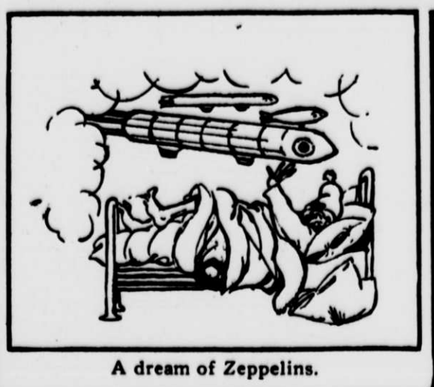
ALL PARIS RUSHES FOR MASKS AT THE CRY OF "ZEPPELINS"

Safe in the cellar.



A dream of Zeppelins.

The tin snout mask is safest.

The poison gas bombs.

Many Varieties Devised as Protection Against the Deadly Gas Bombs of the Germans---Exciting Night Spent by an American Family in Neuilly When a Raid Was Expected

WE have just bought our masks—six masks for three persons at $3 per person, in all, $9. They may be useful once only in a lifetime. Also they may save us from death, blindness or injuries to the lungs. So they are cheap at the price.

We are not soldiers. We are just an American family living quietly in Paris. We do not hear the fracas of war—Paris is nowhere near the fighting zone. Why, we can automobile all round the countryside, to Meaux, Chantilly, Fontainebleau. Paris is the same old Paris, big shops, moving pictures, cafe terraces, dressmakers, milliners, art shows, matinees and promenades all day.

All day, yes; but at night——

At night, the night birds!

The Zeppelins.

The other night, when the janitor came with a cry of warning: "Zeppelins! Lights out!" I regretted having waited for the "best" masks. We refused a copy of the tin snout German model, which makes one look, really, too much like a hog. Yet the tin snout model holds an extra quantity of cotton soaked in hyposulphite—very model taken from Germans on the fighting line.

Quick! the old auto mask on the hallway table—souvenir of the Alpine pass trip which we were to take last summer! It may preserve mother's eyes. Hastily we hunt in trunks and closets for no matter what neglected goggles. Louise, the servant, whimpers: "I can hold wet cotton to my mouth, but what about my sight!" She moans: "The poison gas! They say it burns like fire!"

"Put out that light!" "But I must see to find my shoes!" "You don't need shoes. We stay right in this flat." "I'm going to the cellar!" "Shut the windows!" "Open the windows! All the papers say to let the air in!" Such are samples of the conversation.

In the darkness of our flat thin streaks of white light appear. Each has a pocket electric lamp—$1.40 apiece, and extra batteries, $2, total $6.20. Crash! Mother has upset the dictionary stand.

I look out into the night.

"Stop smoking at the window! You will get accused of lighting signals!" some one cries.

The street is as black as a hat. There is the sound of laughter and scuffling feet—a late party clutters up from the corner; yet I cannot distinguish a figure. Beyond, a snatch of song.

Murmurs, whispers, giggles. Behind the sheet iron shutters of each flat they peep and chatter. A strip of white light sweeps across the sky—a searchlight from Mont Valerien.

Darkness, waiting. Brrr! a guardian aeroplane, thank goodness! No, a snore * * * Dewey has fallen asleep in the dining room. Peace, oblivion.

What's that?

A disturbance and laughter on the front stairs. I peep out. The refugees are coming up from the cellars. Women in nightgowns and furs, in ulsters and motor caps, in street skirts and lingerie blouses, their jewel boxes under their arms, mount the stairs in a flood of reckless light, escorted by middle aged husbands, a Lieutenant on crutches, and the white mustached old pirate of the fourth floor.

They laugh in relief. The danger is over. The police have just told the janitor — the Zeppelins were chased back at Chateau-Thierry.

"Why didn't you come down? Port wine for gentlemen, and Mme. X poured tea!" "Where is that dog?" "The Zeppelins send regrets—detained!" "Ace, king, queen, ten." "A table, carpet and nine chairs, mon cher!" "The cellar bridge club, new appointments, new attractions!"

In the morning the janitor's wife entertains the servants—and Louise brings up the news. The German family in the back street signalled! "That's what we get for giving them residence permits!" "Nonsense, the man is 68, his wife is French, and their son is at the front!" "Aha! as if that mattered!" The janitor's wife is an accomplished type of idiot. "There are also French who signalled. A flat in the Rue de Chartres was bright lit! As I tell you, madam! For their selfish safety! It is well known that the Zeppelins never drop bombs on a guiding signal!"

A Zeppelin (says Louise) went over the adjoining suburb of Courbevoie yesterday afternoon. Twenty persons saw it. It dropped a stream of white powder.

Four bombs (says Angele) fell on Mont Valerien this morning. She knows it from Mme. Aubrat, the dressmaker, whose young brother met a boy bicycling from Suresnes. Of course, it's not in the papers. It's forbidden to excite the people!

Servants' talk? Wait.

My friend Algernon — an Anglo-Saxon of wealth and leisure—knows that Zeppelins sail by night, in silence, over Paris and all France. "No noise, no bombs. They're dropping typhoid germs and cholera culture in gelatine capsules as big as your fist. They smash on the ground, and the stuff spreads. Don't you read the papers? Recent German prisoners are found to have been vaccinated against cholera—set down, plain, in each one's military pass book. That's what they mean when they wag their heads and say: 'Wait a month!' Haven't you seen the letters of Camille Flammarion and Ramazotti?"

Again:

In the days when I hesitated over the tin snout mask I sought information and advice from a druggist who ought to be an authority on masks, because the Zeppelin raid of June 6 blew up his London factory, "and an awful lot of soap."

"The best mask," said the druggist, "is the hermetic. I am taking one home to my wife. Nickel-steel-net Jawpiece, fastens at the back with a shoe buttoner. Medicated wad in place—you only need to soak it."

Are masks necessary?

"I am no alarmist," says the druggist, "I'll not speak of Paris; but I'll tell you as he told me, a doctor from Hull, who blew in here—straight from Hull, where, he says, that east coast Zeppelin raid killed four hundred! Of course, they keep it out of the English papers. They rolled in the street with burned lungs, and bumped against each other, blinded."

The poison gas, he says, is compressed to a liquid as thick as molasses. A quart bomb poisons the air of a street for an eighth of a block.

Naturally, I hurried to a shop to buy the hermetic mask. There I found that they preferred an adaptation of the German article, all soft rubber and mica, covering face, head, neck and shoulders like a shawl. "It isolates the entire nut," the clerk said, "chlorine gas notoriously penetrating under the edges of a small mask."

Price, $3. I hesitated.

"For the trenches?" inquired the clerk amiably. (He had only ten masks left, and fifteen customers waiting.) "For Paris? No. You don't need masks like that for Paris. What you want is a little mask, to carry, ready soaked, in a metallic case—slap it on and run, fifty steps, out of the zone. Here's the ready folder, price, $1.40.

On the Boulevard outside I met G., the photographer.

His pockets bulged.

"I am out for hyposulphite," he said. "Need it constantly in my business to develop plates; but with this rush and the French War Department requisitioning it to spray the front they limit each purchaser to half a pound.

"The Paris police, they say, are ready to spray the air of the streets—in any quarter. Surely, it's practicable. Not even bromine gas rises above twelve feet. It stands, like a pale canary colored fog. The police just squirt into it—and it disappears.

"Why, no, I've got no mask. What good is a mask against a 180 pound trinitrotoluol bomb, fourteen times as explosive as dynamite? Me for a quiet second floor."

So the hot afternoon passed in Paris.

With my packages I took the Neuilly tram. The girl conductor had the heavy blinds down. There are girl conductors now on all the lines.

"Cooler with the blinds down," she said, "and they'll be down for the back trip into Paris." (The cars are electric lighted and the ordinance demands the blinds by twilight.)

On the parlor mantelpiece I spread my purchases.

Item—Three small rubber and mica house masks, for the eyes only. (Those big contrivances almost choke one.)

Item—Package of hydrophile cotton and a pile of big handkerchiefs. These at need to be saturated with

Item—Solutions, in quart bottles, of (a) hyposulphite and water and (b) bicarbonate of soda and water. You hold the wet pad to mouth and nose while running out of the flat if a gas bomb bursts in it.

Item—Basket of the same, for use in the cellar.

Item—Medicated folder masks in metallic cases to keep them wet. These for the pocket and the street.

Thoughtfully I soaked the medicated folders. They were soaked already. From the distant air came a musical buzzing. It grew louder, nearer. We know the sound of guarding aeroplanes. In the midday rattle of Paris it is a faint hum. Often we do not hear it till we see crowds staring upward. Almost out of sight the silvery speck circles.

Rrrr!

Like a giant bumblebee in Neuilly twilight the aeroplane slides across the sky from Buc to do its three hours bit of guarding Paris. And another. And another. And another.

Flap-flap!

The planes crackle, make a noise like Venetian blind slats. They fly low, mounting as they penetrate the suburb.

Mmm! Far off the returning sentinel aeroplane makes for Buc.

In the night stillness one may wake at any hour and hear them. Rrrr! (louder) Rrrrrr! Looking out the window, you may see a tiny fan shaped white light slip mysteriously across the blackness.

Ah, be sure we listen, waking in night watches. We know well the other sounds of Crack! Crack! Tnggg! Tnggg! (long distance quick firer and cannon of 75) and then Bmmm! bmmm! (from Mont Valerien). A Zeppelin has got through! The searchlights sweep. All Paris at the window—or the cellar stairway!

Blessed patrol!

Forty-three aeroplanes compose the guard of Paris proper. In addition no one knows how many—perhaps fifty—between Paris and the front take turns to cut off the approach of Zeppelins.

"Every night the Zeppelins try to sneak through!"

So speaks Mme. D——, our neighbor in the adjoining flat, whose husband is a Lieutenant at Mont Valerien, who tells her, which perhaps he oughtn't.

"Sometimes they are stopped at Nanteuil or St. Just or Clermont, just as happens. They try to slip in around by Beauvais. As soon as seen they turn tail." (Then inconsequently) "Some time they'll come by daylight with their cloud makers!"

Zeppelin cloud makers—new product of German science!

Bombs, they are, but exploding high in the air beside the Zeppelins, disengaging thick, black smoke in immense quantity. A black cloud soon surrounds the airship. Bang! bang! The cloud swells, extends. The Zeppelin navigates within it, hidden.

Mme. D—— dreads air fighting over Paris.

She even dreads their hitting the air pirate. Every time a Zeppelin is shot down it smashes a lot of houses with its falling explosives.

She dreads the contradictory nature of the Zeppelin bombs.

1. Fire bombs. They contain plaques of thermite, used in soldering metals. It generates 5,000 degrees of heat, centigrade, melting its way through iron girders and cement floors. Water has no effect on it. It goes right through a house from top to bottom.

"I'd better be in the street," says madame.

2. Trinitrotoluol bombs, explosive, eighteen times worse than nitroglycerine. They weigh 180 pounds each—thick iron shells—and smash down through three or four floors.

"I'd better be in the cellar," says madame.

3. Poison gas bombs. Whether the liquefied stuff is chlorine, bromine, nitrogenous or dioxyde of sulphur gas, it is so heavy that it seldom rises above fifteen feet from the ground and flows like water into trenches—or cellars.

"I'd better be in my flat!" says madame.

4. Finally, the typhoid-cholera bombs.

"They'd catch me, even in the countryside," says madame, "fleeing in the auto!"

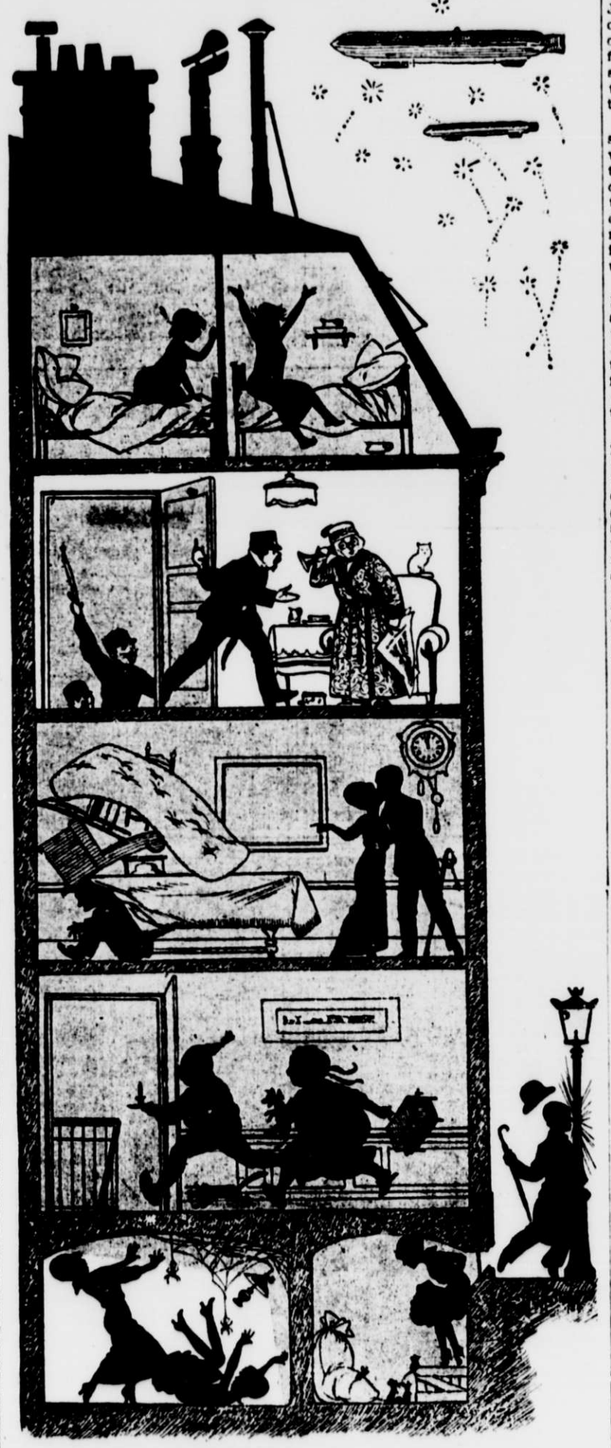
Twilight in Neuilly, Paris.

Nearer comes the musical humming.

Flap-flap!

I point to the shining aeroplanes from Buc.

Madame smiles dubiously—and strikes up "Tipperary."



Sectional view of a Paris house on Zeppelin night.

SING SING OF TO-DAY AND AS IT WAS

The following comparison of conditions prevalent in Sing Sing prison prior to the advent of Thomas Mott Osborne with the conditions that now obtain there is made by a man who has been very closely associated with the actual workings of the New York State Prison Department for the last five years, and who during that time has studied the various systems of administration in vogue in Sing Sing prison, which has been called the worst and most notorious institution of its kind in the world; in Great Meadow prison, the "honor" prison of the State, and in Clinton prison, the Siberia of the United States.

WHEN Warden Osborne took charge at Sing Sing prison practically all the rules governing the inmates of the prison were either abrogated or materially modified by him. His action was taken upon petitions emanating from the governing body of the Golden Rule Brotherhood of the prison, an organization created by the inmates during the tenure of office of Warden Thomas J. McCormick and, after being successfully developed by Warden Osborne, changed to the home branch of the Mutual Welfare League, an organization that is to be found in many of the State prisons and reformatories of the United States.

For some time prior to Mr. McCormick's acceptance of the position of agent and warden of Sing Sing that institution had been in a state of chaos. There had been strikes, fires, riots and escapes and everything was in a demoralized condition. The output of the industrial department had shown a marked decrease instead of the increase that could have been very reasonably expected under efficient and businesslike management.

This state of chaos and demoralization was due chiefly to the fact that Mr. McCormick's immediate predecessor had deemed it expedient, as a means of discipline, to subject the prisoner to treatment which animated him with a desire to retaliate and with a natural inclination to take as little interest in his work for the State as the State seemingly took in his welfare.

Such punishments as the forfeiture of four months commutation time and $60 fine—taken from earnings paid on the basis of 1½ cents per diem—and averaged at $4.50 per annum—were imposed by the warden for offences like laughing, creating a disturbance in shop, &c., while the records show that one inmate forfeited three hundred and twenty days and was fined $160 for striking another inmate who was furnishing the warden with information concerning the actions of other inmates and of alleged acts of insubordination committed by the officers.

Warden McCormick decided that to conduct the industries in a businesslike manner and to increase the efficiency and production thereof it was essential to remedy the conditions in the prison and to that end informed the inmates that if they would work with him he would work with and for them. He did not make the customary promise of a warden that "if you fellows treat me on the level, I'll treat you on the level," but he did say that after the inmate had performed his daily quota of work he could enjoy the full freedom of the prison yard and engage in such pastimes as baseball, tennis, bowling, racing, boxing and quoits. He did not lock them up in their cells on Sundays and holidays, but permitted them the free use of the prison yard on those days, with the understanding that no games were to be played during the hours of religious service, and this regulation was never deviated from.

The prison physician in his annual report to the State Legislature writes that as a result of this outdoor recreation period the general health of the prisoners has improved and that "the greater amount of exercise and recreation allowed the inmates has had a marked effect on the hospital call attendance." Strange as it may perhaps seem, the prison chaplain in his annual report comments favorably on the Sunday recreation and games and says: "It is encouraging to note that the facilities for outdoor recreation have not to any appreciable degree lessened the number who attend chapel services."

Warden McCormick abandoned the system of punishment by which a man forfeited four and six months of his freedom and more money than he could earn in a decade. If two men were found fighting it was not unusual for the warden to direct that they finish their fight in the ring during the play hour; thus so-called "fake" fights in the shops were never heard of. If one man entertained a real grudge against another there was no disorder in the shops or elsewhere, but they put on the gloves in the afternoon and determined which was the better man. Only in very rare instances was punishment imposed that resulted in the forfeiture of time by the prisoner and then only for very grave offences.

Conditions in Sing Sing changed immediately. A spirit of harmony at once prevailed and the output of the industries increased remarkably. There were practically no more punishments, for there was no need of any.

The inmates organized the Golden Rule Brotherhood with the purpose in view of aiding the warden in his experiment, for it was then only an experiment. Warden McCormick's experiment was made a success.

A few weeks after Warden McCormick left Thomas Mott Osborne took up the work at Sing Sing. A short while later a committee of the Golden Rule Brotherhood petitioned him to abrogate or modify certain of the rules regulating the discipline of the institution which were then effective. Thirteen out of fifteen of these requests were granted. As a result the inmate is now in a position to keep in touch with his friends and with the outside world and can give proper attention to matters which require adjustment.

Warden Osborne inaugurated evening schools where architecture, shorthand, bookkeeping, languages and other subjects are studied and taught by the inmates. Evening entertainments and lectures are delivered in the chapel, and the output of the industrial department has shown a further marked increase, this being especially due to the appointment by Warden Osborne of a man who has a national reputation as a labor organizer and who knows how to handle the men in prison as they should be handled; that is, like human beings. This man has made the office of superintendent of inaustries a really valuable one to the State.

Warden Osborne has also permitted some 200 inmates to spend their evenings and Sundays in the school rooms knitting socks, scarfs, &c., for the soldiers at war in Europe, and not the least assiduous knitter is Warden Osborne.

The reforms introduced in Sing Sing by Warden Osborne have not encroached on the freedom of the officers. They have received as much consideration as the prisoners in the matter of reform, for they, too, require better conditions. With this end in view Warden Osborne introduced the three platoon system of labor for the prison officers and it is now in operation in Sing Sing, the officers there employed rendering only eight hours service instead of twelve, as was the custom for over half a century and as is now the custom in all the State penal institutions other than Sing Sing.

But the greatest reform introduced by Warden Osborne seems to be that of permitting the inmates to take over the administration of the institution from a disciplinary standpoint.

The officers of the prison have now nothing whatever to do with the enforcing of discipline, except in a supervisory way. A body of inmate delegates and sergeants-at-arms conduct the men to and from the cell house, shops and mess hall. With the exception of one or two cases, there are no officers in the shops of the prison; only two officers are in the mess hall when the 1,600 inmates are dining—one in charge of the distribution of the food and the other supervising and initiating the men of the awkward squad (the new arrivals or "fresh fish" at the prison).

Inmates who are charged with violating the rules of the institution are reported and taken by their respective delegates or sergeants-at-arms before the court, the members of which, five in number, are all elected from the board of delegates of what formerly was the Golden Rule Brotherhood, but since Mr. Osborne's induction into office, is the Mutual Welfare League. This court hears all the evidence for and against the accused and, if the prisoner is found guilty of the infraction charged, he is suspended from the league and, for a stipulated period, is denied the privileges accorded members of the league in good standing.

The prisoner so suspended has the right of appeal from the league's court to the warden's court, commonly termed the higher court. The warden, principal keeper and prison physician sit as the appellate judges. In the months of December, 1914, and January, 1915, there were sixty-six cases tried by the league's court, nine of which were dismissed; from the fifty-seven convictions had, there resulted twenty-five cases on appeal, twenty-one of which were affirmed by the higher court.

The results attained under the new system have been in many respects wonderful. There are fewer infractions of the rules regulating the prison discipline; a better feeling prevails in the prison, the output of the industries shows a gradual increase each month and the prisoners are receiving instruction that will benefit them upon their release.

But there are men in prison to-day laboring for the State whose families are starving in New York and to whom so-called charitable societies have denied assistance. The prisoners themselves have contributed to many funds, in amounts of from 2 cents to $2, to aid in support of these destitute families.

In Great Meadow prison, the "honor" prison of the State, during the fiscal year ended in 1913 there were approximately 501 inmates. A number of these men who were employed in grading, excavating and road construction performed labor which the warden of the prison, in his annual report to the Legislature, estimated as having resulted in a saving to the State of upward of fifty thousand dollars, and yet the prisoner and his family received nothing for his labor—not even the meagre penny and a half a day given the men in Sing Sing.

There is absolutely no incentive offered the prisoner to labor faithfully for the State. Here is an example under the old system: A man was sent to prison for five years to be "reformed." He had forged a check for $12. He was thrown into a cell from the walls of which he could scoop water in handfuls; he was kept in that cell for some days and then assigned to labor at the ridiculously inadequate compensation of one and a half cents a day.

He is improperly fed, insufficiently clothed and badly housed. He works faithfully for two years and discovers that he has accumulated $9 in earnings; he obtains permission to purchase educational books with this money, makes the purchase and commences his studies, devoting his evenings to them in his cell, cramped up in a corner under a dim electric light and wrapped in prison blankets padded with newspapers.

He works faithfully for another two years and has earned another $9, and, looking forward to another year's labor at the end of which he may be released on parole and will have to his credit almost $13.50, he begins to see the bright side of life.

But the warden of the prison grants his request for a personal interview at the end of which the prisoner says, "Thank you." The interview has not been a pleasant one, the prisoner having registered a complaint with the warden. The warden immediately tries him for "insolently and sneeringly saying 'thank you' to the warden" and the prisoner is told that he has forfeited twenty-five days time and $12.50 in earnings.

At the end of the five years the prisoner must serve an additional twenty-five days, and may then be paroled, but his punishment usually has a prejudicial effect on his application for release, which may or may not be granted by the Board of Parole for State Prisons in its direction, and from whose rulings there is no appeal.

However, he is eventually released. He committed his crime in New York. Upon his discharge he is given his railroad fare to New York—67 cents—and a $10 bill. He receives no pay for his five years labor. He has a chance of employment in Buffalo, and to get there from Sing Sing must take from his $10 bill $8, so that when he arrives in Buffalo he has $2.67—provided he has eaten nothing on the trip.

Is it any wonder that the prisoner very shortly arrives at the conclusion that the State cares little if he continues to live or rots to death while being "reformed"?

The number of recidivists in the past has been large, due to the fact that when the man left prison he entertained a natural desire to "get even" for the treatment he has received. But will amusement, instruction and fresh air reduced the number of returns while the other evils are permitted to exist?

PLATINUM THEFTS FREQUENT

IN chemical laboratories the safety of the equipment of platinum vessels such as crucibles, dishes, trays and stirring rods receives constant attention. Platinum is the costliest useful metal in the world, having about two and one-half times the market value of gold. A thousand dollars worth of platinum crucibles could be easily carried in a man's pocket. Such vessels cost about $50 a troy ounce.

Thefts of platinum from laboratories are of frequent occurrence. The thief usually has received laboratory training and knows the value of platinum. He visits a laboratory for pretended professional purposes, and while discussing scientific questions with the chemist in charge manages to secrete such platinum as comes within his reach and disappears.

Platinum is so precious that both its manufacturers and its purchasers place upon each article an individual mark, which is recorded, together with the actual weight. The latter is computed to the fourth decimal, which is inclusive of one-tenth of a milligram.

Losses by theft are promptly reported, frequently by telegraph, to manufacturers and dealers in platinum and scientific publications, the weight, size and form of each article being carefully described. There are only four or five reputable dealers in platinum for laboratory purposes in the United States.

The metal is extensively used, however, in mountings for jewels, and in the manufacture of electric light globes. Its utility for the latter purpose is due to the fact that the coefficients of expansion of platinum and glass are the same.

The physical virtues of platinum from the standpoint of the chemist and assayer constitute the thief's greatest difficulty in disposing of his spoils if he is expert without scientific knowledge of how to melt or decompose the metal. Platinum remains intact in the fierce heat of an oxyhydrogen blowpipe up to 1,760 degrees centigrade, or about 3,200 degrees Fahrenheit, while lead melts at 327, silver at 961, gold at 1,071 and iron at 1,550 degrees centigrade.

Platinum is not solvent in any single acid, but may be attacked by a combination of certain acids, with the result that it becomes brittle. Strong acids are commonly used in cleaning platinum vessels in the laboratory. Peculiarly, platinum is easily cleaned by rubbing it with round moist sea sand on the end of one's finger. In appearance platinum lacks the richness of gold, and resembles tin that has become slightly oxidized.

In a well equipped laboratory for original research the various platinum dishes, crucibles and stirring rods have an aggregate weight of about 2,500 grams and an approximate value of $5,000. The largest vessels are 2½ inches in diameter and 1½ inches in depth, weigh forty grams each and are worth about $80 each. A single stirring rod may cost more than $100.

The world's supply of platinum comes mostly from the Ural Mountains in Russia and has been decreased by the European war. In 1909 the world's output of crude platinum was 198,330 troy ounces, of which 190,000 came from Russia. Platinum is found also in Canada, New South Wales, Colombia, Borneo and Sumatra, and in the States of California, Oregon and Wyoming. The annual output of crude platinum in the United States is about 700 troy ounces.

HOW FEAR TIRES THE BRAIN

DR. CRILE aroused the greatest interest among the many scientific men recently when he illustrated the effect of insomnia, physical exhaustion, fear and [illegible] upon the brain cells of more than [illegible] rabbits with which he had experimented and declared that each [illegible] of exhaustion produced exactly the same effect, both in the lower forms of life and in humans.

The brain, the liver and other parts of the body are connected [illegible] netic chain or system, and [illegible] one link of that chain [illegible] entire system proportionately [illegible] disease or exhaustion in any [illegible] the kinetic system will [illegible] harmful effect on the [illegible] comprise the great [illegible] which drives that system.

As many as twenty [illegible] may be totally destroyed and [illegible] longest insomnia, but on the other hand, eight hours sleep [illegible] store the brain cells to a [illegible] dition after a shorter period of exhaustion from insomnia [illegible] causes. In this connection [illegible] pointed out that athletes [illegible] tained fame in early life [illegible] of physical endurance [illegible] known to become prominent [illegible] feats in after years.

A change in the system [illegible] clared, may result in a [illegible] breakdown or acute [illegible] gradual modification of the [illegible] of the kinetic organs [illegible] to a number of diseases. [illegible] has already given the world [illegible] less operation, and it [illegible] bility of controlling certain [illegible] diseases which are the result [illegible] stimulation of one or more [illegible] gans in the kinetic chain.