

# WHISPERING THROUGH the AIR of the ENEMY



FIELD TELEGRAPH SYSTEM

THE war correspondents of 1898 wrote columns of matter about the heroes of Santiago who climbed on the embankments in front of the fighting men and wigwaged signals to the fleet on the other side of the enemy.

Wigwag went the flags by day spelling out orders and information, and wigwag went the lanterns by night spelling out more information and orders. In fact, wigwagging was about the only method of communication with the friends on the other side of the enemy.

Homing pigeons have been used from time immemorial, and they also were used at Santiago. Today a different condition exists. As the Germans were sweeping down on Paris the operator in Eiffel tower whispered through the very air the Germans were breathing to convey information to St. Petersburg or Petrograd.

The swish of the wireless was unstoppable. The Spaniards shot down the American signal men on the embankments in front of Santiago, but the rifle bullets from the Germans could not interfere with the wireless message as it went on its way.

One of the most wonderful developments of the wireless telegraph came at the opening of the European war when it became possible to talk all the way from Berlin to Long Island. Germany talked across the British fleet to her own ships sailing the Atlantic and warned them of the sudden tremor.

The only way to stop the wireless was to destroy the operator and he was thousands of miles away. In our last war wires were stretched all over the fields back of the fighting men. Dispatchers carried word from colonel to general where there had not been time to string the wires.

In this war wires, too, have been stretched on the fields, pigeons still have carried messages, dispatchers have galloped back and forth, but in addition to all these messengers of war the fighters all depended more on the invention of Marconi, the great wireless telegraph.

The wireless telegraph has proved its value right on the field of battle. The man in the front ranks, or the outpost miles from the headquarters, could place himself in instant communication with his chief. The wireless telegraph made it possible for a German soldier fighting his way through Belgium to talk to a German soldier defending Alsace. It made it possible for a soldier at Brussels to shout news of victory back to Berlin without an instant's delay.

It made it possible for the French and British to keep in communication with each other and map out a new line of defense when the Germans were hurling their mighty hosts against them.

Marconi had already made himself famous before the war broke out. His invention was one of the greatest boons to humanity because it saved lives aboard ship in time of sea horror. It brought rescue to the distressed and expedited shipping. From an instrument of humanity and peace it sprang to an instrument of war and terror.

Like the pigeon or dove, the personification of peace, it became an instrument of war.

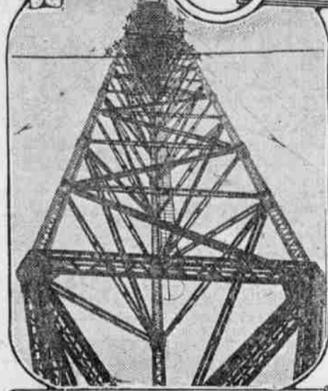
Perhaps next to the wireless stations, the most efficient messengers of war are the homing pigeons. These birds, the wisest of their kind, are employed to great advantage in English, French, German, Austrian, Italian, Russian and Japanese armies. Military authorities hold there is no better means for small detachments to communicate with their headquarters nor could they want better.

On the fields of Europe the flights of the birds are in most instances so short that they do not have to stop for a rest, thus preventing the messages from falling into the hands of the enemy. A pigeon in its flight soars so high it is almost invisible to the naked eye, thus it necessitates the use of high power guns to bring it to the ground. And any man who ever makes such a shot can well call it a miracle.

The king of England and the emperor of Germany, as well as other rulers of European nations, have their own flying kits, and in time of peace they enter their birds in races with birds belonging to their subjects. The crowned heads deem this a royal sport.

A bird equipped for flying with a message is encased in a bottle-like tube, the shape of its body.

A spy puts his message in his pocket, proceeds on his mission, quickly writes his discoveries on small bits of paper and places them in a tube



WIRELESS STATION AT TUCKERSON, N.C.

bound tight to the bird's legs. Releasing the bird, his message is started to its destination with a speed that only wireless or telegraph can rival.

Messages can be fastened to birds in various ways, around the tail feathers, under a wing, about the leg or secretly marked by plucking a certain feather, the painting of certain feathers and many other equally ingenious contrivances. Messages are often reproduced by photography upon films reduced to the smallest possible size which the birds carry and which weigh the mere fraction of an ounce.

Recently there appeared an account of the capture of a German spy. He was riding on a train in Belgium. The spy noticed that he was under surveillance and hurriedly wrote the information he had in his possession and released his winged messenger from the window of the train. The spy was captured, but the message could not be stopped.

These messengers of war sometimes are called carrier pigeons. They are not. Carrier pigeons lack the instinct that enables the homers to return to their cote. Carrier pigeons are only for the purpose of display at pet stock shows. Many nations have established pigeon posts, where birds are trained to fly from one city to another, or from one island to another. They are much faster than train or steamboats and a message is much safer in their care. They are numbered today as one of the most deadly messengers of war.

The first news of the siege of Ladysmith, during the Boer war, was carried by homing pigeons. The pigeons used at Ladysmith were taken from

## SEIZED A GERMAN MEAL

Incidents of soldier life in the fighting zone are read eagerly in London. How a small party of British cavalry chased some Germans of their supper is told in the following words: "A small party were out on reconnaissance work, scouring woods and searching the countryside. Just about dusk a hail of bullets came upon our party from a small spinney of fir trees on the side of a hill. We instantly wheeled off as if we were retreating, but, in fact, we merely pretended to retire and galloped around across plowed land to the other side of the spinney, fired on the men and they mounted their horses and flew like lightning out of their 'supper room,' leaving a finely cooked repast of beefsteak, onions and fried potatoes all ready and done to a turn with about fifty bottles of lager beer, which was an acceptable relish to our meal. Ten of our men gave chase and returned for an excellent feed." The same writer gives an account of a speech

WIRELESS OPERATOR SENDING MESSAGE

the lofts at Durban and Pietermaritzburg and in view of the great service which they performed it is of more than passing notice. The dumb messengers were used in the signal service of this country during the war with Spain. In the French army are more than three hundred thousand trained pigeons and more than six hundred thousand in the postal service which can be utilized in time of war. Germany has more than two hundred and fifty thousand well trained fliers and it, too, has its pigeon posts that can be utilized by the government.

During the Russo-Japanese war an automatic camera was fastened about the breast of a pigeon and accurately timed to make photographs in the air.

When a homer is released, it rises rapidly into the air, flying in large circles, apparently getting its bearings. After rising several hundred feet it will circle to a point directly above the place whence it was released, then dart in a straight line toward its home, bearing the important documents to its government.

A pigeon cannot be trained to fly to any point, but it can be trained to be taken hundreds of miles from its home, released on battlefields and return to its original home with great haste.

The pigeons were almost displaced by the invention of wireless telegraphy, but a bird can be carried easily where a wireless outfit would prove too bulky and could never be taken. A spy can release a pigeon in the face of the enemy when he could not dare to try wireless, with little risk to the bird. The messengers are truly birds of war, not peace.

of an old French squire, a retired general, who entertained the troops at his house. He says: "The old gentleman's two daughters helped to wait on the men, and after the meal was over the general said:

"My dear comrades, let me so call you. It is an old soldier who fought against Prussia forty-four years ago. I was then a captain of cuirassiers—who welcomes you to his house with a heart full of emotion and in a voice trembling with sympathy and thick with tears. You honor me by this visit. In the midst of all your trials and privations you have a soldier's heart and courage and cheerfulness. By your wounds I know your sufferings. You see me old, but I am active and glad to be honored by your sharing such as I can offer you. France can never repay the debt she owes to England for giving to us her best and bravest sons. My father was killed in the war of 1870 at the battle of Sedan."

"It was a picture to see the grand old veteran, with faltering voice, strike the men's hearts by the first phrase, 'My dear comrades,' but when he raised his glass and gave 'The king and queen of England' the men stood up and tears chased each other down their cheeks. Then the parish priest said a few kind words of welcome and invited the party to attend benediction in the little church which adjoins the park of the general. This was a happy thought, for Protestants, Episcopalians and Presbyterians joined with Catholics in a solemn service of devotion under circumstances which show how easily, under stress of trial and adversity, the barriers of class and creed fall down."

**A PARADOX.**  
"Childhood presents many paradoxes," asserted the bachelor.  
"What instance have you in mind?" asked the friend.  
"A spoiled child may be extremely fresh."

**A GREAT DIFFERENCE.**  
"You always advised against speculation?"  
"Yes," returned Mr. Dustin Stax.  
"You never played the market yourself?"  
"No, sir. I never played it. I worked it."

thoughtless again as to refer to the business of the court in my presence, I shall see that you are never admitted to the house afterward."—World's Work.

**Mrs. Shucks Knew.**  
"An" we went to a big department store," said Uncle Jed, on his return home "an" we got into one of them 'ere things wot whizzes ye clean up to the top—wot in tartation is their name, ma?" "Shop-lifters, Jedediah," Mrs. Shucks replied.

## TO GET BEST OUT OF COFFEE

Method of Preparation Has Much to Do With Success in This Important Matter.

There are two points necessary in getting the best out of coffee. One is, of course, to get all that is good. The other is not to get what is bad. The best preparation of coffee extracts the aromatic oils and eliminates coffee-tannin so practically nothing.

In the first place the housewife must see to it that her coffee is finely ground. But, having had it practically pulverized, she must be careful that it is quickly used or confined in air-proof, moisture-proof jars, otherwise the oil will escape into the air and will absorb moisture.

In the actual preparation of the beverage, however, the important thing is to brew the coffee. "Brewed" coffee is not "cooked." In the process of brewing the oils are extracted from the fibrous tissue, whereas when coffee is boiled or "cooked" the fiber is stewed in and the flavor and purity of the liquid is damaged. The water must be boiled; the coffee must not. Water at the boiling point should be poured on the coffee, but it should not stand too long, and it should not get chilled.

The elimination of the coffee-tannin is best brought about in the filtration or drip method of preparing coffee. When brewed in this way the coffee contains only .29 of a grain of coffee-tannin per cup, as against 2.90 grains by five minutes steaming in the percolator method.

## HOUSEHOLD QUESTIONS

To clean a polished table that has been marred by rubbing with a hot dish placed upon it rub it with camphorated oil.

To clean tinware dampen a cloth, dip it in common soda and rub the ware briskly, after which wipe dry.

To overcome the annoyance of the hands perspiring when doing fine sewing bathe them with strong alum water.

To lengthen the life of a comb wash it in soapy water before using it, and when it is dry rub it with a little olive oil.

To restore their natural color to ivory knife handles that turned yellow rub them with turpentine.

To preserve clothe-lines and clothes-lines and keep them flexible and durable boil them a few minutes and then dry them quickly. This should be done twice a month.

**White Fruit Cake.**

To make an especially delicious cake of the lasting variety cream together one cupful of butter and two cupfuls of sugar and add one cupful of milk. Sift three cupfuls of flour and one teaspoonful of baking powder three times and add to the mixture and stir well. Slice very thin one pound of citron, blanch one pound of almonds and chop fine and grate one medium-sized fresh coconut and add to the mixture with one wineglassful of white wine, stirring enough to mix only. Last fold in the beaten whites of eight eggs. Bake in two loaves and cook in a moderate oven.

**Dishwashing Wisdom.**

While spending the day with a friend on a farm last summer, I noticed a clever little arrangement of hers in washing dishes. The water was piping hot, as it should be, and in the middle of the dishpan she set a small deep pitcher full of hot suds for the silver. This obviated the need of plunging her hand down to the bottom of the dishpan, as I have always done, and also kept the silver from collecting grease.—McCall's Magazine.

**Apple Slump.**

Pare and slice your apples, sweeten to taste, add cinnamon and a little salt. Prepare a crust as follows: Two cupfuls flour, two level teaspoonfuls baking powder, one teaspoonful salt, sifted together. Mix thoroughly with two tablespoonfuls shortening, wet with milk or water until a soft dough. Place over apples. Make three or four cuts in top, to allow steam to escape, and bake. Serve with molasses sauce or with sugar and cream.

**Stuffed Celery.**

Thoroughly clean perfect stalks of celery and cover with ice until crisp. Mix to a cream one-quarter pound of Roquefort cheese, one-half pound of cream cheese, one tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of Worcester's shire dressing, one-eighth teaspoonful of paprika and one teaspoonful of finely chopped olives. Stuff celery with this mixture and serve ice cold on lettuce leaves. After the celery is stuffed cut it into two-inch lengths.

**Sausages and Tomato.**

Take three small pork sausages and dip in cold water for a few minutes. Now slip off the skin and form the meat into flat cakes. Fry in a small pan until nicely browned. Pour off the surplus fat and add one-half cupful of left-over tomatoes, a little chopped peppers and, if mixture is too thin, a little rolled cracker meal may be added. As soon as hot serve on a heated plate and press small toast points around edge.

**For Your Bean Pot.**

To clean the bean pot thoroughly put two large handfuls of washing soda in it and place in a large covered kettle. Now completely cover it with cold water and allow to boil for almost half an hour. Then wash in the usual way.

**Nulls Fruits.**

Take one pound of mixed fresh fruits; cut into dice; soak for 15 minutes in sherry; add them to a quart of lemon ice; mix well and freeze.

# A Day in the Bagdad Bazaars

In all the romantic Orient, from Tokyo to Teheran, there is no other spot where a white man feels the grip of the East as in Bagdad's splendid bazaars, writes Frederick Simpich in the Los Angeles Times.

For a thousand years swarthy men in abbas, turbans and red shoes have bought, fought, bartered and sold, wheedled and cheated in this famous market—for ages mule and camel caravans have come down from Persia, bringing rare shawls, rich rugs, bales of silk, wool and tobacco.

Here, too, as in American cities, eager, keen-eyed Jews hold trade in their practiced grip. Father Abraham himself was once a familiar figure in these parts, and 50,000 of his chosen people make Bagdad their home. One Bagdad Jew, grown rich from the opium trade, is now in the British parliament.

Armenians and Arabs, in tarbooshes and fancy belts, strive also for their share of Bagdad's business; but the big things go to Jews. The men who work with their hands—the brass beat-

Everybody yells the tiresome word "barlak!" which means "get out of my way." Camel drivers from their secure and lofty perch about the word insolently, as their great crablike creatures stalk steadily through the throng. Turkish officers—or foreign consuls—squeezing through the mass of men and animals in their arabas, hear the Arab drivers about the warning word. "Barlak, effendi," is the way it's put if the man in one's path be more than mere clod. Barlak! For 1,200 years the crowded, dusty, bustling bazaar has echoed to the hurrying cry. The crowd pushes and elbows like the human flow through an "in" sign at a subway entrance.

**Public Life Centers There.**  
The real public life of Bagdad centers in the bazaars and coffee houses, and on a busy trading day the crush is terrific. And men live, move and make money now just as in the palmy days of the Arabian Nights, when Haroun-al-Raschid frequented the coffee-houses of Bagdad, and the early Baby-



PIEST SELLING CHICKENS

lonian kings toured the towns of Mesopotamia. The graphic tales told in the Old Testament about the early settlers of this country are easily verified, for nothing has changed. Here in the bazaar, for instance, sits a wrinkled but active person mending fishnets. Like the old apostles, the latter-day "haldeans of Bagdad enjoy fishing in the Tigris, and every morning they bring their catch to the bazaar, giving one-fifth as tithe to the government.

In a narrow, noisy gallery leading off from the main bazaar are the tent-makers; just beyond, 300 half-naked men hammer away fourteen hours a day making red shoes and sandals; near by are the makers of fancy belts, and one man sells red fozzes—made in Austria. Next is a harness maker, who turns out the camel and donkey trappings, all resplendent in shell and bead work.

**Blend of Strong Odors.**  
And the odor! It is that odd smell not easy to describe which is wafted up from all oriental bazaars, where half-naked men, cooking food, tobacco smoke and the stench of perspiring animals are blended.  
And all around the strife for life keeps up.

This Arab boy of six is selling sweets from his big flat tray. The candy is made from pistachio nuts and date juice, and in shrill tones he shrieks the merits of his sticky, fly-catching mass. Odd-looking vegetables—pickled in vinegar—are carried through the streets in wooden tubs balanced on the heads of women, for sale to the hammals.

**Everyone Yells "Barlak."**  
Here, as in "Pipe Street," Peking, the men who sell the same sort of wares seem to seek the same streets, that they may watch each other. The narrow passages are crowded and blocked by the huge bales of wool borne on the backs of groaning Kurdish "hammals," who carry loads that would balk a husky donkey.

**Wooden Beads.**

Children always like beads, and their stringing passes many hours safely and happily. At the same time, the children gain a knowledge of color and color combination and form from the bead work. Large wooden beads are the easiest for the small child to thread on a piece of stout thread. The thread can be waxed, or a blunt-ended needle can be used. These beads, half an inch in diameter, are sold at 15 cents for three dozen, or 40 cents a gross. They are shaped in spheres, cubes and cylinders and are colored red, orange, yellow, green, blue and violet.

**Rewards of the Commonplace.**

"If you want to go anywhere you have to start from where you are," said Burke. First steps are as important as last steps. Starting from and where one is involves a right understanding of the commonplace. A great motive invests every deed with significance. Murillo painted Angela's Kitchen. The convent porter, faithful to his humble duties, finds the kitchen filled with angels, each doing

a simple service. The monk's vision was his reward for ordinary work well done. Commonplace tasks become great achievements when performed with all our might. The soldier dying in the trench—his not equal to the king on the throne? To do common things in a perfect manner is a truer sign of religion than to do great things in an imperfect manner. The despised ordinary relationships of life may be the rounds in the ladder that reaches to the skies.

**Linear Measure.**  
The Frenchman and the American had gone a considerable distance in animated discussion concerning the merits of their respective countries. Neither would make any concessions. "Of course," finally said the Frenchman in desperation, "you will concede that there is only one Eiffel tower and that we have it." "Certainly," agreed the American. "And I am mighty glad, for it has given us a means for measuring our skyscrapers. We now say in New York that a building is two Eiffels, or three or four, as the case may be."

## DIGNITY OF SUPREME COURT

Member of That High Body Must Maintain It Wherever He May Happen to Be.

How the Justices of the United States Supreme court deal with any attempt at an assault upon the confidences of the court was disclosed to an indiscreet young woman who was visiting at the house of an associate justice of the court who had known her since she was a child. She was

sitting at the tea table one afternoon with the justice and his wife, and, all unconscious of any wrongdoing, began to talk about a case that was awaiting the decision of the court. The wife of the justice exhibited as much alarm and distress as though a live dynamite bomb had been introduced into the company, but she could not catch her visitor's eye and stop her.  
"I hope," said the prattling visitor, "that you will decide it in favor of the company, because, if you don't the

price of the stock auntie left me will go down."  
The justice froze stiff. He assumed what his wife calls his "prisoner-at-the-bar manner" as he stood up. He was as grave and as stern as could be and he nearly scared the young woman to death as he said:  
"My dear child, you must never speak on such a subject to me again. I am going to leave the room now as a mark of my displeasure at the disrespect you have shown me and my position, and if you are ever so

thoughtless again as to refer to the business of the court in my presence, I shall see that you are never admitted to the house afterward."—World's Work.