

WAR AVIATOR IS AN EARLY BIRD

Starts Usually Long Before Daylight; Spectacle Wonderful

Headquarters of an Aviation Group—(Behind the French Front)—(Correspondence of the Associated Press)—The aviator is an early bird and here, where the nightingale abounds, it is a close race between them to bed at dusk and to the fields at dawn.

The nightingales were rioting in song this morning when the pilots of the Franco-American Aviation Corps were making their way to the aviation camp and daylight had just peeped over the horizon when Captain H—, commander of the group, ordered: "Bring out the machines!"

There was nothing new in this to the seven American pilots who have been flying in different groups on different parts of the front for the past year. All of them had been out with the nightingale a few hundred mornings, but it announced their first expedition together as a separate unit of the French aviation corps over German territory.

Long-planned machines resembling small sheds, and short-winged machines which in coverings, rolled to the proportions of devil flies, rolled on the field and were pushed on the run to their places until twenty-eight were lined up in a row.

It was time for the Americans—specialists in speed. The first big plane was approaching the field for an interval, Captain T— rose, then followed Lieutenant Delage of the French corps, Lieutenant William Thaw of Pittsburgh, Sergeant Elliott Cowdin and Corporal Victor Chapman, New York; Sergeant Norman Prince, Prides Crossing, Mass.; Corporal Kifer Rockwell, Atlanta, Ga.; Corporal J. M. McConnell, N. C., and Sergeant Hall, Galveston, Tex.

These little biplanes with powerful motors are the fruits of the evolution of an aviation during the war—built to match the best German machines in speed, carrying only the pilot, a machine gun and the minimum requirement in fuel. Instead of rising gradually as the other biplanes, they burst upward with an ascensional power heretofore unattained. They are so dangerous in a fight that the pilot has to go into the adversary's territory to avoid being shot down.

Their flight was a spectacle for nearly two years never tired of it. They watch the last machine until it is out of sight, then turn back to the shed for another to await the return of the pilot.

Time passes with marvelous rapidity on fighting expeditions, aviators say, but the two hours maximum wait in camp to see if they get back is always long. Watches are out after ninety minutes and eyes are turned in the direction taken by the fliers.

"Ninety-nine minutes, perhaps, a spec appears high above the horizon, and then they come," is the word that passes around the camp and everyone is on the field. "It's a chaser," says overthrust Thaw, "a bigger bird," says another. In a few minutes the sky is seven specks are counted, then there is another wait and voices are hushed. A "hunter" circles around the black, and the flier, who is on the ground, skims along the field without slowing up, until breaking against the wind it comes to a thrilling stop.

"Faster machines, last away, are the best," says the sergeant. "Ordinarily they never see their enemy hidden in his burrows across 'No Man's Land' from their own burrows. Unseen bullets from unseen snipers crack overhead. Unseen guns suddenly concentrate in a deluge of shells. For months this sort of thing goes on and the trenches of the adversaries remain always in the same place; the grim monotony of casualties and watching continues. This arouses the de-

"He's going to break a bit of wood!" exclaimed a French soldier, expressing in characteristic aviation language the prospect of a smash. The machine rears again after a dive which took it dangerously close to the earth, veers around abruptly against the wind, bumps along the ground a hundred yards and stops. "That's one of the few pilots who could bring home a busted machine like that," said a soldier.

"But, where's Chapman?" All the biplanes are now in and the pilots and soldiers are all searching the sky anxiously. Then a cry comes from the field. A speck has just emerged from the clouds. Chapman, driven out of his course by the shells in which Thaw's propeller was damaged, had finally found his way, and lands now within the last drop of gasoline in his reservoir.

"The disgusting thing about it," said Thaw, while the mechanics were checking the propeller, "was that, across the line wouldn't come out to fight."

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TRENCH WARFARE IS FASCINATING

Soldiers Receive Orders to Cross "No Man's Land" With Delight

British Headquarters, France, Sept. 18 (Correspondence of The Associated Press)—Between the British and German modern machine warfare wherein every man was supposed to have become a pawn without initiative of his own has been developing perhaps the deadliest form of sport in the history of the world.

All the elements of boxing, wrestling, fencing and mob tactics plus the stealth of the Indian who crept up on a camp on the plains and the teamwork of a professional baseball nine are valued by the player.

The weapon that is least needed is a rifle. A club or a sandbag or an Indian battle ax or spiked club is better. A good slinger without any weapon at all may take an adversary's loaded rifle away from him and knock him down and then kick him to death.

The monotony of trench existence these days is broken by preparing for raids and against them. Battalion commanders work out schemes of strategy which would have won them fame in smaller wars.

"An uncanny curiosity gives the soldiers incentive for the daily grind. Ordinarily they never see their enemy hidden in his burrows across 'No Man's Land' from their own burrows. Unseen bullets from unseen snipers crack overhead. Unseen guns suddenly concentrate in a deluge of shells.

For months this sort of thing goes on and the trenches of the adversaries remain always in the same place; the grim monotony of casualties and watching continues. This arouses the de-

ly as a vest, it is not cumbersome. If the son of Lord Shaughnessy, President of the Canadian-Pacific Railway, who was killed recently, had been wearing one, his life rarely have been saved, according to his comrades. Since then Canadian commanders have strongly urged all their officers to buy corselets.

The corselet is worse than no protection against bullets unless the latter are spent. Such is their power of penetration that they go through the thin steel, "mushrooming" and making a larger wound than if nothing had been in their way. But in the trenches, unless one shows his head above the parapet and is moving about in the shell zone in the rear of the trenches, one is rarely exposed to bullets. When an officer goes into a charge in face of machine gun and rifle fire he takes off his corselet.

On average days in the trenches the main danger is from shrapnel bullets and fragments from shell explosions which may inflict ugly and fatal wounds preventable by comparatively thin protection such as a vulnerable substance as human flesh. Together, a corselet and a steel helmet pretty effectively shield vital parts against missiles of low velocity.

The corselet is limited, virtually to officers who pay for them out of their own pockets. The expense and labor of supplying all ranks of a great army with them would seem out of the question. But gradually all the British soldiers are supplied with the steel helmets after their successful use by the French, who first introduced them. The French pattern is quite graceful but the British, which is round and something the shape of a top stool. The British is heavier than the French and there is method in its soup-plate grotesqueness. Thanks to its form a bullet which strikes it in front, instead of going through the head as is the case with the French helmet glances and follows the inside of the helmet, passing out at the rear.

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FOODS THEY BUILD OR DESTROY

AMAZING BUT RARELY SUSPECTED TRUTHS ABOUT THE THINGS YOU EAT

By ALFRED W. McCANN

For nearly ten years a bitter fight has been waged by milk dealers and producers against city, State and Federal control of their products—political compromise, corruption of public authorities, and the expenditure of a vast war fund so completely demoralized the efforts of milk reformers to improve the quality of all dairy products that milk to-day, except in isolated instances depending upon the integrity of the individual farmer and dealer, is shamefully and dangerously below standard.

As long ago as August, 1907, so alarming were the facts in the hands of milk scientists concerning the generally unsuspected deadliness of diseased and contaminated milk and milk products that the commissioners of the District of Columbia called a milk conference in the city of Washington.

At this conference the first grading of milk ever attempted in America for the purpose of minimizing the dangers of bad milk was recommended.

The grades adopted were: Class 1 for certified milk. Class 2 for inspected milk. Class 3 for pasteurized milk. In the certified and inspected milk it was required that the bacteria count of the milk be under the 1,000,000 mark.

from all parts of the country at the expense of the New York milk committee in May, 1911.

After many discussions the commission adopted a classification providing for four grades of milk—Grade A, certified milk; Grade B, inspected milk; Grade C, market milk; Grade D, milk for cooking purposes.

Through the deliberations of this body the entire country received for the first time a hint of the true nature of the long-neglected abuses of the milk industry. Thousands of dollars were collected from milk men in many States for the purpose of preventing the official adoption of the new standards.

In October, 1911, the National Commission on Milk Standards met again. The New York City Department of Health provided for a new classification of milk—Grade A for infants and children, including certified milk, guaranteed milk, inspected milk, and selected milk.

Political and commercialism had again interfered. Notwithstanding the proof offered by the commission that the phrases "certified milk," "guaranteed milk," "inspected milk," and "selected milk," had no meaning, and were intended simply for the purpose of keeping open the doors through which milk abuses had been passing uncontrolled for years, the officials, who dared not offend the milk men, persisted in perpetuating the old and dangerous system.

In this new classification Grade B and Grade C were defined. Grade B was intended to cover "milk for adults," raw or pasteurized, and Grade C was intended to embrace all milk so badly contaminated that it could be used "for cooking or manufacturing purposes only."

So bitter was the criticism of these meaningless standards that the health authorities confessed their complicated and unsatisfactory grading system was intended to avoid too great a disturbance of the milk industry.

"We do not want to bring about a milk famine," they said. "It is better to have bad milk than no milk at all."

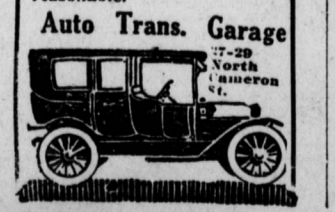
That they failed to provide the safeguards recommended by the National Commission on Milk Standards set back the progress of milk reform in the United States for years, but it caused great rejoicing among the dairymen and dealers.

In the month of January 1912, the National Commission again met and in August of the same year its first report was published by the United States Public Health and Marine Hospital Service.

In this report the pasteurization of all milk excepting certified milk was demanded.

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