the Pacific and never see a piano, a phonograph, violin or other musical instrument offered for sale. Everyone is wearing his old clothes.

"Why should we buy luxuries and music when our defenders need bread and the Red Cross is begging for mercy funds?" the Canadian reasons.

Travel is falling off. The summer tourist is becoming rare. One of the largest resorts in the Canadian Rockies has an average of only 30 guests, with more than twice as many servants and 500 rooms.

A street sweeper would be put in the zoo. He's nearly an extinct animal. You'll find him unloading ships and working in mines. And a water wagon—it's in the has-been class.

Canadians are chiefly concerned with getting enough to eat and wear.

War's influence is everywhere. Three of the buffalo kept by the government at Banff Springs broke off diplomatic relations and destroyed each other in a vicious battle of horns.

HALF SALARY GOES TO WAR

Candidate for Prosecuting Attorney at Seattle Makes Unusual Promise.

Seattle, Wash.—Thomas D. Page, who is a candidate on the Republican ticket for the nomination of prosecuting attorney of this county, makes the unusual promise that if elected he will devote at least one-half of his salary to war purposes.

Page says he will give \$1,000 of his salary to the Red Cross, the Young Men's Christian association, the Knights of Columbus and the Salvation army, divided equally. He also promises to invest \$2,000 in Thrift stamps, so that at least the salary for one-half his term will be devoted to the war.

ADVISE EATING OF SPUDS

Washington Centenarian Declares Irish Potatoes Secret of Long Life.

Seattle, Wash.—Eat lots of Irish potatoes; that's the secret of long life, according to Mrs. Penelope Thomas of this city, who has just celebrated her one hundredth birthday anniversary. She continues to eat potatoes three times a day.

Mrs. Thomas was born in Nova Scotia in 1818 of Quaker parentage from Connecticut, and her family returned to Boston when she was young. She came to Seattle ten years ago.

MONASTERIES HIGH IN AIR

Greek Religious Buildings Constructed in the Fourteenth Century, Are Difficult of Access.

Perched lightly on the dizzy summits of the cliffs of Meteora are the monasteries of the air. They are simple buildings, these old Greek monasteries, austere and unadorned, and if they are not literally resting on air certainly they are as far as is practicable from the earth and its influences.

To reach the monasteries it seems as if an airplane would be needed, for they are built each on a separate rock several hundred feet high. The cliff sides rise in perpendicular steepness, which would baffle the most daring of mountain climbers. Only when the cliffs are nearly approached can the tiny ladders and ropes which bind the peaks to the valley be seen. The old monasteries were built, they tell us, in the fourteenth century, yet no substitute for the medieval method of ascent has ever been made. Convenience and comfort are not sought by the monks, and tourists like the novelty of climbing the frail swinging ladder or of being hauled up in a jolting cage propelled by a rope.

Some of the seven monasteries may not be visited by the public; the halls and altars of the others are open to the inspection of those who will risk their necks for the privilege of the sight. Once, the monks say, there were over twenty of these monasteries among the clouds, but the fate of all but the seven is hidden in mystery and their very existence is doubtful.—Chicago Daily News.

HAD BEGINNING IN ROMANCE

Pretty Legendary Story Concerning Tea That Dates Some 2,000 Years Before Christ.

The Chinese claim to be the first users of tea as a drink, and how it originated is told in a pretty little legend that dates back 2,000 years before the coming of Christ.

A daughter of a then reigning sovereign fell in love with a young nobleman, whose inferior birth excluded him from marrying her. They managed to exchange glances, and he occasionally gathered a few blossoms and had them conveyed to her.

One day in the palace garden the lovers met, and the young man endeavored to give her a few flowers; but so keen was the watchfulness of her attendants that all she could grasp was a little twig with green leaves.

On reaching her room she put the twig in water, and toward evening she drank the water in which the twig had been kept. So agreeable was the taste that she even ate the leaves and the stalks. Every day afterward she had bunches of the tea tree brought to her, which she treated in the same way.

Imitation being the sincerest form of flattery, the ladies of the court tried the experiment, and with such pleasing results that the custom spread throughout the kingdom, and the great Chinese tea industry became one of the greatest businesses in the world.

Imperfect Shooting Laws.

We have federal laws protecting migratory birds during certain periods, and the government has established many reservations for them. But the laws of our various states are conflicting and confusion often results, to the detriment of the birds.

No better illustration of this can be found than with the robin. In the North it is protected all the year around as a songster. It flies to the North early in the spring and is looked after and cared for until late in the fall. It then goes South, where several of the states allow it to be killed, and it is actually sold in the open markets of a number of Southern cities.

But the general attitude of the people toward birds is changing for the better in all the states, South included. We are coming to understand them—North and South—and with better understanding there comes greater encouragement.—Pennsylvania Grit.

Little-Known Chinese Race.

Down in the extreme south of China, in the eastern outposts of the Himalayas, lies the little-known province of Yunnan. The natives of Yunnan are exceptionally interesting, writes Roy Chapman Andrews in Asia.

There are about thirty non-Chinese tribes in the province, some of which, such as the Shans, Mosos and Lolos, represent the aboriginal inhabitants of China.

The Mosos formerly ruled all of northern Yunnan. At present they are scattered in remote districts where white men seldom penetrate. They are a simple, honest and delightful people, primitive and pastoral. They are looked down upon by the Chinese as barbarians. The invariable Moso costume is a brown felt cloak and close-fitting cap.

Differences in Coast Lines.

The line of the Atlantic coast is largely of mud and sand, and has very little elevation. On the other hand, the Pacific coast line of Washington, Oregon and California is almost entirely rocky and precipitous. While the Atlantic and Gulf coasts are dotted with numerous harbors where ships may seek safety in time of storm, very different conditions exist on the Pacific, where there are few harbors, and these at long intervals.

A LUCKY FIND

By HELEN PAGE ROSSITER

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Daniel Grove stepped up to the window of the bank paying teller, presented a twenty-dollar bank note and asked for change. The bank man hesitated, held the note up to the light, pushed it under a stamping machine and passed it back to the astonished Daniel bearing across its face in big staring letters the ominous word "Counterfeit."

"Why, see here!" began Daniel. "Phoney, that's all," interrupted the teller. "Know who you got it from?" "Neither his name nor address. Know him by sight only," replied Daniel.

"Tell your story to the secret service office. You'll find them interested," and Daniel located the office in question and was directed to a keen-eyed man, who scanned the discredited bank note closely, consulted with two others and said:

"You wouldn't have brought this bill here if you wasn't square. Now then, tell us all about it."

"I've been out of work, was waiting around a garage for extra chauffeur work," narrated Daniel, "and a call came when the regulars were busy. I went as directed to a certain corner. Three men got in. One of them carried a suitcase. The others had fishing outfits. The man with the suitcase sat in front with me and did the directing. I must have run 60 miles when he ordered a halt. It was along a road I don't know that I could find again, for it ran through the middle of a wooded stretch. He gave me the regular tariff out and return. Then he eyed me curiously. 'Forget us and this trip,' he said, 'and that's for yourself.' That was the twenty-dollar bill."

"Yes, this is the twenty-dollar bill, and the most dangerous counterfeit ever put on the market," asserted the secret service man. "Do you want a regular job?"

"It's what I've been looking for."

"Very well, you think you would know the man who sat on the front seat of the auto with you if you met him again?"

"I feel pretty sure."

"Take a month to find him. Take another month and try to locate the spot where you left him. It's three dollars a day for you and as many thousand if you round him up."

Daniel Grove, all-around office utility man out of steady work for two months, experienced a certain fascinating zest in doing detective work. "Probably found out we've spotted their issue—planted the plates on that trip," and other enlightening expressions Daniel had caught from the secret service men.

It was a good many days later, after prodigious tramping and guess-work, that Daniel located a spot which he believed was the one where he had left the three strangers.

Using it as a base, for over two weeks Daniel traversed his neighborhood. At the end of a month he made a final report, and was allowed to resign his position as an amateur detective. Then Daniel resolved to devote his time to any kind of rural work that came along.

One day passing over a rustic bridge spanning a brook, his peevish nature responded to the attractiveness of a bright-faced, supple-limbed girl driving a cow down a foot-path. He lapsed to him in the natural friendliness of ruralite ways. He asked her about the prospects of work in the neighborhood, and Doris Lake informed him that her father needed a helper.

It was a joy to the lonely young fellow to live in the same atmosphere of pleasant ways and homelike comfort with the Lakes. One evening as he and Doris wandered by the brookside he chanced to pass an old hut Daniel had not noticed before.

"I made quite a little money taking milk and vegetables to three men who came there to fish for a few days two months ago," said Doris. "They went away as mysteriously as they came."

"Two months ago—and three men?" repeated Daniel eagerly.

Doris regarded her companion in a puzzled way as she noted a sudden excitement on his part. Then she shared the same, as Daniel told all his story.

There was nothing to it but a visit to the hut. Daniel did some searching about it, but nothing developed. It was Doris who came across an old spade and a pair of rubber boots. Both objects were plastered with a sandy loam.

"Why," she said, "these must have been used in the old gravel pit over beyond the reed patch yonder. A queer place for fishermen to visit, and thither went the duo of amateur detectives, to find a spot showing loose dirt with a stake driven in its center nearby out of view."

Daniel dug and Doris watched in suspense. Daniel uttered an exultant shout, and Doris chimed in as there was revealed a suitcase.

"The plates!" spoke Daniel, as he opened it.

"Oh, the wonderful find. Now you'll go back to the city, of course, for you will be well paid, and won't want to work with humble folks in this lonely old place," and her lips puckered.

"Doris, dear," responded Daniel, fondly kissing those precious lips, "whatever I get out of the lucky find, or don't get, I shall be back here post-haste to share with you, never to leave again, if you say so."

THE KITCHEN CABINET

Music, when soft voices die, Vibrates in the memory; Odors, when sweet violets sicken, Live within the sense they quicken.

TIMELY TIPS.

This is the season of the year when looking over old treasures and unused but still useful articles to pass them on. To somebody who has little they would be both useful and acceptable.

The wise housewife these days does not, unless obliged by decorators or painters, tear up the whole house so that there is no place for the weary man to lay his head or read the evening paper.

The housewife of today cleans and sets a room at a time and when his help is not needed, the man of the house is not aware that housecleaning is in progress. The household upheavals of former days are now extinct, for which we are thankful.

When possible move the old curtains so that they may be hung each time while the new curtains are being laundered or dry cleaned. It takes but a few moments to hang them and it means much to the attractiveness of the room.

Soak paint brushes in kerosene then wash in hot, soapsuds and they will become pliable again.

A never-failing remedy for a tender skin which might become a bed sore is to lather it freely with castile soap, letting it dry on.

Soda applied to a burn either from the fire or sun will relieve the pain. Moisture the soda and continue to add moisture as it dries.

Pineapple juice and honey make a fine cough syrup and one which the little people will not refuse.

If a fish bone or any sharp substance is swallowed, swallow the white of an egg immediately; this coats over the sharp edges and protects the stomach and intestines.

A hot raisin with a grain or two of red pepper wrapped in it is good for a toothache or an earache.

Put a little lemon or orange juice in the spoon before filling with castor oil. It will go down with less protest.

Use popped corn instead of croissants with the tomato soup, thus saving wheat and giving your family a treat at the same time.

A little vinegar put on the hands will soften them when roughened by work or wind.

NEEDS Maxwell The KITCHEN CABINET

The air is rich with sweet perfume, For the apple trees are all in bloom, And the birds make song The whole day long.

SERVING BEEF HEARTS.

The price of beef hearts varies in different sections and it is never safe to say that certain kinds of meat are low in price.

In heart there is little waste, and when the cost is reasonable it makes a fairly economical dish. If the heart is to be cooked whole it should be carefully washed to remove all blood, then the inedible portion and the arteries are removed and it is ready to stuff or cook in any way desired.

When stuffing, cut through the right and left sections so there is but one cavity to fill. A stuffing of sausage meat, to which an onion or two finely chopped is mixed, makes a most savory dish. Sage with a little onion for flavor is another combination with bread crumbs which is well liked. Egg, butter and salt and pepper are all needed to make a savory stuffing. A heart simply stewed until tender then sliced cold makes a good dish. The seasoning should be added to the sauce while cooking so that the meat will be seasoned all through.

Caif's Heart on Caserole.—Wash the heart and stuff with any desired stuffing. Arrange a half cupful of onions and carrots in a casserole, then lay in the heart. Sprinkle with salt, pepper and paprika; dredge with flour and bake for two hours. Remove from the dish and make a brown gravy, using four tablespoonfuls of the fat with three of flour, adding two cupfuls of boiling water. Serve with the gravy and vegetable around the heart. Corn or barley flour should be used for the thickening.

Heart a la Francaise.—Take a half cupful of bread crumbs, two tablespoonfuls of finely chopped suet, a teaspoonful of minced parsley, some sweet herbs, salt and pepper, and an egg for binding. Stuff the heart with this and fasten well with a string. Rub the heart over with melted fat and fold in a buttered paper of a paper bag used for cooking. Roast for three and a half hours. Serve garnished with spinach and brown sauce. Tomatoes as a vegetable may accompany this dish.

NEEDS Maxwell

BEGINS BIG DRIVE FOR MILLION MEMBERS

State Land Army Seeks Support for 200 Camps.

FOR WOMEN FARM LABORERS.

Canvassing State in Six Districts in Effort to Help Solve Food Problem—Campaign Ends Sept. 28.

New York.—The drive for one million supporting members for the New York State Woman's Land Army is on its way and going at full speed. Never did a grand assault led by armored tanks over there start after more careful, systematic planning or proceed more resistantly. Nor, it is safe to say, has any civilian war drive up to date had a more direct bearing on the ultimate winning of the war.

For the success of this Land Army drive means assurance to the farmers of the state that they may plant every tillable acre of their land next spring, confident of an abundant supply of labor to till, cultivate and harvest them.

The success of the Allied Armies, it is pointed out, depends on an abundant food supply. The farms of America must furnish the major part of it. The women of America must do the labor that alone can make it possible. The present Land Army Drive is to enable the women of this state to carry out their part of that program.

Must Have Supporting Members. It must be remembered, however, that this drive for supporting members does not mean a campaign to obtain young women farm laborers. Plenty of those are available as fast as camps can be supplied for them. A supporting member is a moral and financial backer. Any man, woman or child in the state is eligible and the Army maintains, should be vitally interested. On the success of the Land Army depends in considerable degree the amount of food we will have to eat a year from now.

Membership in the Army places no great burden on the individual. For one dollar a year one becomes a Tiller; for \$5.00, a Planter; for \$25.00, a Gleaner; and for \$100.00, a Harvester. To carry out its plans for next year the Army needs a million of these members. The more Gleaners and Harvesters the better, but every Tiller and Planter counts and counts hard.

The plans of the Army involve establishing 200 camps in the state before the coming year. To do this means raising a fund of \$500,000. Out of the cost of securing and equipping camps, providing work clothes for the girls and auto-trucks to carry them to and from their work. Once established the camps become self-supporting. The farmers pay the camps \$2.00 a day for eight hours' work by each girl. The fund thus available covers the camp's current overhead expense and pays each girl \$15.00 a month and maintenance.

No Longer an Experiment. This system has been practically worked out during the present season by forty Land Army camps scattered throughout the state. The evidence of the success of the system was presented at the Land Army Convention in Albany, August 20 and 21, and plans were immediately gotten under way for the membership drive.

The state campaign organization consists of a General Committee and Executive Committee, headed by Mrs. Charles E. Whitman, wife of Governor Whitman, as Honorary Chairman, with F. H. Bethell, first Vice-president of the New York Telephone Co., as active Chairman and Mrs. Otto K. Eichel, Chairman of Field Organization. Campaign headquarters have been opened at the Hotel Biltmore, New York City. For intensive work the state has been divided into six districts—Metropolitan, Hudson, Adirondack, Mohawk-Central Lakes and Erie. The work in each district is under the direction of a district chairman, working through a County Committee in each county.

An active preliminary campaign has been carried on at the county fairs during the last ten days, with speakers and exhibits of Land Army work. The speakers at these fairs are Mrs. M. H. Ashton, Mrs. F. A. Young, Miss Ruth Miner and Miss Sophie Curry. This phase of the work will continue during the drive wherever fairs are held. The response to these preliminary efforts has been so encouraging that the workers are starting on the main drive with high hopes of success.

Cut this out, sign and mail to: Headquarters with membership fee. NEW YORK STATE WOMAN'S LAND ARMY, 302 Fifth Ave., New York City. I hereby apply for a supporting membership in the New York State Woman's Land Army in the class checked below and enclose check for \$_____ to cover same.

Name _____

MEMBERSHIP CLASSES (Check One Desired)

Tiller \$1.00 per year

Planter \$5.00 per year

Gleaner \$25.00 per year

Harvester \$100.00 per year

NEEDS Maxwell